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 cumpleanos.
Thank you!
Thank you so much.
Una nota.
That's terrible.
Hi, Olly.

Hi, Maddy.

I tell myself I won't 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.

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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