

The Maillard Reaction Episode 102: The Ingredients

By

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1 EXT. THE FRENCH PYRENEES - MOUNTAININSIDE - DAY

The Pyrenees mountains in summer. Green trees and grass slowly give way to the dark mountain peaks piercing the blue sky. Richly colorful flowers dot the landscape.

A Pyrenean Ibex walks out into the sunlight. It's grand horns create a striking silhouette.

In the valley, a white Pyrenean Sheepdog herds a flock of gray and white Tarasconnais sheep. This is AUBIN, a veteran but energetic sheepdog tending to her flock.

2 EXT. THE FRENCH PYRENEES - PASTURE - CONTINUOUS

Many sheep have little lambs about them, but something is wrong. One lone sheep bleats endlessly in search.

Aubin sees the sheep, recognizes a problem, and sets off.

3 EXT. THE FRENCH PYRENEES - PRECIPICE - NOON

Aubin's head pokes over the side of a short precipice. There lays the missing lamb, neck twisted in a dried pool of blood.

Aubin whines as she looks for a place to climb down. She spots a sharp decline - her only option.

4 EXT. THE FRENCH PYRENEES - PASTURE - DUSK

SHEPHERD rounds up the sheep into a fenced in enclosure. Nearby, a small house gives off the warm glow of a hearth.

He notices a shape in the distance. It is Aubin dragging the dead lamb. She drops it by the fence and the bleating sheep approaches the body.

Aubin watches Shepherd set off with a shovel. He strikes into the ground.

5 INT. SHEPHERD'S HOME - NIGHT

A spoon dips into stew. Shepherd sits at a small table eating with Aubin by his feet. Shepherd is old with a long beard. He clearly has not been to a dentist, let alone any medical professional, in many years.

(CONTINUED)

And judging from the house, Shepherd barely scrapes by. His few possessions include a dusty gun and his beloved harmonica.

Shepherd pauses mid-bite to see Aubin still panting. He gives her the meat left in his bowl before getting up to refill his cup.

Upon return he finds the meat is back on his plate, albeit with added dog drool.

SHEPHERD

O ho, what is this? Seems I haven't got my wits about me these days.

Aubin's head turns down and away, eyes still fixed on Shepherd. He spoons the rest of the food into his mouth and coughs a little on the dog drool. He turns serious.

SHEPHERD

You need to stay in the pasture where it's safe and stop the sheep before they wander out. I can't protect you from what's out there.

Aubin looks guilty. Shepherd begins scratching and rubbing her all over.

SHEPHERD

Are you happy, Aubin? Are you a happy girl? Who's a happy doggie? You are. Yes, you are Aubin.

Aubin is very happy.

6

EXT. THE FRENCH PYRENEES - PASTURE - EARLY MORNING

Aubin stares ahead then glances up to check on her master - whose brow is furrowed in concern.

In front of them, a patch of the enclosure has been destroyed. Gray and red tuffs of wool stick to jagged pieces of wire. The remaining sheep are huddled at the other end. The lamb's grave has also been scavenged.

Shepherd's POV: A path of flattened grass leads from the fence to the woods.

LATER:

Shepherd grabs planks and wire leaving very little extra. He mends the fence, cutting wire with a large knife.

Aubin keeps an eye on the old man and the flock. She turns from Shepherd to see a lone sheep slipping into the woods along the path of flattened grass.

7 EXT. PYRENEES WOODS - DAY

Aubin trots after the sheep - a patch of white that appears sporadically amidst the dense flora.

Aubin sniffs the air and picks up her pace. She reaches her destination finding a missing sheep from the morning torn apart and eaten.

A bleat. Aubin turns. The other sheep is crying in the jaws of a Cantabrian brown bear. Small white marks appear on the bear's fur.

Aubin runs at the bear snarling. The bear smacks her with one paw and she goes flying.

Aubin lays bloodied in the foreground. In the background, the bear recedes.

8 EXT. PASTURE - EVENING

Shepherd gets the last of the sheep back into the enclosure and looks out for Aubin. He's worried.

9 EXT. PYRENEES WOODS - EVENING

Shepherd searches the woods for Aubin with a lantern. From behind a tree, Aubin limps towards him bloodied.

10 INT. SHEPHERD'S HOME - NIGHT

Shepherd lays Aubin down on the table. She has a bad cut along her back leg.

Shepherd shaves fur from around the cut. There are tears welling up in his old eyes.

LATER:

Tired and sweating, Shepherd finishes the stitches on Aubin. He rinses his bloody hands in a basin of water.

He places more logs in the fire and sits beside the sleeping Aubin. He plays a soft tune on the harmonica.

11 INT. SHEPHERD'S HOME - MORNING

Shepherd wakes with a jolt. He's next to Aubin - he wasn't planning on sleeping next to her all night. He runs outside-

12 EXT. SHEPHERD'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

The same scene as the day before - broken fence and sheep outside its bounds. Shepherd is obviously shaken. Aubin limps over to him and licks his dangling hand.

Shepherd grabs all of the remaining fence supplies. He tries to fix the fence, but he doesn't have enough materials to repair it entirely.

Frustrated, he concedes and jerks the fencing together.

Aubin, having learned, stands in between the forest and the sheep.

13 INT. SHEPHERD'S HOME - EVENING

Shepherd takes the gun down and loads it. He only has a few bullets left.

14 EXT. SHEPHERD'S HOME - NIGHT

Shepherd sits hunched over outside the house. Moonlight brightly shines over the pasture. A bear emerges from the forest.

Slowly and silently, Shepherd reaches down for his gun and checks that it is loaded. He readies himself and raises his gun. He looks to the trees to see where the wind is blowing.

Aubin exits the house and snarls when she sees the bear, but Shepherd puts his hand out to stop her.

The bear gets close to the fence. A bright flash from the muzzle. A crack in the still night. SMACK. The bear's back leg falls out from beneath it.

Shepherd tries to load another bullet but the gun is jammed. He frantically tries to fix it until he stops in horror.

From the forest, a larger bear emerges. This one has familiar white marks. Both bears run towards the house.

Shaking with fear, Shepherd tries to jerk the bolt free. Aubin sees the panic and runs towards the bears for interference. The sheep are bleating.

(CONTINUED)

SHEPHERD
Aubin, no.

He loads the bullet, fires, but misses hitting the ground. He loads another bullet. Aubin is halfway to the bears. SMACK. The limping bear crumples, the other keeps running.

Aubin meets the bear but dodges a swipe and attempts to take a bite.

Shepherd's fingers reach for a bullet that isn't there. His eyes show fear and surprise. The bear and Aubin are now close to the house.

Aubin, dancing around the bear, lunges in for a bite on its leg. She gets a hold and rips her head side to side but the bear swats at her. Her stitches rip open.

The bear prepares to bite Aubin but recoils. Shepherd has stabbed the bear with his knife. The bear turns and swipes at him, ripping his shirt and flesh.

The old man circles around the bear. They wait each other out. The bear feints a step forward and Shepherd maintains distance. Shepherd feints and the bear stands on its hind legs.

Just as Shepherd passes by Aubin, the bear changes targets and lunges for her. The bear stops. Shepherd has jumped in between the two and stabbed the bear. Its eyes grow dull.

It collapses right on top of Shepherd. He gasps for air and kicks the ground. Aubin runs over and tries to pull him out, fails, and then digs underneath him.

Aubin keeps digging frantically. Shepherd's mangled body mirrors the fallen lamb.

Shepherd remains still.

15

EXT. PASTURE - DAWN

A gentle wind sweeps the grass. A large mound now inhabits the center of the pasture.

Reveal: The flock and Aubin gather around the grave. One sheep steps forward. His wool is the same color as a friar's vestments. He bleats and bows his head. The rest of the flock follows him and all bow their heads.

Aubin looks to the rising sun and barks. Dirt covers her paws and muzzle.

(CONTINUED)

The sheep, knowing their duty, leave their home. Aubin looks back at the house and then the grave. She leaves to lead the flock.

From far away, Aubin and the flock look like ants leaving the Pyrenees.

END COLD OPEN

16 EXT. SPANISH COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Wind sweeps over the hills and grass of the country. Far away, a small dot appears. It's Lazlo fleeing the city.

He collapses to the ground, filling the frame.

He's hyperventilating. He sees the mystery package which fell in front of him and pulls it in proceeding to twist and turn it in search.

LAZLO
(hysterically crying)
Where do you belong? Where? Where!

His stomach growls and he puts a hand to his stomach.

Another growl follows.

LAZLO
You too?

Julia is perched in Lazlo's book bag, the Yoda to Lazlo's Luke.

A note on Julia: Julia is never seen moving; however, the camera often finds her frozen in the middle of an action. She even wears clothing or appears to be helping others, as if everyone is in on some strange joke that Julia is actually real.

Lazlo looks up. Off the road is a fig tree.

Later:

Julia and Lazlo now sit under the tree with empty figs around them. Lazlo finishes his last fig and looks down.

Ants crawl over his hands, some stuck in the residue.

A noise startles Lazlo and Julia. After a moment's silent conference, Lazlo raises Julia above his head.

Julia's hands are cupped around her eyes binocular-like.

(CONTINUED)

Julia's POV: In the far distance, a contingent of Smiley Henchmen closing in. Behind them, the hazy smoke of the ruined city.

As Lazlo lowers her, a few of Smiley's men come into view. They are on horses and are closing in.

The package lays on the ground alone until the sound of scrambling feet leads to two hands jerking it away.

The sound of horses and carts grows closer.

