



Scripts.com

The Front Page

By Billy Wilder

Hey, Jacobi!
Fatso.
Hold it down, will you?
People are trying
to work up here.
Screw you!
No respect for the press.
You in or out?
I'm in. I'm in.
Ante up.
All right.
Why the hell don't we chip in
and get some new cards?
Don't look at me, I haven't won a hand
since Leopold and Lobe.
Jack bets.
A nickel.
Call.
Possible straight.
Possible flush.
Jack-eight,
pair of sevens.
Possible shit.
Pair of sevens
bet a nickel.
A nickel, a schtickel.
I raise you a dime.
Gaylord Schwartz,
Riverboat gambler, I raise you a dime.
It's a quarter to me, right?
I'll stick.
I'll call.
Why doesn't somebody
answer the phone?
It's the
Examiner phone.
Flush.
Criminal Courts, pressroom.
No, Hildy Johnson
isn't here.
Queen.
Oh, hello, Mr. Burns.
No, Hildy hasn't come in yet.
Sure thing, Mr. Burns,

I'll tell him the minute he shows up.
That's the third time
Walter Burns has called.
Where do you
suppose Hildy is?
Probably had a big night
at Madame Chow's.
I hear she's got some new broads in
from San Francisco.
I could go for a little
of that sweet and sour pork right now.
Come on, cut the gab.
Jacks bet.
I check to
the Chinese gourmet.
Two bits.
Call me a sucker.
El foldo.
This place smells
like the city dump.
How can you breathe
in here?
Hey, Bensinger,
any news on the hanging?
Did you talk
to the Sheriff?
Why don't you guys
get your own stories?
Who's been
using my towel?
And where is
my toilet paper?
How many times
have I told you--
Temper. Temper.
For Christ's sake, why don't you bring
your own toilet paper?
Or use those rags
you work for?
Two pair, jacks high.
Read them and weep,
three treys.
Beats me.
Here you are, Bensinger.

Hey, blushing pink.
Whoa, whoa.
I only used four sheets.
You better count 'em.
Bunch of goddamn gypsies.
This is Bensinger,
give me a rewrite man.
Take your time.
Take your time.
Oh, Marty, is that you?
"New lead
on the Earl Williams hanging."
Yes, the execution
is still set for 7:00 in the morning.
"The authorities
are prepared
for a general uprising
of radicals at that time."
Murphy here.
Get me rewrite.
"Extra guards have just been thrown
around the jail,
"the municipal building,
railroad terminals,
elevated stations."
Update on
the Williams hanging.
Sheriff Hartman's just put
200 more relatives on the payroll
to protect the city
against the Red Army,
which is leaving Moscow
in a couple of minutes.
Bet a dime.
Now, this is what the condemned man
ordered for his final meal:
Shrimp cocktail
with Thousand Island dressing,
rare roast beef,
Brussels sprouts,
apple pie a la mode,
Ovaltine.
"For his last meal
Williams is getting

a 95-cent blue plate special from
the greasy spoon across the street."

"At 9:

examined by still another psychologist

"Dr. Max J. Eggelhofer,

at the request of the

Friends of American Liberty."

Eggelhofer.

Yes, he's from Vienna.

It's in my story

this morning.

He wrote that book

Self Abuse and Antisocial Behavior.

Poor bastard's gonna swing

in the morning

and this brain wants to ask if he played

with himself when he was five.

Pair of bullets.

More later.

Half a buck.

Wait a minute.

Don't I get a card?

Call.

Pressroom.

No, Mr. Burns,

Hildy hasn't shown yet.

No, we haven't heard a word--

That dumb

son-of-a-bitch bastard!

Who does he think he is?

I'm sorry.

I didn't mean to yell at you.

Well, look,

if Hildy shows up,

will you be kind enough

to tell that dumb son-of-a-bitch bastard

to get his ass over here?

Thank you.

Any luck?

I've tried every speakeasy,

every gamblin' joint.

I've tried the Turkish bath.

No Hildy.

Call
the Sanitation Department,
maybe they've picked
him up in some gutter.
I guess I better
check the hospitals or the morgue.
Be just like that clown
to die on me on the eve of a hanging.
How about those headlines?
Which one do you like?
They all stink.
Trouble is, there's not much
you can do with a hanging.
Now, if we had the electric chair
in this state,
that's something
you can really sink your teeth into.
"Williams gets the hot seat!"
"Williams Fries."
"Williams Roasted Alive."
Step right up
Shake my hand #
My baby told me
that she loves me #
Mr. Johnson,
I'm so glad.
Mr. Burns has been
looking for you all over.
Congratulate me,
step right up #
Shake my hand #
Hi, Hildy.
Is it a holiday
or something?
Hey, look at him.
Prince of Wales.
Congratulate me
I'm in love ##
Where the hell
have you been?
Well, let's see.
I had a haircut,
I got a manicure,
I did a little shoppin'.

Hi, Duffy.

Yeah.

What the hell are you
dressed up for?

You're not covering
a polo match,
you're covering a hanging.

That's what I wanted
to talk to you about.

Tomorrow you and I
are gonna stand this town on its ear.

Oh, yeah.

Every damn paper is gonna have
the same damn story on that execution.

But we're going
to scoop them all.

Because you know
what goes in there?

A picture of Williams
swinging by the neck.

A picture?

A photograph, the first time anywhere.
Exclusive in the Examiner.

What are you
talkin' about?

That's against the law.

You can't bring a camera in there.

Who's gonna know?

Here, I had this
specially rigged up.

You clip it to your ankle,
you run the tube up your pants leg.

Make a hole in your pocket.

The minute Williams drops
through that trap door
you lift your pants leg
and squeeze the bulb. Clever?

You sure come up
with some doozies.

At 7:

at 7:

of the jail yard,

there's an ambulance
waiting for you
with a darkroom
and a typewriter inside.
You take off
with the sirens going.
While you're
batting out the story,
they're developing
the negative.

At 7:

gets to the engraver,
and we start
setting up your copy.

At 7:

we re-plate the front page.

At 8:

the presses start rolling

and at 8:

with an extra. How's that?
Walter, you'll either get the
Pulitzer Prize or a year in the clink.
You and me both,
we're in this together.
Now, what I want
is about 1,200 words.
You know,
lots of atmosphere.
With the cold, gray dawn,
and a voice from the death house singing
Swing Low, Sweet Chariot,
and the body twisting slowly,
slowly in the wind.
I don't have to tell you.
Anything else?
Yeah. We'll need
some last words from Williams
as he walks up
those 13 steps.
Something with a punch

to it.
If necessary
make 'em up yourself.
Last words?
You want some last words?
I'll give you
some last words. I quit.
A guy about to be hung? No.
He wouldn't say that.
Not Williams, me. I quit.
What?
I'm resigning.
Effective immediately.
It's the Tribune, right?
They've been trying
to steal you for years.
I won't work
for the Tribune...
Damn right.
Nobody walks out on Walter Burns.
...or any newspaper.
Walter, I'm getting married.
Getting married?
What the hell for?
You've already
been married.
Some marriage that was.
I never even got to Niagara Falls
'cause you made me get off the train
to cover the torch murder.
That's what makes you
a first-class reporter.
You're always in the right place
at the right time.
But never at home, Walter.
Not for Christmas,
not for our anniversary.
When she was sick
in the hospital and nearly died,
I was stuck in Tennessee
covering that goddamn Monkey Trial.
It's not gonna happen again, Walter.
Not this time.
Okay, Hildy.

You want to take
the plunge again,
all right.
Tell you what we do.
First you cover the hanging,
then you can get married.
Take the
whole weekend off.
Don't come into the office
till Monday.
Monday I'll be
in Philadelphia.
Philadelphia?
We're taking the midnight train,
tomorrow afternoon
we get married
with her family and everything
and everybody.
Monday I start working for her uncle
in the advertising business.
The advertising business?
You heard me. I'm goin' straight.
I'm quittin' this racket.
You mean you're going to be
writing crap like,
"I'd walk a mile for a Camel"
or "Quick, Henry, the Flit"?
You bet.
For \$150 a week.
Jesus, Hildy.
You're a newspaperman,
not some faggot
writing poetry
about brassieres
and laxatives.
It's all set. We got 300 extra newsboys
for tomorrow morning.
St. Paul's Parochial School
is gonna be playin' hooky.
We'll cover Chicago
like a blizzard.
Goodbye, Duffy.
Watch the diabetes.
Walter, it's been fun.

What does he mean
by that?
He's leavin' us.
Gettin' married.
Yeah?
That hostess
at the Hotsy Totsy Club?
You're not even close.
This is
a very classy dame.
Philadelphia. Studied to be
a concert pianist.
Where the hell would you meet
a concert pianist?
Well, actually,
she's a widow.
Husband cracked up
in a brand-new Packard.
Only had 18 miles on it.
So, to support herself
she's playing the organ
at the Balaban & Katz Theatre.
The one in the Loop?
Yeah. We've been
dating three months.
Jeez, why didn't you
tell me?
I would've thrown you
a little farewell party.
Oh, no, no.
I know your farewell parties.
When Ben Hecht was
leaving for Hollywood,
you slipped a Mickey
in his gin fizz.
It took four of us to get him
on the California Limited.
Well, look at him now.
Sitting under those goddamn palm trees,
writing dialogue
for Rin Tin Tin.
What's the matter
with you guys?
You're traitors,

all of you.
If it isn't Hollywood,
it's Broadway or Paris.
Write the great
American novel.
Be Scott Fitzgerald. Christ!
And now,
you're gonna sell out.
The last real newspaperman
I got on this sheet.
Don't give me
that Vaseline, Jocko.
When you did that interview
with Earl Williams in the death house,
our circulation
went up 75,000.
It's been your story
right from the beginning.
You can't run out now.
Can't I? Watch me.
Because, hot or cold,
rain or shine,
I'm gonna be on the midnight train
to Philadelphia.
Okay, you ungrateful
son of a bitch.
I picked you up
when you were a nothing,
covering Polack weddings
on the South side.
I taught you
everything I knew.
And now when I need you,
you stab me in the back.
Well, I can take
the greenest cub out there
and turn him into
a better reporter than you ever were.
Fix him another Bromo.
Get out of here, you lousy,
double-crossing heel.
Well, as long as
there's no hard feelings.
You really gonna

let him go?
In a pig's eye.
Marrying some dame
that plays the organ
from Philadelphia,
for Christ's sake.
Button up your overcoat #
When the wind is free #
Take good care of yourself #
You belong to me #
Eat an apple every day #
Get to bed by 03:00 #
Take good care of yourself #
You belong to me! #
Be careful
crossing streets #
Ooh, ooh, don't eat meats #
Ooh, ooh, cut out sweets #
Ooh, ooh, you'll get a pain
and ruin your tum-tum #
Keep away
from bootleg hootch #
when you're on a spree #
Take good care of yourself #
You belong to me! ##
On his return
from the South Pole,
Cdr. Richard E. Byrd
gets a tumultuous welcome
in New York Harbor.
Party boss Joseph Stalin
reviews Russia's military might
marching past Lenin's tomb
in Red Square.
Miss Grant?
Yes?
Can I have a word
with you?
My name is Fishbein,
Otto Fishbein.
Oh, if you're a booking agent,
don't bother.
I am getting out
of show business.

