

"HIS GIRL FRIDAY"

screenplay by

Charles Lederer

Based on the play

"The Front Page"

by

Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur

FADE IN: INT. ANTEROOM CLOSE SHOT SWITCHBOARD

Two telephone operators sit at switchboard busy plugging in and out answering calls.

1ST OPERATOR

This is the Morning Post... The City  
Room? Just a moment, I'll connect  
you.  
(plugs in call)

2ND OPERATOR

Morning Post... Sports Department?  
Just a moment --  
(plugs in call)

CAMERA PULLS BACK to disclose the rest of the anteroom. To Camera left are the elevators -- at back wall directly behind switchboard are chairs and a table for visitors. Next to switchboard are stairs leading downward to the next floor. A waist-high iron grill with a gate in it separates the switchboard from the anteroom, a similar grill separating it again from the city room which stretches on beyond switchboard. At a table in the switchboard enclosure sits an office boy, about fifteen, doing a crossword puzzle. The big clock on the back wall shows that it is nearly one o'clock.

CLOSE SHOT OFFICE BOY

as he bends over paper. We catch a glimpse of the squares of a crossword puzzle.

MED. SHOT

as a reporter comes out of the City Room, clanging gate to behind him. The office boy looks up.

OFFICE BOY

What's a seven-letter word for --?

REPORTER

Don't ask me! If I knew any seven-letter words, I'd be something better than a reporter!

He catches a glimpse of the far elevator going down.

REPORTER

Hey! Down! Down!

MED. SHOT ELEVATORS

as reporter runs in to the closed elevator door and pounds on it. It comes back, the door opens, and he gets in. The door closes, as elevator goes down. The near elevator comes up and discharges Hildy Johnson and Bruce Baldwin. Bruce carries an umbrella and wears a raincoat.

MED. CLOSE SHOT TABLE

office boy looking over his puzzle as Hildy and Bruce come into the scene.

HILDY

(with a smile)

Hello, Skinny. Remember me?

OFFICE BOY

(looks up; then a

glowing smile)

Hildy Johnson!

CLOSE SHOT SWITCHBOARD

Hildy approaches the switchboard.

HILDY

(to operator)

Hello, Maisie.

The first operator looks up.

MAISIE

Hello -- Hildy! You coming back?

HILDY

No, just visiting. Tell me, is the

lord of the universe in today?

MAISIE

He is -- and in a very bad humor. I

think somebody stole one of his crown

jewels. Shall I announce you?

HILDY

No, never mind -- I'll blow my own  
trumpet.

THREE SHOT BRUCE, HILDY AND OPERATOR

Hildy turns to Bruce.

HILDY

I won't be more than ten minutes, I  
promise you.

BRUCE

Even ten minutes is a long time to  
be away from you.

We hear a giggle off scene.

CLOSE SHOT OFFICE BOY

He looks towards Bruce and Hildy and giggles.

TWO SHOT BRUCE AND HILDY

HILDY

What did you say, Bruce?

Bruce, embarrassed, looks at the office boy, then looks back  
at Hildy as they turn toward second gate leading into City  
Room.

BRUCE

I said -- uh -- I said even ten  
minutes -- is a long time -- to be  
away from you.

HILDY

Don't be embarrassed, Bruce. I heard  
it, but I just wanted to hear it  
again. I can stand being spoiled a  
little. The gentleman I'm going to  
have a chat with did very little  
spoiling.

BRUCE

(grimly)

I'd like to spoil him just once.  
Sure you don't want me to go in with  
you?

HILDY

My job, Bruce. I started it -- and  
I'll finish it.

BRUCE

I suppose you're right -- but if it  
gets rough, remember I'm here.

HILDY

I'll come a-running, pardner.

She starts to push open the iron-grilled gate leading into the City Room. Bruce quickly springs forward and opens it for her. Hildy smiles.

HILDY

Thanks, Bruce.

She kisses his cheek and walks through. He looks after her. The office boy whistles. Bruce pays no attention, but stares after Hildy.

MEDIUM SHOT - SHOOTING DOWN LENGTH OF CITY ROOM

Hildy starts to walk through City Room.

TRUCKING SHOT - HILDY

as she walks the length of the City Room. It's a long walk, because it's a room that takes up practically the whole floor. The scene is a busy one. But, gradually, as Hildy starts down, one after another recognize her. There are cries of: "Hildy!" "Hello, Hildy", etc., from the men as Hildy goes straight down the aisle. She never stops but waves her own greetings: "Jim!" "Hi, good-looking!" "Laura" "Hullo, Pop" "Nan!" "Eddie!" "Hello, Mac" "Pete!" "Frank" "Oscar!", and gets responses from each of them. One man is bent over his desk reading his copy -- he is standing up. Hildy slaps him as she goes by. He turns around: "Say, who did that?" As he sees Hildy: "Hello, Hildy!" Hildy: "Hi, Jake." She passes a middle-aged woman, almost an Edna May Oliver type, seated at a desk pounding out copy and smoking a cigarette. As Hildy

comes up to her she slaps the woman on the back.

HILDY

Hello, Beatrice. How's "Advice to  
the Lovelorn"?

BEATRICE

(looking up)

Hildy! I'll be a monkey's uncle!

What are you doing here?

HILDY

Point of information -- what does a  
girl say on meeting her divorced  
husband? OR:

(What does a girl do,  
etc.)

BEATRICE

(illustrating)

My advice is duck and cross with  
your right.

Hildy moves on. CAMERA TRUCKS WITH HER to the end of the  
room where she pauses before the frosted glass partition  
which separates Walter Burns' office from the rest of the  
City Room.

INT. BURNS' OFFICE LONG SHOT

as she opens the door. Burns is shaving with an electric



razor and Louie is holding the mirror up in front of him.

CLOSE SHOT BURNS

shaving, Louie holding the mirror.

LOUIE

A little more round the chin, Boss.

MEDIUM SHOT

There is a sound of the door closing and Burns, without looking up, says:

BURNS

What do you want?

HILDY

Why, I'm surprised, Mr. Burns. That's no way to talk to your wife -- even if she's no longer your wife.

BURNS

(grinning)

Hello, Hildy!

HILDY

Hello, Walter.

(to Louie)

Hi, Louie -- how's the slotmachine king?

LOUIE

Oh, I ain't doing that any more. I'm retired. I'm one of you fellas now -- a newspaper man.

HILDY

Editorials?

BURNS

Get going, Louie. I got company.

The door flies open and Duffy comes busting in.

DUFFY

Walter!

BURNS

I'm busy, Duffy.

DUFFY

Well, you're not too busy to know that the Governor hasn't signed that reprieve!

BURNS

What?

DUFFY

And that means Earl Williams dies tomorrow morning and makes a sucker

out of us!

BURNS

You're crazy. Where's Mac?

DUFFY

He's on my phone. He just called me.

BURNS

They can't do that to me!

He grabs the phone on his desk:

BURNS

Give me that call on Duffy's wire!

Hello -- Mac? Burns. Where's the

Governor? -- What do you mean, you

can't locate him?

(apparently pleading

to the one man in

the world who can

help him)

Mac, you know what this means. We're

the only paper in town defending

Earl Williams and if he hangs tomorrow

we're washed up! Find the Governor

and when you find him tell him we

want that reprieve!... Tell him I

elected him and I can have him

impeached! Sure, you can do it, Mac --

I know you can. I always said you

were the greatest reporter in the  
country and now you can prove it.  
Get going! Attaboy!

He hangs up.

BURNS

(to Duffy,  
sarcastically)

The greatest reporter in the country!  
First I gotta tell him what news to  
get! Gotta tell him how to get it --  
then I gotta write it for him  
afterward! Now if you were a decent  
City Editor --

CLOSE SHOT DUFFY AND BURNS

with Louie and Hildy in the b.g.

DUFFY

Don't blame me. I'm City Editor in  
name only. You do all the hiring  
around here.

BURNS

Yeah! Well, I do the firing, too.  
Remember that, Duffy, and Keep a  
civil tongue in your head.

MEDIUM SHOT

HILDY

I don't like to interfere with  
business, but would you boys pardon  
us while we have a little heart-to-  
heart talk?

DUFFY AND LOUIE

(together)

Well -- But I gotta --

They look at Burns.

BURNS

Scram, you guys.

They start to go.

HILDY

You won't miss anything. You'll  
probably be able to hear him just as  
well outside as here.

They go.

HILDY

Mind if I sit down?

Hildy sits.

CLOSE SHOT DUFFY AND LOUIE

going out of the door. They cast an interested look back and  
linger a second. Over scene comes Burns' voice.

BURNS' VOICE

I said scram!

They close the door hurriedly.

MED. CLOSE SHOT BURNS AND HILDY

HILDY

May I have a cigarette, please?

Burns reaches into his pocket, extracts a cigarette and tosses  
it on the desk. Hildy reaches for it.

HILDY

Thanks. A match?

Burns delves into pockets again, comes up with matchbox,  
tosses it to Hildy, who catches it deftly, and strikes the  
match.

BURNS

How long is it?

Hildy finishes lighting her cigarette, takes a puff, and  
fans out the match.

HILDY

How long is what?

BURNS

You know what. How long since we've  
seen each other?

HILDY

Let's see. I was in Reno six weeks --  
then Bermuda... Oh, about four months,  
I guess. Seems like yesterday to me.

CLOSEUP BURNS

BURNS

(slyly)

Maybe it was yesterday. Been seeing  
me in your dreams?

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT THE TWO

HILDY

(casually)

No -- Mama doesn't dream about you  
any more, Walter. You wouldn't know  
the old girl now.

BURNS

(with conviction)

Oh, yes I would. I'd know you any  
time --

He grows lyrical and, rising from his seat, is about to start toward her, as he continues:

BURNS AND HILDY

(together)

-- any place, anywhere --

He sits.

HILDY

(half-pityingly)

You're repeating yourself! That's the speech you made the night you proposed.

(she burlesques his fervor)

"-- any time -- any place -- anywhere!"

CLOSE SHOT HILDY AND BURNS

BURNS

(growling)

I notice you still remember it.

HILDY

I'll always remember it. If I hadn't remembered it, I wouldn't have divorced you.

BURNS



You know, Hildy, I sort of wish you  
hadn't done it.

HILDY

Done what?

BURNS

Divorced me. It sort of makes a fellow  
lose faith in himself. It almost  
gives him a feeling he wasn't wanted.

HILDY

Holy mackerel! Look, Walter, that's  
what divorces are for.

BURNS

Nonsense. You've got the old-fashioned  
idea that divorces are something  
that last forever -- till 'death us  
do part'. Why, a divorce doesn't  
mean anything today. It's only a few  
words mumbled over you by a judge.  
We've got something between us nothing  
can change.

HILDY

I suppose that's true in a way. I am  
fond of you, Walter. I often wish  
you weren't such a stinker.

BURNS

Now, that's a nice thing to say.

HILDY

Well, why did you promise me you  
wouldn't fight the divorce and then  
try and gum up the whole works?

BURNS

Well, I meant to let you go -- but,  
you know, you never miss the water  
till the well runs dry.

ANOTHER ANGLE

HILDY

A fellow your age, hiring an airplane  
to write:

(she gestures above  
to indicate sky-  
writing)

'Hildy: Don't be hasty -- remember  
my dimple. Walter.! It held things  
up twenty minutes while the Judge  
ran out to watch it.

BURNS

Well, I don't want to brag, but I've  
still got the dimple -- and in the  
same place -- I just acted like any  
husband who doesn't want to see his  
home broken up.

HILDY

What home?

WALTER

What home? Don't you remember the  
home I promised you?

HILDY

Oh, yes -- we were to have it right  
after our honeymoon -- honeymoon!

BURNS

Was it my fault? Did I know that  
coal mine was going to have another  
cave-in? I meant to be with you on  
our honeymoon, Hildy -- honest I  
did.

HILDY

All I know is that instead of two  
weeks in Atlantic City with my  
bridegroom, I spent two weeks in a  
coal mine with John Kruptzky -- age  
sixty-three -- getting food and air  
out of a tube! You don't deny that.  
Do you?

BURNS

Deny it! I'm proud of it! We beat  
the whole country on that story.

HILDY

Well, suppose we did? That isn't what I got married for. What's the good of -- Look, Walter, I came up here to tell you that you'll have to stop phoning me a dozen times a day -- sending twenty telegrams -- all the rest of it, because I'm --

BURNS

Let's not fight, Hildy. Tell you what. You come back to work on the paper and if we find we can't get along in a friendly way, we'll get married again.

HILDY

What?!!

BURNS

I haven't any hard feelings.

HILDY

Walter, you're wonderful in a loathesome sort of way. Now, would you mind keeping quiet long enough for me to tell you what I came up here for?

BURNS

(rising, reaching for

his hat)

Sure, come on. We'll have some lunch  
and you can tell me everything.

HILDY

(also rising)

I have a lunch date. I just want --

BURNS

You can break it, can't you?

HILDY

No, I can't.

BURNS

Sure you can. Come on.

DIFFERENT ANGLE

HILDY

Don't tell me what to do! We're  
divorced -- I'm a free woman. You're  
not my husband and you're not my  
boss! And what's more, you're not  
going to be my boss.

BURNS

What do you mean by that?

HILDY

Just what I said. That's what I --

BURNS

You mean you're not coming back to  
work here?

HILDY

That's the first time you've been  
right today. That's what I --

BURNS

(still interrupting)

You've had a better offer, eh?

HILDY

You bet I've got a better offer.

BURNS

Well, go on and take it. Work for  
somebody else! That's the gratitude  
I get for --

HILDY

I know, Walter, but I --

BURNS

(ignoring her)

What were you when you came here  
five years ago? A little college  
girl from a School of Journalism! I  
took a little doll-faced mugg --

HILDY

You wouldn't have taken me if I hadn't  
been doll-faced!

BURNS

Why should I? I thought it would be  
a novelty to have a face around here  
a man could look at without  
shuddering.

HILDY

Listen, Walter --

BURNS

(going right on)

I made a great reporter out of you,  
Hildy, but you won't be half as good  
on any other paper, and you know it.  
You need me and I need you -- and  
the paper needs both of us.

HILDY

Well, the paper'll have to learn to  
do without me. And so will you. It  
just didn't work out, Walter.

WIDER ANGLE

BURNS

It would have worked if you'd been

satisfied with just being editor and reporter. But no! You had to marry me and spoil everything.

HILDY

(indignantly)

I wasn't satisfied! I suppose I proposed to you!

BURNS

Well, you practically did! Making goo-goo eyes at me for two years till I broke down. And I still claim I was tight the night I proposed. If you'd been a gentleman you'd have forgotten all about it. But not you!

HILDY

(speechless)

You -- you --

She grabs something and chucks it at him. He ducks. The phone rings.

BURNS

(to Hildy)

You're losing your eye. You used to be able to pitch better than that.

(he reaches for phone)

Hello... Yeah... What? Sweeney? Well, what can I do for you?



CLOSE SHOT DUFFY

seated at his desk, talking into phone.

DUFFY

What's the matter with you? Are you  
drunk? This is Duffy, not Sweeney!

CLOSE SHOT BURNS AND HILDY

Burns into phone:

BURNS

Sweeney! You can't do that to me!  
Not today, of all days! Jumping  
Jehosophat! Oh, no, Sweeney... Well,  
I suppose so... All right. If you  
have to, you have to.

(he hangs up)

How do you like that? Everything  
happens to me -- with 365 days in  
the year -- this has to be the day.

HILDY

What's the matter?

BURNS

Sweeney.

HILDY

Dead?

BURNS

Not yet. Might just as well be. The  
only man on the paper who can write --  
and his wife picks this morning to  
have a baby!

CLOSE SHOT HILDY

HILDY

Sweeney?

(she laughs)

Well, after all, he didn't do it on  
purpose, did he?

CLOSE SHOT BURNS AND HILDY

BURNS

I don't care whether he did or not.  
He's supposed to be covering the  
Earl Williams case and there he is --  
waiting at the hospital! Is there no  
sense of honor left in this country?

HILDY

(practically)

Well, haven't you got anybody else?

BURNS

There's nobody else on the paper who

can write! This'll break me, unless --

(he stares at Hildy;

then a light breaks)

Hildy!

HILDY

No!

BURNS

You've got to help me, Hildy.

HILDY

Keep away --

BURNS

It'll bring us together again, Hildy --

just the way we used to be.

HILDY

That's what I'm afraid of. "Any time --

any place -- anywhere!"

BURNS

Don't mock, Hildy, this is bigger

than anything that's happened to us.

Don't do it for me! Do it for the

paper.

HILDY

Get away, Svengali.

BURNS

If you won't do it for love, how  
about money? Forget the other offer  
and I'll raise you twenty-five bucks  
a week.

HILDY

Listen, you bumble-headed baboon --

BURNS

All right -- thirty-five, and not a  
cent more!

HILDY

Please! Will you just --

BURNS

Great grief! What's that other paper  
going to give you?

HILDY

I'm not working for any other paper!

BURNS

Oh! In that case, the raise is off  
and you go back to your old salary  
and like it. Trying to blackjack --

HILDY

Look at this!  
(pulling her glove

off her left hand)

CLOSEUP HILDY

She gets glove off left hand and holds up an engagement ring  
for him to see.

HILDY

Do you see this? Do you know what an  
engagement ring is?

CLOSEUP BURNS

He looks at ring, swallows, then:

MED. SHOT

Burns and Hildy.

HILDY

I tried to tell you right away but  
you started reminiscing. I'm getting  
married, Walter, and also getting as  
far away from the newspaper business  
as I can get! I'm through.

BURNS

(himself again)

Get married all you want to, Hildy,  
but you can't quit the newspaper  
business.

HILDY

You can't sell me that, Walter.

BURNS

Who says I can't? You're a newspaper man.

HILDY

That's why I'm quitting. I want to go some place where I can be a woman.

BURNS

I know you, Hildy, and I know what it would mean. It would kill you.

CLOSER SHOT

HILDY

(bitterly)

A journalist! Peeking through keyholes --  
running after fire engines -- waking  
people up in the middle of the night  
to ask them if they think Hitler's  
going to start a war -- stealing  
pictures off old ladies of their  
daughters that got chased by apemen!  
I know all about reporters -- a lot  
of daffy buttinskies going around  
without a nickel in their pockets,  
and for what? So a million hired

girls and motormen's wives will know  
what's going on! No, Walter, I'm  
through.

BURNS

Where'd you meet this man?

HILDY

Bermuda.

BURNS

Bermuda... Rich, eh?

HILDY

Not what you'd call rich. Makes about  
five thousand a year.

BURNS

What's his line?

HILDY

He's in the insurance business.

BURNS

(looks up)

The insurance business?

HILDY

(on the defensive)

It's a good, honest business, isn't  
it?

ANOTHER ANGLE

BURNS

Oh sure, it's honest. But somehow, I  
can't picture you with a guy who  
sells policies.

HILDY

Well, I can, and I love it! He forgets  
the office when he's with me. He  
doesn't treat me like an errand-boy --  
he treats me like a woman.

BURNS

He does, does he? How did I treat  
you -- like a water buffalo?

HILDY

I don't know about water buffaloes,  
but I know about him. He's kind and  
sweet and considerate. He wants a  
home -- and children.

BURNS

Say, sounds more like a guy I ought  
to marry. What's his name?

HILDY

Well, I'll give you a hint. By  
tomorrow they'll be calling me Mrs.



Bruce Baldwin.

BURNS

Tomorrow? Tomorrow... as quick as  
that?

HILDY

The quicker the better. Well -- I  
finally got out what I came in to  
tell you.

(she extends her hand)

So long, Walter, and better luck  
next time.

BURNS

(taking her hand)

I wish you everything I couldn't  
give you, Hildy.

HILDY

Thanks...

BURNS

Too bad I couldn't see this guy first.  
I'm pretty particular about whom my  
wife marries.

HILDY

(laughing)

Well, he's waiting in the anteroom  
for me now.

BURNS

Say, could I meet him?

HILDY

Oh, better not, Walter. Wouldn't do  
any good.

BURNS

You're not afraid, are you?

HILDY

Afraid? I should say not!

BURNS

All right then, come on and let's  
see this paragon.

(gets hat)

Is he as good as you say?

HILDY

Better.

MED. SHOT OFFICE

Burns has his hat. They start toward the door.

BURNS

Then what does he want with you?

HILDY

(laughing)

Now you got me.

BURNS

Nothing personal. I was just asking.

At the door, Burns walks ahead, opens door and walks out.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE BURNS' OFFICE MED. CLOSE SHOT BURNS

BURNS

After all --

He stops as he realizes she's not there. The door opens.

Hildy comes out.

HILDY

You wouldn't believe this, Walter,  
but Bruce holds the door open for  
me.

BURNS

(incredulous)

No kidding?

INT. CITY ROOM FULL SHOT

Reporters conversing. They stop as Hildy and Burns enter  
scene.

TRUCKING SHOT

as Hildy follows Burns through the City Room. This time, in contrast to Hildy's original walk through the room, the groups are silent as they watch the two.

HILDY

(trying to keep pace)

And he takes his hat off when he's  
with a lady.

BURNS

(over his shoulder)

What for?

HILDY

(shouting)

And when he walks with a lady, he  
waits for her!

BURNS

(stops)

Oh, I'm sorry.

Burns, at this point, has reached the switchboard. He says,  
under his breath, to Maisie:

BURNS

(under his breath)

Have Duffy call me in the restaurant  
in twenty minutes.

Hildy, a little out of breath, catches up with him. At the iron gate that opens into anteroom Hildy jumps ahead, opens the gate and holds it for Burns.

HILDY

Allow me.

BURNS

(walking right through)

Thanks.

Hildy follows him out.

INT. ANTEROOM MED. SHOT

as Hildy follows Burns in. Bruce is sitting on the bench. On the end of a bench sits an old, grizzled Western Union "boy". Ignoring Bruce, Burns strides over to the "boy", seizes his hand, shakes it and says:

BURNS

I can see right away my wife picked  
out the right husband for herself.

CLOSE SHOT BRUCE

Hildy behind him. Bruce registers amazement at this.

CLOSE SHOT BURNS AND MESSENGER

The messenger is more amazed than Bruce as Burns keeps pumping

his hand vigorously.

MESSENGER

There must be some mistake. I'm  
already married.

BURNS

(you never saw a more  
surprised man)

Already married!

(turning to Hildy  
o.s.)

Hildy, why didn't you tell me?

CLOSEUP HILDY

She shakes her head at Burns' antics, but can't help smiling  
nevertheless.

MEDIUM SHOT BURNS AND MESSENGER

BURNS

(again seizing  
messenger's hand)

Congratulations again, Mr. Baldwin!

MESSENGER

But my name --

BRUCE

(as he enters scene)

Mr. Burns!

Burns turns slightly but doesn't release messenger's hand.

BURNS

Yeah? You'll have to excuse me --

I'm busy with Mr. Bruce Baldwin here.

Just leave your card with the boy.

CLOSE SHOT BRUCE AND BURNS

Bruce takes hold of Burns' coat and shakes it to get his attention. Burns turns on him:

BURNS

I'm very sorry, but I'm busy! Look --

(he points o.s.)

-- there's the boy. Take your card  
and leave it with him.

He turns away again. Bruce, determinedly, takes hold of his sleeve and pulls at it.

BRUCE

Mr. Burns --

BURNS

(wheeling around)

I've just told you I was busy with  
Mr. Bruce Baldwin!

BRUCE

I'm Bruce Baldwin!

MEDIUM SHOT

Burns, still pumping the dazed messenger's hand, stops at this, drops hand, and turns to Bruce:

BURNS

You're Bruce Baldwin?

BRUCE

Yes!

BURNS

(accusing to messenger)

Then who are you?

MESSENGER

(falteringly)

My name's Pete Davis.

BURNS

Pete Davis! Well, Mr. Davis, this is  
no concern of yours and after this  
I'll thank you to keep out of my  
affairs!

The messenger isn't quite sure what he's done but he slinks  
back to his seat as Burns turns to Bruce.



CLOSEUP HILDY

She is beginning to get sore, but reluctantly again she is compelled to smile at Walter's behavior.

CLOSE SHOT BURNS AND BRUCE

BURNS

(reaches for Bruce's  
hand but grabs the  
umbrella and begins  
shaking the handle  
up and down)

This is a pleasure, Mr. Baldwin, and  
I'm sorry about the mistake.

BRUCE

(he tries to shift  
the umbrella, calling  
Burns' attention to  
it, and offers his  
hand instead)

BURNS

Oh, I thought there was something  
funny... You see, Bruce, you don't  
mind if I call you Bruce, do you?  
After all, we're practically related --

BRUCE

(completely unnerved

by this time, and  
you can't quite blame  
him)

Mr. -- well -- no -- no -- not at  
all.

