

Binnie: Here, let me do that.

Hilda: No, it's done, I don't know what happened to my party. It just went to pieces. Well, Sunday's over. I'm going to bed.

Binne: Can I do something for you, Hilda? Can I get you some hot milk?

Hilda: No thanks, darling. I'm all right. You don't have to mother me.

Binnie: Hilda- Mother and Dad - what were they really like? Jules asked me- and I suddenly realized I couldn't answer.

Hilda: But I've told you.

Binnie: Not really. Didn't they ever fight, didn't they ever get mad at each other?

Hilda: Never. They were two Quiet people. He had a Quiet voice and she had a quiet smile. And I remember - when I was a kid- if I woke in the night, I'd hear the radio, the sweetest music, it would be coming from their bedroom. Oh, what a lovely, perfect world they made. And then they left me to make it. And I can't, I can't do it by myself.

Binnie: But you do, Hildy, you do.

Hilda: It's all right, honey, it's only a mood. Don't be frightened, it's only a mood.

Binnie: Don't get that way, Hildy, please.

Hilda: I won't. Don't be afraid, it's all right, it's all right. Did you and Jules really get lost in the park?

Binnie: No.

Hilda: Did you have a good time?

Binnie: Well, yes.

Hilda: That was a little hesitant, wasn't it?

Binnie: No we had a wonderful time - except well, we were on a Hilda kick. We kept talking about you.

Hilda: Oh.

Binnie: Say that "oh" again, Hildy.

Hilda: What do you mean, say it again. Just "oh".

Binnie: It sounds a little pleased.

Hilda: Oh Binnie. It doesn't give me any pleasure to have him talk about me. I dislike him very much.

Binnie: I know you do. I don't. I'm crazy about him.

Hilda: What did you do? Where'd you go?

Binnie: Well, that's what gets under my skin, where we went. The zoo. Peanuts to pigeons. Rowing on the lake.

Hilda: Oh, the romantic treatment.

Binnie: But all that April in bloom-stuff - that's not what makes him romantic.

Hilda: What does? His silk shirts? His yellow Jaguar?

Binnie: No. It's the truth in him. If he thinks something he says it. But today was different. He was different. He was tricky. No straight pitches, only curves.

Hilda: That's step two in the Treatment.

Binnie: What do you mean?

Hilda: Throw her off balance.

Binnie: Oh, Hildy, he's knocking me out.

Hilda: Don't let him, Binnie. Don't let him.

Binnie: Hildy, tell me, how do people get to know each other. I mean really know each other?

Hilda: Oh, brother.

Binnie: That's why I let him talk about you. Because whenever we get on the subject of Hilda, he talks straight. I could see him.

Hilda: What did he say?

Binnie: That doesn't matter, he's all wrong about you.

Hilda: What did he say, Binnie?

Binnie: Nothing, I'm going to bed.

Hilda: Binnie, tell me.

Binnie: I don't want to talk any more.

Hilda: Binnie.

Binnie: What?

Hilda: If he makes you this unhappy, why did you ask him to call again?

Binnie: I don't know. If he calls me again, I won't be home.

Hilda: You mean that, Binnie?

Binnie: What's the use. He'll be gone in a few days, anyway. He's going to Montauk for a week. And so long, Julesy.

Hilda: Good riddance, Binnie. Believe me. Good riddance.

Binnie: Hildy, Hildy...

Hilda: Don't think about it honey, don't make it too important. This is the kind of thing that happens to young girls in the summer. There they were, sweet, in the middle of Spring, and suddenly everything gets hot and a little wild. I guess you've just got to sweat it out and then...

Binnie: Did you?

Hilda: Did I what?

Binnie: Sweat it out?

Hilda: Me? Well, I guess I've been lucky... I'm not a summer girl, I guess. Spring and Fall, Spring and fall! Binnie... Binnie!... I'm so glad you've seen it through. And so quickly. And you'll never be sorry, darling... believe me, you'll never be sorry. Some day a man will come along and you'll be so glad you waited. He'll be everything you ever dreamed of. There won't be anything about him that you'll want to change. Nothing.

Binnie: He'll be perfect.

Hilda: To you he will be.

Binnie: Is that what you're waiting for, Hildy?

Hilda: What?

Binnie: Oh, Hildy, I feel sick.

Hilda: Don't baby... please don't. It's the best thing... the best thing that ever happened.

Binnie: Hilda, I've made up my mind. I'm going to Montauk with him.

Hilda: Binnie, you're not.

Binnie: Yes I am. Tommorrow night... I'm going to meet him at his hotel... and by midnight we'll be in Montauk.

Hilda: Binnie, you won't. You'll change your mind, you won't do it.

Binnie: That's what he says... but you're both wrong.

Hilda: Binnie, you're only a child...

Binnie: Stop saying that. Both of you...stop saying it.

Hilda: You're only eighteen. At eighteen...if you've got any sensitivity at all...you can go haywire. You're an easy mark for a man like that.

Binnie: No. You've got it all wrong. You don't know what today was like. We were together all day and after we left here...he didn't even kiss me... not once.

Hilda: Of course! He's shrewd. It's a wonderful tactic.

Binnie: And he didn't even ask me to go to Montauk. I asked him.

Hilda: Binnie, baby... it's strategy. It's all shrewd strategy. He told me what would happen today. He drew a diagram of it. The zoo... the pigeons in the park...every bit of it. And you know what he said? I'll be going to Montauk. I won't ask her to go with me. She'll ask me! Binnie, he planned it all...every step of it. And he has the gall to tell me.

Binnie: I know. He told me that he told you.

Hilda: Well, doesn't it humiliate you? Doesn't it humiliate you to be part of his dirty little blueprint?

Binnie: I can't help it.

Hilda: I'm not going to let you do it. I'm not going to let you hurt yourself.

Binnie: Hilda, stay out of it.

Hilda: I won't let you go.

Binnie: You won't be able to stop me,Hilda.

Hilda: Yes I will. You're a minor... I'm your older sister and your guardian. I won't let you go.

Binnie: What'll you do? Call the police?

Hilda: I don't know... I don't know. But I'll do something... Shame you out of this...both of you.

Binnie: No you won't. For the first time in my life... I feel something deeply

Hilda: Because it's the first time, you've got to distrust it.

Binnie: You mean run away from it?

Hilda: Yes.

Binnie: That's what you do, isn't it? That's what you always do.

Hilda: Stop that.

Binnie: Yes...that's what you always do. Is Jules right about you... are you scared?

Hilda: Don't say that.

Binnie: Are you cold?

Hilda: Binnie, stop that.

Binnie: Are you jealous?

Hilda: Binnie (slap her)

Binnie: I'm going to meet him tomorrow night.

Hilda: Binnie, Binnie, I'm sorry...I'm sorry. Don't do it, Binnie. Please don't do it. Binnie, unlock the door. Binnie...Binnie... I'm sorry... I'm sorry.