

SIDE 1

JULIANA and DR. TELLER (THE WOMAN)

THE OTHER PLACE

The lights rise on Juliana.

JULIANA. (*Throughout: charming, dry, utterly unsentimental.*) The first glimmer of it comes on a Friday. They've flown me to St. Thomas, some private golf resort, I pretend I'm giving a lecture but really it's another sales pitch, I used to be enthralled by my new life, but the blush has come off the rose. I've landed, checked in, tried Laurel and Richard, taken two aspirin, refused a platter of french toast, forced thirty laps out of myself down at the pool. These last few moments I go through again and again, somehow even with all the knowledge I have — or used to have — I still think I can find some clue as to when it all might have turned, but this is a cruel exercise which I have begun realizing I should avoid. I go up to shower and dress, there is no hurry, everything is on-site, the sea is stunning, the air is seventy one degrees, I am fifty-two years old, in spite of everything that's happened, when I add up the balance sheet of my life the numbers say I am happy. (*The Woman interrupts.*)

DR. TELLER. Ah. Would you like to sit down, Mrs — ?

JULIANA. — Ms., please, I'm going through a divorce.

DR. TELLER. Oh. So ... are you no longer going by Smithton?

JULIANA. Yes.

DR. TELLER. Sorry. Let me start over. Your appointment was set up by your —

JULIANA. — Yes, current husband.

DR. TELLER. I see. Do you have the next one picked out?

JULIANA. Next who.

DR. TELLER. Husband.

JULIANA. Well he's not my ex yet, so what do I call him.

DR. TELLER. Right. But the divorce, that's a recent development?

JULIANA. Is this a personal question?

DR. TELLER. Sorry. It's just that when he scheduled you, your hus — I mean ... *Dr. Smithton*. Made no mention of that, so I wonder if you're going by a different name.

JULIANA. (*A question.*) My maiden name.

DR. TELLER. (*Writing.*) ... Yes. So I'll just make a note and if needed we'll, we'll ... re-label your file.

JULIANA. Well why on earth would you have any files started, this is the first time you're seeing me.

DR. TELLER. I have a system.

JULIANA. It's working well.

[A large rectangular area containing faint, illegible markings, possibly representing a redacted section or a very faded page of text.]

DR. TELLER. Well let's start there. When you're meeting with me. You'd *prefer* your maiden name?

JULIANA. — Right. And you are ...

DR. TELLER. Yes, again, Dr. Teller?

JULIANA. Is that a question.

DR. TELLER. I'm sorry?

JULIANA. You said that with an upward inflection, like you weren't exactly sure who you were.

DR. TELLER. So you *wouldn't* prefer your maiden name.

JULIANA. Oh I would, but it's Liffenberger. How could I go back after Smithton; Juliana Smithton, sounds like I was born with a tennis bracelet. Too bad *Dr.* Smithton can't keep other women's skirts free of his dick.

DR. TELLER. Ah. Uh. So, so, uh, would it be easier then if I, I just ... called you Juliana.

JULIANA. This is an old-fashioned line of attack.

DR. TELLER. Attack?

JULIANA. Well it feels like you're preparing for an interrogation.

DR. TELLER. I'm just trying to find out what you're most comfortable with.

JULIANA. May I smoke.

DR. TELLER. Absolutely not.

JULIANA. You could get a smokeless ashtray.

DR. TELLER. Yes, but I couldn't use it on hospital grounds.

JULIANA. Still, a smokeless ashtray, nobody would know, this is a private office, isn't it, you don't share it?

DR. TELLER. And how long have you been smoking.

JULIANA. No idea.

DR. TELLER. Care to think about it?

JULIANA. No I don't think I do.

DR. TELLER. Can you try for me, Juliana?

JULIANA. Yes you may.

DR. TELLER. I'm sorry?

JULIANA. Call me by my first name, thank you so much for asking. (*The Woman writes again.*) What.

DR. TELLER. Have you always been this elusive?

JULIANA. Why would I be elusive, I don't have anything to be guilty about.

DR. TELLER. ... I said elusive, not guilty.

DR. TELLÈR. (*Writing.*) good, then let's continue, so you had, uh ... an episode.

JULIANA. That's what I'm calling it.

DR. TELLER. ... Outside the country.

JULIANA. — United States territory, actually, the Virgin Islands?

DR. TELLER. And no hospital there?

JULIANA. Who the hell would go to a hospital in the Virgin Islands.