BURNS

You see, my wife -- I mean, your  
wife -- that is, I mean Hildy -- had  
led me to expect that she was marrying  
a much older man.

BRUCE

(this is the final  
crusher)  
Oh.

BURNS

But I see, she didn't mean old in  
years. You always carry an umbrella,  
Bruce?

BRUCE

Well, er -- it looked a little cloudy  
this morning.

BURNS

That's right. -- Rubbers, too, I  
hope? A man ought to be prepared for  
any emergency.

Burns looks down. Bruce, in unconscious responses, helplessly lifts his foot up and we see the rubber.

BURNS

Attaboy!

(taking Bruce's arm  
and leading him toward  
elevator)

Come on, Bruce.

BRUCE

(going along, but  
worried)

Where are we going?

BURNS

Where are we going? I'm going to buy  
you two lunch -- didn't Hildy tell  
you?

BRUCE

(a helpless look back  
at Hildy)

No -- she didn't.

BURNS

Just wanted to surprise you, I guess.

(as the elevator is  
about to pass, he  
calls)

Down!

(practically shoving

Bruce in)

After you, Bruce!

(as Bruce disappears

inside he turns toward

Hildy)

Come on, Hildy, my treat!

CLOSE SHOT BURNS NEAR OPEN ELEVATOR

We don't see the passengers. Hildy comes into scene.

HILDY

I suppose I can't call this off

without creating a scene -- but

remember, it's your last fling.

BURNS

(hurt)

How do you like that? Here I am being

nice to you and your sweet-heart and

that's the thanks I get!

He jumps into the elevator -- in a second he hops out.

BURNS

(very sweetly -- he

almost sings it)

Oh -- after you, Hildy!

With a look of disgust Hildy gets in. Burns follows and the

door slams on them.

CLOSEUP OFFICE BOY

He looks after departed elevator and whistles. Then he grins all over.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RESTAURANT CLOSEUP - A BEAMING WAITER

HE GRINS ALL OVER AND SAYS:

WAITER

Don't tell me it's you, Hildy!

CAMERA PULLS BACK and discloses our three at a restaurant table. Nothing swanky -- a place like Jack Blake's in New York, say.

HILDY

(beaming at waiter)

Nobody else.

She extends her hand. The waiter takes it; they shake.

HILDY

How's everything, Gus?

GUS

I can't complain.

BURNS

(studying menu)

Well, I can. I'm hungry. Roast beef sandwich -- rare. And some coffee.

GUS

Shall I put a little rum in the coffee? It's a nasty day.

BURNS

Good idea. How about you, Hildy?

HILDY

(discarding menu)

Oh -- I'll take the same, I guess.  
And coffee.

GUS

Little rum in yours, too?

HILDY

I guess so.

Bruce looks at her. She hurriedly changes her mind.

HILDY

No -- just coffee, Gus.

GUS

(crestfallen)

Just coffee.

(to Bruce)

And you, sir?

BRUCE

(putting menu down)

Oh, I'll take the same, I guess. And  
a glass of milk.

GUS

(incredulous)

Milk?

BRUCE

(thinks he hasn't  
heard)

Yes.

GUS

(shaking his head as  
he writes it down)

Milk.

BURNS

And don't put any rum in it, Gus.

CLOSEUP - GUS

Gus gives him a look and goes.

ANOTHER ANGLE - THE TRIO AT TABLE

Burns surveys the others quizzically.

BURNS

(a sigh)

Well, so you're getting married  
tomorrow, eh? How does it feel, Bruce?

BRUCE

Feels awful good. Yes, sir -- we're  
taking the four o'clock train to  
Albany and tomorrow we'll be married.

BURNS

(it's the Puritan in  
him)

Taking the train today -- and being  
married tomorrow?

He whistles.

BRUCE

(rising to the bait)

Oh, it isn't like that.

HILDY

(reassuring Mrs. Grundy)

It will be perfectly all right,  
Walter. Mother is coming with us on  
the train.



BURNS

Mother? But your mother --

BRUCE

No. My mother.

BURNS

(he gets it and  
underlines it)

Oh. Your mother -- well, of course,  
that relieves my mind.

HILDY

(to Bruce)

Isn't it sweet of Walter -- still  
wanting to protect me?

She gives Burns that too-sweet look.

BURNS

(apparently taking  
this at face value)

I know I wasn't a good husband, Hildy,  
but you can always count on me.

TWO SHOT - FEATURING BRUCE AND HILDY

BRUCE

(a little cookily)

I don't think she'll need you very  
much -- I aim to do most of the

protecting myself.

He pats Hildy's arm -- she smiles at him.

THREE SHOT - HILDY, BRUCE AND BURNS

BURNS

Well, I'll tell you one thing, old  
man, she never looked at me the way  
she's looking at you.

HILDY

I might have, Walter, but you were  
never there.

BURNS

Anyway, I'm glad you two are going  
to be happy and have all the things  
I couldn't give her. You know, Hildy  
is about the best reporter in the  
country -- and that goes regardless  
of sex. But all she really ever wanted  
was a home.

BRUCE

Well, I'll try to give her one.

BURNS

I know you will, Bruce. Are you going  
to live with your mother?

BRUCE

Just for the first year.

BURNS

(sighing)

That'll be nice. A home with mother.

A real honeymoon. In Albany, too.

Ow!

That "ow" is sotto voce, but it's the direct result of a  
kick under the table from Hildy.

BRUCE

Mighty nice little town, Albany.

They've got the State Capitol there,  
you know.

BURNS

Yes, I know...

(he chuckles)

Hildy, will you ever forget the night  
you brought the Governor back to  
your hotel room and found me taking  
a bath? She didn't even know I was  
in town...

His laugh stops cold and he clutches for his shin again.  
Hildy just looks. Providentially, the waiter enters the scene.

GUS

Well, here we are.

He begins serving them.

BURNS

(trying to pick up  
again after a second)

How's business, Bruce?

BRUCE

Well, Albany's a mighty good insurance  
town. Most people there take it out  
pretty early in life.

BURNS

I don't blame them.

Gus, who has just managed to come between Hildy and Burns,  
lets out a startled "ouch".

HILDY

Oh, I'm sorry, Gus! My foot must  
have slipped.

GUS

(a pained expression  
belies his words)

That's all right.

BURNS

I sometimes wish I'd taken out  
insurance -- but, of course, now it

doesn't matter. Still, I suppose it  
would have been the smart thing to  
do.

BRUCE

Well, I honestly feel that way. I  
figure I'm in one line of business  
that really helps people. Of course,  
we don't help you much when you're  
alive -- but afterward -- that's  
what counts.

BURNS

I see what you mean.

They fall to.

CLOSE SHOT - HILDY

She sips her coffee and acts surprised.

HILDY

Gus, this --

CLOSEUP - GUS

GUS

(winking)

Good coffee, isn't it?

CLOSEUP - HILDY

She smiles and winks back, and takes another sip.

GROUP SHOT AT TABLE

Gus starts to go.

BRUCE

You've forgotten my milk.

GUS

Oh. The milk. Yes.

He leaves scene, shaking his head. Burns sips his coffee. He likes it. He lifts his cup to Hildy.

BURNS

Here's luck to the bride and  
bridegroom.

HILDY

(lifts cup)

Thank you.

BRUCE

(looking for something  
to respond with --  
apologetically)

He hasn't brought my milk yet.

A bus boy comes into scene and stops before Burns.

BUS BOY

They want you on the phone, Mr. Burns.

BURNS

They would!

Boy goes, Burns rises, starts off, comes back for his cup of coffee, which he then takes off with him.

TWO SHOT - BRUCE AND HILDY

BRUCE

(looking after him)

You know, Hildy, he's not a bad fellow.

HILDY

(looking at him

maternally)

You're so nice, Bruce, you think everybody else is.

BRUCE

Oh, he's not the man for you. I can see that. But I sort of like him. Got a lot of charm.

HILDY

He comes by it naturally. His grandfather was a snake.

BRUCE

(shaking his head)

If anybody had told me I'd be sitting  
at lunch with him -- but he swept me  
right off my feet.

HILDY

That's what he did to me. Swept me  
right off my feet -- and left me  
lying on the floor.

INT. PHONE BOOTH FULL SHOT

Burns is listening, has coffee on ledge and sips it now and  
then.

BURNS

Get this -- get Sweeney off that  
yarn and out of town on a two weeks'  
vacation -- and right away... All  
right, Duffy, keep your shirt on.  
Hildy's coming back... No. She doesn't  
know it yet. But she'll be there. I  
promise you, Duffy. And tell Louie  
to stick around.

He hangs up, smiles, and finishes the coffee. Then he girds  
himself for being crushed. He gradually begins to look sunk.  
He pulls out a small mirror to study his expression till he  
finally gets what he wants. He holds that expression as he



comes out of the booth.

INT. RESTAURANT MED. SHOT AT TABLE

Gus is entering the scene.

GUS

Your milk, sir.

He serves Bruce.

GUS

And I brought you another cup of  
coffee, Hildy.

Gus serves her and puts still another cup in front of Burns'  
chair.

HILDY

Thanks, Gus.

She takes a sip and almost chokes.

BRUCE

Too hot?

HILDY

(gasping for breath)

No. It's strong.

(quickly)

But I like it that way.

Gus goes, smiling.

BRUCE

(looking off)

Say, what's happened to Burns? He  
looks sunk, doesn't he?

HILDY

(beaming)

He certainly -- hic -- does!

Burns comes into scene, looking like a 1929 banker just before  
jumping off a roof, and sits down.

BRUCE

Anything the matter?

BURNS

Just Sweeney again. One of my best  
reporters.

HILDY

What now?

BURNS

His wife had twins and he went out  
to celebrate and got as drunk as a  
lord. They can't even find him.

(he sips his coffee)

I tell you, drink is the ruin of

this nation.

HILDY

(sipping hers)

You said it.

BURNS

So -- Sweeney gets twins -- and Earl

Williams gets hanged tomorrow.

BRUCE

Just what is the lowdown on Williams?

BURNS

It's simple. A poor little dope who  
lost his job went berserk and shot a  
cop who was coming after him to quiet  
him down.

HILDY

If he's nuts, why doesn't the State  
just put him away?

BURNS

Because it happened to be a colored  
policeman.

HILDY

(for Bruce's benefit)

The colored vote happens to be very  
important to the Mayor of this town.

BURNS

Especially with an election coming  
up in a few days.

BRUCE

Are you sure Williams is not all  
there?

BURNS

All you've got to do is talk to him.  
But the Mayor would hang his own  
grandmother to be re-elected.

BRUCE

But couldn't you show the man wasn't  
responsible?

CLOSEUP - BURNS

BURNS

(there's a sly  
expression on his  
face)  
How?

HILDY'S VOICE

You could run an interview that would  
prove it. Remember the interview I  
wrote with Jimmy Wellman? That saved  
his life.

BURNS

(slapping hands  
together)

Yes, you could do it, Hildy. You  
could save that poor devil's life.

You could -- but --

(the enthusiasm dies  
away)

-- you're going away. I forgot.

THREE SHOT

BRUCE

How long would the interview take?

BURNS

Oh -- an hour for the interview.

Another hour to write it.

BRUCE

We could take the six o'clock train,

Hildy. If it would save a man's life.

HILDY

No, Bruce, dear. Don't you see? This

is a trick to get your sympathy. No,

Walter, I've been waiting for

something like this -- but I wasn't

sure when you'd spring it. If you

want to save Earl Williams' life,

you can interview him yourself. You're  
still a good reporter. Bruce and I  
will be on that four o'clock train --  
and thanks just the same.

BURNS

I'm an editor. I know what ought to  
be written, but I can't write it the  
way you could. It needs a woman's  
heart --

HILDY

Why, Walter, you're getting poetic!

BURNS

(to Bruce)

You see what I had to put up with?  
She never trusted me! You argue with  
her -- otherwise you're going on a  
honeymoon with blood on your hands!

Bruce gulps.

BURNS

How can you have any happiness after  
that? All through the years you'll  
remember that a man went to the  
gallows because you were too selfish  
to wait two hours! I tell you, Earl  
Williams' face will come between you  
on the train tonight -- and at the

preacher's tomorrow -- and all the  
rest of your lives!

HILDY

(breaking into applause)

What a performance! Bravo! Don't let  
him fool you, Bruce -- it's only an  
act!

BURNS

What do you mean, only an act? Haven't  
you got any feeling?

HILDY

Well, it's either an act on your  
part or a miracle on Sweeney's.

BURNS

What do you mean?

HILDY

I happen to know Sweeney was married  
only three months ago. If he's got  
twins this morning, I claim it was  
done with mirrors.

BURNS

(laughs, throws up  
his hands)

All right, Hildy, I'm licked. But  
I'll make you and Bruce a business

proposition.

HILDY

We're not interested.

BURNS

(to Bruce)

Maybe you'll be. You're a smart young man. You let Hildy do this story for me and you can write out a \$100,000.00 insurance policy for me. What do you say?

BRUCE

I don't use my wife for business purposes, Mr. Burns!

HILDY

Wait a minute, Bruce. What's commission on a \$100,000.00 policy?

BRUCE

Well, at his age, twenty payment life, a little over a thousand dollars.

HILDY

And what's the matter with a thousand dollars?

BRUCE



But --

HILDY

According to the budget, we laid out that's more than our food bill for a whole year. Listen, Bruce, I don't want Walter Burns to use me, but I'm perfectly willing to use him. How long will it take to get him examined?

BRUCE

I could get a company doctor in twenty minutes.

BURNS

Now you're talking!

HILDY

(turning on Burns)

You keep out of this. Bruce, suppose you examine Mr. Burns in his office. I'll get my bag and go over to the Press Room in the Criminal Courts Building. You phone me as soon as Mr. Burns has given you his check. Then I'll go get the interview and you phone Mother that we're taking the six o'clock train.

(back to Burns)

And no tricks, Walter!

BURNS

What tricks would I pull?

HILDY

Oh, nothing! Of course, you might  
cancel the check. Yes! Wait a minute!

What would be his first payment on  
that policy?

BRUCE

About twenty-five hundred dollars.

HILDY

Better make that a certified check,  
Walter.

BURNS

(indignantly)

What do you think I am -- a crook?

HILDY

Yes --- and that's putting it mildly!

No certified check -- no story --

Get me?

BURNS

All right. The check will be  
certified. Want my fingerprints?

HILDY

(rising)

No thanks, I've still got those.  
Well, I'll step into some working  
clothes and hop over to the Press  
Room for the background on this yarn.  
It'll be kind of fun to see the boys  
again, too. Remember, Bruce, it must  
be certified.

BRUCE

All right, dear.

HILDY

Wait a minute, Bruce. Have you got  
that money?

BRUCE

(feeling his pocket)

The five hundred? Sure.

HILDY

On second thought, would you let me  
have it? I'll get the tickets.

BRUCE

But --

HILDY

Believe me, Bruce, I know what I'm  
doing. He'd get you in a crap game --

BRUCE

But I don't gamble, Hilda!

HILDY

I know a lot of men who didn't do  
anything till they met Walter Burns.  
Please, dear.

BRUCE

(reluctantly)

All right.

(he pulls out his  
wallet)

One -- two -- three -- four -- five.  
Five hundred. Be careful, honey.

HILDY

I'll be careful, darling. You be,  
please.

She kisses him, kisses her hand and pats it to Burns' cheek.

HILDY

So long, husbands.

She goes.

TRUCKING SHOT - HILDY

leaving. She weaves just a bit.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - THE TWO MEN

They look after her.

BRUCE

(smiling a little)

I never knew Hildy to be so determined  
before.

BURNS

You haven't seen anything yet.

Bruce turns to look at Burns -- they look at each other.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN: INT. PRESS ROOM - CRIMINAL COURTS BLDG - DAY CLOSE  
SHOT AT TELEPHONE

It is ringing. A hand comes in to take the phone. CAMERA  
DRAWS BACK A LITTLE to show Endicott taking the phone. He  
has an eye shade over his eyes and five cards in his other  
hand.

ENDICOTT

(into phone)

Criminal Courts Press Room... This  
is Endicott... No, nothing new on  
the Williams case yet boss. Well,  
you bet I'm here plugging away every  
minute.

(hangs up and studies

his cards)

Up a dime.

CAMERA PANS SLOWLY to reveal the other players as they speak.

Playing are reporters Murphy, Endicott, Wilson, Schwartz and McCue.

MURPHY

(dropping his cards)

By me.

WILSON

(also dropping)

Droparoo.

Schwartz knocks on table and drops cards.

MCCUE

(reluctantly)

I'll call.

ENDICOTT

Three sixes. Is that any good?

HILDY'S VOICE

It sure looks good from here.

The boys all look up toward sound of Hildy's voice.

CLOSE SHOT HILDY JOHNSON

framed in the doorway. She is carrying a bag and has changed her costume to a tailored travelling suit. She grins and comes into the room.

MED. SHOT REPORTERS

They are all talking at once as Hildy comes into the scene. There are ad libs of "Hildy!" "Where'd you come from?" "Holy Mackeral, Hildy Johnson!", etc. Hildy raises her hand for silence.

HILDY

One at a time, boys.

She enters to a desk, places her bag on top of the desk, takes her hat off and hangs it on a clothes tree in the corner, comes back to desk and opens the travelling bag. All through the above action she is talking rapidly.

HILDY

No, I'm not back for good. I'm just covering the Earl Williams story for Mr. Sweeney who had a sudden attack of something but will be all right by tomorrow. No, I haven't made up with Walter Burns -- far from it! As a matter of fact, I'm leaving tonight for Albany and I'll be married tomorrow morning. The lucky man is Mr. Bruce Baldwin, a gentleman in the insurance business -- and when I

say gentleman, I mean gentleman! Are  
there any other questions?

Hildy takes notebook and pencil out of bag, looks at the  
stockings she is wearing, sees she has a run and takes a  
fresh pair out of the bag. She sits down and begins to put  
on the new stockings.

ENDICOTT

(grinning)

Well, that about covers everything.

HILDY

Good. Now I want to ask you fellows  
a couple of questions. Did Earl  
Williams know what he was doing when  
he fired that gun?

MURPHY

If you ask us, no. If you ask the  
state alienists, the answer is yes.

MCCUE

It's a simple story. Earl Williams  
works for the E.J. McClosky  
Manufacturing Company as a bookkeeper  
for fourteen years. He starts in at  
twenty dollars a week and gradually  
works his way up to twenty-two fifty.  
A year ago the McClosky Company goes  
out of business and Williams loses



his job.

(waving his hand toward  
Wilson)

Take it away, Fred Wilson!

WILSON

Well -- Williams goes a little balmy  
and begins making speeches on a plan  
he's got to save the world. Only he  
makes his speeches, usually, on a  
very busy street and neglects to get  
a license for it. Well, the cops let  
him alone as much as they can because  
he's harmless and they're kinda sorry  
for him. But one day he decides to  
hold a meeting right in the middle  
of a Veteran's Parade and the cops  
chase him. He gets scared and goes  
into hiding.

(gesturing toward  
Schwartz)

Come in, Dave Schwartz.

SCHWARTZ

His Honor, the Mayor, now comes out  
with a statement that Earl Williams  
is a dangerous character in the employ  
of two or three foreign governments  
and the police are going to get him  
dead or alive. Somebody sends out a  
tip that this guy is hiding in Molly

Malloy's joint. And this colored policeman, Daniels, goes over to pick Williams up. Williams has read the papers, thinks the cop is going to kill him and shoots first. That is all.

HILDY

Thanks, boys. That's all I want to know.

Hildy gets up, rolls the pair of stockings she has just discarded into a ball, crosses to Bensinger's desk and puts the stockings in a drawer.

ENDICOTT

Say, that's old Prissy Bensinger's desk.

HILDY

I know, I just want to give him a thrill.

Hildy crosses back to desk and sits down.

HILDY

All right, boys, now that everything is settled, deal me in.

Hildy glances toward clock on wall. The hands show 2:45 PM.

INSERT: CLOCK - Hands pointing to 2:45 PM.

CLOSE SHOT HILDY

She picks up phone nearest her on desk and starts to dial,  
picking up cards dealt her with one hand.

HILDY

(into phone)

Hello, this is Hildy Johnson. Get me

Walter Burns.

(she studies her cards --

then, into phone)

Hello, Walter. How's the old double-  
crosser?

CLOSE SHOT WALTER BURNS

Telephone at his ear.

BURNS

Hello, my fine-feathered friend.

Thought I might be hearing from you.

What have you got to report?

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO MEDIUM SHOT and we see that Burns is  
stripped to the waist. A doctor is applying a stethoscope to  
his chest. We HOLD the picture a second: Burns listening  
intently on the phone and the doctor listening intently to  
his chest.

BURNS

(into phone)

Going all right, eh?

DOCTOR

(nodding)

Fine.

Doctor suddenly realizes what he's said and looks up.

BURNS

(putting hand over

mouthpiece of phone)

Doctor, will you please keep quiet a  
minute? How do you expect me to get  
any work done?

CAMERA PULLS BACK to include Bruce, who has some papers in  
front of him at the desk. Bruce grins.

DOCTOR

How do you expect me to get anywhere  
if you're going to keep on that phone?  
If you'll just give me two minutes  
more --

BURNS

(into phone)

Well, they haven't finished with me  
yet but I'm hoping to get my shirt  
back. Oh, no. I'm in the pink of

condition. They found two new dimples.

CUT TO:

INT. PRESS ROOM - CRIMINAL COURTS BLDG. CLOSE SHOT HILDY AT  
TELEPHONE

cards in her other hand.

HILDY

How about that check? All right, Mr.  
Burns, but remember, no checkee --  
no story. Well, as soon as they decide  
whether you live or not will you  
have that new man of mine call me  
up? Yes, sir.

(she hangs up)

All right, boys. Up a dime.

ENDICOTT'S VOICE

Right back at you.

MED. SHOT

MCCUE

(dropping his cards)

You fight it cut.

HILDY

And up a dime.

ENDICOTT

(studying a second)

I call. What you got?

HILDY

(displaying her cards)

Three bullets! Any good?

ENDICOTT

(throwing his cards

away)

Beats king up.

Hildy rakes in the money.

MCCUE

What are you going to do with all  
that money, Hildy?

WILSON

Yeah -- you can't spend it in Albany.

HILDY

Oh, I'll think of something.

MED. SHOT

taking in door and including group. Bensinger, another  
reporter, comes in from the corridor. He stands out from the  
others because of his tidy appearance, and carries a book  
under his arm.

MURPHY

Hello, Harvard! Got anything new on  
the hanging?

CLOSE SHOT BENSINGER

BENSINGER

(cockily)

Why don't you fellows get your own  
news?

CLOSE SHOT HILDY

HILDY

Can't you say 'hello' to a fellow?

TWO SHOT FEATURING HILDY AND BENSINGER

BENSINGER

Hildy!

He comes over to shake hands.

BENSINGER

Are you back?

HILDY

No, just a farewell appearance,  
batting for Sweeney. I'm going into  
business for myself.

BENSINGER

What doing?

HILDY

I'm getting married tomorrow.

BENSINGER

Well, congratulations! Good luck!

THE TABLE ANOTHER ANGLE

ENDICOTT

Why don't you use him for a  
bridesmaid, Hildy?

SCHWARTZ

Come on, Hildy, your deal.

CLOSE SHOT BENSINGER AT HIS DESK

He opens a drawer, the one in which Hildy put her stockings.

BENSINGER

Say, who put these stockings in my  
desk?

(he turns to the group)

McCUE's VOICE I don't know, but I think they got rats in the  
building.



BENSINGER

(makes a gesture of  
disgust and picks up  
telephone)

This is Bensinger. I just saw the  
Sheriff. He won't move the hanging  
up a minute... All right, I'll talk  
to him again, but it's no use. The  
execution is set for seven in the  
morning. Get me a rewrite man.

CLOSE SHOT ENDICOTT

dealing the cards.

ENDICOTT

Why can't they hang that guy at a  
reasonable hour, so we can get some  
sleep?

CLOSE SHOT BENSINGER

BENSINGER

(into phone)

Jake, new lead on the hanging. This  
new alienist from New York -- Dr.  
Max J. Egelhoffer -- is going to  
interview Williams in about half an  
hour -- in the Sheriff's office.

MED. SHOT AT TABLE - FEATURING MURPHY

Murphy reaches for the phone. Without dropping his cards, he jiggles the hook.

MURPHY

That must be the tenth alienist they've had on Williams. Even if he wasn't crazy before, he would be after ten of those babies got through psychoanalyzing him.

