

HILDA: And what's the price of this television set again?

SAM: You know what the price is, Hilly.

HILDA: Just say it, Sam.

SAM: The ad has been taped to the icebox for the past two weeks.

HILDA: But I want to hear you say the price out loud.

SAM: That price isn't important because that's not the price we're going to pay.

HILDA: Three hundred and thirty-seven dollars and forty-five cents.

SAM: And we'll be paying less than that because I know how to barter. I know what the markup is for these outfits. And I know they're willing to come down in price to make a sale. I know that for a fact.

HILDA: Well, I don't know why you had to take the morning off work to do this. Couldn't you do it tomorrow?

SAM: They're not open on weekends. And it's not the whole morning. I'll be into work by eleven.

HILDA: And Mr. Westcott won't mind?

SAM: How long have I worked there, Hilly? How long have I ... twenty-seven years I've worked there. I'm a valued employee of Westcott Paper Products. Mr. Westcott and I are the same age,

for God's sake. And if I want to take a couple of hours off one morning for personal time, nobody is going to ask any questions. It'll be my time to do with as I please. Besides, I have to buy it this morning so they can deliver it this afternoon. If they don't deliver it today, there'll be no *Gunsmoke* tomorrow. How do I look? Do I look like a man of importance?

HILDA: Yes, you look very important. I barely recognize you.

SAM: Seriously, Hilly. Do I look presentable?

HILDA: You look very presentable, Sam. You look like a gentleman of substance.

SAM: I do, don't I? And you, Mrs. Fluck, don't look too bad yourself.

HILDA: Oh stop.

SAM: No, I mean it. You're the most beautiful woman in the world, Hilly. And I'm lucky to have you.

He puts his arm around HILDA.