Well, nothing like that.
I'm a probation officer.
Probation officer?
What's this all about?
Well, it's come
to our attention
that you're planning
to marry one Hildebrand Johnson
also known
as Hildy Johnson.
So?
Well, that's okay.
But we understand
you're planning
to move to Philadelphia.
Is there anything
wrong with that?
Plenty.
He can't leave Chicago.
He has to report
to us every week.
Why?
Because
he's on probation.
For what?
You mean
he didn't tell you?
Well, I can
hardly blame him.
What are you
talking about?
Now don't get panicky.
He's not really a criminal,
he's just sick.
Sick?
Well, not all the time.
But every so often
he gets this crazy urge.
Mr. Fishbein,
I'm not a naive young thing.
I've been married before.
Now, just what did
Hildy do?
As long as he was

doing it in dark alleys
and deserted parks, well,
we in the department
have some compassion.
But this last time,
it happened in broad daylight
in the
Chicago Art Institute.
For God's sake,
what happened?
Well, there were
those 16 high-school girls on a tour
and there he was at the top
of the staircase
wearing a raincoat,
and it wasn't even raining.
Is that
some sort of a crime?
You know what he was wearing underneath?
Shoes and socks.
And?
That's it.
We get those exhibitionists
all the time. "Hey, lady, look!"
I-- I don't believe it.
We got a file
on him this thick.
Poor Hildy.
Poor Hildy.
He'd be in jail
right now,
if it weren't for that editor of his,
that Walter something.
Walter Burns?
That's it.
Pulled a lot of strings
with the state's attorney and the judge.
That's what I call
a real friend.
That'll be Hildy.
What can I say
to him?
Save your breath.
He'll just deny

everything, anyway.

If I were you, I'd go back to
Philadelphia and forget all about him.

And not even say goodbye?

Hello?

Hi, baby.

This is your dream lover,
bright-eyed and bushy-tailed.

I just thought

I'd check in.

Boy, have I had
a busy afternoon.

Where were you?

At the Art Museum?

Art Museum?

What Art Museum?

I went to the office
and told Walter Burns
he could take his job and...

Then I picked up the rings,
the train tickets,
and I've almost
finished packin'.

Did you remember
to pack your raincoat?

Well, who packs a raincoat?

I'm gonna carry it
over my arm, just in case.

Just in case?

Oh, Hildy, You don't need
a wife, you need a doctor.

Look, I feel
very sorry for you,
but I just couldn't live
with that kind of a problem.

That's tellin' him.

Now, just hang up.

Uh, honey,

w-w-what's the matter?

I-- I don't understand you.

What have I done?

Your probation officer
is right here with me.

Probation officer?

I don't know any probation...
He said what?
Me? Oh, now wait a minute,
honey. Well...
Wait. Wait. Wait. Wait.
What does this guy look like?
Never mind.
I'll describe him to you.
About 6'3", huge feet,
mean little eyes,
and a nose like a pickle.
Right?
You want to know who that is?
Honey, you're not
gonna believe this.
Walter Burns,
that conniving son of a...
Well, I better be
running along now.
I have a couple of
other cases to look into.
Uh, just a minute.
Hildy would like
to speak to you.
Not now.
I have to check up on the candy man.
We call him that
because he hangs around schoolyards.
Here.
Hello. Fishbein speaking.
Fishbein, huh? Listen,
you lousy baboon.
You better start
wearing cast-iron shorts
because the next time
I see you,
I'm gonna bury my shoe
up your ass.
Come on, Hildy.
You used to be able to take a joke
before you went into
the advertising business.
Of all of the lowdown,
stinking...

You'd wreck my marriage
just to keep me
on that crummy paper
of yours?
Hildy, all I'm asking
is that you postpone it for 24 hours.
Just cover this hanging
for me.
Mr. Burns, I wouldn't cover
the last supper for you
if they held it in the pump room
of the Ambassador East.
Now, you get the hell off the phone
and let me speak to my girl.
All right. All right.
The flasher wants to talk to you.
That was a rotten thing
to do.
It was for your own good,
believe me.
Marry an undertaker,
marry a blackjack dealer,
marry a pickpocket,
but never marry a newspaperman.
That's why
I'm making him quit.
You can't make a leopard
change its spots,
or hitch a fire horse
to a milk wagon.
He'll be like a fish
out of water.
We'll take our chances.
Now, if you don't mind.
Just a friendly warning.
That's my wedding present to you.
Darling, I'm sorry.
I should've known better,
but he just sounded
so convincing.
I finish my last show at 9:15.
Will you pick me up?
Tell Hildy I wish him
all the luck in the world and I mean it

or my name
isn't Otto Fishbein.
A dime.
Make it two bits.
I'm shy a quarter.
Too rich for me.
Can I clean up
in here?
Yes.
No!
Queen.
Ace.
Hey, listen.
I'm the big loser here.
Somebody must be winning.
Crack it for a dime.
By me.
I'm in.
A deuce, I can't read it.
Pair of fours.
Pair of kings,
bets a quarter.
Oh, I'm out.
Good evening.
That's your light.
Give me a card.
Excuse me, gentlemen.
Sorry to interrupt,
but which is the Examiner desk?
The what?
This is the pressroom,
isn't it?
So?
I'm Rudy Keppler.
I'm here to cover
the execution for the Examiner.
The Examiner?
How come?
What happened to Hildy?
Mr. Johnson is no longer
with the paper.
What do you mean?
He resigned.
Is this my place?

Resigned?
You're joking.
From what I heard, he's getting married
and moving to Philadelphia.
Come on, not Hildy.
I thought he was married
to Walter Burns.
He'll never
give him a divorce.
This place won't be the same
without Hildy.
Well, I would hope so.
I've always found him rowdy,
ill-mannered, and irresponsible.
But a hell of a reporter.
No contest.
That's why
I'm so nervous.
Following in his footsteps.
Being here
with all of you old pros.
Hey, I'll bet
you went to college.
School of Journalism?
How'd you guess?
University of Wisconsin,
Class of '27.
Oh, that was a good year.
We could sure use
some new blood around here.
That's for sure.
Hey, you play poker?
Cribbage is my game.
And a little auction bridge.
Don't worry.
We'll break you in.
That's very kind of you.
But right now,
is there any paper
around here?
Hey, Bensinger, why don't you give him
some of that pink stuff?
I think you're all being perfectly
beastly to this nice young man.

I've been lookin'
for you bums.
Hello, sweetheart.
Well, if it isn't
Miss Mollie Malloy.
Nooky-nooky.
How's the
old tomato can?
Go on, laugh,
damn you.
Hey, Mollie, those were pretty roses
you sent Earl Williams.
What do you want
done with them when he checks out?
He left

a 7:

Bunch of wisenheimers,
ain't you?
Well, you know
what I think of you.
You gonna pay a call
on your boyfriend?
He's right across
the courtyard, Mollie.
I'm sure he'd rather
spend his last night with you
than with the chaplain.
If you was worth
breaking my fingernails on,
I'd tear your puss
wide open.
Would someone mind
introducing me to the lady?
Lady? Huh. Just get a whiff
of that perfume, Fleur de Floozy.
Bastards. All of you.
What are you
sore about, huh?
Wasn't that a swell write-up
we gave you?
I never said
I loved Earl Williams
and was willing to marry him

on the gallows.
You made that up.
Come on, you've been sucking
around that cuckoo
ever since he's been
in the death house.
Everybody knows
you're his soul mate.
That's a lot of bunk.
Like all that other stuff
you been writin'.
Calling me an Angel
of the Pavement,
a Midnight Madonna.
Who're you kidding?
I'm a \$2 whore from Division Street,
and you know it.
That's right.
She shouldn't be allowed in here.
And that love nest
you had with Williams?
That's a lie. He never even
laid a hand on me.
You had that red in your bed
for three days and nights.
Did he have
that kind of money?
Or did you make him
a special price?
The poor guy
didn't have enough for a cup of coffee.
He used to hang
around Division Street
every night,
handin' out leaflets.
Tellin' us how
we were being exploited
by capitalism
and that we should organize.
So the pimps came around
and beat him up.
And there he was,
lyin' on the sidewalk, bleedin'.
With his glasses broken.

So I took him up to my place,
like any human being would.
That was a very
charitable thing to do.
Yeah. Meet
Florence Nightingale.
Sure, I took care of him.
And for three days and three nights
he just talked to me.
Treated me decent.
Not like an animal.
Now, you guys are trying
to make a fool out of me.
Why didn't you adopt him
instead of letting him
run around shooting policemen?
I told him to stay away
from that corner.
When they sent a cop
to chase him away,
he said it was
his constitutional right.
So the cop pulled a gun on him
and he panicked.
He just grabbed for the gun
and it went off.
He didn't mean to kill him.
Aw, put it
on a Victrola record.
Suppose that cop
had been your own brother?
I wish to God it had been one of you,
you lousy punks.
What's that?
Just testing.
Testing what?
They're fixing up
a pain in the neck for your boyfriend.
Maybe we ought to put
a little talcum on the noose,
make it slide easier.
Oh, my God!
You gonna
claim the body, Mollie?

