

A snapshot is taken of Cassy and Janie smiling prettily while John Wayne holds Juan's head under water.

EXT. CAMPFIRE - NIGHT

The sky is now dark and the stars are begging to come out as the four sit around a crackling campfire, wearing sweatshirts and drying their wet hair. They toast marshmallows.

CASSY

When I was nine years old I went to Mexico to visit my grandmother. We went to a party at my uncle Fernando's house.

As Cassy speaks, her words become a voice over for images of what she says.

EXT. FERNANDO'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The glow of lanterns illuminates a long table covered with delicious looking food. A heated discussion is being conducted in spanish.

CASSY (V.O.)

I got bored of listening to the adults growing more and more irate over politics as they drank more and more cervezas. I snuck through a tiny opening in the backyard fence into the jungle.

Cassy, as a small child, ducks under a loose board in the fence. Here, pale moonlight illuminates large green leaves and red fruits and flowers.

CASSY (V.O.)

The moonlight cast eerie shadows through the lush tropical leaves. There were all sorts of flowers and mushrooms and other treasures for a small girl. As I bent down to pick up a particularly bright red blossom I saw two bare feet in front of me. I looked up.

Cassy's gaze moves upwards from the feet to a translucent face. The figure's clothing is ragged and monochromatic. Dark tears stain her face. Her eyes are dark and unseeing.

CASSY (V.O.)

It was a woman with distinctively native features, but she wore the dress of a Spanish colonialist.

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