

"HIS GIRL FRIDAY"

screenplay by

Charles Lederer

Based on the play

"The Front Page"

by

Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur

1939

SHOOTING DRAFT

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  
separating it switchboard from the anteroom, a similar grill  
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

to  
as a reporter comes out of the City Room, clanging gate  
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

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

MED. CLOSE SHOT TABLE

come  
office boy looking over his puzzle as Hildy and Bruce  
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?

back  
City

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

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

HILDY

Thanks, Bruce.

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

MEDIUM SHOT - SHOOTING DOWN LENGTH OF CITY ROOM

Hildy starts to walk through City Room.

TRUCKING SHOT - HILDY

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

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

INT. BURNS' OFFICE LONG SHOT

electric  
him.  
as she opens the door. Burns is shaving with an razor and Louie is holding the mirror up in front of

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 --

start He grows lyrical and, rising from his seat, is about to  
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 --

phone

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

ring  
She gets glove off left hand and holds up an engagement  
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.

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

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

BURNS  
After all --

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

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

TRUCKING SHOT

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

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

BURNS  
(under his breath)  
Have Duffy call me in the restaurant

in twenty minutes.

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

HILDY

Allow me.

BURNS

(walking right through)

Thanks.

Hildy follows him out.

INT. ANTEROOM MED. SHOT

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

pumping  
The messenger is more amazed than Bruce as Burns keeps  
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

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

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

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

his Bruce takes hold of Burns' coat and shakes it to get  
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.

his He turns away again. Bruce, determinedly, takes hold of  
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

at Burns, still pumping the dazed messenger's hand, stops  
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.

helplessly Burns looks down. Bruce, in unconscious responses,  
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!

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

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

a That "ow" is sotto voce, but it's the direct result of 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...

again.  
His laugh stops cold and he clutches for his shin  
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.

Burns,  
Gus, who has just managed to come between Hildy and  
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

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

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

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

before Burns comes into scene, looking like a 1929 banker just 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.

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

FADE

OUT:

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

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

speaking. CAMERA PANS SLOWLY to reveal the other players as they  
Schwartz and Playing are reporters Murphy, Endicott, Wilson,  
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

changed  
and

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

MED. SHOT REPORTERS

scene.  
"Holy  
for

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

HILDY

One at a time, boys.

desk,  
bag. All

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?

the  
a  
put

Hildy takes notebook and pencil out of bag, looks at 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

dial,  
She picks up phone nearest her on desk and starts to 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?

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

in CAMERA PULLS BACK to include Bruce, who has some papers  
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:

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

from the  
book

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

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

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

MED. SHOT

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

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

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

BRUCE

Well, she'll know some day.

BURNS

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

brings it He releases Bruce, runs back and gets umbrella and 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

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

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

watches.  
out as  
Bruce is going out, his back toward Camera. Burns  
Louis comes between Burns and Bruce and follows Bruce  
we see Bruce going toward outer door.

CLOSEUP BURNS

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

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.

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

BENSINGER AT WINDOW

BENSINGER  
I wish they'd stop that practicing.

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

INT. COURTYARD THE GALLOWES

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.

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

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.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

SHOT OF COP

as he sees this and strolls determinedly toward it.

THE CROWD

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

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

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

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

BRUCE  
My hat!

COP  
Get his hat, somebody.

CLOSEUP BRUCE'S HAT

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

CLOSE SHOT THREE

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

INT. COUNTY JAIL MED. CLOSE SHOT

stool at sits bouquet of impression of at the door of Earl Williams' cell. Hildy sits on a the door, pencil and copy paper in hand. Earl Williams at the edge of his cot, facing Hildy. There is a roses in a water pitcher by the cot. Our first

It is  
reveals

Williams is that he's a rational, well-poised citizen.  
only under Hildy's questioning that he gradually  
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.

the Mollie Malloy appears in doorway. She moves slowly into 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

typing

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

at  
to  
Hildy and Mollie exit. There is a pause. The boys look  
each other uncomfortably. The phone rings. Wilson goes  
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  
unbelievingly a second)  
I'll be right over!

MED. SHOT

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

Williams,  
standing  
CAMERA PULLS BACK TO A MED. GROUP SHOT, showing  
Sheriff Hartman and Dr. Egelhoffer. They are the only  
occupants of room. Williams is seated facing a large  
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?

on  
The Sheriff puts out the lights and the Doctor switches  
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

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

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

HILDY

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

which  
She reaches into the drawer of desk and gets some stuff  
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?

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

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!

window and  
turns

She pulls the phone out of the wall, walks toward  
tosses it out of the window. She waits for the crash,  
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.

a few

Egelhoffer hands the gun to Williams and then backs up  
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."

the  
tense  
of

She is interrupted by a terrific fusillade of shots in courtyard. A roar of excited voices comes up. For a 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

of the  
There  
room.  
boys  
goes.

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

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  
know  
phones by  
Murphy.  
for

desk!" "Flash!" "Earl Williams just escaped!" "Don't  
yet -- call you back.", etc., are shouted into the  
Schwartz, Wilson, McCue, Endicott, Bensinger and  
After each man communicates with his paper, he dashes  
the door.

