

Hannah: Ryan, there's something I have to tell you. (Pause.) I was born in 1931. I never lied to you, I am 23. But I've been 23 since the year 1954. I know, I know. It's impossible, right? No one lives forever? But, sometimes they do. In 1953, I got married. A few weeks after the wedding, I suddenly fell ill. My husband took me to a hospital. I was there for almost a week. I was in so much pain. And no one could say for sure what was wrong. One night, in the hospital, a stranger came to see me. He told me, "Janie, you're going to die tomorrow." That was my name then, the name I was born with. This man, the stranger, he offered me a chance to live forever. He said, "You can die tomorrow, or you can live forever. Stay young forever." Well, of course my first thought was, the devil has come to tempt me. He wasn't the devil. And of course, I don't believe in the devil anymore. There are powerful beings on this earth, but man created Satan. And God, for that matter. My point is, this man offered me a chance to live. And I took it. I will live forever. I will never age. I cannot be harmed, not physically. I can't be hurt by bullets, or knives, or fire, or even explosions. I can't be hurt by diseases - in fact, I can't even catch a cold. When my husband was 45, he died in a car accident. At his funeral, the stranger came to see me again. He asked me if I wanted to... give up my gift, and... die. I thought about it. But I said, no. I wasn't ready. I knew there was more for me. I have centuries and centuries ahead of me. These first hundred years... are like a drop in the ocean... My husband never knew about me, and he didn't have a choice. I don't want to go through that again. I don't want to fall in love again for twenty years. Twenty years is... gone in the blink of an eye. I'm looking for someone to love forever. Most people, when they say forever, they mean... well, they don't really mean forever. But I do. I'm in love with you, Ryan. And I'm asking you to share forever with me