

THE LEOPARD MAN

Screen Play

by

Ardel Wray

From the Novel BLACK ALIBI by Cornell Woolrich

FADE IN

On the fountain at El Pueblo. A jet of water rises into the air at regular intervals, tossing an empty ball in rhythm. Below the ball, the water cascades into the second tier of the fountain. SUPERIMPOSED over this fountain are the main and credit titles. Throughout the running of the titles we hear castanet music growing louder and louder. When the last credit title FADE OFF we begin to

DISSOLVE

The corridor, backstage at El Pueblo. An empty corridor stretches away before us. The CAMERA TRUCKS ALONG this corridor. The sound of the castanets is so loud and ringing now that it has a furious and stormlike quality. The camera seems to search for the source of this sound. It approaches two open doorways at the end of the corridor.

Through the doorway on the right we see a dancer in Spanish costume. She pirouettes in a final whirl of the dance as the CAMERA MOVES IN TO a CLOSE SHOT of her beautiful back and the two castanets she holds up over her gleaming naked shoulders. Over the diminishing trill of the castanets, as the dancer finishes her dance we hear a dull and angry pounding. The castanets click to an end.

The CAMERA MOVES LEFT to take in the adjoining door to show us the source of this sound.

INT. KIKI WALKER'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Kiki Walker as she finishes pounding on the wall for silence in the adjoining dressing room and turns back into her own room. She is young, blonde and represents that peculiar phenomenon of our time, the chorus girl and entertainer who is more lady-like than the majority of Junior Leaguers. Road shows, one night stands and even a short turn in burlesque have left no battle scars. She may know many a hard word, but she never uses it.

MED. SHOT - Kiki's room. Kiki slams shut the door of her dressing room. Her dressing room is a small bare cubicle with a sink, easy chair, dressing table and a long mirror on the closet door. On the dressing table, among a clutter of jars and ointments, is a small musical trinket box. The closet door is partially ajar.

In the room with Kiki is Eloise, the cigarette girl at the El Pueblo, a brightly blondined young lady. Her nether limbs are well display in black stockings. A cigarette tray is slung over her shoulder.

KIKI
(as she walks
across the
room)
It may sound like music to her
-- I can do better with my teeth in
a cold Shower.
(mockingly)
Click - click - click.

ELOISE
(shrugging)
She's a local. When the dudes come
out to New Mexico, they went to
wallow in Latin glamour. This is a
bad town for blondes.

KIKI
Yes. So I've noticed. Jerry's
noticed -- He'll come up with
something.

ELOISE
You think he's pretty nice, don't
you?

KIKI
Why not? He's a good press agent
and a good friend. Besides, we've
shared a lot of headaches --

ELOISE
You're lucky. I wish he'd front
page for me.

KIKI

Maybe. For three years I've sung in rats' nests, while Jerry pounded his feet off and his brains out -- trying to get me a real chance. We're due for a little luck!

Kiki walks across to the make-up table and sits down in front of it, lifting her hands to unwrap the towel which is wrapped around her head to protect it from make-up. Eloise starts toward the door, but pauses to admire herself in the mirror,.

ELOISE

I don't mean this personally, Miss Walker, but it's ironic --

She pauses, striking a pose the better to look at her own sleek legs in the minor.

ELOISE

I mean you being a star and me being just a cigarette girl.

KIKI

(turning from
(the mirror to
look at Eloise)

I know. I know. You've got the talent. I got the breaks.

She turns back to the mirror.

NED. CLOSE REFLECTION SHOT of Eloise. We see Eloise admiring herself in the long mirror and also the edge of the dressing room door as it slowly begins to swing open.

KIKI'S VOICE

I hear it in night club.

Eloise can see what is opening the door. She lets loose with a shriek of mortal terror.

MED. CLOSE SHOT of Kiki. She whirls quickly and rises, her mouth open in a soundless ejaculation of fright.

REVERSE SHOT - the door. Through the doorway comes the black, spade-shaped head of a panther, ears wickedly flat, muzzle to the floor. He starts into the room with a terrifying zigzag undulation. Eloise yips feebly. Kiki screams.

As the panther advances into the room, one can see that it is held on a taut leash. Holding the leash is Jerry Manning, with a wide, pleasant smile of reassurance on his lips.

CLOSE SHOT Kiki on top of the dressing table. She stands there holding her dressing gown back across her knees in

terror. The little jewel box has fallen to the floor, and the insipid tinkling tune fills the room as it rolls across the floor toward the panther.

MED. SHOT - Kiki, Eloise, Jerry and the panther. Kiki stands on top of the dressing table; Eloise has retreated behind a chair, and Jerry stands between them, grinning, holding the leash of the panther, which is nosing forward to examine the music box

KIKI
(hitting high C)
Get it out of here!

JERRY
Kiki -- he won't hurt you. There's nothing to be afraid of.

KIKI
Makes no difference. Get him out!

JERRY
Listen, Kicks, you'll never guess what I've cooked up this tine...

KIKI
That's easy. Me.

JERRY
I thought -- is Kiki just going to walk on that floor tonight --walk out cold before a bunch of gawks who think a Spanish twirler is the greatest thing in life. No. Not my favorite client. She's going to make an entrance this town will never forget!

KIKI
(pointing to the leopard)
On his back, I suppose.

JERRY
(kidding her)
No. I thought that might be just a little corny. I want you to lead him in on a leash.

KIKI
You're too good to me.

JERRY
Look, Kicks, have I ever done anything to hurt you?

KIKI

No -- not yet.

JERRY
(quite sincerely and with
evident affection)
And I never will- you know
what's between us - we're a thing
But this is serious competition.

ALTERNATE SCENE

KIKI
(hitting high C)
Get it out of here!

JERRY
Kiki - he won't hurt you. There's
nothing to be afraid of.

KIKI
Makes no difference. Get him out.

JERRY
Listen, Kicks, you'll never guess
what I've cooked up this time.

KIKI
That's easy. Me.

JERRY
I thought -- is Kiki just going to
walk on that floor tonight walk out
cold before a bunch of gawks who
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greatest thing in life. No. Not my
favorite client. She's going to
make an entrance this town will
never forget.

KIKI
(pointing to the
leopard)
On his back, I suppose.

JERRY
(kidding her)
No. I thought that might be just a
little corny. I want you to lead
him in on a leash.

KIKI
You're too good to me.

JERRY
(sentimentally)
Look, Kicks, how long have we known

each other?

KIKI
(flatly)
This is 1939. Can't you subtract?

JERRY
Almost three years, isn't it? And
have I ever done anything to hurt
you?

KIKI
No --- not yet.

JERRY
(quite sincerely and
with evident affection)
And I never will -- you know what's
between us -- we're a thing -- But
this is serious -- big competition.

KIKI
Clo-Clo?

JERRY
(indicating leopard)
I thought you might strut this
kitten in right in the middle of
her act.

Kiki grins. Jerry reaches for Kiki's hand, and passes the end of the leash over her fingers.

JERRY
Come down to earth-- and see what a
picture you'd make with this for a
pet.

Keeping a wary eye on the leopard, Kiki lets Jerry help her down. She stands as far away from the beast as the leash will permit.

ELOISE
(warily, from behind the
chair)
And if you've got cold feet honey,
I'll take over for you. That red
dress of yours fits just perfect on
me.

KIKI
(exasperated, turning to
her)
I bet you try on my coffin some day
-- I hope it "fits just perfect."

JERRY
(hastily to Kiki)
You look swell in that three-alarm
number --

KIKI
The red dress?
(thinks a moment)
No. My black one. Then I'll be just
like him.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PATIO EL PUEBLO CAPE - NIGHT

CLOSE SHOT - the fountain. The CAMERA is FOCUSED on the extreme height of the jet of water. We watch the ball on top of this jet as it rises and falls for a few beats. Over this shot we hear the music of a Mexican orchestra.

The CAMERA MOVES DOWN and BACK to reveal the upper tier of the fountain with the water flowing over its edges.

The CAMERA MOVES BACK and we see the wide pool at the base of the fountain. In this pool we see Clo-Clo reflected, as she dances.

The CAMERA PANS to take in the actual dancer and we see Clo Clo whirling and turning in a tight circle. She is illuminated by several baby spots concealed at the base

of the fountain, and this light makes a nimbus of light around her. It is a sort of superaura which washes out the background haze, leaving the dancer clear-cut and sharp in the midst of this superaura.

As Clo-Clo's dance widens in movement, taking her to the edge of the light nimbus, we can see her, the tables and the patrons of El Pueblo.

The El Pueblo cafe is the smartest night club in this small New Mexican resort town. The main dining room is in the patio. Here are tables mantled in snowy tablecloths, glittering candlelight and sparkling glassware. On the porch is an open space for the performers and the orchestra on one side On the other side is a bar.

Tonight, El Pueblo is crowded. Waiters, dressed in rather formal costumes with black trousers and short, white coats, scurry between the tables. A good portion of -the patrons are in evening clothes.

Clo-Clo dances. The rhythmic rattle of her castanets beat out above the orchestra.

Clo-Clo is New Mexican. Like the broncos of her native state,

she is all fine, proud, pure Spanish blood. It has suffered a change in the high clear air of New Mexico. In her dance, too, we see the more primeval strain of the Indian twisted among the finer threads of Spanish rhythm.

She dances. In the pool we see the heavy flutter and turn of her skirt. Her neck, her bosom, her arms, bend and sway and turn and pulse with the bloodbeat of the castanets. She is just entering a graceful turn of the dance, the castanets beginning a glissade, when suddenly she stops dead, the click of the castanets cutting off abruptly.

REVERSE SHOT - the doorway leading into the El Pueblo. Framed in this doorway is Kiki, slim and tall in a black gown with black gloves, and in her outstretched hand is a black leash which links her to the leopard. Behind her the doorway is hot with light so that we see her dramatic outline, a silhouette against luminosity.

MED. LONG SHOT - the cafe. A buzz of amazement sounds from the crowd. There is a flutter of astonishment and timidity.

CLOSEUP of Clo-Clo.

MED. CLOSE SHOT of Kiki. Behind her in the doorway Jerry Manning's face appears. It is obvious that Kiki, despite her dramatic pose, is surreptitiously nervous.

JERRY
(sotto voce)
Don't stand here, Kiki. You're on stage. They're looking at you.

Kiki moves majestically forward.

MED. LONG SHOT - a table near the dance space. Kiki, the leopard moving before her, threads her way between two tables, the patrons drawing away from her black escort as she passes. A waiter, carefully holding the chair between him and the leopard, makes a place for her at an empty table.

Clo-Clo, feet wide apart, arms and hands still half raised and holding the castanets, watches. The orchestra plays feebly on.

Suddenly Clo-Clo smiles. She lifts her hands a little higher, takes a step forward and lets the castanets loose with a roll that sounds like machine-gun fire. The leopard startled, twists in a half turn of fright, strains suddenly at the leash and lunges forward. The leash pulls out of Kiki's frightened hand.

REFLECTION SHOT in the pool. The still water reflects the quick bound and leap of the leopard in its panic flight for freedom.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - Kiki. She stands leaning against the table, trembling in fright. Behind her Clo-Clo can be seen smiling. Jerry comes into the scene, puts his arm about Kiki's waist.

JERRY

Are you all right?

KIKI

(wildly, and
in disgust)

Now look what you've done.

The familiar tone of anger reassures Jerry.

JERRY

(briefly)
You are all right.

MED. SHOT - the leopard bounding through the gate.

MED. SHOT at the gate. A waiter with a napkin over his arm and a water carafe in his hand, stands aghast, pressing his back to the wall in fear. The water carafe falls with a crash. The waiter holds up his hand, dazed. His hand is streaming with blood.

DISSOLVE

EXT. PASAJE DE LAS SOMBRA - NIGHT

SHOT of four policemen, their backs toward us, going through the Alley of the Shadows. Two of them are beating on pots and pans to make a noise. Two others are flashing their flashlights from one side to the other.

We TRUCK WITH them down the alley. They bring us to the open end of the passage, athwart which a fire truck is parked. Near this fire truck stands the Chief of Police, Robles, a dignified, well-spoken, Mexican police officer, serious and conscientious, very much on duty at all times.

ONE OF THE POLICEMEN

No leopard, Chief -- no cat, no
kittens, nothing. We're going to
tackle the houses

Robles nods. He makes a gesture to one of the men on the fire truck and two long lances of light pierce the darkness of the alley.

LONG SHOT - Pasaje De Las Sombras. The shafts of light from the searchlights cross and re-cross, moving, as they explore the dark jags and corners of the alley. It is one of the oldest streets in town, so narrow that even at noonday, the sun has difficulty lightening its dark shadows. The adobe

houses, standing wall to wall, were never built on any straight geometric line; the street makes a dog-leg, meandering, as if loathe to reach its own blind end.

MED. LONG SHOT - the mouth of the alley at the other side of the fire truck. This is a-scene of curiosity and confusion. A police cordon has been erected, and several uniformed Mexican policemen are busy shooing away the spectators, foiling the attempts of small boys to get under the ropes, and generally trying to reduce chaos to an ordered hunt for the leopard.

At the mouth of the alley, next to the fire truck is parked a curious conveyance, a half-ton truck with a gaudy sign which reads:

CHARLIE-HOW-COME
THE LEOPARD MAN
STRETCH LIKE A PANTHER FOR MUSCLES OF STEEL

Leaning against a fender of this vehicle is Jerry Manning, hot, disheveled and excited. He is talking with a short Indian, Charlie How-Come, dressed in Levis, a velvet Zuni jacket, and with a battered felt hat on his coarse black hair.

CHARLIE HOW-COME
Remember what you said: Ten bucks
for the loan of my cat --two
hundred and twenty-five if anything
happened to it.

Jerry tries to control his exasperation.

JERRY
(with strained patience)
But nothing has happened to it. It
got into this alley, and there's no
way out of it. They'll find it.

CHARLIE HOW-COME
You don't get the idea, Mister.
These cops banging those pans,
flashing those lights -- they're
going to scare that poor cat of
mine, Cats are funny. They don't
want to hurt you -- but if you
scare them -- they go crazy. These
cops don't know what they're doing.

A little Mexican boy who has seen listening to the conversation between Jerry and Charlie, is suddenly attracted by something off in the darkness. Grinning, he turns on the hand flashlight he is holding and points it off into the darkness of the alley.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - Clo-Clo's legs. The flashlight picks up a

pair of shapely legs and holds on them as they move forward, The legs stop their walking motion and suddenly begin to stamp with the heel taps that are part of her dance. The light snaps off.

MED. SHOT - Jerry and Charlie. Clo-Clo comes in from the left. She grins at the men.

CLO-CLO
(to Jerry)
Maybe, Mr. Manning would like to help me? I do not need a leopard. I have talent.

Jerry is furious and about to make some retort. Clo-Clo laughs and takes her hands from her pockets. She is holding her castanets, and a ribald rattle drowns anything Jerry might want to say.

CLO-CLO
(moving off)
Goodnight, Mr. Publicity Man.

Jerry glares after her.

EXT. FLOWER SHOP - NIGHT

This is a small flower shop. One or two vases hold wilted flowers which have been left in the display window. Behind them is a mirror. In this mirror we can see the mouth of the alley and Clo-Clo as she walks away from the men and comes toward the flower shop.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Clo-Clo passes the flower shop and continues on.

The CAMERA TRUCKS WITH her. She passes several dark doorways and comes abreast of a dimly lit shop. Behind the grimy window of this store is a large hand-lettered sign:

GENUINE GYPSY READINGS
HAND OR CARD

From the dark doorway of this store, a voice calls out.

MARIA'S VOICE
Why are you hurrying, Clo-Clo?

CLO-CLO
(with a derisive twitter
of her castanets)
Oh, it's you. Faker!

Suddenly a white, thin hand and arm appears from the shadows of the doorway. The hand holds a deck of cards, extending

them toward Clo-Clo temptingly.

MARIA'S VOICE
Take a card, Clo-Clo. See what the
night holds for you.

Clo-Clo hesitates. Looks at the deck of cards.

CLO-CLO
Your cards are a joke. I wouldn't
give you a centavo.

She starts to move away.

MARIA'S VOICE
One card Clo-Clo -- for nothing.

Clo-Clo stops. Pretending indifference, she casually reaches out and takes a card.

INSERT ACE OF SPADES in Clo-Clo's hand.

MED. CLOSE SHOT of Clo-Clo as she stares at the card. She laughs and flips the card back into the darkness of the doorway, letting the castanets in her other hand speak of her disbelief.

CLO-CLO
Faker!

She starts off along the street.

CAMERA TRUCKS WITH her. She passes an open doorway. In the shadow lounges a tall thin man, his figure merging with the darkness. He is smoking. We can see the glow of his cigarette.

CLO-CLO
(in passing)
Hello, Shorty.

The man disregards a verbal reply, but blows a smoke ring toward her. She pokes' her index finger through the ring playfully and goes on.

The CAMERA MOVES WITH her. In the area way of the next building are two lovers, pressed close to each other and close to the wall..

