

San Antonio

Created by Ray Uzwysyn

Episode: Witches of Bexar County

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1900 Aquarena Springs Dr.
#22202
San Marcos Texas 78666
850-725-0266
ruzwyshyn@gmail.com

FADE IN:

EXT. MESQUITE TEXAS FOREST EDGE - NIGHT

A summer harvest ritual around a bonfire. Bodies glisten as a group of San Antonio saloon girls, DEMME, PROSPER/PERSE (TWINS), MARIA DEL CARMEN and ALEJANDRA place garlands in each others hair.

MARIA DEL CARMEN
Handmaids of the harvest.

ALEJANDRA
Are you willing to pick up our
work?

GROUP
Yes.

Fields of wheat blow in evening wind next a distant tree line.

EXT. BUCKHORN HOTEL BALCONY - NIGHT

Outside the second floor of the Buckhorn, Amadeo Delgado rises from his bed seeing the bonfire. He steps onto his balcony.

AMEDEO
Alex, take a look here. Alex,
Alejandra?

Delgado turns.

AMEDEO (cont'd)
Alejandra, where the hell are you?

The bed is empty.

EXT. MESQUITE FOREST EDGE - NIGHT

Alejandra throws an embroidered handkerchief into the fire.

ALEJANDRA
Ariadne's web, golden threads,
Prosperina's seeds.

Maria del Carmen watches the handkerchief magically dissolve into flames. Shadows of previous Alamo Battles are seen through flames.

DEMME picks up the ax and hurls it at a tree.

INT. NAVARRO BEDROOM - NIGHT

In his bedroom General Navarro wakes suddenly as if struck.

 NAVARRO
 (blinking awake)
 My. . . heart.

He looks at his Mexican generals uniform hung on a coat rack.

Fields outside lie empty under the harvest moon.

EXT. MESQUITE FOREST EDGE - NIGHT

The ax sticks. Demme walks over and pulls the blade out.

 DEMME
 Not bad.

She gives the mesquite another couple blows.

 DEMME (CONT'D)
 (straining)
 Perseverance overcomes obstacles.

The bonfire flames show shadowy Alamo battles.

EXT. SAN ANTONIO MAIN STREET SALOON - NIGHT

In San Antonio streets, SHERRIFF JACK HAYS takes off his badge and examines the reflections. A playing card has fallen on the ground behind him: the Ace of Spades.

He looks up: Starlight and Venus in the sky.

Hays turns to pick up the card, placing it in his pocket.

EXT. SAN ANTONIO FOREST EDGE - NIGHT

Maria del Carmen throws open sheaves of wheat with garland flowers to form a harvest bed.

Ties of the saloon girls robes loosen.

Perse and Prosper jump through the fire together.

EXT. SAN ANTONIO COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Walking home on a country road toward his Mission, Franciscan Brother Antonio, notices the distant bonfire.

BROTHER ANTONIO
Something wicked this way comes.

He closes a bible and mumbles to himself.

BROTHER ANTONIO
Dios mio.

EXT. SAN ANTONIO FOREST EDGE - NIGHT

Out of the bonfire's depths, a cart drawn by horses and rider merge onto San Antonio country roads. The GUNMAKER, an imposing dark figure, drives his horses. Huge hands navigate horses reigns.

GUNMAKER
Happy is the man that findeth
wisdom and understanding.

A little boy, ANGEL rides by the Gunmaker's side.

ANGEL
For that merchandise is better than
stores of grain.

The cart is loaded heavy with rifles and guns that bump up and down on the country road under the night sky.

INT. BUCKHORN HOTEL - DAWN

Emilio J. Washington barges in on Amadeo Delgado who works on the Buckhorn's books, a STATUE of Prosperina on Amadeo's desk. Alejandra now sits beside him back in saloon attire.

WASHINGTON

Amadeo.

DELGADO

Not now, Washington.

WASHINGTON

Amadeo, I need to. . .

DELGADO

Not now, Washington, I'm in the middle of doing these damn taxes.

WASHINGTON

Boss, this is important. . .

DELGADO

Washington, didn't you hear me, I just said I'm in the middle of these damn taxes! (To Alejandra). Get me a coffee. . . Alex?

Delgado slaps her butt as Alejandra goes to get the coffee.

WASHINGTON

(agitated)

Boss, this can't wait.

Delgado is surprised.

DELGADO

Washington, this better be good.

Washington takes out a letter.

WASHINGTON

(clearing his throat)

Dear Mr. Delgado, pursuant to our longstanding agreement and being your employee in good esteem and high regard. . .

DELGADO

Washington, cut the BS and don't wear on my patience.

WASHINGTON
(clears throat, starts again)
And so there will be no conflict of
interest.

Alejandra returns bringing Delgado his coffee and a couple
sweet rolls.

DELGADO
Washington, did you hear me? My
patience wears thin.

Delgado notices the flowers and wheat stalks which Alex
places on the desk. He gives her a squeeze as she's leaving,
picking up a roll.

WASHINGTON
Amadeo, the fact of the matter is
I'm quitting.

DELGADO
You're what?

Delgado spills some of his coffee.

WASHINGTON
I'm putting in my letter of
resignation, Amadeo.

Alejandra returns, wiping the spill and giving ET a look.

DELGADO
Pass that by me again, Washington.

WASHINGTON
I'm quitting.

DELGADO
Am I believing my ears.

WASHINGTON
Resigning as Hotel manager.

DELGADO
To do what?

WASHINGTON
Amadeo, Pursuant to my dreams and
ambitions, I'm starting a grain
exchange with Sam Kosar, the San
Antonio News Reporter.

DELGADO

Are out of your noggin!

Delgado walks to his window where a grain exchange sign is hung on a building across the street with bookended paintings of Demeter and Persephone.

The Sign reads 'GRAIN FOR DOLLARS'.

DELGADO(CONT'D)

A grain exchange! What do you know about grain or exchanges. Straight to Hell!

Delgado contemplates the Prosperina statue resemblance.

DELGADO(CONT'D) (cont'd)

When did you start on this flight of fancy?

SAM KOSAR walks into the saloon.

SAM KOSAR

Amadeo, so you've heard the good news.