17 EXT. RIVER - NOON

Lazlo arrives at a flowing river out of breath. He glances into the water. His reflection stares back at him. A perfect reflection becomes broken and swirling.

He's about to jump in to hide when - Whap. A fish's tail slaps him in the face.

He looks at Julia who also has no idea what happened. Another fish slaps Lazlo across his face turning him to see the reflection of a man in brown vestments and a large, hay hat casting his face in shadow.

Lazlo watches him take the face-slapping fish off the hook and plop it into a basket with others. Every word the stranger speaks rolls right off his tongue.

LALA LOBO

You've caught me at a good time.

(Re: the fish)

I suppose they could say the same, if only they could speak. Quite a burden to carry such a fine tail/tale with no means of communication. And you?

Lazlo stands awkwardly.

LAZLO

(Relieved)

You're a monk.

LALA LOBO

Ha! A monk! I've never been one to coup up like a chicken.

LAZLO

But your robes?

(CONTINUED)

LALA LOBO
The mark of a friar.

LAZLO
Are there many of you here -
Fransicans I mean.

LALA LOBO
No, not anymore at least. Before
you is a lone member of the
profundus order.

The noise is growing closer. Lala notices the noise, the panic, but mostly the package.

LALA LOBO
So, you're not here to clean up.

Lazlo looks down - his hands still covered in sticky fig juice.

LAZLO
I - uhm. I was uh taking a walk -
Beautiful weather and well . . .

Lazlo looks like he's trying not to barf, hands on his knees heaving a little.

LAZLO (CONT)
No . . . I - wanted - to - fly a
kite. Ok, that's not true at all.

LALA LOBO
If not the truth, a good story
then. The latter is often best.

Lazlo looks back at the small figures growing closer.

18

EXT. FIG TREE - CONTINUOUS

The remains of the figs lay underneath the tree, swarming with ants.

In the background, henchmen come into view. A pair of leather hunting boots come into focus next to the figs.

A knee bends to the ground as one hand grabs a fig bringing it up past lips painted perfectly with black lipstick.

Beakish nostrils take a sniff. Pause. Her other hand wipes her nose with a perfectly white handkerchief. Then a long and strong inhale.

(CONTINUED)

The figure of Precilia Snout walks back to her waiting men.

PRECILIA SNOUT
The boy has been through here. Set
up a perimeter.

The henchmen hurry off in different directions.

19 EXT. RIVER - CONTINUOUS

Lala Lobo stands and begins walking away.

LAZLO
Those men are after me and this
package. I can't stay here.

Lazlo pauses, looks behind.

LAZLO (CONT)
Can I trust you?

LALA LOBO
Ah, now I see the net cast for me.

Lala walks away from the main road. He motions for Lazlo to follow. Lazlo runs after him.

The sound of bugs slowly turn into the sound of frying.

20 EXT. ABANDONED VILLAGE - NOON

A small, battle-torn village hidden in the hills.

Only one building shows any signs of life.

21 INT. LALA'S HUT - CONTINUOUS

A fillet of fish is dangled and swept through batter then dropped into oil where others are already bubbling away. A spider scoops one out onto a tray where it is promptly salted.

Lazlo sits at a small table. Across him, Lala stands at a makeshift kitchen frying fish. Julia is next to him wearing an apron.

The tail-end of a fried fillet suddenly hits Lazlo in the face and slides to the plate. He begins eating with a fork.

(CONTINUED)

LAZLO

I don't mean to be rude but I've
never heard of the - uh -

LALA LOBO

The profundus friars. We broke off
from the Carmel-ites. Once so kind
and sweet, they bittered over time.
Consider us of similar constitution
to the Acidic Jews, the Shitakist
Hindus, or even the Stewfi Muslims.

As Lala lists the sects, a representative from each one
leans in the open kitchen window, as if Lala's words bring
them into being.

LALA LOBO (CONT)

What are you?

LAZLO

Oh, I'm - I'm a busboy.

The religious leaders have disappeared.

LALA LOBO

Busboys often wander the
countryside where you're from?

LAZLO

Well, no but -

LALA LOBO

Strange. Maybe you are a busboy of
poor skill.

LAZLO

I'm a busboy mistaken for a
delivery man with no clue of where
to go.

LALA LOBO

You may believe my vows require me
to guide a lost soul -

Lala Lobo sits down with his own fish. Lala Lobo is a
Spanish man a bit over middle age. He has large hands that
gesticulate often and a crooked smile with a little stubble.
He'd be the most warm man you'd know if it weren't for his
sharp eyes.

His robes, the robes of any profundus friar, look like a
cross between an apron and a typical friar's vestments.

(CONTINUED)

Each of his palms bears two circular burn marks the size of coins. He sporadically picks at his own fish with his fingers.

LALA LOBO (CONT)
But Lala Lobo isn't one to give freely.

LAZLO
I can't repay you for the fish but
-

LALA LOBO
This is about guidance. You need a way through the encroaching hoard. Yes, I have seen them too.

LAZLO
Even if you found me a way out, where should I (burp) go?

Lala pointedly ignores the burp.

LALA LOBO
Not just you, "us". As for a destination, we must first deduce the recipient. Where did you work? The Suckling Pig? Snails and Clams? Tampopo?

LAZLO
Lard and Savour.

Lala's face lights up.

LALA LOBO
Then this package is from Gustave? Indulge me, Lazlo. What is it?

LAZLO
None of my business. But if I deliver it, things will go back to the way they were. And I 'll find Dad.

Lala thinks a moment.

LALA LOBO
If we had a steed, we could outrace those men. If we had money, we could bribe them. And if we had brawn and daring, we could fight. Yet there is still a way out for
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LALA LOBO (cont'd)
us. What we have is cunning. We
perpetuate a new spin on an old
con, tried and true.

Oil spatters in the background.

LAZLO
A con's just a fancy name for a
lie. There has to be another way.

LALA LOBO
(deflated)
No lying?

LAZLO
None.

Lala is suddenly dressed as a pirate with an eye-patch.

LALA LOBO
We could say we're sailors lost at
land in search of -

LAZLO
No lying.

Lala is now in a suit and tie. He looks somber. A dead woman
lays in an open coffin in the background.

LALA LOBO
We're the brothers of a bereaved
baroness in pursuit of her long
lost -

LAZLO
Kinda sounds like a lie.

Lazlo continues to eat without looking up.

LALA LOBO (O.S.)
We're traveling circus performers
preparing -

LAZLO
(mouth filled with food)
Nope.

O.S. : A clown horn honks.

Lazlo reaches over and grabs something. He throws a red
clown nose over his shoulder.

Lala looks disappointed, a child whose fun was ruined.

LALA LOBO

Well whatever is in that package
must be valuable. If you cannot do
the job, then let me. I know your
people.

LAZLO

You don't know my father. He taught
me about duty.

LALA LOBO

Where is he now, this father of
yours? What have his virtues
brought him?

In the doorway, the silhouette of Lazlo's father leans
against the jam.

Lazlo looks out at the apparition or maybe he's looking into
the distance.

The doorway is empty again.

LAZLO

We could run. In the dead of night.
Take me to my people, Lala.

LALA LOBO

First my payment, Lazlo. Before I
deliver the delivery boy, he must
do something for me.

Lazlo looks out the empty doorway in thought. Shifts to look
at Lala, who smiles at having won.

LALA LOBO

I need you to bury a body.

22

EXT. ABANDONED VILLAGE - MIDNIGHT

Fish bones are dropped into a hole in the ground and
promptly covered.

23

INT. LALA'S HUT - CONTINUOUS

Bundled cookware and fruit are taken off the table.

A lone candle is blown out.

24 EXT. LALA'S HUT- CONTINUOUS

Push In: Two dark figures leave the hut. After a moment, the smaller figure runs back and closes the door.

25 EXT. SPANISH COUNTRYSIDE - MIDNIGHT

The full moon illuminates the two travelers as they walk up an old trail. The river, running alongside the path, bubbles away.

LALA LOBO (V.O.)

I've always had a knack for reading people. After the war ended, I had to know who would rejoice the crusade's success and who would bemoan the resistance's failure.

(Mock Elderly Voice)

"De generación en generación las generaciones se degeneran con mayor degeneración" But it was my travels that taught me about human nature and how to coax it out.

As Lala speaks, the two continue to walk with Lala motioning with his hands as if he were giving Lazlo a tour of his story.

LALA LOBO (V.O.)

This was my workplace -

Begin Flashback:

26 EXT. BUSTLING SPANISH MARKET - DAY

Stalls full of vendors ring out with cries to try their products. People weave in and out of the crowds, children race through the alleyways, and the searing heat of summer pounds down on everyone.

Lala and Lazlo walk unseen.

LALA LOBO

Anyone of these people could have been my mark, but the artistry was in picking the right one.

An old friar walks through the crowd, munching on a churro, as people shove by and spit at his feet.

A tired, old mule trudges by pulling a cart past the Old Friar.

(CONTINUED)

The Old Friar walks by an alley, when a figure calls to him.

FIGURE

Please, help. This man here is
injured. Come quickly.

The Old Friar quickly enters the alley and is just a dark blob until he is close enough to see -

27 EXT. DARK ALLEY - DAY

A younger Lala Lobo dressed as a friar. His palms are free of any markings. Young Lala is bent over a fat man. The Old Friar walks towards them, followed by present-day Lala and Lazlo.

YOUNG LALA LOBO

This man saw me walking through the market and stopped me to ask if I might help him with an ailment of his soul, a large sum of money he had hidden away and known naught what to do with. Just as he was on the cusp of telling me where he had stowed it away, a gang of vile Republicans saw us and attacked.

