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# Everything, Everything

By J. Mills Goodloe

This is my favorite room.  
Most days I love it,  
because I can imagine the glass  
falling away and I'm outside.  
I don't leave my house.  
I haven't left my  
house in 17 years.  
If I went outside, I'd die.  
Sorry to sound morose.  
Irradiators  
sterilize my clothes.  
I own 100 white T-shirts.  
It's my standard uniform.  
The airlock is a sealed room  
surrounding the front door.  
It's airtight.  
Nothing can leak into the  
house when the door's open.  
It's not that I don't want  
to go outside.  
I can't.  
Simple viruses can kill me. It's  
like I'm allergic to everything.  
What I eat, what I touch,  
they all have consequences.  
I have severe  
combined immunodeficiency.  
My immune system sucks.  
Here's a drawing to explain.  
In every drop of blood there are  
special cells called lymphocytes.  
Some of these lymphocytes are  
really good at fighting bad guys,  
like viruses and bacteria.  
But I have SCID,  
which means I have way fewer  
lymphocytes than normal.  
And the ones that I do have...  
Well, they're not  
so good at fighting.  
My mom made me  
join a support group.  
Some of them are really sick.  
Others have a hard time

with social interactions.  
At least I have the Internet.  
I exercise.  
I read a lot of books.  
When I'm done,  
I write short reviews.  
I take  
an architecture class online.  
Whenever I make a new model,  
I put an astronaut inside.  
I can relate to him.  
I feel like an astronaut,  
stranded in space.  
Every day feels  
exactly the same.  
Maybe today's different.  
Hi.  
If you're going  
to have an illness  
that requires  
someone to constantly  
watch if you're still breathing,  
it's convenient for  
your mother to be a doctor.  
I was diagnosed  
with SCID pretty early.  
My mom figured  
out what was wrong  
with me after  
eight ear infections  
and two cases of pneumonia.  
I couldn't gain  
any weight as a baby.  
Most kids don't make it  
past two years old.  
Doctor Whittier.  
Today's my birthday.  
I'm 18.  
Which means  
nothing inside here.  
This is the face  
her patients normally see,  
slightly distant, concerned.  
I wonder if they

find it comforting.  
I do.  
You didn't have to  
take the day off.  
I always take the day off.  
What do you want to do today?  
Same thing we always do.  
Spatlit...  
What does that say?  
Spotlight.  
No, it doesn't.  
You're not goo  
at phonetic Scrabble.  
Because it  
doesn't make any sense.  
You're the one who  
always wants to play.  
It was your dad's favorite game.  
Did he beat you, too?  
Yeah.  
But he let me win sometimes.  
-I can't do that.  
-Why not?  
I'm in love with you.  
Snap out of it!  
I can't.  
I'll get it.  
Stay here.  
And you  
won't come to the wedding.  
I'll come to the wedding.  
I am telling you  
you can't come.  
Hi.  
My mom sent a Bundt.  
It's not very good.  
It's kind of a thing  
our mom does  
every time we  
move in somewhere.  
She'll make us bring one  
to the neighbor, so...  
It's actually  
more of, an apology

than an introduction.  
What's she apologizing for?  
For moving in.  
That's nice.  
Actually,  
I can't accept that.  
Why not?  
It's complicated.  
But please thank  
your mother for me,  
and welcome  
to the neighborhood.  
Is your daughter around?  
So, that's why you came.  
-That's not why I came.  
-Yeah, it is. Yep.  
No, she isn't.  
You take the Bundt next time.  
Right Wear it as a hat.  
Watch it.  
Madeline, do you  
want to finish the movie?  
I'd rather know what a  
Bundt cake tastes like.  
It's dry.  
You're not missing out  
on anything.  
No, just everything.  
There's a short list  
of people that know I'm alive.  
My mom, my nurse, Carla,  
and her daughter, Rosa.  
I can't remember Carla  
not being with us.  
She's been working  
here for 15 years.  
Sometimes, I think she's  
trapped inside here with me.  
Morning, Carla.  
Feliz cumpleaños.  
Thank you!  
Thank you so much.  
Una nota.  
That's terrible.

Hi, Olly.

Hi, Maddy.

I tell myself I won'  
text back immediately  
when Olly texts me.

And then I text back.

Immediately.

Are you on house arrest?

Why do you think

I'm on house arrest?

