REVENGE

by

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Based on the novella

by

Jim Harrison

Revenge is a dish better served cold.

(old Spanish adage)

FADE IN:

1 EXT. DESERT - DAY 1

The sun is brilliantly hot... A high mountain valley, dry but lush with mesquite and chaparral...

2 A CONE OF VULTURES 2

exploring the thermals; some of them flying very low, just off the gravel road... so still that the heat is almost audible.

3 ROADSIDE BRUSH 3

More vultures... The stillness is broken intermittently by a faint groan.

4 COCHRAN 4

lying naked against the rocks in the same position he was thrown the night before; his left arm twisted askew and obviously fractured.

His whole body caked with blood and dirt; blue and swollen patches under the filth on Cochran's face...

5 THE SUN 5

overhead, burning down; more vultures wheel and turn through the air.

CUT.

6 EXT. GRAVEL ROAD - EVENING 6

An Indian peasant named MAURO is walking along, his teenage DAUGHTER alongside...

He pauses for a moment and watches the hovering vultures with curiosity. As Mauro moves closer, they fly off. He draws an imposing bone-handled knife...

Mauro waves to his Daughter to stay on the road and moves carefully into the brush...

7 OFF THE ROAD 7

Cochran is unconscious as Mauro approaches and stoops beside him...

After a moment, he rushes back out to the road and commands his Daughter...

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: 7

MAURO
Tienen que consequir al Senor Diller. Digale que esta casi muerto.

She runs off, her footfalls crunching on the gravel...

CUT.

8 EXT. MISSION COURTYARD 8

Garden, livestock quartered in a pasture and pen, chickens, goats, pigs, a few milk cows... There is a simple chapel and infirmary.

The Daughter comes into view, running toward the gate.

9 INT. MISSION DINING ROOM 9

DILLER, a Mennonite medical missionary, sits at the table; before him, an ample meal of pork roast on a bed of browned sauerkraut and potatoes.

A PORTABLE RADIO on a table plays popular MEXICAN MUSIC.

DILLER
Oh, Lord, bless this food to our use and us to thy service. Amen.

Diller begins wolfing down his lunch with immense relish...

10 THE DAUGHTER 10

bursts in. She speaks breathlessly in hesitant but perfect English.

DAUGHTER
There is a man in the desert. He is almost dead.

Diller looks worriedly at his pork roast then gets up...

CUT.

11 INT. AMBULANCE 11

Diller is driving. The vehicle jounces up the road. The Daughter is singing, then pauses, embarrassed.

DAUGHTER
Is it polite to sing when someone is near death?

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: 11

DILLER
Of course. Men always sing going to war.

He breaks into song.

DILLER
'Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition...' My mother sang 'The Old Rugged Cross' on her deathbed.

The Daughter begins singing "The Old Rugged Cross."

CUT.

12 EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD 12

The Daughter sits in the ambulance as Mauro, carrying a stretcher, leads Diller into the brush.

13 COCHRAN'S BODY 13

Diller is kneeling, running his hand over Cochran in the dim evening light. He uses a pen light to look at the beaten man's eyes...

Mauro stands a few paces to the rear.

DILLER
Papiledema. Severe concussion... The dehydration is bad, his pulse is weak, and he's got blood in his lungs... Mauro, someone didn't like this poor man.

CUT.

14 INT. MISSION INFIRMARY - NIGHT 14

Sparsely equipped.
The radio is on, still playing the same kind of music...

15 COCHRAN 15

now lies on a table, hitched up to an intravenous unit. Mauro washes Cochran as Diller goes about putting stitches in his face and setting his arm. Cochran is covered by a sheet on his lower half...

16 DILLER 16

lifts the sheet and shakes his head...

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: 16

DILLER
That's about the worst beating I've ever seen. He looks like he's been trampled on by a herd of wild horses.

He touches the hematoma on Cochran's cheekbone.

DILLER
Split like a cross but I doubt if it was their purpose to make him a Christian.

CUT.

17 EXT. MISSION - DAWN 17

The first light of day cracks across the dry mountains.

18 INT. INFIRMARY 18

Cochran is now swathed in casts and bandages as Diller sets up another bottle for the intravenous unit. Mauro sits stonily in a chair across the way.

19 DILLER 19

takes a small bottle of Dexadrine spansules, giving one to Mauro and then takes one himself...

DILLER
This will pep us up, friend... with a high fever and a coma, we have to keep an eye on him... You know, at first I didn't even know he was a gringo.

Diller kneels on the floor beside Cochran's bed and motions to Mauro to join him.

DILLER
Oh God, we pray for the survival of your wounded son. Though he may be a drug smuggler, he is still your child, Father. We do not want to lose him to Hermosillo where he would only undergo further problems in their terrible hospital... We pray that Your will be done.

Mauro's eyes remain steadfastly open as Diller prays.

DILLER
I wonder what our friend is dreaming.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: 19

Diller and Mauro resume standing.

MAURO
He is dreaming of the men who beat him.

20 COCHRAN 20

groans... sweating and moving fitfully...

DILLER
The fever seems to be breaking. I think he'll live. Thank you, Lord.

CUT.

21 INT. COCHRAN'S ROOM - MISSION - NIGHT 21

Cochran lying in the dark; the moon visible through the window... He groans slightly, either from pain or memories...

22 DILLER 22

steps in and snaps on the light. They stare at each other, Cochran's eyes wide, swollen and uncomprehending...

DILLER
You're finally awake. Is the pain bad?

Cochran nods "yes."
Diller turns, quickly comes back with a hypodermic and a pitcher of water.

DILLER
This will keep you until morning when I'll give you some more. It's been five days now. We thought we'd lose you...

Diller disconnects the intravenous equipment then gives Cochran a shot of demarol and lifts his head to drink some water from the pitcher.

DILLER
You musn't worry. You're safe here. If there is anyone you wish notified, you just have to tell me...

Cochran moves his lips with great effort.

COCHRAN
No... Don't tell anyone.

FADE.

PART ONE

Tu vientre es una lucha de raices
Y tus labios una alba sin contorno.
Bajo las rosas tibias de la cama
Los muertos gimen esperando turno.

Lorca

THE SCREEN GOES BLACK.

TITLES BEGIN.

FADE IN:

23 EXT. DESERT - DAWN 23

TITLES CONTINUE.

The sun breaks over a long narrow valley.
A single guitar begins to play the light strains of a Guadalajaran folk song.

Garbled static and the airborne conversation between Cochran and his NAVIGATOR.

NAVIGATOR (V.O.)
Flight level 270, just past way point 30. An ETA at 10:57.

COCHRAN (V.O.)
Make it eleven hundred sharp. Let's take a look around. Gimme a read on the other side of those hills.

NAVIGATOR (V.O.)
Lemme see...

He begins to sing.

NAVIGATOR (V.O.)
'I'm half off the wall, and I learned it all in the Navy...'

COCHRAN (V.O.)
Knock off the music; just give me the points.

NAVIGATOR (V.O.)
I'm fighting a hangover. Okay, here it is. Our Vortac is grey goose. Give it 243 degrees for one minute at 900 knots... pass through 190... Jesus, take it easy.

Still nothing but the desert.
Static as the voices break through the silence; bird calls, the buzzing of flies; the sound of the guitar continues...

NAVIGATOR (V.O.)
I'd prefer some altitude, sir. We're on the deck.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: 23

COCHRAN (V.O.)
In a minute. Let's air it out a little.

A black dot moving low above the desert...

24 AN F-4 PHANTOM 24

hurtling forward, almost at ground level... As it passes, a deafening roar as the afterburners kick on, blasting the desert air into blue and yellow incandescent flames -- the Phantom moves vertical, into a power climb...

25 DESERT SKY 25

The Phantom comes out of the power climb, breaks into a snap roll, turning the landscape below topsy-turvy... Cochran next takes the F-4 into a peel-off then an Immelmann...

COCHRAN (V.O.)
Sorry. Last time in the old bird and I want to make it sing.

NAVIGATOR (V.O.)
What are you going to do to celebrate?

COCHRAN (V.O.)
No celebrations. I'm going to Mexico, play tennis and sit on my ass.

NAVIGATOR (V.O.)
Sounds great.

Another snap roll, another Immelmann...

COCHRAN (V.O.)
Yeah. I'm gonna give it at least a year to shake down.

The Phantom recedes against the desert horizon; the Guadalajaran folk song continues...

CUT.

26 PUERTO VALLARTA BEACH - DAY 26

TITLES CONTINUE.

An open air bar with a palm-thatched roof sitting in the middle of one of the world's most spectacular beaches.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: 26

A crescent harbor, blue water, golden sand; tourists, locals, swimmers and sunbathers in the distance...

27 FACES 27

along the open bar...
Beautiful bodies.
The men are generally older, the women younger.
All youthful. Through one means or another.

28 COCHRAN 28

Now the way he looked before the savage beating; handsome, a two-day growth of beard, he wears a Hawaiian shirt and chinos. A picture of a relaxed American, not a tourist and not quite professional-looking enough to be called an ex-patriot, simply an ex-serviceman living abroad until the next best thing comes along.

ERIC is dressed in tennis clothes. He's a bit of a hustler, but in a way not without charm -- an English layabout determined to make his way in the international community through connections rather than hard work.

Both men are hot into a game of backgammon.

ERIC
This is hardly fair. You've already impoverished me at tennis. It's only gracious to let me win a little back.

COCHRAN
I couldn't allow you to take money from an old age pensioner.

ERIC
I am decidedly your senior and without pension.

COCHRAN
You wouldn't want a pension. It would only remind you of years of hard work.

Cochran sips his beer; Eric is finishing off a tequila.

ERIC
Very unpleasant. I think it was a Frenchman -- I forget who -- who said, 'Man was not meant to work. The proof is he gets tired.'

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: 28

COCHRAN
You want to go again.

In reference to backgammon.

ERIC
I will preserve what's left of my departed parents' hard-earned pittance and allow you to buy me a drink. As it is, I'm simply another leftover from the great days of Empire, now reduced to constant humiliation while living in the Third World... Ah, I see Tibey's work force going into action.

Cochran turns and looks...

29 ACROSS THE WAY 29

A team of men are busy on the beach spreading an enormous blue and white tent...

30 COCHRAN AND ERIC 30

move out onto the sand holding their drinks.

ERIC
Mr. and Mrs. Mendez are giving a small intimate party for five hundred of their nearest and dearest.

COCHRAN
Sounds like my idea of a nightmare.

The great canopy is almost complete; ropes pull it up high into the ocean breeze, a mangificent party tent...

FRANCOISE, an attractive French girl in a barely perceptible bikini, approaches... Greetings and kisses are exchanged, rather more warmth extended to Cochran.

ERIC
My dear, I'm appalled by your attire. Appalled.

Cochran eyes the merchandise.

COCHRAN
Yeah. You could at least put on a drink...

FRANCOISE
What are you saying?

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: 30

ERIC
Join us for a drink.

FRANCOISE
No, I can't. I must go flying. My husband. You know.

"Husband" is pronounced with a distinct lack of enthusiasm.

ERIC
I understand perfectly.

She gestures to several beach boys with a harness and parachute contraption...

FRANCOISE
But I see you later at Tibey's.

Francoise gets into the harness.

ERIC
By all means. Fly well.

She gestures "ready"; the speedboat off shore accelerates and Francoise sails upward, literally flying away.

COCHRAN
Not me, she won't.

ERIC
Not you, she won't what?

As they reach the bar and demand drinks.

COCHRAN
See me at Tibey's.

ERIC
What's this? What's this? Not going to Tibey's soiree? You can't be serious.

COCHRAN
I hate those Goddamn things.

ERIC
So does he. That is precisely why you have to go.

COCHRAN
In that mob he'll never notice if I'm there or not.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: (2) 30

ERIC
Not notice that the new favorite has spurned his invitation? The man will be crushed.

COCHRAN
He'll live.

ERIC
As your sponsor and guide to polite society, I must recommend you attend tonight. Tibey will be hurt if you don't. I promise. At least for a drink.

COCHRAN
I like the guy. I guess I don't want to break his heart.

Cochran watches Francoise now flying high over the ocean, then turns back and gives a steady look at the party tent... sips his beer.

CUT.

TITLES COMPLETE.

31 EXT. PARTY TENT - NIGHT 31

The sound of a 20-piece American jazz orchestra playing a rousing number... Expensive cars being parked along the edge of the beach, party guests headed for the noisy center of action.

32 COCHRAN 32

crosses the sand, approaches the party. As he enters:

33 FACES 33

crowded within the tent, drinking, dancing, talking...

34 INT. PARTY TENT 34

Cochran passes the bar, manned by four attendants all working at full capacity preparing highballs and cocktails.

35 COCHRAN 35

catches fragments of faces and conversations as he moves forward...
An attractive Young Woman puts a drink in his hand without being asked, then quickly disappears...

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED 35

Cochran smiles, takes a sip, turns and finds Eric nearby...

ERIC
Ah, the master has arrived. We may all put our minds at rest. *Questions were asked in the highest* places. But I assured them.

COCHRAN
Just let me have my drink and get out of here.

ERIC
Why? The place abounds with frauleins great in beauty and sadly lacking in morals, I'm afraid.

COCHRAN
Yeah, I'm shocked.

ERIC
It is shocking. Excuse me, but I'm off to do a bit of missionary work among the naughty hussies.

Eric spots a blonde across the way and disappears into the crowd of casually but expensively dressed guests.

36 THE BAND 36

starts another number... beyond, a buffet is being unveiled: ham, turkeys, suckling pigs...

37 COCHRAN 37

looks slightly ill at ease among all the beautiful people. He moves forward again, takes an hors d'oeuvre from a passing tray...

VOICE
Cochran, there you are.

Cochran turns and sees a smiling *BALDESERRO MENDEZ*, his host for the evening. Nicknamed Tiburon and answering to Tibey, he is a handsome, well-conditioned man about sixty years of age. His manner is extremely gracious, almost to the point that it would be hard to believe him guilty of ever having committed a bad move. Apropos for the evening, Tibey is well-turned out in fashionable whites...

TIBEY
Hola hombre... que tal la vida?

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: 37

COCHRAN
Bien. Hey, why don't you give a big party and quit fooling around with the small stuff.

Smiles all around as more guests stream by.

TIBEY
I hate these things, but after three months here, we have many social obligations. My wife suggested we get it over with in one boring evening instead of ten.

COCHRAN
Or 100, judging by the crowd. Clever woman, your wife.

He takes Cochran's arm and begins pushing him gently through the crowd.

TIBEY
I'm sure half of them walked in off the beach. Three quarters of the other half I don't know, and half of the remaining quarter are international bores or hanger-ons ... I have a small present for you. There she is...

Tibey continues leading Cochran along, shaking hands with recent arrivals... finally moving through a group of chatting socialites to ELENA, a very attractive, tall brunette wearing a summer dress. She turns and smiles as Tibey and Cochran arrive.

TIBEY
Elena... This is Cochran, a new friend, my tormentor at tennis for the last three months but tomorrow I'm going to beat his ass off, if you will pardon my French.

COCHRAN
Delighted.

TIBEY
Then if you two will excuse me, I must attend to my other guests. They say it's the sign of a terrible party if the host is having a good time.

He moves away.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (2) 37

ELENA
Senor Cochran.

COCHRAN
Elena.

ELENA
You look presentable, but if Tibey has thrown us together for the evening, there must be something wrong with you.

Cochran takes her empty glass, intercepts a passing tray and gives her a new drink -- champagne.

COCHRAN
What makes you think that?

ELENA
He thinks I'm a bad influence on his wife. You know how Latins are about their wives.

COCHRAN
And are you?

Cochran takes her arm; they begin to move through the crowd.

