

JULIANA. My wedding ring, oh God, well I was putting on lotion and I just set it aside for a minute, it can't just be ... *gone*.

IAN. It's right there, Jules.

JULIANA. What? Right where?

IAN. Hon. Where you always put it. In the bowl. Here. (*He lifts a ring out of a little porcelain bowl on the table.*)

JULIANA. I thought for a minute I'd left it back at the other place — in the shower. I keep doing that. (*He stares at her. Tiny beat.*) — Do me a favor and don't ever look at me like that? Please?

IAN. (*Small beat. Then, quietly.*) Come 'ere.

JULIANA. (*Softening, smiling a little.*) No.

IAN. Come over here.

JULIANA. (*Flirtatiously, with a deep love.*) No. (*Ian moves to her. She stares at him. He lifts her hand ... and slides the ring on her finger. She closes her eyes. Small beat.*) How can you still love me, Ian.

IAN. I ... honestly don't know. God knows I've tried not to, but I just can't stop being crazy about you, isn't that strange. (*They hold one another.*) I'm thinking of suing that resort.

JULIANA. Please, they didn't give me brain cancer.

IAN. It's their fault we had to wait two days to get you to an emergency room.

JULIANA. What good would it have done.

IAN. They let you go back to your hotel room by yourself? Then get on an airplane...?

JULIANA. But that doesn't matter now, I'm here. I'm fine, and you're going to do everything you can to take it out of me.

IAN. If ... uh, if it's brain cancer.

JULIANA. Of course it is.

IAN. Look. Cindy's reporting —

JULIANA. — Cindy —

IAN. — Sorry, Dr. Teller —

JULIANA. (*Lightbulb.*) — Cindy?

IAN. Yes, people know her around the hospital, she's well respected.

JULIANA. *Cindy*. She's cute, Ian, is she the one?

IAN. Wait wait wait ... what?

JULIANA. Do you think she's cute, I think she's fairly cute, guess you don't have to try *that* hard to not love me.

IAN. Jules ...

JULIANA. She's a bit young, don't you think, close to Laurel's age, I mean really, you expect your daughter to come out of the

woodwork and meet you when you're doing something as disgusting as dating someone who could practically be one of her friends?

IAN. I'm not ... *dating*. Dr. Teller.

JULIANA. Oh, what. I guess just fucking.

IAN. Whoa, whoa, no! We ...

JULIANA. — *We*, he says, here it comes ...

IAN. No way. No. I ...

JULIANA. — Say it.

IAN. I'M TRYING TO! She's a colleague, we've spoken about you over coffee ...

JULIANA. So what's the matter, you don't have the balls to go any further, just go fuck her will you please.

IAN. — OK, I, I can't have any more conversations that do this.

JULIANA. — Sure, fine, I'll just put it on the growing list of things you won't talk about any more including your almost total refusal to admit your daughter's very existence!

IAN. Laurel's...? (*Engaging against his better judgment.*) OK, her existence! Fine! Let's go, let's talk about her existence! In fact let's make a bargain, OK? *If* this person calling you is really Laurel ...

JULIANA. — Stop it, do you think I'm some doddering old woman — that I'm *falling victim* to some scam artist ...

IAN. Well I find it curious this woman has called you a dozen times but she's never called me!

JULIANA. It's *Laurel*, we've spoken, she knows everything, where her room was in the other place, what she likes to eat —

IAN. — And you've had these dozen conversations with her in the three weeks since you returned from St. Thomas after *some sort of an episode* ...

JULIANA. — And I've spoken to Richard too, this is unbelievable.

IAN. OK, I guarantee. That you have not been speaking to Richard.

JULIANA. And besides, she was calling me *before* the episode.

IAN. How long before.

JULIANA. How should I know, months.

IAN. And you never told me.

JULIANA. She didn't want me to.

IAN. This is all very convenient.

JULIANA. She's afraid of you!

IAN. Why, I never did anything to make her afraid, at worst I made her ... I don't know what. Too bold.