

Marney enters R with a PURPLE SHARPIE, gives Christine a look: “I can’t believe you’re really gonna do this” and exits L

[lights to preset]

They tattoo you for radiation. *They tattoo you for radiation.* Granted, a grid of tiny, almost invisible dots drawn on your chest so they can position the beam accurately – *but they tattoo you for radiation.* I refuse – no extra little souvenirs of this vacation, thank-you very much. I say no because I can – because I need badly to say no to something. Instead, I become the pesky girl (*unbutton shirt, uncap SHARPIE and draw radiation grid over the scar*) who has to be touched up with a Sharpie after every session – daily for 6 weeks. Me and all these old women, early every morning, in johnnies, sitting in a patient row on cold vinyl seats, waiting for our 20 seconds in the lead-lined room down the hall. *[lighting dims, red spot DC]* You lie on a narrow little table beneath this huge humming machine while the white-coated nuclear medicine lab techs with their amusing, distracting ties and cups of Dunkin Donuts coffee and little buttons clipped to their collars that warn them of too much exposure to radioactive isotopes arrange your arms above your head and the tattooed or otherwise-Sharpied map on your chest beneath a projected grid of light then they scurry out and close the big doors and press a button that sounds a little like a mosquito getting zapped *[red spot flickers, SOUND CUE 5]* at a cookout assuring you the whole time that only the scar and surrounding tissue are in the field so it’s perfectly safe to wear that metal necklace and anyway the beam only penetrates an eighth of an inch subcutaneously but DON’T MOVE whatever you do there now all done see you tomorrow NEXT! *[lights back up – fast! -- to preset]* It doesn’t hurt – though I end up with a perfectly square patch of blistering sunburn on my chest.....and a matching tan one, out the other side, on my back.