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After.life

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It's time now.
You have to look beautiful
for your funeral,
as if you were still alive,
just sleeping.
This is how they're all
going to remember you.
What's wrong?
Nothing.
You used to enjoy it.
Baby, I'm sorry.
Fuck. Fuck!
Anna, what's wrong?

Man:

It just... it feels like...
it feels like
you're somewhere else.
Is it about us?
Is that what it is?
It's not about us.
What is it
do you think, huh?
I don't know.
Listen,
I just want us
to be happy again.
Are you happy?
I'm happy.
Anna, I love you so much.

Boy:

Didn't you hear me, jackoff?
You deaf, jackoff?
Can't fucking speak either?
- Say something!
- Hey.
What's going on here?
- Nothing, Ms. Taylor.
- Nothing?
It doesn't look like nothing.
You boys get back to class.
Now!
Back to class.

Jack, you okay?

- I think it's dead.

- Which one?

That guy? No.

Poor thing.

He's just scared.

See?

Jordan, are you guys

picking up George Shore?

George is...

Hello?

Is somebody there?

- Jack?

- Did I scare you, Mr. Taylor?

No, um...

it's locked.

Anna:

Shouldn't you be home?

My mom's picking me up.

Okay, well, I've gotta run.

- Where are you going?

- To a funeral.

- My old piano teacher.

- Can I come?

No, Jack.

A funeral's a very...

a very private affair.

I've never been

to a funeral before.

It wouldn't be appropriate.

Anyway,

wouldn't your mother worry?

- Not really.

- I'm sure she would.

Have a wonderful day, okay?

I'll see you in class tomorrow.

- Okay. Bye.

- Bye.

Man:

James Hutton to God's mercy

in sure and certain hope

of the resurrection...

White roses...
they were his favorite.
How did you know?
They just seemed
appropriate somehow.
Mrs. Hutton, I'm so sorry.
Thank you, Anna.
You look tired, dear.
No no, I'm fine.
Everything's fine.
- I'm so sorry.
- You scared the life out of me.
I'm sorry.
Oh! Your hair.
- Do you not like it?
- No, I didn't say that.
It's just very...
it's very red.
Not really you, is it?
- Are you ready to order?
- Yes.
We'll have the duck, please.
- Paul.
- You always have the duck here.
I don't always have the duck.
- I'll have the duck.
- Yes, ma'am.
The duck's very good.
Listen, let's...
come here.
Let's try not to fight
tonight, okay?
- Okay.
- Okay.
What are we drinking?
Oh yes, all right.
It's good.
And it has a very
expensive-looking label.
What's the special occasion?
There's something I really
need to talk to you about.
About us. I've been offered
a transfer to head office

in Chicago.

It's gonna mean a lot more work,
of course a lot of responsibility
and a lot of changes,
but it's an incredible opportunity
and I'd be crazy to turn it down.

So I'm thinking maybe
it's time for us to...

- You're leaving me.

- What?

You could have told me this morning.

You didn't have to buy me off

- with this expensive dinner.

- Anna, wait.

- No.

- You told me everything

- was gonna be okay.

- Don't be ridiculous.

- Anna, you've got it all wrong.

- I'm not being ridiculous.

Jesus Christ, can we get through
one meal without arguing?

- No. No.

- Please, just one meal!

Apparently we can't.

Apparently I'm not capable of that.

Maybe you aren't.

I'm beginning to wonder.

- Fuck you.

- Please, everyone's watching.

- Don't do this.

- Fuck you!

You're... you're crazy.

You're just like your goddamn mother.

I am nothing like my mother.

You know,

I'm not running after you, Anna.

Good!

Shit.

Fuck.

Anna, Anna!

Anna, come on.

Please open the door.

I don't want to hear it.

