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# **This Is My Affair**

By Allen Rivkin

This is General Sheridan's grave...  
the Civil War cavalryman.  
Born Albany New York, March 6, 1831.  
Died Nonquitt, Massachusetts, August 5, 1888  
Is there anything there  
about Lieutenant Richard L Perry?  
No, he's not listed.  
Then, sister... why is he buried here?  
Well, no doubt he did some  
unusual service for his country.  
They all did.. or they wouldn't be  
buried in Arlington.  
Now don't you behave  
like all those other young officers.  
Tell me about Manilla!  
Well I'm afraid it's all been told.  
The Spaniards had their navy...  
We had Admiral Dewey.  
I suppose you know the admiral  
is very very fond of you.  
Although he says you're  
an incorrigible young rascal!  
Are you?  
Well, of course I had my training  
under the admiral!  
Talking about ME?  
Eavesdropper!  
Now repeat it to my face!  
Now you two run along  
and dance.  
This young lady thinks I'm more at home  
on a battleship than in a ballroom.  
I do not...  
I love to dance with you.  
You should be with  
the Diplomatic Corps!  
Now, run along.  
Remember you're going to tell me  
more about Manilla!  
Perhaps the Admiral will tell you...  
he was there too, you know!  
Oh... so you were!  
Fight!  
I'm sorry sir!

That was Teddy!

Yes!

Thanks Mrs Karne, that was bully! Bully!

Well...?

Lieutenant Perry?

Yes?

Mr Andrews would like

to see you, sir.

Mr Andrews?

Yes sir, follow me please.

- Will you excuse me please?

- Of course.

- Lieutenant Perry?

- Yes sir.

I'm Andrews, Mr McKinley's secretary.

I know sir.

Come in please,

the president will see you now.

The president?!

I'm afraid you've made a mistake, sir.

I am Richard L. Perry.

Yes, I know. The president

wants to talk to you.

Mr President, Lieutenant Perry.

Good evening, Lieutenant.

Good evening Mr President.

Now, pull up that chair a

little closer.

Thank you, sir.

How's the reception going?

Very well, sir.

Everybody having a good time?

I think so... I know I was.

I wish I could say the same

for myself.

But that's the way it is with White House parties...

they rush me in... and rush me out again.

I give them, and the vice-president

has all the fun.

Yep... I bet Mr Roosevelt

hasn't missed a dance!

Lieutenant...

I've just been going over

your record.

You have, sir?

I asked General Miles and Admiral Dewey to send me reports on half a dozen of you young men... who more or less distinguished yourselves in the service of your country.

Yours is quite interesting.

In fact... amazing!

I thought I'd explained all those "scrapes" to Admiral Dewey.

So you have...

and I congratulate you.

I don't know when I ran across a young man so adept at worming his way out of his difficulties.

Well, thank you, sir!

Now, that brings me to why I sent for you.

Are you familiar with these?

Yes... I've seen the newspapers of course.

What alarms me is why our Secret Service is unable to find out who's behind these robberies.

I've had Bradley Wallace and his men working night and day.

But every move they've made seems to have been anticipated.

The only thing they HAVE found out is that all these robberies are committed in exactly the same manner.

The robbers enter the bank with pass keys...

Once in, they seem to know...

not only about the alarm systems...

...but the safe combinations as well.

That fact leads to

only one conclusion...

Yes sir.

Obviously these men are being furnished with vault combinations and other vital information.

What is it you wish me to do,

Mr President?

I want you to find out who the actual bandits are.

And through them the name of the man or men

furnishing them with information  
that makes it possible to circumvent  
the Secret Service.

I see.

As long as leaks occur,  
no government department is secure.  
Our military and naval secrets...  
our relations with foreign governments...  
The most intimate details of the  
executive department are in jeopardy.

I understand, sir.

I've gone as far as I can,  
using the regular channels of the law.

Now something else  
has to be done.

That's why I sent for you.

Will you arrange for my  
leave of absence?

You'll have to get out of the Navy  
without anyone knowing why.

Not even our friend Admiral Dewey.

In fact, no one must know about this,  
except you and me.

You'll have to change your identity.

Drop out of sight completely.

Even your intimate friends  
mustn't know where you are.

Or what you're doing.

Very well, sir.

It may take you months...

or you may fail... entirely.

In any event, this is OUR game.

Yours and mine.

But I don't want you to even  
communicate with me.

Unless you have some vital information.. or  
...or your life is in danger.

You must act on your own,  
independent of all else.

Now, when it IS necessary  
for you to reach me...

Put this mark on your envelope.

And I'll instruct Mr Andrews  
to deliver it to me unopened wherever I am.

Yes, sir.

Until I receive an envelope from you  
with this mark on it, you and I have never met.

This meeting never occurred.

You simply attended the ball  
at the White House, and I was alone.

In my study.

I understand, sir.

I'll do my best.

I'm sure you will.

- Goodnight Mr President.

- Goodnight Lieutenant.

You want to play?

Yeah... don't mind if I do...

if you don't make it too steep.

What about 25?

Jake with me!

I gotta carry it for protection.

Yeah... with all these bank robberies going on,  
I don't blame you.

You from around here?

No.

- You?

- No.

I'm leavin' town tomorrow.

Headin' north, I suppose?

I hadn't made up my mind.

Why?

The bulls are gettin' pretty tough around K.C...

I figured Minnesota'd be about your speed.

Strike!

You said it!

Why are you so curious about the fellas

I go with?

Maybe I'm jealous.

Well you needn't be.

They've all gone back east for their health.

I'm figuring on pulling out, too.

As soon as I get the fare!

Which way, baby?

St. Paul.

That dump!

Dump, nothin'!...

Say there's a REAL town for ya.

