

Cousins

By

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INT. KITCHEN/DINING ROOM AREA - DAY

A couple books of prayer, illegible scribbled-on sheets of loose leaf paper, a rosary, and religious bookmarks are scattered across the wooden dinner table.

MANNY, 18, searches for answers in the bible, his eyes bleeding out the ink from the text.

The whole scene appears solemn from the across the dark hallway that separates the house. From within this darkness, a curvy figure emerges and walks down this hallway.

CASSANDRA, 23, places a hand on Manny lost in the holy book. Anthony looks up, revealing the years of a man frozen in the face of an adolescent.

CASSANDRA
You all right?

MANNY
Yes.

CASSANDRA
You don't look like the person who is about to throw quite the party, according to Twitter.

Manny does not seem amused.

CASSANDRA
I'm kidding. It's not plastered all over the internet. Your parents won't know.

Manny returns to reading the bible.

CASSANDRA
Relax, you had me help you with this thing. Besides, you just graduated high school. Cherish the moment, kid.

Manny seems to disregard her. She frowns and takes a seat next to him at the table.

CASSANDRA
What, what's wrong?

MANNY
Nothing, just reading.

Cassandra searches for a way to pry him.

(CONTINUED)

CASSANDRA

Listen, you can have one party in your life. Your not a man of the cloth yet.

MANNY

It's called a priest, Cassandra.

CASSANDRA

Right. My bad.

The bible is closed. Cassandra has succeeded.

MANNY

I've always felt that my life was devoted to God, but I've never had a chance to test it. I know it sounds stupid. I just want to make sure. God deserves no less than my entire devotion and love.

A beat.

CASSANDRA

(loss for words)

No... I get it... Have you eaten anything?

Cassandra stands up and heads for kitchen. However, Manny's baggage has been torn open.

MANNY

If there was any other way, I would choose it. But this, this is the best option. I mean I leave in two months.

Cassandra opens the freezer. The door has various saints and Jesus magnets. She pulls two hot pocket boxes out, the breakfast of champions, and tosses them on the counter.

His frustrations obvious, she leans over the counter and towards him, undivided attention on him.

CASSANDRA

It makes sense. There might be a chance that you might not be cut out for priesthood.

Manny seems unnerved at that statement. The bible is once again opened.

(CONTINUED)

MANNY

You should be there.

CASSANDRA

Um, no. I'll feel old among the young. Plus, you have God on your side.

Cassandra herself doesn't believe the last part of her statement.

MANNY

Right. I just hope I'm going to do what God wants... Do you think so?

A beat.

CASSANDRA

I'm not the God-fearing one. You are. I just believe in doing the right thing.

CUT TO: TITLE SCREEN

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A framed photograph of Cassandra and Manny is the only item besides a lamp on the side table next to the couch where Cassandra is passed out.

The light of the TV reflects off her fair complexion. The windows to the living room are opened, allowing a draft to disturb her slumber.

Her body moves around looking for heat until she is woken up by the wind. The white light given off by the large flat screen pounds her eyes hard, causing her to rub her eyes.

She grabs her phone, which is by her side. Checks the time.

3am.

Never being too late for a drink, she pours some scotch into a glass at the bar in the corner. Takes her poison back to the couch. Half conscious, Cassandra grabs the remote and thinks she'll find something on TV at this time.

Unexpectedly, her phone's vibration goes off. She thinks nothing of it as she picks up the phone and answers it.

(CONTINUED)

CASSANDRA

Hello?

A beat for the inaudible reply.

CASSANDRA

No, I was just watching TV.
Couldn't wait to tell me about it,
huh- Hold up, what? Slow down,
Tony.

Cassandra's face contorts as she hears the the response.

CASSANDRA

I'm coming over. Stay calm. Explain
when I get there.

She hangs up and dashes out of the room.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD ROAD - NIGHT

The car races down the neighborhood and what obviously is
not the speed limit.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Cassandra is in pajamas and flip flops. All the fatigue has
left her eyes, she is determined.

Worried.