I want you to come.
I want you to come to...
Don't do this.
Anna! Hey hey hey.
Anna, I want you to come to...
I want you to come to Chicago.
Anna, Anna... God damn it!
Please don't go.
Shit.
Oh, Anna.
Fucking asshole.
Are we having
Are we having fun?
Are we
having fun?
Fun
Are we having fun?
Are we
having fun?
Shit!
Where am I?
You're in a funeral home.
You're dead.
You were in a car accident.
Shit.
You hit a truck loaded
with metal pipes.
I'm not dead.
You were pronounced dead
eight hours ago.
Your blood no longer circulates
through your body.
Your brain cells are slowly dying.
Your body's already decomposing.
I'm not dead.
This is your death certificate.
Cause of death,
massive internal trauma.

Time of death:

You were dead on arrival.
The attendant physician signed here

at 9:

I'm sorry.
What's happening?
Why can't I move?
Don't touch me.
Why are you touching me?
I'm preparing your body.
You have to look beautiful
for your funeral.
But I'm not dead.
You all say the same thing.
Maybe you should rest now.
Oh my God.
I can't be dead.
I can't be dead.
This must be a nightmare.
Oh, God, wake up.
Wake up.
Wake up. Wake up!
Anna.
Baby, you've got it wrong.
I want you to come to Chicago.
I want you to come.
Okay, we've gotta talk.
I'm gonna come by your place
before I go to the office
and everything's going to be fine.
I promise.
Call me when you get this.
I love you so much.
Okay, I'll see you soon.
- The shell grows...
- Hi, I'm...
looking for Anna Taylor.
I'm sorry,
you can't just come in here.
I'm Anna's fianc
Paul Coleman.
This is her room, right?
She didn't come in today.
Did she call in sick?
She didn't call in at all.
Okay, yeah, thanks.
Sorry. Thank you.
Funeral director:

She's a schoolteacher.
I know. It's always so difficult
when they're so young.
That's right, you knew her.
She was at your funeral.
She's in good hands now.

Paul:

- Is Anna home?
- I think you'd better come in.
What's wrong?
What happened?
Where is Anna?
Anna was in
a car accident last night.
My daughter's dead.
That's what's happened.
Car accident?
When? What...
what are you talking about?
I don't know.
They said it happened

just before 8:

We were at...
no, we were at a restaurant.
You shouldn't have let her
drive in that weather.
She can't be dead.
There must be some mistake.
There's no mistake.
And flowers... how appropriate.
What?
Why wouldn't you call me?
You took her away from me.
I don't want you
anywhere near her.

Anna:

Please don't hurt me.
How could I hurt you?
You're already dead.
I can't be dead.
Then why are you here?

Just let me go.
Please please.
I won't tell anyone. I promise.
You're still in denial.
You have to trust me.
I'm only here to help you.
What's happening?
Why can't I feel anything?
Why are you keeping me here?
- What are you doing?
- Shh shh shh.
Don't be scared.
This will relax your muscles.
Stop the rigor mortis setting in.
So I can work on your body.
Your mother's early.
Funeral director:
I'm so very sorry, Mrs. Taylor.
It's always so tragic
when one loses a child.
If you'd care to come to my office,
we can make arrangements.
- I want to see her.
- But she hasn't been prepared.
I don't care.
I want to see her.
Of course. This way.
Oh, forgive me.
As I said,
I've only just started
preparing her.
So sorry.
What's the point
of preserving the body
if the soul has already left?
No, the soul is still here.
It's we who suffer.
We who are left behind.
Who's going to take care
of me now?
Did you think about that?
I'll confirm the date
with Father Graham this afternoon:
Friday, as you requested.

Just do what you think is best.
It's just details.
Oh, there is one thing.
- Yes?
- Her hair.
She was a brunette.
I'd like it back to that color.
Of course.
Mom, you were supposed to pick
me up from school yesterday.
I waited.

