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MALCOLM LOWRY'S

UNDER THE VOLCANO



SCREENPLAY BY

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WITH COLLABORATION OF
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FADE IN:

EXT. VOLCANO/ CHURCH IN RUINS/ BARRANCA (RAVINE). NIGHT (DN). ()

- 1 Total silence. In spite of the overhanging darkness, the Popocatepetl rises majestically as if filmed in black and white.

The camera CRANES downward concentrating its movement on the volcano, as yellow-tinted titles appear, SUPERIMPOSED.

XXXXX PRODUCTIONS

PRESENT

MALCOLM LOWRY'S

UNDER THE VOLCANO

The sound of bells is heard, tolling for the dead.

The camera continues in its descent until it comes upon, first a belfry and then, the facade of a once barroque and symmetrical church, now in ruins. Without stopping its descent, the camera discovers and emphasizes, in the ruins of the church, a St. George fighting the dragon; afterwards, in the entangled foliage, the camera locates a stone image of the Virgin of Solitude (La Virgen de la Soledad), standing on a black, half-moon pedestal; then, still lower, it comes upon St. Michael the Archangel, seen in a kneeling position, brandishing his sword. In front of St. Michael we find Lucifer, the Angel of Evil, defeated by the light.

In continued movement, the camera withdraws until it reveals -in the atrium- a great Sixteenth Century stone cross, engraved with all the images of the Passion: The crown of thorns, the ladder, the nails, the cock, the garment, etc. A very poor cemetery then appears, the graves almost submerged in wild vegetation.

A crowing rooster can be heard as the camera is directed at the BARRANCA which is extremely deep and crosses the city. At the edge of the BARRANCA an announcement is seen:

' LE GUSTA ESTE JARDIN, QUE ES SUYO?
EVITE QUE SUS HIJOS LO DESTRUYAN !

There are several stickers on top of the signboard, weathered but still legible, that say NO PASARAN!

At the foot of the sign a Pariah Dog is sleeping.

With a TILT DOWN the camera discovers the dark and deep recesses of the Barranca, which has become a trash heap where four or five vultures contest over a dead animal.

CUT TO :

INT. "EL FAROLITO". NIGHT. ()

- 2 (DOLLY) The scratching of a pencil on paper and the buzzing of several flies is heard as a pale and trembling yellow light invades the screen. The light is that of a half burnt, slightly tilted candle, dripping wax on an old wooden table. A few flies buzz around a glass of mezcal. To one side, a "half crabbed, half generous and wholly drunk" hand writes a letter in a small vigorous handwriting, without margins, using a short worn-out pencil. Several cabalistic signs are scribbled next to the letterhead: HOTEL BELLAVISTA - QUAUHNABUAC.

The hand stops momentarily; takes the glass of mezcal and goes out of the frame. The hand returns in an instant and there is less mezcal in the glass.

The pencil continues writing until it finishes correcting a paragraph, then adds a few lines. A voice then reads OFF: (whispering).

CONSUL (OFF):

Night...and once again, the nightly
grapple with death...(the) room shaking
with fearful sleep...voices outside the
window...Real noises in these nights
the color of grey hair...the rending tumult
of the unbandaging of great giants in agony
...The eternal sorrow that never sleeps...
of...great...Mexico...

The buzzing of the flies continues while the camera starts to open, slowly, very slowly, including in the frame, first, an arm covered with wornout, dark grey, almost black corduroy, and in the background, the walls of the cantina, hardly visible, covered with a dense obscurity.

As the frame opens, the camera takes in the CONSUL, and focuses on him.

CONSUL :

For myself I like to take my sorrow
into the shadow of old monasteries,
my guilt into cloisters and under
tapestries, and into the misericordes
of unimaginable cantinas where sad-faced
potters and legless beggars drink at dawn,
whose cold jonquil beauty one rediscovers
in death...

The CONSUL drinks and, when he starts reading again, the camera begins TRAV. LAT. slowly, keeping the CONSUL in the distance and, just before him, on the foreground, the silhouette of some chairs appears, turned bottom side up on the tables. The chairs, during the TRAVELING, appear like bars and crosses interposed between the camera and the CONSUL. In the distance the sound of barking street dogs, mixed with the crowing of cocks begins to be heard.

2, cont.

CONSUL :

So that when you left, Yvonne, I went to Oaxaca. There is no sadder word... Oaxaca... Shal I tell you, Yvonne, of that terrible journey?...No, my secrets are of the grave and must be kept...And this is how I sometimes think of myself as a great explorer who has discovered some extraordinary land from which he can never return to give his knowledge to the world: but the name of this land is hell... not in Mexico of course but in the heart...

From this moment on the camera continues a spiral movement around the CONSUL, while the intermittent buzzing of the flies can be heard.

CONSUL :

And today I was in Quauhnahuac as usual when I received from my lawyers news of our divorce...

CAMERA moves.

CONSUL :

I received other news too: England is breaking off diplomatic relations with Mexico and all her Consuls - those, that is, who are English- are being called home... I shall perhaps go home but not to England, not to that home...

CAMERA moves. The buzzing of the flies stops.

CONSUL :

If I am to survive I need your help... I wonder if it is because my soul has died that I feel at the moment something like peace...

CAMERA moves. The CONSUL pauses and writes additional lines in the small margin of the page, while slowly murmuring what he writes.

CONSUL :

Or is it because/ right through hell/
there is a path/ and though I may not
take it,/ sometimes lately/ in dreams/
I have been able/ to see it?

CAMERA moves. The CONSUL continues to read.

CONSUL :

And here is one strange effect my lawyer's news has had upon me...

Pause. CAMERA moves.

2, cont.

CONSUL :

I seem to see now, between mezcal, this path, and beyond it, visions of a new life together we might somewhere lead...

The CONSUL, no longer looking at the paper, nevertheless, continues speaking the contents of the letter.

CONSUL :

I seem to see us living in some northern country, of mountains and hills and blue water; our house...built on an inlet...and we are standing, happy in one another, looking over the water...and the hills, rendered beautiful by distance...in a light, blue moonless summer evening...

CAMERA moves.

CONSUL :

Alas, your letters, but why have I not pretended at least that I had read them...and why did I not send word or a telegram immediately? Ah, why not, why not? For I suppose you would have come back (in due course) if I had asked you. But this is what it is to live in hell...I could not, I cannot send that word. I could not, cannot send that telegram...

- 3 (DOLLY) Pause. A black PARIAN DOG comes in and sniffs around drowsily. He walks a few steps and ends up throwing himself in a corner near the CONSUL. The dog's eyes shine as they pass a ray of light. The camera PANS until it focuses on the CONSUL. Silence.

CONSUL :

Meantime do you see me as still working on the book, still trying to answer such questions as: Is there any ultimate reality, external, conscious, and ever-present?...Though it is perhaps a good idea under the circumstances to pretend at least to be proceeding with one's great work on 'Secret Knowledge', then one can always say when it never comes out that the title explains this deficiency...

With a trembling hand the CONSUL lights a cigarette with the candle, while adding:

CONSUL :

There's a frustrated poet in every man...

The CONSUL, after a full inhalation of smoke, continues with his eyes fixed on the light of the candle.

CONSUL :

Sometimes, when I see the little red plane from Acapulco in the morning, as I reach out babbling for the glass of mezcal, I think that you will be on it, on that plane every morning, and will have come to save me. Then the morning goes and you have not come...I should know by now whether I love you or not...

The CONSUL puts the candle back on the table without taking his eyes off the flame.

He takes the letter with both hands and raises it slightly from the table. He keeps on looking at it fixedly.

CONSUL (in a broken voice):

Oh, but alas for the knight of sorry aspect: For, Yvonne, I am so haunted continuously by the thought of your songs, your warmth and merriment, your simplicity and comradeship, your abilities in a hundred ways, your fundamental sanity, your untidiness, your equally excessive neatness -the sweet beginnings of our marriage...

Suddenly the CONSUL places the letter on the table, picks up the pencil, and starts to write compulsively. The buzzing of the flies is heard again, now growing little by little in volume.

CONSUL (writing) :

But oh, I pray for this now, that you will come. But for God's sake, Yvonne, hear me, my defences are down, at the moment. Come back, come back. I will stop drinking, anything. I am dying without you. For Christ Jesus' sake Yvonne come back to me, hear me, it is a cry, come back to me if only for a day...

The CONSUL stops writing. He picks up the letter and places it near the flame. The paper begins to burn slowly until it is reduced to ashes.

CONSUL :

Once a year the dead live for one day...
oh, come to me again as once in May.

At this moment the first eight notes of Erik Satie's "Under the Bridge" are heard.

CUT TO :

EXT. "VOLCANOES & FERRIS WHEEL". NIGHT. ()

- 4 Satie's theme resolves in a thunderous burst, followed instantly by a streak of lightning that falls on the static Ferris Wheel.

In a matter of seconds, a terrible storm is unleashed. Driven by the wind and the rain, the Ferris Wheel squeaks and almost rotates in reverse to its normal movement.

Over these images the OVERPRINTED CREDITS begin to appear.

- 4A The eyes of a tied black horse shine in the darkness; the animal neighs and rears up as if he would like to shake loose of his tethers. A large number 7 can be seen on the saddlebags.

- 4B Finally he shakes loose and runs through the dense vegetation, lashed by the wind and the rain, across the destroyed adobe walls of what seems to be the ruins of a ghost town.

In one of the walls, two signs stand out: one metallic and rusty, advertising the Expectorante 666. All that is visible in the other is a proportionally enormous woman's face. The advertisements are almost torn by the gusts of wind and the rush of water that comes down the wall like a torrent of tears from the eyes in the sign.

End of CREDITS.

CUT TO :

EXT. THE VOLCANOES. DAWN. (HELICOPTER) ()

- 5 Several white clouds fill the screen, barely illuminated by the light of the sun in a winter dawn. Among the clouds a small red airplane appears, a 1935 model DC-3.

- 6 From the air we discover the imposing, majestic beauty of the Iztaccihuatl. The small red DC-3 flies toward the valley of Morelos.

OVERPRINTED, on top of these images appear the words:

QUAUHNAHUAC

DIA DE MUERTOS, 1938.

(DAY OF THE DEAD, 1938).

CUT TO :

EXT. QUAUHNAHUAC AIRPORT! DAWN. ()

- 5 7 A great quantity of doves and red birds take flight and pass through the frame of the camera, which, from the ground, sees the small red airplane as it makes ready to land, framed always by the Iztaccihuatl and by yellow dry cornfields which surround the airstrip. Peacocks appear on the foreground.

- 8 The small DC-3 lands and raises a cloud of yellow dust; then it turns a full 180° in order to leave in the next instant.

- 9 (CS) The red of the airplane fills the screen until the DC-3 stops completely, its propellers continue to rotate. In front of the camera the hatchway opens and YVONNE appears, the wind blowing her hair furiously.

9.cont.

YVONNE carries a broad brimmed hat in her hand. She is dressed in a cardinal red suit with a feather boa around her shoulders, in the latest style of 1938.

- 10 (TOP) From a distance, YVONNE puts on the hat as she descends the staircase of the airplane. In the foreground we see the control . . . tower, the wind sock, some flags and an anemometer that whirls noisily while some doves take flight.

- 11 (CS) YVONNE, once on the ground, looks in all directions nervously. She is surrounded by butterflies.

The few taxis at the airport are on strike as shown by a red and black flag and a sign, demanding "MEJORES SALARIOS", among the vehicles.

- 12 (CS) YVONNE puts on a pair of dark glasses and goes toward the control tower, a small old building.

CUT TO :

INT. QUAUHTAHUAC AIRPORT. DAWN. ()

- 13 YVONNE enters the airport office. There are butterflies and the noise of a telegraph. She looks around and goes toward the telephone booth.

Through the window of the phone booth YVONNE can be seen taking off her sunglasses, placing them on the shelf below the phone, and picking up the receiver. On the glass of the phone booth can be seen a reflection of an Helguera calendar showing the mythical figures of Popocatepetl and Iztaccihuatl. (Overlapping the first reflection is another, more diffused, depicting a winter landscape with sleds and deer).

YVONNE hesitates a moment before dialing. Finally, she decides and does it, nervously, looking all around her. There is a small sticker on the glass of the booth. It has a conspicuous red cross and advertises "GRAN BAILE, NOVIEMBRE 1, 1938, A BENEFICIO DE LA CRUZ ROJA". Another small sticker, by its side, displays the Virgin of Solitude.

While she waits YVONNE arranges her hair automatically. The insistent sound of the telegraph continues. Apparently there is no answer on the telephone. The movement of the camera stops.

YVONNE holds back a gesture of impatience and hangs up disappointed. She picks up her sunglasses and prepares to leave the phone booth when she notices the stickers. She looks at them thoughtfully for a few seconds and, as if she had a fresh idea, looks at her wrist watch and leaves the frame.

Beyond the phone booth, and through the glass we see the wall clock at 7 A.M. There is a butterfly trapped inside the booth.

CUT TO :

EXT. QUAUHNABUAC AIRPORT. DAWN. ()

- 14 There are a number of red suitcases of varying sizes with travel stickers from all parts of the world, seen next to a hotel guest car. The lettering on the car says HOTEL BELLA VISTA. The CHOFER is putting the bags into the trunk of the car, which he then closes.
- 15 (CS) YVONNE, with the dark glasses on, takes off her hat to get into the hotel car. The car starts to go and leaves the frame. In BG the red DC-3 flies leaving QUAUHNABUAC.

CUT TO :

AIRPORT ROAD/ QUAUHNABUAC. DAWN. ()

- 16 The road to Quauhnahuac is narrow, its edges lush with dense semi-tropical vegetation. A flock of red birds take flight as the hotel guest car passes along the road. Several doves also begin to fly.

CUT TO :

INT. HOTEL BELLA VISTA GUEST CAR (EXT. AIRPORT ROAD). DAWN. ()

- 17 YVONNE raises her sunglasses and places them on her forehead. The wind blows her hair and she pushes it back off her face as she looks out the car window. Nervously, she bites her bottom lip, then without thinking about it, straightens her lipstick with her little finger.
- 18 The CHOFER watches her closely and appreciatively through the rear view mirror which has a St. Christopher medal, a baby shoe, a semi-pornographic pin-up, and a postcard with the Virgin of Solitude.
- 19 YVONNE, with her hair in disarray from the wind, watches the landscape, worried and a little tense.
- 20 The CHOFER keeps on looking at YVONNE through the mirror.
- 21 (NEW ANGLE) The CHOFER rolls up the car window slowly, continually looking at YVONNE.
- 22 YVONNE realizes that the CHOFER...
- 23 A ...is watching her through the mirror, and that he also smiles at her.
- 23 Slightly bothered, YVONNE lowers the sun glasses to cover her eyes.

CUT TO :

EXT. QUAUHNABUAC ZOCALO. MORNING ()

- 24 The empty ferris wheel sways with the wind until it comes to a standstill. It is seen opposite to #4 (CREDITS): Now we see the two volcanoes in the background.

The Hotel Bella Vista guest car appears in the distance through the ferris wheel, with the Morelos movie-house and the ambulance in the background.

24, cont.

The camera CRANES down, circling the ferris wheel at the same time as the hotel guest car, having compassed the Zocalo, approaches the entrance of HOTEL BELLA VISTA.

The camera, following the hotel guest car, reveals the fair of the Day of the Dead spread at the base of the ferris wheel. At this time, the fair is completely empty, illuminated by the morning light. A large banner, hanging from one side of the street to the other, announces in large letters:

GRAN BAILE -- NOVIEMBRE 1, 1938 -- A BENEFICIO
DE LA CRUZ ROJA -- NO FALTE UD! -- LOS MEJORES
ARTISTAS DE LA RADIO EN ACCION -- NO FALTE UD!
HOTEL BELLA VISTA.

The slight breeze ruffles the banner, flapping several loose canvasses on the tents. This produces a peculiar sad sound that is drowned out when the municipal clock weakly strikes eight bells.

- 25 On one side, the parked city taxis can be seen with the red and black strike flag and a number of picket signs.
- 26 (CS) YVONNE gets out of the Hotel car and looks around her, taking a wide turn, stirred to find herself in the familiar surroundings.
- 27 We see YVONNE indicating to the CHOPER, who is seated in the car, that he should wait.
- YVONNE looks at the surroundings one more time, and hurriedly now, nervous and apprehensive, enters the hallway of the hotel.
- 28 This action has been watched with curiosity and surprise by an old man, with a kind, noble face, from the center of the Square. Apparently, he is the gardener of the town, burning the leaves that produce a thick, white smoke.

CUT TO :

INT. HALL OF THE HOTEL BELLA VISTA. MORNING. ()

- 29 (CS) YVONNE looks at her reflection in one of the show windows of a hotel shop; she arranges her hair, takes off the sunglasses and puts them in her purse, then she studies her reflection carefully. Through the glass we see a frame of mounted butterflies, several ships in bottles and some decorative ship models made of wood and others made of sea shells.
- 30 (DOLLY) YVONNE begins to walk down a staircase leading to a long, strange hallway, filled with plants. There are flower pots surrounding the columns, and twisting vines spreading upward, and other planters hanging from the ceiling.

The place is deserted. Some of the plants are dried out, giving the hallway an air of desolation. (Some balloons and streamers hang around).

YVONNE advances through the hallway with resonant, echoing footsteps. Halfway down the hallway she stops in front of the Hotel's administration office.

- 31 YVONNE approaches the administration counter, which is apparently unattended. Her attention is called to a bottle of Johnny Walker on top of the counter. She looks at it thoughtfully for a few moments. She hesitates.
- 32 Then she looks around again, still thoughtful, as if seeking something. She turns and discovers another door behind her, decorated with withering flowers in the form of a red cross. YVONNE quickly moves toward the door.

CUT TO :

INT. HOTEL BELLA VISTA SALON. MORNING ()

- 33 YVONNE's theme, a song similar to Billie Holiday's "Lady Sings the Blues" is heard at top volume as the camera shows a dusty discolored mural, reproducing the two volcanoes in elaborate but naive style and a pair of birds, one flying, the other stationary.
- YVONNE enters the frame and stops abruptly with the loud music and the expanse of the hall. The camera rotates, and with her, discovers other murals on the opposite wall.
- The mural shows a large garden with flowers and birds of all kinds. Along with the mural we discover the Hotel's spacious dance hall, the columns adorned with paper flowers, balloons, streamers and other party decorations; and the loudspeakers, the source of the blaring music.
- The hall is dirty and in disorder; confetti everywhere, the tablecloths in disarray, covered with empty glasses and bottles. On an improvised stage, musical instruments lie abandoned. Nothing moves. Everything seems dead.
- 34 (CS) YVONNE hesitates before continuing forward. She is weakened on hearing a lyric like: "The Blues ain't Nothin' but a Pain in the Heart". She bites her bottom lip and automatically goes over her lipstick with her little finger. She looks all over the hall as if seeking something. Then, still nervously, she decides to move among the tables.
- The camera follows her with a PAN shot until she leaves the frame. All that remains is a detail of the mural; a bird in flight, somewhat obscured by dark, vertical streaks from old seepages.
- 35 With the banners and streamers in the foreground, we see YVONNE walking across the dance hall. The balloons on the floor, scatter and float in various directions as she walks.
- 36 YVONNE stops a second, radiant, with a fullness she can hardly contain, holding back a broad smile.
- 37 (DOLLY) A mirror reflects a part of the hall. YVONNE enters the frame immediately and the camera follows her with a PAN, after which her image is duplicated, appearing with a fragment of an Orozco mural: two hands bearing fire, and another pair of hands, imprisoning an embryo.

37, cont.

37, cont.

Almost without stopping, YVONNE goes down a wide staircase, and the camera, without losing her, discovers the rest of the mural: two enormous nude figures, a woman and a man, the latter brandishing a sword over the word "OMNISCENCIA". There is a door between the two figures, through which YVONNE passes.

CUT TO :

INT. HOTEL BELLAVISTA BAR. MORNING.

38/60 The music seems to have stopped and, only after a few moments can it be noticed at a much lower volume. Unintelligible voices can also be heard, rising and falling in intensity.

We find the CONSUL leaning on a small bar. He is dressed in a not too wrinkled tuxedo, no socks and a white scarf hanging at his neck. His shirt has no collar. He seems completely absorbed, perhaps listening to the music or possibly contemplating something outside the surroundings. There are two posters in the shadows behind him, one, the Virgin of Solitude and the other advertising "LAS MANOS DE ORLAC, con PETER LORRE".

The CONSUL slowly exhales the smoke of his cigarette. The smoke lends an air of unreality to the scene, which is barely lighted by the reflections from the mirror and bottles behind the bar.

FERNANDO, the bartender, a dark, young Mexican is found only a few steps away from the CONSUL, slowly drying a glass. There are several glasses on the bar in front of him. FERNANDO, suddenly looks at the camera and stands frozen.

(POV FERNANDO) YVONNE, a bit blurred in the darkness of the bar, with only the weak light filtering through the curtains behind her, looks at the CONSUL with tenderness.

The CONSUL without realizing the presence of YVONNE, leaves his cigarette in the ashtray and looks at FERNANDO.

CONSUL :

But why, Fernando, why should a
corpse be transported by express,
do you suppose?

FERNANDO puts down the glass he is wiping and picks up the CONSUL'S cigarette. He inhales deeply, shutting his eyes in an attitude of playful ecstasy. He opens his eyes as he slowly exhales the smoke through his nose and mouth, indicating with the hand that's holding the cigarette toward an advertisement for CAPIASPIRINA, on which there is a woman in a brassier reclining on a couch. At the same moment FERNANDO looks toward YVONNE.

CONSUL (off, in Spanish):

Si, fernando ...

...Absolutamente necesario...

When the phrase ends, FERNANDO leaves the cigarette on the ashtray and puts out the cigarette.

(DOLLY) The CONSUL takes a pack of cigarettes (Alas), which is lying on the bar. He takes one, puts it in his mouth and then lights it with a match,

while saying, in a deep, ambiguous voice:

CONSUL :

Alas....!

He looks at the flame of the match a few moments, and without putting it out, realizes that FERNANDO is looking toward the door. The CONSUL turns in that direction and looks, near sightedly, almost into the camera.

YVONNE, a little blurred, with the light at her back "feeling that her spirit -that had flown to meet this man's- is torn apart" tries to hide it, but without confidence; there is a hint of a smile as she haltingly raises her hand slowly, timidly, to an Indian style salute.

The CONSUL, incredulous, makes no effort to go toward her. He simply lets his hand fall slowly, with the match still burning.

CONSUL :

Good God....!

He puts out the match which was about to burn his fingers.

YVONNE, trying to smile, goes toward the CONSUL and slides onto the barstool next to him. They don't kiss and their hands don't touch.

YVONNE :

Surprise...I've come back...
The little red plane...remember?

The CONSUL looks at YVONNE with an apparently neutral expression which betrays a deep internal agitation. With a trembling hand, he takes the cigarette out of his mouth. The scratching of a needle on a record is the only sound, accentuating the tense silence. Then a low, distant voice is heard:

VOICE 1 (Off, in Spanish) :

Me sublevé...dispararon...tambien
a ellos les tocó...

YVONNE doesn't seem to notice the voices that come from the side of the bar. She smiles weakly., maintaining an attitude of timid affection.

VOICE 2 (Off, Spanish):

No yerran el tiro....

FERNANDO, the bartender, watches the CONSUL and YVONNE and moves backward, in the shadow. He is discreet but curious. They don't acknowledge his presence. In the background there is a calendar showing Motezuma and Hernan Cortés that can hardly be distinguished.

VOICE 1 (Off, Spanish) :

Carajo, ti nes razón...

YVONNE, motionless, continues looking at the CONSUL.

VOICE 3 (Off, Spanish) :
(louder)

Fúmate un cigarrito...

YVONNE finally turns in the direction of the off-screen voices.
(POV YVONNE)

Three men, the CHIEF GARDENER, WEBER (with sunglasses), and MAX can be seen through an etched glass partition. They are talking and drinking. There is a sticker on the glass from the Taller Gráfica Popular which reads: NO PASARAN!

The CONSUL makes a great effort to appear indifferent. He drinks from his glass with a trembling hand.

CONSUL :

Don't you love these early mornings?

He leaves the glass on the bar, he picks up the pack of cigarettes and offers one to YVONNE.

CONSUL :

Have, as our friend next door suggests,
a...Alas !

YVONNE refuses with a nod of her head. A lock of hair falls across her forehead.

The CONSUL, without touching her, yet moving closer, makes a gesture as if to push back her hair. The camera focuses on YVONNE, who watches the CONSUL expectantly, when his hand passes out of the frame.

YVONNE :

From Acapulco...Hornos...

The CONSUL puts the pack of cigarettes back on the bar and finishes what remains of his drink.

YVONNE watches the way the CONSUL drinks.

The CONSUL realizes that she is watching him drink, but he hears a noise behind him and turns around, bothered.

The CHOPER, who was waiting for YVONNE, appears in the doorway.

CONSUL :

Ah, Hornos. But why come via Cape Horn?

The CONSUL looks suspiciously at the CHOPER who is waiting. He gets to his feet, helping himself by leaning on the bar, and withdraws somewhat from YVONNE. He mumbles, almost as if to himself.

CONSUL :

Or does it mean ovens?

The CHOPER smiles both intrigued and maliciously.

YVONNE's irritation is evident in her look at the CONSUL. She contains herself and rises. The bar stool squeaks. She takes her purse and, while walking toward the CHOPER, takes out a few coins and gives them to him at the door.

YVONNE :

Take them to Nicaragua 52.
Thanks for everything.

The CHOPER looks at YVONNE, then smiles at the CONSUL significantly and leaves.

The CONSUL, overcome with a violent shaking, holds his glass with both hands. Then he pours whiskey in his glass and it overflows. He takes a prolonged drink. Meanwhile in the mirror we see YVONNE return, placing her wallet back in her purse. She is worried and tries not to show it.

The CONSUL speaks aggressively to the image in the mirror.

CONSUL (aggressively) :

What if I didn't live there any longer.

He turns to YVONNE and then looks at the booth where the three men are drinking.

(POV CONSUL) THE CHIEF GARDENER looks at the CONSUL with an ironic smile. WEBER appears amused by something MAX has said. The two of them watch the CONSUL.

The CONSUL turns back to the bar and raises the bottle to refill his glass.

CONSUL (to Yvonne) :

Have a drink ?

YVONNE, biting her lip, accepts automatically.

The CONSUL pours. YVONNE turns after thinking it over, looks at the CONSUL and says:

YVONNE :

You drink it...I'll cheer...

The CONSUL has finished pouring; he looks at YVONNE and ignoring her refusal hands her the glass. He pours one more. The camera concentrates on the CONSUL drinking.

YVONNE presses her glass strongly, looking at it fixedly, hesitating but not drinking.

YVONNE :

Geoffrey, What have you done?
I wrote you and wrote you...
What have you done with your life?

Voices are heard again from off camera.

VOICE 1 (Spanish OFF)

De donde yo vengo, la gente no se
echa a correr...

The voice continues in a lower tone, unintelligibly.

YVONNE, upon hearing the voices is put on edge. She looks toward the door and later turns to the CONSUL.

The CONSUL, unmoved, containing his anger, continues to watch his glass.

YVONNE :

I ran into Louis in Santa Barbara and he
said you were still here...I thought of course
that you'd returned to England when you didn't
answer....

The CONSUL continues observing his glass, more calmly now.

CONSUL :

Well, actually I've only been away
once...to Oaxaca....

From the shadow, FERNANDO watches them closely while pretending to wipe the glasses.

YVONNE looks at FERNANDO.

The CONSUL looks momentarily at YVONNE who is still concentrating her attention on FERNANDO.

CONSUL :

Remember Oaxaca...? (en español)
Damas acompañadas de un caballero, gratis!

After this remark, the CONSUL turns and stares at FERNANDO without expression.

FERNANDO self-consciously withdraws through a curtain behind the bar.

The CONSUL lets go of his glass and leans with his elbows on the bar, burying his head between his arms.

He seems at the verge of crying, then pulls himself together and suddenly changes completely, assuming an unexpressive look in his face. Incredulous, he confirms that YVONNE's presence is real and then, with a new change in attitude, picks up the crushed cigarettes from the table and tries to be amusing.

22/60 CONT.