The fat man moans in a monotone and repetitive way, like a moo-ing cow.

YOUNG LALA LOBO (CONT)

Can you aid this man so that he might finish his confession?

OLD FRIAR

His soul is in God's hands.

YOUNG LALA LOBO

While his body lays at our feet.

OLD FRIAR

So we may pray over him.

YOUNG LALA LOBO

(frustrated)

Laudanum would better ease his pain.

OLD FRIAR

I have none to speak of.

(CONTINUED)

YOUNG LALA LOBO

In the market, there is a vendor
with a red flag. It is this man's
salvation.

OLD FRIAR

(shock)

God is this man's salvation.

Lala hesitates, caught off guard by the Old Friar's
earnestness.

YOUNG LALA LOBO

But you could be this man's savior.

A heavenly glow appears around the Old Friar. The Old Friar
looks at the dying man with sorrow in his eyes.

28 EXT. MARKET - DAY

A bottle of laudanum sits next to an unpleasant price tag.

The Old Friar continues his sad stare.

Reveal: The Old Friar is standing in front of the vendor
with a red flag. It is the most rundown stall visible.

The Old Friar pulls out his coin purse and looks in.

He looks into his distorted reflection in the laudanum vial.
The soft halo (or maybe just sunlight) is still around him.

They swap purse for vial.

29 EXT. DARK ALLEY - DAY

Old Friar runs down the alley with the vial in his
outstretched hand. Leaning against the wall, sits Lala. He
perks up and takes the laudanum.

YOUNG LALA LOBO

(to the dying man)

Here, take this - oh no.

Young Lala leans in close just as the dying man lets out a
gargling noise. His chest juts into the air and shudders
back down. He lays still.

Lala discreetly pockets the vial.

YOUNG LALA LOBO

(to the Old Friar)

We've lost him, Brother. But before he passed he said he had buried his "large sum of money" outside the city underneath an old gnarled tree with all three branches pointing towards Jerusalem. Why don't you go along while I say a final prayer.

OLD FRIAR

Go on. I'll stay a while.

YOUNG LALA LOBO

(hiding his surprise)

- All words evade my tongue with such a tragedy affronting me. Did I mention the "large sum of money"?

OLD FRIAR

No need. It appears the great spirit fills him still.

The dead man's belly bobs up and down.

YOUNG LALA LOBO

Oh. OH! A miracle. Praise the Lord. We must find a doctor. But where?

DEAD MAN

The pub?

YOUNG LALA LOBO

The PUB!

OLD FRIAR

You'd learn better to use that slippery tongue of yours for liturgies rather than these confidence tricks. Shame on you.

Young Lala Lobo stands, dusting himself off. In the background, present-day Lazlo is confused and Lala giddy.

YOUNG LALA LOBO

You're just upset you were fooled.

OLD FRIAR

Saint Pacificus could have seen this one coming.

YOUNG LALA LOBO
All the more a shame he didn't warn
you.

One could just make out a slight halo around the Old Friar
in the reflection of the alley's broken glass.

Old Friar extends his hand.

OLD FRIAR
Come with me. Devote your life to
praying with people instead of
preying upon them.

YOUNG LALA LOBO
I don't need some habit. Every day
is my own to do as I please.

OLD FRIAR
And yet I found you here in this
damp alley. I can see there is good
in you.

Young Lala Lobo is angry faced with the truth.

YOUNG LALA LOBO
I won't answer to some old man in
the clouds! Now go do your master's
bidding.

OLD FRIAR
I chose this life for myself. There
is always room for more in God's
heart.

The Old Friar leaves the alley. Young Lala Lobo sits down
next to Dead Man. After a beat, Dead Man sits bolt upright.

DEAD MAN
What a killjoy. Let's get paid.

30 EXT. BUSTLING SPANISH MARKET - EVENING

Laudanum and the coin purse exchange hands, from opposite
directions this time.

31 INT. PUB - EVENING

A door creaks open causing a bell to tinkle.
Coins are dropped into an open palm.
Beer splashes into heavy glasses, the foam pouring over.
The back of present day Lala and Lazlo's heads as they watch:

Young Lala and Dead Man sitting against the bar, Young Lala animatedly speaks to an out of focus crowd. Shapes and figures come to life as Lala speaks.

32 EXT. CITY STREET - MORNING

Hungover and dirty, the pair stagger through the street. A group of armed Republicans walks by. After they pass, the two leave hiding places they found and pick up their pace.

Lobo glances at the tired, old mule pulling the cart by them.

33 INT. PUB - NIGHT

Lala Lobo and a man sit across from each other at a table. Lala is telling him some amazing story, gesticulating wildly while the other man's rapt attention is focused on him.

From behind, Dead Man is pickpocketing him.

34 EXT. DARK ALLEY - DAY

Lala Lobo, once again pulling the friar con, this time speaks to a mother with a baby. He speaks gracefully, but his eyes no longer gleam with joy.

YOUNG LALA LOBO
He said he had buried his money
outside the city underneath an old
tree whose shade his family used to
picnic under.

MOTHER
(gently crying)
He went so quickly. You deserve the
money for saving his soul.

Lala looks at the laudanum in his hand. Lala puts his head near Dead Man and whispers:

(CONTINUED)

YOUNG LALA LOBO
Maybe not this one.

DEAD MAN
(through clenched teeth)
We need to eat.

Young Lala pauses and then stands up putting his hands on the crying woman's shoulders.

Lala Lobo and Lazlo watch these now out of focus characters.

LAZLO
How could you?

LALA LOBO
Don't you see the inner turmoil
ripping me apart? What fine drama!

35 EXT. SPANISH COUNTRYSIDE - MIDNIGHT

Lazlo stands in the same position beside Lala - halted in their journey. Lazlo walks away from Lala.

LAZLO
Only bad people lie and steal.

LALA LOBO
And conflicted people? What do they do?

LAZLO
Well - they feel conflicted.

LALA LOBO
Lazlo Maillard, we have hardly reached the end. The donkey should win you over.

LAZLO
What donkey?

36 EXT. MARKET - DAY

An old mule stands in the heat of the market.

Lazlo and Lala Lobo stand inspecting it.

LAZLO
What about it?

(CONTINUED)

Lala Lobo points out his younger self: standing in front of the vendor while Dead Man and the vendor converse. Young Lala spots the old mule. He watches as it trudges through the streets until its owner stops him.

LAZLO
You expect me to buy this?

LALA LOBO
Wrong donkey.

The camera pans from the old mule to an even older, sadder mule laying on the ground on death's doorstep. A heavenly light shines upon it.

Young Lala has tears in his eyes. His hand covers his heart. Lazlo is similarly moved.

LAZLO
(choked up)
What happens next?

37 EXT. LARGE GARDEN - NOON

The Old Friar, sweating under his straw hat, tends to a garden. Lazlo, Lala, and Julia stand near, also in straw hats.

Old Friar looks up. Standing on the edge of the garden is Lala. Old Friar beckons him over.

LALA LOBO (V.O.)
This is how we lived for a time. As
I took on the role of a Profundus
Friar, I shed the skin of the snake
I once was.

The Old Friar and Lala garden. Lala leans on his hoe and begins speaking and gesticulating. Old Friar marches over and puts the hoe firmly in Lala's hands.

Old Friar goes through the motions of hoeing to show Young Lala. He treats Young Lala as if he were an idiot.

38 INT. SMALL HOUSE - DAY

Lala watches as Old Friar teaches him how to deep fry chopitos and patatas bravas.

Whip pan to Lazlo drooling in a corner of the house.

Young Lala is hurt by oil causing Old Friar to laugh hard.

OLD FRIAR (V.O.)

See how the batter crisps and
browns creating a feast for the
eyes? Its transformation helps the
filling cook but remain unchanged.
Be careful, you won't know exactly
what you have until you take a
bite.

Old Friar dips his fingers into old frying oil and marks a cross onto Lala's forehead.

The two kneel praying. Old Friar opens one eye and smiles as he watches Lala whispering.

39 EXT. GARDEN - DAY

Lala and Old Friar garden. The Old Friar says something, but Lala does not reply, he is concentrated on the work at hand.

The hoe digs into the dirt, creating a path between two mounds of dirt which

MATCH CUT TO:

40 EXT. VALLEY ROAD - DAY

Two small figures, Old Friar and Young Lala, walk up the path between two hills. They chat amicably.

Lazlo and Lala follow behind at a distance.

LALA LOBO

Eventually, we moved on. Through his mysterious ways, the Lord sent word that a village had been caught in the claws of the rebellion. The local monastery, keeping with tradition, had closed its gate on the world.

41 INT. MAKESHIFT CLINIC - EVENING

Old Friar's hands wrap gauze around a child's arms.

The clinic is packed with people waiting for help. Lazlo looks all about, but Lala twists his head to focus on:

Young Lala and Old Friar working at the center of it all.

(CONTINUED)

YOUNG LALA LOBO

Si la sierva que te sirve, no te sirve como sierva, de qué sirve que te sirvas de una sierva que no sirve? We must go to the monks and change their minds.

OLD FRIAR

Their minds are made up. It is God's will that we stay here and help those who will accept it.

YOUNG LALA LOBO

It sounds like you are the one with the set mind. Lay people are not the only ones who need guidance.

OLD FRIAR

That is what those monks tell themselves, don't you see? They believe that to help these people is to first serve themselves.

Old Friar sends away his current patient after handing them a tempura-battered pill. A new patient arrives, filling the vacated space.

YOUNG LALA LOBO

I'm telling you what needs to be done.

OLD FRIAR

God has already done that for you.

