

## SCENE 2

DEX

Is-she-my-daughter?  
(*silence*)

JULIE

Define "my."

DEX

Oh, Jesus...  
(*he jumps up, grabs Michelle's photo  
and heads for the mirror*)

What...bullshit...

JULIE

Are you like this in court? Cause when you  
see those, you know, charcoal renderings you  
always look so calm.

(*no reaction*)

What are you doing?

DEX

Looking in the mirror! She has my eyes.

JULIE

You think?

DEX

Stop it! For Christ's sake, Jules...

(*he sits, processing*)

All right...all right...let's get some facts here.

JULIE

Still don't believe me?

DEX

If this is true, why didn't you ever tell me till  
now?

JULIE

Maybe I tried --

DEX

This little tidbit I think I would've remembered -

-

*(she bursts out laughing, which throws him)*

What? You never even mentioned you had a kid till the other night.

JULIE

Back then I tried. Three times.

DEX

Oh, three times.

JULIE

Yes. Had my first encounter with an answering machine. Lotta' firsts with you. March 22nd. This machine clicks on and there's your voice. And I left this message --

DEX

But you never said --

JULIE

No, of course not - it was a machine for God's sake. So I left a...probably rambling...pathetic message. March 24th I tried again. Figured I'd catch you at seven-thirty in the morning. Nope. A young woman - slightly out of breath from doing God-knows-what - answered. Said you couldn't come to the phone at the moment but would deliver the message, even though I knew you were right there giving her the -- *(miming)*"I'm not here" bit.

*(he starts to react)*

Speculation. Objection sustained. Stricken from the record.

DEX

So why didn't you keep trying?

JULIE

I took the hint!

DEX

No, sorry, this would've been a little too important to just --

JULIE

Need more evidence? What about this?

DEX

Okay...a letter to me that got sent back by the post office.

JULIE

Yes. Someone wrote, "No longer at this address. Return to sender."

DEX

So I never got it. Not my fault. I moved around a lot.

JULIE

Check out "Return to sender" Dex.

*(he does, and his expression changes)*

Your handwriting, I believe.

DEX

Yesssss...

JULIE

Didn't even open it.

DEX

Shit...

JULIE

Return to sender.

*(Simultaneously)*

DEX

Look, no excuse, but - first year law - I came in in the middle of the semester - new town - partying a little too much --

JULIE

Couldn't be bothered. Oh, it's just whats-er-name. Probably tear stained - which it was not! - tore up like three before I --

DEX

I'm sorry! Okay?

JULIE

Why? Why couldn't you even open it?

DEX

I probably...didn't want to deal with it, okay. I left here, I left you - it was over, that's all. End of story. I wasn't trying to be cruel but...okay, I guess I was. I was a kid. I was an idiot.

*(Silence)*

JULIE

Wanta' read it?

DEX

No thank you.

JULIE

Go ahead.

DEX

No.

JULIE

I really want you to --

DEX

No-thank-you.

*(silence; he looks at the letter.)*

Little heart.

*(Off her look. He points to the return address.)*

You always dotted the "i" in Julie with a little heart.

JULIE

Oh, God. That was...sickening.

*(Silence. He lets out a long sigh.)*

DEX

Okay...okay... *(a beat)* Okay.