CLO-CLO
Oo! Oo!

THE GIRL
(protestingly)
Clo-Clo.

Clo-Clo goes on. From a window a young girl is peeping, looking up and down the street with large frightened eye a.

CLO-CLO
(smiling)
Hello, Chiquita.

TERESA
(smiling back, a little
hesitantly)
Hello, Clo-Clo.

Clo-Clo goes on, but our CAMERA REMAINS. This is Teresa Delgado, a wisp of a young girl, whose childish, smooth face might go unnoticed if it were not for her enormous and wistful dark eyes. She has on a skimpy cotton dress drawn in at the waist with a five-and-ten cent store belt. Having looked again up and down the street she pulls down the sash and turns back into the room.

INT. DELGADO HOUSE - NIGHT

The Delgado house is typical of the poorer Mexican homes in New Mexico. This main room, which is small, serves as living room, bedroom and kitchen. An Indian blanket covers the doorway into the only other room. The adobe walls are plastered with pictures of religious subjects. The wooden floor is bare. There is a charcoal-burning brasero in one corner. Pots and pans on the hearth of the fireplace show that it is a supplementary stove, The rest of the furniture consists of an iron bedstead, a large and hideous oak table and an open-faced china cabinet which contains the Delgado treasures.

Pedro, Teresa's nine-year-old brother is seated at the oak table, eating from a bowl of frijoles. He is, and looks like, an imp. Teresa is backing away from her mother, who turns away from the window to face her angrily.

TERESA
(evidently resuming
a discussion)
But, Mamacita -- why can't Pedro go
this time? I'm so tired...

PEDRO
(complacently)
I'm too young.

SRA. DELGADO
If your father comes home and there are no tortillas, he will shout -- and tomorrow it will be all over town: the family of Juan Delgado is too poor to buy corn meal! Do you wish we should be so disgraced?

Teresa shakes her head, but makes no move to go. Exasperated, Sra. Delgado reaches for the nearest weapon -- the broom.

SRA. DELGADO

Then go!

Sra. Delgado brandishes the broom toward Teresa, who backs up again.

PEDRO

I know what she's afraid of...

Pedro lifts his hand. It casts a sharp shadow on the wall behind him. Watching the shadow, he manipulates his fingers so as to create the shadow of a leopard's head in miniature.

PEDRO (CONT'D)

This!

SRA. DELGADO

And what, por todos los santos, is "this"?

Teresa braves the threatening broom and moves a step toward her mother.

TERESA

(eager to be believed)
The leopard, Mamacita. They say a lady at the El Pueblo had it on a string and it ran away. It hasn't been found yet...

SRA. DELGADO

A leopard?

PEDRO

(gleefully)
They're big -- and they jump on you!

Pedro jumps the shadow on the wall, to simulate the leap of a leopard.

SRA. DELGADO

(furiously)
Did you ever meet one of those things yet when you went to the store for me?

Teresa swallows, shakes her head mutely.

SRA. DELGADO

(bellowing)
Then you won't meet one this time

either! Now get out! Do as I told you!

Sra. Delgado gives the broom such a backward swing of final purpose that Teresa hurriedly opens the door behind her and slinks out backwards -- her big liquid dark eyes, still futilely pleading, the last to disappear. Sra. Delgado moves after her, pushing the door closed.

She puts the broom in the corner and goes to where Pedro is seated. Here she stands a moment, fondly watching him as he masticates his beans. Behind her the door stealthily opens. Teresa tries to sneak back into the room. Mamacita sees the movement and makes a tempestuous rush toward her, but Teresa sidles out of the door before she can be caught. Mamacita, muttering, slams the door shut and with difficulty pushes the heavy, rust-covered iron bolt into place.

EXT. DOORWAY DELGADO HOUSE - NIGHT

Teresa stands outside the door. We hear the heavy bolt inside driven home forcibly.

SRA. DELGADO'S VOICE

Now -- you will not come in again,
not until you bring the corn meal
with you!

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE DELGADO HOUSE - NIGHT

Teresa steps down from the single doorstep outside her house. She crosses her arms and pulls her shoulders together in a gesture of fear. She looks once, despairingly, at the closed door behind her -- and then reluctantly steps out into the dirt road and starts walking.

EXT. CALDERON GROCERY - NIGHT

Only a large corner window, with the word. "Provisiones" printed on it shows that this ordinary house is a grocery store. In the moonlight, one can see a few boxes of groceries stacked on shelves inside. Teresa comes up to the window and peers in. She knocks on the window.

TERESA

Senora Calderon It is Teresa,
Senor. Teresa Delgado.

Over Teresa's shoulder, we see the interior of the little store light up dimly as a curtain is pulled at the back of the room. Beyond the curtain is revealed another room, brightly lit by a bare electric globe hanging from the ceiling on a cord. Under the light, a man sits at a table, heartily eating from a plate heaped with food. The curtain has been pulled back by Senora Calderon. We see her only in silhouette and the details of her face and figure are

indistinguishable. We do see, however, that her long black hair is down her back and she is braiding it. She walks a little ways into the darkened store.

SRA. CALDERON
(speaking loudly to be
heard through the window)
The store is closed.

TERESA
I just want a sack of corn meal for
my father's supper!

SRA. CALDERON
Tomorrow.

TERESA
(imploringly)
It'll just take a second. ..Please
—or I must go clear across the
Arroyo to the big grocery --

Teresa taps against the window hopefully. But Sra. Calderon turns back toward the doorway into the inner room, where the solitary feaster hasn't even bothered to look up during this exchange.

SRA. CALDERON
(as she goes)
It means taking off the lock again,
putting on the light, measuring the
meal. It's too much trouble. Once I
close, I close!

Sm. Calderon steps into the inner room and draws the curtain closed behind her, as she speaks the last words. Again the store is in darkness -- only a rim of light showing around the edges of the curtained doorway.

TERESA
(quietly — hopelessly)
Senora...

There is no reply. Teresa turns away.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. EDGE OF ARROYO - NIGHT

The Arroyo is a deep narrow cut in the mesa, bone-dry in this season. Its floor of bleached sand and weeds stretches desolately wider a vast moonlit sky. Here and there, children's feet have scuffed steep little trails down the banks.

Teresa appears at the top of one of these trails. She looks

down into the Arroyo -- and then off to the right.

A distance down the Arroyo is a bridge which carries a train track across the dry river bed. To divert the rush of rain water in winter and spring, the bridge is underpropped by two slanting stone piers. They stand out like ribs against the blackness of the underpass, which they divide into three tunnels.

Teresa's face shows her dread of the Arroyo. She turns back the way she came, takes a step away, hesitates and then returns to the edge of the bank.

She starts down the little trail, her feet sliding in the loose sand and a shower of pebbles bouncing down ahead of her.

EXT. ARROYO FLOOR - NIGHT

Teresa stands at the bottom of the bank. She looks off to the bridge again. Then she starts walking forward slowly, a very little figure in the large loneliness of the night.

EXT. EAST SIDE OF BRIDGE - NIGHT

Teresa comes up to the face of the underpass with its three openings. She stares from one black tunnel mouth to another. She glances behind her, then looks at the underpass again. Teresa goes forward again, toward the middle tunnel.

EXT. EAST ENTRANCE OF MIDDLE TUNNEL - NIGHT

The roof of the underpass is only a little higher than Teresa's head and the passage is not more than ten feet wide. The opening is dimly lit by the moonlight, but beyond it is dense blackness. Teresa enters slowly. She takes a few steps toward the blackness -- and stops. She listens. Teresa moves forward again, walking as lightly as possible. The light dims rapidly, so that after Teresa has taken a half dozen steps, she is swallowed up in complete blackness.

The CAMERA HOLDS for a moment on the dark underpass before Teresa emerges from the blackness on the West side. A light scratching sound is heard. Teresa's eyes widen in panic as she hears it and she hurries out of the tunnel, watching fearfully over her left shoulder. She must cut across in front of this other tunnel in order to get to the south bank. She starts across, never taking her eyes off the black tunnel mouth. Suddenly she gives a convulsive start and a little cry escapes before she can control it. A shadowy shape, low to the ground, detaches itself from the dimness of the tunnel opening and moves toward her. Almost at once, we see that it is a large tumbleweed, blowing clown the Arroyo in the wind. Teresa sighs soundlessly and goes on to the foot of the bank. She starts scrambling up another steep little path.

DISSOLVE

INT. BIG GROCERY STOP - NIGHT

This is a fairly good-sized room, lined with shelves and counters. A tall, Indian-type Mexican with iron-grey hair puts a paper sack of cornmeal on the counter in front of Teresa.

She starts toward the door, but noticing a bronze cage with two toy birds in it, a mechanical device which has stood there for years, she goes toward it, puts down her sack of corn meal and goes up close.

TERESA

Oh, the toy birds!

MANUEL

You've seen them before. I couldn't chase you away from the counter when you were a little girl.

She winds up the bird cage.

TERESA

I'd forgotten them.

MANUEL

(smiling, goodhumoredly,
skeptical)

Every day you see them --and you have forgotten them? Oh, I remember my little Teresita -- I remember the little girl who was afraid of the dark. They shouldn't send you.

The birds have begun to sing, a highly mechanical rendering of a bird song.

TERESA

I'm not afraid. What could happen to me?

The birds sing and she pretends to listen. Manuel leans against the inner door of the grocery watching her, smiling and amused. Finally his smiling irks her into action. She picks up her sack of corn meal.

TERESA (CONT'D)

(as she
starts off)

I'll pay you tomorrow.

MANUEL

Never fear -- next time you come.
The poor don't cheat one another.
We're all poor together.

In the bronze cage the two birds continue to sing their mechanical song. Their heads turn from side to side. We hear the door close behind Teresa. The birds are still singing as we

DISSOLVE

EXT. CORNER WEST SIDE OF BRIDGE - NIGHT

There is a sound of slow, measured dripping. It comes from water seeping out between two rocks and dropping onto another rock below. These rocks are piled up at the juncture of the bridge and the left bank and the water is evidently leaking from some water main or sews go pipe running under the highway overhead.

EXT. WEST SIDE OF BRIDGE - NIGHT

Teresa is approaching the entrance of the middle tunnel, She is evidently scared -- her footsteps are lagging and she holds the sack of corn meal in both hands, as if feeling its weight. She looks fearfully at the black tunnel before her and comes to a standstill, trying to peer into the blackness. In the silence, the dripping of the water can be heard. Teresa looks up and to the left to locate the sound. She sees the shining dampness on the rocks. She turns back to the middle tunnel before her -- and, drawing a deep breath of resolution, starts to enter it. But she hesitates and then, suddenly, veers over to the left. She peers into the opening of that tunnel.

INT. OPENING OF NORTH TUNNEL - NIGHT

The wall of the tunnel is also damp with the seepage from above. It reflects the outer moonlight in glistening streaks, so that the blackness here is not so complete as in the other tunnel..

EXT. WEST SIDE OF BRIDGE - NIGHT

Teresa gets a fresh grip on the bag of corn meal by shifting her hands under it -- and walks into the entrance of the north tunnel.

INT. NORTH TUNNEL - NIGHT

Again, the crunching sound of Teresa's footsteps are magnified in the enclosure of the tunnel walls. It is very dim, but the luminosity of the damp wall casts a faint light on Teresa, reflecting in her wide, frightened eyes. She walks slowly and lightly, her eyes going from side to side in the darkness, her neck and head held rigidly. Suddenly she stops with a sharp intake of breath, Ahead of her and to her left are two tiny gleams of light. Teresa backs away from them. As she does so, they seem to fall and vanish.

Slowly Teresa moves forward again, staring at the place where the lights had been. As she moves parallel to the spot, they appear again. A half-cry dies away in her throat --she sees that the gleams are two drops of seepage, trickling down the side of the tunnel wall. Teresa half closes her eyes and sways a little, faint with fear. Then she forces herself to move forward again. She takes one -- two fearful steps -- and then the underpass reverberates with a sudden tremendous shock of sound -- more a giant vibration than actual noise. It is a train passing overhead.

INT. NORTH TUNNEL - NIGHT

As Teresa stands transfixed, the terrific roar continues. Second after second, flashes of light as brilliant as lightning illuminate the interior of the tunnel -- the reflections thrown into the Arroyo by the train windows. And then, as abruptly as it began, the noise ceases. It is cavernously dark in the tunnel again. In this thick stillness, Teresa walks forward once more.

EXT. EAST SIDE OF BRIDGE - NIGHT

In the frame of the tunnel opening, Teresa stands for a moment. Behind her, there is a new sound -- a mere whisper of sound carried forward on the light wind. A little shower of rubble falls from the top of the concrete pier. Teresa turns to look behind her.

Crouched on one of the piers of the trestle -- and seen only very dimly in the darkness -- is the leopard, looking down into the Arroyo.

An enormous big HEAD CLOSEUP of Teresa.

An enormous big HEAD CLOSEUP of the leopard, its clear golden eyes fixed and staring.

EXT. ARROYO FLOOR - NIGHT

Teresa's nails dig into the paper sack of corn meal and little trickles of the meal start spilling from the slits. Her eyes widen and her face falls slack from the horrible shock of what she sees. She turns and runs.

EXT EDGE OF ARROYO - NIGHT

Teresa scrambles frantically up over the edge of the bank. She stumbles and falls and the sack of corn meal drops from her hands and spills onto the ground. In a single move, Teresa is on her feet and running again. A shadow flashes over the spilled meal and we hear a heavy, ripping snarl.

INT. DELGADO HOUSE - NIGHT

It is quiet and peaceful in the Delgado home. Senora Delgado

is puttering about the brasero. Pedro, on all fours, is reading a comic book, his rump high in the air, his chin two inches from the book. Suddenly, a wild rain of knocks on the door fill the little room. Sonora Delgado, at the brasero, drops a spoon with a clatter and Pedro springs up.

TERESA'S VOICE

(screaming)

Mamacita, let me in! Let me in, let me in!

SENORA DELGADO

Hah!

Sonora Delgado smirks knowingly and puts her hands on her hips.

TERESA'S VOICE

If you love me, let me in -- !

SENORA DELGADO

(mimicking Teresa)

Mamacita -- let me in. Let me in, now that I've spent half the night getting the corn meal!

TERESA'S VOICE

It's coming -- it's coming closer.
I can see it...

PEDRO

She is afraid of the leopard.

SENORA DELGADO

Just what she needs -- something to nip at her heels and hurry her up -

She is interrupted by a scream so high, of such agonized finality, that it makes the others before it seem like nothing at all. Mingled with the scream and blurring the end of it comes an impact of such violence that the whole door structure shakes with it from top to bottom. A puff of dust wells up around the door from the impact of the blow.

REPRO

(his voice high with fear)

Madre do Dolores, she isn't fooling!

Pedro jumps to his feet. An instant change has come over the face of Senora Delgado. She hurls herself forward.

SENORA DELGADO

(beseechingly)

Wait, Teresa! I come! I will let you in...

Senora Delgado tugs at the rusty bolt.

SENORA DELGADO

Only a moment, querida, hija do mi
alma -- your mother is here --

As Senora Delgado tugs vainly at the bolt, Pedro darts over to the fireplace and grabs up a stone from the hearth.

SENORA DELGADO

Your mother will let you in --

Pedro rushes to the door and pushes his mother's hands aside. He hammers the unruly bar back with the stone.

Then, he draws back and looks down at his feet. Senora

Delgado's horrified eyes follow his glance.

Under the crack of the door seeps a dark tongue of blood, widening and lengthening on the rough wooden floor.

DISSOLVE

CLOSE SHOT of display window. The flowing blood dissolves into a film of water flowing across the window.

The CAMERA PULLS BACK and we see a long handled squeegee come down the left hand side of the window, clearing a strip of clear glass. Through this clear glass we look into C. T. Johnson's Undertaking Parlor.

INT. UNDERTAKING PARLOR - DAY (AS SEEN THROUGH THE WINDOW)

This shop occupies an ordinary store building. The display window contains a solitary wreath of gilded leaves. Behind this wreath is a green baize curtain. The shop itself has a sad air of unctuous gentility. On the left side of the room are coffins on polished brass tressels. These coffins are half open to reveal the luxurious satin linings. In the back is a roll-top desk and swivel chair. In the rear of the shop is a door leading to the embalming room. This is curtained with the sane green baize. Over this whole interior is the eerie moire light that comes through the water-flowing window.

Uncomfortable and stiff in their grief, we see the Delgados. The fat Senora, the little boy and the father in his stiff blue serge Sunday suit, stand near the wall. With them is a nun in the sweet, sad costume of the Carmelite order. At the other side of the room stands Kiki, somewhat abased, and very ill at ease in the presence of the Delgados' grief.

The window cleaner steps closer to the glass, lifts up his long handled squeegee and opens up another strip beside the

first.

