

**"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**

plugging in  
Two telephone operators sit at switchboard busy  
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)

To  
behind  
to  
floor. A  
separating it  
sits an  
CAMERA PULLS BACK to disclose the rest of the anteroom.  
Camera left are the elevators -- at back wall directly  
switchboard are chairs and a table for visitors. Next  
switchboard are stairs leading downward to the next  
waist-high iron grill with a gate in it separates the  
switchboard from the anteroom, a similar grill  
again from the city room which stretches on beyond  
switchboard. At a table in the switchboard enclosure

The big  
o'clock.

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

squares of

**CLOSE SHOT OFFICE BOY**

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

to

**MED. SHOT**

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

**OFFICE BOY**

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

**REPORTER**

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

He catches a glimpse of the far elevator going down.

**REPORTER**

Hey! Down! Down!

pounds

The

comes

Bruce

**MED. SHOT ELEVATORS**

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

come

**MED. CLOSE SHOT TABLE**

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

**HILDY**

(with a smile)

Hello, Skinny. Remember me?

**OFFICE BOY**

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

**CLOSE SHOT SWITCHBOARD**

Hildy approaches the switchboard.

**HILDY**

(to operator)  
Hello, Maisie.

The first operator looks up.

**MAISIE**

Hello -- Hildy! You coming back?

**HILDY**

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

**MAISIE**

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

**HILDY**

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

**THREE SHOT BRUCE, HILDY AND OPERATOR**

Hildy turns to Bruce.

**HILDY**

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

**BRUCE**

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

We hear a giggle off scene.

**CLOSE SHOT OFFICE BOY**

He looks towards Bruce and Hildy and giggles.

**TWO SHOT BRUCE AND HILDY**

**HILDY**

What did you say, Bruce?

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

**BRUCE**

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

**HILDY**

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

**BRUCE**

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

**HILDY**

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

**BRUCE**

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

**HILDY**

I'll come a-running, pardner.

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

**HILDY**

Thanks, Bruce.

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

**MEDIUM SHOT - SHOOTING DOWN LENGTH OF CITY ROOM**

Hildy starts to walk through City Room.

**TRUCKING SHOT - HILDY**

walk,  
floor.  
starts  
of:  
goes  
own  
Pop"  
and  
his  
him  
As he  
passes a  
seated at  
Hildy

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

**HILDY**

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

**BEATRICE**

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

**HILDY**

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

**BEATRICE**

(illustrating)

My advice is duck and cross with  
your right.

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

**INT. BURNS' OFFICE LONG SHOT**

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

**CLOSE SHOT BURNS**

shaving, Louie holding the mirror.

**LOUIE**

A little more round the chin, Boss.

**MEDIUM SHOT**

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

**BURNS**

What do you want?

**HILDY**

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

**BURNS**

(grinning)

Hello, Hildy!

**HILDY**

Hello, Walter.

(to Louie)

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

**LOUIE**

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

**HILDY**

Editorials?

**BURNS**

Get going, Louie. I got company.

The door flies open and Duffy comes busting in.

**DUFFY**

Walter!

**BURNS**

I'm busy, Duffy.

**DUFFY**

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

**BURNS**

What?

**DUFFY**

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

**BURNS**

You're crazy. Where's Mac?

**DUFFY**

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

**BURNS**

They can't do that to me!

He grabs the phone on his desk:

**BURNS**

Give me that call on Duffy's wire!  
Hello -- Mac? Burns. Where's the  
Governor? -- What do you mean, you  
can't locate him?

(apparently pleading  
to the one man in  
the world who can  
help him)

Mac, you know what this means. We're

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

He hangs up.

**BURNS**

(to Duffy,  
sarcastically)

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

**CLOSE SHOT DUFFY AND BURNS**

with Louie and Hildy in the b.g.

**DUFFY**

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

**BURNS**

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

**MEDIUM SHOT**

**HILDY**

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

**DUFFY AND LOUIE**

(together)

Well -- But I gotta --

They look at Burns.



**BURNS**

Scram, you guys.

They start to go.

**HILDY**

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

They go.

**HILDY**

Mind if I sit down?

Hildy sits.

**CLOSE SHOT DUFFY AND LOUIE**

back and going out of the door. They cast an interested look  
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?

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

**HILDY**

Thanks. A match?

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

**BURNS**

How long is it?

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

**HILDY**

How long is what?

**BURNS**

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

**HILDY**

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

**CLOSEUP BURNS**

**BURNS**

(slyly)

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

**MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT THE TWO**

**HILDY**

(casually)

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

**BURNS**

(with conviction)

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

start

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

**BURNS AND HILDY**

(together)

-- any place, anywhere --

He sits.

**HILDY**

(half-pityingly)

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

(she burlesques his fervor)

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

**CLOSE SHOT HILDY AND BURNS**

**BURNS**

(growling)

I notice you still remember it.

**HILDY**

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

**BURNS**

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

**HILDY**

Done what?

**BURNS**

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

**HILDY**

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

**BURNS**

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

**HILDY**

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

**BURNS**

Now, that's a nice thing to say.

**HILDY**

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

**BURNS**

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

**ANOTHER ANGLE**

**HILDY**

A fellow your age, hiring an airplane  
to write:

(she gestures above  
to indicate sky-  
writing)

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

**BURNS**

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

**HILDY**

What home?

**WALTER**

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

**HILDY**

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

**BURNS**

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

**HILDY**

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

**BURNS**

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

**HILDY**

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

**BURNS**

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

**HILDY**

What?!!

**BURNS**

I haven't any hard feelings.

**HILDY**

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

**BURNS**

(rising, reaching for his hat)

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

**HILDY**

(also rising)

I have a lunch date. I just want --

**BURNS**

You can break it, can't you?

**HILDY**

No, I can't.

**BURNS**

Sure you can. Come on.

**DIFFERENT ANGLE**

**HILDY**

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

**BURNS**

What do you mean by that?

**HILDY**

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

**BURNS**

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

**HILDY**

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

**BURNS**

(still interrupting)

You've had a better offer, eh?

**HILDY**

You bet I've got a better offer.

**BURNS**

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

**HILDY**

I know, Walter, but I --

**BURNS**

(ignoring her)

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

**HILDY**

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

**BURNS**

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

shuddering.

**HILDY**

Listen, Walter --

**BURNS**

(going right on)

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

**HILDY**

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

**WIDER ANGLE**

**BURNS**

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

**HILDY**

(indignantly)

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

**BURNS**

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

**HILDY**

(speechless)

You -- you --

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

**BURNS**

(to Hildy)

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

(he reaches for phone)

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

**CLOSE SHOT DUFFY**

seated at his desk, talking into phone.

**DUFFY**

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

**CLOSE SHOT BURNS AND HILDY**

Burns into phone:

**BURNS**

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

(he hangs up)

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

**HILDY**

What's the matter?

**BURNS**

Sweeney.

**HILDY**

Dead?

**BURNS**

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

**CLOSE SHOT HILDY**

**HILDY**

Sweeney?

(she laughs)

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

**CLOSE SHOT BURNS AND HILDY**

**BURNS**



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

**HILDY**

(practically)

Well, haven't you got anybody else?

**BURNS**

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

**HILDY**

No!

**BURNS**

You've got to help me, Hildy.

**HILDY**

Keep away --

**BURNS**

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

**HILDY**

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

**BURNS**

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

**HILDY**

Get away, Svengali.

**BURNS**

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

**HILDY**

Listen, you bumble-headed baboon --

**BURNS**

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

**HILDY**

Please! Will you just --

**BURNS**

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

**HILDY**

I'm not working for any other paper!

**BURNS**

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

**HILDY**

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

**CLOSEUP HILDY**

ring

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

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

**BURNS**

(under his breath)

Have Duffy call me in the restaurant  
in twenty minutes.

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

**HILDY**

Allow me.

**BURNS**

(walking right through)

Thanks.

Hildy follows him out.

**INT. ANTEROOM MED. SHOT**

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

**BURNS**

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

**CLOSE SHOT BRUCE**

Hildy behind him. Bruce registers amazement at this.

**CLOSE SHOT BURNS AND MESSENGER**

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

**MESSENGER**

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

**BURNS**

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

**CLOSEUP HILDY**

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

**MEDIUM SHOT BURNS AND MESSENGER**

**BURNS**

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

**MESSENGER**

But my name --

**BRUCE**

(as he enters scene)  
Mr. Burns!

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

**BURNS**

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

**CLOSE SHOT BRUCE AND BURNS**

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

**BURNS**



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

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

**BRUCE**

Mr. Burns --

**BURNS**

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

**BRUCE**

I'm Bruce Baldwin!

**MEDIUM SHOT**

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

**BURNS**

You're Bruce Baldwin?

**BRUCE**

Yes!

**BURNS**

(accusing to messenger)  
Then who are you?

**MESSENGER**

(falteringly)  
My name's Pete Davis.

**BURNS**

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

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

**CLOSEUP HILDY**

is

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

**CLOSE SHOT BURNS AND BRUCE**

**BURNS**

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

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

**BRUCE**

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

**BURNS**

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

**BRUCE**

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

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

**BURNS**

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

**BRUCE**

(this is the final crusher)

Oh.

**BURNS**

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

**BRUCE**

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

**BURNS**

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

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

**BURNS**

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

**BRUCE**

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

**BURNS**

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

**BRUCE**

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

**BURNS**

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

**CLOSE SHOT BURNS NEAR OPEN ELEVATOR**

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

**HILDY**

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

**BURNS**

(hurt)

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

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

**BURNS**

(very sweetly -- he  
almost sings it)

Oh -- after you, Hildy!

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

**CLOSEUP OFFICE BOY**

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

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. RESTAURANT CLOSEUP - A BEAMING WAITER**

**HE GRINS ALL OVER AND SAYS:**

**WAITER**

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

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

**HILDY**

(beaming at waiter)

Nobody else.

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

**HILDY**

How's everything, Gus?

**GUS**

I can't complain.

**BURNS**

(studying menu)

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

**GUS**

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

**BURNS**

Good idea. How about you, Hildy?

**HILDY**

(discarding menu)

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

**GUS**

Little rum in yours, too?

**HILDY**

I guess so.

Bruce looks at her. She hurriedly changes her mind.

**HILDY**

No -- just coffee, Gus.

**GUS**

(crestfallen)

Just coffee.

(to Bruce)

And you, sir?

**BRUCE**

(putting menu down)

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

**GUS**

(incredulous)

Milk?

**BRUCE**

(thinks he hasn't heard)

Yes.

**GUS**

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

**BURNS**

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

**CLOSEUP - GUS**

Gus gives him a look and goes.

**ANOTHER ANGLE - THE TRIO AT TABLE**

Burns surveys the others quizzically.

**BURNS**

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

**BRUCE**

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

**BURNS**

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

He whistles.

**BRUCE**

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

**HILDY**

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

**BURNS**

Mother? But your mother --

**BRUCE**

No. My mother.

**BURNS**

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

**HILDY**

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

She gives Burns that too-sweet look.

**BURNS**

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

**TWO SHOT - FEATURING BRUCE AND HILDY**

**BRUCE**

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

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

**THREE SHOT - HILDY, BRUCE AND BURNS**

**BURNS**

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

**HILDY**

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

**BURNS**

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

**BRUCE**

Well, I'll try to give her one.

**BURNS**

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

**BRUCE**

Just for the first year.

**BURNS**

(sighing)

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

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

**BRUCE**

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

**BURNS**

Yes, I know...

(he chuckles)

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

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.



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

**HILDY**

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

**GUS**

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

**BURNS**

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

**BRUCE**

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

**BURNS**

I see what you mean.

They fall to.

**CLOSE SHOT - HILDY**

She sips her coffee and acts surprised.

**HILDY**

Gus, this --

**CLOSEUP - GUS**

**GUS**

(winking)  
Good coffee, isn't it?

**CLOSEUP - HILDY**

She smiles and winks back, and takes another sip.

**GROUP SHOT AT TABLE**

Gus starts to go.

**BRUCE**

You've forgotten my milk.

**GUS**

Oh. The milk. Yes.

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

**BURNS**

Here's luck to the bride and bridegroom.

**HILDY**

(lifts cup)

Thank you.

**BRUCE**

(looking for something  
to respond with --  
apologetically)

He hasn't brought my milk yet.

A bus boy comes into scene and stops before Burns.

**BUS BOY**

They want you on the phone, Mr. Burns.

**BURNS**

They would!

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

**TWO SHOT - BRUCE AND HILDY**

**BRUCE**

(looking after him)

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

**HILDY**

(looking at him  
maternally)

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

**BRUCE**

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

**HILDY**

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

**BRUCE**

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

**HILDY**

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

**INT. PHONE BOOTH FULL SHOT**

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

**BURNS**

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

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

**INT. RESTAURANT MED. SHOT AT TABLE**

Gus is entering the scene.

**GUS**

Your milk, sir.

He serves Bruce.

**GUS**

And I brought you another cup of  
coffee, Hildy.

Burns'

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

**HILDY**

Thanks, Gus.

She takes a sip and almost chokes.

**BRUCE**

Too hot?

**HILDY**

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

Gus goes, smiling.

**BRUCE**

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

**HILDY**

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

before

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

**BRUCE**

Anything the matter?

**BURNS**

Just Sweeney again. One of my best  
reporters.

**HILDY**

What now?

**BURNS**

His wife had twins and he went out

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

(he sips his coffee)

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

**HILDY**

(sipping hers)

You said it.

**BURNS**

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

**BRUCE**

Just what is the lowdown on Williams?

**BURNS**

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

**HILDY**

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

**BURNS**

Because it happened to be a colored policeman.

**HILDY**

(for Bruce's benefit)

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

**BURNS**

Especially with an election coming up in a few days.

**BRUCE**

Are you sure Williams is not all there?

**BURNS**

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

**BRUCE**

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

**CLOSEUP - BURNS**

**BURNS**

(there's a sly  
expression on his  
face)

How?

**HILDY'S VOICE**

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

**BURNS**

(slapping hands  
together)

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

You could -- but --

(the enthusiasm dies  
away)

-- you're going away. I forgot.

**THREE SHOT**

**BRUCE**

How long would the interview take?

