

Creed of Violence

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Based on the novel by Boston Teran

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BLACK

A MAN'S VOICE HARKING IN SPANISH, "My Friends! Are you ready to have your rightful share of the American dream?"

1 - EL MERCADO, JUÁREZ MEXICO

1

A sea of SOMBREROS coagulated around a single SMARTLY DRESSED GENT standing on a make-shift stage of packing crates. A sign overhead reads: *Ven Únete a la Plancha Mariscal - Join the Iron Marshal.*

SMARTLY DRESSED GENT

Mr. Charles Flint of the City of New York
will pay any able-bodied man the honest
wage of two dollars American a day...

The smartly dressed gent drones on about the food and housing provided for the man willing to fight a U.S. trade war in Brazil. He tips his WHITE SKIMMER toward -

A 25-YEAR-OLD MAN wearing a BOWLER, one of the only Caucasians in the crowd, who nods back, then turns away, holding the hand of a 6-YEAR-OLD BOY of mixed race, and the two re-enter the marketplace

2 - INTERNATIONAL BRIDGE TO EL PASO

2

A parade of stray children & dogs, caballero's on horseback, and mule-drawn cart haulers crossing in both directions.

The bowler wearing man watches as the boy takes it all in.

3 - U.S. CUSTOMS GATE

3

Two ARMED MEN stand checking people, passing them through, or sending them to a QUARANTINE SHED for delousing.

The bowler man, at the front of the line, is waved through, but -

A HAND reaches out and grabs the boy's shoulder.

CUSTOMS GUARD

Whoa there, Pancho. Going the wrong way.

The boy looks up - scared.

BOWLER WEARING MAN

He's with me.

CUSTOMS GUARD

Still gotta visit the shed for
delousing - he's Mex.

BOWLER WEARING MAN

No. He's mine.

CUSTOMS GUARD

Really? What's your name, Pancho?

BOY

... Henry Penny.

CUSTOMS GUARD
Don't you mean, Enrique Centavo?

Bowler man lifts Henry into his arms and pushes past the guards.

BOWLER WEARING MAN
C'mon, son.

4 - SEGUNDO BARRIO HIGH STREET, EL PASO

4

Hand-in-hand, the two make their way past a raucous joint called *Miguel's*. They cross the street and then the man kneels down to the boy's height, and pulls the child close to him by his lapels.

MAN TO BOY
Do you want to know what people are
really like? Do you want to know how?
So you can never be tricked nor fooled?
So no one can ever make a game of you.
Nor spin you, nor straight edge you?
Like that - (snaps his fingers) - you
can know. Do you want to know? Do you
want to know how?

Certain the man needs him to, the child nods.

MAN TO BOY (CONT'D)
Be indifferent to every man and you
will know. Remember, money has no
allegiance. Head home now, son.

The child looks at his feet, afraid to walk alone. The man pulls a chained pendant from around his neck and places it on the boy.

MAN TO BOY (CONT'D)
Look at this. Hold it in your hand.

The boy takes it up in his fingers and looks down at the thing.

MAN TO BOY (CONT'D)
This is my magic charm, and it'll always
keep you safe. As long as you wear it
nothing can ever happen to you. Now, head
home. I'll be with you directly. After
supper we'll take the trolley to the plaza,
see the fireworks, wrestle alligators, and
eat ice cream from paper boxes.

The boy smiles. Then takes off into the crowd alone, passing a warehouse branded with a TRADE SIGN: *OLD GLORY FLAG COMPANY*

5 - DOWN ON A CONSIDERABLE MANUFACTURING ENTERPRISE

5

Rows of women, for the most part Mexican, at identical Singers performing the same repetitive task - assembling, *Old Glory*. NOTICE the back of one WOMAN's HEAD as she sneaks a pocket handkerchief up to her mouth and coughs hard into it.

A FLOOR BOSS walks the row in her direction, and she lifts the hanky up as if wiping sweat from her brow, just like every other woman working double shifts in this God awful heat.

6 - CHIHUAHUITA, ADOBE ROW, SECOND FLOOR RENTED ROOM

6

A pair of HANDS, looking as if they belong to someone much older than they actually do, push a CREWEL NEEDLE through a piece of scrap fabric, carefully hand-stitched to appear whole.

HENRY'S EYES move across a cheap PHOTOGRAVURE POSTCARD from France depicting pilgrims staring up from the grotto at the statue of *Our Lady of Lourdes*.

The SOUND of a woman COUGHING turns the boy from the wall where the post card hangs from a nail and string. He reaches for a spoon & bottle of PATENT MEDICINE, and carries them over to his mother.

Her hands pour out the dose, and bring it to her lips. She lowers the spoon, smiles at the boy, and hands him the cobbled together red-white-and-blue bunting she's been sewing on. His face beams as he carries it from the room, out onto a -

7 SHALLOW TERRACE

7

He stretches on tip-toes, trying to heave it up onto the rail. His mother appears from behind, gently lifts him, and the two affix each end to the balustrade, then proudly step back looking down on an alleyway where similar oaths of obedience, marshaled into the conservative ambition of the immigrant branded dream, hang and wave from each window and doorway, the only color against the glow of a hyena brown sky. Along this chute, not a single electric pole that might provide power to the dreamers.

8 IN THEIR COMMON ROOM

8

The glow from a prayer candle illuminates mother & child, who share a simple meal around a table set for three.

The boy stares at his mother who meets his gaze, trying to hide her concern at the empty chair and place setting.

7 - LATER

7

The woman asleep now, slumped in a chair facing the terrace, from which the boy now appears. He curls up in her lap - his tiny hands pull out the pendant from around his neck and finger its surface: An image of a colorfully enameled green Periot, or Joker, holding an owl in his outstretched hand - a cheap German carnival pendant.

8 - LERDO TRAMWAY

8

Squeezed into this overloaded mule-drawn affair, the boy's head protrudes from an open window, his eyes scanning the passing gas-lit sidewalks of white society for some sign of his father.

9 - SAN JUCINTO PLAZA'S ENTRANCE BANNERED - INDEPENDENCE DAY 1893

9

The town has emptied into this place from horse drawn carriages and trolleys. Men jostle, and crowd in line at the beer wagons.

Confused and scared, the boy wanders past families already set-up on blankets, camped out with baskets full of chicken legs, bread, and cork-topped bottles of Lemp, Pabst and Winkelmeyer.

He threads through the trunks of elm trees, his eyes desperately searching the faces of people gathered wall-to-wall on the green.

BOY
(quiet)
Papa.

He looks scared, a kind of panic setting in. Screaming now.

BOY (CONT'D)
Papa!

A SONIC BOOM drowns him out. A riot of color blooms overhead. In spite of himself, he looks up in sudden awe.

Suddenly an ICE CREAM appears in front of him, and the boy's face lights up in relief.

But when he looks past the hand holding it, instead of his father, he finds the smartly dressed gent from the market. A man we'll soon become as well acquainted with as this boy already is — his name is WADSWORTH BURR.

BURR
You won't find him here, Henry.

Henry's eyes well up and he begins to slowly back away.

Burr takes a step towards him. The ordinance from above backlighting his skimmer and unreadable expression.

BURR (CONT'D)
Your birth is a crime of chance —
but all birth is a crime of chance.

A moment, and then —

The boy darts away quickly, sprinting as if running for his life.

Burr makes no effort to stop him, watching his departure with the foreknowledge that this is just the beginning of some mad game.

BLACK

A LEGEND APPEARS: CREED OF VIOLENCE

— THE SOUND of WIND teasing a scorching HEAT —

10 — CUT IN: ON THE ROAD LEADING OUT OF SIERRA BLANCA, NEW MEXICO 10

A FILTHY BOWLER enters this elevated vantage point, watching as an approaching ISLAND of DUST RISES up and away with the wind. Snaking mile after mile throughout the vast Tularosa Basin.

11 — CUT DOWN: ON THE INTERNATIONAL BRIDGE (NOW PAVED), EL PASO 11

A FILTHY SLOUCH HAT, as viewed from behind, enters this vantage point, watching the Mexicans and motorized traffic cross from Juárez to El Paso.

He stands 100 yards above this picture alongside a row of OTHER ROUGHS waiting at an employment shack looking for day labor. Even so, his HAND motions for the man behind to cut ahead.

Below the bridge, emerging now from the U.S. side of the quarantine shed, is a YOUNG MEXICAN GIRL, no more than sixteen.

A CUSTOMS OFFICER yells something lewd in her direction, but she doesn't react with so much as a flinch.

Slouch hat, who calls himself JOHN LOURDES, looks at his pocketwatch - straight up NOON.

He opens a NOTEPAD dense with script, and his pencil gets busy.

12 - IN THE OPEN CAB

12

Of a 1910 three-ton PACKARD truck, shaded by a tarp stretched across its frame, sit two men, the DRIVER, a heavy, tired-looking fellow, and his PASSENGER whose feet rest lazily on the dash.

Far off in the middle-distance, through a river of heat, a tiny animated FIGURE suddenly appears in the roadway, crazily waving what seems to be a BOWLER back and forth.

DRIVER
Now what might that be?

13 FROM BEHIND THE BOWLER-WAVING-MAN HOLLERING A JAZZ OF OATHS

13

We see the Packard almost upon him, it's tarp fluttering like some magic carpet. Soon the bed's protective sides begin to reveal themselves. Painted the length are the words - AMERICAN PARTHENON.

FROM THE CAB, the men take in their first view, and ours, of -

A little raggedy fellow whose features you may well recognize as belonging to Henry's father; albeit with 20 unknown years etched upon his face. He calls himself RAWBONE - and you would be wise to assume that for the past 45 years he's more than lived up to it.

RAWBONE
Aye, brothers. It's Christian of
you to stop. I lost my mount there
in the hills.

He points to a SADDLE and BRIDLE lying by the side of the road.

RAWBONE (CONT'D)
I could use a ride and as for being
a bumner...

He takes PAPER MONEY from the sweat band of his filthy derby.

RAWBONE (CONT'D)
I'll pay whatever it's worth to
touch down in civilization.

The men in the cab glance at each other, the driver waves him up.

14 - LATER MOVING

Rawbone perched on the flatbed behind the open cab yells to them.

RAWBONE

So...

Raps his knuckles against one of the lashed crates

RAWBONE (CONT'D)

What are you carrying?

PASSENGER (by rote)

The makings of an icehouse to be built in El Paso that was wrongly shipped to Sierra Blanca.

RAWBONE

El Paso, you say? What luck! Why I've been dreaming about visiting Miguel's there in the bario. And tucking into a dish of Chiles en nogada. Either of you ever been?

Both men grunt "nopes."

RAWBONE (CONT'D)

Well, I'll be happy to introduce you to the experience. The biggest Poblanos you've ever seen, the man uses cabrito in his picadillo. And the sauce - gentlemen you've never tasted such sauce.

Rawbone hands a FLASK to the passenger in the cab who drinks.

RAWBONE (CONT'D)

I'll bet when you first saw me you thought I was a breath of trouble.

PASSENGER

(hands flask to driver who pulls hard)

We had a passing moment.

RAWBONE

Brothers, I've lived an unchristian life from time to time for sure. You might say I've sipped at perdition more than once.

The driver passes the flask back to Rawbone, who doesn't drink.

RAWBONE (CONT'D)

But God has seen fit to whisper a warning.

IMPRESSIONISTIC TIME SNATCHES of RAWBONE FEEDING THE MEN more WHISKEY - SNIPPETS of their CONVERSATION - RACIAL SLURS hurled FROM WITHIN THE CAB - The False bravado of the newly inebriated

Finally -

PASSENGER

Stop the truck. I'm feelin' bad.

He looks it. There's a pallor to him, and sweat rings his temples.

THE RIG BRAKES, he lurches from the cab, and then falls.

Rawbone jumps from the back, sweeps up the man's rifle and turns.

RAWBONE

He's a dead man and so are you,
brother

The driver blinks as if hit by a revelation, he looks down at the flask on the cab seat, then back to -

Rawbone, who just stands there with a steely and splayed grin.

The driver, panicking, hits the gas, the truck pulls away wildly.

RAWBONE (CONT'D)

(shouts after it)

Aye! So there you go. But you've
already drunk your future down,
and I can hear the trumpets playing
graveside.

He slings the carbine over his shoulder, kneels down and robs the shuddering man of his belongings. Whistling *Yankee Doodle*, he stands and starts off after the truck at a casual walk.

15 - THE RIG

15

Has veered off the road, canted against a wall of rock, its engine still running as Rawbone steps up into the cab.

The driver alive, but barely, saliva forming around his mouth.

RAWBONE

Pardon me.

He leans past him and shuts off the motor.

RAWBONE (CONT'D)

Rest a while.

He steps down from the cab and checks the truck for damage. As he comes around the side he sees one of the LASHED CRATES has come loose and CRACKED OPEN beside the road. He kneels over the thing.

RAWBONE (CONT'D)

Ah.

Hanging out the wood slats is a FEED BELT for a MACHINE GUN.

RAWBONE (CONT'D)

(yelling back to the driver)

Didn't know they needed these to
build an icehouse.

16 - ONE-O-CLOCK ON JOHN LOURDES' WATCHFACE

His pencil begins scratching again inside the pocket notepad:

Another Short Trip

The same Mexican girl moving along Santa Fe Street, now heading back toward the Mexican border.

From beneath a storefront awning, he watches her, and we him, our first real look at the man. Mixed race and near twenty-five, a week's worth of beard, and wearing clothes that cry out with wear.

She moves closer and he notes the calming silence she emanates is in direct contrast to the nervous and wary pen stroke of her eyes.

17 - LATER - BORDER CHECK-POINT

He watches from a rise, as the girl exits the US side and quickly heads back across the bridge leading to Juárez.

Lourdes starts toward it at full gate.

18 - AVENIDA PASEO DE TRIUNFO, JUÁREZ

He's 40 yards back from THE GIRL, when she slows near the steps of a church, where a FIVE-YEAR-OLD GIRL, holding a RAG DOLL, sits begging. He watches her take a seat next to the child, and gently stroke her head, the two clearly having some kind of relationship. She hands her a coin, kisses her cheek, stands, and continues on -

Past buildings adorned with wall graffiti insulting the regime; GROUPS OF MEN in heated conversation distributing PAMPHLETS urging people to take up arms against the Diaz government.

YOUNG BOYS march past carrying RIFLES in a primitive street militia. Several of them fire into the air, the SOUND catching most people off-guard, including -

Lourdes, who quickly ducks along with the rest of the street.

The girl, however, appears oblivious, as she continues on her way.

Lourdes' confused face now finally understanding - she's deaf.

19 - A TWO-STORY OFFICE BUILDING

He arrives inside a dark, filthy, hallway, moving quickly to a steep staircase emitting the receding SOUND of climbing FOOTSTEPS.

He reaches the SECOND-FLOOR LANDING just as she disappears into an office, and hears VOICES suddenly rise through an open transom. He notes the LIGHT ANGLING down a wall from an overhead SKYLIGHT -

20 - ON THE ROOF

He walks a row of them, reaches the one he knows it to be, removes his hat, squats and carefully leans forward.

Something metal escapes from his shirt and catches the light.

He leans back, and his hand reflexively sweeps up the thing hanging from a chain around his neck. He leans back in to see -

The girl standing in a picture frame of light. Head downcast, and alone. The cloudy VOICES OF MEN speaking English and Spanish. A door opens and closes. A SHADOW climbs the wall.

An ARM holds out a BLANKET, and the girl, averting her eyes, slips out of her clothes leaving them puddled on the floor.

21 - IN THE LOBBY OF THE EL RAY THEATRE

21

A single PESO is deposited into the slot of a PAY TELEPHONE. Lourdes opens his pocket notepad and dials the operator.

LOURDES
Buneos tardes. El Paso exchange'
por favor.

22 - SEGUNDO BARRIO, EL PASO

22

THE PACKARD navigates afternoon traffic now entirely motorized. Stopping at an intersection waiting for an ELECTRIC STREETCAR to pass, Rawbone's eyes scan the barrio, only to find it gone. Adobes he once frequented now a block of shiny BRICK STOREFRONTS. His coveted Miguel's, no more, long boarded up and shuttered.

One thing remains, the FLAG WAREHOUSE, repurposed as a BREWERY. The only clue of its former trade, nine bleached letters on it's faded side - **OL G O R Y F A G**

This gets a snort from him.

23 - ALLEY

23

The Packard comes to a stop and Rawbone jumps out, taking in the long narrow passageway, now a routeway for TELEPHONE & POWER POLES cluttered with wire. His eyes weed past them and land upon the -

TINY TERRACE where he once lived.

He turns to see he's standing in front of a pawn shop whose window is adorned with an advert depicting a gun toting Bat Masterson extolling the many virtues of the new SAVAGE.32

He grins and steps into the place.

24 - SATTERTHWAITE ADDITION

24

The light falls away beyond the far mountains, as the Packard lumbers up into the dreamy tranquility of the manicured estates.

25 - BURR HOUSE

25

It pulls into the pea-gravel circular drive of A HUGE MISSION-STYLE HOUSE, and parks next to a brand new CADILLAC. His exit VIEWED from a SECOND FLOOR WINDOW. Clear from this angle that the truck-bed is now empty, void of all cargo.

26 FOYER

He trails a young ASIAN GIRL, across a glazed tile floor.

27 DEN

The silhouette of a man at a campaign desk before a grand bay window. The girl silently departs, closing the door behind her.

SILHOUETTE

You look like something straight out
of Dickens, or at the very least, Hugo.

RAWBONE

I'm in dire need, if that's what
you're saying.

The man motions toward a serving cart with its chorus line of
liquors. Rawbone tosses his derby aside and heads over.

He hefts his drink, and comes around the desk. Silhouette turns
from the window and for the first time we see him full on -
WADSWORTH BURR. The twenty years since we last saw him have been
less than kind. As Burr takes his hand -

Rawbone notices a HYPODERMIC waiting on a white dinner napkin.

RAWBONE (CONT'D)

You should have stuck to whiskey.

WADSWORTH BURR

But I had such an overwhelming need
to express my character flaws.

Rawbone steps to the window, looking out on the dusky Rio Grande.

WADSWORTH BURR (CONT'D)

What brought you out of exile?

RAWBONE

I stumbled upon a business opportunity.

WADSWORTH BURR

Ahhh. I'll curb my curiosity.

Burr reaches for a sheet of letter paper and an ink pen.

RAWBONE

I see you still prefer them Chinese.

WADSWORTH BURR

(writing)

There has always been a place in my
heart for deviance and passivity.

RAWBONE

I walked the barrio. Adobe Row is gone.

Burr folds the paper and pup tents it on his desk.

WADSWORTH BURR

It was a reasonable eventuality. All cultures prefer to replace someone else's vanities with their own.

Rawbone takes a BILL OF LADING from his pocket, hands it to Burr.

RAWBONE

It's from an import-export shipper here in El Paso. What do you know of it?

WADSWORTH BURR

(studying the paper)

I don't know the company. But I see these are items for building an icehouse.

Handing it back to him.

WADSWORTH BURR (CONT'D)

You and the makings for refrigeration test the limits of the imagination.

A moment.

WADSWORTH BURR (CONT'D)

You took a real chance coming here.

RAWBONE

The Rangers won't bother with me. Haven't worked this state since -

WADSWORTH BURR

No matter. I couldn't defend you in these courts, anyway. It's all federal now.

He pulls from his desk what will soon become known as the FBI's 10 Most Wanted List, and flips to number 8 -- TWO MUGSHOTS of Rawbone, STRAIGHT-ON and PROFILE, taken several years ago, along with a railroad track of nefarious activities by necessity in small type.

Rawbone takes it from him, examines his public history, and smiles

RAWBONE

... what a night that was. San Francisco - right after Manila.

His eyes scan the official heading near the mast top.

RAWBONE (CONT'D)

... Bureau of Investigation.
(irritated more than scared)
What the hell is that?

WADSWORTH BURR

A parting gift from Uncle Teddy...
Leave the city tonight. Go to Juárez. I'll arrange introductions to some very private people.

Rawbone looks up from the BOI list, then deposits it on the desk.

RAWBONE
There's a revolution coming.

WADSWORTH BURR
It's here.

RAWBONE
Weapons will sell for a premium. As
will three-ton trucks.

A moment. Then -

RAWBONE (CONT'D)
What do you know about the boy?

Burr studies his friend carefully.

WADSWORTH BURR
He wouldn't be a boy now, would he?

RAWBONE
Is he here?

Burr points to the paper tent on his desk.

Rawbone takes it up between two fingers and reads:

What can't be forgotten - must remain forgotten.

He folds the paper and puts it in his coat pocket.

The two regard each other, an understanding passing between them.

WADSWORTH BURR
Alright, forget Juárez. For now you
can take up in the apartment above
the garage. I have plenty of clothes.
Some will fit you. Look the part.

RAWBONE
Thanks, Wadsworth.

He pours another glass, reaches for his derby, and starts out.

WADSWORTH BURR
Consider your options but don't get
lured into some lost cause.

RAWBONE
(out the door)
That's me, Wadsworth, ever the dewy
eyed romantic.

Lourdes, holding a bottle of TEQUILA, playing the role of a bum,
slouches in the stairwell at the end of the hall, watching -

Light from a candle flickering through the frosted glass of the office door, revealing that all windows in the room are barred.

His focus split between the door, and the SOUND emanating from the window above his head. Finally, he stands and looks out at the -

29 - AVENIDA PASEO DE TRIUNFO lit by LANTERN and TORCH 29

People in the street pack around a platform where an eloquent RABBLE-ROUSER, speaks to the decay under the forces of poverty, and exploitation by foreign interests.

The crowd responds in unison, vocalizing their support.

THE SOUND OF DISTANT AND SPORADIC GUNFIRE welcome the NEXT MORNING

30 - IN THE OFFICE BUILDING STAIRWAY 30

Lourdes' eyes open to the racket and immediately focus down the hallway now raked by sunlight.

A moment later the girl exits the office accompanied by a SMALL MEXICAN MAN, a PISTOL BELT hanging from under his green felt coat.

31 - AVENIDA PASEO DE TRIUNFO 31

With Lourdes following, the two make straight for the bridge.

The street spilling over with people, the air filled with an atmosphere of rage, resistance, and retribution. QUICK CUTS NOW:

- THE SMOKING ASHES of a GOVERNMENT FLAG BURNING in the STREET.

- WEAPONS brandished and FIRED OFF into the air.

- INSURRECTOS driving HIPÓDROMO RACEHORSES from their stalls.

- THE SMALL MAN with the GIRL in tow thread their way through the spooked animals toward the safety of the sidewalks

- LOURDES, right on their heels, picks up the pace.

- The horses STAMPEDE knocking PEOPLE FROM THEIR FEET, toppling carts on their way down the Paseo to the far end where suddenly

- PRESIDENT DIAZ'S MOUNTED SHOCK TROOPS APPEAR, their columns forming an impenetrable wall of force across the boulevard.