'Cause I haven't seen you  
outside once since we got here.

I'm not on house arrest,  
but I can't leave the house.

Very mysterious.

Are you a ghost?

'Cause, it would just my luck  
that the girl next door  
is not actually alive.

I'm, like,

98% sure that I'm alive.

So, what is it? Is it a guy?

Are you knocked up?

My God.

Well, what if I was?

I'd be conflicted.

About what?

Do you have a boyfriend?

No. I don't have a boyfriend,  
and I'm not pregnant.

Have you spent all day  
thinking that I was pregnant?

Yeah, kind of.

I mean, it would  
have been awkward

flirting with

a pregnant girl, so...

Right.

Don't you wanna know  
if I have a girlfriend?

No.

I'm hurt.

I mean, that stings.

So, where'd you

move here from?  
Boston, but I'm  
from New York.  
I wanna move back.  
I always imagined myself working  
in a bakery in New York.  
You know, like Nicolas Cage  
in that movie, Moonstruck?  
No.  
"Snap out of it!"  
It's from the movie.  
Yeah, I figured.  
All right,  
here's a game.  
Fast Five Favorites.  
-Okay?  
-Okay.  
So, book, word,  
color, vice, person.  
Okay. All right.  
So, I guess...  
Come on. Type faster.  
Don't think about it.  
Okay. All right.  
The Little Prince.  
Uxorious.  
Aquamarine.  
I don't have any vices.  
And my mom.  
Come on.  
Everyone has vices.  
How many vices  
do you have?  
Enough to choose a favorite.  
-Your turn.  
-All right.  
Lord of the Flies.  
-Macabre.  
-Okay.  
Black.  
Petty theft.  
And my sister.  
Lord of the Flies?  
So, you're bleak.

I've been told that I have  
a poor outlook on life.  
Right.  
Are your parents  
still together?  
My dad's dead,  
so, no.  
That was really awkward.  
I don't know why  
I made that so...  
-I shouldn't have asked.  
-No, it's...  
He died in a car accident  
with my brother.  
I'm sorry.  
You don't go to SF Valley High?  
No, I don't go to school.  
I go online.  
Why?  
I'm sick.  
Are you dying?  
Not right now.  
Soon?  
If I left the house,  
yeah, probably.  
What is it?  
It's called severe combined  
immunodeficiency.  
So, it means my body can't  
fight bacteria or infections.  
Is there a cure?  
For common kinds of SCID, yeah.  
But I am very uncommon.  
You're feeling sorry for me.  
You're totally  
feeling sorry for me.  
No, no, no. I...  
Yeah.  
I'm not feeling sorry for you.  
You're alive now.  
You have the Internet.  
So, I don't feel sorry for you.  
Good.  
I wish I could



meet you in person.  
Yeah. Me, too.  
Wait, come to the window.  
What's so interesting  
on that laptop?  
Nothing.  
It's not nothing.  
Something's making you laugh.  
It's just cat videos.  
You don't wanna  
see this one, Carla.  
The cat dies.  
You're an idiot.  
I'm not an idiot.  
You are an idiot,  
and you're not a good liar.  
You mean to tell me that the only  
thing you could think to say  
was that it was a dead cat?  
So, you know?  
If I didn't know before,  
I do now.  
You're not very  
good at hiding things.  
I see you checking your  
email and looking for him  
out the window.  
Maybe he could visit?  
Teenagers are all the same.  
Is that a no?  
He'd get decontaminated, and it  
would just be for a half hour.  
Are you crazy?  
Wouldn't you be if you'd  
been inside for 18 years?  
No.  
He'd get decontaminated,  
and then he'd sit across  
the room from me,  
like, far, far away.  
We can't always  
get what we want.  
Your mother  
would never let you.

We don't have to tell her.  
Is it that easy to lie?  
You know,  
it's easier than I thought.  
You know what,  
I'm gonna go home  
and look on Rosa's  
Internet history.  
Rosa's the only  
other person allowed inside,  
but she's leaving for  
Michigan in the fall.  
She'll meet new people,  
and I'll still be here.  
What does he look like?  
Rosa.  
What?  
Okay, I guess he's cute.  
I don't believe you.  
Yeah, maybe he is a figment  
of my imagination.  
Just like a really  
good-looking mirage.  
Things are finally getting  
interesting for you.  
And I'm leaving.  
What are you  
guys talking about?  
Nothing.  
Come on, Rosa, it's  
time for us to go home.  
Connected to  
Oliver Bright's iPhone.  
I'm right here.  
That was way too easy.  
Hey, what you looking at?  
Nothing.  
Is that a new sweater?  
Yeah.  
Carla irradiated it.  
And where'd you get it?  
From Rosa.  
It's nice.  
You look pretty.