Tv:

see how many seconds you have
to find the two Easter eggs.
You have 30 seconds.
You understand the problem?
And of course the usual catch
is on "Beat the Clock" is
you can't use your hands.
You have to go after these
with your teeth.
I must be in shock.
I'm just in shock.
It's okay.
Father Graham,
thanks for calling back.
Yes, I'd like to confirm
the burial service for Friday.
The deceased is Anna Taylor.
T- A-Y-L-O-R.
Yes, she's downstairs.
Hello? Hello!
Let me out!
Let me out!
May I help you?
- Eliot Deacon?
- Yes.
Paul Coleman.
Of course, the lawyer.
It's a small town.
In my line of work you get
to know everyone eventually.
I'm Anna Taylor's fianc.

That's strange. She wasn't wearing an engagement ring.

Well, not quite fianc.

Mr. Coleman,

I am so sorry for your loss.

- I'd like to see her.

- I'm afraid

the viewing isn't

until Thursday evening.

I need to see her right now,

please, if that's possible.

I'm sorry it's not possible.

You're not family.

- Please give me five minutes.

- I do understand, Mr. Cole...

You don't understand!

You don't understand.

Paul?

- Paul, Paul!

- Paul:

I'm down here.

Please,

please let me just see her.

There really is nothing I can do.

I'm so sorry.

Let me out!

Paul!

Who was that?

No one.

No one?

- It was Paul.

- I know.

I heard you talking to him.

Why wouldn't you

let him see me?

Did you love him?

That's none of your business.

You weren't gonna tell me

he was here, were you?

No.

- Why?

- Because it would only hurt you.

You have to let go of the living

just as they have to let go of you.

Anna:

I don't believe you.

Why are you doing this to me?

You're all the same.

You all blame me for your death

- as if it were my fault.

- No,

you drugged me so my mother...

Others, they just see you

as a dead body on the slab.

Only I can see you as you really are.

You're a lunatic.

You're crazy.

You're completely crazy.

I don't have time for this.

I'm a busy man.

Oh, I nearly forgot.

How tall are you?

Why?

I need to know your height

for your coffin.

Let's say 5'3" then.

Wait. No.

Mr. Coleman, I heard

about your girlfriend.

I'm sorry.

Is Tom in?

The captain just stepped out.

He won't be long.

You can wait in his office

if you want.

Um, no, thanks.

I'll just grab a drink.

Piece of shit.

Are you okay?

Yeah. No, I'm fine.

I'm fine.

I just found out.

I'm so sorry, man. Look,

if there's anything you need at all...

- I need to see Anna.

- What do you mean?

The funeral director said I couldn't see her because I wasn't family. Please talk to him, Tom. You know, pull some strings or show him your badge or something. I can't do that, Paul. I fucked up, man. Are you sure you're okay? Huh? Yeah. I always fuck everything up. Oh God. I don't want to die. Who was she? Mrs. Whitehall. You shouldn't be afraid of her. The dead can't harm the dead. But I'm not dead! Stay where you are. Give me the scissors. I only want to help you. I'll kill you. I swear to God I will kill you. Go ahead. Go on. What are you waiting for? Look, I'm breathing. I'm breathing. Maybe I was in some kind of coma - and the doctors made a mistake... - You died, Anna. Everyone dies. How can I be dead if I'm talking to you? You're talking not because you're alive, but because I have a gift. I can talk to those between life and death. Why? To help them make the transition. So am I a ghost?

Is that why I'm here?
You're here so I can bury you.
Come.
No, please, I don't want...
You're a corpse, Anna.
Your opinion doesn't count anymore.
But I'm breathing.
I must still be alive.
Oh, you people!
You think because you breathe,
piss, shit you're alive?
You clutch onto life as if
your life was worth clutching onto.
Was your life worth
clutching onto, Anna? Was it?
Maybe you died a long time ago.
I'm surprised you're
still arguing with me.
You don't have much time left.
Your funeral's in two days.
Soon you're going to be enclosed
in a coffin and buried in the ground.
No one can hear you then.
No one can speak to you there.
Are you scared?
You're not ready.
You're not ready.
...struggling,
you don't have much time left.
There's nothing.
He's right.
What have you done
with your life?
Maybe you did die
a long time ago.
Maybe you did
die a long time ago.
- I'm disappointed with you.
- Who are you?
I am you.
Maybe you are better off dead.
Paul!
Can I help you?
Then perhaps