Or scatter his ashes
over Division Street?
I suppose all the hookers
will go into mourning.
Yeah,
wear black underwear.
Shame on you. Shame.
A poor little crazy fellow's
sitting there alone
with the
Angel of Death beside him
and you crackin' jokes.
It's a wonder a bolt
of lightning don't come
through the ceiling
and strike you all dead.
That's enough of that.
Just go cry somewhere else.
Yeah, Mollie,
get your keister out of here.
This is the pressroom.
I'm \$4 behind.
Come on, let's go.
Let go of me.
Shut up! Come on.
Hey, lady,
I'm on your side.
You liars.
Beat it, you tramp.
You hoodlums.
Gentlemen of the press?
Hey, Mollie, what do you know?
What do you say?
Oh, get lost.
You're like all the rest of them bums.
Is that a break now
Am I awake now? #
or am I dreaming? ##
Jennie, old girl, did anybody ever tell
you you've got a terrific behind?
Not lately.
Well, a thing of beauty
is a joy forever.
Cut the blarney,

Mr. Johnson. What do you want now?
I could use some ice,
some club soda,
maybe a couple of bottles
of ginger ale.
Coming up.
Right.
King, seven, five,
three, seven,
nine, six, five,
and a 10. Bet the king.
All right, you guys,
on your feet and reach for the ceiling.
This joint's raided, see?
Hey, Hildy.
What's all this we hear?
Is it on the level?
You really quitting?
Get a load of that outfit.
What the well-dressed
bridegroom will wear.
Nobody moves to Philadelphia for
Christ's sake! Say it isn't so, Hildy.
It's all true, fellows.
Two tickets to Philly,
and two wedding hoops. 18 carats.
You're looking at
Hildebrand Johnson, Esq.,
care of Waterbury and Adams,
Advertising and
Public Relations, Philadelphia, PA.
No shit.
Nobody but fairies
goes into advertising.
Sour grapes.
How did Burns
take the news?
That conniving son...
You know what he tried...
Ah, the hell with it.
Get some paper cups.
Hey, look at the hooch.
It's the real stuff.
Just my farewell

to the troops.
Hildy, baby, when you go,
you go first class.
It's worth it. I'll never have to look
at your ugly mugs again.
Let's get rid of
some of this crap.
Yeah. It's about time.
Mr. Johnson?
Huh?
You probably
don't remember me,
but we once met
in the men's room.
The men's room? Where?
At the Examiner.
I'm Rudy Keppler,
Mr. Duffy sent me to take over for you.
Is that so?
And what were you doing before this?
Oh, a little bit of everything.
Social notes,
book reviews,
covered a couple of fires.
But this is
my first hanging.
Yeah. It's okay, kid.
It's Williams'
first hanging, too.
I snitched the ice
from the morgue.
Over here.
What will you have,
Jennie?
Uh, maybe
a little straight gin.
Careful.
You're getting the cards wet.
It's about time
somebody washed them.
I could go for
some ginger ale.
Hey, slick,
join us.

Rock & Rye, please.
Here you are, kid.
Well, Hildy,
here's to you.
You lucky bastard.
Godspeed, Hildy.
And may the wind at your back
never be your own.
All right. Ahem.
You sentimental slobs, before
everybody gets falling down drunk,
I got a few markers here.
McHugh, you owe me \$5.
I'll give it to you
tomorrow.
I won't be here.
I'll send it to you.
I'll bet it gets lost
in the mail.
No bet.
Schwartz, \$6.75.
For what?
For being a lousy poker player.
That's for what's.
Hildy, about that \$30.
You'll have to wait,
it wasn't just my kid taking sick,
my old lady isn't--
What \$30?
Forget it.
I might've known I couldn't collect
from you deadbeats, anyway.
Big time Charlie, huh?
How much
they payin' you?
Oh, you wouldn't
want to know.
It'd just make you
green with envy.
Are you gonna have
one of those offices
with a rug on the floor,
and the stenographer on your lap?
Oh, my wife

won't go for that.
Bet you get Saturdays
and Sundays off.
And Christmas.
You're gonna join the Country Club,
golf and Mah Jongg,
silk pajamas with a monogram
right across your chest...
Hold it.
Now, look who's talking. Journalists.
Bunch of crazy buttinskies
with dandruff
on their shoulders
and holes in their pants.
Peeking through keyholes, waking people
up in the middle of the night
to ask them what they think
about Aimee Semple McPherson.
Stealing pictures
off old ladies
of their daughters
that get raped in Oak Park.
And for what?
So a million shop girls
and motormen's wives
can get their jollies.
And the next day,
somebody wraps
the front page
around a dead mackerel.
Don't knock it, Hildy.
How long do you think
you'll last on that fancy job?
Yeah, six months from now
you may be out on your ass.
Never happen. You know why?
Because, my girl's uncle,
he owns that advertising agency.
Now, tie that.
What do you know?
Our Hildy going into
the nephew business.
A gigolo.
Where's your pride,

your integrity?
What's the newspaper business
ever done for me?
See, I don't want to end up
like you guys will,
on a copy desk.
Gray-haired, humpbacked,
half blind,
bummin' cigarettes
from office boys.
I think I'll have
a little more gin.
Uh, what's the idea,
fellas?
You know better than that.
This is a government building.
Ah, hi, Sheriff.
What'll you have?
I've got a good mind
to have you all locked up.
The state's attorney
wouldn't like it
because I bought that stuff
from his brother.
If you gentlemen
need more ice...
Here are your tickets
for the hanging.
Tribune.
Journal of Commerce.
Post.
Only two?
I promised a couple of the guys
in the Circulation Department.
What do you think we're putting on here,
the World Series?
Daily News. Examiner.
Here you are, Rudy.
The new man.
Oh, what happened?
They finally fire you?
I'm retiring to my country estate
outside Philadelphia.
Well, in that case

I will have a drink.
No, you won't.
Not my liquor.
What should I do
with the second ticket?
Sell it to a scalper
like the Sheriff does.
I've had it
with you, Johnson.
When I think of
all that malarkey
you and Walter Burns
printed about me,
full of hearsay, innuendo,
and character assassination--
What do you mean?
Don't we always refer
to you as
"Honest" Pete Hartman?
Oh, yeah. And what about those things
you always put around "Honest"?
Journal.
Why can't you move
the hanging from 7:00 to 5:00
so we can make
the city edition?
Oh, come on, Murph.
You can't hang a fella in his sleep
just to please
the newspapers.
It ain't nice.
No.
But you can
reprise him twice,
so that the hanging comes
just before the election. Huh?
With you and the Mayor running
on a law and order ticket.
That is nice.
I had nothin' to do with it.
That was the Governor.
What if there's
another reprise?
No chance.

Suppose this Dr. Eggelhofer
finds out Williams is insane?
Come on, boys, you know
that's just a formality
to shut up those
pinko troublemakers.
He's gonna examine him
in my office in a few minutes.
But I can tell you right now,
Williams is as sane as I am.
Saner.
Oh, c-come on, fellas.
He shot that cop as part
of a Bolshevik-anarchist conspiracy
to subvert our
democratic institution.
Baloney.
Williams isn't a Red
and you know it.
He's just a screwball
who had the lousy luck
to shoot a colored cop
in an election year.
Now I want you fellas
to tell it loud and clear
that the death warrant
for Earl Williams
is a death warrant for
all the radical elements in this town.
Not again, Pete.
I say reform the Reds
with a rope.
Can I quote you
on that, Sheriff?
Certainly, my boy.
Sheriff Hartman
pledges to reform the Reds with a rope.
That's worth
a good 600,000 votes.
Plus a couple of 100,000
colored votes,
so when that baby drops through the trap,
you guys are a shoo-in.
Are you implying

that the Mayor and I
are playing politics
with a man's life?
Oh, am I glad to get out
of this friggin' town.
That cuts both ways, Johnson.
Both ways.
American. City Press.
See you around, fellas.
Goodbye, Sheriff.
Gonna miss you. "Honest."
Well, chums,
I got to pick up my girl.
We're gonna have dinner
before we get on that train.
Let's have one
for the road.
Mr. Johnson.
If you have any advice
to give me...
Sure, kid.
Never end a sentence
with a preposition,
never draw
to an inside straight,
and never, never get caught
in the can with Bensinger.
So long, Hildy.
Take care of yourself.
Drop us a postcard,
you stewbum.
Any of you ever
get to Philadelphia,
for Christ's sake,
don't look me up
because from now on
I'm not associating with riffraff.
Cheers!
Not a soul down
on the corner #
That's a pretty
certain sign #
That wedding bells
are breaking up #

That old gang of mine #
All the boys are
singing love songs #
They forgot sweet Adeline #
Those wedding bells
are breaking up #
That old gang of mine ##
Could you help
me again, please?
I just can't seem
to shake this cold.
Yeah, summer colds.
They're the worst.
All right,
unlock the handcuffs.
Was your dinner okay?
It was fine,
but they forgot the ketchup.
That's just too bad.
In here.
Earl, this is Dr. Eggelhofer.
He's going to examine you.
Oh, oh, hi, Doc.
Good evening, sir.
Sit down, please.
You gonna stick
some pins into me
and hit my knees
with a hammer?
That is very old-fashioned.
I'm merely going to
ask you a few questions.
Oh, thank you.
Now, Mr. Williams,
are you aware
of what's going to happen
to you tomorrow?
They're gonna hang me.
And how do you
feel about that?
Well, to tell the truth,
I'll be glad to get out of that cell.
It's so drafty.
See? I told you.

He's 100 percent sane.
It says here that you are,
by profession, a baker.
That's right.

I'm-- I'm a specialty baker.
You know, uh, pretzels
and breadsticks and bagels.
You know, I worked
for the same place for five years,
and then one day
they just fired me.

What was the reason?
'Cause I put those things
in the fortune cookies.

What things?
Free Sacco and Vanzetti.

Pretty sneaky,
those Bolsheviks.
Who's a Bolshevik?

According to this,
you were arrested
in 1925
for illegal possession
of explosives.

Oh, yes. Well,
I don't know
how you feel
about Wall Street, Doctor,
but I mailed this shoebox
to JPMorgan
with a time bomb in it.
And it came back because of
insufficient postage.
Blew the whole roof
off my boarding house.
We should send them all back
where they came from.

I come from Fargo,
North Dakota.

Tell me, Mr. Williams,
were you unhappy as a child?
Not really.

I had a perfectly
normal childhood.

I see. You wanted
to kill your father
and sleep with your mother.
If he's gonna
talk dirty--
When you were
in grammar school,
did you
practice self-abuse?
No, sir.
I don't believe in it.
I would never abuse
myself or anybody else.
I love people,
I love all people.
I suppose that cop
committed suicide.
Let us get back
to masturbation.
Did your father ever
catch you in the act?
Oh, my father
was-- was never home.
He was a conductor
on the Chicago-Northwestern.
Very significant.
Your father wore a uniform
just like that policeman.
And when he
pulled out the gun,
an obvious phallic symbol,
you thought
he was your father
and was going to use it
to hurt your mother.
He's crazy.
Let us then try
to reconstruct your thought process
at the time
of the crime.
May I borrow
your gun, please?
Oh, sure thing.
Get up, Mr. Williams.