You listen to me.  
You stay on your  
side of the room,  
he stay on his.  
I already told  
him the same thing.  
What are you talking about?  
You stay on your side,  
he stays on his.  
-He's here.  
-Who's here?  
Olly.  
Nod if you understand.  
I'm worried you're  
losing your motor skills.  
Why?  
Because I'm terrible  
at saying no.  
Because you deserve  
a little something.  
Is that what  
you're gonna wear?  
You just gonna  
stay over there?  
Carla said that I had to stay as  
far away from you as possible.  
Cool.  
You're standing really still.  
Maybe you should come in.  
Yeah. Yeah.  
I could do that.  
You're really different than  
I thought you were gonna be.  
I know.  
Sexier, right?  
I understand,  
you're nervous.  
-It's all right, you can admit it.  
-I am nervous.  
All right. Well, so am I.  
I like this room.  
Yeah.  
My mom built it so that I could  
feel like I was outside.

Does it work?  
Most days.  
I have a really  
excellent imagination.  
Princess Madeline  
in her glass castle.  
I'm not a princess.  
Good.  
Because I'm not a prince.  
So, how long  
have you been sick?  
My whole life.  
I mean, what would happen  
if you went outside?  
Probably  
spontaneous combustion.  
We'll stay inside.  
Yeah,  
that's a good idea.  
Have you ever left this house?  
No.  
Where would you go?  
If you could.  
The ocean.  
The ocean? Why?  
Well, it covers  
72% of the planet.  
And it's approximately  
3 miles from here.  
And I've never seen it.  
It's a bad choice.  
Why?  
I'm assuming you can't swim.  
Yeah, you're right.  
But I'd like to try.  
I respect the ocean.  
I mean, it's beautiful. It's  
impersonal, it's murderous.  
It's Mother Nature  
at her finest.  
I mean,  
the point of waves  
is to suck your feet out from under  
you so that you drown faster.

Right.  
Didn't see that  
dark turn coming.  
Yeah, well...  
I'm really good at handstands.  
Yeah?  
What else can you do?  
Man.  
I'm afraid  
that's pretty much it.  
You didn't touch, right?  
No.  
No touching.  
Your face!  
What? Is it red?  
I can see it.  
You're completely gone  
and you barely know him.  
I thought you  
were on our side!  
I'm just facilitating.  
Do you, think I  
could see him again?  
In a week. I wanna  
make sure you're okay.  
What am I supposed  
to do until then?  
When was the last time  
you posted a review?  
Hey, where are you?  
Skating in Venice.  
Shit.  
I'm sorry, Maddy.  
No, no, no.  
You should enjoy that.  
For us both.  
It's boring without you.  
What makes you think  
that I'd make it any better?  
Well, there are no girls here, so  
who am I supposed to show off to?  
So, listen,  
on Tuesday,  
Carla has the night off,

and my mom's  
working a double shift,  
so I figured maybe  
you'd come over  
and we could watch the  
fireworks from the sunroom.  
Wait, Tuesday?  
That's July Fourth.  
Yeah. Do you have  
plans or something?  
No. I'm not very popular.  
Lucky for me then, I guess.  
So, I guess  
I'll see you then.  
All right. I will  
see you then, Maddy.  
Okay, bye, Olly.  
Bye.  
I don't know how Carla and  
I got our wires crossed.  
I don't wanna leave you alone tonight.  
It's the Fourth of July.  
You know, I'll see if  
someone can cover for me.  
You know, I'll be fine.  
-You sure?  
-Yeah, I'll be okay.  
What are you gonna do?  
I guess just read  
a book or something.  
So, calculus is  
the mathematics of change.  
It, doesn't necessarily predict the  
future, but it does indicate it.  
Indicate what?  
Well, that people  
are unpredictable.  
I didn't really see  
you as a math person.  
Why not?  
I guess 'cause  
you're in summer school.  
Right.  
Well, that's...

That's just 'cause my dad  
moves around a lot.

This is an ellipsis.

