

Where dreams begin

Primitivo Pérez Martínez

CHARACTERS

FLORENCIO 50 years old; weather-beaten face; he is wearing a beret, jacket and black corduroy trousers

PABLO 18 years old; dark; well-built; good-natured face; wearing a carpenter's overalls.

RICARDO 13 years old; mischievous and friendly face; dressed in his Sunday best; short trousers.

JUAN 15 years old; ruddy face with pleasant features; blue eyes; brown hair; tall for his age; calm appearance; dressed in the same style as his brother: long trousers, tie, jacket etc.

ROBUSTIANO 50 years old; very thin, but with a gut; his head crowned with sparse, spiky white hair; his apron stained with red wine.

FATTY BALAS 45 years old; short; bald; prominent stomach; trousers always round his hips; white shirt with a crooked bow tie half-hidden by his double chin; always sweaty.

LANKY LUIS 40 years old; tall and thin; long neck; pointed nose; flash clothing: waistcoat, carnation in

	his button hole etc.
CORPORAL	50 years old; scowling; very tall; dark and with a long moustache
TIROLINAS	25 years old; a butter-would not-melt-in-his-mouth expression; average build; smooth-faced.
RUIZ FERRY	sports journalist with the Madrid Herald; 35 years old; tall; with a distinguished air about him; smart.
ALFONSO (ALFONSO ORTEGA)	apprentice photographer with the Herald; 18 years old, although he looks younger; thin and slightly built; cheeky and rather roguish-looking.
ALFONSO'S FEMALE FRIEND	18 years old; not particularly pretty, although quite striking and with a great figure; very saucy-looking.
PEPE BARCALA	16 years old; average height; confident and self-assured. Casually dressed, he is wearing drivers' goggles.
DON JOSÉ BARCALA	45 years old; smartly dressed; 1 metre 80 cm. tall paces the room from one end to the other
DOÑA ÁNGELA	39 years old; distinguished air
PATRO	50 years old; plump; a village woman.
DOÑA MARÍA CODORNÍU	34 years old; pleasant and distinguished appearance
THE BUTLER	
DON JUAN DE LA	46 years old; serious

CIERVA PEÑAFIEL	appearance; white, well-groomed hair, beard and moustache; impeccably dressed.
HIS WIFE	very fat
GALINDO	Chief editor; 50 years old grumpy and scruffy looking; the opposite of Ferry
FATHER CARLOS	Alsatian, of the Marianist order; algebra teacher; 56 years old; plump; very pale complexion; friendly looking; speaks with a French accent.
A GIRL WITH A PARASOL	Pretending, flirting
GASPAR BRUNET	The industrial engineer
MARTA AGUIRRE	20 years old; very pretty; smart
AERONAUT	50 years old; tanned; long moustache; pilot's helmet and goggles
A GOOD- LOOKING WENCH	28 years old; dark; healthy and "well-endowed".
DON RICARDO CODORNÍU STARICO	Doña María's father; 64 years old; calm appearance; wears glasses; grey hair; moustache and long white beard; forestry expert.
LIEUTENANT SANTOS	30 years old; haughty; dark; with a moustache.
A GIRL	25 years old; blonde; slim; wearing a gauzy blue dress.
MECHANIC	40 years old; of average height; Mauvais's loyal friend.
	40 years old; With a visor and

MARTÍNEZ	black over sleeves
BOY	selling THE HERALD in the street.
CAPTAIN OF THE CAVALRY KÍNDELAN	Pleasant expression; of medium height; average build.
VEDRINES	tall; thin; dark; black moustache; tired, blackened face; clothing typical of a pilot of that era
THE BUCCANEER	45 years old; scruffy; badly dressed; grubby looking; with a coat which has been darned and threadbare fingerless gloves.
JEAN MAUVAIS	French pilot; 30 years old; tall; dark; handlebar moustache; long cravat round his neck; speaks with a strong accent; mixing his words up

1. Outdoor scene. A street in Madrid. Morning.

The golden light of dawn is reflected on the shining cobbles. A large wooden glider is being transported on a shire-horse drawn cart. The wings stick out on either side, taking up nearly the whole width of the street. The following words appear superimposed on the screen:

«Madrid, January 1910».

2. The cart.

At the reins is FLORENCIO. Sitting at his side is his son PABLO In the rear of the cart, holding on to the load with the utmost care, is RICARDO. Beside him is JUAN, his brother. In spite of the movements of the cart his hands skilfully fold a piece of paper, a plane slowly taking shape.

**FLORENCIO looks at his son, annoyed on seeing his two pals standing at the door of the inn
«ROBUSTIANO».**

3. The inn.

FATTY BALAS and LANKY LUIS. They both smile when they see the merchandise which is being transported that morning.

BALAS.- (Sarcastically.) Hey, Florencio, what about taking us up for a spin one of these days! **(They laugh.)**

4. The cart

RICARDO.- (To JUAN.) Here we go, those two and the same old mickey-taking.

(JUAN smiles indifferently. He has nearly finished the aeroplane. FLORENCIO nervously tugs down on his beret and hurries the horse along.)

FLORENCIO.- (Bad-temperedly to PABLO.) If I'd had even an inkling that this thing was so bulky, I'd never

have tried it, in a million years..., bloody kids! **(He spurs the horse on. The boys hold on tight so that they don't fall off.)**

5. The inn.

LANKY.- (Loudly.) Button up well, Florencio, we don't want you catching cold! **(Pointing to the sky.)**

6. The cart.

FLORENCIO.- (More angrily.) Go take a running jump, both of you!

7. The inn.

FATTY and LANKY roar with laughter. **The cart passes in front of the inn. ROBUSTIANO, is cleaning from the inside, the panes of a broken window. On seeing FLORENCIO pass, he rushes outside.**

ROBUSTIANO.- (Shouting.) Florencio, my lad, when you stop playing around, how about fixing my window, it's been nearly two months now!

8. The cart.

FLORENCIO urges the horse on even more quickly. **Pablo has to hold on to avoid falling off.**

PABLO.- Don't go so fast...

FLORENCIO.- (Very angrily.) Shut up, you!

PABLO.- ...This contraption's going to break in two, father...

FLORENCIO.- ...It makes no difference to me if you lot fall and break your crowns... Hup, Darío! (**He cracks the whip.**)

(The cart carries on at breakneck speed. RICARDO holds on to the load for dear life. JUAN holds on too; he throws the paper aeroplane.)

9. The street.

It soars up and flies gracefully.

10. Outdoor scene. An open space, Ciudad Lineal.
Late morning.

The glider has now been unloaded. PABLO checks the damage caused on the journey.
The rest are all waiting, but nobody else arrives.

RICARDO.- (To JUAN.) What can have happened to him? He's up to something again.

JUAN.- (Keeping an eye on the glider.) Don't get impatient! Ricardo, we have to give him a bit of time.

PABLO.- We're going to wait a bit longer aren't we?

FLORENCIO.- (Grunting.) A bit longer...a bit longer...but I'm the one who ends up looking stupid..., bloody kids!

11. Nearby.

A few inquisitive bystanders begin to approach, BALAS and LANKY among them. They smile when they see the glider

12. The open space.

FLORENCIO.- And to top it all, that lot come along to have a good laugh at my expense... The story of my bloody life! **(He takes off his beret in desperation.)**

BALAS.- (Examining the glider.) Not bad furniture you make, Florencio!

LANKY.- (Sarcastically.) Yes, he's quite an artist, quite a cabinet-maker!

(FLORENCIO bites his tongue. A couple of members of the civil guard arrive: a CORPORAL, and a private, TIROLINAS,)

CORPORAL.- (Roughly, to FLORENCIO.) 'Ear, you got a permit to bring that thing 'ere!

JUAN.- (Sticking his nose in.) Yes, sir. We're just waiting for it.

CORPORAL.- And when is it going to show? You got

no permit, you got no right to be here.

(The CORPORAL hooks his thumbs into his belt in a very authoritative way.)

RICARDO.- (Whispering.) Just what we needed! **(He sits down on the ground.)**

FLORENCIO.- (Annoyed, to PABLO.) I bet we end up in clink...Bloody kids!

13. Nearby.

A buggy approaches.

14. The open space.

PABLO.- (Shouting and signalling.) Here comes Mr. Ferry!

RICARDO.- (Leaping to his feet.) Good job too!

FLORENCIO.- Yes, about time!

(FERRY, is driving the car. At his side is ALFONSO, Behind them sits Alfonso's female FRIEND and next to her a very big camera. They get out of the carriage.)

FERRY.- What's new, boys? How's it going?

JUAN.- We didn't think you were coming.

FERRY.- Here's the culprit (**pointing to ALFONSO.**); the foreman.

ALFONSO.- (**Taking his friend by the arm.**) A job worth doing is worth taking time over, chief.

FRIEND.- (**Grumbling.**) Hold on a mo! I was on time! It was you who kept me waiting around.

CORPORAL.- (**To FERRY impatiently.**) Excuse me! are you the one with the permit?

FERRY.- (**Nods. He rummages around in his jacket.**) Here you are, signed by the owner of the land himself.

(**The CORPORAL looks at it. He frowns.**)

FERRY.- (**To JUAN.**) Hey, JUAN! does your father know about this little game of yours?

JUAN.- Why are you always asking what you already know?

FERRY.- So, he hasn't got a clue, as usual...Just wait and see.

CORPORAL.- (**Handing the paper back to FERRY.**) Everything seems to be in order for now. You may proceed.

FRIEND.- (**Surprised to see the glider.**) What a pile of junk! And you reckon this is going to fly, lover-boy?

ALFONSO.- I don't know, sweetheart, but you can't say it's not looking good...(whistling)...Boys, this time you've excelled yourselves.

CORPORAL.- Let's go, Tirolinas, there's nothing to

keep us here...

(They leave.)

15. Nearby.

A car quickly approaches them.

16. The open space.

PABLO.- Hey, somebody else is coming! **(The car brakes sharply. It skids towards where JUAN is standing. The horse rears up.)**

FLORENCIO.- **(Holding on to the reins.)** Whoa, Darío...! Blasted jalopey.

(From out of the dust cloud emerges PEPE BARCALA)

PABLO.- **(Idem.)** And he's brought a car!

BARCALA.- **(Pushing his glasses up.)** Voila!...A De Don Bouton, four horsepower, at your service.

(He jumps out of the car. Everybody applauds, amazed...)

FLORENCIO.- **(To FERRY.)** These kids are the bloody limit, if you ask me!

FERRY.- (To FLORENCIO, smiling.) You're telling me!

(JUAN and PEPE BARCALA shake hands warmly.)

JUAN.- You're the best, Pepe!

BARCALA.- I told you to leave the towing to me and here I am.

(He slaps the car's bodywork.) V I R T U A L

JUAN.- Is it new?

BARCALA.- Newer than new. The apple of my father's eye.

JUAN.- Pablo, it's all yours.

(People are now crowding around the automobile.)

BALAS.- Quite a big shot, that boy.

LANKY.- Not lacking a penny or two, you can be sure of that.

(RICARDO and PABLO tie the glider to the rear bumper of the car.)

FERRY.- (To JUAN.) I think it's best if the lightest man gets in; It's not too powerful that. **(Pointing to the**

car.)

JUAN.- (He nods.) Ricardo, up you get! You're the pilot.

(RICARDO, overjoyed, punches PABLO on the shoulder.)

PABLO.- You lucky thing!

(RICARDO, helped by PABLO, settles into the glider.)

LANKY.- And what about you? When's it your turn, Florencio?

BALAS.- He'll have to lose a bit of weight first, say I...

FLORENCIO.- Look who's talking.

(ALFONSO gives his girlfriend a peck on the cheek. He has lifted her onto FLORENCIO's cart.)

ALFONSO.- (Winking at FLORENCIO.) Look after her for me! She's the best thing I've got.

GIRLFRIEND.- (To ALFONSO.) Hey you! It's the last time you bring me to watch cheap circus acts.

(ALFONSO walks away whistling, his camera on his shoulder, pushing his way through the crowd.)

17. Car.

BARCALA gets into the car.

18. Runway.

PABLO clears everybody off the runway. JUAN checks to see which way the wind is blowing by licking his index finger and holding it up in the air. He signals to BARCALA.

19. Car.

The car starts up lazily.

20. Glider.

The skids of the glider begin to drag along the ground. The bumpy ground makes it bounce around unduly. RICARDO is hidden by a cloud of dust.

21. Public.

The people jokingly cheer the glider on, trying to get it to take off.

BALAS.- (Laughing.) Florencio, you'll need to stick

goose feathers on it.

LANKY.- Leave him alone, he's enough of a goose as it is!

FLORENCIO.- (Exasperated.) Balas, I bet you twenty cents it flies!

BALAS.- Done! You're on!

LANKY.- And I'll go halves with him.

GIRLFRIEND.- (To FLORENCIO.) The only things going to fly away from here are your cents.

BIBLIOTECA VIRTUAL
22. Glider.

Car and glider continue their impossible race.

23. Runway.

ALFONSO is all ready to take a photograph.

24. Glider.

The glider gives a little leap into the air. As it lands, the tailskids break, thus dragging the fuselage along the ground.

25. Runway.

A mountain of dust covers the photographer and his camera. ALFONSO spits and curses.

26. Glider.

RICARDO signals for BARCALA to stop.

27. Car.

BARCALA, engrossed in gaining more speed, doesn't realise.

28. Glider.

The glider is falling apart.

29. Car.

The rear bumper cracks and separates from the rest of the car.

30. Glider.

RICARDO ends up sitting amidst a pile of planks, surrounded by a great cloud of dust.

31. Public.

Ridicule is the general response.

BALAS.- That was obviously one of those short-flight geese.

LANKY.- Shame it's not fit for the pot now, eh Balas?

(More laughter.)

BIBL 32. Glider. CA VIRTUAL

JUAN and PABLO approach at a run. They help RICARDO out. He gets up, white from head to foot.

33. Public.

FLORENCIO rummages around in his pocket.

BALAS.- (Counting out the money.) Lanky, we'll have to come to these shows more often, won't we?

LANKY.- (Idem.) 10 cents!...I've earned more than I usually do in tips. Thanks, Florencio.

(They leave.)

GIRLFRIEND.- (To FLORENCIO.) I told you they'd fly away!

34. Car.

BARCALA stops the car when he finally realises he's only towing a part of the bumper. He jumps out of the car and kicks the back wheel.

35. Public.

ALFONSO returns, with a serious face, and looking as if he's fallen into a sack of flour.

FERRY.- (To ALFONSO, shaking his head.) I don't know who's greener, you or your mates.

(ALFONSO passes in front of FERRY and gives him a comical military salute.)

FLORENCIO.- (To ALFONSO.) What a disaster! You've made me look an inch high!

ALFONSO.- It's just one of those things! Anyone can have a bad day, chief.

FERRY.- Well if I were you, I'd give it up before somebody actually gets hurt.

FLORENCIO.- You've said it! These pipedreams do nobody any good.

GIRLFRIEND.- (To ALFONSO.) Last time I'm coming to one of these shows, right, clever clogs?

(ALFONSO takes her by the arm and helps her down from the cart.)

ALFONSO.- (Smooth-talking her.) Don't waste any more of your precious breath, darling...(a little kiss.)
...Come on! Let's get out of this damned place!

(He takes the flower out of his button-hole. He blows the dust off and gallantly offers it to her. She calms down and smiles at him.)

36. Outdoor scene. The BARCALAS' garden. Night.

BARCALA comes into the garden. The car has its engine switched off. He pushes it as far as the garage.

37. Indoors. The living-room in the Barcalas' house. Night

DON JOSÉ BARCALA. His wife, DOÑA ÁNGELA, seated, fans herself nervously.

DOÑA ÁNGELA.- But how do you expect me to keep calm when he's been gone four hour with the..., with that thingummyjig and still isn't back?

DON JOSÉ.- I've spoken to the Civil Guard, to the police, I've even phoned don Juan de la Cierva, and he doesn't know where his sons are, either. What more do you expect me to have done?

DOÑA ÁNGELA.- Not bought that car.

DON JOSÉ.- Look, dear, you can't blame the car manufacturer just because your son's a scamp.

DOÑA ÁNGELA.- Our son, Pepe..., our son..., he's both of ours, isn't he?, and don't make me talk any more, I'm a bundle of nerves.

38. Indoor scene. The Ciervas' house. Hall. Night.

**A knock at the door. The maid opens it. PATRO,
JUAN and RICARDO enter.**

PATRO.- (To JUAN.) What time do you call this for you young gentlemen to get home...!

(Their mother arrives nervously.)

DOÑA MARÍA.- (To JUAN.) Thank God! I thought something had happened to you. Even Don José Barcala has phoned asking after his son.

PATRO.- (To JUAN.) And you should have seen your esteemed father during dinner...!

(DOÑA MARÍA kisses RICARDO. She fixes his shirt for him.)

DOÑA MARÍA.- (Whispering to RICARDO.) But where have you been till so late?... And have you seen the state their clothes are in, Patro? **(Brushing their trousers roughly.)**

RICARDO.- Hey! you're hurting me, mother.

PATRO.- If I were you, I'd throw them on the fire.
We'll never get them to look decent again.

DOÑA MARÍA.- And you've missed your dinner again.

PATRO.- (**Fussing around JUAN.**) They're all skin and bone, Madam.

JUAN.- Leave me alone, Patro! Stop it!

DOÑA MARÍA.- (**To RICARDO.**) Are you hungry, dearest?

RICARDO.- (**Feeling sorry for himself.**) Yes, mother, very.

DOÑA MARÍA.- Juan, your father is waiting for you in his study.

(**RICARDO looks at JUAN, scared.**)

JUAN.- (**To RICARDO.**) Come on, Ricardo.

RICARDO.- (**Not wanting to go.**) Mother, I'm very hungry.

DOÑA MARÍA.- (**Sympathetically.**) Come now, son! You have to go.

PATRO.- The sooner, the better, my loves.

(**The boys leave. RICARDO grumbling.**)

DOÑA MARÍA.- (**To PATRO.**) Prepare them some hot soup and some cold meat.

PATRO.- (Muttering.) Their father's going to give them a lot more than that.

39. Outdoors. The BARCALAS' house. Night.

BARCALA is trying to get into the house through a window.

40. Indoors. The BARCALAS' living-room. Night.

DOÑA ÁNGELA.- (A nervous wreck.) My God! Look at the time and he still isn't home...

DON JOSÉ.- You just wait until I get my hands on him!

DOÑA ÁNGELA.- It's you who's got him all mixed up with so many mechanical gadgets. **(She hits a miniature generator which is on the table. The machine starts up with a great roar. The bulb lights up.) (Screaming.)** Aaagh!

