(That gets her attention. They exchange.)

Now, scram. Run along to your mom and dad.

**VIOLET:** I don't have a mom. But I had a dad. Once.

**HAILEE:** What happened?

**AUSTIN:** (Walking away from Violet:) Don't listen to her. She claims she lives here. Her mom's probably off shopping nearby.

**VIOLET:** I'm not lying, I do live here! And I don't have a mom.

**HAILEE:** What about your dad?

**VIOLET:** I used to have a dad. I had a brother once too.

**AUSTIN:** (Stopped in his tracks:) And I had a little sister once, too.

**HAILEE:** You don't think… (Beat.) Hey Violet, what happened to your brother? And your dad?

**VIOLET:** I don't know. One minute I was with them and the next I was here.

**AUSTIN:** (Shaking it off:) Come on Hailee, let's go. Forget it. She'll find her way back to her dad —

(The next section of memory lane can consist of overlapping lines as they both go off into their own minds.)

**VIOLET:** (Foggy, remembering:) Dad…always carried a knife…Dad always wore a blue jacket…navy blue…

**AUSTIN:** It's called denim…

**VIOLET:** Denim, had a hole right here.

(Shes motions to her elbow.)

**AUSTIN:** On the right sleeve…
VIOLET: Dad taught me how to pedal...

AUSTIN: Dad gave her a purple Sesame Street tricycle that Christmas...

VIOLET: And my brother always used to push me up the street.

AUSTIN: I helped her learn how to pedal uphill...she loved Sesame Street...and her name, her name was...

AUSTIN & VIOLET: (Shocked:) Isabel?

(For Austin, it's a question. For Violet, it's a shocked confirmation/exclamation. Something in her lights up—a moment of clarity, and then a return to confusion in her "What?")

PA SYSTEM: Two minutes to closing. Ladies and gentlemen, please make your way to the exit.

VIOLET: (Nearly speechless:) What? (Beat, to herself, looking at knife:) Dad's knife? (Beat.) You're my brother?

You found me.

AUSTIN: Isabel. Isabel. I'm so sorry—

PA SYSTEM: Please exit the store.

(Here a red light begins to flash accompanied by a beeping noise, like a fire alarm. Whatever it is, there is a visible or audible countdown of seconds.)

HAILEE: Guys, we gotta go!

(They hurry to the exit, as Austin takes Violet's hand. Austin and Hailee pass through the doorway. Violet can't.)

What's wrong?

AUSTIN: I don't know!

VIOLET: I'm trying!