DR. TELLER. A few good ones.

JULIANA. Right, for heat stroke and scooter injuries and so I didn't.

DR. TELLER. And so upon getting back your husband ... shit ... Dr. ...

JULIANA. — Soon-to-be-ex —

DR. TELLER. — Yes. Checks you in —

JULIANA. — It's brain cancer.

DR. TELLER. Uh. So, so, and that was a number of weeks ago —

JULIANA. — It's brain cancer —

DR. TELLER. — Right, so I'm beginning with an interview ...

JULIANA. Are you not hearing me?

DR. TELLER. I assume you know what a PET scan is?

JULIANA. Who the hell do you think I am.

DR. TELLER. — OK ...

JULIANA. And where does Ian come in.

DR. TELLER. Sorry?

JULIANA. — Ian, Ian, my ... oh, whatever the hell we're calling him, he's the damned oncologist, divorce or no divorce, he's one of the best.

DR. TELLER. Well, that's, yes, certainly something we're going to look for, just to, to ... rule it out.

JULIANA. Look, my whole family died of cancer, Daddy got it in the brain when he was two years younger than I am now, did all sorts of things, got up one morning made scrambled eggs with half a can of dog food. There's one you never forget.

DR. TELLER. And how long did it take for him to uh, uh, to pass.

JULIANA. Well three or four years.

DR. TELLER. (*Writing in Juliana's file.*) Doesn't sound like brain cancer.

JULIANA. Of course it was, chemo kept him alive.

DR. TELLER. Anyone else in your family have this uh, uh, brain cancer?

JULIANA. My father's mother, died around the same age, same thing. *Her* mother died early too apparently, don't know from what.

DR. TELLER. (*Writing furiously now.*) Uh, OK ... And can I ask?

Do you mind repeating a few words for me?

JULIANA. So this *is* a test.

DR. TELLER. We will do some testing but right now this is still just an interview, car, apple, spigot, can you repeat?

JULIANA. You're not giving me a whatever test.

DR. TELLER. Cognitive?

JULIANA. I'm sorry?

DR. TELLER. Uh, actually, I ... I am.

SIDE 2
JULIANA

Pronunciation:
Identamyl = IDENT-A-MILL

JULIANA. (To us.) I begin the lecture, I say ladies and gentlemen (Into mic.) ... pardon me, lady and gentlemen — I see we have a guest with us today in a lovely string bikini — miss, are you a doctor or are you just here to show someone where it hurts. (To us.) Yes, this gets a bit of a laugh and the girl seems embarrassed, I am satisfied. I continue.

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 alone. My name is Juliana Smithton, I am the advising research scientist and original patent holder of its base structure, though I must issue a note of special thanks to my post-doc, Dr. Richard Sillner, who I regret was not able to be here today. Now. I am going to walk you through this remarkable piece of work before you go hit a bucket of balls into protected sea turtle habitat. *(To us.)* This gets another little chuckle from everyone except for the girl in the yellow bikini; I'm sure I'm glorifying my own power to intimidate but I can swear she suddenly seems ... self-conscious by how little she's wearing. I begin to feel a familiar trickle of ... regret.

JULIANA. *(Into mic.)* Gentlemen. *This ... (A projection.) ... is*

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-

ening my claws on her again, I say ... (*Into mic.*) ... now I'm going to make this next part quick so everyone please sit up. Except you, String Bikini, it looks like all you need to work on today is somebody's diction. (*To us.*) This gets a laugh too. But the girl ... reddens. Why do I say it. Why do I say things like this. Why do I see something young and beautiful and want to just scratch it and scratch it until none of it is left. And yet the girl, maybe stubbornly ... doesn't leave. My trickle of regret turns into a flood.

SIDE 3

**JULIANA and
LAUREL (The Woman) and
RICHARD (The Man)**

— 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 ... Yyyeah ...
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 ...

The Woman hold phones.)

LAUREL. Are you in the middle of something.

JULIANA. Oh. Oh! Laurel! No, I was just ... just lying down for a minute.

LAUREL. Oh well should I ...

JULIANA. — No no. No no, it's OK, I'm up now, I'm, I'm standing right up.

(Both Juliana and

LAUREL. Uh. OK, that's great.

JULIANA. But I thought I was going to call *you* back.

LAUREL. Well I had a minute ...

JULIANA. Yes but it would be on my dime if I called you back.

LAUREL. Well that's not really how phone calls work any more, right?