All right, you are standing
on that corner with those leaflets,
I am the policeman. I come up to you
and tell you to move along.
You refuse,
I draw my gun.
Now, I want you to tell me exactly
what you thought
and show me exactly
what you did.
Exactly?
Gee, I get
that lonesome feeling #
When I hear
those church bells chime #
Those wedding bells
are breaking up ##
What the hell is that?
Maybe somebody else
is throwing a party.
Must be a riot
or a jailbreak.
Hey, Jacobi,
what's the matter?
What's going on
down there?
Somebody get away?
Who was it?
Hey fatso,
what happened?
Go screw! All right,
spread out, you guys.
Watch the gate.
Somebody cover
the west wall.
And the rest of you,
follow me.
Get away
from those windows.
What's the excitement?
Earl Williams escaped.
Williams?
Jesus!
Earl Williams just busted out

of the County jail.
Got clean away.
Cops all over the place.
Lots of shooting.
Don't know if it's
from Williams or at Williams.
No, I don't know
how it happened.
Careful, you roughnecks.
Watch where you're shooting.
Stand by.
Call you later.
You bet.
The minute I get anything.
Hang on.
I'm off and running.
Hey, Keppler.
Sir?
Aren't you gonna call
into the office?
You think it's safe?
Those guys
couldn't hit anything.
I'm afraid
I did something bad.
When the shooting started.
In my pants.
I hope the negative
didn't get wet.
Uh, Rudy, the phone.
Oh, yes.
What's our number?
You've got
a direct line there.
Really?
Hello?
Hello, Mr. Duffy.
This is Keppler.
Rudy Keppler.
Yes, I'm in
the Criminal Courts building,
but it looks like there's going to be
no hanging tomorrow.
No. No reprieve from the Governor

as far as I know.
I can't hear you, Mr. Duffy,
with all the shooting and the sirens.
Oh, shit!
Duffy, it's Hildy Johnson.
Get me Walter, quick.
Switch that call in here,
will you? It's Hildy.
What'd I tell you?
I knew the minute
he saw we were replacing him
with that snot-nosed kid,
it would be such a blow to his ego...
Look, Hildy, if you want your job back,
it's too late.
I got a first-class guy
coverin' that story.
Yeah, just met him.
Full of piss and vinegar.
Now get this, Walter.
Earl Williams just
lammed out of jail.
That's right.
You heard me.
Holy smoke! Hold everything in
the composing room.
Well, thanks
for the call, Hildy.
I know you're in a hurry
to catch that train.
Christ, when I think what
you could have done with this story.
Don't worry, Walter.
I'm right on top of it.
Anything I can do
for you, Mr. Johnson?
Yeah. Change your diapers.
What happened?
How did he get out
of your rubber jail?
Any clue
to his whereabouts?
We got to
have a statement, Pete.

Come on, Pete.
If you'll just shut up
I'll give you a statement.
Mad Dog Williams
shot his way out.
My men chased him up
to the top floor,
but he got out
through the skylight.
We've searched the roof,
nothing.
We figured he must've slid down
the rain pipe to the street.
Still not straight
on what happened in your office.
I told you Dr. Eggelhofer
was asking him
some questions, very polite.
All of a sudden,
Williams started firing.
One bullet hit the doctor
in the groin, the second one went wild,
and the third shot
just grazed my ear.
One more inch and...
Oh, boy.
What we want to know is,
where did Williams get the gun?
Yeah, well, tha-that's what
I'd like to know, myself.
Was it smuggled
into his cell?
Maybe under the roast beef
and Brussels sprouts?
You sure that
Chaplain's a Methodist, not a Communist?
Is this the work
of outside agitators?
Boys, boys, I assure you
I'll follow up every single lead.
Right now, my entire force
plus 200 special deputies--
Make way. Make way.
Make way!

What happened in there,
Doc?
Care to give us your version?
Is Williams sane
or insane?
Please, gentlemen,
no statements, no questions.
I'm in terrible pain
after what he did to me,
that fruitcake.
Stand back, let him through.
Where are they taking me?
Passavant hospital.
Just 5 minutes from here.
No. No. No. No.
I want to go to
the Allgemeines Krankenhaus
on Alserstrasse.
Where is that?
In Vienna. I do not
trust American doctors.
You'll never make it
to Vienna.
In this case, I want a big mirror
and some instruments.
I shall operate on myself.
Is this your first trip
to the United States?
How do you like Chicago?
Sprechen sie Yiddish?
Where'd he get you, Doc?
Right in the old love bells?
Pete, if you don't mind,
there's a couple of things
about that story
that bother me.
Is that so?
Well, you're bothering me.
You don't work
here anymore, Johnson.
I don't have to
talk to you.
Jennie, will you mop
up my floor, please?

There's blood
all over it.
Right away, Sheriff.
As soon as I get a new bucket.
I've got my own ideas
about the escape.
You do?
Oh, yeah. I think you let
Earl Williams out yourself,
so he could vote
for you next Tuesday.
Very funny.
What happened
to your bucket, Jennie?
He shot it.
Who shot it?
That Earl Williams.
I was cleaning the office next door
when it all happened.
You saw it?
No. But I could hear
what was going on.
What?
I better keep my mouth shut,
'cause he wouldn't like it.
Who?
The Sheriff. He'd fire me.
Jennie, we've been friends
for a long time.
You told me that your husband could play
his dentures with a teaspoon,
who got him
on the Amateur Hour?
Well, I really shouldn't,
but I-- I...
Attention all cars,
attention.
A man answering Earl Williams'
description has been seen boarding
southbound trolley
at Cottage Grove and Austen.
Please investigate.
Earl Williams
has been reported

in vicinity of
Wrigley building.
Proceed there immediately.
Here's a late report.
Earl Williams has just
been spotted in a rowboat
on Lake Michigan
disguised as a nun.
Fruitcake!
Fruitcake!
Fruitcake!
Dr. Eggelhofer is on his way
to Passavant Hospital
to operate on himself.
You heard me.
Tightest dragnet
in Chicago's history
is happening
in the North side.
Sheriff Hartman expects Williams
to be recaptured any moment now.
Which means they don't
have the slightest idea where he is.
Here's a cute little sideline,
I just spoke to the hangman.
Whether they get
Williams back or not, he gets his \$50.
It's play or pay.
Hold on,
I have something coming up.
This is Schwartz.
Give me rewrite.
Mr. Schwartz, your wife
left this for you. Stuffed cabbage.
Ugh.
A tear-gas bomb went off accidentally
in one of the Sheriff's cars.
The following deputies
needed emergency treatment:
Ted Kowalski,
Philip Lustgarten--
She said to be sure
to bring home the pot.
Joe Matsburg, Wally Coogan,

William Gilhooley.
The Crime Commission
has offered \$1,000
for the capture of Williams.
No one knows about the gun.
Maybe the Reds dropped it
by parachute.
How're we doing?
Any flashes, any scoops?
It's almost deadline time,
you know.
You still here?
Showing the kid the ropes.
Listen, Rudy, the Mayor's car drove up.
See if you can get
a statement from him.
The Mayor
just showed up. More later.
There's gonna
be fireworks.
This is Hildy,
get me Walter.
I forgot to tell you,
Miss Peggy Grant called.
Peggy? Oh, my God,
I forgot. Walter?
Will you
get out of here?
Walter, I got the story.
It's a pip,
and I got it exclusive.
That's my Hildy.
You see why I love you?
Okay, let's have it.
It's the jailbreak
of your dreams.
No. No Bolshevik plot.
The whole thing was an inside job.
And guess
where he got the gun?
All loaded and ready to fire?
Damn it, hang on, will you?
Yeah? Peggy. Hi, baby. Hi.
I'm sorry. I know

I'm late, darling. But--
No, I'm not
getting drunk.
The party's already over.
It's just--
For God's sake,
wait a minute, Walter.
We could save time, love.
Instead of me coming downtown,
why don't you grab a cab and pick me up
on the way. How about that?
You're a sweetheart.
Okay, Walter, here we go.
That profound thinker
from Vienna, Dr. Max J. Eggelhofer
in order to prove
some cockamamie theory
decides to reenact the crime.
Naturally, he needs
a gun, huh.
Who do you think supplied it?
Don't tell me.
Sheriff Peter B. Hartman?
That's right. "B" for brains.
That idiot hands his gun
to the Professor,
the Professor
points it at Williams,
Williams takes the gun
from the Professor and shoots him,
right where the money is.
That's beautiful.
Where's Eggelhofer now?
Okay, here's what
I want you to do.
Get to the hospital
and get ahold of that bullet.
So, if the Sheriff
tries to deny the story--
Hold it. Walter, I'm not going to
any hospital, not stealing any bullets.
There may be
further developments.
In the meantime,

bat me out a lead.
You know, "Sheriff Hartman:
Stooge of Stalin or simply stupid?"
If we move fast, we can make
the early edition.
You don't understand, Walter.
I've quit.
I gave you that story
as a personal favor
because you're such a warm,
loveable human being but that's it.
My girl's picking me up
in 15 minutes, it's goodbye Chicago,
goodbye Examiner,
goodbye to you.
You maniac.
Listen, you...
...not even their wives.
Now you want to throw it
all away for a dame?
You got the brains
of a pancake.
Same to you, buster.
How is this going to affect
the election, Your Honor?
Will it cost you
the colored vote?
The law and order vote?
No comments.
You're gonna stand there
all night
giving us that
"no comment" crap?
No comment.
The way we see it, you've got
your ass in a sling, Your Honor.
Rubbish.
The voters of Chicago
will not let themselves be swayed
by this
unfortunate incident.
They have complete confidence
in their Mayor,
just as I have complete faith

in Sheriff Hartman.
And I'm sure you boys
share that faith and confidence.
No comment.
Sorry to break in
but we've located Williams.
This time, for real.
Where?
On North Wabash,
at the offices of the Friends
of American Liberty.
One of our patrols
spotted him in the alley.
All right.
Get every available man.
Seal off the whole area.
But remember, God damn it,
I want him taken alive.
Check.
There's your story, boys.
Wait for us, Fatso.
Okay, Pete.
Now, suppose you explain it to me.
How the hell can a guy escape
with a double guard
around the jail
and 200 extra deputies?
Well, it could happen
to anybody.
It wouldn't have happened
to Prohaska.
I knew I should've
put him on the ticket instead of you.
You-- you-- you piss-brain.
Please, Herbie,
I've always been a good party man.
A team player.
Jesus, we're having that
fund-raising dinner at the Palmer House.
All the big money is there.
I'm about to make a pitch
for campaign contributions,
and then I get news
like this.

