

**Veronika decides to live**

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# Intro

I really loved “Veronika decides to die” and once I finished reading the book I had several thoughts:

1. the book is too short
2. the story isn't finished

That's why I decided to write this book.

Munich, November 2025

# Apocalypse now

Gaza, August 2025

EXT - streets of Gaza - DAY

Drone in the sky above Gaza

(Camera follows a rocket leaving fiery trail in the sky and flying towards a building and crashing into it)

CONT'D EXT - on street in Gaza - DAY

(devastation - partially or fully demolished building - heat and smoke)

It was a blast that deformed yet another piece of a building, now resembling the rest of the nearly completely demolished neighborhood...

War is a heartless machine, a creation of politicians. It takes no precautions and differentiates nothing among beings: be it a cat, a dog, a child, or a grown-up. Heat and destruction are bad partners; add dust and smoke, and you have a nearly apocalyptic premise laid out right before our eyes.

**TL;DR / Summary**

A drone rocket flies into a building and demolishes it.

# Life goes on

EXT - LJUBLJANA - EARLY MORNING

VERONIKA & EDUARD

(are woken up by a police: police man and police woman)

POLICEMAN

You can go to the town hall to shelter yourself.

BLEND IN / QUICK ROLL

(quick roll of the events of the past night from escape till now)

EDUARD

She... she's dead.

VERONIKA

What's going on?

EDUARD

Nothing. (helping Veronika to her feet) Or actually everything. You're alive. Tell me, how fucking amazing is that? (Or rather a miracle happened: it's another day of life. - original version from the book)

VERONIKA

Well, that sucks. What shall we do next?

EDUARD

(jokingly)

Let's get married and have children.

FADE OUT TITLE - "Some time later"

Eduard and Veronika got married and live in a house on land with Eduard's parents.

Eduard's paintings "suddenly" starting to sell (his influential parents pulled the strings)

Infinite money glitch happened / discovered Eduard is very down to Earth and knows / assumes / has a hunch that the money glitch won't be forever

BLEND-IN

(scene on TV from the cartoon " Трое из Простоквашино ")

Matroskin cat on the bench saying: "I will save"

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=cK8af0m4HpA>

His parents influence in Eduard's money savvy-ness (Matroskin cat mentality - I'll save)

Veronika starts writing

**TL;DR / Summary**

Veronika and Eduard get married and move in with Eduard's parents

## What's next

January 1999 Move to Switzerland, Bern

(Eduard's paintings are suddenly starting to sell / selling great there)

EXT - Panoramic aerial view of the houses - DAY

It was a relatively small house with another small guest house, which Eduard seized for / claimed as his painting studio. The main house was near the quiet road and the guest house was overlooking ever so slightly the Aare river.

INT - Hospital - ART. LIGHT

10 February 1999 Birth of their boy - Luka

Veronika's writing career takes off

They (Veronika & Eduard) become VERY wealthy

The time since our escape from the “mad house” and our marriage just flew:

There was so much change in the world and me becoming pregnant with our first child also somewhat contributed to that too, then the second child was born as well and somehow after all these sleepless days and nights and you experiencing the reality as if in the haze also contributed to. The fall of the Berlin wall opened and the collapse of the Soviet Union has started new era of life. Shortly after Slovenia became its own country and became independent. Due to my looks (both males and females found me extremely attractive) and hopefully to my brains it was quite easy to become an new anchor on the Slovenian TV and later on one of the major UK TV channels and I was quite a decent writer, too. Writing fell easy for me and I felt that I was good at words; both written and spoken. Strangely enough words appeared in my head as by themselves flying in quickly like comets with their cosmic speed. When you give birth to a child or more than one you're kind of expected to know everything. At least this is the expectation the world places on you. And it is quite disheartening to know that this expectation / these expectations are far far away, thousands upon thousands miles away from the reality you live day after day after day. Just imagine the mountain Everest of expectations placed onto the fragile shoulders of underage mothers. Technically I wasn't underage, however from the general ripeness I was also quite far.

And even though I was not underage when I gave birth to our first child, I still was very far from being perfect person and perfect mother.

**TL;DR / Summary**

Veronika and Eduard move to Switzerland

Birth of their boy - Luka



## Preparing for India

to display struggle of getting visa Embassy in Vienna Getting ALL documents Getting there INT - Indian Embassy / Consulate VIENNA - DAY (Interview) EMBASSY / CONSULATE CLERK Why do you want 6 months visa? VERONIKA You have a beautiful country (Moving around the city - sightseeing; stopping at a cafe or restaurant to breastfeed the boy and eat) (Return into the hotel at dark) INT - Hotel room \- NIGHT (Veronika breastfeeds the boy and both fall asleep with the baby still sucking on the breast) FADE OUT NEXT DAY - SLOW FADE IN (to still sleeping Veronika and boy; they gradually wake up; Veronika breastfeeds the boy) INT - Breakfast room - MORNING (friendly chitchat with some breakfast table neighbours) INT - Indian consulate - DAY (Getting the passport back with the issued visa) (Veronika walks out of the building, while holding the passport in her hand. Veronika stops, opens it to check the accuracy) CAMERA SHOT INTO THE PASSPORT OPENED DISPLAYING INDIAN VISA // I'm still not sure if I should include it into the book or not EXT - Outside of Embassy - DAY VERONIKA (angrily) Fuck! (going back to the gates) There is a mistake. It's not my family name. EMBASSY GUARD Ma..am, you need to come tomorrow again. Do we want to go the path of the visa issued with an error, you have to come tomorrow; strong emotional reaction of Veronika, time needed to correct the visa, another night in hotel, etc ??? OC What doesn't kill us, makes us stronger... BACK in Bern INT - Bedroom - NIGHT After she has packed everything and put boy to bed, she set up the baby phone and went to / came into Eduard's studio.... She knew that she has got at least 2 - 3 hours before she would need to feed the boy... VO (Veronika) Normal women, who breastfeed usually lose their libido during the breastfeeding time - not me though, my libido has actually become amplified (parting sex (which was initiated by Veronika) and which will conceive their daughter) <- this will be deleted later from the book / script INT - EDUARD'S STUDIO ROOM - NIGHT Veronika enters the studio with a thick wool blanket over her shoulder Kisses Eduard Steps away and spreads out the blanket on the floor while Eduard amused and in bewilderment watches what Veronika is doing She half lies down onto the blanket and waves with the hand to Eduard to come (come, come) The whole day she was preparing herself for this \- she rubbed herself against him like a horny cat in May - in the kitchen, in his studio - when she came to call him for lunch and dinner to his bewilderment keeping him thinking what is actually going on today :) When he came to the blanket and copied her pose she pressed him onto his shoulders, him ending up lying on his back and ... she kissed and rode him, she rode and kissed him very well that night. In the morning Eduard drives them to the airport. They kiss and she waves goodbye, after having entered the gate.