- THE COMMANDER orders lances ready, his troops answer crisply.

- THE CROWD answers in a fanfare of epithets and clenched fists.

- THE ORDER is given, the SURGE OF TROOPS immediate and BRUTAL.

- THE CROWD, mowed down by HORSE and LANCE, turn back in PANIC.

- THE PRIMITIVE STREET MILITIA stands and SHOOTs at...

- THE SHOCK TROOPS, who's own FIRE POWER is far SUPERIOR.

- WOMEN and CHILDREN fall to the street next to the INSURRECTOS.
The pandemonium sweeps over THE SMALL MAN and GIRL, who suddenly become separated from each other.

- HE, pushed away down the sidewalk by a wave of bodies and

- SHE, shoved to the ground and pummeled by a second wave.

- LOURDES manages to hold ground then push his way forward. He finally reaches the girl, and pulls her up and into a doorway. She's bloody and trembling and frightened. He holds her by the arms until she begins to calm, thanking him with a nod and by putting her hand to her heart.

- THE SMALL MAN punches his way through the bodies in retreat. Revolver drawn and pointed, as he reaches Lourdes and the girl, threatening Lourdes in no uncertain terms to get away.

32 - ON THE EL PASO BANKS OF THE RIO GRANDE

32

LADIES in long, white dresses, their fancy PARASOLS and BONNETS shielding against the hot sun, saunter along the riverbank holding the hands of SMARTLY DRESSED CHILDREN and MEN IN BOWLER HATS. All calmly watching the chaos unfold before them on the other side. Completely removed from the travesty that is their entertainment.

33 - INTERNATIONAL BRIDGE

33

Choked with people fleeing Juárez. The man herds the girl down the planking to the quarantine shed. Keeping her under steady watch until she disappears inside. He looks over to the American side, acknowledging someone unseen.

Lourdes watching the above, scans the crowd for that face.

34 - SANTA FE STREET, EL PASO

34

Once again, the girl makes her way up the boulevard.

Lourdes emerges from beneath an awning and sets off to follow.

A TALL MAN slips through the crowd and takes hold of her arm.

35 - A TROLLEY SLOWS

35

The tall man presses the girl to board up front. Lourdes grabs the speed rail and swings himself onto the rear steps.

As the girl is being led to her seat - she sees him. The tall man turns to see what has caught her attention.

But Lourdes eases back into a faceless wall of other passengers.

36 - SAN JUCINTO PLAZA

36

The man leads the girl from the trolley, and across the street, the two immediately entering -

37 - THE MILLS BUILDING

37

Past a cornerstone dated 1905. Lourdes follows them into a crowded gate-door elevator car. The girl actively avoids looking at him.

38 FIFTH FLOOR

38

The gate opens, man and girl peel left down the hallway, Lourdes, right, glancing over his shoulder as the two enter room - 509

39 LISTED IN THE DOWNSTAIRS DIRECTORY AS: SIMIC TRADE & TRANSIT

39

And duly noted as such in Lourdes' notepad. He slips it in his pocket then turns away quickly, in the process knocking into A MAN behind him, also studying the directory.

Lourdes looks up to excuse himself but the words won't come. He can only stare, for there standing before him, shaved, combed and curried to a finish in a perfectly tailored linen suit is...

RAWBONE

Now looking down as you walk along
may score you a lot of loose change,
but you've got to keep those gunsights
at eye level if you really mean to
make something of yourself.

With that he is on his way.

Lourdes watches slackjawed, as Rawbone slips into the elevator.

40 - SIMIC TRADE & TRANSIT

40

Looks like no more than the shell company that it is. A HALF-DOZEN MEN, grouped in private conversation around a desk, suddenly go silent as Rawbone saunters into the place and removes his hat.

Then -

MAN SITTING AT DESK

May we help you in some way?

RAWBONE

It's the right question, for sure,
but the wrong man is asking it.

He steps to the desk and hands over the BILL OF LADING. The man, VASS, studies it, glances back up at Rawbone, stands and moves to a door marked Private and knocks.

VASS

Mr. Simic. I need a moment.

The door opens slightly, and as the man enters, Rawbone glimpses inside and sees -

The young Mexican girl wrapped in a blanket with her clothes at her feet, she quickly vanishes behind the closing door.

He leans back on the wood railing demarking the office entry, and takes on the men's stares by fanning himself with his new derby.

The inner office door opens again and Vass emerges accompanied by the tall man, SIMIC, who holds the bill of lading.

SIMIC
How did you get this?

Rawbone is silent.

SIMIC (CONT'D)
The drivers?

Rawbone crosses himself.

The men in the room take on the mood of a hunting party.

SIMIC (CONT'D)
Lock the door, Mr. Vass.

Vass begins to obey, moving to the door just as -

Rawbone opens his coat, and reaches for a handkerchief next to a shoulder holster containing the black handle of the SAVAGE .32

This achieves the desired affect. All movement suddenly stops.

RAWBONE
(smiling from ear to ear)
Gentleman, let's all put our cards
and our pure hearts on the table.

SIMIC
(cautious)
Who are you?

OLDER MAN'S VOICE (O.C.)
Mr. Lourdes.

41 - SAN JUCINTO PLAZA, ALLIGATOR POND

41

Staring down at the giant reptiles, Lourdes turns to find -

JUSTICE KNOX, a spectacle wearing, soft-spoken man, accompanied by a well creased, HOMBURG topped, AGENT KERR.

JUSTICE KNOX
Is she still up at Simic's?

LOURDES
Yes, sir. Probably be less than an
hour before she heads back over.

JUSTICE KNOX
We'll let her take one more trip.

Lourdes looks unhappy with this.

LOURDES
She's seen me -

JUSTICE KNOX
You're certain.

He nods.

JUSTICE KNOX (CONT'D)
Well then, Mr. Kerr, have
immigration ready to detain her.

Kerr glances at Lourdes, no love lost between these two.

AGENT KERR
Yes, sir.

He turns and goes.

KNOX
Unfortunate, that. In future you
mustn't get so close, Mr. Lourdes.

Lourdes nods, offering no further explanation. He watches as
Knox turns and goes, his face a knot of conflicting emotions.

LOURDES
Sir?
(Knox glances back)
... there's something else.

42 — VACANT LOT

42

Rawbone steps from a moving STREETCAR, looking back over his
shoulder before heading straight for Burr's Cadillac parked in
knee-high weeds. He opens the door and gets in

RAWBONE (O.C.)
Yes, sir. Jacking it out of El Paso
tonight.

43 — BURR'S DEN

43

Rawbone now supine on the couch across from his friend hoists
a low-ball and loosens his tie.

WADSWORTH BURR
It went well, I gather? Your moment
of personal splendor?

Rawbone grins.

RAWBONE
I was hoping to celebrate with some
Chiles en nogada.

WADSWORTH BURR
Esperanza has that underway in the
kitchen.

The half-caught SOUND of TIRES BREAKING in front of the house,
then the scruff of BOOTS ACROSS GRAVEL.

Rawbone jumps up and moves to the window just in time to see
Knox, Lourdes and TWO OTHER AGENTS, with weapons drawn, sprint
up the walkway, and quickly spread out around the house.

RAWBONE

Goddamn.

He SCRAMBLES across the den and past Burr.

44 - FLYING DOWN THE STAIRCASE

44

45 - INTO THE KITCHEN scaring ESPERANZA, met by GUNFIRE as he reaches

45

46 - A SCREENED-IN PORCH

46

Gun drawn, he drops down to the floor, and huddles up behind the porch wall catching his breath.

JUSTICE KNOX

(calling out)

Surrender, now, sir! And there'll be no unnecessary bloodshed.

RAWBONE

(yelling back)

You're either good Christians or bad shots. Either way it doesn't speak well of you.

Knox shouts to his men, who confirm they have him pinned down.

JUSTICE KNOX

Give it up peacefully!

Rawbone, pissed, bangs his head against the porch wall.

RAWBONE

(to himself)

I'm up some well-digger's ass who's at the bottom of a hole.

(shouting to Burr)

What says my attorney?

WADSWORTH BURR (O.C.)

(shouting back)

Give it up peacefully.

RAWBONE

Is that your *best* legal advice?

WADSWORTH BURR (O.C.)

I'm saving that for later.

Lourdes, crouched down on the front lawn, watches as Rawbone, rising arms first, kicks the screen door open with his boot, and descends the porch steps. Knox and the other two agents pounce, cuffing him. Rawbone ignores them though, his full attention on just one thing -

LOURDES' EYES

RAWBONE

Well, I see you took my advice and got those gunsights up.

47 - LATER

47

On Rawbone, still looking at him, though now from the back of a touring car pulling away, accompanied by the other two agents.

Knox steps up, and joins Lourdes, watching his departure.

JUSTICE KNOX

Mr. Lourdes, how you spotted that groomed up dandy for the strange creature depicted in our bulletin is more than I can honestly fathom. Now, let's see to the girl.

48 - IMMIGRATION BASEMENT

48

The men come down the stairs, move over to a door and knock. The door is opened by Agent Kerr, and the men enter to find The girl bundled up on the floor behind some filing cabinets. Rocking back and forth, her face hidden behind her hands.

JUSTICE KNOX

What's going on here?

Kerr points at the girl.

AGENT KERR

She's an imbecile.

Lourdes walks past him, removing his hat.

LOURDES

I told you she was deaf.

AGENT KERR

She may be deaf, but she's an imbecile to boot.

Lourdes rebukes Kerr with a look, then kneels down and carefully places his hand on her shoulder. The girl flinches. He reaches over and gently moves her hands away from her face. Their eyes meet and he coaxes her to stand, then turns to Knox.

LOURDES

May I try something, sir?

JUSTICE KNOX

She seems to be at ease with you.

Kerr can't hide his contempt as he and Knox exit.

49 - LATER

49

Lourdes emerges from the building, lights a cigarette and heads over to the Model-T, where Knox sits in the front passenger seat.

LOURDES

Her name is Teresa Calvache'. She can read and write Spanish. Said she was carrying money stitched into her clothes.

LOURDES (CONT'D)

The man who brought her to the border is her father. And he ordered her to do it.

JUSTICE KNOX

Does she trust you?

LOURDES

I believe so.

JUSTICE KNOX

That means she has to go back. Otherwise they might assume the worst and restructure their operation.

LOURDES

She may be too scared. Said her father already witnessed her being detained at the crossing, and when he sees her will demand to know why.

From the back seat the troll speaks.

AGENT KERR

Threaten the man through his daughter. Jail her. Give her a few days in the pit, then bring the father here.

Lourdes jaw tightens.

LOURDES

That's a three-wheeled idea, sir. The father might be nothing more than a pair of boots.

JUSTICE KNOX

I agree. Have Immigration write up an LPC, then let her go in front of that church where they're typically discharged. One of the nuns will escort her home. She won't need to explain anything. The father will see the paper.

50 — AVENIDA PASEO DE TRIUNFO, JUÁREZ

50

The Ford's carbide-gas headlights rake the aftermath of slaughter. Diaz's Dragoons continue patrolling the now empty streets, but on sidewalk, and alleyway, small groups working by torchlight finish tending their wounded and hauling their dead.

51 — OUR LADY'S CHURCH

51

The Model T pulls into the light spilling from the sacristy.

The girl sits in the passenger seat looking shell-shocked by the day's events — the horror she's just witnessed. She stares out toward the church steps, now streaked in blood, and there, laying on it's side, abandoned, is —

THE RAG DOLL, belonging to the 5-year-old girl from yesterday.

She turns away, only to find Lourdes staring at the same thing. Their eyes meet, and she pitches forward into his arms and sobs. He strokes the back of her head, and tries to calm her.

LOURDES
Shhh, shhh, no olvidado, Señorita.
(then, knowing she can't
possibly hear him)
Que bonita estas, Teresa.

His concern for her now personal as much as professional.

52 — DOWNTOWN COURTHOUSE

52

Closed for the night. A GUARD unlocks the front entrance for Burr, his suit so elegant he might just as well be going to the opera.

GUARD
Good evening, Mr. Burr.

WADSWORTH BURR
(tipping his hat)
Charlie.

53 KNOX'S CHAMBERS

53

A rap at the door followed by a harrumph. Burr enters to find Justice Knox in a leather highbacked chair working at his desk. Without looking up he gestures for Burr to sit, who smiling affably, removes his hat, and takes the only other seat in the place — a low, wooden office chair.

WADSWORTH BURR
Charming furniture.

Knox without looking up.

JUSTICE KNOX
Your man will hang. More than once.

Burr smiles, and lights a cigarette.

WADSWORTH BURR
You had an operative in the Mills
Building when my client arrived.

JUSTICE KNOX
Hmm.

WADSWORTH BURR
And unless he was having coffee at the
Modern Café, was on duty.... we both
know what profligates that building
has started to attract. And as I
alluded to on the telephone, my client
has unique access to certain parties
operating in strict violation of
American law.

WADSWORTH BURR (CONT'D)

A singular curriculum vitae that allows him to come and go freely and without exception among the very element that you need to unearth, investigate and ultimately indict.

54 - MORNING LIGHT rakes LOURDES' LIVING QUARTERS

54

200 hundred square feet of pin-neat. Hat hung. Notebook on bureau. Tramp outfit stowed next to clothes unfamiliar with that costume.

A decade long project spread across a table, 10 years of WANTED POSTERS each one depicting RAWBONE PENNY along with meticulous, some might say obsessive, notes crammed in pencil around the margins. One-by-one they are lifted up and dropped into the trash.

Water fills a small basin.

Lourdes, strips his night shirt, removes something from around his neck, and hangs it from a nail next to a shaving mirror adorned with an old postcard.

CLOSER as it settles in front of the grotto of *Our Lady of Lourdes* The object unmistakably Rawbone's Carnival Pendant. A STRAIGHT RAZOR enters and obscures it, working a strap back-and-forth. As the blade moves to his beard, there is a KNOCK at the door, "Call for you, Mr. Lourdes."

55 HALLWAY

55

A squat man, his LANDLORD, hands him the resident's shared phone.

LOURDES

Hello? ... that's not possible.

56 - DOWNTOWN COURTHOUSE

56

Lourdes, dressed now in a pressed collar and suit, quickly bounds the stairs of the ornate three-story edifice and quickly enters -

57 Its marbled FIRST FLOOR PORTICO

57

Where AN ATTORNEY stands in mid-conversation with Justice Knox, who upon seeing Lourdes, breaks away from the man and heads over.

JUSTICE KNOX

Mr. Lourdes. I appreciate your promptness. We have a lot to -

LOURDES

Sir, that man should be tried! Am I to understand that -

JUSTICE KNOX

Mr. Lourdes, you will understand when I am done explaining. And then you will have no need to jump-start my conversation.

LOURDES

... my apologies, sir.

Knox takes him by the arm and they pace off into a quiet corner.

JUSTICE KNOX

His release is conditional, and not absolute. We are only offering earned immunity. There will be an operative with him when he goes into Mexico. That operative will have complete authority, or at the very least tactical control.

A moment, then —

JUSTICE KNOX (CONT'D)

I'm considering you for this assignment.

LOURDES

... but, sir.

JUSTICE KNOX

You don't have the most field experience, but you're the only one who's truly bilingual. I'm going to be honest. I have reservations.

LOURDES

Sir?

JUSTICE KNOX

It's about character.

LOURDES

Character... *my* character?

JUSTICE KNOX

Not a lack of character. It's... I noted your reaction to Kerr when we were interrogating the girl. I do not question your dedication. But I need to be assured the operative I send can remain dispassionate and view this as a *practical application of strategy*. Just as I have to remain dispassionate in my judgments.

LOURDES

Once in Mexico, sir, I would have no legal authority over him.

JUSTICE KNOX

No.

LOURDES

How do we control him?

JUSTICE KNOX

He knows if he fails to live up to his responsibility by trying to desert, abandon or escape, your orders are to kill him. He knows if he should pose a threat to you, your orders are to kill him.

JUSTICE KNOX (CONT'D)
He knows if anything happens to you, even if it's no fault of his, it will be the same as if he failed his responsibility. He must get you back here alive.

LOURDES
Why should he follow through with any of this, if an opportunity arises?

JUSTICE KNOX
Because we have something he wants.

LOURDES
And that is?

JUSTICE KNOX
The ability to erase his past...

The suffocating irony of these words hits Lourdes like sour milk.

LOURDES
(hiding his disgust)
You mean he has his own *practical application of strategy*.

Knox, called on his hypocrisy, raises an eyebrow.

JUSTICE KNOX
Correct... now, what about my concerns with regard to you?

Trying very hard to mask his outrage, and general unhappiness.

LOURDES
Sir, I will go wherever the *practical application of strategy* demands I go.

58 — BURR'S HOUSE

58

The Chinese girl opens the front door to Lourdes, now dressed in a vest, khaki pants, polished boots, and a cravenetted Mallory hat. In his arms a DUFFEL BAG, SHOTGUN and RIFLE.

59 DEN

59

Burr, wearing the same shirt from the night before, slumps over a desk littered with open law books, and an overflowing ashtray. As Lourdes is ushered in, Burr's face takes on an anguished look.

WADSWORTH BURR
They're not here yet, as you are aware.

Lourdes sets down his load, removes an ENVELOPE from his coat, and sets it on the desk in front of Burr.

WADSWORTH BURR (CONT'D)
What is this?

LOURDES
I'd like to hire you as my attorney.

Burr takes the envelope and sees what is written on its front

To Be Opened in the event of my Disappearance or Death

WADSWORTH BURR

If I was your attorney I would advise
against this quixotic nightmare.

LOURDES

Are you my attorney?

A beat. Then Burr nods with a grimace.

The SOUND of an engine pulling in draws their attention over to -

THE WINDOW, as Knox & Kerr walk Rawbone, still dressed in his suit
and derby, from a car over to the guest quarters above the garage.

WADSWORTH BURR

He looks like a gent being escorted
home after a neat bout of night prowling.

Lourdes moves to fetch his duffle and weapons.

LOURDES

There's a bank book in the envelope.
I've signed over power of attorney.
Take money for your fee. The rest is
for my burial beside my mother.

Burr puts the envelope down. His gaunt face staring at him.

WADSWORTH BURR

I remember how you used to sit in that
chair, when you were no more than two.

This hits Lourdes squarely in the face, with no way to cover.

LOURDES

... you know who I am.

WADSWORTH BURR

Yes... I have my own detectives when
I need them. I also remember offering
you something cold to eat one night
and telling you your birth was -

LOURDES

A crime of chance.

WADSWORTH BURR

I saw the look on your face and
regretted having said it.

LOURDES

If that's an apology, I accept.
Does he know?

WADSWORTH BURR
No. And seeing how you are now my
client, that information is strictly
privileged - unless you wish otherwise.

LOURDES
No.

WADSWORTH BURR
It could save your life.

LOURDES
But not *his*.

WADSWORTH BURR
He should never have come back. I
warned him.

LOURDES
Some men just can't help themselves.

WADSWORTH BURR
I hope you're not one of those men,
Henry.

60 - THE PACKARD parked in an EMPTY LOT behind BURR'S HOUSE

60

Where Rawbone, now wearing a Mexican shirt with a sash around
canvas pants and a BINDLE slung over his shoulder, stands
examining the truck, Knox and Kerr watch from a few feet away.

Lourdes and Burr make their way over. It's the first time we've
seen Burr in full daylight, and his ravaged frailty is appalling.

Rawbone pointedly tips his new derby to Lourdes.

RAWBONE
(grinning)
Doctor... something or other... I presume.

Lourdes walks right past and begins stowing his belongings.

JUSTICE KNOX
(to Burr)
You look to have had a full evening
with the books - where is your document?

Burr produces a single sheet of paper and hands it to him.

JUSTICE KNOX (CONT'D)
This is everything?

WADSWORTH BURR
Unless you can site otherwise. It
seems our arrangement is without
precedent.

Knox gives the paper a quick once-over, places it on the hood
of the truck, signs it, and hands the pen to Rawbone.

RAWBONE

(smiling broadly & signing)
What was his name? I remember reading
about it years ago in *The Herald*.
This gent travels all of darkest
Africa looking for some famous doctor
and when he finds him he's living in
some shantytown with a tribe of spades
and he says, 'Doctor so and so, I
presume.' What the hell was his name?

LOURDES

Get in the truck.

Rawbone smiles, then heads over to the driver's side of the cab.

LOURDES (CONT'D)

Other side. I'm driving.

RAWBONE

Aye, sir. Then you'll want to aim
her at the Hueco Mountains.

They dosey doe, then Lourdes gets in behind the wheel.

Rawbone moves around the back of the truck, "drops" his bowler,
and bending to pick it up, glances up into the undercarriage,
hoping the Savage he's stashed away is still there - it is.

He stands, continues toward the passenger seat, and jumps in.
Lourdes turns it over, drops it into gear, then looks over at -

Kerr, who wears a contemptuous grin, and Knox, who acknowledges
Lourdes with a respectful nod.

He stares back hard, then hits the gas.

The truck rumbles out of the weeded lot, down the driveway
and past the veranda where Burr now stands watching.

RAWBONE (CONT'D)

(leans out and yells to Burr)
When I've done my penance I'll come
back and you and I can gent up and
get some sinning under our belt.

He sits back into the cab.

RAWBONE (CONT'D)

If you ever need a righteous good
attorney, he's your man. That son-of-
a-bitch could have gotten Christ off.

61 -- THE PACKARD MOVING on the road OUTSIDE OF TOWN

61

Rawbone turns away from the sight of a receding El Paso.

RAWBONE

John Lourdes?

LOURDES
That's right.

RAWBONE
How do you like to be called?

LOURDES
It doesn't matter.

RAWBONE
It'll be Mr. Lourdes then.
As befitting our stations.

He lights a cigarette, noting the automatic in Lourdes' holster.

RAWBONE (CONT'D)
Is that a Browning?

LOURDES
It's a Browning.

RAWBONE
Cigarette?

LOURDES
I have my own.

RAWBONE
You from El Paso?

LOURDES
I am.

RAWBONE
Lourdes sounds French. Is it a
French name? Are you French?

LOURDES
It's a French name.

RAWBONE
Any Mex in you?

LOURDES
I am part Mexican.

RAWBONE
You're a mutt then.

LOURDES
Why not.

RAWBONE
Of course, we're all mutts, aren't we?
Except for the damn Hun, who considers
himself pure as some nun's noble parts.
Even Christ, he was a mutt. The ultimate
mutt. Part man, part god. If you believe
in such nonsense. What do you say to that?

LOURDES
I'm fuckin' overwhelmed.

Rawbone laughs right into Lourdes malicious stare. Then —

RAWBONE
Hey, we got a young man here who can
bite without hardly opening his mouth.

62 — ROAD ADJACENT FORT BLISS

62

Passing two and three-story barracks, and row upon row of newly pitched tents. Up ahead, mounted infantry and army supply wagons move through a steady pall of dust.