ELENA
I'm divorced and once I had an affair with one of his friends. If I didn't know Marisa, he would approve of me totally.

COCHRAN
He's put you in safe hands tonight. I barely know his wife.

Nearby, a drunken guest shouts some obscenities at a woman and begins to paw her... She throws her drink in his face.

A big man, ENRIQUE, one of Tibey's staff, arrives and knocks the drunk cold with one punch. As he drags him away, other attendants quickly begin to clean up the mess.

COCHRAN
Tibey's got a hell of a staff.

ELENA
Yes. Starting with her.

They both look across the way...

38 MARISA 38

Quite simply a lovely sight in her evening dress as she engages in cocktail chat with several guests... Born in Mexico City with a Guatemala-Barcelona background, educated in Lausanne and Paris, Marisa has spent most of her young life (she is, in fact, twenty-six) being cold, neutral and tasteful, but under this patina burns a passionate and knowledgeable young woman. Tall, slender and possessing a kind of selfless grace, so much so that when she performs even the simplest of acts, all eyes go immediately to her.

39 COCHRAN AND ELENA 39

as they continue looking at Marisa.

ELENA
You said you don't know her well...

COCHRAN
No, not at all really.

ELENA
I went to school with her in Switzerland. She's quite shy. Tibey says he hates these parties, but that's not true. She's the one that hates them.

40 MARISA 40

smiling at a remark made by one of the guests. She looks up, sees Cochran and Elena, quickly focuses on Cochran then turns away...

41 COCHRAN 41

still staring at her...

COCHRAN
I'll take your word for it.

ELENA
She's from a very good family.

COCHRAN
I never know what that means.

ELENA
It means she gives a great deal of social respectability to your friend Tibey's money.

CUT.

42 EXT. TIBEY'S HOUSE - DAY 42

Cochran swerves his jeep to a halt. Tibey's house is a palazzo in a protected area, typical of those owned by the immensely wealthy Mexicans who keep houses in Cuernavaca, Acapulco or Cancun.

43 COCHRAN 43

is met at the door by Enrique.

44 CORRIDOR 44

From an anteroom, a loud Bach cantata can be heard as Cochran and Enrique walk down the marble hallway.

Cochran pauses to look into the darkened anteroom from which the music emerges.

45 MARISA 45

sits on a stiff-backed dining room chair, face turned away, talking on the telephone, her hands running through her long hair...

Through the window, Tibey can be seen on the tennis court below, warming up.

46 EXT. TENNIS COURT 46

Cochran arrives and begins to unwrap his racquet as Tibey walks over.

TIBEY
I've been waiting like some kid all morning. I hit the ball for an hour then my backhard collapsed.

COCHRAN
Your backhand's fine. You're always trying to set me up.

They shake hands.

COCHRAN
I'm playing with a new racquet; that ought to be good for a two-game handicap.

TIBEY
Now who's bullshitting. Especially with what I've already lost.

COCHRAN
Hey, you're the one that wants to bet. I just like the game.

TIBEY
You give me two games a set, a thousand a set.

COCHRAN
It's your funeral.

TIBEY
The bets are necessary.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: 46

TIBEY (CONT'D)
When I was a kid I bet on turtle races or which of us could hit a sleeping drunk in the head with a mango.

COCHRAN
You'll win it all back when we play doubles. You always do.

He goes to the baseline.
They begin hitting the ball back and forth.

47 INT. ANTEROOM - LATER 47

Marisa is watching the men play tennis out in the glittering heat while still speaking into the receiver.

MARISA
... I think we won't get to Paris. Tibey wants to hunt in Durango this fall and he won't let me go alone. Maybe by Christmas... You're taking French lessons? No, no, you don't understand anything...

She begins speaking in Spanish, then lapses into French, all of this punctuated by her laughter.

48 EXT. CLAY TENNIS COURT 48

Marisa now in a pale mauve dressing gown walking to the court followed by a servant with a tray and ice bucket. She is wearing a large hat and sunglasses... Cochran and Tibey are frayed, utterly soaked with perspiration as they sit in a near state of collapse at the umbrella table.

MARISA
Good afternoon.

Cochran starts to rise.

MARISA
Please, don't get up.

COCHRAN
Listen, I've gotten this far.

A formal handshake.

TIBEY
I'm older than him. I can't.

MARISA
And you do this for your health?

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: 48

COCHRAN
He does. I'm in it for the money.

MARISA
Mr. Cochran, obviously you are trying to kill my husband...

COCHRAN
Maybe it's not a bad idea after what he just put me through.

She pours glasses of ice water and wine.

MARISA
I guess this means he's lost again. Now he'll sulk for the rest of the day.

COCHRAN
Yeah. And I'll never hear the end of it.

TIBEY
I'm only in it for the exercise. Winning means nothing to me.

MARISA
Of course. I see that.

He snatches away a napkin covering a bowl. Two spoons in a bowl of caviar...

MARISA
If there's nothing else you want, would you please excuse me...

TIBEY
No, stay a minute...

MARISA
There's a small crisis in the kitchen.

TIBEY
The servants can see to that.

MARISA
Hay una problema pequena con la cocina, si quieres una cena algo mas que mierda.

Tibey speaks to her with a sharp tone.

TIBEY
Callete. Tu sabes que lo odio quando hablas como una puta de la calle.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: (2) 48

MARISA
Person, Don Tibey. No soy de la calle y hablare como me gustaria. Este no hablo Espanol. Tu pareces todavia como un senor.

Before he can answer...

MARISA
I'm sorry to trouble you with our domestic problems, Mr. Cochran.

COCHRAN
Quite all right.

TIBEY
If you have no plans, perhaps you would join us for dinner.

COCHRAN
Sounds like it'll be a little inconvenient.

TIBEY
Not at all. Will it, Marisa?

MARISA
Not for us. But I'm afraid Mr. Cochran will be bored. The other guests are Tibey's business associates and their English is non-existent.

TIBEY
Since they bore you in any language, you can entertain Mr. Cochran in English and I can talk business.

Tibey gives him a look.

COCHRAN
Who could refuse that invitation.

TIBEY
Done then. How about a swim and then I'll thrash you at backgammon.

Marisa is obviously dismissed. She looks slightly less than pleased at Cochran's inclusion.

49 INT. DINING ROOM 49

Tibey at one end of the table, Marisa at the other, Cochran at her left.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED: 49

The table is filled out with two ordinary-looking MEXICAN BUSINESSMEN, obviously not married to the show-girl types they've brought along. Marisa speaks in Spanish to the man on her right. Tibey listens to a windy story from the other Businessman. Cochran looks bored. The WOMAN on his left attempts small talk in very broken English.

WOMAN
You are long in Puerto Vallarta?

COCHRAN
About three months.

WOMAN
Then where you go?

COCHRAN
No. I've been here three months.

WOMAN
Oh.

She smiles.

WOMAN
I not speak English very good.

COCHRAN
Much better than my Spanish.

Smiles.

BUSINESSMAN
... You come to my place on Cozumel and I'll get you a damn boatload of marlin. If you want to hunt, we go to my place near Merida. Anything you want. You can shoot five hundred ducks a day.

COCHRAN
I just like to work my dog, take a few birds. A few more if I'm having company for dinner.

Marisa's eyebrows raise in surprise. The Businessman looks puzzled and possibly offended.

BUSINESSMAN
I don't get it.

50 TIBEY 50

barely concealing his anger.

TIBEY
Of course, you don't get it. It means you don't go out and slaughter everything like we do. The real sportsman husbands his prey, takes care of it, kills selectively...

BUSINESSMAN
Claro. Es muy agradable...

Tibey cuts in with a smile...

TIBEY
You don't understand at all, not a bit of it, my friend.

He looks around the table.

TIBEY
Bueno. Los hombres Mexicanos vendran con migo para hablar de negocios. Espero que las senoras perdonen mi mujer. Nuestra invitado ya he sufrido bastante.

Pleasant chuckling as all rise... Much protestation concerning the exquisiteness of the meal.

51 MARBLE CORRIDOR 51

Cochran and Marisa lead the others toward the library for after dinner drinks. Tibey is trailing the rest, while conducting a rather animated conversation with one of the showgirls.

MARISA
Are you married, Mr. Cochran? You never seem to bring a wife to our social occasions.

COCHRAN
I was married. Been divorced about eight years.

MARISA
Do you have children...

COCHRAN
Yeah, I have a daughter. She lives in San Diego.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: 51

MARISA
And how did you meet your former wife?

The question seems to go past the boundary of normal social convention.

COCHRAN
You really want to know?

MARISA
Does it surprise you?

COCHRAN
Yeah. I guess so. I've known your husband three months...

She cuts in.

MARISA
Yes. He is very fond of you.

COCHRAN
... And this is the first time you've really spoken to me.

MARISA
You have to forgive my bad manners.

COCHRAN
Not at all. Nothing to forgive...

52 EXT. GARDEN - NIGHT 52

Marisa and Cochran lead the others into an open area; Tibey talking to the businessmen near the lattice-work; the showgirls chat and laugh with one another as they seat themselves.

53 NEAR THE BAR 53

Cochran and Marisa remain standing.

MARISA
You were telling me how you met your former wife.

COCHRAN
Nothing to tell really. I was stationed on Guam for awhile. She was a nurse there... We were both from Indiana.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: 53

He goes to the sideboard and pours a small brandy for her then one for himself.

MARISA
It sounds as though you got married through the force of nostalgia.

COCHRAN
Maybe that's what it was. Whatever it was, it didn't work out.

He hands her the glass.

MARISA
You strike me as the kind of American that probably has nothing against rich men as long as they made their own money...

COCHRAN
Why should I?

MARISA
... but you probably don't much like rich women...

COCHRAN
Maybe that's true... A few months ago, I met a girl from Corpus Christi who just graduated from Wellesley. One time we went swimming and she forgot to take off her Tiffany watch... ruined it. It made me think that the price of that watch would have supported my whole family for a whole year when I was growing up.

She swirls her brandy.

MARISA
Tell me, do you have many affairs with girls from Corpus Christi?

COCHRAN
I think I've reached that point in live where most of my affairs seem to be acts of will out of unrecognized boredom.

She stares at him, surprised by the answer...

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: (2) 53

MARISA
You think you could make love to me if you weren't close friends of Tibey and had honor.

COCHRAN
That's a bit direct, isn't it?

MARISA
I love nonsense but not about such things.

She turns and walks across the room toward her husband and the other guests.

CUT.

54 INT. LARGE HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY 54

The sumptuous quarters have been given over for a fashion show. Among the guests: Tibey, Marisa and Cochran.

55 RUNWAY 55

The MODELS smile, walk, turn; each replaced after a moment by another showing off the latest Parisien number via Mexico City...

56 TIBEY 56

clearly bored.

TIBEY
We can open the shooting season in Durango. In the high country where it won't be so hot.

COCHRAN
There's still three or four weeks here...

TIBEY
But the birds are thin on the ground. My dogs are working very well.

COCHRAN
Yeah. They lock up real nice.

As the fashion show ends:

TIBEY
Ah, thank God... Marisa, promise me this won't cost me a fortune.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED: 56

MARISA
Of course. Whatever you say.

They move for the exit.

57 EXT. HOTEL 57

Tibey and the others approach his limousine. He looks at Cochran.

TIBEY
I'm sorry about the other evening but I had so much business. I couldn't get rid of them until midnight... Can she drop you off in town? I have to go to the airport. To Merida for a day or two. Why don't you come with me; you can fly the plane.

COCHRAN
Can't. I'm retired. Besides, it's not even armed. It's a housebroken jet.

TIBEY
Very well, adios. I'll see you in a few days. We'll have a proper dinner after more tennis in the afternoon. You've turned me into an addict.

Tibey turns to Marisa.

TIBEY
Goodbye, my precious.

MARISA
Goodbye. Have a good flight.

They kiss as Cochran stands there watching, then Tibey gets into the limousine and it purrs away.

58 MARISA 58

looks inscrutable behind her dark glasses; she moves a few steps away.

59 COCHRAN 59

seems unsure of his next move...

COCHRAN
It's going to get real hot today.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED: 59

Marisa says nothing almost as if the statement puzzled her. They look at each other in a nervously prolonged silence...

COCHRAN
Guess there's no point in staying here. Maybe we could go some place and have a beer or an iced tea.

MARISA
Yes, I'd like that.

CUT.

60 OUTDOOR CAFE - DAY 60

Marisa and Cochran standing at the rail looking out at the sea; she has an iced tea; he's got his hand firmly around a Carta Blanca.

MARISA
My husband likes you very much.

COCHRAN
I think you said that the other night.

MARISA
Yes. It's very rare that he takes to someone new as he has with you.

COCHRAN
Is it Americans in general you don't like, Mrs. Mendez, or is it just me?

MARISA
That's a very American question. Direct, bold, presumptuous.

COCHRAN
That's a very Un-American answer.

MARISA
Why do you think I don't like you?

COCHRAN
I've known Tibey for three months. Enough to think of him as a friend. And we're still Mrs. Mendez and Mr. Cochran.

MARISA
And you think that's my choice.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED: 60

COCHRAN
Yeah, I do.

She laughs.

MARISA
You don't know Mexico. My husband would never permit a situation as intimate as this if he weren't sure you are his friend.

She looks at him.

COCHRAN
You've got no responsibility in an intimate situation?

MARISA
That's how he thinks.

COCHRAN
What about you?

MARISA
I like not having the responsibility.

COCHRAN
For what?

MARISA
For the thing that might happen with false friends of my husband.

COCHRAN
You must feel very safe.

MARISA
I do. Tibey's never wrong about his friends.

COCHRAN
Do you do this all the time?

MARISA
I only flirt with my husband's friends when I feel safe.

COCHRAN
And you've never been wrong.

MARISA
Never.

CUT.

61 EXT. BEACH - DAY 61

A lovely small cove.
White sand.
Green lush hills surrounding the inlet.
Totally deserted save for two small figures in the water.

62 COCHRAN AND MARISA 62

swimming amid the breakers...
She breaks for shore, running up to their blanket on the sand.
Cochran runs up a few paces behind her.
They both begin to towel off.

COCHRAN
Damn, that water feels good... It's hotter than a bitch out here today.

She smiles at him.

COCHRAN
Yeah, I know I already said that...

Marisa laughs and continues to towel off, dry her hair...

COCHRAN
Your husband is a very good judge of character.

MARISA
Yes. Maybe it's the only thing that keeps me from being a whore...

Cochran is flustered, perhaps to the greatest extent in his life... He avoids her gaze at first in a strained silence then returns her look.

COCHRAN
Do you test all of your husband's friends like this?

MARISA
No, not me. He does it.

COCHRAN
You mean he arranged this to test our friendship.

MARISA
Maybe it's to test his power.

COCHRAN
The only thing then keeping you from making love to me is my friendship with your husband.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED: 62

MARISA
That's one way to put it.

COCHRAN
Not the way you'd put it.

He moves very close to her.

MARISA
It depends on how much you want me.

A long pause.

COCHRAN
I want you more than I've ever wanted anyone.

Another pause. He starts to kiss her...

MARISA
Don't.

COCHRAN
Why not?

She smiles, shrugs.

MARISA
No.

COCHRAN
It's a contest. Your husband sets up the test. And you determine who passes or fails. You win.

MARISA
If you believe that it will be much easier.

COCHRAN
For who?

MARISA
All of us.

COCHRAN
I want to kiss you.

MARISA
I want you more than I've ever wanted any man. It's why I've avoided you. Because I hoped you would be stupid.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED: (2) 62

MARISA (CONT'D)
I was afraid you would be... I saw you and I wanted you. Tibey sees that. I know.

A long moment.
Then they embrace with a shudder, then kiss...

