



Scripts.com

All Through The Night

By Leonard Spigelgass

Gentlemen. Gentlemen, please.

Now, if we start the encirclement
in this sector...

...and maneuver the enemy's troops
out of the central defense lines...

...why, the counterattack
must be successful.

-That stinks.

-I beg your pardon.

-Walter Winchell said last--

-Will you listen?

Now, here are the Nazis.

So, what do they got?

Tanks. So, what's a tank?

In '29, they used them in Chicago.

Armored cars.

-You're living in the past.

-The layout's a cinch.

Remember how Willie's mob
mowed down those West Side boys?

-I'll never forget it.

-That's how the British should do it. Now...

...the fleet muscled in at this spot,
we hijack their ammunition...

...the RAF spits on Berlin...

...and we catch them
with their panzers down.

The way you're doing it,
we'll lose the war.

-What?

-You're backing us into another Dunkirk.

Smart guy. Where'd you learn
to be a general, in the Bronx?

Oh, yeah? Well, I've served some of the
greatest authorities of our times. To wit:

Gunther, Kaltenborn,

Raymond Graham Swing--

Listen, if you don't keep quiet,
I'll serve you with a blackout.

-Twenty years.

-Take those glasses off...

-...and I'll pop you in the nose.

-Yeah? Don't let that stop you.

I don't need the glasses. I--

Where is everybody?
Hey, where are you, fellas?
-Wait a minute. The general's got a point.
-What point?
When you consider the carastana
on the Tagabroo with dive-bombers....
I told you that the fleet
muscles in here, the RAF--
-What did you say?
-I said the carastana on the Tagabroo...
...is a very serious problem,
to say nothing of the larasang fay.
Cut the double talk.
Don't camouflage ignorance.
Listen, we know just as much
about this war as you do, ignoramus.
Ignoramus?
I'll shove a tank down your throat.
-I'll stab you with this cruiser.
-Boys, here comes the boss.
-Hey, what's going on here?
-Hello, boss. How are you?
I could hear you boys clear down
to 42nd Street. Hey, what is all this?
Few things I picked up
at the five-and-ten.
Second childhood, huh?
This character thinks he's
an expert on the international situation.
Just showing the boys
how England can win.
Oh, I'll arrange a conference
between you and Churchill.
Now, let's get down
to serious business.
Serious business?
This is serious business, Gloves.
Don't you think it's time you
got your mind onto the front page?
I can't be bothered. That's
Washington's racket. Let them handle it.
Now, will the ambassador from Belmont Park
give me a report on the racing situation?
-I clocked Sweet Dream at 1 :40.

-Yeah, what's the morning line?
-Three to one.
-Five grand on the schnoz.
-Caught Kid O'Brien's workout.
-How's his left?
-Like a machine gun.
-Ten grand he wins in three rounds.
-Ten grand on O'Brien?
-What's the matter with O'Brien?
Nothing. I like him.
I also like my mother,
but she can't fight either.
Bring me my coffee
and cheesecake, Louie.
Yes, Mr. Donahue. Right away.
Cheesecake for Mr. Donahue.
Cheesecake for Mr. Donahue.
Cheesecake for Mr. Donahue.
-Cheesecake for Mr. Donahue.
-Cheesecake for Mr. Donahue.
We have a problem.
-No cheesecake?
-Plenty, but not from Miller's Bakery.
What are we gonna do?
He only likes it from Miller's Bakery.
Give him the National cheesecake.
It's a reasonable facsimile.
-I wouldn't advise it.
-He wouldn't know the difference.
Incidentally, Sampson is twirling
for the Tigers today.
Incidentally, Sampson's got a glass arm.
-Here you are, Mr. Donahue.
-Put five yards on the Yanks.
-Five yards on the Yanks. Okay, boss.
-You better get those bets down.
Hi, boys.
-Hi, fellas.
-Hi, Barney.
-Hello, coach.
-Hi, Barney.
-I got the money from Callahan.
-He give easy?
-Like extracting a molar.

-Any message?

-Leave out curse words?

-Yeah.

-No message.

-Dry-clean it. What'd he say?

He says he ain't no welsher, but
in his opinion, the taxi bet was a frame.
He says four even license numbers in a row
don't happen to come along.

It is a miracle on 48th Street.

-He's got a nerve, accusing us of bribery.

-Ain't he?

Pay off those hackies.

Tell them it was nice timing.

-After that, can I beat it?

-No, you gotta drive us out to the ballpark.

Can't I skip the ball game?

I got a date with a doll.

-Bring her along.

-We got something planned.

Anything you're gonna do,
you can do at the ballpark.

I don't think so.

-Hey, Louie.

-Yes, Mr. Donahue?

When I order cheesecake,
I don't expect to get mucilage.

-I'm sorry, Mr. Donahue, but--

-This is not Miller's cheesecake.

He didn't come today yet. Today.

-Why not?

-We don't know.

There's a new invention
called the telephone.

Let me get you something else, maybe.
A nice French doughnut oozing with jelly?
You tell Charlie to take his cheesecake
from Miller's only, or else.

-Oh, wait a minute, Mr. Donahue--

-Cut out the arguments. Can't you read?

Who's smoking?

-Flowers.

-Oh, hello, Herman.

Hello, Gloves. You are not leaving?

Yeah, I got business
at the Yankee Stadium.
But you didn't have
your cheesecake yet.
I haven't got time.
I'll have two for supper.
-What happened to you?
-Oh, nothing, nothing.
-I got a little pain in my back.
-That's too bad.
See Dr. Lachelle. Tell him I sent you.
-Say, you gonna see my old lady?
-Naturally.
Here, give her this. Tell her if I make out
good at the game, she's got a new sable.
-Here you are.
-Oh, thank you.
Here, buy yourself a yacht.
-Thanks, Gloves.
-Thank you.
You done a good job, boys. Hey, Gloves.
Won't you please reconsider my request?
-This date is personally important to me.
-See the dame tomorrow.
But I'm aging fast.
I wanna take advantage of my youth.
Mr. Miller.
Hello, Mrs. Donahue.
-Did you see my son?
-Yes.
-How is he?
-Fine. Fine.
-Any circles under his eyes?
-I didn't see any.
-For you.
-For me?
Oh, no, ain't that sweet of him?
I'll be down in a few minutes.
-Thank you, Mrs. Heller. Come again.
-Good day.
-Hello, Anna.
-Oh, it's good you came back.
I promised Mrs. Schultz
Rosalie's birthday cake for half past 2.

-Anna.
-Yes?
-Was somebody here to see me?
-No, do you expect anybody?
No, no. I was just asking.
Herman, what's the matter?
Is anything wrong?
No, no. You go deliver the cake.
I will talk to you when you come back.
-There's something I have to tell you.
-Herman.
Don't worry.
Thank you.
Hello, Papa Miller. How is everything?
-Hello.
-Hello.
You're not very polite today.
You didn't ask me how I am.
Look, the candies I like.
I'll have a few. You don't mind?
-Have some popcorn?
-No.
No? No.
Say, Papa Miller,
you have been a very busy man lately.
I've been watching for you all morning.
-Deliveries. A man must make a living.
-Of course.
But I must make a living too.
Excuse me. I have some work to do.
Tell me, Papa Miller,
were you down at the pier this morning?
You know I go to the pier
every morning.
Well, then you got
the information from Schiller?
No.
-Oh, you didn't?
-No.
I won't do this kind of work anymore.
You won't.
Perhaps you need
a little encouragement.
You don't frighten me.

Frighten you.
I didn't want to frighten you.
I merely wanted to warn you.
You see, tonight's job
is very, very important.
I don't care. I won't do it.
I've thought it over.
You are criminals.
Murderers.
I won't have any part--
Perhaps now
you'll change your mind.
No. You can beat me.
You can do whatever you want...
...but I won't do it,
and I won't let you do it.
I'll stop all of you. I'll tell the police.
I will tell everybody.
No!
This is exasperating.
A man on first, a man on second...
...a man on third, two out,
three balls and two strikes...
...and we have to leave the game.
-Why?
-Yeah, why?
I don't know.
But my old lady says it's urgent.
And when she says
it's urgent, it's urgent.
-You gonna be long, coach?
-What do you care?
Well, somebody's waiting for me,
and that's urgent too.
-Hello, Mom. What's the trouble?
-Oh, hello, son. I'm glad you're here.
-I got here as quick as I could.
-I hated to call you, but he isn't here.
-Who isn't here?
-Mr. Miller.
-I just saw him a little while ago downtown.
-I know.
It's just as if the earth opened up
and swallowed him.

-Where's Mrs. Miller?
-She's inside. Come on.
You boys wait out here.
For 35 years he never left at this time
of the day. He has to bake.
-Hello, Mrs. Miller.
-Oh, Gloves.
Now, Mrs. Miller,
stop crying. We'll find Herman.
-There's nothing to worry about.
-That's what I told her.
No. No. Something's happened
to him. I'm sure of it.
-Maybe he just took a walk around the block.
-Oh, no. No.
-When did you last see him?
-After lunch.
Yes, just after lunch.
Mrs. Miller went out for a few minutes...
...and I come down to get the flowers
you'd sent me, and he was gone.
-Anybody see him leave?
-No.
Johnny was standing right out there
by his popcorn stand the whole time.
He never saw him go out.
The back door was locked from the inside.
Did he say anything
to make you think he might be in trouble?
-Oh, well--
-No. Why would he be in trouble?
-Sure he never harmed a person in his--
-Will you let Mrs. Miller answer, please?
Well, he did say there was something
he want to tell me when I got back.
-People don't disappear for no reason.
-I don't know.
-Now, now, Mrs. Miller, don't you cry.
-I don't know.
We'll find him for you.
Anybody searched the place?
Why, sure, we've looked,
but we didn't see a sign of him.
-Come on, we'll search the joint.

