The Paper

By David Koepp
Yo, man, we're out of here.
See you later.
See you later.
You look good tonight,
you know what I'm saying?
- That music is dead.
- Are those guys asleep or something?
- Elevator music will knock you out.
- Yeah.
I wouldn't be caught sleeping here.
Not this time of night.
Not around here.
Think we should wake them up?
Shit! Oh, shit!
What the fuck is going on?
Don't touch it!
- No, wait! Stop!
- Come on, man!
All the news, all the time.
This is WINS.
You give us 22 minutes,
we'll give you the world.
It's already 83 degrees
in Central Park...
working its way up
to a downtown high of 95.
At the top of the news this morning,
racial tensions flare again...
this time in Williamsburg, where two
white, out-of-town businessmen...
were gunned down
outside a restaurant...
a racial slur
spray painted on their car.
An apparent retaliation
for the murder of a black youth...
last week in Greenpoint.
Police are said to be searching
for two suspects.
Keep your radio tuned to 1010 WINS
for updates.
1010 WINS, all news.
News whenever you need it.
Because your whole world
can change in 24 hours.
WINS news time, 7:00.
Nice pyjamas, Henry.
- Mad at me?
- Why should I be mad?
A guy gets home from work at 4:00 a.m.
Why would that make anyone mad?
On a scale of one to ten.

4:
That's about a seven.
The Japanese auto makers insist
there's no way out...
Why don't you just pour
battery acid down your throat?
No caffeine.
The Daily News kind of
kicked your butt today.
"Welcome to New York.
You're Dead."
They got that?
How did they get that?
It happened in Brooklyn at midnight.
I can't believe this.
Did Newsday... I don't know...
Did they... Did Newsday...
Don't show me. They got it.
I don't want to see the Post.
What do you guys have today?
Oh, "No Parking, Except For Me."
Really, Henry. McDougal's gotta go after
the parking commissioner again?
Good shot, though, isn't it?
That's great art.
Look at that. Sandusky double-parked
in front of his office.
Hon, look.
You're missing it.
Commissioner of the whole city,
double-parked, no ticket.
- This doesn't enrage you?
- Sweetie, it's horse shit.
I know it's horse shit.
I tried to get the damn Brooklyn thing.
Wilder won't answer his beeper.
He's up there jerking off.
You okay?
You never really appreciate bladder control until it's gone.
Oh, boy.
I'm sorry, honey.
Look at that Sentinel headline.
See, this kind of stuff is just shameless.
"Nepal Premier Won't Resign."
That is...
They're just trying to sell newspapers.
That's sensationalism, and I won't be a party to it.
I miss everybody.
Say hi to everybody for me.
Everybody except Alicia.
Who else do I hate?
You're not gonna go nuts again today, are you?
That was a one-time thing.
I've got a million projects.
I never even get to finish a book when I'm reporting.
Or the baby's room.
I really want to get to that dresser.
I gotta go.
If you weren't making a sacrifice too, that would be different.
- That would be a lot different.
- I know. Gonna call me later?
Wear a tie for the interview.
And promise me you won't torpedo it on purpose, okay?
Why would I torpedo it?
Henry, you know those days that can change your whole life?
This is one of them for us.
For good or bad, it can happen either way today.
So don't blow it.
I'm not.
I gotta go to work.
You're not taking my car!
You parking fascist! Tell Sandusky
we're not gonna take it any more!
Goddam parking cop!
- I got... Can we...
- Good morning, Phil.
What have you got for me, Henry?
Donald Trump jumped off a building,
landed right on Madonna.
And then they all went to Elaine's.
- This guy's sticking with that story?
- Yeah. He's a real yo-yo.
Hey, Lou, how you doing?
How am I doing?
You wanna see the bruise on my leg?
You'll be fine.
What's the plural of "ultimatum"?
I don't know what happened last night.
Don't complain. They called
the air-conditioning guy.
Alicia wants to see you
before the staff meeting.
- She's the managing editor, Henry.
- "Ultimatums" or "ultimata"?
- Both.
- She's not going away.
Smart guys say "ultimata."
We're gonna go with "ultimatums."
You say ultimata
I say ultimatum
What's the matter with Phil?
It looks like
he sat on something sharp.
You told him he could have
Richard's old desk, right?
- Right.
- And now you promised it to Carmen.
- Are you completely psychotic?
- I have episodes. Nothing serious.
Phil is still pissed you wouldn't
approve his $600 orthopaedic chair.
And now with this desk thing,
he's convinced it's a conspiracy...
to prevent him from sitting down.
- Hackett. Hello.
- Henry, it's Alicia.
I want to see you in my office