you can help me.
Could you throw these
away for me, please?
There's no life left in them.
They belong in the garbage.
Did you know Mrs. Whitehall?
I thought this was
Ms. Taylor's funeral.
Ah, Ms. Taylor, no.
Her funeral is not until Friday.
Where is she now?
Um, she's downstairs.
Why?
Why? Because she's not ready.
Is the flower for her?
- She was my teacher.
- Aha.
- And you are?
- Jack.
Well, Jack, what did you think?
- About what?
- About Mrs. Whitehall's funeral.
You find it interesting?
It was okay, I guess.
I see.
Are all funerals the same?
No, Jack.
They're never the same.
Each one is special.
The dead always speak to us
in different ways.
What do you mean?
It was a pleasure
talking to you, Jack.
Why did you do this?
Why did you do this?!
Is this the afterlife?
Because it feels more like hell.
Paul.
Paul...
Anna?

Paul:
Anna.

Anna.

No!

- What is that?

- It's your dress

- for your funeral.

- My funeral dress?

Your mother brought it
around this morning.

I'm not ready to die.

Not yet.

There's nothing
out there for you anymore.

I'll be back soon.

Oh, come on.

Shit!

Fuck.

One more key, come on.

Thank you.

Sir, your change.

Oh.

Please be there.

Please be there.

Please pick up.

Please pick up.

Oh, come on,
answer the phone.

Yeah?

I'm here. It's me.

Paul, I need you.

Hello?

Are you there?

Paul, help me.

- Paul.

- Please stop.

Oh...

I'm the only one
who can hear you now.

I'd be very careful
if I were you.

The dead have such a hold
over the living.

- What do you mean?

- He still feels your presence.

You're only causing him

more pain.
If you really loved him, you would
accept your death and let him go.
Then prove to me
that I'm really dead.
Oh, you people.
You always need proof.
Why do I
look like a corpse?
Because you are a corpse.
It's time you finally
accepted the truth.
You are dead.
You will never live again.
I am dead.
Bad dream?
I had the craziest dream.
I dreamt that I was in a car crash
and I was dead.
Have you ever had a dream
where you were dead?
Paul?
- Paul?
- Shh shh shh.
What are you doing?
Keep your voice down.
You'll wake the neighbors.
You don't have any neighbors.
Did you ever love me?
Did you?
Say it.
Say you love me.
Are you gonna get that?
Me? No.
It's probably for Eliot.
Is it always like this?
- What do you mean?
- I thought that when you died
you wouldn't feel
any more pain.
You wouldn't have
to struggle anymore.
But it just never stops, does it?
I'll pick up the deceased

from the hospital.

Yes. This afternoon?

It'll be fine.

It's my pleasure, Mr. Miller.

Thank you.

I'll leave you

to sort out her things.

- Okay. Thank you.

- Okay.

Okay.

Oh, wait, I want to take
a picture.

Okay, smile.

- Nice.

- Paul:

Aw, it's beautiful.

You're beautiful.

I'll race you to the lake.

Oh, I'm not playing

your little games. No.

I'll make it worth your while.

Come on!

Anna:

What are you doing?

- Don't let go of me.

- I won't.

I'll never let you go.

Anna:

What's that for?

His mouth... keep it closed.

Now the eyes.

Does he have family?

Yes. A brother.

He's coming in later.

Did my mother cry

when she saw me?

I'm sorry.

Did Paul?

That's not important anymore.

I need to know.

We had an argument.

I tried to stop her.
No.
No, he didn't.
You should rest.
You're getting weaker.
It's almost time.
Can I ask you a question?
Yes, of course.
Why do we die?
To make life important.
- Mr. Coleman?
- Yeah?
My name's Jack.
Hi. Hi, Jack.
How'd you know my name?
Ms. Taylor was my teacher.
I saw her last night.
What?
I was going past the funeral home
and...
Ms. Taylor stood there.
In the window.
Wearing a red dress.
Don't say things like that.
She doesn't even have a red dress.
- You think I'm lying?
- Look,
Jack, I'm not in the mood, okay?
- She needs your help.
- Anna's dead!
Your teacher is dead.
I can't help her anymore.
Maybe you just don't
love her anymore.
- How dare you, you little fuck!
- Hey, whoa whoa whoa!
You think this is funny,
huh, you little weird shit?