63 MARISA 63

suddenly pulls back, smiles and runs back into the sea.

64 COCHRAN 64

stands there looking, everything rushing for him; he's been around but all of a sudden everything seems like he's seventeen years old.

CUT.

65 INT. COCHRAN'S APARTMENT BEDROOM - LATER 65

Cochran lies back in bed smoking a cigarette.
Marisa enters wearing nothing but one of his Hawaiian shirts carrying a beer...

MARISA
I stuck my hand out the door. You know it's hotter than a bitch today.

COCHRAN
It's not polite to make fun of people.

MARISA
How can you say the word polite after what you just did to me. I just hope there aren't many bruises.

She smiles and holds the beer to his lips.

MARISA
Have this cold soup for strength.

Cochran takes a pull on the bottle. Then he draws her to him.

66 EXT. SMALL COVE - DAY 66

Cochran, wearing a slightly rumpled white linen suit, pilots a sea-worn rowboat powered by a sputtering outboard engine... He looks off at the shoreline and the small pier as the salt wind blows through his hair.

67 PIER 67

Marisa standing there, waiting; she holds two large picnic baskets and is wearing a smashing summer dress; a vision of cool loveliness amid the tropical surroundings.

68 COCHRAN 68

glides the little craft in and ties it off. Marisa calls down to him.

MARISA
You're late.

COCHRAN
Aw ,the God damn motor isn't running very good. I've got to fix it. The trip took longer than I thought.

He grabs a heavily laden paper bag then heads up the ladderway...

MARISA
I've brought cracked crab on ice and a nice white wine from the Argonne... What did you bring?

Cochran arrives topside; stands in front of her.

COCHRAN
Beer.

MARISA
You Americans are hopeless.

COCHRAN
Well, we are good at some things.

MARISA
Yes, I know.

They kiss, a long and loving embrace.

COCHRAN
No. I meant about fixing boat engines.

They turn and move away.

MARISA
That's what I meant, too. What else would you possibly be good at?

The sound of laughter mixes with the sound of waves.

DISSOLVE.

69 INT. COCHRAN'S APARTMENT BEDROOM - NIGHT 69

Cochran and Marisa in bed, making love...

DISSOLVE.

70 EXT. BEACH - SUNSET 70

Two small figures against the purple sky; the shine of phosphorus off the water.

COCHRAN
... I joined up when I was nineteen, went in the Navy just to work on jet engines, when I was a kid once I tore apart a Ford V-8 just to see how it worked. From then on I was hooked. Anyway, I joined up and then they made me a pilot. I'm still amazed how civilians underestimate the intelligence it takes to fly a jet fighter... Does all this stuff bore you?

MARISA
No, it just all seems strange.

COCHRAN
Not much else to say. I did my tour. Got out. I'm here. And suddenly I'm alive again.

DISSOLVE.

71 INT. COCHRAN'S APARTMENT BEDROOM - NIGHT 71

Cochran and Marisa in bed, making love...

DISSOLVE.

72 EXT. BEACH - DAY 72

Two figures walking among the low rocks and tidepools as the breakers crash...

MARISA
Indiana is where they have farms, horses, corn, cows -- did you have a horse?

COCHRAN
Yeah, I had a horse. I remember I made a tombstone for her when she died.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED: 72

COCHRAN (CONT'D)
It was just a big rock and I painted on it 'SUSY BORN IN 1953 DEAD IN 1956, HERE LIES A GOOD MORGAN MARE OWNED AND LOVED BY J. COCHRAN WHO MOURNS HER PASSING.' I got the last part out of some newspaper.

MARISA
You tell stories that always come out sad.

COCHRAN
Not always.

MARISA
'Quiero dormir el sueno de las mansanas, alejarme tumulto do los cemetarios...'

COCHRAN
Eh, could you help me with my Spanish?

MARISA
'I want to sleep the dream of apples, far from the tumult of cemeteries.' Don't make fun of me for quoting poetry.

COCHRAN
Don't worry, I won't. Actually, I'm impressed.

MARISA
Now, you recite a poem to me.

COCHRAN
I wish I could. I don't know any...

MARISA
I have a great deal to teach you.

DISSOLVE.

73 INT. COCHRAN APARTMENT BEDROOM - NIGHT 73

Cochran and Marisa in bed, making love...

DISSOLVE.

74 EXT. CLIFF, SMALL ISLAND OVERLOOKING THE SEA - DAY 74

Cochran lights a cigarette, seems to fall into a mood...

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED: 74

MARISA
What is it?

COCHRAN
What happens when he comes back?

MARISA
He comes back tomorrow. We'll carry on our lives on the normal way and see each other when we can. And we'll be very discreet...

COCHRAN
I don't like sneaking around. It's not the way I do things.

She laughs.

MARISA
Don't be silly. We don't have any choice.

COCHRAN
What do you mean we don't have any choice? We can go away some place. Husbands run off; wives run off; happens all the time.

MARISA
You don't understand. You don't understand what he is.

COCHRAN
Ah bullshit. You fly a hundred combat missions and you never quite look at civilian life the same way.

MARISA
You don't understand.

CUT.

75 BEACH BAR - DAY 75

Cochran having a belt. Eric walks up...

ERIC
He lives. He breathes. Where have you been, my darling?

COCHRAN
Tell me you've missed me.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED: 75

ERIC
My wallet is all the heavier for your absence.

COCHRAN
Drinks are on you.

ERIC
Are you all right?

Cochran gives him his best smile.

COCHRAN
I can honestly tell you I've never been better in my life.

ERIC
It's either religion or a woman.

COCHRAN
It's not religion.

ERIC
Do nuptials impend?

COCHRAN
That's a little difficult in the circumstances.

ERIC
A back street romance. Very fortunate. You wouldn't look good surrounded by split-level houses and white picket fences.

COCHRAN
Actually, I would marry this one.

ERIC
Seriously besotted then.

COCHRAN
Yeah, seriously... I'm in love. You know what I mean?

ERIC
I vaguely recall this sensation.

COCHRAN
I remember hearing about it in a million lousy songs, but I don't remember feeling it.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED: (2) 75

ERIC
Who is this woman?

COCHRAN
Actually, I'm dying to tell somebody. It may as well be you.

ERIC
To be singled out for such special tribute. I hardly know what to say.

COCHRAN
Marisa.

ERIC
Marisa? Mendez? Tibey's wife?

COCHRAN
Yeah.

ERIC
Sweet Jesus. You are in deep shit, son. Deep shit.

COCHRAN
I know.

ERIC
You don't know. You don't have any idea. If you did you wouldn't be anywhere near here. Since you're still alive, he must not know. Get the hell out of here.

COCHRAN
Come on. No way.

ERIC
Do you know what Tibey is short for? In Spanish? Tiburon. Tiburon... it means shark.

CUT.

76 EXT. OPEN FIELD - DAY 76

Cochran and Tibey hunting quail.
They walk quietly over the crest of a low hill, guns at rest on their shoulders.
Other hunters and attendants are nearby...

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED: 76

TIBEY
Last year I went to Canada to shoot *grizzly; it wasn't as good as our* quail hunting. Any fool can shoot something that isn't afraid of him. I felt a little ashamed.

COCHRAN
Yeah, I know what you mean. By mistake, I blasted an elephant once along the Ho Chi Minh trail. We had orders to shoot them because they were hauling arms on elephants. But I wouldn't do it. Any asshole can shoot an elephant. But then I did it by mistake, like throwing a rock at a bird you know you're not going to hit, but you hit it. I felt so God damned bad, I painted this little elephant on my fuselage and the Commander got pissed off.

Someone fires near them.
They move on.

CUT.

77 EXT VERANDA - AT LUNCH 77

Tibey is muttering and on edge; Cochran is non-commital, withdrawn. By contrast, Marisa is for some reason *known only to herself, quite effervescent...*
The other hunting guests eat and drink at nearby tables as a Mariachi band entertains.

TIBEY
Marisa? Who ordered this band?

MARISA
I did. I thought you'd like rancheras after your hunt.

TIBEY
It's cheap tavern music, all these 'corazons', these broken hearts. Cheap, lazy, sentimental drunk music. I hate it.

MARISA
I'm so sorry. Maybe you should make a list of your likes and loves and hates...

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED: 77

TIBEY
Christ, I don't know the names of songs. Go buy some proper records.

They watch Marisa walk off in an artificial huff.

TIBEY
I should have married her mother, she had a bit more sense. An elegant family no longer rich, you know the type. Marisa gave me an entrance into a society I was curious about from the time I was a kid. But God, they're all lazy. From Gstaad to Paris to Cancun. Of course, I love her terribly...

Tibey pauses to listen to the mournful music.

CUT.

78 INT. COCHRAN'S APARTMENT - DAY 78

Marisa in her bra and panties stands in front of a long mirror brushing her hair with long strokes.

79 COCHRAN 79

lies on the sofa across the way pretending to read a week old American paper, actually watching her. She sits down, rubs a peel of lemon on the edge of a cup of coffee, then looks up at the poster of Cochran and his daughter.

MARISA
Do you see your daughter often...

COCHRAN
Sure. I call once a week. And in the summer we take camping trips up to Montana.

MARISA
Where was she born?

COCHRAN
Madrid. I did a tour of duty there.

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED: 79

MARISA
That makes me jealous... I want a daughter born in Madrid, or maybe Rome in the spring.

COCHRAN
Okay. Nothing would make me happier.

MARISA
Don't say okay. It wouldn't be okay.

COCHRAN
Okay. Sure. Whatever.

Marisa explodes.

MARISA
Goddamnit, stop saying things are okay. Nothing is. We're not going to Spain and have a daughter.

He stands and comes near her.

COCHRAN
Hey, I'll go right now. I've got the dough and we've both got passports. London by morning. Madrid in the afternoon. So let's go. Now.

MARISA
But I don't want to talk about it. And if you mention it again, I'll stop seeing you...

COCHRAN
Great. First sign of trouble and you're ready to quit.

MARISA
You don't understand.

COCHRAN
Bullshit. You keep telling me I don't understand. You keep telling me about the all powerful Tibey. Maybe you're just afraid to give up the jet set or the spring collection from Paris.

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED: (2) 79

MARISA
That's what you think?

COCHRAN
I don't know what I think.

She speaks very softly...

MARISA
I am afraid. And not of missing the collection from Paris. Please let's not talk about it. Please not now.

She looks at him.
A long moment.
They kiss.

CUT.

80 OUTDOOR CAFE - DAY 80

About noontime.
Cochran seated alone at a small table, having a cup of coffee and reading a paper.
The beach across the small road in front of him; the sea stretching out beyond the sand to the horizon line...

As Cochran turns a page, Tibey roars up and pulls to a stop directly in front of him, driving a smashing new red Maserati convertible.

TIBEY
Want a ride in the new toy?

Cochran stands, entranced by the beauty of the car.

COCHRAN
Jesus, look at this.

TIBEY
It just came in from Mexico City special delivery... Actually, I like to be chauffered. It's one of the things that happens when you get older.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED: 80

COCHRAN
Yeah. And you happen to be rich as hell.

TIBEY
Those things don't just happen, amigo. Anyway, I'll probably end up giving it to Marisa.

He gets out of the car.

TIBEY
Come on, get in, I'll take you to lunch. You drive.

COCHRAN
I better not. I don't know the gearbox. A new clutch could send me to the poorhouse. This thing is gorgeous.

TIBEY
You'll find your way through the gearbox. Yankee ingenuity. Come on...

Cochran doesn't have to be asked twice, he slips behind the wheel as Tibey gets in the passenger side... Cochran slips it carefully into gear and they rip away.

81 EXT. ROAD 81

The Maserati really chewing up the ocean highway, tearing along the sparsely populated road...

82 INT. MASERATI 82

Cochran smiling as the machine responds beautifully to his touch.

COCHRAN
Where the hell we going?

TIBEY
Stay on the road for another mile then we'll cut right. There's a nice old restaurant in Atoyac. I want you to meet an old friend.

CUT.

83 EXT. ATOYAC - DAY 83

A sleepy fishing village.
The Maserati pulls up in front of a once elegant hotel in the grand Spanish manner now going to seed... Tibey and Cochran are mid-conversation as they get out of the car and head toward the entrance.

TIBEY
... No, no, it wasn't like that... My father was a revolutionary and a bandit in Culiacan. He would sing 'Paloma' when he shaved in the morning... What about your father?

COCHRAN
An Indiana farmer and mechanic. Now he runs a tuna boat out of San Diego. He never say anything and he thinks all politicians are jerks...

They move past.

84 INT. HOTEL RESTAURANT 84

Overhead fans.
A few tourists but mostly Mexicans at the long bar.
Tibey leads Cochran to a table on the veranda overlooking the sea.

85 AN OLD MAN 85

rather elegantly dressed in a casual loose way is already seated at the table; white hair and mustache, he has the look of an aging bandit.

TIBEY
Senor Cochran, this is Miguel Guzman, an old friend.

Quick handshakes and everyone sits. A WAITER appears with magical speed and efficiency.

WAITER
Copas, senores?

GUZMAN
I'm sick of it here, Tiburon. Too quiet.

TIBEY
Hombre. You liked it better in Cuilacan?

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED: 85

GUZMAN
Sure, of course. You remember the Aztec...

TIBEY
Yes, cocktails. Tequila.

He looks back at Guzman.

TIBEY
It's too hot there this time of year.

GUZMAN
Yes. It was always a hundred degrees in there on a summer night...

Tibey looks at Cochran.

TIBEY
The Aztec was a bar in Cuilacan. It was headquarters for a while, years ago...

GUZMAN
Just today I was thinking about the time they shot Robles there. We had been drinking all night...

TIBEY
They shot him four times, shot him all over the sidewalk, didn't they? It was just about midnight...

GUZMAN
He deserved it. And he was lucky.

TIBEY
Yes. It saved him from you. How are you, Guzman?

GUZMAN
Good. Very good.

The Waiter brings the drinks.

WAITER
Telefano para usted, Senor Mendez...

TIBEY
Excuse me.

He rises and goes back into the bar.

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED: (2) 85

GUZMAN
Simpatico, isn't he... Still very good-looking. And he's become a real gentleman of sorts. Un grand senor.

COCHRAN
How long have you know him?

GUZMAN
Over forty years. He was fifteen or so when I first met him. He was a pimp in Mazatlan. But he's always had good manners. Since he's risen in the world, he's been very careful about things, especially women...

Pause. Cochran just looks at Guzman.

GUZMAN
He's very honorable about things. And very good manners... He's very fond of you, he told me so.

COCHRAN
You two do a lot of business together?

GUZMAN
Over the years, yes. But we shouldn't talk about business on such a beautiful day... Look at that woman across the way. She may fall out of her dress. She makes me wish I were twenty years younger. Or better, fifty years younger. Is it possible to fall in love after you are twenty?

COCHRAN
I don't know... I think so.

Guzman knocks back his tequila.

GUZMAN
Yes, of course. You are past twenty ... You only accept being past twenty when you get to be sixty. Although Tibey must be around sixty and I'm not sure he has.

Tibey returns.

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED: (3) 85

TIBEY
Another problem solved. I swear to God I don't know why I'm such a fool to tell people where I'll be. Shall we get menus?

Guzman rises.

GUZMAN
I don't want to be rude but I'll leave you both for lunch... One drink and I feel sleepy. Also I have some calls to make... I'll talk business with you this afternoon. Amigo.

He shakes hands with Tibey.

GUZMAN
Senor Cochran, a pleasure. I'm not always fond of Americans. Adios.

He turns and goes, passing the Waiter who arrives with the menus.

TIBEY
Guzman is a bit of a character. He doesn't like Americans because they put him in jail once in Arizona.

COCHRAN
Who is he, anyway?