(into phone)

Gimme the desk.

ENDICOTT

This Egelhoffer's pretty good.

MURPHY

Yeah? What did he ever do for his country?

ENDICOTT

Don't you remember? He's the guy went to Washington to interview the Brain Trust, and gave out a statement that they were all sane. It created a sensation!

CLOSE SHOT BENSINGER

He is referring to his notes as he talks:

BENSINGER

(into phone)

Here's the situation on the eve of  
the hanging:

CLOSE SHOT MURPHY

He continues playing his cards:

MURPHY

(into phone)

This is Murphy. More slop on the  
hanging.

CLOSE SHOT BENSINGER

BENSINGER

(into phone)

A double guard's been thrown around  
the jail, municipal buildings,  
railroad terminals, and elevated  
stations to prepare for the expected  
general uprising of radicals at the  
hour of execution.

CLOSE SHOT MURPHY

MURPHY

(into phone)

Ready? The Sheriff's just put two  
hundred more relatives on the payroll

to protect the city against the Red  
Army -- which is leaving Moscow in a  
couple of minutes.

(consults his hand)

Up a dime.

CLOSE SHOT BENSINGER

BENSINGER

(into phone)

The Sheriff has just received four  
more letters threatening his life,  
but he says nothing can interfere  
with his duty.

CLOSE SHOT MURPHY

MURPHY

(into phone)

And to prove to the voters that the  
Red Menace is on the level, the  
Sheriff has written himself four  
more letters, threatening his life.  
I know he wrote 'em on account of  
the misspellings.

MED. SHOT AT TABLE FEATURING HILDY

ENDICOTT

Trouble is, when the Red Menace shows  
up the Sheriff will still be crying

'Wolf!'

MURPHY

What have you got, Hildy?

HILDY

Kings and sixes.

MURPHY

(throwing down)

That's good.

HILDY

(sweeping coins in)

'Kings and sixes The pot affixes'...

Poetry. I learned that at my grandma's  
knee.

WILSON

That's why I keep losing. My grandma  
was a modest woman -- nobody ever  
saw her knees, not even my grandpop.

INT. WALTER BURNS' OFFICE MED. SHOT

The doctor has gone. Burns is adjusting his shirt. Bruce is  
sitting at the desk.

BRUCE

I don't know. This makes me feel  
funny.

TWO SHOT

BURNS

Why shouldn't I make Hildy my  
beneficiary? I've got nobody else to  
leave it to.

BRUCE

I feel I ought to take care of her.

BURNS

Well, you'll take care of her. After  
all, if that doctor's right, I'm  
going to live for a long time yet.  
Look, Bruce, this is a debt of honor.  
I was a very bad husband: Hildy could  
have got a lot of alimony if she'd  
wanted to, but she wouldn't take  
any. She had it coming to her, but  
she was too independent.

BRUCE

Well, I'm independent, too.

BURNS

Figure it this way: I ought to be  
good for twenty-five years. By that  
time, you'll probably have made enough  
so that the money won't mean anything.  
But suppose you haven't made good --

don't you think Hildy's entitled to  
a quiet old age without any worries?

BRUCE

Well, of course, if you put it that  
way.

BURNS

(everything he has on  
the ball)

And remember this, Bruce! I love  
her, too.

BRUCE

I'm beginning to realize that.

BURNS

And the beauty of it is she'll never  
have to know 'till I've passed on.  
Maybe she'll think kindly of me ---  
after I'm gone.

BRUCE

(a lump in his throat)

Gee, you almost make me feel like a  
heel -- coming between you.

BURNS

No, Bruce, you didn't come between  
us. It was all over for her before  
you came on the scene. For me --

it'll never be over.

He turns away, wipes his eyes, and sneaks a glance to see how that goes over. It goes over big -- Bruce hurriedly wipes a tear away.

MED. SHOT

as Duffy comes into the room. He advances toward the desk.

DUFFY

(placing check on  
desk)

Here's that certified check, Walter.

(sotto voce)

I drew out my wife's savings, and if  
this isn't back by 5:30 I'm a ruined  
man!

BURNS

(also sotto voce)

Don't worry, Duffy, you'll have it  
back by five.

(louder)

Thanks, Duffy. Stick around.

(picking up check he  
rises)

He walks over to Bruce.

BURNS



Well, Bruce, here you are -- certified  
and everything.

BRUCE

(also rising)

Certified! I'm afraid Hildy'd feel  
ashamed to think she hadn't trusted  
you.

CLOSEUP DUFFY

He reacts to this sweetly solemn thought.

BURNS AND BRUCE

CAMERA FOLLOWS THEM as Burns walks Bruce toward door, his  
arm around him.

BRUCE

Well, she'll know some day.

BURNS

That's all I ask. Oh, wait a minute.

He releases Bruce, runs back and gets umbrella and brings it  
to him.

BURNS

Don't want to forget this, you know.  
Might start to rain again.

BRUCE

Thanks. I'll phone Hildy right away  
to get that story.

They are at the door. Burns opens the door for Bruce.

SHOT FEATURING LOUIS

Louis is sitting at a desk, apparently engrossed in a  
newspaper. He is all alert, however. Bruce and Burns come  
into the scene talking.

BURNS

Well, anyway, I know Hildy's getting  
a good man.

BRUCE

(embarrassed)

Thanks a lot.

They pass Louis. He looks up.

BRUCE AND BURNS

Bruce, still embarrassed, looks down. Burns turns and signals  
to Louis.

CLOSE SHOT LOUIS

watching.

CLOSE SHOT BURNS

Burns points to Bruce's back.

CLOSE SHOT LOUIS

Louis nods.

BRUCE AND BURNS

BURNS

Well, I got to get back. You can  
find your way out, can't you?

BRUCE

Oh, sure.

(he extends his hand)

Well, thanks for everything.

BURNS

Don't thank me. I should thank you.

So long.

BRUCE

So long.

He turns and goes. Burns watches him.

REVERSE ANGLE

Bruce is going out, his back toward Camera. Burns watches.

Louis comes between Burns and Bruce and follows Bruce out as we see Bruce going toward outer door.

CLOSEUP BURNS

He rubs his hands in glee as he starts back for his office.

INT. PRESS ROOM SHOT FEATURING HILDY

She is raking in a pot.

HILDY

I don't know why you boys are so good to me.

MCCUE

(throwing cards down)

Your poker's improved a lot, Hildy.

Lend me two bucks, will you?

HILDY

Nothing doing. I'm playing for keeps.

There is a whirr and crash from the gallows. They start.

BENSINGER AT WINDOW

BENSINGER

I wish they'd stop that practicing.

The others drift into the scene and look out of the window.

INT. COURTYARD THE GALLOWS

The trap is sprung by two or three earnest men.

INT. PRESS ROOM GROUP AT WINDOW

HILDY

(turns away)

Well, anyhow, I won't be covering  
stuff like this any more.

SCHWARTZ

What's the matter? Getting yellow?

MED. SHOT

A phone rings. McCue answers it.

MCCUE

For you, Hildy.

Hildy goes toward phone.

CLOSE SHOT HILDY AT PHONE

HILDY

Hildy Johnson... Oh, hello, Bruce.

Have you got it? Is it certified?

INT. PHONE BOOTH CLOSE SHOT BRUCE

BRUCE

Certified and everything. Got it  
right here in my wallet... What? No,  
he's not here -- I'm in a phone booth.

INT. PRESS ROOM CLOSE SHOT HILDY AT PHONE

McCue is hovering near.

MCCUE

Certified, eh? Who is it -- your  
milkman?

HILDY

(in phone)

But, Bruce, don't keep it in your  
wallet!... Well, you see --

(she is thinking

rapidly)

-- there's an old newspaper  
superstition that the first big check  
you get you -- you put in the lining  
of your hat. That brings you good  
luck for ten years.

MCCUE

Say, I've been a reporter twenty  
years and never heard any hooey like  
that. Where'd you get it?

HILDY

(to McCue)

I made it up just now, and who's  
asking you?

(into phone)

I know it's silly, honey, but do it  
for me, won't you?... Yes, right  
now.

INT. PHONE BOOTH CLOSE SHOT BRUCE

BRUCE

All right. Wait a minute.

He takes check out of wallet, folds it into lining of hat.

BRUCE

All right. I've done it. Now, are  
you satisfied?

INT. PRESS ROOM CLOSE SHOT HILDY AT PHONE

HILDY

Fine. And here's a kiss for you.

She blows a kiss into the phone. Immediately we hear kiss  
sounds all over. She looks up and glares. Then back to phone:

HILDY

Now, darling, you go back to the  
hotel and pack and you and Mother

pick me up here about half-past five.

Goodbye, dear.

INT. PHONE BOOTH CLOSE SHOT BRUCE

He blows a kiss into the phone and hangs up.

EXT. OUTSIDE RESTAURANT LOUIS

Studying a paper, reads it for a moment. Bruce comes out of restaurant and starts out. After a second, Louis follows him.

INT. ENTRANCE TO A CELL BLOCK OF COUNTY JAIL MED. SHOT

Warden Cooley sits at a desk near the grilled doorway that leads to the cells. He is studying a Racing Form. Hildy's hand reaches into the shot and flicks the newspaper. He looks up. THE CAMERA PULLS BACK to include Hildy.

COOLEY

Hello, Hildy! What are you doing around here?

HILDY

I want to interview Earl Williams, Warden. How about a little service?

COOLEY

No more interviews. Besides, a doctor's coming over.



Hildy reaches down out of camera range -- comes up with bill.

HILDY

Say, isn't this your twenty dollars?

COOLEY

(looks at bill eagerly)

I think it is.

HILDY

(handing it over)

I thought so. Come on, I'm in a hurry.

Cooley pockets the twenty and reaches for his key ring.

EXT. STREET SCENE

There is a milling mob around a center of activity that the  
Camera can't find.

SHOT OF COP

as he sees this and strolls determinedly toward it.

THE CROWD

The cop comes in and breaks ranks. He pushes his way toward  
center and looks down.

CLOSE SHOT BRUCE

lying down, held by Louis.

MED. SHOT

COP

What's going on?

LOUIS

This guy stole my watch.

COP

(lugging them both to  
feet)

Have you got his watch?

BRUCE

He's crazy. I haven't any watch.

LOUIS

I saw him. He put it in his back  
pocket.

BRUCE

I haven't got --

COP

Wait a minute.

The cop reaches into Bruce's back pocket. Watch comes out.

COP

(to Louis)

Is this yours?

LOUIS

Yeah! That's it!

COP

What about it?

BRUCE

I never saw it before.

Cop grabs Bruce. Louis grabs his other arm.

COP

Come on!

He whistles.

COP

(to mob)

Beat it!

CLOSE SHOT THREE

as they go through crowd. The look on poor Bruce's face,  
muddy anyhow, is something. Suddenly, Bruce cries:

BRUCE

My hat!

COP

Get his hat, somebody.

CLOSEUP BRUCE'S HAT

lying top up, in a puddle. Hand reaches in and picks it up.

CLOSE SHOT THREE

as hat is passed to cop, who jams it down on Bruce's head.

Another taken from Bruce.

INT. COUNTY JAIL MED. CLOSE SHOT

at the door of Earl Williams' cell. Hildy sits on a stool at the door, pencil and copy paper in hand. Earl Williams sits at the edge of his cot, facing Hildy. There is a bouquet of roses in a water pitcher by the cot. Our first impression of Williams is that he's a rational, well-poised citizen. It is only under Hildy's questioning that he gradually reveals himself.

WILLIAMS

I couldn't plead insanity, because  
you see I'm just as sane as anybody  
else.

HILDY

(puzzled and worried)  
You didn't mean to kill that

policeman?

WILLIAMS

Of course not. I couldn't kill anybody --  
it's against everything I've ever  
stood for. They know it was an  
accident. They're not hanging me for  
that -- they're hanging me for my  
beliefs.

HILDY

What are your beliefs, Earl?

WILLIAMS

They're very simple. I believe in  
the Golden Rule. I'm not the first  
man to die for preaching it. But if  
they would only listen to it -- we  
could have a fine, decent world  
instead of this mass of hate that  
makes man do such cruel things.

HILDY

How would you go about applying the  
Golden Rule, Earl?

WILLIAMS

I'd do away with the profit system  
and have production for use only.  
There's enough food and clothing and  
shelter for everybody if we'd use

some sense.

HILDY

(writing)

"Production for use only." Well,  
maybe that's the answer.

WILLIAMS

It's the only answer. Everything has  
a use and if we let it be used for  
its purpose, we could solve all our  
problems. Food was meant to be eaten,  
not stored away in restaurants while  
poor people starved; clothing was  
meant to be worn, not piled up in  
stores while people went naked.  
Doesn't that make sense?

CLOSEUP HILDY

HILDY

(thoughtfully)

Yes, that makes a lot of sense, Earl.

WILLIAM'S VOICE

Just use things for what they were  
meant, that's all.

HILDY

Sure.

(she studies him a

moment)

What's the purpose of a gun, Earl?

CLOSEUP WILLIAMS

WILLIAMS

A gun?

(he thinks -- then a

revealing smile breaks

out)

Why -- to shoot, of course.

MED. CLOSE TWO SHOT

HILDY

Is that how you came to shoot the  
policeman?

WILLIAMS

Sure. You see, I'd never had a gun  
in my hand before and I didn't know  
what to do with it. Well, when I get  
stuck, I know that there's an answer  
for everything in production for  
use. So it came to me in a flash:  
what's a gun for? To shoot! So I  
shot. Simple isn't it?

HILDY

(writing)

Very simple, Earl.

WILLIAMS

There's nothing crazy about that, is  
there?

HILDY

No, Earl, not at all.

(she indicates the  
flowers)

Who sent you the flowers, Earl?

WILLIAMS

(reverently)

Miss Mollie Malloy. She's a wonderful  
person.

HILDY

(pointing to picture  
pinned on wall)

Isn't that her picture?

WILLIAMS

(turning toward it)

Yes. Isn't she beautiful?

INSERT: PICTURE OF MOLLIE

HILDY'S VOICE

If you should be pardoned, are you  
figuring on marrying Mollie?



EARL'S VOICE

Oh, no, she's much too good for me.

HARTMAN'S VOICE

How'd you get in here?

MEDIUM SHOT

Sheriff Hartman has come into the scene. Hildy turns toward him.

HILDY

Same way you did.

(pointing)

Through that gate.

HARTMAN

I gave strict orders that nobody was  
to interview Williams without my  
permission.

HILDY

All right, then, I'll just run the  
story that Sheriff Hartman is afraid  
to let reporters interview his  
prisoner. Of course, with election  
coming, that might do you a lot of  
harm, but just as you say.

HARTMAN

Now, wait a minute! I'm not afraid

of anything. What were you going to write about Williams?

HILDY

Oh, nothing much. Just that the state had proved he was sane -- and he admits it himself. If you don't want me to run it --

HARTMAN

(beaming)

Oh, that'll be all right, Hildy. Go ahead, run it. And you can say I treated him well, too.

(turning toward

Williams)

'Lo, Earl. How are you feeling?

WILLIAMS

Fine, thanks, Sheriff.

HARTMAN

That's good, Earl. Oh, they've got another alienist to see you. He ought to be here any minute. Don't go to sleep, will you?

WILLIAMS

I won't.

HARTMAN

(to Hildy)

Hildy, how'd you like a couple of  
tickets for the hanging?

HILDY

(in a low voice so

Williams won't

overhear)

No, thanks Sheriff. I'm leaving town  
tonight.

HARTMAN

(just as loud as ever)

You ought to stay over. You always  
wrote a good hanging story, Hildy.

HILDY

That's awful kind of you, Sheriff.

I've got to get started on my  
interview. See you later.

WILLIAMS

Don't forget about production for  
use.

HILDY

I won't, Earl.

(she goes)

INT. PRESS ROOM GROUP SHOT POKER GAME - NIGHT

The game is on. Bensinger, at his desk, is reading a book.

The electric lights have been switched on.

MURPHY

(raking in a pot)

Well, a guy can win when Hildy ain't  
around.

ENDICOTT

Who's this guy she's gonna marry?

WILSON

Baldwin -- his name is.

SCHWARTZ

I give that marriage six months.

MCCUE

Why?

SCHWARTZ

Hildy won't be able to stay away  
from a paper any longer than that.  
Did you see her eyes light up when  
she came in here? Like an old fire  
horse.

MURPHY

She says she's gonna write fiction.

ENDICOTT

Well, if she's gonna write fiction,  
there's nothing like being a reporter.

SCHWARTZ

I'll give ten to five that marriage  
won't last six months. Hildy's a  
newspaper man. She's got headlines  
in her veins -- the way we all have  
or we'd be out of these lousy jobs.

Mollie Malloy appears in doorway. She moves slowly into the  
room.

MCCUE

Well, well -- Miss Mollie Malloy.

MURPHY

Hello, Mollie.

WILSON

How's tricks, Mollie?

CLOSE SHOT MOLLIE

MOLLIE

I've been lookin' for you tramps.

MED. GROUP SHOT

ENDICOTT

Kid, those were pretty roses you

sent Earl. What do you want done  
with them tomorrow morning?

MOLLIE

(tensely)

A lot of wise guys, ain't you?

SCHWARTZ

(uncomfortably)

You're breaking up the game, Mollie.

What do you want?

MOLLIE

I want to tell you what I think of  
you -- all of you.

Hildy appears in the doorway and comes into the room.

MURPHY

Keep your shirt on.

MOLLIE

(to Murphy)

If you was worth breaking my fingers  
on, I'd tear your face wide open.

Hildy goes to desk and begins typing away.

MURPHY

What are you sore about, sweetheart?  
Wasn't that a swell story we gave

you?

MOLLIE

You crumbs have been making a fool  
out of me long enough!

BENSINGER

(rising and coming  
over)

She oughtn't be allowed in here!

CLOSEUP MOLLIE

MOLLIE

(flaring)

I never said I loved Earl Williams  
and was willing to marry him on the  
gallows! You made that up! And about  
my being his soul-mate and having a  
love-nest with him.

CLOSE SHOT ENDICOTT

looking up at her.

ENDICOTT

You've been sucking around that cuckoo  
ever since he's been in the death-  
house. Everybody knows you're his  
sweetheart.

CLOSEUP MOLLIE

She blows up.

MOLLIE

That's a lie! I met Mr. Williams  
just once in my life when he was  
wandering around in the rain without  
his hat and coat on, like a sick  
dog, the day before the shooting. I  
went up to him like any human being  
would and I asked him what was the  
matter, and he told me about being  
fired after working at the same place  
for fourteen years, and I brought  
him up to my room because it was  
warm there.

CLOSE SHOT HILDY

She is typing away, stops to look over at Mollie, then  
resolutely turns away, studies her stuff, and begins typing  
again.

MURPHY'S VOICE

Aw, put it on a phonograph!

MED. SHOT MOLLIE AND OTHERS

MOLLIE

Just because you want to fill your



lying paper with a lot of dirty  
scandal, you got to crucify him and  
make a stooge out of me!

ENDICOTT

(to Mollie)

Got a match?

MOLLIE

(heedless)

I tell you he just sat there talking  
to me -- all night. And never once  
laid a hand on me. In the morning he  
went away, and I never saw him again  
till that day at the trial!

The boys laugh.

CLOSEUP MOLLIE

She lashes out at them.

MOLLIE

Go on, laugh! I'd like to know some  
curses bad enough for your greasy  
souls! Sure, I was his witness --  
the only one he had. Yes -- me --  
cheap little Mollie Malloy! I'm  
everything the District Attorney  
said I was. And still I was the only  
one with guts enough to stand up for

him! I told the truth and the District  
Attorney knows it! That's why you're  
persecutin' me! Because Earl Williams  
treated me decent and not like an  
animal -- and I said so!

MEDIUM SHOT

MURPHY

(finally irritated)

Go into your dance! This is the Press  
Room. We're busy.

WILSON

Why don't you go and see your boy-  
friend?

ENDICOTT

(winks at the others)

But you'll have to hurry up -- he  
left a call for seven A.M.

MOLLIE

(through her teeth)

It's a wonder a bolt of lightning  
don't come down and strike you all  
dead!

From o.s. comes sound of the gallows. Mollie gasps.

ENDICOTT

(suddenly uncomfortable)

Don't get hysterical, kid.

MOLLIE

(begins to sob)

Shame on you!

CLOSE SHOT MOLLIE -- TAKING IN MURPHY

MOLLIE

(hysterically)

A poor little fellow that never meant  
nobody no harm! Sitting there alone  
this minute with the Angel of Death  
beside him, and you cracking jokes!

CLOSEUP HILDY

typing away furiously, regardless of this. She ends a page.  
The sound of Mollie sobbing comes over the scene. Hildy  
inserts a fresh page.

MURPHY'S VOICE

If you don't shut up, we'll give you  
something to cry about!

Hildy looks o.s. and rises determinedly.

MEDIUM SHOT - MOLLIE BACKING AWAY FROM MURPHY

She is still sobbing. Hildy comes into scene and puts her

arm around Mollie.

HILDY

(gently)

Come on, Mollie. This is no place  
for you.

(she leads Mollie  
toward door)

MOLLIE

They're not human!

HILDY

They're newspaper men, Mollie. They  
can't help themselves. The Lord made  
them that way.

MOLLIE

(one look back as  
Hildy leads her out  
door)

It wasn't the Lord! It was the devil!

Hildy and Mollie exit. There is a pause. The boys look at  
each other uncomfortably. The phone rings. Wilson goes to  
answer.

MURPHY

(picking up cards)

You guys wanna play some more poker?

ENDICOTT

What's the use? I can't win a pot.

CLOSE SHOT WILSON AT PHONE

WILSON

(into phone)

Who? Hildy Johnson? She just stepped out. She'll be back in a second.

Who? Oh, Mr. Baldwin. Well, if you'll hang on a minute, she ought to be right in. All right.

(he covers transmitter)

MED. SHOT TAKING DOOR

WILSON

(to others)

Baldwin. The blushing bridegroom -- himself.

SCHWARTZ

What's he want?

WILSON

Wants Hildy -- and sounds very excited.

Hildy comes back. Looks at them and stares contemptuously.

HILDY

Gentlemen of the Press! Always picking  
on somebody who can't defend himself --  
the littler the better.

WILSON

Phone for you, Hildy.

HILDY

(going toward it)

Who is it?

WILSON

Oh, some insurance man. Are you in?

HILDY

(grabbing phone)

Give me that!

CLOSEUP HILDY

HILDY

(into phone)

Hello! Hello! Bruce?... what?...

Where are you?... You're where?...

How did that happen?...

(she listens

unbelievably a second)

I'll be right over!

MED. SHOT

as Hildy hangs up and darts out of room. The others watch in amazement.

MURPHY

Boy, did you see her go?

ENDICOTT

Lioness Rushes to Defense of Cub.

WILSON

I told you Baldwin was in trouble.

MCCUE

Probably went out without his hankie  
and wants Mamma to wipe his nose.

SCHWARTZ

I still give that marriage six months.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE SHOT BENSINGER

at phone.

BENSINGER

Hello, baby, get me the Sheriff's  
offico, will you... Hello, Sheriff  
Hartman?... This is Bensinger. How  
about that favor? You know what:  
once and for all, will you hang this

guy at five A.M. instead of seven?  
It won't hurt you and we can make  
the City Edition.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE CLOSE SHOT SHERIFF HARTMAN

at phone.

HARTMAN

(indignantly)

Once and for all, I'm not going to  
hang anybody except at the legal  
hour... What? Don't threaten me,  
Bensinger! I'm not afraid of any  
newspapers. Yeah?... Oh, shut up!

(he hangs up; an  
afterthought -- he  
calls up operator)

And, operator, I told you not to  
disturb me! I don't care who calls --  
I don't want to be disturbed again  
till I tell you!

(he hangs up -- turns  
to somebody o.s. and  
speaks)

How do you like that, Dr. Egelhoffer?  
Want me to hang Williams at their  
convenience!

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO A MED. GROUP SHOT, showing Williams,  
Sheriff Hartman and Dr. Egelhoffer. They are the only



occupants of room. Williams is seated facing a large standing searchlight.

EGELHOFFER

The newspapers! Sheriff, they're the scum of modern civilization.

HARTMAN

You said it!

EGELHOFFER

They're always after me for interviews.

HARTMAN

Me, too.

EGELHOFFER

(fencing)

Of course, I sort of promised them I would give out a statement when I got through here. You don't mind?

HARTMAN

(not liking it)

Well, I don't know if that's ethical. You see, all statements are supposed to come from me.