**BURNS**

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

**BRUCE**

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

**HILDY**

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

**BURNS**

I'm an editor. I know what ought to

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

**HILDY**

Why, Walter, you're getting poetic!

**BURNS**

(to Bruce)

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

Bruce gulps.

**BURNS**

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

**HILDY**

(breaking into applause)

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

**BURNS**

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

**HILDY**

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

**BURNS**

What do you mean?

**HILDY**

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

**BURNS**

(laughs, throws up

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

**HILDY**

We're not interested.

**BURNS**

(to Bruce)

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

**BRUCE**

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

**HILDY**

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

**BRUCE**

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

**HILDY**

And what's the matter with a thousand  
dollars?

**BRUCE**

But --

**HILDY**

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

**BRUCE**

I could get a company doctor in twenty  
minutes.

**BURNS**

Now you're talking!

**HILDY**



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

(back to Burns)  
And no tricks, Walter!

**BURNS**

What tricks would I pull?

**HILDY**

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

**BRUCE**

About twenty-five hundred dollars.

**HILDY**

Better make that a certified check, Walter.

**BURNS**

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

**HILDY**

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

**BURNS**

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

**HILDY**

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

**BRUCE**

All right, dear.

**HILDY**

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

**BRUCE**

(feeling his pocket)

The five hundred? Sure.

**HILDY**

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

**BRUCE**

But --

**HILDY**

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

**BRUCE**

But I don't gamble, Hilda!

**HILDY**

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

**BRUCE**

(reluctantly)

All right.

(he pulls out his wallet)

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

**HILDY**

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

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

**HILDY**

So long, husbands.

She goes.

**TRUCKING SHOT - HILDY**

leaving. She weaves just a bit.

**MED. CLOSE SHOT - THE TWO MEN**

They look after her.

**BRUCE**

(smiling a little)

I never knew Hildy to be so determined before.

**BURNS**

You haven't seen anything yet.

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**

CAMERA

It is ringing. A hand comes in to take the phone.

He

DRAWS BACK A LITTLE to show Endicott taking the phone.

other

has an eye shade over his eyes and five cards in his hand.

**ENDICOTT**

(into phone)

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

(hangs up and studies his cards)

Up a dime.

Speak.

CAMERA PANS SLOWLY to reveal the other players as they

Schwartz and

Playing are reporters Murphy, Endicott, Wilson, McCue.

**MURPHY**

(dropping his cards)

By me.

**WILSON**

(also dropping)

Droparoo.

Schwartz knocks on table and drops cards.

**MCCUE**

(reluctantly)

I'll call.

**ENDICOTT**

Three sixes. Is that any good?

**HILDY'S VOICE**

It sure looks good from here.

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

**CLOSE SHOT HILDY JOHNSON**

changed  
and

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

**MED. SHOT REPORTERS**

scene.  
"Holy  
for

They are all talking at once as Hildy comes into the 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.

desk,

She enters to a desk, places her bag on top of the

bag. All

takes her hat off and hangs it on a clothes tree in the corner, comes back to desk and opens the travelling

through the above action she is talking rapidly.

**HILDY**

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

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

the  
a  
put

Hildy takes notebook and pencil out of bag, looks at stockings she is wearing, sees she has a run and takes 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.

puts

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

PM.

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

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

**CLOSE SHOT HILDY**

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

**HILDY**

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

**CLOSE SHOT WALTER BURNS**

Telephone at his ear.

**BURNS**

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

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

**BURNS**

(into phone)  
Going all right, eh?

**DOCTOR**

(nodding)  
Fine.

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

**BURNS**

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

any work done?

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

**DOCTOR**

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

**BURNS**

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

**CUT TO:**

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

cards in her other hand.

**HILDY**

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

(she hangs up)

All right, boys. Up a dime.

**ENDICOTT'S VOICE**

Right back at you.

**MED. SHOT**

**MCCUE**

(dropping his cards)  
You fight it cut.

**HILDY**

And up a dime.

**ENDICOTT**

(studying a second)



I call. What you got?

**HILDY**

(displaying her cards)  
Three bullets! Any good?

**ENDICOTT**

(throwing his cards  
away)  
Beats king up.

Hildy rakes in the money.

**MCCUE**

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

**WILSON**

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

**HILDY**

Oh, I'll think of something.

**MED. SHOT**

from the  
book

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

**MURPHY**

Hello, Harvard! Got anything new on  
the hanging?

**CLOSE SHOT BENSINGER**

**BENSINGER**

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

**CLOSE SHOT HILDY**

**HILDY**

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

**TWO SHOT FEATURING HILDY AND BENSINGER**

**BENSINGER**

Hildy!

He comes over to shake hands.

**BENSINGER**

Are you back?

**HILDY**

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

**BENSINGER**

What doing?

**HILDY**

I'm getting married tomorrow.

**BENSINGER**

Well, congratulations! Good luck!

**THE TABLE ANOTHER ANGLE**

**ENDICOTT**

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

**SCHWARTZ**

Come on, Hildy, your deal.

**CLOSE SHOT BENSINGER AT HIS DESK**

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

**BENSINGER**

Say, who put these stockings in my  
desk?

(he turns to the group)

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

**BENSINGER**

(makes a gesture of  
disgust and picks up  
telephone)

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

morning. Get me a rewrite man.

**CLOSE SHOT ENDICOTT**

dealing the cards.

**ENDICOTT**

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

**CLOSE SHOT BENSINGER**

**BENSINGER**

(into phone)

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

**MED. SHOT AT TABLE - FEATURING MURPHY**

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

**MURPHY**

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

(into phone)

Gimme the desk.

**ENDICOTT**

This Egelhoffer's pretty good.

**MURPHY**

Yeah? What did he ever do for his country?

**ENDICOTT**

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

**CLOSE SHOT BENSINGER**

He is referring to his notes as he talks:

**BENSINGER**

(into phone)

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

**CLOSE SHOT MURPHY**

He continues playing his cards:

**MURPHY**

(into phone)

This is Murphy. More slop on the hanging.

**CLOSE SHOT BENSINGER**

**BENSINGER**

(into phone)

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

**CLOSE SHOT MURPHY**

**MURPHY**

(into phone)

Ready? The Sheriff's just put two hundred more relatives on the payroll to protect the city against the Red Army -- which is leaving Moscow in a couple of minutes.

(consults his hand)

Up a dime.

**CLOSE SHOT BENSINGER**

**BENSINGER**

(into phone)

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

**CLOSE SHOT MURPHY**

**MURPHY**

(into phone)

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

**MED. SHOT AT TABLE FEATURING HILDY**

**ENDICOTT**

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

**MURPHY**

What have you got, Hildy?

**HILDY**

Kings and sixes.

**MURPHY**

(throwing down)  
That's good.

**HILDY**

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

**WILSON**

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

**INT. WALTER BURNS' OFFICE MED. SHOT**

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

**BRUCE**

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

**TWO SHOT**

**BURNS**

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

**BRUCE**

I feel I ought to take care of her.

**BURNS**

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

**BRUCE**

Well, I'm independent, too.

**BURNS**

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

**BRUCE**

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

**BURNS**

(everything he has on  
the ball)

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

**BRUCE**

I'm beginning to realize that.

**BURNS**

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

**BRUCE**

(a lump in his throat)

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

**BURNS**

No, Bruce, you didn't come between

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

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

**MED. SHOT**

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

**DUFFY**

(placing check on  
desk)

Here's that certified check, Walter.

(sotto voce)

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

**BURNS**

(also sotto voce)

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

(louder)

Thanks, Duffy. Stick around.

(picking up check he  
rises)

He walks over to Bruce.

**BURNS**

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

**BRUCE**

(also rising)

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

**CLOSEUP DUFFY**

He reacts to this sweetly solemn thought.

**BURNS AND BRUCE**

his

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

**BRUCE**

Well, she'll know some day.

**BURNS**

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

brings it

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

**BURNS**

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

**BRUCE**

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

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

**SHOT FEATURING LOUIS**

come

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

**BURNS**

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

**BRUCE**

(embarrassed)

Thanks a lot.

They pass Louis. He looks up.

**BRUCE AND BURNS**

signals

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

**CLOSE SHOT LOUIS**

watching.

**CLOSE SHOT BURNS**



Burns points to Bruce's back.

**CLOSE SHOT LOUIS**

Louis nods.

**BRUCE AND BURNS**

**BURNS**

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

**BRUCE**

Oh, sure.

(he extends his hand)

Well, thanks for everything.

**BURNS**

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

**BRUCE**

So long.

He turns and goes. Burns watches him.

**REVERSE ANGLE**

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 GALLOWES**

The trap is sprung by two or three earnest men.

**INT. PRESS ROOM GROUP AT WINDOW**

**HILDY**

(turns away)

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

**SCHWARTZ**

What's the matter? Getting yellow?

**MED. SHOT**

A phone rings. McCue answers it.

**MCCUE**

For you, Hildy.

Hildy goes toward phone.

**CLOSE SHOT HILDY AT PHONE**

**HILDY**

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

**INT. PHONE BOOTH CLOSE SHOT BRUCE**

**BRUCE**

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

**INT. PRESS ROOM CLOSE SHOT HILDY AT PHONE**

McCue is hovering near.

**MCCUE**

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

**HILDY**

(in phone)

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

(she is thinking rapidly)

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

**MCCUE**

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

**HILDY**

(to McCue)

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

(into phone)

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

**INT. PHONE BOOTH CLOSE SHOT BRUCE**

**BRUCE**

All right. Wait a minute.

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

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

**HILDY**

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

**INT. PHONE BOOTH CLOSE SHOT BRUCE**

He blows a kiss into the phone and hangs up.

**EXT. OUTSIDE RESTAURANT LOUIS**

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

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

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

**COOLEY**

Hello, Hildy! What are you doing around here?

**HILDY**

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

**COOLEY**

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

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

**HILDY**

Say, isn't this your twenty dollars?

**COOLEY**

(looks at bill eagerly)  
I think it is.

**HILDY**

(handing it over)

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

Cooley pockets the twenty and reaches for his key ring.

**EXT. STREET SCENE**

the

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

**SHOT OF COP**

as he sees this and strolls determinedly toward it.

**THE CROWD**

toward

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

**CLOSE SHOT BRUCE**

lying down, held by Louis.

**MED. SHOT**

**COP**

What's going on?

**LOUIS**

This guy stole my watch.

**COP**

(lugging them both to  
feet)

Have you got his watch?

**BRUCE**

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

**LOUIS**

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

**BRUCE**

I haven't got --

**COP**

Wait a minute.

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

**COP**

(to Louis)  
Is this yours?

**LOUIS**

Yeah! That's it!

**COP**

What about it?

**BRUCE**

I never saw it before.

Cop grabs Bruce. Louis grabs his other arm.

**COP**

Come on!

He whistles.

**COP**

(to mob)  
Beat it!

**CLOSE SHOT THREE**

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

**BRUCE**

My hat!

**COP**

Get his hat, somebody.

**CLOSEUP BRUCE'S HAT**

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

**CLOSE SHOT THREE**

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

**INT. COUNTY JAIL MED. CLOSE SHOT**

stool at  
sits  
bouquet of  
impression of  
It is  
reveals

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

**WILLIAMS**

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

**HILDY**

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

**WILLIAMS**

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

**HILDY**

What are your beliefs, Earl?

**WILLIAMS**

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

**HILDY**

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

**WILLIAMS**

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

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

**HILDY**

(writing)

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

**WILLIAMS**

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

**CLOSEUP HILDY**

**HILDY**

(thoughtfully)

Yes, that makes a lot of sense, Earl.

**WILLIAM'S VOICE**

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

**HILDY**

Sure.

(she studies him a moment)

What's the purpose of a gun, Earl?

**CLOSEUP WILLIAMS**

**WILLIAMS**

A gun?

(he thinks -- then a revealing smile breaks out)

Why -- to shoot, of course.

**MED. CLOSE TWO SHOT**

**HILDY**

Is that how you came to shoot the policeman?

**WILLIAMS**



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

**HILDY**

(writing)  
Very simple, Earl.

**WILLIAMS**

There's nothing crazy about that, is there?

**HILDY**

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

**WILLIAMS**

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

**HILDY**

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

**WILLIAMS**

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

**INSERT: PICTURE OF MOLLIE**

**HILDY'S VOICE**

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

**EARL'S VOICE**

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

**HARTMAN'S VOICE**

How'd you get in here?

**MEDIUM SHOT**

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

**HILDY**

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

**HARTMAN**

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

**HILDY**

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

**HARTMAN**

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

**HILDY**

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

**HARTMAN**

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

**WILLIAMS**

Fine, thanks, Sheriff.

**HARTMAN**

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

**WILLIAMS**

I won't.

**HARTMAN**

(to Hildy)

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

**HILDY**

(in a low voice so  
Williams won't  
overhear)

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

**HARTMAN**

(just as loud as ever)

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

**HILDY**

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

**WILLIAMS**

Don't forget about production for use.

**HILDY**

I won't, Earl.  
(she goes)

**INT. PRESS ROOM GROUP SHOT POKER GAME - NIGHT**

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

The electric lights have been switched on.

**MURPHY**

(raking in a pot)

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

**ENDICOTT**

Who's this guy she's gonna marry?

**WILSON**

Baldwin -- his name is.

**SCHWARTZ**

I give that marriage six months.

**MCCUE**

Why?

**SCHWARTZ**

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

**MURPHY**

She says she's gonna write fiction.

**ENDICOTT**

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

**SCHWARTZ**

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

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

**MCCUE**

Well, well -- Miss Mollie Malloy.

**MURPHY**

Hello, Mollie.

**WILSON**

How's tricks, Mollie?

**CLOSE SHOT MOLLIE**

**MOLLIE**

I've been lookin' for you tramps.

**MED. GROUP SHOT**

**ENDICOTT**

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

**MOLLIE**

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

**SCHWARTZ**

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

**MOLLIE**

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

Hildy appears in the doorway and comes into the room.

**MURPHY**

Keep your shirt on.

**MOLLIE**

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

Hildy goes to desk and begins typing away.

