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THE MISSION

by

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The historical events here dramatized took place in what is now the borderlands of Argentina, Paraguay and Brazil in the year 1730 . 1.

THE MISSION

BLACK SCREEN. FIRST CREDIT and, on SOUND, the harmonious, deep and sweet flowing together of THREE VIOLINS in some baroque Church Music of the time (1750), emotional but complicated, moving us to admiration. This and CREDITS continue OVER:

1. EXT. JUNGLE/RIVER. DAWN. 1

The SCREEN lightens. It is first light over a jungle, of a desolation of tropical trees, with an aimless river split by shoals.

LOW ANGLE LONG SHOT across the river to the tree-lined further bank. It is like a slowly moving sea of mud.

2. EXT. JUNGLE. DAWN. 2

Inside the jungle. It is like a green cathedral.

PEOPLE come towards us, brown-skinned, black-haired and virtually naked. Fine physiques, faces simultaneously primitive and noble; Guarani faces, Amerindian. The MEN are painted in arbitrary and frightening patterns. But the mood is solemn.

The reason for solemnity is a more than life-size CROSS carried by SEVERAL MEN.

3. EXT. JUNGLE CREEK. DAWN.

They come to a stand above a creek.

REVERSE SHOT up and over the water. A moment of anticipation. They pitch the CROSS into the river. It strikes with a splash and WE SEE:

A MAN, nailed to the cross. He is white-skinned and bearded. His mouth gapes, his eyes are shut, he wears a crown of jungle thorns.

Some of the SAVAGE GIRLS and CHILDREN run along the bank, following the progress of the cross until checked by the jungle.

The CHIEF says something at which his LIEUTENANTS laugh shortly, then turns away, and they all vanish whence they came.

4. EXT. JUNGLE RIVER. DAWN.

The drifting cross; it rotates slowly in the current.

4. CONTINUED

It drifts away from us to where the river forks. It hesitates then drifts out of sight down the smaller of the two channels.

A six inch BUTTERFLY perches on it, opening and closing its beautiful wings.

The CROSS is caught in a bank of water-iris eight feet tall. The white flowers lean tenderly over the tortured face. But the water is plucking and bubbling now. The CROSS swings round and moves out of FRAME.

It is moving more rapidly. We are looking down on it from above, through branches which extend over the river.

LAST PRINCIPAL CREDIT.

The VIOLINS on SOUND continuing.

The CROSS bumps, dips and swoops out of the lower end of a rapid. The river broadens.

The MAN moves his lips; he is still alive.

5. EXT. IGUAZU WATERFALLS. DAY.

The CROSS speeds towards us: WE PAN right round as it passes and WHIP PAN DOWN as it pitches over a waterfall into a maelstrom of foam a hundred and fifty feet below.

VERY LONG SHOT: The Falls. (The Falls of IGUAZU'.) The enormous river falling in great blocks of water, almost seeming to fall slowly. When it strikes it explodes. The tiny distant CROSS is flung up and out, black and vivid against the sunlit spume, before falling back.

DISSOLVE

6. EXT. RIVER BELOW WATERFALLS. DAY.

FIELDING, a Jesuit priest with the face of a non-commissioned officer, and SEBASTIAN, another Jesuit about ten years younger, stand up to their armpits in the muddy river. They are looking with agitation upstream.

Their P.O.V.: A long canoe with TWO OTHER JESUITS in it, thrusting through the water towards them. It is towing something behind it. It is the CROSS, upside down.

6. CONTINUED

The CROSS is dragged by FIELDING and SEBASTIAN to shallow water. They heave it right side up.

The crucified cadaver is now unpleasant to look at.

CUT TO

7. EXT. RIVER BELOW WATERFALLS. DAY.

The CROSS stuck firmly in the ground, has a mound of fresh earth beneath it and festoons of wild flowers upon it.

CUT TO

8. EXT. RIVER BELOW WATERFALLS. DAY.

FIELDING places the dead man's few possessions into a lightly built canoe.

CUT TO

9. EXT. RIVER BELOW WATERFALLS. DAY.

The little canoe is being towed by the long canoe, paddled by all of the JESUITS.

PULL BACK to reveal them to be in the centre of the teeming, turbulent river, just about to disappear round a bend.

CUT TO

10. EXT. RIVER BELOW WATERFALLS AND FALLS. DAY.

The upraised CROSS. In the background WE SEE the spume of the waterfall as it mounts a thousand feet into the air.

CUT

11. INT. REHEARSAL ROOM, GREAT MISSION. DAY.

The face of a brown-skinned YOUNG MAN of pre-Columbian stock, concentrating on his VIOLIN. Another more ELDERLY MAN of the same features, eyes closed, is wrapped up in his VIOLIN. A SMALL GIRL picks her way carefully through the second violin part. Their jet black hair is combed back, and they are all dressed in cotton shifts.

11.

CONTINUED

11.

The GIRL keeps her eyes fixed upon the CHOIRMASTER named FATHER GABRIEL, with a look of hopeless devotion.

GABRIEL is a man of about fifty-five, dressed in the black cassock and leather sandals of the Jesuits. He has a face as clear of lines as a boy of twelve, yet marked with grooves of humour which could as easily turn to sadness.

He is listening now to the MUSIC which wafts about him on the still air of a plain REHEARSAL ROOM, concentrating hard at conducting with a wave of his finely-tuned hand.

The door opens at the far end of the room. A PRIEST stands there: he is a Guarani Indian about ten years younger than GABRIEL. His name is IBAYE'. He stands looking at GABRIEL.

One by one, the instruments fall silent. GABRIEL looks at IBAYE' and receives in return a gentle nod.

The wind blows the faint SOUND of MOUFNING from outside.

OUT TO

12.

EXT. RIVERSBANK AND JETTY. DAY.

12

GABRIEL, FIELDING, SEBASTIAN, IBAYE' and other JESUITS, all in rough attire, stand on the bank next to the dead man's canoe.

GABRIEL, his frail shoulders stooped, leafs through the few possessions it contains.

He stops as he comes across a linen bag, and slowly raises it. He slides forth its treasure.

It is a CROSS, cheap metal blue, upon a string. GABRIEL contemplates it and silently slips it onto his neck. He will wear this ornamentation from now on.

At a little distance from the JESUITS, stand the GUARANI INDIAN POPULATION of the MISSION, in long, woolien smocks and neatly combed hair. The MOUFNING SOUND comes louder from them, yet always in tune.

GABRIEL turns and makes his way up the path to the gateway of the Mission, about two hundred yards away.

FIELDING, SEBASTIAN and the other JESUITS led by IBAYE', follow in GABRIEL's footsteps.

12. CONTINUED

12.

The GUARANI watch them a moment. Then with a rush, the dead man's canoe is plucked from the river bed and hoisted onto a dozen bare Indian shoulders.

CUT TO

13. EXT. PARADE GROUND, GREAT MISSION. DAY.

13.

The charred remains of the burned canoe sink uneasily into the flames.

The funeral fire is surrounded by the INDIANS and the JESUITS. The faces of the INDIANS testify that they loved the dead man greatly.

At the centre stands GABRIEL, alone. He intones:

GABRIEL

Almighty and most Merciful God,
we commend to your especial
care the soul of our brother
Julien ...

The smoke drifts across the faces of the GUARANI and the JESUITS.

A great BELL TOLLS in the belfry of an enormous red-stone CHURCH. It is unmistakably a baroque church but it has something barbaric about it, a disturbing echo of the Inca.

GABRIEL continues:

GABRIEL

... who, without doubt, will
himself make intercession for
Your ignorant children the
Guarani of the Upper Parana.

JESUITS AND INDIANS

Amen.

CUT

14. EXT. JUNGLE. NIGHT.

Indian MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN alike in firelight eating roast flesh with their fingers, drinking from gourds which they fill from a wooden trough. Most of them are roaring drunk.

WARRIORS stagger up and down, beating their chests and boasting of their prowess.

14. CONTINUED

14.

On wooden spits, disturbingly shaped joints are roasting.

A drunken FATHER offers his gourd to his greasy-faced five-year-old who drinks greedily. OLD WOMEN egg on the youngsters to fresh excesses. Time honoured tribal witticisms are exchanged.

A young BUCK prances straddle-legged before a line of seated GIRLS, displaying the treat he has in store for them. One reaches out and grabs his treasure. He shouts and kicks her onto her back. She looks up at him with glittering eyes and the tribe rises eagerly to its feet.

CUT

15. EXT. RIVER BELOW WATERFALLS. DAY.

15

The solitary CROSS.

GABRIEL tends to the wild flowers, now worn white, and the wood beginning to bleach yellow in the river mists.

The FALLS booming in the distance.

FIELDING, followed by SEBASTIAN, comes up to GABRIEL.

FIELDING

The things are all stowed.

GABRIEL

Thank you brother John.

GABRIEL gathers a satchel of food and then a curious long tube wrapped in an old piece of wool.

GABRIEL hugs FIELDING who doesn't respond. FIELDING looks at the CROSS.

FIELDING

Julien was a young man.

GABRIEL

True.

FIELDING

You are not.

GABRIEL

Brother. I sent him to his death.

15. CONTINUED

15.

Then as the OTHERS watch, GABRIEL slips into his canoe and turning the prow upstream, paddles out into the sleek brown and white river.

CUT

16. EXT. WATERFALLS, IGUAZU'. DAY.

16.

High noon. A deafening roar. A torrent of white water.

Father GABRIEL plastered against the side of a sheer rock. He looks down.

A sheer drop beneath him.

He looks up at:

A steep ascent above him. He says:

GABRIEL

Holy Mary, Mother of God, be with me now and the hour of my passing ... And why is it me that's doing this?

He commences a long and difficult sideways traverse, hoisting the long tube to be a more easy position.

CUT

17. EXT. RIVER BELOW WATERFALLS. SUNSET.

17

The CROSS. FIELDING goes and sits by SEBASTIAN. Says nothing. They both look up.

The sun is setting over the falls, the pillar of spume rose-red in the light.

CUT

18. EXT. TOP OF WATERFALLS, IGUAZU'. MOONLIGHT.

18

The moon is up as GABRIEL emerges at the head of the falls, hearing the deafening rush of the water pouring breakneck into space.

He heads in the opposite direction, and is lost to sight.

CUT

19. EXT. JUNGLE CLEARING. NIGHT.

19.

The SOUND of rushing water very softly muted now. GABRIEL stands in a clearing and looks down. The ashes of a fire. He stirs it and it glows. He looks round at:

The motionless and silent jungle.

CUT

20. EXT. RIVER BELOW WATERFALLS. NIGHT.

20.

FIELDING and SEBASTIAN lie looking up at the sky, sleepless.

SEBASTIAN

Do you think he's found them yet?

FIELDING

I don't know.

A pause and then:

SEBASTIAN

Do you think ...

FIELDING

(angrily)

... I don't know.

CUT

21. EXT. JUNGLE CLEARING. NIGHT.

21

GABRIEL takes the tube out of his satchel, looks at it, looks at the jungle then unwraps the woollen covering. Out of a soft felt lining, he slides an OBOE. GABRIEL sits down and casts another look at:

The mysterious jungle.

He raises the OBOE to his lips. He attempts to blow. Sweat pours from his face. He looks upwards into:

The strange jungle outlined against the moonlit sky.

GABRIEL

Give me a bit of courage.
This may be my last performance.

The first pure notes of the solo theme from Marcello's concerto.

22. EXT. RIVER. MOONLIGHT. 22.
- LONG SHOT the moonlit river. The plangent melody coming distant.
23. EXT. JUNGLE TREE. NIGHT. 23.
- A MONKEY, blinking in a tree, the music closer.
24. EXT. GLOOMY FOREST. NIGHT. 24.
- A RANDOM SHOT of the gloomy forest, music distant.
25. EXT. JUNGLE. NIGHT. 25.
- The P.O.V. PANNING SHOT (above) repeated, the music very close.
26. EXT. JUNGLE CLEARING. NIGHT. 26.
- GABRIEL playing; he suddenly strikes a madly wrong note. He has seen:
- The GUARANT CHIEF standing at the edge of the little clearing, motionless.
- GABRIEL swallows, staring, fearful.
- The CHIEF tenses.
- GABRIEL plays on.
- The CHIEF is transfixed again. He averts his head, uneasily, nonplussed, like a puzzled animal.
- GABRIEL's eyes slide sideways.
- Another WARRIOR has appeared beside him. He stoops down and peers warily into the little scholar's face, seeking to identify the creature which produces such a sound. He squats on his haunches, not two paces away.
- Other WARRIORS join him.
- GABRIEL over his instrument regards:
- His weird audience of squatting savages, painted, befeathered and armed.
- A WITCH DOCTOR, masked and festooned with strange amulets bursts from the jungle. Stops a second. Strides forward angrily, seizes the instrument and breaks it in two across his knee.

26.

CONTINUED

26.

The CHIEF furiously snatches the instrument from him. The WITCH DOCTOR speaks on a note of warning. The CHIEF replies on a note of anger and authority. Carefully he examines one half of the oboe, squinting to see what may be inside it. Nothing. Mystery. He looks at GABRIEL.

Evidently the man, not the instrument, is the master of the spiritual voice. He tries, with a touching childlike delicacy to piece the two fragments together. He offers them to GABRIEL, shamefaced.

GABRIEL shrugs smiling and tells him (in GUARANI) that he cannot mend it.

The WITCH DOCTOR speaks again ("There you are, I told you so ... it's another white-man trick.")

But the CHIEF tells him curtly to shut up. The OTHERS look at him. He is looking keenly at GABRIEL.

GABRIEL looks back. This is the moment.

The CHIEF rises. He holds out his hand, pulls GABRIEL to his feet and leads him away, the OTHERS following.

CUT

27.

EXT. GUARANI CAMP. DAY.

27

A clearing near a small river, a wall of trees rise to the sky.

The WITCH DOCTOR is sourly watching.

A group of FIFTY GUARANI, MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN alike are seated on the ground. They are listening to:

MUSIC. GABRIEL. He is expounding his favourite metaphor.

MUSIC. The FACES of the little TRIBE, listening and intent to:

MUSIC. GABRIEL intent but easy; the Christian Message not good advice but good news.

MUSIC. The CHIEF asks a question. "The Christ is presumably a warrior of gigantic size?"

27. CONTINUED

27.

MUSIC. GABRIEL tells them of God's quaintly eccentric choice; he is a baby. He shows them a sentimental picture of a Madonna and a Child.

MUSIC. The CHIEF and those privileged to be near him study it.

MUSIC. CLOSE UP. The cheap, sentimental picture.

CUT MUSIC
CUT

28.

EXT. JUNGLE CLEARING. DAY.

28.

The CHIEF and FOUR GUARANI MEN walk silently across a jungle clearing dominated by colossal trees.

CLOSE SHOT. The five primitive, noble faces, smeared with red, green and black stripes, proceed carefully towards the trees.

The massive trees. Nothing moves. A faint stirring. The foliage shakes gently. The five faces come into view.

Suddenly a NET comes hurtling across the FRAME and entangles three of the GUARANI, lifting them off the ground and close to:

The face of RODRIGO MENDOZA. His arms and face darkened with juniper juice. He has a puckered blemish from an old wound which makes him look a figure from Hell.

CLOSE SHOT. The frightened contorted faces of the GUARANI looking up through the mesh.

THREE SPANISH SOLDIERS in leather, with swords drawn, hurl themselves upon them.

A crashing volley of a musket. WE SEE the SPANISH SOLDIER standing with the musket still reeking to his cheek.

The CHIEF and the GUARANI running for cover. The GUARANI falls horrendously upside down in a thorn bush. The CHIEF slows but the INDIAN is dead. The CHIEF looks up to see:

MENDOZA, sword in one hand and a pistol in the other, hurtling through the jungle.

The CHIEF flees hurriedly into the undergrowth and is gone.

28. CONTINUED

28.

MENDOZA stops, listens; there is no sound but his THREE MEN making guttural grunts over their captives. He cries:

MENDOZA

Hush ...

At once the THREE SPANISH SOLDIERS fall silent. A pause.

29. EXT. JUNGLE. DAY.

29.

MENDOZA glides like a snake after the CHIEF with his pistol fully cocked.

The CHIEF far ahead, slipping through the jungle; he runs with the grace of a deer.

MENDOZA knifing his way through the undergrowth. He runs with the mindless, predatory eyes of a Jaguar. He is closing on the CHIEF.

30. EXT. JUNGLE GLADE. DAY.

30

A Glade. MENDOZA bursts into it and sees:

GABRIEL waiting for him, stained and bearded by the weeks in the jungle. A few steps behind him is the CHIEF. MENDOZA stops.

GABRIEL

Rodrigo Mendoza.

MENDOZA

I have come for that.

He points to the CHIEF.

GABRIEL steadily:

GABRIEL

Then you will have to kill me.

MENDOZA looks at the massive CHIEF and then at GABRIEL. Without a smile.

