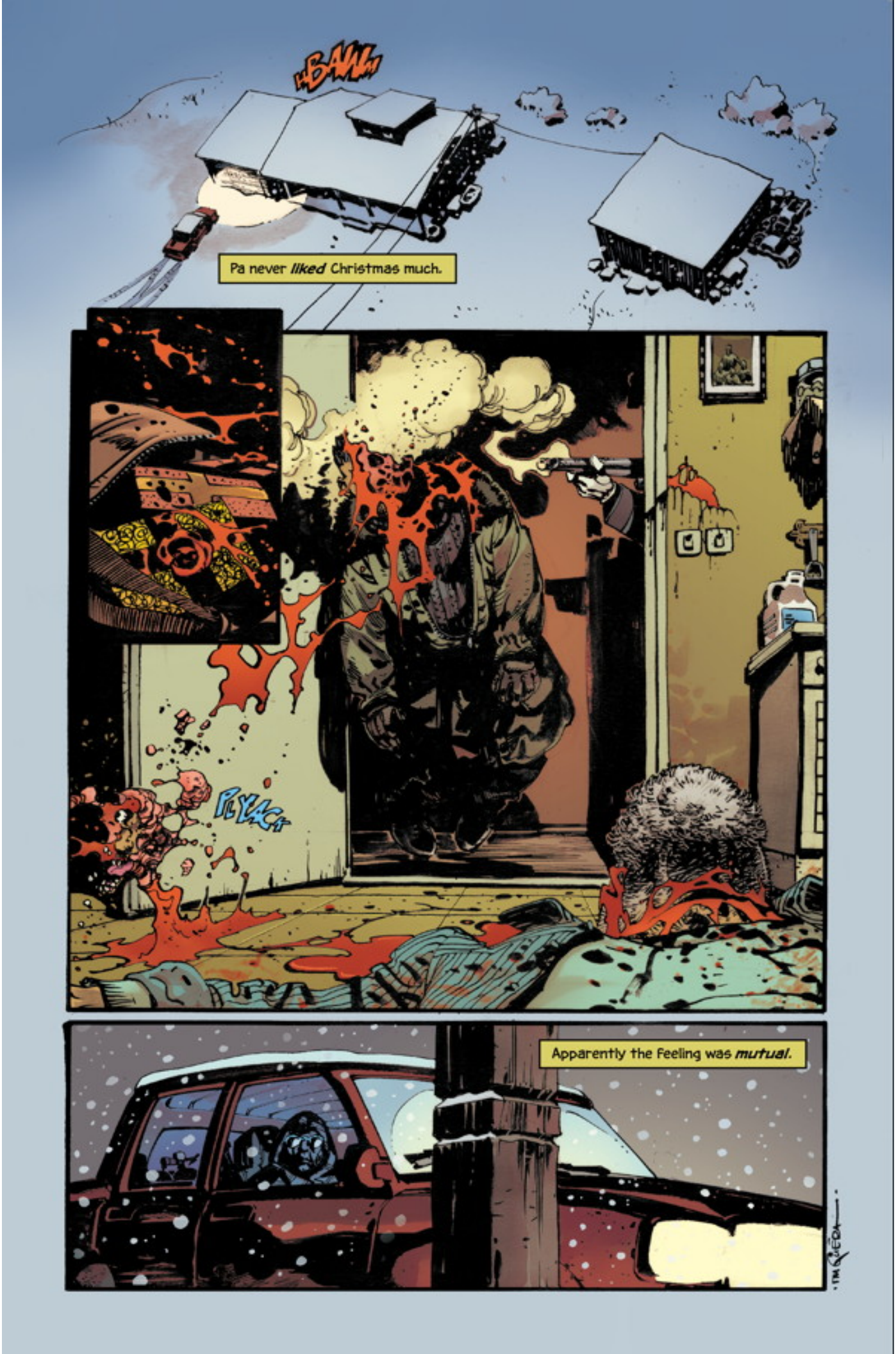
Christmas Eve. 200 miles northwest of Edmonton.
It is a bad thing to come upon *Death* in a lonely place.
PAPA?
PAPA, IT'S ME! I GOT LEAVE--
P-PAPA!


"BANG"
Pa never *liked* Christmas much.
PLYAC
Apparently the feeling was *mutual*.
TIM QUEEN

They come for me, next.
The *Clown*.
The *Overseer*.
and the *Man Who Walks*.

They look inside me...
And see the *black flowers* in my lungs.
And so they pass me by...
Out of *respect* for their own.
The *Cowboy* got to me when I was just a girl.

I call the cops.
PREET
They say the usual things.
Weather's too bad, they can't get out 'till morning.
POLICE
BAM
Then I call Papa's daughter.
She ain't too pleased to hear from me even at the best of times.

YOU LOOK LIKE SHIT.
I'M DYING.
WHAT'S YOUR EXCUSE?