CONSUL :

The strange thing about this little corpse, Yvonne, is that it must be accompanied by a person holding its hand; no, sorry, apparently not its hand just a first-class ticket.

He stretches his right hand toward the cigarettes, unable to control his shakes.

YVONNE notices his trembling.

The CONSUL leans on the bar, in order to rest and control his trembling.

CONSUL :

My God...! This can't be us...! This cannot be us here! Please let me believe that all that is not an abominable self-deception...!

YVONNE stretches out her hand to the CONSUL as if wanting to help or offer support of some kind.

The CONSUL, in order to control his shakes, pulls off his scarf, goes over to YVONNE, and puts it around her neck.

Through the mirror, with YVONNE in the foreground, we see the CONSUL's reflection as he moves slowly into the shadow. Both his hands are pressed firmly. YVONNE turns to the mirror where the reflection of the CONSUL seems to fade away.

CONSUL :

I'm really doing well, I'm much better than I was six months ago, very much better than I was, say, in Oaxaca.

(CS) The CONSUL looks fixedly at YVONNE with a deep distant brightness.

YVONNE looks at the CONSUL frightened.

YVONNE :

Oh Geoffrey! Why...all this darknes...
Why can't you...?

The CONSUL has come back to YVONNE:

CONSUL (interrupts):

But look it...hang it all... it is not altogether darkness...You misunderstand me if you think it is altogether darkness I see, and if you insist on th_in-king so, how can I tell you why I do it? How do you expect to understand the truth without submerging yourself in the darkness...Eating the forbidden fruit from the Tree of Life...! What beauty can compare to that of a cantina in the early morning? Your volcanoes outside? Your stars? Forgive me, no. Not so much the

28/60 cont.

beauty of this one necessarily, which, a regression on my part, is not perhaps properly a cantina...And by the way, do you see that old woman from Taxco sitting in the corner, you didn't before, but do you now?

The CONSUL points at the mirror.

YVONNE turns toward the mirror and sees a figure reflected near the door, like a bulk in the dark, almost unreal.

The CONSUL takes up his glass and says:

CONSUL :

How, unless you drink as I do, can you hope to understand the beauty of an old woman from Taxco who plays dominoes at this hour in the morning...?

He drinks.

YVONNE, quite restless, nervous, almost frightened, looks at the CONSUL.

The CONSUL speaks to YVONNE with a savage intensity.

CONSUL :

How do you expect to understand what divorce means...? Oaxaca means divorce !

YVONNE tries to keep from crying.

After a moment the CONSUL looks at the glass YVONNE had left on the bar, and pushes it to her softly.

CONSUL :

Christ, if you want it, Alabama, go ahead and drink it.

YVONNE can no longer hold back her tears. Suddenly she gets up, turns toward the door and leaves.

The CONSUL calms down a bit and relaxes. Then he takes his raincoat, throws it over his shoulder and, after a quick look around, picks up his cane, signs the bar note and drinks the rest of his drink in one long swallow. He murmurs:

CONSUL : (Spanish)

Absolutamente necesario....

He takes out his watch fob and looks at the time. Then he stuffs the yellowed papers in his pocket and turns toward the door.

The CONSUL stops when he goes by the partition that divides the portions of the bar and looks at the men who are sitting there drinking.

The three men look at him also. One of the, WEBER, raises his dark glasses to his forehead and looks at the CONSUL fixedly, without expression. This creates a tension that the CONSUL accentuates by

bowing coldly and greeting them with a gesture, then he turns toward the door. He sees the glass that YVONNE had left, takes it with one hand and keeps walking.

As he passes in front of the old woman, the CONSUL greets her with a small bow which she does not notice, and leaves the glass for her on the table.

The camera focuses on the OLD WOMAN, who wearily leans on a cane with a handle in the shape of an animal's claw. A half suffocated chicken peeps out from under her arm.

CUT TO :

EXT. ZOCALO AND QUAUHNAHUAC FAIR. MORNING.

- 61 (DOLLY) A slow PAN shows the zocalo of Quauhnahuac, lit by the yellowish almost golden light of early morning. (Satie's theme 2)

The serenity of the garden has a phantom like quality, as if the Zocalo were a stage setting slowly coming to life.

In the street we see some women dressed in black carrying offerings of xempasúchitl, the yellow flowers for the celebration of the Day of the Dead.

There is a fountain next to the band stand. A few drops fall, some lost to evaporation, some perhaps to the morning dew. Not far from there, smoke from a pile of burning leaves drifts in the morning air.

Tied up near the fair we see a horse with a large number 7 on his saddlebags.

The camera finally reaches the door of the Hotel, where it finds YVONNE. She is seen through the iron lacework of the band stand.

- 62 (CS) YVONNE is at the door of the Hotel; her eyes are still red from crying. She is struck, contemplating the calm of the Zocalo. She breathes deeply as if she wanted to absorb the familiar surroundings, that seem to baffle her.

She turns, almost giving her back to the camera. She seems to be withholding a sob. Finally she recovers and takes control of herself and puts on the dark glasses. Then she turns back toward the camera.

- 63 (DOLLY) YVONNE abandons the doorway and, leaning on the wall with her head inclined, she takes a few steps, dragging her feather boa while fingering the texture of the wall: the rhomboid figures in relief below garishly decorated balconies.

(CS)

- 64 / YVONNE stops. With her left hand she wipes the traces of tears from her face, discovering her wedding ring. She looks at it a few moments and then revolves it with her thumb.

- 65 The CONSUL, with circles under his eyes, blinks as he goes out to the

street, with the raincoat over his shoulder. He breathes deeply and looks around, noticing YVONNE with no apparent reaction.

- 66 (DOLLY) The CONSUL, limping slightly, goes down the stairs and walks toward YVONNE.
- 67 She hears footsteps and turns to see the CONSUL approaching.
- 68 The CONSUL approaches YVONNE and stops right next to her. Despite his faint trembling he has a very correct, abrupt and formal manner. He looks at her a moment, takes off his raincoat and circles around her, placing the raincoat over her shoulders. At the same time he turns her around until they face each other.
- 69 They look into each other's eyes for a few moments, until YVONNE, confused and doubtful, lowers her head.
- 70 With his index finger the CONSUL touches YVONNE on the point of the chin and raises her head.
- 71 YVONNE smiles with a timid nervousness.

YVONNE :

Geoff...What is the answer ?

- 72 The CONSUL begins an endearing gesture. He appears about to carress her, his fingers trembling slightly but perceptibly, he says:

THE CONSUL :

What is the question ?

The CONSUL's motion to carress YVONNE is resolved by removing her sunglasses and placing them on himself.

- 73 YVONNE again lowers her face, confused. The CONSUL looks back mechanically, distracted.

CONSUL :

Well, the taxis seem to have all disappeared. Shall we walk ?

He moves forward and out of the frame.

YVONNE tries to avoid it, but she asks:

YVONNE :

And the car ?

CONSUL (off) :

I've lost it .

YVONNE :

Lost it ?

- 74 The sign BOX: ARENA TOMALIN. fills the screen. The CONSUL, limping, enters the frame and turns to YVONNE. He looks at her directly for an instant and he says, in a voice colored with his hangover, his lack of sleep, and apparently the weariness of a life that begins again.

CONSUL :

Aren't you terribly tired, Yvonne/

- 75/6 YVONNE's previous question hangs suspended. She is surprised by the CONSUL's "answer". She hesitates a moment and lowers her head. Then, her composure restored, she finally answers:

YVONNE :

Not in the least! I had a million hours of sleep on the boat !

There is a timid hint of a smile on YVONNE's face. She moves toward the CONSUL, who places his cane on the back of her neck and pulls her toward him.

YVONNE :

I'd far rather walk, but I don't know if you...

- 77 The CONSUL takes the cane off YVONNE's neck, breathes deeply, then begins to walk, very erect.

CONSUL :

It's nothing...just a touch of rheumatis...
I'm glad to get some circulation going in
the old legs.

He walks a few steps, then turns to YVONNE and invites her to follow him.

- 78 A hammer and sickle on the background of a black and red strike flag fills the screen. The camera starts a DOLLY and passes the flag to locate the CONSUL and YVONNE who are walking.

The CONSUL walks in an exaggeratedly erect manner. He has taken out his pipe and puts it in his mouth upside down, chewing the stem.

CONSUL :

It's a pity about the car (because) we might
have gone to the boxing...We might have gone
to India...we might have gone to the ocean...
we might have gone to your stars...

- 79 The CONSUL puts his arm around YVONNE's shoulders.

CONSUL :

But I heard they had some kind of a bull-
throwing on today over at Tomalin. Do you remember?

YVONNE :

No!

- 80/ In the foreground the sign BOX: ARENA TOMALIN. 12 ROUNDS.
The CONSUL and YVONNE come into frame together.

The CONSUL takes his hand back from YVONNE's shoulder. Something seems to have attracted his attention. He walks backward a few steps followed by a DOLLY that excludes YVONNE from the frame and picks up, in the background, an ESCRIBIENTE typing on an antique-looking machine, in a passage-way perpendicular to the road.

The CONSUL doesn't go any closer and dictates, in an official, gay and sober manner, emphasizing his words with the movement of his cane.

CONSUL :

I'm taking the only way out, semi colon...
Good-bye, full stop. Change of paragraph,
change of chapter, change of worlds... Find me
between Mercy and Understanding, between Chessed
and Binah, but still in Chessed; in Qliphot rather...
although down be up and death be life.

- 82 The CONSUL reaches the cane toward the sign of the palmist's hand and draws a few lines in the air, as if signing it with a cabalistic, tarot symbol. He takes a watch out of his pant's pocket, looks at the time and puts it back, then advances towards YVONNE, mumbling:

CONSUL :

Teetering over the awful unbridgeable void,
the all-but unretraceable path of God's
lightning back to God...

The CONSUL turns at the sound of a scream.

VOICE (Off) :

Mezcalito...!

- 82 A (A good-humored DRUNKARD appears amidst the stands:

DRUNKARD (In Spanish)

Pinche Consul, jijo de toda tu rechingada
y putisima madre...!!! Who is the beautiful layee ?

He laughs.)

- 83 YVONNE has entered the garden and is surrounded by plants and the fair's decorations. She keeps on looking at the CONSUL who is approaching her from outside the frame.

YVONNE :

You might have made use of him to answer
some of my letters.

- 84 The CONSUL comes up to her and keeps on walking as if he had not heard a thing.

8/4 cont.

CONSUL :

See how strange, how sad, familiar things may be. Touch this tree, once your friend: alas, that which you have known in the blood should ever seem so strange ! Consider the agony of the roses...!

They leave the frame. The camera picks up a sign of LAS MANOS DE ORLAC CON PETER LORRE and focuses on it.

CUT TO :EXT. THE SURROUNDINGS OF THE BARRANCA/BRIDGE. MORNING.

25/05 On the first plane we see the rickety Red Cross ambulance, and in the background, a liquor store with carved letters saying MEZCAL. The CONSUL and YVONNE enter the frame walking. The CONSUL casts a side glance at the liquor store on passing. He hesitates and stops.

YVONNE senses that the CONSUL has stopped, she turns to watch him and notices the display window of the town's pharmacy-clinic, the drugstore which is in front of her.

In the display window of the drugstore, there are, among other things, various photos of children. One of them is a traditional "Baby Jesus Dreaming of the Passion". There are also several flasks and jars with medicines and other liquids and several rubber syringes. Conspicuous in the window display is a traditional drugstore picture of a human skull formed by the bodies of two nude women, and the "despedida"(farewell) photo.

YVONNE looks at the display window. She is moved emotionally and bites her lip.

The CONSUL, smiling, points toward the liquor store, then approaches YVONNE saying, grandiloquently and jokingly:

CONSUL :

Mezcal...the eternal sacrament, like soma...
the nectar of immortality, praised in one whole
book of the Rig Veda...Let's drink to it...

YVONNE gives the CONSUL a hard look, painfully indignant, trying not to cry.

The CONSUL comes up to her and directly encounters YVONNE's furious stare. He is disconcerted. He looks at the show window for a moment, changes his attitude, and embraces her.

CONSUL :

I'm sorry, I never thought....

The two walk toward the bridge until they leave the frame. The camera remains focused on the drugstore display window.

25/05 cont.

We see the CONSUL and YVONNE starting to cross the bridge over the barranca. Smoke is rising from its depths. We begin to hear a variation of Eric Satie's theme or similar music that is already introduced (3)

YVONNE and the CONSUL walk on the bridge. With a relatively festive air, the CONSUL decapitates a few wild flowers with his cane.

(CS) YVONNE and the CONSUL stop on the bridge.

(CS) YVONNE looks toward the volcanoes which are outside the camera frame. She turns toward the CONSUL, amused, with an expression of playful complicity, reviving an old game:

YVONNE:

Old Popeye seems to be completely obliterated
in Spinach at the moment...!

The CONSUL laughs. He is looking toward the barranca.

CONSUL:

And look, darling: our first vultures...!

There is something burning and giving off a lot of white and dense smoke in the depth of the barranca among the garbage and undergrowth. To one side we find some vultures eating a putrified dead animal. Something startles the vultures and they fly off.

The camera raises in a TILT UP, until it frames Popocatepetl, surrounded by clouds. End of musical theme.

CONSUL (Off):

Good Old Poppagetshe bottle !

CUT TO :

INT. GATE TO THE CONSUL'S HOUSE. MORNING.

96/100 A close shot of part of the iron lacework of the gate to the CONSUL's house, and its padlock. The hands of the CONSUL enter the frame opening the lock and releasing the chain which slides, making a rapid rasping sound.

The CONSUL opens the gate, allowing YVONNE to enter and makes a broad playful bow as she passes by. YVONNE enters and leaves the frame.

(CS) YVONNE, now conforated and almost happy, breathes the air of her house and looks about with a certain sweetness. She saunters toward the CONSUL, who is in back of her. She timidly raises her hand in an Indian salute.

YVONNE:

How !

The CONSUL, smiling, raises his hand also.

YVONNE smiles and advances toward the house.

The CONSUL sees YVONNE's travel bags next to the iron gate. He picks up the large bags, but notices that the gate has been left open.

Near the gate we see a dirty and defeated pariah dog.

The CONSUL puts down the suitcases, raises his sunglasses to his forehead, moves back a few steps, and bends his knees halfway, calling the dog with a friendly gesture.

The dog, instead of going toward him, takes fright and turns in the direction of the street.

YVONNE has followed the scene tenderly and thoughtfully.

The CONSUL, still half kneeling, looks toward the gate sadly, making a gesture of defeat.

CONSUL :

Strange...

He maintains his position for a moment in silence.

Afterward, without looking at YVONNE, he says:

CONSUL :

Do you remember how the night before you left
we actually made a date like a couple of strangers
to meet for dinner in Mexico City ?...

YVONNE, confused, speaks with a halting voice:

YVONNE :

You didn't keep it.

The CONSUL, looking at the ground, picks up some dirt and crumbles it in his hand.

CONSUL :

That was because I couldn't remember the name
of the restaurant at the last moment. All I
knew was that it was in Calle Dolore...somewhere...

YVONNE, ill at ease, turns in the other direction, remaining with her back to the CONSUL.

The CONSUL, still without looking at YVONNE, hesitates before speaking.

CONSUL :

The cats had died when I got back...or rather,
Poor old Oedipuss died the very day you left
apparently...the gardener had already thrown
him down the barranca...

YVONNE, her back to the CONSUL, speaks in a severe, strange voice.

YVONNE :

Cheery little matters !

The CONSUL gets to his feet, goes toward the travel bags, and looks at YVONNE. He hangs his cane on his neck and carries the bags, without much difficulty, in each hand and under each arm.

He moves forward, walking toward the house, passing to YVONNE's side.

YVONNE watches him go by and picks up her small valise, a case and a larger hanger bag.

CUT TO :

EXT. THE GARDEN OF THE CONSUL'S HOUSE. MORNING.

- 111 The garden is found in open disorder, overgrown, abandoned, in ruins.
YVONNE slows her steps upon seeing the miserable condition of the garden.
- 112 (CS) She withholds an exclamation. She can't believe what she sees.
- 113 The CONSUL stops a moment, realizing his wife's reaction, then begins to walk again, carrying the suitcases, through the garden.
- 114 YVONNE opens a path through the thicket very slowly.
- 115 The CONSUL, in contrast, moves forward bursquely, pushing aside the branches forcefully.
- 116 YVONNE stops, appalled by both the condition of the garden and her own state of mind.
- 117 The CONSUL stops ahead YVONNE and turns to look at her.
- 118 YVONNE comes out of the garden thickets to the porch.
- 119 The CONSUL, still carrying the bags, lets YVONNE go ahead of him.

CUT TO :

EXT. THE PORCH OF THE CONSUL'S HOUSE. MORNING

- 120 On the porch we find a hammock, a rocking chair, a few bundles, some shirts spread around, a ukulele, a small table with a tray with a bottle of Johnny Walker, some glasses, a soda siphon and some olives. Everything is dusty (A victrola and radio is near the door).
- 121 YVONNE, still impressed with the spectacle of the garden, puts down the things she is carrying and hesitating goes toward the door. When she attempts to open it, the door squeaks and sticks, opening only a crack.
- Through the crack of the door, one side of the living room can be seen. It is all very dark, lit only by the opening of the door.
- The living room is full of dust, dirty furniture in disorder, empty bottles tossed on the floor among cigarette butts and glasses, etc.

121, cont.

On the upper part of one wall we see a picture of YVONNE lit by one ray of light. It is as dusty as the rest of the things, and lopsided.

YVONNE, stirred up and depressed, turns back.

122 She finds the CONSUL in front of her, looking at her without expression. He is still carrying the suitcases, with his cane hanging on his neck. He puts some of the bags on the floor.

123 YVONNE, moved, speaks spontaneously, without meaning to hurt.

YVONNE :

Geoffrey, this place is a wreck!

124 The CONSUL thinks a moment.

CONSUL :

But look here, suppose, for the sake of argument, you abandoned a besieged town to the enemy and then somehow or other not very long afterwards, you go back to it...then you can't very well expect to invite your soul...into quite the same green graces...!

YVONNE looks at him fixedly, avoiding any reaction.

125/6

He finishes putting down the bags and adds:

CONSUL :

There's something about my analogy
I don't like...

- 127 YVONNE does not respond. Now she is looking at the shirts that are spread out near the hammock. It's like an overnight camp ground.

YVONNE is speechless once again on seeing the ukulele.

- 128 The CONSUL pulls himself together. He looks at YVONNE and notices her attention is riveted on the ukulele.

CONSUL :

Yes, I had forgotten to tell you about....

- 129 YVONNE removes the scarf from her neck and says, her voice barely audible:

YVONNE:

Hugh ?...

She shudders but doesn't turn around.

CONSUL : (smiles bitterly)

He's here. He arrived a few days ago.
only God knows why...

- 130 YVONNE turns to the CONSUL with a questioning, surprised expression. The situation has had a heavy impact on her. She starts a movement toward the house but then hesitates and stops. In the distance, birds can be heard. She puts her scarf down on the hammock.

- 131 The CONSUL enters the porch and faces YVONNE. She looks at him questioningly. Then the CONSUL goes to sit in his old green rocking chair, raises his sunglasses to his forehead and turns to look at YVONNE.

- 132 (POV CONSUL) YVONNE goes to the hammock while saying:

YVONNE :

Well, we may have a little time together, mayn't we?

- 133 The CONSUL lowers his sunglasses to his eyes once again and smiles ironically.

CONSUL : (Spanish)

Pos quien sabe...(He pauses. In English:)
It looks like these days everyone flies to see me.

- 134 YVONNE, without reacting, slides slowly until she sits in the hammock, and balances herself with slow movements. She keeps her back to the CONSUL. The scarf falls to the floor.

- 135 (INSERT) A small lizard climbs up the porch column until he gets to the railing where he can reach the tray.
- When he gets there, the animal stops among the glasses, the seltzer dispenser and the bottles, one of which has a poison label with the skull and crossbones.
- 136 The CONSUL is visibly disturbed at the sight of the lizard, but contains himself, waiting motionless.
- 137 The lizard stays on the tray.
- 138 YVONNE, still expressionless, balances the hammock with movements of her feet.
- 139 The lizard is no longer on the tray.
- 140 The CONSUL, on edge, turns toward YVONNE, who evidently hasn't noticed a thing.
- 141 Various sunflowers sway conspicuously in the breeze.
- 142 Alarmed, the CONSUL springs to his feet and turns to YVONNE saying:

CONSUL :

Those damned sunflowers have stared at me all year !

- 143 YVONNE, surprised, uncertain of what the CONSUL said, turns to look at him, stopping the movement of the hammock.

YVONNE :

What ?

- 144 The CONSUL looks at her fixedly and without expression.
- 145 YVONNE, disconcerted, keeps looking into the CONSUL's eyes.
- 146 The CONSUL raises his sunglasses to his forehead again, as if nothing had happened.

CONSUL :

Will you have a whisky and soda?...

- 147 YVONNE thinks about it a moment doubtfully.

YVONNE :

No, thanks.

She gets up, raising the hammock in order to go toward the little table.

- 148 Without moving, the CONSUL keeps looking at her with a malevolent irony.

CONSUL :

One must never forget that whisky is an aphrodisiac....!

YVONNE gives him a furious and disconcerted look.

The CONSUL goes on calmly.

CONSUL :

The olives seem to be for your benefit.
Not even a straight wormwood ?

52/4 YVONNE, at the table, takes a pack of cigarettes out of her purse.

YVONNE :

No thanks .

CONSUL :

A straight whisky then. Go ahead.
What have you got to lose ?

YVONNE (firmly)

Let me have some breakfast first!

55 YVONNE lights a cigarette (cigarette holder) and goes back to the hammock.

The CONSUL picks up the jar with the poison label from the tray. It is half full and contains a dull red concoction.

The CONSUL pours a little of the substance in a glass.

56 YVONNE looks at the CONSUL and then at the glass.

YVONNE :

What's that ?

57/8 The CONSUL looks fixedly at the glass.

CONSUL :

Strychnine.

After saying this, the CONSUL puts a toothpick with an olive in the potion.

CONSUL :

Brother Hugh is trying to cure me with this...
have to pay attention to brother Hugh...

While playing with the olive in the glass, he says, without looking at YVONNE.

CONSUL :

...You think this can cure me?...

59 YVONNE looks at the CONSUL.

YVONNE :

You'll make me cry again, you bloody
fool Geoffrey...

- 160 The CONSUL samples the drink in his glass, looks up again at YVONNE,
and continues:

CONSUL :

...I don't think so, but I have to listen
to Hugh...Did you know that Hugh wants to
go fight in Spain now...?

The CONSUL smiles at YVONNE.

- 161 YVONNE, troubled, lowers her eyes.

- 162 The CONSUL raises his glass in order to look at the light through the
liquid.

CONSUL :

How does it look to you ? Like a bad
claret or perhaps cough mixture ?

He drinks half the contents of the glass and seems to savour it.

CONSUL :

Better than cassia...But it's nux vomica...
Strychnine...really...

- 163 YVONNE looks at him in amazement. She inclines her head.

YVONNE :

For Pete's sake have a decent drink. You don't
have to drink that stuff to impress me...Drink
a glass and I'll sit here and cheer.

When she finishes speaking, YVONNE raises her head and looks at the
CONSUL, awaiting his answer.

- 164 The CONSUL looks at YVONNE with a malicious smile.

CONSUL :

What ?...Will you say that again ?

- 165 (YVONNE lies down in the hammock and begins to sway).

- 166 The CONSUL is quiet during a prolonged moment. He takes the bottle of
Johnny Walker, looks at it, and smiles maliciously.

He puts down the bottle and sits in his old green rocking chair.

CONSUL :

I'll stick to the old medicine, thanks.

167 The CONSUL continues talking, grandiloquently and ironically, while rocking on the squeaking chair.

CONSUL :

I have resisted temptation for two and a half minutes at least: my redemption is sure...Well, tomorrow perhaps I'll drink beer only. I'm sure no one will object...This Mexican stuff is partially full of vitamins, I gather...and then perhaps when my nerves are back to normal again, I'll go off it completely...

And then, who knows, I might get down to work again and finish my book!

The CONSUL smiles, darkly and briefly. He takes out his watch again and looks at the time.

168 YVONNE sways in the hammock, apparently not hearing him.

169 Speaking to himself, after a short pause, the CONSUL says:

CONSUL :

Yes, one or two beers...but not mezcal, never mezcal

As the CONSUL starts speaking, his dark smile reappears.

CONSUL :

Because I can tell that this meeting, of all of us, is going to be quite an event...including Jacques...

170 1/2 YVONNE, after listening to him, stops the hammock.

YVONNE :

Geoffrey !

CONSUL :

That's right, Jacques...the good old traitor. In fact we've had terrific times together since you left...They were usually mine because Jacques is usually sick after three drinks and after four he would start to play the Good Samaritan.

YVONNE sits up, still in the hammock. She is irritated and can't stand any more.

YVONNE :

That's enough, Geoffrey, for God's sake !

170/2 CCLX.

CONSUL :

For instance, had you ever been British attaché to the White Russian Embassy in Zagreb in 1922, and I've always thought a woman like you would have done very well as attaché to the White Russian Embassy in Zagreb in 1922...you might have acquired a certain, I don't say technique exactly, but a mien, a mask, a way, at any rate, of throwing a look into your face at a moment's notice of sublime dishonest detachment.

- 173 YVONNE unable to contain herself, gets off the hammock furiously. At the same time she picks up the cosmetic case and goes toward the house.
- 174 The CONSUL watches her go. He is restless, but still trying to smile, and almost shouting, he continues, aggressively, cruelly.

CONSUL :

Although I can very well see how it strikes you -how the picture of our implied indifference, Jacques' and mine that is, I mean, strikes you, as being even more indecent than that, say, Jacques shouldn't have left when you did or that we shouldn't have dropped the friendship...or something of the kind!

- 175 The CONSUL becomes silent. He is confused. A loud slamming of a door can be heard.

The CONSUL nervously turns toward the garden.

- 176 Some sunflowers in the garden sway ominously, as if self-animated.
- 177 The CONSUL looks attentively at the sunflowers, bright in the sun.

CONSUL :

Though had you of course ever been Consul to Cockoldshaven, that town cursed by the lost love of Maximilian and Carlotta, then, why then...

The CONSUL goes into the garden, where he encounters the sunflowers. He is unable to be calm. He brandishes his cane and beats it against the plants.

CUT TO :INT. THE BATHROOM IN THE CONSUL'S HOUSE. MORNING ()

- 178/90 YVONNE takes a shower. She is surrounded by the vapor rising from the hot water. For a few moments we see her enjoying the contact with the water, which relaxes her and calms her down. She leans her head back with her face under the water.

The small red cosmetic case is open and disordered, on a chair which can be seen through the vapor. A pair of stockings hangs out of the bag. The CONSUL's hand enters the frame and picks up the stockings, running

178/90 CCLX.

them softly through his fingers.

With this action the camera rises to include the CONSUL with a glass of whisky in his other hand. He has placed the sunglasses on his forehead and his pipe is hanging in his teeth. Behind him we see a picture of some demons flying over the roof of a house or some other John Glenville lithograph.

After a moment the CONSUL talks to YVONNE, who is outside the frame.

CONSUL :

Have you really come back?
Or have you just come to see me?

YVONNE, in the shower, is surprised when she realises that the CONSUL is in the room with her. She then, after a moment's thought, interprets his presence as a move toward reconciliation. She says, with a certain daring smile:

YVONNE :

Here I am, aren't I ?

The CONSUL looks at her thoughtfully and murmurs:

CONSUL :

Strange...

He raises his arm to drink, he sees his own reflection in the steamed mirror in front of him, above the wash basin.

He goes toward the mirror and looks for a moment at his clouded reflection. He puts his glass down on the basin, and notices the oils and powders on YVONNE's dressing table.

He picks up a powder puff and gently raises it to his mouth and blows on it.

Then the CONSUL begins to speak haltingly while drawing two points in the steamed up mirror at approximately the height of his own eyes.

CONSUL :

Brown as a berry...You've been swimming. You look as though you've had plenty of sun... There's been plenty of sun here too of course. As usual...too much of it. In spite of the rain... you know, I don't like it...it's not like the sea.

He draws a horizontal line on the mirror, joining the two points.