**MURPHY**

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

**MOLLIE**

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

**BENSINGER**

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

**CLOSEUP MOLLIE**

**MOLLIE**

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

**CLOSE SHOT ENDICOTT**

looking up at her.

**ENDICOTT**

You've been sucking around that cuckoo

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

**CLOSEUP MOLLIE**

She blows up.

**MOLLIE**

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

**CLOSE SHOT HILDY**

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

typing

**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 boyfriend?

**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**

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

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**

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

**HILDY**

(gently)

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

(she leads Mollie toward door)

**MOLLIE**

They're not human!

**HILDY**

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

**MOLLIE**

(one look back as Hildy leads her out door)

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

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



to

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

**MURPHY**

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

**ENDICOTT**

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

**CLOSE SHOT WILSON AT PHONE**

**WILSON**

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

**MED. SHOT TAKING DOOR**

**WILSON**

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

**SCHWARTZ**

What's he want?

**WILSON**

Wants Hildy -- and sounds very  
excited.

Hildy comes back. Looks at them and stares  
contemptuously.

**HILDY**

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

**WILSON**

Phone for you, Hildy.

**HILDY**

(going toward it)  
Who is it?

**WILSON**

Oh, some insurance man. Are you in?

**HILDY**

(grabbing phone)

Give me that!

**CLOSEUP HILDY**

**HILDY**

(into phone)

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

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

How did that happen?...

(she listens

unbelievably a second)

I'll be right over!

**MED. SHOT**

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

**MURPHY**

Boy, did you see her go?

**ENDICOTT**

Lioness Rushes to Defense of Cub.

**WILSON**

I told you Baldwin was in trouble.

**MCCUE**

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

**SCHWARTZ**

I still give that marriage six months.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**CLOSE SHOT BENSINGER**

at phone.

**BENSINGER**

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

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

**INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE CLOSE SHOT SHERIFF HARTMAN**

at phone.

**HARTMAN**

(indignantly)

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

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

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

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

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

Williams,  
standing

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

**EGELHOFFER**

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

**HARTMAN**

You said it!

**EGELHOFFER**

They're always after me for  
interviews.

**HARTMAN**

Me, too.

**EGELHOFFER**

(fencing)

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

**HARTMAN**

(not liking it)

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

**EGELHOFFER**

(he'll bargain)

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

**HARTMAN**

(he buys)

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

**EGELHOFFER**

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

**HARTMAN**

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

**EGELHOFFER**

Yes, I suppose so. It all helps.

**WILLIAMS**

(just a spectator up  
to now)

Are you gentlemen all through with me?

**EGELHOFFER**

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

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

**EGELHOFFER**

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

**WILLIAMS**

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

**EGELHOFFER**

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

**CLOSEUP WILLIAMS**

**WILLIAMS**

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

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. POLICE CELL CLOSEUP BRUCE**

**BRUCE**

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

CAMERA PULLS BACK to show us Bruce in police cell.

Hildy

outside. A police lieutenant with her in b.g.

**HILDY**

I know you didn't, Bruce.

She whirls on lieutenant.

**HILDY**

(to lieutenant)

Let him out of here, Lieutenant.

**LIEUTENANT**

(conciliatingly)

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

**HILDY**

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

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

**LIEUTENANT**

Now, Hildy --

**HILDY**

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

**LIEUTENANT**

I can't.

**HILDY**

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

**LIEUTENANT**

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

**HILDY**

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

**LIEUTENANT**

Five hundred dollars.

**HILDY**

You'll take fifty and like it!

**LIEUTENANT**

(wavers)

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

He starts to open cell door.

**HILDY**

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

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. TAXI (PROCESS SHOT)**

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

He fumbles in his breast pocket.

**HILDY**

What's the matter?

**BRUCE**

I lost my wallet.

**HILDY**

(stops)

The check, Bruce!

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

**BRUCE**

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

**HILDY**

(taking check and  
putting it away)

Yes, wasn't it?

**BRUCE**

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

**HILDY**

(looking at him fondly)

I'm sure you haven't any.

**BRUCE**

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

**HILDY**

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

**BRUCE**

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

**HILDY**

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

say next train, this time I mean it!

**BRUCE**

Did you finish the interview?

**HILDY**

(to driver)

The Criminal Courts Building.

The driver nods.

**HILDY**

(to Bruce)

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

**BRUCE**

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

**HILDY**

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

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

Hildy turns and pushes him back in the cab.

**EXT. STREET MED. SHOT HILDY**

at door of cab. Bruce in cab.

**HILDY**

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

Hildy turns and starts for stairs of Criminal Courts Building.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

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

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**

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

**HILDY**

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

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

**HILDY**

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

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

**SCHWARTZ**

(subdued tones)

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

**HILDY**

(stopping midway to  
her hat)

I'll take it.

(she comes over to  
phone)

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

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.

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

**EGELHOFFER**

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

**WILLIAMS**

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

**EGELHOFFER**

(insistently)  
Point the gun at me!

Williams does so.

**EGELHOFFER**

Then what did you do?

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

**WILLIAMS**

(pathetically)  
Now can I go, please?

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

**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**

of the  
There  
room.  
boys

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

are jumping for their telephones. Another windowpane 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**

TRUCKS  
Her bag, almost unnoticed, falls to the floor. CAMERA 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.



against the

Very calmly she sits on the long table, her back  
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**

and  
door.

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

**EXT. COURTYARD - DAY MEDIUM SHOT - AT THE GATE**

leaping  
the  
the

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

**MEDIUM SHOT AT DOOR LEADING FROM BUILDING TO COURTYARD**

moment,

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

**MED. SHOT - SQUAD CAR**

Hildy  
board, and

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

**MED. SHOT - AT GATE**

by  
on

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

**CLOSE SHOT - HILDY AND COOLEY**

Hildy's

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

**HILDY**

Cooley, I want to talk to you.

**COOLEY**

(trying to get up)

Hildy -- I can't. I'm busy -- I --  
Let me up, Hildy. Earl Williams has  
escaped --

He struggles.

**HILDY**

There's money in it, Cooley.

**COOLEY**

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

**HILDY**

(interrupting him)

A lot of money.

(she opens her bag)

Four hundred and fifty dollars --

She fingers the bills.

**COOLEY**

How much?

**HILDY**

Four hundred and fifty dollars. Is  
it a deal?

**COOLEY**

It's a deal. Let me up.

Cooley gets up and dusts himself off.

**COOLEY**

Let's see the money.

**HILDY**

(money still in her  
hand)

First we talk. How did Earl Williams

get that gun?

Cooley looks around quickly.

**COOLEY**

Come on, and I'll tell you.

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

**MEDIUM SHOT**

They move off as the gates are closed.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**SHOT**

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

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**

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

**HARTMAN**

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

**MURPHY**

(into phone)

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

**HARTMAN**

What went off?

**MURPHY**

(into phone)

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

**HARTMAN**

A fine fair-weather friend you are!

**MURPHY**

(remorselessly, into  
phone)

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

**HARTMAN**

After all I've done for you --

**MURPHY**

(continuing)

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

**WILSON**

(into phone)

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

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

**MURPHY**

(into phone)

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

He hangs up.

**WILSON**

(into phone)

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

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

**HILDY**

There goes another scrub lady.

**WILSON**

(into phone)

I'll go right after it.

He hangs up and exits.

**MURPHY**

(to Hildy)

Any dope yet on how he got out?

**HILDY**

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

**HARTMAN**

I'm very disappointed in you, Hildy Johnson.

He turns and exits.

**CLOSE SHOT AT TABLE NEAR HILDY'S PHONE**

taking in Hildy and Murphy.

**MURPHY**

How do you suppose Williams got that gun?

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.

on a  
CAMERA PULLS BACK disclosing Louis and a blonde sitting  
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.

pace up

Hildy takes a look at the clock, rises and begins to 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 scoting in.

**MAYOR**

(to the Sheriff)

Hartman, I've been looking for you!

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

**MURPHY**

So have we!

**ENDICOTT**

What's the dope, Sheriff?

**MURPHY**

Who engineered this getaway?

**CLOSE SHOT**

**HARTMAN**

Just a minute! We've got him located.

**ENDICOTT**

Williams?

**MURPHY**

Where is he?

**HARTMAN**

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

The boys beat it, fast.

**MAYOR**

Pete, I want to talk to you!

**HARTMAN**

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

**MAYOR**

Did you actually give Williams that gun?

**HARTMAN**

(a wail)

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

**MAYOR**

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

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

**ANOTHER ANGLE FEATURING SCHWARTZ**

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

**SCHWARTZ**

Hiya, Your Honor.

(into phone)

Schwartz calling.

(to the Mayor)

How about it, Your Honor? Any

statement on the Red uprising  
tomorrow?

**MAYOR**

What Red uprising?

**HARTMAN**

There'll be no Red uprising!

**SCHWARTZ**

(into phone)

Gimme rewrite --

(to the Mayor)

The Governor says the situation calls  
for the militia.

**MAYOR**

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

**SCHWARTZ**

(into phone)

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

**CLOSEUP SHERIFF AND MAYOR**

**SCHWARTZ' VOICE**

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

**MED. SHOT SCHWARTZ**

He hangs up and starts out.

**SCHWARTZ**

Nice to have seen you, Mayor.

He exits, whistling.

**MAYOR**

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

They start out.

**MED. SHOT SHERIFF AND MAYOR**

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

**MED. SHOT MAYOR AND SHERIFF**

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

**HARTMAN**

(beside himself)

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

**MAYOR**

Four hundred! Do you want to bankrupt this administration?

**HARTMAN**

(pleadingly)

I'm getting them for twelve dollars a night.

**MAYOR**

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

(gesturing)

Out shooting everybody they see for the fun of it?

**HARTMAN**

(with dignity)

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

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

**INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE MED. CLOSE SHOT**

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

**MAYOR**

Pete, you're through!

**HARTMAN**

(stunned)

What do you mean -- through?

**MAYOR**

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

**HARTMAN**

(David to Jonathan)

Fred!

**MAYOR**

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

**HARTMAN**

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

**MAYOR**

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

**HARTMAN**

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

**MAYOR**

(wavering and desperate)

If there was any way out...

As a phone rings:

**HARTMAN**

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

(into phone)

Hello... Yes... Hello!



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

He hangs up.

**HARTMAN**

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

**MAYOR**

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

Sheriff winces.

**MAYOR**

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

**HARTMAN**

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

**MAYOR**

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

**HARTMAN**

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

A knock on the door.

**MAYOR**

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

Knocking louder.

**MAYOR**

Who's out there?

**VOICE OUTSIDE (PINKUS)**

Is Sheriff Hartman in there?

Sheriff starts for door.

**HARTMAN**

(relieved)

Ah! For me!

**MED. SHOT TAKING IN DOOR**

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

**HARTMAN**

(as he opens door,  
disclosing Pinkus)

I'm Sheriff Hartman. You want me?

**PINKUS**

(coming in)

You're certainly a hard fellow to find, Sheriff.

**MAYOR**

(annoyed)

What do you want?

**PINKUS**

(taking a document  
from his pocket and  
proffering it to  
Sheriff)

I'm a messenger at the State House.  
This is from the Governor.

**MAYOR**

What's from the Governor?

**PINKUS**

The reprieve for Earl Williams.

**HARTMAN**

(stunned)

For who?

**PINKUS**

(amiably)

Earl Williams. The reprieve.

**MAYOR**

W-wait a minute.

Getting his bearings.

**HARTMAN**

(bursting forth)

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

**MAYOR**

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

(to Pinkus)

Who else knows about this?

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

**PINKUS**

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

**MAYOR**

(to Sheriff)

Get the Governor on the phone!

**PINKUS**

(helpfully)

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

**MAYOR**

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

**HARTMAN**

(thrusting the document  
at the Mayor)

Read it! Insane, he says.

(shaking a finger in  
Pinkus' face)

He knows very well that Williams ain't insane!

**PINKUS**

Yeah. But I --

**MAYOR**

(interrupting)  
Pure politics!

**HARTMAN**

An attempt to ruin us!

The phone rings. Hartman starts for it.

**MAYOR**

(reading)  
Dementia praecox Oh-h-h!

**HARTMAN**

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

**MAYOR**

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

**HARTMAN**

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

**MAYOR**

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

**HARTMAN**

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

**MAYOR**

What is it?

**HARTMAN**

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

**MAYOR**

Tell 'em to hold the wire.

**HARTMAN**

I did.  
(into phone)  
Hold the wire.

**MAYOR**

Cover up that transmitter!

Sheriff does so. Mayor faces Cooney.

**MAYOR**

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

**PINKUS**

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

**MAYOR**

How much do you make a week?

**PINKUS**

Huh?

**MAYOR**

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

**PINKUS**

(reluctantly)  
Forty dollars.

**HARTMAN**

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

**MAYOR**

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

**PINKUS**

Who? Me?

**MAYOR**

(exasperated)  
Who do you think!

a

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

**MAYOR**

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

**PINKUS**

The what?

**MAYOR**

The City Sealer's office!

**PINKUS**

You mean here in the city?

**MAYOR**

(foaming)

Yes, yes!

**HARTMAN**

(at phone)

Well, wait a minute, will you? I'm in conference.

**PINKUS**

(a very deliberate intellect)

No, I couldn't do that.

**MAYOR**

Why not?

**PINKUS**

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

**MAYOR**

(desperate)

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

**PINKUS**

(with vast thought)

No, I don't think so.

**MAYOR**

For heaven's sake, why not?

**PINKUS**

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

**MAYOR**

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

**PINKUS**

(lured)

Yeah?

**HARTMAN**

(into phone)

Hold your horses -- will you, Olsen?  
Hurry up, Fred!

**MAYOR**

Now what do you say?

**PINKUS**

This puts me in a peculiar hole.

**MAYOR**

No, it doesn't.

(hands him the reprieve)

Now, remember: you never delivered  
this.

(rushing him to the  
door)

You got caught in the traffic, or  
something.

(opening door)

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

**PINKUS**

But how do I know...?

**MAYOR**

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

**PINKUS**

Pinkus.

**MAYOR**

(taking out his wallet)

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

mouth shut. Here!

