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Under The Volcano

By Guy Gallo

[Symphonic:

[Continues]
- [Villagers Singing In Spanish: Mourning]
- [Bell Tolling]
-[Singing Continues]
- [People Chattering]
[Children Chattering]
[Singing Continues]
Anda, perro. Quitese!
[Whimpers]
[Mariachi In Distance]
[Vendors Calling In Spanish]

[Flute:

[Dog Whimpering]
Buenas tardes.
[Whimpering Continues]
[Peter Lorre]
Why are you afraid of me?
I love you. I love you.
You came to life for me.
Don't you know me?
[Continues, Indistinct]
[Foreigner]
Buenas noches, doctor.
- Ah. Buenas noches, senor Geoffrey.
- Buenas noches.
Just in time. Exactamente.
The ingles is always by the clock.
You go to the Red Cross, I think.
[Movie Score Playing, Muffled]
Mm-mmm. It's good.
Very good.
[Chuckles]
But, no, there is something wrong.
I know, senor.
You have no socks.
Quite. No socks.
With that esplendida vestimenta,
there must be socks.
- You want I should bring you?
- No. Gracias. Not necessary.
By the way, senor Bustamante,

did you find any letters -
cartas - any letters addressed to me?

No. No, señor.

I find no letters for you.

What letters have you lost?

From my wife.

- [Speech Slurred] From Yvonne.

- [Woman In Movie Screams]

You have heard from her then.

What does she say?

Is she coming back to Mexico?

No. I don't think so.

I'm sorry to see you apart.

I have always great admiration
for senora Yvonne.

I think she comes back.

She writes to you,

then she will come back.

I also received a letter
from her lawyer.

It seems we're divorced now.

Uy, amigo.

- Is this true?

- Yes.

It's true.

- [Whimpering]

- [Woman In Movie] Let me go!

-I promise to come back.

-[Lorre] You are lying.

- No!

- You won't come back.

-[Lorre] You hate me. You despise me.

- [Woman] No. No.

[Woman #2]

Liar! Hypocrite!

- [Murmurs]

- [**Piano:**

Las Manos de Orlac.

The Hands of Orlac, no?

It's a good story.

A man is a pianist,

but loses his hands under a train.

Is given him another,

but they are the hands of a killer.

Uh, these hands murder people.

But his heart does not,
and he's very, very sorry.

Some things you can't apologize for.

[Lorre]

The fate of all the world is changed, I think.

[People Laughing]

Only in Mexico

is death an occasion for laughter.

[Chuckles] On Day of the Dead,
when their spirits come back to us...

the road from heaven

must be made- made easy...

and not slippery with tears.

[Brass Band Approaching]

[Festive]

[Dog Barks, Whimpers]

Sorry, old girl.

They won't let you into this occasion.

Your gown's cut far too low.

- Good evening, sir.

- [Geoffrey] How are you?

- How are you?

- You know the doctor.

Poquito de brandy.

Poquito de anis.

Poquito de tequila.

Mmm. Poquito de whiskey.

Poquito de mezcal.

Oh, no, no. No mescal.

Never touch mescal.

I'd go thirsty

before drinking mescal.

[Laughs] Is loco.

Mescal is just the tequila of the poor.

[Belches]

Mescal is for the damned.

Oh, good Christ.

Last blast of diplomacy coming up.

- Buenas noches, senor Firmin.

- Buenas noches.

I wish to introduce to you

Herr Krausberg, German attach.

Herr Krausberg, Mr. Firmin.

Former British Consul to Cuernavaca.

It's a great pleasure for me

to meet you, Mr. Firmin.

- Same, I'm sure.

- Un cocktail de champagne.

I hope your next, uh, post

will be as beautiful as Cuernavaca.

- Nothing next. I've retired.

- Oh, have you really?

"Cut is the branch that might have grown
full straight," or something like that.

I'm going to stay on here in Mexico.

Oh, how fortunate for me.

I hope to have a friendship with you...

as close, as cordial, as the friendship
between our two nations.

Actually, Herr Krausberg,

you may be able to do me a great service.

I would be very happy to help

in whatever way I can.

It's to do with my brother -

halfbrother.

- Do you understand "halfbrother"?

- Mm-hmm.

F-Father remarried

an American Southern beauty.

Hugh. Uh, newspaperman.

Freelance sort of stuff.

He's chasing some rumor down

right now.

- But you may be able to shed some light.

- Most gladly, if I can.

Is Germany financing a Nazi movement

here in Mexico?

- Of course not. Your brother, Mr. Firmin -

- Half. Half.

Half. Sorry. Your halfbrother...

obviously suffers

from an overactive imagination.

Called the sinqarquistas,

if I'm not mistaken.

Nonsense. It's just a rumor, as you said.

In any case,

we are allies now, aren't we?
Since that marvelous agreement between
your prime minister and our fhrer.
- [Chuckles]
- So, let's drink together, shall we?
To, uh -To the understanding of our nations.

- [**Orchestra:**
- It is a union I'm, uh, convinced...
that will assure peace
for many, many years to come.
Prost, Herr Firmin.
Yes, quite.
The Munich Pact and all that.
"Peace in our time."
But let's not be too hasty.
Let's hedge our bets, what?
After all, the Mexican railroad has.
They don't mean to be taken by surprise.
Just take a look at their newest timetable-
at the fine print.
Corpses must be transported by express.
Each of these express corpses...
must be accompanied
by a first-class passenger.
Now, let's suppose, uh, the treaty fails
and it's bloody Armageddon.
-Just think of it.
- You -You -
Railways stand to make a fortune.
- You're right. You're right.
- But just think of it.
All of those bloody corpses,
each holding a first-class ticket.
[Krausberg]
Absolutely.
One Day of the Dead won't be enough.
Month. Decade.
Age of the Dead, more like it!
The whole world
will learn to laugh...
at the sight of stinking cadavers.
Oh, ha, ha.
Bloody ha, ha, ha!

Oh, good God.

Express trains will be booked up
years in advance.

Corpses hand in hand
with bloody first-class ticket holders...
standing in lines for miles
waiting for transport.