Man:

- **Woman:**

- **Man #2:**

- Oh my God.

- **Man:**

Jack, I'm sorry.

I'm sorry, kid.

I am so sorry.

Mrs. Whitehall...

Susan.

I hope you found
what you were looking for.

I really enjoyed
our time together.

Huh?

Anthony, shh shh shh.

Anthony, always confused.

How can I help you, Officer?

I'd like to see the body.

Frank Miller...

I'm his brother vincent Miller.

- I called this morning.

- Mr. Miller, of course.

Please, I'm so sorry
for your loss.

I hope it's no trouble.

I'd just kind of like
to see him before the funeral.

Yes yes, no trouble at all.

Your brother's here.

Ah.

You've done a beautiful job.

Thank you.

You should remember him
as he used to be.

That's the schoolteacher, isn't it?

Yes yes, very tragic.

Something's not right here.

Not right?

His smile.

Uh, it was a bit more...

smiley.

Smiley? Permit me.

Uh, a little more.

That's it, yes, thank you.

We can fix that.

Glad to be of help.
Do you mind if I have a couple
of minutes alone with him?
No, not at all.
- I'll be outside.
- All right, thanks.
Oh.
I'm sorry.
I, uh... I didn't...
I think I should go now.
I'll see you at the service?
Thank... thank you.
I just told you.
That was your brother.
You had an accident.
You're dead.
Why do you people
never listen to me?
No, it's not a gift.
It's a curse.
I take care of each of you
as if you were my children.
I wash the shit from your bodies.
I dress you.
I try everything to make you
look more beautiful
than when you were alive
and what do you do?
You argue with me
as if it was my fault you're dead,
as if I was to blame.
You're not talking to me now?
What?
Hmm? What?
You don't want to?

Eliot:

You don't talk because...
you have nothing to say.
And you have nothing to say
because you're a corpse.
Uh uh! No.
Now I don't want to talk
to you anymore.

I'm off to school.
Stop the clock.
You have 25 seconds left.
You had the right idea,
but let me give you one little tip.
What's it like?
Are you afraid?

Eliot:

You have an empathy
with the dead.
You are drawn to them
just as they are drawn to you.
That's a rare gift.
I know you saw Anna.
You're frightened by it, yes?
You shouldn't be afraid.
Christ had the same gift.
He raised Lazarus
and spoke to the dead.
You spoke to Ms. Taylor?
Yes.
- You've spoken to others?
- Oh, yes, many others.
Who was the first one
you spoke to?
My mother.
You shouldn't be afraid.
Other people...
they won't understand.
They don't see what we see.
I can help you.
I can teach you.

Jack's voice:

wearing a red dress.
Anna, I'm sorry.
Deacon!
Mr. Coleman, pleasure.
She's not dead, is she?
- Mr. Coleman?
- Someone saw her.
- I'm sorry?
- One of Anna's students

saw her in the window.

Oh, you mean Jack.

- You know him.

- Of course I know him.

He often comes around here.

He's an 11-year-old boy,

Mr. Coleman,

and like all young boys

has a vivid imagination.

- Now if you'll excuse me.

- I don't think he imagined it.

I think he really saw her.

With all due respect,

maybe you just want

to believe he saw her.

Fuck you.

Anna!

Mr. Coleman.

Paul:

- Anna!

- Mr. Coleman.

- I think you should leave.

- Anna!

Anna!

She's in here, isn't she?

Give me the fucking key, please.

Anna!

She's dead.

You need to let her go.

She's accepted her death

and now she's at peace.

Paul:

Please, Anna, I'm sorry.

I can't do it.

I can't live without you.

Anna!

Open the door, please.