INT. UNDERTAKING PARLOR - DAY

MED. CLOSE SHOT of the doorway taking in the Delgado family. Senora Delgado is weeping, with tears running unchecked down her big flat cheeks. Her husband, unable to express his grief, stands twisting a cheap velour hat in work-gnarled hands. The little Delgado boy, unable to comprehend the finality of death is interested and quick-eyed, letting his glance rove from one object of interest to another, then suddenly bored, as is the manner of children, distracts himself by making the leopard shadow on the wall.

From the other room we can hear, the sound of men's voices, not clearly distinguishable, but growing in clarity. Kiki opens her purse, fumbles out a little soiled sheaf of bills and crosses the room. She hands the money to the nun.

KIKI

(in a half whisper)
Sister, I'd like the family to have
this -- might help with the funeral
expenses.

The nun smiles, nods her head and tucks the money up under her sleeves. Kiki crosses back to the other side of the room.

Midway through this action, the voice in the other room has risen in volume and clarity so that we hear the coroner speaking. From behind the green baize curtain the words come in that solemn, yet routine fashion, which is the specialty of county clerks and other minions of the law.

CORONER'S VOICE

...this evidence having been
presented before me on this, the
tenth day of April, I hereby
declare that Teresa Guadalupe Maria
Delgado was brought to her death by
violence, resulting from the
release of a wild animal, a
leopard, purportedly on theatrical
exhibition in this city -- Death by
accident.

As the last word is spoken, Jerry makes his appearance through the doorway. His face is drawn and earnest, reflecting the ordeal of looking at the mutilated remains of the young girl. He crosses the room toward Kiki.

MED. SHOT of Jerry as he takes his place beside Kiki. He looks at her as if seeking some comforting sign of friendliness. She keeps her eyes purposely averted from him.

MED. SHOT. Through the curtained doorway come the coroner and

Robles. The coroner carries a sheaf of papers in his hand. Coming through the doorway quickly, he turns and seats himself at the desk in order to sign and seal these documents.

Chief Robles, with his uniform cap in his hand, goes over to the Delgado family. In his face we can see the sympathy and feeling he has for his fellow townsmen. He puts his arm about Delgado's shoulder and embraces him with that peculiar Mexican embrace in which the hand and arm thump the embraces's shoulders.

ROBLES

It's all right, my friend. It is
the will of God.

The genuineness of his sympathy and the sincerity of his voice take the banal touch from these simple words. Jerry looks on with interest. He turns to Kiki.

JERRY

(sotto voce)

Suppose I slip them a few bucks —
for the funeral expenses.

KIKI

Don't be soft.

She pulls sharply at his arm to emphasize the point. He shrugs, abashed.

From the inner room a fourth man comes out, a medium sized gentleman in a light gray business suit with a felt hat in his hand. His face seems stiff and he walks a little bit unsteadily. Passing Jerry, he extends his hand and pats Jerry's arm.

GALBRAITH

An unfortunate accident. Nobody
blames you, Mr. Manning. You
mustn't feel badly.

Jerry nods; not at all anxious for further condolences. Galbraith goes on to stand in the doorway. Robles leaves the Delgado family and comes over to where Jerry and Kiki are standing.

ROBLES

You can go now, Manning. There is
no way we can hold you legally
responsible.

JERRY

Thanks, Sheriff.

Robles passes on a step or two, and then with a glance at

Jerry.

ROBLES

That leopard's got to be found. I'm forming a posse. I can use help. -

From the doorway, Galbraith answers quickly.

GALBRAITH

Count me in.

Jerry makes an impulsive move forward -- then stops himself.

JERRY

(shaking his head)

I haven't done any posse work since last time I rode with Toni Mix at the old Bijou Theatre -- aged six, If you're interested,

ROBLES

Go on foot.

JERRY

It's not for me.

(grinning)

I'm literally and figuratively a tenderfoot.

He lifts one foot and pats the ankle to illustrate his point. Robles passes on and out of the doorway, Galbraith joining him. With a backward look at the Delgado family, and a little hesitantly and slowly, Jerry and Kiki also leave the funeral parlor.

EXT. UNDERTAKER'S PARLOR - DAY

MED. CLOSE SHOT - Jerry and Kiki as they stand in the center of the sidewalk.

JERRY

I suppose he was trying to make me feel bad.

KIKI

And I suppose you don't feel bad!

Before Jerry can protest.

KIKI

Who was the other man?

JERRY

I don't know — a witness. He seemed to know something about animals -- you know -- expert

testimony.

KIKI

What did he have to do -- look at
the body?

JERRY

We all, had to look at the body. It
was awful, Kiki -- awful!

Kiki makes a movement as if to put her hand comfortingly on
his sleeve, then changes her mind, dropping her hand.

MED. SHOT - Undertaking Parlor - as the Delgado family
emerges and starts down the street. The mother and father
walk ahead, the father's arm about the mother's shoulder.
They are followed by Pedro, his hand in the Nun's hand as
they walk together. Kiki and Jerry fail to see them, and it
is necessary for Senor Delgado to ask for room.

SEÑOR DELGADO

Excuse, please.

Jerry and Kiki move hurriedly out of the way to let the
little group of mourners go past. Jerry and Kiki stand
watching them for a moment.

CLOSEUP of Jerry, his expression betraying anxiety and
indecision.

DISSOLVE

INT CLO-CLO'S DRESSING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

LARGE HEAD CLOSEUP of Maria. The beautiful face of the
fortune teller, coifed and framed in the folds of a shawl,
looks pure and Madonna-like. Her downcast eyes add to the
holy feeling. Then, suddenly, her hand comes up and puts a
lighted cigarette droopingly between her lips. The Madonna
pose is shattered as though a stone had been thrown into
still water.

The CAMERA MOVES BACK to show Maria seated at Clo-Clo's
dressing table, dealing out the cards. The last card to leave
her hand is the Ace of Spades. She gazes at it for a moment,
then hastily rakes up the deck and shuffles the cards.

Behind her during this entire scene we have heard the tinkle
of Moorish finger cymbals in metronome-like rhythm, the
sounds spaced far apart.

CLO-CLO'S VOICE

That card again?

MED. SHOT - Clo-Clo and Maria. Clo-Clo is behind Maria. She
has on a practice suit; black jersey leotards to the waist

and a black silk bandeau about her breasts. She is using the chair rail of the dressing room as a bar to practice a ballet step while she beats out the slow rhythm of her exercise with the Moorish finger cymbals. Maria again deals the cards and Clo-Clo continues to play and practice. There is a contrapuntal rhythm between the dealing of Maria's cards and the slow tinkle of the cymbals.

MARIA

I made a mistake. It was a misdeal. I'll try once more.

The cards "slap-slap" as she deals. As they fall, Maria speaks.

MARIA (CONT'D)

It's a blackcard and bad card, but not the card of the cat -- not the card of four-footed things.

CLO-CLO

I saw Teresa. Maybe I was the last to see her except perhaps her Mamacita and her little brother. I was going past --

MARIA

(still dealing))
They buried Teresa today and they were hunting the leopard again -- out in the country this time. But they didn't get him.

CLO-CLO

They're fools. Why don't they let Charlie How-Come hunt it alone. He's an Indian.

MARIA

All men are fools. They like to make a big show -- shout and hunt --

She is about to deal the last card, when she stops and looks at it, then sweeps up the deck without dealing the remaining card.

CLO-CLO

The bad card again?

Maria nods.

CLO-CLO

What did they say before the bad card came up?

MARIA

You'll meet a rich man and he will give, you money.

CLO-CLO

(disdainfully)

You and your cards. Meet a rich man! I look for them with money. What rich man hasn't money. And for what was I born if it wasn't for money? You're not telling me anything.

MARIA

(with a shrug)

Watch and see, A day or a week - but certainly this month -- you will have money from a man and then-

CLO-CLO

(sharply)

And then what?

MARIA

I will have to read the cards again. There was a mistake.

CLO-CLO

(shooing her out)

You and your mistakes. Get out! I've got to dress for the supper, show and I don't want you to put the evil eye on me. Vamoose!

Maria unhurriedly snuffs out her cigarette, pockets her cards and starts for the door. As she opens the door, we see Jerry Manning going past, dressed in slacks and sports shirt, carrying his coat over his arm. He is dusty and tired. Clo Clo looks after him with a malicious grin.

INT. DRESSING ROOM DOORS - NIGHT

SHOT of Jerry as he knocks at Kiki's door.

JERRY

Are you decent?

From inside we hear Kiki's voice.

KIKI'S VOICE

Yes. Come in.

He opens the door. We can see she is seated in the armchair and has a magazine in her hand which she has been reading. She is dressed in street clothes.

KIKI

Well, does everybody love us now?
You've been gone long enough to
soft-soap twenty editors!

JERRY
(without particular
conviction)

Yeah.

KIKI
(drawling)
And did you find the leopard?

Jerry realizes that Kiki is onto him. He gives her a look as if to say, "So you knew." He bends down and starts brushing at his trousers.

KIKI
It must be the altitude -- you,
bucking around the countryside with
a lot of boot-and-saddle boys --

JERRY
(trying to explain)
The whole town's in a state, Kiki
—doors locked, people huddling
together like scared sheep —nobody
on the streets at night —

KIKI
(bitterly)
Our first real break -- and we
throw wild animals at the audience

JERRY
Forget it. I'm buying a drink for a
fellow who was on the posse with
me, a nice guy. Come along he'll
get a great kick out of meeting
you.

Kiki picks up her hat from the dressing table and goes toward the door slowly. Jerry finishes brushing his clothes.

KIKI
Who is he?

JERRY
You remember the fellow this
morning -- Galbraith. You've got
time before the supper show.

Kiki joins him in the doorway and they start down the corridor.

INT. EL PUEBLO CAFE - NIGHT

MED. CLOSE SHOT of Eloise coming toward camera. She is in professional costume, and passes slowly along the front of the bar. She is smiling and opening a package of cigarettes.

JERRY'S VOICE
(evidently at end of long
recital)
.And it was sand, sand every foot
of the way --

Eloise turns and the CAMERA TURNS WITH her. She stops at a small table where Jerry, Kiki and Galbraith are seated. She hands the package of cigarettes to Jerry. (Note: Kiki is wearing her hat in this scene)

JERRY
(finishing and paying for
cigarettes)
— As long as my feet held out.

KIKI
And not a sign of the leopard?

Galbraith shakes his head, Jerry smiles his thanks to Eloise. She goes on out of scene.

KIKI
Jerry told me you were an expert
with animals, Mr. Galbraith.
Couldn't you tell where it went?

GALBRAITH
To know where that leopard went --
I'm afraid you'd have to be a
leopard and think like a leopard. I
was a naturalist. That hardly
qualifies me as an expert in
hunting down lost leopards. I used
to teach zoology in a little
fresh-water college back East. I
gave that up.

Kiki is just normally curious, not conscious that she is prying.

KIKI
What do you do now?

GALBRAITH
There's a little museum here in town. They've hired me to run it, We've some interesting exhibits of Indian arts and crafts. It's fun -- and I like living here in New Mexico.

KIKI
Why did you give up teaching?

GALBRAITH
(after a little pause)
Various reasons.
(switching the
conversation)
But I can't see why you'd be
interested in the rather dusty
career of William Galbraith --
teacher, naturalist, curator --
when you lead such a gay and
exciting life yourself.

JERRY
(wryly)
Show business?

GALBRAITH
Yes. It's always fascinated me.
(confidentially)
You know, once, when I was a
youngster, I went to see Mrs.
Leslie Carter in "Zaza." After the
play I stood in the alley just to
watch her come out.

Both the younger people laugh at his unabashed simplicity.

GALBRAITH
(to Kiki)
So you see meeting you is a real
thrill for me.

KIKI
Well, I'm hardly Mrs. Leslie Carter
—whoever she was. In fact, I'm not
even much of a success around here
particularly after the backfire on
Jerry's little publicity stunt with
the leopard.

GALBRAITH
That was unfortunate.

KIKI
(with a hard look at
Jerry)
That was a calamity!

She nods her head toward the main door.

KIKI
Look!

MED. LONG SHOT including the table and the door beyond. Through this doorway Clo-Clo emerges in her costume. She enters with the proud step of a reigning favorite. There is a light spatter of applause from the bar and the tables on the porch. Clo-Clo, taking the castanets from her bosom, begins walking toward the dancing space. Passing the table where Kiki, Jerry and Galbraith sit, she grins broadly and maliciously. Leaning slightly toward them she makes a derisive sound on her castanets, then stalks on. They follow her with their eyes as she starts down the steps. From the audience in the main portion of El Pueblo cafe comes the sound of brisk applause and Clo-Clo's answering hail on the castanets. Her dance music begins. Kiki starts getting up. The two men rise with her.

KIKI
(she rises)
Well, I'm next. You won't hear anything like that, Mr. Galbraith.
(gesturing toward
applause)
I'm not a popular favorite since I let the leopard loose.

GALBRAITH
(with heavy gallantry)
I'm sure if you are as talented as you are charming, Miss Walker, you have nothing to worry about.

KIKI
(moving off)
Thanks.

Galbraith starts to knock out his pipe on the heel of his hand.

GALBRAITH
Well, I'd best be off.

JERRY
(putting a restraining hand on his forearm)
I want to ask you something.

Galbraith looks at him questioningly.

JERRY
It's about the leopard.

GALBRAITH
You're worrying about its killing someone else?

JERRY

Yes. I want to go out and patrol
the town - be everywhere at once -
be sure nothing happens to anybody.

GALBRAITH

Of course. It's the way any decent
man would feel in your position.

JERRY

You know about animals -- their
habits -- will it come back?

GALBRAITH

No. I'm quite sure.

Jerry gives a little sigh of relief.

GALBRAITH

There is no danger at all. It's a
wild animal. Do you think a wild
animal prefers walls, streets and
people when it can get into open
country?

JERRY

(terribly anxious to be
convinced)

That's right, of course.

GALBRAITH

(starting toward the
steps)

Don't feel so concerned, Jerry.

As they descend the steps together, the CAMERA HAVING PANNED LEFT to stay with them, now DOLLIES BEFORE them as they go down the path, toward the fountain. They come abreast of the fountain and Galbraith pauses a moment.

GALBRAITH

I've seen a bit of life, and I have learned one thing. We are like that ball dancing on the fountain. We know as little about the forces that move us and move the world around us as that empty ball, which lives only because the water pushes it into the air, lets it fall and catches it again. You shouldn't feel too badly about Teresa Delgado.

CLOSE SHOT - the fountain. We see the ball rising and falling - oscillating in its movement.

Clo-Clo is dancing, and although we can not see her, we can hear the click of her castanets, the quick, hard tread of her feet. We catch an occasional glimpse of her shadow, as she passes in dancing on the other side of the fountain.

DISSOLVE

INT EL PUEBLO CAFE - EARLY MORNING

CLOSE SHOT of the fountain. The jet of water has been turned off and the ball floats quietly on the surface of the innermost basin.

MED. LONG SHOT of Clo-Clo, as she makes her way to the gate. She is dressed in street clothes. Bus boys are busy piling chairs onto the tables while two young maids are hosing down the tiles. Cigarette butts, bits of paper and other odds and ends of the night's trade litter the cafe and go swishing ahead of the streams of water.

Clo-Clo smiles to one of the young maids as she passes.

CLO-CLO
A long night, Chiquita.

MAID
(straightening up and
shutting down the hose
with her thumb)
How long can a night be, Clo-Clo,
when you spend it dancing?

CLO-CLO
(passing by)
Twice as long as a day with your
mop and pail.

The girl laughs and lets the water of the hose spray out again. Clo-Clo goes on, out of the gate.

DISSOLVE

EXT. THE STREET - EARLY MORNING

TRUCKING SHOT of Clo-Clo as she walks wearily down the deserted street. She is smoking a cigarette. Swinging from one hand is the little ornamented chamois bag in which she keeps her castanets. She comes to the flower store, sees that it is open and, throwing her cigarette away, starts in.

INT FLOWER STORE - EARLY MORNING

MED. SHOT - Rosita, Senora Contreras' maid, has selected a bouquet of long stemmed roses from a large tin bucket. As she

holds them aloft the flower vender, a chubby good-natured little Mexican in his late fifties, gently wraps a piece of newspaper around the wet stems.

FLOWER VENDOR
(indicating the stems)
Roses are like children -- some
have short legs and some long.

The flower vendor laughs loudly, his body vibrating. Rosita sees no humor in this remark and taking a coin from her pocket, hands it to him. Still chuckling, the vendor moves to his cash drawer, to make change. In the b.g., Clo-Clo can be seen entering the store. She tiptoes forward directly behind the flower vendor and ignoring Rosita completely, snatches a wilted gardenia from a tin. The flower vendor has caught this action in the mirror and whirling, pulls the gardenia out of her hand, and at the same time turns back to the cash drawer. Clo-Clo isn't at all abashed by the vendor's action.

CLO-CLO
You can't sell it - it's a day old.

VENDOR
But my stomach isn't a day old. If
I don't sell flowers -- I don't eat
-- and I love to eat.

Clo-Clo tries a new approach. Coyly she winks at him.

CLO-CLO
I'll tell everybody you gave it to
me, -- that will be good for your
business.

