

# **TAPAS**

by TOD DAVIES

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EXT. THE DESERT - SOUTHERN SPAIN - AFTERNOON - 1969

Late summer in the year of a drought. Hot dry wind. DUST everywhere.

IN THE DISTANCE - a BUS appears, trailing thick black smoke. Stops in the far corner of the frame. A LONE PASSENGER steps off, stands in the dust of the departing bus.

The BUS disappears. The LONE MAN trudges across the frame.

A WOMAN'S VOICE sounds. Spanish accent. MARAVILLA.

MARAVILLA VOICEOVER

My father started driving me crazy five years before I was even born.

The FIGURE draws closer. The windblown DUST stings his face, coats his glasses with grit.

ENGLISH PHIL. 20 years old. Too wild hair. Too white skin. Too red ears. His glasses are held together by tape. As is his suitcase.

He pushes his glasses up his nose, blinks against the sand, and passes OUT OF FRAME --

MARAVILLA'S VOICE

Of course he got off at the wrong stop.

PULL UP --

to reveal the IMMENSITY AND DESOLATION OF THE DESERT.

And ENGLISH PHIL, a black speck, moving with purpose across its face.

The sun bears down.

MARAVILLA'S VOICE

My father later claimed that somehow from his home in Manchester -- the beautiful city of Manchester in the north of England -- that somehow he had heard there was a small but dedicated group of scientists in the south of Spain studying how to bring water to the desert. He told anyone who would listen that he had come to join them.

LATER - THE SAME

A NIGHT SKY. A CLOUD PASSES OVER THE STARS.

IN THE DESERT - MIDNIGHT

ENGLISH PHIL lies asleep on a heap of brush.

A DISTANT RUMBLE OF THUNDER.

MARAVILLA'S VOICE

Nobody believed him, of course. There had been no such scientists for ten years. And the town they had worked in was a hundred miles away.

Another, closer, RUMBLE. ENGLISH PHIL frowns and twitches in his sleep.

A FLASH OF LIGHTNING. CLAP OF THUNDER. And RAIN pours down on ENGLISH PHIL. Soaking him before he has time to wake and hide under an overhanging boulder.

SAME - DAWN

ENGLISH PHIL sleeps, mouth open, sitting up, clutching his suitcase to his chest. He SNAPS abruptly awake, adjusts his glasses, and without fuss, resumes his purposeful trek.

As he passes out of frame --

MARAVILLA'S VOICE

My father was never very good on details.

AT THE EDGE OF A RAVINE - DAY

ENGLISH PHIL trudges forward, suitcase in one hand, TORN MAP in the other.

UP AHEAD - A TWO LANE HIGHWAY

A LORRY rumbles up it. ENGLISH PHIL looks at his map, looks at the highway, which disappears into the badlands.

AT THE HIGHWAY

ENGLISH PHIL stands, thumb outstretched. A CARAVAN OF DEUX CHEVAUX CARS passes him by. The bourgeois FRENCH TOURISTS within ignore him.

His EYES NARROW dangerously as he watches them go.

ANOTHER CAR appears. As it comes closer, it is clear it contains two members of the GUARDIA CIVIL. It PASSES the SPOT. But ENGLISH PHIL has DISAPPEARED.

UNDER THE HIGHWAY BRIDGE

ENGLISH PHIL huddles, hiding. A HORDE of MOSQUITOS engulfs him. He swats at them, swearing. But sees they come from a STREAM.

A MOMENT LATER - AT THE STREAM

Holding his deteriorating, pointy-toed shoes in one hand, he studies the map, while he bathes his blistered feet in the water. Spotting something on the map, he snaps to with a decision, wading out of the stream toward a donkey track.

ON THE DONKEY TRACK

ENGLISH PHIL looks at his map, continues to limp forward.

UP AHEAD - ON A MOUNTAIN TOP - CASTLE RUINS

ENGLISH PHIL squints at this.

TIGHT CLOSE UP ON THE MAP

A tiny notation: "RUINED CASTLE."  
ENGLISH PHIL marches forward, determined. DUST BLOWS.

MARAVILLA'S VOICE

Another thing about my father. He always loved a shortcut.

ENGLISH PHIL stumbles on his blistered feet. His SUITCASE pops open.

A GUN falls out. Looking around to make sure he is unseen, he scoops the GUN back in, resticking the TAPE. And travels on.

MARAVILLA'S VOICE

As usual, what should have taken one hour took him five.

AT THE RUINED CASTLE - from its heights, we can see ENGLISH PHIL limping ever more painfully into the SMALL WHITE TOWN.

MAIN STREET OF THE TOWN

A SCOOTER whines past ENGLISH PHIL up into the town. CHILDREN and DOGS play, move to let the RIDER past.

A DONKEY wanders across the street.

A huddle of black clad OLD WOMEN gossip at the town fountain.

All is animation, loud shouts, braying, barking, etc. SUDDENLY ALL GOES COMPLETELY SILENT.

ENGLISH PHIL walks by. Everyone, human and animal, STARES.

Unnerved, he hobbles up the street. The CHILDREN and the DOGS silently follow. The DONKEY trails behind.

UP AHEAD - A SIGN: "BAR PEPE"

Ignoring his entourage, ENGLISH PHIL heads for it.

EXT. BAR PEPE - AFTERNOON

A fly-specked, grease-stained SIGN taped to the window says: TAPAS FAMOSAS. And another: ENGLISH SPOKE HERE.

ENGLISH PHIL considers this. Pushes open the door. The CHILDREN and DOGS scatter behind.

INT. BAR PEPE

A fly-specked, grease-stained room. Under a fingerprint-marked glass counter, a REVOLTING SELECTION OF OILY TAPAS.

DON PEPE, owner of the bar, ignores ENGLISH PHIL, instead polishing a FRAMED PORTRAIT OF GENERALISSIMO FRANCISCO FRANCO.

A FLOWERED CURTAIN hangs in a doorway at the end of the bar.

ENGLISH PHIL clears his throat. DON PEPE does not look at him.

DON PEPE  
;Rafaela! ;Cliente!

No one appears.

DON PEPE

¡RAFAELA!

The FLOWERED CURTAIN twitches.

POV - FROM BEHIND THE CURTAIN

It opens an inch to reveal ENGLISH PHIL. Who puts down his SUITCASE. It, of course, busts open again, the GUN clattering to the floor. ENGLISH PHIL dives for it, shoving it back in.

The CURTAIN whisks shut.

IN THE BAR

ENGLISH PHIL

(sits, babbling nervously)

I was delighted to see your sign, Señor, as I'm afraid my language skills aren't yet up to the standards of this wonderful, though impoverished, country.

(pause)

You haven't seen any other...turistas...around here lately.

(pause)

Have you?

DON PEPE turns and stares at him suspiciously. ENGLISH PHIL holds out a hand to shake. DON PEPE ignores it.

DON PEPE

RAFAELA!

ENGLISH PHIL shrugs, winces as he removes his boots.

ENGLISH PHIL

I hope you don't mind my rudeness in removing My shoes...I've walked a long way and my feet are -- well. I know you understand. Everywhere in Spain I've encountered the most extraordinary --

A BEER is slapped down on the bar in front of him. ENGLISH PHIL looks up and is STRUCK DUMB.

ENGLISH PHIL

-- warmth...

MARAVILLA'S VOICE

My mother.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL --

RAFAELA. A clear-eyed beauty.

ENGLISH PHIL

(attempting to recover)...which is all  
the more surprising, considering the REPRESSIVE  
DICTATORSHIP under which you suffer...

RAFAELA turns to serve up a TAPA.

MARAVILLA'S VOICE

She was supposed to be the most beautiful girl  
for three towns. Everyone said so.

As ENGLISH PHIL stares at her, open-mouthed, RAFAELA serves him a  
plate with a lone, hairy chicken wing in a separated red sauce.

At that moment, their EYES MEET.

The DOOR TO THE BAR SLAMS OPEN. Startled, both look up.

At a drop-dead handsome young man, who stands aggressively in the  
doorway.

MARAVILLA'S VOICE

I never saw it, myself.

JOSE MARIA

¡Rafaela!

RAFAELA gives a little sniff and flounces away, disappearing behind  
the FLOWERED CURTAIN. ENGLISH PHIL looks after her forlornly.

DON PEPE rushes to greet JOSE MARIA, to make up for RAFAELA'S  
apparent rudeness.

DON PEPE

¡Jose Maria! ¡Mi amigo!

JOSE MARIA

(with respect)

Don Pepe.

BEHIND THEM - ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE GLASS

Appear TWO "TURISTAS." A big, blond German, KLAUS. And a shrimpy intellectual, JEAN-MICHEL. They gesture frantically at ENGLISH PHIL.

He turns back to his beer and spots them. Pulls on his boots and hobbles out, still holding his beer.

We -- and DON PEPE and JOSE MARIA -- can see KLAUS, JEAN-MICHEL, and ENGLISH PHIL argue silently, as they pass around the lone beer.

Finishing the beer and continuing the argument, they disappear out of frame as they go down onto the street.

DON PEPE and JOSE MARIA look at each other. And go to the window to see more.

MARAVILLA'S VOICE

These were the Sixties, and hippies were often unfairly thought of as criminals by the mean-spirited locals.

INT. RAFAELA'S HIDEOUT - ABOVE THE BAR PEPE

RAFAELA twitches back a FLOWERED CURTAIN at the window. She watches as the THREE MEN walk down the road, still arguing. Behind her can be seen the decoration of her private space. Pinned to the walls are MAGAZINE PICTURES of FAROFF PLACES. Of THE BEATLES. Of CHE GUEVARA.

MARAVILLA'S VOICE

Of course, in this case, they were right.

EXT. TOWN STREET

ENGLISH PHIL

Look, I got lost, okay? I'm here now, aren't I? As anarchists, I think we shouldn't get too hung up on this bourgeois time thing...

KLAUS

All I'm saying is that if you want to rob a bank for the benefit of the Revolution, you have to maintain a certain discipline...

JEAN-MICHEL

(worriedly)

But, Klaus, isn't discipline fascistic? (CONT.)

JEAN-MICHEL

(CONT.)

I ask this because in theory, we've agreed not to take on the qualities of those who oppress us, because in doing so...

ENGLISH PHIL

The bullion truck gets here at five o'clock. We've plenty of time.

KLAUS

SSHHH!

DON PEPE and JOSE MARIA walk by, looking at the three men with suspicion.

JOSE MARIA

(in SPANISH; subtitled)

[What crime are those damn hippies planning?]

DON PEPE and JOSE MARIA greet two members of the GUARDIA CIVIL. All four converse in low tones, staring at the three men, who try to look unconcerned. KLAUS strikes a match against a streetsign that says this is the PASEO DEL GENERALISSIMO. Lights a cigarette.

DON PEPE, JOSE MARIA, and the GUARDIA CIVIL back track to the bar, still watching the THREE MEN warily.

KLAUS

(mutters)

Bastards.

ENGLISH PHIL

Don't worry, Klaus. This evening we will liberate their payroll -- the payroll of Franco's hated Guardia Civil, not only making a powerful symbolic gesture against the forces of imperialism, but also providing funds for certain hand-picked leftist charities!

CAMERA DROPS to a LOW HEROIC ANGLE on the THREE MEN.

KLAUS

(searching his pockets)

Anyone got any money? I could use another beer.

JEAN-MICHEL

And, of course, we will do all this in the spirit of nonviolence!

ENGLISH PHIL

Of course! We're agreed we're utterly  
against violence!

(to KLAUS)

No, I've run out. This country's more  
expensive than I thought it was going to be.

KLAUS

(darkly)

Death to Franco!

ENGLISH PHIL & JEAN-MICHEL

(nodding agreement)

Death to fascism!

They all PASS OUT OF FRAME.

KLAUS'S VOICE

What about you, Jean-Michel?

JEAN-MICHEL'S VOICE

We spent it all on cigarettes, remember?

ON THE PLAZA IN FRONT OF THE BAR PEPE

JOSE MARIA, DON PEPE, and the TWO POLICEMEN confer in low voices.  
Above them, in the window, RAFAELA listens.

DOWN THE STREET

ENGLISH PHIL gives one last look back at the BAR PEPE, before he and  
his friends disappear again around a corner.

EXT. ARMoured BULLION TRUCK - DAY

Driven by an ELDERLY MAN. With TWO EVEN OLDER GUARDS sitting in the  
back. Heading for town.

EXT. MAIN STREET - AFTERNOON

SHOWDOWN MUSIC BEGINS.

ANGLE ON THE BANK.

ANGLE ON KLAUS - who checks his watch, tips out the last cigarette  
from the pack, sighs, lighting it.

ANGLE ON JEAN-MICHEL - who sits in the shade of a palm tree, reading a copy of a book by JEAN GENET. Several OLD MEN IN GREY SWEATERS and black berets look at him. He smiles politely at them. Checks his watch.

ANGLE ON ENGLISH PHIL - at the far end of the long street. He looks at his watch, also. A DARK-HAIRED GIRL passes by, and he looks up for a moment, hopeful. But it's not RAFAELA. He frowns, disciplining himself, checks his belt for his GUN. Checks his watch again.

ANGLE ON THE UPSTAIRS WINDOW AT THE BAR PEPE - the FLOWERED CURTAIN IN THE WINDOW TWITCHES.

INT. RAFAELA'S HIDEOUT

RAFAELA looks out and sees the BULLION TRUCK on the road into town. She shuts the CURTAIN and hurries out of the room.

ANGLE ON THE BULLION TRUCK - turning the corner into town.

THE MUSIC INTENSIFIES.

JEAN-MICHEL rises. The THREE REVOLUTIONARIES converge.

CRANE UP to reveal JOSE MARIA, the GUARDIA CIVIL, DON PEPE, and the TOWN PRIEST on the CHURCH ROOF overlooking the square.

As ENGLISH PHIL limps resolutely toward his Destiny, RAFAELA appears behind him, hurrying after, carrying a WICKER BASKET FULL OF SHOPPING.

RAFAELA  
(hisses)  
;Ssssstttt!

ENGLISH PHIL, intent on his task, doesn't hear.

RAFAELA  
(whispers)  
;Oye! ;Companero!

Startled, ENGLISH PHIL turns, and TRIPS AS HIS SHOES FINALLY COME APART.

He looks down as RAFAELA comes up and grabs his arm. She follows his look and GASPS. His socks, worn to tatters, reveal a BLOODY MESS OF BLISTERS.

RAFAELA

Come with me.

ENGLISH PHIL

It's nothing. Sure, the blisters give me trouble, but when you're focussed on business.... wait a minute. You speak English?

She nods. The heavily-armored BULLION TRUCK pulls up outside the BANK. TWO GUARDS emerge.

ENGLISH PHIL

Excuse me. I'd like to stop -- well, love to, actually, -- but I have an appointment....

RAFAELA hangs onto ENGLISH PHIL'S ARM.

RAFAELA

Put your gun in my basket.

ENGLISH PHIL

WHAT? I mean, what gun? What are you...

RAFAELA

Jose Maria and my father think you're trying to rob the bank. They're up on the roof with shotguns.

(meaningfully)

But you're NOT robbers, ARE you.

The SOUND of a SHOTGUN being pumped. ENGLISH PHIL looks up at the roof.

ANGLE ON JEAN-MICHEL and KLAUS - staring at ENGLISH PHIL, who STARES up at the roof.

The GUARDS go to unlock the BULLION TRUCK.

JEAN-MICHEL and KLAUS gesture furiously at ENGLISH PHIL --

ENGLISH PHIL

What, robbers...rob...us...me...ROBBERS?

No, no, of course...on the roof, you say?

He gestures at JEAN-MICHEL and KLAUS, points at the ROOF.

RAFAELA

Yes, yes. And they're itching to shoot you.

But it's a MISTAKE, right?

ENGLISH PHIL

No, yes, that's right. A mistake.

He signals to his PARTNERS, running his forefinger back and forth across his throat.

JEAN-MICHEL

What's the matter with him?

KLAUS

Why is he pointing at the roof?

BOTH MEN LOOK UP. They see the PRIEST with his SHOTGUN.  
The PRIEST vanishes.

They look to the side of the PLAZA. The OLD MEN in GREY SWEATERS begin to walk toward them.

A BUS arrives at the far side of the PLAZA.

AT ENGLISH PHIL AND RAFAELA - as a MEMBER OF THE GUARDIA CIVIL heads toward them.

RAFAELA

Put the gun in my basket NOW.

ENGLISH PHIL

How...what...

RAFAELA

(hisses)

Kiss me.

ENGLISH PHIL

(astonished)

WHAT?

RAFAELA

Kiss me.

Timidly, he does. She pulls the GUN neatly from his waistband and drops it in her basket.

She SLAPS him, then turns to hurry back to the bar.

RAFAELA

(hisses)

Follow me like you want to apologize.

ENGLISH PHIL

But...

RAFAELA

Just do it!

