"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 switchboard from the anteroom, a similar grill separating it again from the city room which stretches on beyond switchboard. At a table in the switchboard enclosure sits an

office boy, about fifteen, doing a crossword puzzle. The big clock on the back wall shows that it is nearly one o'clock.

CLOSE SHOT OFFICE BOY

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

MED. SHOT

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

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

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

He catches a glimpse of the far elevator going down.

REPORTER
Hey! Down! Down!

MED. SHOT ELEVATORS

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

MED. CLOSE SHOT TABLE

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

HILDY
(with a smile)
Hello, Skinny. Remember me?

OFFICE BOY
(looks up; then a glowing smile)
Hildy Johnson!

CLOSE SHOT SWITCHBOARD

Hildy approaches the switchboard.

HILDY
(to operator)
Hello, Maisie.

The first operator looks up.

MAISIE
Hello -- Hildy! You coming back?

HILDY
No, just visiting. Tell me, is the lord of the universe in today?

MAISIE
He is -- and in a very bad humor. I think somebody stole one of his crown jewels. Shall I announce you?

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

THREE SHOT BRUCE, HILDY AND OPERATOR

Hildy turns to Bruce.

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

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

We hear a giggle off scene.

CLOSE SHOT OFFICE BOY

He looks towards Bruce and Hildy and giggles.

TWO SHOT BRUCE AND HILDY

HILDY

What did you say, Bruce?

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

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

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

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

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

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

HILDY
I'll come a-running, pardner.

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

HILDY
Thanks, Bruce.

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

MEDIUM SHOT - SHOOTING DOWN LENGTH OF CITY ROOM

Hildy starts to walk through City Room.

TRUCKING SHOT - HILDY

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

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

BEATRICE
(looking up)
Hildy! I'll be a monkey's uncle! What are you doing here?

HILDY
Point of information -- what does a girl say on meeting her divorced husband? OR:
(What does a girl do, etc.)

BEATRICE
(illustrating)
My advice is duck and cross with your right.

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

INT. BURNS' OFFICE LONG SHOT

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

CLOSE SHOT BURNS

shaving, Louie holding the mirror.

LOUIE
A little more round the chin, Boss.

MEDIUM SHOT

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

BURNS
What do you want?

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

BURNS
(grinning)
Hello, Hildy!

HILDY
Hello, Walter.
(to Louie)
Hi, Louie -- how's the slotmachine king?

LOUIE

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

HILDY
Editorials?

BURNS
Get going, Louie. I got company.

The door flies open and Duffy comes busting in.

DUFFY
Walter!

BURNS
I'm busy, Duffy.

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

BURNS
What?

DUFFY
And that means Earl Williams dies tomorrow morning and makes a sucker out of us!

BURNS
You're crazy. Where's Mac?

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

BURNS
They can't do that to me!

He grabs the phone on his desk:

BURNS
Give me that call on Duffy's wire! Hello -- Mac? Burns. Where's the Governor? -- What do you mean, you can't locate him?
(apparently pleading to the one man in the world who can help him)
Mac, you know what this means. We're

the only paper in town defending Earl Williams and if he hangs tomorrow we're washed up! Find the Governor and when you find him tell him we want that reprieve!... Tell him I elected him and I can have him impeached! Sure, you can do it, Mac -- I know you can. I always said you were the greatest reporter in the country and now you can prove it. Get going! Attaboy!

He hangs up.

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

CLOSE SHOT DUFFY AND BURNS

with Louie and Hildy in the b.g.

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

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

MEDIUM SHOT

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

DUFFY AND LOUIE
(together)
Well -- But I gotta --

They look at Burns.

BURNS
Scram, you guys.

They start to go.

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

They go.

HILDY
Mind if I sit down?

Hildy sits.

CLOSE SHOT DUFFY AND LOUIE

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

BURNS' VOICE
I said scram!

They close the door hurriedly.

MED. CLOSE SHOT BURNS AND HILDY

HILDY
May I have a cigarette, please?

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

HILDY
Thanks. A match?

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

BURNS
How long is it?

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

HILDY
How long is what?

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

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

CLOSEUP BURNS

BURNS
(slyly)
Maybe it was yesterday. Been seeing me in your dreams?

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT THE TWO

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

BURNS
(with conviction)
Oh, yes I would. I'd know you any time --

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

BURNS AND HILDY
(together)
-- any place, anywhere --

He sits.

HILDY
(half-pityingly)
You're repeating yourself! That's the speech you made the night you proposed.
(she burlesques his fervor)
"-- any time -- any place -- anywhere!"

CLOSE SHOT HILDY AND BURNS

BURNS
(growling)
I notice you still remember it.

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

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

HILDY
Done what?

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

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

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

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

BURNS
Now, that's a nice thing to say.

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

BURNS

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

ANOTHER ANGLE

HILDY

A fellow your age, hiring an airplane to write:

(she gestures above to indicate sky-writing)

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

BURNS

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

HILDY

What home?

WALTER

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

HILDY

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

BURNS

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

HILDY

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

BURNS

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

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

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

HILDY
What?!!

BURNS
I haven't any hard feelings.

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

BURNS
(rising, reaching for his hat)
Sure, come on. We'll have some lunch and you can tell me everything.

HILDY
(also rising)
I have a lunch date. I just want --

BURNS
You can break it, can't you?

HILDY
No, I can't.

BURNS
Sure you can. Come on.

DIFFERENT ANGLE

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

BURNS
What do you mean by that?

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

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

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

BURNS
(still interrupting)
You've had a better offer, eh?

HILDY
You bet I've got a better offer.

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

HILDY
I know, Walter, but I --

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

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

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

shuddering.

HILDY
Listen, Walter --

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

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

WIDER ANGLE

BURNS
It would have worked if you'd been satisfied with just being editor and reporter. But no! You had to marry me and spoil everything.

HILDY
(indignantly)
I wasn't satisfied! I suppose I proposed to you!

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

HILDY
(speechless)
You -- you --

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

BURNS
(to Hildy)
You're losing your eye. You used to be able to pitch better than that.
(he reaches for phone)

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

CLOSE SHOT DUFFY

seated at his desk, talking into phone.

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

CLOSE SHOT BURNS AND HILDY

Burns into phone:

BURNS
Sweeney! You can't do that to me! Not today, of all days! Jumping Jehosophat! Oh, no, Sweeney... Well, I suppose so... All right. If you have to, you have to.
(he hangs up)
How do you like that? Everything happens to me -- with 365 days in the year -- this has to be the day.

HILDY
What's the matter?

BURNS
Sweeney.

HILDY
Dead?

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

CLOSE SHOT HILDY

HILDY
Sweeney?
(she laughs)
Well, after all, he didn't do it on purpose, did he?

CLOSE SHOT BURNS AND HILDY

BURNS

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

HILDY

(practically)
Well, haven't you got anybody else?

BURNS

There's nobody else on the paper who can write! This'll break me, unless --
(he stares at Hildy; then a light breaks)
Hildy!

HILDY

No!

BURNS

You've got to help me, Hildy.

HILDY

Keep away --

BURNS

It'll bring us together again, Hildy -- just the way we used to be.

HILDY

That's what I'm afraid of. "Any time -- any place -- anywhere!"

BURNS

Don't mock, Hildy, this is bigger than anything that's happened to us. Don't do it for me! Do it for the paper.

HILDY

Get away, Svengali.

BURNS

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

HILDY

Listen, you bumble-headed baboon --

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

HILDY
Please! Will you just --

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

HILDY
I'm not working for any other paper!

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

HILDY
Look at this!
(pulling her glove off her left hand)

CLOSEUP HILDY

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

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

CLOSEUP BURNS

He looks at ring, swallows, then:

MED. SHOT

Burns and Hildy.

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

BURNS
(himself again)
Get married all you want to, Hildy,

but you can't quit the newspaper business.

HILDY
You can't sell me that, Walter.

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

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

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

CLOSER SHOT

HILDY
(bitterly)
A journalist! Peeking through keyholes -- running after fire engines -- waking people up in the middle of the night to ask them if they think Hitler's going to start a war -- stealing pictures off old ladies of their daughters that got chased by apemen! I know all about reporters -- a lot of daffy buttinskies going around without a nickel in their pockets, and for what? So a million hired girls and motormen's wives will know what's going on! No, Walter, I'm through.

BURNS
Where'd you meet this man?

HILDY
Bermuda.

BURNS
Bermuda... Rich, eh?

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

BURNS
What's his line?

HILDY
He's in the insurance business.

BURNS
(looks up)
The insurance business?

HILDY
(on the defensive)
It's a good, honest business, isn't it?

ANOTHER ANGLE

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

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

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

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

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

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

BURNS
Tomorrow? Tomorrow... as quick as that?

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

tell you.
(she extends her hand)
So long, Walter, and better luck next time.

BURNS
(taking her hand)
I wish you everything I couldn't give you, Hildy.

HILDY
Thanks...

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

HILDY
(laughing)
Well, he's waiting in the anteroom for me now.

BURNS
Say, could I meet him?

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

BURNS
You're not afraid, are you?

HILDY
Afraid? I should say not!

BURNS
All right then, come on and let's see this paragon.
(gets hat)
Is he as good as you say?

HILDY
Better.

MED. SHOT OFFICE

Burns has his hat. They start toward the door.

BURNS
Then what does he want with you?

HILDY
(laughing)
Now you got me.

BURNS
Nothing personal. I was just asking.

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

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

BURNS
After all --

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

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

BURNS
(incredulous)
No kidding?

INT. CITY ROOM FULL SHOT

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

TRUCKING SHOT

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

HILDY
(trying to keep pace)
And he takes his hat off when he's with a lady.

BURNS
(over his shoulder)
What for?

HILDY
(shouting)
And when he walks with a lady, he waits for her!

BURNS
(stops)
Oh, I'm sorry.

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

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

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

HILDY
Allow me.

BURNS
(walking right through)
Thanks.

Hildy follows him out.

INT. ANTEROOM MED. SHOT

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

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

CLOSE SHOT BRUCE

Hildy behind him. Bruce registers amazement at this.

CLOSE SHOT BURNS AND MESSENGER

The messenger is more amazed than Bruce as Burns keeps pumping his hand vigorously.

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

BURNS
(you never saw a more surprised man)
Already married!
(turning to Hildy o.s.)
Hildy, why didn't you tell me?

CLOSEUP HILDY

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

MEDIUM SHOT BURNS AND MESSENGER

BURNS
(again seizing messenger's hand)
Congratulations again, Mr. Baldwin!

MESSENGER
But my name --

BRUCE
(as he enters scene)
Mr. Burns!

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

BURNS
Yeah? You'll have to excuse me -- I'm busy with Mr. Bruce Baldwin here. Just leave your card with the boy.

CLOSE SHOT BRUCE AND BURNS

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

BURNS

I'm very sorry, but I'm busy! Look --
(he points o.s.)
-- there's the boy. Take your card
and leave it with him.

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

BRUCE
Mr. Burns --

BURNS
(wheeling around)
I've just told you I was busy with
Mr. Bruce Baldwin!

BRUCE
I'm Bruce Baldwin!

MEDIUM SHOT

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

BURNS
You're Bruce Baldwin?

BRUCE
Yes!

BURNS
(accusing to messenger)
Then who are you?

MESSENGER
(falteringly)
My name's Pete Davis.

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

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

CLOSEUP HILDY

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

CLOSE SHOT BURNS AND BRUCE

BURNS
(reaches for Bruce's hand but grabs the umbrella and begins shaking the handle up and down)
This is a pleasure, Mr. Baldwin, and I'm sorry about the mistake.

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

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

BRUCE
(completely unnerved by this time, and you can't quite blame him)
Mr. -- well -- no -- no -- not at all.

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

BRUCE
(this is the final crusher)
Oh.

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

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

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

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

BURNS
Attaboy!
(taking Bruce's arm and leading him toward elevator)
Come on, Bruce.

BRUCE
(going along, but worried)
Where are we going?

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

BRUCE
(a helpless look back at Hildy)
No -- she didn't.

BURNS
Just wanted to surprise you, I guess.
(as the elevator is about to pass, he calls)
Down!
(practically shoving Bruce in)
After you, Bruce!
(as Bruce disappears inside he turns toward Hildy)
Come on, Hildy, my treat!

CLOSE SHOT BURNS NEAR OPEN ELEVATOR

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

HILDY
I suppose I can't call this off without creating a scene -- but remember, it's your last fling.

BURNS
(hurt)
How do you like that? Here I am being nice to you and your sweet-heart and that's the thanks I get!

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

BURNS
(very sweetly -- he almost sings it)
Oh -- after you, Hildy!

With a look of disgust Hildy gets in. Burns follows and the door slams on them.

CLOSEUP OFFICE BOY

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

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RESTAURANT CLOSEUP - A BEAMING WAITER

HE GRINS ALL OVER AND SAYS:

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

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

HILDY
(beaming at waiter)
Nobody else.

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

HILDY

How's everything, Gus?

GUS
I can't complain.

BURNS
(studying menu)
Well, I can. I'm hungry. Roast beef sandwich -- rare. And some coffee.

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

BURNS
Good idea. How about you, Hildy?

HILDY
(discarding menu)
Oh -- I'll take the same, I guess. And coffee.

GUS
Little rum in yours, too?

HILDY
I guess so.

Bruce looks at her. She hurriedly changes her mind.

HILDY
No -- just coffee, Gus.

GUS
(crestfallen)
Just coffee.
(to Bruce)
And you, sir?

BRUCE
(putting menu down)
Oh, I'll take the same, I guess. And a glass of milk.

GUS
(incredulous)
Milk?

BRUCE
(thinks he hasn't heard)
Yes.

GUS
(shaking his head as he writes it down)
Milk.

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

CLOSEUP - GUS

Gus gives him a look and goes.

ANOTHER ANGLE - THE TRIO AT TABLE

Burns surveys the others quizzically.

BURNS
(a sigh)
Well, so you're getting married tomorrow, eh? How does it feel, Bruce?

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

BURNS
(it's the Puritan in him)
Taking the train today -- and being married tomorrow?

He whistles.

BRUCE
(rising to the bait)
Oh, it isn't like that.

HILDY
(reassuring Mrs. Grundy)
It will be perfectly all right, Walter. Mother is coming with us on the train.

BURNS
Mother? But your mother --

BRUCE
No. My mother.

BURNS

(he gets it and underlines it)
Oh. Your mother -- well, of course, that relieves my mind.

HILDY
(to Bruce)
Isn't it sweet of Walter -- still wanting to protect me?

She gives Burns that too-sweet look.

BURNS
(apparently taking this at face value)
I know I wasn't a good husband, Hildy, but you can always count on me.

TWO SHOT - FEATURING BRUCE AND HILDY

BRUCE
(a little cookily)
I don't think she'll need you very much -- I aim to do most of the protecting myself.

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

THREE SHOT - HILDY, BRUCE AND BURNS

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

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

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

BRUCE
Well, I'll try to give her one.

BURNS

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

BRUCE
Just for the first year.

BURNS
(sighing)
That'll be nice. A home with mother. A real honeymoon. In Albany, too. Ow!

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

BRUCE
Mighty nice little town, Albany. They've got the State Capitol there, you know.

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

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

Hildy just looks. Providentially, the waiter enters the scene.

GUS
Well, here we are.

He begins serving them.

BURNS
(trying to pick up again after a second)
How's business, Bruce?

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

BURNS
I don't blame them.

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

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

GUS
(a pained expression belies his words)
That's all right.

BURNS
I sometimes wish I'd taken out insurance -- but, of course, now it doesn't matter. Still, I suppose it would have been the smart thing to do.

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

BURNS
I see what you mean.

They fall to.

CLOSE SHOT - HILDY

She sips her coffee and acts surprised.

HILDY
Gus, this --

CLOSEUP - GUS

GUS
(winking)
Good coffee, isn't it?

CLOSEUP - HILDY

She smiles and winks back, and takes another sip.

GROUP SHOT AT TABLE

Gus starts to go.

BRUCE
You've forgotten my milk.

GUS
Oh. The milk. Yes.

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

BURNS
Here's luck to the bride and bridegroom.

HILDY
(lifts cup)
Thank you.