Then he draws a vertical line to form a cross, then with half a circle on the upper part he forms the letter "P", finishing with a letter "A" and an "OMEGA" on the lower part. He thus completes the esoteric symbol used by mystics to indicate the circle; also, the symbol he indicated on the palmist's hand with his ane in # 82.

YVONNE :

Oh yes you do, really. We could get out
in the sun, you know.

The CONSUL looks at his drawing on the mirror with satisfaction, then searches through YVONNE's cosmetics for a bright red lipstick.

While he writes with the lipstick he murmurs some verses by Coleridge:

CONSUL (while writing, murmuring):

"Twas right, they say, such birds to slay
That bring the fog and mist...

He writes with the lipstick, circling the symbol on the mirror; first "LOVE" then "LIVE", then "SKIN" and immediately "SE PUEDE" and, finally "NO". The result on the mirror is:

NO SE PUEDE LIVE SIN LOVE

The CONSUL looks over what he has done on the mirror and, after a moment, erases it rapidly with his sleeve, leaving a shapeless red blur on the glass.

YVONNE continues bathing under the shower. She spreads a zinc sulfate lotion on her skin, giving her a whitish tone. Now, with the water, her skin gradually comes back to its normal color.

We see the CONSUL reflected in another larger, vertical mirror on the wall opposite to the basin, it also reflects the red blur on the first mirror.

The CONSUL turns around toward the second mirror, without letting go of the lipstick. As he goes toward the mirror, he marks a red line on the walls.

In the second mirror, which is also steamed with vapor, the CONSUL sees YVONNE's clothes hanging under a bathrobe. They are between the mirror and a small window covered with an Indian weave curtain.

He contemplates her clothes for a moment, then picks them up. Without taking his eyes off the clothes he says:

CONSUL :

You look amazingly well. You've
no idea how well you look...

The CONSUL then notices his own reflection in the mirror and mimics an athlete pose, saying:

CONSUL :

Strong as a horse....!

He stands, looking at his reflection inexpressively for a moment. Then he suddenly and violently - using the lipstick as a dagger - "stabs" his image at about the height of the intestines, leaving a red blotch on the

mirror. He looks at it, then goes toward the shower.

CONSUL :

I'm in a frightfully jolly mess, you know.

YVONNE (off) :

What ?

CONSUL :

Nothing...

The CONSUL continues fingering the lipstick, pushing it in and out... until he ends up coloring the palm of his left hand completely red.

The CONSUL looks at his hand thoughtfully, then gets up and goes out of the frame.

YVONNE finishes her shower, shuts the water, dries her hair, opens the curtain, and walks out.

She looks for the CONSUL, wondering where he went.

She wraps herself in a towel and goes toward the basin. The camera follows her until she gets to the mirror, where she looks at the red blur and stops.

YVONNE lowers her gaze and notices the CONSUL's whisky glass on the washstand among her disordered cosmetics.

The telephone rings.

CUT TO :

EXT. CONSUL'S HOUSE PORCH. MORNING ()

191 The camera is in the garden. In the foreground we see the exuberant vegetation in chaotic profusion. The breeze sways the leaves.

The CONSUL emerges from the darkness and moves toward the door. The collar of his tuxedo is raised. He is sweating and trembling, not from his habitual "shakes" but from an internal chill which impells him to press his hands in his front pockets tensely to control his shakes.

Then, with a slow, measured movement, he takes his watch out, looks at the time and replaces it, all the time trying to control his trembling. He looks toward YVONNE's bedroom and raises his left hand, all stained with lipstick, and watches it tremble uncontrollably in the air.

The ringing of the telephone continues even louder than before, but the CONSUL doesn't seem to notice it.

CUT TO :

EXT. CONSUL'S GARDEN (BARRANCA) MORNING ()

192/200 The wind furiously blows the plants that are in the lower part of the CONSUL's garden, near the barranca, where the vegetation is like a jungle. Branches, heavy with leaves, stop the light from filtering, creating dense shadows. It all takes on the proportions of a wild thicket buffeted by the wind.

The CONSUL appears, going down, zigzagging, with a bottle of Johnny Walker in his hands. He has an absent, desolate look.

When he gets to the barranca, he takes a long drink. The wind blows his hair and a few branches hit the CONSUL's face. He finishes drinking and then looks downward:

The bottom of the barranca is full of dry leaves, debris and thick undergrowth. In the background a flurry of papers rise in the whistling wind.

The CONSUL smiles, balances himself, partly because of the wind and his drunkenness. Standing at the edge of the ravine, he is in a dangerous position, without realizing it.

He takes another long drink and breathes deeply.

Distant detonations are heard.

CUT TO :

INT. YVONNE'S BEDROOM. CONSUL'S HOUSE. MORNING ()

200/212 YVONNE's bedroom is large, and filled with all kinds of objects: many photographs, Mexican art figures, paintings, lithographs, engravings, etc. Everything is dusty, and some furniture is protected with white covers.

On the floor and on some pieces of furniture we see some of YVONNE's suitcases and packages of clothes. It is all in the latest luxury style. Dust is everywhere.

Throughout the sequence the insistent and constant ticking of a wall clock is heard.

YVONNE is found lying pensively on a large bed, surrounded by mirrors and covered with a white crocheted bedspread. She has a sort of astringent paper mask on her face covering her upper cheeks and nose. She is wearing a white bathrobe with a towel wrapped around her head like a turban.

In her right hand she holds a rolled up magazine which she slowly presses two or three times against her lips, absent-mindedly, distracted.

There is a glass of milk on the night table next to her.

There is a knocking at the door after a pause. She puts down the magazine and peels the astringent mask from her face.

The door can be seen opening through one of the mirrors. The CONSUL enters, carrying his cane, with his jacket collar raised.

The CONSUL raises his hand in the classic Indian salute, and says in a

200/212 cont.

deep cavernous voice:

CONSUL :

How !

YVONNE sits up slightly and, with a slight smile, raises the hand with the magazine and repeats his gesture.

YVONNE :

How !

The CONSUL wearily goes toward a chair near the bed and sits down.

CONSUL :

Are you comfortable there?

YVONNE :

Fine, thanks.

The CONSUL gets up and moves closer to YVONNE. He takes the magazine from her hand, leafs through it and reads:

CONSUL :

The Mayas were far advanced in observational astronomy. But they did not suspect a Copernican system.

The CONSUL barely smiles. He rolls up the magazine again.

CONSUL :

Why should they?...Copernicus didn't suspect their system either...

He picks up the magazine and looks at YVONNE through it as if it were a telescope.

CONSUL :

What I like though are the "vague" years of the old Mayans. And their pseudo years... mustn't overlook them...Pop. Zip. Tzec. Xul. Yaxkin.

YVONNE smiles with a certain melancholy and tension. The CONSUL gets up and walks around the bed, toward the shelves with the photos. He puts down his cane.

YVONNE :

Isn't there one called Mac ?

The CONSUL continues, smiling:

CONSUL :

There's Yax and Zac. And Uayeb. I like that one most of all, the month that only lasts five days. The days of the dead...

The CONSUL stops at the dusty photos. He blows the dust off some, and with his finger he draws sunglasses on a dustcovered face.

There's a pause.

YVONNE :

Geoffrey...I'm afraid...What have we come to...?

CONSUL :

Perhaps to Katun 13 Ahau. When the night will be day and the skies will crumble...and the unawaken will awake and their bread will be of war, their drink will be of war, and their will, will be of war...for seven years...seven years of violent death.

He's been close to a shelf looking at a photo. Now he takes off his dark glasses, and after a pause turns toward YVONNE.

CONSUL :

Aren't you going to eat anything ?

YVONNE takes her glass of milk and raises it as if in a toast. She looks at the CONSUL a moment and then tries to continue the conversation.

YVONNE :

Who called ?

The CONSUL is pensive. Suddenly he takes a perfume bottle, opens it and smells it, then answers without looking at YVONNE.

CONSUL :

From the Consulate...Though I'm not sure where I really stand, now (that) I've resigned the service.

YVONNE takes a drink from her glass of milk.

YVONNE :

So you really have resigned :

The CONSUL is still engrossed looking at the objects he finds on the shelf: a collection of clay birds, candel holders, etc.

200/111 2015

CONSUL :

Oh absolutely! I'm thinking of becoming a Mexican subject, of going to live among the Indians, like William Blackstone, you know who he was, of course...

YVONNE reaches out her arm and takes a cigarette from the top of the night table. She places it in a cigarette holder and lights it. There is a long pause.

The CONSUL continues looking at things. He picks up some and puts them down mechanically. He comes across one of YVONNE's dolls and picks it up.

CONSUL :

Or like grand, ungodly, god-like Captain Ahab... and fixe my fiery lance in nightier, stranger foes than the Moby-Dick whale...

The doll cries. The CONSUL freezes.

YVONNE is also surprised. There is a veavy silence.

The CONSUL, ill at ease, returns the doll to the shelf.

YVONNE takes a deep breath in order to speak calmly, sensibly and daringly.

YVONNE :

Geoffrey, why don't we leave Quauhnahuac..? this house has become somehow evil...

The CONSUL turns toward her. He is surprised and nervous, not certain of having understood her properly.

CONSUL (softly):

How? But we can't very well go away now can we, what with Hugh and you and me and one thing and another, don't you think ?

YVONNE lowers her head.

YVONNE :

What's going to stop us going to Canada, for instance...Geoff...between the forest and the sea. Remember?...and buy a big farm...I'm sure Hugh would understand.

The CONSUL, nervously, starts to walk near the bed.

CONSUL :

But that's not quite the point...What's the use of escaping...from ourselves?...dodgning about in the rigging of the Cabbala like a St. Jago's monkey...

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YVONNE puts out her cigarette, trying to control her tension.

YVONNE :

All right, Geoffrey: suppose we forget it until you're feeling better: we can cope with it in a day or two, when you're sober.

The CONSUL approaches YVONNE, very seriously.

CONSUL :

But, my lord, Yvonne, surely you know by this time the more I drink the more sober I am...

The CONSUL, incoherently, without realizing it, has sat down on the bed, and unaware of his movements, moves closer to YVONNE while talking.

CONSUL :

On the other hand, I haven't worked on my book. I've got a publisher interested too; in London -interested but not concerned, if you understand me...And I have been trying to convince him that this is the book, the real book. Now it's as if everything we do is part of it...Even the mistakes we make seem to be part of what that blight intends -and perhaps these are the parts he crosses out the next morning, to widen our knowledge of hell...! Oh, Yvonne...! How could I have sunk like this, have become my own "character", nay, far worse...

YVONNE, almost maternally, understandingly and touched, pushes back a lock of hair that has fallen on the CONSUL's forehead.

The CONSUL has stopped talking and studies YVONNE. He is surprised at having her so near.

YVONNE :

Why didn't you go the night before I left, when we made a date like a couple of strangers to meet for dinner in Mexico City ?

CONSUL :

I went into all the restaurants in the Calle Dolores looking for you and not finding you I had a drink in each one...The frozen Mezcal of the Calle Dolores...!

YVONNE :

Poor Geoffrey :

CONSUL :

I must have phoned back from each restaurant. God knows how many times! I called Hotel Canada for I thought you might have returned there. And each time they said the same thing, that you'd left to meet me, but they didn't know where...

The CONSUL's voice is increasingly sad, trembling and subdued. He can barely hold back his tears.

CONSUL :

There I was...wandering around from place to place...Ah! if only I could have found you! Ah! how could it was that night, and bitter, with a howling wind! And wild steam blowing from the pavement gratings where the ragged children were making to sleep early under their poor newspapers... All the while I was thinking I could prevent you from going the next morning, if I could only find you!

Upon finishing, the CONSUL rests his hand on YVONNE's shoulder and emits a sigh of deep relief, which might also contain a sob.

YVONNE passes her hand tenderly over the nape of the CONSUL's neck. They remain in that position for a moment, until the CONSUL raises his head, to directly face YVONNE.

(MCS) The CONSUL stretches himself out on the bed with a certain violence, at the same time unbuttons his trousers rapidly and awkwardly.

(CS) YVONNE becomes rigid. She freezes.

Both in the foreground and through the two mirrors, in the background we see the CONSUL rip open YVONNE's bathrobe, "like a desperate neophyte".

She seems tense and disconcerted. They struggle. He with a certain savagery, awkwardly tries to excite her. For a moment she seems to resist.

The CONSUL kisses YVONNE's breasts furiously and she begins to become excited. They breath heavily. He kisses her neck so ardently that it provokes an expression of pain on her face.

They are both startled. Their eyes are open most of the time that they are wrestling. When, little by little the excitement of the moment seems to dwindle, it is now YVONNE who fruitlessly tries to maintain it. Tears seem to gather in her eyes as the CONSUL makes one last desperate attempt. Then he presses his head in her shoulder heaving with sobs.

CONSUL (murmuring) :

I'm sorry...I'm afraid it isn't any good.

He gets up rapidly and rushes toward the door, slamming it as he leaves. We have seen him leave through one of the mirrors. YVONNE returns to the bed sobbing.

CUT TO :

INT. ROOM INSIDE PLAZA DE TOROS. MORNING ().

- 223 INSERT. There are various black and white photos of the Spanish Civil War. (Robert Capa, "Images of War", Grossman Publishers, N.Y., pp.48,43, 45,41,38,39 &22).
- A girl covered with a man's jacket is seen leaning, almost lying on several sacks. She has a bottle and a bag at her side. She stares at the camera fixedly, sadly, as if seeing in it all the deep horrors of the war; an attitude similar to the one we saw in YVONNE in the last scene.
- A scene in the city: in the foreground is a mother with her daughter, looking at the sky in expectant fear, searching the horizons for bombers.
- A corpse with arms extended lying in the ruins of a building, now a rubble of stones.
- The profile of a woman dressed in black, holding a small girl who is crying. In the foreground there is a doll without hair.
- A soldier at the moment that he is pierced with bullets. In the same instant his rifle is falling from his hand. The two form a striking, painful image on an immense open space. It is a classic photo of the fallen, almost an emblem of the Republican defeat.
- 224 The young man looking at the above photos is HUGH FIRMIN, the CONSUL's brother, 29 years old. He is deeply immersed in nostalgic contemplation of the pictures.
- (He is in a room filled with piles of leaflets, rolled-up posters, cans of paint, etc. There is almost no light, but for the single lamp above the photographs, hanging from the ceiling. There is total silence.)
- 225 A INSERT. A photograph, much larger than the earlier ones, appears.
- The camera first sees the upper right hand corner. It shows a wall covered with posters. One stands out from the rest, with the words "LABORATORIOS DE PROSTITUCION, MUJERES LIBRES--CNT".
- The camera then shifts toward the center to a weeping woman, facing forward with a little girl asleep in her arms. Several young men are lying near her feet, and above her, various slogans. The camera focuses on "EL PUEBLO RURO VENCIO, NOSOTROS TAMBIEN VENCEREMOS". The photo was taken in the Barcelona Subway during an air raid. (Capa, p.46-47).
- 224 A HUGH stops looking at the photographs. He is sad and thoughtful, wrapped up in the atmosphere of the images he has just seen.
- Afterward he slowly takes one of the photos, folds it and puts it inside his jacket. He looks at his watch, then goes to the door and leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR PLAZA DE TOROS. MORNING.

- 225/6 HUGH walks down a narrow dark hallway that appears almost like a tunnel. OFF, we hear a sharp metallic voice, blaring from a sound system. Though the loudspeakers are far away, the sound echoes through the corridor.

225/6 CUT.

225/6 cont.

VOICE (Off): (Spanish)

In these solidarity gatherings with the Spanish people, compañeros, in these historic hours of the battle against fascism, the Mexican people knows its place at the side of Republican Spain! We'll be here today, all day, in order to demonstrate our support to the Spanish revolutionaries....!

HUGH walks down the hallway as the speech continues. He suddenly stops and takes a few steps backward, until he opens a door and enters a room.

CUT TO :

INT.. INSIDE ROOM #2. PLAZA DE TOROS. MORNING.

227/9 There are several men listening to a short wave radio in this new room.

RADIO (Off): (Spanish)

Foreign observers speak of the terrible battle taking place right now on the Ebro, as the Spanish Verdun...

The men are listening to the radio with grave expressions.

RADIO (OFF) :

The Republicans withstood an incessant three hour bombardment from 165 artillery batteries, both Falangist and Italian, backed up by more than 100 airplanes. The Republicans seem to have lost all the ground won since the beginning of the battles...

Each of the men listening to the radio reacts to the news with an increasing gloominess.

RADIO (OFF)(Spanish):

It appears to be the end of this abandoned army whose only help has come from volunteers from many countries of the world, since...
"A strange historic circumstance has placed Spain in the symbolic position of the Holy Land; the Battle of Madrid, in its moment...."

JUAN shuts off the radio, saying:

JUAN :

It's getting pretty god damn rough !

Discouraged, the rest of them agree.

JUAN with a serious look, turns to HUGH.

227/9 cont.

227/29 CONT.

JUAN :

No matter how...the weapons will
get there...Are you coming ?

HUGH (firmly) :

Yes.

CUT TO :EXT. BULL RING, PLAZA DE TOROS. MORNING.

230/4 The center ring of the Plaza de Toros (arena) is bristling with activity. People are getting ready for a demonstration. Large groups of men are painting placards, stretching banners, nailing signs, etc.

A large banner stands out from all the rest: JORNADAS DE SOLIDARIDAD CON LA REPUBLICA ESPAÑOLA, NOVIEMBRE 2, 1938.

There are people of diverse ages and groups: workers, party members, students, housewives, professionals, etc., all gathered around the signs indicating their organizations.

The songs of the International Brigades are heard through the loudspeakers.

There are also a large number of taxis with red and black strike flags the drivers sitting on the hoods and roofs of the cars.

There are placards and picket signs calling for the expropriation of oil and other topical issues of the day.

A spirit of tense animation prevails.

CUT TO :EXT. THE BLEACHERS. PLAZA DE TOROS. MORNING.

235 JUAN, HUGH and three or four others are seen in the upper part walking down toward the center.

JUAN :

We'll ship the weapons tomorrow from Veracruz, then we'll go to Yucatan, then Madeira Islands, Gibraltar, Cabo de Gata, Cabo de la Mao and through the Gulf of Valencia to the mouth of the Ebro...and if the Falangists don't catch us, we'll arrive in Vallcarà, south of Barcelona, and there we'll dump the dynamite...if they don't fuck us before...

He smiles.

CUT TO :

EXT. ARENA, PLAZA DE TOROS. MORNING.

236/8

A platform for the sound equipment and the organizers has been built in the center of the bullring. One of the organizers has taken the microphone and can be heard through the loudspeakers.

SPEAKER : (Spanish)

Compañeros! We have just been informed that the sinarquistas and the fascists are going to try to block our demonstration when we get to the center of the city!

The crowd breaks out in whistles and defiant shouts.

SPEAKER : (Spanish)

It is very important that we avoid all provocations, compañeros! We also want to remind you that after the demonstration we have to regroup to return here to the Plaza de Toros, for the big rally tonight in solidarity with the Spanish people!

The speaker is followed by more recorded music of the International Brigades.

JUAN and HUGH have arrived at the entrance to the toriles (bull pens) the underpart of the stadium, where the bulls are kept.

CUT TO :

239/46

INT. HALLWAY AND BULL PENS IN THE PLAZA DE TOROS. MORNING.

HUGH and JUAN walk through another hall.

Near by there is a man pasting up a poster from the Taller de Gráfica Popular: a caricature of Francisco Franco, with an ironic caption.

In the distance the songs and the sounds of the people in the plaza can be heard.

JUAN and HUGH arrive to the area where the bulls are held in their compartments. The snorting and scuffling of a lively bull can be heard off as he butts against the wooden frame of his stall. JUAN and HUGH go toward a small truck, model 1925...

JUAN opens the canvas and we see several plain long boxes that could look like coffins. He opens one of them, full of rifles, somewhat old. JUAN smiles.

JUAN :

We'll transport them by express...to the Ebro!

HUGH contemplates the cargo, and then picks up one of the rifles. He hefts it for a few moments, then places it at his shoulder, looking down the sights for something to aim at.

239/46 CONT.

He locates the poster with the caricature of Franco. He aims at it and fires. The click of the firing pin can be heard. HUGH smiles, and after a moment becomes serious. JUAN watches him closely. He smiles somewhat ironically. He takes the gun from HUGH.

CUT TO :

EXT. A STREET IN THE CENTER OF MEXICO CITY. MORNING.

247/62

The pro-Republican demonstration advances through the street. Students, workers, women and campesinos march with their fists raised. Some of them sing the song by Eisler and Brecht:

DEMONSTRATORS (Spanish):

Pues un, dos, tres...
Pues un, dos, tres...
Compañero en tu lugar!
Porque eres del pueblo
afíliate ya
en el Frente Popular!

There are red flags, banners and placards everywhere.

One group of workers dressed in wrinkled suits and work clothes carry an enormous banner: "EL FASCISMO NO PASARA".

It is evident that there are some foreigners among the demonstrators, and the Eisler-Brecht song can also be heard in both English and French:

FOREIGN DEMONSTRATORS:

Tu es un ouvrier, our!
Viens avec nous ami,
n'aie pas peur...!

And just because he's human
He doesn't want a pistol in his head!

A sound truck opens the way in front of the advancing demonstration.

SOUND TRUCK: (Spanish)

Pueblo de México! En estos momentos
en que la garra fascista se cierne
sobre nuestros hermanos españoles...!

A group of STUDENTS, apparently students, carry enormous Republican flags and chant:

STUDENTS : (Spanish)

Arms for Spain! The people want
arms. Arms for Spain!

Several demonstrators pass out anti-Franco leaflets with the same drawing of Franco designed by the Taller de Gráfica Popular, with the caption NO PASARAN!

246/62 CONT.

One contingent displays placards with the mastheads of the publications of the International Brigades, written in different languages: (CHAPAEV, NAPRZOD--VENCEREMOS--FRAEIHETS KAEMPPER--OUR FIGHT, etc.)

FOREIGN DEMONSTRATORS:

So left, two three...
So left, two, three...
For the workers we must do!
March on with the People's United Front
for you are a worker too...!

Among all the placards, the three pointed stars of the International Brigades stand out, along with the tricolor flags of the Spanish Republic.

Enlargements of the designs and engravings of the Taller de Gráfica Popular are seen as placards in the demonstration. One of them says: 50 MIL FASCISTAS COMBATEN CONTRA LA LIBERTAD DE ESPAÑA: 500 MILLONES DE MARCOS NAZIS LOS APOYAN. (50,000 Fascists fight against Spanish freedom backed by 500 million nazi marks.)

There are also enormous placards with drawings captioned: MANOS FUERA DE MEXICO, MANOS FUERA DE ESPAÑA; PAN, PAZ Y LIBERTAD. (Hands off Mexico, Hands off Spain; Bread, Peace and Freedom).

A group of women carry large pictures of Cárdenas and of Zapata.

The demonstration is applauded from some balconies, and by onlookers on the sidewalks.

HUGH, in the front of the demonstration, sings enthusiastically. He chants, alternately in English and Spanish.

At the end of the demonstration there is a line of cars with large banners, hammers and sickles, raised fists and strike flags. Further back there's a truck crowded with people, and sound equipment that blares a tumult of noise, carrying a large banner saying: LOS TAXISTAS MEXICANOS CON LA REPUBLICA ESPAÑOLA.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. THE PATIO OF THE CASINO ESPAÑOL. MORNING.

263/5 Mexican and Spanish Falangists are having a rally in support of Franco in the Casino Español. Monarchists and Falangist flags wave, among them, some with swastikas. The audience is quiet, listening to a speaker who is off camera:

SPEAKER (Off, Spanish):

...Una nueva reconquista! Una nueva expulsión
de los moros! Veinte siglos de civilización cris-
tiana se encuentran tras nosotros!

On the stage we see several Blue Shirts (Falangists), ostentatiously dressed women, and Knights of Columbus. The audience, which is not very large, has a monastic, dry, church-like appearance. A flag of Franco's Spain is unfurled next to the speaker.

263/5 CONT.

SPEAKER : (Spanish_

And the marxist rabble wants to grab it from us. This flag, red like the blood spilled by our soldiers fighting the communist usurper, and gold as the harvest of the fields of Andalusia, this flag, which we swear to defend, for which our fathers died, this flag is covered, a hundred times over, with glory! Shout with me! Viva la Muerte! Swear with me: Viva España!.. and now let the reds come.

CUT TO :EXT. ENTRANCE TO THE CASINO ESPAÑOL. MORNING.

266/71 The Pro-Republican demonstration is advancing until they finally get to the Casino Español. The shouting and chanting is increasingly loud and angry. HUGH is among the demonstrators.

VOICES : (Spanish)

El pueblo quiere armas! El pueblo quiere armas!
(The people want guns!)

(Singing)...Las habladurías le basta ya,
porque estas' nada le da!
pues un,dos, tres,
pues un,dos, tres,
compañero en tu lugar...

Pueblo de México, te invitamos a unirme a esta
manifestación de apoyo al heroico pueblo español...
(People of Mexico, we invite you to join this demonstration supporting the heroic Spanish people).

Further back a group is carrying a large sign with a photo of Lazaro Cárdenas at the age of 18, carrying a gun. Their slogan says: "CARDENAS USO LAS ARMAS, USEMOSLAS NOSOTROS TAMBIEN" (Cardenas used weapons, we will use them too).

In another section there are several signs that say: "EL PETROLEO ES NUESTRO", "PETROLEROS CON ESPAÑA" (The oil is ours - oil workers with Spain) and "PUEBLO: DEFIENDE TU LIBERTAD EN LA TRINCHERA" (People: Defend your liberty in the trenches).

Still another conspicuous sign reads: "LOS POLICIAS EN HUELGA NOS SOLIDARIZAMOS CON ESPAÑA" (The striking police in solidarity with Spain).

CUT TO :EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF CASINO ESPAÑOL. MORNING.

272/84 A group of mounted sinarquistas assault the pro-Republican demonstrators with clubs and ropes. They carry banners with the Virgin of Guadalupe and swastikas. They shout as they attack:

272/84 cont.

272/84 CONT.

-SINARQUISTAS: (Spanish)

Viva Cristo Rey! Comunistas!
hijos de la chingada!

These shouts mix with others:

DEMONSTRATORS: (Spanish)

Ahi vienen los sinarquistas! Hay que
darles en la madre a esos pinches nazis!
Fascistas hijos de la rechingada!

Shots are heard. Groups of fascists come out of the Casino Español and mix in the croud of demonstrators, causing the first incidents.

We see HUGH in the area of the first provocations. A mounted sinarquista rushes toward the sound car and breaks the windshield. More shots are heard. Some of the demonstrators try to escape. Others, armed with the sticks from the banners and placards defend themselves from the mounted attack.

The taxis attack the mounted sinarquistas, throwing over some horses.

HUGH is both moved and amused, watching a spectacular upset of a horse-man when someone from behind picks a fight with him.

A second charge of mounted sinarquistas attack the demonstrators. People in the nearby buildings throw buckets of water at the same time as the taxis regroup and take the front line of the demonstration, confronting the horses.

The sinarquistas begin throwing tear gas bombs and the street fills with the smoke. Rocks fly, and the people begin to disperse.

HUGH, coughing from the tear gas, but nonetheless enjoying the battle, is exchanging blows in the crowd. Juan, in another area is also busy with his fists. VILLAMAR (From the Plaza de Toros scene) appears in the smoke. He elbows his way through the crowd to get HUGH and then brings him out of the center of things, pushing his way past the people.

VILLAMAR:

What in hell are you doing in this!

HUGH accepts the reprimand good-naturedly and they both begin to run from another attack of sinarquistas with tear gas bombs. JUAN sees them and follows. Even with the tear gas and his coughing, HUGH is overcome with an attack of laughter.

CUT TO:

285/6 : INT. HARDWARE STORE. MEXICO CITY. MORNING ().

The demonstrators continue dispersing in the street. One of them stops in front of a hardware store, where he comes into the frame of the camera. He enters the store to take shelter. He appears to emerge from the smoke and dust of the street.

Almost immediately HUGH and JUAN stop in front of the store and follow

285/6 CONT.

the earlier example. VILLAMAR is close behind.

When the three enter, the metal curtain in front of the shop is lowered rapidly and noisily, leaving the place in total darkness for a few moments

CUT TO :

EXT. DOWNTOWN MEXICO CITY STREET. IN FRONT OF THE POSTOFFICE. MORNING.