EXT. MANNY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Cassandra's car pulls into the driveway. Manny's house is
the typical suburban two-floor, complete with the boring
color scheme and the two car garage. All the window blinds
are shut.

Cassandra walks up the porch and uses the large brass door
knocker.

The moment the door opens, Cassandra's eyes widen with
shock.

CASSANDRA

What's wrong?

INT. FRONT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Manny looks awful. His hair's a mess, his face is glazed over with sweat and other fluids, and he sports deep purple bags under his eyes. He wears ripped jeans and a saturated white v neck. He holds on to his rosary from earlier.

Cassandra takes the initiative to enter the home and shut the door behind her.

CASSANDRA
Manny, what happened during the party?

MANNY
(barely audible)
I'm in trouble.

A beat.

CASSANDRA
What do you mean you're in trouble?

MANNY
I gave in to temptation.

CASSANDRA
How are you in trouble, Manny?

Manny seems in shock. He's not coherent enough to give the answers Cassandra needs.

MANNY
I mean she was beautiful. Graceful in the way she walked, the way she talked. I should have known. The devil works that way.

Cassandra grabs hold of her cousin by the arm, hard.

CASSANDRA
Manny, what the hell is going on, honey?

His eyes focus on Cassandra after wandering around.

MANNY
I'll just show you.

With that, Manny goes up the staircase next to them to the second floor. Cassandra follows him.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

The bedroom door swings open. Everything inside the bedroom is pitch black. However, the hallway is brightly illuminated. So illuminated that Cassandra's expression can be seen. It is the quintessence expression of shock and horror.

CASSANDRA

What did you do, Manny? Why?

Cassandra is on the verge of tears. She collapses against the doorway for support and fights the urge to faint.

MANNY

(whisper)

I don't know.

CASSANDRA

I asked you a damn question! What the fuck did you do?

MANNY

I gave in.

Cassandra covers her mouth and gags. She digs her face into her palms and starts softly sobbing.

MANNY

It's bad.

Seeing the situation and his cousin break down, he is helpless to start doing the same.

CASSANDRA

Is she...

MANNY

Yeah.

CASSANDRA

Did you check?

MANNY

Of course I fucking checked!

The two stand in the doorway, frozen by the situation. Suddenly, Manny collapses on the floor and loses it. His sobs are uncontrollable, painful.

MANNY

I'm so disgusted with myself! I let
evil corrupt my soul. I've

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MANNY (cont'd)
abandoned God. I've ruined my life,
I've ruined my life! God help me.

He rocks back and forth on his knees, head on the floor.
Cassandra walks over to him. Tries to pull him up.

CASSANDRA
There's no time for this. Get up,
Manny. (struggling with the dead
weight) Get the fuck up!

Cassandra's stern tone is not helping the situation.

CASSANDRA
C'mon, Manny. Get up. We need to
get out of here and think. But it's
not gonna happen here.

Finally, she gets her cousin on his feet and consoles him as
she helps him out the room. He takes the staircase down.

Cassandra looks back at the scene one last time before she
shuts the door, the light from the hallway concentrating
more into a beam as the door closes.

The last thing seen is a bloodied foot with neon pink nail
polish before the door completely shuts.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

The winding staircase mirrors Cassandra's center of gravity.
She has to hold onto the rail; Billy appearing to leave her
behind as he descends.

She struggles to reach to the bottom, watches Billy sit down
at the dinner table that has an unfinished beer pong game.

Manny's cell phone on the table reminds him of what he
desperately is trying to block out. The ugly sin of a man of
faith.

MANNY
I have to turn myself in.

CASSANDRA
Are you stoned?

MANNY
I'm *more* than sober now. It doesn't
matter, I have a responsibility to
to seek what I deserve.

(CONTINUED)

CASSANDRA
What did you take?

Manny grabs the phone off the table.

MANNY
I'm calling the police.

Cassandra yanks the phone from his hands without hesitating.

CASSANDRA
Before we make any rash decisions,
I need to know what happened. It
could have been an accident since
you were fucked up on who knows
what.

MANNY
I shouldn't have called you. I
don't want you to be involved.