VENDOR
Yes, -- but bad for my wife.

The vendor drops the change into Rosita's hand, then turning on Clo-Clo, shoes her off with a motion.

ANOTHER ANGLE -- taking in Rosita at edge of stall. She looks off at Clo-Clo and with a grand gesture, pulls a long stemmed rose from the bouquet.

ROSITA
My mistress, Consuelo Contreras,
does not have to beg for flowers.
She won't miss one.

Rosita flings a rose to Clo-Clo. Clo-Clo catches it. With a snap she breaks the stem and thrusts the rose into her hair.

CLO-CLO
(impudently)
Thank the Senorita for me.

EXT STREET - EARLY MORNING

MED. LONG SHOT. The CAMERA PANS WITH Rosita as she hurriedly crosses the street and mounting the opposite sidewalk, enters the Contreras' home.

INT. ENTRANCE HALL CONTRERAS' HOME - EARLY MORNING

It is a cool, shadowy square room. At the back is a stairway. The floor is tiled. Through an arched grilled doorway, we can see the living room beyond. The front door opens and Rosita steps in hurriedly, her heels clicking on the tile floor. Three people are standing waiting. They are Senora Contreras, Cousin Felipe and Marta, an old servant who is more companion than maid in the household by this time. Marta is dressed all in black -- dress, shoes and apron. Her grey hair is dragged back to a knot. She wears tiny gold loops in her pierced ears and a gold cross at the fastening of her high collar. Senora Contreras, a dignified, imposing woman with the remnants of great beauty still apparent in her expressive eyes and lovely hair, is dressed in a flowing lacy negligee. In her arms she carries a little Chihuahua dog. Cousin Felipe is a dapper little cat of a man, meticulously dressed in the proper apparel of thirty years ago. The Senora and Cousin Felipe are waiting on the stairs. Marta is in the hail.

MARTA

(crossly)

Shhh!

SENORA CONTRERAS

(softening the rebuke,
whispering)

It will spoil the birthday song,
Rosita, if we wake her too soon.

Rosita nods contritely. Walking with exaggerated care, she joins them and they all start up the stairs.

The CAMERA FOLLOWS them as they go upstairs.

INT. UPPER HALLWAY - EARLY MORNING

SHOT of Senora Contreras, Marta and Rosita as they come up to the landing and start on tiptoe toward a door. The Senora Contreras puts her hand on the knob softly. Cousin Felipe pulls a single rose from Rosita's armful. Marta sees him - she glares but says nothing.

INT. CONSUELO'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

Although the curtains of the room are drawn, the softly filtered daylight shows this to be a room of delicacy and lightness. The simplicity of the white walls, the sheer curtains hanging across the barred, embrasured windows, the

lovely lace coverlet and the pretty young-girl trinkets on the dressing table give the room an air of lightness.

As the door swings inward, the sunlight fills the room. Then we see, lying in the bed, serenely asleep, Consuelo Contreras. This is her eighteenth birthday.

Senora Contreras walks to the foot of the bed and stands looking down at her daughter. She smiles sadly. In still, untroubled sleep, the full vulnerability of Consuelo's youth is touchingly apparent.

Marta stands to one side, a little behind Senora Contreras. Cousin Felipe remains in the background, near the open door. Rosita tiptoes cautiously to the head of the bed and carefully puts down the roses, so that the blossoms lie in the curve of Consuelo's outflung arm. She has to drop on one knee to do this and she stays in this position, slowly drawing her hands away from the flowers. They start singing "Las Mananitas" the traditional birthday song of Mexico -- singing very softly at first.

Consuelo stirs slightly and then opens her eyes. Lying as she does, the first thing she sees are the roses, lying beside her.

She lifts her eyes from the roses to see Rosita's eager smiling face, almost on a level with her own. Rosita's smile broadens but she goes on singing dutifully.

Still bemused, but beginning to smile faintly herself, Consuelo looks beyond Rosita and sees Cousin Felipe standing back by the door. Very much the gallant, he touches his stolen rose to his lips and tosses it to Consuelo.

Consuelo continues her survey of the room and turns her eyes to the foot of the bed.

CONSUELO
(happily and lovingly)
Madrecita!

Senora Contreras nods slowly, but continues to sing with the others as they go into the chorus.

Consuelo starts to sit up, pulling the roses to her.

Rosita gets up, too, and props the pillows behind her young mistress. Senora Contreras comes around the bed and sits on the edge of it as the song finishes.

ROSITA
Good morning on your birthday,
Senorita Consuelo --

Marta goes to one of the windows and motions Rosita to the

other.

MARTA

It is a good morning, nina -- see
how the sun is shining for you - -

Marta draws back the curtains and the room, already light, seems to grow even lighter. Senora Contreras leans forward and kisses Consuelo's forehead.

CONSUELO

What a lovely way to wake up!

She looks from the bouquet of roses to the single rose that Cousin Felipe threw onto the bed. She picks it up and holds it to her face.

CONSUELO

It is so beautiful, Cousin Felipe.
Thank you for buying it!

At Consuelo's first words, Cousin Felipe begins to beam. But he glances across the room and encounters Marta's grin, sardonic glance just as Consuelo says "How carefully you must have picked it out!" Abashed, he murmurs something unintelligible and quietly slips out of the room.

At the window, Rosita has been standing with her back to Marta, staring fixedly at Consuelo to attract her attention. She makes a little notion with her hands now and Consuelo glances at her. Smiling secretively, Rosita draws a white envelope part way out of her apron pocket, just enough to let Consuelo see what it is. Then she hastily puts it out of sight again. There is a sudden light in Consuelo's eyes. She is transfigured with a really exultant happiness.

SENORA CONTRERAS

(amused)

Had you forgotten that it was your
birthday? I believe you had --

Consuelo gives a helpless little laugh of delight, throws her arms around her mother end puts her head down against her mother's shoulder.

CONSUELO

I'm so happy -- so happy!

Senora Contreras pats the girl's head fondly. Marta, leaving the room, smiles at mother and daughter.

MARTA

(turning at the door)

Rosita!

Rosita slowly walks away from the window and toward the door,

But as soon as Marta has gone out of the door, she stops at the dressing table on the pretext of dusting the bottles with her apron.

Senora Contreras rises, with difficulty, and also goes to the door.

SENOORA CONTRERAS
Hurry now, my sweet, or we will be late for mass.

As Senora Contreras leaves the room, Rosita whirls around from the dressing table.

CONSUELO
(excitedly)
Quick! Give it to me!

Rosita hands Consuelo the letter, Consuelo tears it open and reads the few lines. From her expression, one sees that even the handwriting of her beloved fills her with happiness.

CONSUELO
He will be waiting...

ROSITA
(eager to help)
You must say that you went to take some of the roses to your father's grave...

CONSUELO
(reading the note again)
At four. He will be there at four.

She goes to the window and looks out.

CLOSE SHOT of Consuelo at window. Beyond her we see the sun dial on the wall. It is seven o'clock and the shadows lie thick and heavy in the morning quadrant.

CONSUELO
The time will never pass.

DISSOLVE

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

At a French window in the living room downstairs, Consuelo is pulling aside the heavy lace curtains and looking out. Beyond her we see the big sun dial and the shadows lie heavy in the afternoon quadrant. It is nearly 5:00. She drops the curtain and turns back into the room.

MED. LONG SHOT - living room. Senora Contreras is half reclining in a chaise lounge. Consuelo is sitting on a petit

point footstool beside the chaise lounge. Both of them have embroidery frames in their hands. They are working on very fine, sheer pillow cases,

CONSUELO
(nervously)
It seems to be getting darker in here.

Senora Contreras glances over at the bright sunlight in the windows.

CONSUELO
Aren't you afraid you will have a headache from working so long, Mama?

SENORA CONTRERAS
If we don't work on these a little each day, they will never be done -- and you will be a poor bride.

Consuelo looks at her mother curiously and a little apprehensively. Senora Contreras smiles but does not reply. A clock on the mantel strikes five in tiny bell tones. Consuelo looks at the clock desperately. Senora Contreras puts down her embroidery frame.

SENORA CONTRERAS
It is late, isn't it? Too late, I'm afraid, for you to go to the cemetery now.

Consuelo jumps to her feet.

CONSUELO
But I must go to the cemetery, Mamas! It's my birthday -- I must!

Senora Contreras studies the girl's troubled face. She reaches out her hand, takes Consuelo's hand and pulls the girl to her.

SENORA CONTRERAS
I did not come into this world a middle-aged widow, mi hijita...

Consuelo shakes her head in agreement -- but looks puzzled.

SENORA CONTRERAS
Anything you think -- anything you do -- I thought and did before you. And my mother before me...

Consuelo nods dutifully.

SENORA CONTRERAS
You are so young. I don't want you
to look back on anything lacking in
dignity, a few years from now.

CONSUELO
(murmuring)
No, Mama --

SENORA CONTRERAS
Naturally, young men will become
interested in you. They should come
here, to our house. They should be
introduced to you by their parents
or your Cousin Felipe or some other
older relative --

Consuelo nods again. She glances uneasily at her mother and then her eyes go frantically to the clock. Senora Contreras lets go Consuelo's hand and leans back against the chaise lounge. She gives a little sigh of defeat.

SENORA CONTRERAS
Very well -- get Rosita and go.

CONSUELO
Thank you, Mama -- I'll hurry -
I'll be right back!

Consuelo leans over, kisses her mother hastily and then rushes out of the room. Senora Contreras looks at the doorway through which Consuelo has passed. She smiles.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CEMETERY WALL - DUSK

TRUCKING SHOT - Consuelo and her maid are walking along the wall, quickly. Rosita is carrying the roses in her arm.

ROSITA
(importantly)
Pedro is waiting for me, too.

CONSUELO
(shyly)
Rosita -- I have wondered --

ROSITA
What, senorita?

CONSUELO
When you are going to see Pedro,
does your heart beat until you
tremble?

Rosita shrugs. Consuelo lifts one of the roses to her face.

CONSUELO

Once Raoul took my hand and pressed it to his cheek -- so gently, so longingly. Suddenly I was afraid for him -- afraid of everything in the world that might hurt or sadden him. He saw the tears in my eyes --

Consuelo is silent, her face ecstatic, remembering.

ROSITA

(almost sullenly)
Love is different for different people.

CONSUELO

(slowly - thoughtfully)
I suppose so. I suppose it will be different for us, too -- when everyone knows. Then we will be just like other people.
(smiles)
But these last weeks will always be our secret -- a lovely secret to remember all our lives.

EXT. GATES OF ALL SAINTS CEMETERY - TWILIGHT

The light is already dimming when Consuelo and Rosita come up to the gates. In front of the ponderous wooden gates, folded back like great dark wings, stands the gatekeeper of the cemetery. Fe is a very tall, incredibly thin, old man, dressed in a tight black alpaca suit. He has built a little fire in the gutter and stands warming himself by it. In his hands is an unfinished wooden necklace which he is carving.

ROSITA

(hurriedly)
I will see you back at the house,
Senorita...

Consuelo nods and Rosita hurries away down the street. The gatekeeper looks up.

GATEKEEPER

You're late today, Senorita.

CONSUELO

I have brought my birthday flowers for my father's grave -- it will only take a moment --

GATEKEEPER

Time is strange. A moment can be as

short as a breath --or as long as
eternity -- don't linger --

Consuelo starts through the gates, not paying any attention to the old man's words.

GATEKEEPER
(calling after Consuelo)
The gates are locked at six --

There is no reply. The old man shrugs his shoulders and hunches over his little Lire again.

EXT. CEMETERY - CONTRERAS FAMILY PLOT - EVENING

The headstone of Don Rafael Contreras' grave, white stone, with a bronze wreath, is shadowed by the failing light of sunset. The headstone reads:

INSERT RAFAEL CONTRERAS y GARCIA
PRAY FOR HIS SOUL

BACK TO SCENE. Consuelo's flowers lie across the grave. Consuelo is half kneeling, half sitting beside the grave.

CONSUELO
(low, but speaking
perfectly naturally and
conversationally)
And so you must forgive me, father,
for deceiving mother. She will meet
Raoul soon -- and everything will
be as you would wish. I promise.

Consuelo rises and crosses to a near-by path. She looks into the growing shadows of the cemetery -- then up into the trees. Only the tops of them are lighted by the last rays of the sunset.

EXT PATH LEADING TO BELVEDERE IN CEMETERY - DUSK

Consuelo hurries along a path, with trees and graves on either side.

EXT BELVEDERE IN CEMETERY - DUSK

Just off the path is a little belvedere, a circular hedge spaced at intervals by Grecian columns. Inside, a marble bench curves half-way around the hedge. Consuelo approaches it. Seeing the belvedere empty, she looks puzzled. She steps into the belvedere and then turns back and looks into the lowering gloom of the cemetery.

CONSUELO
(uncertainly)
Raoul? ... Raoul...

Consuelo waits, Her face is filled with disappointment and the first faint uneasiness of apprehension as the silence continues. She turns back into the belvedere.

INT BELVEDERE - NIGHT

On the ground a number of partly smoked cigarettes have been stamped out -- and another lies on the marble bench. Consuelo picks it up and looks at it.

DISSOLVE

EXT. ENTRANCE OF CEMETERY - NIGHT

From the inside of the cemetery, we see one of the wooden gates swinging closed,

EXT GATES OF CEMETERY

The Gatekeeper is laboriously pulling the other gate closed. Suddenly, he stops. He pushes the gate back open a little way and, standing in the opening, takes a whistle from his pocket and puts it to his lips. It has a high, thin, quavering sound.

BELVEDERE IN CEMETERY - NIGHT

Consuelo is seated on the marble bench, her posture dejected, lost in thought. In the distance, the whistle sounds faintly. She does not stir.

EXT GATES OF CEMETERY - NIGHT

The Gatekeeper gives two mere short blasts on the whistle.

INT BELVEDERE IN CEMETERY - NIGHT

Consuelo raises her head as the quavering notes sound in the distance. For a moment, she looks puzzled -- then her eyes widen in horrified recognition of the sound. She jumps to her feet.

EXT. BELVEDERE IN CEMETERY - NIGHT

Consuelo steps out of the inclosure. She looks up into the tree tops. They are only darkness now, merging with the almost complete darkness of the sky above. Consuelo runs down the path.

EXT. GATES OF CEMETERY- NIGHT

The Gatekeeper stands listening for a moment and then continues pulling the gate toward him until it clicks shut with the other gate. He drops the whistle into his coat pocket and, from the same pocket, pulls out a large key. He turns it in the lock of the gate. He turns around and moves

toward the street and his little gutter fire. His shadow moves enormously on the gate.

EXT MAIN AVENUE OF CEMETERY - NIGHT

We see Consuelo running down a broad avenue in the cemetery.

EXT GATES OF CEMETERY - NIGHT

MED. LONG SHOT of the closed cemetery gates. The Gatekeeper has disappeared. The little fire burning away in the empty street makes the loneliness of the scene more apparent.

EXT. ENTRANCE OF CEMETERY - NIGHT

Panting, Consuelo flings herself against the closed gates, tugging at the handle.

CONSUELO

Let me out! Help -- helps! Let me out of here!

Looking desperately anxious, Consuelo turns. She looks across the cemetery and then starts running back up the main avenue.

EXT. CROSSROAD OF CEMETERY - NIGHT

At the head of the avenue, several paths fan out in a half circle. Consuelo stands looking from one to another. She chooses the center path and runs into the tree-thickened darkness

EXT. PATH BETWEEN BOX HEDGES -- NIGHT

Consuelo runs at breakneck pace down a path. On either side are box hedges taller than she is.

EXT FORKED PATH - NIGHT

The path Consuelo is on splits into two paths. In the V of the fork is a single grave and over it hovers a tall shaft of marble carved in the likeness of a brooding angel with folded wings and bowed head. Consuelo looks about frantically and then leans against the base of the statue, gasping for breath. Suddenly a wind springs up and the silence is broken into a thousand rustles and murmurs as the wind stirs through the trees. Consuelo shivers and slowly lifts her head to look up toward the tree tops. She looks directly up into the face of the statue.

CLOSEUP of the angel's face is curiously sinister because there is light touching its contours.

Consuelo whirls about to find the source of light. Through the wind-stirred branches she sees the great, lop-sided moons just rising into the night.

She stumbles away from the statue and down the right-hand path, walking a few steps, then running a few steps, trying to force herself to rush on.

Consuelo stands looking down into the old burial ground, a depression filled with weed-grown graves and ancient wooden headstones, either crazily askew or down entirely. It is entirely surrounded by the tall trees of the cemetery — and the moonlight seems to fill the place with mist. Consuelo starts down the slope.

EXT. OLD BURIAL GROUND IN CEMETERY - NIGHT

There are no paths here. The weeds grow solidly across the ground — except where a grave, here and there, has fallen in and its earth is broken into clods. Consuelo stumbles about aimlessly. As she crosses one of the mounds, her foot strikes a fallen wooden marker. It is rotten and the green light of phosphorescence flashes across it,

EXT. PATH LEADING TO WALL IN CEMETERY - NIGHT

Moving again between tall trees, Consuelo moves on, no longer able to run. But when she sees a whiteness between the trees ahead of her, she does spur herself forward more rapidly.

