

BUGS ARE MY BUSINESS

Screenplay by Tod Davies

Director Alex Cox

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SOLDIERS

Turn out the light! Let us sleep!
 What is this -- a joke?

Bewildered, BUÑUEL smiles sheepishly, backs up the stairs, climbs back out the way he came. No one stops him.

No one can imagine a thief that would break into a house with two hundred guards.

CASA BUÑUEL, MEXICO CITY INT MORNING 3

The "Bolero" continues.

The elderly DON LUIS BUÑUEL, almost eighty years of age, wakes suddenly from his dream.

The music stops abruptly.

DON LUIS swings out of bed, and sits opposite a big wooden ARMOIRE - similar to the famous one from his film DIARY OF A CHAMBERMAID -

He scratches his head and opens the armoire door.

Inside are shirts, arranged by colour, and shoes, highly polished, lined up with obsessive precision.

He selects shoes and shirt from the far left side and shuts the door.

WORKTABLE INT MORNING 4

The SOUND of diligent scratching. A fountain pen traces minute hieroglyphic notes on yellow paper. The table is littered with pieces of this paper, covered and recovered with obsessional, undecipherable handwriting.

The HAND holding the pen pauses. The sound of a BOOK being rifled for reference.

The HAND continues its scratching.

WOMAN'S VOICE

(indifferently)
 Who is that?

A WOMAN'S HAND appears, holding an 8X10 PHOTOGRAPH OF DON LUIS BUÑUEL.

MAN'S VOICE

(annoyed)

You must know by now! I've been
working on my thesis about him
for more than a year!

PULL BACK TO REVEAL --

APARTMENT, MEXICO CITY INT MORNING 5

A WORKROOM opening onto a brightly furnished KITCHEN.

ROBERT DE LA O, young American film student/instructor -- defiant
blond punk haircut, skull earring, and one fingernail sheepishly
painted black -- glares up from his WORKTABLE at his GIRLFRIEND.

She drops the PHOTO.

We see that THE WALLS OF THE ROOM ARE COVERED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS OF
BUÑUEL. The young BUÑUEL. The old Don Luis BUÑUEL. BUÑUEL
as a child.

Stacks of files, reference books, and old notes litter the floor.

This is all there is in the room, except for the WORKTABLE, one
CHAIR, and an old, scrofulous SLEEPING BAG crumpled in a corner.

ROBERT jabs at the PHOTO with his finger.

ROBERT

Don Luis BUÑUEL! The famous film
director! Remember?

He gestures dramatically at the PHOTO COVERED WALLS.
But his GIRLFRIEND just yawns.

GIRLFRIEND

Oh yes.

The PHONE in the kitchen rings.
The GIRLFRIEND goes to answer it.

ROBERT goes back to studying the PHOTOGRAPH. In it, a BEAUTIFUL
BLONDE OBJECT OF DESIRE, in the form of a JOURNALIST, interviews
DON LUIS. ROBERT looks at her, covers her figure with his hand.
Uncovers it. Turns the PHOTO upside down, studying it intently.

GIRLFRIEND

(murmuring on phone)

No, he won't even notice.
Ten minutes, then.

She quietly hangs up and goes out the door.

ROBERT takes out a fresh sheet of paper. And scratches on it this question: WHO IS DON LUIS BUÑUEL?

He reaches out blindly for a half-eaten roll on a dirty plate, and munches it, considering this.

CASA BUÑUEL, BREAKFAST ROOM INT MORNING 6

DON LUIS BUÑUEL sits opposite JEANNE, his wife of many years. They eat in silence.

A REVOLVER lies on the table between them.

DON LUIS rises, picks up his jacket from a jacket rack. Picks up a cane from a cane rack.

And goes out.

CASA BUÑUEL EXT MORNING 7

DON LUIS BUÑUEL emerges into a busy, smog-filled Mexico City day.

It is 1980.

His DRIVER jumps from the waiting black CAR and opens the rear door.

DON LUIS throws his cane to the pavement. He refuses to get into the CAR.

DON LUIS

How many times do I have to tell you? Idiot! I don't like to have cars waiting for me when I come out! Understand?

DRIVER

Forgive me, jefe -- it's my first day...

DON LUIS

You must pull up exactly as I come out! I don't want to see you here before! Imbecile! Now we must do it all over again!

Watching this from the background is ROBERT DE LA O.
Clutching his black canvas shoulder bag, he hurries up to
DON LUIS, hand outstretched --

ROBERT

Don Luis --

DON LUIS, ignoring him, reenters the house, slams the door.

CUT TO --

CASA BUÑUEL EXT MORNING 8

The DRIVER waits anxiously down the street, in a state of panic,
sweating and staring at the BUÑUELS' front door.

DON LUIS BUÑUEL emerges into the busy, smog-filled Mexico City
morning.

The DRIVER puts his foot down, screeches across two lanes of
traffic, narrowly missing an accident, and halts outside Casa
BUÑUEL -- just as DON LUIS reaches the curb.

ROBERT DE LA O hurries up to DON LUIS, hand outstretched --

ROBERT

Don Luis --

DON LUIS ignores him, enters the car, and slams the door.

The CAR tears away.

CAR INT MORNING 9

DON LUIS sits in the back of the car, which travels slowly in the
heavy traffic.

In the rearview mirror, he sees ROBERT DE LA O running after them.

He taps his frightened DRIVER on the shoulder.

DON LUIS

Slow down.

HOTEL PALACE EXT DAY 10

DON LUIS'S CAR is parked across the street, engine still running.
Behind it is the huge MONUMENT TO THE MEXICAN REVOLUTION.

ROBERT DE LA O runs up. He pauses to catch his breath, then enters the bar/restaurant adjacent to the Hotel Palace.

BAR/RESTAURANT INT DAY 11

DON LUIS's favourite spot. Dark wood. Pictures of Spain.

DON LUIS reads Excelsior. A WAITER serves him an espresso.

In the mirror, DON LUIS sees ROBERT enter.

DON LUIS
(to WAITER)
Tell that young man I am not
to be approached for one hour.

The WAITER disappears.

IN THE MIRROR we see him intercept ROBERT and convey the message.

ANGLE ON A HUGE CLOCK ON THE WALL.

BAR INT DAY 12

ANGLE ON THE HUGE CLOCK, 45 MINUTES LATER.

DON LUIS slowly turns the pages of his paper. The room has grown more crowded.

A GROUP OF DON LUIS'S ACOLYTES -- the BUÑUELITOS, a mix of cineastes, students, a boxer and a bullfighter -- sit with him now.

ROBERT, unable to stand the tension of waiting, or the humiliation of his exclusion, rises from the chair next to the door and approaches DON LUIS.

ROBERT
Don Luis Buñuel.

DON LUIS looks slowly up at him, then at the clock. He returns to his newspaper.

The BUÑUELITOS, following the lead of their master, ignore ROBERT.

ROBERT
I believe we have met before. I hold a Ph.D. -- pending thesis -- in Critical Studies from the University of Southern California.

(no response)

And further, I am an instructor at the Centro de Capacitacion Cinematografica here in Mexico City, where you are honorary president.

CENTRO DE CAPACITACION CINEMATOGRAFICA INT DAY 13

ROBERT'S MEMORY of their meeting.

DON LUIS is ushered through the building by VARIOUS DIGNITARIES. ROBERT, dignified in suit and tie, approaches.

ROBERT

Don Luis, allow me to convey my deep, deep admiration for your work.

DON LUIS looks on him admiringly, recognizing a kindred spirit.

Leaving the DIGNITARIES, he takes ROBERT'S ARM. They move off together, chatting confidingly.

DON LUIS

And what do you teach, sir?

ROBERT

"The Semiology of the Clonic Image."

DON LUIS pats his arm with warm approval.

BAR/RESTAURANT INT DAY 14

DON LUIS looks up at ROBERT from over his newspaper.

DON LUIS

But I must protest. I remember it quite differently.

CENTRO DE CAPACITACION CINEMATOGRAFICA INT DAY 15

DON LUIS'S MEMORY.

DON LUIS sighs, bored, as he faces a group of EAGER NOTABLES. Hidden among them, ROBERT blushes nervously. DON LUIS shakes hands with each. When he comes to ROBERT --

DON LUIS

(with bored politeness)
And what do you teach, sir?

ROBERT
 "The Semiology of the Clonic Image."

DON LUIS stops dead, stares at him with disgust.

DON LUIS
 (angrily)
 Nonsense! What rubbish.

He pats his suit jacket. Pulls out a REVOLVER. And SHOOTS
 ROBERT DEAD.

BAR/RESTAURANT INT DAY 16

ROBERT, close to tears with the humiliation, stares furiously
 down at an impassive DON LUIS.

The BUÑUELITOS suppress smiles.

ROBERT
 (aggrieved)
 But that's... that's not what happened
 at all!

DON LUIS
 Obviously not. As you are still
 among the living.

He goes back to his newspaper. The BUÑUELITOS guffaw.

DON LUIS
 (sighs)
 Nevertheless, that is how I remember it.

ROBERT draws himself up to his full height.

ROBERT
 I'll go! I'll leave you here, surrounded
 by your coterie of followers and sycophants.
 An elderly ex-filmmaker, resting on his
 laurels! Yes, I'll go -- But the Buñuel
 of the 1920's is leaving with me!

He EXITS.

DON LUIS, amused, looks out the window after him. And sees --

ROBERT emerge from the restaurant, only to be greeted by the BUÑUEL
 of the 1920's. The same brilliantined BUÑUEL of DON LUIS'S DREAM.

This BUÑUEL, tough like a boxer, with a prominent broken nose, presses ROBERT's hand in sympathy.

They walk off together, ROBERT gesturing wildly as he tells what has occurred. BUÑUEL nodding.

ON THE STREET OUTSIDE THE BAR/RESTAURANT EXT DAY 17

BUÑUEL

You're absolutely right, Robert.
I did become a bore in my old age.
A total bourgeois --

ROBERT

Yes, yes, but you made some of
your finest films then!

BAR/RESTAURANT INT DAY 18

ANGLE ON THE 80'S DON LUIS

STREET OUTSIDE THE BAR EXT DAY 19

DON LUIS'S DRIVER stands nervously beside the still idling CAR, trying to read his newspaper. He glances across the street, and sees DON LUIS hurrying after ROBERT and the BUÑUEL OF THE 1920's.

The DRIVER swears, jumps in the car, screeches a U-Turn across four lanes of traffic, and pulls up beside the three just as DON LUIS catches up.

All THREE, after a moment's consultation, get into the CAR, the BUÑUEL of the 1920's in the front seat.

CASA BUÑUEL, BREAKFAST ROOM INT DAY 20

JEANNE BUÑUEL excercises her arms with two SMALL BARBELLS. The front door opens.

She stops, and goes to the door.

CASA BUÑUEL, FRONT HALLWAY INT DAY 21

DON LUIS shuffles in, gesturing to the others to follow. JEANNE stands in the doorway, holding her BARBELLS.

DON LUIS

(performs introductions)

Jeanne, may I present Robert de la O,
American film instructor. And of
course you know my younger self.

He waves at the BUÑUEL of the 1920's.

JEANNE

(indifferently, as she
greet them)

Of course. Gentlemen, I must ask
you to wipe your feet on the mat.
I believe it has been raining.

The BUÑUEL of the 1920's stops and wipes his feet.

DON LUIS and ROBERT continue down the hall, past DALÍ'S PORTRAIT
OF THE YOUNGER BUÑUEL.

Behind them, the BUÑUEL of the 1920's helps JEANNE with her
barbells. They disappear into the room across the hall from the
breakfast room.

CASA BUÑUEL, DON LUIS'S BAR INT DAY 22

A well-stocked bar. Three armchairs. GUNS everywhere. A PARIS
METRO MAP on the wall. A small dog, LEON, leaps up to greet them,
yapping shrilly. A gleaming TOP HAT sits on a side table.

CASA BUÑUEL, DON LUIS'S BAR INT DAY 23

The same scene. DON LUIS and ROBERT sit in two armchairs.
The TOP HAT is replaced by ROBERT'S TAPE RECORDER.

DON LUIS

Forgive my rudeness. But forced
coexistence can also degrade
human relations.

DUNGEON INT DAY 24

Two PRISONERS, in rags and chains, stare angrily at each other.

DON LUIS V/O

If you and I were forcibly locked up
forever in room together, we might
be wonderful people trying to help (CONT.)

DON LUIS V/O (CONT.)
 each other, but we would almost
 certainly end up hating each other,
 losing our tempers over the slightest
 thing.

The PRISONERS bare their teeth and throw GARBAGE at each other.
 IN CLOSE UP, we see they are JESUS CHRIST and GANDHI.

