

" ILLEGIBLE, SON OF A TRUMPET "

Illegible enters the courtyard of an apartment building, climbs the stairs, stops at a door. He puts his key in the lock, turns it. The door is locked. He rings, knocks, with vehemence.

Scenario by JUAN LARREA AND LUIS BUÑUEL.
From a lost novel of J. Larrea.

PART ONE.

A street in a quiet district; very few shops; occasional pedestrians. A policeman is walking. He is agitated, obviously on the verge of taking a drastic decision. He rubs his eyes with the back of his hand. When he reaches the corner, he takes his pistol and shoots through the roof of his mouth.

He falls. He does not look back.

A circle of astonished pedestrians starts to form. One of them, a man of about 35, gazes fixedly at the pistol (closeup: pistol in policeman's right hand). He shoves, with determination, toward the body.

-Let me through, come on. Shove. I'm a doctor.

He kneels; puts the pistol in his left hand, takes the policeman's pulse. Quickly he pulls open the policeman's left hand, to reveal a crumpled photograph of a woman. The crowd surges; he takes advantage of their curiosity to slip pistol into his pocket. He rises, vaguely.

-There's nothing to be done, now. I'll go phone for the Red Cross.

But this is only a pretext. He walks rapidly for several

"ILLUSTRATIONS, SON OF A THOMPSON"

Illustrations by JUAN LARREA AND LUIS BUNUEL.
From a first novel of J. Larrea.

PART ONE.

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pedestrians.

A policeman is walking. He is agitated, obviously on the
 verge of taking a drastic decision. He rubs his eyes with the back
 of his hand. Then he reaches the corner, he takes his pistol and
 shoots through the roof of his watch.

He falls.

A circle of astonished pedestrians starts to form. One
 of them, a man of about 35, goes forward at the pistol (obviously
 pistol in policeman's right hand).

He shows, with determination, toward the body.

-Let me through, come on. Show. I'm a doctor.

He kneels; puts the pistol in his left hand, takes the

policeman's pulse. (Clearly he will open the policeman's left
 hand, to reveal a criminal photograph of a woman. The crowd surges;
 he takes advantage of their curiosity to slip pistol into his

pocket. He rises, vaguely.

-There's nothing to be done, now. I'll go home for the

Red Cross.

But this is only a pretext. He walks rapidly for several

blocks; enters the courtyard of an apartment building; ---
climbs the stairs, stops at a door. He puts his key in the lock,
turns it. The door is locked from inside. Uncertain, he examines
the card "Leandro Villalobos". Certain again, he rings, knocks, -
with vehemence.

-Who's there? asks a woman's voice.

-It's I, naturally.

Simultaneously with the word "I" there is a furious clanging of chains. Startled, the man looks around for the cause of -
the noise.

The door opens.

A woman, uneasy, dishevelled, appears. "Oh Leandro, it's you. But you're so early.

-Why is the door locked?

-You know how terrified I am of...

The man goes to his study. In it are: an elbow-chair --
in front of a massive desk. A large wardrobe, tall as a human, and
double-doored. Bookshelves. A diagram of a human brain, stuck with
the pine of strategy, like a military map. A mirror on another part
of the wall. A large statue of Rodin's "Thinker," whose head is +
covered with an electric hair-drier.

The man glances quickly at the diagram of the brain. It
has the mountainous dimensions of a relief map or an aerial
photograph. Then he contemplates it; and adjusts the pine, speculatively. In the mirror, he has the impression that the
His wife, who has been watching him, says:

-But what's wrong? What's the matter?

-Why should anything be the matter. It's only that I've

found a way out.

-You mean you know how to get the money for us to live --- decently. Well At last;

-Bah. There are other things in life.

He takes the pistol from his pocket and lays it on the desk. His wife watches him, her eyes terrified. They fill with horror as her husband goes to the wardrobe and opens a door.

He removes a white shirt. A skeleton is revealed.

He puts the shirt on. "Go now. Get out of here. Leave the room." He pushes her, gently; and locks the door.

He disconnects the electric cord of "The Thinker's" arter and lifts it carefully. Then he puts a key in the statue's left ear; turns it. With a rag, so he wont burn himself, he raises the top of the head of the statue. He takes out a roasted PIGEON, whose form resembles a brain, and from this he cuts a wing and part of - the beast.