INT. BUCKHORN SALOON STAGE- MORNING

In the Buckhorn Saloon MARLON PETRUCHIO's theatre company actors butcher a scene from Macbeth.

PETRUCHIO

Stage right. I said right!

Perse and Demme eat breakfast. Behind them an ax and spade from the previous night.

POOR MACBETH #1

The Prince of Cumberland! A step on which I fall or o'erleap for in my way it lies.

The actor leaps but falls on a sheaf of wheat.

POOR MACBETH #1 (cont'd)

(Dusting himself off)

Stars, hide your fires; Let not light see my black and deep desires.

Marlon bangs the spade behind one of the girls up and down.

PETRUCHIO

No, no, no. My God, man, this is
Macbeth not Falstaff! The man's
describing his "black and deep
desires". Try it again.

POOR MACBETH #1 rises from the ground.

PERSE

More gusto!

POOR MACBETH #1

Stars, hide your fires; Let not
light see my black and deep
desires.

The actor eyes Perse sucking on a POMEGRANATE while Demme
lades out a steaming bowl of soup.

PETRUCHIO

Keep your eyes on Banquo not her
pomegranates, man. Remember
Macbeth. Black and deep desires.

ENRIQUE

(From behind bar)

You're making it sound all wrong.

Perse spits out pomegranate seeds and places them on the
plate in front of her counting out six.

POOR MACBETH #1

I'm just not understanding those
lines about fate tossing us all
around. It doesn't sound American.

There is a FARMER'S ALMANAC on the table which Perse and
Demme turn their attention towards - the Winter months.
Petruchio waves for Enrique to pour him a drink.

PETRUCHIO

(to Actor)

My God, man - this isn't American.
It's the Queen's English! The high
season of European renaissance.
"Pluto's chariot man!"

Demme looks up from the calendar and hides the ax.

The actor tries to start the scene again mounting a bale of
hay. Petruchio's frustration is overpowering.

PETRUCHIO (CONT'D)

Down, dogs in kennel! We need a
Banquo and Macbeth who are adept.
You're navigating witches for
Godsake.

Demme and Perse snicker sizing up Poor Macbeth's bodkin.
Demme places her feet on the axe blade as Petruchio
continues to bang the spade threatening damage.

PETRUCHIO

This is the f*** bard! Dios mio
hear my prayer from Heaven thy
dwelling place - I am digging deep
here.

EXT. SAN ANTONIO TOWN COUNTRY ROAD AND FENCE

Carlos de la Troya passes by on a cart with horses stopping
to take a look at the bonfire's ashes.

CARLOS DE LA TROYA

Good shot, Delgado.

DELGADO

My padre taught me well, Carlos.

Jack Hays and Delgado shoot more cans off sheaves.

Carlos gets off his cart and walks over to Hays.

Sheaves of wheat line fall harvest fields near ashes and
remnants of last night's bonfire.

CARLOS DE LA TROYA

Sheriff, draw your gun on me now.

HAYS

Why Carlos?

CARLOS DE LA TROYA

Just do it.

HAYS

I wouldn't do that to you, Carlos.

CARLOS DE LA TROYA

No, please sheriff, you try.

Hays draws his gun. As he does so Carlos does a Capoeira manoeuver throwing down both the gun and Jack.

CARLOS DE LA TROYA (cont'd)
 (proudly)
 You try now, Delgado.

DELGADO
 Now Carlos de la Troya, I couldn't do that.

Delgado tries to draw his gun but Carlos throws the gun and Delgado in a flip.

From the ground, Delgado dusts himself off.

DELGADO
 What is that?

CARLOS DE LA TROYA
 Capoeira, my friends. The fighting style of my Afro-Brazilian roots.

Delgado picks himself up dizzy and wondering what just happened.

DELGADO
 Capo-what?

INT. BUCKHORN HOTEL -RESTAURANT - DAY

Washington and Sam Kosar enjoy a harvest dinner. The restaurant is decorated with wreaths from the night before.

Angel and the Gunmaker eat at another table.

Prosper brings out a platter.

WASHINGTON
 Feast your eyes and thank you, Lord.

Washington winks at Prosper as she puts down the food.

WASHINGTON (cont'd)
 Excuse my Spanish, miss but what's your name?

PROSPER
 Prosper.

WASHINGTON

Prosperity it shall be! You're looking at two new entrepreneurs who will soon be building saloons and theaters from San Antonio to Corpus Christi.

PROSPER

Oh, really.

Smiling, Prosper listens tongue in cheek.

SAM KOSAR

We may build as far up as Austin or East to Houston but let's not get ahead of ourselves, Emilio. We've got a business to run first.

WASHINGTON

Tell me about the spread again?

SAM KOSAR

(winking at Prosper)

It's the spread in prices between the Chicago grain exchange and our prices.

Prosper bends over to fill the flower vases.

WASHINGTON

I do like the sound of that that, assuming the spread.

SAM KOSAR

And with the telegraph we've got a key San Antonio advantage.

WASHINGTON

What's that?

SAM KOSAR

Speed of Information.

WASHINGTON

Speed of information.

Prosper bends over to give Angel a chance to smell one of flower vases. He whisper in her ear and then steals a kiss. She looks shocked.

INT. SAN ANTONIO SCHOOL - DAY

In the school, Elizabeth Hays teaches the children lines of verse for the fall pageant.

MIGUEL ANGEL
(laborious)
When I do count the clock that
tells the time.

ELIZABETH
That's clock, James. Repeat again.
And enunciate

Students giggle.

MIGUEL ANGEL
That's what I said Mrs. Hays.
Clock.

More giggles from the boys. A couple girls just nod their head 'no' to the foolishness.

MIGUEL ANGEL (cont'd)
When I count the clock that tells
the time and see how brave day is
skunked into dark night.

ELIZABETH
Oh my. . .That's sunk.

MIGUEL ANGEL
Sunk, as in a ship?

ELIZABETH
As in Apollo's sunlight descending.
There are no skunks in Shakespeare.
Only San Antonio. This classroom
too, at times.

The children laugh.

ELIZABETH (cont'd)
Girls, lets continue with the
harvest pageant costumes.

A little girl Veronica finds her costume among a couple others quickly changing and resembling Persephone and Demeter.

