

N O S T R O M O

A Tale of the Seaboard

by

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CONFIDENTIAL

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1. UNDERWATER. DAY.

The CAMERA travels down through tranquil depths, past shifting columns of light and silvery fronds of seaweed. MUSIC, mysterious and remote. After a while, we discern a shape on the ocean floor, dark and indistinct, surmounted by a gleaming white sphere. The object remains unidentifiable, until a shaft of sunlight suddenly picks it out. It's a SKELETON, sitting up, dressed in the rotting remains of a frock-coat.

A gleaming SILVER INGOT bearing the imprint "SAN TOME" protrudes from a frayed pocket of the frock-coat.

A tarnished pearl-handled REVOLVER lies in the sand. By the skeleton's hand is an open gold FOB WATCH.

CLOSE SHOT reveals the strange design of a distinctive crest in the shape of a quill pen.

The grinning skull seems to be looking up at an air-bubble, floating up through the water towards the sun.

2. EXT. GOLFO PLACIDO DAY

The bubble bursts on the surface, causing a ripple to disrupt the otherwise perfect calm.

The Golfo Placido stretches to the horizon, smooth as a mirror.

3. EXTREME LONG SHOT. A fearsome range of SNOW-CAPPED PEAKS tower above a green line of tropical forest. Below the forest an area of grey scrub and rock leading down to the lake-like sea and the remote town and harbour of Sulaco, a minor port in the republic of Costaguana, somewhere towards the end of the nineteenth century. Over this the VOICE of an ENGLISHMAN, an old man's voice.

VOICE

The poor will tell you that these naked crags and precipices are blighted by a curse. Tame Indians coming to market with a bundle of sugar cane are well aware that heaps of shining gold lie in the gloom of deep fissures in the rock, hidden beneath the thorny scrub.

4. EXT. SCRUB AND CACTUS. DAY.

A wilderness of scrub and cactus beneath a dark mountain.

VOICE

The story goes that within men's memory, two wandering sailors - Americanos perhaps, but gringos of some sort, went in search of the gold and were never seen again.

5. CLOSER SHOT of the scrub, cactus and sinister rocks.

VOICE

The two gringos, spectral and alive, are believed to be dwelling to this day amongst the rocks under the fatal spell of their success.

6. A CONDOR wheels high above, riding the air currents.

VOICE

Their souls cannot tear themselves away from their bodies mounting guard over their discovered treasure.

The BIRD lets out a cry.

7. Dense jungle. The hum of insects and the screech of birds are suddenly cut through by a clear sharp SOUND. A MACHETE slicing through wood.

8. A BRANCH falls away to reveal a young man in his early thirties. CHARLES GOULD, tall, vigorous and unmistakably English.

VOICE

My boy, this is what has happened to me. I am enslaved by just such a curse: the silver mine at San Tome.

GOULD's reflections are interrupted by a grating SOUND: the strident squeak of rusty metal. He looks up to see:

9. DON PEPE, a grizzled veteran with mahogany skin and grey moustaches, pushing open one of a pair of massive moss-covered gates, disclosing an overgrown yard, dotted with the bizarre shapes of abandoned plant and machinery. MUSIC filters in, persuasive and beckoning.

CLOSE on GOULD. He stands by the gate, fascinated and excited.

VOICE

When I die, the concession will be yours. Never touch it, never approach it.

DON PEPE, smiling, is beckoning him forward towards the gate.

GOULD hesitates for a moment, then steps forward, drawn by what he sees.

CUT

10. EXT. ENTRANCE TO THE MINE. DAY.

HIGH ANGLE, GOULD moves through the upper workings of the mine, past old machinery which fights a losing battle with the enveloping jungle.

He passes a wagon on its rails, another overturned, a segment of a great wheel, quilted in moss, vanishing down into the earth. GOULD stops to look around, then up at:

The sunlit face of the cliff: at the bottom is the entrance to the mine, a vast opening overhung with creepers and containing mounds of rubble where the rock has collapsed.

Seen from inside the mine, the ant-like figure of GOULD stands beneath the immense natural arch of the mine-entrance.

REVERSE of this. GOULD begins to advance into the mine.

VOICE

I beg you, both of you, to remain in Europe.

As the VOICE comes to an end, so GOULD vanishes, swallowed up by the darkness, leaving the SCREEN BLACK.

11. EXT. ENTRANCE TO THE CASA GOULD. DAY.

BLACK SCREEN is breached by a rectangle of dazzling light as a small wooden door is opened, let into one of the massive double front doors of the Casa Gould. A YOUNG WOMAN appears in the doorway in silhouette and advances through the tunnel which leads under the first floor to the patio. This is MRS EMILIA GOULD, whose frank and open features, generous mouth and truthful eyes are gradually revealed as she moves out of the darkness into CLOSE UP.

12. EXT. PATIO IN THE CASA GOULD. DAY.

The steward BASILIO, in his uniform of white linen with a red sash, moves past MRS GOULD as she steps out onto the patio. The flagstones are layered with dust, cracked and sprouting tufts of dry grass. In one corner is a coach, a landau, leaning dispiritedly forward on its shafts. In another corner is a broad stone staircase leading up to a wide verandah, which runs all the way round the courtyard at first floor level.

MRS GOULD steps forward.

13. INT. MINE ENTRANCE. DAY.

GOULD moves away from the camera to reveal a vast chamber littered with boulders and ruined machinery, approaching an area of light. His progress is arrested by a distant, echoing cry. He looks up.

Above him is a great funnel, carved out of the rock, with a broken ladder running up the inside of it. At the top, the funnel, is open to the sky. The condor, crying out again, passes over the opening.

CLOSE on GOULD as he looks downwards, ready to move on.

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

Dust flies as BASILIO ^{servant} bangs at the iron clasp securing the tall shutters on the French windows. He manages to heave them open. Light floods into the grandiose room. MRS GOULD stands among the heavy furniture shrouded in dust sheets. The massive chandelier is stuck with candle-ends, the floor-to-ceiling gilt-framed mirrors are grimed with dust. MRS GOULD crosses to the window and steps out on to the stone balcony.

15. EXT. BALCONY. DAY.

MRS GOULD looks up the street.

Her POV: the street, the Calle de la Constitucion, leads down into the main square of the town, the Plaza Mayor.

Another thought strikes MRS GOULD and she turns to look upwards.

Her POV: above the houses, loom the mountains and the forests of San Tome.

MRS GOULD half-smiles, thinking of her husband.

16. INT. TUNNEL IN THE MINE. DAY.

GOULD is now deep in the mine, moving towards CAMERA, carrying a lantern, which throws distorted shadows on the slippery walls, obliged to stoop as the ceiling gets lower. He hesitates, as if prompted by some instinct.

Suddenly, there's a strange, deep, grinding SOUND, resounding awesomely through the bowels of the mine.

For a moment, GOULD is rooted to the spot: then he summons up his courage and crawls into a tiny chamber off the main corridor. The lantern's light roams across damp walls. GOULD suddenly catches sight of something. He edges forward, his eyes shining.

What he's seen is the silver lode: a vein of bright silver encased in asbestos and porphyry strips. Intensely excited, he stretches out a hand. His fingers caress the sparkling threads of silver.

CLOSE on GOULD's face, oddly illuminated by the lantern. He looks like a man in love. Into this reverie breaks a VOICE, this time a confident, clipped mid-Western voice, the voice of MR HOLROYD, the great financier.

HOLROYD (V.O.)

What you're proposing, young man, is the purest speculation ...

GOULD raises his head, remembering:

CUT.

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

A large office on the eleventh floor of a corner building overlooking the Bay. MR HOLROYD, a burly, imposing figure in a silk-faced frock-coat, a man approaching sixty, is on his feet, presenting an imperious Roman profile as he leans across his desk to address GOULD, who sits facing him, formally dressed and calmly attentive.

HOLROYD

.. and may I say a good many of my business associates think I must have taken leave of my senses even to consider such an idea.

GOULD

If I weren't convinced it were a sound investment, I should never have troubled you.

HOLROYD

It defeated your father.

GOULD

It killed him.

HOLROYD straightens up. surprised by this flat, unemotional statement. He crosses to the window and stands a moment looking out over the Bay.

GOULD

But my father was never a practical man. Nor was he a trained mining engineer.

Something about GOULD's tone seems to please HOLROYD. He turns back to GOULD, now entirely focussed.

HOLROYD

Very well now. Let us suppose the mining affairs of Sulaco are taken in hand. There would be three parties involved: first, the house of Holroyd ..

He makes an inclusive gesture, indicating himself and his office.

HOLROYD

... which is all right; second, Mr Charles Gould, a citizen of Costaguana. Also all right, to all appearances. And third, and this is where we should pause, should we not, the government of Costaguana. How many of those have there been in the last twenty years?

GOULD

Five. No, six.

HOLROYD

Hm.

He moves restlessly about the room for a moment, then turns back to GOULD.

HOLROYD

So the question the first party, which is me, is obliged to put to the second party, which is you, is whether you have the strength to take on the third party, which is whatever gang of thieves and ruffians happens at any given moment to be calling itself the Costaguana government. Do I make myself clear?

GOULD

I know the country well.

HOLROYD

You've been away from it for ten years.

GOULD

Learning my job. That doesn't mean I'm likely to be blinded by optimism.

HOLROYD

Good.

GOULD

And I see no reason why we shouldn't buy ourselves a government.

HOLROYD contemplates GOULD shrewdly for a moment.

HOLROYD

I like that, Mr Gould.

He turns back to the window for a moment, lost in thought. GOULD waits patiently. Finally, HOLROYD turns to him.

HOLROYD

It's a risk, but I think we're going to take it. But don't expect us to be drawn into any large trouble. Rest assured in such a case we shall know how to drop you.

GOULD looks at him evenly, entirely self-possessed.

GOULD

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

CUT

18. EXT. LIP OF THE GORGE. DAY.

GOULD and DON PEPE stand at the edge of the cliff where a partially-collapsed chute leads down through the jungle. They are holding a large chunk of silver ore which they raise and gleefully launch down the chute.

GOULD
Next stop San Francisco!

He stands with DON PEPE listening to the receding clatter of the boulder.

19. EXT. JUNGLE. DAY.

Mid-way down the chute the rock thunders past, frightening a colourful flock of macaws, who rise, squawking indignantly.

20. EXT. LIP OF THE GORGE. DAY.

GOULD and DON PEPE peer over the edge, listening as the rumble becomes a whisper, far below.

21. EXT. LOWER WORKINGS OF THE MINE. DAY.

The rock bounces high off the bottom of the chute and crashes against a sheet of metal, which reverberates like a gong. It finally comes to rest in the deep grass choking the abandoned village which forms part of the lower workings of the mine. A suggestion of roofless cottages, the wreck of the entrance-gate; further off, ruined offices and mills: all contribute to an atmosphere of ghostly desolation.

CUT

22. EXT. PATIO OF THE CASA GOULD DAY

GOULD, on horseback, emerges from the tunnel into the central courtyard of the house. BASILIO hurries forward to take the reins as GOULD dismounts. He looks up at the SOUND of MRS GOULD'S VOICE.

MRS GOULD (O.S.)

Charley? *— called by 1st name, beginnings of audience ident. w/character*

She's on the verandah, above. He smiles and begins to advance towards the staircase, his spurs jingling against the stone.

MRS GOULD

How was it?

GOULD stops and looks up at her, his eyes shining with enthusiasm.

GOULD

I touched the silver.

He vaults up the stairs and arrives on the verandah.

GOULD

And the house? Will it do?

MRS GOULD nods eagerly, enthusiastic in her turn.

MRS GOULD

Oh, it'll more than do.

GOULD takes her in his arms and embraces her warmly.

GOULD
I couldn't help thinking of Father.

MRS GOULD
Well, of course.

GOULD
All the times he begged me never to return. But he didn't really know me. I'm convinced I can make a success of it. And not only for us but for everyone, the people, the whole country ...

MRS GOULD is looking up at him admiringly, infected by his enthusiasm.

MRS GOULD
Oh, Charley, you are splendidly disobedient.

He leans down to kiss her on the lips.

CUT

23. EXT. LIP OF THE GORGE. DAY.

A consignment of ore tips out of a wagon and roars away down the rebuilt chute.

24. EXT. JUNGLE. DAY.

Dust rises as the ore hurtles away down the side of the gorge.

25. EXT. ROAD TO SAN TOME. DAY.

GOULD and MRS GOULD approach on horseback, the hoofbeats loud on the repaired surface of the road. GOULD holds up a hand and they come to a halt.

GOULD has stopped so that MRS GOULD can hear the distant rumble of the chutes. She looks up ahead, intrigued and a little awe-struck.

GOULD points upwards:

GOULD
Father called it the Paradise of Snakes.

Their P.O.V. of the shimmering jungle, the mine lost to view in the luxuriant vegetation. The rumble is enhanced suddenly by a massive thudding SOUND, which reverberates around the Gorge.

MRS GOULD gives a shiver of excitement and reaches out to touch GOULD's sleeve.

26. EXT. STAMPING-MILL. DAY.

Here is the origin of the SOUND; the pounding of the great stamps as they crush the ore.

GOULD and MRS GOULD approach through the drifting dust. The noise is deafening. She asks him something. He shakes his head, unable to hear. She leans in towards him and repeats herself, shouting at the top of her lungs. He still can't hear and spreads his hands apologetically. MRS GOULD gives up, returning his smile.

27. INT. FURNACE ROOM. DAY.

SILENCE. BLACK SCREEN. Slowly, diagonally across the SCREEN, flows a trickle of molten metal, smoothly advancing like a fiery snake. MUSIC beckons again: the 'Silver' theme.

CLOSE-UP of GOULD, his face lit by the glow of the flames, entranced.

The stream of liquid silver flows evenly into a rectangular mould. MUSIC builds.

28. EXT. LOWER WORKINGS. DAY.

The area has been transformed since last we saw it. A group of buildings, including the furnaces and stamping-mill, behind a renewed gate bearing the sign: SAN TOME MINING CO., stands not far away from the restored village, which consists of simple huts with straw roofs.

A group of MINERS, Indians, half naked, are perched on pieces of brand new machinery, looking down at:

Two burly MINERS, wearing leather skull-caps, hurrying forward, carrying between them a heavy burden.

SHOT of GOULD and MRS GOULD, formally dressed now, waiting behind a rough wooden table, surrounded by a number of DIGNITARIES.

Their P.O.V., as the MINERS approach. A WIDER SHOT reveals the whole area and the entire corps of San Tome MINERS, many resplendent in their new green and white company ponchos.

The MINERS arrive in front of the GOULDS and DON PEPE steps forward and lifts his hand to the object.

The GOULDS watch as:

A silver ingot, freshly-minted and dazzlingly bright drops out of its mould into a tray of sawdust.

GOULD steps forward and addresses the gathering.

GOULD

This is the first ingot to be forged at the San Tome mine for twenty years; and I thank you all for the work you've done in helping to produce it. May it signal a return to prosperity and progress!

A ripple of applause. Then, at a sign from GOULD, DON PEPE picks up the tray containing the ingot and offers it to MRS GOULD. She is disconcerted by this and looks at GOULD, who nods encouragingly. She draws off one glove, then the other and lifts the ingot reverently out of the sawdust.

MRS GOULD
It's still warm.

GOULD
It's for you. I want you to keep it.

MRS GOULD
Oh, no, Charley, I couldn't.

GOULD
Yes: to remind us of our good intentions. *PLOT: foreshadowing?*

She suffers a moment of uncertainty. Then, she steps forward, raises the ingot above her head, and offers it up to all the MINERS around the yard. They break into a spontaneous cheer.

MRS GOULD smiles, taken aback, delighted by the warmth of their response. The MINERS, perched up in the machinery, continue to cheer.

MEDIUM SHOT from their POV. The small figure of MRS GOULD holding the ingot aloft.

29. INT. INTENDENCIA DAY

A huge, leather-covered desk top. GOULD's shadow falls across it and a small leather pouch, clinking discreetly, is placed in the centre of the desk.

The desk belongs to SENOR GAMACHO; the political chief of Sulaco. His eyes are fixed on the pouch. He looks up at GOULD who stands facing him, immaculate, as in his interview with HOLROYD. From outside, in the Plaza Mayor, comes the sound of a military band, massacring some familiar piece of Verdi.

LONG SHOT. GAMACHO'S office is on the first floor of the Intendencia, the town's administrative headquarters. It is a palatial room, but despite its chandeliers and French windows and floor-length mirrors, it's unmistakably faded and shabby. GAMACHO himself, who sits staring at the pouch, is similarly fly-blown.

GAMACHO
Of course, the export of precious metals is a matter of great delicacy, Senor Gould.

GOULD
Well, indeed, and we do regret having to make such heavy demands on Your Excellency's valuable time.

GAMACHO hesitates a moment, then, as if on impulse, stamps the papers and scribbles his initials. Then he leans back, waving a limp hand in the direction of the window.

GAMACHO

Lucia di Lammermoor! I adore Mozart. Do you not?

GOULD

Depends.

And to GAMACHO's amazement, he leans forward, loosens the neck of the pouch and pours a quantity of 20-dollar gold pieces on to the desk. This done, GOULD carefully folds the pouch, puts it in his pocket, turns on his heel and strides towards the door. GAMACHO watches him, outraged by his flouting of the proprieties.

CUT

30. INT. LANDING. NIGHT.

A high-contrast black and white CLOSE SHOT. A plump beringed hand raises a heavy knocker, strangely shaped in the form of a crucifix and raps sharply on the door.

31. INT. BEDROOM. NIGHT.

A MAN wakes and sits up in bed with a start. As far as can be seen in the light of a single candle, ~~he's a rather handsome man of about 40, wearing a nightgown:~~ DR MONYGHAM. He looks terrified as the knocking comes again, unnaturally amplified.

He reaches for the candle, swings out of bed and moves swiftly and silently down an unrealistically tilted floor, across a large room almost empty of furniture. After a moment's fearful hesitation, he opens the door to reveal a frightening figure: a tall, overweight priest with a stained cassock embellished with military decorations: FATHER BERON. Behind him, four MEN in uniform.

32. INT. BEDROOM. NIGHT.

FATHER BERON leans forward, and beckons to DR MONYGHAM.

BERON

Will you come to confession?

DR MONYGHAM seems paralysed for a moment.

MONYGHAM

No.

He slams the door in BERON's face.

The CAMERA remains on the door. The darkness lightens. Colour returns to the scene and the door is in daylight. Somebody knocks, this time a light, natural SOUND.

33. INT. DR MONYGHAM'S SURGERY. DAY.

CLOSE on DR MONYGHAM. He's sitting up in bed, staring fearfully in the direction of the door. He's now about 60, his hair iron-grey and his cheeks disfigured by two deep and irregular scars. He's wearing an old flannel shirt with large checks worn outside his trousers. He's been asleep on his consulting couch, which doubles as his bed. He hears the door open and suffers a moment of irrational panic.

MONYGHAM's POV: whoever has come into the room is not visible behind the adjustable screen around the end of the couch; so it's a moment before GOULD puts his head round the screen and is somewhat surprised to see MONYGHAM.

GOULD

Oh. Dr. Monygham? Sorry to disturb you.

DR MONYGHAM frowns, not answering, his habitual expression of sardonic scepticism now appearing.

GOULD

My name is Gould.

MONYGHAM

I know who you are.

GOULD

My father spoke of you in his letters.

MONYGHAM

Did he indeed?

He rises abruptly from the couch and moves swiftly and unexpectedly across the room, which now becomes visible for the first time in any detail. It's a small, cramped space, unlike the bedroom in his dream, spotlessly clean, even though the plaster on the walls is crumbling.

What first engages GOULD's attention is MONYGHAM's extraordinary way of moving. Both his ankles have been severely damaged, causing him to limp on both legs; and now he scuttles across the room so nimble and crab-like on his bare feet, that GOULD cannot help looking startled: which seems to cause MONYGHAM a certain amusement.

MONYGHAM

May I offer you some water-melon? I'm afraid it's all I have in at the moment.

GOULD

No, thank you, doctor.

MONYGHAM

No, I don't care for it much myself. Did you know one will provide all the nourishment you require for two days?

GOULD

Really?

MONYGHAM

Take my word for it.

GOULD is about to come to the point, when MONYGHAM forestalls him.

MONYGHAM

What can I do for you? I take it this is not a medical consultation?

GOULD

No.

MONYGHAM

Well?

GOULD

You may know that I am in the process of reopening my father's silver mine.

DR MONYGHAM says nothing, his expression, one of indifference.

GOULD

Mining is a dangerous business. I am therefore building a hospital up there; and I require a medical director.

MONYGHAM

Yes?

GOULD

I wondered if you would be interested in accepting such a post.

MONYGHAM is frowning; not, it would seem, especially pleased.

MONYGHAM

Did your father not tell you in these... (a somewhat contemptuous gesture) ... letters he wrote you that I am distrusted and, if I'm not mistaken, cordially disliked by the entire population of Sulaco?

GOULD

Yes.

For the first time, MONYGHAM is disconcerted. GOULD observes his confusion for a moment.

GOULD

He also said you were a very good doctor.

CUT

34. EXT. LOWER WORKINGS OF THE MINE. DAY.

CLOSE SHOT. A LEATHER BOX drops into picture with a loud clonk of metal. A HAND opens the lid of the box which is labelled "SAN FRANCISCO". It is neatly packed with shining SILVER INGOTS. MUSIC begins, straining to keep back its excitement. The lid closes.

35. EXT. LOWER WORKINGS OF THE MINE. DAY.

The box is the last of a dozen or so boxes stacked on the floor of a square two-wheeled cart. DON PEPE wearing his old uniform and accompanied by an armed GUARD locks the stout iron padlock.

36. The cart is one of half-a-dozen carts, harnessed tandem with two mules each and an ARMED DRIVER. The wagon-train is protected by a further dozen mounted GUARDS, wearing the mine uniform of green and white ponchos, all carrying Winchesters. A great many of the MINERS have turned out to watch the departure of the silver.

37. Part of the white-frame facade of the new hospital. Standing on the wooden balcony, his housecoat unbuttoned over his check shirt, is DR MONYGHAM.

38. GOULD is on horseback, dressed almost as for a country weekend in the Shires: Norfolk jacket, riding breeches, leather leggings, doeskin gloves and a riding whip. He nods to DON PEPE and canters away to his position at the head of the column.

CLOSE SHOTS: A DRIVER, his eyes shining, excited and impatient.
A MULE shakes its head, whinnies.

A WILD-LOOKING GUARD, rifle poised, his eyes alert.