Young Lala unwraps gauze from a patient - forming rings around his wrists.

YOUNG LALA LOBO

You're a horse wearing blinders and the driver is pulling you off a cliff.

Old Friar continues working silently. An aid comes and pulls Old Friar away to a cot.

Lala continues cleaning the patient's wound while he watches Old Friar kneel down by a child in the cot.

Old Friar kneels by the feverish child.

42 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Old Friar stares intently. He flips through a medical book until - a page with a drawing of a small flower

43 EXT. VILLAGE FIELD - DAY

Old Friar roams the field. He bends down to examine a flower, but it isn't the one.

From a distance, Young Lala watches. Behind him, an old woman in the clinic calls for him. Exasperated, he trudges in.

44 EXT. ROCKY HILLS - AFTERNOON

Old Friar climbs the hills in search. He leans on his walking stick and pulls out the book.

He bends down and picks one flower.

45 INT. MAKESHIFT CLINIC - EVENING

Young Lala sleeps on a chair when he is startled awake by a cough. Several sickly villagers stand waiting. A grouchy Young Lala gets up.

46 EXT. MONASTERY GATE - EVENING

Another small flower is picked.

Old Friar walks forward looking down finding another flower. His eyes on the ground, he walks forward but butts his head against the monastery gate.

47 INT. HOUSE - MORNING

Old Friar places the three flowers in a pestle on the table. He grinds them making a fine, yellow powder.

He uses the scant powder in a tea and gives it to the sick child. The Old Friar still looks concerned.

48

INT. / EXT. MAKESHIFT CLINIC - MORNING

Young Lala ushers people out of the clinic. The door closes and opens to have Lala's hand place a "CLOSED" sign on the door.

He walks back to a cot to snooze when the door bursts open. Old Friar enters helping a man with a broken arm into a chair.

Young Lala jumps up but Old Friar doesn't notice.

As Old Friar helps his patient:

OLD FRIAR
May God forgive me for my
stubbornness, Lala.

YOUNG LALA LOBO
We all have our faults.

Young Lala smiles.

OLD FRIAR (CONT.)
We shall venture to the monastery
after evening prayer.
(To the patient)
Hold still, this will hurt.

Old Friar grabs the man's broken shoulder and pulls with a loud crack -

49

EXT. MONASTERY - NIGHT

A monk opens a large ivory gate with a clang.

GATEKEEPER MONK
Don't dawdle about.

They enter and the gate is closed with another heavy clang.

Lala and Old Friar are led down a long and winding path passing by many monks. The monastery appears rather simple on the surface but the monks look healthy, fat, and clean.

They are led into -

50

INT. GREENHOUSE - NIGHT

A glass building full of moonlight. They walk past many plants, but Old Friar focuses on one in particular.

They continue to a lavish back room made of stone and lit by candles. The Old Friar has never been more disgusted and Lala never more tempted.

They come upon the Abbot sitting at the head of a table. Behind him are bookshelves and locked chests. Above is an incredible golden cross. The end of the cross's arms bear coin sized, red jewels.

ABBOT

Welcome to our humble island
guarded against the barbarity of
this world.

OLD FRIAR

Thank you. It is by God's will that
we find ourselves here today.

ABBOT

No doubt.

The Abbot continues to scribble away while consulting tomes.

Young Lala and Old Friar shift uneasy, not sure what to say.

Lala, Lazlo, and Julia dressed in monks' hoods, stand close by. Lazlo watches the people, Lala's eyes are focused on something else - perhaps the cross?

OLD FRIAR

Yes, well - The people of the
village need medicine and help
rebuilding their town.

ABBOT

They squandered what they reaped
and now face the consequence.

OLD FRIAR

But we've seen your supplies. You
can offer more than we can hope to
give.

ABBOT

We have nothing to offer.

The Old Friar walks towards the entrance, gesturing to the door and beyond.

(CONTINUED)

OLD FRIAR

There is more than plenty here.

ABBOT

We need all that we have. Should we fall, the rest of Spain will follow. It is the villagers who should be aiding us.

Young Lala remains static - as if he weren't there at all.

OLD FRIAR

You and I alike were put here to serve the people. How can we abandon them now?

ABBOT

To protect ourselves. Just as it has always been. God told Noah alone about the flood to protect all of Christendom from the wickedness of man. As long as we keep what is good bound inside these walls, then the world is good in turn. You must have heard a different story where Noah shepherded all of humanity onto the arc. What ruin that would have brought. God is exacting his will.

Old Friar slams his hands on the table.

OLD FRIAR

You wish instead to have your sons cover you, ashamed to look at your twisted nature. I will keep the covenant God made with the people. If you will not give to them then I shall take.

The Old Friar runs out to the garden. He finds his flower and scoops the dirt and roots between his hands.

51

EXT. MONASTERY - NIGHT

The small figure of the Old Friar runs down the monastery.

Two monks come from behind to drag him away.

Old Friar struggles against them as they drag him to the gate until - monks run against them.

A gunshot rings out.

52

EXT. MONASTERY GATE - NIGHT

A gang of men hold torches. The gate is thrown open. The men spill inside. They are quicker than the monks.

Amidst the chaos, Old Friar runs back to the building.

53

INT. MONASTERY BUILDING - NIGHT

Old Friar forces his way in against the Abbot trying to barricade the door.

OLD FRIAR

Lala? Lala!

The Abbot continues to barricade the door. Old Friar grabs and shakes the Abbot.

OLD FRIAR

Where is he?

ABBOT

Leave me -

The door bangs. Abbot backs away.

ABBOT

Barricade the damn door for Christ's sake. There's a way out through -

The doors burst open.

The Republicans drag them out leaving behind a crushed flower. If one looked closely, they might notice the golden cross was gone.

54

EXT. MONASTERY WELL - NIGHT

A brick well. In the background, men stand still and quiet. Their torches are the only audible noise.

Pull back: Abbot and Old Friar sit on their knees with their hands tied behind their backs.

A man steps forward. He is a strong hero straight out of a fantasy story.

EL MURCIELAGO

You, men of the cloth, you hide yourselves here among your riches

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

EL MURCIELAGO (cont'd)
while we labor tirelessly. While we
defend our country, you whore and
drink and make merry. No longer.

OLD FRIAR

Senor, I am not one of these men. I
came here to ask them to help treat
the townspeople. I am a friar of
the profundus order, not a monk.

EL MURCIELAGO

Then you are cut from the same
cloth.

El Murcielago walks to Abbot and grabs his hair, lifting his head.

EL MURCIELAGO (CONT)

Speak the truth and I will send you
along with the rest of your kind.

The Abbot stares at Old Friar.

ABBOT

I'm sorry master, please forgive
me. (To El Murcielago) He lies. He
is the Abbot of this land.

EL MURCIELAGO

Good, join your brothers.

The Abbot stands up and searches for the other monks. He is promptly shot in the head and falls into the well with a dull thud.

Far away, hidden underneath the floors of a building, the eyes of Lala Lobo peer through a small crack. They watch the blurry figures nearly obscured by the heat of the torches as El Murcielago stands Old Friar on his feet.

EL MURCIELAGO

Will you beg for forgiveness, now
that I hold your life in my hands?

OLD FRIAR

No, only God holds my life. Yours
too.

EL MURCIELAGO

You cannot use God to terrorize
anymore.

(CONTINUED)

OLD FRIAR

I don't want to. The way things are is not how God may want them. I was, as we all were, put here to to act. We "are" God's will and I wish I had seen that sooner.

EL MURCIELAGO

(furious)

You should have done so when you had the chance! We are going to take the money you hoarded, the lives you stole, and the faith you squandered to hand it back to the people.

The Old Friar stands, closing the distance between the two.

OLD FRIAR

I pray that you will. Let me help.

El Murcielago laughs like a cartoon villain.

EL MURCIELAGO

Pray for your God to save you now.

He waits. Silence. He pushes Old Friar backwards. Old Friar staggers back then stands still. Again El Murcielago pushes. Again with a mightier push.

Lala, hiding in the burning building, tries to run to help. He reaches for the doorhandles which sear into his palms. He crawls out the doors in immense pain to see -

Old Friar stands on the edge of the well. He looks down.

El Murcielago then pushes Old Friar into the well.

The Old Friar falls into the well, hitting the sides, and sinks into the crimson blood water. It wraps around him pulling him in deeper. Torch light from above fades and the color darkens.

LALA LOBO (V.O.)

I am a good man, Lazlo. A transformed man.

FADE TO :

55

EXT. SPANISH ROAD - NIGHT

The brown muck of the river is faintly lit by moonlight. Lala Lobo and Lazlo walk on the road running parallel to the river.

LALA LOBO

You of all people should know what trials are placed on the shoulders of the good. So help me. I must put that old friar to rest but they know my face now and I cannot go back alone.

LAZLO

I'll owe you that much if you get us out of here.

56

EXT. CROSSROADS - NIGHT

Over the crest of small hills, light flickers in the night.

Lala, Lazlo, and Julia get low and sneak forward. Their heads just sticking over the hills, they see:

Mr. Squishy henchmen and Precilia Snout surround a horse drawn cart and its two passengers. A man (MURCIELAGO) and his WIFE sit in the front and barrels fill the cart.

WIFE

We don't have time for this. Do you want my firstborn to arrive on this cart?

LARGE HENCHMAN

Listen, bud. Ya let us see what's in there and ya can go on ahead.

MURCIELAGO

Just barrels.

PRECILIA SNOUT

Of course no one has ever had the novel idea to fill barrels with contraband or even say a fugitive.