EXT. WALL OF CEMETERY - NIGHT

Consuelo flings herself against the wall, her face alight with hope.

CONSUEL
(calling loudly)
Help! Help! Help!

There is silence. Slowly, keeping her hands pressed against the wall and moving sideways, Consuelo goes alongside the wall until she comes to a tree growing very close to the wall. In fact, one massive bough extends out over the wall and Consuelo looks up at it hopefully. Then her expression changes — becomes tense.

CLOSE SHOT of Consuelo. Her eyes are wide and frightened. From the other side of the wall comes a sound — a light, scratching sound, exactly the same sound as that heard by Teresa Delgado in her first trip through the underpass tunnel. Listening intensely, Consuelo turns her head until her ear is pressed against the wall. Now, we hear the sound more distinctly — as she is hearing it — but it is still a light, feathery sound. Then, suddenly, it ceases. And as Consuelo strains to hear it again, there is the sharp, hollow clap of a car door carelessly flung shut just outside the wall. It is followed by the grind of a car starter. Consuelo jumps up.

CONSUEL

Wait — wait!

The car motor starts. Pressing herself against the wall, Consuelo screams again and again. Finally, as the unseen car starts to slip away, the roar of its motor subsides and at that moment Consuelo's scream sounds clearly. Brakes rasp.

AUTOIST'S VOICE

Hello -- who's that?

Consuelo is breathing in such convulsive gasps that she cannot emit any sound for a moment.

CONSUELO

(weakly)

Here! I'm in here behind the wall!

There is the sound of a car door being opened, and then footsteps beyond the wall.

CONSUELO

I've been locked in. Please get me out --

AUTOIST'S VOICE

Now, don't get panicky. I'll climb over and get you --

Pressed tightly against the wall, Consuelo listens. She hears running footsteps and then the thud of someone jumping up at the wall, trying to get over it with a running start. Once, twice.

AUTOIST'S VOICE

I can't make it. You wait there and I'll get someone to lend me a ladder --

There is the sound of the car door banging shut again.

CONSUELO

(frantically)

No, don't leave me! Don't go away —

AUTOIST'S VOICE

But you're all right now. It's just a matter of a few minutes!

CONSUELO

You won't forget — you'll come back?

AUTOIST'S VOICE

Stay just where you are...

The roar of the motor fills the scene again. Then it is quiet

AUTOIST'S VOICE
Be back before you know it.

There is the sound of the car drawing away. The sound of it lessens, fades – is swallowed in renewed silence. Consuelo stands against the wall, motionless. She turns fearfully, so that her back is to the wall, and peers into the shadows. Suddenly she stiffens.

CLOSE SHOT of Consuelo. Her eyes widen. She turns her head so that her ear is close to the wall. And again we hear the curious scratching sound, and with it, another sound --- a soft, living, breathing sound, as of animal nostrils snuffling along the wall, searching the scent of prey. There is a brief silence, and then Consuelo's head snaps up as we hear a soft padding sound near the top of the wall. She sees only the moon, just visible in the space between the tree bough and the top of the wall. There is nothing to be seen — but a rustling sound comes from the top of the wall. Consuelo's eyes are motionless, fixed on the bough overhead. Very gradually, the great bough lowers, blotting the moon from view. Consuelo presses her back against the wall, as if she would push herself into it, escape through it. Her head, thrown back, is motionless – her eyes watching the ominous movement of the great bough, are motionless. And as she stares, a spasm of terror contorts her face. The bough suddenly springs back and the moon can be seen for one instant. During that instant we hear simultaneously a low, horrible snarl and a scream. Both are cut off as the whole scene blacks out.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. CEMETERY WALL – DAY

A HIGH ANGLE SHOT through the branches of a great tree overhanging the wall shows a scene of sad activity. Consuelo's body, covered with a light canvas sheet, lies the at the foot of the tree. Five ladders, three against the outside wall, two against the inside wall, form a curious pattern of bars and stripes in the clean morning sunlight. Uniformed policemen and plain-clothesmen bustle about. One of them is making a moulage of footprints, his little working space roped off with twine and stakes. Others are examining the tree.

Two policemen, one uniformed, stand at the side and between them stands a young man dazed and broken, almost hanging in the grip of the officers. He is sobbing. This is Raoul Belmonte. Suddenly he screams out hysterically.

BELMONTE
Why? Why? Why?

The policemen gently shake him into silence.

Robles, followed by Galbraith and Jerry come up over the ladders. Robles climbs down the inside ladder as does Galbraith, but Jerry, being younger, leaps down.

MED. CLOSE SHOT — SHOOTING TOWARD the wall.

BELMONTE
(crying out)
Why?

Robles looks over questioningly. The uniformed policeman, a Mexican, answers.

POLICEMAN
El novio.

PLAIN- CLOTHESMAN
(almost simultaneously)
The boy friend.

ROBLES
(not unkindly)
Shut that man up. Take him out of here or give him something to keep him quiet.

As the two officers lead Belmonte away, Jerry looks after him — his face deeply troubled. The three men then turn toward the shrouded body. A police officer, an American with a lieutenant's bars on his shoulders, stands at the head of the corpse. He bends down, lifts up the canvas, and Robles and Jerry peer under for a brief minute. Galbraith does not look.

LIEUTENANT
The leopard again.

ROBLES
Any witnesses?

LIEUTENANT
Just secondary witnesses -- the man who was coming to help her out -- the man he borrowed the ladder from -- they found the body --and the gatekeeper.

The gatekeeper, who has been standing near one of the policemen, takes a half step forward.

GATEKEEPER
I warned her. I told her the gates would be closed.

ROBLES

(quieting him)
That's all right, paisano, it's not
your fault, we know.

The old man shuffles back.

ROBLES
(to Lieutenant)
Anything else -- clues?

The Lieutenant points to a square cardboard box on the ground. Galbraith picks it up.

GALBRAITH
It's the leopard all right. A
broken claw -- some black hairs --

LIEUTENANT
There are claw marks on the tree.

They cross to the tree.

GALBRAITH
He must have made these getting out. Notice the way they've been dug in from above.

NOBLES
(pointing to the ground)
And these leaves. They don't fall this time of year. They must have shaken down on her when it jumped.

Jerry has been looking from one bit of evidence to the other, puzzled. He turns to Galbraith.

JERRY
Doc -- something you said the other day --

GALBRAITH
Yes?

JERRY
It doesn't jibe with this -- you told me the leopard would go out into the country -- it wouldn't stay in the city --

GALBRAITH
Sure -- certainly -- but what's that got to do with this?

JERRY
(a little hesitantly)
That's what I don't understand --

why should it come here -- and why didn't it stay here? It's got trees and bushes here -- outside nothing but cement and asphalt.

GALBRAITH

(a little impatient)

Jerry, I talked to you about the habits of an ordinary wild leopard. This leopard is another matter entirely -- a caged animal travelling around with Charlie How Come for years and years.. That's why it kills human beings.

JERRY

Why?

GALBRAITH

It doesn't know how to hunt its natural prey.

JERRY

But it doesn't eat what it kills.

GALBRAITH

Caged animals are unpredictable. They're like frustrated human beings. I can't answer your question.

ROBLES

That's why it just mauls and tears at them.

JERRY

Something's wrong with this whole setup --

ROBLES

Yes, there is something wrong. People who want publicity and don't mind how they get it --what risks they make other people run -- what agony and sorrow they bring to other people --

JERRY

I know all that, chief, and I don't like it any better than you do, but there's something else --

Robles is about to reply. Galbraith stops him.

GALBRAITH

Just a minute, Robles.

(indicating Jerry)
Let him go on.

JERRY
I can understand about the cat
killing the first girl. Charlie How
Come told me. All that noise and
those lights -- scared crazy it
would do anything. Last night there
was nothing to disturb it. Just a
little girl alone in a cemetery.

ROBLES
What are you getting at?

JERRY
Nothing much -- just that it might
not be a cat this time.

Robles smiles, Galbraith shakes his head. Jerry starts for
the ladder.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

MED. SHOT - Charlie How-Come's truck. Charlie is standing on
the tailboard of the truck with a rubber exerciser in his
hands. Beside him is an empty cage. He is giving his spiel
but has only managed to attract an audience of small Mexican
boys who obviously have not a dime among the dozen of them.
Jerry is standing by watching him, obviously waiting for him
to finish.

CHARLIE
(spieling)
Health -- vigor -- vitality --
s-t-r-e-t-c-h --
(suiting the action to the
word)
...s t r e t c h. Watch the
panther! Watch the lion in the
jungles! What do they do -- s-t-r-e
t-c-h.
(quieter and more
confidential tone)
Strength -- strength and vitality.
Here I can sell you the secret of
the cat's strength -- the cat's
vitality. Only a dollar. Only a
dollar.

The group of small boys, sensing that this is the end of the
show, have already started to disappear. Charlie climbs
stiffly down from the truck and faces Jerry.

CHARLIE
Can't make a buck without my leopard. I tell you, Mr. Manning, you gotta find that cat for me -- or pay up.

JERRY
Look, Charlie, just be patient. I'll fix everything. You don't want that cat, anyway. It killed two people.

CHARLIE
(shaking his head)
No, sir. That girl in the cemetery? My cat didn't kill that girl. I told you cats don't go around looking for trouble. If that cat's alive, it's out in the country hiding under a bush, starving to death.

JERRY
(interested, but concealing it)
You really think so, Charlie?

CHARLIE
That cat ain't mean. I feed him out of my own hand for six years. Why don't he kill me? At night in the truck, I let him out of the cage. When I am falling asleep I hear him walking back and forth. I go to sleep. He don't hurt me.

JERRY
They all say the cat killed this second girl.

CHARLIE
They don't say it to me.

JERRY
I'd like one of them to say it to you, Charlie. I'd like to have you hear his side of it his reasons. Want to hear them?

CHARLIE
Sure.

JERRY
(taking his elbow)
Let's get in your truck.

They climb into the truck.

CHARLIE

Where's that man?

JERRY

Up at the museum.

Charlie puts his foot on the starter and the motor coughs and wheezes into reluctant activity.

DISSOLVE

EXT. PORTICO OF THE MUSEUM - DAY

The museum is built on a hilltop and from the portico we overlook the sagebrush and mesquite-covered hills of New Mexico, rolling away to the horizon. At one end of this open porch an old Indian hand loom has been set up and here an Indian woman in Zuni costume sits patiently weaving a rug, the shuttle flying back and forth monotonously, and the foot pedal creaking as she changes threads. Charlie and Jerry come into the portico and cross to the door. They push open the heavy bronze door and enter the museum.

INT. MUSEUM - DAY

This museum, probably erected with the aid of government funds, is well-proportioned and severely plain. A portico, a long, rectangular display room and a combined office and workshop in an alcove off the main room comprise the museum.

The display room has glass showcases containing various Indian artifacts. On the walls are examples of Indian rug and blanket weaving, masks and ceremonial properties.

Galbraith's workshop is completely practical. A trestle table with an office armchair behind it, book shelves and transfer cases containing labeled shards and artifacts are in this alcove. On the trestle table, which Galbraith uses as a desk, is a reading glass on a fixed stand which he uses to examine specimens.

Charlie and Jerry walk in. Charlie has evidently been here before because he shuffles down the main aisle through the display room without looking around. Jerry keeps pace with him but glances from side to side at various pieces. At the end of the museum they turn and enter the little alcove where Galbraith is seated at his desk. He is sharpening a pencil and does not look up. They wait.

GALBRAITH

(looking up)

Why, hello.

He gets up, comes around the table.

JERRY
You know Charlie How-Come?

GALBRAITH
We're old friends.

Charlie nods.

GALBRAITH
(to Jerry)
Come to look around?

JERRY
More or less.

GALBRAITH
I'll take you about. Got some nice things.

He starts off and they follow him.

JERRY
(as they walk)
Charlie and I were talking. That's one reason I wanted to see you.

GALBRAITH
(looks at him)
About Charlie's leopard?

JERRY
Yes.

They have reached the display room and pause a moment. From this point on, the CAMERA TRUCKS WITH them as they go. Galbraith acts as cicerone, conducting them about, walking ahead of them as he displays the exhibits.

GALBRAITH
(pointing)
Here is something that should interest Charlie - a stone leopard head made by his ancestors some six hundred years ago. They used it in ceremonies. The jaguar -- in fact all the cat family -- were considered the personification of force and violence in their religious rites.

CHARLIE
(squinting at it)
It don't look like a leopard to me.

They walk on. Jerry has paid no attention to the exhibit.

JERRY
Charlie doesn't think the leopard
killed the girl in the cemetery.

GALBRAITH
(turning, with a smile)
Charlie likes his leopard.

CHARLIE
Sure, I like my leopards

JERRY
But he admitted quick enough that
it killed the first girl.

GALBRAITH
(patiently)
Well, Charlie, just why do you
think your cat didn't kill the
Contreras girl?

CHARLIE
You know -- not scared enough.
Nothing to scare it.

GALBRAITH
If a leopard didn't do it, who did?

JERRY
It could be a man.

GALBRAITH
It could be. Why would a man kill
her? For what? It wasn't robbery.
It wasn't a crime of jealousy or
passion. She had no enemies.

Charlie shrugs.

JERRY
There are all sorts of men. You get
to see some funny ones as a
reporter.

GALBRAITH
(sagely)
I can understand what you mean -
demented men, pathological cases.
But what sort of man would kill
like a leopard and leave the traces
of a leopard?

JERRY
Some crazy guy.

GALBRAITH
But he would have to know about
leopards - have access to leopard
claws and hair.

They walk on. Galbraith points out a nicely molded jug.

GALBRAITH
Here's our prize exhibit - an
artifact of the Paleolithic period.

He looks into the case with a glance almost of affection,
then turns back to Jerry.

GALBRAITH
We had given up digging in a
certain barrow. I went back and I
tried again. I just had a hunch.

JERRY
(thoughtfully)
A hunch -- that's all I've got
about this leopard thing. It's just
a hunch, yet I feel it deep in the
stomach. It was a man!

GALBRAITH
Yes, but what sort of a man?

JERRY
I don't know.

GALBRAITH
(turning toward Charlie
chuckling)
You, Charlie -- you know leopards.
You might have had an old claw
around somewhere, and perhaps a bit
of hair from the cage -- eh?

CHARLIE
(seeing the joke, with a
wide grin)
Sure!

JERRY
No. I'm serious about this.

GALBRAITH
(still smiling)
Oh, I'm only exploring your theory.
Let's take a step further. You
drink, don't you, Charlie?

CHARLIE
I drink.

GALBRAITH
And when you drink, you get drunk.

Charlie nods.

GALBRAITH
Then what do you do?

CHARLIE
I sleep it off.

GALBRAITH
But between the time you leave the
cant ma and fall into bed in that
old truck of yours, what happens,
Charlie?

CHARLIE
I don't know.

GALBRAITH
(stopping near the door)
That's just it, Charlie. That's
what I'm driving at. You could do
anything in that time.

JERRY
Charlie wasn't drunk last night.

CHARLIE
(very worried)
Yes, I was drunk, Mr. Manning.

Galbraith makes a gesture with his arms as if to say "There you are." Charlie shakes his head.

GALBRAITH
(with a wide friendly
smile)
See? There's a suspect for you,
Jerry.

Jerry looks over at Charlie, who is very woebegone, worried and nervous.

JERRY
(taking his arm, kidding)
Come on, Charlie. Let's go find
another and better suspect.

GALBRAITH
Don't you want to see the rest of
the exhibit?

JERRY

Some other time.

The men nod to each other. Jerry leads Charlie out.

EXT. MUSEUM PORTICO - DAY

Charlie and Jerry come out of the museum and stand for a moment on the edge of the steps. Behind there the Indian woman continues working at her loom, the heavy shuttle goes back and forth.

CHARLIE

I'm sick.

JERRY

(reaching into his pocket)
Here have a cigarette. He was only kidding.

CHARLIE

No, he wasn't kidding. I'm sick.
Claw women? Hurt little girls? No!

Jerry is still holding the cigarette out toward him.

CHARLIE

I don't know. I want to see Robles.

JERRY

What do you want to see him for?

CHARLIE

I want him to lock me up.

JERRY

Look, Charlie, you didn't do it,
and you know you didn't.

CHARLIE

I don't know. I want him to lock me up.

He starts forward and Jerry goes with him.

DISSOLVE

EXT. ENTRANCE TO THE ALLEY - DAY

Charlie's truck is parked at one corner. He, Jerry and Robles stand in front of it talking.

CHARLIE

The Doc's right. I don't know what I do when I get drunk. I don't know.

ROBLES
This is crazy, Charlie. You know
you didn't do it.

CHARLIE
You'd better lock me up.

JERRY
I've been trying to tell him,
Sheriff. He won't listen to me.