DON JOSÉ.- It's nothing to be scared of..., it's just the electric generator.

DOÑA ÁNGELA.- Pepe, turn that useless contraption off!

DON JOSÉ.- (Unruffled.) When we have a power cut, you can tell me whether it's useless or not.

(The BUTLER enters.)

BUTLER.- Sir, your son is entering through the kitchen

window, as is his wont.

DOÑA ÁNGELA.- Bless my soul!... Thank Goodness!

41. Indoor scene. The door of DON JUAN's office. Night.

JUAN gently knocks at the door. There is no answer. He knocks again, this time more decisively. No answer. He looks at his brother. RICARDO is pale.

RICARDO.- (Whispering unconvincingly.) Perhaps he doesn't want us to disturb him at the moment.

(JUAN is about to knock again, when a powerful voice is heard from the other side of the door.)

DON JUAN.- (Off screen.) Come in!

(They enter.)

42. Indoors. The Barcalas' kitchen. Night.

BARCALA, trying not to make a noise, has just closed the window. The light goes on. DOÑA ÁNGELA moves towards her son.

DOÑA ÁNGELA.- What a fright you gave me, my son! **(She hugs him.)**

DON JOSÉ.- I see that you regard doors as decoration.

BARCALA.- **(Crushed by the hug.)** I didn't want to disturb..., as it's so late.

DOÑA ÁNGELA.- And may we know where you've been until now, my little imp? **(She kisses his forehead.)**

BARCALA.- Well, you see, mother..., it turns out that...

DON JOSÉ.- **(With a sense of foreboding.)** What about the automobile, Pepe?

BARCALA.- Outside. I put it away in the garage.

DON JOSÉ.- **(Suspiciously.)** Everything is all right?

BARCALA.- ...Yes..., well... That's to say, more or less.

DON JOSÉ.- **(Alarmed.)** More or less?... What do you mean, more or less? **(He rushes out towards the garage.)**

DOÑA ÁNGELA.- **(Idem.)** Oh, son!... **(Looking at him from head to toe.)**... But are you all right?... **(More hugs.)**

BARCALA.- I'm fine, mother.

DOÑA ÁNGELA.- My poor little boy! **(More kisses.)**

BARCALA.- Mum, it's not the war I've just come back from.

DON JOSÉ.- **(Off screen. Shouting from the garage.)** Pepe...! Come here at once.

(Mother and son look at each other.)

43. Indoors. Don Juan's office. Night.

DON JUAN DE LA CIERVA PEÑAFIEL, sitting at his large walnut desk, is looking impassively at some of the many documents that cover his desk. In front of him, stand JUAN and RICARDO, waiting in silence. DON JUAN, unhurriedly takes out his watch and looks at it.

DON JUAN.- Half past nine. I suppose matters of great importance have prevented you from being here at a more reasonable hour...

(They don't answer.)...

...What are these matters, Ricardo?...

(RICARDO looks at his brother. He doesn't know what to say.)

...Perhaps they are state secrets, that's why you can't say anything? **(He looks at DON JUAN.)**

JUAN.- We've been in the Ciudad Lineal watching a glider fly.

DON JUAN.- Ah! Very interesting. Quite an event.

JUAN.- As there were a lot of people we couldn't take the tram...

RICARDO.- (Timidly.) We've come home in a cart.

DON JUAN.- A very noble and safe form of transport,

yes sir.

(DON JUAN scribbles his signature on one of the papers. He puts it into an envelope. Without saying a word he hands the letter to RICARDO, who doesn't know whether to reach forward to take it or wait until his father tells him to. In a quiet but forceful tone.)

This is for Father Carlos. Give it to him tomorrow without fail, as soon as you get to school.

(RICARDO takes the envelope.)

DON JUAN.- (To RICARDO.) As I have discovered that you have a lot of free time, and I can see that you don't know how to make the best use of it, I have decided that starting from tomorrow Father Carlos will give you private French classes.

(RICARDO nods, a picture of saintliness.)

Nothing else, Ricardo. You can go.

(RICARDO looks at his brother sympathetically. He quickly goes out.)

(DON JUAN Finishing off tidying his papers.) Young man, I am not prepared to let you carry on filling your brother's head with nonsense and absurd fantasies... **(He looks at him.)**... So can you tell me what all this is

about?...these aeroplane...,aeroglid.(**He can't get the word out.**)

JUAN.- ...Gliders, father.

DON JUAN.- I don't care what you call them, gliders or aeroplanes, what's the difference?

JUAN.- Gliders haven't got an engine and aeroplanes have.

DON JUAN.- Eccentric inventions...! If God had wanted us to fly, he would have given us wings, but that's not the case, we've got legs and we walk on solid ground. Do you understand what I'm saying?...

JUAN.- Yes, father.

DON JUAN.- Then behave like a de la Cierva and don't make me take more severe measures... (**He changes his tone: more friendly.**)... Come on!, sit down.

(**JUAN obeys him.**)

... Son, I have great hopes for you... I know that you are a very able person; if you are interested in what you are doing, of course... You know..., you could become a magnificent lawyer and who knows if you couldn't make a great career for yourself in politics... (**He stands up.**)

JUAN.- Father, the thing is that the law and politics don't appeal to me very much.

DON JUAN.- (**Walking around his son.**) And what difference does that make? The secret of success lies in doing things well..., and I mean well!..., better than anybody, even in the things you least like doing. It's all a question of discipline, son.

JUAN.- But I'd already thought of studying Civil Engineering.

DON JUAN.- (Surprised.) Civil Engineering!, With the opportunities you've got in my field, you're thinking of studying Civil Engineering?

JUAN.- Yes. I think it's what I'd really like to do.

DON JUAN.- I'll never understand you... I suppose someone will have told you that your father has twice been minister.

JUAN.- Yes, for Public Works and the Home Office...

DON JUAN.- (Cuttingly.) Then you'll agree with me that you can't go through life doing just what you feel like. Family tradition demands certain things, you know?... You're going to throw it all away. **(He stops beside his chair and looks calmly at his watch. He sits down. Now in a very serious voice.)** Anyway, I have to make worthy, decent men of you, whether you like it or not...

(JUAN watches him become absorbed in his papers. Looking at his documents.)

That's all, son, you can go

(JUAN stands up.)

...Ah! I forgot, until further notice, you will go without your allowance.

(JUAN goes out. He closes the door.)

44. Indoors. Cinema. Evening.

Next to the projector, turning the reel, FATTY BALAS. Very near, LANKY LUIS, with his fine fingers, plays a rather corny accompaniment on the piano. On the screen a monoplane takes off. FATTY BALAS, out loud and while still turning the reel, reads out the words as they appear.

BALAS.- (Lazily.) The Bleriot 9, a monoplane constructed by Louis Bleriot takes off for England.

(ALFONSO and his lady FRIEND, discreetly hidden behind a column, have the camera on its tripod, ready to shoot. BALAS, with a handkerchief, wipes away the abundant droplets of sweat that pour down his face and double chin on their way to his bow-tie. On the screen, images of an open field where people await expectantly.)

BALAS.- (Reading another caption.) The crowd impatiently await the arrival of the Bleriot 9.

(The GIRLFRIEND pours the contents of a small packet into a vintage flash.)

ALFONSO.- (Whispering.) Darling, don't put much in. **(He finishes adjusting the camera.)**

(On the screen, the rudimentary monoplane descends towards the landing field. Solemn chords by LANKY on the piano.)

BALAS.- (Reads solemnly.) On the 25th of July 1909, Louis Bleriot, for the first time in history, flew across the English Channel.

(The GIRLFRIEND lights a match and looks at her companion. ALFONSO, with his hand on the camera release, watches the projection and signals for her to wait. The match goes on burning; she burns her fingers. She puts it out.)

GIRLFRIEND.- (Whispering.) You're not the fastest I've seen.

(The aeroplane approaches head on, almost filling the whole screen. It's about to land. The GIRLFRIEND lights another match. LANKY looks towards the glow: He sees them.)

ALFONSO.- (Whispering to her.) Now!... **(His voice is drowned out by the noise of the projector.)**... Light it now!

(The GIRLFRIEND throws the match into the inside of the box. A loud explosion is followed by a cloud of white smoke which sears through the darkness. The GIRLFRIEND, frightened, drops the flash from her hands and screams. A THIN MAN, who is eating lupines, stands up shouting.)

THIN MAN.- Fire! fire! there's a fire!

(His wife joins in the shouting, scattering

lupin-beans over everybody around her, including the head of her young son, who, also frightened, begins to cry. There is a general disorderly rush for the exit, people running everywhere. LANKY takes refuge behind the piano. Somebody jumps over him. ALFONSO and his GIRLFRIEND, taking advantage of the chaos, walk right past BALAS without being noticed.)

BALAS.- (Shouting.) Please, ladies and gentlemen, keep calm!... Don't panic!

(The people pour out of the cinema. BALAS, with his shirt unbuttoned and his bow-tie more crooked than ever, is swept along by the crowd, while still desperately calling for calm.)

45. Outdoors. Cinema. Evening.

ALFONSO and his GIRLFRIEND, from a corner, observe the uproar.

GIRLFRIEND.- (Frightened, while adjusting her dress.) Oh, my God! What a fuss we've caused!

ALFONSO.- (Nervously.) I told you not to put in so much magnesium, sweetie...(ALFONSO, in despair, watches as a photographer from *The Liberal* positions his camera and takes a shot. Livid.) The story of my life. I do all the work and someone else takes all the glory.

(LANKY LUIS comes out of the cinema dusting himself down. FATTY BALAS, waving a

**handkerchief, shouts to attract the attention of a
POLICEMAN who is running towards them.)**

BALAS.- Sabotage!..., Sabotage!

**(ALFONSO and his GIRLFRIEND watch as the
POLICEMAN talks to BALAS, and LANKY points
to them. The policeman moves towards where they
are standing.)**

ALFONSO.- (To his friend.) Come on, love, let's
get out of this bloody place.

**(They load everything up as best they can and hurry
off. ALFONSO calmly takes another photo. The
action freezes and turns to black and white.)**

46.Indoors. Offices of THE HERALD. Night.

**The frozen image is now a photograph printed on
the front page of a newspaper. FERRY, with the
newspaper in his hands, smiles. Alfonso nervously
paces the office.**

FERRY.- (Looking at the photograph.) Quite a
scoop! yes, sir. Shame it was *The Liberal's*. **(He takes out
a cigarette case with his initials, R. F., engraved on it.)**

**ALFONSO.- (Angrily.)...The little...! (He restrains
himself on noticing that everybody in the office is
looking at him.)... He took advantage of me. It was my
news.**

FERRY.- (He calmly takes out a cigarette and puts it into his mouth.) The news doesn't belong to anybody; you are still very green, young man.

ALFONSO.- (Almost shouting.) But it was me who started the...! **(Again he restrains himself.)**

FERRY.- (Lights the cigarette. He sees GALINDO.)
If I were you, lad...

(GALINDO arrives absolutely furious. He is carrying a photo in his hand.)

GALINDO.- (Shouting at Alfonso.) So, you give *The Liberal* their front page...

FERRY.- (To ALFONSO.) ... I wouldn't stir things up more than they already are.

GALINDO.- (Idem.) ...And what's more, you bring me this rubbish!

(GALINDO throws the photograph onto FERRY's desk. ALFONSO looks at it. He doesn't know what to say. He scratches his head. His unkempt hair covers his forehead. Bright red and with veins like organ pipes in his neck.)

Any more like this and I'll send you to oil the rollers, which is where you should be.

(There is silence for a few moments as all the typewriters stop. RUIZ FERRY, without losing his calm, takes the photo and looks at it. All that can be seen in it is the family with the lupines, and what

was the screen is blank.)

FERRY.- (Looks at Alfonso and smiles.) Yes sir. Green, very green.

GALINDO.- Green? That's what I get for putting bread in the mouth of a toothless babe... And you... **(To ALFONSO.)**..., are toothless, brainless and everything else less.

(ALFONSO stays silent. All eyes are on him. FERRY calmly takes a spotless handkerchief from his breast pocket, also with his initials embroidered on it. He rubs his glittering gold cuff-links.)

FERRY.- (To GALINDO.) The boy has, of course, messed it up, but, at least he has had the guts to show some initiative.

GALINDO.- (To ALFONSO, more calmly now, but still threatening.) Well the next time you show initiative like this..., you know what to expect...**(He makes a movement with his wrist as if oiling something.)**..., if you like aeroplanes, make them of paper... Do you hear me!..., of paper!

47. Indoors. The Pilar School, a classroom. Daytime.

JUAN, sitting in his chair, is in another world and hears nothing of the teacher's explanations. He folds a paper aeroplane. Meanwhile, FATHER CARLOS fills the blackboard with calculus. JUAN throws the aeroplane to BARCALA. It soars clean across the classroom. A few stifled laughs are heard. BARCALA picks it up and surreptitiously reads the

message:«This afternoon, at 5 o'clock, we will fly on the Cerrillo del Sastre. I hope you'll be there.» JUAN BARCALA nods at him in agreement. JUAN, smiling, winks at him. FATHER CARLOS, without noticing anything, cleans the blackboard and continues to write formulae. Everybody copies attentively. Everybody, except JUAN who meticulously looks over the drawing of his latest glider.

48. Outdoors. Cerrillo del Sastre. Afternoon.

The glider in the drawing has come to life. The boys get ready to lift it.

49. Glider.

RICARDO is again the pilot. JUAN takes hold of the nose. BARCALA and PABLO have a wing each. FLORENCIO has no other option but to lend a hand by supporting the tail. They lift it.

PABLO.- Up you go!

JUAN.- Come on! Let's do it, boys!

FLORENCIO.- (Puffing with the effort.) Phew! What a ruddy weight!

JUAN.- (Idem.) Come on señor Florencio! 3 or 4 more heaves and that'll be it.

FLORENCIO.- (Idem.) I don't know how you've got me involved again..., especially with the bull-fight in Vista Alegre today.

PABLO.- (Idem.) Father, you're always moaning.

FLORENCIO.-Vicente Pastor and Machaquito fighting, and me here, just my luck!

BARCALA.- (Idem.) When you're an old man, you'll be unbearable, señor Florencio.

FLORENCIO.- (Idem.) I'll be unbearable!? Bloody right! if in addition to being a sap, I can't even comment on it. Bloody kids!

50. Hillside.

Their destination is the side of the Cerrillo. ALFONSO is waiting for them there with the camera already set up; he blows a kiss to a girl with a parasol.

51. Public.

She blows one back. She is next to his girlfriend, who notices.

GIRLFRIEND.- (Somewhat annoyed.) Hey! where do you know that rotter from?

GIRL WITH THE PARASOL.- (Pretending, flirty. Turning her parasol.) from nowhere. Don't be so suspicious, girl!

52. Cerillo del Sastre.

People turn up to enjoy the free show.

53. Glider.

The uneven and stony ground makes the run-up difficult and rather slow. Up on top, giving the impression of travelling at speed, RICARDO is bouncing around non-stop.

54. Hillside.

They draw near to where ALFONSO is ready with his camera. A procession of bystanders follow on either side. Some of them give encouragement, others carry on with the joking..

55. Nearby ridge.

Attracted by the commotion which has been going on on the Cerrillo, the pair of Civil guards who we have already met are observing the scene.

TIROLINAS.- Corporal, they're going to break that bloke's back.

CORPORAL.- Tirolinas, look for a piece of paper and a pencil because you're going to make more notes than our Cervantes.

56. Hillside.

They have now nearly reached the brow of the hill.

JUAN.- Ready...! Set...! And goooo...!

(They all push the glider with one last effort, and then let go of it. It takes off tilting towards the right hand side, as it descends the hillside. There is total silence. Nobody says a word.)

57. Glider.

The machine regains its equilibrium and descends, gliding smoothly. RICARDO, his arm raised, is waving.

58. Hillside.

PABLO.- (Shouting excitedly.) It flies! It's flying, Juan!

(JUAN watches as the graceful machine continues its quiet descent.)

BARCALA.- That's it, RICARDO! That's the way to pilot it!

FLORENCIO.- (Mumbling.) Go, boy! You can do it!

(ALFONSO takes a photo. Satisfied, he indicates to his friends that it's gone OK.)

59. Public.

The GIRLFRIEND applauds. She looks at the girl with the parasol out of the corner of her eye and sees her blowing him a kiss. She slaps her.

60. Glider.

Suddenly a gust of wind lifts the glider various metres above the ground. The glider rocks from side to side and then dives headfirst. The right-hand wing violently crashes into the ground and then the rest of the fuselage follows. The machine and pilot disappear in the middle of a great cloud of dust.

61. Public.

ALFONSO's friends scream, as do other spectators.

62. Hillside.

The boys run down the hillside. ALFONSO drops his camera; it rolls away. It's broken.

63. Glider.

When they reach the scene of the accident, RICARDO is lying totally still amidst a tangle of cloth, wood and cables. JUAN approaches. He takes hold of his head. His brother is unconscious.

JUAN.- Ricardo! Ricardo! wake up...! Look at me, Ricardo! Speak to me!

(With a handkerchief he wipes the dust from his brother's mouth and eyes. PABLO, FLORENCIO and ALFONSO carefully remove the pieces of wood which are trapping the young boy's body. BARCALA takes his hand.)

BARCALA.- Relax, Juan!... his pulse is OK.

JUAN.- (Slapping his face.) Come on, Ricardo, look at me. God Almighty! Once and for all, open your eyes.

(RICARDO slowly half-opens his mouth. His tongue licks at the dust which is still on his lips. Grimacing because of the earthy taste, he finally blinks and opens his eyes.)

(JUAN smiling at him with relief.) Good God! What a fright you gave me, you brat.

(RICARDO has now got the amazed eyes and expression of an owl. Two ghostly figures loom against the late afternoon light behind his brother JUAN. The two Civil guards have just arrived.)

CORPORAL.- (Drily.) Is the boy all right?

RICARDO.- (He sits up. Still stunned.) Yes, it's nothing..., I'm fine now. **(His clothes are torn to pieces and a bump has appeared on his head.)**

CORPORAL.- (To JUAN.) Put something on his forehead so it doesn't swell up any more.

FLORENCIO.- (Nervously.) Take this coin, son, that'll do the trick.

(JUAN holds the coin to his head with his handkerchief. The CORPORAL looks at his colleague who gestures to his pencil and notebook.)

CORPORAL.- (Authoritatively.) Tirolinas, I want all their details, everybody's, don't leave anybody out!

