

(Silence. VIVIAN raises the screen, walks away from the scene, hooks herself to the IV, and gets in the wheelchair. SUSIE wheels VIVIAN, and a TECHNICIAN takes her.)

TECHNICIAN: Name.

VIVIAN: B-E-A-R-I-N-G. Kelekian.

TECHNICIAN: It'll just be a minute.

VIVIAN: Time for your break.

TECHNICIAN: Yup.

(The TECHNICIAN leaves.)

VIVIAN: (Mordantly) Take a break!

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(VIVIAN sits weakly in the wheelchair.)

VIVIAN:

This is my play's last scene, here heavens appoint  
My pilgrimages last mile; and my race  
Idly, yet quickly runne, hath this last pace,  
My spans last inch, my minutes last point,  
And gluttonous death will instantly unjoynt  
My body, 'and soule

John Donne. 1609.

I have always particularly liked that poem. In the

abstract. Now I find the image of "my minute's last point" a little too, shall we say, *pointed*.

I don't mean to complain, but I am becoming very sick. Very, very sick. Ultimately sick, as it were.

In everything I have done, I have been steadfast, resolute—some would say in the extreme. Now, as you can see, I am distinguishing myself in illness.

I have survived eight treatments of Hexamethosphacil and Vinplatin at the *full* dose, ladies and gentlemen. I have broken the record. I have become something of a celebrity. Kelekian and Jason are simply delighted. I think they foresee celebrity status for themselves upon the appearance of the journal article they will no doubt write about me.

But I flatter myself. The article will not be about *me*, it will be about my ovaries. It will be about my peritoneal cavity, which, despite their best intentions, is now crawling with cancer.

What we have come to think of as *me* is, in fact, just the specimen jar, just the dust jacket, just the white piece of paper that bears the little black marks.

My next line is supposed to be something like this:

"It is such a *relief* to get back to my room after those infernal tests."

This is hardly true.

It would be a *relief* to be a cheerleader on her way to Daytona Beach for Spring Break.

To get back to my room after those infernal tests is just the next thing that happens.

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