DON PEPE seats himself in the saddle at the rear of the column. He looks ahead:

GOULD reaches the head of the column, raises his whip then brings it down with a sharp CRACK, releasing the MUSIC.

CUT

39. EXT. PLAIN. DAY.

LONG SHOT. The wagon train now out on the plain, moving fast and enveloped in clouds of dust. THE MUSIC a high spirited orchestration of the Silver Theme with a South American beat.

GOULD, out in front, clearly visible. DON PEPE at the rear, a dusty outline.

CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. DON PEPE, dust swirling past his leathery features.

A TRACKING SHOT shows the green and white flags on each wagon, fluttering clear above the level of the dust.

The DRIVER of the leading wagon cracks his whip, shouting something inaudible to the GUARD who gallops alongside, a bandana protecting his mouth and nose. Both are wildly excited, as if competing in some race.

40. EXT. GATES OF SULACO. DAY.

The old city gates in the crumbling walls of Sulaco, seen from the town side. GOULD gallops through the gates, followed a moment later by the wagon train. The mountains rear up in the background.

41. EXT. SLUMS OF SULACO. DAY.

A WOMAN throws open a window in a decaying, once colonially graceful slum house. An OLD MAN emerges from the front door and stands goggle-eyed.

The first three silver wagons thunder by, raising clouds of dust.

Three WOMEN emerge from the front door of another house and stand awe-struck at the passing silver.

The next two wagons crash past, jolting over the rough surface. A DRIVER, shouting exhilaratedly, flashes past.

CLOSE UP OLD MAN, suddenly caught up by the dust and excitement.

OLD MAN
Caramba - ! -

42. EXT. PLAZA MAYOR. DAY.

GOULD leads the wagon-train across the Plaza Mayor, still travelling fast past the curious crowd, forming a graceful curve as he rounds the battered equestrian statue of King Carlos IV of Spain and heads off down the Calle de la Constitucion.

43. INT. GRAN SALA. DAY.

MRS GOULD hurries across the great room, now restored to its original splendour. She wrenches open the French windows.

44. EXT. BALCONY. DAY.

MRS GOULD steps out on to the balcony just in time.

45. EXT. CALLE DE LA CONSTITUCION. DAY.

GOULD, seen from MRS GOULD's P.O.V. is passing below. He glances up and gives her a fleeting smile.

46. EXT. BALCONY. DAY.

MRS GOULD blows her husband a discreet kiss.

47. EXT. HARBOUR GATES. DAY.

A crowd of DOCKERS, wild-looking and muscular, swing open the wrought-iron gates just in time for GOULD to ride through without

having to rein in his horse. The rest of the column follows on behind.

48. EXT. JETTY. DAY.

A freighter is tied up at the docks, with a ramp leading down from the jetty into the hold. As the clatter of the wagon train approaches a man appears from the hold, climbing vertically into frame up the ramp. He's about 25 and a magnificent figure of a man. He has dark, curly hair and a red sweatband; a once white undershirt stained with oil; and round his neck, a silver whistle. This is NOSTROMO. Arrived at the top of the ramp, he stands for a moment, calmly surveying the scene. On SOUND the wagon train comes to a halt. He blows a sharp blast on his whistle.

49. EXT. HARBOUR AREA. DAY.

A group of tough-looking DOCKERS, mostly West-Indian, respond immediately, straighten up and get into line.

A LONG SHOT reveals the whole area, the wagon train now formed up on the jetty, the entire force of DOCKERS hurrying into formation and, in the background, the offices of the Oceanic Steam Navigation Company, round which a verandah runs at first floor level.

50. EXT. VERANDAH OUTSIDE THE O.S.N. OFFICES. DAY.

CAPTAIN MITCHELL of the O.S.N., a side-whiskered Englishman in his early fifties, meets GOULD as he reaches the top of the stairs leading up to the verandah and pumps his hand enthusiastically.

MITCHELL

No two ways about it, sir, this is an historic occasion.

GOULD

Captain Mitchell.

MITCHELL

Historic.

51. EXT. HARBOUR AREA. DAY.

DON PEPE has unlocked and opened up one of the silver wagons and is now, for the benefit of a couple of CUSTOMS OFFICIALS, throwing back the lid of one of the boxes of silver.

As the dazzling array of tightly-packed ingots is revealed, the curious DOCKERS push forward around the wagon.

NOSTROMO raises the whistle to his lips and blows again, as he approaches the beleaguered wagon.

The DOCKERS part like the Red Sea. GOULD watches from the Verandah, his attention caught by NOSTROMO's royal progress.

GOULD

Who is that?

MITCHELL

That, sir, is my foreman. Invaluable asset. I call him Nostromo.

GOULD

Why Nostromo?

MITCHELL

It's the Italian for bo'sun, sir. Which is what he was when I first laid eyes on him, passing through on a ship from Genoa. I offered him the job there and then, simply on the strength of his looks.

NOSTROMO is standing by DON PEPE as he closes the silver chest and a CUSTOMS OFFICIAL chalks a cross on the side. NOSTROMO lifts the chest off the back of the wagon single-handed, gesturing to a couple of burly DOCKERS. He hands over the chest easily: but the two DOCKERS stagger under its weight.

52. EXT. VERANDAH. DAY.

GOULD and MITCHELL looking down at the scene below.

MITCHELL

A fellow in a thousand, sir, and he's most eager to do anything I may ask him on behalf of our European community. He's our man, you see.

He looks up, cheerfully mangling the Italian phrase:

MITCHELL

Nostr'uomo. But please come ...

53. EXT. HARBOUR AREA. DAY.

NOSTROMO moves among the mass of sweating DOCKERS with quiet authority, as they begin the process of unloading the silver.

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

The office is neat and sober: a chart table, models of ships in glass cases, seascapes on the walls, everything wood and brass and nautical in feeling. MITCHELL sits behind his desk as GOULD moves around the room.

MITCHELL

I must say, sir, we're all most grateful to you for financing today's jollifications. Fireworks even, I understand.

He gets up and moves over to GOULD.

MITCHELL

And this will be the first time we have ever entertained a President of the Republic on board one of the Company's Steamships. An historic occasion.

CUT

55. EXT. HARBOUR. DAY.

A steamship, the S.S. Juno, enters the harbour through a haze of drifting smoke, to the accompaniment of an erratic 6-gun salute and the distant strains of a military band.

56. EXT. S.S. JUNO. DAY:

The flag of Costaguana, diagonal red and yellow, with two green palm trees in the centre, is run up a masthead in the stern of the vessel.

57. INT. PRESIDENT RIBIERA'S CABIN. DAY.

PRESIDENT RIBIERA, a mild-looking, bespectacled ex-academic in a morning coat is inspecting himself carefully in the mirror in his cabin, into which the distant SOUNDS of music filter. He murmurs to himself, rehearsing his speech.

RIBIERA

It is all too seldom that I am able to make the long voyage here from the capital and it is therefore a particular pleasure both for me and for my Minister of War,...

58. INT. GENERAL MONTERO'S CABIN. DAY.

GENERAL MONTERO's mirror reflects a sinister and overbearing figure in full dress-uniform, bald with very black moustaches, eyes expressionless to the point of imbecility and a profile like an Aztec carving. He's attending to his moustaches with a tiny black brush.

RIBIERA (V.O.)

... General Montero, to be with you today on this auspicious occasion.

MONTERO lifts on to his head a great cocked hat with ostrich plumes. From outside, a rattling SOUND, which shudders through the ship.

59. EXT. S.S. JUNO. DAY.

The S.S. Juno's anchor plunges into the water.

60. EXT. DECK OF THE S.S. JUNO. DAY.

The aftermath of an immaculately organised luncheon, held at a long table beneath a striped awning on the upper deck of the S.S. Juno. MRS GOULD, at one end of the table, is the only woman present in a gathering of more than a dozen men. On her right is a beaming CAPTAIN MITCHELL. On her left, somewhat the worse for drink, is the Commander of the local garrison, GENERAL BARRIOS, a piratical figure with a patch over one eye, wearing shabby civilian clothes embellished by a couple of tarnished medals. Opposite him is GENERAL MONTERO, extremely conspicuous by virtue of being the only man present in uniform. The hilt of his ceremonial sword protrudes above the tablecloth. GOULD is seated discreetly down the table not far from his wife. A neatly arranged centre piece of silver ingots is on the table in front of General Montero, making it difficult for him to concentrate on the President who is on his feet concluding his speech.

RIBIERA

In the few years which separate us from the twentieth century, we are determined to turn this isolated town into an integrated part of our nation by building a railway, roads even, over your great mountains. Meanwhile, Don Carlos, we congratulate you on the reopening of your mine and would like you to know that we shall never forget your support, which played so decisive a part in my Presidential campaign.

There's a polite ripple of applause, under cover of which GENERAL BARRIOS leans towards MRS GOULD and mutters to her:

BARRIOS

Take my word for it, senora, your husband has bought himself the best possible man for the job.

RIBIERA picks up his glass.

RIBIERA

Senora Gould, gentlemen: I ask you all to join me in a toast.

A WAITER hovering in the vicinity of GENERAL BARRIOS finds himself deftly relieved of his bottle.

RIBIERA

To our national honour.

BARRIOS downs his champagne with the rest of the company. RIBIERA raises a hand to the small ORCHESTRA beneath the flag behind him. They only have time to play the opening notes of the National Anthem when MONTERO is on his feet, silencing them with a ferocious gesture. He looks about him at his somewhat dismayed audience.

MONTERO

You will not find me on your list of speakers, ladies and gentlemen. But I should like to propose a toast myself.

He turns menacingly towards GOULD, glowering at him with his beady, domineering stare. Suddenly, his hand comes off the sword-hilt to point accusingly at GOULD.

MONTERO

To you, Senor Gould. To the man who has brought us four millions and a half of American dollars.

It sounds more like a threat than a toast: and causes general uncertainty up and down the table. Only BARRIOS is quick to respond: he raises his glass and blithely toasts MONTERO.

BARRIOS

And to you. The man who wishes he could think of a way to steal it.

MONTERO's hand flies back to his sword-hilt: he's so enraged, it looks for a moment as if he's about to attack BARRIOS physically.

However, at the far end of the table, RIBIERA has once again signalled to the ORCHESTRA; and the National Anthem, a meandering, sub-Verdian, overbearingly pompous melody, strikes up. Everyone rises: and MONTERO's patriotism obliges him to come to attention.

CLOSE on MRS GOULD. She looks genuinely alarmed by the whiff of brimstone in the air. Over her face, the SOUND of a detonating firework.

61. EXT. HARBOUR. SUNSET.

The S.S. Juno steams away from the harbour, illuminated by a huge expanding flower of fireworks. The Anthem continues, posterously self-important.

62. EXT. JETTY. SUNSET.

GOULD and MRS GOULD stand watching the departing steamship, their expressions equally grave.

63. EXT. DECK OF THE S.S. JUNO. SUNSET.

RIBIERA and MONTERO stand shoulder to shoulder in the stern of the departing ship. MONTERO puts his arm around the far shorter RIBIERA and squeezes him in a gesture of ominous affability.

RIBIERA's eyes, turning uneasily to MONTERO's great hand, are full of fear. The SOUND of a big drum - the gombo - begins to swell, barbarously throbbing.

64. INT. OPEN SIDED TENT-LIKE STRUCTURE. NIGHT.

Gaudy, raucous MUSIC, unmistakably Latin American, is played by an INDIAN ORCHESTRA on a podium under a huge wooden tent-like structure with open sides. Couples whirl in a hectic and exhilarating dance.

65. INT. NOSTROMO'S ROOM IN THE ALBERGO D'ITALIA UNA. NIGHT.

NOSTROMO's reflection in his small dressing-table mirror as he meticulously combs his hair. The FIESTA MUSIC is still audible in the distance. He looks impeccable, in total contrast to his rough appearance at the docks.

Watching him intently are two contrasting young girls: LINDA and GISELLE VIOLA. LINDA is 17, pale, black-haired and intense, while her sister GISELLE, two years younger, is fair, delicately beautiful and less fierce than LINDA, but livelier and more mischievous. Smoke drifts by the open window as the sound of an engine is heard puffing by outside.

When NOSTROMO is satisfied with his hair, he puts the comb down and stretches out a hand.

As LINDA hurries to fetch NOSTROMO his hat with silver tassels, a plain and simple top-floor bed sitting-room is revealed. NOSTROMO takes his hat and puts it on, adjusting the angle exactly. His shirt is tucked into black trousers with a row of tiny silver buttons down each seam. He wears a bright red cummerbund and highly-polished boots with gleaming spurs.

He gestures again. This time, both GIRLS rush to fetch his embroidered leather jacket, notable for the size and splendour of its ornamental silver buttons. GISELLE gets there first but LINDA snatches the jacket away from her. She holds it out for NOSTROMO, who slips his arms into the sleeves and heads for the door, which opens on to a small staircase.

66. INT. LIVING-ROOM IN THE ALBERGO. NIGHT.

GIORGIO VIOLA, the proprietor of the inn, a man in his late sixties whose magnificent leonine head is haloed in a cloud of thick white hair, is cooking on a large coal stove in the big ground-floor room which serves as both kitchen and living-room.

His wife, TERESA, a strikingly handsome woman, some twenty years younger than he, her hair still raven-black, lies propped up on a day-bed, where she spends most of her day. NOSTROMO descends into the room followed by the two GIRLS. He smiles at TERESA and crosses to a full-length mirror to check the full effect of his costume.

TERESA

I suppose you are hoping to impress your English.

NOSTROMO

I'm not looking for English tonight.

TERESA

Yes, you run after them everywhere they go. And that stupid name they gave you (laughs). Nostromo! What a name (laughs again). No name at all.

NOSTROMO obviously accustomed to her attacks, goes over and kisses her on the cheek.

NOSTROMO

Goodnight.

TERESA makes a dismissive gesture, but is unable to conceal her involuntary softening as she looks up at him.

NOSTROMO leaves the room, stepping out into the night air. LINDA and GISELLE hurry out after him. VIOLA follows them out.

TERESA watches him leave. Then she straightens up as pain courses through her side, her face tightening.

67. EXT. ALBERGO D'ITALIA UNA. NIGHT.

Outside the inn, NOSTROMO has untethered his silver-grey mare and is approaching VIOLA and the GIRLS.

VIOLA

She doesn't mean it, Gian' Battista.

NOSTROMO

I know.

VIOLA looks at him for a moment, his eyes full of tenderness.

VIOLA

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

NOSTROMO nods, then swings smoothly up into the saddle and wheels the mare as VIOLA begins to move away.

GISELLE calls to NOSTROMO in a low, slightly provocative voice.

GISELLE

Gian' Battista!

NOSTROMO

What?

GISELLE

Will you be coming back tonight?

LINDA turns on her sister indignantly and slaps her wrist, blushing furiously. NOSTROMO looks down at them, amused. He smiles, spurs the mare and rides off, the GIRLS watching him avidly.

68. EXT. PLAZA MAYOR. NIGHT.

NOSTROMO, a striking figure, rides slowly through the animated crowds in the Plaza Mayor. The MUSIC is louder now, vibrating with a racking rhythm.

Temporary booths have been erected, makeshift stalls for the sale of sweetmeats, fruit, coconut and cigars. Groups of MEN stand drinking from gourds or eating food wrapped in tortillas from earthen pots on open fires.

A group of COUNTRY PEOPLE watch NOSTROMO pass, lost in admiration. A black DOCKER points after him, proudly announcing:

DOCKER
El Capataz de Cargadores!

NOSTROMO scatters a handful of coins to a group of urchins, then feels someone looking at him:

A WOMAN in a white mantilla, framed in the brightly lit window of a house, looking down at him.

NOSTROMO acknowledges her with the slightest of bows.

The WOMAN in the window is white-haired. Her bright black eyes follow him, but she makes no response.

NOSTROMO is now very close to the orchestra tent and the MUSIC is thunderous. MEN and WOMEN emerge from the dance-floor, streaming with sweat and trembling in every limb. They lean, panting, against the wooden struts holding up the roof of the tent.

NOSTROMO starts as he's struck in the face by something, which he recovers quickly enough to catch. He opens his hand to reveal a red hibiscus. He looks around, half-smiling, searching for the source of his interruption.

The crowd begins to part and from NOSTROMO's POV we watch the approach of a strikingly attractive mulatto girl. She wears an off-the-shoulder white chemisette, a tight skirt and a small golden comb in her hair. Her name is PAQUITA.

NOSTROMO spurs on his mare and PAQUITA has to hurry to keep up with him. Quite a crowd is collecting around them.

Across the square hurrying through the crowds, following NOSTROMO, are LINDA and GISELLE. They arrive at the fringes of the crowd watching NOSTROMO and PAQUITA, just as PAQUITA catches up with the mare.

PAQUITA
Why do you pretend not to see me when I pass?

NOSTROMO looks at her, straight-faced.

NOSTROMO
Because I don't love you any more.

Tears spring to her eyes. The crowd closes. LINDA and GISELLE, especially fascinated.

PAQUITA
Is that true?

NOSTROMO
No.

He breaks into a smile, reins in the mare at last and extends a foot to her.

NOSTROMO
Stand on my foot.

She takes one of his hands, steps on to his foot and swings up to perch on his knee. He puts a hand round the back of her neck and kisses her on the mouth. Applause from the crowd.

LINDA looks down, mysteriously affected, GISELLE smiles involuntarily.

NOSTROMO stretches out a hand and raises his voice:

NOSTROMO
Give me a knife.

A number of MEN in the crowd hurry forward to oblige him. He reaches out and takes one of the knives.

NOSTROMO
I had no money to bring you a present for the fiesta. So you may have my best silver buttons.

He hands PAQUITA the knife. She looks at him, hesitant.

NOSTROMO
Go on.

PAQUITA steadies herself, raises the knife and takes hold of one of the buttons.

CLOSE on the knife as it slowly starts to saw through the thread attaching the button to the jacket.

NOSTROMO, looking down impassive.

CLOSE UP. The blade cutting through the threads. They part. A cheer goes up from the crowd.

LINDA and GISELLE watch, transfixed. The MUSIC from the dance-hall is quieter now, a love-song which many of the COUPLES chant in unison.

PAQUITA drops the button into NOSTROMO's outstretched hand and begins to cut off another.

LINDA comes to herself and tugs at GISELLE's sleeve, wanting to take her away, but GISELLE shakes herself free, determinedly ignoring her sister.

The second button comes off and PAQUITA drops it into his palm as there is another roar from the crowd. She begins on the third button.

LINDA watching again, in spite of herself.

The knife cuts through the threads.

PAQUITA's eyes are shining. She's in the grip of erotic excitement.

GISELLE watches, as if in a dream. More applause from the crowd. PAQUITA acknowledges the applause, turns back to NOSTROMO, lifts up the fourth and last button, cuts it off with one movement and drops it into his palm. PAQUITA hands the knife back to its owner and holds out her hand so that NOSTROMO can pour the buttons into them. Then, her eyes flashing, she leans forward and whispers something into his ear. A slow smile spreads over his face.

GISELLE watches, entranced. LINDA shakes her arm then drags her struggling sister away through the crowd.

CUT

69. EXT. VERANDAH OF THE CASA GOULD. NIGHT.

MRS GOULD lies in a fringed hammock, set up in one corner of the verandah. GOULD sits nearby. The MUSIC has stopped and only random SOUNDS come floating up the street. The verandah has been improved by the addition of banks of flowers and shrubs in large pots against the wrought-iron railings and clusters of flor de noche buena, blazing outside the doors to the various reception rooms. It's very late.

MRS GOULD

I love this house.

GOULD

As far as I can remember from the years I spent here as a boy, it used to be rather gloomy. You've given it life.

Silence. He looks across at her.

GOULD

Don't you think we ought to go to bed, my dear? It's almost dawn.

MRS GOULD

It can't be, is it?

GOULD has risen and crosses to take her hand.

GOULD

Come.

70. INT. MRS GOULD'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

GOULD is next to MRS GOULD on the edge of the four-poster bed. He turns her face towards him and kisses her. Then, gently, he pushes her back until they're both lying on the bed.

CLOSE on MRS GOULD's face as they kiss. Suddenly her eyes open as the windows begin to rattle oddly. She half-turns away, distracted. GOULD, however, seems oblivious to the SOUND, turns her face back to him and kisses her again. She closes her eyes and submits to the embrace.

CLOSE on the window, which is still vibrating strangely.

71. EXT. SULACO HARBOUR. NIGHT.

The dark town, seen from the sea, the mountains looming above and the stars grown pale in the sky. Out here, it becomes clear that the SOUND which has caused the windows to rattle is the distant pounding of the stamping-mills up at the mine. It grows louder over the image, dully roaring across the dead calm waters of the Gulf, ominous and overbearing.

FADE

72. EXT. DOCKSIDE. DAY. Matte Shot.

Sunlight. A French Packet Boat has just arrived. NOSTROMO comes down the gangplank, followed by a procession of DOCKERS carrying heavy wooden crates.

Waiting on the quayside are GOULD and GENERAL BARRIOS, whose one eye is blarily unfocussed. GOULD gives him a nudge and nods his head in the direction of the crates.

CAMERA follows one of the crates as it passes by, revealing a trade mark: the silhouette of a lady of fashion and legend, "Maison Worth, Paris."

BARRIOS looks up at GOULD, uncomprehending but GOULD has seen someone:

GOULD

Here he is.

BARRIOS peers up at the gangplank and then frowns in evident displeasure.

BARRIOS

Him?

A ~~man of about 30~~ is standing at the top of the gangplank. He is wearing a flamboyant frock-coat, an extravagantly knotted cravat, a round hat and varnished shoes: DON MARTIN DECOUD. He's carrying a bunch of brightly coloured flowers.

DON JOSE AVELLANOS, the distinguished elder statesman, stands beside his daughter, ANTONIA, a dark, strikingly beautiful woman in her mid twenties. She steps forward excitedly and waves up to DECOUD.

DECOUD raises his hand in acknowledgement as he descends the gangplank.

They meet on the quayside and AVELLANOS enfolds DECOUD in an emotional embrace.

AVELLANOS

I'll be back in a moment.

He goes. DECOUD looks around the dock.

DECOUD

I'd forgotten the smell.

He smiles, offering ANTONIA the flowers.

DECOUD

Antonia.

ANTONIA looks down at the flowers, puzzled.

DECOUD

They're silk.

ANTONIA

Thank you.

DECOUD

You've grown up. And cut your hair.

ANTONIA doesn't answer and there's a moment's awkwardness between them. In the distance a clock chimes. DECOUD takes a gold watch from his waistcoat pocket and presses the release mechanism. The watch springs open.