(he hands him a card)

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

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

**HARTMAN**

(into phone,  
desperately)

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

The door opens again and Pinkus comes back in.

**PINKUS**

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

**MAYOR**

(turning hastily toward  
Pinkus)

I'll explain it tomorrow!

**PINKUS**

Is it hard?

**MAYOR**

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

**HARTMAN**

(pleadingly, into  
phone)

Just one second --

**PINKUS**

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

**MAYOR**

(pushing him out the  
door)

We'll fix that, too.

(he closes the door  
after him)

**HARTMAN**



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

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

**MAYOR**

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

**HARTMAN**

What?

**MAYOR**

Shoot to kill, I said.

**HARTMAN**

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

**MAYOR**

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

**HARTMAN**

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

**MAYOR**

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

**HARTMAN**

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

**INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE PRESS ROOM MED. SHOT**

crosses  
hand  
opens

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

**INT. PRESS ROOM MED. SHOT**

Suddenly

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

**HILDY**  
(into phone)  
Will you try --

**LOUIE'S VOICE**  
Hildy.

**HILDY**  
(wheeling towards  
door)  
Louie!

She drops the phone and hurries towards him.

**HILDY**  
Have you got my dough?

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

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

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

**HILDY**  
Come on with that money!

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

**HILDY**

Where's the money?

**LOUIS**

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

(he picks out money  
and counts)

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

**HILDY**

(grabs money and signs)

Here!

**LOUIS**

Thanks. So long, Hildy!

**HILDY**

(grabbing him)

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

**LOUIS**

Huh?

**HILDY**

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

**LOUIS**

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

He takes Bruce's wallet out.

**HILDY**

(grabbing it)

You know it is!

**LOUIS**

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

**HILDY**

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

**LOUIS**

(surprised)

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

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!

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

**WILLIAMS**

(weakly)  
I guess I used all the shells.

**CLOSE TWO SHOT**

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

**HILDY**

Earl, you must never do that again.

**WILLIAMS**

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

**HILDY**

(more her old self now)  
Well, maybe you think I could!

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

**EARL'S VOICE**

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

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

**HILDY**

Don't talk too loud.

**WILLIAMS**

(babbling on as she  
moves about)

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

**HILDY**

Sure I do, Earl.

Hildy is looking around for a hiding place for him.

**WILLIAMS**

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

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

**HILDY**

(into phone)

Hello... Gimme Walter Burns -- quick!

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

**CLOSEUP HILDY AT PHONE**

**HILDY**

(into second phone)

Hello -- hel -- Oh, hello, Bruce...  
Oh, Bruce, please -- I know I said

I'd be down in fifteen minutes, but something terrific's happened! Hang on, Bruce --

(into first phone)

Walter?... Hildy. Come over here -- right away!... Wait!

(into second phone)

Bruce, just a second, Bruce -- I'll explain everything.

(into first phone)

Walter! Get this: I've got Earl Williams... Yes! Here in the Press Room... Honest! On the level. Hurry -- I need you.

She hangs up and turns into second phone.

**HILDY**

Bruce, this is the biggest thing that ever happened...

(lowers voice)

I just captured Earl Williams -- you know -- the murderer --

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.



a

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

**MOLLIE**

Where are they gone? You know where they are?

**HILDY**

Wait a minute, Mollie.

against

She manages to relock the door, then turns, leaning 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?

come

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

**MOLLIE**

(spinning around)  
What's that?

**HILDY**

Quiet, Mollie!

**MOLLIE**

There's somethin' funny going on around here.

**MED. SHOT**

sees

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

**CLOSEUP EARL AND MOLLIE**

Earl.

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

**WILLIAMS**

Hello, Mollie.

Mollie begins to sob.

**WIDER ANGLE SHOT**

Hildy comes over and says:

**HILDY**

Quiet, Mollie, quiet!

**WILLIAMS**

(putting out hand to  
stroke her hair)  
Don't cry, Mollie, there's nothing  
to cry about.

**HILDY**

How'd you get here, Earl?

**WILLIAMS**

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

**MOLLIE**

(coming up)  
Of course I believe you.

**WILLIAMS**

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

**MOLLIE**

That's all right, Mr. Williams...  
(to Hildy)  
You're a woman. You got to help us.  
You got to get him out of here, some  
place where I can take care of him.

**HILDY**

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

**WILLIAMS**

Let 'em take me. It's better that

way.

**MOLLIE**

No -- I'll never let 'em!

The door is tried outside.

**MOLLIE**

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

**HILDY**

Ssh!

**INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE PRESS ROOM DOOR CLOSE SHOT**

Endicott at door is trying to get in.

**ENDICOTT**

Who locked the door?

**INT. PRESS ROOM BACK TO HILDY**

**HILDY**

(calling)

Just a second, Mike ---

(whispering to Mollie)

Mollie, I got it!

**MED. CLOSE SHOT AT DESK**

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

**HILDY**

Can you get in this desk?

**INT. CORRIDOR CLOSE SHOT**

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

**WILSON**

What's going on in there?

**INT. PRESS ROOM HILDY, MOLLIE AND EARL**

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

**WILLIAMS**

What good'll it do?

**HILDY**

We'll get you out in ten minutes.

**INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE DOOR**

**ENDICOTT**

Open up there, will you!

**INT. PRESS ROOM HILDY, MOLLIE AND EARL**

**HILDY**

(crying)

All right -- all right!

**MOLLIE**

(to Earl)

Go on!

(shoving him to desk)

Please!

**WILLIAMS**

They'll find me anyhow.

gets  
over

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

**HILDY**

(calling)

I'm coming!

(to Earl)

Keep dead quiet. Don't even breathe.

**MOLLIE**

(to Earl)

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

**INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE DOOR**

**ENDICOTT**

(giving door a terrific  
kick)

Hey!

**INT. PRESS ROOM CLOSE SHOT HILDY AND MOLLIE**

**HILDY**

(to Mollie)

Mollie, drop down here! You've fainted!

**MOLLIE**

What's the idea?

**HILDY**

Never mind! Just play dead.

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

The kicking at the door continues.

**MED. SHOT**

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**

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

**ENDICOTT**

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

**HILDY**

Run down and get some smelling salts, will you?

**WILSON**

Smelling salts! What's going on here?

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

**ENDICOTT**

Mollie Malloy -- what happened to her?

**HILDY**

(as Endicott and Wilson enter room)

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

**INT. PRESS ROOM MED. SHOT**

Mollie is shaking her head.

**ENDICOTT**

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

**HILDY**

Give me a hand with her, will you?

**ENDICOTT**

Okay.  
(lifting Mollie)  
Up you go, Mollie.

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.

Hildy

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

**MED. SHOT AT DOOR**

Mrs. Baldwin is in a very righteous mood.

**MRS. BALDWIN**

Well?

**CLOSE SHOT HILDY**

as she comes in to her.

**HILDY**

Mother!

**MRS. BALDWIN**

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

**HILDY**

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

**MRS. BALDWIN**

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

**CLOSE SHOT REPORTERS**

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

**MRS. BALDWIN'S VOICE**

(continuing)

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

**MURPHY**

Where does she get that stuff?

**SCHWARTZ**

Shall we tell her what she looks like?

**ENDICOTT**

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

**MED. SHOT GROUP**

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

**HILDY**

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

**MRS. BALDWIN**

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

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

**REPORTERS**

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

**HILDY**

(desperately)  
But I never said anything like that!

**MRS. BALDWIN**

Yes, you did!

**CLOSEUP MOLLIE**

**MOLLIE**

She never told her that!

**MED. CLOSE SHOT GROUP**

**HILDY**

I said I was trying to catch one.  
(to Mrs. Baldwin)

You got it balled up, Mother.

**CLOSE SHOT**

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

**MURPHY**

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

He grabs her cruelly by an arm.

**MOLLIE**

Let go!

Endicott comes into scene.

**ENDICOTT**

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

**CLOSE SHOT HILDY AND MRS. BALDWIN**

Hildy tense with anxiety, her eyes on Mollie, off.

Murphy  
arm.

comes viciously into scene to her and jerks Hildy by an

**MURPHY**

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

**MED. SHOT**

as the rest of the reporters surround Hildy menacingly.

**ENDICOTT**

(to Hildy)

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

**WILSON**

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

**CLOSEUP MOLLIE**

**AS SHE CRIES WILDLY:**

**MOLLIE**

Wait! You stool-pigeons! She don't

know where Williams is. I'm the one  
that knows.

**SHOT OF REPORTERS**

as they turn on Mollie.

**ENDICOTT**

What do you mean, you know?

They start for Mollie.

**MED. SHOT**

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

**MOLLIE**

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

**CLOSEUP HILDY**

who has remained riveted at desk.

**HILDY**

Let her alone! She's goofy!

**MOLLIE AND REPORTERS**

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

**REPORTERS**

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

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

**MCCUE**

You ain't gettin' out o' here!

**ENDICOTT**

Now, where is he?

**WILSON**

Where you hidin' him?

**MOLLIE**

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

**MURPHY**

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

**ENDICOTT**

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

**MURPHY**

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

**MOLLIE**

(backing)  
Don't you come near me, you kidney foot!

for  
swings

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

**MOLLIE**

(wild and blubbering)  
Let me alone or I'll knock your heads off!

**ENDICOTT**

Put down that chair!

**SCHWARTZ**

Get around -- get on the side of her.

**MOLLIE**

(still backing)  
No, you don't!  
(a scream)  
Keep away!

**WILSON**

Grab her!

With a last, wild look at her encircling foes.

**MOLLIE**

You'll never get it out of me!  
(hurls chair at them)  
I'll never tell! Never!

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

**FORWARD TO:**

**CLOSE SHOT AT WINDOW**

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

**CLOSE SHOT MRS. BALDWIN**

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

**MRS. BALDWIN**

Take me out of here! Take me --  
(a moan)  
Oh-h --

She collapses to a chair.

**SHOT AT WINDOW**

**MCCUE**

(turning)  
Get the cops, somebody.

**MURPHY**

(turning)  
Come on, fellas.

They start in a rush for the door.

**MED. SHOT AT DOOR AND DESK**

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

**HILDY**

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

Reaching the window, she looks out.

**EXT. PAVEMENT SHOOTING DOWN FROM HILDY'S ANGLE**

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

**VOICES**

(of guards rushing in)  
Get a doctor! Take her to the  
infirmary! She ain't killed -- she's  
moving!

**INT. PRESS ROOM SHOOTING INTO ROOM FROM WINDOW**

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

**HILDY**

Walter! D-did you see --  
(gesturing back to  
window)  
-- that?

**CLOSE SHOT BURNS**

**BURNS**

Yes. Where is he?

**HILDY**

(comes in to him)  
She jumped out of the window.

**BURNS**

I know. Where is he, I said.

**[MISSING PAGE]**

**CLOSE SHOT MRS. BALDWIN**

looking up at them, off.

**MRS. BALDWIN**

What are you doing?



**BURNS' VOICE**

Shut up!

**MRS. BALDWIN**

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

**CLOSE AT DESK - TAKING IN LOUIE AT THE DOOR**

Burns slams closed the desk and steps to Louie.

**CLOSE SHOT**

**BURNS**

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

**CLOSEUP MRS. BALDWIN**

**MRS. BALDWIN**

What's that -- what's that?

**CLOSE SHOT GROUP**

as Louie comes in to Mrs. Baldwin.

**HILDY**

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

**LOUIE**

(extending his hand  
as if to shake hands  
with Mrs. Baldwin)

My name is Louis Peluso.

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

**BURNS**

Tell 'em it's a case of delirium tremens.

**TRUCKING SHOT**

with them -- Hildy catching up.

**HILDY**

Now, let go of her, Louie. Listen, Walter, this'll get me in a terrible jam with my fiancée and I don't stand so well with him now. Don't worry, Mother, this is only temporary.

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

**CLOSE SHOT BURNS AND HILDY**

**BURNS**

Where do you think you're going?

**HILDY**

Let go o' me! I've got to get Bruce out of jail! Oh, Walter, why did you have to do this to me?

**BURNS**

(scornfully)

Get Bruce out of jail! How can you worry about a man who's resting comfortably in a quiet police station while this is going on? Hildy, this is war! You can't desert now!

**HILDY**

Oh, get off that trapeze!

(indicating desk, off)

There's your story! Smear it all over the front page -- Earl Williams caught by the Morning Post! And take all the credit -- I covered your story for you and I got myself in a fine mess doing it -- and now I'm getting out! I know I told you that twice before today -- but this time I mean it!

**BURNS**

You drooling idiot! What do you mean, you're getting out! There are three hundred and sixty-five days in the year one can get married -- but how

many times have you got a murderer locked up in a desk? -- Once in a lifetime! Hildy, you've got the whole city by the seat of the pants!

**HILDY**

I know, but --

**BURNS**

(interrupting)

You know! You've got the brain of a pancake! That wasn't just a story you covered -- it was a revolution! Hildy! This is the greatest yarn in journalism since Livingstone discovered Stanley for the New York Herald!

(quickly closes the door)

**HILDY**

(slightly bewildered)

Wait a minute -- wasn't it Stanley who discovered Livingstone?

**BURNS**

Don't get technical at a time like this! Do you realize what you've done? You've taken a city that's been graft-ridden for forty years under the same old gang and with this yarn you're kicking 'em out and giving us a chance to have the same kind of government that New York's having under La Guardia! We'll make such monkeys out of these ward-heelers next Tuesday that nobody'll vote for them -- not even their wives!

**HILDY**

(the fire upon her)

I'd like to think.

**BURNS**

Well, think it then, because it's true! We'll crucify that mob. We're going to keep Williams under cover till morning so the Post can break the story exclusive. Then we'll let the Governor in on the capture -- share the glory with him.

**HILDY**

(excited)

I get it!

**BURNS**

You've kicked over the whole City Hall like an apple-cart. You've got the Mayor and Hartman backed against a wall. You've put one administration out and another in. This isn't a newspaper story -- it's a career! And you stand there belly-aching about whether you catch an eight o'clock train or a nine o'clock train! Still a doll-faced mugg! That's all you are.

**HILDY**

Let me get at that typewriter and I'll show you how a doll-faced mugg can write!