TIBEY
A businessman. Very successful. Very rich. But still very indito... You know why I brought you here?

A pause.

TIBEY
Since we're friends I wanted you to understand me better. I wanted you to meet Guzman. He's one of my last ties with the way I began. Of course, we never outgrow our beginnings, do we?

Another moment.

TIBEY
Try the guachinango. It's very good here.

CUT.

86 INT. COCHRAN'S APARTMENT - LATE AFTERNOON 86

Marisa and Cochran stand at the window looking out over the city; siesta hour, no signs of life or activity, just buildings crowded along the hillside streets. She is in a nightgown; he wears a robe.

COCHRAN
I think he knows already.

MARISA
If he knew then we wouldn't be here.

COCHRAN
Even if he doesn't, I want to tell him.

MARISA
I love you but you mustn't do that...

COCHRAN
Everything's too crazy the way it is now.

Pause.

MARISA
Next week Tibey's going to Caracas. He's got some deal down there.

COCHRAN
How long's he going to be gone?

MARISA
Six or seven days. We can spend a whole week together. I'll call my sister in New York. She'll cover for me, and I'll tell Tibey that while he's gone, I'll visit her.

COCHRAN
I know where we'll go. My cabin. Back in the Sonora. We'll have a good week.

MARISA
Of course, we will, very primitive.

COCHRAN
And when he comes back, I'll tell him. He's my friend. I owe him that.

CUT.

87 INT. DEN - TIBEY'S HOME - NIGHT 87

Tibey watches as the Servant is tinkering with a Nagra tape recorder. He comes into the middle of a conversation and rewinds to get the beginning... Marisa's voice recorded from a phone.

88 TIBEY 88

as he listens.

MARISA (V.O.)
Hello, Isabella... my dear sister you must cover for me... no, no, not cover me up... cover like in the mystery novels... yes. Tibey is going to Venzuela for a few days and I told him I would come to New York and visit you... no, no, I'm not 'really' coming to New York. I'm going off with a lover. Can you believe it of your little sister? Some day we might go to Spain and I'll have a baby. No, I'm not pregnant. Don't be stupid. So if Tibey should call from Venzuela say I am shopping or say I am out in East Hampton with a school chum. OK? Of course I know what I am doing... how would you know; you've never been in love... I'm sorry, I will send you some beautiful clothes... no I haven't worn them... now remember to do it right. Yes, I love you. Goodbye.

Click. The sound of a dial tone.

Tibey's eyes are moist and his face is pale.

CUT.

89 INT. COCHRAN'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT 89

Cochran dressed in his robe, sitting at his kitchen table with a brandy, and a barely touched T-bone in front of him... A knock on the living room door.

90 COCHRAN 90

He opens the door, drawing back as the figure of Enrique fills the doorway. Enrique moves aside revealing Tibey just behind him.

TIBEY
May I come in?

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED: 90

COCHRAN
Of course.

TIBEY
I was at a meeting near here and I thought I'd stop by your home... I've never been here and I guess I was a bit curious.

Tibey strolls around the living room.

TIBEY
A wonderful place. Very good taste. Listen, I want to offer you an invitation... May I have a glass of water?

Cochran goes into the little half-kitchen off the main room.

TIBEY
I want you to come down to Baranquilla and Caracas for six or seven days. I have to look at some hotels. We would have plenty of time for tennis.

Cochran comes back with the water, obviously not quite himself.

COCHRAN
Thanks for the invite, but I'm going down to my cabin, you know, the one I took a lease on near Agua Prieta. Hunt some rabbit. Get the place shaped up. Make sure the locals haven't carted it away.

A pause.

TIBEY
I wish you'd reconsider. We could have a splendid time. Tennis, sun, a few women now and then, good food, plenty to drink.

COCHRAN
You make it sound so great, but I don't think so, maybe some other time...

Tibey sighs deeply.

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED: (2) 90

He drops the small white flower from his lapel into the untouched glass of water.

TIBEY
Please think it over... Don't just throw it away.

COCHRAN
I will. But the cabin sounds good.

Tibey gets up to leave.

TIBEY
You know, Cochran, I like you very much. Good friends are hard to find. Adios.

COCHRAN
Take it easy. Thanks for the offer.

91 THE SMALL WHITE FLOWER 91

floating in the glass...

CUT.

92 INT. AIRPORT - PRIVATE CLUB LOUNGE 92

Cochran enters, slips off his sunglasses and looks around. He sees Marisa sitting on a sofa in the corner. She stands and throws her arms around him when she sees him, then becomes a bit flustered.

MARISA
I'm sorry. That was indiscreet.

COCHRAN
That's okay. The natives look friendly.

MARISA
You're saying OK again.

Marisa's grace and beauty are such that nearly everyone glances at them.

93 COCHRAN AND MARISA 93

They look almost too perfect.
All possible sympathies for Tibey fade as the lovers are far beyond the bonds of conscience.

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED: 93

MARISA
I knew the driver would bring me so I checked through a suitcase to my sister in New York.

COCHRAN
Should we have a drink or should we go? This is a little touchy.

MARISA
Oh, let's go. I'm too nervous to sit here.

CUT.

94 EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - DAY 94

Cochran's jeep driving east of Puerto Vallarta through the interior. Gorgeous but desolate desert country...

95 INT. COCHRAN'S JEEP 95

Marisa twists around on her knees, getting French jeans and a T-shirt from an overnight case in the back seat. She removes her dress and bra and begins slipping on the jeans...

MARISA
Tibey refuses to let me wear jeans except in St. Tropez or a place where everyone wears jeans, because then he's afraid of looking like some old fuddy...

Cochran attempts to drive and watch Marisa at the same time.

COCHRAN
I don't think I can stand this.

Marisa pulls her T-shirt down her chest and shakes her hair. She is smiling.

MARISA
You don't have to stand this... That's what's nice; we don't have to wait.

CUT.

96 EXT. DESERT SIDE TRAIL - LATER 96

Heat distortion.
Cochran and Marisa apparently making love against the jeep.

97 ENRIQUE 97

watching through binoculars, then he sips at a beer, utterly blank-faced.

CUT.

98 INT. COCHRAN'S JEEP - LATER 98

moving down the road again. They are both disheveled, sweating, but laughing.

MARISA
I feel like a wonderful whore, all sweaty and my hair sticky... That was the best ever.

COCHRAN
Hey, look, I just do my best.

Marisa moves closer to him on the seat.
As far as he's concerned, life is about the best it's ever been.

CUT.

99 EXT. COCHRAN'S JEEP - LATER 99

It turns off a bumpy road onto a two track leading up a small box canyon... The car moves slowly avoiding rocks and ruts; it is early evening now -- long shadows cast from the ochre hills.

100 COCHRAN'S CABIN 100

The cabin is a small tin roofed affair.
The jeep pulls up.
Cochran and Marisa get out; she seems a little unsure.

MARISA
Is this what it's like to go camping?

COCHRAN
Yeah, it used to be a suite at the Ritz.

MARISA
I have to go back.

COCHRAN
What are you talking about?

MARISA
I'm underdressed.

She carries a sack of groceries inside.

101 INT. CABIN 101

Marisa unpacking the groceries and peeking in the Igloo cooler. Cochran lights a low fire in the stone fireplace, preparations against the evening chill. He then lights an oil lamp against the gathering dark.

COCHRAN
When it gets right, I'm going to cook you a steak over these mesquite coals...

MARISA
I want to sleep in front of the fire. Very rustic and romantic.

He drags the mattress off the iron bedstead and onto the floor, then arranges the sleeping bags on the mattress.

COCHRAN
We're going to cook, eat and sleep from the comfort of the sack. What could be better?

MARISA
Spain. A child in Madrid.

Pause.

COCHRAN
Much better.

MARISA
Yes. We'll spend a few days here, go back, then fly to Madrid. Unless you've changed your mind?

COCHRAN
I'm not going to change my mind.

MARISA
I've already changed mine. Seville, not Madrid. I want my child born there.

COCHRAN
Why Seville?

MARISA
It's a city for gypsies. Besides, you've already had a child in Madrid.

They kiss.

CUT.

102 INT. CABIN - LATER THAT NIGHT 102

In the dim light of the oil lamp and the fire, the lovers entwined in a dull amber light.
Two empty plates and two empty wine bottles...
Suddenly, the door bursts open.

103 DARK FIGURES 103

and the blue blast of a shotgun.

104 TIBEY 104

stands aside and Elefante pounced on Cochran, slamming tremendous blows into him. Marisa screams. Enrique drops his gun and drags her to her feet, restraining her. Tibey turns up the oil lamp and begins to slap her again and again.

TIBEY
Hold him up. I want him to see what happens to his whore. I want everyone to see she is a whore forever.

A gleaming silver blade as Tibey slices through Marisa's upper and lower lip with a straight razor, the ancient sign of a pimp's revenge.

105 ELEFANTE 105

resumes his beating of Cochran; he steps back for a moment and Tibey hits Cochran twice, then kicks him in the groin. Then Elefante goes back to work, landing blow after blow.

106 ENRIQUE 106

spreads gasoline throughout the cabin.

107 TIBEY 107

watching as Elefante drags the unconscious figures of Cochran and the bleeding figure of Marisa from the cabin.

108 EXT. CABIN 108

Tibey holds a flashlight as the interior and exterior of Cochran's jeep are covered with gasoline by Enrique ... Tibey's face lights up as the fire is ignited.

109 ELEFANTE 109

throws Marisa and Cochran into the back of Tibey's truck.

110 TIBEY 110

stands at the truck gate, howling in rage at the unconscious Marisa.

TIBEY
You fucking faithless whore, thankless bitch, you want to fuck, I'll see to it that you get fucked fifty times a day.

The flames from the cabin grow higher.
Tibey walks around the truck to the driver's cab... reaches in for a bottle of mescal and takes a long drink.
Enrique and Elefante are now in the truck, engine running. Tibey takes a long look back at the burning cabin, then climbs in as the truck pulls away into the night.

CUT.

111 EXT. ROAD - NIGHT 111

The truck labors along.

112 INT. CAB 112

Tibey, Elefante and Enrique; Tibey continues to drink.

TIBEY
Maybe they are *still making love* in the back.

Elefante laughs; Tibey doesn't.

TIBEY
This is far enough. Pull off and throw him out for the coyotes.

The truck stops. Enrique and Elefante get out.
Tibey turns on the radio, the inevitable songs of love and death...

113 TIBEY 113

One more pull on the bottle as he looks out at the empty black desert.

DISSOLVE.

114 EXT. ALLEY BEHIND WHOREHOUSE - NIGHT 114

Enrique's truck comes down an alley and pulls to a stop.

115 ENRIQUE 115

jumps out, looks around cautiously... Then he helps an obviously sedated Marisa out of the truck. She is groggy and pale with clumsy bandages across her upper and lower lips. Under a shawl, her hands are bound. Enrique half-carries her to the door in back of the building.

116 INT. MADAM'S QUARTERS 116

The MADAM sits in an ornate room with a half-gringo PIMP in wraparound shades. Enrique enters and stands rather contemptuously holding a dazed Marisa by the arm.

MADAM
(in Spanish)
So this is the bad, bad girl...

ENRIQUE
(in Spanish)
Shut up with that bullshit. Just do what they tell you or you'll be back in Mazatlan selling fish.

MADAM
(in Spanish)
Perdon, por favor. Robert, give the gentleman a drink.

The Pimp lackadaisically pours Enrique a tequila.

MADAM
(in Spanish)
She's pretty but a little thin. I have a nice room for her, shall I save her for the best customers?

ENRIQUE
(in Spanish)
She's to have every miner and drunk ranch hand that comes along...

117 INT. MARISA'S ROOM 117

Over-decorated, windowless, with a washstand and a silly black velvet painting of a bull on the wall.

Enrique leads Marisa roughly into the room with Madam and the Pimp attempting to follow but Enrique waves them away.

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED: 117

ENRIQUE
(in Spanish)
Just follow the orders. You hear me, okay.

Enrique slams the door, then pushes Marisa onto the bed and takes off his jacket and shirt, first removing the dog whip from his open pocket. He turns the still bound Marisa onto her stomach.

ENRIQUE
(in Spanish)
You never called me by my name.
It was always 'senor' or 'hey you.'
Now you gonna learn my name.

He begins unbuttoning her soiled dress.

118 MARISA 118

looking up at Enrique; desperation beyond all thought of hope. As she turns her face away...

FADE.

119 THE SCREEN GOES BLACK 119

SOUND OF THE GUITAR PLAYING THE GUADALARAJAN FOLK SONG...

PART TWO

Y por la pradera se extiende una
extrana quimera, un fulgor: es
la furia de la primavera,
y la amenazante alegria que lanza,
porque cree que son una cosa
victoria y venganza.

Neruda

120 EXT. MISSION YARD - DAY 120

Two months after Cochran was found in the desert.

121 THE AMBULANCE 121

Hood open.
Diller, Mauro and his Daughter nearby...

DILLER
I can't pray for a motor. God has too many other things to do. Someone has to fix it.

122 COCHRAN 122

slides out from under the chassis covered with grease, including the cast on his arm.
He wears used peone clothes; faded white smock, baggy pants, sandals, straw hat...
Cochran quickly installs the last of the plugs after filing off the carbon.

COCHRAN
It was the timing gear and the plugs were fouled. I reset the gap on the points. Nothing big. But it all adds up. Go ahead and kick it over.

Mauro gets in and starts the ambulance. The motor purrs.

DILLER
Marvelous. Marvelous.

Diller pats Cochran on the back then narrows his eyes at the road.

A CAPTAIN OF THE FEDERALES drives up and gets out of his squad car. He holds up a package and strides toward Diller.

CAPTAIN
Ten quail! Ten doves! Shot by my men for us. We shall roast them and I will beat you senseless at chess...

The Captain notices Cochran and he stiffens into officiousness...

The scar on Cochran's face is still livid and taut; his smile is not quite pleasant.
Mauro's Daughter moves to his side as the Captain continues to stare at him.

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED: 122

CAPTAIN
So this is the patient. Not too beautiful, huh? We must have a chat to find out what brings you here like a wounded Moses.

DILLER
He hasn't been able to talk yet...

Cochran and the Captain exchange stares... The Captain averts his eyes first.

Behind Cochran, Mauro makes the universal sign of the screwball to the Captain who shrugs and nods.

CAPTAIN
Perhaps on this trip, I'll settle for the fingerprints.

They all move toward the mission. Diller puts his arm around Cochran.

DILLER
As your physician, I don't want you over-taxing yourself. Eight weeks is not a full recovery period.

CUT.

123 INT. MISSION DINING ROOM - NIGHT 123

Diller and the Captain push aside a half-completed chess game as Mauro brings in a platter of roasted doves and quail.

CAPTAIN
It's a shame your religion forbids drinking wine with such a splendid meal...

DILLER
In the years I've known you, that's only about the fiftieth time you've told me that. Lord knows that most of my standards have gone by the wayside down here except medicine. Liquor has only touched my mouth once and that was the day my wife abandoned me here... I wept mightily and Mauro here was fearful for my sanity... Mauro, won't you have some birds?

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED: 123

MAURO
No, thank you. When I was young, I trapped and ate thousands with my mother. They are last on my list of things to eat.

The Captain begins his meal.

CAPTAIN
What a pity. He doesn't like quail, and you don't drink.

DILLER
The day my wife left, I was bawling like a baby out in the yard. Mauro brought me a gallon of mescal and I drank it as heartily as cold spring water...

CAPTAIN
You admit then it helped you?

Diller smiles.

DILLER
All right, you may have your wine. You win. But, unfortunately, I have none to offer.