Does that mean that we're  
having an awkward silence  
or that you're thinking?

Both.

What are you thinking about?

I'm thinking that we should  
probably agree to just be friends.

I don't think you have  
that kind of restraint.

Well, my life is an exercise  
in restraint, so...

Does this mean I can't  
look at your lips anymore?

No.

Your dimple?

I don't have dimples!

Your hair.

Friends!

Ellipsis.

You make me wanna  
stay in Los Angeles.

Why would you go?

What are you doing?

I'm moving closer to you.

Is that okay?

Yes, it's okay.

Okay.

I should tell you we shouldn't  
push our luck, but I can't.

I don't want to.

Are you sure?

Yes.

Hello, Little Prince.

Is it always like that?

It's never like that.

Are you sure you're not sick?

You feel fine?

Yeah, I feel fine.

Better than fine, actually.

I feel pretty perfect.

Even though we touched?

We did.  
Shared the same breath.  
Yeah, we did.  
Kissed.  
Like I said, perfect.  
Hey, goodnight.  
Goodnight.  
I read once that we change  
the upper layers of our  
skin every two weeks.  
But some of our  
cells don't renew.  
They age, and age us.  
In two weeks, my lips will have  
no memory of kissing Olly.  
But my brain will remember.  
Yeah, that's right,  
-walk away, Dad.  
-Leave it alone, Olly.  
Walk away!  
It's not  
your problem, okay?  
It's not my problem  
It's not my problem.  
You really just say that  
to me right now?  
Stay out of it!  
-Stay out of it?  
-Yeah.  
Stay out of it. How's that? How's  
that for staying out of it?  
-Really?  
-Enough!  
Madeline?  
Olly!  
-Maddy? Maddy, what are you doing?  
-Are you okay?  
Madeline?  
Are you hurt?  
Are you okay?  
I'm okay. What are you doing?  
Go back inside! Go!  
Madeline! Madeline!  
What are you doing?



I don't understand.  
Why would you do that?  
I'm sorry. I had to make  
sure that he was okay.  
-Did you touch anything?  
-No.  
Did you touch anything?  
No, no. It was less  
than a minute.  
A second is all it takes.  
I'm sorry.  
Why would you risk your life  
for a total stranger?  
I'm okay.  
He's not a stranger,  
is he?  
We're just friends online.  
Online...  
How could you?  
She's right.  
Four hours soaking  
in an antiseptic bath,  
and I could still  
wake up tomorrow sick.  
Four hours trying to remember  
everything about being in the world.  
I can't remember any of it.  
Just Olly yelling  
at me to go inside.  
I'm sorry Olly's  
in that situation.  
No one deserves  
a father like that.  
I'm sorry, too.  
Does it look  
like he's okay?  
I don't know.  
I could have someone talk to  
him and see if he's all right.  
I don't think he wants  
anyone to know.  
He was trying to  
protect his mom.  
He doesn't like

to talk about everything.  
I knew something was  
different with you.  
I should've known what it was the  
moment he came offering Bundt cake.  
You could've come  
to me, you know.  
I wanted to. I just  
didn't want to worry you.  
What's he like?  
Well, he wears black,  
all of the time.  
But he's not as  
cynical as he looks.  
He needs a haircut.  
Yeah, he does.  
He's kind.  
We're both  
really sleep deprived  
from talking  
instead of sleeping.  
But I'd rather talk  
to him than sleep.  
When I talk to him,  
I feel like I'm outside.  
He thinks  
that I'm funny,  
smart, and beautiful.  
In that order.  
As he should.  
He sounds wonderful.  
Yeah, he is.  
I wish you could  
have more than this.  
I know.  
I'm sorry.  
It's not your fault.  
Maui was your  
dad's favorite place.  
You were just  
a few months old,  
before we knew why  
you were always sick.  
I wish I could remember them.

Maybe it'd be easier  
if I couldn't.  
I love you,  
you know.  
More than you  
even know.  
You can't see him again.  
I haven't seen him.  
Yes, you have.  
She was so alone  
she needed...  
How could you  
let him into this house?  
How could you do this?  
How could you invite  
a stranger in here?  
She needed it.  
It's not up to you to decide  
what she needs. I am her mother!  
You shouldn't be  
her doctor, too.  
Excuse me.  
Is she sick?  
Did something happen?  
She went outside because of him.  
Because of you!  
And she's been  
lying to me for weeks.  
You have to go.  
Please, Mom.  
It won't happen again.  
No, it won't.  
I'm sorry, Carla.  
No.  
I'm sorry.  
I know this is  
sad for you both.  
It is sad for me, too,  
but it is time for  
Carla to leave, now.  
Your temperature is 103.  
We have to wait  
and see if it goes down.  
If the fluids and

antibiotics work.

