

EFFIE is taking a quiet moment, making her usual preparations, when Haymitch walks in.

“So,” he says, “what’s this for?”

“Whatever are you talking about?” she asks.

He gestures at her, over her whole body. “This. What you’re wearing. All this” – he frowns – “*yellow*: it’s kind of drab, for you, isn’t it?”

“The occasion dictates it,” she tells him. “Besides, I didn’t know you paid so much attention to my outfits.”

“Yeah, well ...” He shuffles on the spot for a moment, and then says, awkwardly, “The occasion dictates it.”

Before the Reaping, there is only time for the quickest embrace.