287 (CS) A TRUCKDRIVER drives a truck down a quiet street in Mexico City. He stops and parks, then turns around to the small window separating the cab from the cargo section. He communicates to the rear with hand signals, announcing their arrival. He then unrolls a newspaper with a hammer and sickle on the masthead, (El Machete) and begins to read quietly.

CUT TO :

INT. MEXICO CITY POST OFFICE. MORNING.

288/291 HUGH enters Mexico City's big post office building and rushes up the main stairway.

On the upper floor he goes toward a service counter with a tri-lingual sign saying "International Section".

When he arrives at the window, HUGH addresses himself to a WOMAN POSTAL WORKER behind the counter

HUGH :

Habla inglés...?

The WOMAN POSTAL WORKER turns to the MAN POSTAL WORKER at the next desk. He gets up and comes to the window, satisfied to be able to show off his linguistic abilities:

MAN POSTAL WORKER:

Yes, Sir ?

HUGH :

A telegram to London, please,
press collect...

As he speaks, HUGH shows his press card, a credential for telegraph privileges. The POSTAL WORKER looks it over and prepares to take down his message.

HUGH dictates:

HUGH :

Daily Globe, London, press. Bloody skirmish after encounter of pro-Republican and pro-Franco demonstrators today Mexico City stop armed Sinarquistas, rumored connected to Nazi embassy, intervened stop several wounded, rumored some dead stop impossible to confirm stop I'm leaving country soon send all communications to Quauhnahuac..stop.Hugh Firmin.

EXT. DOWNTOWN MEXICO CITY STREET. IN FRONT OF POST OFFICE. MORNING.

292/94 (CS) THE TRUCKDRIVER, inside the cab glances at the entrance to the post office. When he sees HUGH (off screen) come out, he folds his newspaper and starts up the motor.
JUAN waits behind the truck, near the closed door to the cargo section. He looks around discreetly before opening the back door to the truck, then does so. HUGH and JUAN enter the truck.

From inside the truck we see the door close, allowing a glimpse of the normal activity in the street.

CUT TO :

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF THE MEXICO CITY RAILROAD STATION. MORNING.

295 (CS) The TRUCKDRIVER parks the truck. (sounds of nearby trains).

CUT TO :

296/8 INT. TRUCK (MORNING).

THE TRUCKDRIVER appears in the cab's window, signalling their arrival. HUGH stands up from the gun-boxes where he was lying and says good bye with the revolutionary gesture, to the 2 or 3 men in the bus.

JUAN takes one of the guns from boxes and throws it to HUGH while saying:

JUAN :

Here...you better take care from now on..!

HUGH catches the gun, smiles, puts it into his bag and says good bye again with his fist up.

HUGH :

See you tomorrow !...

JUAN :

Till tomorrow, comrade !

CUT TO :

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF THE MEXICO CITY RAILROAD STATION. MORNING.

299/300 The door opens and HUGH emerges.

The door closes and the truck pulls away. HUGH stands watching the truck for a moment as it leaves. In the rear, there's a big red cross: a military ambulance.

CUT TO :

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS BETWEEN QUAUHNHUAC & MEXICO CITY. MORNING ()

301 Popocatépetl and Iztaccíhuatl rise in the background of the landscape. (New variation of Satie's theme can be heard (4)).

The camera descends to include the vegetation as it changes to a forested zone with semi tropical foliage.

The track divides the vegetation on either side, then the train appears with its noise and whistle.

CUT TO :

INT. PASSANGER CAR (EXT. MEXICO/QUAHUHNHUAC). MORNING ()

302/6 HUGH is seated next to the window silently watching the passing scenery. A voice is heard OFF speaking in Italian.

PRIEST 1: (OFF, Italian) (whispering)

...during the revolution the blood ran down the gutters...In Quauhnhuac's bull-rings they barbecued dogs and children and crucified the women and set the bulls at them.

HUGH turns mechanically to where the voice is coming from.

TWO PRIESTS, in their garments, seated across from HUGH, are deeply involved in a conversation.

PRIEST 1 : (Italian)

They'd shoot anyone. "They shhot first and ask questions later !

PRIEST 2 : (Italian)

And, did beliefs change after the Revolution?

A little bothered by what he has heard, HUGH looks outside for a moment, then takes the photograph he kept, out of his jacket. holds it up and looks at it.

PRIEST 1: (OFF) (Italian)

No, this comes from a long way off...Since the Conquest they say that this day of the Dead is a day of visions and miracles, and that through the work of an adverse destiny, the dead come to life...many dead in this country...

PRIEST 3: (Italian)

You see how the railway divagues here from the grove for no apparent reason and then wanders back again parallel to it? It was built by the English, only the Company was paid by the kilometer...

302/6 cont.

PRIEST 2: (Italian)

You don't mean it was laid in this cockeyed fashion just for the sake of the extra mileage do you ?

HUGH turns back to the photograph.

The photograph is the one that shows "a girl covered with a man's jacket is seen leaning, almost lying on several sacks. She has a bottle and a bag at her side. She stares at the camera fixedly, sadly, as if seeing in it all the deep horrors of the war; an attitude similar to one we will see in YVONNE later on.

CUT TO :

INT. YVONNE'S BEDROOM IN THE CONSUL'S HOUSE. MORNING.

307 Through a mirror we see YVONNE waking up and stretching herself, with her hair in disarray. Beside her we see the towel that she had on her hair and pieces of the beauty mask that she had taken off earlier. Her bath robe is rolled up as a pillow, and the sheet shows marks of the lipstick, left by the hands of the CONSUL.

YVONNE stretches and on doing so we see her hands. Her hand enters the frame of the mirror that the camera is focusing on, and following the reflected hand, the frame encounters the real YVONNE.

She sits up, taking a seat in the bed, and combs her hair.

YVONNE takes a magnifying mirror and looks into it thoughtfully.

308 She brushes a few bits left from her beauty mask off her neck and collar bone with the tip of her finger. In doing so she discovers a red mark near her neck, left by the CONSUL. She meditates about it.

She slowly and carefully examines her body with the magnifying mirror. She observes herself with deep concentration, analyzing and re-discovering herself. She looks at her breasts, at her neck...

The mirror, like a magnifying glass, rises until YVONNE encounters the reflection of her own face. Her glance rises also until she discovers her reflection, hand mirror and all, in a larger mirror that she is facing. YVONNE is startled and restless. She lets the mirror fall from her hand on the bed.

309 As she drops the mirror, she rises to her feet energetically and walks across the room in a deliberate manner. She goes to the wardrobe where several dresses are hanging on the door.

310 She takes off the dresses and discovers another mirror, built into the door, which casts her image back at her one more time. She looks at herself for a brief instant, and immediately opens the door and puts the dresses in place, hanging inside the closet.

She closes the door again, turns toward the camera and goes out of frame. The door, not quite closed, swings open squeaking. In the mirror on the door a poster can be seen, showing YVONNE as the "Bump Girl". (change)

- 311 YVONNE lights a cigarette and, exhaling the smoke, looks around her.
- 312 She walks toward some hatboxes and takes them to a closet. She opens the door. The closet has a hanging section, drawers and shelves. She puts the large box on the floor and the other one on a top shelf.
- 313 Something is moved in the closet as she puts away the boxes, causing a douche bag to fall from a shelf.
- 314 YVONNE looks at it expressionless, bends to pick it up and put it in a drawer. When she opens the drawer she finds, among other things, a stack of old letters tied together.
- 314 YVONNE, surprised, picks up the letters.
- 315 Under the letters she discovers several photographs. The top one is of her first husband, with pinmarks all over it and the eyes pierced.
- 314 A Almost without reacting, YVONNE separates it and looks at the rest of the photos.
- 315 A There are several photos of YVONNE alone, and one showing YVONNE and the CONSUL. In this photo the faces of the two have been carefully cut out, leaving their necks and hair intact. One shows them in the Guadalupe Fair. She smiles. Another shows them with LARUELLE drinking happily together. One more has LARUELLE's face carefully cut out.
- 314 B YVONNE throws all the photographs back in the drawer and closes it.
- 314 She opens another drawer and finds a black lacquered box from Michoacan. She appears to be pleased to see it. She takes it out of the drawer with a nostalgic but happy smile.
- 317/2 YVONNE sits down at the dressing table and opens the box.
- Inside the box there's a staged photo of the CONSUL "posing" as a writer, smoking a pipe; a stylized photograph in the theatrical style of the 30's.
- In the balckground we see a portrait of YVONNE, in Magritte style. She takes out another photo...
- ...It's a snapshot, showing the CONSUL writing, informally in his Quauh-hahuac studio, and another taken outside with the CONSUL standing, radiant, holding a bottle of whiskey.
- YVONNE opens the box again and takes out several necklaces and tries them on. She is pleased with herself.
- She also takes out a pair of earrings and puts them on. She smiles.
- She probes further into the box until she finds a locket (cameo).
- YVONNE's look of curiosity and surprise is seen reflected in the mirror of the dressing table. She opens the cameo ominously.
- Inside there's a picture of a one year old baby.
- YVONNE turns pale, stricken by an emotional blow.
- She closes the cameo and shuts it in the box abruptly.

EXT. PORCH AND GARDEN OF THE CONSUL'S HOUSE. MORNING ().

- 319/20 YVONNE goes out to the porch thoughtfully, with a glass of milk in her hand. She hardly looks at the porch and continues to the garden, where she looks at the overgrown ruin.
- 321 She goes over to the pool which is covered with a tarpaulin that is operated by a pulley mechanism. YVONNE pensively goes around the pool toward the mechanism in order to withdraw the tarpaulin.
- She puts down the glass and works the mechanism.
- 322 Slowly and creaking, the tarpaulin withdraws and the pool is revealed. The water is totally stagnant, almost black, full of algae, rotten vegetation and dead bugs. Some small flying insects skim the surface of the water.
- 321 A YVONNE is overcome by the fetid odor of stagnant water.
- YVONNE contemplates the pool a few seconds and then can be seen moving backwards little by little, until she makes a half turn toward the other end of the garden.
- 323 When YVONNE gets to the window of the CONSUL's room she still has the glass of milk in her hand.
- Through the window YVONNE sees the CONSUL sleeping. He is in his bed, in an almost fetal position. A cat walks across the CONSUL's shoulder and he seems not to notice it.
- 324 YVONNE is filled with tenderness. With her index finger she draws the silhouette of the CONSUL on the window. The silhouette is distinctly marked in the dust.
- 323 A Then she silently and carefully closes the window's wooden shutters.

CUT TO :

INT. QUAUHNHUAC MARKETPLACE (2floors) MORNING. ().

- 325 A diffused echoing rumble in indigenous languages can be heard, as if in a temple. The camera shows a large high-roofed market. There is only one shaft of light coming down in the central part of the market, suggesting the interior of a cathedral.
- A darkness produces almost monochromatic images.
- The market is large and has many stands along several aisles. There are many people of a humble appearance, buying and selling. Most of the women are dressed in black. There is a dank air of poverty throughout.
- 326/7 YVONNE appears among the people. She has put on a purple dress, made up her face, and combed her hair always down. She walks through the

central aisle looking at the stands.

She passes a stand with black pottery. The SALESWOMAN, an indian, seems to be asleep, covered with her rebozo.

There is a small altar on the stand with the Virgin of Solitude and lit candelabras. An advertisement for Alas cigarettes is nailed to the wood, and there are little birds, candelabras, doves, butterflies, horses and other black clay objects on the table.

YVONNE tries to ask something, but when it appears that the SALESWOMAN is asleep, she moves on.

328 YVONNE descends an old stairway whose steps are damp, almos wet. A single shaft of light filtering through a high window penetrates the atmosphere, heavy with dust and the oily smoke of frying pans. Several women in rebozos are coming up the stairs. They move to one side to make way for YVONNE.

329 Downstairs everything is darker and damper. With a DOLLY the camera shows the backs of women selling or half asleep in the foreground as YVONNE advances. She passes several stands with dead, plucked, hanging chickens; wreaths for the Day of the Dead, flowers, "charales" and other dried fish. There is smoke throughout.

YVONNE stops, turns around and looks at a display.

330 YVONNE is looking at a stand on which orange-colored xempazúchitl -the classic flower of the dead- are prominent among the other items: prepared dishes, dried apples, figs, "chilacayotes", "huevorreal", pumpkin in syrup, dried devil-fish, "pan de muerto", perhaps some dark candy skulls, and several sacks of seeds.

YVONNE looks at the stand attentively until something makes her turn around.

331 At that moment there is a flurry of papers which falls across the ray of light.

YVONNE looks up.

Above, in an opening with a balcony, a man dressed in black can barely be seen, the SCHOOLTEACHER. He tosses another handfull of leaflets and disappears.

YVONNE catches one of the papers as they fall about her. It is a leaflet with a caricature of Francisco Franco. It is the same leaflet used earlier, in the sequence in Mexico City.

332 YVONNE continues walking past several stands in the market until she comes to one displaying medicinal herbs. There are many little piles of herbs with signs indicating their names and their curative functions.
333 There is a large woman, wrapped in a rebozo, at the extreme end of the herb display.

She has several gold capped teeth. She turns to YVONNE, courteously, but also surprised.

333 CONT.

HERB VENDOR: (Spanish)

Ay Señora... con lo que le gustaban al difunto!
 (Ay señora... He liked them so much when he was
 alive).

She crosses herself.

CUT TO :

EXT. QUAUHNAHUAC CEMETERY. MORNING ()?

334/40 An OLDA WOMAN, under the shade of a leafy tree, reads from a crumpled paper. It's a list which several campesinos chant in a circle. (Fireworks from the Quauhnahuac fair can be heard in the distance. There are incense burners on the foreground).

OLD WOMAN :

Juan Sánchez

CHORUS :

El es Dios...
 (He is God)

OLD WOMAN :

Apolonio Altamirano...

CHORUS :

El es Dios...

The OLD WOMAN continues reading names as the CHORUS responds.

Amidst the gravestones, crowded with the vegetation and with the offerings for the Day of the Dead, the campesinos, women and children -sitting kneeling, and in various positions on the ground- surround the OLD WOMAN and chant in response to the list she reads.

Behind them, the enormous mountains contribute to create an aura of phantasmal solemnity.

Raising a cloud of dust on the road alongside the cemetery, an old SOUND TRUCK appears. Birds take flight as it comes along the road.

SOUND TRUCK : (Spanish)

No se pierda la bonita película "Las Manos de Orlac",
 con Peter Lorre! La terrible historia de un hombre
 que cree tener las manos de un asesino! "Las Manos
 de Orlac", con Peter Lorre!

YVONNE appears behind the cloud of yellow dust. She is carrying a bouquet of flowers for the dead in her arms, as she approaches the cemetery.

334/340 CONT.

A campesino gives a new list to the OLD WOMAN, along with a bottle of aguardiente. The OLD WOMAN takes the new page and drinks from the bottle then passes it on to her neighbor, who takes a drink and passes on the bottle, repeating the operation, circulating the bottle through the group.

YVONNE has entered the cemetery and watches the ceremony for a few seconds.

The OLD WOMAN continues reading the names and the group responds as the bottle passes from hand to hand. Some of the campesinos turn to look at YVONNE.

YVONNE walks among the graves, crowded with the weeds and the offerings until she stops at one of them.

YVONNE bends in front of one grave and deposits the flowers. She is deeply moved and her eyes are damp.

The cross on the grave reads:

GEOFFREY FIRMIN, JR.

The voices of the group of campesinos continue to be heard:

OLD WOMAN (Off)

José Ramirez...

CHORUS (Off)

El es Dios...

OLD WOMAN (Off)

Plutarca Maganda...

CHORUS * (OFF)

El es Dios...

CUT TO :

INT. CONSUL'S BEDROOM. "NIGHT"/MORNING. ().

341/50 The persistent buzzing of flies can be heard as the CONSUL sleeps. He is spread out on the bed, sweating, with his pants open.

It is very dark, but an empty bottle of whiskey can barely be seen at the foot of the bed.

The CONSUL moves his hand as if disturbed by flies and wakes, frightened. For several moments he remains still, in a semiconscious state, with a deadly hangover and a pounding headache.

Later, he sits up and stretches to turn on a lamp on the floor.

On the floor, next to the lamp, in its dim yellow light, there is a plate with the skeleton of a fish and two "charales", covered with dust. There is also a bottle of XX beer, next to an empty bottle of Johnny Walker.

On seeing this, the CONSUL slowly falls back on the bed, looking at the part of the room in front of him, as if trying to determine where he is. He seems to be overcome with an intense internal trembling.

In a slow PAN, always in descent, a part of the CONSUL's room can be seen, apparently from his point of view.

There are many objects in seeming disorder but, somehow, they seem to be in place. Several images are conspicuous: a picture of God in the popular Mexican religious style; the photograph y Toynbee in the lamastery of Lhasa; the illustration from the XXII verse of Doré's "Divine Comedy".

There are other images: The Tree of Life; the Ginsburg illustration of the position of the "sefirot" of the Primordial Man (London, 1865); a medieval depiction of Adam, Eve and the serpent in Paradise; a popular Mexican illustration of the "Powerful Hand of God"; the constellation Acrianus; an esoteric swastika; William Blake's "The Inscription of the Gate"; a poster advertising Hugh Firmin as a guitar performer and blues composer; the popular representation of the Lone Spirit in Purgatory; an Arab talisman in the form of a hand to guard against the devil, together with the symbolic illustration of the cabalistic doctrines, according to Shefa Tal de Shafrai (Hanau 1712).

There is an illustration of Captain Ahab from "Moby Dick", hunting the white whale; the devil "ducismus Triunphatus" (1683); Elifas Levi's Tetragrammaton; "The Creation of the World" from a medieval iconograph; a Star of David; a photograph of a German Navy in the First World War; the T'au Chi t'u symbol of the Yin and Yan or the serpent eating his own tail, etc.

The PAN ends on a mirror in which the CONSUL is seen grasping himself with his arms crossed as if to control his trembling. He turns and smothers his face in the pillow. A dripping sound, which could be heard from the very beginning becomes noticeable.

The CONSUL, with his back to the camera, still lying down and trembling, reaches his hand to the floor, feeling for the bottle of whiskey. He finds it and pulls it toward him, but it's empty and he lets it go, annoyed.

With a trembling hand he again reaches out to the bookshelf. (SLIGHT ZOOM) searches among the books until he finds another bottle, this time, tequila. He brings the bottle to his mouth as he turns and sits up.

Trembling slightly, he takes a long drink. A small stream of alcohol runs down his chin. He begins to feel better and he finishes the rest of the tequila in the bottle and slowly begins to relax. He gradually closes his eyes, apparently able to control his trembling.

In a much less illuminated area, a cat walks on the CONSUL's work table among the piles of old yellowed papers, and other objects. Suddenly, the cat knocks over another bottle.

The bottle falls on the floor and breaks.

The CONSUL opens his eyes, terrified at the sound of the breaking glass.

The cat too is startled.

The CONSUL relaxes again on realizing what has happened. He calls the cat.

The cat goes near the CONSUL.

When the cat is at the foot of the bed, the CONSUL picks him up, and pets him, saying with a cavernous voice:

CONSUL :

What, is that you, my little popocat?
Hello-pussy-my-little-Friapusspuss-my
little-Oedipusspuss..my little Xicotencat...
Cat...Cat who?...Catastrophe...

He pets the cat mechanically, without looking at him. For a moment he seems distracted, lost in thought.

Suddenly an idea occurs to him. He gets to his feet and goes toward the desk.

He sits down at the desk, illuminated only by the single lamp on the floor.

On the desk, on both sides and in front of him we see clippings, photographs and many reproductions such as those previously described. Among them is the classic photograph of the tortured Chinese, and a small wooden boat model with wax figures on the deck.

The CONSUL takes a drink from the bottle of tequila, then removes his pipe from his jacket, blows through it, and places it in his mouth upside down.

He pushes aside the yellowed papers that have been written on, finding beneath them, several clean sheets.

He looks at the writing paper, sucks on his pipe and then picks up the photograph of the tortured Chinese, which is near at hand. He looks at it attentively, but only until a reflection of light in his eyes allows us to see the degree of his agitation.

He searches in his pockets for his tobacco pouch. Not finding it he begins shuffling through the other papers on the desk, looking for the tobacco. In this process, the photo of the Chinese becomes lost in the disordered papers.

Instead of pipe tobacco, he finds a pack of Alas cigarettes. He takes out one cigarette, splits it, opens it and empties the tobacco into his pipe. All this activity is done in a certain mechanical way, at the same time that his attention is concentrated on something else. He picks up a short pencil. Puts his pipe in his mouth and while sucking into it, he makes some large, almost infantile strokes writing the number 666. The CONSUL brushes off the crumbs of tobacco which had fallen on the desk.

Then he picks up the bottle one more time and drinks. He returns the bottle to the desk and, turns the paper upside down, as if to read 999.

He then turns the sheet over rapidly so the clean side is facing him.

His mood has darkened somewhat now. He takes another drink. He is clearly agitated.

Taking the pipe in his hand, he occupies himself for a short time by shuffling through the papers on the desk for a box of matches. He finds one, lights the pipe and inhales. As he exhales the smoke, he follows it, watching it rise slowly until he notices a candle above the desk. He lights the candle and places the match in an ashtray, beside which we see a deck of cards and some other things.

He picks up the deck, his eyes bright with a glint of excitement. It is obvious that an idea has crossed his mind.

He has another drink, then separates one card out from the deck.

The card is the Tarot Emperor. A cut-out photograph of the CONSUL is pasted over the face of the Emperor.

After he looks at the card he extracted, he leafs through the deck until he finds the card of the Magician.

With a smile, he places the Magician card on top of the Emperor card, not covering it completely.

He thumbs through the deck again, pulling out the Wheel of Fortune (Ferris Wheel) card. He places it to the left and slightly above the Emperor card.

He goes through the cards again until he finds the Empress. This card has YVONNE's face pasted over the Empress in a mask like fashion.

The CONSUL places the card to the left and at the same height as that of the Emperor.

Almost at the same time that he does this, he searches the deck and pulls out another card, the Lovers.

He places it so that it doesn't quite cover the Empress, leaving the top of the card with YVONNE's picture showing.

At the same instant he takes out another card, the House of God, and places it symmetrically below the Ferris Wheel.

The CONSUL drinks again. There is a malicious look about him, like a mischievous boy plotting some elaborate dirty trick.

He looks for another card, takes it out of the deck and holds it. As if seeking the right location, he tries it next to the Emperor, but keeps it in his hand.

The card is the Jack of Spades--which also has a mask super-imposed--a carefully cut out photo of HUGH's face.

The CONSUL is unable to decide immediately where to place the card.

After hesitating, he puts it down to the right of the Empress.

He is not satisfied with the placement, picks it up, and tries it out above the two other cards. He then decides to leave it between the two cards, at the same level.

The CONSUL thumbs the deck and removes another card which he places immediately in the center, above the others.

The card is the Jack of Clubs, which like the others, has a face cut out and pasted over the figure. The photo is of JACQUES LARUELLE.

The telephone rings. The sudden sound startles him terribly. He looks up quickly and sees the cat sitting on a chair and staring at him.

The CONSUL appears to be totally frightened. He grows pale and remains where he is without answering it.

Finally he decides to answer it, moving clumsily and knocking things over. He picks up the receiver and listens for a moment without saying anything.

Then, terrorized, he hangs up the phone and looks at it. Something else grabs his attention immediately.

The candle has fallen, setting fire to some papers, which begin to burn rapidly. The fire spreads.

The consul watches the fire, fascinated, until he reacts physically. He then starts to beat at the flames clumsily with his hands. This makes papers fly and spreads the blaze even further. He stops it and grabs up the burning papers, running with them into the bathroom. The camera remains at the desk as other papers continue to burn. One of the wax figures from the deck of the wooden boat model falls near a burning paper. We see it melt as it comes in contact with the heat of the flames.

CUT TO :

INT. BATHROOM CONSUL'S HOUSE. MORNING ().

- 351 The bathroom door opens violently. Upon entering the CONSUL stands paralyzed, impressed at the bright daylight that invades the room. He closes his eyes, blinded by the light, but hardly stops. He runs toward the water basin where he throws out all the papers.

He wipes the sweat from his forehead and at that moment sees the red blur on the mirror. Through a spot unmarked by the lipstick, there's an intense brightness reflected from the exterior light.

- 352 The CONSUL opens the faucets but no water comes out. With his hands he smothers the flames on the still burning papers. He gets his hands dirty with the ashes, while he perspires heavily.

Then he realizes his hands are blackened and rubs them in an exaggerated fashion. He lifts his eyes and finds his own image blackened by the ashes and reflected on the red of the mirror.

CUT TO :

INT. YVONNE'S BEDROOM CONSUL'S HOUSE. MORNING ().

353/60 The door at YVONNE's room creaks open, slowly; the CONSUL looks inside opening the room little by little until he can see the whole room.

There's no one in the room and the curtains are closed.

The clock stopped at the hour of the CONSUL's impotency and now silence is total. Everything is clean and orderly. YVONNE's suitcases, clothes and cosmetics are out of sight. There's a remarkable order in the relative darkness of the room.

The CONSUL walks through the room with a slow pace. He looks at everything without understanding -his ideas scrambled and chaotic. He can only think that YVONNE has left, if she was ever there at all. He looks at the photographs and passes a finger on one of YVONNE's pictures. He notes that it's clean, spotless. For a moment he feels a terrible desolation and falls on the bed. He looks at his watch.

The CONSUL lies down on the bed and an internal agitation contorts his body slowly and painfully until he turns almost in a fetal position, with his back to the camera.

Something, however, attracts his attention and makes him sit up and turn slowly, looking first toward the mirror, then in the direction indicated by the reflection.

POV CONSUL: A large black moth can be seen on a curtain.

Through the mirror the CONSUL is seen with his back turned; he seems to be still. Then his movements take on a certain cadence; it's impossible to determine whether he is sleeping, crying or trembling with sobs. There is complete silence. The rhythm of his movements seems to increase until he suddenly stretches out his hand feeling for the cream and plunges the hand in it, covering it with cream.

Then he turns upwards; the CONSUL is masturbating violently with the hand full of cream, and is reaching the climax. As he ejaculates, he is somewhat contorted and then lies down again on his side, but this time towards the camera, like an animal in agony. His breathing slows down until the CONSUL remains quite still, as if in a deep sleep.

CUT TO :

EXT. RAILROAD STATION. QUAUHNAHUAC. MORNING. ().

361/66 A sign on the railroad station reads:

QUAUHNAHUAC
HABITANTES
ALTITUD DEL RIEL
SOBRE EL NIVEL DEL MAR

OFF, a choir of women and children can be heard singing in Spanish:

CHORUS :

Venid y vamos todos...

....CHORUS :

con flores a María
con flores a porfía
que nuestra madre es...

(Come let's all go, with flowers
to Mary, - our Mother...)

The camera opens and PANNING discovers the station platform that is full of PRIESTS, WOMEN IN BLACK AND CHILDREN FROM CHURCH SCHOOLS, singing. They have gathered to meet the train which is, at that moment, coming into the station. It comes closer and stops in front of the wall where the rail barrier indicates the end of the line: it's impossible to go further.

In the crowd there are PEOPLE CARRYING PLACARDS that read: CONSTRUYAMOS EL TEMPLO DE LA VIRGEN DE LA SOLEDAD, BIENVENIDO SEÑOR OBISPO, etc.

About twenty PRIESTS peer out the train windows.

The train stops with a last gasp.

The PRIESTS pass bundles and suitcases through the windows to the people below; others descend and are welcomed by the women in black.

HUGH appears among them, getting off the train. He's in a hurry, carrying two big shopping bags with food and bottles.

HUGH goes toward the station exit, making his way, with difficulty, through the mob. The chorus has continued throughout the sequence.

HUGH suddenly stops, ill at ease and surprised; an old, miserable, toothless woman has pushed through the crowd, directly toward him, stopping in front of him with her hand extended, begging.

CUT TO :

EXT. NICARAGUA STREET AT THE BARRANCA. QUAUHNABUAC. DAY.