I'm not.

Good morning, Madeline.

You may address me as

Nurse Janet or Mrs. Pritchert.

Whichever you prefer.

Words spoken to the air

tend to go unheeded.

Words put to paper do not.

I miss Carla.

Well, Carla almost

got you killed.

She's my friend.

No, Madeline.

Carla was your nurse.

She was supposed to keep you

safe, not endanger your life

by inviting strangers

into the house.

Olly isn't a stranger.

He's not yours.

What?

He's not yours.

And maybe he's interested in  
you now, but he's out there.

And he's gonna meet some girl  
and he's gonna be her Olly.

You understand me?

If Carla was your friend,  
she would have told you that.

Love can't kill me, Mom.

That's not true.

You were lucky this time.

After what my mom said,

I started imagining this moment  
where Olly pulls

up in the driveway.

And there's this  
girl in the truck.

And the girl laughs  
at something he says.

And puts her hand  
on his shoulder.

Smiles at him the way

I've smiled at him.  
I feel silly.  
Why would anyone set themselves  
up to have a broken heart?  
He's going to meet  
someone who isn't sick.  
Someone who can  
leave her house.  
Call him.  
I can't.  
I think my mom's right.  
Then don't be a coward.  
Pick up.  
No.  
Pick up!  
Hi, Olly.  
It's not true.  
It is. What kind of future  
could you have with me?  
I'm trying to protect you.  
Protect me? I don't want protection.  
I want you.  
Well, we can't have  
everything that we want.  
You're not mine.  
What does that mean?  
There's gonna be another  
girl, you'll be her Olly.  
There is no other girl.  
It's not safe. I don't really  
think when I'm around you.  
Thinking is overrated.  
This isn't  
going anywhere.  
I don't wanna lose you.  
I can't even  
go outside.  
What are you  
really losing?  
Dear Mom,  
The first thing  
is that I love you.  
You already know that,  
but I may not get

the chance to tell you again.  
You are smart and strong  
and kind and selfless.  
Because of you,  
I've survived this long  
and gotten to know  
my small part of the world.  
But it's not enough.  
I'm not doing this  
just because of Olly.  
Or maybe I am.  
I found this new part of  
myself when I met him.  
And the new part  
doesn't know  
how to stay quiet  
and just observe.  
Do you remember when we first  
read *The Little Prince* together?  
I was so upset that  
he died in the end.  
I didn't understand  
how he could choose death  
so that he could  
get back to his rose.  
I think I understand it now.  
I'm not choosing death.  
It's that if I don't go,  
I won't really know  
what it's like to be alive.  
I love you.  
Maddy.  
Maddy, what the hell's...  
Hey. Are you  
trying to kill yourself?  
I've been  
doing gene therapy.  
What are you talking about?  
I didn't want to tell you  
because I didn't want  
to get your hopes up.  
I mean, I don't want  
to get my hopes up.  
Gene therapy?

I've been on a trial.  
Remember how I said that  
my type of SCID was uncommon?  
Yeah.  
Well, I'm very common now.  
I can go wherever I want.  
What,  
you're not sick anymore?  
That's what I'm  
trying to tell you.  
No...  
No, I don't believe you.  
Come on, let's go.  
Have I  
ever lied to you?  
No.  
So, why would I start now?  
Look,  
if you're not sick,  
then why does it look like  
you're running away?  
Well, my mom  
is still worried.  
I knew it was too good to be true.  
Just go back inside, come on.  
No, Olly,  
I have to know.  
Know what?  
I need to know  
if I'm still sick.  
And the only way that  
I'll know is if I'm outside.  
Will you come with me?  
Come with you where?  
-Hawaii.  
-Hawaii?  
I bought plane tickets.  
How?  
Credit cards are  
surprisingly easy to get.  
You're serious?  
What's wrong with  
Southern California?  
-Look, stay here, all right?