before the 11:
- We have to talk about the bullshit.
- Alicia, is that you?
Because I'm having
a hard time hearing you.
Are you in the tunnel or something?
- There's a lot of static. I can't...
- Hello?
I'm losing you.
Are you in the tunnel?
I can't hear. Can you...
We can't hear you.
We'll see you when you get in, okay?
All right.
All right.
I love car phones.
- What, are the presses running?
- Yeah. Sunday travel section.
Here, sign these.
Tell me what you want to do about Phil.
- Who's that?
- It's McDougal.
- What the hell's he doing?
- Sleeping.
He says he can't go home.
Somebody wants to kill him.
- Who's trying to kill you now?
- Sandusky.
The parking guy?
Over a couple of lousy columns?
My columns aren't lousy.
Give it up, would you?
Get it out of your system.
So they towed your car
and scratched it a bit.
Six thousand dollars. Six thousand
dollars damage to a vintage automobile.
- You're ranting now, babe.
- I bust my ass...
to find something fresh, and when I get it, I bang it like a cheap drum. People love this shit.
You should read my mail.
Turn that scanner down, will you?
How the hell are you supposed to sleep around here?
Jeez. What are these?
Subway wreck, West 4th Street this morning. Did you find the one with the...
- Is that an arm?
- Yeah, you found it.
Don't put these on my desk in the morning, okay?
- Not until I've had three cokes.
- Good morning.
Three Cokes, then a picture.
That's the rule. What?
You know what's going on in Fort Green?
Two dozen cops hassling anybody... with a black face and a record on this Williamsburg murder thing.
If there's gonna be a riot, which I think there is... then we should have somebody there. Unless you want to get stomped two days in a row on the same story. "Get stomped." That's funny. Doesn't anybody say "good morning" any more?
- I don't think so.
- Williamsburg, huh?
That's Wilder's territory, isn't it?
You trying to bigfoot him?
Wilder? Oh, yeah, he really aced it last night, huh?
Come on, Henry.
I know this neighbourhood. I go...
Forget the desk.
She can have the desk. But give me the chair, for Christ's sakes!
Phil, I was talking to somebody.
- I can hardly stand up straight.
- You know what?
Go do that.
That's a good idea.
I'll handle Wilder.
Don't worry about it.
- What are you gonna do to Wilder?
- Nothing.
You don't know what it's like
to live in pain. It does things to you.
- It changes you.
- I'm sure it does.
I wanna talk to you
about those changes, okay?
Rub some... nothing.
Look, keep all the bullshit
away from me today...
because I've got a really big decision
I have to make...
and I just need some time
to think about this.
What, about the job at The Sentinel?
How do you know about
the job at The Sentinel?
Bernie told me.
Bernie knows? Oh, man!
It's a newsroom, Henry.
I know it's none of my business,
but...
do you really want
to count pencils uptown?
Is that you?
Sometimes you can just smell...
a horrendously shitty day
on the way, can't you?
Don't chop the shit out of it
like you did with the nun thing.
It's early.
Let me look at it.
This jerk on the phone wants
a correction on the quake story.
You have an early proof from yesterday?
I hate columnists!
Why do I have all these columnists?
I got political columnists,
guest columnists...
celebrity columnists...
The only thing I don't have
is a dead columnist.
That's the kind I could really use.
- Right. Listen...
- We reek of opinions.
What every columnist at this paper
needs to do...
is to shut the fuck up.
I'm serious.
Can I talk to you for a second?
Because I know...
If you don't mind walking.
I gotta walk before I die.
- Why? What's the matter?
- You don't want to know.
- Sure I do.
- No, you don't.
If I said, "What's the matter?"
I'm listening.
All right, all right.
I got a prostate
the size of a bagel.
You still coming?
Look, Bernie. I know you know
about the Sentinel interview.
It's an assistant
managing editor thing.
It's really more sideways
than up.
- You can jump in here anytime.
- What are you looking for?
You want me to make it easy for you
to go to another paper?
You want a ride uptown?
You want me to wait outside
and think positive thoughts?
That's not my job.
My job is to keep your ass
downstairs.
- What am I supposed to do?
- I don't know.
It's nine to five.
It's more money. It's less hours.
Martha... We're having the baby, and she gave up her job. So it's for her. That's okay. Not just for her. It's for me too. Bernie, you've got kids. How'd you keep doing the job? Don't ask marital advice from a guy with two ex-wives... and a daughter that won't speak to him. The problem with being my age is... everybody thinks you're a father figure... but you're really just the same asshole you always were. You do have a problem, Henry, but it's your problem. Thanks, Bernie. You've been a big help. Daryll! How you doing? Come on in. Make sure she put on those sneakers, you hear me? Yeah.
- I don't want to...
- You're gonna wear them.
- What do you think's gonna happen?
- What does it say?
Nothing. Damn. Open the parachute. Hello? Henry, why aren't you at your interview? Well, hon, it's not for another two hours. What's up? Janet told me you called. - Tell him to do it over. - He'll love that.
What's up, honey? Are you okay?
Do you need anything?
Not right away, I mean...
Tell me everything that's going on there. Leave nothing out.
You know, the usual delights.
Honey, can you tell me what you need?
Because I got this meeting with Alicia.
- Don't take any crap from her, okay?
- Okay.
I won't. Have you got everything?
Last chance. Anything at all.
- Water bed!
- Water bed.
Okay, honey. The phone is slipping out of my hand.
No, wait, stop.
- Here it goes.
- No, I'll remember.
- I'll remember.
- Okay, you call me when you got it.
All right? Goodbye.
I love you. She's nuts.
Alicia Clark.
Give me a break.
- Oh, my God.
- Fred, let him use your phone.
- They stole his radio.
- Isn't that the parking cop?
McDougal has got to be stopped.
- How long will this take?
- Three hours.
You'll be like penguins.
It takes time.
- How was your meeting?
- It was great.
Do you have last month's phone bill?
I wanna talk to Henry first thing.
Your decorator called. She said the kind of wood Bruno picked out... for the chair rail was not included in the guaranteed price... and you're gonna have to
approve another $600.
Unbelievable. Every time
the phone rings, it's $600.
Also, Robert De Niro's office
called.
- Bobby called?
- Well, his office.
There are two seats left at his table
tonight for the benefit.
- No kidding.
- Yeah.
If you want them,
it's gonna be $500 a plate.
Tell them that we'd love to be
Mr De Niro's guests.
Hit "guests." If they mention
the 500 again... You son of a bitch.
You promised me.
For God's sakes, Alicia. We're not
gonna ask some news reporter...
to wait until after 5:00
to make out-of-state phone calls.
It's ridiculous.
I'm not gonna do it.
Let's let them make
free phone sex calls too.
You mean as a kind of bonus?
That's not a bad idea.
- Why don't you start with Phil?
- Start what with him?
You think my job's easy?
You think it's fun firing people?
"Firing people"? Is that what
you're gonna start with me?
Aw, Jesus, Bernie.
Come on with the smoke.
You know the doctor found
nicotine in my urine again.
Then keep your dick
out of my ashtray.
That's very funny. Very funny.
Two days after a black kid is killed
in a neighbouring community...
two white businessmen named
Hanson and MacGregor... get shot up, with racial epithets written on their car.
Now, in response, the New York Sun decides to run... a parking story.
Keighley called me

**at 7:**
Yeah, I'll bet he did.
- Bless you.
- Joe, please cover your mouth.
Metro, I assume we're all over the subway.
Three pieces.
A tick-tock, list of injured, search for heroes.
Standard transportation wreck stuff.
- We got any art?
- Yeah.
Eddie picked up some nice spaghetti shots.
Love the severed arm shot.
Did they find the motorman yet?
Yeah, drunker than a skunk in his neighbourhood bar.
Oh, God, he derails his train and steps over bodies to have a few beers?
What do you do after you step over bodies?
I have a cigarette and go to sleep.
Here you go. We got an above-average bank robbery in the Bronx. That's good.
An exploding hand grenade in Hoboken.
What about something fun?
Don't we have anything fun today?
- Nazis marching in New Jersey.
- There you go.
Nazis are a barrel of laughs.
Features.
We got Alison's profile
of the teenage hit man.
We got Grace finally done with that
Hollywood who's-banging-who chart...
and part three in our continuing saga
on penile implants.
By the way, could we possibly get
another dick drawing?
It looks like a map of Florida.
It also looks like, I think, the 5th
at Shinnecock Country Club, doesn't it?
I would play over the water,
by the way, as a suggestion.
All right. Business.
Dow's up. Trade figures came out

at 8:
But I'm telling you, I'm sitting on
Watergate out there on Staten Island...
with the zoning commission thing.
If you guys could just give me
a couple of city-side reporters...
Wait.
How is it possible that you
always have Watergate somewhere?
Listen, I'm... Piss off, Carl!
I mean it this time.
I got a quote from
the commission chairman's ex-wife...
- and she's plenty ready to talk.
- His ex-wife?
His first ex-wife.
There's a reliable source.
Yeah. Foreign.
Terrorists blew up a restaurant in
Paris, killing five. None from New York.
Ferry boat capsized in the Philippines,
drowning 300. None from New York.
There was a violent coup
in Bahrain.
None from New York!
Witnessed... Witnessed
by two people from Long Island.
- Oh, Henry, this might interest you.
- What's that?
The mother whale in the Ukraine had triplets.
She told me she was on the pill!
Excuse me.
I get any on you?
Thanks for asking, Bernie.
All right. So, page one,
subway sounds like our wood, right?
- We got great art.
- I think it's definite.
I don't think so. I don't think so.
You know, TV's gonna be all over it.
They already are.
It's a minor derailment.
And Carmen has got great day two stuff
on the Williamsburg murders.
If they make a bust,
we have to follow up on that.
The subway's a major story.
- Nobody died.
- Somebody got maimed.
- Yeah, that helps.
- Minor derailment.
All I'm saying is people got maimed,
and we have pictures of it.
Goddam it!
So we fucked up yesterday!
Why do you want to tuck our tail
between our legs and take it for...
and do what everybody else does?
Let's stand alone.
Let's make up for it.
We're a commuter paper.
People want the subway.
Are you market research all of a sudden?
Not everything is about money.
It is when you almost fold
every six months.
Bullshit.
Come on. You two can slug it out

