

"Then, I started to think, while I was in bed, that maybe the characters in the film were misled. Maybe it was something else, something impossible to explain, perhaps a phenomenon in a dimension that we're unaware of, like a kind of unseen presence that is killing everyone, not just unseen, but completely out of our abilities to sense it. Something we could never guess, never presume to guess, something science would never point to.

"And, so, reaching futilely for answers, they blame the trees!

"Like the whole movie, people think they are figuring it out. But they're not, they're not. They're just going insane. And, in their desperation, in their hopeless effort to make sense of the world, they blame the trees."

"I guess," she said. "If you want to have your own alternate plot line."

"See, this seems much truer to our condition. We think we can figure these things out, we think we can control things. And now I think about the people running through the grass, running away from the wind-- and, shoot, that's just a beautiful image right there."

"You said that like Matthew McConaughey." She smirked at me.

"Who's that?" I said.

"Shyeeoot, that's a beautiful image raht theya."

✓ this conversation is supposed to be the anti-thesis of the shallow movie conversation I was decrying earlier, but how is this any better? I'm spotting these ridiculous opinions— maybe it's just difficult to communicate and to listen/hear/all of that stuff.