BRUCE
(looking for something to respond with -- apologetically)
He hasn't brought my milk yet.

A bus boy comes into scene and stops before Burns.

BUS BOY
They want you on the phone, Mr. Burns.

BURNS
They would!

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

TWO SHOT - BRUCE AND HILDY

BRUCE
(looking after him)
You know, Hildy, he's not a bad fellow.

HILDY
(looking at him maternally)
You're so nice, Bruce, you think everybody else is.

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

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

BRUCE
(shaking his head)
If anybody had told me I'd be sitting at lunch with him -- but he swept me right off my feet.

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

INT. PHONE BOOTH FULL SHOT

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

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

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

INT. RESTAURANT MED. SHOT AT TABLE

Gus is entering the scene.

GUS
Your milk, sir.

He serves Bruce.

GUS
And I brought you another cup of coffee, Hildy.

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

HILDY
Thanks, Gus.

She takes a sip and almost chokes.

BRUCE
Too hot?

HILDY
(gasping for breath)
No. It's strong.
(quickly)
But I like it that way.

Gus goes, smiling.

BRUCE
(looking off)
Say, what's happened to Burns? He looks sunk, doesn't he?

HILDY
(beaming)
He certainly -- hic -- does!

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

BRUCE
Anything the matter?

BURNS
Just Sweeney again. One of my best reporters.

HILDY
What now?

BURNS
His wife had twins and he went out

to celebrate and got as drunk as a lord. They can't even find him.

(he sips his coffee)

I tell you, drink is the ruin of this nation.

HILDY

(sipping hers)

You said it.

BURNS

So -- Sweeney gets twins -- and Earl Williams gets hanged tomorrow.

BRUCE

Just what is the lowdown on Williams?

BURNS

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

HILDY

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

BURNS

Because it happened to be a colored policeman.

HILDY

(for Bruce's benefit)

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

BURNS

Especially with an election coming up in a few days.

BRUCE

Are you sure Williams is not all there?

BURNS

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

BRUCE

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

CLOSEUP - BURNS

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

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

BURNS
(slapping hands together)
Yes, you could do it, Hildy. You could save that poor devil's life. You could -- but --
(the enthusiasm dies away)
-- you're going away. I forgot.

THREE SHOT

BRUCE
How long would the interview take?

BURNS
Oh -- an hour for the interview. Another hour to write it.

BRUCE
We could take the six o'clock train, Hildy. If it would save a man's life.

HILDY
No, Bruce, dear. Don't you see? This is a trick to get your sympathy. No, Walter, I've been waiting for something like this -- but I wasn't sure when you'd spring it. If you want to save Earl Williams' life, you can interview him yourself. You're still a good reporter. Bruce and I will be on that four o'clock train -- and thanks just the same.

BURNS
I'm an editor. I know what ought to

be written, but I can't write it the way you could. It needs a woman's heart --

HILDY
Why, Walter, you're getting poetic!

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

Bruce gulps.

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

HILDY
(breaking into applause)
What a performance! Bravo! Don't let him fool you, Bruce -- it's only an act!

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

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

BURNS
What do you mean?

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

BURNS
(laughs, throws up

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

HILDY
We're not interested.

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

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

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

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

HILDY
And what's the matter with a thousand dollars?

BRUCE
But --

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

BRUCE
I could get a company doctor in twenty minutes.

BURNS
Now you're talking!

HILDY

(turning on Burns)
You keep out of this. Bruce, suppose you examine Mr. Burns in his office. I'll get my bag and go over to the Press Room in the Criminal Courts Building. You phone me as soon as Mr. Burns has given you his check. Then I'll go get the interview and you phone Mother that we're taking the six o'clock train.
(back to Burns)
And no tricks, Walter!

BURNS
What tricks would I pull?

HILDY
Oh, nothing! Of course, you might cancel the check. Yes! Wait a minute! What would be his first payment on that policy?

BRUCE
About twenty-five hundred dollars.

HILDY
Better make that a certified check, Walter.

BURNS
(indignantly)
What do you think I am -- a crook?

HILDY
Yes --- and that's putting it mildly! No certified check -- no story -- Get me?

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

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

BRUCE
All right, dear.

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

BRUCE
(feeling his pocket)
The five hundred? Sure.

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

BRUCE
But --

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

BRUCE
But I don't gamble, Hilda!

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

BRUCE
(reluctantly)
All right.
(he pulls out his wallet)
One -- two -- three -- four -- five. Five hundred. Be careful, honey.

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

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

HILDY
So long, husbands.

She goes.

TRUCKING SHOT - HILDY

leaving. She weaves just a bit.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - THE TWO MEN

They look after her.

BRUCE
(smiling a little)
I never knew Hildy to be so determined before.

BURNS
You haven't seen anything yet.

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

FADE OUT:

FADE IN: INT. PRESS ROOM - CRIMINAL COURTS BLDG - DAY

CLOSE SHOT AT TELEPHONE

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

ENDICOTT
(into phone)
Criminal Courts Press Room... This is Endicott... No, nothing new on the Williams case yet boss. Well, you bet I'm here plugging away every minute.
(hangs up and studies his cards)
Up a dime.

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

MURPHY
(dropping his cards)
By me.

WILSON
(also dropping)
Droparoo.

Schwartz knocks on table and drops cards.

MCCUE
(reluctantly)
I'll call.

ENDICOTT
Three sixes. Is that any good?

HILDY'S VOICE
It sure looks good from here.

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

CLOSE SHOT HILDY JOHNSON

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

MED. SHOT REPORTERS

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

HILDY
One at a time, boys.

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

HILDY
No, I'm not back for good. I'm just covering the Earl Williams story for Mr. Sweeney who had a sudden attack of something but will be all right

by tomorrow. No, I haven't made up with Walter Burns -- far from it! As a matter of fact, I'm leaving tonight for Albany and I'll be married tomorrow morning. The lucky man is Mr. Bruce Baldwin, a gentleman in the insurance business -- and when I say gentleman, I mean gentleman! Are there any other questions?

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

ENDICOTT

(grinning)
Well, that about covers everything.

HILDY

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

MURPHY

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

MCCUE

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

(waving his hand toward Wilson)
Take it away, Fred Wilson!

WILSON

Well -- Williams goes a little balmy and begins making speeches on a plan he's got to save the world. Only he makes his speeches, usually, on a very busy street and neglects to get

a license for it. Well, the cops let him alone as much as they can because he's harmless and they're kinda sorry for him. But one day he decides to hold a meeting right in the middle of a Veteran's Parade and the cops chase him. He gets scared and goes into hiding.
(gesturing toward Schwartz)
Come in, Dave Schwartz.

SCHWARTZ
His Honor, the Mayor, now comes out with a statement that Earl Williams is a dangerous character in the employ of two or three foreign governments and the police are going to get him dead or alive. Somebody sends out a tip that this guy is hiding in Molly Malloy's joint. And this colored policeman, Daniels, goes over to pick Williams up. Williams has read the papers, thinks the cop is going to kill him and shoots first. That is all.

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

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

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

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

Hildy crosses back to desk and sits down.

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

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

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

CLOSE SHOT HILDY

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

HILDY
(into phone)
Hello, this is Hildy Johnson. Get me Walter Burns.
(she studies her cards -- then, into phone)
Hello, Walter. How's the old double-crosser?

CLOSE SHOT WALTER BURNS

Telephone at his ear.

BURNS
Hello, my fine-feathered friend. Thought I might be hearing from you. What have you got to report?

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

BURNS
(into phone)
Going all right, eh?

DOCTOR
(nodding)
Fine.

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

BURNS
(putting hand over mouthpiece of phone)
Doctor, will you please keep quiet a minute? How do you expect me to get

any work done?

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

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

BURNS
(into phone)
Well, they haven't finished with me yet but I'm hoping to get my shirt back. Oh, no. I'm in the pink of condition. They found two new dimples.

CUT TO:

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

cards in her other hand.

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

ENDICOTT'S VOICE
Right back at you.

MED. SHOT

MCCUE
(dropping his cards)
You fight it cut.

HILDY
And up a dime.

ENDICOTT
(studying a second)

I call. What you got?

HILDY
(displaying her cards)
Three bullets! Any good?

ENDICOTT
(throwing his cards away)
Beats king up.

Hildy rakes in the money.

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

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

HILDY
Oh, I'll think of something.

MED. SHOT

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

MURPHY
Hello, Harvard! Got anything new on the hanging?

CLOSE SHOT BENSINGER

BENSINGER
(cockily)
Why don't you fellows get your own news?

CLOSE SHOT HILDY

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

TWO SHOT FEATURING HILDY AND BENSINGER

BENSINGER
Hildy!

He comes over to shake hands.

BENSINGER
Are you back?

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

BENSINGER
What doing?

HILDY
I'm getting married tomorrow.

BENSINGER
Well, congratulations! Good luck!

THE TABLE ANOTHER ANGLE

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

SCHWARTZ
Come on, Hildy, your deal.

CLOSE SHOT BENSINGER AT HIS DESK

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

BENSINGER
Say, who put these stockings in my desk?
(he turns to the group)

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

BENSINGER
(makes a gesture of disgust and picks up telephone)
This is Bensinger. I just saw the Sheriff. He won't move the hanging up a minute... All right, I'll talk to him again, but it's no use. The execution is set for seven in the

morning. Get me a rewrite man.

CLOSE SHOT ENDICOTT

dealing the cards.

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

CLOSE SHOT BENSINGER

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

MED. SHOT AT TABLE - FEATURING MURPHY

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

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

ENDICOTT
This Egelhoffer's pretty good.

MURPHY
Yeah? What did he ever do for his country?

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

CLOSE SHOT BENSINGER

He is referring to his notes as he talks:

BENSINGER
(into phone)
Here's the situation on the eve of the hanging:

CLOSE SHOT MURPHY

He continues playing his cards:

MURPHY
(into phone)
This is Murphy. More slop on the hanging.

CLOSE SHOT BENSINGER

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

CLOSE SHOT MURPHY

MURPHY
(into phone)
Ready? The Sheriff's just put two hundred more relatives on the payroll to protect the city against the Red Army -- which is leaving Moscow in a couple of minutes.
(consults his hand)
Up a dime.

CLOSE SHOT BENSINGER

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

CLOSE SHOT MURPHY

MURPHY
(into phone)

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

MED. SHOT AT TABLE FEATURING HILDY

ENDICOTT
Trouble is, when the Red Menace shows up the Sheriff will still be crying 'Wolf!'

MURPHY
What have you got, Hildy?

HILDY
Kings and sixes.

MURPHY
(throwing down)
That's good.

HILDY
(sweeping coins in)
'Kings and sixes The pot affixes'... Poetry. I learned that at my grandma's knee.

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

INT. WALTER BURNS' OFFICE MED. SHOT

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

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

TWO SHOT

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

BRUCE
I feel I ought to take care of her.

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

BRUCE
Well, I'm independent, too.

BURNS
Figure it this way: I ought to be good for twenty-five years. By that time, you'll probably have made enough so that the money won't mean anything. But suppose you haven't made good -- don't you think Hildy's entitled to a quiet old age without any worries?

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

BURNS
(everything he has on the ball)
And remember this, Bruce! I love her, too.

BRUCE
I'm beginning to realize that.

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

BRUCE
(a lump in his throat)
Gee, you almost make me feel like a heel -- coming between you.

BURNS
No, Bruce, you didn't come between

us. It was all over for her before you came on the scene. For me -- it'll never be over.

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

MED. SHOT

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

DUFFY
(placing check on desk)
Here's that certified check, Walter.
(sotto voce)
I drew out my wife's savings, and if this isn't back by 5:30 I'm a ruined man!

BURNS
(also sotto voce)
Don't worry, Duffy, you'll have it back by five.
(louder)
Thanks, Duffy. Stick around.
(picking up check he rises)

He walks over to Bruce.

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

BRUCE
(also rising)
Certified! I'm afraid Hildy'd feel ashamed to think she hadn't trusted you.

CLOSEUP DUFFY

He reacts to this sweetly solemn thought.

BURNS AND BRUCE

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

BRUCE
Well, she'll know some day.

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

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

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

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

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

SHOT FEATURING LOUIS

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

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

BRUCE
(embarrassed)
Thanks a lot.

They pass Louis. He looks up.

BRUCE AND BURNS

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

CLOSE SHOT LOUIS

watching.

CLOSE SHOT BURNS

Burns points to Bruce's back.

CLOSE SHOT LOUIS

Louis nods.

BRUCE AND BURNS

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

BRUCE
Oh, sure.
(he extends his hand)
Well, thanks for everything.

BURNS
Don't thank me. I should thank you. So long.

BRUCE
So long.

He turns and goes. Burns watches him.

REVERSE ANGLE

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

Louis comes between Burns and Bruce and follows Bruce out as

we see Bruce going toward outer door.

CLOSEUP BURNS

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

INT. PRESS ROOM SHOT FEATURING HILDY

She is raking in a pot.

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

MCCUE
(throwing cards down)
Your poker's improved a lot, Hildy. Lend me two bucks, will you?

HILDY
Nothing doing. I'm playing for keeps.

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

BENSINGER AT WINDOW

BENSINGER
I wish they'd stop that practicing.

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

INT. COURTYARD THE GALLOWS

The trap is sprung by two or three earnest men.

INT. PRESS ROOM GROUP AT WINDOW

HILDY
(turns away)
Well, anyhow, I won't be covering stuff like this any more.

SCHWARTZ
What's the matter? Getting yellow?

MED. SHOT

A phone rings. McCue answers it.

MCCUE
For you, Hildy.

Hildy goes toward phone.

CLOSE SHOT HILDY AT PHONE

HILDY
Hildy Johnson... Oh, hello, Bruce. Have you got it? Is it certified?

INT. PHONE BOOTH CLOSE SHOT BRUCE

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

INT. PRESS ROOM CLOSE SHOT HILDY AT PHONE

McCue is hovering near.

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

HILDY
(in phone)
But, Bruce, don't keep it in your wallet!... Well, you see --
(she is thinking rapidly)
-- there's an old newspaper superstition that the first big check you get you -- you put in the lining of your hat. That brings you good luck for ten years.

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

HILDY
(to McCue)
I made it up just now, and who's asking you?
(into phone)
I know it's silly, honey, but do it for me, won't you?... Yes, right now.

INT. PHONE BOOTH CLOSE SHOT BRUCE

BRUCE
All right. Wait a minute.

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

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

INT. PRESS ROOM CLOSE SHOT HILDY AT PHONE

HILDY
Fine. And here's a kiss for you.

She blows a kiss into the phone. Immediately we hear kiss

sounds all over. She looks up and glares. Then back to phone:

HILDY
Now, darling, you go back to the hotel and pack and you and Mother pick me up here about half-past five. Goodbye, dear.

INT. PHONE BOOTH CLOSE SHOT BRUCE

He blows a kiss into the phone and hangs up.

EXT. OUTSIDE RESTAURANT LOUIS

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

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

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

COOLEY
Hello, Hildy! What are you doing around here?

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

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

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

HILDY
Say, isn't this your twenty dollars?

COOLEY
(looks at bill eagerly)
I think it is.

HILDY
(handing it over)
I thought so. Come on, I'm in a hurry.

Cooley pockets the twenty and reaches for his key ring.

EXT. STREET SCENE

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

SHOT OF COP

as he sees this and strolls determinedly toward it.

THE CROWD

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

CLOSE SHOT BRUCE

lying down, held by Louis.

MED. SHOT

COP
What's going on?

LOUIS
This guy stole my watch.

COP
(lugging them both to feet)
Have you got his watch?

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

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

BRUCE
I haven't got --

COP
Wait a minute.

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

COP
(to Louis)
Is this yours?

LOUIS
Yeah! That's it!

COP
What about it?

BRUCE
I never saw it before.

Cop grabs Bruce. Louis grabs his other arm.

COP
Come on!

He whistles.

COP
(to mob)
Beat it!

CLOSE SHOT THREE

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

BRUCE
My hat!

COP
Get his hat, somebody.

CLOSEUP BRUCE'S HAT

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

CLOSE SHOT THREE

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

INT. COUNTY JAIL MED. CLOSE SHOT

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

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

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

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

HILDY
What are your beliefs, Earl?