LOURDES
They're getting ready for the
revolution to come.

RAWBONE
Yep, and revolutions are effected in
two ways, Mr. Lourdes — by force and
by fraud. See all that artillery.

He points to an ARMADA OF HEAVY GUNS spread out over acres of sand

RAWBONE (CONT'D)
The Mexican is just target practice.
These boys are down here to drill
for the war to come against the Hun
and his dago bitch. The agents of
war always need something to
practice on.

Columns of cavalry approach, and Lourdes steers to the shoulder.
Rawbone stands on the cab seat and holding the frame, swings out.

RAWBONE (CONT'D)
(singing to passing troops)
*I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy
A Yankee doodle do or die
A real-life nephew of my Uncle Sam
Born on the Fourth of July*

Some riders laugh or hurrah. Others stare at him like he's a freak

RAWBONE (CONT'D)
The country is proud of you!

He swings back into the cab, greeting Lourdes's stare with a wink.

RAWBONE (CONT'D)
Take a look at those boys, Mr. Lourdes.
A good healthy look. Cause what you're
seeing there is as dumb a bunch of
mules as could ever be assembled. And
you know what else? They're about as
equipped for where they're going as
you coming with me.

Lourdes ignores this.

RAWBONE (CONT'D)

That's right, pay no attention. I tend to speak on what I see. That's what comes from being a lifer at this game. Not that I have anything against those soldiers. In fact, I have a particular fondness for our military.

With a bandana he wipes the sweat off the inside of his derby.

RAWBONE (CONT'D)

Mr. Lourdes, do you believe love can be as much a poison as hatred?

LOURDES

Very well.

RAWBONE

It's a wisdom alright. I was born in a place called Scabtown. A filthy pile of sewage and human-kind it was. It sat across the river from Fort McKavett. San Saba County. Mostly it was built by Germans. A lot of Germans there. My mother was German. She made her living on her back. The pimp who ran the brothel used to say his girls spent so much time with their legs in the air he was surprised no one had ever tried to hoist the flag on one of them. My father, it turns out, could have been a soldier. There sure was a parade of them. Enlisted men and officers alike. Of course, he could have been some creeping Jesus of a clerk with fishbones for a spine. Or maybe some padre who had to bless his pecker every time he got hold of it. Christened myself when I was 9-years-old after a prizefighter I saw box at McKavett — Rawbone Penny. Hokey fuckin' name but... well, 30 seconds after you're born you have a past. And 60 seconds after that you start lying to yourself about it.

He glances at Lourdes, who looks away, reaching for a cigarette.

RAWBONE (CONT'D)

A crime of chance.

Rawbone leans over, immediately ready with a struck match. Lourdes lights up from it begrudgingly.

RAWBONE (CONT'D)

That's what Lawyer Burr calls that kind of being born... a crime of chance. By the way, I don't speak just to wander. I'm calling a turn here.

LOURDES
Get on with it, then.

RAWBONE
Within two days we'll be in Juárez and I'll do my penance and be out. But you have the look of Montgomery Ward's to me. And I'm not sure Montgomery Ward's will see us through.

Lourdes stares at Rawbone from under the brim of his hat.

LOURDES
Do you know why you're here?

RAWBONE
Is this about my derelict life or-

LOURDES
It is not. There's one reason.
And I would encourage you to think about it.

RAWBONE
Now why don't you just give me the sermon instead?

LOURDES
You're here because of me.
I brought you down. Understand.
You were a free man till I arrived.
So I haven't done too bad so far.

63 - ROADHOUSE EAST OF FORT BLISS

63

Made of castoff lumber and tarpaper. The place has two eateries, a handful of merchandisers and a part-time brothel frequented by troops looking for some damnation.

Lourdes finishes filling up the tank from a set of DRUMS strapped to the truckbed, then looks off up toward the HUECO MOUNTAINS.

MAN'S VOICE (O.C.)
I'm Goddamn envious.

Lourdes turns to see -

A BOWLEGGED MAN approaching with a broad face and stiff mustache. He has a laborer's body, but his clothes speak of someone monied.

BOWLEGGED MAN
Fine truck. One of those new 3 tonners?

LOURDES
Yes, sir.

BOWLEGGED MAN
Mind if I look her over?

LOURDES
No, sir.

He walks the chassis, then points to - AMERICAN PARTHENON.

BOWLEGGED MAN
That your company?

LOURDES
No sir. I'm just a driver.

Rawbone approaches carrying two bottles of beer.

BOWLEGGED MAN
(winking)
Well, you look like a climber to me.

He looks over the cab interior - Lourdes' shotgun and rifle.

BOWLEGGED MAN (CONT'D)
Keep an eye to the future, son.
It's exciting times. God, what I
would give to be your age now.

RAWBONE
Well, Mr. Lourdes, I'm sorry to tell
you the only thing they had to eat in
there was some fly-ridden Flautas. I
hope me buying you a beer doesn't
constitute a bribe.

BOWLEGGED MAN
Your partner here can tell you. It
all goes by quick as a piss. Look
to the future, son, like you were
at those mountains a few minutes
ago. Damn, what I wouldn't give to
take the ride again-

Lourdes watches as the man walks away.

LOURDES
Get in the truck. We're rolling out
of here now. You drive.

64 - IN THE OPEN CAB pulling away from the place

64

Lourdes crabs through his duffel, removing a pair of BINOCULARS.

RAWBONE
What's got you, Mr. Lourdes?

LOURDES
He was admiring the truck alright,
but it was my shoulder holster and
the weapons in the cab that clocked
most of his interest.

Rawbone glances back toward the roadhouse.

Lourdes focuses his binoculars through the dazzling heat to see
A TIGHT PACK OF MEN on HORSEBACK, led by ONE MAN on a MOTORCYCLE
just leaving the place, and heading straight in their direction.

LOURDES (CONT'D)
At least four riders, one motorcycle.

RAWBONE
Was he one of them?

LOURDES
Too much dust.

RAWBONE
They could be road thugs.

LOURDES
Or worse.

RAWBONE
Is there a weapon anywhere in my
future, Mr. Lourdes?

LOURDES
I'm no fortune teller.

RAWBONE
Well, I guess I'll have a beer then.

Lourdes, still looking through the bins can see -

They are gaining a little distance now, the motorcycle keeping
back with the horsemen. But it still has the truck in sight.

65 - HUECOS MOUNTAINS

65

The Packard ascends the remains of a cart path & continues past
the crumbling walls of an adobe village leading to -

66 - A ROOFLESS TWO-STORY MEETING HALL on top of which now perches

66

Lourdes, tracing the cart path with his binoculars. Rawbone,
sweating & winded, swings himself up onto the wall next to him.

RAWBONE
I told you there's no need to climb up
here. It'll be two hours yet, before
those horsemen catch up with the one on
the motorcycle. And that long again to
sneak their way into these foothills.

LOURDES
Where are the weapons?

RAWBONE
In plain sight, Mr. Lourdes...
... ah, Christ, more climbing.

67 - A SANDY INCLINE

67

Scarred with crevasses. Rawbone waves Lourdes to keep step
behind as he scales a plumb line of fist-sized stones.

68 - THE APEX

They pull over the edge and into the flat beneath an overhang.

RAWBONE

Notice the line of rocks. They
mark the spot. Now. Stand close,
Mr. Lourdes, and watch the magic.

He reaches into the sand and his arms vanish to the elbows. He
pulls and the sand ribbons, like a buried dragon coming to life.

RAWBONE (CONT'D)

Kneel down here and strike a match.

He does, and light falls across the STACKED CRATES hidden below.

LOURDES

What all is down there?

RAWBONE

Your garden-variety arsenal. Carbines,
ammunition, hand grenades, dynamite and
detonators, and a .50 caliber machine gun.
Mr. Lourdes, you could hold off the Holy
Roman Empire with all that firepower.

69 - LONG SHOT OF LOURDES on hands and knees UNSPOOLING a REEL

RAWBONE (O.C.)

Now as you're paying that out make
sure there are no coils or kinks
left in it.

Rawbone steps up into the foreground.

RAWBONE (CONT'D)

And you'll want to brush over your
work with some sage, so it's
nobody's business but your own.
I'll take care of the bedrolls.

Rawbone pulls us around the corner of a wall and over to the
truck, where he crouches down and retrieves his hidden 32.

70 - MEETING HOUSE

Rawbone's hands fuss over folds of wool fabric. He finishes what
he's doing and steps back to the other side of the room.

RAWBONE

Alright, enter like you mean it.

The door swings open to reveal Lourdes who's quickly introduced
to TWO FIGURES bedded down on the floor, stand-ins for them both.
He looks over to the shadows where Rawbone is watching and nods.

71 - THE TAILGATE slams shut on the truckbed now loaded with crates
and the truck pulls forward into the dark recess of a rock wall.

72 - LATER ON THE RISE

72

The two, scan the twilight mooned world to the road below.

LOURDES
What was this place? Do you know?

RAWBONE
You never heard and you're from El Paso?

Lourdes just looks at him.

RAWBONE (CONT'D)
It was one of those utopias. You know what they are, right... Well, this one was different. There was only women. Women from all over the world. Anglo women, Mexican. Women from India. China. Even Africa. They lived like a tribe. And they had ceremonies where they went about naked. Naked, Mr. Lourdes.

Lourdes stares out over the bones of the place, imagining.

Rawbone breaks out laughing. Gravelly, ironic, and self-possessed.

RAWBONE (CONT'D)
Mr. Lourdes, if ever I saw an expression of pure and ridiculous gullibility.

Lourdes is forced to accept the moment, and not without a smile.

LOURDES
By the way, were you able to retrieve the Savage?

RAWBONE
Excuse me?

LOURDES
The automatic stashed under the chassis. I checked the damn vehicle this morning.

RAWBONE
Mr. Lourdes, the tide of opinion about you has just risen some.

Rawbone pulls up his shirt and removes the .32

RAWBONE (CONT'D)
(mocking)
Bat Masterson swears by this gun. Or so says the ad. And another promises... *it's a housewife's best friend against burglars.*

He slips the weapon into his sash and tucks his shirt back in.

RAWBONE (CONT'D)
It's a right-thinking world when
they start running ads with guns.
And women in nightgowns.

Lourdes makes no objection at Rawbone having the thing. Then -

RAWBONE (CONT'D)
Mr. Lourdes, do you come from a
good Christian family?

LOURDES
(pointed and quiet)
...in part.

RAWBONE
Well, you better pack that good
Christian part away for a while...
because they're here.

73 - BETWEEN TWO LARGE BOULDERS OVERLOOKING THE VILLAGE

73

THREE MEN can been seen on the plat below making their way toward
the settlement. One holds a flashlight, its beam low to the ground
PULL BACK to reveal Rawbone and Lourdes on their bellies watching.

Rawbone raises three fingers, and Lourdes nods. Rawbone touches
his ear with his finger, then points toward -

The rocks beyond the meeting house, where a 4TH MAN is moving.

RAWBONE
(whispers)
I'll give that one a hello for you.

Without a sound he snakes himself away up the ravine.

Lourdes turns back to the plat where -

One of the men is just arriving outside the meeting house. He puts
out a hand for the others to stop, takes a few cautious bow-legged
steps forward, then peers through one of the hollowed windows. He
motions to the other men who move ahead now.

Lourdes scans the rutted wash where Rawbone disappeared, then to -

THE MEN fanning out at the meeting house door, pressing in close
to the adobe wall on each side. The bow-legged man raises a hand
to make ready and as he does -

Lourdes reaches out, his HAND hovering in dead space just -

ABOVE A DETONATOR

His face looks like someone about to be pushed into ice water.

The bow-legged man drops his hand and -

The men bust into the meeting house firing their weapons. The
walls flash, smoke and powdered cloth leaping from the bedrolls.

The shooting stops. It gets eerily quiet. The men, understanding they've been played, begin to shout and scatter.

Lourdes, who has hesitated too long, finally finds himself, and —
DRIVES down THE PLUNGER

THE FRONT of the place is RIPPED APART — The men flung like tin soldiers into a sky raining down adobe and rock across the plat.

74 — FORMER MEETING HOUSE SITE

74

Lourdes weeds through the smoke and debris with his rifle ready, accompanied by the screams and mad gibberish of the living dead.

Out of the smoke a figure lunges at him swinging a blackjack.

THUD!

Lourdes takes it in the head and falls to his knees in agony.

FIGURE
Where's your partner?!

Lourdes is just catching his breath when the figure swings again.

THUD! He takes it in the kidneys.

FIGURE (CONT'D)
Where is he?!

RAWBONE (O.C.)
Right here.

The figure wheels and —

Rawbone leaps from the rocks, puts two shots into him, and sprints past Lourdes.

RAWBONE (CONT'D)
(yelling)
Make sure they're all dead! I'll take it to the road and introduce myself to any fool they might have left with the horses.

75 — MOMENTS LATER

75

Lourdes, in pain, but rifle-ready, walks the destruction, and comes upon a man, on his side with nothing below his upper lip but a bloody shirt collar, and what looks to be an odd necklace.

Lourdes leans in to see it is in fact —

An eye loosed of its socket, hanging by a long thread of muscle.

The next man lay on his stomach, blood seeping through his green felt coat, Lourdes kneels by the body and turns it over to see —

The lifeless face belonging to the father of the girl Teresa.

Pilings of wood on the meeting house floor suddenly catch fire. Lourdes covers his face from the windblown ash, and turns toward —

The bowlegged man, from the roadhouse, splayed out against the adobe and rotted timber beams. His head hideously altered. Not dead but should be. His mouth gibbering away incoherently.

FROM UP THE CART PATH COMES A CRESCENDO OF TRAMPLING HOOVES

Lourdes looks up to see —

Riderless mounts plunge headlong from the shadows chased by gunshots and the growl of a motorcycle engine. Suddenly, through the smoke, Rawbone appears riding the thing and skids to a stop.

RAWBONE

There was a last one down by
the main road. We better board
up and be on with it. If any of
these sparks find their way to
that cave with the truck, we'll be —

His ears prick to the roadhouse man's gibberish. He steps over, slips the flashlight in the man's hand loose and shines it at —

His face. Blood and brain matter seep out from his skull.

He grimaces, then stands and turns to Lourdes.

RAWBONE (CONT'D)

It's your watch, Mr. Lourdes.

Rawbone waits to see what Lourdes will do.

RAWBONE (CONT'D)

The fire, Mr. Lourdes. One spark
could send us off.

Something passes over Lourdes's face. But he does nothing.

RAWBONE (CONT'D)

You've never done it before have you?
I mean directly? You hesitated on that
plunger. If you hadn't, Mr. Sunshine
back there wouldn't have been around to
get the jump on you, and this poor bastard
wouldn't be half alive leakin' oil now.

Finally —

Rawbone reaches for his Savage, but Lourdes grabs his wrist.

LOURDES

Strip each body of everything in their
pockets. Leave nothing.

RAWBONE

Mr. Lourdes...

LOURDES

Do it now.

Rawbone smiles and turns. Pulling us with him as he walks away.

RAWBONE

Why don't I do that, Mr. Lourdes.
That'll give you some time to
negotiate the matter at hand with
your conscience.

A moment then —

THE FLASH and CRACK OF a gunshot. The report mingling with the
startle of horses echoing forever off the canyon walls.

RAWBONE (CONT'D)

(just keeps walking)

Yes, sir. You're a real climber, son.

76 — PRE-DAWN DRIVING AWAY FROM HUECOS

76

Sparks still flying, as the Packard, its truckbed strapped down
with crates and now the motorcycle, descends to the road below.

IN THE CAB Rawbone's upturned derby, filled to the brim with what
he scavenged from the dead, rests on the seat next to Lourdes,
working by the light of an oil lamp hanging from the frame above
his head, he studies and logs each item into his pocket notebook.

Rawbone pulls a bandanna from his pocket and hands it to him.

RAWBONE

You're leaking oil, Mr. Lourdes.
Now driving this painted up beast
we'd best avoid the main crossings.
And finding shallows you'd gamble a
truck to navigate would be a marvel
of stupidity... there's a rope ferry
south of El Paso near the old Socorro
Mission. I say we aim her there.

Lourdes is so involved in his notation that he makes no reply.

RAWBONE (CONT'D)

You can find out everything you need
to know about a man by what he's
carrying in his pockets — and that
notebook of yours is a veritable map.

Lourdes finally glances up.

LOURDES

I notice there's no paper money in
this derby.

RAWBONE

You didn't order me to grub the
dead for your salary.

LOURDES

I suppose you left it to the
buzzards as a charitable donation.

RAWBONE

As a matter of fact, my notion was
to buy you something when we're done.
In memorial of our time together.

Lourdes goes back to his notebook again.

RAWBONE (CONT'D)

(all charm)

Who was it, Mr. Lourdes, that got
you started filling that thing up?

LOURDES

A woman - I saw you at the Mills
Building after I'd tracked her to
Simic's office.

RAWBONE

Well, if I ever meet her, I'll
have to remember to thank her for
our introduction.

LOURDES

One of the dead back there. The
Mexican. That was her father.

RAWBONE

I see now.

Lourdes looks up again, sets the notebook in his lap. Then -

LOURDES

What's that?

RAWBONE

Mr. Simic and his associates came
upon an alternate way to resolve
their unfortunate problem - they
simply notified the people they were
supplying that the truck and its cache
of munitions had been taken. With only
one road between Sierra Blanco and El
Paso, how difficult would it be to watch
for a truck painted up with lettering
like the top of a God Damn birthday cake.

LOURDES

There's something else you need to
consider.

RAWBONE

Have at it, Mr. Lourdes.

LOURDES

Any advantage you... we had, is
gone. When some of theirs don't
return to Juárez and you come
driving up in this truck -

RAWBONE

It will sure make for conversation.

Lourdes goes back to his work. Rawbone takes a cigarette from its pack, and strikes a match on the steering column.

RAWBONE (CONT'D)

Are you a schooled man, Mr. Lourdes?

LOURDES

Oil boy in the roundhouses at 13.
Railroad detective for the Santa Fe
at 20. Then the BOI.

RAWBONE

Found your piece of the American
dream, have you?

LOURDES

I love my country if that's what
you mean.

RAWBONE

And all that with only a notepad
and some native instinct.

Lourdes looks up.

LOURDES

You're never at a loss, are you?

RAWBONE

I've misfired a time or two.

LOURDES

But you're always right there and
ready to help someone drown.

RAWBONE

With a smile and good cheer.

LOURDES

We'll have this done in another
day, so let's not stumble-fuck over
each other. Then you can get on
with your miserable existence as a
free man.

RAWBONE

Couldn't have said it better myself.
But I think you misunderstood me.
I only meant you've a clear mind,
and it's carried you well.

Lourdes ignores this, and examines a PHOTO from the last WALLET.

LOURDES

The one from the roadhouse must
have served in Cuba during the
Spanish-American War.

RAWBONE

May I?

Lourdes passes it to him, Rawbone holds it up against the wheel.

CLOSE ON A PRINT depicting the roadhouse man dressed in uniform standing before a warship with other members of his squad.

He hands it back to Lourdes. His gaze returns to the road.

RAWBONE (CONT'D)

That warship is the China, and
that's not Cuba, but Manila harbor.

Lourdes steels a look at Rawbone, puzzling the probability of his father anywhere near the kind of people that embark upon a cause.

He looks back into the wallet. Finds a cache of BUSINESS CARDS, holds one up to the oil lamp, and squints.

LOURDES

This can't be right.

He passes Rawbone one of them, who trombones it into focus:

JAMES MERRILL Esquire
STANDARD OIL COMPANY MEXICO

RAWBONE

Aye. Now, isn't that 20 inches of monkey
dining on elephant one piece at a time.

77 - SOCORRO, TEXAS

The truck pulls up an incline stopping next to a mud brick wall. Not a soul on the street. The town still asleep for the morning.

Lourdes and Rawbone quickly assess the scene on the river below:

- A U.S. CUSTOMS SHACK next to A FERRY docked on the Texas side
- A FOOTBRIDGE parallel to the ferry stretching across to
- A BEAT-TO-SHIT MEXICAN CUSTOMS SHACK on the opposite shore.

RAWBONE

Keep the truck company. I'll go to
the river to get the feel of things.
See what all we have to deal with.

Lourdes watches him descend the hill, then glances over at --

78 - THE SOCORRO MISSION

Moving down the aisle, Lourdes eyes the ornamentation, then takes a seat in the first pew. Placing his hat beside him, he stares --

At A CROSS hanging on the far wall beyond the altar. He closes his eyes, and his lips begin to work a silent prayer.

RAWBONE (O.C.)

Praying you're head'll heal up?

Lourdes eyes pop open to see -

Rawbone, as if appearing from nowhere, sitting across from him. He gestures to a pedestal holding a statue of the Virgin and child.

RAWBONE (CONT'D)

If you're praying to her, forget it.
She sure didn't do shit for her son.

Lourdes says nothing. He takes his hat, and stands to leave.

RAWBONE (CONT'D)

(motions him to sit)

Nothing can happen till dark anyway.

Lourdes, hesitates, and then sits back down.

RAWBONE (CONT'D)

When you were a detective for the
Santa Fe you must have worked the
yards by the river.

LOURDES

I did.

RAWBONE

You probably met a lot of people
from the barrio.

LOURDES

I speak the language, if that's
what you mean.

RAWBONE

I was talking about families and
such. Knowing families and such.

LOURDES

Families and such... yes.

Rawbone says nothing more. He looks around, taking the place in.

LOURDES (CONT'D)

Why do you ask?

Something confused flickers in Rawbone's eyes. Then -

RAWBONE

Another time.

He stands.

LOURDES

We only have tomorrow.

RAWBONE

That's right. Let's see how that
goes. For both of us.

He starts to leave.

LOURDES
How do you know this place?

Rawbone turns.

RAWBONE
Why, I was married here Mr. Lourdes.

He taps down his derby and starts for the door.

RAWBONE (CONT'D)
Go back to your mysteries. I'll be
outside after I rob the poorbox.

79 - THE RIO GRANDE IN DARKNESS

79

A few token lights down by the ferry, the strum of a GUITAR can be heard coming from the custom shack on the Mexican side.

AT THE TRUCK Rawbone hunts through his bindle.

RAWBONE
I'll need Merrill's unmentionables
to establish our late departure
with the geniuses on this side -
and two bucks for the ferry man.

Lourdes peels off two bills, and hands him Merrill's wallet.

LOURDES
How do we go about the crossing?

Rawbone takes a BOTTLE OF WHISKEY and a FLASK from the bindle.

RAWBONE
We... I'm going entertaining. When
it's clear to make the ferry, I'll
sight you up with a lantern. Whatever
you do, don't stop. Drive straight
onto the thing and start pulling.

He walks away whistling with the whiskey tucked under his arm.

