as she opens the door. Burns is shaving with an electric razor and Louie is holding the mirror up in front of him.

CLOSE SHOT BURNS
shaving, Louie holding the mirror.

LOUIE
A little more round the chin, Boss.

MEDIUM SHOT
There is a sound of the door closing and Burns, without looking up, says:

BURNS
What do you want?

HILDY
Why, I'm surprised, Mr. Burns. That's no way to talk to your wife -- even if she's no longer your wife.

BURNS
(grinning)
Hello, Hildy!

HILDY
Hello, Walter.
(to Louie)
Hi, Louie -- how's the slotmachine king?

LOUIE
Oh, I ain't doing that any more. I'm retired. I'm one of you fellas now -- a newspaper man.

HILDY
Editorials?

BURNS
Get going, Louie. I got company.

The door flies open and Duffy comes busting in.

DUFFY
Walter!

BURNS
I'm busy, Duffy.

DUFFY
Well, you're not too busy to know that the Governor hasn't signed that reprieve!

BURNS
What?

DUFFY
And that means Earl Williams dies tomorrow morning and makes a sucker out of us!

BURNS
You're crazy. Where's Mac?

DUFFY
He's on my phone. He just called me.

BURNS
They can't do that to me!

He grabs the phone on his desk:

BURNS
Give me that call on Duffy's wire! Hello -- Mac? Burns. Where's the Governor? -- What do you mean, you can't locate him?
(apparently pleading to the one man in the world who can help him)

Mac, you know what this means. We're the only paper in town defending Earl Williams and if he hangs tomorrow we're washed up! Find the Governor and when you find him tell him we want that reprieve!... Tell him I elected him and I can have him impeached! Sure, you can do it, Mac -- I know you can. I always said you were the greatest reporter in the country and now you can prove it. Get going! Attaboy!

He hangs up.

BURNS
(to Duffy, sarcastically)
The greatest reporter in the country! First I gotta tell him what news to get! Gotta tell him how to get it -- then I gotta write it for him
afterward! Now if you were a decent
City Editor --

CLOSE SHOT DUFFY AND BURNS
with Louie and Hildy in the b.g.

DUFFY
Don't blame me. I'm City Editor in
name only. You do all the hiring
around here.

BURNS
Yeah! Well, I do the firing, too.
Remember that, Duffy, and Keep a
civil tongue in your head.

MEDIUM SHOT

HILDY
I don't like to interfere with
business, but would you boys pardon
us while we have a little heart-to-
heart talk?

DUFFY AND LOUIE
(together)
Well -- But I gotta --

They look at Burns.

BURNS
Scram, you guys.

They start to go.

HILDY
You won't miss anything. You'll
probably be able to hear him just as
well outside as here.

They go.

HILDY
Mind if I sit down?

Hildy sits.

CLOSE SHOT DUFFY AND LOUIE

going out of the door. They cast an interested look back
and

linger a second. Over scene comes Burns' voice.

BURNS' VOICE
I said scram!
They close the door hurriedly.

**MED. CLOSE SHOT BURNS AND HILDY**

**HILDY**
May I have a cigarette, please?

Burns reaches into his pocket, extracts a cigarette and tosses it on the desk. Hildy reaches for it.

**HILDY**
Thanks. A match?

Burns delves into pockets again, comes up with matchbox, tosses it to Hildy, who catches it deftly, and strikes the match.

**BURNS**
How long is it?

Hildy finishes lighting her cigarette, takes a puff, and fans out the match.

**HILDY**
How long is what?

**BURNS**
You know what. How long since we've seen each other?

**HILDY**
Let's see. I was in Reno six weeks -- then Bermuda... Oh, about four months, I guess. Seems like yesterday to me.

**CLOSEUP BURNS**

**BURNS**
(slyly)
Maybe it was yesterday. Been seeing me in your dreams?

**MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT THE TWO**

**HILDY**
(casually)
No -- Mama doesn't dream about you any more, Walter. You wouldn't know the old girl now.

**BURNS**
(with conviction)
Oh, yes I would. I'd know you any time --
He grows lyrical and, rising from his seat, is about to start toward her, as he continues:

BURNS AND HILDY
(together)
-- any place, anywhere --

He sits.

HILDY
(half-pityingly)
You're repeating yourself! That's the speech you made the night you proposed.
(she burlesques his fervor)
"-- any time -- any place -- anywhere!"

CLOSE SHOT HILDY AND BURNS

BURNS
(growling)
I notice you still remember it.

HILDY
I'll always remember it. If I hadn't remembered it, I wouldn't have divorced you.

BURNS
You know, Hildy, I sort of wish you hadn't done it.

HILDY
Done what?

BURNS
Divorced me. It sort of makes a fellow lose faith in himself. It almost gives him a feeling he wasn't wanted.

HILDY
Holy mackerel! Look, Walter, that's what divorces are for.