-Sure. We got time.
Let's go up the attic,
down the basement.
We'll start in the basement and work
our way up. Maybe we can find a clue.
You'll see, my boy will find him.
I'm a promoter, Mom,
not J. Edgar Hoover.
I hope nothing's happened to him.
-What do you make of it?
-I had an uncle once who used to disappear.
Every time they'd find him in Atlantic City
with a dame named Clarissa.
You know I'm only doing this
to satisfy my old lady.
Your old lady. Every time we get settled
at the racetrack, the ball game...
...or the prizefight,
she has to call up and disturb us.
Why don't you get her a penthouse
and isolate her.
I tried that once,
but she likes the old neighborhood.
All her pals are down here.
Well, there's nothing here. Let's go.
What's the matter, pussy?
That's a nice cat. Come here, pussy.
How about that?
Herman!
I can't figure it. A nice old gent like Miller.
Who would wanna knock him off?
I hope this isn't a clue,
because I just swallowed it.
I been waiting here a whole hour.
Say, chief, can't I get away
long enough to give my girl a hello?
Stick around, will you?
What are you nervous about?
She'll keep.
That's what you think.
I can't take a chance.
The fleet's in. She's defense-minded.
Come on, Romeo, get out of here.
Well, Mom-- Well, how's Mrs. Miller?

Oh, how can she be?
We've got to find out who did this.
Why, he never harmed a person
in his life, son.
Here now, this won't do any good.
You'll make yourself sick.
We'll let the cops handle this.
That's their business.
Excuse me.
I'd-- I'd like to see Mr. Miller, please.
I'm sorry, sister.
He-- He ain't here.
Do you know where I can find him?
What'd you wanna see him about?
Well, it's-- It's personal.
Well, you're too late.
-He was found dead a half an hour ago.
-Dead?
-Murdered.
-Oh, Gloves...
...I wanna talk to you.
Just a minute.
What the--?
Not so fast, Donahue.
Just where do you think you're going?
I was just talking to a dame,
and I turned around and...she's gone.
Even with a murder around,
you have to talk to dames.
Don't tell me there's a
city ordinance against that.
You just be available.
The DA will wanna know your version.
Hey, what are you trying to do?
Miller was a friend.
I been eating his cheesecake for 10 years.
I'm here to help the community.
Just make sure
you don't leave the community.
How about that?
Don't forget the policeman's ball
ain't so far off.
Son...
...did you notice anything peculiar

about that girl?
Peculiar? She does a great
vanishing act, if that's what you mean.
-Yes. Why did she run away like that?
-Well, maybe she was scared.
The puss on that lieutenant's
enough to scare anybody.
No. I've seen her here before
talking to Mr. Miller.
-Well, so what?
-That girl knows something.
Now, Ma, you can't suspect everybody
that comes into the bakery to buy bread.
-Yes, but there's something.
-What do you want him to do?
Spend his life
trying to find out who killed Cock Robin?
-No. But as sure as you--
-I know how you feel...
...but let's be sensible about this.
Let the cops handle it.
Now, you go on home
and buy yourself a new hat. And here--
Here's a couple hundred bucks for
Mrs. Miller. If she needs more, let me know.
-So long, Mom.
-Goodbye, son.
All right, Barney, drive me home.
Say, Johnny, did you see a girl
come out of here a few minutes ago?
Excuse me, boss.
Hey, Saratoga.
-Yes, sir?
-Isn't that my tie you got on?
-Yes, sir.
-And my shirt?
-Yes, sir.
-What are you doing with my belt?
You don't want your pants
to fall down, do you, boss?
I'll talk to you later.
-Yes, sir.
-Hey, where's Barney?
I don't know. He took a runout after we

left. He's got ants in his romance.
Get him for me, will you?
-Yeah, yeah. Yeah, yeah.
-Hey, Sunshine.
I got something hot
at the end of the wire. Yeah.
Cowboys from Wyoming?
All right, all right.
How much have they got
in traveler's checks?
Twenty grand. Now, listen,
this is an opportunity of a lifetime.
It's their first trip to New York.
The sky's the limit.
Okay, Spats, keep them on ice.
Your apartment in an hour.
I just staked a claim to a gold mine.
Spats dug up a couple of Wyoming types
in town on a convention.
They would like to spend a nice
sociable evening playing tiddlywinks.
I hope they're good losers.
I'll make sure. I'll bring my deck.
For who do the bells toll now?
-Yeah?
-Hello, let me talk to Gloves.
-This is Marty Callahan.
-Callahan? What do you want?
Just a minute.
Mr. Callahan would like
to converse with you.
Yeah, what is it, obnoxious?
Hello, Gloves? What are you
trying to do, put me out of business?
I run a ultra high-class joint. If you think
you can drag me into some murder rap--
What? Now, wait a minute.
Translate that into English, will you?
-What? Who?
-Your old lady. Your mother.
She's down here
crabbing my whole setup...
...with some beef about some guy named
Miller, some bakery, some murder rap.

Now, if you don't come and
get her out, I ain't gonna be responsible.
Okay, okay, don't have
a nervous breakdown. I'll be right over.
-Hey, get me out of this.
-Yes, sir.
-What's up?
-We're going to the Duchess Club.
-This is no time for a rumba lesson.
-It's my mother.
-Your mother?
-What's she doing?
Maybe if we're lucky,
she's dug up another dead body.
Hi, coach. I did it. I did it.
Annabelle and me got married.
I'm the happiest man in the world.
-Congratulations. Come on.
-I and the bride wanna go on a honeymoon.
-Next month, Casanova. Sorry, miss.
-I'm sorry, honey.
Oh, excuse me, Sunshine.
-Goodbye, honey.
-Come on. Come on.
See you later, toots.
Married 20 minutes
and already I'm a widow.
Don't worry, miss. Things ain't
always as black as they looks.
I can stay if I want to.
I want to stay here.
You're getting my customers
conscience-stricken.
-You're busting up my show.
-Take it easy.
This glamour girl
happens to be my mother.
Ain't I got enough trouble with you?
Do I have to have your mother?
I'm warning you.
Don't start up with my son.
I'm telling you, I don't know any Miller.
I know nothing about any murder...
...and stop upsetting my prima donna.

Now, be sweet, will you? Will you scram?
All right, Marty, all right.
Hey, Ma, what are you doing
down here at this time of the night?
Now, don't be angry with me, son.
But that girl's here.
-What girl?
-The one who came to the bakery.
My star performer don't go in
cheap bakeries.
That's what you think. Now, if you talk
to her, you'll find out who killed Miller.
I told you a thousand times,
she don't know any guy named Miller.
Don't go to pieces. What makes
you think she knows anything?
Son, I've got a feeling.
-And you know--
-When you've got a feeling...
-...you've got a feeling.
-You got a feeling.
-Who is this dame?
-Her name is Leda Hamilton.
She sings here.
Songs, foreign-type songs.
Now, will you take
your old lady home?
My customers start thinking
about home and mother, I'm a dead duck.
Now, get her out of here.
-The big blowhard. I'd like--
-All right, Mom.
Now, where is this dame?
Here.
That's her.
-Are you sure it's the same girl?
-Why, of course. Take a good look.
-Not bad.
-What's that?
-I said it's a sad song.
-Table, sir?
No, not just yet. Okay, Mom,
I'll have a talk with her.
-You do that, son. Ask her what she knows.

-Oh, yeah, sure. I'll find out everything.
Including address,
telephone number and open dates.
Sunshine, put my mother in a cab.
Have Starchy take her home.
-It'll be a pleasure.
-Good night.
-I'll give you a full report in the morning.
-You do that.
Good night and go to bed early.
Oh, yes, I'll go to bed early.
Hey, Joe.
-What's he doing here?
-Him and his old lady's driving me nuts.
If he wants a table, tell him we're full.
If he starts cracking, heave him out.
I'll do it in reverse.
I'll make him feel like a fish peddler.
We're all sold out, Mr. Donahue.
-Hello, Joe. What do you know?
-Don't say that to me.
Now, Donahue,
our prices are too high for you.
You'd look better
carrying your own tray.
-Besides, we only cater to the smart set.
-One of your off nights, eh?
I'm only gonna be here a few minutes.
What time is it?
You done that on purpose.
Don't get me mad. I got a bad temper.
You also got a bad memory.
Three months in a plaster cast the last time.
Thanks for reminding me.
That's still one I got to pay off.
Back to your smart set, Reginald.
Fish peddler.
Thank you, ladies and gentlemen.
And now I would like to do a number
that I first sang in Paris at the Bal Tabarin.
-Oh, Miss Hamilton.
-Yes?
Remember me? Gloves Donahue.
-Well, I--

-I know. You meet so many people.
That's it.
Miller's Bakery this afternoon.
-I'd like to have a little conference with you.
-I....
Suppose we step over to the bar.
We'll have a drink.
All right.
-What will you have?
-Sherry, please.
Sherry for the lady
and a double martini for me.
-Yes, sir.
-Well, Miss Hamilton...
...I don't mind telling you, you can
certainly sling those obligatos around.
-Thanks.
-Hello, Gloves.
Hi....
Nice kid.
I met her at the junior prom.
Now, what was it
you wanted to talk to me about?
Well, I don't know exactly
how to begin this beguine.
My old lady had a feeling that you might
be able to tell me about Miller's death.
Said she and the neighbors
used to see you down at the place often.
Of course. I-- I was a customer.
Oh, I seem to remember you saying this
afternoon that it was something personal.
-Did I?
-Yeah.
I can't remember anything I said.
I was so upset.
Well, that makes sense.
I'm sorry I bothered you, Miss Hamilton.
-Not at all.
-My old lady was pretty upset.
-The Millers were good friends of ours.
-Yes, I know.
If there's anything
I could do for his family....

l-- l never met Mrs. Miller, but he certainly was one of the nicest men l've ever known.

