Anibel, a girl, around 5-10 years old, speaks to her older sister (who is in her early 20s and attends college). They are at a café. Anibel expresses joy that her newly planted daffodils actually came up for the first year, but also expresses concern that they will die in the Spring snowstorm. Her mother has faith in the daffodil’s strength, but Anibel is not so certain. She imagines how she would respond to the snow, if she were a daffodil.

ANIBEL

If I were a flavor of ice cream, I’d definitely choose strawberry, but I would have to have sprinkles and not just the rainbow sprinkles for ice cream, but like, cupcake sprinkles. Shaped like strawberries. And I really wanna eat ice cream outside, but you know there’s still snow at our house, and it feels weird to eat ice cream outside in the snow. Do you know the daffodils I planted last year actually came up? They did! I was like—What are these little yellow hats doing in the grass, and then I was like, They’re not hats, Anibel! They’re your daffodils! It worked! I planted them with Mom and she said they would come up and I didn’t believe her but they did come up! But then now, there’s all this snow covering them, and really it’s already Spring, and it’s not right, but the world gets weirder and weirder.

(pause)
I don’t want my daffodils to die…
(pause)
Mom gave me this long hug this morning and said it was okay to cry, because I already was—but that daffodils are really strong and excited for Spring, like me, and that’s why they come up so quickly after Winter. And she thinks they’ll survive the snow.
(pause)
I don’t know if I believe her, but if I were a daffodil, I would suck up all the heat from the ground through my stem, and hold onto all the pieces of sunshine coming through the snow, and stay really close to all the other daffodils, because when we walk to the bus stop, I always feel warmer when Mom and Dad both put their arms around me and I’m in the middle.
(pause)
And if it snowed on me, I’d just keep shooting up through the snow. Every single day. Until all the snow went away.
(pause)
If I were a kind of flower, I’d definitely choose a daffodil.