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

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

WILLIAMS
I'd do away with the profit system and have production for use only.

There's enough food and clothing and shelter for everybody if we'd use some sense.

HILDY

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

WILLIAMS

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

CLOSEUP HILDY

HILDY

(thoughtfully)
Yes, that makes a lot of sense, Earl.

WILLIAM'S VOICE

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

HILDY

Sure.
(she studies him a moment)
What's the purpose of a gun, Earl?

CLOSEUP WILLIAMS

WILLIAMS

A gun?
(he thinks -- then a revealing smile breaks out)
Why -- to shoot, of course.

MED. CLOSE TWO SHOT

HILDY

Is that how you came to shoot the policeman?

WILLIAMS

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

HILDY

(writing)
Very simple, Earl.

WILLIAMS

There's nothing crazy about that, is there?

HILDY

No, Earl, not at all.
(she indicates the flowers)
Who sent you the flowers, Earl?

WILLIAMS

(reverently)
Miss Mollie Malloy. She's a wonderful person.

HILDY

(pointing to picture pinned on wall)
Isn't that her picture?

WILLIAMS

(turning toward it)
Yes. Isn't she beautiful?

INSERT: PICTURE OF MOLLIE

HILDY'S VOICE

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

EARL'S VOICE

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

HARTMAN'S VOICE

How'd you get in here?

MEDIUM SHOT

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

HILDY
Same way you did.
(pointing)
Through that gate.

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

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

HARTMAN
Now, wait a minute! I'm not afraid of anything. What were you going to write about Williams?

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

HARTMAN
(beaming)
Oh, that'll be all right, Hildy. Go ahead, run it. And you can say I treated him well, too.
(turning toward Williams)
'Lo, Earl. How are you feeling?

WILLIAMS
Fine, thanks, Sheriff.

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

WILLIAMS

I won't.

HARTMAN
(to Hildy)
Hildy, how'd you like a couple of tickets for the hanging?

HILDY
(in a low voice so Williams won't overhear)
No, thanks Sheriff. I'm leaving town tonight.

HARTMAN
(just as loud as ever)
You ought to stay over. You always wrote a good hanging story, Hildy.

HILDY
That's awful kind of you, Sheriff. I've got to get started on my interview. See you later.

WILLIAMS
Don't forget about production for use.

HILDY
I won't, Earl.
(she goes)

INT. PRESS ROOM GROUP SHOT POKER GAME - NIGHT

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

The electric lights have been switched on.

MURPHY
(raking in a pot)
Well, a guy can win when Hildy ain't around.

ENDICOTT
Who's this guy she's gonna marry?

WILSON
Baldwin -- his name is.

SCHWARTZ
I give that marriage six months.

MCCUE
Why?

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

MURPHY
She says she's gonna write fiction.

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

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

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

MCCUE
Well, well -- Miss Mollie Malloy.

MURPHY
Hello, Mollie.

WILSON
How's tricks, Mollie?

CLOSE SHOT MOLLIE

MOLLIE
I've been lookin' for you tramps.

MED. GROUP SHOT

ENDICOTT
Kid, those were pretty roses you sent Earl. What do you want done with them tomorrow morning?

MOLLIE
(tensely)
A lot of wise guys, ain't you?

SCHWARTZ
(uncomfortably)
You're breaking up the game, Mollie. What do you want?

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

Hildy appears in the doorway and comes into the room.

MURPHY
Keep your shirt on.

MOLLIE
(to Murphy)
If you was worth breaking my fingers on, I'd tear your face wide open.

Hildy goes to desk and begins typing away.

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

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

BENSINGER
(rising and coming over)
She oughtn't be allowed in here!

CLOSEUP MOLLIE

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

CLOSE SHOT ENDICOTT

looking up at her.

ENDICOTT
You've been sucking around that cuckoo

ever since he's been in the death-house. Everybody knows you're his sweetheart.

CLOSEUP MOLLIE

She blows up.

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

CLOSE SHOT HILDY

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

MURPHY'S VOICE
Aw, put it on a phonograph!

MED. SHOT MOLLIE AND OTHERS

MOLLIE
Just because you want to fill your lying paper with a lot of dirty scandal, you got to crucify him and make a stooge out of me!

ENDICOTT
(to Mollie)
Got a match?

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

The boys laugh.

CLOSEUP MOLLIE

She lashes out at them.

MOLLIE
Go on, laugh! I'd like to know some curses bad enough for your greasy souls! Sure, I was his witness -- the only one he had. Yes -- me -- cheap little Mollie Malloy! I'm everything the District Attorney said I was. And still I was the only one with guts enough to stand up for him! I told the truth and the District Attorney knows it! That's why you're persecutin' me! Because Earl Williams treated me decent and not like an animal -- and I said so!

MEDIUM SHOT

MURPHY
(finally irritated)
Go into your dance! This is the Press Room. We're busy.

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

ENDICOTT
(winks at the others)
But you'll have to hurry up -- he left a call for seven A.M.

MOLLIE
(through her teeth)
It's a wonder a bolt of lightning don't come down and strike you all dead!

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

ENDICOTT
(suddenly uncomfortable)
Don't get hysterical, kid.

MOLLIE
(begins to sob)
Shame on you!

CLOSE SHOT MOLLIE -- TAKING IN MURPHY

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

CLOSEUP HILDY

typing away furiously, regardless of this. She ends a page.

The sound of Mollie sobbing comes over the scene. Hildy inserts a fresh page.

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

Hildy looks o.s. and rises determinedly.

MEDIUM SHOT - MOLLIE BACKING AWAY FROM MURPHY

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

HILDY
(gently)
Come on, Mollie. This is no place for you.
(she leads Mollie toward door)

MOLLIE
They're not human!

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

MOLLIE
(one look back as Hildy leads her out door)
It wasn't the Lord! It was the devil!

Hildy and Mollie exit. There is a pause. The boys look at

each other uncomfortably. The phone rings. Wilson goes to answer.

MURPHY
(picking up cards)
You guys wanna play some more poker?

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

CLOSE SHOT WILSON AT PHONE

WILSON
(into phone)
Who? Hildy Johnson? She just stepped out. She'll be back in a second. Who? Oh, Mr. Baldwin. Well, if you'll hang on a minute, she ought to be right in. All right.
(he covers transmitter)

MED. SHOT TAKING DOOR

WILSON
(to others)
Baldwin. The blushing bridegroom -- himself.

SCHWARTZ
What's he want?

WILSON
Wants Hildy -- and sounds very excited.

Hildy comes back. Looks at them and stares contemptuously.

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

WILSON
Phone for you, Hildy.

HILDY
(going toward it)
Who is it?

WILSON

Oh, some insurance man. Are you in?

HILDY
(grabbing phone)
Give me that!

CLOSEUP HILDY

HILDY
(into phone)
Hello! Hello! Bruce?... what?...
Where are you?... You're where?...
How did that happen?...
(she listens
unbelievingly a second)
I'll be right over!

MED. SHOT

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

MURPHY
Boy, did you see her go?

ENDICOTT
Lioness Rushes to Defense of Cub.

WILSON
I told you Baldwin was in trouble.

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

SCHWARTZ
I still give that marriage six months.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE SHOT BENSINGER

at phone.

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

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

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE CLOSE SHOT SHERIFF HARTMAN

at phone.

HARTMAN
(indignantly)
Once and for all, I'm not going to hang anybody except at the legal hour... What? Don't threaten me, Bensinger! I'm not afraid of any newspapers. Yeah?... Oh, shut up!
(he hangs up; an afterthought -- he calls up operator)
And, operator, I told you not to disturb me! I don't care who calls -- I don't want to be disturbed again till I tell you!
(he hangs up -- turns to somebody o.s. and speaks)
How do you like that, Dr. Egelhoffer? Want me to hang williams at their convenience!

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

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

HARTMAN
You said it!

EGELHOFFER
They're always after me for interviews.

HARTMAN
Me, too.

EGELHOFFER
(fencing)

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

HARTMAN

(not liking it)

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

EGELHOFFER

(he'll bargain)

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

HARTMAN

(he buys)

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

EGELHOFFER

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

HARTMAN

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

EGELHOFFER

Yes, I suppose so. It all helps.

WILLIAMS

(just a spectator up to now)

Are you gentlemen all through with me?

EGELHOFFER

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

The Sheriff puts out the lights and the Doctor switches on

the searchlight, which shines in Williams' face.

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

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

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

CLOSEUP WILLIAMS

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

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. POLICE CELL CLOSEUP BRUCE

BRUCE
I'm innocent. I didn't do anything. I never stole a watch in my life.

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

HILDY
I know you didn't, Bruce.

She whirls on lieutenant.

HILDY
(to lieutenant)
Let him out of here, Lieutenant.

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

HILDY
And who accused him? Diamond Louis! One of the worst crooks in town! Why

don't you arrest Louis instead of innocent people that he frames?

LIEUTENANT
Now, Hildy --

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

LIEUTENANT
I can't.

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

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

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

LIEUTENANT
Five hundred dollars.

HILDY
You'll take fifty and like it!

LIEUTENANT
(wavers)
Well, all right. But I'm liable to get into a jam.

He starts to open cell door.

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

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TAXI (PROCESS SHOT)

Hildy is combing Bruce's hair. He begins to look presentable.

He fumbles in his breast pocket.

HILDY
What's the matter?

BRUCE
I lost my wallet.

HILDY
(stops)
The check, Bruce!

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

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

HILDY
(taking check and putting it away)
Yes, wasn't it?

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

HILDY
(looking at him fondly)
I'm sure you haven't any.

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

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

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

HILDY
Yes, he is... Look, Bruce, we're taking that next train -- and when I

say next train, this time I mean it!

BRUCE
Did you finish the interview?

HILDY
(to driver)
The Criminal Courts Building.

The driver nods.

HILDY
(to Bruce)
No -- but I'm sure it'll be all right with Walter.

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

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

The cab stops. Hildy gets out and Bruce starts to follow.
Hildy turns and pushes him back in the cab.

EXT. STREET MED. SHOT HILDY

at door of cab. Bruce in cab.

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

Hildy turns and starts for stairs of Criminal Courts Building.

DISSOLVE TO:

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

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

SCHWARTZ

(reading)

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

(he stops)

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

BENSINGER

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

ENDICOTT

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

SCHWARTZ

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

HILDY'S VOICE

I'll take that bet.

They turn. Hildy comes into the scene.

HILDY

(going to her phone)

It's getting so a girl can't step out of the room without being discussed by a bunch of old ladies.

(into phone; her voice assumes a silken quality)

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

CLOSE SHOT SCHWARTZ

SCHWARTZ

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

MED. SHOT FEATURING HILDY

HILDY
(into phone)
This is Hildy Johnson...
(to Schwartz)
Oh, I can give it up all right. Without a single quiver. I'm going to live like a human being -- not like you rats.
(into phone)
Oh, is that you, Walter dear? Oh, I didn't mean "dear." That was just habit, I guess. Oh, be yourself, Walter. I've got some news for you... Yes, I got the interview, but I've got some news that's more important.

The others are listening, suspecting a scoop.

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

QUICK CUTS OF REACTION FROM OTHERS

CLOSEUP HILDY

HILDY
...And I just want you to listen to

one more thing.

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

HILDY

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

She hangs up.

MED. SHOT FEATURING HILDY

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

HILDY

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

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

HILDY

I'm going to be a woman, not a newsgetting machine. I'm going to have babies and nurse them and love them and give 'em cod liver oil and worry about their new teeth -- and the minute I catch one of them even looking at a newspaper, I'm going to brain him! Where's my hat?

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

SCHWARTZ

(subdued tones)

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

HILDY

(stopping midway to her hat)

I'll take it.

(she comes over to phone)

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

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

HILDY

Now where was that hat? Oh, yes.

She starts toward it.

INT. SHERIFF HARTMAN'S OFFICE MED. SHOT

WILLIAMS

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

HARTMAN

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

EGELHOFFER

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

Hartman starts to take gun out, hesitates.

HARTMAN

I don't know --

EGELHOFFER

(insistently)

Come, come, Sheriff, lightning doesn't

strike in the same place twice.
Nothing's going to happen.

Hartman hands him the gun.

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

WILLIAMS
Yes, sir.

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

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

WILLIAMS
(hesitantly)
Well, it wasn't exactly that way --

EGELHOFFER
(insistently)
Point the gun at me!

Williams does so.

EGELHOFFER
Then what did you do?

Williams hesitates for a moment and then pulls the trigger.
Hartman promptly dives under the desk as Egelhoffer topples over.

WILLIAMS
(pathetically)
Now can I go, please?

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

VOICE
Hey, Sheriff! Open up! What happened?

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

INT. PRESS ROOM MED. GROUP SHOT

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

ENDICOTT
Goodbye, Yonson.

MCCUE
So long, Hildy.

MURPHY
Send us a postcard, kid.

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

BENSINGER
Goodbye, Hildy.

Hildy has crossed to doorway, the CAMERA TRUCKING WITH HER. She turns and faces the room to make a last bravura speech.

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

She turns and starts on a bit of verse:

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

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

shots. Wilson, Endicott and Murphy jump for the window.

CLOSE SHOT AT WINDOW

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

WILSON
There's a jail-break!

MURPHY
(at window, simultaneously)
Cooley! What's the matter What's happened?

VOICES FROM YARD
Watch the gate! He's probably trying the gate!

Outside, a siren begins to wail.

ENDICOTT
(out the window)
Who got away? Who was it?

VOICE OUTSIDE
Earl... Williams!!!

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

SHOT AT DESK

MCCUE
Holy ---! Gimme that telephone!
(works hook frantically)
Hurry! Hurry up! This is important!

MED. SHOT TAKING IN DOOR

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

are jumping for their telephones. Another windowpane goes.

MCCUE
(screaming)
Look out!

CLOSE SHOT AT WINDOW

MURPHY
(out the window)
Look out where you're aiming, will you?

A QUICK MONTAGE

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

MEDIUM SHOT

The last of the reporters is gone.

CLOSE SHOT - HILDY

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

ANOTHER ANGLE

HILDY
Ahhh --

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

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

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

CLOSEUP - HILDY

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

She hangs up.

MEDIUM SHOT

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

EXT. COURTYARD - DAY MEDIUM SHOT - AT THE GATE

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

MEDIUM SHOT AT DOOR LEADING FROM BUILDING TO COURTYARD

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

MED. SHOT - SQUAD CAR

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

MED. SHOT - AT GATE

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

CLOSE SHOT - HILDY AND COOLEY

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

HILDY
Cooley, I want to talk to you.

COOLEY
(trying to get up)
Hildy -- I can't. I'm busy -- I -- Let me up, Hildy. Earl Williams has escaped --

He struggles.

HILDY
There's money in it, Cooley.

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

HILDY
(interrupting him)
A lot of money.
(she opens her bag)
Four hundred and fifty dollars --

She fingers the bills.

COOLEY
How much?

HILDY
Four hundred and fifty dollars. Is it a deal?

COOLEY
It's a deal. Let me up.

Cooley gets up and dusts himself off.

COOLEY
Let's see the money.

HILDY
(money still in her hand)
First we talk. How did Earl Williams

get that gun?

Cooley looks around quickly.

COOLEY
Come on, and I'll tell you.

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

MEDIUM SHOT

They move off as the gates are closed.

DISSOLVE TO:

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

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

Endicott enters hurriedly, crosses to his phone.

ENDICOTT
(into phone)
Endicott talking.

CLOSE SHOT ENDICOTT - AT PHONE

ENDICOTT
(into phone)
No -- nobody knows where he got the gun, but I think Mollie Malloy smuggled it in to him. He ran up the fire-escape, and went back in the infirmary window. Then he got out through the skylight. He must have slid down the rain-pipe to the street.

MURPHY'S VOICE
Gimme the Desk.

MED. TWO SHOT

including Murphy and Endicott at separate phones.

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

MURPHY
The Crime Commission has offered a

reward of ten thousand dollars for Williams' capture.

ENDICOTT
Call you back.

He hangs up swiftly and goes out.

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

Wilson enters and picks up his phone.