MENDOZA

How do you know I won't?

GABRIEL

I do not.

MENDOZA shrugs and turns about on his heel.

30.

CONTINUED

30.

GABRIEL

(accusingly)

You are the first Slave Trader
above the Falls?

MENDOZA

Yes.

GABRIEL

Tell your Don Cabeza that you
have found me here.

MENDOZA

Assuredly.

GABRIEL gestures at the CHIEF.

GABRIEL

We shall make Christians of
them.

MENDOZA

If you have time.

MENDOZA turns.

GABRIEL

Why do you do this?

MENDOZA, not stopping:

MENDOZA

For the money. Why else?

GABRIEL

Mendoza, let them go.

MENDOZA

... No.

And he disappears into the forest.

GABRIEL turns to the CHIEF.

GABRIEL

You may kill me if you like.

THE CHIEF

No.

CUT

31.

INT. CARLOTTA'S ROOM. DAY.

31

A flicker of silk, a woman's face, young and
looking out of the window

31. CONTINUED

31.

of a room shaded from the sounds of the street by the heavy brocaded furniture. She looks upon:

32. EXT. MAIN THOROUGHFARE, ASUNCION. DAY.

32.

MENDOZA, very formally dressed, riding a great, black horse, bowing to fellow CITIZENS who bow to him. MENDOZA is evidently a man who spreads fear about him like a curtain.

The city of ASUNCION. There are PEOPLE dressed in European costumes, looking rather dishevelled from the heat, as well as many GUARANI SERVANTS who are dressed in dirty chemises and a few in the knickerbocker cotton suits of indoor servants. A GROUP of GUARANI sit on a corner sweltering in the noon day sun, not talking; just sitting. The whole place seems inundated by sunlight. Even the squeal of the wheels of the carts seem muted.

Everyone oppressed by the heat seem to yawn in slow motion.

Behind MENDOZA come three ASSES. Facing backwards on them are the THREE GUARANI he has taken in the forest, heads bent, secured wrist and feet with ropes. Behind them all comes a SPANISH SOLDIER, negligent.

MENDOZA looks around and up at CARLOTTA's window.

33. INT. CARLOTTA'S ROOM. DAY.

33

CARLOTTA faintly smiles down at him from between her bottles of perfume and scent.

34. EXT. MAIN THOROUGHFARE, ASUNCION. DAY.

34

MENDOZA gravely takes off his hat.

35. INT. CARLOTTA'S ROOM. DAY.

35

CARLOTTA lets her smile fade and walks ever so slowly away from the open window and stops, thinking.

CUT

36. EXT. CREILDO COURTYARD, ASUNCION. DAY.

36

A big courtyard with the gates thrown open. Flying above the imposing house on a tall staff is a FLAG with the arms of Spain. From the back of the house

36.

CONTINUED

36.

down a wooden staircase comes DON CABEZA. He is a burly figure, about fifty, with a wine drinker's face but hard. He is dressed in his shirtsleeves, yet we can see by the prompt attention he is paid by the SOLDIERS planted here and there, that he is a figure of great importance.

MENDOZA dismounts and hands his horse to a waiting GUARANI SERVANT. He goes and leans against the wall while the SPANISH SOLDIER lets the GUARANI captives tumble to the ground.

MENDOZA

Don Cabeza.

CABEZA

Mendoza.

CABEZA allows his QUARTERMASTER to examine the slaves.

CABEZA

There are many of them above the Falls?

MENDOZA

Yes.

CABEZA

Dangerous?

MENDOZA

Yes.

CABEZA

(lightly)

Proof against powder and shot?

MENDOZA

No.

CABEZA grunts satisfied and turns towards the GUARANI captives.

MENDOZA

I have seen Jesuits there.

CABEZA spinning round, incensed:

CABEZA

What ...?

MENDOZA

A Father Gabriel.

CABEZA

How long?

MENDOZA

A few days ... the Mission is
to be called San Carlos.

CABEZA, more and more incensed.

CABEZA

I have made the Rio de la Plata
into the richest province of
South America -

MENDOZA

Felicitations.

CABEZA

I'll be damned if I let the
Jesuits -

Breaks off: he sees the ironic face of MENDOZA
looking back at him. Recollecting himself.

CABEZA

Thank you for your information.

Turning to his QUARTERMASTER.

CABEZA

Good?

QUARTERMASTER

Very good.

CABEZA hands a bag of money to MENDOZA which he
carefully stuffs inside his doublet.

CABEZA

Thank you for your assiduousness
on behalf of Spain ... and also
to myself.

MENDOZA remounting his horse.

MENDOZA

A fair price, for a fair job.

CABEZA watches him sullenly as he rides out of the
courtyard followed by his yawning SPANISH SOLDIER.
The gates shut behind them, bearing the SPANISH
COAT OF ARMS, and occupying the whole of the SCREEN.

CUT

37.

EXT. COURTYARD. MENDOZA'S HOUSE, ASUNCION.
DAY.

37.

The tooled handle of a musket is crashed down onto a marble-topped table; a musket of fine workmanship but venomous.

PULL BACK. Another musket, powder burns, ramrods, wads and balls.

MENDOZA has put the musket back on the table. He is formally dressed like PHILIPPO, a pleasant looking youth, who is next to him.

It is the back courtyard attached to a fine town house: whitewash, red earth, the sound of cicadas. Brightly coloured birds croak from the shelter of a tree within the walls.

At the far end of the yard are a pair of bottles, the wall behind them scored with bullets; a whole heap of smashed glass and a basket of new bottles by the side of a GUARANI SERVANT, almost asleep in the shade.

MENDOZA smiles. It is a big event; the first time we have seen him smile. He takes a draught from a finely chiselled decanter and puts it down.

MENDOZA

Ready!

PHILIPPO indicates by a pull on the decanter that he is. MENDOZA smiles again, in affection, and says:

MENDOZA

Remember, you must give your whole attention to this.

PHILIPPO

What else?

MENDOZA

Begin.

They both begin to load their muskets. MENDOZA works deftly, at ease.

PHILIPPO works in a rush, laughing and frowning.

A gate at the far end of the courtyard is opened by a SERVANT. CARLOTTA enters and, followed by her MAID, passes through the gate in a swish of silk and a whisper of lace ... an unexpected visit.

MENDOZA has time to acknowledge her entrance with an inclination of the head, before going back to his work. His movements are minimal so that a fatal stillness hangs about his work.

CARLOTTA goes and sits at another marble topped table, on one of the two marble benches.

PHILIPPO glances at her and smiles.

She smiles back. Then glances at MENDOZA.

37.

CONTINUED

37.

He carefully lifts his musket and braces his feet.

PHILIPPO throws his musket up and fires.

His ball smashes into the wall leaving the bottle unmarked.

The BIRDS cawing make good their escape.

MENDOZA fires.

The green bottle is reduced to dust.

MENDOZA

A musketeer must give his whole attention to his musket.

A GUARANI SERVANT plods and settles another bottle on the wall. But PHILIPPO, acknowledging defeat, turns to CARLOTTA.

PHILIPPO

On the day the Senorita can't distract my attention, I'll become a monk.

CARLOTTA

Half the ladies of Asuncion will become nuns on that day, Philipppo.

PHILIPPO

Alas ... pure gossip. Rodrigo is the ladies' man.

MENDOZA

He is this lady's man.

A shadow passes over CARLOTTA's face.

PHILIPPO wipes the sweat off his forehead with a small handkerchief.

MENDOZA puts back his musket, very carefully, on the table.

CARLOTTA takes a look at MENDOZA and then, to PHILIPPO, gives an imperceptible nod and says:

CARLOTTA

Permit me. I have something to say to Rodrigo.

PHILIPPO hesitates. CARLOTTA says softly:

CARLOTTA

37.

CONTINUED

37

PHILIPPO, with a burning face, goes out through the gate.

MENDOZA unloads the wadding of his musket. He does not speak.

CARLOTTA says to the MAID hovering anxiously:

CARLOTTA

You go, too.

And as the MAID does not know whether to go or not - more sharply:

CARLOTTA

Go.

The MAID goes out of the gate. CARLOTTA sits and indicates to MENDOZA to sit by her side.

MENDOZA does so, his face pallid. He looks as grim as an ambushed buccaneer.

CARLOTTA

(softly)

Rodrigo.

She can get no further.

MENDOZA

Well?

CARLOTTA

I am going to marry Filippo.

His head comes round. He is numb with shock and astonishment.

MENDOZA

Filippo?

CARLOTTA

Yes.

He stares. She offers:

CARLOTTA

I love him, Rodrigo.

MENDOZA

Since when have you loved him?

CARLOTTA

Two months ... I have been trying to tell you.

37.

CONTINUED

37

He recollects certain little incidents, prevarications and disappointments.

MENDOZA

Oh. So that is what you have been trying to tell me.

CARLOTTA

(whispers)

Yes.

He looks at her sideways, snake-eyed.

MENDOZA

Me you do not love?

CARLOTTA

Not as I love Philipppo.

MENDOZA

And how is that?

CARLOTTA

Gently ... sensibly ... That is the love that I need, Rodrigo.

She says it all on a note of pleading, a bit desperate, becoming frightened by his explosive stillness. He, in a voice like the rumble of approaching thunder:

MENDOZA

Have I no need?

She stares at him between fear and pity, wanting to comfort him, but wanting more to get away.

CARLOTTA

You need so much ... and you deserve so much ... it breaks my heart.

She raises a hand to touch his face but he raises his own to prevent it. She rises. He rises. She sees:

His sword and scabbard on the bench.

She look from it to him and:

CARLOTTA

Rodrigo. You will not hurt him?

And as he doesn't at once answer:

37. CONTINUED

37.

CARLOTTA

Rodrigo!

MENDOZA

No.

She gives him a hurried kiss and is gone. He sits. His eyes are deadly. His hand comes to rest as of its own volition on the hilt of the heavy sword.

CUT

38.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF ASUNCION. SUNSET.

38

The green and purple sunset hangs above the outskirts of Asuncion, which is intensely dilapidated. There are scores of DOGS. The insistent rattle of some DRUMS and the blare of TRUMPETS.

The face of a BULL, eyes rolling in fury, is pressed against the wooden slats of its pen.

YOUNG BOYS and YOUNG MEN, shouting, are goading the creature with needles stuck onto sticks.

Hundreds of WHITE SETTLERS, all MEN, are milling round the bull pens that have been erected there.

The DRUM and the TRUMPETS cease and silence falls.

A small PARTY of OLDER MEN approach the bull pens. There comes the SOUND of the huge metal bolts being withdrawn from their sockets.

A MAN in RED CAP climbs onto the gate that holds the BULL back. He stares for a moment at the corridor of sharpened wooden stakes that lead straight to the narrow entrance to the town.

The breathing and the stamping of the BULLS. The MAN in the RED CAP gives a guttural shout.

MAN IN RED CAP

Now!

In a moment the gates are flung aside and the ANIMALS are sent careering into Asuncion.

CUT TO

39.

EXT. STREET WITH TREES, ASUNCION. SUNSET.

3

A street, overhung by trees of enormous stature.

39.

CONTINUED

39

Big pots of rough clay with candles inside are placed on walls and window ledges.

The street is full of citizens, MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN, all dressed in weird costumes: clowns columbines, tigers, gorgons.

A MAN dressed as a giant cockerel is juggling with a flaming and sparkling firework.

The street echoes with guffaws, laughter and the MUSIC of GUITARS.

A DWARF, running wildly on short, bandy legs and followed by other COSTUMED FIGURES, comes hurtling down the center of the red mud roadway, screaming:

DWARF

The bulls!

At the side of the street a number of GUARANI INDIANS watch unsmiling.

CHILDREN are snatched up as the CITIZENS take refuge in gardens or climb into the trees.

A number of YOUNG MEN stand their ground, to the laughter and the applause of the OTHERS.

The GUARANI are pressed against the walls.

A sudden explosion from the CROWD and then, the BULLS. There are FOUR of them.

TWO YOUNG MEN make a daring dash among the thundering hooves.

A PARTY of YOUNG PEOPLE at the windows of a house glowing with light, cheer as the BULLS and COSTUMED MEN hurtle past.

The GUARANI shrink away.

All the houses have cheerfully lit windows, save for one. It is silent, and all the shutters are drawn.

CUT

40.

OMIT

40.

OMIT

40

41.

EXT. SQUARE AND CABILDO, ASUNCION. SUNSET.

41

The Royal Flag of Spain flies from a pole erected on a richly ornamented platform. One side of the Square is decorated with a vast picture of the King of Spain on a red damask background. Above the Cabildo gates hangs the Arms of Castile on a shield. On the south side of the Cabildo is a frieze depicting mythological Gods paying homage to the King of Spain.

As the BULLS swing into the plaza, all the town fans out into spreadeagled spokes of a huge hand and vanish down a dozen alleyways, whooping and screeching.

CABEZA, standing on the balcony of the Cabildo, smiles a pleasant smile as he waves to some portly DIGNITARIES.

When the CROWD in the streets have nearly all disappeared, CABEZA shuts the window and turns back into the Cabildo, and its laughing GUESTS.

CUT TO

42.

INT. MENDOZA'S HOUSE, ASUNCION. SUNSET.

4

Inside his house, MENDOZA sits as motionless as before. The noise of the "fiesta" recedes. The GUITAR plays stronger.

He gets up and goes in complete silence across the carpet and down the inlaid stairs.

He vanishes. A beat. The front door is opened. A SHADOW falls. The door shuts again.

CUT TO

43.

EXT. STREET WITH STATUE, ASUNCION. NIGHT.

4

The GUARANI INDIANS all crowding round an open air statue of the Virgin Mary. She is black and is heavily festooned with flowers, lit by hundreds of candles and sheltered by a great tree.

The INDIANS prostrate themselves in a kneeling position and kiss the toes of the statue. They are seen through the branches of a tree.

43. CONTINUED

43

At the opposite side of the street stands MENDOZA, watching. The noise of the "fiesta" diminished now. An insistent KETTLE DRUM seems to play softly inside his head.

Several COUPLES and other GROUPS are weaving their way homewards.

MENDOZA fails to reply to a "good night" which is offered to him. The noise of the GUITARS is interrupted by the deep tolling BELL from the belfry of the church. MENDOZA looks up at a Spanish baroque church.

CUT TO

44. EXT. COURTYARD OF HOUSE, ASUNCION. NIGHT.

44

FINGERS rush across the body of a five strings GUITAR. A fiery rhythm. An OLD MAN is playing wildly.

A PEACOCK strides about on the end of a chain.

A table with the remains of a meal on it, shelters the other TWO BIRDS pecking at the food on the ground.

MENDOZA is at the edge of the courtyard, eyes fixed on an enclosed balcony on the first floor.

Near the OLD MAN, the shadowy figures of a MAN and a WOMAN, close together on a bench.

MENDOZA gazes at them as their heads touch. The KETTLE DRUM rings in his head.

The OLD MAN plays a rousing chord. The FIGURES swing round to applaud. They are strangers.

MENDOZA's eyes are pulled back to the house. He finds himself at the doorway. The KETTLE DRUM in his head drives him inside.

45. INT. HOUSE AND STAIRS, ASUNCION. NIGHT.

45

Darkness. MENDOZA moves forward. WE SENSE rather than follow his movement up the stairs. At the top he pauses.

The low voices of PHILIPPO and CARLOTTA float through the darkness.

CUT TO

46. INT. HOUSE, BEDROOM. ASUNCION. NIGHT. 46.

CARLOTTA and PHILIPPO are naked on the four poster bed.

CUT TO

47. INT. HOUSE AND STAIRS, ASUNCION. NIGHT. 47

MENDOZA turns away and slips down the stairs.

CUT TO

48. INT. HOUSE, BEDROOM. ASUNCION. NIGHT. 48

CARLOTTA and PHILIPPO, voices so soft WE can hardly hear.

PHILIPPO

He will be all right.

CARLOTTA

Oh, I hope so ... I hope so ...

CUT TO

49. INT. HOUSE AND STAIRS, ASUNCION. NIGHT. 49

MENDOZA on the stairs. The KETTLE DRUMS in his head soften. He may leave, then he pauses. Stops.

CUT TO

50. INT. HOUSE, BEDROOM. ASUNCION. NIGHT. 50

CARLOTTA and PHILIPPO startled as:

The door opens. MENDOZA stands in the doorway. He looks huge.

A moment of quiet. Then PHILIPPO half gets out of the bed.

51. INT. HOUSE AND STAIRS, ASUNCION. NIGHT. 51

MENDOZA turns and is gone. He descends the stairways in a rush.

52. EXT. COURTYARD AND HOUSE, ASUNCION. NIGHT. 52

MENDOZA rushes out into the rear court and blindly along the street.

52.

CONTINUED

52

DRUMS and GUITARS at their fullest pitch.

CUT TO

53.

INT. HOUSE AND STAIRS, ASUNCION. NIGHT.