The Captain smiles back and rises; he pours his water into a flowerpot and draws two bottles of wine out of his briefcase. He deftly uncorks them with a corkscrew on his jackknife. He pours the glass and gulps and sighs. He offers the bottle to Mauro who shakes his head.

CAPTAIN
Mauro, you've done this for me before. Would you mind taking the prints of that man before I forget?

DILLER
You drink all night and I'm sure to win tonight.

CAPTAIN
Oh, no, my friend. It will not turn out that way.

124 INT. COCHRAN'S ROOM 124

Diller bellows "checkmate" in the distance.

(CONTINUED)

124 CONTINUED: 124

The sound of radio music...
Mauro opens the fingerprint kit and begins to take his own prints.

MAURO
If I take your prints, you'll have to leave. They'll take you away to Hermosillo.

COCHRAN
Things being what they are, I'll have to make a run for it, be out of here by morning...

MAURO
For your purposes, it's better not to leave until you get well.

He rinses and wipes the ink from his fingers with alcohol.

MAURO
Perhaps the men that beat you will look for you here. I have a rifle...

COCHRAN
Gracias. But I'm sure they think I'm dead. Or that I've learned a lesson. Or something... Otherwise, they already would have come for me... Listen, you think I could get a message out of here to someone in Puerto Vallarta?

MAURO
Sure, is no problem. I go to Hermosillo tomorrow. I can do it from there.

CUT.

125 INT. MISSION INFIRMARY - DAY 125

Bright and sunny in the infirmary; the omnipresent radio blares away with its songs of love and death...

Diller is carefully unwrapping the tape from Cochran's chest...

DILLER
These ribs should be okay by now. We'll give them a little room... Tell me, do you believe you have a soul?

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED: 125

COCHRAN
Well, back in Sunday School in Indiana when I was a kid they told me I had a soul. Can't say that I noticed it. Or thought much about it since...

DILLER
Well, you have one. You could save it rather easily by forgiving those who did this to you.

COCHRAN
Right now I really don't have the time or inclination for soul-saving ... Mine or anybody else's.

DILLER
I can't pray for you if you go off on some sort of vengeance. But I guess I could pray that you stay alive long enough for you to come to a Christian understanding.

COCHRAN
Suit yourself.

He lifts his left arm upward.

COCHRAN
When can this baby come off? I'm sick of wearing this cast.

DILLER
Maybe next week. We don't want to lose you too soon. You're better at chess than the Captain. Mauro won't learn. He's too serious. Let's face it, chess is an ironic gift at best.

CUT.

126 EXT. MISSION GARDEN - DAY 126

Cochran is wheeling manure from corral to garden... He momentarily freezes as a late model car pulls up in front of the mission hacienda.

127 ERIC 127

gets out of the car, appearing almost as if he was from another world.

(CONTINUED)

127 CONTINUED: 127

Diller and Mauro approach him.

ERIC
Cochran!

DILLER
I don't know his name. I don't think he's the man you're looking for.

Eric moves forward as Mauro restrains him... Cochran approaches.

COCHRAN
It's okay, Mauro. He's a friend of mine.

Eric and Cochran shake hands.

ERIC
My God, my friend. What did they do to you?

COCHRAN
I'm fine, Eric. I don't look like much, but, like the man said, I ain't dead yet... Close, but no cigar.

ERIC
I hate to say I told you so, old son, but I did...

COCHRAN
Is she alive?

They move away.

ERIC
You're not going to listen to reason, are you?

COCHRAN
I've got to know. Is she alive?

ERIC
Who knows. She just disappeared. But I do know that if you got out there and start looking for her, you'll probably never get out of this country alive.

COCHRAN
Ah, cut the shit out...

(CONTINUED)

127 CONTINUED: (2) 127

ERIC
Just listen to me. For once. You might never find her. And if you do, I'm telling you, Tibey will have you killed. Just like you squash a fly.

Cochran gives him a long look; Eric sighs deeply and opens an attache case.

ERIC
I thought it would be like that.

He takes out a .38 revolver strapped in a calf holster.

ERIC
I also brought five thousand dollars in case I needed to buy you out of trouble. I'll give it to you. You can pay me back if you ever get to the States, so I'll just kiss it goodbye... Here are three letters from your daughter I picked up at your apartment.

COCHRAN
Don't worry. I'll pay you when I get back.

Eric embraces Cochran.

ERIC
Maybe I will have the honor of buying you an expensive funeral. But, my God, I hope not...

CUT.

128 INT. COCHRAN'S ROOM - DAWN 128

Cochran opens the envelope with the money from Eric which is in fifties. He counts two stacks of twenty fifties and folds the rest and stuffs it in his pocket ... Then, having found nothing else appropriate, he begins wrapping each of the stacks in toilet paper.

129 DINING ROOM - DAWN 129

As Cochran enters, Mauro is watching Diller pack some clothes in an old corduroy valise; Diller looks over at Cochran as he adds a Bible to the suitcase's contents...

(CONTINUED)

129 CONTINUED: 129

DILLER
You might be short of reading matter sometime...

COCHRAN
Yes, the question of my soul.

DILLER
I feel a little strange giving you the clothes of dead people, but I'm afraid that's all we have.

COCHRAN
It's okay. I'm not the superstitious type. In fact, it might even give me an edge...

DILLER
Mauro, you may share with Mr. Cochran a glass of that mescal you hide from my sight...

Mauro pours the mescal.

DILLER
I prayed you'd go back to America with your friend, but, as usual, I was doomed to disappointment.

Mauro and Cochran drink to each other then salute Diller.

DILLER
Ah yes, tribute from the heathens.

COCHRAN
I have something for you both but you can't open it until tomorrow when Mauro gets back from Hermosillo. Promise? One for each.

Cochran walks over to the cabinet and puts the two packets in a tureen.

DILLER
I'm a child about presents, but I promise...

Mauro's daughter walks out from the kitchen with her hands behind her back. Cochran intercepts her and puts his arm around her. She speaks as if reciting a prepared speech while holding out a buckskin jacket.

(CONTINUED)

129 CONTINUED: (2) 129

DAUGHTER
I've made this for your going away. My grandmother helped. It is deerskin so you can run fast. The collar and cuff are the skin of the mountain goat so you won't ever trip. And the buttons are made from cougar bones by my grandmother to give you strength against your enemies...

She is overcome from her speech and Cochran embraces her, then begins putting the gift on...

COCHRAN
I already feel wonderful, baby.

Seeing that Cochran is a bit overcome, Mauro pours him another mescal...

DILLER
Now, please, before emotions carry us entirely away, let's get Mr. Cochran on the road.

130 EXT. MISSION - DAWN 130

Cochran holds his valise as he and Diller come out on the porch followed by the Daughter. Mauro goes out and starts the ambulance. Cochran kisses the Daughter as Diller approaches and he and Cochran embrace...

DILLER
Lord knows what it's based on, but I choose to think that you're a good man...

COCHRAN
I don't know about that, but I like to think I am. Goodbye.

Cochran walks away and gets into the ambulance... The first rays of the sun are coming through the end of the valley.

131 DILLER AND THE DAUGHTER 131

watch as the ambulance drives off...

DISSOLVE.

132 EXT. HERMOSILLO - DAY 132

The ambulance moves through the city streets.

133 INT. AMBULANCE 133

Cochran shakes his head at the dinginess. He looks at Mauro who only shrugs...

COCHRAN
I see why you live where you do.

MAURO
I was on the run from the police, and Diller took me in. Now, no one is looking for me anymore, but I like the place. I didn't work out too good when I lived in Houston. Too many cops.

COCHRAN
Yeah. Doesn't strike me that it'd be your kind of town.

CUT.

134 EXT. CANTINA - OUTSKIRTS OF HERMOSILLO 134

The ambulance pulls into a crowded parking lot. At the far edge of the lot we see a TEXAN unloading a stud horse from a pickup and trailer.

135 INT. AMBULANCE 135

Mauro lights a cigarette.

MAURO
The bus south stops here in about an hour. I would come in and sit but they might need the ambulance back at the mission.

He takes a drag.

MAURO
I was thinking last night that you should continue wearing poor man's clothes. It is hard to be invisible down here...

Cochran nods.
From his glance out the open window he can see the Texan struggling with the stud horse.

The Texan is suddenly knocked flat against the horse trailer... Cochran and Mauro jump out of the ambulance.

136 CANTINA PARKING LOT 136

Mauro grabs the horse and calms him as Cochran helps the Texan off the ground.

TEXAN
That sonofabitch has got me about buffaloed but boys, I tell you, I'm not quite myself or I'd throw him and put the boot to him, expensive as he is, or maybe put a bullet between his eyes because I wrestled him all the way from Van Horn, Texas. Going to dope the peckerhead when I deliver him because they're no doubt expecting a calm stud, then I'm going to get the fuck out of here because this country gives me the shits every trip. I cross the border and bango, I got 'em. No offense to you guys. What's so funny?

COCHRAN
Oh, nothing. You just got a way with words.

Cochran and Mauro help the Texan reload the stallion.

TEXAN
Actually, he ain't a bad horse. He just don't like long rides.

COCHRAN
When I was a kid, we had a Percheron stud that wouldn't trailer unless our dog went along. The dog had to get in first, then he'd go anywhere.

The Texan squints at Cochran.

TEXAN
Jesus, buddy, no offense, but I almost thought you was a bean picker. You get the shits down here, too?

COCHRAN
Yeah, who doesn't?

TEXAN
How about a drink and some grits.

He looks over at Mauro.

(CONTINUED)

136 CONTINUED: 136

TEXAN
You too, pardo.

COCHRAN
He's got to be on the road... Be with you in a minute.

The Texan struts toward the cantina entrance. Cochran and Mauro laugh when he is out of earshot, then they shake hands and walk to the ambulance.

COCHRAN
I'll stop back someday when I get things taken care of. When and if...

MAURO
I think you will, amigo.

Mauro goes in the ambulance and kicks the engine over.

MAURO
One more thing.

He hands Cochran something through the window.

MAURO
My mother asks that you wear this necklace. It's made of teeth from coyotes. It is the ultimate good luck. She say it will help you destroy your enemies.

COCHRAN
This is the first time in my life that I wish I was superstitious. Tell your mother I appreciate the necklace.

MAURO
I know you are an intelligent man but it can't hurt to wear it under your shirt.

COCHRAN
I'll wear it gladly, amigo. I'm sure it'll help.

MAURO
One more thing.

(CONTINUED)

136 CONTINUED: (2) 136

Mauro draws his bone-handled knife from his pocket...

MAURO
I want you to have this. I made it myself and it's been lucky. It could tell some stories. Perfect for cutting the balls off the people who left you for dead.

As Mauro smiles, Cochran takes the knife, holds it up...

CUT.

137 INT. CANTINA 137

The Texan and Cochran seated at a table with the remnants of a meal and a few empty beer bottles... The Texan gulps a double shot of tequila.

TEXAN
Tell you the truth, I'm plumb fucking tired of the horse business. Twenty cents a hauled mile and ten percent of the deal I made between this old Barone and Morris Blakely up in Montana... Had a good string of mares over by Van Horn, but I pissed it away on floozies and booze. Good country, though. You ought to stop by someday. Always deer in the freezer and a few ladies stopping out my way. You ain't a dope addict or something, are you, pardo?

COCHRAN
Nope. But they got me on the run from the IRS. I'm on my way to visit a friend in Durango. Hide out a while.

The Texan's eyes light up; the common bond has been struck...

TEXAN
Fuck 'em. Don't pay those IRS bastards a cent. I work on cash and they don't even know I'm alive. If they come in your yard or start botherin' ya, then just shoot the cocksuckers.

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED: 137

He takes another belt, obviously warm to the conversational drift as well as the sound of his own voice.

TEXAN
If you give up and let 'em take ya to prison, the crazies are liable to booger you while you're there. Never let 'em take you alive. Say, where'd you say you were headed for?

Cochran can't help but smile.

COCHRAN
Durango.

TEXAN
Shit. Whyn't you say so. Going near there myself. Here, gimme that bus ticket, pardo.

The Texan tears up Cochran's bus ticket which has been lying on the table.

TEXAN
You ride in comfort with me. Maybe drive some. I'm a bit sick. Don't ride no bus; they piss on the seats down here.

The Texan pours Cochran another drink; he winks and lifts back the lapel of his denim coat revealing a cold blue .44.

TEXAN
Anybody goes for that horse I got out there is liable to get his nuts shot off. I can shoot the pecker off a runnin' buck at one hunnert yards.

138 COCHRAN 138

freezes at the sound of a booming laugh and voice.

139 CANTINA ENTRANCE 139

It is Elefante.
He sweeps in with two scruffy henchmen. Elefante orders drinks and then moves back through the crowd toward the restroom... huge and utterly imposing.

140 THE TEXAN AND COCHRAN 140

TEXAN
Jesus CHrist, did you see a goddamn ghost or something?

COCHRAN
Yeah.

As the Texan looks across at Elefante disappearing into the hallway leading to the restroom.

COCHRAN
Do me a favor, look... just start the truck and bring it around front.

TEXAN
Be careful. He don't look real easy to this old hand... Be waitin' for you, kiddo.

The Texan rises and gives the waitress some money. As he walks out, Cochran glides inconspicuously back to the bathroom, following Elefante's path...

141 INT. BATHROOM 141

It is empty except for Cochran... Two huge, glossy alligator cowboy boots stick out from beneath the toilet stall.

142 COCHRAN 142

takes out the bone-handled knife, then bangs on the toilet stall door. Elefante shouts. A toilet flush and the stall door opens.

143 ELEFANTE 143

sees Cochran and raises his fist... Cochran brings the knife up, holding it with both hands, catching Elefante's stomach, ripping upward to his sternum, then Cochran jerks back and swipes the blade across Elefante's neck...

144 THE MIRROR 144

as Cochran rinses blood off his knife in the sink and then looks for a long moment at his reflection.

CUT.

145 INT. PICKUP 145

The Texan hands Cochran a beer and slips in a Johnny Rodriguez tape.

(CONTINUED)

145 CONTINUED: 145

TEXAN
You must have done good. You don't look bruised up none.

COCHRAN
Yeah, I did fine.

DISSOLVE.

146 *EXT. OPEN COUNTRY - DAY* 146

The pickup driving through the Sonora Desert.

147 INT. PICKUP 147

Cochran now drives while the Texan sleeps fitfully.

148 THE TEXAN 148

groans and looks feverish in his sleep; Cochran absent-mindedly looks over at him, then back to the road.

CUT.

149 INT. PICKUP - TWILIGHT 149

The Texan wakes and sorts frantically through his dope kit, coming up with a half a dozen pills. He swallows them with the help of a beer from the cooler, then looks at Cochran.

TEXAN
Where the hell are we? I wanted to stop in Obregon at this whorehouse. The way I'm feeling, it might be my last piece of ass before I shoot straight up to heaven.

He begins coughing violently, takes out a handkerchief and spits blood into it...

COCHRAN
We're almost into Obregon. We better get you fixed up with a doctor.

TEXAN
Oh, shit, no. I been this way since the Korean War where I got my ass shot half off and got my lungs and my guts all shot to shit...
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

149 CONTINUED: 149

TEXAN (CONT'D)
At the VA Hospital, since I'm a bone-fide veteran, those doctors said 'we don't know why you're alive.' And I said, 'that's not much help; I only come to you because you're free.' Then they want to have me sign this thing that gives them my body when I'm dead. And I says, 'piss on you; you've cut me enough. I'm going to be buried right next to my mother in Van Horn, Texas.'

CUT.

150 INT. OBREGON MOTEL - NIGHT 150

The Texan is all dressed up as he emerges from the bathroom; Cochran lies on his bed, staring upward at the ceiling.

TEXAN
Listen, pardo. Sure you don't want to come? I got this town wired.