Yes, he was okay.

My only complaint is that he didn't tell me about you.

Well, that's too bad.

He told me all about you, though.

-No fooling?

-No fooling.

He knew you ever since you went to Public School 1 39.

Your real name is Alfred, but you keep it a secret.

Yeah, and don't you give it away.

What else?

You gave him a dozen ties for Christmas, you eat his cheesecakes three times a day...

...and make every restaurant on Broadway buy it, or else.

Oh, now, wait a minute. Miller never gave you that 'or else' business.

No. Mr. Callahan.

And he intimated that you were a no-good, double-crossing, chiseling--

Which one do you wanna believe?

-l'll tell you some other time.

-Okay.

l'm sorry, Mr. Donahue...

...but l couldn't possibly leave

Mr. Callahan right now.

Oh, hello, Pepi.

Pepi, this is Mr. Donahue.

-Mr. Donahue, this is Pepi, my accompanist.

-Hi.

Mr. Donahue is opening a new club in a few weeks.

-Oh, is he?

-Yes, and he's asked me to work for him.

-Oh, he did.

-Yeah, it's a-- It's a brand-new idea.

l was thinking Miss Hamilton here is quite an attraction.

Isn't she?

But we are perfectly happy here,

are we not?

-Of course.

-And now, Mr. Donahue, if you'll excuse us.

-I'd like to finish my drink, please.

-But we have to rehearse.

Didn't you hear her? The lady said she'd like to finish her drink.

And I said we have no time.

-I wouldn't advise you to do that.

-Do what?

-Listen, back to your piano.

-Please.

I don't like the way he's pushing you around.

It isn't important.

Don't interfere.

-Come on.

-Let her alone.

Take your hands off me.

Just a minute, Mr. Donahue. We don't want any disturbance. I warned you.

Oh, he's just trying to persuade her to quit Callahan.

Oh, chiseling again, huh?

I'm afraid we'll have to ask you to leave, lightly and politely.

Why don't you shut up.

I'm getting hoarse listening to you.

Good night, Mr. Donahue.

-Oh, Miss Hamilton--

-Now, would you leave?

Or do you want a sample of our Southern hospitality?

Okay, Reginald.

Spread a carpet for him on his way out.

I'm gonna talk to that dame.

-What did you do at Miller's?

-Nothing. I wasn't even there.

Don't lie. How come Donahue knew about that?

-Good night.

-And you better not come back.

Thanks for the tip.

Can we go now? I've been waiting so long
the mayor offered me a job as a fireplug.
For all the good I'm doing here,
I might as well be one too.
You know, I'm worried about that canary.
She's in a jam.
May I remind you we have a rendezvous
with a couple of cowboys?
That can wait.
Be back in a minute.
-Well, we're here for the duration.
-I don't get it.
I marry Annabelle,
and I spend my honeymoon with you.
Well, I can cook.
Now, don't start anything, Joe.
I'm gonna talk
to this Hamilton dame and--
Joe. Joe, what's the matter?
The dame....
They got the dame.
What are you talking about?
Who got the dame?
What are you trying to tell me, Joe?
-Hey, which way did that cab go?
-What cab?
-The Diamond cab out of the alley.
-I didn't see no cab.
What's up, coach?
Somebody bumped off Joe
and grabbed the dame.
-What?
-Drive me to the Diamond garage.
I gotta trace that cab.
Here we go again, boys.
-Got any idea who bumped Joe off?
-He died before he could tell.
All he did was hold up
his hand like this:
-What for?
-He wanted to leave the room.
-Shut up, the guy is dead.
-Well, I'm reasonably sorry.
Pat? Smitty.

Did you pick up a fare at the stage entrance
of the Duchess Club about 8:30?
If you see Frankie Cole,
tell him to call in.
-Well, what about it?
-No soap yet, Gloves.
But we'll trace it sooner or later.
You're sure it was one of our cabs?
-Positive. It almost flattened me.
-We'll find out as soon as Frankie calls in.
-The Duchess Club's his beat.
-Let me scram, coach? Annabelle's waiting.
-Quiet down, will you, Barney?
-I'm a married man. I got obligations.
All right, send her flowers.
Ladies and gentlemen...
...we interrupt our program
to bring you this latest news bulletin,
Joe Denning, nightclub operator
and partner of Marty Callahan...
...owner of the Duchess Club, was found
dead tonight with a bullet in his back,
A glove found near the body was
identified as property of Gloves Donahue...
...man about town and well-known figure,
Callahan accuses Donahue of the murder,
Police are now searching for Donahue, who
was last seen driving a long black car...
...license number 22007 7,
All citizens are asked
to report sight of the car...,
Murder. How about that?
Blasting my good name all over the air.
You'd think Callahan would know me better.
May I suggest we visit the DA's office
and deny everything ipso facto?
Yeah, that's good.
Walk in there and I'll never get out.
He's been trying to hang
something on me for years.
Well, there's no use denying it,
we're practically outlaws.
Poor Annabelle.
Married to an accessory before the fact.

-Listen, Smitty, I gotta find that dame now.

-Well, I'm doing my best--

Maybe this is Frankie now.

Hello.

Listen, Frankie. Did you make a haul
from the Duchess bar about 8:30 tonight?

Yeah? Where to?

Okay. You're in luck, Gloves.

Frankie picked up this customer and took
him to a warehouse at 733 East 61 st Street.

-Lend me a cab, will you. My car's hot.

-Go ahead.

-Thanks. If anybody asks, you ain't seen us.

-You know me.

How many years do you get
if they give you life?

Nice, cheerful little neighborhood. Friend of
mine got his skull crushed here last week.

-For what?

-For nothing.

'1.J. Madison Importers and Exporters.'

This can't be the place.

That's the address Smitty gave us.

-Maybe he got his numbers mixed.

-Ring the bell. Ask the landlady.

Wait a minute,

maybe the landlady won't like it.

-You douse the lights and wait here.

-Alone?

Yeah. Come with me, Sunshine.

How long you gonna be gone, fellas?

What do you care?

You got your insurance paid.

That friend of yours. How is he?

Fine. He's dead.

What are you gonna do now?

Try to figure out a way to get in here.

Well, allow me.

I suddenly remember
something from my youth.

-Good evening, officer.

-How are you?

-This your cab?

-Yes, sir.

Better get it out of here
before someone takes it.
-I can't, I'm waiting for a fare.
-Stick around, you'll get one.
There ain't a night passes
we don't pick a stiff out of the river.
-Thanks.
-You're welcome.
Personally, I'd feel more comfortable
if I had a rod.
'Here lies Sunshine under the sod.
That's not odd. He had no rod.'
You know, there are times
when I wonder about you.
What would a sweetheart like that
Hamilton dame be doing in a dump like this?
Maybe she still believes in Santa Claus.
Quiet.
I must have slipped.
You must have slipped.
All right, dig yourself out of there
and let's go.
This is not my idea
of how to spend a pleasant evening.
Right now I could be dealing myself
a straight flush.
If I could only figure out what Joe meant
when he held up his hand.
I know he must have been trying
to tell me something...
...or show me something.
You are the noisiest guy.
I wonder what's up there.
You know, I think we ought to--
Hey, Sunshine.
Sunshine.
Hey, Sunshine.
So you were target practicing,
were you?
-Barney.
-What happened to you?
-You look like you been rolled.
-I had a little trouble inside.
-Where did you get that?