DON LUIS V/O
 To you the way I scratch my ear
 would seem unbearable. To me the
 way you comb your hair --

CASA BUÑUEL, DON LUIS'S BAR INT EVENING 25

Same scene. JEANNE BUÑUEL enters behind them.

JEANNE
 Luis, we will have to leave soon...

ROBERT leaps up, almost knocks over the TAPE RECORDER, fumbles it,
 grabs it, holds it out for one last comment.

DON LUIS
 -- but coexistence can have the
 opposite result. A sense of
 solidarity.

JEANNE glances at him, and goes out.

ROBERT'S APARTMENT, WORKROOM INT NIGHT 26

ROBERT paces, listening jubilantly to his tape.

DON LUIS'S VOICE
 (on tape)
 To you the way I scratch my ear
 would seem unbearable. To me the
 way you comb your hair. But
 coexistence can have the opposite
 result. A sense of solidarity.

THROUGH THE DOOR - we can see ROBERT'S GIRLFRIEND wander through to
 put the kettle on. She wears a towel knotted around her hips.
 Her hair is wet. She yawns and scratches an itch on her breast.

ROBERT, disturbed by the noise, closes the door.

TAXICAB INT NIGHT 27

DON LUIS and JEANNE, in evening attire, en route to a significant soiree.

Angle on DON LUIS -- clearly nervous about the event they are to attend. He starts scratching his ear.

JEANNE -- who hates this, cringes. She reaches over the CABDRIVER's shoulder and adjusts the rearview mirror. Looking into it, she COMBS HER HAIR.

ANGLE ON DON LUIS -- twisting uncomfortably.

SOIREE INT NIGHT 28

DON LUIS and JEANNE, arm in arm, walk through a Breughelian throng of grotesque PARTYGOERS -- beefy AMERICANS, FRENCHMEN with immense sashes, RUSSIAN GENERALS gesturing with cigars.

DON LUIS
(to JEANNE; sotto voce)
Don't leave me for any reason.

JEANNE
(sotto voce)
Don't worry. I won't.

ONE OF DON LUIS'S ACOLYTEES runs up.

ACOLYTE
Madame Buñuel! Don Luis has spoken often of your virtuosity at the piano. Won't you honour us with a song?

The CROWD parts to reveal a GRAND PIANO, glowing on a dais. JEANNE smiles with charming modesty.

JEANNE
Tonight, my friend, is my husband's night. Let us honour him.

She turns adoringly to DON LUIS.

CASA BUÑUEL, BREAKFAST ROOM INT MORNING 29

DON LUIS sits, eating his eggs.

The REVOLVER still lies on the table between him and JEANNE.

JEANNE

When you were twenty-five, you played
the banjo. The only banjo-playing
Spaniard in all of Paris! What woman
could resist you?

They look at each other a moment.

DON LUIS

(finally; cups his ear)
What?

She moves away, clears the breakfast things. DON LUIS, energized,
goes out of the room, taking his jacket, whistling "Oh Susanna."

THE STREET OUTSIDE CASA BUÑUEL EXT MORNING 32

A cheerful DON LUIS exits, on CRUTCHES, swings himself onto the
sidewalk, and makes his way up the street.

ROBERT rushes across the street to his side.

ROBERT

Don Luis! Are you hurt?

DON LUIS

Hurt? Hurt! I never heard such
nonsense! I've never been better
in my life!

ROBERT

But... the crutches... Don Luis...

DON LUIS

(briskly)
Excellent exercise. Terrific
for the spine. My own invention.

ROBERT, bewildered, falls behind. DON LUIS barks back at him.

DON LUIS

Come on, then! Keep up!

ROBERT runs after him.

FARTHER UP THE STREET EXT DAY 33

ROBERT breathlessly keeps up with the vigorously moving DON LUIS.

No one else on the street seems to find an old man exercising on crutches at all odd.

ROBERT

(trying to explain himself)
The world... wants to know...
excuse me, could we slow down just
a little? ... the world wants to
know just who is Don Luis Buñuel?
It was you, after all, Don Luis,
who gave the world the adjective
"Buñuelian."

This stops DON LUIS. He turns and looks at ROBERT.
One of his LEGS begins to shake. Both men look at it.

DON LUIS

(shakes his head)
Sciatica. It does that every time.

He sighs, continues up the street.

ROBERT

What's it really like? To be
Luis Buñuel?

DON LUIS

Young man. It is impossible to
answer a question like that!
Ask something more specific!

ROBERT

(stung)
All right! Where did you get
the money for your films?

DON LUIS gives a sigh of satisfaction.

DON LUIS

Let me tell you about my sainted
mother --

BUÑUEL'S MOTHER'S SITTING ROOM, 1929 INT DAY 34

A small ALTAR set up in an ARMOIRE. A PORTRAIT OF THE YOUNG
BUÑUEL surrounded by PHOTOS OF THE POPES. Candles burn.

BUÑUEL'S MOTHER sits at her writing desk. BUÑUEL'S SISTER,
CONCHITA, stands staring into the mirror above the fireplace,
fiddling with her hair.

A PILE OF SHIRTS lies on a chaise longue.

DON LUIS V/O

In 1925, I wanted to go to Paris.
My mother paid for my ticket and
promised me a monthly cheque. One
day in Paris, Salvador Dali and I
had a stupendous idea for a film!
It would strike a Surrealist
deathblow to the heart of bourgeois
values!

An ANCIENT MAID comes in to clean out the fireplace.
CONCHITA turns to her MOTHER.

CONCHITA

Isn't that an awful lot of money
to be sending him at once?

MOTHER BUÑUEL signs a cheque, puts it in an envelope addressed
to BUÑUEL.

MOTHER BUÑUEL

Mind your own business. It's very
important. It's for his work.

She shouts at the deaf MAID, points at the shirts.

MOTHER BUÑUEL

Dona Ignacia! Iron another six
shirts for my son!

(to herself; fondly)

I don't know what he does with all
those shirts I send him.

(to CONCHITA)

Stand up straight! You'll never
get a husband if you slouch like that!

SWISH PAN TO --

NIGHTCLUB, PARIS, 1929

INT

NIGHT

35

BUÑUEL with DALÍ, MAN RAY, LUIS ARAGON, GASTON MODOT, and other
SURREALIST PALS, all wearing MOTHER BUÑUEL'S SHIRTS, spending the
money.

BUÑUEL

Drinks for everyone! More champagne!

ANGLE ON HIS MOTHER'S MONEY

DALÍ
A flying frog!

BUÑUEL
Bad!

DALÍ
A bottle of cognac!

BUÑUEL
Bad!

DALÍ
All right, then, two ropes!

BUÑUEL
Good...

DALÍ
He pulls them, and then he falls.
They're attached to two large gourds!

BUÑUEL
Not enough. Add a grand piano!

DALÍ
Very good. And on top of the piano
is a mule...

BUÑUEL
No! Two rotting burros!

DALÍ
Magnificent!

DON LUIS V/O
Of course I was sure the film would
fail. I wasn't a complete idiot.

SCREENING ROOM, PARIS, 1929 INT NIGHT 38

The premiere of UN CHIEN ANDALOU.

The young BUÑUEL stands nervously on the far side of the screen,
checking around it as the tout Paris files in to see his film.

DALÍ weeps silently with nervousness in the corner.

BUÑUEL
Give me those rocks.

He points to a SACK OF ROCKS on a table.

DALÍ

What for?

BUÑUEL

To throw at the audience if they
attack us.

DALÍ

Good idea.

They fill their pockets with the rocks. The film begins.

BUÑUEL puts a RECORD on the GRAMOPHONE. A TANGO plays.
FILM IMAGES FLICKER IN REVERSE on the screen.

The AUDIENCE gasps with shock at the opening image.

BUÑUEL tenses, shoves his hand in his pocket, ROCKS at the ready.

AUDIENCE OFF-SCREEN

Oooh! Aaah! Marvelous! Unheard of!
What audacity!

And BUÑUEL'S HAND withdraws from his pocket, and he lets the ROCKS
dribble to the ground, one by one.

DON LUIS V/O

But of course, UN CHIEN ANDALOU
being a complete artistic triumph,
it made absolutely no money.

LA COUPOLE, PARIS, 1929 EXT DAY 39

BUÑUEL and DALÍ share a table at the famous Montparnasse cafe.
And share one small coffee between them. On the table is all
the money they have left. Not much.

DON LUIS V/O

I couldn't ask my mother for more
money.

BUÑUEL regretfully fingers a small stack of coins.

DON LUIS V/O

So I resolved to give up filmmaking
altogether.

A WAITER carrying a TRAY OF CHAMPAGNE BOTTLES AND GLASSES passes
by. BUÑUEL and DALÍ follow his trail, hungrily.

A SERVANT brings the VICOMTE and DALÍ two GLASSES OF CHAMPAGNE on a tray.

VICOMTE

(courteously)
You will join me, Monsieur Dali,
in toasting the success of our
mutual venture.

DALÍ

(fawningly)
With pleasure, votre excellence!

DALÍ accepts the cheque and the glass.

ANGLE ON BUÑUEL AND THE VICOMTESSE

They discreetly splash each other in the ocean.
The VICOMTESSE looks up the beach at her husband and coolly WAVES.

ANGLE ON THE VICOMTE AND DALÍ

The VICOMTE waves back at the BATHERS. DALÍ waves the CHEQUE.

ROBERT V/O

But then things went bad, didn't
they, Don Luis? You were very
unlucky.

PANTHEON THEATRE, 1930 INT MORNING 41

The VICOMTE and VICOMTESSE DE NOAILLES greet their guests, the tout Paris, to the screening of their and BUÑUEL's film, L'AGE D'OR.

A flurry of social kisses and squeals.

VICOMTESSE

(to each GUEST as they pass
into the theatre)
You'll find it exquisite and delicious,
exquisite and delicious, exquisite
and delicious...

ROBERT V/O

I mean, given the extreme critical
and commercial failure of your second
film, L'AGE D'OR...

DON LUIS V/O
 (irritably)
 Oh, it wasn't so bad...

PANTHEON THEATRE, 1930 INT MORNING 42

Identical scene as before. Only now, it is the end of the film. The VICOMTE and VICOMTESSE stand in the same spot to say good-bye to their GUESTS, who stream past them in total silence.

VICOMTESSE
 (utterly dismayed)
 Wasn't it exquisite and delicious?
 Exquisite and delicious? ...

ALAMEDA PARK, MEXICO CITY, 1980 EXT LATE AFTERNOON 43

ROBERT tries not to look triumphant as he holds his tape recorder out in DON LUIS'S FACE.

They sit side by side on a park bench.

DON LUIS gives him a fishy look, as the sound of the VICOMTESSE'S VOICE fades, after travelling fifty years in time.

VICOMTESSE'S VOICE
 (fading away in distress)
 Exquisite and delicious..?

Pause.

DON LUIS
 (repeats)
 It wasn't so bad.

He takes out a pack of FRENCH CIGARETTES. Offers one to an excited ROBERT, who shakes his head.

ROBERT
 (enthusiastically)
 But the humiliation! Sleeping with a man's wife to get his money, and then -- flop! The impossibility of making a steady living! No health insurance, no pension...

DON LUIS
 (interrupts him loudly)
 I've always been an atheist, thank God. But if I believed in God, I'd have to say He's been very good to me.

ROBERT

(persists)

Surely not! After all the setbacks you've had in your career. All the failure, the long periods without work, the humiliations, as I said --

DON LUIS

Let me tell you about Ramon Acin -- the Anarchist who won the lottery.

CAFE, ZARAGOZA, SPAIN, 1932

INT

DAY

44

An animated, vibrant atmosphere. Brightly coloured posters. Political arguments between friends. Many copas of vino tinto.

RAMON ACIN, drawing teacher, Anarchist, friend to BUÑUEL, sits reading an Anarchist newspaper. BUÑUEL limps into the bar, groaning from his sciatica. He sees RAMON and tries to back out.



Too late.

RAMON

Luis! How are you? Sciatica bothering you again?

He pulls out a chair, insists BUÑUEL sit.

RAMON

Ah, but what do you have to worry about? Your mommy gives you money, doesn't she?

The YOUNG BUÑUEL gives RAMON a nasty look -- much like the one DON LUIS gave ROBERT.

RAMON

Oh, well, let me buy you a drink. That's one thing about being a high school drawing teacher. You might not get to dine in Paris with glamorous celebrities, but you have a steady income!

The WAITER brings them a carafe of wine. RAMON pours BUÑUEL a half glass, and gives himself a nice full one. He holds the glass up for a toast.

RAMON

To Anarchy!

All the other CUSTOMERS immediately lift their glasses and shout.