Cassandra slams her hand on the table, frustrated.

CASSANDRA
Well I am, so goddamn it, tell me
what happened!

Cassandra moves her hair out of her face. Breathes in to regroup, then sits down next to him. Her body language is less tensed.

CASSANDRA
(softer tone)
What happened, Manny?

MANNY
It's all a blur. It's not an
excuse, but the liquor and the
drugs... I j-just-

CASSANDRA
We have to remember. Emmanuel, who
was she?

Manny taps on his head like trying to hammer out memories. After a couple taps, he holds his head in pain. A bruise is becoming more apparent, forming on his hairline.

MANNY
I don't know. No one at the party
knew. She didn't come with anyone.
In fact, I'm pretty sure she- what
do you call it?- crashed the party.

(CONTINUED)

Cassandra walks over and opens the fridge. Manny's face twists and contorts as he searches his memory bank for the answers.

She looks around in the freezer.

CASSANDRA
(still searching)
How the hell did she know about the party?

MANNY
I don't know. Facebook, the fact that the music was so obnoxiously loud? You can't keep a secret about anything anymore.

A beat. A reflection on the meaning of that declaration.

MANNY
Either way, she was there.

Cassandra pulls out a bag of frozen peas. Walks back to Manny.

CASSANDRA
How'd she get here? And do you at least know her name?

Cassandra tosses the frozen bag to Manny who catches it and holds it against his forehead.

MANNY
I don't know how she got here. And she called herself Butterfly. Even after everyone left and she came back, she never sai-

CASSANDRA
What do you mean *after* she came back?

Cassandra sits back down. Rips a shot glass from the messy table and begins to twirl it in her fingers.

MANNY
She was a hot mess. High, drunk, probably both. But she looked innocent. Like she needed to be saved. Anyways from what I can remember, it wasn't long before we kicked her out.

(CONTINUED)

CASSANDRA

And?

MANNY

After everyone left, she came knocking on my door. I don't remember what she came looking for, but she came on to me, and I was weak to the flesh. Before I could say no, I-she shoved a Listerine sheet in m-

CASSANDRA

You dropped acid, Emmanuel? You let a slut give you LSD? You might be a man of God, but you're a fucking idget.

MANNY

I'm not a Man of God... I can't be.

A beat. Cassandra tries to absorb all the horror, still rolling the shot glass in her hands.

CASSANDRA

None of this explains why you have... that upstairs.

MANNY

She didn't just want sex, she brought a knife into it and wanted to use it. I knew it was wrong... I just couldn't stop. God, I... The smell. The sounds.

Cassandra uncomfortably clears her throat. Avoids eye contact with Manny.

MANNY

There was nothing but evil in that room. I saw nothing but black. And then I saw it. I saw Hell... I was in Hell. I lost my soul then. I... I...

Manny hyperventilates. Cassandra can do nothing, a bystander in a plane crash.

MANNY

I sliced her skin. She said it was too hard. But, I kept going... Possessed, enraged. And then I stabbed her. There was so much blood, I en-

(CONTINUED)

The shot glass shatters upon impact on the hard floor.

A trickle of blood begins to run down Cassandra's ankle, a result of a shard of glass.

CASSANDRA

It doesn't matter now. We have to get rid of the body.

MANNY

No, it goes against God's will.

CASSANDRA

God has turned his back on you a while ago. Stop bringing up God because he's not fucking here!

A beat.

MANNY

What about doing the moral thing?

Cassandra tears up. Manny does the same upon looking at his cousin.

CASSANDRA

I'm not letting you rot in prison. I can't see you like that. We have to try. Okay?

MANNY

I'm so sorry...

CASSANDRA

We have to do this...

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

The door to the bedroom once again opens with the two cousins in the hallway. Cassandra enters the room first and flips the light switch.

Cassandra closes her eyes and turns her head away for a moment.

The scene is ghastly. BUTTERFLY is laid out on the bed covered in bite marks, bruises, and blood from the numerous cuts on her body. She has a black eye. Her flannel shirt is torn and her skirt ripped. The white sheets around her are drenched in bodily fluids.