EGELHOFFER

(he'll bargain)

We'll have to satisfy them. What would you say to giving them a joint interview? I could give them some of the psychological aspects of the case and you could give them the legal aspects.

HARTMAN

(he buys)

A joint interview, eh? That might be all right. We could have our pictures taken together, Doctor.

EGELHOFFER

Yes, shaking hands. I don't take a very good picture, though.

HARTMAN

It doesn't matter. The publicity's the main thing.

EGELHOFFER

Yes, I suppose so. It all helps.

WILLIAMS

(just a spectator up  
to now)

Are you gentlemen all through with me?

EGELHOFFER

Oh, I'm sorry. I forgot you were  
here. No, Mr. Williams, we still  
have some questions for you. Sheriff,  
will you kindly extinguish the lights?

The Sheriff puts out the lights and the Doctor switches on  
the searchlight, which shines in Williams' face.

EGELHOFFER

You know you are to be executed, Mr.  
Williams. Who do you feel is  
responsible for that?

WILLIAMS

The system. But I'm not afraid to  
die, Doctor. I'm dying for what I  
believe.

EGELHOFFER

I see. You realize, however, that  
you committed a crime?

CLOSEUP WILLIAMS

WILLIAMS

In a legal sense, yes. But not  
actually. Actually, I'm innocent. I  
didn't do anything.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. POLICE CELL CLOSEUP BRUCE

BRUCE

I'm innocent. I didn't do anything.

I never stole a watch in my life.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to show us Bruce in police cell. Hildy outside. A police lieutenant with her in b.g.

HILDY

I know you didn't, Bruce.

She whirls on lieutenant.

HILDY

(to lieutenant)

Let him out of here, Lieutenant.

LIEUTENANT

(conciliatingly)

But, Hildy, I can't. He's accused of stealing a watch. And they found the watch on him.

HILDY

And who accused him? Diamond Louis!

One of the worst crooks in town! Why don't you arrest Louis instead of innocent people that he frames?

LIEUTENANT

Now, Hildy --

HILDY

Don't Hildy me! Are you going to let him out?

LIEUTENANT

I can't.

HILDY

All right. You can't. But tomorrow the Post will run the story of that roulette game on 43rd Street that your brother-in-law runs. And we'll print that you get five hundred a month for forgetting about it!

LIEUTENANT

Now, Hildy, don't be hasty! I can't let him out.

HILDY

You can let him out on bail, can't you?

LIEUTENANT

Five hundred dollars.

HILDY

You'll take fifty and like it!

LIEUTENANT

(wavers)

Well, all right. But I'm liable to  
get into a jam.

He starts to open cell door.

HILDY

You'll get into a worse one if you  
don't.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TAXI (PROCESS SHOT)

Hildy is combing Bruce's hair. He begins to look presentable.  
He fumbles in his breast pocket.

HILDY

What's the matter?

BRUCE

I lost my wallet.

HILDY

(stops)

The check, Bruce!

Bruce picks up his hat and gets check out of lining.

BRUCE

That's right here. Gee, it was lucky  
your telling me about that old  
newspaper superstition.

HILDY

(taking check and  
putting it away)

Yes, wasn't it?

BRUCE

I can't imagine who did it. I can't  
think of any enemies I have.

HILDY

(looking at him fondly)

I'm sure you haven't any.

BRUCE

For a minute, I thought maybe Walter  
Burns was at the back of it. But  
then I realized he couldn't have  
been.

HILDY

Oh, no. How could you ever think of  
such a thing?

BRUCE

Oh, I realized right away. He's really  
a very nice fellow, Hildy -- I found  
that out.

HILDY

Yes, he is... Look, Bruce, we're  
taking that next train -- and when I  
say next train, this time I mean it!

BRUCE

Did you finish the interview?

HILDY

(to driver)

The Criminal Courts Building.

The driver nods.

HILDY

(to Bruce)

No -- but I'm sure it'll be all right  
with Walter.

BRUCE

But, gee, Hildy -- he gave us that  
insurance business -- and you promised --

HILDY

Well, the story's practically  
finished. I'll just go upstairs and  
send it over with a messenger.

The cab stops. Hildy gets out and Bruce starts to follow.

Hildy turns and pushes him back in the cab.



EXT. STREET MED. SHOT HILDY

at door of cab. Bruce in cab.

HILDY

No, you stay here. I'm not taking  
any more chances. I'll be down in  
three minutes -- and don't you dare  
move!

Hildy turns and starts for stairs of Criminal Courts Building.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PRESS ROOM MED. SHOT AT HILDY'S DESK

Schwartz is reading Hildy's interview to the other boys, who  
are grouped around. Bensinger is at his desk, a book open,  
but listening.

SCHWARTZ

(reading)

"But the State has a production for  
use plan, too. It has a gallows and  
at seven A.M., unless a miracle  
occurs, that gallows will be used to  
separate the soul of Earl Williams  
from his body. And out of Molly  
Malloy's life will go the one kindly  
soul she ever knew --"

(he stops)

That's as far as Hildy got. But, I  
ask you, can that girl write an  
interview?

BENSINGER

I don't think it's very ethical  
reading other people's stuff.

ENDICOTT

Don't give us that ethics stuff.  
You'll be the only one who'll swipe  
any of it.

SCHWARTZ

I still say anybody that writes like  
that ain't going to give it up  
permanently to sew sox for a guy in  
the insurance business. Now I give  
that marriage three months and I'm  
laying three to one. Any takers?

HILDY'S VOICE

I'll take that bet.

They turn. Hildy comes into the scene.

HILDY

(going to her phone)

It's getting so a girl can't step  
out of the room without being

discussed by a bunch of old ladies.

(into phone; her voice

assumes a silken

quality)

Hello, Post... Mr. Walter Burns,  
please.

CLOSE SHOT SCHWARTZ

SCHWARTZ

(embarrassed)

Well, Hildy, we were only saying  
that a swell reporter like you  
wouldn't give this up so easily.

MED. SHOT FEATURING HILDY

HILDY

(into phone)

This is Hildy Johnson...

(to Schwartz)

Oh, I can give it up all right.

Without a single quiver. I'm going  
to live like a human being -- not  
like you rats.

(into phone)

Oh, is that you, Walter dear? Oh, I  
didn't mean "dear." That was just  
habit, I guess. Oh, be yourself,  
Walter. I've got some news for you...  
Yes, I got the interview, but I've

got some news that's more important.

The others are listening, suspecting a scoop.

HILDY

Better get a pencil out and write it  
down. All ready?

(then with a sudden  
change of pace)

Get this, you double-crossing  
chimpanzee, there ain't gonna be any  
interview and there ain't gonna be  
any story... Huh? That certified  
check of yours is leaving with me in  
twenty minutes. And if I ever see  
you again, it's going to be just too  
bad... Eh?... Oh, you don't know  
what I'm angry about, do you? If you  
come over I'll be very glad to tell  
you the story of Louie's watch. I  
dare you to come over, you -- you --  
skunk in sheep's clothing! And bring  
that bodyguard of yours, too -- you'll  
need him.

QUICK CUTS OF REACTION FROM OTHERS

CLOSEUP HILDY

HILDY

...And I just want you to listen to

one more thing.

She gets her story out of typewriter, applies it to transmitter and tears it up.

HILDY

Hear that? That's the interview I wrote... Yes, I know we made a bargain. I just said I'd write it -- I didn't say I wouldn't tear it up. Yes, it's all in little pieces now, Walter, and I hope to do the same for you some time!

She hangs up.

MED. SHOT FEATURING HILDY

She reaches under her desk, pulls up bag, talking all the time. The others are too startled to do anything but listen.

HILDY

And that's my farewell to the newspaper game. I'm going to live a normal life and have a home.

She reaches into the drawer of desk and gets some stuff which she puts into bag.

HILDY

I'm going to be a woman, not a

newsgetting machine. I'm going to  
have babies and nurse them and love  
them and give 'em cod liver oil and  
worry about their new teeth -- and  
the minute I catch one of them even  
looking at a newspaper, I'm going to  
brain him! Where's my hat?

Someone points to her hat. She rises and goes toward it. Her  
bag is still open. Her phone rings. Schwartz answers it.

SCHWARTZ

(subdued tones)

Hello, Mr. Burns. Yes, she's still  
here.

HILDY

(stopping midway to  
her hat)

I'll take it.

(she comes over to  
phone)

What's the matter, Mr. Burns -- don't  
you understand English? -- Why, your  
language is shocking, Mr. Burns --  
positively shocking! I don't mind  
because I was married to you and  
know what to expect, but suppose  
Central is listening in... Oh, did  
you hear that, Central? We ought to  
report him, don't you think?... Oh,

foeey on you!

She pulls the phone out of the wall, walks toward window and tosses it out of the window. She waits for the crash, turns back and says:

HILDY

Now where was that hat? Oh, yes.

She starts toward it.

INT. SHERIFF HARTMAN'S OFFICE MED. SHOT

WILLIAMS

I hope you're pretty nearly through with me, Doctor, I'm getting a little fatigued.

HARTMAN

Yeah, you don't want to tire him out, Doctor.

EGELHOFFER

Just one thing more. I'd like to reenact the crime, Mr. Williams. May I have your gun, please, Sheriff?

Hartman starts to take gun out, hesitates.

HARTMAN

I don't know --

EGELHOFFER

(insistently)

Come, come, Sheriff, lightning doesn't  
strike in the same place twice.

Nothing's going to happen.

Hartman hands him the gun.

EGELHOFFER

Now, the Sheriff will be Mollie  
Malloy, in whose room you were. You  
will be Earl Williams. And I will be  
the policeman. Follow me, Mr.  
Williams?

WILLIAMS

Yes, sir.

Egelhoffer hands the gun to Williams and then backs up a few  
paces.

EGELHOFFER

So -- now I say to you: 'Earl  
Williams, you are under arrest!' and  
you point your gun at me.

WILLIAMS

(hesitantly)

Well, it wasn't exactly that way --



EGELHOFFER

(insistently)

Point the gun at me!

Williams does so.

EGELHOFFER

Then what did you do?

Williams hesitates for a moment and then pulls the trigger.

Hartman promptly dives under the desk as Egelhoffer topples over.

WILLIAMS

(pathetically)

Now can I go, please?

There is a loud banging on the door and a voice calling:

VOICE

Hey, Sheriff! Open up! What happened?

Williams, alarmed by voice, turns and starts toward window.

INT. PRESS ROOM MED. GROUP SHOT

Hildy is now wearing her hat and gloves. She picks up her bag and starts for the door.

ENDICOTT

Goodbye, Yonson.

MCCUE

So long, Hildy.

MURPHY

Send us a postcard, kid.

SCHWARTZ

Who'll keep the lamp in the window  
for you.

BENSINGER

Goodbye, Hildy.

Hildy has crossed to doorway, the CAMERA TRUCKING WITH HER.

She turns and faces the room to make a last bravura speech.

HILDY

Well, goodbye, you wage-slaves. When  
you're crawling up fire escapes,  
getting kicked out of front doors,  
and eating Christmas dinners in one-  
armed joints, don't forget your pal,  
Hildy Johnson! And, remember, my  
husband sells insurance!

She turns and starts on a bit of verse:

HILDY

"It takes a heap o' livin' to make a  
house a home."

She is interrupted by a terrific fusillade of shots in the courtyard. A roar of excited voices comes up. For a tense second, everyone is motionless. There is another volley of shots. Wilson, Endicott and Murphy jump for the window.

CLOSE SHOT AT WINDOW

VOICES FROM COURTYARD

Get the riot guns! Spread out, you fellows! Etc.

WILSON

There's a jail-break!

MURPHY

(at window,  
simultaneously)

Cooley! What's the matter What's happened?

VOICES FROM YARD

Watch the gate! He's probably trying the gate!

Outside, a siren begins to wail.

ENDICOTT

(out the window)

Who got away? Who was it?

VOICE OUTSIDE

Earl... Williams!!!

THE REPORTERS

Who? Who'd he say? Earl Williams! It  
was Earl Williams! He got away! Etc.

SHOT AT DESK

MCCUE

Holy ---! Gimme that telephone!

(works hook frantically)

Hurry! Hurry up! This is important!

MED. SHOT TAKING IN DOOR

Searchlights hit the windows, sweeping from direction of the  
jail. Hildy stands paralyzed, her bundle in her hand. There  
is another rifle volley. Two windowpanes crash into the room.  
Some plaster falls. Gongs sound above the siren. The boys  
are jumping for their telephones. Another windowpane goes.

MCCUE

(screaming)

Look out!

CLOSE SHOT AT WINDOW

MURPHY

(out the window)

Look out where you're aiming, will

you?

#### A QUICK MONTAGE

of reporters at their various phones follows: "Gimme the desk!" "Flash!" "Earl Williams just escaped!" "Don't know yet -- call you back.", etc., are shouted into the phones by Schwartz, Wilson, McCue, Endicott, Bensinger and Murphy. After each man communicates with his paper, he dashes for the door.

#### MEDIUM SHOT

The last of the reporters is gone.

#### CLOSE SHOT - HILDY

Her bag, almost unnoticed, falls to the floor. CAMERA TRUCKS WITH HER as she moves back into the room, absently grabbing and trailing a chair.

#### ANOTHER ANGLE

HILDY

Ahhh --

She lets go of the chair and takes one of the telephones.

HILDY

Morning Post?... Get me Walter Burns --  
quick! Hildy Johnson calling.

Very calmly she sits on the long table, her back against the wall and waits.

CLOSEUP - HILDY

HILDY

Walter?... Hildy. Earl Williams just  
escaped from the County Jail. Yep...  
yep... yep... don't worry! I'm on  
the job!

She hangs up.

MEDIUM SHOT

There is another volley outside. Hildy sails her hat and starts peeling off her gloves as she jumps for the door.

EXT. COURTYARD - DAY MEDIUM SHOT - AT THE GATE

There are the reporters joining armed guards who are leaping into squad cars ready for the chase. Cooley is beside the gate. As the reporters and guards pile into the cars, the gate opens and out they go.

MEDIUM SHOT AT DOOR LEADING FROM BUILDING TO COURTYARD

Hildy comes on a run from this door, hesitates a moment, then sees something o.s. and runs for it.

MED. SHOT - SQUAD CAR

as it comes careening across courtyard toward gate. Hildy tears into scene, jumps for and makes the running-board, and hangs there as the car swerves up to the gate.

MED. SHOT - AT GATE

Hildy notices Cooley as the car, gathering speed, goes by him. She leaps from the running-board and lands clump on Cooley.

CLOSE SHOT - HILDY AND COOLEY

Cooley has been knocked to the ground by the impact of Hildy's leap. She is sitting on him.

HILDY

Cooley, I want to talk to you.

COOLEY

(trying to get up)

Hildy -- I can't. I'm busy -- I --

Let me up, Hildy. Earl Williams has  
escaped --

He struggles.

HILDY

There's money in it, Cooley.

COOLEY

I can't Hildy. It means my job! It  
means --

HILDY

(interrupting him)

A lot of money.

(she opens her bag)

Four hundred and fifty dollars --

She fingers the bills.

COOLEY

How much?

HILDY

Four hundred and fifty dollars. Is  
it a deal?

COOLEY

It's a deal. Let me up.

Cooley gets up and dusts himself off.

COOLEY

Let's see the money.

HILDY

(money still in her  
hand)

First we talk. How did Earl Williams



get that gun?

Cooley looks around quickly.

COOLEY

Come on, and I'll tell you.

He jerks his head, indicating to Hildy to follow him.

MEDIUM SHOT

They move off as the gates are closed.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PRESS ROOM - CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING - DAY FULL SHOT

The room is empty. All the telephones are ringing crazily.

Endicott enters hurriedly, crosses to his phone.

ENDICOTT

(into phone)

Endicott talking.

CLOSE SHOT ENDICOTT - AT PHONE

ENDICOTT

(into phone)

No -- nobody knows where he got the  
gun, but I think Mollie Malloy  
smuggled it in to him. He ran up the

fire-escape, and went back in the infirmary window. Then he got out through the skylight. He must have slid down the rain-pipe to the street.

MURPHY'S VOICE

Gimme the Desk.

MED. TWO SHOT

including Murphy and Endicott at separate phones.

ENDICOTT

No, I tell you! Nobody knows where he got it.

MURPHY

The Crime Commission has offered a reward of ten thousand dollars for Williams' capture.

ENDICOTT

Call you back.

He hangs up swiftly and goes out.

MURPHY

No clue yet as to Earl Williams' whereabouts. Here's a little feature though: There's been an accident about a tear bomb --

Wilson enters and picks up his phone.

WILSON

(into phone)

Wilson talking.

MURPHY

Yeah -- tear bomb. Criminals cry for  
it.

MEDIUM SHOT

including Murphy, Wilson and doorway. The Sheriff enters,  
turning as he enters. As he turns back to someone in corridor:

HARTMAN

If the Mayor wants me, he knows where  
I am.

MURPHY

(into phone)

This tear bomb went off unexpectedly  
in the hands of Sheriff Hartman's  
Bombing Squad.

HARTMAN

What went off?

MURPHY

(into phone)

Four of Mr. Hartman's Deputy Sheriffs  
were rushed to the hospital --

HARTMAN

A fine fair-weather friend you are!

MURPHY

(remorselessly, into  
phone)

The names are Merwyn D. Mayor, who  
is the Mayor's brother-in-law --

HARTMAN

After all I've done for you --

MURPHY

(continuing)

Howard Shenken, the Sheriff's uncle  
on his mother's side --

WILSON

(into phone)

Hello, Jim? Sidelights on Sheriff  
Hartman's manhunt.

The Sheriff spins around -- another enemy. At this moment  
Hildy enters the room and crosses casually to her telephone  
where she stands waiting.

MURPHY

(into phone)

William Lungren, who is the Sheriff's  
landlord, and Lester Bartow who  
married the Sheriff's niece. You  
remember, the very homely dame. Call  
you back.

He hangs up.

WILSON

(into phone)

Mrs. William Tausig, age fifty-five,  
scrub lady, while at work scrubbing  
the eighth floor of the Commerce  
Building, was shot in the left leg  
by one of Sheriff Hartman's deputies.

Hartman groans. There is a sound of machine-gun firing in  
the courtyard.

HILDY

There goes another scrub lady.

WILSON

(into phone)

I'll go right after it.

He hangs up and exits.

MURPHY

(to Hildy)

Any dope yet on how he got out?

HILDY

From all I can get the Sheriff let  
him out so's he could vote for him.

HARTMAN

I'm very disappointed in you, Hildy  
Johnson.

He turns and exits.

CLOSE SHOT AT TABLE NEAR HILDY'S PHONE

taking in Hildy and Murphy.

MURPHY

How do you suppose Williams got that  
gun?

As Hildy shrugs, there is another flurry of machine-gun fire.  
Murphy leaves precipitately. Hildy, alone at last, picks up  
the phone.

HILDY

(into phone)

Give me Walter Burns -- quick --

She lays down the telephone receiver and crosses to the door  
which she closes, then returns to the phone.

HILDY

(picking up phone)

Walter, listen. I've got the inside  
story on how Williams got the gun  
and escaped.

INT. WALTER BURNS' OFFICE - DAY CLOSE SHOT - BURNS

at his desk, telephone to his ear.

BURNS

Exclusive? That's great.

INT. PRESS ROOM - DAY CLOSE SHOT - HILDY

HILDY

It cost me four hundred and fifty  
bucks to tear it out of Cooley.

INT. BURNS' OFFICE CLOSE SHOT - BURNS

BURNS

Never mind that. What's the story?

INT. PRESS ROOM CLOSE SHOT - HILDY

HILDY

Never mind it? That's not my money!  
That's Bruce's money!

INT. BURNS' OFFICE CLOSE SHOT - BURNS

BURNS

You'll get it. Now what's the story?

(he raises his hand)

I'll have the paper send the money  
right down to you. I swear it on my  
mother's grave.

INT. PRESS ROOM CLOSE SHOT - HILDY

HILDY

Wait a minute. Your mother's alive.

INT. BURNS' OFFICE CLOSE SHOT - BURNS

BURNS

I meant on my grandmother's grave.  
Don't be so technical, Hildy. What's  
the story?!

INT. PRESS ROOM CLOSE SHOT - HILDY

HILDY

Well, this expert Dr. Egelhoffer,  
from New York, decides to make  
Williams re-enact the crime --

She starts to giggle at the thought.

HILDY

Well, I'm coming to it. It seems the  
Professor had to have a gun to re-



enact the crime with -- and who do  
you suppose supplied it? Nobody else  
but that great thinker, Sheriff  
Hartman!

INT. BURNS' OFFICE CLOSE SHOT - BURNS

BURNS

(laughing)

No kidding, Hildy.

(suspiciously)

Say, this isn't a rib?

INT. PRESS ROOM CLOSE SHOT - HILDY

HILDY

No, this is on the level, Walter.

I'm not good enough to make this one  
up. The Sheriff gave his gun to the  
Professor, the Professor gave it to  
Earl, and Earl gave it right back to  
the Professor -- right in the stomach!  
Who? No, Egelhoffer wasn't hurt badly.  
They took him to the County Hospital  
where they're afraid he'll recover.

INT. BURNS' OFFICE CLOSE SHOT - BURNS

BURNS

That's great work, Hildy... Huh? Oh,  
will you stop worrying about the

money? I'll see you get it in fifteen minutes.

INT. PRESS ROOM CLOSE SHOT - HILDY

HILDY

It better be fifteen minutes, because Bruce is waiting downstairs in a taxicab and that meter's clicking away to beat the band.

INT. BURNS' OFFICE CLOSE SHOT BURNS

BURNS

Hold on a minute.

CAMERA PULLS BACK disclosing Louis and a blonde sitting on a divan in Walter's office. Burns' beckons the blonde:

BURNS

(his hand carefully  
over receiver of  
phone)

Come here. There's a guy waiting in a taxi in front of the Criminal Courts building. His name is Bruce Baldwin. Can you do your stuff?

BLONDE

I've never flopped on you, have I?

BURNS

Then scram! You've got about two  
minutes.

She exits.

BURNS

(into phone)

Sorry to keep you waiting. How much  
was it again? Four hundred and fifty  
dollars? Hang on a second.

He puts his hand over the phone again and beckons to Louis.

BURNS

(to Louis)

I need four hundred and fifty dollars  
in counterfeit money. You know where  
I can get it?

LOUIS

It's awful funny -- I happen to have  
some on me.

BURNS

(into phone)

It's coming right over. I'm sending  
it over with Louis. Thanks for the  
story and good luck on your honeymoon.

INT. PRESS ROOM MED. SHOT HILDY AT TELEPHONE

HILDY

Keep the thanks, but just see that  
the money gets here!

She hangs up. The door opens and McCue enters and crosses to  
his phone.

MCCUE

Hello, Hildy. I thought you were  
gone.

HILDY

I thought so, too.

Hildy takes a look at the clock, rises and begins to pace up  
and down, pounding her hands together.

CLOSE SHOT MCCUE AT PHONE

MCCUE

(into phone)

McCue speaking. Mrs. Phoebe DeWolfe,  
eight-sixty-one and a half South  
State Street, colored, gave birth to  
a pickaninny in a patrol wagon with  
Sheriff Hartman's special Rifle Squad  
acting as nurses. Well -- Phoebe was  
walking along the street when all of  
a sudden she began -- that's right.  
So the police coaxed her into the

patrol wagon and they started a race  
with the stork. When the pickaninny  
was born the Rifle Squad examined  
him carefully to see if it was Earl  
Williams who they knew was hiding  
somewhere.

MED. SHOT

Hildy is still pacing. McCue laughs at his own joke.

MCCUE

(to Hildy)

Did you get that, Hildy?

HILDY

No -- what?

Hildy's phone rings. She answers.

CLOSE SHOT HILDY AT PHONE

HILDY

Hello -- Bruce! I thought you were  
downstairs in a -- What? Arrested  
again! What for this time, Bruce?  
Mashing! Oh, Bruce, can't I leave  
you alone for three minutes even?  
Well, where are you? The 27th  
Precinct? All right, I'll be right  
over --

(she breaks off and

looks down at her

bag on the desk)

I'll be over in twenty minutes, Bruce.

(she hangs up)

If I ever see Walter Burns --

(she picks up phone

and dials viciously)

Get me Walter Burns... Hildy Johnson!

Well, he was there just a minute

ago! Have him call me back!

She hangs up.

MEDIUM SHOT

HILDY

(to McCue)

If Walter Burns calls, hold the wire

for me, will you? I'll be right back.

(she goes out)

MCCUE

Okay, Hildy.

(into phone)

Well, we can't get any official

statement --

MEDIUM SHOT ANOTHER ANGLE

The door opens and the Mayor enters.