-Same place. Seen Sunshine?
No, coach, he's with you.
Coach, he ain't with you.
Somebody yanked him
and took him up to the third floor.
-I followed. I couldn't find a thing.
-No Sunshine?
No Sunshine, and no third floor.
But you said
you got to the third floor.
-I did.
-It's all clear to me, ain't it?
I got an idea. This building must connect
with one on the next street.
-Right, they both come together.
-Drive me around the corner.
You better brush up,
you look terrible.
Drive slow. It ought to be
just about in the middle of the block.
There.
Stop in front of that auction shop.
Maybe it's a front.
' 'Continental Art Galleries.' '
-High-class joint.
-Yeah.
-Hey, how do I look?
-Oh, fine.
Okay, let's go.
And now, ladies and gentlemen,
we offer you a most extraordinary piece.
This George I
secretary bookcase.
As you can see,
it is in excellent condition.
An original piece of the period...
...it was for many years a part
of the famous Holbrook collection.
Now, surely, there is someone here...
...who would appreciate the beauty
of this magnificent piece.
Looks like an old-fashioned
revival meeting.
Will somebody say \$3000

for this superb secretary?
-Twelve fifty.
-Twelve fifty, I'm offered 1 250.
Can I hear 1 500?
Fifteen hundred dollars?
-Fifteen hundred.
-I'm bid 1 500.
Can I hear 2500?
Twenty-five hundred dollars?
-Twenty-two fifty.
-Thank you, madame.
Twenty-two fifty.
And now, please, I have 2250.
May I hear \$2500?
-Twenty-five hundred dollars?
-May I help you?
No, I'm just looking around.
Is there anything in particular
you're interested in?
Yeah, but, nothing around here
seems to catch my fancy.
-Tell me what you're looking for--
-What do you got in there, in that room?
Well, that's the cashier's office.
Well, I'll just stick around.
Something might strike my eye.
Twenty-five hundred once.
Twenty-five hundred twice.
You ain't kidding, either.
Twenty-five hundred dollars
once, twice and sold...
...to that very charming lady
in the second row.
-This way, madame, please.
-I think I'd better have a look in there.
You'll find the cashier in here.
And now, ladies and gentlemen,
for the next item to be offered...
...I have here
this exquisite Directoire desk.
Madame.
I guarantee this piece
to be authentic Louis XV...
...with the original ormolu.

It was brought to this country
before the war, so I advise you....
The man in the second row
on the aisle, that's Donahue.
Tell Ebbing.
-Do I hear an opening bid of \$2000?
-Five hundred.
But, ladies and gentlemen,
\$500 is ridiculous.
Once Marshal Ney sat at this desk...
...and Napoleon too.
-Do I hear more?
-One grand.
I believe that's
a thousand dollars, isn't it?
-Check.
-I have \$ 1 000.
May I hear 1 500?
May I hear \$ 1 500?
Fifteen hundred dollars?
Fifteen hundred.
Fifteen hundred. I'm offered 1 500.
Do I hear more?
-Two G's.
-Two G's--
-That's \$2000?
-You got it.
Are you gonna pay two grand
for that broken-down table?
Relax, I know what I'm doing.
Two thousand dollars.
I'm offered \$2000.
May I have \$2500?
Twenty-five hundred dollars, please?
-Twenty-five hundred.
-I'll see the lady and raise her five.
That's \$3000, I believe?
-That's right, brother.
-Three thousand dollars.
I have \$3000. Do I hear more?
Do I hear more?
Save your breath.
It won't do any good.
Three thousand dollars.

Once, twice, and sold to that
very distinguished gentleman.

-And may I congratulate you.

-Wait here.

Excuse me. I'll have the cashier
come out here for your convenience.

There's no inconvenience at all.

But, I'm sure you'd find it
more profitable to remain.

There are so many wonderful items
for a collector.

Oh, I've got all I want out here, sister.

And now, ladies and gentlemen,
we are going to offer you...

...a magnificent set of Rockingham china.

How do you do, sir?

I'll attend to this gentleman personally.

-Won't you sit down?

-Oh, thanks.

-Nice show you put on out there.

-Thank you.

How would you like to pay?

-Got a blank check?

-Certainly.

Here we are.

-Got a pen?

-Of course.

Oh, it broke.

Another antique, eh?

Try this one, sir.

Fascinating idea, blank check,
if you ever stop to think about it.

Yes, very fascinating.

It's a nice layout you got here.

-Full of stuff to tempt the eye, as they say.

-Could we tempt you with something...

...to go with the desk?

-Oh, no. No, thanks.

You wouldn't happen to have anything...

...in the toy line, would you?

-Toys?

-No antique toys.

-No, modern.

When my nephew gets through

with them, they'll be antique.

That's very charming.

There you are.

-What's that?

-The ventilating system.

Somebody took a shot at me

in that ventilating system...

...and hijacked a pal of mine.

Keep your hands in front of you.

-I beg your pardon.

-Listen, buddy, I don't know your racket...

...and I'm trying not to move in,

but I gotta know one thing:

-Where is Miss Hamilton?

-Miss Hamilton?

Yeah.

I'm afraid you have us confused
as the Bureau of Missing Persons.

Will you show

this gentleman the door?

-Certainly.

-I'd advise you to butt out.

You're not a bad-looking character.

I'd hate to see that fine nose of yours
smeared all over your pan.

I gotta know.

Where is Miss Hamilton?

Oh, hello, baby.

I don't know what

they're doing to you...

...but you got nothing

to worry about now, I'm here.

I wouldn't advise you to do that.

The little lady and I are going out.

Don't bother me now, I'm busy.

You say Donahue followed you
from the club?

-That's right.

-Who was with him?

Oh, two of his friends.

One we got in a warehouse,

the other's downstairs in the auction room.

-Did they find out anything?

-I don't think so.

-This man, Leda, is he a friend of yours?
-No. I met him tonight for the first time.
-What were they doing at the club?
-Oh, talking...
...but very intimately.
-What about?
-He offered me a job.
He's opening a new club.
-What does he do, Pepi?
-Oh, he's a Broadway big shot.
Very belligerent personality.
-Yes?
-Fleisher's here,
-Send him in.
-Schroeder and Holzmeir will be late.
Their plane has been forced down
at Harrisburg. Bad weather.
Tell them they must get here quickly.
-They must take a chance.
-Yes, sir.
Come in, Fleisher.
-Did you bring the drawings?
-I couldn't do it. It wasn't possible.
You had your instructions.
If those drawings disappear,
I'll be held responsible.
As foreman of the plant, the police
will come to see me first.
I can't do it.
I must keep my job.
And the next time, I break your neck.
Now get me those drawings.
We must have them tonight.
I'm sure he'll bring them now.
Pepi, you better look after Donahue.
Arrange to have a truck take him
and his friend to New Jersey.
Madame, get rid
of the other one downstairs.
-What about this girl?
-We will discuss it later.
Later? Why not now?
I said, we will discuss it later.
But Pepi hasn't told you all about her.

-This afternoon she--
-Madame.
I know my duty.
-I hope you know yours.
-What about the meeting?
-Are you still holding it here?
-Why not?
Isn't it dangerous
after what's happened?
It will take more than Mr. Donahue
to disrupt my schedule.
I've told you what to do. Do it.
Get Steindorff on the phone.
Wait in my study, Leda.
The meeting will be at 3. Tell everybody
to use the warehouse entrance.
I am offered 750.
Seven-fifty once.
Seven-fifty twice.
Sold to Mr. Marlin for 750.
We'll charge that to your account, sir.
That, ladies and gentlemen,
concludes our session for tonight.
Next week, we're offering the contents
of a Southampton estate.
I hope to see you all then.
Good night.
And thank you for coming.
Good night.
-Are you waiting for someone?
-Yes, ma'am. I'm waiting for my friend.
Kind of a tall, dark,
handsome-like gentleman.
-I don't seem to remember him.
-Yes, you do.
The one that bought the fancy desk.
Paid a lot of scratch for it too.
Oh, yes, the Louis XV
with the gilt ormolu.
-No, ma'am, just a desk.
-But that was some time ago.
He paid for it and left.
No. He wouldn't leave without me.
I'm just like his right hand.

We was kids together down the Eastside.
I'm sorry, I haven't time
to listen to your biography.
We're closing now.
I must ask you to go.
I'm sorry, I ain't moving
without my friend.
-Then I shall insist.
-Lookit, lady...
...when we started
there was three of us.
Twenty minutes later there was only two.
Now there's only one.
One of us ain't enough
to leave here alone.
I'll go and see for myself.
Hello.
Will you show this gentleman
to the door, Anton?
Careful, buddy.
I got a very nasty temper.
You can't intimidate me.
I'm warning you.
I'll tell the police.
I'll tell them he's here.
Why don't you.
I understand they, too,
are looking for Mr. Donahue.
-Good night.
-Good night, ma'am.
I'm going.
I said good night, didn't I?
What are you doing here?
Ebbing asked me to wait for him.
-Where is he?
-In the office.
You can see him there.
He asked me to wait for him here.
Madame, there is no reason
for you to dislike me.
I not only dislike you...
...I distrust you.
But I'm sure you know that
if ever you are tempted to betray us...

...your father will be the first to hear of it
and the first to pay for it.

If you have any idea that your friend
Mr. Donahue can help you...

...you can give that up too.

Pepi will take care of him.

Hey.

Hey.

That you, Sunshine?

If it ain't, I've been doing a lot
of suffering for the wrong party.

Quiet.

These knots must have been tied
by the number one Boy Scout.

-untie me, will you?

-Glad to be of service.

How do them seals
get around so fast?

What happened to you?

A gentleman persuaded me
to look at his etchings.

What persuaded you?

That dame.

-The dame?

-Yeah.

That makes the evening perfect.

Wait till the boys at Charlie's
hear about this.

Yeah, a couple of smart guys we are.

Speak for yourself.

You and that cheesecake
started all this.

-Why couldn't you--?

-Oh, lay off, will you?

There's a door at the end of the hall,
leads to the docks.

I don't figure you, sister.

First you slug me,

now you're trying to help me.

-Who killed Joe Denning?

-The same man who killed Miller.

That doesn't add up. Miller and Joe
knocked off by the same party?

-I can't untie this.