367/9

The camera discovers the dark bottom of the barranca, converted into a garbage dump, and rises to view the bridge crossing the Barranca, at the beginning of Nicaragua Street and La Vista, in the heart of Quauh-nahuac. HUGH, in a good humor crosses the bridge, going in the direction of the CONSUL's house. He is alone, humming and whistling "El Quinto Regimiento" enjoying the fresh morning air as he starts up the winding, steep street.

HUGH is carrying two large bags.

Suddenly HUGH's pace slows and he almost stops when he sees a large group of horses coming in the opposite direction. The horses are followed by a flock of doves as they raise clouds of dust in their descent to the stables in Nicaragua Street.

As the horses go by, HUGH, fresh and radiant turns to watch the horses, without ever stopping his ascent or putting down his bags.

CUT TO :

EXT. GATE. CONSUL'S HOUSE. MORNING. ().

- 370 Again, like in # 96 , we see the gate and the lock at the CONSUL's house in a close shot.

This time it's HUGH's hand that comes into the frame to open the door. The other hand is holding the bags with the food.

- 371 HUGH, holding the big over-filled bags, carefully regains balance and goes in. Suddenly he hears some noise and turns toward the door.
- 372 The pariah dog again has come into the yard.
- 373 HUGH leaves the bags on the bench, retreats a few steps, he goes to the gate and makes a gesture...
- 372 A ...to the dog, that returns and leaves at a run.

- 373 HUGH closes the gate and goes toward the house. He walks a few steps with his eyes looking down, goes near the bench where he left the bags, lifts his eyes and looks thunder-struck.

- 374 POV HUGH, with a bright sun behind her, like a vision "or some object woven with filaments of the past", YVONNE is found cutting flowers on the stepladder. There are some flowers beside her. For a moment YVONNE remains still, like a photograph that is suddenly animated as she turns slightly toward HUGH with a happy, teasing but also melancholy smile.

YVONNE :

Hello, Hugh, how are you?

- 375 HUGH, surprised as can be, doesn't know what to do. He is glued to the spot and turns pale with emotional shock. It is only after a few seconds that he begins to stammer, almost to himself, in a hardly audible voice:

HUGH :

Holy ghost...!

The impact of the meeting is prolonged a bit more, until HUGH finally reacts. He smiles, unable to believe his eyes, then slaps his hands on his thighs, without taking his eyes off YVONNE. He remembers an old game between the two of them, and approaches her to begin an "interview", an old joke.

HUGH :

What's your favorite color?

- 376 YVONNE hesitates a moment before answering and entering the game:

YVONNE :

Red...!

HUGH :

And your favorite sport ?

377 YVONNE is amused and "poses" with a certain affectation.

YVONNE :

Horseback riding!

HUGH :

What part do you dream of playing?

378 YVONNE holds a flower with both hands and answers with a theatrical air:

YVONNE :

Ophelia !

HUGH :

Who made her first screen appearance
in "Pandora's Box", by Rabst in the
year nineteen hundred and twenty eight?

379 Both of them answer in chorus:

YVONNE & HUGH :

Yvonne Griffaton!

380 HUGH attempts to be grandiloquent:

HUGH :

Yvonne the Terrible, the Bump Girl!

381 YVONNE, making light of herself, sits on the stepladder with the flowers.

YVONNE :

The Oomph Girl...

382 HUGH, disarmed, smiles and sits down on a garden bench without being able to take his eyes off her. He is startled and confused, with a painful nostalgia, but completely fascinated.

He is completely absorbed in looking at YVONNE, with his head supported by his fist and his elbow resting on his leg. He finally shakes his head and tries to smile.

HUGH :

Too much...!

He keeps silent, not knowing what to say, and makes a gesture.

HUGH :

I mean...to meet you here...! My God..!

He is silent again for a moment until, with disconcerted frankness, he exclaims:

HUGH :

And now...? What am I supposed to do?

383 YVONNE, still seated on the stepladder, with her face leaning on her hand, doesn't stop looking at him, endearingly and amused, as if she were dealing with a small boy.

YVONNE :

You look like Tom Mix...

384 HUGH can't avoid smiling now, naturally and at ease. He simulates a pistol with his index finger and thumb and, imitating an actor in a western, "aims at her" out of the corner of his eye and "fires".

385 YVONNE, going along with the game, grasps herself at the heart as if she'd been hit.

386 HUGH blows the smoke from the barrel of the imaginary pistol and adds:

HUGH :

You're dead.

He is still fascinated and keeps looking at her with a tender, nostalgic smile.

387 She also looks at him smiling, her face resting on her hand in a child-like manner.

388 HUGH continues looking at her...For a moment there is a subtle tension, until HUGH snaps back to "reality", stops smiling, and looks toward the house.

HUGH :

Where's Geoffrey?

389 YVONNE is taken by surprise, but tries to maintain control of herself.

YVONNE :

Last night he was at the Red Cross dance...
the poor guy is very tired....

HUGH :

Old Popeye filled himself with spinach again...eh?

YVONNE tries to smile, then gets up and walks down the stepladder with the flowers in her hands. She stops at the bottom step, trying not to appear ill at ease

YVONNE :

My God! To think that this was
once a wonderful garden...

390 HUGH also gets up, motivated by YVONNE's movement, thus standing very
close to her.

HUGH :

You look splendid !

YVONNE gives him the flowers and says, with a sharp humor:

YVONNE :

Close your shirt !

391 HUGH takes the flowers clumsily and, at the same time tries to obey her
command. He drops some flowers and fails to get his shirt buttoned. He
smiles foolishly.

392 YVONNE, frankly amused, walks in front of him coquettishly. With his
free hand, he stops her, taking her by the arm.

HUGH :

But what are you doing here?
Weren't you divorced from Geoff?

YVONNE is disconcerted at HUGH's candor.

YVONNE :

Yes...No, yes...I've come
to him...that is...

393 YVONNE, on answering has turned to face HUGH, who keeps on the offen-
sive:

HUGH :

Then you don't know if you've
divorced my brother ?

YVONNE lowers her eyes.

YVONNE :

Oh, yes...I'm divorced...

394 HUGH, awkward and disconcerted, turns and moves a few steps away from
YVONNE. He deposits the flowers on the steps mechanically and, without
turning toward YVONNE adds, in a low, grave voice:

HUGH :

Why didn't you show up for
our date in Paris...?

395 Although HUGH has his back to YVONNE, she looks the other way before
answering:

395 cont.

YVONNE :

Hugh...that is all over...

396 HUGH turns and faces YVONNE.

HUGH :

Then wouldn't it be much easier for you if I were to leave right now? In any case...in any case, they're waiting for me in Veracruz (seriously) I'm leaving in a boat for Spain... I have to go to Veracruz tonight...

397 YVONNE turns to look at him. Apparently she didn't notice what he said about Spain.

YVONNE :

Yes...yes it would be. Although, oh Hugh, I didn't want to tell you, except that...

She hesitates and then turns to look at the house.

398 HUGH, troubled, also looks at the house, then toward YVONNE.

HUGH :

Except that...?

CUT TO :EXT. PORCH. CONSUL'S HOUSE. MORNING ().

399 The CONSUL is in the doorway of the porch, staggering and murmuring in an almost inaudible voice:

CONSUL :

Help...!

He collapses. The camera is inside the house, at the CONSUL's back. When he falls, we see YVONNE running through the garden toward the house (toward the camera). On falling, the CONSUL whispers:

CONSUL :

Where's my banjo...?

CUT TO :EXT. GARDEN. CONSUL'S HOUSE. MORNING. ().

400 HUGH was about to follow YVONNE but held back. After a few directionless steps, trying to relax and clarify his mind, he is still restless.

He suddenly faces the flowers, he looks at them but does not touch them. He takes the rolled up newspaper out of his jacket pocket and hits himself on the back of the neck a few times, then returns it to his pocket.

He goes toward them, but stops when he hears several shots in the distance, and turns in the direction of the sound.

CUT TO :

INT. BATHROOM. CONSUL'S HOUSE. MORNING. ().

41/10 YVONNE has helped the CONSUL up and into the bathroom, where he is sitting on the covered toilet. Dismayed and solicitous, YVONNE wipes the perspiration from the CONSUL's forehead in a maternal way. He whispers in a thin, trembling, almost inaudible voice:

CONSUL :

Like once in May...the day of the Dead...
they come again...(to Yvonne). We must go
to Tomalin....remember ?

YVONNE answers automatically, without paying attention:

YVONNE :

Yes...

The CONSUL carresses her hair as it hangs in front of him, covering it with what remains of the cream, without YVONNE realizing it.

YVONNE gets up and goes to the basin for water. She is surprised to find the burned papers. After wondering about them for a moment, she opens the faucets, but there is no water, only the sound of it gurgling in the pipes.

YVONNE raises her eyes, facing the red blur on the mirror which prevents her from seeing the cream on her hair.

OFF screen, the CONSUL is whispering bits of the Coleridge poem which seems to obsess him.

CONSUL :

...Her locks...yellow as gold: Her skin...
as white as leprosy, the nightmare...Life-in-
death...was she, who thickens man's blood with cold...

YVONNE doesn't seem to hear him. She goes looking for water.

When the CONSUL stops whispering he looks around for YVONNE. She is gone.

CONSUL :

Strange...

He gets up with difficulty and goes to the bathroom, limping.

He leans on the basin and sees the papers.

The CONSUL is alarmed. He stands in front of the mirror and looks at the red blur, expressionless, leaning on the basin. Then he makes a half turn...

...and goes toward the shelf of the vertical mirror, where he picks up a crystal bottle. Suddenly happy, he incoherently recites another Coleridge stanza:

401/419 CONT.

CONSUL :

I fear thee, ancient mariner!
I fear thy skinny hand !

He opens the bottle and smells it.

CONSUL :

And thou art long and lank and
brown as is the ribb'd sea-sand...

He takes a long drink from the bottle and lets out a long "ahhh" of satisfaction.

Then he limps toward the shower, opening it with a broad theatrical gesture. He recites in a lively voice:

CONSUL :

I fear thee and thy glittering eye..!

He gets to the shower and goes in without undressing...

...He opens the faucet, but...

...no water comes out; only the noise of the pipes can be heard. The CONSUL laughs and, "overacting", continues to recite, amusing himself.

CONSUL :

They groan'd, they stirr'd, they all
uprose, nor spake, nor moved their eyes;
it had been strange, even in a dream...
To have seen those dead men rise...

YVONNE returns with a pitcher of drinking water in one hand. She looks for the CONSUL and does not find him. His voice OFF reciting the end of the stanza, enables her to discover where he is.

YVONNE gets to the shower where the CONSUL is taking another drink from the crystal bottle. As he puts it down he makes a deep prolonged, satisfied ahh! that could be confused with a groan. Then he discovers YVONNE.

CONSUL: (TO YVONNE)

It's not bad...it tastes like pernod...

YVONNE approaches and sees the bottle.

YVONNE :

Oh, Geoffrey, this is lotion !

She grabs the bottle and places it out of reach.

The CONSUL, still shaking but with less intensity, leaves the shower and approaches YVONNE, smiling tenderly.

She smiles back and then, efficiently, takes his jacket off and makes him sit on the toilet seat cover. She wets the towel on the pitcher of water and starts cleaning his face as if he were a child.

CUT TO :

EXT. GARDEN/PORCH. CONSUL'S HOUSE. MORNING ().

420 HUGH gets to the porch lost in thought, not even realizing that he's still carrying the bags and flowers.

He stops a moment.

He looks around him and sits down on the bench. He becomes conscious of the bags and flowers and puts them on the table.

His normal rythm is broken and he takes a moment to regain himself. He reaches into the bag and takes out a bottle of rum and takes a long drink, then empties the bags on the table, taking out an assortment of jars, cans, bottles and smaller bags of food.

CUT TO :

INT. BATHROOM. CONSUL'S HOUSE. MORNING.

421/3 The CONSUL gets up from the toilet seat cover, and goes to the shelf where YVONNE put down the bottle of lotion.

CONSUL : (happy)

Oh happy living things ! No tongue
their beauty might declare...

He goes toward the basin where, in a formal manner, he pours some of the lotion in a glass and stirs the "drink" with the toothbrush, then goes on mumbling the song.

CONSUL :

A spring of love gush'd from my
heart, and I bless'd them unaware...

He drinks and seems to feel better.

He looks at the mirror, still blurred with lipstick. Just becoming conscious of the blur, he with great simplicity, starts to wipe it with the sleeve of his jacket. While doing so, he discovers HUGH's reflection in a corner of the mirror, as he comes through the frame outside the window. The curtain is partly open.

The CONSUL turns toward the camera, terrorized.

CUT TO :

EXT. THE CONSUL'S GARDEN. IN FRONT OF BATHROOM. MORNING ().

424/30 HUGH tries to adopt a good humored attitude and greets the CONSUL through the window, which is still closed.

HUGH :

How's our ruddy monarch ?

HUGH raises the bottle of rum as if in a toast.

The CONSUL laughs out loud, hoarsely, toasts HUGH with the glass, and challenging him, places his elbow on the window ledge.

CONSUL :

Hi, you old snake in the grass..

HUGH knows the game and accepts it. He places his elbow on the window sill also and wraps his forearm around that of the CONSUL as if to make a cross armed toast that is also a contest of strength. In order to drink it is necessary to bend the opponent's arm forward.

HUGH :

Hi, you ancient spirit of the abyss...

They begin the game in good humor, with smiles suppressed by their muscular tension. With each exerting maximum force, they appear to be equal.

Then HUGH gets a slight advantage.

HUGH looks at the CONSUL straight in the eye and, in spite of the muscular tension, adds seriously:

HUGH :

I'm going to Spain, Geoff...it's all set...

The CONSUL becomes serious for a moment on hearing the news. Then he tries to lighten the situation with a joke.

CONSUL :

It's a pity...it's not easy to find someone to drink with to the bottom of the bowl...

He smiles.

CUT TO :

INT. BATHROOM CONSUL'S HOUSE. MORNING. ().

431/5 YVONNE returns with a seltzer bottle in her hand. She looks at the window where HUGH and the CONSUL are struggling.

431/5 cont.

431/432 cont.

The CONSUL and HUGH turn toward YVONNE, outside of the frame. With the distraction, HUGH slackens totally and the CONSUL wins the game. HUGH, in losing, drops the bottle of rum, which shatters on the floor.

YVONNE realizes the reaction she has produced.

The CONSUL looks at the broken bottle a moment, then looks at HUGH and, turns toward YVONNE, asking ironically:

CONSUL :

Have you two met ?

The CONSUL hands the plastic glass to HUGH as if nothing had happened.

HUGH takes the glass but, stunned by the incident, he doesn't drink.

The CONSUL gets up and, looking at YVONNE intensely, speaks with repressed fury:

CONSUL :

My brother and I...We have a lot in common...
(he smiles). Not to mention the war, the struggle
to win which, I continue in a bottle and you with
the ideas I hope may prove less calamitous to you
than did our father's to him, or for that matter
mine to myself...

YVONNE, foreseeing the course of the discussion, walks forward and interposes herself between the two, with a maternal air and starts to close the window.

YVONNE :

I have to shave your brother, Hugh.

HUGH nods and withdraws from the window.

YVONNE closes the window.

CUT TO :

EXT. GARDEN AND PORCH. CONSUL'S HOUSE. MORNING ().

436/42 HUGH retreats a few more steps and stops. He lifts the glass to drink, but recognizes the odor of the plastic glass, wonders about it for a moment and, throws the contents in the pool.

When the liquid falls in the fetid water, the insects scurry away from it.

HUGH watches, half nauseated by the spectacle, and walks to the porch.

HUGH takes off his jacket and sits in front of the table filled with bottles, jars and stacks.

Still looking at the bottles and holding the empty plastic glass in his hand, he opens a bottle of whiskey and pours a drink.

436/42 cont.

He looks toward the bathroom thoughtfully, then all around him, and once again at the bottles. Then he gets up decisively.

He goes to another corner of the porch and lifts a medium sized seabag off a hanger.

He takes a bundle of shirts, a towel and other clothing items in disorder, and puts them in the bag.

He looks around and picks up several books. Jack London's "The Valley of the Moon" stands out among them. He gets some papers and sheet music and puts them all in the bag.

He puts a camera and several rolls of film in the bag.

He then realizes that YVONNE's silk scarf is on the floor near the hammock. He picks it up, smells it and feels its texture, looks around cautiously, then places it in his pants pocket.

He picks up an old, rusty razor and his tooth brush, and is about to put them in the bag, when he hears the voice of the CONSUL (OFF) and turns toward the door.

GEORGE:

Nonsense...

The CONSUL reappears through the door of the living room. He is erect, calm and in a good mood. Contrary to his normal custom, he is wearing a tie, a mark of elegance and respectability, but he is barefooted, carrying his shoes and socks in his hand as one might a top hat.

HUGH is disconcerted for a moment. He gets up, smiles approvingly at the elegant presence of the CONSUL, and comments, jokingly, but with a certain pride:

HUGH:

Oh, it's our beautiful English poet!

The CONSUL, also proud of himself, has a wide smile.

CONSUL:

Unmistakably, a figure of complete respectability, undergoing perhaps a slight mutation.

He looks at the table on which HUGH had set out the bottles and snacks.

CONSUL:

This is perchance the whole point for celebration!

He hums, smiling, then addresses HUGH, almost singing:

CONSUL:

Will you, won't you, will you, won't you,
will you join the dance...?

HUGH :

There's a porpoise close behind us,
and he's treading on my tail....!

The CONSUL laughs, goes near HUGH, and carrying always his shoes and socks in his hand, starts "acting" a music-hall number, singing the Carroll-Hewitt song:

CONSUL :

Will you walk into my parlour?
Said the spider to the fly
'Tis the prettiest little parlour
That ever you did spy...

HUGH, laughing, goes into the game, and sings with the CONSUL, both jokingly dancing.

CONSUL & HUGH :

(Will you, won't you, will you...
Will you.....join in the dance...?)
You can really have no notion
how delightful it will be
when they take us up and throw us,
with the lobsters, to the sea...
(Will you, won't you, will you...)
What matters it how far we go?
His scaly friend replied
There is another shore, you know,
upon in the other side,
The further off from England
The nearer is to France.....

Little by little, the rythm of the game builds as they're filled with memories of better and happier times.

HUGH finally regains his humor. Both of them now share a brotherly enjoyment of one another.

YVONNE enters the porch, and leans on the door frame. She has taken off the apron, combed her hair and looks beautiful.

THE CONSUL sees her.

He goes toward YVONNE, and with a teasing bow, invites her to dance.

They take a few joking steps, then change to a smooth soft dance, holding each other affectionately. She rests her head on his shoulder.

HUGH looks at them. The change surprises him. He smiles with a certain nostalgia, perhaps a bitter acceptance, but in any case, he appears happy for them.

Hugh goes to the victrola, finds a record, puts in on the machine and turns off the radio.

It is "YVONNE's theme" -which was heard in the sequence in the BELLA-

VISTA BAR.

YVONNE, moved, looks at HUGH, then at the CONSUL. She rests her head on the CONSUL's shoulder and continues dancing.

The CONSUL slows down his r.ythm and holds YVONNE tightly around the waist. She seems happy with her head on his shoulder.

The CONSUL with relative malice, whispers in YVONNE's ear. He speaks in a pretended romantic tone that is not without irony.

CONSUL :

You forever and forever you; in bars and out of bars, in fields and out of fields, in boats and out of boats...I would rather use your toothbrush than my own; I would love you the same if you had one ear, or one eye; if you were bald or dumb; if you had syphilis, I would be the same; it is the love that one stronger algebraic symbol has for its multiple --or complement...it cannot live without the other...

YVONNE smiles, but the CONSUL, without an apparent motive, stops smiling and lets go of YVONNE. He begins to limp as if to justify his action. He goes toward HUGH and says, seriously, almost ordering:

CONSUL :

Change of lobster !

The CONSUL returns to his seat. He gulps his drink and begins putting on his shoes.

HUGH, trying not to show his confusion, almost timidly, begins to dance with YVONNE, who has suddenly become very tense.

The CONSUL glances at them with a Machiavellic smile.

The CONSUL drinks. HUGH and YVONNE dance rigidly, formally and uncomfortably, their steps out of rythm with the music.

The CONSUL rolls up the newspaper brought by HUGH and using it as a telescope observes HUGH and YVONNE.

A certain tension is created.

HUGH starts joking as he dances trying to brake the tension, mimicking a Fred Astaire dance routine.

YVONNE laughs at the familiar routine.

In spite of the jokes meant to brake the strain, a certain erotic tension is difficult to overcome.

The CONSUL notices this and addresses HUGH:

CONSUL :

You probably wouldn't have expected a communist to have a dog named Harpo, or would you?

HUGH looks at the CONSUL dryly and stops dancing.

The CONSUL gets to his feet and walks a few steps.

CONSUL :

When the Fascists win there'll only be a sort of "freezing" of culture in Spain...

HUGH: (bothered)

Geoffrey, the Fascists will not win !

The CONSUL walks to where HUGH had left the jacket. He looks at it and puts in on.

CONSUL :

Don't be absurd...in fact, they have already won! and it's actually better that way and get it over with.

He looks at HUGH as if waiting for an answer.

HUGH contains his rage. He looks at YVONNE.

YVONNE looks at HUGH inquisitively.

YVONNE :

Hugh, you're not thinking of going back to Spain now, are you, by any chance ?

HUGH is about to answer, but doesn't. He looks at the CONSUL a few seconds, and then at YVONNE.

HUGH (dryly):

No, no Yvonne...How do you suppose one could get in anyway, at this late date...

The CONSUL gets up and goes toward the porch. When he gets there, he directs himself to HUGH:

CONSUL :

Ereikia, the one who tearse asunder. Alpelki, the misleaders or turners aside; and those who attack their prey by tremulous motion,

436/442 CONT.

CONSUL (cont)

Dresop...all those demons, the flesh unclothed and the evil questioners, all, at one time or another, have visited my bed..!

YVONNE :

Geoffrey, please...

CONSUL :

It wasn't my fault. They made me kill them. I didn't make the war.

HUGH :

What are you talking about ?

CONSUL :

Everything about the Samaritan was a ruse... That black entrance that looks as though it might be the entrance of the forecastle, that's a shift too...There's an antircraft gun stowed away snugly in there! The Germans tried to make it over and I ordered the stockers to put them in the furnaces...!

HUGH :

I already know...You've told me about it. But it wasn't that way. It's not that simple.

CONSUL :

Yes, I know it isn't simple. Jacques is still there. He hasn't moved an inch...

YVONNE :

Geoffrey, for God's sake...!

HUGH :

Who...? Who hasn't...?

CONSUL :

Jacques! Jacques Laruelle...!

He looks at YVONNE with a devilish brilliance in his eyes, then at HUGH.

CONSUL :

I really think you ought to get together, you have something in common...I'll speak to him... you might enjoy his house...it's always mildly amusing...

436/442 CONT.

436/442 cont.

YVONNE :

Geoffrey, for God's Sake...! Hugh, don't let your brother go on drinking...

CONSUL :

Half brother, and don't forget it...!

YVONNE :

Please, Hugh, don't go now. You have to help me.

HUGH :

Please Hugh! Help me...

YVONNE goes into the house, following the CONSUL. We remain with HUGH for a moment. He is disconcerted and looking at his sea bag.

CUT TO :INT. CONSUL'S HOUSE. MORNING.

443/4 The CONSUL is talking on the telephone with apparent calmness. While he speaks he is fidgeting with the newspaper, which he has neither put down nor unrolled in the entire sequence.

CONSUL :

Jacques ? Salut ! C'est Geoff...I've got a little surprise for you...

At that moment YVONNE enters the room, looking at the CONSUL.

CONSUL :

Jacques, do you still have that film you showed me?

YVONNE looks at the CONSUL, surprised.

CONSUL :

Alright Jacques. We'll be over there...a tout de suite!

The CONSUL hangs up the phone, smiles and looks at YVONNE. Without wanting to, he lowers his eyes and is paralyzed on noticing the headline on the partially unrolled newspaper:

"ES INEVITABLE LA MUERTE..." (DEATH IS INEVITABLE...)

CUT TO :INT. LIVING ROOM. TOWER LARUELLE. DAY ().

445/46 (Screen). An old, streaked black and white film is projected on a small screen. It begins with a title in an over-decorated frame and a blare of music in the style of the early thirties.

445/460 cont.

" THE RETURN OF YVONNE CONSTABLE "

JACQUES LARUELLE is standing near an old projector with his eyes fixed on the screen. He is smiling as he exhales the smoke of a large cigar, which he holds in the same hand as a drink.

(Screen) YVONNE appears in some film studio of the period. She is decked out with jewels and a long gown, in the luxurious and ostentatious sophisticated style of the time.

NARRATOR (off):

"Look out, you saring sirens and glamour girls.
Yvonne Constable, the 'Boomp Girl' is back for
the second time..."

YVONNE is sitting in the improvised projection room and like the others in the room is watching the screen. She seems very tense.

NARRATOR (off):

"Yes, Yvonne is back, determined to conquer
Hollywood again..."

YVONNE bites her lower lip and takes a short drink from her glass.

(Screen) YVONNE smiles broadly in the style of the great stars of the epoch. She is dressed and lighted as if in a film by Von Sternberg.
(The narrator pauses and the music continues).

HUGH is seated further to the front. He watches the screen in ecstasy, with his glass leaning on his cheek.

The CONSUL is seated, glass in hand, watching the screen with a gloomy smile. He starts to take a drink, but then lowers it without touching his mouth, and looks at it thoughtfully.

(Screen) STILLS OF YVONNE/CHILD: on the beach; under some volcanoes; with her father.

NARRATOR (off):

The Honolulu Hellion, from the land of the sea
and the beautiful volcanoes, at 12 was a war-
whooping tomboy, disobeying everyone but her
adored Dad...

(Screen) SCENE OF A SILENT FILM in which YVONNE, as Lillian Gish, suffers in a blizzard, while a white-haired man, her father, makes gestures and shouts. The subtitle says: NO, DADDY...NO! (piano music superimposed, accompanies the film fragment).

LARUELLE inhales his cigar and, without taking his eyes off the screen, moves near YVONNE, then turns to refill her glass. YVONNE is still tense.

NARRATOR (Off)

"At 14, she became the unforgettable child actress that left us all these wonderful scenes, until years later she became the leading lady to Bill Hodson..."

(Screen). Another scene of YVONNE, now a young lady. She is dressed as a cow girl and gallops in the prairie with her leading man. (Adventure-movie music).

NARRATOR (Off):

"...With whom she was submerged in burning lakes and facing the most terrible dangers !"

(Screen) YVONNE submerged in a burning lake as in the movies of Pearl White or Ruth Rowland.

NARRATOR (Off):

"...SUSPENDED over precipices..."

(Screen) YVONNE about to fall off a tremendous precipice.

NARRATOR (Off):

"...ABOUT TO DIE IN THE SNOW...or about to be run over by a train !"

(Screen) YVONNE trembling and near death in the snow.

(Screen) YVONNE tied to a rail. The train draws near.

(Screen) A subtitle appears: CONTINUED NEXT WEEK: (the music rises to a climax).

HUGH is fascinated by the film. LARUELLE moves toward HUGH to refill his glass.

HUGH breaks away for a moment from the fascination of the film to ask LARUELLE:

HUGH :

Haven't you made any more films?

LARUELLE smiles and pours.

LARUELLE :

Not since I left Hollywood....

HUGH takes a drink and adds with admiration:

HUGH :

Ah, You worked in Hollywood !

LARUELLE, with a light, blasé smile:

LARUELLE :

Yes, but I don't want to know anything about it.

(Screen) Several film posters, front pages from magazines and publicity photos of YVONNE as the 'Bump Girl'.

NARRATOR (Off):

"Today she laughs merrily when she remembers the young determined girl who became the famous 'Bump Girl'..."

YVONNE, in the living room, is nervous and upset. She is biting a finger nail.

(Screen) Stills from various films are shown on the screen:

NARRATOR (Off):

"...to the girl who would synthesize an entire Golden Era of film history...directed by the most important film makers of her time: David Ward Griffith, Mauritz Stiller, Jacques Laruelle, Josef Von Sternberg, Cecil Blount de Mille... Clarence Brown and Ernest Lubitch..."

(Screen) YVONNE boards a ship and waves good-bye to a group of newspaper cameramen taking pictures.

NARRATOR (Off):

"Later, as she smilingly puts it, she was rescued from Hollywood..."