(CONTINUED)

Upon closer inspection, Cassandra discovers a huge gash on her side. The wound still seeps out blood. The next observation is her ripped skirt. It has pockets.

Cassandra digs into one of the skirt pockets. Butterfly's fingers twitch. She pulls out a wallet. Tosses it to Manny.

A breath.

Cassandra and Manny's gaze shifts over to Butterfly's stomach, which starts to constrict and contracts with every inhale and exhale.

She's alive.

Coughing out blood soon follows. Her hands gawkily move about looking like a newborn. Her head thrashes.

MANNY

She's still alive!

CASSANDRA

I thought you made sure she was dead!

MANNY

I did, I thought...

Her moving causes more blood to seep from the gash. Cassandra quickly grabs some of the bed sheets and applies pressure to the wound.

Upon realizing what she is doing, Cassandra stops the pressurizing of the wound. Instantly, Manny's hand squeezes Cassandra's into applying the pressure needed.

Cassandra looks at Manny. Manny nods his head.

A beat.

CASSANDRA

We have to stop the bleeding!

Manny lets go of Cassandra. He readies himself to spring to action.

CASSANDRA

Grab your mom's first aid!

Manny runs out of the room.

Clearly, the girl is completely stoned and is weak from the loss of blood. However, she fights with every ounce to stay alive.

(CONTINUED)

Cassandra tries to keep her from moving while applying pressure to stop the bleeding. She looks at her eyes. They can't handle the sensory overload and only open partially.

Manny runs back into the room with the first aid kit. Cassandra lifts the sheets to see the wound. It now can't stop gushing blood.

CASSANDRA
Now sterilize a needle and a pair
of tweezers.

Manny beams another expression at Cassandra, the two wearing the doubt of the plan unfolding.

CASSANDRA
We're going to stitch the bitch
close!

Manny leaves the room again with the the tools.

CASSANDRA
And grab me the fucking iPad!

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Hydrogen peroxide is poured over the wound to wash the blood off.

A needle is threaded.

A deep breath is taken.

Cassandra stretches out her neck muscles as Manny squats next to him holding the iPad with an online instructional on how to stitch wounds.

CASSANDRA
Shit, shit shit. All right, I'm
going to do this.

A very shaky hand moves the needle closer to the gash. It slowly stabilizes. The needle pierces the skin swiftly causing Butterfly to twitch.

It soon pierces the other side as the thread feeds through and is taken in a circle. Butterfly tenses up. The needle pierces skin again...

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

The wound has been sloppily but tightly shut.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

The pink diluted blood swirls around the sinks as it's washed away from Cassandra's hands under the faucet. She scrubs hard as she's just committed a mortal sin.

Manny is in the doorway. The bathroom towels next to him are wrinkled and have beer stains on them.

MANNY

Do you think she'll survive?

CASSANDRA

I don't know whether you hit a major organ so who knows. At least I stopped the blood from the outside. All I can do.

MANNY

I'm going to turn myself as soon as we take her to the hospital since you agree saving her life i-

CASSANDRA

I never agreed to anything. I just want to have all our options open. We need to analyze what's the best thing for you.

MANNY

She know who I am, and she might recognize you. Plus, she knows where I live.

CASSANDRA

We don't know how coherent she is, Manny. We don't know what she remembers, if anything at all. Listen, she's going to come around from her drug trip. We can't have that.

It takes a second, but Manny understands and nods his head.

MANNY

There's some of it lying by her.

Cassandra walks out the bathroom.

(CONTINUED)

CASSANDRA

You give it to her. I'm tired of dealing with this shit.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Cassandra sits at the kitchen table trying to enjoy a drink. Manny comes from the stairway, down the hallway, and into the kitchen. Cassandra doesn't turn around to him, but sips her drink.

CASSANDRA

Is she drugged?

MANNY

Yeah.

CASSANDRA

Good. Have a drink. I know it's a bad idea, but the entire night has been full of them. One more won't make a fucking difference.

Cassandra pours some whiskey into an empty glass. Manny sits down on the table as Cassandra slides the drink to him.

