

Identamyl. As most of you know who were smart enough to invest in shares of Spinder & Thompson prior to this final round of clinical trials, Identamyl is perched to become *the* blockbuster protein therapy, with sales projected to exceed one billion dollars by month ten of its debut year. My name is Julian Spinder, by the way, I am the advising research scientist, the original creator of the molecule, the structure, though I must issue a disclaimer of formal thanks to my post-doc, Dr. Richard Sillner, who I regret I'm not able to be here today. Now. I am going to walk you through this remarkable piece of work before you go hit that basket of balls in that protected sea turtle habitat. *(To us.)* This is another little chue from everyone except for the one in the yellow bikini; I'm sure I'm verifying my own power to intimidate but I can swear she suddenly becomes ... self-conscious by how little she's wearing. I begin to feel a similar trick ... regret. *(Raising a cell phone.)* — I said is this Richard? *(The Man raises a phone to his ear. We hear squeals of children in a bath.)*

RICHARD. — Yes! Hello, it's Richard? — Sorry, they're splashing. *(Over his shoulder.) Girls! (Into phone.)* Hang on ...

JULIANA. Yes! Richard. It's ... it's Juliana, Richard.

RICHARD. *(Miniscule beat.)* Juliana.

JULIANA. Yes, is, is that who I think it is in the background.

RICHARD. Sorry, uh ... — Yes, it's bath night, they love the bath, let me get in the other room. *(Over his shoulder.)* Lor, you're watching? *(The Woman calls from offstage.)*

LAUREL. Yeah hon, OK, who is it!

RICHARD. Uh, it's, it's your mother.

LAUREL. — Oh *fucking* shit.

RICHARD. *(Into phone.)* Uh. Sorry ...

JULIANA. No! No, it's, it's a bad time.

RICHARD. She didn't mean *you*.

JULIANA. It's OK, I know she did.

RICHARD. No, the girls, they, they, they dump water all over the floor.

JULIANA. I know she meant me, Richard.

RICHARD. She, it's, they're not sleeping, that's all, it makes them hyperactive, it's tough ...

JULIANA. Well maybe she could just call me later.

RICHARD. Um ... Yyyyeah ...

JULIANA. — Or ... or not. I'll ...

RICHARD. — Look. Hey look, why don't you call back, it's, it's just hard to get her to pick up the phone these days, OK?

JULIANA. Don't I know it.

RICHARD. I mean is there ... is there any reason...?

JULIANA. — No! Everything's ... fine, I mean I'm in a, a hotel, um, in ... St. Thomas.

RICHARD. Sounds rough.

JULIANA. Yes, with the new drug actually, finally pitching it, it's going to be a ... a big success.

RICHARD. Uh. OK. What am I supposed to say to that, Juliana, gee, you know ... congratulations?

JULIANA. No it's just that I've had a bit of an episode and I just ... really wanted to hear Laurel's voice.

LAUREL. (*Offstage.*) — Oh! (*A watery THUNK. A girl starts crying.*)

JULIANA. — But I really don't want to keep you. These *are* ... wonderful years, aren't they.

RICHARD. — Look. I ... I received an invitation? To attend a meeting?

JULIANA. Oh! The Cambridge thing!

RICHARD. Biophysical Society?

JULIANA. Oh, well I thought I could help you. Re-establish some connections.

RICHARD. Why, you think my career could ever, what, magically recover? After all the accusations from you and Ian?

JULIANA. Yes well, I ... I thought it was time that I start making up for things.

RICHARD. And how could you ever do that.

JULIANA. Look, this is crass, but for starters what about with money. Lots of money. (*Another thunk.*)

LAUREL. — Shit, hon!? Can you hang up on her!?

RICHARD. Uh.

JULIANA. No no, I understand. Why don't I call back in forty five minutes.

RICHARD. ... Look. Juliana ...

JULIANA. — Next please. (*Projection: A chromosome. Into the microphone.*) Now. For those of you who were only accepted to med school here on St. Thomas, this is called a chromosome. (*To us.*) It's a scientist joke, every doctor is required to laugh at it, and everybody does, except for, again, the girl in the yellow bikini, and though I should leave well enough alone, before I realize it I'm sharp-