

HER:

Ivan, my parents said next Tuesday would work for dinner. Is that okay with you?

HIM:

I don't think a dinner party is such a great idea right now.

HER:

But I thought we agreed to keep up appearances for a while.

HIM:

No, I agreed to put off the divorce, but I don't feel like flaunting our "happiness" in front of your family.

HER:

It's just for a few hours.

HIM:

Julie. I really don't think you're in the right frame of mind to be hosting anything . . . for a few hours or even a few minutes.

HER:

What is that supposed to mean?

HIM:

Julie, you're a completely different person. You're not sleeping, you have mood swings . . . you look like hell.

HER:

Well, having a brand new marriage fall apart is kind of stressful.

HIM:

I know what's going on. (PAUSE) I found the stuff in your drawer.

HER:

Why were you looking through my things?

HIM:

Because I know how dangerous crystal meth is.

HER:

I don't know what you're talking about.

HIM:

Don't lie to me!

HER:

Oh, like you lied to me?

HIM:

Look – I know I made a mistake, but we can't get through it if you're hooked on this drug.

HER:

(PAUSE) Oh Ivan . . . what am I supposed to do? All the plans I had for the future are trashed, just because I was stupid enough to marry a man who doesn't love me.

HIM:

Julie . . . I do love you. I care about you so much. That's why I can't stand by and watch you destroy yourself.

HER:

If you cared about me, you would have told me before the wedding that the thought of having sex with me disgusted you.

HIM:

I want to be married to you more than anything. I really thought I could make it work but . . .

HER:

Well, your little experiment failed . . . and now it's really none of your business how I deal with it, is it?