

Script Evil Dead, Mia/David

INT. CABIN - EVENING

MIA sits on the bed smoking a cigarette and browsing through an old photo album. Her brother DAVID knocks and enters.

 DAVID
Hey, are you supposed to be smoking
right now?

 MIA
 (shrugs)
Soon everything's gonna start
tasting like shit anyway.

DAVID takes a long look at her. Worried.

 MIA (CONT'D)
I know I look like roadkill.

 DAVID
You look fine.

 MIA
You're a terrible liar.

 DAVID
You okay?

 MIA
It's that freaking smell in there.
It's driving me crazy.

 DAVID
I don't smell anything.

MIA flips through the album.

 MIA
What was that song Mom used to sing
to us?

 DAVID
What?...

 MIA
Something about "Some letters from
Paris, and the sweet and over
stormy weather"...

(CONTINUED)

DAVID

Hey, I don't think you need sad memories in your head right now...

MIA

Mom is not a sad one.

DAVID

You know what I mean.

MIA

You know, during her last days at the hospital, Mom sometimes believed I was you. Once she even called me David for a whole day. Of course I played along. Some part of her needed to believe you were there.

DAVID

Mia, look, I really wanted to be there. But by the time Mom got bad I had just gotten the shop up and running in Chicago, and I don't know, I had a hard time finding the right moment to go back to Flint. And then... it was just too late.

MIA

Maybe you were lucky not to see her the way I did.

DAVID

Yeah... maybe you're right...

MIA stubs out her cigarette and heads for the door.

MIA

This has already started tasting like shit. (she pauses) David? Please promise you'll stay here with me until the end.

DAVID

I'm not going anywhere.

MIA

Cross your heart...

DAVID

... Hope to die.