INSERT: THE QUILL PEN DESIGN on the inside of the flap identifies the watch as the one lying next to the skeleton on the sea bed.

DECOUD holds up the watch for her to see.

DECOUD

I'm still on Paris time.

He closes the watch as AVELLANOS arrives with GOULD and BARRIOS.

AVELLANOS

Gentlemen, my godson, Don Martin Decoud. Mr Gould, who has kindly financed this enterprise.

DECOUD

I believe we were at school together.

GOULD

Briefly, yes.

They shake hands. AVELLANOS indicates BARRIOS.

AVELLANOS

And this is General Barrios, the Commandant of the Garrison.

DECOUD is unable to conceal a fastidious shudder of disapproval as BARRIOS grasps his hand.

BARRIOS (concerned)

Did you bring them?

73. INT. CUSTOMS HOUSE AND STRONG ROOM. NIGHT.

A powerful wrench from a crowbar and the lid of one of the "Maison Worth" crates springs back to reveal brand new rifles packed in layers of four.

NOSTROMO lifts out one of the rifles and examines it appreciatively. He is standing in a strange-looking, neglected strong room, bizarrely lit by flickering torches. A couple of dozen similar crates, several of them open, disclose layer upon layer of brand new rifles. On SOUND the echoing slam of a big door.

74. INT. CUSTOMS HOUSE. NIGHT.

GOULD, DECOUD, BARRIOS and AVELLANOS have just entered an extraordinary building like some derelict cathedral: a vast hall with an earth floor, disfigured in one corner by the fantastic shape of an anthill; a huge staircase leading up to dark, deserted landings; a roof so high as to be invisible. MITCHELL has finished barring the door and steps up beside GOULD. They speak almost in whispers.

GOULD
What is this place?

MITCHELL
It was planned as a Customs House; but of course they ran out of money long before it was finished.

75. INT. STRONG ROOM. NIGHT.

Inside the strong room, NOSTROMO hands a rifle to GOULD and offers one to DECOUD, who declines to take it. BARRIOS has helped himself to a rifle which he examines with enthusiasm.

BARRIOS
These are the only repeaters in Costaguana. You've done well, young man.

DECOUD
I'm sure I don't know one end from the other. I took advice.

BARRIOS
Well, it was good advice. Montero has nothing like this.

DECOUD
Is that the Montero who used to check the coats at the Legation in Paris?

GOULD
We take him seriously now. He's our Minister of War and we're convinced he's planning to overthrow the President. Of course, he has no idea we possess these.

He holds the rifle in his hands and shakes it reassuringly.

BARRIOS

I tell you what, gentlemen. With these I will be able to save the President and bring you back that insolent Montero, in a cage.

General laughter. AVELLANOS throws an avuncular arm around DECOUD.

AVELLANOS

We're very grateful, my boy. And before we let you go tonight, we have a surprise for you.

CUT

76. INT. NEWSPAPER OFFICES. NIGHT.

In the foreground of picture, a brand-new armchair in front of a brand-new desk. In the background, the main office of the 'Porvenir', equipped with shiny brand-new machinery. Strolling through the room towards us are DECOUD, AVELLANOS, ANTONIA and GOULD.

AVELLANOS

All the latest equipment, as you see. Supplied by Don Carlos's friends in San Francisco.

DECOUD

Very impressive.

GOULD

We felt it was essential to establish a firmly pro-Government newspaper.

DECOUD

Quite right.

AVELLANOS ushers him into the editor's office.

AVELLANOS

We've just managed to get it ready in time.

DECOUD is slightly puzzled by this remark and frowns as AVELLANOS gently manoeuvres him behind the desk and into the chair.

AVELLANOS

And here is your chair.

DECOUD is appalled. He looks round at the smiling faces, and he shakes his head.

DECOUD

No, no, you don't understand. I only agreed to deliver those rifles because I needed a holiday. I've always wanted to visit the United States: see Yellowstone Park and Niagara Falls. I have my reservations.

The others are looking down at him sternly.

DECOUD

Journalism, you see, I've never really taken it seriously. In Paris I just....

ANTONIA

Have you ever taken anybody seriously?

DECOUD is miserably aware of the contempt in ANTONIA'S voice. She goes on quickly.

ANTONIA

Isn't it about time you did something for your country?

CLOSE on DECOUD as he squirms under her gaze.

CUT

77. THE PRINTING PRESS in action. DECOUD is looking down at it. He leans forward and picks up a copy of the front page. It reads: "PORVENIR" and carries a headline "ATTEMPTED COUP D'ETAT IN THE CAPITAL", followed by a sub-heading "GENERAL MONTERO, EX-CLOAKROOM ATTENDANT IN SUSPECTED PLOT. PRESIDENT CALLS FOR CALM".

CUT

78. DECOUD, lying back in his bath, talking to himself.

DECOUD

"MONTERO THE BUTCHER !" (shakes his head)
"MONSTER - " ... "MONTERO THE MONSTER"

CUT

79. The PRINTING PRESS in action again. A headline reading: "GENERAL BARRIOS SAILS SOUTH" - with sub-heading "MONSTER AT BAY"

DISSOLVE

80. INT. GRAN SALA. EVENING.

CLOSE on a smiling DECOUD. He is dancing with ANTONIA to the strains of a string orchestra, heroically attempting a Viennese waltz. The sala is at its most dazzling as DR MONYGHAM makes his tentative arrival through the large double doors. While everyone is in full evening dress, his sole concession to the occasion is a short cream linen jacket worn over his check shirt. As he stands there, uncertain, the hostile and curious expressions of the GUESTS convey an unmistakable message to him. He turns on his heel and is just leaving when MRS GOULD materialises at his elbow.

MRS GOULD

Doctor, how nice of you to come.

MONYGHAM

I ...

MRS GOULD

Will you sit and talk to me for a while?

She takes his arm and begins leading him across the room, watched by several GUESTS. As they walk, the waltz changes to a lively polka, reinforcing the impression of forced and hectic gaiety.

MONYGHAM

You would hardly guess the country is on the brink of a civil war.

MRS GOULD

We thought it important to keep up morale.

MONYGHAM

Most people prefer not to think at all.

MRS GOULD looks at him, intrigued by his tone of voice.

DECOUD and ANTONIA step out onto the balcony, the houses on the opposite side of the street behind them. They turn to look back into the room.

DECOUD

Why is the doctor so unpopular?

ANTONIA

There's some mystery in his past. They say at the time of the purge he betrayed his friends.

DECOUD

But Senora Gould likes him.

ANTONIA

She is of course a saint.

DECOUD sips at his champagne, turns away from the company and leans on the stone rail of the balcony. ANTONIA remains looking inwards.

DECOUD

Shouldn't we take the next boat out of here?

ANTONIA

Be serious.

DECOUD

I am: there's a mail-boat on Monday, sailing to Valparaiso. Why can't we just abandon this preposterous country?

ANTONIA

It's your country too.

DECOUD half-turns towards her: He starts off on a different tack, as if changing the subject altogether.

DECOUD

I left a comfortable existence in Paris to bring those rifles here. The moment I arrived they were handed over to a one-eyed alcoholic who is now sailing away with them - and the entire garrison - five hundred miles down the coast.

ANTONIA

It was decided to take Montero by surprise.

DECOUD

But they've left the town completely undefended.

ANTONIA

The mountains are our defence. No army has ever been able to march across them.

DECOUD

I hope you're right.

Something catches his eye:

81. EXT. CALLE DE LA CONSTITUCION. EVENING.

Coming through the shadows of the street, a mysterious figure, walking his soft-stepping mount.

82. INT. GRAN SALA. EVENING.

CLOSE on DECOUD and ANTONIA, looking down from the balcony.

DECOUD (ironically)

The illustrious Capataz de Cargadores.

83. EXT. CALLE DE LA CONSTITUCION. EVENING.

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

84. INT. GRAN SALA. EVENING.

DECOUD and ANTONIA, watching him.

DECOUD

Probably the most important man in Sulaco. Apart from Senor Gould.

ANTONIA

You think so?

DECOUD

I've got to know him a little. He tells me that now the army has left, there's likely to be a riot in the town. He said he could guarantee us the support of his dockers.

They watch NOSTROMO riding away, powerful and enigmatic.

DECOUD

I envy him.

ANTONIA

Why?

DECOUD

Men are afraid of him and women adore him. You hear nothing else except how strong and courageous and incorruptible he is. He's a hero. Why wouldn't I envy him?

ANTONIA

Are those your highest aspirations?

DECOUD

You are my highest aspiration.

A spoon is struck against glass. DON JOSE AVELLANOS is on the dais.

AVELLANOS

I want you all to join me in a toast to our President: with the reinforcements we are sending him he cannot fail to be victorious. To Don Vincente Ribiera!

The GUESTS raise their glasses and echo his toast enthusiastically.

85. EXT. PRESIDENTIAL PALACE IN SANTA MARTA. NIGHT.

A sudden explosion lights up the tall first-floor window of the Presidential Palace. DON VINCENTE RIBIERA is standing there in his frock-coat, white waistcoat and sash of office.

86. EXT. PRESIDENTIAL PALACE. NIGHT.

GENERAL MONTERO, mounted on a horse, is looking up at the window, his expression ferocious and triumphant. A MOB carrying torches, is surging past him towards the palace.

87. INT. PRESIDENTIAL PALACE. NIGHT.

RIBIERA's face is white with terror. Suddenly there's another loud explosion and RIBIERA turns from the window and runs across the room, pursued by his own giant shadow.

88. INT. ENTRANCE HALL IN THE PALACE. NIGHT.

Two elaborately liveried SERVANTS flee in terror as the great double doors burst open to admit the mob. They pour in and rampage across the hall. In their wake, riding in through the door, his cocked hat on his head, the immense and nightmarish figure of GENERAL MONTERO. He spurs his horse across the marble hall and up the broad stone steps towards RIBIERA's office.

89. EXT. PRESIDENTIAL PALACE. NIGHT.

RIBIERA, clutching a carpet bag, makes an ungainly descent down the iron fire escape at the back of the palace.

CUT

90. INT. GRAN SALA AT THE CASA GOULD. NIGHT.

DR MONYGHAM is still sitting with MRS GOULD, who has however, been speaking to a tall hawk-faced PRIEST, who now moves off.

MRS GOULD

What's the matter?

MONYGHAM

Nothing. Priests. They make me nervous. That was one of the things I liked most about the great forests. No priests.

MRS GOULD

Were you happy there?

MONYGHAM

No, but it healed me. I found primitive tribes far easier to respect than most of these pillars of society.

MRS GOULD is looking at the dance floor.

MRS GOULD

Have you any idea who that strange little man might be?

CLOSE on a small, depressed-looking man in ill-fitting clothes. His name is HIRSCH. GOULD, who is dancing with one of his GUESTS, approaches. HIRSCH raises a hand and opens his mouth to speak but GOULD glides smoothly past, without paying him the slightest heed.

91. EXT. BALCONY. NIGHT.

DECOUD and ANTONIA on the balcony as the dancers pass behind, staring at them inquisitively. DECOUD unhooks the curtain and lets it fall, blotting them out. ANTONIA makes a move to reach for the curtain, but DECOUD restrains her.

DECOUD

No.

ANTONIA
But people will talk.

DECOUD
They will anyway. And my time is running out.

ANTONIA
I don't know what you mean.

DECOUD
Listen. Three times a week, I write an editorial about Montero. I invariably refer to him as Montero the monster. It's been fatal to my self-respect. But very shortly it will be fatal to me.

ANTONIA
You're assuming Montero will win.

DECOUD
Of course he'll win. He's brutal and stupid enough, how can he fail? It's well known he carries a death-list with him. My name is on it. I shall go to the wall.

ANTONIA looks up at him suddenly, her eyes filling with tears.

ANTONIA
Oh, Martin, you'll make me cry.

DECOUD's expression changes abruptly, softening, moved by the note of concern. He puts his arm round her impulsively, and kisses her on the lips.

DISSOLVE.

92. INT. GRAN SALA. NIGHT.

The party is over: BASILIO is snuffing out candles.

93. EXT. VERANDAH OF THE CASA GOULD. NIGHT.

GOULD stands at the top of the staircase shaking hands and saying goodnight to his GUESTS. Last in line, a determined glint in his eye, is HIRSCH. He speaks with a heavy German accent.

HIRSCH
My name is Hirsch, Don Carlos. This is a very great honour.

GOULD
Delighted.

HIRSCH
Ah, these political upheavals, Don Carlos. What foolishness!

GOULD

Quite.

He smiles thinly and releases HIRSCH's hand.

HIRSCH

May I say a word? There's a matter I would like to discuss with you. Dynamite.

GOULD

... beg your pardon?

HIRSCH

My normal business is ox-hides, but I happen to have some friends in Hamburg who specialise in dynamite. As a mine-owner, I thought ...

GOULD

As a mine-owner, I already have thought, Senor Hirsch. I have enough dynamite to bring down the whole San Tome mountain.

HIRSCH

Ah.

GOULD

So thank you and goodnight.

HIRSCH turns away, dejected. Then he turns back, his eyes once again bright with optimism.

HIRSCH

I don't suppose you have any interest in acquiring some hides at a very reasonable..

He breaks off: GOULD is shaking his head decisively.

HIRSCH

Goodnight, Don Carlos.

He sets off down the stairs, shoulders bowed.

CUT

94. EXT. TELEGRAPH OFFICE. CORDILLERA. NIGHT.

CLOSE SHOT. The wind whistles around the wires on the roof of the telegraph office up in the Cordillera. It's snowing.

95. INT. TELEGRAPH OFFICE IN THE CORDILLERA. NIGHT.

The door to the darkened office bursts open, admitting a flurry of snow and framing the huge figure of MONTERO. He carries a crooked branch and his feet are wrapped in bloodstained rags.

As the TELEGRAPHIST scrambles out of bed and fumbles to light a lamp, so MONTERO's eye falls on the official portrait of RIBIERA.

Without comment, MONTERO draws his revolver and fires a shot at it, causing a number of his TROOPS to crowd into the doorway behind him. Ignoring them completely, MONTERO slams the door in their faces and lurches towards the stove to warm his hands. He indicates the shattered remains of the portrait.

MONTERO

Have you seen him?

TELEGRAPHIST

No, Your Excellency.

MONTERO

I need a horse. How far down is the camp at the railhead?

TELEGRAPHIST

About 7 kilometres your Excellency.

MONTERO shuffles over to the newly vacated bed and collapses full-length on to it.

MONTERO

Now. Take a message.

96. INT. TELEGRAPH OFFICE IN THE PLAZA MAYOR. NIGHT.

The Sulaco telegraphist, a small middle-aged German called BERNHARDT pores over a clicking Morse receiver, examining a stream of ticker-tape, his expression one of considerable alarm. He rises to his feet, collects the tape in a bundle and runs to the door.

97. EXT. PLAZA MAYOR. NIGHT.

It's raining and water is blowing in through the arches of the colonnade.

BERNHARDT runs, passing in and out of the shadows, clutching a handful of ticker-tape, the end of it trailing behind him on the pavement. As the tape turns the corner of an arch into the Plaza, CAMERA PANS UP to show the small figure of BERNHARDT racing away across the rainswept square.

98. INT. GRAN SALA IN THE CASA GOULD. NIGHT.

BERNHARDT is now sitting in an armchair several sizes too big for him reading from the end of the ticker-tape. Behind him, in the shadows, stands BASILIO.

BERNHARDT

"..Your donation will be a valuable contribution towards the final expenses of my ...

He glances up, hesitating for a second.

GOULD, in his dressing gown, sits in a pool of light in the Gran Sala, a lone figure surrounded by deep shadows in the great room.

BERNHARDT

... victorious campaign. I feel sure you will wish to perform your patriotic duty. General Montero."

GOULD rises abruptly and moves towards the door.

GOULD

Thank you, Bernhardt. No reply.

Almost at the door, he barks an order at BASILIO.

GOULD

Saddle my horse.

99. INT. GOULD BEDROOM. NIGHT.

MRS GOULD waits, sitting up in the four-poster bed. GOULD comes striding into the room.

MRS GOULD

What is it?

GOULD

Montero has won. He's come over the mountains.

MRS GOULD

What?

GOULD

He's camped up there, this side of the pass. He requires a donation.

Even as he speaks, he's thrown off his dressing gown and begins to dress.

MRS GOULD

What sort of donation?

GOULD

Six months's supply of silver. Down to the last bar.

MRS GOULD

What will you do?

GOULD

It will take him at least thirty hours to get down here. Which should give us time to bring the silver down and send it out of the country.

MRS GOULD considers this, apprehensive.

MRS GOULD

Is that wise?

GOULD
It's essential.

MRS GOULD gets out of bed and moves to sit at the end of the bed, close to him. He continues dressing, in silence.

MRS GOULD
Won't you talk to me about it?

GOULD
I thought we had said all there was to say a long time ago. We opened the mine. We knew the risks. There's no possible way back now. We can only go on.

MRS GOULD watches him, frightened, as he pulls on his boots.

MRS GOULD
How far?

GOULD
Any distance.

He looks up at her, icily unyielding.

GOULD
There is no alternative.

He bends down and kisses both her hands.

MRS GOULD
If only we had left it alone, Charley.

GOULD
It was impossible to leave it alone.

MRS GOULD
We've disturbed a good many snakes in that Paradise, haven't we?

GOULD looks at her for a moment.

MRS GOULD
I shall be on the balcony to see you pass.

He turns and hurries out of the room. MRS GOULD looks over at:

The ingot of silver she was given at the opening of the mine. A rattling, shaking noise fades up on the SOUND TRACK.

100. INT. SILVER WAGON. NIGHT.

An image like an unstable quicksilver staircase. Silver ingots, loaded loose into a wagon, shifting and sliding as the mules gallop over changing surfaces, flashing and scintillating in the narrow beams of light which penetrate the blackness.

101. EXT. PLAZA MAYOR. NIGHT.

GOULD leads the wagon train in a gallop across the deserted Plaza Mayor.

102. EXT. BALCONY. NIGHT.

MRS GOULD waits, wrapped in her dressing gown, her face brightening as she sees:

103. EXT. CALLE DE LA CONSTITUCION. NIGHT.

GOULD galloping down the road at the head of the column.

104. EXT. BALCONY. NIGHT.

MRS GOULD waves to him.

105. EXT. CALLE DE LA CONSTITUCION. NIGHT.

GOULD gallops by under the balcony, but he doesn't look up.

106. EXT. BALCONY. NIGHT.

MRS GOULD watches him, shaken and upset. On SOUND the rattle of the silver wagons sweeps by underneath.

107. EXT. NEAR THE ALBERGO D'ITALIA UNA. NIGHT.

A wagon wheel strikes sparks off the railway line, as the column crashes across tracks.

108. INT. NOSTROMO'S ROOM IN THE ALBERGO. NIGHT.

NOSTROMO wakes, immediately alert to the thunder and rattle of the wagon train. He jumps out of bed.

109. EXT. ALBERGO D'ITALIA UNA. NIGHT.

NOSTROMO emerges from the inn to see the last of the wagon train, then, frowning, moves back to the house.

110. INT. LIVING-ROOM IN THE ALBERGO. NIGHT.

NOSTROMO almost collides with TERESA, in her dressing-gown. She's waiting for him, her face taut with pain.

NOSTROMO
They've brought the silver down early. I
must go into town.

TERESA

Why?

NOSTROMO

My men have heard the talk in the bars. There's going to be looting: riots, even. They want to grab what they can before Montero arrives.

TERESA

What is it to do with you?

NOSTROMO

I must do what I can.

TERESA

For your English. If there is going to be trouble, your place is here protecting your own.

NOSTROMO starts to move away; TERESA grabs hold of his arm and makes a fierce appeal.

TERESA

Don't leave us alone!

NOSTROMO hesitates for a second, struck by her intensity; then shakes himself free.

CUT

111. EXT. SUNLIT PLAZA MAYOR. DAY.

The wind has risen now and dust sweeps across the Plaza, mingling with the smoke from a bonfire of gilt chairs piled up outside the Intendencia. Bands of drunken RIOTERS roam the square.

Four MEN stumble down the steps of the Intendencia, carrying a red plush sofa. A gang of YOUTHS throws stones, smashing the windows. Another MAN staggers under the weight of a gold-framed female nude.

A smashed-in store window. MEN and WOMEN pour out, wearing fur coats, carrying hams, flourishing bottles, tottering under the weight of fish tanks on monumental urns. Among them is a darting, terrified figure, erratic as a headless chicken, colliding with the LOOTERS in his attempt to avoid them: it's HIRSCH. Eventually, he vanishes into the dust.

112. EXT. SIDE-STREET OFF THE PLAZA MAYOR. DAY.

An exhausted mule, bearing the battered PRESIDENT, stumbles away from CAMERA down a narrow street towards the swirling dust in the Plaza. RIBIERA is stunned with fatigue, his spectacles begrimed. He is soon surrounded by the unseeing MOB all going in the same direction. The MOB, which is moving faster than the mule, streams past him. Suddenly, the mule's legs buckle. RIBIERA sways, tries to steady himself, but the animal collapses under him. He is caught by an innocent member of the crowd who suddenly recognises him.

RIOTER
El Presidente!

A moment of disbelief. The word goes round. One MAN makes towards him, brandishing a club. On SOUND comes the blast of a whistle; and the RIOTER is seized from behind by a West Indian DOCKER, who, with the greatest efficiency, breaks his arm. All around RIBIERA scuffles break out. He turns this way and that, wildly looking for an escape. A shadow falls across him and he looks up.

NOSTROMO, mounted on his mare, towers above him. He gives another two blasts on his whistle.

NOSTROMO
Pedro! Miguel!

Two or three DOCKERS close ranks and manhandle RIBIERA up on to the mare behind NOSTROMO, who spurs the animal forward, lashing out with fist and boot to clear a path. He pulls away through the seething CROWD in the direction of the harbour, the wind now blowing clouds of dust across the square.

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

RIBIERA, grimy and abject, stands in sad contrast, beneath his official portrait. GOULD and NOSTROMO are nearby as MITCHELL, flustered, addresses the PRESIDENT.

MITCHELL
The 'Minerva', is standing off at the harbour entrance, Your Excellency. I shall have you taken out in my gig with instructions to the captain to set sail immediately.

GOULD looks up sharply.

GOULD
Without loading the silver?

MITCHELL
In these conditions, sir, I can hardly risk the docking of the Company's newest ship.

114. EXT. SEAWARD SIDE OF THE O.S.N. OFFICES. DAY.

NOSTROMO is carefully playing out a winch.

Attached to the rope, by a skilful arrangement of sailors' knots, is the trussed-up PRESIDENT RIBIERA.