Calm down, Herbie.
It's all over now.
You've heard the latest.
They've got Williams.
He can't get away.
What do you mean, he can't get away?
He got away, didn't he?
Herbie, I personally--
Don't call me
Herbie any more.
From now on,
it's Your Honor.
Yes.
Your Honor?
I'm warning you, Pete,
if you don't have Williams
on the gallows

by 7:

then God help you.
Because you might
just as well go ahead and hang yourself.
Am I awake now? #
Or am I dreaming? #
Congratulate me,
step right up #
Shake my hand #
Uh, excuse me.
Which way is the Sheriff's office?
That way.
Uh, Sheriff Hartman?
In here.
Oh, my name is Plunkett.
I just came up
from Springfield.
I got somethin' for you.
What?
From the Governor.
What's from the Governor?
It's a reprieve
for Earl Williams.
For who?
Earl Williams.
What a hassle getting over here

from the station.
All those police cars
on the wrong side of the street
and runnin'
the red lights.
Is this a joke
or something?
The Governor has
a commission to consider
last-minute appeals
for clemency.
He can't do that
to us.
Oh, there was a stack
of mail this high
and a telegram this long
with 4,000 signatures.
How do we know
this is not fake?
Yeah. Could be some sort
of a Communist trick.
Oh, no. I was right there
with the Governor when he signed it.
Get the Governor on the phone.
Oh, you can't.
We can't?
He's gone fishing.
Just him, an Indian guide,
and a canoe.
No phone, no nothin'.
He sure picked a hell of a time
to go fishing.
Excuse me.
Uh, just between us,
it's not really fishing.
Because that Indian guide
is really a girl.
She isn't even Indian.
She's from New Jersey.
Yes, Jacobi.
What? You do?
Are you sure?
Herbie. Your Honor!
Hold on a minute.

It's Jacobi.
They've got him trapped.
They've surrounded
the building.
Tell him to stay
on the line.
Stay on the line.
Don't make a move
till I say so.
Look, Mr. Plunkett,
about this reprieve, we can't accept it.
But why not?
It wouldn't be legal.
We don't have Earl Williams
in our custody.
You don't?
Where is he?
He escaped.
You saw
those police cars.
We're looking for him.
Oh, dear. That is a problem.
I think I better phone
the Governor.
You can't. He's off fishing.
Remember?
So, why don't you
come back tomorrow morning?
I'm sure by then,
we'll have him back in our jurisdiction.
You mean,
spend the night in Chicago?
Any objections?
Well, no, sirree, Bob.
Trouble is,
I don't know anybody here.
Do you like Chinese food?
Well, I'm not really hungry,
I had a sandwich on the train.
But you didn't have
a Chinese sandwich.
I never heard of it.
You'll never forget it.
Ask for Madame Chow.

Tell her the Green Hornet
sent you.
The Green Hornet?
And just put everything
on my tab.
Well, that's
very kind of you.
Not at all.
Not at all.
And you can use
my chopsticks.
Oh, thank you.
Uh, goodbye, Sheriff.
He's waiting for instructions.
What are we gonna do?
Tell him to shoot
to kill.
What?
Shoot to kill,
I said.
I-- I don't know, Herbie.
What about that reprieve?
I-if it ever comes out.
Nobody reprieved
that policeman he shot.
There was no clemency,
either.
Do what I tell you!
Jacobi, you there?
Listen. Shoot to kill!
You heard me.
Okay, okay, Sheriff.
Only, I thought
you wanted him alive.
Anything you say,
Sheriff.
We know you're up there,
Williams.
Now, this is
your last chance.
Throw the gun
out the window
and come out
with your hands up.

Or we'll smoke you out.
New instructions.
No bullhorn, no tear gas.
We go in there,
and we go in shooting.
All set!
Let's go, men!
Give us a break, fellas,
we're Press.
Christ, we're gonna miss
the whole thing. Come on, will you?
Stand back.
Do you suppose there's a bathroom
around here?
Ah.
The future Mrs. Johnson,
I presume?
Been waiting long,
darling?
Only my whole life.
I'm sorry I was tied up.
Oh, like all the orchids
in the Bahamas.
What do you say we pick up
the bags first then eat at the station?
Let's. Have you
got the tickets?
Have I got the tickets.
A lower for you and an upper for me.
Oh, no, darling.
You take the lower.
Tell you what?
Why don't we both take the lower?
What about
the conductor?
He can have the upper.
Where to, Mac?
Huh?
Uh-oh. Oh.
Uh, no place, huh?
Just stay here. God damned idiot.
Who?
Me.
I left the wedding rings

in the pressroom.
I hope the bums
haven't stolen them.
I'll be back.
You don't mind waiting,
do you?
What's there to mind?
The night's young,
the orchids are smelling,
the meter is running.
Just made another nickel.
Jesus Christ Almighty.
Shut the door.
Okay, okay, Earl.
Hey, just put the gun down.
I said, shut the door!
How in the hell
did you--
I've been hanging
in the airshaft,
but I couldn't
hold on any longer.
They-- They got me
in the arm. Don't move!
You realize they're looking for you
all over Chicago?
You cops.
You're all so dumb.
I'm not a cop, Earl.
You know me. Hildy Johnson.
I interviewed you
in your cell.
Oh, yeah. I remember.
Yeah. I read every word.
"An outraged minnow battling
against the tides
of injustice."
I liked that.
Earl?
Earl?
Oh, oh-- oh.
Hello. Yeah, Duffy.
This is Hildy. Get me Walter.
Well, I don't give a damn!

Just get him. This is urgent.
Walter? W-Walter, listen.
Will you for Christ's sake listen?
Now get this.
I'm only going to say it once,
I've got Earl Williams.
What's the gag?
You got him where?
Honest to God? You swear?
Jesus!
Examiner captures
Earl Williams.
I'll be right over.
You better. Because I don't know
how long I can keep him sewed up.
Damn it,
there's someone at the door.
Just a minute.
Coming.
Mollie.
Where is he?
Who? Who?
Earl. I hear they got him trapped.
For God's sake,
tell me where.
I don't know. Ask down
in the Sheriff's office.
They wouldn't give me
the time of day.
There's nothing you can do here.
Go home and wait.
Wait for what?
The morning papers,
so I can read how they
shot him down like a dog,
the yellow murderers?
And who's gonna give a damn?
Not you guys.
'Cause all you care about
is a stinking headline.
Hello, Mollie.
Earl.
Thank you for the roses.
Earl, what have they

done to you?
They were after me with searchlights,
but I fooled them.
We gotta get him
to a doctor.
A doctor?
He'd just turn him over to the cops.
And we don't want that, do we?
So I'll fool them again.
I'll bleed to death
before they can hang me.
No, Earl. You mustn't
talk like that.
Hold the towel,
stick your arm out.
Hey, hey, this
isn't my suit, you know.
It's government property.
They'll be very sore.
Who's that?
It's me, Peggy.
Peggy who?
I'll be right with you.
Keep him quiet.
Peggy! What's on your mind?
Oh, nothing in particular.
I just happened to be
in the neighborhood.
I didn't forget.
The taxi, downstairs.
You might be interested to know,
the cab driver just proposed to me.
And as soon as the meter hits \$10,
I'm accepting.
Don't worry.
I got the rings.
I need a few minutes.
I'm waiting for Walter to show up.
You're not getting involved
with Burns again?
Of course not.
God forbid.
Things are breaking
around here,

this hot potato dropped right in my lap.
As soon as Walter gets here--
Hildy, what is that?
Nothing.
Is that a gun?
Don't be silly. Now, you just take
the cab and you pick up all the bags,
yours and mine, come back here.
I'll meet you downstairs.
What are you doing
with a gun?
I'll explain it later, honey.
On the train.
In that lower berth,
hmm? Hmm?
Okay?
I can't wait.
You don't have to
answer this, Mollie,
but is it true
what they said in the papers?
What'd they say?
That you were willing to marry me
on the gallows.
Well, if it's in the papers,
it must be true.
They wouldn't print a lie.
The funny thing is, the last night in
your place, I was gonna propose to you
but I couldn't
go through with it.
Of course you couldn't.
Because you know
how I earn my living.
No. It's not you, Mollie.
You're the best person
I know.
It's me.
I just had nothing to offer you.
Earl, hold still.
I wrote out a will
and I gave it to the warden.
I'm leaving everything
to you.

A pile of books.
Maybe you can get something
for them second hand.
And a picture of my mother,
in a silver frame
and a souvenir pillow
from Atlantic City.
Hey, who locked the door?
Anybody in there?
Uh, just a minute.
Open up, will you?
In here. No, that's no good.
You better climb out on...
No, not with that arm.
What the hell's going on?
Oh, my God!
The desk!
For Christ's sake,
we gotta get to the phones.
What's the trouble?
Hildy's in there
and won't open the door.
Hey, Hildy.
What's the big idea?
Hold your water. I'm coming.
Dead quiet.
Don't even breathe.
I'll be right here, Earl.
I won't leave you.
Gee, Mollie,
you're swell.
What are you trying to do,
kick down the building?
This some kind of game?
You don't own
this office.
Shit, man,
we got work to do.
Watch your language.
Oh, I beg your pardon,
ma'am.
Kinda cozy,
with the shades down.
Are you practicing

for your honeymoon?
City desk.
What happened? Did they get Williams?
They couldn't catch
a fart in a rain barrel.
Halloween going on out there.
Murphy. You ready?
Sheriff's rifle squad
stormed offices
of Friends
of American Liberty,
fired off 800 rounds
of ammunition.
Casualties included
a water cooler,
two mimeograph machines
and Rufus McBride, a deaf janitor.
During the shootout,
Mrs. Phoebe DeWolfe, aged 33,
watching from a window
across the street
gave premature birth
to a five-and-a-half-pound baby boy.
Sheriff's deputies examined the infant
to make sure it wasn't Earl Williams,
who they knew was
hiding somewhere.
What a screw-up.
Right now my boss is throwing
a costume ball in San Simeon
with Marion Davies
and Ronald Coleman and Vilma Banky.
Okay. Here goes.
Special Deputy Herman Shulty,
the Sheriff's brother-in-law,
who was leading a search party
through the Wrigley Building
has sent out a call
for immediate help.
Somebody stole
his police car.
City desk.
Give me rewrite.
The wounded janitor was taken

to Passavant Hospital
where he joins Dr. Eggelhofer and
the six deputies injured by tear gas.
They're opening up
a special wing.
Yeah. There's no point
in talking to the Sheriff.
He doesn't know shit
from Shineola.
Roadblocks have been set up
at main intersections.
So far, three police cars
have smashed into them.
Here's the latest.
Police launch,
acting on a hot tip,
sank a rowboat
in Lake Michigan.
The suspect turned out to be
Sister Theresa of Immaculate Heart.
She is resting comfortably
in Jewish Community Hospital.
You should've been there.
You missed all the excitement.
Did I?
Everybody's been
so nice to me.
Coming back here,
they let me pay for the taxi.
Ah, you're
on your way, slick.
I should've stayed here
with the stuffed cabbage.
What are you doing in my chair?
Go flop somewhere else.
Lay off her.
She's not hurting anything.
Out, out. Go peddle
your goodies on Division Street.
If all men were like you,
I'd starve to death.
If you don't mind,
I'd like to call my office.
You got something good?