He takes a drink from his bottle.

TEXAN
I know a conchita that can do things that ain't even allowed in the old U.S. of A.

COCHRAN
No, thanks. Not this time.

TEXAN
Strikes me as you had a big day and some poontang might ease your mind.

COCHRAN
Nope. I killed a man I hated and I don't want to mix my pleasures. I just want to lie here and think how good it felt.

The Texan nods and lights a cigar; he's no man's fool.

TEXAN
I expect you had your reasons.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

150 CONTINUED: 150

TEXAN (CONT'D)
Years back I blew the foot off a fella that screwed my wife. I did a year for it, but I smiled every day when I thought about that bastard's empty boot.

The Texan shoots Cochran a wide smile.

TEXAN
Still do, as a matter of fact... See See ya in the morning. We'll get on the road bright an' early.

He turns and walks out.

CUT.

151 INT. MARISA'S WHOREHOUSE ROOM - NIGHT 151

The Pimp walks in just as a burly, filthy Vacquero leaves. Marisa lies back, sweating, in near hysteria, her chemise pulled well up her thigh...

The Pimp begins to prepare a heroin fix. He puts the hypodermic down on the dresser and slowly lights a cigarette.

MARISA
Por favor.

She looks at him.

MARISA
Por favor. Por favor.

There is a knock at the door. The Pimp injects her upraised arm.

PIMP
Te haces guapa. Tu amante especial esta aqui.

Marisa looks as a brutal looking Ranch Foreman walks into the room.

CUT.

152 EXT. TIBEY'S HUNTING LODGE - DAWN 152

The lodge is between Durango and Tepehuenes. It is a commodious hacienda with a dusty limousine, Enrique's truck and a jeep all parked in front...

153 NEAR A SMALL DUCK POND 153

Enrique stands patiently with three setters on a leash watching Tibey who stands on the end of the dock.

154 TIBEY 154

He smokes a cigarette, cradling a Purdey shotgun under his arm. He is bleary and red-eyed. He tosses the cigarette out into the pond. He looks down at his image in the water. He snaps the chamber of his shotgun closed and shoots his reflection, then turns and walks off the dock.

CUT.

155 *INT. CIUDAD OBREGON MOTEL ROOM - MORNING* 155

Cochran wakes to an empty room. He is still clothed and on top of the bedspread. He looks at the Texan's unused bed and jumps up...

156 EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT 156

Cochran walks swiftly out of the room and looks around. The pickup and horse trailer are still there.

157 PICKUP 157

Cochran opens the side door and looks at the Texan lying sprawled and very pale on the front seat... With some difficulty, *he shakes him awake.*

COCHRAN
What the hell you sleeping out here for?

TEXAN
Rough night, pardo... But she was beautiful... Goddamn near killed me, but it was worth it.

COCHRAN
Hey, look, we got to get you to a doctor.

The Texan starts drawing some beer from the cooler's warm-melted ice water. With trembling hands, he shakes a half dozen pills into his hand, swallows them with a swig of beer.

TEXAN
No doctors. No hospitals. Been poked at enough. Rather drop dead right here.

(CONTINUED)

157 CONTINUED: 157

COCHRAN
That's just what's going to happen if you don't start watching it a little better.

TEXAN
You're wrong, friend. My mom told me I'd die in Van Horn, Texas, and that's where it's going to happen. Now if you want to be a real help to me, you'd get out of that bean picker's outfit. We'll be pulling into the Barone's yard about three and I don't want him to think I'm running a low-class operation. There's stuff in my suitcase. We're about the same size, so help yourself.

As Cochran starts away, the Texan takes another pull on the beer can.

CUT.

158 INT. PICKUP - MORNING 158

Somewhere in the middle of the Sonora... A freshly-dressed Cochran at the wheel; the Texan is slumped in the corner, looking even more haggard and ill...

TEXAN
Might know you'd pick my favorite shirt. But you look a hell of a lot better than I do in it... Listen tell me true, am I still looking as bad as I feel?

Cochran stares grimly at the road.

COCHRAN
I wasn't so sure this morning, but I'm beginning to think you look like a survivor.

TEXAN
Aw hell, I know what you're thinkin'. 'Is this old fucker going to die on my hands? What'll I do with him for Jesus's sake and what'll I do with the fucking horse?' Don't you worry none, just help me deliver the horse and I'll make it worth your while.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

158 CONTINUED: 158

TEXAN (CONT'D)
I says to the lady last night, make it good 'cause it might be my last, and she made it pretty good, I'm here to tell you.

CUT.

159 EXT. SONORA DESERT - DAY 159

The pickup and horse trailer parked off the road...

160 COCHRAN 160

exercising the stud, working him at a trot, hand on the bridle, moving in circles, raising tiny clouds of dust.

161 THE TEXAN 161

sunning himself while seated on a large rock.

TEXAN
Goddamned if I can tell who's exercising who... Listen, was that big guy that you killed the fella that shoved in your face?

Cochran shouts back at him...

COCHRAN
Yeah, he was the one...

TEXAN
You don't have to say nothin' if you don't want to...

COCHRAN
I gutted him like a pig.

He continues to run the horse in a circle.

CUT.

162 EXT. LONG DRIVEWAY OUTSIDE BARON'S - DAY 162

The pickup is waved through two sets of gates with GUARDS armed with rifles.

163 INT. PICKUP 163

Cochran is looking out the window at the clay tennis court, swimming pool...

(CONTINUED)

163 CONTINUED: 163

... formal English riding ring and flower gardens.

TEXAN
You won't need to count the money. I know the guy.

COCHRAN
I don't get you.

TEXAN
Just unload the horse and collect the dough. My body's shit canned and I can't feel my legs. You got your business and I got mine, and I don't want you to have to bury me under no rock down here where the buzzards can get me.

COCHRAN
I won't, pardo.

TEXAN
Oh, bullshit. Anyway, just get me a plane for Van Horn somehow and if you make it back, drop the rig at Ralph's Texaco. You need any money?

COCHRAN
I'm tight.

They continue driving toward the hacienda.

164 EXT. BARON'S STABLE 164

A RANCH HAND holds the stud by a rope. The Baron and Cochran approach the pickup where the Texan is seated with the side door open; he looks out with blurred eyes.

BARON
My compliments. A fine horse... I'm sorry you're not well. We've arranged for you to get home. I will have people waiting for you at the airport in Durango.

TEXAN
Buenos dias, senor. Thanks, I'll be fine when I get to Texas.

The Baron nods gravely as Cochran gets in the truck and drives away.

CUT.

165 EXT. DURANGO AIRPORT - DAY 165

Cochran begins to help the Texan into the airport. He is met by the Baron's men with a wheelchair. The Texan refuses the wheelchair, kicking at it...

TEXAN
I ain't dead yet, goddamn it, and I don't want no goddamn wheelchair. Makes a fella look bad.

166 INT. DURANGO AIRPORT 166

An Aero-Mexico is disembarking. They push through the crowd and out the doors...

167 A LEAR JET 167

parked on the tarmac just beyond the boarding area. Cochran stuffs a cigar box of money into the Texan's arms.

COCHRAN
Here's the dough.

TEXAN
See you someday, somewhere, pardo.

He turns and looks at the plane.

TEXAN
Always did want to ride one of these suckers.

The men help the Texan into the plane... The Texan turns and waves at Cochran groggily.

168 COCHRAN 168

waves back and turns away...

169 INT. AIRPORT 169

Cochran moving back through the open area; he stops by a swarthy man (AMADOR) and suddenly sees a BLONDE MODEL (VICKI) pushing through the crowd and marching up to a Clerk at the baggage counter... Other Models, the Producer and Photographer watch.

VICKI
Donde esta my gatto fucking vivo? My cat! You probably eat cats down here. I demand my cat!

(CONTINUED)

169 CONTINUED: 169

Vicki has glittery cocaine eyes and the low husky voice of a pissed off barmaid.

AMADOR
I don't eat cats, do you?

COCHRAN
Not recently.

Cochran notices some children peeking at a cat case under the baggage counter. He walks over, grabs the case, makes his way over to Vicki and hands her the cat.

170 VICKI 170

opens the case and embraces a fat Persian.

VICKI
Oh, Pinky, we found you, darling. They were going to cook my gorgeous and eat him... Thank you, oh, hey!

But Cochran is already walking away.

CUT.

171 EXT. DURANGO STREETS - EVENING 171

Cochran's truck moving through the streets of Durango, past the Cathedral, the crowds at Promenade, down eerie streets and their closed pastel houses and barred gates.

CUT.

172 EXT. DURANGO - LATER 172

The truck is parked near an old church on the highest hill in town.

173 THE CITY 173

as strange and resistant to strangers as China.

174 COCHRAN 174

looking out as he sits on a rock smoking a cigarette. He scratches his leg, straightening his calf holster. Cochran takes out the .38, checks the chamber, then replaces the gun... Looks back at the city.

CUT.

175 EXT. HOTEL PRESIDENTE PARKING LOT - NIGHT 175

Amador is wiping dust off a car with a chamois cloth. He watches Cochran parking the truck and horse trailer. Cochran pauses on the way to the hotel.

COCHRAN
How's the cat doing?

AMADOR
He's lucky to live with a beautiful woman but I don't think he cares.

COCHRAN
You work with her?

AMADOR
Driver. Bodyguard. Something, you know. I take what comes usually rich gringos... I tell you, amigo, that is one fine horse trailer.

COCHRAN
Yeah. It hauls real nice... Say, I was looking for an old friend of mine and his wife. Baldassaro Mendez? His friends call him Tiburon... Tibey?

Amador shakes his head as if puzzled...

AMADOR
You'll find him real fast if you ask questions...

Cochran lights a cigarette and thinks over the answer.

COCHRAN
Thanks. See you around. Say, you got a place I can store that trailer for a few days?

AMADOR
I know a place, I can take care of it in the morning.

A pause.

AMADOR
Listen, you take it easy, okay?

CUT.

176 INT. HOTEL PRESIDENTE LOBBY 176

Cochran approaches the desk while a Clerk shuffles through the file. Cochran watches Vicki and a STYLIST with a group of reporters, photographers, other models. A press conference interview of fashion types, flash-bulbs popping.

CLERK
I'm afraid our rooms are filled with the fashion people, sir.

Cochran, without looking at the Clerk, passes him a fifty.

CLERK
We do have a suite for a few days.

COCHRAN
Great, I'll take it.

177 COCHRAN 177

moves away from the desk with his valise and room key; as he passes he can hear Vicki talking to the press.

VICKI
... I'm so delighted to be here, of course. I think of Mexico as a second home, so old and quaint, in a way real indescribable but restful to the eyes and all the sad music, you know what I mean...

Vicki jumps up on seeing him.

VICKI
Hey, wait, stop... I want a picture with the brave cowboy who saved my cat my first day in town.

COCHRAN
Thanks, but I don't think so.

As he turns and keeps walking, Vicki pursues him out into colonnade.

VICKI
You're embarrassing me, you bastard.

Cochran holds the door against photographers with his back to them.

(CONTINUED)

177 CONTINUED: 177

COCHRAN
You can live with it.

VICKI
What makes you so special?

COCHRAN
Hey, don't get pissed. If you want a drink without your roadshow, I'm up in 212.

Cochran walks away as Vicki moves back in to more flashbulbs and shouts...

CUT.

178 INT. COCHRAN'S ROOM - NIGHT 178

The TV is on but without the sound. There's a knock at the door and Cochran lets Vicki in; her imperiousness has been magically restored.

VICKI
They're waiting for me downstairs. The stylist took a house for me since I have to stay in this goddamn shithole for three weeks. Can you come out for a nightcap?

COCHRAN
Not tonight. Maybe tomorrow when you get done looking pretty.

VICKI
Maybe I shouldn't have asked if you're that tired.

A pause, then Cochran smiles and takes her by the arms.

COCHRAN
It was a rough day. You know, riding the range. Wrestling cows. Finding cats.

VICKI
Look, I don't know anybody down here really, and most of them you meet are real creepy and try to pinch your ass all day.

COCHRAN
Maybe that's the way I am.

(CONTINUED)

178 CONTINUED: 178

VICKI
Maybe. But I could always handle cowboys... Don't forget to come out for the drink.

COCHRAN
I will in a day or two.

VICKI
You sure?

COCHRAN
I promise.

Vicki laughs, kisses Cochran and leaves.

CUT.

179 EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF DURANGO - MORNING 179

The pickup truck and horse trailer driving up a country road.

180 EXT. AMADOR'S 180

A small ranch house in the hills...
Cochran and Amador are disconnecting the horse trailer.

AMADOR
Your trailer is okay here. As you say up north, nobody around here fucks with me.

COCHRAN
I got a question for you, Amador... If you're so tough, why don't you tell me something about Tibey Mendez.

AMADOR
It's none of your business. Look in the phone book for Tibey. He is big bad news, you know.

Pause.

AMADOR
Let me think it over, okay? You meet me tomorrow about five o'clock on the Valladolid Road. I'll ask some questions here and there. Maybe I get some news about Tibey.

Cochran nods, turns and gets into his truck.

(CONTINUED)

180 CONTINUED: 180

AMADOR
One more thing. You need cover for dealing with this thing. Pursue the beautiful gringo woman. Then everyone in town will think you are just another rich American fool trying to relieve the pressure in his balls.

Cochran drives off.

CUT.

181 PEONE'S SHACK - DAY 181

A ramshackle affair set amidst the yellow and brown of the Tepahuane plain.
Two horsemen approach...

182 TIBEY 182

riding his prize Arab mare; dapple grey with a white blaze... Enrique by his ride on a Mexican plug. The two men arrive at the front of the Peone's shack.
No sign of life.
Enrique takes out his pistol and fires it into the air. After a moment, the PEONE, his wife and two small children emerge from the shack. The Peone has a badly damaged and well-bandaged right hand... the bandages now quite dirty.

TIBEY
Garcia.

GARCIA
Senor Tiburon.

TIBEY
I understand you were attacked by a pack of my dogs.

Tibey dismounts.

TIBEY
I believe you were helping yourself to one of my ducks when the dog attacked you. Ducks that I raise especially for my table.

The Peone just looks at Tibey, expecting the worst.

(CONTINUED)

182 CONTINUED: 182

TIBEY
A few years ago, I would have regarded the event as just...

He takes a gold chain and cross from around his neck and gives it to Garcia's daughter, then pulls an expensive jackknife from his pocket and gives it to the son.

TIBEY
Take these gifts for your family...

Tibey gets back on his horse, looks down at Garcia.

TIBEY
I want you to appear at the bank in Tepehaunes on the first of every month. One thousand pesos will be waiting for you... Some men will come tomorrow and move your family to better quarters. I'm told you are a good horseman. You will be expected to keep an eye on my foals. Adios.

Tibey and Enrique wheel their mounts and ride away.

CUT.

183 EXT. MOUNTAIN COUNTRY ROAD - DAY 183

An abandoned mission and stone well nearby... Cochran leans against the truck, a dozen cigarette butts at his feet and he has paced the gravel until it's flat.

Down the road, a horse and RIDER approach. Cochran seems not to notice. He closes his eyes and presses his hand against the scar on his face. As the Rider gets closer, it is apparent that he is a watchman-bandit type, wearing binoculars and sporting a machine gun...

RIDER
I've been watching you. You are in trespass, man. This is a private road. You hear me? Is your truck broke?

Cochran looks at the Rider.

(CONTINUED)

183 CONTINUED: 183

COCHRAN
Sorry. I'll be going. I've been waiting a couple of hours to meet someone, but it doesn't look like he's going to show up.

RIDER
There is a cost to this road. It must be five dollars.

COCHRAN
Fine.

Cochran absentmindedly peels five bucks off from a large roll; the Rider reconsiders...