ROBLES
Let me get one thing clear. Did
Galbraith make a direct accusation?

JERRY
No. He was kidding Charlie.

CHARLIE
You'd better lock me up. If I do
things like that I want to be put
away. I don't want to hurt nobody.

ROBLES
(takes his arm)
All right, Charlie. If it will
relieve your mind, I'll put you
away for a few days.

DISSOLVE

INT. JAIL - NIGHT

MED. CLOSE SHOT -Charlie holding on to some cell bars, stands brooding. O.S., we hear the sound of castanets. Charlie lifts his head to look out of an unseen window.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

TRUCKING SHOT - Clo-Clo, dressed in dancing costume, with a black shawl over it, passes along the street, clicking her castanets idly. From afar we hear a sad, sweet Mexican love song, being sung in a high tenor voice.

Clo-Clo passes a dimly lit doorway, and we see a woman sprinkling holy water on the door step from a font that hangs beside the door.

MEXICAN WOMAN
Valganos Dios.

She makes the sign of the cross and softly closes the door.

Further down the street, two policemen pass Clo-Clo, walking

in step. She grins at them.

CLO-CLO

Two men for one beat? Afraid of the
big cat?

FIRST POLICEMAN

(grinning)

Sure. I've got a family.

They pass on. The CAMERA FOLLOWS Clo-Clo. The love song has grown louder and clearer and now we come to its source. A young boy is perched on top of some vegetable crates on an old truck parked alongside the curb. He is singing for his own pleasure and hardly notices Clo-Clo as she passes. Smiling, she lifts one pair of castanets to follow the beat of his song. He waves to her and she passes on into the darkness beyond the truck.

The CAMERA HOLDS for a moment on the young boy as the castanets, playing the rhythm of his song, fade away in the distance.

DISSOLVE

EXT. PATIO OF EL PUEBLO - NIGHT

The patio is pretty well filled with patrons. Clo-Clo, crossing the patio from the entrance gates to the bar in the rear, skirts the dance floor -- watching the customers with amusement. In doing so, she almost bumps into a waiter with a full tray. To let him pass, she backs aside and stands by one of the tables.

At this table are three people; John Brunton, his daughter, Helene and her husband, Dwight.

John Brunton is a heavy-set, rather impressive looking man of about sixty. Because he is an older man with the air of authority which comes from success and money, you have to look twice to catch both the gaiety and the gentle irony in his eyes. Helene and Dwight are two of his closest reasons for that irony. They are nice-looking, well-groomed, somewhat conventionally smart people.

Waiting for the waiter to go by, Clo-Clo half turns and looks down at the three people. She smiles.

CLO-CLO

Hello --

Helene looks up coolly at Clo-Clo and then reaches for her cigarette case. Dwight, with a faint smile which is intended to put brash women in their places, busies himself lighting Helene's cigarette. Brunton looks up at Clo-Clo and gives her a friendly smile.

BRUNTON
Hello, there.

Clo-Clo continues on her way to the bar, without looking back.

DWIGHT
(fretfully looking at his
wristwatch)
It's been half an hour since we
ordered.

BRUNTON
Let's have a drink while we're
waiting.

Brunton leans back a little and cranes his neck to see if he can locate the waiter. Helene puts her hand over his on the table.

HELENE
(sweetly)
Don't bother. I don't want one --
do you, Dwight?

Dwight, disinterested, shrugs his shoulders. Helene gives him one of those say-something-dope looks.

DWIGHT
(hastily)
No -- no, thank you.

The music has stopped and the dancers applaud in the brief pause, Then the orchestra starts again -- this time a tango.

BRUNTON
(brightening)
Want to dance, Helene?

HELENE
(shrugging her, shoulders)
I suppose so --

As she starts to rise, he gets up to pull back her chair.

HELENE
Dwight --

Dwight rises from the table and the two of them walk over to the dance floor. Brunton watches them as they go off. Then he walks away, in the direction of the bar.

INT. BAR AT EL PUEBLO - NIGHT

Quite a crowd of people are standing around the bar, either

waiting for their drinks or drinking them there. Others are seated at the small tables here and there on the veranda that houses the bar. At a table quite near the steps leading down to the patio, Clo-Clo is seated. A tall, thin goblet of beer stands in front of her.

Brunton starts up the steps.. Seeing him, Clo-Clo grabs the beer and puts it on the floor between her chair and the veranda railing. Then she starts looking toward the bar, as if waiting for someone to wait on her.

As Brunton comes to the top of the steps Clo-Clo just "happens" to catch his eyes.

BRUNTON
(pleased)
Hello!

CLO- CLO
(turning on the charm and
the gamin grin)
I think we are playing tag -- or
maybe hide-and-seek, huh?

Brunton steps over to her table and stands with his band on the back of the unoccupied chair - - a little uncertainly.

BRUNTON
Is someone with you -- can I get
you a drink?

CLO-CLO
Why not?

DISSOLVE

EXT. PATIO AT EL PUEBLO - NIGHT

Helene and Dwight are seated at the table again. A waiter is serving the dinner they hate been waiting for.

HELENE
(savagely)
It's taken this impossible trip to
show me what an old fool father has
become!

Dwight rises from the table.

DWIGHT
I'll look for him. He's probably in
the bar.

HELENE
Probably.

INT. BAR AT EL PUEBLO - NIGHT

Brunton is now seated at the little table with Clo-Clo. Near them, a waiter is preparing to open a bottle of champagne from an ice bucket.

BRUNTON
(to the waiter)
Just a moment
(to Clo-Clo)
Look -- you've ordered this stuff
like a sensible girl --but you
don't have to drink it.

Clo-Clo studies him, a little warily.

BRUNTON
Do you want it? Or do you want
another beer?

He looks over the side of the table and gently nudges the hidden goblet with the toe of his shoe, For a moment Clo-Clo is startled — then she begins to grin.

BRUNTON
(to the waiter)
Two beers -- big ones!

Brunton looks off toward the steps. An expression of dismay comes over his face. Clo-Clo turns around to see Dwight coming up to them. Dwight looks from Clo-Clo to the unopened champagne -- and then smiles at his father-in-law with a disagreeably "understanding" smirk.

DWIGHT
They've finally gotten around to
our dinner --

BRUNTON
(shortly)
I'll be there in a few minutes.

DWIGHT
(nasty-nice)
Sorry -- but you know how Helene is
-- she's been worrying about you --

Still smiling, Dwight turns away. Clo-Clo looks after him and then straightens around and faces Brunton again.

BRUNTON
My son-in-law. What do you think of
him?

CLO-CLO
(flippantly)

That depends. How much money has he?

Brunton studies her -- not disapprovingly, but as he would study a child or an animal that appealed to him.

BRUNTON

When you marry champagne, Clo-Clo,
you can't trade it in for beer.
You're stuck with it.

CLO-CLO

I can't understand that fancy talk.
(excitedly)
You mean I'm a gold-digger? Sure,
I'm a gold-digger -- why not?

BRUNTON

(echoing her calmly)
Why not -- if you like it -- if
that's what you really want.

Clo-Clo sniffs angrily. The waiter serves the two glasses of beer. Clo-Clo grabs hers and gulps thirstily.

CLO-CLO

Maybe I should just forget all
about money -- forget about mamma
and the kids and the rent, huh --
marry some poor dope like -- oh,
like Carlos Dominguez -- and get
fat and --

BRUNTON

(interrupting)
Who's Carlos Dom-what's-his-name?

Clo-Clo shrugs her shoulders in a dramatic gesture of indifference.

CLO-CLO

Nobody. A boy who works in a
grocery.

BRUNTON

(watching her)
Good looking?

CLO-CLO

Mmm---yes.

BRUNTON

Nice fellow?

Again Clo-Clo shrugs her shoulders.

BRUNTON
Is he in love with you?

CLO-CLO
I don't know --

Clo-Clo looks down at her glass of beer, sullenly. Brunton watches her, not saying anything.

CLO-CLO
(in a sudden outburst)
Why do you ask so many questions?
What difference does it make how
Carlos and I feel? Feeling does not
buy clothes and houses!

BRUNTON
(kindly)
Drink your beer and don't get so
excited.

In spite of herself, Clo-Clo starts smiling. Brunton smiles back at her and lifts his glass of beer. She lifts hers to touch it in salute.

The Brunton's table. The younger Bruntons are half-way through dinner. He looks at his watch. She frowns.

She rises and he helps her on with her stole.

John Brunton is still seated at the little table. He is laughing and coughing from the exertion of the laughter. Clo Clo stands behind him, thumping him on the back. She looks worried. Several people in the bar are watching them with amusement -- but a nice kind of amusement.

CLO-CLO
You'll kill yourself. Isn't there
something sad we can talk about,
just until you get over this?

Brunton wipes the tears of laughter from his eyes.

BRUNTON
That's what we were supposed to be
doing this time. But the sadder you
try to be, the funnier it comes
out!

HELENE' S VOICE
Father!

Brunton makes a little face and then turns around to see Helene who is coming toward him from the steps.

HELENE

(furiously)
We finished dinner hours ago.

Brunton gets to his feet.

BRUNTON
(wearily)
All right. I'll be with you as soon
as I've settled this --

He waves his hand at the glasses on the little table.

With a fishy eye for Clo-Clo, Helene turns and goes back down the steps.

CLO-CLO
Why do you let her boss you around
like that? Give her a good slap and
tell her to keep still!

Brunton chuckles. He takes some change from his pocket and puts it down on the little table. The waiter from the patio comes up the stairs and hands him the bill on a plate.

WAITER
Madame will be waiting at the
entrance --

Brunton looks at the bill and then reaches into an inner pocket for a wallet. He takes a couple of greenbacks from it and hands them to the waiter. The waiter bows and smiles and goes off.

CLO-CLO
(muttering)
Madame will be waiting -- Madame
ought to go on waiting! To have
such a father and treat him like a
poor cousin!

Brunton smiles again -- he starts to put his wallet away -- then opens it up again and takes a single bill from another compartment. He puts it in Clo-Clo's hand and folds her fingers over it.

BRUNTON
This is for "mama and the kids."

CLO-CLO
(without looking at the
bill; kidding)
What about me?

BRUNTON
You get your money from your
husband.

Clo-Clo stares at him.

BRUNTON

Carlos What's-His-Name -- the boy
at the grocer.

Clo-Clo looks at him questioningly for a moment -- then very suddenly puts her arms around his neck and kisses his cheek. Brunton, greatly touched, pats her shoulder. They smile at each other -- and then Brunton turns and walks away.

Clo-Clo looks after him, then down at her hand. She lifts the fingers from the bill crushed in her palm. Her eyes widen in shocked amazement.

INSERT \$100 bill, crumpled in her hand -- The fingers close on it again.

BIG HEAD CLOSE-UP - Clo-Clo. She smiles happily and starts off.

DISSOLVE IN

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Clo-Clo is scurrying down the street as fast as her stilt heeled pump will carry her. Her face is bright with excitement and she hums to herself, snapping her fingers in imitation of her castanets. She passes the flower shop and then the window of the store where Maria tells fortunes. Clo-Clo hesitates -- goes back and peers through the window.

INT. FORTUNE TELLING BOOTH - NIGHT

The interior of the store is dismal. On one wall hangs a phrenological chart. In the center of the room is a plain kitchen table with two rickety chairs, one of them a bentwood affair with a sagging cane seat. On the table sleeps a white cat, curled up against a cracked crystal ball. A cheap thick restaurant saucer on the table is more than half-filled with cigarette butts and ashes.

Maria is seated at the table. A cigarette is in her mouth. She just sits there, not touching the deck of cards in front of her -- staring across at the wall.

There is the sound of the door opening and Maria looks up. She says nothing as Clo-Clo comes into the place, but waits until Clo-Clo stands beside the table.

MARIA

Well -- did he give you a lot of money?

CLO-CLO

Who?

MARIA

The elderly man I told you about.

Clo-Clo shrugs her shoulders and sits down at the table,

CLO-CLO

He was old enough -- but you
slipped up on the money. Try it
again, why don't you?

Maria looks at her sardonically, but obligingly picks up the deck of cards.

MARIA

Put your wish in them.

Clo-Clo shuffles thorn a few times and then hands them to Maria. Maria cuts them into seven piles, face down. She starts turning up the top card on each pile.

MARIA

Money?

She looks up at Clo-Clo who maintains a completely blank expression. Clo-Clo smiles.

CLO-CLO

Maybe a honeymoon --

Maria starts to turn up the next card, with a practiced roll of the wrist -- as she sees what it is, however, she drops it and quickly swirls all the cards together again and hands the pack to Clo-Clo.

MARIA

Cut.

CLO-CLO

(astounded)

What are you doing that for?

Maria shrugs her shoulders. Clo-Clo cuts the deck into three sections. Maria starts turning the top cards.

MARIA

(murmuring)

Again --

Clo-Clo looks down at the cards, perplexed because Maria is perplexed. She sees a ten of diamonds followed by a four of spades. The third pile is still untouched.

MARIA

Something black -- something on its

way to you --

CLO-CLO

Go on --

Maria stares down at the third pack and then, with a deft twist, flips the top card face up. Almost simultaneously, Maria slaps her hand over it.

MARIA

(sharply)

Don't look at it!

CLO-CLO

(whispering)

Let me see it --

Slowly, seemingly reluctantly, Maria uncovers the card.

INSERT The Ace of Spades.

CLO-CLO

The death card - -

MARIA

Maybe not - cards mean different things different times --

Clo-Clo just stands there, staring down at the card.

Clo-Clo nods her head slowly. She lays some silver on the table in payment for the reading, then goes across the room to the door. Maria stands up and walks over to join her. Clo-Clo stands looking out of the door. She turns abruptly to Maria, at her elbow.

CLO-CLO

Walk a little ways with me --?

Maria shrugs her shoulders. Clo-Clo starts out the door, Maria behind her.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Clo-Clo and Maria walk in silence past the doorway where Shorty blew the smoke ring, past the perch where the boy and girl were kissing -- past the dark Delgado house. Clo-Clo glances up at the window as they go by.

EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT

The sidewalk is so high above the street here that there are three stone steps set in the curb. Clo-Clo goes down the steps, but Maria stops at the top. Clo-Clo turns and looks up at her.

CLO-CLO

Well --

Maria says nothing, Just stands there with an odd, mocking little smile on her face.

CLO-CLO

See you tomorrow --

MARIA

Tomorrow --

Clo-Clo continues across the street and up the curb steps on the other side. At the top of those steps, she turns and looks back. The corner where she had left Maria is now empty. The moonlit street stretches deserted on either side. Clo-Clo hurries on again, almost running.

DISSOLVE

EXT. STREET CORNER RESIDENTIAL DISTRICT - NIGHT

This is a nice residential section, more American in feeling than the other streets we have seen. There are trees on either side of the street and the moonlight makes lacy patterns through them. A shoulder-high brick wall encloses the garden of the house on the corner. Clo-Clo is walking along this brick wall. A purr of sound quickly lifts to the sound of a high-powered motor and the glare of headlights precede a long, low black roadster. The car comes around the corner and stops. A young man leans out on the driver's side

YOUNG MAN

Hey, chiquita, want a lift?

Clo-Clo stops and eyes him speculatively.

CLO-CLO

What way are you going?

YOUNG MAN

Your way --

Clo-Clo suddenly shrinks back, horror coming into her eyes.

YOUNG MAN

What's the matter?

CLO-CLO

Your car -- what color is it?

YOUNG MAN

Black.

Clo-Clo backs up against the brick wall.

CLO-CLO
(shrilly)
Get outta here! Get away from me
with that thing!

YOUNG MAN
(dumbfounded)
What do you mean -- "thing"?

Clo-Clo starts running along the wall, looking back in terror over her shoulder. The young man looks after her dumbfounded.

DISSOLVE

EXT. CLO-CLO'S HOUSE - NIGHT

This is a small, ordinary clapboard house. In front of it is a scraggly, dusty attempt at a lawn and garden. A mongrel pup lies on the dusty path sleeping. Suddenly he leaps up and barks sharply.

CLO-CLO'S VOICE
Be still, Pancho!

Clo-Clo walks up the path to the house. She opens the front door, pushes Pancho away with her foot and slips into the house, closing the door behind her.

INT. CLO-CLO'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

In the shadowy light of a single candle, Clo-Clo's small bedroom can be seen only dimly. In it are a bed with iron bedstead, an ancient wooden rocking-Chair, a chest of drawers, and a little child's bed. The candle stands in a saucer on top of the chest. A little girl is sleeping in the large bed.

Clo-Clo comes into the room. She sits down on the edge of the bed and pulls the little girl into her arms. The child murmurs sleepily and snuggles up to Clo-Clo.

CLO-CLO
(happily)
Pepita, tomorrow...I'm going to buy
you the most beautiful silk dress
in the world.

The little girl tries to open her eyes, but the lids flutter closed again and the child goes on sleeping.

CLO-CLO
(laughing softly)
You don't believe me, do you?

She lays the child in the smaller bed and pulls up the full, ruffled skirt of her costume..