at the 3:
All right? Because Henry
has an interview...
at The Sentinel.
The Sentinel?
- Thank you.
- All right!
- Congratulations.
- Excuse us.
At least steal us
a little something.
What do you guys want? Tote bags?
Let me take some orders.
- Phil? Chair?
- That's not funny.
Hello, my name is George Russell.
I'm a reporter at The New York Sentinel.
Hi, I'm supposed to meet Paul Bladden
right about now.
Map.
I've been reading the Sun
these past few weeks.
I find it exciting.
We're thinking of letting our hair down
a little bit around here.
Squeeze in some coverage
of the outer boroughs.
Nothing new for you, of course,
but for us, well, we're The Sentinel.
We cover the world.
Right. So I've heard.
I won't dick around with you.
I talked with Vince last night.
He'll go with my recommendation.
So congratulations.
The job is yours if you want it.
Thank y...
You don't look all that pleased.
No... You know, I'm gonna
have to think about that.
I have to talk to my wife.
You understand.
Yes, of course. But I would like
a decision first thing in the morning.
And don't disappoint me.
I think you're
a serious newspaperman, Henry.
- Thank you.
- No, I mean it.
You guys have got a cute little paper.
Sometimes you really pull one out.
Thanks. It is a cute paper.
You kind of missed the boat on that one
last night, though.
Yeah.
I want to tell you,
before I came over to this job...
I hardly had any
administrative experience at all.
I had very minimal
executive skills.
Excuse me. I'm curious.
For instance...
what would our...
your Metro lead be tomorrow?
- Henry, you don't work here yet.
- You're right.
You're right. Sorry.
As I was saying about this book,
I think it's something that you...
You know what I'd go with?
Subway. Don't you think?
- Would find enjoyable.
- You know, though...
that Williamsburg thing
is pretty interesting.
You guys got anything on that?
You do, don't you?
It's funny.
You can always tell,
one newspaperman to another...
You can just tell there's something.
What have you got?
What do you guys have on that?
Come on.
They make a bust? No,
I'd know if they made a bust.
What are you guys sitting on?
Let's just say that our coverage
will be comprehensive.
Got you. Comprehensive.
I understand.
Anyway, I'd love to borrow it.
- What?
- The book.
Ah! The book.
I've got it right here.
- Nice. Nice, nice.
- Yes, enjoy.
I will.
And hey, thanks, you've...
You've been a big help.
Now, don't overreact.
If we go after it early,
before it metastasizes to a bone...
the majority of these prostate
cancer cases are beatable.
Go after it how?
Irradiation therapy.
That's fantastic.
That's wonderful, because...
as it turns out, that's exactly
the portion of my anatomy...
I'd like to see
exposed to radiation.
You'll have to take an hour or two
off work for each treatment.
We should start right away.
How's next Monday?
To burn a hole in my ass?
Sounds good.
Then I still have the weekend.
Could you possibly be
any more humourless about this?
I don't believe so.
There's growing apprehension
here at Kennedy among arriving tourists.
Sir, can you tell me,
do the possible racial overtones...
of what happened
in Williamsburg...
make you think twice
about visiting New York?
My brother cancelled his trip.
Big scoop from the TV guys.
Pinhead's brother cancels trip.
Come on.
It's hardly Watergate.
Your source is the man's ex-wife, for God's sake.
You try selling it at a staff meeting.
Just had the shit kicked out of it.
Deanne White, please.
Yeah, Bernard White.
Just tell her that it's her father.
Yeah. Thank you.
No, I understand. I understand.
It's just that...
Do you happen to know if she's free for lunch?
I know it's short notice, but...
Or dinner or whatever?
Well, it was just a shot.
It was just a shot.
You'll tell her that I called?
Thank you very much.
What a stupid fucking thing to do.
Actually, the first six weeks is no problem.
The first six weeks you're so exhausted...
and consumed by incredibly tedious domestic tasks...
you have no time to get depressed.
And after that, you have all the time in the world.
- I have tons of projects.
- You do?
- Like what?
- Like reading, for one.
With a kid?
I had projects... all the things I wanted to do but never had the time.
You know what my hobby turned out to be?
Living Bob's life.
I hung on his every word.
I'll only be off the paper...
for six months. I'm going back.
That's what I said too,
seven years ago.
Oh, maybe I'm just being a bitch.
No, you're probably
just having a bad day.
You didn't drive into town,
did you?
I shouldn't be doing this to you.
It's all manageable...
the physical pain,
the loss of adult contact...
less money coming in, feeling worthless
around people who work...
all the crap.
You can't even remember it the first
time you look at your new baby.
But?
But he gets the baby too,
and he didn't have to...
The fact of the matter is...
once you have kids, a man's
best work can still be ahead of him.
But a woman's is very definitely
in the past.
I am so glad
you called me today.
Me too.
You know, Alicia,
your husband is right.
You should listen to him.
Age has nothing to do with it.
If anybody pushes their skin together,
it bunches up.
- That's why it's called skin.
- Yeah, but it's the way it bunches.
Your skin is the central preoccupation
of my life.
How much did this room cost?
I can't afford this.
I've got financial problems
that make Russia look well-managed.
This was the last time, Carl.
- Really, absolutely the last time.
- So, I'll pay.
Yeah, but what about next time?
God, I've gotta get back to work.
Police! Freeze! Get down!
Don't move!
What are you doing?
I'm gonna blow
your fucking head off!
We didn't do it!
We were just walking by.
You have the right to remain silent.
You have the right to an attorney.
We were just walking by.
What are you doing?
- You understand that?
- We didn't do it!
The dog was chasing the man,
and the woman got hit with a shovel?
For God's sake, Alicia,
you're the managing editor...
of the sixth largest paper
in the country.
All I want is to be
fairly compensated.
You can't come in here
every six months...
I have other offers.
Don't make me bring them up.
Does this have to be today?
Do we have to do this today?
I have pressures...
real pressures.
I see. Pressures.
I know you loved
running Features.
I know Keighley shoved you into this
administrative job you didn't want.
I never knew how isolating
it was gonna be.
There are not exactly a lot of laughs
around my office these days.
You're in management. If everybody loved
you, you'd be doing something wrong.
But the fact is, I think you're
working miracles with the job.
Exactly. I have 300 people doing the
work they need 750 for over at Newsday.
I know. Thank you.
But there's
no more money for you.
There's a ceiling in this business,
and you're hitting your head on it.
Okay. Fine.
My contract's up in 18 months. I'd like
permission to start interviewing now.
You leave me no choice.
That contract leaves me no choice.
Pardon me saying this,
and I know I'm no one to talk...
but the problem
isn't with your contract.
It really isn't.
No way.
Let me tell you a story.
Sit down. Sit down.
It won't take long.
Very interesting. You'll like it.
In '68, a bunch of us who were
covering the Olympics in Grenoble...
decided to go
to the best restaurant in town.
Now, the menu didn't have
any prices...
but we were on expense account,
so we figured, "Fuck it," got drunk.
Somehow there ended up being
15 or 20 of us at the table...
and when the cheque came...
it was $9,000.
Jesus!
Exactly. So now we're all
starting to point fingers.
We're trying to remember
who invited who.
We're talking about going
to Western Union to get money cabled.
And just when it was getting
really embarrassing...
this funny-looking old guy at the next table called the maitre d' over. Old guy. He drew a couple of squiggly lines on a napkin... signed his name, winked at us, and that was that. The old guy was Pablo Picasso... and that napkin paid our bill. So?
I'm not sure I caught the segue here. The people we cover, we move in their world, but it is their world. You can't live like them. You'll never keep up. If you try to make this job about the money... you'll be nothing but miserable, because we don't get the money. Never have, never will. So, what can I say? Talk to Bruno about the decoration, renovation, whatever. Ask him to be reasonable. Your husband's a reasonable guy. Or give up the nights in town Bruno doesn't know about. What? It won't lead anywhere good. I know what I'm talking about. I know what I'm talking about. I'm gonna see Keighley tonight at the benefit. It's obvious that I'm gonna have to take this up with him directly. If you go over my head on this, you'll only make it worse for yourself. McDougal, you still sleeping?
- I went out for lunch.
- Get up. I need a favour.
- What time is it?

- Five after 3:
Come on. I need you
to do me a favour here.
You remember a...
Is that a gun?
I told you.
Sandusky's after me.
- When did you get so paranoid?
- When they started plotting against me.
I gotta talk to you right away.
McDougal, how are you?
Why?