As he eats these, he goes to a small cabinet; removes a -- bottle of water and a glass. He pours the water into the glass. - From a tube labelled "Veronal" he takes two tablets and drops them into the glass.

He stirs, swallows.

The telephone rings.

He goes to the mirror, takes down a small telephone. The -- wire of the phone penetrates the mirror in such a way that when the man faces himself in the mirror, he has the impression that the -- telephone wire sprouts from between his eyebrows.

A dialogue ensues. Although two voices are heard, his and a nasal, metallic voice, it seems as though he were carrying on a monologue. The conversation states, sparsely, that the moment for his solution has arrived. The truth, which has been surging, blindly, through his head, will now reveal itself, and articulate its secret. The pistol which has killed a policeman is a token; it has a special power; it is an instrument of irresistible -- magic. But how can he use it?

Obviously not committing suicide or shooting anyone. He feels that his subconscious should be given a chance to manifest itself in its own obscure way. For this reason he has taken the Veronal; he will sleep, holding the pistol.

He gangs up the telephone. He goes to the elbow-chair, -- sits, pulls out notepaper. With red ink, he crosses out his name "Leandro Villalobos", and writes "Illegible, son of a Trumpet".

There is a disturbance in the street.

Illegible looks out the window. The crowd is looking at the rooftop opposite. The policeman on the roof is about to jump. Although the crowd shouts to prevent him, he curls himself in -- the air. He falls a few yards from an ambulance that is driving up the street. The ambulance stops, a doctor jumps up and places the prostrate body next to two other policeman who lie in the ambulance.

-So, says Illegible. This is it.

The policeman's leap is a further sign that this for him is an unique moment. The idea of a relation between the -- multiple Policemen's deaths and the release of his censored --

unconscious trembles in his mind. to wife.

Again he sits at his desk. He notices it is coated with dust; doodles with his fingertips; and, a little later writes, mechanically: the point of the pistol he forces them to stand back "Avendaño". (A family name in Spain). he begins to tie them - Who can that be? Why the name Avendaño? Perhaps it's my - Father's Christian name. "Ignorant of who his parents are, he seems to grope for his identity. the first to fall down.....

He falls asleep, slowly, holding the pistol. He is awakened, suddenly, by a detonation. He makes a bound and upheaves the chair and the table. He is pinned under and smeared with red ink.

A news bulletin interrupts the happenings. The unknown. The locked door vibrates with heavy blows. His wife's voice breathlessly states that something awful is occurring in the city: policemen are committing suicide. No one knows why. The

One of the wardrobe doors opens. Cautiously, a skull appears. The skull withdraws, and in its place is seen the mussed head of sentimental disappointment, quivering doubt. Inevitable discovery - the lover. He examines Illegible, then emerges from his hiding - - Rightly bodies have been found, and it is anticipated that the place, leaving the skull atop the skeleton, and unlocks the door. entire force will commit suicide, since the few remaining

-He killed himself.

policemen alive are wandering around the city carried and - -
-Poor man. But how horrible - what a panic it gave me -
freezing. The announcer urges the listening public to disperse
I thought he'd murdered you.
and keep in sight any policeman they see....

They hold hands. "You had a narrow escape.

-That's because I Again, simultaneously with the word
"I", there is a furious clanging of chains.

Illegible, who has been listening, pretends to wake up and
groans: "Take the table away. a guide to kill himself...

When they do, he rises, agitates them, pointing the word around
their throats so that neither can escape without choking the
other.

-But you're alive! exclaims his wife.

-Wait and see.

He looks the door, makes them understand he has heard everything. At the point of the pistol he forces them to stand back to back. With a cord from the curtains, he begins to tie them together. Arm to arm. Hand to hand. Thigh to thigh. Ankle to ankle. His wife wails and laments; her lover insults him.

-A dime to the loser..... the first to fall down.....

Illegible turns on the radio. As the jazz plays, he continues to bind them. - You enjoyed dancing cheek to cheek, didn't you..... here's your chance.....