WILSON
(into phone)
Wilson talking.

MURPHY
Yeah -- tear bomb. Criminals cry for it.

MEDIUM SHOT

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

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

MURPHY
(into phone)
This tear bomb went off unexpectedly in the hands of Sheriff Hartman's Bombing Squad.

HARTMAN
What went off?

MURPHY
(into phone)
Four of Mr. Hartman's Deputy Sheriffs were rushed to the hospital --

HARTMAN
A fine fair-weather friend you are!

MURPHY
(remorselessly, into phone)
The names are Merwyn D. Mayor, who is the Mayor's brother-in-law --

HARTMAN
After all I've done for you --

MURPHY
(continuing)
Howard Shenken, the Sheriff's uncle on his mother's side --

WILSON
(into phone)
Hello, Jim? Sidelights on Sheriff Hartman's manhunt.

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

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

He hangs up.

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

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

HILDY
There goes another scrub lady.

WILSON
(into phone)

I'll go right after it.

He hangs up and exits.

MURPHY
(to Hildy)
Any dope yet on how he got out?

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

HARTMAN
I'm very disappointed in you, Hildy Johnson.

He turns and exits.

CLOSE SHOT AT TABLE NEAR HILDY'S PHONE

taking in Hildy and Murphy.

MURPHY
How do you suppose Williams got that gun?

As Hildy shrugs, there is another flurry of machine-gun fire.

Murphy leaves precipitately. Hildy, alone at last, picks up the phone.

HILDY
(into phone)
Give me Walter Burns -- quick --

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

HILDY
(picking up phone)
Walter, listen. I've got the inside story on how Williams got the gun and escaped.

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

at his desk, telephone to his ear.

BURNS
Exclusive? That's great.

INT. PRESS ROOM - DAY CLOSE SHOT - HILDY

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

INT. BURNS' OFFICE CLOSE SHOT - BURNS

BURNS
Never mind that. What's the story?

INT. PRESS ROOM CLOSE SHOT - HILDY

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

INT. BURNS' OFFICE CLOSE SHOT - BURNS

BURNS
You'll get it. Now what's the story?
(he raises his hand)
I'll have the paper send the money right down to you. I swear it on my mother's grave.

INT. PRESS ROOM CLOSE SHOT - HILDY

HILDY
Wait a minute. Your mother's alive.

INT. BURNS' OFFICE CLOSE SHOT - BURNS

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

INT. PRESS ROOM CLOSE SHOT - HILDY

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

She starts to giggle at the thought.

HILDY
Well, I'm coming to it. It seems the Professor had to have a gun to re-enact the crime with -- and who do

you suppose supplied it? Nobody else but that great thinker, Sheriff Hartman!

INT. BURNS' OFFICE CLOSE SHOT - BURNS

BURNS
(laughing)
No kidding, Hildy.
(suspiciously)
Say, this isn't a rib?

INT. PRESS ROOM CLOSE SHOT - HILDY

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

INT. BURNS' OFFICE CLOSE SHOT - BURNS

BURNS
That's great work, Hildy... Huh? Oh, will you stop worrying about the money? I'll see you get it in fifteen minutes.

INT. PRESS ROOM CLOSE SHOT - HILDY

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

INT. BURNS' OFFICE CLOSE SHOT BURNS

BURNS
Hold on a minute.

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

BURNS
(his hand carefully

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

BLONDE
I've never flopped on you, have I?

BURNS
Then scram! You've got about two minutes.

She exits.

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

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

BURNS
(to Louis)
I need four hundred and fifty dollars in counterfeit money. You know where I can get it?

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

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

INT. PRESS ROOM MED. SHOT HILDY AT TELEPHONE

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

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

MCCUE

Hello, Hildy. I thought you were gone.

HILDY
I thought so, too.

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

CLOSE SHOT MCCUE AT PHONE

MCCUE
(into phone)
McCue speaking. Mrs. Phoebe DeWolfe, eight-sixty-one and a half South State Street, colored, gave birth to a pickaninny in a patrol wagon with Sheriff Hartman's special Rifle Squad acting as nurses. Well -- Phoebe was walking along the street when all of a sudden she began -- that's right. So the police coaxed her into the patrol wagon and they started a race with the stork. When the pickaninny was born the Rifle Squad examined him carefully to see if it was Earl Williams who they knew was hiding somewhere.

MED. SHOT

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

MCCUE
(to Hildy)
Did you get that, Hildy?

HILDY
No -- what?

Hildy's phone rings. She answers.

CLOSE SHOT HILDY AT PHONE

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

Precinct? All right, I'll be right over --

(she breaks off and looks down at her bag on the desk)

I'll be over in twenty minutes, Bruce.

(she hangs up)

If I ever see Walter Burns --

(she picks up phone and dials viciously)

Get me Walter Burns... Hildy Johnson! Well, he was there just a minute ago! Have him call me back!

She hangs up.

MEDIUM SHOT

HILDY

(to McCue)

If Walter Burns calls, hold the wire for me, will you? I'll be right back.

(she goes out)

MCCUE

Okay, Hildy.

(into phone)

Well, we can't get any official statement --

MEDIUM SHOT ANOTHER ANGLE

The door opens and the Mayor enters.

MCCUE

(into phone)

Oh, wait a minute -- here's the Mayor. Maybe he'll give us one.

CLOSEUP THE MAYOR

turning away with a wave of his hand.

MAYOR

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

CLOSEUP MCCUE

MCCUE

(into phone)

His Honor won't say anything.

He hangs up and exits out of scene.

MED. CLOSE SHOT MAYOR TAKING IN DOOR

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

MAYOR
(to McCue)
Have you seen Sheriff Hartman?

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

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

CLOSEUP THE MAYOR

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

MED. SHOT INCLUDING GROUP

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

The Sheriff comes scooting in.

MAYOR
(to the Sheriff)
Hartman, I've been looking for you!

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

MURPHY
So have we!

ENDICOTT
What's the dope, Sheriff?

MURPHY
Who engineered this getaway?

CLOSE SHOT

HARTMAN
Just a minute! We've got him located.

ENDICOTT
Williams?

MURPHY
Where is he?

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

The boys beat it, fast.

MAYOR
Pete, I want to talk to you!

HARTMAN
I ain't got time, Fred, honest. I'll see you after.

MAYOR
Did you actually give Williams that gun?

HARTMAN
(a wail)
The professor asked me for it -- I thought it was for something scientific!

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

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

ANOTHER ANGLE FEATURING SCHWARTZ

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

SCHWARTZ
Hiya, Your Honor.
(into phone)
Schwartz calling.
(to the Mayor)
How about it, Your Honor? Any

statement on the Red uprising tomorrow?

MAYOR
What Red uprising?

HARTMAN
There'll be no Red uprising!

SCHWARTZ
(into phone)
Gimme rewrite --
(to the Mayor)
The Governor says the situation calls for the militia.

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

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

CLOSEUP SHERIFF AND MAYOR

SCHWARTZ' VOICE
Quote him as follows: "It is a lucky thing for the city that next Tuesday is Election Day, as the citizens will thus be saved the expense of impeaching the Mayor and the Sheriff." That's all -- call you back.

MED. SHOT SCHWARTZ

He hangs up and starts out.

SCHWARTZ
Nice to have seen you, Mayor.

He exits, whistling.

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

They start out.

MED. SHOT SHERIFF AND MAYOR

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

MED. SHOT MAYOR AND SHERIFF

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

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

MAYOR
Four hundred! Do you want to bankrupt this administration?

HARTMAN
(pleadingly)
I'm getting them for twelve dollars a night.

MAYOR
Twelve dollars! -- For those rheumatic uncles of yours?
(gesturing)
Out shooting everybody they see for the fun of it?

HARTMAN
(with dignity)
If you're talking about my brother-in-law, he's worked for the city fifteen years.

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

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE MED. CLOSE SHOT

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

MAYOR
Pete, you're through!

HARTMAN
(stunned)
What do you mean -- through?

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

HARTMAN
(David to Jonathan)
Fred!

MAYOR
Now, Pete! Please don't appeal to my Sentimental side.

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

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

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

MAYOR
(wavering and desperate)
If there was any way out...

As a phone rings:

HARTMAN
There is a way out. I've got Williams surrounded, haven't I? What more do you want?
(into phone)
Hello... Yes... Hello!

(wildly)
Four hundred suppers! Nothing doing! This is a man-hunt -- not a banquet!... The twelve dollars includes everything!!

He hangs up.

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

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

Sheriff winces.

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

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

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

HARTMAN
But we're going to hang him, Fred. He can't get away.

A knock on the door.

MAYOR
What do you mean he can't get away?! He got away, didn't he?

Knocking louder.

MAYOR
Who's out there?

VOICE OUTSIDE (PINKUS)

Is Sheriff Hartman in there?

Sheriff starts for door.

HARTMAN
(relieved)
Ah! For me!

MED. SHOT TAKING IN DOOR

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

HARTMAN
(as he opens door, disclosing Pinkus)
I'm Sheriff Hartman. You want me?

PINKUS
(coming in)
You're certainly a hard fellow to find, Sheriff.

MAYOR
(annoyed)
What do you want?

PINKUS
(taking a document from his pocket and proffering it to Sheriff)
I'm a messenger at the State House. This is from the Governor.

MAYOR
What's from the Governor?

PINKUS
The reprieve for Earl Williams.

HARTMAN
(stunned)
For who?

PINKUS
(amiably)
Earl Williams. The reprieve.

MAYOR
W-wait a minute.

Getting his bearings.

HARTMAN
(bursting forth)
The Governor gave me his word of honor he wouldn't interfere. Two days ago!

MAYOR
And you fell for it, Pete. It frightens me what I'd like to do to you.
(to Pinkus)
Who else knows about this?

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

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

MAYOR
(to Sheriff)
Get the Governor on the phone!

PINKUS
(helpfully)
You can't get him on the phone. He's out duckshooting now.

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

HARTMAN
(thrusting the document at the Mayor)
Read it! Insane, he says.
(shaking a finger in Pinkus' face)
He knows very well that Williams ain't insane!

PINKUS
Yeah. But I --

MAYOR
(interrupting)
Pure politics!

HARTMAN
An attempt to ruin us!

The phone rings. Hartman starts for it.

MAYOR
(reading)
Dementia praecox Oh-h-h!

HARTMAN
We got to think fast before those lying reporters get hold of this. What'll we tell 'em?

MAYOR
Tell 'em the party is through in this State on account of you.

HARTMAN
Ah, Fred --
(into phone)
Hello... this is Hartman --

MAYOR
(apoplectic)
And you can tell 'em as an afterthought that I want your resignation now!

HARTMAN
(from the phone)
Sssh. Wait, Fred.
(excitedly, into phone)
What?... Where?... Where? Holy Moses!

MAYOR
What is it?

HARTMAN
They got him!
(back to phone)
Wait a minute -- hold the wire.
(to the Mayor)
They got Earl Williams surrounded -- the Riot Squad has -- in his house.

MAYOR
Tell 'em to hold the wire.

HARTMAN
I did.
(into phone)
Hold the wire.

MAYOR
Cover up that transmitter!

Sheriff does so. Mayor faces Cooney.

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

PINKUS
(blinking)
Yes, I did, just now. Don't you remember?

MAYOR
How much do you make a week?

PINKUS
Huh?

MAYOR
(impatiently)
How much do you make a week? What's your salary?

PINKUS
(reluctantly)
Forty dollars.

HARTMAN
(into phone)
No -- don't out me off.

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

PINKUS
Who? Me?

MAYOR
(exasperated)
Who do you think!

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

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

PINKUS
The what?

MAYOR
The City Sealer's office!

PINKUS
You mean here in the city?

MAYOR
(foaming)
Yes, yes!

HARTMAN
(at phone)
Well, wait a minute, will you? I'm in conference.

PINKUS
(a very deliberate intellect)
No, I couldn't do that.

MAYOR
Why not?

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

MAYOR
(desperate)
But you could bring 'em in here! We'll pay all your expenses.

PINKUS
(with vast thought)
No, I don't think so.

MAYOR
For heaven's sake, why not?

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

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

PINKUS
(lured)
Yeah?

HARTMAN
(into phone)
Hold your horses -- will you, Olsen? Hurry up, Fred!

MAYOR
Now what do you say?

PINKUS
This puts me in a peculiar hole.

MAYOR
No, it doesn't.
(hands him the reprieve)
Now, remember: you never delivered this.
(rushing him to the door)
You got caught in the traffic, or something.
(opening door)
Now, get out of here and don't let anybody see you.

PINKUS
But how do I know...?

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

PINKUS
Pinkus.

MAYOR
(taking out his wallet)
All right, Mr. Pinkus, all you've got to do is lay low and keep your

mouth shut. Here!
(he hands him a card)
Go to this address. It's a nice, homey little place, and they'll take care of you for the night. Just tell 'em Fred sent you. And here's fifty dollars on account.

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

HARTMAN
(into phone, desperately)
Will you wait, Olsen? I'll tell you in a minute!

The door opens again and Pinkus comes back in.

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

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

PINKUS
Is it hard?

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

HARTMAN
(pleadingly, into phone)
Just one second --

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

MAYOR
(pushing him out the door)
We'll fix that, too.
(he closes the door after him)

HARTMAN

(into phone -- one more plea)
Just -- one -- second!

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

MAYOR
(huskily)
All right. Tell 'em to shoot to kill.

HARTMAN
What?

MAYOR
Shoot to kill, I said.

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

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

HARTMAN
(into phone)
Hello, Olsen... Listen...
(his voice is weak)
Shoot to kill... That's the orders pass the word along... No! We dont want him! And listen, Olsen, five-hundred bucks for the guy that does the job... Yes, I'll be right out there.
(hangs up)
Well, I hope that's the right thing to do.

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

HARTMAN
(mopping his brow)
If we didn't have election Tuesday I'd have this on my conscience.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE PRESS ROOM MED. SHOT

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

INT. PRESS ROOM MED. SHOT

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

HILDY
(into phone)
Will you try --

LOUIE'S VOICE
Hildy.

HILDY
(wheeling towards door)
Louie!

She drops the phone and hurries towards him.

HILDY
Have you got my dough?

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

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

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

HILDY
Come on with that money!

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

HILDY

Where's the money?

LOUIS
Keep your shirt on. I got it -- right here.
(he picks out money and counts)
One hundred -- two hundred -- three hundred -- four hundred -- and fifty. Now sign.

HILDY
(grabs money and signs)
Here!

LOUIS
Thanks. So long, Hildy!

HILDY
(grabbing him)
So long, nothing! Where's Bruce Baldwin's wallet?

LOUIS
Huh?

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

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

He takes Bruce's wallet out.

HILDY
(grabbing it)
You know it is!

LOUIS
I didn't frisk him. He must have dropped it in Burns' office. I didn't know whose it was.

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

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

He suddenly realizes what he's said and sprints for the door.

Hildy chucks something at him. It just misses as he ducks out of the door.

MED. SHOT ANOTHER ANGLE

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

HILDY
(into phone)
27th Precinct Station House?

Hildy stops short, arrested by a sound from the open window.

She turns and sees Earl Williams, looking more inoffensive and exhausted than ever, indeed on the verge of collapse. He carries a large revolver. The search-lights that have been playing in the courtyard strike into the windows again.

WILLIAMS
(pointing gun at her)
Drop that phone --

Hildy drops the phone back on the hook.

WILLIAMS
(supporting himself by holding on to edge of desk)
You're not going to phone anybody where I am.

HILDY
(bracing herself)
Put down that gun, Earl.

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

HILDY
You're not going to shoot me, Earl. I'm your friend, remember? I've got to write that story about your "Production for Use".

WILLIAMS
Yes -- that's right. Production for use.

Hildy starts walking toward him, slowly.

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

WILLIAMS
Don't move!

Hildy stops.

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

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

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

Hildy sneaks another step forward.

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

WILLIAMS

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

HILDY
I don't blame you, Earl.
(another step forward)
If I were in your place I wouldn't trust anybody, either.

WILLIAMS
(suddenly)
Keep away!

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

WILLIAMS
(weakly)
I guess I used all the shells.