CLO-CLO
Wait until you see what I have –
then you'll wake up.

She runs her finger under the rolled top of one of her silk stockings. She looks startled. Then, she stands up and pulls the costume back over the other leg. She looks in that stocking roll. She stands stricken under the realization that she has lost the money.

MOTHER'S VOICE
Is that you Gabriela? What's the matter?

Clo-Clo doesn't answer. She scuffs off her shoes and looks in them. She drags off the long stockings, standing first on one leg and then the other. She turns them inside out and shakes them.

Clo-Clo's mother appears in the doorway. She is a prematurely aged woman with her hair in two braids and wearing a torn wrapper.

MOTHER
What are you doing? Have you lost something?

CLO-CLO
(tensely)
Yes. Money. I must have lost it in the street.

Clo-Clo thrusts her feet into the slipper, not bothering to put the stockings on again. She grabs up a shawl from the foot of the bed and throws it over her shoulders.

MOTHER
Are you going out again, hijita?
Why don't you stay home and rest --

Clo-Clo stops to kiss her mother's forehead and then goes swiftly out the door, past her. The Mother turns to follow her.

MOTHER
(urgently)
Gabriela!

DISSOLVE

EXT. STREET CORNER IN RESIDENTIAL DISTRICT - NIGHT

Clo-Clo walks into the scene very slowly, scanning every inch of the sidewalk, from the curb to the brick wall and back again, over and over as she moves toward the corner. She

retraces the pattern of her steps when she stopped to talk to the Young Man -- out to the curb -- back to the wall and along the wall to the corner. She then turns the corner.

EXT. STREET WITH RAMADA - NIGHT

Clo-Clo looks down her side of this street. She looks across the street. Clo-Clo half turns, as if to retrace her steps -- but just then something further down the sidewalk catches her eye. She runs along the wall and leans down to grab at the bit of folded green and white paper there. The elation dies from her face. Stonily, rigidly she stares at it, the wrapper from a stick of gum.

There is a tiny sound -- no more than a flicker of sound. Clo-Clo lifts her face slowly. There is no movement anywhere, no further sound. Clo-Clo looks to the building. There are alternate bands of black darkness and moonlight. Clo-Clo's eyes move from one to another. There is no movement behind any of them.

Frowning a little, Clo-Clo starts back toward the corner. As she moves, she hears footsteps across the street in the black shadows. Listening, she walks more softly. But there is no fear in her expression or her posture. She is only curious. Suddenly, she whirls and looks across the street. There is nothing over there, nothing moving, nothing making sound. She walks on to the corner arid, looking back once, goes on around the corner.

EXT. STREET CORNER IN RESIDENTIAL DISTRICT - NIGHT

Clo-Clo walks away from the corner, along the brick wall, very slowly. Her eyes go from side to side and she turns her head slightly, as she listens. She stops. Behind her, back around the corner, she hears footsteps

-- and then an imitative silence. She takes a few more steps, stops suddenly again -- and again the pursuing footsteps overlap hers. As Clo-Clo stands there, the silence is protracted. Puzzled, but still showing no expression or gesture of fear, Clo-Clo listens, then smiles and turns back.

CLO-CLO
(smiling; speaks softly)
Carlos --

She gets as far as the corner, throws away her cigarette and takes a compact and lipstick from her pocket. She holds up the compact mirror and starts to outline her lips with the lipstick.

BIG CLOSEUP - Clo-Clo. There is a tiny sound - and some grains of pebble and brick-dust trickle down the wall behind Clo-Clo's head. She looks down, puzzled, and then - very slowly - lifts her head.

Enormous HEAD CLOSEUP of Clo-Clo. The mouth goes slack and the eyes widen in the shock of absolute horror.

A FLASH of the lipstick dropping from Clo-Clo's limp fingers.

A hoarse cry of terror is broken off by a violent snarl and a FLASH of Clo-Clo's body arching back -- almost in the posture of a dance -- away from the assault of something black which rises from lower left-hand corner of the frame and instantly blacks out the entire screen.

We FADE ON her still glowing cigarette in the gutter.

FADE IN

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

MED. LONG SHOT - Clo-Clo's grave. The coffin, on canvas strap supports, is being held over the open grave by four black suited attendants. The priest stands at the head of the grave, dressed in his vestments, and with the open prayer book in his hand. At the grave side are a few mourners, Clo Clo's mother and her little covey of brothers and sisters are all huddled together at the foot of the grave. Between them and the priest stand a small group: Robles, Jerry, Mr. Brunton, Galbraith, Charlie How-Come, the Florist and Belmonte. The priest is just finishing the service.

PRIEST

Anima ejus, et animae omnium
fidelium defunctorum, per
misericordiam Dei, requiscant in
pace.

OMNES

Amen.

From some distance away we hear the tolling of church bells. The attendants slowly begin to lower the coffin into the grave. The florist who had begrudged Clo-Clo one wilted flower comes forward and lays a whole armful of roses on the descending coffin. Jerry follows him. He puts Clo-Clo's castanets among the flowers.

The coffin sinks slowly from sight. One of the attendants takes a spade. We hear the hollow thump of the first spadeful as it strikes the casket.

DISSOLVE CUT

DISSOLVE IN:

EXT. CEMETERY GATE - - DAY

Robles, Charlie, Jerry and Galbraith come out of the cemetery together. They are walking slowly, evidently still somewhat

under the sombre influence of the ceremony they have just witnessed.

GALBRAITH
(to Robles)
Have you sent for the state hunters?

ROBLES
I wired this morning.

JERRY
State hunters?

ROBLES
Professional hunters, who rid the state of cougars.

The men have paused just outside the cemetery gate.

JERRY
(incredulously)
You still believe it's the leopard?

Robles stares at Jerry.

ROBLES
Haven't you seen the evidence,
haven't you heard the testimony?

GALBRAITH
Is there anything In Clo-Clo's death, Jerry, to suggest it wasn't the leopard?

JERRY
Yes. The lipstick.

ROBLES
Why?

JERRY
Ask Kiki. Ask any woman. Girls don't put on lipstick in the middle of the night on a dark, lonely street unless they're with a man or expecting a man.

Robles and Galbraith look at Jerry. There is some admission of agreement in their very silence, as they weigh what he has said.

GALBRAITH
It is possible --

ROBLES

Just the same -- I am going to
use the state hunter. Well -- come
on, Charlie, I'll give you a lift
back into town.

Robles starts off and Charlie obediently starts after him.
But Charlie stops and turns back to Jerry and Galbraith.

CHARLIE
(to Galbraith)
Now I know I didn't hurt nobody
when I was drunk --

GALBRAITH
(kindly)
Of course, not, Charlie. I never
thought you did.

CHARLIE
And my leopard -- maybe he hurt
the first girl -- but no more.

Charlie, looking satisfied at having had his say, turns and goes off after Robles. Jerry and Galbraith start off in the opposite direction.

THE CEMETERY WALL - DAY

TRUCKING SHOT with Robles and Jerry as they walk along.

JERRY
You must admit it's possible that
it might have been a man.

GALBRAITH
Just barely possible -- yes.

Jerry pauses and Galbraith stops and looks at him
inquisitorily.

JERRY
You know a lot. You've taken a lot
of fancy courses in colleges and
that kind of stuff -- what kind of
a man would kill like that?

GALBRAITH
But all those fancy courses were
about the dead, Jerry, not the
living.

JERRY
All right -- the dead, then. In
history there must have been men
like that -- men with kinks in
their brains --

Galbraith nods his head. He starts walking slowly forward again and Jerry goes along with him.

GALBRAITH

Yes. There have been men who kill for pleasure -- strange pleasure. There was Blue Beard in France -- Jack The Ripper in London. It's not uncommon.

JERRY

If there were a man like that, with a kink in his brain around here loose, what would he be like.

GALBRAITH

To the eye? Like other men.

JERRY

I don't mean that. How would he act? What would he do?

GALBRAITH

He'd act normally when he was with other people. It would be a man who suffered remorse and even pity when it was all over.

JERRY

Couldn't you tell a man like that when you saw him?

GALBRAITH

No. He would be a hard man to find, Jerry. Particularly if he were a clever man. He would go about his ordinary business calmly and coolly except when the fit to kill was on him.

JERRY

You've thought of all this before. You know it isn't the leopard --
(insistently)
Don't you?

Galbraith makes no answer. Jerry looks at him and senses the finality in this. The two men start walking once more.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

KIKI'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Jerry, Kiki and Eloise are in the dressing room. Jerry and Kiki are dressed for travelling. Kiki is wearing a suit and her hat and topcoat are on the table. Standing on the floor, near the door, are a couple of suitcases. Both Kiki and Eloise are holding paper cups in their hands. Jerry is just finishing filling Kiki's cup from a champagne bottle (split).

JERRY

There you are --

Jerry crosses to Eloise and fills the cup she holds out. Eloise looks at him with sentimental fondness.

ELOISE

Oh, dear -- I don't know what I'm going to do without you -- honestly, I don't --

KIKI

(amused)

Hey -- I'm over here.

ELOISE

(not taking her eyes off

Jerry)

I'll miss you too, honey --

Jerry grins at her. He fills a cup for himself and puts the bottle down on the dressing table. Then he lifts the cup to Kiki.

JERRY

Well -- here's to luck in Chicago.

ELOISE

Chicago! Imagine getting out of all this silly scenery and opening in a real city!

JERRY

(a little smugly)

Not bad, huh? And this place closing for the week-end gives us a couple of extra days to rest up.

KIKI

I can use them.

JERRY

Do they close up every year for this Processionist business?

ELOISE

(nodding)

It's the big religious ceremony around here. You really ought to

see the procession -- why don't you
wait over -- say, who knows, I
might be able to scare up some
money and go with you then!

JERRY
(laughing)
You're sure crazy to get out of
here, aren't you?

ELOISE
You know what it is to be ambitious
-- but you two are already on your
way -- I haven't even started.

The door opens, simultaneously with a knock, and a Mexican waiter appears with a large box of flowers in his hands. He hands the box of flowers to Jerry, who is nearest him.

WAITER
These for the Señorita Kiki. And
the cab is coming soon.

JERRY
(happily)
Okay, Kiki -- here we go!

They start out. The CAMERA HOLDS ON Eloise as she watches them go.

DISSOLVE

INT. OF THE CAB - DAY

Kiki and Jerry are seated side by side in the cab. The box of flowers is between them. It is covered, but the ribbon has been taken off. Kiki holds a card in her hand. She looks down at it.

KIKI
That was nice of Mr. Galbraith.

JERRY
He's a nice guy. Vie ought to keep
in touch with him.

Kiki looks down at the box of flowers. She lifts the box cover a little and then closes it again.

KIKI
Pretty. You know -- it's funny but
flowers only mean one thing to me
now.

JERRY
I know. Funerals.

KIKI
Yes.

In the following pause, Kiki looks out the window. Jerry looks over at her, watching her seriously and questioningly. But as she turns back, he looks away again.

KIKI
Jerry --

Jerry waits, but says nothing.

KIKI
Jerry, these flowers aren't really
for me --

JERRY
You mean you want to take them to
the cemetery.

KIKI
(a little shame-faced)
Yes. Do you mind?

Jerry leans forward and taps on the glass partition between themselves and the driver.

DISSOLVE

INT. BELVEDERE IN THE CEMETERY - DAY

In the arbor-like inclosure, two or three white pigeons are moving about on the sunlit ground. As Kiki and Jerry enter the inclosure, they lift into the air with a flutter of wings and fly away. Kiki looks around the little inclosure.

KIKI
And she waited here for him?

JERRY
Robles says it looks that way.
Belmonte had already been there and left. They only missed each other by a few minutes.

Kiki goes over to the little marble bench and sits down.

Jerry stands and looks down at her.

KIKI
What do you suppose she thought
about - alone in here?

Jerry shrugs his shoulders.

KIKI
It's such a sad little place --

Kiki stands looking out at the sunlit trees of the cemetery.

JERRY
Why do you want to stay around here? It'll only make you feel badly.

KIKI
Maybe I want to feel badly.

JERRY
That doesn't make sense.

Kiki turns around and faces him across the belvedere.

KIKI
Maybe I'm tired of pretending that nothing bothers me -- that I don't care about anything but myself - myself and my two-by-four career.

Jerry comes part way across the belvedere to her.

JERRY
What else do you care about, Kicks?

KIKI
You. Us.

Jerry comes over and takes her in his arms. He looks into her eyes and then kisses her deeply. As he lifts his head again, he holds her even more tightly.

JERRY
I'm glad you care about us, Kicks.
Sometimes that gets kind of lost in
the racket --

KIKI
(looking up at him)
Maybe there ought to be less racket
and more us.

Jerry smiles at her. Leaving one arm around her shoulders, he steers her over to the little marble bench. They sit down, still with their arms around each other.

KIKI (CONT'D)
We've been so busy pretending to be
tough hombres --

Jerry nods. With a little sigh, Kiki puts her head down on his shoulder.

KIKI
Confession. I'm a complete softie.
I've been conscience-stricken and
worried sick ever since that
leopard got away --

JERRY
If that's being a softie -- there
are two of us.

They sit quietly -- happy in a moment of complete
understanding.

JERRY
Kiki -- it wasn't the leopard.

KIKI
You're positive of that, aren't
you?

JERRY
Absolutely sure.

Kiki gets to her feet and tugs at Jerry's hand.

KIKI
We're not going to catch a train,
darling -- we're going to stay
right here and catch a murderer.

Jerry stands up.

JERRY
(eagerly)
You're sure it's all right?
You don't mind staying?

Kiki smiles up at him.

KIKI
You already know the answer to
that. I want this town to be safe
and happy again --

JERRY
I'm no detective. I don't even know
how to begin. All I know is I want
to do something about all this.

Kiki takes his arm and they start across the inclosure. Jerry
stops at the entrance.

JERRY
Oh, by the way -- I'm out of cash --

KIKI
Didn't you take your cut out of the closing check?

JERRY
(ruefully)
I got into a little crap game.

KIKI
That's funny -- I never knew you to lose that much before --

Jerry looks innocent and helpless..

KIKI
(a little embarrassed)
As a matter of fact, I'm out of cash myself.

JERRY
What! You can't be --

KIKI
I -- I bought some silver jewelry and stuff from Eloise --

JERRY
Eloise doesn't own enough of anything to make a dent in your pay check, Kicks.

KIKI
(defiantly)
All right, I'm not ashamed of it! I split it two ways -

JERRY
(before he can continue)
Half to the Delgado family and half to Clo-Clo's family.

KIKI
(taken aback)
How do you know?

Jerry grins.

KIKI
You did the same thing yourself!

Impulsively, Kiki puts her arms around Jerry and hugs him affectionately.

DISSOLVE

EXT. THE GATES OF THE CEMETERY - DAY

The old gatekeeper is leaning against the cemetery gate, whittling. Kiki and Jerry the gate. Kiki smiles at him..

JERRY
(just by way of polite observation)
Must get lonely here.

GATEKEEPER
(nodding toward the graveyard)
I have many friends -- and they don't bother me with talk --

KIKI
(to Jerry)
That ought to hold you.

Charlie How-Come comes walking towards them, dragging a sack behind him.

CHARLIE
Two hundred and fifty dollars you owe met

JERRY
(very excited)
You found the leopard!

Charlie comes up to them and drops the sack to the ground.

CHARLIE
What's left of him.

JERRY
Where? Where did you find it?

Charlie is wiping his face with Now he gestures with the cloth, a bandana handkerchief.

CHARLIE
North -- in an arroyo, Shot through the head -- maybe week ago. No good, skin, everything gone --

JERRY
What arroyo -- how did you get to it --

Charlie looks perplexed. He draws a line in the air with his forefinger.

DISSOLVE

THE SHOE SHINING STAND - STREET - DAY

A small shoeshine stand with two chairs under an awning. Robles sits in one of them, looking down like a judge at the group before him -- Kiki, Jerry and Charlie. The other chair is empty. The little Mexican who runs the stand is working with furious diligence over Robles' boots.

Charlie, the sack lying nearby, is bent over almost double, tracing an imaginary line on the sidewalk.

CHARLIE

And here is Three Tree Mesa -- and
here I go out of the big arroyo --

JERRY

(interrupting)
That's the place: I remember -- My
feet were so darn sore, I couldn't
make it -- and Galbraith went on up
to the head of the canyon by
himself --

ROBLES

Just a moment --

He looks at Kiki and holds out his hand beseechingly.

ROBLES (CONT'D)

Please -- Miss Walker — come up
and sit beside me. I cannot stand
— so you must sit.

KIKI

No, really -- thank you just the
same, I —

JERRY

(interrupting)
Chief, don't you understand what
this means?

ROBLES

(sighs)
You think Galbraith found the
leopard on the day you went out
with the posse.

JERRY

I'm sure of it!

Having finished one boot, the Mexican bootblack goes to work on the other. Robles holds up the polished boot and looks at it admiringly.

ROBLES

Isn't that beautiful? There is no

one in the state like him. He is a genius in his own line.