A news bulletin interrupts the boggle. The announcer breathlessly states that something unique is occurring in the City: policeman are committing suicide. No one knows why, the motives are mixed but in general the reasons are personal: --- sentimental disappointments, gambling debts, incurable diseases. Eighty bodies have been found, and it is anticipated that the entire force will commit suicide, since the few remaining --- policeman alive are wandering around the city worried and --- frowning. The announcer urges the listening public to disarm and keep in sight any policeman they see....

Illegible says: "Do you see, I'm free to do what I want.... without fear....."

-From where I sit.... you're just another frustrated policeman.... without even the guts to kill himself...

Illegible finishes tying them, passing the cord around their throats so that neither can escape without choking the other.

-Now we'll find out about true love..... Which of you will sacrifice your life so your lover may live?

The radio plays solemn, mournful music. Illegible --- collects his necessities, and from the door, bids his wife and her lover goodbye.

He looks the door from the outside.

The lover tries to untie himself. After several grotesque postures, during which he chokes the wife to death, he falls to the floor, tied to the woman's corpse. (This shot is through the keyhole).

Illegible is looking the door into the street. He ties the two keys to a rock he finds in the street, and throws them all into a mail box shaped like a lion's face. The keys fell, resonantly, as if into a well or a cave with a repercussion that ends in a -- splash of water.

Due to the mass police-suicide the city is in chaos. Groups hustling. Loud voices commenting. Circles clamped eagerly near -- shop windows to hear the radio. Iron curtains half-way lowered. Shop-keepers on the alert for robbers.

Illegible comes to a building which seems to be the Police Station. The courtyard is filled with bodies. He walks faster.

A few blocks later he notices a woman about 20 years old. Indifferent to the turmoil in the streets, abstracted, she leans against a door. In her left arm is a large (possibly a music) book.

Illegible stares at her and particularly at rays halo-ing from her head, which come from a billboard behind her, and suggest the Statue of Liberty.

- Ah. You were waiting for me?

- for a long time?

- anything is possible.

- for years, even?

- for centuries, perhaps.

- obviously your name is Perpetua. (In Spanish the word means perpetual and is also a woman's name).

- wrong. My name is merely Cadena. (Cadena means chain: prisoner for life).

- what's that your's studying?

- music.

- fine. Let's go.

- I have so much to tell you but I must hurry.

He takes her hand and they walk.

A little later they get off a bus and to into a forest. He is telling her that he plans to leave the city the next day.

- I could go to the end of the world with you, she says.

They sit on the grass under the trees. She vanishes into a thicket; returns naked except for the drapery of the Venus de Milo. She moves like a somnambulist, her eyes fixed on space and illuminated by the setting sun. Illegible rises abruptly. Perplexed, profoundly deceived, he insults her with four-letter words.

- You ought to be beaten to

He thrusts her overcoat around her. She cries with such sadness that Illegible is forced to comfort her. He caresses her hand, and tries to joke her out of it saying they'll both drown in a sea of tears. He suggests they exchange tokens of friendship. They exchange WATCHES. It is dark now, and drizzling. He asks her where she lives; is upset when she replies she has no home.

She looks at him, impassioned, a mother with her son.

- You're tired? she asks.

- A little. A little. Everything seems so difficult.

The moonlight comes and goes; she appears increasingly older. Her face, in the LIGHT of his match, shocks him. The rain extinguishes the match.

- Tell me, what is wrong.

- Nothing. Nothing. I'm just a little weak.

- The DARKNESS disturbs you, weakens you. Is that it?

- Perhaps.

He sits her gently on a log; lights matches frantically; burns everything in sight: bank notes, personal documents, all the papers in his pocket. No one answers his delirious cries. As the darkness returns the woman becomes toothless, excruciatingly old.

At one moment, she swoons in his arms; her oldness is extreme, and she sobs; "My son . . . my son";

He holds her against his heart, this woman, exhausted, dying, who might have been his unknown mother.

His lips close to hers, he cries "Mother. . . mother".

When she dies, he lays her on the log, and runs off shouting "Mother! . . . mother. . . ." but when he returns with a lantern, the log is bare. Beside it lies a sack of WHEAT, still. Astounded, but calmly, Illegible kneels and fills his pockets with the running wheat. He runs off again shouting "Mother! . . . Mother!"; without seeing the woman, who, renaissant and young, is following him like a phantom.