He is being lowered down the side of the O.S.N. building like a sack of potatoes. On SOUND, a boisterous CROWD provide a mixture of laughter and anger.

Far below is MITCHELL's gig, in which a number of frightened OFFICIALS wait, looking up at the descending PRESIDENT.

MEDIUM CLOSE. RIBIERA is twirling slowly, in the wind and dust on the end of the rope. Beyond him, lining the road beside the sea, is a jeering CROWD.

RIBIERA lands in an undignified heap on the deck, where his fellow PASSENGERS struggle to extricate him.

115. EXT. PLAZA MAYOR. DAY.

DECOUD, a ghostly figure in drifting dust, strolls disdainfully through the shadowy RIOTERS carrying his silver-topped cane. He is brought to a standstill by the sight of his shattered printing press lying in the rubble. He looks up at:

The broken windows of the "Porvenir" office.

116. INT. NEWSPAPER AND TELEGRAPH OFFICE. DAY.

DECOUD moves up the stairs towards his office. The door of the adjacent telegraph office opens cautiously and BERNHARDT appears, carrying a revolver.

DECOUD
Are you all right?

BERNHARDT
For some reason, they didn't come near me.

He points sadly towards the newspaper office.

117. INT. EDITOR'S OFFICE. DAY.

DECOUD passes through the devastation into the editor's office. He moves to the desk, opens a drawer, and takes out a pearl-handled revolver, which he slips into a pocket. There is the SOUND of shouting and cheering from the square. He looks up.

118. EXT. PLAZA MAYOR. DAY.

The statue of Carlos IV is swaying bizarrely, above the level of the dust. The MOB has attached ropes to it and is now engaged in toppling it. Eventually, it overbalances and horse and rider crash down, vanishing as they and their assailants are engulfed in a huge cloud of dust.

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

The SOUND of the collapsing statue resonates through the Gran Sala as MRS GOULD hurries through the shafts of dusty sunlight. The jubilant cheers of the MOB rise towards her as she steps out onto the balcony.

120. EXT. CALLE DE LA CONSTITUCION. DAY.

Clouds of dust drift down the street, obscuring everything.

121. EXT. BALCONY. DAY.

MRS GOULD's attention is caught by:

122. EXT. CALLE DE LA CONSTITUCION. DAY.

A figure, obscured by the dust, is scuttling towards the main entrance, unidentifiable at first, but then suddenly recognisable by its strange, hobbling gait.

123. EXT. BALCONY. DAY.

MRS GOULD turns and runs into the house, calling:

MRS GOULD
Basilio! Basilio!

124. EXT. ENTRANCE TO THE CASA GOULD. DAY.

DR. MONYGHAM waits at the main door, his face and clothes grey with dust. The small door opens a crack and BASILIO appears. He opens the door just wide enough to admit him.

125. EXT. PATIO IN THE CASA GOULD. DAY.

MRS GOULD hurries down the stone staircase to greet MONYGHAM in the dust-laden patio, the distant CROWD noise continuous.

MRS GOULD
This is not a day for paying calls, Doctor.

MONYGHAM
I wanted to make sure you... the house was safe.

MRS GOULD
As you see.

MONYGHAM
And I wondered if your husband had any instructions for me.

MRS GOULD'S face falls momentarily, but she quickly recovers.

MRS GOULD
He's not here.

MONYGHAM
Are you on your own?

MRS GOULD
The servants are here and ..

MONYGHAM has looked away, conscious of revealing too much.

MRS GOULD
I expect he's down at the harbour. Looking
after the silver.

126. INT. STAIRCASE OUTSIDE TELEGRAPH OFFICE. DAY.

GOULD arrives to find DECOUD and BERNHARDT coming to meet him at the top of the stairs. GOULD looks towards the newspaper office.

GOULD
What happened?

DECOUD
I had a visit from a party of critics.

GOULD turns to BERNHARDT, businesslike.

GOULD
I want to send a cable to Mr Holroyd in San Francisco. Are messages still going out?

BERNHARDT
As far as I know, sir. Through Esmeralda.

127. INT. TELEGRAPH OFFICE AT ESMERALDA. DAY.

The telegraph office at Esmeralda overlooks the sunlit harbour, a tangle of masts and the funnel of a steamship. The young TELEGRAPHIST is lashed to his chair, guarded by four SOLDIERS and a ferocious-looking MAJOR, a moustachioed scarecrow whose eyes are bleary with drink. They are standing quite still, as if in a still photograph, listening to footsteps approaching up the stairs. When the footsteps stop, they all spring to attention.

COLONEL SOTILLO stands in the battered doorway. He's a handsome young officer in an impeccable uniform, but there's something weak and vicious in his expression. He saunters across the room. The MAJOR hands him a telegraph.

SOTILLO (reading)
"Will attempt to arrange export of silver before Montero arrives tomorrow to occupy town".

He looks up.

SOTILLO
You transmitted this, did you?

The TELEGRAPHIST maintains a defiant silence.

SOTILLO
Did you?

The MAJOR grabs the TELEGRAPHIST's hair and jerks his head back.

TELEGRAPHIST
Yes.

SOTILLO
Do you know who I am?

TELEGRAPHIST
You are Colonel Sotillo.

With a thin smile of gratification, SOTILLO nods to the MAJOR, who releases the TELEGRAPHIST's hair.

SOTILLO
Apparently this silver is sitting on Sulaco docks. The President has fallen and there's anarchy in the town. How long would it take us to get there if we decided it was our duty to ... restore order?

MAJOR
If we commandeer that steamer, we could be there by midnight.

The MAJOR grins. SOTILLO looks thoughtfully at the TELEGRAPHIST.

SOTILLO
What's crucial, of course, is the element of surprise.

He moves towards the door. As he passes the MAJOR:

SOTILLO (very quietly)
Kill him.

The MAJOR whips a knife out of his belt as SOTILLO leaves the room, walking fast.

CUT

128. EXT. PLAZA MAYOR. SUNSET.

Long shadows, dust and smoke blow through the wreckage. A few corpses litter the square, one lying half out of the fountain. Two MEN run out of the Plaza and vanish down a side-street.

129. INT. LIVING ROOM IN THE ALBERGO D'ITALIA UNA. SUNSET.

Silence except for the low moan of wind. TERESA VIOLA sits on her daybed, lit by thin strips of sunlight through the barred shutters. LINDA and GISELLE, on either side of her. VIOLA, a little apart, his antiquated rifle across his knee. Then comes the SOUND of distant shouting and running feet. VIOLA rises and cocks his rifle. TERESA moans with fear. There is a sudden outbreak of gunfire. Shadows race across the shutters. Bullets smack against the outside wall. Plaster falls. The shadows disappear.

TERESA murmurs, beside herself with fear:

TERESA
Traitor.

There is the clatter of horses hooves, followed by a violent blow on the shutters. VIOLA lifts his rifle. The shutter is flipped up by the nozzle of a pistol. It is NOSTROMO.

NOSTROMO

Giorgio! Are you all right in there?

VIOLA starts and lowers his rifle as NOSTROMO's face becomes recognisable through the shutter. LINDA hurries to unbar the door.

NOSTROMO appears in the doorway in the yellow light before sunset and advances into the room.

NOSTROMO

You're safe now.

VIOLA

I almost shot you.

TERESA rises painfully to her feet.

TERESA

You have no heart, Gian'Battista, no heart and no conscience. Leaving us all day...

She breaks off and stops, swaying. NOSTROMO only just has time to prevent her from collapsing. VIOLA hurries over to them, assessing the situation at a glance.

VIOLA

Go and find the doctor, Gian'Battista.

CUT

130. INT. LIVING-ROOM IN THE ALBERGO. NIGHT.

The room is now empty except for NOSTROMO and VIOLA who are sitting silently at the table, very conscious of the room above them. There is the sound of horses pulling up outside. VIOLA and NOSTROMO rise to their feet. VIOLA takes his gun then opens the door. CAPTAIN MITCHELL is standing there.

MITCHELL

May we please come in?

VIOLA nods, then reacts with some surprise as GOULD, AVELLANOS and DECOUD file into the room. GOULD, with a glance at the ceiling, addresses VIOLA in a near whisper.

GOULD

We are sorry about your wife. But it is essential that we speak to the Capataz.

They gather round NOSTROMO. MITCHELL takes over, his voice low.

MITCHELL

Company lighter number four has been loaded with the silver. We require someone to sail it out of the Gulf to a small port out of Costaguana territory, where the first northbound steamer will pick it up.

He hesitates a moment.

MITCHELL

Everything is provided, food, water, maps and instructions. It will be necessary to leave at once.

NOSTROMO looks from one to the other.

NOSTROMO

Why?

MITCHELL

To ensure you're out of territorial waters before Montero gets down from the mountains. It wouldn't do for him to get his hands on the silver.

GOULD

Montero needs cash now to pay his Army. I have no intention of providing him with it.

AVELLANOS

I appeal to you, senor, in the name of your country.

NOSTROMO

This isn't my country. And what you're suggesting is very dangerous.

DECOUD

I'll be going with you.

NOSTROMO

I would rather go alone.

DECOUD

Montero is out for my blood. My life is in your hands.

GOULD steps forward, facing NOSTROMO.

GOULD

We all agreed you were the only man for the job. If you succeed in this, your name will be famous from one end of America to the other. I beg of you.

NOSTROMO looks at him, holding the silence, then:

NOSTROMO

Very well.

GOULD glances up again at the ceiling.

GOULD

We'll wait outside. But I'm afraid you'll have to sail within the hour.

He turns decisively: the others follow him out of the room, shutting the door behind them. VIOLA turns to NOSTROMO.

VIOLA

The rich, you know, Gian'Battista, they keep us as they keep dogs, to fight and hunt in their service.

DR. MONYGHAM comes clumping down the stairs. NOSTROMO intercepts him and speaks to him in a murmur.

NOSTROMO

Is she really dying, Doctor?

MONYGHAM

Yes.

NOSTROMO

She's been like this before.

MONYGHAM

Well, I can assure you she'll never be like it again. She wants to see you.

NOSTROMO hesitates, then sets off almost fearfully up the stairs.

131. INT. THE VIOLA'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

TERESA sits up in bed as before, her head bowed over her chest. LINDA and GISELLE still huddle together.

NOSTROMO arrives in the doorway. TERESA raises her head to look at him, her eyes glittering.

TERESA

Their revolutions, you see: this one has killed me.

NOSTROMO advances a couple of paces into the room, uncertain.

TERESA

And you were gone away, as usual, fighting for something which did not concern you, foolish man.

There is between them an intimacy of antagonism. NOSTROMO decides not to rise to the provocation: and speaks gently.

NOSTROMO

I have very little time Padrona: what did you want to say to me?

TERESA looks at NOSTROMO for a moment: then she speaks with some solemnity.

TERESA

I want you to promise me that when she is of age, you will marry Linda; and that you will look after the little one as well.

LINDA lowers her eyes, then raises them to look directly at NOSTROMO. GISELLE is also staring at him, a strange expression on her face. They wait for his answer.

NOSTROMO

I promise.

LINDA flushes; her eyes sparkle.

TERESA

Wait downstairs, now, my girls: I have something more to say to Gian'Battista.

The GIRLS rise reluctantly and leave the room.

TERESA

Will you go and fetch a priest for me, Gian'Battista?

NOSTROMO shakes his head, helplessly.

TERESA

I need a priest before I die.

NOSTROMO

I have already given you the last few minutes I can spare.

TERESA

You refuse?

NOSTROMO

I am needed to save the silver, Padrona. It will be the most desperate affair of my life.

TERESA

And what will they give you for it?

NOSTROMO

I don't know.

TERESA

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

NOSTROMO's expression darkens as a real anger overcomes him.

NOSTROMO

Is it my fault I am the only man capable of this?

TERESA

They are paying you with words. They have turned your head with their praises. Your folly shall betray you into poverty, misery and death.

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

TERESA

And now go.

NOSTROMO backs into the doorway, horrified. She does not look at him. NOSTROMO goes down the stairs backwards.

132. INT. LIVING ROOM IN THE ALBERGO. NIGHT.

VIOLA, LINDA, GISELLE, and MONYGHAM are waiting downstairs. There's a pot of water boiling violently on the stove. The front door opens and DECOUD pops his head in as NOSTROMO appears.

DECOUD

We really do have to go.

NOSTROMO

I'll be out in a moment.

DECOUD leaves, shutting the door behind him.

NOSTROMO turns to VIOLA.

NOSTROMO

If I don't come back, give the things in my box to Paquita.

LINDA looks up sharply.

MONYGHAM

Why, Capataz! I thought you could never fail in anything.

NOSTROMO

Do you know the nature of my undertaking?

MONYGHAM nods, sourly.

NOSTROMO

It's as if I were taking a curse upon me, Senor Doctor. A man with a treasure on this coast will have every knife raised against him. But, if I succeed, my name will live forever.

MONYGHAM

And is that a good bargain?

NOSTROMO

What bargain would your worship have made?

MONYGHAM looks up at NOSTROMO, his eyes narrowed, his expression cold.

MONYGHAM

Illustrious Capataz, for taking the curse of death upon my back, as you call it, nothing else but the whole treasure would do.

CUT

133. EXT. JETTY. NIGHT.

The bars of silver lie in the lighter, emitting an eerie glow. NOSTROMO's bare feet jump on to them as he hurries astern. The neatly packed silver bars occupy the central section of the lighter's open hold, forming a silver floor just below the water line.

134. A group of people stand looking down at the lighter, GOULD puffing a cigar which glows in the darkness, MRS GOULD beside him. AVELLANOS stands with ANTONIA, and, hovering anxiously, CAPTAIN MITCHELL.

135. NOSTROMO is using a heavy oar to push away from the jetty, then moves forward to hoist the mainsail.

136. CAPTAIN MITCHELL glances up at the star-filled sky, concerned.

MITCHELL

No wind.

137. The lighter, with the dinghy in tow, begins to edge away into the darkness. DECOUD raises an arm and calls out bravely:

DECOUD

Au revoir!

138. CLOSE on ANTONIA, tears in her eyes. She turns away suddenly and AVELLANOS takes her in his arms.

139. DECOUD's confidence visibly evaporates as the reality of the situation begins to dawn on him.

140. The GROUP on the jetty stand looking after the lighter, now only visible as a silhouette against the stars. It glides away into the darkness as silent as if it is launching into space.

141. EXT. JETTY. NIGHT.

CLOSE on GOULD and MRS GOULD: GOULD is impassive, with a kind of grim satisfaction in his expression. He takes the cigar out of his mouth and throws it down into the water, where it disappears with a small 'hiss'.

CUT

142. EXT. LIGHTER. NIGHT.

Silence and darkness. Then, miniscule SOUNDS begin to be heard: the ripple of water, the creak of timbers, the slap of canvas, the groan of rope. The blackness is breached by two commas of greenish light. It becomes clear that these form the phosphorescent bow wave of the lighter as it labours forward. NOSTROMO is a dark outline at the helm, silhouetted against the dazzling array of stars and dimly lit from below.

The light-source is the silver itself, reflecting the starlight and glowing dully as if from within.

NOSTROMO stoops to look forward.

The underbelly of the sail reflects the phosphorescence from the sea, and billows sensuously in a fitful breeze.

NOSTROMO

We are out in the Gulf.

DECOUD

Yes. No-one can find us now.

He looks out across the surface of the water, awed by the solitude.

The mast-head moves slowly across huge clusters of stars.

DECOUD starts as a match flares, forming a bright light astern.

NOSTROMO is examining the compass. He shakes his head as the SOUNDS in the boat begin to fade.

NOSTROMO

Wind's gone.

He leans forward and makes a strange chirruping SOUND, to encourage the breeze. DECOUD watches him, fascinated. Then he looks upwards.

The mast-head appears to be stationary.

DECOUD

Do we move at all?

NOSTROMO

Slower than a beetle tangled in grass. We had best take up the sweeps and row.

CUT

143. EXT. LIGHTER. NIGHT.

The blade of a great oar plunges into the still water, disrupting the reflection of the stars and causing dancing phosphorescent ripples.

144. NOSTROMO and DECOUD stand, port and starboard, operating the huge oars. Behind them, the sail hangs limp.

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

DECOUD does his best to respond, but is clearly exhausted.

NOSTROMO
Anybody would think this was the last consignment of silver in the world. I don't understand why Don Carlos had to tie it round my neck.

DECOUD
He didn't want it to fall into the wrong hands.

NOSTROMO
It won't. I have an axe on board and I shall cut a hole below the water-line and let the sea have the treasure before I give it up to any stranger.

DECOUD painfully finishes a stroke.

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

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

The blade of the oar comes out of the water dripping phosphorescence and sending out circles of light.

MEDIUM SHOT. DECOUD, his hands red and blistered, falls back on the silver floor, panting, his head resting on the corner of a tarpaulin. NOSTROMO sits with his hands clasped around his knees.

Silence, then:

NOSTROMO
Tonight I refused to fetch a priest for a dying woman.

DECOUD
Do you believe in priests?

NOSTROMO
No. But she did. She must have died thinking I deprived her of Paradise.

A moment of silence, then he swings himself off the silver and moves swiftly aft. DECOUD hears him opening a tin.

145. NOSTROMO strikes a match and looks at the compass. After a moment, he cocks his head to one side, listening.

NOSTROMO

What's the matter, Don Martin?

DECOUD

What?

NOSTROMO

Are you all right?

DECOUD

Yes. Why?

NOSTROMO strikes another match and leaves the compass carrying the stump of a candle. Camera follows him back to DECOUD.

NOSTROMO

I was sure I could hear you weeping.

He thrusts the candle into DECOUD's face.

DECOUD

It certainly wasn't me.

NOSTROMO

Then who was it?

The ensuing silence is broken by the unmistakable SOUND of a stifled sob from somewhere forward. They both start. NOSTROMO hands DECOUD the candle-end and hurries forward.

DECOUD stands, shielding the candle from his eyes. He gasps.

MEDIUM SHOT. NOSTROMO is dragging out a man from beneath the foredeck.

BIG CLOSE UP DECOUD, his eyes popping, exhaustion forgotten.

MEDIUM CLOSE. NOSTROMO is pulling the prostrate figure out by his hair and coat collar and sends him sprawling full-length across the silver. NOSTROMO takes the candle and illuminates the face.

CLOSE UP. The MAN is HIRSCH, battered and dusty, grey with terror, and his eyes tightly closed in an absurd pretence of sleep, faintness or death. DECOUD shakes HIRSCH's rigid body.

DECOUD

Who are you? What do you think you're doing?

NOSTROMO moves the candle slowly over HIRSCH's face.

NOSTROMO

I think he's dead. Why don't we throw him overboard?

HIRSCH opens his eyes.

HIRSCH
No.

NOSTROMO drags him up into a sitting position.

NOSTROMO
Now. Explain yourself.

HIRSCH
Water.

His appeal is so abject and quavering that DECOUD moves swiftly to reach for one of the water-cans, which he uncaps and holds to HIRSCH's lips. HIRSCH drinks avidly, water running down over his chin. Eventually, he pushes the can away.

HIRSCH
My name is Hirsch. I am only a small
businessman.

DECOUD
We are not open for business.

HIRSCH
I was hiding from the riots. I thought
this was a safe place.

NOSTROMO
Why were you making that noise?

HIRSCH
I heard you say you would sink the boat. I
can't swim.

NOSTROMO
All right. Get back where you were.

HIRSCH moves off into the darkness with extraordinary agility. Then there's the sound of a heavy fall, followed by a sigh.

NOSTROMO
Lie still there! If I hear you breathe too
loud, I shall come forward and kill you.

Silence. DECOUD whispers:

DECOUD
He seems harmless.

NOSTROMO
No. There is no room for fear on this
lighter.

He blows out the candle. DECOUD's head goes up.

DECOUD
Listen ...

A strange scurrying whisper is approaching across the surface of the water.

DECOUD
What's that?

NOSTROMO
Rain. Rain on the water.

The SOUND approaches: eerie, feathery as a flight of arrows. The two men appear in sharper outline as the phosphorescence increases.

146. EXT. GOLFO PLACIDO. NIGHT

The rain is spreading fast across the water, throwing up countless needles of light.

147. EXT. LIGHTER. NIGHT.

CLOSE SHOT. NOSTROMO and DECOUD now brightly lit. The rain envelops them. There is a muffled crack as the sail fills with wind. NOSTROMO runs back to the tiller, but the rain and wind stop almost immediately. The boat becomes dark and silent again.

DECOUD looks around, hearing another distant SOUND. He calls back to NOSTROMO:

DECOUD
Another shower.

NOSTROMO has left the tiller and joins him. He listens, puzzled. The SOUND is somehow different from before, heavier, like horses in snow. NOSTROMO is tense with concentration:

NOSTROMO
No. That's a steamer. No lights.

DECOUD reacts in alarm. Both men stare into the darkness.

148. EXT. GOLFO PLACIDO. NIGHT.

Across the black surface of the water, the SOUND gradually becomes distinguishable as the throb of a large ship approaching.

149. EXT. LIGHTER. NIGHT.

NOSTROMO instinctively crouches down behind the gunwale. DECOUD follows suit. NOSTROMO glances towards HIRSCH, says in a whisper:

NOSTROMO
I ought to have killed that man.

DECOUD
Yes.

NOSTROMO

But once I saw you giving him the water, I couldn't do it.

150. EXT. GOLFO PLACIDO. NIGHT.

The SOUND of the approaching steamer increases, but the night is still impenetrably black. It sounds as if the ship is now almost upon them.

151. MEDIUM LONG SHOT. The sea and the blackness. On SOUND the splash of the propeller can now be heard.

152. EXT. LIGHTER. NIGHT.

NOSTROMO moves his head to within inches of DECOUD's ear.

NOSTROMO

Don't move. I'm going to lower the sail.

He starts to move: but freezes when, all of a sudden, the ship's engines cut out with a great hiss of steam. NOSTROMO and DECOUD peer out into the night.

153. EXT. GOLFO PLACIDO. NIGHT.

Their POV: however close the steamer may be, it remains quite invisible.

154. EXT. LIGHTER. NIGHT.

NOSTROMO moves stealthily forward, wary as a cat. DECOUD watches him for a moment. Then he starts and his head jerks up.

He's seen an approaching cloud of steam. It drifts slowly through the shrouds.

DECOUD is suddenly enveloped in the steam. He ducks, in a vain attempt to avoid it.

NOSTROMO, steam swirling around him, begins with infinite care to lower the sail. Strange SOUNDS from the steamer echo resonantly across the water: footsteps on the deck, the occasional exchange of orders, a groan and clank of metal, all apparently as close as if the steamer were no more than a few yards away.