TIROLINAS.- At your orders, Corporal. **(TIROLINAS begins his enquiries.)**

FLORENCIO.- (His expression summing up the situation.) Florencio Díaz, at your service.

(We see the civil guard's pencil writing things down in his notebook.)

**64. Indoor scene. The offices of *The Herald*.
Afternoon.**

Through his windows, FERRY watches from a distance as GALINDO again gives ALFONSO a good talking to. On the table is the ruined camera.

65. Indoor scene. The dining-room in the Ciervas' house. Night.

DON JUAN. **With a serious expression, he listens as DOÑA MARÍA finishes saying grace. Everybody is sitting around the table on time. The prayer finishes. PATRO begins to serve. The only noise is the clinking of the cutlery.**

DON JUAN.- Do you know, María? There is some very curious news in the newspaper today...I say curious because of the absurdity of it, of course...**(Everybody looks at him.)**

DOÑA MARÍA.- Unfortunately a lot of absurd things have been happening recently.

PATRO.- Well, with so many scallywags about...

(DON JUAN gives her a look. PATRO shuts up.)

DON JUAN.- *The Liberal* says that on Sunday, on the Cerrillo del Sastre, some unidentified lunatics..., or rather, some idiots, launched one of their companions down the hill on four blocks of wood.

(JUAN and RICARDO stop eating and look at each other out of the corner of their eyes.)

DOÑA MARÍA.- My God! How terrible!...But what were they trying to do?

DON JUAN.- They were trying, María, no more and no less than to make the boy fly with those four blocks of

wood, which they call..., an aeroglid...

RICARDO.- (In a trembling voice.) I think they call it a glider...

DON JUAN.- (Smiling politely at RICARDO.) Thank you. Precisely, that's what they call it.

DOÑA MARÍA.- Good God! I can't stop thinking about the poor mothers of those boys.

PATRO.- Don't you worry about that, Madam. They'd be at home drinking their coffee, quite calmly.

DOÑA MARÍA.- It sends shivers down my spine just thinking about it. How mad can one get!

DON JUAN.- You said it, María, but madness that nearly took the life of the poor boy who was piloting the contraption.

(PATRO begins to clear away the first course.)

DOÑA MARÍA.- And in the end did anything happen to him?

DON JUAN.- Just a few small bruises, it seems, nothing else.

DOÑA MARÍA.- Just as well...!

PATRO.- That will have been their Guardian Angel, Madam.

(RICARDO, as a reflex action, covers a scratch on his face with his hand, but, at the same time, reveals another one on his arm.)

PATRO.- (To RICARDO.) But, child, you haven't tried my soup.

DON JUAN.- (Looks at RICARDO.) By the way, Ricardo, how are your injuries doing?

RICARDO.- (Choking on his food.) Much better...,they don't bother me any more..., they're nothing really.**(Revealing the ones he had covered.)**

PATRO.- (To JUAN. Not caring whether she's heard or not.) Another one who hasn't even tasted it...What's the matter, are you both ill?

DON JUAN.- I've told you so many times: careful with your bicycles, the traffic's very bad.

JUAN.- You're right, father, but you can never tell when a dog's going to run out in front of you.

DON JUAN.- Of course, the dogs...I'd forgotten.

(PATRO arrives with the second course.)

DOÑA MARÍA.- The street is full of stray animals, isn't it, Patro?

PATRO.- You're telling me..., and the two-legged ones are the worst.

DON JUAN.- (Looking at JUAN.) And what about you? What do you think about these unidentified individuals?

JUAN.- I think they were unlucky, father. I'm sure that's what it was...

DON JUAN.- (In a louder voice.) However, I don't agree. I think they were very lucky..., very, very lucky that the boy didn't break his neck and kill himself there and then.

(While he's saying this, he takes a folded piece of paper from his pocket and hands it to JUAN, who takes it and reads. RICARDO looks at his father and his brother without knowing what to say. DOÑA MARÍA simply doesn't understand what's happening, but guesses intuitively from her husband's expression that something's up. PATRO serves DOÑA MARÍA the second course.)

PATRO.- (Nervously.) Is that all right, Madam?

DOÑA MARÍA.- (Nods, without really paying attention.) What's that you're reading, Juan?

JUAN.- A report from the Headquarters of the Civil Guard.

(PATRO looks to the heavens and crosses herself.)

DOÑA MARÍA.- (Alarmed looks at her husband.)
JUAN, what has happened?

DON JUAN.- Nothing, dear, keep calm. It's just that an ex-minister of the Home Office still has good friends in the Civil Guard.

JUAN.- This is the news in the newspaper, mother.
(Handing her the paper.)

RICARDO.- And the unidentified idiots... us.
(Without looking up from the table.)

PATRO.- (Crossing herself again.) Sweet holy Jesus!

DON JUAN.- As you said, Ricardo..., **(in a forceful tone.)**..., and there is no allowance for the irresponsible idiots, nor any going out at all. Right from today, it's from

school to here..., home..., until further notice.

(DOÑA MARÍA has taken out a handkerchief and is drying her tears. PATRO too, although she is doing so with her apron.)

DON JUAN.- (Calmer now, to JUAN.) Juan, what has most hurt me, more than the deceit, is that you've allowed your brother to risk his life in such an absurd way.

RICARDO.- It was me who wanted to fly, father. Juan didn't want me to pilot it this time.

DOÑA MARÍA.- This time?... But have there been other times?

PATRO.- The holy Virgin Mary!

JUAN.- Juan, pay great attention! From this moment on, I don't want any book, any magazine, nor anything which has anything to do with flying machines, in this house. Is that clear?...

66. JUAN'S bedroom. Night.

DON JUAN.- (Off screen.)...Throw them away or burn them, I don't mind. But I don't want to see any more, not a single one.

(DON JUAN's final words are heard over an image of some aeronautical magazines and manuals, waiting to be put away. Among them the ABC of Aviation, by FRANCISCO GÓMEZ and an Aviation Course by the industrial engineer, GASPAR

BRUNET. The room is in semi-darkness. Only one table-lamp dimly lights the room. Several boxes are piled up on the floor, some closed and firmly bound with string, others, still to be filled, are open. **JUAN,** lost in thought, lies on the bed, making a paper aeroplane. There's a gentle knock at the door. **DOÑA MARÍA** enters. She's carrying a small tray with a glass of milk and some biscuits on it.)

DOÑA MARÍA.- (Tenderly.) Juan, have something before you go to bed. You hardly had any dinner.

JUAN.- (He forces a smile.) Thanks, mother, but I'm not hungry.

DOÑA MARÍA.- Well, I'll leave it here for you, you'll want it later. (She puts down the tray, sits on the bed and takes hold of his hand. Almost whispering.) That's life. Who would have told me that my son Juanito would end up...(She controls herself.)

JUAN.- Say it, mother.

DOÑA MARÍA.- ...Anyway, what's the point of going on?

JUAN.- ...Nuts about aeroplanes? (He finishes making the plane.)

DOÑA MARÍA.- Of course, your grandfather Ricardo must take some of the blame for all this. (She looks at the books.)

JUAN.- Come on, mother! I was only a boy when he explained to me how aeroplanes fly...

DOÑA MARÍA.- (Ironically.) Of course, nothing out of the ordinary, was it?

JUAN.- (Rattling it off by heart and imitating his grandfather.) If a surface advances through space at a great speed and in its trajectory forms a certain

angle...(He traces a route with the finished plane.)..., the resistance which the air offers as it's passed through is broken down into two separate forces...

DOÑA MARÍA.- (Also from memory.)...One opposed to gravity, which keeps it balanced in the air, and another which pushes it upwards.

JUAN.- (Surprised.) You too?

DOÑA MARÍA.- (Nods, smiling.) And the Wright brothers' marvellous achievement..., what did you expect?

JUAN.- They were the first ones ever to fly... (He throws his aeroplane.). These things have to be told, mum.

DOÑA MARÍA.- Like Lilienthal's feat, no, son?

JUAN.- He made some fantastic gliders...Can you imagine, mother? They say he flew more than two thousand times.

DOÑA MARÍA.- ...Until he killed himself... It could have happened to your brother...

JUAN.- It was bad luck, pure and simple.

DOÑA MARÍA.- (Sadly looking at the boxes full of books.) Juan, you don't intend to give it up, do you?

(JUAN doesn't answer.)

DOÑA MARÍA.- (Resigned.) The truth is I can't reproach you for being like this. (She gets up and sits next to the table.)... The truth is you're just as stubborn as your father, sticking to it, come what may, to the bitter end. (mechanically turns the pages of one of the books which is lying on the table. In a voice choked with emotion) Juan, just promise me one thing.

JUAN.- (In an affectionate tone.) What's that, mother?

DOÑA MARÍA.- (More emotionally.) Swear to me that you'll never again risk your life nor that of your brother in one of those machines that...(She can't finish speaking. She turns away so that he can't see her crying.)

(JUAN gets up and sits next to her.)

JUAN.- (Tenderly.) Mother, please don't cry. Neither Ricardo nor myself will ever again get into one of those machines, as you call them. (Smiling at her.) I give you my word..., and come on, stop crying.

(DOÑA MARÍA takes his hand, kisses it, and hugs him.)

**67. Outdoors. Playground in the Pilar School.
Daytime.**

FATHER CARLOS is walking, with JUAN and RICARDO on either side of him.

FATHER CARLOS.- I thought it would be a good idea, in order to break the monotony of the classes, to spend a while in the open air, as long as the weather allows, of course. (He stops walking. He takes an old book from his habit.) What do you say to beginning the translation of Victor Hugo today? "Les Misérables" (He pronounces it in exquisite French. At that moment, at a sign from DON JUAN, they show him a magazine and a book)

JUAN.- (With the book.) Father, couldn't we begin with some of this?

RICARDO.- (With the magazine.) Yes..., that Victor whatsisname isn't really my sort of thing.

FATHER CARLOS.- How do you know what your sort of thing is, Ricardo? **(He puts his book under his arm and takes the magazine.)**

FATHER CARLOS.- Let's see what you have got here!... **(He puts on his pince-nez.)** ...L'ILLUSTRATION... Well, it seems you're interested in aeroplanes... **(He leafs through the pages quickly.)**

JUAN.- Yes, quite.. **(He winks at RICARDO.)**

FATHER CARLOS.- (Resignedly.) Very well, no problem... **(He takes DON JUAN's book and leafs through that.)**... If you prefer, we can begin with some of this...**(Again he reads, this time the title of the book which DON JUAN has offered him.)**... "De crête en crête", by Henry Farman.

(FATHER CARLOS sits on the stump of an old tree, and the boys on the grass. He adjusts his prince-nez. He clears his throat and begins to read. Solemnly and in French.)

As captain Ferber said... **(Subtitled in English.)**

68. Indoors. JUAN's room. Night.

FATHER CARLOS.- (Off screen.) ...Designing a flying machine is nothing...

(JUAN is working on the plan of an aeroplane.)

69. Indoors. The Díaz's carpentry workshop.
Daytime.

FATHER CARLOS.- (Off screen.)...Building it, not much...

**(JUAN and BARCALA are talking about the plan.
PABLO is working on the fuselage.)**

70. Outdoors. Poplar grove in the Retiro. Daytime.

FATHER CARLOS.- (Off screen.) ...Flying it, everything...

(We see the boys flying different model aeroplanes on different days. Each new model flies farther.)

71. Wooden bench.

A young girl, MARTA AGUIRRE, who always sits on the same bench to read, follows the progress of the model planes. Every day they get a bit closer to her.

72. Poplar grove.

PABLO and RICARDO are smoothing out the first few metres of the runway. BARCALA is manoeuvring the biplane. JUAN is studying the best direction to launch it in.

ALFONSO.- (To JUAN.) Come on, pal! That's enough thinking, the runway's ready.

JUAN.- Alfonso, it's a question of launching it into the most favourable wind, not towards the girl you most fancy.

(In the end, a gust of wind facilitates the take-off in the direction ALFONSO wanted: MARTA's bench.)

73. Model aeroplane.

JUAN, running, follows the plane's flight.

74. Wooden bench.

The model lands right in front of the girl on the bench.

75. Poplar grove.

PABLO.- (To BARCALA.) It went more than 50 metres...!

BARCALA.- What do you mean?... It went more than 80.

RICARDO.- Come on!, don't exaggerate, it didn't do more than 40.

ALFONSO.- (Looking at JUAN.) Would you believe it? The one time it's not my turn to retrieve it!

76. Wooden bench.

MARTA helps JUAN to lift the plane and, just as she straightens up, their eyes meet. MARTA smiles at him. To JUAN she looks like an angel from Heaven.

MARTA.- (Handing the model to JUAN.) It's very good. Did you make it?

JUAN.- Yes, me... and my friends.

(ALFONSO signals to them.)

77. Poplar grove.

ALFONSO.- (Angry at seeing how JUAN and MARTA have struck up a conversation.) What a cheek...! The little...!

RICARDO.- Hey, you! Watch it, that's my brother!

ALFONSO.- You don't do that to a friend.

BARCALA.- Come on, boys! Let's go, there are too many hunters here and not enough prey.

PABLO.- What about the glider? Aren't we going to take it with us?

BARCALA. - PABLO, don't be naive! You don't catch anything if you haven't got a bait to attract it.

ALFONSO. - Talking of being caught out... See what he's done to me!

RICARDO. - Come on, cut it out! Don't go on like that!

(They all leave.)

78. Wooden bench.

MARTA. - **(Looking at the model.)** It looks very fragile.

JUAN. - It's made of bamboo and varnished silk, like Santos Doumont's Dragonfly.

MARTA. - Santos Doumont? That name rings a bell.

JUAN. - I'm sure you've heard of him. He broke the world distance record four years ago..., in 1906 he flew 41 kilometres.

MARTA. - 41 kilometres, and is that far?

JUAN. - For an aeroplane, it is.

MARTA. - Now I understand why he doesn't like them.

JUAN. - **(Put out.)** Who doesn't like them?

MARTA. - A friend.

JUAN. - **(Still put out.)** Well, tell your friend that not anyone can fly in something heavier than air.

MARTA. - He's one of the crew of El España, you know!

JUAN.- He flies in the airship El España?

MARTA.- Yes, he's a lieutenant.

JUAN.- (Crossly.) So now I understand why he doesn't like them.

MARTA.- (Ironically.) Oh, do you?

JUAN.- Deep down all of that lot are envious of aeroplanes.

MARTA.- (Still ironically.) And why should they envy them, if they fly higher and further?

JUAN.- Oh yes, they go higher and further, but there's something they don't do.

MARTA.- What's that, if I might ask.

JUAN.- Fly, I mean really fly. They don't fly.

MARTA.- You're joking!

JUAN.- ...And that really annoys them.

MARTA.- You've really got it in for airships.

JUAN.- No, it's true. Only aeroplanes really fly. Airships float, they sail in the air like a vessel does in water.

MARTA.- As simple as that, is it?

JUAN.- As simple and as ancient as Archimedes' principle.

MARTA.- (Annoyed.) I say! Has anybody ever told you that you're a bit of a know-all? **(She gets up ready to leave.)**

JUAN.- I'm sorry! It's just that you've touched on my weak point.

MARTA.- Well, let's leave it at that.

JUAN.- Very well.

MARTA.- Anyway, it's not done to argue with strangers, is it?

JUAN.- You're right...sorry...My name's Juan de la Cierva.

(She gives him her hand.)

MARTA.- Marta Aguirre, at your service whenever you want a bit of an argument. By the way, have you got the time?

JUAN.- **(Taking out a small watch.)** Half-past five...**(He shakes it and holds it to his ear.)**..., if it hasn't stopped.

MARTA.- It's very late..., with airships and all that...

JUAN.- **(Smiling.)** Time really flies, doesn't it?

MARTA.- **(Also smiling.)** With Archimedes, right?

79. Indoors. Classroom. Daytime.

FATHER CARLOS.- **(demonstrating the proof of equilibrium on the blackboard.)** According to Archimedes' principle, any body submerged in a liquid...

(The pupils are taking notes. All of them except JUAN, who is finishing off his drawing of the airship España.)

(FATHER CARLOS off screen.)...experiences a

vertical upward thrust equal in force to the weight of the volume of liquid displaced... (as he is talking begins to walk about the classroom.) ...and applied at the centre of gravity of the liquid displaced.

(He moves towards JUAN, who BARCALA tries to warn, but JUAN can't hear him. He makes a plane and throws it to him. It falls on the drawing. It attracts JUAN's attention, but also FATHER CARLOS's. He gets to where JUAN is sitting. He picks up the plane and sees the drawing; he picks this up too. BARCALA puts his hands to his head.)

Are these your notes from today's class, master de la Cierva?

(JUAN doesn't answer.)

And may I ask what this has to do with what I've just explained?

JUAN.- It has something to do with it, Father.

FATHER CARLOS.- Do you think so?

(He shows the drawing to the class. Laughter is heard.)

JUAN.- Airships rise according to Archimedes' principle.

FATHER CARLOS.- Ah, that's it...an excuse you've made up just to get yourself out of trouble, don't you think?...It would be most interesting if you could explain

it to us better.

JUAN.- (Standing up.) Well, you see..., I think, according to this principle, of course..., that the weight of a cubic centimetre of air being 0.001288 grammes, and that of the same volume of hydrogen, the gas in the balloon, being 0.000089 grammes... And the difference between them being 0.001199 grammes...

BARCALA.- (To himself.) Well done, by God!

JUAN.- ...Multiplying this last figure by the total number of cubic centimetres and then deducting the weight of the material, the cabin, propeller, engines, etc., you can obtain the upward force of a balloon.

(Spontaneous applause from his classmates.

FATHER CARLOS doesn't know what to say. He is saved by the bell. FATHER CARLOS breathes a sigh of relief..)

FATHER CARLOS.- Right! we've finished for today. Pick up your things and leave in an orderly manner.

80. Indoors. The presses of *The Herald*. Night.

The presses are working at full power. ALFONSO looks disappointedly at the newspaper just off the machines. He doesn't seem to be able to find what he's looking for. GALINDO approaches.

ALFONSO.- (Swallowing.) Señor Galindo, didn't mine make it in today either?

GALINDO.- You're at the end of the queue, boy. I've

received much better things. **(He picks up a copy.)** It's not easy to get something published on the front page of *The Herald*. Start getting used to that idea.

(The headlines read: Today, flight of the airship España over Madrid.)

**81. Outdoors. Cuatro Vientos Aerodrome.
Afternoon.**

Superimposed on screen: «Cuatro Vientos Aerodrome Madrid, 5th of May, 1910». A balloon, moored to the ground, rises over the aerodrome.