RIDER
You were here very long. It will be twenty dollars. You hear me, man? Twenty dollars.

COCHRAN
Sure. Whatever. It's your road.

Cochran takes off twenty in an attitude of resignation... He hands it up to the Rider, then suddenly grabs the Rider's arm and gives tremendous haul, jerking him completely off the horse. The Rider hits the ground hard. Cochran is on him, knocking him senseless...

184 COCHRAN 184

walks away from the fallen Rider, begins to throw the machine gun into the field then tosses it into the cab of his pickup, gets in and drives off...

CUT.

185 EXT. VICKI'S HOUSE - NIGHT 185

An elegant, sprawling house on the outskirts of Durango; Cochran's truck parked in the driveway.

186 INT. VICKI'S BEDROOM 186

Cochran and Vicki have just finished making love. He sits half-dressed on the end of the bed, utterly morbid.

(CONTINUED)

186 CONTINUED: 186

VICKI
What happened to your face?

COCHRAN
I lost a fight a few months back.

VICKI
You're not a cowboy. I knew that right away. I was raised in Fort Morgan, Colorado, around a lot of cowboys.

Cochran drawing on his boots...

VICKI
You have a long history as a murderer or something like that?

COCHRAN
Right on the money.

VICKI
I didn't mean to be snoopy.

COCHRAN
Look, let's skip the horseshit. I've got business down here and if you blow my cover I'll cut your throat right back to the neckbone.

VICKI
Jesus, you're real charming. Make love then threaten to kill me... You must be desperate.

COCHRAN
I am.

VICKI
Must be some woman.

COCHRAN
You got it.

She smiles.

VICKI
Look, it's okay.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

186 CONTINUED: (2) 186

VICKI (CONT'D)
I won't get in your way. We can be friends, all right?

COCHRAN
Yeah. We can be friends. Maybe you can help me.

VICKI
Sure. I like really desperate men.

The bedroom door opens. An OLD COOK holds up a cage full of canaries.
Vicki quickly slips on a robe.

VICKI
You've got to see Pinky hunt. He's a noble little beast.

Cochran stands there as Vicki releases the birds for the cat to chase... He watches for a moment as the cat begins to stalk.

COCHRAN
I'm taking off, I don't much like watching this...

VICKI
You can't stand this, but you don't mind the idea of cutting my throat.

COCHRAN
If you want, I'll take your cat out sometime and teach him to hunt mice in the field.

VICKI
Oh no, the snakes would get him.

COCHRAN
Cats hardly ever get hit by snakes. Bird dogs are another story. They point snakes and get it in the nose.

VICKI
You own a dog?

(CONTINUED)

186 CONTINUED: (3) 187

COCHRAN
No, but I used to do a lot of hunting... See you around.

Turns and goes.

CUT.

187 EXT. VICKI'S HOUSE - NIGHT 187

Amador is washing the car as Cochran comes out of the house looking a little spent.

COCHRAN
How you doing?

AMADOR
Pues hombre, not as well as you.

Big smile, but Cochran's not buying it.

COCHRAN
You set me up on that road yesterday.

AMADOR
That's right, amigo.

COCHRAN
Why?

AMADOR
If I am going to be your friend and partner in a difficult business, I want to know how you handle things, okay?

Now Cochran smiles.

COCHRAN
Did I pass the test?

AMADOR
From what I hear, yes. You did fine... Listen, I have thought it over, it will take time to find things out, but I will help you with Tibey, okay?

Cochran takes out a number of hundreds from his wallet, but Amador waves them away.

AMADOR
It's not for the money; it's personal.

(CONTINUED)

187 CONTINUED: 187

COCHRAN
It might be good to know the reasons...

Cochran takes the chamois cloth and begins to wipe the car window.

AMADOR
Tiburon has been hard on a lot of people since I was a young man. I will spare you the bloody stories... We can plot, but we have no armies.

COCHRAN
I'm a pretty good army.

Amador laughs.

AMADOR
The man you beat up is very angry about losing his gun... I should know exactly what you want from Tibey.

COCHRAN
Simple. I want to know where his wife is.

AMADOR
Why?

COCHRAN
Why?

COCHRAN
It's personal.

AMADOR
There is a very good chance you will be shot like a dog unless you are careful, and probably shot like a dog anyway.

COCHRAN
Yeah. I've heard the before.

They walk away.

CUT.

188 INT. WHOREHOUSE - SMALL ROOM 188

The light is dim; Marisa lies huddled in the corner of her bed... The Pimp enters and turns on a bright yellow overhead light ... He takes a prepared needle in hand, smiles... Marisa's eyes are dull and imploring.

(CONTINUED)

188 CONTINUED: 188

PIMP
Quieres?

Gives himself the injection...
The Pimp leaves as the Foreman enters. Marisa rises almost as if in a trance; she kneels before the big man who seats himself on the bed and begins to pull off his boots.

FOREMAN
(in Spanish)
What a bad girl you are... When Tiburon first brought you to the ranch, I thought you were the Madonna...

The Foreman lifts her in the air, his hands under her arms, shakes her and tosses her on the bed. He pounces on her as Marisa's arms flop at his side. He begins to push down his trousers and his belt flops loose; Marisa's fingers graze a sheath knife which she plucks out. As he gets on her, she sinks the knife to the hilt in his neck.

189 THE FOREMAN 189

stumbles back, stands and careens through the room, screaming and clutching at his neck...

CUT.

190 INT. MADAM'S ROOM - LATER 190

The Madam walks around angrily. The Pimp is comatose with heroin. Enrique has some clothes for Marisa.

ENRIQUE
(in Spanish)
Get these on her. Hurry.

The Madam begins dressing Marisa.

MADAM
(in Spanish)
You should be punished. You almost killed that man. It's a shame, you were so much in demand...

She looks over at Enrique.

MADAM
(in Spanish)
Must she go? She's pregnant, but we can take care of that.

(CONTINUED)

190 CONTINUED: 190

Enrique grabs the Madam by the hair.

ENRIQUE
(in Spanish)
Don't forget who you are dealing with... At the moment you are fortunate to be alive. Just do what Tiburon says and keep your mouth shut.

CUT.

191 EXT. ROAD - DAWN 191

Enrique's truck drives up to a country nunnery which is a hostel for orphaned children. Enrique gets out, holding Marisa with some distaste...

192 INT. NUNNERY 192

Marisa is brought into the lovely courtyard with a dozen children, playing, laughing...
A MOTHER SUPERIOR takes Marisa's arm.

MOTHER SUPERIOR
Marisa.

MARISA
Si.

She looks at the Mother Superior almost dreamily.

MOTHER SUPERIOR
(in Spanish)
You are lucky that people loved you enough to save you from that terrible place, however evil your behavior. Come with me.

She leads Marisa away, Enrique watching them go.

CUT.

193 EXT. FASHION SET - FAKE WESTERN TOWN - DAY 193

Cochran and Amador walk down the main street.

AMADOR
Your friend Senor Tiburon is at his ranch at Tepehuanes quail hunting... He is also very drunk.

(CONTINUED)

193 CONTINUED: 193

COCHRAN
That's funny. He doesn't drink much...

AMADOR
You must trust my contact who works in his household. Tiburon is drunk and acts crazy every day. He has not entertained and usually many people come to his hacienda in the fall to hunt... His staff is very worried.

COCHRAN
How about Marisa?

AMADOR
Only rumors...

COCHRAN
Like what?

AMADOR
They are too unreliable to repeat. I'll have better knowledge tonight. Okay.

COCHRAN
But you heard she was alive?

AMADOR
Yes. Very much alive.

They arrive at the site of the fashion shoot. A Makeup Man and a Dresser primp at the Models. The Photographer is sitting on a rock wearing reflector sunglasses, sipping at a huge glass of whiskey. The Stylist is flouncing around as Vicki moves to Cochran's side.

VICKI
I was doing some bare ass shots this morning and the locals were all trying to peek and no matter how many times it happens it's crazy. It's all misplaced hormones, you know. I read that somewhere. I flashed this little man as a joke and at lunch break he brought me some wildflowers...They're pretty, don't you think?

She waves the flowers at Cochran.

COCHRAN
Sounds like you had a big day.

(CONTINUED)

193 CONTINUED: (2) 193

VICKI
Please be nice... I'm sorry about the canaries. I really didn't mean to offend you.

COCHRAN
Don't worry. Nowadays it takes quite a bit to do that.

They move off.

194 EXT. FASHION SET - ACROSS THE WAY 194

Under a large tree, some Drivers are milling around during a work break. Among them is a visitor, Enrique. The other men defer to him.

DRIVER
(in Spanish)
I swear to God she was walking around almost naked.

Enrique glassing the set *wit his binoculars.*

195 THROUGH BINOCULARS 195

He fixes on Vicki and Cochran, recognizing Cochran...

CUT.

196 INT. TIBEY'S DEN - TEPEHUANES - EVENING 196

Tibey stands next to the chair behind a capacious desk. There is a decanter of brandy before him and a half-filled glass. Enrique stands to the side holding his hat. The Foreman sits in the corner staring at the floor, his neck heavily bandaged.

TIBEY
Perhaps he killed Elefante.

ENRIQUE
I was thinking of that.

TIBEY
Hard to blame him really.

A quizzical look on Enrique's face.

ENRIQUE
Maybe he means to kill you.

TIBEY
No, I think not...
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

196 CONTINUED: 196

TIBEY (CONT'D)
He wants my wife. Such bravery for love...

ENRIQUE
Shall I kill him?

TIBEY
I haven't made up my mind yet... Probably not. It's proper etiquette that I kill him. Meanwhile, I will let him eat his heart away in a fruitless search.

Tibey gestures the Foreman forward; the man approaches hesitantly.

TIBEY
I've known you since you were a child. Now your big mouth says you will strangle my wife for stabbing you. I don't blame you but you have forgotten whose wife she is...

Tibey pulls a big chrome-plated Colt .44 from a drawer. The Foreman slumps to his knees until only his head and shoulders show above the desk.

FOREMAN
I beg you, senor... I meant no harm to you.

TIBEY
I will leave it up to God because you have a family. It is only half full so you have a fifty-fifty change.

Tibey spins the cylinder then pulls the trigger, an empty chamber as the hammer clicks...

197 TIBEY 197

holding the gun, looking very sad.

TIBEY
Leave for Guanajuato by tomorrow. Take your family; never return. There is a man named Burgo who works at the Mixtec granary. He will give you a job... Now stand up.

The Foreman stands; Tibey tosses him the pistol...

(CONTINUED)

197 CONTINUED: 197

TIBEY
Take this pistol as a gift. It will help you remember your mouth.

Tibey walks from the room.

CUT.

198 EXT. TIBEY'S RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT 198

Tibey has a blanket and he weaves around under the yard lights drunkenly singing. He wanders over to a kennel and his setters leap at the fence excitedly. He goes through the gate and sits down with his dogs.

TIBEY
We love each other, my beautiful animals. We shall go to Paris. I'm going to sleep out here with you tonight. I'm bored with my nightmares...

CUT.

199 EXT. WESTERN TOWN - NIGHT 199

Cochran waiting near a gaslight on the main street as an old battered truck approaches and stops. Cochran turns to see Amador and another man who is very tall and gaunt, dressed like a bandit...

AMADOR
This is my cousin, Ignacio. He is one bad motherfucker from the mountains.

200 COCHRAN 200

under the glare of the outside lights. He shakes hands with Ignacio.

COCHRAN
What's the news?

AMADOR
She's been kept at a whorehouse for the last three months.

A long moment as Cochran takes this in.

COCHRAN
Let's go there now.

(CONTINUED)

200 CONTINUED: 200

AMADOR
Not right now. It is Saturday night and we would be shot. At dawn tomorrow they'll all be sleeping.

The Uzi machine gun rests across Cochran's arm, the one he took from the Rider. Ignacio reaches for it and inspects it expertly.

COCHRAN
You can have it. It's a gift, might help you up in the mountains.

AMADOR
He speaks no English.

Amador translates to the delighted Ignacio.

AMADOR
He thanks you greatly. He has not gift with him appropriate for you. He says he has seen your fine horse trailer at my place and on the day you leave to go back to America, he will put his best horse in it.

COCHRAN
Thank you. Muchas gracias.

Ignacio speaks again.

AMADOR
He also says if the woman you seek is alive and in Mexico, she will return with you and the horse...

COCHRAN
Tell him I look forward to accepting his gift.

CUT.

201 EXT. STREETS OF DURANGO - DAWN 201

Cochran's truck moves down a deserted main street.

202 INT. TRUCK 202

Cochran driving; he looks over at Amador holding his Ruger 30.06 at the ready. Ignacio beside him.

203 EXT. ALLEY BEHIND WHOREHOUSE 203

The truck enters the alley and pulls to a stop well beyond the back door.

204 INT. TRUCK 204

Cochran is edgy in the driver's seat. Amador, in the middle, pulls on a stocking mask.

AMADOR
You must forgive my ugly appearance.
I am known here and you two are not.

205 EXT. WHOREHOUSE ALLEY - DOOR 205

Amador fails to pick the lock and so Ignacio blasts the door open... They disappear up the stairs, running three steps at a time.

206 INT. UPPER HALLWAY - WHOREHOUSE 206

The Pimp and the Madam start to rush out in alarm. Ignacio pushes the Madam back with his hand tight around her throat. The Pimp starts to reach for the weapon and Cochran delivers a kick to his guts that sends him spinning back into the room.

207 INT. MADAM'S ROOM 207

Amador holds his gun to the Madam's temple.

208 INT. HALLWAY 208

The hall lights are now on. Cochran and Ignacio methodically move down the hallway kicking in doors. Some of the doors are open and the hall is soon full of screeching whores. Ignacio fires the Uzi for several bursts which causes instant quiet.

209 COCHRAN 209

reaches the last door; he kicks it open...

210 ROOM OFF THE HALLWAY 210

Cochran sees a WHORE face down beneath a shocked FAT MAN. Cochran uproots the man from his perch and flings him into a corner. The nude woman from the rear looks as if she could be Marisa.

Cochran then turns the head of the comatose whore... revealing the blunt face of an Indian woman in her forties. Cochran shrinks back, returns to the corridor.

211 COCHRAN 211

moving past the shocked and semi-nude whores in the hallway, heading back to the Madam's room.

212 INT. MADAM'S ROOM 212

Cochran and Ignacio re-enter. Amador still holds his gun on the Madam and the Pimp who sits against the wall holding his stomach.

COCHRAN
Where is she?

MADAM
I don't know... Perhaps she was taken to this place in Mazatlan for the rich... She was very pretty.

Cochran lifts a wad of hundred dollar bills.

COCHRAN
Tell me where it is. If she isn't there, I'm coming back to kill you.

The Madam is in despair...

MADAM
She was kept here for three months. Senor Mendez took her when she stabbed a man while he made love to her. Tiburon must have put her in a place where no one can reach her... I don't know where.

Cochran gives her a look that comes straight from the bowels of hell.

AMADOR
She doesn't know any more than that.

Cochran throws some money on the floor and starts to walk out.

MADAM
If Tiburon knows I told you this much, he will kill me.

Cochran turns and looks back at her.

COCHRAN
Good.

CUT.

213 EXT. AMADOR'S - DAY 213

The truck drives up; Cochran slams the door as he gets out. Amador and Ignacio begin unloading their rifles.

214 COCHRAN 214

pissed and a little crazy.

COCHRAN
I want to kill him.

AMADOR
Then you will never find her.

COCHRAN
Bullshit. We ought to go out to Tepehuanes and blow Tibey out of his socks. It would be fun to watch the motherfucker buck and twist in the air...

AMADOR
We don't know if she's alive.

COCHRAN
I don't want you to mention that possibility.