She hurries away. ENGLISH PHIL looks back. MEMBERS OF THE GUARDIA CIVIL and TOWNSPEOPLE are converging on the square. He turns and runs after RAFAELA. Seeing him go, KLAUS heads for a FRUIT DELIVERY TRUCK left idling on the square, commandeers and drives off in it, knocking over a STACK OF EMPTY CRATES as he goes. JEAN-MICHEL turns tail and jumps onto the BUS.

MARAVILLA'S VOICE

My father's French friend never returned. The German remained in the vicinity. Over the years he continued to cause problems for my family and our town.

ANGLE ON THE BULLION TRUCK

Leaving town the way it came, slowing to let ENGLISH PHIL apparently chase RAFAELA across the street toward the BAR PEPE. She appears to be angry, but with her hand motions him on.

MARAVILLA'S VOICE

As you can see, for everything that happened, my mother had only herself to blame.

INT. UPSTAIRS STOREROOM - RAFAELA'S HIDEOUT - BAR PEPE - DAY

ENGLISH PHIL sits, awkward and embarrassed, his pant legs rolled up, socks and shoes off, revealing his BLOODY FEET.

RAFAELA sponges the feet off with warm water, goes to her dressing table to get bandages and iodine.

ENGLISH PHIL looks at her. VOICES come in from the open window.

OUT THE WINDOW - on the TERRACE below, JOSE MARIA appears with the PRIEST. They look disappointed.

ENGLISH PHIL

Is that your boyfriend down there? The one who was on the roof with the shotgun?

She gives an EXCLAMATION OF ANNOYANCE as she drops the items she

carries and has to gather them up again.

JOSE MARIA and the PRIEST look up at the window.

ENGLISH PHIL

Sure is a good-looking guy.

(pause)

How is he as a shot? Do you know?

RAFAELA pours iodine onto a rag and bears down on ENGLISH PHIL.

EXT. BAR PEPE - TERRACE

JOSE MARIA, DON PEPE, and the PRIEST sit drinking beer. They hear, from the storeroom, ONE CUT-OFF YELP.

JOSE MARIA'S BROW darkens. He tosses back his beer, as the PRIEST gets up to go.

PRIEST

(in Spanish; subtitled)

[We should have shot them anyway.]

DON PEPE and JOSE MARIA nod agreement. The PRIEST sighs, hoists his shotgun, and disappears down the street.

SAME - LATER

DON PEPE SNORES, asleep in his chair. JOSE MARIA broods over his empty glass.

POTS CLATTER inside the bar. The MOTOR SCOOTER whines by on the street in front.

ENGLISH PHIL emerges from the bar, carrying his SUITCASE. JOSE MARIA puts his feet out, blocks his path.

ENGLISH PHIL glares at him, heads in the other direction. The SUITCASE explodes again. But this time, as ENGLISH PHIL swears, gathering his belongings back up, there is NO GUN.

JOSE MARIA watches him, but makes no move to help.

JOSE MARIA

You English?

(no answer)

I speak English. I buy you a beer. RAFAELA!

RAFAELA sticks her head out from the bar. Both MEN look at her. JOSE MARIA indicates drinks all around.

ENGLISH PHIL paws through his belongings, looking for his GUN. Then remembers.

He goes to the door of the bar. RAFAELA flounces past him, puts beers and plates of revolting tapas on each table.

Tosses a plastic sack of garbage onto a passing GARBAGE TRUCK. ENGLISH PHIL hears a METAL CLANK as it hits.

RAFAELA looks at him, and disappears back into the bar.

The SOUND OF POTS CLATTERING WITHIN.

JOSE MARIA eyes ENGLISH PHIL with hostility.

JOSE MARIA

So. You own cortijo in England? Land? Your own place?

ENGLISH PHIL

(slowly)

I don't believe in private property.

He looks, depressed, after the GARBAGE TRUCK as it lumbers down the road. Thinks. Makes a plan. Sits.

JOSE MARIA

¡Mi cortijo es grande!

(No response)

When I was fifteen years old, I dug my own well. Ten liters a minute! The deepest well for two hundred kilometers!

Pause.

ENGLISH PHIL

I don't go in for that old-fashioned macho bullshit, personally.

They GLARE at each other.

JOSE MARIA

I buy you another beer. That's the way I am! Generous!

ENGLISH PHIL

Sure. I'll drink it. That's the way I am.  
Thirsty.

JOSE MARIA calls for RAFAELA, who comes out with more beers.

MARAVILLA'S VOICE

She actually preferred my father. Can you imagine?

As RAFAELA clears the empty glasses from the table, the TWO  
GUARDIA CIVIL reappear. JOSE MARIA goes to talk to them.

ENGLISH PHIL

(in a low voice; to RAFAELA)

You stole my gun!

RAFAELA

(same)

I thought you didn't believe in private property.

ENGLISH PHIL

Where's the dump?

RAFAELA

Next to my house.

She disappears into the BAR. The GUARDIA CIVIL and JOSE MARIA  
look at ENGLISH PHIL ominously, talking in low voices.

EXT. BAR PEPE - NIGHT

The TWO GUARDIA CIVIL and JOSE MARIA sit at the far table,  
waiting for ENGLISH PHIL to make a move.

He sits, nursing the last bit of his last beer.

RAFAELA closes the bar.

ENGLISH PHIL stands.

ENGLISH PHIL

Let me walk you home.

RAFAELA looks at the POLICEMEN and JOSE MARIA. She nods,  
goes down the street. ENGLISH PHIL follows. JOSE MARIA  
watches them angrily.

FARTHER DOWN THE STREET

ENGLISH PHIL turns back to see the THREE MEN watching them from the terrace.

ENGLISH PHIL  
(to RAFAELA)  
It's nothing personal, of course.

RAFAELA  
Of course.

But she turns away her head to hide a smile.

EXT. TOWN DUMP - NIGHT

ENGLISH PHIL climbs over the refuse IN THE MOONLIGHT, searching for his gun.

RAFAELA stands to the side, watching his progress. She YAWNS. Behind her, in the distance, her HOUSE, a LIGHT shining in the window.

The FRONT DOOR slams. DON PEPE stands outside and bawls.

DON PEPE  
¡RAFAELA!

RAFAELA  
¡Si, si!  
(pause)  
Well.  
(pause)  
Good night.

ENGLISH PHIL  
(pause)  
Good night.

RAFAELA  
(pause)  
I hope you find your gun.

ENGLISH PHIL  
(pause)  
Thank you.

He watches as she runs over to the HOUSE. As she opens the door, DON PEPE shouts angrily in Spanish. RAFAELA shouts back, giving as good as she gets. The door shuts. The MUFFLED SHOUTING goes on.

ENGLISH PHIL looks at the house until the shouting stops.  
Then goes back to digging in the shining, rotten pile.

INT. RAFAELA'S HOUSE

RAFAELA watches ENGLISH PHIL from behind a curtained window.

DON PEPE'S VOICE

(scolds; in SPANISH; subtitled)

[You be nice to Jose Maria, you stupid girl!  
And then he will marry you, and we will be rich,  
and have a big house, and...]

RAFAELA

[I don't believe in private property.]

She lets the curtain fall. DON PEPE moves into frame, astounded.

DON PEPE

¿QUE DICES?

RAFAELA, without looking at him, flounces into her room and shuts the door.

EXT. GARBAGE DUMP - DAWN

ENGLISH PHIL sleeps on a discarded sofa. He wakes to a scrabbling sound.

Sits up. RAFAELA climbs on the garbage heap, searching intently. After a moment, she digs. And holds up ENGLISH PHIL'S GUN. She sees he's awake and ducks her head shyly.

THE SOUND OF SPANISH SQUAWKING THROUGH A BULLHORN

Startled, RAFAELA drops the GUN. It SLIPS down under a PILE OF ROTTEN FISH.

The TWO GUARDIA CIVIL drive up the ravine in a PICK-UP, blasting RAFAELA and ENGLISH PHIL with the BULLHORN. RAFAELA gives up on the GUN and goes to meet them.

As ENGLISH PHIL watches, she gestures wildly, scolding the TWO POLICEMEN. They look back at her, sulky. And drive away.

He climbs onto the refuse pile, digging at the smelly pile.

RAFAELA'S VOICE

I told them you weren't a stranger, that I met you  
in the city last year at the fair.

ENGLISH PHIL looks at her.

ENGLISH PHIL

That's a good story.

RAFAELA

If you want to come see me, it's nobody's business  
but mine, I told them.

ENGLISH PHIL

It's getting hot. I'll look for the gun later.

RAFAELA

I'll show you where you can wash.

UP THE RAVINE - BY A STREAM

ENGLISH PHIL takes off his shirt and washes in the cold water while  
RAFAELA watches.

RAFAELA

They really want to shoot you.

(pause)

I think it's better if you stay here for awhile.

ENGLISH PHIL

Yes.

(pause)

I'll hide out in the hills.

RAFAELA

(shakes her head)

You stay with us.

(pause)

They can't say anything if you're courting me,  
can they.

(hurriedly)

I mean, as a --

ENGLISH PHIL

Cover story.

(pause)

It's a good plan.

Pause. They look away from each other, embarrassed.  
RAFAELA leaves, again hiding a SMILE.

EXT. THE CORTIJO OF JOSE MARIA

String neatly marks the boundaries and rooms of the GRAND HOUSE soon to be built there. A gravel path goes through an orchard of olive trees. JOSE MARIA works at putting up fencing. The TWO GUARDIA CIVIL stand there.

JOSE MARIA  
(in SPANISH; subtitled)  
[Don't be ridiculous! He can't be courting  
Rafaela! I would know about it!]

The MOTOR SCOOTER whines up in a whirlwind of dust. DON PEPE jumps off the back, runs over to the MEN. And POINTS DRAMATICALLY OUT INTO THE DESERT BEYOND.

IN THE DISTANCE - can be seen RAFAELA and ENGLISH PHIL walking hand in hand through the scrub.

AT RAFAELA and ENGLISH PHIL

ENGLISH PHIL  
Can they see us?

RAFAELA  
Yes.

ENGLISH PHIL  
Good.  
(cautiously)  
Okay. I'm going to kiss you now. Is that all right?

RAFAELA  
It's a good plan.

ENGLISH PHIL hesitates. Then KISSES RAFAELA. She KISSES HIM BACK. He looks at her, astonished, and KISSES her AGAIN. She KISSES HIM MORE FERVENTLY BACK.

They look at each other. And, holding hands, turn and hurry away.

AT JOSE MARIA, DON PEPE AND THE GUARDIA CIVIL

Watching as RAFAELA and ENGLISH PHIL scramble away.

MARAVILLA'S VOICE

I hate to say this about my own parents. But it had to be sex. There's just no other explanation.

IN THE HILLS ABOVE THE DESERT - A FIG TREE THICKET

RAFAELA and ENGLISH PHIL lie, astonished, in each other's arms.

ENGLISH PHIL

This is a good cover story.

RAFAELA

Yes.

(pause)

You want to go look for the gun now?

ENGLISH PHIL

Later.

EXT. TOWN STREETS - MARKET DAY

As the whole town watches, RAFAELA and ENGLISH PHIL walk down the street talking animatedly to each other, ENGLISH PHIL carrying her marketing.

JOSE MARIA kicks a STACK OF GARBAGE BAGS in anger. But RAFAELA and ENGLISH PHIL are so caught up in each other, they don't even see.

The GARBAGE TRUCK picks up the BAGS and drives away.

EXT. THE RAVINE - EVENING

ENGLISH PHIL and RAFAELA walk in the ravine, ENGLISH PHIL still talking a mile a minute. RAFAELA nodding as she listens.

As they talk, the GARBAGE TRUCK arrives at the DUMP, and dumps more GARBAGE on top of the ROTTEN FISH. ENGLISH PHIL and RAFAELA don't notice.

MARAVILLA'S VOICE

He told her some story about how he'd been a Revolutionary in England. My dad! A Revolutionary! In England! Hah!

ENGLISH PHIL'S STORY

As MARAVILLA talks, we see ENGLISH PHIL'S VERSION of the tale. Three MEN IN BLACK MASKS overtake a MERCEDES and KIDNAP the RICH FAT CAT INSIDE.

MARAVILLA'S VOICE

He claimed to have kidnapped some rich American industrialist who was about to rape the English countryside.

IN A SHACK - One of the MASKED MEN is revealed to be A HEROIC ENGLISH PHIL.

FLASH FORWARD

He offers the FAT CAT his own food to eat. The FAT CAT looks at him admiringly.

ENGLISH PHIL holds forth, reading to the FAT CAT from KARL MARX as the FAT CAT eats.

MARAVILLA'S VOICE

He says there had been no request for ransom.

His and his friends' goal had been the reeducation of the man. When this was achieved, they let him go.

The FAT CAT, tears in his eyes, embraces all of the MEN. He reserves his warmest embrace for ENGLISH PHIL.

MARAVILLA'S VOICE

The industrialist promised to mend his ways.

The FAT CAT scampers off as the MEN watch proudly. He disappears over a hill.

After a moment, the HILL IS SWARMING WITH COPS.

The GANG scatters, ENGLISH PHIL running hard.

MARAVILLA'S VOICE

Never trust a rich industrialist, my father said.

PRESENT DAY - AT RAFAELA AND ENGLISH PHIL

MARAVILLA'S VOICE

The police were still looking for him, he said. And Interpol. And the FBI.

ENGLISH PHIL  
(hesitates)  
So.  
(pause)  
I need a place to stay for ...awhile.

Pause.

RAFAELA  
(slowly)  
This is a good cover story.  
(pause)  
But I thought of something better.

ENGLISH PHIL looks at her.

The SOUND OF CHURCH BELLS RINGING.

MARAVILLA'S VOICE  
My poor mother. How, I ask myself, could she believe  
such obvious horseshit?

CUT TO --

EXT. TOWN CHURCH - DAY

ENGLISH PHIL emerges from the church, dressed as a groom, holding  
the hand of the bride, RAFAELA.

A furious DON PEPE and the PRIEST emerge behind them.

As ENGLISH PHIL and RAFAELA accept congratulations, DON PEPE spits  
with disgust.

DON PEPE  
English Phil.

PRIEST  
(in SPANISH; subtitled)  
[We should have shot them.]

DON PEPE nods. The CHURCH BELLS ECHO THROUGH TOWN.

EXT. THE CORTIJO OF JOSE MARIA

The CHURCH BELLS RING ON THE BREEZE FROM TOWN.

JOSE MARIA, dressed for travel, locks up what there is built of the house. Gets into a CAR PACKED WITH SUITCASES. And DRIVES AWAY.

MARAVILLA'S VOICE

Of course they went to live with my grandfather.  
Revolutionaries are notoriously short on cash.

EXT. RAFAELA'S HOUSE IN THE RAVINE - NIGHT

The SOUNDS OF LOVEMAKING come from the house.

INT. RAFAELA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

DON PEPE sits, increasingly angered by the sounds, which come clearly through the partition to RAFAELA'S ROOM.

INT. RAFAELA'S ROOM

RAFAELA and ENGLISH PHIL enthusiastically make love.

ENGLISH PHIL

-- and another thing. The rubbish dump. It's wrong the way people around here just throw rubbish in this beautiful ravine. We should organize it! Separate out the bottles and the paper and the cans and reuse them! Recycle them, that's it!

RAFAELA covers his mouth with kisses.

INT. LIVING AREA

DON PEPE can stand the noise no longer. He goes to the partition and pounds on it, shouting.

ENGLISH PHIL'S VOICE

And another thing. We should ban styrofoam cups! --

EXT. BAR PEPE - THE TERRACE - DAY

DON PEPE sits, beer in front of him, with a GROUP OF HIS FRIENDS. He smoulders with anger.

FROM THE STOREROOM ABOVE - THE SOUNDS OF LOVEMAKING

DON PEPE  
;RAFAELA!

No response. DON PEPE'S FRIENDS, snickering, finish their beers and head down the street to a rival bar.

DON PEPE'S EXPRESSION BODES NO GOOD.

INT. RAFAELA'S HOUSE - LIVING AREA - NIGHT

DON PEPE, the same expression on his face, eyes a blissful ENGLISH PHIL over his newspaper. A similarly blissful RAFAELA serves PLATTERS OF DELICIOUS LOOKING FOOD.

ENGLISH PHIL  
You know what Europe needs, Rafaela -- one currency. None of this pounds and lira and marks and pesetas. Bring down the economic boundaries, make it easier for the small producer...a united Europe! A grassroots movement would go a long way --  
(suddenly TASTES HIS FOOD)  
Wow.  
(pause)  
Excuse me for asking, Rafaela. But did you cook this?

RAFAELA nods proudly.

ENGLISH PHIL  
Wow.  
(pause)  
Then how come the stuff at the bar's so foul?  
(pause)  
I mean...sorry. I mean...oh, you know what I --

RAFAELA  
(points at DON PEPE)  
No, it IS bad! It's terrible. Because HE won't let me change anything. My mother was an awful cook. So I have to be an awful cook!