- Naturally, you think I'm a fool. But please believe me. You don't know what's happening . . . a CATASTROPHE.

Illegible looks and listens coldly, suspecting that he is an opportunist - perhaps from an instant's sympathy enough to take advantage of the mass-police suicide.

- But you must take me seriously. You'll see what I mean. Soon. Too soon. I must tell you. Try to explain . . .

PART TWO. the man tells his story, his words are visualized by lantern slides.

Illegible is in a railway coach, leaving the station on his announced journey. His suit is dusty, and as the train passes various signs, written a yard high of a city called Villalobos, he brushes his clothes, raising a cloud as thick as the smoke from the engine. He brushes his shoes. He tosses the brush at a sign - there is a sound of tin - goes inside, washes his hands, and sits in an empty compartment.

A man enters. He is slightly older than Illegible and discovered only that on uniformed men had left the suitcase carries a luxurious, pigskin suitcase. He examines the compartment, in his room.

timidly greets Illegible, puts his case on the rack, and sits. The train roars onwards, the changing panoram flashes through the window; the man becomes nervous. He pales; fights as though suffering from severe pain. His restlessness is contagious; - Illegible wants to help. The traveller, hopelessly, shakes his head, and blurts.

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Illegible looks and listens coldly, suspecting that he is an opportunist - perhaps from an insane asylum^e enough to take advantage of the mass-police suicide.

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As the man tells his story, his words are visualized by lantern slides.

. . . . he worked as a white-collar in a small office, (Slide). Window shopping was his passion. Particularly luggage. One day he admired a luxurious, pigskin suitcase and noticed a beautiful woman standing behind it. (Slide). Daily, he admired it, always relieved that the suitcase still stood in the window. The day it was gone, he felt bereft, as though he had lost his beloved. He straggled back to his grimy room. The suitcase stood at the foot of his bed. (Slide). He questioned everyone, but discovered only that an uniformed messenger had left the suitcase in his name:

"Avendão"

Only Avandafio remained, and now on his fatal third journey, Illegible remembers writing this name in the dust on his desk. Unsteadily, he asks:

— Your name is Avandafio? because a challenge? Is it my fault? —
— Yes? Is it because I am here that everything collapses?

... when he inquired at the shop, they told him they knew nothing. . . . The suitcase, a challenge, an invitation to the voyage, with the woman standing always behind it, became an obsession. (Slide). He felt compelled to go to sea; and with the emotion of a man on his honeymoon he bought a ticket and was sitting in a compartment similar to this one. Then also, he felt ill; dizziness, acute pains; his bones in torture.

The pains were mortal. And suddenly. . . (Motion Picture stock-shot of a derailment; including sound effects).

... both he and the suitcase remained intact; the pains ceased; and he returned to Villalobos. . . . He planned another journey, with the marvelous, the mysterious suitcase; which, — when opened, emanated the timbre of exquisite music and the lush aroma of tropical fruits. His second trip ended in the wreck of Tavira. (Lantern Slide: two engines interlocked, head on.)

Illegible is speaking: "What? The Tavira disaster. How I know it? July 18, 1936. I was booked for that trip; — You had a ticket on that train? asks Avandafio, excited. — uhhhh. . . ."

— Well, you're certainly born under a lucky star. No one escaped that wreck.

Only Avendaño escaped, and now on his fatal third journey, his pains a carbon copy of the other two, he begs:

- I don't understand. Why does the promise of beauty --- suddenly turns upside down and become a cataclysm? Is it my fault? Am I damned? Is it because I am here that everything collapses? Help me. Believe my torture. Save me; hurl me out the window and prevent another wreck.

Illegible, wracked by the last 24 hours, unable to determine whether he is the sucker of a con-man or the victim of a madman, consoles him: dryly, sarcastically; suspiciously. His nerves prickles with uncertainty, fatigue.

Illegible suggests that the suitcase holds the clue.

- No; protests Avendaño. Why?

The train roars on, and both men become increasingly nervous. Finally, Illegible jerks the case from the rack.

Avendaño, hysterical from his feverish pains, attacks and bites him. As they struggle, with arms interlocked, the train jumps the tracks; plunges over a precipice.

The suitcase tumbles over the twisted steel and burning debris of the wreck; opens; and releases a pigeon, which escapes.