53

PHILIPPO tears round the stairs with a pair of red plush breeches on and nothing else.

54.

EXT. STREET, ASUNCION. NIGHT.

54

MENDOZA pushes through the closing stages of the fiesta. MEN and WOMEN in their outrageous costumes, looking bizarre against the red mud and the clattering palms.

PHILIPPO

Rodrigo. Rodrigo.

MENDOZA walks faster.

PHILIPPO beside himself with anxiety, catches him up and lays a hand on his arm:

PHILIPPO

Rodrigo, please.

MENDOZA stops.

MENDOZA

Take your hand away.

PHILIPPO is shocked by the menace in it.

LADIES and GENTLEMEN nearby all arrested by the danger.

GUARANI NATIVES begin to gather in the background, very far away, in shadow.

A nervous titter by an elderly GENTLEMAN in the costume of an ornate bird. MENDOZA is across to him in two swift strides.

MENDOZA

You laughed?

The GENTLEMAN instantly restored to reason.

GENTLEMAN

E? No, Captain, I didn't laugh.

He appeals for corroboration:

54.

CONTINUED

54.

GENTLEMAN

Did I?

MENDOZA

But yes, decidely. At whom
did you laugh?

GENTLEMAN

Captain Mendoza, truly, you
are quite mistaken, I did
not laugh.

MENDOZA

That is a lie.

PHILIPPO

Rodrigo!

RODRIGO turns. PHILIPPO licks his lips and:

PHILIPPO

Quarrel with me.

MENDOZA

No.

He turns back to his victim. PHILIPPO strides up
to him, taps his shoulder and as he turns, strikes
him in the face.

There is an explosion. PHILIPPO leaps back and
somebody thrusts a sword into his hand.

The TWO MEN fighting to the death. PHILIPPO, a
technician, quick on his feet, but no match for
MENDOZA, a coldly ruthless killer, with eyes
blazing.

CARLOTTA, dressed in a shawl, desperate, is working
her way through the CROWD.

MENDOZA runs his opponent through with a thrust so
accurate and violent that two feet of blade appear
out of PHILIPPO's back and MENDOZA's hilt is rammed
against his chest. Thus they are face to face as
PHILIPPO dies and drops, almost pulling MENDOZA
with him.

MENDOZA stares up at:

CARLOTTA staring back at him in horror. The OTHERS
backing away from him as though he were some dangerous
and unclean animal.

The DOUBLE DRUMS fades. MENDOZA turns to the
BYSTANDERS.

54. CONTINUED

54.

The circle around him draws back as from a man accursed. PULL BACK UPWARDS emphasising this.

DISSOLVE

55. EXT. JESUIT RESIDENCE AND STREET, ASUNCION. DAY. 55.

RAIN. A satchel WITH A FLUTE tied upon it, swings on GABRIEL's hip as he makes his way down an idle street in Asuncion.

DOZENS of GUARANI INDIANS sleep in what shelter they can find.

TWO or THREE WHITE SETTLERS make their way through the mud and puddles.

FATHER GABRIEL's face is criss-crossed with new lines: the sun has browned his hands and feet. His cassock is torn, but there is a jauntiness to his step as he enters the porch of the RESIDENCE of the JESUIT FATHER PROVINCIAL.

CUT TO

56. INT. ROOM, JESUIT RESIDENCE, ASUNCION. DAY. 56

An important looking JESUIT, the FATHER PROVINCIAL, regards GABRIEL seated opposite him, and IBAYE', with a wizened face.

PROVINCIAL

So how goes your new Mission?

GABRIEL

Insects and twigs, Father.

The PROVINCIAL nods admiringly with a memory of when he was judged upon those words.

PROVINCIAL

No converts?

GABRIEL

A few and many near to it.
Praise the Lord.

PROVINCIAL

Praise the Lord. We have considered your recommendation and we are prepared to approve Father Ibaye' as the new Superior of the Mission of San Sebastian.

GABRIEL
Excellent, excellent.

He wheels round in his chair and smiles a warm-hearted blessing on the Guarani Priest, IBAYE'.

IBAYE'
It is thanks to you, Father Gabriel.

GABRIEL rises and the TWO JESUITS embrace.

PROVINCIAL
I believe you know
Rodrigo Mendoza?

GABRIEL's face shuts like a trap.

GABRIEL
Yes.

PROVINCIAL
Do you know Doña Carlotta de
Riscal?

GABRIEL
Yes.

PROVINCIAL
She has need of you.

GABRIEL
What need?

PROVINCIAL
Come, and find out.

And as GABRIEL hesitates, he says impatiently:

PROVINCIAL
Come, come.

CUT TO

57. EXT. GARDEN, JESUIT RESIDENCE, ASUNCION. DAY.

GABRIEL is in a walled-off garden of the Residence. He is leaning against a wall beneath the verdant shade of an overwhelming tree. He has his satchel and his flute by him. He is listening with bent head to CARLOTTA, dressed in black, who is speaking in a low voice to him.

CARLOTTA
... and he is there.

She points to a low door in an imposing brick wall at the end of the garden.

CARLOTTA

He has been there for four months.

GABRIEL looks and grunts.

GABRIEL

Since he killed in a duel, the law cannot touch him. He now seeks penance from the Church. No, I will not touch him.

CARLOTTA

(interrupting)

I seek penance for him, Father Gabriel.

GABRIEL

And for yourself?

CARLOTTA

I loved and still love the man he killed.

GABRIEL

Well?

CARLOTTA

The man he killed was the man he loved most dearly in all the world.

GABRIEL

He had an unusual way of showing it.

CARLOTTA

It was his brother.

CUT TO

INT. CELL, HOSPITAL FOR INCURABLES. DAY.

Inside, MENDOZA lies on a spartan little cot. He is pale, unshaven, dirty and dull-eyed. A MAN (as we would say) in deep depression. His soiled shirt hangs out of his black breeches. A SWORD rests in the corner.

GABRIEL sits on the only chair. His satchel and flute rest on the floor.

58. CONTINUED

58

GABRIEL

A year ago, you took three
Guaranis from my Mission.

MENDOZA

Yes.

GABRIEL

What has happened to them?

MENDOZA

They are probably dead.

GABRIEL bends his head and makes a little sign
crossing himself. He remains in silence.

GABRIEL

And this Philippo that you
killed was your brother?

MENDOZA

Yes.

No word passes between them. At length GABRIEL
rubs his face and commences:

GABRIEL

Well ... What's this? Remorse ...?

MENDOZA does not look at him.

GABRIEL

No, no remorse. Remorse makes
people modest. And modest
people are polite.

He gets up and goes to examine a dark little
religious picture with an affectation of great
interest, changing his spectacles from a soft
leather pouch to do so. He rattles on, knowing
that he has begun to catch MENDOZA's interest.

GABRIEL

And then of course, if you
were remorseful, God would
have forgiven you by now.
And he hasn't, has he?

MENDOZA mutters something behind his back,
inaudible. He turns from the picture:

GABRIEL

What?

MENDOZA repeats:

58.

CONTINUED

MENDOZA

I don't know.

GABRIEL, cheerfully:

GABRIEL

Well, you would if he had.

He returns to his seat.

MENDOZA looks at him, sits up, and:

MENDOZA

I know that not to have done it, I would sever my right arm.

GABRIEL

That's not remorse: that's just regret.

MENDOZA frowns; he can make nothing of it.

GABRIEL

A lecherous husband regrets that he married. Regret is regret for the consequence; remorse is regret for the thing itself.

MENDOZA is listening intently.

GABRIEL

And to be as good at anything as you appear to be at killing, I'm afraid you have to enjoy it.

MENDOZA

Not true.

GABRIEL

Do you know anyone who's really good at a thing he doesn't enjoy doing?

GABRIEL takes the sword and examines it.

MENDOZA

You are telling me that I am a monster.

GABRIEL

No. No that's what you're telling yourself I think.

58.

CONTINUED

58.

GABRIEL

(cont.)

But are you telling me that
in the actual moment - not
afterwards mind, but in the
moment - you can run a man
through from front to back
with regret?

BIG CLOSE MENDOZA. He opens his mouth to expostulate
but, sharply:

GABRIEL

Think!

BIG CLOSE MENDOZA. GABRIEL SOUND OVER:

GABRIEL (S.O.)

The actual moment ... the
thing itself ...

Fear dawns in MENDOZA's eyes. And:

FLASH SHOT. The tremendous thrust which killed
PHILIPPO. His own face absorbed and concentrated.

BIG CLOSE, in the cell again, he whispers:

MENDOZA

Jesus.

BIG CLOSE GABRIEL: watching him, carefully.

MENDOZA's protective mechanisms come into play.
He stirs. Resentful: sturdily, "sensibly",
brushing it aside:

MENDOZA

No, no, Father, I ...

FLASH SHOT, the same blow: his own face now seeming
to him gleeful.

In the cell he stops as though winded and again:

MENDOZA

Oh Jesus ...

BIG CLOSE GABRIEL, as before.

MENDOZA

Father, am I damned?

GABRIEL

What do you think?

MENDOZA

I think I am damned.

GABRIEL strokes his stubble. Here is a convert, possibly. He looks at him more closely.

GABRIEL

There may be a bit of hope for you yet. Despair is not damnation, despair is not far off from grace. All that's missing is a bit of love.

He cocks his head and looks at him shrewdly:

GABRIEL

You don't know much about love, do you?

MENDOZA

No.

GABRIEL

It's not as hard as they make out. But ...

He frowns and contemplates the sword again, its beautiful blade and chasing, respectfully, puzzled by a mystery.

GABRIEL

... There's love gone into this you see. I don't know why but it has.

He looks up at MENDOZA, keenly and dubiously:

GABRIEL

And if you give up this, and all that goes with this, what will you be left with? What more have you got?

MENDOZA looks at the sword and thinks "that yard of metal is all I've got".

MENDOZA

Nothing.

GABRIEL regards the flute, and says:

GABRIEL

It's a very strong man who can manage on nothing, even for a day. Are you sure you want to try ...?

58. CONTINUED

MENDOZA

Yes.

DISSOLVE

58

59.

EXT. ROCK-FACE. DAY.

59

A heavy net containing shining armour - helmet, breastplate, greaves, gauntlets, pistols, sword and so on - roped into a bundle. There are also three canon balls. It is clanking and grinding its way up a dripping rock-face with the well-built canoe hauled high and dry at the bottom.

MENDOZA, with a seven-day beard, and gowned as a Postulant, stands braced above, hauling on the straining rope. The end of it is tied round his neck. He is sweating with effort and grim.

FOUR other JESUITTS are with him.
Among them are FIELDING and SEBASTIAN.

FIELDING casts a quick glance at GABRIEL who watches with mild academic interest. As the rattling rag-bag of steel arrives on FRAME. MENDOZA grimly:

MENDOZA

Right.

GABRIEL looks up and ascends, FIELDING following.

MENDOZA coils the slack rope, adjusts it round his neck, hefts the bundle and looks up at:

HIS P.O.V.: The steeply ascending jungle.

He enters his own P.O.V.: toiling away from us the clanking burden slung over his bent back.

CUT TO

60.

EXT. ROCK-FACE. DAY.

6

CLOSE SHOT: he toils towards us. The rope is biting into his shoulder. His face is a mask of determination.

CUT TO

61.

EXT. ROCK-FACE. DAY.

6

The SCREEN is filled by SPIDER'S WEB, twelve feet across. Hanging on it, motionless, a COLONY of six inch SPIDERS. On SOUND, clanking. CAMERA

61. CONTINUED

lifts and ANGLES DOWN to show MENDOZA, breathing hard and pausing to look up at it.

FIELDING (S.O.)

Go round.

MENDOZA sees him standing on the far side of the WEB. Nods, breathless, plunges into the undergrowth and emerges on the far side of the WEB. FIELDING is already ascending again.

MENDOZA toils after him.

DISSOLVE

62.

EXT. JUNGLE ABOVE FALLS. NIGHT.

62.

A little fire. On one side stands GABRIEL giving the issues. On the other side stand:

FIELDING and the OTHERS responding in unison, long-practised. MENDOZA at the end of the line, the rope still round his neck, the armour on the ground beside him, reads the Responses from a little book. But he reads earnestly, willing to learn, his deep voice dominant.

INTERCUTS: GABRIEL and his BRETHREN at this formal devotion. The weirdly incongruous background of jungle.

MENDOZA almost falls upon his bed of leaves and is asleep immediately. FIELDING throws a blanket over him. The pile of armour glimmers in the firelight. It is scratched and dented now.

CUT

63.

OMIT

63

63. OMIT

64. OMIT

65. OMIT

66. OMIT

67. EXT. JUNGLE, UPWARD SLOPE. DAY.

MENDOZA labouring on and up, the bundle barging through the branches, throwing him off balance, the twigs lashing his harrowed face.

The bundle gets caught and he jerks it free, rating it.

CUT TO

68. EXT. JUNGLE, TOP OF SLOPE. DAY.

GABRIEL worried, the OTHERS as before.

FIELDING hostile.

FIELDING

Father.

GABRIEL

Well?

FIELDING

How long must he carry that
stupid thing?

GABRIEL

God knows.

Two beats. Then FIELDING looking sullen sets up
and descends the way they have come. GABRIEL
looks after him but makes no attempt to stop him.

CUT TO

EXT. JUNGLE, UPWARD SLOPE. DAY.

MENDOZA as before. He is nearing the end of his
rather now, breathing hard and hauling himself
upwards by grabbing at the trees. His hand comes
down on:

A HUGE SCARLET MILLIPEDE. It whips itself around
his hand. He dashes it to the ground with a cry.

FIELDING crashes down from above.

FIELDING

What?

MENDOZA indicates the INSECT writhing on the
ground. FIELDING kills it. Looks at the hand:
a raised, white weal.

FIELDING takes out his knife. MENDOZA feels the
blade and grunts. Produces from the bundle a
beautiful poignard in an engraved sheath. It is
razor sharp. He makes a deep incision, his face
impassive, then puts it away.

FIELDING watches this unhuman stoicism between
admiration and unease.

FIELDING

You'd better bind it.

MENDOZA

No. Let it bleed a bit. Where
are the others?

69.

CONTINUED

69

FIELDING jerks his head upwards. MENDOZA nods, looks at his hand, the fingers crimson now, then twists the rope about his other wrist, seizes it and takes the weight. FIELDING watches in silence. Follows him off and up.

MENDOZA stumbling uphill, dragging the bundle behind him.

FIELDING following, torn between disgust and pity.

The jangling, mud-covered bundle, the taut rope.

FIELDING takes out his knife and cuts the rope. The bundle plunges away downhill. MENDOZA pitches onto his face. Then turns, furious.

The bundle goes bounding and crashing away through the undergrowth and is gone.

MENDOZA and FIELDING confront. MENDOZA's face is deadly. FIELDING looks at him warily. MENDOZA moves past him without a word and disappears downhill.

70.

EXT. JUNGLE RIVER, RAPIDS. DAY.

7

The bundle has come to rest where the jungle gives way to a strip of sand along a pretty stream. The sword has come adrift.

MENDOZA arrives, breathless, retrieves the sword and jams it across the bundle as before.

FIELDING joins him and stands watching as:

MENDOZA knots the two ends of the rope together. He looks at FIELDING.

FIELDING stares incredulous. But the menace in MENDOZA's voice and eyes is unmistakeable. He takes his leave.

DISSOLVE

71.

OMIT

72.

OMIT

The CROSS in the foreground, the timber bleached and split. They have dressed it with wild flowers which stir in the soft breeze. The SOUND of a FLUTE over.

FIELDING stands looking down at MENDOZA who is in the clenched sleep of exhaustion. He goes to GABRIEL; the OTHERS are there. GABRIEL is aware of their mood but goes on playing.

FIELDING

I let it go for him.

No response from GABRIEL.

FIELDING

For about ten seconds he was going to kill me.

The OTHERS look at one another, then at GABRIEL, who, still without looking up:

GABRIEL

Feel flattered, Brother John;

(he turns a page)

That's the only way he knows of expressing his affection ...

FIELDING

We are all of the opinion that he has carried his burden long enough.

GABRIEL takes the flute from his lips and looks at him. In a voice of cold silver.

GABRIEL

But he is not of that opinion, and I am not of that opinion. And, Brother John, we are not a democracy. We are an Order.

FIELDING

Father ...

GABRIEL plays again.

CUT

74.

EXT. ROCK-FACE, IGUAZU'. DAY.

74

A thunderous avalanches of falling water fills the SCREEN. Tiny at the side of it, the TRAVELLERS ascending.

CLOSE ON FIELDING, leading. Spikes have been driven into the rocks; the slippery places provided with ropes. It is a regular route.

SEBASTIAN ascends after him.

MENDOZA sweats and slithers upwards. He grasps a rope; his feet slide out from under him. If he had two hands he could make himself safe, but one is occupied with the armour. So he hangs by one hand for a moment.

