

LOUIE

Hildy.

HILDY

Louie!

She drops the phone and hurries towards him.

HILDY

Have you got my dough?

LOUIE

Oh, sure. The boss sent me over with it. Four hundred dollars, wasn't it?

HILDY

Four hundred and fifty and I'll cut your throat if you try any tricks!

LOUIE

All right, all right. You can't blame a guy for tryin', can you?

HILDY

Come on with that money!

LOUIE

First you got to sign a receipt.
(he pulls out a receipt)

HILDY

Where's the money?

LOUIE

Keep your shirt on. I got it -- right here.

(he picks out money
and counts)

One hundred -- two hundred -- three hundred -- four hundred -- and fifty.
Now sign.

HILDY

(grabs money and signs)
Here!

LOUIE

Thanks. So long, Hildy!

HILDY
(grabbing him)
So long, nothing! Where's Bruce
Baldwin's wallet?

LOUIE
Huh?

HILDY
None of that innocent stuff, you
double-crossing hyena! You stuck
Bruce Baldwin in jail this afternoon
on a phony charge that he swiped
your watch, and you frisked his
wallet! Now, give me that wallet or
I'll stick you in jail and it won't
be on any phony charge either! It'll
be for life!

LOUIE
Now don't get excited, Hildy! I don't
know what you're talking about --
but is this Mr. Baldwin's wallet?

He takes Bruce's wallet out.

HILDY
(grabbing it)
You know it is!

LOUIE
I didn't frisk him. He must have
dropped it in Burns' office. I didn't
know whose it was.

HILDY
No -- and you don't know that your
cheap boss has had Mr. Baldwin
arrested again -- do you?

LOUIE
(surprised)
What -- already? Why, the dame left
only a minute before I did!

BURNS

Who is it?

LOUIE'S VOICE

It's me, Boss -- Louie.

BURNS

(opening the door)

It's Louie!

Louie slips in and Burns relocks the door.

BURNS

(seeing Louie's
disarray)

What's the matter?

Hildy crosses to Louie.

HILDY

(frantically)

Where's Mrs. Baldwin?

BURNS

What did you do with her?

HILDY

What happened?

BURNS

You been in a fight?

LOUIE

(still out of breath)

Down Western Avenue. We were going
sixty-five miles an hour. You know
what I mean?

BURNS

Take that mush out of your mouth!

HILDY

Where's the old lady?

LOUIE

I'm telling you!

LOUIE

We run smack into a police patrol.
You know what I mean? We broke it in
half!

HILDY

Oh-h-h... was she hurt?

BURNS

Where is she? Tell me!

HILDY

Louie!

LOUIE

I'm telling you. Can you imagine
bumping into a load of cops?! They
come rollin' out like oranges!

HILDY

(seizing him)

What did you do with her?

LOUIE

Search me! When I come to I was
running down Thirty-fifth Street.

HILDY

-- You were with her. You were in
the cab, weren't you?

LOUIE

(exposing his bruised
scalp)

Was I? The driver got knocked cold.

BURNS

Butter-fingers! I give you an old
lady to take somewhere, and you hand
her over to the cops!

LOUIE

What do you mean, I handed her? The
patrol wagon was on the wrong side
of the street.

BURNS

Now everything's fine. She's probably squawking her head off in some police station.

LOUIE

I don't think she's talking much...
You know what I mean?

He winks reassuringly.

HILDY

(paralyzed)

Don't tell me -- was she killed?

BURNS

(hopefully)

Was she? Did you notice?

LOUIE

Say, me with a gun on my hip and a kidnapped old lady on my hands, I should stick around asking questions from a lot of cops! You know what I mean?