Wide open... and plenty of protection.  
"Live and let live"...  
that's their motto.  
So long as you mind  
your own business.  
Hey!... fix these fellas up with a star table, will ya!  
Honey... this is Jock Ramsay!  
Well, well... I'm glad to meet you.  
Hi ya, Jock old boy!  
Well, well, well!  
Very funny!  
Tony... show these gentlemen  
to a front seat, will ya?  
- This way, please.  
- See you around, Jock.  
Hi ya, Mack!  
- Great place, here!  
- Glad you like it.  
Shake hands with Joe Patrick... Joe...  
Bat Duryea... the fellow I was telling you,  
owns the place.  
- Pleased to meet you Mr Patrick  
- Thanks, same here.  
- See you all later.  
- Oh... we'll be around.  
Hey, Ed... come on over.  
- Glad to see you.  
- Hi, Alec!  
How they treating you there, fella?  
Ask Ed... he's got those cards framed.  
Just a little luck, my boy.  
Just a little luck.  
Frank... looks like Ed's got himself  
a new sucker.  
Yeah!... What a sucker!  
For the last week they've been playin' poker...  
with Ed's cards.  
You wouldn't believe it  
lookin' at this place...  
The two fellas that own it were running  
a 2-bit crap game back of Sam's barber shop,  
less than 3 months ago.  
If they were running a 2-bit crap game,  
how did they get all this?

What's the difference... they got it.  
Alec, me and you ought to get us a printing press  
and make us some dough ourselves.  
You said it!  
Hello boys, going in for society?  
- Hello, Lil... Oh you kid!  
- Gee, Lil, you're looking swell!  
Welcome to the Capitol, boys.  
Remember the name, Capitol.  
Waiter... some champagne  
for these gentlemen.  
Or did you boys just come  
to look at the girls?  
- Anything you say, Lil.  
- Great place you got here.  
Thanks... I had to give St Paul  
some excuse for living.  
Must have the lollapalooza!  
Greatest place west of little old "Chi"!  
Up to and including  
the stockyards.  
I don't believe  
I've had the pleasure...  
Friend of mine... Joe Patrick...  
Lil Duryea.  
Glad to meet you, Miss Duryea.  
If Ed says you're a friend,  
you're alright with me.  
Just let me know if they don't treat you right,  
Mr Patrick.  
Pardon me, there are some people over there  
I'd like to shake hands with  
if i can borrow MY hand for a while.  
Certainly... if I can have it back  
as soon s they're through with it.  
I'll remember that.  
Better get your mind off that,  
Patrick.  
Sit down while you're still healthy.  
- I don't get it.  
- Didn't you see those rocks all over her?  
That's a sign she's been reserved.  
Don't be foolish... she was  
giving me the key to the city here.



Careful Jock doesn't give you  
the key to the cemetery.  
Jock... what's he got to do with this?  
He's the fella that owns ALL the keys...  
hers AND the one to the cemetery.  
Just the same, I think I'll give the little lady  
a chance to say "No" for herself.  
Say, I forgot to tell you boys...  
Everything's wide open  
on the other side of those doors.  
Why not make expenses?  
Faro, baccarat, craps, roulette, 21...  
I'll bet you're a wizard at 7-up!  
Right over there... Hand these  
to the doorman and tell him Lil sent you.  
Why don't you take a chance?  
Think I will.  
Let me know  
how you come out.  
Pardon me... there's Doc Keller.  
- Let's gamble!  
- Yes, let's play roulette.  
Well, hello Lil!  
Look at old Doc!  
He sure can pick 'em young.  
Is he a doctor of horses?  
Horses!... That is good!  
I guess the Doc there can cure about anything  
that ails, the way he runs this town.  
Oh, I get it... the boss, eh?  
You said it... what he says, goes!  
He's like this with the high and the low.  
All he does is say to the boys  
"Mind your Ps and Qs and nobody'll bother you. "  
Them higher up leave the boys alone...  
they'll leave YOU alone.  
Well, that seems fair enough.  
Sure is. You haven't heard  
of St Paul bein' took, have you?  
Well, I think I'll take a swing  
at that roulette game, and then turn in  
unless you fellas want to stake me?  
Sorry, I got a place for all mine.  
That's all right.

See you again I hope.  
Sure! I'll help you out  
alright tonight.  
Well, we warned 'im.  
I ain't even talkin' about it.  
Not in here.  
Give me a number, quick.  
From 1 to 36.  
Maybe this isn't your lucky day.  
Maybe you're wrong.  
Could I interest you  
in some champagne?  
Only in its sale.  
We could sit somewhere  
and watch it bubble... and talk.  
- What about?  
- You and me.  
Or the weather.  
As far as you and I are concerned,  
that's taboo.  
As for the weather...  
my opinion's quite simple...  
Hot in the summer  
and cold in the winter.  
Look at this... look at it...  
Don't squint your eyes...  
open them.  
Ain't that cute?  
I don't see nothin'.  
You don't?... You're crazy...  
Now do you see somethin'?  
No, I still don't see nothin'!  
Well, we do!  
Keep away from me  
from now on.  
Hi ya honey!  
Havin' a good time?  
I WAS, 'til you started  
cracking my ribs!  
The same old Lil!  
Always got a comeback!  
Hey... I've got a new one for ya!  
Don't tell me I've got to go through  
that ace-of-spades trick again!

No, no... this is a new one.  
Mr Duryea.  
Come on to the office.  
Wait for me, Babe.  
Hey, I thought you were going  
to help me pick a few winners.  
Mr Patrick, I'd like you  
to meet Jock Ramsay.  
Mr Patrick is a friend of mine  
from Des Moines.  
How are you?  
I ain't complaining.  
Well what do you say  
we shoot the works?  
Hey... I wanna talk to you.  
Yes, excuse us please.  
Sure, I'll wait right here.  
Be careful, son...  
it looks like rain!  
That's very funny!  
He's big for his age, isn't he?  
I bet it's a tough job keeping him  
in tin soldiers and blocks!  
C'mon.  
- Who's that monkey?  
- Just a casual acquaintance.  
Well, see that he keeps casual.  
Making expenses, Doc?  
Why, these young ladies have already lost  
my wife's next month's alimony.  
How'd you know I was from Des Moines?  
Because I am, and that was the first thing  
that popped into my mind.  
Why did you have to  
tell him anything?  
Because it happened to be  
our opening night...  
and I hated to see it end with one of the guests  
taken out on a stretcher.  
Please do me a favor... vamoose,  
skidoo... and don't come back again.  
- Maybe I'll see you here again, tomorrow night.  
- I doubt it..  
Something tells me the doorman

isn't going to remember you the next time.

Now wait a minute...

let's get this straight...

Whether you like it or not, I'm going to see a lot more of you.

If you aren't careful Mr Patrick...

I'm afraid you won't be seeing much more of anything or anybody.

Now, good night!

Be yourself.

Frank... show this gentleman out.

- Certainly.

- I'll see you again.

Good night.

Hey... come on...