### TL;DR / Summary

Veronika gathers paperwork for Indian visa and goes to Vienna to get Indian visa

# India

point of entry - New Delhi, November 1999 DATE / PLACE DISPLAY ON SCR. November 1999,  
New Delhi New Delhi North India Agra Lucknow Mumbai Chennai Puducherry Varkala

When I was a child I was drowning once and even though I was rescued timely - and later into the years I learned how to swim - respect for water remained, that why when an old Gypsy woman told her once that I will die of drowning it even emphasized the cocktail of fear and respect for water together. These words of this old Gypsy woman, you can say, remained stuck with her, and became deeply ingrained into her. I always was and is very cautious when entering water and when I was in water. That why I was not very thrilled about when I was invited to drive or go swimming, especially in somewhat dangerous unsupervised waters like sea or even more cautions when it was about an ocean, like it was here in India.

## Varkala

some persistent interest from a male over several days He was very well behaved and extremely polite ALL the fucking time and this appalled me and on the other hand made him extremely attractive for me. When I was returning from the yoga session for mothers - there were all kind of women there: Russian, Indian, Australian and me; I was not in my best shape and yet he has overshadowed me with compliments for how beautiful I am and how great I look.

INT - some restaurant overlooking ocean - DAY

(Veronika and male have a conversation, while Veronika breastfeeds the boy)

INT - Veronika's hotel room - SAME DAY

(kiss scene)

He starts gently undress her

She plays with his hair

sudden vomit reaction (Veronika vomits onto the man's shirt)

Veronika runs into the bathroom I apologised and run into the bathroom The guy remained staying speechless for some time and then just left the male being the gentlemen leaves while she is still in the bathroom (so she discovers / becomes aware that she is pregnant) (Emotional break down)

FADE OUT

EXT - Outside of the hotel - NEXT DAY

(Took Took is there - leaving for Kochi - drive to the train station)

VO (*Veronika*)

It is heavy enough with one child and now there is a second one growing in my belly CONT'D VO (*Veronika*) shall I make an abortion? No one would know about that (What stops her from having that abortion? What stops her from having abortion in the end?) VO (*Veronika*) I almost killed myself once... How can I cancel the life which doesn't truly belong to me? Should I not leave that decision to the child? (India can be VERY overwhelming and so can be unexpected pregnancy, when combined they lead one to the state of deep despair) Eduard comes to India for support and they go to Goa: first Agonda and then Arambol and then return to Switzerland When I was a child I was drowning once and even though I was rescued timely - and later into the years I learned how to swim - respect for water remained, that why when an old Gypsy woman told her once that I will die of drowning it even emphasized the cocktail of fear and respect for water together. These words of this old Gypsy woman, you can say, remained stuck with her, and became deeply ingrained into her. I always was and is very cautious when entering water and when I was in water. That why I was not very thrilled about when I was invited to drive or go swimming, especially in somewhat dangerous unsupervised waters like sea or even more cautions when it was about an ocean, like it was here in India. Varkala some persistent interest from a male over several days He was very well behaved and extremely polite ALL the fucking time and this appaled me and on the other hand made him extremely attractive for me. I was returning from my yoga session in the morning and even though it was morning it was already very hot. When I was returning from the yoga session for mothers - there were all kind of women there: Russian, Indian, Australian and me; I was not in my best shape and yet he has overshadowed me with compliments for how beautiful I am and how great I look. I met a guy, who besides showering me with compliments every time he saw me, even when I didn't look very appealing, not that I cared. He gave me some books to read He invited me into one of the local restaurants we had a lunch, spoke about pretty much under sun. I told him about the books I was reading and he was telling me about the books he was reading and in return I exchanged a couple of books, which I already read at the local book shop and gave him two books as a gift, because he told me that he haven't read them yet: "Shantaram" - story of love, friendship and war and "Fine Balance" - a very depressing one and nevertheless quite accurately depicting India as it was before, which in turn helps one to grasp / understand why it is still the way it is now. Next day our paths have crossed again. Was he stocking me? And he invited me to another restaurant. The restaurant was overlooking ocean and I as usually ate while I breastfed my boy The conversation was light and flew easily and unconstrained. Once we were done, he walked us to our hotel and I invited him to come to the room In the room I put the boy to bed and he came to me and kissed me He started gently undress her I played with his hair sudden vomit reaction (*Veronika*) VERONIKA and I vomitted directly onto him I apologized and run into the bathroom The guy remained staying speechless for some time and then just left When I came out – he has already left. (the male being a gentlemen leaves while I is still in the bathroom) (Emotional breakdown) (so I discovered / became aware that I am pregnant) Fuck, I'm pregnant, again. Finding out that I was pregnant was an

interesting surprise. EXT - Outside of the hotel - NEXT DAY (Took Took is there \- leaving for Kochi by train - drive to the train station) It is heavy enough with one child and now there is a second one growing in my belly Shall I make an abortion? No one would know about that. I almost killed myself once...How can I cancel the life which doesn't truly belong to me? Should I not leave that decision to the child? India can be VERY overwhelming and so can be unexpected pregnancy, when combined they lead one to the state of deep despair and then your fate adds fire into your life.

## Fire

Eduard came here for support, as soon as I told him that I was pregnant and we met in Goa - Agonda, and then we went to Arambol

VERONIKA

It was a regular resort in India, in which I already stayed many times across India.

EDUARD

Luckily it was the night before our departure and I packed almost all of our things

I woke up feeling that it became unusually hot in our room. When I opened my eyes I saw some kind of weird light at the ceiling area of our room. It took me some time to understand what was going on here. I jumped to my feet, knelt myself onto the bed and gently pushed Veronika trying to wake her. Luckily she woke up relatively easy. When I saw the light in her eyes and her conscious receiving me - I've shown to her what was going on. She nearly shouted "Oh my God". I put my finger to the lips, indicating that she should be quiet. She took Luka from the crib and I walked them out of the door. Once they were at the safe distance I explained to Veronika that I need to go back to get our stuff and I went back - in parallel knocking on the doors and waking up people. Soon the whole area was very loud. People were shouting and articulating, while I was carrying our luggage out of our room. I didn't dare to return for the stroller, because the fire became quite strong already.