MCCUE

(into phone)

Oh, wait a minute -- here's the Mayor.

Maybe he'll give us one.

CLOSEUP THE MAYOR

turning away with a wave of his hand.

MAYOR

Don't pester me now, please. I got a  
lot on my mind.

CLOSEUP MCCUE

MCCUE

(into phone)

His Honor won't say anything.

He hangs up and exits out of scene.

MED. CLOSE SHOT MAYOR TAKING IN DOOR

McCue comes in to him. Murphy and Endicott come in.

MAYOR

(to McCue)

Have you seen Sheriff Hartman?

MCCUE

It's hard to say, Your Honor. The  
place is so full of cockroaches.

MURPHY

Say, Your Honor, what effect's this  
jail-break going to have on the  
colored voters?

CLOSEUP THE MAYOR

MAYOR

Not an iota. In what way can an  
unavoidable misfortune of this sort  
influence the duty of every citizen,  
colored or otherwise?

MED. SHOT INCLUDING GROUP

ENDICOTT

Your Honor, is there a Red Menace or  
ain't there?

The Sheriff comes scooting in.

MAYOR

(to the Sheriff)

Hartman, I've been looking for you!

He closes in on the Sheriff, followed by the reporters.

MURPHY



So have we!

ENDICOTT

What's the dope, Sheriff?

MURPHY

Who engineered this getaway?

CLOSE SHOT

HARTMAN

Just a minute! We've got him located.

ENDICOTT

Williams?

MURPHY

Where is he?

HARTMAN

Where he used to live. You can catch  
the Riot Squad -- it's just going  
out.

The boys beat it, fast.

MAYOR

Pete, I want to talk to you!

HARTMAN

I ain't got time, Fred, honest. I'll

see you after.

MAYOR

Did you actually give Williams that  
gun?

HARTMAN

(a wail)

The professor asked me for it -- I  
thought it was for something  
scientific!

MAYOR

Pete, I've got a mighty unpleasant  
task to perf --

The Sheriff suddenly nudges him for quiet, and the Mayor,  
turning, sees:

ANOTHER ANGLE FEATURING SCHWARTZ

coming in and going to the phone. He is whistling.

SCHWARTZ

Hiya, Your Honor.

(into phone)

Schwartz calling.

(to the Mayor)

How about it, Your Honor? Any  
statement on the Red uprising  
tomorrow?

MAYOR

What Red uprising?

HARTMAN

There'll be no Red uprising!

SCHWARTZ

(into phone)

Gimme rewrite --

(to the Mayor)

The Governor says the situation calls  
for the militia.

MAYOR

You can quote me as saying that  
anything the Governor says is a tissue  
of lies.

SCHWARTZ

(into phone)

Hello, Jake. Here's a red-hot  
statement from the Governor. He claims  
that the Mayor and the Sheriff have  
shown themselves to be a couple of  
eight-year-olds playing with fire.

CLOSEUP SHERIFF AND MAYOR

SCHWARTZ' VOICE

Quote him as follows: "It is a lucky

thing for the city that next Tuesday  
is Election Day, as the citizens  
will thus be saved the expense of  
impeaching the Mayor and the Sheriff."  
That's all -- call you back.

MED. SHOT SCHWARTZ

He hangs up and starts out.

SCHWARTZ

Nice to have seen you, Mayor.

He exits, whistling.

MAYOR

We've got to go somewhere private,  
Pete. I've got to talk to you straight  
from the shoulder.

They start out.

MED. SHOT SHERIFF AND MAYOR

As they start for the door it opens. As they exit Hildy  
enters, almost crossing them but not quite noticing them as  
she starts pounding her hands together and pacing up and  
down Press Room.

MED. SHOT MAYOR AND SHERIFF

as they start down the hall, CAMERA TRUCKING WITH THEM.

HARTMAN

(beside himself)

Now, listen, Fred. Just give me a  
few hours before you make any  
decisions. I'll get results. I'm  
doing everything humanly possible.  
I've just sworn in four hundred  
deputies.

MAYOR

Four hundred! Do you want to bankrupt  
this administration?

HARTMAN

(pleadingly)

I'm getting them for twelve dollars  
a night.

MAYOR

Twelve dollars! -- For those rheumatic  
uncles of yours?

(gesturing)

Out shooting everybody they see for  
the fun of it?

HARTMAN

(with dignity)

If you're talking about my brother-  
in-law, he's worked for the city

fifteen years.

They come to the door of the Sheriff's office. Hartman opens door and the Mayor enters, Hartman following.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE MED. CLOSE SHOT

Hartman closes door and turns to Mayor, who faces him portentously.

MAYOR

Pete, you're through!

HARTMAN

(stunned)

What do you mean -- through?

MAYOR

I mean I'm scratching your name off the ticket Tuesday and running Czernecki in your place. It's nothing personal. And, Pete -- it's the only way out. It's a sacrifice we all ought to be glad to make.

HARTMAN

(David to Jonathan)

Fred!

MAYOR

Now, Pete! Please don't appeal to my

Sentimental side.

HARTMAN

Fred, I don't know what to say. A thing like this almost destroys a man's faith in human nature.

MAYOR

I wish you wouldn't talk like that, Pete.

HARTMAN

Our families, Fred. I've always looked on Bessie as my own sister.

MAYOR

(wavering and desperate)

If there was any way out...

As a phone rings:

HARTMAN

There is a way out. I've got Williams surrounded, haven't I? What more do you want?

(into phone)

Hello... Yes... Hello!

(wildly)

Four hundred suppers! Nothing doing!

This is a man-hunt -- not a banquet!... The twelve dollars

includes everything!!

He hangs up.

HARTMAN

That gives you an idea of what I'm  
up against!

MAYOR

(hotly)

We're up against a lot more than  
that with that nutty slogan you  
invented: 'Reform the Reds With a  
Rope'.

Sheriff winces.

MAYOR

Williams ain't a Red, and you know  
it!

HARTMAN

Well, there's a lot of Communistic  
sympathizers around --

MAYOR

I know it! But they've got nothing  
to do with this case! Do you realize  
there are two hundred thousand votes  
at stake and unless we hang Earl  
Williams we're going to lose 'em?



HARTMAN

But we're going to hang him, Fred.

He can't get away.

A knock on the door.

MAYOR

What do you mean he can't get away?!

He got away, didn't he?

Knocking louder.

MAYOR

Who's out there?

VOICE OUTSIDE (PINKUS)

Is Sheriff Hartman in there?

Sheriff starts for door.

HARTMAN

(relieved)

Ah! For me!

MED. SHOT TAKING IN DOOR

Sheriff opens the door. A small, very colorless and ineffectual man named Pinkus is there.

HARTMAN

(as he opens door,

disclosing Pinkus)

I'm Sheriff Hartman. You want me?

PINKUS

(coming in)

You're certainly a hard fellow to

find, Sheriff.

MAYOR

(annoyed)

What do you want?

PINKUS

(taking a document

from his pocket and

proffering it to

Sheriff)

I'm a messenger at the State House.

This is from the Governor.

MAYOR

What's from the Governor?

PINKUS

The reprieve for Earl Williams.

HARTMAN

(stunned)

For who?

PINKUS

(amiably)

Earl Williams. The reprieve.

MAYOR

W-wait a minute.

Getting his bearings.

HARTMAN

(bursting forth)

The Governor gave me his word of  
honor he wouldn't interfere. Two  
days ago!

MAYOR

And you fell for it, Pete. It  
frightens me what I'd like to do to  
you.

(to Pinkus)

Who else knows about this?

The Sheriff, with shaking hands, opens and begins to read  
the thing.

PINKUS

They were all standing around when  
he wrote it. It was after they got  
back from fishing.

MAYOR

(to Sheriff)

Get the Governor on the phone!

PINKUS

(helpfully)

You can't get him on the phone. He's  
out duckshooting now.

MAYOR

Fishing! Duckshooting! How do you  
like that. A guy does nothing more  
strenuous for forty years than play  
pinochle -- he gets elected Governor  
and right away he thinks he's Tarzan!

HARTMAN

(thrusting the document  
at the Mayor)

Read it! Insane, he says.

(shaking a finger in  
Pinkus' face)

He knows very well that Williams  
ain't insane!

PINKUS

Yeah. But I --

MAYOR

(interrupting)

Pure politics!

HARTMAN

An attempt to ruin us!

The phone rings. Hartman starts for it.

MAYOR

(reading)

Dementia praecox Oh-h-h!

HARTMAN

We got to think fast before those

lying reporters get hold of this.

What'll we tell 'em?

MAYOR

Tell 'em the party is through in

this State on account of you.

HARTMAN

Ah, Fred --

(into phone)

Hello... this is Hartman --

MAYOR

(apoplectic)

And you can tell 'em as an

afterthought that I want your

resignation now!

HARTMAN

(from the phone)

Sssh. Wait, Fred.

(excitedly, into phone)

What?... Where?... Where? Holy Moses!

MAYOR

What is it?

HARTMAN

They got him!

(back to phone)

Wait a minute -- hold the wire.

(to the Mayor)

They got Earl Williams surrounded --  
the Riot Squad has -- in his house.

MAYOR

Tell 'em to hold the wire.

HARTMAN

I did.

(into phone)

Hold the wire.

MAYOR

Cover up that transmitter!

Sheriff does so. Mayor faces Cooney.

MAYOR

Now, listen! You never arrived here  
with this -- reprieve. Get it?

PINKUS

(blinking)

Yes, I did, just now. Don't you  
remember?

MAYOR

How much do you make a week?

PINKUS

Huh?

MAYOR

(impatiently)

How much do you make a week? What's  
your salary?

PINKUS

(reluctantly)

Forty dollars.

HARTMAN

(into phone)

No -- don't out me off.

MAYOR

How would you like to have a job for  
three hundred and fifty dollars a  
month. That's almost a hundred dollars  
a week!

PINKUS

Who? Me?

MAYOR

(exasperated)

Who do you think!

Pinkus is a little startled; the Mayor hastens to adopt a milder manner.

MAYOR

Now, listen. There's a fine opening  
for a fellow like you in the City  
Sealer's office.

PINKUS

The what?

MAYOR

The City Sealer's office!

PINKUS

You mean here in the city?

MAYOR

(foaming)

Yes, yes!

HARTMAN

(at phone)

Well, wait a minute, will you? I'm



in conference.

PINKUS

(a very deliberate  
intellect)

No, I couldn't do that.

MAYOR

Why not?

PINKUS

I couldn't work in the city. You  
see, I've got my family in the  
country.

MAYOR

(desperate)

But you could bring 'em in here!

We'll pay all your expenses.

PINKUS

(with vast thought)

No, I don't think so.

MAYOR

For heaven's sake, why not?

PINKUS

I got two kids going to school there,  
and if I changed them from one town  
to another, they'd lose a grade.

MAYOR

No, they wouldn't -- they'd gain  
one! And I guarantee that they'll  
graduate with highest honors!

PINKUS

(lured)

Yeah?

HARTMAN

(into phone)

Hold your horses -- will you, Olsen?

Hurry up, Fred!

MAYOR

Now what do you say?

PINKUS

This puts me in a peculiar hole.

MAYOR

No, it doesn't.

(hands him the reprieve)

Now, remember: you never delivered  
this.

(rushing him to the  
door)

You got caught in the traffic, or  
something.

(opening door)

Now, get out of here and don't let  
anybody see you.

PINKUS

But how do I know...?

MAYOR

Come in and see me in my office  
tomorrow. What's your name?

PINKUS

Pinkus.

MAYOR

(taking out his wallet)

All right, Mr. Pinkus, all you've  
got to do is lay low and keep your  
mouth shut. Here!

(he hands him a card)

Go to this address. It's a nice,  
homey little place, and they'll take  
care of you for the night. Just tell  
'em Fred sent you. And here's fifty  
dollars on account.

He pushes money into Pinkus's hand and pushes him through  
the door. Pinkus goes.

HARTMAN

(into phone,  
desperately)

Will you wait, Olsen? I'll tell you  
in a minute!

The door opens again and Pinkus comes back in.

PINKUS

You forgot to tell me what a City  
Sealer has to do.

MAYOR

(turning hastily toward  
Pinkus)  
I'll explain it tomorrow!

PINKUS

Is it hard?

MAYOR

No! It's easy -- it's very easy!

HARTMAN

(pleadingly, into  
phone)  
Just one second --

PINKUS

That's good, because my health ain't  
what it used to be.

MAYOR

(pushing him out the

door)

We'll fix that, too.

(he closes the door  
after him)

HARTMAN

(into phone -- one  
more plea)

Just -- one -- second!

He turns to the Mayor with a gesture of appeal. The Mayor  
closes the door and turns to Hartman.

MAYOR

(huskily)

All right. Tell 'em to shoot to kill.

HARTMAN

What?

MAYOR

Shoot to kill, I said.

HARTMAN

I don't know, Fred. There's that  
reprieve if they ever find out.

MAYOR

Nobody reprieved that policeman he  
murdered. Now, do as I tell you.

HARTMAN

(into phone)

Hello, Olsen... Listen...

(his voice is weak)

Shoot to kill... That's the orders  
pass the word along... No! We dont  
want him! And listen, Olsen, five-  
hundred bucks for the guy that does  
the job... Yes, I'll be right out  
there.

(hangs up)

Well, I hope that's the right thing  
to do.

MAYOR

Now take that guilty look off your  
face, Pete -- and stop trembling  
like a horse.

HARTMAN

(mopping his brow)

If we didn't have election Tuesday  
I'd have this on my conscience.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE PRESS ROOM MED. SHOT

Louie comes from the direction of the stairs and crosses  
toward door to Press Room. He pauses a moment, puts his hand  
in his pocket, pulls out some bills, counts them and opens  
the door.

INT. PRESS ROOM MED. SHOT

Hildy is still pacing, pounding her hands together and glancing every so often at the clock on the wall. Suddenly she crosses to her phone, picks up transmitter --

HILDY

(into phone)

Will you try --

LOUIE'S VOICE

Hildy.

HILDY

(wheeling towards

door)

Louie!

She drops the phone and hurries towards him.

HILDY

Have you got my dough?

LOUIS

Oh, sure. The boss sent me over with it. Four hundred dollars, wasn't it?

HILDY

Four hundred and fifty and I'll cut your throat if you try any tricks!

LOUIS

All right, all right. You can't blame  
a guy for tryin', can you?

HILDY

Come on with that money!

LOUIS

First you got to sign a receipt.  
(he pulls out a receipt)

HILDY

Where's the money?

LOUIS

Keep your shirt on. I got it -- right  
here.

(he picks out money  
and counts)

One hundred -- two hundred -- three  
hundred -- four hundred -- and fifty.  
Now sign.

HILDY

(grabs money and signs)  
Here!

LOUIS

Thanks. So long, Hildy!

HILDY



(grabbing him)

So long, nothing! Where's Bruce  
Baldwin's wallet?

LOUIS

Huh?

HILDY

None of that innocent stuff, you  
double-crossing hyena! You stuck  
Bruce Baldwin in jail this afternoon  
on a phony charge that he swiped  
your watch, and you frisked his  
wallet! Now, give me that wallet or  
I'll stick you in jail and it won't  
be on any phony charge either! It'll  
be for life!

LOUIS

Now don't get excited, Hildy! I don't  
know what you're talking about --  
but is this Mr. Baldwin's wallet?

He takes Bruce's wallet out.

HILDY

(grabbing it)

You know it is!

LOUIS

I didn't frisk him. He must have

dropped it in Burns' office. I didn't  
know whose it was.

HILDY

No -- and you don't know that your  
cheap boss has had Mr. Baldwin  
arrested again -- do you?

LOUIS

(surprised)

What -- already? Why, the dame left  
only a minute before I did!

He suddenly realizes what he's said and sprints for the door.  
Hildy chucks something at him. It just misses as he ducks  
out of the door.

MED. SHOT ANOTHER ANGLE

Hildy casts a savage look after the departed Louie, takes  
another look at the clock and grabs a phone and starts to  
dial.

HILDY

(into phone)

27th Precinct Station House?

Hildy stops short, arrested by a sound from the open window.  
She turns and sees Earl Williams, looking more inoffensive  
and exhausted than ever, indeed on the verge of collapse. He  
carries a large revolver. The search-lights that have been

playing in the courtyard strike into the windows again.

WILLIAMS

(pointing gun at her)

Drop that phone --

Hildy drops the phone back on the hook.

WILLIAMS

(supporting himself

by holding on to

edge of desk)

You're not going to phone anybody

where I am.

HILDY

(bracing herself)

Put down that gun, Earl.

He advances steadily toward Hildy, the gun aimed at her.

HILDY

You're not going to shoot me, Earl.

I'm your friend, remember? I've got

to write that story about your

"Production for Use".

WILLIAMS

Yes -- that's right. Production for

use.

Hildy starts walking toward him, slowly.

HILDY

Earl, you don't want to hurt your  
friends, do you?

WILLIAMS

Don't move!

Hildy stops.

WILLIAMS

Maybe you're my friend and maybe  
you're not -- but don't come any  
nearer. You can't trust anybody in  
this crazy world. Say, I'll bet I  
could shoot you from here.

HILDY

Sure you could, Earl -- but you  
wouldn't want to do that, would you?  
You wouldn't want to kill anybody.

WILLIAMS

No, no, you're right. I don't want  
to kill anybody. All I want to do is  
be let alone.

Hildy sneaks another step forward.

HILDY

Earl, there's just one thing I ought  
to clear up for the interview.

WILLIAMS

What's that? Only -- you're getting  
too near. I don't trust anybody.

HILDY

I don't blame you, Earl.

(another step forward)

If I were in your place I wouldn't  
trust anybody, either.

WILLIAMS

(suddenly)

Keep away!

He points the gun at Hildy, pulls the trigger and we hear a  
faint "click!"

WILLIAMS

(weakly)

I guess I used all the shells.

CLOSE TWO SHOT

He drops the gun and clutches at the edge of the desk for  
support. Hildy lurches forward and she grabs the other side  
of the desk for support. And at this moment she looks more  
tired than he does. She looks at Earl and breathes heavily.

HILDY

Earl, you must never do that again.

WILLIAMS

Oh, I'm awful tired. I couldn't go  
through another day like this.

HILDY

(more her old self  
now)

Well, maybe you think I could!

CAMERA FOLLOWS HER as she retrieves the gun and jams it in  
her purse, jumps to the windows, pulls down the shades.

EARL'S VOICE

I'm not afraid to die. I was tellin'  
the fella that when he handed me the  
gun.

Hildy crosses swiftly to the door, locks it and puts out the  
lights, so that they are visible only faintly in the light  
from the areaway.

HILDY

Don't talk too loud.

WILLIAMS

(babbling on as she  
moves about)

Wakin' me up in the middle of the

night -- talkin' to me about things  
they don't understand. Callin' me a  
Bolshevik. I'm an anarchist. It's  
got nothin' to do with bombs. It's  
the philosophy that guarantees every  
man freedom. You see that, don't  
you?

HILDY

Sure I do, Earl.

Hildy is looking around for a hiding place for him.

WILLIAMS

I wish they'd take me back and hang  
me. I done my best.

He abruptly crumples and falls to the floor. Hildy stands  
for a second, desperate. Then she picks him up and half  
carries, half drags him over toward a chair and places him  
in it. Then she makes a quick dash for her phone.

HILDY

(into phone)

Hello... Gimme Walter Burns -- quick!

Another phone there rings. Hildy answers it, propping the  
receiver of her own phone between ear and shoulder.

CLOSEUP HILDY AT PHONE

HILDY

(into second phone)

Hello -- hel -- Oh, hello, Bruce...

Oh, Bruce, please -- I know I said

I'd be down in fifteen minutes, but

something terrific's happened! Hang

on, Bruce --

(into first phone)

Walter?... Hildy. Come over here --

right away!... Wait!

(into second phone)

Bruce, just a second, Bruce -- I'll

explain everything.

(into first phone)

Walter! Get this: I've got Earl

Williams... Yes! Here in the Press

Room... Honest! On the level. Hurry --

I need you.

She hangs up and turns into second phone.

HILDY

Bruce, this is the biggest thing

that ever happened...

(lowers voice)

I just captured Earl Williams -- you

know -- the murderer --

There is a knocking on the door, but she doesn't hear it.

HILDY



Bruce, I'll be down -- Well, Bruce,  
the minute I turn him over to the  
paper I'll be right down. Bruce,  
don't you -- Bruce, I can't now -- I  
can't, don't you realize?

There is a click from the phone. He has hung up. Hildy  
dejectedly hangs up the phone. There is the sound of knocking  
on the door. She springs up.

MED. SHOT

taking in door. Hildy glares apprehensively, then crosses to  
it.

HILDY

(cautiously)

Who's there?

MOLLIE'S VOICE

It's me, Mollie Malloy! Let me in.

Hildy carefully unlocks the door. Mollie bounds in like a  
wildcat and seizes her.

MOLLIE

Where are they gone? You know where  
they are?

HILDY

Wait a minute, Mollie.

She manages to relock the door, then turns, leaning against it, facing Mollie.

CLOSE SHOT HILDY AND MOLLIE

MOLLIE

They got him surrounded some place --  
gonna shoot him like a dog!

HILDY

Mollie, they haven't got him. You  
gotta help me, Mollie! We've got to  
do something!

MOLLIE

What do you mean?

There is a sound -- a groan -- as Williams starts to come  
to.

MOLLIE

(spinning around)  
What's that?

HILDY

Quiet, Mollie!

MOLLIE

There's somethin' funny going on  
around here.

MED. SHOT

Mollie crosses to wall and switches on the lights. She sees  
Williams, sobs and rushes over to him.

CLOSEUP EARL AND MOLLIE

Mollie gets down on her knees and begins ministering to Earl.  
He opens his eyes.

WILLIAMS

Hello, Mollie.

Mollie begins to sob.

WIDER ANGLE SHOT

Hildy comes over and says:

HILDY

Quiet, Mollie, quiet!

WILLIAMS

(putting out hand to  
stroke her hair)

Don't cry, Mollie, there's nothing  
to cry about.

HILDY

How'd you get here, Earl?

WILLIAMS

Down the drainpipe. I didn't mean to  
shoot him. You believe me, don't  
you, Mollie?

MOLLIE

(coming up)

Of course I believe you.

WILLIAMS

I forgot to thank you for those roses.  
They were beautiful.

MOLLIE

That's all right, Mr. Williams...

(to Hildy)

You're a woman. You got to help us.  
You got to get him out of here, some  
place where I can take care of him.

HILDY

Stop screaming, Mollie or we're sunk.  
I'm trying to think of something  
before those reporters get back.

WILLIAMS

Let 'em take me. It's better that  
way.

MOLLIE

No -- I'll never let 'em!

The door is tried outside.

MOLLIE

They'll get him! They'll get him!

HILDY

Ssh!

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE PRESS ROOM DOOR CLOSE SHOT

Endicott at door is trying to get in.

ENDICOTT

Who locked the door?

INT. PRESS ROOM BACK TO HILDY

HILDY

(calling)

Just a second, Mike ---

(whispering to Mollie)

Mollie, I got it!

MED. CLOSE SHOT AT DESK

Hildy jumps in to the desk and opens it, turning to cry in a tense whisper to Earl:

HILDY

Can you get in this desk?

INT. CORRIDOR CLOSE SHOT

Wilson is there too, now, and he and Endicott are pounding  
on the door.

WILSON

What's going on in there?

INT. PRESS ROOM HILDY, MOLLIE AND EARL

Mollie and Earl are with Hildy in front of desk now. They  
are speaking in whispers.

WILLIAMS

What good'll it do?

HILDY

We'll get you out in ten minutes.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE DOOR

ENDICOTT

Open up there, will you!

INT. PRESS ROOM HILDY, MOLLIE AND EARL

HILDY

(crying)

All right -- all right!

MOLLIE

(to Earl)

Go on!

(shoving him to desk)

Please!

WILLIAMS

They'll find me anyhow.

There is further and louder pounding on the door. Earl gets in the desk. Hildy and Mollie pull the roll-top down over him.

HILDY

(calling)

I'm coming!

(to Earl)

Keep dead quiet. Don't even breathe.

MOLLIE

(to Earl)

I'll be right here. I won't leave you.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE DOOR

ENDICOTT

(giving door a terrific

kick)

Hey!

INT. PRESS ROOM CLOSE SHOT HILDY AND MOLLIE

HILDY

(to Mollie)

Mollie, drop down here! You've  
fainted!

MOLLIE

What's the idea?

HILDY

Never mind! Just play dead.

Hildy rapidly unbuttons Mollie's waist and throws it back.