Aha. Yes.

- Ladies and gentlemen of the Red Cross...

- [Stops]

you have your bloody work
cut out for you.

- Arranging storage of, uh -

- Amigo. Señor.

Storage for this bumper crop
of dancing carcasses.

- Señor Geoffrey.

- Build special depots.

- Uh, stack them in layers.

- [Resumes]

Or squeeze-squeeze them in upright.

No, better still -cut them in pieces.

Chop them up

and stash them in sacks.

- And paint red crosses on them.

- Come, señor.

Come, amigo.

Throw away your mind.

It is sad to spend your life
in such continual tragedies.

Ah, it's not in the times, of course,
but in the heart.

No sepuede vivirsin amar.

Uh. No sepuede vivirsin amar.

Hmm. I woke up one morning,
she was gone.

Nothing. Just a bloody note.

I need her.

Come. I know what you must do.

Come with me.

It is not far. Come.

[Guests Murmuring, Chattering]

[Gasping, Chattering]

[Footsteps Echoing]

[Gate Clatters]

She is the Virgin of Soledad.

La santapatrona...

for those who have nobody with...

and those what are lost...

and mariners at sea.

You must ask...

for your esposa again.

Ask her.

[Gasping]

I can't.

It's like asking my fairy godmother

for three wishes.

You must forgive my companero.

He's too borracho to pray.

No sepuede vivirsin amar, Madrecita.

And he -

He - He has lost his esposa.

And he ask for your help.

Please.

Pray to the Virgin.

I'm dying without you.

Come back to me, Yvonne.

[Geoffrey]

Are you listening, Fernando?

Si es absolutamente necesario.

Pay close attention.

A lesson. A parable.

I'm telling you about responsibility,

Fernando.

Si es absolutamente necesario.

This ship was a thoroughgoing lie...

and I was the commanding officer.

This ship-the S.S. Samaritan...

it was called...

looked from the outside

like a harmless, fat old lady-

a laden freighter

lying heavy on the sea.

Are you listening, Fernando?

[Horn Honking]

Chamacos.

[Geoffrey, Indistinct]

...sink anything the Germans

might send our way!
It was 1917, spring.
We sight a periscope sighting us.
[Geoffrey Continues, Indistinct]
Are you listening, Fernando?
They prepare to board us.
Then the big surprise.
Are you listening, Fernando?
Oh.
We drop our disguise.
The predator suddenly becomes the prey.
I got a medal for capturing that sub.
But first I had to be tried
at a court-martial.
The mystery
of the missing German officers.
You see...
the remains of seven men...
were found in the furnace ashes.
Rather gruesome, hmm?
It just isn't done, Fernando.
People just don't go around
putting other people into furnaces.
Hmm. Yvonne.
I'm back.
- Is it really you?
- Of course it's me.
Can't be.
I wrote you I was coming.
Didn't you get my letters?
I wasn't even sure you were still here.
I had to call the Foreign Office.
I am always more or less here.
Uh, I did go away, uh, once,
just last week.
To a bull fight, in Tomalin.
Wound up in El Farolito.
But just for drinks, mind you.
How did you get here?
I came by, uh, boat from New York.
- I caught a plane from Veracruz.
- I see.
You must be exhausted.
Not really. I had a million hours

of sleep on the boat.

The worst part

was the ride from the airfield.

A bus.

It's the shakes that make this life
insupportable.

But they subside, if handled properly...

with the necessary swigs,

the therapeutic touch.

- Have a drink with me.

- No, you have one. I'll cheer.

- Calle Nicaragua 52.

- Si, senora.

[Stif led Groan]

How, unless you drink as I do...

can you hope to understand the beauty
of an old Indian woman...

playing dominoes with a chicken?

Well, the taxis seem

to have all disappeared.

- Shall we walk?

- Why? What's happened to the car?

You haven't smashed it up again,
have you?

Well, as a matter of fact,

I lost it.

- You lost it?

- Mmm.

Look here, dash it all,

you must be terribly tired, Yvonne.

Let's not walk.

Let's sit and wait for a taxi.

No, not at all. I would think
that you're the one who's tired.

Oh, no, no. Fine here.

Glad to get some circulation
going in the old legs.

Did they tell you, the Foreign Office,
that I'd resigned?

What happened?

Just fed up.

Geoffrey, why didn't you
answer my letters?

Shakes, you know.

Bit unsteady with a pen.
You might have hired him.
Dear Yvonne...
I'm taking the easy, only way out-
Semicolon.
Good-bye- Full stop.
Change of paragraph.
Change of chapter.
Change of world.
[Bell Tolling]
[Woman Praying In Spanish]
How sweetly blooms the graves
With fragrant flowers
Just once a year
the dead live for the day
Do you remember that Strauss song,
Geoffrey, called "All Soul's Day"?
Return to me, my love
that I may hold you
As once in May
As once in May
What have you been doing for the past year
besides getting a divorce?
Mostly I was in New York.
I got a part in a revival
of The Italian Straw Hat.
Remember-
the play I was in when we met?
I was the ingenue then.
Afraid those days are gone.
This time, I only had a character part.
We closed last week.
I see.

[Flute:

Look, his eyes are closed.
The horse knows his way home.
- Gracias.
- Gracias, gracias.
Oh, hello, hello!
Look who comes here!
My little Oedipuss.
Hello!
Oh, there you are.

- Do you think he's forgotten me?
- No, he's not forgotten you.
I never believed it - that cats are not
attached to people but to places.
I've missed you, Oedipuss.
[Kissing]
He's missed you too.
Senora, quegusto!
- Oh!
- Buenos dias.
- Buenos dias, Concepta.
- Como la he extranado.
Oh, I've missed you too, Concepta.
What happened to my beautiful garden,
my camellias?
It became a bit of a jungle, I'm afraid.
But look here,
just suppose for argument's sake...
that you, uh, abandoned a besieged town...
and somehow or other,
not long afterwards, you come back.
You can't well expect to invite yourself
into the same green graces...
quite the same, uh, oh...
dear old welcome here and there,
can you, hmm?
Have you come back,
or are you just visiting?
I'm here, aren't I?
Hugh! Come out here!
You'll never guess who's just popped in.
- Is Hugh here?
- Oh. Didn't I tell you?
Oh, he's been back some time.
He came straight
from the Spanish Civil War.
Been playing Florence Nightingale for me.
Hugh. Where are you?
He was quite disappointed when he got back
and, uh, discovered you'd flown the coop.
I do believe he's missed you
full as much as I.
Hugh. Where are you?
Where can the young pup be?