ELIZABETH
Places please and Veronica start
with "Divine Demeter.

VERONICA

(reading)

"Divine Demeter, giver of seasons
and glorious gifts who of the
immortals or mortal men seized
Persephone and grieved your heart?"

ELIZABETH

Miguel Angel, lines and I already
asked you to put on Hades.

MIGUEL ANGEL

Mrs. Hays?

ELIZABETH

What's the matter now?

MIGUEL ANGEL

My mother said Hades is
anti-Christian and only allowed
here on Dios De los muertos.

Elizabeth picks up one of the cardboard lightning bolts.

ELIZABETH

(exasperated)

By Zeuss, this is a classical
American education so put on your
costume or tell your mother I stuck
a lightning bolt in your Dios de
las Muertos, emphasis on Muertos.

Children's laughter.

EXT. BUCKHORN SALOON - DAY

One of Delgado's men, Enrique accidentally puts a hole in a
full bag of grain with his knife. His attention is focused
on Perse picking flowers.

Delgado witness's Enrique's sloppiness.

DELGADO

Hells bells, Enrique. Watch where
you're sticking that! That's our
daily bread for winter you moron.

Delgado takes the knife from Enrique.

DELGADO (cont'd)
 Keep your eyes on your work and go
 get me a broom. We've got work to
 do.

Enrique runs off. Washington saunters by.

Amadeo slaps Perse on her butt to stop picking flowers and
 go on her way.

WASHINGTON
 I used to handle that a bit more
 delicately, Al.

Delgado places the leaking bag of grain into another bag.

DELGADO
 Help me, Washington.

WASHINGTON
 As they say, you shouldn't cry over
 a little spilled grain, Amadeo.

Enrique comes back with a couple brooms and begins brooming.

ENRIQUE
 You coming back now, Emilio?

WASHINGTON
 No Enrique, Just helping, Amedeo. I
 am on my way to entrepreneurial
 prosperity.

Delgado looks at Washington's shabby long coat, pant hole
 and worn boots.

DELGADO
 (ironically)
 I see..

Delgado ties the bag and gives Enrique a kick.

DELGADO(CONT'D)
 Be more careful Enrique and
 Washington, to every time a season.

INT. SANTIAGO MANOLIN'S GENERAL STORE - DAY

In the store, the Gunmaker and Angel conclude a transaction
 with Santiago Manolin for Manolin's purchase of the guns for
 his store.

SANTIAGO MANOLIN
Two hundred and forty.

GUNMAKER
A fair exchange.

ANGEL
New and shiny guns.

The pair exit passing Sherriff Hays as he enters.

HAYS
Speak of the devil.

SANTIAGO MANOLIN
If I didn't know better I'd say,
that fellow was Geronimo back from
the happy hunting ground.

HAYS
That pair do seem somehow wrong for
God fearing America, don't they?

Jack looks back.

SANTIAGO MANOLIN
Classical Rome too. I can find no
better word than Pagan heathens.

The pair laugh together.

HAYS
Pagan heathens in San Antonio eh?
That makes two bizarre things I've
heard today.

SANTIAGO MANOLIN
What was the first?

HAYS
That boy told another child that
Alejandra Delgado was his mother.

INT. BUCKHORN SALOON - DAY

Amadeo Delgado enters carrying one of the bags of grain over his shoulder. In the saloon, Demme and Alejandra examine pages of the actors' Macbeth crib books.

ALEJANDRA
 'All hail, Macbeth!'

Navarro follows shortly after.

DEMME
 'Glamis thou art, and Cawdor, and
 shalt be What thou art promised'.

DELGADO
 Go tell it on the mountain.

ALEJANDRA
 That's not Shakespeare?

DELGADO
 I never said it was. It's from our
 gringo baptist brothers. A hymn.

INT. BUCKHORN SALOON RESTAURANT - DAY

Petruchio, Navarro and the missionary, Brother Antonio sit
 around the dinner table while Prosper and Perse, hover.

PETRUCHIO
 (smiling at the girls)
 Brother Antonio, can I ask if you
 have any real knowledge of witches?

BROTHER ANTONIO
 I have read the Malleus Melficarum.

PETRUCHIO
 Is that Latin?

BROTHER ANTONIO
 The Spanish translation but yes,
 from 1484.

Antonio pulls out a strange looking book from his bag.

BROTHER ANTONIO
 Pope Innocent VIII, deputized two
 Dominicans to deal with the
 problem.

PETRUCHIO
 What was that.

BROTHER ANTONIO
 (matter-of-factly)
 Satanic compactions with the female
 sex.

Navarro takes a bite of an apple off the table.

NAVARRO
 That begins further back with a
 snake and Eve, father.

PETRUCHIO
 Gentlemen, I was thinking more
 along the lines of Shakespearean
 demonology.

BROTHER ANTONIO
 I apologize but I only know Roman
 Catholic demonology.

NAVARRO
 Both foolishness!

PETRUCHIO
 I suppose in the same league as the
 theatre and other epic tragedies of
 American tradition,

Navarro stands up and begins to leave.

PETRUCHIO (cont'd)
 General Navarro, we're putting on a
 production of Shakespeare's Macbeth
 her. I hope you'll attend.

INT. HAYS'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - DREAM SEQUENCE

Jack Hays dreams of the Gunmaker on a shooting range
 outside town.

GUNMAKER
 The road you have traveled, Sheriff
 - familiar and easy. The one you
 enter in the middle of life's
 journey, rough and uneven.

Angel takes practice shots at a row of cans. Hays doesn't
 seem to get shot as the boy shoots his gun as he passes.

ANGEL

Get out of the way, Mr. I'm practicing.

The boy shoots directly at Hays but the bullets fly through him.

GUNMAKER

He's practicing his words? Didn't you hear them, Sheriff? Let the boy practice.

Angel takes another shot at Hays.

Hays walks over to Carlos de la Troya next to a flowing stream.

Carlos bends to the stream's flowing water cupping his hands before getting a drink.

CARLOS DE LA TROYA

Be like water, Delgado.

The stream irrigates wheat fields.

HAYS

I'm Hays, Carlos.

Carlos de la Troya offers the water to Hays.