The kicking at the door continues.

MED. SHOT

Hildy rushes over to windows and pulls up the shades. Mollie  
is lying quietly on the floor with her eyes closed. Hildy  
rushes over to water cooler and gets a paper cup full of  
water. She throws the water in Mollie's face.

MOLLIE

(spluttering)

Hey --

HILDY

(fiercely)

Shut up, you!



Hildy crosses swiftly to the door.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE DOOR

The door opens in Endicott's face and there is Miss Johnson,  
quite cool.

ENDICOTT

Kind of exclusive, ain't you? We got  
calls to make, you know.

HILDY

Run down and get some smelling salts,  
will you?

WILSON

Smelling salts! What's going on here?

They catch sight of Mollie, stretched out on the floor.

ENDICOTT

Mollie Malloy -- what happened to  
her?

HILDY

(as Endicott and Wilson  
enter room)

Came up here -- had hysterics and  
passed out. I've been trying to get  
her to come to.

INT. PRESS ROOM MED. SHOT

Mollie is shaking her head.

ENDICOTT

She looks as though she's going to  
come to.

HILDY

Give me a hand with her, will you?

ENDICOTT

Okay.

(lifting Mollie)

Up you go, Mollie.

Hildy and Endicott lift Mollie and seat her in a chair. Wilson  
crosses to his phone.

CLOSE SHOT WILSON AT PHONE

WILSON

(into Phone)

City Desk.

MED. CLOSE SHOT

Taking in Hildy, Wilson and Mollie and Endicott.

ENDICOTT

She'll be all right.

(crosses to his phone)

The Desk.

WILSON

(into phone)

Well, they surrounded the house, all  
right, only they forgot to tell  
Williams, and he wasn't there.

MED. LONG SHOT TAKING IN DOOR

Murphy comes in.

MURPHY

(seeing Hildy, who  
has been fastening  
Mollie's blouse)

Hildy, I thought you were gone --

HILDY

Well -- I was going, but Mollie  
fainted away and I thought I ought  
to do what I could.

MURPHY

Some Hallowe'en goin' on outside.  
The whole police force standing on  
it's ear.

Murphy crosses to his phone. McCue comes in.

MCCUE

(panting)

What a chase!

ENDICOTT

(into phone)

No luck on Williams, yet -- call you  
back.

He hangs up.

WILSON

(into phone)

Okay, later.

He hangs up.

MURPHY

(into phone)

Murphy talking.

Schwartz comes in.

HILDY

Any news?

SCHWARTZ

Yeah. I was never so tired in my  
life.

He picks up his phone.

MCCUE

(into phone)

Where? Harrison Street Station? All  
right, connect me.

SCHWARTZ

(into phone)

Schwartz calling... Out with Hartman's  
deputies. I'm in a drugstore. You  
can't call me back because I'm going  
right on with them.

He hangs up -- puts his feet on the desk.

CLOSE SHOT HILDY AND MOLLIE

HILDY

Are you all right, now?

MOLLIE

Yeah, I'm feelin' fine.

MED. SHOT GROUP

MURPHY

Sure, Mollie, you never looked better  
in your life.

MCCUE

(turning from phone)

Yeah, hold the line. Hey, this looks good. An old lady just called the detective bureau and claims Williams is hiding in her cellar. Well - we've looked every other place. Want to go out on it?

ENDICOTT

Aw, nuts with chasing around any more. I spent a dollar-forty on taxis already.

SCHWARTZ

I say we don't go out any more. Let Earl Williams come to us.

CLOSEUP HILDY

HILDY

A fine bunch of reporters. Biggest story in two years and they're too lazy to go after it.

MED. SHOT GROUP

ENDICOTT

It's easy for you to talk. You're retired. We're still working.

MCCUE

Okay.

(into phone)

Forget it.

(he hangs up)

HILDY

What's the matter with you boys?

Afraid it might rain? If you want to  
go, I'll cover this end.

MURPHY

Say, Hildy, if I know you, you sound  
pretty anxious to get rid of us. Are  
you trying to scoop us or something?

ENDICOTT

Something smells around here. If you  
ask me Mollie gave her the story on  
how Williams got that gun.

(turning on Mollie)

Did you smuggle that gun into  
Williams, Mollie?

MOLLIE

I didn't do nothin'.

MCCUE

(crossing to Mollie)

Come clean, Mollie.

Wilson, Endicott and Murphy follow McCue toward Hildy.

ENDICOTT

Better let us in on it, Mollie.

HILDY

Aw, why don't you let her alone?

She's ill!

MURPHY

Oh, you two are pals now -- I think  
you're right, Endicott. Mollie did  
give her some kind of story.

ENDICOTT

I tell you, it's a screwy set-up. We  
better hold onto 'em both.

At this point Mrs. Baldwin appears in the doorway. Hildy  
gasps and starts for her.

MED. SHOT AT DOOR

Mrs. Baldwin is in a very righteous mood.

MRS. BALDWIN

Well?

CLOSE SHOT HILDY

as she comes in to her.



HILDY

Mother!

MRS. BALDWIN

Don't you mother me! Playing cat-and-mouse with my poor boy! Keeping him looked up -- making us miss two trains -- and supposed to be married tomorrow!

HILDY

Mother, I can explain everything.  
I'll go with you in five minutes and --

MRS. BALDWIN

You don't have to go with me at all!  
Just give me my son's money and you can stay here forever as far as I'm concerned. Stay with that murderer you caught!

CLOSE SHOT REPORTERS

as they get this. Reactions as they glance at one another.

MRS. BALDWIN'S VOICE

(continuing)

Which one of these men is it? They all look like murderers to me!

MURPHY

Where does she get that stuff?

SCHWARTZ

Shall we tell her what she looks  
like?

ENDICOTT

Wait a minute! What murderer did you  
catch, Hildy?

MED. SHOT GROUP

The reporters are looking intently at Hildy and Mrs. Baldwin.

HILDY

I don't know what she's talking about.  
I never said any such thing.

MRS. BALDWIN

I'm quoting my son, and he has never  
lied to me.

The reporters move toward Hildy and Mrs. Baldwin speaking  
simultaneously.

REPORTERS

I knew something stunk around here --  
Who says she caught him --? What do  
you mean she caught a murderer --?  
etc.

HILDY

(desperately)

But I never said anything like that!

MRS. BALDWIN

Yes, you did!

CLOSEUP MOLLIE

MOLLIE

She never told her that!

MED. CLOSE SHOT GROUP

HILDY

I said I was trying to catch one.

(to Mrs. Baldwin)

You got it balled up, Mother.

CLOSE SHOT

taking in Mollie, with Murphy coming into scene to her.

MURPHY

What do you know about it? How do  
you know she didn't?

He grabs her cruelly by an arm.

MOLLIE

Let go!

Endicott comes into scene.

ENDICOTT

Hold on to her, Jimmy -- she's in  
with Hildy on this.

CLOSE SHOT HILDY AND MRS. BALDWIN

Hildy tense with anxiety, her eyes on Mollie, off. Murphy  
comes viciously into scene to her and jerks Hildy by an arm.

MURPHY

Who you holding out on? Come clean,  
or we'll make you wish you had --

MED. SHOT

as the rest of the reporters surround Hildy menacingly.

ENDICOTT

(to Hildy)

Hildy, are you gonna cross us for  
Walter Burns after the way you told  
him off?

WILSON

Give in, Hildy -- you can't get away  
with it.

CLOSEUP MOLLIE

AS SHE CRIES WILDLY:

MOLLIE

Wait! You stool-pigeons! She don't  
know where Williams is. I'm the one  
that knows.

SHOT OF REPORTERS

as they turn on Mollie.

ENDICOTT

What do you mean, you know?

They start for Mollie.

MED. SHOT

Mollie begins backing slowly around the table, away from  
them, toward the window.

MOLLIE

Go find out, you heels! You don't  
think I'm gonna tell!

CLOSEUP HILDY

who has remained riveted at desk.

HILDY

Let her alone! She's goofy!

MOLLIE AND REPORTERS

Hemmed in by the massed reporters, she makes a sudden lunge for the door.

REPORTERS

Look out! Close that door! etc.,  
etc.

They split, some of them heading her off at door, others from opposite side of table, so that she runs back between window and table.

MCCUE

You ain't gettin' out o' here!

ENDICOTT

Now, where is he?

WILSON

Where you hidin' him?

MOLLIE

I ain't gonna squeal! I ain't goin'  
to!

MURPHY

(leaning across table)  
Come on, you! Before we slap you  
down.

ENDICOTT

Do you want us to call the cops and  
have them give you the boots?

MURPHY

Where is he, before we beat it out  
of you?

MOLLIE

(backing)

Don't you come near me, you kidney  
foot!

Murphy continues to advance on her. The reporters start for  
her from the other side. Mollie snatches up a chair and swings  
it at the advancing circle of men.

MOLLIE

(wild and blubbing)

Let me alone or I'll knock your heads  
off!

ENDICOTT

Put down that chair!

SCHWARTZ

Get around – get on the side of  
her.

MOLLIE

(still backing)

No, you don't!

(a scream)

Keep away!

WILSON

Grab her!

With a last, wild look at her encircling foes.

MOLLIE

You'll never get it out of me!

(hurls chair at them)

I'll never tell! Never!

She makes a desperate leap for the open window and disappears out. Her scream of terror is heard as she drops. THEN RUSH FORWARD TO:

CLOSE SHOT AT WINDOW

as the reporters rush in and look out, an assortment of awed and astonished exclamations rising from them.

CLOSE SHOT MRS. BALDWIN

She turns away from the window and hides her face in her hands.

MRS. BALDWIN

Take me out of here! Take me --



(a moan)

Oh-h --

She collapses to a chair.

SHOT AT WINDOW

MCCUE

(turning)

Get the cops, somebody.

MURPHY

(turning)

Come on, fellas.

They start in a rush for the door.

MED. SHOT AT DOOR AND DESK

as the reporters rush out, and Hildy crosses, dazed to the window.

HILDY

Gee! The poor kid... the poor kid.

Reaching the window, she looks out.

EXT. PAVEMENT SHOOTING DOWN FROM HILDY'S ANGLE

The form of Mollie on the pavement below moves slightly in the moonlight, as guards rush into scene to her.

VOICES

(of guards rushing in)

Get a doctor! Take her to the  
infirmary! She ain't killed -- she's  
moving!

INT. PRESS ROOM SHOOTING INTO ROOM FROM WINDOW

Hildy turns, shaken, back into the room from the window and  
sees advancing to her across the room Walter Burns. Diamond  
Louie has entered with the Boss and stands leaning by the  
door. Mrs. Baldwin's face is still hidden by her hands. Hildy  
starts for Burns.

HILDY

Walter! D-did you see --

(gesturing back to  
window)

-- that?

CLOSE SHOT BURNS

BURNS

Yes. Where is he?

HILDY

(comes in to him)

She jumped out of the window.

BURNS

I know. Where is he, I said.

[MISSING PAGE]

CLOSE SHOT MRS. BALDWIN

looking up at them, off.

MRS. BALDWIN

What are you doing?

BURNS' VOICE

Shut up!

MRS. BALDWIN

I won't shut up! That girl killed  
herself. Oh-h, you're doing something  
wrong. What's in that desk?

CLOSE AT DESK - TAKING IN LOUIE AT THE DOOR

Burns slams closed the desk and steps to Louie.

CLOSE SHOT

BURNS

Louie, take this lady over to Polack  
Mike's and lock her up. See that she  
doesn't take to anyone on the way.

CLOSEUP MRS. BALDWIN

MRS. BALDWIN

What's that -- what's that?

CLOSE SHOT GROUP

as Louie comes in to Mrs. Baldwin.

HILDY

Wait a minute, Walter. You can't do  
that!

LOUIE

(extending his hand

as if to shake hands

with Mrs. Baldwin)

My name is Louis Peluso.

Unluckily for her she responds, only to find herself jerked  
to her feet and spun around so that one of Louie's arms is  
about her waist and the other hand over her mouth. Louie  
starts her to door.

BURNS

Tell 'em it's a case of delirium  
tremens.

TRUCKING SHOT

with them -- Hildy catching up.

HILDY

Now, let go of her, Louie. Listen,  
Walter, this'll get me in a terrible  
jam with my fiancée and I don't stand  
so well with him now. Don't worry,  
Mother, this is only temporary.

At the door, Louie gets Mrs. Baldwin out and disappears with  
her. Hildy starts after them, when Burns' arm comes into  
scene, catching her.

CLOSE SHOT BURNS AND HILDY

BURNS

Where do you think you're going?

HILDY

Let go o' me! I've got to get Bruce  
out of jail! Oh, Walter, why did you  
have to do this to me?

BURNS

(scornfully)

Get Bruce out of jail! How can you  
worry about a man who's resting  
comfortably in a quiet police station  
while this is going on? Hildy, this  
is war! You can't desert now!

HILDY

Oh, get off that trapeze!

(indicating desk, off)

There's your story! Smear it all  
over the front page -- Earl Williams  
caught by the Morning Post! And take  
all the credit -- I covered your  
story for you and I got myself in a  
fine mess doing it -- and now I'm  
getting out! I know I told you that  
twice before today -- but this time  
I mean it!

BURNS

You drooling idiot! What do you mean,  
you're getting out! There are three  
hundred and sixty-five days in the  
year one can get married -- but how  
many times have you got a murderer  
locked up in a desk? -- Once in a  
lifetime! Hildy, you've got the whole  
city by the seat of the pants!

HILDY

I know, but --

BURNS

(interrupting)

You know! You've got the brain of a  
pancake! That wasn't just a story  
you covered -- it was a revolution!  
Hildy! This is the greatest yarn in  
journalism since Livingstone

discovered Stanley for the New York  
Herald!

(quickly closes the  
door)

HILDY

(slightly bewildered)

Wait a minute -- wasn't it Stanley  
who discovered Livingstone?

BURNS

Don't get technical at a time like  
this! Do you realize what you've  
done? You've taken a city that's  
been graft-ridden for forty years  
under the same old gang and with  
this yarn you're kicking 'em out and  
giving us a chance to have the same  
kind of government that New York's  
having under La Guardia! We'll make  
such monkeys out of these ward-heelers  
next Tuesday that nobody'll vote for  
them -- not even their wives!

HILDY

(the fire upon her)

I'd like to think.

BURNS

Well, think it then, because it's  
true! We'll crucify that mob. We're

going to keep Williams under cover  
till morning so the Post can break  
the story exclusive. Then we'll let  
the Governor in on the capture --  
share the glory with him.

HILDY

(excited)

I get it!

BURNS

You've kicked over the whole City  
Hall like an apple-cart. You've got  
the Mayor and Hartman backed against  
a wall. You've put one administration  
out and another in. This isn't a  
newspaper story -- it's a career!  
And you stand there belly-aching  
about whether you catch an eight  
o'clock train or a nine o'clock train!  
Still a doll-faced mugg! That's all  
you are.

HILDY

Let me get at that typewriter and  
I'll show you how a doll-faced mugg  
can write!

BURNS

Attagirl! Why, they'll be naming  
streets after you -- Hildy Johnson



Street! There'll be statues of you  
in the parks, Hildy. The radio'll be  
after you -- the movies!

(slapping his fist  
against his open  
palm)

By tomorrow morning I'll betcha  
there's a Hildy Johnson cigar! I can  
see the billboards now. Light up  
with Hildy Johnson!

HILDY

Whoa -- wait a minute. We can't leave  
Williams here. One of the other  
fellows'll --

BURNS

We're going to take him over to my  
private office.

(turning)

Where's our phone?

HILDY

That one -- how you gonna take him?  
They'll see him.

SHOT AT TABLE

as Burns gets phone and jiggles the hook.

BURNS

Not if he's inside the desk. We'll  
carry the desk over.

(into phone)

Give me Duffy!

HILDY

You can't take that desk out. It's  
crawling with cops outside.

BURNS

We'll lower it out of the window  
with pulleys. Quit stallin'.

As Hildy seems abstracted:

BURNS

Hildy!

HILDY

(coming to)

Huh!

BURNS

Get the lead out of your typewriter  
and start pounding out a load, will  
you? Snap into it!

HILDY

How much do you want on it?

BURNS

All the words you've got.

HILDY

(turning)

Where's some paper?

Goes out of scene.

BURNS

(into phone)

Hello...! Hello!

SHOT AT DESK

As Hildy comes in, going to desk, she turns to call back:

HILDY

Can I call the Mayor a bird of prey --  
or is that libelous?

CLOSEUP BURNS AT PHONE

BURNS

Call him a love-child, if you want  
to.

(into phone)

Duffy!

CLOSE SHOT HILDY

Having opened the drawers of Bensinger's desk, she is tossing

play manuscripts, syringes, patent medicines and old socks  
into the air, in a frantic search for paper.

HILDY

(calling to Burns)

How about the time he had his house  
painted by the Fire Department?

CLOSE SHOT BURNS

BURNS

Give him the works.

(into phone)

Hello, Duffy, get set! We've got the  
biggest story in the world. Earl  
Williams caught by the Morning Post --  
exclusive!

TWO SHOT HILDY AND BURNS

Hildy has unearthed a package of Bensinger's private  
stationary. She rises with it.

BURNS

(to Hildy)

Fine!

(into phone)

Now, listen, Duffy -- I want you to  
tear out the whole front page...  
That's what I said -- the whole front  
page! Never mind the European war!

We've got something a whole lot bigger  
than that. Hildy Johnson's writing  
the lead and I'll phone it over to  
you as soon as she's finished.

(he starts to hang  
up, then thinks of  
something else)

Oh, Duffy! Get hold of Butch O'Connor  
and tell him I want him to come up  
here with half a dozen other wrestlers --  
right away! Tell him we'll run his  
picture on the sport page for two  
weeks straight. What? I've got a  
desk I want moved. Never mind what  
desk!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET NIGHT MED. LONG SHOT

as the taxi darts through traffic, narrowly avoiding cars,  
trucks, etc., it comes almost head-on to an oncoming car.

INT. TAXICAB - NIGHT - PROCESS CLOSE SHOT

Louie, worried, ducks unconsciously. Mrs. Baldwin faints  
across his lap.

EXT. STREET MED. LONG SHOT

The taxi swerves just in time to duck the oncoming car. As

it starts forward again a truck comes toward the cab, head on.

INT. TAXICAB - PROCESS CLOSE SHOT

Diamond Louie pushes Mrs. Baldwin into an upright position, takes a look through the windshield, sees the truck and gives a big "takem" and faints across Mrs. Baldwin.

EXT. STREET MED. SHOT

The truck and taxicab crash and the screen blacks out.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PRESS ROOM - NIGHT CLOSE SHOT HILDY

at typewriter, smoke rising from her cigarette. As the CAMERA ANGLE WIDENS we see a fairly disheveled Hildy typing away furiously.

BURNS' VOICE

(Into phone)

"The Blackest cesspool in American city life!" Hold on Duffy, I'll see if she's got any more.

Burns comes into the scene, tears a page out of Hildy's typewriter. She inserts another one without noticing.

MED. SHOT

Burns goes back to the phone as Hildy continues to type furiously.

BURNS

(into phone)

Duffy -- Duffy!

(clicking the phone

furiously)

Operator! Operator! Get me Duffy

back. Somebody cut us off!

ANOTHER ANGLE FAVORING DOOR

as Bruce Baldwin enters.

BRUCE

Hildy!

BURNS

What the devil do you want? Listen,

Bruce, you can't come in here now!

We're busy!

(suddenly, into phone)

Where you been, Duffy? Stick around!

What? What Chinese earthquake? The

deuce with it... what's that?

CLOSE SHOT HILDY

typing away madly. Bruce comes into the scene.

BRUCE

Hildy!

HILDY

(looking up, very

casually)

Hello, Bruce...

She resumes her typing, then suddenly realizes the situation and jumps up.

HILDY

BRUCE!! How'd you get out?

BRUCE

(the hands-off attitude)

Not through any help of yours, Hildy.

HILDY

Bruce, I know, but I was in the

biggest jam --

BURNS' VOICE

Hildy!

MED. SHOT

As Hildy turns toward his voice, Burns, still with the phone in his hand, keeps talking to her.



BURNS

For Pete's sake, Hildy, they're  
waiting for the rest of that story!

HILDY

(resignedly)

Okay, Walter.

(sits down at her  
typewriter again)

CLOSE TWO SHOT BRUCE AND HILDY

Hildy begins typing again.

BRUCE

I waited and waited and then I had  
an idea and wired Albany to send me  
a hundred dollars so I could get out  
on bail...

(desperately)

I don't know what they'll think --  
they sent it to the police station!

HILDY

(she barely stops  
typing)

We'll explain the whole thing to  
them.

(resumes typing)

BRUCE

I know I got you into this, Hildy,  
but it does seem to me that you can't  
care much for me if you're willing  
to let me stay locked up for two  
hours.

HILDY

Bruce, you know I'm mad about you  
and stop talking like that.

(calling o.s. to Walter)

Walter!

CLOSE SHOT BURNS

BURNS

(into phone)

Take the President's speech and run  
it on the funny page...

(turns to Hildy, o.s.)

What is it, Hildy?

HILDY'S VOICE

What was the name of the Mayor's  
first wife?

BURNS

You mean the one who drank so much?  
Tillie!

CLOSE SHOT HILDY AND BRUCE

HILDY

Thanks.

(she types furiously)

CLOSE SHOT THE DESK

Its top opens slowly and Williams' head sticks out.

CLOSEUP BURNS INCLUDING DESK IN B.G

BURNS

(screaming)

Get back in there, you mock turtle!

The desk-top falls, the fugitive disappearing within.

CLOSEUP BRUCE

turning around toward Burns.

BRUCE

Did you say anything, Mister Burns?

CLOSEUP BURNS

covering up, fast.

BURNS

No -- I was just talking to one of  
the guys at the office.

(indicating phone in

his hand)

MED. CLOSE SHOT BRUCE AND HILDY

BRUCE

(to Burns)

Oh.

(turns to Hildy)

I wonder what's keeping mother? She  
was supposed to come down and get  
you.

HILDY

Oh, she was here.

BRUCE

Where'd she go?

HILDY

Out some place.

She types away. Bruce grabs her and stops her.

BRUCE

Hildy! Where's mother?

HILDY

Oh -- mother -- she -- I don't know  
where she went.

BRUCE

Did you give her the money?

HILDY

No, I was going to give it to her --  
but she left hurriedly.

BRUCE

Then suppose you give me the money.  
Four hundred and fifty dollars.

HILDY

Oh, yes. Here it is.

She gets the wallet. Burns comes into the scene and pulls  
another page out of her machine.

HILDY

Here it is, Bruce. One -- two --  
three -- four hundred -- and fifty  
dollars.

BRUCE

(drily)

Thank you.

CLOSEUP BURNS

watching this with a grin.

MED. SHOT

Featuring the threesome.

BRUCE

(to Hildy)

And I'll take that certified check,  
too. I've decided I can handle things  
around here...

BURNS

Come on, Hildy, we've got to keep  
going! Sorry, Bruce, but --

HILDY

Just a second, Walter. Here, Bruce,  
here's the check... And, oh, Bruce,  
here's your wallet. I got it back.

BRUCE

(taking it and  
surveying it coldly)

You got it back, eh? There's something  
funny going on around here.

BURNS

Hildy!

HILDY

All right, Walter.

She sits down and begins to type.

BRUCE

I'm taking the nine o'clock train,  
Hildy. And you can meet us at the  
station.

HILDY

Fine.

She types away.

BURNS

(coming over to Bruce)

I'll see she's there, Bruce, I promise  
you.

BRUCE

(dramatically)

If she's not there, mother and I are  
leaving anyhow!

But Hildy continues typing and doesn't even get it.

CAMERA TRUCKS WITH BURNS

as he leads Bruce away toward door.

BURNS

I know how you feel, Bruce, but you've  
got to forgive her. She's only a  
woman, after all.

BRUCE

Suppose she is -- I have feelings,  
too! Do you know where I've been for  
the last couple of hours? Locked up  
in a police station and she didn't  
move to do anything about it.

BURNS

Ts! Ts! Ts!

BRUCE

And now I don't know where my mother  
is. She may be lost.

BURNS

I'll find her, Bruce, if I have to  
put every detective in the city on  
the job. Tell you what -- go over to  
the Missing Persons Bureau and  
describe your mother. What does she  
look like?

BRUCE

She's -- well, she's very motherly.  
That's about the best description I  
know.

BURNS

(nodding)

That's the kind of stuff they want!



They go out the door.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE DOOR MED. CLOSE SHOT

as they come out.

BURNS

Oh, Bruce, let me see that money  
Hildy gave you.