GABRIEL, following behind looks up at:

MENDOZA dangling. He collects his strength and twists himself to face the slope again. His feet find a foothold. He goes on up, disappearing in the brilliant green vegetation which drips with water from the spume.

GABRIEL relaxes, and follows on.

75.

EXT. ROCK LEDGE, IGUAZU'. DAY.

7

FIELDING and TWO of the OTHERS make a traverse along a ledge high above a spinning pool between a wall of rock and a wall of falling water. The path is narrow, but there is a rope.

CLOSE SHOT. MENDOZA clambering upwards, using his free hand to make a purchase with every step. It is safe enough here but terribly arduous.

The OTHERS, individually. They are separating out as the day wears on. All are getting very tired, even FIELDING who is in the lead.

76.

EXT. SUN. DAY.

INTERCUTS with the sun.

77.

EXT. SLIPPERY SLOPE, IGUAZU'. DAY.

77

MENDOZA at the limits of his strength. He is getting careless. He grasps a stump of wood and hauls. The wood comes away; he drops, slithering wildly, through wet grasses and red mud, accelerating, clawing at the ground. He lets go of the rope and grabs with both hands at a bush. It holds. The rope almost jerks his head off as the armour is arrested. His neck muscles swell with strain. Then very cautiously he releases one hand and takes the rope again. A great red weal with drops of blood in it marks his neck.

CUT

78.

OMIT

78

79.

EXT. JUNGLE ABOVE FALLS. EVENING.

Above the Falls the river is glassy. This is where GABRIEL had his first encounter with the

79.

CONTINUED

79

GUARANI. CAMERA PANS over the mysterious and magnificent scene with its mysterious night noises and comes upon:

BIG CLOSE of the face of the GUARANI CHIEF framed in a head-dress of rainbow-coloured parrot-feathers. He is alert and listening.

ON SOUND WE HEAR a guttural voice say something in Guarani. He turns towards:

A GROUP OF WARRIORS with heavy spears talking softly. He tells them (in Guarani) to be quiet and they obey.

Now he and they hear something which we cannot. They move swiftly forward and:

Greet FIELDING and another JESUIT as they emerge from the undergrowth, their hands, taking their bundles from them, JESUITS and GUARANI alive happily reunited. The bundles are dumped in canoes.

CUT

80.

EXT. JUNGLE ABOVE FALLS. MOONLIGHT.

80

The moon is up. All of them except MENDOZA are there now, waiting with mounting anxiety.

A pause.

FIELDING scowls.

GABRIEL, his eyes fixed on the undergrowth.

Something moves in the undergrowth stealthily. Then stops.

The CHIEF alert. Says something (the same soft guttural we heard before), and one of the GUARANI brings him a spear.

Another movement in the undergrowth. Some big animal is coming out. But then the SOUND of METAL.

It is MENDOZA, on all fours, covered with mud, bleeding, dragging his burden after him.

GABRIEL half over-joyed and half horrified, keeps his eyes on the CHIEF.

FIELDING steps forward, but GABRIEL stops him.

80. CONTINUED

30

MENDOZA staggers to his feet and looks at them, defiant and dazed. He takes up the rope and weight of his burden.

The OTHERS watch.

The CHIEF stiffens, his head thrown back.

CUT

81. EXT. JUNGLE ABOVE FALLS. MOONLIGHT.

31

MENDOZA reels for a few paces and sprawls like a snake.

The CHIEF steps over to him.

MENDOZA lifts his head to see what giant figure is standing over him. He sees:

The CHIEF standing, looking down on him convulsed with fury.

The two measure glances.

An INSECT buzzes past.

The CHIEF prods the bundle of armour and turns to GABRIEL.

Asks a question in GUARANI, gets a soft reply.

The CHIEF chooses to look at MENDOZA again and pulls out a knife.

FIELDING

Beh.

The movement of the knife is swift. The CHIEF steps back. He has severed the rope around MENDOZA's neck. He looks at the dripping armour.

CHIEF

Huh.

And tosses the whole pack into the river.

FIELDING startled. Then he laughs.

GABRIEL and the OTHERS laugh. Their laughter has that undertone of hysteria which the laughter of exhaustion and relief from tensions has, looking at:

MENDOZA in his mask of mud. He looks at:

The CHIEF's set face.

81.

CONTINUED

81

The GUARANI, gravely concerned for the helplessly rocking FATHERS.

MENDOZA, tears of relief are pouring down his darkened face.

The OTHERS stop laughing, moved.

MENDOZA takes his hands from his face and looks over:

The moonlit river. On SOUND: the Marcello Obce theme. It continues OVER:

MENDOZA, his face for the first time relaxed, mouth open drinking it in. He looks at:

GABRIEL smiling and across the clearing, a GUARANI BOY eyes wide and grave, absorbing the tears on MENDOZA's cheeks.

CUT

82.

EXT. CLEARING. GABRIEL'S MISSION. DAY.

82

LONG SHOT. The GUARANI and JESUITS are felling trees. At a little distance WE SEE the skeleton of a large building.

In a little clearing, MENDOZA sits and regards a little GROUP of GUARANI CHILDREN. They play rigorously, not heeding his glance. His glance is also rigorous.

Behind them are several GUARANI YOUNG MOTHERS: watching him closely.

The BOY comes and watches him. When MENDOZA looks up, he smiles certainly.

MENDOZA returns a face with no trace of a smile on it and looks away.

BOY

Eh ...

MENDOZA looks back again. The BOY produces a handful of carefully polished stones from a wallet, half white and half black.

He squats down and arranges the white half in a neat pattern. He takes MENDOZA's hand and slips the other half into it.

82. CONTINUED

82

BOY

Luggo. Go on, luggo.

MENDOZA

I can't.

BOY

(reproving)

Can't. Tt -- tt - tt.

See.

He takes the pile of black stones from MENDOZA's hand and puts one on the pattern. MENDOZA takes another, and places this similarly. Then the others in a like pattern. When he has placed five, the BOY stops him.

BOY

Gugh.

(he holds up five fingers)

Gugh. Now.

He moves them rapidly about and then one of the black ones.

MENDOZA takes the remaining coloured stones in his hand and plays.

The GUARANI YOUNG MOTHERS smile slowly.

CUT

83.

EXT. GRASSY PLACE. GABRIEL'S MISSION. DAY.

83

A tearing in the undergrowth. WE SEE a wild HOG come at a frenzy, spitting and snorting with fright.

Across the grassy place come some half-a-dozen excited GUARANI, moving with speed, their spears upraised, as at a kill. They pass near by MENDOZA, who holds a staff, surrounded by a GROUP of GUARANI CHILDREN, led by the BOY.

MENDOZA, brown as a piece of furniture, watches as they get closer with a curious mixture of hope and shame.

Another HALF A DOZEN GUARANI HUNTERS charge out of the protecting curtain of jungle trees on the far side of the jungle clearing, and hurl themselves upon the WILD HOG.

MENDOZA keeps his troubled face to the HUNTERS,

83.

CONTINUED

33

close on the WILD HOG, spitting and snarling for the kill. The GUARANI CHILDREN smile and point. The BOY watches MENDOZA and, holding out his staff, invites him to the kill.

The kill, in a welter of upturned bristles, snapping jaws, with a dozen thrusting spears.

MENDOZA walks away and the BOY looks at his retreating back, puzzled.

CUT

84.

EXT. GABRIEL'S MISSION. DAY.

84

MENDOZA, with his skirt above his belt, stirs conscientiously at a huge iron-wood pot full of dried mate leaves above a crackling fire.

The fire is one of a dozen all bearing similar iron-wood pots, each filled with a different mixture of the brew. Each stirred by the GUARANI WOMEN who have accepted MENDOZA as part of their shift.

At a distance sit HALF A DOZEN GUARANI BUCKS, laughing. Immediately the GUARANI BOY leaps to his feet and goes and takes from MENDOZA the long staff and applies himself vigorously to the task.

MENDOZA sits himself down.

The GUARANI MEN and WOMEN raise their eyebrows.

The BOY looks at his TRIBESMEN with a threatening expression.

They hastily look away.

GABRIEL watches from a distance.

CUT

85.

EXT. GABRIEL'S MISSION. NIGHT.

85

The great, green river. A single VIOLIN plays very distant.

Filtered moonlight on the smooth back of a YOUNG GUARANI as he plays.

A building, almost constructed, throws shadows over the clearing. All around are GUARANI sitting entranced by the primitive but beautiful SOUND that the YOUNG GUARANI draws from the violin.

85. CONTINUED

85

The CHIEF listens, absorbed.

The WITCH DOCTOR and his FOLLOWERS sit with their painted head-dresses, listening uneasily.

MENDOZA watches at a little distance from the GUARANI. He is the only one of the white BROTHERS present. His face is set in abstract thought.

The CAMERA drifts silently away through the branches and out into the open air above the trees.

CUT

86. INT. MENDOZA'S CELL, GABRIEL'S MISSION. NIGHT.

86

MUSIC CONTINUING. In the diminutive cell of MENDOZA, there is a bed on which he sits, a chair and a chest. DOZEN of INSECTS fly in and out of the flames from the wick of an oil lamp.

MENDOZA is reading with knitted brows, from St Paul's Letters:

MENDOZA

"Though I have all faith, so
that I could remove mountains,
and have not love, I am nothing.

And though I bestow all my goods
to feed the poor, and though I
give my body to be burned, and
have not love, it profiteth me
nothing.

Love suffereth long and is kind;
love envieth not; love vaunteth
not itself, is not puffed up ..."

A huge MOTH settles on the page. Very carefully he brushes it off. It flies away. He watches it. Then back to the printed page.

MENDOZA

"When I was a child,
I spake as a child,
I understood as a child,
I thought as a child;
but when I became a man,
I put away childish things ..."

He rises and goes out of SHOT.

86. CONTINUED

MENDOZA (S.O.)
 "But now abideth faith, hope
 love, these three;
 But the greatest of these
 is Love ..."

CUT

87. INT. GABRIEL'S CELL, GABRIEL'S MISSION. NIGHT.

A tiny cell.

GABRIEL is there alone. He looks at a piece of paper. MENDOZA enters. He stands awaiting GABRIEL's pleasure:

GABRIEL

It has come.

MENDOZA breaks into a beautiful smile. GABRIEL quickly:

GABRIEL

If you take the vows of a Jesuit, you must take my orders as the orders of a Commander in Chief. Can you do that?

MENDOZA

Yes.

GABRIEL stands up and embraces him passionately.

GABRIEL

Welcome home, my son.

CUT

88. EXT. HARBOUR. ASUNCION. DAY.

LOUD MUSIC, DRUMS and TRUMPETS.

The SOUND comes from a whole fleet of ships and boats at sea on the broad reaches of the river at ASUNCION. They have flags and MUSKETEERS and are pressing round a boat larger than the rest. It has the PAPAL FLAG, a red cross on a white background, trailing in the water and a similar flag flying from the stern post.

89. EXT. QUAYSIDE. ASUNCION. DAY.

On the quay are CABEZA and HONTAR, the Portuguese Emissary, with SEVERAL OTHER FINELY DRESSED LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. HONTAR is a man of about the same age

89. CONTINUED

89

as CABEZA but there the resemblance stops. He is thin and his face has the humourlessness and the incipient sadness of a person long practiced in the art of diplomacy. His suit is white with embroidery stitched upon in blue, pink and yellow. Also present are a SPANISH COMMANDER and a DOUBLE FILE of MUSKETEERS.

90. EXT. ALTAMIRANO'S BOAT. ASUNCION. DAY.

90

In the big boat sits ALTAMIRANO, the VISITOR GENERAL, a man of the same age as FATHER GABRIEL but better bred, with a long hawk like face devoid of any expression. He is ensconced on a hugely ornate chair which is on a platform of logs: it has flowing tapestries around it, trailing in the water.

91. EXT. QUAYSIDE. ASUNCION. DAY.

91

Also present on the bank are TWO separate CROWDS of EUROPEANS and an even larger CROWD of GUARANI.

92. EXT. ALTAMIRANO'S BOAT. ASUNCION. DAY.

9

ALTAMIRANO standing, makes a widespread blessing to those on shore.

93. EXT. HARBOUR. ASUNCION. DAY.

9

The SCREEN is filled with BOATS. There are DRUMS, TRUMPETS and FLAGS: Bedlam.

94. EXT. QUAYSIDE. ASUNCION. DAY.

9

CABEZA moves forward and hands ALTAMIRANO on shore.

CABEZA

Greetings, your Eminence.

ALTAMIRANO

Greetings.

CABEZA

This is Senor Montar e Carvalho.
The Emissary from Portugal.

MONTAR

Greetings, your Eminence.

ALTAMIRANO

Ah. We will become well
acquainted while I am here.

95. INT. LARGE ROOM. CABILDO. ASUNCION. DAY. 95

CABEZA, HONTAR and ALTAMIRANO are among the opulent furnishings of a large room which has been set aside for His Eminence's rest. It is full of light.

CABEZA and ALTAMIRANO are watching HONTAR from two, low backed seats; the one with a puzzled expression on his porcine features, the other with a finely drawn smile upon his Eminence's face.

HONTAR is trying to tempt down a BLUE-BLACK BIRD from the opulently carved rafters.

HONTAR

Ah - Come - Come - Come ...
She would be worth a lot of
money on the streets of Lisbon.

ALTAMIRANO

Perhaps that's why she prefers
it up there, Signor Hontar.

HONTAR

Perhaps so.

He gives up the chase, putting an exquisite handkerchief into his pocket as he does so.

HONTAR

So we may fear no political
disagreement between the
Papacy, Spain and Portugal?

ALTAMIRANO

I see no reason for it.

CABEZA

(clapping HIS EMINENCE
on the leg)

Excellent. I knew they'd sent
us a man, eh? Between ourselves,
Eminence, the Jesuits are much too
powerful here.

ALTAMIRANO

Ah, as everywhere I suppose.

A tiny clock chimes.

CABEZA

They are more powerful than an
Empire.

ALTAMIRANO

Ah, you must excuse me.

CABEZA, getting himself up, walks towards the door.

HONTAR

(very light)

Of course, His Eminence has
many hard decisions to make.
Heaven forbid we should
disturb his rest.

ALTAMIRANO looking at him sideways as he sees them
to the massive teak wood doors.

ALTAMIRANO

Heaven forbid. You know,
I was a Jesuit too.

And shuts the door behind them.

CABEZA

A Jesuit?

CUT

INT. AUDIENCE HALL. ASUNCION. DAY.

BIG CLOSE SHOT. The face of the BOY singing.
A piece of baroque church MUSIC.

PULL BACK reveals that he is in the midst of a
Spanish Baroque Audience Hall.

At a dais, slightly raised, sits ALTAMIRANO concen-
trating hard.

To his right sit the LADIES and GENTLEMEN headed by
CABEZA and HONTAR.

To the left sit three rows of JESUIT PRIESTS.
Behind GABRIEL sits MENDOZA.

CABEZA notes the look on ALTAMIRANO's face. Then he
looks at GABRIEL who smiles slightly.

MENDOZA uneasy again as the BOY comes to a final chord.
CABEZA folds his arms and does not join in the
applause that comes, mainly, from the JESUITS.

ALTAMIRANO

This is an 'animal',
Don Cabeza?

CABEZA

A parrot can be taught to
sing, Your Eminence.

96.

CONTINUED

A growl of mirthless laughter from some of the SETTLERS, but there are looks of displeasure from the JESUITS.

ALTAMIRANO watches them covertly. His gaze comes to rest on MENDOZA. sitting with his head bent, unmoving and holding something clasped within his hands.

ALTAMIRANO

Ah, yes, but how does one teach it to sing as melodiously as this?

A SETTLER

By the whip.

A growl of agreement from the SETTLERS; of disagreement from the JESUITS. At which ALTAMIRANO looks at them again. The PROVINCIAL sees this and hisses:

PROVINCIAL

Be quiet.

CABEZA strides forward and takes the CHILD roughly in his powerful grasp.

CABEZA

Your Eminence, this is a child of the Guarani. If it is not an animal with a human voice, it is a human being with such vices that an animal would blench at. They are lecherous and lethal. They were subdued by the sword and brought to profitable labour by the whip.

The BOY goes softly over to MENDOZA, who quietly hands him a LION MONKEY from within his hands. It climbs up onto the BOY's shoulder. Then hangs onto his hair.

GABRIEL

(rising)

Your Eminence ...

The PROVINCIAL also rising.

PROVINCIAL

Father Gabriel, Your Eminence, of the mission of San Carlos.

ALTAMIRANO

And that is where?

He turns to the map, and GABRIEL comes and indicates a lonely red cross.

GABRIEL

That is here Your Eminence.
Above the Falls, in
Spanish Territory.

HONTAR politely, as correcting a small error:

HONTAR

In territory which used to
be Spanish Father Gabriel,
but which is now Portuguese.