CAFE CUSTOMERS

To Anarchy!

All DRINK.

BUÑUEL morosely clicks glasses, throws back the wine. He eyes the carafe, but it is clear on the other side of the table, beside RAMON.

BUÑUEL

I've got a great idea for another film. As an Anarchist, you would like it. A documentary about poverty, to be shot right here in Spain. No folkloric dances, no oles, just the truth. But the bastards will never give me any money to make a movie about poor people!

RAMON

Ah, cheer up, Luis.

(produces LOTTERY TICKETS)

When I win the lottery, I'll give you money to make a movie!

(laughs loudly)

Would you like another drink?

He gives BUÑUEL another niggardly pour.

CUT TO --

SPINNING NEWSPAPER: "ANARCHIST SCHOOLTEACHER WINS LOTTERY!!!"

SAME CAFE, LATER INT NIGHT 46

RAMON has won the LOTTERY. He sits there, stunned, his MONEY spread out in front of him. A sprightly BUÑUEL, his sciatica suddenly cured, helps himself to half of RAMON's money, drinks down the wine left in RAMON's glass, and exits, whistling.

ALAMEDA PARK, MEXICO CITY, 1980 EXT DAY 47

ROBERT looks depressed. BUÑUEL, eyes bright with glee, smokes up a storm of black tobacco.

He blows a CLOUD OF SMOKE in ROBERT'S FACE.

DON LUIS

You don't smoke?

ROBERT shakes his head, coughing.

DON LUIS blows another cloud, then leaps from the bench, inhaling deeply.

DON LUIS

Good, it's bad for your health.

He slaps ROBERT on the knee.

DON LUIS

And so is alcohol. Let's go and get a drink.

EL PARADOR BAR, MEXICO CITY INT AFTERNOON 48

DON LUIS settles back, absolutely blissful, as the WAITER, with great ceremony and without spilling a drop, deposits a MARTINI in front of him.

The same WAITER disdainfully pours COCA-COLA from a can into a glass of ice for ROBERT.

DON LUIS

I can't count the number of delectable hours I've spent in bars. (CONT.)

DON LUIS (CONT.)

Sitting in bars is like being Saint Simeon Stylites perched on his pillar, talking to God. When I think of the primordial role played in my life by the dry martini...

ROBERT

(interrupting him)

Don Luis, all this is well and good. But there must have been more to your early career than just drinking and this sordid scrambling after money.

DON LUIS

(without heat)

Young man, you insult me. Of course you know about the orgies.

ROBERT

About the WHAT?

DON LUIS

(serenely)

And the avocados.

ROBERT

(almost beside himself)

WHAT DO AVOCADOS HAVE TO DO WITH ANYTHING?

DON LUIS reminiscently sips his martini.

DON LUIS

America.

PARIS, 1930 EXT DAY

A49

BUÑUEL hurries down the CHAMPS ELYSEES.

DON LUIS V/O

I was in love with America.

PARIS, MGM REPRESENTATIVE OFFICE, 1930 INT DAY 49

BUÑUEL stops in front of the glass door: METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER, PARIS OFFICE. He opens it, and looks suspiciously down a long corridor of SECRETARIES, each industriously typing away.

He shrugs his shoulders and exaggeratedly tiptoes all the way

THREE STUDIO FLUNKIES greet him, hustle him off into a WAITING CAR.

THE BROWN DERBY RESTAURANT EXT DAY 53

Cars pull up, let patrons off in front.

THE BROWN DERBY RESTAURANT INT DAY 54

The THREE FLUNKIES hustle BUÑUEL, still carrying his suitcase, inside.

ON A DAIS AHEAD

CHARLIE CHAPLIN and a glamorous GEORGIA HALE sit at a table, one seat waiting for BUÑUEL.

The dazed BUÑUEL ascends, still holding his suitcase.

STUDIO FLUNKEY #1

(from below)

Mr. Charlie Chaplin, let me present
Lewis Bunwell.

The FLUNKIES disappear. CHAPLIN pleasantly indicates BUÑUEL should sit. He does, stowing his suitcase under his chair.

SAME SCENE, LATER INT DAY 55

BUÑUEL sits, staring with fascination at the AVOCADO HALF on a plate before him.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN

I love Spain! The folkloric dances!
The oles!

BUÑUEL takes a bite out of the AVOCADO, and a look of complete bliss crosses his face.

DON LUIS V/O

I will never forget it. The first
time in my life I ate an avocado.

EL PARADOR BAR, MEXICO CITY INT NIGHT 56

The WAITER brings TWO MARTINIS. He gives ROBERT a look of qualified approval as ROBERT takes a sip of his.

DON LUIS

I like them best with shrimps.

ROBERT

What?

DON LUIS

Avocados.

ROBERT

Of course.

(stammers)

And what... what about the... the orgies...

DON LUIS

Of course, mostly I stayed quietly at home, and never went to the studio except to pick up my paycheck. In the end, though, I was overwhelmed with curiosity, and went to look at the main MGM set...

THE MAIN MGM SET, LOS ANGELES, 1930 INT DAY 57

HUNDREDS OF MGM WORKERS -- secretaries, technicians, the cast and crew of FREAKS -- sit on rows of benches facing a PLATFORM on which is a LECTERN, a CHAIR, and a BLACKBOARD.

BUÑUEL eagerly makes his way to the FRONT BENCH.

DON LUIS V/O

... The master himself, Louis B. Mayer, was scheduled to make a speech to all his employees.

The great man, LOUIS B. MAYER, strides to the platform. In the midst of a respectful silence, MAYER faces his audience, clears his throat, and begins.

MAYER

My friends. I've been thinking long and hard, and now I feel I can tell you the secret ingredient in MGM's success and prosperity. It's really a very simple formula...

He deliberately turns, and, picking up a piece of chalk, writes on the blackboard.

ANGLE ON BUÑUEL -- who watches him raptly.

MAYER writes: COOPERATION.

Then he sits down.

There is a moment's silence. Then BUÑUEL leaps to his feet, applauding wildly. The rest of the room follows suit.

DON LUIS V/O

I was beside myself with joy.
The whole scene was beyond me.

REVERSAL OF IMAGES OF PREVIOUS STOCK FOOTAGE IN DOUBLETIME 58

-- the TRAIN goes backwards across America.

-- Skyscrapers. Women in nightclubs. Policemen directing traffic. NEW YORK CITY.

-- LUXURY LINER goes backwards across the Atlantic.

THE OCEAN LINER'S HORN BLOWS.

EL PARADOR BAR, MEXICO CITY INT NIGHT 59

ROBERT has half-finished the martini in front of him. He wipes perspiration from his forehead with a napkin.

DON LUIS

I loved America.

ROBERT

(whispers)
And the... orgy?

DON LUIS

(offended)
Orgy? There was no orgy.
Where do you young people today
get such ideas? Orgy, indeed!

ROBERT, ashen-faced, whether because of the unaccustomed martini, the day's interview, or both, wipes his forehead again.

He gets to his feet unsteadily, opens his mouth to say good-bye, cannot manage it, and totters out of the bar.

DON LUIS, hands completely steady, lifts his third martini to his lips.

THE SOUND OF THE OCEAN LINER'S HORN BLOWING. 60

BUÑUEL and TOÑO sadly watch them go.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN appears at the door, shrugs.

BUÑUEL

No... orgy?

CHAPLIN

(apologetically)

No orgy.

TOÑO

Dominoes?

Disappointed, the MEN troop into the house.

EL PARADOR BAR, MEXICO CITY, 1980 INT NIGHT 64

DON LUIS sighs at this memory, stands steadily, fits himself onto his crutches and swings out into the night.

CASTLE EXT NIGHT 65

Dark and imposing. The same CASTLE we saw at the beginning of the film. A small figure -- the young BUÑUEL -- approaches through the solitude of the night.

Ravel's BOLERO plays.

CASTLE INT NIGHT 66

In a room, a COFFIN lies centered between four tall candles. In it, the CORPSE OF A BEAUTIFUL DARK-HAIRED WOMAN DRESSED AS A BRIDE.

BUÑUEL approaches the coffin. The "Bolero" grows louder.

Clearly grief-stricken, BUÑUEL opens his mouth to speak.

Suddenly, the CADAVER opens her eyes.

CADAVER

Can't you just leave me alone?

CASA BUÑUEL, MEXICO CITY, DON LUIS'S BEDROOM INT MORNING 67

DON LUIS'S EYES SNAP OPEN. The "Bolero" abruptly stops.

DON LUIS sits on the end of his bed in his pajamas opposite the big wooden ARMOIRE.

He scratches his head.

FROM THE ARMOIRE comes the SOUND OF BAAAING SHEEP.

He goes to the ARMOIRE, opens the door, and peers in.
We do not see what is inside.

ROBERT'S APARTMENT - HIS WORKROOM INT MORNING 68

A HORN honks on the street outside.

ROBERT has fallen asleep at his worktable, pen still in hand.
There is an ELABORATE TIME LINE OF THE LIFE AND WORK OF DON LUIS BUÑUEL lying under his arms.

The HORN honks again.

THROUGH THE DOOR TO THE KITCHEN, we can see ROBERT'S GIRLFRIEND down a glass of juice and go out the door.

ROBERT shakes himself awake, looks at his work in front of him.
Writes carefully on the TIME LINE: "Eats an avocado for the first time."

He looks at this inscription critically and runs a hand through his hair.

THE STREET OUTSIDE CASA BUÑUEL EXT DAY 69

A determined ROBERT DE LA O marches on the CASA BUÑUEL.

CASA BUÑUEL - BUÑUEL'S WORKROOM INT DAY 70

Carefully arranged GLASS CASES OF INSECT SPECIMENS line the walls.
DON LUIS picks over a small set of drawers, in which lie, carefully arranged, HUNDREDS OF TINY TOOLS: pliers, scissors, magnifying glasses, screwdrivers.

He arranges the scissors by size. His attention is caught by the SCENE OUTSIDE THE WINDOW.

He stands and GLARES at the sight of ROBERT hurrying toward CASA BUÑUEL.

He leaves the room.

CASA BUÑUEL, DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY INT DAY 71

JEANNE BUÑUEL comes out of a door carrying a stack of SHEET MUSIC.

DON LUIS'S VOICE
Jeanne! Jeanne!

JEANNE
What is it now?

DON LUIS appears on the stairs, points at the front door.

DON LUIS
Do not let that young man in, under
any circumstances, you understand?
At my age, am I to be harassed to
death with meaningless questions?

A SHARP KNOCK AT THE DOOR. JEANNE goes to answer it. She opens
it to ROBERT with a BIG SMILE.

DON LUIS
Under no circumstances! UNDER NO
CIRCUMSTANCES, JEANNE! I mean it!

JEANNE
(to ROBERT)
How lovely to see you! My husband
and I were just saying what a pleasure
it is to meet such a polite young man.
Come in, come in...

DON LUIS
(outraged)
JEANNE! You... you spider!

ROBERT takes a deep breath and spews his prepared speech.

ROBERT
Madame Buñuel. I have my faults...

DON LUIS
HMF!

ROBERT
But I am a single-minded man...

DON LUIS
(shouts down the stairs)
SO AM I!
(pause)
Sometimes.

ROBERT

I refuse to admit I am behaving
incorrectly in trying to express...
(shouts up the stairs)
...THE GENIUS OF YOUR HUSBAND...
(continues in normal voice)
...to the reading public.

DON LUIS

(shouts)
AND make a career for yourself
out of my old bones. Parasite!
Interloper! FACT ADDICT!

ROBERT

And I have to protest at being
misled... by... by... avocados...
and...
(reduced by his emotion
to incoherence)
... and being told there were...
there was an orgy, then being
told I was not told there was
an orgy, and then...

He STAMPS HIS FOOT in petulant frustration.

DON LUIS

ORGY? WHAT ORGY? HOW DARE
YOU USE SUCH LANGUAGE IN THE
PRESENCE OF MY WIFE!

JEANNE

(benevolently)
Come in, young man, come in.
You must be talking about the
orgy Charlie Chaplin arranged
for my husband in Hollywood.
The one that never happened,
because the ladies quarrelled
over who was to partner
Mr Chaplin.

DON LUIS comes roaring down the stairs.

DON LUIS

JEANNE! How can you be so
indelicate! That never happened!
And besides, even if it did, you
wouldn't know about it.

JEANNE

Nonsense. Of course it happened.
Don't tease the young man.

She pats ROBERT's arm comfortingly.

DON LUIS, almost apoplectic, stops on the stairs and POINTS AT DALÍ'S PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF.

DON LUIS

I'll tell you who had orgies!
DALÍ had orgies! With HEIRESSES.
And FRIED EGGS.