MANNY

I didn't know who to call. I didn't want to get you involved but...

CASSANDRA

Stop worrying about it. You have bigger things to worry about than whether or not you should have called me.

MANNY

I just don't want to fuck you over.

CASSANDRA

I chose to be here. Besides, this is partially my fault. I kept pushing you to have this party. I thought it would bring good. Open your eyes, I dunno.

Cassandra downs the rest of her drink and pours herself another one. She stares at the cup.

MANNY

Yeah, but I agreed to it. I should have held my ground.

(CONTINUED)

CASSANDRA

I know this isn't the time or place, but fuck it. I recently went to the shrink and was diagnosed bipolar.

Manny listens inventively to his cousin.

CASSANDRA

I've ignored it for so long, it's a pretty big fucking monkey on my shoulder now. I would be lying to you if I didn't think about checking out.

She downs the rest of her drink.

CASSANDRA

So if my life gets fucked, I don't care. I just want to save yours as corny as that sounds. You're my blood. Who else is going to go to haunted houses, drink mango smoothies, or watch Xena marathons with me?

MANNY

Being an only child, I always saw you like a big sister.

A beat.

CASSANDRA

I know. It's 'cause I'm great.

They both smile for the first time tonight.

A beat. The situation at hands befalls on them again.

CASSANDRA

You still have that wallet?

Manny pulls it from his jean pocket.

MANNY

Yeah.

Manny hands it to Cassandra. She pulls out and tosses a couple of cards before finding Butterfly's ID. She takes a good look at it before she tosses it across the table to Manny.

(CONTINUED)

MANNY

What?

CASSANDRA

Did you not fucking realize it!
Could you not fucking tell?

Manny examines the ID that has Cassandra all wound up again.

MANNY

It's not like she had it tattooed
on her goddamn forehead!

Cassandra bolts up and swipes all the cards including the
wallet off the table.

CASSANDRA

You couldn't have fucked up worse!
An underage chick! You fucked an
underage chick!

Manny attempts to speak, but nothing comes out, guilty as
charged.

CASSANDRA

We can't let her live now. Even if
we wanted to let her go, we can't.

MANNY

I guess we can't.

They're both astounded by the ease of agreement on that.

CASSANDRA

Now, we need to get rid of any
traces of you on her. We can't take
chances.

MANNY

According to CSI, her sweating and
body oils probably destroyed all
prints. I'm thinking it's true
enough.

CASSANDRA

I wasn't talking about
fingerprints.

A beat.

CASSANDRA

We're have to go out. Manny, we
can't have her leaving.

MANNY
I'll tie her up then.

INT. BEDROOM - DUSK

The door opens up to the bedroom once more. Manny enters the room holding a roll of duct tape.

BUTTERFLY
Manny...

Butterfly speaking stops Manny dead in his traps.

BUTTERFLY
Manny...

Manny approaches her but watches out for her arms that are trying to find him.

BUTTERFLY
I wanna get off Manny... I need to
get off.

The duct tape is unrolled.

EXT. MANNY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Manny exits the house and locks the door behind him. Cassandra is already making her way to her car.

CASSANDRA
Is it done?

MANNY
Yeah. But she remembers my name.

CASSANDRA
We're going to have to do this,
then.

Cassandra looks at her car. Behind hers, is another maroon colored vehicle parked. She approaches the vehicle.

CASSANDRA
Wait, who's the hell car is that?
Is that hers?

Manny eyes widen. Cassandra tries to look inside the hatchback. It all comes back to Manny.

(CONTINUED)

MANNY

She lost her keys. She was looking for her keys.

CASSANDRA

We need to get rid of it. We can't leave it parked here.

MANNY

Then we have to look for her keys. I'll grab a-

CASSANDRA

(interrupting)

No. Wait until sunlight. We'll spot her keys if she dropped them. We don't need unwanted attention.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

This is a very quiet car ride. Cassandra drives looking straight ahead at the road while Manny looks outside his passenger window. She has a jacket covering the blood.