Illegible and Avendaño watch the suitcase vanish in flames. The wreck gives forth its produce. Heartrending shrieks; moans, blood, in streams, pools, and coagulating lumps; pieces of bodies, mutilated, writhing, inert.

The two survivors move toward a ditch. Illegible helps

Avendaño with an assisting arm around his neck.

- How goes it?

- For the moment, I'm groggy. But it will be okay.

- The third time? asks Illegible, ruminatively.

He adds: " Tell me, do you always carry pigeons in your suitcase?

- I packed some clean under clothes . . . nothing more...

They sit on the grass; Avendaño leans on his elbows, then lies flat; his eyelids closed, the blood washed from his face. Illegible worried, takes his pulse; shakes him; pumps air into his ribs; lays an ear on his heart.

Avendaño's heartbeats are the shots of a machine gun, (Sound effects) that become the multiple sounds of a battle -- which fade again into the regular machine-gun rhythm and change to the dots and dashes of the Morse code.

The dot dot dot dash dot are reeegistered, alphabetically, by Illegible. With his pencil he records:

- The expected hour has come . . . the footprint of -- the future foot is forming beyond. . . on the other shore. . in the sand. . .but there's so little time. . . if you don't hurry, you'll be too late for the creation of the world. . .

- Who are you talking to, asks Illegible, and the - Morse Code answers "To the listener".

- You mean me? . . . but who am I?

- Illegible.

Silence.

Avendaño's heart is now beating normally.

Perplexed, Illegible props him against a tree; walks to and fro, his hands clasped behind his back.

A figure emerges from the chaos of the wreck.

Humpbacked, with piecemeal limbs, as though grabbed helter-skelter from the debris; bristling with mechanical apparatus: Sonotone, Walkie-talkie (whose antennae project from his skull); artificial limb; all in the latest model. His walkie-talkie speaks: (In Spanish there seems to be a shock, and one also a proper name).

- Hello, are you there, the wreck went off as scheduled. Of course, I'll arrive tomorrow at noon. Everything, I hope, is in order, to sail. . ."

- You see him? asks Avendaño, as the weird figure approaches.

- Yes, says Illegible. It looks as though he's made of the dead and the maimed. . . a scarecrow from the wreck. . . but I'm crazy. . . don't mind me . . .

- Greetings, friends. What goes?

Illegible continues to pace. "Hello, he says curtley.

- How do we get out of here?

- How do I know.

The hunchback sees the paper with the Morse Code. He picks it up and reads.

- Which one of you is Illegible?

Illegible hesitates, then says: "I. . .

- You have a strange name.

- Who cares.

- Oh . . . of course. . .

Still on edge, hesitating, Illegible says: "Because I'm an orphan - I never met my parents - My schoolmates nicknamed me Illegible, Son of a Trumpet". And you suffer from that. You idiot. Bah. A mother.... so what. Look at me. Without even a body of my own, I'm just a mass of unidentified limbs and entrails, all swiped from the wreck. . . . do you know what my name is Carrillo Izquierdo... (In Spanish these means left cheek", and are also a proper name).

Illegible moves toward him; threatens him.
- What did you say?
- Carrillo Izquierdo.
Illegible slaps him on the left cheek. His eyes raging, Carrillo jerks his hand to his trouser pocket.

Avendaño leaps in front of him; "Please. Don't do anything. He's nervous and overexcited.

Carrillo's hand emerges with a massage vibrator. He rubs it against his cheek. "It doesn't matter".

Illegible, still aggressive, points to Carrillo's hump:

- And What's that?

- What do you imagine it is? The batteries, naturally....
But enough where were you two going?

- We were on the way to the catastrophe. But it seems we've arrived, Avendaño says drily.

- In that case, let's join forces. Come on, we'll walk.....
Carrillo's voice is authoritative. He explains that a small sailboat with a crew of four awaits him at the tip of FINISTERRE, rigged
by a crew of four. Illegible, Avendaño, Carrillo and the

and ready to sail. He expounds his philosophy; man's social life has certain problems which cannot be solved in overpopulated areas. Since time out of mind man has talked of an island, which floats through the seven seas - even under sea, like a whale - evading navigators, with a life of its own. He believes that in its fluid dimensions, and virgin earth, his dreams will become fact.