ROBERT turns to JEANNE, again almost in tears.

ROBERT

You see! He's doing it again!

JEANNE takes him sympathetically by the arm and steers him into the room opposite the breakfast room. HER SITTING ROOM.

JEANNE

No, no, no. That really happened.

She and ROBERT disappear into the room. She shuts the door behind them.

DON LUIS, making a noise like an angry teakettle, stomps back upstairs. Then turns and TIPTOES back down, listens at the door.

JEANNE'S SITTING ROOM

INT

DAY

72

A PIANO BENCH sits in front of a MUSIC RACK set up as if on a GRAND PIANO.

But the PIANO isn't there. Just the space where, presumably, it once was, with FOUR DENTS in the carpet. All the other furniture is arranged as if the PIANO is still in place.

Whenever JEANNE moves around the room, she moves as if the PIANO were still there.

She deposits the SHEET MUSIC on the music stand, and sits in an armchair in the window. She indicates ROBERT should sit across from her.

She picks up her mending from a basket and begins her story.

JEANNE

Dali loved heiresses, it's true.

DALÍ'S APARTMENT, PARIS, 1920'S INT DAY 73

The YOUNG DALÍ undresses a beautiful, rich WOMAN, leaving on her nothing but her pearls -- which he fondles.

DALÍ

Worth a packet, I bet.

He holds up his finger, races into the kitchen, comes back with a frying pan holding TWO FRIED EGGS.

He carefully deposits ONE EGG ON EACH OF THE WOMAN'S SHOULDERS.

Then he turns her toward the door, opens it, and marches her out.

The YOUNG BUÑUEL walks in the door, which DALÍ calmly shuts behind the naked heiress.



BUÑUEL

Do you ever sleep with them?

DALÍ

(serenely)

Oh no. The eggs are enough, I think. (CONT.)

DALÍ
 (passionately)
 But, Luis! I have to tell you!
 A fantastic woman is in town!

BUÑUEL
 (jokingly)
 As long as she doesn't interfere
 with our relationship...

DALÍ
 I could even have sex with her,
 Luis. I am that serious!

He throws himself dramatically at BUÑUEL'S CHEST.

DALÍ
 (hysterically)
 Tell me you approve, Luis!
 Tell me you approve!

BUÑUEL
 Anything, for you, anything.
 (still weakly joking)
 As long as she doesn't have a large
 space between her thighs. What repels
 me most in the female anatomy is a
 large space between the thighs.

DALÍ
 (weeping with gratitude
 on BUÑUEL's bosom)
 Thank you, Luis, thank you.

SUR LA PLAGE AGAIN, FRANCE, 1929 EXT DAY 74

BUÑUEL, fully dressed, steps onto a beach.

DALÍ, in bathing costume, drags a WOMAN by the hand to BUÑUEL.

DALÍ
 Luis! Luis!
 (proudly)
 This is GALA.

GALA looks at BUÑUEL with so much ferocious energy he is sure something must be up.

Unable to stop himself, he looks down at her thighs.
 In the bathing costume she wears, it is easy to see she has a
 LARGE SPACE there.

She follows his look, and looks him threateningly right in the eye.

As BUÑUEL stands there, DALÍ and GALA disappear.
He searches the horizon frantically for them.

IN THE DISTANCE - can be seen GALA, Amazon-like, cradling DALÍ
in her arms, racing away from BUÑUEL across the dunes.

BUÑUEL
(calling frantically)
Dali! DALÍ! COME BACK!

JEANNE BUÑUEL'S SITTING ROOM, 1980 INT DAY 75

ROBERT stares at JEANNE as she sits darning a pair of socks.
She snips a little thread with her teeth.

JEANNE
(conversationally)
It was too bad, really. I mean,
because I sometimes think Salvador
Dali was the great love of my
husband's life.

ROBERT
(startled)
Do you mean --

JEANNE
(laughs with exaggerated gentility)
Good heavens. Nothing like that!
Why, in fact, quite the opposite!

OUTSIDE A PUBLIC URINAL, MADRID, EARLY 1920'S EXT DAY 76

The YOUNG BUÑUEL confers with a GANG OF HIS FRIENDS, including
a hyperactive DALÍ.

He then saunters up the street, hands effeminately on his hips.

A RICH, BIG HOMOSEXUAL sees him, hesitates. BUÑUEL flirts with his
eyes, heads into the PUBLIC URINAL. The HOMOSEXUAL follows.

The GANG OF FRIENDS crowds in after, and there are the SOUNDS OF A
BEATING.

DALÍ staggers out with a black eye and faints.

The BIG MAN exits, dusting off his attire, straightening his tie.

JEANNE BUÑUEL'S SITTING ROOM, 1980 INT DAY 77

ROBERT stares at JEANNE, open-mouthed, aghast.

JEANNE

Of course, he was very young, then.
He didn't know any better, I suppose
you could say.

She smiles at him beatifically.

The DOOR flies open. DON LUIS stands there dramatically.

DON LUIS

What lies has she been telling you?

JEANNE's look is one of complete satisfaction. She leans over to ROBERT and pats him on the knee.

JEANNE

(confidingly)
I think you'll find he'll talk to
you now.

She gets up and sails triumphantly out of the room, being careful to avoid the invisible PIANO.

DON LUIS watches her go with a look of appreciation.

DON LUIS

Wonderful woman. Wonderful.
(to ROBERT; earnestly)
You don't know what a blessing it is,
young man, to be happily married for
more than fifty years. Fifty years!
Marriage is wonderful.

He turns away, chuckling to himself.

ROBERT follows, skirting the invisible PIANO as he goes.

CASA BUÑUEL, DINING ROOM INT DAY 78

ROBERT looks down, dazed, at an ENORMOUS PLATTER OF FOOD, smothered in garlic, spices, and red wine sauce.

JEANNE serves a similar platter to DON LUIS.

DON LUIS catches her hand and kisses it.

JEANNE

I put in extra garlic.

DON LUIS

What a cook!

Whistling to himself, he takes an APPLE out of his sweater pocket, and, as he speaks, peels it in one long peel, cuts it in wedges and eats, leaving the steaming plate untouched.

DON LUIS

(to ROBERT)

Are you married?

ROBERT, his mouth scalded by a bite of food, shakes his head.

DON LUIS

No? Girlfriend?

ROBERT manages to get the food down, nods. Approaches the next bite more cautiously.

DON LUIS

Good cook, is she?

ROBERT

(confusedly)

I guess so. I know she made a very good dish of chiles rellenos a few weeks ago. Or, no... maybe it was a chile verde.

JEANNE looks over her own plate at DON LUIS'S UNTOUCHED ONE. She picks up her dish and goes into the kitchen.

DON LUIS

(in a low voice; as she goes)

You know, Robert -- I'll answer anything you like. Any question.

(nods after JEANNE)

I have to be careful. She doesn't like me to give interviews. Not after -- well. You know.

ROBERT

Don Luis! I have so many things I must ask you! About your films, your years in Mexico, your childhood. Is it true you were a spy during the Spanish Civil War?

DON LUIS leans back, nods at this very significant question.

DON LUIS

Ahhhh!

(leans forward)

I'm telling you, Robert. I have this same dream over and over again.

ROBERT

What?

LUIS

I'm on a train...

DREAM TRAIN INT DAY 79

The YOUNG BUÑUEL looks, bewildered, at the rack overhead. A HALF DOZEN SUITCASES with his name tag attached.

DON LUIS V/O

I have no idea where I'm going.

THE TRAIN HALTS AT A DESERTED STATION.

Through the window, we can see a lone CAFE with a lone ATTENDANT at the end of an empty platform.

WHEN THE CAMERA PULLS BACK, BUÑUEL IS GONE.

DREAM TRAIN STATION EXT DAY 80

A blowing, bitterly cold day.

BUÑUEL stands on the train steps, one foot tentatively reaching toward the platform floor.

DON LUIS V/O

I get up to stretch my legs. I want to get a drink at the station cafe. But I'm very careful, because I know that the moment I step onto the concrete, the train will leave. I know all about this trap. I'm suspicious.

BUÑUEL puts his foot very slowly onto the platform. He looks right and left. He whistles casually.

The TRAIN seems to have stopped dead. He puts his other foot down.

In a split second, THE TRAIN ROARS OUT OF THE STATION.

JEANNE enters in her nightdress, goes to the ARMOIRE to put away the mended socks.

We hear THE MUFFLED SOUND OF THE FRONT DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING DOWNSTAIRS.

DON LUIS wakes suddenly, convulsed by laughter.

JEANNE looks a question.

DON LUIS
 (settles back to sleep)
 Nothing. I just dreamed of my
 sister Maria. She gave me a
 pillow for a present.

He chuckles again and appears to sleep.
 JEANNE goes out, shutting the door behind her.
 DON LUIS'S EYES FLY OPEN AGAIN.

DON LUIS
 (shouts)
 Jeanne! Jeanne!

She sticks her head inside the door.

DON LUIS
 Do you remember my telling you
 about the night my father died?

BUÑUEL'S CHILDHOOD HOME, CALANDA, 1923 INT NIGHT 85

The CORPSE of BUÑUEL'S FATHER lies on a bed, dressed except for his shoes. The WHOLE FAMILY wanders in and out of the room, wailing with grief.

BUÑUEL, wiping tears from his eyes, struggles to put SHOES on the dead man. When he can't manage it, he takes a RAZOR from the dresser and slits the leather so that they will slide on.

SAME SCENE, LATER INT NIGHT 86

The household sleeps. BUÑUEL sits with his dead father, drinking cognac steadily.

Suddenly a LOUD NOISE, as if a chair hits a wall. BUÑUEL looks up.

The GHOST OF BUÑUEL'S FATHER stands in the doorway, angry, arms outstretched.

Terrified, BUÑUEL pulls a REVOLVER from his pocket, waves it at the ghost, shouting.

CASA BUÑUEL, DON LUIS'S BEDROOM INT NIGHT 87

DON LUIS

I swear I saw him, Jeanne.
I swear I saw my father's ghost.

Once again, he closes his eyes and appears to fall asleep.

JEANNE goes out.

TEARS fall from DON LUIS'S CLOSED EYES.

ROBERT'S APARTMENT, WORKROOM INT NIGHT 88

One SMALL LIGHT on the worktable.

The SOUND OF WEEPING.

ROBERT sits on the floor, crouched against a wall, crying.

THROUGH THE OPEN DOOR - we see ROBERT'S GIRLFRIEND let herself into the apartment, hear the noise.

She enters, sees ROBERT.

ROBERT

(hiccupping)

It's no use. It's no use.
He'll never tell me anything.
He thinks I'm a boring idiot.
What am I going to do?

She looks at him for a moment, then leaves the room.
We hear the bedroom door close.

ROBERT goes on crying. He tries to blow his nose on a piece of typing paper, settles for his sleeve.

SAME INT DAY 89

ROBERT lies asleep on the floor, covered with the dirty sleeping bag.

THE SOUND OF A SHRILLY RINGING DOORBELL.

ROBERT stirs, feels around for his watch. 10:30 a.m.

MORE RINGING.

ROBERT untangles himself from the sleeping bag, and goes to the window.

Behind him, THROUGH THE DOOR TO THE KITCHEN, are TWO SUITCASES sitting by the front door. He doesn't notice these.

He opens the window.

His POV -- standing outside on the sidewalk, furiously ringing the doorbell, is DON LUIS.

ROBERT
(astonished)
Don Luis!

STREET OUTSIDE ROBERT'S APARTMENT EXT DAY A90

DON LUIS impatiently holds out his own wristwatch and points.

DON LUIS
I abhor unpunctuality! Look how late you are! What have you been doing, sleeping? Disgraceful!

ROBERT
(from WINDOW; stammers)
But... Don Luis... I thought I was bothering you. I thought you wanted to be left alone!

DON LUIS
I like solitude -- as long as someone drops by for a chat now and then.

He gives ROBERT a reproachful look. And turns to his CAR.

ROBERT disappears into the apartment.

STAIRCASE OUTSIDE ROBERT'S APARTMENT INT DAY 90

ROBERT comes flying out, shoulder bag over his arm, pulling his shoes on as he careens down the stairs.

STREET OUTSIDE ROBERT'S APARTMENT EXT DAY 91

ROBERT looks to the right. The SOUND of DON LUIS clearing his throat. ROBERT looks to the left. Sees DON LUIS sitting in the back seat of his car, the DRIVER holding the door open for ROBERT.

ROBERT gets in. The DRIVER gets in, and the car slides into Mexico City traffic.

HOTEL PALACE EXT DAY 92

A repeat of the same scene earlier.