-All right, skip that. Try my hands.
Now listen, sister,
I've been tagged for Joe's murder.
Cops are looking for me all over.
I've got to clear myself.
-Who killed Joe Denning?
-I can't tell you.
-I've got to leave.
-Now, wait a minute. Wait a minute.
There's a cigarette lighter
in this pocket here. Give it to me.
Good luck.
How can you trust this girl?
Why are you so blind about her?
If you don't mind, I will handle this.
Call me the moment Schroeder arrives.
Sit down, Leda.
I have neglected you,
my little Hansel, yes.
But now we are going to play.
Here you are.
And now let's go on, Leda.
Pepi tells me
you went to see Miller today.
I was in the shop,
if that's what you mean.
Why?
I've been buying things there
for quite some time.
Madame seems to think
you went for some other reason.
Madame has a fabulous imagination.
-Ask if she and Miller weren't against us.
-That isn't true.
-Why did you bring Donahue?
-I didn't bring him here.
I accidentally met him.
If he followed me, it wasn't my fault.
-I tried my best to discourage him.
-How did he find you?
I don't know. But he could have shot
his way out of here tonight.
And he would if I hadn't stopped him.
-I think that is your answer.

-Does it satisfy you?
-Apparently, it satisfies you.
-It does.
If anything goes wrong tonight,
it will be your fault.
The responsibility rests with you.
I'm glad you recognize my position.
I hope you don't forget it.
Come on, Willie,
put them in those crates.
And now, gentlemen,
you are going on a nice little trip.
Unfortunately, you won't see
much of the scenery.
Are you thinking of putting us
in those crates?
-Oh, certainly.
-Are we going parcel post or c.o.d.?
Oh, don't you worry about that.
You'll arrive.
Come, hurry up, Willie.
I hope you will enjoy New Jersey.
Bon voyage.
When you work hard,
you should have a beer, right?
Quiet those dogs of yours, will you?
-What kind of a place is this?
-I don't know.
-But nobody's gonna tie me up again.
-Quiet.
I got some Indian blood in me.
What are you gonna do?
'Principal airways.'
'Arterial highways.'
Looks like Public School 1 67.
I got expelled from there.
'Crude oil.'
Get a load of the spelling.
'Steel.'
Things are looking up.
What kind of a radio is that?
It's a shortwave outfit.
What goes on here?
I don't know. I don't get it.

Hold on.
Schickelgruber, the housepainter.
Yeah, I recognize the face,
but I don't know where to put it.
Hey, there's more here
than meets the eye.
Say, do you know something?
We been playing tag
with a bunch of fifth columnists.
-Wait a minute.
-What? You don't like the manicure?
Five. Fivers.
That's what Joe was trying to tell me.
How about that?
A bunch of fifth columnists
on 61st Street...
...two blocks off 5th Avenue.
How about that?
I told you it was time
you got your mind...
...out of the sports section
and onto the front page, didn't I?
-Is that you, Herr Ebbing?
-Sure.
Herr Ebbing?
Herr Ebbing?
Very good.
Joe DiMaggio couldn't have done better.
I used to bat .320
at reform school.
Put that guy in the closet.
How about getting out
and having a little talk with the cops?
We'd better take a few souvenirs.
The police are frequently skeptical.
Hey, do you remember anything else
from your youth?
Yeah, but they gave me three years
to forget.
You and the elephants, huh?
What's that?
I don't know.
Looks like the who's who.
Hey.

Hey, get a load of this.
Miller was one of this outfit.
-You mean, ''Cheesecake'' Miller?
-Yeah, take a look.
Hey, you remember that fire
on the Brooklyn docks?
-Yeah.
-This outfit.
Holy smoke.
These guys have really been busy.
Hey, boss,
I don't wanna blast your romance...
...but your big moment, Miss Leda Hamilton,
is one of these Bund babies too.
''Leda Hamilton.
uda Hammel, father in D-A-C-H-A-u.''
''Dachau.''' Where's that?
Must be one of those towns
across the drink.
What's the difference?
It says there he's dead.
If she's one of this mob,
why did she help us?
This is no time
for ''information, please.''
Come on, let's get out of here.
I think I'll take this along.
It might come in handy.
I'm going to take a look around.
Come on.
Take a peek down there.
If you hear a blowout,
you'll know I bumped into Gring.
It's later than you think, Leda.
While this deluded nation
arms for defense...
...we will drive deeper
the wedge of discontent and confusion.
Do you ever look at the faces of these
Americans as they read the headlines?
Already we have split them into angry
little groups flying at each other...
...unconscious they are doing our work.
You will see...

...in a year...
...perhaps less than a year,
they will all be taking their orders from us.
First, Brother Rat, you take
a few orders from me. Get them up.
We're gonna let the cops in
on some of your bright ideas.
Thank you. But for the present,
I would rather keep my ideas to myself.
Listen, you ain't got
no secrets from me.
I just took a quick tour
through your tunnel of love.
Looks like the number one office of Hitler
and company. You're coming along too.
You realize you will never get out of here.
Every entrance is guarded.
Don't try that line on me, Jack.
This is Broadway, not Berlin.
It's a great pity, Mr. Donahue,
that you and I should oppose each other.
We have so much in common.
Yeah, how's that?
You are a man of action.
You take what you want
and so do we.
You have no respect for democracy.
Neither do we.
It's clear we should be allies.
It's clear you are screwy.
I've been a registered
Democrat ever since I could vote.
I may not be model citizen number one...
...but I pay my taxes, wait for traffic lights,
buy 24 tickets regular...
...to the policeman's ball.
Don't get me mixed up with no league
that rubs out innocent little bakers and--
Excellent. Did you learn that
in one of your gang wars?
No, that's a little trick I picked up...
...from Benny's shooting gallery
in Coney Island.
If you don't quit stalling,

I'll show you other tricks.
Well, Leda, it's useless to argue
with such determination.
Hey, where are you going, buster?
For my hat,
if you don't object.
You make another false start...
...you won't have a head
to put it on. Get those hands up.
You're a smart character, ain't you?
All right, go ahead, get your hat.
Thank you.
Send help at once! Donahue is here.
Guard the exits. Alarm signal.
-What's that?
-There'll be a dozen men up here.
-You'll never get out.
-Come on.
Please, Gloves, listen to me.
Please, let me explain.
You can't talk your way out of this one,
sister. I know all about you now.
Sunshine. Sunshine.
Hey, Gloves, in here.
This place will be a shooting gallery
in two minutes.
Yeah, and we're gonna be clay pigeons.
-What's the matter?
-Donahue has run away...
...and the girl is in there too.
They're locked in.
Franz.
-Where do you think you're going?
-Gloves, please let me go.
I helped you, didn't I?
You've got to help me.
Get out of here, but let me stay.
Get out of my way.
I don't know what you're up to.
Out there, the cops are waiting
with a ticket to the hot seat.
You know who killed Joe and Miller,
and you know what's going on here.
-You're exhibit A. You're coming with me.

-Hey, Gloves.
This way out.
Go on.
-Hey, Barney. Barney.
-Where have you been?
-You don't know what I've been through.
-We're coming down.
This is no time for foolish questions,
but how?
Down that latticework.
Start climbing, sister.
-I won't do it.
-You're getting to be a nuisance.
-Give her the old one-two.
-I hate to do this.
Glass jaw.
Be careful now.
Watch your step.
-Stop shooting, you idiot.
-But the two of them are in there.
Break in the door.
That's too slow for me.
Why don't you stay
in your own back yard.
-Hey, who is this?
-My alibi.
-How do you do?
-Drive me to the 47th Street precinct.
-That's the police station.
-I know it.
Hey, wait for Tarzan.
Hey, what'll I do?
Let go, you dope.
-Hurry, hurry!
-They went through the window.
Come on, come on.
They must not get away from us.
-There they are.
-Are you crazy?
We'll have the police at our neck.
We must catch them. Come on.
I don't often slug a lady,
but you gave me the cue.
I shouldn't have expected any better.

If you only had kept out of this.
You've messed up everything.
I'm ashamed of myself.
How is it possible?
I told you to dispose of those guys.
How should I know?
When I left, they were still tied up.
Hey, them weenies are tagging us.
Hit it up, Barney.
I'm racing now.
-Well, cut through the park.
-Right.
Anton, shoot at the tire.
-Let's go!
-Stall them as long as you can.
-Ebbing.
-Come on, sister.
No, wait.
Ebbing. Ebbing.
Ebbing.
Ebbing.
-There they are.
-Anton, over there.
We must spread out.
One to the left, one to the right.
Hey, what are you trying to do,
break your neck?
I suppose you're sorry I didn't.
You try that again,
and maybe I'll do it for you.
Now come on, get on your feet.
Pepi. What are you standing here for?
-We'll never find them. They're gone.
-We must find them.
I can't go any further.
Oh, yes, you can.
Some night you're giving me, sister.
I start out the evening
with a nice poker game in view...
...and wind up in Central Park
playing cowboys and Indians.
I don't know where I am.
How about that?
Me, in the middle of New York City,

lost in the woods.

Now, come on.

Sit down in here and keep quiet.

Will you please try and listen?

You talk about Denning and Miller and
the fancy killers you run with, and I'll listen.

-Otherwise, shut up.

-But you don't understand.

I hate them just as much as you do.

Do you think I work for them

because I want to? I have to.

Don't give me that. This is a free country.

Nobody does what they don't wanna do.

-Please, let me explain.

-Listen, I'm a busy man.