He invites Avendaño and Illegible to sail with him, hoping they, who have survived the disaster, will be bait to the elusive island. Since they are without ties, plans or responsibilities, they accept. Carrillo announces his arrival via his Walkie-Talkie.

The three have reached the main road (Shot from behind). In the distance is a shepherd with six LAMBS reminiscent of the Good Shepherd mosaic in the tomb of Galla Placidia, Ravenna. The Shepherd's FLUTE becomes louder as they approach.

Stop! ... this beautiful woman who could have died in Illegible's arms, for whom the first Policeman perhaps killed himself; this face behind Avendaño's suitcase.

Stop! ... Carrillo.

Illegible steps forward, duty, despite a flute.

Then lay her gently in the cabin on a table, as the boat

PART THREE. Increasingly choppy seas, the men discuss whether one

is alive or dead, unable to touch her, due to Carrillo's orders. The ocean. A ketch, about 20 yards overall, THE INSATIABLE, manned by a crew of four. Illegible, Avendaño, Carrillo and the

four sailors are bearded, barefoot, tanned, half-nude.

The sea begins to kick up; the travellers see the --- gathering storm-clouds with alarm. From the mast, a man shouts, through the wind, ambiguously. No one knows whether he says; -- "Land to port" or "Woman to port". (In Spanish this is a play on words, tierra: land, ella: woman).

The travellers wonder, uneasily, if perhaps this is the island.

The naked body of a nubile woman, floating on her back, her breasts sparkling in foam and sunlight her eyelids closed and her lips a vibrant red, appears near the boat.

- There's the island, says one sailor, tentatively.

- Could be, says Carrillo. Ten to one its not AMERICA.

They scoop her into a net and lift her aboard, troubled, each in his own way, by her spectacular nudeness.

How? Why? ... this beautiful woman who could have died in Illegible's arms, for whom the first policeman perhaps killed himself; this face behind Avendaño's suitcase.

- Stay back, orders Carrillo.

Illegible stays furthest away playing a flute.

They lay her gently in the cabin on a table. As the boat lists in the increasingly choppy sea, the men discuss whether she is alive or dead, unable to touch her, due to Carrillo's orders, they soon begin to amuse themselves by humming Illegible's tune.

First one sailor, then another, untill the grave chant - swells into a chorus.

The profound reverberations of this Gregorian chant mix with the grandeur of the rising tempest. The storm strikes.

The boat plunges, and everything crashes. Only the woman remains immobile, as if fastened by screws to the table. The seams of the boat split with a tremendous noise. One of the watch shrieks that the mast has cracked.

Avendafio throws himself at the woman's feet. His eyes are full of tears. His voice throbs: "I knew you immediately..... I believed you would smile once more.... they think you're dead... the fools.... but it doesn't matter.... my life is yours..... from now, forever, we are one..... Hurry... hurry... or you will miss the creation of the world...."

Avendafio lurches toward Illegible's coat, which still hangs on a nail and pulls out a revolver. Carrillo's voice, disputing, shrieks, as he pounds on a table: "oh! they lead him to the tomb of a woman's body, her arms outstretched. With almost joy, Illegible throws himself on the fresh mold, embracing the dead. There is a shot.

The boat crashes into a reef. Indescribable confusion. Even the woman falls. Illegible, also thrown into a corner, rolls into her arms. She kisses him. The sea rushes into the cabin while white feathers flutter from the open palms of Illegible's outstretched arms.

PART FOUR.

A deserted beach. Evidence of a shipwreck. Illegible is prostrate, barefoot, but clothed as before the trainwreck. He revives slowly; sits; makes an effort to recollect; looks around; sees nothing on the horizon; examines his watch. It has stopped. Automatically, he starts to wind it, and since the sun is directly overhead, making no shadows, he sets it at 12.

He makes a trumpet with his hands; shouts. No answer. He notices something not far away in the sand. It is a human footprint, of a right foot. He remembers the prophecy of The Morse Code in Avendaño's heart. With his left foot he makes a print. It is similar. He says; "Beyond, the footprint of the future foot is forming Hurry... Hurry... or you will miss the creation of the world...."