JULIANA. *(Digging through her purse.)* Look, let me just find my phone book and I'll call you right back.

LAUREL. Mom, it's no big deal, we're ... we're talking already.

JULIANA. Yes, well it would be on my dime!

LAUREL. *(Giving up.)* OK. Look, you know on second thought, it's just too late, I shouldn't have called, I just really wanted to get a glass of wine first.

JULIANA. Oh! You're a wine drinker now.

LAUREL. Um. ... Yes, we both are, guzzlers at the moment I hate to say.

JULIANA. Well look I'll send you case of something.

LAUREL. Oh, that's ... really not necessary.

JULIANA. Something nice. Well for the twins. I mean — not for them to drink, obviously. — To celebrate.

LAUREL. Well the celebrating part of it's long over.

JULIANA. But if a case of something really great showed up you wouldn't refuse it?

LAUREL. *(Sharp.)* Look, there's nothing we need from you, Mom. *(Suddenly softening.)* Sorry, I'm sorry. I don't mean to be harsh, this is all just ... very ... awkward. For me. *(Juliana still digs through her purse.)* Uh, are you, are you there?

JULIANA. — Well all I've got in here is blue ballpoint, I can't stand ballpoint, how did I get ballpoint in here.

LAUREL. What, uh, what are you doing.

JULIANA. I can't find my book, can I, and I've got to write down your number but I can't find paper, what's the matter with this hotel, I'll just write it on my *hand* I guess ...

LAUREL. OK, it's ... it's been utterly surreal, Mom, OK? I'll see you later.

JULIANA. Wait wait wait!

LAUREL. No really, you still don't seem to be able to ... focus — that's the wrong word — on me. So I think it's better that I go.

JULIANA. Look I ... I called because I wanted you to know that I've ... had an episode.

LAUREL. An episode. Of what, television?
JULIANA. My God, you went and got yourself a sense of humor. No, some sort of ... how should I know ... medical episode. So.
LAUREL. Uh. OK, are ... you all right?
JULIANA. Yes I'm perfectly fine, I think it's brain cancer.
LAUREL. What? Brain ... *What?*
JULIANA. Relax, relax, I'm not sure yet, I wouldn't let them check me into a hospital here on St. Thomas.
LAUREL. *Where* are you?
JULIANA. It's called St. Thomas, sweetheart — it's one of the *Virgin Islands*.
LAUREL. Gee, really? I thought I'd caught you on top of an actual Catholic saint.
JULIANA. Really, when did you get so funny? Were you this funny before and I just didn't know it?
LAUREL. You're never going to stop being condescending, are you.
JULIANA. No no, I ... I wasn't condescending, I meant it that time.
LAUREL. I'm twenty five now, Mom.
JULIANA. Yes, I ... I know you are.
LAUREL. Brain cancer? *(Beat.)*
JULIANA. I'd like ... to see you. *(On the words see you, two small children begin screaming.)*
LAUREL. *(Over her shoulder.)* Richard! Can you get them back in bed! *(Back to phone.)* Sorry Mom, they're up again, what?
JULIANA. I said I'd like to ... *(More sudden screaming.)* I'd like to see you, sweetheart!
LAUREL. *(Over her shoulder.)* Richard!
RICHARD. *(Offstage.)* Got it! I got it ...
LAUREL. Well I'm on the phone!
JULIANA. You should go.
LAUREL. — No, I ... I ...
JULIANA. Look, let me send you some money.
LAUREL. Why would you think I need money.
JULIANA. Well, well, *everybody* needs money.
LAUREL. There's no way in hell Richard would take anything from you, you know that, right? *(More screaming.)*
JULIANA. Go, you should go, will you call back.
LAUREL. I ... look. I'll ... *(More screaming.)*

RICHARD. *(Offstage.)* — Hey *hon?*
JULIANA. Just call me back. Call me back?

SIDE 4

JULIANA and IAN

IAN. Sorry. What?

JULIANA. I said I think any diagnosis should happen at your office.

IAN. My office.

JULIANA. I would just feel more comfortable considering our situation. You want to be separated, we're going to have to be separated; you've got downstairs, I've got upstairs and ne'er the twain shall meet.

IAN. Except for the kitchen, which would be twain, hence we are meeting.

JULIANA. I just think we should separate home life and medical life.

IAN. OK, that's ...

JULIANA. What.

IAN. A little strange.