We didn't sleep that night anymore. In the morning we as we were were taken to the airport and then we flew first to New Delhi and from there - back to Bern.

### TL;DR / Summary

Veronika flies to India with her baby boy Luka

She travels from the north of India to the south

She discovers that she is pregnant with the second child

Closer to the end of their journey Eduard comes into India, too and they all return back to Switzerland

# Hello Great Britain

Switzerland and all it's rules are suffocating

VERONIKA

I don't know where this idea of a move to the UK came from, but we both almost in parallel decided, voiced and agreed on moving to the UK.

UK would be a better place for both of us in terms of our creativity and international reach.

March 2000 - Move to UK

New broader market for Eduard

Better writing reach for Veronika

5 August 2000 birth of their daughter - Zala

EPISODE INT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

(showing screams and tantrums of the baby girl and exhausted Veronika)

Move to the UK

Birth of their daughter - Zala

Veronika's writing career takes off

I was writing mainly for women, not exclusively, but primarily for women and I guess it is one of my female readres, who told her husband to get me to their TV station

(actually it was a homosexual male, who told his partner, howewer I'll get to know about that years later and maybe it was a wife of one of the execs as well, this however I don't know for sure.)

Maybe it was one of my posts in which I wrote what I would do differently, if I had a chance to change the UK's TV landscape.

And some of my books also sell. Writing with an Eastern European humor about being a mother was surprisingly well received by the international auditories.

Beginning of Veronika's TV career

They (Veronika & Eduard) become VERY wealthy

**TL;DR / Summary**

Switzerland and all it's strict rules are suffocating

Move to the UK

Birth of their daughter - Zala

Veronika's writing career takes off

Beginning of Veronika's TV career

They (Veronika & Eduard) become VERY wealthy

# Spain, here I come

point of entry - Madrid international airport, May 2004

(work) May 2004 - Spain, Madrid Madrid Zaragoza Barcelona Valencia Granada Marbella Gibraltart Seville Cordoba Madrid INT - hotel room - NIGHT News on TV (Slovenia joined EU) (off work) Andalusia - sudden discovery of a yoga and breathwork retreat in the hills of Andalusia In 2004 Slovenia joined the EU and the doors into the world were practically open for everyone. And it practically was the time for me to go to Madrid, again, where I would .... May 2004 - Spain, Madrid (work) Madrid Zaragoza Barcelona Valencia Granada Marbella Gibraltart Seville Cordoba Madrid INT - hotel room - NIGHT News on TV (Slovenia joined EU) (off work) Andalusia - sudden discovery of a yoga and breathwork retreat in the hills of Andalusia August 2004 Throughout his life Eduard was not very talkative outside of the family. Within the family he wasn't a chatter box either, however he loved both children and we (he and I) talked about pretty much everything, as well. And at times – yes, he absolutely was a chatterbox. And this were memorable moments, as well. Both children were off the breast for quite some time now and the question “What’s next” resurfaced again. Point of entry - Madrid (was pretty boring) Funnily enough exactly in Spain and not in India I was initially introduced to yoga and breath work techniques. (even though she was to India, first) Or maybe it was last A of AIDA - awareness, interest, desire, action(s) Yoga & Breathwork Introduction: Early 2000s Spain (especially Andalusia—think Sierra Nevada foothills, olive groves, white villages) had a growing alternative scene: small retreats in fincas, influenced by Ibiza's hippie legacy and incoming Europeans. Pranayama, Hatha and Vinyasa yoga, early breath workshops were there—perfect seed for her later ice-breath control. It's a luxury only a few can afford themselves nowadays to get lost in the hill of Andalusia without any plans or agenda. And this is exactly where I see them – doing yoga in the morning rose-pink light. And something in mir says – yes, it is them, this is exactly where I supposed to be. Introduction into yoga and breathwork Spanish language acquisition

some years later

**TL;DR / Summary**

tbd



# The cage door is open at last

my soul can fly now.

Since Slovenia joined the EU it became very easy to travel. In 2004 Slovenia joined the EU and the doors into the world were practically open for everyone. And it practically was the time for me to go to Madrid, again, where I would .... Once one gets bitten by “travel bug” one gets it running for quite a long while / time and some never get off it. Seeing other countries and experiencing other cultures, beautiful architecture and bright vibrant clothes of the south, eating tasty foods and fruits. All this makes us wanting more: other countries, other foods and fruits, other clothes and different architecture. However I didn't know all this at the time of me preparing for my very first trip to India. India is one of the countries, which has very different architecture, from Mogul inspired to French, tasty fruits and nasty monkeys and crows, which will steal your food, at any given opportunity and before you get to know all that you have to travel there and to experience stories told by people who travelled and shared stories about their amazing or not so amazing travel experiences. And then one day I had some pain in the right breast I went to the doctors. They said that they would need to operate me. I joked now I will be like real life Amazonian. They used fire to get rid of the right breast because it would prevent them from using / shooting bows. I would be able to shoot bows perfectly. To gather my thoughts I said to Eduard, that I'll go to South-East Asia with my crew and will stay there a bit longer after the work will be done. It would turn out that the diagnose was false, but that she would get to know later.

## TL;DR / Summary

Slovenia joins EU

Introduction into yoga and breath work in the hills of Andalusia

# Some years of life after Spain

Life was just going full it's typical yearly events and some other less predictable stuffs

## **What is it ALL for?**

My children ended up seeing me more on the TV screen than at home

## **TL;DR / Summary**

Veronika is diagnosed with cancer

She goes to Thailand and some other countries of South-East Asia and confronts her fears

## Getting friends with cold

Point of entry - Suvarnabhumi airport, Bangkok, December 2006

When you exist the pleasantly cool airport building, the wave of hot air hugs you with all it's might, like a child, who did see you for quite a long time, and the hot air hugs and kisses you.

We took a taxi and got into our hotel, where we'll spend the night and tomorrow in the evening will go up north first to north Thailand and then Laos. South-East Asia (work) Bangkok North Thailand

EXT - On the streets of Bangkok - EVENING

(Veronika and her team are going to a restaurant for a dinner)

## Water

EXT - North Thailand - NIGHT

VO (Veronika) It supposed to be warm in tropical countries – however being here in December in the North of Thailand has brought the memories of North India.