CLOSE TWO SHOT

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

HILDY
Earl, you must never do that again.

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

HILDY
(more her old self now)
Well, maybe you think I could!

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

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

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

HILDY
Don't talk too loud.

WILLIAMS
(babbling on as she moves about)
Wakin' me up in the middle of the night -- talkin' to me about things they don't understand. Callin' me a Bolshevik. I'm an anarchist. It's got nothin' to do with bombs. It's the philosophy that guarantees every man freedom. You see that, don't you?

HILDY
Sure I do, Earl.

Hildy is looking around for a hiding place for him.

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

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

HILDY
(into phone)
Hello... Gimme Walter Burns -- quick!

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

CLOSEUP HILDY AT PHONE

HILDY
(into second phone)
Hello -- hel -- Oh, hello, Bruce... Oh, Bruce, please -- I know I said

I'd be down in fifteen minutes, but something terrific's happened! Hang on, Bruce --

(into first phone)

Walter?... Hildy. Come over here -- right away!... Wait!

(into second phone)

Bruce, just a second, Bruce -- I'll explain everything.

(into first phone)

Walter! Get this: I've got Earl Williams... Yes! Here in the Press Room... Honest! On the level. Hurry -- I need you.

She hangs up and turns into second phone.

HILDY

Bruce, this is the biggest thing that ever happened...

(lowers voice)

I just captured Earl Williams -- you know -- the murderer --

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

HILDY

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

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

on the door. She springs up.

MED. SHOT

taking in door. Hildy glares apprehensively, then crosses to

it.

HILDY

(cautiously)

Who's there?

MOLLIE'S VOICE

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

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

MOLLIE
Where are they gone? You know where they are?

HILDY
Wait a minute, Mollie.

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

CLOSE SHOT HILDY AND MOLLIE

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

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

MOLLIE
What do you mean?

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

MOLLIE
(spinning around)
What's that?

HILDY
Quiet, Mollie!

MOLLIE
There's somethin' funny going on around here.

MED. SHOT

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

CLOSEUP EARL AND MOLLIE

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

He opens his eyes.

WILLIAMS
Hello, Mollie.

Mollie begins to sob.

WIDER ANGLE SHOT

Hildy comes over and says:

HILDY
Quiet, Mollie, quiet!

WILLIAMS
(putting out hand to stroke her hair)
Don't cry, Mollie, there's nothing to cry about.

HILDY
How'd you get here, Earl?

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

MOLLIE
(coming up)
Of course I believe you.

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

MOLLIE
That's all right, Mr. Williams...
(to Hildy)
You're a woman. You got to help us. You got to get him out of here, some place where I can take care of him.

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

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

way.

MOLLIE
No -- I'll never let 'em!

The door is tried outside.

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

HILDY
Ssh!

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE PRESS ROOM DOOR CLOSE SHOT

Endicott at door is trying to get in.

ENDICOTT
Who locked the door?

INT. PRESS ROOM BACK TO HILDY

HILDY
(calling)
Just a second, Mike ---
(whispering to Mollie)
Mollie, I got it!

MED. CLOSE SHOT AT DESK

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

HILDY
Can you get in this desk?

INT. CORRIDOR CLOSE SHOT

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

WILSON
What's going on in there?

INT. PRESS ROOM HILDY, MOLLIE AND EARL

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

WILLIAMS
What good'll it do?

HILDY
We'll get you out in ten minutes.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE DOOR

ENDICOTT
Open up there, will you!

INT. PRESS ROOM HILDY, MOLLIE AND EARL

HILDY
(crying)
All right -- all right!

MOLLIE
(to Earl)
Go on!
(shoving him to desk)
Please!

WILLIAMS
They'll find me anyhow.

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

HILDY
(calling)
I'm coming!
(to Earl)
Keep dead quiet. Don't even breathe.

MOLLIE
(to Earl)
I'll be right here. I won't leave you.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE DOOR

ENDICOTT
(giving door a terrific kick)
Hey!

INT. PRESS ROOM CLOSE SHOT HILDY AND MOLLIE

HILDY
(to Mollie)
Mollie, drop down here! You've fainted!

MOLLIE
What's the idea?

HILDY
Never mind! Just play dead.

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

The kicking at the door continues.

MED. SHOT

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

MOLLIE
(spluttering)
Hey --

HILDY
(fiercely)
Shut up, you!

Hildy crosses swiftly to the door.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE DOOR

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

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

HILDY
Run down and get some smelling salts, will you?

WILSON
Smelling salts! What's going on here?

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

ENDICOTT
Mollie Malloy -- what happened to her?

HILDY
(as Endicott and Wilson enter room)
Came up here -- had hysterics and passed out. I've been trying to get her to come to.

INT. PRESS ROOM MED. SHOT

Mollie is shaking her head.

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

HILDY
Give me a hand with her, will you?

ENDICOTT
Okay.
(lifting Mollie)
Up you go, Mollie.

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

CLOSE SHOT WILSON AT PHONE

WILSON
(into Phone)
City Desk.

MED. CLOSE SHOT

Taking in Hildy, Wilson and Mollie and Endicott.

ENDICOTT
She'll be all right.
(crosses to his phone)
The Desk.

WILSON
(into phone)
Well, they surrounded the house, all right, only they forgot to tell

Williams, and he wasn't there.

MED. LONG SHOT TAKING IN DOOR

Murphy comes in.

MURPHY
(seeing Hildy, who has been fastening Mollie's blouse)
Hildy, I thought you were gone --

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

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

Murphy crosses to his phone. McCue comes in.

MCCUE
(panting)
What a chase!

ENDICOTT
(into phone)
No luck on Williams, yet -- call you back.

He hangs up.

WILSON
(into phone)
Okay, later.

He hangs up.

MURPHY
(into phone)
Murphy talking.

Schwartz comes in.

HILDY
Any news?

SCHWARTZ
Yeah. I was never so tired in my

life.

He picks up his phone.

MCCUE
(into phone)
Where? Harrison Street Station? All right, connect me.

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

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

CLOSE SHOT HILDY AND MOLLIE

HILDY
Are you all right, now?

MOLLIE
Yeah, I'm feelin' fine.

MED. SHOT GROUP

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

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

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

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

CLOSEUP HILDY

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

MED. SHOT GROUP

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

MCCUE
Okay.
(into phone)
Forget it.
(he hangs up)

HILDY
What's the matter with you boys? Afraid it might rain? If you want to go, I'll cover this end.

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

ENDICOTT
Something smells around here. If you ask me Mollie gave her the story on how Williams got that gun.
(turning on Mollie)
Did you smuggle that gun into Williams, Mollie?

MOLLIE
I didn't do nothin'.

MCCUE
(crossing to Mollie)
Come clean, Mollie.

Wilson, Endicott and Murphy follow McCue toward Hildy.

ENDICOTT
Better let us in on it, Mollie.

HILDY
Aw, why don't you let her alone? She's ill!

MURPHY

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

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

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

MED. SHOT AT DOOR

Mrs. Baldwin is in a very righteous mood.

MRS. BALDWIN
Well?

CLOSE SHOT HILDY

as she comes in to her.

HILDY
Mother!

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

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

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

CLOSE SHOT REPORTERS

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

MRS. BALDWIN'S VOICE
(continuing)
Which one of these men is it? They all look like murderers to me!

MURPHY
Where does she get that stuff?

SCHWARTZ
Shall we tell her what she looks like?

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

MED. SHOT GROUP

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

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

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

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

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

HILDY
(desperately)
But I never said anything like that!

MRS. BALDWIN
Yes, you did!

CLOSEUP MOLLIE

MOLLIE
She never told her that!

MED. CLOSE SHOT GROUP

HILDY
I said I was trying to catch one.
(to Mrs. Baldwin)

You got it balled up, Mother.

CLOSE SHOT

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

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

He grabs her cruelly by an arm.

MOLLIE
Let go!

Endicott comes into scene.

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

CLOSE SHOT HILDY AND MRS. BALDWIN

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

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

MED. SHOT

as the rest of the reporters surround Hildy menacingly.

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

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

CLOSEUP MOLLIE

AS SHE CRIES WILDLY:

MOLLIE
Wait! You stool-pigeons! She don't

know where Williams is. I'm the one that knows.

SHOT OF REPORTERS

as they turn on Mollie.

ENDICOTT
What do you mean, you know?

They start for Mollie.

MED. SHOT

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

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

CLOSEUP HILDY

who has remained riveted at desk.

HILDY
Let her alone! She's goofy!

MOLLIE AND REPORTERS

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

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

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

MCCUE
You ain't gettin' out o' here!

ENDICOTT
Now, where is he?

WILSON

Where you hidin' him?

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

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

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

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

MOLLIE
(backing)
Don't you come near me, you kidney foot!

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

MOLLIE
(wild and 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!

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

FORWARD TO:

CLOSE SHOT AT WINDOW

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

CLOSE SHOT MRS. BALDWIN

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

MRS. BALDWIN
Take me out of here! Take me --
(a moan)
Oh-h --

She collapses to a chair.

SHOT AT WINDOW

MCCUE
(turning)
Get the cops, somebody.

MURPHY
(turning)
Come on, fellas.

They start in a rush for the door.

MED. SHOT AT DOOR AND DESK

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

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

Reaching the window, she looks out.

EXT. PAVEMENT SHOOTING DOWN FROM HILDY'S ANGLE

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

VOICES
(of guards rushing in)
Get a doctor! Take her to the infirmary! She ain't killed -- she's moving!

INT. PRESS ROOM SHOOTING INTO ROOM FROM WINDOW

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

HILDY
Walter! D-did you see --
(gesturing back to window)
-- that?

CLOSE SHOT BURNS

BURNS
Yes. Where is he?

HILDY
(comes in to him)
She jumped out of the window.

BURNS
I know. Where is he, I said.

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CLOSE SHOT MRS. BALDWIN

looking up at them, off.

MRS. BALDWIN
What are you doing?

BURNS' VOICE
Shut up!

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

CLOSE AT DESK - TAKING IN LOUIE AT THE DOOR

Burns slams closed the desk and steps to Louie.

CLOSE SHOT

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

CLOSEUP MRS. BALDWIN

MRS. BALDWIN
What's that -- what's that?

CLOSE SHOT GROUP

as Louie comes in to Mrs. Baldwin.

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

LOUIE
(extending his hand as if to shake hands with Mrs. Baldwin)
My name is Louis Peluso.

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

BURNS
Tell 'em it's a case of delirium tremens.

TRUCKING SHOT

with them -- Hildy catching up.

HILDY
Now, let go of her, Louie. Listen, Walter, this'll get me in a terrible jam with my fiancée and I don't stand so well with him now. Don't worry, Mother, this is only temporary.

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

CLOSE SHOT BURNS AND HILDY

BURNS
Where do you think you're going?

HILDY
Let go o' me! I've got to get Bruce out of jail! Oh, Walter, why did you have to do this to me?

BURNS
(scornfully)
Get Bruce out of jail! How can you worry about a man who's resting comfortably in a quiet police station while this is going on? Hildy, this is war! You can't desert now!

HILDY
Oh, get off that trapeze!
(indicating desk, off)
There's your story! Smear it all over the front page -- Earl Williams caught by the Morning Post! And take all the credit -- I covered your story for you and I got myself in a fine mess doing it -- and now I'm getting out! I know I told you that twice before today -- but this time I mean it!

BURNS
You drooling idiot! What do you mean, you're getting out! There are three hundred and sixty-five days in the year one can get married -- but how

many times have you got a murderer locked up in a desk? -- Once in a lifetime! Hildy, you've got the whole city by the seat of the pants!

HILDY

I know, but --

BURNS

(interrupting)

You know! You've got the brain of a pancake! That wasn't just a story you covered -- it was a revolution! Hildy! This is the greatest yarn in journalism since Livingstone discovered Stanley for the New York Herald!

(quickly closes the door)

HILDY

(slightly bewildered)

Wait a minute -- wasn't it Stanley who discovered Livingstone?

BURNS

Don't get technical at a time like this! Do you realize what you've done? You've taken a city that's been graft-ridden for forty years under the same old gang and with this yarn you're kicking 'em out and giving us a chance to have the same kind of government that New York's having under La Guardia! We'll make such monkeys out of these ward-heelers next Tuesday that nobody'll vote for them -- not even their wives!

HILDY

(the fire upon her)

I'd like to think.

BURNS

Well, think it then, because it's true! We'll crucify that mob. We're going to keep Williams under cover till morning so the Post can break the story exclusive. Then we'll let the Governor in on the capture -- share the glory with him.

HILDY

(excited)
I get it!

BURNS

You've kicked over the whole City Hall like an apple-cart. You've got the Mayor and Hartman backed against a wall. You've put one administration out and another in. This isn't a newspaper story -- it's a career! And you stand there belly-aching about whether you catch an eight o'clock train or a nine o'clock train! Still a doll-faced mugg! That's all you are.

HILDY

Let me get at that typewriter and I'll show you how a doll-faced mugg can write!

BURNS

Attagirl! Why, they'll be naming streets after you -- Hildy Johnson Street! There'll be statues of you in the parks, Hildy. The radio'll be after you -- the movies!

(slapping his fist against his open palm)

By tomorrow morning I'll betcha there's a Hildy Johnson cigar! I can see the billboards now. Light up with Hildy Johnson!

HILDY

Whoa -- wait a minute. We can't leave Williams here. One of the other fellows'll --

BURNS

We're going to take him over to my private office.

(turning)
Where's our phone?

HILDY

That one -- how you gonna take him? They'll see him.

SHOT AT TABLE

as Burns gets phone and jiggles the hook.

BURNS
Not if he's inside the desk. We'll carry the desk over.
(into phone)
Give me Duffy!

HILDY
You can't take that desk out. It's crawling with cops outside.

BURNS
We'll lower it out of the window with pulleys. Quit stallin'.

As Hildy seems abstracted:

BURNS
Hildy!

HILDY
(coming to)
Huh!

BURNS
Get the lead out of your typewriter and start pounding out a load, will you? Snap into it!

HILDY
How much do you want on it?

BURNS
All the words you've got.

HILDY
(turning)
Where's some paper?

Goes out of scene.

BURNS
(into phone)
Hello...! Hello!

SHOT AT DESK

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

HILDY
Can I call the Mayor a bird of prey -- or is that libelous?

CLOSEUP BURNS AT PHONE

BURNS
Call him a love-child, if you want to.
(into phone)
Duffy!

CLOSE SHOT HILDY

Having opened the drawers of Bensinger's desk, she is tossing play manuscripts, syringes, patent medicines and old socks into the air, in a frantic search for paper.

HILDY
(calling to Burns)
How about the time he had his house painted by the Fire Department?

CLOSE SHOT BURNS

BURNS
Give him the works.
(into phone)
Hello, Duffy, get set! We've got the biggest story in the world. Earl Williams caught by the Morning Post -- exclusive!

TWO SHOT HILDY AND BURNS

Hildy has unearthed a package of Bensinger's private stationary. She rises with it.

BURNS
(to Hildy)
Fine!
(into phone)
Now, listen, Duffy -- I want you to tear out the whole front page... That's what I said -- the whole front page! Never mind the European war! We've got something a whole lot bigger than that. Hildy Johnson's writing the lead and I'll phone it over to you as soon as she's finished.

(he starts to hang up, then thinks of something else)
Oh, Duffy! Get hold of Butch O'Connor and tell him I want him to come up here with half a dozen other wrestlers -- right away! Tell him we'll run his picture on the sport page for two weeks straight. What? I've got a desk I want moved. Never mind what desk!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET NIGHT MED. LONG SHOT

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

INT. TAXICAB - NIGHT - PROCESS CLOSE SHOT

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

EXT. STREET MED. LONG SHOT

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

INT. TAXICAB - PROCESS CLOSE SHOT

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

EXT. STREET MED. SHOT

The truck and taxicab crash and the screen blacks out.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PRESS ROOM - NIGHT CLOSE SHOT HILDY

at typewriter, smoke rising from her cigarette. As the CAMERA ANGLE WIDENS we see a fairly disheveled Hildy typing away furiously.

BURNS' VOICE
(Into phone)
"The Blackest cesspool in American city life!" Hold on Duffy, I'll see if she's got any more.