Jerry makes a gesture of impatience.

JERRY
Galbraith knows something. He as good as said so —

ROBLES
I am not interested in what somebody else thinks. You being me facts and I'll act on them.

Jerry kicks at the sack with his foot.

JERRY
That's a fact, isn't it?

ROBLES
Yes. And I am taking it to headquarters for examination.

The bootblack puts the final buff on the second boot. Robles steps down. He pats the bootblack on the shoulder and hands him a coin.

JERRY
You won't go to Galbraith with me?

ROBLES
Offend a reputable citizen and involve the department in a slander suit? No. I'm in office to protect the taxpayers money — not throw it way. Come on, Charlie.

Charlie picks up the sack and trails away after Robles. Jerry stares after them. Then his arm. Jerry looks at him. The bootblack makes a gesture of buffing and points down to Jerry's shoes. Jerry shakes his head.

JERRY
No. No, thanks.
(to Kiki)
Now we've got to do it ourselves.

KIKI
(encouragingly)
We will —

Jerry takes her arm and they start walking away.

DISSOLVE

INT. BELMONTE'S BEDROOM - DAY

This is a small, simply furnished bedroom with a day-bed. Raul Belmonte is sprawled on this couch. His hair is rumpled, he needs a shave and his shirt is badly wrinkled. His face and eyes show the effects of constant drinking. A bottle and glass stand on the floor beside the head of the couch. Jerry is looking over at a photograph which stands on a small table in the window -- a photograph of Consuelo Contreras.

RAUL

A lovely face, a tender smile, soft
beautiful hair -- that's what you
see in the photograph, isn't it?

Raul props himself on one elbow and looks across at the photograph himself.

RAUL

(in a hard voice)
A smear of blood, clawed rags in a
huddle on the ground --that's what
I see. A horrid, terrible thing.

JERRY

(quickly)
I know. I was there.

Raul swings himself into a sitting position on the edge of the couch. He puts his head into his hands.

RAUL

But you aren't here when she calls
out at night. Wake up and hear her
- screaming -- "Raul, Raul, get me
out"

Jerry goes over to him and puts his hand on his shoulder.

JERRY

Easy, boy. I want to talk to you.
Maybe there's something I can do --

Raul reaches down and gets the bottle and the glass. He starts automatically to pour a drink for himself -- then stops and holds out the bottle and glass to Jerry.

RAUL

Have a drink. That's the best thing
to wipe out nightmares --

Jerry takes the bottle-and glass and carries them over to the table. He puts them down and then comes back to Raul, who has sat watching him stupidly.

JERRY

No. You've got to kick at

something, fight with something, to work the nightmares out of your system. In Consuelo's case, there's been nothing to fight against -- just fate and a dumb brute animal.

(pauses to watch Raul)
I've got something to tell you that will change all that.

Raul looks up at him.

JERRY (CONT'D)
It wasn't an animal.

Raul frowns and moves uneasily, trying to understand through his alcoholic haze.

JERRY
It was a man.

The two men stare at each other.

RAUL
(whispering)
A man -- killed Consuelo?

Jerry nods his head. Raul slowly gets to his feet and stands eye to eye with Jerry.

RAUL
Who?

JERRY
I don't know. But I want your help to find out.

Raul goes over to the table and picks up the bottle. He pours some liquor into the glass and takes it off quickly, as if it were medicine. Then he turns back to Jerry.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

INTERSECTION OF THE ALLEY AND THE STREET - DAY

The commemorative procession is forming here. Some of the participants are hooded, wearing black hoods very much like those worn by the Ku Klux Klanners. In the doorways and windows, the townspeople are watching.

Galbraith passes through the crowd. He has a small paper package in his hand, his pipe in his mouth and is walking along, obviously on his way to somewhere. Eloise, who is standing watching the Processionists, blocks his way for a moment. He tries to pass around her. She sees him and smiles.

ELOISE
Oh, Mr. Galbraith! I'm so glad
you're here.

GALBRAITH
(a little puzzled and
trying to pass on)
Good evening.

ELOISE
(stopping him)
You know all about these things --
and I've lived here all my life --
and I still don't know what the
Procession means.

GALBRAITH
It's to remind people of the great
tragedy that took place here so
that they won't ever forget that a
peaceful village of Indians was
wiped out by the Conquistadores,
back in the 17th Century... A band
of monks buried the dead and prayed
for them and did penance for their
deaths -- that's what this
procession is supposed to be.

ELOISE
(gushing)
Oh, that's so interesting!

GALBRAITH
Well, now that you've had your
history lesson, I think I'll get on
to the museum.

He nods and starts off. Eloise turns back to watch the
Processionists.

DISSOLVE IN

EXT CEMETERY WALL - NIGHT

Galbraith is walking along the quiet, empty street outside
the cemetery wall.

There is a very faint cry from inside the cemetery.

Galbraith slows his stride perceptibly, but does not stop.

GIRL'S VOICE
(o.s., very faint)
Help! Get me out! Help! Help!

Galbraith stops and looks up at the cemetery wall,

CLOSEUP of Galbraith shows fear and puzzlement in his eyes.

Still looking toward the wall, Galbraith walks on.

EXT. CORNER WHERE CLO-CLO WAS KILLED - NIGHT

Galbraith is walking along the brick wall, approaching the corner. Just before he gets to the corner, a lighted cigarette spins out and falls to the pavement in front of him. Galbraith stops as if he had come up against stone. He stands there, forcing courage to go on. He takes the few steps to the corner and faces the direction from which the cigarette was thrown. There is no one in sight anywhere.

Very slowly, Galbraith reaches down and picks up the cigarette. The unlighted end is dark with lipstick. With an almost imperceptible shudder, Galbraith lets the cigarette fall. Walking rigidly, he continues on his way.

INT. MUSEUM - NIGHT

The large room is in shadowy darkness. The heavy front door swings open. Suddenly the place is brilliantly lighted from the overhead fixtures. Galbraith takes his hand from the light-switch just inside the door. He pushes the clear closed and leans up against it exhaustedly. He is breathing heavily and his eyes are dull and heavy-lidded with the reaction from violent fear.

He sighs deeply and then walks slowly and wearily across the display room to the office alcove. He sits down at his worktable and starts work on a small model of Indian ruins, done in colored clays.

Suddenly, far away but clear in the silence, he hears the sound of castanets -- just three widely spaced clicks. His hands become motionless above the model --but he does not look up.

The same sound comes again, repeated twice, the clicks a little more rapid.

Galbraith gets to his feet and stands staring into the empty, brilliantly lighted museum room.

The castanets sound again and this time they go into a steady rhythm, still faint and faraway; a purr of sound. But the sound increases in volume and intensity every second. Galbraith listens, his eyes mirroring his growing terror, his hands pressing down onto the worktable.

The castanets come up to a brain-splitting reverberation of sound. The tendons in Galbraith's neck stand out -- his forehead is wet with sweat.

As the tenseness of his body and the madness in his eyes signal that his control is about to break -- the castanet furor abruptly ceases.

For another few seconds, Galbraith stands there. Then he lifts his hands from the table and draws in a deep shuddering breath. He takes a handkerchief from his pocket and slowly wipes his face and his bands.

Re steps out of the alcove and presses a light-switch on the wall nearby. The overhead lights in the display room go out. The alcove is now like a little lighted stage at the end of a dark auditorium. Galbraith steps back into it, takes a book from the worktable and settles down in an armchair at one end of the table. He begins to read.

The sound of the front door opening breaks suddenly into the stillness. It brings Galbraith to his feet in an instant. His book falls to the floor.

Across the shadowy display room, a figure moves to the accompaniment of a woman's brisk footsteps.

There is no terror in Galbraith's face this time -- but he waits tensely to-identify his visitor.

Kiki steps into the lighted alcove.

KIKI
I've disturbed you. I'm sorry -

GALBRAITH
Miss Walker -- I didn't expect
anyone --

Kiki steps closer to the table.

KIKI
(apologetically)
I came up on the spur of the
moment.

Galbraith leans down and picks up the book.

KIKI
I wanted to see the procession --
and I remembered your kind
invitations --

She smiles a little uncertainly.

GALBRAITH
Of course. Only I'm afraid you'll
be cheated. There isn't much of a
view of the procession here.

KIKI
(puzzled)
I thought they came right past
here --

GALBRAITH
They do, but -- there are no lights
out there -- they'll just be
shadows --

Kiki moves across the alcove to a window.

KIKI
It's not so terribly dark out. If
we turn off these lights, we can
see.

A panic-stricken look leaps into Galbraith's eyes.

GALBRAITH
(no trace of fear in his
voice)
No use turning the lights out until
they get here..

Kiki stands looking out at the window.

KIKI
But they're coming now, listen.

Very faintly, in the far distance, can be heard the chanting
of the procession.

KIKI
Hear them?

Galbraith listens as if he were listening to Fate itself.

KIKI
Turn off the lights --

Galbraith stares across at her. With great effort, he speaks.

GALBRAITH
(thickly)
Wait --

KIKI
No -- really, I can see them --
they're coming now -- turn off the
lights --

As if hypnotized, Galbraith walks out of the alcove and to
the light-switch on the nearby wall. His fingers move up
towards the second switch.. He still stares toward Kiki. He

has the set, bloodless look of a man-lost in some fearful resolve.

CLOSE SHOT of Kiki. For the first time, we see that she is terrified. She is looking at the window where Galbraith is faintly mirrored.

CLOSE SHOT of Galbraith's hand on the light-switch. The fingers curve claw-like as he pushes down the switch.

INT. MUSEUM ALCOVE - NIGHT

In the window, the reflection is blotted out.

Outside we can see the processionists marching. The pin points of their candles are making bright spots against the dark background of their robes and the night sky. The loader chants and the rest answer him monotonously, over and over again.

Kiki stands at the window. Behind her Galbraith crosses from the light switch, walking normally, his footsteps following one another with great regularity.

Kiki stands perfectly still, keeping her eyes to the window. Only her left hand slowly rising to press against her heart betrays her anxiety. As the hand rises we pick up the beat of her heart. (Trick effect.)

Galbraith comes closer and closer until finally he stands behind her. The beating of her heart subsides. There is perfect silence. Even the processionists cease their chant for a moment. Kiki and Galbraith stand this way for an instant,, then suddenly Galbraith moves violently toward her. She screams. The side door bursts open and Jerry and Belmonte come pell-mell into the room.

It has all happened with such suddenness that for a moment Galbraith stands stock still. The two grapple with him. This physical contact rouses him. He shakes himself loose and dodges around the desk. They chase after him through the dark.

INT. DISPLAY ROOM - NIGHT

Galbraith runs in, followed closely by Jerry and Belmonte. He dodges among the showcases. He tries the great door. It has been locked. He turns and starts running back toward the alcove. They stop him. He dodges them and goes on. Jerry starts after him again. Belmonte reaches under his coat and pulls out a revolver. The movement has caught Jerry's eye and he turns.

JERRY

Raoul -- don't. Put that gun away.

Jerry runs on, without seeing whether or not Raoul has obeyed his order. With the gun still in his hand, Raoul follows after.

INT. MUSEUM DISPLAY ROOM - NIGHT

Galbraith runs in past Kiki, who has left the window and is standing in front of the desk. Just as he passes her,

Jerry reaches him, grabs his arm and whips him around. The two men struggle. Belmonte comes up. To avoid the struggling men, Kiki steps backward and knocks against the showcase containing the butterflies. It falls with a great crash and the sound of breaking glass, Kiki falls with it.

Jerry glances over and sees Kiki on the floor. He lets go of Galbraith who dodges out of the side door, Belmonte after him. Jerry kneels down beside Kiki.

JERRY

Kiki?

KIKI

It's all right. I'm not hurt.

He scrambles up from his knees and runs after Belmonte.

The processionists slowly climb the hill toward the cross. The leader is still calling out and the others answer him in the long established rigmarole of their ceremonies. Galbraith with a hurried look over his, shoulder runs into the scene and slips in with the marching men.

MED. CLOSE SHOT of Galbraith as he makes his way to the center of the marching column.

Jerry and Belmonte stand panting beside the marching column of processionists. He looks right and left. There is no sign of Galbraith. He, too, falls in the rank near the end of the procession. He begins to slowly make his way to the head of the column, peering under the hats and into the dark faces of the men. His gun is still in his hand.

ANOTHER ANGLE of the marching column. We see Galbraith in the very center and behind him Jerry and Belmonte come up and look into his face. They seize his arms. Galbraith struggles to get away from them. There is a disturbance in the ranks of the processionists. Quickly, six of the enormous, tall, hooded figures gather menacingly around the center of the disturbance. No word is spoken. There is only the convergence of these six great figures about the two struggling men. The three men subside. Galbraith ceases to struggle. The six hooded men leave them, drawing back to the flanks of the procession.

CLOSER SHOT of Jerry and Galbraith. The two men are close

together, but march on in step with the processionists, and as they walk, they talk sotto voce. Despite the urgency of what one demands from the other and the other denies, the silent authority of the hooded figures mutes their voices.

JERRY
It was you, Galbraith!

GALBRAITH
No.

JERRY
It was you.

GALBRAITH
Not! I tell you. No!

JERRY
You shot the leopard. We know that.
You killed Consuelo. You killed Clo
Clo. Then tonight --

GALBRAITH
I didn't do anything. She screamed.
Something frightened her.

JERRY
Consuelo screamed too -- and Clo
Clo. Why did you do it? Why? Quick.
Tell me why?

GALBRAITH
(brokenly, very near
hysteria)
It's better you don't know.

JERRY
Tell me.

GALBRAITH
Why do yo&i accuse me? You don't
know what you're doing -- you don't
understand -- nobody understands --

Jerry studies Galbraith. A new note has crept into the man's voice -- an odd note of irrationality and self-pity.

GALBRAITH
(miserably)
In the whole world there isn't a
single human being who knows what
it is to be tormented this way --

The procession has reached the crest of the hill. As the head of the column begins to make its way around the cross the whole file slows from a march to a shuffling half step. Jerry

and Belmonte seize the opportunity to edge Galbraith out of the column toward a Joshua tree. They stand in its deep shadow while the procession goes on and off.

CLOSE SHOT of Jerry and Galbraith, with Belmonte close to Galbraith in the b.g.

JERRY
(prompting Galbraith)
Tormented -- ? Why?

GALBRAITH
I couldn't rest -- I couldn't sleep.
All I could see was Teresa Delgado's body -- broken --mangled.
I saw it day and night. It was waiting everywhere I turned.

JERRY
Then you found the leopard --

GALBRAITH
I didn't want to kill, but I had to. I heard her in the cemetery - talking to the man in the auto --

Belmonte stirs in the shadow of the Joshua tree.

GALBRAITH
When he went away -- I thought maybe I was going to help her get over the wall -- I can't remember.
--

CLOSE SHOT of Belmonte. His face is motionless -- his eyes are burning.

GALBRAITH
(with mounting hysteria)
I looked down -- in the darkness I saw her white face turned up to me -- the eyes dark and wide with fear -- the fear -- that was it -- the little frail body -- the soft skin --

Slowly, Galbraith's two hands lift, the fingers curved slightly inwards. He looks at them as if he, too, were terrified by their deadly potentiality.

GALBRAITH
And then --
(smiles, strangely and appallingly)
— she screamed --

Behind him, Belmonte comes up close. Agony passes over Belmonte's face and contorts it... His hand squeezes down on the gun. A shot roars out. Galbraith falls, silently crumpling down at the base of the Joshua tree. Belmonte throws the gun away and stands looking at him.

BELMONTE
(softly)
Consuelo,

DISSOLVE

EXT UNDERTAKER'S PARLOUR - NIGHT

T. C. Johnson' s undertaking parlour is lighted and the light falls out of the window in. a great broad path onto the dark sidewalk. Jerry and Kiki come out of the building. They pause and stand in the broad glow of light from the window. For a moment they are silent. Behind them, in the shop, we see Raoul Hobbs and two policemen.

KIKI
We stood here once before.

JERRY
I know -- Teresa --

KIKI
I hated you that day -- you and your flip talk -- with that little girl lying dead.

JERRY
I know. What do you think I felt when you said, "don't be soft?"

KIKI
Jerry, I want you to be soft. You are soft -- inside -- where it matters. I wanted it that day too, but didn't dare tell you.

JERRY
We ought to dare to tell each other everything, Kiki -- you and I.

Re looks up and down the street.

JERRY
It's a strange town, Kiki. A funny town. Mexican, American and Indian, all mixed up in itself, with two languages. The sign posts written in Spanish and English. A strange town.

ANOTHER ANGLE showing the street. Four hooded processionists go by in single file.

KIKI

It's a lovely town -- it was until we came and let the leopard loose and all this happened.

JERRY

Kiki, Galbraith said something to me once, -- something you ought to know. We were talking and he said that people were like that ball on the fountain at the hotel --they got pushed around by things bigger than themselves. That's the way it was with us -- and we were too small to see it that way.

He puts his arm about her and they begin to walk up the street.

FADE OUT