Say, I was just kidding about that trick...

let's see it.

What?

You know... the new one you had for me.

Oh, yes!... Sure!

Pick a card... any one.

Now look at it... don't let me see it.

Put it anywhere you like.

Alright... well, I'll shuffle it.

Now hold 'em in your hand.

Now do you want it on the top, the center or the bottom.

This can do.

There it is.

No.

Oh, it is!

No.

Is that it?

I made a mistake... I'll do it again.

Now, here's something nice...

"For the self-supporting girl the material for a frock of this design would be a useful gift. "

Pretty steep, though... \$15.

- Can I see you tonight?

- No. - Tomorrow night?

No.

There's a good show in town.

- George Everson in "Rip van Winkle".

- No!

Well, how about a vaudeville show?...

Funny jokes and snappy songs...

Eddie Foye and one of those  
song groups from the south.

No!

Now, here's just the thing...

A waist easily clasped with 2 hands!

Now... I'd hate to start at a rough-house,  
so with the Capitol... but...

If you don't meet me somewhere else,  
I'm afraid I'll have to do it.

All right, will you meet me,  
or shall I bait Jock in his own den?

Well I... I'm light Friday night,  
for a little while.

If you'll stop annoying me!

Now you're talking!

I knew you'd see it my way.

But only if Bat and Jock are out of town  
as they planned.

Alright... where will I meet you?

We have to go some place where we  
won't run into people we know.

I can arrange that.

What time?

I'll telephone you.

What's your number?

Same as yours... National Hotel.

Now I KNOW you're a fool!

- Same boat folks?

- Sure... good old "Hilda".

I could have let her out  
a dozen times already...

But I said to myself maybe  
they'll want her again!

Thanks Gus. We'll do the same  
for YOU sometime.

There you are Gus... a dollar for the deposit  
and the rest for yourself.

I tell my wife about you!

She always says when you are in love,  
money don't mean nothing.

See, even Gus has noticed.

Thank goodness "Hilda" has got  
a nice flat bottom!  
Look for us when you see us, Gus!  
Joe... who are you really?  
Just a fellow by the name of Joe Patrick.  
No... I mean where do you come from?  
What are you doing in St Paul?  
Well I hail from Des Moines.  
I'm in St Paul lookin' after  
a girl by the name of Lil.  
A great girl.  
Don't you do anything  
for a living?  
No... I got my hands full  
taking care of you.  
You aren't in trouble, are you?  
Why do you ask that?  
I just wondered.  
Would it make any difference  
if I was?  
Not as long as  
you aren't in danger.  
Well, there was a little trouble  
in Cheyenne, but...  
I figured I told you...  
I don't want you mixed up in anything.  
That sort of trouble  
doesn't worry me.  
This does... you and me  
and Jock...  
Yeah, well that's somethin'  
we gotta get straightened out.  
Just... what does Jock mean to you?  
He doesn't mean a thing...  
he never has.  
Well then, why...  
Jock's wanted me ever since he and Bat  
have been together.  
I kidded him along at first  
because he was good protection...  
He kept a lot of other fellas  
from getting wrong ideas.  
He thinks he owns me.  
How did you and Bat ever get mixed up

with a big lunk like that?  
They were together  
long before I joined them.  
You see, Bat isn't my real brother...  
he's my step-brother.  
He's looked after me, in a way,  
ever since our folks died.  
Seems to me he's doing it alright.  
It hasn't always been like this.  
I've been hungry plenty of times.  
What'd Bat do...  
run into a gold mine?  
Well...  
Bat doesn't tell me everything.  
Doesn't seem to me like you got  
much to worry about right now.  
Except what Jock would do if he knew  
we'd been seeing each other.  
You're not sorry, are you?  
No.  
You do like me, don't you?  
It isn't just because I'm a woman...  
any woman?  
No!... You know better than that.  
It was at first, wasn't it?  
Maybe.  
I don't mind.  
In fact it's a very comforting thought  
When I'm here like this,  
Bat and Jock don't mean a thing.  
I almost wished they were staying  
in Omaha forever.  
- Who is it?  
- It's me, Joe.  
Come in!  
I got your note,  
and came right over.  
The boys must be  
out of town again.  
They are...  
for 2 whole days.  
Say... some place you've got here.  
Where'd they go this time?  
Oh, I don't know... some place or other...

I forget where.  
I thought maybe if you were free,  
we might spend the day together.  
Right... what say we run over to Minneapolis  
and see the sights?  
Too many people we know there.  
Fort Snelling?  
No... I don't like a man in uniform.  
Well, we could always pop in  
on "Hilda"!  
That's what I wanted you to say.  
I'll never get ready, if you don't stop  
forcing your attention on me.  
- How long will it take you?  
- About 2 shakes of a lamb's tail!  
Just give me time  
to run out of the room and wash.  
You can wash here...  
it's the same soap and water.  
That's a good idea.  
You'll find comb and brush and anything else  
you need in my brother's room.  
It's the other side of the bathroom.  
Thanks.  
What's the matter... what happened?  
An accident. Get some hot water  
and a couple of towels, quick!  
Get me a drink!  
Somehow... I'll be alright.  
I'll kick his face in!  
What IS this, Lil?  
I told you...  
he's a friend of mine from Des Moines.  
We were going for a ride.  
You're lying!  
Funny... I never saw HIM  
around Des Moines.  
You didn't know EVERY fellow  
I went with.  
- You're lyin' I tell ya! - I'm not.  
- What's the idea of bringin' him in here?  
He was a bit jittery about some trouble  
he had in Cheyenne,  
and wanted someone to! talk to,



that's all!  
Hey... take a look at that.  
Hey... what is this?...  
Dirty rats!  
Wait a minute... take it easy!  
- Hey... where's this?  
- The First State Bank of Cheyenne!  
Don't you know better  
than to take small town bills like these?  
They're too easy to trace.  
Maybe that's why I've still got 'em!  
Or have I still got 'em?  
Alright, Patrick... get going!  
- If you ask ME...  
- I didn't ask YOU!  
- I'm sorry, Joe  
- That's alright.  
- You ready?  
- She ain't goin' no place with you!  
Some other time.  
Oh... I see!  
Well... you shoulda told me!  
Yeah, and if you're smart,  
you'll go back to Des Moines.  
I'm doin' alright here!  
Yeah... but you'd be a lot healthier  
in Des Moines!  
You don't look so healthy,  
just now.  
What's the matter...  
have a little accident?!  
Anybody home?  
Oh hello, Ernie... come on in.  
Alright, Patrick... beat it!  
Well thanks folks,  
for a very pleasant time.  
I still think your boyfriend here  
ought to be in rompers!  
Oh, how I hate that guy!  
One of these days I'll take 'im,  
and I'll bust 'im in two!  
- And who's this...?  
- Never mind, he's alright.  
Hey, sis... get that hot water