Burns comes into the scene, tears a page out of Hildy's typewriter. She inserts another one without noticing.

MED. SHOT

Burns goes back to the phone as Hildy continues to type furiously.

BURNS
(into phone)
Duffy -- Duffy!
(clicking the phone furiously)
Operator! Operator! Get me Duffy back. Somebody cut us off!

ANOTHER ANGLE FAVORING DOOR

as Bruce Baldwin enters.

BRUCE
Hildy!

BURNS
What the devil do you want? Listen, Bruce, you can't come in here now! We're busy!
(suddenly, into phone)
Where you been, Duffy? Stick around! What? What Chinese earthquake? The deuce with it... what's that?

CLOSE SHOT HILDY

typing away madly. Bruce comes into the scene.

BRUCE
Hildy!

HILDY
(looking up, very casually)
Hello, Bruce...

She resumes her typing, then suddenly realizes the situation and jumps up.

HILDY
BRUCE!! How'd you get out?

BRUCE
(the hands-off attitude)
Not through any help of yours, Hildy.

HILDY
Bruce, I know, but I was in the biggest jam --

BURNS' VOICE
Hildy!

MED. SHOT

As Hildy turns toward his voice, Burns, still with the phone in his hand, keeps talking to her.

BURNS
For Pete's sake, Hildy, they're waiting for the rest of that story!

HILDY
(resignedly)
Okay, Walter.
(sits down at her typewriter again)

CLOSE TWO SHOT BRUCE AND HILDY

Hildy begins typing again.

BRUCE
I waited and waited and then I had an idea and wired Albany to send me a hundred dollars so I could get out on bail...
(desperately)
I don't know what they'll think -- they sent it to the police station!

HILDY

(she barely stops typing)

We'll explain the whole thing to them.

(resumes typing)

BRUCE

I know I got you into this, Hildy, but it does seem to me that you can't care much for me if you're willing to let me stay locked up for two hours.

HILDY

Bruce, you know I'm mad about you and stop talking like that.

(calling o.s. to Walter)

Walter!

CLOSE SHOT BURNS

BURNS

(into phone)

Take the President's speech and run it on the funny page...

(turns to Hildy, o.s.)

What is it, Hildy?

HILDY'S VOICE

What was the name of the Mayor's first wife?

BURNS

You mean the one who drank so much? Tillie!

CLOSE SHOT HILDY AND BRUCE

HILDY

Thanks.

(she types furiously)

CLOSE SHOT THE DESK

Its top opens slowly and Williams' head sticks out.

CLOSEUP BURNS INCLUDING DESK IN B.G

BURNS

(screaming)

Get back in there, you mock turtle!

The desk-top falls, the fugitive disappearing within.

CLOSEUP BRUCE

turning around toward Burns.

BRUCE
Did you say anything, Mister Burns?

CLOSEUP BURNS

covering up, fast.

BURNS
No -- I was just talking to one of the guys at the office.
(indicating phone in his hand)

MED. CLOSE SHOT BRUCE AND HILDY

BRUCE
(to Burns)
Oh.
(turns to Hildy)
I wonder what's keeping mother? She was supposed to come down and get you.

HILDY
Oh, she was here.

BRUCE
Where'd she go?

HILDY
Out some place.

She types away. Bruce grabs her and stops her.

BRUCE
Hildy! Where's mother?

HILDY
Oh -- mother -- she -- I don't know where she went.

BRUCE
Did you give her the money?

HILDY

No, I was going to give it to her -- but she left hurriedly.

BRUCE
Then suppose you give me the money. Four hundred and fifty dollars.

HILDY
Oh, yes. Here it is.

She gets the wallet. Burns comes into the scene and pulls another page out of her machine.

HILDY
Here it is, Bruce. One -- two -- three -- four hundred -- and fifty dollars.

BRUCE
(drily)
Thank you.

CLOSEUP BURNS

watching this with a grin.

MED. SHOT

Featuring the threesome.

BRUCE
(to Hildy)
And I'll take that certified check, too. I've decided I can handle things around here...

BURNS
Come on, Hildy, we've got to keep going! Sorry, Bruce, but --

HILDY
Just a second, Walter. Here, Bruce, here's the check... And, oh, Bruce, here's your wallet. I got it back.

BRUCE
(taking it and surveying it coldly)
You got it back, eh? There's something funny going on around here.

BURNS

Hildy!

HILDY

All right, Walter.

She sits down and begins to type.

BRUCE

I'm taking the nine o'clock train, Hildy. And you can meet us at the station.

HILDY

Fine.

She types away.

BURNS

(coming over to Bruce)

I'll see she's there, Bruce, I promise you.

BRUCE

(dramatically)

If she's not there, mother and I are leaving anyhow!

But Hildy continues typing and doesn't even get it.

CAMERA TRUCKS WITH BURNS

as he leads Bruce away toward door.

BURNS

I know how you feel, Bruce, but you've got to forgive her. She's only a woman, after all.

BRUCE

Suppose she is -- I have feelings, too! Do you know where I've been for the last couple of hours? Locked up in a police station and she didn't move to do anything about it.

BURNS

Ts! Ts! Ts!

BRUCE

And now I don't know where my mother is. She may be lost.

BURNS
I'll find her, Bruce, if I have to put every detective in the city on the job. Tell you what -- go over to the Missing Persons Bureau and describe your mother. What does she look like?

BRUCE
She's -- well, she's very motherly. That's about the best description I know.

BURNS
(nodding)
That's the kind of stuff they want!

They go out the door.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE DOOR MED. CLOSE SHOT

as they come out.

BURNS
Oh, Bruce, let me see that money Hildy gave you.

BRUCE
The money? Why?

BURNS
There's a lot of counterfeit big bills going around.

BRUCE
(worried)
Gee! Take a look, will you?

He hands the money to Burns. Burns looks at it carefully and hands it back.

BURNS
Oh, this is all right, Bruce. I just wanted to be sure.

BRUCE
Say, I want to be sure, too!

INT. PRESS ROOM MED. SHOT

Hildy is typing furiously. Burns enters, grinning, locks the door behind him and goes to phone and picks it up.

BURNS
(into phone)
Duffy. Good. Stick close.

He turns and crosses quickly to look out the window.

AT WINDOW

Burns coming in to window.

BURNS
(despairingly)
Now the moon's out!

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

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

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

BURNS
Is that better? Now breathe deep!

We hear an intake of breath from inside the desk.

BURNS
Attaboy!

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

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

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

and picks up the phone.

BURNS
(into phone)
Hello! Duffy, ready? Here we go!

CLOSEUP BURNS

reading from the page he has taken from Hildy's typewriter.

BURNS
(into phone)
"In the darkest hour of the city's history --"

INT. MAIN FLOOR CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING LONG SHOT

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

INT. PRESS ROOM - NIGHT CLOSEUP BURNS AT PHONE

BURNS
(into phone)
Listen, did you impress it on Butch that I want him and his gang here right away? You did? Every minute counts. All right.
(puts receiver down on table)
Duffy's getting old!

CLOSE SHOT HILDY

HILDY
Where's Butch?

BURNS' VOICE
He's on the way.

HILDY
(over her typing)

He'd better hurry. The boys'll be coming back to phone.

BURNS
(coming into shot to peer over her shoulder)
Well, keep going! We want an extra out on the streets before it's too late!

HILDY
(looking up suddenly)
Where's Bruce?

BURNS
Bruce? Oh -- er -- he went out to get the tickets.

HILDY
What tickets?

BURNS
Railroad tickets.

HILDY
Is he coming back here?

BURNS
Didn't you hear him? Of course he's coming back here. Keep going, will you?

MED. SHOT

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

BURNS
(into phone)
Duffy!

EXT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE DOOR - NIGHT CLOSE SHOT BENSINGER

Finding the door locked, he knocks.

INT. PRESS ROOM - NIGHT MED. CLOSE SHOT BURNS AND HILDY

as another knock comes, they take it big.

HILDY
(calling)

Who is it?

EXT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE DOOR - NIGHT CLOSE SHOT BENSINGER

BENSINGER
What's the idea of locking this?

INT. PRESS ROOM - NIGHT CLOSE SHOT BURNS AND HILDY

HILDY
That's Bensinger. That's his desk.

BURNS
(whispering)
What's his name?

The door knob is rattled violently.

HILDY
Bensinger -- of the Tribune.

EXT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE DOOR - NIGHT CLOSE SHOT BENSINGER

BENSINGER
Open this door!

INT. PRESS ROOM CLOSE SHOT BURNS

He starts for the door.

BURNS
I'll handle him.

CAMERA TRUCKS WITH HIM to the door.

BURNS
The Tribune, eh? Watch me!

He opens the door.

AT DOOR

BENSINGER
(as he comes in)
Ain't you got any more sense than to --
?
(sees Burns and is overcome)
Oh, h-hello, Mr. Burns. Why, quite an honor having you come over here.

BURNS

(casually)
Hello, Bensinger.

BENSINGER
Excuse me, I just want to --

He starts for the desk. Hildy's typing goes on, coming in over the scene.

BURNS
(starting for the desk, suddenly blocking his path)
Quite a coincidence, my running into you tonight. Isn't it, Hildy?

HILDY'S VOICE
Yeh.

BENSINGER
How do you mean?

CLOSEUP BURNS AND BENSINGER

BURNS
I was having a little chat about you just this afternoon -- with our Mister Duffy.

BENSINGER
(essaying a pleasantry)
Nothing -- ah -- detrimental, I hope.

BURNS
I should say not! That was one swell story you had in the paper this morning.

BENSINGER
(deeply moved)
Oh, did you -- care for the poem, Mr. Burns?

BURNS
(startled)
The poem?... The poem was great!

BENSINGER
(blinking at these words)
Remember the ending?

(and he recites)
" -- and all is well, outside his cell, But in his heart he hears the hangman Calling and the gallows falling And his white-haired mother's tears..."

BURNS
(overcome)
Heartbreaking! How would you like to work for me?

BENSINGER
What?

MEDIUM SHOT

taking in table, Hildy typing there.

BURNS
(to Bensinger)
We need somebody like you. All we've got now are a lot of low-brows. Like Johnson here.

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

BENSINGER
Seriously, Mr. Burns?

Clinging to him, Burns takes him to the phone.

BURNS
(into phone)
Duffy! I'm sending Bensinger over to see you.
(looking up at Bensinger)
Mervyn, isn't it?

BENSINGER
No. Roy. Roy V.

BURNS
(with a little laugh at his own forgetfulness)
Of course!
(into phone)
Roy Bensinger, the poet. Of course

you wouldn't know! You probably never heard of Shakespeare, either! Put Mr. Bensinger right on the staff.
(to Bensinger)
How much are you getting on the Tribune, Roy?

BENSINGER
Seventy-five.

BURNS
I'll give you a hundred and a by-line.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as Burns continues.

BURNS
(into phone)
Let him have everything he wants.
(puts down the receiver; turns to Bensinger)
Now hustle and write me a story from the point of view of the escaped man.
(acting it out)
He hides, cowering... Afraid of every light, of every sound... hears footsteps... his heart going like that... And all the time they're closing in... Get the sense of an animal at bay!

BENSINGER
Sort of a Jack London style?

TRUCKING SHOT

BURNS
Exactly!

Leads him hurriedly to the door.

BENSINGER
I got my rhyming dictionary in --
(indicating desk)

BURNS
(getting him to door)
It doesn't have to rhyme!

CLOSE SHOT - AT DOOR

as Bensinger turns there.

BENSINGER
Gee, I'm terribly grateful, Mister Burns. Do you suppose there might be an opening some time as foreign correspondent? I parley a little French, you know.

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

BURNS
I'll keep you in mind.

BENSINGER
(going)
Au revoir, mon capitaine.

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

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

BURNS
Mademoiselle from Armontieres, parlay --

MED. SHOT

Burns returns alertly to table, not noticing that Hildy has stopped typing, and sits staring moodily before her.

BURNS
(into phono)
Duffy! Got this!

CLOSEUP BURNS - AT PHONE

BURNS
A rat from the Tribune is coming over to get a job -- Bensinger, the guy I told you about. Handle him with kid gloves. Tell him to get

busy writing poetry... No, we don't want him. Stall him along until the extra comes out. Then tell him his poetry stinks and kick him downstairs.

He lays down receiver.

WIDER ANGLE

taking in Hildy. She looks up at him.

HILDY
(to Burns)
Double-crossing swine!

BURNS
You said it! But this'll teach him a lesson. He won't quit his paper without giving notice after this.

Hildy doesn't bother to reply. She rests her chin on her hands and stares moodily ahead.

BURNS
Tear into it, will you? Don't sit there like a frozen robin!

HILDY
I'm finished.

BURNS
Finished!

He grabs the last sheet of paper out of her typewriter, kisses her and rushes over to the telephone.

CLOSEUP BURNS

at phone.

BURNS
(into phone)
Duffy! All right -- here we go! And got it out as soon as you can. I want this paper out on the streets in half an hour!
(reading Hildy's copy)
"So once more the Morning Post --"

EXT. CRIMINAL COURTS BLDG. - NIGHT MED. SHOT

Diamond Louie, bearing evidence of a mishap, his hat crushed, his face bruised and his clothes torn, comes running down the sidewalk and up the steps into the buildings.

INT. PRESS ROOM - NIGHT MED. SHOT

Hildy is up now, pacing.

HILDY
Bruce ought to be back by now. Walter, you're not trying anything again, are you?

BURNS
(coming over to her)
Hildy, you think I could? After this story?
(taking a flask from his pocket)
Here! You're just nervous.

Hildy takes the flask and takes a drink. There is a knock on the door. Burns takes the flask from her, restores it to his pocket and goes to the door.

BURNS
Who is it?

LOUIE'S VOICE
It's me, Boss -- Louie.

BURNS
(opening the door)
It's Louie!

Louie slips in and Burns relocks the door.

BURNS
(seeing Louie's disarray)
What's the matter?

Hildy crosses to Louie.

HILDY
(frantically)
Where's Mrs. Baldwin?

BURNS
What did you do with her?

HILDY
(almost afraid to speak)
What happened?

CLOSE SHOT - THE THREE

BURNS
You been in a fight?

LOUIE
(still out of breath)
Down Western Avenue. We were going sixty-five miles an hour. You know what I mean?

BURNS
Take that mush out of your mouth!

HILDY
Where's the old lady?

LOUIE
I'm telling you!

CLOSEUP - LOUIE

as he gets breath and blurts:

LOUIE
We run smack into a police patrol. You know what I mean? We broke it in half!

BACK TO GROUP

HILDY
(moaning)
Oh-h-h... was she hurt?

BURNS
Where is she? Tell me!

HILDY
Louie!

LOUIE
I'm telling you. Can you imagine

bumping into a load of cops?! They come rollin' out like oranges!

HILDY
(seizing him)
What did you do with her?

LOUIE
Search me! When I come to I was running down Thirty-fifth Street.

HILDY
-- You were with her. You were in the cab, weren't you?

LOUIE
(exposing his bruised scalp)
Was I? The driver got knocked cold.

BURNS
Butter-fingers! I give you an old lady to take somewhere, and you hand her over to the cops!

LOUIE
What do you mean, I handed her? The patrol wagon was on the wrong side of the street.

BURNS
Now everything's fine. She's probably squawking her head off in some police station.

CLOSEUP - LOUIE

LOUIE
I don't think she's talking much... You know what I mean?

He winks reassuringly.

BACK TO GROUP

HILDY
(paralyzed)
Don't tell me -- was she killed?

BURNS
(hopefully)
Was she? Did you notice?

LOUIE
Say, me with a gun on my hip and a kidnapped old lady on my hands, I should stick around asking questions from a lot of cops! You know what I mean?

Hildy sinks into a chair.

CLOSE SHOT HILDY IN THE CHAIR

HILDY
Dead... dead! That's the end!

Burns comes into scene to her.

BURNS
It's Fate, Hildy. What will be, will be.

HILDY
(wildly)
What am I going to say to Bruce? What'll I tell him?

BURNS
If he really loves you, you won't have to tell him anything.
(whacking her on the shoulder)
Snap out of it! Would you rather have had the old dame dragging the whole police force in here?