EXT. WALGREEN'S - NIGHT

The car pulls into Walgreen's lot and parks in one of the spots. The tail lights turn off as the engine shuts off.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Cassandra lets go of the keys in the ignition. Manny turns to look at her.

CASSANDRA

It's should be in the women's section next to their, uh, products.

A beat.

CASSANDRA

I'll go. I'll spare you the embarrassment.

MANNY

I can do it.

(CONTINUED)

CASSANDRA
No, you'll look suspicious. Or
weird. Or fucking both.

She gets out of the car and shuts the door.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

The transparent colored beads of the rosary almost seem to glow with the streetlights in Manny's hand. The one station rosary is small, almost an instant sin forgiver. The driver side door is open and snaps Manny out of his reverie. Cassandra gets in the car.

MANNY
You got it?

CASSANDRA
Yeah. You all right?

MANNY
Yeah. Just tired.

A beat.

MANNY
We don't have to do this. Buying
this makes it feel real. I don't
want you to live with this for the
rest of your life just because I
have to.

CASSANDRA
Don't start.

Manny looks at the bagged box in his hands.

MANNY
God, I fucked things up bad this
time. I'm a sinner and a burden on
God and you.

Manny puts his head down. Squeezes his eyes closed.
Cassandra puts a hand on his shoulder.

CASSANDRA
We're going to get through this.
You're not evil, Manny. Things just
got out of hand.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

The box is removed from the plastic bag to reveal a douche. The hands that hold it are shaky. Manny turns the box around to read the instructions.

CASSANDRA

I've called people douches for as long as I remember, but I've never thought I would use them. They cause more harm than good.

Cassandra realizes that every word of that paragraph was inappropriate.

MANNY

Are you sure there's no other way?

CASSANDRA

No. Not one I can think of. Given the circumstances, just do it.

Manny opens the box up with shaky hands and drops all the contents on the floor.

MANNY

Shit.

CASSANDRA

Oh, come on man.

She bends down to pick them up back into the box.

MANNY

I just wanted to read the instructions.

CASSANDRA

Wait here. I'm doing it.

MANNY

I can-

CASSANDRA

You don't want to do it. You're going to have the guilt of killing this girl so I'm doing you a favor by lessening your wrap sheet.

MANNY

But the police won't know that.

(CONTINUED)

CASSANDRA

I wasn't talking about the cops.
Now, go wait in the family room and
just watch TV or something. Clear
your head because it's going to be
rough from here.

Manny walks to the family room.

INT. FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

Manny stands in front of his couch. The room is filled with
all sorts of empty pizza boxes, beer cans, and liquor
bottles. He stares at the crucifix on one of the walls.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The door to the bedroom is opened. Cassandra stands there
under the doorway for a moment, but quickly enters the room
and sits down on the bed next to Butterfly.

She removes the tape covering Butterfly's mouth. Instantly,
she gasps for air.

BUTTERFLY

(breathing unevenly)

I don't feel so good. The room is
spinning... I feel really cold...

CASSANDRA

I'm sorry, but we have to do this.

BUTTERFLY

(faint)

You don't have to do anything.
Please, let me go... I don't...

CASSANDRA

Why did you pick him? Why did you
pick Manny out of all the guys?
Huh, damn it?!

BUTTERFLY

I saw him. I saw he was like me...

CASSANDRA

You fucked his life over. And
yours. And for what?

(CONTINUED)

BUTTERFLY

He was lying to him...self... Like I am. And you are... For thinking you'll get away with this... Just let me go... Not your fault...

CASSANDRA

This is no other way, I'm really sorry.

BUTTERFLY

You're... you're going to kill me, aren't you?

INT. FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

Manny sits on the couch. He looks all around the room, waiting to hear the nightmare sounds coming from the bedroom.

He pulls his phone from his pocket and checks it. Puts it back into his pocket. Starts cracking his knuckles.

And then Butterfly's screams emanate from the bedroom. Loud enough to hear downstairs, loud enough to think they're in the next room.

Manny palms his face as Butterfly begs for her life. He grabs a remote and turns on the television. He switches it to one of the music channels.