BURNS
Nonsense. You've got the old-fashioned idea that divorces are something that last forever -- till 'death us do part'. Why, a divorce doesn't mean anything today. It's only a few words mumbled over you by a judge. We've got something between us nothing can change.
HILDY
I suppose that's true in a way. I am fond of you, Walter. I often wish you weren't such a stinker.

BURNS
Now, that's a nice thing to say.

HILDY
Well, why did you promise me you wouldn't fight the divorce and then try and gum up the whole works?

BURNS
Well, I meant to let you go -- but, you know, you never miss the water till the well runs dry.

ANOTHER ANGLE

HILDY
A fellow your age, hiring an airplane to write:
   (she gestures above to indicate sky-writing)
'Hildy: Don't be hasty -- remember my dimple. Walter! It held things up twenty minutes while the Judge ran out to watch it.

BURNS
Well, I don't want to brag, but I've still got the dimple -- and in the same place -- I just acted like any husband who doesn't want to see his home broken up.

HILDY
What home?

WALTER
What home? Don't you remember the home I promised you?

HILDY
Oh, yes -- we were to have it right after our honeymoon -- honeymoon!

BURNS
Was it my fault? Did I know that coal mine was going to have another cave-in? I meant to be with you on our honeymoon, Hildy -- honest I did.

HILDY
All I know is that instead of two weeks in Atlantic City with my bridegroom, I spent two weeks in a coal mine with John Kruptzky -- age sixty-three -- getting food and air out of a tube! You don't deny that. Do you?

BURNS
Deny it! I'm proud of it! We beat the whole country on that story.

HILDY
Well, suppose we did? That isn't what I got married for. What's the good of -- Look, Walter, I came up here to tell you that you'll have to stop phoning me a dozen times a day -- sending twenty telegrams -- all the rest of it, because I'm --

BURNS
Let's not fight, Hildy. Tell you what. You come back to work on the paper and if we find we can't get along in a friendly way, we'll get married again.

HILDY
What?!!

BURNS
I haven't any hard feelings.

HILDY
Walter, you're wonderful in a loathsome sort of way. Now, would you mind keeping quiet long enough for me to tell you what I came up here for?

BURNS
(rising, reaching for his hat)
Sure, come on. We'll have some lunch and you can tell me everything.

HILDY
(also rising)
I have a lunch date. I just want --

BURNS
You can break it, can't you?

HILDY
No, I can't.
BURNS
Sure you can. Come on.

DIFFERENT ANGLE

HILDY
Don't tell me what to do! We're divorced -- I'm a free woman. You're not my husband and you're not my boss! And what's more, you're not going to be my boss.

BURNS
What do you mean by that?

HILDY
Just what I said. That's what I --

BURNS
You mean you're not coming back to work here?

HILDY
That's the first time you've been right today. That's what I --

BURNS
(still interrupting)
You've had a better offer, eh?

HILDY
You bet I've got a better offer.

BURNS
Well, go on and take it. Work for somebody else! That's the gratitude I get for --

HILDY
I know, Walter, but I --

BURNS
(ignoring her)
What were you when you came here five years ago? A little college girl from a School of Journalism! I took a little doll-faced mugg --

HILDY
You wouldn't have taken me if I hadn't been doll-faced!

BURNS
Why should I? I thought it would be a novelty to have a face around here a man could look at without shuddering.
HILDY
Listen, Walter --

BURNS
(going right on)
I made a great reporter out of you, Hildy, but you won't be half as good on any other paper, and you know it. You need me and I need you -- and the paper needs both of us.

HILDY
Well, the paper'll have to learn to do without me. And so will you. It just didn't work out, Walter.

WIDER ANGLE

BURNS
It would have worked if you'd been satisfied with just being editor and reporter. But no! You had to marry me and spoil everything.

HILDY
(indignantly)
I wasn't satisfied! I suppose I proposed to you!

BURNS
Well, you practically did! Making goo-goo eyes at me for two years till I broke down. And I still claim I was tight the night I proposed. If you'd been a gentleman you'd have forgotten all about it. But not you!

HILDY
(speechless)
You -- you --

She grabs something and chuck it at him. He ducks. The phone rings.

BURNS
(to Hildy)
You're losing your eye. You used to be able to pitch better than that.

(he reaches for phone)
Hello... Yeah... What? Sweeney? Well, what can I do for you?

CLOSE SHOT DUFFY

seated at his desk, talking into phone.
DUFFY
What's the matter with you? Are you drunk? This is Duffy, not Sweeney!

CLOSE SHOT BURNS AND HILDY

Burns into phone:

BURNS
Sweeney! You can't do that to me!
Not today, of all days! Jumping Jehosophat! Oh, no, Sweeney... Well, I suppose so... All right. If you have to, you have to.
(he hangs up)
How do you like that? Everything happens to me -- with 365 days in the year -- this has to be the day.

HILDY
What's the matter?

BURNS
Sweeney.

HILDY
Dead?

BURNS
Not yet. Might just as well be. The only man on the paper who can write -- and his wife picks this morning to have a baby!