DON PEPE  
(in SPANISH; subtitled)  
[Speak when you're spoken to, daughter!]

RAFAELA

[I'm a grown woman with a husband! I'll say what I please!]

DON PEPE throws down his newspaper and storms out.

EXT. BAR PUENTE - DAY

A bar built on a BRIDGE. DON PEPE sits with his FRIENDS. They consult a SPANISH-ENGLISH DICTIONARY.

DON PEPE

(in SPANISH; subtitled)

[I'm going to tell him what I think of him.]

His FRIENDS egg him on.

ON THE STREET TO THE BAR PUENTE

ENGLISH PHIL, once again carrying the shopping, walks down the street with RAFAELA.

ENGLISH PHIL

Cattle ranching is nothing but a wastage of resources. But you can use every part of an ostrich. And it doesn't strip the land. The ostrich is a low maintenance, high yield bird.

She nods. The OLD MEN IN GREY SWEATERS stare at them.

DON PEPE, pushed forward by his friends, blocks ENGLISH PHIL'S PATH.

DON PEPE

(reads)

You are...a COARSE MAN!

ENGLISH PHIL and RAFAELA stop. ENGLISH PHIL looks puzzled. Then he sees the SPANISH-ENGLISH DICTIONARY.

ENGLISH PHIL

What?

(pause)

That's the problem with these dictionaries, Rafaela. They don't get the nuances. Look -- let me see.

He takes the DICTIONARY from DON PEPE, who helpfully points out the word.

ENGLISH PHIL

Malcriado. Well. There you are. There's no literal translation of the word. It's like...laggard. You know 'laggard'?

(DON PEPE shakes his head.)

Bum is what they'd say in England.

DON PEPE

(jumping excitedly)

Si! Si! You...are...a...BUMP!

ENGLISH PHIL

No, no. Not bump. It's...

But now the FRIENDS OF DON PEPE JOIN IN THE CHORUS.

FRIENDS OF DON PEPE

¡Es un BUMP! ¡Mira, el BUMP!

ENGLISH PHIL looks at them, it slowly dawning what they're saying. He looks angry.

Pause. They wait for what he'll do.

But he just throws THE BASKET he carries to the ground, and walks off down the street.

The OLD MEN CACKLE WITH TRIUMPH. RAFAELA lights into them in furious SPANISH.

And then she runs after ENGLISH PHIL as he disappears around a corner.

EXT. THE RUINED CASTLE ABOVE TOWN

ENGLISH PHIL sits, grimly looking at the town below.

RAFAELA, breathless from the climb, appears beside him.

RAFAELA

Phil! Don't be too angry...

ENGLISH PHIL

(angrily)

I'm not angry.

Pause.

RAFAELA

He's the bump!

ENGLISH PHIL

Bum.

RAFAELA

Bum.

(pause)

The bar? It's not even his. It's mine! My mother left it to me! But women don't know business, he says. He says --

ENGLISH PHIL

He says I'm a bum, Rafaela. And you know -- he's right.

Pause. She looks at him, afraid.

ENGLISH PHIL

What am I doing here? I am a serious person, with serious goals. I want to make the world a better place! Make a difference!

(laughs bitterly)

What a fantasy! Me thinking someday there'd be a statue put up in my honor, like in that square down there.

He POINTS at the SQUARE in front of the BAR PEPE. RAFAELA stares at him, open-mouthed -- and BURSTS OUT LAUGHING.

ENGLISH PHIL

You see? Exactly!

(points over the landscape)

I should be out there, Rafaela. Out there in the thick of things! Not here, where I'm just wasting my time.

RAFAELA

(petrified)

But...the police...you said...

ENGLISH PHIL

A really committed person would find a way around that. But have I shown, these last few months, that I am that person?

ENGLISH PHIL shakes his head.

ENGLISH PHIL

I don't know, Rafaela. I think not.

(pause)

I rather think not.

He gets up, and walks away down the hill.

RAFAELA watches him go. Then sits, clutching her knees, thinking furiously as she stares out over the town.

EXT. BAR PEPE - MORNING

RAFAELA, a look of fierce determination on her face, hangs up a sign on the door: CERRADO HOY POR RAZON DE NEGOCIOS.

She wears stiff city clothes.

She marches to the street, where the MOTORSCOOTER RIDER waits. Climbs on behind him. And they WHINE OFF DOWN THE ROAD.

EXT. BAR PUENTE - DAY

A TRUCK SELLING FISH pulls up in front of the bar, the FISH SELLER announcing his arrival through a loudspeaker. We see the FISH SELLER is KLAUS. ENGLISH PHIL works in the BAR PUENTE, carrying dirty glasses and tapas plates inside. He and KLAUS look at each other with a pretended lack of recognition.

KLAUS drives on, still shouting through the loudspeaker.

DON PEPE holds forth with his friends.

ENGLISH PHIL goes inside.

INT. BAR PUENTE - DAY

ENGLISH PHIL dumps a BUS TRAY next to the BAR OWNER. He pulls a STACK OF UNUSED NAPKINS from it.

ENGLISH PHIL

We shouldn't waste these. I've worked out a system where --

The BAR OWNER stares at him with hostility and goes out. ENGLISH PHIL shakes his head, begins to wash the glasses.

The APPROACHING WHINE OF THE MOTOR SCOOTER IS HEARD.

ENGLISH PHIL looks up and sees RAFAELA march onto the bridge and slap down an OFFICIAL LOOKING SHEAF OF PAPERS in front of DON PEPE.

She talks rapidly in SPANISH. ALL THE MEN IN GREY SWEATERS shout and gesture wildly.

EXT. BAR PUENTE

ENGLISH PHIL comes outside, watches RAFAELA, and starts to laugh.

ENGLISH PHIL  
Rafaela, what are you doing?

RAFAELA  
I went to the lawyer in the city. The bar belongs to me. So I claim it. He spends all his time here, anyway.

ENGLISH PHIL goes to her and scoops her up in his arms.

ENGLISH PHIL  
Rafaela! You are a GODDESS!

RAFAELA  
We'll make enough money for us to get out of here.  
(anxiously)  
You'll take me with you, won't you?

She rounds on the OLD MEN.

RAFAELA  
(in SPANISH; subtitled)  
[He is a GREAT MAN! And all you can think of for him to do is wash glasses in your crummy bar?]

As the OLD MEN watch, outraged, RAFAELA and ENGLISH PHIL hurry down the street together toward the BAR PEPE.

ENGLISH PHIL'S VOICE  
First thing we do is change the name.

RAFAELA'S VOICE  
Who's going to come to a place called "Bar English Phil?"

EXT. BAR PEPE - DAYS LATER

A BANNER - [GRAND OPENING!]

The ASSEMBLED TOWNSPEOPLE stare at the BAR, mouths open in shock.  
The NEW SIGN SAYS: BAR RAFAELA.

A GROUP OF BLACK CLAD OLD WOMEN mutter darkly.

INT. BAR RAFAELA

ENGLISH PHIL and RAFAELA hurry to get the bar in order. ENGLISH  
PHIL WASHES GLASSES.

RAFAELA gives the window one last dusting, sees the OLD WOMEN.

RAFAELA

Will you still love me when I look like that?

ENGLISH PHIL comes over to her and looks.

ENGLISH PHIL

You will NEVER look like that!

RAFAELA takes a deep breath and OPENS THE DOOR FOR THE GRAND  
OPENING.

NO ONE OUTSIDE MOVES.

ENGLISH PHIL

GRAND OPENING! CERVEZA LIBRE!

Free beer for the first fifty customers!

RAFAELA looks at him, then repeats it in SPANISH.

GENERAL STAMPEDE into the bar.

TWO HOURS LATER

The BAR is FULL. RAFAELA bustles back and forth, serving beer and  
tapas, collecting cash.

ENGLISH PHIL welcomes customers, escorts them to tables.

MARAVILLA'S VOICE

Thus began the years of my mother's servitude.

KLAUS enters. He and ENGLISH PHIL look around to make sure no one

notices, and then go out.

RAFAELA happily goes on working, pushing a lock of hair out of her eyes.

INT. BAR RAFAELA - DAY - FIVE YEARS LATER

The BAR has changed. No picture of FRANCO. It's lighter, cleaner, the TAPAS look more appetizing, if conventional.

A TELEVISION SET blasts out a SOAP OPERA.

RAFAELA still bustles around, serving drinks and food.

She proudly displays a ONE-ARMED BANDIT to a FAMILY OF CUSTOMERS. It GLEAMS. Says: "RECREATIVOS FRANCO."

RAFAELA

(in SPANISH; subtitled)

My husband doesn't like it, but I say we should move with the times.

WIFE

(same; admiringly)

You're so smart, Rafaela. You'll be able to build a big house. Like the one the rich guy from the city's putting up outside town.

RAFAELA

(same; feigning casualness)

I saw that the other day. Didn't that used to be Jose Maria Fernandez's place?

WIFE

(same)

Ooh. Remember Jose Maria? He was so hung up on you. And DREAMY? Oooh.

The HUSBAND scowls.

RAFAELA

(same)

I wonder where he is now. Not that I care, of course.

WIFE

(same)

Of course. With the husband you have.

The CAMERA moves through the DOOR TO THE TERRACE TO REVEAL --

EXT. BAR RAFAELA - TERRACE

AT DON PEPE'S TABLE: ENGLISH PHIL sits in DON PEPE'S OLD SPOT, with KLAUS, and RAFA -- a townsman who looks like a Spanish version of JEAN-MICHEL. They drink beer.

KLAUS

I still say we could have pulled it off. We could have pulled it off if we'd had the nerve, and then we wouldn't be stuck in this...

ENGLISH PHIL

No, no, Klaus. Regionalism! That's the key! We start the movement on a local level! Providing jobs here. Take the old Western towns out there in the desert. They used to make movies there.

KLAUS

Spaghetti westerns.

ENGLISH PHIL

So? The issue is prosperity. That's what we were fighting for, wasn't it? Look, we find investors, fix up the old sets, and bring the movies back...

RAFA nods.

KLAUS

I hear you. But will it work?

A SHADOW falls across the table. A STRANGER passes by and enters the BAR.

ENGLISH PHIL

Of course it will work!

INT. BAR RAFAELA

RAFAELA takes a screwdriver to the ONE-ARMED BANDIT as the FAMILY watches sympathetically.

RAFAELA

(in SPANISH; subtitled)  
I don't understand it. It was working a minute ago.

The WIFE looks up at the STRANGER'S entrance. Gasps.

RAFAELA  
(same)

What?

The WIFE socks her on the arm. RAFAELA looks up.

The STRANGER is JOSE MARIA FERNANDEZ. Five years older. Glossier. Richer.

RAFAELA  
Jose Maria.

ENGLISH PHIL walks in with the empty glasses from outside. In time to see RAFAELA automatically lift a hand to smooth her hair, check her reflection in the mirror over the bar.

The FAMILY watches this as eagerly as if it is the SOAP OPERA on the television set.

JOSE MARIA  
(in SPANISH; subtitled)  
Rafaela. You look well.  
(pause; to ENGLISH PHIL)  
May I have a moment alone with your wife?

ENGLISH PHIL  
She doesn't belong to me. Ask her.

JOSE MARIA  
(to RAFAELA; in SPANISH; subtitled)  
You broke my heart. You owe me.

The FAMILY eats this up. RAFAELA thinks. Takes off her apron. Gives ENGLISH PHIL a quick kiss.

RAFAELA  
I'll be back in ten minutes.

She goes out, followed by JOSE MARIA.

ENGLISH PHIL  
(loudly)  
You deserve the time off, Rafaela. Don't worry.  
I'll take care of things here.

EXT. BAR RAFAELA

ENGLISH PHIL emerges to see JOSE MARIA help RAFAELA into a well-kept MERCEDES BENZ.

RAFA  
Eras loco.

KLAUS  
You let her go with him? You've lost your mind.

ENGLISH PHIL  
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU GUYS?

KLAUS  
I've had three wives. Didn't trust one of them.

INT. JOSE MARIA'S MERCEDES

RAFAELA looks back at her fast-disappearing BAR.  
She feels the leather of the car seats. Sits back against it.

JOSE MARIA  
We'll talk English, huh? It's good for me. My English  
has got much better.

RAFAELA  
Yes. I see.

JOSE MARIA  
It's the international language of business. You need it  
to be competitive in the modern world.

RAFAELA  
Phil says that.

Silence.

RAFAELA  
You've...

JOSE MARIA  
(interrupts her)  
I've...

Silence.

RAFAELA

You've been away a long time.

JOSE MARIA

Five years.

Pause. RAFAELA squints against the sun. Takes a PIECE OF FLEXIBLE DARK PLASTIC from her pocket, unrolls it, sticks it on her nose.

JOSE MARIA

(astonished)

What is that?

RAFAELA

It's Phil's idea. Sunglasses without earpieces. See? Nothing to break. We sell them in the bar. They haven't caught on yet, but I think...

JOSE MARIA

You look prettier without them.

RAFAELA

I don't see what business it is of yours if I look pretty at all!

Silence. After a moment, she takes the SUNGLASSES off, puts them back in her pocket. She squints against the sun.

EXT. BAR RAFAELA

ENGLISH PHIL moves, restless, around the terrace. He checks the clock. A half hour has passed.

ENGLISH PHIL

Klaus, watch the bar for me, would you?

RAFA

(in SPANISH; subtitled)

We could have stunt man shows. You know, bam-bam!

KLAUS nods. ENGLISH PHIL gets on a BIKE and pedals away. KLAUS and RAFA exchange looks.

EXT. JOSE MARIA'S MERCEDES

Turns down a dirt road.

INT. JOSE MARIA'S MERCEDES

RAFAELA

You'll get your car all dirty.

JOSE MARIA

And you? Still in the same house?

RAFAELA

Yes.

JOSE MARIA

How many bathrooms you got there? I don't remember.

RAFAELA

Phil has set up an amazing pipe system. We have a shower right in the house! The sun heats the water, and...

JOSE MARIA

And the toilet?

RAFAELA

What? Oh, that's still outside. But we have plans --

JOSE MARIA rounds the corner to his CORTIJO. A MAGNIFICENT HOUSE stands there.

EXT. JOSE MARIA'S HOUSE

JOSE MARIA helps a stunned RAFAELA from the car.

MARAVILLA'S VOICE

If it wasn't for me, my mother might have lived happily ever after. I have mixed feelings about this.

INT. JOSE MARIA'S HOUSE

RAFAELA wanders through the empty rooms. JOSE MARIA follows. Everything is luxury. Marble flooring, counters, trim.

JOSE MARIA

Three bathrooms. And a little toilet near the entry way for guests. Also maid's quarters.

RAFAELA looks in an ENORMOUS CLOSET.

JOSE MARIA

The closet for the master bedroom. For my wife's clothes.

RAFAELA

Your wife? Who is she?

JOSE MARIA

You know who she is , Rafaela.

MARAVILLA'S VOICE

Very mixed.

EXT. ROAD OUT OF TOWN

ENGLISH PHIL pedals down it, turns down the dirt road.

INT. JOSE MARIA'S HOUSE

JOSE MARIA

For five years I've been gone, Rafaela. But I haven't wasted those years. I'm richer now. I have connections with the government. I'm working to bring an airport outside of town. Think of the jobs! And I have other plans.

RAFAELA

I always knew you'd become a man of importance.

JOSE MARIA

But you married HIM. What has he done for you? You work in that bar like a slave! You live in a house with your father and no toilet! And closet space. YOU HAVE NO CLOSET SPACE AT ALL!

He EMBRACES HER PASSIONATELY. She, distracted by the closet space, does not resist.

JOSE MARIA

Rafaela! You made as mistake! Undo that mistake! If you won't, I swear I'll ask you again every five years until one of us dies!

RAFAELA

Jose Maria...

THROUGH THE WINDOW - can be seen ENGLISH PHIL riding into the courtyard.

RAFAELA sways, a little sick-looking, in JOSE MARIA'S arms.

JOSE MARIA

Are you okay?

RAFAELA

I think...with all the excitement...I forgot to eat my lunch.

As ENGLISH PHIL enters, RAFAELA FAINTS DEAD AWAY.

ENGLISH PHIL gives a SHOUT OF OUTRAGE. He goes to grab her away from JOSE MARIA. They have a TUG OF WAR over the unconscious RAFAELA.

RAFAELA

(comes to)

Phil! There's something wrong....

ENGLISH PHIL grabs her from JOSE MARIA and carries her out the door.

Pause. A MOMENT LATER he returns.

ENGLISH PHIL

I need a car.

INT. JOSE MARIA'S MERCEDES

JOSE MARIA drives, ENGLISH PHIL beside him. RAFAELA lies in back.

JOSE MARIA

(hisses)

Look what you've done to her!

