

BURNS

This is a pleasure, Mr. Baldwin, and I'm sorry about the mistake. Oh, I thought there was something funny... You see, Bruce, you don't mind if I call you Bruce, do you? After all, we're practically related --

BRUCE

(completely unnerved by this time, and you can't quite blame him)

Mr. -- well -- no -- no -- not at all.

BURNS

You see, my wife -- I mean, your wife -- that is, I mean Hildy -- had led me to expect that she was marrying a much older man.

BRUCE

(Rattled)

Oh.

BURNS

But I see, she didn't mean old in years. You always carry an umbrella, Bruce?

BRUCE

Well, er -- it looked a little cloudy this morning.

BURNS

That's right. -- Rubbers, too, I hope? A man ought to be prepared for any emergency.

BURNS

Attaboy!

(taking Bruce's arm and leading him toward elevator)

Come on, Bruce.

BRUCE
(going along, but
worried)
Where are we going?

BURNS
Where are we going? I'm going to buy
you two lunch -- didn't Hildy tell
you?

BRUCE
(a helpless look back
at Hildy)
No -- she didn't.

BURNS
Just wanted to surprise you, I guess.
After you, Bruce!
Come on, Hildy, my treat!

BURNS
Anyway, I'm glad you two are going
to be happy and have all the things
I couldn't give her. You know, Hildy
is about the best reporter in the
country -- and that goes regardless
of sex. But all she really ever wanted
was a home.

BRUCE
Well, I'll try to give her one.

BURNS
I know you will, Bruce. Are you going
to live with your mother?

BRUCE
Just for the first year.

BURNS
(sighing)
That'll be nice. A home with mother.
A real honeymoon. In Albany, too.

BRUCE

Mighty nice little town, Albany.
They've got the State Capitol there,
you know.

BURNS

Yes, I know...

(he chuckles)

Hildy, will you ever forget the night
you brought the Governor back to
your hotel room and found me taking
a bath? She didn't even know I was
in town...

Gus, the waiter enters.

GUS

Well, here we are.

He begins serving them.

BURNS

How's business, Bruce?

BRUCE

Well, Albany's a mighty good insurance
town. Most people there take it out
pretty early in life.

BURNS

I don't blame them.

BURNS

I sometimes wish I'd taken out
insurance -- but, of course, now it
doesn't matter. Still, I suppose it
would have been the smart thing to
do.

BRUCE

Well, I honestly feel that way. I
figure I'm in one line of business
that really helps people. Of course,
we don't help you much when you're
alive -- but afterward -- that's
what counts.

BURNS

I see what you mean.

HILDY
Gus, this --

GUS
(winking)
Good coffee, isn't it?

Gus starts to go.

BRUCE
You've forgotten my milk.

GUS
Oh. The milk. Yes.

BURNS
Here's luck to the bride and
bridegroom.

HILDY
(lifts cup)
Thank you.

BRUCE
(looking for something
to respond with --
apologetically)
He hasn't brought my milk yet.

A bus boy comes into scene and stops before Burns.

BUS BOY
They want you on the phone, Mr. Burns.

BURNS
They would!

Boy goes, Burns rises, starts off, comes back for his cup of
coffee, which he then takes off with him.

BRUCE
(looking after him)
You know, Hildy, he's not a bad
fellow.

HILDY
(looking at him
maternally)
You're so nice, Bruce, you think
everybody else is.

BRUCE
Hildy!

HILDY
Hello, Bruce...

She resumes her typing, then suddenly realizes the situation
and jumps up.

HILDY
BRUCE!! How'd you get out?

BRUCE
Not through any help of yours, Hildy.

HILDY
Bruce, I know, but I was in the
biggest jam --

BURNS' VOICE
Hildy!

BURNS
For Pete's sake, Hildy, they're
waiting for the rest of that story!

HILDY
(resignedly)
Okay, Walter.
(sits down at her
typewriter again)

BRUCE
I waited and waited and then I had
an idea and wired Albany to send me
a hundred dollars so I could get out
on bail...
(desperately)
I don't know what they'll think --
they sent it to the police station!

HILDY
(she barely stops
typing)
We'll explain the whole thing to
them.
(resumes typing)

BRUCE
I know I got you into this, Hildy,
but it does seem to me that you can't
care much for me if you're willing
to let me stay locked up for two
hours.

HILDY
Bruce, you know I'm mad about you
and stop talking like that.
(calling o.s. to Walter)
Walter!

BURNS
(into phone)
Take the President's speech and run
it on the funny page...
(turns to Hildy)
What is it, Hildy?

HILDY
What was the name of the Mayor's
first wife?

BURNS
You mean the one who drank so much?
Tillie!

HILDY
Thanks.
(she types furiously)

BURNS
(screaming)
Get back in there, you mock turtle!

The desk-top falls, the fugitive disappearing within.

BRUCE
Did you say anything, Mister Burns?

BURNS

No -- I was just talking to one of
the guys at the office.

(indicating phone in
his hand)

BRUCE

(to Burns)

Oh.

(turns to Hildy)

I wonder what's keeping mother? She
was supposed to come down and get
you.

HILDY

Oh, she was here.

BRUCE

Where'd she go?

HILDY

Out some place.

She types away. Bruce grabs her and stops her.

BRUCE

Hildy! Where's mother?

HILDY

Oh -- mother -- she -- I don't know
where she went.

BRUCE

Did you give her the money?

HILDY

No, I was going to give it to her --
but she left hurriedly.

BRUCE

Then suppose you give me the money.
Four hundred and fifty dollars.

HILDY

Oh, yes. Here it is.

She gets the wallet. Burns comes into the scene and pulls
another page out of her machine.

HILDY

Here it is, Bruce. One -- two --
three -- four hundred -- and fifty
dollars.

BRUCE

(drily)
Thank you.

BRUCE

(to Hildy)
And I'll take that certified check,
too. I've decided I can handle things
around here...

BURNS

Come on, Hildy, we've got to keep
going! Sorry, Bruce, but --

HILDY

Just a second, Walter. Here, Bruce,
here's the check... And, oh, Bruce,
here's your wallet. I got it back.

BRUCE

(taking it and
surveying it coldly)
You got it back, eh? There's something
funny going on around here.

BURNS

Hildy!

HILDY

All right, Walter.

She sits down and begins to type.

BRUCE

I'm taking the nine o'clock train,
Hildy. And you can meet us at the
station.

HILDY

Fine.

She types away.

BURNS
(coming over to Bruce)
I'll see she's there, Bruce, I promise
you.

BRUCE
(dramatically)
If she's not there, mother and I are
leaving anyhow!

BURNS
I know how you feel, Bruce, but you've
got to forgive her. She's only a
woman, after all.

BRUCE
Suppose she is -- I have feelings,
too! Do you know where I've been for
the last couple of hours? Locked up
in a police station and she didn't
move to do anything about it.
And now I don't know where my mother
is. She may be lost.

BURNS
I'll find her, Bruce, if I have to
put every detective in the city on
the job. Tell you what -- go over to
the Missing Persons Bureau and
describe your mother. What does she
look like?

BRUCE
She's -- well, she's very motherly.
That's about the best description I
know.

BURNS
(nodding)
That's the kind of stuff they want!