An exclusive interview
with that janitor
who was shot.
If I were you, I wouldn't use
this phone. I'd go down the hall.
Why?
Because you're the only legitimate
newspaperman here.
All these bums
steal your stuff.
Oh, let them. They don't have my style.
The Bensinger touch.
Hold it!
Don't move.
What's the matter?
Uh-huh, nose bleed.
Put your head back.
Oh, must be
my blood pressure.
Or menopause or something.
Hey, slick.
He needs help.
Take him in there.
There's a towel
in my desk.
Never mind. Put that ice on
the back of his neck.
Oh, thank you,
dear boy.
Look, I'm pretending there
ain't no Earl Williams. So, goodbye.
He's been seen where?
Bullshit. I'm not going
on a wild goose chase.
One more guy in Chicago
with a gun, who's gonna notice?
Let's get back to work.
Deal the cards.
Who pulled down the shades?
Hildy.
They were shooting
at the window again.
I thought you had
to catch a train.

Yeah. You were in
such a goddamn hurry.
Slight change
of plans.
I'm being picked up here.
You know, fellas,
I got a whole different theory
about where Williams is.
You do?
I don't think
he's in any of those places
they've been looking.
Well, that's obvious.
There's no way he could've gotten out
with all those guards around.
What are you driving at?
If he was coming down
the rain pipe,
he could've climbed into
any of those windows along the way.
My hunch is he's somewhere
in this building.
Oh, sure.
He's hanging around
like a duck
in a shooting gallery.
The mastermind at work.
Hawkshaw.
What correspondence school
did you graduate from?
All right. All right.
But maybe it isn't
all that meshuga.
Maybe he climbed back into his cell
and is hiding under his bed.
Yeah, maybe he's stashed away
in some filing cabinet
under "F" for fruitcake.
He's probably waiting
until morning,
then he'll come tap dancing down the
stairs singing I Surrender Dear.
Hey, wait a minute, fellas.
Maybe Schwartz has got something.

We ought to search
the building.
Us? Search the building?
Remember he's got
a gun.
Let the cops do it.
Jesus. You got the story
right under your noses.
Let's spread out. Everybody
take a floor. I'll cover for you.
Oh, you will?
Sure.
That's white of you.
Glad to do it.
You wouldn't be
trying to throw us a curve?
Where'd you get
that idea?
Something funny's
going on.
We found him
and Mollie alone.
Door locked
and shades down.
What the hell
were you doing?
What do you think
we were doin'?
Playing Parcheesi?
Okay, fans, so now you know.
Guy's entitled to have
a little fun, hmm?
The night before
you get married?
Don't give us that crap.
I don't know about you guys,
but with the sirens wailing,
the bullets flying,
all hell breaking loose
I find that sort
of stimulating.
Sexually,
if you know what I mean.
You and Mollie?

Come on. You got
better taste than that.
Take that back,
or I'll belt you one.
You weren't screwing Mollie.
You were trying to screw us.
Like you did on that
St. Valentine's Day Massacre.
Yeah. Sending us
to the wrong garage.
You think we forgot that?
That's the business.
Dog eat dog.
What're you
trying to pull now?
Me? I've quit.
One last stunt
to make us look stupid.
That wouldn't be too hard.
Give us the lowdown.
You're on to something.
You wouldn't hold out
on your pals.
You shan't
scoop us this time.
All right, fellas.
I was lyin'.
But I'm gonna
level with you now.
You better.
The address of that garage
is 2122 North Clark Street.
You miserable bastard!
What are they doing
to Mr. Johnson?
What are they doing
to my desk?
Gentlemen, please.
You won't get away with it,
Hildy.
What about Williams?
Where is he?
We'll kick your balls in.
Leave him alone!

He doesn't know anything!
Says who?
Says me!
I'm the only one who knows
where Earl Williams is.
Yeah? Where?
Why should I tell you anything,
you lousy crumbs?
Don't let her out.
Somebody close the door.
You ain't going anywhere.
Where is he?
I never squealed on anybody in my life,
and I ain't squealing now.
Come on, you tart,
or we'll slap it out of you.
We'll turn you over to the cops.
They'll make you talk.
Get your hands
off of me, you...
Put that chair down.
Somebody get behind her.
Oh, no, you don't.
You just keep away
from me, you shit-heels!
Let go of me, you...
Six big guys
ganging up on a girl.
Let me know
if you need any help.
You stay out of it,
Hildy.
Somebody grab her.
You try it and I'll break
your goddamn heads!
Gentlemen! Gentlemen!
If you ask me,
you're going about this the wrong way.
Well, who asked you?
Mollie, if you have any information,
we'll pay you for it.
Sure. We'll all
chip in.
We'll give you \$20.

Yeah? I'm a whore, ain't I?
I'll do anything for money.
We'll make it \$50.
You know how many
customers that is?
Save a lot of wear and tear
on your ass.
Why don't you all
drop dead?
All right, you slut...
Want us to get
rough with you?
Take that chair away from her.
Watch out for those
goddamn heels.
Oh, dear.
Must be my editor.
You bitch! Come on, talk.
I'll see you
in hell first.
All right.
You want to know
where Earl Williams is?
I'll tell you where he is.
Just follow me.
Mollie!
Jesus.
Holy God.
She's killed herself for sure.
That's terrible.
You drove her to it.
I never thought
she'd do that.
What'd you expect?
All whores are
a little goofy.
Hey, she's not dead!
Look, look. She's moving.
Come on, let's go.
What a story.
Shady lady leaps for love!
Walter, did you see that?
She jumped.
Yeah.

Where is he?
I think I'm gonna be sick.
Come on, come on. There's no time
for that. Where have you got Williams?
Pull those shades.
Hi, Earl. How you doing?
Don't worry, I'm your friend.
Where's Mollie?
What happened?
What did they do to her?
She's gonna be
all right.
Let me out!
I can't stand it!
Just stay where you are.
You're sitting pretty.
Now, then,
let's get organized.
Hello.
Burns here, get me Duffy.
I don't hear
that typewriter, Hildy.
Get your ass over there.
I want some of that
old Johnson word magic.
What're you waiting for?
I'm waiting for my girl, that's what
I'm waitin' for. She's gonna pick me up.
Your girl? What are you,
some puking college boy?
This is the hottest story
since the Chicago fire!
We'll make monkeys
out of all the other papers.
We'll kick City Hall over
like an applecart.
Expose the bastards, huh?
Expose them?
We'll crucify 'em!
You and I will be
running this town.
They'll be naming streets
after us.
Johnson Street.

Burns Boulevard.
How come you're a boulevard,
I'm only a street?
Duffy?
Where the hell is Duffy?
Somebody answer me!
Y-Y-Yes?
Get your head back in there,
you goddamn turtle.
Quit stalling, Hildy.
Get that machine
and tear into it.
Now, listen, Earl,
when I rap three times,
that means the coast is clear.
Understand?
Attaboy.
How long do you think
you can hide him in there?
No problem. We take him to the Examiner,
keep him under wraps
until we can break
the story exclusive.
How're you gonna get him outta here?
The cops will see him.
Not if he's inside
the desk.
You're gonna move
the whole desk? How?
We'll lower it out of the window
if necessary.
Duffy?
Duffy!
Where the hell have you been?
Screw your diabetes.
Here's what I want you to do.
Send over one of
our delivery trucks right away
with six gorillas
from circulation.
And tell them to bring
a block and tackle.
Who is it?
Rudy Keppler. Examiner.

Piss and vinegar.
Duffy, keep this line open.
Don't you leave the phone again.
It's a miracle. She only has
a concussion and a broken leg.
Thank God.
She's going to
Passavant Hospital.
All the reporters have gone.
Should I go, too?
No, we need you here.
Oh, hello, Mr. Burns.
You got that camera?
Yes, sir, right here.
Let's have it.
Yes, sir.
Earl, I need
a picture of you.
Uh, I don't have one
on me.
Oh, we're
gonna take it now.
It's for the Examiner
tomorrow. Front page. Huh?
Oh, really?
Hey.
You know who that is?
Oh, shut up. And let's have
your collar, too.
My collar?
It's celluloid,
isn't it?
Ha.
I'm calling the Sheriff a hyena.
What do you like with it?
Vile, corrupt,
unscrupulous, depraved?
Yeah. And in that order.
He can sue the paper
for a million dollars.
Let him. We'll take
it out of your salary.
Here. When I say "now,"
drop this in there.