**BURNS**

Attagirl! Why, they'll be naming streets after you -- Hildy Johnson Street! There'll be statues of you in the parks, Hildy. The radio'll be after you -- the movies!

(slapping his fist  
against his open  
palm)

By tomorrow morning I'll betcha there's a Hildy Johnson cigar! I can see the billboards now. Light up with Hildy Johnson!

**HILDY**

Whoa -- wait a minute. We can't leave Williams here. One of the other fellows'll --

**BURNS**

We're going to take him over to my private office.

(turning)

Where's our phone?

**HILDY**

That one -- how you gonna take him? They'll see him.

**SHOT AT TABLE**

as Burns gets phone and jiggles the hook.

**BURNS**

Not if he's inside the desk. We'll  
carry the desk over.

(into phone)

Give me Duffy!

**HILDY**

You can't take that desk out. It's  
crawling with cops outside.

**BURNS**

We'll lower it out of the window  
with pulleys. Quit stallin'.

As Hildy seems abstracted:

**BURNS**

Hildy!

**HILDY**

(coming to)

Huh!

**BURNS**

Get the lead out of your typewriter  
and start pounding out a load, will  
you? Snap into it!

**HILDY**

How much do you want on it?

**BURNS**

All the words you've got.

**HILDY**

(turning)

Where's some paper?

Goes out of scene.

**BURNS**

(into phone)

Hello...! Hello!

**SHOT AT DESK**

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**

tossing  
socks

Having opened the drawers of Bensinger's desk, she is  
play manuscripts, syringes, patent medicines and old  
into the air, in a frantic search for paper.

**HILDY**

(calling to Burns)

How about the time he had his house  
painted by the Fire Department?

**CLOSE SHOT BURNS**

**BURNS**

Give him the works.

(into phone)

Hello, Duffy, get set! We've got the  
biggest story in the world. Earl  
Williams caught by the Morning Post --  
exclusive!

**TWO SHOT HILDY AND BURNS**

Hildy has unearthed a package of Bensinger's private  
stationary. She rises with it.

**BURNS**

(to Hildy)

Fine!

(into phone)

Now, listen, Duffy -- I want you to  
tear out the whole front page...  
That's what I said -- the whole front  
page! Never mind the European war!  
We've got something a whole lot bigger  
than that. Hildy Johnson's writing  
the lead and I'll phone it over to  
you as soon as she's finished.

(he starts to hang  
up, then thinks of  
something else)

Oh, Duffy! Get hold of Butch O'Connor  
and tell him I want him to come up  
here with half a dozen other wrestlers --  
right away! Tell him we'll run his  
picture on the sport page for two  
weeks straight. What? I've got a  
desk I want moved. Never mind what  
desk!

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. STREET NIGHT MED. LONG SHOT**

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

**INT. TAXICAB - NIGHT - PROCESS CLOSE SHOT**

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

**EXT. STREET MED. LONG SHOT**

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

**INT. TAXICAB - PROCESS CLOSE SHOT**

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

**EXT. STREET MED. SHOT**

The truck and taxicab crash and the screen blacks out.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. PRESS ROOM - NIGHT CLOSE SHOT HILDY**

CAMERA  
away

at typewriter, smoke rising from her cigarette. As the  
ANGLE WIDENS we see a fairly disheveled Hildy typing  
furiously.

**BURNS' VOICE**

(Into phone)  
"The Blackest cesspool in American  
city life!" Hold on Duffy, I'll see  
if she's got any more.

Burns comes into the scene, tears a page out of Hildy's  
typewriter. She inserts another one without noticing.

**MED. SHOT**

Burns goes back to the phone as Hildy continues to type  
furiously.

**BURNS**

(into phone)  
Duffy -- Duffy!  
(clicking the phone  
furiously)  
Operator! Operator! Get me Duffy  
back. Somebody cut us off!

**ANOTHER ANGLE FAVORING DOOR**

as Bruce Baldwin enters.

**BRUCE**

Hildy!

**BURNS**

What the devil do you want? Listen,  
Bruce, you can't come in here now!  
We're busy!  
(suddenly, into phone)  
Where you been, Duffy? Stick around!  
What? What Chinese earthquake? The  
deuce with it... what's that?

**CLOSE SHOT HILDY**

typing away madly. Bruce comes into the scene.

**BRUCE**

Hildy!



**HILDY**

(looking up, very  
casually)  
Hello, Bruce...

situation  
She resumes her typing, then suddenly realizes the  
and jumps up.

**HILDY**

BRUCE!! How'd you get out?

**BRUCE**

(the hands-off attitude)  
Not through any help of yours, Hildy.

**HILDY**

Bruce, I know, but I was in the  
biggest jam --

**BURNS' VOICE**

Hildy!

**MED. SHOT**

phone  
As Hildy turns toward his voice, Burns, still with the  
in his hand, keeps talking to her.

**BURNS**

For Pete's sake, Hildy, they're  
waiting for the rest of that story!

**HILDY**

(resignedly)  
Okay, Walter.  
(sits down at her  
typewriter again)

**CLOSE TWO SHOT BRUCE AND HILDY**

Hildy begins typing again.

**BRUCE**

I waited and waited and then I had  
an idea and wired Albany to send me  
a hundred dollars so I could get out  
on bail...

(desperately)

I don't know what they'll think --  
they sent it to the police station!

**HILDY**

(she barely stops  
typing)  
We'll explain the whole thing to  
them.  
(resumes typing)

**BRUCE**

I know I got you into this, Hildy,  
but it does seem to me that you can't  
care much for me if you're willing  
to let me stay locked up for two  
hours.

**HILDY**

Bruce, you know I'm mad about you  
and stop talking like that.  
(calling o.s. to Walter)  
Walter!

**CLOSE SHOT BURNS**

**BURNS**

(into phone)  
Take the President's speech and run  
it on the funny page...  
(turns to Hildy, o.s.)  
What is it, Hildy?

**HILDY'S VOICE**

What was the name of the Mayor's  
first wife?

**BURNS**

You mean the one who drank so much?  
Tillie!

**CLOSE SHOT HILDY AND BRUCE**

**HILDY**

Thanks.  
(she types furiously)

**CLOSE SHOT THE DESK**

Its top opens slowly and Williams' head sticks out.

**CLOSEUP BURNS INCLUDING DESK IN B.G**

**BURNS**

(screaming)  
Get back in there, you mock turtle!

The desk-top falls, the fugitive disappearing within.

**CLOSEUP BRUCE**

turning around toward Burns.

**BRUCE**

Did you say anything, Mister Burns?

**CLOSEUP BURNS**

covering up, fast.

**BURNS**

No -- I was just talking to one of  
the guys at the office.

(indicating phone in  
his hand)

**MED. CLOSE SHOT BRUCE AND HILDY**

**BRUCE**

(to Burns)

Oh.

(turns to Hildy)

I wonder what's keeping mother? She  
was supposed to come down and get  
you.

**HILDY**

Oh, she was here.

**BRUCE**

Where'd she go?

**HILDY**

Out some place.

She types away. Bruce grabs her and stops her.

**BRUCE**

Hildy! Where's mother?

**HILDY**

Oh -- mother -- she -- I don't know  
where she went.

**BRUCE**

Did you give her the money?

**HILDY**

No, I was going to give it to her --  
but she left hurriedly.

**BRUCE**

Then suppose you give me the money.  
Four hundred and fifty dollars.

**HILDY**

Oh, yes. Here it is.

pulls She gets the wallet. Burns comes into the scene and  
another page out of her machine.

**HILDY**

Here it is, Bruce. One -- two --  
three -- four hundred -- and fifty  
dollars.

**BRUCE**

(drily)  
Thank you.

**CLOSEUP BURNS**

watching this with a grin.

**MED. SHOT**

Featuring the threesome.

**BRUCE**

(to Hildy)  
And I'll take that certified check,  
too. I've decided I can handle things  
around here...

**BURNS**

Come on, Hildy, we've got to keep  
going! Sorry, Bruce, but --

**HILDY**

Just a second, Walter. Here, Bruce,  
here's the check... And, oh, Bruce,  
here's your wallet. I got it back.

**BRUCE**

(taking it and  
surveying it coldly)  
You got it back, eh? There's something  
funny going on around here.

**BURNS**

Hildy!

**HILDY**

All right, Walter.

She sits down and begins to type.

**BRUCE**

I'm taking the nine o'clock train,  
Hildy. And you can meet us at the  
station.

**HILDY**

Fine.

She types away.

**BURNS**

(coming over to Bruce)

I'll see she's there, Bruce, I promise  
you.

**BRUCE**

(dramatically)

If she's not there, mother and I are  
leaving anyhow!

But Hildy continues typing and doesn't even get it.

**CAMERA TRUCKS WITH BURNS**

as he leads Bruce away toward door.

**BURNS**

I know how you feel, Bruce, but you've  
got to forgive her. She's only a  
woman, after all.

**BRUCE**

Suppose she is -- I have feelings,  
too! Do you know where I've been for  
the last couple of hours? Locked up  
in a police station and she didn't  
move to do anything about it.

**BURNS**

Ts! Ts! Ts!

**BRUCE**

And now I don't know where my mother  
is. She may be lost.

**BURNS**

I'll find her, Bruce, if I have to put every detective in the city on the job. Tell you what -- go over to the Missing Persons Bureau and describe your mother. What does she look like?

**BRUCE**

She's -- well, she's very motherly. That's about the best description I know.

**BURNS**

(nodding)

That's the kind of stuff they want!

They go out the door.

**INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE DOOR MED. CLOSE SHOT**

as they come out.

**BURNS**

Oh, Bruce, let me see that money Hildy gave you.

**BRUCE**

The money? Why?

**BURNS**

There's a lot of counterfeit big bills going around.

**BRUCE**

(worried)

Gee! Take a look, will you?

He hands the money to Burns. Burns looks at it carefully and hands it back.

**BURNS**

Oh, this is all right, Bruce. I just wanted to be sure.

**BRUCE**

Say, I want to be sure, too!

**INT. PRESS ROOM MED. SHOT**

locks the

Hildy is typing furiously. Burns enters, grinning,  
door behind him and goes to phone and picks it up.

**BURNS**

(into phone)

Duffy. Good. Stick close.

He turns and crosses quickly to look out the window.

**AT WINDOW**

Burns coming in to window.

**BURNS**

(despairingly)

Now the moon's out!

TRUCKING

answered by

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

**BURNS**

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

Williams.

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

**BURNS**

Is that better? Now breathe deep!

We hear an intake of breath from inside the desk.

**BURNS**

Attaboy!

passes

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

**BURNS**

(looking over her  
shoulder)

That's the stuff! Lam it into 'em,  
Hildy.

desk

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

and picks up the phone.

**BURNS**

(into phone)

Hello! Duffy, ready? Here we go!

**CLOSEUP BURNS**

reading from the page he has taken from Hildy's  
typewriter.

**BURNS**

(into phone)

"In the darkest hour of the city's  
history --"

**INT. MAIN FLOOR CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING LONG SHOT**

can be  
newsboys,  
down  
sign  
PERSONS

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

**INT. PRESS ROOM - NIGHT CLOSEUP BURNS AT PHONE**

**BURNS**

(into phone)

Listen, did you impress it on Butch  
that I want him and his gang here  
right away? You did? Every minute  
counts. All right.

(puts receiver down  
on table)

Duffy's getting old!

**CLOSE SHOT HILDY**

**HILDY**

Where's Butch?

**BURNS' VOICE**

He's on the way.

**HILDY**

(over her typing)



He'd better hurry. The boys'll be coming back to phone.

**BURNS**

(coming into shot to peer over her shoulder)  
Well, keep going! We want an extra out on the streets before it's too late!

**HILDY**

(looking up suddenly)  
Where's Bruce?

**BURNS**

Bruce? Oh -- er -- he went out to get the tickets.

**HILDY**

What tickets?

**BURNS**

Railroad tickets.

**HILDY**

Is he coming back here?

**BURNS**

Didn't you hear him? Of course he's coming back here. Keep going, will you?

**MED. SHOT**

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

**BURNS**

(into phone)  
Duffy!

**EXT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE DOOR - NIGHT CLOSE SHOT BENSINGER**

Finding the door locked, he knocks.

**INT. PRESS ROOM - NIGHT MED. CLOSE SHOT BURNS AND HILDY**

as another knock comes, they take it big.

**HILDY**

(calling)

Who is it?

**EXT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE DOOR - NIGHT CLOSE SHOT BENSINGER**

**BENSINGER**

What's the idea of locking this?

**INT. PRESS ROOM - NIGHT CLOSE SHOT BURNS AND HILDY**

**HILDY**

That's Bensinger. That's his desk.

**BURNS**

(whispering)

What's his name?

The door knob is rattled violently.

**HILDY**

Bensinger -- of the Tribune.

**EXT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE DOOR - NIGHT CLOSE SHOT BENSINGER**

**BENSINGER**

Open this door!

**INT. PRESS ROOM CLOSE SHOT BURNS**

He starts for the door.

**BURNS**

I'll handle him.

CAMERA TRUCKS WITH HIM to the door.

**BURNS**

The Tribune, eh? Watch me!

He opens the door.

**AT DOOR**

**BENSINGER**

(as he comes in)

Ain't you got any more sense than to --  
?

(sees Burns and is  
overcome)

Oh, h-hello, Mr. Burns. Why, quite  
an honor having you come over here.

**BURNS**

(casually)  
Hello, Bensinger.

**BENSINGER**

Excuse me, I just want to --

He starts for the desk. Hildy's typing goes on, coming  
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?

in

(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.

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

**BURNS**

I'll keep you in mind.

**BENSINGER**

(going)  
Au revoir, mon capitaine.

**BURNS**

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

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

**BURNS**

Mademoiselle from Armontieres, parlay --

**MED. SHOT**

has Burns returns alertly to table, not noticing that Hildy stopped typing, and sits staring moodily before her.

**BURNS**

(into phono)  
Duffy! Got this!

**CLOSEUP BURNS - AT PHONE**

**BURNS**

A rat from the Tribune is coming over to get a job -- Bensinger, the guy I told you about. Handle him with kid gloves. Tell him to get

busy writing poetry... No, we don't want him. Stall him along until the extra comes out. Then tell him his poetry stinks and kick him downstairs.