Manny turns up the television to drown out the screams. Still, underneath the lyrics and rhythmic instruments, the horrors can be heard.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Cassandra washes his hand in the bathroom sink once again. She rubs his hands hard and repeatedly. Manny sits on the closed toilet seat.

MANNY

You okay?

Cassandra huddles over and vomits all over the sink. One wave of vomit follows another. After the last wave, she wipes the vomit from her face with her arm and then rinses her arms with running water.

(CONTINUED)

CASSANDRA
Yeah, I'm fine.

Cassandra grabs the hand towels and pats herself dry.

CASSANDRA
Oh and it's time for you to feed
some more of that shit.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAWN

Manny forces himself to read the bible. However, it's like he's pricking his eyeballs with needles. He can only massage his tired eyes.

Cassandra comes to him holding a cup of coffee. She is not the same woman from before the night, she wears complete physical and spiritual exhaustion on her countenance.

CASSANDRA
Did you find any answers in that
book?

He takes the hot drink from her.

MANNY
Thanks. And, no. Just a number of
passages about how morally wrong
this whole situation is.

Cassandra slouches on the couch beside him, lips gently pressed against her cup.

CASSANDRA
Yeah, I know. We just can't spend
too much time thinking about it.

MANNY
He who conceals his sins does not
prosper, but whoever confesses and
renounces them finds mercy.
Proverbs 28:13.

CASSANDRA
Do you want to turn yourself in,
then?

What feels to be the longest moment of silence between is incited. Manny ponders the question of life and death.

(CONTINUED)

MANNY

I just want this nightmare to be over.

CASSANDRA

We're going to find her keys and drive her out of here.

MANNY

We should probably get as far as we can.

CASSANDRA

Yeah. I was thinking across state lines.

MANNY

Fine. As long as we get this shit over with.

A beat.

MANNY

Doesn't the new Evil Dead movie open today?

CASSANDRA

Yes, yes it does.

The two cousins sit on the couch drinking their coffee.

EXT. MANNY'S HOUSE - DAY

Manny looks around the lawn for the keys. Cassandra searches around Butterfly's car. She crouches over to look under the car. The keys are there.

CASSANDRA

Bingo.

She grabs them.

Butterfly's hatchback backs into the driveway. Cassandra hops out of the driver's seat and pops open the trunk. Manny comes out from the opened garage holding Butterfly covered in blankets. Cassandra spots a baseball bat lying among the junk in the garage.

BUTTERFLY

(faint)

What's happening? Where are we going?

INT. BUTTERFLY'S CAR - DAY

Cassandra is the driver, wearing sunglasses and a hoodie covering her head.

BUTTERFLY
Manny, I won't tell anyone what
happened.

Butterfly's talking causes Cassandra to look in her rear view mirror and see Manny sitting in the backseat watching over Butterfly.

BUTTERFLY
Please let me go, Manny, I'm sorry
I gave you drugs.

Manny doesn't bother to speak. All he can do is look at Butterfly who look extremely vulnerable under the sheets concealing her.

BUTTERFLY
I know it was the drugs, not you...
You're not a bad person, I know it.

Manny notices the charm bracelet on Butterfly's wrist.

MANNY
But we are going home... I'm taking
you home. Did you hear?

A beat.

She doesn't respond to Manny's empty promise. Instead, Butterfly's attention is to a box cutter under the back seat. She glances at Manny who isn't watching.

He stares at Cassandra through the rear view mirror causing Cassandra to look away to not see Manny crumble apart.

EXT. INDIANA BORDER - DAY

The hatchback passes a sign on the highway that say "Welcome to Indiana."

EXT. WOODS PARKING LOT - DAY

The hatchback enters the small empty parking lot of the woods. It drives all they way to the end of the lot and parks in the last spot next to the thickness of the trees.

INT. BUTTERFLY'S CAR - DAY

Manny looks dazed as the moment inches closer. He reaches next to the seat and pulls out a pistol. This shocks Cassandra.

CASSANDRA
Where the hell did the gun come
from?

MANNY
Christian conservative father.