Hugh! An emissary calls.
The Consul of Cuckold's Haven.
Come and give the wife
a "welcome back" kiss.
Oh, I forgot. He's in Mexico City.
Be back some time today.
He'd gotten a wind of some,
uh, rumor, and he -
he chased off
like a hound after a hare.
Geoffrey. Just tell me.
I can go.
This is Hugh's home cure for alcoholism.
Strychnine.
He bribes Concepta to poison me.
- Veneno.
- Senora, eso no es verdad.
- It's dreadful.
- It is.
Uh, would you like a whiskey?
I haven't had breakfast yet.
Geoffrey?
- Geoffrey. Take it.
- What?
For God's sake, drink it.
I'm not expecting miracles.
No, no, no, no. I'll stick to the old,
uh, medicine, thank you.
[Groans, Shudders]
- Have you really resigned?
-Absolutely.
No more diplomacy for me.
Well, then there's nothing really
holding you here anymore.
Magic.
"He on whose heart
the dust of Mexico has lain...
will find no peace
in anyother land. "
But nothing's really holding you.
There's nothing more real than magic.
All right, Geoffrey, we can
talk about it when you're rested.
When I'm sober, you mean.

Surely you know by this time that I can't
get drunk, however much I drink...
and that I'm only drunk in the conventional,
incoherent staggering sense...
when I haven't had a drink.

Surely you appreciate the, mmm -
the fine balance I must strike...
between the, uh, shakes of too little
and, uh, the abyss of too much.

- I do appreciate it.

- Yes. Quite. Well.

Well, I'd like to have a bath.

Have your drink.

Ah.

Concepta!

-Senor.

- Tequila, por favor.

- No haynada que tomar.

- Nothing?

- Nada.

- [Gaspings, Murmurs]

- Ah, good morning, Quincey.

- What's good about it?

I have just been
inspecting my paradise.

I half expected to see Adam
come riding out of it on a tiger.

- On a what?

- On a tiger.

I would imagine-
lots of tigers and pink elephants too.

- About your cat, Firmin -

- I've been giving a lot of thought to Eden.
Finding a path back to our origins.

Perhaps I'll go and live among the Indians,
like William Blackstone...

stripped of useless trappings.

Unaccommodated man -the thing itself.

You know about Blackstone?

My wife and I are kept awake half the night
with its infernal howling.

- Or don't you hear it?

- Blackstone's a character I've always admired.

He lived peacefully

among the Indians, in, uh -
somewhere in what is now Massachusetts.
But the-the Puritans found him...
and tried to-to coax him back
to a respectable life.
If you don't do something
about your cat, I will.
But Blackstone didn't like the Puritans.
Oh, no. No, he didn't.
He'd have none of them.
So he went further
into the wilderness...
never to be heard from again.
I'll strangle that damn cat
with my bare hands.
Don't worry, Quincey.
Oedipuss only howled for Yvonne.
And she's come back.
- Knock, knock.
- Who's there?
- Cat.
- Cat who?
Cat-astrophe.
[Giggles]
Catastrophe who?
Oh, uh, cat-astrophysicist?
- Have a bite of breakfast?
- I already partook.
- You look weary.
- No, I'm fine.
Hah.
You've always done that -
always carefully cradled
your lemon wedges.
So meticulous.
Oh.
[Sighs]
Do you remember the names of the months,
the Mayan months?
- Pop.
- Mm-hmm. Uo.
- Zotz.
- Uh, Tzed. Xal.
Yaxkin.

Mac. Isn't there one called Mac?
There's Yax and Zac.
"In receipt of yours, dated Zac the first"?
[Laughing]
My favorite was always uayeb-
the poor little month
that only had five days.
I've wanted you back so badly.
I'll do anything.
I'll stop drinking.
I'll do anything for you.
It's us. It's - It's us again.
Oh, Geoffrey!
[Sighs]
I'm sorry.
It isn't any good, I'm afraid.
Stay.
[Moans, Grunts]
[Door Closes]
Where are you, old man?
Hello, Hugh.
Yvonne.
[Chuckles]
[Chuckles]
Well, how absolutely...
something or other.
Geoffrey told me you were here.
Did he?
He did.
You look awfully well.
You too. Quite a get-up.
- Like the Ringo Kid.
- [Laughs] With a touch of Savile Row.
- I thought you were in Spain.
- I was.
- What happened?
- What?
Why did you leave?
The war's not over yet, is it?
Why, I was sort of wounded.
Hugh.
On the way to watch the battle for Madrid.
Fell out of an ambulance.
Seven cases of beer and six journalists

fell on top of me.

[Both Laugh]

Ah, it's a lost cause by now anyway.

Franco has all the soldiers
and the tanks and the aeroplanes...
and all the Loyalists seem to have
are good songs.

Solo es nuestro deseo
Rumbala, rumbala, rumbala

[Laughs]

- When did you get here?

-Just this morning.

Well, where is he-
our monarch?

He's gone out.

For a bottle, I believe.

You just... appeared?

-What?

- No warning.

No, I wrote.

Still I -

I think I...
caught him by surprise.

[Chuckles]

- How did he react?

- Glad to see me, I think.

I'm sure he was.

- How do you find him?

- His drinking, you mean?

-Well, yes, his drinking.

- Half the time, I can't tell when he's tight.

He has the constitution
of a bull, you know.

He's gone down, I think.

Well, now you've come back like this...
perhaps he'll stop.

Yeah.

[Tires Screech]

[Villagers Chattering]

Look here, is everything all right?

I say.

I say, what's the matter here?

Nothing. Absolutely all right.

All right? But you were lying down

in the middle of the road.