82. Basket of the balloon.

ALFONSO is in it with his camera and a veteran AERONAUT. Down below, next to the balloon's mooring ropes, A GOOD-LOOKING WENCH waves to ALFONSO, who blows her a kiss.

ALFONSO.- (Looking at the girl. He can see the cleavage between her full breasts.) You get some marvellous views from up here, chief.

AERONAUT.- (The Aeronaut nods seriously. Looking down.) Let off some rope, girl!

83. Balloon's moorings.

PABLO and BARCALA are struggling with a rope as they help the lass.

BARCALA.- (Bad-temperedly.) I don't know how he manages it, but we always get lumbered with the dirty work.

PABLO.- (Likewise.) Yes, and him up there getting the best of everything, ...and free of charge.

84. Playground at the Pilar School.

FATHER CARLOS and RICARDO are taking a stroll. RICARDO keeps looking up at the sky.

FATHER CARLOS.- Today, taking advantage of the fact that your brother isn't here, we're going to change our reading material. **(He passes a book to RICARDO).** What do you think of this?

RICARDO.- (Reading.) Eugenie Grandet?... **(Pulling a face.)**

FATHER CARLOS.- (Nodding.) By the great Honoré de Balzac...and you say that your brother had a high temperature? **(RICARDO nods.)** Illness is like that, it's the same for everyone, no matter the age...**(He reads from the book.)**...In certain provincial cities there are houses whose appearance inspires...

(RICARDO looks at the sky again.)

(FATHER CARLOS Off screen.) ...The same melancholy as the most sombre cloisters, the most

monotonous moorland, or the saddest ruins.

85. A hill next to the aerodrome.

**JUAN and MARTA reach the top of a small hillock.
She is carrying a bag.**

MARTA.- (Almost out of breath.) What a hike! Do you think it'll be worth it?

JUAN.- Marta, it's never worth much to see one of these contrivances.

MARTA.- Don't start again...Will we be able to see it all right?

JUAN.- What do you mean all right? Better than anybody. Just sit here and wait.

(MARTA sits on a large stone. She rummages around in her bag.)

MARTA.- Well, if that's so, then you deserve this...

(JUAN offers his cheek as if to receive a kiss.)

...there you are..., the sandwich, clever clogs!

(JUAN

JUAN.- (he takes it smiling.) Well, I did all right out of that...Thanks. **(He bites into it enthusiastically.)**

MARTA.- (Smiling.) You bad boy, you...!

JUAN.- (Laughs. He bites into the sandwich again. With his mouth full.) Look! It should appear over there. **(Pointing to the balloon.)**

86. Basket of the balloon.

ALFONSO takes a photo of the hill where JUAN and MARTA are sitting.

87. Balloon's moorings.

ALFONSO's lady friend arrives.

GIRLFRIEND.- (To BARCALA.) Where's my boy?

BARCALA.- He's up there.

GIRLFRIEND.- (Shouting.) Hey, you, high-flyer! You never let me know when there's something decent going on.

PABLO.- (To BARCALA.) There's going to be trouble here!

GOOD-LOOKING WENCH.- (To the GIRLFRIEND, angrily.) Do you know that bloke?

GIRLFRIEND.- Of course I know him, he's my boyfriend.

GOOD-LOOKING WENCH.- Your boyfriend?

Since when?

GIRLFRIEND.- Since always. I bet that fly-by-night has been soft-soaping you.

GOOD-LOOKING WENCH.- (Angry and muttering.) I thought it all sounded like a load of blarney...!(Looking up at the basket.)

GIRLFRIEND.- What a nerve he's got!

GOOD-LOOKING WENCH.- Well he's going to find out how Jacinta deals with things. (She picks up the mallet used for knocking in the stakes.)

GIRLFRIEND.- Here, let me help you. (She picks up another mallet.)

PABLO.- But what are they going to do?

BARCALA.- That's quite clear. Make things hard for Alfonso..., and I'm not getting involved.

PABLO.- Nor am I.

(They stand by, watching. The GOOD-LOOKING WENCH and the GIRLFRIEND are knocking out the stakes the balloon is moored to one by one.)

GOOD-LOOKING WENCH.- (Furious.) I wish it were him I was hitting with this. (Strikes at a stake.)

GIRLFRIEND.- (Idem.) Yes, and I can tell you exactly where... (Another strike.)

88. Basket of the balloon.

ALFONSO.- (Looking through the camera with his

head covered.)What's going on down there?

AERONAUT.- (Terrified.) Jacinta, don't you dare!
No!, No!

ALFONSO.- (Idem.) Is something wrong, chief?

AERONAUT.- That crazy girl's up to mischief.

ALFONSO.- (Without realising what's happening.)
That's typical of a woman.

**(The balloon moves away, blown by the wind. Still
looking through the camera.)**

It's not possible. We're moving.

AERONAUT.- (Shouting.) You're mad! Totally
mad...!

ALFONSO.- (Put out.) What about my photo, chief?
You promised me we would be...

AERONAUT.- (Without hearing him.) ...I'll kill you
when I get down from here, you wicked girl!

ALFONSO.- (Disillusioned.) ...Near the
airship.**(Desperately watches as they get further and
further away.)**

[Siguiete](#)

[Anterior](#)

89. School playground.

FATHER CARLOS carries on reading out loud.

FATHER CARLOS.- (In French.) Mister Grandet, in Samur, enjoyed a reputation the causes and effects of which...

(RICARDO is still looking at the sky. His face lights up.)

(FATHER CARLOS off screen.) ...Could not be wholly understood by...

RICARDO.- Look! There it is!

(FATHER CARLOS stops reading. Confused, he looks at RICARDO.)

(RICARDO pointing to the sky.) Father Carlos, the airship España. Airship.

90. Airship.

(The majestic craft floats calmly through the clouds. In spite of the distance, its imposing size can be appreciated.)

91. School playground.

FATHER CARLOS.- Truly amazing. It looks as if it were made by the hand of God.

92. Airship.

The light from the sun is reflected on the drum-shaped structure of the España, making it shine as if it were a second sun.

93. Hill at the Aerodrome.

JUAN and MARTA watch as the airship rises above the hill. It moves at such a gentle speed that it enables them to appreciate every single one of its details.

MARTA.- Simply marvellous!

JUAN.- Not bad, is it?... For 4,000 cubic centimetres of hydrogen..., 700 of air and...

MARTA.- (Annoyed.) ...DON JUAN, how..., how can you bring beauty down to a simple list of numbers?

JUAN.- (Smiling.) Well, after all, it's nothing more than a semi-rigid airship of..., 62 metres in length, 11 in diameter and...

(MARTA covers her ears. JUAN laughs. EL España has now passed directly over the hill. It moves into the distance. MARTA looks at JUAN.)

MARTA.- (Waving a handkerchief.) Hey!, do you think my friend can see us from there.

JUAN.- I'm sure he can, it's such a slow-coach...The only good thing about it is that it was invented by a Spaniard: Torres Quevedo..., a civil engineer, you know?

(The hum of the motors can be heard.)

What you can hear is the Panhard engine, 100 horsepower, with twin carburettor and double ignition. It drives a propeller of 6 metres in diameter at 3.000 revolutions per minute. Nothing special.

MARTA.- (Still waving with her handkerchief.) Come on! Don't pretend you don't care! I'm sure you're dying to be up there.

JUAN.- (Picking a small flower.) Don't you believe it...(He puts it in his mouth.)

MARTA.- (Lying back on the grass.) Well I'd love to go up in one of those things and travel all over the world. You don't know how much I envy my friend.

JUAN.- If I were you I wouldn't be so envious. Those contraptions aren't at all safe, you know; hydrogen is highly inflammable.

MARTA.- And so what...! You can't swim without getting wet.

JUAN.- There's no danger of getting wet in one of those pieces of junk..., just of getting burnt alive.

(MARTA covers her ears again. The late afternoon haze hides the distant silhouette of el España.)

MARTA.- (Lying down on the grass and looking up

at the sky.) The world is too beautiful for us to always stay in the same place, don't you think?

(JUAN looks at her. The afternoon light shines on her long auburn hair. She is very pretty. He gets closer to her.)

JUAN.- it depends. I don't think it would be so important with someone like you beside me.

MARTA.- (Looking at JUAN.) Thank you, that's very gallant...

JUAN.- (Looking at MARTA.) It's what I think... The truth.

(He gets even closer. He kisses her.)

MARTA.- (Surprised.) Well, well! I thought you only knew about aeroplanes.

(It's now she who kisses him.)

94. Balloon.

ALFONSO.- (Beyond himself.) Hey, just stop this thing and turn back right this minute!

AERONAUT.- Look here, sonny! Calm down or I'll throw you overboard.

ALFONSO.- But you must understand. This is my last chance. I have to cover the news. Please turn back somehow.

AERONAUT.- Look, son! That somehow of yours is

irrelevant here. This thing goes where the wind takes it, and today it's blowing south-east.

ALFONSO.- Then I've made a hash of it again. **(He collapses into the bottom of the basket, a beaten man.)**

(The balloon disappears into the distance.)

**95. Indoors. Chief editor of THE HERALD's office.
Night-time.**

GALINDO, sitting behind his desk, looks at ALFONSO's latest photos. The latter, with an expression like a lamb going to the slaughter, stands and waits.

96. The rollers.

ALFONSO, his face blackened, is oiling the machines.

**97. Outdoors. The garden of Torre-Cierva.
Afternoon.**

The following is superimposed:

«Torre-Cierva

La Alberca - Murcia, August 1910».

Around a garden table, sitting on wickerwork chairs, are DON JUAN, DON RICARDO CORDONÍU STARICO and DOÑA MARÍA. PATRO appears with a large jug of cold coffee.

DOÑA MARÍA.- Thank you, Patro. I'll pour.

DON JUAN.- (Vehemently.) ...And the Exclusion Bill is yet another absurd policy of this Government's. Canalejas is totally wrong there... **(He takes a large swig of coffee.)**

DON RICARDO.- (Playing with his staff.) Yes, I know, but now the clergy have turned against him, and, as we all know..., that's always bad news.

DOÑA MARÍA.- (She finishes serving and sits down.) But is this law so bad?

DON JUAN.- Good God, María! I don't know why you even ask... Prohibit the establishment of more religious orders in Spain... We've even made enemies of the Holy See.

DON RICARDO.- To be frank, I wouldn't give the matter any more thought. The Morocco affair seems much more serious to me. That's certainly true. That really is worrying.

PATRO.- (takes the tray away. Paper aeroplanes are coming from one of the roof terraces) Those two layabouts are at it again.

98. The Torre-Cierva roof terrace.

JUAN and RICARDO are absorbed in a paper glider competition.

RICARDO.- There goes mine! Beat that if you can!

(His plane lands within a few metres of the terrace railings.)

JUAN.- That's nothing, boy. Now you'll see how it's done.

(He bends his legs and then pushes upwards to throw his. The plane flies clean over the railings and begins its descent towards the garden where the gathering is taking place. He leans over to observe the magnificent flight.)

99. The Torre-Cierva garden.

The plane comes to a halt right in the middle of the gathering, in the jug of coffee to be precise. DOÑA MARÍA jumps with a start.

DON RICARDO.- (Smiling.) Yes, sir, quite a touchdown! Better than the Fabre hydroplane.

(DON JUAN looks up, a black expression on his face.)

100. Roof-terrace Torre-Cierva.

RICARDO.- Juan, let's get out of here before things turn unpleasant.

(They both disappear.)

101. The Torre-Cierva garden.

DON RICARDO.- It must have been a good specimen **(He takes out the plane. Coffee is dripping from it.)** I didn't know the boys were flying around here this

afternoon.

DOÑA MARÍA.- (Nervously.) Yes, they're up there somewhere.

DON JUAN.- (gets up bad-temperedly) Excuse me, a moment. I'll be back in a second.

DON RICARDO.- Let me, Juan I'll go up to see those rascals.

(DON JUAN sits down again.)

102. The attic at Torre-Cierva.

JUAN sits looking at one of his French aeronautical magazines. On the table is a photograph of MARTA.

JUAN reads one of the headlines in French.

DON RICARDO.- (Off screen.) You should be studying Esperanto, not French. That's the language which is going to unify the world.

JUAN.- (About to hide the magazine.) Grandfather! (He gets up and hugs him.)

DON RICARDO.- You didn't expect me, did you?

JUAN.- No, I thought my father was going to come up.

DON RICARDO.- He wanted to, you can be sure of that... And what about your brother?

JUAN.- Nobody will catch him now.

DON RICARDO.- Clever tactic. A well-timed retreat is a victory. (He sees the photo of Marta. He picks it up.) Juan, don't tell me you've begun to fool about with young ladies already?

JUAN.- Come on, grandfather, don't start!

DON RICARDO.- Good God! How time flies! I can still remember when I used to hold you on my knees. You were no higher than this. **(He indicates the height on his cane. Again looking at the photo.)** Pretty girl! Is she your girlfriend?

JUAN.- Not again, grandfather?

DON RICARDO.- No, I never meddle in these affairs...**(He sits down with difficulty.)**... What hard chairs! Now then, tell me, what's going through that little head of yours?

JUAN.- Nothing, grandfather.

DON RICARDO.- Don't say that, son. Something is. I know. I can hear the cogs turning.

JUAN.- But it's nothing new.

DON RICARDO.- Come on! Out with it once and for all. You'll see how much better you'll feel after.

(JUAN thinks about it.)

It has something to do with your father, hasn't it?

JUAN.- **(Nodding.)** Grandfather, he's still set on me studying Law.

DON RICARDO.- Well, it's normal for a father to want his son to follow in his footsteps, don't you think?

JUAN.- It's just that the Law, Politics and all those things leave me cold.

DON RICARDO.- **(Looking at the aeronautical magazine.)** I see that it's the clouds that interest you...Do you want a piece of advice?

(JUAN expresses indifference.)

Well, even if you don't want it, I'm going to give it. That's what grandfathers are for.

(JUAN smiles.)

(DON RICARDO Solemnly.) Always follow the road that leads you to where your dreams begin... (Indicating an imaginary path with his stick.)...Never forget that, young man.

JUAN.- That sounds fine, but maybe I haven't got any dreams.

DON RICARDO.- You have, and you know you have. Defend them...(He hits the floor with his stick.) Do as I say...

(JUAN's face lights up.)

... Oh! By the way, a little bird tells me you've got something worth seeing somewhere round here.

JUAN.- My brother's let the cat out of the bag, as usual.

DON RICARDO.- Come on, son. Don't be bashful!

(JUAN takes the plan of the model plane out from among his papers. DON RICARDO examines it.)

Superb! And do you think it will fly?

JUAN.- We'll know after the summer, grandfather.

(The plan changes into a real model plane, in flight.)

103. Outdoors. Poplar grove del Retiro. Afternoon.

Superimposed is the following: «Poplar grove of the Retiro Madrid, 2nd of March, 1911».

The small motor roars energetically. It's a monoplane with a wingspan of 3 metres. The whole team, FLORENCIO included, is present to witness the first flight with an internal combustion engine.

104. Paseo del Retiro.

DON JUAN and DOÑA MARÍA are out for a stroll.

DOÑA MARÍA.- Thank God the boys seem much more relaxed lately about their planes, don't they, JUAN?

DON JUAN.- I told you it was a question of time...that they'd get bored with them in the end.

DOÑA MARÍA.- Thank Heavens for boredom! **(She breathes a sigh of satisfaction.)**

(The roar of an engine is heard.)

105. Poplar grove.

The noise of the small engine has attracted all the passers by in the surrounding area, among them. DON JUAN and DOÑA MARÍA who are watching

the scene.

DOÑA MARÍA.- (Disappointed.) I regret to say, dear, that it seems that for the moment they still haven't got bored.

(DON JUAN doesn't know what to say.)

106. Poplar grove. Group of boys.

RICARDO.- Juan, look who's over there.

107. Wooden bench.

MARTA, accompanied by a soldier LIEUTENANT SANTOS, keeps glancing furtively at JUAN.

108. Poplar grove. Group of boys.

JUAN.- (Looking at her out of the corner of his eye.)
Pablo, raise the ailerons a bit more.

PABLO.- Yes, sir! **(He raises them.)** Is that all right?

JUAN.- (JUAN nods. He licks his index finger and raises it into the air.) It's blowing from the North-East. In that direction.

BARCALA.- (To JUAN, sarcastically.) Well, what a coincidence! Right towards where your lady friend is sitting.

109. Poplar grove.

ALFONSO and FERRY are watching the preparations.

FERRY.- (To ALFONSO.) And you made me come here to watch this?

ALFONSO.- But it's an aeroplane with an internal combustion engine, boss.

FERRY.- Yes, but with a wingspan of only 3 metres; I'm interested in slightly larger ones, you know.

ALFONSO.- (To FERRY.) By the way, have you spoken to Mr. Galindo?

FERRY.- So that's it, man!

ALFONSO.- About me?

FERRY.- You didn't have to make me come here to talk about that...Yes, I've spoken to him.

ALFONSO.- And...?

FERRY.- You can't imagine how he reacted.

ALFONSO.- Oh God! My mother won't stop crying for weeks. The poor woman was hoping that...

FERRY.- Hey, hold your horses! Don't begin with your sob stories. I've heard it all before.

110. Poplar grove. Group of boys.

Everything is now ready for take-off.

BARCALA.- (To PABLO.) Have you noticed how well it's working?

PABLO.- (Looking at the engine.) Yes, it seems to be going fine.

BARCALA.- Well my father would never have imagined this use for his electric generator...

JUAN.- Go on, PABLO! Let go of it now! Let's see what it does.

(PABLO lets it go.)

111. Model plane.

It sluggishly begins its take-off run, but doesn't take off. JUAN runs after it.

112. Bench.

The model plane is heading towards MARTA. JUAN tries to catch up with it.

113. Poplar grove.

PABLO and BARCALA also set off after it at a run.

114. Poplar grove.

DON JUAN and DOÑA MARÍA stop alongside FLORENCIO. RICARDO isn't aware of his parents' presence.

FLORENCIO.- (Addressing DON JUAN. They don't know each other.) There's going to be an accident here, you'll see...Bloody kids...(He looks at DOÑA MARÍA)...I beg your pardon, madam, but this lot drive me mad.

DON JUAN.- Don't worry about it, my good man...

DOÑA MARÍA.- Yes, we understand...(She looks at DON JUAN. His face is as serious as solemnity itself.)

(RICARDO sees his father. He goes pale. DON JUAN looks at him briefly. He looks back at the plane.)

DON JUAN.- (To RICARDO, without looking at him.) Hello, son! Having a whale of a time this afternoon, are we?