The stillness becomes tense. GABRIEL looks quickly at ALTAMIRANO but he is lost in contemplation of his elegant finger-tips. So:

GABRIEL

Surely that is what His
Eminence is here to decide,
Your Excellency?

CABESA

No. That is a temporal
matter which has been
decided by the Treaty of
Madrid. And concluded by
their Majesties of Spain
and Portugal.

Though ostensibly addressing GABRIEL he says it looking hard at ALTAMIRANO, who looks back at him unblinking but without expression. A moment of panic in GABRIEL's eyes.

GABRIEL

But surely the missions will
still remain under the
protection of the Church!

HONTAR

(looking at ALTAMIRANO)

That is what His Eminence is
here to decide, Father Gabriel.

They wait for ALTAMIRANO who looks up:

ALTAMIRANO

Continue, Father.

96.

CONTINUED

GABRIEL

Your Em'nence, below the Falls the jungle may belong to Portugal or Spain. Above the Falls it still belongs to God and the Guarani ... And they are not naturally 'animal', they are naturally spiritual.

A SETTLER

Spiritual? They slaughter their own young!

GABRIEL

It's true. But may I tell Your Eminence why?

The SETTLERS tense again as:

GABRIEL

They allow each man and woman to bring up one child apiece. If a third is born, it is immediately murdered. But that is a hellish necessity, not a hellish prank. They can only run with a child apiece. And from what do they run, Your Eminence? They run from us. That is, they run from slavery.

CABEZA

Slavery ... ? ... Rubbish.

An immediate murmur of support from SETTLERS, into which:

GABRIEL

It is ...

CABEZA

... Rubbish!

Uproar from the SETTLERS. They rise to their feet shouting at:

The JESUITS, on their feet and shouting back. They sound more like samurai than priests, and:

96.

CONTINUED

ALTAMIRANO looks at them, cold and thoughtful.

HONTAR smiles a smile of secret satisfaction. And:

The FATHER PROVINCIAL taking it all in and more and more alarmed:

PROVINCIAL

Silence!

It is like a military command and the JESUITS obey like soldiers. Only MENDOZA has taken no part, sitting like a stone, glaring at CABEZA.

CABEZA, very dignified, very much the Man of Office, confident and easy, rising:

CABEZA

Your Em'nence, in the territory which His Majesty has trusted to my charge, there is no slavery. That institution is, however, permitted in the territories of our excellent neighbours, the Portuguese ...

He bows towards HONTAR who graciously inclines in response.

CABEZA

... and is to my mind much misunderstood. But here in Spanish territory the plantations are conducted in strict accordance with the laws of Spain ...

He remembers to add:

CABEZA

... And the precepts of the Church.

He is sitting again when:

MENDOZA, loud, flat and deliberate:

MENDOZA

That is a lie.

A gasp, then perfect appalled SILENCE.

96.

CONTINUED

ALTAMIRANO looks at him quickly.

CABEZA's head whips round in a reflex of anger.

MENDOZA's stare is black and level.

CABEZA takes two steps forward, straddles, puts his hands on his hips and starting slowly but rapidly working himself up:

CABEZA
Your Eminence: one can't
accept a challenge from
a priest ...

MENDOZA, as before, hearing:

CABEZA
... His cloth protects him.
But in the name of the
King, whose dignity I
represent ... I demand an
apology!

MENDOZA
My cloth is protecting you,
Senor Cabeza.

Another gasp.

CABEZA snatches off his powdered wig ... it startlingly reveals the brutal power of his naked head ... hurls it to the floor and:

CABEZA
By God I will not suffer
this!

He strides away past ALTAMIRANO towards a set of double doors. HONTAR rises.

HONTAR
Your Eminence could hardly
wish a clearer demonstration
of the Jesuit contempt for
temporal authority.

Head high, he stalks out after CABEZA.

ALTAMIRANO, his face pale stares at MENDOZA and
GABRIEL:

ALTAMIRANO
A brother of yours?

96. CONTINUED

GABRIEL

Yes.

ALTAMIRANO

Come.

He rises and makes for the other door: and as though he were royalty, everybody rises with him. MENDOZA and GABRIEL follow after.

CUT TO

97. INT. CORRIDOR TO AUDIENCE HALL. ASUNCION. DAY. 9

Outside, in the corridor, HONTAR turns delightedly to the still bare-headed, mottled-cheeked CABEZA.

HONTAR

Perfect!

CABEZA, walking away, turns, a face still red with rage.

CABEZA

What?

HONTAR falls in beside him taking him by the arm, confidential:

HONTAR

That little flash of the Jesuit temper was exactly what His Eminence was looking for.

CABEZA

He's a Jesuit too, remember.

HONTAR

(reassuring)

But a very political Jesuit.

CABEZA

Aren't they all?

HONTAR

Yes. Patience, a little patience. That's all we need. He will know what to do.

CUT TO

98.

INT. SIDE ROOM. NEAR AUDIENCE HALL. ASUNCION.
DAY.

98

A side room, empty and dusty. ALTAMIRANO faces MENDOZA with a look of steel.

ALTAMIRANO
You will apologise to His Excellency, Don Cabeza.

MENDOZA
Your Em'nence, that was a lie which he ...

ALTAMIRANO
... Silence.
You will apologise.

In response to a barely perceptible frown of GABRIEL's:

MENDOZA
Yes.

ALTAMIRANO
Now, go.

With a low bow, but a lowering face, he goes.

ALTAMIRANO
What was he before he became a priest?

GABRIEL
A mercenary, a slave trader, Your Eminence.

ALTAMIRANO
Will he do what he has said?

GABRIEL
I will make him, Your Eminence. For what it's worth, in spite of the King's laws, the Spanish do have slaves here. They buy them from the Portuguese, and others.

ALTAMIRANO
Don Cabeza connives at this?

GABRIEL
And profits by it too. Don Cabeza wants to see the mission territories taken by the Portuguese. The missions are the only sanctuary for the Guarani. On the missions they are free to come and go.

98. CONTINUED

ALTAMIRANO

Truly?

GABRIEL

Ask them ... Also the Guarani take nine-tenths of the profit of their labours, we take only one-tenth.

ALTAMIRANO sits in a rickety chair and takes off his scarlet hat.

ALTAMIRANO

What do you think is at issue here?

GABRIEL looks serious.

GABRIEL

I think that God's work is at issue here.

ALTAMIRANO

No. What is at issue here is the existence of our Order, both here and throughout Europe. And the Courts of Europe are a jungle by comparison with which your jungle here is a well-kept garden.

GABRIEL

Are we not then the soldiers of God?

ALTAMIRANO looks at him dubiously: Good God, he thinks, is this another of those simple-minded saints who have crossed his path on the way to Church pre-eminence.

CUT

99.

INT. CLOISTER. NEAR AUDIENCE HALL. ASUNCION.
DAY.

In a little cloister sits MENDOZA, his face thunderous. A door opens and GABRIEL comes towards him, curiously upright in his stance.

MENDOZA seeing this, gets up as he approaches.

99. CONTINUED

99

GABRIEL

You will do as you have
said, before the whole
assembly, on your knees.

MENDOZA

Why? It was a lie.

GABRIEL

I order it.

MENDOZA

Does Altamirano order it too?

GABRIEL

I order it. Or are you no
longer a priest?

MENDOZA takes in the overwhelming force of this argument
He swallows.

MENDOZA

I will do it, father.

GABRIEL walks back to the door.

MENDOZA without passion:

MENDOZA

But it will be a lie.

CUT

100. INT. AUDIENCE HALL. ASUNCION. DAY.

10

In the AUDIENCE HALL, ALTAMIRANO, the SETTLERS, and
the JESUITS are waiting in silence.

MENDOZA kneels before CABEZA's place.

MENDOZA

(to CABEZA)

Humble and without reservation
I ask you to pardon my
presumption and my insolence.

CABEZA

Very well. Why not?
As I said before, a man
cannot quarrel with a priest.

MENDOZA stops, thinks, then turns to say:

MENDOZA

True. Which makes my
insolence doubly insolent.

100. CONTINUED

MENDOZA

(cont.)

And your pardon doubly
gracious.

He turns away before CABEZA can take it up;
approaches ALTAMIRANO more slowly:

MENDOZA

Reverend Father Visitor
General, I ask your pardon
too.

ALTAMIRANO nods, watching him carefully.
MENDOZA turns and lifts his voice:

MENDOZA

I ask the pardon of this
assembly. And of my
Brothers.

His eye falls on the BOY who is seated now by GABRIEL
gazing at MENDOZA who is his hero. MENDOZA says in
Guarani:

MENDOZA

(in GUARANI)

I ask your pardon.

BOY

For what?

MENDOZA

For insulting His Excellency.

The BOY looks at CABEZA, and:

BOY

That needs no pardon.

MENDOZA

Eh ...

CABEZA

What did the boy say?

GABRIEL

(quickly submissive)

Such things as boys do say,
Your Excellence.

And then to the BOY:

GABRIEL

Hold your tongue.

100.

CONTINUED

ALTAMIRANO feels a pang of envious interest in this easy interchange with another world.

HONTAR feeling that matters have gone far enough:

HONTAR

And now, Your Eminence, may we know your attitude on the transference of the Missions territories?

CABEZA

Precisely.

ALTAMIRANO nods gravely, thoughtfully, while the whole assembly becomes quiet.

ALTAMIRANO

I have, of course, been keeping this question in my mind ever since I arrived here. And I have decided that I must see these Missions before I make up my mind.

An immediate hubbub is released in the hall by this announcement. Only HONTAR and MENDOZA keep their faces straight. They are looking at the diplomat-face of ALTAMIRANO.

GABRIEL, full of hope, turns his face to meet the ambivalent gaze of MENDOZA.

DISSOLVE

101.

EXT. RIVERBANK AND JETTY. GREAT MISSION. DAY.

The dense black jungle trees are spread thickly along the river bank, here. It is almost dark save for where a narrow shaft of sunlight comes slanting down the centre of the river from the aperture above.

Into this corridor of light comes the tiny armada of BOATS led by that of ALTAMIRANO who in clothing at least, has made some concession to the heat. He stares at:

A massive timber JETTY. On it stands IBAYE' and two white JESUIT PRIESTS. They stand stock still. There is no-one else to be seen.

GABRIEL, MENDOZA and the BOY look towards ALTAMIRANO's boat to see how thoughtfully he is taking it.

101. CONTINUED

CABEZA and HONTAR look at ALTAMIRANO likewise. Their faces, particularly CABEZA's, look flushed, sweaty and, like everybody else's, sport two weeks growth of beard.

ALTAMIRANO listens to the intense silence broken only by the soft noises of the forest and the dip of the oars. IBAYE' and his two JESUITS stand, waiting for the arrival of the flotilla.

GABRIEL's boat pulls ahead of ALTAMIRANO's and GABRIEL stands as it swings gracefully into the jetty.

ALTAMIRANO watches interested as:

IBAYE' and GABRIEL embrace, patting one another's backs, smiling happily and jabbering merrily in Guarani, old friends.

CABEZA and HONTAR watch gimlet-eyed.

MENDOZA also watches half-disbelieving. But he says nothing.

ALTAMIRANO is helped to disembark, the noise of the forest emphasising the stillness of the place.

IBAYE' is bowing over the ring on ALTAMIRANO's fine white hand. GABRIEL says softly:

GABRIEL

This is Brother Ibaye'.
The Father Superior here.

ALTAMIRANO

I see.

CABEZA and HONTAR disembark. They look about. HONTAR curious, CABEZA scowling.

102. EXT. GREAT MISSION. DAY.

The little GROUP, about half a dozen in all, make their way up the red path which leads to the great gate of the MISSION. Their feet make the only SOUND in the stillness, crunching on the gravel path.

ALTAMIRANO glances thoughtfully at the neat rows of stone huts as he passes them. There is not an Indian to be seen; merely some black and white HENS and a few self-important COCKERELS.

102. CONTINUED

10

The massive stone facade of the CHURCH looms above them. It shimmers with carving, flowers, fish and saints with Guarani faces.

GABRIEL and IBAYE' fling open the doors:

CUT TO

103. INT. CHURCH. GREAT MISSION. DAY.

1

The CHURCH is full to bursting with GUARANI MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN. They pack the church in every conceivable place, even on the window ledges. The TE DEUM breaks out from all of them, thunderous.

ALTAMIRANO makes his way down the aisle, flabbergasted. When he has genuflected in front of the altar, he turns round. Now at last, he can see:

The GUARANI INDIANS. They are dressed in various states of grey cloth from the neckline to the floor, or rough trousers.

The LITTLE BOY looks at MENDOZA puzzled by the hooded gaze he directs at ALTAMIRANO.

ALTAMIRANO is moved by the devotion in their voices.

HONTAR finds himself looking at the CHILDREN. He coughs awkwardly.

CUT

104. EXT. ORCHARD. GREAT MISSION. DAY.

CABEZA with a splitting headache rides on a high spirited STEED beside ALTAMIRANO on a WHITE MULE. HONTAR rides on the other side of him, deeply interested in what he sees. FATHER GABRIEL leads the WHITE MULE. IBAYE' is walking.

MENDOZA and the BOY lead a vast concourse of JESUITS and HUNDREDS OF GUARANI - MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN about fifty yards behind them. They make not a sound, save for the soft shuffle of their feet as they walk.

They ascend a small rise and pause to look around. The ORCHARD covers half a square mile.

GUARANI WORKMEN are labouring at the crops.

ALTAMIRANO says to CABEZA:

104. CONTINUED

10

ALTAMIRANO

Impressive.

CABEZA

Perhaps I'm missing something.
I can't see any difference
between their orchard and my
own.

GABRIEL

That is the difference.
This Orchard is theirs.

They are moving on again.

MENDOZA wrestles with the doubt he has of ALTAMIRANO looks at a group of GUARANI loading fruit onto a cart. There is a moment of recognition and before he can stop himself, MENDOZA has dived into the group and half-fierce, half-tender, pulls a MAN towards the CARDINAL.

MENDOZA

Your Eminence, this is
another difference ...

He pulls the light shirt off the MAN's back. It is covered with a welter of recently healed weals. ALTAMIRANO looks straight at MENDOZA. The GUARANI looks with terror-struck eyes at CABEZA but cannot shrink away from MENDOZA's protecting arm.

MENDOZA

A runaway slave; he was
purchased by a Spanish
settler from slave-trader.

It is clear from his tone who was slave-trader and who was purchaser.

ALTAMIRANO does not turn his head, continues looking straight at MENDOZA.

ALTAMIRANO

I see. Is that lawful??

CABEZA, his face dark with rage:

CABEZA

Supply and demand is the
law of trade.

GABRIEL

And the law of souls?

104. CONTINUED

10

CABEZA

What are a few short cuts
across the back compared with
what you offer them, the
torment of Hell? Think of
that, Your Eminence.

He spurs his horse recklessly forward.

MENDOZA looks at ALTAMIRANO, who looks steadily back.
And then at IBAYE', saying:

ALTAMIRANO

Shall we continue?

CUT

105.

INT. CARPENTERS' SHOP. GREAT MISSION. DAY.

1

ALTAMIRANO and GABRIEL take in the Carpenters' Shop.
ALTAMIRANO is staggered.

MENDOZA and the BOY watching him from the huge group
of PEOPLE outside. The BOY sensing that something
is wrong with his PROTECTOR.

A half-completed violin on a carpenters' bench.
Tools and calipers for taking their exact measure-
ments. Other instruments abound.

ALTAMIRANO picks up two perfect halves of a flute
and fits them together exactly.

CUT TO

106.

INT. INDIANS' HOME. GREAT MISSION. DAY.

1

One of the rooms of an Indian's home. A simple
place with a mandolin leaning against the wall.
On the bed a CAT asleep. On the wall, an INDIAN
MADONNA.

A GIRL, about four or five years old, makes an
entrance. She seizes an earthenware bowl and
presents it to ALTAMIRANO who nods and accepts it.

Outside, he sees CABEZA and HONTAR watching like birds
of prey and MENDOZA watching like a hooded falcon.

CUT TO

107. EXT. OPEN-SIDED SHED. GREAT MISSION. DAY. 10

They all stand in a vast open-sided shed with myriads of PEOPLE about.

MENDOZA watches as:

ALTAMIRANO detaches himself from the entourage and walks towards us, seeing, touching the hand-loom with fine mats.

A whirr of wings; ALTAMIRANO turns to see a BIRD fly through the place and into the bush beyond, from where it emits a cry of alarm.

CUT TO

108. INT. SCHOOL ROOM. GREAT MISSION. DAY. 10

ALTAMIRANO is in a school room. The pedagogue's lecturn. Long tables and benches.

ALTAMIRANO sees a slate and pencil bearing a childish drawing of a man, woman and a child. It could be the work of any child, anywhere.

CUT TO

109. INT. ALTAMIRANO'S CELL. GREAT MISSION. EVENING. 10

It is dark. In a larger cell, ALTAMIRANO is facing IBAYE' across a table.