CARLOS DE LA TROYA

Be like water, Delgado.

Sound of gunshot.

Sherriff Hays abruptly awakes.

INT. BUCKHORN SALOON ALEJANDRA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Demme and Alejandra pull Petruccio onto a velvet couch. Two wreaths from the previous ritual sit on a desk table.

There is also a needle with golden thread and petite point. On it is pictured, a classic scene with Amphritite and Poseidon.

DEMME

Put us in the play.

ALEJANDRA
At least as understudies.

DEMME
Or what about a lady in waiting for
Lady Macbeth.

ALEJANDRA
I'd prefer lady Macbeth.

PETRUCHIO
You can both try out for the scene
where Macbeth disciplines Lady
Macbeth.

The women giggle.

DEMME
I don't seem to remember that
scene.

PETRUCHIO
I'll set up a private refresher for
you ladies, toute de suite.

ALEJANDRA
Toute de suite, is that legal?

PETRUCHIO
Have you girls ever heard the term,
Bacchanal?

INT. BUCKHORN HOTEL - RESTAURANT - DAY

Angel and the Gunmaker sit around a table. The gunmaker has
a Tarot deck of an ancient Italian design, THE VISCONTI
DECK, in front of him.

Perse and Prosper twitter at the table opposite the
Gunmaker. A couple more girls, look on from the wings
waiting for their fortunes to be read.

GUNMAKER
Ladies of faith or chance? Faith
that God ultimately bring you into
pleasant fields of Paradise,

The Gunmaker sweeps out the cards and then gathers them up
placing them in Angel's hands who shuffles the larger deck
quickly cutting three piles face down.

GUNMAKER (cont'd)
 Or chance. Who would like her cards
 read first?

Perse tentatively puts up her hand and Angel gives her the first pile to cut which she does.

ANGEL
 To the upright appears light in
 darkness.

Angel looks at Perse and smiles, turning over the card.

The girls twitter.

ANGEL (cont'd)
 The Lovers. And darkness always
 only for a season.

The Gunmaker pushes the next pile towards Perse which she cuts. Angel turns the card around.

ANGEL (cont'd)
 The Hangman. A stubborn season.

Perse tries to puzzle out Angel's comments.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
 Do not bruise wounds you wished
 healed.

Perse cuts the last pile. Angel draws the last card.

ANGEL
 Death.

GUNMAKER
 The reaper. Seasons turn. Change is
 the course of life.

Angel grabs Perse's hand.

ANGEL
 Engraft only such truths that will
 be your guide.

GUNMAKER
 The cards have spoken.

INT. BUCKHORN SALOON STAGE - DAY

Petruchio approaches Delgado and Hays who stand at the bar.

PETRUCHIO

Gentlemen, a pair of our poor
players have skipped town and I
have a Macbeth to put on.

DELGADO

I can't help you there, Petruchio.
I'm not an actor.

Alejandra and Demme approach who both now wear Sexy Scottish
Lady Macbeth and Lady in waiting outfits.

PETRUCHIO

But what about your ambitions?

Hays takes a stiff drink.

PETRUCHIO

Men play many roles in their lives,
Gentlemen.

Alejandra places Macbeth's Scottish cloak and crown on the
barstool.

DELGADO

Where did you get those

PETRUCHIO

Conquistador black of your
ancestor's colors, Delgado. A
Spanish cloak that has traveled
from Madrid courts to Gulfcoast
seashores.

DEMME

And Banquo's sword.

Hays politely looks at the heavy scabbard.

HAYS

Girls, I've not acted in anything
since grammar school and I wasn't
very good at it.

Leticia, Maria del Carmen and Mama Garcia appear stage right
in sexy witch costumes.

FIRST WITCH (MARIA DEL CARMEN)
*When shall we three meet again, in
 thunder, lightning, or in rain?*

SECOND WITCH (LETICIA)
*When the hurlyburly's done, when
 the battle's lost and won.*

THIRD WITCH (MAMA GARCIA)
That will be ere the set of sun.

FIRST WITCH (MARIA DEL CARMEN)
Where the place?

SECOND WITCH (LETICIA)
Upon the heath.

THIRD WITCH (MAMA GARCIA)
There to meet with. . . Macbeth.

All eyes now look towards Delgado and Hays.

PETRUCHIO
 Bravo!

HAYS
 Don't get any ideas yet.
 DELGADO
 and who said you could use my
 cauldrons?

Alejandra covers Delgado with the cloak. Demme offers Hays the sword. Delgado takes a swig.

PETRUCHIO
 (Commanding)
 On your x's please, Everyone!

X's are on the stage. Petruccio thrusts crib books into Amadeo and Jack's hands. He cajoles them into position.

WITCHES
*Fair is foul, and foul is fair:
 Hover through the fog and filthy
 air.*

INT. GRAIN EXCHANGE - DAY

In the grain exchange Washington heaves large bags of grain onto the scale which has an 'x' mark on it's base.

The Gunmaker exchanges his dollars for grain.

GUNMAKER

Autumn rewards efforts to increase
the store of our comforts.

The scale is ornate with a miniature representation of
Persephone, Demeter and Hades on the various sides.

WASHINGTON

You realize we're mostly buying
here not selling?

The Gunmaker gives Washington some money from his wallet and
walks out with the boy carrying the bag of grain.

GUNMAKER (CONT'D)

Fall leaves give place to Winter
and stores of grain needed by
everyone, Mr. WASHINGTON.

Washington walks over to Sam Kosar going over the codes
coming in from telegraph from the Chicago Exchange.

A couple other ranchers enter the premises.

WASHINGTON

(to Sam Kosar)

Are you sure that was 4.75 a bag
with the mark-up and the spread in
Chicago You know he may be right
that winter is also coming?

A little black marble statue of THE MINOTAUR stands next to
Sam Kosar's telegraph.

SAM KOSAR

That's what the telegraph spits out
Washington and I've done the
calculation twice.

Washington nods his head dejectedly at Sam Kosar and the
minotaur and returns to the line.

RANCHER #1

Washington, I would like my money
at the price you've advertised on
your exchange's door.

Washington reluctantly pays him looking at a couple more
ranchers entering the exchange with loads of grain in
wheelbarrows.