EPISODE

EXT - North India - NIGHT

(flashback to the time when Veronika was in the North India)

(Veronika is having warm clothes in the mountains of North India)

*CONT'D VO (Veronika)*

It's fucking great that we left for India in November, when it was already pretty cold in Slovenia, otherwise we would be freezing our bones here.

EXT - North Thailand - NIGHT

*CONT'D VO (Veronika)*

Somehow I didn't know that it would be the same in Thailand. (If you cannot beat them, join them or in my case it was if you cannot beat it, get accustomed to it, make yourself friends with it, and this is exactly where and how my journey into making friend with cold has started. Ironically in a very warm tropical country.) It's good that we flew here in December and had our warm clothes with us.

*CONT'D VO (Veronika)*

My whole life is an absolute irony of my choices, of me making those choices and living with them.

EXT - PATH UP THE MOUNTAIN - MORNING

(Veronika went for a run and a swim in a cold-ish mountain lake overcoming fear of water)

FLASHBACK TO CHILDHOOD EXT - LAKE - DAY

(little Veronika is drowning in a lake)

(when she was a child and nearly drowned and was saved by .... whom?)

CONT'D EXT - PATH UP THE MOUNTAIN - MORNING

(Veronika runs into the water and dives)

Well, that didn't kill me.

(Decision to “become friends with cold” despite tropical latitude — internal paradox established.)

CONT'D (work) Laos Cambodia Malaysia Singapore Vietnam Bangkok ## Water North Thailand (work) It supposed to be warm in tropical countries – however being here in December in the North of Thailand has brought the memories of North India. If you cannot beat them, join them or in my case it was if you cannot beat it, get accustomed to it, make yourself friends with it, and this is exactly where and how my journey into making friend with cold has started. Ironically in a very warm tropical country. My whole life is an absolute irony of my choices, of me making those choices and living with them. EXT - North Thailand - NIGHT VO (Veronika) It supposed to be warm in tropical countries – however being here in December in the North of Thailand has brought the memories of North India. EPISODE EXT - North India - NIGHT (flashback to the time when Veronika was in the North India) (Veronika is having warm clothes in the mountains of North India) CONT'D VO (Veronika) It's fucking great that we left for India in November, when it was already pretty cold in Slovenia, otherwise we would be freezing our bones here. EXT - North Thailand - NIGHT CONT'D VO (Veronika) Somehow I didn't know that it would be the same in Thailand.(If you cannot beat them, join them or in my case it was if you cannot beat it, get accustomed to it,

make yourself friends with it, and this is exactly where and how my journey into making friend with cold has started. Ironically in a very warm tropical country.)It's good that we flew here in December and had our warm clothes with us. CONT'D VO (Veronika) My whole life is an absolute irony of my choices, of me making those choices and living with them. EXT - PATH UP THE MOUNTAIN - MORNING (Veronika went for a run and a swim in a cold-ish mountain lake overcoming fear of water) FLASHBACK TO CHILDHOOD EXT - LAKE - DAY (little Veronika is drowning in a lake) (when she was a child and nearly drowned and was saved by .... whom?) CONT'D EXT - PATH TO THE MOUNTAIN LAKE - MORNING (Veronika runs into the water and dives) VO (Veronika) Well, that didn't kill me. (as she submerges from the water) (Decision to “become friends with cold” despite tropical latitude — internal paradox established.) CONT'D (work) Laos Cambodia Malaysia Singapore Vietnam

### **TL;DR / Summary**

Veronika starts taking cold showers regularly

## One, two, three - swimming we go

Ice swimming. (work) Training with Wim Hoff (work) Swimming with other ice swimmers She met and swam with Iceman – Wim Hof; first, with some other participants of one of the courses he gives Women of beauty like hers don't go unnoticed She was preparing herself (unconsciously) for swims with the ice swimmers later she swam with Stig Severinsen and she also swam with lesser known female ice swimmers like: Johanna Nordblad Elina Mäkinen Cold-water/ice swimming is literally about confronting death—numbing pain, controlled breath, pushing the body to the brink—and then emerging alive, exhilarated, reborn. It's the perfect metaphor for post-asylum Veronika: someone who has already "died" once and now actively seeks out near-death experiences not to end life, but to feel alive as intensely as possible.

### **TL;DR / Summary**

Veronika makes a training with Ice man - Wim Hoff and swims with other ice swimmers

## Madness or bravery

Iceland July 2010 swimming in ice-cold waters alone swimming in ice-cold waters alone Now when I already swam with some of the world most renowned ice swimmers I also wanted to try the cold waters of Iceland. Is it a sign of bravery or a sign of an absolute and sheer madness to wager into such a swim absolutely alone? It is way easier to swim with the others, however to do it completely alone... One needs to confront one's own fears and either overcome them or succumb and surrender to them and this is exactly what I was doing when the thoughts of fear came to my head Fuck it let's do it, nothing is under control – is the motto which I welcomed into my life and was using when faced by situations of uncertainty, fear and even danger There are calculable risks and there is sheer madness and mad bravery What swimming alone is, only the time will show. Ask me later and I'll tell you once I did / have done it. The title "Iceland" works well for now: it's simple, geographic, and carries that stark, cold resonance. If you want alternatives later, something like "Alone in the North Atlantic", "The Solitary Plunge", or "Madness or Bravery" (echoing the question you pose) could add a more poetic or philosophical layer. But honestly, the plain "Iceland" has a Coelho-esque minimalism that fits the spirit of the original novel.

### **TL;DR / Summary**

Veronika swims unsupervised in Iceland

# Wild wild everything

(work) Entering US in Alaska and going down the south of the continent FLY-INS (of the city names with Veronika staying in front of the camera at different locations and reporting from the places) Alaska Washington (state) - Seattle Oregon - Portland California (SF & LA) Las Vegas Chicago Boston New York Washington (DC) Florida Texas what else to show here? Grand Canyon? Children see her mother more on TV than at home in person and from the south of USA she went into Mexico.