If I can get out of this...

...I'm gonna turn you over to the cops,
explain to them.

You can't do that.

Someone's life depends on it.

You said it, sister. Mine.

No, my father's.

Your father?

What's he got to do with it?

They're holding him

in a concentration camp in Germany.

unless I keep on working with Ebbing,
they'll kill him.

Wait a minute.

Where's this place, D-a-c-h-a-u?

Dachau. That's where

they're holding him.

What do you know about it?

Stay over there.

Gloves. You're looking for me,
I suppose.

Yeah.

I thought you'd run out on me.

There's no need for that now.

Tough luck, kid.

I'll do whatever you say.

Okay.

Sit down here, kid.

Hello, Westmore Hote--

Oh, good evening.
Give me a room, Curley.
-With or without?
-It don't make any difference. Any kind.
-Boy.
-For me and the lady.
-And who might that be?
-My mother.
-Have you got any baggage?
-No.
Sorry, I can't give you
a room without baggage.
Give me that key. Call up the cops and tell
them you got Gloves Donahue up in 21 4.
-Who?
-Gloves Donahue.
I'm a murderer. A killer.
There's my picture, one of my best.
Come on, kid.
There's a 10 grand reward out for me.
You'll never have a chance like this till
you pick a winner in the sweepstakes.
We'll walk.
Operator, give me the police, quick.
This ain't exactly in my line,
playing nursemaid.
Feeling better?
Thanks.
Now, now, come on,
cut that out now.
Here. Here, have a cigarette.
I'm sorry about tonight, kid.
Sorry you had to go through all this.
It wasn't your fault, Gloves.
Well, I wish you could have found out
about your old man in some easier way.
Quite a shock, wasn't it?
It's all right.
Just as well.
It's better for him this way.
Sure it is.
It's better for you too.
At least they can't kick you around
any longer.

How'd you ever get tied up
with them?

I came here two years ago.
Ebbing found out I was in New York
and gave me the choice:
My services or my father's life.
Nice characters.

-What were you supposed to do?
-Meet important people.
Try and get information.
That's why I was at the club.
Oh, I knew you was okay
the first time I talked to you tonight.
Like my old lady says,
'I had a feeling.'

But then as the evening wore on,
I got a little mixed up.
And when I caught that conversation
between you and the headman...
...well, I-- I guess I blew my topper.
Say, you were saying that Miller and Joe
were bumped off by the same guy.

-Who was it?
-Pepi.

That squirt?
What did he have against Miller?
Weren't they working together?
No. Miller was working
under pressure too.
They must have asked him
to do something and he refused.
Oh, I see.

Well, we'll get that Pepi.
We got a special little gadget
up in Sing Sing that'll just melt him away.
It isn't only Pepi, Gloves.
There are hundreds of them in New York.
In every city of the country.
They get around, don't they?
I was glancing through this book.
What's in there is nothing compared
to what they're gonna do tonight.
They're planning something
much more serious...

-...than anything they've ever done before.

-Yeah?

That's what Miller wanted
to talk to me about.

That's what I was trying to find out
from Ebbing when you came in.

Holy smoke. Haven't you got any idea
what it's all about?

No, but I do know that there's a meeting

at 3:

...and they're expecting
two munition experts from Detroit.

How about that?

Munition experts, huh?

-You say the meeting is at 3:00?

-Yes.

Well, we'll bust that up.

Open up. Police.

Tell the cops everything you told me.

That will even up the score
for both of us.

Come in, boys. Am I glad to see you.

All right, kiddie, get your coat on.

We're getting out of here with an escort.

Good evening.

To quote you, Mr. Donahue,

'Get them up.'

You're like a bad penny.

-Are you all right, Leda?

-Yes.

Good.

He won't annoy you any longer.

-Can I go now?

-Yes.

Yes, I know.

I'm sorry, but your father
was an enemy of the state.

That's no excuse for murder.

I'm afraid you will be
of no further use to us.

Take them both.

If you please, Mr. Donahue.

Okay, buster.

It looks like it's your pot.
-Do you mind if I check out?
-Keep quiet.
Hi, boys.
Now, I want you to meet
some friends of mine.
You're just in time, boys.
I got something for you.
Good evening, officer.
Mr. Donahue tried to escape,
but we kept him. Good night.
-Thanks, buddy.
-Hey, you, come back here.
Don't let them get away.
They're spies, fifth columnists.
-Yeah, and I'm Hitler.
-I'm telling you. Don't let them get away.
Remember that explosion last week
and that fire in the shipyards a month ago?
This outfit's back of all that. That antique
joint's a front for the whole works.
You take my breath away.
Now, why don't you start your story
with, 'Once upon a time--'
Stop kidding around, will you?
I'm telling you straight.
-It's in that book I was telling you about.
-Yes, the book.
-We mustn't forget the book.
-He's right, you've got to believe us.
All I wanna know
is who killed Joe Denning.
A goggle-eyed little rat named Pepi.
He's the guy that got Miller too.
You're making a very naughty boy
out of this Pepi.
What I don't understand is, what is the
connection between Denning and Miller?
I told you 50 times.
I don't grasp it.
Maybe I'm not big enough mentally.
If you don't quit munching that sandwich
and throw your brain into high gear...
...those guys are gonna hijack

the Statue of Liberty.
Come on, I'll show you the hangout.
Okay, I'm no prude.
I'd like to see this den of bogeymen.
Now, don't let anyone
take that sandwich.
And that goes for you too.
What are you going this way for?
They got a trick entrance in the back.
I like to be conventional.
Let's go in the front.
You might as well have told them
you were coming.
Listen, Gloves, I'm a simple man.
I can only digest
one hunk of bunk at a time.
You'll change your mind
when you get inside.
That's possible. I can be convinced.
Well, here we go.
-Well?
-Open up.
What do you want?
What do I want?
What do I look like? Open up.
-Yes, sir.
-Don't worry, boys.
-They told me there'd be nights like this.
-All right.
The main office is right down this hall.
This will open up your eyes.
You're scaring me. Sounds like
the next installment of superman.
My kids will enjoy this.
How about this?
Very convincing.
Yeah, but I don't get it.
There was a bunch of desks in here, a--
A lot of maps on the wall...
...and a shortwave radio there
and a picture of what's-his-name--
Maybe they're still here.
Maybe we just can't see them.
Why don't you quit being funny.

I saw them with my eyes.
Great evidence,
an invisible office.
Hey, you. What became of all
the stuff that was in here?
I don't know. This has been a storeroom
as long as I've been here.
What are you telling me?
I was here an hour--
Don't get excited, Gloves.
Take it easy.
But this guy's one of them too.
How long you been working here?
Oh, five or six years.
He's lying.
I've never seen him here before.
Anything been moved out
of this room tonight?
Not that I know of.
The gentleman
must have another place in mind.
-I haven't got any other place in mind--
-Now, Gloves.
The good little fairy won't like you.
Gloves, the elevator. They must have
moved all the stuff into the warehouse.
The elevator.
I forgot all about that.
Come on, Forbes.
Right behind this wall.
How do you get in there?
There's a switch over here.
You fellas stand back.
It opens out that way.
Gloves, it's gone.
-What?
-There was a button releasing the spring.
I think I have a clue, folks.
Aladdin came with his lamp, gave it some
rubs, and the whole thing disappeared.
-You gotta listen--
-I've been listening to you.
You listen to me.
I'll tell you what we'll do.

We'll all get on our magic carpet
and get back to the station.
We'll let the DA unravel this
in the morning.
That'll be too late.
We've got to find them tonight.
He's telling the truth.
We've got to stop them tonight.
I'm sorry, Miss Hamilton. You're acting
your part fine, but I'm a bad audience.
I'm booking you for murder and holding
your girl for more questioning.
I'm telling you, behind that wall...
...is an elevator leading to a warehouse
in the next block.
I've had enough of that.
Elevators, radios, secret panels.
I'm tired chasing butterflies.
Okay, baby, I guess it's no dice.
The lieutenant is losing his temper.
I surrender, dear.
Come on.
-Wait.
-What is it now?
Leda...
...that curtain.
Oh, the curtain. Of course.
-You gonna start that again?
-No.
I think that's what I been looking for.
-What do you see?
-Nothing.
-See you later, baby.
-Come back here, Gloves.
-Don't let him get away, boys.
-Go get him.
You can't get away with this, Gloves.
Come back, Gloves...
...or I'll shoot.
Hello, hello.
Yeah, let me talk to Benny.
-Here you are, Sunshine.
-Hello, Benny?
You seen anything of Gloves tonight?

Yeah, we know the cops
are looking for him.
Keep your lamps open, and if you see him,
we're waiting at Spats' place.
-Can I use the phone, please?
-Go away. What about Yipp's place?
I called them, no soap.
I'll try the Golden Rule.
-Can't I please phone Annabelle?
-What's eating you?
I'm worried about my honeymoon,
I just got married.
So? Gloves might be lying
with a knife in his back.
You ought to be worrying about him,
not your honeymoon.
-Can't I worry about them both?
-The line's busy.
-Can I use the phone, please?
-Okay, call her, but make it a quickie.
Well, what do we do now?
Best thing for Gloves is to get in a plane
and go as far as it'll take him.
What kind of a mouthpiece are you?
You're convicting him
before they convict him.
Hey, don't you start complaining.
You got him mixed up
in this from the first.
-Who, me?
-Yeah, you.
I told you, we were at the ball game
this afternoon...
...when his old lady called up
about Miller's cheesecake, so I--
-If I hear that story again, I'll go nuts.
-Wait. Fellas, please.
-I'm trying to converse with Annabelle.
-Converse.
Don't get sore, Annabelle.
I can't help it.
I'm lonesome too.
I'm doing the very best I can.
I'm only human after all.