He fits his right foot into the mysterious footprint; immediately footprints precede him up the beach; they lead him to the imprint of a woman's body, her arms outstretched. With almost joy, Illegible throws himself on the fresh mold, embracing the sand.

He sees Avendaño approaching eagerly, and rises, his suit spotted with damp sand.

In the ensuing conversation, Avendaño speaks archaic English, using thee and thou. Illegible recalls the shipwreck.

and the woman for whom he committed suicide. But when Avendaño speaks of a shipwreck, it was in 1492 on an expedition to the Azores; he knows nothing of any special island, his explanation of the scar on his temple does not refer to the events in the sailboat.

Illegible is convinced he is being ribbed.

- If thou doubtest me, inquire of that gentlemen yonder, fishing among the rocks.

They move toward the man; whose silhouette identifies him as Carrillo, and who sits, the pole clutched in both hands. His eyes lost in space, is in a state of exaltation.

To arouse him, Illegible shakes the pole. Music of amazing grandeur reverberates through the sky.

Frightened, Illegible pulls away his hand. The music ceases.

He repeats this twice. Illegible and Avendaño look at each other; decide to go fishing too. With some driftwood and tackle from Carrillo's pockets, they concoct an apparatus, and the moment the hooks touch the sea, the sky fills with an unearthly symphony. The instruments are difficult to define; they are magnificent, harmonious, cosmic.

Carrillo is released from his trance, and the three discuss their complicated situation. Carrillo's shipwreck, it appears, occurred in 1987. Illegible's watch has moved five hours, but the sun is still overhead. Illegible supposes many possibilities perhaps this beach is their fantastic island; the nude woman might

figures that form a procession like mechanical toys have been a bait. If the island is moving rapidly, this explains why the sun and the watch do not jibe... unless, of course, the watch is out of order. Perhaps this is a planet, - for example Venus -, which would also explain the sun's slow movement. Above all: are they dead; are they alive; are they in another dimension; eternity?

They change to practical matters. They are shipwrecked, without shelter, food. They attempt a shack of branches and twigs, but the wind blows it down, since they lack the nails and planks to secure it. The sea has not fulfilled her obligation to the shipwrecked that of washing up the wherewithal to live.

- I'll sleep, and my dream will give us what we need.

Illegible lies down and when goes to sleep his alter ego rises up and motions Avendaño and Carrillo to follow him; they walk down the shore to a wooden box riding the waves. It is a coffin. Avendaño laughs; Carrillo freezes. They drag the COFFIN ashore, and lift the lid. Out jumps a fish, a sort of shark, man-sized, that jumps into the sea.

- Well, anyway, friend, we've gotten some nails and planks, says Avendaño.

Illegible is walking toward another box, large enough for stage decorations. It is too heavy to lift, but they guide it ashore and stack rocks to hold it.

- What in the devil is this, exclaims Avendaño.

The lid of the box opens. Out come, one after the other

figures that form a procession like mechanical toys.....
First: in rows of three, twelve Franciscan bearded MONKS, each
playing a percussion instrument, noiselessly.

(chains).

- How discreet, indeed, are the children of St. Francis,
smiles Avendaño.

Second: The characters in Calderon de la Barca's play
"Life is a Dream"; including King Basilio, Segismundo in animal
skins, carrying the chain clamped to his ankles, Estrella, etc.
They are without eyes, their sockets gutted.

They advance toward a small hill, following the monks.
A deep voice, as from the depths of a crypt, recites:

And having more soul
Have I less liberty?

(clanging of chains).

The wind-whipped breakers crash on the beach.
The voice continues:

And I'm with better instinct.

Have I less liberty?

(chains).

Breakers. Voice:

And I, with greater free will.

Have I less liberty?

(chains).

Breakers Voice:

And having more life.

Have I less liberty?

(chains).

Avendaño, Carrillo, and Illegible's alter-ego follow the procession, Illegible's sleeping body moves toward them like a sleepwalker, but in jerks, as though wound up. Suddenly he breaks into a run, merges with his alter-ego, and awakes.

The procession vanishes over the hill, leaving Carrillo, who has been following first, alone.

In vain he looks for the procession. He sees, instead, an immense beach, jammed with sweating masses. (Shot of Coney Island on Saturday). He watches, enthralled.