DON LUIS'S CAR is parked across the street, engine still running. Behind it is the huge MONUMENT TO THE REVOLUTION.

BAR/RESTAURANT INT DAY 93

DON LUIS sits, reading Excelsior. A WAITER appears, bearing a tray with two espressos.

ROBERT sits across from DON LUIS, proud enough to burst. He accepts his espresso with a look of triumph thrown to the BUÑUELITOS who sit, exiled, at another table. They look back with sullen resentment.

DON LUIS folds his newspaper, crosses his hands, and speaks into ROBERT'S TAPE RECORDER.

DON LUIS

I was born in Calanda, a small, medieval town in Aragon, in the north of Spain.

(confidentially)

That's where the painter Goya came from. You know Goya?

He was deaf, too.

A BLIND MAN enters the restaurant behind ROBERT, selling lottery tickets.

DON LUIS

I wonder if Goya disliked blind men? You know, like most deaf people, I absolutely loathe them.

ROBERT

(reproachfully)

Don Luis.

DON LUIS sighs.

DON LUIS
I had a very happy childhood.

He stubs out his cigarette, and lights another.

DON LUIS
Did I tell you I was a vegetarian
between the age of eighteen and
twenty? And I would only eat
day-old bread.

ROBERT
(patiently)
Your childhood, Don Luis.

DON LUIS
(shrugs)
As I said -- it was very happy.
Very happy, very normal.

CALANDA, NORTHERN SPAIN, 1910 EXT DAY 94

GOOD FRIDAY. And the famous DRUMS OF CALANDA pound wildly away.

The entire town pounds on drums for twenty-four hours every year at
this time.

A PROCESSION makes its way, drumming, through town. MEN WITH
BLOODY PALMS. MEN dressed as ROMAN SOLDIERS, CENTURIONS,
a ROMAN GENERAL, a MAN IN MEDIEVAL ARMOUR.

BUÑUEL'S CHILDHOOD HOME, PLAYROOM INT DAY 95

BUÑUEL'S THREE SISTERS kneel on cushions, lit tapers in their
hands.

PULL BACK to reveal LITTLE LUIS costumed in PRIESTLY VESTMENTS.
He says Easter mass, raising a cup for a chalice and a piece of
bread for the host.

The SISTERS bow their heads and cross themselves.

BAR/RESTAURANT, MEXICO CITY, 1980 INT DAY 96

ROBERT fiddles with the TAPE RECORDER, which has broken down.

DON LUIS

Yes, those were happy times.

(pause)

Of course, I've always had a
strange love of dressing up.

PARIS, BOULEVARD MONTPARNASSE, 1925 EXT NIGHT 97

A MONK and a NUN walk together, arm in arm.

As we come closer, we see the NUN is the YOUNG BUÑUEL, in a wholly authentic costume, complete down to false eyelashes and lipstick.

The MONK is a friend of his.

TWO POLICEMEN appear at the other end of the street.

MONK

(nervously)

This isn't funny, Luis.
A joke like this could get you
five years in jail back in Spain.

BUÑUEL

(hisses)

Ssssh. Just keep walking.

The TWO POLICEMEN approach. They stop. Then SMILE.

POLICEMAN #1

Bonsoir, Sister. Can we help you
with anything?

BUÑUEL smiles, bats his eyelashes, shakes his head.

MONK

(explaining nervously)

He... she's deaf, I'm afraid.
I mean, mute. I mean, deaf and mute.

The SMILES fade from the POLICEMEN'S FACES. They click heels in formal leavetaking, and continue up the street.
The SOUND OF THEIR VOICES floats back.

POLICEMAN #1

I don't know why it is, but I've
always hated deaf people.

POLICEMAN #2 nods in agreement.

BUÑUEL and the MONK shed their costumes as quickly as they can, leaving them in the street.

BUÑUEL wears a complete SOCCER UNIFORM under his habit.

They flee around a corner.

BAR/RESTAURANT, MEXICO CITY, 1980 INT DAY 98

ROBERT, intent on fixing his tape recorder, doesn't hear a word DON LUIS says.

DON LUIS speaks into the now useless MICROPHONE.

DON LUIS

Then there was the Academy Awards.
I accepted an Oscar for the Best Foreign Film in a huge white wig and glasses. Do you know -- nobody noticed? They thought I always looked like that.

(shakes his head gloomily)
Sometimes I despair of the world.
I really do.

DON LUIS sits back, smoking his cigarette, on the verge of delivering a STATEMENT OF MAJOR IMPORTANCE.

DON LUIS

I'll tell you this, Robert --

The BUÑUELITOS look up expectantly.

DON LUIS

(booms out)
We do not live in the best of all possible worlds. I would like to continue to make films which, apart from entertaining the audience, convey to people the absolute certainty of this idea.

The BUÑUELITOS jump from their chairs, applauding this statement.

ROBERT, bewildered, looks up from the TAPE RECORDER.

ROBERT

What? What?

DON LUIS leans across the table toward him.

DON LUIS

No other interviewer has ever managed to make me give such a statement.

In despair, ROBERT SLAPS THE TAPE RECORDER. It starts to move.

ROBERT

Excuse me, Don Luis. Would you mind... er... repeating that?

DON LUIS

In fact, my friend, I have so much trust in you and...

(pats the TAPE RECORDER

...in this fine machine, that I will now tell you something. I will tell you about three important failures in my life.

DON LUIS goes on patting the TAPE RECORDER enthusiastically. So enthusiastically, in fact, that he sweeps it off the table onto the floor.

ROBERT looks down at it dumbly.

DON LUIS speaks, waving manically at the space where the TAPE RECORDER was.

DON LUIS

Each man thinks he is the hero of his own story. Let me tell you, this is a big mistake. There are all these other heroes scurrying around trying to change the plot.

COUNTRYSIDE, SPANISH CIVIL WAR, 1938 EXT DAY 99

A beautiful pastoral mountain scene.

The SOUND OF CARNAGE. GUNS FIRING. MEN SCREAMING. HORSES WHINNYING.

BUÑUEL, now in early middle age, stands wearing a BERET, smoking a cigar, watching as SEVERAL SMALL HELIUM-FILLED BALLOONS move away from him, scattering PAMPHLETS on the landscape.

DON LUIS V/O

During the Spanish Civil War, I was a propagandist. In charge of launching small air balloons filled with Republican tracts over the mountains.

The BALLOONS float serenely as the SOUNDS OF A MASSACRE increase.

DON LUIS V/O

I thought there must be something
else I could do. Something useful.
So I went to my chief in Madrid --

CHIEF'S HEADQUARTERS, MADRID, 1938 INT DAY 100

The SAME SOUNDS OF CARNAGE float in the window. BUÑUEL looks out.

BUÑUEL

God and country are an unbeatable
team, aren't they? They break
all records for bloodshed.

COURTYARD OUTSIDE THE APARTMENT EXT DAY 101

As BUÑUEL watches from the window above, a GROUP OF WORKERS
forms a firing squad and executes a STATUE OF JESUS.

Beyond the courtyard, STREETFIGHTING RAGES.

CHIEF'S HEADQUARTERS INT DAY 102

As BUÑUEL watches out the window, his CHIEF shakes his head over
a PIECE OF PAPER, which he slides under a pile of folders as
BUÑUEL turns cheerfully back.

BUÑUEL

Well? What about it?
Here I am. Ready for duty!

CHIEF

Films about our war are being made
in Hollywood, in the United States.
Often, the details are completely
wrong. You can help our cause best
by going back there and finding a
job as a technical adviser.

BUÑUEL, thinking the CHIEF is joking, laughs.

BUÑUEL

Hah, hah, hah, that's a good one -

The CHIEF ponders, then takes the PIECE OF PAPER out from under
its pile.

CHIEF

The Fascists have denounced you as
a morphine addict.

BUÑUEL

Hah, hah, that's an even better...

CHIEF

And notorious debauchee...

BUÑUEL

Hah, hah, hah...

(pause)

You're serious. You can't be serious.

CHIEF

We must have trustworthy people
working here with us, Buñuel.
Too much depends on it.

BUÑUEL

But... I'm not a morphine addict.

CHIEF

The best place for people like you
is Hollywood.

AN EVEN FASTER MONTAGE THAN THE ONES BEFORE 103

The OCEAN LINER BLOWS ITS HORN. Streaks across the Atlantic.

The RAILROAD crosses the UNITED STATES.

PALM TREES WAVE. HOLLYWOOD.

MEGANTIC STUDIOS, HOLLYWOOD EXT DAY 104

The IMPOSING GATES of the studio.

Outside, lined up waiting for work, COWBOYS, INDIANS, TOD BROWNING,
the cast of FREAKS, and the COSTUMED DRUMMERS of CALANDA.

PRODUCER'S VOICE

Mr., I mean Señor Buñuel...

PRODUCER'S OFFICE, MEGANTIC STUDIOS INT DAY 105

BUÑUEL'S PRODUCER sits behind his desk, the SAME PIECE OF PAPER
as was before the CHIEF in the last scene lying in front of him.

PRODUCER

... this is difficult for me.
I'm sure you understand.

BUÑUEL, still wearing his beret, cranes his neck trying to read what's on the paper.

BUÑUEL

No. No, I don't. What's the matter?

PRODUCER

It's just that when you were invited here to participate in the dubbing of... ah... progressive films for a Latin audience... uh...

BUÑUEL

Yes?

PRODUCER

We did not imagine that, well, I don't know quite how to phrase this...

BUÑUEL

Of what am I accused?

PRODUCER

Nothing! Absolutely nothing!
It's just that... well. Do you know a writer named Henry Miller?

ANGLE ON BUÑUEL

Frowning, wracking his brains.

FLASHBACK --

CAFE, PARIS

EXT

DAY

106

Bald-pated, totally drunk American expatriate HENRY MILLER has his arm draped around GASTON MODOT, friend to BUÑUEL and leading actor of L'AGE D'OR, in the mistaken belief that he is BUÑUEL.

HENRY MILLER

You know what you are, man?
A fuckin' genius! That's it,
BUÑUEL! A FUCKIN' GENIUS!

GASTON MODOT

(politely)
Je ne suis pas Buñuel.

ANGLE ON BUÑUEL AND JEANNE

Seated at a table, watching the embarrassing display.

JEANNE

You should avoid this American.
He drinks too much, and he could
get you into trouble.

BUÑUEL

No, he's just a writer.
Totally harmless.

PRODUCER'S OFFICE, MEGANTIC STUDIOS INT DAY 107

BUÑUEL stares at his profusely-sweating PRODUCER.
The PRODUCER stares down at the PIECE OF PAPER on his desk.

BUÑUEL tries to read the PAPER, but the PRODUCER shields it with
his arm.

PRODUCER

I quote from Henry Miller,
writing in a French magazine --

He speaks, but the VOICE IS HENRY MILLER'S, still drunk as a skunk.

PRODUCER

(HENRY MILLER's voice)

"Either you are made like the rest
of civilized humanity, or you are
proud and whole like Buñuel. And if
you are whole and proud, then you
are an ANARCHIST, and throw BOMBS!"

ANGLE ON BUÑUEL

Looking just as he did in his CHIEF'S HEADQUARTERS.

BUÑUEL

But I didn't say that! That's
something someone wrote in a magazine!
I can't be responsible for... for...

PRODUCER

I'm sorry.
(brightens)
Have you tried New York?

EVEN FASTER MONTAGE. 108

THE RAILROAD SCREECHES BACKWARDS ACROSS THE CONTINENT.
FASTER STILL MONTAGE OF NEW YORK.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, NEW YORK EXT DAY 109

An imposing edifice. A NEWSVENDOR hawks a propaganda paper
proclaiming the splendid new regime in Germany.

MUSEUM DIRECTOR'S VOICE

Mr, ah, that is to say, Señor Buñuel --

DIRECTOR'S OFFICE, MUSEUM OF MODERN ART INT DAY 110

Through the window, an impressive PAINTED VIEW OF MANHATTAN,
complete with CHRYSLER BUILDING.

The DIRECTOR sits at his manically tidy desk. The SAME PAPER
from the last two scenes in front of him.

BUÑUEL sits, as before, still wearing his BERET.

BUÑUEL

Yes?

DIRECTOR

There seems to be a slight problem
regarding your continued involvement
in our European season here at the
Museum of Modern Art. It seems...
would you like some coffee?

BUÑUEL

No, thank you.

DIRECTOR

(fidgets nervously
with the PAPER)

But, Mr, I mean, Señor Buñuel, you
know, I mean, we both know, that the
Museum of Modern Art here in New York
cannot possibly, given the current
circumstances, employ an, um, excuse
me, a known Communist, no matter how
important their work may formerly
have been.

BUÑUEL

But... but I am NOT a Communist!