JULIANA. Well I trust you as an oncologist.

IAN. But not as your husband.

JULIANA. You're a better oncologist.

IAN. Gee, thanks.

JULIANA. I would just rather keep this clinical.

IAN. I can maintain a cold demeanor.

JULIANA. Do you think brain cancer is a laughing matter.

IAN. Sorry, I guess I'm a little confused because all I began with was *Do you want coffee.*

JULIANA. ... Oh.

IAN. And I was about to add, *And should I make you breakfast.*
(*Small beat.*)

JULIANA. Two eggs over easy, bacon well done. And fruit.

IAN. Uh ...

JULIANA. And toast. And a muffin.

IAN. (*Dry.*) Is that all?

JULIANA. And yogurt. With granola. Plus a banana. And then we'll go to your office and you can give me the diagnosis.

IAN. ... Except that, look, we're not going to my office, we're seeing Dr. Teller.

JULIANA. And he will what.

IAN. She, right? You saw her last week?

JULIANA. Exactly, and if there's news she'll deliver it, I understand I'm supposed to bring someone to these things. I wish Laurel and Richard weren't so busy.

IAN. Sorry, Laurel and...?

JULIANA. Well Laurel's got the girls because Richard is on the Cambridge trip.

IAN. Laurel's got the girls because Richard is on the Cambridge trip?

JULIANA. I don't want to bother them.

IAN. Well you're going to have *me* this time.

JULIANA. Nonsense, you're leaving me.

IAN. Right.

(*Ian stands mid-motion, electric razor in-hand.*) You can't stand that I'm reaching out to her.

IAN. Sorry, to?

JULIANA. Laurel ... Laurel. See, this is another one of your problems, you just don't want to let go of everything and move into the future.

IAN. Um. I'll add that to my list.

JULIANA. If there's a Biophysical Society meeting at Cambridge? Great, you should be happy that I'm pulling strings to see that Richard attends.

IAN. — Right. Look. I have to say I'm having a pretty hard time with this.

JULIANA. That's what I'm saying, I'd think you'd be happy I'm finding some way to get *to* them.

IAN. Some way to...?

JULIANA. I mean you can't just say fuck it? They're together? Obviously very together, so what if he's fifteen years older than she is, that mattered a long time ago, but it doesn't anymore, she's an adult.

IAN. What I mean is I really ... *cannot* talk about this.

JULIANA. Fine! Don't! I'll talk, you listen! — What, is that why you're sleeping with somebody else, you can't stand the things I talk about.

IAN. I'm not ... sleeping with somebody else.

JULIANA. — Or maybe you can't stand the tone of my voice or just ... *how* I talk about things, I just think that we're not going to have a shot with our daughter unless you can start accepting *Richard*.

IAN. What the hell could I ever accept about what happened with Richard, Jules.

JULIANA. Well unless we bury the hatchet with *him* there's no way we're going to get her back into our lives. (*Ian is silent.*) You're telling me you have no desire to see the babies.

IAN. OK, Jesus Christ, this isn't funny, I'm going to shave, OK?

JULIANA. I'm serious!

IAN. Yeah, that's what I'm afraid of.

JULIANA. I even thought it might be a good idea to give her the other place.

IAN. Sorry. The...?

JULIANA. I know it's in your name too but hell, it's my family house, she's going to get it once I die anyway, she may as well have it now since we finally know where she is.

IAN. — No no no.

JULIANA. And then they'll just be an hour away.

IAN. ... Jules, *please* tell me you're, you're, not in discussion with anyone about ... signing over any real estate.

SIDE 5

JULIANA and

IAN and

DR TELLER (The Woman)

JULIANA. So I've ... just introduced my molecule. And I, I glance behind myself at the screen to make sure I've got the right image.

IAN. Spinder & Thompson, they'd been taping her pitches, and they were surprisingly open about sharing them with me, and uh.

JULIANA. And when I turn back to the audience, the girl in the yellow bikini ... (*Sharp intake of breath, then, evenly.*) Oh God.

IAN. Well suddenly all these things she's been doing for, what. *Years.* Just made horrible sense.

JULIANA. Has disappeared. She's vanished into thin air.

IAN. I mean in the lecture she keeps mentioning this post-doc. Richard Sillner, OK? Well Juliana doesn't have post-docs anymore. She doesn't even have a lab. Her full-time job now is promoting this drug.