DECOUD is silhouetted against the steam as it drifts away, aft. He watches as:

The sail is lowered revealing more and more stars. Then a great bank of cloud with a silver lining.

HIRSCH's head moves cautiously out of the darkness, like a tortoise emerging from its shell; his eyes, wide with terror.

NOSTROMO completes his task, lowering the yard on the deck as if it were made of glass.

DECOUD looks round as NOSTROMO arrives back beside him.

NOSTROMO
Soldiers.

A curtain of fine rain drifts over the boat. Then, comes the sharp SOUND of a ship's bell. The steamer's engines start up again, a deep, throbbing roar. The two men look at each other.

155. EXT. GOLFO PLACIDO. NIGHT.

Heavy rain again: it sweeps across the water. The phosphorescence sparkles.

156. EXT. LIGHTER. NIGHT.

NOSTROMO and DECOUD, their features highlighted by the phosphorescence. The SOUNDS of propeller and engines increase. The two men strain to see something as the rain splashes down perpendicular.

157. EXT. GOLFO PLACIDO. NIGHT.

Shouted orders ring across the water through the rain: the clicks and rattles of equipment seem close enough to touch, but still nothing is to be seen.

158. EXT. LIGHTER. NIGHT.

HIRSCH's terrified face rises into picture, his chin on the level of the foredeck. Suddenly, his eyes widen in horror and disbelief.

Looming out of the darkness, lit by the dancing phosphorescence in the water is the mountainous prow of the steamer.

NOSTROMO and DECOUD rise, the steamer towering above them.

HIRSCH's mouth drops open, but no sound emerges.

The blunt prow of the steamer collides obliquely with the lighter, aft of the bowsprit.

NOSTROMO and DECOUD are thrown sideways by the force of the collision. There's a splintering of wood.

HIRSCH is thrown back against the side of the lighter as water begins to pour in over the bulwarks.

The grinding scrape of steel against timber as the prow of the steamer runs along the side of the lighter, tipping it over at a dangerous angle.

Panic stricken, HIRSCH manages to scramble up from the swirling foam on to the foredeck.

NOSTROMO and DECOUD are also trying to pick themselves up, as the water sweeps down the deck and engulfs them.

HIRSCH throws his arms around the mast and clings on for dear life. He looks up, panic in his eyes.

Above his head, the steamer's anchor moves towards him. It's about eight feet above the surface of the sea. An anchor fluke catches one of the wire shrouds attached to the mast; and for a moment the entire lighter is being dragged along backwards by the anchor.

HIRSCH groans in terror as the mast bends under the strain.

DECOUD watches in astonishment as HIRSCH, operating entirely by instinct, scrambles up on to the fluke, just as the shroud parts and the anchor springs away, carrying him with it.

NOSTROMO grabs the tiller as the lighter rights itself. He hears HIRSCH's plaintive shriek and looks up to see:

HIRSCH, flying past on the anchor.

NOSTROMO pulls out his knife and lunges at him, but not quite quickly enough. He is carried away into the darkness, yelling incoherently.

DECOUD moves over beside NOSTROMO. The long, black side of the steamer passes behind them and then out of frame. They hear a distant banshee wail coming out of the darkness.

NOSTROMO
He's a dead man.

The steamer's propeller, churning up a maelstrom of phosphorecence, dwindles away into the blackness of the night.

CUT

159. INT. SOTILLO'S QUARTERS IN THE CUSTOM HOUSE. NIGHT.

SOTILLO has installed himself on the upper floor in a vast apartment with heavy black beams. The roof tapers up into invisibility. The shutters along one wall face the coastline, while on the other, they open on to the sea. A large leather armchair is behind a long table, under which old papers bestrew the floor. A hammock has been strung from one of the beams for the afternoon siesta. There's a commotion outside.

160. INT. STAIRCASE IN THE CUSTOM HOUSE. NIGHT.

Hurrying up the staircase is the homicidal MAJOR, the murderer of the Esmeralda telegraphist. Behind him, three SOLDIERS are frog-marching an outraged CAPTAIN MITCHELL up the stairs. His waistcoat is ripped, his bow tie askew, and he is breathless and puce with indignation.

161. INT. SOTILLO'S QUARTERS, CUSTOMS HOUSE. NIGHT.

The MAJOR bursts into the room followed by the SOLDIERS and MITCHELL.

SOTILLO
Captain Mitchell!

MAJOR
We caught him spying. Down on the jetty.

MITCHELL
Spying! The jetty is Company property.

MAJOR
He was hiding: watching our troops disembark.

MITCHELL
I suppose I'm entitled to investigate what goes on in my own front yard.

SOTILLO has been listening to this exchange, eyes narrowed: now he comes to an abrupt decision and screams at the SOLDIERS:

SOTILLO
Take your hands off the Captain!

The SOLDIERS release MITCHELL and fall back sheepishly. SOTILLO puts his arm around MITCHELL's shoulders and leads him solicitously towards a large armchair, pushing him into it with a friendly shove.

SOTILLO
Back in Esmeralda, Captain, we intercepted a message to the effect that a large quantity of silver had been brought down to the docks.

MITCHELL is taken aback to find SOTILLO so well-informed.

MITCHELL
Did you indeed?

SOTILLO
What have you to say, Captain? Where is it?

MITCHELL
What have I to say?

He springs to his feet, enraged.

MITCHELL
I'll tell you what I have to say. (points to the MAJOR) That uniformed thief of yours has robbed me of my watch, that's what I have to say.

SOTILLO, bewildered, looks across at the MAJOR, who avoids his eye, as MITCHELL reaches a crescendo of fury.

MITCHELL

I'm speaking of my chronometer, sir!

SOTILLO whips round on the MAJOR and holds out his hand. The MAJOR fumbles in his pocket and produces a gold half-chronometer on a chain. SOTILLO snatches it.

SOTILLO

How dare you! My aide takes the trouble to look after your watch for you, and you have the effrontery ...

He has turned away to put the watch down, but now breaks off as the gold catches the candlelight. He had never seen anything so fine. For a moment, he hesitates, entranced by its obvious value: then he puts it down on the desk and negligently covers it with his hat.

SOTILLO

You foreigners, you are the thieves. This silver, for example, is the property of the Republic. Our information was that you were keeping it on the dock. Now it's nowhere to be found. Where have you hidden it?

He moves up close to the stubbornly silent MITCHELL.

SOTILLO

I take it you can produce a Government receipt and a permit of embarkation?

MITCHELL still doesn't answer.

SOTILLO (quietly)

Unless you give me the information I require, Mitchell, I shall find a way to make you come to your senses.

The MAJOR is watching, a private smile on his face. MITCHELL is shaken but manages to retain his composure.

MITCHELL

I, sir, am a public character.

CUT

162. EXT. ISLAND OF GREAT ISABEL. DAY.

The lighter is in a sunlit cove between the cliffs of a green ravine on the landward side of the island. The silver has been removed. Gashes in the wood and buckled metal show the results of the collision.

LONG SHOT reveals an idyllic scene: Butterflies dance in the pellucid air above a shallow stream, which meanders through grass

and wild flowers, to lose itself in the white sand. In the ravine, a single gnarled tree grows, stooped and twisted.

NOSTROMO and DECOUD sit back to back against the trunk. Two shovels lie in the waving grass beside them and DECOUD's frock-coat and cravat are laid out across the lighter's dinghy, which has been dragged onto the grass.

DECOUD

I suppose this must be life, since it is so much like a dream.

NOSTROMO grunts indifferently.

DECOUD

Landing us here was a stroke of genius.

NOSTROMO

This is the island of Great Isabel, senor. I once spent a whole Sunday exploring every inch of it. It was near the end of the month: I had no money.

He runs his hand through the waving grass.

NOSTROMO

Anyway, I like it here. (looks up) And I love this tree.

He reaches for a pebble and throws it into the stream.

NOSTROMO

The water in that stream is very sweet. And you have two weeks' food in the dinghy.

DECOUD looks up at him, a little alarmed.

DECOUD

I'm pleased to hear it.

NOSTROMO rises. He goes over to an area where the grass is flattened and where traces of earth reveal the place where the treasure is buried.

NOSTROMO

Don't worry, you will be safe here, senor. Nobody will come. The people of this country are not curious. And the silver. (he treads down a rough join in the grass beneath his feet.) The silver could be safe for hundreds of years. It is incorruptible.

DECOUD

As some men are said to be.

NOSTROMO

I cannot always understand what you mean, Don Martin. I know all this would have been simpler if you had not been with me.

DECOUD

Without me to pump, you would have gone to the bottom.

NOSTROMO

Yes. Alone.

163. EXT. WASTE GROUND NEAR THE CUSTOM HOUSE. DAY.

MITCHELL has been left out in the sun. His face is tilted upwards at an unnatural angle. His eyes are closed, his lips, cracked and his skin an angry red.

The sun blazes down on him, huge and blinding.

From behind him we now see that MITCHELL has been stripped naked and lashed, crucifixion-style, to an inverted anchor on some waste ground behind the Custom House. Approaching him are SOTILLO, the MAJOR and two SOLDIERS. SOTILLO and the MAJOR move round the post to stand in front of him. MITCHELL opens his eyes. In spite of his situation, he retains a certain inviolable dignity.

SOTILLO

Well, Mitchell, are you in a more communicative frame of mind?

MITCHELL

Less, if anything.

SOTILLO

I see.

He glances at the MAJOR, slightly at a loss.

MITCHELL

And I can't think that General Montero will be very pleased to discover me in this condition.

This hasn't occurred to SOTILLO: he frowns, then comes to a decision and composes his features into a kind of queasy grin.

SOTILLO

I am of a forgiving disposition, Mitchell. Be thankful for that. (Gestures to the SOLDIERS). Untie him.

The SOLDIERS hasten to obey his order.

SOTILLO

You are free to go.

MITCHELL

Not without my watch.

He shakes the circulation back into the one hand so far untied and extends it defiantly. SOTILLO glares at him then plunges a hand into his pocket, produces the watch and slaps it ungraciously into the outstretched palm.

CUT

164. EXT. ISLAND OF GREAT ISABEL. DAY.

DECOUD, seen from behind, knee-deep in the sea, watches NOSTROMO scramble aboard the lighter as it glides smoothly away into deep water, its sail flapping in the wind.

CLOSE on DECOUD, his eyes full of panic.

On board the lighter, NOSTROMO takes the tiller and shouts back at DECOUD:

NOSTROMO

Keep close in the ravine. I shall try to come out to you in a night or two.

DECOUD, from his POV, a receding figure, forlorn amid the seaweed. He manages to raise a hand in farewell.

CLOSE on DECOUD: he stands there like a man in a dream, overwhelmingly aware of his own isolation, genuinely frightened for perhaps the first time in his life.

CUT

165. EXT. LIGHTER. DAY.

An axe chops cleanly through the bottom of the lighter. Water floods in and swirls around NOSTROMO's ankles. He springs lightly up on to the taffrail and pauses a moment, looking landward.

166. EXT. SULACO HARBOUR. DAY.

The mainland is about two miles away. The snow-capped peaks tower over the harbour below. On SOUND a splash as NOSTROMO dives overboard.

167. EXT. GOLFO PLACIDO. DAY.

NOSTROMO, swimming strongly. After a while he stops, rolls over on his back. On the smooth waters the upper corners of the lighter's sail waves slightly to and fro. Suddenly it vanishes, as if sucked under by some vicious submarine force.

CUT

168. EXT. RUINED FORT BESIDE THE SEA. DAY.

NOSTROMO scrambles ashore in a sandy cove below the deserted ruins of a once-substantial fort. The steep walls of the fort cast a deep shadow, towards which NOSTROMO stumbles. As soon as he reaches the shade, he sinks to his knees and stretches out full-length on the grass. Almost at once he is asleep.

169. EXT. CATHEDRAL BELFRY. DAY.

CLOSE. A GIANT BELL in the shade of a cathedral belfry. The SOUND

of drums drifts up from the Plaza below. The BELL begins to toll, sounding a deep and sinister note.

170. EXT. PLAZA MAYOR. DAY.

HIGH-ANGLE LONG SHOT. Far below, in the Plaza, an unidentifiable GENERAL MONTERO, on horseback, is leading his rag-tag army into the square, carrying an enormous green and yellow flag flapping in their midst. They are watched by a large and silent CROWD.

171. Outside the sacked Intendencia, with its smashed windows and charred facade, stands GAMACHO, surrounded by a dozen or so nervous-looking officials, making last minute adjustments to his chain of office. Over this, more bells begin to chime: until every bell in the town has combined in a furious exultant clangour.

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

GOULD, MRS GOULD and DR. MONYGHAM are in the middle of lunch, but at the moment they are all transfixed by the thunderous SOUND of the bells. After a while, GOULD turns to the quaking BASILIO and speaks, an edge of irritation in his voice:

GOULD
Shut the windows.

BASILIO hurries to do as he's told, slamming the first window shut in his haste.

173. EXT. PLAZA MAYOR. DAY.

A CLOSE TRACKING SHOT on MONTERO, gaunt as a scarecrow, his carefully preserved cocked hat throwing into even sharper relief the battered remains of his uniform.

Behind him move his TROOPS, an armed mob of all colours, complexions, types and states of raggedness, watched by the intimidated and sullen CROWDS.

GAMACHO looks about him, uneasily aware of the grimness of the atmosphere. Then, touching the shoulder of a nearby OFFICIAL, he lets out a solitary and resounding cheer. Raggedly, those around him take the cue.

MONTERO's TROOPS pour through the square like a torrent of rubbish in a cloud of dust, to the furious beating of the drums.

The SPECTATORS begin to give way to a kind of mindless, infectious enthusiasm.

MONTERO raises a triumphant hand in response to their welcome.

174. EXT. CUSTOMS HOUSE. DAY

CLOSE on SOTILLO, who is visibly agitated and afraid, hearing the distant cheers. He stands outside the open door of the Customs

House, a phalanx of troops in the hall behind him. He mutters to the MAJOR.

SOTILLO
Move everybody out. We're going back on board the steamer.

The MAJOR points upwards into the hall.

MAJOR
What about ...?

SOTILLO understands immediately and interrupts him with a curt nod.

SOTILLO
When we leave, burn the place down.

175. EXT. ISLAND OF GREAT ISABEL. DAY.

DECOUD stands by the tree in the ravine, frowning slightly, as, very faintly, across the Gulf, comes the SOUND of the bells. He shakes his head, sits down beside an open hamper, picks up his linen napkin, and resumes his meal.

176. EXT. INTENDENCIA. DAY.

Seen from over GAMACHO's shoulder, MONTERO advances slowly and deliberately up the steps of the Intendencia, towards GAMACHO, a colossal, menacing figure. GAMACHO is suddenly galvanised into action; he hurries down the stairs and throws his arms round MONTERO, kissing him on both cheeks. The cheers of the CROWD become enthusiastic.

Over GAMACHO's shoulder, MONTERO's expression is stony.

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

The great room presents a striking tableau: against one wall, standing in rigid silence, is the GOULD's entire domestic household: OLD MEN and WOMEN, virtually naked CHILDREN; MAIDS, liveried STAFF and obscure LABOURERS shoulder to shoulder. Staring heads block the doorway. MRS GOULD and MONYGHAM are seated, GOULD is on his feet.

All of a sudden, the bells stop. GOULD looks up, frowning. There's a moment's stillness, then BASILIO bustles into the room.

BASILIO
Don Carlos: General Montero has sent for you.

GOULD
Very well.

He moves swiftly. The WOMEN nervously cross themselves.

MRS GOULD, pale, rises to her feet. DR. MONYGHAM arrives at her elbow and takes her arm as GOULD vanishes from the room.

178. INT. INTENDENCIA. DAY.

The room in which GOULD was once interviewed by GAMACHO has been comprehensively sacked: the mirrors are cracked or broken, the wall tapestries slashed and hanging in tatters. MONTERO, a wild and frightening figure, sits behind the great desk, unshaven and sunken-eyed. GOULD is ushered in by one of MONTERO's AIDES.

MONTERO

We crossed the Cordillera in a snow storm.

GOULD

So I understand.

GOULD takes his seat, entirely cool and self-possessed.

GOULD

I'm sorry to say your cable arrived just too late to prevent the export of the silver. Most unfortunate.

MONTERO

Can't be helped, Don Carlos; and after all, what is one consignment?

GOULD

Quite.

MONTERO

No, until the war is brought to its successful conclusion, it will be my patriotic duty to commandeer the mine itself.

GOULD

I'm afraid I can't allow that.

MONTERO, rattled by GOULD's impassivity, rises and makes his way towards the windows.

MONTERO

I'm not offering you a choice in the matter.

GOULD

I see.

MONTERO opens one of the French windows and looks down at the Plaza below. The SOUND of cheering.

179. EXT. PLAZA MAYOR. DAY.

MONTERO's POV: GAMACHO is addressing a large and enthusiastic CROWD.

GAMACHO

The poor are going to be made rich now.
(More cheers) France, England, Germany.
The United States!

180. INT. INTENDENCIA. DAY.

MONTERO watches as GAMACHO's voice floats up from below.

GAMACHO (V.O)

They are all enemies, exploiters of our country. We shall declare war on them all!

Another cheer goes up as MONTERO turns and begins moving back towards GOULD.

MONTERO

Gamacho. He seems very ... popular.

GOULD

He's well-liked.

MONTERO

He is?

GOULD

He receives a salary from the mine. As, I need hardly remind you, does every Minister in the Government.

MONTERO turns to the AIDE, who has been lurking aimlessly by the door. He speaks to him loudly, his remarks, however aimed directly at GOULD.

MONTERO

Allow Senor Gamacho to complete his oration.

AIDE

Yes, Your Excellency.

MONTERO

Then arrest him and as soon as is convenient, have him garotted.

The AIDE bows and leaves the room. MONTERO smiles at GOULD.

MONTERO

I know I can count on your full cooperation as regards the mine.

GOULD returns his gaze evenly, quite unmoved.

GOULD

I am certainly open to negotiation.

MONTERO

You will not find me ungrateful. A title, perhaps: how would you like to be Count of Sulaco?

GOULD

I don't think I make myself quite clear. European investment in this country, the next instalment of the American loan, business confidence throughout the world, all depend upon the smooth functioning of the San Tome mine. And I will not renounce my control of it in any particular. You may of course have me killed as well. But all you will achieve is the destruction of the mine and the collapse of your country's economy.

Stalemate.

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

MRS. GOULD is pacing up and down, trying very hard to control her anxiety. Facing her, in an armchair so placed that his face is in shadow, is DOCTOR MONYGHAM.

MRS GOULD

A man like Montero, a Minister: how he can bring himself to look any of his old friends in the face, I can't imagine.

MONYGHAM

He'll no doubt begin by shooting some of them - to get over the first awkwardness. Nothing suits your military man who has changed sides so well as a few summary executions.

He sits up hastily, suddenly aware of his tactlessness.

MONYGHAM

Not that he'd dare harm your husband.

MRS GOULD

Are you sure?

MONYGHAM

Of course, of course.

He sinks back in his chair, troubled.

MRS GOULD

You were here when all this happened before, weren't you? During the purge?

MONYGHAM

Yes.

DR. MONYGHAM stares into the distance, unseeing.

182. INT. LANDING. NIGHT.

FATHER BERON, flanked by his military escort, stands in the

doorway, as in MONYGHAM's dream. A fleeting image, almost black-and-white.

183. INT. GRAN SALA. DAY.

CLOSE on DR. MONYGHAM, as he dismisses the vision from his mind.

MONYGHAM

Yes, I was.

MRS GOULD watches him as he rises, in an effort to shake himself free of these thoughts and hobbles towards the window.

MONYGHAM

And even then, they never dreamt of touching his father.

MRS GOULD

But you. Didn't they arrest you?

MONYGHAM stands with his back to her, looking out of the window.

MONYGHAM

Yes.

184. INT. PRISON CELL. DAY.

A black-and-white image. MONYGHAM squats in the straw in a cramped and filthy cell, unfurnished except for a bucket. A bolt is being drawn back. The cell door swings open to reveal FATHER BERON.

BERON

It's time for confession.

185. INT. GRAN SALA. DAY.

MRS GOULD is troubled by MONYGHAM's obvious distress, he looks haunted and ill.

MRS GOULD

Do sit down, doctor.

Without answering, MONYGHAM returns to his armchair, and slumps into it, his eyes closing.

186. INT. INTERROGATION CHAMBER. DAY.

DR. MONYGHAM, in chains, sits on a stool, facing a military tribunal consisting of four OFFICERS in a spacious stone room. At one end of the table is FATHER BERON.

CLOSE on MONYGHAM. A grubby strip of bandage passes across his nose and covers wounds on both cheeks. He shakes his head, his expression a combination of defiance and misery.

BERON (to the tribunal)
This is a waste of time. (Lays down his
quill pen). Let me take him outside.

MONYGHAM looks up sharply, his eyes wide with terror as FATHER
BERON reaches under the table and produces a heavy wooden mallet.

187. INT. GRAN SALA. DAY.

DR MONYGHAM opens his eyes. He looks across at MRS GOULD, his
expression suddenly belligerent, his tone aggressive.

MONYGHAM
They told you I was arrested, did they?

MRS GOULD
Yes.

MONYGHAM
And did they tell you I betrayed all my
friends? Every single one.

MRS GOULD hesitates: then she turns her candid gaze on him.

MRS GOULD
I have heard something of the sort.
Naturally, I didn't believe a word of it.

MONYGHAM softens at once. For a moment he looks at her with
undisguised emotion. Eventually he speaks, moved.

MONYGHAM
Thank you.

Then he looks away, a harder edge entering his voice.

MONYGHAM
Nevertheless, it's true.

MRS GOULD
Then they must have driven you beyond
endurance.

MONYGHAM
They did.

188. INT. TORTURE ROOM. DAY.

A black and white image. CLOSE on MONYGHAM in the dingy room. A
worn leather strap across his chest pinions him to a grimy table.
His mouth is stopped with a leather gag. He turns his face and
nods feebly. The CAMERA begins to TRACK closer as FATHER BERON
leans into picture and removes the gag. Then he bends over
MONYGHAM. VERY CLOSE as MONYGHAM's lips begin to move next to
BERON's ear. An image of the confessional.

189. INT. GRAN SALA. DAY.

DR MONYGHAM's face as he struggles with his memories. He looks up at MRS GOULD.

MONYGHAM

Strangely enough, there's only one thing I can never forgive. He let me live.

190. MRS GOULD is looking at him. She speaks, tenderly.

MRS GOULD

Who?