INT. BUCKHORN HOTEL - GIRL'S ROOM - DAY

The Gunmaker takes a bath. A desk table beside the tub contains a tray with bread, a vase with grain stalks. Perse sponges the older man's Grecian frame.

KNOCK on the door.

PERSE

Who is it?

PROSPER

Perse, it's Prosper.

The Gunmaker makes his way out of the water placing a towel over his loins.

PERSE

What do you want?

PROSPER

Have you seen my Farmer's Almanac?

The almanac is beside the bed open to winter months.

PERSE

Can't say I have.

PROSPER

Are you indisposed?

The Gunmaker opens the door to Prosper who also has just taken a bath and placed flowers in her hair. The Gunmaker grabs her.

PROSPER (cont'd)

Hell no, Sir.

The Gunmaker picks up Prosper bringing her into the room, the composition mimicking the depictions of Prosperina Abducted by Hades.

PROSPER (cont'd)

(struggling)

I just wanted my calendar. I'm
officially off duty. . .

The Gunmaker's towel comes loose as his foot lands on the Winter months calendar and drops Prosper backward onto the bed.

INT. TELEGRAPH OFFICE - DAY

Washington and the telegraph operator have completely bungled Chicago grain exchange prices.

SAM KOSAR

Our spread does not seem to be to our advantage, Washington.

Sam Kosar walks over and places his hands on the weigh scales behind piles of grain

WASHINGTON

It seems we've also expended all of our funds too.

SAM KOSAR

All of our funds?

WASHINGTON

Actually, more than all. I've had to take a loan against my own savings.

SAM KOSAR

What a reversal of fortune.

Kosar's black marble minotaur looks on from the desk.

WASHINGTON

A veritable labyrinth but we do have these stores of grain

INT BUCKHORN HALLWAY - DAY

Demme walks along the Buckhorn's second floor hall doors. In front of a dressing mirror in her room Alejandra practices Lady Macbeth's knife scene.

DEMME

(in mirror)

Have you seen Prosper? I've been looking all over for her.

ALEJANDRA

What do you need?

DEMME

I want my almanac back.

Alejandra turns and makes her way down the hall with Demme to Perce's room pointing with the knife.

ALEJANDRA
Why, may I ask?

DEMME
A spring wedding date, of course.

Sounds of MOANING and the bed CREAKING.

ALEJANDRA
(laughs)
Winter's not yet arrived in Cawdor!

INT. BUCKHORN SALOON - DAY

In the Buckhorn saloon Delgado and Hays finish taking off their costumes. Alejandra and Demme return.

DELGADO
This has been amusing but I have a genuine business to run here, ladies or should I say . . .

ALEJANDRA
(holding knife)
Don't say it, Al.

PETRUCHIO
My good fellows. An actor's craft takes practice and you all are so much better than those two previous buffoons. Please, no hasty decision.

DELGADO
No dice.

ALEJANDRA
And I'm so looking forward to being your Lady Macbeth, Amadeo!

DELGADO
Don't get any ambitious ideas.

Alejandra twirls Lady MacBeth's Knife.

PETRUCHIO
Think of the free advertising to see you both grace the Buckhorn's stage, together again..

DELGADO

I don't need that kind of
advertising.

DEMME

There is a lot of competition now,
Amadeo.

HAYS

I did not ask to strut nor fret
upon this stage either.

PETRUCHIO

Sheriff, we're not asking for
Hamlet but simply one night with
the girls until my boys from
England arrive. They are on their
from the West End.

DEMME

(British Accent)

More like the East End's halfpenny
dreadfuls.

PETRUCHIO

Gentlemen, save our troupe from
the slings of misfortune.

DELGADO

I suppose we could do one night.
I'll think about it.

Petruchio walks over to Demme and gives her a look.

PETRUCHIO (CONT'D)

(under his breath)

This is not the time for casting
aspersions. I'm trying to seal a
deal here.

Hays and Delgado start to walk away.

PETRUCHIO

Reflect on the lessons you've
already learnt.

DELGADO

Such as?

PETRUCHIO

Grace, charm, timing.

Delgado motions to Enrique for the bottle behind the bar.

DELGADO
Pronto, Enrique.

PETRUCHIO
Lest I forget possibilities of our
sweet English tongue.

ENRIQUE
Coming right up boss.

PETRUCHIO
Enrique, I am going go to blow your
head off, if I don't get that drink
now. How's that for sweet and
common?

Delgado and Hays drink up.

PETRUCHIO
One here too Enrique. Coralling
this company has not been easy.

Enrique pours Petruccio a drink.

PETRUCHIO (cont'd)
A stiff one Enrique. I need to rise
for this occasion.

ENRIQUE
(ironically)
Doesn't the bard have any famous
lines for that?

Havoc arises in another area of the saloon. Delgado walks
over to see what is the matter.

At the poker tables, Perse and Prosper cat fight. Delgado
pulls them apart.

DELGADO
What is going on here?

Amadeo kick the Gunmaker's chair who had been gambling
between the ladies. He flies backwards.

PERSE
Amedeo, it was Prosper's fault.

PROSPER
Amadeo Perse started it. This isn't
her table.

PERSE
 (pointing to Gunmaker)
 I came down with him, Amadeo. He's
 mine

Perse points to the Gunmaker who now stands up slowly
 putting on his cowboy hat. The hat seems small.

DELGADO
 I don't care who started it.

ENRIQUE
 (to Amadeo)
 Washington, used to keep the girls
 and tables in order, boss.

DELGADO
 Well, who is doing it now?

ENRIQUE
 Sequoyah.

DELGADO
 Sequoyah?

Sequoyah is shown in the back polishing an Elk totem pole.

SEQUOYAH
 (to Totem pole)
 And then I asked Springflower,
 Springflower, would it help. I
 really said it that way, would it
 help, Springflower.

DELGADO
 (yelling)
 Sequoyah!

SEQUOYAH
 Yes, boss.

DELGADO
 Get over here now.

Amadeo looks at the Gunmaker and despite his size takes a
 deep breath and confronts him.

DELGADO (cont'd)
 For you. no more gambling tonight.
 I don't want any more trouble.

The Gunmaker gives him an ugly look, smiles slightly and
 makes his way back up to his room.