Mr. Coleman, she's dead.

I know what you're going through.

Denial's a natural part of grieving,

but you have to accept she's gone.

- She needs my help.

- You can't help her anymore.
Believe me.
Anna! Hey!
Give me the key.
Give me the fucking key.
Mr. Coleman, do you want
me to call the police?
I'll save you the trouble.
I need you to issue
a search warrant.
I need a fucking search warrant, Tom.
You gonna help me out or not?
- Paul, sit down.
- Tom, I don't have time.
Sit down.
I just got a call
from Eliot Deacon.
Are you out of your fucking mind?
He won't let me see her.
He's keeping her. She's not dead.
She was in a car accident, Paul.
Her car was wrecked, remember?
- It's downstairs.
- She's not dead.
Tom, she's not dead!
Here's the coroner's report.
The paramedics phoned it in.
They only checked
for eye dilation and pulse.
The doctor signed the death certificate
without seeing the body.
- So?
- So there was no EEG, nothing.
- He could have drugged her and...
- Drugged her?
- Yes!

- Cop:
um, there are drugs like that.
Yes.
Hydronium bromide,
total paralysis within seconds,
heartbeat slows to almost nothing.
Thank you. Tom, listen,

the little kid Jack, he saw her.

I saw her.

She was on the slab dead.

- No no!

- I have seen dead bodies.

- Believe me, she was definitely dead.

- No no no!

Tom, listen, go down there.

Just check the place out.

On what grounds?

You have any evidence?

No.

But-but... no.

Do you have anything?

I think she may have called me.

Called you?

Miller:

Collect or long distance?

Fuck off!

Tom:

Let me get this straight,
first you hit a fucking kid,
then you attack Deacon,
and now you're telling me
that your dead girlfriend
called you?

You're losing it, pal.

You need to pull yourself
together here.

Okay?

Yeah.

You're gonna see her
tomorrow at the funeral.

And that will help.

That'll give you closure.

It's what you need.

You need to let go right now, Paul.

You just gotta let go.

Why do I have to get dressed?

Tomorrow's your funeral.

- Already?

- I told you,

you only had three days.
I told you to use your time well.
I have so many regrets.
I have nothing but regrets.
I wanted a different life.
Then why didn't you do
something about it?
I tried.
Nothing ever seemed to change.
I woke up every day.
I took a shower.
Drove in the same traffic to work.
Went home.
Went to sleep.
Woke up again.
Nothing was ever different.
What did you really
want from life?
I wanted to be happy.
Happy. You all say
you wanted to be happy.
What does that mean?
Don't you understand
that's the whole point?
L... I don't know.
Yes, you do.
You're just too scared
to admit it to yourself.
I don't want to talk
about this anymore.
- I just want it to be over.
- What did you want from life?
I don't fucking know.
Yes, you do. What did you want?
- I wanted love.
- What did you want, Anna?
I wanted love.
You had love.
Paul loved you.
You don't understand.
I wanted to love.
I was too scared.
My mother...
when I was little I learned that...

loving someone
meant getting hurt.
So I decided not to love anyone
so I'd never get hurt again.
I kept pushing Paul away.
He thought I didn't love him.
Did you?
He was the only one I loved.
But I could never say it.
And then he stopped loving me.
What would you do if you had
another chance?
I don't know.
Well?
Isn't this what you wanted?

Eliot:

I thought you were different.
You all say you're scared of death,
but the truth is
you're more scared of life.
I'm glad I'm dead.
I'm glad it's over.
You said you could teach me.
It's only a hole in the ground.
- It's for...
- Ms. Taylor?
Exactly. For Anna.
- She belongs here.
- Because she's dead?
No, because there's no life
left in her.
- What do you mean?
- Don't you see?
I'm the only one that can see all these
corpses wandering around aimlessly.
All they do is piss and shit,
suffocating us with their stench,
doing nothing with their lives,
taking the air away from those
that actually want to live.
I have to bury them all.
I have no choice.
Now there's two of us.