He lays down receiver.

**WIDER ANGLE**

taking in Hildy. She looks up at him.

**HILDY**

(to Burns)

Double-crossing swine!

**BURNS**

You said it! But this'll teach him a lesson. He won't quit his paper without giving notice after this.

her Hildy doesn't bother to reply. She rests her chin on hands and stares moodily ahead.

**BURNS**

Tear into it, will you? Don't sit there like a frozen robin!

**HILDY**

I'm finished.

**BURNS**

Finished!

kisses He grabs the last sheet of paper out of her typewriter, her and rushes over to the telephone.

**CLOSEUP BURNS**

at phone.

**BURNS**

(into phone)

Duffy! All right -- here we go! And got it out as soon as you can. I want this paper out on the streets in half an hour!

(reading Hildy's copy)

"So once more the Morning Post --"

**EXT. CRIMINAL COURTS BLDG. - NIGHT MED. SHOT**

crushed,  
down

Diamond Louie, bearing evidence of a mishap, his hat  
his face bruised and his clothes torn, comes running  
the sidewalk and up the steps into the buildings.

**INT. PRESS ROOM - NIGHT MED. SHOT**

Hildy is up now, pacing.

**HILDY**

Bruce ought to be back by now. Walter,  
you're not trying anything again,  
are you?

**BURNS**

(coming over to her)  
Hildy, you think I could? After this  
story?

(taking a flask from  
his pocket)  
Here! You're just nervous.

knock on  
to his

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

**BURNS**

Who is it?

**LOUIE'S VOICE**

It's me, Boss -- Louie.

**BURNS**

(opening the door)  
It's Louie!

Louie slips in and Burns relocks the door.

**BURNS**

(seeing Louie's  
disarray)  
What's the matter?

Hildy crosses to Louie.

**HILDY**

(frantically)  
Where's Mrs. Baldwin?



**BURNS**

What did you do with her?

**HILDY**

(almost afraid to  
speak)

What happened?

**CLOSE SHOT - THE THREE**

**BURNS**

You been in a fight?

**LOUIE**

(still out of breath)

Down Western Avenue. We were going  
sixty-five miles an hour. You know  
what I mean?

**BURNS**

Take that mush out of your mouth!

**HILDY**

Where's the old lady?

**LOUIE**

I'm telling you!

**CLOSEUP - LOUIE**

as he gets breath and blurts:

**LOUIE**

We run smack into a police patrol.  
You know what I mean? We broke it in  
half!

**BACK TO GROUP**

**HILDY**

(moaning)

Oh-h-h... was she hurt?

**BURNS**

Where is she? Tell me!

**HILDY**

Louie!

**LOUIE**

I'm telling you. Can you imagine

bumping into a load of cops?! They  
come rollin' out like oranges!

**HILDY**

(seizing him)  
What did you do with her?

**LOUIE**

Search me! When I come to I was  
running down Thirty-fifth Street.

**HILDY**

-- You were with her. You were in  
the cab, weren't you?

**LOUIE**

(exposing his bruised  
scalp)  
Was I? The driver got knocked cold.

**BURNS**

Butter-fingers! I give you an old  
lady to take somewhere, and you hand  
her over to the cops!

**LOUIE**

What do you mean, I handed her? The  
patrol wagon was on the wrong side  
of the street.

**BURNS**

Now everything's fine. She's probably  
squawking her head off in some police  
station.

**CLOSEUP - LOUIE**

**LOUIE**

I don't think she's talking much...  
You know what I mean?

He winks reassuringly.

**BACK TO GROUP**

**HILDY**

(paralyzed)  
Don't tell me -- was she killed?

**BURNS**

(hopefully)  
Was she? Did you notice?

**LOUIE**

Say, me with a gun on my hip and a kidnapped old lady on my hands, I should stick around asking questions from a lot of cops! You know what I mean?

Hildy sinks into a chair.

**CLOSE SHOT HILDY IN THE CHAIR**

**HILDY**

Dead... dead! That's the end!

Burns comes into scene to her.

**BURNS**

It's Fate, Hildy. What will be, will be.

**HILDY**

(wildly)

What am I going to say to Bruce?  
What'll I tell him?

**BURNS**

If he really loves you, you won't have to tell him anything.

(whacking her on the shoulder)

Snap out of it! Would you rather have had the old dame dragging the whole police force in here?

**HILDY**

I killed her. I'm responsible. Oh-h... what can I do now? How can I ever face him? Oh, I hope he never comes back!

She buries her face in her hands.

**BURNS**

Look at me, Hildy --

**HILDY**

(springing up)

I'm looking at you -- you murderer!

**BURNS**

If it was my own mother, I'd carry

on! You know I would. For the paper!

**HILDY**

(calling off to Louie)

Louie, where'd it happen? I'm going out!

**MED. SHOT GROUP**

The Post phone rings.

**BURNS**

(grabbing Hildy)

You stay here. I'll find out everything.

**LOUIE**

(to Hildy)

Western an' Thirty-fourth.

Hildy jumps for the outside phone on the desk.

**TWO SHOT INCLUDING BURNS AT PHONE AND HILDY AT PHONE**

**BURNS**

(into phone)

Hello -- hello...

**HILDY**

(into phone)

Gimme Western four-five-five-seven.

**BURNS**

(guarded)

Who?

(wildly)

Hello, Butch! Where are you?

**HILDY**

(into phone)

Mission Hospital? Gimme the Receiving Room.

**BURNS**

(into phone)

What are you doing there? Haven't you even started?

**HILDY**

(into phone)

Hello -- Eddie? Hildy Johnson. Was there an old lady brought in from an

auto smashup?

**BURNS**

(into phone)

Oh, for --

(yelling)

H. Sebastian -- Butch! Listen, it's a matter of life and death! Listen!

**HILDY**

(into phone)

Nobody?

(jiggles hook)

Morningside three-one-two-four.

**BURNS**

(into phone)

I can't hear... You got who? Speak up! A what?... You can't stop for a dame now!

**HILDY**

(into phone)

Is this the Community Hospital?

**BURNS**

(howling into phone)

I don't care if you've been after her for six years! Butch, our whole lives are at stake! Are you going to let a woman come between us after all we've been through?

**HILDY**

(into phone)

Hello, Max, Hildy Johnson. Was there an old lady --?

**BURNS**

(into phone, drowning out Hildy)

Butch! I'd put my arm in fire for you -- up to here!

(indicates up to where)

Now, you can't double-cross me!... She does? All right -- put her on. I'll talk to her... Hello! Oh, hello, Madam... Now listen, you ten-cent glamour girl, you can't keep Butch away from his duty... What's that? You say that again and I'll come over there and knock your eye out!

Hello?  
(turning, as he hangs  
up)  
I'll kill 'em! I'll kill both of  
'em!  
(into Post phone)  
Duffy!  
(to the universe)  
Mousing around with some big blonde  
Annie on my time! That's co-operation!  
(screaming into phone)  
Duffy!!

**HILDY**

Shut up, will you?  
(into phone)  
You sure? Nobody?

**BURNS**

(into phone)  
Duffy!!!!  
(listening)  
(into phone)  
Duffy!!!!  
(listening)  
Well, where is Duffy?  
(throwing receiver to  
desk)  
Diabetes! I ought to know better  
than to hire anybody with a disease.  
(turning)  
Louie.

**MED. SHOT GROUP**

**BURNS**

(to Louie)  
It's up to you.

**LOUIE**

(loyally)  
Anything you want, Boss.

**BURNS**

Beat it out and get hold of some  
guys.

**LOUIE**

Who do you want?

**BURNS**

(starting for the

door, followed by  
Louie)  
Anybody with hair on his chest. Get  
'em off the street -- anywhere. Offer  
them anything -- only get them.  
(confidentially)  
We've got to get this desk out of  
here.

He unlocks the door.

**LOUIE**  
You know me. The shirt off my back.

**BURNS**  
You got plenty of money?

**LOUIE**  
Sure, boss.

**BURNS**  
I mean real money -- not counterfeit!

**LOUIE**  
I always have both.

He goes out.

**BURNS**  
(calling after him)  
And don't bump into anything.

He relocks the door.

**HILDY**  
Lafayette two-one-hundred.

**BURNS**  
(turning from door)  
That dumb immigrant'll flop on me. I  
know it.  
(bitterly)  
Can you imagine Butch doing this to  
me -- at a time like this?

**CLOSE SHOT HILDY AT PHONE, TAKING IN DESK**

Burns steps into scene.

**BURNS**  
(confidentially)  
If Louie doesn't come back in five

minutes we'll get it out alone.  
There's millions of ways. We can  
start a fire and get the firemen to  
carry it out in the confusion.

He crosses to the desk and inspects it.

**HILDY**

(into phone)  
Ring that number, will you?

**BURNS**

(to Hildy, oblivious  
of her telephoning)  
Come here. See if we can move it.

**HILDY**

(into phone)  
Hello -- hello! Is this the Lying --  
In Hospital? Did you have an auto  
accident in the last --

**BURNS**

(interrupting)  
Will you come here?

**HILDY**

(into phone)  
Oh, I see. I beg your pardon.

**BURNS**

When I'm surrounded, with my back  
against the wall, you're not going  
to lay down on me, are you --

**HILDY**

Yes.

She jiggles the phone hook.

**BURNS**

(going to her)  
Hildy, you just can't leave me out  
on a limb now. It -- it wouldn't be  
cricket!

**HILDY**

I don't care what you say. I'm going  
to find Bruce's mother.  
(she jiggles the hook  
madly)  
Oh-h...



(she hangs up)  
I'm going out and find her!

Grabbing her hat and purse, she starts for the door.

**MED. SHOT OF HILDY, TAKING IN DOOR**

There is a loud knocking on the door.

**BURNS**  
(coming into scene  
after Hildy)  
Don't open that!

**HILDY**  
(at the door)  
Who says so? I'm going to the morgue --  
to look --

She unlocks the door.

**CLOSE SHOT AT DOOR**

Sheriff,  
Endicott.

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

**MURPHY**  
There she is!

**MCCUE**  
Say, Hildy...

but  
Hildy makes a decision and tries to push through them,  
the Sheriff grabs her and pushes her back.

**HARTMAN**  
Just a minute, Johnson!

**HILDY**  
Let go o' me. What's the idea?

**MCCUE**  
What's your hurry?

**MURPHY**  
We want to see you.

The deputies seize her.

**HILDY**

Take your paws off me!

**HARTMAN**

Hold her, boys!

Burns comes into scene.

**BURNS**

(to Sheriff)

Who do you think you are, breaking  
in here like this?

**HARTMAN**

You can't bluff me, Burns. I don't  
care who you are or what paper you're  
editor of.

**HILDY**

(struggling)

Let me go!

(hysterically)

Fellows, something's happened to my  
mother-in-law.

**HARTMAN**

Hang onto her! Keep her in here!

**MED. SHOT**

before as Hildy breaks loose and retreats back into the room  
Hartman and the deputies.

**MCCUE**

We know what you're up to.

**ENDICOTT**

Probably goin' out to get Williams.

**SCHWARTZ**

The door was locked.

**WILSON**

She and Mollie were talking.

**HILDY**

I don't know anything, I tell you.  
There's been an accident.

**HARTMAN**

Johnson, there's something very peculiar going on.

**HILDY**

You can send somebody with me if you don't believe me!

**HARTMAN**

I wasn't born yesterday. Now the boys tell me you and this Mollie Malloy --

**HILDY**

Nobody's trying to put anything over on you. I'm getting out of here and you can't stop me!

**MURPHY**

(comes into scene)  
You're not going anywhere.  
(to the Sheriff)  
She's got the story sewed up, Pete.  
(indicating Burns)  
That's why Burns is here.

**SCHWARTZ**

We're on to you, Hildy. Let us in on it.

**TWO SHOT - SHERIFF AND BURNS**

**BURNS**

(purring)  
If you've any accusations to make, Hartman, make them in the proper manner. Otherwise, I'll have to ask you to get out.

**HARTMAN**

(pop-eyed; stammering)  
You'll ask me to what?

**BURNS**

Get out!

**HARTMAN**

(to deputies, off)  
Close that door. Don't let anybody in or out.

**MED. SHOT - THE GROUP**

**MURPHY**

Come on, Pinky! Give 'em a little third degree.

**ENDICOTT**

Make them talk and you got Williams, Pinky!

**HARTMAN**

Johnson, I'm going to the bottom of this. What do you know about Williams? Are you going to talk or aren't you?

**HILDY**

What do I know about Williams?

**HARTMAN**

All right, boys. Take her along. I got ways of making her talk.

The deputies seize Hildy. She struggles.

**HILDY**

Look out, you --

**MCCUE**

(nervously)

What's the use of fighting, Hildy?

struggling  
don't!"  
drops  
is

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

**DEPUTIES**

Hey, she's got a gun! Look out, she's got a gun!

The deputies and reporters start to close in on her cautiously.

**HILDY**

(trying to face in  
all directions)

No, you don't! Walter!

**BURNS**

What is it? Here!

She tosses the gun to Walter, but one of the deputies intercepts the throw.

**HARTMAN**

Gimme that.

He takes the gun from the deputy.

**CLOSER SHOT**

The Sheriff stands frozen, staring at the gun.

**HARTMAN**

(to Hildy)

Where'd you get this?

**HILDY**

I've got a right to carry a gun if I want to.

**HARTMAN**

Not this gun!

Burns comes into scene.

**BURNS**

(easily)

I can explain that, Hartman. When Hildy told me she wanted to interview Earl Williams I thought it might be dangerous and I gave her a gun to defend herself.

**HARTMAN**

Oh, you did! Well, that's very, very interesting. This happens to be the gun that Earl Williams shot his way out with!

**REPORTERS AD LIB**

What? What's that? Etc...

**BURNS**

(advancing on Sheriff)

Are you trying to make me out a liar?

**MURPHY**

(bitterly at Hildy)

It's the last time I ever trust a

woman, Hildy.

**SCHWARTZ**

Maybe Williams was gonna be her best man.