LARUELLE pours a drink for himself and leaves the bottle next to the CONSUL, an "accomplice". The CONSUL keeps his hand over his own untouched glass, refusing to drink. Then he thinks it over, moves the drink close to a flower pot, and empties it into the pot.

(Screen) (Wedding music) STILLS OF YVONNE's wedding: in the church, leaving the church, posing with her husband and distinguished guests, in the wedding party, etc...

NARRATOR (Off):

"And before long, she married Cliff Wright, the millionaire playboy. Many of us regretted to see her go...but he came into her life at a moment when she was lonely and longing for love and companionship."

Yvonne is in the living room, her tension growing all the time.

(Screen) Several newspaper headlines and stills show YVONNE leaving the court with dark glasses and raised collar, like Greta Garbo, with an air of suffering, not wanting to have anything to do with the world.

Inside the living room, the CONSUL is tense and closes his eyes.

(Screen) The film continues with images of YVONNE surrounded by newspapermen.

NARRATOR (OFF):

"YVONNE has been a victim of 'bad Press' about her divorce...."

In the living room: YVONNE can't put up with any more. She suddenly gets to her feet and walks toward a door leading to the adjoining terrace.

NARRATOR (OFF):

"And now Yvonne is back in Hollywood...she has no time in her life now for love, she thinks of nothing but her work...!"

YVONNE passes in front of HUCH, who is disconcerted and hesitates. He gets up, but then looks behind him and stays where he is.

LARUELLE, at the projector, is surprised to see YVONNE leave the room.

The CONSUL, after hesitating, gets to his feet also. He looks at his untouched glass for a moment. It seems as if he is about to drink, but he resists, puts it down, and follows YVONNE, walking erect and with dignity.

CUT TO :

EXT. TERRACE. LARUELLE'S HOUSE. DAY.

461 YVONNE is on the terrace next to the living room where the film is being projected. She is very tense and agitated. (distant shots throughout the sequence).

462 The CONSUL walks close to YVONNE. He is erect and apparently calm, but in reality he is somewhat confused and ashamed.

463 YVONNE turns to the CONSUL and puts her hand on top of his.

YVONNE :

Please Geoffrey...I didn't want to be drawn into this. Let's make some excuse and get away as quickly as possible...I don't mind how many drinks you have after...!

464 The CONSUL automatically becomes very serious, almost offended:

CONSUL :

I wasn't aware I said anything about drinks

CONSUL:(cont)

now or after, it's you that have the
thought into my head...

465 YVONNE suddenly speaks with a plaintive voice.

YVONNE :

Haven't you got any tenderness or love
left for me at all...?

466 The CONSUL is pensive, detached, with a suppressed painfulness. He
can't look at YVONNE's face.

YVONNE :

Don't you think of anything except of
how many drinks you're going to have?

CONSUL :

Yes...Yes, I do, oh my God, Yvonne...!

YVONNE tries to get him to look at her, but he can't confront her, and
refuses to look in her direction. He finally rejects her and moves
away, leaving the terrace through another door, not the one through
which they entered.

CUT TO :INT. BEDROOM. LARUELLE'S HOUSE. DAY.

467/71 The CONSUL enters Jacques's overdecorated and dark bedroom.

Almost immediately, YVONNE enters behind the CONSUL. She is overwhel-
med and upset.

The CONSUL turns toward her, dryly:

CONSUL :

Listen, are you asking me to extricate us
from all this, or are you starting to exhort
me again about drinking ?

YVONNE :

Oh, I'm not exhorting you, really I'm not.
I'll never exhort you again. I'll do anything
you ask.

The CONSUL looks at YVONNE, irritated and harrassed.

CONSUL :

Then....

But he keeps silent on seeing that she is looking at him with warm tenderness. He is disarmed and doesn't know what to do, and that in itself irritates him also.

YVONNE :

But I'm back. Can't you see it? We're here together again, it's us. Can't you be happy for this time only, without reserve? Must there always be something...?

YVONNE almost trembles. She is about to cry. She moves close to the CONSUL and, without realizing it he embraces her. He is in a state of torment.

CONSUL :

Yes, I can see. I do love you.
Only...my heart....but...

YVONNE looks at him with anxiety.

YVONNE :

Your heart, dear ?

The CONSUL refuses to look at her.

Suddenly he turns YVONNE loose, violently, pushing her on the bed.

CONSUL :

Was it here...in this bed where you betrayed me? Was it this very room that was filled with your cries of love ?

YVONNE, eyes filled with tears, is paralyzed and doesn't know what to say. She suddenly gets up, turns around and goes out of the room.

CUT TO :

INT. LIVING ROOM (PROJECTION) LARUELLE'S HOUSE. DAY.

412/15 YVONNE, sobbing and walking with rapid steps, enters the room and passes in front of the projector light on her way out. She stops a moment and looks at JACQUES. Her eyes intensely bright. JACQUES can hardly face her. YVONNE immediately goes on and hurriedly leaves the room.

416 HUGH leaps to his feet, looks at JACQUES, and leaves immediately, following YVONNE.

417 JACQUES, confused, takes the cigar out of his mouth, turns off the projector, and after thinking a moment, goes toward the terrace.

CUT TO :

EXT. TERRACE. JACQUES LARUELLE'S HOUSE. MIDDAY.

418/83 The CONSUL goes out to the terrace and walks to the railing. He leans

478/83 - 1015

on it with both hands, trying to control an incipient attack of the shakes. He appears very upset, nervous, desolate and thoughtful. He takes out his watch and looks at the time. (Far off explosions and the distant sound of the Fair can be heard).

He looks below, toward the garden. He finds a pair of binoculars next to him. He picks them up and looks downward with them.

Through the binocular lenses YVONNE can be seen leaving the house with HUGH quick behind her. She stops in a roofed-over-part of the garden and HUGH catches up. The two talk a moment and then leave.

The CONSUL keeps on looking downward through the binoculars. The door of the terrace can be heard opening and the CONSUL puts down the lenses.

JACQUES enters the terrace and goes toward the railing.

The CONSUL looks at him coldly, having managed to control the shakes.

For a moment, JACQUES looks at the CONSUL silently. It seems as if he wants to say something, but the CONSUL's cold look is a barrier to him.

The CONSUL keeps looking at JACQUES.

CONSUL :

I don't want to speak to you at all, really...

He turns back toward the railing and raises the binoculars again.

CONSUL :

I would'nt mind if this was the last time
I ever saw you...did you hear me ?

He looks through the binoculars.

JACQUES is irritated. He moves near the CONSUL, paces around him and stops next to him.

JACQUES :

Have you gone mad? Am I to understand that
your wife has come back to you, something I
have seen you pray and howl for under the table...
and that you treat her like this, and still con-
tinue only to care where the next drink is coming
from ?

Through the binoculars the fair can be seen with the Ferris Wheel, the "volantín", and other whirling carnival rides. There's a lot of people and a display of fireworks, producing constant detonations.

The CONSUL lowers the binoculars and turns toward JACQUES, with a cold smile.

CONSUL :

You are nervous, Jacques...

cat. 478/83

4/8/63 cont.

JACQUES, bothered, turns toward the back of the terrace and exclaims with restraint:

JACQUES :

Nom de Dieu, nom de Dieu...!

He goes toward the back of the terrace where there is a table with drinks.

Through the binoculars we see a man swinging a scythe.

Holding the binoculars to his eyes, the CONSUL shows a slight, gloomy smile.

JACQUES, while pouring a drink, turns to the CONSUL more clamly.

JACQUES :

Geoffrey...has she really come back?

CONSUL :

It looks like it, doesn't it ?

JACQUES :

She hasn't merely come down on a visit, or to see you out of curiosity, or on the basis that you'll just be friends, and so on, if you don't mind my asking...

CONSUL :

As a matter of fact I rather do .

JACQUES :

Get this straight, Geoffrey, I'm thinking of Yvonne, not you.

The CONSUL lowers the binoculars and looks at JACQUES fixedly.

CONSUL :

Get it a little straighter still. You're thinking of yourself.

The CONSUL leans on the railing. He appears to be trying to summon strength enough to show his aloof serenity. He raises his head and turns toward JACQUES.

CONSUL :

But I haven't explained just how Hugh fits into the picture..(HE STOPS LOOKING AT HIM) but on second thoughts, I don't think I'll take the trouble...

JACQUES becomes somewhat nervous on hearing this, but tries not to show it. He goes back to the serving table with the drinks, becoming more hostile, in order to change the subject.

4/8/63 cont.

JACQUES :

Would you like a drink ?

The CONSUL explodes.

CONSUL :

Why does everybody offer me a drink, lately? Why does everybody interfere with my life. First you encourage me to drink and then your hypocritical lectures are endless because I'm drinking your bloody wine.

On saying this the CONSUL moves close to JACQUES, who looks at him startled.

JACQUES :

Look Old Bean, I'm only trying to help you.

CONSUL :

No angels nor Yvonne nor Hugh could help me. The demons -inside me and outside me- are quiet at the moment, taking their siesta perhaps, but I'm none the less surrounded by them. They possess me.

He takes a few steps, absorbed in himself.

CONSUL :

Would you understand if I told you that courage here implied admission of total defeat?

JACQUES :

"God exists, they are the Devil" so Baudelaire informed me.

CONSUL :

Nevertheless, one's own suffering is not to be found in any book. Neither do books teach you how to contemplate a wild daisy...Suffering, at least mental suffering, that of the soul, cannot be described in a concrete form...It is perpetual metamorphosis, like blood, like smoke, like flames...like the roar of incessant waters...it is like that, but it is not that...

He continues pacing thoughtfully, as if trying to remember a poem. He gets to the railing and picks up the binoculars.

CONSUL :

"In lone and silent hours.../When night makes a weird sound of its own stillness,/ Like an inspired alchemist staking his very life in some dark

CONSUL (cont):

hope/ Have I mixed awful talk and asking looks/
With my most innocent love..."

JACQUES looks at the CONSUL smiling.

JACQUES :

Percy Bysshe Shelley...

He takes a drink from his glass and approaches the CONSUL.

JACQUES :

Another fellow with ideas...The story I like
about Shelley is the one where he just let him-
self sink to the bottom of the sea -taking several
books with him, of course- and just stayed there,
rather than admit he couldn't swim.

The CONSUL puts down the binoculars and turns toward JACQUES, smiling
gloomily.

CONSUL :

What if courage implied admission that one
couldn't swim..? If it were possible to accept
evil and self-sacrifice before rejecting them...

The telephone rings. On hearing it, JACQUES turns toward the house and
starts moving in that direction but stops on hearing the CONSUL :

CONSUL :

Don't answer !

The CONSUL seems very agitated and fearful.

JACQUES turns toward the CONSUL, surprised.

JACQUES :

But why ? Don't be absurd.

CONSUL :

Don't answer it please. They're looking
for me...it's them....the Fascists...!

JACQUES looks at the CONSUL a few seconds, with curiosity, then starts
to smile.

JACQUES :

Don't be ridiculous...Nobody knows that
you are here.

He makes a half turn, puts his glass on the railing, and leaves.

The CONSUL watches him go. He is in a very agitated, nervous mood and
doesn't know what to do next.

He goes back to the railing and notices the glass left by JACQUES. After observing it a while he gives it a shove with his finger. Because of the height, it takes a few moments before we hear it smash on the floor below.

CUT TO :

INT. LIVING ROOM JACQUES LARUELLE'S HOUSE. MIDDAY.

484/87 JACQUES is talking on the telephone.

JACQUES: (French)

No, I didn't forget...I was already on my way there, but some friends came to visit me...

JACQUES turns when he hears the CONSUL entering the room.

CONSUL: (desperate):

How did they know I was here ?

JACQUES motions to the CONSUL to be quiet, turns his back on him, and speaks into the telephone:

JACQUES (French)

I won't be long, I'll go right after I take a shower...

The CONSUL, very nervous, has come over to JACQUES.

CONSUL :

Jacques, please, don't tell them...

JACQUES covers the mouthpiece of the phone and turns to the CONSUL.

JACQUES :

Geoffrey, please...

The CONSUL turns away from JACQUES and stands near one of the drinks, next to the tray with the bottles that was left during the film projection. His reflex is to drink it, but he restrains himself. JACQUES, OFF, continues talking.

JACQUES : (French)

I just played tennis. I'm terribly dirty.

The CONSUL turns away from the glass, toward a reproduction of a pre-hispanic bas relief representing Life and Death.

JACQUES: (OFF) (French)

All right, we'll meet in the same place you know. (HE HANGS THE PHONE).

The CONSUL seems to have calmed down. He looks intently at the bas relief for a moment, then suddenly turns to JACQUES.

484/87 OFF.

CONF. 484/1

CONSUL :

you're jealous of Hugh...

JACQUES: (Surprised, trembles)

Don't be a fool....

CONSUL: (Teasing)Why are you trembling? What are
you afraid of ?JACQUES, nervously, goes over to the tray and pours himself a drink of
tequila. He drinks it.JACQUES :I admit, I feel slightly confused...Here,
give me some of your poison.

He returns to the bottle of tequila and drinks some more.

The CONSUL takes great pleasure in watching him.

CONSUL :

Do you like it?

JACQUES: (drinks)Like Oxygenée, and petrol...If I ever start
to drink that stuff, Geoffrey, you'll know I'm
done for.CONSUL :It's mezcal with me...Tequila no, it's health-
ful...and delightful. Like beer, Good for you....

JACQUES takes another drink and shudders. He is very upset.

JACQUES :

Name of God !

CONSUL :But if I ever start to drink mezcal again, I'm
afraid, yes, that would be the end...The CONSUL, considerably relieved, looks at an archeological piece
with two faces, then turns to JACQUES.CONSUL :You're not afraid of Hugh, are you? Not
jealous of him, by any chance, are you ?JACQUES tries to control his nervous and upset condition. He glances
coldly at the CONSUL, puts down his glass, turns and goes.

484/7

CONF.

48A/1 CONT
The CONSUL smiles maliciously. He puts the glass in a plate of shrimps and carries it, following JACQUES.

CUT TO :

INT. BATHROOM. JACQUES LARUELLE'S HOUSE. MIDDAY.

48B/142 JACQUES opens the shower faucets in the bathroom.

The CONSUL enters the bathroom with the tray.

JACQUES, looking very serious, finishes unbuttoning his shirt in order to take it off.

CONSUL :

You are thinking, aren't you, that in all this time I have never once told you the truth about my life. Isn't that right ?

JACQUES takes off his shirt and looks at the CONSUL, intrigued.

JACQUES :

Once or twice, Geoffrey, without knowing it, you have told the truth. Like when we were kids... I truly want to help, but as usual, you don't give me a chance.

The CONSUL offers the glass of tequila to JACQUES.

CONSUL :

I have never told you the truth. But as Shelley says, the cold world shall not know...And the tequila has not cured your trembling (In Spanish) Otro tequilita? (Another tequila ?).

JACQUES, burdened and confused, accepts. He takes the glass offered by the CONSUL. He drinks and says, as he takes off his shoes.

JACQUES :

For God's sake, go home to be...Or stay here, I'll find the others and tell them you're not going to Tomalin.

CONSUL :

Tequila is a drink that makes you meditate, when it doesn't get you drunk...meditate things that are not always joyful...I'll bring you another drink

He leaves.

CUT TO :

INT. LIVING ROOM. JACQUES LARUELLE'S HOUSE. MIDDAY.

493 The CONSUL enters the living room and goes toward the bottle of tequila, mumbling, trying to control the shakes, which have returned. He notices a Mezcal bottle next to the Tequila one. He hesitates. Finally he takes the bottle of Tequila.

CONSUL :

Camarones, no; cabrones. Cabrón.
You too, (Shrimps, no; S.O.B.'s...)

After taking the bottle of tequila, always mumbling, he returns, once more having resisted the temptation to drink.

CONSUL :

...Shrimp, pimp; maquereau, maquerele...
Venus is a horned star...

He leaves the living room.

CUT TO :

INT. BATHROOM. JACQUES LARUELLE'S HOUSE. MIDDAY.

494/500 JACQUES shouts from inside the shower. There is a lot of steam in the room. (Chest pulls on the walls and other exercise equipment can be seen)

JACQUES :

What about the damage you've done to her life
...After all your howling...If you've got her
back. If you've got this chance !

The CONSUL has entered the bathroom with the bottle. It is shaking in his hand.

CONSUL :

You are interfering with my great battle...

He hesitates but takes a long drink from the bottle. His face betrays his distaste for tequila. There is still more steam in the room.

CONSUL :

Against death. My battle for the survival of
the human consciousness. Light against darkness!
12 rounds !

He drinks again, with a disagreeable grimace.

Clouds of vapor keep coming out of the shower. JACQUES speaks from inside.

494/500 cont.

JACQUES :

The truth is, I suppose, that sometimes, when you've estimated the exact amount, you do see more clearly. But certainly not the essential things...It's precisely your inability to see them, Geoffrey, that turns them into the instruments of disaster you have created yourself...

The CONSUL seems not to hear him. He sits down on the covered toilet, loosens his tie and opens the collar of his shirt. He is sweating, takes another drink.

CONSUL: (French)

Voila le meilleur remede contre l'alcoolisme dont la cause veritable est la laideur, la deroutante sterilité de l'existence telle qu'elle nous est vendue: (He drinks). Have a devilled scorpion. A bedevilled cabron...

JACQUES is soaping himself under the water.

JACQUES :

Don't you realize that while you're battling against death, while what is mystical in you is being released do you realize what extraordinary allowances are being made for you by the world which has to cope with you ?

He opens the curtain and looks out amid the vapor.

JACQUES :

...Even by me, now...And you forget what you exclude from this, shall we say, feeling of omniscience. I imagine that between drink and drink what you have excluded returns...

The CONSUL now listens to JACQUES attentively. He unbuttons his shirt some more and pulls his tie lower, saying, as if to himself:

CONSUL :

I'll say it returns. There are other minor deliriums too, meteora...But delirium tremens are only the beginning, the music round the portal of the Qliphoth...

He gets up, goes toward the curtain and speaks louder.

CONSUL :

Why do people see rats, Jacques?...Consider the word remorse. Remors. Hordeo, mordere. La mordida! whay all this biting, all those rodents?

494/500 cont.

He is very agitated as he wipes his sweat off:

CONSUL :

All the other anxieties, minor frights and other essences and demons of fear mount up. They incite and push until a full consciousness is reached, degrading the idea of resurrection...

He takes a long drink.

JACQUES, in the shower, covered with soap, appears extremely irritated.

JACQUES :

Pacilis est descensus Avernus...it's too easy.

The CONSUL sweats copiously.

CONSUL :

You deny the greatness of my battle? Even if I win. And I shall certainly win, if I want to...

He takes another long drink.

JACQUES :

The suffering you endure is largely unnecessary, actually spurious. It lacks the very basis you require for its tragic nature. You deceive yourself. For instance, that you're drowning your sorrows... To say nothing of what you lose (lose, lose, are losing, man...) You've even been insulated from the responsibility of genuine suffering!

The CONSUL leans on the wash basin and drops his chin to his chest. The vapor is everywhere.

CONSUL :

God, can it be I discussing Yvonne with you, discussing us like this?...and how do you expect to entertain your guests? Taking a shower?!

He turns to the shower and supports himself with his hand on the mirror.

JACQUES closes the shower faucets.

JACQUES :

Throw away your mind, old builder of tragedies.

He gets out of the shower, takes a towel and begins to dry himself, looking at the CONSUL.

Act 1/200 CONT.

JACQUES :

Why aren't you in your house, thanking God
and hoping to get over your drunkenness...

The CONSUL is emotionally shaken, opening his eyes under an abominable impact. He contemplates JACQUES' nudity, he lowers his hand, letting it slide down the mirror, leaving finger tracks on the steamed up glass.

JACQUES:(off)

...Now that your wife has come back

CONSUL :

Cabrón...(son of a bitch).

JACQUES continues drying himself, allowing his penis to be seen. It appears like a hideously elongated cucumiform bundle of blue nerves and gills below the steaming, unselfconscious stomach'.

CONSUL :

Whatever I do, it shall be deliberately...
(HE drinks). Right through hell there is a
path, son of a bitch...(he coughs).

JACQUES continues drying himself, very disconcerted.

Despite waves of nausea that the CONSUL tries to control, he continues speaking.

CONSUL :

...and though I may not take it.(Nausea)
you bastard...sometimes lately in dreams
(nausea)...I have been able to...(he coughs)
see it, son of a bitch...

He can't control himself any longer and starts to vomit a watery substance.

CUT TO :

EXT. FAIR. QUAUHQUANUAC PLAZA. DAY.

501/511
(CRANE) For the first time in the film there is a brilliant sunlight. It is a hot, tropical midday in an area without any shade.

The Ferris Wheel, full of people, is rotating in a clockwise direction. The creaking of the apparatus can be heard mixed with a chaotic profusion of sounds; the squeaking of machines, a scramble of music, startled shouts of joy, pitchmen, newsboys, laughter, voices, and dominating the rest of the sounds, the detonations of fireworks.

The camera descends from the Ferris Wheel to find the fullness of the fair activity. There is a stand with several men wearing bloody aprons and carrying large knives. They are preparing to butcher a pig which

501/511 CONT.

is hanging by his hind legs and squealing in terror. There are other pigs in the stand, dead and alive, and piles of meat surrounded by clouds of flies.

The CONSUL appears in the background, staggering and bathed with sweat. He is wearing dark glasses with his shirt open and his tie half undone. A group of ragged indigenous children surrounds him and hangs on to him, shouting without letup:

CHILDREN:

Mister, mister, money, money, money!

The CONSUL arrives at the stand where they are about to butcher the pig and watches paralyzed.

A newsboy appears in the crowd. He carries a stack of papers and shouts: (The newspaper headline can be seen).

NEWSBOY: (In Spanish)

¡Es inevitable la muerte del Papa! ¡Es inevitable la muerte del Papa! ¡Se pierde la batalla del Ebro! ¡Se pierde el Ebro!

The sound of his shouts drown in the confusion of the surrounding noise. The camera follows the newsboy in the crowd and comes upon the CONSUL, who has managed to disperse his entourage of ragged children.

The CONSUL wanders, almost as if lost, among the meat counters. There are pieces hanging, swarming with flies.

The CONSUL wanders among several stands displaying papier maché and cardboard objects, mainly skeleton, but also masks and puppets.

Many explosions and detonations can be heard, as the CONSUL finds his way to a crowded shooting gallery. The stand is decorated with a mural of a bull in a savage attack, behind him, Popocatepetl and Iztaccíhuatl. The people at the counter are laughing and shooting incessantly.

A decrepit, toothless and miserable old BEGGAR WOMAN appears from one of the lanes of the fair, extending her hand toward the CONSUL.

He automatically shakes his head, refusing her.

A crowd surrounds a PITCHMAN whose stand has enormous, painted naked figures with areas of specific diseases marked. Next to the figures is a display of herbs and medicines for venereal diseases. The fast talking PITCHMAN has been shouting, OFF, since the previous shot.

PITCHMAN: (NEROLICO) Spanish):

...Chaneros, gonorrea, enfermedades secretas de ambos sexos, derrames nocturnos, espermatorrea, debilidad sexual, trastornos sexuales, emisiones prematuras, impotencia...! Estos males son castigos de Dios si no se curan! Si no le temen a Dios témanle a la sífilis y evítense trepanaciones, baños de agua helada...(SIGUE H BLANDO - GOES ON TALKING).

A sound truck appears in the street, announcing "Las Manos de Orlac". The impact of the sound is diminished with the racket and voices of the fair.

The CONSUL walks among the stands covered with the yellow flowers for the Day of the Dead.

Beyond these appears a stand of the "mujer-araña" (spider woman) and, next to it a "Péquele al diablo" stand (hit de devil), with people throwing balls at a devil target.

...Next to the sign of the palmist hand, established in scene 82

A group of people surround a TRAGAFUEGO (FIRE EATER). There is a large, poor family in the crowd. Each member of the family carries something, some carry small children, others, sacks and bundles.

The camera follows the family toward a stand with a TRANSVESTIST MAGICIAN. He is obscenely and grotesquely dressed as a woman and singing, or rather, moving his lips and failing to synchronize his motions with a record of a woman singing.

The camera DOLLIES to include a sign saying: BOX: ARENA TOMALIN: on which stickers have been pasted with the slogan NO PASARAN!

The CONSUL appears in the background, walking among the people, toward the camera.

In the foreground, in front of the British Consulate with the flag waving, there are four armed MEN WITH DARK GLASSES. With sticks and poles they are goading a tethered horse with the number 7 on his saddlebags. The horse whinnies and raises his front legs in fury.

The CONSUL stops to watch the spectacle of the MEN WITH DARK GLASSES as they torment the horse. On seeing him, the four men comment unintelligibly among themselves. By their attitude it can be seen that they are making fun of him.

The CONSUL leaves the frame of the camera, which moves and rests on the advertisement with the enormous face of a woman that appeared in scene

A pitiful, noseless peon moves among the people. The camera follows him amid the animated clamor of the fair until it finds, in the distance, a group of people dancing with skeleton masks. They lead a procession toward the zocalo (plaza), which includes a group carrying an image of the Virgin of Solitude and signs aluding the reconstruction of her temple.

The camera follows in a DOLLY until it locates in the foreground the sign in the garden of the zocalo reading: LE GUSTA ESTE JARDIN QUE ES SUYO? EVITE QUE SUS HIJOS LO DESTRUYAN. (Do you like this garden that is your own? Don't let your children destroy it).

The dilapidated Red Cross ambulance appears in the foreground, with the garden beyond it. The CONSUL walks, surrounded by the children, and music can be heard coming from one of the side streets.

The CONSUL has crossed the street and walks toward the mezcaleria and the drugstore, in whose show window we find the children's photographs established in scene 85/14. The children keep following and bothering him until they are attracted by sounds of new music clashes with the rest, adding to the racket.

A second group of dancers come down the street, from near the Barranca. They are dressed in black, swallow-tailed suits with top hats and masks whose wide-open, staring eyes, give them a look of collective astonishment. They are carrying umbrellas.

The children run toward the group of dancers along with the crowd.

The CONSUL, very agitated, wants to run away from it all. Taking long steps, he arrives in front of the moviehouse with the signs and stills, advertising "Las Manos de Orlac", with Peter Lorre.

In one of the street shops along the zocalo, there is a dead turtle with the heart, separated and still beating.

The CONSUL sees this and keeps on going toward a door under a sign that says "TODOS CONTENTOS Y YO TAMBIEN". He enters and goes up the stairs.

CUT TO :

INT. MAIN SALON OF "TODOS CONTENTOS". DAY. (Caracol).

512/14 Everything is very dark and, compared to the outside, relatively less noisy. A scratchy record plays a melody that is intended to be sensual.

The CONSUL enters the main room. The place is filled with people at all the tables and at the bar. There are a great many PROSTITUTES who drink and talk with the COSTUMERS, all of them very poor.

On a platform stage there is a performance of "Francine and the Devil". A fat, old woman has half her body dressed as a glamour "star", with an over made-up face and an extravagant hair-do, etc. while the other half is dressed as a devil, with a horn and a tail. The show consists of a dance in which she caresses herself in a vulgar and exaggerated manner.

The CONSUL advances among the tables, almost without looking at the show, going toward the bar. There are multicolored reliefs on the walls, representing dragons, dinosaurs, iguanas and naked women with their breasts jutting out. There is a large snail in the wall in back of the stage platform.

The CONSUL finds a space at the bar next to the stage and looks for the bartender, who is not in sight. He calls:

CONSUL :

Diosdado! Diosdado!

The bartender doesn't appear.

A very dirty, drunken old man, the GARDENER established on YVONNE's arrival, appears on the other side of the stage. He staggers toward the CONSUL saying things that are unintelligible. When he gets to the bar he jabbars something as he offers the CONSUL a bottle.

The CONSUL accepts the bottle and takes a drink. After drinking he discovers that there's blood on the bottle and in the drink. He returns the bottle to the gardener who mumbles:

GARDENER: (Spanish)

Es verdad...es verdad...

The gardener carries his bottle to a ten-year old BOY. The boy is already drunk and accepts a drink from the gardener. The boy drinks.

MARIA, a girl with indigenous features, appears in the crowd. She is near a door which she goes to and enters.

The CONSUL sees her and follows her.

CUT TO :

INT. STAIRWAY. "TODOS CONTENTOS". "DAY". (BARBA AZUL).

