

Hannah: I'm still interested in this new girl.

Billy: Her name is Betsy LaSorda. Her father used to be a damned good director. She can catch a trout and she can beat me at tennis. I think she is peachy. What else?

Hannah: Well, I know you've been bouncing around a lot, Billy. Do you really care for her, or do you have someone who gets you a break on marriage licenses?

Billy: God, I can just hear the quips flying when you and the second-best mind since Adlai Stevenson get together. Sitting there freezing under a blanket at the Washington Redskin game playing anagrams with the names of all the Polish players... I'll tell you something, Hannah: For one of the brightest women in America, you bore the hell out of me. Your mind clicks of bric-a-bracs so goddamn fast, it never has a chance to let an honest emotion or thought ever get through.

Hannah: And you're so filled with honest emotion, you fall in love every time someone sings a ballad. You're worse than a hopeless romantic, you're a hopeful one. You're the kind of a man who would end the world's famine problem by having them all eat out... preferably at a good Chinese restaurant!

Billy: What do you want to do about Jenny?

Hannah: Who?

Billy: Do you want to discuss this problem sensibly and sincerely, or do you want to challenge me to the New York Times crossword puzzle for her?

Hannah: Oh, stop pouting. You may dress like a child, but you don't have to act like one.

Billy: Would you mind terribly if I said "Up yours" and left?

Hannah: What have you done to her, Billy? She's changed. She used to come back to New York after the summers here taller and anxious to see her friends... Now she meditates and eats alfalfa.

Billy: She just turned seventeen. Something was bound to happen to her.

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: Believe it or not, they have good schools here. I can show you some, if you like.

Hannah: Oh that should be fun, something like the Universal Studio tour?

Billy: What a snob you are.

Hannah: Thank god there are a few of us left.

Billy: What is there so beautiful about your life that makes it so important to put down everyone else's? Forty square blocks bounded by Lincoln Centre on the west and Cinema II on the east is not the center of the goddamn universe. I grant you its an exciting, vibrant, stimulating, fabulous city, but it's not Mecca... It just smells like it.

Hannah: You were terrific, when you used to write like that... I didn't see the last picture you wrote, but they tell me it grossed very well in backward areas.

Billy: Jesus, was I anything like you before?

Hannah: I couldn't hold a candle to you.

Billy: No wonder no one spoke to me here for the first two years.

Hannah: Lucky you.

Billy: Look, I don't want to interrupt your train of venom, but could we get back to Jenny.

Hannah: Jenny, yes, what a good idea.

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 lifestyle, 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: The hell you do. The only time you're alive is Tuesday mornings when the magazine hits the stands.. You're a voyeur in newsprint, snooping on everyone else's lifestyle and editing out the healthy aspects of the human condition because, for a dollar a copy, who the hell wants to read about happiness.

Hannah: Sometimes I actually miss you. You wouldn't consider coming back East and entering into a menage a trois.