

DON. Do you love him?

JILL. Why would I answer that? No matter what I say, you've already made up your own mind.

DON. Go ahead, answer it! DO you love him?!

JILL. Yes! In my way.

DON. This morning you told me you could never love anyone.

JILL. That was this morning. Am I allowed to change my mind or has my first statement already been passed into law by Congress?!

DON. Look, I'm not the worldliest human being on the block, but I know that when you're rushing into the arms of the man you love, you don't stop for a corned beef sandwich on rye.

JILL. Which shows how little you know me. Some people wear their hears on their sleeves... I wear my appetite.

DON. Was it something my mother said?

JILL. Was what something your mother said?

DON. The reason you're leaving. The reason you didn't show up for dinner. I know you didn't forget. Was it something my mother said?

JILL. You don't even listen to your mother. Why should I?

DON. Then why are you leaving? And don't give me that crap about loving Ralph.

JILL. I'm leaving because I want to leave. I'm free and I go when I want to go.

DON. I thought it might have something to do with me.

JILL. It has nothing whatsoever to do with you.

DON. Okay. You're scared to death of becoming involved, aren't you?

JILL. I don't want to get involved. I told you that.

DON. That's right – you told me. No commitments... no responsibility.

JILL. I have to be able to get out if I get tired of the...

DON. Tired of me?

JILL. Anybody!

DON. What if I got tired of you?

JILL. Of me??

DON. Doesn't anyone ever get tired of you?

JILL. I don't hang around long enough to find out.

DON. With Ralph, you could get out any time you feel like it... but it might be harder to walk out on a blind guy, right?

JILL. The blindness has nothing to do with it! Nothing!

DON. You know goddam well it has! You wouldn't feel a thing walking out on Ralph or Sebastian or Irving, but if you walked out on Little Donny Dark, you might hate yourself and you wouldn't like that, would you?! Hate me – or love me – by don't leave because I'm blind and don't stay because I'm blind!!

JILL. Who are Sebastian and Irving?

DON. Nobody. I made them up.

JILL. Sometimes I don't understand you. We don't think alike and I know I'd only hurt you sooner or later. I don't want to hurt you.

DON. Why not? You do it to everybody else. Why do I rate special treatment?

JILL. I don't want to be another Linda Fletcher. She hurt you, didn't she?

DON. She helped me, too. She was there when I needed her.

JILL. I can't promise that. I don't know where I'll be when you need me.