CLOSE SHOT HILDY

HILDY
Sweeney?
(she laughs)
Well, after all, he didn't do it on purpose, did he?

CLOSE SHOT BURNS AND HILDY

BURNS
I don't care whether he did or not. He's supposed to be covering the Earl Williams case and there he is -- waiting at the hospital! Is there no sense of honor left in this country?

HILDY
(practically)
Well, haven't you got anybody else?

BURNS
There's nobody else on the paper who can write! This'll break me, unless --
(he stares at Hildy;
then a light breaks)
Hildy!

HILDY

No!

BURNS
You've got to help me, Hildy.

HILDY
Keep away --

BURNS
It'll bring us together again, Hildy -- just the way we used to be.

HILDY
That's what I'm afraid of. "Any time -- any place -- anywhere!"

BURNS
Don't mock, Hildy, this is bigger than anything that's happened to us. Don't do it for me! Do it for the paper.

HILDY
Get away, Svengali.

BURNS
If you won't do it for love, how about money? Forget the other offer and I'll raise you twenty-five bucks a week.

HILDY
Listen, you bumble-headed baboon --

BURNS
All right -- thirty-five, and not a cent more!

HILDY
Please! Will you just --

BURNS
Great grief! What's that other paper going to give you?

HILDY
I'm not working for any other paper!

BURNS
Oh! In that case, the raise is off
and you go back to your old salary
and like it. Trying to blackjack --

**HILDY**

Look at this!
(pulling her glove off her left hand)

**CLOSEUP HILDY**

She gets glove off left hand and holds up an engagement ring for him to see.

**HILDY**

Do you see this? Do you know what an engagement ring is?

**CLOSEUP BURNS**

He looks at ring, swallows, then:

**MED. SHOT**

Burns and Hildy.

**HILDY**

I tried to tell you right away but you started reminiscing. I'm getting married, Walter, and also getting as far away from the newspaper business as I can get! I'm through.

**BURNS**

(himself again)
Get married all you want to, Hildy, but you can't quit the newspaper business.

**HILDY**

You can't sell me that, Walter.

**BURNS**

Who says I can't? You're a newspaper man.

**HILDY**

That's why I'm quitting. I want to go some place where I can be a woman.

**BURNS**

I know you, Hildy, and I know what it would mean. It would kill you.

**CLOSER SHOT**

**HILDY**
(bitterly)
A journalist! Peeking through keyholes -- running after fire engines -- waking people up in the middle of the night to ask them if they think Hitler's going to start a war -- stealing pictures off old ladies of their daughters that got chased by apemen! I know all about reporters -- a lot of daffy buttinskies going around without a nickel in their pockets, and for what? So a million hired girls and motormen's wives will know what's going on! No, Walter, I'm through.

BURNS
Where'd you meet this man?

HILDY
Bermuda.

BURNS
Bermuda... Rich, eh?

HILDY
Not what you'd call rich. Makes about five thousand a year.

BURNS
What's his line?

HILDY
He's in the insurance business.

BURNS
(looks up)
The insurance business?

HILDY
(on the defensive)
It's a good, honest business, isn't it?

ANOTHER ANGLE

BURNS
Oh sure, it's honest. But somehow, I can't picture you with a guy who sells policies.

HILDY
Well, I can, and I love it! He forgets the office when he's with me. He doesn't treat me like an errand-boy -- he treats me like a woman.
BURNS
He does, does he? How did I treat you -- like a water buffalo?

HILDY
I don't know about water buffaloes, but I know about him. He's kind and sweet and considerate. He wants a home -- and children.

BURNS
Say, sounds more like a guy I ought to marry. What's his name?

HILDY
Well, I'll give you a hint. By tomorrow they'll be calling me Mrs. Bruce Baldwin.

BURNS
Tomorrow? Tomorrow... as quick as that?

HILDY
The quicker the better. Well -- I finally got out what I came in to tell you. (she extends her hand) So long, Walter, and better luck next time.

BURNS
(taking her hand)
I wish you everything I couldn't give you, Hildy.

HILDY
Thanks...

BURNS
Too bad I couldn't see this guy first. I'm pretty particular about whom my wife marries.

HILDY
(laughing)
Well, he's waiting in the anteroom for me now.

BURNS
Say, could I meet him?

HILDY
Oh, better not, Walter. Wouldn't do any good.

BURNS
You're not afraid, are you?

HILDY
Afraid? I should say not!

BURNS
All right then, come on and let's see this paragon.
(gets hat)
Is he as good as you say?

HILDY
Better.

MED. SHOT OFFICE
Burns has his hat. They start toward the door.

BURNS
Then what does he want with you?

HILDY
(laughing)
Now you got me.

BURNS
Nothing personal. I was just asking.

At the door, Burns walks ahead, opens door and walks out.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE BURNS' OFFICE MED. CLOSE SHOT

BURNS
After all --

He stops as he realizes she's not there. The door opens. Hildy comes out.

HILDY
You wouldn't believe this, Walter, but Bruce holds the door open for me.

BURNS
(incredulous)
No kidding?