All right just the same.

Thank you very much.

My dear fellow, you were lying right down here.

I might have run you over.

- Are you sure there's nothing wrong?

- [Chuckling] No.

What? Are you sure you're all right?

Oh.

- Haven't I seen you somewhere before?

- Oxford?

- No. Cambridge.

- You're wearing an Oxford tie.

Oh, the tie. That belongs to my cousin.

We're headed for Guatemala.

We're making a little tour of the temples,
don't you know? [Laughs]

- Splendid country, isn't it?

- Splendid.

Look, are you absolutely sure
there are no bones broken?

No, no bones broken -

[Groans]

Oh, my dear fellow.

My dear fellow. Here.

Now, listen.

We are staying at the Bella Vista.

Why don't we pop back to the hotel,
and you can have a little bit of a lie-down?

- No, fine, thank you.

- No?

Well, I always keep something
in the car for emergencies.

Irish. Burke's Irish.

Mmm. Thanks a million.

- No, no. Carry on, my dear fellow. Carry on.

-Ah. Mmm.

[Moaning]

Awfully decent of you, old chap.

I say. I know where I last saw you.

You were that chap

who made that speech last night.

- Is that right, old man?

- Quite right.

Didn't really get through to me completely,
but you sounded jolly good.

Look, if you're absolutely sure that you're
feeling all right, I'd better be pushing off.

- Top hole.

- Don't go falling into roads anymore, will you?

- You might get run over or run in. Ha, ha.

- [Laughs]

- Bloody awful road, isn't it?

- Dreadful. Dreadful.

Yes, yes. The weather's splendid.

Cheerio.

[Engine Starts]

Let me know if you're ever
in any kind of jam.

- Tallyho!

- Tallyho!

[Door Closes]

Hey, Hugh!

You old snake in the grass.

- Hello, Geoff, old man.

- Quite a surprise, huh, Yvonne appearing like this?

Calls for a celebration.

God, I forgot. I haven't got a drop in the house.

What kind of a host does that make me?

I just popped out for the champagne,
bumped into an old college chum.

Maudlin man.

Sit down, you two.

Did you tell Hugh
about your return to the stage?

She's made a comeback.

Great success.

Hugh's looking well, isn't he? Huh?

Mexico agrees with him.

Brown as a berry.

Why, he's been taking
splendid care of me.

And I do believe
results are beginning to show.

I feel strong as a horse.

Strong as a horse.

All due to Hugh's wonder drug.

Kill or cure.

Oh, we could all have a strychnine.

[Laughs]

Excuse me, will you?

Uh, I'll, um -

Amuse yourselves

for a few moments.

I'll, uh, tidy up a bit.

Aah.

[Door Closes]

Yvonne, forgive my asking like this...

but, uh, have you...

really come back to him?

Or what?

I mean, I'd just... like to know

precisely what the situation is.

- So would I.

- You don't know?

Yes. I've come back to him.

All right?

All right?

[Screaming]

- Right here, old man.

- Oh, Geoffrey.

Upsy-daisy. There we go.

[Geoffrey]

Can't stop bouncing about.

- I wonder what this is like.

- Geoffrey!

Not bad. Not bad.

Slightly under proof.

A little like Pernod.

Still, it keeps

the galloping cockroaches at bay.

- [Murmurs]

- Oh. Oh!

Into the shower.

[Screams]

No hotwater!

[Shudders]

Little cockroach on the wall...

ain't you got no one at all?

Ah. Allow me.

Ooh. Oh!

[Moaning, Shuddering]

- Feeling better?
- New man. Revived.
No past, only future.
Now be still.
[Water Stops]
Oh, hey. No, listen.
We ought to go to the fiesta.
-What, now?
- Yes, it will be all, all gone tomorrow.
I mean, we ought to,
unless, of course, you're too fagged.
[Laughs]
No, I'm fine.
Now hold still.
I'm doing your neck.
"Don't be careful,"
as the Mexicans say.
- [Humming]
- I'll be backin a moment.
- Mm-hmm.
- [Door Closes]
- All right.
- [Humming Continues]
She looks well.
- Doesn't she, huh?
- Yes. She does.
[Murmuring]
Mmm. Looks well.
I think-
I think I will only drink beer
today on our outing.
Chin. Chin.
There's nothing like...
beer-
[Coughs]
beer to straighten one out.
-You know?
- Mm-hmm.
-And then -
- Uh-huh, uh-huh.
Then go back to the strychnine.
Strychnine. Who knows?
- [Making Nasal Sounds]
- Uh-huh.

Who knows?

I may actually-

I may get off it completely.

- Well, you ought to try.

- Yes.

- Yes, yes. Yes, yes, yes.

- All right?

Yes, yes, yes.

Look, Geoff, shouldn't I -

Shouldn't I leave?

- Leave?

- Yes.

Immediately,

rather than hang around.

Whatever for?

Well, I thought

it might make things easier.

M-Make what eas-easier?

For the two of you. Here.

- For the two of us?

-Yes.

I mean, now that Yvonne's back,
you'll be very well looked after.

- What are you afraid of?

- Nothing.

Yvonne's wiles

or your own baser instincts?

For Christ's sake,

should I go or not?

Wouldn't it look rather odd,

you just shooting off?

Stay, Hugh.

Hmm. Of course. You must stay.

Ready.

You look very... very.

Thank you.

Mmm. Here.

No sepuede vivirsin amar.

What?

"One cannot live without love."

It really is an extraordinarily nice day
for a trip.

We should, uh, carry on to Tomalin
after the fiesta.

No car.

Where's your sense of adventure?

We can take the bus.

Get there in time for the charreada.

Ole! and all that.

- Are we up to that?

-"Up to that?'

"Up to that?' What a question.

Oh, they look so serene.

[Geoffrey]

Our ever-present guardian angels.

[Yvonne]

Popocatepetl and his sleeping lady.

- We should pay them a visit.

- That's the spirit.

After the bulls,

we'll pop up old Popo...

and look into the hot heart

of the volcano.

- One step at a time, old man.

- [Chuckling]

[Geoffrey]

Doctor Vigil!