**WILSON**

That's pretty rotten, Hildy. Crossing your own pals.

**HARTMAN**

(shoving up to Hildy;  
trembling)

Where is Earl Williams? Where you got him?

**BURNS**

(sympathetically)

You're barking up the wrong tree, Hartman.

**HARTMAN**

I'll give you three minutes to tell me where he is.

**HILDY**

He went over to the hospital to call on Professor Egelhoffer.

**HARTMAN**

(outraged)

What?

**HILDY**

With a bag of marshmallows.

The Sheriff stands silent -- then hastily turns.

**MED. SHOT GROUP AROUND HILDY**

**REPORTERS AD LIB**

Come on, Hildy. Where is he?... This is a sweet trick, Hildy... I thought we were friends... Etc.

(to Sheriff)

Look here, Pete! What about Mister Burns?... Ask the Master Mind! What's he doing over here?

**HARTMAN**

(grabbing Burns' arm)

Speak up! What do you know about

this.

**BURNS**

(gently but firmly  
disengaging his hand)  
My dear Hartman!

maintains  
He moves casually to a post before the desk and  
it.

**MURPHY**

Can that! Where is he?

**BURNS**

(to Sheriff)  
The Morning Post is not obstructing  
justice or hiding criminals. You  
ought to know that.

**HARTMAN**

No? Well --  
(turning to Hildy)  
Johnson, you're under arrest.  
(turning to Burns)  
You, too, Burns.

**BURNS**

(calmly)  
Who's under arrest? You pimple-headed,  
square-toed spy -- do you realize  
what you're doing?

**HARTMAN**

I'll show you what I'm doing. Burns,  
you're guilty of obstructing justice  
and so is the Morning Post. I'm going  
to see that the Post is fined ten  
thousand dollars for this.

**BURNS**

You'll see nothing of the kind,  
Sheriff.

**HARTMAN**

We'll just start by impounding the  
Post property.  
(pointing to  
Bensinger's desk,  
addressing Hildy)  
Is that your desk?

**HILDY**

(jumping)

No!

**BURNS**

(almost simultaneously)

Yes! What are you afraid of Hildy? I dare him to move that desk out of here.

**HARTMAN**

Oh, you do, eh?

(to deputies)

All right, boys. Confiscate that desk.

Several of the deputies start toward the desk.

**BURNS**

(trying to intercept  
deputies)

Hartman, if you take this desk out of this building, I'll put you behind bars.

**HARTMAN**

You will, eh? Well, we'll see about that.

(to deputies)

All right, boys. Take it.

**BURNS**

I'm warning you -- it'll be a Federal offense.

(to deputy nearest  
him)

And you'll be an accessory!

**HARTMAN**

We'll take a chance on that, Burns.

(to deputies)

Go ahead, boys.

(the deputies continue  
toward the desk)

**INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE PRESS ROOM - NIGHT MED. SHOT**

with  
Room,  
Flanked by two policemen, Mrs. Baldwin, dishevelled,  
her hat over one ear, is marching toward the Press



her.  
bound for vengeance. Bruce, considerably upset, is with  
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!

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

**INT. PRESS ROOM**

by the  
Taking in door as it opens and Mrs. Baldwin, followed  
policemen, comes in.

**HILDY**

(leaping forward)

Mother!

**MRS. BALDWIN**

(pointing out Burns  
to the officers)

That man there!

**HILDY**

(hugging Mrs. Baldwin)

Mother! Oh, I'm so glad to see you!  
Are you all right? Tell me.

Mrs. Baldwin indignantly shakes her off.

**HARTMAN**

What's the idea here?

**POLICEMAN**

This lady claims she was kidnapped.

**HARTMAN**

What?

**MRS. BALDWIN**

They dragged me all the way down the stairs --

**HARTMAN**

Just a minute. Did -- did --  
(points to Burns)  
-- this man have anything to do with it?

**MRS. BALDWIN**

He was the one in charge of everything! He told them to kidnap me!

**BURNS**

(amazed)  
Are you referring to me, Madam?

**MRS. BALDWIN**

You know you did!

**HARTMAN**

What about this, Burns? Kidnapping, eh?

**BURNS**

(round-eyed)  
Oh, trying to frame me, eh! I never saw this woman before in my life!

**MRS. BALDWIN**

Oh, what a thing to say! I was standing right here - after the girl jumped out of the window.

**HARTMAN**

Did you get the Mayor?

**DEPUTY**

He's coming over.

**BURNS**

(to Mrs. Baldwin)  
Now, Madam -- be honest. If you were out joy-riding, drunk, and got into some scrape, why don't you admit it, instead of accusing innocent people?

**MRS. BALDWIN**

(beginning to doubt  
her senses)  
You ruffian! How dare you say a thing  
like that?

**HILDA**

Please, Mother, he's just crazy!

**MRS. BALDWIN**

(to Sheriff)  
I'll tell you something more. I'll  
tell you why they did it!

**BURNS**

(fidgeting)  
Come on, Sheriff. We've got to get  
bail.

**MRS. BALDWIN**

(continuing crescendo)  
I was in here -- and they had some  
kind of murderer in with them. They  
were hiding him!

This is a bombshell. The room is electrified.

**HARTMAN**

Hiding him? In here?

Murphy, followed by the reporters, comes into scene.

**MURPHY**

Hiding him where?

**HILDY**

Mother!

**REPORTERS**

Where was he?... Where'd they have  
him?... Etc.

**CLOSE SHOT BURNS**

at the desk.

**BURNS**

(with superb  
indignation)  
Madam, you're a cockeyed liar! And  
you know it!

three  
Then,

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

**MED. SHOT**

him. Burns advances from desk, the others retreating before

**BURNS**

(anxiously)  
Come on, Sheriff, we've got to get  
bail.

Three answering knocks come from the desk.

**GROUP SHOT WITH DOORWAY IN B.G**

They jump around to face the desk.

**HARTMAN**

(whispering)  
What was that?

**REPORTERS AD LIB**

He's in the desk! -- For the love of --  
He's in there! Etc.

**HARTMAN**

Aha! I thought so! Stand back,  
everybody!

**DEPUTY**

Look out, Sheriff. He may shoot!

**HARTMAN**

Get your guns out!

The policemen and deputies get out their guns.

**HILDY**

He's harmless.

**HARTMAN**

Don't take any chances. Shoot through  
the desk.

**HILDY**

He can't hurt anybody. You've got  
his gun.

**MRS. BALDWIN**

(panic-stricken)  
Oh, dear! Oh, dear!

**BURNS**

You grey-haired old Judas!

**MRS. BALDWIN**

Let me out! Let me out of here!

She streaks for the door, flings it open and goes. The reporters tear out of scene to their telephones.

**HARTMAN**

(to policeman)  
You stand there!

**MURPHY'S VOICE**

City Desk! Quick!

**SCHWARTZ' VOICE**

Gimme the Desk!

**HARTMAN**

(to another policeman)  
You there!

**ENDICOTT'S VOICE**

City Desk! Hurry!

**MCCUE'S VOICE**

Gimme Emil...

**HARTMAN**

(to a Deputy, pointing  
with his gun toward  
the window)  
You cover the window.

**MURPHY'S VOICE**

Look out where you're pointing that  
gun!

guns  
The Sheriff draws his men in around the desk, their  
drawn on it.

**WILSON'S VOICE**

Lemme have the Desk! Quick!

**MURPHY'S VOICE**

Hold the wire! I've got a flash for you!

**BURNS**

(to Hildy)  
Call Duffy!

**HARTMAN**

No, you don't!

**BURNS**

(to Sheriff, furiously)  
Do you want to get us scooped?

**MCCUE'S VOICE**

Emil? Hang on for a second.

**HARTMAN**

Now then, everybody aim at the center.  
And when I say three --

**HILDY**

That's murder!

**HARTMAN**

(changing his mind)  
All right! Carl! Frank! One of you  
get on each side of the desk. Take  
hold of the cover.

They do.

**HARTMAN**

Now then! We got you covered,  
Williams. Don't try to move. Now!  
Everybody quiet and ready for an  
emergency. I'm going to count three.

**SCHWARTZ**

Hold it! Something coming up.

**HARTMAN**

One!

**ENDICOTT**

Hold the phone!

**MURPHY**

(into the phone)  
I'll have it in a minute.

**HARTMAN**

Two!

**WILSON**

(into phone)  
Right away now!

**HARTMAN**

(turning back to desk)  
Everybody ready? All right. Now then,  
up with it.

Two deputies raise the cover. Williams is revealed,  
cowering  
in the desk, his hands over his face. The Sheriff  
rushes on  
him, jabbing his gun into him.

**CLOSE SHOT SHERIFF AND WILLIAMS**

**HARTMAN**

Got you, Williams!

**WILLIAMS**

(a wail)  
Go on -- shoot me!

**MEDIUM SHOT**

as the police and deputies come in to assist the  
Sheriff.  
The reporters are telephoning in, the police shouting -  
- all  
the voices mixing in, in incredible confusion, as the  
Sheriff  
rushes Williams to the door and takes him out.

**MURPHY'S VOICE**

Earl Williams was just captured in  
the Press Room of the Criminal Courts  
Building, hiding in a desk.

**OFFICERS AD LIB**

(all talking at once)  
Grab him! That's him! Don't let him  
shoot! Stick 'em up! -- Etc.

**CLOSEUP MCCUE AT PHONE**

**MCCUE**

(into phone)  
...Williams in a rolltop --

**CLOSEUP WILSON AT PHONE**

**WILSON**

(into phone)  
-- nabbed Williams hiding --

**ENDICOTT'S VOICE**

-- found Williams' hiding place.

**SCHWARTZ' VOICE**

He offered no resistance.

**CLOSEUP MCCUE AT PHONE**

**MCCUE**

(into phone)  
Williams put up a desperate struggle  
but the police overpowered --

**CLOSEUP MURPHY AT PHONE**

**MURPHY**

(into phone)  
-- tried to shoot it out with the  
cops but his gun wouldn't work, so --

**WILSON'S VOICE**

-- trying to break through the cordon  
of police --

**CLOSEUP ENDICOTT AT PHONE**

**ENDICOTT**

(into phone)  
Williams was unconscious when they  
opened the desk --

**CLOSEUP BURNS**

grabbing the Post phone.

**BURNS**

(into phone)  
Duffy! The Morning Post just turned  
Earl Williams over to the Sheriff.

**CLOSE SHOT THE SHERIFF**

get the  
coming in the door with two policemen and leaping to  
phone away from Burns.



**MED. SHOT BURNS AT PHONE, HILDY BESIDE HIM**

**BURNS**

(into phone)  
Duffy!

The Sheriff and police come into scene.

**HARTMAN**

(indicating Burns and  
Hildy)  
Put the cuffs on those two!

The police handcuff Hildy and Burns.

**ENDICOTT**

An anonymous note received by the  
Sheriff led to Williams' capture.  
More later.

He hangs up.

**CLOSEUP MURPHY AT PHONE**

**MURPHY**

(into phone)  
An old sweetheart of Williams'  
doublecrossed him. Call you back.

He hangs up.

**MED. SHOT TAKING IN DOOR**

**REPORTERS**

Where's that old lady? Hey, Madam!  
Where'd she go? Where's the old dame?  
Etc., etc. They run out after Mrs.  
Baldwin, the Mayor entering just  
after they go. Burns and Hildy,  
handcuffed together, stand near the  
Sheriff.

**HARTMAN**

(into phone)  
Hello, girlie -- gimme Cooley. Quick!

**BURNS**

Hartwell, you're going to wish you'd  
never been born!

The Mayor comes into scene.

**MAYOR**

Fine work, Pete! You certainly delivered the goods. I'm proud of you.

**HARTMAN**

(holding the phone)  
Look kind o' natural, don't they, Fred?

**MAYOR**

(happily)  
A sight for sore eyes!

**HARTMAN**

(rolling in catnip)  
Aiding an escaped criminal! And a little charge of kidnapping I'm looking into.

(into phone; suddenly)  
But that's the jail! There must be somebody there!

**MAYOR**

Well! Looks like about ten years apiece for you birds!

**BURNS**

Does it? You forget the power that always watches over the Morning Post.

**MAYOR**

Your luck's not with you now!

**HARTMAN**

(into phone)  
Cooley?... I caught Williams single-handed -- we're going to proceed with the hanging per schedule!

He wiggles the hook for another call.

**BURNS**

(to Mayor)  
You're going to be in office for exactly two days more and then we're pulling your nose out of the feed bag.

**HARTMAN**

(into phone)  
Give me the District Attorney's

office.

(to Burns)

I'll tell you what you'll be doing --  
making brooms in the State  
penitentiary.

(into phone)

Hello, D'Arrasty! This is Hartwell.  
Come over to my office, will you?  
I've just arrested a couple of  
important birds and I want to take  
their confessions.

Post

He hangs up. Burns makes a sudden lunge for the Morning  
phone and cries into it.

**BURNS**

(into phone)

Duffy! Get Liebowitz!

**MAYOR**

All the lawyers in the world aren't  
going to help you!

**BURNS**

This is the Morning Post you're  
talking to!

**MAYOR**

(enjoying himself)

The power of the press, huh!

plentifully

He laughs. Pinkus, the Governor's messenger,  
stewed, reels in the door. He approaches the Mayor and  
Sheriff  
who have their backs to him.

**BURNS**

(at the Mayor)

Bigger men than you have found out  
what the power of the press is...  
President!... Yes -- and Kings!

**PINKUS**

(woozy; handing Sheriff  
the reprieve over  
his shoulder)

Here's your reprieve.

The Mayor and Sheriff spin around.

**MAYOR**

(in a panic)  
Get out of here!

**PINKUS**

You can't bribe me!

**BURNS**

What's this?

**HARTMAN**

Get out of here, you!

**PINKUS**

I won't. Here's your reprieve.

**HILDY**

What?

**PINKUS**

I don't want to be City Sealer. I  
don't like seals anyhow. They smell.

**MAYOR**

Who is this man?

**HARTMAN**

(to an officer)  
Throw him out, Frank.

**HILDY**

(seizing Pinkus with  
her free hand)  
Who was bribing you?