-Okay.  
Stay here.  
Here.  
Okay.  
Wait.  
Just try not to breathe.  
Ready?  
Just till Friday, okay?  
And if anybody asks,  
you don't know  
where I am.  
No, I'm fine.  
Just be good.  
And,  
take care of Mom.  
We're going really fast.  
I'm going 30.  
Is that fast?  
No.  
Can we go faster?  
Madeline?  
Are you up?  
Welcome aboard.  
All luggage should fit  
in the overhead compartment  
or under the seat  
in front of you.  
How you feeling?  
Terrified.  
You okay?  
This is crazy.  
Hi.  
Aloha.  
Aloha.  
Don't die.  
I'll try not to.  
Big bed.  
I found food.  
That's very resourceful.  
I wanna go  
in the water.  
Okay.  
I wanna see  
a humuhumunukunukuapua'a.



A what?  
It's the Hawaiian state fish.  
Say it.  
You're setting me up to fail.  
Where is your brother?  
Summer school.  
I don't think that's true.  
I don't know  
where they are.  
I'm asking you  
for your help.  
Where's Madeline?  
I'm sorry.  
Maddy?  
You're in a swimsuit.  
Yeah, I am.  
It's...  
It's...  
Small.  
It's small.  
It's small.  
Yeah.  
-I'll just be out here.  
-Yeah. Okay.  
Yes!  
This umbrella's  
open over here.  
My God!  
Ready? Just lie back.  
Lay flat. Lay flat.  
Together?  
You know what?  
I'll go first. Okay?  
Yeah, you go first.  
See you at the bottom.  
It's strange, 'cause I  
don't even remember them.  
I think it's weird to miss  
something that you never had.  
Or, you know,  
don't remember having.  
Not so weird.  
We came here  
before they died.

And before I got sick.  
Well, you're not sick now.  
Why would you move?  
You asked me that already.  
Yeah, but you didn't answer.  
My dad is not very good  
at staying employed.  
And my mom feels trapped.  
I just don't know why  
she won't leave him.  
Well, have you asked her?  
Yeah.  
She doesn't talk  
about it anymore,  
but she used to say that,  
"You'd understand  
when you get older  
"and when you have  
your own relationships."  
She says love  
makes people crazy.  
Do you believe that?  
Do you?  
Well, I mean, I'm here in  
Hawaii with you, so...  
I guess so.  
Are you saying  
you're in love with me?  
No. I...  
I'm just saying...  
I never would  
have left my house  
if it weren't for you.  
I love you.  
I...  
I loved you  
before I knew you.  
So, this is my side.  
This is...  
I like to sleep  
on the left.  
Hey, Maddy.  
Maddy, are you okay?  
Maddy, are you okay?

Maddy, what's wrong?  
Maddy, are you okay?  
Okay. All right.  
You're burning up.  
Maddy? Maddy?  
Maddy, can you hear me?  
Got it.  
Coming through.  
We just gotta  
get her to triage.  
Let's take her to Exam 2.  
Could you give us a minute?  
Madeline?  
Madeline?  
My heart stopped.  
Then it started again.  
When I woke up,  
he was gone.  
No, no, no.  
Lie down.  
Lie down, honey.  
Lie down.  
Am I okay?  
You're going to be.  
Are you okay?  
Yes.  
-Are you sure?  
-Yeah. I'm okay, Olly.  
It's nice to be able  
to talk to you again.  
I tried to visit, but  
your mom wouldn't let me.  
Yeah, I'm sorry I put you  
through all of that.  
I can't do this anymore.  
Can't do what?  
No more texts.  
No more emails.  
Olly, this is just too hard.  
My mom was right,  
life was better before.  
Better for who?  
Ellipses.  
Don't do this, Maddy.

Ellipses.

Look, my life is  
better with you in it.

But mine isn't.

You know,

I lied before.

About what?

I do feel sorry for you.

Tomorrow,

I am back

at the hospital.

Did you find me

a good babysitter?

Actually, I've been thinking  
maybe you don't need a nurse.

You learned a tough lesson, and I  
can't imagine you repeating it.

No.

Good.

I wish you'd talk to me.

I'll never meet

anyone like you, Maddy.

You look at the ocean

like it was meant for you.

You jump off cliffs

even though you can't swim.

You think you can find

the meaning of life in a book.

You don't have any vices.

You should really get some.

I'm trying not to love you.

But I'm failing.

This is my last email.

We're moving back to New York.