and those towels, will ya.  
Take a look at that!  
- What happened?  
- "What happened"?... the dumb lug!  
I've always told him he's the only one  
that thinks those jokes of his are funny.  
We go into a saloon in Elm City...  
just to kill some time...  
There's a monkey sittin' there  
with a bald head.  
Jock gives him the BBs.  
Well, the bald head  
don't think it's so funny.  
He gives jock a bullet in the arm.  
Wait until I find 'im... that's all!  
I know... you'll show him  
one of your card tricks.  
This kinda knocks things  
on the head... don't it?  
Unless I figure out another way.  
Sit down.  
What did you find out  
about Milwaukee?  
That town is hotter  
than a firecracker.  
The "Workman's Savings"  
has got a lot of money in it.  
Yeah... and a cop for every dollar.  
Madison is jake...  
has a welcome sign all over it.  
Theyre expecting a lot of money  
from Chicago, to pay off Saturday...  
on the livestock the farmers  
have been selling.  
So, you've got to crack it  
by Friday night.  
I can't get there...  
not with this arm.  
You got the layout?  
The entire setup.  
Here's the alarm switch.  
The vault is single action  
without a time lock.  
What about the bulls?

I've got their schedule  
timed to a second.  
Those Madison bulls need a lesson.  
They drink too much.  
Here... wax impression  
of the rear door key.  
Those numbers come from the east?  
No, not yet.  
But they will.  
They always do.  
Where do I go next?  
- Dodge City?  
- No... we're branching out.  
I want you to get me the layout  
on Chicago.  
Chicago!  
Now maybe I'll get to see  
a little real baseball!  
Do you feel alright?  
I sure do now, honey!  
I won't be able to show you  
that new trick, now.  
Thank goodness we've got something  
to look forward to.  
Yes!  
Good evening, sir.  
Something I can show you?  
Yes, Id like to see some watch fobs.  
Yes, sir! I have some pretty ones  
right here.  
Here we are sir.  
That's nice, how much is it?  
\$9.  
But it's real gold.  
Alright, I'll take it.  
Would you like it in a box, sir?  
Yes, please.  
Thank you.  
Hey... those are nice!  
- Could I see them?  
- Yes sir.  
I'll take care of that, Turney.  
Put 'em up!  
- No!

- Put em up!  
Now just be quiet and everything  
will be alright.  
Stop! Stop him...  
I've been robbed!  
Bat!... I want to talk to you,  
right now.  
Come on in the office.  
What's up?  
Plenty!  
Hi ya, Doc.  
Well, Doc?  
It ain't fair, Bat!  
This town's been pretty good  
to you boys.  
Let you do just about  
as you please.  
Well, what's eating ya?  
You're gettin' paid plenty for it,  
ain't ya?  
That's got nothin' to do with it!  
The agreement was as long you left  
this town alone, the town would leave YOU alone.  
Now, if that ain't good enough for you  
and you wanna get tough...  
We can get tough, too!  
Well, light somewhere...  
whatever you driving at?  
The Conheim job... that's what!  
Conheim? Who's that?  
The Conheim jewellery store  
has been robbed.  
A whole tray-load  
of diamonds gone.  
Well what's it to us if some greenhorn  
pulls a stickup?  
Sure Doc, it couldn't have been  
one of the regulars.  
Maybe not.  
But if you like the climate here  
and you want to keep this place open...  
You better find out who it was.  
Them diamonds gotta be back  
by morning.

You got bats in your belfry!  
- We don't do things like that!  
- Don't gimme none of your argument!  
This is a clean town  
and we're gonna keep it that way.  
Besides you know that Conheim's  
the mayor's brother-in-law.  
When did this happen, Doc?  
Tonight, about 8 o'clock.  
Any description of the fellow?  
Not much, just a \$10 bill  
he left to pay for a watch fob.  
From The First State Bank  
in Cheyenne.  
- Cheyenne? - Hey, that's...  
- Shut up!  
Doc, supposing you come back  
in a couple of hours...  
Maybe we can find out  
something by then.  
You'd better... I've always  
played fair with YOU.  
I don't want any hard feelings.  
But I got myself to think about.  
Sure I understand. We've all  
got our reputations to think about.  
You said it!  
Well, Lil, looks like your friend  
has got over his jitters.  
Why didn't you tell the Doc  
who did it?  
Bat, you don't know it was Joe  
for sure.  
Jock... suppose you run over  
to the hotel  
and tell Mr Patrick  
I'd like to see him for a minute.  
But you can't push this on him.  
Just a little friendly talk!  
I'll be right back!  
What are you going to do?  
What difference  
does that make to you?  
I'm crazy about him.

How long has this been going on?  
Ever since I met him.  
Does he feel the same way?  
It's alright with me kid,  
if that's what you want.  
Do you mean that, Bat?  
Sure. Why not?  
I wish I could make Jock  
see it that way.  
Well, you stick around.  
I'll have a talk with Patrick...  
and maybe I can fix things up.  
Will you, Bat?!  
I said "maybe".  
Hello, Lil.  
Bat.  
Sit down, Mr Patrick.  
Make yourself at home.  
Thanks.  
A Lillian Russel?  
Sure... with pleasure.  
Try one of mine... a firm in Havana  
makes 'em up special for me.  
Thanks. How about a little drink?  
Anything you say.  
This ought to fix you up alright.  
What's it all about?  
Now don't get nervous...  
take it easy.  
We're all friends around here.  
Did you get rid of those  
Cheyenne bills yet?  
Not yet.  
Know anybody that'll handle them  
for me?  
I might.  
You're kinda hard up aren't you?  
No... I'll get along.  
Not stickin' up jewellery stores  
in this town, you won't.  
Sit down, will ya!  
Don't waste any more time.  
Let me give it to 'im!  
Keep it!