AMADOR
Yes, of course. I'm sorry, amigo ... We wait. We make observations. We discover little things that lead to bigger things. Ignacio will do some hunting...

COCHRAN
I'm tired of waiting; I've been waiting a thousand years.

AMADOR
It's difficult. Very difficult.

He continues to snick the bullets out of his Ruger.

CUT.

215 INT. COCHRAN'S HOTEL SUITE - DAY 215

Cochran looks terrible, hasn't shaved for days... He walks out on the balcony then walks back and dials the phone next to the bed.

COCHRAN
Hello, baby... this is Dad... No, I'm still down here in old Mexico. Yeah, talking about a job... How's your mother... Good... I should be back in the States in a couple of weeks... Yeah, I got a girlfriend ... Sure, she's good-looking... the old man hasn't lost it yet... I love you. Give everyone a kiss ... okay... bye for now...

He hangs up, lights a cigarette then lies back and stares at the ceiling.

CUT.

216 EXT. SHOPPING CENTER - DURANGO - DAY 216

Ignacio stands smoking under an awning. He watches Enrique having lunch in the Playazul, an open front restaurant. Enrique gets up as a NUN stands at the entrance. He walks toward her and they speak out of earshot, then return to the table.

217 IGNACIO 217

watching...

CUT.

218 INT. BAR - NIGHT 218

Cochran, Vicki, Amador and Ignacio.

AMADOR
He says he saw Enrique talking with a nun... I doubt if it's for the improvement of his soul.

COCHRAN
What do you think?

AMADOR
It's possible they could have put her in a convent.

(CONTINUED)

218 CONTINUED: 218

VICKI
Typical Latin macho bullshit... whores or nuns.

COCHRAN
He didn't follow the nun?

AMADOR
I told him to follow Tibey's man so he stayed with him. Sorry.

COCHRAN
Any idea which convent it could be?

A shrug.

AMADOR
Any one of hundreds.

VICKI
Thousands. They got almost as many convents as whorehouses.

Cochran silences her with a look.

COCHRAN
Maybe I should meet with Tibey. Have a little talk with him face to face.

AMADOR
Then you will have to kill him, or he will kill you. Either way you will not get what you want.

COCHRAN
I don't know. He was my friend. Once. I'd like to at least try to talk to him. You think it's possible?

A short discussion between Amador and Ignacio in Spanish.

AMADOR
He rides every morning at dawn. If we could surprise him and make sure he was alone...

COCHRAN
Kill his bodyguard...

(CONTINUED)

218 CONTINUED: (2) 218

AMADOR
And anyone close to him. Then... possibly, you could talk.

COCHRAN
Fine. Tomorrow.

AMADOR
We can try.

VICKI
I wish someone was looking for me the way you're looking for her.

She smiles.

CUT.

219 EXT. CANTINA - DUSK 219

A small building with a tin shed connected, both tucked against the brown hills of Durango.

220 INT. CANTINA 220

Cochran and Amador finishing supper. A few campesinos in the room and a half-Indian cook who pours them both some mescal.

AMADOR
This old man is my friend. In the old days he was a wonderful bandit and whore master.

He speaks to the old man in Spanish. The old man laughs and does a little dance... then heads back to the kitchen.

AMADOR
We have a long walk a few hours before dawn. We will intercept Tiburon in a place where the valley narrows. I will hide with my rifle and you can make your peace with Tiburon.

Amador drinks his mescal, stands, goes to the window, looks out at the dark.

AMADOR
When I was a boy I came across this old coyote that was dying.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

220 CONTINUED: 220

AMADOR (CONT'D)
He was just lying there by a stream. I was going to shoot it out of pity ... but I put my gun down. I didn't want to interrupt the coyote's last hours.

He turns back to Cochran.

AMADOR
It's sad you can't just shoot Tiburon.

Smiles.
Cochran lights a cigarette.

CUT.

221 EXT. MOUNTAINS - NIGHT 221

Cochran's truck parked by the side of a two-track dirt road.

222 INT. TRUCK 222

Amador shakes Cochran awake, gives him some coffee from a thermos. Music from the car radio full of laments, more broken hearts and busted guns...

COCHRAN
Sounds like I'm back at Diller's Mission.

AMADOR
Is that your home?

Cochran pauses a moment, knowing he has no home.

COCHRAN
No, it's where I got well... after Tiburon took her away.

They get out of the truck.

AMADOR
It's along walk in the dark but I know the way. Too cold for the snakes and we have a big moon...

After another pull at the thermos, they move away.

CUT.

223 EXT. MOUNTAINS - DAWN 223

The first light breaks, clear and cold...

224 NEAR A CREEK 224

Cochran and Amador waiting.

AMADOR
If he's coming it will be in the next few minutes.

COCHRAN
Look, amigo, if this gets messy then go for yourself. It might make sense for me to get killed, but it doesn't for you.

AMADOR
You don't worry about me.

He laughs and walks a few steps away.

AMADOR
I trust my skills.

He raises his 30.06...

AMADOR
You stay next to the tree; I'll be up there. Tiburon will think he's seen a ghost...

Amador moves up the hillside.

225 COCHRAN 225

moves under a large scrub oak and leans against the truck, then lights a cigarette.
A crow passes by, swoops, squawking...
Then a vulture appears, catching sun on his wings far above the canyon's cool shadows.
Cochran watching the vulture as he hears HORSES in the distance.

226 TRAIL 226

Tibey's bird dogs, male and female English pointers, trot past then swivel suddenly at Cochran's scent. The male approaches, growling, while the female stays back on the trail, curious and wiggling with excitement. Cochran shushes the male, and it sits wagging its tail in a thump against the ground. He pets the dog and points with his hand; the dogs, obedient to hand signals, rush off looking for quail.

227 TWO MEN 227

ride into view, Tiburon's MAN in the lead by twenty yards. Both Tiburon and his Man see Cochran and wheel their horses... Tiburon's Man raises his shotgun at Cochran.

TIBEY
No! Don't!

Amador's first shot tears through Tiburon's Man and drops him from the saddle; two more shots make him jump along the ground then lie still.

228 TIBURON 228

reins his veering horse while the riderless horse gallops off. Tiburon rides closer without turning to look at the dead man, suddenly there is a gun in Tiburon's hand pointed directly at Cochran...

TIBEY
I can kill you before he fires.

COCHRAN
He won't shoot unless you do, or unless I tell him.

TIBEY
Perhaps we should both die now.

COCHRAN
Maybe so.

TIBEY
What do you want?

COCHRAN
You already know that.

A pause.

TIBEY
As my former friend, I ask you to ask my forgiveness for taking my wife away from me.

COCHRAN
I think I've paid enough. And so has she. And maybe you have too.

Amador scrambles down the hillside, his rifle still levelled at Tibey.

(CONTINUED)

228 CONTINUED: 228

TIBEY
Maybe there is very little left for any of us to have.

COCHRAN
Except for me and her. You can give us that. You understand the way I feel about her.

TIBEY
You want too much. I liked you. I tried to warn you, but there are things you don't understand... I will give you your life. Go, leave this country. I will not harm you or her again. But she is mine.

He turns and rides away.

CUT.

229 INT. VICKI'S KITCHEN - NIGHT 229

Cochran, Vicki and Amador sit at a small table, seemingly transfixed by the wall clock.

230 COCHRAN 230

turns and stares out the window as if willing something into existence.

231 EXT. VICKI'S HOUSE - NIGHT 231

Ignacio's battered truck slams up the driveway and brakes to a halt.
Ignacio gets out, dragging a man with him, the Uzi machine gun shoved up against the man's head.

232 EXT. PATIO - VICKI'S HOUSE 232

The front door swings open and Cochran and Amador emerge as Ignacio crosses the patio pushing a bound and gagged Enrique under the patio light... The left side of Ignacio is soaked with blood and Enrique is severely bruised.

AMADOR
I think we're in business.

COCHRAN
Yeah. Let's get Ignacio fixed up.

They all move back inside.

233 INT. VICKI'S KITCHEN - LATER 233

Vicki brings a pan of boiling water as Cochran threads a needle from the veterinary kit on the table. Amador pours a glass of mescal for Ignacio who is now shirtless. Cochran approaches with the needle and the thread. Ignacio speaks in Spanish.

AMADOR
He says let her do it. She will do a better job and we must interrogate our prisoner. Also, she is so lovely and beautiful it will ease the pain. Okay?

Vicki smiles and takes the needle from Cochran.

VICKI
I hemmed a skirt in the ninth grade and when I was a kid I helped sew up all the horses that ran into barbed wire.

Amador and Cochran push Enrique outside.

234 EXT. VICKI'S SWIMMING POOL 234

Enrique is now tied to a chair set at the edge of the shallow end of the pool. Cochran and Amador look at him.

COCHRAN
Where is she? Donde esta Marisa? You better tell us, amigo.

AMADOR
He needs a taste first.

Amador kicks the chair into the water... It rolls with Enrique's face pointed down, then up, but still underwater. Amador jumps in the shallow end up to his waist and drags the man up by the hair.

ENRIQUE
Chinga tu madre.

Amador lets Enrique go back under.

AMADOR
He says he wishes to make love to my mother. Very strange.

COCHRAN
What do we do with him after he tells us?

(CONTINUED)

234 CONTINUED: 234

Amador lets Enrique come up another moment, then shoves him under one more time.

AMADOR
Let me ask you, if he lives, what do you think the chances are that he will forgive us?

Amador gets him up again; more sputtering, curses...

CUT.

235 EXT. DOG KENNEL - YARD OF TIBEY'S RANCH - DAWN 235

Just outside the fence, Tibey is walking within the kennel. He unwraps from a blanket over his shoulders and greets the setters, opening the gate. They run around the yard then come back to him.

TIBEY
I dreamed of us hunting last night. It was a wonderful hunt. Did you dream of it, too?

A farm truck speeds up the drive, almost to Tibey's; Garcia jumps out almost in a state of shock.

GARCIA
I found him in the driveway. Just sitting there.

Tibey looks at the dead Enrique in the back of the pick-up, still sitting in the chair...

236 TIBEY 236

smiles, looking at the dead man.

TIBEY
What a bad way to die. Sitting there like a fool.

GARCIA
What should I do?

TIBEY
Bury him in the mountains. Our friend was a serious man.

Pause.

(CONTINUED)

236 CONTINUED: 236

TIBEY
Senor Cochran now knows where his beloved is hidden. We can be sure they got that out of him before he died...

He walks away from the truck.

TIBEY
All this for love...

He looks back at Garcia.

TIBEY
Do you understand? Of course, you don't. You are simply a campesino who doesn't piss his life away on nonsense.

GARCIA
You will kill him?

TIBEY
What choice do I have.

CUT.

237 COUNTRY ROAD - DAWN 237

Ignacio's truck parked nearby..
Amador, Ignacio and Cochran... waiting.

AMADOR
Perhaps we should go along.

COCHRAN
No. I asked you to help, not to die... Go back to our friend, tell him for me, goodbye and thanks.

AMADOR
My cousin and I owe Tiburon a grudge. I had the patience to wait for years until the right time to relieve myself of the burden. Now is the right time. When you take his wife you will cripple him.

COCHRAN
Thank you and your cousin.

IGNACIO
Suerte, amigo.

(CONTINUED)

237 CONTINUED: 237

AMADOR
Stay on the near side of the hill,
you go through a little forest,
then just over the next hill...
Luck. Adios.

Cochran turns and starts away, Amador and Ignacio standing there as he becomes a small figure going down the roadway.

CUT.

238 EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - NIGHT 238

Cochran moving off the road, going up a steep rise...

239 COCHRAN 239

He sets off through the forest, then slowly down a small rocky arroyo that leads to the back of a nunnery.

240 HILLSIDE 240

Cochran sits on a rock and watches the nunnery for *movement*...

241 COCHRAN 241

moves swiftly but silently down the hill to the outside of the walled garden.

242 THE WALL 242

Cochran moves easily up and over the wall, using hand and footholds on the stones and broken stucco...

243 GARDEN OF NUNNERY 243

Cochran drops down, looks about the garden, then moves through the garden to the doors of the nunnery itself, finding them locked and the building impenetrable... He moves back into the garden to wait.

244 INT. MARISA'S ROOM 244

The room is barren and cell-like. Marisa sits on a chair looking out the window at the early morning sun as it strikes against the mountains...

245 MARISA 245

stands and turns from the window. She hums and brushes her hair, still in a long green nightgown.

(CONTINUED)

245 CONTINUED: 245

She goes back to the window, still humming and brushing her hair. She looks down in the garden and sees Cochran back near the far wall leaning against a tree.

246 GARDEN OF NUNNERY 246

Cochran leans against the tree smoking a cigarette. One can almost hear his heart beat. He stares at the big doors and then at his watch.

247 THE DOORS 247

A creaking, then Marisa slips out. She walks slowly toward Cochran with her head down as if trying to hide herself.

248 MARISA AND COCHRAN 248

embracing. She weeps and turns her face from him. Cochran leads her to a bench and sits down beside her. She puts her hand across her mouth and looks up almost shyly at him.

MARISA
They hurt you.

Cochran tries to kiss her. She draws away.

COCHRAN
They hurt both of us, but it's not important now... If you don't kiss me I swear to God I'll die right here.

Marisa and Cochran kiss deeply. He draws her onto his lap. Cochran and Marisa sit on a bench, her head tucked against his neck. She looks almost child-like; he speaks to her barely over a whisper...

COCHRAN
We have to go. He'll have the airport watched so we'll drive straight through to El Paso.

Marisa's eyes look as if she's almost in a trance.

MARISA
No. It's no good. We were evil. Perhaps we couldn't help it but it was wrong. I want Tibey to forgive me... I want him to forgive us.

(CONTINUED)

248 CONTINUED: 248

Cochran shakes his head.

COCHRAN
I tried... It can't happen on earth. It can't happen in a thousand years, you know that.

MARISA
It's the only way... I'm pregnant, and I don't know if it is from you or from when I was a whore.

COCHRAN
I don't care about that.

She suddenly looks up at him.

MARISA
Not even God knows, do you think?

He holds her even more tightly.

COCHRAN
It doesn't matter. Please, we have to go...

MARISA
Everything matters. He must forgive us; we must forgive him. Don't you see, it's all together, connected... without that we can have nothing.

249 NUNNERY GARDEN 249

The Mother Superior leads Tibey into the garden then backs away in fright. The .44 revolver is strapped to his waist; he draws the gun and walks deliberately toward Cochran and Marisa. She closes her eyes as Cochran stands up.

TIBEY
You must have a gun. I don't want to shoot you with your hands at your sides.

COCHRAN
I have a gun but I don't want to kill you anymore... Even after everything you've done to her.

250 TIBEY 250

with the gun, wavering in indecision... Then he fires and the blast is deafening.
Cochran spins and goes down.
The flesh wound darkens his shoulder with blood.

251 COCHRAN 251

stands again, weakened...

TIBEY
I want you to leave here. Now. Without her.

COCHRAN
She's my only chance. I don't have any life without her... without her, there's nothing.

Tibey hands the gun to Cochran.

TIBEY
Are you sure you don't want to kill me? It would be very simple. It would make everything simple.

Cochran levels the gun at Tibey.

COCHRAN
Yes, Tiburon, I'm sure.

Then tosses the pistol away.
A long moment.
Tibey kneels down in front of Marisa. He raises his head to her lap as she rubs his hair and neck.

TIBEY
Forgive me.

MARISA
No. Forgive me.

Tibey gets up and walks a few steps away. His back is turned toward them... Cochran and Marisa walk toward the garden door. Cochran lifts the bar on the door.

As Tiburon stands there, Cochran and Marisa walk out into the sunlight and up the arroyo.

FADE.

THE END