HILDY
I killed her. I'm responsible. Oh-h... what can I do now? How can I ever face him? Oh, I hope he never comes back!

She buries her face in her hands.

BURNS
Look at me, Hildy --

HILDY
(springing up)
I'm looking at you -- you murderer!

BURNS
If it was my own mother, I'd carry

on! You know I would. For the paper!

HILDY
(calling off to Louie)
Louie, where'd it happen? I'm going out!

MED. SHOT GROUP

The Post phone rings.

BURNS
(grabbing Hildy)
You stay here. I'll find out everything.

LOUIE
(to Hildy)
Western an' Thirty-fourth.

Hildy jumps for the outside phone on the desk.

TWO SHOT INCLUDING BURNS AT PHONE AND HILDY AT PHONE

BURNS
(into phone)
Hello -- hello...

HILDY
(into phone)
Gimme Western four-five-five-seven.

BURNS
(guarded)
Who?
(wildly)
Hello, Butch! Where are you?

HILDY
(into phone)
Mission Hospital? Gimme the Receiving Room.

BURNS
(into phone)
What are you doing there? Haven't you even started?

HILDY
(into phone)
Hello -- Eddie? Hildy Johnson. Was there an old lady brought in from an

auto smashup?

BURNS
(into phone)
Oh, for --
(yelling)
H. Sebastian -- Butch! Listen, it's a matter of life and death! Listen!

HILDY
(into phone)
Nobody?
(jiggles hook)
Morningside three-one-two-four.

BURNS
(into phone)
I can't hear... You got who? Speak up! A what?... You can't stop for a dame now!

HILDY
(into phone)
Is this the Community Hospital?

BURNS
(howling into phone)
I don't care if you've been after her for six years! Butch, our whole lives are at stake! Are you going to let a woman come between us after all we've been through?

HILDY
(into phone)
Hello, Max, Hildy Johnson. Was there an old lady --?

BURNS
(into phone, drowning out Hildy)
Butch! I'd put my arm in fire for you -- up to here!
(indicates up to where)
Now, you can't double-cross me!... She does? All right -- put her on. I'll talk to her... Hello! Oh, hello, Madam... Now listen, you ten-cent glamour girl, you can't keep Butch away from his duty... What's that? You say that again and I'll come over there and knock your eye out!

Hello?
(turning, as he hangs up)
I'll kill 'em! I'll kill both of 'em!
(into Post phone)
Duffy!
(to the universe)
Mousing around with some big blonde Annie on my time! That's co-operation!
(screaming into phone)
Duffy!!

HILDY
Shut up, will you?
(into phone)
You sure? Nobody?

BURNS
(into phone)
Duffy!!!!
(listening)
(into phone)
Duffy!!!!
(listening)
Well, where is Duffy?
(throwing receiver to desk)
Diabetes! I ought to know better than to hire anybody with a disease.
(turning)
Louie.

MED. SHOT GROUP

BURNS
(to Louie)
It's up to you.

LOUIE
(loyally)
Anything you want, Boss.

BURNS
Beat it out and get hold of some guys.

LOUIE
Who do you want?

BURNS
(starting for the

door, followed by
Louie)
Anybody with hair on his chest. Get 'em off the street -- anywhere. Offer them anything -- only get them.
(confidentially)
We've got to get this desk out of here.

He unlocks the door.

LOUIE
You know me. The shirt off my back.

BURNS
You got plenty of money?

LOUIE
Sure, boss.

BURNS
I mean real money -- not counterfeit!

LOUIE
I always have both.

He goes out.

BURNS
(calling after him)
And don't bump into anything.

He relocks the door.

HILDY
Lafayette two-one-hundred.

BURNS
(turning from door)
That dumb immigrant'll flop on me. I know it.
(bitterly)
Can you imagine Butch doing this to me -- at a time like this?

CLOSE SHOT HILDY AT PHONE, TAKING IN DESK

Burns steps into scene.

BURNS
(confidentially)
If Louie doesn't come back in five

minutes we'll get it out alone. There's millions of ways. We can start a fire and get the firemen to carry it out in the confusion.

He crosses to the desk and inspects it.

HILDY
(into phone)
Ring that number, will you?

BURNS
(to Hildy, oblivious of her telephoning)
Come here. See if we can move it.

HILDY
(into phone)
Hello -- hello! Is this the Lying -- In Hospital? Did you have an auto accident in the last --

BURNS
(interrupting)
Will you come here?

HILDY
(into phone)
Oh, I see. I beg your pardon.

BURNS
When I'm surrounded, with my back against the wall, you're not going to lay down on me, are you --

HILDY
Yes.

She jiggles the phone hook.

BURNS
(going to her)
Hildy, you just can't leave me out on a limb now. It -- it wouldn't be cricket!

HILDY
I don't care what you say. I'm going to find Bruce's mother.
(she jiggles the hook madly)
Oh-h...

(she hangs up)
I'm going out and find her!

Grabbing her hat and purse, she starts for the door.

MED. SHOT OF HILDY, TAKING IN DOOR

There is a loud knocking on the door.

BURNS
(coming into scene after Hildy)
Don't open that!

HILDY
(at the door)
Who says so? I'm going to the morgue -- to look --

She unlocks the door.

CLOSE SHOT AT DOOR

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

MURPHY
There she is!

MCCUE
Say, Hildy...

Hildy makes a decision and tries to push through them, but the Sheriff grabs her and pushes her back.

HARTMAN
Just a minute, Johnson!

HILDY
Let go o' me. What's the idea?

MCCUE
What's your hurry?

MURPHY
We want to see you.

The deputies seize her.

HILDY
Take your paws off me!

HARTMAN
Hold her, boys!

Burns comes into scene.

BURNS
(to Sheriff)
Who do you think you are, breaking in here like this?

HARTMAN
You can't bluff me, Burns. I don't care who you are or what paper you're editor of.

HILDY
(struggling)
Let me go!
(hysterically)
Fellows, something's happened to my mother-in-law.

HARTMAN
Hang onto her! Keep her in here!

MED. SHOT

as Hildy breaks loose and retreats back into the room before

Hartman and the deputies.

MCCUE
We know what you're up to.

ENDICOTT
Probably goin' out to get Williams.

SCHWARTZ
The door was locked.

WILSON
She and Mollie were talking.

HILDY
I don't know anything, I tell you. There's been an accident.

HARTMAN

Johnson, there's something very peculiar going on.

HILDY
You can send somebody with me if you don't believe me!

HARTMAN
I wasn't born yesterday. Now the boys tell me you and this Mollie Malloy --

HILDY
Nobody's trying to put anything over on you. I'm getting out of here and you can't stop me!

MURPHY
(comes into scene)
You're not going anywhere.
(to the Sheriff)
She's got the story sewed up, Pete.
(indicating Burns)
That's why Burns is here.

SCHWARTZ
We're on to you, Hildy. Let us in on it.

TWO SHOT - SHERIFF AND BURNS

BURNS
(purring)
If you've any accusations to make, Hartman, make them in the proper manner. Otherwise, I'll have to ask you to get out.

HARTMAN
(pop-eyed; stammering)
You'll ask me to what?

BURNS
Get out!

HARTMAN
(to deputies, off)
Close that door. Don't let anybody in or out.

MED. SHOT - THE GROUP

MURPHY
Come on, Pinky! Give 'em a little third degree.

ENDICOTT
Make them talk and you got Williams, Pinky!

HARTMAN
Johnson, I'm going to the bottom of this. What do you know about Williams? Are you going to talk or aren't you?

HILDY
What do I know about Williams?

HARTMAN
All right, boys. Take her along. I got ways of making her talk.

The deputies seize Hildy. She struggles.

HILDY
Look out, you --

MCCUE
(nervously)
What's the use of fighting, Hildy?

Hildy manages to get in a few resounding smacks on the deputies' faces. The reporters swarm around the struggling trio. There are shouts of: "I got her!" "No, you don't!" "Aw, Hildy...", etc. In the struggle, Hildy suddenly drops her purse. It lands with a clank and comes open. A gun is revealed on the floor. Hildy picks it up.

DEPUTIES
Hey, she's got a gun! Look out, she's got a gun!

The deputies and reporters start to close in on her cautiously.

HILDY
(trying to face in all directions)
No, you don't! Walter!

BURNS
What is it? Here!

She tosses the gun to Walter, but one of the deputies intercepts the throw.

HARTMAN
Gimme that.

He takes the gun from the deputy.

CLOSER SHOT

The Sheriff stands frozen, staring at the gun.

HARTMAN
(to Hildy)
Where'd you get this?

HILDY
I've got a right to carry a gun if I want to.

HARTMAN
Not this gun!

Burns comes into scene.

BURNS
(easily)
I can explain that, Hartman. When Hildy told me she wanted to interview Earl Williams I thought it might be dangerous and I gave her a gun to defend herself.

HARTMAN
Oh, you did! Well, that's very, very interesting. This happens to be the gun that Earl Williams shot his way out with!

REPORTERS AD LIB
What? What's that? Etc...

BURNS
(advancing on Sheriff)
Are you trying to make me out a liar?

MURPHY
(bitterly at Hildy)
It's the last time I ever trust a

woman, Hildy.

SCHWARTZ
Maybe Williams was gonna be her best man.

WILSON
That's pretty rotten, Hildy. Crossing your own pals.

HARTMAN
(shoving up to Hildy; trembling)
Where is Earl Williams? Where you got him?

BURNS
(sympathetically)
You're barking up the wrong tree, Hartman.

HARTMAN
I'll give you three minutes to tell me where he is.

HILDY
He went over to the hospital to call on Professor Egelhoffer.

HARTMAN
(outraged)
What?

HILDY
With a bag of marshmallows.

The Sheriff stands silent -- then hastily turns.

MED. SHOT GROUP AROUND HILDY

REPORTERS AD LIB
Come on, Hildy. Where is he?... This is a sweet trick, Hildy... I thought we were friends... Etc.
(to Sheriff)
Look here, Pete! What about Mister Burns?... Ask the Master Mind! What's he doing over here?

HARTMAN
(grabbing Burns' arm)
Speak up! What do you know about

this.

BURNS
(gently but firmly disengaging his hand)
My dear Hartman!

He moves casually to a post before the desk and maintains it.

MURPHY
Can that! Where is he?

BURNS
(to Sheriff)
The Morning Post is not obstructing justice or hiding criminals. You ought to know that.

HARTMAN
No? Well --
(turning to Hildy)
Johnson, you're under arrest.
(turning to Burns)
You, too, Burns.

BURNS
(calmly)
Who's under arrest? You pimple-headed, square-toed spy -- do you realize what you're doing?

HARTMAN
I'll show you what I'm doing. Burns, you're guilty of obstructing justice and so is the Morning Post. I'm going to see that the Post is fined ten thousand dollars for this.

BURNS
You'll see nothing of the kind, Sheriff.

HARTMAN
We'll just start by impounding the Post property.
(pointing to Bensinger's desk, addressing Hildy)
Is that your desk?

HILDY
(jumping)
No!

BURNS
(almost simultaneously)
Yes! What are you afraid of Hildy? I dare him to move that desk out of here.

HARTMAN
Oh, you do, eh?
(to deputies)
All right, boys. Confiscate that desk.

Several of the deputies start toward the desk.

BURNS
(trying to intercept deputies)
Hartman, if you take this desk out of this building, I'll put you behind bars.

HARTMAN
You will, eh? Well, we'll see about that.
(to deputies)
All right, boys. Take it.

BURNS
I'm warning you -- it'll be a Federal offense.
(to deputy nearest him)
And you'll be an accessory!

HARTMAN
We'll take a chance on that, Burns.
(to deputies)
Go ahead, boys.
(the deputies continue toward the desk)

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE PRESS ROOM - NIGHT MED. SHOT

Flanked by two policemen, Mrs. Baldwin, dishevelled, with her hat over one ear, is marching toward the Press Room,

bound for vengeance. Bruce, considerably upset, is with her.

As they reach the door to the Press Room, Mrs. Baldwin stops.

MRS. BALDWIN
You wait outside, Bruce.

BRUCE
But, mother --

MRS. BALDWIN
(firmly)
No! You'll weaken when you see that little Jezebel! I'm going to tell her what I think of her!

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

INT. PRESS ROOM

Taking in door as it opens and Mrs. Baldwin, followed by the policemen, comes in.

HILDY
(leaping forward)
Mother!

MRS. BALDWIN
(pointing out Burns to the officers)
That man there!

HILDY
(hugging Mrs. Baldwin)
Mother! Oh, I'm so glad to see you! Are you all right? Tell me.

Mrs. Baldwin indignantly shakes her off.

HARTMAN
What's the idea here?

POLICEMAN
This lady claims she was kidnapped.

HARTMAN

What?

MRS. BALDWIN
They dragged me all the way down the stairs --

HARTMAN
Just a minute. Did -- did --
(points to Burns)
-- this man have anything to do with it?

MRS. BALDWIN
He was the one in charge of everything! He told them to kidnap me!

BURNS
(amazed)
Are you referring to me, Madam?

MRS. BALDWIN
You know you did!

HARTMAN
What about this, Burns? Kidnapping, eh?

BURNS
(round-eyed)
Oh, trying to frame me, eh! I never saw this woman before in my life!

MRS. BALDWIN
Oh, what a thing to say! I was standing right here - after the girl jumped out of the window.

HARTMAN
Did you get the Mayor?

DEPUTY
He's coming over.

BURNS
(to Mrs. Baldwin)
Now, Madam -- be honest. If you were out joy-riding, drunk, and got into some scrape, why don't you admit it, instead of accusing innocent people?

MRS. BALDWIN

(beginning to doubt her senses)
You ruffian! How dare you say a thing like that?

HILDA
Please, Mother, he's just crazy!

MRS. BALDWIN
(to Sheriff)
I'll tell you something more. I'll tell you why they did it!

BURNS
(fidgeting)
Come on, Sheriff. We've got to get bail.

MRS. BALDWIN
(continuing crescendo)
I was in here -- and they had some kind of murderer in with them. They were hiding him!

This is a bombshell. The room is electrified.

HARTMAN
Hiding him? In here?

Murphy, followed by the reporters, comes into scene.

MURPHY
Hiding him where?

HILDY
Mother!

REPORTERS
Where was he?... Where'd they have him?... Etc.

CLOSE SHOT BURNS

at the desk.

BURNS
(with superb indignation)
Madam, you're a cockeyed liar! And you know it!

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

MED. SHOT

Burns advances from desk, the others retreating before him.

BURNS
(anxiously)
Come on, Sheriff, we've got to get bail.

Three answering knocks come from the desk.

GROUP SHOT WITH DOORWAY IN B.G

They jump around to face the desk.

HARTMAN
(whispering)
What was that?

REPORTERS AD LIB
He's in the desk! -- For the love of -- He's in there! Etc.

HARTMAN
Aha! I thought so! Stand back, everybody!

DEPUTY
Look out, Sheriff. He may shoot!

HARTMAN
Get your guns out!

The policemen and deputies get out their guns.

HILDY
He's harmless.

HARTMAN
Don't take any chances. Shoot through the desk.

HILDY
He can't hurt anybody. You've got his gun.

MRS. BALDWIN
(panic-stricken)
Oh, dear! Oh, dear!

BURNS
You grey-haired old Judas!

MRS. BALDWIN
Let me out! Let me out of here!

She streaks for the door, flings it open and goes. The reporters tear out of scene to their telephones.

HARTMAN
(to policeman)
You stand there!

MURPHY'S VOICE
City Desk! Quick!

SCHWARTZ' VOICE
Gimme the Desk!

HARTMAN
(to another policeman)
You there!

ENDICOTT'S VOICE
City Desk! Hurry!

MCCUE'S VOICE
Gimme Emil...

HARTMAN
(to a Deputy, pointing with his gun toward the window)
You cover the window.

MURPHY'S VOICE
Look out where you're pointing that gun!

The Sheriff draws his men in around the desk, their guns drawn on it.

WILSON'S VOICE
Lemme have the Desk! Quick!

MURPHY'S VOICE

Hold the wire! I've got a flash for you!

