

JEN

And here I just figured you hated hospitals.

ABBY

Huh. Uh. What I hate is my best friend dying. That's all. It worked, didn't it? You didn't die. You're sitting right here, drinking wine and looking oh so glamorous. And your cancer is all better. Right?

JEN

You want another glass?

ABBY

No. Don't change the subject. I said, your cancer is all better right?

JEN

We need to talk about this Abby?

ABBY

Why do we need to talk about anything? Your cancer is all better. Say it Jen. Say "I'm in remission". They haven't found anything new."

JEN

I can't, Abby honey, cause it's not true.

ABBY

God damn it. Alright. So your fucking cancer has made a stupid comeback. No big. When is the surgery? This week? I know, you didn't tell me about it because you were afraid I wouldn't come, right? Isn't that it?

JEN

No. There's no surgery this week. I've decided. No more surgery.

ABBY

What?

JEN

I decided last time. If the cancer came back, then that was it.

ABBY

No!

JEN

Abby, you can't argue this with me.

ABBY

The hell I can't

JEN

I have to do it this way.

ABBY

But if the cancer comes back, if it grows you'll...

JEN

My friend, the cancer is back, And it's growing. And I am dying.

ABBY

Shut up. Stop saying that.

JEN

I know. I know.

ABBY

Don't cluck at me. I forbid you to be anything resembling fucking understanding.

JEN

I...

ABBY

No. God damn it. This isn't happening. I won't...

JEN

You have to.

ABBY

Fuck that. Fuck that. I don't have to. I won't stand here and let you die.

JEN

There isn't anything you can do. There isn't anything anyone can do.

ABBY

Yes there is. There's something. Radiation. Bone marrow transplants. Apricot pits, for Christ's sake.

JEN

No. Not this time.

ABBY

You can.. They can... Fuck this. This isn't right. You're working on that fat woman piece..You've got hair on your head. You're doing fine.

JEN

I haven't touched that painting in two months. I don't have the strength.