ALTAMIRANO

What is your annual revenue?

IBAYE'

Last year a hundred and twenty thousand escudos.

ALTAMIRANO

And how is it distributed?

IBAYE'

It is shared among them equally. This is a community.

ALTAMIRANO looks at him sharply and his voice takes on an edge.

ALTAMIRANO

That is the doctrine of the French Encyclopedists, Father.

109. CONTINUED

IBAYE'

Your Eminence, it was
the doctrine of the early
Christians, too.

ALTAMIRANO looks away, sighing. IBAYE' watches him
anxiously. Feeling this, ALTAMIRANO looks back and
says respectfully but formally, as performing a
necessary obligation.

ALTAMIRANO

I am inexpressibly impressed
by your achievement, Father.

IBAYE'

And will that save us?

ALTAMIRANO doesn't answer. Instead:

ALTAMIRANO

Desire His Excellency to
attend me, here.

CUT TO

110. INT. CABEZA'S ROOM. GREAT MISSION. EVENING.

CLOSE SHOT CABEZA, red-faced and fierce to IBAYE':

CABEZA

My compliments to His
Eminence ... and desire
him to attend me here!

IBAYE' bows and goes out.

HONTAR

Softly, Don Cabeza,
softly ...

CABEZA looks at him and shakes his head; his mind
made up, his voice hard:

CABEZA

No. Not softly.

CUT TO

111. EXT. PARADE GROUND. GREAT MISSION. EVENING.

Beneath a pan-tiled roof which shades a long
verandah, GABRIEL, MENDOZA, FIELDING with other

111. CONTINUED 1.

JESUITS are seated at long tables where WE SEE the remains of a simple meal. They are watching:

LONG SHOT, their P.O.V.: ALTAMIRANO, led by IBAYE', crossing the great quadrangle. They disappear into CABEZA's room, where MUSKETEERS, sweltering in breast-plates, are lounging.

CUT TO

112. INT. CABEZA'S ROOM. GREAT MISSION. EVENING. 1

Inside CABEZA's room, ALTAMIRANO, pale and more animated than we have so far seen him, is addressing CABEZA who sits opposite, glowering, with HONTAR, alertly relaxed by his side. ALTAMIRANO speaks rapidly and persuasively.

ALTAMIRANO

The Court of Portugal is atheistic. But you and I are Christian Catholics. And you additionally serve a Catholic King ...

HONTAR affects to be shocked.

HONTAR

... Oh please ... I also serve a Catholic King.

ALTAMIRANO

Effectively, you serve the Marquis of Pombal. Who is insanely hostile to the Church. And most unhappily rules your King.

He asserts it so softly and says the name with such quiet bitterness that it makes a SILENCE. He turns his eyes back to CABEZA:

ALTAMIRANO

And I suggest that you and I advise your King together, to postpone the transfer of the Mission territories ...

HONTAR alert.

ALTAMIRANO

... until the Portuguese will guarantee their survival.

112. CONTINUED

11

HONTAR opens his mouth to speak but ALTAMIRANO speaking low though looking at CABEZA, very steadily adds:

ALTAMIRANO

And I suggest that we should do this in the hope of Heaven. By the intercession of our Merciful Redeemer.

HONTAR, alarmed - looks quickly sideways to his superstitious COLLEAGUE. CABEZA's heavy features swell until he looks like a monstrous and unpleasant schoolboy. Then he almost snarls:

CABEZA

In my opinion I say this in the hope of Heaven ... the work of the Missions is the work of the Devil.

Even HONTAR is a little startled. Then he settles back in his chair to enjoy the fun. CABEZA proceeds to work himself up.

CABEZA

They teach the Guarani to think that they are equal to ourselves. They teach contempt for property and lawful profit. They are disobedient to the King's authority

ALTAMIRANO

The paramount vow of a Jesuit priest is the vow of obedience, Don Cabeza.

Rising in full passion.

CABEZA

Then let them obey. Tell them to obey Your Eminence. Or on your head be it.

ALTAMIRANO

Your doing's be on your own head, Don Cabeza.

He pushes back his chair, looks at him darkly:

112. CONTINUED

ALTAMIRANO
I will do as my conscience
dictates.

He goes out, leaving them alarmed.

HONTAR
I fear you have been
foolish, Don Cabeza.

CABEZA glowers, shifts: goes to follow ALTAMIRANO.
HONTAR stops him.

HONTAR
No. Not you.

He goes.

CUT

113. EXT. JETTY AND RIVER BANK. GREAT MISSION.
DUSK.

1

On the far bank of the river a row of flat-bottom
barges is moored, loaded high with fruit, hides,
bales and timber. Naked GUARANI CHILDREN play on
them, their chattering cries and splashing reaching
across the water.

CLOSE SHOT: ALTAMIRANO stands watching them,
guiltily.

He does not respond as HONTAR comes and stands
quietly beside him, and gazes in the same direction.
HONTAR gently:

HONTAR
I fear I bear bad tidings ...
From the Marquis of Pombal ...

ALTAMIRANO has expected this, even so he must prepare
himself before:

ALTAMIRANO
Well?

HONTAR
If you do not strenuously
and successfully dissuade
your Jesuits from resisting
here, the Order of Jesuits
will be expelled from
Portugal.

ALTAMIRANO

And then?

HONTAR

Who knows?

ALTAMIRANO

(dismissive)

Thank you.

HONTAR

I ...

ALTAMIRANO

(angrily)

Thank you.

They are men of a kind, lethal and well-finished, like polished steel. HONTAR feels sympathy. He looks towards the CHILDREN too.

HONTAR

I should like to express my personal regret ... I also have been touched by what we've seen today It is refreshing to see people being pleasant to one another ...

GUARANI and ONE OR TWO JESUITS with their habits kilted to the waist are loading sawn logs onto barges by means of a tripod, block and tackle.

HONTAR (S.O.)

You see, your "Christian Community" is commercially competitive.

ALTAMIRANO

It is propserous.

Why not?

HONTAR is looking into the muddy water. Now lifts his head and smiles painfully.

HONTAR

You should have achieved a noble failure if you'd wanted the approval of the temporal authorities. There is nothing we like better than a noble failure. It is deeply reassuring to a trading nation such as my own.

CUT

114. EXT. VERANDAH. GREAT MISSION. NIGHT.

1

Under the verandah, JESUITS including MENDOZA, seated at the now bare tables on benches, silent. Some have their arms folded and stare straight before them. GABRIEL, head sunk towards the ground.

ON SOUND over all this, WE HEAR a curious little tinny tune, a sort of musical whisper. It is:

THE BOY. A guitar lies on the table beside him and he is conjuring a little tune from it with the flying fingers of one hand, a virtuoso trick.

MENDOZA turns, irritable in his tension, and tells the BOY (IN GUARANI) rather sharply to stop.

The BOY obeys instantly.

MENDOZA dislikes himself: and (again in GUARANI) apologies. "SORRY".

The BOY shrugs and (IN GUARANI) "It's nothing".

FIELDING draws MENDOZA's attention to:

115. EXT. PARADE GROUND. GREAT MISSION. NIGHT.

LONG SHOT: THEIR P.O.V.: On the third side of the Parade Ground, the motionless glimmering FIGURES of the white-clad GUARANI, scores, maybe hundreds.

CLOSE SHOTS their expressionless, brown faces, their dark eyes focussed on:

116. EXT. CHURCH. GREAT MISSION. NIGHT.

LONG SHOT: THEIR P.O.V.: The Church. Its surmounting Cross silhouetted against the sky.

MENDOZA

He has been there for
five hours.

GABRIEL makes a response. He gets up and moves towards the Church.

CUT TO

117. INT. CHURCH. GREAT MISSION. NIGHT.

Inside the Church, ALTAMIRANO sits and looks at the Guarani Madonna.

117. CONTINUED

11

The door clicks. GABRIEL comes in, crosses himself. Strides to the pew behind ALTAMIRANO, and sits down.

ALTAMIRANO
Is that you, Father Gabriel?

ALTAMIRANO turns and looks at him.

GABRIEL
Come to San Carlos, my
Mission.

ALTAMIRANO's mind closes round the idea.
He answers:

ALTAMIRANO
Would you like that?

GABRIEL
There's so much less to
see. It's hard to see
anything clearly here ...

ALTAMIRANO breathes a short sigh through his nose,
lips tight, and looks from GABRIEL up at:

The almost luminous Christ.

GABRIEL (S.O.)
And I think your prayers
might meet with better
fortune there.

ALTAMIRANO looks at him penetratingly again.
GABRIEL looks back fearlessly.

GABRIEL
I think that there, God
would tell you what it
would be good to do, and
give you grace and fire
enough to do it.
Cost what it may.

CUT

118.

EXT. RIVER BANK. GREAT MISSION. DAY.

HONTAR standing by CABEZA turns from looking back-
wards at the distant figures of ALTAMIRANO, GABRIEL,
MENDOZA and the BOY leaving the landing stage and
says:

118. CONTINUED

11

HONTAR
I should have known that
that little Gabriel was
the danger ...

CUT

CLOSE SHOT: ALTAMIRANO dressed in a cassock which
is no different from the other Jesuits'.

119. EXT. WATERFALL. IGUAZU'. MOONLIGHT.

11

MUSIC. MOONLIGHT.

We look slowly up the falling walls of IGUAZU'.

120. EXT. RIVER AND RIVER BANK. IGUAZU'. MOONLIGHT.

12

At the head of the falls WE TRACK over the glassy
water towards a fire on the bank.

Round the fire we find GABRIEL, MENDOZA tending to
ALTAMIRANO's bedding, FIELDING, the BOY and
ALTAMIRANO, who now has a growth of grey beard, and
whose cassock is torn.

DISSOLVE

MUSIC finishes.

121. EXT. RIVER ABOVE FALLS. DAY.

1

LONG SHOT: the empty river; silence exaggerates
and isolates the natural sounds of dripping water,
insects and birds. Cancas appear in the distance,
INDIANS to lead the way.

ALTAMIRANO looks with curiosity at:
His P.C.V. the banks gliding overhead.

The muscular back of the GUARANI PADDLER. The plop
and swish of the ornamental paddles.

The simple belongings of GABRIEL neatly stowed in the
bottom of the boat.

122. EXT. RIVER TRIBUTARY. DAY.

1

An overgrown tributary winding back into the jungle
where dark trees have invaded the dark water.
It looks sinister and:

122. CONTINUED

ALTAMIRANO experiences a twinge of the primal fear.
Now he is startled by a crash and a splash.
He looks:

But it is only a rotting branch, fallen under its
own weight.

GABRIEL looks back at him.

ALTAMIRANO
The Garden of Eden?

GABRIEL
It's a trifle overgrown.

ALTAMIRANO nods and looks ahead at:

123. EXT. RIVER ABOVE FALLS. (BUCKET). DAY.

The river before them. It is very silent, with
the sort of silence that gathers and echoes every
sound. ALTAMIRANO dozes. But now:

On SOUND, so faintly that it could be an hallucination
the first half-raising bars of the "SPERM IN ALIUM".

GABRIEL hears it first and turns cautiously to look
at:

ALTAMIRANO dozing, the MUSIC over. He lifts his
head, puzzled. He looks at:

The banks gliding back, the jungle as before; but
the MUSIC is now undeniable, gathering power and
beauty.

It jumps in volume (THE CHOIR CLOSE) as we CUT TO:

REVERSE LONG SHOT of the sunlit river.
The canoes come into a shot round a bend, and:
ALTAMIRANO stares at:

124. EXT. LANDING STAGE. GABRIEL'S MISSION. DAY.

REVERSE LONG SHOT his P.O.V.: at the far end of the
reach, the golden thatch and landing stage of the
Mission. Gold-skinned GUARANI singing.

MEDIUM CLOSE - BOYS, singing lustily, their voices
bird-like. And now:

MEN - mostly GUARANI but two PRIESTS among them -
bring in the bass, and:

124. CONTINUED

12

GUARANI WOMEN and GIRLS, bare-breasted Eves - bring in the contralto. The totality is overwhelming and:

ALTAMIRANO, nearer now, is amazed.

125. EXT. LANDING STAGE. GABRIEL'S MISSION. DAY.

12

The CHOIR moves away off the jetty as the canoes come alongside.

ALTAMIRANO is assisted from the canoe onto the jetty. He stares round at:

THE GUARANI CHOIR, the big wood and thatch church, the pole and thatch living quarters.

GABRIEL invites ALTAMIRANO to accompany him and they move forward, the CHOIR following, to:

126. EXT. QUADRANGLE. GABRIEL'S MISSION. DAY.

11

The quadrangle is a rustic version of the parade ground of the other Mission, less imposing but much more agreeable. As well as the forty-part choir there are perhaps three hundred GUARANI, MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN.

The CHIEF stands ready to greet them. He kisses the episcopal ring and straightens, smiling, indicating:

THE CHOIR.

ALTAMIRANO nods and looks round, beginning to be moved by it.

CHILDREN in the crowd stare at ALTAMIRANO with bold curiosity, unafraid. He looks about him uncertainly. He encounters the regard of:

GABRIEL, looking at him keenly. Will the great man get the message, the sophisticated musical offering rendered by these Primitives to their Creator?

INTERCUT SERIES ... MUSIC continues OVER:

127. EXT. JUNGLE RIVER. DAY.

1

MUSIC DISTANT. An alligator shifts uneasily and slithers into the muddy water.

128. EXT. JUNGLE. DAY. 12
MUSIC MORE DISTANT. The carrion carcass of a monkey, its entrails swarming with maggots.
129. EXT. JUNGLE. DAY. 12
MUSIC NEARER. An amazing tree like a tower of flowers.
130. EXT. QUADRANGLE. GABRIEL'S MISSION. DAY. 13
MUSIC CLOSE. ALTAMIRANO turns to encounter:
The shy, flirtatious looks of smiling GUARANI WOMEN.
131. EXT. JUNGLE RIVER. DAY. 13
MUSIC DISTANT. Something huge and sluggish moves powerfully through the muddy water.
132. EXT. JUNGLE. DAY. 11
MUSIC DISTANT. A six-inch SPIDER with intelligent eyes, a SPIDER from a nightmare.
133. EXT. JUNGLE. DAY. 11
MUSIC DISTANT. An amazing orchid growing on a rotting branch.
134. EXT. JUNGLE RIVER. DAY. 11
MUSIC DISTANT. A dancing cloud of sky-blue butterflies reflected in the water of the river.
135. EXT. JUNGLE GLADE. DAY. 1
MUSIC DISTANT. A jungle glade, with the sunlight shafting down as from high gothic windows.
136. EXT. QUADRANGLE. GABRIEL'S MISSION. DAY. 1
MUSIC CLOSE. ALTAMIRANO and GABRIEL stand in the very centre of the quadrangle, the CHOIR and the other GUARANI surrounding them.

INTERCUTS BETWEEN:

136.

CONTINUED

THE SINGERS, particularly CHILDREN.

ALTAMIRANO, more and more troubled.

GABRIEL, his eyes moving between ALTAMIRANO and his flock, trying to gauge the effect of it all.

THE BOY.

MENDOZA looking at:

ALTAMIRANO: he is close to tears.

At the soaring crescendo of the MUSIC

CUT

CUT MUSIC

137.

INT. REFECTORY. GABRIEL'S MISSION. NIGHT.

Night and silence. GABRIEL, MENDOZA and the rest sit round the walls of the rustic refectory. Rush-lights glimmer on their stricken faces. They look ashamedly at:

ALTAMIRANO and the CHIEF, at either end of the long table, the CHIEF looking at him very level and speaking GUARANI.

GABRIEL translates in a dead flat voice, looking sick.

GABRIEL

He says he does not understand you.

The CHIEF speaks briefly again and:

GABRIEL

He says that you must speak more clearly. What are they to do?

ALTAMIRANO

They must evacuate the Mission.

A shocked silence.

GABRIEL translates, the CHIEF replies and:

GABRIEL

He says the Mission is their home. They do not want to go back to the forest.

ALTAMIRANO
They must submit to the
Will of God.

GABRIEL translates, the CHIEF replies and:

GABRIEL
He says it was by the Will
of God that they came out
of the forest and built the
Mission. He asks why God
has changed His mind.

ALTAMIRANO
I do not know God's reasons.

GABRIEL translates, the CHIEF replies and:

GABRIEL
Can he be sure that you know
God's will?

MENDOZA listens, face heavy with foreboding.

The CHIEF again, and:

GABRIEL
He does not think you
speak for God. He thinks
you speak for the
Portuguese.

ALTAMIRANO
I do not personally speak
for God. But I speak for
the Church. Which is
God's instrument on earth.

GABRIEL translates, the CHIEF replies and:

GABRIEL
Then speak to the King
of Portugal.

ALTAMIRANO
I have spoken to him.
But he does not hear.