JULIANA. I mean I would have seen her if she'd walked out, she was sitting in the middle of the room, every single doctor would have stared at her, and I, I, I, I ... sort of panic. There's not even an empty chair. She can't just be ... gone.

IAN. And as for Richard Sillner, he worked in her lab *ten years* ago. Until we very publicly accused him of ... uh ... taking our daughter.

JULIANA. And then I realize uh, uh, uh, that this phrase. *She can't just be gone.* Is very familiar. When Laurel disappeared it was perhaps the only thought I had for ... months.

IAN. Except that Richard Sillner didn't take our daughter.

JULIANA. She can't just be gone. She can't just be gone. She *can't* just be ...

IAN. I mean in the tape it's so weird, she just ...

JULIANA. ... And then I realize I am no longer speaking.

IAN. ... Stops.

JULIANA. It's as simple as that. And I have no idea how *long* I've not been speaking, just that the room is silent and all these men are staring at me and the only thing I can hear is *she can't just be gone.*

IAN. And you can see it on the tape, all the blood drains out of her face. And she scrabbles around a little with her notes as if she's ... totally lost.

JULIANA. And I think to myself, my God, am I having a stroke, except that I'm oddly not able to locate the word *stroke*, so it's more like *my God am I having a thingy?* Finally I, I manage to say ... I'm terribly sorry, this is terribly strange, I've ... suddenly become a little ill and must break this lecture off midway, my deepest apologies.

IAN. And really, almost as one entity, every doctor in the room leaps to his feet. And I guess it alarms her because she turns vicious.

JULIANA. It's really quite touching.

IAN. She begins screaming — *screeching.*

JULIANA. I'm very calmly telling them it's the flying, I've been flying a lot, can someone help me to my room.

IAN. She runs to the front desk screaming that they're after her, where is her room, can someone find her room, frankly I can see everyone deciding my wife is just a, a, a, crazy person — certainly you could *argue* the point, right? I mean this Richard Sillner guy she keeps mentioning ...

JULIANA. And, and, and ... I get up to my room. And I have a little rest. And I call Laurel and Richard.

IAN. Uh. You see, Richard ... it's complicated ... died. OK? Five — six — years ago. I ... we read about it. Uh. His suicide. (*A significant beat: something has shifted. Ian helps Juliana into her coat.*)

JULIANA. I'm sorry, you need to prepare me ... for what.

IAN. For the fact that we're not going to my office at the hospital today because I'm, I'm not actually your doctor, Jules.

JULIANA. Of course you are, don't be ridiculous.

IAN. Dr. Teller is your doctor.

JULIANA. You mean *Cindy*yy.

IAN. However you wish to refer to her.

JULIANA. Why would *Cindy* be my doctor, she's not an oncologist, is she?

IAN. Right. Which is why I just want to prepare you for the idea that ... that this probably isn't brain cancer.

JULIANA. It's not what?

IAN. It's not brain cancer, sweetheart. (*Beat. Juliana stares at him.*)

JULIANA. Shouldn't that be *good* news.

IAN. (*Grim.*) Yes. (*Juliana takes out a cigarette.*) Whoa whoa whoa whoa.

JULIANA. You don't mind, do you?

IAN. What, what're you doing?

JULIANA. I'm smoking.

IAN. You're what?

JULIANA. I'm going to light this cigarette on fire and breathe the smoke from it into my lungs.

IAN. You're, you're ... *smoking* again?

JULIANA. Oh, don't be such a Pollyanna.

IAN. When did you ...

JULIANA. — Well I'm getting lonely; since you've filed for divorce I no longer have anything intimately approaching my mouth.

IAN. Jesus Christ, Jules, we just had sex last night.

JULIANA. Oh don't be such a contrarian.

IAN. (*Calm.*) And I haven't filed for a divorce, nor am I going to.

JULIANA. Oh don't be such a wimp.

IAN. And *you're* the one who wanted me to move downstairs, OK, I just want that stated for the record.

JULIANA. Oh don't be such a bureaucrat.

IAN. I'm sorry, are ... are we mocking me? Is that what we're doing?

JULIANA. — Oh don't be such a ...

IAN. — Jules. Can you stop it.

JULIANA. I'm just having a little fun, you should let me have a little fun before you tell me I've got seven hours left to live or something, so don't be such a ...

IAN. — What. Don't be such a what.

JULIANA. I can't think of any more.

IAN. So the smell up there, it's not actually coming in from the neighbor's window like you said it was.

