

PROLOGUE: EL TRIANGULO DEL AMOR

EXT. TOWN. DAY

Wide shot of an imminent town standoff. One man on the left, one man to the right, and the woman of their mutual affection stand with a priest who officiates in the middle of it all.

COWBOY 1

Me robaste a mi chica, cabron!

COWBOY 2

¡Es su elección y ella me elige a mí!

WOMAN

Los amo a los dos, ¿no pueden ver?

COWBOY 1

prepárate para morir, amigo.

COWBOY 2

No soy tu compa, amigo.

Increasingly close up shots of the two duelers. Close up of woman crying and the camera pans up to priest loosening his collar. Close up of the two duelers eyes. Priest removes his collar and holds it in the sky waiting to drop it. Close up of hands on holsters. Close up of priest's hand holding his collar.

WOMAN

(Points past the camera)

¡No! ¡Para! ¡El Mensajero está aquí!

Wide shot of the town, El Mensajero enters frame. Close up on his hand resting on his satchel as he approaches near where the woman and priest stand.

He kneels down and from his satchel pulls out a bag of seeds, digs a small hole, and plants a single seed between the two duelers. El Mensajero walks over to Simp 1, hands him the bag of seeds, and points where he planted the seeds.

A flower begins to slowly grow out of the ground. (Stop motion?)

El Mensajero walks across to Simp 2, carefully picking the flower along the way. He attempts to hand it to Simp 2. Simp two draws his revolver and points it at El Mensajero.

COWBOY 2

Quédate atrás El Mensajero, esto no
te concierne.

El Mensajero, hands raised, cautiously places the flower in the barrel of his gun and points to the woman. The revolver shakes in unsure hands. A single tear cascades down his dirty face.

COWBOY 2 (CONT'D)

entiendo...

Simp 2 drops the gun, instead opting to hold the woman he loves.

Simp 1 holds the bag of seeds in one hand and the gun in the other. He weighs them, conflicted. He looks up at his enemy with the woman he loves. All that happiness from just a seed. Simp 1 tosses the gun in favor of the seeds and walks out town.

El Mensajero attempts to do the same.

WOMAN

(calling out to El M)
Gracias, El Mensajero!

El Mensajero slowly turns around, smiles and tips his hat.
Freeze frame.

MUSIC: EL MENSAJERO THEME

TITLE: EL MENSAJERO

CHAPTER 1: HEAD WEST

EXT. CANYON

El Mensajero draws a pot of water from the creek. He places the pot of water over the fire. He walks to the creek, takes off his boots off and pours a comic amount of sand out of his boots. Soaks his feet in the water. The water turns red. His compass points west. He looks perturbed.

EXT. CANYON. LATER

El Mensajero eats his sad bean dinner, still perturbed because his compass still points west.

EXT. CANYON. NIGHT

Compass still points west as El Mensajero attempts to sleep.

EXT. CANYON. MORNING

El Mensajero heads west.

MONTAGE:

Shots of El Mensajero hiking through different terrain/backgrounds. Eventually he stumbles across a path of bloody hoofprints which also leads West.

The montage ends with El M coming across a ghost town wherein the streets are littered with dead bodies.

CHAPTER 2: LA MUERTE

EXT.GHOST TOWN

El M looks upon the calamity in front of him, but here's a noise nearby. He turns, but sees no one. He decides to investigate.

INT.ABANDONED DOMICILE

El M turns the corner and comes across a woman cowered against the wall. She holds a knife in desperation.

SENORA

¡Quedate atrás!

EL MENSAJERO

no tengas miedo, solo soy un mensajero.

SENORA

El Mensajero?

EL MENSAJERO

Si. Que pasó aquí?

SENORA

Los Cerdos.

El Mensajero looks down.

EL MENSAJERO

Los siento. ¿Sabes por qué vinieron??

SENORA

Por qué ellos hacen algo?

El Mensajero looks to the bodies littering the street.

EL MENSAJERO

Hay alguien más?

SENORA

Se llevaron al último hombre con ellos a las colinas. Me escondí mientras mataban a todos los demás.

EL MENSAJERO

Ve hacia el este por el camino. No te detengas, no mires hacia atrás hasta llegar a San Libertad.