GABRIEL translates, the CHIEF replies, curtly, and:

GABRIEL
Make him listen.

ALTAMIRANO
I cannot make him:
He is a King.

137. CONTINUED

11

GABRIEL translates. The CHIEF replies, his voice hard. And:

GABRIEL

He also is a King.
He also will not listen.

The CHIEF rises and goes to the door where he turns and says something fiercely contemptuous. Then he stalks out. ALTAMIRANO looks at GABRIEL who tells him, listless:

GABRIEL

They are going to fight.

ALTAMIRANO

Could you persuade them
not to fight?

GABRIEL

I've not persuaded you to
fight on their behalf,
Your Eminence.

ALTAMIRANO addresses himself again to his distasteful task. He straightens in his seat and lifts his voice. Looking at MENDOZA:

ALTAMIRANO

If they do fight, it is
imperative that none of
you should seem to have
encouraged them to do so.

MENDOZA looks at him.

ALTAMIRANO

Therefore, the remainder of
you will return to Asuncion
with me. Tomorrow.

He cuts into the murmur of shocked protest which arises from the assembled JESUITS.

ALTAMIRANO

If any one of you should
disobey, he will be
excommunicated, cast off ...

BIG CLOSE MENDOZA.

ALTAMIRANO (S.O.)

... disowned, and damned.

CUT TO

138. EXT. QUADRANGLE. GABRIEL'S MISSION. NIGHT.

13

CLOSE SHOT. MENDOZA and the OTHERS come out. His face is overstrained and full of unresolved doubts. The other JESUITS look at him but he does not raise his tormented eyes to them.

MENDOZA goes into his cell. The rest follow to theirs.

None dares to look at the GUARANI. They are standing in line, watching their heroes go singly into their cells.

CUT

139. EXT. RIVER BANK. GABRIEL'S MISSION. NIGHT.

13

ALTAMIRANO and GABRIEL stand by moonlight on the banks of the river.

GABRIEL

Did you know that your decision would be this, before you came?

ALTAMIRANO

Yes.

GABRIEL looks at him in defeat and despair, and walks away towards the forest.

Out of the forest comes the BOY. He says something in Guarani. GABRIEL replies in terms of reassurance. The BOY asks "Truly?" GABRIEL nods "Truly". The BOY backs off, glancing fearfully at ALTAMIRANO, then turns and runs off into the darkness.

ALTAMIRANO

What was the child saying?

GABRIEL

He said he's frightened of the forest. The forest belongs to the devil. He doesn't want to go back to the forest.

No answer from the darkness. Then:

ALTAMIRANO

And you?

GABRIEL

I said I'd go with them.

139. CONTINUED

Another silence.

Then, from the darkness:

ALTAMIRANO
I should like to be remembered
in your prayers, Father Gabriel.

GABRIEL
Em'nence.

CUT TO

140. EXT. BOARDWALK. GABRIEL'S MISSION. NIGHT.

GABRIEL walking along the boardwalk says to himself.

GABRIEL
Much good may it do you ...

141. INT. GABRIEL'S CELL. GABRIEL'S MISSION. NIGHT.

But entering his own small rustic cell he stops short
seeing:

MENDOZA waiting for him with a face like death.

GABRIEL glances at him, shuts the door and begins to
undress before, growlingly:

GABRIEL
What do you want?

MENDOZA
Father, I renounce my vow of
obedience.

GABRIEL looks at him with loathing. Quiet:

GABRIEL
Get out.

And as MENDOZA makes to speak:

GABRIEL
Get out Rodrigo ...
I won't hear you.

He goes on undressing, revealing that the saint has
an ordinary body, skinny, white where the weather-
beaten neckline ceases; the skinny chest with grey
pectoral hairs, blessed with JULIEN's blue metal cross

MENDOZA watches this, then moves to go.

GABRIEL

Just you?

MENDOZA

John and Sebastian too.

GABRIEL

What are you wanting, Captain ... ?
An honourable death?

MENDOZA

We promised to protect them.

GABRIEL

(roaring)

When did we promise that?

MENDOZA

Are we just to leave them?

GABRIEL

Aye. Or die with them.

MENDOZA

They wish to live, Father.

GABRIEL

Then flee with them.

MENDOZA

They will not flee.
Father, may I not lead them?
They say God has deserted
them as He deserted His Son
on the Cross ... has He
deserted them ... ?

GABRIEL

No. You should never have
become a priest. Captain.

MENDOZA

(tortured)

But I did.

GABRIEL turns on him, furious and frightened.

GABRIEL

You'll die a turncoat and a
traitor if you die with blood
on your hands. You promised
your life to God, Rodrigo ...

BIG CLOSE, passionately, each separate word a
separate blow:

GABRIEL

142. EXT. RED MUD COURTYARD. ASUNCION. DAY. 142.

Kettle-drums roar. Mercenary MUSKETEERS, Spanish, Portuguese and half-caste, with a sprinkling of Blacks, are paraded for inspection in the rain in a courtyard of red mud. They are appalling looking men, as tough and ruthless as the old Conquistadores. They do not stand to attention in straight lines, they lounge, some with muskets grounded, some with a pair of muskets rested on their shoulders. Each is dressed according to his means and fancy, some in grotesque finery, some in rags. But all have items of armour - a gauntlet, or a helmet or a breastplate - and a few are armoured from head to foot. They are not the soldiers of any King, they are soldiers of fortune, each for himself and barely controllable.

143. EXT. RED MUD COURTYARD. ASUNCION. DAY. 143

Their SPANISH and PORTUGUESE COMMANDERS inspect them, each followed by his BATTLE FLAG. They are fallen hidalgos with desolate eyes. The KETTLE-DRUMS cease.

No SOUND comes from the assembled MUSKETEERS, except that someone somewhere has a bad cough. The rain is not improving their temper.

The MAN WITH A COUGH spits and examines his own spittle with interest. He is muleteer. The mules are loaded with:

Light cannon, panniers of shot and powder. We single out for CLOSE inspection, GRAPE SHOT.

144. EXT. BUILDING. RED MUD COURTYARD. ASUNCION. DAY. 144

On the steps of a building where the flags of Spain and Portugal hang wetly side by side are CABEZA and HONTAR, each under an umbrella held by a GUARANI SERVANT. Between and above them a third umbrella is held.

The inspection complete, the COMMANDERS come forward and salute HONTAR and CABEZA respectively. CABEZA, loudly, a public utterance:

CABEZA

You are to use no more violence than may be strictly necessary to achieve your lawful purpose. You understand?

144.

CONTINUED

14

The SPANISH COMMANDER doesn't even smile; looks back at him with dead eyes and

SPANISH COMMANDER

Perfectly.

ALTAMIRANO, weather-beaten and still bearded but now robed as before, comes out of the residence and stands under the third umbrella, seeing:

His P.O.V., the ragged ranks of MUSKETEERS, the laden mules behind, the COMMANDERS in front.

With a splash and a clatter they go down on their knees. And:

ALTAMIRANO raises his hand and pronounces a Latin Benediction, his face expressionless.

They rise. The COMMANDERS mount and lead off. The last thing we see is the MULE TRAIN of ARTILLERY.

ALTAMIRANO watches them a moment, then goes in.

DISSOLVE

145.

EXT. JUNGLE RIVER. DAY.

145

The BOY guides his frail canoe to the bank, the pouring water is thunder in our ears.

He ties it up. And dives. He surfaces. And dives again. Surfaces and again dives. He is under for a long time. Surfaces this time with a curious shaped rod, covered in green slime and weed.

He swims to the shore with it and puts it on the bank.

We recognise the handle of MENDOZA's SWORD.

CUT TO

146.

INT. MENDOZA'S CELL. GABRIEL'S MISSION. DAY. 146

In his cell, MENDOZA sits and looks at the immaculately scrubbed SWORD. The BOY sits close by.

CUT

147. EXT. PARADE GROUND. GREAT MISSION. NIGHT. 14
- The redstone CHURCH of the MISSION, lit by crackling flames. Distantly on SOUND, a confused wailing lament.
- The parade ground is on fire. On SOUND the lament closer.
148. EXT. LANDING STAGE. GREAT MISSION. NIGHT. 14
- On the landing stage, long line of GUARANI, MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN, roped together. It is from them that the lament issues. MUSKETEERS stand over them
- DISSOLVE
149. EXT. JUNGLE. DAY. 1
- MENDOZA and the BOY stumble through the jungle with a big pile of armour, caked with river mud and slime. They are still-faced and MENDOZA at least, heavy-hearted.
- CUT
150. EXT. JUNGLE CLEARING AND RIVER. DAY. 1
- The WITCH DOCTOR, wearing his head-dress, with his mask at his feet, addresses the TRIBE in imperious accents charged with emotion. He is fully body painted, yellow, white and indigo, as at the very beginning of the film.
- The WOMEN and CHILDREN look scared of him.
- The MEN of the tribe stand round the CHIEF, listening intently. The CHIEF stands with his head bent, the expression hidden.
- MENDOZA and the BOY come out of the forest nearby. They stop as they see what the WITCH DOCTOR is doing.
- MENDOZA puts down the armour and crosses to the mask.
- The WITCH DOCTOR looks down at it.
- He looks back at MENDOZA with a gleam of defiance in his eyes. It is a confrontation.
- The CHIEF and WARRIORS watch, tense.
- MENDOZA and CHILDREN tense

150.

CONTINUED

150

Slowly, deliberately, the WITCH DOCTOR stoops, raises the mask and puts it on his head. A sort of sigh rises and dies among the GUARANI, half scandalized, half excited.

MENDOZA, holding out his hand, softly and firmly orders the WITCH DOCTOR to take off the mask.

With a cry of warning, the WITCH DOCTOR backs a pace, and stops. He raises one hand and begins a solemn prohibition.

MENDOZA cuts him off, telling him more sharply now to take it off, and steps forward.

The MAN bounds backwards, snatches a spear and poises it directly at MENDOZA's face.

CLOSE MENDOZA looking:

His P.O.V., straight along the unwavering spear shaft, the SAVAGE beautifully poised with his whole weight leaning backwards for the thrust.

Suddenly MENDOZA moves. Forwards and sideways. The thrust goes over his shoulder. Seizing the spear he wrenches it from the MAN so violently that the WITCH DOCTOR goes sprawling and the mask flies off, reducing him to human status, no longer a figure of supernatural dread but a man who looks up at his conqueror full of natural dread.

The CHIEF comes to life. He stretches out his arm and takes MENDOZA's. He roars a tribal battle cry and at once all the MEN of the tribe pick it up and send it far-flung into the forest.

CUT TO

151.

EXT. JUNGLE RIVER AND RIVER BANK. DAY.

1.

The river flowing black, from side to side of the screen. It is carrying with it bits of half submerged logs, ugly and venomous.

CAMERA TRACKS upwards, disclosing a long, thin grassy line on the further bank. Behind them the roots of trees. Standing on it, very tiny, is the WITCH DOCTOR. He stoops and sorts something out from the huge bundle at his feet.

CLOSE SHOT. He rises holding the feathered mask. Regards it for a second or two and then flings it far into the midst of the river.

151.

CONTINUED

15

CLOSE SHOT. The horrific and beautiful mask laps up the water, turning round and round slowly, and begins to sink. Another feathered mask lands close to it and begins to follow suit.

The WITCH DOCTOR stoops and comes up with an amulet about eleven feet long, studded with weird jewelry and hurls it after the masks.

Then the whole bundle empties into the river.

The last amulet lands on the water, surrounded by feathers, masks, trophies and amulets and begins like them, to sink.

Across the river. The WITCH DOCTOR stands a moment or two till the last ripple sinks, then glides away from the river and into the trees.

DISSOLVE

152.

EXT. GREAT MISSION. NIGHT.

15

The smoking ruins of the red-stone Mission.
A few CORPSES.

Nothing moves except a few BIRDS which flap and hop among them.

DISSOLVE

153.

EXT. JUNGLE CLEARING. DAY.

15

MENDOZA standing alone in the forest, clad in full armour save for one or two pieces that are missing.

TWO BUTTERFLIES circle round him. Suddenly he straightens, balances himself, draws his sword, holds it at arm's length and then makes an upwards and a sideways parry and a thrust, the blade whistling. It is the exact stroke with which he killed his brother.

DISSOLVE

154.

EXT. RIVER BELOW FALLS. DAY.

15

The knife-sharp prows of the canoes slice through the water, impelled by scores of paddles in the hands of the MUSKETEERS.

There are about a DOZEN of them stretched from side to side of the river. Some OTHERS following.
No SOUND issues from the PADDLERS.

155. INT. CARPENTERS' SHOP. GABRIEL'S MISSION. DAY. 155

In the Carpenters' Shop half-finished chests, tables and chairs are being broken up. They are making cannon, under the watchful eyes of FIELDING and SEBASTIAN. One is in the first stage of construction, (long shafts of hardwood glued together in a hollow tube, like a fly-fishing rod). One is in the second stage (slowly turning on a hand-turned lathe). The third is in the final stage (diagonally bound with layers of hide, hammered into place - the second layer is going on).

MENDOZA stands in the doorway looking at all this. Catches FIELDING's eye and moves away.

Outside he looks sadly towards:

CUT TO

156. INT. GABRIEL'S CELL. GABRIEL'S MISSION. DAY. 156

GABRIEL's cell, where GABRIEL sits on the bed motionless, the door shut, his head in his hands, the cheerful noise and the hammering coming to him.

DISSOLVE

157. EXT. RIVER BELOW FALLS. DAY. 157

The CROSS at the foot of the Falls. The garlands again faded and dead. The MUSKETEERS appear, foot-slogging towards us.

They are carrying not only their weapons but canoes and of course the cannon. The now unshaven, sweating, filthy MEN grunt and sweat and stumble but they don't complain. We cannot but admire their appalling fortitude.

The TWO COMMANDERS come on FRAME past CAMERA and stop. They look up at:

The SETTING SUN.

They nod and indicate the LEADING FOLLOWER to set down his burden there.

DISSOLVE

158. OMIT

158

158.

CONTINUED

158

He carries four spears and stands fetlock deep in the grasses and the water. He calls.

The MUSKETEERS freeze and look at him.

They see the WITCH DOCTOR standing very straight and tall. With a yell he hurls one of his spears.

The SPANISH COMMANDER raps an order to several of the MUSKETEERS who cock their muskets, aim and fire.

The WITCH DOCTOR falls, even as another spear leaves his hand and we follow it to where it lands on a pebbled bank, close to the SPANISH COMMANDER. By the CROSS.

The MUSKETEERS stand up one at a time and look at the fallen WITCH DOCTOR across the water. The SPANISH COMMANDER says:

SPANISH COMMANDER

One at a time.
How stupid they are.

CUT

159.

EXT. GABRIEL'S MISSION. SUNSET.

159

The sun sets over the silent Mission.

160.

INT. GABRIEL'S CELL. GABRIEL'S MISSION. NIGHT.

160

GABRIEL in his cell. On SOUND, distant as a memory, the MARCELLO CONCERTO. He looks up at:

MENDOZA is wearing the breastplate and carrying his poignard and sword belt.

GABRIEL takes it in and looks away.

MENDOZA

Bless me, Father.

GABRIEL longs to do so, but:

GABRIEL

No ... If you're right,
God will bless you. But
if you're wrong, God's
blessing isn't relevant.

MENDOZA looks at him.

160.

CONTINUED

160

GABRIEL

If might is right, Love
has nothing to do in the
world. And it may be so ...
it may be so ... But I
haven't the fortitude to
live in a world like that
Rodrigo ... No ... I
won't bless you.

DISSOLVE

161.

EXT. RIVER BELOW FALLS. NIGHT.

161

At the foot of the CROSS a watch-fire gleams on
the cannon and the piled up muskets. And on the
bearded face of a SENTRY.

On SOUND, a cough.

The rest of the MUSKETEERS lie in slumber, with
stores, canoes and side-arms scattered between them.

The MAN WITH THE COUGH sleeps uneasily on the fringe
of the encampment. MENDOZA comes to him, noiselessly.
He looks round:

The encampment, the distant SENTRY, who is looking
the other way.

MENDOZA lies beside the MAN WITH THE COUGH, face down.
Stealthily he brings up his poignard and holds it
pointing straight down, a few inches from the MAN's
throat. He glances sideways. And freezes.

The SENTRY turns.

His P.O.V., the encampment as before.
The MAN coughs, distantly.

The SENTRY turns away.

MENDOZA thrust downwards with terrific force.
(On SOUND A CHORD of doom-laden MUSIC). He claps his
hand over the dying MAN's mouth. A jet of blood
pours over it.

The SENTRY turns quickly and looks over the sleeping
encampment.

MENDOZA coughs, as the MAN coughed in his sleep.

The SENTRY turns away again.

161.

CONTINUED

161

Catlike, MENDOZA seizes one of the small powder kegs.

FIELDING and SEBASTIAN wait in the shadows; he gives them one apiece. His right hand is crimson.