Alright Patrick... fork 'em over.  
Don't you know this sort of stuff  
won't bring 10 cents on the dollar?  
I notice you grabbed it quick enough  
when you found out where it was.  
Shut your trap. We don't want any  
of that trash around here.  
This stuff goes back  
where it came from.  
Alright... what happens now?  
Suppose we were to forget all about  
this little trick,  
and let you in on some easy money.  
What do you mean, "easy money"?  
Oh... helping me with a few little odd jobs  
around here.  
While Jock is thinking up  
some new jokes.  
Hey... you ain't figurin' on usin' him  
around here, are ya?  
We can use somebody around here  
with a little brains  
that can keep their mouth shut  
and stay out of arguments.  
You ain't bringin' HIM in...  
while I've somethin' to say about it.  
- I'd sooner see him rot in the gutter!  
- Shut up!  
Alright Patrick, what do you say?  
I don't know...  
I've always worked alone.  
Lotta dough in it.  
Not so many chances.  
It smells fishy to me.  
First this guy here socks me in the chin...  
you frisk me...  
and now you want me  
to join up.  
No thanks.  
If I wanted company,  
I'd have joined 'The Elks'.  
I don't go off half-cocked, Patrick.  
Here's a little dough.  
Put it in your pocket.

Go outside and buy yourself a drink...  
take a look around.  
Take a squint at that new act  
they brought in from Chicago.  
Think it over.  
I'll see you later.  
Sure.  
I'll think it over.  
I'll give 'im somethin'  
to think over!  
If he wants to play ball with me,  
I can use him.  
If he doesn't, we've always got him  
where we want him.  
What?  
Stickin' up a jewellery store  
is against the law, ain't it?  
Besides, Doc might like someone  
he could make an example of.  
Yes!... I didn't think of that!  
Bat, you aren't going to turn him over  
to the bulls, are you?  
He had his chance.  
But you wouldn't do anything like that...  
you promised me.  
Why that dirty little crook...  
After all the trouble we've had in  
trying to keep this place straight.  
We'll show the smart-alecs they can't come here  
and get away with that sort of thing in St Paul.  
Hey!... Where are you going?  
Leave her alone!  
Joe!  
Oh, hello!... Come on... sit down.  
- Joe, you've got to do it!  
- Sure. What?  
Come in with Bat like he said.  
He send you out here to say that?  
You know he didn't.  
Alright... what's the game...  
What's this all about?  
I don't know exactly, but...  
They'll turn you over to the police  
for that holdup, if you don't.



It's a fine pair of pals you've got.  
I know... they're only thinking  
of themselves.  
If I beat it, they'll put  
the cops on my trail.  
If I stay here, I'll probably get  
Jock's knife in my back.  
The only thing to do  
is to get in with them.  
Doesn't look like I got much  
choice in the matter, does it?  
You only have to stay  
until this blows over.  
It may not be such a bad idea  
at that.  
First place, I could see a lot more  
of you... openly I mean.  
It'll work out...  
I know it will.  
I'm beginning to believe you meant  
what you said about liking me.  
You know I do.  
You're the first one in my whole life  
that I felt like this about.  
I guess we're a lot alike...  
deep down, you and me.  
You mean that?  
Go and tell Bat that I'm in.  
Then come back here...  
I got a thousand things to tell you  
before I wet my whistle.  
That telegram with the numbers  
just came from the east.  
I'm gonna be in Madison's  
Friday night.  
If Patrick wants to come along,  
it's alright with me.  
"You get the finest Japanese  
ju-jitsu expert you can find... "  
"and I'll get the best American wrestler. "  
So I got Drack... had them at the house last night,  
just the family and a few friends.  
- I refereed.  
- Come on Maxwell, come on!

You should take more exercise...  
you're puffing like the White Steamer.  
Well for a while it looked as though  
the Japanese had it on him.  
He put one over... cross-band with the shoulders  
and kicked him in the stomach...  
And down Drack went in a heap.  
But quick as a flash he was up and pinned  
the Japanese wrestler's shoulders to the mat.  
I knew it all the time... I said so before...  
American wrestlers got it all over ju-jitsu.  
I know, I've tried them both.  
- Well, here we are.  
- The president is expecting you sir.  
Come on Maxwell, come on.  
You can't keep the president waiting.  
Here we are, on the dot!  
Good morning Mr Maxwell.  
Good morning, Mr President.  
Gentlemen... cigars?  
I thought it best to have some of  
the members of the cabinet here,  
along with Mr Wallace of the Secret Service...  
To hear what you have to say.  
Go ahead Henry. Repeat what  
you were saying to me in my office.  
Mr President, this bank robber business  
has got to stop.  
Last night, \$50,000 was taken  
from a Madison bank.  
As Examiner of the National Banks,  
I give you my solemn word that  
businessmen everywhere,  
including bankers,  
are losing faith in an administration that  
permits such lawlessness to go unchecked.  
I can only endorse  
what Mr Maxwell has said.  
At the same time, I must frankly admit  
we're helpless.  
With all due respect to you,  
Mr Wallace...  
You can hardly expect me to say  
to the business interests of this country...

"Your government is helpless. "  
Mr Wallace's Secret Service  
has thrown up its hands.  
You'll have to get along  
as best you can.  
Mr President, if you feel any other man  
in the country better qualified  
to carry on this job,  
I'll gladly step aside.  
You're doing all that any man  
in your position could do...  
Handicapped as you are  
by a lack of men and funds.  
May I suggest that you get more men,  
or funds.  
He's right!  
Let ME handle this situation!  
I'll organise a police force that would  
turn this country inside out!  
I'll swear in every Rough Rider  
who climbed San Juan hill!  
I'll put soldiers around every bank  
in the mid-west.  
I'll catch these men,  
and smack the truth out of them.  
That's an idea!  
I've been preaching it for weeks.  
It's passed with pussy-footing  
and weasel words.  
If these men want war...  
let's give them war, wherever we find them.  
You can't fight men like these  
with words and vague hopes.  
It's all very well to talk softly.  
But you've got to carry a stick.  
A big stick!  
That's a nice phrase, Theodore.  
You want to use it publically some time.  
Yes... "Talk softly"... no... "Speak softly"...  
"Speak softly...  
and carry a big stick!"  
That's better... more alliterative.  
I'll remember that, Mr Root.  
Mr Wallace, what do YOU think?