(RICARDO swallows; he can't speak. He looks at his mother. DOÑA MARÍA gives a sigh.)

115. Poplar grove. MARTA's bench.

The monoplane heads straight for MARTA. LIEUTENANT SANTOS gets in the way and with one kick sends it against a tree, destroying it. However, that's not the only thing that breaks. SANTOS ends up lying on the ground.

SANTOS.- (Hurt.) Those little bastards!

MARTA.- (Trying to help him.) Don't move, Luis. Where does it hurt?

SANTOS.- (Hardly able to speak.) There, there! My ankle.

(JUAN arrives.)

(SANTOS to JUAN.) I'm going to report you. You're a danger to the public.

JUAN.- Captain. I can't tell you how...

SANTOS.- Get out of my sight!, or I won't be responsible for my actions. **(He makes as if to draw his gun.)...Aaagh! (It hurts him to move.)**

MARTA.- Keep still..., or you'll make it worse.

(PABLO and BARCALA arrive.)

PABLO.- Captain, have you hurt yourself?

SANTOS.- **(Almost crying.)** No, no, I'm lying here sun-bathing... You idiot!

(PABLO and BARCALA, concerned, offer to lift him.)

(SANTOS like a madman.) Get away, get away from here!, or I'll call the police... Police!... Aaagh! **(As he moves.)**

(FERRY and ALFONSO arrive.)

FERRY.- Captain keep still...Let's see!... **(He looks at his ankle. It's swollen up like a balloon.)**

ALFONSO.- That's not looking too good, boss.

MARTA.- His leg will have to be bandaged up quickly.

FERRY.- I've brought my vehicle. I can drive him to the military hospital.

SANTOS.- **(Nodding.)** Please. As soon as possible. This pain is unbearable.

(Between them ALFONSO and FERRY manage to lift and carry him. The boys also try to help.)

Get away, out of my sight...! Aaagh!

ALFONSO.- **(To SANTOS.)** Don't put any weight on your foot, old chap.

(MARTA walks behind them. DON JUAN goes up to her.)

MARTA.- **(Whispering.)** You've done it this time, Juan!

JUAN.- **(Idem.)** Hey! is that your boyfriend?

MARTA.- **(Idem.)** What a time to ask that!...Yes.

JUAN.- **(Idem.)** He's the one from the airships?
(SANTOS's groans can be heard.)

MARTA.- **(Nodding.)** ...Come on, away with you! because if he sees you, we're going to have to tie him up.

JUAN.- **(Idem.)** Will you come tomorrow?

MARTA.- **(Idem.)** Leave now, don't be a fool! **(She gives him a push.)**

116. Poplar grove.

DON JUAN touches RICARDO on the shoulder.

DON JUAN.- Ricardo, when you get home, I want to see you in my office.

(RICARDO looks at his mother. DOÑA MARÍA is drying her tears.)

117. Poplar grove.

FERRY and ALFONSO with SANTOS.

ALFONSO.- (To FERRY, while he helps SANTOS.)
Do you need anyone to cover tomorrow's event, boss?

FERRY.- At the racecourse?... You're out of your mind!

ALFONSO.- I've got seven mouths to fill, you know.

FERRY.- Oh, yeah! And how many skirts? Because I see you with a different one every day.

ALFONSO.- What do you mean? That was before. I see that you're not keeping an eye on me any more!

FERRY.- Well, as if I hadn't got anything else to do...

SANTOS.- Aaagh!, more slowly..., more slowly.

ALFONSO.- (To SANTOS.) If you're not careful, you're going to make it even worse, squire.

118. Indoors. The Ciervas' house. Night.

The door to DON JUAN's office is closed. DOÑA MARÍA and PATRO are listening, although pretending to tidy up.

DON JUAN.- (Off screen. Forcefully.) You seem determined to try my patience and I must say you're doing so... But I have to draw a line somewhere...somewhere the line must be drawn... Do you hear me?

PATRO.- Who wouldn't hear him...?

DOÑA MARÍA.- (Looking at the door.) My poor boys!

PATRO.- They really have turned into young rascals, Madam!

DOÑA MARÍA.- (Distressed.) But they're still children, Patro.

PATRO.- Don't you believe it! God knows what they'll get up to before they get home!

(DOÑA MARÍA takes out a handkerchief and dries her tears.)

Come on, madam, don't fret yourself! There won't be any blood shed.

DON JUAN.- (Off screen. Shouting.) ...And..., there is to be no going out, understood? **(He hits the desk with his fist.)**

PATRO.- (nearly drops the figure which she is cleaning.)

(Murmuring.) ...'Course they have!'

(The office door opens. RICARDO comes out, his face serious.)

DOÑA MARÍA.- (Upset.) How was it, Ricardo?

RICARDO.- It could have been worse. But I think Juan's got it coming to him for a while yet.

PATRO.- (Crossing herself as fast as lightning, twice in succession.) Oh. Heavens! I don't know what all this is coming to.

DON JUAN.- (Off screen.) And just you listen to me! While you are living in this house...

119. Don Juan's office.

DON JUAN.- (Walking around JUAN.) ...I never want to see you around flying machines again, whether they be aeroplanes or glid...

JUAN.- ...gliders...

DON JUAN.- Whatever they're called! For me they're flying machines, big or small, I don't care... And that's my final word. Either you do what I say or I'll send you to boarding school..., and abroad if necessary.

120. Outdoors. Racecourse. Daytime.

The following words are superimposed on the screen:

«Chamartín racecourse

Madrid, 3rd of March, 1911».(A poster announces an aerobatics show. ALFONSO waits anxiously. FERRY arrives accompanied by PABLO. PABLO is carrying a large bag. ALFONSO's face lights up.)

ALFONSO.- (Happily.) Señor Ferry! Over here!

FERRY.- (To ALFONSO, speaking very quickly.)
Come on, quick! Instructions: Firstly, I don't know anything about this. Secondly, when you finish, PABLO will take the camera and bring it back to me. Thirdly, it's your last chance. Make the most of it, lad!...

ALFONSO.- (Interrupting him.) I'm going to take the photo of the year, you can be sure.

(ALFONSO goes to take the camera, but FERRY grabs his arm.)

FERRY.- And fourthly, if anything happens to that camera, you'd better leave Madrid, because if I find you, I'll skin you alive.

ALFONSO.- I'll protect it with my life, señor Ferry.

FERRY.- Get on with you, hurry! Get a good position. You haven't got much time.

121. Monoplane.

JEAN MAUVAIS gets into the monoplane Sommer.

122. Automobile.

A GIRL waves to MAUVAIS with her handkerchief.

123. Monoplane.

JEAN MAUVAIS blows her a kiss. His MECHANIC

turns the propeller. It starts up.

124. Racecourse track.

ALFONSO, positioned at the side of the track, struggles against the increasingly large throng of people. PABLO helps him.

ALFONSO.- Pablo, stand your ground or they'll push us into the middle of the track.

PABLO.- (Holding on to the tripod.) It's getting out of hand.

125. The beginning of the track.

The aeroplane begins its take-off run. The spectators crowd alongside the track even more. The police officers can barely hold them back. The runway for take-off is getting narrower and narrower. The CORPORAL and TIROLINAS struggle with the crowd.

CORPORAL.- Tirolinas, for my next posting, I'll get somewhere in the middle of nowhere.

TIROLINAS.- And I'll go with you, corp.

126. The near end of the track.

The right-hand wing of the machine actually hits one of the spectators. It swerves and crashes into the crowd. ALFONSO takes a shot of the accident. The picture freezes and turns to black and white.

**127. Indoors. The chief editor of the Herald's office.
Afternoon.**

GALINDO is seated at his desk, looking at the photograph. FERRY is also seated on the other side of the table. ALFONSO, standing, looks from one to the other and back again. He is very nervous. FERRY makes gestures for him to calm down.

GALINDO.- (To ALFONSO.) Did you take it?

ALFONSO.- Yes, señor Galindo.

GALINDO.- (Dubious.) Are you sure?

ALFONSO.- I'd swear it on my late father's grave.

FERRY.- A real Cuban hero, Galindo.

GALINDO.- (Looking at the photo.) Hum!...It isn't at all bad...

FERRY.- But what are you saying, man? Anybody would jump with joy to have what you've got in your hands.

GALINDO.- Very well, it's good. I admit it...(He looks at Alfonso)...What camera did you take it with?

ALFONSO.- (Blushing.) Well, you see, I... Señor Galindo, actually, I...

FERRY.- (Interrupting.) ...And what does that matter now? The boy has shown that he's got initiative and that's worth a lot.

GALINDO.- I don't know if it's enough...

(ALFONSO'S face is a picture of self-pity.)

FERRY.- Come on, you know as well as I do that he's earned himself another chance.

(GALINDO **thinks about it.**)

FERRY.- Go on, give him a chance, man! Don't be stubborn.

GALINDO.- (Shouting.) MARTÍNEZ!

(MARTÍNEZ **enters.**)

MARTÍNEZ.- You called, señor Galindo?

GALINDO.- (Grunting.) Here. I want it on the front page, with the news of the accident.

(MARTÍNEZ **takes it. He looks at it.**)

MARTÍNEZ.- (Letting out a whistle.) What a smash!

(ALFONSO **looks at FERRY happily.**)

FERRY.- (Quietly.) Welcome to the family, son!

GALINDO.- I want a special edition out on the streets before anybody else. Understood?

MARTÍNEZ.- (Nodding.) As quick as a flash, boss. (He leaves.)

128. Presses of *The Herald*. Night time.

The press rollers are working to full capacity.

129. Outdoors. The street where *The Herald* offices are situated. Day time.

BOY selling *The Herald* in the street.

BOY - (Shouting.) Extra, extra!, tragedy at air show at Racecourse...(A **passer-by picks up a newspaper.**)...Extra!, a spectator is killed..., the French pilot Jean Mauvais escapes injury...

(The passer-by opens the paper and looks at the news.)

130. Indoors. Coffee-rooms in the Casino in Madrid. Afternoon.

DON JUAN is looking at ALFONSO'S photo in *The Herald* illustrating the news of the biplane accident. Seated at his side is FERRY, drinking coffee.

FERRY - It really was bad luck. It's as simple as that. **(He finishes off his coffee.)**

DON JUAN - Bad organisation and not enough foresight by the authorities, my dear friend. **(He puts the newspaper on the table and leans back in the comfortable armchair.)**

FERRY - Some things are unforeseeable, Don Juan.

DON JUAN - (Firmly.) Not when we've already seen on previous occasions how people react at this type of event.

(A military man walks into the room., Captain of the cavalry, KÍNDELAN.)

FERRY.- (Gets up and shakes his hand.) Fancy meeting you here, captain!...Don Juan, I'd like to introduce you to captain Kíndelan, commander of the Cuatro Vientos military aerodrome, chairman of the flying club, and one of the top five Spanish military pilots.

KÍNDELAN.- (Getting his introduction in first.) It's an honour to meet you, señor de la Cierva.

BIBLIOTECA VIRTUAL

(They shake hands.)

DON JUAN.- Please sit down, and join us in our little chat.

KÍNDELAN.- Delighted. It would be a pleasure. **(KÍNDELAN sits in a third unoccupied armchair.)**

DON JUAN.- Captain, I was just commenting to our mutual friend, Ferry here, that there was a certain element of bad planning in what happened at the Racecourse yesterday.

KÍNDELAN.- Well, as chance has it, I couldn't be there, but, from what I've been told, you're not mistaken.

DON JUAN.- (looking at FERRY, very pleased with himself.) They should ban these freak shows. I'm getting more and more convinced of that.

FERRY.- (Jokingly.) Don Juan, think of your friends. Leave us some news to make a living from.

KÍNDELAN.- Don't you worry, as far as aeroplanes are concerned you'll have plenty in the next few months.

DON JUAN.- Heavens above! Don't tell me that this

madness is going to continue.

KÍNDELAN.- Madness?...of epidemic proportions! I'm going to give you some information and you are absolutely the first ones to know.

(FERRY's journalistic instincts are aroused. He takes out his notebook and pencil.)

Have you heard of the race of the century?

FERRY.- **(Disappointedly.)** That old project of an aeroplane race between Paris and Madrid?

KÍNDELAN.- **(Nodding.)** Well, now it's reality.

DON JUAN.- And do we know who's promoting this madness?

KÍNDELAN.- Le Petit Journal.

FERRY.- **(Surprised.)** The paper with the biggest circulation in France... A million and a half copies every day!

KÍNDELAN.- Exactly, and its editor, Jean Dupuy, has asked me if the Royal Flying Club could organise the Spanish part of the race.

FERRY.- **(Without looking up from his notes.)** And when will it be?

KÍNDELAN.- If all goes well, it is set for the 21st of May.

FERRY.- **(Idem.)** And what about the number of participants?

KÍNDELAN.- It still hasn't been announced, but we hope there will be quite a few.

DON JUAN.- I can't believe that there will be many people willing to participate in such a mad scheme.

KÍNDELAN.- You can be sure that there will be.

FERRY.- **(Still noting everything down.)** It's going to be the longest race ever!

KÍNDELAN.- **(Nodding.)** 1,170 km. to be exact.

FERRY.- And with the Pyrenees in the middle, remember.

DON JUAN.- But what can push people to such recklessness?

KÍNDELAN.- Perhaps the 100,000 Franc prize for the winner.

FERRY.- **(dropping his notebook. While he's picking it up, he whistles in amazement.)** 100,000 francs...Those French know how to spend money!

DON JUAN.- An absurd waste. **(To KÍNDELAN.)** But how can a simple newspaper finance something like that?

KÍNDELAN.- Don Juan, I'm sure our mutual friend knows more about that than us.

FERRY.- **(He isn't listening any more. He finishes his notes, puts away his notebook and stands up.)** If you'll excuse me, gentlemen, I'm going to the office. This has to come out tomorrow. **(Without waiting for a response, he sets off.)**

KÍNDELAN.- What a rush...!

DON JUAN.- Yes, as if the 100,000 Francs were for him.

(KÍNDELAN smiles.)

131. Indoors. Florencio's workshop. Day time.

On the walls and doors of the workshop, in addition to the bull-fighting posters, the model aeroplanes,

which the boys have been making, can be seen as decoration. FLORENCIO and PABLO are working at their respective benches, while JUAN, sitting on a plank, casually folds a paper aeroplane. RICARDO is playing with a small model aeroplane. ALFONSO is lovingly cleaning the lens of his new camera. PEPE BARCALA is reading the press out loud, **THE HERALD.**

BARCALA.- Rain, electric storms, hurricane force winds, and last but not least, the great test... **(He makes a dramatic pause.)**

(PABLO stops working. FLORENCIO does likewise. JUAN and the rest also stop to look at him. They're all ears.)

(BARCALA Carries on reading in a loud and excited tone.) ...The impassable Pyrenean mountain range, with its storms and turbulence, in which the small planes will be mere toys at the mercy of these towering peaks...(Another pause by BARCALA, who looks at his fascinated audience.)

(PABLO is now dedicating more time to listening than to working.)

FLORENCIO.- (Sarcastically and bad-temperedly.) Pablo, get on with it! Let's see if we can get these boards finished before Christmas...And you, carry on...(To BARCALA.)..., don't stop now, man.

BARCALA.- (Giving a military salute.) At your orders, captain! **(Continues reading.)**...How many will manage to finish the race and arrive safely in Madrid? This is the question that everybody's asking. And which of these heroes will manage to arrive first? Who will have the glory of going down in history? Who will receive the

100,000 Franc prize?...

(PABLO whistles in admiration.)

FLORENCIO.- Hey! and how much is that in real money?

RICARDO.- More or less the same, 100,000, señor Florencio.

FLORENCIO.- Damnation, for that much, I'd walk the whole way, and bare-foot if necessary!

BARCALA.- Quite a decent purse, yes sir!

ALFONSO.- The number of dolls I could get with that!

JUAN.- (Without turning a hair.) It's not bad. **(He throws his paper plane. It flies right in front of FLORENCIO's nose.)**

BARCALA.- But what are you saying, JUAN? What do you mean it's not bad? It's 100,000 Francs.

RICARDO.- Have you heard right, brother?

FLORENCIO.- 100,000 smackers! **(He takes off his beret and fans himself with it.)** A cool 100.000 Francs! **(He scratches his head, hardly able to believe it.)** And you lot here wasting your time making ... kites. **(To PABLO, pointing to the model aeroplane which RICARDO is holding.)**

JUAN.- Señor Florencio, although you may not believe it, we could also build one of the big ones.

(Everybody is dumbfounded.)

FLORENCIO.- And when will that be, then?...**(Sarcastically.)** For Christmas, I suppose. Then, if you don't win the lottery, you can ask the Three kings for

one...(He laughs nervously.). Bloody kids! (He shakes his head and gets on with his work.)

ALFONSO.- (Quietly, to RICARDO.) You're brother's going to stir things up, as usual, you'll see!

JUAN.- Of course, it won't be easy..., but if you give us the go ahead to work here, we'll make one sooner than you think.

(Everybody is still astonished.)

PABLO.- (Joining in the conspiracy.) We would be the first ones in Spain to do it, do you know that, father?

FLORENCIO.- (Warily.) Get on with your work!... As mad as March hares.

JUAN.- Of course, we will pay you for everything we use, as we have done up to now.

FLORENCIO.- (Stops working. Angrily he picks up his corduroy jacket.) As I said, raving mad!

BARCALA.- (BARCALA also joins in forcefully against FLORENCIO.) Wood, glue, varnish, nails...everything paid in cash señor Florencio.

PABLO.- (Standing in the way, so his father can't get out.) And, of course, on the condition that the jobs in the workshop will not be affected, father.

FLORENCIO.- (Getting angrier and angrier.) Pablo, stop pestering me or I'm going to blow a fuse.

ALFONSO.- (To RICARDO.) I haven't seen a siege like this since mine against the baker's daughter.

FLORENCIO.- (Taking off his beret and crumpling it up nervously.) Pablo, prick up your ears, and you lot too...

ALFONSO.- (Whispering to RICARDO.) Didn't I tell you there' d be trouble?

RICARDO.- (Nodding.) The bombs about to go off!

FLORENCIO.- (Beside himself.) ...If that thing you're going to make, whatever it's going to be, doesn't fly like a bird, and soon...**(He points at JUAN.)**... you can look for another place to make a nuisance of yourselves, because, as far as this place here is concerned, as long as I live, you will never again work on anything that looks like one of those blasted contraptions. **(Pointing to the model aeroplanes which are hanging from the ceiling.)** Get that into your thick skulls!

JUAN.- It will fly, señor Florencio, don't worry about that. It's in all our interests to make it fly.