## **TL;DR / Summary**

Veronika's adventures in the US



# Latin America

(off work) Mexico Auyaska experience Money open doors and because some of the Eastern Europeans are not easy to cheat, money usually leads us to the desired outcomes, not always but usually. Yes, they are some sophisticated cheaters and sometimes, even we East-Europeans fall for scams. Thanks to my journalist work and to my documentaries some people would recognise me on the streets, that's why it was relatively easy to find the right people, who would lead me to the people who could offer me the experience from the very first hands Sex during Auyaska (who with - who is the lucky man; was he also under the influence of the substance - what is the story here? who? how? why?)

## **TL;DR / Summary**

Veronika gets her Auyaska experience in Latin America

# What is it all for?

2011 - 2020

Move within UK near to the sea... (where to, exactly?)

**WHAT IS IT ALL FOR?**

**TL;DR / Summary**

tbd

# Locked-in freedom

## Veronika

Denies vaccination and the danger per se. I don't fear death. I'll when it is my time to die.

Following my intuition proved to be very beneficial. Now living outside of a big city helps me to stay sane. I can swim in the sea all year round, and here are generally less people than in the big cities.

## Eduard

It is not a big deal. Gets vaccinated.

## Zala

Strong opponent of vaccination.

I started to interest myself for sex since I was very young. By the time I was ... I already ...

I tried it with girls, too, but somehow I like it with men more.

Zala (late teens/early 20s) in UK uni or gap year. She picks up Spanish fluency from mom genes + immersion.

VO (Veronika): "Zala bloomed in the UK like a rose in concrete—friends from Spain everywhere, and then he appeared: tall, dark-eyed, passionate. My little rose had her first real flame." Scene: Family dinner, Zala texts in Spanish; boyfriend calls. Eduard teases: "Who's this 'mi amor'?" Zala blushes, switches to Spanish with Veronika: "Mamá, es increíble—bailamos salsa toda la noche." (Mom, he's amazing—we danced salsa all night.) Boyfriend's cultural side: Passionate, family-oriented (Spanish stereotype), cooks paella for her, contrasts Eduard's stoic "Matroskin" style. Adds sensuality—echoes mom's wool-blanket night. The boyfriend could be met via uni/language meetups, friends, or something else (TBD) By the time pandemic came I was dating a Spaniard They break up because he is - pro-vaccine and pushy, she's - contra-vaccine. She leaves UK for Mexico and from there when the pandemics are over travels in Latin America to end up and stay in Colombia. This keeps the Spanish secret code central (boyfriend speaks it natively, girlfriends too—double exclusion for men), adds romantic edge without overshadowing themes, and makes Zala's Colombia run feel earned (seeking that passionate, free life). During pandemics she is tutoring people English on one of the online tutoring platforms. She also tries OnlyFans but gives it up. Mexico's "lax" vibe contrasts UK's cold rules; Zala experiments with freedom there (parties, swims,

perhaps casual flings echoing her high body count past), then matures into Colombia's purpose-driven phase.

6 August 2021 - Zala leaves for Mexico

June 2022: Zala transitions to Colombia (finds purpose as English teacher)

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## **Luka**

I don't mind. Gets vaccinated.

Luka and his girlfriend and their story

Luka had some situationships with some of Zala girlfriends (most of them thanks to Zala) but during pandemics was found by his proper girlfriend on Bumble. (Slovenian or British - TBD) meets his proper stable girlfriend during lockdown (What is her name? She is 5 years older than him - born 1994)

Veronika goes to Mexico in September 2021

Eduard follows her later

## **TL;DR / Summary**

Zala goes to Mexico

Veronika decides to follow

Eduard follows her later

Almost one year later Zala goes to Colombia

Luka gets a proper girlfriend

# Roots and flames

6 February 2023

As much as we knew the Gaziantep Oğuzeli International Airport (GZT) didn't suffer a lot of damage and its runways remained in tact hence the airport became a critical hub for humanitarian aid and passenger movement and this is exactly where we flew to from Istanbul. She covers real 2023 events like Turkey-Syria quake (Feb, 50k+ dead—echoes 2010 disasters) I promise I'll be back for your birthday. An emotional connection and sex with Matej (her videographer) - they confess to their partners that they have a relationship (Why???) Ana, Matej's wife comes to Eduard for emotional support; it was not the first time they saw each other - the visit will end up in sex initiated by Ana CONT'D INT - Veronika's and Eduard's bedroom - (later that) DAY Ana is standing in front of the mirror and is getting dressed - - -

At home, Eduard paints "apocalyptic" scenes inspired by her stories.

At Eduard's birthday Family reunion in UK Luka announces US move, Zala shares Colombia adventures. Family joins briefly—Zala visits from Colombia (Spanish bonding over "Mama you were there too, were you not?" in Latin America echoes). Worth writing: Deepens midlife irony—peace found, but world chaos (2023 wildfires/floods) calls her back to action. Eduard suggests settling (buy a farm in Slovenian and move there), she resists ("Cages come in all forms" and "Shes is not yet ready to settle down") marriage's evolution - they Veronika / Eduard become lovers with Zatej / Ana Foreshadows Gaza: News of escalating conflicts (2024 Iran-Israel tensions) during dinner, Eduard worried, her determined - - - Veronika announced that she and her team will go to India again. This time for work. Eduard cannot say anything it is work, however he has all his reasons not to like India (still remembering that fire they experienced in Goa back in 2000) He didn't really want me to go there, again

Eduard is rooting - wants to buy farm land in Slovenia

Veronika is famming - tells him that she is not yet ready to retire

**TL;DR / Summary**

tbd

# India again

New Delhi, January 2025

(off work / work ???) January 2025 New Delhi North India Chennai Auroville Now we are in Auroville, one of it's promises to build a town, where money wouldn't exist. We are going to investigate how it turned out to become. May 2025 We are here at the XYZ farm viper bite (off work / work ???) New Delhi North India Chennai Auroville Auroville, May 2025 Now we are in Auroville, one of it's promises to build a town, where money wouldn't exist. We are going to investigate how it turned out to become. We are here at the XYZ farm "Watch out. Don't move." suddenly said Veronika to the videographer. "There is a snake behind you. DON'T MOVE." She picked a stick from the ground and tried to scare the snake away. And some other snake might have crawled away, not viper though. It jumped to attack Veronika and bit her into the left leg. viper bite Viper bite According to people sayings snakes when they sense people crawl away, not viper though, viper jumps towards person and attacks

## **TL;DR / Summary**

Veronika and her team travel in India making yet another documentary

In Auroville Veronika gets bitten by a viper - poisonous snake

# Rush for life

Auroville clinique, coma & return to Slovenia

This chapter describes the quest of getting Veronika in time for saving her life.