515/517 The CONSUL hurries down the stairs, bumping into PROSTITUTES AND DRUNKS who are going up and down.

On the upper part of the wall there is a garishly colored relief of a woman with enormous breasts protruding. At the lower part of the stairway there is a fresco of an armored Spanish Conquistador who is about to rape a woman covered with veils.

CUT TO :

INT. SALON # 2. "TODOS CONTENTOS". "DAY". (RATON).

518/520 The CONSUL crosses the salon, even larger than the other, which, although filled with PROSTITUTES AND DRUNKS, seems not as crowded as the other. The walls have several frescoes with a succession of the same scene: bulls running in the streets with people teasing them and fleeing from them.

There is a band stand with a variety of abandoned instruments. At the moment there is a very bad SAXOPHONIST playing, accompanied by an equally miserable DRUMMER, playing the "tarolas". Only a few couples are dancing.

The CONSUL seems to be looking for someone as he walks around the Salon. Finally, he disappears through a nearby door.

CUT TO :

INT. MORELOS MOVIE HOUSE. BACKSTAGE. "DAY".

521/523 As we have seen in exterior scenes, the Morelos movie-house and the "Todos Contentos" establishment are closely joined; there is a passage between them at the rear. The CONSUL crosses through this area, behind the movie screen. The place is large and dark, serving both as a warehouse and a hallway between the bar and the bordello.

CUT TO :

INT. CORRIDOR. "TODOS CONTENTOS". "DAY".

524/526 The CONSUL walks through a very dark hallway adjoining several improvised rooms which are separated by curtains. Except for a laugh and passionate panting, which becomes louder, the place is silent.

The CONSUL continues looking for someone. Halfway down the hallway he stops suddenly and opens a curtain.

There is a PROSTITUTE making love to a DRUNKARD on an old bed in the little curtained room

CUT TO :

EXT. FAIR QUAUHNHUAC PLAZA. DAY.

526/536 A spontaneous meeting has just begun next to the group of taxis displaying placards and the red and black strike flags. A taxi union leader is giving a speech.

TAXI LEADER: (Spanish)

Camaradas! No podemos permitir que la garra del fascismo siga avanzando... Camaradas. Ahora que los reaccionarios locales, los sinarquistas...
(continues talking)

(Comrades, we can't allow the continued advance of the claws of fascism... now that the local reactionaries, the sinarquistas...)

He keeps on talking. The CONSUL appears among the drivers and onlookers who have gathered around the speaker.

At that moment leaflets begin to fall that inundate the area. One of them falls almost directly on the CONSUL's face.

He grabs it off and throws it away without looking at it. As he keeps moving in the crowd a striker hands him a leaflet and he has no choice but to accept it. He sticks it in his pocket.

He advances among the people, and all of a sudden, he stops, paralyzed.

In the distance, HUGH and YVONNE are searching among the crowd for the CONSUL. After glancing in different directions they look at each other and make some comments, pointing toward other places.

On seeing them, the CONSUL walks quickly in the opposite direction, toward a ticket stand surrounded by a large crowd. The sign on the box office says BRAVA ATRACCION: 10¢. MAQUINA INFERNAL. (INFERNAL MACHINE).

The CONSUL enters the tent, along with the crowd.

CUT TO :

INT. "CENTRIFUGE" QUAUHNABUAC FAIR. DAY.

537/533 The infernal machine is a large cylinder, containing all the people who have just entered; children, teenagers and adults, among them, the CONSUL. As he starts to look around, the machine begins to move, starting to revolve, each turn with increasing speed.

When the maximum speed is reached, the floor descends mechanically, leaving the people suspended against the interior wall by centrifugal force.

The CONSUL has an expression of total terror.

There is a BOY near the CONSUL who looks at him, smiling in full enjoyment, and appears to say, as if speaking through a glass: "mez-ca-lito"..

In the face of this, the CONSUL experiences a moment of terror, as if at the edge of death. He remains in this condition for several moments as the centrifuge continues at high speed.

CUT TO :

INT. "EL BOSQUE". BAR. "DAY".

540/550 The "El Bosque" bar is very dark and cool. The CONSUL, who has appeared at the door, has to take off his dark glasses and wait for a few moments to adjust his eyes to the darkness. He stumbles until he collapses in a chair in front of a rickety steel table, remaining motionless long enough to get his breath.

Gradually, the forms that surround him stand out in greater detail: large kegs of Cherry wine, rum, "Parras", Málaga, tequila and raw 96° alcohol. The bar is empty and totally silent.

Suddenly, slow dragging steps can be heard in the back of the bar. A small woman in a large rustling dress, the WIDOW GREGORIO, appears. Her face has a blueish complexion, with beads of perspiration. She is weary with years of labor and suffering, but in spite of that, her eyes are bright and illuminate her entire expression.

WIDOW GREGORIO :

Mezcal posseebly...?

CONSUL :

Mezcal impossible...

The WIDOW smiles lightly, takes a bottle and two glasses from the bar and goes to the CONSUL.

WIDOW: (Spanish)

Mezcal...un obsequio...
(a gift)

At The CONSUL's table, she pours. He watches her, unmoved but tense, as she fills both glasses and sits down at his table. She picks up her glass and, before drinking, asks:

540/550 CONT.

WIDOW :

Where do you laugh now?

The CONSUL smiles, picks up his glass and looks at the WIDOW.

CONSUL :

I still laugh in the Calle Nicaragua, cincuenta y dos. But you mean "live", Señora Gregorio, not "laugh"...con permiso...

He drinks his glass down with one gulp.

The WIDOW smiles half mischievously, half sad and fill the glass again.

WIDOW :

So it is...A tu, amor...(She drinks)
What's my names ?

The CONSUL looks at the WIDOW for a moment, compassionately, then at his empty glass, which he moves toward her in order for her to pour again.

CONSUL:(Spanish)

Lo mismo...(the same...)

The WIDOW, while pouring, continues:

WIDOW :

So it is...(sighs) so it is...You must take it as it come. It can't be helped...if you har your wife you would lose all things in that love...(sadly); Both minds is occupied in one thing, so you can't lose it...

CONSUL :

Si, señora Gregorio...

WIDOW :

So it is...if your mind is occupied with all things, then you never lose your mind. Your minds, your life -your everything in it. Once when I was a girl I never used to think I live like I laugh now. I always used to dream about nice clothes, theatres, "everything is good for me just now"...No I don't think of nothing but trouble, trouble, trouble and trouble comes...so it is.

The CONSUL takes a long sip from his glass, sighs and relaxes. Then adds:

CONSUL:(Spanish)

Si, señora Gregorio...

540/550 CONT.

The WIDOW continues:

WIDOW :

Of course I was a kernice girl from home.
(She glances contemptuously round the dark
little bar). This, was never in my mind: Life
changes, you know, you can never drink of it.

The CONSUL corrects her gently:

CONSUL :

Not "drink of it", Señora Gregorio, you
mean "think of it".

The WIDOW nods nostalgically.

WIDOW :

Never drink of it, ah bueno...!

She takes the CONSUL's hand and holds it. The CONSUL is about to cry.

WIDOW :

I think I'll see you happy soon...(she smiles)
I see you laughing in some kernice place where
you laugh...I have no house only a shadow. But
whenever you are in need of a shadow, my shadow
is yours...

CONSUL :

Gracias, Señora Gregorio...

WIDOW :

I remember that man, the one they killed...
He was always very drunk and one day he came in
asking for help, remember? I hid him a while and
gave him mezcal. Remember? They said he was a
spyder, but after all, he was very nice...who
knows what he was hiding...! (she sighs).

The CONSUL nods with a sad look, as he fingers a withered flower on the
table.

WIDOW :

I don't think he was a spider...But quién sabe
He was even a hero, he told me, and had won a
medal in the war against the Germans...He was not
vicious...He was noble...So it is...(But why a
Consul...in this town!)

The CONSUL is looking at the floor.

The WIDOW sighs and gets up.

The CONSUL watches her and smiles sadly.

540 / 550 CONT.

CONSUL :

Si, Señora Gregorio...

The WIDOW smiles again, nostalgically.
The CONSUL offers her the small withered flower.
The WIDOW smiles broadly.

WIDOW :

Sank you...

The CONSUL corrects her, endearingly:

CONSUL :

Sank you no, Señora Gregorio, Thank you.

The WIDOW smiles.

WIDOW :

Sank you...

Smiling, the WIDOW looks at the CONSUL, then, dragging her feet, disappears behind the bar, leaving the mezcal bottle on the CONSUL's table.

The CONSUL, at the edge of tears, is motionless for a moment, then pours and drinks.

A hungry pariah dog, a bitch that appears to have recently given birth, enters from the street and approaches, sniffing at the CONSUL.

The CONSUL notices her and looks down, glass eyed, but friendly.

The bitch goes closer to the CONSUL, who slowly bends down to pet her. After a moment he says to her:

CONSUL :

Yet this day, pichicho shalt thou be
with me in...paradise...

The CONSUL seems to remember something. He takes out his watch fob and looks at the time.

YVONNE appears in the door of the bar with the light at her back. She looks at the CONSUL who has not taken notice of her presence. She hesitates a moment then, walks slowly but firmly toward him.

The CONSUL looks at her inexpressively, with a subtly questioning glance.

YVONNE slides into the chair that the WIDOW has just left. She looks at the two glasses of mezcal on the table, picks up one and drinks.

CUT TO :

EXT. QUAUHNHUAC-TOMALIN HIGHWAY. TOWARDS EVENING.

551 The purple storm clouds gather behind Popocatepetl, pierced by the brilliant rays of the late afternoon sun.

The camera descends from the volcanoes to discover a narrow, winding road through thick vegetation, with steep cliffs on one side and, on the other, the enormous Valley of Morelos. An old dilapidated 1918 Chevrolet bus appears on the road, going down toward the Valley, toward Tomalin. It travels at a good speed, despite its apparent condition. (Satie: 5).

CUT TO :

INT. QUAUHNHUAC-TOMALIN BUS. TOWARD EVENING.

552/7 Inside the bus, HUGH, the CONSUL and YVONNE, considerably drunk, sing at the top of their voices, a song from the International Brigades.

CONSUL, YVONNE, HUGH: (Spanish)

Venga jaleo, jaleo...! Saca la ametralladora
y Franco se va a paseo...y Franco se va a paseo!

There are only a FEW PASSENGERS in the bus. The BUS DRIVER is pushing the gear shift. Near it, between the clutch and the hand brake, there are two chickens...Other birds: chickens, turkeys and roosters, cackle inside the bus. There are also some cages with doves, some hanging from the ceiling of the bus, and other placed on the wooden benches. The rear view mirror is decorated with three postcards depicting the Virgin of Solitude. Toward the back of the bus we see the SPANISH SINARQUISTA. He is half drunk and half asleep, wearing a rumpled white suit, with a torn shirt and no tie.

CONSUL, YVONNE, HUGH: (Spanish)

Madre yo me voy al frente, para la línea de
fuego...Venga jaleo, jaleo...Saca la ametralladora.
.....

Suddenly the CONSUL starts to sing another tune over the first song.

CONSUL:

El bumbum gumgum abumbum y tudley tudley tu
y tudley eltuem tiuntum eb el bumbum budley du...

Ah, hay twokerlwy perplok a plumplum o plom pe,
plom plam, ple ple...el bumbum gum gum abumbum
y tambien, por Cristo, tu...

HUGH, seated behind the CONSUL and YVONNE, stops singing a moment, while the CONSUL continues (off). He raises the bottle of rum and drinks a solitary toast, declaring:

HUGH:

To Bosis...Italian poet. who flew an airplane over

552/7 cont.

552/7 CONT.

HUGH: (cont)

Mussolini's Rome, dropping antifascist leaflets and verses, until he run out of gas... Then he let himself fall into the sea...

He drinks.

The CONSUL and YVONNE seem not to hear HUGH. YVONNE, leaning on the CONSUL's shoulder, begins to harmonize with him.

YVONNE & CONSUL :

Bingtwum por el twem twot twikad, Twing twum twing twok...Twing twik twak twok twik twik twak, Twing pokerly twokerly plok...

HUGH, oblivious of everything, toasts again:

HUGH :

...and for Sam Masters and Nat Cohen, tailors and communists...and British. And for three Danish volunteers: Kaj and Harald and Aage Nielsen ...who arrived at the Ebro front after crossing half of Europe...on bicycle...

HUGH raises the bottle of rum once more.

HUGH :

And for the 26th Durrutti Division, and for my friend, John Sommerfield of the Fourth Section of the André Marty Machine-Gun Company, and for André Marty himself, French, whose father was condemned to death in the Paris Commune...and for John Corford, British and Darwin's grandson...

When the CONSUL stopped singing, YVONNE started humming "her theme", the one that was established in the "Bar Bellavista" and was heard again in the Laruelle film. As YVONNE continues singing, HUGH persists with his toasting:

HUGH :

...And Simone Weil, the Red Virgin, and j.b.s. Haldane, British, with his son at the front and his wife in the recruiting organization, and Julian Bell, British, nephew of Virginia Woolf, and André Malraux, son and grandson of suicides.

Despite her singing, YVONNE was able to hear the last of HUGH's toast. She stops singing and butts in.

YVONNE :

I'm the daughter of a suicide too...

552/7 CONT.

552/1 CON.

CONSUL :

As our father...he simply, yet scandalously,
disappeared...walked up into the Himalayas
and...vanished...!

While the CONSUL and YVONNE spoke HUGH sang (In Spanish).

HUGH : (Spanish)

"Con Lister y Campesino...Con Galán y con Modesto
Con el Comandante Carlos, No hay miliciano con miedo..."

CUT TO :EXT. QUAUHNABUAC-TOMALIN HIGHWAY. TOWARD EVENING.

558 The bus continues its rapid descent, taking one curve after the other and raising clouds of dust. Through the dust a sign can be seen:

DESVIACION: HOMBRES TRABAJANDO !

(DETOUR!, MEN WORKING !)

CUT TO :INT. QUAUHNABUAC-TOMALIN BUS. TOWARD EVENING.

559/1 The bus takes a turn, squealing tires and brakes.

HUGH sees something outside that startles him. He hesitates a few seconds turning his neck and then reaches forward to tap the BUS DRIVER on the shoulder to call his attention.

The BUS DRIVER notices and stops.

CUT TO :EXT. QUAUHNABUAC-TOMALIN HIGHWAY. (CANYON) TOWARD EVENING.

562 The bus stops, squealing the brakes and raising even more dust, golden in color by the afternoon light.

563 The BUS DRIVER opens the door and gets out. HUGH follows him, but the DRIVER stops him from getting out. The DRIVER walks toward the back of the bus where,

564 A man is lying with a wound in his head...

...next to a Barranca that has been used for a garbage dump. He is dressed in a wrinkled, dirty, black suit. He appears to be the SCHOOL TEACHER who was distributing anti-Franco leaflets in the market sequence with YVONNE.

565 When HUGH sees the wounded man he starts toward him drunkenly, to offer help, but the BUS DRIVER holds him back:

565 CONT.

BUS DRIVER: (Spanish)

No mister... Fíjese que no se puede... Me habrá de perdonar... (No, it's not permitted... you'll have to excuse me...)

- 566 Meanwhile the SPANISH ANARQUISTA gets out of the bus. While HUGH is arguing with the DRIVER he goes toward the wounded man.

HUGH: (Spanish)

Ese hombre esta heridos... Yo, primeros auxilios saber ayudar... camarada... corresponsal de guerra! (That man is wounded..I, first aid, I know how to help..a..comrade, war correspondent).

- 567 The BUS DRIVER continues holding HUGH back.

BUS DRIVER: (Spanish)

Aquí no hay guerra...! (There's no war here)

He turns backward and sees that the SINARQUISTA is leaning over the wounded SCHOOL TEACHER.

CUT TO :INT. QUAUHNHUAC-TOMALIN BUS. TOWARD EVENING.

- 568 The CONSUL gets up from his seat but stops YVONNE from getting up and following him. As he goes to the door YVONNE tries to see what is happening through the window.

CUT TO :EXT. QUAUHNHUAC-TOMALIN HIGHWAY (BARRANCA) TOWARD EVENING.

- 569/74 The CONSUL gets out of the bus when the DRIVER finally allows HUGH to go near the TEACHER, warning him:

BUS DRIVER: (Spanish)

Nomás no lo vaya a tocar, si mister ?
(Just don't touch him, o.k. mister?)

HUGH goes toward the wounded man and the CONSUL follows him, with the BUS DRIVER close behind.

The SCHOOL TEACHER is near death with his head turned in the direction opposite HUGH and the CONSUL. He has a large head wound with blood pouring out of it. The SINARQUISTA remains at the side of the TEACHER, who turns his face toward HUGH and the CONSUL who are looking at him and whispers:

TEACHER :

Compañero....!

569/574 CONT.

The CONSUL murmurs:

CONSUL:

Strang....

HUGH impatiently reaches out his arm toward the TEACHER and the SINARQUISTA cuts off his action with a brusque movement of the arm.

HUGH is furious, but before he can react,

The SINARQUISTA indicates:

SINARQUISTA: (Spanish)

Cl...ga...pro...!

Trying to "make himself understood".

The CONSUL, who until then has been lethargic, reacts and says to HUGH:

CONSUL:

Throw it away. It's prohibited. Forest fires.

HUGH stamps out his cigarette and goes back to lean over the TEACHER, but the SINARQUISTA holds him back again, this time more brusquely and with greater force. HUGH, furious, reaches toward his pistol.

The CONSUL intervenes and says to HUGH:

CONSUL:

You can't touch him. It's the law. Otherwise you might become unnecessary after the fact.

The SCHOOL TEACHER moves his head, breathing heavily. There is a pleading look on his face as he searches for help in the eyes of HUGH and the CONSUL.

HUGH says to the CONSUL insistently:

HUGH:

But the man may be dying...

CONSUL:

God, I feel terrible.

Knitting his eyebrows, the DRIVER looks at them and says:

DRIVER:

Vámonos! (Let's go!)

He starts toward the bus. After a few steps he turns and insists:

DRIVER:

Crate, crate...ya nos vamos!
(Let's go...let's go)

HUGH tries to say something but the SINDARQUISTA speaks first:

SINDARQUISTA: (Spanish)

Si, vámonse... esto es asunto nuestro!
(Yes, go... this is our business).

HUGH makes another attempt to help, but the SINDARQUISTA pushes him forcibly, leaving a stain of blood on his shoulder.

HUGH looks at the CONSUL, not noticing the blood stain:

CONSUL:

Yes, let's go.

The SINDARQUISTA puts on a pair of dark glasses and, doing so, it can be seen that his hand is covered with blood.

The DRIVER had started the motor and blinks the horn several times.

The CONSUL had started to go, but turns back, seeing that HUGH hasn't moved. He takes him by the arm and pulls. HUGH goes with him toward the bus reluctantly, as the horn continues to blow. He turns back toward the TEACHER at the moment the TEACHER vomits out a mouthful of blood and dies.

The SINDARQUISTA watches him die and covers his face with a sarape.

CUT TO:

INT. CUADRICAMARAS-MEXALIN BUS. TOWARD KENNELS.

515 As soon as HUGH and the CONSUL get into the bus, it starts rapidly, almost making them fall. They grab hold of the seats to maintain their footing, and finally manage to get to their own places.

HUGH is indignant and about to say something when the CONSUL stops him with:

CONSUL: (whispering)

We're surrounded by Sinarquistas....

HUGH is angry. He takes out his bottle of rum, has a long drink.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOMALIN BULLRING. SUNSET.

516/30 A flock of doves takes flight as a bull enters the ring, going toward the center amid a rumble of voices and shouts.

The stadium is old, its bleachers rickety, with no center aisle. The seats are filled with people who shout, drink and gesticulate under the red glow of sunset.

516/30 cont.

Some signs advertise: PROXIMO DOMING BOX; ARENA TOMALIN.
(NEXT SUNDAY: BOX, ARENA TOMALIN)

Inside the ring, the bull runs, raising dust, with HORSEMEN and ESPONTANEO (members of the audience who jump into the ring) trying to get the attention of the animal.

HUGH, YVONNE and the CONSUL are in the bleachers, taking turns with the bottle of rum. They seem considerably drunk, especially HUGH. Gripping a rolled up newspaper, he rubs the blood stain off his shirt furiously, then he looks toward the ring.

HUGH: (indignant)

We should have looked for a doctor...
or done something!

YVONNE turns toward HUGH, although she doesn't pay much attention. The CONSUL, busy drinking, doesn't even hear him.

Without putting down the newspaper, HUGH takes the bottle from the CONSUL.

The CONSUL looks at the bull ring, solemnly, as if into the distance.

CONSUL:

Handi...the bull, I christen him Handi, vehicle
of Siva, from whose hair the River Ganges flows,
and who has also been identified with the Vedic
storm god Vindra...

HUGH is exasperated, sitting with his feet on the seat in front of him.

HUGH:

For Jesus' sake, papa...Thank you!

He is disturbed. First he looks at the CONSUL, then around at the crowd, where (POV HUGH), CAMPESINOS AND RAGGED, MISERABLE PEOPLE try to concentrate on the Bullring.

HUGH swallows, deeply absorbed in the 'pathos' of the surrounding scene. Then he returns to his discussion with the CONSUL.

HUGH:

Why didn't we do anything...? Why? Goddam!

The CONSUL looks at HUGH a moment, but pays no attention to what he is saying. HUGH continues.

HUGH:

They're losing the battle of the Ebro, bleeding
to death under the fascist bombs and we have the
same stupid non-intervention of the rest of the
world! We are the same as the French Popular Front,
the English, the Americans!

Inside the bull-ring a horse has been knocked to the ground. Several men pull the bull by the tail to divert him from the fallen horseman.

With the excitement of danger, YVONNE takes hold of the CONSUL's hand. He puts his arm around her shoulder.

CONSUL :

Strange....! Strange bull....!

HUGH watches them, sees them embrace, then turns back to the ring.

Several horsemen raise clouds of dust as they rush to the toppled horse and the charging bull - all amid a flurry of doves.

CONSUL :

Es ist vielleicht an ox...an oxymoron...wisely foolish.

HUGH looks at the CONSUL and insists:

HUGH :

Why didn't we call a doctor? Ah...? Damn it....!

The CONSUL turns to HUGH and says, patiently:

CONSUL :

The Quauhnahuac ambulance isn't functioning.
Everything's on strike here...I've told you...
even the police....!

HUGH is exasperated. He gets up and takes a long drink. Extremely drunk, he looks at the CONSUL and YVONNE, then turns to look at the bull-ring, reeling as he stands.

Inside the ring, the bull has gotten back to his feet and a campesino makes a few passes at him with a cape.

A horseman ropes the bull, throws him down and begins to drag him. Several boys get on top of the bull as he is being dragged.

CONSUL :

Christ, what a disgusting performance...

YVONNE leans close to the CONSUL's ear and whispers so her words can barely be heard.

YVONNE :

Darling, Listen to me....

HUGH, still standing, rolls up the newspaper and looks through it like a telescope; first at the bull-ring, then at YVONNE and the CONSUL. He lowers the "telescope" from his eye and looks at the ring, then walks in front of them.

576/90 C.A.A.

HUGH :

Excusado...

He goes toward the stairs.

The CONSUL, pale, with his sunglasses on his forehead, looks at YVONNE pitifully.

CONSUL :

No, no...No !

YVONNE :

Geoffrey, my love, don't tremble...what are you afraid of? Why don't we go away now, tomorrow, today...what's to stop us ?

CONSUL :

No...

The CONSUL appears pensive for a moment, then rests his head on YVONNE's hair.

CONSUL:(without conviction)

Oh my darling, my love...Let's for Christ sweet sake get away. A thousand, a million miles away, Yvonne, anywhere, so long as it's away. Just away. Away from all this. Christ from this.....

YVONNE's eyes shine.

CUT TO :EXT. TOMALIN BULLRING SURROUNDINGS. (SUNSET).

591/3 HUGH has gone down to the lower part, next to the bullring, and he opens his way through the drunken and the miserable people, CAMPESINOS, STREET VENDORS and families that surround the bullring.

HUGH seems to be appalled not only by the alcohol he's been drinking and the previous scene on the road, but mainly by the pathos that surrounds him

CUT TO :EXT. TOMALIN BULLRING (SUNSET).CONSUL :

594/600

Yvonne, I've fallen down, you know...somewhat.

YVONNE :

Never mind, darling !

594/600 CON.

SM/600 CONT.

CONSUL :

Let me sink lower still, that I may know
the truth...

YVONNE :

Oh Geoffrey, we could be happy, we could!
Up north, and far across the water, the little
house, waiting. You could write your book and I
would watch you from the porch...No, I would learn
to type and transcribe all your manuscripts, and
we would both work on your book...

CONSUL :

Yes, we could...let me believe that it's not
all an abominable self-deception.

Suddenly, without any transition, he adds:

CONSUL :

Oh, no...I don't love you, I've never loved you
...to hell with it all...I don't love you.

HUGH has arrived at the front row. He stops for a moment, then jumps
into the bullring.

He lunges toward the bull angrily, excited and smiling, using the news-
paper as a cape. There is shouting and applause.

The Bull looks at HUGH and attacks. HUGH makes a successful pass.

The CONSUL rises to his feet, pale with shock.

CONSUL :

Christ, the bloody fool....

YVONNE, still sitting holds back her tears and closes her eyes.

HUGH, in the ring, hits the bull in the ribs, inciting him. The bull is
furious and kicks up a cloud of dust.

Now angered, HUGH continues playing 'toreador', with the crowd clamoring
for more.

The CONSUL takes a drink of rum.

CONSUL :

Christ, the bloody fool....

YVONNE covers her face with her hands.

SM/600 CONT.

574 / 600 CONT.

CONSUL :

The pimp...the poxbox...

HUGH keeps on fighting with the bull. Covered with dust he looks like everybody else. Suddenly, a gust of wind takes hold of the newspaper he is using for a cape, dispersing the sheets in the air.

In a cloud of dust, several horsemen try to lasso the bull.

The CONSUL follows what's going on in the bullring with rapt attention.

HUGH and several others try their best to capture the bull. They struggle with him, but he frees himself and charges the protecting wall. The gate to the bull pens opens.

HUGH had run behind the bull, but stands stock still on seeing the bulls pour through the gate, passing right by him, and filling the ring, while the crowd cheers in delight.

HUGH in frustrated rage, pummels his thighs and falls to his knees. Then, containing his rage, explodes in furious laughter as he sees the bulls all around him in the rising clouds of dust, at the time he draws out his pistol and shoots two or three times to the air.

CUT TO :EXT. OFELIA-BORDA GARDENS (cage area) EARLY EVENING.

601 The light has diminished noticeably and the wind is up, swaying the greenery in the Salon Ofelia gardens. We find YVONNE tearful, with a bottle of liquor in her hand, staggering alone among the trees. (Satie: 6)

After taking a drink from the bottle, she arrives in a clearing with a large cage filled with birds of different varieties.

YVONNE looks at the birds sadly and continues walking, touching the grating of the cage with her index finger as she goes along.

Suddenly, with a decisive, but tranquil gesture, she opens the cage wide. The birds fly out in flocks to the treetops.

Distant thunder can be heard.

CUT TO :EXT. OFELIA-BORDA GARDENS. (orchestra area) EARLY EVENING.

602 In another area of the gardens, also lush with foliage, we find a large banner that says "BIENVENIDO SEÑOR OBISPO" (Welcome to the Bishop). Smaller signs and banners say "GRAN FIESTA A BENEFICIO DEL TEMPLO DE LA VIRGEN DE LA SOLEDAD" (Big Fair for the benefit of the Church of the Virgin of Solitude). The banners wave with the increasingly strong movement of the wind. The area is cleared for dancing and has a platform with musical instruments, microphones, etc., decorated with paper spirals, confetti and balloons.

602 CONT.

YVONNE, discreetly drunk, enters the area walking slowly. A bit at a time, almost imperceptibly, her steps become a dance, similar to the musical number that was shown in the film at Laruette's house.

With increasing deliberateness and frankness, the dance grows to full form until YVONNE mounts the platform stage, surrounded by profuse, almost savage vegetation. There is complete silence, offset by the sound of the foliage moving in the wind and the distant song of birds.