FLORENCIO.- (Slapping himself on the forehead, resignedly.) And the worst thing of all is that I must be softer in the head than you lot for allowing it...**(He pulls his beret down firmly and heads for the street.)**...PABLO, if anyone comes asking for me, I'm in Robustiano's inn...I think I need a drink... **(muttering to himself.)**...Bloody kids!

(He goes out, slamming the door behind him.)
PABLO, JUAN and PEPE congratulate each other.)

RICARDO.- (Whistling.) The chief is in a rage!

ALFONSO.- The baker didn't have a temper like that..., fortunately.

(JUAN throws the model aeroplane at ALFONSO.)

(Surprised, catches it.) Bloody kids! **(Mimicking FLORENCIO.)**

(They all laugh.)

132. Indoors. Robustiano's inn. Afternoon.

The inn is typical in style, although rather run-down: there are patches on the wall where the plaster has fallen away, some of them covered by bull-fighting posters; oak barrels are blackened with age: ROBUSTIANO has just filled a bottle from one of the barrels; he uses one of his hands as a funnel, and then wipes it on his apron, where one more stain won't make any difference; he pours FLORENCIO, who is leaning on the end of the small zinc bar, another glass. A freezing wind blows through the broken window pane. FLORENCIO finishes off his glass of wine and puts it down on the bar. With a shiver of cold, ROBUSTIANO fills it up again.

FLORENCIO.- You know, Robus, the youth of today are crazy!

ROBUSTIANO.- (In shirt sleeves, he's freezing.) Hey, Florencio! When are you going to get round to mending that window?

FLORENCIO.- (Lost in thought, looks into his glass.) When I was their age, I was working like a horse. I wanted to earn a living and get married, Robus, like any other boy at that time. (Takes a swig and bangs his glass down.)

ROBUSTIANO.- (Refilling it for him.) You know, with the cold that comes in through there, I've even got chillblains on my nails! (He pours himself one, and drinks it down.)

FLORENCIO.- It's just that son of mine is besotted; all he thinks about is making racketsy gadgets. (Another swig.)

ROBUSTIANO.- That's normal, Florencio, and I only dream of the day when I can see that hole covered up...(He takes a faded knitted jacket which is hanging from one of the barrels, and puts it on.)...I'm going to

pay you for it, and on the nail, you hear? **(He fills both glasses.)**

(FLORENCIO taking some peanuts. He puts a handful in his mouth. ROBUSTIANO comes out from behind the bar. FLORENCIO takes out a pocket watch. He opens it. Inside the lid there is a picture of a woman.)

FLORENCIO.- (With his mouth full.) Here's me killing myself working...Ever since his mother died...

(A gust of wind blows the pane of the broken window open.)

ROBUSTIANO.- (On his way to close it.) Not in here, you don't. **(Closing the pane.)**

FLORENCIO.- (Putting away the watch.) Maybe the boy has been on his own too much, what do you think? **(He finishes off his glass again.)**

ROBUSTIANO.- (Returning to the bar.) Of course. What I think, Florencio, is that this winter I'm definitely going to catch it...**(he coughs.)**, double pneumonia for sure. **(He finishes off his glass. He fills another and drinks it down.)**

FLORENCIO.- (Slurring his speech.) Yes, that must be it...He's lacked a mother, what he most needs!

ROBUSTIANO.- (Also slightly tipsy and in a sympathetic tone.) We all lack something, Florencio, always...

FLORENCIO.- It's not all his fault, the poor boy.

ROBUSTIANO.- ...To start with, somebody to mend that for me. **(He coughs again.)**

FLORENCIO.- I'll just have to be patient!

ROBUSTIANO.- (Getting tipsier and sleepier.) Yes, very..., very patient.

FLORENCIO.- (Sincerely.) You know, Robus, I come down here because of the good advice you give me.

ROBUSTIANO.- You can bet on that, I certainly do! (He coughs again.)

FLORENCIO.- You're a good friend.

ROBUSTIANO.- You are too, Florencio. If you think about it, the cold is good for business...

FLORENCIO.- ...The barrels get finished quicker, don't they?

(They both take another swig.)

ROBUSTIANO.- That's it.

(Their glasses are filled again and they clink them together.)

133. Outdoors. Getafe camp. Day time.

The following appears superimposed: «Getafe camp Madrid, 26th of May, 1911». The glasses sparkle in the light. CAPTAIN KÍNDELAN proposes a toast.

KÍNDELAN .-(His glass in his hand.) Gentlemen!, I raise my glass to Jules Vedrines, winner of the Race of the Century.

(VEDRINES, clinks his glass with KÍNDELAN.

ALFONSO takes a photo.)

134. Monoplane.

Standing some metres away, next to the monoplane, JUAN watches the proceedings.

135. Table where the toast is taking place.

Both civil and military authorities are present, as are reporters, FERRY among them. An improvised table has been set up, with pastries and champagne on it.

136. Runway.

Fires have been lit all along the runway as marking lights.

137. Public.

A water seller's cart is there to quench the crowd's thirst. An elderly man is driving it. Behind him, a friendly girl is handing out the water. ALFONSO is one of the first to take advantage of this service.

ALFONSO.- (Drinking from the earthenware jug.)
It's really good...and it's not the only good thing around here...(Staring at the girl.)

(The girl takes back the jug and smiles at him.)

Do I owe anything, gorgeous? (**Winking at her.**)

THE DAUGHTER - Nothing. It's on the house, love.

(**ALFONSO goes back to his camera which is already set up on its tripod.**)

138. Table where the toast is taking place.

FERRY - (**proposes a second toast**) Let's also drink to the Morane: the machine which has made this heroic deed possible in only 36 hours.

(**ALFONSO records FERRY's toast for posterity.**)

139. Monoplane.

JUAN slowly walks around the monoplane. The fuselage is covered with mud and oil stains. He touches the still warm motor with reverence. In the background more applause is heard.

ALFONSO - (**Off-screen.**) Juan, if you don't want to have to foot it, I've found free transport. (**He points to the girl.**)

JUAN - And does the driver mind?

ALFONSO - Come on, man! What father wouldn't please a daughter who is the apple of his eye...(**eyes fluttering**)..., especially when she's a bonbon like this one?

JUAN - Thanks, but I'm staying till the end... Off you

go, you leave with your little sweet...

ALFONSO.- It's your loss, you wouldn't be short of water..., nor maybe of other things (**He winks at him and leaves.**)

(**JUAN smiles. He looks at VEDRINES.**)

140. Table where the toasts are taking place.

The triumphant winner raises his glass and proposes a final toast. The rays of the sun shine through the golden liquid, giving it a magical glow. VEDRINES lifts his glass to his lips and, by a quirk of fate, an unexpected sparkle is seen on the rim of the glass.

141. The road. Day time.

The sky slowly becomes overcast. BARCALA is standing at the side of the road. The chain has come off his motorbike. He's trying to put it on.

BARCALA.- (**Angrily.**) Why did you have to break down today..., today of all days? Bloody old banger!... (**He kicks the wheel. The valve falls off. The tyre goes down.**)... And now this. There's nothing else left to go wrong!

(**Lightning. It begins to pour.**)

142. Indoors. The hall in the School of Pilar. Day time.

FATHER CARLOS and RICARDO look at the curtain of rain through the window.

FATHER CARLOS.- I can't believe your brother is feeling unwell again today...To me, this smells of..., what do you call it?, skying?

RICARDO.- Skiving, Father.

FATHER CARLOS.- Well, it smells to me of skiving...And a bad case of it.

RICARDO.- **(Acting the innocent.)** Father, don't be like that. And where would he have gone in this pouring rain?

FATHER CARLOS.- That's true, son, in this weather not even those skivers of yours would venture out.

(RICARDO breathes deeply and swallows.)

143. The carpentry workshop.

PABLO and FLORENCIO are working. It's still raining outside. PABLO's got a bad-tempered expression on his face.

FLORENCIO.- You see! Pouring. My rheumatism never lets me down. **(He touches his shoulder.)**

(PABLO doesn't say anything. With a guilty conscience.)

I'm sure you haven't missed anything except a good

soaking...

(PABLO continues filing, without saying anything.)

... Come on, let me, you're not doing it properly **(He goes to take the file off him.)**

PABLO.- (Continuing with his work.) Now that I've started, I'll finish it, father.

FLORENCIO.- Let me do it, damn it! Do what your father says for once in your life! **(He takes the tool off him and begins to file.)**

PABLO.- And what shall I do now?

FLORENCIO.- Don't ask me! go out for a walk. As long as I can't see your long face around here!

PABLO.- And where do you suggest I go, with the rain that's falling?

FLORENCIO.- Well that's that, then, for Heaven's sake! If you can't go anywhere, then why are you behaving like this?...Bloody kids!

(He carries on filing. PABLO looks through the window. Another flash of lightning. A clap of thunder is heard.)

144. Outdoors. The road. Day time.

The sky clears. It stops raining. JUAN is walking towards Madrid. He is soaked to the skin. The shoes he is wearing are covered in a thick layer of mud. He stops to scrape off the dried mud. A car passes, drives through a puddle and covers him in mud from head to foot: suit, hair, face... The car stops a bit

further on and the horn blows. JUAN runs towards it. He gets to it. The driver pushes up his mud-spattered glasses. It's FERRY.

FERRY.- (Slapping the seat beside him.) Come on! Get in, you disaster, you.

JUAN.- I'm going to get it all muddy.

FERRY.- (Cleaning his glasses.) And is water for?...Get in, and make it today.

(JUAN puts his foot on the running board and sits down.)

I thought it was strange that you didn't seem to be around!

(JUAN smiles. FERRY adjusts his glasses again and sets off. Looking at JUAN and forgetting about the road.)

What did you think of it?

JUAN.- (looking at the road worriedly.) Very exciting.

FERRY.- (Still looking at JUAN.) Yes. Of course, it was exciting. And impressive, I would add.

(JUAN, nervous because of the way FERRY's driving, doesn't say a word.)

FERRY.- (Idem, and hinting at something.) By the way, has your visit been official or unofficial? **(He blows the horn as he swerves to only just miss the water seller's cart.)** he?

(JUAN, swallowing, doesn't answer.)

...I understand... Unofficial. Don Juan is a hard nut to crack, isn't he?

JUAN.- Careful, Ferry!

(They are just about to run into the back of another vehicle which is going more slowly. FERRY swerves to avoid the obstacle.)

FERRY.- (Shouting at the other driver.) To go that fast, you don't need an automobile. An old nag would do you! (He stares at JUAN again.)

(JUAN is fearfully clinging to his seat.)

JUAN.- Hey! don't you think it would be a good idea to look at the road from time to time?

FERRY.- (laughs openly.) Don't tell me you're afraid. You, who wouldn't hesitate to climb onto four planks of wood and jump off a cliff, afraid? (He carries on laughing.)

(JUAN, uncomfortable in the situation, doesn't reply.)

By the way, I've brought back a souvenir of this historic day.

(He lets go of the steering-wheel and searches around in his pockets. The car carries on without a driver. JUAN, taken aback, grabs the wheel.)

I intended to take it to your house, but now that you're here...**(He takes out a shining champagne glass.)**... Here you are, a present for you!

(As he takes it, JUAN recognises that shine.)

That's the glass that no less a person than Jules Vedrines, the winner of the Race of the Century, has drunk a toast from.

(JUAN looks at the rim, and again that magical sparkle is seen. They see BARCALA and his motorbike. They stop.)

Look, Juan, another castaway!

145. Indoors. Juan's bedroom. Night.

On the table is the plan of a model aeroplane. Next to it is Vedrines's glass. JUAN is wearing a dressing-gown and a scarf. He is crossing out all the measurements of the model, and next to them he is writing bigger ones.

JUAN.- (Off-screen.) Wingspan, 11 metres, total wing surface area, 38 square metres, length... **(He sneezes twice.)** length...

(There is a knock at the door. JUAN takes away the large ruler which is acting as a paperweight and the drawing automatically rolls up. Underneath appears a maths textbook. DON JUAN enters.)

DON JUAN.- How are my future lawyer's studies going?

JUAN.- Well...! **(He sneezes.)**... I'm doing Bernoulli's equation. **(He sneezes again.)**

DON JUAN.- Well, well! It seems you've caught a really good one.

JUAN.- It's nothing, father...A spring shower.

DON JUAN.- Yes. **(He sees the glass. Surprised, he picks it up.)** You're always up to date with the latest technology, but incapable of using something as simple as an umbrella...

(JUAN sneezes again.)

I'll never understand you, son. **(He puts down the glass and looks at what he is studying. Satisfied, he pats him on the back twice.)** Good night, son! Don't go to bed too late

JUAN.- Good night, father!

(DON JUAN goes out. JUAN unrolls the plan again.)

(JUAN off screen.) Wingspan 11 metres, total wing surface area, 38 square metres, length...**(He sneezes again.)**

146. Outdoors. Poplar grove of the Retiro.

Afternoon.

The drawing of the new aeroplane is pinned up between the trunks of two poplar trees which are very close together. JUAN and BARCALA are standing next to the plan.)

PABLO.- 11 metres long?

JUAN.- **(With the model aeroplane in his hand.)** Yes, 11 metres. OK? And why not? If a small version can fly, why not a big one? We've got enough experience now. **(He points to the plan.)**

ALFONSO.- Experience?... JUAN, you've only flown toys, nothing else. Don't get carried away, lad.

RICARDO.- He's right. They are only toys.

BARCALA.- **(To JUAN.)** Do you really think it would fly?

JUAN.- It's strong and easy to build. It will fly, I'm sure. Just as well as if Deperdussin or Farman had built it.

ALFONSO.- JUAN, they say a monoplane costs 15,000 pesetas.

JUAN.- Not if we build it ourselves.

ALFONSO.- In that case put me down for a biplane.

RICARDO.- Only 30,000.

BARCALA.- **(Angrily.)** And why not a triplane, boys?

JUAN.- But if others have done it before... We're not the first. Think of the Wright brothers, Voisin...

RICARDO.- But they were aeroplane manufacturers!

ALFONSO.- Can't you see the difference, lad?

DON JUAN.- **(Confidently.)** I'm telling you that it can

be built.

ALFONSO.- Fine. And then, like Chávez, you cross the Alps.

RICARDO.- And perhaps you kill yourselves...To be honest, this time you've gone too far, brother.

ALFONSO.- (gets up.) Well, boys!... I'm off. I've got a date with a dressmaker who'd leave you breathless...

RICARDO.- (taking advantage of the moment, also gets up.) I'm off, too... I've got some homework to do.

ALFONSO.- (To RICARDO.) ...Blonde, blue eyes..., and you should see how she handles a needle and thimble.

(They leave.)

PABLO.- (Disappointed.) We seem to have been left on our own.

JUAN.- Boys, the ones who are left are the ones who need to be here. That's why our biplane will be the B. C. D..

PABLO.- B. C. D.?

JUAN.- It sounds good, doesn't it?... BARCALA, CIERVA, DÍAZ.

BARCALA.- Hey! that doesn't sound bad at all... Barcala, Cierva, and Díaz!... not too bad at all.

**147. Outdoors. Poplar grove of the Retiro.
Afternoon.**

A bright red aeroplane, the same as that in the plan, soars through the sky. It lands cleanly. A hand picks it up. DON JUAN examines it with satisfaction.

MARTA.- (Off screen.) A new member to the family?

JUAN.- Hello, Marta!

MARTA.- I haven't seen you around here for a while, have I?

JUAN.- I've been very busy lately..., with the flu. Did you see how well it flies?

MARTA.- Very well, doesn't it?

JUAN.- Yes, the small-scale ones go fabulously, but the big ones... You never know.

MARTA.- (Looking around her.) I love spring afternoons.

JUAN.- (Lost in thought.) Look, this two-seater nacelle protects the pilot and his passenger from the wind during the flight.

MARTA.- (Idem.) The temperature's ideal, don't you think?

JUAN.- (Idem.) ...The Sommers and the Henry Farman models haven't got one, you know?...

MARTA.- (Tiredly.) JUAN, why don't you forget about it for a while?

JUAN.- ...And here, behind the cabin, an internal combustion engine ..., 50 horsepower, if possible...

MARTA.- (Exasperated.) Hey! shall we go for a walk?

JUAN.- ...Probably a rotary Gnome... **(He looks at her.)**... Finished. That's it, done.

148. The lake in the Retiro. Day time.

JUAN and MARTA are in a boat in the middle of the

lake. JUAN rows very badly; he splashes MARTA.

MARTA.- (Smiling.) It's just as well you're better with aeroplanes than with this.

JUAN.- (Snorting and coughing.) It's the oars, they're badly made.

MARTA.- Of course, it'll be that Archimedes's fault!

JUAN.- I give up! **(He stops rowing.)**

The boat is left to drift.

MARTA.- (Looking at the sky.) It's a beautiful afternoon.

JUAN.- The same as that one...

MARTA.- Do you remember?

JUAN.- You bet!... Every time I see an airship.

MARTA.- (Smiling.) Me too, even without the airships.

JUAN.- And is it a nice memory?

(MARTA nods.)

JUAN.- And so...?

MARTA.- JUAN, you're fifteen, aren't you?

JUAN.- Sixteen.

MARTA.- All right, sixteen. It makes no difference...Do you know how much older I am?

JUAN.- Who's worried about that?

MARTA.- I am, of course...I'm twenty and at my age you either get married or...

JUAN.- ...The same old story, you're left on the shelf.

MARTA.- That's right.

JUAN.- But, Marta...

MARTA.- Exciting, isn't it?

JUAN.- Oh, yes. And what about your trips around the world, where do they leave you?

MARTA.- It doesn't cost anything to dream, does it?

JUAN.- Do you want to hear your little friend's advice or not?

MARTA.- Juan, please don't be like that!

JUAN.- Well, although you don't want it, I'm going to give it to you anyway.

(MARTA smiles.)

Always follow the road that leads you to where your dreams begin.

MARTA.- And who's brave enough to do that?

JUAN.- I at least try.

MARTA.- It's not possible, Juan.

JUAN.- But, why not?

MARTA.- (Drily.) Because I'm already engaged.

JUAN.- (He doesn't know what to say. He gets back to his rowing, slowly but slightly better than before.) To that bloke from the airship, isn't it?

MARTA.- He's not a bad person, you know?

JUAN.- I hope he knows how to appreciate what you're worth.

MARTA.- Thank you for understanding...

(**JUAN rows in silence.**)

Juan...(She blows him a kiss.) you're a brick.

149. Indoors. The carpentry workshop. Day time.

FLORENCIO is working on a piece of timber.