3:
I have to know about
that interview now.
Can it wait?
I've got the three o'clock.
I cannot wait. This is
our marriage here, okay?
You walked in three seconds ago.
When did whatever it is
escalate to our marriage?
Over lunch. You should have
been there. Very enlightening.
I've seen my future.
I'm a bitter, nasty broad...
who can suck down a bottle of wine
in a single gulp.
Give me a second.
Remember Sedona Savings and Loan?
They went under six months ago.
We did a big piece on 'em.
- I don't read this newspaper.
- Take my word for it.
If you got the other job,
maybe I have a prayer.
Wait a second. Do you still have that
friend out at the Justice Department?
Sure, but he hates me now.
At least you'll be around
to refill my Prozac prescriptions.
Can you get a list of investors
from him out of him?
I'll need to be medicated.
Heavily.
Major investors. Guys who lost the most money in New York. Brooklyn, maybe. They made a bust in Brooklyn. In Williamsburg. Two black kids. One 17, one 19. One of them did six months for felonious assault. But they look like babies. This is a very poignant story. Marty, how are you? I thought you were on leave. - The bust is no good. - What? - The bust is no good. - Can we talk alone? - How do you know? - I heard it on your scanner. It was subtle, but I know what I heard. Some beat cops were talking about it... then the dispatcher came on and told them to shut up. Not before they said they think this bust is totally cosmetic. Whether it is or it is not, they're still walking them at 7:30. We need art. And, please, don't send Robin. She's too green. If things get rough, she'll miss the shot. It's the Puerto Rican poacher! Who told you to cover Williamsburg? Calm down, Wilder. You told me you'd handle him. - Let Marty talk to her husband. - "Handle him"? You become 40 years old at this paper and you have to be handled? If you'd answer your beeper, you'd know what was going on! - Oh, answer this! - You know what?
Williamsburg is turning into our lead. We could wood on this.
This is good.
I want you both on this one.
You got the cops,
I get the poignant shit.
- I bought it!
- Why does she get the poignant shit?
- Bought the goddam chair!
- This is the last straw.
What exactly were the previous straws?
Now it's your problem!
Let Marty talk to her husband.
I want you to call the cops.
Find out if the bust is good.
I need to know for the three o'clock.
What's the matter with you people?

3:
Who took my stapler?
I've been here longer than she's been here.
For that matter, I've been here longer than you've been here.
You wanna cover Brooklyn?
Then cover Brooklyn.
But you can't cover it from a bar stool in Manhattan.
Call the cops.
I better see the $600 in my paycheque!
- I can't think about this now.
- She's been pulling the same shit!
I'm waiting!
- Jesus Christ!
- What was that?
Let Marty talk to her husband.
Please.
Yeah, cops. Maybe I can type up some weather reports while I'm at it.
Just call the cops.
You two take your time.
I'm on the Sedona thing.
God, I miss this place.
Vinnie, can you bring your creamy friend
along with you and join us?
The heat's killing us.
When are you gonna be done?
In a couple of hours,
you'll see your breath.
I've got 64 seconds.
What's wrong?
Well, why don't you let me
go to Justice for you?
I've got a much better contact
than McDougal does.
- 'Cause you're on leave.
- Okay, I'll go anyway.
So, how was the interview?
Did he offer you the job?
Not... Yes.
You got any change?
"Not yes"?
What does "Not yes" mean?
It means he offered me the job,
but I said I had to think about it.
- We have thought about it.
- I'd like to think some more.
- Why?
- Because I have until tomorrow...
I like to think and that's
the end of the conversation.
You wish!
Anybody hear a gunshot?
A gunshot? Yeah, that was
down in Alicia's office.
Watch this.
This is gonna be...
It's empty.
Anybody respect a deadline any more?
Their whole system's screwed up.
Tell me this.
Have you ruled The Sentinel out?
Don't be a reporter.
Don't worry.
I'm not any more.
- Let me give you a hypothetical.
- Can it be a short hypothetical?
You're a professional tennis player.
You love tennis.
But you wreck your knee
and you can't play tennis again.
Your doubles partner, however,
goes on and wins Wimbledon.
- How do you feel?
- Wins Wimbledon?
Happy as hell.
Bullshit! You hate him.
- Do not.
- I don't want to hate you.
- They're doing it now.
- Coming.
I gotta go to this. Okay?
Yeah. I'll see you
at dinner tonight.

8:
Your parents.
Please, don't be late.
- Honey, am I ever late?
- It's not funny.
It's a little bit funny.
See you.
Give me a kiss. Goodbye.
- That's it?
- See you.

"Deadline:"
before which something must be done."
Sorry.
It's a Marx Brothers movie
every time I step in my office.
One of our security guards
actually tried to frisk me.
We're having drinks later.
- What the hell was that gunshot?
- McDougal.
- Is he dead?
- I wish.
- McDougal's insane.
- The man is certifiable.
Before we go through the schedule,
we still want the subway for page one?
Subway is ancient history. They made
a bust in the Williamsburg shooting.
Two black kids in Fort Green.
One has a record.
- Everybody has a record.
- We have any art yet?
We'll get them at the perp walk.
What's the wood?
Something simple.
"Caught."
Something like that.
"Caught"? That's so boring.
How about something like "Gotcha"?
Great. "Gotcha" with a slammer.
God forbid this paper ever runs anything
without an exclamation mark.
Hold on there. Let's hold it.
It's not that clear cut.
McDougal heard
on the police scanner...
even the arresting cops
think this bust is bullshit.
Let's think about this.
Doesn't this set anybody's
alarm bells off?
It could be like when everyone
thought the Westies...
The union guy. Exactly.
Did you get anything
officially from the cops?
I am working on that.
The other thing is, these dead guys
were not your ordinary businessmen.
They were on the board
of Sedona Savings and Loan...
and they lost a lot of money...
millions of somebody's money.
The Feds are looking
into that right now.
Where did you get this?
This?  
I stole it off Bladden's desk  
at The Sentinel.  
I don't believe it!  
You stole it?  
Jesus, Henry, I was kidding.  
They called us "cute," and I was right  
there and they were out of tote bags.  
Okay, wait a minute.  
What are you saying here?  
That these bankers got shot  
by some pissed-off Wall Street guy?  
I don't know. McDougal's down at Justice  
trying to get an investors list.  
You got a cop quote?  
A what?  
Quote. You know, they talk,  
you write, we print?  
  - Oh, cop quote.  
  - They got me on hold.  
Go talk to them.  
Get me something.  
  - Working on the quote.  
  - Fine.  
Good. It's a great lead.  
We'll follow it up tomorrow, but without  
a confirmation, we'll run "Gotcha!"  
What if these aren't the guys?  
What if they're innocent?  
Taint them today, make them look good  
on Saturday. Everybody's happy.  
Makes sense to me.  
Wait. This is a story that could  
permanently alter...  
the public's perception of two  
teenagers who might be innocent...  
and as a weekend bonus,  
ignite another race war.  
  - Think about this.  
  - We have Nazi...  
  - Give me a cigarette.  
  - Move it up front a little.  
Come on. We're not talking  
about some publicity hound...
who crawls into the cage
and begs for this kind of thing.
It's two kids who may not enjoy
the prison experience.
You don't care whether
they get beaten up or not.
We got our ass kicked yesterday,
so you want to beat everyone today.
Yeah, I do.
- You don't?
- Give me a break.
Tell me you don't. You do!
Fuck it!
Let's not beat anybody all week.
Bernie, what do you say?
Let's not beat anybody till October?
Let's never beat anybody
the rest of our lives.
- I'm glad you're not overreacting.
- What do you wanna run?
I don't know.
What do I wanna run?
"They didn't do it."
- "They didn't do it"?
- I don't think of these things.
You don't have close to that.
You have unattributed cops.
She doesn't have "Gotcha!"
You don't have "Gotcha!" for page one
until you have a shot of the kids.
So we're going on the perp walk.
- What time do they walk?