Got it?
All right, Earl.
Ready?
No, Earl. No smile.
Give me that hunted look.
Cowering,
fearful of every sound,
of every footstep,
like an animal at bay.
Hold it.
Now!
That's it.
Take this over to the paper,
develop it immediately.
Yes, sir.
Goodbye, Mr. Williams.
How're we coming?
Beat it.
What are you
gonna do with me now?
Just trust me.
Duffy, listen.
We're gonna rip out
the whole front page.
The kid's on his way
with a photograph.
Wait till you see it.
Hildy's knocking out
the story now.
Yes, I said Hildy.
He said
he'd be waiting.
You want me to get him?
Would you, please?
Third floor, pressroom.
A newspaperman?
Don't tell me.
Those guys, you pick them up
late at night,
they pass out in the cab.
You schlep them upstairs,
you undress them,
you put them to bed.
When you go through

their pockets for the fare,
they start yelling
for the cops.
I schenk you newspapermen.
Never mind.
I'll go myself.
To hell with
the Nicaraguan earthquake.
I don't care
if there's 100,000 dead.
The League of Nations?
Spike it.
No, no, no. Don't touch
Cdr. Byrd and the penguins,
that's human interest.
Can I mention the Mayor's half interest
in that Chinese whorehouse?
Pour it on, kiddo.
Below the belt, every punch.
Duffy, has that delivery truck
left yet with the block and tackle?
Well, goose them up.
God damn it, every minute counts!
Hildy.
Hildy.
Jesus! People walk in
and out of here
like it was
a Greyhound terminal.
Uh, Peggy, I thought
you were picking up the bags.
I did. They're downstairs
in the cab.
Oh, yeah? Well, we got plenty of time.
Sit down, honey.
The Hoover speech?
Shove it between the want ads
and the obituaries.
Oh, this is the greatest thing
that ever happened to me in my life.
Oh, I thought I was.
I didn't mean it that way,
honey. Honey...
What is this,

The Student Prince?
We're working
against a deadline.
So are we.
Let's hear what you got.
"While hundreds of Sheriff Hartman's
paid gunmen stalked through Chicago
"shooting innocent bystanders,
"spreading their reign
of terror,
Earl Williams was lurking
less than 200 feet from the Sheriff's--"
Hold it!
Aren't you gonna mention the Examiner?
Don't we take any credit?
It's in
the second paragraph.
Who the hell's gonna read
the second paragraph?
For 15 years I've been trying
to teach you how to write a lead.
Do I have to do
everything myself?
Get the story? Write it?
Listen, saphead,
I can blow a better story out of my...
My nose
than you can write.
Goddamn dilettante.
Maybe Philadelphia's where you belong,
making up jingles
for Burma-shave.
Oh, really? Well, who wrote the deathbed
confession of "Three-Finger" Banducci?
Who wrote
Roxie Hart's diary, huh?
What-- what about
the Dayton flood?
Even the telegraph operator
was crying.
All right, make me cry now.
Someday you're
gonna do that, Walter,
and I'm gonna sock you

right in the schnoz.
You're beautiful
when you're angry.
Duffy. Duffy?
Duffy!
That's what I get for hiring
somebody with a disease.
I'm beginning to think
all newspapermen have a disease.
Oh, for Christ's sake.
Now the moon is out.
This the sort of thing
you had in mind?
"The Chicago Examiner
once again
"rode to the rescue of
the city last night
"in the darkest hour
of her history.
"Earl Williams,
the Bolshevik tiger
"who leaped snarling
from the gallows
"onto the flanks of
the unsuspecting city
was captured by..."
Now you're cooking!
How many words?
Give me everything you got.
Because, with this,
you're stepping into a new class.
Heywood Bruin. H.L. Mencken.
Grafters and gangsters.

Sin City:

Blood in the gutters.
A rhapsody in red.
Red. That's what we'll do.
The headline in red ink.
180 point type?
180 nothing, 360.
It's like Lindbergh
landing in Paris.
Cigarette me.

Hildy, you don't really
want to give this up, do you?
Deep down--
Honey, please, not now.
I-I'm going good.
Darling,
where are the tickets?
Uh, right in there.
I'm taking mine.
There's no use my sticking around.
All righty. Go on down to the station.
Check the bags in.
I-I'll get there.
Don't you worry.
Goodbye, Hildy.
See you.
I hope he saved the sales slip
for the wedding rings.
No big deal.
They'll make nice cufflinks.
Got enough air?
Duffy? That kid show up yet
with the photo?
Well, I want it made up
into a four-column cut.
Tell Max in circulation,
we're going for a million.
Hey, open up in there.
Oh, shit!
Who's that?
Bensinger. Tribune.
That's his desk.
I'll handle this.
What did you say his name was?
Bensinger.
Kind of exclusive
aren't you, Johnson?
Hello, Bensinger.
Oh, Mr. Burns.
It's quite an honor
having you here.
You know my name?
Do I know his name?
Hildy and I were

just talking about you.
That was one swell story
you had in the Tribune this morning.
Oh, thank you, Mr. Burns.
Did you care for the poem?
The poem?
That's what made it.
I'm rather proud

of the ending:

"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"
A classic.
Bensinger,
how would you like to work for me?
You mean that, Mr. Burns?
I'm not just
whistling Dixie.
Duffy, I'm sending
Bensinger over to see you.
Marvin, isn't it?
Oh, no, no. Roy. Roy V.
You sure?
Roy Bensinger, the poet.
Put him right
on the staff.
How much you getting
at the Tribune?
\$75.
Give him \$100
and a by-line.
Is that truck on
the way over yet? Good.
They're coming to pick up your desk.
My desk?
Ah, you shouldn't be working a police
beat. I want you right at my elbow.
Now, get over to the office
and report to Duffy.

You mean, right now?
Oh, I couldn't quit
the Tribune just like that.
It wouldn't be ethical.
You don't owe them
a damn thing.
Well, they have been
treating me rather shabbily.
The way they edit my copy.
They just butcher it.
On the Examiner,
your copy will be sacred.
Sacred. Sacred.
Roy, here's
your first assignment.
I want you to make up
a prayer for the city of Chicago.
We'll carry it
on the editorial page.
"Our Father,
who art in Heaven,
last year there were
421 unsolved murders..."
All set up
in boldface Gothic.
Okay. I'll just get
my rhyming dictionary.
It doesn't
have to rhyme.
Just give me the Goddamndest prayer
anybody ever heard.
You want it Old Testament
or New Testament?
Let's have it between
the Sermon on the Mount
and the 23rd Psalm.
That's easy.
Duffy, that Tribune sneak
is on the way over.
Yeah, Bensinger.
Wait till he hands in his copy,
then tell him his prayer stinks,
and kick him down the stairs.
"His white-haired mother's tears,"

for Christ's sake.
Where do you want these,
Mr. Johnson?
Any place.
The lady said--
All right.
Those are my bags.
What are they doing here?
The lady sent them up.
Peggy?
Oh, I don't know her name,
but she sure was crying
when that taxi drove off.
Okay. Okay.
Crying?
What did I do wrong?
Nothing. Those were
tears of happiness.
She had a narrow escape
and so did you.
Well, I don't
want to escape.
I'm nuts about her.
I want to marry her.
But I wouldn't expect you
to understand a thing like that.
Don't tell me about women.
That dame in Waukegan
chopped up her husband
and flushed him down the drain
on their honeymoon.
He was nuts about her, too.
And that Mrs. Haggerty.
Knocked off six husbands by sprinkling
arsenic on their prune whip.
That's marriage for you.
You think
you got it made?
No home, no family,
no friends.
Eating cold beans
outta tin cans,
sleepin' on your office couch
five nights a week.

The only time you ever get it up
is when you put the paper to bed.
All right,
you've had a nice rest.
Now put down that fairy wand
and get back to work.
Goodbye, Walter.
Hildy, this is desertion.
If you were in the Army,
you could be shot for this.
Get out of my way!
Not so fast, Johnson.
Where do you think you're going?
To the station,
to meet my fiancée.
Your fiancée, huh?
What's her name, Earl Williams?
Earl Williams?
You're crazy.
Hang onto him.
He and Mollie
are in cahoots.
Now his boss shows up.
There's something
fishy going on here.
Okay, Johnson.
What are you two cooking up?
Hartman,
you've got any questions,
address them directly to me.
All right, Burns.
What are you doing here?
None of your
goddamn business.
Ever hear
of the First Amendment?
Guarantees freedom
of the press and the pressroom.
I must ask you to leave.
You what?
Or I'll have you arrested.
Don't let him
bluff you.
Show him

who's in charge.
Yeah. Yeah, yeah.
I'm in charge here.
I don't care what kind
of a hotshot editor you are, Burns,
I can have you
barred from this building.
That's right.
You can.
Why don't you throw us out?
Both of us.
Oh, no. Nobody's leaving
until I get to
the bottom of this.
Will you give me a break?
My girl's gonna leave without me.
Now let go of me,
God damn it.
Watch out. Watch out,
he's got a gun.
I'll take it.
Hopalong Johnson.
The Drugstore Cowboy.
Where'd you get this?
I got a right to carry a gun
if I want to.
Not this gun.
I can explain that.
He was doing a piece
on the Abadaba gang,
and I gave it to him
for self-protection.
Oh, yeah?
That's very interesting.
This happens to be the gun
that Earl Williams
shot his way out with.
Are you trying to
make me out a liar?
I know my own gun
when I see it!
Your gun?
So that's it.
I knew something stunk here.

How come?
What's the story?
Never mind that.
Where's Earl Williams.
Where have you got him?
Are you implying that the Examiner
would aid and abet a criminal?
You're darn tootin'.
Don't you know what it says
on our masthead,
right under the eagle?
"The truth, the whole truth,
and nothing but the truth."
Don't listen to that.
They're playin' us
for suckers.
Give them
the third degree.
Leave it to me, boys.
Johnson, if you're in such
a goddamn hurry, I'll make you a deal.
You tell me where Williams is
and I'll let you go.
Okay, it's a deal.
Where is he?
He went to the hospital
to see Dr. Eggelhofer.
What?
With a bag of marshmallows.
Oh, for Christ's sake.
Wise guy.
Hartman, you're a disgrace
to your badge.
There's a killer on the loose,
and you're harassing
innocent citizens.
Excuse me.
Don't touch that!
I'll answer it.
It may be Earl Williams.
I'll lay you
6-to-5 on that.
Hello? Who?
Yes,

this is Walter Burns.
Sorry to bother you,
Mr. Burns, but I have some bad news.
The photograph,
I'm afraid it didn't come out.
Maybe the film was
a little damp.
What photograph?
Of Earl Williams?
The one I took?
Where?
God damn it, don't tell me
I should know.
Just remind me.
That does it, Burns.
It's against the law
to impersonate a managing editor.
I'll give you 10 seconds
to hand over Earl Williams.
You can't even
count to 10.
Damn it!
I know he's
around here someplace.
Aha!
Where did this
come from?
How the hell
would I know?
Does it belong
to Earl Williams?
Why don't you put
an ad in the classifieds?
Maybe he'll come around
to claim it.
By God!
I'll find him,
if I have to tear
this place apart brick by brick.
Hi, Mr. Burns,
we got the truck here.
Not now, Butch.
Go away.
Wait a minute.