FLORENCIO.- No, no and no again!... (He emphasises each "no" by hammering on the nail.) I can't let you have it any cheaper. (He wipes off his sweat with the sleeve of his jacket.)... Pablo, at that price we can't even pay the transport. (His tone is self-pitying.)

PABLO.- As you see best, father...(Without looking up from his work.)

(**FLORENCIO looking at DON JUAN and BARCALA. Neither says anything.**)

FLORENCIO.- But I've given my word, and at a very good price...

(**JUAN and BARCALA still don't say anything. PABLO carries on sawing.**)

... Well, let's see! How much do you need, you dopes?

JUAN.- I think just those boards over there would be enough. **(He points to them.)**

FLORENCIO.- Good grief! But that's all there is.

PABLO.- **(He stops sawing.)** Father, we have to make very even panels, and that means there's a lot of waste.

FLORENCIO.- Waste is exactly what I'm going to do with the wood. Bloody kids!... Go on, take what you want and sort out what you owe with my son! After all, what's left of the business after you lot finish with it will be for him... if he wants to starve to death, that's up to him... **(He pulls his beret down to his eyebrows and storms out into the street.)**... If anyone comes looking for me, I'm in... Well, you know where I am!... **(The door slams shut.)**

(JUAN winks at PABLO. PABLO blows out a sigh of relief.)

JUAN.- **(Happily rubbing his hands together.)** We've now got the wood for the biplane, boys.

BARCALA.- Yes, and now all we need is the money to pay for it.

150. Outdoors. The Flea Market. Day time.

PABLO is haggling with an individual who goes by the name of THE BUCCANEER.

BUCCANEER.- Hmmm! they're not bad... **(Examining them carefully.)** ... I'll give you 25 cents for each one..., I count there are 16 of them, which makes four pesetas. **(He begins to pick up the rag that they**

are wrapped in. PABLO holds on to the cloth.).

PABLO.- 50 cents, which makes eight pesetas, Buccaneer.

BUCCANEER.- You're crazy, kid! You don't know what you're asking. I'll go to 40 cents, and not another word on the matter. **(Again he starts to pick up the cloth.)**

PABLO.- Then the deal's off. Leave them with me. I'm taking them away. **(He wraps up the propellers and makes to leave.)**

B I B (JUAN arrives.) A V I R T U A L

JUAN.- **(To the BUCCANEER.)** I'm looking for some propellers, chief. **(He winks at PABLO.)**

BUCCANEER.- Pablo, wait! It's a deal...

(PABLO smiles. He turns away.)

BUCCANEER.- **(To JUAN.)** ...I'll be with you in a moment... **(He moves towards PABLO while looking for something in his pocket.)**... Here you are, your eight pesetas, you stubborn beggar.

151. Indoors. The Barcala's living-room. Day time.

DON JOSÉ has got a model aeroplane in his hands.

DON JOSÉ.- Look! Isn't it beautiful?

DOÑA ÁNGELA.- And what do we want that for?

BARCALA.- They're very decorative hung from the ceiling, mother.

DOÑA ÁNGELA.- This? From the ceiling?

BARCALA.- Yes, it would look nice anywhere.

DON JOSÉ.- We'll look for a good place for it, don't worry.

BARCALA.- It's a bargain, mother.

DOÑA ÁNGELA.- Hanging from the ceiling in our house?

152. Indoors. The carpentry workshop. Day time.

The biplane is beginning to take shape, at the same time as the model planes are disappearing from the shelves.

153. Outdoors. Playground. Pilar School. Day time.

FATHER CARLOS, as happy as a sandboy, is flying a model plane. RICARDO helps him with another. His classmates look on astonished.

BARCALA.- (To JUAN.) Boy, how did you manage that?

JUAN.- (Smiling.) Very easily. By giving him a discount.

BARCALA.- What?

JUAN.- Yes, I sold him two.

154. Indoors. The carpentry workshop. Day time.

The models continue to disappear. The Dragonfly is the last one.

155. Indoors. The offices of *The Herald*. Day time.

FERRY is writing away on his typewriter. On his table, The Dragonfly.

156. Outdoors. The carpentry workshop. Day time.

BALAS is looking in through the windows . The aeroplane's fuselage is now finished. BALAS calls to LANKY; his face also appears at the window.

157. Indoors. Corridor; the Cierva's house. Day time.

RICARDO looks at his mother through the glass of the kitchen door.

158. Kitchen.

DOÑA MARÍA is moving from one side to the other. JUAN is with her, getting in her way more than helping her. PATRO is going to wash up some plates. JUAN doesn't let her and craftily gestures for her to leave the kitchen. It's him who now puts on the apron. PATRO, reluctantly, moves towards the door and goes out.

159. Corridor.

RICARDO, hiding what he's really doing, pretends to be brushing the dust from a chair.

PATRO.- (seeing what RICARDO is doing.) Well you two are industrious today. Lord! wonders will never cease.

(She leaves grumbling to herself. RICARDO looks into the kitchen again.)

160. Kitchen.

DOÑA MARÍA is shaking her head. **JUAN** is sitting next to her; he seems to be speaking very passionately. **RICARDO** opens the door a little and listens.

JUAN.- But, mother!, it isn't so bad. I just want an advance on the money you give me every week.

DOÑA MARÍA.- Yes, son, but three months. I'm sure your father wouldn't approve.

161. Corridor.

RICARDO hears **PATRO** coming back. He closes the door.

PATRO.- (Off screen. She's singing.) *De Colombia vino el negrito... Y se movía como un bendito...*

(RICARDO takes out a handkerchief. He pretends to be cleaning the dust from some statuettes.)

That's very good, master Ricardo. If you're cleaning those figures so carefully, then I might as well take myself off!

RICARDO.- Don't worry, Patro, I will be very careful.
(He carries on cleaning.)

PATRO.- Heavens above! How industrious everybody is today...

(She leaves. RICARDO turns to look)

(PATRO off screen.) *De Colombia vino el negrito...*

162. Kitchen.

JUAN's mother is holding a green box, made of brass and with a golden border decorated with pineapple shapes. It's open. She takes out some money and gives it to JUAN, who takes it and gives her a kiss. He leaves the kitchen.

163. Corridor.

RICARDO.- **(To DON JUAN, whispering.)** How much did you manage to get?

(JUAN, smiling, opens his left hand and shows him his five fingers. RICARDO looks amazed.)

164. Kitchen.

DOÑA MARÍA notes down 50 pesetas on a piece of paper on which some figures have already been noted down. She puts it into the brass box.

165. Indoors. The carpentry workshop. Night time.

The B.C.D. continues progressing. The upper levels are now finished. PABLO is alone, assembling the wood of the tail rudder. FLORENCIO comes in and sees him. He closes the door with a bang. PABLO starts and sits at his bench to work on a piece of furniture. FLORENCIO enters without saying anything.

166. Indoors. Pilar School. Day time.

FATHER CARLOS, as always, has got the blackboard covered in equations. All the students are copying down the numbers as quickly as they can. JUAN is also writing down numbers, but his are on a design of a biplane whose lower wings have been crossed out and shortened.

167. Indoors. Carpentry workshop. Day time.

PABLO is finishing off the lower wings of the machine. They are one and a half times shorter than the upper ones.

168. Indoors. The Ciervas' house. Night time.

The green tin is once again opened. DOÑA MARÍA's hand takes out some money and notes the amount down on the list, which is getting longer and longer.

169. Indoors. Carpentry workshop. Day time.

JUAN and BARCALA are examining the scaled-down B. C. D. PABLO is at work carving the enormous propeller. The wooden chassis is completely finished. It takes up most of the workshop. FLORENCIO is constantly grumbling because he can hardly move around. However, every time he passes in front of the plane, he takes the opportunity to have a sly look.

FLORENCIO.- (Pretending not to be interested.)
How much longer do you need to finish this contraption?

JUAN.- Quite a while, señor Florencio... We've still got to cover the fuselage.

BARCALA.- ... We're also going to need glue for tightening things up, varnishes, paints...

PABLO.- And piano strings.

FLORENCIO.- What?

JUAN.- Yes, to shore up the wings.

FLORENCIO.- (Fanning himself with his beret.)
Piano strings to shove up the wings?...

JUAN.- To reinforce them, señor Florencio.

FLORENCIO.- Just what I needed to hear!

PABLO.- And metal fittings, father...and wheels, and...

FLORENCIO.- Hold your horses, PABLO!..., Bloody

kids!

JUAN.- (To FLORENCIO.) Still too many things for the bit of money we've got left.

BARCALA.- Yes, we're stone broke.

FLORENCIO.- Join the club! You're not the only ones.

PABLO.- Perhaps we could find something in the flea market...

FLORENCIO.- Well, if you're going to go down there, ask around for The Buccaneer and tell him that I sent you.

PABLO.- That one's always going around trading in army surplus things.

FLORENCIO.- ...Watch out for him!, the minute you let your guard down, he'll do you.

JUAN.- We already know him, señor Florencio.

FLORENCIO.- Then all the more reason to be careful. Keep him on a short leash.

BARCALA.- Yes, tie him with piano cord.

170. Outdoors. The pavement of a street in the Flea Market. Daytime.

THE BUCCANEER.- ... Piano strings?... (Surprised.)...Many? (Wetting the point of his pencil with his tongue.)

JUAN.- How many can you get us?

THE BUCCANEER.- More than you've got hairs on your bonce...Do you need that many?... (He smiles revealing a mouth full of yellowed teeth with some gold and silver pieces.)... Hey, by the way, who's going to pay for all this? (Dotting the cardboard with his

pencil.)

BARCALA.- Us, of course.

THE BUCCANEER.- Right. And do you know how much this little collection of fun and games costs?... **(He fans himself with the list.)**

JUAN.- There are a lot of things, of course. Quite a lot, I suppose.

THE BUCCANEER.- (Suspiciously.) So quite a lot then, eh? And how do I know you're going to have enough brass to settle up when I produce the goods?

JUAN.- I'm sure we'll have enough ready for when you bring us everything...

THE BUCCANEER.- (Cutting him off sharply.) Well I'm not so sure!... **(He angrily screws up the cardboard and throws it on to the floor.)**... Children, you've wasted my morning miserably.

(He turns away and leaves limping.)

BARCALA.- (Bending down quickly to pick up the cardboard.) Excuse me, chief!, wait! Will the motorbike do as a guarantee?

171. Street in the Flea Market.

THE BUCCANEER rides away on the motorbike.

172. Indoors. Kitchen; The Barcala's house. Day time.

BARCALA is drinking a mug down in one.

DOÑA ÁNGELA.- You're going to choke, child.

(He chokes. He coughs.)

What did I tell you? How uncouth you men are!

DON JOSÉ.- (Off screen.) Pepe, what have you been up to?

BARCALA.- (Getting up.) See you later, mother.

(He rushes out.)

DOÑA ÁNGELA.- (Resigned.) My mother warned me: only have girls, the less you have to do with men, the better.

(DON JOSÉ arrives out of breath.)

DON JOSÉ.- Where's your son?

DOÑA ÁNGELA.- My son? Our son, you mean. What's he done now?

DON JOSÉ.- I don't know..., where is he?

DOÑA ÁNGELA.- He's out there somewhere. He says he's going with the Ciervas.

DON JOSÉ.- He says he's going? Where to?

DOÑA ÁNGELA.- Yes, with the Ciervas, but what's the matter?

DON JOSÉ.- Pepe! Wait a moment!

(He quickly goes out.)

DOÑA ÁNGELA.- (Sighing.) Men...! How right you were, mother.

[Siguiete](#)



173. Garden.

BARCALA is already at the gate in the fence.

DON JOSÉ.- (Shouting.) Wait a moment, son.

BARCALA.- (He keeps on walking.) Yes, father!

DON JOSÉ.- Where's the motorbike?

BARCALA.- It's not here.

DON JOSÉ.- I know that. That's why I'm asking. Have you taken it to the mechanic?

BARCALA.- No, father.

DON JOSÉ.- Don't be afraid to tell me, son. Machines break down.

BARCALA.- It hasn't broken down, father.

DON JOSÉ.- Come on, son! I'll pay for the repairs.

BARCALA.- Honestly there's nothing wrong with it!

DON JOSÉ.- Right..., you've lent it to a friend. You know I don't like that.

BARCALA.- It's not that either, father.

DON JUAN.- Tell me, when is he going to give you it back?

BARCALA.- I don't know.

DON JOSÉ.- What do you mean, you don't know? What kind of friend is that? It's not that Juanito de la Cierva? because if it is I'll telephone his father right now and...

BARCALA.- **(Interrupting him quickly.)** It's not Juan, father. In fact it's not any of my friends.

DON JOSÉ.- Has it been stolen?

BARCALA.- No, father.

DON JOSÉ.- Then what the hell's happened to the damned motorbike?

BARCALA.- I left it as a guarantee. **(He jumps over the fence.)**

DON JOSÉ.- **(Pale and moving towards the fence.)** I don't believe it..., you're joking.

BARCALA.- It's only until we pay the...

DON JOSÉ.- **(Angrily.)** You've pawned the motorbike!

BARCALA.- **(Keeps on walking down the street.)** It's not exactly that either, father.

DON JOSÉ.- **(Beside himself with anger.)** A Barcala pawning his belongings...!

BARCALA.- See you tonight, father...

DON JOSÉ.- **(Shouting.)** ... A present from your father!

BARCALA.- ...I'll be late. **(He leaves at a run.)**

DON JOSÉ.- Wait a moment!!... **(He watches as PEPE gets further and further away.)**

174. Indoors. DON JUAN's office. Night time.

DON JUAN is sitting at his study table. He's wearing his pince-nez. He is carefully examining the model of the B.C.D.... DOÑA MARÍA is nervously pacing the room.

DON JUAN.- I can't deny that it's well made...(He looks at the model again.)

DOÑA MARÍA.- They could have an accident again like the last time...(She rubs her hands together nervously.)

DON JUAN.- ... Conscientiously made, yes sir.

DOÑA MARÍA.- ... No, I'm sure this time it will be more serious.

DON JUAN.- María, calm down, please. Come here and sit down.

(She sits down on one of the chairs on the other side of the table. DON JUAN gets up and goes to sit on the other one.)

Remember, we agreed that it was better for them to be interested in building a plane that will never fly than in other more harmful pursuits. Isn't that so?

DOÑA MARÍA.- (Somewhat calmer.) Yes, but I'm not so sure that they won't get it to fly...

DON JUAN.- But how can they if they've built a plane

designed for an internal combustion engine...? They'll never get the money together, don't you understand?. **(He spins the propeller on the small version.)**

DOÑA MARÍA.- But how can you be so sure...? **(She stares at him.)**

DON JUAN.- It's here for all to see, dear... **(He shows her the list of sums of money that DOÑA MARÍA has been handing over to JUAN.)**

DOÑA MARÍA.- ...You know your son... For him nothing is impossible.

DON JUAN.- The amounts you've given him won't get him very far, you know? **(He smiles.)**

DOÑA MARÍA.- **(taking the list and looks at it again.)** But he's got other friends, and perhaps...

DON JUAN.- **(Interrupting her.)** That's also all under control. I've spoken to señor Barcala and I know that they haven't given him much either..., they haven't anything like what it takes to buy an internal combustion engine. **(He takes her hand and pats her reassuringly.)** Believe me, that plane will never fly, I've been well informed.

175. Indoors. Carpentry workshop. Afternoon.

The B.C.D., now painted red, is finished. It's not a copy of any biplane of the era, although its outline is classical. ALFONSO and RICARDO have come to see it. FLORENCIO is examining it carefully.

FLORENCIO.- **(Angrily.)** Let's see if I can get this clear. Are you trying to tell me that this monstrosity which is cluttering up my workshop, can't fly because it

hasn't got an engine...

(PABLO nods, downcast.)

... and that you don't know how to get hold of one? **(His tone of voice is getting louder.)**

BARCALA.- It's not that we don't know, señor Florencio. It's just that we can't afford to pay for one, which is different.

FLORENCIO.- **(Calming down.)** I could perhaps get together up to...How much did you say it would cost? **(To JUAN.)**

JUAN.- I reckon about 12,000 pesetas.

FLORENCIO.- Hell fire!... Are the screws made of gold or something?

BARCALA.- Not so much, JUAN. I think that with 10,000 we could get one in good condition.

FLORENCIO.- **(Angrily.)** Oh! only 10,000... Boys...! you've now got as far as you're going to get... Unless a miracle occurs I can see this white elephant burning on a bonfire on firework night. **(He pulls his beret down over his brow and puts on his jacket.)** Pablo, cover it up with the tapaulin..., so that you can't see it...that's all I need!

(He goes out, slamming the door behind him.)

ALFONSO.- **(Letting out a whistle.)** Did you see the old man?

(He watches how the glass in the door still vibrates from the slam. Nobody knows what to say. Everybody remains silent. The workshop is in semi-darkness. PABLO lights an oil-lamp. He hangs it from a cable. In the silence, the metallic sound of the lamp rubbing against the cable blends into that of the rain which is falling more and more heavily.)

(ALFONSO Looking out of the window.) There's quite a storm building up out there!

PABLO.- (Sadly.) Come on, Ricardo, give me a hand. **(He takes hold of the canvas.)**

JUAN.- (Also helping.) Don't take it like that, Pablo. It was just a question of time. Sooner or later he'd have found out about the problem.

(BARCALA takes hold of one of the other ends of the canvas. In a few seconds the plane is as hidden as a secret never to be told.)

ALFONSO.- Unbelievable! Look at that rain! I'm off, it's getting worse. **(Jumping down from the window sill.)**

(A flash of lightning lights up the whole workshop.)

Pablo, I'll leave the camera here with you. I daren't take it out in this storm.

JUAN.- (Tying up the canvas.) Ricardo, you go home with him.

RICARDO.- But Juan, I...

JUAN.- It's getting late. I'll be off in a minute, too.

ALFONSO.- **(From the door.)** Come on, kid! Are you coming or not?

RICARDO.- Wait till I get this umbrella, pal. What's all the hurry?

(ALFONSO half-opening the door. It's raining harder and harder.)

ALFONSO.- **(Looking at the boys.)** Would you believe it...! this looks like a funeral wake. Let's go in case they haven't decided who the corpse is yet.

RICARDO and ALFONSO leave the workshop.

PABLO.- What a rascal! Didn't he say this looks like a wake?

BARCALA.- He's not so far wrong...Here are the relatives... **(Pointing to everyone.)**..., and here is the deceased **(Pointing to the large cloth which covers the machine.)**

PABLO.- It's true. It even looks as if it's wearing a shroud...

JUAN.- Well, that's enough of feeling sorry for ourselves. Who said it would be easy to build an aeroplane and make it fly?