- Buenos dias.

- Buenos dias.

I am glad, after last night,

you are among the living.

- Buenos dias, doctor.

- Buenos dias.

Hello, Doctor.

Nice to see you again.

- Since when you are here?

- I came this morning.

Miraculous.

Truly it is a miracle.

In the night, we pray to the Virgin
for those who have nobody them with.

The consul and me,

we pray for your return...

and now you are here.

Is it not wonderful?

Geoffrey? Did you?

I might point out, amigo,

Yvonne left New York over a week ago.

It seems your miracle is after the fact.

Ah, but the Virgin, she knew you were going to pray before ever you prayed.

Is still more miracle.

The good doctor makes logic and faith lie down together like the lion and the lamb.

Doctor, what would you prescribe for a chronic case...

of uncontrollable, all-possessing and inescapable delirium tremens?

More alcohol is best, in a quantity moderated.

- Precisely. You hear that, you two?

- Uh, I heard "moderated."

Doctor, would you care to join me in a little moderation?

[Chuckling]

I cannot. I must see to a child coming.

- So I leave the family to be together.

- [Chuckling]

Senora Firmin, truly you are a miracle.

Thank you, Doctor.

Buenos dias.

It's a lovely day.

We shall have thunder.

- [Geoffrey] Adios.

- Adios.

- Did you?

- What?

Go to the shrine.

I'm sure I couldn't tell you honestly.

Uh, the events of last night are some what, uh, dim.

Ah.

"Plingen, plangen, aufgefangen...

swingen, swangen at my s-side."

Uh -"Swootle, pootle...

"offto Bootle.

Nemesis:

[Laughs]

I arrived in heaven!

[Carnival]

- [Continues]

- [Speaks Spanish]
[Spanish, Dramatic]
[Devil Babbling, Screeching]
[Screaming]
[Screaming]
[Gasps]
[Children Laughing]
[Spanish]
[Spanish Continues]
[Spanish]
Donalnes.
-Dona Ins! Dona Ins!
- [Children Laughing]
[Spanish]
[Spanish Continues]

[Brass Band:

That's the way to contend
with the grim reaper.
Offer him a drink and a dance!
Will you two talk to me
after I've gone?
Offer me bread and sugar skulls to help me
on my journey into the next world?
Oh, absolutely, old man.
Once a year.
You should write something
about the Day of the Dead.
- It's been done.
- Oh.
Give it a -
Give it a Marxist interpretation.
Matter of fact, I've about decided
to trade in the old typewriter...
for a musket.
I might-
I just might go back to England,
enlist in the R.A.F.
This next war will be fought in the air.
The next war?
Just the same old one.
Oh, no, no, Geoff.
This time, it won't be for territories
or possessions, but for our very souls.

Our souls? Ah, good.
Sowe still have them, do we?
I thought, uh -
But no, I mustn't judge others
as I judge myself.
You have a soul, Geoff.
You have a great soul.
I must have mislaid it then.
Perhaps you'll help me to find it, my dear.
-Well, shall we brave the rides?
- The infernal machine?
[Geoffrey]
Not me. You two go on. I'll catch up.
- Shall we go back?
- No, no. Go on. Enjoy yourselves.
I'll fortify myself for the bus ride.
Hair of the dog, you know.
Go on. I'll - I'll, uh, catch up.
I think perhaps you've
come back just in time.
I would've come back sooner.
Why didn't you?
Well, I wasn't sure he wanted me to.
He never answered my letters.
I don't think he ever read them.
- What?
- Your letters.
He carries them around
stuffed inside his shirt...
but I don't think he ever opened them.
[Bells Jangling]
I cannot find them at all.
Think of places you can go.
Think in your mind the cantinas
where you go all the time.
-Think.
- Bustamante's.
Hmm. Si. El Sol de la Noche.
They're not there.
El Popo? No. El Petate? No.
Uh, Todos Contentos y Yo Tambin?
No.
- El Farolito.
- [Laughs] No.

Senor Consul, you never been there.

- Yes, once.

- Oh, you makin' a joke on me.

Gentlemens never go to El Farolito.

Es horrible. Es muymalo.

Men balls turn blue...

and then they go sick,

and then they go crazy and they die.

Ha! If anybody be there,

I break the glass here.

Believe me, dona Gregoria,

I am as chaste as a new-frocked priest.

There's no need to break my glass.

Only fill it again on your own,

dona Gregoria.

Ay, senor Consul. Hmm.

After a while, I began to wonder.

If a man can hold his liquor as well as Geoff,
why shouldn't he drink?

Somehow, Hugh,

that is not very consoling.

I'm simply at a loss

as to how to help him.

Perhaps we should get away from here,
away from Cuernavaca.

- Find a farm somewhere.

- A farm?

A real farm, with a red barn and silos
and pigs and chickens.

What, no guinea fowl?

No peacocks?

- Is it so fantastic?

- Perhaps not.

We have money. Enough.

[Chuckling]

I'm sorry.

It's just the notion of Geoff
among the alfalfa...

in bib overalls and a straw hat,
soberly hoeing.

Well, it wouldn't have to be
as soberly as all that.

What if he hates farms?

Maybe the mere sight of a cow

makes him seasick.

Well, maybe it's ridiculous, but at least
it's better than sitting here doing nothing.

[Shouting In Spanish]

No. Gracias. No. No.

- [Children Clamoring]

- No! [Laughing]

-No, gracias.

- Let me pass.

- No, gracias.

- No, gracias.

[Chattering Continues]

Here's to your love.

- Well -

- I hope that she come back to you soon.

In fact, she has.

So it is. One day,
maybe she come back to you.

She has.

This morning, on the bus.

Senor Consul, if you had esposa...

you would lose everything
in that love.

Oh.

Because is beautiful to have love.

But your mind is "occupied"
on one thing.

So you will never lose your mind.

[Carnival]

I hope your wife come back soon.

She's there, right now. Out there.

You can ever think of it.

Ay, senor Consul.

No quiere otra?

- No, a bottle of Habanero, por favor.

-Ay.

Como no, senor Consul.

