

*(A beat.)*

You okay?

SARAH: Thirsty.

JAMES: Water, or uh . . . ?

SARAH: Water would be great.

JAMES: One water, coming up.

*(He fills a glass. She removes her stocking hat. We see more clearly the scars on her face. He hands her the glass.)*

SARAH: Thanks.

*(He waits for her to drink it all down.)*

JAMES: Okay?

*(She nods while drinking.)*

More?

*(She shakes her head.)*

SARAH: Thank you.

*(She gives him her glass.)*

JAMES: Hungry?

SARAH: Do we have anything?

*(He looks in the refrigerator.)*

JAMES: Uh . . . No. Nothing edible, anyway.

*(He sniffs a container of spoiled milk, reacts to the stench.)*

Uch.

SARAH: What.

*(He pours the clotted milk down the drain.)*

JAMES: I ran out of here so fast . . . I didn't have time to empty the fridge . . . *(A take-out container)* Mmm! Want some six-week-old calamari? I *think* it's calamari, could be linguine.

SARAH: Don't worry about that now.

JAMES *(Shows her)*: Look. Gonna need dental records to identify *this* one.

SARAH: Jamie, really, just leave it.

*(He abandons the task.)*

JAMES: I'll go food shopping in the morning.

SARAH: That's fine.

JAMES: Unless you want me to run down now.

SARAH: No. Just . . . *(Gestures for him to relax)*

JAMES *(An idea)*: Hey how about a nightcap?

SARAH: I'd *love* a nightcap.

JAMES: Should be some scotch . . . *(He finds a bottle)* Yes.

*(He pours two glasses. Silence.)*

SARAH: Strange.

JAMES: What.

SARAH: Being here.

JAMES: I bet.

*(His cell phone rings.)*

SARAH: I don't want to talk to anybody.

JAMES *(Looks at his phone)*: It's Richard.

SARAH: Not even Richard.

JAMES: Oh, shit, he wanted me to call when we landed.

SARAH: You've had your hands full. He'll understand; call him in the morning.

*(James nods, turns off the phone, hands her the drink.)*

JAMES: Cheers, baby.

SARAH: Cheers.

*(They drink. Silence. She thinks of something that makes her laugh.)*

JAMES: What.

SARAH: The cab driver. Just now. What a character! Wasn't he?

JAMES: Uh-huh.

SARAH: What is it he said that cracked us up?

JAMES *(Recalling)*: Oh, yeah, uh . . .

SARAH *(Remembering)*: "Bottle cap."

JAMES: Right.

SARAH: He meant "bottleneck." "Bottle cap up ahead." I didn't know what the hell he was talking about.

JAMES: Me, neither.

*(Pause.)*

SARAH: Reminded me of Tariq.

JAMES: Oh, yeah?

SARAH: Didn't he remind you . . . ?

JAMES: No. Can't say he did.

*(A beat.)*

SARAH: Huh.

*(Pause. She touches his arm. He looks at her.)*

Thank you.

JAMES: For what?

SARAH: For everything. For getting me home, for being there.

JAMES: I wasn't there.

SARAH: For being there when I woke up. Thank you for that.

JAMES *(A rueful smile)*: Yeah, well, uh . . .

*(He unpacks sundries and medications. Silence.)*

SARAH: What happens tomorrow?

JAMES: Tomorrow? We sleep in. However long we like.

SARAH: What else?

JAMES *(Shrugs)*: Errands 'n' shit.

*(Pause.)*

SARAH: What happens day after that?

JAMES: Day after that's Doctors' Day. *My* shrink at nine, your orthopedist at one . . .

SARAH: Goody . . .

JAMES: Neuro-guy at three-something . . . Physical Therapy at five . . .

SARAH: I'm a real fun date, aren't I.

JAMES: Baby, you're the best.

*(Pause.)*

SARAH: And what happens after that?

JAMES: After that?

*(She nods. Pause.)*

We put you back together again.

*(A beat. He kisses her forehead.)*

Welcome home.