The DIRECTOR shakes his head, holds his arms protectively around the PAPER as BUÑUEL tries desperately to read it.

DIRECTOR
I'm afraid that's not what it says --

BUÑUEL
WHO says?

DIRECTOR
I'm afraid I'm not at liberty to --

BUÑUEL
LET ME SEE THAT PAPER!

BUÑUEL lunges for the desk and grabs the PIECE OF PAPER.

ANGLE ON THE PIECE OF PAPER.

A single signed flourish: DALÍ.

SHERRY NETHERLAND RESTAURANT-BAR, NEW YORK, 1938 INT DAY 111

ANGLE ON A PAPER as a HAND signs: DALÍ.

PULL BACK --

A prosperous, older SALVADOR DALÍ sits, swathed in a fur coat, signing autographs for a TRIO OF ARTISTIC LADIES.

In front of him, a THICK RARE STEAK lies on a silver platter. CHAMPAGNE cools in a bucket.

The LADIES thank him effusively, go out, passing a raggedy BUÑUEL as he enters, in beret and worn out espadrilles.

BUÑUEL approaches DALÍ, who calmly offers him a glass of champagne.

BUÑUEL
You bastard!
(accepting the glass)
Thank you.
(drinks)
You just lost me my job!

DALÍ
Listen, Luis. Do you like steak?

BUÑUEL looks hungrily at the platter. Nods.

DALÍ

Thick steak? Tender? Juicy?

BUÑUEL nods again.

DALÍ

(taking a bite)

Well, do you have any idea how much that kind of meat costs? Besides, my saying you are a Communist had nothing to do with you. I said it merely to maintain interest in myself -- to make myself a star. Yours is only a supporting role.

(takes another bite)

You know, this is really quite good.

BUÑUEL

You Judas! Does friendship mean nothing to you?

DALÍ blandly shakes his head.

BUÑUEL

What about personal integrity? Honesty! Art as more important than money!

DALÍ

Honestly, Luis, you are quite antediluvian. This is the United States in the Twentieth Century. If you are looking for old-fashioned wholesome values, I suggest you take a trip back, say, about five hundred years.

CUT TO --

THE CITY OF TENOCHTITLAN IN AZTEC TIMES EXT DAY 112

The sun burns brilliantly on the lake-city of TENOCHTITLAN, the capital of the Aztecs. Huge PYRAMIDS, OBSERVATORIES, BRIDGES, geometrically laid out islands in a vast crystalline LAKE, against a background of snow-capped VOLCANOES.

DISSOLVE TO --

MEXICO CITY, 1946 EXT DAY 113

Not quite the megalopolis it will shortly become. A large Spanish colonial city with a couple of nascent skyscrapers and an elaborate

streetcar system, surrounded by farms. Most of the LAKE is already gone. Numerous FACTORIES belch black smoke into the Velasco sky.

DON LUIS V/O
Instead, I chose Mexico.

CHURUBUSCO STUDIOS, SOUNDSTAGE INT DAY 114

An older BUÑUEL argues with famous Mexican film actor PEDRO ARMENDARIZ as THIRTY STUDIO MUSICIANS file in the background and take their seats to record a soundtrack.

It is a fiercely hot day. BUÑUEL wipes his face with a towel.
As the MUSICIANS sit, they remove their jackets against the heat.
TWO-THIRDS OF THEM WEAR SHOULDER HOLSTERS AND GUNS.

ARMENDARIZ
I won't do it! I refuse!

BUÑUEL
Senor Armendariz -- Pedro --
it is only a short-sleeved shirt.
Your character wears a short-sleeved shirt.

ARMENDARIZ
A short-sleeved shirt is for sissies!
Pedro Armendariz is no sissy!

BUÑUEL
No, no, of course not...

ARMENDARIZ
And another thing. This line --
(points to his SCRIPT)
"Stick it in my backside."
I won't say it!

BUÑUEL
What's wrong with it?

ARMEDARIZ
(expressively)
Maestro. It's vulgar. Low class.

BUÑUEL
Pedro. You play a butcher.

ARMENDARIZ drapes his arm fondly around BUÑUEL's shoulders, his jacket falling open to reveal his GUN.

ARMENDARIZ

Are not you and I, as artists,
the friend of the working man?
Who are we to condemn him?

He holds BUÑUEL firmly by the shoulders.

ARMENDARIZ

As a great genius, I know you
must agree with me. So?
It's settled then. Good.

ARMENDARIZ embraces BUÑUEL, kisses him on both cheeks, and walks off.

As he goes, he takes out his GUN and, in celebration, FIRES it into the ceiling.

The MUSICIANS cheer, FIRE THEIR GUNS into the ceiling, too.

OSCAR DANCIGERS, BUÑUEL's Mexican producer, appears, paying absolutely no attention to the scene behind him.

DANCIGERS

The musicians are ready for you now.

BUÑUEL turns and goes to the ORCHESTRA, which instantly settles down and faces him, instruments professionally at the ready.

As BUÑUEL listens, the CONDUCTOR leads the ORCHESTRA through a piece of sweetly moving music.

As the MUSICIANS play, many have TEARS STREAMING DOWN THEIR FACES.

DON LUIS V/O

I loved Mexico from the start.

BAR/RESTAURANT, MEXICO CITY, 1980 INT DAY 115

The BUÑUELITOS gather around BUÑUEL, hanging on his every word about MEXICO.

ROBERT pries at his TAPE RECORDER with a butter knife.

DON LUIS

Yet I had so little interest in Latin
America when I was young, that I used (CONT.)

DON LUIS (CONT.)
to tell my friends that should I suddenly drop out of sight one day, I might be anywhere except there.

BUÑUELITO #1
(interrupts)
But now you are Mexican! And it's we Mexicans who understand your films best!

DON LUIS
Absolutely.

LECTURE THEATRE, MEXICO CITY INT DAY 116

DON LUIS addresses a large group of STUDENTS in a raked auditorium. Many of them take copious notes. In fact, ROBERT can be seen in a corner, writing as furiously as anyone.

A BEARDED PROFESSOR stands beside DON LUIS.

PROFESSOR
I'm sure many of you have questions for Don Luis. However, before that, there is something I have always wanted to ask, myself. In your immortal film LOS OLVIDADOS, Don Luis, what is the meaning of the scene in which the mother offers her son a handful of glistening meat and offal?

DON LUIS
Oh. Yes. That scene. Of course. Well. What did you take it to mean?

PROFESSOR
Quite naturally, I took it as a Freudian dream, in which the mother offers an umbilical cord-like return to the former intimacy which neither she, nor her son, can now societally enjoy!

DON LUIS
(relieved)
Good! Exactly! You are entirely right.

SWISH PAN TO --

CUTTING ROOM, MEXICO CITY, 1950 INT NIGHT 117

The fifty year old BUÑUEL and his sound editor REYNALDO PUENTE stand in a tiny, crowded editing room cutting the effects tracks for LOS OLVIDADOS.

Outside the open window, a GROUP OF MARIACHIS plays beneath the statue of the Ariel.

REYNALDO

Jefe --

BUÑUEL

Yes, Reynaldo?

REYNALDO stares, puzzled, at the image running through his Moviola. He runs it backwards and forwards before he speaks.

REYNALDO

This scene here, with the mother and her son. Why does she offer him the meat?

BUÑUEL

Oh, that scene? Why do you think she offers it to him?

REYNALDO

I guess... because he's hungry?

BUÑUEL

(relieved)

Good! Exactly! You are entirely right!

BAR/RESTAURANT, MEXICO CITY, 1980 INT DAY 118

A BATTLE erupts among the BUÑUELITOS.

BUÑUELITO #2

No! The meaning of that scene is clear! It is the transformation of cruelty into an act of love and compassion!

BUÑUELITO #3

Don't be ridiculous! The unexpected presence of meat is a Buñuelian hallmark...

BUÑUELITO #1

The unexpected presence of meat! What are you talking about? The one consistent element in Buñuel's cinema is the donkey!

PULL BACK --

To reveal that DON LUIS and ROBERT have disappeared.

THE STREET OUTSIDE THE BAR/RESTAURANT EXT DAY 119

DON LUIS walks unhurriedly away from the bar.

He passes a DONKEY, tied up, outside.

ROBERT, following, glances back at the bar to see a FULL BLOWN BRAWL going on, silent, on the other side of the window.

They walk past DON LUIS'S CAR. LEON, DON LUIS' little dog, jumps up and down on the other side of the car window, YAPPING silently behind the glass.

At a signal from DON LUIS, his DRIVER lets LEON out of the car. LEON comes racing down the pavement, yapping at ROBERT and DON LUIS, who takes a chain leash from his pocket, clips it onto LEON's collar.

LEON continues to yap and jump up at ROBERT, snapping.

DON LUIS

I have always loved animals... In fact, the only organization I would even think of joining would be the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

FLASHBACK --

EXTREMADURA, SPAIN, 1932 EXT DAY 120

ANGLE ON A GOAT CLIMBING A NARROW MOUNTAIN PATH.

A BULLET hits the ground nearby, kicking up dust.

ANGLE ON THE YOUNG LUIS BUÑUEL

Aiming his REVOLVER at the distant animal, as his CAMERA CREW -- consisting of cameraman ELI LOTAR and JEANNE BUÑUEL -- film it. This is LAS HURDES, or LAND WITHOUT BREAD.

The FILM CREW's broken down FIAT can be seen in the deep valley below.

BUÑUEL takes aim at the GOAT again.

JEANNE looks nervously across the landscape at a TRIO OF PEASANTS who, alerted by the pistol shot, head toward them.

JEANNE

Luis, I don't think we should be doing this.

BUÑUEL

Why not? This is a documentary about desperate poverty. I'm trying to show how barren the landscape is. Things are so desperate here, even a goat can lose its footing.

He fires again, missing the GOAT a second time.

ELI

Luis, I'm wasting film! What do you think -- we're made out of money?

JEANNE

But the goat isn't losing its footing, Luis. It's just you trying to make it...

BUÑUEL fires again. The GOAT, hit, tumbles bleating down the distant rock face.

BUÑUEL

Yes! Excellent! You see?

ANGLE ON THE HUNGRY LOCALS

Watching their GOAT fall into an inaccessible ravine. Muttering angrily, they head towards the CREW.

ANGLE ON BUÑUEL AND COMPANY

BUÑUEL, pleased, kisses JEANNE.

BUÑUEL

Shall we do another take?

ANGLE ON ELI LOTAR

Eyeing the PEASANTS who break into a run toward them. He packs up the camera as quickly as he can.

ELI

No, I think we have it, Luis. One take will be quite enough.

The CAR follows them. As all THREE have almost caught up with DON LUIS, he turns suddenly. ROBERT skids to a halt. The CAR screeches to a stop.

They are in front of the TORRE LATINOAMERICANA -- the Observation Tower -- in MEXICO CITY.

DON LUIS
Please answer me a question!

Taken aback, ROBERT shifts LEON from under one arm to the other.

ROBERT
Of course, Don Luis! Anything!

DON LUIS
What defects do you find in me as a director?

ROBERT
What defects? Why -- nothing, Don Luis!
I like everything about you. About your cinema! I find no defects.

DON LUIS broods on this a moment.

CARS LINED UP BEHIND DON LUIS'S STOPPED CAR BEGIN TO HONK ANGRILY.

DON LUIS
But I must have some, surely.

ROBERT
(distressed)
No, no...

DON LUIS
You can tell me...

DON LUIS'S DRIVER refuses to budge. The ANGRY DRIVERS behind him pull around, honking, gesturing rudely.

ROBERT
(giving in)
Well. Maybe you're a little bit sloppy at times. There was that out-of-focus shot in DIARY OF A CHAMBERMAID...

DON LUIS
(indignantly)
Sloppy! I am one of the least sloppy directors in film history! (CONT.)

DON LUIS (CONT.)

If there's one thing I pride myself on,
it's my attention to detail!

DON LUIS'S DRIVER gets out of the CAR, slamming the door behind him, and marches over.

DON LUIS

Sloppy!

DRIVER

Don Luis!

DON LUIS

(irritably)

Yes, what is it?

LEON barks at the DRIVER. ROBERT holds his muzzle closed.

DRIVER

Oye, jefe -- I've been working for you
for two weeks now. I want to get paid.

DON LUIS peers at him.

DON LUIS

You want WHAT?

The DRIVER rubs his fingers together.

DRIVER

To get paid.

DON LUIS pulls himself up to his full height. The CLOUDS part.
A RAY OF LATE AFTERNOON SUNLIGHT shines down, enveloping DON LUIS
as if he were an OLD TESTAMENT PROPHET.

DON LUIS

(thunders)

I AM A SURREALIST!