I'm at Spats' place.
Honest, I am. I'm waiting for Gloves.
Tell her, will you?
-Forget her. I'll get you another dame.
-Annabelle, I don't want another.
No, I don't love Gloves
more than I love you.
-Tell her, will you?
-Hang up, stupid.
No, Annabelle.
Anna-- An--
All right, she hung up.
You see what you've done?
She's gonna divorce me
and name Gloves as corespondent.
-Don't worry, you need the experience.
-But I haven't had any experience.
Hey, Spats.
-What's the matter?
-Quick, give a look.
Callahan and his boys are downstairs.
We're wasting our time.
Gloves will never pass through that.
He'll show. I'll sign an affidavit.
What about these cowboys?
I can't hold onto them much longer.
If I listen to that song once more,
I'll shoot them.
-And I'll bury them.
-Let them go.
-What about the poker?
-Forget it.
What, forget 20 grand?
Gloves is in a jam...
...and that dough will buy writs of certiorari
and habeas corpuses, ipso facto.
That's good, take them over.
-I'm running out of double talk.
-All right, come on.
There they are.
How you doing, boys?
I'll tell you, I'm getting mighty weary
waiting for this here Mr. Donahue.
Me too. I'm all for hitting the trail

back to the motel.

-Come on, Sage.

-Now, now.

Wait a minute, Buck,
it's like I told you.

Mr. Donahue's delayed,
but he'll be here any minute.

-Right, Starchy?

-Yeah, keep your spurs on.

After all, you can't expect
pyramid aldacia ferberson all the time.

-Lay off that gab, will you?

-Come on there, Barney.

-Cheer up the boys.

-Let's whoop her up, wranglers.

Come right in.

Come right in.

Hello, Barney.

Mrs. Donahue.

What are you doing here?

Well, I've been looking for Gloves,
and I can't find him.

I've been to his apartment and his office,
I thought maybe he might be here.

He just stepped out for a little air.

He'll be right back.

Why don't you come on in. Sit down.

There's a nice chair.

-You know the boys.

-Good evening, Mother.

-Hello.

-How are you, Mrs. Donahue?

Barney, I'm that worried
about Gloves.

It says here in the paper
that he killed somebody.

They're trying to build up circulation.

-Exactly.

-Well, I don't understand it.

Now, when I come in here
a little while ago...

...there was Callahan
and his boys downstairs...

...and they tried to search me.

-What?
-He can't do that without a search warrant.
-How about a little drink?
-Fix you a glass of sherry.
Oh, no, thank you, Barney.
But I wouldn't mind
a little bit of bicarbonate.
Oh, yes, bicarbonate. I'll get it.
Gloves! Hey, fellas, it's Gloves!
It's Gloves, fellas! It's Gloves!
Hey, Martin.
Now, don't start shooting.
Let me get my mitts on him first.
So I do a beautiful swan dive
into the East River.
They don't follow,
because they figure I'm at the bottom.
And that's the story up to now.
-What's the idea, Callahan?
-Shut up.
You've got no right
to break in here, you big ape.
This is illegal entry.
He's got a date with the hot seat.
I'll see he keeps it.
-Son.
-It's okay, Mom.
Marty, you got me figured all wrong.
I didn't kill Joe, but I know who did.
-Pepi, your piano player.
-Don't try to tell me--
That greaseball is part of a mob
that makes us look like Little Bo Peep.
They used your joint
to do their finagling in.
-When did you dream that up?
-That's no dream.
He's referring to parties
from across the pond.
In tracking down this Hamilton doll,
I uncovered...
...a nest of fifth columnists, fivers.
Spies to you. Pepi was one of them.
That's what Joe found out,

so Pepi knocked him off.
What do you tell me for?
Why don't you spill it to the cops?
I tried to, but no soap.
Listen, Marty,
I know you're no mental giant...
...but try to juggle this, all of you.
I got a firsthand report
on what it's like on the other side...
...from that Hamilton babe, and, I'm
telling you, we gotta watch our steps.
Those babies are strictly no good
from way down deep.
They're no bunch of petty racketeers
muscling in on some small territory.
They wanna move in wholesale.
Take over the country.
It don't make no difference
who runs the country...
-...as long as they stay out of my way.
-They're not gonna stay out of your way.
-Oh, yes, they will.
-Now, listen, big shot.
They'll tell you what time you get up
and what time you go to bed at night.
They'll tell you what you eat,
what you can wear, what you drink.
They'll tell you
the paper you can read.
They can't do that,
it's against the law.
Yes, it's unconstitutional.
You ain't making this up?
Why don't you read the papers,
it's on the front page every day.
Every order that Berlin dishes out,
they follow through.
up to now we've had the preliminaries,
but tonight's the main bout.
We gotta find out what it is
and stop it quick.
And I need your help.
What do you say?
-Okay, count us in.

-Good. Give me that coat.
I'll help you track down
them coyotes, partner.
I tackled them in 1918,
and I ain't afraid to tackle them now.
Me too. They're gonna make
a warmonger out of me yet.
The first one I tag,
I'm gonna kick him in the swastika.
-Where do we go?
-That's what I gotta find out.
Spats, you round up everybody.
Barney and Sunshine, come with me.
-I'll call you back in a few minutes.
-Be careful, son.
Where are we gonna look for these lugs?
-You said the joint was cleared out.
-That's right. The kid'll know.
-They got her in the police station.
-They'll grab you if you get within a mile.
Don't you worry about that.
Sunshine's doing all the interviewing.
-Annabelle.
-Barney.
Darling, I haven't seen you for so long,
I didn't know you.
-Goodbye.
-Where are you going now?
Please try and understand.
It's a national emergency.
-It can't wait.
-Well, neither can I!
-Miss Hamilton?
-Yes.
Okay, sister, get your things.
You're leaving us.
-Leaving?
-Yeah, you've been sprung.
A friend of yours just bailed you out.
-Mr. Donahue?
-I don't know, lady. I just work here.
Come on, get your coat.
All right, Miss Hamilton,
you can go now.

You must stay within the jurisdiction
of the court and be available when called.

-Yes, sir.

-Your friends are waiting outside.

Thank you.

-Make it quick, Sunshine.

-Keep the motor hot.

Hello, beautiful.

Jail is no place for a nice girl like you.

Hey, Gloves,

they got the dame in that car.

-What are you talking about?

-They sprung her, the fivers.

Get in, let's go.

-They've went like magic.

-Maybe they ducked around the corner.

No, they didn't have time.

We were too close behind them.

They're somewheres in this block.

Look.

What does that mean, coach?

It means we're in the right
neighborhood.

Wouldn't it be better if we just send
an anonymous letter to the G-men, huh?

Hey, wait a minute.

Coach, look.

Where have I seen that face before?

' 'Madison Novelty Company.' '

Doesn't that ring a bell?

Yeah, I.J. Madison and Company,
on the sign at the warehouse.

Boys, we're on the right track.

Hey, wait a minute. There's the car.

That's it, all right.

Yeah, that's the car,

but where are the people?

Hey, this might be a lead.

Duck out of sight.

-I wish I was at 42nd Street.

-Why 42nd Street?

-So I could catch the subway home.

-Quiet.

Tell Marty and Spats to hotfoot it

here with the interference.

What about you?

You can't impersonate them.

We can try. Go on, beat it.

Good luck.

Don't forget us.

-Your cards.

-Cards?

Identification.

Welcome to New York.

This way, gentlemen.

Schroeder and Holzmeir.

Quiet.

We were forced to meet here...

...because of an indiscretion
of one of our agents.

Nevertheless, we will proceed
with our operations according to plan.
I cannot impress upon you too strongly
the importance of tonight's task.

Our success depends upon
the precision...

...with which each man
carries out his assignment.

What we have done up to now
is only the beginning of our campaign.

We have laid the groundwork
for their disruption and disintegration.

But now we must destroy
their confidence.

And we can only accomplish this
by an action...

...as daring and as bold
as the one planned for tonight.

We must not fail.

Now, the vessel will sail at 4:27.

It will proceed
from the Brooklyn Navy Yard...

...at a speed of four knots to a point
in the Narrows opposite Fort Hamilton.

-What vessel is he talking about?

-Quiet.

At this point, the speed increases
from four to nine knots.

And according to our plan,
the vessel will reach the minefield...
...at approximately a quarter past 5.
-Excuse me, Herr Ebbing.
-Yes, doctor?
Five twenty-one to be exact.
Based on the Coast Guard tide reports.
It is a mathematical certainty...
...that barring unforeseen events,
we can hardly be a second off.
Thank you, doctor. So the vessel
will reach the minefield at 5:21 exactly.
Steindorff, check the reports.
I'll be back in a minute.
What's up?
I don't know, but I got an idea that
somewheres off there we'll find the kid.
Quiet. Quiet, please. Lichtig.
-Here.
-Your report, please, Herr Lichtig.
Arrangements have been made
to control any interference...
...from harbor traffic
on the Staten Island side.
Five men will be on the dock,
one man in each car on the ferry.
And three sailors have been
stationed in three various positions.
Very good.
Holzmeir.
Herr Holzmeir.
Herr Holzmeir.
What do we do now?
Soon as this guy Holzmeir
starts talking, we'll duck out that door.
Okay.
Holzmeir.
-Biller?
-Yes.
-Did Schroeder and Holzmeir arrive?
-Yes, they were admitted.
Herr Holzmeir.
-Hey, that's you.
-Wha--?