MONYGHAM

His name was Father Beron. He's been dead for years. Doesn't stop me expecting to see him round every street corner. And never a week goes by without my dreaming he's coming to fetch me.

He breaks off and looks down, his old gruff tone returning:

MONYGHAM

But this is really of no interest or relevance whatsoever.

MRS GOULD continues to look at him. Her eyes full of understanding.

191. EXT. GOLFO PLACIDO. SUNSET.

A brilliantly red sun moves down to meet the waters of the Gulf.

192. EXT. RUINED FORT. SUNSET.

NOSTROMO is still asleep. The sun is moving so fast that we see the shadow move across his face. As the sun shines into his eyes, they open.

A large white VULTURE waits patiently on top of a rubbish-heap.

NOSTROMO sits up abruptly.

The VULTURE hops away in side-long jumps, its bare red neck jerking agitatedly.

NOSTROMO jumps to his feet and waves his arms.

The VULTURE lumbers into its clumsy take-off and soars into the sky. NOSTROMO watches it go.

NOSTROMO

I'm not dead yet.

193. He turns and sits down, his back against the wall of the fort, tinted red by the sun. He takes his face between his fists and narrows his eyes in thought.

NOTE

In the following sequence, NOSTROMO, lit by the unreal red glow of the sunset, contrasts with the strange, bleached-out look of his memories and imaginings.

194. TERESA lies dead, her face white and her hair black against the pillows. She has been crying.

195. NOSTROMO looks away guiltily, then looks out to sea in the direction of the Great Isabel.

196. DECOUD, as last seen by him, knee-deep in the water, looking forlornly out to sea.

197. NOSTROMO gnaws at a knuckle, then frowns as he remembers.

198. The BARS OF SILVER, half-covered with earth, in the ravine.

199. CLOSE on NOSTROMO. TERESA'S VOICE comes in:

TERESA (V.O.)
Your folly will betray you.....

200. TERESA, looking up at him from the bed.

TERESA
...into poverty, misery and death.

201. NOSTROMO turns away from her, but finds:

202. VIOLA speaking to him out of the darkness.

VIOLA
The rich: they keep us as they keep dogs,
to fight and hunt in their service.

203. NOSTROMO looks up, seeing:

204. The mountainous prow of the steamer looms towards him.

205. NOSTROMO flinches. MITCHELL'S VOICE says complacently:

MITCHELL (V.O.)
He's our man, you see. (NOSTROMO spits)
Nostr'uomo!

TERESA laughs. NOSTROMO looks round, goaded.

206. CLOSE on TERESA looking at him.

TERESA

A little praise and a silly name, in exchange for your soul and your body.

207. EXT. RUINED FORT. SUNSET.

NOSTROMO jumps to his feet, shakes his head as if to clear it and runs away towards the harbour.

208. INT. GRAN SALA IN THE CASA GOULD. SUNSET.

The great room is also daubed with the red of sunset. MRS GOULD, seen over MONYGHAM's shoulder, is eaten up with tension. In the background BASILIO is clearing away the tea things. At the SOUND of approaching footsteps, she jumps up.

GOULD appears in the doorway. He's so preoccupied he hardly responds to MONYGHAM, who's scrambling to his feet, or MRS GOULD, who touches his arm with an expression of profound relief.

MRS GOULD

You're safe.

MONYGHAM

I was by no means certain the fellow would let you go.

GOULD

Neither was I.
(turns to Basilio)
Have my horse saddled.

MRS GOULD

Where are you going?

GOULD turns to her, as BASILIO leaves the room.

GOULD

To the mine. That greedy swashbuckler means to take it.

MRS GOULD

What will you do?

GOULD

(glancing in the direction of the square)
I must get away from here - and set the dynamite.

MONYGHAM

You're prepared to destroy it?

GOULD

If necessary.

MONYGHAM shakes his head dubiously.

GOULD

The silver is gone and I'm glad of it. It's a pity that the Italian isn't here, we need someone to go over the mountains and fetch back Barrios. He and his rifles seem to be our only hope. (he pauses a moment) We have a little time. Montero's men are exhausted; and, by the way, Sotillo's turned up. Montero intends to take over his forces. I wish we could devise a means to keep them apart.

MONYGHAM considers for the briefest moment, then blurts out.

MONYGHAM

Leave that to me.

GOULD

What can you do?

MONYGHAM thinks for a moment: then his eyes light up with the simplicity of his idea.

MONYGHAM

If I know Sotillo he's come here after the silver. Suppose I were to convince him it was still in the town?

GOULD looks at him, assessing the idea: finally he speaks decisively.

GOULD

Yes, that might do it.

From below, the SOUND of the horse in the patio.

GOULD goes over to the doorway and turns:

GOULD

You'll find him in the Customs House. Good luck.

MONYGHAM

Thank you.

He vanishes onto the verandah. They hear him clattering down the stairs onto the patio.

MRS GOULD turns to MONYGHAM and impulsively puts out both her hands.

MRS GOULD

(whispers)

Dr Monygham, you are running a terrible risk.

She averts her eyes which are full of tears, then presses both his hands. MONYGHAM stands, as if rooted to the spot, looking down at her. He tries to twist his lips into a smile.

MONYGHAM

I must be off now to serve you to the whole extent of my evil reputation. I know you'll defend my memory.

He turns away abruptly and hobbles across the room. MRS GOULD watches him go.

209. INT. CUSTOM HOUSE. NIGHT.

The great door of the Customs House stands ajar. The SILHOUETTE of a MAN flits across the gap and vanishes. After a few seconds he returns, cautiously peering in through the door. It's NOSTROMO. Gingerly, he advances into the entrance hall.

LONG SHOT. NOSTROMO's POV. The great hall is full of acrid smoke and is dramatically illuminated by two oil lamps which have been left burning. There's the sudden SOUND of a shutter slamming against a wall somewhere above. NOSTROMO gives a little start as the SOUND echoes around the place. Looking up he sees: the SMOKE swaying in the draught under the lofty roof.

SOTILLO's TROOPS have set a fire at the foot of the staircase, which has burned down to a smouldering heap of embers, having failed to ignite the hard wood. A few of the steps are charred and blackened, flickering with occasional pinpoints of red light.

NOSTROMO hesitates at the foot of the stairs and looks up.

At the top of the stairs, a LIGHT from SOTILLO's open door streaks across the vast landing, foggy with drifting smoke. NOSTROMO springs as quickly and as lightly as he can up the staircase, protecting his bare feet against the smouldering wood.

210. He moves along the landing and comes to a stop.

The half-open door seems to beckon him on.

He begins moving again, this time with infinite caution.

TRACKING SHOT, his POV: the DOOR comes closer, so that he begins to see into the room. He stops again. A shadow has appeared, cast against one of the walls: the SHADOW OF A MAN.

NOSTROMO creeps back into the dark angle of the wall, where only his eyes show.

The SHADOW is shapeless and high-shouldered: whoever it is stands upright and motionless with lowered head, apparently doing nothing.

A faint rustling SOUND makes NOSTROMO turn his head. A piece of paper blown by a draught comes floating and scratching along the corridor. NOSTROMO watches it. The paper drifts away to the top of the staircase and disappears.

NOSTROMO, slightly unnerved, turns to check the shadow, which hasn't moved. Then he decides on a retreat. He flits lightly down the stairs, and now, in PANNING CLOSE SHOT, runs smack into a man who has just entered the hallway. Both men are in deep shadow, both let out a stifled exclamation. NOSTROMO leaps back, uncovering a light. The man is DR MONYGHAM. NOSTROMO stays silent, then the DOCTOR moves forward to look at his face.

MONYGHAM

You!

NOSTROMO claps a hand over his mouth and whispers:

NOSTROMO

There's someone up there.

MONYGHAM

Sotillo. I've come to see him.

The extraordinariness of NOSTROMO's presence seems to dawn on MONYGHAM. His voice drops to a whisper as well.

MONYGHAM

What are you doing here? What's happened to the lighter?

NOSTROMO

Sunk. There was a collision.

MONYGHAM registers this, but is distracted by the light upstairs.

MONYGHAM

Just wait here, Capataz.

NOSTROMO watches as MONYGHAM hobbles up the stairs.

211. NOSTROMO takes a step back, ready to run to the open door.

212. INT. LANDING. NIGHT.

MONYGHAM limps briskly along the landing and pushes open the door to SOTILLO's room and stops dead on the threshold, his mouth dropping open in shock.

There's a MAN, standing with his back to him, casting the shadow on the wall. A split second later however, the impression follows of his constrained, toppling attitude: and then his arms become visible. They're tied behind his back and wrenched up so violently that the shoulders are dislocated and the two clenched fists, lashed together, are forced up higher than the shoulder blades.

MONYGHAM overcomes his nausea and his eyes start to travel upwards.

The CAMERA PANS up the rope from the wrists to disclose that it is strung over one of the blackened beams to an iron staple in the wall.

MONYGHAM is fighting a host of terrible memories. His eyes travel downwards:

The MAN's feet are six inches off the ground. There's a pool of blood on the floor.

MONYGHAM makes a supreme effort to pull himself together and calls back over his shoulder:

MONYGHAM
Nostromo! Come up!

213. HIGH-ANGLE, looking down on NOSTROMO. He hears MONYGHAM's voice.

MONYGHAM (V.O.)
Come up and see what Sotillo has done.

Reluctantly, NOSTROMO begins to move towards the stairs.

214. INT. SOTILLO'S QUARTERS. NIGHT.

MONYGHAM moves into the room, approaching SOTILLO's desk. The SOUND of NOSTROMO's bare feet, slapping against the wood. MONYGHAM perches on the edge of the desk, glancing up as NOSTROMO appears in the doorway, shaken by what he sees. MONYGHAM, his old calm self again, gestures in the direction of the body.

MONYGHAM
Tortured; and then shot dead. Getting cold. Why, I wonder.

NOSTROMO
Who is it?

MONYGHAM shakes his head. NOSTROMO looks at the body. It is hanging against the light of two guttering candles, through a blue haze, which makes his eyes smart. NOSTROMO lifts up one of the candles in its heavy iron candlestick and moves towards the body.

The twisted arms and the back of the MAN's head come closer and closer.

NOSTROMO begins circling the body.

The light of the candle moves across the victim's face. It is HIRSCH.

The candlestick drops out of NOSTROMO's hand and clatters to the floor, snuffing out the flame. Behind HIRSCH, the black windows become alive with stars.

NOSTROMO
Hirsch! It's Hirsch. He was hiding in the lighter -

MONYGHAM
- and Sotillo must have picked him up.

NOSTROMO
So Sotillo knows - ?

MONYGHAM
Everything.

NOSTROMO
Everything?

MONYGHAM
(gesturing towards the body impatiently)
Of course.

NOSTROMO stands staring at him, aghast.

MONYGHAM
I'll tell you what, Capataz, if Hirsch told Sotillo the lighter was sunk and the silver lost, I don't think he could bear to believe him. He wants it too much.

NOSTROMO remains very still. MONYGHAM looks at HIRSCH and murmurs to himself.

MONYGHAM
But why shot?

CUT

215. INT. SOTILLO'S QUARTERS. DAY.

It is broad daylight. HIRSCH, his arms tied behind his back, is bundled into the room and jerked to a standstill in front of SOTILLO.

SOTILLO
Now, are you ready to tell me the truth?

HIRSCH
I have told you the truth.

SOTILLO
Liar!

He makes a sign and there is a sudden rush to activity. HIRSCH is dragged back under one of the beams from which a rope dangles. One end of the rope is pulled through the 'V' of his tied wrists. TWO SOLDIERS take up the other end of the rope which goes through a staple in the wall. HIRSCH's arms rise behind his back. The pain begins. He looks down at SOTILLO:

HIRSCH
Mercy ...

SOTILLO
Then speak.

HIRSCH
(manages to gasp)
I have told you everything.

SOTILLO pushes his chair back, gets up, makes another signal then hurries towards the door.

The TWO SOLDIERS at the end of the rope begin to pull hard. A yell of agony bursts out in the room.

SOTILLO opens the door but fails to get out in time.

The SOLDIERS let go of the rope.

A BIG KNOT halts the rope as it catches in the staple. HIRSCH lets out a scream which is immediately taken over and drowned out by MUSIC.

216. INT. LANDING, STAIRCASE AND HALLWAY. DAY.

Out in the corridor SOTILLO slams the door behind him. The terrified SENTRY presents arms. SOTILLO hurries along the landing. The great staircase comes into view.

SOLDIERS are coming out from all directions across the hall, looking upwards, alarmed and curious.

SOTILLO reaches another door and opens it.

217. INT. OFFICE IN THE CUSTOMS HOUSE. DAY.

SOTILLO slams the door behind him and hurries to a wooden chair in a small room - another abandoned office - and sits down. The screaming MUSIC continues. SOTILLO closes his eyes and lowers his head. More screams. SOTILLO brings his hands up to cover his ears. Immediate SILENCE.

218. EXT. SULACO HARBOUR. LATE AFTERNOON.

The harbour in full sunlight with the mountains towering above. The only SOUND, the gentle lapping of the waves.

CUT

219. INT. SOTILLO'S QUARTERS. LATE AFTERNOON.

LONG SHOT. HIRSCH dangles, silent now, on the estrapade. He is alone. The sun has changed position and its reflection from the waters of the harbour makes an ever-running ripple of light along the walls. The SOUND of footsteps approaches outside.

HIRSCH raises his head very slightly. He hears the door open and shut. A paper on the desk is caught in the draught and blows gently past SOTILLO's riding whip and revolver on to the floor. HIRSCH breathes in gratefully. The sound of footsteps come nearer and stop.

SOTILLO is looking up at him.

SOTILLO
This is your last chance. Where did you
hide the silver?

HIRSCH
It sank. It must have - your steamer

SOTILLO
You expect me to believe that?

HIRSCH
But it's true!

HIRSCH's fear and frustration erupt in a whining wail which has the effect of infuriating SOTILLO. He seizes the riding whip, raises his arm and strikes:

SOTILLO
You lying Jew.

All traces of pain and fear suddenly leave HIRSCH's face. He gestures for SOTILLO to approach.

SOTILLO leans closer, waiting for the confession. Suddenly it comes, in the form of a great arc of spittle, projected into SOTILLO's face with maximum force and accuracy. SOTILLO drops his whip and springs back, crying out in astonishment. Then, in a reflex action, he grabs the revolver from the desk and fires twice, at point-blank range, into HIRSCH's heart. SOTILLO's hand drops to his side. He turns from ungovernable rage into idiotic stupor, appalled at what he has done.

The MAJOR bursts into the room followed by several SOLDIERS.

MAJOR
Why have you killed him?
He will never speak again.

For an instant, SOTILLO's eyes betray blind panic. Then he wipes his face with his sleeve and answers with brazen confidence.

SOTILLO
He told me everything I wanted to know.

The MAJOR guffaws cynically.

CUT

220. INT. SOTILLO'S QUARTERS. NIGHT.

A match is struck. DR MONYGHAM is relighting the candle dropped by NOSTROMO. He shakes his head, murmuring:

MONYGHAM
But why shot?

NOSTROMO
It's likely that before long we shall all
be shot - by Montero or Sotillo.
(getures towards Hirsch)
We may even get the estrapade - or worse.

MONYGHAM

Listen, Capataz, you run no great risk: everyone will think you are dead.

NOSTROMO

That would be very true, if I had not met you.

MONYGHAM is stricken for a moment.

MONYGHAM:

Do you mean to say you think I may give you away?

NOSTROMO

Why not?

MONYGHAM stretches out his arm almost affectionately towards NOSTROMO's shoulder.

MONYGHAM

I'm going to tell you a very simple thing. You are safe because you are needed. I would not give you away because I want you.

NOSTROMO

What for?

MONYGHAM

Someone must go to San Cristobal and bring back Barrios. Don Carlos believes you are the only man who could do it.

NOSTROMO is looking at him intently, pictures forming in his mind.

MONYGHAM

A locomotive would take you up to the railhead. Then of course you would have to ride over the mountains and make your way through four-hundred miles of enemy country to the sea. Fortunately the coaster is still in the harbour and we believe you could be back with Barrios in ten days.

A pause, then:

NOSTROMO

Just suppose I went to San Cristobal. What would you do meanwhile?

MONYGHAM glances at HIRSCH and unconsciously lowers his voice.

MONYGHAM

The plan is that I should distract Sotillo by telling him I can help him find the silver.

NOSTROMO

Then you can look forward to a speedy death.

MONYGHAM

Maybe. Do you know what. I think that when the time comes and some real information must be given, I shall indicate the Great Isabel. What's the matter?

NOSTROMO has given a low exclamation.

NOSTROMO

You must be mad.

MONYGHAM

What do you mean?

NOSTROMO

Three men could search that whole island in half a day. Then there would be nothing for Sotillo to do but cut your throat.

MONYGHAM

You have another suggestion?

NOSTROMO

Tell him it's sunk.

MONYGHAM

That has the merit of being the truth. He will not believe it.

NOSTROMO

Tell him it's in shallow water where he may hope to lay his hands on it, and he will believe you quick enough. Tell him it has been sunk in order to be recovered afterwards by divers. He has a ship, boats, rope, chains and sailors. Let him fish for it. Let his fools drag backwards and forwards and crossways. He will spend days in rage and torment. He may even forget to kill you.

MONYGHAM

Capataz, I begin to believe you are a great genius in your way.

NOSTROMO

There is something in a treasure that fastens upon a man's mind. He will suffer greater torments than he inflicted on that poor wretch.

He moves to the doorway and turns towards HIRSCH.

NOSTROMO

You man of fear! You shall be avenged by me, Nostromo. (Monygham's eyes are bright with excitement). Out of my way, Doctor.

MONYGHAM grabs at him but is pushed aside.

221. NOSTROMO comes along the landing, MONYGHAM in pursuit.

MONYGHAM

Wait - !

NOSTROMO hesitates long enough for MONYGHAM to grab his arm.

MONYGHAM

Where are you going?

NOSTROMO

To find Captain Mitchell. I have something important to tell him.

MONYGHAM

Are you mad? You'll be recognised as soon as you set foot in the docks.

NOSTROMO considers for a moment.

NOSTROMO

Could I see Don Carlos?

MONYGHAM

I will not let you go into the town for anything. You would be betrayed.

NOSTROMO breaks away, making for the stairs, but MONYGHAM manages to hang on, tottering beside him on his crippled feet. They reach the charred stairway and start to go down into the black, smoky hall.

MONYGHAM

The town is full of talk about you and the treasure being spirited away. That doesn't please Montero; he's furious at you for the rescue of the President, and having lost the pleasure of shooting Decoud.

This stops NOSTROMO for a moment.

NOSTROMO

Decoud.

He looks desperately towards the sea.

MONYGHAM

You need not feel responsible for Decoud, he was doomed from the moment he touched those rifles - long before you met him.

NOSTROMO gives a short bitter laugh and slowly steps down into the hallway.

MONYGHAM

Now, you must get away from here, Capataz. Some of Sotillo's men might turn up. Go to the inn. No one would think of searching for you there.

NOSTROMO

I am betrayed.

He looks around wildly, then makes for the gap in the great door, closely followed by MONYGHAM who stumbles after him.

CUT

222. EXT. RAILWAY TRACK BY ALBERGO VIOLA. NIGHT.

MONYGHAM out by the railway track, still walking fast. NOSTROMO stops, catches MONYGHAM roughly by the shoulders, turns him around and thrusts his face close to his.

NOSTROMO

My friend Sidoni, the undertaker, says you have an evil eye.

MONYGHAM

He ought to know. I saved his leg for him last year, and I offer you the best way of saving yourself - let me go - and retrieving your great reputation. Let me go, hombre.

NOSTROMO releases him abruptly. MONYGHAM watches him closely, but he walks on slowly. The DOCTOR hobbles by his side. NOSTROMO stops again.

The Albergo Viola is within a stone's throw, silent and inhospitable.

NOSTROMO

She died?

MONYGHAM

Yes.

NOSTROMO

Without a priest?

MONYGHAM

Who could have got a priest for her last night?

(he touches him on the arm)

Now go in, Capataz.

NOSTROMO stares at him but says nothing.

I am going to arrange your departure with the chief engineer. You will have their fastest locomotive to make a dash down the line - one hundred and eighty miles - to the construction camp. They will have orders to give you a horse, clothing - anything you want. (Monygham claps him on the shoulder) I shall be back before daybreak.

NOSTROMO watches as he starts off down the track with his smart, lame walk.

CUT

223. The door of the Albergo is opened by VIOLA. He stands looking at NOSTROMO, bewildered and unbelieving.

VIOLA

She said you would come back -

He throws his arms around him, sobbing. LINDA and GISELLE appear, unable to speak then they too throw their arms around him. NOSTROMO makes signs for them to be quiet and shepherds them back into the room. He carefully bars and locks the door. LINDA becomes anxious.

LINDA

What?

NOSTROMO

I will tell you, but first, Viejo, I have to eat.

CUT

224. INT. DINING ROOM AT THE ALBERGO D'ITALIA UNA. NIGHT.

NOSTROMO sits at the head of the table, eating greedily, watched by VIOLA and the TWO GIRLS.

Into the ensuing silence comes the hiss and clatter of an approaching railway engine.

NOSTROMO

I must go.

LINDA

No.

He stands up, but she catches hold of his arm.

LINDA

You should not leave us again, Gian' Battista!

NOSTROMO

I have to do this, Linda.

LINDA

Why? Why must you put yourself in such terrible danger?

NOSTROMO struggles to free himself from her grip. GISELLE suddenly speaks with a surprising quiet authority.

GISELLE

Let him go. He is a man.

LINDA shoots a furious glance at her sister, but in her surprise she's released NOSTROMO, who now hurries to the door.

225. EXT. ALBERGO D'ITALIA UNA. NIGHT.

A LOCOMOTIVE, with no carriages, bears down the track under a great head of steam, shot through with shafts of red light from the fire box. The siren lets out a low hoot.

NOSTROMO stands in the doorway of the Inn. LINDA and GISELLE on either side of him. He kisses LINDA and turns to GISELLE. She throws her arms around him impetuously, looking up into his face, her eyes full of hero-worship. NOSTROMO hesitates a moment, taken a little by surprise, then kisses her on both cheeks, then turns to see:

The ENGINE, slowing almost to a standstill. The DRIVER, a huge, black, bare-chested man helps MONYGHAM down from the footplate on to the track. He stumbles, only just keeping his balance.

NOSTROMO sprints across the open ground and, timing it perfectly, leaps gracefully on to the footplate. As he disappears into the cab, the engine bursts into full power, wheels spinning.