CASSANDRA
Right.

Manny hands the gun to Cassandra.

EXT. WOODS PARKING LOT - DAY

Cassandra is the first one to get out of the car. She holds a pistol in her hand. Cocks it on her way to the back of the hatchback.

Manny gets out of the car after the sound of the gun cocking. Cassandra hands him the pistol as soon as he is behind the vehicle.

Manny breaths hard. Cassandra nods at him.

He nods back and raises his gun.

Cassandra pops open the trunk.

Butterfly bolts out, free from her restraints. She goes straight for Manny and knocks him down. She dashes straight into the thickness of the woods.

Cassandra picks up the pistol. She aims the guns for a second but hesitates to shoot.

CASSANDRA
How did you let her jump you?!

Cassandra runs after Butterfly, leaving Manny to pick himself up. On his way up, Manny spots the baseball bat from the garage next to the driver's seat.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Butterfly's bare feet stomp hard on the ground, crunching leaves in the process. She's still feeling the effects of the LSD, and looks like lost child, crying and alone.

Cassandra is hot on her pursuit. She tries to hide the gun as she runs through the woods. She looks around for Butterfly. She seems to be gone.

CASSANDRA
Where the fuck did you go?

Whack!

Cassandra falls to the ground, limp. She manages to turn herself around to find what smacked her in the head.

Butterfly has a stumpy tree branch in her hand. She too is in shock from the impact.

CASSANDRA
Fuck you! You ruined his life!

Cassandra can't move. She can only see as Butterfly picks up the pistol that dropped to the dirt and aim it at her.

BUTTERFLY
(faint)
You're going to kill me... You're
going to kill me...

The gun shakes in her hand, either from fear or anger.

And that's the last thing she does as a baseball bat strikes the side of her face, hard. She flies to the ground.

MANNY
(nod)
Are you okay?

Cassandra can only nod. Manny helps Cassandra to her feet. He helps her over to a tree where Cassandra can lean on.

Manny then focuses on Butterfly, who is on the ground convulsing. The blow was too much for her cranium.

Manny picks up the pistol. He points it at Butterfly who is choking on her own blood.

MANNY
I'm sorry.

(CONTINUED)

The gunshot is heard only by mother nature and the two sinners.

Manny drops the gun. Falls to his knees. Palms his face.

CASSANDRA

We have to go now.

Manny nods and get back to his feet. He walks over to Cassandra and helps her walk.

The two cousins leave the corpse to rot in the middle of nature.

INT. BUTTERFLY'S CAR - DAY

The radio is playing in a desperate attempt to leave everything behind with Butterfly. All the emotions, smells, and sensation, however, will be forever seared to their souls.

Manny looks down at his lap, looks down at the gun that ended Butterfly's short life.

CASSANDRA

You did the right thing, Manny. It was either her or us.

Manny looks at her and then back at the gun, her justification fallen on deaf ears.

Manny lets go of his last held breath, and begins to sob.

The sobbing turns to laughter.

And with that laughter, a gunshot.

A beat.

The familiar crimson liquid and brain matter cover one side of Cassandra's face.

The face of someone who has cracked. Of a person who simply is no longer there.

INT. LIVING ROOM - FLASHBACK

Cassandra and Manny slouch on the couch pounding away at buttons on Manny's X-Box controllers. A skyline of Mountain Dew's litter the table.

(CONTINUED)

CASSANDRA
St. Francis of Assisi.

MANNY
Yeah, but he-

CASSANDRA
No buts. St. Francis of Assisi
enjoyed all the pleasures of life.
He experienced it to the fullest
and then was called by God to
become a priest. There is my
example. I win. You should throw
that party.

MANNY
No, I win. At least here.

Cassandra tosses her controller in defeat.

CASSANDRA
Whatever. Brat.

MANNY
But yeah. I guess you're right
though. I should throw that party.
Just to see, right?

CASSANDRA
Right. Besides, I have your back in
case anything goes wrong. And in
the strike by lightning chance that
it does, you can blame me.

Cassandra smiles, oblivious to the future.

THE END