Sequoyah walks over to Amadeo, hangdog.

DELGADO (cont'd)
Who gave that job to Sequoyah?

ENRIQUE
You did, Amadeo.

SEQUOYAH
(making excuses)
Mr. Washington was always so
fastidious with the girls. And I
liked my place back there with Mama
Garcia on the as requested basis.

Delgado looks around to the desk where Washington used to stand. Washington's absence is felt.

INT. PIONEER NEWSPAPER OFFICE - NIGHT

The Pioneer Newspaper Office. A printing of a Macbeth poster sits on a press.

CLOSE-UP THEATRE POSTER

'Come See MacDeath'.

Petruchio runs in.

PETRUCHIO
(yelling)
"It's Macbeth not MacDeath you
idiots! This play has only been
around for the past two hundred
years"

The printers look at each other. They had been dolling up a more 'sexy' ad of the saloon girls for the Buckhorn's fall Harvest festival!

Washington and Sam Kosar walk by outside heads hung and dejected.

INT. BUCKHORN DELGADO BEDROOM - NIGHT

Delgado is awakened from his nightmare by Dolores.

DOLORES
What is the matter?

DELGADO
I dreamed my hands were full of
blood and that gun runner had left
with Washington and a wagon of our
rifles.

DOLORES
It's all that acting you've been
doing Amadeo but perhaps not a bad
thing, taking Washington.

DELGADO
You might be right about that.

DOLORES
And Washington is a terrible shot
so that can't happen.

DELGADO
I need to wash my hands.

INT. BUCKHORN SALOON - NIGHT

Delgado makes his way down the stairs seeing signs of
Washington's absence: an open ledger, the unhinged hotel
front desk.

The Buckhorn is closed and Delgado makes his way to Mama
Garcia's larder. As he cuts and eats a piece of bread and
pomegranate he notices flickering through the window.

He makes his way to see what is going on noticing the back
door ajar.

EXT. STABLES - NIGHT

Delgado makes his way to the stables.

The doors are open with something going on inside. People
move around.

Delgado rubs his eyes still sleepy but as he opens them:

Angel, sits on a haystack dressed in a Roman-style robe with
a wreath of hay and flowers in looking like 19th C.
paintings of classic Greek/Roman gods.

Delgado approaches.

In Angel's right hand he holds a long roman spear or rifle.
It is hard to tell because it is dark.

The boy patiently sits on the haystack, holding the spear
and eating what looks like an apple.

INT. STABLE - NIGHT

Delgado surveys the incredulous scene.

Buckhorn girls are dressed in ritualistic Roman toga
combined with American fall harvest workers garb

There is the feeling of the fecundity of harvest, sacred
feminine and rites of Eleusis - the saloon girls' ancient
lineage now transferred to San Antonio.

GUNMAKER

Maids, shepherdesses, gleaners,
servants of the harvest.

The stable is decorated as for a fall harvest festival,
American pagan redivivus on the Grange.

A spider's web hangs on a barnyard corner beams.

The Gunmaker sits on hay bales arranged as a throne.

GUNMAKER (cont'd)

Yellow grain waves, rustling corn
stalks.

The Buckhorn's torch bearing maidens surround him resembling
Pompei's Villa of Mysteries frescoes.

On one side of the Gunmaker, stands Perce a Botticelli like
harvest Venus.

GUNMAKER (cont'd)

Sister, brothers, good seeds we've
planted, it is now time for
harvest.

The Gunmaker places his hands into one of the bags of grain
Delgado had carried through the saloon.

In back of the Gunmaker, Demme holds a harvest mask - a
laughing old man with mouth agape and a beard of hay, a
likeness of Sequoyah in Greek mask.

GUNMAKER (cont'd)
 Beauty everywhere abounds. Be
 faithful, hopeful, charitable.

Perce kneels and puts her hand on the Gunmaker's thigh.

Perse's back is undraped by other women as she places her head on his lap. Demme and Dolores have switches made of stalks hazing Perce's back.

GUNMAKER (CONT'D)
 Threshers of grain teach others
 what is earnest, what is true.

Prosper loosely wears her robed mantle. She is on the Gunmaker's other side. We see her from her undraped back profile. She lifts her hands above her head.

GUNMAKER
 Bidden or unbidden God is present.

The women with the torches open the stable doors.

GUNMAKER (cont'd)
 The bounty of summer upon us.

Prosper open the Gunmaker's white shirt vestment so his chest is exposed. The Gunmaker stands forward.

GUNMAKER (cont'd)
 Prosperina returns to Hades.

With the exception of Perce and Prosper, the woman all stand back looking to Delgado.

GUNMAKER (cont'd)
 Winter approaches followed by
 Spring.

HIGHTLIGHT Mama Garcia's saloon serving tray covered in the petite point cloth and a richly baked and embroidered bread and salt on it.

Angel runs inside picking up Mama Garcia's tray and carrying this slowly back towards the barn doors. Delgado stands amazed looking on.

Angel places the tray down in front of Delgado. Angel gives Delgado a gleaming silver rifle.

ANGEL
 (whispers)
 This is what you came for.

Delgado takes the rifle, lifts and cocks it. At the side of a stall are some few wooden crib planks, a hammer, a few nails.

The barn animals raise their ears.

Sound of Gunshot.

EXT. MISSION CONCEPCION - DAWN

The congregation is in session. Sherriff Hays walks outside in the rising morning sun.

CONGREGATION

(singing)

Vendremos regocijo trayendo las
gavillas. Subtitle: We shall come
rejoicing bringing in the sheaves.

Hays walks to the doors but can't bring himself to go in.

CONGREGATION (cont'd)

(singing)

Trayendo las gavillas trayendo las
gavillas. Vendremos regocijo
trayendo las gavillas. Trayendo las
gavillas trayendo las gavillas
.Vendremos regocijo trayendo las
gavillas Subtitle: Bringing in the
sheaves, bringing in the sheaves,
we shall come rejoicing bringing in
the sheaves.

Hays notices girls in the rows. Demme, Alejandra, Prosper, Perce, and Maria del Carmen now in their Sunday best.