BRUCE

The money? Why?

BURNS

There's a lot of counterfeit big  
bills going around.

BRUCE

(worried)

Gee! Take a look, will you?

He hands the money to Burns. Burns looks at it carefully and  
hands it back.

BURNS

Oh, this is all right, Bruce. I just  
wanted to be sure.

BRUCE

Say, I want to be sure, too!

INT. PRESS ROOM MED. SHOT

Hildy is typing furiously. Burns enters, grinning, locks the door behind him and goes to phone and picks it up.

BURNS

(into phone)

Duffy. Good. Stick close.

He turns and crosses quickly to look out the window.

AT WINDOW

Burns coming in to window.

BURNS

(despairingly)

Now the moon's out!

He turns away, crossing to the desk, the CAMERA TRUCKING with him. At the desk he taps three times, being answered by three taps from within.

BURNS

Fine. Three taps is me. Don't forget!

You're sitting pretty, now. Got enough  
air?

He raises top an inch or two and fans air in to Williams.

BURNS

Is that better? Now breathe deep!

We hear an intake of breath from inside the desk.

BURNS

Attaboy!

He closes the desk and turns back to the table. As he passes  
Hildy, who is still typing rapidly:

BURNS

(looking over her  
shoulder)

That's the stuff! Lam it into 'em,  
Hildy.

He jerks the sheet from Hildy's machine, crosses to his desk  
and picks up the phone.

BURNS

(into phone)

Hello! Duffy, ready? Here we go!

CLOSEUP BURNS

reading from the page he has taken from Hildy's typewriter.

BURNS

(into phone)

"In the darkest hour of the city's  
history --"

INT. MAIN FLOOR CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING LONG SHOT

At the end of the hall are glass doors through which can be seen a turmoil of activity in the street outside -- newsboys, a crowd, and a mounted policeman or two. Bruce comes down the hall, his face set and angry. As he goes, he sees a sign set over a doorway in the hall. It reads: MISSING PERSONS BUREAU. He stops and enters.

INT. PRESS ROOM - NIGHT CLOSEUP BURNS AT PHONE

BURNS

(into phone)

Listen, did you impress it on Butch that I want him and his gang here right away? You did? Every minute counts. All right.

(puts receiver down

on table)

Duffy's getting old!

CLOSE SHOT HILDY

HILDY

Where's Butch?

BURNS' VOICE

He's on the way.

HILDY

(over her typing)

He'd better hurry. The boys'll be  
coming back to phone.

BURNS

(coming into shot to

peer over her shoulder)

Well, keep going! We want an extra  
out on the streets before it's too  
late!

HILDY

(looking up suddenly)

Where's Bruce?

BURNS

Bruce? Oh -- er -- he went out to  
get the tickets.

HILDY

What tickets?

BURNS

Railroad tickets.

HILDY

Is he coming back here?

BURNS

Didn't you hear him? Of course he's  
coming back here. Keep going, will

you?

MED. SHOT

as Burns leaves Hildy and goes over to desk and picks up his  
phone again.

BURNS

(into phone)

Duffy!

EXT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE DOOR - NIGHT CLOSE SHOT BENSINGER

Finding the door locked, he knocks.

INT. PRESS ROOM - NIGHT MED. CLOSE SHOT BURNS AND HILDY

as another knock comes, they take it big.

HILDY

(calling)

Who is it?

EXT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE DOOR - NIGHT CLOSE SHOT BENSINGER

BENSINGER

What's the idea of locking this?

INT. PRESS ROOM - NIGHT CLOSE SHOT BURNS AND HILDY

HILDY

That's Bensinger. That's his desk.

BURNS

(whispering)

What's his name?

The door knob is rattled violently.

HILDY

Bensinger -- of the Tribune.

EXT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE DOOR - NIGHT CLOSE SHOT BENSINGER

BENSINGER

Open this door!

INT. PRESS ROOM CLOSE SHOT BURNS

He starts for the door.

BURNS

I'll handle him.

CAMERA TRUCKS WITH HIM to the door.

BURNS

The Tribune, eh? Watch me!

He opens the door.

AT DOOR

BENSINGER

(as he comes in)

Ain't you got any more sense than to --

?

(sees Burns and is

overcome)

Oh, h-hello, Mr. Burns. Why, quite  
an honor having you come over here.

BURNS

(casually)

Hello, Bensinger.

BENSINGER

Excuse me, I just want to --

He starts for the desk. Hildy's typing goes on, coming in  
over the scene.

BURNS

(starting for the

desk, suddenly

blocking his path)

Quite a coincidence, my running into  
you tonight. Isn't it, Hildy?

HILDY'S VOICE

Yeh.

BENSINGER



How do you mean?

CLOSEUP BURNS AND BENSINGER

BURNS

I was having a little chat about you  
just this afternoon -- with our Mister  
Duffy.

BENSINGER

(essaying a pleasantry)

Nothing -- ah -- detrimental, I hope.

BURNS

I should say not! That was one swell  
story you had in the paper this  
morning.

BENSINGER

(deeply moved)

Oh, did you -- care for the poem,  
Mr. Burns?

BURNS

(startled)

The poem?... The poem was great!

BENSINGER

(blinking at these  
words)

Remember the ending?

(and he recites)

" -- and all is well, outside his  
cell, But in his heart he hears the  
hangman Calling and the gallows  
falling And his white-haired mother's  
tears..."

BURNS

(overcome)

Heartbreaking! How would you like to  
work for me?

BENSINGER

What?

MEDIUM SHOT

taking in table, Hildy typing there.

BURNS

(to Bensinger)

We need somebody like you. All we've  
got now are a lot of low-brows. Like  
Johnson here.

He starts shoving Bensinger away from the desk, toward the  
table.

BENSINGER

Seriously, Mr. Burns?

Clinging to him, Burns takes him to the phone.

BURNS

(into phone)

Duffy! I'm sending Bensinger over to  
see you.

(looking up at

Bensinger)

Mervyn, isn't it?

BENSINGER

No. Roy. Roy V.

BURNS

(with a little laugh

at his own

forgetfulness)

Of course!

(into phone)

Roy Bensinger, the poet. Of course  
you wouldn't know! You probably never  
heard of Shakespeare, either! Put  
Mr. Bensinger right on the staff.

(to Bensinger)

How much are you getting on the  
Tribune, Roy?

BENSINGER

Seventy-five.

BURNS

I'll give you a hundred and a by-  
line.

#### ANOTHER ANGLE

as Burns continues.

BURNS

(into phone)

Let him have everything he wants.

(puts down the  
receiver; turns to  
Bensinger)

Now hustle and write me a story from  
the point of view of the escaped  
man.

(acting it out)

He hides, cowering... Afraid of every  
light, of every sound... hears  
footsteps... his heart going like  
that... And all the time they're  
closing in... Get the sense of an  
animal at bay!

BENSINGER

Sort of a Jack London style?

#### TRUCKING SHOT

BURNS

Exactly!

Leads him hurriedly to the door.

BENSINGER

I got my rhyming dictionary in --  
(indicating desk)

BURNS

(getting him to door)  
It doesn't have to rhyme!

CLOSE SHOT - AT DOOR

as Bensinger turns there.

BENSINGER

Gee, I'm terribly grateful, Mister  
Burns. Do you suppose there might be  
an opening some time as foreign  
correspondent? I parley a little  
French, you know.

Burns shakes hands with him and opens the door with the other  
hand.

BURNS

I'll keep you in mind.

BENSINGER

(going)  
Au revoir, mon capitaine.

BURNS

(never at a loss in  
any language)

Bon jour!

Continuing his French, he gets the door closed and relocked  
and turns for the table, singing as he does so:

BURNS

Mademoiselle from Armontieres, parlay --

MED. SHOT

Burns returns alertly to table, not noticing that Hildy has  
stopped typing, and sits staring moodily before her.

BURNS

(into phono)

Duffy! Got this!

CLOSEUP BURNS - AT PHONE

BURNS

A rat from the Tribune is coming  
over to get a job -- Bensinger, the  
guy I told you about. Handle him  
with kid gloves. Tell him to get  
busy writing poetry... No, we don't  
want him. Stall him along until the  
extra comes out. Then tell him his

poetry stinks and kick him downstairs.

He lays down receiver.

WIDER ANGLE

taking in Hildy. She looks up at him.

HILDY

(to Burns)

Double-crossing swine!

BURNS

You said it! But this'll teach him a  
lesson. He won't quit his paper  
without giving notice after this.

Hildy doesn't bother to reply. She rests her chin on her  
hands and stares moodily ahead.

BURNS

Tear into it, will you? Don't sit  
there like a frozen robin!

HILDY

I'm finished.

BURNS

Finished!

He grabs the last sheet of paper out of her typewriter, kisses

her and rushes over to the telephone.

CLOSEUP BURNS

at phone.

BURNS

(into phone)

Duffy! All right -- here we go! And

got it out as soon as you can. I

want this paper out on the streets

in half an hour!

(reading Hildy's copy)

"So once more the Morning Post --"

EXT. CRIMINAL COURTS BLDG. - NIGHT MED. SHOT

Diamond Louie, bearing evidence of a mishap, his hat crushed,  
his face bruised and his clothes torn, comes running down  
the sidewalk and up the steps into the buildings.

INT. PRESS ROOM - NIGHT MED. SHOT

Hildy is up now, pacing.

HILDY

Bruce ought to be back by now. Walter,  
you're not trying anything again,  
are you?

BURNS



(coming over to her)

Hildy, you think I could? After this  
story?

(taking a flask from  
his pocket)

Here! You're just nervous.

Hildy takes the flask and takes a drink. There is a knock on  
the door. Burns takes the flask from her, restores it to his  
pocket and goes to the door.

BURNS

Who is it?

LOUIE'S VOICE

It's me, Boss -- Louie.

BURNS

(opening the door)

It's Louie!

Louie slips in and Burns relocks the door.

BURNS

(seeing Louie's  
disarray)

What's the matter?

Hildy crosses to Louie.

HILDY

(frantically)

Where's Mrs. Baldwin?

BURNS

What did you do with her?

HILDY

(almost afraid to  
speak)

What happened?

CLOSE SHOT - THE THREE

BURNS

You been in a fight?

LOUIE

(still out of breath)

Down Western Avenue. We were going  
sixty-five miles an hour. You know  
what I mean?

BURNS

Take that mush out of your mouth!

HILDY

Where's the old lady?

LOUIE

I'm telling you!

CLOSEUP - LOUIE

as he gets breath and blurts:

LOUIE

We run smack into a police patrol.

You know what I mean? We broke it in  
half!

BACK TO GROUP

HILDY

(moaning)

Oh-h-h... was she hurt?

BURNS

Where is she? Tell me!

HILDY

Louie!

LOUIE

I'm telling you. Can you imagine  
bumping into a load of cops?! They  
come rollin' out like oranges!

HILDY

(seizing him)

What did you do with her?

LOUIE

Search me! When I come to I was  
running down Thirty-fifth Street.

HILDY

– You were with her. You were in  
the cab, weren't you?

LOUIE

(exposing his bruised  
scalp)

Was I? The driver got knocked cold.

BURNS

Butter-fingers! I give you an old  
lady to take somewhere, and you hand  
her over to the cops!

LOUIE

What do you mean, I handed her? The  
patrol wagon was on the wrong side  
of the street.

BURNS

Now everything's fine. She's probably  
squawking her head off in some police  
station.

CLOSEUP - LOUIE

LOUIE

I don't think she's talking much...

You know what I mean?

He winks reassuringly.

BACK TO GROUP

HILDY

(paralyzed)

Don't tell me -- was she killed?

BURNS

(hopefully)

Was she? Did you notice?

LOUIE

Say, me with a gun on my hip and a  
kidnapped old lady on my hands, I  
should stick around asking questions  
from a lot of cops! You know what I  
mean?

Hildy sinks into a chair.

CLOSE SHOT HILDY IN THE CHAIR

HILDY

Dead... dead! That's the end!

Burns comes into scene to her.

BURNS

It's Fate, Hildy. What will be, will  
be.

HILDY

(wildly)

What am I going to say to Bruce?

What'll I tell him?

BURNS

If he really loves you, you won't

have to tell him anything.

(whacking her on the

shoulder)

Snap out of it! Would you rather

have had the old dame dragging the

whole police force in here?

HILDY

I killed her. I'm responsible. Oh-

h... what can I do now? How can I

ever face him? Oh, I hope he never

comes back!

She buries her face in her hands.

BURNS

Look at me, Hildy --

HILDY

(springing up)

I'm looking at you -- you murderer!

BURNS

If it was my own mother, I'd carry  
on! You know I would. For the paper!

HILDY

(calling off to Louie)

Louie, where'd it happen? I'm going  
out!

MED. SHOT GROUP

The Post phone rings.

BURNS

(grabbing Hildy)

You stay here. I'll find out  
everything.

LOUIE

(to Hildy)

Western an' Thirty-fourth.

Hildy jumps for the outside phone on the desk.

TWO SHOT INCLUDING BURNS AT PHONE AND HILDY AT PHONE

BURNS

(into phone)

Hello -- hello...

HILDY

(into phone)

Gimme Western four-five-five-seven.

BURNS

(guarded)

Who?

(wildly)

Hello, Butch! Where are you?

HILDY

(into phone)

Mission Hospital? Gimme the Receiving  
Room.

BURNS

(into phone)

What are you doing there? Haven't  
you even started?

HILDY

(into phone)

Hello -- Eddie? Hildy Johnson. Was  
there an old lady brought in from an  
auto smashup?

BURNS

(into phone)

Oh, for --

(yelling)

H. Sebastian -- Butch! Listen, it's



a matter of life and death! Listen!

HILDY

(into phone)

Nobody?

(jiggles hook)

Morningside three-one-two-four.

BURNS

(into phone)

I can't hear... You got who? Speak  
up! A what?... You can't stop for a  
dame now!

HILDY

(into phone)

Is this the Community Hospital?

BURNS

(howling into phone)

I don't care if you've been after  
her for six years! Butch, our whole  
lives are at stake! Are you going to  
let a woman come between us after  
all we've been through?

HILDY

(into phone)

Hello, Max, Hildy Johnson. Was there  
an old lady --?

BURNS

(into phone, drowning  
out Hildy)

Butch! I'd put my arm in fire for  
you -- up to here!

(indicates up to where)

Now, you can't double-cross me!...

She does? All right -- put her on.

I'll talk to her... Hello! Oh, hello,

Madam... Now listen, you ten-cent

glamour girl, you can't keep Butch

away from his duty... What's that?

You say that again and I'll come

over there and knock your eye out!

Hello?

(turning, as he hangs  
up)

I'll kill 'em! I'll kill both of  
'em!

(into Post phone)

Duffy!

(to the universe)

Mousing around with some big blonde

Annie on my time! That's co-operation!

(screaming into phone)

Duffy!!

HILDY

Shut up, will you?

(into phone)

You sure? Nobody?

BURNS

(into phone)

Duffy!!!!

(listening)

(into phone)

Duffy!!!!

(listening)

Well, where is Duffy?

(throwing receiver to

desk)

Diabetes! I ought to know better  
than to hire anybody with a disease.

(turning)

Louie.

MED. SHOT GROUP

BURNS

(to Louie)

It's up to you.

LOUIE

(loyally)

Anything you want, Boss.

BURNS

Beat it out and get hold of some  
guys.

LOUIE

Who do you want?

BURNS

(starting for the  
door, followed by  
Louie)

Anybody with hair on his chest. Get  
'em off the street -- anywhere. Offer  
them anything -- only get them.

(confidentially)

We've got to get this desk out of  
here.

He unlocks the door.

LOUIE

You know me. The shirt off my back.

BURNS

You got plenty of money?

LOUIE

Sure, boss.

BURNS

I mean real money -- not counterfeit!

LOUIE

I always have both.

He goes out.

BURNS

(calling after him)

And don't bump into anything.

He relocks the door.

HILDY

Lafayette two-one-hundred.

BURNS

(turning from door)

That dumb immigrant'll flop on me. I  
know it.

(bitterly)

Can you imagine Butch doing this to  
me -- at a time like this?

CLOSE SHOT HILDY AT PHONE, TAKING IN DESK

Burns steps into scene.

BURNS

(confidentially)

If Louie doesn't come back in five  
minutes we'll get it out alone.

There's millions of ways. We can  
start a fire and get the firemen to  
carry it out in the confusion.

He crosses to the desk and inspects it.

HILDY

(into phone)

Ring that number, will you?

BURNS

(to Hildy, oblivious

of her telephoning)

Come here. See if we can move it.

HILDY

(into phone)

Hello -- hello! Is this the Lying --

In Hospital? Did you have an auto

accident in the last --

BURNS

(interrupting)

Will you come here?

HILDY

(into phone)

Oh, I see. I beg your pardon.

BURNS

When I'm surrounded, with my back

against the wall, you're not going

to lay down on me, are you --

HILDY

Yes.

She jiggles the phone hook.

BURNS

(going to her)

Hildy, you just can't leave me out  
on a limb now. It -- it wouldn't be  
cricket!

HILDY

I don't care what you say. I'm going  
to find Bruce's mother.

(she jiggles the hook  
madly)

Oh-h...

(she hangs up)

I'm going out and find her!

Grabbing her hat and purse, she starts for the door.

MED. SHOT OF HILDY, TAKING IN DOOR

There is a loud knocking on the door.

BURNS

(coming into scene  
after Hildy)

Don't open that!

HILDY

(at the door)

Who says so? I'm going to the morgue --  
to look --

She unlocks the door.

CLOSE SHOT AT DOOR

as Hildy flings the door open, only to find the Sheriff,  
accompanied by two deputies -- Carl and Frank -- and  
surrounded by McCue, Murphy, Schwartz, Wilson and Endicott.

MURPHY

There she is!

MCCUE

Say, Hildy...

Hildy makes a decision and tries to push through them, but  
the Sheriff grabs her and pushes her back.

HARTMAN

Just a minute, Johnson!

HILDY

Let go o' me. What's the idea?

MCCUE

What's your hurry?

MURPHY

We want to see you.



The deputies seize her.

HILDY

Take your paws off me!

HARTMAN

Hold her, boys!

Burns comes into scene.

BURNS

(to Sheriff)

Who do you think you are, breaking  
in here like this?

HARTMAN

You can't bluff me, Burns. I don't  
care who you are or what paper you're  
editor of.

HILDY

(struggling)

Let me go!

(hysterically)

Fellows, something's happened to my  
mother-in-law.

HARTMAN

Hang onto her! Keep her in here!

MED. SHOT

as Hildy breaks loose and retreats back into the room before  
Hartman and the deputies.

MCCUE

We know what you're up to.

ENDICOTT

Probably goin' out to get Williams.

SCHWARTZ

The door was locked.

WILSON

She and Mollie were talking.

HILDY

I don't know anything, I tell you.

There's been an accident.

HARTMAN

Johnson, there's something very  
peculiar going on.

HILDY

You can send somebody with me if you  
don't believe me!

HARTMAN

I wasn't born yesterday. Now the

boys tell me you and this Mollie

Malloy --

HILDY

Nobody's trying to put anything over  
on you. I'm getting out of here and  
you can't stop me!

MURPHY

(comes into scene)

You're not going anywhere.

(to the Sheriff)

She's got the story sewed up, Pete.

(indicating Burns)

That's why Burns is here.

SCHWARTZ

We're on to you, Hildy. Let us in on  
it.

TWO SHOT - SHERIFF AND BURNS

BURNS

(purring)

If you've any accusations to make,  
Hartman, make them in the proper  
manner. Otherwise, I'll have to ask  
you to get out.

HARTMAN

(pop-eyed; stammering)

You'll ask me to what?

BURNS

Get out!

HARTMAN

(to deputies, off)

Close that door. Don't let anybody  
in or out.

MED. SHOT - THE GROUP

MURPHY

Come on, Pinky! Give 'em a little  
third degree.

ENDICOTT

Make them talk and you got Williams,  
Pinky!

HARTMAN

Johnson, I'm going to the bottom of  
this. What do you know about Williams?  
Are you going to talk or aren't you?

HILDY

What do I know about Williams?

HARTMAN

All right, boys. Take her along. I  
got ways of making her talk.

The deputies seize Hildy. She struggles.

HILDY

Look out, you --

MCCUE

(nervously)

What's the use of fighting, Hildy?

Hildy manages to get in a few resounding smacks on the deputies' faces. The reporters swarm around the struggling trio. There are shouts of: "I got her!" "No, you don't!" "Aw, Hildy...", etc. In the struggle, Hildy suddenly drops her purse. It lands with a clank and comes open. A gun is revealed on the floor. Hildy picks it up.

DEPUTIES

Hey, she's got a gun! Look out, she's  
got a gun!

The deputies and reporters start to close in on her cautiously.

HILDY

(trying to face in  
all directions)

No, you don't! Walter!

BURNS

What is it? Here!

She tosses the gun to Walter, but one of the deputies intercepts the throw.

HARTMAN

Gimme that.

He takes the gun from the deputy.

CLOSER SHOT

The Sheriff stands frozen, staring at the gun.

HARTMAN

(to Hildy)

Where'd you get this?

HILDY

I've got a right to carry a gun if I  
want to.

HARTMAN

Not this gun!

Burns comes into scene.

BURNS

(easily)

I can explain that, Hartman. When  
Hildy told me she wanted to interview  
Earl Williams I thought it might be

dangerous and I gave her a gun to  
defend herself.

HARTMAN

Oh, you did! Well, that's very, very  
interesting. This happens to be the  
gun that Earl Williams shot his way  
out with!

REPORTERS AD LIB

What? What's that? Etc...

BURNS

(advancing on Sheriff)

Are you trying to make me out a liar?

MURPHY

(bitterly at Hildy)

It's the last time I ever trust a  
woman, Hildy.

SCHWARTZ

Maybe Williams was gonna be her best  
man.

WILSON

That's pretty rotten, Hildy. Crossing  
your own pals.

HARTMAN

(shoving up to Hildy;

trembling)

Where is Earl Williams? Where you  
got him?

BURNS

(sympathetically)

You're barking up the wrong tree,  
Hartman.

HARTMAN

I'll give you three minutes to tell  
me where he is.

HILDY

He went over to the hospital to call  
on Professor Egelhoffer.

HARTMAN

(outraged)

What?

HILDY

With a bag of marshmallows.

The Sheriff stands silent -- then hastily turns.

MED. SHOT GROUP AROUND HILDY

REPORTERS AD LIB

Come on, Hildy. Where is he?... This  
is a sweet trick, Hildy... I thought



we were friends... Etc.

(to Sheriff)

Look here, Pete! What about Mister  
Burns?... Ask the Master Mind! What's  
he doing over here?

HARTMAN

(grabbing Burns' arm)

Speak up! What do you know about  
this.

BURNS

(gently but firmly

disengaging his hand)

My dear Hartman!

He moves casually to a post before the desk and maintains  
it.

MURPHY

Can that! Where is he?

BURNS

(to Sheriff)

The Morning Post is not obstructing  
justice or hiding criminals. You  
ought to know that.

HARTMAN

No? Well --

(turning to Hildy)

Johnson, you're under arrest.

(turning to Burns)

You, too, Burns.

BURNS

(calmly)

Who's under arrest? You pimple-headed,  
square-toed spy – do you realize  
what you're doing?

HARTMAN

I'll show you what I'm doing. Burns,  
you're guilty of obstructing justice  
and so is the Morning Post. I'm going  
to see that the Post is fined ten  
thousand dollars for this.

BURNS

You'll see nothing of the kind,  
Sheriff.

HARTMAN

We'll just start by impounding the  
Post property.

(pointing to

Bensinger's desk,

addressing Hildy)

Is that your desk?

HILDY

(jumping)

No!

BURNS

(almost simultaneously)

Yes! What are you afraid of Hildy? I  
dare him to move that desk out of  
here.

HARTMAN

Oh, you do, eh?

(to deputies)

All right, boys. Confiscate that  
desk.

Several of the deputies start toward the desk.

BURNS

(trying to intercept  
deputies)

Hartman, if you take this desk out  
of this building, I'll put you behind  
bars.

HARTMAN

You will, eh? Well, we'll see about  
that.

(to deputies)

All right, boys. Take it.

BURNS

I'm warning you -- it'll be a Federal

offense.

(to deputy nearest  
him)

And you'll be an accessory!

HARTMAN

We'll take a chance on that, Burns.

(to deputies)

Go ahead, boys.

(the deputies continue  
toward the desk)

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE PRESS ROOM - NIGHT MED. SHOT

Flanked by two policemen, Mrs. Baldwin, dishevelled, with her hat over one ear, is marching toward the Press Room, bound for vengeance. Bruce, considerably upset, is with her. As they reach the door to the Press Room, Mrs. Baldwin stops.

