

## Grace, Kathryn, Tom

GRACE. Kathryn. It coulda been like your doctor said. A blood infection.

KATHRYN. Yeah, but what gave it to her? That's the thing. What was it from?

TOM. From dirt. You get infections from dirt.

KATHRYN. From dirt? Her face puffed up like a pumpkin. Her jaw rotted so bad, she couldn't eat nothin'. You think you get somethin' like that from a little dirt? You get it from phosphorus. They're tellin' everybody it's radium in that paint, but it's really phosphorous that makes it glow!

GRACE. Oh honestly, Kathryn. You can't really believe that.

KATHRYN. You saw her, Grace.

TOM. Kathryn, if it was like you say, they'da never let you work up there in the first place.

GRACE. Sure. They' da shut the place down.

KATHRYN. Shut it down? Who? Who's gonna shut it down?

GRACE. I don't know. The county?

KATHRYN. Honestly, Grace, you are such a ninny.

TOM. Hey.

KATHRYN. How they gonna shut it down if they don't know about it? EVER THINK OF THAT?

TOM. Now come on!

GRACE. It's all right, Tommy.

TOM. She got no business talkin' to you that way .

GRACE. She's just upset.

TOM. Upset? She's gone around the bend. She probably thinks they're dumpin' arsenic in the drinkin' water, now. Next it'll be they're kidnapping babies and using them to stoke the furnace.

KATHRYN. Go ahead and laugh. You won't laugh so hard when it's you comin' in here six months from now askin' after Grace.

TOM. Aw fer cryin' out loud.

GRACE. Kathryn. It's just a toothache!

KATHRYN. Yeah? That's how it started for Irene. Just a toothache. You wait, Grace. You wait, you'll wake up one morning, your gums hurting so bad you won't be able to open your mouth. So weak and sick ya won't be able to stand up—

TOM (*overlapping*). Stop it Kathryn.

KATHRYN. The pain so bad you won't be able to sleep. And your face so swollen you won't be able to stand the sight of yourself—

TOM. I SAID STOP IT! (*She is silent.*) Grace is fine. Right, Gracie?