MEDIUM SHOT

The last of the reporters is gone.

TRUCKS  
grabbing

CLOSE SHOT - HILDY

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

ANOTHER ANGLE

telephones.

Ahhh --

She lets go of the chair and takes one of the

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

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

Hildy as it comes careening across courtyard toward gate.  
board, and tears into scene, jumps for and makes the running-  
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

Hildy's Cooley has been knocked to the ground by the impact of  
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:

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

crazily.

The room is empty. All the telephones are ringing  
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

enters,  
corridor:

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

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.

moment  
telephone

The Sheriff spins around -- another enemy. At this  
Hildy enters the room and crosses casually to her  
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.

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

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

HILDY

(into phone)

Give me Walter Burns -- quick --

door  
She lays down the telephone receiver and crosses to the  
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 --

Mayor,  
The Sheriff suddenly nudges him for quiet, and the  
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?

read

The Sheriff, with shaking hands, opens and begins to  
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.

through He pushes money into Pinkus's hand and pushes him  
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!

Mayor  
He turns to the Mayor with a gesture of appeal. The  
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

crosses  
hand  
opens

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

INT. PRESS ROOM MED. SHOT

Suddenly

Hildy is still pacing, pounding her hands together and glancing every so often at the clock on the wall. 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!

door.  
ducks  
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

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

HILDY

(into phone)

27th Precinct Station House?

window.  
inoffensive  
collapse. He  
been  
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.

her.  
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!

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

WILLIAMS

(weakly)

I guess I used all the shells.

CLOSE TWO SHOT

for  
side  
more  
heavily.

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

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!

in

CAMERA FOLLOWS HER as she retrieves the gun and jams it 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.

out the  
light

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

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

HILDY

(into phone)

Hello... Gimme Walter Burns -- quick!

the  
Another phone there rings. Hildy answers it, propping  
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 --

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

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

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

CLOSEUP EARL AND MOLLIE

Earl. Mollie gets down on her knees and begins ministering to  
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

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

HILDY

Can you get in this desk?

INT. CORRIDOR CLOSE SHOT

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

WILSON

What's going on in there?

INT. PRESS ROOM HILDY, MOLLIE AND EARL

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

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

back.  
Hildy rapidly unbuttons Mollie's waist and throws it  
The kicking at the door continues.

MED. SHOT

Mollie  
Hildy  
of

Hildy rushes over to windows and pulls up the shades.  
is lying quietly on the floor with her eyes closed.  
rushes over to water cooler and gets a paper cup full  
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

Johnson,

The door opens in Endicott's face and there is Miss  
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.

Wilson  
Hildy and Endicott lift Mollie and seat her in a chair.  
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.

Hildy

At this point Mrs. Baldwin appears in the doorway. 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

Murphy  
arm.

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

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

from

Mollie begins backing slowly around the table, away  
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

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

REPORTERS

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

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

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

MOLLIE

(wild and blubbering)

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!

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

FORWARD TO:

CLOSE SHOT AT WINDOW

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

CLOSE SHOT MRS. BALDWIN

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

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

HILDY

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

Reaching the window, she looks out.

EXT. PAVEMENT SHOOTING DOWN FROM HILDY'S ANGLE

in The form of Mollie on the pavement below moves slightly 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

and Hildy turns, shaken, back into the room from the window Diamond sees advancing to her across the room Walter Burns. the Louie has entered with the Boss and stands leaning by Hildy door. Mrs. Baldwin's face is still hidden by her hands. 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  
is  
Louie  
to her feet and spun around so that one of Louie's arms  
about her waist and the other hand over her mouth.  
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.

with  
into

At the door, Louie gets Mrs. Baldwin out and disappears  
her. Hildy starts after them, when Burns' arm comes  
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

back: As Hildy comes in, going to desk, she turns to call

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

tossing  
socks Having opened the drawers of Bensinger's desk, she is  
play manuscripts, syringes, patent medicines and old  
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

cars,  
as the taxi darts through traffic, narrowly avoiding  
trucks, etc., it comes almost head-on to an oncoming  
car.

INT. TAXICAB - NIGHT - PROCESS CLOSE SHOT

faints  
Louie, worried, ducks unconsciously. Mrs. Baldwin  
across his lap.

EXT. STREET MED. LONG SHOT

As  
head  
The taxi swerves just in time to duck the oncoming car.  
it starts forward again a truck comes toward the cab,  
on.

INT. TAXICAB - PROCESS CLOSE SHOT

position,  
gives  
Diamond Louie pushes Mrs. Baldwin into an upright  
takes a look through the windshield, sees the truck and  
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

CAMERA  
at typewriter, smoke rising from her cigarette. As the

away  
ANGLE WIDENS we see a fairly disheveled Hildy typing  
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...

situation  
She resumes her typing, then suddenly realizes the  
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

phone  
As Hildy turns toward his voice, Burns, still with the  
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.

pulls  
She gets the wallet. Burns comes into the scene and  
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!