MRS. BALDWIN

You wait outside, Bruce.

BRUCE

But, mother --

MRS. BALDWIN

(firmly)

No! You'll weaken when you see that  
little Jezebel! I'm going to tell  
her what I think of her!

She plumps her hat down more firmly on her head and marches into the Press Room followed by the two policemen. Bruce remains outside the door.

INT. PRESS ROOM

Taking in door as it opens and Mrs. Baldwin, followed by the policemen, comes in.

HILDY

(leaping forward)

Mother!

MRS. BALDWIN

(pointing out Burns

to the officers)

That man there!

HILDY

(hugging Mrs. Baldwin)

Mother! Oh, I'm so glad to see you!

Are you all right? Tell me.

Mrs. Baldwin indignantly shakes her off.

HARTMAN

What's the idea here?

POLICEMAN

This lady claims she was kidnapped.

HARTMAN

What?

MRS. BALDWIN

They dragged me all the way down the  
stairs --

HARTMAN

Just a minute. Did -- did --

(points to Burns)

-- this man have anything to do with  
it?

MRS. BALDWIN

He was the one in charge of  
everything! He told them to kidnap  
me!

BURNS

(amazed)

Are you referring to me, Madam?

MRS. BALDWIN

You know you did!

HARTMAN

What about this, Burns? Kidnapping,  
eh?

BURNS

(round-eyed)

Oh, trying to frame me, eh! I never  
saw this woman before in my life!

MRS. BALDWIN

Oh, what a thing to say! I was  
standing right here - after the girl  
jumped out of the window.

HARTMAN

Did you get the Mayor?

DEPUTY

He's coming over.

BURNS

(to Mrs. Baldwin)

Now, Madam -- be honest. If you were  
out joy-riding, drunk, and got into  
some scrape, why don't you admit it,  
instead of accusing innocent people?

MRS. BALDWIN

(beginning to doubt  
her senses)

You ruffian! How dare you say a thing  
like that?

HILDA

Please, Mother, he's just crazy!

MRS. BALDWIN

(to Sheriff)

I'll tell you something more. I'll  
tell you why they did it!

BURNS

(fidgeting)

Come on, Sheriff. We've got to get  
bail.

MRS. BALDWIN

(continuing crescendo)

I was in here -- and they had some  
kind of murderer in with them. They  
were hiding him!

This is a bombshell. The room is electrified.

HARTMAN

Hiding him? In here?

Murphy, followed by the reporters, comes into scene.

MURPHY

Hiding him where?

HILDY

Mother!

REPORTERS

Where was he?... Where'd they have  
him?... Etc.



CLOSE SHOT BURNS

at the desk.

BURNS

(with superb

indignation)

Madam, you're a cockeyed liar! And

you know it!

To emphasize his righteousness, he pounds on the desk three times, forgetting that that is his signal to Williams. Then, realizing what he has done, he gasps.

MED. SHOT

Burns advances from desk, the others retreating before him.

BURNS

(anxiously)

Come on, Sheriff, we've got to get

bail.

Three answering knocks come from the desk.

GROUP SHOT WITH DOORWAY IN B.G

They jump around to face the desk.

HARTMAN

(whispering)

What was that?

REPORTERS AD LIB

He's in the desk! -- For the love of --

He's in there! Etc.

HARTMAN

Aha! I thought so! Stand back,  
everybody!

DEPUTY

Look out, Sheriff. He may shoot!

HARTMAN

Get your guns out!

The policemen and deputies get out their guns.

HILDY

He's harmless.

HARTMAN

Don't take any chances. Shoot through  
the desk.

HILDY

He can't hurt anybody. You've got  
his gun.

MRS. BALDWIN

(panic-stricken)

Oh, dear! Oh, dear!

BURNS

You grey-haired old Judas!

MRS. BALDWIN

Let me out! Let me out of here!

She streaks for the door, flings it open and goes. The reporters tear out of scene to their telephones.

HARTMAN

(to policeman)

You stand there!

MURPHY'S VOICE

City Desk! Quick!

SCHWARTZ' VOICE

Gimme the Desk!

HARTMAN

(to another policeman)

You there!

ENDICOTT'S VOICE

City Desk! Hurry!

MCCUE'S VOICE

Gimme Emil...

HARTMAN

(to a Deputy, pointing  
with his gun toward  
the window)

You cover the window.

MURPHY'S VOICE

Look out where you're pointing that  
gun!

The Sheriff draws his men in around the desk, their guns  
drawn on it.

WILSON'S VOICE

Lemme have the Desk! Quick!

MURPHY'S VOICE

Hold the wire! I've got a flash for  
you!

BURNS

(to Hildy)

Call Duffy!

HARTMAN

No, you don't!

BURNS

(to Sheriff, furiously)

Do you want to get us scooped?

MCCUE'S VOICE

Emil? Hang on for a second.

HARTMAN

Now then, everybody aim at the center.

And when I say three --

HILDY

That's murder!

HARTMAN

(changing his mind)

All right! Carl! Frank! One of you  
get on each side of the desk. Take  
hold of the cover.

They do.

HARTMAN

Now then! We got you covered,  
Williams. Don't try to move. Now!  
Everybody quiet and ready for an  
emergency. I'm going to count three.

SCHWARTZ

Hold it! Something coming up.

HARTMAN

One!

ENDICOTT

Hold the phone!

MURPHY

(into the phone)

I'll have it in a minute.

HARTMAN

Two!

WILSON

(into phone)

Right away now!

HARTMAN

(turning back to desk)

Everybody ready? All right. Now then,  
up with it.

Two deputies raise the cover. Williams is revealed, cowering  
in the desk, his hands over his face. The Sheriff rushes on  
him, jabbing his gun into him.

CLOSE SHOT SHERIFF AND WILLIAMS

HARTMAN

Got you, Williams!

WILLIAMS

(a wail)

Go on -- shoot me!

MEDIUM SHOT

as the police and deputies come in to assist the Sheriff.  
The reporters are telephoning in, the police shouting -- all  
the voices mixing in, in incredible confusion, as the Sheriff  
rushes Williams to the door and takes him out.

MURPHY'S VOICE

Earl Williams was just captured in  
the Press Room of the Criminal Courts  
Building, hiding in a desk.

OFFICERS AD LIB

(all talking at once)

Grab him! That's him! Don't let him  
shoot! Stick 'em up! -- Etc.

CLOSEUP MCCUE AT PHONE

MCCUE

(into phone)

...Williams in a rolltop --

CLOSEUP WILSON AT PHONE

WILSON

(into phone)

-- nabbed Williams hiding --

ENDICOTT'S VOICE

-- found Williams' hiding place.

SCHWARTZ' VOICE

He offered no resistance.

CLOSEUP MCCUE AT PHONE

MCCUE

(into phone)

Williams put up a desperate struggle

but the police overpowered --

CLOSEUP MURPHY AT PHONE

MURPHY

(into phone)

-- tried to shoot it out with the

cops but his gun wouldn't work, so --

WILSON'S VOICE

-- trying to break through the cordon

of police --

CLOSEUP ENDICOTT AT PHONE

ENDICOTT

(into phone)

Williams was unconscious when they

opened the desk --

CLOSEUP BURNS



grabbing the Post phone.

BURNS

(into phone)

Duffy! The Morning Post just turned

Earl Williams over to the Sheriff.

CLOSE SHOT THE SHERIFF

coming in the door with two policemen and leaping to get the  
phone away from Burns.

MED. SHOT BURNS AT PHONE, HILDY BESIDE HIM

BURNS

(into phone)

Duffy!

The Sheriff and police come into scene.

HARTMAN

(indicating Burns and

Hildy)

Put the cuffs on those two!

The police handcuff Hildy and Burns.

ENDICOTT

An anonymous note received by the

Sheriff led to Williams' capture.

More later.

He hangs up.

CLOSEUP MURPHY AT PHONE

MURPHY

(into phone)

An old sweetheart of Williams'  
doublecrossed him. Call you back.

He hangs up.

MED. SHOT TAKING IN DOOR

REPORTERS

Where's that old lady? Hey, Madam!  
Where'd she go? Where's the old dame?  
Etc., etc. They run out after Mrs.  
Baldwin, the Mayor entering just  
after they go. Burns and Hildy,  
handcuffed together, stand near the  
Sheriff.

HARTMAN

(into phone)

Hello, girly -- gimme Cooley. Quick!

BURNS

Hartwell, you're going to wish you'd  
never been born!

The Mayor comes into scene.

MAYOR

Fine work, Pete! You certainly  
delivered the goods. I'm proud of  
you.

HARTMAN

(holding the phone)

Look kind o' natural, don't they,  
Fred?

MAYOR

(happily)

A sight for sore eyes!

HARTMAN

(rolling in catnip)

Aiding an escaped criminal! And a  
little charge of kidnapping I'm  
looking into.

(into phone; suddenly)

But that's the jail! There must be  
somebody there!

MAYOR

Well! Looks like about ten years  
apiece for you birds!

BURNS

Does it? You forget the power that  
always watches over the Morning Post.

MAYOR

Your luck's not with you now!

HARTMAN

(into phone)

Cooley?... I caught Williams single-  
handed -- we're going to proceed  
with the hanging per schedule!

He wiggles the hook for another call.

BURNS

(to Mayor)

You're going to be in office for  
exactly two days more and then we're  
pulling your nose out of the feed  
bag.

HARTMAN

(into phone)

Give me the District Attorney's  
office.

(to Burns)

I'll tell you what you'll be doing --  
making brooms in the State  
penitentiary.

(into phone)

Hello, D'Arrasty! This is Hartwell.

Come over to my office, will you?  
I've just arrested a couple of  
important birds and I want to take  
their confessions.

He hangs up. Burns makes a sudden lunge for the Morning Post  
phone and cries into it.

BURNS  
(into phone)  
Duffy! Get Liebowitz!

MAYOR  
All the lawyers in the world aren't  
going to help you!

BURNS  
This is the Morning Post you're  
talking to!

MAYOR  
(enjoying himself)  
The power of the press, huh!

He laughs. Pinkus, the Governor's messenger, plentifully  
stewed, reels in the door. He approaches the Mayor and Sheriff  
who have their backs to him.

BURNS  
(at the Mayor)  
Bigger men than you have found out

what the power of the press is...

President!... Yes -- and Kings!

PINKUS

(woozy; handing Sheriff

the reprieve over

his shoulder)

Here's your reprieve.

The Mayor and Sheriff spin around.

MAYOR

(in a panic)

Get out of here!

PINKUS

You can't bribe me!

BURNS

What's this?

HARTMAN

Get out of here, you!

PINKUS

I won't. Here's your reprieve.

HILDY

What?

PINKUS

I don't want to be City Sealer. I  
don't like seals anyhow. They smell.

MAYOR  
Who is this man?

HARTMAN  
(to an officer)  
Throw him out, Frank.

HILDY  
(seizing Pinkus with  
her free hand)  
Who was bribing you?

Burns also seizes Pinkus who is being pulled out of shape.

PINKUS  
They wouldn't take it.

MAYOR  
You're insane!

BURNS  
(triumphant)  
What did I tell you? An unseen power!  
(to Pinkus)  
What's your name?

PINKUS  
Silas F. Pinkus.

MAYOR

You drunken idiot! Arrest him! The  
idea of coming here with a cock-and-  
bull story like that!

HARTMAN

It's a frame-up! Some imposter!

HILDY

Wait a minute!

(to the officers)

Let go there!

BURNS

(to Sheriff and Mayor)

Murder, uh?

HILDY

Hanging an innocent man to win an  
election!

HARTMAN

That's a lie!!

MAYOR

I never saw him before!

BURNS

(to Pinkus)

When did you deliver this first?



HILDY

Who did you talk to?

PINKUS

They started right in bribing me!

HILDY

Who's 'they'?

PINKUS

(indicating the Mayor  
and Sheriff)

Them!

MAYOR

That's absurd on the face of it, Mr.  
Burns! He's talking like a child.

BURNS

Out of the mouths of babes.

MAYOR

He's insane or drunk or something.  
Why, if this unfortunate man,  
Williams, has really been reprieved,  
I personally am tickled to death.  
Aren't you, Pete?

HILDY

Go on, you'd kill your mother to get

elected!

MAYOR

That's a horrible thing to say, Miss  
Johnson, about anybody!

(to Burns)

Now, look here, Walter, you're an  
intelligent man --

BURNS

(interrupting)

Just a minute.

(to Pinkus)

All right, Mr. Pinkus. Let's have  
your story.

PINKUS

Well, I been married for ten years  
and --

BURNS

(interrupting)

Skip all that.

MAYOR

(loudly)

Take those handcuffs off our friends,  
Pete. That wasn't at all necessary.

HARTMAN

(springing to obey)

I was just going to!

He gets the key from the officer.

MAYOR

Walter, I can't tell you how badly I  
feel about this. There was no excuse  
for Hartwell to fly off the handle.

HARTMAN

(unlocking the  
handcuffs)

I was only doing my duty. Nothing  
personal in it.

They are set free.

HILDY

You guys better quit politics and  
take in washing.

MAYOR

(looking over the  
reprieve)

Sheriff, this document is authentic!  
Earl Williams has been reprieved,  
this Commonwealth has been spared  
the painful necessity of shedding  
blood.

BURNS

Save that for the Tribune.

MAYOR

(to Pinkus)

What did you say your name was --  
Pinkus?

PINKUS

That's right.

He shows the Mayor a locket.

PINKUS

Here's the picture of my wife.

MAYOR

A very fine-looking women.

PINKUS

(mysteriously angered)

She's good enough for me! And if I  
was to go home and tell my wife --

MAYOR

I understand perfectly, Mr. Pinkus,  
and as long as I am Mayor --

BURNS

Which ought to be about three hours  
more, I'd say.

HILDY

Just until we can get out a special  
edition asking for your impeachment.

BURNS

And your arrest. You'll each get  
about ten years, I think.

MAYOR

Don't make any hasty decisions, Mr.  
Burns, you might run into a thumping  
big libel suit.

HILDY

You're going to run into the Governor.

MAYOR

(trying to brush it  
off)

Now, my old friend the Governor and  
I understand each other perfectly.

HARTMAN

(eagerly)

And so do I!

MAYOR

(with superb contempt)

So do you what, you hoodoo!

(to Pinkus, suavely)

And now, Mr. Pinkus, if you'll come

with us, we'll take you over to the  
Warden's office and deliver this  
reprieve.

The Sheriff, Pinkus and the Mayor go out of scene.

BURNS

(dreamily)

Wait till those two future jailbirds  
read the Morning Post tomorrow.

Walter turns to Hildy and they suddenly smile at each other.

HILDY

How was that for a tight squeeze?

BURNS

Don't tell me you were worried!

HILDY

Worried! I was petrified. Weren't  
you?

BURNS

Uh-uh. As long as we were in there  
together pitching -- they couldn't  
lick us. Well, it's been a lot of  
fun.

HILDY

In a way.

BURNS

(laughs)

I mean -- working together. Just like the old days. The things we've been through, Hildy.

HILDY

We've certainly been in some swell jams.

BURNS

Remember the time we broke into the D.A.'s office, and copied Fifi Randell's diary?

HILDY

Yeah. What about the time we hid the missing heiress in the sauerkraut factory? Six scoop interviews!

BURNS

Yeah - but that time we stole Old Lady Haggerty's stomach off the Coroner's physician. We proved she was poisoned though, didn't we?

HILDY

(laughing)

We sure did, but we had to go in hiding for a week.

BURNS

In the Shoreland Hotel. And our only  
chaperon was the poor old lady's  
stomach.

HILDY

Don't remind me. That's how we  
happened to --

She breaks off. There is a moment's pause.

BURNS

Sorry, Hildy. I didn't mean to be  
making love to another man's fiancée.

HILDY

That's all right, Walter. It's as  
much my fault as yours.

BURNS

(glancing at the clock)

Bruce is making the nine o'clock  
train. I told him you'd be on it --  
unless you want to write this story  
yourself.

HILDY

Well, if it's my last story, I'd  
like it to be a good one. But -- I  
guess I can't, Walter.



BURNS

Suit yourself, kid. This isn't for me to decide. Of course, you could make a later train and still be in Albany tomorrow morning.

HILDY

Yeah. I suppose I could. But, Walter --

BURNS

He's going to have you the rest of his life, Hildy. Can't you give me another hour?

HILDY

I don't know what to do, Walter.

BURNS

Flip a coin.

HILDY

All right.

(takes coin from her  
bag)

Heads I go -- tails I stay to write the story. Ready?

CLOSEUP BURNS

gazing nervously at the hand holding the coin.

BURNS

Ready.

CLOSE SHOT BURNS AND HILDY

She flips and catches the coin. She holds it tightly clasped in her hand, afraid to look. They stare at each other a second.

BURNS

(nervously)

Well -- what is it?

HILDY

(almost breaking)

What's the difference? I'm going to write that story -- and you know it!

She puts the coin away without looking at it. Burns rushes to her, tries to take her in his arms.

BURNS

Hildy!

HILDY

(furiously)

Don't touch me! I'm not doing it for you!

BURNS

(softly)

Then why are you doing it?

HILDY

Because I'm a newspaper woman, Heaven  
help me!

DISSOLVE TO:

MONTAGE SHOTS

INT. CITY ROOM - Hildy typing away furiously. Copy Boy tearing  
sheets from her typewriter as she writes.

Burns coming in and tearing sheets from typewriter.

Linetype machines.

Presses going.

Headline: THE POST SAVES EARL WILLIAMS!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BURNS' OFFICE

Headline: POST SAVES EARL WILLIAMS!

Over this sound of newsboys calling "Extra! Extra!"

CAMERA DRAWS BACK to rest of story:

"Impeachment Proceedings Launched Against Mayor For Attempting  
to Conceal Governor's Reprieve!"

CAMERA DRAWS BACK FURTHER to the by-line --

By Hildegarde Johnson.

CAMERA DRAWS BACK STILL FURTHER to disclose Burns and Hildy  
looking at paper on Burns' desk.

BURNS

(enthusiastically)

The greatest yarn ever written by  
anybody. My hat's off to you, Hildy!

HILDY

(grimly)

Thanks.

BURNS

And what a way to quit. While you're  
still champion! That's the way to  
leave, Hildy!

HILDY

Yeah. Only -- only I'm not leaving,  
Walter.

BURNS

What do you mean? Bruce'll be waiting

for you in Albany.

HILDY

No, he won't. I wired him that I  
wasn't coming.

CLOSEUP BURNS

BURNS

Where'd you wire him?

HILDY

On the nine o'clock train. That's  
the one he took, isn't it?

BURNS

Sure.

MED. SHOT

HILDY

It's awfully clear now. Bruce needs  
a wife who can give him a home --  
and affection -- and peace. I couldn't  
do that for him, Walter. I'm what  
you made me -- a cheap reporter who'd  
give up her soul for a story!... Is  
that job still open?

BURNS

Both jobs are open, Hildy. The paper --

and being Mrs. Walter Burns.

HILDY

Thanks, Walter, but it's no good. We tried it.

BURNS

Sure, it was good -- it was wonderful! Only you expected it to be like other marriages. It can't be like other marriages -- we're different! We're a different world. Look at what we went through today. I wouldn't trade that for any honeymoon in the world. I bet you wouldn't, either.

HILDY

A fine honeymoon, with a murderer right in the boudoir! And that other honeymoon in a coal mine!

BURNS

That's what makes it romantic. Every other married couple goes away on a honeymoon and for two weeks the bride knows just where the groom is, and vice versa. But us -- you never know where I am and I'm not sure where you are. That's Romance!

HILDY

Well, maybe I'd like to know just  
once!

BURNS

Hildy, if that's what you want, all  
right. We'll even go to -- how about  
Niagara Falls?

HILDY

(jumping)

Niagara Falls! Walter, you don't  
mean that?

BURNS

Sure I do. And I'll tell you something  
else -- I'd like a baby.

HILDY

Walter!

BURNS

Sure, I can't last forever. I want a  
son I can train to take my place on  
this paper.

HILDY

What would you do if it was a  
daughter?

BURNS

Well, if she looked like you -- Say!

My brains and your looks -- that  
mightn't be such a bad combination.

HILDY

What's the matter with my brains?

BURNS

What's the good of arguing about  
something that probably doesn't exist?

Look, Hildy, I'm proposing to you.

What do you say?

HILDY

Well, I'd like to be lady-like and  
think it over.

BURNS

I don't want to rush you. Take a  
couple of seconds.

MED. SHOT AT DOOR

Louie marches in with a judge, half-dressed. Louie has the  
judge in a tight grip.

MED. CLOSE SHOT

BURNS

Hello, Judge!

JUDGE



This is an outrage, Mr. Burns! Sending  
a gunman to kidnap me!

BURNS

Now, wait a minute, Judge. This isn't  
a kidnapping. You've got the legal  
power to perform a marriage ceremony,  
haven't you?

HILDY

What!

BURNS

Now don't argue, Hildy.

(to Judge)

How about it, Judge?

JUDGE

Yes, but --

BURNS

Then go ahead. Come on, Hildy.

HILDY

Nobody's going to rush me into  
anything!

(as Louie sticks a  
gun in her ribs)

You keep away from me!

(but she's scared)

LOUIE

All right, Judge.

INT. CITY ROOM MED. SHOT

Reporters are standing on desks to watch through the glass partition of Burns' office.

1ST REPORTER

I'll be doggoned! A shotgun marriage!

2ND REPORTER

Don't they usually keep the gun on the man?

INT. BURNS' OFFICE CLOSE SHOT JUDGE

reading the marriage ceremony.

JUDGE

(continuing)

" -- so long as you both do live?"

BURNS

I will.

GROUP SHOT

HILDY

That's what he said the last time.

Don't believe him, Judge.

BURNS

Hildy, from this time on no tricks,  
no double-crossing – everything on  
the level!

HILDY

You're not fooling anybody.

JUDGE

(continuing)

"Hildegard Johnson, will you have  
this man as your wedded husband, to  
live together in the ordinances and  
estate of Matrimony?"

HILDY

What would you do with a gun in your  
back?

LOUIE

(poking her)

Quiet!

JUDGE

"Will you love him, comfort him,  
honor and keep him in sickness or in  
health; –

HILDY

If I know where he is.

JUDGE

" -- and, forsaking all others, keep  
thee only unto him, so long as you  
both do live?"

HILDY

I will -- if he will.

JUDGE

(to Burns)

Have you got a ring?

Burns starts searching his pockets, then, to Hildy:

BURNS

(he takes ring off)

How about Bruce's?

HILDY

Walter, you can't do that!

BURNS

Sure, I can. Look at the policy I  
gave him!

(placing Bruce's ring  
on Hildy's finger)

"With this ring I thee wed and with  
all my worldly goods I thee endow:  
And thereto I plight thee my troth."

INT. CITY ROOM CLOSE SHOT

REPORTER

Say, I'm surprised she got the ring  
back!

INT. BURNS' OFFICE CLOSE SHOT GROUP

JUDGE

" -- pronounce you Man and Wife."

Burns throws his arms around Hildy and kisses her.

BURNS

Hildy, darling!

HILDY

Yes -- 'Hildy, darling'. I'm just a  
fool. That's what I am. I know what  
it's going to be like.

BURNS

It'll be Heaven!

HILDY

Sure, Heaven! You've probably thought  
up another coal mine to send me down  
in -- to get a new story for your  
paper!

Hildy turns over copy of the extra lying on Burns' desk.

CLOSEUP HILDY

She stops cold.

HILDY

Walter!

INSERT: NEWSPAPER --

"COUNTERFEIT PASSER CAUGHT!"

"Attempting to pass five hundred dollars worth of counterfeit money at the Union station, a man giving his name as Bruce Baldwin of Albany, New York, was arrested last night -- "

TWO SHOT BURNS AND HILDY

HILDY

Counterfeit money! That's the money  
you sent me, Walter! You -- you --

WALTER

(starting to run)

But, Hildy, listen --

MED. FULL SHOT

Burns retreats from Hildy, she runs after him. He dashes through glass-paned door into adjoining office. Hildy throws her bag at him and it smashes the glass pane in the door.

INT. ADJOINING OFFICE CLOSE SHOT BURNS AND HILDY

She is pursuing him around table similar to one in Burns' office.

BURNS

But, Hildy -- I can explain --

HILDY

You -- you!!

INT. BURNS' OFFICE CLOSE SHOT JUDGE AND LOUIE

LOUIE

I think it's going to work out all  
right this time.

FADE OUT:

THE END