ENGLISH PHIL

It's hypertension! I know it is! I keep telling her, you eat too much salt!

EXT. BIG CITY HOSPITAL

The TWO MEN carry RAFAELA in.

INT. HOSPITAL

A NURSE takes RAFAELA through some DOORS.

IN THE WAITING ROOM - LATER

JOSE MARIA and ENGLISH PHIL pace, waiting.

ENGLISH PHIL

(hisses)

What are you waiting here for?

JOSE MARIA

(same)

How you going to take her back? Fly?

The DOCTOR enters. JOSE MARIA goes to him.

DOCTOR

(in SPANISH; subtitled)

You are the husband?

JOSE MARIA begins to deny it, but is distracted by the appearance of RAFAELA, helped by a NURSE.

DOCTOR

(same)

I must tell you about her condition.

He leads JOSE MARIA aside as RAFAELA goes to ENGLISH PHIL. The DOCTOR and JOSE MARIA talk rapidly in Spanish. JOSE MARIA becomes more and more agitated.

AT ENGLISH PHIL AND RAFAELA

ENGLISH PHIL

It's the salt, isn't it? And the fried foods...

RAFAELA

Phil, I'm pregnant.

ENGLISH PHIL

(pause)

And you eat too much pork.

(pause)

We need to eat more greens.

RAFAELA

Phil. Did you hear me? I know we agreed that it's a

crime to bring a baby into an overpopulated world, but when you get right down to it, one more or less, doesn't matter. Does it?

ENGLISH PHIL

That's it. A strict vegetarian diet would be just the thing. Oh, you can eat eggs and cheese, sure -- in moderation --

DOCTOR

(in SPANISH; subtitled)

Senora Fernandez? I was just telling your husband...

ENGLISH PHIL

(shouts at JOSE MARIA)

DID YOU SAY YOU WERE HER HUSBAND?

JOSE MARIA

I SHOULD BE HER HUSBAND! YOU...YOU...ANARCHIST!

THEY FALL ON EACH OTHER AND WRESTLE TO THE FLOOR.

RAFAELA

STOP IT!

DOCTOR

(over the din; in SPANISH; subtitled)

I told your husband you have high blood pressure. You need to avoid stress.

RAFAELA

(same)

What?

DOCTOR

(shouts; same)

STRESS! YOU NEED TO AVOID STRESS!

EXT. JOSE MARIA'S MERCEDES - THE HIGHWAY BACK TO TOWN

The CAR speeds along.

INT. JOSE MARIA'S MERCEDES

A bandaged and stitched up JOSE MARIA drives. Beside him sits a bandaged and stitched up ENGLISH PHIL. RAFAELA smoulders in the back seat.

JOSE MARIA AND ENGLISH PHIL  
(together)  
Rafaela...

RAFAELA  
Shut up, both of you!

EXT. JOSE MARIA'S MERCEDES

Disappears around a curve.

EXT. RAVINE IN FRONT OF RAFAELA'S HOUSE

The MERCEDES bumps to a stop. RAFAELA gets out, slams the door behind her.

ENGLISH PHIL and JOSE MARIA sheepishly emerge.

JOSE MARIA  
You must lie down.

ENGLISH PHIL  
Remember, you have to avoid stress.

She goes in the house, SLAMMING THE DOOR.

EXT. THE FRONT DOOR - SIX MONTHS LATER

THREE OLD LADIES DRESSED IN BLACK enter the door, SLAMMING it behind them.

JOSE MARIA and ENGLISH PHIL pace in the ravine, smoking cigarettes.

Suddenly the CRIES OF A NEWBORN BABY fill the air.

An OLD LADY comes out of the house. ENGLISH PHIL and JOSE MARIA look hopeful.

OLD LADY  
(in SPANISH; subtitled)  
She says -- she doesn't want to see either of you!

They turn and walk in opposite directions.

PULL UP TO REVEAL

THE TWO MEN AT OPPOSITE ENDS OF THE RAVINE, SMOKING FURIOUSLY.

MARAVILLA'S VOICE

I was a bad luck baby, all right. The day of my birth was the day of my grandfather's death.

EXT. BAR PUENTE

DON PEPE, drunk, leans against the railing of the bridge, accepting the congratulations of his friends. JOSE MARIA sits morosely to the side.

MARAVILLA'S VOICE

It was a heart attack, they say. As he received the congratulations of his friends.

OLD MAN #1

(in SPANISH; subtitled)

Tough luck, Pepe. I heard your daughter was this close to leaving that bum.

OLD MAN #2

(same)

It's true. You would have been living in the big house if it wasn't for the baby.

DON PEPE

(same)

Jose Maria! Is this true?

JOSE MARIA, near tears, nods.

We hear the WHINE OF THE MOTOR SCOOTER as it comes down the road under the bridge.

DON PEPE looks at them all, then CLUTCHES HIS HEART. FALLS AGAINST THE RAILING OF THE BRIDGE. It GIVES WAY. And he topples to the street below, landing on the SCOOTER DRIVER.

His FRIENDS go to the BROKEN RAIL. And CROSS THEMSELVES.

SOUNDS OF A FUNERAL DIRGE.

EXT. TOWN CHURCH - DAY

The doors dressed in black crepe.

RAFAELA, dressed in black, holding the BABY, emerges with ENGLISH PHIL to greet the MOURNERS.

The SCOOTER DRIVER, in a WHEELCHAIR, wheels up to give his sympathy.

KLAUS and RAFA arrive, agitated. Taking ENGLISH PHIL aside, they talk animatedly.

JOSE MARIA approaches RAFAELA.

JOSE MARIA  
Rafaela, if there's anything I can do...

RAFAELA  
(harassed)  
Not unless you can find my husband a job. What with the funeral, the baby...  
(waves at the SCOOTER DRIVER)  
...the hospital...

JOSE MARIA  
I'll do what I can.

The PRIEST, tears running down his face, emerges from the church.

PRIEST  
(muttering in Spanish; subtitled)  
We should have shot them, I always said. Pepe would be here today...

RAFAELA turns to comfort him.  
ENGLISH PHIL approaches JOSE MARIA.

ENGLISH PHIL  
Did you buy the Western town?

JOSE MARIA  
As an investment. To attract tourists.

ENGLISH PHIL  
But that was my idea!

The BABY begins to cry.  
RAFAELA thrusts her at ENGLISH PHIL, who holds her awkwardly.  
RAFAELA goes off with the PRIEST. JOSE MARIA watches as she counts out money to pay him for the funeral.

JOSE MARIA

Gentlemen, I am in a position to offer all of you jobs.

THE BABY STOPS CRYING. SHE COOS CONTENTEDLY.

INT. WESTERN TOWN BAR - SIX MONTHS LATER

The BABY MARAVILLA lies, sleeping peacefully, in a basket by the saloon's swinging BATWING DOORS. Scattered beside her are PROPS -- lassoes, cowboy boots, spurs...

THE SOUNDS OF CONSTRUCTION.

EXT. WESTERN TOWN]

AGAINST THE SKY - THE COWBOY HATTED HEAD OF RAFA

RAFA

No es violencia! Es ESPECTACULO!

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

KLAUS, RAFA, and ENGLISH PHIL in ridiculous WILD WEST OUTFITS. They enter into an awkwardly staged COWBOY FIGHT.

JOSE MARIA, smoking a cigar, watches.

ENGLISH PHIL

OWWWW!

JOSE MARIA

No, no, no!

(in SPANISH)

Harder!

(in ENGLISH)

Hit him harder!

KLAUS does. ENGLISH PHIL doubles over.

INT. WESTERN TOWN BAR - BY THE BATWING DOORS - ONE YEAR LATER

A PEN formed by the PROPS. The TODDLER MARAVILLA wanders inside it, cooing to herself.

THROUGH THE DOORS can be seen a CROWD OF TOURISTS. They watch as KLAUS AND RAFA HANG ENGLISH PHIL FROM A GIBBET.

INT. SAME - THREE YEARS LATER

MARAVILLA plays on the bar floor with her favorite toy -- a PIGGY BANK.

She goes to the door and looks out.

EXT. WESTERN TOWN

A BIGGER CROWD OF TOURISTS. The WESTERN TOWN is more built up.

KLAUS and RAFA dump ENGLISH PHIL into a TROUGH OF WATER, as the TOURISTS applaud.

JOSE MARIA'S VOICE

As you see, your money is secure when invested  
in Fernandez Western Enterprises.

INT. WESTERN TOWN BAR

MARAVILLA turns and looks in the bar, to see JOSE MARIA -- even glossier and more successful looking than before -- selling shares in the Western Town to an AMERICAN.

AMERICAN

I know a good thing when I see it. Costs low, profits  
high. Your staff works for peanuts.

JOSE MARIA

And we have improvements planned. A petting zoo. A  
stagecoach to carry tourists from the parking lot into the  
town. Camel racing!

THROUGH THE DOORS - ENGLISH PHIL continues to be enthusiastically  
beaten by  
KLAUS and RAFA. The APPLAUSE continues.

AMERICAN

I like the camel racing.

They shake hands. The AMERICAN leaves, studying the prospectus.  
MARAVILLA watches ENGLISH PHIL being DRAGGED BEHIND A HORSE.  
She turns her back on this and toddles back to JOSE MARIA.

JOSE MARIA

Do you know what day this is, Maravilla?  
(she shakes her head; he hands her a COIN)

Here. This is yours if you can divide the money in your bank into three piles the same size.

She sits on the floor, intent on winning the prize.

OUTSIDE THE DOOR - ENGLISH PHIL FALLS OFF A BUILDING

But MARAVILLA doesn't see.

INT. BAR RAFAELA - EVENING

RAFAELA sits on a stool behind the bar going over her accounts. COINS stacked in piles in front of her. She looks even more tired and irritable than before.

ENGLISH PHIL, beaten up and exhausted, enters holding MARAVILLA.

Pause. RAFAELA ignores him. MARAVILLA runs to her, holding out the MONEY she got from JOSE MARIA. RAFAELA gives her an absent kiss, goes back to her accounts.

ENGLISH PHIL  
Jose Maria is ripping me off.

RAFAELA  
At least he's giving you a paycheck.

ENGLISH PHIL  
I could've done better in England.

RAFAELA  
So go back there.

ENGLISH PHIL  
You know I can't go back there.

(pause)  
Let me tell you about England. If you're not born into a wealthy family, you're screwed. You're never going to be in the House of Lords. You've got no chance.

RAFAELA  
You could have been a lord if you'd stayed. Not like here. Better. You could have been KING.

ENGLISH PHIL  
Ha, ha. Very funny. Listen, Rafaela. I'm exploited. I'm underused. I'm MISERABLE, and I don't know what to do about it!

RAFAELA

What about me, then? I suppose I forced you into staying here! Tricked you into it...

ENGLISH PHIL

Rafaela, I didn't say that. What I said was --

RAFAELA

And I suppose I'm too tired and old and poor...

ENGLISH PHIL

Rafaela...

RAFAELA

...and I suppose my tapas are horrible...

ENGLISH PHIL

(finally)

As a matter of fact, these tapas here ARE rubbish. You cook much better at home.

RAFAELA and MARAVILLA BURST INTO TEARS.  
JOSE MARIA appears in the door.

JOSE MARIA

(to ENGLISH PHIL)

What have you done to her?

This is the last straw.

ENGLISH PHIL

OHH!

And he pushes past him into the night. JOSE MARIA rushes to comfort RAFAELA and MARAVILLA.

JOSE MARIA

Rafaela! You're unhappy!

RAFAELA

Of course I'm unhappy! I'm tired.

JOSE MARIA

No, no!

RAFAELA  
I'm getting old.

JOSE MARIA  
NO, NO!

RAFAELA  
I don't have any money!

JOSE MARIA  
Let me shower you with money!

MARAVILLA stops crying and walks over to JOSE MARIA, looking up at him with admiration.

Pause. RAFAELA looks at him intensely.

RAFAELA  
Jose Maria. Tell me the truth.  
What do you think of my tapas?

JOSE MARIA  
Your tapas?

RAFAELA  
Yes.

JOSE MARIA  
Why...they're delicious!

RAFAELA  
Yes?

JOSE MARIA  
Celestial!

RAFAELA  
Good, good...

JOSE MARIA  
AMBROISIAL!

Pause. JOSE MARIA looks at her hopefully. She looks back at him.

RAFAELA  
LIAR!

Once again, RAFAELA and MARAVILLA burst into tears. RAFAELA pushes

a bewildered JOSE MARIA out the door, locking it behind him.

EXT. BAR RAFAELA

JOSE MARIA

But Rafaela! Let me back in! Tonight's my night to propose to you! RAFAELA!

INT. BAR RAFAELA

RAFAELA stands staring at her LINE UP OF TAPAS, her tears stopping as she concentrates.

MARAVILLA pulls at her skirt, still crying, trying to divert her attention back to the frantic JOSE MARIA who taps at the window.

RAFAELA

(absently)

Be quiet, Maravilla. Sssh.

At the sound of her voice, MARAVILLA stops crying, and comes to stand next to her. RAFAELA picks her up. They BOTH stare at the TAPAS together, ignoring JOSE MARIA, who finally gives up and goes away.

EXT. RAFAELA'S HOUSE IN THE RAVINE - NIGHT

A LANTERN shines in the window.

INT. RAFAELA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

MARAVILLA sleeps, the MONEY she got from JOSE MARIA clutched in her hand.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL --

The KITCHEN covered with FOOD EXPERIMENTS.

MEAT extrudes through the GRINDER. A PILE OF TOMATOES simmers in a sauce.

EXT. HILLS BEHIND RAFAELA'S HOUSE - DAWN

RAFAELA gathers MOUNTAIN HERBS. Stopping to rest for a minute, she

sees she's in the FIG TREE THICKET where she and ENGLISH PHIL made love. She pulls figs off the trees and piles them into her basket.

INT. RAFAELA'S HOUSE - DAWN

RAFAELA enters, puts her apron on, adds herbs to the SAUSAGE MIXTURE. Looks at the figs. Picks one up and EATS IT, thinking as she does.

EXT. WESTER TOWN - DAWN

ENGLISH PHIL sleeps in the DRY WATER TROUGH.

His FACE TWITCHES AS HE DREAMS.

ENGLISH PHIL'S DREAM --

A VOICE  
PHIL! ENGLISH PHIL!

ENGLISH PHIL  
What? Who's that? What's that?

ENGLISH PHIL shakes himself awake. A FIGURE steps forward. An ANGEL wearing COWBOY CLOTHES.

The ANGEL looks strangely like FRANCO NERO in a SPAGHETTI WESTERN.

ANGEL  
Phil! Despair not! Your destiny is close at hand!

ENGLISH PHIL  
(groans; lies back down)  
Not another Man of Destiny dream. I always have 'em.  
I always believe 'em. They're always bullshit. Go away  
and let me sleep in peace.

The ANGEL beings to GLOW. ENGLISH PHIL holds up his hand to shade away the light. Finally takes a PAIR OF HIS EARPIECELESS SUNGLASSES from his pocket and puts them on.

ANGEL  
I say unto you -- the moment that would make you  
great hath arrived!

HIS LAST WORD ECHOS THROUGH THE DESERT.

ANGEL  
...arrived...arrived...arrived...

EXT. WESTERN TOWN - MORNING

ENGLISH PHIL wakes. Remembers his dream. Sighs, depressed. He hefts himself painfully out of the trough.

A SCORCHER OF A DAY. HEAT WAVES undulate from the desert floor.

As ENGLISH PHIL looks out at this, IN THE DISTANCE, a SHAPE approaches from out of the heat.

A VISION strangely akin to that of OMAR SHARIF in LAWRENCE OF ARABIA. It comes closer and closer. Until we see that it is a STAGECOACH.

It dashes up to the water trough. And STOPS. As ENGLISH PHIL watches with amazement, the DOORS OPEN.

And out step the AMAZING HEI-SEI MONDO BROTHERS, MACBETH and HAMLET. JAPANESE PERFORMANCE ARTISTS EXTRAORDINAIRE.

Both are in FULL COWBOY REGALIA. Gleaming white leather chaps. Western shirts, bolo ties, alligator boots, ten gallon hats. Each carries a CARPET BAG. CAMERAS hang around their necks.

They look around themselves, talking in rapid JAPANESE. As ENGLISH PHIL watches, they take PICTURES OF EACH OTHER.

They spot ENGLISH PHIL, who still wears his WESTERN COSTUME. They confer in low tones, and approach him, smiling.

A MOMENT LATER

MACBETH takes a PHOTO OF ENGLISH PHIL AND HAMLET.

A MOMENT LATER

HAMLET takes the PHOTO.

A MOMENT LATER

ENGLISH PHIL snaps the PHOTO. HAMLET and MACBETH shake hands with him in enthusiastic thanks.

ENGLISH PHIL



HAMLET

Come on. We show you.

They move off.

