INT. BURNS' OFFICE LONG 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.
Mind if I sit down?

BURNS
How long is it?

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.

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

HILDY
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 --

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

HILDY

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

BURNS
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
I sort of wish you hadn't done it.

HILDY
Done what?

BURNS
Divorced me.

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

BURNs
I just acted like any husband who doesn't want to see his home broken up.

HILDY
What home?

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

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

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.

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 loathesome sort of way. Now, would you mind keeping quiet long enough for me to tell you what I came up here for?

BURNS
Sure, come on. We'll have some lunch and you can tell me everything.

HILDY
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.

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
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.

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
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.

HILDY
(speechless)
You -- you --

She grabs something and chucks it at him. He ducks.

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

HILDY
Listen, you bumble-headed baboon -- Look at this!
(pulls her glove off
Do you see this? Do you know what an engagement ring is? 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.

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?

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.

BURNS
Then what does he want with you?

HILDY
(laughing)
Now you got me.

BURNS
Nothing personal. I was just asking.

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?