Are you Holzmeir?

Didn't you hear me call your name?

-I'm sorry, I was talking to my friend....

-Schroeder.

Herr Schroeder.

Did Schiller take you
to the docks tonight?

-Oh, yes, yes, sure. He took us to the docks.

-Good.

Schroeder and Holzmeir
have flown in from Detroit to help us.

-Your report, please.

-My report?

Well, all I can say is,
it's a great pleasure to be here tonight...

...and to find out

what you mugs-- Gentlemen...

...have been doing

in this part of the country.

It's very enlightening,

to say the least.

Which reminds me of a story.

-Many years ago--

-We have no time for stories.

-Your report, please.

-A report.

Well, if you don't mind, I'd--

I'd rather wait till Ebbing gets back.

Didn't you hear what Ebbing said?

I'm in charge of this meeting.

I don't get you.

Don't monkey around.

Give us your report!

Well, if that's the way
you feel about it, okay.

What did you have reference to?

Come forward, please.

You and Schroeder

are munitions experts, are you not?

Yeah, we--

We know a little something about it.

I was told you inspected
the mines tonight.

Oh, yes. Yeah, we--

We gave the mines the once-over.

-And what's your opinion?

-My opinion?

Yes. up here, please.

Well, speak up. Speak up.

Well....

At the moment,

things don't look so good.

What do you mean?

Well....

These things take a little time
to figure out.

Have you got any ideas,
Herr Schroeder?

Who, me?

Well, the way I figure it is....

Yeah, the scradavan is on the paratoot
right next to the moctus proctus.

That is correct.

The scradavan is on the paratoot...

...next to the moctus proctus
and 1 00 feet deep.

According to my calculations, if we
can keep this up, we'll be okay. Right?

Right. The episootic is on
the trabaha mit trabahanus...

...mit line block oom da agar,
and we must not fail.

I'm sorry,

but all this seems rather confusing.

Would you try to speak more distinctly?

The scradavan is larasang todavan
Brooklyn Navy Yard.

Apparently, he does not understand
the technical terms used in our report.

Never mind that.

What about the mines?

Oh, the mines?

Oh, yes. The mines.

What about the mines,

Herr Schroeder?

The mines?

-Well, what about the mines?

-Well, didn't you check the mines?

Who, me?

Oh, yeah.

The cansonetta's on the possiboo.

And the centapart will equalize the
poopinick if the gratistan is on the augar.

And we will win!

I'm sure you gentlemen know
what you're talking about.

But I must ask you
to repeat the whole thing again.

And this time very slowly.

-The.... The whole thing?

-Yes.

He wants the whole thing.

Well, I-- I don't think
that's gonna be necessary.

I think we have here
what we have been looking for.

It seems like we got a control station
at Rockaway Point.

Looks like we got another one on the bridge
between Brooklyn and Rockaway.

Not only looks like it, we--

We got one.

And then it looks like we got a little
problem up here with the Coast Guard.

We got a battleship in Brooklyn.

Looks like we're planning
to sink a united States battleship.

Naturally. What kind of nonsense
are you talking?

You don't have any idea
what you're talking about.

Yeah, yeah, I know that.

I-- I just wanna make sure.

Did you tell the police
about the meeting?

-No.

-You're lying.

I-- I told them there was a meeting,
but I didn't know where.

-Did Miller tell you about this place?

-No.

She's still lying.

I told you they were working against us...

...but you wouldn't listen to me.

-Quiet.

Open up! Open up!

There is no time to lose!

-What is it?

-What is it?

-Your friend Donahue is downstairs.

-Donahue?

-How did he get in?

-How should I know?

Why don't you ask beautiful?

He's not only here,

he's on a platform speaking.

-And he knows everything.

-You fool.

You've let a pretty little face
destroy everything you've worked for.

You silly, stupid, blundering old fool.

Keep her here.

It's locked.

Is there a lock picker in the crowd?

-Get in here. We'll go around the corner.

-Come on.

Well....

That's.... That's about all I got to say.

Everything's all set

and if things go according to plan...

...we can't miss.

Thank you, Mr. Donahue.

You caused me

a great deal of trouble.

This time, I'll attend to you myself.

Bring him upstairs.

-This one too.

-Hey, take it easy, will you, fellas?

I'm all run-down.

I'm taking pills right now.

-Here we are, coach.

-Okay, Barney.

Now sing.

-What do you want me to sing?

-''God Bless America.''

Fine.

We must get out quickly.
Somebody has betrayed us.
-What do you mean?
-They've broken up the meeting.
-Broken up the meeting? Who?
-I'll tell you.
The people.
The people you despise so much.
People you said you'd split
into angry little groups.
-You can't beat them, Ebbing.
-You think not.
Never. You are finished.
You stay here.
They haven't beaten me yet.
-Pepi, you come with me.
-Where are you going?
-We do it ourselves.
-What, the two of us alone, huh?
Yes.
But that's silly.
I'm not going.
-What did you say?
-I am not going.
Suicide is not for me.
Swine.
Leda. Leda, baby, are you all right?
-Yes.
-Oh, that's fine.
We got them on the run.
They won't bother you anymore.
Where's Ebbing?
I don't know.
He was here a few minutes ago.
I can tell you.
You'll find him at the docks
near the warehouse.
Thanks for the tip. I'll put in a plug.
Coach. Hey, coach.
-Coach, everything all right?
-Yeah.
Take Leda to my joint,
turn her over to the cops.
-With pleasure.

-So long, kid.
I hope you find it interesting,
Mr. Donahue. Drop your gun.
Did you hear me? Drop it.
Get your hands up.
Pardon my curiosity...
...but what is all this?
Explosives.
High explosives, Mr. Donahue...
...for the newest American battleship.
It looks like a little bit
of Flash Gordon to me.
You don't think you could sink
one of them big boats all by yourself?
Why not?
One man, if he's inspired,
can change the world.
-Get into the boat.
-What for?
Since you have been kind enough
to follow me...
...I shall take advantage
of your services.
Get in.
I could very easily kill you, Mr. Donahue.
Don't tempt me. Take the wheel.
And now you will see, Mr. Donahue...
...what kind of men
the New Order breeds.
Get under way.
You don't think I'm gonna sit here and drive
this canoe into one of our battlewagons?
If you make one false move,
I'll kill you and take the wheel myself.
So you might as well do as I say.
Them boats ain't made
out of tissue paper.
Are you sure this is gonna work?
Not even the steel plates
of your battleships...
...can withstand these new explosives.
What do we do,
dump this stuff over the side and run?
-There will be no time for that.

-What do you mean?
We'll strike the ship
the moment the explosion occurs.
Yes, Mr. Donahue. In a few minutes,
you and I and Hansel will die.
-You're not afraid to die?
-I don't mind dying...
...but I hate to be divided up
into small pieces.
There she is.
Now bear toward the center
of the ship.
-Now faster.
-I hate to tell you, but you're nuts.
You fool. It's our destiny to conquer,
and no one can stop us.
Go on. Faster now. Faster!
Go on!
Faster! Go on, faster!
Yes, Mr. Mayor.
Yes, sir. Donahue's in my office
right now. He's okay.
That boat smashed
into a barge loaded with lumber.
Made toothpicks out of it.
Yes, sir, absolutely.
Whatever you say, Mr. Mayor.
Yes, you're right.
That's what I've been saying for years.
We gotta wake up.
Yes, sir, I'll tell him right away.
-Yes, sir.
-What's up, Forbes?
How about the DA?
What's he gonna say?
Take it easy, boys. Take it easy.
Come on, break it up. Break it up.
I've got a message for you,
Mr. Donahue.
Okay, sweetheart, spill it.
The DA says the charges against you
and your girlfriend are dropped.
The chief says you're a free man.
And the mayor says

as soon as he can find his fire helmet...

...he'll meet you at the City Hall.

-Well, how about that?

-You're national hero number one.

-What's the next stop?

-Invited to the White House.

-I hear you gonna work for the FBI.

-I'll tell you--

How do you feel about this,

Miss Hamilton?

Well, I....

I feel a little like the princess...

...who's been rescued

from the dragon by the white knight.

That's you, Gloves.

You're the white knight.

Wait a minute, wait a minute.

Anybody that prints that

can expect the usual trouble.

What else? Go ahead.

I also feel it's about time someone

knocked the Axis back on its heels.

Excuse me, baby.

She means it's about time somebody

knocked those heels back on their axis.

-I'll see you later, chief.

-Very funny.

-Mom.

-Hello, son.

-Are you all right?

-Sure, I'm okay.

-Something terrible has happened.

-What is it now?

Five will get you 10,

the milkman disappeared.

-How'd you know?

-Didn't I tell you?

He didn't come home last night.

Something's happened to him.

Well, what makes you think that?

Well, son, I've got a feeling.

-And when I've got a feeling....

-And when you've got a feeling....

[ENGLISH]