MACBETH

Come on!

ENGLISH PHIL follows them. The THREE disappear begins a ROCK  
OUTCROPPING.

Silence.

After a moment --

ENGLISH PHIL'S VOICE

That's...that's SIMPLY INCREDIBLE! AMAZING!  
WOW!!!!

EXT. MAIN TOWN SQUARE - DAY

The TOWNSPEOPLE prepare for the SEMANA SANTA (Holy Week) PROCESSION.  
The PRIEST organizes the MARCHERS -- all wearing traditional robes  
and PEAKED HOODS of varying colors -- through a BULLHORN.

PRIEST

(in Spanish; subtitled)

[No, no, no! This is Holy Week! We do things the way  
we've always done them! Purple hoods behind the white  
ones! Thank you!]

They TOWNSPEOPLE obey. Practice beating their DRUMS.

THROUGH THE STREETS

TOWNSPEOPLE and TOURISTS make their way to the TOWN CENTER.

INT. BAR RAFAELA

The SOUND of the BEATING DRUMS comes from outside.  
RAFAELA and MARAVILLA stare at AN ARRAY OF BRAND NEW TAPAS/.

RAFAELA

This is our best chance, Maravilla. All the tourists  
are here for Holy Week. They might like something new.

MARAVILLA'S VOICEOVER

My mother didn't know the first law of marketing.

MARAVILLA looks at her dubiously. A COUPLE enters.

MARAVILLA'S VOICEOVER  
People NEVER like something new.

MAN  
Dos cervezas, por favor...y...que tapas, Senora?

RAFAELA  
(in SPANISH; subtitled)  
[I have fresh goat cheese marinated in olive oil with wild thyme, gathered from the mountains behind town.]

Pause. The COUPLE look at each other doubtfully.

RAFAELA  
[Or, look, little sausage balls, skewered with a sweet and sour fig. Very Moorish.]

The MAN and WOMAN shift nervously. The MAN points.

MAN  
[Where's that ham from.]

RAFAELA  
[The big market in the city.]

MAN  
(as his WIFE nods)  
[We'll have some of that, please.]

SAME - LATER

A GROUP OF YOUNG PEOPLE stare at the TAPAS.

RAFAELA  
(desperately)  
[Some fresh fava beans? With a salt cod puree!]

YOUNG WOMAN  
[Ham, please.]

OTHER YOUNG PEOPLE  
(in chorus)  
[Ham for me, please! And for me!]

SAME - LATER

A TRIO OF LITTLE OLD LADIES

RAFAELA presents a SIZZLING DISH OF SQUIDS A LA PLANCHA. The OLD LADIES eye it with suspicion. And POINT TO THE HAM.

SAME - LATER

RAFAELA, forcing a smile, waves good-bye to the OLD LADIES. Near tears, she cleans up the counter as MARAVILLA watches.

MARAVILLA'S VOICE

My father had done it again. But he wasn't finished yet!

The DOOR bursts open. ENGLISH PHIL bursts in, followed by the HEI-SEI MONDO BROTHERS.

RAFAELA

Phil! I want to talk to you! I have to tell you...

ENGLISH PHIL, distracted, kisses her.

ENGLISH PHIL

Sorry about the fight, Rafaela. We'll make up the usual way later, okay?

(she nods)

Rafaela, these are the SHAKESPEARE BROTHERS, Hamlet and Macbeth. They're PERFORMANCE ARTISTS.

RAFAELA

Oh.

(politely)

How do you do?

MACBETH and HAMLET bow politely, sit. As ENGLISH PHIL talks, RAFAELA serves them her REJECTED TAPAS.

ENGLISH PHIL

And what an act they've got! It's like nothing anyone's ever seen before.

A PAINED EXPRESSION crosses MARAVILLA'S FACE.

MARAVILLA'S VOICE

What did I tell you? My father never learned.

ENGLISH PHIL

And yet, it has extraordinary crossover potential! The market for this could be ENORMOUS!

HAMLET and MACBETH taste the TAPAS. THEIR EYES WIDEN. They talk to each other in enthusiastic JAPANESE. And indicate that they would like more.

ENGLISH PHIL

Klaus agrees with me. He and Rafa are working on a stage for us in the center of town. You see what I'm getting at? This will be the HEI SEI MONDO BROTHER'S SPANISH DEBUT!

RAFAELA

(distracted; serves the BROTHERS more)  
What about the Western town? Don't you have a show there this afternoon?

ENGLISH PHIL

I QUIT the Western town! Look, Rafaela -- it's a dead end job, getting beat up there, day after day. This way, I have a shot at having Jose Maria work for me instead of me for him!

MARAVILLA'S VOICE

Sure you do, Dad. And I'm the Queen of England.

ENGLISH PHIL

Look, this could develop into something really big! We could bring in an airport. Turn the town into an internationally famous tourist center! Like Stratford on Avon! Or that place in Krautland where they do that opera thing! I'm not saying it could happen overnight, but...

HAMLET

(mouth full of squid)  
Bayreuth.

ENGLISH PHIL

Exactly.

HAMLET and MACBETH hold out their plates. RAFAELA gives them more.

ENGLISH PHIL

And here's the topper. The carnival that's come here for Semana Santa have a HOT AIR BALLOON. I've rented it! Isn't that great? After Macbeth and Hamlet do their act, they can take off in the balloon, throwing down sweets to the kids. The effect will be tremendous.

MACBETH

You can't buy that kind of publicity.

RAFAELA

You rented it. How much did it cost?

ENGLISH PHIL

It was INCREDIBLY CHEAP. Do you know how much hot air balloons USUALLY go for?

He eats the TAPA that RAFAELA has put in front of him.

ENGLISH PHIL

Hey. This is really good.

Stands and waves to HAMLET and MACBETH.

ENGLISH PHIL

Come on, boys! Back to work!

They EXIT. RAFAELA and MARAVILLA exchange looks. Five year old MARAVILLA shakes her head.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - NIGHT

The CARNIVAL RIDES WHIZZ AROUND.

JOSE MARIA holds MARAVILLA on his lap in a BIG PINK BUNNY.

The SEMANA SANTA PROCESSION wends its way through town; SOUNDS OF CHANTING and DRUMMING fill the air.

NEARBY - IN FRONT OF THE CHURCH

ENGLISH PHIL, KLAUS, and RAFA put the finishing touches on the stage.

ENGLISH PHIL checks out a JERRY-RIGGED SPOTLIGHT, and an improvised TRANSPARENT SCRIM.

CURIOUS TOWNSPEOPLE move in towards the makeshift BLEACHERS.

SAME - LATER

The CROWD waits, expectant.

RAFAELA sits in a corner of the bleachers.

ENGLISH PHIL, KLAUS, and RAFA appear on stage to announce the show.

RAFA and KLAUS repeat what ENGLISH PHIL says, translating into SPANISH and GERMAN.

ENGLISH PHIL

Welcome, friends!

(RAFA and KLAUS translate)

To the Spanish premiere of those unique international performance artistes...

(same; more or less together)

THE SHAKESPEARE BROTHERS!

Moderate, uninterested applause.

AT RAFAELA

JOSE MARIA slides onto the seat beside her, hands over MARAVILLA, who now holds a stuffed animal, a pinwheel, a candy bar, and a bouquet of plastic flowers.

JOSE MARIA

What craziness is he doing now? You know he QUIT today? You have any idea how much trouble it was finding someone to get beat up on such short notice?

RAFAELA

Sssshhhh.

ON STAGE

HAMLET AND MACBETH PERFORM THEIR ASTOUNDING ACT.

-- First, they mournfully intone a SPEECH IN JAPANESE.

-- then, strip down to SUMO WRESTLER STRIPS OF CLOTH.

-- still singsonging in JAPANESE, they RUB EACH OTHER WITH OIL.

-- MACBETH wraps HAMLET in STICKY WRAPPING TAPE and then ...

-- holding one end of the tape, he UNRAVELS IT FAST, as HAMLET dances, YELPING WITH PAIN.

-- ANOTHER SPEECH TO THE STUNNED AUDIENCE

-- and MACBETH bends over, hits his rear end invitingly.

-- HAMLET takes DARTS from his CARPET BAG and THROWS THEM AT

MACBETH'S BEHIND.

-- HAMLET AND MACBETH YANK OUT THE DARTS. And BOW.

NO APPLAUSE. Absolutely NO APPLAUSE.

And the PIECE DE RESISTANCE:

THE SCRIM GOES DOWN, LIT FROM BEHIND. HAMLET and MACBETH, projected on the scrim, unwrap their SUMO CLOTHS.

They dance naked behind the screen. And then, making a shadow PUNCHING BAG of HAMLET'S GENITALS, MACBETH lies on his back and PRETENDS TO PUNCH AT THEM.

ANGLE ON THE AUDIENCE

Shock. FAINTING MEN. SHOUTING WOMEN.

The PRIEST gasps, unable to talk, clutching at his collar.

ANGLE ON RAFAELA

She puts her hands over MARAVILLA'S EYES. But she herself is HELPLESS WITH LAUGHTER.

JOSE MARIA  
PORNOGRAPHY!

RAFAELA  
It's...it's the funniest sight I've ever seen!

ANGLE ON THE STAGE

TOWNSPEOPLE rush the stage, led by OUTRAGED WOMEN.  
GENERAL MELEE.

PRIEST  
(shouts in SPANISH; subtitled)  
[EXCOMMUNICATED! YOU ARE ALL EXCOMMUNICATED!]

A WILD FIGHT ENSUES.

EXT. DESERT OUTSIDE OF TOWN - NEXT MORNING

The HOT AIR BALLOON hisses and waves on the ground.

ENGLISH PHIL says good-bye to HAMLET and MACBETH. They are once

again dressed in their shining cowboy outfits.

RAFAELA, holding MARAVILLA'S HAND, watches from the side.

ENGLISH PHIL

(points to the BALLOON)

You might as well do it. It's all paid for.

HAMLET

We won't forget you, English Phil.

MACBETH

The only Westerner to understand us.

ENGLISH PHIL

You guys are just ahead of your time, that's all.  
That's the way it is with real artists.

All EMBRACE. And HAMLET and MACBETH turn to RAFAELA.

MACBETH

And we will never forget your food, Rafaela.

HAMLET

You are a greater artist than we. An ARTIST OF CUISINE!

They SALUTE her. Get into the HOT AIR BALLOON. And SAIL OFF INTO THE SKY.

As they go, JOSE MARIA drives up in a new model MERCEDES.

JOSE MARIA

Let me drive you back. It's very hot today.

ENGLISH PHIL

(to RAFAELA)

You two go.

He turns to walk back across the desert alone.

RAFAELA watches him. MARAVILLA bolts for JOSE MARIA'S CAR. RAFAELA goes to the car, turns back. Sees ENGLISH PHIL crossing the desert, looking up at the HOT AIR BALLOON.

She picks up MARAVILLA and turns to follow ENGLISH PHIL. JOSE MARIA catches her wrist.

JOSE MARIA

I have air conditioning.

But she hardly hears him. MARAVILLA starts to cry. RAFAELA settles her on her hip and jogs after ENGLISH PHIL.

JOSE MARIA

Five years, Rafaela! Then I ask you again!  
Then five years after that!

MARAVILLA looks with longing at the SHINY CAR they leave behind.  
AND HER FACE CONTORTS FOR A SCREAM.

EXT. TOWN BACK ALLEY - DAY - FIVE YEARS LATER

A subtitle: 1984

TEN YEAR OLD MARAVILLA'S FACE CONTORTS WITH CONCENTRATION.

Surrounded by a CADRE OF BOYS, she lights a CHERRY BOMB.

MARAVILLA

(in SPANISH; subtitled)

[GET BACK!]

The BOYS jump as the CHERRY BOMB EXPLODES.

BOYS

Wow! MARAVILLA!

MARAVILLA

(businesslike)

[I've made a hundred.]

BOY

[How much?]

MARAVILLA

[Two hundred pesetas. Take it or leave it.]

The BOYS groan. But reach in their pockets --

THROUGH THE BACK STREETS - A MOMENT LATER

MARAVILLA hurries, puffing on a CIGARETTE, dodging passing ADULTS.

BEHIND HER - THE SOUND OF EXPLODING CHERRY BOMBS

AT A WALLED GATE - she gives a SECRET KNOCK.

IN THE WALLED GARDEN

A YOUNG TOUGH shows her an OLD MOTOR SCOOTER.

Through a window - his OLD FATHER WATCHES FOOTBALL FROM HIS WHEELCHAIR.

MARAVILLA prowls around the SCOOTER. Holds up ten fingers. The TOUGH snorts. Pushes the HORN to show the scooter's style.

MARAVILLA shrugs. He pretends to shoo her away. Then writes a figure in the dirt. She feigns shock, shrugs again, turns to go. Heads for the gate. Holds her breath.

At the last minute, the TOUGH calls her back. RELIEF shows on her face.

EXT. HIGHWAY THROUGH THE DESERT

The TEN YEAR OLD MARAVILLA rides her SCOOTER down the road. A CAR with a SPANISH FAMIILY pulls up beside.

SPANISH MOTHER  
(scolding; in SPANISH, subtitles)  
[Does your mother know you're out?]

MARAVILLA sticks out her tongue.

EXT. SAME - FOUR YEARS LATER

A SUBTITLE: 1988

A FOURTEEN YEAR OLD MARAVILLA drives down the road. A CAR FILLED WITH BOYS pulls up beside her.

SPANISH BOY  
(flirting; in SPANISH; subtitled)  
[Does your mother know you're out?]

She STICKS OUT HER TONGUE and turns down the bumpy road to the CORTIJO OF JOSE MARIA.

EXT. JOSE MARIA'S CORTIJO

Obviously, a PARTY going on in the house. The DRIVEWAY littered with EXPENSIVE CARS. A SMALL PLANE on the PRIVATE AIRSTRIP behind the house in the desert.

MARAVILLA looks at these with admiration, parks her scooter, sneaks a last smoke, and disappears inside.

INT. JOSE MARIA'S HOUSE

Lavish, if vulgar. Furnished in the up-to-the-minute style of 1988. A Warhol-type Pop Art PAINTING OF MARGARET THATCHER on a wall.

Upwardly mobile MEN and WOMEN make conversation.

UNIFORMED MAIDS hand out TRAYS OF TAPAS.

ANGLE ON - A BUSINESS CARD

Held in a a bejewelled WOMAN'S HAND. It says: TAPAS FAMOSAS.  
[CATERING. WEDDINGS, BAPTISMS, FUNERALS.]

RICH WOMAN'S VOICE  
(in SPANISH; subtitled)  
[Perfect for my daughter's wedding.]

RAFAELA'S VOICE  
Gracias.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

An older RAFAELA. More matronly, more self-confident, still beautiful.

The RICH WOMAN exits as MARAVILLA enters. MARAVILLA reaches for a TAPA from a passing tray. RAFAELA slaps her hand.

MARAVILLA surveys the room with approval.

MARAVILLA  
You're crazy, Mama. You could own all this.  
Everybody says the guy's nutty about you.

RAFAELA  
(indicates passing GUESTS)  
Shush!

MARAVILLA

(scornfully)

Oh, yeah, like they speak English. Hey -- I'm going to go to England. The north. Where it RAINS.

RAFAELA

It rains all over England.

MARAVILLA

(stubbornly)

It rains more in the north.

(mutters; watches the PARTY)

Stupid Spanish.

(to RAFAELA)

Did you know we invented the Inquisition?

RAFAELA

Yes, yes.

(sniffs the air)

Have you been SMOKING? Wait till I tell your father!

MARAVILLA

Oh, yeah. Sure.

But she wisely slips away. RAFAELA goes back to her work.

IN THE NEXT ROOM

An older, broader JOSE MARIA works his party. Half-flirts with a young DEBUTANTE. But his gaze searches for RAFAELA.

DEBUTANTE

(in SPANISH; subtitled)

[But, I'm telling you, they're fantastic! Mummy and I saw them on television when we were in Germany! The latest thing!]

JOSE MARIA

(distracted)

Si, si, si...

MARAVILLA ducks under his arm. He ruffles her hair.

MARAVILLA

(hisses after DEBUTANTE)

She's a cow.

JOSE MARIA

Hush, little one.

MARAVILLA  
I'm NOT little! I'm four...almost FIFTEEN YEARS OLD!

JOSE MARIA sees RAFAELA enter with a TRAY OF TAPAS.

JOSE MARIA  
Wait here. I've got an announcement to make.

AT THE FRONT OF THE ROOM - A CLOTH-COVERED EASEL

JOSE MARIA stands in front of this until he has his GUESTS'S ATTENTION.

JOSE MARIA  
(in SPANISH; subtitled)  
[Today, I unveil my new venture! A CHAIN OF SPORTS BARS NAMED AFTER AUTOMOBILES!]