SMALL HENCHMAN

We could just let the next shift do it. They're late anyways.

(CONTINUED)

PRECILIA SNOUT
And miss out on all the fun?

The henchmen climb onto the back of the cart. El Murcielago holds out a coin purse.

EL MURCIELAGO
Here. A gift to honor the birth of
my kid.

Precilia Snout steps up and examines the coin purse.

PRECILIA SNOUT
You don't expect much from your
child do you?

The henchmen continue to open barrels. Wife moans slightly causing El Murcielago to push her hand away.

A quick slip in her shawl reveals her to be a man in disguise holding a cocked gun.

Short henchman lifts the lid off a barrel to see it's full of cherries. A few roll off the cart and onto the ground. He pops a few in his mouth. The henchmen reach in deeper.

A cry bursts from Wife. Red liquid drips from her legs.

WIFE
The baby! We must go!

The henchmen acquiesce and jump off stomping on berries as they land.

Precilia Snout sniffs the air. A smile grows across her face. Just ass Murcielago is about to flick the reins she grabs his hands.

Carefully, she extends her finger and swipes the liquid flowing down wife's legs.

She licks it.

PRECILIA SNOUT
You having nothing to fear, senor.
Unless you are a well dressed
cherry tree, I don't believe this
is your child. Your wife is quite
the tart just ready to burst.

Lala and Lazlo watch as the henchmen jump up on the cart again. Julia has her eyes covered.

Murcielago makes a move but Snout flicks a knife out, the tip at the man's throat.

As the henchmen open barrels, x-ray vision reveals that guns and powder are hidden beneath the berries.

The wife raises her hand to shoot his hidden gun, but Murcielago firmly stops it.

WIFE
(whispered)
It isn't like you to turn coward,
Murcielago Not with our men on the
line. Let go.

The two silently struggle but Murcielago is able to press the gun down.

Snout watches her henchmen as they get to the last barrel. She lowers the knife as she and Murcielago notice the next shift arriving to replace them.

The two henchmen dump the barrels. One pulls out the tip of a gun and the other holds a bag of gunpowder.

Wife frees her gun and fires at large henchmen, sending him flying off the cart. The cloud of gun smoke fills Snout's nostrils.

El Murcielago flicks the reigns just as Snout blindly slashes at his throat, missing and slicing his eyes.

Small henchman grabs on to Wife and both slide off the run-away cart.

Lala and Lazlo watch as the cart tips over onto Murcielago, detaching the horse which runs off.

The Henchman and Wife struggle. Slowly, Wife pulls the gun out and slowly lifts it towards the henchman's head.

But his throat is impaled by Snout's blade. She stands above the body and fires two snot rockets out of her clogged beak.

Snout's eyes widen as she sees: The dying wife's hand clutching around the gun. She runs just as -

The gun fires into gunpowder. The small explosion illuminates:

El Murcielago as he crawls further away into the dark.

The ridge where Lala and Lazlo once hid is deserted. The next henchman shift runs onto the scene.

57 EXT. RIVER BED - SUNRISE

Water trickles in the river against a hand. Light just illuminates outlines. It's too dark to make out any features.

Standing above and looking down are Lala and Lazlo.

Below is El Murcielago. He can barely breathe and has blood all over his eyes.

LAZLO

Gosh.

Nothing happens. Murcielago retches in a cat-hairball type way. Lala Lobo bends down to inspect.

LALA LOBO

Well, time to keep moving.

LAZLO

What?

LALA LOBO

I know. I couldn't see what was on the cart but he doesn't have any with him.

LAZLO

We need to help this man!

LALA LOBO

Here? Now? He is already lost.

LAZLO

Let's take him with us.

LALA LOBO

So he can die in our arms as those people hunt us down?

LAZLO

We should go back then.

LALA LOBO

To the village? I've already said all my goodbyes to that patch of dirt.

LAZLO

I am going with or without you.

Lazlo takes a step back.

(CONTINUED)

LALA LOBO
(calling the bluff)
I reciprocate your feelings.

Lala takes a step in the opposite direction.

LAZLO
But the burial!

LALA LOBO
But your package!

LAZLO
Lala, you saw all those barrels on
the cart. He must be very wealthy.

Lala walks away.

LALA LOBO (CONT)
Fine, but you carry him.

58 EXT. ABANDONED VILLAGE - SUNRISE

Lala walks from right to left in profile and enters the hut.
Slowly making up the rear, Lazlo drags El Murcielago. He
drops him only to hastily pick him back up.

59 INT. LALA'S HUT - CONTINUOUS

Lala digs in the cupboards and finds a few "medical" tools
near the kitchen table. Lazlo drags El Murcielago to the
table.

The two hoist him up. His feet splay out at odd angles. He
groans.

Light gently filters into the house barely illuminating the
blood and viscera on Murcielago's face.

LALA LOBO
(to Lazlo)
Come. Be quiet and learn something.

Lala wipes away the blood from the man's eyes. Lala is
startled.

EL MURCIELAGO
Please. Please.

(CONTINUED)

Lala starts again slowly. Lazlo assist him in cleaning up El Murcielago's wounds. They use various vials and dab ointments and oil on him before wrapping his eyes in one bandage and his nose in another.

LATER:

Murcielago lays asleep in the bed Lazlo once occupied. Lala closes the door and stands outside it with Lazlo. Lala takes a seat like a tired, old man.

LALA LOBO
We cannot allow that man to stay
here.

LAZLO
Exactly, we're taking him with us.

Lala bursts up from his chair.

LALA LOBO
He can make his own way. He's just
blind, the rest is shock.

LAZLO
He is a helpless, injured man.

LALA LOBO
No Lazlo. He is the killer El
Murcielago.

The sun shines onto the bedroom, illuminating the man's face clearly. He is indeed Murcielago from Lala's story.

Lazlo stands in shock. He walks to the bed and looks down at this man. Lala stays where he is.

EL MURCIELAGO
I can't see. Find a cloth and -

LALA LOBO
(from outside the room)
There's no blood in your eyes,
you're just blind!

Murcielago struggles to find his breath as if a weight sits on his chest.

EL MURCIELAGO (CONT)
(delirious)
Pesanta. My pesanta has followed
me. I need to confess.

(CONTINUED)

LAZLO
I'll get you water.

He goes back to Lala who is leaning on a counter looking out the window.

LALA LOBO
We can leave now. Maybe they haven't had time to increase the blockade yet.

LAZLO
He needs to confess.

LALA LOBO
If he is here then that means monastery might be unguarded.

LAZLO
Our work here isn't done.

LALA LOBO
If we stay here, they will find us. I cannot protect you from those people, but I can protect you from this man.

LAZLO
Years have passed since you've last known this man. We need to find our way out with him.

LALA LOBO
Come with me. Look - The name and location of one of your chefs. A step closer to finding your father.

He scribbles on a piece of paper and put it face down underneath a piece of twine tied around Lazlo's package.

LALA LOBO (CONT)
You are grabbing him water and will shortly return. Say this to him now.

LAZLO
You can't ask me to betray him like that.

LALA LOBO
He betrayed his own people when he struck us down, Lazlo. He will burn us down too if he gets the chance.

The distant sound of fire crackling. Lazlo sweats.

LAZLO
Give him another chance.

LALA LOBO
A crooked tree never straightens.

Lala's eyes dart to the package.

LALA LOBO (CONT)
Go. I'll listen from out here.

Lazlo walks to the bedside and helps El Murcielago sip water. El Murcielago is covered in sweat.

EL MURCIELAGO
The moment of my greatest weakness
was many years ago. It began like
this -

60 EXT. SPANISH VILLAGE - DAY

A small village with home gardens and laundry air-drying. A boy stands in the dirt road gazing at the horizon.

After a moment, a few cars drive over the crest of the road. Villagers gather around. A man jumps up and starts speaking to all those who will listen. A young villager gets in the car.

One man leaves the crowd and bends down to the young boy.

YOUNG MAN
I must go. You don't need to
understand why, just take care of
Mama.

The boy nods and runs off into his home.

61 INT. EL MURCIELAGO'S CHILDHOOD HOME - CONTINUOUS

The young boy kneels at his mother's bedside.

MAMA
Where is Santiago?

BOY
He's going to find better medicine
for you. He said it will take time.
Here.

(CONTINUED)

Mama starts to breathe erratically.

He gives her a pill and water which she takes. Her breathing becomes regular as she rests in the bed.

62 INT. CAFE - NIGHT

The young boy is slightly older and gaunter. He sweeps the floors as men talk about the civil war in hushed voices.

The boy looks to the door before two monks enter. The entire room goes quiet. The two go to the counter. Although they are never fully shown, it is Lala Lobo and his con friend.

LALA LOBO
We are looking for lodging.

CAFE OWNER
We're full up tonight.

DEAD MAN
That's a lie! We saw -

LALA LOBO
We saw nothing. We will go elsewhere.

As they leave, everyone watches them. Except the boy, his broom abandoned.

63 EXT. CAFE - CONTINUOUS

The monks exit and take a few steps. Out of a dark alley, the boy beckons them over. The two exchange a quick glance and approach.

BOY
I can give you food and beds, but my mother is sick. Can you treat her?

LALA LOBO
(after a beat)
Yes of course. In the morning, God bless you.

64 INT. EL MURCIELAGO'S CHILDHOOD HOME - NIGHT

The boy sits on a chair by his mother's side. She is sweating and feverish. The drowsy boy watches through the doorway as both monks settle down for the night.

He falls asleep.

65 INT. EL MURCIELAGO'S CHILDHOOD HOME - MORNING

He wakes up. Mama is still feverish.