## **TL;DR / Summary**

Veronika is rushed into a hospital in Auroville

She gets into coma and is flown into Slovenia

## Now it's the time

to live fearlessly.

And I ended up in hospital, again. In a hospital similar to Villette

I don't know about Eduard, however I passionately hated ALL hospitals after Villette and something in my gut tells me that Eduard might've shared my sentiment.

Seeing everything what was happening around me in the hospital and beyond and not being able to change anything is - I don't know how to put it mildly - disheartening.

Some of the content of this chapter was inspired by Jill Bolte and her talks

For one of them there is the link below:

[https://www.ted.com/talks/jill\\_bolte\\_taylor\\_my\\_stroke\\_of\\_insight](https://www.ted.com/talks/jill_bolte_taylor_my_stroke_of_insight)

Once I woke up from coma, in that moment, I knew that I was no longer the choreographer of my life. And either the doctors rescue my body and give me a second chance at life, or this was perhaps my moment of transition. When I woke, it already was an afternoon, I was enormously surprised to discover that I was still alive. When I felt my spirit surrender, I said goodbye to my life. And my mind was now suspended between two very opposite planes of reality. Stimulation coming in through my sensory systems felt like pure pain. Light burned my brain like wildfire, and sounds were so loud and chaotic that I could not pick a voice out from the background noise, and I just wanted to escape. Because I could not identify the position of my body in space, I felt enormous and expansive, like a genie just liberated from her bottle. And my spirit soared free, like a great whale gliding through the sea of silent euphoria. Nirvana. I found Nirvana, again. And I remember thinking, there's no way I would ever be able to squeeze the enormousness of myself back inside this tiny little body. But then I realized, "But I'm still alive! I'm still alive, and I experienced Nirvana, again. And if I could experience Nirvana again, while being alive, then everyone who is alive can experience it, too" And I pictured a world filled with beautiful, peaceful, compassionate, loving people who knew that they could come to this space at any time. And that they could purposely choose to step to the right hemisphere – by doing yoga and meditations - and find this peace. And then I realized what a tremendous gift this experience could be, what a stroke of insight this could be to how we live our lives. And it motivated me to recover and to come back. So who are we? We are the life-force power of the universe, with manual dexterity and two cognitive minds. And we have the power to choose, moment by moment, who and how we want to be in the world. Right here, right now, I can step into the consciousness of my right hemisphere, where we are. I am the life-force power of the universe. I am the life-force power of the 50 trillion beautiful molecular geniuses that make up my form, at one with all that is. Or, I can choose to step into the consciousness of my left hemisphere, where I become a single individual, a solid. Separate from the flow, separate from you. I am Veronika intellectual, journalist, TV presenter and story-teller, caring



mother to my children and loving wife to my husband and daughter to my parents. These are the "we" inside of me. Which would you choose? Which do you choose? And when? I believe that the more time we spend choosing to run the deep inner-peace circuitry of our right hemispheres, the more peace we will project into the world, and the more peaceful our planet will be. And I thought that was an ideal time to live the life I was given, again.

Veronika woke up from coma

Recovery

Now - it's time to live without fear it doesn't matter how long one lives if one lives a happy and fulfilling life

(Mom's calling.)

CLOSE-UP to telephone

(MOM is displayed on the telephone screen)

VERONIKA

Hi, mom.

MOTHER

How do you feel, dear?

VERONIKA

I'm good, mom.

MOTHER

Darling, do you remember Dr. Igor?

VERONIKA

Of course, I do. What about him?

MOTHER

Well, I read in the paper that he died of a heart attack, yesterday.

VERONIKA

(remains facially unchanged, however there are tears formed in her eyes)

Thanks, mom. We'll speak later.

(Veronika wipes off the tears from her face)

MOTHER

Bye bye, darling.

**How long do I still have to live?**

EXT - Cemetery - DAY

(Burial ceremony. Veronika with Eduard and children are there, too. )

ZALA

Who was he?

VERONIKA

Someone we used to know.

(takes Eduard under his arm)

Once I woke up from the coma in Ljubljana, the venom finally flushed from my veins, I knew I was no longer the sole choreographer of my life. I had felt my spirit surrender. I had said goodbye — quietly, almost gratefully — to the story I had been writing with every border crossed, every icy plunge, every reckless yes. Light had burned like wildfire behind my eyes, sounds had crashed like chaos, and for a while I was enormous — a genie freed from the bottle of my body, gliding through silent euphoria. Nirvana. I had found it. And then I woke up. Still alive. Again. I remember thinking: if I can touch that vastness and still be breathing, then anyone can. Everyone who is alive can choose, at any moment, to step into that space of deep peace. And in the same breath, they can choose the smaller, sharper “I” — the one with a name, a passport, children waiting at home, a husband who paints while the polar night lasts. These two “we” live inside me. One is the life-force power of the universe — boundless, at one with everything, fearless because there is no edge to fall off. The other is Veronika: intellectual, journalist, TV presenter, storyteller, mother to my quiet