Ahora se la traigo.

Ah, you know, senor Consul...

I think you going to see
your esposa very soon.

I can see you together...

laughing in a very nice place.

In the place you used to laugh.

Huh?

Ay, gracias, señor Consul.

-Adios.

-Adios, dona Gregoria.

[Continues]

[Shouting In Spanish]

[Groans]

Uno-

[Groans]

[Shouting Continues]

Whoa!

[Laughing]

[Man Shouting, Laughing]

[Children Shouting]

[Speaking Spanish]

Here we go.

[Shouts]

[Laughing]

[Laughing Continues]

[Gasps]

Whoa!

[Shrieking]

[Shrieking, Shouting]

Ride 'em, cowboy!

[Excited Shouting In Spanish]

Go on, my beauty!

For your life!

[Laughs, Shouting]

[Geoffrey Laughing]

- [Coins Clinking]

- [Shouting Continues]

M-My heels kicked at heaven!

Oh! Gracias!

Gracias. Gracias.

Gracias. Gracias.

Gracias. Gracias. Gracias. Gracias.

Gracias. Gracias.

Gracias. Gracias.

- Let's forget the charreada, Geoff.

- Absolutely not.

Forward to the arena!

[Clears Throat]

It's like riding over the moon.

I thought divorces didn't wear

their wedding rings.

- They don't.

- Well then?

I couldn't get the ring off.

He's a bloody sinarquista.

Look at that badge on his lapel.

They're the ones

I've been writing about.

The ones getting money

from the Nazis.

Stop. Stop the bus. Alto.

[Panting]

- Prohibido.

- The hell it is.

[Gasping]

[Geoffrey]

Good Christ.

Geoffrey, it's the flute player.

- A doctor in Tomalin?

- Si.

- Go on, Geoff. Let's get him on the bus.

- Stop. Prohibido. Don't touch.

No, senor. We go to jail.

No mi camion.

It is the law.

You will be made accomplices.

Let it go, Hugh.

Here come the local authorities.

[Gasping Stops]

Well, we have to help him.

It's too late.

What you doing?

- You murder?

- No, of course not.

- You know who murder?

- No!

He's dead, Hugh. Let it go.

Vamonos!

He was thrown from the horse.

Come from the market.

Mucho dinero.

Could've gotten yourself shot.

- **[Brass Band:**

- [Shouting In Spanish]

Ole!

Ole!

- [Continues]

- [Applause]

Gracias.

Buenas tardes.

Perhaps you'd like to start
little "hin fish."

- "Hin fish?'

- Nice "hin fish. "

- Gin fizz.

-[Hugh Laughs]

Tequila, por favor.

Uh, si. "Hin fish."

Uh, "hin fish" for the lady.

- Tequila doble, por favor.

- Y dos tequilas doble.

You like eggs, senora?

Stepped-on eggs? Divorced eggs?

Poxy eggs on toast?

Uh, no "poxy" eggs for me.

What's this?

"Spectral chicken of the house"?

- [Waiter] Pollo de la casa.

- Ah.

- [Geoffrey] Shall we try the spectral chicken?

- Uh, sounds heavenly.

Pollo para todos, por favor.

- Muchas gracias.

- [Man Singing In Spanish]

Ah, the cocktails have arrived.

Gracias.

[Singing Continues]

- Ole!

- Si.

Muchas gracias, senor.

Gracias, senor.

- Oh.

- Muchas gracias. Permiso?

- Si, senor.

- Gracias.

[Strums Chord]

[Playing]

Madrid, you wondrous city
Madrid, you wondrous city
Madrid, you wondrous city
- Mamita mia
- [Singer Harmonizing]
We wanted to take you
They wanted
To take you
But your courageous children
But your courageous children
But your courageous children
Mamita mia
Did not disgrace you
Did not
Disgrace you
And all your tears of sorrow
- And all your tears of sorrow
-[Harmonizing Continues]
And all your tears of sorrow
Mamita mia
We shall avenge them
We shall
Avenge them
-[Hugh] Gracias, senior.
- Good. Very good.
Gracias, senior.
Had an English friend fighting in Spain.
He was there from the start.
During the Battle of Madrid...
he layholed up with a machine gun
in the library of University City...
reading Carlyle between attacks.
He was a Communist.
Approximately the best man I ever met.
Had a taste for Vin Rose d'Anjou...
and a dog named Harpo.
You wouldn't expect a Communist
to have a dog named Harpo.
Or would one?
He'd been reported dead
twice before...
and both times
he showed up again at the front.
So when he was listed

as a casualty the third time...
no one took any notice...
expecting him
to turn up again anyday...
hale as ever.
He didn't.
Cervantes! Otros tequila, por favor!
A bottle!
When I think of the men I knew there -
the ones who stayed and died -
Christ, I feel like a deserter.
I should never have left.
You said yourself it was a lost cause.
My conscience says that's no excuse.
What do you know
about conscience and about guilt?
Remember who you're talking to.
Master of the S.S. Samaritan...
whose hands - these very hands -
los manos to Firmin -
flung seven German officers
into her fiery furnace.
- You did not.
- One after the other, kicking and squealing.
The tale gets taller
each time he tells it.
Geoffrey, you know very well you didn't.
The British Navy doesn't
give medals to murderers.
Well, I might have done it.
I was the commanding officer responsible.
You can't apologize for some things.
The past fills up quicker than we know.
"Firmin innocent.
Bears guilt of world on shoulders."
Bears your guilt as well, doesn't he?
He invited...
the heart full of dust...
that he got.
Cervantes! Tequila!
[Brass Band Resumes]
[Crowd Applauding, Cheering]
- [Continues]
- [Applauding, Cheering Continue]

[Crowd Applauding, Cheering]

[Crowd]

O!!

He's quite good actually.

I say, well done!

[Crowd]

O!!

Ole!

[Crowd]

O! O!!

It was always one of his dreams -
to be a matador.

He practices veronicas
in front of a mirror.

[Applauding]

Ole!

- [Band Resumes]

- O!!

[Crowd Shouting Cheering]

[Crowd Gasping]

[Woman]

Ole!

