

Ava:

I knocked at the front door. You didn't answer. I was worried you'd taken too many pills again.

Julia:

Look, Ava, I am not in the mood for your withering shit right now. Okay? I'm just...

Ava:

Trying to come up with an excuse not to invite me in? Don't worry. I won't stay. Unless you ask me to.

Julia:

Why would I ever do that?

Ava;

'Cause I might have something to offer you, something you want back.

Julia:

Like, my son?

Ava:

Yourself. I'm here to help you find it again. I know you've fallen on hard times...so I'd like to offer my services as a life coach, free of charge.

Julia:

Maybe you should try coaching someone whose child you haven't molested.

Ava:

If you want to blame your inertia on my relationship with Matt...that's your prerogative. We both know it had nothing to do with going face-first through a glass door. Or having breast implants, the dissolution of your marriage...

Julia:

Why are you even here?

Ava:

Matt's upset at your personal disintegration. When a person I love is in pain, so am I. And I know I'm the person who can help take your pain away.

Julia:

You know what you are, Ava? A vulture.

Ava:

Sometimes we have to be brought to our knees...in order to get in touch with who we really are and what we really want. We can't heal until we hit rock bottom. By the look of things, Julia, you're there.

Julia:

You have nothing to offer me, Ava.

Ava:

I simply don't agree, Julia. Not when every major decision in your life...has been predicated on other people's expectations. Dropping out of medical school, your choice of husband, motherhood.

Julia:

I love my children.

Ava:

On the one hand. And on the other, you deeply regret ever having them. I know. You're not supposed to have those feelings. Those feelings aren't nice. But you know what they say: "Nice girls finish last, real ones finish first. " Call me when you feel like getting real.