FIELDING goes back for the dead man's musket and shot.

CUT TO

162.

EXT. RIVER BELOW FALLS. DAY.

162

Morning. The dead MAN.

The SPANISH COMMANDER looks down at him. A circle of silent MUSKETEERS stands around. He looks at:

The POWDER KEGS.

SPANISH COMMANDER

How many?

A MAN

Three, Captain.

And two muskets.

The SPANISH COMMANDER looks uneasily round about him. The forest remains untroubled.

CUT

DRUMS and TRUMPETS, staccato and stirring OVER:

163.

EXT. ROCK-FACE. IGUAZU'. DAY.

16

A CANNON clanks and grinds its way up a dripping rock-face.

THREE sweating MUSKETEERS are hauling on the rope.

SIX or SEVEN are hauling:

A CANOE.

AD LIB SHOTS. They drag, scramble, haul and slither upwards with their lethal impedimenta. It is killing work.

CUT

164. EXT. RIVER AT HEAD OF FALLS. DAY.

164

A force of armed MUSKETEERS are inexpertly paddling away from the bank at the head of the Falls in SIX CANOES, TWO of which have a LIGHT CANNON in the prow. The PORTUGUESE COMMANDER raises his arm.

The SPANISH COMMANDER acknowledging his salute, turns to:

His land force: about SIXTY MUSKETEERS with CANNON, KEGS, SHOT, MUSKETS and the rest of it. They move into the jungle.

CUT

165. EXT. JUNGLE. EDGE OF RIVER. DAY.

165

A GUARANI SENTRY, motionless as a statue and well hidden, watches:

As the water-borne MUSKETEERS disappear round a bend.

The SENTRY turns: next to him is the BOY. The BOY slips urgently off into the jungle.

CUT

166. EXT. LANDING STAGE. GABRIEL'S MISSION. DAY.

166

FIELDING with his musket and a GROUP of GUARANI, with bows, board canoes at the rustic landing-stage.

MENDOZA, SEBASTIAN and the CHIEF are watching. MENDOZA in full armour, a metal man.

The BOY is talking urgently to MENDOZA pointing first at the river and then at the forest: "There is a land force too". MENDOZA nods calmly.

FIELDING's water-borne force paddles away, not like the MUSKETEERS, but expert and swift, the paddles dipping and pulling in perfect time. MENDOZA waves briefly.

FIELDING raises his hand in reply. The CANOES vanish downstream.

MENDOZA turns to:

166.

CONTINUED

166

His land-force. TWO HUNDRED GUARANI, armed with bows and spears, the improvised cannon, the bamboo canisters and stone shot.

MENDOZA
(in GUARANI)

Come.

They move into the jungle. The BOY follows eagerly. MENDOZA turns and indicates the Church. The BOY goes reluctantly towards it.

GABRIEL, the WOMEN and CHILDREN are nowhere to be seen.

CUT

167.

EXT. JUNGLE. DAY.

16

MUSKETEERS push clumsily through the jungle, left to right. They grumble and curse.

CUT TO

168.

EXT. JUNGLE. DAY.

16

MENDOZA and the GUARANI run lightly through the jungle, right to left. They are silent as ghosts.

CUT

169.

EXT. JUNGLE RIVER. DAY.

16

The water-borne MUSKETEERS, floundering along, left to right, in midstream, the PORTUGUESE COMMANDER peering anxiously ahead.

CUT TO

170.

EXT. JUNGLE RIVER AND BRANCHES. DAY.

1

FIELDING and the GUARANI at rest in the shelter of overhanging branches. FIELDING peering out at the river.

CUT

171.

EXT. CHURCH. GABRIEL'S MISSION. DAY.

1

The deserted Mission. A few HENS. A DOG is scratching at the door of the Church.

171.

CONTINUED

171

The door opens. The DOG enters, wagging its tail.
The door shuts.

CUT

172.

EXT. JUNGLE RIVER. DAY.

172

The PORTUGUESE CANOES paddling upstream: It is heavy work.

They pass FIELDING with his GUARANI CANOES concealed in a sidewater and along the banks.

At a word from FIELDING the GUARANI CANOES shoot out of cover.

CLOSE, the PORTUGUESE COMMANDER peering upstream: his flotilla behind him, the GUARANI CANOES catching up.

CUT TO

CLOSE, the GUARANI CANOES, each co-ordinated stroke lifting them in the water, FIELDING gripping his musket in nervous excitement, looking towards:

His P.O.V., the PORTUGUESE flotilla. The rear-most PORTUGUESE PADDLER turns his head. His mouth gapes and then:

CLOSE, he roars:

PORTUGUESE PADDLER

Captain!

The COMMANDER whirls and shouts for them to turn; they back water in disorder while:

In each of the speeding GUARANI CANOES the PADDLERS stand one after the other, raise their bows and fire, sitting immediately to allow the MAN behind to fire.

The arrows descend among the frantic PORTUGUESE;
THREE DEATHS.

The GUARANI BOWMEN are ready for another volley.

The second volley arrives even while the VICTIMS of the first are being dumped overboard.

CUT

173.

EXT. JUNGLE GLADE. DAY.

173

The SPANISH COMMANDER is half way across a glade, his MEN strung out on either side. He sees:

Long-legged BIRDS, feeding quietly in the glade. Their presence reassures him, and he grunts. He leads the way forward.

MENDOZA's GUARANI, bows bent and lifted. MENDOZA cries the GUARANI word for "Fire". The arrows whistle up and out.

One arrow clangs harmlessly off the SPANISH COMMANDER's breastplate. But several of his MEN fall, screaming. He roars:

SPANISH COMMANDER
Kneel and fire!

They drop to their knees and fire into the jungle.

The balls whistle and splatter among the trees. A SCORE of MENDOZA's GUARANI are killed.

SPANISH COMMANDER
Charge!

The MUSKETEERS drop their muskets and come at the run with swords and pistols.

A rawhide cannon speaks. The force of the explosion blows the cannon apart, killing the surrounding GUARANI gunners.

The MUSKETEERS advance.

The second cannon roars, following the fate of the first

The MUSKETEERS are closing.

The third cannon fires. Mayhem among the MUSKETEERS.

The GUARANI rush them, with spears and machetes. The out-numbered MUSKETEERS turn and run. Several are horrendously butchered by the speeding GUARANI before they reach cover.

CUT

174.

EXT. JUNGLE RIVER. DAY.

174

The PORTUGUESE COMMANDER, blood pouring from his face where he has been winged by an arrow, roars:

PORTUGUESE COMMANDER
FIRE!

The light cannon speaks and:

174.

CONTINUED

174

PORTUGUESE COMMANDER

Fire!

The remaining GUARANI in that canoe are slaughtered by the grape-shot.

CUT

175.

EXT. JUNGLE GLADE. DAY.

175

In the forest clearing the CHIEF and his MEN shout their triumph.

SEBASTIAN is frantically stripping armour from one of the fallen MUSKETEERS.

MENDOZA looks about alarmed at his intoxicated WARRIORS.

CUT TO

176.

EXT. JUNGLE CLEARING. DAY.

176

A DOZEN MUSKETEERS wait with grim faces as they listen to the distant battle cries of the GUARANI. They have a cannon with them.

Suddenly the SPANISH COMMANDER bursts out of the jungle, cursing, and followed by a SCORE of SURVIVORS.

Panting and angry he orders the MEN to lift the cannon and leads the way into the forest.

CUT TO

177.

EXT. JUNGLE GLADE. DAY.

177

MENDOZA cannot control his triumphant GUARANI. He knows that the battle has not yet finished. He is listening to cannon-fire, distant.

CUT TO

178.

EXT. JUNGLE RIVER. DAY.

178

CLOSE. The CANNON in one of the PORTUGUESE CANOES fires again and:

Another canoe load of GUARANI is destroyed. Half the others are drifting, their dead CREWS slumped and bleeding.

CUT

179.

EXT. JUNGLE GLADE. DAY.

179

MENDOZA, still listening to the distant cannon fire,
says to SEBASTIAN:

MENDOZA

Go on.

SEBASTIAN summons the GUARANI to order.

MENDOZA goes at a stumbling run towards the river.

CUT

180.

EXT. JUNGLE RIVER. DAY.

180

Silence on the river. The depleted PORTUGUESE
float motionlessly. The COMMANDER, berserk, glaring
over the water at:

FIELDING. He stares horrified at:

The DEAD GUARANI in their canoes.

The PORTUGUESE COMMANDER quietly gives the word and
FIVE CANOES make towards FIELDING.

FIELDING watches:

The silently approaching canoes.

He looks over the river towards the further bank.

Grim-faced, he tips his dead PADDLERS over the side.
He orders his remaining PADDLER to do the same.
They do it methodically, aware of:

The approaching PORTUGUESE, certain of their prey.

FIELDING takes a paddle.

FIELDING

Mocona'?

The GUARANI PADDLER looks over his shoulder, then
turns back to FIELDING and says in GUARANI "Come".

Expertly they spin the canoe and set off over the
wide calm river.

PORTUGUESE COMMANDER

After him! After ... !

CUT TO

180.

CONTINUED

180

MENDOZA and THREE GUARANI WARRIORS have arrived at the river bank. He watches, horrified:

181.

EXT. JUNGLE RIVER. (MOCONA). DAY.

181

The PORTUGUESE PURSUERS.

SHOUTS and a FUSILLADE.

FIELDING is hit. There is no time to dump him. The GUARANI PADDLER urges the canoe through the water.

The PORTUGUESE paddling hard, grunting. They are overtaking now.

The GUARANI paddling hard, his burning eyes still on:

182.

EXT. WATERFALL (MOCONA). DAY.

182

The water ahead. And now WE SEE a strange straight line there. And HEAR a distant rumble. He is leading them towards:

REVERSE SHOT, the SIDEWAYS SLIPFALL OF MOCONA, a geological freak which creates a thundering wall of water twenty feet high and half a mile in length, like a colossal natural weir.

With the GUARANI PADDLER and the dead FIELDING we go over it.

The panic-stricken PORTUGUESE back paddle frantically. Too late.

REVERSE SHOT, one after another the PORTUGUESE canoes pitch over the slip and join FIELDING's upturned canoe in the racing maelstrom below. Their screams come faintly through the thunder of water.

CUT

183.

EXT. CHURCH: GABRIEL'S MISSION. DAY.

183

The SPANISH COMMANDER has regrouped his MEN at the edge of the forest.

FOUR sweating MUSKETEERS strain at the cannon.

SIX more MUSKETEERS with burning brands look towards the SPANISH COMMANDER. He nods.

183. CONTINUED

183

They hurl the brands up onto the thatched roof of the Church.

CUT

184.

EXT. JUNGLE. EDGE OF RIVER. DAY.

184

MENDOZA wheels away from the river.

A WARRIOR cries out in horror, pointing.

They all stare at:

A distant column of smoke ascending from the trees.

CUT

185.

INT. CHURCH. GABRIEL'S MISSION. DAY.

1

Inside the flaming Church, bedlam.

GABRIEL engulfed by panic-stricken WOMEN, screaming CHILDREN.

186.

EXT. CHURCH. GABRIEL'S MISSION. DAY.

15

Outside, the door flies open and WOMEN and CHILDREN dash out.

Calmly the MUSKETEERS shoot them down.

The BOY emerges, wild in the face, tearing aside the thick brushwood with which the walls of the Church are built. He stoops pulling at a LITTLE GIRL. Another CHILD is dimly seen.

They tear away into the forest.

CLOSE SHOT: He hides the CHILD with one of a tear-stained group of GIRLS and turns and pauses uncertainly.

CUT

187.

EXT. QUADRANGLE. GABRIEL'S MISSION. DAY.

15

SEBASTIAN, the CHIEF and their MEN come left to right at the run, reckless.

CUT TO

188.

EXT. QUADRANGLE. GABRIEL'S MISSION. DAY.

188.

The SPANISH COMMANDER and his FORCE wait for them. He has placed his cannon pointing right to left now.

SEBASTIAN, the CHIEF and their MEN emerge yelling into the field of fire ON SOUND STACCATO DRUM BEAT. They are mown down in SCORES but still come on.

The cannon having done their work, kneeling MUSKETEERS do theirs.

All but a DOZEN of the GUARANI fall, SEBASTIAN among them.

The SURVIVORS are fighting hand to hand. But machetes and bare breasts are matched against armour and pistols. The COMMANDER calmly pistols the CHIEF.

CUT

189.

EXT. QUADRANGLE. GABRIEL'S MISSION. DAY.

189

MENDOZA, coming at the run with pistol and sword, left to right.

CUT

190.

INT. CHURCH. GABRIEL'S MISSION. DAY.

190

Inside the Church, screaming WOMEN and CHILDREN must choose between the inferno within and the musket fire without; they fight in the doorway. Walls and pews are burning now. GABRIEL is fighting to get through them to the door.

CUT

191.

EXT. QUADRANGLE. GABRIEL'S MISSION. DAY.

191

MENDOZA comes upon four MUSKETEERS. They turn as they hear him. Battle mad he rushes them, pistols one, runs another through the throat, whirls, his sword hand now a metallised fist and smashes another in the face. The last one runs.

MENDOZA pursues him and kills him from behind, breaking into the scene of carnage, where the SPANISH COMMANDER and a few MUSKETEERS stand among the fallen GUARANI.

191. CONTINUED

191

The SPANISH COMMANDER raises his pistol and fires.
Misses.

MENDOZA coming on: he is invincible; he is Mars
incarnate.

He bears down on the COMMANDER who has drawn his
sword.

CUT TO

192. EXT. CHURCH. GABRIEL'S MISSION. DAY.

191

The WOMEN are pouring wildly from the blazing Church
now.

193. INT. CHURCH. GABRIEL'S MISSION. DAY.

191

A CHILD, numb with terror stands by the altar
screaming.

GABRIEL looks up wildly at:

The blazing roof, caving inwards.

CUT TO

194. EXT. QUADRANGLE. GABRIEL'S MISSION. DAY.

19

MENDOZA drags his sword from the dead COMMANDER's
throat.

CUT TO

195. INT. CHURCH. GABRIEL'S MISSION. DAY.

19

GABRIEL rushes down the aisle, and snatches up the
CHILD, as:

The blazing roof, a hundred tons of incandescent
straw and timber, collapses on top of them.

196. EXT. CHURCH. GABRIEL'S MISSION. DAY.

19

Outside, a column of bright sparks and glowing
fragments rises as the Church sinks with a soft
bellow, immolating the INNOCENTS within.

CUT TO

197. EXT. QUADRANGLE. GABRIEL'S MISSION. DAY.

197

MENDOZA rushes, roaring at:

A huddle of MUSKETEERS at the far side of the glade. There are more than enough to deal with him but they are paralysed.

TRACKING SHOT, angled up at MENDOZA so that he seems gigantic.

The MUSKETEERS scatter into the forest, and:

Past the cannon. Which fires. And:

SLOW MOTION, MENDOZA is lifted off his feet, describing a high backwards arc as in a dream, fragments of armour floating from him, and he lands on his back, dead.

The little BOY, still watching through the undergrowth. He sees the fall of his hero. He looks, his face like a frozen coal, at his paragon. He drops down and brushes the black hair from his forehead, and stoops and kisses it.

Then he looks up. Sees the MUSKETEERS getting unsteadily to their feet. And like a flash, the BOY is gone.

DISSOLVE

198. INT. STATE ROOM. CABILDO. ASUNCION. DAY.

19

In the STATE ROOM of the Cabildo, with the Royal Portrait still in place, ALTAMIRANO, white-faced, looks up from a three-page written report at CABEZA. HONTAR sits as far away from CABEZA as he can. He too, is pale.

ALTAMIRANO

Have you the effrontery to tell me that this slaughter was 'necessary'.

CABEZA

Given our legitimate purpose ... which you sanctioned ... Yes.

He waves him away with the back of his hand. CABEZA flushes but rises and goes.

HONTAR, following quietly turns at the door and looks at ALTAMIRANO. He offers, gently:

198.

CONTINUED

HONTAR

You had no choice,
 Your Eminence. You must work
 in the real world. And ...
 (gently, insistently)
 ... the real world is thus.

ALTAMIRANO

No. Thus we have made it.

He seems to be seeing, and hearing:

199.

EXT. JUNGLE. DAY.

199

LONG TRACKING through the empty forest. The
 butterflies and bees are there. For better or for
 worse the world has gone back to what it was when
 left in the hands of its enigmatic Creator.

But WE SEE a golden brown shape dimly lit through
 the trees, and we CLOSE on it. It is the BOY.

MUSIC.

WE HEAR all the glorious conclusion of "SPERM IN ALIUM"

WE SEE that there are other little CHILDREN but NO
 ADULTS. The BOY gathers them together and they
 fly, soft-footed into the forest. And in a little
 while they are all lost to sight.

The MUSIC and the forest, focus our attention.

THE END