The voice says:

What is life? Madness.

What is life? Illusion.

The dream of a shadow.

Even the greatest good is little:

All life is a dream.

And dreams are dreams.

Enthusiastically, Carrillo gestures to his friends. Gaily, he waves his arm toward the lively spectacle.

Avendaño and Illegible run to the hill-top and see a vast desert, sprouting infrequent cactus of various sizes.

The statue is corroded as though buried for centuries.
- For what it is a barren landscape- its not bad - not
bad at all, says Illegible.
- What are you talking about; Barren landscape, my foot...
Millions of people and you call the place barren;

Avendaño and Illegible shrug knowingly at each other
while Carrillo invites them to the beach.

- Allright. Okay, Stay here then, he starts to run,
excitedly, and soon disappears behind a cactus.

- Good God, the earth has swallowed him.
- Well, now what, asks Avendaño.

Illegible drops on the ground and trickles sand through
his fingers. Avendaño also sits, and cries with pain when he
touches the earth.

- What's wrong? into the twilight.

- I've been stuck with a dart. He rubs himself.
Illegible laughs. "What a drama for a cactus thorn.

- Yes a thorn, Avendaño digs. "Hey, look here..... an
ironpick.
The pick does not give, but poking in the sand they
find a huge metal object. Curious, they dig with sticks, stopping
to rest and brush away their sweat. They unearth a massive STATUE
OF LIBERTY, and with great difficulty prop her upright against
a cactus. (The lines of the cactus are those of a skyscraper).

The statue is corroded as though buried for centuries; she has lost her right arm (with the torch) and part of her left arm; her head is barely distinguishable. Several instruments appear beside her, which though rusted and ancient looking, are contemporary of our epoch, like Carrillo's conglomeration from the train-wreck.

- This must have been a city..... technically very advanced. Perhaps the lost Atlantis.... why the whole desert must be a mass of ruins, exclaims Illegible.

The statue, illuminated by the setting sun, throws a spectacular shadow.

Suddenly, the men hear a formidable noise; a neighing and braying. They jump up, and find a sorawny horse and an ass rubbing noses. Amused, they lightheartedly spring into the animals, Illegible to the horse, Avendaño to the ass, and carefree, guided by the animals, off they ride into the twilight.

Night falls. They sleep. The animals continue to trot on in darkness.

The sun rises. The animals stop short next to a signpost (like those on a frontier) which rises, solitary in the vast expanse of desert. The sign reads "C O L U M B I A".

Avendaño, alert, shouts: "Wake up.... you... wake up... what a sunrise how marvelous... such beauty....

Illegible rubs open his eyes; sees desert. They dismount,

splash their faces in a stream that flows behind the signpost; drink; suggest to each other that this is the end of the desert, and the beginning of a new land inhabited, anyway fertile.

They remount, ride across the frontier. Immediately ---- wheat begins to drip from holes in Illegible's pockets. The trickle becomes a shower. Avendaño is awed to see that the seeds behind have grown into sprigs. Illegible with childish abandon, tosses seed from his overflowing pockets.

They sprout.

He shouts, joyously. "This is the desert.... of all time... just give me this kind of soil.... forever... He offers his ---- pockets to Avendaño. The man toss seeds as though they were ---- feeding birds, not sowing wheat.

They dismount; soon are lost in the maze of luxuriant growth. Illegible wanders to the left; Avendaño to the right.

Illegible, on the far side of an incline, meets the rising sun, full-face. Through its glare he sees a figure in the heavens.

- It is the Venus de Milo.

She is intact, her right arm is raised like the Statue of Liberty. Instead of a torch, she holds the sun.

Recognizing the woman who stood against the billboard, halo-ed, so lonely; the woman who later came towards him from - the thicket so shockingly naked, Illegible roars in ecstasy:

- A miracle. . . at long last. . . the miracle. . .
He veers toward Avendaño - mounted on his ass - and yells ---
insistently....

"Yes a . . . a miracle. . ." Again he pours his eyes --
toward the glorious figure in the heavens.

He sees a WINDMILL. Its wings are spacious as those of
the class "La Mancha".

Illegible withdraws into his bones.

- Oh yes . . . of course. . . This time it's a windmill.

THE END.