What are you fellas
here for?
We're supposed to
pick up somethin'.
Is that so?
Well, now we're
getting someplace.
What were you
supposed to pick up?
I don't know.
Mr. Burns was gonna tell us.
All right, Mr. Burns.
Go ahead, tell him.
Sure. Boys,
take those two suitcases
down to the truck
and wait for me.
Here you are, fellas.
Who are you kiddin', Burns?
Five guys and a truck
to pick up two suitcases?
Go fight
the Teamsters' Union.
Forget it, Moe!
We won't need it.
God damn it to hell. I want to know
what's going on around here,
if I have to beat it
out of you with a rubber hose!
Hartman, you're through.
You're all washed up.
Who says so?
The voters.
Come Tuesday, they're gonna kick you out
on your big fat can.
You'll be sellin' pencils
at the corner of State and Lake
if you can get a permit
from the new sheriff.
Why is everybody
ganging up on me?
The Mayor wants to
take me off the ticket.
My wife isn't

speaking to me.
I got a gallows out there
going to waste.
I haven't eaten a thing
all day.
It's just not fair.
Please. Please tell me
where Earl Williams is.
I'm the law. You gotta
have a little respect.
Pull yourself together,
Hartman.
Don't you understand?
The Bolsheviks
are everywhere!
They're taking over!
They're coming out
of the sewers like rats.
Climbing up our flagpole
and gnawing away
at our Stars and Stripes!
Better get him
a straightjacket.
What'd you say?
You ought to be
put away, Hartman,
'cause you're sick,
sick, sick.
You'll be sorry
when I'm gone.
And you won't have anybody
to kick around anymore.
What's that?
What's what?
Holy God!
He's in there.
It's Williams.
He's in the desk.
Stand back, everybody!
Get your guns!
Dumb commie schmuck.
City desk.
Don't take any chances.
Hurry it up.

We're dealing
with a wild animal.
Shoot right through
the desk!
For God's sake, he's harmless.
You've got his gun.
Aim right
at the center!
That's cold-blooded murder.
Pete, I'm warning you.
There's witnesses here.
Williams,
we got you covered.
I'm gonna count
to three.
Open up or we'll blast you!
One...
Stand by.
Any second now.
Two...
Hold on.
Coming right up.
Three!
All right, Williams.
No funny business.
Just come on out.
I can't. I can't.
My legs are asleep.
Grab him, boys!
Hey, hey, easy.
Easy, now.
Earl Williams was captured in
the Criminal Courts Building
hiding in a desk.
He put up a desperate struggle,
but he was overpowered.
He tried to shoot it out with the cops,
but his gun jammed.
Williams was betrayed
by an old sweetheart,
who then attempted suicide.
Duffy, take this down.
The Examiner,
guardian and conscience

of Chicago
having single-handedly
captured Earl Williams
has just handed him over
to Sheriff what's-his-name.
Now then,
the hanging will go on as scheduled,

7:

Take him away, boys.
Goodbye, Earl.
Tell Mollie not to cry.
Those 13 steps,
they don't lead up to the gallows.
They lead up to the stars.
That's it, Hildy!
Not to the gallows,
but up to the stars.
There's your last words.
And on the front page,
we'll have a composite picture.
The stars, the steps, and at the top
of the steps, Marx and Lenin
waiting for Earl Williams.
How's that?
Just dandy.
Put the handcuffs on them.
My pleasure.
What's the charge?
Conspiracy
to obstruct justice,
harboring a fugitive,
possession of a stolen weapon
adds up to about
10 years apiece for you birds.
Operator,
get me Clarence Darrow.
Not even Houdini
can get you out of this.
Now, listen,
you pimple head,
when I finish with you,
you'll wish you were never born.
We'll butter the town

with your brains.
Whistling
in the dark, huh?
We've been in
tighter spots than this.
Remember that minister
who had us thrown into jail?
Rev. Godolphin.
Because we printed
he conducted sex orgies
in the organ loft.
Well, on the day of the trial,
he was on his way to court
with all his lawyers
and witnesses.
Drowned, by God,
drowned in the river.
With their automobile and their law books
and their goddamn affidavits.
And I have
the same feeling right now
that I had
before that accident.
You don't scare me, Burns.
Lock them up.
Well, I--
Honey, get me extension 361.
I tell you, Hartman,
there's a divine providence
that watches over
the Examiner.
An unseen power.
Out!
What did you say, honey?
That's impossible.
There's gotta be
somebody there.
It's the jail.
Swing low, sweet chariot #
Coming for
to carry me home #
Swing low, sweet chariot #
Coming for
to carry me home #

I looked over Jordan #
And what did I see #
Coming for
to carry me home ##
Hey, knock it off,
will you?
What time have you got?

11:

Where the hell's Duffy
with the bail?
You have mixed up my whole life,
that's what you've done.
Who me?
What a horse's ass I turned out to be.
Falling for a song
and dance like that.
They'll be namin' streets
after me.
I'll never meet another girl like that.
She was one in a million.
I didn't know
it was anything that serious.
Why didn't you tell me?
Why didn't I tell you?
I'd be the last person
in the world
to stand in the way
of your happiness.
Oh, you hypocritical,
dirty...
Now that it's too late.
It's never too late, kid,
because somebody up there--
Don't give me that
unseen power crap!
You're making
a big mistake, officer.
The Mayor is
a personal friend of mine.
Sure he is.
He's even let me
use his chopsticks.
Get in there.

It was my one chance
to get out of this rat race
and lead a normal life.
By this time tomorrow,
I could've been a gentleman.
Now, instead of Philadelphia,
I'm going to Joliet.
What Joliet? In the first place,
they'll never indict us.
In the second place,
no jury'll ever convict us.
In the third place, we can always
get a reprieve from the governor.
With all the dirt
I've got on every big shot--
Funny you should
mention that.
Mention what?
A reprieve
from the governor.
I just happen
to have one on me.
Get out of here,
you're drunk.
Oh, I'll say. I was at this
Chinese place.
The Mayor
sent me there.
You know the Mayor, too?
Oh, sure.
And the sheriff.
Of course, I don't know them
as well as I know the governor.
Wait a minute. If you've got a reprieve,
how come you're in jail?
Oh, it's not for me.
It isn't?
You see, I came down
from Springfield.
Plunkett's the name.
Proud of you, Pete.
You did a terrific job.
All in a night's work,
Your Honor.

You can call me Herbie,
again.
Hey, look who's here.
The Green Hornet.
Hi, Horny.
What are those girls
doing here?
The Chink broads?
We just raided them.
On whose orders?
We always knock over
a few cathouses before election.
You know that.
To get the family vote.
Nice work.
Thank you, Herbie.
Here they are. Look kinda natural,
don't they, behind bars?
A sight for sore eyes.
I reckon you boys
are gonna be
away from Chicago
for a long time.
Yeah. Making brooms
and license plates.
Maybe I can fix it for you
to work on a prison paper as copyboys.
Hot in here,
isn't it, Hildy?
Yeah. Why don't you
put in some fans or ventilators?
How about
an air-conditioning system?
Scented with pine needles.
Suit yourself.
Because tomorrow,
you guys are gonna be in this cell.
Big joke.
Yeah. We were just laughing
about it,
with our friend,
Mr. Plunkett.
Plunkett?
Hiya, Mayor.

Hiya, Sheriff.
Who is this man?
Never saw him before
in my life.
I suppose you never
saw this before, either?
What is it?
A reprieve
for Earl Williams.
Hangin' a man
just to win an election, huh?
Why, that's absurd.
I don't know what you're
talking about. Do we, Herbie?
Oh, such big liars.
Let me see that.
If Williams has
been reprieved,
I personally am
tickled to death.
Go on. You'd hang your own mother
for a couple of lousy votes.
That's a terrible thing
to say, Burns, about anybody.
Sheriff, this document
is authentic.
Earl Williams, thank God,
has been reprieved.
The commonwealth
of Chicago has been spared
the necessity
of taking a human life.
Save that for the Tribune.
Pete, I want you
to release my friends,
Walter Burns
and Hildy Johnson.
I was about to.
They're my friends, too.
Jacobi.
Open up.
Don't be too hard
on Pete, boys.
He gets a little

over zealous sometimes.
You goddamn hoodoo.
What did I tell you?
An unseen power.
Oh, yeah. Except by now,
I've missed the train.
No. Mayor, here's
what I want you to do.
Anything.
There's a train leaving
at midnight for Philadelphia.
Have them hold it for 10 minutes.
Got it.
As for you, Sheriff.
You've got it.
We need a police escort
to take Hildy to Union Station.
How many do you want?
I have 200 men.
Hey, what about me?
Shut up,
you goddamn hoodoo!
Hoodoo?
Hildy. Hildy, you can't
walk out on us.
You can't leave
your family. I need you.
The children need you.
Daddy! Daddy!
What the hell?
All right, Myrtle.
That's enough. Can it.
What's the matter, Mr. Burns?
Didn't I do it right?
You were perfect.
Here's \$5.
Split it between you.
Bye.
What was that
all about?
Just a little somethin'
I had up my sleeve
in case of a tie,
but it's not necessary now.

Aha.
Well, goodbye,
Johnson.
Take good care of him,
Peggy.
You're getting
a great guy.
Never mind the Valentine.
You may not like
what I'm going to say
but I don't believe you're as tough as
you pretend to be.
Underneath it all,
I think you're a real softie.
Well, don't let it
get around.
You crazy bastard.
We'll sure miss you
on the paper.
Well, if I ever come back
to the business, which I won't,
there's only one man I'd ever work for.
You know that.
I'd kill you if you ever worked
for anybody else.
Hear that, Peggy?
That's my diploma.
All aboard!
Wish I had time to get you
a wedding present. I know!
What? Walter,
I couldn't take it.
I insist.
It was a present from
the big chief himself.
And if you look
on the inside
you'll find
a little inscription:
"To the best newspaperman
I know."
When you get to
Philadelphia,
you can have my name scratched out

and put yours in its place.

You know

I wouldn't do that.

Goodbye, Mr. Burns.

Best of luck,

you love birds!

Goodbye, you big palooka.

That train that just left.

What's the first stop?

Gary, Indiana.

All right. Send a message

to the police chief of Gary, Indiana.

Tell them to meet

the midnight train to Philadelphia

and arrest one Hildy Johnson.

Hildy Johnson?

Yeah.

Son of a bitch

stole my watch.