O!!

Ole! Bravo, Hugh!

[Crowd Chanting]

Toreador! Toreador! Toreador! Toreador!

Toreador! Toreador!

Toreador! Toreador!

Toreador! Toreador!

Toreador! Toreador!

Toreador! Toreador!

Toreador! Toreador! Toreador!

[Cheering]

[Men Shouting In Spanish]

- Geoffrey, listen. Look at me.

- What?

- There's nothing holding us here any longer.

- No, there's nothing holding us.

- Let's go away together.

- No.

It's not too late.

- We can -We can start again.

- Start again?

Yes, in another place.

A new place will give us a better chance.

Why not?

Why not, for sweet Jesus' sake? Let's go.

Oh, I love you.

I want our marriage back.

So do I. So do I.

- I've fallen down somewhat.

- Never mind.

- We could go north, to Maine or Canada.

- Yes! Yes. Anywhere.

Find a cabin slap-bang on the sea.

Cliffs beaten by the surf.

Um, a small pier in a cove.

- We could. We really could.

We could live on very little.

- Yes. We could.

Draw our own water.

Chop our own wood.

- Afterall, I'm still as strong as a horse.

- Yes.

- What's all this?

- We're leaving.

Headed north, where there's snow
and the year's divided into seasons.

[Sighs]

A farm with a red barn?

No, no.

Escape into the wilderness
like good old William Blackstone.

Get to know the trappers
and the fishermen -

the last free men on Earth.

Nothing but tall pines.

No phones, no electricity.

Quite a life. Tranquil isolation.

[Chuckles]

Quite.

Stuck between the forest and the sea...
where there's all the time there is.

Yvonne'll make pottery.

- [Laughs]

- I'll write my memoirs.

[Chuckles]

Go further north each winter.

Strike for the Pole.
Wear bearskins. Chew seal blubber.
Build igloos.
Live among the Eskimo.
Uh, uh, when-
when Brother Hugh comes on a visit...
fresh from his heroics
in, uh, Spain or wherever...
I'll show proper Eskimo hospitality
and give him my wife...
to bed down with
during the cold northern night.
Geoff, what possesses you?
Sobriety, I'm afraid.
Too much moderation.
I need drink desperately.
Get my balance back.
[Inhales, Sighs]
[Gasps]
[Panting]
What an uncommon time
they must have had of it...
paddling palms,
playing bobbies and titties...
while I was having bouts
with rats and roaches.
"It isn't too late, "she said.
Why isn't it too late?
Why isn't it? Did I say so? No.
No, I thought it was -
it was all legally settled.
It's only she that insists
it isn't too late...
because she can't get
the bloody ring off.
Geoffrey. Geoffrey, I've come...
cr - crawling back.
What m-more can I do?
Let me be your wife.
[Sobs]
When has she ever been a wife to me?
Where are the children
I might have had...
- that drowned to the rattling -

- [Gasps]
of a thousand douche bags?
Hugh, on the threshold of paradise...
puffing over her gills like a codfish,
veins like a racehorse...
prime as a goat, hot as a monkey,
salt as a wolfin pride.
Let them wallow here in their bliss
with my blessing.
Hell's...
my preference.
I choose hell.
[Chuckles]
Hell is my natural habitat.
[Grunts]
Let him go, Yvonne.
- There's nothing one can do when he's like this.
- Something will happen to him.
He'll drink himself sober
and come dragging home in the morning.
- Hugh, we were wrong, not Geoffrey.
-And we'll never make up for it.
He won't let us.
He doesn't want your help.
I want his.
[Sighs]
[Coins Jingling, Clattering In Dish]
[Vehicle Horn Honking]
Hola! Bus!
Geoffrey!
[Water Splashes]
[Shouting]
[Gunshot]
[Whooping, Shouting Continues]
[Cocks Squawking]
[Laughing, Chattering In Spanish]
Mezcal.
[Speaking Spanish]
[Women Laughing]
[Spanish Continues]
Mezcal, por favor.
[Spanish]
Ay, el ingles.
I know who you are. Si.

My England man! Mi amigo!
My friend. Old time, old time.
Oh, nice to see you.
You were very borracho. Whole time
you were drunk. I buy you to drink.
What do you want?
I pay for you and for me.
Cuatro mezcal, por favor.
Anis, para mi.
You buy, then I'll buy, then you.
What do you want, my England man?
I give you the beautiful girl?
- No, gracias.
- You always "no, gracias. "
No good, "no, gracias. "
I give you the most beautiful girl,
and you say "no, gracias"?
No, you can't.
Everywhere.
You want, uh, a little girl? Petra.
I give you a little girl.
You want the big girl? Sofia.
I give you Sofia.
Big girl. You can do it.
You want a boy?
I guarantee all clean.
What do you want?
I make a special price for my friend.
- How 'bout it?
- How about what?
- The works.
- What works?
The works -
God, nooky, moola, cornholin'.
It's all covered in the Old and New Testimony,
as wrote by Mozart.
What one don't say, the other do.
I say burn all books but them.
Am I right, or am I wrong?
You're absolutely right, my friend.
This man es asshole americano.
No good for me or for you.
I no like americanos.
No friend to nobody.

- Is asshole man. Get outta here!

- [Men Shouting, Whooping]

- **[Trumpet:**

- [Speaking Spanish]

[Cheering, Shouting]

[Chattering In Spanish]

[Continues]

[Thunder Rumbling]

[Laughing, Speaking Spanish]

Hey, I have something for you, senor.

[Speaking Spanish]

Oh, my wife is picking up eggs
to be hatched.

She takes a baby,
puts it into the chicken run...

and this cockcomes out
and pecks out the baby's eye.

She wants to kill him.

I said, "No, you cannot kill this cock."

This is un bruto.

Avery powerful cock.

You know what he did?

He won seven straight fights.

Can you imagine that?

Seven straight fights.

Is it a miracle or not?

Ah, here you are, senor.

Look. Do you recognize them?

Wait, hombre.

I send you puta oputas.

Bonita muchacha
pormi amigo ingles.

Hola, tia.

Where is su senora?