- 7:
- So we stretch it a little.
- You gonna pay for that?
Yes, we stretch
the deadline to 8:00.
If we get art on the two kids
at the walk of shame, it's "Gotcha!"
If we miss them,
the subway is page one.
The subway is bullshit!
You don't have it, you know it.
You wanna run the story?
You got five hours. Get the story.
Do your job!
Do your job!
Don't just take a position because
it's the opposite of what she says!
It's like watching a bunch
of sixth graders, for Christ's sake!
Photo. Where the hell's Max?
He went home sick.
You make damn sure Photo's
at the perp walk.
I mean damn sure.
Excuse me.
Excuse me.
What's up his ass?
Bagel.
Anyway, okay, so...
You know anything
about air-conditioning?
The problem is not down there.
It's up there.
Where's Robin?
In there.
Oh, fuck!
Oh, shit!
I mean, I'm sorry.
Mr Hackett, what's wrong?
Nothing.
Listen, Robin, I've got
a really, really...
important assignment for you.
- For me?
- Yeah.
This is big, okay?
I don't want to put
any pressure on you...
but I just want to tell you,
if you miss this shot...
that means that Alicia can't run
the page one that she wants to.
Do you understand?
Good.
Sorry. I've had better days.
Hey, Bernie, please.
Forget about it.
It's coal into a furnace.
I've been doing this for 36 years.
Every day you still start from zero.
You okay?
No. I'm in a foul mood.
I gotta get out of here early tonight, so...
page one is up to you and Alicia, but...
play nice.
I'll give it a shot.
Why does that Sedona thing have to be today?
Because "Gotcha" is wrong.
I don't want to be wrong today.
Hang with it if you want, but have Lou do a subway page one just in case.
All right.
I mean, we might get it.

*It's not even 4:*
- Oh, man!
- Good luck.
See what you can do with this.
Eighty-six Bahrain.
They weren't from Long Island.
I think it's fine.
Anybody got another word for...
Ed, you got Nazis.
It's nine inches.
For Christ's sake! I don't have nine inches for Nazis!
Did Wilder call back?
Do you have any change?
You have no change?
Oh, Henry, no!
Check the dr...
Do you really want to run "Smashed" for the wood on the subway?
Whatever fits. I don't care.
You have any change?
You got another word
for "mangled"?
It implies he was drunk
while driving the train.
He could have gotten drunk
afterwards.
You're accurate and ethical.
I want you out of this building.
"Torn," "mutilated"...
I don't care.
"Mutilated."
That ought to work.
Haven't you gotten anything
on Sedona yet?

It's 6:
Beep Wilder!
- You got another word for...
- I got another word for all of them.
Get out of the chair.
No, don't change that.
Oh, that's pretty good.
- That baby's over here.
- For God's sake!
We're minutes away, okay?
I struck out with the cops.
There's something definitely going on.
None of those sons of bitches
are talking.
- Where did you go?
- Police headquarters.
You gotta go to the precinct for this!
Of course nobody's talking at TCPI.
- Jesus Christ!
- I got "Smashed" with a question mark.
From Williamsburg, where
the prompt arrest of two suspects...
in the brutal murder of the two
white Arizona businessmen...
I've got "Smashed" with a question mark.
What do you think?
It's not gonna matter.
I took up a collection, and you
can never ask anyone again.
Did McDougal call in?
- No message at all from McDougal?
- I have no motive for lying.
I'll make a proof of "Smashed."
I'll show it to you.
I'm going to Composing.
I'll check it out there.
Nice chair.
My back feels great.
Yeah, great chair.
I got about two minutes
to sub that Bahrain piece!
Come on, guys!
It's not funny.
Police discovered the bodies of
two men sitting in a parked vehicle.
Talk to me, Chuck. What do you got?
It's old news. Carmen!
Wilder whiffed with the cops.
Go to the 9-1 in Brooklyn.
- Get to the bottom of this bust already!
- You want this for tonight?
Give me a break.
It's only...
Seven o'clock.
What do you think?
- I hate it.
- Me too.
- What happened to "Gotcha"?
- Artwork's not back yet.
Perp walk's not for
another ten minutes.
- That's our backup.
- Hold page one until 8:00.
Not a minute more. It's $12,000
every half hour we wait.
Those are union drivers
waiting out there, mister.
"Those are union drivers
waitin' out there, mister."
Shoot it!
Deanne. Just give me a second.
All right? It won't kill you.
- What are you doing here?
- I came to see my daughter.
It's good to see you.
My God.
I don't believe this.
You're married.
You're married.
Oh, my God.
I have to sit down.
I made it clear.
I don't wish to see you.
You sound like you just
walked out of your shrink's office.
Hold it. That was
a rotten thing to say. Hold it.
I'm sorry.
Let me start over.
- Why are you here?
- Why?
I saw your name in that piece
we ran on the Murray Hill trial.
I was proud,
Mrs Whatever-Your-Name-is...
and I wanted to tell you that.
Thank you.
Let me just ask you this.
Would you have cared to come if
my name hadn't been in your paper?
Do you hate me?
If you hate me, there's no point.
I don't know you enough
to hate you.
It turns out the guy they've
been looking for for 18 months...
has been dead for five years.
He was 90 years old.
He couldn't have stolen a motorcycle...
and driven it from Kansas City
to Ozone Park.
- That is so funny!
- That's just an example.
I could tell you dozens of stories
exactly like that.
You could do a whole series
on the Justice Department.
- People would like that.
- I bet they would.
- So, where's Henry tonight?
- Working.

Give my regards. You sure you don't want some juice?
- You have another, though.
- I think I will.

So, Tom, did you bring the list? You can't take it.
Just a look.
I'm supposed to memorize every single investor in a major bank?
You'll know what you're looking for when you see it.
Tell me something.
Did you honestly find even one of my stories funny?
No, Tom, I didn't.
- Just wanted to know where I stood.
- You knew when I called.
Oh, my God!
Jumps right out at you, doesn't it?
Everybody stay back.
Just relax. Stay back.
Justice! Justice! Justice!
Stay over there.
Thank you very much.
Beyond the barricade.
Excuse me. Can I just...
Excuse me.

New York Sun.
Hey, go around!
Can't you see the cable?
Sorry.
There they are!
Damn it!
Shit!
Shit!
- Would you make room?
- What do you think your chances are?
Get out of the way!
Hey! I'm down here!
Good luck. Stand back.
Everybody back.
Carmen on four.
Tell me, tell me.
Nothing. I'm sorry. I can't even get into the building.
They're not talking to any reporters.
The guy from The Sentinel is standing over there and crying.
You're killing me here.

