

The door opens and the Mayor enters.

MCCUE
(into phone)
Oh, wait a minute -- here's the Mayor.
Maybe he'll give us one.

MAYOR
Don't pester me now, please. I got a
lot on my mind.

MCCUE
(into phone)
His Honor won't say anything.

MAYOR
(to McCue)
Have you seen Sheriff Hartman?

MCCUE
It's hard to say, Your Honor. The
place is so full of cockroaches.

ENDICOTT
Your Honor, is there a Red Menace or
ain't there?

The Sheriff comes scooting in.

MAYOR
(to the Sheriff)
Hartman, I've been looking for you!

MAYOR
Pete, I want to talk to you!

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

MAYOR
Did you actually give Williams that
gun?

HARTMAN

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

MAYOR

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

SCHWARTZ

Hiya, Your Honor.

(into phone)

Schwartz calling.

(to the Mayor)

How about it, Your Honor? Any statement on the Red uprising tomorrow?

MAYOR

What Red uprising?

HARTMAN

There'll be no Red uprising!

SCHWARTZ

(into phone)

Gimme rewrite --

(to the Mayor)

The Governor says the situation calls for the militia.

MAYOR

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

SCHWARTZ

(into phone)

Hello, Jake. Here's a red-hot statement from the Governor. He claims that the Mayor and the Sheriff have shown themselves to be a couple of eight-year-olds playing with fire. Quote him as follows: "It is a lucky thing for the city that next Tuesday is Election Day, as the citizens will thus be saved the expense of impeaching the Mayor and the Sheriff." That's all -- call you back.

He hangs up and starts out.

SCHWARTZ
Nice to have seen you, Mayor.

He exits, whistling.

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

They start out.

MED. SHOT SHERIFF AND MAYOR

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

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

MAYOR
Four hundred! Do you want to bankrupt
this administration?

HARTMAN
(pleadingly)
I'm getting them for twelve dollars
a night.

MAYOR
Twelve dollars! -- For those rheumatic
uncles of yours?
(gesturing)
Out shooting everybody they see for
the fun of it?

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

HARTMAN
(as he opens door,
disclosing Pinkus)
I'm Sheriff Hartman. You want me?

PINKUS
(coming in)
You're certainly a hard fellow to
find, Sheriff.

MAYOR
(annoyed)
What do you want?

PINKUS
(taking a document
from his pocket and
proffering it to
Sheriff)
I'm a messenger at the State House.
This is from the Governor.

MAYOR
What's from the Governor?

PINKUS
The reprieve for Earl Williams.

HARTMAN
(stunned)
For who?

PINKUS
(amiably)
Earl Williams. The reprieve.

MAYOR
W-wait a minute.

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

MAYOR

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

(to Pinkus)

Who else knows about this?

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

PINKUS

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

MAYOR

(to Sheriff)

Get the Governor on the phone!

PINKUS

(helpfully)

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

MAYOR

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

HARTMAN

(thrusting the document
at the Mayor)

Read it! Insane, he says.

(shaking a finger in
Pinkus' face)

He knows very well that Williams
ain't insane!

PINKUS

Yeah. But I --

MAYOR

(interrupting)

Pure politics!

HARTMAN

An attempt to ruin us!