Well, there's a lot of truth  
in what Mr Maxwell has said.  
Ans a lot of good sound sense  
in Mr Roosevelt's suggestions.  
I'm inclined to agree, gentlemen.  
I had hoped... well... that...  
We might get a lead.  
But apparently not.  
So go ahead, Mr Wallace.  
You have complete authority.  
Do anything you see fit.  
But get me the names  
of the persons behind all this!  
Thank you Mr President. That's the kind  
of word my bankers want to hear.  
Well... that's all. I'm going  
for a horseback ride with Alice.  
- Goodbye.  
- Goodbye, Teddy.  
Remember what I said...  
"Speak softly and carry a big stick!"  
Get a hold of Mr Ramsey and Joe Patrick.  
Tell them I want to see them  
in here right away.  
Mr Bat.. I's goin' to get 'em.  
Jock... you and Joe get your things packed...  
we're leaving town.  
Yeah... where we going this time?  
Baltimore.  
Baltimore? Kind of branching out,  
ain't we?  
Yeah... the president  
is getting a little fidgety.  
He's putting special guards  
in every bank in the middle west.  
But why Baltimore?  
That's no place to hide out, is it?  
They've got banks there, haven't they?  
Then use your head.  
They move west, so we move east.  
Walk into the Gorman National,  
right under their noses.  
Catch 'em napping, and pull a haul  
that IS a haul!

How did you find out all this?  
Oh... we got a friend.  
But if the government's stepping in,  
that puts a new light on the situation.  
I'd like to know who this big guy is  
that can take care of things so easily.  
Never mind. I'll take care of YOU.  
Well that sounds alright...  
But suppose something happens to YOU?  
Then I'll take care of you.  
Yeah, that's what I'm afraid of.  
Nothing happened to you  
in Madison, did it?  
No.  
Well nothing'll happen to you  
in Baltimore.  
Just you leave things to me.  
Alright, you're the boss.  
Lil can stay here  
and take care of things.  
We're catching the 2 o'clock train.  
I'll have the reservations.  
Well, I think I'll slide over  
to the hotel and pack.  
Sure... go ahead.  
What are you takin' HIM for?  
I'm alright!  
We can handle things  
without him.  
Well, we could leave him here  
to take care of Lil!  
What?!  
Oh, no!... he's got to come  
right with us!  
Thought you might like to know  
that Bat and Jock and I are leaving town tonight.  
Tonight!?  
Stay right there, I'll be back.  
- Where are you going?  
- Baltimore.  
- Joe, you can't go.  
- Why not?  
Don't you see... this is our chance  
to get away.

We can be gone  
before they know it.  
- Give up all that easy money?  
- Joe, I can't stand it like this any longer.  
Let's get away while we can... please!  
Joe... did you mean it  
when you said you loved me?  
You know I did.  
Then you've got to do  
what I ask.  
You've got to make up your mind  
right now  
whether you're going with them  
or coming with me.  
But Lil...  
I'm no saint, but I'm not blind, either.  
I know Bat and Jock didn't open "The Capitol"  
on nothing.  
Perhaps I've closed my eyes  
to a lot of things.  
But YOU're in it now,  
and I'm worried.  
Let's get away from it...  
from Bat... from Jock... from all of it!  
We'll only be gone  
a few days.  
If you go to Baltimore...  
I won't be here  
when you get back.  
I'd rather have it over with  
once and for all, than go on like this.  
Please say you'll go... now... tonight.  
Alright, I'll go.  
I'll meet you at the hotel  
as soon as I can get out of here.  
- Give me that!  
- Sit down!  
Pretty good likeness,  
don't you think?  
Why, you dirty little...  
Joe!  
Joe, we got to...  
Joe!  
- It's alright, Lil.

- Sure it's alright.  
I love Joe, do you understand?  
- I love him.  
- I see... I got eyes.  
I never loved YOU...  
you know that.  
Sure I know it.  
You've a right to choose  
the man you want.  
Well I, like a sucker,  
thought it was me.  
And so long as it ain't... forget it!  
You don't have to run out  
on account of ME.  
Do you mean that, Jock?  
Why not?  
Sure I do. It's a free country,  
ain't it?  
Besides... you're not the only pebble  
on the beach.  
Patrick... I'll see you  
at the station.  
He's lying, Joe...  
That wasn't him speaking.  
He wouldn't let me go  
like this.  
He won't do anything.  
You don't know him  
the way I do.  
We've got to leave right away.  
I'm sorry, Lil...  
but I'm going to Baltimore.  
Oh no Joe... you can't...  
you promised me!  
You wouldn't want me  
to run away, would you?  
But you've got to come with me...  
Something will happen...  
I know it... I feel it.  
This is my affair, Lil.  
You gotta let me handle it my own way.  
He'll kill you, Joe.  
No he won't.  
I'll take care of that.

You better run along.  
I gotta pack.  
I'll say goodbye at the depot.  
Hello, Wallace?  
Listen Brad... I've just got word that  
those bank bandits are moving eastward...  
Gorman National Bank  
Baltimore  
Yes, of course Mr President.  
I'll attend to it personally.  
May I ask where you got  
the information?  
I'm sorry Brad, but I can't divulge  
the source to anyone.  
But Mr President, you must realise  
that any clue of this kind would be most valuable.  
I understand Brad,  
but it's impossible.  
Now you keep the bank covered.  
At last, we're getting somewhere!  
Get me Mr Maxwell  
at the bank examiner's office.  
President McKinley on the telephone.  
Yes, Mr President?  
Maxwell, I've some splendid news  
for you.  
I believe we're just about to put an end  
to all these bank robberies.  
Well, this is great news.  
Have you any definite information?  
Yes, Maxwell, but it's absolutely impossible  
for me to tell you any more at this time.  
That's what I've been waiting to hear,  
Mr President.  
Thank you.  
I want to make a call  
on the long distance telephone.  
Get me Baltimore. Century Hotel.  
Cancel that long distance call.  
I'll pull the burglar alarm switch.  
You come with me, Joe.  
- You about through in there?  
- In a minute.  
I'll take this one out.



Clean in there.

Look in that box on top there.

Drop!

Where's Joe?

Coming.

Somebody's framed us.

- Somebody's tipped 'em off!

- Shut up!

How much can we lose...?

I'm gonna shoot it out!

Tie 'em both.

This one's still alive.

This one's cold as a cucumber.

Come on out... with your hands up!