It's 8:
- Wife line!
- Oh, Jesus!
Hang on, Carmen.
I'm not late yet.
No, the Sedona thing.
I got something.
You did go to the Justice Department.
This ticks me off! What do you have?
I saw the investor list.
I'm reading it.
It's just your average bunch of Wall Street schmoes.
Trusts and stuff,
names I don't recognize.
I'm thinking, "This goes nowhere."
Then, all of sudden, pow!
Pow? Hold on.
Hang in there, Carmen.
Yeah, so, pow.
Sedona Savings' single largest investor, who alone lost over $5 million?
E & R Interstate Trucking.
Nicholas D'Onofrio, proprietor.
Are you telling me these banker schmucks...
I lost $5 million of the Mob's money?
Dumb fellas, huh?
Unwise guys.
Oh, hon, you are so good.
You are so good.
I love you!
This is great. Do you know
how good you are at that?
I mean, you drive me crazy
when you're like this.
What are you wearing?
Oh, baby.
As fear of racial tension mounts...
New Yorkers got
their first look at the suspects...
in the brutal Williamsburg
crimes this afternoon...
following their booking
at police headquarters.
Formal charges will be filed
tomorrow at the arraignment...
We gotta get that cop quote.
They gotta say it.
Oh, come on! I dump a big,
big juicy steak in your lap...
and you ask for sauce?
Hang on.
Carmen, you have to get a quote.
Henry, I can't even get past
the desk sergeant.
All cops want to talk. They just don't
know they want to talk. Tell them.
He took one look
at my press pass...
You wore your press pass?
You can't wear your press pass!
Paul Bladden from The Sentinel
on six.
Shit! Hang on.
Paul, hi. Can you
hold on for a second?
Thanks very much.
This is so good,
I'm running this tonight.
You're supposed to be at dinner
in five minutes.
I can't help it. You're too good.
That's how good you are.
It's your fault. You actually
got yourself into a jam.
Henry, listen.
Tomorrow is fine. Tomorrow.
No, today.
- Tomorrow.
- Today. Today.
Tomorrow! Tomorrow!
Today, now.
I'm on my way out at 8:25 and I notice our presses aren't running...
which strikes me as odd since we are, after all, a newspaper.
Got to go. See you later.
Carmen, just write up whatever it is you got.
I'll get the quote myself.
It's okay.
Hi. Hey, Paul.
Looks like I owe you one.
90 more seconds?
Can you? Thank you.
First of all, you look fabulous.
Cut it out.
What's going on?
I didn't get the artwork back from the perp walk.
- Who'd you send?
- Robin.
You sent Robin to cover the Williamsburg perp walk?
Robin happens to be a professional news photographer.
Robin happens to be 14 years old.
Now you're being silly.
That was a cheap-ass trick!
I'm onto something with the Sedona thing. I just need a quote.
You don't have it, and you screwed the story you do have.
It's a fuck-up.
It's a goddam $ 12,000 error...
if you get the art back in the next 20 minutes, which I doubt.
Bernie's not here,
so this is my call.
Wait for Robin till 9:00.
If she makes it by then, run "Gotcha."
If not, go with the subway.
What's the matter with you?
You are the most unethical,
unprincipled...
I cannot believe
you had the balls to do it!
Slow down.
What are you talking about?
You know what I'm talking about.
The Sedona item.
You stole it right off my desk.
Uh, uh, my ass!
Come on!
You know you stole it!
Hold on a second.
If we were working on a Sedona thing,
how would you know about it?
I hope The Sentinel
doesn't have a mole over here.
Did you take the item?
Because if they did, they could
get you into a lot of trouble.
It might even be illegal.
I can check on that for you.
Cut the bullshit!
Why don't I do that? Janet,
get Dick Palone in the D A's office.
I want to ask him a question.
Don't worry. I'll keep you out of this.
I just want to ask him a question.
Okay? I'll check on that for you.
Give it up, Henry.
Our guy saw McDougal banging on doors
all over the Justice Department.
I'll ask you one last time.
Did you or did you not take the item?
Well, Paul, you realize you were
talking to a journalist.
Dick who?
I realize this doesn't exactly
get us off on the right foot.
Are you out of your mind?
The offer is rescinded.
How stupid do you think we are?
What do you think I get...
when I put two
and two together, three?
Look, I'm trying
to be reasonable here.
Why don't you just take
my wallet as well?
Let me talk.
Let me say something...
Well, I hope
you're satisfied, asshole!
You just blew your chance
to cover the world!
Really.
Well, guess fucking what?
I don't really fucking care.
You wanna know fucking why?
Because I don't fucking live
in the fucking world!
I live in fucking New York City!
So go fuck yourself!
You handled that well.
Thank you.
Oh, my God! You look like
you're going to explode.
That's how I feel.
- Where's Henry?
- Running a little late, I suppose.
Right here. For E & R Trucking,
what would we say?
Not an alias.
You know what I mean?
Good night.
- Reputed Mob front.
- We can say that.
That's it.
Way to go, Ray.
I gotta go.
It's a sidebar. Keep it tight.
Henry, I couldn't get
anything out of Justice.
I told you my friend hates me.
Send Marty.
- She knows that guy.
- Don't worry about it.
- Does your friend at 9-1 hate you too?
- Not for a good reason. Why?
We gotta talk to him.
Pick me up at Gus's in 10 minutes.
What's with all the grunt work?
I'm a columnist.
You're not a columnist.
You're a reporter who writes long.
- Grab a clipboard.
- Clipboard?
I've got things to write,
my own stories I'm working on.
Just get a clipboard.
You can't leave
until you okay page one.
Working on it.
Tell him to get a clipboard.
The mayor remains in close contact
with church leaders and activists...
in an attempt to calm fears
of rioting and widespread violence.
Tonight he will lead
a solidarity march...
beginning outside city hall...
and proceeding through
Washington Square Park.
The mayor will be
urging New Yorkers...
to remain calm and to work
with one another...
to get through these days
without incident.
- He looks familiar.
- Never saw him before.
Says he's waiting for a fight.
A fight? A fight with who?
None of your goddam business.
Turn it off.
Hi. How are you doing?
Sorry I'm late.
I hope you ordered.
No, we waited.
Hi, Mom. Dr Hackett.
How was the drive down?
I made it in an hour and 45.
So, how is work?
Work is...
Looking good.
Oh, you liar!
Martha told us
about The Sentinel job.
Congratulations, darling.
Howard, let's get some champagne.
The New York Sentinel.
That's what I call a newspaper.
Good evening.
Have you decided yet?
Oh, Henry, look fast.
We'll fill in for you here.
Sarah?
I'll start with
a small Caesar salad.
I don't see it on the menu,
but I always love to have...
Small Caesar? No problem.
And then I'll have with
that small Caesar salad...
a rack of lamb.
Are you okay?
And for you, sir?
What's that, Mom?
Oh, yeah.
Okay, here we go.
What I was gonna say was...
You're probably gonna find this
a little hard to believe.
You in particular, I think...
are gonna get
a real big kick out of it.
I can't stay. I have to
put the paper to bed.
But what do you say
we all get together later...
and go have some dessert
at that place.
Are you kidding?
- It was a two-hour trip.
- Don't they even let you eat dinner now?
And you know the other thing
I was gonna tell you?
I lost The Sentinel job...
because I stole the lead
off the editor's desk.
That's the other thing.
I couldn't resist.
They are so smug over there.
They've got maps, seating charts,
guys wearing bow ties.
You did it on purpose! You did
exactly what I asked you not to do!
L... You're shouting,
first of all.
I know I'm shouting!
I like to shout!
Don't you notice? I keep talking louder
because you haven't heard!
I try to have a sense of humour.
All it gets me is a pat on the head.
- You don't listen! You don't see!
- I am listening.
Of course I see.
Hi. See what?
How scared I am.
I will be there.
I swear to God I will be there.
We mean more to me...
more than anything else.
- You know that.
- Let me give you a hypothetical.
Really?
- A guy breaks into the apartment.
- Breaks into the apartment.
He's got a gun,
holds it to my head.
He says, "I blow your wife's brains out
or I blow up the Sun building."
Choose. Now.
What do you say?
What do you think I say?
It's ridiculous.
It's not gonna happen.
That is exactly my point.
It is never one big dramatic choice.
It is little, vague situations
every day...
and you're either there
or you're not.
If you keep waiting for the guy with
the gun to show up, it will be too late.
I will be there.
I promise.