The faces of the TWO GIRLS watch spellbound as the sound of the ENGINE gathers speed.

MONYGHAM watches as the engine disappears into a cloud of red and white steam.

The GIRLS remain where they are, listening to the sound of the retreating engine, gathering speed all the time. Great tears are rolling down LINDA's cheeks. In the distance there is the sound of gunfire. LINDA puts an arm round GISELLE and draws her close.

MONYGHAM stands where he is, exhilaration in his eyes. The siren blows again, a long triumphant blast of SOUND. Its echo bounces hauntingly back off the mountain range.

CUT

226. EXT. ISLAND OF GREAT ISABEL. NIGHT.

Across the gulf, fainter but still distinct, comes the echo of the siren, eerie and disembodied. It stops DECOUD in his tracks. He's been pacing up and down the white beach. He looks out across the water, troubled, sensing that he's been abandoned.

CUT

227. EXT. HIGH SIERRA. DAY.

MUSIC. CLOSE SHOT NOSTROMO, wrapped against the cold, reins in his horse at the top of a mountain pass. He sits contemplating the task before him.

Far below, the great forests and plains of Costaguana stretch away as far as the eye can see. MUSIC gains in strength.

NOSTROMO considers the sight for a moment, pats the horse on the neck and urges it forward.

CUT

228. UNDERWATER. DAY.

PALE HANDS move over the ocean floor, exploring. A dozen half-naked MEN are fanned out in more or less shallow water. Their breath is running out and one by one they push off for the surface.

SOTILLO is peering anxiously over the side of his ship. Sharing the picture with him is the dark outline of the Great Isabel, some two miles away. The DIVERS begin to surface close to the ship's hull. They look upwards, shaking their heads.

SOTILLO, his temper rising, gestures for them to go down again.

The DIVERS, gasping for breath, turn and submerge.

CLOSE on MONYGHAM, seated on a hatch. He looks from the DIVERS to SOTILLO, then cautiously into the distance to the South.

CUT

229. EXT. DESERT. NIGHT.

NOSTROMO on horseback, moves away from the CAMERA through the bizarre and twisted shapes of giant cacti, standing like deformed sentinels in a wierd landscape.

CUT

230. EXT. ISLAND OF GREAT ISABEL. NIGHT.

DECOUD, unshaven and demoralised, stands as if looking after him. It is pouring with rain and it's not clear whether raindrops or tears are rolling down his cheeks.

CUT

231. EXT. SALT FLATS.

A shimmering miasma of heat-haze and dust from which two GHOSTLY SPECTRES gradually emerge: NOSTROMO and his HORSE, which he is leading across a vast expanse of salt.

CUT

232. INT. SAN TOME MINE.

GOULD also appears to be watching NOSTROMO's progress, but he turns away anxious, revealing a CLOSE SHOT of wire, detonators and plungers.

90. *00012*
NOSTROMO
Monygh
Monte
Decoud
7.70
SOTILL
Barric

A LONG SHOT reveals the distant outline of GOULD approaching under the black vaulted roof of the mine. In foreground DON PEPE holds up a lantern. A WORKMAN is pushing explosive into a hole.

CUT

233. EXT. SANDY BEACH. PRE-DAWN.

A WAVE, sparking in the moonlight, curls over and crashes onto a sandy beach around the legs of a HORSE. NOSTROMO sits astride the horse, looking ahead at:

Distant points of light at the end of a long stretch of sand. NOSTROMO looks cautiously towards the land and then, silhouetted against the moonlit sea, speeds from a walk to a trot, to a canter. Crouched low in the saddle he races full tilt through the shallow water into a LONG SHOT.

The MUSIC has reached a crescendo and stops.

CUT

234. EXT. RAVINE ON THE ISLAND OF GREAT ISABEL. PRE-DAWN.

A pre-dawn light. The lid of a biscuit-tin snaps up to reveal a distorted reflection of DECOUD. He makes an adjustment to his fashionably-knotted cravat and smooths down his hair. He has shaved and made every attempt to restore his habitual elegance. He reaches into the pocket of his frock-coat, brings out his revolver and checks the bullets in the chamber. Then he slips on the frock-coat and fastidiously arranges his cuffs.

235. FOUR INGOTS OF SILVER are placed in the bottom of the little dinghy. Then DECOUD pushes it out and scrambles aboard.

236. EXT. DINGHY AT SEA. DAWN.

The dinghy is out in the gulf now. DECOUD sits motionless, his oars shipped, his head up, his expression serene. He is waiting. The dawn from behind the mountains puts a gleam into his red-rimmed eyes. His VOICE comes over the scene.

DECOUD (V.O.)
Martin Decoud, editor of the 'Porvenir' newspaper, a publication dedicated to increasing the wealth of its proprietors, died early today of disillusionment.

He leans forward and begins putting the ingots into his pockets.

DECOUD (V.O.)
Additional causes of death were named as melancholy, silence and solitude. Like so many intellectuals he was not equipped to exist in a world where irony and scepticism have no place.

237. EXT. GOLFO PLACIDO. DAWN.

LONG SHOT. The sun comes up over the mountains and the gulf bursts into a glitter all around the little boat.

DECOUD (V.O.)

In the end, having lost all belief in his own reality, he decided to cut the string.

CUT

238. EXT. DECK OF STEAMER. DAY

A DRAGNET, dripping water, is hoisted on to the deck of SOTILLO's steamer. SOTILLO, in a state of near frenzy, falls to his knees and delves into the pile of rubbish. MONYGHAM, dishevelled and unshaven, watches apprehensively as SOTILLO nears the bottom of the pile. He finally pulls away a clump of seaweed to disclose a small fish flapping on the deck. This somehow exasperates SOTILLO. He rises to his feet, goes over to MONYGHAM.

SOTILLO

Thief! You are trying to hide it for yourself! But I know it is here! I see it! I feel it (tapping his stomach) - in my gut! Major - !

CUT

239. CLOSE on MONYGHAM's hands being tied behind his back.

A LONGER SHOT shows a rope being lowered from a derrick. They are about to give him the estrapade. SOTILLO's MEN are gathered around in a ragged circle, watching. MONYGHAM succeeds in composing his features into an expression of stoical contempt. The rope lowers into picture behind him. SOTILLO watches uneasily, preparing to make his retreat. But he becomes aware of a strange throbbing sound behind him. Everyone is beginning to react.

As SOTILLO turns around he is blasted by the sound of a SHIP'S SIREN. A black shadow slides up his chest, covers his face and spreads right across the deck crowded with upturned FACES looking at:

A LINE OF SOLDIERS sliding past, their new rifles pointing down at them from the rail of BARRIOS' transport.

CLOSE on MONYGHAM. He is just becoming aware of what's happening.

CLOSE on NOSTROMO and BARRIOS looking down from the bridge. NOSTROMO hurries off, BARRIOS makes signs for SOTILLO's SOLDIERS to raise their hands in surrender.

From his POV, the deck of SOTILLO's steamer. The slow-moving shadow of the transport's funnel belches smoke across the upturned faces of SOTILLO's men.

NOSTROMO jumps down from the transport on to the deck of the steamer. From a high angle we see him pushing through a forest of raised arms looking for MONYGHAM; the shadows of the swirling smoke making strange patterns around him. MONYGHAM stands alone and unguarded. NOSTROMO begins to release him.

SOTILLO stands nearby, his hands above his head, watching the untying with rising panic. NOSTROMO frees MONYGHAM's wrists and steps around to face him.

NOSTROMO

Where is

A movement has caught his eye. SOTILLO is lowering his right hand towards his revolver. NOSTROMO rushes him. SOTILLO turns and runs, shouting and pushing through his men at surprising speed. NOSTROMO catches him at the far side of the steamer against a white bulkhead. The CAMERA focusses on the shadow of their TWO HEADS haloed in swirling smoke. NOSTROMO's fore-arm comes up under SOTILLO's neck. His head is forced up, and with a sudden jerk his neck breaks with a sound like a muffled pistol shot. CLOSE on MONYGHAM. CLOSE on BARRIOS. They see NOSTROMO pick up the body and dump it unceremoniously over the side.

CUT

240. EXT. DECK OF BARRIOS' COASTER. DAY.

NOSTROMO and BARRIOS on the bridge of the coaster, smoke billowing up behind them from the funnel. NOSTROMO sees something, raises a pair of binoculars.

The DINGHY comes into focus, drifting on the still waters. NOSTROMO is momentarily shocked and troubled. Then he turns to BARRIOS and says, matter-of-factly:

NOSTROMO

General - I should like to save that little boat. She belongs to my company.

BARRIOS

(guffaws)

Are you asking me to stop?

NOSTROMO

No, mi General. I can swim better than I can ride.

CUT

NOSTROMO is balanced on the bridge rail. He pushes off in a perfect dive and disappears under the water.

Cheering and laughing SOLDIERS look down at him, brandishing their new rifles.

CLOSE SHOT, NOSTROMO rises to the surface, raises a hand in acknowledgment and strikes off towards the dinghy.

CLOSE SHOT, MONYGHAM standing on the lower deck, looking at him fascinated and curious.

CUT.

241. EXT. GOLFO PLACIDO. DAY.

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

In his imagination he hears the sound of a shot followed by a splash. He looks into the water, certain now of what happened.

242. UNDERWATER.

DECOUD's BODY, sinking through the blue, leaving a trail of blood.

CLOSE on DECOUD's pearl-handled REVOLVER as it lands on the ocean floor. His WATCH snakes down nearby, springing open as it hits the sea-bed.

NOSTROMO ponders this for a moment, then looks at the Great Isabel, over a mile away. He considers for several seconds, then picks up the oars and starts to row, looking towards the receding mainland.

CUT.

243. EXT. ROAD TO SAN TOME MINE. DAY.

MONTERO and his SOLDIERS, now smartened up and fully armed, are on the road to the MINE. They reach the spot where GOULD and his WIFE first listened to the rumble of the chutes. MONTERO holds up a hand and the clatter of the horses hooves quieten. MONTERO looks up greedily.

The JUNGLE and the MOUNTAINS, the rumble of the MINE.

The SOLDIERS are looking up. MONTERO gives the signal to move on.

CUT.

244. EXT. THE GREAT ISABEL. DAY.

NOSTROMO drags the DINGHY behind a rock on the white sand beach of the Great Isabel. He walks towards the ravine, looking around him, very conscious of DECOUD. He sees something and stops. A SPADE is sticking up in the waving grass near the tree. NOSTROMO shakes his head at the carelessness and moves on.

He pulls the spade out of the ground and, seeing something else, takes a step or two forward. From his POV we see the grass has been turned back exposing bare earth. The CAMERA TRACKS further

forward to disclose a hole and the glint of SILVER shining in the sun.

CUT.

245. EXT. MAIN ENTRANCE. SAN TOME MINE. DAY.

The main entrance GATES of the MINE are being pushed open. MONTERO slowly leads his men through into the courtyard containing the hospital and main offices. There is no one to be seen. The noise of the chutes has stopped and there is silence except for the chatter of the birds. MONTERO looks warily around, seeing nothing. He raises his hand and urges his mount slowly forward.

An ominous line of RIFLES points down from the half-closed hospital windows.

HIGH ANGLE their POV. MONTERO and his TROOPS coming into the courtyard.

GOULD is standing quite still behind another line of RIFLES.

MONTERO stops, looking around suspiciously. The SOLDIERS become nervous.

A line of RIFLES pointing downwards through iron bars.

MONTERO, now at a standstill, openly apprehensive. The SOUND of footsteps. He looks around suddenly.

GOULD is walking towards him across the courtyard with a firm, even step. He comes to a halt looking up at MONTERO, a pace or two in front of his horse.

GOULD

You and your men are completely surrounded. We are armed with the latest automatic rifles just arrived from France. (he shouts over his shoulder)
Barrios - !

Almost immediately there is a sharp fusilade of rifle fire. A largish branch from an over-hanging tree crashes to the ground, leaves quivering.

GOULD

I must also warn you that the mine has been stacked with enough dynamite to bring the whole mountain down on us all.
(pointing upwards)
Don Pepe has been given instructions.
(calls again)
Barrios - !

BARRIOS appears on a small balcony. He shouts down an order for MONTERO's men to drop their arms.

Almost immediately a rising clatter goes up as the SOLDIERS obey. The final rattle of rifles is overlaid by a distant salvo of gunfire. White puffs of smoke appear high up in the sky.

GOULD

And that, I hope, is a show of support from our friends in the United States. They are sending in a cruiser, on a friendly visit.

CUT.

246. EXT. PLAZA MAYOR. NIGHT.

FIREWORKS against a night sky. A BAND is playing. High on the steps of the INTENDENCIA an impromptu grandstand has been erected. On it are seated GOULD and MRS GOULD next an AMERICAN ADMIRAL in full dress uniform. MONYGHAM and CAPTAIN MITCHELL have an empty chair between them.

An ARMY of MINERS pour past the Intendencia to the SOUND of pipes, cymbals and tambourines, beaten by their INDIAN WOMEN.

A FOUR-WHEELED VEHICLE appears, headed by a beaming BARRIOS on horseback. It is drawn by black DOCKERS and carries a LARGE CAGE.

Inside is MONTERO, stripped to the waist. He's too tall for the cage and his gleaming bald head rests at an angle against the roof. He wraps his hands around the bars and spits at the CROWD which responds with jeers and salvos of rotten fruit.

CLOSE SHOT. MONYGHAM and MITCHELL find themselves looking at the vacant seat between them. MITCHELL shakes his head in despair. MONYGHAM shrugs.

DISSOLVE.

247. EXT. GREAT ISABEL. EARLY MORNING.

Early morning sun strikes across the ravine on the Great Isabel. The first butterflies are flitting across the long grass around the treasure and NOSTROMO is seated, propped up against his favourite tree, happy and at peace.

After a few moments he sits up a little and takes a silver ingot out from under his legs. He examines it with an almost sensual pleasure, gently wipes off a smudge of earth with his fingers and glances across to the mainland. Returning to the ingot he says quietly to himself:

NOSTROMO

I must grow rich very slowly.

On SOUND the 'ting-ting' of a BELL.

CUT

248. EXT. PLAZA MAYOR. DAY.

The WHEEL of a TRAM starts with a loud clang.

Inside the brand new tramway car LINDA and GISELLE stagger down the aisle and fall into a spare seat. They are three years older than before. The dark-eyed LINDA a quiet beauty, her sister, blue-eyed and ebullient with an eye on her appearance.

Through the window we see that the tram is moving up one of Sulaco's side streets, the GIRLS interested in every passing thing. GISELLE looks up, nudging her sister:

The ARM OF THE TRAM sending sparks off the overhead cable.

The GIRLS laugh, delighted, but the tram begins to grate and groan; it is entering the PLAZA MAYOR. They stare at the passing shops, coloured awnings and smartly-dressed pedestrians. GISELLE points again. On the far side they are passing an elegant fountain. The SOUND of an ORCHESTRA fades up and they are sliding along a pleasant open-air cafe with bright sunshades, elegant guests and an orchestra.

The DRIVER clangs his bell impatiently. They are overtaking a HORSE-DRAWN CARRIAGE. The GIRLS, peering through their window, see a passing display of trunks and suitcases plastered with foreign labels with the letters "C.G." GISELLE exclaims:

GISELLE
The Goulds. They're back.

A MEDIUM SHOT shows the GOULD CARRIAGE piled high with luggage, followed at a little distance by the GOULDS themselves seated in a MOTOR CAR driven by BASILIO.

CUT.

249. EXT. PATIO IN THE CASA GOULD. DAY.

DR. MONYGHAM, dressed in frock coat, wing collar and bow tie hurries across the patio towards the door, a line of SERVANTS behind him. He stops in CLOSE SHOT, his face alight.

MRS GOULD, framed in the great door of the Casa Gould steps into the light of the patio. She throws back her travelling veil, smiling at MONYGHAM with great warmth. For a moment it seems he might kiss her.

MRS GOULD
Well, Doctor Monygham, have you missed us?

MONYGHAM
I've ...

He breaks off, temporarily overcome. GOULD appears.

GOULD
Doctor. (they shake hands crisply)

MONYGHAM
I've had a light luncheon prepared for you. In the garden.

GOULD

Not for me. I'm going up to the mine.

MONYGHAM notices MRS GOULD's distress.

GOULD

You stay and have it. (to his wife) Catch up on all the gossip.

MRS GOULD watches him hurry towards the verandah steps. Trying to control her emotion she turns to MONYGHAM.

MRS GOULD

Don't go yet.

CUT.

250. EXT. WALLED GARDEN OF CASA GOULD. DAY.

MONYGHAM and MRS GOULD sit at a table in the garden, MONYGHAM sips his coffee. Fine jets of water sparkle in the sunshine above the flower beds.

MRS GOULD

I wish Charley hadn't gone straight off to the mine. It would be good to have him to myself for this one evening. (she looks around the garden) In this place I love so much.

MONYGHAM

And how did you enjoy your... Grand Tour?

MRS GOULD

Very much. We saw in the new century in Vienna. Crossed the Atlantic on the new Cunarder and visited the great man in San Francisco. First time I ever met him. He has tremendous power. He's known to millions of people, but do you know, Doctor Monygham, (lowers her voice to a whisper) he's rather dull.

MONYGHAM

Too many material interests.

MRS GOULD smiles sadly.

MRS GOULD

Charley worked far too hard, poor boy. But it's been the most colossal success. And that's what's important. Don't you think?

MONYGHAM hesitates, torn for a moment.

MONYGHAM

There's a strange thing about success: it has its own necessities and they can be very destructive. In its way the San Tome Mining Company is as oppressive as the barbarities of the Civil War.

MRS GOULD (genuinely appalled)
How can you say that?

MONYGHAM

I think it's true.

MRS GOULD

But surely, to create something lasting: what could be more important than that?

MONYGHAM

Love, perhaps?

MRS GOULD

I think love, as we call it, is only a short moment of intoxication, a delight one remembers with sadness, like a bereavement.

She breaks off, conscious of having revealed too much. MONYGHAM watches her, holding his breath.

MRS GOULD

Perhaps you're right. But Charley could never see it like that. It's not his fault.

Another silence. The rumble of the mine drifts in on the wind.

MRS GOULD

Yes, you are right. And his father was right too. It's a terrible success. A new kind of curse on the last of the Goulds. (almost to herself) Material interests.

A moment passes. The rumble dies away. MRS GOULD raises her head and smiles.

MRS GOULD

And you, dear friend. Do you still dream of Father Beron?

MONYGHAM

Gone. (gestures at himself) Look at my new finery. I'm a changed man. Thanks to you.

Their eyes hold each other for a moment. Then she breaks into a quick smile.

MRS GOULD

And what is the gossip?

MONYGHAM

Barrios is drinking himself to death in jovial company. Montero has apparently been traced running a disorderly house in Buenos Aires.

MRS GOULD

Oh dear. And Nostromo?

MONYGHAM

He goes from strength to strength, almost as if he had some secret power. He's master of his own schooner, and goes trading up the coast as far as the Gulf of California. He told Mitchell he was making his fortune. And he's greater with the populace than he ever was before.

MRS GOULD

Has he married Linda yet?

MONYGHAM

No: and the rumour is that the sister has caught his eye.

MRS GOULD

I cannot believe it of that child.

MONYGHAM

He's very attractive.

MRS GOULD

I feel I have a duty towards those girls. Couldn't you have a word with him?

MONYGHAM (shrugs)

The incorruptible Capataz. It's strange, that man has succeeded in everything except in saving the silver. Was it lost? I've always thought there was a mystery about our Nostromo ever since it disappeared.

MRS GOULD stares at him, collects herself:

MRS GOULD

I don't think we should be talking like this.

MONYGHAM

You're right. I'm sure it's all the same to me how he makes his money. Even so, a schooner

CUT.

251. EXT. SCHOONER. DAY.

NOSTROMO's beautiful SCHOONER appears round a rocky point of the GREAT ISABEL.

NOSTROMO stands on the deck, deeply sunburned and smartly dressed, a pair of binoculars around his neck. All of a sudden his jaw drops. On top of the cliff above the ravine where the silver is buried is a nearly finished LIGHTHOUSE still surrounded by scaffolding.

With a great effort to control himself he goes over to the wheel and makes a sign to the HELMSMAN to go in close under the cliffs. As the wheel is swung over NOSTROMO returns to the rail. WORKMEN swarm over the site, two of them wave down to the schooner. NOSTROMO has the presence of mind to wave back, then raises the binoculars to his eyes.

The white-sand BEACH is coming into view around the rockface. It is deserted. He lowers the binoculars, much relieved, raises them again. The RAVINE itself is sliding into picture. The waving grass, the tree, undisturbed.

NOSTROMO lowers the glasses with relief. But he sees something above the ravine and raises them again. A LIGHTHOUSE-KEEPER'S HOUSE is under construction on the slope below the lighthouse.

CUT.

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

NOSTROMO appears through the glass door of Captain Mitchell's office, knocks and enters. He has changed into a smartly cut tropical suit and carries a small leather case.

MITCHELL

This is an unexpected pleasure, Captain.
When did you get in?

NOSTROMO

About an hour ago.

MITCHELL

Oh, please sit down. (watches him admiringly) I like your suit.

NOSTROMO

Thank you. (sits) English cloth.

MITCHELL

Successful trip?

NOSTROMO

Very.

And he raises a foot to display a new and very painted shoe.

NOSTROMO

Panama. (sits back) I saw the lighthouse. Excellent idea.

MITCHELL

Well, thank you, Captain.

NOSTROMO

Have you by any chance appointed a keeper?

MITCHELL

I've given a good deal of thought to that.

NOSTROMO

Old Giorgio Viola, I know, is thinking of selling the Albergo.

MITCHELL

Isn't he a little too old to be taking on new responsibilities?

NOSTROMO

He has his daughters. Linda is like her mother: practical and reliable.

MITCHELL is clearly a little dubious.

NOSTROMO

I have never asked a favour of you before.

MITCHELL looks at him, surprised by the gravity of his expression.

MITCHELL

You're quite right. Nor you have.

NOSTROMO continues to look at him, but says nothing more.

MITCHELL

And a good many well-feathered citizens in this town owe their very existence to you.

NOSTROMO allows him to dwell on the thought for a second or two, then rises and holds up his leather case.

NOSTROMO

I must be off to the bank before they close.

CUT.

253. EXT. LIGHTHOUSE. DAY.

The LIGHTHOUSE is completed. It stands on top of the cliff, a white tower against a blue expanse of sky and water. The small figures of NOSTROMO, LINDA and GISELLE are approaching it up the grassy pathway from the house.

VIOLA stands watching them from the open door of his new home, delighted by NOSTROMO's visit.

