

SCENE 6.

Later the same night, in the guest room. Hana sits on the bed, saying the rosary.

A knock on the bedroom door. She puts the rosary away.

HANA: Yes?

Michael enters holding an old folded bath towel.

MICHAEL: I thought you might want a towel.

HANA: Where's Theresa? Is she sleeping?

MICHAEL: She's in bed.

She's in her bed.

HANA: (*generally Theresa's life*) What happened to her?

MICHAEL: She's fine.

HANA: She's *fine*? She's *fine*, Michael?

(*beat*)

Where's Julie?

MICHAEL: Downstairs. She doesn't sleep.

HANA: What does she do.

MICHAEL: I don't know. She sits there. She falls asleep on the couch.

HANA: Do you take care of her, or does she take care of you? Or both, or neither?

(*beat*)

Never mind, don't answer that.

She takes the towel from him.

HANA: Jesus, Michael, how come you still have these same towels?

We got these on our wedding.

MICHAEL: Okay, good night.

HANA: Wait. Will you wait? Will you . . . can we talk for just a second?

I need to . . .

Can we talk?

MICHAEL: About what?

HANA: Oh, I don't know, Michael? What's new?

MICHAEL: I'm tired, I'm going to bed.

HANA: What did you say to her when you first saw her? What was the first thing you said?

Or in the car. What did you talk to her about on the ride home?

Anything?

Nothing, right?

You can't speak to her.

MICHAEL: I thought it would be better to let her speak first.

HANA: And you still haven't spoken to her.

(beat; she doesn't know what to say)

How come you didn't change this room? Any room?

It's like I walked into some fucked up time machine.

It's the same. Everything is the same.

MICHAEL: It's not your concern, is it?

And everything is not the same. Nothing is the same.

HANA: I changed my mind, I *do* want to know:

Do you take care of her, or does she take care of you?

MICHAEL: We take care of each other.

HANA: How?

MICHAEL: We just do.

HANA: Do you have a lot of sex?

MICHAEL: Hana.

HANA: *What.*

I was sleeping with this guy, some stupid bartender. He didn't know anything about me or about anything. He was a dope, he was so happy.

I had to stop. It made me sadder. It made me so sad.

Beat.

END

MICHAEL: I was afraid to see her.

I don't know why.

HANA: I have a home in Vancouver. I want you and Theresa to move there.

MICHAEL: We live here.

HANA: I know, I want you to move.

MICHAEL: And Julie?

HANA: Not Julie.

MICHAEL: She's my wife.