**Henry, 9:**
Let's go!
What?
You know,
I mean after tonight, hon.
You would do the same thing.
I saw you waddle off
81/2 months pregnant to chase a story.
We're gonna miss this guy!
Wait! Hold on a minute!
Come inside now. Sit down and
have dinner like you said you would.
Hon, come on.
Don't take the bat out of my hand.
It's the ninth inning.
I gotta get the quote.
The guy won't be there all night.
Why are you calm?
Don't get calm. I hate this.
Shout or something.
You like to shout.
You should have just told me
if we had a kid I'd be on my own.
You really should have told me.
You won't.
Two hours.
Two hours.
You hear me?
Probably not even two hours.
Hour and a half, okay?
Come on.
Honey, wait a minute.
It's not even...
It will be two...
Listen to me.
- Henry, come on!
- Oh, man.
Yeah, 99%
of your time and effort...
goes into three basic things:
Your house, your work,
your family.
- Well?
- Women in general...
if you don't have a family,
or men or sheep or whatever.
I made the leap, Bern.
If you put them all together...
the three of them want more than you
gotta give, so what do you do?
That's a tough one.
Now...
your family, they're people...
so you figure you can get
a little human leeway there.
You figure they'll bend.
- But...
- So you crap all over them.
Yeah, you do. You do.
- Freshen it up for you?
- Yeah, you read my mind.
Hey, you. Bong!
Oh, God, please.
Something. Anything.
Anything in focus.
Oh, shit!
I am fired.
Oh, that's it.
I got it!
I've been writing a book
about my life...
an autobiography of my days with the
Civil Rights movement and other cases.
I hope it's a big success.
Probably a movie.
- Ah, Greg, Cynthia.
- How are you?
Send me that advance issue.
Talk to you next week.
How are you?
It's good to see you.
I feel funny about it. Yeah.
See you later.
Excuse me.
There's something I'd like to discuss.
I didn't want to bother you upstairs.
I feel an obligation...
to act on this directly with you
because I think we have a good...
I think we have
a good relationship...
and I'd like to take it further.
And I think the way to do that
is face to face.
You know, you and I,
face to face.
I'm gay.
Well, I wasn't...
I mean, that's fine.
I'm kidding.
- That was really good.
- Yeah, well, what's up?
Well, I won't waste your time.
I have other offers.
Didn't we just
renegotiate your contract?
Yeah, but my deal's up
in just under a year.
Eighteen months, isn't it?
Well, technically, that would be
more accurate, but you know, with...
Yeah. Well, I'll tell you what.
If you have other offers,
you have my permission to pursue them.
Don't come to me again
without talking to Bernie first.
I don't like it.
It's cheap. Okay?
We done?
I don't think you...
I'd love it
if you weren't here.
I'm going to keep you
as my bitch, boy.
I want those sneakers, man.
- What the hell you looking at, boy?
- How you doing, sweetheart?
You got a problem here?
- Man, I'm so scared.
- Don't talk.
Yeah, what am I
supposed to do?
Stay awake.
Here's your damn clipboard.
The next time you want office supplies...
Keep the clipboard.
The clipboard's for you.
A clipboard and a confident wave will
get you into any building in the world.
Hi. How are you?
Jesus Christ!
You scared the shit out of me.
We gotta talk about
this Williamsburg-Sedona thing.
Oh, geez, I don't believe this.
Let's go.
Everybody's on edge around here.
At home!
I told you a million times: You want
to talk to me, talk to me at home.
We think we know what happened.
Nick D'Onofrio wanted to settle a debt.
His guys made it look
like a race war.
Now they got the neighbourhoods
all stirred up.
You know what would happen to me
if somebody saw us talking?
What's going on?
You guys looking at D'Onofrio?
The dead guys lost
his five million bucks.
What's he gonna do, 
buy 'em Giants tickets? 
Congratulations. You have 
a firm grasp of the obvious. 
Thank you. 
Then if you do suspect him, 
why are those two kids in jail? 
I ain't going on record. 
Who the fuck is this guy? 
We just want to know 
what you think. 
To characterize the arrest, 
what would you say? 
- To who? 
- To anybody. To your wife. 
Your wife says, "How was your day?"
What do you say? 
Fuck you. 
To your wife? 
You're not getting me fired. 
If you're all right with "Gotcha" 
as tomorrow's headline... 
that's what it's gonna be. 
Me, I can't live with it, 
but if you can, okay. Thanks. 
- "Gotcha"? 
- Over a picture of the kids. 
Don't run that bullshit! 
What do you think I'm trying to do? 
Look, I got news for you. 
I'm not locked up in the men's room 
with a cop because it's a good time. 
Frankly, I've had better times. 
I'm here because 
I think the story is wrong. Is it? 
Is it? 
If you have something, give it to me, 
but don't act coy... 
and say "Fuck you," because, 
quite frankly, it's a waste of our time. 
And you know what? 
I have no more fucking time. 
I need it right now! 
We run what you guys give us.
You gave us "Gotcha."
I didn't give you that bullshit.
Downtown gave you that shit.
All downtown cares...
is that you guys run nice, front-page
stories about how we got the guys.
Everybody can still come to New York
with their money. Next month...
when the kids are released
because of lack of evidence...
They were just walking by,
for Christ's sake.
We don't even have
a print on a murder weapon.
When that gets out,
you guys...
will bury it on page 23
and nobody will notice.
- Can you give me that on the record?
- Stop the shit, will you?
- Bullshit.
- Do something.
These are nice kids, Richie. These are
good kids you guys threw in jail.
These kids have bright futures.
One of them is an honour student.
The other one's a ball player.
He's a tailback.
He's going to Penn State this fall.
This makes me sick.
Penn State?
Yeah. Nittany Lions.
You guys use my name on this,
and I will fucking find you.
You understand?
I got it. Police department source only.
Promise, right?
These kids?
They didn't do it.
This is great!
It writes like butter.
There is actual butter
coming out of my pen.
The guy actually said the headline.
He said it. He used the word.
"They didn't do it."
You got an honest-to-God exclusive.
Alicia's going to have to
kiss my ass on this one.
Come on, baby.
Right here!
I gotta know if she hates me.
If she hates me, there's no point.
Hates you?
She's your daughter.
What could you do
that she would hate you?
I kept fucking my reporters and...
broke her mother's heart.
- That would do it.
- Yeah, it would. It did.
I think we got room
for 20 inches on this one.
Give me a killer lead.
You got three minutes.
- I need four.
- Three.
Whatever. Just make it fast.
We're ripping page one for a new wood.
- I have to talk to you.
- "They Didn't Do It" as big as you can.
I'm subbing one and three.
Main bar on three.
120-point, all caps.
Slap "Exclusive" in there.
Big, big.
You know if we get these kids...
What's the matter?
Did you feel that?
Oh, my God.
They ran it.
They fucking ran it.
They ran the wrong
fucking headline! God!
- I'm stopping it.
- What?
We stop and replate.
Go write up what you've got. Tell Lou
to send down "They Didn't Do it."
Are you going to say it?
You gotta say it.
Use the same art.
How often do you get the chance?
You can't do it and not say it!
Stop the presses!
- How do we stop the run?
- Who are you?
I'm the Metro editor.
How do we stop the run?
We don't stop the run.
I mean if we had to. A guy breaks in, puts a gun to your head.
- How do you stop the run?
- Hit the kill button.
Thank you.
Hey, don't touch that!
Where's the key?
Give me the key.
- Chuck's got the key.
- Give me Chuck!
Hi. How are you?
This is working.
This is gonna work.
All right.
What the hell is going on?
You sure you got authorization for this?
I got authorization. How long will it take once we get the new plate in?
Twenty, thirty minutes.
We have to rethread the whole machine.
I'd feel better if I talked to Ms Clark first.
- I already talked to her.
- You son of a bitch.
You're not gonna stop this run.
- Did you run that headline?
- You're goddam right.
We were two hours past deadline.
Nobody knew where you were.
It's 180 degrees wrong.
We gotta change it.
- How far are we into the run?
- A quarter of the way, maybe more.
- There's 90,000 papers on the trucks.
- No way! We run what we got.
It's wrong!
Given the information we had,
it's right.
Yeah, but it's not right.
I got a cop. I got a quote.
It's wrong.
Not today. Tomorrow it's wrong.
We only have to be right for a day.
This shouldn't be semantics
or money.
People will read this,
and they'll believe us.
People take the Sun with a grain