SENORA

Y a donde vas a ir?

EL MENSAJERO

Voy a donde debo entregar.

SENORA

¿Por eso viniste? ¿Tienes algo para mi?

El Mensajero shakes his head and points out to the bodies in the street.

EXT.GHOST TOWN

El Mensajero step out onto the street and approaches a man who has yet to die. He breathes laboriously and wears a crucifix.

Standing above him, El M pulls two items from his satchel. A revolver and a bible. He loads a single bullet into the revolver and places it in the man's bloody hands, and then opens the bible.

EL MENSAJERO

(reading)

Padre de todos, te rogamos por esta alma y por todos aquellos a quienes amamos pero ya no vemos. Concédeles el descanso eterno. Deja que la luz perpetua brille sobre ellos. Que su alma y las almas de todos los difuntos, por la misericordia de Dios, descansen en paz.

El M. crosses himself and stands. As he attempts to leave, the man attempts to speak.

DYING MAN

Senor, No puedo apretar el gatillo. Sería un pecado mortal.

EL MENSAJERO

Los siento senor, pero solo entrego.

DYING MAN

Entonces entregame, por favor.

El Mensajero is silent for a moment, looking to the sky for some answers. There are none.

El M takes the gun from the man's bloody hands. He pulls back the hammer and points it down.

DYING MAN (CONT'D)

Gracias.

Close on trigger finger. BANG!

Having delivered the man, El M places gently places the gun down, having no interest in ever using it again.

Fog begins to accumulate near the building El M just left. The woman from earlier steps out into the street, but she is no longer assuming the form of a mortal. For she is LA MUERTE.

La Muerte walks towards EL M, and as she does the dead bodies she passes rise and follow her. When she reaches our heroic courier, she caresses his face and whispers in his hear.

LA MUERTE

Los Cerdos...entrégalos a mí.

The man El M shot rises behind him. La Muerte turns and walks away, the dead following her as they all dissipate into the mist.

CLOSE ON EL M.

CHAPTER 3: LA JUSTICIA DE LOS CERDOS

EXT. VALLEY

Los Cerdos march two prisoners through a valley at sunset.

PRISONER 1
 (to the leader)
 Why are you doing this? We're
 innocent!

The head of Los Cerdos says nothing, keeping his back turned and continuing forward.

PRISONER 1 (CONT'D)
 We're innocent!

PIG MAN 2
 QUIET!

The pig man strikes prisoner 1 with the butt of his gun.

EXT. ABANDONED MINE. LATER

Los Cerdos lines the prisoners up to be executed. One of them attempts to escape but is quickly detained again.

He is the first they execute. The members of Los Cerdos squeal in delight. The head pig grabs the other prisoner and puts a revolver to the back of his head.

From the perspective of El M's monocular, we see the demise of the last prisoner. Again, Los Cerdos squeal in delight.

El M continues scoping out the scene, but a rifle is pressed up against his back. One of the pigs has got the drop on him.

The Pig leads him down the hill to the other members of Los Cerdos, presenting him to the head honcho.

EL MENSAJERO
 You misunderstand.
 (gestures to his satchel)
 I have something for you.

The pig behind El M squeals. The head pig silently raises his hands, seemingly signaling for armistice. El M raises his hand too, only to give the head pig close his hand into a fist.

The pig behind El M squeals and shoots him in the back, sending our hero to the ground. The head pig goes to pick up El M's satchel.

He opens the bag and sees nothing but a faint light at first. The light begins to grow brighter and brighter as the head pigs continues staring into it, transfixed.

We see a single tear streak down his face. He puts the bag down.

The head pig stands and unceremoniously shoots one of his own in the head. The other tries to react in self defense, but the head pig also guns him down with ease.

Then the head pig turns the gun on himself.

There is a silence as the light of a new day begins to fill the frame. El M's compass lies beside him, at first motionless. Then the needle begins to flicker before pointing East. El M reaches out and grabs the compass.

Painfully he rises, the bloodstain on his back somewhat reminiscent of the eagle on his satchel.

El Mensajero walks off into the light of a new day.

THE END.