

EXT. VALLEY HOUSE - FIRE PIT. DAY

LANA is sitting outside smoking with the CORPSE sitting beside her. It is more noticeable now than in the previous scene that her wound on her leg is no longer heavily bandaged, but instead is covered by just a few moderately-sized gauze pads.

She only glances at the CORPSE occasionally as she speaks, tending instead to speak out into the air, just giving voice to her thoughts.

LANA

If a bunch of people just follow this one guy with these weird ideas, then what? It's like some Jonestown thing? I don't know... Was it a cult?

This dude, his parents were followers, but him, just a kid. I don't even know if he believes it now. He just wants to see his parents again. Would it be so bad if I help him out? I mean, why didn't you help him?

If you just gave in to him, did what he wanted, it wouldn't have been so bad, right? You might even still be alive. But you struggled, you fought - you fought and you fucking died.

Look at me, I tried to run, and look at my leg now! I can deal with the emotional pain, I can push it down inside, but I can't stand the physical pain. I might have to just help him, that's how to live, survive, to have, maybe, a chance of better days ahead.

And, I guess I never really considered an afterlife; it was like death is just the end, complete emptiness forever. That's bleak, depressing, maybe, but, well, I have no idea what comes after death, but, maybe, I guess it could be an "earthly paradise", where souls can live on after burning their bodies.

It's a nice enough idea. A place like this: trees, sunshine, peace and quiet, just existing

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LANA (cont'd)
comfortably without worrying
about the outside world...
Something about the calmness of
this place, I think I'm starting
to get it.

LANA looks at her surroundings pensively, taking a deep
breath of the fresh country air, reveling in the bucolic
beauty, trying to ignore the pain in her leg.