JULIANA. You might also be smelling burnt filter, I've set a personal goal of smoking each one of my cigarettes right down to the nub.

IAN. Terrific.

JULIANA. Yes, in every single room including your *home* office, which I think you'll be happy to know is now my official smoking room.

IAN. You know what surprises me almost more than anything else? Is how ... cruel this thing has made you.

JULIANA. What thing. (*Beat.*) What thing, Ian. (*Beat.*) Perhaps I express cruelty because I've got a husband who won't admit that his daughter exists no matter how much I beg him to believe me. And because I believe that if he loved me as much as he is supposed to love me he will do his best to believe in the depths of his heart that his daughter has made contact with me. And that it is only a matter of time before I can convince her to come home. So may I smoke.

IAN. Smoke, smoke; smoke your fucking guts out, what the hell difference does it make.

JULIANA. Should I interpret that as some terrible uh-oh. (*A small beat, he nods again. Juliana lights a cigarette.*) Well if it bothers you so much we should get a few ...

IAN. ... A few what.

JULIANA. Well a few of those things.

IAN. What things.

JULIANA. For the whatever.

IAN. For the whatever what.

JULIANA. For the stuff. That falls from the thing.

IAN. From the cigarette? The ashes, for the ashes? A couple of ashtrays?

JULIANA. Yes, but without the smoke.

IAN. We should get some *smokeless* ashtrays?

JULIANA. Yes, some of those.

IAN. Juliana?

JULIANA. (*Quietly.*) Just give me the news.

IAN. (*Quietly.*) Hell, give me a drag of that. (*Small beat. Juliana hands over the cigarette. Silence.*)

JULIANA. How bad am I.

IAN. They sliced your imaging every which way. Frontal lobe, parietal, even temporal, nothing.

JULIANA. At all?

IAN. No tumors.

JULIANA. They'll find something.

IAN. They did see some ... elevated, uh. Glucose levels. Uh. In the hippocampus. (*Long, terrible pause while this sinks in.*)

JULIANA. Bullshit.

IAN. So she's looking into several ... dementias, which would explain a lot.

JULIANA. A lot of what!

IAN. What's funny is that *you're* the expert on this.

JULIANA. Bull. Shit.

IAN. Look, I'm just telling you what she's told *me*, do you want me to try and interpret that or not.

JULIANA. Not, absolutely not, you're a fucking hack, Ian.

IAN. Really? Gee it's funny because I'm pretty widely regarded as one of the best.

JULIANA. Yes, but you're a fucking *oncologist*, you don't know anything about dementia, that's like letting a proctologist look at your heart.

IAN. Considering your treatment of me lately that's where I might recommend looking for yours.

JULIANA. Well aren't you just a bag of laughs. I mean if I had dementia, I would know about it, don't you think, I've been studying goddamned dementia all my life, I'm fifty-two, I don't have *dementia*, what *sort* of dementia, do I sound *demented* to you?

IAN. — That's what I'm saying sweetheart, you, you really do.

JULIANA. BULLSHIT!

IAN. (*Quietly.*) She'd like to test more.

JULIANA. More *what*, I'm sorry, what is this thing you're calling a *test*, I'm feeling *demented*!

IAN. I spoke to some colleagues, everyone's tempted to say it's early stage but these other things you're doing, especially since St. Thomas ...

JULIANA. What colleagues! *Cindyyyyyy*? This is bullshit, I had a ... a ... FUCK!

IAN. A what, you had a what.

JULIANA. ... A ... a ... a ... a THINGY.

IAN. A thingy?

JULIANA. Yes! When you're, you're, you've ...

IAN. I. DON'T. KNOW. (*Beat.*) I don't recall you ever saying anyone in your family ... had ... uh ... (*Small beat.*)

JULIANA. (*Quietly.*) I don't have ... (*Small beat.*) I don't have it Ian. (*The Woman appears. Ian stays.*)

DR. TELLER. So. Of course as you know, uh, uh, early-onset is still very hard to diagnose while a patient is still alive.

JULIANA. Well why don't I make it easier for us and jump off the fucking roof.

IAN. (*Softly.*) Jules ...

DR. TELLER. Are you ... flirting with suicidal thoughts, Juliana?

JULIANA. Dating them actually. But they won't put out.

IAN. Oh good lord.

JULIANA. (*Already lighting another cigarette.*) May I smoke.

DR. TELLER. (*Reaching for it.*) Absolutely not.

