

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 chucks 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