It's time now.
You have to look beautiful
for your funeral.
This will relax your muscles.
Make your skin radiant,
as if you were still alive.
This is how they're all
going to remember you.
Can I see myself one last time?
Hmm?
Can I see myself one last time?
Of course.
This is the end.
The last part's the most difficult.
You're going to have
to face it alone, but...
you'll be at peace soon.
- You lied to me.
- Anna,
we've been through this before.
You're just imagining.
- You lied to me.
- Anna, you're still
clutching onto life.
Anna!
Don't give
into your fears now.
- Don't give into your fear.
- You lied to me.
You're so-ooo close.
Why did you lie to me?
So close.
That's it.
Violets...
they were her favorite flower.
How did you know?
Violets seemed
appropriate somehow.

Father Graham:

We have come here today
to remember and to mourn
our Sister Anna
and give thanks for her life.

Dear God, as we stand here
in the silence of Thee today,
to commit Anna to the ground
and commit her spirit
into Your keeping
and comfort one another
in our grief,
in Your mercy...
I am the resurrection
and the life...
What is it?
She's so cold.
I'm so sorry.
Don't be scared.
It's better this way.
She's at peace now.
You said she was alive.
I never said she was alive.
I just said
I saw her.
You need a ride?
Okay.
I'll see ya.
- Mr. Coleman?
- Yeah?
Don't forget
to fasten your seatbelt.
Imagine, Anna,
the whole world... your mother,
your fianc, your friends...
everyone has buried you.
They have placed a stone
above your body,
and they've said their goodbyes
and gone back to their Tv dinners
and shopping malls thinking
that this is never
going to happen to them.
- I'd give anything...
- They said I wasn't gonna...
- I'm not...
- I know I'm not dead.
Think about it, Anna.
Think about it

while you still can.
No.
No no.
No, I'm alive.
God, no, help!
Oh, shit.
Don't you think
you've had enough to drink?
Go to hell.
Mr. Coleman, I think
you should show
a little more respect.
I know she wasn't dead.
Wasn't she?
You have no idea what happens
when someone dies,
what happens to their body,
what happens
to their soul.
You think Anna was still alive
after the accident?
Maybe you're right.
Maybe she's still alive.
Why don't you go
and find out for yourself,
Mr. Coleman?
Find out
whether she's dead
or alive.
You sick fuck!
- Oh.
- You psychotic fuck.
You don't have much time left.

Woman:

What's he doing?

Jack:

Don't be scared.
It's better this way.
Let me out!
Come on.
Paul!
No.

Is it over?

Yes, Jack, it's over.

Okay.

Anna?

Okay, Anna.

Anna, I'm here.

I'm here.

Oh my God.

Anna.

Okay.

Baby, please, please.

Please.

- Paul?

- Oh God.

Baby. Thank God.

- Paul?

- Yeah yeah.

You came back for me?

I did.

I came back for you.

- You're safe now.

- I love you.

I always loved you.

What's that noise?

Anna's voice:

It's just the scissors for your clothes.

Eliot just put them on the table.

Where am I?

You're in a funeral home.

You're dead.

I'm not dead.

You had a car accident.

You swerved off the road
and you hit a tree.

I saw Anna.

You buried her alive.

You never made it
to the cemetery.

And you never saw Anna.

- You're dead.

- I'm not dead.

You people,

you all say the same thing.

I'm not dead.

Paul's voice:

I'm not dead.

Wake

From your sleep

You're drying off

Your tears

Today

We escape

We escape

Pack

And get dressed

Before your father

Hears us

Before

All hell

Breaks loose

Breathe

Keep breathing

Don't lose

Your nerve

Breathe

Keep breathing

I can't do this

Alone

Sing

Us a song

A song to keep

Us warm

There's

Such a chill

Such a chill

And you can

Laugh

A spineless laugh

We hope

Your rules

And wisdom

Choke you

Now

We are one

In everlasting

Peace

We hope
That you choke
That you choke
We hope
That you choke
That you choke
We hope
That you choke
That you choke.