BOY

Some water Mama and then we will make you better.

He exits the room to find that the monks have disappeared. Food and the pills are also missing. There is only a little water left in their bucket.

He returns with a small glass of water. Mama breathes erratically.

BOY

It's okay, Mama. Everything will be okay.

As he says this, his expression changes from love and compassion to hatred. The first true anger this boy has ever felt fills his entire body.

MURCIELAGO

Soon after, I had nothing left to keep me.

66 EXT. SPANISH VILLAGE - NIGHT

A small figure exits the house with a bundle. He doesn't bother closing the door and walks up the road and over the hill and past the town's gates.

SFX: The gentle plucking of a guitar -

67 INT. CAVE - NIGHT

A group of rowdy men sit inside the cave. A fire gently spits with a large cauldron over it while someone picks at a guitar.

A dark figure appears in the entrance way and approaches. After a while, one of the men notices and draws his gun.

(CONTINUED)

CAPTURED SOLDIER
Don't shoot! He's got a gun on me.

The man is being forced to walk forward by the young boy, gun pointed at the man's back.

BOY
Lower your weapons and I will do the same. I just want to find my brother, Santiago.

The Boy hears a quiet step. He closes his eyes and listens. The sound of a gun being cocked. He shoots behind a large rock in the dark cave.

The pistol is heard clattering to the ground as blood slowly flows into the dim firelight. The boy puts his gun away.

BOY
I said not to shoot.

Later:

The boy sits with all the men now around the fire. He still holds the gun. The man who gave the speech from the car now talks.

LEADER
We were a much smaller group when we recruited Santiago. We were tenderfoots just starting out.

BUSHY BEARD SOLDIER
But Santiago knew this.

LEADER
We all did.

BOY
So Santiago . . .

YOUNG SOLDIER
A hero.

LEADER
Yes, he died in an early battle. To tell the truth, it was a skirmish at best. He was shot and did not last long after.

BUSHY BEARD SOLDIER
We wanted to bring him home but we had to leave him.

ELDERLY SOLDIER
In a proper grave of course.

The Leader raises up a cask as do the others, except for one man whose arm is in a makeshift cast to treat his gunshot.

LEADER
To Santiago.

ALL
To Santiago!

They drink. The boy is given a cask and drinks but coughs a little out. He no longer clenches the gun.

LEADER
Any brother of Santiago is a brother of ours. What can we do for you?

BOY
I liked that tune you were plucking.

The guitar player picks the tune back up. Some men softly sing to it.

LEADER
We can help you to make a new home for yourself, by fighting for what Spain once was.

BOY
I can do that.

The men cheer.

WOUNDED SOLDIER
A boy with the sense and stealth of a bat, we cannot lose.

LEADER
To El Murcielago!

The men cheer again. El Murcielago smiles and takes a glug of the cask. He passes it around as a man's arms pats him on the back. He looks around the circle as the fire's light dances on him.

EL MURCIELAGO (V.O.)
I lived like this for a time.
Traveling from place to place -

68 EXT. RUINED CITY - DAY

The gang travels through the smoking ruins of a deserted city. They climb over chunks of fallen buildings.

El Murcielago brings water to his comrades.

EL MURCIELAGO (V.O.)
Trying to reclaim the country of
our people.

69 EXT. FOREST - DUSK

El Murcielago brings ammo to a soldier behind a tree. Above him, bark explodes as a bullet tears through.

He sees that the soldier has died, gun in his hands. Murcielago picks it up and returns fire.

70 EXT. BAR - NIGHT

El Murcielago sits against a brick wall laughing and smiling as he did in the cave. He is older than when we first met him and hair has begun to grow on his face.

ORPHAN BOY (O.S.)
Where is my father?

A young boy stands in the doorway. The gang looks at him as he advances.

ORPHAN BOY (CONT.).
He left us to join you, but now we
haven't heard from him in months.
Cristian Fraga. Where is he?

They look around, but nobody knows what he is talking about.

LEADER
Ah, Cristian. A good man. He passed
fighting for the cause.

YOUNG SOLDIER
A patriot.

UNSHAVEN SOLDIER
A hero.

The boy looks at El Murcielago. He doesn't know what to say, he looks at his comrades, suddenly unfamiliar to him. The boy stares until -

(CONTINUED)

LEADER

I held him in my arms. The last words on his lips were the names of his family.

ALL

To Cristian!

They raise their glasses and drink. Leader sits the boy down and hands him a flagon.

El Murcielago instead goes outside and stands by the doorway. A man rushes past him into the bar.

EL MURCIELAGO (V.O.)

We gained word that a town had been attacked by a group of Francoist bandits parading themselves as guerrilla Republicans. We had to respond.

The comrades leave the bar with the boy and walk into the darkness. El Murcielago eventually follows.

71

INT. MAKESHIFT CLINIC - NIGHT

The Leader sits in a chair with the entire gang crowded behind him intently listening. Across them, an old woman with a young boy wearing an eye patch sits. They talk in hushed tones and are illuminated by dim candle light.

In the background are wounded villagers that Lala and the Friar had just treated an hour ago.

OLD NURSE

This comes as a relief. To have thought we were betrayed by the very forces we supported.

LEADER

Tell us what we can do.

OLD NURSE

Unless you've brought medicine and balms for us, there is little. Already, two friars have helped as best they could.

The gang becomes incredulous.

(CONTINUED)

LEADER

Have I heard you correctly,
grandmother? You opened your doors
to friars?

OLD NURSE

Stop this act. The only thing they
took from us was our gratitude.

LEADER

You had better double check their
work.

OLD NURSE

Why? Because we had so many other
choices to pick from? They were
here when we needed them and you
show up when the work is done.

LEADER

Raise crows and they will peck your
eyes out.

ELDERLY SOLDIER

You've opened your doors to the
very people who want to tear them
down.

OLD NURSE

That may be, but the only thing you
can offer has done enough already.

She indicates their guns. They loosen their grip, feeling
foolish.

OLD NURSE

Right now our friars are asking
those despicable monks for medicine
we need. Wait for their return and
you will see they are trustworthy
men.

El Murcielago, bristling, sees a small boy beside an empty
bed. He steps forward, astounding everyone.

EL MURCIELAGO

Why wait? God favors those who rise
early.

72

EXT. MONASTERY GATE - NIGHT

The gate is larger and sturdier now than what Lala had described. It's dark and opposing and made of/ornamented with animal horns.

All is quiet until the men slowly, comically push the door and hit the lock with the butts of their guns. With a little "tink", the gate is ajar enough for men to slowly squeeze through.

73

EXT. MONASTERY - NIGHT

Monks stand confused re: their new guests. A monk approaches Murcielago, who suddenly punches him and throws him to the ground.

The rest of the gang follows suit.

74

EXT. MONASTERY BUILDING - NIGHT

The doors burst open and inside is the Old Friar and Abbot.

MURCIELAGO
Take them to the well.

The gang grabs the two and drags them out of the building. El Murcielago walks in and looks around. Even more lavish than what Lala described, the building is ordained with trinkets and tapestries in every possible spot. The great cross is still above the table.

Bent over, holding himself up on the table, El Murcielago looks up.

75

EXT. MONASTERY WELL - NIGHT

The Old Friar stands in front of the well. El Murcielago faces him with his men lined up behind him like a firing squad.

Murcielago is younger and less fearsome than in Lala's story. A young man playing a role.

EL MURCIELAGO
Do you have anything to say?

OLD FRIAR
Would you listen if I did?

(CONTINUED)

Blood drips down the Old Friar's arm, down his hand, and drips into the well. Drip. Drip. Drip.

El Murcielago becomes silent. The noises of the torches and the night fade away. All that can be heard is the dripping of blood into the well.

CUT BACK TO:

76 INT. MONASTERY BUILDING - NIGHT

El Murcielago looks up. He focuses on the painted baby Jesus.

77 EXT. MONASTERY WELL - NIGHT

El Murcielago has only anger. He looks at Old Friar, filled with compassion.

78 INT. MONASTERY BUILDING - NIGHT

The painting in full: Madonna holding the baby, showing the same emotion as the Old Friar.

79 EXT. MONASTERY WELL - NIGHT

El Murcielago's anger breaks for just a moment and grief comes through. Tears fall and he cannot fight them.

The Old Friar takes a step forward. He opens his arms and takes another step forward. Before El Murcielago can accept it, he pushes the Old Friar into the well.

But the Old Friar does not fall in.

He floats above the surface with a soft white glow emanating from his eyes. Small droplets of blood and water slowly rise around him. And when he speaks, it is with his own voice but also with another.

The men are shocked. A few drop to their knees while others take steps backwards. The Leader cries softly. Murcielago becomes a child again.

OLD FRIAR

Though you have let slip your faith
to hold tightly to pain, there is
still chance that one day you may
be forgiven. Forge a new spirit,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

OLD FRIAR (cont'd)
one that has not been corrupted by
the cruelties of the world and
guide the lost soul that will come
upon you. Look with heart instead
of eyes, for faith is the assurance
of things hoped for, the conviction
of things not seen. Go with me and
lead him out.

The Old Friar drops into the well along with all the floating droplets. A great geyser of water shoots out of the well into the sky and crashes back in. The noise of the night creeps in slowly.

The men gather close. The Leader comes upon Murcielago, who is on his knees shaking.

From far away, the men are all gathered closely, their torches discarded but still lighting the area.

EL MURCIELAGO (V.O.)

Later I learned this was the gift
of wisdom granted to the old friar.
A miracle some of my fellow
soldiers called it. The next day, a
monk tried to escape with his
treasure but left it behind to keep
his life. He led us to unimaginable
wealth. If we were the true
protectors of our country, then
didn't this mean we took it in the
name of Spain?