LEON stops yapping. As the DOG, ROBERT and the DRIVER stare, DON
LUIS delivers a homily.

DON LUIS

We Surrealists attack, as a matter
of principle, the notion of work.
This false ideal, this cornerstone
of a corrupt bourgeois civilization.

(points)

I DECLARE TO YOU THAT SALARIED
WORK IS FUNDAMENTALLY HUMILIATING.

Pause.

DRIVER

Okay, okay, Jefe. But I'm telling
you, I need to get humiliated now.

DON LUIS, still bathed in light, reaches in his pocket for his
WALLET. He pulls out a cheque readymade, and hands it to the
DRIVER with a courtly gesture. He then turns and moves out of the
circle of light towards the TORRE LATINOAMERICANA'S ADMISSION
BOOTH.

As ROBERT watches, DON LUIS pays and disappears inside.
He thrusts LEON on the DRIVER and follows.

TORRE LATINOAMERICANA TICKET BOOTH EXT AFTERNOON 122

ROBERT

One, please.

BOOTH ATTENDANT

The gentleman before you already paid.

TORRE LATINOAMERICANA INTERIOR STAIRCASE INT LATE AFTERNOON 123

DON LUIS limps up the spiral stairs. His sciatica acts up.

He rubs his leg.

ROBERT follows some distance behind.

ROBERT

(anxiously)

Don Luis. What you said back there to
the driver. It was wonderful. Stirring.

(calls after him)

Very carefully thought out.

They continue their climb.

TORRE LATINOAMERICANA OBSERVATION DECK INT LATE AFTERNOON

ROBERT rushes onto the deck, looks left and right: 124

DON LUIS stands, alone, hands behind his back, looking out
on the VISTA OF MEXICO CITY.

ROBERT walks up beside him.

Pause.

DON LUIS

Do you remember Ramon Acin?

ROBERT

Who?

DON LUIS

The Anarchist! The Anarchist who won the lottery and paid for my film LAS HURDES!

ROBERT

Oh, yes.

DON LUIS

Don't you want to know if I ever paid the money back?

ROBERT

I... I hadn't thought about it.

DON LUIS

(with suppressed fury)

And why hadn't you thought about it? Don't you pay people what you owe them? Do you think I'm just a dilettante... a parasite... a sponge... who lived on my mother and my friends?

(ROBERT is speechless)

Well?

ROBERT

I assume... I assume you did pay him back. Ramon Acin, I mean.

DON LUIS, as if he's lost interest in the subject, goes back to studying the MEXICO CITY SKYLINE.

CLOUDS DARKEN THE SKY.

DON LUIS

(indifferently)

Oh yes. Ramon. When the Spanish Civil War began, an extreme right wing group went to arrest him. He managed to escape, so they arrested his wife. Threatened to kill her if he didn't give himself up. Ramon surrendered the next day, and the Fascists shot them both.

FLASHBACK

TO THE MURDERS OF RAMON ACIN AND HIS WIFE --
 -- against a moonlit wall in Aragon.

125

TORRE LATINOAMERICANA OBSERVATION DECK INT LATE AFTERNOON 126

DON LUIS

The film did make money, though.
 I gave it to his daughters.

A LONG PAUSE.

DON LUIS

Would you buy me a cup of coffee?

ROBERT

(startled by the shift in tone)
 What?

DON LUIS

Would you buy me a cup of coffee?
 I seem to have come away without
 my wallet.

ROBERT

(aware that this is not so)
 Of course.

ON THE STREET, MEXICO CITY, 1980 EXT LATE AFTERNOON 127

The CLOUDS now cover and darken the whole of the late day's sky.

DON LUIS shuffles painfully across the pavement, limping from his sciatica. ROBERT accompanies him respectfully.

DON LUIS stops, rubs his leg, wincing.

AN ANCIENT, STOOPED MAN makes his way arthritically down the opposite sidewalk.

DON LUIS looks at him. Indicates him with his head.

DON LUIS

Have you seen Buñuel lately?
 It's incredible. Even last year
 he was so strong. And now, what
 terrible deterioration!

He cackles at this. ROBERT doesn't laugh.

DON LUIS sighs, and, taking ROBERT's arm, continues down

the street. As they go, he relies more and more on ROBERT's strength.

THUNDER rolls.

EL CORREO ESPAÑOL CAFE EXT LATE AFTERNOON 128

ROBERT darts forward to hold the door open for DON LUIS.

DON LUIS stands on the sidewalk, tilts his head up.
The THUNDER rolls again.

ANGLE ON DON LUIS'S FACE

RAINDROPS plop on his face, his glasses.

ANGLE ON THE DOOR

ROBERT watches him. And DON LUIS shuffles through the door, making no attempt to wipe the rain off his face.

The SKIES crack again and open wide. The RAIN comes down in torrents as ROBERT follows DON LUIS inside.

EL CORREO ESPAÑOL INT LATE AFTERNOON 129

DON LUIS and ROBERT sit in a dark leather-lined booth.
A WAITER serves them coffee.
RAIN pours down outside.

DON LUIS

Let's put a little rum in our coffee
like they do in Spanish country towns.
It gives coffee a nice smell.

ROBERT calls the WAITER back and orders this.
A BEAUTIFUL BLONDE hurries into the cafe, soaking wet.
ROBERT, his attention caught, stares at her, rapt. DON LUIS watches this with annoyance.

DON LUIS

Lately, my own sexual desire has waned,
and finally disappeared, even in dreams.
And I'm delighted. It's as if I've
finally been relieved of a tyrannical
burden.

(pounds the table)

If the devil were to offer me a
resurgence of what is commonly (CONT.)

DON LUIS (CONT.)
 called virility, I'd decline. "Just
 keep my liver and lungs in good working
 order," I'd reply, "so I can go on
 drinking and smoking."

But ROBERT keeps staring at the BEAUTIFUL BLONDE, who, noticing
 his look, laughs and ducks her head.

We see she is the BLONDE INTERVIEWER in ROBERT'S PHOTO OF DON LUIS.

The WAITER returns with the RUM BOTTLE, which he tips into each
 man's cup. DON LUIS, his hands shaking with fatigue, lights
 himself a cigarette.

ROBERT, remembering himself, whispers to the WAITER, who leaves
 the bottle on the table.

DON LUIS
 You're a good boy.
 (pause)
 Ever wanted to kill your father?

ROBERT
 Only in my dreams.

DON LUIS cackles at this, pats ROBERT on the hand.

VOICE OF THE BEAUTIFUL BLONDE
 Don Luis?

Both MEN look up. ROBERT gulps, hand automatically going
 to his tie.

ANGLE ON THE BEAUTIFUL BLONDE

BEAUTIFUL BLONDE
 Do you remember me?

ROBERT stumbles to his feet, gazing at her.
 She blushes, laughs.

DON LUIS
 (vigorously)
 Yes, of course.
 (pause)
 Actually, not a bit. Have we met?

BEAUTIFUL BLONDE
 I interviewed you for an American
 magazine about three years ago.
 (to ROBERT, CONT.)

BEAUTIFUL BLONDE (CONT.)
 Totally useless interview. No matter
 what I asked him, his only answer was
 "To fuck with the public."

She and ROBERT gaze at each other.

DON LUIS
 Yes, yes, of course. Please sit down.

In his excitement, DON LUIS drops his spoon on the floor.
 As she sits, he drops to fetch it. Beneath the table, ignoring
 the spoon, DON LUIS stares fixedly at her legs.

On her left leg, she wears a METAL BRACE.

He reaches out, almost touching it. Mimes fondling it. Then
 resurfaces, without the spoon.

DON LUIS
 You'll excuse me for a moment, won't you?

And, energy renewed, he bounds out of the booth.

AT THE DOOR OF THE CAFE, A MOMENT LATER INT DUSK 130

DON LUIS looks back at the TABLE, where ROBERT and the BEAUTIFUL
 BLONDE talk animatedly.

He gestures to the WAITER, pulls a CLUTCH OF BILLS from his
 WALLET, and hands them over.

DON LUIS
 Don't let that young man pay for anything.

He makes his escape.

CASA BUÑUEL, BREAKFAST ROOM INT EVENING 131

It RAINS outside.

JEANNE BUÑUEL sits with the DAY'S MAIL in front of her.
 She inspects the contents of one parcel with some irritation.
 Through the curtains can be seen a TAXI pulling up.

DON LUIS gets out.

His KEYS at the door. He enters.

JEANNE

I am so unbelievably annoyed.

She peers through her reading glasses at a STACK OF COPIES OF A BOOK. BUÑUEL'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

DON LUIS shuffles tiredly into the room.

DON LUIS

Yes? What is it?

JEANNE

The English translation of your autobiography. And look! They've misspelled my name every time!

It's Rucar! Not Rucas!

(waves the book over her head)

What if I write my own book, eh?

What then?

He comes to her, puts his arms around her, kisses the top of her head.

DON LUIS

I'm sorry, Jeanne.

She looks up, startled.

JEANNE

Eh?

She feels his forehead with the back of her hand.

JEANNE

Are you ill? Coming down with something?

DON LUIS shakes his head, turns to leave the room.

DON LUIS

I'm only tired.

AT THE STAIRCASE INT NIGHT

132

DON LUIS painfully climbs the stairs.

JEANNE, worried, hurries to the foot of the stairs, calling up to him.

JEANNE

What if I make you something special for supper? Marinated (CONT.)

JEANNE (CONT.)

herring, the way they do it in France.
Or a whole cream pie.

DON LUIS

(without turning around)

I don't want any supper, Jeanne.
I'm not at all hungry.

And, as she watches, he disappears into his bedroom, closing the door behind him.

CASTLE EXT NIGHT 133

The same CASTLE from the scenes before.

The young BUÑUEL gazes up at it.
He goes to a window, pries it open, and enters.

Ravel's BOLERO begins to play.

CASTLE INT NIGHT 134

BUÑUEL -- now middle-aged -- creeps along the dark corridor toward a LIT ROOM.

GREAT HALL, CASTLE INT NIGHT 135

The elderly DON LUIS enters. The "Bolero" stops.

A long, elaborately set DINNER TABLE. At one end, an eighty year old VICOMTE DE NOAILLES munches his food.

On the wall -- a black-bordered PORTRAIT OF THE LATE VICOMTESSE DE NOAILLES.

DON LUIS takes his place.

On his plate is a WHOLE CREAM PIE.

He begins to eat.

Neither man speaks for a long time. Finally --

DON LUIS

Very good, this.

VICOMTE

More wine, Luis?

DON LUIS nods. The VICOMTE DE NOAILLES rings a little BELL.

CASA BUÑUEL, DON LUIS'S BEDROOM INT NIGHT 136

DON LUIS'S EYES fly open. The SOUND OF THE BELL fades away.

THE SCREEN GOES TO BLACK

THE SOUND OF JIGGLING KEYS IN A LOCK

ROBERT'S APARTMENT, KITCHEN INT NIGHT 137

ROBERT enters, flicks on a light, goes to the table and dumps his bag, taking out the contents as he does: TAPE RECORDER, notebook files, etc.

The BEAUTIFUL BLONDE follows, looks around a COMPLETELY STRIPPED BARE KITCHEN.

BEAUTIFUL BLONDE

I was going to ask. But I see you
live entirely alone.

ROBERT, startled, looks around. All evidence of his GIRLFRIEND has disappeared. Furniture, wall hangings, teakettle -- all gone.

He goes to the bedroom and looks in. Stripped. A few hangers lie on the floor.

He turns back to the BEAUTIFUL BLONDE, befuddled.

She plays with the TAPE RECORDER.

ROBERT

That's no good. Broken.

As she pushes the PLAY button. The SOUND OF DON LUIS'S VOICE comes from the tape.

DON LUIS'S VOICE

I've always preferred loving to being
loved.

ROBERT

But -- it WAS broken.

BEAUTIFUL BLONDE

Sssshhh.

DON LUIS'S VOICE
I remember one affair in Madrid --

A DREAM STREET, DREAM MADRID EXT DAY 138

This entire sequence is exaggerated, both too simple and too fantastic for reality -- as if the story DON LUIS tells is being imagined by the listeners.

A thirty-five year old BUÑUEL, dressed in immaculate tennis flannels and a boater, walks whistling down an exaggeratedly SPANISH STREET: BULLFIGHTERS walk past chatting, a FLAMENCO DANCER bicycles down the street, her net shopping bag filled with peppers and tomatoes, a HERD OF GOATS turns a corner behind him, etc.

DON LUIS'S VOICE
It was before the great disaster of
the Civil War...

BUÑUEL approaches a FANTASY STREET MARKET. Big, gaping, silver fish. Mounds of fruits and vegetables. GYPSIES. PRIESTS. DONKEYS.