80 - ACROSS THE FOOTBRIDGE leaving the U.S. CUSTOMS SHACK

80

Rawbone tramps, making as much noise as he can. He pulls us with him until we are made to stop by the RIFLE of a MEX BORDER GUARD.

RAWBONE
(slurring)
Buenos Noches, amigo.

81 - THROUGH BINOCULARS

81

Lourdes watches the guard lead Rawbone to the Mex customs shack. THREE MEN move into the doorway light and Rawbone begins talking, pointing with the hand holding the whiskey in one direction, then the other. It's not long before he's hustled an invitation inside.

82 - CLOSE ON A LANTERN swaying as it's carried toward the river 82
Lourdes raises the binoculars to see -

Light dancing on the river below. He adjusts to see Rawbone
flagging the lantern with his derby.

83 - U.S. CUSTOMS SHACK FERRY LANDING 83

A MAN briefly peers out the shack window and waves a hand forward,
as Lourdes gears through the truck's shifts to the landing.

84 - THE FERRY 84

Half-way across the river, Lourdes struggles with the haul rope.

85 - MEXICAN CUSTOMS FERRY LANDING 85

CLOSE ON the platform finding the landing. The truck labors up
from the ferry and RAWBONE'S FEET leap the sideboard pulling us
up and into the open cab.

RAWBONE

So far from God, so close to the
U.S. Let's get from here.

Lourdes hits the gas, then looks over as they approach the -

86 - MEXICAN CUSTOMS SHACK 86

The pitiful tarpaper border station, oddly quiet now.

Lourdes eases off the gas.

RAWBONE

No need to involve yourself, Mr.
Lourdes.

Lourdes eyes scan beyond the doorway. In the half light, A CHAIR
toppled at an odd angle, A HAND protruding from beyond that.

He pulls over, jumps from the cab, and starts for the station.

RAWBONE (CONT'D)

I wouldn't.

87 - INSIDE THE PLACE 87

Death. One man doubled up on the floor, another's head arched back
on a bed, the third's face twisted in horror. Flies skimming flesh

Lourdes looking as if he's been slapped, backs out of the shack.

88 - IN THE TRUCK 88

Rawbone behind the wheel with the motor idling, Lourdes climbs in.

RAWBONE

Shall we be on?

LOURDES

I forgot for a moment. You're just a common assassin.

RAWBONE

I beg to argue, Mr. Lourdes. I am a most uncommon assassin.

Lourdes looks back across the river, then closes his eyes.

RAWBONE (CONT'D)

What did you think, young sir? That we would cross just as easy as buying sheets and pillows? A little liquor, a little cash? These campesinos may be street dirt and dumb as a brick, but they can sniff out a score with the truest of them.

LOURDES

So you just murdered -

RAWBONE

No, no, no. We murdered three men. We took this truck into Mexico. We are taking this truck filled with munitions to Juárez. We are together.

LOURDES

I see.

RAWBONE

Do you, Mr. Lourdes? I'm circumspect. So just in case. Once we crossed that river and left behind everything you're built on, you became as much my field hand as I am yours. And those three seal the contract. And we'll sleep the sleep on it.

LOURDES

Sleep the sleep, I won't forget that. No... I won't.

RAWBONE

Ready to mingle it up with me? Let me remind you of something. Of a conversation Lawyer Burr had with your Justice Knox about my coming. He had a name for it. A phrase. The practical -

LOURDES

- application of strategy.

RAWBONE

There you go. That street dirt back there in the shack, they are the practical application of strategy.

LOURDES
For your benefit.

RAWBONE
Absolute. It's a means of holding you to the cross. I don't think your Justice Knox would care to see one of his own standing trial in a foreign country for a murder committed because of an order the BOI issued. That doesn't seem to me... a practical application of strategy.

LOURDES
(disgusted)
How did you come to exist?

RAWBONE
In the same manner as Cain and Abel. Then I was baptized pure American just for good measure.

He guns it and they're off.

89 - THE LIGHTS OF JUÁREZ stand out upon the plain

89

The truck's way lit by the intermittent campfires of raggletag peons brandishing weapons. Would-be soldiers in the making.

RAWBONE
Mr. Lourdes, if they knew what we were carting... the bad news for you, we'd spend eternity like some married couple in a common grave.

LOURDES
I want to know now who you are to meet, and where.

Sudden gunfire erupts nearby followed by screams & footfalls. Lourdes' hand leaps to his shoulder holster.

Men rush past the truck to a fight flaring by the roadside.

He lowers his hand then turns his attention back to Rawbone, who hasn't once looked away from the road. Then -

LOURDES (CONT'D)
Who and where?

Rawbone is silent.

LOURDES (CONT'D)
If something should happen to you.

RAWBONE
AAAA! Haven't you heard the rumor that just thinking it can bring down bad luck? You wouldn't want that.

Lourdes is left to wait, and wait. Then, as if an afterthought.

RAWBONE (CONT'D)

Hecht is the man Simic told me to address. *Alliance for Progress*. Just up from the Custom House on Calle 16 de Septiembre... aren't you going to write that down?

LOURDES

No, I'm familiar with that building.

90 - THE EL RAY THEATRE, JUÁREZ

90

It's daybreak as Diaz's dragoons ride past the truck in slow, watchful columns, one of their number towing an unfortunate creature enclosed in a steel *Tramp Chair*. Rawbone stares up at them and tips his hat, then stares down to the corner of -

CALLE 16 DE SEPTIEMBRE, not a pedestrian or car on the road.

He glances over at Lourdes who looks like shit.

RAWBONE

Mr. Lourdes, the man is not going to show up for work at sunrise.

LOURDES

He might if he's expecting something. A delivery like this is best made when people are still in bed.

RAWBONE

Can't we get something to eat first. From the looks of you, you could use it. I know a place that serves up a mean little *Tesguino* at this hour, and I'll be happy to introduce you to the experience.

Lourdes ignores this, and works his notebook.

Rawbone stares over at the double-sheets plastered across the theatre advertising Bronco Billy Anderson in *THE ROAD AGENTS*.

RAWBONE (CONT'D)

I love the nickelodeon. Wished they had 'em when I was a boy. That's a world to be introduced to. There's only one thing they can't show right. The dyin'. They can't get that right. The horror when a gent knows all trace of him is being wiped out of existence.

LOURDES

... you mentioned Manila harbor. Were you in the army?

RAWBONE

Yeah.

LOURDES
Out of Fort Bliss?

RAWBONE
Yep, old camp cotton, where you were
first introduced to my extraordinary
singing voice.

LOURDES
Spend a lot of time in El Paso
during those years?

RAWBONE
What is it with all the questions,
Mr. Lourdes? Only thing worse than
a woman talkin' about herself, is a
man doing the same. Always the
fuckin' hero of the story.

LOURDES
You were asking me at the church
about the barrio and did I know
families there. I just wondered -

RAWBONE
Yeah, I spent a fair amount of
time there. The army wasn't much.
I needed time out of the States.
The war, though. If you have the
temperament for it, war can be a
blessing.

LOURDES
What were the medals for?

Tossing his cigarette away.

RAWBONE
Killing, of course.

LONG SHOT of a two-tone Pontiac pulling to the corner depositing a
human comma of a little-old man carrying a briefcase. He unlocks
the office building door and disappears inside.

RAWBONE (CONT'D)
Well, Mr. Lourdes, it seems you're
a race horse son-of-a-bitch.

He starts to get out, but Lourdes grabs his arm.

LOURDES
Wait!

He pulls one of Merrill's business cards out of his notepad,
and hands it to Rawbone along with the pencil.

LOURDES (CONT'D)
Write Anthony Hecht... Alliance for
Progress... and the address.

RAWBONE
(writing)
Why am I doing this? I can see the
bastard from here. I know the address.

LOURDES (O.C.)
So did Merrill.

91 - SECOND FLOOR OFFICE

91

CLOSE ON Rawbone's pencil scrawl, flipped to reveal the front
of Merrill's business card.

CLOSE ON Anthony Hecht examining it between two fingers. He looks
up from his desk at Rawbone, now standing across from him.

ANTHONY HECHT
You are?

RAWBONE
Rawbone Penny, Mr. Hecht, a friend
of Merrill's.

ANTHONY HECHT
And the card means to me?

RAWBONE
I saw Merrill two days ago outside
El Paso. He asked me to deliver the
makings of an icehouse to this
address. Introduce myself to you.
Said you might have some work for
the both of us.

ANTHONY HECHT
Two days? Where again?

RAWBONE
A roadhouse near Fort Bliss. He was
with a couple of gents.

The old man rubs his lower lip with the tip of his finger.

ANTHONY HECHT
How do you know James?

RAWBONE
(laughs)
You ever see that photo he carries
in his wallet? Manila Harbor. The
China. Him and members of his
squad. The one on the far right is
yours truly. Course I was younger.
(he winks)
And more brash

The old man appears to be taking the bait.

ANTHONY HECHT
... where is the truck?

92 — DAWN AT THE DUMP

92

A spreading pool of blood pissed out on sandy ground near the boots of a grimacing —

Lourdes, who finishes up, then looks past the branches of the stand of trees he's hidden behind, where —

100 yards away, the sun beats against the truck, parked in the middle of a garbage dump, gulls dive bombing from overhead. In the distance, the Pontiac appears and makes its way over.

Rawbone and Hecht get out, head to the rear of the truck, and the old man pulls back the tarp, leans inside, then steps back, pulls cash from his pocket, counts it out to Rawbone, hands him a letter, climbs into the Pontiac and drives off.

93 FROM THE STAND OF TREES

93

Lourdes watches as Hecht's car drives past and disappears.

94 AT THE TRUCK

94

Lourdes stands looking over a note written on Hecht's stationery.

KEY IN ON — RAILROAD, PANUCO RIVER, TAMPICO, and DR. STALLINGS.

RAWBONE

(grinning now)

Tomorrow you'll be Justice Knox's sainted poker hand of an agent and I'll be pleasantly off for parts unknown. With a clear conscience and a clean record. You have your name, Mr. Lourdes — Dr. Stallings.

LOURDES

I'll have the money too.

RAWBONE

What?

LOURDES

It's Evidence.

RAWBONE

Now look, Mr. Lourdes I've played by the rules of this game. But the money is rightfully mine.

Lourdes stares him down. Then —

RAWBONE (CONT'D)

(disgusted with it all)

Ah, Christ.

He hands the money over to Lourdes who counts it.

LOURDES

You're light — I'll have the men's from the roadhouse as well.

Rawbone frowns, reaches into his hat and pulls out more bills. Watching Lourdes log and pocket it, he puts out a hand to shake.

RAWBONE

Mr. Lourdes, you have fulfilled your obligation and I, mine. It is time we part ways.

Lourdes looks up, not taking Rawbone's hand.

LOURDES

I'm sure you feel we're both the richer for our time together but we're not near done yet.

Rawbone stares back as if a mountain has dropped down on him.

RAWBONE

You better just enlighten me to what you mean by that.

LOURDES

We are done when I say we are done.

Rawbone grabs Hecht's letter and starts back toward the truck.

LOURDES (CONT'D)

Where are you going? Not back.

Rawbone holds up the letter.

RAWBONE

To get introduced to my future.

By the time Rawbone reaches the truck Lourdes is behind him with his weapon pressed against the back of his neck. He stretches his arm around Rawbone's waist, takes his automatic, and stands back.

LOURDES

You poisoned those three border guards in cold blood. Now if Justice Knox went to Mexican intelligence, well - We're done only when I say we're done.

RAWBONE

Back in front of the nickleodeon...
... Merrill's business card... you were plotting even then.

LOURDES

This moment here?

RAWBONE

This moment here.

LOURDES

(mocking him)
Aye. Something pretty close, anyway.

RAWBONE

It does seem like you're a couple
of steps up from Montgomery Ward's.

Lourdes grabs the letter.

LOURDES

You will continue with the delivery
of this truck, and get yourself a
job with this...

He refers to Hecht's letter.

LOURDES (CONT'D)

... Dr. Stallings. And I will be
right there with you.

Rawbone lights a cigarette, and stretches back against the truck.

RAWBONE

No, sir. I think I'll just relax
here and enjoy the view.

LOURDES

Listen to me now. I'm not some empty
street you're going to walk down and
be done with. There is you, there is
me, and there is that truck. And when
we're done. When I see we're done,
then you'll have your immunity.

Lourdes limps back toward the flatbed.

RAWBONE

Ah, the extra effort of the uninvited.
All this note taking and additional
intrigue isn't gonna suddenly make your
boss mistake you for white

LOURDES

The teachings of a common assassin.

RAWBONE

This has got nothing to do with the
piece of paper I signed alongside
your Justice Knox. I have more than
fulfilled that obligation. And you
know it, Mr. Lourdes.

He leans into the cab and grabs his bundle.

RAWBONE (CONT'D)

You're an opportunist, like everyone
else. The practical application of
strategy, as seen through the eyes
of one John Lourdes.

He slings the bundle over his shoulder, and walks away.

RAWBONE (CONT'D)

Goodbye to you, sir.

Lourdes, knowing he is stuck, lets his mouth take off ahead of his brain — as unprepared for the question he is about to ask as Rawbone is to answer it.

LOURDES
(blurts out)
What about your family?

Rawbone keeps walking, then stops and flicks his cigarette away. Lourdes, approaches with both weapons barreled to the ground.

LOURDES (CONT'D)
You have family, don't you? In El Paso?

RAWBONE
I've no idea where you're going, but
I'll send you my regrets once you get
there.

He hoists the bindle back up onto his shoulder making to go.

LOURDES
What if I told you someone at BOI
knows of your family. Justice Knox
has even spoken to them. Would it
mean anything to you?

Rawbone turns — Lourdes can see he's gotten to him.

LOURDES (CONT'D)
(quiet now, goading him)
Don't worry. When it's your time,
the garbage will still be out here
waiting for you.

RAWBONE
Mr. Lourdes, I believe I'm going to
kill you.

LOURDES
You mean you're not sure.

He shoves Rawbone's weapon back into the front of his trousers.

LOURDES (CONT'D)
Now, you've at least got something
between your pockets. While you
make up your mind, I'm going to go
top off the tank.

He puts his hand to his temple and labors back over to the Packard
Rawbone spits, then glances off up the ravine at —

A mule-drawn carreta driven by AN OLD MAN. Running alongside,
a SIX-YEAR-OLD BOY sifts through the trash, holding items he
thinks valuable aloft, the old man nods and waves, and the
boy smiles with an air of pride and achievement.

Rawbone removes his derby, wipes at the sweat on the inside.

RAWBONE
(to himself)
... ahhhh, hells bells.

Finally, his face takes on his customary mask, and he calls out --

RAWBONE (CONT'D)
Mr. Lourdes -- save a seat on
the truck for me!

95 — ROAD TO CASAS GRANDES

95

Rawbone, driving in the shadow of barren mountains, stares over at Lourdes, looking pale and queasy, the injuries from last night beginning to exact their full toll on him. He's about to nod off.

RAWBONE
You pissin' blood yet?

He lies, shaking his head, no.

RAWBONE (CONT'D)
Man knew his trade. You'll be fine
in a day or two... or you won't.

His eyes continue to examine Lourdes, wondering which scenario might better serve him. Then, trying to lighten the mood --

RAWBONE (CONT'D)
You may have lost your appetite,
but I'm starving. Mr. Lourdes, you
ever dine on Chiles en nogada?

LOURDES
... of course.

RAWBONE
At Miguel's in the bario?

LOURDES
Yes, before it closed.

RAWBONE
Best you ever had, right?

LOURDES
No.

RAWBONE
Pray tell, Mr. Lourdes, whose
establishment made better?

LOURDES
My mother's kitchen.

RAWBONE
Ah, a real Maria Chuchena, huh?
How did she make it? With Cabrito?

LOURDES
Yes, but that's not the important
ingredient.

RAWBONE
(intrigued)
Really? What did she use?

LOURDES
Many things. She was particular.
She would only use black walnuts
for the sauce that—

RAWBONE
(cutting him off)
Wait, Mr. Lourdes. Your pencil
and a sheet from that notebook
if you can spare it.

Lourdes drowsily rips off a sheet and hands him the pencil.

RAWBONE (CONT'D)
Continue, Mr. Lourdes, please.

LOURDES
... she would only harvest nuts the
first week in September... and cure
them for the following two weeks.

Something about this seems to ring a bell for Rawbone. Then —

RAWBONE
How did she cure them?

LOURDES
(starting to fade)
Spread them out on our rooftop.

RAWBONE
Yes, yes, I've seen such a thing.
(ruefully)
Your father's a lucky man to have
such a wife, Mr. Lourdes.

LOURDES
... he was rarely home for supper.

RAWBONE
Hm...
(writing now)
You said two weeks, right?
(nothing)
Mr. Lourdes?

He turns to Lourdes, who has fallen asleep.

96 — LATER, RAIL TRACKS

They follow the crown across valleys scored by creeks, and stands
of cottonwood. In the distance, smoke rises above the treeline.

97 - APPROACHING THE RIVER

97

Rawbone shakes Lourdes awake and points past the trees to a CAMP complete with warehouses and a repair shed for locomotives. a HUNDRED MEN orbiting TWO TRAINS being outfitted for a journey.

Spanning the narrow river is a slat bridge. TWO ROUGHS on this side flag Rawbone to a stop.

ROUGH ONE

What's your business?

Rawbone hands him Hecht's note. The rough reads it, hands it back and points toward a large tent set up beside the last train.

98 - DRIVING THOUGH CAMP

98

Past the FIRST TRAIN with an OPEN COAL CAR out front, the interior being rigged by a DOZEN MEN welding a large SHOOTING PLATFORM. Attached to the back, a small locomotive, and its tender.

LOURDES

That's a 2-6-0 Mogul with the new suspension. A pusher running light.

THE SECOND TRAIN has a more imposing looking engine -

LOURDES (CONT'D)

I worked this, it's a 4-8-0 Mastodon, built for pulling heavy freight over steep rakes, mountains and the like.

There are TWO PASSENGER CARS behind the TENDER, a BOXCAR, THREE FLATCARS where TANKER TRUCKS are being hoisted up and lashed down, and a PASSENGER CAR at the rear.

The truck stops and idles next to a CAMPAIGN TENT, where A DOZEN MEXICAN WOMEN are setting a meal out onto long camp tables.

The tent flap is pushed aside by DOCTOR STALLINGS. He has a face that seems at odds with his white hair and mustache, somewhere in his late 30's. Polished and erect. He's followed by a pair of SECURITY BULLS, and a man tattooed from wrist to shoulder with stars and stripes, this is JACK B.

RAWBONE

(under his breath)

Quite a menagerie, hey, Mr. Lourdes.

He cuts the engine.

Stallings steps up next to the cab, and Rawbone hands him Hecht's letter. He looks him over as if examining a steer, then glances down at the paper, and steps around to the back of the truckbed.

STALLINGS

The motorcycle... whose is it?

UP IN THE CAB

The two look to each other. What to answer? Rawbone is quicker.

RAWBONE

It was with the truck when we retrieved it.

Stallings steps back to the cab, glances at Lourdes, then Rawbone.

STALLINGS

I feel as if I know you, sir.

Rawbone leans forward on the wheel.

RAWBONE

I believe we've done a round or two in Texas, if that's what you mean.

Stallings's eyes rise and his mouth makes a silent ahhh.

STALLINGS

The letter refers to you. What is this one about?

Lourdes starts to speak for himself, but Rawbone leans past him.

RAWBONE

Retrieving this truck was no easy matter. As Mr. Hecht can personally validate. And well, this young man may have the Montgomery Ward's look, but if it wasn't for him I wouldn't be here right now.

He looks from Stallings, to the thugs, to the train being prepped.

RAWBONE (CONT'D)

Dr. Stallings, in expeditions such as these you are about to embark on, it has been my personal experience there are always casualties.

Stallings pockets the letter and starts back for the tent.

STALLINGS

Jack B, have the truck put on the train. And get both these men hardtack, mulligan stew and security cards... after a proper introduction.

Jack B signals them to stop below the tackle arm, and shouts to the hoist crew above.

JACK B

Rig this truck as packed and load it onto the platform.

Lourdes and Rawbone step down from the cab.

JACK B (CONT'D)
(to Lourdes)
What happened to you?

RAWBONE
Mr. Lourdes here arm wrestled Señor
Death and won... or tied... or lost,
we'll have to see.

JACK B
(handing them both
security cards)
We don't carry laggards in this outfit.

Rawbone isn't the least interested and shoves it in his pocket.

Lourdes though, looks the card over. It reads:

AGUA NEGRA
PRIVATE SECURITY

JACK B (CONT'D)
The truck is your responsibility.
You'll stay on the flatcar with it.
You'll sleep in it. Until ordered
otherwise.

He walks away to Rawbone whistling "Yankee Doodle Dandy."

LOURDES
It might have been a mistake to
bring the motorcycle. If Merrill
and his men left from here the
Doctor could have recognized --

RAWBONE
Of course, he recognized it. Why do
you think he asked. And as for
bringing it here being a mistake,
the mistake, Mr. Lourdes, is being
here at all.

A roustabout passes carrying a set of heavy chains.

RAWBONE (CONT'D)
Hey, gent, where's this parade goin'?

The truck begins to rise up over their heads.

ROUSTABOUT
The Zone, brother. That's where
we're bound.

Rawbone steps to Lourdes and spits. Unhappy, wanting none of it.

RAWBONE
Shit. Next stop, a thousand miles.

Lourdes wipes at a waterfall of sweat coming off his forehead.

RAWBONE (CONT'D)
Mr. Lourdes -

LOURDES
We're going.

RAWBONE (CONT'D)
Going does not mean getting there.

LOURDES
We'll get there.

RAWBONE
Take a look at yourself. You look
like a pile of salt sitting out in
the noon sun. And you're leaking oil
again.

Lourdes struggles up the steps a passenger car and peers at
his reflection in the door window

LOURDES
I'm bleeding alright. But we're
going on. You will not use me,
against me.

Rawbone steps up behind him.

RAWBONE
Why should I bother, Mr. Lourdes,
when you do such an exemplary job
on yourself? I'll just stand here
and beat the drum.

He turns and looks out toward the campaign tent where -
The young girl, Teresa, stares up at them from the shadows.

RAWBONE (CONT'D)
Mr. Lourdes, I believe you have
attracted someone's attention.

Lourdes turns now and sees her. He scrambles down the steps,
reaches for his notepad and pencil, quickly writes something
down, then tears it out and hands it to her.

Teresa regards the note wide-eyed and frightened. She points to
the notepad and pencil and scribbles on the air, but Lourdes
motions no. She reaches up to touch at his wound, but he pulls
back. She nods, and then returns to her work.

He watches her a beat, then steps back over to Rawbone.

RAWBONE (CONT'D)
(careful & quiet)
Wouldn't be the girl from Simic's?

LOURDES
It would.

RAWBONE
The one whose father you...

He makes a cutting motion across his neck.

LOURDES
The same.

RAWBONE

Well, I sure hope she takes the news as well as her father did.

100 — CLOSE ON THE MOGUL'S WHISTLE SIGNALLING ITS DEPARTURE

100

Birds scatter from treetops, thugs and roustabouts breaking up camp sprint for the cars and flatbeds.

Lourdes, chilled and feverish, sits on the last flatcar leaning against the tire of the Packard. His hands shaky, as he tries to make a record in his notebook.

Rawbone, stands above him focused on something down below —

Stallings and his officers posing for A PHOTOGRAPHER before the steaming wheels of the Mastodon. Stallings signals "enough" to the man, then he and the security detail board the passenger car.

Steam escapes the exhaust port. A long low huff followed by another and the train labors forward.

The photographer, laden down with a tri-pod and two heavy cases, begins running to the first flatbed, holding the tri-pod forward like a lance. An arm reaches out and relieves him of his gear. He throws out his hand and is hauled up with his legs kicking wildly.

Rawbone turns away from this to see Lourdes watching him. Finally

The two break their gaze, with Lourdes' now falling back on —

The passenger car, coupled to the flatbed, where the women travel. Teresa stands in the door window watching him. In the paling light she breathes on the glass, fogging it and obscuring her face.

101 — 20 MILES UP THE TRACK

101

Dusk brings the chill. On both trains and every car, men bundle up in their coats to contend with the falling mercury. The cold doesn't seem to bother the photographer though, who hops from car to car making the rounds trying to hustle up future commissions.

Seeing this, Lourdes whistles, and weakly waves the man over.

The wiry Mexican leaps to the car and comes into focus. He's not much older than Lourdes and speaks in a blaze of Spanish and sawed-off English. Squatting down he flashes his business card.

LOURDES

(pointing up to the cab)

The gent up there brooding saw you posing Dr. Stallings today and it got him pretty jealous, cause there's nothing he'd like better than having a photographer primp him while he had his picture taken. I'll even pay for it.

The first mention of money pops Tuerto right up into the cab, startling Rawbone.

TUERTO

Buenos tardes amigo. I am so happy to have finally found you. I saw you earlier and said to myself 'now there is a real *verdadero hombre*' - si? A real man. Your features señor are magnificent.

His hand darts out and takes Rawbone by the chin. Moving his face back and forth as if examining a diamond. Then -

TUERTO (CONT'D)

Please allow me to introduce myself, I am Tuerto.

He produces his Kodak, pops the bellows, and points at the lens.

TUERTO (CONT'D)

Tuerto - one eyed.

He points at his forehead between his eyebrows.

TUERTO (CONT'D)

Tuerto - si, si?

He hands the camera to Rawbone.

TUERTO (CONT'D)

You will notice how light it is. The new Eastman. Panchromatic emulsion, high speed 9 ASA, no more wet plate, no more fancy lighting. I can make pictures better and faster than Matthew Brady and post them to you with only a 1 cent stamp.

He pulls out a deck of Kodak penny postcards.

TUERTO (CONT'D)

The newest rage. Mail it anywhere in the world, to anyone you want. A loved one, perhaps?

Rawbone looks through scenes both picturesque and profane: All glamorized by Tuerto's treatment of them. Rawbone is captivated.

TUERTO (CONT'D)

Has anyone ever made a picture of you señor?

RAWBONE

Oh, yes - but for other purposes.

Tuerto is confused, but then he catches on and begins to laugh.

TUERTO

I knew it. A genuine *verdadero hombre*.

Rawbone is beginning to enjoy the man, when Lourdes leans in.

LOURDES
If I wanted to get pictures of this
train, you could do that?

TUERTO
Si, si.

LOURDES
And of the people on it?

TUERTO
Of course.

LOURDES
And you could mail them for me?
El Paso, say. If I gave you an
address?

TUERTO
Of course.

LOURDES
And if I wanted to buy copies of
pictures you'd already taken - of
the camp and the people in it?

TUERTO
A most unusual request.

RAWBONE
He's a most unusual fellow.

TUERTO
... I guess, for a fee.

LOURDES
You have been commissioned.

TUERTO
Ah, gracias, gracias, gentlemen.
Hasta mañana!

He shakes their hands and lights off for more work.

Lourdes slides back down to his position by the tire, rests his
head against it, and closes his eyes. His body begins to shiver.

Rawbone climbs out from the cab seat, and squats beside him.

RAWBONE
You hustled him.

Lourdes doesn't open his eyes. He's shaking badly.

LOURDES
Just trying to accumulate information.

RAWBONE
(dubious)
That's why you called him over.

LOURDES
(weakly)
... keeping my gunsights at eye level.

Rawbone continues to regard him.

LOURDES (CONT'D)
You're blocking what little light's left.

RAWBONE
There's times, Mr. Lourdes, you've said things. Like to that photographer about me jealous wanting my picture taken. It was like you knew me all my life.

LOURDES
(his eyes at half mast)
... or all mine.

RAWBONE
Exact. Mr. Lourdes, did you ever have something you wanted to do with your life more than anything else?

LOURDES
(eyes closing again)
I'm doing it now.

RAWBONE
Ah. Me... if I was your age and could start over, I'd go where they make those moving pictures. I would gent up and -

LOURDES
With a smile and good cheer.

RAWBONE
Goddamn right. That'd be me up there.

Lourdes' eyelids flutter open.

Rawbone's face blurs, a hallucinogenic image of him undercranked, flickering in black and white. The clack of the wheels morphing into the sound of film tailing through sprockets.

Lourdes, shivering horribly, grabs hold of Rawbone's coat.

LOURDES
(grinning)
Think how you'd... be able to... help them get the dyin', right.

And with that he falls back completely unconscious.

RAWBONE
Mr. Lourdes?

Rawbone lifts his head up by the hair, then lets it flop back.

RAWBONE (CONT'D)
Sneaky little bastard. I ought to
throw your ass from the train

102 - IN THE OPEN CAB

102

Rawbone sits smoking watching Stallings powwow with Jack B and several others on the end of the other flatcar in front of him.

The warning cry sounds of a TRAIN WHISTLE up the tracks.

A GUARD on the tender shouts for Stallings, pointing off in the middle-distance where A PYRE OF FLAME lights up the night.

STALLINGS
(shouting to the men)
Weapon up.
(to Rawbone)
Remain on guard at this truck.

Stallings and the others quickly grab their weapons and move out. But Rawbone makes no move for his weapon. He just keeps smoking.

CLOSE ON a CRATE SLAT being pried open. A hand slips inside, comes back with a grenade, and shoves it into a jacket pocket. ADJUST to see Rawbone check his back and then quietly close the tailgate.

103 - JUNCTION STATION for the Mexican Telegraph Company

103

A half-dozen slotted wood structures burn like incinerated cages, a flaming water tower suddenly collapses into a smoldering ruin. The Mogul stands beyond the destruction. Guards from the coal car forming a protective perimeter.

The Mastodon stops well short of the fires. Stallings and his officers jump from the cars and head over to -

A JAR SHAPED MAN in command of the lead train waiting to report.

Rawbone leaps from the flatcar and, keeping to the shadows, moves up the line far enough to keep himself within earshot of the man.

JAR SHAPED MAN
(loudly)
This was no mean accident of nature.

He points to -

A three foot high wooden cross set in the sand beside the tracks. A printed sheet nailed to it. Jack B steps over and pulls it off.

CLOSE ON PAPER key on the words REVOLUTION, CAMPESINO, and MADERO.

JACK B
(smiling to Stallings)
We got ourselves the war, commander.

The jar shaped man pulls the cross out of the ground, and starts breaking it apart when suddenly -

- RIFLE FIRE riddles his body. Blowing him back onto the tracks.

- FLASHBURSTS erupt along the ravined darkness
- STALLINGS and the other men drop down and raise their weapons
- GUN FIRE explodes up and down the line
- ANOTHER MAN is hit and falls face down in the sand
- FROM THE PASSENGER CAR women are screaming

RAWBONE
(to the women)
Sea callado y estancia hacia abajo!

He kneels on one leg, rifle poised and ready. He wheels to -

THE SOUND of Horses crying. A HALF DOZEN RIDERS spur their mounts past the burning sheds.

Their shadows rise up branded against the flames - campesinos - The People. There one moment gone the next.

STALLINGS (shouting)
See what can be done for those two
and then let's be on our way swiftly.

He quickly moves up the line.

Rawbone sees him heading his way and steps back into the shadows. Stallings silently passes. Then -

STALLINGS (CONT'D)
(on his back)
I believe I told you to remain with
the truck.

This catches Rawbone off-guard, and he smiles in spite of himself. Then looks off toward -

The women's passenger car & the flames reflected in its windows.

104 - THE SHIPPING YARDS OF CHIHUAHUA

104

Through a heavy morning fog, the two trains begin to materialize. The tops of each car now littered with armed guards.

Rawbone stands peering off the side of the flatcar, staring at -

A three-story brick warehouse graffitied with a HEADSTONE and the name MALO (evil) on it. Something eerie about this place. The only SOUND a distant COCKEREL.

He hitches his pants and glances over at Stallings atop the last passenger car holding his carbine and surveying the same thing.

The train ferries past a roundhouse and tooling sheds and then suddenly there is the LOW GROWL of SHOUTING and SPORADIC GUNFIRE.

HUNDREDS OF CAMPESINOS begin to weirdly appear out of the mist. Hordes on boxcars and clinging to the stacks of silent engines.

Stalling's men so outnumbered they simply stand there frozen.

A single campesino runs up to the flatcar and shouts at Rawbone.

CAMPESINO
Viva la revolution'!

RAWBONE
Yes, yes, my friend, you've got a
great future... behind you.

Clear of the yard, the train picks up speed again and leaves this circus behind. Rawbone turns to find -

Teresa waving him over to the women's car. He checks to make sure Stallings isn't watching, then makes the tiniest nod to the girl.

105 - WOMEN'S PASSENGER CAR

105

Lourdes is still pale and weak, but his fever has broken, and his gaze is steady as he looks up at Rawbone.

RAWBONE
The witches haven't killed you yet?

LOURDES
Last night, what happened?

RAWBONE
War, Mr. Lourdes, that Mississippi
of man's inventions.

An OWLISH CRONE pokes Rawbone and motions for him to pass Lourdes the cup she is holding.

RAWBONE (CONT'D)
(sniffing it)
You got your magic down, don't you,
you sorceress. (he takes a sip)
Tastes of my youth. (passes it onto
Lourdes) It seems our employer has
a dog in this fight.

LOURDES
But who is our employer?

RAWBONE
(standing)
I'd venture not Mr. Hecht, or
Dr. Stallings for that matter.
(to the women)
Listen to me, you virtuous
creatures. Be careful around this
one. He's dangerous, a true
verdadero hombre.
(grabs his crotch)
Mucho caliente.

Some of the women laugh with embarrassment, others turn away.

He looks at Teresa, staring up at him.

RAWBONE (CONT'D)
Ohhh, you're in for a surprise.

and starts out.

LOURDES
(calling him)
Hey... for bringing me in here -
thank you.

Rawbone turns.

RAWBONE
Checked your pockets, I hope. Trust
everything's still there?

Lourdes nods, Rawbone turns and goes.

RAWBONE (CONT'D)
(shutting the door)
You're lucky. The way these ladies
stripped you out of your clothes
last night I coulda sworn they'd
roll ya.

Lourdes props himself up into a sitting position.

His eyes flit over the women sharing a laugh, braiding another's
hair, cooking up some refritos. All reminiscent of his mother.

He looks over to Teresa, who mends a rip in his shirt. She
tears at the thread with her teeth then hands it to him.

He nods with gratitude but, painfully, knows what he must do.

106 - HIS PENCIL

106

Hovers over his notepad like an anxious vulture. Finally he writes
the briefest of lines. Looks up at her and, with no small amount
of guilt, takes her hands and places the open pad into them.

She stares down at four words *Su Papa está Muerto* (Your Father is Dead)

Her eyes well up and they raise to meet his full of questions. He
takes the pad from her hands and begins writing again.

Her hands reach over and stop his pencil. She shakes her head, no,
then gets up and moves away to the other end of the car.

107 - THE PACKARD'S FLAT CAR

107

Out of the fog now. Passing hills of boned and caked pumice, the
island of trains move though a landscape marked by the eternal.

Rawbone sits behind the wheel watching Lourdes quietly make
his way to the passenger side and climb in.

RAWBONE
... you tell her?

Lourdes staring forward, nods.

Rawbone offers him a cigarette, he takes it and lights up.

RAWBONE (CONT'D)

Mr. Lourdes, in matters such as these,
it is best to remain... indifferent.

108 - SAND HILLS

108

The Mogul is stopped in the noon sun. Its guards holding TWO YOUNG MEN and A BOY at gunpoint. The Mastodon slows to a crawl at this scene and Stallings and his Command Officers come forward.

STALLINGS

Why are we stopped?

MOGUL GUARD

We caught these three trying to
sabotage the tracks.

Along the line of the second train, guards appear from the edges of the car roofs and landings.

Lourdes watches from the forward edge of the flatcar, his gaze tennis matching between the scene and the women stepping down from their car to see why they've stopped, but Teresa is not with them.

Rawbone smokes with his legs propped up on the dash, watching -

LONG SHOT of Stallings issuing orders, as the three campesinos are marched up a slope toward a bare and blackened tree.

Tuerto hustles by with his equipment catching the Doctor half-way up the hill.

STALLINGS

It's pictures you want. It's
pictures you'll have.

- A ROPE is flung over the sturdiest branch.

BELOW THE TREE stand the campesinos and guards.

JACK B

(to the two older men)
On your knees!

They don't move.

STALLINGS

(translating)
Móntese las rodillas.

They refuse.

Stallings nods to Jack B who steps over and blows their brains out. THE SOUNDS OF THE WOMEN screaming chasing the report.

The boy rushes to his bleeding compadres but is grabbed by the guards, and taken to the tree.

He fights the rope circling his neck but the men overpower him and have him leashed and lifted before he can even let out a cry. The guards stand back as the boy kicks and spins in the air. His untied hands take hold of the line above his head to try and keep from strangling, at least until his strength gives out.

HIS SHOES, kick and score the rotted bark in desperation.

The women cry and plead for the men to let the boy go.

Tuerto calmly frames up this nightmare tableau and gestures for the guards to take specific positions for maximum effect.

Lourdes squints into the horizon a good mile up the line where SWARMS OF VULTURES ride the thermals. He looks back down to see -

The Owlsh Crone struggling up the slope with Teresa at her side, they arrive to -

The stares of the guards, looking like the women could be next.

OWLISH CRONE
(in Spanish)

Let the boy go, or end his suffering.

The men don't move. The old woman is all over them with everything she has. Laughing, they shove her back and forth to each other. Teresa tries to help, but the men restrain her in a lewd and aggressive manner.

Lourdes, has seen enough. He moves to the cab and grabs his rifle.

Rawbone suddenly straightens.

RAWBONE
What are you doing, Mr. Lourdes?

Lourdes hammers a shell.

RAWBONE (CONT'D)
Don't, Mr. Lourdes.

Turns and aims.

RAWBONE (CONT'D)
You'll join that boy if you do.

And fires.

THE SHOT rips through the boy's chest and his body goes slack.

The men at the tree react to the origin of the report, staring down Lourdes like a unanimous jury.

He turns away and returns his rifle to its sleeve.

RAWBONE (CONT'D)
The country is having at you, Mr. Lourdes. I remember a time in the Huecos when you couldn't -

LOURDES
(cutting him off)
If you were wrung out, you wouldn't
give a drop of sympathy.

RAWBONE
The road changes everyone — even you.

LOURDES
Too bad it wasn't you they were hanging.

RAWBONE
You may soon get your wish.

He motions behind Lourdes to where Jack B, Stallings, and the
others have descended below the flatcar.

JACK B
Get down here, now!

Lourdes ignores him looking over instead to the old woman and
Teresa hiking past the men. The crone nods a *thank you* to him.

LOURDES
Dr. Stallings, before I come down
and boot this bastard, you best
look to the South East.

Stallings looks off above the capes of rock to see —
The vultures riding the distant thermals, a preview of carnage.

STALLINGS
Stations everyone. Bring me a map,
signal pistol, and two mounts. Hurry.

JACK B
(to Lourdes)
You've had your say, now are you
coming down?

Stallings takes him by the arm.

STALLINGS
Get them prepared.

Jack B makes no argument and takes off.

STALLINGS (CONT'D)
Come down here, both of you.

Rawbone and Lourdes jump down.

STALLINGS (CONT'D)
Explain what you did.

LOURDES
If you mean to kill something, do
it on the first shot.

STALLINGS

Harsh temporary means will yield salutary ends. Firmness is essential in dealing with inferior races. They must have perfect confidence in your word.

(to Rawbone)

You hustled Mr. Hecht. And you didn't get the truck the way you claim you did.

RAWBONE

That's the bureaucrat in you talking.

STALLINGS

You're the type that lies, even when the truth sounds better.

RAWBONE

Now, that's the professor in you talking.

STALLINGS

I'm not challenging you over this. The truck is here.

He looks at Lourdes.

STALLINGS (CONT'D)

And, yes there are casualties. And there'll be more.

109 - CLOSE ON STALLING'S FINGER NAVIGATING AN OPEN RAILROAD MAP

109

STALLINGS (O.C.)

We are here, and the source of those birds is likely - here - a military garrison sited to protect a junction where the tracks split.

Two saddled mares are led over to the flatcar.

STALLINGS (CONT'D)

You will both earn your money today.

110 - ON HORSEBACK

110

The two canter past the tree where the boy still hangs.

LOURDES

He had no right to trim the tree with that boy.

RAWBONE

This railroad is his toy, Mr. Lourdes. He decides who gets to play with it.

LOURDES

That business about casualties... he knows how to frame a warning.

RAWBONE

A warning? I hoped it was a
compliment, or at the least an
insult.

THE SOUND of bridle clinking turns them around in their saddles.
Tuerto chugs a mule forward, trying to catch up with them.

TUERTO

Wait! Wait for Tuerto!

111 - GARRISON PERIMETER

111

The three light-foot their animals up to a loosely roped gate
slapping back-and-forth in the wind. It hangs before a chorus of
adobe buildings on top of which sit an army of vultures. Lourdes
fires his shotgun into the air scattering them.

112 - INSIDE GARRISON

112

Rawbone pushes the gate open. The three immediately cover their
faces at the stench emanating from an amphitheatre of death.

BLOATED BODIES piled high, the skin almost invisible under a dense
blanket of black flies.

A SHOVEL stuck in the ground next to a ROW OF ARMS, adorned with
federal officer's cuffs, fingers extended, desperately stretching
for air at the moment the rest of their bodies were buried alive.

BLACKENED CORPSES stacked like cordwood, CHARRED and completely
incinerated, one touch would turn them to dust.

- STAIRWELL TO ROOF

Lourdes, steps past retreating vultures, exits onto a rooftop
watchtower, raises his field glasses and scans -

THE TRACKS to the side where SUNLIGHT KICKS off something METAL.

- UNDER AN OVERHANG

Rawbone cranks the arm of an abandoned VICTROLA, and a BRAHMS
lullaby wafts from it's horn. He sits, smokes and watches

Tuerto excitedly scamper amongst the dead taking pictures.

LOURDES (O.C.)

You better get up here.

- ROOFTOP

The reassembled buzzards scatter as Rawbone joins Lourdes,
who hands him his field glasses.

LOURDES (CONT'D)

(taking notes)

Tell me what you see.

RAWBONE
Unadulterated nothing.

LOURDES
(tearing a page from his pad)
Tuerto! Get back to the train as fast as
you can and give this to Dr. Stallings.

He chucks it down to Tuerto, steps up behind Rawbone, and points.

LOURDES (CONT'D)
One of the tracks has been sabotaged.
About 50 yards up from the turnout.
To the left laying off in the sand
you'll see it.

THE BINS find a long bulky strip of metal.

RAWBONE (O.C.)
What the hell is it?

113 - AT THE JUNCTION

113

The two now on horseback looking down at -

LOURDES
A fishplate - what they use to bolt the
rails together. There's another missing
from the other end - spikes too.

114 - LATER

114

Both engineers walk the sabotaged line. Stallings stands to the
side conferring with Jack B & his guards. Tuerto photographs all.

STALLINGS
(reading Lourdes note)
'One flare all clear. Two, there's
more track trouble ahead so hold back.
Three means no matter what come on
quick - there are rurales about.'

MOGUL ENGINEER
(calling out)
He's right, Dr. Stallings. This rail's
just sitting here waiting for us to
come barreling along.

STALLINGS
Must we take the time to repair? Or
can we safely move over it?

MASTODON ENGINEER
If we ease them across slowly...
maybe.

STALLINGS
Then get to it.

115 - A LINEMAN

115

Watching the loose rails, waves the engineers forward, as they inch both their trains safely across to the other side.

Stallings looks at his watch and then to the south up toward -

116 - A CRAGGY PLATEAU

116

Where Lourdes & Rawbone on horseback scout the surrounding hills.

RAWBONE

Mmm. Can't be more than 25 miles off.
You can smell the saltwater from here.

He wheels his horse about - then he sees it.

RAWBONE (CONT'D)

... Mr. Lourdes!

He points to the west of the train. Tracers of dust piling up.

LOURDES

(looking through the bins)
It's not dragoons. And they're
coming on like religion.

He lowers the bins and reaches for the SIGNAL GUN.

RAWBONE

Now, wait, wait, wait, wait. Before
you signal the outfit, Mr. Lourdes.
Consider your strategy. You don't
need them, and the women are not
your province - hell, they'll be
treated better by the rurales' than
by Stallings and his kind.

Lourdes loads a flare into the breech and fires.

RAWBONE (CONT'D)

You can fill a notebook till you
fall over dead, but what you need
to write ain't here. It's in
Tampico. You wanted to get there,
we can get there.

LOURDES

You, me, and the truck.

He fires off a second signal, then loads and fires a third.

RAWBONE

(pissed to all get-out)
Justice Knox should not have
entrusted you with this! You're
the wrong man!

117 - CLOSE ON STALLINGS his EYES skyward

STALLINGS (O.C.)
(barking)

That's three - send the Mogul! The
Mastodon will follow one mile behind.

118 - GUARDS ON THE STOPPED MASTODON

Watch the Mogul's departure, knowing whatever it is about to face,
is their fate also.

119 - IN THE DOGHOUSE BEHIND THE MOGUL'S TENDER

A guard scans the horizon just in time to see the rurales arrive
on the ridge above the train in full force.

120 - THE MOGUL'S WHISTLE

Screams bloody murder, it's engine blasts out, pushing the MACHINE
GUN MOUNTED COAL CAR forward faster now, building a head of steam.

121 - A SWARM OF FILTHY SOMBREROS

Carrying CARBINES, COLTS & MACHETES produce their own SCREAMS as
they descend the scrub ridges at full gallop driving their horses
to flank the Mogul's engine.

- The MEN at the MACHINE GUN PLATFORM site them up and OPEN FIRE.

- RURALES by the dozen RIPPED with BULLETS fall from their horses.

- STALLINGS WATCHING THE ABOVE steps into the MASTODON ENGINE ROOM

STALLINGS
(to engineer)
Let's go. Move out.

- STEAM BLOWS OUT FROM THE PISTONS FOR A SPRINT START

- UP TO SPEED NOW A MILE BACK FROM OVER THE MASTODON STACK,
the view reveals 50 RURALES chasing the MOGUL undeterred.

- LOURDES scans the tableland with his BINOCULARS to see -

- THE MOGUL clear a long shelf of battened stone, and A MASS
of trampling SHADOWS surge toward it from hiding. RURALES
bookending it now - front and back.

- THE MEN IN THE OPEN COAL CAR pour fire down into these new
RURALES, now close enough to touch.

- ONE OF THEM whips his horse up alongside and is cut down as
he flings a lit stick of DYNAMITE which

- LANDS in the COAL CAR bouncing off the casement

- THE GUARDS at the big gun SCRAMBLE to reach it but are too late

- THE EXPLOSION rocks the car

- MEN ARE THROWN over the rim
- THE COAL CAR'S WHEELS lift, then slam down, MISSING THE RAILS SAWING TIES and PLOWING EARTH
- THE MOGUL'S COWCATCHER RAMS into the COAL CAR HOUSING which
- LIFTS UP and suddenly FLIES BACK across
- THE ENGINE tearing THE STACK and BREAKING LOOSE
- THE CONNECTING RODS, which SPEAR the BOILER and instantly
- SHOOT A GAUGE WHEEL THROUGH THE ENGINEER'S CHEST driving his RIBS all the way out the SKIN of HIS BACK.
- THE MOGUL surges and
- THE COAL CAR falls off beside the tracks but
- THE TONNAGE CATCHES and WHIPS back around
- BROADSIDING THE ENGINE AND THE MANGLED MOGUL EXPLODES into a volcano of fire and debris.
- LOURDES, with RAWBONE in hard pursuit, kicks his mount forward up a steep incline revealing the distant wreckage and smoking mass strewn over the tracks with
- THE MASTODON, a mile back, under attack now, and coming on fast.
- LOURDES lifts his field glasses and scans
- PAST THE WRECKAGE where the railway rises steeply hugging the rim of the Cañon del Cobre

LOURDES (O.C.)
Even if it clears that wreckage
it'll have to slow for those hills.

He spurs his horse and is off.

RAWBONE
(shouting)
The Goddamn thing'll never get
through!

His mount shoulders wildly, he jerks its head and follows Lourdes.

- THEY COME UP OUT OF A RAVINE and gallop hard past
- HOWLING OUTRIDERS making for the MASTODON, who sweep after them
- RAWBONE turns in his saddle and SHOTS
- ONE OF THEIR MOUNTS out from underneath them.
- THE MAN falls to the ground, his own compadres trample him and
- GAIN NOW on Lourdes and Rawbone, who reaches into his jacket

- Produces the GRENADE. Pulls the pin and flings it back at the
- RURALES who are RIPPED APART with ruthless efficiency.
- RIDERLESS MOUNTS now charge alongside bullet pocked railcars.
- HIGH LONG SHOT OF dust and smoke rising up for miles.
Scattered dead trackside - laid out on the tops of boxcars.
- THE MASTODON'S FRONT WHEELS thundering toward the wreck.
- JACK B in the DOGHOUSE fielding orders to the men who remain.
- STALLINGS in the LOCOMOTIVE with the ENGINEER.

MASTODON ENGINEER
She won't get through.

STALLINGS
Throttle it.

MASTODON ENGINEER
We'll wreck.

STALLINGS
Then we'll wreck. Now throttle it.

- The man does as he is ordered, and opens it up all the way
- THE FIREMAN shovels coal into the firebox at double-time.
 - THE ASHPAN suspended beneath the FIREBOX fills rapidly
 - THE MANOMETER GAUGE'S ABSOLUTE PSI RAPIDLY BEGINS TO CLIMB
 - THE HUGE WHEELS REVERB AGAINST the RAILS followed by the deafening SOUND of pistons driving steam through the valves.
 - FROM ACROSS the bulk of the WRECKED MOGUL. The MASTODON can be seen closing on the unwanted target with fiendish speed.
 - THE COWCATCHER speeding toward the impossible - almost there.
 - IN THE CAB the engineer asks the Almighty to remember him and
 - STALLINGS EYES going wide, filling with a strange excitement
 - THE CAMERA plunges FROM ABOVE with the force of an ax.
 - BAM! THE MASTODON meets the MOGUL
 - THE CRUSHING GRATE and shrill of steel on steel sends a shock wave down the length of the couplings and
 - THE WOMEN in the last car are flung over each other like rags.
 - THE HUGE STEAMER rocks, shunts and then stalls
 - THE WHEELS LOCK, skid uselessly, in a wide-open spin. The SOUND like giant metal fingernails raking across a chalk board

- INSIDE THE CARS men wounded & bleeding scream out with fear
- BUT MASTODON CONTINUES shouldering the brunt of the wreckage
- AND SOMEHOW SUDDENLY THE WHEELS catch again
- THE VALVES OPEN, driving the rods forward, and
- THE WRECKAGE screeches from the tracks, clearing them completely
- THE MASTODON, worse for wear, but once again steaming freely.
- THE ENGINEER, pale and shaken, nods to Stallings, who leans past him and PULLS THE TRAIN WHISTLE in defiance.
- LOURDES & RAWBONE leave their mounts and scramble up a hill face
- AT THE TOP Lourdes leans over and assesses their prospects.

LOURDES

... we'll jump from here.

Rawbone, behind him, glances at the rails, beyond which are a chasm of rocks and an inauspicious end.

RAWBONE

Mr. Lourdes. China looks closer.

- THE MASTODON begins its ascent up the highline. Jack B firing at
- THE LAST CADRE OF RIDERS. The ground drops suddenly and rises with steep walls of rock, the path for the rurales ridiculously narrow now, to the point of certain death.
- As the train pulls away from the rurales, one of them gets off an ARROW before his horse's legs buckle and the withers fall.
- THE ARROW, attached to a STICK OF DYNAMITE lifts and turns as
- LOURDES LEAPS FROM THE HILL FACE onto A PASSENGER CAR ROOF
- THE ARROW descends, picking up speed in a long whoosh as
- RAWBONE follows suit, holding tight to his derby
- THE ARROW embeds in the deckboards of THE FLATCAR in front of the truck's. THE FUSE to the dynamite hisses downward.
- LOURDES & RAWBONE VAULT car to car past the DEAD, and reach the truck exhausted. Rawbone puts the barrel of his rifle to the barrel of Lourdes's - a toast to their survival - CHINK!
- THE SPARK OF THE FUSE bottlenecks and EXPLODES. The force
- LIFTS LOURDES off his feet, and SLAMS him onto the TRUCK HOOD.
- RAWBONE flies the length of the flatcar and lands hard.

He comes up on his knees gritting his teeth in pain. A SPIKE of bracing protrudes from the back of his shoulder blade. He reaches around to pull it out, but can't get a hold of it.

Lourdes, staggers over and pulls the stake loose.

RAWBONE (CONT'D)

Ah... Mr. Lourdes, for a moment I thought it was you putting a shiv to me.

LOURDES

Yeah, seeing you on your knees... I thought you were taking up prayer.

THE FLATCAR ahead of theirs, from screw block to end beam, pure wreckage, part of the deck burning.

Guards rush from the cars ahead to blanket the flames.

Lourdes pulls a tarp from the truck and helps attack the fire Rawbone, blood seeping down the back of his shirt, pitches in.

SUDDENLY a terrible JOLT freezes all the men. The deck beneath them hitches and sidles.

Rawbone looks confused, but Lourdes, knows what this means. He drops the tarp, rushes to the edge of the flatcar, kneels, and looks over the buffer to see

THE COUPLER TORN FROM ITS SCREW BLOCK. It hangs there, attached to their flatcar like the dead and useless claw of some iron monster.

RAWBONE

Mr. Lourdes?

LOURDES

We've been cut loose.

THE MASTODON'S CARS continue forward up into the ridgeline, but

THE WHEELS of Lourdes, Rawbone and the women's car begin to slow

The guards trying to put out the flames stare dumbly as their flatcar leaves this group behind. The Mastodon well into its mile high climb up the 45 degree slope.

Lourdes still peering down at the undercarriage.

RAWBONE (O.C.)

Mr. Lourdes?

LOURDES

The air brakes should hold if they haven't been damaged. But if they have -

The women, gathering on the landing, call out for an explanation.

Rawbone, favoring his wound, joins Lourdes watching the Mastodon disappearing high up into the canyon.

RAWBONE
They'll come back.

LOURDES
You know what it takes to stop a train on the downgrade? It's like keeping back an avalanche. And reversing it back uphill.

RAWBONE
They'll not leave the munitions.

LOURDES
Neither will we. Get the women up here and off this car, but ahead of it.

- LOURDES BUSTS TIMBERS from THE WOMEN'S CAR ROOF with A FIRE AX
- THE PLANKS are STACKED TO THE SIDE OF THE RAILS BY RAWBONE
- CLOSE ON the WOMEN'S CAR DRAWHEAD being uncoupled by LOURDES
- HE PULLS THE ANGLE COCK and the brake cylinder is released
- THE CAR rolls backward revealing - THE WOMEN, track side, holding their belongings and watching
- THEIR CAR pick up speed, hurtle toward the turn and plunge.

122 - A CACOPHONY OF SUPPOSED KNOW-HOW COMPETES WITH THE TRUCK ENGINE 122

As the Packard pokes it's nose out over a rampway jerry-rigged from crisscrossed timbers and truss bound together by rope, cable and any clothing the women aren't wearing. Lourdes leans from the cab to see if it'll hold the truck's weight.

Rawbone acts as traffic cop angling his hands to get the wheels a little this way or that.

Lourdes commits the front down the ramp which starts to buckle. The women chime in, trying to avert what they see as a disaster, yelling for Lourdes to turn the wheels in direct contradiction to Rawbone, who curses them to shut up.

Lourdes swallows hard, then gasses it.

The truck lurches forward, and just as the front end touches ground, the ramp snaps, and the rear tires slam onto the ties. The truck heaves to the cliff side under the strain of it's cargo, but

Lourdes foots the gas pedal and the truck rights itself back onto the tracks to a collective sigh of relief.

The truck brakes and Rawbone trots over and leans into the cab.

RAWBONE

You do know, Mr. Lourdes that
good manners required me to allow
you first crack at driving the
truck.

LOURDES

(under his breath)
You're a fuckin' saint.

He cuts the engine, hops out, and checks that the cargo is secure
Teresa stands off alone watching him.

123 — DUSK CAÑÓN DEL COBRE

123

The truck straddles one rail as it climbs up the steep grade.
Lourdes, leans out from the cab clocking the path on which
the women, humping their belongings, travel. Rawbone sits in
the passenger seat getting stitched up by the old crone.

FROM FAR OFF THE SOUND OF SONG IN A TONGUE FOREIGN TO THE SINGERS

124 — LATER

124

Rawbone, now driving, leads the group in a pigeon English sing-
along of "Take Me Out to the Ballgame."

Lights firefly in the twilight toward the mountain top. The women,
carry lanterns and candles, lighting the way. Walking among them
is Lourdes, the only one not singing with the exception of Teresa,
who keeps a few steps behind him — watching.

After a moment she appears to make a decision, quickens her
stride, and then falls in step next to him.

He steals a sideways glance at her and

Finds her staring back.

And then

Her hand reaches over and takes his

He allows himself the tiniest smile at her. She allows one back.

125 — DAWN

125

The truck leaves the mountains behind, traveling at a good clip
down an old stage road. The women piled high on top of the crates
in back, the cab packed with Lourdes, Teresa, old crone & Rawbone.

126 — ABANDONED HACIENDA

126

Rawbone pours the last of the fuel from the drums into the gas
tank, as the women fuss around a camp fire fixing up a shared
meal. The Piedra Volada Falls towering above all of them.

THE ROAR OF WATER POUNDING ON ROCK

127 - PIEDRA VOLADA FALLS

127

Impressionistic snatches of Lourdes and Teresa in bare feet walking the shallows below the falls - sitting on the bank, Lourdes parting her hair with his fingers - looking deeply into her eyes. The sunlight, mist and easy breeze - pure magic.

128 BANK ABOVE THE STREAM

128

Rawbone stands staring at a small family of graves set amongst the tress. He flicks his cigarette away, and then tips his hat to Teresa as she walk past, a few steps ahead of Lourdes.

RAWBONE

Some would say you're the perfect woman - never open your mouth. Better be careful, Mr. Lourdes. This is how people end up with their own little Cain & Abels.

He grabs Lourdes arm. Teresa, unaware, keeps walking.

RAWBONE (CONT'D)

Mr. Lourdes, I buddied once with a top-floor felon. Part Sioux. Right up ahead there in Tampico. He gave me some advice once that I'd be happy to introduce you to. He said, 'when things go bad, every road out of town is the black road.' All that ammunition, Mr. Lourdes? I say we bury a wallet's worth, tell Stallings we lost it in transit. We'd have it to sell if we needed money. You'd have it to sell if you needed to buy or bribe information. Or if we find ourselves on the black road.

Lourdes shakes out a cigarette, Rawbone lights it.

LOURDES

What happened to this top-flight felon?

RAWBONE

A shame, really. Shot to death in his sleep.

LOURDES

I'd have bet on poisoning... or dynamite.

RAWBONE

Thank you, Mr. Lourdes. Professional compliments are always appreciated.

Lourdes shakes his head and walks off.

LOURDES

Alright. We'll hold back what you think we can get away with.

129 - SUPPLY ROAD THROUGH THE ZONE

MEN on passing SUPPLY WAGONS call out obscenities to the women. The old crone yells back a few of her own.

The truck leaves them behind, climbs a rise, and reaching the top, comes to a sudden stop.

There, spread out at their feet the whole ugly truth. A hellish landscape stripped of life -- cancered from fire and oil. Ugly, strange, surreal. Proof of man as the planet's most dangerous animal. Beyond this the city of Tampico butted against the gulf.

Lourdes looks to Rawbone, pops the clutch and they continue past --

130 - SHACKTOWN

Cratewood on stilts above the filthy river flowing into the gulf, a turnpike for tankers and tugs. People here struggling in the most abject poverty. Wild dogs lap from stagnant pools dotting the ruin, and rail thin children peer out hopelessly amidst the dread.

Teresa looks from this squalor to --

Lourdes, who turns away from her, uneasy.

The truck leaves this place behind, the road taking a turn toward

131 - THE RAILYARD

Where hundreds of peasants are being off-loaded from freight cars and herded into fenced stockyards like cattle.

RAWBONE

Free room & board, and four pesos a day. Till they get here and find out it's only one. And the room costs two. Uncle Sam -- you're employer, Mr. Lourdes, and the teabags have a billion dollars in this operation. By their standards I am just a common assassin. And these women are heading for the same fate as those poor sons-a-bitches back there.

Lourdes has never seen a place so hopeless and bleak. He looks at Teresa once more, then stops the truck, gets out and addresses the women in Spanish.

LOURDES

Señoras, Señoritas, you need not continue traveling with us to Tampico. The people who put you on the train are not honest, they will cheat you out of your wages, and enslave you.

The women just stare back at him -- finally the old crone speaks up

OLD CRONE

What else would you suggest we do -- where else should we go?

A very good question, one Lourdes has no answer to.

OLD CRONE (CONT'D)

We know where we are going, boy.
And we will make our lives there.
You Americans are like children and
will never understand - we survive
because we are used to being
uncomfortable. Now please get back
in the truck.

Lourdes looks embarrassed. He crawls back in and hits the gas.

RAWBONE

Mr. Lourdes, would you say I'm an
intelligent man?

LOURDES

Sadly, I would.

RAWBONE

You should have left the train to
the rurales. You should have left
the women on that train. You should
not have done what you just did. You
are driving straight toward ruin.

132 - FISCAL WHARE

132

A dredger docked beside a pile hammer punches at the river bottom.
The place crowded with traffic for the tankers. The truck passes a
long block of buildings and pulls to a stop in front of huge
double-doors with AQUA NEGRA branded across them.

Jack B, and others from the train stand nearby smoking. The group
giving a studied non-reaction to the truck's arrival.

RAWBONE

(tipping his hat)

Not even a hello? Please be so kind as
to tell the good Doctor we've arrived.

133 - LATER

133

The women line up in front of the place for Stallings inspection.
He moves by quickly before stopping at Teresa and the old crone.

STALLINGS

Get the women to the field cafeteria.
Except these two. Take them to Mayor
Mazariego's house with my complements.

Before the two are led away, Lourdes and Teresa lock eyes.

134 - TANKERVILLE

134

Lourdes, Rawbone & Stallings drive past row after row of concrete
drums baking in the sun. Each identified by a foreign interest:
Standard Oil, National Petroleum, Waters-Pierce. Lourdes logging
the names in his head.

STALLINGS
(to Lourdes)
Your note... it may well have made
the difference for us.

His hand expansive, as if to include the companies before them.

LOURDES
Well, we lost a few crates before
we had the cars braked.

STALLINGS
Yes... I would have to imagine so.

135 - STALLINGS' OFFICE

135

The three enter a room with windows facing out onto a fenced lot with armed men. Stallings moves to a desk on top of which sit half-a-dozen telephones.

STALLINGS
Your security cards, gentleman.

They fish them out, hand them over, and Stallings tears them up.

STALLINGS (CONT'D)
You no longer work for Aqua Negra.

From a drawer he pulls out US Dollars and slides them to Lourdes.

STALLINGS (CONT'D)
You're cut loose. Take the motorcycle.
Go to the Southern Hotel. Get a good-
sized room where you both can bunk. If
anyone asks, you're not working for us.

Lourdes pockets the money and glances at Rawbone.

STALLINGS (CONT'D)
He'll be along shortly.

136 - CLOSE ON THE MOTORCYCLE BEING KICK STARTED

136

Lourdes stares at the office windows where he can see the two men in conversation. He shifts into gear and speeds off.

137 - STALLING'S OFFICE

137

Rawbone watches Lourdes' departure.

STALLINGS
Those fields out there are not as
big as Texas, but stand to have a
lot more influence. The companies
here will soon be thought of as a
country. And they are beginning to
learn how to act like one.

RAWBONE
You made a point of referencing Texas.

STALLINGS

Yes, since our separation in the Sierras, I've been apprised of your legal situation and "official association."

Rawbone is silent.

STALLINGS (CONT'D)

We have a man named Kerr on staff there. Now, as for your Mr. Lourdes I'd recommend you terminate your relationship. Rest assured you needn't worry about your troubles back in Texas.

Rawbone's expression doesn't change a wink.

STALLINGS (CONT'D)

I'll leave the where and the when to you. You can take care of him directly or later as part of a larger task.

LOURDES

And what might that be?

STALLINGS

A good old fashioned assassination.

If Stallings is looking for a commitment from Rawbone right now, he isn't going to get one. He writes something down on a piece of paper and hands it to Rawbone.

STALLINGS (CONT'D)

Take the truck and garage it here. Someone will telephone you tonight at the hotel with your first set of instructions... you and I may stumble past each other on the wharf tomorrow afternoon.

138 - PARKED TRUCK

138

Rawbone sits processing the above. The enormity of the oil fields around him and the money coming from them.

139 - GARAGE OFF ALLEY

139

The Packard roars into the place. Rawbone hops out with his carryall, walking away past the now empty truck bed.

140 - THE SOUTHERN HOTEL

140

He strolls up to a five story affair built with colonial French scroll work, English brick, and wrought-iron balconies. If you squinted you could be in New Orleans.

141 FRONT DESK

141

The DESK CLERK retrieves a KEY, and slides it to Rawbone.

142 HALLWAY

Rawbone light-shoes it, as a boisterous BUSINESS MAN and his WIFE round the corner toward him, the two suddenly go quiet, squeamish as they pass. He watches them disappear into the elevator and then steps to the door of room 17, and places his ear to it.

143 ROOM 17

He enters to the SOUND of the SHOWER RUNNING, gently closes the door and quickly scans the room -

Lourdes' Browning in its holster, his jacket and trousers laid out on one of two beds, shotgun leaning against the far wall, and a half-drunk mug of beer still sweating on a small bureau.

He sets his bindle on the bed. Grabs the Browning, chambers a round, grabs a pillow, bends it, and buries the barrel into it.

He stands in the middle of the room - waiting. Eyes glued to the bathroom door. Impatient, he steps over and drains the beer.

Setting the mug down, he sees Lourdes' notebook and billfold lying on a foot stool.

He kneels down, pockets the pad, rifles the wallet - empty, and in a flash of anger flings it across the room.

He spies Lourdes' boots - his hand dives into them coming back up with a huge wad of cash. He smiles, pockets it, and stands, his full attention once again on the bathroom door.

A moment, then his eyes drift over to where he's flung the wallet.

The tiniest glint of gold peaking out from its folds.

He looks back at the bathroom door. Then moves to retrieve it.

His fingers pull the chain from the wallet, but it stops, snagged. They fish into it's folded recesses, and finally free it.

His expression transforms into someone even he wouldn't recognize. This length of chain a measuring tape for everything he ever lost. The tarnished joker smiling up into his face with evil delight.

144 SHOWER

Lourdes cuts the water, reaches for a towel, and heads into

The room. He reaches for a brush off the bureau and sweeps back his hair, his other hand absently reaching for the mug of beer but when it gets to his lips it's empty. He looks around, suspicious.

145 - THE STREETS OF TAMPICO

Alive and rowdy. Couples and laughter and people on balconies listening to Victrolas, drinking and smoking. Rawbone walks alone, ignoring this nocturnal parade, completely within himself.

DESK CLERK (O.C.)
Yes, sir I remember him.

146 - FRONT DESK

146

Lourdes stands across from the well-waxed clerk.

DESK CLERK
The gentleman was here earlier to
retrieve the key.

Lourdes scan the lobby for Rawbone - nothing. He turns back
to the clerk and slides a silver dollar across the counter.

LOURDES
There is an address I hope you
might assist me in obtaining.

147 - PALM GROVE

147

Lourdes downshifts the motorcycle, coming to a stop under some
trees, a safe distance away from a turreted three-story house
flanked by two oil derricks. He jumps off & checks the perimeter.

A smattering of armed men on foot patrol, but none have taken any
notice of his distant arrival.

148 - MAYOR'S RESIDENCE

148

Lourdes keeps to the shadows of the garden, avoiding the light
spilling from the dining room windows he's looking into where -

Stallings, Hecht, and A MAN, wearing a white suit, sit around a
table directing their attention to a man of Mexican descent whose
English betrays an education in the states - MAYOR MAZARIEGO.

The dinnerware is cleared by two women, one of them is Teresa. She
leaves the room, carrying the dirty plates into -

149 THE KITCHEN

149

Where the old crone stands working at a huge stove, a slew of
other women occupied with various tasks around the room.

LOURDES (O.C.)
Psst! Señora.

She turns to Lourdes, standing on the other side of a screen door,
and strides over with her finger to her lips - pointing at the
closed door off the kitchen leading to the dining room. She moves
over to the sink where Teresa is scrubbing dishes, playfully grabs
her by the hair and pushes her towards the door.

Her face lights up when she sees him.

He writes something to her in his pad - as conversation from the
other room spills in dealing with the mayor and where he stands
politically now that the insurrection has been authorized. Lourdes
tears out the piece of paper and hands it to her through the door.

Regresaré para usted (I will come back for you)

She looks up from the paper and beams. No doubt in her eyes now.

The mayor barks from the other room for whiskey to be brought.

He tips his hat to her then quickly recedes back into the shadows.

150 ALONGSIDE THE HOUSE

150

Lourdes grouchos beneath the dining room windows. He notes the two guards down by the derricks but they are busy smoking and talking.

He works the latch of a weathered door leading to a

151 ROOT CELLAR

151

And heads down a set of wobbly steps directly underneath the dining room floorboards. The conversation above, clear as a bell.

MAYOR MAZARIEGO (O.C.)
Gentleman, you must appreciate my situation. I am receiving death threats daily because of my allegiance to the present regime. I need more support and protection if our current arrangement is to be maintained and allowed to continue. The new regime might well have a different view of the oil companies and how they might be treated and taxed.

THE RELENTLESS CRASH OF THE GULF AT HIGH TIDE

152 - SHORELINE

152

Rawbone stands on the empty beach staring out like a man with amnesia, suddenly unsure of who he is and where he's supposed be. A scud of heavy clouds on the horizon promise a squall by morning.

153 - BOARDWALK

153

He wanders like a tramp through this well-heeled part of town past dandied up ladies and gents - all white - all monied.

154 - HABERDASHERY WINDOW

154

He stands at the plate glass, removes his soiled derby, pulls back his filthy hair, and stares hard, as if searching for something. Then, as the muted downbeat of Strauss' Viennese Blood Waltz begins to announce itself, the reflected tintured lights of a building behind him suddenly roll into sharp focus. He turns to the sound and the beginning of a floating dream.

155 - CASINO BALLROOM

155

The perimeter of the room transforms into an elegant exodus as most of the men and women make their way to the middle of the floor past a 30 piece orchestra.

Rawbone places his derby and carryall on an empty table. He looks about the room until his eyes fall upon

A small GROUP OF WOMEN standing alone who soon take notice of this unshaven and road-filthy man with an automatic in his belt moving across the room toward them.

His focus on one lady among them near his own age, with raven hair and Mediterranean skin, and it's she he addresses.

RAWBONE

Pardon me?

She turns and faces him with uncertainly.

RAWBONE (CONT'D)

Would you have one dance with me?

Her companions stare in disbelief and thinly veiled disgust.

RAWBONE (CONT'D)

I know how I look. But I can act the gentleman, and am a fine dancer.

Unlike her companions, the lady looks into his eyes, as if the answer to his question is of some personal consequence. Then —

She extends her hand. He takes it and leads her past the gawkers to the middle of the ballroom.

He hasn't lied — he can dance.

The two cut an unlikely, yet impressive, figure across the floor.

They start to enjoy themselves, looking into each other's eyes, as if they are the only two people on earth.

She watches his face, unhurried and without judgment, as tears slowly collect at his eyes, and spill down his cheeks.

ELEGANT LADY

Sir, you're —

RAWBONE

Yes, I know.

ELEGANT LADY

Is something the matter?

RAWBONE

She was dark like yourself — and kind like you — and wonderful — and I abandoned her, and our son.

This sudden and unexpected glimpse into someone's soul leaves her self-conscious, and she tries to say something helpful.

ELEGANT LADY

(gentle)

Perhaps she can forgive you.

He shakes his head, no, and looks off across the ballroom floor.

RAWBONE

She's been dead since before I knew better... I saw my son for the first time in twenty years today.

ELEGANT LADY

... he must have been very happy to see you.

He snorts, in spite of himself.

They continue dancing in silence. Then -

ELEGANT LADY (CONT'D)

(carefully)

You were young, sir. Maybe your son can forgive you this?

RAWBONE

(smiles)

No, you see my son knows what I am.

The music ends.

RAWBONE (CONT'D)

What I've always been. Thank you, for the dance, Ma'am.

He bows to her, and walks away.

156 - SOUTHERN HOTEL

156

Lourdes sits having a beer at the outdoor cafe. He glances toward the entrance to see Rawbone heading inside and waves him over. Rawbone nods, then button-holes a bellman and points to Lourdes' table, before heading over to sit.

LOURDES

Where've you been?

RAWBONE

Dancing, Mr. Lourdes.

Lourdes leans toward Rawbone, who uses this opportunity to study his son's face in a way he never before would have thought to.

LOURDES

(quiet)

Three men by the entrance, one in a white suit.

Rawbone glances past a row of candle-lit faces to where three men hunch over their drinks. He turns his eyes back to his son.

LOURDES (CONT'D)

(referencing his notepad)

The one in the white suit is Creeley. He's with the U.S. Consulate down here. The other two aren't registered at the hotel but reside in adjoining suites to him.

He looks up from the pad to his father.

LOURDES (CONT'D)
... I bribed the desk clerk.

RAWBONE
Uh huh.

LOURDES
Those three were at the mayor's
house tonight along with Dr.
Stallings and your old friend Hecht.

Rawbone leans back, staring intently at the candle flame.

LOURDES (CONT'D)
Did you hear me?

RAWBONE
(grim)
I heard.

LOURDES
What happened with Stallings after I left?

A moment. Rawbone deftly changes the subject.

RAWBONE
What were you doing at the mayor's house?

LOURDES
Um... checking on the two women to
make sure they were settled all right.

RAWBONE
(teasing)
And were they?

LOURDES
What?

RAWBONE
... settled.

Lourdes ignores the question.

LOURDES
Some heated talk was going on there.
The mayor making thinly veiled threats
regarding the situation down here and
his role in the grand scheme of things.
He was asking for more protection. And
Creely, over there, tried to convince
him that all things were possible -
"unofficially" of course.

RAWBONE
Mr. Lourdes, I've said this before
but it bears repeating. Walk out of
here now. Away from this. You've
done it.

RAWBONE (CONT'D)
All that was required and more.
This is a quagmire that will never
end like you think. What ever I am,
I know the world.

The bellman strides up to the table and address Rawbone.

BELLMAN
Sir, the telephone call you were
expecting - you can take it at the
front desk if you like.

Rawbone hands the bellman a coin, and stands.

LOURDES
Wherever you're off to, I'm coming
with you.

RAWBONE
As you like, Mr. Lourdes. The shotgun.
Get it, and meet me behind the hotel.

157 - ALLEY

157

The truck pulls up to Lourdes, holding the shotgun & starts away

158 - TRAMWAY ROAD

158

It travels along the Panuco, the moonlit sky a backdrop of smoke
from the refineries, the buildings here shrouded in gloom.

159 - CHANNEL CROSSING

159

They cross the channel connecting the laguna to the Panuco, and
turn onto the

160 - ARBOL GRANDE

160

A small road running parallel to the water, then pull to a stop in
the high reeds. The country here wild and dark.

RAWBONE
This is the place.

Rawbone checks his automatic. Grabs the shotgun, checks the breech

LOURDES
Who contacted you?

RAWBONE
Would it make a difference what
name they used, Mr. Lourdes?

LOURDES
... no. I suppose not.

They sit quietly for a bit. Lourdes lights a cigarette.

Rawbone watches him - turning the thing over - then -

LOURDES
Why us, for this? Have you asked
yourself that?

RAWBONE
I have.

LOURDES
And why didn't the good Doctor just
give us the weapons? To be delivered
right off. Have you asked yourself that?

RAWBONE
Indeed.

LOURDES
And do you have an answer in your
gunsights?

Rawbone gets out of the truck, stands there a moment.

RAWBONE
No... but I believe the answer may
have me in its gunsights... you
were raised in El Paso, were you
not, Mr. Lourdes?

LOURDES
Yes. As I've told you before.

RAWBONE
The barrio?

LOURDES
Yes.

RAWBONE
There was a factory that sewed
American Flags. I had a place a few
doors up a walking street. Do you
know it... the factory?

LOURDES
I seem to recall it.

RAWBONE
It's only an alley now for telephone
poles. There's a pawnshop on one
corner and a gun seller on the other
where I picked up this Savage the
day before we had the good fortune
of stumble-fucking into each other.

He wanders away into the reeds, undoes his fly and starts to piss.

He glances back over his shoulder but can no longer see Lourdes'
face, only the glow from the tip of his cigarette.

RAWBONE

My wife is dead, but I have a son.
What do you think, Mr. Lourdes? When
I get back to El Paso... do I try to
find him? You know me. What I am.
What do you think of the idea?

The ash on the tip of Lourdes' cigarette brands the dark but
never moves, never wavers. Steady as a star in the night sky.

RAWBONE (CONT'D)

I wouldn't answer, myself, Mr. Lourdes.
A Chinaman is right. Silence is golden.
Except, of course, when you're broke.

He zips up his fly, walks back to the truck, and gets in.
The two stare out at the water avoiding each other's eyes.

THE SOUND OF AN ENGINE TURNING INTO THE CANAL

Lourdes flings away his cigarette, gets out and turns Merrill's
flashlight toward the canal. A voice shouts out to him.

VOICE (O.C.)

Jefe!

LOURDES

Sí, aquí!

The boat's motor cuts off and it slips to shore.

Lourdes approaches the canal. Rawbone covers him with the shotgun.

Two men on the boat. One, holding his own shotgun, the other, an
un-lit lantern - Mayor Mazariegos, who steps onto shore and over
to Lourdes. He wicks up the flame and holds the light aloft.

From beyond the bridge THREE HORSEMEN appear out of the reeds.
Rurales, and heavily armed.

RAWBONE

(in Spanish)

You show no trust coming here with them.

MAYOR MAZARIEGO

I trust myself. And let us speak
English, please. I have no need of
my companions second-guessing the
negotiations of this evening.

RAWBONE

The price of the munitions will be
settled by others, this is only
about where and when.

MAYOR MAZARIEGO

"Where" will not be here, but near
the head of the laguna at the place
it feeds the canal.

LOURDES
No. It's too exposed.

MAYOR MAZARIEGO
The campesinos will bring boats,
and have ample routes of escape
should there be trouble.

RAWBONE
Yes, but what of our escape?

MAYOR MAZARIEGO (laughs)
Don't worry. We will take you with us.

LOURDES
That's a comfort. Now as to "when."

MAYOR MAZARIEGO
Tomorrow at midnight.

 LOURDES RAWBONE
Alright. No, no, no.

The mayor tries to discern who it is making the decisions.

RAWBONE
Three nights from now.

MAYOR MAZARIEGO
No. That is too much time.

RAWBONE
If you want the delivery to happen
at your "where" then extra time will
be needed to ensure a safe delivery.

MAYOR MAZARIEGO
Two nights then, but no more.

161 - LATER

161

Lourdes and Rawbone watch the boat tooling away up the canal.

LOURDES
In case you were wondering, that
was the mayor.

RAWBONE
And Doctor Stallings guarantees his security against the very people the mayor is dealing munitions to. You're a smart man with your eye to the main chance, do you see the Doctor's play?

Lourdes is silent.

RAWBONE (CONT'D)
Mr. Lourdes, you're either not seasoned enough or not cynical enough.

LOURDES

Given enough selfishness and
disdain I'm sure I can measure
up to your standard.

RAWBONE

You're missing the point, Mr. Lourdes.

LOURDES

Am I?

Rawbone takes his son by the lapels and pulls him close, not
unlike the way he did when Lourdes was a boy.

RAWBONE

(imitating Stallings)

'Now, Mr. Mayor, I can solve both our
problems. I want you to put out the
word. I'll get you weapons. You get
those campesinos to think you're
quietly on their side. Put on your
best political face and after you
deliver them, we'll cut their fuckin'
heads off.'

(snaps his fingers)

How does that sound, Mr. Lourdes?

LOURDES

... possible.

RAWBONE

More than that - cause that's not
Stalling's style - can't be his whole
play... Mr. Lourdes, you told me you
heard the mayor making veiled threats
out of one side of his mouth while
asking for protection out of the
other. He's a walking conflict of
interests. I say they have that
stateside educated puppet of a mayor
directly in their gunsights. Two
birds with one stone. *The practical
application of strategy* - they mean
to have order and they're making a
case for Uncle Sam to come down here
and help out.

Lourdes looks down at Rawbone's hands holding his lapels. Rawbone,
embarrassed by his demonstrative familiarity, releases them.

RAWBONE (CONT'D)

You see it, now, right?

LOURDES

Yes - *money has no allegiance.*

Rawbone nods, both appalled and proud he'd remember those words.

RAWBONE

... yes ... that's right.

162 - SOUTHERN HOTEL BAR

162

Rawbone grabs a stool at the bar, the place empty at this hour with the exception of a couple tucked away in a quiet corner. The bartender, busy tearing things down for the night, takes one look at him and goes right back to his work.

BARTENDER

We're closed now. I'm only pouring for hotel guests.

LOURDES (O.C.)

Then pour a whiskey for both of us.

Lourdes appears in the entryway still carrying the shotgun. The bartender nods and gets busy as Lourdes takes a seat.

LOURDES (CONT'D)

We could make tomorrow night. Why did you want the extra days?

RAWBONE

I was hoping to buy you time to change your mind.

Lourdes shakes his head, no, and then sips from his drink.

RAWBONE (CONT'D)

Mr. Lourdes, do you actually think they'd let the munitions be delivered?

LOURDES

No. Not on *their* lives.

RAWBONE

They have a name for what you're thinking and it sure as shit is not what Justice Knox had in mind when he sent you on this errand.

The two stare at each other's reflections in the bar's mirror.

LOURDES

What is required - but to do justice.

RAWBONE

Mr. Lourdes, take the Lord's Prayer and tie it around your neck and you'll find out it won't keep you from hanging.

Lourdes leans in close to his father.

LOURDES

I heard you by the canal.
And I heard you when we were sitting outside earlier slip around answering what Stallings talked about after I left.

Rawbone keeps silent.

LOURDES (CONT'D)
I'm going to hurt you in a way you
could never imagine.

RAWBONE
Well, Mr. Lourdes, that would be a
feat.

LOURDES
And I'll do it by putting my faith
in you. Not as an agent for the BOI
— but as a man.

Lourdes drains his glass, stands, and heads out.

RAWBONE
Mr. Lourdes?

He stops and turns.

RAWBONE (CONT'D)
You've never once called me by my
name. I've kept mark. Never once.

LOURDES
And I never will.

He turns and leaves.

RAWBONE
(nods)
Fair enough.

163 — PANUCO WHARF

163

Next morning, rain is pouring buckets over vendors stalls stretching blocks down an open-air market. Rawbone stands out of the deluge under one of them drinking coffee and watching the muddy causeway.

A figure in a long black slicker carrying an umbrella appears, strides up to the stall, and shakes it off — it's Stallings

STALLINGS
Are you going to tell me about last
night?

Rawbone takes a sip from his coffee, then —

RAWBONE
Back at the train you said
something that has stayed with me.

STALLINGS
We're here to talk about —

RAWBONE
*Harsh temporary means yielding
salutary ends.* That was it. Yeah.
We'll cover last night... but first
let's talk *salutary ends.*

164 - ROOM 17

164

Lourdes at the room's small desk places a letter into an envelope, and looks up at the sound of the door latch.

Rawbone enters, shakes the water from his hat, takes a seat in the far corner, then leans back and closes his eyes.

LOURDES

Is it the mayor?

RAWBONE

(in a guarded tone)

We are to pick up the munitions at dusk. We are to deliver them to the appointed place at the appointed time. We are to kill the men who come for them. We are then to go to the mayor's house. I am told there is a carriage barn on the property. We are to put the munitions there -

LOURDES

Hold on a minute -

RAWBONE

We are to put the munitions there. The mayor will be at home. We are to kill him. We are to kill anyone and everyone in the house, to leave no witness to that fact.

They sit in silence. The sound of rain battering the windows.

RAWBONE (CONT'D)

I believe Doctor Stallings sent those women to work at the house knowing full well what he had in mind. Their actions in the desert marked them. And you also. Do you have a man in your outfit back in El Paso named, Kerr?

LOURDES

Yes. What about him?

RAWBONE

They own him.

Lourdes blinks, dumbstruck. He recovers, then writes one thing more in his notebook, adds it to the envelope, and seals it.

RAWBONE (CONT'D)

If the girl's welfare means something to you, get her out. Then strike it from here, Mr. Lourdes. You've exceeded what's expected.

Lourdes mulls this over - the enormity of his situation.

LOURDES

What did you say when you were given clearance to put a bullet through my head?

RAWBONE

Nothing. Would you have handled it any differently?

Lourdes shakes his head, no, walks across the room and sets the envelope on the bed against Rawbone's bindle.

RAWBONE (CONT'D)

What is that?

LOURDES

A letter to Justice Knox. I had it notarized so there'd be no question as to its authenticity. My notes are in there also.

Rawbone takes the envelope but hesitates opening it. He looks up at Lourdes with a frank stare.

LOURDES (CONT'D)

The letter says you've earned your immunity. I need to make sure my notes get back. I'm leaving that to you.

Now it's Rawbone's turn to play catch-up.

RAWBONE

... so I guess this means you've come to a conclusion about the ultimate identity of our employer.

Lourdes walks back to the desk and reaches for his open beer.

LOURDES

Yes, I have.

RAWBONE

What is it?

LOURDES

That it doesn't matter... Rockefeller, Doheny, Anthony Hecht, or Uncle Sam. All of them have a brand of democracy that requires unspeakable acts against others — like it's some bright hallelujah in the shitbox of what they think the world really is.

RAWBONE

Now, Mr. Lourdes, I don't know whether to applaud or break down in tears... I never thought I'd say this, but you're starting to sound like me.

RAWBONE (CONT'D)

But the problem you'll find is, if
you think you know all the secrets,
you think you know all the cures...
and when you find out you don't -
it's one hell's bells of a hangover.

LOURDES

I was to sent gather evidence and
I've done that.

RAWBONE

Yes, but why are you doing *this*?

Rawbone holds up the envelope.

LOURDES

You've earned it. And I'm staying.

RAWBONE

That's not what I asked. And you
know it, Mr. Lourdes.

Lourdes will not meet his gaze.

RAWBONE (CONT'D)

(emphatic now)

Mr. Lourdes... why?

Finally Lourdes turns to him, his face and voice resolute.

LOURDES

As long as you live, don't ever
ask me that. You have fulfilled your
obligation and I, mine. It is time we
part ways. Now, take the letter and go.

Rawbone looks completely gutted. Certain now that his son's words
in the bar were real, not a threat. He stares down at the envelope
for the longest of moments, then -

RAWBONE

... as you say, Mr. Lourdes.

He grabs the envelope and bindle off the bed. Puts his derby
back on, opens the door, and is gone.

165 - CLOSE ON THE BROWNING'S BARREL BEING CLEANED BY ROD & RAG 165

Lourdes sits at the desk, on top of which lay the broken down
assemblies for all his weapons, in the process of preparing for
his own private war.

166 - LATER 166

Lights out. Lourdes lies in bed staring up at the ceiling waiting
for the sleep that won't come easy tonight.

167 - GARAGE NEXT MORNING 167

He fills the reserve tanks, checks the oil, slams the hood.

168 - ALLEY

168

He aims the truck through the morning fog rolling in off the gulf. Suddenly, Rawbone steps out of a doorway and stands before the truck. It brakes and he comes around to the driver's side.

RAWBONE

(quiet)

Mr. Lourdes, I know who I am. And I know who you are. I am asking - save a seat in the truck for me.

Lourdes just looks at him, and then, without a word, slides over to the passenger seat. Rawbone tosses his things onto the floor, climbs in behind the wheel and gasses it.

169 - AGUA NEGRA WAREHOUSE

169

The loading of the truck is a faceless, uncereemonious process conducted by men we have never before seen toiling in the dusk.

Lourdes watches one man checking over the inventory from a list with Rawbone, who signs the paper and crosses back to Lourdes.

RAWBONE

It'll be a while. We might as well get something to eat. There's a place I know used to make a decent Chiles en nogada and I'll be happy to introduce you to the experience.

170 - GUILLERMO'S

170

A simple joint feeding men who work on the wharf. A waiter sets a plate down in front of Rawbone and mumbles 'Chiles en Nagado'. Rawbone inhales deeply and quickly tucks in to it - then frowns.

RAWBONE

Taste this. Something's off.

Lourdes lowers his taco, pokes his fork into it and takes a bite.

LOURDES

Yeah. Too sweet.

RAWBONE

It is isn't it? It's got the Cabrito, the walnuts and the...

LOURDES

They've put apricot in the picadillo.

RAWBONE

Is that it?

LOURDES

My mother would never do such a thing. A poor substitution for what they should have used.

RAWBONE

Which is what, Mr. Lourdes?

But Lourdes doesn't answer, he just smiles & bites into his taco.

RAWBONE (CONT'D)

That's just plain mean of you to
hold something back like that -
cruel really.

He takes another sorry bite - then.

RAWBONE (CONT'D)

You gonna at least tell me how
tonight plays out?

He nods.

LOURDES

We'll start with the mayor.

171 - MAYOR'S HOUSE

171

A guard sporting a single-bolt walks the garden in twilight, puts
a cigarette in his mouth, and pats himself for matches - nothing.

172 - DERRICKS

172

He walks the path down to where another guard stands patrol.

GUARD

Hey, Bryson. You got a light?

RAWBONE (O.C.)

No. But I do.

The two guards turn to see Rawbone with his shotgun on them.

RAWBONE (CONT'D)

Put your iron on the ground.

They drop their weapons, and Rawbone cocks both his triggers.

RAWBONE (CONT'D)

Now, politely remove yourselves
from these grounds. You've got till
ten to get out of my gunsights.

They don't need to be asked twice, and sprint off into the reeds.

173 - IN THE TRUCK CAB

173

Lourdes sees the guards emerge from the reeds, running down the
road away from the house. He gasses the truck to the front gate.

174 - KITCHEN

174

The COOK shrieks. Rawbone has the shotgun pointed at her head.

RAWBONE
Alto! Silencio! Donde estas,
presidente municipal?

The woman points "up."

175 - SHOWER

175

The mayor reacts to the screaming bleeding in through the water.
He shuts off the water and stands there - listening

Suddenly the curtain is swept aside by Rawbone.