Well, what do you know about that...

tried to hide in the vault.

Keep 'em up!

And I sentence you to the

Malen State Penitentiary

There to remain until you've paid the penalty

of this commonwealth's justice...

Which is to hang by the neck

until you are dead.

What happens now?

Nothin'!

Not until they put that rope

around our necks.

Well they ain't gonna put no rope

around MY neck!

We'll be outta here

before you know it.

If we got so much protection, why

we didn't get some of it at the trial?

Well... maybe he's got a reason.

He'll show up

when the time comes.

But there are only 12 days left.

Why don't he do something?

- I ain't worrying.

- Well I am.

I can't sleep... I can't think!

All I can see is that rope.

He's gonna let us die,

I tell ya!

Say... if I could get in there 2 minutes  
with you, I'd stop you yelling.  
He'll come, I tell ya!  
He'll get us outta here.  
Hey!... Let me show you a trick.  
Here, look... take a card...  
any one you like.  
Don't let me see it now.  
Put it back.  
Shuffle it.  
- Did you take the...  
- Yeah... the ace of spades.  
A good trick, wasn't it, uh?  
I dreamed about it  
again last night.  
Shut up, will ya!  
I dreamed they came  
and took us out, me and you.  
They were goin' up those steps  
There were 13 of them.  
I counted them over and over again.  
You have bats in your belfry.  
I ain't gonna swing.  
Not me!  
You kept callin' for somebody.  
I couldn't catch his name,  
but he didn't answer.  
Nobody ever answered.  
Keep your nightmares to yourself.  
You have to tell me who it is!  
We're in the same boat... I got a right to know.  
Well I ain't tellin' nothin' see!  
I don't believe there's anybody.  
You're lyin'!  
There never WAS anybody!  
How do you reckon I got  
those vault numbers... eh?  
Then he's run out on us.  
Maybe things are gettin' too hot for him.  
- You're crazy.  
- He sent us to Baltimore didn't he?  
And there were a million cops around the place...  
weren't there? Who tipped them off?  
That was an accident.

Yeah... I suppose this jail's  
just an accident, too!  
Quit ya yapping, will you.  
They're testin' the ropes...  
Nothin's happened yet?  
Maybe he's gotta work on the quiet.  
But he could just  
have us some word.  
But we still got time.  
- We got time.  
- For what?...  
To sit here and go crazy?  
We gotta get to him.  
Well I ain't givin' in yet.  
Do you know what I think?  
I think he wants to see us hang.  
We know too much.  
He can't doublecross me like that!  
Not that guy!  
I wouldn't trust the best friend  
I got in the world.  
When it comes to hangin'  
nobody's gonna step in and talk.  
He'll spring us.  
I know he will.  
When? When it's too late?  
When we're dead?  
He'll come!  
I'll bet he's laughin' at us  
right this minute.  
I'll bet he even comes  
to the hanging.  
Oh, shut up, will ya... shut up!  
Just wait to see us go up those steps  
He wants to see 'em  
put that black cap over our heads  
and watch 'em tie that knot  
and see us drop.  
He'll be there to see us  
kicking and twisting.  
Oh, shut up, will ya... shut up!  
It won't be HIS neck!  
He won't have to hang there gaspin' for breath  
until his eyes pop out of his head.

And his tongue splits wide open  
and his heart bursts!  
It's US... you and me that's gotta die...  
NOT HIM!  
Can't you see that,  
you poor blind fool?  
Sucker! Sucker... that's what you are...  
that's what you've always been.  
Bat was right when he said you were dumb.  
Lil knew it, and I know it!  
You're lettin' this guy, whoever he is,  
make a fool of ya.  
Well he wouldn't make a fool out of me...  
I'd yell my head off!  
Yeah, that's it... that's it, the dirty rat!  
That's what he wants...  
He thinks I'm dumb too.  
But he's got another thing coming!  
I'm not gonna sit here  
and die to save...  
Let 'em try puttin' that rope  
around HIS neck for a change.  
Let HIM see how it feels.  
He can't get away with this  
from me...  
I'll get outta here!  
Now he's got you!  
He's laughin' at you right now!  
I can just hear him...  
Yeah... that's what he's doing!  
Big man, eh?!  
Big office!  
Big banking governor!  
Alright, examiner Maxwell...  
If it's the last thing that I do...  
I'm not gonna hang for you Maxwell!  
I'm not gonna hang for you!  
No! I'll tear the place down!  
Say, Tim... I gotta see the warden  
right away.  
The warden's not here...  
he's never here at night.  
But I gotta Tim, it's serious...  
I got some information he wants.

Alright, I'll see what I can do  
in the morning.

I've got to get this letter  
to President McKinley, sir.

If you have an appeal to make, Patrick,  
you'll have to let your lawyer handle it  
through the regular channels.

But isn't it true sir, that any man  
going to his death,  
is given the privilege  
of a last request?

Well, yes... ordinarily.

Anything within reason.

What possible harm could there be in letting me  
send this letter to the president?

Oh well, go ahead,  
but you're wasting your time.

Thank you sir.

May I have an envelope?

Hey, Tim!

- Any word for me?

- No... not a thing.

Are you positive? There ought to be  
a message here by now.

I'll let you know  
as soon as there is.

I'd sure be glad  
to get out of this place.

I guess you would.

Hey Tim!

Did you hear about President McKinley?

McKinley!?

I knew it'd come.

Let me have it!

No... what?

He just got shot, a couple of hours ago...  
up in Buffalo.

Well, what do you know  
about that!

The assassin was in line with a whole lot of others  
shaking hands with the president.

Had his arm all bound up  
like it was broke... but it wasn't.

That's where he had his gun,

wrapped in a handkerchief.  
They got the fellow whoever he was.  
They don't know about the president yet.  
All I know he was shot twice,  
right through the stomach.  
Any news about the president?  
The papers say he's taken a turn  
for the better.  
I sure hope he has.  
What is it? Any news?  
The president is dead.  
Lil!  
Oh Lil... I thought I told you  
to stay away from here.  
I had to come... I had to see you.  
I don't want you mixed up  
in this.  
What do I care!  
Tomorrow I'll die too.  
Isn't there a chance...  
isn't there anything we can do?  
There might be.  
I'll do anything... you know that!  
But... first there's something  
I've got to tell you.  
You'll probably hate me for this...  
but I've got to tell you anyhow.  
How could I ever hate you?  
Then try to understand this.  
My name's not Joe Patrick,  
it's Richard Perry.  
A lot of people change their names!  
I know, but that was all a lie about  
my getting into trouble in Cheyenne  
and having to hide out.  
I've never been to Cheyenne  
in my life.  
Joe...  
What are you trying to tell me?  
That I'm not any of the things  
you think I am.  
I was a lieutenant in the Navy.  
President McKinley sent me to find out  
who was robbing those banks.