He yanks aside the cloth. OOHHS and AAAHHS from the audience. PICTURES OF BARS. The FERRARI. The JAGUAR. And --

JOSE MARIA  
[These will be in the city. But one, for sentimental reasons, will open in the town of my birth. The PORSCHE!]

SOUND OF A TAPAS PLATTER FALLING TO THE GROUND.

ALL TURN AND STARE AT RAFAELA.

She turns and MARCHES OUT. JOSE MARIA hurries after.

The interested room watches JOSE MARIA pull RAFAELA behind a door, closing it after them.

RAFAELA'S VOICE  
(in SPANISH; subtitled)  
[How can you do this to me? You want to ruin my livelihood?]

INT. DOWNSTAIRS BATHROOM

A gleaming showplace. JOSE MARIA and RAFAELA glare at each other. MARAVILLA opens the door to reveal the PARTY hovering, interested, around the door. She shuts it behind her.

MARAVILLA

You guys are making a scene.

RAFAELA slaps JOSE MARIA, storms out. MARAVILLA shrugs, lights a cigarette. JOSE MARIA snatches it out of her mouth, SLAPS her. She SLAPS him back.

He gives a HOWL OF FRUSTRATION and storms out of the bathroom.

MARAVILLA investigates the shiny PLUMBING with interest. Sniffs at the expensive soap.

EXT. THE RAVINE - DAY

RAFAELA pulls up in her little RED CAR.

RAFAELA

Phil?

No answer. She goes to look for him.

AT ENGLISH PHIL'S WORKSHOP

A HANDMADE SIGN: REPARACION DE PANELES DE ENERGIA SOLAR.

INT. ENGLISH PHIL'S WORKSHOP

A MASS of different projects. A half-built GENERATOR. A SOLAR-POWERED BICYCLE.

RAFAELA enters. No sign of ENGLISH PHIL. She goes out.

EXT. THE HILLS ABOVE THE RAVINE

GOATS graze.

CLOSE IN - ENGLISH PHIL'S HANDS. He waters a TINY CACTUS.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL - A HUNDRED CACTI PLANTED IN ALL DIRECTIONS

ENGLISH PHIL, older now as well, looks at this critically.

RAFAELA appears, out of breath from her climb. She looks at this scene with exasperation.

RAFAELA

Phil! What are you doing NOW?

He turns his back on her and goes back to his work. Walks away. Exasperated, she follows.

INT. JOSE MARIA'S HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS BATHROOM

MARAVILLA douses herself with expensive cologne. Stubs her CIGARETTE out on a LACE COVERED VANITY TABLE. Goes out.

Behind her, the SMOULDERING CIGARETTE sets the CLOTH ON FIRE.

INT. JOSE MARIA'S LIVING ROOM

The PRIEST makes ready to BLESS JOSE MARIA'S PROJECT. Everyone KNEELS.

EXT. JOSE MARIA'S FRONT DOOR

KLAUS drives a LORRY up. All the EXPENSIVE CARS take up the spaces. He PARKS in front of the front door. Gets out to UNLOAD more BOXES OF CHAMPAGNE.

He spots a JAGUAR with the KEYS inside it. Looks around. No one can see him. On impulse, he HOPS in the car, and TAKES IT FOR A JOYRIDE IN THE DESERT.

PULL UP --

to RAFAELA and ENGLISH PHIL in the FIG TREE THICKET. Below them, we can see SMOKE POURING OUT OF JOSE MARIA'S BATHROOM WINDOW. And KLAUS driving the JAGUAR in figure eights in the DESERT.

RAFAELA

Phil! Listen to me! I put all of our money in the new catering business! If Jose Maria's bar succeeds, we could be ruined!

ENGLISH PHIL

Yes, I heard he was going to open one. I've known about it for months now. Everybody has. Everybody but you, that is.

RAFAELA

Why didn't you tell me?

ENGLISH PHIL

(shrugs)  
What, and ruin his fun?

RAFAELA  
That's why you didn't go to his party.

ENGLISH PHIL  
I didn't go to his party because every rich bastard and ecclesiastical creep for a hundred miles was going to show up for the free liquor.

RAFAELA  
You hate them that much.

ENGLISH PHIL  
I'll tell you how much I hate them, Rafaela. If that HOUSE WAS ON FIRE RIGHT NOW I'd LET THE BASTARDS BURN!

He POINTS dramatically down the mountain.

The house IS on fire.

ENGLISH PHIL  
Rafaela! Quick! Get the fire truck!

And he RUNS DOWN THE MOUNTAIN.

EXT. JOSE MARIA'S HOUSE

SMOKE pours out of the windows. GUESTS push at the FRONT DOOR. But the LIQUOR LORRY blocks it.

All the WINDOWS are barred.

INT. JOSE MARIA'S HOUSE

Screams. More fainting MEN and shouting WOMEN. SMOKE ALARMS blare. JOSE MARIA runs at the door with his SHOULDER.

EXT. JOSE MARIA'S HOUSE

ENGLISH PHIL runs to the front of the house, sees the LORRY. Jumps in, releases the handbrake, and ROLLS IT AWAY.

In time for JOSE MARIA to PUSH THE DOOR OPEN. The GUESTS fall out,

choking. The DEBUTANTE throws herself in JOSE MARIA'S ARMS.

DEBUTANTE  
(in SPANISH; subtitled)  
[You saved me! My hero!]

MARAVILLA gags silently at this.

The JAGUAR OWNER cries out in anguish.

JAGUAR OWNER  
Mi auto!

The PRIEST comes out, sees ENGLISH PHIL get out of the LORRY, runs at him, shaking his fist.

PRIEST  
(in SPANISH; subtitled)  
[You nearly killed us all, parking there! Idiot!]

He starts to hit at him.

The FIRE TRUCK roars up.

PULL UP INTO THE MOUNTAINS TO REVEAL

IN THE FIG TREE THICKET - the GOATS eat the CACTI that ENGLISH PHIL has planted.

INT. BAR RAFAELA - NIGHT

RAFAELA tastes from a PLATE OF SKEWERED MEAT. Considers it.

The BAR is empty. Except for MARAVILLA watching TV.

THROUGH THE DOOR - can be seen ENGLISH PHIL talking animatedly to a GROUP OF STRANGERS, along with RAFA and KLAUS.

RAFAELA  
What's your father doing?

MARAVILLA  
The usual. Buying his friends drinks. Saving the world.

RAFAELA  
He's right about this goat's meat. It's good.  
(sighs)  
Business has been terrible all week. I wonder why.

MARAVILLA

No mystery about that. Just go up the street. That Porsche bar's dragging them in. AND Jose Maria had more fire insurance than that house of his was worth. Some people are just born lucky.

She looks pointedly out the window at ENGLISH PHIL.

RAFAELA

Watch the bar.

She goes out. MARAVILLA sighs, pulls out a copy of an ENGLISH MARKETING MAGAZINE. She pages through it longingly.

EXT. THE STREET BELOW THE PORSCHE BR

RAFAELA, out of breath, pauses and looks up at the BAR.

Obviously hopping. LOUD MUSIC. Shouts. The CROWD spills out onto the pavement.

EXT. THE PORSCHE BAR

RAFAELA, shocked, looks inside.

INT. THE PORSCHE BAR

Black painted walls. Black velvet, DAY GLO PAINTINGS of nude, huge-breasted women. LEATHERETTE BANQUETTES. A MIRROR BALL turning on the ceiling. Overwhelming MUSIC, SMOKE. Twenty ONE-ARMED BANDITS. VIDEO GAMES. A BIG SCREEN TELEVISION.

JOSE MARIA flirts with the DEBUTANTE in a corner booth. He doesn't see RAFAELA.

EXT. THE PORSCHE BAR

RAFAELA stares. And then the last straw. THERE ARE NO TAPAS. As she watches, customer after customer eats PEANUTS.

She turns and hurries away.

EXT. THE MAIN STREET

RAFAELA blindly makes her way down the deserted street.

MARAVILLA'S VOICE

What happened next was inevitable. My mother drank too much red wine, ate too much salt...and her whole life had been one long fiesta of stress...

ENGLISH PHIL approaches with his NEW FRIENDS. They part with WARM EXPRESSIONS OF ESTEEM.

ENGLISH PHIL hurries over to a dazed RAFAELA.

ENGLISH PHIL

Rafaela! Incredible news! That was a team of botanists from the university. They say the ravine we live in is a perfect microclimate for growing every known variety of desert plant! We could turn the whole place into a MUSEUM OF THE DESERT!

RAFAELA

Phil. There were no tapas in Jose Maria's bar. Only PEANUTS. They were eating PEANUTS.

She sits. Then SLUMPS OVER.

ENGLISH PHIL looks at her, too stunned to move. MARAVILLA appears. She SCREAMS.

MARAVILLA

MAMA!

DOORS OPEN on the street. GENERAL COMMOTION. THE FIRE TRUCK rushes toward them.

RAFAELA lies unconscious in ENGLISH PHIL'S ARMS.

MARAVILLA'S VOICE

It was a heart attack. Brought on by hypertension. My mother survived, but it would be weeks before she returned home. And because I loved her, I grieved.

INT. RAFAELA'S HOUSE IN THE RAVINE - MARAVILLA'S ROOM - DAY

The ROOM plastered with pictures from ENGLISH MAGAZINE ADS. MARAVILLA stands in front of a jagged mirror propped up on a table. She is DRESSED LIKE A SLUT. She pushes her breasts up in a bra and

cinches it down to give herself cleavage. She perfumes herself.  
Paints her mouth bright red. Teases her hair.

ENGLISH PHIL'S VOICE  
Maravilla! MARAVILLA!

She rolls her eyes at the ceiling. And goes out.

INT. LIVING AREA - RAFAELA'S HOUSE

ENGLISH PHIL, harassed, sits at a table covered with BILLS.  
MARAVILLA emerges from her boudoir.

ENGLISH PHIL  
Maravilla, I've just had an idea.

MARAVILLA  
Oh, great. Here it comes.

ENGLISH PHIL  
Your mother's hospital bills are big, true...

MARAVILLA  
(hopefully)  
Does this mean I can't go to college?

ENGLISH PHIL  
No, we can manage that. No matter what. Especially  
with this new scheme. Which is --

MARAVILLA  
Which is --

ENGLISH PHIL  
(triumphant)  
Charge DOUBLE for every drink in the bar!  
(no response)  
AND, until she's home, charge for every TAPA. You  
can help me cook. I've got her recipes here.

MARAVILLA  
Hey, Dad, even for your usual, this one's over the top.  
Charge double? We've lost enough business to the  
Porsche as it is!

ENGLISH PHIL  
My friends will come.

MARAVILLA  
Your friends are all freeloaders! Besides --  
(looks away slyly)  
-- Jose Maria Fernandez has offered to pay all Mama's  
bills.

ENGLISH PHIL  
(expression hardening)  
It's HIS fault she had a heart attack, the selfish  
bastard!

MARAVILLA  
Dad!

ENGLISH PHIL  
Never!

MARAVILLA  
Dad, you're insane! No one will come!

EXT. BAR RAFAELA - NIGHT

A HUGE BANNER: ESPECIAL DE HOY! BEBIDAS A DOBLE PRECIO!

MARAVILLA, all dolled up, stands in the street, staring.

THE BAR IS PACKED. The WHOLE TOWN is there, spilling out onto the  
street, drinking, nibbiling, socializing.

RAFA and KLAUS help ENGLISH PHIL rake in the cash.

MARAVILLA is jostled by a GROUP OF MERRYMAKERS on their way to the  
bar.

ENGLISH PHIL beams happily on the success of his scheme.

INT. PORSCHE BAR

EMPTY. Except for JOSE MARIA, crying into his beer.

MARAVILLA appears. Checks her reflection in the window. Pushes up  
her breasts. Bites her lips. Takes a deep breath.

And struts in. Sits next to JOSE MARIA. Her legs look unusually  
long.

JOSE MARIA hiccups with grief.

MARAVILLA  
Gimme a beer.

JOSE MARIA  
(stares; finally)  
You're too young.

MARAVILLA  
GIVE ME A BEER.

Distracted, he does. He doesn't notice she downs his, then hers, then holds out her glass, which he refills.

JOSE MARIA  
I propose to her on the same day every five years.  
But this year she's in INTENSIVE CARE.

MARAVILLA  
You and my dad have got a lot in common.

She holds out her glass again. He fills it.

JOSE MARIA  
What?

MARAVILLA  
I don't exist for either of you.  
(arches her back provocatively)  
Look at me, Jose Maria! I'm fifteen years old!  
I'm a WOMAN.

HE BURSTS OUT LAUGHING.

She GRABS him and STICKS HER TONGUE IN HIS MOUTH. He PUSHES her away.

JOSE MARIA  
That's disgusting! It's...it's INCEST! It's like  
kissing my own DAUGHTER!

He suddenly realizes MARAVILLA doesn't look like anyone's daughter. She struts over to a BOOTH and DRAPES HERSELF across the seat.

MARAVILLA  
Come on! I've always wanted to do it in a booth!

JOSE MARIA hesitates.

JOSE MARIA  
You're drunk.

MARAVILLA  
So what? You're STUPID! At least in the morning,  
I'll be SOBER!

Undecided, he moves toward her. And she GRABS him, dragging him down into the booth.

THE BIG SCREEN TV BLASTS.

ENGLISH PHIL appears in the doorway.

ENGLISH PHIL  
Jose Maria? Have you seen my kid? I need her in the --  
(sees what's going on)  
Oh my God!

He drags JOSE MARIA from the booth, gives him a THRASHING.  
MARAVILLA screams.

In the ensuing FIGHT, the MEN fall against the TV CONTROLS. As they battle, the CHANNEL CHANGES.

ON THE BIG SCREEN TV

We see JEAN- MICHEL, now a respectable intellectual, leading a discussion group.

JEAN-MICHEL  
Of course, they are an "overnight" sensation.  
Esoteric, yet popular. As we now see on this tape.

The SHAKESPEARE BROTHERS appear, doing their act.

JOSE MARIA hits the floor. MARAVILLA screams again.

INT. RAFAELA'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

RAFAELA sits up in bed with the TV REMOTE. Changes channels. Watches the SHAKESPEARE BROTHERS'S ACT without the sound. She laughs to herself.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

A bandaged JOSE MARIA whines as he jogs next to a purposeful ENGLISH PHIL.

JOSE MARIA

Don't tell her! Please don't tell her! I lost my head!

ENGLISH PHIL just looks at him in disgust.

JOSE MARIA

I'll do anything , Phil. Anything you say!

ENGLISH PHIL stops for a moment, looks at him.

EXT. THE RAVINE - DAY

A BANNER IN THREE LANGUAGES - SPANISH, ENGLISH, GERMAN - "THE MUSEUM OF THE DESERT."

A BUSLOAD OF JAPANESE TOURISTS unloads, pays at the turnstile.

KLAUS meets them, holding a POLECAT SKIN.

KLAUS

Ever felt a POLECAT? HERE!

The JAPANESE TOURISTS stop to stroke the skin. RAFA holds the SKIN OF A WILD BOAR.

ENGLISH PHIL lectures in Spanish to a GROUP OF YAWNING SCHOOLCHILDREN.

CHURCH BELLS RING ABOVE THE RAVINE.

JOSE MARIA'S VOICE

(in SPANISH; subtitled)

[Bless me, Father, for I have sinned...]

INT. CHURCH - CONFESSIONAL - DAY

The PRIEST listens to JOSE MARIA'S CONFESSION.

PRIEST

Speak English! I want to practice my English.  
After all, it's the international language of business.

JOSE MARIA

Father, I have made a solemn vow, and now I am

tempted to break it. I pledged to open and fully fund the MUSEUM OF THE DESERT.

PRIEST

(yawns)

A very worthy project.

JOSE MARIA

People like action. Loud noises. Bright colors. Still, I did it. Now that I've bought the ravine, the city wants] it for a garbage dump. They've offered me a huge amount of money for the contract.

PRIEST

How huge?

JOSE MARIA

Father, even under the seal of the confessional, I don't feel comfortable releasing that kind of information. You understand.

PRIEST

I see.

(pause)

In this case, my son, your duty is clear. This is a free market economy now. You must make as much money as you can. For all of us. To do less is wrong.

JOSE MARIA

(bows his head for ABSOLUTION)

Thank you, Father.

EXT. THE RAVINE - DAY

A BULLDOZER levels the MUSEUM OF THE DESERT.

ENGLISH PHIL watches, stricken. RAFAELA stands beside him. MARAVILLA dances with joy.

MARAVILLA

Let's not hang around here! Let's go see the new house Jose Maria gave us! I can't BELIEVE I have my own BATHROOM!

She cheers the BULLDOZER on as it heads for the HOUSE.

RAFAELA

It really is just as well. I'm having a hard time

walking up and down the ravine, and I don't like to waste the car's gas just to go visit my friends. And it is difficult not to have indoor plumbing...

ENGLISH PHIL

Yeah, yeah. I know.

