

**HAILEE:** If I had the cure to cancer, I wouldn't be here giving all my stuff away!

**AUSTIN:** (*A shocked beat.*) Do you have... Are you—are you going to...

**VIOLET:** Is it...scary?

**HAILEE:** (*She takes a breath.*) Yeah. It is.

**AUSTIN:** That's—I'm...sorry.

**HAILEE:** Sorry... What can being sorry do?

**AUSTIN:** I just—

**HAILEE:** I'm sorry too. Cause it's harder on my parents, really. They're more scared than I am.

**AUSTIN:** I can imagine.

**VIOLET:** No, you can't.

**HAILEE:** None of us can. There's nothing like losing a child...I tried sneaking out this morning, you know, like a normal teenager, cause I didn't want to explain why I have all this stuff. But my dad was in the doorway. And he just stood there, crying a little. And then he let me pass. We didn't even say a word. (*Beat.*) You know those movies where the kid dies and the parents never clean out their room? They just leave everything where it was. Which means they'll leave my bed unmade, because I never make my bed. They'll leave my art up on the walls until the paper starts to curl and the watercolor starts to fade. They'll leave all my favorite books to rot on the shelf with no one to read them.

**AUSTIN:** You can't believe the movies—

**HAILEE:** That scene where the mom or dad passes by the kid's closed door, and it's like something punches them in the gut, and they double over, and collapse to the floor? It's real,

Austin. I'm not even gone yet and I've heard them break down crying when they see my stuff around the house. *(Beat.)* I can't stand it. They've got to make room in their lives for more than me.

AUSTIN: It must hurt to let go of all of this.

HAILEE: I just hope everything will end up in good hands.

~~VIOLET: They will.~~

~~AUSTIN: How do you know?~~

~~VIOLET: People come here for a reason.~~

~~*(Violet shifts her attention to the flowers from Hailee's box and plays with them. Hailee and Austin watch.)*~~

~~HAILEE: People keep giving me flowers and it sucks. Like, thanks for another grave decoration to put in my room.~~

~~AUSTIN: Flowers are dumb.~~

~~HAILEE: Right? And I think dead people would agree. I've always wanted to go to a graveyard and replace all the flowers with plastic balls from a children's ball pit. Red, blue, orange, green, yellow, pink, purple balls just scattered across the grave. And maybe a ball pit will actually appear for them in heaven, or hell, or outer space, or wherever dead people go next.~~

~~AUSTIN: Let's do it.~~

~~HAILEE: Fill a graveyard with plastic balls?~~

~~AUSTIN: Yeah! What else have you always wanted to do?~~

~~HAILEE: I've always wanted to ransack a record shop and smash all the vinyl to create a giant mosaic on the wall.~~

~~AUSTIN: Maybe not ransack, but that's definitely doable.~~

~~HAILEE: I want to visit every coffee shop within a fifty mile~~