Billy: Hello, Hannah.

Hannah: Oh my God, look at you. You look so… I don't know, what's the word I'm looking for?

Billy: Happy?

Hannah: You have changed, Billy.

Billy: Mind and body. That doesn't offend you, does it? I understand you have a new boyfriend.

Hannah: A boyfriend? God forbid. I'm forty-two years old… I have a lover. And what's with you, mate-wise?

Billy: Mate-wise? Mate-wise I am seeing a very nice girl.

Hannah: Are you? And where are you seeing her to?

Billy: Can we talk about Jenny?

Hannah: You have no legal rights to her, of course. You understand that.

Billy: Certainly.

Hannah: Then tell her to come home with me.

Billy: I did. She would like to try it with me for a year. She's not happy in New York, Hannah.

Hannah: Nobody's happy in New York. But they're alive.

Billy: If you respect her as a person, respect her right to make a free choice.

Hannah: You get her for the summers, that's enough. If the judge had seen your life-style, you'd be lucky to get her Labor Day afternoon.

Billy: Funny how we haven't discussed your lifestyle, isn't it?

Hannah: I don't have a lifestyle. I have a life.

Billy: Would you like to know what Jenny has to say about you?

Hannah: She's told me. She thinks I'm a son-of-a-bitch. She also thinks I'm a funny son-of-a bitch. She loves me but she doesn't like me. She's afraid of me. She's

intimidated by me. She respects me but wouldn't want to become like me. We have a normal mother and daughter relationship.

Billy: She told me she feels stifled… that the only time she can breathe freely is when she's out here.

Hannah: I have a wonderful nose and throat man on East Eighty-fourth street.

Billy: How much time do you spend with her? Do you ever have breakfast with her? How many nights does she eat dinner alone? Do you think she's really happy with that 20 dollar bill you give her every time you go off to Washington for the weekend? The girl is growing up lonely, Hannah.

Hannah: She has two dogs, a Dominican cook and twelve different girls who sleep over every time I'm away.

Billy: The truth, Hannah… You know if we leave it up to Jenny, you don't stand a chance in hell of getting her on that plane. Right?

Hannah: Certainly. Why else would the ninny run away? … Who said we don't have problems. She is seventeen years old, and when we go at each other, she needs another shoulder to cry on… But I'll be goddamned if I'm giving up a daughter for a cashmere shoulder three thousand miles away.

Billy: You know something, Hannah? I don't like you anymore.

Hannah: It's okay, I'm not always fond of me either.. What are we going to do, Billy? I want my daughter back. You're the only one who can help me…..Are you going to help me?

Billy: It's not often I see you so vulnerable.

Hannah: Well, take a picture of it. You won't see it again. Keep her.

Billy: What?

Hannah: I said, keep her… six months, not a year. And I pick the school. And whoever I pick, they have to send three references. Christ, what am I doing?

Billy: Stay the weekend, Hannah. Talk it over with Jenny. You don't have to decide because you've got a plane ticket.

Hannah: Jesus, you never thought I would say yes, did you? You know, I don't think you're prepared to take on your own daughter. Watching her swim for eight weeks at the beach is not the same as being a parent. Don't look now, Billy, but you just lost…

Billy: If you think I'm scared, you're damned right.

Hannah: I love it. Oh God, I love it. Wait'll you see how much she eats in the winter. You'll be dead broke by Christmas.

Billy: I think you're doing a terrific thing, Hannah.

Hannah: So do I.

Billy: And if for any reason, I feel things aren't working out, I'll send her back to you.

Hannah: The hell you will. You're a father now, Billy.

Billy: I suppose you want to see her before you leave.

Hannah: Well, you suppose wrong. I've seen her. I'll call her when I get to New York.

Billy: Goodbye, Hannah… It was good seeing you again.

Hannah: I suddenly feel like an artist selling a painting he doesn't want to part with.

Billy: I'll frame it and keep it in good light.

Hannah: Do that. And take care of Jenny too.