BURNS
(to Hildy)
Call Duffy!

HARTMAN
No, you don't!

BURNS
(to Sheriff, furiously)
Do you want to get us scooped?

MCCUE'S VOICE
Emil? Hang on for a second.

HARTMAN
Now then, everybody aim at the center. And when I say three --

HILDY
That's murder!

HARTMAN
(changing his mind)
All right! Carl! Frank! One of you get on each side of the desk. Take hold of the cover.

They do.

HARTMAN
Now then! We got you covered, Williams. Don't try to move. Now! Everybody quiet and ready for an emergency. I'm going to count three.

SCHWARTZ
Hold it! Something coming up.

HARTMAN
One!

ENDICOTT
Hold the phone!

MURPHY
(into the phone)
I'll have it in a minute.

HARTMAN

Two!

WILSON
(into phone)
Right away now!

HARTMAN
(turning back to desk)
Everybody ready? All right. Now then, up with it.

Two deputies raise the cover. Williams is revealed, cowering in the desk, his hands over his face. The Sheriff rushes on him, jabbing his gun into him.

CLOSE SHOT SHERIFF AND WILLIAMS

HARTMAN
Got you, Williams!

WILLIAMS
(a wail)
Go on -- shoot me!

MEDIUM SHOT

as the police and deputies come in to assist the Sheriff. The reporters are telephoning in, the police shouting -- all the voices mixing in, in incredible confusion, as the Sheriff rushes Williams to the door and takes him out.

MURPHY'S VOICE
Earl Williams was just captured in the Press Room of the Criminal Courts Building, hiding in a desk.

OFFICERS AD LIB
(all talking at once)
Grab him! That's him! Don't let him shoot! Stick 'em up! -- Etc.

CLOSEUP MCCUE AT PHONE

MCCUE
(into phone)
...Williams in a rolltop --

CLOSEUP WILSON AT PHONE

WILSON
(into phone)
-- nabbed Williams hiding --

ENDICOTT'S VOICE
-- found Williams' hiding place.

SCHWARTZ' VOICE
He offered no resistance.

CLOSEUP MCCUE AT PHONE

MCCUE
(into phone)
Williams put up a desperate struggle but the police overpowered --

CLOSEUP MURPHY AT PHONE

MURPHY
(into phone)
-- tried to shoot it out with the cops but his gun wouldn't work, so --

WILSON'S VOICE
-- trying to break through the cordon of police --

CLOSEUP ENDICOTT AT PHONE

ENDICOTT
(into phone)
Williams was unconscious when they opened the desk --

CLOSEUP BURNS

grabbing the Post phone.

BURNS
(into phone)
Duffy! The Morning Post just turned Earl Williams over to the Sheriff.

CLOSE SHOT THE SHERIFF

coming in the door with two policemen and leaping to get the

phone away from Burns.

MED. SHOT BURNS AT PHONE, HILDY BESIDE HIM

BURNS
(into phone)
Duffy!

The Sheriff and police come into scene.

HARTMAN
(indicating Burns and Hildy)
Put the cuffs on those two!

The police handcuff Hildy and Burns.

ENDICOTT
An anonymous note received by the Sheriff led to Williams' capture. More later.

He hangs up.

CLOSEUP MURPHY AT PHONE

MURPHY
(into phone)
An old sweetheart of Williams' doublecrossed him. Call you back.

He hangs up.

MED. SHOT TAKING IN DOOR

REPORTERS
Where's that old lady? Hey, Madam! Where'd she go? Where's the old dame? Etc., etc. They run out after Mrs. Baldwin, the Mayor entering just after they go. Burns and Hildy, handcuffed together, stand near the Sheriff.

HARTMAN
(into phone)
Hello, 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.

He hangs up. Burns makes a sudden lunge for the Morning Post phone and cries into it.

BURNS
(into phone)
Duffy! Get Liebowitz!

MAYOR
All the lawyers in the world aren't going to help you!

BURNS
This is the Morning Post you're talking to!

MAYOR
(enjoying himself)
The power of the press, huh!

He laughs. Pinkus, the Governor's messenger, plentifully stewed, reels in the door. He approaches the Mayor and Sheriff who have their backs to him.

BURNS
(at the Mayor)
Bigger men than you have found out what the power of the press is... President!... Yes -- and Kings!

PINKUS
(woozy; handing Sheriff the reprieve over his shoulder)
Here's your reprieve.

The Mayor and Sheriff spin around.

MAYOR
(in a panic)
Get out of here!

PINKUS
You can't bribe me!

BURNS
What's this?

HARTMAN
Get out of here, you!

PINKUS
I won't. Here's your reprieve.

HILDY
What?

PINKUS
I don't want to be City Sealer. I don't like seals anyhow. They smell.

MAYOR
Who is this man?

HARTMAN
(to an officer)
Throw him out, Frank.

HILDY
(seizing Pinkus with her free hand)
Who was bribing you?

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

PINKUS
They wouldn't take it.

MAYOR
You're insane!

BURNS
(triumphant)
What did I tell you? An unseen power!
(to Pinkus)
What's your name?

PINKUS
Silas F. Pinkus.

MAYOR
You drunken idiot! Arrest him! The idea of coming here with a cock-and-bull story like that!

HARTMAN
It's a frame-up! Some imposter!

HILDY
Wait a minute!
(to the officers)
Let go there!

BURNS
(to Sheriff and Mayor)
Murder, uh?

HILDY
Hanging an innocent man to win an election!

HARTMAN
That's a lie!!

MAYOR
I never saw him before!

BURNS
(to Pinkus)
When did you deliver this first?

HILDY
Who did you talk to?

PINKUS
They started right in bribing me!

HILDY
Who's 'they'?

PINKUS
(indicating the Mayor and Sheriff)
Them!

MAYOR
That's absurd on the face of it, Mr. Burns! He's talking like a child.

BURNS
Out of the mouths of babes.

MAYOR
He's insane or drunk or something. Why, if this unfortunate man, Williams, has really been reprieved, I personally am tickled to death. Aren't you, Pete?

HILDY
Go on, you'd kill your mother to get elected!

MAYOR
That's a horrible thing to say, Miss Johnson, about anybody!
(to Burns)
Now, look here, Walter, you're an intelligent man --

BURNS
(interrupting)
Just a minute.
(to Pinkus)
All right, Mr. Pinkus. Let's have your story.

PINKUS
Well, I been married for ten years and --

BURNS
(interrupting)
Skip all that.

MAYOR
(loudly)
Take those handcuffs off our friends, Pete. That wasn't at all necessary.

HARTMAN
(springing to obey)
I was just going to!

He gets the key from the officer.

MAYOR
Walter, I can't tell you how badly I feel about this. There was no excuse for Hartwell to fly off the handle.

HARTMAN
(unlocking the

handcuffs)
I was only doing my duty. Nothing personal in it.

They are set free.

HILDY
You guys better quit politics and take in washing.

MAYOR
(looking over the reprieve)
Sheriff, this document is authentic! Earl Williams has been reprieved, this Commonwealth has been spared the painful necessity of shedding blood.

BURNS
Save that for the Tribune.

MAYOR
(to Pinkus)
What did you say your name was -- Pinkus?

PINKUS
That's right.

He shows the Mayor a locket.

PINKUS
Here's the picture of my wife.

MAYOR
A very fine-looking women.

PINKUS
(mysteriously angered)
She's good enough for me! And if I was to go home and tell my wife --

MAYOR
I understand perfectly, Mr. Pinkus, and as long as I am Mayor --

BURNS
Which ought to be about three hours more, I'd say.

HILDY

Just until we can get out a special edition asking for your impeachment.

BURNS
And your arrest. You'll each get about ten years, I think.

MAYOR
Don't make any hasty decisions, Mr. Burns, you might run into a thumping big libel suit.

HILDY
You're going to run into the Governor.

MAYOR
(trying to brush it off)
Now, my old friend the Governor and I understand each other perfectly.

HARTMAN
(eagerly)
And so do I!

MAYOR
(with superb contempt)
So do you what, you hoodoo!
(to Pinkus, suavely)
And now, Mr. Pinkus, if you'll come with us, we'll take you over to the Warden's office and deliver this reprieve.

The Sheriff, Pinkus and the Mayor go out of scene.

BURNS
(dreamily)
Wait till those two future jailbirds read the Morning Post tomorrow.

Walter turns to Hildy and they suddenly smile at each other.

HILDY
How was that for a tight squeeze?

BURNS
Don't tell me you were worried!

HILDY
Worried! I was petrified. Weren't

you?

BURNS
Uh-uh. As long as we were in there together pitching -- they couldn't lick us. Well, it's been a lot of fun.

HILDY
In a way.

BURNS
(laughs)
I mean -- working together. Just like the old days. The things we've been through, Hildy.

HILDY
We've certainly been in some swell jams.

BURNS
Remember the time we broke into the D.A.'s office, and copied Fifi Randell's diary?

HILDY
Yeah. What about the time we hid the missing heiress in the sauerkraut factory? Six scoop interviews!

BURNS
Yeah - but that time we stole Old Lady Haggerty's stomach off the Coroner's physician. We proved she was poisoned though, didn't we?

HILDY
(laughing)
We sure did, but we had to go in hiding for a week.

BURNS
In the Shoreland Hotel. And our only chaperon was the poor old lady's stomach.

HILDY
Don't remind me. That's how we happened to --

She breaks off. There is a moment's pause.

BURNS
Sorry, Hildy. I didn't mean to be making love to another man's fiancee.

HILDY
That's all right, Walter. It's as much my fault as yours.

BURNS
(glancing at the clock)
Bruce is making the nine o'clock train. I told him you'd be on it -- unless you want to write this story yourself.

HILDY
Well, if it's my last story, I'd like it to be a good one. But -- I guess I can't, Walter.

BURNS
Suit yourself, kid. This isn't for me to decide. Of course, you could make a later train and still be in Albany tomorrow morning.

HILDY
Yeah. I suppose I could. But, Walter --

BURNS
He's going to have you the rest of his life, Hildy. Can't you give me another hour?

HILDY
I don't know what to do, Walter.

BURNS
Flip a coin.

HILDY
All right.
(takes coin from her bag)
Heads I go -- tails I stay to write the story. Ready?

CLOSEUP BURNS

gazing nervously at the hand holding the coin.

BURNS
Ready.

CLOSE SHOT BURNS AND HILDY

She flips and catches the coin. She holds it tightly clasped in her hand, afraid to look. They stare at each other a second.

BURNS
(nervously)
Well -- what is it?

HILDY
(almost breaking)
What's the difference? I'm going to write that story -- and you know it!

She puts the coin away without looking at it. Burns rushes to her, tries to take her in his arms.

BURNS
Hildy!

HILDY
(furiously)
Don't touch me! I'm not doing it for you!

BURNS
(softly)
Then why are you doing it?

HILDY
Because I'm a newspaper woman, Heaven help me!

DISSOLVE TO:

MONTAGE SHOTS

INT. CITY ROOM - Hildy typing away furiously. Copy Boy tearing sheets from her typewriter as she writes.

Burns coming in and tearing sheets from typewriter.

Linetype machines.

Presses going.

Headline: THE POST SAVES EARL WILLIAMS!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BURNS' OFFICE

Headline: POST SAVES EARL WILLIAMS!

Over this sound of newsboys calling "Extra! Extra!"

CAMERA DRAWS BACK to rest of story:

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

CAMERA DRAWS BACK FURTHER to the by-line --

By Hildegarde Johnson.

CAMERA DRAWS BACK STILL FURTHER to disclose Burns and Hildy looking at paper on Burns' desk.

BURNS
(enthusiastically)
The greatest yarn ever written by anybody. My hat's off to you, Hildy!

HILDY
(grimly)
Thanks.

BURNS
And what a way to quit. While you're still champion! That's the way to leave, Hildy!

HILDY
Yeah. Only -- only I'm not leaving, Walter.

BURNS
What do you mean? Bruce'll be waiting for you in Albany.

HILDY
No, he won't. I wired him that I wasn't coming.

CLOSEUP BURNS

BURNS
Where'd you wire him?

HILDY
On the nine o'clock train. That's the one he took, isn't it?

BURNS
Sure.

MED. SHOT

HILDY
It's awfully clear now. Bruce needs a wife who can give him a home -- and affection -- and peace. I couldn't do that for him, Walter. I'm what you made me -- a cheap reporter who'd give up her soul for a story!... Is that job still open?

BURNS
Both jobs are open, Hildy. The paper -- and being Mrs. Walter Burns.

HILDY
Thanks, Walter, but it's no good. We tried it.

BURNS
Sure, it was good -- it was wonderful! Only you expected it to be like other marriages. It can't be like other marriages -- we're different! We're a different world. Look at what we went through today. I wouldn't trade that for any honeymoon in the world. I bet you wouldn't, either.

HILDY
A fine honeymoon, with a murderer right in the boudoir! And that other honeymoon in a coal mine!

BURNS
That's what makes it romantic. Every other married couple goes away on a honeymoon and for two weeks the bride knows just where the groom is, and

vice versa. But us -- you never know where I am and I'm not sure where you are. That's Romance!

HILDY
Well, maybe I'd like to know just once!

BURNS
Hildy, if that's what you want, all right. We'll even go to -- how about Niagara Falls?

HILDY
(jumping)
Niagara Falls! Walter, you don't mean that?

BURNS
Sure I do. And I'll tell you something else -- I'd like a baby.

HILDY
Walter!

BURNS
Sure, I can't last forever. I want a son I can train to take my place on this paper.

HILDY
What would you do if it was a daughter?

BURNS
Well, if she looked like you -- Say! My brains and your looks -- that mightn't be such a bad combination.

HILDY
What's the matter with my brains?

BURNS
What's the good of arguing about something that probably doesn't exist? Look, Hildy, I'm proposing to you. What do you say?

HILDY
Well, I'd like to be lady-like and think it over.

BURNS
I don't want to rush you. Take a couple of seconds.

MED. SHOT AT DOOR

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

MED. CLOSE SHOT

BURNS
Hello, Judge!

JUDGE
This is an outrage, Mr. Burns! Sending a gunman to kidnap me!

BURNS
Now, wait a minute, Judge. This isn't a kidnapping. You've got the legal power to perform a marriage ceremony, haven't you?

HILDY
What!

BURNS
Now don't argue, Hildy.
(to Judge)
How about it, Judge?

JUDGE
Yes, but --

BURNS
Then go ahead. Come on, Hildy.

HILDY
Nobody's going to rush me into anything!
(as Louie sticks a gun in her ribs)
You keep away from me!
(but she's scared)

LOUIE
All right, Judge.

INT. CITY ROOM MED. SHOT

Reporters are standing on desks to watch through the glass

partition of Burns' office.

1ST REPORTER
I'll be doggoned! A shotgun marriage!

2ND REPORTER
Don't they usually keep the gun on the man?

INT. BURNS' OFFICE CLOSE SHOT JUDGE

reading the marriage ceremony.

JUDGE
(continuing)
" -- so long as you both do live?"

BURNS
I will.

GROUP SHOT

HILDY
That's what he said the last time. Don't believe him, Judge.

BURNS
Hildy, from this time on no tricks, no double-crossing -- everything on the level!

HILDY
You're not fooling anybody.

JUDGE
(continuing)
"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!"

"Attempting to pass five hundred dollars worth of counterfeit money at the Union station, a man giving his name as Bruce Baldwin of Albany, New York, was arrested last night -- "

TWO SHOT BURNS AND HILDY

HILDY
Counterfeit money! That's the money you sent me, Walter! You -- you --

WALTER
(starting to run)
But, Hildy, listen --

MED. FULL SHOT

Burns retreats from Hildy, she runs after him. He dashes through glass-paned door into adjoining office. Hildy throws

her bag at him and it smashes the glass pane in the door.

INT. ADJOINING OFFICE CLOSE SHOT BURNS AND HILDY

She is pursuing him around table similar to one in Burns' office.

BURNS
But, Hildy -- I can explain --

HILDY
You -- you!!

INT. BURNS' OFFICE CLOSE SHOT JUDGE AND LOUIE

LOUIE
I think it's going to work out all right this time.

FADE OUT:

THE END