I feigned it so Bat'd find those  
banknotes on me.  
I staged the jewellery hold-up  
just to get in good with him.  
I understand.  
And part of the frame-up  
was pretending you loved me.  
It's not true... I DO love you!  
At first maybe I tried not to...  
but I do.  
You lied once... how do I know  
you aren't still lying.  
Darling, you've got to believe me!  
You used me to get Bat and Jock.  
No, it wasn't Bat and Jock so much...  
It was the man behind them.  
Well, don't you know  
who he is yet?  
Yes, I know.  
Then what are you doing here?  
Why don't your friends  
get you out?  
Nobody knew about this,  
but me and President McKinley.  
Maybe there is some justice  
after all.  
If I could get word to Admiral Dewey,  
he might help.  
The warden won't let me  
get in touch with him...  
He thinks I'm crazy.  
Says my story is just a trick,  
to get a reprieve.  
What do you want  
to tell Admiral Dewey?  
The whole story...  
and I can prove it too...  
by the message I sent to the president...  
but he was shot.  
See this?  
That's it.  
That mark on the lower right hand corner  
of the envelope.  
And you think

I might help you?  
You still think  
you can use me again?  
Well, that's great.  
Why you low down  
contemptible stool-pigeon!  
I'm glad they're going to hang you!  
Guard! Open this door...  
let me out of here!  
And if I can work it, I'll be there  
to see them put the rope around your neck!  
Take your hands offa me!  
Now let's see you lie your way  
out of this!  
What will it be?  
Driars straight.  
I'm as good a newspaperman  
as any of you.  
Would they let ME go  
to the hanging?  
No... but who said I was going.  
Do you think I could get a ticket?  
I'll be lucky if they let me  
cover the funeral.  
I got one! I got one!  
- What?  
- A pass to the hanging. Look!  
I'll give you \$10 for it.  
\$10?... say... I wouldn't take \$100  
This is the first double-header  
in 15 years.  
You're not going to see him hang!  
Nobody's going to see him hang!  
Take me to the railroad station  
as fast as you can.  
Yes ma'am!  
It's incredible... unbelievable.  
Please, you've GOT to believe it!  
Alright, let him come in.  
Here she is, officer.  
I'm sorry, it's necessary  
to put you under arrest.  
You may be telling the truth.  
But then again it may be a trick



to get those men out of jail.

I can't take any chances.

Notify President Roosevelt

we're on our way.

Yes sir!

Mr President... This is the young woman

I told you about on the telephone.

I would like you to hear her story.

Be seated, please.

Go right ahead Miss Duryea.

- Hello, Father.

- Is there anything I can do for you?

Some request you'd like to make?

Yes, Father, just one request.

What is it?

Give me a gun and 5 minutes

outside of here...

I've got a few last-minute jobs

I've got to attend to.

Think what you're saying!

In a little while you'll be going

to meet your maker.

Maybe I am and maybe I ain't.

The only thing that's worrying me...

is leaving that low-down

dirty scum behind in this world.

Grant Thou that this poor erring mortal

may see the truth before it is too late.

Sit down, Father.

I want to show you something.

Pick a card.

Any one at all.

Put it back in the pack.

Now shuffle them.

Go through all the mail that's come for

President McKinley in the past 2 weeks

And see if you can find a letter with this mark

on the lower right hand corner of the envelope.

Get all the help you need.

If you find it bring it to me immediately

Oh good and merciful God who according to Thy mercy

and loving kindness forgiveth the sins of such as repent...

and graciously remits the guilt

of their past offences...

mercifully regard this Thy servant  
by granting full remission of his sins...

Is this the one you meant,  
Mr President.

Do you recognise the handwriting?

Yes, that's it!

Put me through to George Andrews,  
President McKinley's secretary.

I believe he's still in Buffalo.

This is Andrews speaking.

Yes, Mr President.

Do you know anything about a letter with a secret mark  
on it, that Mr McKinley was expecting?

Secret mark...?

No... not that I remember.

You're quite sure of that?

Well I guess there's nothing to it.

Sorry to have bothered you.

Young woman, you almost got away with it,  
but you didn't.

And I intend to make  
an example of you!

Officer!

But it's the truth... I swear it is!

You can't let him hang!

Take this woman out  
and keep her under arrest!

You can't do this... please!

You must believe me!

Come on, young lady.

I'm sorry, Mr President, I should have realised  
that this was simply a desperate scheme

It's alright, Dewey.

Hello...

What's that?

It all comes back to me, now.

Mr McKinley telling me that if this mark  
should be found on any of his mail...

and he was unavailable...

I should go to his safe

and find explanation among his papers.

Thanks, Andrews, that's all.

Have them bring

that young lady back!

It was Andrews... he remembered  
about that secret mark.  
Get me the warden of the state penitentiary  
in Baltimore.  
I'll hold the line.  
Young lady, this is one time when the President  
of the United States will have to apologise.  
Hello... Hurry that call!  
This is the warden's office.  
This is President Roosevelt speaking!  
Yes, Mr President?  
Are the executions over?  
One of them?  
Which one?  
Stay the execution of that man!  
You'll receive confirmation  
from your governor directly.  
And have the man brought to me  
as quickly as possible.  
Yes?  
He did?  
Patrick's execution is stayed!  
Thank heaven!  
With all the criminals there are  
loose in the world...  
We almost hanged an innocent man.  
Get me the Governor of Maryland  
on the telephone.  
And now, young lady...  
Why... she must have slipped out  
while you were talking on the telephone.  
Fred, did you let that young woman leave?  
Yes, I thought you...  
Shall I stop her, sir?  
No, never mind...  
it's alright.  
Poor child!... I guess she's gone through  
quite enough for one night.  
- Darling...  
- Don't talk about it.  
Don't let's ever talk about it again.  
I had job to do..  
I had to do it...  
...regardless of who got hurt.

You've come back...  
that's all I need to know.