TRUCKING  
answered by  
He turns away, crossing to the desk, the CAMERA  
with him. At the desk he taps three times, being  
three taps from within.

BURNS  
Fine. Three taps is me. Don't forget!  
You're sitting pretty, now. Got enough  
air?

Williams.  
He raises top an inch or two and fans air in to

BURNS  
Is that better? Now breathe deep!

We hear an intake of breath from inside the desk.

BURNS  
Attaboy!

passes  
He closes the desk and turns back to the table. As he  
Hildy, who is still typing rapidly:

BURNS  
(looking over her  
shoulder)  
That's the stuff! Lam it into 'em,  
Hildy.

desk  
He jerks the sheet from Hildy's machine, crosses to his  
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

can be  
newsboys,  
down  
sign  
PERSONS

At the end of the hall are glass doors through which  
seen a turmoil of activity in the street outside --  
a crowd, and a mounted policeman or two. Bruce comes  
the hall, his face set and angry. As he goes, he sees a  
set over a doorway in the hall. It reads: MISSING  
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

up his  
as Burns leaves Hildy and goes over to desk and picks  
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.

the  
He starts shoving Bensinger away from the desk, toward  
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.

other Burns shakes hands with him and opens the door with the hand.

BURNS  
I'll keep you in mind.

BENSINGER  
(going)  
Au revoir, mon capitaine.

BURNS  
(never at a loss in any language)  
Bon jour!

relocked Continuing his French, he gets the door closed and and turns for the table, singing as he does so:

BURNS  
Mademoiselle from Armontieres, parlay --

MED. SHOT

has Burns returns alertly to table, not noticing that Hildy 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.

her  
Hildy doesn't bother to reply. She rests her chin on 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!

kisses  
He grabs the last sheet of paper out of her typewriter, 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

crushed,  
down  
Diamond Louie, bearing evidence of a mishap, his hat his face bruised and his clothes torn, comes running 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.



knock on  
to his

Hildy takes the flask and takes a drink. There is a  
the door. Burns takes the flask from her, restores it  
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

Sheriff,  
Endicott.

as Hildy flings the door open, only to find the accompanied by two deputies -- Carl and Frank -- and surrounded by McCue, Murphy, Schwartz, Wilson and

MURPHY

There she is!

MCCUE

Say, Hildy...

but

Hildy makes a decision and tries to push through them, 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

before  
as Hildy breaks loose and retreats back into the room  
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?

struggling  
don't!"  
drops  
is

Hildy manages to get in a few resounding smacks on the  
deputies' faces. The reporters swarm around the  
trio. There are shouts of: "I got her!" "No, you  
"Aw, Hildy...", etc. In the struggle, Hildy suddenly  
her purse. It lands with a clank and comes open. A gun  
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!

maintains  
He moves casually to a post before the desk and  
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

with  
Room,  
her.  
stops.

Flanked by two policemen, Mrs. Baldwin, dishevelled,  
her hat over one ear, is marching toward the Press  
bound for vengeance. Bruce, considerably upset, is with  
As they reach the door to the Press Room, Mrs. Baldwin

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!

marches  
Bruce

She plumps her hat down more firmly on her head and  
into the Press Room followed by the two policemen.  
remains outside the door.

INT. PRESS ROOM

by the

Taking in door as it opens and Mrs. Baldwin, followed  
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!

three  
Then,  
To emphasize his righteousness, he pounds on the desk  
times, forgetting that that is his signal to Williams.  
realizing what he has done, he gasps.

MED. SHOT

him.  
Burns advances from desk, the others retreating before

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!

guns  
The Sheriff draws his men in around the desk, their  
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

get the  
coming in the door with two policemen and leaping to  
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, girlie -- 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.

Post

He hangs up. Burns makes a sudden lunge for the Morning 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!

plentifully  
Sheriff

He laughs. Pinkus, the Governor's messenger, stewed, reels in the door. He approaches the Mayor and 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?



shape. Burns also seizes Pinkus who is being pulled out of

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

clasped

She flips and catches the coin. She holds it tightly 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!

rushes

She puts the coin away without looking at it. Burns 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

tearing  
INT. CITY ROOM - Hildy typing away furiously. Copy Boy  
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:

Attempting  
"Impeachment Proceedings Launched Against Mayor For  
to Conceal Governor's Reprieve!"

CAMERA DRAWS BACK FURTHER to the by-line --

By Hildegard Johnson.

Hildy  
CAMERA DRAWS BACK STILL FURTHER to disclose Burns and  
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

the Louie marches in with a judge, half-dressed. Louie has  
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

glass

Reporters are standing on desks to watch through the 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)

"Hildegarde 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!"

counterfeit  
Bruce  
" "Attempting to pass five hundred dollars worth of  
money at the Union station, a man giving his name as  
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

dashes  
throws  
door.  
Burns'

Burns retreats from Hildy, she runs after him. He  
through glass-paned door into adjoining office. Hildy  
her bag at him and it smashes the glass pane in the

INT. ADJOINING OFFICE CLOSE SHOT BURNS AND HILDY

She is pursuing him around table similar to one in  
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.

OUT:

FADE

THE END