The BULLDOZER razes the HOUSE. MARAVILLA yells encouragement.

RAFAELA

I'm sorry about the museum.

She joins MARAVILLA. ENGLISH PHIL stares straight ahead.

EXT. BACK STREET - VACANT MOVIE THEATER - DAY

Obviously empty for years.

ZOOM IN THROUGH AN UPPER WINDOW.

INT. VACANT MOVIE THEATER - DUSTY STOREROOM

ENGLISH PHIL talks business with the owner, DON PRIMITIVO.

ENGLISH PHIL

(in SPANISH; subtitled)

[The Museum of the Desert must not die, Don Primitivo! With your help, we could move it here. Add an ecology exhibit --]

DON PRIMITIVO

[English Phil. You are a good man. The Museum of the Desert --

(YAWNS)

-- is a worthy project. But I've already had another offer.]

PULL BACK THROUGH THE WINDOW TO REVEAL --

EXT. VACANT MOVIE THEATER'S FACADE - DAY

It fades into its RENOVATION --

EXT. VACANT MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

Now a DISCOTEQUE. A SIGN: "JOSE MARIA'S DISCOTECA DE LOS SUENOS1  
MUSICA! DINERO! Y ALEGRIA!

Action! Loud noises! Bright colors! A BASS BEAT pounds loudly  
onto the street.

EXT. ROW OF NEWLY BUILT HOUSES - NIGHT

Every one of them new, cheaply built, ugly.  
At the end of the row, a GROUP OF GREEN RECYCLING BINS. As a LITTLE  
GIRL dumps her family's EMPTY BOTTLES inside, KLAUS drives up and  
collects the recyclables in a lorry.

INT. ENGLISH PHIL AND RAFAELA'S NEW HOME

An older, more irascible ENGLISH PHIL pounds on the BATHROOM DOOR.  
The SOUND OF RUNNING WATER can be heard.

ENGLISH PHIL  
HOW LONG ARE YOU GOING TO BE IN THERE, ANYWAY?

RAFAELA, reading glasses on her nose, looks up from where she works  
on a recipe.

RAFAELA  
Phil. She's seventeen years old. Don't treat her like  
a child.

ENGLISH PHIL  
She's wasting water!

MARAVILLA emerges, wearing skintight jeans and a SHAKESPEARE  
BROTHERS  
T-SHIRT. She goes out the front door.

MARAVILLA  
I'm off. See you when the disco closes.

INT. RAFAELA AND ENGLISH PHIL'S BEDROOM

ENGLISH PHIL and RAFAELA read in bed, bedside lamps on.  
RAFAELA eyes her husband. Takes off her reading glasses, shuts off  
her light. Snuggles beside ENGLISH PHIL, taking his hand.

THROUGH THE THIN WALLS - can be heard the SOUND OF A COUPLE  
FIGHTING.

WOMAN'S VOICE  
(in SPANISH; subtitled)  
[No one respects you! The children hate you! The  
dog barks at you!]

ENGLISH PHIL POUNDS ON THE WALL.

ENGLISH PHIL  
CALLETE!

RAFAELA  
(murmurs)  
They can't help it. They're unhappy.  
(pause)  
I'm glad we're happy.

ENGLISH PHIL  
(unhappily)  
Yes.  
(in SPANISH; subtitled)  
[Did you take your medicine?]

RAFAELA  
[Yes, yes. Turn off the light.]

ENGLISH PHIL  
I can't sleep with THAT next door!

RAFAELA  
Who said anything about sleeping?

He looks at her. He's tempted. But he shakes his head.

ENGLISH PHIL  
No. No, I can't. I'm TOO TENSE.

She gives him a look. And reaches across him to turn off the light.

Pause.

There are SOUNDS that indicate her point of view prevails --

INT. SAME - AN HOUR LATER

ENGLISH PHIL stares into space, still unhappy.

RAFAELA, contented, lies in his arms.

RAFAELA

Better.

ENGLISH PHIL

(grudgingly)

A little.

RAFAELA

(in SPANISH; subtitled)

[We'll do it again in the morning. You always feel good after the second time.]

He kisses the top of her head. She falls asleep. He stares into space. And falls RESTLESSLY TO SLEEP.

ENGLISH PHIL'S DREAM --

EXT. DREAM TOWN MAIN STREET

A deserted De Chirico landscape. ENGLISH PHIL stands at the end of the street, looking down it toward the PLAZA IN FRONT OF THE BAR RAFAELA.

All the DOORS onto the street are OPEN.

As he walks, alone, down the street, the DOORS SLAM ONE BY ONE.

When he reaches the PLAZA, he sees a STATUE. Many MULTI-COLORED PIGEONS fly around it. He approaches it.

It is a LARGER THAN LIFE STATUE OF A BEAMING JOSE MARIA. His feet rest on a PEDESTAL made of CURRENCY SIGNS. And a banner across his chest says: "MUSIC, MONEY, FUN!"

POUNDING MUSIC BEGINS TO PLAY --

INT. RAFAELA AND ENGLISH PHIL'S BEDROOM

ENGLISH PHIL jerks awake. The POUNDING MUSIC continues, blasting out from the DISCO.

He lies there, utterly defeated. And, clenching the pillow between his teeth, gives a MUFFLED CRY OF DESPAIR.

EXT. RAFAELA AND ENGLISH PHIL'S HOUSE - DAWN

MARAVILLA lets herself into the house.

EXT. SAME - A YEAR LATER - DAWN

A SUBTITLE: 1992

MARAVILLA, dressed for travel, holding a suitcase, lets herself out of the house.

She goes up the street, flags down a BUS. And is driven away.

MARAVILLA'S VOICE

When I turned eighteen, I couldn't stand it any longer.  
I went to England to make my fortune.

EXT. ROAD OUT OF TOWN - DAWN

The BUS speeds past a BILLBOARD: the SHAKESPEARE BROTHERS sell ROASTED PEANUTS.

EXT. BAR RAFAELA - DAY - TWO YEARS LATER

SUBTITLE: 1994

ENGLISH PHIL sits on the terrace with DON PRIMITIVO and A CRATE OF PIGEONS. DON PRIMITIVO takes them out one by one to show ENGLISH PHIL how he has dyed their feathers pastel colors.

ENGLISH PHIL

Is that lead-based paint? It could be bad for them,  
you know. Listen -- I know where to order some  
non-toxic paint in bulk --

JOSE MARIA walks by. All exchange greetings. We FOLLOW JOSE MARIA INTO THE BAR --

INT. BAR RAFAELA

THROUGH THE DOOR - we can see ENGLISH PHIL and DON PRIMITIVO continue their discussion.

The BAR is busy. RAFAELA has her hands full, as usual. JOSE MARIA looks at her with longing, as usual.

MARAVILLA'S VOICE

Things went on the same after I left. I wasn't missing anything.

JOSE MARIA

Rafaela --

RAFAELA

Not now, Jose Maria.

JOSE MARIA

Do you know what day it is?

RAFAELA

Yes, yes, yes. But I tell you, I'm TOO BUSY to be proposed to today!

JOSE MARIA, defeated, wanders back out the door. Sits with ENGLISH PHIL and DON PRIMITIVO, joining in the discussion.

RAFAELA puts one of her superb TAPAS in front of a CUSTOMER.

CUSTOMER

(in SPANISH; subtitled)

[Senora, do you have any peanuts?]

The BAR goes quiet. RAFAELA, her back to the CUSTOMER, stiffens ominously. She turns toward him slowly.

RAFAELA

(quietly)

[What did you say?]

CUSTOMER

(uneasily)

[I only said...today I feel...what I mean to say...]

RAFAELA stares him down. The CUSTOMER eats the marinated anchovies, pears and cheese in front of him with gusto.

CUSTOMER

[I mean, this dish is truly delicious. Thank you, Senora. Thank you.]

RAFAELA sweeps the bar with a look. Anyone else?

A GENERAL CLAMOR goes up.

CUSTOMER #2

[I'll try the fried pimentos, Rafaela!]

CUSTOMER #3

[And those tiny boiled eggs!]

CUSTOMER #2

[Any postcards from Maravilla?

(explains to a cowed CUSTOMER #1)

Her daughter. In MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.]

RAFAELA looks on the scene, satisfied. The CUSTOMERS heave a sigh of relief as she gets on with her work. CRISIS averted.

MARAVILLA'S VOICE

Nothing new ever happened in our town.

EXT. THE DESERT - THE ROAD TO TOWN - DAY

A BLACK LIMOUSINE DRIVES INTO FRAME. FOLLOWED BY A CAVALCADE OF GLOSSY CARS.

The LIMO flies TINY ARGENTINIAN FLAGS.

TV CAMERAMEN hang out of windows of the cars.

The CONVOY heads for town.

EXT. TOWN STREETS

SMALL BOYS race down the street, announcing the SIGHT OF THE APPARITION.

The CONVOY stops in front of the BAR RAFAELA.

RAFA gapes from the terrace. And, as curious TOWNSPEOPLE gather, he takes off down the street.

EXT. DOWN A BACK STREET - AN OPEN GARAGE

ENGLISH PHIL, DON PRIMITIVO, and KLAUS stand, eyeing a GARAGE FULL OF NON-TOXIC PAINT.

RAFA appears, talking fast. The OTHER MEN, excited, follow him back to the BAR --

EXT. BAR RAFAELA - TERRACE

RAFAELA, attracted by the commotion, comes out onto the terrace.

In time to see, a white-haired, sunglassesed, expensively dressed ARGENTINIAN being helped respectfully from the LIMO by a Chanel suit wearing MINION.

And, after him, THREE GOURMANDS: JORGE LUIS BORGES, GENERAL PINOCHET, and the eighteenth century DUCHESS OF ALBA.

TV CAMERAMEN jump from cars and train their CAMERAS on this group.

All walk, with purpose, up the steps to the terrace.  
RAFAELA hurries into the bar.

The ARGENTINIAN, followed by the GOURMANDS, enters the bar with ceremony. Followed by the CAMERAMEN and the TOWNSPEOPLE.

INT. BAR RAFAELA

RAFAELA serves the ARGENTINIAN a glass of wine.

RAFAELA

Tapa?

He NODS. The BAR GOES QUIET.

ENGLISH PHIL can be seen at the back of the crowd, battling to get through.

RAFAELA frowns over her selection. Then puts a TAPA in front of the ARGENTINIAN.

He TASTES it.

He points to another selection. RAFAELA serves that. He tastes. And another.

He looks wordlessly at the THREE GOURMANDS. They taste what RAFAELA puts before them. All look at each other, apparently overcome.

The ARGENTINIAN stands, taking off his sunglasses. HIS EYES ARE FILLED WITH EMOTION.

ARGENTINIAN

(in GERMAN; subtitled)

[My GOD! They were RIGHT!]

CAMERAS WHIRR. STILL PHOTOGRAPHERS flash their cameras. THE ARGENTINIAN'S EYES FILL WITH TEARS.

The DUCHESS OF ALBA hands him a napkin.

ENGLISH PHIL finally breaks through, followed by RAFA and KLAUS. KLAUS and the ARGENTINIAN talk together excitedly in GERMAN.

KLAUS translates for ENGLISH PHIL. RAFA translates for the crowd.

As they do, RAFAELA automatically serves TAPAS all around.

KLAUS

This is a distinguished GASTRONOME from ARGENTINA!  
The reviewer for a INTERNATIONALLY KNOWN FOOD  
MAGAZINE! He met the WORLD FAMOUS SHAKESPEARE  
BROTHERS on a talk show in NEW YORK CITY, and they  
told him about the BAR RAFAELA.

FLASHBULBS pop.

The ARGENTINIAN MAKES HIS ANNOUNCEMENT --

KLAUS

(overcome)

He proclaims the tapas in the BAR RAFAELA to be...  
not only the best in ALL OF SPAIN...BUT THE BEST  
IN THE WORLD!

SILENCE.

And then -- WILD REJOICING!

ENGLISH PHIL and RAFAELA turn toward each other.

ENGLISH PHIL

I told you, Rafaela!

RAFAELA

(laughing)

You told me, Phil!

And then, she is SWEPT AWAY BY THE CELEBRATING CROWD --

EXT. BAR RAFAELA TERRACE - VIEW OF MAIN STREET

The TOWNSPEOPLE carry RAFAELA off in triumph. ENGLISH PHIL pushes

through the crowd to get to her, as she calls back to him.

RAFAELA

Phil! PHIL!

ENGLISH PHIL

Rafaela!

MARAVILLA'S VOICE

(grudgingly)

Well -- that was one thing that happened.

EXT. SAME VIEW OF THE MAIN STREET - THREE YEARS LATER

SUBTITLE: 1994

Significant changes.

TOUR BUSES line the street. Flying FLAGS OF EVERY NATIONALITY.

TAPAS BARS have opened up and down. Each has a sign, a variation on "TAPAS FAMOSAS."

Only the BAR RAFAELA remains the BAR RAFAELA.

The STREET is bustling.

EXT. ENGLISH PHIL AND RAFAELA'S HOUSE

In the row of WHITE HOUSES, it is now the only one PAINTED IN PASTELS.

ENGLISH PHIL emerges, in dirty work clothes, gets into a TRUCK filled with trash, old paint cans, etc., and drives off.

EXT. TOWN PLAZA - IN FRONT OF THE BANK

THREE YOUNG BANK GUARDS unload BULLION and carry it into the bank. ENGLISH PHIL passes by, ignoring them.

EXT. ROAD TO THE DUMP IN THE RAVINE

ENGLISH PHIL drives toward the DUMP. As he does, he passes a BLACK CITROEN parked by the side of the road, hood up, smoke billowing out of it. THREE YOUNG MEN stand there, shouting at each other.

ENGLISH PHIL drives on.

EXT. IN THE DUMP

ENGLISH PHIL dumps his trash. ON THE HILLS ABOVE THE DUMP are the silhouettes of the SAJUARO CACTI that survived the goats.

He gets in the truck and drives back.

AT THE CITROEN

The THREE YOUNG MEN block the road, stopping ENGLISH PHIL. They get into the truck.

INT. THE TRUCK

ENGLISH PHIL notes their wild eyes, their sweating, their tatoos, shaved heads, nose rings, etc, as they pile in and look at him threateningly.

ENGLISH PHIL

You need a ride?

The LEADER laughs. His jacket falls back. ENGLISH PHIL sees the GLINT OF A GUN.

LEADER

(in SPANISH; subtitled)

[We want to go to the bank.]

YOUNG TOUGH #2

(same)

[Oh, sure, no car, no cash, no...]

LEADER

[Shut up!]

ENGLISH PHIL thinks this over. Drives off.

EXT. TOWN MAIN STREET

KLAUS drives down the street in a LORRY delivering ONE ARMED BANDITS to the BARS. ENGLISH PHIL waves at him as he passes.

INT. ENGLISH PHIL'S TRUCKS

ENGLISH PHIL  
(in SPANISH; subtitled)  
[You guys must be those undercover cops we heard  
were coming. Boy, that's a good disguise.]

TOUGH #2  
[WHAT?]

LEADER  
[Shut up!  
(to ENGLISH PHIL)  
You seem very well informed.]

ENGLISH PHIL  
[Why not? The whole town knows to watch out for  
the bank robbers! Between us, we're all looking forward  
to a little carnage.]

TOUGH #3 gives a slight MOAN.

ENGLISH PHIL turns into the PLAZA.

ENGLISH PHIL  
[Remember that attempted robbery back in '69? Those  
robbers didn't stand a chance! We couldn't get  
their blood off the street for years. You can still see  
it around here someplace.]

He pulls up the car.

ENGLISH PHIL  
[Here, let me show it to you. You've still got time.  
Anyway, the locals are covering us from the roofs  
with shotguns --]

He gets out of the truck, turning his back. THROUGH THE WINDOW, we  
can see the THREE TOUGHS arguing. The LEADER finally jumps into the  
DRIVER'S SEAT, and TAKES OFF IN THE TRUCK, screeching out of town.

ENGLISH PHIL watches them go. The PRIEST appears on the street,  
looks from him to the bank, suspiciously.

PRIEST  
[Truck break down again, Don English Phil?]

ENGLISH PHIL

[Yes, Father. I'm afraid it's gone for good, this time.]

He turns and walks down the street toward his house.

EXT. ENGLISH PHIL AND RAFAELA'S HOUSE - TERRACE - LATE AFTERNOON

ENGLISH PHIL sleeps, mouth open, in the late afternoon sun. BEES buzz around the potted lemon trees. The house itself looks more prosperous.

ENGLISH PHIL twitches in his sleep. He DREAMS.

ENGLISH PHIL'S DREAM

EXT. THE DESERT

ENGLISH PHIL walks through the desert alone.

ANGEL'S VOICE

ENGLISH PHIL! ENGLISH PHIL!

He turns. The ANGEL RESEMBLING FRANCO NERO leans from a passing STAGECOACH.