blond boy and fiery black-haired girl, loving wife to Eduard, daughter to my parents. I have spent decades running the circuitry of intensity — chasing sensation to prove I was still here. But in that coma I learned I could also run the circuitry of peace. And suddenly the running stopped feeling necessary. I came home different. I stayed longer. I watched the children grow. I sat with Eduard in silence that didn't itch. For the first time, ordinary days didn't terrify me. But the world kept burning. Images reached me: children in Gaza, thin as winter twigs, eyes carrying the same hollow question I once carried in Villette. Famine declared, temperatures brutal, homes reduced to rubble mountains, aid crawling in too late. I understood then what the second chance was truly for. Not to sit safely in the peace I had found. But to carry it into the places where peace had been bombed out of existence. One last time, I left. Eduard kissed me at the airport the way he always did — no pleas, no drama, just trust and the quiet knowledge that I might not return. The children hugged me harder than usual. They were old enough now to feel the weight. I entered Gaza in August 2025. It was a blast that deformed yet another piece of a building, now resembling the rest of the nearly completely demolished neighborhood...[Continue directly with the exact Gaza text you already wrote, ending on:]...And in the end, the machine took me too. I came home different. They had flown me to Ljubljana in May, while I was still deep in the coma — back to the city where the story began, back to hospital corridors that once rang with my fury at surviving. When I finally woke, late spring was already turning the city green. For the first time in decades, I stayed. Not forever — just those couple of months while my body finished healing, while Ljubljana's grey winter memories from the past faded into a hesitant spring and then a full, warm summer. The children were already grown — our quiet blond boy and fiery black-haired girl now in their mid-twenties, shaping lives of their own. Our girl found her rooting in Columbia as an English teacher. and our boy stayed in the UK, well, at least for now. His IT start-up is promising and he might need to relocate to the US. The time will show. They came and went, bringing their new sharpness and laughter into the house. We shared long meals on the terrace, walks along the river, silences with Eduard that felt full instead of restless. Life became quieter, deeper. The old terror of ordinary days receded — like a tide that had learned it could ebb without drowning me. The running stopped. For one summer. For a few very short months. Then, one hot morning in early August 2025, the news reached me. Dr. Igor — the psychiatrist, who had once lied that my heart was failing, the lie that hurled me into life — had died suddenly of a massive heart attack. They flew me home to Ljubljana while I was still unconscious — back to the city where it all began, back to the same hospital corridors that once echoed with my rage at being alive. When I woke from the coma, the venom finally purged, I knew I was no longer the sole choreographer of my life. I had surrendered. I had said goodbye — not in despair this time, but in a vast, silent euphoria. Light had burned like wildfire, sounds had crashed like chaos, and for a while I was boundless — a genie freed from the bottle of my body, gliding through an ocean of peace. Nirvana. I had touched it. And then I woke up. Still alive. Again. The doctors told me later how close it had been. Eduard had sat by my bed for weeks, painting nothing, just holding my hand through the long polar night. The children had taken turns reading to me. My parents had prayed. I remember thinking: if I can touch that vastness and still return to this small body, then anyone can. Everyone who is alive can choose, moment by moment, which circuitry to run — the deep inner peace of boundlessness, or the sharp, separate “I” with a name, a history, people waiting. These two “we” live inside me. One is the life-force power of the universe — at one with everything, fearless because there are no edges. The other is Veronika: journalist, storyteller, mother to my quiet blond

boy and fiery black-haired girl, loving wife to Eduard, daughter to my parents. For decades I had run only the circuitry of intensity, chasing proof that I was still here. But in that coma I learned I could also choose peace. And for the first time, ordinary days no longer felt like a slow death. I stayed home longer. I watched the children finish growing. I sat with Eduard in silences that felt full, not empty. Life became quieter, deeper. The running stopped. Then, one grey Ljubljana morning in early 2025, the news reached me. Dr. Igor — the psychiatrist who had once looked me in the eye and lied that my heart was failing, the lie that shocked me into tasting life again — had died suddenly of a massive heart attack. Irony doesn't even begin to cover it. I went to the funeral. Stood in the rain with the handful of people who remembered Villette the way it used to be. And in that moment, watching his coffin lowered into Slovenian soil, I understood what the second unchosen return was truly for. Not to retreat into private peace. But to carry it outward — into the places where peace had been declared dead. The images had been haunting me for months: children in Gaza, ribs showing like winter branches, eyes holding the same hollow question I once carried. Famine official now, heat merciless, entire neighbourhoods reduced to rubble mountains, aid blocked or destroyed. Dr. Igor had — through his desperate lie — handed me decades I hadn't asked for. Now someone was trying to steal decades from children who had never even had the chance to despair. One last time, I packed a small bag. Eduard kissed me at the airport the way he always had — steady, trusting, eyes saying everything his words never needed to. The children, now adults carrying our flame, hugged me harder than usual. They knew. I entered Gaza in August 2025. It was a blast that deformed yet another piece of a building, now resembling the rest of the nearly completely demolished neighborhood...[Seamless continuation with your exact Gaza text, ending on:]...And in the end, the machine took me too. She begins the story waking up in a Ljubljana hospital, furious to be alive after trying to die. She ends the arc waking up in the same city, same kind of hospital bed, after a coma she didn't choose — this time calm, illuminated, ready to live without the old terror. And the trigger for Gaza being the death of Dr. Igor — the very doctor who once told her “you have only days to live” (sparking her original awakening) now dying suddenly of a heart attack himself — that's the irony dialed to eleven. The man who accidentally saved her life by lying about her heart now loses his own heart. It's almost cruelly perfect. August 2025 Veronika decides to go to Gaza. Veronika is smuggled into Gaza Now - it's time to live without fear it doesn't matter how long one lives if one lives a happy and fulfilling life

Don't you know by now that I'm undestructable. said I jokingly.

Eduard just smiled back.

I hugged and kissed him.

Then, I hugged and kissed Ana.

Men hugged, too.

And we went for boarding.

A journey to get into Gaza.

Veronika and Matej are smuggled into Gaza.

**TL;DR / Summary**

Veronika wakes up from coma

Dr. Igor dies

She is offered to make a documentary about Gaza - she accepts

Veronika and Matej go on a journey to get into Gaza and then they are smuggled into Gaza

# Veronika decides to live

August 2025

EXT - streets of Gaza - DAY

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(Veronika speaks in Arabic to children she wants to lead to shelter)

I had gathered them— all five of them children, wide-eyed and “starved to the bone” thin, their small hands clutching mine as I whispered promises of a safer place just beyond the rubble. We moved quickly through the choking dust, past twisted metal and shattered homes, toward what I hoped was shelter. They trusted me, this stranger with the foreign accent who spoke of gardens and cold waters far away. I was trying to save them, to lead them out of this furnace of heat and destruction. But the next blast came without warning. The ground erupted. Bodies flew like fragile leaves in a storm. When the smoke settled, the children lay still. They would never see their parents again, nor their siblings, friends, or neighbors. Neither would I.

OS - COMMs between military

COMMANDER

There is something suspicious in the Sector XYZ. Send a drone there.

DRONE PILOT

Done, sir.

Drone in the sky above Gaza

(Camera follows a rocket leaving fiery trail in the sky and flying towards a building and crashing into it)

CONT'D EXT - on street in Gaza - DAY

(devastation - partially or fully demolished building - heat and smoke)

It was a blast that deformed yet another piece of a building, now resembling the rest of the nearly completely demolished neighborhood...

I was saving five (very specific) kids:

Twins 6 y.o. : Jamal and Amal (girl, scared of the drone sounds)

Omar (5, boy, holding his sister's hand), Noor (girl) 8 y.o. and Yasmin (3, crying, won't let go of a stuffed animal)

We need to SEE her

Learning their names in broken Arabic

Wiping dust from Yasmin's face

Telling them: "We're going to run to that building, okay? On three. One, two..."