254. INT. LIGHTHOUSE. DAY.

Inside the lighthouse LINDA comes clattering up the circular wooden staircase leading NOSTROMO by the hand with GISELLE bringing up the rear. They enter the small lamp room. LINDA says proudly:

LINDA

There

It is an extravaganza of glass. On the outside the panes reveal an impressionistic infinity of sky and sea: on the inside, the revolving mechanism surrounding the lamp consists of magnifying glass, blacked-out panels and prisms.

NOSTROMO bends forward examining the optics. LINDA, her eyes bright, watches him.

LINDA

All I do is trim the wicks and check the oil.

She pushes a lever and the revolving mechanism purrs into life and begins to revolve.

LINDA

And this carries the beam right across the Gulf.

She stands looking down at him as he leans forward fascinated by the workings. He looks up to find her looking at him, her face magnified through the glass of the mechanism, her eyes glittering with excitement until a blacked-out panel passes in front of her and she disappears.

NOSTROMO, a little put out, straightens up to find that GISELLE is also looking at him. She turns away staring languidly out across the gulf. LINDA looks quickly from one to the other, says to her sister:

LINDA

If you weren't so lazy, paid a little attention, you might learn something.

GISELLE

I've told you before, I don't understand machines. Gian Battista, why did you have us banished to this island?

LINDA

You know the Albergo was far too much for father. Don't be so ungrateful.

GISELLE

I'm not ungrateful. Really I'm not.

A slightly uncomfortable silence is broken by the SOUND of VIOLA'S VOICE calling "Linda ..!" LINDA switches off the mechanism and hurries away.

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

CLOSE on NOSTROMO. The footsteps reach the bottom of the stairway, the door bangs, there is silence. He turns his head to see:

LINDA running away down the footpath towards the house.

GISELLE is also watching her.

LINDA crosses the yard and disappears through the door.

LONG SHOT, the whole room with the lamp and the revolving mechanism in foreground. GISELLE has turned away and is looking out through the window. NOSTROMO goes over and stops close behind her. Neither moves for a moment. Then, looking out over the sea, she says:

GISELLE
Nothing but sky and water.

She turns and looks up into his face.

GISELLE
I like to dance.

The mournful cry of a seagull floats up from below.

They stand looking at each other. Then move together and fall into each others arms, kissing passionately. After a moment they draw apart, seeing each other as if for the first time.

MUSIC begins, echoing the sad cry of the gull, entwined with a sinuous sensuality. They fall on each other again, his hands clutching at her body. Their lips have scarcely met when the sound of the door echoes up the stairs.

LINDA (V.O.)
Gian Battista! Father is ready with
lunch. (laughing) He's made you your
ragout!

NOSTROMO and GISELLE are both transfixed, looking down the stairwell. He manages to call back:

NOSTROMO
Yes! Coming -

CUT.

255. MEDIUM CLOSE. It is NIGHT and the BEAM from the lighthouse sweeps across the screen and:

Enters GISELLE's bedroom. She is lying on her bed, wide awake, the erotic MUSIC continuous. The LIGHT sweeps away leaving her face a dark outline against the sheet. She turns towards the window. The LIGHT comes and goes.

256. The BEAM, not so intense now, discloses NOSTROMO. He is sitting in a small boat tied below the steps leading up to his schooner, looking out across the gulf. The beam passes. The MUSIC fades as he glances anxiously around. He waits a moment. The light crosses him again. As soon as it goes he quickly pulls out a small bag from under his seat and hurries up on to the deck.

256. CLOSE on the REVOLVING MECHANISM inside the lighthouse, the prisms and lenses alive with light.

257. CLOSE on LINDA sitting in a rocking chair, sewing.

258. NOSTROMO quietly locks the door of his small cabin, places the bag on his desk and gently takes out a shining bar of silver. In CLOSE UP he places it on the desk top. The SOUND of screaming gulls fades up as another and another bar is set beside it.

CUT.

259. EXT. ISLAND OF GREAT ISABEL. DAY.

The SCREEN is filled with screeching seagulls.

The source of their indignation is NOSTROMO, who now climbs into frame, moving up the rocky slope leading from the main beach to the lighthouse. It's late afternoon and he's wearing his white shirt and red sash. He stops, uncertain, seeing a shadow moving out from behind a large rock. It is VIOLA, a rifle in his hand. As soon as he sees that it's NOSTROMO he puts the rifle up and embraces him.

VIOLA
Gian Battista!

NOSTROMO looks at the gun, puzzled.

VIOLA
There's a thief somewhere on this island.

NOSTROMO
What do you mean?

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

He points down towards the ravine. NOSTROMO laughs uneasily.

NOSTROMO
You must have imagined it.

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

NOSTROMO stares at him.

VIOLA
Is something the matter?

NOSTROMO
No. I came to talk to you. About Linda.

CUT.

260. VIOLA sits himself on a wooden bench against the wall of the house. He looks up at NOSTROMO, amused.

VIOLA

Speak.

NOSTROMO sits, hesitates and finally says:

NOSTROMO

You know what Senora Teresa asked me, the night she died.

VIOLA's smile becomes broader.

VIOLA

Yes.

NOSTROMO

It has been a long time and I ...

VIOLA holds up a hand.

VIOLA

That is your due.

NOSTROMO (hesitates, then:)

Linda runs the lighthouse. You depend on her for that and many ...

VIOLA has started to laugh, pats NOSTROMO on the leg.

NOSTROMO

So instead I have come to ask if ...

But VIOLA is on his feet, shouting.

VIOLA

Linda!

NOSTROMO rises to his feet, horrified. From inside the cottage comes the sound of LINDA's voice answering her father. VIOLA turns to NOSTROMO.

VIOLA

I am so happy, my son.

LINDA appears in the doorway. VIOLA turns to her:

VIOLA

Here is your man. Your husband.

A rapturous expression lights up LINDA's face. She runs over to NOSTROMO and buries her head in his arms.

LINDA

I was yours ever since I can remember.

Over her head his eyes are tormented, but he holds her close. Suddenly his eyes widen.

GISELLE is standing in the door, staring at her sister and NOSTROMO. She hears her father's voice saying:

VIOLA (V.O.)

Your mother's dearest wish is fulfilled.

LINDA turns and sees GISELLE. She breaks away from NOSTROMO and hurries over impulsively to cover her sister's face with kisses. GISELLE stands there looking at NOSTROMO.

LINDA

What is it? Aren't you happy for me?

GISELLE

Yes, of course. I ... suppose I was surprised.

LINDA kisses her cheek again, laughing reassuringly.

VIOLA

The old man knows where to find a bottle of wine.

CUT.

261. The sun has set. The LIGHTHOUSE rears up, sharply silhouetted against the evening sky.

A table is drawn up by the bench where LINDA now sits with NOSTROMO, her head resting against his chest. GISELLE sits with VIOLA at the table. She watches him pour the last of the wine into his glass and raise it, a little befuddled, towards the couple. LINDA suddenly sits up.

The top of the LIGHTHOUSE, dark against the sky.

LINDA is rising to her feet.

LINDA

The light -

She kisses NOSTROMO and runs. VIOLA looks after her, laughing. He turns to GISELLE

VIOLA

And you, little one, pray give you a man like this for a husband.

He smiles at NOSTROMO and rises.

VIOLA

I am going to cook something.

NOSTROMO watches him vanish into the house. He turns to find GISELLE's eyes burning into him.

GISELLE

I could hate you, Gian Battista.

He comes and sits opposite her at the table.

NOSTROMO

I came here to ask for you, not your sister. He misunderstood.

He puts his hand on hers. She looks down at it, very conscious of the physical contact. The sinuous MUSIC begins again, quiet and persistent.

GISELLE

Now you have told her you love her I may have some peace.

NOSTROMO

I have told her nothing.

She stares at him, torn and suspicious.

NOSTROMO

Listen, Giselle, I shall say no word of love to your sister, because it is you that I love.

The beam from the lighthouse sweeps over them. GISELLE jumps almost as if she had been touched, pulling her hand away. The MUSIC has stopped. The light moves away leaving them in the dark again, both a little breathless. They speak very quietly.

NOSTROMO

And you love me.

GISELLE

Of course.

He looks towards the door and gives her his hand. She takes it eagerly.

NOSTROMO

Come -

They rise and move off quickly.

262. Up in the LAMP ROOM, LINDA moves away from the light, wanders over to her chair and sits.

263. NOSTROMO pins GISELLE back against a white wall on the side of the house, their dark shapes writhe and entwine. The LIGHT comes again illuminating an upside down boat, ropes and chains, but leaving them in the dark.

264. VIOLA bends his leonine head over a charcoal fire. He is preparing an artistic frittura which is beginning to sizzle in the heat.

265. CLOSE on NOSTROMO and GISELLE's faces. They are on the ground now and he's kissing her passionately. Her head arches back. She murmurs:

GISELLE

Be gentle -

And she gasps aloud. The MUSIC creeps in again. She looks up into his eyes. He kisses her gently on the lips.

The MUSIC continues over the whirr and click of the LIGHTHOUSE mechanism. Moving shafts of light kick up brilliant highlights from the shining metal and produce changing colours of the spectrum through the prism.

LINDA sits staring at the mechanism. The MUSIC continues. She looks around the room disturbed by conflicting thoughts. Then she turns back to the lamp as the MUSIC fades.

NOSTROMO and GISELLE are still now. She is crying a little. He kisses her on the cheek, gently and caressing. She whispers:

GISELLE

What will become of me? And Linda - poor
Linda.

She tries to get up but he holds her down.

GISELLE

I shall die of fear before my poor sister.
Betrothed today to you, my lover. I cannot
understand you. Why have you done this
cruel, frightful thing.

NOSTROMO

I was afraid I might lose you.

266. MEDIUM CLOSE, looking up at the lamp room past the metal balcony. LINDA stands behind the glass windows looking around uneasily. As the BEAM comes scything around towards her she moves along the window.

267. The LIGHT floods the house, the wooden bench and the open door. As soon as it passes, NOSTROMO and GISELLE hurry along the front of the building. He sits on the bench, she goes to her place at the table. They hesitate, trying to sit normally, taking in the lighthouse and the open door, a dim light shining up the passage. They continue to speak in whispers.

GISELLE

What have you done, my beloved, my master.
You cannot leave me now. Take me away
tonight from my fear of Linda's eyes,
before I have to look at her again.

NOSTROMO

I can't. Not yet.

GISELLE

Why?

NOSTROMO

You must give me a week. Perhaps two. And then we will sail away and never return to this island. Or this country.

GISELLE puts out her hand to him. He takes it.

GISELLE

Tonight, Gian 'Battista.

NOSTROMO

No. But soon. I will come for you soon. Like a thief.

VIOLA's VOICE calls "Giselle ..!" GISELLE sits up, shocked. NOSTROMO rises to his feet.

NOSTROMO

Tell him I couldn't stay.

And he slips into the darkness. VIOLA's shadow comes up the passage and he appears in the doorway.

VIOLA

Where is he?

GISELLE

Gone.

VIOLA

Let him go. (laughs) No matter how fair the woman, it galls a little. And a man should not be tame. Ha!

CUT.

268. EXT. LIGHTHOUSE. NIGHT.

LINDA stands looking out past CAMERA in front of the revolving lamp; aureols of light streaming out around her hair. On SOUND, the erotic THEME is playing, taunting her and becoming more and more ugly as her jealousy rises. She comes to a decision and moves off down the stairs. The MUSIC continues as:

LINDA quietly opens the front door of the house. She stands looking down the corridor at their bedroom door. She moves down the corridor towards it. It comes closer and closer. She stops in front of it, then takes a breath and flings it open. The MUSIC stops.

GISELLE is sitting in the open window, dressed in her nightdress, her back to CAMERA, immobile. A burning candle flutters in the draught from the door.

LINDA stands glaring at her. GISELLE is rigid with terror. Behind her in the doorway LINDA looks at their two empty beds. Then she

leaves abruptly and hurries away down the corridor, quietly shutting the front door behind her.

CUT.

269. NOSTROMO, walking as fast as he can, carries two heavy bags out of the ravine and across the beach to his small boat on the water's edge. He carefully lowers the bags into the bottom of the boat, turns, looks around the clifftops and finds himself looking at the distant light burning in the bedroom window. He hesitates. Turns to look down into the boat, turns back again. He stands staring at the light, his desire rising. He moves back up the beach.

270. GISELLE rises uncertainly to her feet in the bedroom. She takes a step towards the window, doubting her instincts.

The window and the blackness beyond. After a moment, NOSTROMO appears in the light of the candle. She gives a little gasp. He climbs stealthily into the room and they fall into each others arms, kissing passionately.

CUT.

271. The DESERTED RAVINE, the tree and the moonlit beach. The SILVER THEME, strange and rather ominous.

272. NOSTROMO's little boat drawn up on the glistening sand, hidden by the rocks. The MUSIC restless, gaining in strength.

273. The TWO BAGS of SILVER in the bottom of the boat. The MUSIC swells.

274. EXT. CORDILLERA. DAY.

LONG SHOT. The sunlit peaks of the CORDILLERA rising above the distant town and the still waters of the GULF.

275. Beneath the water the bizarre remains of DECOUD, half hidden behind gently waving seaweed, the SILVER THEME hovering around him.

The gleaming SILVER INGOT protruding from a pocket.

276. The MUSIC also hovers over NOSTROMO as, in the best of spirits, he comes up on to the deck of his schooner now moored off the jetty. He walks to the stern and goes down the steps into the little boat. Two CREWMEN lower a new and rather large canvas bag into the boat.

NOSTROMO pushes off from the schooner and picks up the oars. He is about to start rowing when he stops, feeling that someone is looking at him. He turns and looks up.

MONYGHAM is standing on the jetty looking down at him, with what is popularly know as his evil eye. NOSTROMO, disconcerted, nods up at him and pulls away.

MONYGHAM looks after him, intrigued and uncertain. The SILVER THEME continues over NOSTROMO rowing the little boat out towards the Gulf.

277. INT. GRAN SALA . EVENING.

Sun streams through the windows of the Gran Sala as MRS GOULD supervises a number of servants preparing the room for an evening reception. Tables are being set and flowers arranged as the TELEPHONE rings. MRS GOULD hurries over and picks it up.

MRS GOULD

Hello.

As she tries to control her feelings the MUSIC makes itself heard again.

MRS GOULD

But it's much too late to cancel.

She listens again, then:

MRS GOULD

Couldn't you make an exception? Just this once.

278. INT. GOULD'S OFFICE AT THE MINE. EVENING.

GOULD sits on the window-sill of his office up at the MINE. It is built inside a great cavern overlooking the upper workings and contains, as well as the usual office furniture, a bed.

GOULD

I won't bore you with the details but it simply has to be sorted out, they're making impossible demands. Try to enjoy this evening.

A click on the line.

MRS GOULD in obvious misery slowly replaces the receiver. The SILVER THEME continuous.

GOULD walks away from CAMERA until he is swallowed up in the darkness of the mine.

CUT.

279. EXT. GULF. EVENING.

NOSTROMO is shipping his oars out in the middle of the gulf. Nothing to be seen except the dark outline of the Great Isabel, the sun low. He opens the canvas bag, draws out two bottles of wine and throws them overboard. He takes out several loaves of bread,

some pots of jam and a bunch of bananas, throws them in too. He picks up the oars again and starts to row.

LONG SHOT. The SMALL BOAT crawling slowly away across the smooth surface of the gulf to the accompaniment of the SILVER THEME.

CUT.

280 INT. LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER'S HOUSE. LATE EVENING.

VIOLA is taking his gun out of a cupboard. GISELLE sits in the window watching him anxiously.

GISELLE
Why are you doing that?

VIOLA
You can't be too careful.

GISELLE
There's nothing to steal here.

VIOLA
My savings. You.

GISELLE shakes her head, impatient.

VIOLA
You don't understand, child.

CUT.

281. Up in the LIGHTHOUSE, LINDA lights the lamp and starts the revolving mechanism. She goes over to her chair and sits, looking haggard and unhappy.

CUT.

282. In full moonlight NOSTROMO walks away from his boat concealed behind a rock, a dark figure against the sparkling sea. He comes around a corner into the sandy cove and stops looking up at the clifftops. No one to be seen. The BEAM from the lighthouse crosses him. He looks towards the house: the light is burning in GISELLE's window. He hesitates, then:

LONG SHOT, NOSTROMO sets off up the beach. As he approaches the grass a SOUND, close by, stops him dead in his tracks. It is the click of a RIFLE BOLT.

VIOLA raises his gun and fires.

NOSTROMO, hit in the chest, is flung backwards on to the sand.

The lighthouse BEAM passes over VIOLA, his eyes wide and staring.

VIOLA'S POV: NOSTROMO groans, his body black against the moonlit sand. He manages to twist onto his side. As he does so, the brilliant red of his sash catches the light.

VIOLA frowns in recognition, lowering the rifle from his shoulder. He shakes his head dismissing the idea.

The LIGHTHOUSE door is flung open. LINDA steps into the moonlight, looking wildly around.

NOSTROMO lies on the sand gasping with pain.

GISELLE rushes into the ravine skimming through the grass as though on tiptoe, her nightdress streaming behind her. She passes her father and falls to her knees beside NOSTROMO.

GISELLE
Gian' Battista!

VIOLA's eyes narrow in puzzlement as GISELLE takes NOSTROMO's head in her hands and rests it on her thigh.

VIOLA doesn't move. Suddenly LINDA arrives and stops next to him.

CLOSE on GISELLE and NOSTROMO.

GISELLE
Why did you come tonight?

NOSTROMO
I wanted you.

LINDA recoils as if from a blow.

VIOLA
Why does he speak in Gian' Battista's voice?

LINDA looks at him without answering. She moves away and stops a few feet from NOSTROMO and GISELLE. VIOLA remains in foreground of picture, a black silhouette against the moonlit beach, NOSTROMO and the two sisters.

CUT.

283. INT. GRAN SALA IN THE CASA GOULD. NIGHT.

MRS GOULD sits in the middle of the Gran Sala, the party is over, most of the lights are out and two SERVANTS are taking away the last of the glasses and cutlery. MONYGHAM hobbles into the room.

MRS GOULD
What is it, Doctor?

MONYGHAM
There's been an accident. Nostromo's been hurt - badly.

MRS GOULD rises to her feet in alarm.

MONYGHAM

I've had him brought downstairs into the patio. He wants to see you.

MRS GOULD

Me?

MONYGHAM

He has something to say to you, alone.

She shakes her head.

MONYGHAM

Yes. (suppressing his excitement) He wants perhaps to tell you something, concerning the silver.

MRS GOULD

Oh, no. Isn't it lost and done with. Isn't there enough treasure without it to make everybody in the world miserable.

284. EXT. PATIO IN THE CASA GOULD. NIGHT.

BASILIO and two SERVANTS are at the gate trying to push it shut against a curious CROWD. In a corner of the patio surrounded by a small knot of SERVANTS, NOSTROMO is lying on an improvised stretcher, his chest tightly bandaged. GISELLE kneels at his side trying to control her sobs.

MRS GOULD and MONYGHAM come down the stairs into the patio. The long train of her evening gown flashing with jewels. NOSTROMO watches them arrive, says weakly:

NOSTROMO

Giselle.

GISELLE

Yes.

NOSTROMO

Go with the doctor for a moment.

Reluctantly GISELLE allows the DOCTOR to lead her away. MRS GOULD, indifferent to her gown, kneels on the ground at NOSTROMO's head.

MRS GOULD

How has this happened?

NOSTROMO

The old man thought he was shooting a thief. He was right.

MRS GOULD

What do you mean?

NOSTROMO

The silver your husband ...

MRS GOULD

Yes?

NOSTROMO

I stole it.

Except for the CROWD outside there is silence as MRS GOULD comes to terms with this. MONYGHAM is staring across at them, overcome with curiosity. NOSTROMO beckons MRS GOULD to come close.

NOSTROMO

I want to tell you where I hid it.

MRS GOULD

No. (she pauses) No, Capataz. No one misses it now. Let it be lost forever.

A weak smile spreads across NOSTROMO's face. MRS GOULD turns and beckons GISELLE and DR. MONYGHAM. NOSTROMO reaches up for GISELLE's hand. As she takes it his head slumps to one side. He's dead.

285. EXT. LIGHTHOUSE. NIGHT.

LINDA steps up to the rail of the metal balcony surrounding the lamp room. A great cry goes ringing out across the placid waters of the gulf.

LINDA

Gian' Battista!

286. EXT. PATIO. CASA GOULD. NIGHT.

NOSTROMO's body is raised from the floor of the patio by a group of SERVANTS. The big doors are pushed open.

MONYGHAM whispers to MRS GOULD, his voice alive with curiosity:

MONYGHAM

Was I right? He told you -

MRS GOULD

He told me nothing.

He does not believe her. She turns to GISELLE, puts an arm around her, holding her close.

NOSTROMO is carried towards the door. Outside an immediate ripple runs through the crowd muttering his name.

GISELLE is shaken with sobs. A spasm of something almost like bitterness crosses MRS GOULD's face.

MRS GOULD

Console yourself, child. Very soon he would have forgotten you for his -

GISELLE (whispers)
Senora, he loved me. He loved me.

MRS GOULD
I have been loved too.

For the first time she falters.

287. EXT. STREET. NIGHT.

NOSTROMO is being carried into the street. Night PROWLERS, the poorest of the poor, stand looking up at the stretcher, whispering his name.

MONYGHAM comes up to MRS GOULD and GISELLE.

MONYGHAM
Goodnight, Mrs Gould.

She looks at him, doing her best to hide her feelings. On a sudden impulse he bends forward and kisses her on both cheeks. Then stands back, fearing he has gone too far. But a smile comes to her face and she suddenly throws her arms around him. Then she stands back.

MRS GOULD
Come to lunch tomorrow; dear Doctor
Monygham.

MONYGHAM
Thank you.

She puts an arm around GISELLE and leads her towards the balcony stairway.

MONYGHAM watches them. Then, with new-found confidence he straightens up and turns towards the door.

NOSTROMO'S BODY moves in stately procession down the street. His name is being whispered and called from one to another: "Nostromo, Nostromo". The great CATHEDRAL BELL begins to toll.

DOCTOR MONYGHAM comes to a standstill in the street. He shakes his head in wry astonishment at the triumphant apotheosis of NOSTROMO.

Up ahead still just visible, is the stretcher carrying his body: his name being called out almost exultantly from man to man.

DISSOLVE.

288. The sun is out and the butterflies are flitting above the waving grass at the foot of NOSTROMO'S TREE.

The TITLES fade in over the image.

END