YVONNE picks up an enormous baritone saxophone. She takes a few dance steps with it, then raises it to her lips. She blows into it, producing sad, incoherent, rending notes. Following her mood and the doleful sound of the instrument, she surrenders to a flow of silent tears, continuing to "play" with great intensity.

CUT TO :

EXT. OPHELIA-BORDA GARDENS. (Restaurant area). EARLY EVENING.

603 With a wide movement of the camera (CRANE SHOT), the former splendor of the place is revealed: the enormous empty swimming pool, the rotting and broken diving board and the uncared for, almost useless vine arbor, covered, with dry leaves.

The blowing wind, carrying smoke from some burning stubble, sways and agitates a number of leftover banners and streamers. The tablecloths in the exterior portion of the restaurant are also flapping in the wind. A few buzzards or crows are eating food that has been left on some of the tables.

Although filled with a limitless sadness and increasingly drunk, YVONNE is more tranquil, having cried out some of her tension. Once discovered by the camera, she remains in the frame to the end of the shot. She passes in front of a Virgin of Solitude, which appears to be peering out at YVONNE from a niche surrounded by palm and banana leaves.

CUT TO :

EXT. OPHELIA-BORDA GARDENS (Fountain area and path) EARLY EVENING.

604/6 YVONNE keeps on walking, followed by the camera (TRAVELLING). We begin to hear (OFF) the voices of HUGH and the CONSUL:

CONSUL: (OFF)

You have to admit that the entire stupid idea of going to Spain is the height of futility... it is! if someone were to go and give his life, now that the Republicans have lost, no one would think you were driven by a popular wave of enthusiasm, but by a need to be a martyr to a great cause!

YVONNE walks into the area where HUGH and the CONSUL are talking.

HUGH is inside the large, circular, dry fountain with an assortment of rocks and stones at his feet. He is using the feeble stream of water from the central spout of the fountain to wash himself.

HUGH is sober now. He talks angrily, with his back to YVONNE.

HUGH :

For Christ's sake! It's going badly enough for Spain to be a martyr! But what sense does it make to talk about all this now, when the poor Indian is dead on the road.

The CONSUL turns and sees YVONNE. He stops for a moment.

YVONNE looks at him and then turns toward HUGH.

HUGH has finished washing in the fountain, notices the look on the CONSUL's face and turns toward YVONNE, still spraying drops of water.

The CONSUL is excited. He paces, circling outside the ring of the fountain

CONSUL :

And why an Indian? So that the incident may have some social significance to you, so that it should appear a kind of latter day repercussion of the Conquest. If you please! What if this man by the roadside had been a Fascist and your Spaniard a communist?

YVONNE, oblivious to the conversation, directs herself to the CONSUL.

YVONNE: (neutral)

Why didn't you answer my letters...?

The CONSUL is taken by surprise. He pauses a moment and then returns to his discussion with HUGH.

CONSUL :

Never mind, I think your thief is a Fascist, though of some ignominious sort, probably a spy on other spies...And in any case...if we go back a few years...

Although looking at YVONNE, HUGH interjects to answer the CONSUL.

HUGH :

Forgetting, of course, the Toltecs, the Mixtecs...

YVONNE raises her bottle in toast to HUGH and drinks, trying fruitlessly to appear happy.

The CONSUL pauses and looks at YVONNE before answering.

CONSUL :

Not necessarily....

604/6 CONF.

HUGH stops looking at YVONNE. He wipes his face rapidly with his shirt then returns vigorously to the discussion with the CONSUL, his eyes following him closely as he paces in long strides, circling the outside of the fountain.

HUGH:

Oh, yes, you do! And you say first the Spaniard exploits the Indian, then when he had children, he exploited the half-breed, then the pure-blooded Mexican-Spaniard, the criollo, exploits everybody: foreigners, Indians and all. Then the Germans and Americans exploited him: now the final chapter, the exploitation of everybody by everybody else...

YVONNE now seated on a bench, launches an attack with alcoholic lucidity:

YVONNE:

We're a mistake on the part of nature,
Geoff, we're dying out...

HUGH looks at her for a moment. He seems to consider her remark a contribution to his side of the argument. He continues:

HUGH:

France, even in Austrian guise, should never have transferred itself to Mexico, Geoff...
Look at all this...all this...ex-splendor...!

He gestures indicating the surroundings.

(LS) The CONSUL keeps circling the fountain, until he reverses himself to go in the other direction.

CONSUL: (bitterly)

And yet, how they must have loved this land, those two lonely empurpled exiles...look at this rolling glorious country, its hills, its valleys, its volcanoes, beautiful beyond belief! That poor devil, Maximilian. (CS) THE CONSUL stops walking. Read history. Go back a thousand years. What is the use of interfering with its worthless, stupid course? Like a barranca, a ravine, choked up with refusal, that winds through the ages and peters out...My God...!

HUGH:

And I'd like to know what in hell you mean...
What does all that have to do with not acting to save the life of that man...?

604/6 CONF.

604/6 CONT.

CONSUL :

Why should we have done anything to save his life? Hadn't he a right to die if he wanted to? Why should anybody interfere with anybody?

HUGH :

Christ ! The revolution also roars in...

YVONNE speaks from behind HUGH, interrupting him decisively.

YVONNE :

What are you so strange for, Hugh ?

HUGH, disconcerted, turns and looks at her, smiling bitterly.

There is distant thunder.

The CONSUL looks at YVONNE, smiles and returns to the argument.

CONSUL :

Now you see what sort of creatures we are, Hugh. Eating things alive...Didn't your Karl Marx say it? But you and I are the same thing, Hugh, the same person...We have to destroy ourselves to be reborn...Review your Marx, Hugh...there's no escape...Can't you see there's a sort of determinism about the fate of nations? They all seem to get what they deserve in the long run.

HUGH :

What does Marx have to do with determin....

CONSUL :

Not long ago it was poor little defenceless Ethiopia. Before that, poor little defenceless Flanders. To say nothing, of course, of the poor little defenceless Belgian Congo...Or Finland, or Piddlededee. Or even Russia...What in God's name has all the heroic resistance put up by poor little defenceless peoples rendered defenceless in the first place for some well-calculated and criminal reason.

HUGH looks at YVONNE who is sitting on a bench, drinking, oblivious to the discussion. He starts to walk on one of the paths. The CONSUL follows him as far as the bench, where we see HUGH's jacket and bag.

HUGH :

Hell, I told you that....

604/6 CONT.

604/6 cont

CONSUL :

...to do with the survival of the human spirit?
Nothing whatsoever. Less than nothing. See here,
Old Bean, to have against you Franco, or Hitler,
is one thing, but to have Actinium, Argon, Berp-
llium, Dysprosium, Nobium, Palladium, Praseodymium...

HUGH stops.

HUGH :

Look here, Geoff...

CONSUL :

...Ruthenium, Samarium, Silicon, Tantalum,
Tellurium, Terborium, Thorium...

HUGH :

See here...

CONSUL :

Thulium, Titanium, Uranium, Vanadium, Virginium,
Xenon, Ytterbium, Yttrium, Zirconium, to say
nothing of Europium and Germanium...and Mezcalium...
against you and all the others, is another...(drinks).

Thunder peals, getting closer all the time.

HUGH:(tranquil and remote)

See here, Geoffrey. Let's get this straight once
and for all. Communism to me is not, essentially,
whatever its present phase, a system at all. It is
simply...Hell Geoffrey! Remember what old Charlie
used to say...They won't come back...who knows when
...the days of sweet peace...Now all your trashy tomes
on metaphysics and all your nineteenth century German
philosophy...the only use they serve is to line the
trenches and fortify the barricades to stop the Fas-
cist hordes from taking the University City in Madrid
...and all your Goethe, your Shakespeare and Plato...

CONSUL :

Pimps and queers in defence of liberty!..Then it
was poor little defenceless Montenegro. Poor little
defenceless Serbia, or Greece...

HUGH :

I should like to know what the bloody hell it is
you imagine you're talking !

604/6 cont.

604/8 COT.

CONSUL :

But nothing constructive at bottom, only acceptance of the state of affairs that flatters one into feeling noble or useful !

HUGH :

But by God, it's against such a state of affairs that people like the Republicans are fighting...!

CONSUL :

Why can't people mind their own damn business!

HUGH :

Just let a real war come along and then see how bloodthirsty chaps like you are !

There is another peal of thunder.

CUT TO :

EXT. OPELIA BORDA GARDENS. (Restaurant area)(). EARLY EVENING.

607/8 There is a large banner of the Virgin of Solitude which has not been seen until now. The banner has the words "KERLESSE PRO RESTAURACION DEL TEMPLO DE LA VIRGEN DE LA SOLEDAD". It is whipped by the wind, which builds in intensity, at the same time as the thunder grows louder and more frequent.

The Camera (CRANE SHOT), descends to find YVONNE as she approaches the outside restaurant near the pool. There is a look of infinite sadness on her face and she is apparently more weary and exhausted than drunk from the effects of the liquor. She walks up the small stairway to the restaurant area, then systematically and deliberately, with great calm, begins a labor of destruction. She pulls up the wreaths of flowers in her path, wrenches the cloths from the banquet tables, dumping bottles, vases and plates to the floor. A piece of flying flower wreath falls about her neck like a feather boa and she tears it off. Then she attacks the banner of the Virgin, trying to tear down the decorations welcoming the Cardinal. As she rips at them the pieces fall at her feet.

When she has crossed the restaurant area in this manner, she arrives at the absurd swimming pool, covered with a rusty iron grating. YVONNE stops to contemplate it with a far away, drunken look in her eyes.

Though it had begun to drizzle earlier, it has taken until this moment for YVONNE to become aware of the moisture. She looks upward to the cloud and passes her hand across her face.

HUGH appears on an adjoining pathway. He wears his jacket, and has his travel bag slung over his shoulder. He stops when he sees YVONNE standing and staring into the pool. YVONNE turns and looks at him with the face of a frightened and helpless child. There is silence for a moment, then HUGH goes up to her.

607/8 COT.

YVONNE places her head on his shoulder. He puts his arms around her, tenderly, almost paternally, maintaining the position for a while as the wind and drizzle continue. HUGH then touches YVONNE's cheek and raises her face so as to look at each other. There is a questioning, almost supplicating look about her.

HUGH has his hand on YVONNE's scarf. With it, he carefully and slowly wipes the water from her face. YVONNE responds by relaxing into a weak smile and, once again, resting her head on his shoulder. He places the scarf about her neck and touches her hair for a moment. Suddenly, with a decisive motion, HUGH breaks apart from her, looks at her, makes a half turn and goes.

YVONNE stands desolately watching HUGH as he leaves. She shuts her eyes firmly, as if holding back a scream or a shout. In a moment she becomes conscious of the scarf on her neck, takes it off, looks at it and clenches it in her fist. (The wind increases and the thunder comes nearer).

CUT TO :

INT. ORTIZ-RODRIGUEZ GARDENS (Cabaña area) Night, YVONNE.

608/u This area of the gardens is a network of intercrossing paths, running between masses of lush plants and vegetation. The paths connect with and divide the gabanes, arbores, individual picnic locations.

The CONSUL is found in one of these arbores cabanas, illuminated by a kerosene lamp, hanging from the top. He is taking a long drink from a bottle of mezcal.

The wind whips the foliage of the arbor and there is water dripping all about him, from the leaves overhead.

When he lowers the bottle from his lips, the CONSUL senses a presence behind him. He turns to find YVONNE.

CONSUL :

I thought it was all so splendidly and legally settled...It's only you that insists it isn't... You're all the same, all of you, Jacques, you, Hugh, trying to interfere with other people's lives, interfering, interfering.

YVONNE just stands at the entranceway to the cabana.

YVONNE :

For the soul of Mike :

The CONSUL explodes.

CONSUL :

Poor darling Yvonne! With the clean scrubbed, tanned face of a child, the slim brown hands and slender feet, you do not care who is losing the battle of the Ebs....! How many centuries of oppression to produce you...? That's what Hugh said about

609/u cont.

CONSUL: (cont)

you before he left... For that matter,
both your souls stink !

YVONNE is about to lose all control

YVONNE:

Don't be such a bloody swine, Geoffrey !

CONSUL:

What an uncommon time you two must have had,
paddling palms and playing bubbles and titties
all day under cover of saving me...Jesus, poor
little defenceless me! So full of terror !

YVONNE can't restrain herself any longer. She moves forward.

YVONNE:

How little you know of my life! How little you
know of that terror...or of anything that isn't
just about yourself...You think you're lost, but
it's not so...You don't know how to ask for help
...! Where are you Geoffrey...? I don't know where
you are...If I only knew where you are...I would
have long since been with you...I'm afraid, Geoffrey
...Why don't you tell me what happened? What do you
need? And by God, what are you waiting for ?

The CONSUL tries to adopt a sober attitude:

CONSUL:

Don't shout...I'm talking very calmly. As when
I ask you, what have you ever done for anyone but
yourself...? Where are the children I might have
wanted? You may suppose I might have wanted them...
Drowned to the accompaniment of the rattling of a
thousand douche bags.

YVONNE:

Oh, Geoffrey...I want your children, soon, at once,
I want them. I want your life filling and stirring
me...But now you're walking on the edge of an abyss
where I may not follow...If we could rise from our
misery, seek each other once more.

The CONSUL interrupts, emotionally.

CONSUL:

You don't even pretend to need an illusion to help
you and support you...At least you don't pretend to
love "humanity", not a bit of it! You don't even need

CONSUL: (cont)

AN Illusion to help you deny the only natural and good function you have. Though on second thoughts it might be better if women had no functions at all !

YVONNE :

Dont be such a bloody swine, Geoffrey !

CONSUL :

Stay where you bloody are! Of course I see the romantic predicament you two are in. But even if Hugh makes the most of it again, it won't be long, it won't be long before he realizes h's only one of the hundred or so other ninney-hammers with gills like codfish and veins like racehorses...

YVONNE :

Shut up, Geoff !

CONSUL :

But, you see, it's perfectly logical, what it comes down to: I've got my own piddling little fight for freedom on my hands. Mummy, let me go back to the beautiful brother! Back to where those triskeles are strumming the infinite trismus ...I've been beguiled by your offers of a sober and non-alcoholic Paradise. At least I suppose that's what you've been working around towards all day. But now I've made up my melodramatic little mind, what's left of it, just enough to make up...

The CONSUL is in a frenzy, completely out of himself. He goes toward YVONNE violently and grabs her by the arms, squeezing with all his strength. She is terrified as he beats her furiously, shouting:

CONSUL :

Understand this one time! I didn't give the order to throw the Germans into the furnaces alive! I shoved them in, I, personally, with my own hands, so they'd fry, shouting and squirming like pigs...! I liked it...I love hell. I can't wait to get back there, in fact I'm running. I'm almost back there already.

He continues abusing her violently, throwing her brutally to the ground. Then before he realizes what he is doing, he hits the kerosene lamp. YVONNE remains where she was thrown down in the mud.

CUT TO :

EXT. ZOCALO. QUAUMNANUAC PAIR. NIGHT.

612 The wind is blowing papers and garbage wildly in the zocalo, as people rush in all directions, seeking shelter from the storm. There are repeated flashes of lightning, with accompanying loud peals of thunder.

It starts to pour and the wind whips at the Ferris Wheel.

The CONSUL appears among the people fleeing for shelter from the wind and rain. He is reeling drunk.

A horse, tied up near the corner is struggling to be free of his tethers. He is pitching, neighing and raising his hoofs in a desperate effort to flee from the storm. A large number 7 can be seen on his saddlebags.

CUT TO :

INT. "TODOS CONTENTOS". NIGHT (CARACOL).

613/4 The door to the bar (and bordello) opens and the CONSUL appears. He is soaking wet and weak, with his face contorted in tension. He seems at the point of collapse.

CONSUL :

...Help...!

A FIRE EATER is entertaining the customers, spitting fire, in the main room of the bordello/bar.

The CONSUL runs to the bar, calling desperately:

CONSUL :

Diosdado ! Diosdado !

When the bartender doesn't appear the CONSUL takes a bottle of mezcal for a long drink.

The FIRE EATER has been watching the CONSUL with rapt attention.

The CONSUL turns toward the FIRE EATER, then in all directions. A strong feeling of ominous horror impels him toward the other door.

CUT TO :

INT. MORELOS MOVIEHOUSE. BACKSTAGE. NIGHT.

615 The CONSUL, panting, crosses the backstage section of the Morelos movie-house. Black and white images, scenes from the bombardment of Guernica, can be seen through the enormous, old cloth screen.

CUT TO :

INT. "TODOS CONTENTOS" (Bordello) NIGHT.

616 The CONSUL, highly agitated and out of breath is in the corridor lined with the curtains that divide the "rooms". Throughout the sequence, the sound of the newsreel scenes can be heard in the background.

The CONSUL opens one of the curtains and enters a "room". (An Helguera Calendar and another one showing a snow landscape amid other things). We see MARIA, a prostitute with indigenous features. She turns to look at the CONSUL.

The CONSUL throws himself at her, embracing her and kissing her with nervous, clumsy, almost uncontrolled movements. MARIA, though startled, begins to respond to the CONSUL's frantic caresses.

The CONSUL gets on top of MARIA on the bed and it is impossible to tell if her groans are from pleasure or pain.

After a few moments, they turn over so that MARIA is on top of the CONSUL. Gradually she rises to a sitting position.

MARIA continues moving on top of the CONSUL. Her action becomes more forceful and violent.

CUT TO :

EXT. ZOCALO. QUAUHNHUAC FAIR. NIGHT. ()

617 (CRANE) The storm continues furiously with the rain falling extremely heavily.

YVONNE appears in one of the little "streets" of the Fair. She is silent and completely inexpressive, walking almost mechanically among the stands as the wind whips at the streamers and flags.

CUT TO :

INT. MORELOS MOVIE HOUSE. BACKSTAGE. NIGHT. ()

618 The "Hands of Orlac" has started.

The CONSUL passes behind the screen while the background music to the film is playing.

CUT TO :

EXT. THE FRONT OF "TODOS CONTENTOS" & QUAUHNHUAC ZOCALO. NIGHT. ()

619 The CONSUL leaves the bordello as the rain continues.

A man, covering his head with a sarape to keep dry, is running in the rain. He stops stark still when he sees the CONSUL. As his face comes into view, we see that it is the TEACHER who appeared dead on the road.

TEACHER :

Señor Consul ! They told me you had been killed.

The CONSUL stops in front of the TEACHER, barely smiling and motions toward the entrance of "El Farolito".

619 CONT.

619 CONT.

CONSUL:

Yes...there...these damned Fascists (he smiles)
Today is my death-birthday.

He goes toward the "El Farolito" doorway when the TEACHER stops him.

TEACHER:

And you go back....?

The CONSUL smiles and thinks before answering.

CONSUL:

I forgot my pipe...I need it to work...!

TEACHER:

But "El Farolito" is full of Fascists, Consul...

The CONSUL looks at him with a gesture as if to say that he knows, but that he shouldn't let it bother him. Then he starts to walk toward the "El Farolito".

Not far from the CONSUL the horse with the number 7 on the saddlebags continues whinneying and raising his front legs in the air in his efforts to free himself.

As the CONSUL gets near the horse, he looks at him a few moments, then unties his tether.

Once he is loose, the horse neighs savagely and runs toward the puestos (stands) of the Fair.

At the porch outside "El FAROLITO", the OLD WOMAN with the chicken, established in the BELLAVISTA BAR, is protecting herself from the rain. She looks at the CONSUL, surprised, with wide open eyes, as if telling him not to go in. The CONSUL comforts her with a gesture and goes in.

CUT TO:INT. "EL FAROLITO". NIGHT.

620/40 Soaking wet, the CONSUL enters the main room of "El Farolito". (2 advertisements are hanging: one of "ALAS", another of CAPIASPIRINA). The FIRE EATER, who is also wet, sees the CONSUL and points at him.

DIOSDADO is behind the bar. WEBER, THE CHIEF GARDENER, MAX, SANABRIA and the BUS DRIVER (all established earlier) are sitting and drinking in front of the bar. They all turn and look at the CONSUL. DIOSDADO is writing something with a small pencil.

DIOSDADO just barely smiles at the CONSUL puts a glass of mezcal on the bar for him, and leaves the pencil aside.

When the CONSUL gets to the bar he drinks the liquor clumsily, spilling some.

620/40 CONT.

WEBER, with dark glasses practically on his head, walks up to the CONSUL.

WEBER :

Ah...we been looking for you...you Bolsheviki prick ! You member of the Brigade Internationale and stir up trouble ?

The CONSUL responds firmly but courteously:

CONSUL :

No...Absolutamente no !

WEBER smiles menacingly. He slaps the CONSUL hard and makes a signal to DIOSDADO.

WEBER :

Ab-so-luta-mente hey? Drink cabron ! Drink a all you a want to have...How much money have you got?

The CONSUL takes a few bills out of his pocket and smiles a little, noticing that the SINARQUISTAS are also very drunk.

WEBER :

Perhaps that not enough money. What are you for? Ingles? Español? Americano? Russian? You come a from the you-are-essy-essy? What for are you do? What for you ah run away with Mexican caballo? For no pay Mexican money hey?

DIOSDADO, the bartender gives the CONSUL another mezcal.

DIOSDADO:(smiling)

Trotsky...

CONSUL :

No. Blackstone. William Blackstone.

WEBER, signals to MAX and SANABRIA who being beating the CONSUL violently at the same time searching his pockets.

WEBER :

You are not Blackstone, hijo de puta! You are Firmin! You desert your ship at Veracruz, huh?

The SINARQUISTAS take papers out of the CONSUL's jacket, including leaflets and a credential.

SANABRIA :

Hugo Firmin, from the Federación Anarquista de España. And look at the mierda you got...

He shows the leaflets.

66a/40 Cote

CONSUL :

No comprendo...Blackstone's my name. I am a writer, not an anarchist...

BUS DRIVER :

Writer? You anticrista. Si you anticrista prick ! You Escalito !

SANABRIA switches the CONSUL around by the hips and then grabs him by the arm.

MAX :

Cabrón. What for you lie? I say here too! Your name is Hugo Firmin.

The CONSUL struggles until he is loose. He grabs hold of the bar, but DIOSDADO hits him, forcing the CONSUL to let go.

The CHIEF GARDENER pushes the CONSUL back.

CHIEF GARDENER :

What for you lie? You are no a de wrider, you are de espider, and we shoota de espiders in Mexico. You a Jew chingao.

Taking him by surprise, the CONSUL lands a heavy blow on the CHIEF GARDENER.

CONSUL :

Give me those letters back? You boxboxes. You killed the Indian. Give me my papers back!

CHIEF GARDENER:(straightening himself up)

Papers. Cabrón. You har no papers.

The CONSUL hits him again, then hits MAX, who approaches closer. Some others take off their jackets, still others grab him from behind. They drag him back to the bar.

The CONSUL struggles free and shouts.

CONSUL :

Murderers! Fascists! If only you'd stop interfering, stop sleeping with my wife, only the beggars and the accursed !

One of them pulls out a pistol and aims at him.

The CONSUL lunges, hitting the man with the pistol and the gun goes flying.

CONSUL :

You killed the teacher

SAHARISTA :

I break your head, you Jew chingno...
I blow you wide open from your knees up!

CUT TO :EXT. ZOCALO. GUERRILLAS PAIR. NIGHT.

640/650 Seven bells begin to ring.

YVONNE is walking through the Pair in the windswept deluge.

A lightning bolt illuminates the Pair for an instant, allowing YVONNE to see the rampaging horse.

She stands immobile, as if somehow anticipating a terrible danger.

Galloping near, the horse seems to notice YVONNE and turns directly toward her.

YVONNE tries to evade the horse, but she trips, twisting her ankle and falling to the ground. In another momentary flash of lightning we can see the riderless horse as he charges YVONNE.

YVONNE tries to get up, but the horse is already upon her.

The horse is on top of YVONNE. For an instant he appears to remain suspended in the air.

The bells continue.

CUT TO :INT. "EL FAROLITO". NIGHT.

650/660 (DOLLY) The CHIEF GARDENER has buried a knife in the CONSUL's abdomen, opening his entrails.

The CONSUL tries to walk holding his intestines in his hand. The bells stop, while the camera starts a spiral movement around him.

CONSUL :

Let me sink lower that I may know the truth...
Please let me make her happy, ...Oh Yvonne !
Deliver me from this dreadful tyranny of self...
come back...let me be truly lonely, that I may
honestly pray...I'll stop drinking...If only for
a day...Destroy the world !

WEBER makes a signal to the others.

The CONSUL staggers to where the pistol is lying on the floor. He picks it up and looks all around, brandishing the gun. The SINARQUISTAS watch him motionless, for a second. Then the CONSUL suddenly turns toward a mirror and empties the gun at it.

He throws the gun at what is left of the mirror, then the bottle of

mezzal, and then the pipe. The pipe falls to the floor.

The CONSUL then reaches the bar looking for support. The SINARQUISTAS go out. The CONSUL looks at the pencil left by DIOSDADO. He takes it. Immediately, the old CARDENAS (that had offered him the Tequila bottle stained with blood in the Fair sequence) appears and addresses the CONSUL.

OLD CARDENAS:

Compañero....

The CONSUL puts his arm around him, moved, although he can barely smile. Then he goes stumbling toward the door, holding his intestines.

CUT TO:

EXT. ZOCALO. QUAUHNAHUAC FAIR. NIGHT.

- 661 The CONSUL, still holding his intestines in his hand, bleeding profusely, goes out into the Plaza. It is now drizzling.

CONSUL:

...that path, and beyond it...like visions of a new life together we might somewhere lead, happy in one another, on the balcony of this house, looking over the water...Sometimes, the little red plane...from Acapulco...the strange hills...you will be on it, on that plane every morning as it goes by, and will come to save me...

He collapses completely, falling into the mud.

CONSUL:

Ah, Yvonne, my love...! you are what...?
Why...? Who...? Night...!

He dies.

(DOLLY) The camera approaches the CONSUL's corpse sprawled in a mess of blood and mud, until it focuses on his hand, still grabbing the small pencil.

Then, the DOLLY continues until it reaches YVONNE's nearby body.

(For the last time, Satie's theme (?) starts again)

- 662 (CRANE) The Ferris Wheel is once again at a stand still. The camera descends to find the HORSE amidst the smoke of the abandoned food stands. The HORSE is destroying the Fair savagely.
- 663 The stand "Peguche al Diablo" and the big Palmist Hand, surrounded by caballistic signs, are destroyed by the HORSE's fury.
- 664 Several newspapers with headlines on the Libro, are dispersed by the wind, which also breaks the canvases with the hammer and sickle from the Taxi driver's strike, loose.

- 665 The HORSE continues tearing down the stands. He now destroys the PITCHMAN's tent, seen during the day. The human anatomic figures illustrating different kinds of diseases are torn down, while the wind continues to blow furiously.

The camera fixes on the 666 advertisement next to the huge woman's face already established.

CUT TO :

EXT. BARRANCA AND VOLCANO. QUAHUHANUAC. NIGHT.

- 666 Following the racing HORSE we come back to the Church in ruins we saw on the first shot of the film.

It is no longer raining. The camera focuses on the corpse of a dog in the dark bottom of the Barranca. An instant later, the body of the CONSUL rolls down nearby.

The camera rises (CRANE SHOT) until it encounters the sign:

LE GUSTA ESTE JARDIN, QUE ES SUYO ?
EVITE QUE SUS HIJOS LO DESTRUYAN !

A dripping, freshly painted swastika covers the sticker which says : NO PASARAN! , then the camera continues its ascent to discover the Great Stone Cross of the ancient church. All the signs of the Passion are carved into the cross: the ladder, the garment, the nails, etc.

Further up, we discover Lucifer, the Angel of Evil, destroyed by light, opposite, the Archangel St. Michael kneels, brandishing his sword.

Continuing its constant ascent, the camera comes upon the Virgin of Solitude, standing on her black half-moon pedestal; and still further up, St. George fighting the dragon.

Without stopping its constant upward movement, the camera rises above the ruined facade of the symmetrical, once barroque church, passing the bell tower. The bells can be heard tolling for the dead, while roosters are crowing in the distance.

The ascending camera penetrates the overwhelming darkness to discover the Popocatepetl, rising majestically, as if filmed in black and white.

Above these images appears the word

KILL

FIRST
DRAFT

1975.