80

EXT. MONASTERY - DAY

Lala Lobo, dirty and haggard, bursts out from underneath a building. He grabs the golden cross but burns his hands on the jewels. Men pop shots at him but Lala scurries off.

The gang grabs the cross with a handkerchief to protect from the heat. They look at each other.

The men now carry bundles of guns and ammo. But slowly, more and more men carry flagons and large pieces of juicy meat.

81 INT. MAKESHIFT CLINIC - MORNING

Some soldiers return with medicine and administer it to the sick. El Murcielago tries to cure the sickly child, but doesn't have or even know what the correct medicine is.

82 EXT. VILLAGE FIELD - DAY

El Murcielago walks away from the child's burial.

83 INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Lazlo and Murcielago maintain the same positions they were last seen in. A cold sweat covers Murcielago and Lazlo dabs at it softly.

EL MURCIELAGO

How can I guide the people of this country if I cannot guide myself?
And now my men are waiting for weapons I cannot deliver.

LAZLO

You did pick a terribly large thing to start your leadership with, didn't you.

EL MURCIELAGO

It is only right I should suffer here to my end.

Lazlo smiles.

LAZLO

My father always said nobody thought straight on an empty stomach.

84 INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Lazlo exits the room to find the rest of the house empty. He is upset that Lala left.

He spots a fishing rod in the corner of the room.

85 EXT. SPANISH COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

The rod is cast against a blue sky.

A fish jumps into the air above the river, the line in its mouth.

The line held in his hand, Lazlo carries the fish back.

86 INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Lazlo tries to clean the fish. He's not doing a great job but keeps at it.

In the same manner as he watched Lala cook, Lazlo makes fried fish.

He fills the pot with oil. Lights the flame underneath. Batters the fish. Slowly dips them in the oil and raises the heat slightly afterward.

He takes them out and lets them drain, quickly remembering to salt them.

Looking at the finished plate of somewhat decent fried fish, Lazlo claps his hands together in triumph.

87 INT. BEDROOM - DAY

El Murcielago and Lazlo quietly eat their meal together.

Outside the window, henchmen slowly crest a hill.

El Murcielago sits up, scarfing down the fish. He finishes.

Lazlo burps.

LAZLO
(shyly)
Excuse me.

Murcielago belches.

They smile.

EL MURCIELAGO
Your father is a wise man. So -

He claps his hands together just as Lazlo did.

(CONTINUED)

EL MURCIELAGO (CONT)
My men expect me. I must go.

LAZLO
We can't go just yet.

Lazlo looks out the door.

EL MURCIELAGO
Your companion?

Lazlo nods, realizes, then:

LAZLO
Yes.

EL MURCIELAGO
Who is this man?

LAZLO
Oh, uh. Well.

Lazlo, trying to lie, begins to get a little sick.

LAZLO
Hooooo, well. I think we should
allow him to introduce himself,
right?

Lazlo begins to look better instantly.

They continue to eat quietly. They both begin to say
something at the same time and stop.

Murcielago motions for Lazlo to speak.

LAZLO
How can you call yourself a
protector of Spain if you're
murdering Spaniards?

MURCIELAGO
When the artery is cut, blood flows
quickly and time is short. You have
a choice: bury the man or apply a
tourniquet and lose the arm.

LAZLO
You can choose to be good now. Just
leave your men and come with us.

MURCIELAGO

I can do what is good or I can do
what is hard and get the job done.

LAZLO

That's a rotten way to see the
world.

MURCIELAGO

You think you know the world and
that you're its center but you
don't see the walls that surround
you, sheltering your sense of right
and wrong.

LAZLO

I know what I'm talking about!

MURCIELAGO

Quiet!

They both stop.

A shoe squeaks on a floorboard.

Lazlo stands up.

LAZLO

Lala, in here.

MURCIELAGO

Lala? Lala Lobo?

A boot passes through the doorway. Then another. It's not Lala, but a Mr. Smiley Henchman (HENCHMAN LEADER) with a gun.

HENCHMAN LEADER

No sudden movements. You're coming
with us.

He twists his head, shouting behind him.

HENCHMAN LEADER

They're in here. I got em.

Murcielago reaches around, finds the two plates from lunch.

Henchman Leader turns back. A plate whizzes past him. He chuckles and walks forward, only to have the second plate smash into his face.

88

EXT. HUT - DAY

Lazlo, Julia, and Murcielago squat underneath the bedroom window breathing hard.

Lazlo tries to cover his mouth as he burps.

LAZLO

They have Lala!

MURCIELAGO

(shocked)

You're with that scoundrel!

HENCHMAN LEADER (O.S.)

Not in here, they're behind the hut.

MURCIELAGO

Time to go, Lazlo.

Lazlo stares at the fish bones he buried outside, deep in thought.

LAZLO

The river.

The river, peaceful and serene is at the bottom of the town's hill, straight in front of them

LAZLO

Can you swim?

El Murcielago pauses. Julia looks up at him expectantly.

EL MURCIELAGO

(Pointing at Julia)

Can she?

Lazlo looks at her. Julia is suddenly wearing a sock monkey swim suit.

A thought occurs to Lazlo.

LAZLO

My package!

He tries to scramble back in the window but Murcielago drags him towards the edge of the hill.

Henchmen run outside, facing our trio near the river.

(CONTINUED)

HENCHMAN LEADER
Hands up. And nothing funny this time.

The henchmen close in.

LAZLO
They have us surrounded,
Murcielago.

HENCHMAN LEADER
No talking!

Murcielago concedes, but pushes Lazlo behind him to shield him.

MURCIELAGO
(whisper)
When they get close -

HENCHMAN LEADER
NO. TALKING.

MURCIELAGO
Trust me.

Lazlo watches as Murcielago tenses, getting ready for a last desperate move. The river flows behind them.

The Head Henchman approaches. The others raise their guns.

Murcielago clenches a fist.

The Head Henchman extends his hand.

Murcielago is tense. Lazlo eyes switch from his assailant, to his protector. He looks behind, down the hill.

The Head Henchman walks up to grab them just before Murcielago can unleash himself but -

Lazlo pulls our trio tumbling down the hill and splash into the river.

The henchman stop, looking around bewildered.

The Head Henchman's outstretched hand clenches and smashes through the air. He looks around bug eyed in utter disbelief.

HENCHMAN LEADER
Go and get them.

The Henchmen carefully descend the hill.

89

EXT. RIVER - CONTINUOUS

Lazlo surfaces with Julia on his back. He frantically looks around for Murcielago.

Behind them, henchmen descend the slope. One (SCUBA HENCHMAN) trips and flies towards the river. Some begin firing at Lazlo.

Just as Scuba Hnechman crashes into the river with a splash, Murcielago pops up flailing wildly, threatening to drag Lazlo and Julia down with him.

The gang of henchman disappear as the river drags our trio and Scuba Henchman along its winding path.

Lazlo and Murcielago scrape past the river-side as they continue to struggle, unaware of the henchman closing in on them.

Lazlo grabs Murcielago and claws onto the dirt and branches. He loses grip but eventually comes to a stop.

LAZLO
Hold on to the side.

Murcielago does. Their bottom halves are being pulled by the river as they attempt to stay still.

Lazlo spots their pursuer, swimming towards them swiftly.

LAZLO
(panicked)
Someone's in the river. We need to go. We need to climb up.

Lazlo tries, but his feet slip on the mud.

MURCIELAGO
Is there time?

LAZLO
No.

MURCIELAGO
Okay then.

Murcielago does something underwater (tucks his shirt into his pants) and pulls his collar around his mouth.

He exhales into his shirt and makes a life-vest.

He nods to Lazlo.

(CONTINUED)

They kick off from the river side and let the river pull them.

LAZLO
(trying not to swallow water)
Must. Go. Faster.

They try swimming, but Murcielago can't breathe and swim at the same time.

MURCIELAGO
I can't.

They drift watching Scuba Henchman. He does the same. Any move they make he copies. Lazlo burps again.

He swims towards them. He reaches down and brings up a knife.

They hear a distant noise. Murcielago lunges forward at Scuba, missing by a country mile.

Scuba swims forward after the panicked Lazlo when -

Scuba is suddenly pulled under, his arms rising into the air with the knife being the last to go under.

The distant noise of people grows louder. Scuba resurfaces sporadically, shouting and splashing.

Then, all is quiet. Air bubbles come to the surface.

Oh no! Scuba surfaces. Oh wait, he's been drowned.

Murcielago pops up, climbing up the dead body like its a log, only for it to start to sink. Lazlo swims over and steadies his friend.

They come around a bend in the water. In the reeds is a cloth object. They see signs of life. Hurriedly they try to push the body down into the water.

Upon approach, Lazlo discovers:

LAZLO
It's Lala's habit.

They hide underneath the dirt. After a moment two pairs of feet approach. Two pairs of pants slack. Streams fall, splashing in front of Lazlo and Murcielago.

PRECILIA SNOUT
They should be back by now.

LALA LOBO
Transporting traitors takes time.

The first stream putters out as Lala turns a bit towards the other. They both stop peeing. Precilia holds a handkerchief to her nose.

PRECILIA SNOUT
So does preparing your cart.

LALA LOBO
Don't let my gold slip your mind.

PRECILIA SNOUT
If we find the boy's package,
you'll get the gold.

LALA LOBO
I promised the boy and the bandit,
nothing else.

PRECILIA SNOUT
I've yet to see either of them.
Don't get ahead of yourself.