CONGREGATION (cont'd)

Sowing in the sunshine sowing in
the shadows, fearing neither clouds
nor winter's chilling breeze, We
shall come rejoicing bringing in
the sheaves.

Cowboys, children, Mexicans Hays's wife Elizabeth and son stand singing in other rows.

Prosperina raises her heads from her song books to Hays.

CONGREGATION (cont'd)

Going forth with weeping, sowing
for the Master, though the loss

(MORE)

CONGREGATION (cont'd)
 sustained our spirit often grieves,
 we will come rejoicing bringing in
 the sheaves.

INT. BUCKHORN SALOON - DAY

Washington and Sam Kosar stand at the saloon bar
 commiserating over their mounting losses.

WASHINGTON
 If you're thinking what I'm
 thinking we should call it a day.

KOSAR
 I think you're right.

A drunk ranch hand approaches.

RANCH HAND #1
 (belligerent)
 Washington, you still owe me two
 hundred dollars.

WASHINGTON
 Look, I told you already, I'll get
 it to you on Monday.

RANCH HAND #1
 I want it now, WASHINGTON.

Another drunk rancher approaches.

RANCHER #2
 You heard him Washington, he wants
 it now.

The saloon gets quiet.

WASHINGTON
 (Slow and Deliberate)
 I'm sorry but I can't pay you right
 now. I don't have the money. And if
 you'd take a look around, you'd
 have some greater understanding as
 to where my venture capital has
 gone.

RANCHER #1
 Don't give me that Shakespeare lip,
 Washington.

The rancher takes out his gun.

Washington puts on his cowboy hat and turns on his way.

WASHINGTON

I told you, I can't pay you now,
Goodnight.

The rancher shoots Washington in the leg.

EXT SAN ANTONIO MISSION CONCEPCION - DAY

Hays walks away from church to graveyard.

He stops in front of Geronimo's tombstone a totem like
marker separated from the rest of the crosses

The Church congregation can be heard in the distance.

CONGREGATION

Bringing in the sheaves, bringing
in the sheaves. We will come
rejoicing bringing in the sheaves.

Hays walks to the harvest wheat fields, standing in the
field and putting his palms out to grasp grain.

BROTHER ANTONIO

In the morning we sow, In the
evening, providence withholds not
it's hand. No one knows who will
prosper.

Hays sows handfuls of grain he has taken up in his hands in
revolutionary slow motions.

BROTHER ANTONIO (cont'd)

For those seeds which fall in the
good soil, hold fast to the word,
of good heart, who bear trials with
patience.

Hays crouches down placing his hands in the dry soil and
cracked earth in the rising morning sun.

BROTHER ANTONIO (cont'd)

And there are those seeds fall on
poor soil. Sow sparingly, reap
sparingly. Sow bountifully reap
bountifully. After Fall comes
Winter.

The sky is clear as far as the eye can see.

From the Church's window, Hays sees Elizabeth. As their eyes meet, he stands.

Behind them Mr. Carlos de la Troya rides his cart laughing among fields of harvest wheat.

INT. DOC MCOY'S OFFICE - DAY

Delgado and the Telegraph operator wait while Doc COCHRAN finishes bandaging Washington.

DOC COCHRAN
How did it happen?

WASHINGTON
Business ventures gone wrong, Doc.
Life's vagaries, I suppose.

The doctor washes his hands.

DOC COCHRAN
Keep the wound clean and take a
couple days off.

Delgado looks at Doc washing his hands.

DELGADO
You know, Doc I had this dream last
night. I shot an important man and
couldn't wash the blood off my
hands.

DOC COCHRAN
(smiles)
No one's hands in this town are
clean, Amadeo and men are 'not'
important.

DELGADO
That true, Doc but this was a
dream, I think?

WASHINGTON
Amadeo, you've shot lots of men in
your time.

Doc finishes washing his hands and helps Washington out.

DOC COCHRAN
 (to Delgado)
 I heard from Alejandra you're
 playing Macbeth. Think about your
 ambitions.

DELGADO
 What does that mean?

DOC COCHRAN
 Take stock and keep washing that
 blood.

EXT SAN ANTONIO - NIGHT

Washington and Amadeo make their way back to the Buckhorn.
 Delgado helps Washington walk.

WASHINGTON
 Amadeo?

DELGADO
 Yes, Emelio J..

WASHINGTON
 I just wanted to say I appreciate
 you taking me to the doctor's and
 helping me back like this. Perhaps
 I'm the one that needs to take
 stock.

DELGADO
 Bullshit Washington. Don't get
 sentimental on me. I know your old
 schemes.

They walk under the night stars.

DELGADO(CONT'D)
 But I am still trying to decide
 whether it was a dream or I really
 do need to think about things.

WASHINGTON
 Amadeo, if you could still use help
 at the Buckhorn, I'd be happy
 to put my services at your
 disposal.

DELGADO

And what makes you think I want you back?

WASHINGTON

Change is constant in life, Amadeo and finance a path I'd rather not continue down.

DELGADO

Well, down is right.

Washington winces as he tries to move his leg and continue walking.

WASHINGTON

Sequoyah has also mentioned there may be an upcoming vacancy.

INT. SAN ANTONIO CAPOEIRA SCHOOL - DAY

Delgado and Hays walk through Carlos de la Troya's Capoeira School in Spanishtown.

There is an Afro-Brazilian ceremony taking place. Veneration of the ancestors.

GUNMAKER V.O.

Under heaven all see beauty because there is ugliness. All know good because there is evil.

EXT. SAN ANTONIO CAPOEIRA SCHOOL - DAY

At the back of the school, Carlos de la Troya has organized a Capoeira tournament. Various young white, Mexican, Spanish and Black youngsters practice with partners and alone.

CARLOS DE LA TROYA

Ahh, Delgado, Hays, very good, you've come to bear witness.

HAYS

Well, I've never been to this kind of school, Carlos. I don't know much about Portugal, Brazil or Africa. . .as a rule for that matter.

Carlos de la Troya presents them with two sets of white shirts and capoeira pants.

CARLOS DE LA TROYA
(bowing)
Present for you and Delgado. You
can practice with us.

The men reluctantly accept the gifts, bowing.

A little child runs up to them.

CARLOS DE LA TROYA (cont'd)
Start here.