We're leaving tonight,

when my dad's out drinking.

My mom wants to

do it at night,

because she's afraid

she won't be able to do it

if he's right in front of her.

I finally told her about you.

She thinks you're brave.

Being with you made me brave.

Hello?

-Madeline Whittier?

-Yes.

Hi, this is Dr. Melissa Francis  
from Maui Memorial Hospital.

I was your attending physician  
while you were here.

I'm just following up  
on your lab results.

Your myocarditis was caused  
by a viral infection.

You seem to have  
a very weak immune system.

Well, I have SCID.

SCID? Really? Why  
would you think that?

I've had it since I was a baby.

I don't know...

If you had that kind  
of severe immunodeficiency,  
you probably would have  
suffered more than myocarditis.

What's going on?

Am I sick?

What?

Am I sick?

Do you feel sick?

That's not what I mean.

Do you remember meeting  
a Dr. Francis in Maui?

I met lots of  
doctors in Maui, why?

She doesn't think

I have SCID.

And she got your  
hopes up, didn't she?

It was irresponsible  
of her to do that.

S.C.I.D. is so rare  
and so complicated.

Not everyone understands it.

There's just too many types.

And every person  
reacts differently.

You get that, don't you?  
Yeah, that's what  
you've always told me.  
Well, you just  
saw it for yourself.  
You were fine  
for a little while,  
and then you almost died  
in that emergency room.  
Immune systems are  
very complicated.  
And Dr. Francis doesn't know  
your full medical history.  
She's just looking  
at a tiny fraction.  
She hasn't been here  
the whole time like I have.  
Where are the papers, Mom?  
What are  
you talking about?  
You have records  
for everything.  
But you have  
nothing about SCID!  
Where are the papers?  
Well, they must be here  
because I keep...  
I keep everything and I...  
Did you...  
Did you take them?  
The papers?  
Madeline?  
Madeline?  
Madeline?  
Madeline, what are you doing?  
Are you okay?  
Come inside, come inside.  
Why?  
Why do I have to  
go inside, Mom?  
Because you're sick, baby.  
You're sick.  
No.  
Madeline, please. Please.

I'm not going back inside.  
You have to.  
You're all I have left.  
I can't lose you.  
Please.  
Have I ever been sick?  
Come inside.  
Come inside.  
Come inside, Madeline.  
Madeline, don't.  
Madeline, don't.  
Madeline.  
Madeline!  
Madeline!  
We're not sure about the  
state of your immune system.  
We think it's possible that it's  
underdeveloped, like an infant's.  
It hasn't been exposed to common  
viruses or bacterial infections.  
You don't have S.C.I.D.  
Why did I get sick in Hawaii?  
Well, normal, healthy people  
get sick all the time.  
I brought you  
some of your things.  
I'm only taking it because  
I want you to leave.  
Right after your dad  
and your brother died,  
you got so sick.  
You wouldn't breathe right.  
And I took you to  
the emergency room,  
where we had to  
stay for three days,  
and they couldn't figure out  
what was wrong with you.  
They said it was probably  
some kind of allergy,  
and they gave me a list of  
things to stay away from and...  
I was...  
I was so sure it

was something else.  
I love you, Maddy.  
And I hope you still love me.  
I'm so sorry.  
The universe already took my dad  
and brother away from my mom.  
She was afraid  
to lose me, too.  
So she made herself  
believe that I was sick.  
I can understand  
how she felt. Almost.  
I'm trying to.  
My mother  
loved my father.  
He was the love  
of her life.  
And she loved my brother.  
He was the love of her life.  
And she loves me.  
I am the love of her life.  
I want to forgive her.  
But right now,  
all I can think about  
is everything I've missed.  
I've been trying to find  
the single moment  
that set my life on its path.  
Maybe there's a version of  
my life where I'm sick.  
A version where  
I die in Hawaii.  
Another where  
my father and brother  
are still alive and my  
mother's not broken.  
There's even a version  
of my life without Olly in it.  
Hi.  
Hey.  
Do you ever wonder  
what your life would be like if  
you could just change one thing?  
What if changing one thing



made things worse?

What if

we hadn't met?

But we did.

We did.

I'm sorry that I  
didn't say goodbye.

Are you sure you  
should be here?

Probably not.

What if today was the  
first day that we met?

Okay.

I'm so happy to meet you.

I'm so happy to meet you, too.

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