ENGLISH PHIL, apparently bored with this VISION, shakes his head with disgust, and walks on.

The STAGECOACH comes alongside.

ANGEL

English Phil! You can't escape your destiny!

ENGLISH PHIL

I'm too old for this crap.

The ANGEL looks hurt at this, but soldiers on.

ANGEL

You don't mean that.

(pause)

You're changed. You're not yourself. Who's done this to you? I know who it is. Your WIFE!

(grimly)

We'll fix that!

ENGLISH PHIL

WHAT?

But the DESERT SKY fills with DARK CLOUDS, and an unseen STAGEHAND yells at the INVISIBLE HORSES. The STAGECOACH disappears in a WHORL OF DARK SMOKE.

EXT. ENGLISH PHIL'S TERRACE

ENGLISH PHIL wakes up with a start.

ENGLISH PHIL  
Rafaela!

He jumps up and runs out of the house.

EXT. THE MAIN STREET

ENGLISH PHIL, filled with foreboding and anxiety from his dream, hurries down it.

EXT. THE RESTAURANT RAFAELA

A RESTAURANT newly opened down the street from the bar. ENGLISH PHIL looks in, through the GIFT SHOP. A WAITRESS looks back at him.

ENGLISH PHIL  
Rafaela?

The WAITRESS shakes her head.

EXT. BAR RAFAELA

ENGLISH PHIL, increasingly anxious, climbs onto the terrace. Looks into the newly decorated BAR.

ENGLISH PHIL  
Rafaela!

But there is no one there.

Turning, frantic, he sees a GROUP OF BLACK CLAD OLD LADIES gossiping by the fountain.

EXT. AT THE FOUNTAIN

ENGLISH PHIL hurries up.

ENGLISH PHIL  
(in SPANISH; subtitled)  
[Pardon me, ladies. Forgive me. But have you  
seen Rafaela?]

RAFAELA'S VOICE  
But, Phil! Here I am!

ONE OF THE LITTLE OLD LADIES IS RAFAELA. Dressed in black. Grey in  
her hair. She takes his arm.

He stares, not recognizing her.

RAFAELA  
Phil -- what's the matter?

He looks at her intently. Then relaxes.

ENGLISH PHIL  
Ah yes. I just...I just...  
(pause)  
Nothing.

He kisses her lightly on the head, and turns to go. She watches him  
walk away, and turns back to finish her gossip.

EXT. ENGLISH PHIL AND RAFAELA'S TERRACE - EVENING

RAFAELA and ENGLISH PHIL eat dinner, ENGLISH PHIL watching her  
covertly. She gives a tired sigh.

ENGLISH PHIL  
Busy day?

THE SOUND OF THE TELEPHONE RINGING

RAFAELA  
Ever since the Argentinian. It rings day and night.

ENGLISH PHIL  
I'll take it off the hook.

SAME - LATER

The dishes are cleared away. ENGLISH PHIL and RAFAELA sit with

brandies. ENGLISH PHIL still watchful.

A SIGN OF PAIN crosses RAFAELA'S FACE.

RAFAELA

I don't feel so well. I think it's indigestion. Too much garlic.

ENGLISH PHIL

We'll go to bed early.

(pause; jokes)

You know you always feel better after the second time.

RAFAELA smiles and takes his hand.

INT. ENGLISH PHIL AND RAFAELA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

They lie in each other's arms.

ENGLISH PHIL

Better?

(no answer)

Rafaela?

He turns on the light. RAFAELA is DOUBLED OVER IN PAIN>

ENGLISH PHIL

I'll get the ambulance.

As he goes out, RAFAELA calls out.

RAFAELA

Phil! I don't want them! PHIL!

AT THE TELEPHONE

ENGLISH PHIL

(to PHONE; in SPANISH; subtitled)

[Come right away.]

AT THE BED

ENGLISH PHIL climbs into bed with RAFAELA and GRASPS HER TIGHTLY IN HIS ARMS.

RAFAELA

(gasps)

I don't want to go to the hospital, Phil. I want to stay here.

HE CLUTCHES HER MORE TIGHTLY.

From the other room - THE TELEPHONE RINGS

ENGLISH PHIL

I have to get it. It might be the doctor.

AT THE TELEPHONE

ENGLISH PHIL picks up the PHONE.

VOICE FROM THE PHONE

English Phil?

INT. LAVISH HOTEL ROOM - TOKYO - NIGHT

The SHAKESPEARE BROTHERS sits beside a SPEAKERPHONE. CAMERAMEN and JOURNALISTS surround them, ready to record this HISTORIC MOMENT.

HAMLET

We have never forgotten you, English Phil. The first person to truly believe in us.

MACBETH

We call to ask you to become our manager! Yes! You must come to Tokyo IMMEDIATELY!

HAMLET

We send our PRIVATE PLANE!

INT. ENGLISH PHIL AND RAFAELA'S HOUSE - AT THE TELEPHONE

ENGLISH PHIL

(shouts into the PHONE)

I CAN'T TALK TO YOU RIGHT NOW!

He slams the PHONE down.

INT. HOTEL ROOM

All hear the DIAL TONE. Look at each other.

INT. ENGLISH PHIL AND RAFAELA'S BEDROOM

ENGLISH PHIL holds RAFAELA.

ENGLISH PHIL

Oh, Rafaela -- please don't go.

RAFAELA

(tries to comfort him)

It's not so bad, Phil. It's...really...not...

She DIES.

The AMBULANCE ATTENDANTS can be heard arriving, racing in the front door and up the stairs.

They run into the room, try to take RAFAELA from ENGLISH PHIL'S ARMS to revive her.

ENGLISH PHIL

Leave her ALONE! She's DEAD!

When they don't understand, he repeats this, in SPANISH. They stop, uncertain.

ENGLISH PHIL glares at them, clutching RAFAELA'S BODY. They go out.

EXT. CEMETARY - DAY

ENGLISH PHIL, rigid with RAGE, glares by the graveside. JOSE MARIA stands beside him, sobbing. The PRIEST prays over the COFFIN as it's lowered into the earth.

ENGLISH PHIL

(snaps at JOSE MARIA)

What are you sniveling about? She was my wife!

He turns and walks away. The other MOURNERS stare after him, shocked.

PRIEST

(mutters; in SPANISH; subtitled)

[We should have shot them. I always said we should have shot them!]

MARAVILLA'S VOICE

Of course, I came back home.

EXT. MAIN STREET IN FRONT OF THE BAR RAFAELA - DAY

An expensive RENTAL CAR pulls up.

EXT. BAR RAFAELA

On the door: a FUNERAL WREATH. And a "CERRADO" sign.

KLAUS and RAFA stand on the terrace, smoking and talking. They look out at the car.

AT THE RENTAL CAR

A beautiful, impeccably dressed, no-nonsense BUSINESSWOMAN wearing sunglasses gets out, and heads for the terrace.

RAFA  
(in SPANISH; subtitled)  
[May I help you, Miss?]

She takes off her SUNGLASSES.

RAFA  
MARAVILLA!

Because, of course, it's she.

MARAVILLA  
Where's my father?

RAFA and KLAUS look at each other, uneasily.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF ENGLISH PHIL'S HOUSE

The TOWNSPEOPLE gather outside the SHUTTERED AND LOCKED HOUSE. They talk in low, worried tones.

Everyone is there, except for JOSE MARIA.

MARAVILLA arrives with KLAUS and RAFA. The CROWD parts respectfully.

THE SOUND OF BREAKING CROCKERY AND GLASS FROM THE HOUSE

MARAVILLA

(RAPS on the DOOR)  
Dad? It's me! Let me in!

No answer. JUST MORE BREAKING GLASS.

KLAUS  
He hasn't been out of there in four days.

OLD WOMAN  
(in SPANISH; subtitled)  
[He'll come out when everything inside is broken.  
It was the same when my son died. We had to buy  
a whole new set of plates.]

MURMURING among the TOWNSPEOPLE.

YOUNG WOMAN  
[Somebody should help him! It's a SHAME! After  
everything he's done for this place!]

A LOUD MURMUR OF AGREEMENT

OLD MAN  
[All the free drinks.]

EVERYONE NODS.

RAFA  
[The Western Town was HIS idea!]

SCHOOLCHILD  
[And the Museum of the Desert!]

ALL YAWN.

DON PRIMITIVO  
[A worthy project!]

Enthusiastic agreement.

KLAUS  
[And remember the tapas in Rafaela's bar before he  
came? Pure poison!]

YOUNG WOMAN  
[He is a GREAT MAN!]

All stand in silent agreement. The PRIEST, annoyed, makes as if to  
speak, but then holds his peace.

A SIREN sounds in the DISTANCE.

DON PRIMITIVO

[We should do something to HONOR HIM!]

A BLACK CAR, SIREN WAILING, pulls into the street. TWO AMERICAN OFFICIALS jump out, holding out BADGES.

OFFICIAL #1

INTERPOL!

OFFICIAL #2

We're looking for the guy they call English Phil. Any of you know his whereabouts?

Pause. Silence.

OFFICIAL #1

This is a bad guy we're looking for.

OFFICIAL #2

Twenty years ago, he kidnapped a rich industrialist. Sure, he let the guy go, but that doesn't excuse him.

OFFICIAL #1

He has to pay his debt to society.

No one says a word. Then --

The PRIEST clears his throat. The OFFICIALS turn and look at him.

PRIEST

(finally)

Never heard of him.

And he turns and walks away down the street. One by one, the TOWNSPEOPLE follow. Leaving the OFFICIALS alone with MARAVILLA.

OFFICIAL #1

What about you, Miss?

She looks at them, and, finally, SHAKES HER HEAD. They get in their CAR and DRIVE AWAY.

MARAVILLA watches them go. BEHIND HER - THE SOUND OF BREAKING CROCKERY CONTINUES.

EXT. SAME - DAYS LATER

Silence. The facade of the house remains shuttered and uninviting.

The TOWNSPEOPLE, now dressed in their Sunday best, approach the house.

DON PRIMITIVO and the PRIEST escort MARAVILLA to the door.

MARAVILLA  
(knocks tentatively)  
Dad? Can you come out now? Please? We have --

The DOOR opens.

ENGLISH PHIL, old and broken, stands there.

MARAVILLA  
...something to show you.

Too dazed to resist, he follows her. They walk down the street, accompanied by a respectful CROWD.

EXT. MAIN STREET

ENGLISH PHIL proceeds down the center of the street.

It is as in his dream. Except that, as he passes, EVERY DOOR OPENS, and he is greeted on all sides by everyone in the town.

UP AHEAD - A SHROUDED STATUE stands in the MAIN SQUARE in front of the BAR RAFAELA.

EXT. MAIN SQUARE

A BAND plays out of tune. The PRIEST stands in front of the SHROUDED STATUE.

PRIEST  
[My friends...]

Emotion overcomes him. And he YANKS THE COVER OFF THE STATUE.

OOHHHS and AAAHHHS.

ENGLISH PHIL reacts.

THE STATUE: a full life-sized STATUE OF RAFAELA. Standing on a

CARVED SCROLL: "TAPAS FAMOSAS."

ENGLISH PHIL looks up at it, expressionless.

Pause.

Then, he turns to the crowd.

ENGLISH PHIL  
(in SPANISH; subtitled)  
[FREE DRINKS FOR EVERYBODY!]

LOUD CHEERS. GENERAL REJOICING. ENGLISH PHIL is carried on shoulders up to the BAR.

MARAVILLA scans the CELEBRATION for the one person she misses. Stops the OLD WOMAN.

MARAVILLA  
[Where is Jose Maria Fernandez?]

OLD WOMAN  
[In the cemetary, probably. That's where he always is, these days.]

MARAVILLA slips away.  
Behind her, ENGLISH PHIL moves among the TOWNSPEOPLE, accepting the GOOD WISHES of his FRIENDS.

EXT. THE CEMETARY

JOSE MARIA lies, wailing, on RAFAELA'S GRAVE.

JOSE MARIA  
(in SPANISH; subtitled)  
[Oh, WHERE WAS GOD WHEN THIS HAPPENED?]

MARAVILLA'S SHADOW slides across the grave.  
JOSE MARIA looks up.

MARAVILLA'S VOICE  
What are you crying about, you old idiot?

JOSE MARIA  
(blowing his nose)  
Maravilla!  
(blows his nose again)  
You look good.

MARAVILLA holds out an impatient hand and hauls him up off the grave.

MARAVILLA

Oh, STOP CRYING for a minute, would you?  
I came home on purpose to tell you something --  
so listen good.

JOSE MARIA chokes on a SOB. MARAVILLA draws closer.

MARAVILLA

Know what I've been doing all these years, Jose Maria?  
I've been in business! Working for a food company in  
England! They made me vice president! You hear that?  
THE YOUNGEST VICE PRESIDENT IN THE HISTORY OF  
FREEZE-BAKE PLC!

She hands him her CARD. He reads it.

JOSE MARIA

"FREEZE BAKE PLC. Manchester, England."

(pause)

Like I said, Maravilla. You look good. Very good.  
Different.

MARAVILLA

You look the same.

JOSE MARIA

(tragically)

No. My life is OVER! And I never even HAD it in the  
first place!

MARAVILLA SLAPS him, stares him in the eye.

MARAVILLA

Wake up and smell the coffee, Jose Maria. YOUR LIFE  
IS RIGHT HERE. RIGHT NOW.

JOSE MARIA looks at her. AND LIGHT FINALLY DAWNS.

CHURCH BELLS RING

INT. CHURCH - BAPTISMAL FONT

CLOSE ON - JOSE MARIA and MARAVILLA'S CLASPED HANDS. Both wear  
WEDDING RINGS.

ENGLISH PHIL holds a BABY GIRL over the FONT. The PRIEST baptizes her. The BABY cries.

INT. BAR RAFAELA - FIVE YEARS LATER

The FIVE YEAR OLD GIRL - RAFAELITA - plays with her doll on the floor of the bar.

MARAVILLA'S VOICE

This business will wear me into the ground! Just like my mother!

JOSE MARIA'S VOICE

You have to learn to delegate, Maravilla! The mail order work alone is HUGE. Our INTERNET presence was a stroke of GENIUS --

RAFAELITA watches this argument with interest. She goes over to the GLOWING COMPUTER and plays with the KEYBOARD.

MARAVILLA, smoking a cigarette and obviously pregnant again, scoops her up, turns her around, and marches her out the door.

MARAVILLA

(in SPANISH; subtitled)

[Go outside, Rafaelita. Go have your grandfather give you an English lesson.]

EXT. BAR RAFAELA

RAFAELITA toddles out obediently. MARAVILLA and JOSE MARIA go on fighting behind her.

AT THE STATUE OF RAFAELA

The PASTEL PIGEONS roost on its head.

ENGLISH PHIL leans against the base of the statue, eyes closed in the sun.

RAFAELITA scrambles up to sit beside him. He cocks open an eye.

ENGLISH PHIL

You want to hear that story again?

(she nods)

Okay. I walked across the desert. For miles and miles.

My shoes fell apart, it was so far. Then I came to this bar -- that one right there, where your parents are fighting now. Then I saw the MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN THE WORLD. What could she see in me, I thought. I was nothing but a bum.

RAFAELA'S VOICE

You were not! Don't listen to him, Rafaelita!

RAFAELITA moves over to make room for RAFAELA'S GHOST -- as young and beautiful as RAFAELA was at twenty.

ENGLISH PHIL

Don't be ridiculous! Of course I was. I STILL am.

(smugly)

Proud of it, too.

RAFAELA'S GHOST

Your great-grandfather, Rafaelita -- my father -- called your grandfather a BUMP.

ENGLISH PHIL

His English wasn't very good.

RAFAELITA giggles.

INT. BAR RAFAELA

MARAVILLA stares impatiently out the window as JOSE MARIA tries to reason with her.

JOSE MARIA

Maravilla. You have to calm down. You can't do everything yourself.

MARAVILLA

Then who's GOING to do it? There's a BIG BUSINESS to run!

She POINTS out the window, to where RAFAELITA laughs as something ENGLISH PHIL says. She can't see RAFAELA'S GHOST.

MARAVILLA

Look at him. He can just sit there for hours, entertaining a five year old. It's amazing.

She turns away.

JOSE MARIA

The figures for the franchise arrangement in Germany.  
Let me have them.

MARAVILLA

No, no! It's my job! I can do it!

He throws up his hands in despair.

EXT. THE FULL SCENE - THE SQUARE AND THE BAR TERRACE

JOSE MARIA comes out onto the terrace, to where KLAUS and RAFA sit at their usual places. He sits in ENGLISH PHIL'S OLD PLACE, explains to them how impossible MARAVILLA has become.

IN THE BAR - MARAVILLA works the CORDLESS PHONE, smoking and pacing back and forth.

AT THE STATUE

ENGLISH PHIL, RAFAELA'S GHOST, and RAFAELITA go on having their talk

--

THE END