

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!

HILDY

Sweeney?

(she laughs)

Well, after all, he didn't do it on purpose, did he?

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 -- 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,
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? 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.

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.
After all –

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

BURNS
(incredulous)
No kidding?