

DICK: Well, honey, some big crime keeps coming up and I have to dash out and solve it. In 1941 it was 88 Keys. In 1942 it was Mrs. Pruneface. And in 1944 –

TESS: Wait a minute. What happened to 1943?

DICK: A very interesting year. My laundry came back. But I know I don't have to worry about you, Tess Trueheart, because your heart is true.

TESS: My heart will always be true, but if we don't get married pretty soon, the rest of me may stray a little.

DICK: Now steady there, gal! Tonight's the night. Tell me, where are the wedding guests?

TESS: The wedding guests are assembled in the parlor even now. The Summer Sisters are gathered around the spinet. And Vitamin Flintheart is gathered around the punch bowl. Methinks Vitamin has drunk too freely of the Four Roses.

DICK: How can you tell?

TESS: His nose has broken out into small bouquets.

DICK: I disapprove of that. Why aren't men more like me? I don't drink, I don't smoke, and I don't gamble.

TESS: Oh, please! Please don't tell me any more of your faults. We're getting married tonight!

DICK TRACY SIDES/ TRACY (Bing Crosby) & POLICE CHIEF (Jerry Colonna)  
[below] JUDGE (Harry Von Zell)

DICK: Hello? Tracy at this end.

CHIEF: Hello! Police Chief on this end. . . . Well, that takes care of both ends.

DICK: What is it, Chief?

CHIEF: At 3:30 this afternoon, the First National Bank was robbed – and the crooks got away with three thousand, four hundred and sixty-eight dollars and seventy-seven cents!

DICK: Three thousand, four hundred sixty-eight dollars and seventy-seven cents?! Are you positive?

CHIEF: . . . Just a minute, I'll count it again.

DICK: Now Chief, this sounds very suspicious. You weren't in on the deal, were you?

CHIEF: That's ridiculous! I wouldn't do anything crooked!

DICK: Well, okay, Dick Tracy is on the job! And all I can say is that whoever held up the First National Bank better get out of town.

CHIEF: . . . Well, I'll go home and pack!

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JUDGE

JUDGE: Oh shut up! At last the moment has come!  
Tess Trueheart, do you take this man to be your lawful wedded husband?

TESS: I do.

JUDGE: Richard Tracy, do you take this woman to be your lawful wedded wife?

DICK: I do.

JUDGE: Ah, at last. I now pronounce you man and. . .  
(*Phone rings, keeps ringing*)

Oh, bean juice. Blasted interruptions, always interruptions. I'll get that dang thing torn out. . .

TESS: Oh, dear, dear, what could be keeping Dick Tracy? A fine wedding day this turned out to be.

FLINTHEART: Now, now, now, now, don't fret, Miss Trueheart – my little Rum Blossom. Forsooth, I see not what you want with that flatfoot when I, the pride of the Flinthearts, am available.

TESS: Well, Mr. Flintheart, I hate to say this, but you're so much older than I am.

FLINTHEART: Older?! Bah! Age is in the mind! . . . I hope. They don't call me Vitamin for nothing.

TESS: Why, Mr. Flintheart, I'm shocked to hear you talk like that. And after the nice things I've heard about you from some of the other girls.

FLINTHEART: The girls are saying nice things about me?

TESS: Yes!

FLINTHEART: I must be getting older than I thought. But my dear, you don't realize the glamour that surrounds the life of an actor. I'll never forget my last appearance in Poopedout, Nebraska. . . . What a triumph! Let me tell you about myself, Miss Trueheart, and the glorious life I lead!

DICK: You can't wiggle of this one, Mole.

MOLE: But I'm tellin' ya I had nothing to do with Snowflake's disappearance.

DICK: Aha! I said nothing about Snowflake's disappearance. How did you know she was missing?

MOLE: I seen it in the newsreel.

DICK: It hasn't been in the newsreel.

MOLE: I read it in the papers.

DICK: It hasn't been in the papers.

MOLE: I heard it on the radio.

DICK: It hasn't been on the radio.

MOLE: I wish they'd hurry up with that television!

DICK: Confess, Mole! Did you have something to do with this dastardly kidnapping?

MOLE: I got a perfect alibi. At the exact time of the kidnapping, I can provide six witnesses who will swear that they saw me at the table of a well-known restaurant.

DICK: You got a perfect alibi? At the exact time of the kidnapping, you can provide six witnesses who will swear that they saw you at the table of a well-known restaurant?

MOLE: This man is quotin' me verbattim!

SNOWFLAKE: Flattop, I appeal to you on bended knee.

FLATTOP: Kid, you appeal to me in any position!

SNOWFLAKE: Ugh! I'm ashamed of you! What would your mother say if she saw you acting this way?

FLATTOP: I never had a mother.

SNOWFLAKE: What would your father say?

FLATTOP: Nothin'! He never had a mother either!  
Listen, Snowflake, how about you and I teamin' up?

SNOWFLAKE: Don't be silly. I've promised my hand to Vitamin Flintheart.

FLATTOP: Give it to him; it's the rest of ya I want!  
What about it, Snowflake? Will ya marry me?

SNOWFLAKE: Oh, no! What would I want with anyone with such a flat top, Flattop?  
At least if you were twins I could use you for a bookend.

FLATTOP: Now don't get sassy, Snowflake! I'm a tough guy, see? I'll show you how strong I am – watch me rip this telephone book in half.

SNOWFLAKE: You couldn't.

FLATTOP: Just watch.  
*(Ripping sound)*  
Now for the next page.

DICK TRACY SIDES/ TRACY (Bing Crosby), SHAKY (Frank Sinatra) & FLATTOP (Bob Hope)

DICK: Shaky, you're going on a long, long trip – a one-way trip, and there's bad news at the end of it. Justice has caught up with you, so you'd better talk, and talk fast. Why did you kill the people in this drugstore?

SHAKY: Because they aggravated me.

DICK: How did they aggravate you?

SHAKY: They were alive! It was maddening! All of them sittin' there around me, breathing!

DICK: You're just a lousy rat, and I'm going to see you get what's coming to you!

SHAKY: Oh, darn you!

DICK: Come on, I'm taking you down to the station house!

FLATTOP: All right, copper, I'm right behind you. Drop your gun.

SHAKY: Boy, am I glad to see you, Flattop!

FLATTOP: Shut up, small timer!

SHAKY: What do you mean, small timer? I just bumped off twelve people!

FLATTOP: You couldn't bump off twelve termites in a lumberyard. All right, copper, I'm gonna bump you off.

SHAKY: Don't shoot, Flattop, this guy may be useful to us. He's got his ear to the ground, you know.

FLATTOP: That ain't all that's draggin'.

SHAKY: I say maybe we can do business with this guy. Every man has his price.

FLATTOP: Maybe you're right. Listen, Tracy, how would you like to make some easy money?

DICK: Honestly?

FLATTOP: Cross my black heart, it's a cinch.