As BUÑUEL saunters through, a BEAUTIFUL, INNOCENT YOUNG GIRL -- PEPITA -- moves shyly into a HALO OF SUNLIGHT.

She bears a STRIKING RESEMBLANCE to BUÑUEL's sister CONCHITA. And to the WOMAN OF HIS DREAMS.

The whole MARKET goes silent.

She wears white. A WHITE LACE MANTILLA. A WHITE DRESS TWO SIZES TOO SMALL. And WHITE LACE KNEESOCKS that keep falling down. She keeps pulling them up.

BUÑUEL stares at her, smitten.

DON LUIS'S VOICE
Her name was Pepita, and I fell instantly
and desperately in love with her.

The MARKET moves again. A PRIEST smiles benevolently on PEPITA. A GYPSY blesses her.

Still encased in sunlight, PEPITA puts her hands together in prayer and gazes upward. A CLUTCH OF CARTOON DOVES circles her head.

BUÑUEL, overcome, throws himself at her feet, kissing the hem of her dress.

DREAM PEPITA'S APARTMENT INT DAY 139

A tiny, immaculately clean two rooms. PEPITA'S MOTHER, a saintly old woman clad in black lace, sits in a rocking chair under a sampler on the wall: CASA, DULCE CASA.

She works making more black lace.

BUÑUEL sits upright and nervous on a ladderback chair, boater clutched formally in his hands, hair perfectly brilliantined.

PEPITA -- wearing a white dress even smaller than before -- enters, blushing.

BUÑUEL leaps from his chair, presents her with TWO DOZEN WHITE ROSES.

PEPITA'S MOTHER smiles benignly on this scene.

DON LUIS'S VOICE

She was so innocent. So pure.
She lived with her mother in a tiny
apartment. We began seeing each other.

MONTAGE OF INNOCENT PLEASURES 140

-- BUÑUEL rowing a boat; PEPITA sitting with parasol. On a FAKE RIVER.

-- A DISNEY PICNIC before a PAINTED BACKDROP OF THE ALPS.

-- A TEA DANCE. BUÑUEL holds PEPITA at a respectful distance as they dance, a HANDKERCHIEF between their palms.

DON LUIS'S VOICE

But although I desperately desired
her, I respected her innocence.
We remained chaste.

DREAM PEPITA'S APARTMENT INT DAY 141

The LACE PEPITA'S MOTHER makes is now about six feet long.

BUÑUEL, looking like he might burst, sits in the same chair, his BOATER COVERING HIS LAP.

PEPITA enters -- a new white dress, even smaller than the last, if that's possible.

BUÑUEL leaps up, but, very carefully, KEEPS HOLDING HIS BOATER OVER HIS LAP.

RIVAL (CONT.)
 she couldn't see me later because
 she was going somewhere with you.

BUÑUEL
 Impossible! She lives with her
 mother!

DREAM PEPITA'S APARTMENT INT DAY 144

PEPITA, the CARTOON DOVES still flying about her head, goes around her MOTHER'S ROOM reviving wilted plants with a touch.

PEPITA'S MOTHER still knits the lace, which is now fourteen feet long.

RIVAL'S VOICE
 Her mother sleeps in another room.

PEPITA opens the door to the next room, and disappears into it, making a BURLESQUE BUMP AND GRIND as she goes.

DREAM MARKETPLACE EXT DAY 145

The FLORIST returns with SIX DOZEN WHITE ROSES.

BUÑUEL
 (aggrieved)
 But... but... I thought she was a
 virgin!

RIVAL
 (grins)
 Yeah. I know.

BUÑUEL stalks away, leaving the ROSES behind.

DREAM BUÑUEL'S CAR INT DAY 146

PEPITA, swathed in white chiffon scarves, sits in the passenger seat.

BUÑUEL, watching her suspiciously from the corner of his eye, drives past obviously FAKE AND PERFECT SCENERY.

He BRAKES to a screeching halt.

PEPITA looks at him in innocent surprise.

BUÑUEL

Listen, Pepita. I've got a proposition for you. I like you a lot, and I want you to be my mistress. I'll give you two thousand pesetas a month, you can go on living with your mother, but you'll make love only with me. Is it a deal?

PEPITA considers this. NODS.

She gets out of the car.

As BUÑUEL watches, she tantalizingly unwraps the endless white chiffon scarves that envelope her body. Holding one, which blows in the wind across her nakedness, she smiles, holds out her hand, and beckons.

BUÑUEL DESPERATELY TRIES TO GET OUT OF THE CAR.

None of the doors will open. The windows are frozen shut.

DON LUIS'S VOICE

But no matter how much I tried --
I could not get out of the car.

BUÑUEL, frustrated and red in the face, falls back onto his seat.

DON LUIS'S VOICE

So I settled for insulting her instead.

BUÑUEL

(self-righteously)
Pepita, I know you're sleeping with other men, you whore. There's no point denying it, so let's just say good-bye right here.

DREAM LANDSCAPE OUTSIDE BUÑUEL'S CAR EXT DAY 147

PEPITA cannot hear a word BUÑUEL says. She sees him gesture wildly on the other side of the car window, then watches him drive away.

DREAM BUÑUEL'S CAR INT DAY 148

BUÑUEL drives away, leaving PEPITA behind in an empty landscape.

The REVOLVER lies on the table between them.

DON LUIS

Ah! A note from Catherine Deneuve.

JEANNE

(without looking up)

I always thought she was very pretty.

DON LUIS

Mm. Not precisely my type of woman.
Still, when she's crippled and made-up,
I do find her very attractive.

JEANNE

(pleasantly)

No, I imagine your type is more the
Virgin Mary.

DON LUIS looks at her with instant suspicion. But she smiles mildly and goes back to her reading.

DON LUIS

Enjoying that, are you?

JEANNE

Oh, yes. Especially the story of Pepita.
That was -- was it the year we were
married? Or the year after that?

DON LUIS

No, you've got it wrong. We'd been
married two years. You'd just had
Juan Luis.

JEANNE

(still pleasantly)

Oh, yes. Of course.

DON LUIS gets up, goes to the open window and inhales the air.

DON LUIS

What a beautiful day!

The SOUND of a SPINNING REVOLVER BARREL.

Then a CLICK. The sound of a trigger being pulled and clicking against an empty chamber.

DON LUIS turns. JEANNE stands beside him, holding the REVOLVER to his head. She spins the barrel again, pulls the trigger again.

CLICK.

She shrugs, turns back to the table.

JEANNE
Earthquake weather.

She goes back to her reading.

DON LUIS
Surely not.

He picks up his coat from the coatrack and goes out.

JEANNE
(without looking up from her book)
Mark my words.

ROBERT'S APARTMENT, WORKROOM INT MORNING 155

ROBERT, lying naked under the sleeping bag on the workroom floor, smiles happily in his sleep.

Suddenly, from outside, a BRICK hurtles through the window, SMASHING IT TO BITS.

ROBERT jerks awake, stares in confusion at the BRICK. Runs his hand through his hair -- as the memory of the night before slowly returns.

He turns to EMBRACE his COMPANION.

BUT THERE IS NO ONE THERE. Only a CHIFFON SCARF last seen around the neck of the BEAUTIFUL BLONDE.

ROBERT looks around. Focuses. REACTS.

PULL BACK --

THE ROOM HAS BEEN STRIPPED BARE.

Nothing left. No papers. No files. No tapes. No pictures of BUÑUEL.

All of ROBERT'S WORK: GONE.

MEXICO CITY STREET EXT DAY 156

DON LUIS walks vigorously, cane in hand.
As he moves forward on the left foot, he says --

DON LUIS
Down with l'amour fou!

And on the right foot --

DON LUIS
Long live friendship.

No one passing seems to think this is at all odd.

A SMALL BOY stares as DON LUIS continues, repeating this, until he turns a corner and disappears from sight.

DOCTOR'S WAITING ROOM, MEXICO CITY INT DAY 157

Very stuffy. Banally furnished. A TROPICAL FISH TANK. Veneer table with fly-specked magazines.

On the wall: A BAD SEASCAPE and a reproduction of DALÍ'S THE PERSISTENCE OF MEMORY.

PATIENTS wait, coughing and groaning.

DON LUIS sits upright on a ladderback chair.

The NURSE appears, beckons.

NURSE
Don Luis?

DON LUIS
(as he passes her)
Very nice fish.

NURSE
Thank you.

DOCTOR'S OFFICE INT DAY 158

Equally banal, impersonal, badly furnished as the waiting room.

From the OPEN WINDOW: THE BLARE OF CITY NOISE. BOOMBOXES. HORNS HONKING. JACKHAMMERS.

DOCTOR'S VOICE
Cough.

The SOUND OF DON LUIS COUGHING.

PULL BACK to show the DOCTOR, as old as DON LUIS, holding his stethoscope to DON LUIS's bare chest.

On the wall behind him: A reproduction of DOGS PLAYING POKER. And of MAGRITTE'S THE TREASON OF IMAGES.

DOCTOR

So. Whatever happened to Surrealism, anyway? Cough.

DON LUIS

(coughs)

A tough question. The movement was successful in its details and a failure in its essentials. Surrealism was a cultural and artistic success, but these were the areas of least importance to the Surrealists. Our aim was not to establish a glorious place for ourselves in the annals of art and literature -- and certainly not in the cinema! -- but to CHANGE THE WORLD. This was our essential purpose --

DOCTOR

Mmm-hm. Cough again.

DON LUIS

And we completely failed.

He COUGHS again. The DOCTOR shakes his head, concerned.

SAME, A FEW MOMENTS LATER INT DAY 159

DON LUIS stands at the window, smoking a cigarette.

The DOCTOR writes a prescription.

DON LUIS

You know, I did not set out to be a film director. I could have taken quite another path. At university, I studied to be an entymologist! The study of insects! Now, that was something. If things had gone differently, today I could hold my head high and say: "BUGS ARE MY BUSINESS!"

(pause)

The worst thing is that it's no longer possible to scandalize anyone anymore.

The DOCTOR holds out the PRESCRIPTION, which DON LUIS takes.

DOCTOR
Are you worried about the operation?

DON LUIS
No, no. Not at all.

He turns to go.

The DOCTOR stops him.

DOCTOR
(sternly)
Still drinking?

DON LUIS
Of course!

DOCTOR
And smoking?

DON LUIS indicates the lit cigarette in his hand.

DOCTOR
Good, good. You Spaniards are the
longest-lived bastards on the planet.

He opens the door, shakes hands with DON LUIS.

DOCTOR
(to NURSE)
Next patient, please.

DON LUIS hesitates. Then goes out.

MONUMENT OF THE REVOLUTION EXT DAY 160

The HEAT has intensified so that waves come up from the street.

ROBERT sits, restless, anxious, jumps up, spins around, sits again. No idea what to do next.

In his agitation, he doesn't notice DON LUIS'S CAR crawl around the corner and park at its usual spot across the street from DON LUIS'S FAVOURITE BAR/RESTAURANT.

DOWN THE BLOCK -- DON LUIS gets out of the car, and, cane before him, makes his way across the street.

ROBERT spots him.

ROBERT
 (shouts)
 DON LUIS!

He runs toward him.

BAR/RESTAURANT EXT DAY

161

DON LUIS pauses, looks at the restaurant.

He does not notice ROBERT pelting down the street behind.

At that moment, AN EARTHQUAKE BEGINS.

BUILDINGS shake. GLASS shatters. A TEN STORY BUILDING
 shakes back and forth so violently that FURNITURE FLIES OUT
 THE WINDOWS.



A PIANO lands on a police car.
 TERRIFIED PATRONS, screaming, run from the restaurant.

ANGLE ON DON LUIS

Surveying the surreal scene with satisfaction. He walks calmly into the restaurant, and seats himself at his usual table in the window.

ROBERT
Don Luis! Don Luis!

As ROBERT runs up, another TREMOR fells a HUGE ARMOIRE at the restaurant door, blocking it totally, making entry an impossibility.

BAR/RESTAURANT INT DAY 162

All is calm. DON LUIS turns to an equally imperturbable WAITER.

DON LUIS
Martini.

The WAITER bows.

BAR/RESTAURANT, THE STREET OUTSIDE EXT DAY 163

Pandemonium. SIRENS. Screaming. Crying. CAR ALARMS.

ROBERT races back and forth in front of the RESTAURANT WINDOW.

ROBERT
Don Luis! Don Luis!

And watches, helpless, as the WAITER brings DON LUIS a perfect MARTINI.

BAR/RESTAURANT INT DAY 164

With perfect satisfaction, DON LUIS lights a cigarette and begins to drink.

THE END