Then the drone strikes.

Not abstract. Not distant. Specific bodies. Specific loss.

War is a heartless machine, a creation of politicians. It takes no precautions and differentiates nothing among beings: be it a cat, a dog, a child, or a grown-up. Heat and destruction are bad partners; add dust and smoke, and you have a nearly apocalyptic premise laid out right before our eyes. In that moment, as the scorching August sun burned down on the ruins of Gaza City— where famine had taken hold weeks earlier and the temperatures soared past 40°C and aid trickled like blood from a dying wound — I felt the old paradox rise in me one final time. Bravery or madness? All my life, I had plunged into extremes to feel alive: the icy waters of Iceland shocking my skin, the viper's bite in Auroville sending me into coma darkness, the spiritual fires of India and Amazonia burning away illusions. I had decided to live, over and over—escaping Villete with Eduard, building our wild love, raising our quiet blond boy and fiery black-haired girl amid moves and gardens across the world. And now, here in this man-made hell, I had come not for myself, but for them. For the starving, the displaced, the children whose eyes mirrored my own long-ago despair. One last plunge, into the heart of indifference. As my vision faded amid the rubble, I thought of Eduard's paintings, the children grown and carrying our flame, the piano notes from Villete echoing faintly. I had lived by other laws. I had chosen sanity over madness and bravery over indifference. And in the end, the machine took me too.

<https://www.aljazeera.com/gallery/2025/2/5/gaza-transformed-into-rubble-strewn-w-steland-after-israeli-bombardment>

MATEJ (calling Eduard on the telephone)

We finished filming. I turned around to pack the equipment. When I was finished packing and turned back to the place where Veronika was staying just to discover that she was gone. She told me something to my back, but I didn't pay attention, because I was busy packing.

I don't know how to say it.

Veronika is dead.

I'm VERY SORRY man.

\*\*\*

Teenage girl in hospital in Ljubljana - she's considering suicide.

JUMP TO

Veronika II is at home.

Her mother's friend is drunk.

Mother is not at home. She is at work.

He tries to kiss her.

She pushes him away.

The man gets angry.

She runs to window, open it and tells him not to come and he would she would jump.

The man doesn't believe her - girl jumps from the window.

JUMP TO

The girl is reading a book on a hospital bed. She reads the last page. She closes the book. She comes to the window and looks out. She decides to live and her name is Veronika, too! She is a daughter of Ukrainian refugee mother.

JUMP TO

DAY 1 - Initial coldness

MARIJA

(cheerful, from her bed)

What's your name, dear?



VERONIKA II

doesn't turn around. Stares at the wall.

VERONIKA II(

flat, doing her a "favor")

Veronika.

MARIJA

(warm, unfazed)

Ah! Beautiful name. My grandmother's name was Veronika. I'm Marija.

VERONIKA II

(barely audible)

Okay. She turns her back to Marija. Pulls the blanket over her head. Marija watches her for a moment—then goes back to knitting. She hums softly. A Slovenian folk song.

Later that day when Veronika is out of her room, Marija calls her daughter and asks her to bring two books. You, know Veronika ones.

DAY 2 - Marija's daughter visits

VERONIKA II pretends to sleep. Marija's DAUGHTER (40s) brings a bag of food, magazines, and two books.

DAUGHTER

Here are the books you asked for, Mama.

MARIJA

(taking it, glancing at Veronika II's turned back)

Thank you, ljubica.

After some time the daughter leaves. Marija reads for a while—then places the book on the shared nightstand between the beds. Cover facing up: "Veronika Decides to Live." Veronika II's eyes flicker open—just for a second—to see the title. She closes them again.

DAY 3 - The thaw

VERONIKA II wakes in the night. Can't sleep. Reaches for the book—hesitates—then pulls it into her hands. Starts reading by the dim nightlight. MARIJA stirs, half-awake. MARIJA(sleepy, gentle) Good book, that one. Made me cry. Veronika II freezes—caught. VERONIKA II (defensive) I wasn't MARIJA (cutting her off, kind) It's okay. Read it. Keep it, if you want. She rolls over, goes back to sleep. Veronika II stares at the book. Then keeps reading. DAY 4/5 - Marija is discharged MARIJA packs her things. Veronika II watches from her bed—hasn't spoken much, but her posture is different. Less defensive. MARIJA (at the door, turning back) Veronika? Veronika II looks up. MARIJA (CONT'D) (simply, no drama) I'm glad I met you. She smiles—warm, genuine—and leaves. Veronika II is alone now. She looks at the books still on the nightstand. Picks it up. Keeps reading.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - LJUBLJANA - DAY

(JANUARY 2026) Pale winter light filters through the window.

VERONIKA II (16) sits propped up in bed with the book in her hands — final pages. She reads in silence. Her jaw tightens. Her eyes redden—but she doesn't cry. She finishes the last sentence. Closes the book slowly. Stares at the cover: "Veronika decides to live" VERONIKA II (whispered, in Ukrainian-accented Slovene) Ty durna zhinka.(You stupid woman.) She looks out the window—the city sprawls below, gray and ordinary and full of people living their small, precious lives.

VERONIKA II (CONT'D)

(softer, to the book)

But you tried. She places the book on the bedside table—carefully, like it's sacred. Reaches for the call button.Presses it.

VERONIKA II (CONT'D)

(to herself, almost a vow)

Okay. I'll try, too.She looks back out the window. The city is still gray. But the light is different now.

CUT TO EXT - MOUNTAINS OVERLOOKING OCEAN - DAY

VERONIKA, HER HUSBAND AND THEIR TWO CHILDREN are hiking in the mountains.

TITLE CARD:"For everyone still deciding."

**TL;DR / Summary**

Veronika is killed in a drone strike while trying to lead some children into safety

Veronika II jumps out of the window and gets into hospital; she is considering suicide, once she gets out of the hospital

Marija older woman gives her two books to read

Veronika II many years later is hiking with her husband and their children in the mountains overlooking ocean

## Outro

Now when you finished reading the book, Life is too short, no matter how many years you've lived and whatever you do with your life is up to you. But if this reaches you—reader, witness—remember: decide to live. Not just for yourself. Change the world, in whatever capacity you can. Plant a garden. Speak truth. Act. Before the apocalypse claims us all.