of salt. We'll run yours tomorrow.
No! Not tomorrow!
Right fucking now today!
I bet you thought
it would never catch up with you...
that I don't know
the shit you guys say about me.
You think I don't get the bean counter
jokes or understand your snide shit?
You don't even have
a college degree.
You couldn't take
the shit I put up with!
You assholes think I don't know
that you wait until I leave...
before you sneak off
to the Bear's Head?
Can't invite me for a lousy drink.
- You jerk, it's not about you or me!
- Never thought it'd catch up with you.
Well, fuck you.
It catches up today.
We run what we've got.
Give me those fucking keys.
- Give me those keys.
- No.
- You give me those keys!
- Get out of my way.
Can you believe this?
Are you all right?
Hold it!
Give me the keys!
Are you nuts?
Somebody should stop this.
Give me the goddam...
I'm sorry!
Come on!
Give me the keys!
- Get away from me.
- You goddam son of a bitch!
Arrogant bastard!
Get away from me!
You are so fucking fired.
I'm fired? You can't...
- Can you start without a web break?
- Probably.
- Do it.
- Yes, ma'am.
Congratulations.
You've officially become
everything you used to hate.
What the hell
is that supposed to mean?
Hey! Come here!
That's my car,
you son of a bitch! Come here!
Shit!
Come back here, you...
Oh, come on!
Did you see that?
You're a witness!
God!
Oh, shit!
Son of a bitch.
What's the matter with you?
- The car got towed.
- Again?
You want a ride?
I'm not a leper.
I'll buy you a drink.
Thank you so much
for the ugly spotted thing...
I got from two other people.
What was it? On sale?
I know you're in training, but
would you have another drink with me?
By the way,
Bernie White's the name.
Marion Sandusky.
Why does that ring a bell?
What do you want me to say?
"Good job. You struck a blow
for journalistic integrity today"?
I can't do it. You abused your position
to settle a personal score.
It is what it is. Live with it.
Henry was right.
- Double bourbon up.
- What do you mean?
Dewars on the rocks, please.
Henry was glib, that's all.
"Everything I used to hate."
What does that even mean?
Henry wouldn't have a newspaper
to work on if I hadn't saved it.
Henry doesn't have
a newspaper to work on.
Oh, please!
I'm ODing on
righteous indignation tonight.
I know I know that name
from someplace.
- Common name.
- No, it's not a common name.
I gotta go to the john.
We're not exactly
the Washington Post, okay?
No, we're not.
We run stupid headlines
because we think they're funny.
We run maimings on the front page
because we got good art.
I spend three weeks bitching
about my car because it sells papers.
At least it's the truth.
As far as I can remember...
we never, ever knowingly
got a story wrong, until tonight.
That's what Henry meant.
- You got any smokes?
- What kind you want?
Box is fine.
- What's going on?
- Your wife.
They just went upstairs, but...
- Marty. Oh, God!
- Go, go, go!
- Move. We're taking her down.
- I'm her husband. What happened?
Your wife's haemorrhaging vaginally.
We need to ask you some questions.
- Hold the elevator.
- I got it.
- How long before she's due?
- Two weeks.
Does she have any existing
health problems or allergies?
She's allergic to penicillin.
What's wrong with her?
Could be abruptio placentae.
- They'll diagnose at the hospital.
- Blood pressure's high. 150 over 100.
Anything unusual
about the pregnancy?
Fetal heart rate
is slipping down to 60 beats a minute.
- What's that mean?
- Got to get her out of here.
It's gonna be okay, honey.
Come on!
Who's this?
It's Alicia Clark.
Get me the press room.
Hey, big Mac. How you doing?
Heard you got a novel going.
- Who told you that?
- Hamill.
I didn't tell Hamill.
Cheryl, let me get
another bourbon.
What's it about?
It's a story I did
a couple of years ago.
You're the parking commissioner.
- You should do the Siamese triplets.
- I don't wanna do that.
- You're blowing it.
- Hey, wait, wait!
Get the fuck out of my way!
I'll kill you,
you son of a bitch!
What? You got stuck?
No! Chuck! I've gotta
talk to Chuck now!
- Fucking son of a bitch!
- I'll kill you, you fuck!
Son of a bitch.
You little prick!
You won't get me!
Get back! Get back!
Give me back that gun.
Give me back the gun, Sandusky.
Shut up!
I don't need you to tell me
the fucking department's fucked up!
I know it's fucked up!
It was fucked up when I got there.
Why did you have to pick on me?
- You should have returned my calls.
- You called me a mindless bureaucrat!
You should have paid
for the damages.
You made my kids
scared to go to school.
You made my wife cry
when she reads the paper.
At least she bought it,
didn't she?
Now come on.
You tell me right now or I'm going
to pull this fucking trigger.
Why me?
You work for the city.
It was your turn.
You guys don't understand.
Pal, you don't wanna hurt him,
and you don't wanna go to jail.
- I'm not nuts.
- We understand.
Give me the gun.
I'll scare him so fucking much!
- Be scared for a change!
- Come on.
Thank God I caught you.
Be scared for a change!
I want you...
What?
Oh, my God.
Oh, my God.
- The bullet came out of the wall.
- Call an ambulance.
- Why did it come out of the wall?
- To get to the other side?
Sorry.
Would you tell her
I said I was sorry?
Shut up.
I gotta talk to Chuck.
A woman's been shot.
We need an ambulance.
Could I have one too?
Let's go.
We're at the hospital.
The doctor knows we're coming.
She'll be okay?
Type her for six units.
I'm the anaesthesiologist.
I have to ask you some questions.
- Is there anything I can do?
- We're going to the operating room.
- I'm going in.
- Wait here!
If you wanna help, wait here.
I'll be back as soon as I can.
No penicillin.
Oh, my God.
I gotta call my office.
Let's prep her for OR.
I need to make a telephone call.
You have to change planes
in San Juan.
It's only 4.5 hours from New York.
No kidding.
I've gotta talk to Chuck.
Hello?
I've gotta talk to Chuck!
Honey!
Lady, you're shot.
They'll have to wait.
Isn't it hot down there?
So you're hot. So jump in the ocean.
That's what it's for.
You're gonna have a Caesarean.
Do you have any medical problems?
- Do you take any medicine?
- OR four.
Have you ever had surgery?
Anybody in the family
have problems with anaesthesia?
When did you eat last?
- Get the scrub ready.
- Move over.
Come on. Move over.
- When did you last eat?
- Today.
How long ago?
- Help us out here.
- Bend your knees.
We cannot operate until
you sign the consent form.
I will sign the consent form...
when you get me
his goddam phone!
Replate!
We're gonna get the baby out.
Get the arm board on.
Put a wedge under her.
- I got the IV.
- The baby.
We're gonna get baby out right now.
We're doing a Caesarean section.
We're going to have you
go off to sleep now.
Save the baby.
I'm going to give you
some oxygen to breathe.
- Take a deep breath.
- I'm ready. Let's go.
You'll be asleep soon.
We'll get the baby out.
- Get the Betadine on the belly.
- This will be cold.
Blood pressure is dropping.
Everything's okay.
You're doing fine.
Get the drape on.
Try to relax.
Everything's gonna be okay.
Nice deep breaths. Stop crying.
She's not asleep yet.
Wait till I say "cut."
Get the retractor.
Hurry up.
She's not even intubated yet.
You're going to sleep now.
Everything's fine.
Will the baby be all right?
Two-second cardio.
It's okay.
I need about 20 more seconds.
There isn't time.
I haven't intubated her yet.
I'm working
as fast as I can.
Five more seconds.
Cut!
What are you doing here?
It's a long story.
Is she gonna be okay?
Maybe. I don't know.
I should have been with her.
There he is.
Under the lights.
That's just a warmer.
- He looks great.
He is great. He's fine. Congratulations. Thanks. Guess you kind of kicked everybody's butt today. You did great. Way to go. I'm sorry. Didn't you notice? What? All the crap. Today I can't even remember it. I love you. Can I read that when you're done? Buy your own. All news, all the time. This is WINS. You give us 22 minutes. We'll give you the world. It's 71 degrees in downtown Manhattan... headed up to a tolerable 81. At the top of the news, an exclusive story in the New York Sun reports... the out-of-town businessmen slain two nights ago in Williamsburg... were in fact connected to a New York crime family... which may now be implicated in their slaying. Police have turned the murder over to the Anti-Organized Crime unit... and the black youths arrested yesterday have been released without charges. Keep your radio tuned to 1010 WINS for updates. 1010 WINS, all news. News whenever you need it. Because your whole world can change in 24 hours.

WINS news time: