

NOSTROMO

A Tale of the Seaboard

by

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A screenplay by

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and

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1. UNDERWATER. DAY.

An underwater tropical forest, exotic, primeval, which could at first be mistaken for an Amazonian jungle but for slow-moving patterns of sunlight on sand and hanging columns of giant seaweed swaying in sapphire water.

Silence except for the melancholic sounds of the deep. A distant rumble sends the patterns of sunlight into a dance, chasing towards us across the sand.

The columns of seaweed sway closer trailing ragged shadows across the ocean floor.

One such shadow reveals a strange sight. A SKELETON sprawled out on its back, its head and shoulders supported by a slope of coral overgrown with delicate fronds of seaweed. The bones are still draped in the barely recognisable remains of a suit with wisps of fabric streaming out in the current.

The SKULL is looking up at something:

A column of seaweed sways to a halt then starts to swing back.

Its ragged shadow moves across a shining SILVER INGOT half buried in the sand, embossed with the words 'SAN TOME'. On SOUND another rumble, quite close.

A BUBBLE of AIR, the size of a child's balloon has released itself from the seabed and is floating up through the water.

The SKULL is watching it. MUSIC begins.

The BUBBLE floats away, higher and higher, towards the great yellow disk of the SUN.

CLOSE on the SKULL, watching.

CUT.

2. EXTERIOR. GOLFO PLACIDO. DAY.

The BUBBLE bursts on the surface. The MUSIC builds.

LONG SHOT. Ripples spread out across a great stretch of still water reaching to the horizon, the GOLFO PLACIDO. The MUSIC rises to a climax.

A LONG SHOT in the opposite direction discloses that the landward side of the Gulf is dominated and enclosed by a great range of snow-capped mountains, the ANDES. Thousands of feet below the snow is a brilliantly green band of TROPICAL FOREST with ravines leading down to an area of scrub and cactus towards the small run-down town and harbour of SULACO dating from a couple of centuries ago.

3. EXTERIOR SULACO. THE PLAZA MAYOR. DAY.

LONG SHOT. We are looking down from high up through massive walls, stone figures and a cross onto the town square which is dominated by an EQUESTRIAN STATUE of King Carlos IV of Spain. Black flags figured with a dragon in ornamental gold fly in the hot air.

A small procession is moving across the cracked paving stones led by a MAN on a silver grey mare. Behind him come four donkeys and a horse without a rider. They are led by two imposing BLACK MEN, one of them with a shirt, the other shirtless.

CLOSE UP, the MAN, his face obscured by the shadow of his sombrero.

4. INT. CAPTAIN MITCHELL'S OFFICE. DAY.

CAPTAIN MITCHELL is sitting in his office overlooking the docks and the sea. Behind him on the wall is a RBD ENSIGN with a patch in one corner.

MITCHELL

His name is Nostromo, foreman of our company wharf. I first saw him when he was bosun of a cargo steamer out of Genoa. No parents, a survivor.

He is speaking to CHARLES GOULD, a man in his late thirties, tall, fresh-faced, English beyond a doubt. MITCHELL is about sixty, also English. He has mutton-chop side whiskers, innocent eyes, and is dressed as near as he can manage to the Master of the Flagship of the Oceanic Steam Navigation Company, which he was until a few years ago. An expression of solemnity covers the simplicity of his response to things.

GOULD

But why 'Nostromo'?

MITCHELL

Ah. He's eager to do anything I may ask on behalf of our European Community. He's our man, you see - (cheerfully mangling the Italian phrase) Nostr'uomo.

He chuckles, glances towards the door, takes out a gold watch on a chain and checks the time.

Have you any silver on you?

GOULD

About thirty dollars.

MITCHELL

Leave it here.

GOULD

Nobody would rob me of thirty dollars.

MITCHELL

Wouldn't they? Never mind, he'll look after you . . .

NOSTROMO enters, shuts the door behind him and walks over to MITCHELL and GOULD with the assurance of a man who is used to being the talk of women and having the envy and respect of men.

MITCHELL

Nostromo, Mr. Gould.

NOSTROMO nods, GOULD nods. NOSTROMO sticks out his hand.

J.

CLOSE on the big brown hand clasping the white, fine-boned one.
CUT.

5. EXT. SCRUBLANDS. DAY. MATTE.

Beneath dark mountains the small figures of NOSTROMO and GOULD, both mounted, lead four loaded DONKEYS through a wilderness of scrub and cactus. A range of snow-capped mountains in the distance.

A CONDOR, high above them in the blue.

TRACKING. NOSTROMO glances up at the great bird. GOULD looks around the forbidding surroundings.

Dust from the passing animals drifts across a worn STONE MARKER reading: 'SAN TOME. Km 13'.

NOSTROMO pulls up his MARE, points at something high up.

5A. EXT. TROPICAL LOCATION. DAY.

NOSTROMO
San Tome.

A GORGE of luminous green TROPICAL FOREST.

GOULD stares at it with more than usual interest.

5B. TROPICAL GREEN fills the screen. The hum of insects and the chatter of birds is cut through by the sharp sound of a machete. The CAMERA PANS quickly in the direction of the sound.

6. EXT. SAN TOME LOCATION. DAY.

CAMERA PANS on to a CLOSE SHOT of NOSTROMO hacking his way through the undergrowth past orchid-infested tree trunks.

GOULD, exotic blooms dangling above him, watches from his horse. Something catches his eye. Pulling back some creepers he sees:

6A. EXT. LOCATION.

The GOLFO PLACIDO and the distant town far below.

GOULD turns, looks high up over his shoulder.

6B. EXT. LOCATION. DAY.

The wild, snow-capped PEAKS of the Andes.

6C. EXT. SAN TOME. DAY.

NOSTROMO, cutting his way through the undergrowth, finds himself arrested by a series of overgrown IRON BARS. He looks up.

A massive GATE rises some twenty feet above him, the words 'SAN TOME' in cast-iron.

NOSTROMO peers through the ironwork, steps back suspicious and alert as if he feared he was being watched. Reassured he returns to the gate, takes a firm grip on it, and pushes hard.

CLOSE on a large, rusty HINGE groaning under the strain. The sound rises in pitch and volume as the gate starts to open.

GOULD, now dismounted, steps forward. He watches as NOSTROMO forces it open. On SOUND the VOICE of an OLD MAN is heard over GOULD's face:

OLD MAN (V.O.)

When I die the silver mine at San Tome will be yours. I beg you both to remain in Europe. Never touch it, never approach it.

The GATE is now open. NOSTROMO stands back beckoning GOULD to enter. GOULD hesitates. The SILVER THEME filters in persuasive and beckoning. GOULD hesitates another moment, then walks through the threshold into the clearing.

He stops. The groaning noise begins again, eerie. He turns to see the gate swinging to behind him. It shuts with a resounding thud. BLACKOUT.

CUT.

7. EXT. CASA GOULD PATIO. DAY.

Two or three seconds of black. Then a small door opens in corner of screen and the silhouette of a YOUNG WOMAN appears. She is framed in a side door let into one of the big entrance doors of the CASA GOULD.

As she walks towards us through the tunnelled carriageway she becomes lighter and lighter as the sunlight travels up her dress on to her face. This is Gould's wife, EMILIA. She is twenty-four years old, has frank open features and truthful eyes.

The PATIO has been long neglected. The flagstones beneath her feet are cracked and grown over with grasses and white wild flowers. A LANDAU, one wheel off, leans drunkenly in the middle. A stone STAIRCASE leads up to a VERANDAH which goes all around the courtyard at first floor level. An elderly servant, BASILIO, enters the tiny door in the main gateway behind her. She moves forward.

CUT.

8. EXT. SAN TOME. DAY.

CAMERA TRACKS with GOULD and NOSTROMO as they too move forward, making their way through the moss-covered remains of RUINED MACHINERY. They pass a segment of a GREAT WHEEL which looms up in foreground, the end of it vanishing into the earth. A strange cry makes them look up. The CONDOR is hovering above them. NOSTROMO looks around, suspicious.

CUT.

9. INT. GRAN SALA IN THE CASA GOULD. DAY.

Brilliant chinks of light shine through the closed shutters of a French window which is being pulled noisily back and forth in an attempt to open it. Dust flies and pigeons squawk.

LONG SHOT. Light floods into the great room disclosing MRS. GOULD standing in the middle. It has been left exactly as it was in Gould's father's time. Everything coated with grime, birds' feathers everywhere. MRS. GOULD crosses to BASILIO who is standing by the window and steps out onto the balcony. She looks up, thinking of her husband.

CUT.

10. DELETED.

11. LONG SHOT. Above the rooftops the forbidding MOUNTAINS where the mine is situated.

12. EXT. SAN TOME. DAY.

LONG SHOT. The tiny figures of GOULD and NOSTROMO out in the sunlight approaching the darkness beneath a huge arch, the ENTRANCE to the MINE.

They come to a halt and stand looking up. The outside of the arch has been fluted and carved into a huge portico, most of it covered by mosses and creepers. There are strange figures and a cross, like a South American church.

CLOSE on NOSTROMO and GOULD looking up at it.

NOSTROMO

That was done by the Indians, senor. Many perished.

GOULD looks a question.

NOSTROMO

Whole tribes.

He looks around at a series of dark man-made entrances carved into the rock, half expecting that some are still occupied.

CUT.

12a. INT. MINE. DAY.

Both men are holding LANTERNS. The CAMERA TRACKS with them as they move down the main shaft. A constant sound of dripping water, everything hot and damp.

GOULD has taken off his jacket. Both men are shining with perspiration. The walls are shining too, flashing brilliant star-like reflections of the lanterns as they pass. GOULD stoops and examines a handful of gravel.

CUT.

13. INT. ROCK CHAMBER.

A LANTERN is pushed out of a narrow passage in the rock. GOULD, now alone, follows on hands and knees, his clothes muddy. He finds himself in a dry inner chamber, a secret place, and looks around. Silence except for his breathing. He gently pushes the lantern forward.

CLOSE on GOULD, slivers of white light slide across his face and stop.

A VEIN of SILVER shines out of the dusty floor. He stretches out a hand to touch it, but he can't; it is covered by a fine layer of quartz. MUSIC, faint and far. The Silver Theme. "The appearance of his future Mistress". He stares at it, captivated. Then takes a small LEATHER POUCH from his haversack together with a fine brush and begins to collect the dust.

DISSOLVE.

14. EXT. CAMP SITE AT MINE. NIGHT.

CLOSE on the dying embers of a camp fire. GOULD asleep, the pouches beside him. The MUSIC continues, faint and echoing.

Suddenly pandemonium. The TWO HORSES rear, one breaks free and backs into the fire, sending up a geyser of high flying sparks.

GOULD stumbles to his feet. The DONKEYS scream, pulling on their tethers. NOSTROMO is shouting in Spanish, flailing about with his stick at dark running shapes. GOULD watches as the noises fade to distant whimpers. NOSTROMO steps up beside him.

GOULD
What was that?

NOSTROMO detaches a small piece of gossamer cloth from the end of his stick.

NOSTROMO
Ghosts.

They watch as the cloth floats down into the fire and disappears in a small flame.

CUT.

SCENES 15, 16, 17 AND 18 DELETED.

19. PATIO OF THE CASA GOULD. DAY.

MRS GOULD runs excitedly along the verandah above the PATIO.

The big doors of the CASA GOULD are being opened by BASILIO and a SERVANT.

GOULD and NOSTROMO ride in through the tunnel.

MRS. GOULD watches as her husband dismounts and offers a handful of silver dollars to NOSTROMO.

GOULD
My friend.

NOSTROMO
What's this, Senor?

GOULD
You saved me from the ghosts. Gracias.

NOSTROMO leans down and picks out three dollars.

NOSTROMO

This was the price that we agreed, Senor.

He smartly turns his mare and trots towards the entrance.

MRS GOULD runs down the steps to her husband, both watching NOSTROMO as he disappears into the street.

MRS GOULD

What a curious man.

GOULD laughs and holds out his arms. They embrace full of affection. She stands back as he produces the pouch.

GOULD

Look -

MRS GOULD

Show me.

GOULD carefully fills her open hands with the sand and dust. She stares down at it.

GOULD

Your hands are full of silver.

MRS GOULD

Yes.

GOULD

I couldn't help thinking of my Father.

MRS. GOULD

What did you think?

GOULD

Oh, everything. (he looks up - quietly)
The corruption, the butchery.

The silver spills from her hands onto the flagstones.

CUT.

20. INT. HOLROYD'S OFFICE IN SAN FRANCISCO. DAY.

From high up we are looking through a large window onto a panorama of skyscrapers and sea. In foreground of picture is GOULD seated on one side of a large desk. He is wearing an immaculate frockcoat with top hat, gloves and cane on the desk in front of him.

Opposite stands LYNDON HOLROYD, a powerful Citizen Kane-like man in his mid-sixties in shirtsleeves, his jacket thrown over a chair.

HOLROYD

All very satisfactory, Mr. Gould - but it defeated your father.

GOULD

It killed him.

HOLROYD stares at him.

GOULD

He was a forlorn amateur. I have studied mines since I was 16. It will not kill me.

HOLROYD

Good. Now, there are three parties to this business. The House of Holroyd - me. You. I take it we are comfortable with these first two?

GOULD (smiling)

Of course.

HOLROYD

Splendid.

He goes over to a large GLOBE with library steps beside it.

HOLROYD

Now . . .

He climbs a few steps, raises a hand and twists the globe. The continent of SOUTH AMERICA swings into CLOSE UP.

HOLROYD

Thirdly, whatever gang of thieves and ruffians happen to be calling themselves the Government of Costaguana. And here we come to a very different matter, don't we Mr. Gould?

GOULD

We do indeed.

HOLROYD

Yes. Because last time the San Tome Mine was opened, what came of it? War came of it. War without profit came of it.

A short pause. Then:

GOULD

I think we could buy ourselves a government, Mr Holroyd.

HOLROYD (chuckles)

I like that Mr Gould.

HOLROYD moves back to his place.

HOLROYD

Well then, it's a risk we're going to take.

GOULD (suppressing his excitement)

Thank you.

HOLROYD (holding up a hand)

Please .. If we find that we've bitten off more than we can chew, we shall know exactly when to drop you.

GOULD

Drop me?

HOLROYD

Drop you.

GOULD looks back at him entirely self-possessed. Then:

GOULD

You may start sending out the machinery as soon as you like.

HOLROYD

Have you any idea what an operation of this size costs? In American dollars?

CUT.

21. EXT. MINE. DAY.

With a screech of breaking wood a large tree falls across picture to disclose a huge rectangular PIT which has been dug out of a once green tropical HILLSIDE. Now there is nothing but bare earth and mud going down several hundred feet into a muddy gloom.

22. MRS GOULD steps up into picture against the sky. Another tree crashes down behind her. She stops, looking down into the PIT. The desecration, the size of the operation, is bigger than she had ever imagined.

Her P.O.V. closer now. A zig-zag road has been cut into the side of the pit. The tiny outlines of half-naked MEN, HORSES and WAGONS struggle up and down the slope into the excavation.

GOULD steps up lightly beside his wife.

MRS GOULD (fearful)

I never thought it would be like this.

He laughs and takes her arm.

GOULD

Come and see.

CUT.

23 DELETED.

24. INT. STAMPING MILL. DAY.

MEDIUM CLOSE. Through clouds of dust a big STAMP crushes and pounds ORE.

CLOSE. The GOULDS watch through drifting dust. She says something to him, shouting. He can't hear and, laughing, pulls her on.

CUT.

25. INT. MINE. DAY.

CLOSE TRACKING. The GOULDS enter a dark area beneath an archway, half naked INDIAN WORKERS following behind. As they move forward a

fiery red light begins to spread over their faces. On SOUND the roar of a FURNACE is added to the rhythmic beat of the STAMPS. GOULD takes her by the arm. The light becomes brighter and brighter until they look like two figures at the entrance of hell. The air shimmers with heat haze, the whole screen becoming RED. A deep roar causes them to stop.

A STEEL DOOR, white hot, is rising in front of them.

MRS GOULD pulls back shielding her face from the heat.

The DOOR rises to full open, stops with a thud.

GOULD puts a hand around her shoulder and leans forward, their faces close together, barely visible in the glare. MUSIC.

A trickle of LIVING SILVER, sinuous, appears slowly threading its way through the RED.

CLOSE on the GOULDS watching.

CLOSE on the SILVER moving through the RED.

INDIAN FACES, hypnotised.

The SILVER pouring into a MOULD.

The FURNACE DOOR crashes down.

CUT.

26. INT. COOLING ROOM.

A great bubbling and hissing as the INGOT is lowered into water.

The GOULDS, veiled in steam, watch as the noise rapidly subsides. The MUSIC and the RED have gone.

INDIAN WORKERS rivetted as if watching a magical ceremony. GOULD rolls up a sleeve, plunges his hand into the tank, fishes out the mould and shows it to MRS GOULD.

GOULD

Yours.

MRS GOULD looks down at the grey looking lump.

MRS GOULD

It's a pity to have done this to the mountain; just to get that.

GOULD (laughing)

Ah, you see that's the point - the whole point.

He turns the ingot out of the mould and gives it to her. She looks at it with apprehension, looks at the INDIANS, turns to her husband.

MRS GOULD

Is the whole mountain reduced to this?

GOULD

Yes.

MRS. GOULD

Felicitations.

CUT.

27. EXT. MINE. DAY.

MRS GOULD comes out of the dark into the sunlight, the stamps louder now. Dust hangs in the air around her. She carries the ingot wrapped in a nondescript piece of old canvas, comes to a halt and stands looking at the procession of INDIAN WORKERS. Some take off their hats to her.

She returns their courtesy with a regal little bow then turns and looks up at the mountain, desolate. Suddenly the noise of the stamping is overlaid by a weird melancholy cry. She looks up.

A skein of WILD GEESE making its way out to sea, the swoosh of their wings beautiful but doom laden.

MRS. GOULD watches as they become fainter and fainter. On SOUND a heavy knocking.

CUT.

28. INT. BEDROOM and LANDING. NIGHT. BLACK AND WHITE.

A PLUMP BERINGED HAND is raising a heavy KNOCKER, shaped in the form of a crucifix and hammers on a door. MUSIC. Church organ music, echoing.

A MAN wakens with a start and sits up in a state of mortal terror. He is handsome, with long hair, jet black, of about forty, and wears a nightshirt. The knocking comes again, unnaturally loud. He picks up a burnt-down candle with trembling hands, gets up and moves quickly and silently down a strange-looking room watched by the forbidding shapes of giant Indian carvings. He reaches the door, hesitates, slides back the bolt and discloses a grim figure:

FATHER BERON is simultaneously small and massive. He wears a cassock embellished with military decorations. Behind him are four disconcerting MEN in quasi uniform.

BERON

Will you come to confession Dr Monygham?

MONYGHAM

No - !

And he slams the door in BERON's face with a loud bang. The MUSIC has gone.

CUT.

29. INT. MONYGHAM'S SURGERY. DAY.

MONYGHAM, now 20 years older, sits up into CLOSE UP with a start. His hair has turned grey and is bristly, his unshaven face a brick dust colour. COLOUR has returned to the screen and it is DAYLIGHT.

The knock on the door comes again, quieter. MONYGHAM is still in the embrace of his dream. The knock comes again, this time on wood. He's been asleep on his consulting couch which doubles as his bed. MONYGHAM stands up. He is wearing a threadbare pair of trousers held up by an old belt. We see his real room now, tiny and bare except for one Indian carving, bright against the wall.

MONYGHAM (gruffly)
All right . . .

He moves towards the door with a peculiar gait, for he scuttles and shambles as if his feet were severed from the control of his ankles. He opens the door. The Gould servant, BASILIO stands there. He is got up in a splendid livery with a plum coloured sash and tall ebony pole with silver top. He wears no shoes.

BASILIO
My lady wishes to see you - (Monygham is about to question it) - and be sharp about it.

CUT.

30. HIGH ANGLE OF THE SQUARE. DAY.

BASILIO crosses the PLAZA MAYOR brandishing his pole. MONYGHAM follows a few paces behind with his crab-like gait. Distant ORGAN MUSIC wafts across from the CATHEDRAL.

A PRIEST stands at the top of the Cathedral steps, watching.

CLOSE on MONYGHAM's crippled feet crossing the paving stones, the ORGAN continuous.

Two SERVANT GIRLS stare down from a balcony rather frightened, another lets out a muffled giggle.

Two middle class LADIES and a GENTLEMAN stand inside the Colonnade looking curiously out at MONYGHAM. He looks up, catches their eyes, and immediately looks down at the ground. BASILIO makes an apologetic shrug.

CUT.

31. INT. PATIO OF CASA GOULD. DAY.

BASILIO shuts the small door in the gates of the Gould COURTYARD as MONYGHAM, up ahead, comes out of the shadows into the sunlight. The Patio is now smart but friendly. MONYGHAM takes in the troughs of flowers and the newly painted Landau.

BASILIO (passing by)
Follow me.

CUT.

32. INT. GRAN SALA. DAY.

LONG SHOT. MONYGHAM stands looking around the newly carpeted, freshly furnished salon. It has fresh flowers and a new pianoforte from Germany. MRS GOULD appears behind him in a doorway.

MRS GOULD
Doctor Monygham?

MONYGHAM (turning)
Yes.

She approaches, smiling, holding out her hand. He regards it, does not take it. MRS GOULD says, as though she had not noticed:

MRS GOULD
Please, won't you sit down?

MONYGHAM looks at the chairs but makes no other response.

MRS GOULD
A drink?

MONYGHAM replies in his harsh voice:

MONYGHAM
Whisky.

MRS GOULD goes to a big side table and selects a glass.

MRS GOULD
Soda?

MONYGHAM
No.

She goes over and her white hand places the finely cut glass in his big, brown hand.

She sits. He, after a pause, sits down too, on the edge of one of the new chairs.

MRS GOULD
I'm told you are the one person who could introduce me to the 'ghosts'.

MONYGHAM
The ghosts?

MRS GOULD
The Indians, up at the mine.

MONYGHAM
Why?

MRS GOULD
The silver is taken from their earth.

MONYGHAM
Would you give it back?

MRS GOULD
It isn't mine to give.

MONYGHAM
No. Hoiroyd of San Francisco.

MRS GOULD

A bit of it belongs to me. Look -

She shows him the first ingot.

We could set up a small hospital with this.

MONYGHAM

- they wouldn't come.

MRS GOULD

They might if it had a good doctor.

MONYGHAM

There are no good doctors here.

MRS GOULD

They might if you were the doctor.

His eyes slide sideways, regarding her.

MRS GOULD

I was told that you spent several years with Indian tribes. In the great forests.

MONYGHAM

Yes.

MRS GOULD

They were the only people that would have you.

MONYGHAM

Who told you that?

MRS GOULD

Captain Mitchell.

MONYGHAM

I see. Did he tell you about Guzman Bento?

She shakes her head.

Father Beron?

MRS GOULD

He told me nothing else.

He gives her a penetrating look - then says, quite roughly:

MONYGHAM

Very good whisky.

MRS GOULD

Irish.

A short pause.

MONYGHAM (despairing, angry)

I've forgotten all that I ever knew.

MRS GOULD

You'll remember it again.

MONYGHAM comes a bit closer and peers at her. She attempts to reassure him with a smile.

As they look at each other the SOUND of galloping HORSES comes up over their faces.

CUT.

33. EXT. PLAIN. EARLY MORNING.

CLOSE TRACKING on GOULD riding alone ahead of a dust storm, behind him the misty outlines of HORSES and WAGONS with FLAGS sticking up into the clear. The MUSIC a high spirited, South American version of the Silver Theme.

CLOSE SHOTS of DRIVERS and HORSES excited as if competing in a race.

A fierce looking GUARD, rifle over his shoulder, his eyes on the rattling wagon beside him.

Inside the WAGON shafts of sunlight jolt and shift over rows of neatly packed WOODEN BOXES, stencilled lettering reading: "HOUSE OF HOLROYD. SAN FRANCISCO".

LONG SHOT. The WAGON TRAIN and its cloud of dust racing across the plain under snow-capped MOUNTAINS.

34. EXT. TOWN OF SULACO. DAY.

The OLD CITY GATES in the crumbling walls of SULACO. On SOUND the noise of the WAGON TRAIN approaching. Suddenly GOULD is there, passing, and then the wagons, swaying, the GUARDS and DRIVERS shouting, wheeling in through the gates at a hairs breadth.

35. INT. HOSPITAL. DAY.

DR MONYGHAM, dressed in a check shirt, short white jacket, his hair less bristly than before, is bending over an INDIAN PATIENT. In the background a dozen or so beds with INDIAN MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN, behind them a line of WINDOWS with WHITE CURTAINS pulled against the morning sun. The SOUND of the WAGON TRAIN. MONYGHAM stands up in time to see the shadow of GOULD racing along the curtains. The noise increases. MONYGHAM scuttles towards the windows. The shadow of the first wagon sweeps past blowing in a cloud of dust. Some PATIENTS rise in their beds to watch the racing shadows on the curtains. MONYGHAM bangs a window shut as the last two wagons flash by and fade away.

36. EXT. PLAZA MAYOR. DAY.

LONG SHOT. GOULD gallops into the PLAZA. He makes a graceful curve beneath the equestrian STATUE of CARLOS IV and rides under the imposing but ruined facade of the INTENDENCIA, the town's administrative headquarters.

Peering down from a half-open first floor window of a palatial, run down room is GAMACHO, the political chief. He is an important looking man but unmistakably self-indulgent and greedy. He wears a dressing gown and holds a cup of coffee, watching.

The first WAGONS wheeling into the PLAZA and making towards him.

CLOSE on GAMACHO, his eyes fixed on:

The PADLOCKS banging against the doors of the first silver wagon as it passes underneath.

37. GOULD comes galloping down the CALLE DE LA CONSTITUCION, the PLAZA behind him.

38. INT. GRAN SALA. DAY.

MRS GOULD, in her dressing gown, runs across the great room on to the balcony and raises her arm.

GOULD clatters by underneath and raises his hat to her.

MEN and WOMEN SERVANTS cheer from windows as the WAGONS rush by.

38A. EXT. CHURCH and SEA. DAY.

The WAGONS rattle past a CHURCH, the SEA in background.

39. EXT. QUAYSIDE. DAY.

The HARBOUR GATES are pushed open. GOULD rides through, the WAGON TRAIN behind him.

CAPTAIN MITCHELL appears on the balcony of his office just in time to see GOULD galloping past.

LONG SHOT. GOULD pulls up his horse, looks around to see the wagons approaching down the quayside towards him.

CLOSE SHOT. NOSTROMO steps out of a deep shadow into the sunlight. He is dressed in black trousers, singlet and boots.

The WAGONS come to a halt in front of him.

CLOSE on NOSTROMO. He raises a hand and clicks his fingers. Some fifty black CARGADORES rise up from the shadows behind him, bare-chested, wearing trousers only, without boots. They swarm past NOSTROMO, very aware of him, on their way to the wagons.

CLOSE TRACKING. GOULD walks down the line of wagons. Padlocks are being undone, the mounted GUARDS alert with rifles at the ready.

CLOSE TRACKING. An excited CAPTAIN MITCHELL hurries along the wagons in the opposite direction. He stops in CLOSE SHOT with GOULD, raising his voice against the noise:

MITCHELL

This is an historic occasion, sir. Historic.

GOULD

You know, I believe that it is.

MITCHELL

Historic.

GOULD

Now I must go and get the export licence.

CUT.

CLOSE. GOULD's hands are opening one of the WOODEN BOXES on the floor of a wagon. Lines of SILVER INGOTS are disclosed.

MITCHELL, surrounded by pop-eyed FACES looking down at them with gleeful fascination.

GOULD fishes out an INGOT and puts it in his POCKET.

CUT.

40. INT. INTENDENCIA. DAY.

GAMACHO, now wearing a frock coat with a host of medals, sits at his ornate desk opposite GOULD.

GAMACHO (frowning earnestly)

You understand that a good deal of close work has to be gone through, pending the export of silver . . .

He breaks off, for GOULD is taking the INGOT from his pocket and placing it on the desk. GAMACHO hesitates.

GAMACHO

. . . Yes . . . Well now you require an export licence.,

He shuffles through some papers. GOULD is not exactly liking his part in the proceedings, but is excited by the power the silver is bringing him. GAMACHO signs the paper with a flourish and stamps it with a seal.

GAMACHO

I take it that your guests for lunch do not know of our transaction?

GOULD

The President? No.

GAMACHO

Nor the Minister of War?

GOULD

No.

GAMACHO

Excellent; the Minister of War.

He gives an involuntary shudder.

41. EXT. DECK OF S.S. JUNO. DAY.

The MINISTER of WAR, GENERAL MONTERO, sits at the rear of a large coastal STEAMER which is chugging across the Gulf. He wears an ornate uniform, unbuttoned at the neck and a huge cavalry sabre clenched in both hands. He is a very big man, dark, with a face which, were it to show what is on his mind, would be of unrelieved evil.

Various ATTENDANTS, including COLONEL SOTILLO, dapper and ringletted, hover around him, but he remains stock still.

Sitting a little apart in an ornate gilt chair is the PRESIDENT RIBIERA, a distinguished-looking little man, a failed academic about sixty years old. There is the SOUND of distant gunfire. He glances forward.

42. SULACO WATERFRONT. DAY.

GUNS are firing a ragged salute from the WATERFRONT. A South American BAND is blaring forth a kind of Strauss Waltz. Many FLAGS are flying. The BLACK of COSTAGUANA, the UNION JACK, STARS and STRIPES, SPANISH, FRENCH and half a dozen SOUTH AMERICAN STATES.

Standing in front of his TROOPS, half soldiers, half brigands, is the local Commander, GENERAL BARRIOS, an habitual drunkard. He is half Indian, has a patch over one eye and wears a threadbare uniform. He also possesses the courage of a jungle cat.

DOCKERS, SHOPKEEPERS, CLERKS and PEASANTS have assembled to take part in the occasion.

43. DELETED.

44. DELETED.

45. DELETED.

46. EXT. S.S. JUNO. DAY.

The ANCHOR plunges into the water.

47. EXT. QUAYSIDE. DAY.

The GOULDS and the one-eyed BARRIOS walk along a line of TROOPS drawn up on the quayside. They are followed by a white-bearded patrician, DON AVELLANOS, in perfect attire, followed by GAMACHO with DR MONYGHAM shuffling along at the rear.

47A. Waiting at the top of the ship's gangway, decorated with flowers, are CAPTAIN MITCHELL, PRESIDENT RIBIERA, now in a fawn frock coat, and GENERAL MONTERO, towering above all in his three-cornered hat.

The GOULDS approach up the gangway. MITCHELL steps forward.

MITCHELL

Signor Presidente, may I present Mrs Gould and Mr Gould.

RIBIERA

Enchanted. (he turns) This is . . .

MONTERO pushes himself forward.

MONTERO

I am the Minister of War.

MRS GOULD (a little taken aback)

Good afternoon, Senor Minister.

CUT.

48. DECK OF THE JUNO. DAY.

LONG SHOT. LUNCH is finished and some fifty GUESTS sit at a finely arranged table under a striped awning listening to the PRESIDENT's speech. MRS GOULD, the only woman present, is on his right, a pained expression on her face, with GOULD at the far end next to MONTERO.

RIBIERA stands, acknowledges a polite round of applause.

RIBIERA

Signor Gould, (turns, smiling to Mrs. Gould)
Lady and Gentlemen. Perhaps for the last time
we have made the long and circuitous voyage
around the coast from the Capital, to address
you my dear citizens of Sulaco upon the full
importance of this epic occasion.

MITCHELL

Epic, epic.

RIBIERA

Thanks to Don Carlos who has set our silver
flowing again, we have been able to employ Swiss
engineers who will complete the railway over and
under the mountains, shortening the distance
between us to little more than a day.

Loud applause.

RIBIERA

Now let us consider the enormous value of this
first consignment of silver about to be put
aboard the American ship.

He breaks off, looking along the deck. He has seen the MAST of a
vessel crested with the FLAG of the O.S.N. approaching above the
rail. Everybody is looking at it.

RIBIERA

Is that it, Don Carlos? The silver?

GOULD (turning)

It is, Mr President.

The MAST and the FLAG come nearer, some ten yards off the rail.
The Silver Theme fades up over it.

MONTERO is turned around in his chair staring at it and as if drawn
by a powerful magnet he rises to his feet and goes over to the
rail.

The mast belongs to a LIGHTER rowed by six black STEVEDORES, grimy
and sweating, pulling on enormous OARS. The tightly packed boxes
of silver occupy the bottom of the lighter, framed by fifty black
legs hanging down from the thwarts around them. NOSTROMO stands
looking up at the steamer.

The GUESTS around the table are all watching the passing mast.
SOTILLO, unable to control himself, rises from the table to join
MONTERO at the rail. They stand looking down, mesmerised.

The BOXES of SILVER passing beneath them.

Everyone now leaves the table in a disorderly rush, leaving RIBIERA alone with MRS GOULD.

CLOSE on NOSTROMO looking up from the lighter, impassive.

CLOSE on the excited faces looking down from the rail. They begin to applaud.

NOSTROMO stares up at them, unmoved.

CLOSE on MONTERO and SOTILLO looking down with undisguised greed. BARRIOS, half drunk, appears between them highly amused by their avarice. MONTERO turns on him, glowering.

BARRIOS

Gone.

And, with a glance at both of them, is overcome by a fit of uncontrolled laughter.

CUT.

49. EXT. WATERFRONT. DUSK.

LONG SHOT. The 'JUNO' is casting off out into the Gulf illuminated by a firework display, the BAND pumping out a final tribute.

The GOULDS stand together on the quay, their expressions grim. GOULD turns to her, says quietly:

GOULD

What a disgusting man.

MRS GOULD

Frightening. And so stupid.

49A. EXT. S. S. 'JUNO'. DUSK.

RIBIERA and MONTERO stand together on the deck of the ship, fireworks lighting up their faces from time to time. MONTERO puts a hand on the far shorter PRESIDENT's shoulder. He squeezes him in a gesture of ominous affability. RIBIERA's eyes turn uneasily to the great hand, full of fear.

49B. EXT. WATERFRONT. DUSK.

CLOSE SHOT. GOULD approaches AVELLANOS.

GOULD

Those French guns -

AVELLANOS

Yes.

GOULD

Can you still get them?

AVELLANOS

Oh yes. If I had the money.

GOULD
I will provide the money.

A FIREWORK explodes in the sky.

CUT

50. EXT. ALBERGO D'ITALIA. DUSK-NIGHT.

HIGH ANGLE. A SIGN is illuminated by the firework. It reads:

'ALBERGO D'ITALIA'

Below it NOSTROMO pulls up his MARE and alights. A WATCHMAN runs towards him and takes the horse. A LOCOMOTIVE is passing by in the background.

51. INT. ALBERGO BAR ROOM. NIGHT.

The PUBLIC BAR is crowded with CARGADORES and PEASANTS. The chatter and noise stops as NOSTROMO enters from outside. He is greeted and bowed to, but walks straight through.

PEASANTS
Nostromo, Nostromo -

52. INT. VIOLA'S LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

VIOLA, the proprietor of the INN, is sixty and a tremendous figure. He has a red shirt, with white beard and a shaggy leonine head. He sits at the head of the table, behind him a framed PICTURE of GARIBALDI with the national flag of Italy in one hand and a carbine in the other. A CARBINE rests beneath it on a rack. His wife TERESA, a strikingly handsome woman in her mid fifties, her raven black hair with only a trace or two of white in it sits beside him. They look up as they hear NOSTROMO approaching. He enters from the corridor and strolls over to the table.

NOSTROMO
Buenos tardes, Viola. (to TERESA) Padrona.

VIOLA
Buenos tardes. Is it done?

NOSTROMO (waving a hand)
Gone - on the American ship.

The sound of the passing train fades away. In its place comes the distant sound of MUSIC, wild and strenuous, accompanied by the steady thud of drums.

TERESA
You're going to the Fiesta?

NOSTROMO
I am. I need a bath.

Immediately TWO STRIKING GIRLS rise and rush to the far door. LINDA is seventeen: she is what her mother was thirty years before: dark, full bosomed and proud. Her sister, GISELLE, sixteen, blonde, with light grey eyes. She is aware of the talk she occasions in the town. It is she who gets there first.

LINDA
Not too hot!

GISELLE
I know exactly how he likes it.

She disappears. NOSTROMO turns to LINDA:

NOSTROMO
My harness is soiled, Linda, I -
And she too has gone, down the passage.

CUT.

53. EXT. YARD. NIGHT.

In an enclosed yard at the back of the house NOSTROMO splashes into a large WOODEN TUB. VIOLA sits opposite him on a bench by an outhouse smoking his pipe, the MUSIC a little louder here.

VIOLA
If our son had lived, Gian' Battista, he would have been a fine young man like you.

NOSTROMO looks up at him, reaches out for a bar of soap and starts to wash himself.

VIOLA
The English must be very pleased with you?

NOSTROMO (light-heartedly)
Of course.

VIOLA
Listen to me. They need men like you to master whom they please.

NOSTROMO
Oh la - the revolutionary - the Garibaldini.

GISELLE is in the outhouse, peering at him through a knot in the wood.

VIOLA
Yes, the Garibaldini. Twenty of us could have kept down this whole town.

CLOSE of GISELLE's POV through the knot, her father's head big in foreground, NOSTROMO in the tub beyond, soap all over him.

NOSTROMO
I don't doubt it.

Inside the outhouse GISELLE watches as NOSTROMO lathers his arms, face and hair.

VIOLA peacefully blows a puff of smoke into the air.

NOSTROMO lies back in the tub and with a great splashing, washes off the soap, grabs a towel and stands up back to GISELLE drying his stomach and chest. As he turns around and raises the towel to dry his hair.

GISELLE's EYE in the knot.

CUT. (54. deleted)

55. INT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

MUSIC, the 'Nostromo Theme', Latin, Fado-like, melancholic. The VIOLA FAMILY watch admiringly as NOSTROMO walks slowly towards the big MIRROR in the living room. He examines every detail of his black costume from his boots to his hat and to the row of enormous silver buttons on his embroidered leather jacket. He turns, showing another row of tiny silver buttons down the seam of his trousers, the snowy linen, the silk sash, all in the unapproachable style of the famous Capataz de Cargadores.

GISELLE sits demurely in a corner.

GISELLE
How was the bath?

NOSTROMO
Huh? Excellent.

He turns, collecting TERESA's eyes upon him approvingly.

NOSTROMO
Eh?

TERESA
The ladies of the town will be pleased with you.

NOSTROMO
I am going out to get the air.

TERESA
It is not the air you will be coming back with one of these nights.

VIOLA
Enough.

TERESA
He saves no money. He gives it all to the poor and he owes me for last month's rent.

NOSTROMO steps up close beside her and looking into her eyes all the time tips out the change that he had from Gould. TERESA is flushed.

TERESA
What will you give the ladies of the town?

NOSTROMO drawing closer.

NOSTROMO
Nothing.

TERESA looks up and speaks to her 'son' or 'lover', caressingly:

TERESA
Every day is a devil's day for you.

NOSTROMO kisses the inside of her hand and says with equal softness:

NOSTROMO
Nonsense.

TERESA
Who can tell?

NOSTROMO (to them all)
Buenos noches.

And goes down the corridor followed by LINDA and GISELLE.

VIOLA goes over to TERESA, says quietly:

VIOLA
Do you want to put a collar and chain on him?

TERESA (grumbling)
No. But he looks too much in the mirror.

CUT.

56. - EXT. PLAZA MAYOR. NIGHT.

WILD MUSIC and UPROAR. NOSTROMO on his silver grey MARE. Everybody looking up drawn towards him.

The SQUARE is packed. MEN and WOMEN emerge tottering from the entrance to a temporary DANCE HALL, streaming with sweat to lean panting against the wall.

NOSTROMO looking down on them, arrogant.

Inside the DANCE HALL the floor crammed with Blacks, Whites and Mulattos, their bodies close together, shuffling and thumping in time to the music.

Outside NOSTROMO moves slowly above the crowd. He turns, looking high up.

A WOMAN in a mantilla stands silhouetted on a balcony, looking down at him. NOSTROMO acknowledges her with a slight nod. In CLOSE SHOT we see that the WOMAN is white haired. Her shining black eyes follow him but she makes no response.

NOSTROMO is taking a handful of small coins out of a large purse and throwing them wholesale amongst the crowd. He says in a guttural voice, warning:

NOSTROMO
Hey!

A BIG BOY, almost a man, releases a SMALL BOY who has risen from the ground with a coin in his hand. NOSTROMO raises a finger at him and the BIG BOY ducks away.

LINDA and GISELLE arrive on the fringes of the crowd accompanied by an old SERVANT. GISELLE hops up and down to see above the crowd, LINDA stands elegant and dignified.

A FLOWER strikes NOSTROMO in the face. He catches it.

BIG CLOSE UP. The flower is a white HIBISCUS with a pink centre and a bright yellow stamen.

CLOSE UP, a mulatto girl PAQUITA is looking up at NOSTROMO.

PAQUITA (caressing)
Querido, why do you pretend not to see me?

NOSTROMO
Because I don't love you any more.

Laughter from the admiring crowd.

PAQUITA
Is that true?

NOSTROMO
No.

He looks around the laughing faces. His eye falls on LINDA. She looks back at him, no longer a child. After a moment, he turns back to PAQUITA and extends his foot in the stirrup.

NOSTROMO
Up.

And he raises her off the ground.

The MUSIC fades away.

NOSTROMO
I had no money to bring you a present... (to the crowd) Give me a knife.

A number are held up. He selects one and hands it to PAQUITA.

NOSTROMO (intimately)
... but take my silver buttons

PAQUITA is incredulous. She moves closer.

PAQUITA
The silver -

NOSTROMO (whispering)
- buttons. Take them.

The VIOLINIST lowers the bow of his violin onto the strings. The MUSIC low and enticing. A love song.

PAQUITA steadies herself. LINDA and GISELLE stare fascinated as she raises the knife to the first button.

The BUTTON comes off. The CROWD cheers. NOSTROMO holds out a hand. PAQUITA drops the button into it and takes hold of another.

GISELLE watches LINDA sideways; her sister's gaze on NOSTROMO.

Voices have joined the MUSIC, chanting the refrain of the love song.

The second SILVER BUTTON comes off, PAQUITA drops it into NOSTROMO's palm. She starts to saw off another. The CROWD begin to roar, overtopping the music.

LINDA watching with parted lips.

NOSTROMO's eyes on her.

The KNIFE cutting through the threads.

PAQUITA in the grip of erotic excitement, eyes shining.

The third BUTTON comes off. The CROWD roars again. She drops it into his hand and takes a hold on the fourth and last.

GISELLE watches, her innocent eyes naked.

PAQUITA cuts off the last button in a single movement and drops it with a jingle on to the others. She leans forward and whispers into his ear.

He smiles.

LINDA flushes, looks round and finds GISELLE looking at her.

The CROWD begin to chant.

CROWD

Nostromo . . . Nostromo . . . !

LINDA seizes her sister's arm and urges her away from the erotic scene.

The CROWD is now roaring.

CROWD

Nostromo . . . ! Nostromo . . . !

LINDA pulls GISELLE through the crowd, GISELLE turns back to see:

NOSTROMO riding off with PAQUITA through the crowd, the MUSIC thunderous again.

CLOSE PANNING SHOT of GISELLE looking back over her shoulder, watching the two of them disappear.

DISSOLVE.

56A. EXT. SEA, DISTANT TOWN AND MOUNTAINS. DAWN LIGHT.

Extreme LONG SHOT, the sea, the distant town, the mountains in the first light of dawn.

57. VERANDAH OF THE CASA GOULD. DAWN.

On the VERANDAH of the CASA GOULD the GOULDS are still awake. The MUSIC has stopped, only occasional cries float across to them from the Fiesta.

They are sitting side by side on a rattan couch surrounded by flowers. He with his jacket off, smoking a cigarillo. She in a dressing gown. After a pause:

MRS GOULD
Charley?

GOULD
Yes.

MRS GOULD
I love this place.

He holds out a hand to her. She takes it.

GOULD
Yes I know. It's almost dawn.

MRS GOULD
It can't be, is it?

GOULD (rising)
Come . .

And he pulls her gently to her feet, close to him. They look into each others eyes for several moments. Then kiss passionately.

CUT.

58. EXT. LOCATION. DAY.

The PROW of a steamer cuts through the placid waters of the GULF.

59. Up on DECK two men come to a standstill and look out over the sea. One is a ships OFFICER about twenty five, clearly in some awe of the second, MARTIN DECOUD, about thirty, the style of his clothes suggesting an air of French elegance. He has studied law, dabbled in literature and written a few articles on European affairs for "The Times of Costaguana". In fact he is an idle boulevardier, a dilettante with a quick wit and much charm.

He looks into the distance and says, rather dreamily:

DECOUD
I remember that island.

OFFICER
Yes?

DECOUD
The Great Isabel.

60. EXT. LOCATION. DAY.

The ISLAND, a mile or two away, floats in a mirage above the sea.

DECOUD
The boatman used to row us out there:

The OFFICER takes up his BINOCULARS.

61. EXT. LOCATION. DAY.

A BINOCULAR shot of a distant cliff with some sort of TOWER at the top of it.

OFFICER
What is that tower?

DECOUD
One of the dictators, the late Guzman Bento, thought it would give him command of the whole bay - (looks up to shade the sun) - needless to say, it didn't.

OFFICER
You don't seem excited to see your homeland.

DECOUD
Ah, I have become a Frenchman: a Parisian. A man of letters. Sulaco is a seventeenth century port. Nothing has altered. Nothing, I fear me, will.

CUT.

62. EXT. QUAYSIDE. DAY.

MEDIUM SHOT. A French SAILOR throws down a rope from the stern of the ship. On SOUND the usual dockside hubbub.

DON AVELLANOS, dressed immaculately as ever, moves slowly through the bustle scanning the lower deck. He suddenly sees what he is looking for.

AVELLANOS
Martin - ! -

Up on deck DECOUD turns, waves back with a folded PARASOL, makes for the gangway.

AVELLANOS smiles affectionately and pushes forward.

DECOUD steps into the sunlight at the top of the gangway but is stopped by the heat. With an upward glance of disapproval he unfurls his parasol, lifts it over his head and proceeds downwards.

NOSTROMO and his coal-black DOCKERS follow the progress of the dandified figure down the gangway.

DECOUD and AVELLANOS meet.

AVELLANOS
My dear Godson. Welcome home! (embracing him) Have you got them?

DECOUD
They are in the forward hold.

AVELLANOS
Well done! (turns and shouts excitedly)
Captain Mitchell - !

- and is gone.

DECOUD is left alone. He looks rather unhappily around, sees:

A GIRL smiling at him from a LANDAU.
He looks at her, recognition dawning.

DECOUD

Antonia?

She nods.

DECOUD calls, scarcely believing:

Antonia - !

- and hurries towards her. She descends from the Landau to meet him. ANTONIA is a Carmen-faced girl that he knew from their old times together. Now she is full of fire and insidiously inviting. She raises her hand to him and says, smiling softly:

ANTONIA

Hush.

After a moment he looks around.

DECOUD

I'd forgotten the smell.

She laughs. He looks at her unsmiling, then bends forward and kisses her on both cheeks.

ANTONIA

Have you got the guns?

DECOUD

You know?

ANTONIA

Father told me about them.

DECOUD

You?

ANTONIA

Yes, me. They reprint your articles here in the Costaguana Times - and by the way, be careful what you say about General Montero.

DECOUD

He used to be head of the abattoir in Paris.

ANTONIA

He's the Minister of War now.

DECOUD

Highly suitable.

ANTONIA (confidentially)

Just between us my father is going to ask you to run a forward-looking Liberal newsheet here in Sulaco and he was wondering if perhaps you would . . .

DECOUD

I shan't be here. I have a fancy to see
Yellowstone Park and Niagara Falls. Then
back to the ladies of Paris.

ANTONIA

You always made yourself very charming and when
you got a girl eating out of your hand - what
did you do? You closed your fist.

DECOUD

Ah, no, did I?

ANTONIA

In those days I was a little in love with you.

DECOUD

Now it is my turn to be a little in love with
you.

CAPTAIN MITCHELL enters.

MITCHELL (taking off his cap)

Excuse me.

- and he whispers to Antonia. ANTONIA looks towards the ship.

CUT.

63. DELETED.

64. INTERIOR SHIP'S HOLD. DAY.

MITCHELL leads the way into the hold. NOSTROMO slides the
door to behind them, leaving the whole place in darkness
except for a hanging lamp which illuminates a pile of WOODEN
BOXES, beside which AVELLANOS is standing.

NOSTROMO hurries forward and takes off the cover of one of
the boxes, disclosing lines of neatly packed RIFLES.
AVELLANOS takes one out and throws it to ANTONIA.

AVELLANOS

There! -

ANTONIA catches it, examines it then starts to slide the
shining mechanism up and down.

NOSTROMO is watching.

AVELLANOS, watching.

DECOUD, watching.

Silence, then ANTONIA looks up at her father.

AVELLANOS

Montero won't dare move against these.

CUT.

65. EXT. SQUARE IN THE CAPITAL. DUSK.

The HUGE GATES of the Presidential Palace are pushed open disclosing MONTERO, mounted on his magnificent BLACK HORSE. His face, lit by torches, is grim. He shouts an order.

MONTERO'S SOLDIERS ride through the gates, followed by an EXCITED MOB OF TOWNSPEOPLE. A MOUNTED CANNON follows.

LONG SHOT MONTERO leads the crowd across the square towards the Presidential Palace.

66. INT. PRESIDENT'S ROOM. NIGHT.

President RIBIERA sits at the head of a long table with half a dozen STATESMEN and a sallow PRIEST. They have heard the noises from outside and are rising to their feet. RIBIERA moves cautiously to the window.

The MOB are moving closer.

RIBIERA, now very frightened, turns back into the room prepared to flee, but his whole CABINET, all terrified, are staring at him for a lead. RIBIERA straightens himself, turns, and steps out on to the balcony. There is a roar from the CROWD. RIBIERA raises his hand for quiet.

CLOSE. MONTERO raises his arm. RIBIERA's voice is heard straining above the noise:

RIBIERA (V.O.)
Citizens - you stand before a crucial -

MONTERO drops his arm. There is a flash and an explosion.

RIBIERA is hurled back into the room, the window shatters and he finds himself on the floor surrounded by the departing feet of his CABINET.

MONTERO moves forward on his horse surrounded by the screaming MOB.

RIBIERA struggles to his feet and makes for the door through which the CABINET are disappearing.

MONTERO and the MOB move up to the closed doors of the PALACE. MONTERO raises the butt end of his rifle and knocks hard, twice.

The PRESIDENTIAL ROOM is deserted. RIBIERA runs back into the room, unhitches the PRESIDENTIAL INSIGNIA from around his neck and flings it across the floor where it lands in CLOSE UP.

67. INT. PALACE ENTRANCE HALL. NIGHT.

Downstairs in the grand HALLWAY MONTERO and the MOB pour in.

68. INT. KITCHENS. NIGHT.

The fleeing members of the CABINET scamper through the empty KITCHENS where pots have been left steaming on the stoves.

68A. INT. HALLWAY. NIGHT.

MONTERO, surrounded by the MOB, spurs his HORSE across the marble HALL, then urges it on up the great circular stairway.

69. INT./EXT. SERVANTS' STAIRCASE. NIGHT.

The fleeing members of the CABINET are running down a cluttered up staircase, with laundry, rubbish and squawking chickens. They disappear into the night.

69A. INT. THE PRESIDENTIAL ROOM. NIGHT.

MONTERO rides into the Presidential room. He dismounts and stands looking around.

CLOSE on the PRESIDENTIAL INSIGNIA. On SOUND his footsteps approach. Then his hand enters picture and snatches it up.

MONTERO, looking at it.

CUT.

70. EXT. QUAYSIDE. DAY.

BARRIOS watches his TROOPS march up a GANGPLANK on to a STEAMER, each carrying one of the new automatic RIFLES.

The QUAY is crowded with TOWNS-PEOPLE and PORT WORKERS watching the departure of the TROOPS. BARRIOS, proudly nursing a new MAXIM GUN, goes over to the GOULD landau and addresses MRS GOULD.

BARRIOS
Have no worries Mrs Gould. I shall bring
Montero back to you. In a cage.

He salutes and goes towards the steamer. MRS GOULD looks around the strained faces.

MRS GOULD
Charley.

GOULD
Yes my dear?

MRS GOULD
This means that we are left alone.

GOULD looks at her -

MRS GOULD
I think we'd better give a party.

GOULD
A party? (looks around) Ah - (patting her sleeve)
That's well thought of.

CUT.

71. EXT. INT CASA GOULD. NIGHT.

NOSTROMO rides his soft-stepping MARE through the shadows of the GOULD STREET. A South American version of a Strauss Waltz drifts down to him from the Gran Sala.

DECOUD and ANTONIA look down at him from the balcony, dancing COUPLES passing behind them. ANTONIA, glamorous in a black gown, is very much in love with him. His easy ways and responsive smile make this easy to understand.

DECOUD

The illustrious Capataz de Cargadores.

CLOSE TRACKING on NOSTROMO, his cigar a red glow in the darkness. A shaft of light travels up his body and illuminates his face, his eyes taking in every detail of the street.

ANTONIA and DECOUD watching him from the balcony.

NOSTROMO rides through a small crowd gathered around the CASA GOULD looking up at the windows, listening to the music. Two of his BLACK CARGADORES, each armed with a rifle, acknowledge him as he passes.

DECOUD and ANTONIA watch NOSTROMO's back riding away towards the SQUARE, a powerful and enigmatic figure.

DECOUD

A forbidding man, don't you think?

ANTONIA

Forbidding?

DECOUD

Yes. He seems always lit by shadows.

A space seems to fall between them.

DECOUD

(still looking after him)
Truth is, I envy him.

ANTONIA

Why?

DECOUD

Men are afraid of him, women are in love with him.

ANTONIA laughs.

Inside the GRAN SALA the waltz has finished. COUPLES leave the floor disclosing DR. MONYGHAM at the doorway in his best suit. Talk dies around him, people stare.

MRS GOULD turns, sees him glowering at everybody, crosses to greet him:

MRS GOULD

Good evening, Doctor Monygham.

MONYGHAM

Good evening.

He glances around the room. The MUSIC begins again.

MRS GOULD

They haven't got used to you yet and they are worried by the news. Come ...

And she leads him towards the drinks table.

AVELLANOS joins DECOUD and ANTONIA on the balcony.

AVELLANOS

You know, I don't like the atmosphere in here. They are frightened.

DECOUD (to Avellanos)

May I say a few words?

AVELLANOS

Of course.

DECOUD walks over to the orchestra and signals them to stop.

DECOUD

Senoras y senores! As an outsider I am blessed if I can see the slightest rationale for this gloom and apprehension. Our President is gone from us. Well, tant pis. We face Montero, a slaughter-house General. Well, tant pis. Within two weeks Barrios will confront him in the Capital with the very latest weapons brought here personally by me. He hasn't a hope. So, eat, drink and be merry say I.

A little muted pause.

ELDERLY GUEST

What if he comes over the mountains?

DECOUD

The mountains! Donna Maria, not even the Conquistadores could come over those mountains.

CUT.

72. EXT. MOUNTAINS. DAY.

CLOSE SHOT. The head and shoulders of a MAN bent low against a howling blast of WIND and driving SNOW. The wind eases. The MAN lowers his hands from his face. It is MONTERO. He has a five day length of beard, his scar has opened, his face is clenched with fixed will and the PRESIDENTIAL INSIGNIA is around his neck.

As he struggles to his feet we see he is surrounded by a chosen band of relentless knaves. He is wrapped from head to foot in horse blankets and his boots are covered in bloody rags.

They move on disclosing a column of SOLDIERS behind them,

struggling up through a snow-swept cleft in the rock. Far below the end of the COLUMN is seen as a dark, serpentine line in the whiteness.

A line of SOLDIERS, heads bent against the wind. One of them falls out, sinking to his knees. A SERGEANT belabours him with kicks. He falls over, dead.

Two SOLDIERS, one dead, the other almost dead, lie in a GROTTA at the side of the road. It is half-hidden by a curtain of icicles from the column of passing soldiers outside who are veiled by swirling snow. Two MEN leave the column, duck into the grotto and start stripping the bodies of clothes. Other SOLDIERS follow like a swarm of vultures. They pull off boots, trousers, shirts and socks in a quick series of shocking CLOSE UPS.

The bodies are left alone in the grotto, snow blowing in through the curtain of icicles.

At the head of the column MONTERO comes to a halt. The SUN suddenly illuminates his cracked features and he stares downwards.

LONG SHOT. Beyond a foreground of snow and ice a green valley opens out on to the plain below.

MONTERO lets out a great roar which echoes across the valley.

CUT.

73. DELETED.

74. EXT. RAILHEAD. LATE AFTERNOON.

A SWISS ENGINEER comes to a standstill beside WORKERS who are laying railway sleepers. He sees:

MONTERO hobbling towards him beside a freshly prepared track, followed by his SOLDIERS, all but played out. They meet. The ENGINEER points up to the mountains.

ENGINEER
Have you come over that?

MONTERO
Yes. (he looks around hearing distant clicking) Is that a Telegraph?

ENGINEER
Si, si, Excellence.

MONTERO pushes past him.

CUT.

75. INT. TELEGRAPH HUT. LATE AFTERNOON.

The GERMAN TELEGRAPHIST backs away as MONTERO's huge figure enters his hut and slams the door. MONTERO sees the official portrait of RIBIERA, draws his revolver and shoots it.

MONTERO
Are you the Telegraphist?

TELEGRAPHIST

Yes, Excellence.

MONTERO

Is General Barrios in Sulaco?

TELEGRAPHIST (shakes his head)

Gone -

MONTERO

Gone ? Where ?

TELEGRAPHIST

To the Capital.

MONTERO laughs and glances at the windows which are filling with the gaping faces of his men. He slumps down into the only armchair and warms himself by the fire.

MONTERO

Are you in touch with the Esmeralda garrison?

TELEGRAPHIST

Yes, Excellence.

MONTERO

Take a message to the Commander in Chief.
Commandeer a steamer and bring your entire
garrison to me in Sulaco immediately. Now - to
Gould

76. INT. SULACO TELEGRAPH OFFICE. NIGHT.

BERNHARDT, the Sulaco Telegraphist, pores over a clicking Morse receiver examining a stream of ticker tape, his expression one of considerable alarm. He tears it off, collects it in a bundle and runs for the door. He stops, seeing RIBIERA'S PORTRAIT on the wall, unhooks it and throws it into the waste paper basket.

CUT.

77. EXT. PLAZA MAYOR. NIGHT.

LONG SHOT, the Colonnade. It is raining hard outside in the Plaza. BERNHARDT runs towards camera in and out of the shadows and puddles, the end of the tape trailing behind him.

REVERSE. The end of the TAPE pursuing the retreating figure of BERNHARDT down the Colonnade. He dives through an arch and disappears.

The TAPE turns the corner of the arch into the Plaza. As it comes to its end CAMERA PANS to show the small figure of BERNHARDT racing away across the rainswept square.

CUT.

78. INT. GRAN SALA. NIGHT.

GOULD in the lamp-lit Gran Sala dressed in a cotton gown listening to BERNHARDT reading the tape:

BERNHARDT

"... and your donation will be a valuable contribution towards my victorious campaign. I am sure you will wish to perform your patriotic duty. Montero."

GOULD

Thank you, Bernhardt. No reply. Now, take a message to Mr. Holroyd in San Francisco.

CUT.

79. INT. GOULD BEDROOM. NIGHT.

MRS GOULD waits, sitting up in the four poster bed. GOULD enters.

GOULD

Montero's come over the mountains.

MRS GOULD

He's what - ?

GOULD

- come over the mountains. (quietly) And Barrios is gone -

MRS GOULD

- so we are at his mercy?

GOULD

He wants all the silver up at the mine. (turns to go) Six months of it.

And disappears into his dressing room. She stares after him, gets out of bed.

CUT.

79A. INT. GOULD'S DRESSING ROOM. NIGHT.

GOULD sits in a chair, almost dressed, pulling on his boots with the jingling spurs. MRS GOULD enters in a dressing gown. After a short pause:

MRS GOULD

Charley . . .

GOULD

Yes.

MRS GOULD

Why not let him have it?

GOULD

I thought you would say that.

MRS GOULD

Why not?

GOULD goes over to her and shows her his hands. They are like the hands of a worker up at the mine, brown and cracked. Then he speaks with a passion we have not heard from him before:

GOULD
This is my silver . . . mine.

He stares at her a moment, then turns and goes out of the room, spurs jingling, into the distance.

MRS GOULD (to herself)
All right, Charley.

CUT.

80. EXT. MOUNTAINS AND PLAIN. DAWN.

CLOSE SHOT, BARS OF SILVER, unpacked, at the bottom of a wagon, slipping and sliding as the wagon bumps over rough ground.

LONG SHOT. WAGONS and HORSES thundering across the plain in a cloud of dust.

CLOSE SHOT. WAGONS and HORSES crossing the railway tracks, sparks flying.

CUT.

81. EXT. VIOLA LIVING ROOM. DAWN.

NOSTROMO comes out of the door from the living room, stands in the half light listening to the distant thunder of the wagons. VIOLA appears in his night shirt.

VIOLA
What's happening?

NOSTROMO
They must be bringing the silver down from the mine.

VIOLA
Why?

NOSTROMO (ominous)
I don't know.

CUT.

82. EXT. CITY GATE OF SULACO. DAWN.

The WAGONS come crashing through the old town GATE - veiled in dust.

83. INT. GOULD BEDROOM. DAWN.

MRS GOULD sits up in bed listening to the distant rattle and crash of the wagons entering and crossing the SQUARE.

84. EXT. GOULD STREET. DAWN.

The WAGONS and their GUARDS tearing down the street from the Square. They pull up as they approach the CASA GOULD.

84A. INT. GOULD BEDROOM. DAWN.

MRS GOULD in bed. Over her the noise of the WAGONS, shouted orders and horses' hooves coming to a standstill.

CLOSE. The BUTT OF A RIFLE bangs on the big doors.

CUT.

85. INT. GOULD PATIO. DAWN.

MRS GOULD wrapped in a dressing gown, comes to the edge of the verandah, looks down on a scene of near chaos.

The SILVER WAGONS are being driven, pushed and pulled into the Patio, packed tight to make room for those behind. BASILIO stands appalled beside one of the open doors, MULES and MEN passing in front of him.

MRS GOULD looking down, pale-faced.

CUT.

86. INT. ALBERGO. DAY.

VIOLA and NOSTROMO are piling furniture against the living room windows watched by TERESA and her TWO DAUGHTERS, all looking at NOSTROMO. The SOUND of people running by outside, crying in excited tones.

TERESA (to Nostromo)
If there is going to be trouble, your place is here, looking after your own!

VIOLA (roaring)
Go to bed woman!

NOSTROMO (going)
Adios.

TERESA (a last desperate appeal)
Think of me here with these two girls - at a time like this.
(shouting after him) Traitor!

The door slams and he is gone. VIOLA lets down a massive beam, barring the door.

CUT.

87. EXT. PLAZA MAYOR. DAY.

The sun has risen and dust sweeps across the Plaza. Bands of drunken rioters roam the square. A large bonfire is burning between the equestrian statue and the Intendencia where some men stumble down the steps carrying an elaborate SOFA, others struggle with a gold-framed FEMALE NUDE.

RIOTERS are heaving at ropes which have been attached to the STATUE and are now toppling it. It over-balances, HORSE and RIDER crash down in a geyser of dust. Cheers break out from the RIOTERS.

88. INT. GOULD HOUSE. DAY.

The Gran Sala seen through a haze of dust. MRS GOULD hurries through the shafts of sunlight towards the balcony. She has heard the crashing down of the statue and the wild burst of cheering which follows it. She steps out onto the balcony and sees:

88A. EXT. STREET. DAY.

A CLOUD OF DUST drifting above the end of the street across the Plaza, the yelling crowd almost entirely blotted out by haze. MRS GOULD looks downwards:

A FIGURE scuttles towards the main entrance, suddenly recognisable by its strange hobbling gait.

88B. INT. GOULD HOUSE. DAY.

MRS GOULD turns and runs into the house.

CUT.

88C. INT. COURTYARD. DAY.

BASILIO bows as DR. MONYGHAM enters through the small door and pushes his way through the crowded Patio. He sees MRS GOULD up on the verandah, shouts:

MONYGHAM
Are you all right?

MRS GOULD
Of course.

At the bottom of the stairs he has to manoeuvre himself past and over a great pile of SILVER INGOTS with ARMED GUARDS standing around it.

MRS GOULD
Look at that.

MONYGHAM
What?

MRS GOULD
That.

MONYGHAM
Oh. That.

He ignores it and begins to mount the stairs.

MONYGHAM
Where's your husband?

MRS GOULD
At the Silver Mine.

MONYGHAM
Huh.

89. EXT. PLAZA MAYOR. DAY.

RIOTERS are climbing over the fallen equestrian statue, a lot of cheering and shouting.

DECOUD comes cautiously out onto the balcony of his newspaper office.

GAMACHO sees him.

GAMACHO (pointing)
Look! The Frenchman - !

The RIOTERS stop shouting, look up at DECOUD.

GAMACHO
Frenchman - !

RIOTERS
Frenchman - ! Frenchman - !

Led by GAMACHO they run towards the office entrance.

DECOUD looks down and hurriedly retreats inside.

GAMACHO and RIOTERS tumble up the stairs.

DECOUD, palpably scared, listens to the approaching mob.

The office door is flung open and GAMACHO stands there surrounded by HOOLIGANS. He crosses to DECOUD.

GAMACHO
According to you General Montero is an assassin,
a murderer. What have you to say?

DECOUD
As a journalist I am dedicated to telling the
truth.

GAMACHO hits him across the face with the back of his hand.

GAMACHO
Take him!

They grab DECOUD carrying him shoulder high towards the door.

GAMACHO makes for the printing presses, and with an extravagant gesture, points to the square. They pick up the presses and throw them out of the window.

DECOUD is flung from hand to hand, like some parcel of old clothes, down the stairway and into the square.

He lands at the FEET of a HORSE.

NOSTROMO towers above him. He gives a blast on his whistle.

FOUR CARGADORES lift DECOUD off the pavement and heave him up onto the mare behind NOSTROMO, who spurs the animal forward, lashing out with fist and boot to clear a path.

Pursued by the MOB they make their way through the seething crowd, the wind blowing clouds of dust across the square..

DISSOLVE.

89A. DELETED.

90. DELETED.

91. INT. GRAN SALA. DAY.

It is crammed to bursting with EUROPEAN MEN, WIVES and CHILDREN.
Suppressed panic. NOSTROMO is standing by the stairs with DECOUD.
GOULD enters.

GOULD
Good day.

BOURGEOISIE
Good day! Good day!

GOULD
I'm sorry to be so late but I have been laying
dynamite up at the mine.

AVELLANOS
Dynamite !

GOULD
Yes. And should Montero attempt to take it over
I can bring half the mountain down on top of
him. Now I must decide what to do with the
silver downstairs.

MITCHELL
The Royal Mail steamship arrives the day after
tomorrow - but she won't dare come in.

GOULD
We could load the silver into one of our
lighters, - Nostromo !

NOSTROMO
Yes, senor?

MITCHELL
Could you take a lighter and meet her out in the
Gulf?

NOSTROMO
Yes, senor.

GOULD
Well then, there you are.

There is a rustle of excitement from the gentlemen.

NOSTROMO
I would be sitting on a treasure.

This makes a silence.

MONYGHAM
Where there is treasure there is always a Guzman
Bento ... waiting.

NOSTROMO, as if struck in the face by this.

DECOUD
May I come with you?

NOSTROMO

You?

DECOUD

I can't stay here waiting to be shot.

MRS GOULD

No.

She walks over to NOSTROMO.

MRS GOULD

Nostromo, all of us are in your hands.

NOSTROMO hesitates - they start to applaud. He looks back at MRS GOULD, draws himself up, then makes a bow of submission.

CLOSE SHOT of MONYGHAM watching NOSTROMO.

CUT.

92. DELETED.

93. EXT. SULACO QUAYSIDE. NIGHT.

CLOSE SHOT. SILVER INGOTS are being neatly stacked on the LIGHTER.

A human chain of Middle Class CITIZENS, stripped of their jackets, pass the INGOTS one to another down into the LIGHTER. Walking past them at the same speed as the ingots is DECOUD. He is carrying a small suitcase, his rolled-up parasol and is wearing a light summer suit with a silk shirt.

MRS GOULD, ANTONIA and AVELLANOS surrounded by other EUROPEANS look down anxiously from the quayside. GUARDS, rifles at the ready, posted all around, stopping everyone but the Europeans from approaching the lighter.

DECOUD edges his way past the stack of silver. At the far end GOULD stands with MITCHELL. DECOUD asks anxiously.

DECOUD

Where is Nostromo?

CUT.

94. DELETED.

95. INT. VIOLA BEDROOM. NIGHT.

TERESA sits up in bed, her head bowed over her chest. LINDA and GISELLE seated on either side of her look up as NOSTROMO's feet are heard on the stairs. NOSTROMO comes in, stands looking down at her, uncertain. She raises her face, says in a passionate voice:

TERESA

Their revolutions, you see. This one has killed me. And you were gone away, as usual, for something which did not concern you, foolish man.

NOSTROMO decides not to rise to the provocation.

NOSTROMO (gently)
I have very little time, Padrona ...

TERESA
I see, I see.

She is looking straight at him.

NOSTROMO
Well?

TERESA
When she is of age, you will marry Linda?

NOSTROMO
Have I not said so?

TERESA
Swear it -

She rummages beneath her pillow, produces an old black bible and thrusts it at him.

TERESA
Swear it.

NOSTROMO
I swear it.

TERESA
And listen; you will look after the little one as well?

NOSTROMO
She needs no looking after - but I will do it.

TERESA
Now, both of you, go.

LINDA and GISELLE both go, like shadows on the candle-lit wall.
TERESA trembles.

TERESA
It hurts, friend.

NOSTROMO
I can summon Doctor Monygham, he is near at hand.

TERESA
I need a priest.

NOSTROMO
You will not die.

TERESA
Ah, so you refuse?

NOSTROMO
I am giving you the last few moments I can spare. I am needed to save the silver, Padrona. It will be the most desperate affair of my life.

TERESA

And what will they give you for it?

NOSTROMO

I don't know.

TERESA

To you, the indispensable "Nostr'uomo", the peace of a dying woman is less to you than the praise of these people who have given you a silly name in exchange for your soul and your body.

NOSTROMO's expression darkens as real anger overcomes him.

NOSTROMO

What is the harm in people having need of me?
Is it my fault I am the only man capable of this?

TERESA

They are paying you with words. They have turned your head with their praises. Your vanity will lead you into poverty, misery, and death.

She has spoken with great formal intensity, as if pronouncing a curse. NOSTROMO looks down at her shocked, as if struck dumb.

TERESA

And now go!

NOSTROMO backs into the doorway, horrified. Teresa raises her head listening to the sound of his footsteps going down the stairs.

CUT

96. EXT. QUAYSIDE. NIGHT.

The BARS of SILVER lie packed in the LIGHTER emitting an eerie glow. NOSTROMO's bare feet jump on to them and hurry astern.

Four CARGADORES are pushing the lighter away from the jetty.

MUSIC, a surge of excitement reminiscent of epic voyages.

A group of EUROPEANS stand looking down. GOULD, his wife beside him, puffs at a cigar. AVELLANOS with ANTONIA, CAPTAIN MITCHELL hovering anxiously.

NOSTROMO hoists the big SAIL then runs aft, takes the TILLER, MUSIC continuous.

GOULD watches, impassive.

The LIGHTER, her DINGHY in tow, edges into the darkness.

DECOUD raises an arm, calls out bravely:

DECOUD

Au revoir - !

ANTONIA manages to wave back, eyes filled with tears.

The LIGHTER moves deeper and deeper into the blackness.

AVELLANOS puts his arm around ANTONIA and gently leads her away.

GOULD chucks his cigar end over the quayside.

It drops into the water with a hiss.

CUT.

97. LIGHTER AT SEA. NIGHT.

SILENCE and DARKNESS. Miniscule SOUNDS begin to be heard: the ripple of water, the creak of timbers, the groan of ropes. An IMAGE appears.

The PROW of the LIGHTER is pushing through calm blue-black water, creating a small BOW WAVE crested with PHOSPHORESCENCE. Beyond the PROW the mirror-like surface of the GOLFO PLACIDO reflects an extravagant, tropical vista of STARS and SPACE. Space as seen by a giant telescope: pink tinted GALAXIES, NEBULAE and cloud-like STAR CLUSTERS.

NOSTROMO at the helm silhouetted against the stars as if he were steering the LIGHTER through the heavens. On SOUND the earthly creak of wood, the splash of water.

DECOUD looking at NOSTROMO, seeing him in a new light, the Argonaut.

He gazes around awed by the solitude, experiencing the mysteriousness of the great waters for the first time.

DECOUD
It's desolate.

Silence for a moment, then there is a sudden NOISE and a flash of LIGHT. DECOUD jumps.

NOSTROMO has struck a match and is bending over the COMPASS. On SOUND, the sail flaps.

NOSTROMO
Wind's going.

The MATCH gutters out.

DECOUD watches fascinated as NOSTROMO leans forward and makes a strange chirruping sound. And another. They both look up at the sail to see whether it has responded to the magical process, but the sounds in the boat fade away. NOSTROMO steps to the edge of the LIGHTER and peers into the darkness.

NOSTROMO
Can you row?

DECOUD
A little.

NOSTROMO
We are going to find the island of the Great Isabel.

CUT.

The BLADE of a great OAR plunges into the still water, disrupting the reflection of the stars and causing dancing phosphorescence.

NOSTROMO and DECOUD stand port and starboard, pulling on the huge sweeps; in and out, in and out, the sail limp behind them.

NOSTROMO (impatient)
Pull. We are making a crooked path.

DECOUD
Sorry.

DECOUD does his best to respond but is clearly exhausted. He finishes another stroke.

DECOUD
Shall we rest, Capataz? There are many hours of night before us yet.

NOSTROMO
Rest your arms, senor, if that is what you mean.

CUT.

DECOUD falls back on to the silver floor, panting, his head resting on a tarpaulin wrapped around the silver with ropes. NOSTROMO sits with his hands clasped around his knees. Silence.

NOSTROMO looks about him. DECOUD is fascinated by his every movement.

NOSTROMO
We must risk a small light.

He jumps up, returns to the binnacle and lights a stump of candle. He carefully examines the COMPASS then takes the candle and places it below the gunwale.

DECOUD watches as NOSTROMO collects a handful of sea water and examines it closely under the light, then pours it back into the sea.

NOSTROMO
The Great Isabel is over there.

- and he blows out the candle.

DECOUD'S HEAD goes up.

DECOUD
Listen . . .

A scurrying whisper is approaching across the water.

NOSTROMO
Rain.

The sound comes nearer, feathery as a flight of arrows. Then it can be seen, spreading fast across the water, a silver line of phosphorescence throwing up countless needles of light.

NOSTROMO and DECOUD become brightly lit. The RAIN envelops them. There is a muffled crack as the sail fills with wind. NOSTROMO runs to the tiller. The boat tilts over. The creaks and groans return.

DECOUD raises his PARASOL and contemplates the teeming downpour.

NOSTROMO
Put that thing down.

DECOUD is startled.

DECOUD
Why?

NOSTROMO
Because it annoys me.

DECOUD
Sorry.

DECOUD lowers it. The rain drenches him and suddenly stops. The boat becomes dark and silent.

NOSTROMO lets out a string of oaths in Spanish and Italian, then turns his head, listening.

DECOUD (his voice low)
What's that?

NOSTROMO leaves the tiller and crouches down behind the gunwale. DECOUD joins him. NOSTROMO is tense with concentration. He listens, puzzled. The sound is different from before, heavier, like horses in snow. NOSTROMO whispers:

NOSTROMO
A steamer . . .

Both stare into the darkness. Across the black surface of the sea, now darkened by cloud, the sound gradually becomes distinguishable as the throb of a large SHIP.

NOSTROMO
No lights.

The sound of the ship increases, the night still impenetrably black. It becomes louder and louder.

NOSTROMO
Don't move.

He starts to go towards the sail but suddenly freezes as he hears the ting-ting of a bell. The ship's engines have cut out with a loud hiss of steam. They peer into the blackness.

However close the steamer may be it remains invisible.

NOSTROMO moves stealthily towards the mast.

DECOUD watches him for a moment. Suddenly looks up:

A CLOUD of STEAM is drifting towards the lighter. It comes on through the SHROUDS.

DECOUD ducks in vain, enveloped by it.

NOSTROMO, steam swirling about him, is lowering the sail with infinite care, revealing a bank of cloud and more and more stars.

DECOUD, silhouetted against the steam as it drifts away. SOUNDS drift over the water from the unseen steamer: footsteps, the clank of metal, an exchange of orders.

NOSTROMO lowers the sail on to the deck, rejoins DECOUD, whispers:

NOSTROMO

Soldiers.

A curtain of FINE RAIN drifts over them. Then comes the sharp sound of the ship's BELL. The ENGINES start up again, a deep, throbbing roar. HEAVY RAIN sweeps across the water causing the PHOSPHORESCENCE to sparkle. The propeller can be heard splashing.

The two MEN strain to see something. The rain comes down perpendicular. Then their eyes widen in disbelief:

Looming out of the darkness is the mountainous PROW of the STEAMER.

They rise, the STEAMER towering above them, closer and closer.

The prow collides obliquely with the LIGHTER. NOSTROMO and DECOUD are thrown off their feet.

The prow runs along the side of the lighter, grinding and scraping, tipping it over at a dangerous angle. Water pours in over the far side. The line of INGOTS slides a few inches, straining against the ropes.

NOSTROMO and DECOUD try to pick themselves up. Water sweeps past them down the deck. The NOISE of the ENGINES becomes louder and louder, almost deafening as the black HULL of the steamer shoves its way past.

The two MEN struggle to their feet, holding on to the ropes around the silver, water up to their waists, the steamer's steel plates scraping by in front of them.

The LIGHTER gradually rights herself. The roar of the engines begins to fade, the splashing of the PROPELLER increases.

DECOUD watches, his face brightly lit by the maelstrom of phosphorescence as the propeller passes by. He is rudely interrupted by NOSTROMO's voice, loud above the boiling water.

NOSTROMO

Bale - !

NOSTROMO thrusts a baling can into DECOUD's hands.

NOSTROMO

Bale - ! Bale - !

DECOUD starts to bale.

NOSTROMO

Not like that! Here! Like this!

He seizes the baling can and begins to fling the water overboard in a steady stream.

NOSTROMO

Like that - see !

DECOUD seizes the tin and does as instructed.

NOSTROMO takes up the huge pair of sweeps and begins to plough through the water. DECOUD looks up at him.

NOSTROMO

Keep on . . .!

And he applies himself to the sweeps. In and out. In, out.

DECOUD watches him fascinated and admiring. The rain pouring down.

DISSOLVE.

98. EXT. THE GREAT ISABEL. DAWN.

LONG SHOT, the Great Isabel at dawn. The LIGHTER creeping towards the Island. A fine morning.

NOSTROMO tugs at the two sweeps, his whole chest working, driving himself on by sheer will power.

DECOUD watches deeply impressed.

CUT.

99. BEACH OF THE GREAT ISABEL. DAY.

Shallow, sunlit water. The prow of the LIGHTER slides into picture and runs aground.

LONG SHOT. Butterflies dance in the clear air above a shallow stream which meanders through grass and wild flowers. A single gnarled TREE grows there, stooped and twisted. The LIGHTER is in a sandy cove between the cliffs of a green ravine. NOSTROMO lays down the sweeps for the last time, exhausted. He glances around the horizon and stumbles overboard.

DECOUD remains on the foredeck looking down at NOSTROMO wading ashore through the shallows. MUSIC comes in over DECOUD, the "Nostromo Theme".

He watches NOSTROMO as he pushes himself on, up through the grass and the butterflies. He finally falls to his knees and curls up under the GNARLED TREE.

BIG CLOSE UP. DECOUD is looking at him with unconcealed admiration. The MUSIC finishes.

CUT.

NOSTROMO is asleep under the tree. He murmurs and opens his eyes, finds himself staring up at the PARASOL spread out to protect him from the sun.

DECOUD is sitting in the grass looking at him.

NOSTROMO sits up and makes a courteous sign at the PARASOL.

NOSTROMO

Thank you.

DECOUD is delighted.

DECOUD

I used to come out here when I was ten.

NOSTROMO

I often come out here now.

DECOUD

We always waited hoping to see the Green Flash.

NOSTROMO

Our old generation still believes it is the birth of a miracle.

DECOUD (chuckles)

Yes? (he looks at him) Who was your father?

NOSTROMO

I never saw him and my mother died when I was born.

DECOUD

I'm sorry.

NOSTROMO

I was brought up by the poorest of the poor, passed from hand to hand. It's a debt I can never repay. Later I went to sea cleaning out the bilges.

(a slight smile)

I didn't train for this by pushing a pen.

DECOUD

No indeed.

NOSTROMO

Pushing a pen is a good trade. Like Dante.

DECOUD

You've read Dante?

NOSTROMO

I've heard of him.

DECOUD

Ah.

A flight of butterflies passes by - he watches them.

DECOUD

You know, it only wants a Long John Silver to make this a Treasure Island.

NOSTROMO

That is one of those remarks you put in your newspaper to show how much more clever you are than your readers.

DECOUD

Ah no.

NOSTROMO raises a finger and says admonishingly:

NOSTROMO

Showing off is the mark of a shallow mind.

DECOUD

Who told you that?

NOSTROMO

Teresa.

DECOUD

She's right.

NOSTROMO

Yes?

DECOUD

They say you will wed one of her girls?

NOSTROMO

Linda.

DECOUD

Do you love her?

NOSTROMO

Of course. And you will marry Antonia Avellanos:

A short pause.

DECOUD

No.

Their eyes meet.

DECOUD

I am an imposter.... A fake.

NOSTROMO

I have sometimes wondered.

An awkward pause, then DECOUD suddenly wrenches out a clump of grass and flings it across the sand.

NOSTROMO rises. DECOUD rises. They stand looking at each other, both embarrassed.

Then NOSTROMO turns and walks away.

DECOUD
(somewhat desperate)
Where are you going?

NOSTROMO
To bury the silver.

CLOSE UP of DECOUD.

On SOUND a BELL begins to toll.

CUT.

100. EXT. PLAZA MAYOR. DAY.

It is the GIANT BELL in the CATHEDRAL BELFRY.

Far below the small figure of MONTERO, the only man riding, leads his rag-tag ARMY into the SQUARE. The SOLDIERS have discarded their blankets and are now nearly naked, sunburnt and exhausted. The square is deserted.

A small FAMILY GROUP peer fearfully down from a half closed upper window.

MONTERO's MOB crossing the square below bearing the huge, tattered, FLAG of Costaguana to the beating of drums. A PACK of stray DOGS runs beside them, yapping and barking.

100A. Another line of BELLS begin to chime.

101. INT. GRAN SALA. DAY.

The sides of the room are packed with frightened SERVANTS and their CHILDREN. They stand at a respectful distance watching the GOULDS and MONYGHAM eat their lunch, attended by BASILIO and two smartly dressed HOUSE BOYS with no shoes. Silence apart from the sound of marching feet coming up from the street below. Another peal of bells begins nearby.

GOULD
Shut the windows will you Basilio?

The quaking Basilio shuts the windows hurriedly.

102. EXT. PLAZA MAYOR. DAY.

CLOSE TRACKING. MONTERO, gaunt as a scarecrow mounted on a DONKEY, dogs yapping up at him. His blankets discarded, his face unshaven with the scar beginning to heal, his carefully preserved COCKED HAT throwing into relief his dirty General's uniform, the PRESIDENTIAL INSIGNIA flashing on his chest.

The SOLDIERS are in even worse shape than their General, their skin cracked, bearded, with red-rimmed eyes, carrying rifles or revolvers with spurs strapped to naked feet, all very aware of the unseen faces behind the shuttered windows above them.

At the top of the steps of the INTENDENCIA, GAMACHO and SOTILLO wait nervously with a line of OFFICIALS.

MONTERO arrives at the bottom of the steps and dismounts.

GAMACHO hurries down to him and plants a resounding kiss on either side of his face.

SOTILLO takes his place and whispers:

SOTILLO
The silver is gone.

MONTERO
What - ?

MONTERO wrenches himself free, his face a study of stupefaction.

SOTILLO
Gone.

MONTERO gives him a terrific open-handed swipe which knocks him off his feet.

CUT.

103. RAVINE ON THE GREAT ISABEL. DAY.

NOSTROMO and DECOUD are carefully treading down the joins in the turf where they have just finished burying the SILVER.

NOSTROMO
I shall tell this only to Signor Gould.

DECOUD
Yes.

NOSTROMO
I must go, it's a long swim.

And goes towards the beach.

DECOUD stands looking after him, taken aback by his sudden departure.

NOSTROMO reaches the water's edge where the DINGHY has been pulled up. He takes off his shoes, throws them into the boat, takes off his shirt and rummages among some bags. He pulls out a long KNIFE, attaches it to his belt and shoves it home.

DECOUD
What's that for?

NOSTROMO
Sharks. (points into the dinghy) There's enough food in there to keep you going.

DECOUD (fearfully)
When are you coming back?

NOSTROMO
I shall try and come out to you in a night or two.

He holds out a hand. DECOUD grasps it.

NOSTROMO
Don't worry, Senor - nobody will come here.

He turns and goes off, splashing through the shallows.

DECOUD watches him suddenly overwhelmed by an intense feeling of loss.

NOSTROMO pushes off into deep water and starts to swim towards the LIGHTER.

DECOUD watches him for a moment or two, then:

DECOUD
Goodbye - !

But NOSTROMO doesn't hear him.

DECOUD hesitates, glances up at the old tower, then turns and dashes headlong up the ravine.

103A. EXT. LIGHTER. DAY.

The LIGHTER is half full of water. NOSTROMO clambers aboard, wades over to the mast and starts raising the sail.

DISSOLVE.

104. EXT. TOWER. DAY.

LONG SHOT. The OLD TOWER on top of the cliff, the sea far below. DECOUD struggles up the last few yards of the slope and stops at the base of the tower looking down.

The LIGHTER far below, in deep water, her sail flapping.

DECOUD, still gasping for breath:

DECOUD
Hi . . .! Hi . . .!

NOSTROMO gives a great heave and pulls the plug out of the bottom of the LIGHTER. Water swirls up around him. He climbs on to the rail and dives in.

DECOUD watches anxiously.

NOSTROMO surfaces, swims for several strokes then turns to see:

The upper corner of the LIGHTER's SAIL sinking into the water. There is a shudder and it is suddenly dragged under by some vicious submarine force.

NOSTROMO turns away and quickly settles into a steady stroke towards the mainland.

DECOUD watching, the TOWER behind him.

LONG SHOT. NOSTROMO very small, just visible in a screen full of blue.

CLOSE on DECOUD, his apprehension growing.

CUT.

105. INT. GRAN SALA. DAY.

The meal is finished. The two HOUSEBOYS are leaving with the coffee cups. The SERVANTS and CHILDREN are hovering anxiously. There is an abrupt knocking and the door is opened by SOTILLO.

SOTILLO

Mr. Gould, you are wanted by the President.

All eyes turn to GOULD. After a moment he rises and with great dignity goes towards the door. A SMALL CHILD starts to cry.

CLOSE on MRS. GOULD. She rises to her feet, watching her husband, distraught. The SOUND of the door shutting, unrealistically loud.

CUT.

106 DELETED.

107. EXT. PLAZA MAYOR. DAY.

GOULD is being escorted across the SQUARE to the steps of the INTENDENCIA. He is surrounded by an escort of half-dressed, haggard-faced SOLDIERS with SOTILLO in the lead.

At the top of the steps the ENTRANCE DOOR opens. AVELLANOS and CAPTAIN MITCHELL are ejected. They have an escort of two ragged soldiers.

GOULD looks up at them. They have been roughed up. The SOLDIERS push them forward.

GOULD passes MITCHELL and AVELLANOS halfway up the stairs. He just has time to register their shocked faces when a bullish cut-throat SERGEANT cries out and pushes them on down the steps. The SQUARE empty except for odd groups of exhausted SOLDIERS.

CUT.

108. INT. INTENDENCIA OFFICE. DAY.

SOTILLO throws open the door. MONTERO, ominous and menacing, sits behind GAMACHO's old desk, watching GOULD come in. Then, at a sign from him, SOTILLO closes the door leaving the SOLDIERS outside.

GOULD stops in front of MONTERO, alert but negligent.

MONTERO

Where is the silver?

GOULD points towards the windows.

GOULD

Out there.

MONTERO

On the lighter?

GOULD

Right.

MONTERO

The silver is to be put ashore at . . . ?

GOULD

Panama.

MONTERO

The lighter's headed for Panama?

GOULD

No, no. The Royal Mail steamship, which the lighter is - (glances at his watch) - just about meeting now. Might I have a chair?

MONTERO

What?

GOULD

A chair.

MONTERO turns to SOTILLO, his voice rising:

MONTERO

Get him a chair !

He strides over to the window and stares out at the Square empty except for a few exhausted soldiers. SOTILLO picks up a chair and is carrying it over to GOULD when, suddenly, MONTERO makes a vicious attack on the window curtains, wrenching them off their rail and throwing them to the ground in a cloud of dust. GOULD sits unmoved, the dust from the curtains blowing across him.

MONTERO

I claim the silver mine for the people of Costaguana.

GOULD laughs gently.

MONTERO

Why that laugh?

GOULD

"For the people of Costaguana".

MONTERO

I can take it this afternoon.

GOULD

It has been dynamited.

MONTERO

You would go in first.

GOULD

Still it would be dynamited.

MONTERO

We'd open it up.

GOULD

Try.

MONTERO looks down. Then looks up with a disconcerting smile.

MONTERO
You will not find me ungrateful.

GOULD
No?

MONTERO
A quarter for you. Threequarters for me.

GOULD
Nonsense.

MONTERO snatches the SIX-SHOOTER from the desk and levels it two feet from GOULD's head.

SOTILLO watches, bright eyed.

The hammer is pulled back on the pistol with a click. GOULD is sweating.

CUT.

109. INT. GRAN SALA OF CASA GOULD. LATE AFTERNOON.

MRS GOULD stands in the big room looking towards the window, trying to control her anxiety. MONYGHAM is seated in the shadows.

MONYGHAM
Your husband is a hero.

MRS GOULD
Yes. I know.

MONYGHAM
You do not know what kind of a hero. I do.

CLOSE UP. MONYGHAM finds himself looking at:

A BLACK and WHITE SHOT of FATHER BERON, flanked by his ESCORT.

FATHER BERON
It's time for confession.

CUT.

IN COLOUR again MRS. GOULD watches MONYGHAM stand to his feet. He looks haunted and ill.

MRS. GOULD looks at him, puzzled and concerned.

MRS GOULD
Do please sit down.

Without answering, MONYGHAM returns to his chair and slumps into it, his eyes closing. MUSIC comes in as he slips back again, twenty years, ORGAN music.

CUT.

MONYGHAM stands, chained and filthy, on the carpeted floor of a

Vestry. Around the walls are pictures of the SAINTS, a CROSS and a plaque to the Merciful Mary. He is facing a TRIBUNAL of FOUR UNIFORMED MEN with FATHER BERON at the end of the table. The MUSIC increases in volume. One of the men asks a question. We do not hear what he says.

MONYGHAM shakes his head.

Another man asks a question.

MONYGHAM shakes his head.

FATHER BERON rises to his feet. The MUSIC stops.

FATHER BERON

This is a waste of time. Let me have him for a few minutes.

MONYGHAM looks at him in terror. His eyes travel down.

FATHER BERON's hand is picking up a heavy wooden MALLET from under the table.

CUT.

Inside the SALA, MRS GOULD is watching MONYGHAM. He is sweating, remembering:

The TORTURE CHAMBER. MONYGHAM is tied up, his feet being laid bare.

BERON bends over him.

BERON

Will you make a list of your fellow conspirators?

MONYGHAM closes his eyes and shakes his head.

BERON straightens up, steadies himself and raises the mallet.

MONYGHAM braces himself. The mallet falls. He screams.

CUT.

110. INT. GRAN SALA. LATE AFTERNOON.

The echo of the scream continues briefly over MRS GOULD. She looks down at MONYGHAM's misshapen feet.

MONYGHAM has a handkerchief with which he mops his face which runs with sweat and tears.

MRS GOULD rises, goes over to him, kneels by the chair.

MONYGHAM

I told them everything. Names, addresses. They were all shot.

MRS GOULD

I would have done the same.

MONYGHAM

You ?

MRS GOULD

Of course.

MONYGHAM stares, then, like the first white sun breaking onto a landscape gripped by frost, he begins to relax. He turns away and holds out his hand to her. She takes it.

MONYGHAM

Oh. So many thanks.

CUT.

111. INT. INTENDENCIA OFFICE. LATE AFTERNOON.

GOULD is flung onto the floor of Gamacho's office by FOUR BAD-LOOKING SOLDIERS. They go onto their knees, struggling with him, trying to take off his trousers.

CLOSE SHOT, MONTERO, watching, excited by the evil.

CLOSE SHOT, GOULD looking at him, still struggling. GOULD's body is jerked upwards - his trousers are flung onto the floor beside him.

BIG CLOSE UP GOULD. He becomes still, terror spread over his face.

MONTERO, back to camera, is slowly walking out onto the balcony.

CLOSE SHOT, MONTERO, looking down into the square.

112. EXT. SQUARE. LATE AFTERNOON.

A STRAY DOG wanders through exhausted SOLDIERS, looking for something to eat.

OVER MONTERO'S FACE we hear the SOUND of GOULD groaning. The groans become a SCREAM. MUSIC takes over, high-pitched, painful, loud.

SOLDIERS wake - rise to their feet.

THE DOG stands still, looking upwards.

On a BALCONY, A WOMAN pulls TWO CHILDREN inside a room, slams the shutters.

THE DOG turns and bolts across the square, screaming.

SOLDIERS looking up at MONTERO, terrified.

MUSIC stops.

SILENCE -

CLOSE UP MONTERO looking down at GOULD.

MONTERO

That was just a taste. We have a feast where that came from. Understand? You can go home - for the time being.

CUT.

113. DELETED.

114. INT. GRAN SALA. LONG SHADOWS.

MRS. GOULD runs across the Gran Sala, flings open the door. GOULD stands there, SOLDIERS behind him. She throws her arms around him.

MRS. GOULD
You're safe.

She draws back, looking at him.

MRS. GOULD
What happened?

GOULD
Nothing.

She raises her hand, tidies his hair, looks at him again.

GOULD
Really. They're a rough lot.

MONYGHAM is watching him, guessing the truth. THE SOLDIERS stand gaping at them. GOULD holds up a hand to them and closes the door. He turns to his wife and Monygham.

GOULD
Come.

115. INT. GOULD BEDROOM. LONG SHADOWS.

GOULD leads the way across the bedroom. Sinks onto the bed, looks up at both of them.

GOULD
He wants the mine.

MRS. GOULD looks at him.

MRS. GOULD
Darling

GOULD
Never.

MONYGHAM
I wonder what he'll do now.

GOULD
I am to go back and see him.

MRS. GOULD
No!

MONYGHAM
Did he say when?

GOULD
At his pleasure (a faint smile)
I'm so tired.

MRS. GOULD lays him between the sheets. A pause -

GOULD
I wonder where Nostromo is?

CUT.

116. EXT. BEACH. SETTING SUN.

Camera on MONYGHAM'S BACK. He is standing on the beach looking out to sea.

CLOSE on MONYGHAM, his eyes scanning the horizon.

The SUN begins to sink into the sea. MYSTERIOUS MUSIC.

CLOSE on MONYGHAM. The MUSIC continues.

The SUN lower. The MUSIC louder.

BIG CLOSE UP, MONYGHAM, his concentration increasing. The MUSIC building.

The SUN sinks below the horizon. A BRILLIANT SHAFT OF GREEN LIGHT shines through the waters and is gone.

MONYGHAM stands looking around as if waiting for something.

A GUST OF WIND chases ripples across the scarlet water -

- and blows over MONYGHAM. The MUSIC continues, hesitant. MONYGHAM looks around, searching. A SINGLE INSTRUMENT calls to him from the far side of the screen. He turns, looking for it.

A SEAGULL sweeps by above him across the sunset, flying towards the sound of the instrument.

MONYGHAM starts to walk faster and faster.

SEVERAL GULLS sweep by across the red.

MONYGHAM stops quite suddenly, looking down.

116A. NOSTROMO lies stretched out on the beach beneath him fast asleep. The incoming tide sweeps gently around his legs. He wakes, looks around, finds himself looking up at MONYGHAM. MONYGHAM kneels down beside him on the sand, everything lit by the brilliant red of the sky.

MONYGHAM
Where is the lighter?

NOSTROMO (pauses a fraction)
Sunk.

MONYGHAM
With the silver?

NOSTROMO
Yes. Where is Signor Gould? I must talk to him.

MONYGHAM
You can't. Montero's in the town. Signor Gould is shut in his house. (he glances around) Where is Decoud?

NOSTROMO
I don't know.

MONYGHAM
You will be safe as long as you stay out of sight.
Everyone will believe you are dead.

NOSTROMO
If I had not met you.

MONYGHAM is shaken for a moment.

MONYGHAM
Signor Gould has a plan for you. Where can you hide?

NOSTROMO
The Albergo.

MONYGHAM
Good.

CUT.

117. EXT. RAILWAY TRACK. DUSK/NIGHT.

CLOSE UP - A RED SIGNAL LIGHT is reflected in the silver of the railway track.

NOSTROMO and MONYGHAM are walking slowly down the track.

NOSTROMO
And what is the plan?

MONYGHAM
We are helpless. Montero is after the mine, the telegraph wires have been cut and our ships have been commandeered. We need Barrios and his troops. You alone could bring him back.

NOSTROMO
How?

MONYGHAM
You could ride to him, (pointing) over the snows.

NOSTROMO
The snows?

MONYGHAM
Montero did it. On foot.

NOSTROMO
It would take me three weeks to get there.

MONYGHAM
Not if a locomotive were to take you on a dash down the line 150 miles up to the railhead.

NOSTROMO
A locomotive?

MONYGHAM (warming to the subject)
The latest. They will have a horse, rifle,
anything you want.

A few steps in silence, then -

NOSTROMO
Suppose I went to Barrios. What would you do?

MONYGHAM
I would be taking as big a risk as you. I'd make
Montero believe that the silver is hidden, waiting
to be collected.

NOSTROMO
Where?

MONYGHAM
You know, Capataz, when the time comes, I think I
will indicate the Great Isabel.

NOSTROMO stops, bereft of speech.

MONYGHAM
What's the matter?

NOSTROMO
Three men in half an hour would see that no ground
has been disturbed on that island.

MONYGHAM
Have you a better plan?

NOSTROMO
Tell him it is sunk.

MONYGHAM
Sunk. That has the merit of being the truth;
he will be unable to believe it.

NOSTROMO
Tell him the silver was let down, box by box, in
shallow water not too far from the harbour - to
be recovered afterwards by divers.

MONYGHAM
Yes, yes -

NOSTROMO
He will believe that. There is something about a
treasure which fastens on a man's mind. He will
see it every time he closes his eyes.

MONYGHAM looks at him shrewdly.

MONYGHAM
I begin to suspect you of being a great genius
in your way, Capataz.

NOSTROMO
A great genius?

He turns and walks off down the track. MONYGHAM scurries after him. NOSTROMO turns and catches him by the shoulders.

NOSTROMO

You are paying me with words.

MONYGHAM

Let me go! I am offering you the best means of saving yourself - let me go - and of retrieving your great reputation. Let me go, hombre.

NOSTROMO releases him. MONYGHAM fears he may go off but NOSTROMO remains still. He looks across the track.

The ALBERGO is only a few yards away.

MONYGHAM

I am going to arrange for your departure with the Railway Engineer. I shall be back here long before daybreak.

He looks around nervously.

MONYGHAM

You must go inside.

After a short pause NOSTROMO goes. MONYGHAM watches him, holding back giggles of delight - then he goes.

CUT.

118. INT. VIOLA'S LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

A handful of PEBBLES spatters against the glass windows of the Albergo.

VIOLA is seated at his station in the middle of the living room, the carbine across his knees. LINDA is seated in a corner with her arm around GISELLE. They all look around anxiously at the sound of the pebbles.

VIOLA rises, unbarricades the door and opens it. NOSTROMO steps into the light. VIOLA takes him in his arms. LINDA and GISELLE join them, sobbing uncontrollably, hugging NOSTROMO desperately.

VIOLA

(to Nostromo)
Teresa is dead.

CUT.

119. INT. VIOLA'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

TERESA lies on the bed, her hair neatly combed and the Bible in her hands. She is lit by many candles.

NOSTROMO steps up beside her. He starts to cross himself, looks around, breaks off, and turning softly, goes.

CUT.

120. INT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

NOSTROMO sits at the table eating ravenously, watched over by VIOLA and the GIRLS. Into the silence comes the distant hiss and clatter of an approaching locomotive.

NOSTROMO

I must go.

LINDA

No.

He rises, but she catches hold of his arm.

NOSTROMO

I have to, Linda. (to Viola)
Viejo. I shall wed her soon.

VIOLA

That would have pleased her.

NOSTROMO turns, gathering up his kit.

LINDA

Why must it always be you who goes? Tell me
why?

GISELLE

Why? Because he is Nostromo.

On SOUND, closer now, the LOCOMOTIVE gives a low, muffled hoot. NOSTROMO makes for the door.

The LOCOMOTIVE, under a great head of steam, checks its speed. White clouds spurt out on either side shot through with shafts of red from the fire box.

NOSTROMO, VIOLA and the GIRLS stand in the doorway watching, excitedly.

MONYGHAM can be seen through the steam, climbing down from the footplate assisted by the European ENGINEER who is stripped to the waist and wearing white trousers.

NOSTROMO throws his arms around LINDA, kisses her on both cheeks.

MONYGHAM jumps to the ground, misses his footing and falls beside the track, the massive slow-moving wheels behind him almost at a standstill.

NOSTROMO sprints across the open ground and leaps on to the footplate as MONYGHAM picks himself up.

NOSTROMO disappears into the cab. The engine bursts into full power, wheels spinning.

VIOLA and the GIRLS watch spellbound as the sound of the engine gathers speed.

MONYGHAM watches unable to control his excitement.

The LOCOMOTIVE disappears in a cloud of red and white steam.

The GIRLS watching, listening to the SOUND of the locomotive going faster and faster.

MONYGHAM watching, the sound rising in pitch.

The GIRLS remain where they are, listening. A tear rolls down LINDA's cheek. Then comes a sudden distant scream from the siren. Then rifle fire. LINDA throws an arm around GISELLE and draws her close.

CLOSE on MONYGHAM. The gunfire stops, the locomotive is still gaining speed. He becomes more and more exhilarated. The SIREN blows again, a long triumphant blast. Its echo bouncing hauntingly back off the mountains.

CUT.

121. BEACH OF THE GREAT ISABEL. NIGHT.

DECOUD stands at the water's edge looking towards the mainland. He is listening to the sound of the SIREN echoing across the sea, faint but distinct. It fades. He turns and walks away, stops then turns back again sensing that he has been abandoned.

CUT.

122. EXT. INTENDENCIA. DAY.

Bright sunlight. DOCTOR MONYGHAM drags himself up the steps of the INTENDENCIA. As he reaches the entrance TWO SOLDIERS challenge him.

MONYGHAM

I have come to see General Montero.

As the SOLDIERS escort him to the entrance, MONYGHAM glances up towards the mountains.

CUT.

122A. EXT. ARCH OF ICE. MATTE SHOT. DAY.

NOSTROMO mounted on a horse is picking his way along the base of a frozen cliff culminating far above him in a great arch of ice.

CUT.

123. INT. MONTERO'S OFFICE. DAY.

MONTERO rises to his feet behind his desk. He glares down at MONYGHAM, overpowering, menacing.

MONTERO

Come to the point. What have you got to tell me?

MONYGHAM

I've discovered the whereabouts of the treasure.

An involuntary gasp from SOTILLO, his eyes popping.

MONYGHAM

I would like this to be between you and I.

MONTERO (to Sotillo)

Get out!

SOTILLO goes.

MONTERO (roaring)

Where is it?

CUT.

124. EXT. DECK OF STEAMER. DAY.

A dozen or so HALF-NAKED SOLDIERS are lined up on the deck of a STEAMER a few feet above the water, moored just outside the harbour. Beside each of them is a large lump of stone.

MONTERO walks along the line of men, taps the first MAN on the shoulder with his cane.

MONTERO

You !

The MAN picks up the lump of stone and jumps with it into the water. MONTERO glares down at him then turns to the SECOND SOLDIER clutching another lump of stone.

MONTERO

You !

The SOLDIER leaps into the sea.

MONYGHAM, seated in a deck chair, watches this with satisfaction.

A SHIP'S OFFICER is studying a large CHART spread out on top of the hold. MONTERO approaches.

MONTERO

This depth stretches for - ?

OFFICER

Just over a mile, Excellency.

MONYGHAM

A long way.

MONTERO, irritated, turns back to the SOLDIERS.

MONTERO

Next!

MONYGHAM turns his head looking at the horizon. MUSIC, the NOSTROMO theme.

CUT.

125. EXT. WIDE RIVER VALLEY. MATTE.

EXTREME LONG SHOT A GREAT RIVER wends its way through a mighty RAIN

FOREST. NOSTROMO and his HORSE barely visible.

CUT.

126. EXT. BEACH. GREAT ISABEL. DAY.

The DINGHY big in foreground. In background the SMALL FIGURE of DECOUD standing on the water's edge.

CLOSE on his FACE. He is crying. A VIOLENT SCREAMING WHISTLING NOISE builds up on the SOUND TRACK. The picture is eliminated by DUST.

CUT.

127. EXT. DESERT. DAY. MATTE.

The NOISE subsides a little. We now see NOSTROMO on his knees at the feet of his horse, dust swirling around him, his face distorted by weather and sand.

Framed by the LEGS OF THE HORSE a DUST DEVIL spirals against the blue.

MEDIUM LONG SHOT. NOSTROMO rises to his feet in an apparently limitless desert, weird and lonely.

CUT.

128. EXT. GREAT ISABEL. DAY.

FOUR SILVER INGOTS are dropped, one by one, into the bottom of the DINGHY.

DECOUD drags the little boat down into the water and stands searching the horizon. Seeing nothing he reaches down into the DINGHY, picks up a revolver and stuffs it into his belt. He then pulls the little boat into deeper water and jumps in.

CUT.

129. EXT. LANDSCAPE OF CRACKED MUD. DAY.

CLOSE on the blistered floor of the DESERT, shimmering heat, cracked mud and brilliant sun.

NOSTROMO'S FEET enter picture followed by the HORSE which is lame.

NOSTROMO comes to a standstill in BIG CLOSE UP, his face shockingly weather-beaten, not unlike the terrain on which he stands. He is staring down at:

130. EXT. SEA, LARGE TOWN AND A HARBOUR. DAY.

A distant view of the SEA, a LARGE TOWN and a HARBOUR. Triumphant MUSIC begins.

NOSTROMO takes it all in, scarcely able to believe it. There is a crunch of FEET and a SENTRY appears, rifle at the ready.

SENTRY

Who are you?

NOSTROMO
I am Nostromo.

The MUSIC builds. The SENTRY collects himself then salutes smartly.

NOSTROMO
Is General Barrios near?

SENTRY (pointing)
He's down there.

NOSTROMO walks on. The SENTRY stares after him.

CUT.

130A. EXT. PARADE GROUND. DAY.

The MUSIC builds into a triumphant celebration as the battered FIGURES OF NOSTROMO AND HIS HORSE are escorted by an admiring and excited MOB OF SOLDIERS across a dilapidated parade ground.

BARRIOS watches him approach.

Cheering starts as NOSTROMO steps in front of him and salutes. The TROOPS crowd around them.

NOSTROMO
I have brought you a message from Signor Gould.

Half smiling he fumbles for it in a pocket, pulls it out, is about to hand it over when his strength fails. BARRIOS half catches him as he falls to the ground, exhausted.

CUT.

131. EXT. STEAMER. DAY.

The PROW of a STEAMER cuts through the still waters.

NOSTROMO, his face only half healed, looking ahead at:

A distant shoreline: SULACO and the SNOW-CAPPED MOUNTAINS.

BARRIOS, his OFFICERS, the SHIP'S CAPTAIN and NOSTROMO all looking forward. NOSTROMO sees something. He shades his eyes.

The LIGHTER'S DINGHY, apparently empty, is drifting in the sea several hundred yards away.

CLOSE on NOSTROMO, his mind racing with possibilities. He composes himself, turns to BARRIOS.

NOSTROMO
That's one of our company boats, General.

He takes a pair of binoculars, raises them to his eyes.

The DINGHY is certainly empty.

NOSTROMO
General, I must go and get it.

11.
BARRIOS

Now?

NOSTROMO (dead straight)
I owe it to Captain Mitchell, sir.

He jumps on to the rail and executes a perfect dive into the sea.

Down on deck the SOLDIERS, grouped around a big gun, burst into a cheer, waving their new rifles.

NOSTROMO comes to the surface, waves back at them then swims on.

CUT.

132. EXT. MONTERO'S STEAMER. DAY.

A scene of near-panic and chaos on board MONTERO's STEAMER which is now about half a mile out from the harbour. MONYGHAM is walking through groups of EXHAUSTED DIVERS who lie on the deck amidst nets, ropes and tackle.

DR. MONYGHAM approaches a highly frustrated MONTERO and hands him a pair of binoculars. He points towards the stern of the ship.

MONYGHAM
I think you had better look at that, sir.

MONTERO raises the binoculars to his eyes, drops them in astonishment.

MONTERO
Barrios -

Then he yells at the top of his voice.

MONTERO
Back to the harbour - !

MONYGHAM walks slowly away across the deck. SOLDIERS and SAILORS running in every direction. He disappears down a gangway.

CUT.

133. EXT. GOLFO PLACIDO. DAY.

NOSTROMO seizes the stern of the DINGHY and peers into it, half expecting to see DECOUD. It is empty except for the oars. He clambers in and discovers a reddish-brown stain on the gunwale. He rubs it with his finger then sits back, thinking.

Quite close the sudden SOUND of a SHOT is followed by a splash. He looks into the water, certain now of what happened.

CUT

134. UNDERWATER. DAY.

DECOUD'S BODY sinking through great strands of seaweed leaving a trail of small bubbles and blood.

NOSTROMO considers this for a moment then picks up the oars and starts to row.

THE BODY OF DECOUD, eyes open, sprawled out looking up at the dinghy passing above him.

CUT.

135. RAVINE AND BEACH OF GREAT ISABEL. DAY.

NOSTROMO hauls the DINGHY up onto the beach of the Great Isabel, then runs up the sand to the ravine. He is stopped by:

The PARASOL sticking into the ground near the gnarled tree. It spears a torn off section of chart.

NOSTROMO pulls it off and turns it over. It has writing underneath. As he starts to read DECOUD's voice comes over:

DECOUD

"Cher Nostromo,

Hail and farewell. That's a quotation. I shall be at the bottom of the Gulf by the time you read this. I wonder what it's like down there. There is, alas, no place for me in the world as I see it. You are the only person who will understand.

Your affectionate,
Decoud."

NOSTROMO looks out over the sea. The GUNS begin to speak from the harbour.

CUT.

136. UPPER WORKINGS OF MINE. DAY.

GOULD rises from the plunger up at the mine, listens to the distant banging of the guns, runs towards the entrance.

He comes out under the arch into the sunlight and stops. The sound of the guns is louder here, rising from the valley, echoing back and forth.

A VULTURE appears overhead.

The bird's SHADOW circles GOULD menacingly. He is too occupied to notice it and runs on.

The VULTURE wheeling.

CUT.

136A. EXT. CATHEDRAL DOORS. DAY.

Panicking PEOPLE running into the CATHEDRAL. GUNFIRE loud.

CUT.

137. EXT. NARROW STREET. DAY.

MRS GOULD comes running down a narrow, dust-laden street, the SHADOWS of VULTURES on the walls, her face scared and bereft of make-up. She enters the main square. There is a deafening explosion, everything obscured by dust.

CUT.

138. LOCATION. DAY.

A dozen or so VULTURES wheeling in the sky.

139. EXT. HOSPITAL STREET. DAY.

MONYGHAM with his crab-like walk hops along the hospital street, vulture shadows everywhere, the noise continuous. MONYGHAM passes a WOMAN and a CHILD, both dead, and enters the hospital.

140. INT. HOSPITAL. DAY.

The place is packed with INDIANS, the beds all full, the noise of weeping. MONYGHAM is immediately surrounded by beseeching patients.

141. EXT. ALLEYWAY. DAY.

MRS GOULD runs down a narrow alley, enters a small door at the back of the hospital.

141A. INT. HOSPITAL. DAY.

MRS GOULD enters the main ward. She sees MONYGHAM at the far end, rushes to greet him. He pushes towards her. They meet. He holds out his hands to seize both of hers.

MONYGHAM

Yes, yes. I'm alright.

MRS GOULD

I'm so -

The howl of a shell reaches them.

142. EXT. STREET. DAY.

It hits a corner of the hospital building in a tumbling rush of plaster and rubble.

142A. INT. HOSPITAL. DAY.

Inside the hospital smoke and dust billow in from outside. All is bedlam.

MONYGHAM (yelling)

Vamoos ! Out ! Out !

There is another explosion. Smoke and dust envelop the screen.

142B. EXT. HOSPITAL STREET. DAY.

The empty street, drifting dust, howling and weeping.

143. The GOULD STREET. DAY.

The GOULD street is almost obscured. The noise begins to subside.

144. EXT. CATHEDRAL. DAY.

The FRONT ENTRANCE is closed, criss-crossed with VULTURE SHADOWS.

A deafening explosion.

The shadows scatter.

145. INT. CATHEDRAL. DAY.

The CATHEDRAL is packed, everybody looking upwards.

A COLUMN of DUST floats down from the roof on to the CROWD below.

ANTONIA, clad in white, is kneeling at an ikon, watched by AVELLANOS.

VIOLA sits on a back seat with LINDA and GISELLE, his carbine in his hands. LINDA has her arm around GISELLE who is crying softly.

VIOLA looks around, listening to a PRIEST gabbling Latin prayers. He spits softly over his carbine.

LONG SHOT. The packed CATHEDRAL. The guns have stopped. There is one last rifle shot. SILENCE.

Then comes the SOUND of a HORSE's HOOVES on stone. People look up and around.

146. EXT. PLAZA MAYOR. DAY.

GOULD, white with dust, is entering the SQUARE on his horse. The square is palled by smoke and dust, motionless dead soldiers everywhere.

GOULD looks, ashen faced, at the SOLDIERS leaning out of windows, all dead, everything half obscured by hanging smoke and dust.

SOLDIERS behind a wagon, all dead.

SOLDIERS scattered in scores on the paving stones, all dead.

GOULD looks up through the dust. His expression changes.

MONTERO is staggering down the steps of the INTENDENCIA towards him, ashen white, deluged with blood.

GOULD, stock still, watches the extraordinary figure bearing down on him.

MONTERO reaches the bottom of the steps and stands staring up at GOULD. Their eyes meet. MONTERO gestures around the wreckage.

MONTERO

I am the President - ! All this is mine!

He totters, staggers and is dead before he hits the pavement.

CLOSE UP of the PRESIDENTIAL INSIGNIA lying in the dust.

GOULD stares down at it, then eases his horse forward. A VOICE calls:

MRS GOULD
Charley.

MRS GOULD, white faced and spattered with blood, stands in the motionless dust and smoke. MONYGHAM is behind her among a crowd of INDIANS.

GOULD stares at his wife, says in a shocked voice:

GOULD
Who are these?

MRS GOULD
Ghosts, Charley, ghosts. Don't you remember?

147. LOCATION. DAY.

Hundreds of VULTURES are circling in the sky.

CUT.

148. EXT. MOUNTAIN MATTE. DAY.

EXTREME LONG SHOT. The calm waters of the GULF in foreground, the snow-capped MOUNTAINS in background. The middle section of the screen including the distant town, blotted out by the hanging dust and smoke.

149. EXT. RAVINE ON THE GREAT ISABEL. DAY.

NOSTROMO stands in the ravine listening to the explosions, looking at the dust cloud. He turns and wanders back through the grass and the butterflies and flops down against the gnarled tree.

He sits there a moment, takes an ingot from under his legs and carefully removes a fleck of dirt from it. He says to himself:

NOSTROMO
I must grow rich . . (looking at the distant
mainland) . . very slowly.

Gay MUSIC fades in.

DISSOLVE

150. EXT. PLAZA MAYOR. DAY.

BRAND NEW RED and WHITE BANNERS are fluttering above the town. The Black Flags with the Gold Dragons have gone.

150A. HIGH ANGLE LONG SHOT. The music comes from a small cafe orchestra in a renewed PLAZA MAYOR. The EQUESTRIAN STATUE has been replaced by a brand new bronze depicting BARRIOS in an heroic posture. It has a green grass verge surrounded by a low railing with brass knobs. The INTENDENCIA has been repaired, there are smart shops, a cafe and everything has an air of prosperity.

CAPTAIN MITCHELL walks with HOLROYD to the base of the statue.

HOLROYD (pointing up to the statue)
Who put that up there?

MITCHELL
Well he did of course. It should have been Nostromo. A hero if ever there was one. That man succeeded in everything except in saving the silver.

HOLROYD
Where is he now ?

MITCHELL
Trading hides in Lima and selling them in Panama. I never dreamed he had a head for finance. He's even paid off the loan on the schooner. Astonishing success. Long may it continue. (makes a gesture embracing the whole square) Well, sir, here's the nub of the matter!

HOLROYD glances around the square.

HOLROYD
Gould has done well. Could be Italy.

The Cathedral bell strikes. MITCHELL looks at his watch.

MITCHELL
Confound it! (lowers his voice) There's Doctor Monygham.

MONYGHAM got up in a loose morning suit and wing collar is limping across the square. MITCHELL's voice continues:

MITCHELL (V.O.)
He is to be present at the lunch I suppose.

HOLROYD and MITCHELL turn and start walking back.

HOLROYD
Mrs Gould speaks very highly of him.

MITCHELL
Mrs Gould speaks highly of everyone. (glances back at Monygham) I can recall him limping about the streets in native sandals with a water melon under his arm. A big-wig now, sir, and as nasty as ever.

CUT.

151. EXT. GOULD GARDEN. DAY.

HOLROYD is on his feet making an after-luncheon speech in the cool shades of the walled garden. The GOULDS, MITCHELL, MONYGHAM, AVELLANOS and ANTONIA, all in black, paying attention.

HOLROYD
Gould, you once said you could buy yourself a government. Well, sir, you have done it, in the person of Don Avellanos here.

AVELLANOS (straight-faced)
I shall quote you, sir, in my next election.

HOLROYD
Very good to have you with us. And now to business. Young man, you have done a most creditable thing here, and I have decided to double our investment. You can start boring a second lode now.

GOULD looks down and grips his chair tightly.

MRS GOULD is looking at him, distress written on her face.

GOULD relaxes his grip, looks up at HOLROYD not once looking at his wife.

GOULD
Thank you.

HOLROYD
Not at all. Just good business.

MONYGHAM
You are taking your place among the heroes of this town, Don Carlos. You haven't a thing to thank anybody for. Like Nostromo.

CUT.

152. EXT. GREAT ISABEL. DAY.

NOSTROMO'S beautiful SCHOONER appears around a rocky point of the GREAT ISABEL.

NOSTROMO stands on the tilting deck by the wheel which is in the hands of a SEAMAN. He is very smartly, perhaps too smartly dressed. He looks high up, well satisfied.

The billowing canvas aloft.

The SEAMAN looks off at the ISABEL.

SEAMAN
Look, sir !

NOSTROMO turns towards the island. On top of the approaching cliff where Guzman Bento's tower once stood is a brand new LIGHTHOUSE, still surrounded by the remains of scaffolding.

NOSTROMO stands looking up at it, horrified.

NOSTROMO
A lighthouse. (collects himself somewhat)
Go closer.

SEAMAN
Stand by !

And the boom of the schooner is let out into the wind a little.

NOSTROMO takes out a pair of binoculars and forces himself to

stroll slowly over to the side of the boat. He raises them to his eyes.

BINOCULAR SHOT. The beach is coming into view behind the cliff face. There are piles of ropes, pulleys and planks on the sand. Three WORKMEN are bathing.

NOSTROMO lowers the binoculars. The WORKMEN wave at him. He manages to wave back. A track leads up through the ravine to a new house on top of the slope. He raises the glasses again.

BINOCULAR SHOT. The grass, the gnarled tree and the flowers are all undisturbed.

The SEAMAN calls to NOSTROMO admiringly:

SEAMAN

I wonder who thought of that, sir!

NOSTROMO (between his teeth)

Captain Mitchell I suppose.

CUT.

153. INT. MITCHELL'S OFFICE. DAY.

NOSTROMO appears through the glass door of Mitchell's office, knocks and enters. He is in his shore-going togs; a smartly cut tropical suit, polished shoes and has the look of a pirate.

MITCHELL ostentatiously holds out his hand.

MITCHELL

And where did you end up this time?

NOSTROMO

Havana.

MITCHELL

Never been there myself. Sit down. What can I do for you?

NOSTROMO

You have a lighthouse out on the Isabel.

MITCHELL

Yes, a good one.

NOSTROMO

Excellent idea. Have you a keeper?

MITCHELL

No.

NOSTROMO

Signor Viola.

MITCHELL

Viola ?

NOSTROMO

Yes.

MITCHELL
Viola is getting on in years.

NOSTROMO
The two girls could man the light.

MITCHELL
It is a lonely place.

NOSTROMO
That's what he likes.

MITCHELL
Well, I don't know . . .

NOSTROMO punches the table, suddenly galvanic:

NOSTROMO
Does this town owe me nothing at all ?

MITCHELL goes brick red.

MITCHELL
I will put it in hand.

DISSOLVE.

154. EXT. GREAT ISABEL. DAY.

The SCREEN is filled with screeching SEAGULLS. The source of their indignation is NOSTROMO, who, wearing another dapper tropical suit, is walking up the beach into the RAVINE. Behind him his SCHOONER is anchored off the cove with her smartly painted DINGHY drawn up on the sand in charge of two SAILORS. As NOSTROMO comes closer he looks casually around.

The waving grass now golden and mixed with poppies, the gnarled TREE and the butterflies, undisturbed.

He looks upwards:

The LIGHTHOUSE, clear of scaffolding now, above the ravine.

He looks up ahead:

The HOUSE at the end of the track.

A WINDOW is thrown open at the top of the lighthouse. LINDA calls down excitedly:

LINDA
Gian' Battista - !

She waves down to him, pulls the window to and disappears.

A SHADOW moves out from behind a large rock. It is VIOLA, a rifle slung over his shoulder.

VIOLA
When did you get in?

NOSTROMO
Yesterday evening ... (pointing to the mainland)
... and went straight to the Bank.

VIOLA laughs and claps him on the back. NOSTROMO looks at the gun.

NOSTROMO
What's this?

VIOLA
There's a thief somewhere on this island.

NOSTROMO
What do you mean?

VIOLA
Someone comes here at night. He was here
last night. I saw a boat in the moonlight.

He points to the ravine.

NOSTROMO
(laughs uneasily)
You must have imagined it.

VIOLA
No. No. Those creatures over there -
(waves towards the land)
... when they get drunk, they'll take
anything they can. I'm worried about
Giselle.

LINDA comes running down the path from the lighthouse and stops in front of NOSTROMO, suddenly shy. He leans forward and kisses her gently on both cheeks. A pair of arms are thrown around him from behind, hugging him tightly. It is GISELLE.

VIOLA
Show him the house, Linda.

LINDA proudly takes his arm. VIOLA puts his arm on GISELLE's shoulder.

VIOLA
Pray give you a man like that for a husband,
Little One.

NOSTROMO and LINDA are walking away, GISELLE, watching them.

VIOLA (V.O.)
I'm going to cook something -

155. INT. LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER'S HOUSE. DAY.

The bedroom door is opened by LINDA. NOSTROMO steps up beside her looking into the room. LINDA points to the two beds.

LINDA
Giselle - (to the second bed) - Me.

NOSTROMO thrusts his way past her, looks out of the window.

The COVE is visible, but not the tree.

NOSTROMO (relieved)
Very nice.

He rejoins LINDA in the long, narrow passage. LINDA turns to the door next to the girls' room and opens it.

LINDA
Father's bedroom.

NOSTROMO peers in, nods again. LINDA moves on.

LINDA
And here's the kitchen.

VIOLA is working at the stove, GISELLE is sitting at the table. NOSTROMO laughs and points at the poster of GARIBALDI with the CARBINE below it.

NOSTROMO
And Garibaldi is all prepared to look after it.

VIOLA
Oh, Garibaldi is always ready. (to Linda)
Show him the great lamp!

CUT.

156. INT-EXT. LIGHTHOUSE. DAY.

LINDA clatters up the circular wooden staircase into the LAMP ROOM leading NOSTROMO by the hand. They stop, looking around.

Inside the great glass cage is a magical conspiracy of reflecting and re-reflecting surfaces surrounded by blue sky and distant sea. A space capsule of the first years of the century.

LINDA
It's a miracle of glass.

NOSTROMO (taking it in)
Yes . .

GISELLE saunters over to the circular window and stares out at the infinity of sky and wheeling sea gulls.

LINDA pulls a lever.

LINDA
Look -

The LAMP begins to revolve sweetly.

LINDA
It throws a beam of light right across the Gulf.

GISELLE sighs.

LINDA
If you paid attention you might learn something.

GISELLE
I'm not interested in machinery.

They all turn as the distant sound of VIOLA's voice is heard calling: "Linda . . ." LINDA switches off the machinery and hurries off.

GISELLE stands, her back to the camera, listening to her sister's footsteps clattering down the stairs.

NOSTROMO hears the footsteps reach the bottom of the stairway. The door bangs. He turns and looks down through the window:

LINDA is running away down the footpath towards the house.

GISELLE is also watching her.

LINDA enters the front door and disappears.

GISELLE turns from watching her sister to look at NOSTROMO.

Their eyes meet. A detonation hangs in the air between them. She turns away. The mournful cry of a gull floats up from below. MUSIC begins, very quietly echoing the sad cry of the gull.

GISELLE
Nothing but sky and water.

NOSTROMO moves slowly towards her. She faintly turns her head, very aware of him as he stops close behind her. The MUSIC sinuous and insistent. He takes her gently by the waist and turns her to him.

GISELLE
I could hate you, Gian' Batttista.

He kisses her gently on the lips. They draw apart, looking into each others eyes. Then they kiss again passionately, his hands clutching at her body. There is a distant shout from VIOLA.

VIOLA
Nostromo !

They pull apart - staring down through the panes. The distant figure of VIOLA stands in the doorway, looking up -

VIOLA
Lunch is ready.

He turns and goes back into the house. We do not know what he has seen.

NOSTROMO and GISELLE stare at each other distraught. Then GISELLE hurries towards the stairs. He follows close behind. Their feet clatter down to the door. The door bangs. Silence.

CUT.

157. INT. KITCHEN. DAY.

VIOLA, the TWO GIRLS and NOSTROMO sit eating their lunch in awkward silence. VIOLA stares at NOSTROMO. After a moment:

VIOLA
Well ? What did you think of the great lamp ?

NOSTROMO
It's very big.

VIOLA grunts. Another pause. VIOLA looks at him again.

VIOLA
Where did you come by that suit?

NOSTROMO
Valparaiso.

VIOLA with the poster of Garibaldi and the gun behind him:

VIOLA
Don Avellanos does not wear suits like that.

CUT.

158. EXT. LIGHTHOUSE. NIGHT.

CLOSE on the top of the lighthouse. The BEAM swings across the screen.

159. INTERIOR LIGHTHOUSE. NIGHT.

LINDA sits in her chair rocking to and fro, to and fro. The quiet whir of machinery, the light rising and waning with monotonous regularity.

160. INT. BEDROOM. NIGHT.

GISELLE lies in her bed, thinking of NOSTROMO. MUSIC, quiet and erotic, fades in again. She stares at the ceiling as the beam from the lighthouse floods the room with light and fades away, an oil LAMP on the window sill casting a yellow glow over the bed. The beam comes again and fades again.

161. EXT. SULACO HARBOUR. NIGHT.

The beam sweeps on to NOSTROMO. The Erotic Music continuous. He is dressed in black holding an old LEATHER BAG, at the stern of his moored SCHOONER. He stands looking out across the harbour.

The distant light swings towards him.

He waits for it to pass, then moves quietly down the steps into the DINGHY.

CUT.

162. INT. BEDROOM. NIGHT.

GISELLE lies on her bed, waiting. The light comes and goes. She pushes the sheet back, rises to her knees, looks out of the window.

The SEA a glistening silver in the moonlight, the RAVINE a dark gash. No one to be seen.

The beam crosses GISELLE's face, very bright. She ducks instinctively, then lies back on the bed.

163. EXT. RAVINE. DAY FOR NIGHT.

The gnarled tree and the grass still and dark against the moonlit sea. The MUSIC fades. After a moment the sound of breathing.

NOSTROMO is on his knees, a black silhouette, his right arm stretched deep down through a hole in the grass. There is a faint clink of metal. He carefully withdraws his arm from the hiding place. His hand is holding:

A SILVER INGOT, glinting in the moonlight.

NOSTROMO looks up from it, sees:

The distant LIGHT in GISELLE's window. The MUSIC returns.

He hesitates a moment, then slips the ingot into the bag where it clinks against others already there. He rises, takes up the heavy load and puts it down behind a rock. Then turns back to the light in GISELLE's window. The MUSIC continues as he stares at it, then moves off towards it.

CUT.

164. INT. BEDROOM. NIGHT.

GISELLE in her bed staring at the ceiling. The beam from the lighthouse floods the room with light, and fades. She suddenly pulls back the sheet and sits bolt upright, quite still, aware of his presence. The beam returns flooding her with reflected light. As soon as it fades she is on her feet by the window where she gives an involuntary start. NOSTROMO is standing just below her. The light sweeps over them. He ducks down and she steps back into the room.

She stands waiting, back to camera, her whole body silhouetted against her glowing nightdress. The light fades. He climbs quickly up over the window sill and into the room.

He takes her in his arms, slipping his hands under her nightdress. They kiss gently on the lips, part for a moment, both looking towards VIOLA's room next door. The room lights up again. They move towards the bed.

165. INT. LIGHTHOUSE. NIGHT.

LINDA sits in her chair, the mechanism purring, the light rising and waning. There is something wrong. She looks around, haunted by strange vibrations. She rises from the chair, goes to the window and looks out over the sea. It is not there.

She goes back to the light, looks down at the revolving mechanism. Rings of prisms turning, glittering and sparkling, like diamonds, sensual.

She stares at them, then finds her attention drawn towards the balcony.

She walks over to the balcony, opens the door and steps outside.

She looks around, and finds her eyes focussed on:

The HOUSE. The beam sweeps over it.

She stares down at it for two or three seconds, then goes back inside closing the door behind her. Like a sleep-walker she moves across the room and down the stairs.

166. INT. BEDROOM. NIGHT.

NOSTROMO is pulling on his black sweater, GISELLE lying on the bed, her face wet with tears.

NOSTROMO
I shall be back again in two weeks.

GISELLE
Take me with you.

NOSTROMO
. . I can't . . Not yet . . Not yet . .

She looks up at him.

GISELLE
What will become of me . . . ?

NOSTROMO looks down at her desperately, bends to kiss her. She flings her arms around him. He pulls away.

LINDA is coming through the front door into the passage. She moves forward.

Her POV, camera tracking down the passage towards the bedroom door.

LINDA stops in front of the door, then suddenly throws it open.

GISELLE is kneeling on the bed looking out into the night. She looks round at LINDA, petrified. Their eyes meet for a moment. Then LINDA turns and goes, shutting the door behind her.

She stands in the passage puzzled and bewildered. Turns and goes towards the front door. As she reaches it the door in foreground of picture opens and VIOLA comes out of his bedroom. He stands watching her as she quietly closes the front door behind her.

CLOSE UP VIOLA, torn by deep-rooted suspicions.

167. EXT. RAVINE. NIGHT.

NOSTROMO takes the bag of ingots from its hiding place behind the rock and lugs it, clanking, down the beach. He heaves it into the dinghy, where it lands with a loud clonk.

CUT.

168, 169, 170, 171 DELETED.

172. EXT. HARBOUR AND SEA. DAY.

In bright sunlight the SAILS OF THE SCHOONER come clattering down the mast.

CUT.

173. EXT. SULACO HARBOUR. DAY.

CAPTAIN MITCHELL stands on the Quayside among a small crowd of onlookers.

MITCHELL

Two weeks almost to the minute.

CUT.

NOSTROMO clammers up on to the quayside wearing a raffish and expensive suit, carrying an attache case. The CARGADORES raise their caps to him.

CAPTAIN MITCHELL hurries up.

MITCHELL

Good to have you back. I say -

NOSTROMO

What ?

MITCHELL

Lovely shoes.

NOSTROMO wipes one of them on his other leg and holds it out.

NOSTROMO

Alligator. Florida.

MITCHELL

Really. Successful trip ?

NOSTROMO proudly holds up the attache case, there is a muffled rattle of money.

CUT.

174. INT. BANK. DAY.

CLOSE on an expert hand counting BANK NOTES.

NOSTROMO is standing on the other side of the counter watching the MANAGER and two CLERKS counting coins and banknotes.

MONYGHAM enters the door disclosing a glimpse of the Plaza Mayor behind him. He comes to a standstill very near NOSTROMO. After a significant pause he looks at MONYGHAM.

NOSTROMO

Signor.

MONYGHAM

How do you do ?

NOSTROMO turns back again as the clerks scribble the total of their findings and pass them to the MANAGER. He glances at it and gives it to NOSTROMO who nods and puts it in his pocket. The MANAGER comes around the counter, hands the attache case to NOSTROMO and holds open the door.

MONYGHAM (to Nostromo)
You are going out to the island ?

NOSTROMO stops, suspicious.

NOSTROMO
Yes. Tonight. I have some presents for them.

MONYGHAM
Ah. Wish Viola well from me.

NOSTROMO turns to go.

MONYGHAM
And his daughters.

NOSTROMO leaves. The MANAGER closes the door.

MANAGER
What a story he could tell. Eh?

MONYGHAM
I would suppose so.

CUT.

175. EXT. HARBOUR. DUSK.

NOSTROMO is climbing down from the SCHOONER into the DINGHY as a SAILOR holds the rope. He stows the LEATHER BAG and takes up the oars. The SAILOR throws the rope and NOSTROMO pulls away.

CUT.

176. INT. GRAN SALA. NIGHT.

The GRAN SALA is half full of GUESTS all talking at once. MUSIC is playing and some are dancing.

AVELLANOS and MONYGHAM stand together.

AVELLANOS
Where's Gould ?

MONYGHAM makes a gesture.

MRS GOULD is on the balcony looking up towards the mine as she did at the beginning of the film.

AVELLANOS (voice over)
The silver. I was afraid of that.

CUT.

177. GOULD'S ROOM AT THE MINE. NIGHT.

GOULD has converted part of the SILVER STORE into a makeshift bedroom. Near a simple bed he has a washbasin and a rough chest of drawers fitted into piles of SILVER INGOTS. The distant roar of the stamps heightens as GOULD opens the door and enters. He shuts it, wanders over to the bed and sits staring at the floor.

178. INT. STAMPING MILL. NIGHT.

The STAMPS pounding away with a thunderous roar.

CLOSE ON GOULD sitting on his bed without movement, listening to the stamps, mesmerised.

CUT.

179. EXT. BEACH OF THE GREAT ISABEL. Day for NIGHT.

The dark outlines of the GNARLED TREE and the grass against the moonlit sea. In the distance NOSTROMO rowing his DINGHY towards the shore.

179A. GISELLE, framed in her bedroom window, waiting for him.

180. INT. LIGHTHOUSE. NIGHT.

LINDA lights the LAMP, the mechanism starts to revolve. She sits, her face drawn, certain of her betrayal.

NOSTROMO steps out of the dinghy, stands in the shallow water looking around. Nothing. He drags the boat up on to the shore behind a rock and lifts out his battered leather bag.

181. INT. GIRLS BEDROOM. NIGHT.

GISELLE places her OIL LAMP in the open window, then kneels back on the bed. Silence. The BEAM from the lighthouse coming and going every three or four seconds.

NOSTROMO comes cautiously up the beach around some rocks carrying his bag, a black silhouette against the glistening white sand. He stops, looking up and around the ravine, somehow uncertain.

GISELLE in the window, waiting.

NOSTROMO is moving again, coming up the path to the long grass covering the treasure. He stops beside it, looking down, then turns to look up at:

The light in GISELLE's window.

He hesitates.

GISELLE reaches out to the lamp and turns up the wick.

NOSTROMO hesitates a moment longer, then throwing the bag aside he moves on - but only for a pace.

A SOUND, close by, stops him dead in his tracks. The click of a RIFLE BOLT. He finds himself looking at:

The muzzle of a CARBINE pointed straight at him, a mane of white hair above it.

NOSTROMO straightens up, almost arrogant, staring at the old man. There is a split second pause. The gun fires filling the screen with smoke and flame.

VIOLA lowers the carbine.

NOSTROMO is reeling away down the path in black silhouette, towards the beach. He falls, collapsing on the sand.

GISELLE comes rushing down the ravine, her nightdress streaming behind her. She passes her father and falls to her knees beside NOSTROMO.

VIOLA stares down at them.

LINDA rushes past, stopping on the sand, transfixed by the sight of NOSTROMO and her sister.

GISELLE takes NOSTROMO's head and rests it on her naked thigh.

They make a harsh black and white tableau against the moonlit sand.

CUT.

182. INT. THE CASA GOULD. NIGHT.

MONYGHAM hurries frantically up to the GRAN SALA.

MRS GOULD is standing alone in the big empty room. She turns as MONYGHAM hastens towards her.

MONYGHAM

There's been an accident.

MRS GOULD

What ?

MONYGHAM

Nostromo's been hurt - badly. He's downstairs in the patio. He wants to see you.

MRS GOULD

Me ?

MONYGHAM

There's not much time.

She runs from the room.

183. INT. PATIO. NIGHT.

Down in the PATIO BASILIO, SERVANTS and black CARGADORES are pushing the big door closed against a gathering CROWD.

In a corner, surrounded by SERVANTS and CARGADORES, NOSTROMO lies on an improvised stretcher, his chest tightly bandaged. GISELLE is at his side trying to control her sobs.

MRS GOULD and MONYGHAM come down into the patio, the long train of her evening gown flashing with jewels. NOSTROMO sees her:

NOSTROMO

Giselle . .

GISELLE

Yes?

NOSTROMO

Go with the doctor for a moment.

GISELLE allows MONYGHAM to lead her away. MRS GOULD kneels on the ground at his head.

MRS GOULD

How has this happened?

NOSTROMO

The old man thought I was a thief. He was right.

MRS GOULD

What do you mean ?

NOSTROMO

The silver . .

MRS GOULD

Yes ?

NOSTROMO

I stole it.

MRS GOULD pauses.

MONYGHAM stands with GISELLE a few yards away, staring down at them.

NOSTROMO is trying to say something, MRS GOULD bends closer.

NOSTROMO (very quietly)

I want to tell you where I hid it . .

She gently places a hand over his mouth.

MRS GOULD

No. No Capataz. Let it be lost forever.
Isn't there already enough greed in the world
to make everybody miserable.

A smile spreads across his face. MRS GOULD turns and beckons to GISELLE. NOSTROMO reaches up for GISELLE's hand then looks up:

A FLIGHT OF GEESE are passing overhead.

He looks after them. The mournful sound of their wings fades away. NOSTROMO'S head slumps to one side. He is dead.

184. EXT. LIGHTHOUSE. NIGHT.

LINDA steps out onto the rail surrounding the lamp room. She looks up:

The GEESE are flying over the lighthouse and out to sea. She calls after them:

LINDA

Gian' Battista - ! - ! -

She half raises her hand in farewell.

CUT.

185. INT. PATIO. NIGHT.

NOSTROMO'S BODY is lifted off the floor of the PATIO by his BLACK CARGADORES. His face comes into CLOSE UP. The BIG DOORS are being pushed open, the CROWD are hushed. The CARGADORES start to move NOSTROMO out into the street.

MONYGHAM goes close to MRS GOULD, his voice alive with curiosity.

MONYGHAM

He told you - ?

MRS GOULD

Nothing.

MONYGHAM does not believe her. They are swept aside by the crowd following NOSTROMO.

CUT.

186. EXT. PLAZA MAYOR. NIGHT.

NOSTROMO is being carried across the SQUARE towards the CATHEDRAL. BELLS start to peal, echoing over the town. TORCHES have appeared, all centred on NOSTROMO.

CLOSE on NOSTROMO, quiet, reconciled. Hands reach up to touch him, his name being called.

MRS GOULD and GISELLE jostled by the crowd. GISELLE weeping tears of despair. MRS GOULD looks at her.

MRS GOULD

Console yourself, child. He was in the grip of an obsession. Very soon he would have forgotten you.

Tears course down GISELLE's face.

GISELLE

Signora, he loved me. He loved me.

A spasm of agony crosses MRS GOULD's face.

MRS GOULD

I have been loved too.

The CATHEDRAL DOORS swing open disclosing a mass of gold lit by a hundred CANDLES. NOSTROMO moves through the doors. The CROWD chants, "Nostromo - Nostromo - ", triumphant, victorious.

CROWD

Nostromo. Nostromo. Nostromo.

NOSTROMO is carried aloft into the CATHEDRAL surrounded by torches and candles, like a firefly, burning.

MONYGHAM, unable to keep up with the crowd, stands looking after him, without comprehension.

NOSTROMO, austere and calm, is carried shoulder high through the CATHEDRAL looking like a hero from an early Russian film by Eisenstein.

The BELLS toll.

DISSOLVE.

DAY. SUNLIGHT.

THE HIDING PLACE OF THE TREASURE.

The waving grass, the flowers, the gnarled tree and the butterflies.

The END TITLES roll up over them.

THE END