

HE

He's a bit of a dream, no?

SHE

Yes.

HE

Details come on, let's be girlfriends.

SHE

He's great but I can't do guys right now. Not
"do" guys. Sorry. I'm tiered, and smitten.

HE

They seem to be lining up for you. Ben, the
young doctor.

SHE

What about you, Mike? Don't you like me?

HE

Nah. You're too skinny for me.

(Beat)

Why are we laughing?

SHE

I used to be such a fatty.

HE

What'd you do? Diet? Nordic track?

SHE

No. When I was seventeen, I had a cold,
Sniffles scratch throat, clogged ears more
run-down than usual. It didn't keep me home
from school or anything. I could just never quite
kick it. It was near the summer, and I was going
to Europe, so my parents, well, my father, my
Mother wasn't worried, he figured I should go to
a doctor and get it checked out. They took some
blood and told me I had pancytopenia.

HE

What's that?

SHE

It's lack of cell lines. Red blood cells, white blood cells, platelets, all running on empty. I figured I had mono and tried to guess if it was from kissing Chip Tatlow or Air Sherwood. I mean, I was seventeen. I'd never even heard of acute Myocylectic Leukemia. I'm fine now.

HE

That's good then.

SHE

So I may like Ben or not. But at some point, I'm not going to be Halley to him. I'll be "cancer girl". Like I am to you.

HE

No, it's not—

SHE

Ssh. It's not your fault. You can't help it. How 'bout that. I got you to shut up.