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

**PINKUS**

They wouldn't take it.

**MAYOR**

You're insane!

**BURNS**

(triumphant)  
What did I tell you? An unseen power!  
(to Pinkus)  
What's your name?

**PINKUS**

Silas F. Pinkus.

**MAYOR**

You drunken idiot! Arrest him! The idea of coming here with a cock-and-bull story like that!

**HARTMAN**

It's a frame-up! Some imposter!

**HILDY**

Wait a minute!  
(to the officers)  
Let go there!

**BURNS**

(to Sheriff and Mayor)  
Murder, uh?

**HILDY**

Hanging an innocent man to win an election!

**HARTMAN**

That's a lie!!

**MAYOR**

I never saw him before!

**BURNS**

(to Pinkus)  
When did you deliver this first?

**HILDY**

Who did you talk to?

**PINKUS**

They started right in bribing me!

**HILDY**

Who's 'they'?

**PINKUS**

(indicating the Mayor  
and Sheriff)  
Them!

**MAYOR**

That's absurd on the face of it, Mr. Burns! He's talking like a child.

**BURNS**

Out of the mouths of babes.

**MAYOR**

He's insane or drunk or something.  
Why, if this unfortunate man,  
Williams, has really been reprieved,  
I personally am tickled to death.  
Aren't you, Pete?

**HILDY**

Go on, you'd kill your mother to get  
elected!

**MAYOR**

That's a horrible thing to say, Miss  
Johnson, about anybody!  
(to Burns)  
Now, look here, Walter, you're an  
intelligent man --

**BURNS**

(interrupting)  
Just a minute.  
(to Pinkus)  
All right, Mr. Pinkus. Let's have  
your story.

**PINKUS**

Well, I been married for ten years  
and --

**BURNS**

(interrupting)  
Skip all that.

**MAYOR**

(loudly)  
Take those handcuffs off our friends,  
Pete. That wasn't at all necessary.

**HARTMAN**

(springing to obey)  
I was just going to!

He gets the key from the officer.

**MAYOR**

Walter, I can't tell you how badly I  
feel about this. There was no excuse  
for Hartwell to fly off the handle.

**HARTMAN**

(unlocking the

handcuffs)  
I was only doing my duty. Nothing  
personal in it.

They are set free.

**HILDY**

You guys better quit politics and  
take in washing.

**MAYOR**

(looking over the  
reprieve)  
Sheriff, this document is authentic!  
Earl Williams has been reprieved,  
this Commonwealth has been spared  
the painful necessity of shedding  
blood.

**BURNS**

Save that for the Tribune.

**MAYOR**

(to Pinkus)  
What did you say your name was --  
Pinkus?

**PINKUS**

That's right.

He shows the Mayor a locket.

**PINKUS**

Here's the picture of my wife.

**MAYOR**

A very fine-looking women.

**PINKUS**

(mysteriously angered)  
She's good enough for me! And if I  
was to go home and tell my wife --

**MAYOR**

I understand perfectly, Mr. Pinkus,  
and as long as I am Mayor --

**BURNS**

Which ought to be about three hours  
more, I'd say.

**HILDY**

Just until we can get out a special edition asking for your impeachment.

**BURNS**

And your arrest. You'll each get about ten years, I think.

**MAYOR**

Don't make any hasty decisions, Mr. Burns, you might run into a thumping big libel suit.

**HILDY**

You're going to run into the Governor.

**MAYOR**

(trying to brush it off)

Now, my old friend the Governor and I understand each other perfectly.

**HARTMAN**

(eagerly)

And so do I!

**MAYOR**

(with superb contempt)

So do you what, you hoodoo!

(to Pinkus, suavely)

And now, Mr. Pinkus, if you'll come with us, we'll take you over to the Warden's office and deliver this reprieve.

The Sheriff, Pinkus and the Mayor go out of scene.

**BURNS**

(dreamily)

Wait till those two future jailbirds read the Morning Post tomorrow.

Walter turns to Hildy and they suddenly smile at each other.

**HILDY**

How was that for a tight squeeze?

**BURNS**

Don't tell me you were worried!

**HILDY**

Worried! I was petrified. Weren't



you?

**BURNS**

Uh-uh. As long as we were in there together pitching -- they couldn't lick us. Well, it's been a lot of fun.

**HILDY**

In a way.

**BURNS**

(laughs)

I mean -- working together. Just like the old days. The things we've been through, Hildy.

**HILDY**

We've certainly been in some swell jams.

**BURNS**

Remember the time we broke into the D.A.'s office, and copied Fifi Randell's diary?

**HILDY**

Yeah. What about the time we hid the missing heiress in the sauerkraut factory? Six scoop interviews!

**BURNS**

Yeah - but that time we stole Old Lady Haggerty's stomach off the Coroner's physician. We proved she was poisoned though, didn't we?

**HILDY**

(laughing)

We sure did, but we had to go in hiding for a week.

**BURNS**

In the Shoreland Hotel. And our only chaperon was the poor old lady's stomach.

**HILDY**

Don't remind me. That's how we happened to --

She breaks off. There is a moment's pause.

**BURNS**

Sorry, Hildy. I didn't mean to be making love to another man's fiancée.

**HILDY**

That's all right, Walter. It's as much my fault as yours.

**BURNS**

(glancing at the clock)  
Bruce is making the nine o'clock train. I told him you'd be on it -- unless you want to write this story yourself.

**HILDY**

Well, if it's my last story, I'd like it to be a good one. But -- I guess I can't, Walter.

**BURNS**

Suit yourself, kid. This isn't for me to decide. Of course, you could make a later train and still be in Albany tomorrow morning.

**HILDY**

Yeah. I suppose I could. But, Walter --

**BURNS**

He's going to have you the rest of his life, Hildy. Can't you give me another hour?

**HILDY**

I don't know what to do, Walter.

**BURNS**

Flip a coin.

**HILDY**

All right.  
(takes coin from her bag)  
Heads I go -- tails I stay to write the story. Ready?

**CLOSEUP BURNS**

gazing nervously at the hand holding the coin.

**BURNS**

Ready.

**CLOSE SHOT BURNS AND HILDY**

clasped

She flips and catches the coin. She holds it tightly in her hand, afraid to look. They stare at each other a second.

**BURNS**

(nervously)

Well -- what is it?

**HILDY**

(almost breaking)

What's the difference? I'm going to write that story -- and you know it!

rushes

She puts the coin away without looking at it. Burns to her, tries to take her in his arms.

**BURNS**

Hildy!

**HILDY**

(furiously)

Don't touch me! I'm not doing it for you!

**BURNS**

(softly)

Then why are you doing it?

**HILDY**

Because I'm a newspaper woman, Heaven help me!

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**MONTAGE SHOTS**

tearing

INT. CITY ROOM - Hildy typing away furiously. Copy Boy sheets from her typewriter as she writes.  
Burns coming in and tearing sheets from typewriter.  
Linetype machines.

Presses going.

Headline: THE POST SAVES EARL WILLIAMS!

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. BURNS' OFFICE**

Headline: POST SAVES EARL WILLIAMS!

Over this sound of newsboys calling "Extra! Extra!"

CAMERA DRAWS BACK to rest of story:

Attempting

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

CAMERA DRAWS BACK FURTHER to the by-line --

By Hildegarde Johnson.

Hildy

CAMERA DRAWS BACK STILL FURTHER to disclose Burns and  
looking at paper on Burns' desk.

**BURNS**

(enthusiastically)

The greatest yarn ever written by  
anybody. My hat's off to you, Hildy!

**HILDY**

(grimly)

Thanks.

**BURNS**

And what a way to quit. While you're  
still champion! That's the way to  
leave, Hildy!

**HILDY**

Yeah. Only -- only I'm not leaving,  
Walter.

**BURNS**

What do you mean? Bruce'll be waiting  
for you in Albany.

**HILDY**

No, he won't. I wired him that I  
wasn't coming.

**CLOSEUP BURNS**

**BURNS**

Where'd you wire him?

**HILDY**

On the nine o'clock train. That's the one he took, isn't it?

**BURNS**

Sure.

**MED. SHOT**

**HILDY**

It's awfully clear now. Bruce needs a wife who can give him a home -- and affection -- and peace. I couldn't do that for him, Walter. I'm what you made me -- a cheap reporter who'd give up her soul for a story!... Is that job still open?

**BURNS**

Both jobs are open, Hildy. The paper -- and being Mrs. Walter Burns.

**HILDY**

Thanks, Walter, but it's no good. We tried it.

**BURNS**

Sure, it was good -- it was wonderful! Only you expected it to be like other marriages. It can't be like other marriages -- we're different! We're a different world. Look at what we went through today. I wouldn't trade that for any honeymoon in the world. I bet you wouldn't, either.

**HILDY**

A fine honeymoon, with a murderer right in the boudoir! And that other honeymoon in a coal mine!

**BURNS**

That's what makes it romantic. Every other married couple goes away on a honeymoon and for two weeks the bride knows just where the groom is, and

vice versa. But us -- you never know where I am and I'm not sure where you are. That's Romance!

**HILDY**

Well, maybe I'd like to know just once!

**BURNS**

Hildy, if that's what you want, all right. We'll even go to -- how about Niagara Falls?

**HILDY**

(jumping)

Niagara Falls! Walter, you don't mean that?

**BURNS**

Sure I do. And I'll tell you something else -- I'd like a baby.

**HILDY**

Walter!

**BURNS**

Sure, I can't last forever. I want a son I can train to take my place on this paper.

**HILDY**

What would you do if it was a daughter?

**BURNS**

Well, if she looked like you -- Say! My brains and your looks -- that mightn't be such a bad combination.

**HILDY**

What's the matter with my brains?

**BURNS**

What's the good of arguing about something that probably doesn't exist? Look, Hildy, I'm proposing to you. What do you say?

**HILDY**

Well, I'd like to be lady-like and think it over.

**BURNS**

I don't want to rush you. Take a couple of seconds.

**MED. SHOT AT DOOR**

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

**MED. CLOSE SHOT**

**BURNS**

Hello, Judge!

**JUDGE**

This is an outrage, Mr. Burns! Sending a gunman to kidnap me!

**BURNS**

Now, wait a minute, Judge. This isn't a kidnapping. You've got the legal power to perform a marriage ceremony, haven't you?

**HILDY**

What!

**BURNS**

Now don't argue, Hildy.  
(to Judge)  
How about it, Judge?

**JUDGE**

Yes, but --

**BURNS**

Then go ahead. Come on, Hildy.

**HILDY**

Nobody's going to rush me into anything!  
(as Louie sticks a gun in her ribs)  
You keep away from me!  
(but she's scared)

**LOUIE**

All right, Judge.

**INT. CITY ROOM MED. SHOT**

glass

Reporters are standing on desks to watch through the partition of Burns' office.

**1ST REPORTER**

I'll be doggoned! A shotgun marriage!

**2ND REPORTER**

Don't they usually keep the gun on the man?

**INT. BURNS' OFFICE CLOSE SHOT JUDGE**

reading the marriage ceremony.

**JUDGE**

(continuing)

" -- so long as you both do live?"

**BURNS**

I will.

**GROUP SHOT**

**HILDY**

That's what he said the last time.  
Don't believe him, Judge.

**BURNS**

Hildy, from this time on no tricks,  
no double-crossing -- everything on  
the level!

**HILDY**

You're not fooling anybody.

**JUDGE**

(continuing)

"Hildegarde Johnson, will you have  
this man as your wedded husband, to  
live together in the ordinances and  
estate of Matrimony?"

**HILDY**

What would you do with a gun in your  
back?

**LOUIE**

(poking her)

Quiet!

**JUDGE**



"Will you love him, comfort him,  
honor and keep him in sickness or in  
health; --

**HILDY**

If I know where he is.

**JUDGE**

" -- and, forsaking all others, keep  
thee only unto him, so long as you  
both do live?"

**HILDY**

I will -- if he will.

**JUDGE**

(to Burns)

Have you got a ring?

Burns starts searching his pockets, then, to Hildy:

**BURNS**

(he takes ring off)

How about Bruce's?

**HILDY**

Walter, you can't do that!

**BURNS**

Sure, I can. Look at the policy I  
gave him!

(placing Bruce's ring  
on Hildy's finger)

"With this ring I thee wed and with  
all my worldly goods I thee endow:  
And thereto I plight thee my troth."

**INT. CITY ROOM CLOSE SHOT**

**REPORTER**

Say, I'm surprised she got the ring  
back!

**INT. BURNS' OFFICE CLOSE SHOT GROUP**

**JUDGE**

" -- pronounce you Man and Wife."

Burns throws his arms around Hildy and kisses her.

**BURNS**

Hildy, darling!

**HILDY**

Yes -- 'Hildy, darling'. I'm just a fool. That's what I am. I know what it's going to be like.

**BURNS**

It'll be Heaven!

**HILDY**

Sure, Heaven! You've probably thought up another coal mine to send me down in -- to get a new story for your paper!

Hildy turns over copy of the extra lying on Burns' desk.

**CLOSEUP HILDY**

She stops cold.

**HILDY**

Walter!

**INSERT: NEWSPAPER --**

**"COUNTERFEIT PASSER CAUGHT!"**

counterfeit  
Bruce  
" "Attempting to pass five hundred dollars worth of money at the Union station, a man giving his name as Baldwin of Albany, New York, was arrested last night --

**TWO SHOT BURNS AND HILDY**

**HILDY**

Counterfeit money! That's the money you sent me, Walter! You -- you --

**WALTER**

(starting to run)  
But, Hildy, listen --

**MED. FULL SHOT**

dashes  
throws Burns retreats from Hildy, she runs after him. He through glass-paned door into adjoining office. Hildy

door. her bag at him and it smashes the glass pane in the

**INT. ADJOINING OFFICE CLOSE SHOT BURNS AND HILDY**

Burns' She is pursuing him around table similar to one in office.

**BURNS**

But, Hildy -- I can explain --

**HILDY**

You -- you!!

**INT. BURNS' OFFICE CLOSE SHOT JUDGE AND LOUIE**

**LOUIE**

I think it's going to work out all right this time.

**FADE**

**OUT:**

**THE END**