

BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE

Mrs. Baker: I hope you won't tell Donnie that we had lunch together.

Jill: Okay, but if he asks, I won't lie.

Mrs. Baker: He won't ask.

Jill: Why do you call him, Donnie?

Mrs. Baker: Well, that's his name. don't I say it as though I mean it?

Jill: He hates being called, Donnie.

Mrs. Baker: He's never mentioned it.

Jill: Of course he has. You just don't listen. There are none so deaf as those who will not hear. You could make up a lot of those, couldn't you? There are none so lame as those who will not walk. There are none so thin as those who will not eat.

Mrs. Baker: Do you really honestly think that it's a good idea for Donnie to live in that place alone?

Jill: Yes, I really honestly feel it's a good idea for Don to live wherever he wants to. Anyway, he's not alone. I'm right next door.

Mrs. Baker: For how long? Do you have a lease on that apartment?

Jill: No.

Mrs. Baker: Then you could move out tomorrow if you wanted to.

Jill: That's right.

Mrs. Baker: You couldn't sustain a marriage for more than six days, could you?

Jill: My marriage doesn't concern you.

Mrs. Baker: It didn't concern you much either, did it?

Jill: As a matter of fact, it did.

Mrs. Baker: Have you thought about what marriage to a blind boy might be like? Not even your mother has covered that territory.

Jill: Just leave my mother out of this.

Mrs. Baker: I'm sorry, I didn't know you were so touchy about her.

Jill: I'm not touchy about her. I don't want to talk about her.

Mrs. Baker: All right, we won't. We'll talk about you. You've seen Donnie at his best in that place that he's memorized. He's memorized how many steps to the drugstore, to the delicatessen. And you were probably very impressed by that. But I've seen him in strange surroundings. He didn't know I was watching. I've seen him lost. I've seen him panic. He needs someone who'll stay with him and not just for six days.

Jill: Stop worrying, Mrs. Baker. Nothing serious will develop between Don and me. I'm not built that way.

Mrs. Baker: Donnie is built that way.

Jill: Oh, please. We're just having kicks.

Mrs. Baker: Kicks! That's how it started with Linda Fletcher. Just kicks. But Donnie fell in love with her. He will with you, too. Then what happens?

Jill: I don't know.

Mrs. Baker: Well, I do know. Stop it now before you hurt him.

Jill: What about you? Aren't you hurting him?

Mrs. Baker: I can't. I can only irritate him. You can hurt him. The longer you stay with him, the harder it will be when...listen to me, let him come home with me. You go have your kicks with someone who won't feel them when you leave.

Jill: I'm not so sure you can't hurt him. Maybe more than anybody. I think you deserve all the credit you can get for raising a marvelous guy. But bringing up a son, even a blind one, is not a lifetime occupation.

Mrs. Baker: You don't know anything.

Jill: The more you help him, the more you hurt him. It was Linda Fletcher, not you, who gave him what he needed most, confidence in himself. You're always dwelling on the negative, always what he needs, never what he wants, always what he can't do, never what he can. What about his music? Have you heard the songs he wrote? I'll bet you didn't even know he writes songs. You might be dead right about me. I'm not the ideal girl for Don, but I know one thing, neither are you! And if I'm going to tell anybody to go home it's going to be you, Mrs. Baker! You, go home!