He's also a drunkard.

[Both Laughing]

[Yvonne's Voice]

My heart has the taste of ashes...
and my throat is tight
and weary with weeping.

Geoffrey, why don't you answer me?

If you no longer love me and do not
want me to come back to you...

will you not write and tell me so?
It is your silence that frightens me.
- [Continues]
- [Chattering, Laughing Continue]
What has happened to our hearts?
Don't we owe it to ourselves...
to that self we created apart from us...
to try again?
I am sorry.
I am so sorry.
Not enough.
Never enough.
It's not possible.
Not... in this world.
[Continues]
Bueno. Estoybien.
- Si?
- Ah. No.
Muchachas!
[Speaking Spanish]
[Spanish Continues]
[Women Chattering In Spanish]
[Thunder Rumbling]
Quieres a Maria?
[Thunder Continues]
[Rain Pattering]
[Moans]
I'm looking for a tall man.
Englishman. White clothes.
Uh, has he been here?
- No hablo ingles, senor.
- Buscan al borracho ingles?
- Si. Si.
- No se.
- What?
- No s.
- Let's go, Yvonne.
- No!
Oh, all right.
Wait here.
- [Continues]
- [Chattering, Laughing Continue]
Ingles?
[Laughing]

[Gasps]

[Crying]

Oh, Geoffrey, Geoffrey, Geoffrey!

Oh, Geoffrey!

[Men Laughing]

Geoffrey!

[Chattering Continues]

You pay.

- I paid the girl.

- You pay me also.

- Pay more.

- [Chuckles] No.

Okay, my England man.

No worry for you.

Maria, she very clean.

If you need doctor,

I send all my amigos to this man.

Good man doctor. Here. Come on.

Here. Here.

Here you are. Take a look.

[Continues]

[Laughing]

[Chattering In Spanish]

- Ah, my friend.

- Mezcal.

My friend, my friend, old time.

Sure, sure.

[Slurred] Mozart was the man
who wrote the Bible.

This man is nothing for you.

Oh, this man is son of a bitch.

You England man.

I don't care for son of a bitch American.

They no good for you orfor me.

My Mexican -

My Mexican friend, old time, eh?

You gotta study deep down to know
that Mozart wrote the Old Testimony.

That's my religion
spoke in a fewwords.

Mozart was a lawyer.

Stick by that, you'll be all right.

Oh, American no good.

I no like americanos.

I happen to be an American...
and I'm getting extremely bored
by your insults.
[Rain Pattering]
Que esta haciendo?
What are you doing?
Nothing.
I... heard tell that the world
goes 'round...
so I'm going to wait here...
for my house to go by.
Then I'm gonna go inside...
and lock the door.
You want to steal mi caballo, huh?
No.
No, amigo mio.
Just looking.
Por favor. Mmm?
[Continues]
- Ya pagopor la bebida?
- [Boy] No. Todavia no.
El no ha pagado lo suficiente
por la muchacha.
Hmm. They say there is trouble
about you no pay.
You no pay for a drink.
You no have money, eh?
Si. Gracias.
[Chuckling]
- I have money.
- No.
You no have money,
and now you steal mi caballo, eh?
- [Laughing]
- Decidedly not.
No, I was merely admiring it.
Looking at your horse. Admiring.
For why you look at mi caballo?
Huh? For why?
I think you steal.
[Laughs]
To run away for to not pay money.
No, I-I already paid the girl.
I paid your friend.

You don't pay enough!
I think you pay... more.
Certainly. Certainly.
Ah.
[Laughing]
Como te llamas?
This man is chief of municipality.
He want to know your name.
Si, si, si.
We want to know your names.
[Laughing]
- Trotsky.
- Al Capone.
[Chuckles]
Uh, my name is Blackstone.
William Blackstone.
You cabron Juden.
No, no, no. Blackstone.
Jews are very seldom, uh,
very, uh, borrach -borracho?
So -
[Chuckles]
Where you come from?
From Russia, eh?
What for you do?
Uh, I'm -
[Chuckles] I'm, uh -
[Clears Throat]
a frontiersman.
This man is chief of gardens.
Jefe de jardineros.
I am chief too.
Chief of stockyard.
And you -
[Chuckles]
you are chief of borrachos.
[Chuckling, Muttering]
[Chief Of Stockyard]
For why you wear black glasses?
For why you make disguise?
I think he's, uh, maybe a spy then.
-[Laughing]
- And we shoot the spies in Mexico, huh?
You a Russian spy?

No comprendo.
William Blackstone, frontiersman.
- [Chuckles]
- [Tapping]
[Band Resumes]
[Geoffrey]
Cuatro mezcal, por favor.
Go. Go. Vete rapido.
Estos hombres
no son amigos de Mexico.
Son malos. Vamonos.
Go.
Gracias, senora.
- Como estas?
- [Stops]
[Geoffrey Chuckles]
Where is your passport, eh?
Mmm.
What for you lie?
Your name no is Black.
Hmm. Cabron.
You Bolshevik prick?
Anticristo Jew?
Como chingado te llamas?
Blackstone.
It say here your name is Firmin.
I don't give a damn
what it says anywhere.
My name is Blackstone.
Where your papers?
For why you have no papers, eh?
Give me those letters.
You pox coxes!
You cox coxes!
You murdered that Indian.
Tried to pretend
that it was an accident.
You stole his money.
You stole his horse!
Give me... my letters!
What letters, cabron?
Your name is Black,
and you have no letters!
[Gasps, Chattering]

Give me my letters.
I blow you wide open from your knees...
you chingado Jew!
You swines.
You murderers!
Give me my letters!
Trash!
Only the poor, the people
you wipe your feet on -
old men carrying their fathers...
philosophers weeping in the dust-
will be saved!
The beggars and the accursed!
I blow you wide open from your knees,
you chingado Jew!
Stop walking in your sleep.
Stop sleeping with my wife.
[Gunshots]
-[Geoffrey Screaming]
- [Whinnying]
[Gunshot]
- Geoffrey!
- [Whinnying]
[Groans]
What a...
dingy way to die.
[Groans]