

was writing during the Civil War right, like bullets flying by your face, so there's a lot about death and life—

CAROLINE. And grass.

ANTHONY. Yeah but it's like spiritual—like the *way* he writes is, it floats off the page—I mean he's legit crazy, like a rambling crazy homeless guy, but in this *genius* kind of way—and ok—if you're ever afraid of dying or anything? Read this and it'll make you feel pretty great about it, 'cause Walt is like: "Hey Death. You wanna be a jerk? Fine. But you can't stop this barbaric yawp!" Or whatever.

(Beat.)

CAROLINE. Why would I be afraid of dying?

ANTHONY. I didn't mean that you were.

CAROLINE. Because I'm fine with it.

ANTHONY. Ok.

CAROLINE. Are you afraid of dying?

ANTHONY. I don't know.

CAROLINE. That surprises me.

ANTHONY. Why?

CAROLINE. You seem like the type.

ANTHONY. What does that mean?

CAROLINE. Cocky.

ANTHONY. Hey.

CAROLINE. And a boy.

ANTHONY. What the hell?

CAROLINE. Boys are all tough but...they get scared too. They don't admit it but they are so scared. Like they totally bail when shit gets weird.

ANTHONY. I don't bail. And I'm not scared. (Pause.) Except of fish.

CAROLINE. What?

ANTHONY. Their eyes.

CAROLINE. Fish?

ANTHONY. We don't have to talk about it.

CAROLINE. And I will try very hard not to use that against you later. And. Don't pity me. Is what I'm asking.

(Pause.)

ANTHONY. I can't pity you. I don't even really know you. So.

(Pause.)

CAROLINE. So. This is my room, this is my phone, I've been sick pretty much ever since I was born. That's me. Yawp.

(Pause. ANTHONY wants more info...)

CAROLINE. They tried a ton of stuff and now we're at the point where I just need a new thing. So I wait. But I'm a pretty good candidate because I'm young and I came by this crap honestly (It's genetic—yay!). Anyway "livers are a robust organ" so it's not as sketchy as it can be, but the whole process is kinda crazy, so my life is kinda crazy, so I'm kinda crazy. Like I've always been *kinda* sick but not you-can't-go-to-school sick, which sucks like so much. I mean I'm a *senior*. I have crucial things to do and then, out of the blue, my house is like this crappy clinic and my mom is on constant red alert and everything is so weird now. Even the crap people post on my Facebook is weird—like it's suddenly full of kittens and winky faces and "We miss you, girl!" and that is NOT my style. So.

ANTHONY. So.

CAROLINE. You wanted to know.

ANTHONY. I did.

CAROLINE. Now you know.

(Pause.)

ANTHONY. Yeah. I still don't know really anything about you.

(CAROLINE smiles. Well done, new friend.)

CAROLINE. I'm a Virgo.

ANTHONY. (Re: himself:) Taurus. Actually I'm on the cusp so I just go with the better horoscope. (Re: her:) What else?

CAROLINE. Uh. I know a little Spanish.

ANTHONY. Excellente. My dad made me take Latin. Keep going.

CAROLINE. I...I kinda really like old Elvis movies.

ANTHONY. Are you like 80?