Lazlo burps again and quickly covers his mouth. The burp is carried by the wind up to -

Precilia Snout's beak. She sniffs. Looks down over the edge. There sit our trio looking back up at her.

PRECILIA SNOUT
Fee fi fo fum.

90 EXT SMILEY CAMP - DAY

Lazlo, Murcielago, and Julia are out in the open tied to a pole in the ground.

Lala Lobo crouches in front of them. Snout stands over his shoulder.

LALA LOBO
You can open your eyes now.

MURCIELAGO
To look at you? No, thanks.

Snout pushes Lala out of the way.

PRECILIA SNOUT
Where is the package, boy?

LAZLO
I don't know.

PRECILIA SNOUT
Lying will get you nowhere with me.
Where is it?

LAZLO
I told you.

She slaps the boy.

PRECILIA SNOUT
I'll give you time to reconsider.
Another lie and your friend loses
his tongue. Think it over.

Snout walks away. Lala yells back at her.

LALA LOBO
Keep your gold. I'm leaving.

Meanwhile, Lazlo looks past Snout at Lala's cart and notices something almost hidden away:

THE PACKAGE.

Lala tries to look at Lazlo, looks down instead.

LALA LOBO
This is the end of the road as I
understand it. They've got big
plans for you back at their
headquarters.

Lala glances at Murcielago and then back.

LALA LOBO (CONT)
You picked the wrong side, kid.

LAZLO
How can you live with yourself?
Where will you go?

LALA LOBO
A place where no one will know me.
And no one can find me.

He looks at Murcielago.

(CONTINUED)

LALA LOBO (CONT)
And you. "El Murcielago" . . .

He pokes him. Lala Lobo exits and walks past a beefy, muscled, hunk of a Henchman.

Lazlo sees Snout, testing out a knife to cut Murcielago with.

LAZLO
Lala, wait. I need you to do something for me.

Lala walks back, curious.

LAZLO (CONT)
I need you to get me the package.

LALA
But you have no idea of where it is.

LAZLO
I know where the real package is. I put out a duplicate in its place and I don't know where that one is.

Lala walks to his cart. He inconspicuously grabs the package, unwraps it, and examines it.

While watching this, Lazlo quickly talks to Murcielago. He looks sick, like he's about to vomit.

LAZLO
Lala has a gun and holster on his right side. He'll take us in the cart and you can grab the gun. We'll tie him up in the hut where they'll eventually find him after we've left.

MURCIELAGO
No.

LAZLO
No? What other choice do we have?

MURCIELAGO
What use do these devils have for me once you liars have disappeared?

LAZLO

Exactly, you'll have no use.

MURCIELAGO

I'll have no stains on my soul when
my time is up.

LAZLO

It must be so easy to give up when
you have so little to lose.

MURCIELAGO

At least I won't lose my way.

Lala quickly puts the package back the way it walks back
towards Lazlo.

LAZLO

I don't know what I can do without
you.

Murcielago remains silent. Lala returns.

LALA

Lazlo, I didn't think you were one
for trickery? I think you're just a
desperate, little child. Think
about what your father would say.

LAZLO

My father was wrong. He was too
naive to know what you and I know.

LALA LOBO

Alright then, where's the real
package.

LAZLO

Untie me first.

LALA LOBO

What's the point of being free if I
have what you need?

LAZLO

What's the point of having what I
need if I'm dead?

LALA LOBO

I'll untie you when I get back.

LAZLO
You won't want to return if you
leave me to tell them everything.

From this point on, Lazlo starts to get sick. His body is reacting to actually lying for the first time.

Lala smirks and crouches behind Lazlo to untie him. Lala turns to Murcielago and sneers.

LALA LOBO
Try not to ruin a good thing for me
a second time.

Lala takes hold of Murcielago's head and slams it back into the pole, causing his head to bleed and drip down his arm past his hands.

LALA LOBO (CONT)
Let's go.

Lala takes point position, giving Lazlo just enough time to untie Murcielago's hands.

Lala looks to see if the coast is clear. Beefy Henchman gives them a quick glance.

They've reverted back to looking tied up with Lala casually leaning against the pole.

Beefy Henchman walks away.

Just then, a hand reaches into Lala's holster and grabs his gun.

Lazlo fidgets, just as Lala turns back to him. Lala notices Lazlo looks sick.

LALA LOBO
What's wrong with you?

LAZLO
I'm scared.

Lala looks back to see the coast is clear.

LALA LOBO
Let's move.

Lala, Lazlo, and Julia sneak past henchmen towards the horses, leaving Murcielago behind. In the background, Murcielago stands up and stealthily climbs his way up the hill.

(CONTINUED)

The henchman sit at a plastic, pop-up picnic table and eat Mr. Squishy R.E.M.s complete with collectible toy and limited-time-only beverage container. They are oblivious.

Lazlo isn't doing well. He tries to keep up with Lala but stumbles and knocks over a barrel of raspberries and gun powder.

Murcielago, part way up the hill, turns his ear towards the commotion. He hears the gun powder pouring out. As he pauses, the blood continues to drip down his left hand's fingers forming a small pool. Drip. Drip. Drip.

Lazlo collapses beneath the horses, causing one to whinny.

Snout looks up from her knives, having narrowed the choices down to two particularly gruesome knives. She sees nothing unusual.

Lala crouches next to Lazlo, untying the horses. Lazlo is trying to catch his breath.

LALA LOBO
(Thinking: what are you
waiting for?)
Get in the cart.

Lazlo nods with difficulty and struggles to get in the back. Lala is concerned about his declining condition. Lazlo tries not to vomit.

LALA LOBO
(suspicious)
Lazlo, what's actually in the
package?

LAZLO
It's . . . money. All that Gustave
had.

LALA LOBO
And that was going to help you find
your father?

LAZLO
I don't know.

LALA LOBO
Lazlo, when exactly did you have
time to hide it from me? Where is
it?

Lazlo 's face is red and covered with sweat. He tries to lie again but his body can't take it.

Lala finally realizes what's happening.

LALA LOBO
You're a terrible liar, kid.

LAZLO
I thought I was getting better.

LALA LOBO
I can't have you ruining my fun,
can I?

Lala reaches for his gun, but the holster is empty. He looks at the kid, but Lazlo is only holding Julia. No gun.

Lala's eyes go wide.

LALA LOBO
The prisoners are escaping!

The henchmen turn to look.

Snout turns to look, having finally picked the perfect knife.

Snout and the henchmen close in on the nearly incapacitated Lazlo.

The gunpowder is nearly finished pouring out of the barrel.

Snout raises her arm to throw her knife.

Lazlo struggles to escape Lala's grasp and grab the reigns of the cart's horse.

A hand drips with blood. Drip. Drip. Drip.

Standing at the bottom of the hill is the bat himself, El Murcielago.

Like a storybook painting from left to right: El Murcielago, Snout and Henchmen, gunpowder, horses, Lala and Lazlo on the cart.

El Murcielago's right arm is lifted, pointing Lala's gun at the last of the gun powder.

He fires.

The gunpowder explodes, causing the horses to flee, including the one leading the cart.

Lazlo climbs to the front of the cart to take control, but Lala hangs onto the back trying to climb up.

Snout steps through the smoke, past the fleeing horses and fallen henchmen, and she is pissed.

Lazlo and Julia are now in control of the cart. They spot Murcielago running towards them.

MURCIELAGO

Lazlo, I was wrong to leave you!

Lazlo smiles. He steers the speeding horse and cart towards El Murcielago. Lazlo reaches out his hand and pulls Murcielago on.

LAZLO

Lala's holding onto the cart.

MURCIELAGO

Give me the reins. I trust you to make the right decision.

Lazlo gives up the reins and moves to the back. Lala's holds onto the back with two hands. Lazlo grabs them in his own but

A knife plants into Lala's hand. He howls and lets go, crashing into the dirt. Snout stands behind them, taking aim again.

Lazlo ducks, but not before the knife sails past him.

Lazlo holds his hand to his face. A cut running up his cheek begins to bleed.

LAZLO

(yelling loudly)

Lala, I'll never forget all you've done for me.

Lala looks up at the receding cart. He's confused as to what's happening.

LAZLO (CONT)

I only wish I could help you escape them like you did for me.

Without the slightest hint of trying not to vomit, Lazlo turns his back and goes to the front of the cart.

A pair of leather boots appear behind Lala. Snout crouches down. Henchmen finally catch up to them.

PRECILIA SNOUT
Where did you send him?

LALA LOBO
I don't know. I had nothing to do
with this. It was all the boy.

She grabs Lala's face and squeezes. Coagulated blood drips out. He tries to speak but can only make mumbling noises.

PRECILIA SNOUT
Don't cry "boy", Lobo.

She extends her open hand behind her. A henchman places something in it: a knife.

She makes a quick slash. She stands and wipes off her blade. She sniffs the air with eyes closed and suddenly snaps back.

PRECILIA SNOUT
Tell Mr. Squishy he needs to ready
the Mediterranean units.

Precilia stares off into the distance as the henchmen that surrounded her run off back to the smoking camp.

On the ground, blood trickles. It flows past Lala's tongue. Ants scuttle in an orderly line across it.

FADE TO:

91

EXT. PRAIRIE ROAD - DAY

A flock of sheep walking down the side of the road in a line. Halfway down the line is the cart with Lazlo, Julia, El Murcielago, and the package. They all look straight ahead soberly.

They soon pass by Aubin, leading the sheep. Lazlo and Aubin exchange a glance and then the cart passes.

The sound of an ocean grows.

FADE OUT