The mayor cowers and covers his package.

RAWBONE
From the looks of you, that's the
last thing you need to worry about.

176 - OUTSIDE THE KITCHEN

176

Lourdes is loading, three women, a valet, the old crone and Teresa
onto the truck. The old crone complaining to him in Spanish.

Teresa hangs back - looking at Lourdes for reassurance. He places
his hand on her shoulder, and nods her into the truckbed.

The screen door is kicked open and the mayor emerges still naked,
dripping wet, clinging to his trousers and waistcoat. Rawbone
shoves him up into the truck bed.

177 - CORRAL

177

Rawbone opens the gate, runs inside, and fires both barrels in
the air, chasing off the goats, mules, and horses.

Lourdes slams the truckgate closed as Rawbone runs up.

RAWBONE
Got them for me?

Lourdes tosses him two wraps of dynamite.

RAWBONE (CONT'D)
Now get this damn parade out of
here and up onto the road.

- CLOSE ON A LONG FUSE being lit.

Rawbone flings the first bundle into the kitchen.

178 - DERRICKS

178

Sets the next charge below the decking.

179 - THE TRUCK

179

Turns onto the tram road. Rawbone sprints out of the reeds,
Lourdes slows, Rawbone jumps into the cab, and Lourdes guns it.

BOOM!

The first explosion rocks the house. The mayor starts wailing. Mourning the loss of his estate.

LOURDES

You were supposed to set the charge in the carriage barn!

RAWBONE

The house is better. It'll look as if the wind is to blame.

LOURDES

Yeah, well what if it doesn't catch?

BOOM!

The wells detonate and flames shoot 200 feet in the air.

RAWBONE

Mr. Lourdes, there won't be so much as a fence post left after this.
(hollers back to mayor)
Look, Alcade... look at those flames. You and the witches here are now officially dead! How does it feel?

The man snakes into his pants as the others avert their gaze.

180 -- HEAD OF THE LAGUNA

180

LONG SHOT of a LANTERN on a pole rising out of the shoregrass. A RURALE enters this vantage point then quickly signals to others.

181 -- SHOREGRASS

181

The truck and everyone from the mayor's house stand hidden beneath elephant-eye high grass. The slow metronomic SOUND of launches motoring toward them grows louder, and Rawbone lowers the lantern.

RAWBONE

They're coming!

Lourdes leans against the hood writing, by flashlight, in his notebook. He rips the page out and shows it to Teresa.

She stares down at an El Paso address along with his name.

He slips a wad of bills underneath the page, takes her hand and places it over his heart. She takes his and does the same, then suddenly rushes forward and kisses him deeply.

As they part, he loses himself in her eyes. Hungry for this moment to last. Then --

He pulls out his wallet and places the only thing he owns around her neck -- the ridiculous fucking carnival pendant.

182 - SHORELINE

Rawbone helps pull the RURALES ashore. The mayor stands nearby adjusting his clothing, politically savvy enough to try and make some lemonade out of the lemons he's been handed.

MAYOR MAZARIEGO

(in Spanish)

Hello, brothers! We have the munitions and I will personally accompany you. I have brought along my staff to aid us in our cause against Diaz and the Americanos.

Rawbone rolls his eyes at the obsequiousness of the man.

THE SOUND OF A TELEPHONE RINGING OFF THE HOOK

183 - STALLINGS' OFFICE

183

Jack B grabs it, listens, then hangs up, and smiles.

JACK B

It's done.

Stallings rises and grabs his hat.

STALLINGS

Let's have a look.

184 - MAYOR'S HOUSE

184

Fully consumed, its upper floors collapsing upon themselves. The derricks are gone but walls of flame continue to spike from the black pools. Stallings and Jack B stand surveying the above.

STALLINGS

The man is nothing if not thorough.

THREE MEN jog up to them holding rifles.

MAN ONE

No bodies so far.

Stallings looks to Jack B.

JACK B

What about the munitions?

185 - CARRIAGE BARN

185

On the far side of the burning house stands a lone structure untouched by the flames, an ill wind foiling Rawbone's plan.

With faces behind bandanas, Stallings and the men open the latch doors. The place is empty. No bodies, no munitions - nothing.

STALLINGS

Get on the horn, now! Every post on every road.

186 - SAN LUIS POTOSI 186

Lourdes and Rawbone dig with shovels by lantern light, unearthing the munitions crates they stashed earlier.

187 - THE LOADED TRUCK 187

Passes a series of field shacks along the pipeline. Rawbone tips his hat to a WATCHMAN eyeing the two with suspicion. The man turns and heads back into his guard shack where the telegraph starts popcorning. He listens, then taps a quick reply.

A FLARE ERUPTS IN THE NIGHT SKY illuminating

188 - THE MOVING TRUCK IN CRIMSON 188

RAWBONE

Mr. Lourdes, the fourth of July
showed up a little early this year.

Lourdes brakes and cranes his head out to see the trailing flare. Just before it dies away another bursts into the air.

LOURDES

We're being marked.

189 - LATER 189

Rawbone drives now as Lourdes, using the flashlight, plots their escape route with the open map on his lap. Flares continue to explode overhead, but closer now, and advancing.

190 - MINING ROAD 190

The truck ascends a narrow byway, carved into steep rock face, climbing toward its -

191 - CREST 191

BOOM!

An explosion bursts forth from the battened passage, rock and detritus rain down onto the, now impassable, narrow road. Rawbone, humping the detonator, sprints back to the truck.

RAWBONE

That'll stop 'em unless they got horses.

Lourdes gasses it.

192 - A SMALL SPRING JUST BEFORE DAWN 192

With his field glasses, Lourdes scans the darkened rockface where a string of lights climb in steady order, unhindered by the slide.

Rawbone fills their canteens from the spring.

RAWBONE

They slowing or stopping?

LOURDES
No.

RAWBONE
Yep. Horses.

A FLARE shoots up from the distant rockface. Lourdes scans the desert floor below to see an ANSWERING FLARE. This followed by a THIRD atop the far-off flats of a mesa.

Rawbone steps up, and Lourdes flings the map into the spring.

LOURDES
It's here... or there.

Rawbone follows his gaze to flats horseshoed by impassable hills.

RAWBONE
Dealer's choice, Mr. Lourdes.

LOURDES
Let 'em earn it.

193 -- DAWN OVER THE FLATLANDS

193

Sun's climbing now. Lourdes drives with his foot to the floor, as Rawbone works under the shade of the small tarp he's rigged in the back to disguise the .50 Caliber he's mounting on its tripod.

Lourdes whistles and Rawbone turns around right to see --

Smoke trailing from a flare arrowing toward them, then from the left, another and --

Another from behind. The three gridding their exact location.

Rawbone locks eyes with Lourdes. It will be soon.

194 -- THE FIRST GROUP

194

Suddenly appear out of the red dust. THREE RIDERS pitch forward in their saddles with Winchesters pointed at the truck.

Rawbone pokes the barrel of the fifty caliber out from the tarp.

RAWBONE
Mr. Lourdes, you got any more speed for us?

LOURDES
She's full out already.

RAWBONE
Alright, then. Here we go.

He opens fire on the unsuspecting men, ribboning them with bullets. Their horses wrenching sideways as they fall.

RAWBONE (CONT'D)
That's three. Only 500 to go.

A FLARE missiles at the truck and lodges in the hood. Sparks fly everywhere, up into the cab, burning Lourdes' face and hands. He rips off his hat, and uses it to swat at them like mosquitos.

The truck zig-zags and straightens, then almost swerves into -

195 - THE SECOND GROUP

195

Six this time. They try to keep themselves on the lee side away from Rawbone and the .50 Caliber. Firing on -

Lourdes ducking down as they pepper the cab doors and windshield.

Rawbone swings the barrel around trying to get a bead on them.

RAWBONE

Herd them back here Mr. Lourdes!

Lourdes slams on the breaks and turns the truck around before the riders can adjust their position - now in Rawbone's gunsights.

He opens up on them. Shell casings spitting across the chassis.

The riders have no choice but to keep their distance. Falling further and further back, A THIRD GROUP of a dozen men, joining them now, Stallings and Jack B bringing up the rear.

RAWBONE (CONT'D)

(screaming)

I'll write you ladies when I get settled!

THE TRUCK splits the horizon as it speeds across the flats.

- ON LOURDES squinting out the chicken-pocked windshield.

LOURDES

(shouting)

Take a look at this.

Rawbone stands and peers across the tarp covering the cab.

In the middle-distance there appears the illusion of water.

He raises his hand to shade his eyes and

The vast standing lake disappears. It is there, gone, then there.

The truck dips, then climbs a hardened dune, and brakes. They jump down and head to the edge of the unlikeliest sight on this desert - a seemingly endless body of blood-colored water.

LOURDES (CONT'D)

The storm that came in off the gulf.

RAWBONE

... this'll be nothing by tomorrow.

He runs to the truck, grabs the bins, and scans the desert behind.

The body of dust is on the move again.

RAWBONE (CONT'D)
We've got just a beer's worth of
time before they get here, Mr.
Lourdes.

He turns to see Lourdes now standing 40 yards away in the shallows

LOURDES
(calling out)
How deep do you think it is at the
worst?

RAWBONE
We get stuck out there—

LOURDES
For a devil you seem to have a few
angels on your shoulders.

RAWBONE
Nice of you to notice, Mr. Lourdes.

Lourdes points further out into the lagoon.

LOURDES
Think you could part the red sea
for us?

196 — IN THE LAKE

196

Rawbone lopes ahead of the moving truck — checking the depth.

Lourdes tense and anxious, as he drives

Water spills out through the slow-turning wheel wells.

LONG SHOT of the truck trudging toward the middle of the lake.
It's deeper here, the water-line at the tops of the fenders now.

Rawbone begins to slow, encumbered by the waist-deep water. He
turns back the way they've come and raises the binoculars.

The advancing riders are no longer dust, but 20 men, rising
up out of the dunes on horseback.

He lowers the bins and faces forward, looking for an answer.

Up ahead is a small dry island of red clay 10 yards across.

RAWBONE
How you doin' on fuel, Mr. Lourdes?

LOURDES
We'll need to refill when we get to
the other side of this.

RAWBONE
Let's put it to better purpose.

197 - SECONDS LATER

197

THE TRUCK now rests atop the small island. They roll both fuel drums down off the truckbed.

WADE in water 50 yards away from the truck and from each other.

HANDS PUSH THE DRUMS down till they're 9/10s submerged.

THEIR KNIFES punch into the tops of each drum followed by

STICKS OF DYNAMITE seated in the tops

WIRE pays out along the surface of the water to

FOUR DETONATOR PINS

CRATES QUICKLY STACKED in front of the tires to protect them.

THE SUN at their backs now, flaring and blinding the eyes of -

STALLINGS who, with his guards, has finally reached the shoreline.

He focuses his field glasses but all he can see is the hard kick of light off the truck which, absurdly from here, appears to be standing on the water's surface in the heart of the lagoon. No sign of Lourdes or Rawbone anywhere.

STALLINGS

We will converge on the truck. When
I signal, you will open fire.

THE MEN ease their mounts into the water at a slow walk, gaining confidence with its depth, it quickly becomes an easy trot.

ACROSS THE TRUCK'S BUMPER Stalling's men closer, growing in size

The riders half way now between the truck and the shoreline.

JACK B raises his rifle.

ONE-BY-ONE the others do the same.

STALLINGS kicks his horse ahead of the others and raises his hand

THE OTHERS pull up

He stops, raises his bins and scans the truck. Still no sign of either man. He lowers the glasses and trots back to his men. Every eye upon him now, though what they should be looking at are the

TOPS OF THE DRUMS, not ten yards off, on both ends of their line.

STALLINGS raises HIS HAND about to give the signal.

RAWBONE, under the tarp with his face against the .50 calliber, finger itching the trigger. His eyes narrow.

RAWBONE

Now, Mr. Lourdes.

Unlike in the Huecos, this time Lourdes doesn't hesitate. His face, hidden behind the upstage truck wheel, is hard as he plunges down on the detonator with an almost mad joy.

- THE SEA around the truck ERUPTS like a VOLCANO.
- HORSEMAN TORCHED to death, their weapons fall from burning arms.
- RAWBONE cutting the .50 Caliber loose on them for good measure.
- LOURDES pushes down the SECOND DETONATOR
- THE CHARGE blows with even greater force consuming what's left.
- RED RAIN & streamers of FIRE fall through rising black smoke
- THE FLAMES RUSH FOWARD IN A WAVE, consuming the tiny island
- LOURDES HITS THE GROUND covering his head with his hands
- RAWBONE HITS THE DECK as the truck is completely engulfed
- HELL HAS SWALLOWED BOTH MEN WHOLE they appear to have no chance
- BUT MOMENTS LATER the firestorm covering the truck miraculously flames out - and the Packard is somehow spared

Fires burn in spotty pools around the island. Heat waves dance up from the water blurring the floating dead and the roasting animal carcasses.

A single magnificent BLACK ANDALUSIAN STALLION the only other thing to have survived. It's coat, singed and soaked, glistens as it sprints, then stops, then sprints again, as if there exists some invisible fence of faith it is trying to leap out of.

Rawbone trudges through this scene with his rifle raised. He comes across the floating, tattooed, headless trunk of Jack B.

His eyes scan across the other carnage - looking only for one man.

RAWBONE (CONT'D)
(to himself)
... where are you?

Finally, he spots Stallings' hat floating on the surface.

Takes it up, smiles, and shakes it out. Then places it on his own head like a crown in triumph.

198 AT THE TRUCK

Rawbone rounds the bumper to see Lourdes still sitting on the ground, his face and hair singed badly, but he will survive. He reaches down and helps him to his feet.

RAWBONE
We did it, Mr. Lourdes. We beat
those sons-a-bitches.

198

LOURDES
You look like hell.

RAWBONE
(smiles)
Well, now wait till you see the
mirror.

Suddenly they both begin to laugh. Contagious, uncontrollable and mad. Full of everything they've been hiding from each other since this hell ride began. Finally they manage to contain themselves.

RAWBONE (CONT'D)
C'mon. We better make clock.
We got a long walk.

They start for their rifles, canteens, and other gear.

LONG SHOT of the above RISING from behind a dead horse. And then -
A SINGLE SHOT rings out running clean through -

RAWBONE'S THROAT, who looks pissed, as his hand reaches for the wound. He falls into Lourdes' arms, who eases him to the ground.

The report of another shot. Lourdes pulls Rawbone closer to him, then peers around the end of the truck to see -

STALLINGS, soaking wet having climbed out of the water, slumped over the side of a dead horse. His rifle trained on them both.

He fires off another shot, this one wildly off the mark

Lourdes doesn't look anything but angry, he pulls Rawbone further back behind the bed gate, stands and slushes straight for

The Doctor, who continues to fire at him and miss.

Lourdes doesn't duck or weave. He just keeps coming.

Stallings finally runs out of ammo just as

Lourdes steps up to him and, in one quick movement, pulls out his Browning and puts a bullet straight into Stalling's head. He rushes back over to -

Rawbone alive, but just barely. Blood seeping from him at an alarming rate.

Lourdes pulls off his shirt, rips it into bandages, takes his head into his arms and with pressure tries to stop the bleeding, but it is a futile gesture. His father has no chance.

RAWBONE (CONT'D)
(low and hoarse)
Mr. Lourdes, should I come knocking
at your door one night in El Paso
and offer to buy you dinner and
drinks, what would you think?

LOURDES
I would think... you were paying
for it with stolen money.

He grunts a laugh.

RAWBONE
... so, you gonna tell me now?

LOURDES
What's that?

RAWBONE
C'mon... you know.

Rawbone is quickly losing consciousness. Lourdes knows this will be their final exchange. A kind of panic sets in. Then, quietly.

LOURDES
I forgive you, you son of a bitch.

Rawbone smiles, grateful.

RAWBONE
... that's all very nice. But it's
not what I'm asking you for.

A moment, finally Lourdes catches up, and smiles.

LOURDES
... Bisnaga.... that's what she
used in her picadillo.

Rawbone's eyes find Lourdes' for one last time.

RAWBONE
... yeah, I remember now, son... I
remember how she did that.

His eyes flutter, and with that - he's gone.

199 - INTERNATIONAL BRIDGE TO EL PASO

199

A sharp clip-clop of iron-shod hoofs accompany the usual parade of people and vehicles weaving back and forth, including

LOURDES who rides atop the crazed black stallion. Both man & beast looking like they've crossed not the Rio Grande, but the river Styx.

Even amongst this crowd the two draw stares.

200 - U.S. CUSTOMS GATE

200

Lourdes waits in a long que holding the animal's reigns. People are passed through or sent to the QUARANTINE SHED by TWO ARMED MEN. One of them reaches out and grabs the stallion's halter. Lourdes yanks back, the horse rears, and the guard shoves Lourdes to the ground. He's swimmy and confused and doesn't fight back.

CUSTOMS GUARD

Pick up your animal on the other
side of quarantine, Pancho.

201 - HIGH ANGLE DOWN ON LOURDES EXITING THE QUARANTINE SHED

201

A HOMBURG HAT, as viewed from behind, enters this elevated vantage point. He turns from this picture wearing a troubled expression on his face - it's KERR.

- LATER, LONG SHOT as if being watched

Lourdes walks the horse down the high street, the two weaving through the oncoming traffic.

- LATER, LONG SHOT as if being watched

Lourdes arrives outside a livery barn and the horse immediately waters at a public trough. Lourdes doesn't hesitate either, he plunges his own head and hands into the muddy water and drinks.

- LATER, LONG SHOT as if being watched

From a second floor stairwell window. Lourdes arrives on the street below with the stallion, and ties him to a hitching post.

- LOURDES APARTMENT BUILDING

He comes through the entryway and passes a man sweeping up, his landlord, who takes in his appearance with wary concern.

LANDLORD

... you alright, Mr. Lourdes?

Lourdes just stares at him and holds out his hand.

LOURDES

Key.

The man pulls it from his pocket and hands it to him. As Lourdes starts for the stairs, the man nervously calls out after him.

LANDLORD

There's been some men coming around
looking for you, Mr. Lourdes. But
I... I didn't let 'em into your room.

- HALLWAY

A view down the length. Lourdes quietly rounds the corner, heads to his apartment door, and gently presses his ear to it. He is about to enter when -

The SOUND of someone moving to his left startles him. He whips out his Browning and aims toward the other end of the hallway where -

Out of the shadows, Teresa suddenly appears and rushes into his arms. He lowers the gun, pulling her tightly to his chest. Finally everything he's been through hits him, and the tears race his face

202 - EL PASO STATEHOUSE

MOVE BEHIND a white skimmer ascending the noon day front steps.

JUSTICE KNOX (O.C.)
He'll have to resign.

WADSWORTH BURR (O.C.)
At the very least.

JUSTICE KNOX (O.C.)
And we may be forced to prosecute him.

203 - KNOX'S CHAMBERS

203

Knox and Burr sit staring the other down.

WADSWORTH BURR
The notes my client gave you - a
copy was made for me first.
Cigarette?

Knox shakes off his offer. Wadsworth lights up.

JUSTICE KNOX
You're playing for the meeting
at the mayor's house.

WADSWORTH BURR
If you mean the one attended
by the aforementioned creatures,
the U.S. Consulate and a prominent
American businessman procuring
illegal arms, then, yes.

JUSTICE KNOX
Ambassador Creely denies being
at the meeting. As does Hecht,
who states he never met Stallings.

WADSWORTH BURR
I have in my possession some penny
postcards that show otherwise - the
two were well acquainted. You also
have my client's sworn statement
about what transpired.

JUSTICE KNOX
Yes, and in that statement he
confesses, as an agent of the
BOI, to delivering munitions to
a radical group intent on over-
throwing a government headed by
Diaz. A government, I needn't add,
whom the United States has both
trade relations and diplomatic ties.

WADSWORTH BURR
The practical application of
strategy is interpreted by those
in the game, Gerald. And besides -

WADSWORTH BURR (CONT'D)
you cannot cherry pick the part
of his statement that is useful
only for the people who work above
you. I'm going forward on the basis
that you're an honest man. Knowing
full well honest men, sometimes the
most honest, are in positions of
default. However, the munitions
themselves can never be separated
from the facts. Even though there
are people who might wish it otherwise.

Burr rises and dons his skimmer.

WADSWORTH BURR (CONT'D)
I do not envy your position. The public
discussion of such matters would put
the BOI and you, personally, at the
center of a substantial controversy.

JUSTICE KNOX
I should never have sent, John.

Burr already out the door.

WADSWORTH BURR
I will await to find out where your
thoughtful and, I'm sure, difficult
deliberations take you.

204 - STATEHOUSE PRESS AREA

204

A shooting gallery of newsmen and photographers jabber amongst
each other. Burr stands to the side taking it all in. He looks
up toward a small podium awaiting the arrival of -

Knox, who steps up and clears his throat. The room gets quiet.

JUSTICE KNOX
Today the Bureau of Investigation
honors one of our own. I have the
pleasure of presenting the following
letter of commendation detailing this
agent's courage and dedication at
bringing to justice one of our country's
most notorious criminals - Rawbone Penny.
His selfless actions making every man,
woman, and child, safer in the process.
Please join me in expressing our
gratitude to Agent John Lourdes.

A smattering of applause and *Hear-Hears!*

Without a trace of irony, Lourdes steps forward, takes the award
from Knox, and extends his hand.

On their shake.

Flash bulbs pop.

205 - SAN JUCINTO PLAZA

Lourdes and Wadsworth walk the gardens alone in the late light.

WADSWORTH BURR

May I?

Lourdes hands him the award. Burr looks down at it and laughs.

WADSWORTH BURR (CONT'D)

He would have loved this.

He hands it back to Lourdes, who smiles.

LOURDES

Yes... yes, he would have.

They continue to stroll. A quiet moment, then

LOURDES (CONT'D)

There was more of him in me than I
ever imagined.

WADSWORTH BURR

... there was much more of you in him,
than he would have ever imagined.

They reach the edge of the park, Burr's Cadillac at the curb.

WADSWORTH BURR (CONT'D)

Tomorrow your picture will be in
every paper in the country, Henry.

LOURDES

So much for undercover work.

Burr steps around and opens the driver's side door.

WADSWORTH BURR

Would you care for a ride somewhere?

Lourdes stands there looking back at the park, struck with the irony that this is where he once went searching for his father, only to find Burr. And now that he's lost him again... Burr. He laughs. Gravelly and ironic and self-possessed, a laugh Burr has heard before, and for a moment it's as if he's seen a ghost.

LOURDES

Aye.

Lourdes turns, and jumps in. Wadsworth climbs behind the wheel.

LOURDES (CONT'D)

Down by the old quarter if you please.
I know a young woman there that serves
up a mean Chiles en nagado. And I'll be
happy to introduce you to the experience.

Burr smiles a bit uncomfortably, then nods, and hits the gas.

THE END