The child bows and they bow back.

CARLOS DE LA TROYA (cont'd)
Very good. Now take off your guns
and change.

The men reluctantly put down their holsters and guns and change as the school takes a break to watch

HAYS
We're taking up a variety of
interests in our old age, Amadeo.

DELGADO
Speak for yourself.

EXT. SAN ANTONIO FOREST EDGE - DUSK

The Gunmaker pulls out of town, wagon now empty. Prosper sits beside him. Night and a harvest moon. Bonfires blaze in the distance.

GUNMAKER V.O.
Ten thousand things rise and fall,
creating not possessing, working
yet not taking credit.

EXT. SAN ANTONIO SALOON - NIGHT

Cowboys, women, Buckhorn girls and Mexicans dressed in their San Antonio finest mill about the patio and make their way into the saloon.

An Angel-haired boy with his mother behind him examines a poster at the front of the saloon

POSTER 'HARVEST MACBETH PREMIERE TONIGHT'.

The poster combines the previous 'MacDeath' poster with the more salacious Harvest festival ad.

The byline reads "Birnam Wood comes to San Antonio". Various saloon girls are drawn as tree soldiers, legs highlighted.

Washington gathers tickets with his bandaged leg.

WASHINGTON

Final call. Amadeo Delgado and Sherriff Jack Hays in San Antonio's Premiere performance of 'Harvest Macbeth' The show begins promptly in 5:00 minutes.

Sequoyah takes last minute tickets of stragglers.

EXT. WILLY HOUSTON HOME - NIGHT

Maria del Carmen sits reading by the fire. Willy Houston walks to the window and watches the Gunmaker leave in the distance.

Angel walks to the window beside him.

WILLY HOUSTON(VO)

Planting and cultivating, Autumn ends and Winter begins. Hope for Spring.

Maria notices Prosper and Perce next to the Gunmaker in the spot previously inhabited by Angel.

Angel takes Maria's hand and looks up at her.

INT. BUCKHORN SALOON - STAGE - NIGHT

The Buckhorn has been appropriately decorated for Petruccio's production, a combination of Macbeth's Scottish heath castle landscape and the Fall Harvest festival theme.

Washington runs to and fro backstage serving as best he can with his bandaged leg.

WASHINGTON

Amadeo, Sherriff Hays. Final act.
The crowd is loving it.

PETRUCHIO

Places everyone. One minute to
curtain.

The saloon is packed with inebriated ranchers, laps full
of the Buckhorn girls.

WASHINGTON

Dim the lights, Enrique Act V.

Macbeth's final Birnham wood scene opens with Buckhorn girls
unrolling the curtain on the saloon stage almost a
burlesque.

MACBETH (AMADEO):

I will not yield, To kiss the
ground before young Malcolm's feet,

The sexy trees come to Birnham wood. Hoots and hollers from
the cowboys. Select cloth bark pieces strip off a few girls
as Birnham wood advances.

MACBETH (CONT'D)

Though Birnam Wood be come to
Dunsinane, And thou opposed, being
of no woman born.

More hoots and hollers from the ranchers as Birnham wood's
soldiers shimmy and shake.

Washington and the girls do their best to 'shhh!' the crowd.
Delgado continues his ambitious efforts.

MACBETH (SWEARINGTON)

Before my body I throw my warlike
shield. Lay on, McDuff And damned
be him that first cries, "Hold,
enough!".

To everyone's surprise, McDuff appears as Carlos de la Troya
in Scottish gear.

Enrique cannot contain himself.

ENRIQUE

It's Carlos in a Kilt! Andale,
Andale, Ariba!!

McDuff (Carlos de la Troya) and Delgado (Macbeth) fight in a
Capoeira type dance

As McDuff goes for Macbeth, he is not quickly slain but show off his moves in an impressive mix of Capoeira /Scottish highland choreographed fighting.

Carlos de la Troya's Capoeira students and relatives sit respectfully dressed and impressed.

Alejandra throws Macbeth Lady Macbeth's knife at a key moment.

RANCHERS

(yelling)

Wow, woohoo! Go, Amadeo. Get 'em Sheriff!

CAPOEIRA CROWD

Mais uma vez, Carlos. De novo!
Melhor, Carlos!

Delgado comes to an impressive draw with Banquo and McDuff in an formidable display of knife, kick, punch and gun capoeira moves.

Delgado puts down his knife and all bow to each other and audience.

Cheers by all!

CROWD

(various voices)

Woohoo!!! Go Amadeo! Yes, that's what I call Capoeira Macbeth!!!
Worth every penny. Bravo. Encore.

Amadeo takes off his battle armor and lays down his crown next to the knife and one of the harvest wreaths placed near the throne.

PETRUCHIO

"Players, but Macbeth's end. What have you done with the bard?"

DELGADO

That's how Macbeth ends when Amadeo Delgado and Carlos de la Troya give you Capoeira Macbeth.

All out applause and cheering from the cowboys and Capoeira crowd. A couple hats fly in the air.

DELGADO (cont'd)

Enough, enough and thank you.
Drinks on the house for everyone

(MORE)

DELGADO (cont'd)
and the finest of Birnham wood
coming straight at you".

A standing ovation and whistles from the cowboys the girls come out to take a bow, cowboys already vying for their piece of Birnham wood.

EXT. SAN ANTONIO EXCHANGE - DAY

Sam Kosar and Washington, now bandaged, close and lock the door to the exchange.

A single sheaf of wheat and a garland without flowers sits on the exchange door.

SAM KOSAR
Did you put those here, ET?

WASHINGTON
No. Perhaps the ghost of a too
ambitious king.

They chuckle together and Kosar places the garland over a 'Closed for the Season' placard, Washington carries the sheaf out the door.

SAM KOSAR
We'll leave these as a gift to the
ghosts of Birnham wood and call it
a draw.

Kosar picks up Washington's scale and Washington takes the minotaur as they walk away.

EXT. SAN ANTONIO COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Shadows and a bonfire dance together. Beyond that, an apple tree with a few hanging apples blown by the wind.

The Gunmaker's cart fades in the distance on the long San Antonio road among fields of harvest wheat under the night's hieratic constellations.

FADE OUT