JULIANA. GET THAT GIRLIE FACE AWAY FROM ME! BEFORE I BURN YOUR EYES OUT!

IAN. (*Sharper.*) Jules.

DR. TELLER. ... OK.

JULIANA. (*Re: Ian.*) And what the hell is he doing here, he's god-damned divorcing me.

IAN. Please. Sweetheart. I drove you here.

JULIANA. (*To The Woman.*) You didn't tell me this.

DR. TELLER. Uh. Right, I didn't think it was necessary, seeing as ... he drove you here.

JULIANA. (*To Ian.*) Where from, the other place? (*Small beat. Ian and The Woman share a look.*) What, for Christ's sake.

IAN. (*Stands.*) Sorry. You know what? I'm sorry, I think I have to stop.

DR. TELLER. Look. Yes. I understand, this really is happening with, uh, uh, uncommon speed—

IAN. — Right! Yes! So let's, let's ... please. Just stop. For a minute.

JULIANA. Oh. I almost forgot. Sweetheart, could you run out and see if Laurel's here yet, she's driving out to meet me.

IAN. Uh, OK, there's no fucking way ...

DR. TELLER. — But the most important thing you can do right now is to keep in mind our discussions, OK?

JULIANA. What the hell is she talking about.

IAN. I don't want to keep anything in mind, I just want this to stop. I want it to stop.

DR. TELLER. Ian, I want us all to take a breath and focus everything we have on next steps, OK, beginning with —

JULIANA. — One minute. (*Juliana takes out her own small pad and paper and starts writing.*)

DR. TELLER. Good, yes, please, write these down.

JULIANA. (*Still writing.*) Well *you're* making secret notes, why shouldn't I?

DR. TELLER. No, I, I highly recommend you write out everything you can.

JULIANA. Here's something you may want to explain, it says here someone named Cindy is having sex with my husband—

IAN. — Jules—

JULIANA. — Is that you?

DR. TELLER. OK, that would, would be totally incorrect.

JULIANA. (*Scribbling.*) So you're not sucking his dick.

IAN. *Please*, Jules!

JULIANA. (*Scribbling.*) One moment, please. *Sucking. Ian's ...*

IAN. I SAID GODDAMN IT JULES, PLEASE!

DR. TELLER. Ian.

JULIANA. What's *he* shouting about? (*Ian suddenly sobs.*) Oh for heaven's sake.

IAN. Sorry. I'm sorry! God.

JULIANA. Oh Ian, stop it, I should be the one crying, not you!

IAN. Give me a minute.

JULIANA. Really, you've got the most horrible way of making everything all about you, don't you.

IAN. CAN YOU GIVE ME A MINUTE! CAN YOU DO THAT! I'M JUST NOT READY FOR THIS! I'M NOT READY FOR ANY OF THIS! *(Silence. He blows his nose.)*

JULIANA. Finished. *(He nods.)* Good, that settles it then, we'll reschedule and I'll just get going.

DR. TELLER. Sit down, Juliana.

JULIANA. Laurel's got to be waiting out there by now.

IAN. Laurel is not waiting out there.

JULIANA. Don't be ridiculous, she's driving me back to the other place.

IAN. WE SOLD THE OTHER PLACE, JULES!

JULIANA. Are you feeling OK, sweetheart? — He's acting totally demented.

IAN. We sold it ten years ago when Laurel disappeared, we couldn't stand to be out there any more —

JULIANA. — He's never going to admit she's come back to me.

IAN. PLEASE, JULES, PLEASE, PLEASE!

DR. TELLER. IAN!

JULIANA. She's at the other place, she's at the other place, she's at the other place ... *(Continuing this quiet chant through the following.)*

IAN. LAUREL IS DEAD SOMEWHERE! SHE HITCHHIKED IN FRONT OF OUR HOUSE AND SOME FUCKER TOOK HER AND SHE'S FUCKING DEAD! BURIED IN SOME DITCH! OR CUT INTO PIECES AND DUMPED INTO THE SOUND! She has not come back, she is not calling you, she is not married to Richard, they do not have little twin girls, I am not leaving you, we no longer live in the other place ...

JULIANA. *(Closing her eyes, quietly.)* ... she's at the other place, she's at the other place, she's at the other place, she's at the other place ...

IAN. Juliana. Jules.

JULIANA. *(Now almost whispered.)* ... the other place, the other place, the other place, the other place, the other place, the other place ...