BARCALA.- Nobody. But we're not going to get any further unless a miracle happens. **(He picks up his jacket and gets ready to leave.)**

JUAN.- Look, Pepe, we've done the difficult part. That's a fact, not a miracle.

BARCALA.- (Moving towards the door.) Yes, but a fact that isn't going to get its backside off the ground.

PABLO.- That's obvious.

JUAN.- Hey, we're not going to give up now... are we?

BARCALA.- (Opening the door.) Come on, Juan, don't waste your breath! Let's go now or we'll have to leave by boat.

(He pulls up the collar of his jacket, and goes out. JUAN follows him. They move away under a tremendous downpour.)

176. Indoors. Robustiano's tavern. Night time.

Above the barrels, several containers catch the water from the numerous leaks in the ceiling. Water is also coming in through the broken window. FLORENCIO is at one end of the bar. At the other end are FATTY BALAS and LANKY LUIS with more than enough red wine inside them. Two other customers are sitting drinking at a small table.

LANKY.- (Sliding his glass along the bar.) Robus! fill her up and let it go on pouring, but inside me.

BALAS.- (With his mouth full of peanuts.) Yes, his outside hasn't seen any water since they baptised him. Robustiano, meanwhile, at the window with the broken glass, is mopping up the water with a cloth.

ROBUSTIANO.- (Pleadingly.) Look at how the water is coming in. Don't you feel sorry for me, you stubborn old fool?

(FLORENCIO pretends not to hear him. He finishes off his glass and leaves it on the counter.)

BALAS.- (Cockily.) Leave him alone, Robus. Can't you see he's got higher things on his mind?

(FLORENCIO, knowing what's coming, leaves his money on the counter and heads towards the door.)

LANKY.- Florencio, be careful you don't get your "crab" wet, with what's falling outside...

(FLORENCIO opens the door of the inn to leave.)

BALAS.- You don't get it, Lanky...! There above the clouds you don't get wet. **(He tugs on his belt and pulls up his trousers.)**

LANKY.- That's true. They say that up there you're always dry. **(He finishes off his glass in one gulp.)**

(Laughs from everybody present. FLORENCIO closes the door, and turns round with a black look on his face.)

ROBUSTIANO.- (Grabbing hold of his arm.) Relax, Florencio! You know what they're like with their jokes.

(Once they've had a few they'll even take the mickey out of their own shadows.)

FLORENCIO.- (Angrily.) For all I care, they can take the mickey out of their fathers.

LANKY.- (jumping up as if on a spring.) Hey, Florencio! Don't ever talk about the dead like that.

ROBUSTIANO.- (Nervously.) Come on, now! Don't start things off just because of a little joke!

LANKY.- The problem with this bloke is that he can't take criticism **(He's now speaking very slowly and aggressively, pronouncing each syllable at a time.)**

FLORENCIO.- I can take whatever I feel like taking...

(LANKY sits down again.)

...And listen to me carefully, you two. Whatever we Díaz do always works to perfection, come rain or shine... And that contraption in my workshop will fly, or my name's not Florencio. You can bet on it!

LANKY.- I'll believe it when I see it!

BALAS.- You've got a big mouth, Florencio.

FLORENCIO.- (He is shouting now.)...Then whoever's got the guts to question what I'm saying, let's see if he's also got the guts to gamble the 500 pesetas that

this is worth **(He takes out his pocket watch.)**... Look at it closely, with a solid gold chain... **(He puts it right in front of Robus's nose.)**

ROBUSTIANO.- It's certainly very fine...!

FLORENCIO.- ...It should be. My father left it to me. **(He looks at it longingly and puts it away.)**

BALAS.- I'll go for that!... For that and to hell if necessary.

LANKY.- **(Laughing.)** And I'll go halves with Balas. You can't turn down 250 pesetas in this day and age.

ROBUSTIANO.- **(Whispering in his ear.)** Hey, Florencio, I'm on your side, and if we win, you fix that **(He points to the window.)**

FLORENCIO.- It's a deal!

(They shake hands.)

177. Outdoors. Entrance to the inn. Night time.

FLORENCIO is leaving the inn. It's still raining and now with a gale-force wind blowing. A noisy procession of wooden blinds are blowing along the street. FLORENCIO takes shelter on the corner. He puts his hand in his pocket and looks at his watch. He runs the last few metres to his workshop, with one hand holding on to his beret and the other protecting his watch. His espadrilles are splashing around in the water, soaking his trousers right up to the knees.

**178. Outdoors. Cuatro Vientos military aerodrome.
Night time.**

The soldiers' boots splash through the puddles. CAPTAIN KÍNDELAN is giving orders through a heavy storm of wind and rain. The soldiers are trying to fasten the windbreaks of the hangars where the planes are kept.

**179. Outdoors. Cuatro Vientos aerodrome. Day
time.**

Hangar number 2 has been reduced to rubble. The soldiers are busy digging out the planes. ALFONSO and FERRY are covering the news of the hurricane.

ALFONSO.- What snaps I'm going to take, boss!

FERRY.- Do your best to capture all the details you can...You don't see a hurricane like this every day.

ALFONSO.- (Setting up the shot.) You said it. What a catastrophe! (ALFONSO passes in front of KÍNDELAN and THE BUCCANEER. He stops to take a photo.)

KÍNDELAN.- You're going to make a packet out of this, Buccaneer.

THE BUCCANEER.- (Piece of cardboard and pencil in his hand, is taking notes.) Captain, you don't know how little I make out of all of this.

KÍNDELAN.- You're always moaning...Always claiming to be broke, but you're always showing off more

and more gold teeth.

THE BUCCANEER.- If you knew where I get these from...**(He opens his mouth and sticks his fingers in; he can hardly be understood.)**... Look they're second hand, did you know that, Captain? I only wear them because I've got a good friend in the...

KÍNDELAN.- Save the details! Tell me, are you going to take the four Henry-Farmans down there? **(He points to the rubble where the soldiers and Jean Mauvais and his mechanic are working.)**

THE BUCCANEER.- God!, only four?...Nothing else? **(He pretends to be disappointed.)**... Oh, well!, you can't look a gift horse in the mouth. **(He notes something down and rubs his hands together, pleased with himself.)**

KÍNDELAN.- The Frenchman's has also been destroyed, but I don't think he'll want to sell it. I think the engine will still be of use.

ALFONSO.- **(He has heard what KÍNDELAN and the THE BUCCANEER are talking about.)** Captain, excuse me for sticking my nose in where it's not wanted, but did you say that Mauvais has now got a spare engine?

KÍNDELAN.- Either that or he's missing a plane. It depends how you look at it, son.

(MAUVAIS and his mechanic dig out the plane. The pilot is despondent. ALFONSO is grinning from ear to ear.)

ALFONSO.- **(To himself.)** When I tell the lads this, they're not going to believe me.

**180. Indoors. A hangar at Cuatro Vientos
aerodrome. Afternoon.**

**JEAN MAUVAIS and his mechanic are trying to
restore the fuselage of the Sommer. KÍNDELAN
watches Mauvais's impossible task.**

KÍNDELAN.- (To Mauvais.) Don't bother! It's time to
think about a new fuselage.

MECHANIC.- Don't go deceiving yourself, Jean. This
can't be repaired.

**(Lost in thought, MAUVAIS carries on with his
hectic activity, letting out the occasional oath.
JUAN, BARCALA and PABLO have now arrived
and are standing next to KÍNDELAN.)**

KÍNDELAN.- Yes, there he is! **(He points to
MAUVAIS, who furiously kicks the aileron he's trying
to mend.)**

BARCALA.- Look how the Frenchie's behaving!

KÍNDELAN.- Watch how you go, he's not in much of
a mood for visitors today.

PABLO.- Then perhaps it would be better to leave it
for today and come back another time, what do you
think?

BARCALA.- (Moving forward towards MAUVAIS.)
Come on! Let's take the bull by the horns. He won't hurt
us.

(KINDELAN smiles.)

BARCALA.- (BARCALA walks up to the pilot. Respectfully.) Monsieur Mauvais...

(The pilot stops his kicking. He looks at him with his face all flushed.)

... We've got just what you need: a new plane, brand new, never been used.

(MAUVAIS looks at his MECHANIC surprised. The latter shrugs his shoulders.)

MAUVAIS.- (Annoyed.) *Allez, allez!* (He makes a move as if to leave.)

BARCALA.- It won't cost you anything..., *rien de rien...* We'll let you have it free. We built it ourselves.

MECHANIC.- Get out of here, boy! We're not here to waste time on nonsense.

(They become absorbed once again in their work. MAUVAIS again furiously hits what's still left in one piece on the plane, destroying that too.)

KÍNDELAN.- Boys, your friend's going to drive him mad. If I were you, I'd get him back here.

(**JUAN and PABLO walk towards where MAUVAIS and BARCALA are. PABLO takes BARCALA by the arm, trying to drag him away from there.**)

PABLO.- Leave it for now, Pepe.

BARCALA.- (**BARCALA refuses to leave.**) What do you mean? I've nearly got him in my pocket.

JUAN.- (**walks up to MAUVAIS. He unrolls a plan which he is carrying under his arm.**) Look!, it's a biplane with different-sized wings, a sesquiplane... (**showing him on the plan.**)... Your 50 horsepower Gnome would be installed here..., behind the two-seater narcelle... It will fly like an angel..., definitely..., one hundred per cent certain.

(**MAUVAIS looks at the drawing thoughtfully. Then at his mechanic, who shrugs, and, finally, at KÍNDELAN, who smiles. MAUVAIS, with resignation, also smiles. He speaks to his MECHANIC in french.**)

MECHANIC.- Captain, he says he doesn't know whether to believe them or kick their backsides. What do you advise?

KÍNDELAN.- (**To MAUVAIS.**) If I were you, I'd give it a look over. You've got nothing to lose. What's more, they're not going to cheat you over the price.

181. Indoors. Carpentry workshop. Day time.

The B.C.D. is looking at its best. MAUVAIS and the MECHANIC, in silence, are examining it carefully. FLORENCIO and the boys wait expectantly. MAUVAIS pulls on the piano cords that are used for shoring up the wings. The MECHANIC is checking each and every one of them. PABLO crosses his fingers. FLORENCIO wipes away his sweat with his beret.

ALFONSO.- (Whispering to RICARDO.) Those two won't miss anything.

RICARDO.- You can say that again.

BARCALA.- What an inspection! **(He looks at DON JUAN worriedly.)**

JUAN.- Relax. If they're looking, it's because they like it!

PABLO.- (Hardly able to credit it, and looking at his father.) If you say so...

(FLORENCIO, with his watch in his hands, looks like he's praying. The MECHANIC is now underneath the machine. MAUVAIS is inspecting the wheels and the metal fittings. The MECHANIC is hitting the bottom of the narcelle with his fist.)

PABLO.- (Quietly.) If he hits it any harder, he's going to put his fist right through the chassis...

(FLORENCIO is looking pale.)

...It still hasn't been reinforced, father.

(The pilot is now getting into the cockpit and he begins to fiddle with the controls: first the tail rudder, then the ailerons. A metallic screech causes MAUVAIS to show some annoyance. PABLO runs off to a corner of the workshop.)

FLORENCIO.- (To Alfonso, whispering.) What on earth's the matter?...**(Very nervously.)**... It sounds as if it's going to fall apart... **(He's almost eating his beret.)**

(PABLO arrives with a toolbox. He tightens a nut on the aileron on the tail. Meanwhile, JUAN pours oil on to the joints of the ailerons. The screeching disappears.)

ALFONSO.- There's nothing a spot of oil won't sort out, señor Florencio.

FLORENCIO.- (Giving a sigh of relief.) Especially if it's from the oil mill, like mine.

MAUVAIS.- (Enthusiastically.) *C'est magnifique!*

(The pilot, from the inside of the cockpit, is still working the plane's controls, but with an obvious expression of satisfaction.)

BARCALA.- (Amazed.) It seems he really likes it...!

FLORENCIO.- (Over the moon with happiness.)
God bless you all!...

**(JUAN approaches MAUVAIS, who gracefully jumps
down from the cockpit.)**

**MAUVAIS.- *C'est formidable!* (He slaps the fuselage.
Smiling, he energetically shakes JUAN's hand.)
D'accorde..., Voila!, mon moteur pour votre avion.
(Happily, he points to the space in the plane for the
engine.)**

**FLORENCIO.- (With his watch in his hands and
looking heavenwards.)** This is the miracle of the century.

**182. Outdoors. Cuatro Vientos aerodrome.
Afternoon.**

**It's an unsettled autumn day. The sky is threatening
rain.**

183. Hangar.

**(The B.C.D. is being pushed out of the hangar by
MAUVAIS's mechanic and the machine's creators.)**

184. End of the runway.

ALFONSO and RICARDO have set up the tripod with the camera. Standing next to them is FERRY. ALFONSO focuses his shot on MAUVAIS. The pilot is saying goodbye to his lady friend.

ALFONSO.- (To FERRY.) What do you think, boss? So you like the dame, eh, boss?

FERRY.- Bah! She's just a passing fancy, Alfonso.

ALFONSO.- Well she's a dancer at the Apollo... **(He moves his camera into the middle of the runway.)**... A real good time-girl, Ricardo, my boy.

RICARDO.- Be careful, or you'll get run over!

ALFONSO.- If you want something, you have to pay the price, lad. **(He finishes off adjusting the camera.)**

185. Alongside the runway.

A small group of soldiers and mechanics are present, sceptical and expectant. CAPTAIN KÍNDELAN is standing next to lieutenant SANTOS and MARTA.

SANTOS.- (Looking at the biplane.) Let's see how it goes!

MARTA.- (Waving at JUAN from afar.) How do you think it's going to go?..., like an angel.

KÍNDELAN.- One never knows with these things, miss.

186. Aeroplane.

JUAN, while pushing, also waves at her. He looks at the sky worriedly; A light wind has blown up.

JUAN.- (He carries on pushing.) What a horrible day it is!...

BARCALA.- (Bad-temperedly.) You said it. What bloody bad luck we've had!...

PABLO.- It could be even worse..., and rain.

187. Alongside the runway.

A gentle rain begins to fall. MARTA opens her umbrella.

188. Aeroplane.

BARCALA.- (Pushing.) Keep that bloody prophet quiet!

PABLO.- (Idem.) If I'd known, I'd have shut up..., sorry.

JUAN.- (Idem.) This is nothing. If it doesn't get any worse, we can be satisfied.

MECHANIC.- (Idem.) Come on, get to it, you're using

up all your energy chatting.

189. Florencio's cart.

FLORENCIO arrives in his cart. With him are ROBUS, BALAS and LANKY.

FLORENCIO.- Whoa, Darío!... **(Pulling hard on the reins.)**... Gentlemen, we've arrived at our destination.

ROBUSTIANO.- **(Looking at the sky.)** Good God! Haven't I got enough with the leaks in my shack without getting soaked here too?

BALAS.- **(Somewhat apprehensive and looking at "the Crab".)** I can't see that pile of junk flying in this weather.

FLORENCIO.- **(Passionately.)** Listen to me carefully, Balas! I told you that whatever we Díaz produce always works perfectly, no matter what the weather's like.

BALAS.- Don't be too cocky about it, Florencio.

LANKY.- **(Smoothly.)** Yes, let's wait and see how everything turns out.

190. Beginning of the runway.

The plane is now at its starting position. PABLO nervously notices that the covering canvas has got wet in the rain. His hands are beginning to stick to the fuselage. He signals to JUAN. JUAN shows him

his which are now stained red. BARCALA is speechless. The MECHANIC also realises.

MECHANIC.- Heavens above! it's coming apart... Jean, look at this! **(He shows him his hands red with paint.)**

(MAUVAIS verifies that the B.C.D. is getting sticky.)

JUAN.- (To JEAN MAUVAIS.) Don't worry, it always gets a bit sticky when it's wet.

MECHANIC.- (Very alarmed.) If you get into this, you're crazy... **(He takes hold of MAUVAIS's arm.)**

PABLO.- It's because of the glue, señor Mauvais.

BARCALA.- The canvas cloth has got carpenter's glue on it.

MECHANIC.- (His expression shows that he's losing his composure.) Jean, with the vibrations from the engine, this thing is sure to fall apart in the air!...

JUAN.- (His expression showing how he feels.) It's nothing important, really. It's just that we tightened up the cloth with carpenter's glue.

(MAUVAIS, maintaining his composure, cleans his hands on his clothes, leaving two big red stains. He jumps into the machine. The MECHANIC gets into the co-pilot's seat looking very flushed.)

MECHANIC.- ¹ (In French, subtitled in English.)
Jean, think about this carefully. What you're about to do
is suicide.

MAUVAIS.- ² (Calmly.) I'm a pilot and a pilot needs a
plane.

MECHANIC.- ³ (Getting more and more upset.) But
this heap of junk isn't going to make it... Can't you see it's
falling apart by the minute? (He passes his hand over the
covering again and it turns red. He shows it to
Mauvais.)

MAUVAIS.- ⁴ (He looks at the hand unperturbed.)
Have you got another plane I can fly in?

(The MECHANIC gives up. He gets down from the
co-pilot's seat. MAUVAIS lights a match.)

191. End of the runway.

RICARDO.- (To FERRY.) He's checking to see if
there's any wind.

192. Aeroplane.

¹ (En francés, subtulado en español.)

² (En francés, subtulado en español)

³ (En francés, subtulado en español)

⁴ (En francés, subtulado en español)

MAUVAIS blows out the match, throws it away and, straight away, adjusts his flying goggles.

193. Alongside the runway.

KÍNDELAN.- (To MARTA.) If the match had gone out, goodbye flight. The wind is a plane's worst enemy.

194. Aeroplane.

MAUVAIS fixes his cap on back to front, with the peak at the back. At a signal from the pilot, the MECHANIC turns the propeller. The powerful Gnome roars into life.

195. Beginning of the runway.

The boys and the MECHANIC control the plane by holding on to the wings and tail. MAUVAIS warms up the engine by accelerating. The noise is deafening.

PABLO.- That's 50 horsepower for you!... **(Yelling to make himself heard.)**

BARCALA.- (Also shouting.) It sounds like a Swiss watch!

196. FLORENCIO's cart.

FLORENCIO is in his cart, looking at his watch nervously.

BALAS.- Make the most of it, Florencio, and have a look at the time.

LANKY.- Yes, because from today on you'll have to ask us.

197. Alongside the runway.

The unpleasant smoke from the engine reaches the spectators. MARTA covers her mouth and nose with a handkerchief.

MARTA.- What a smell..., it's awful!

KÍNDELAN.- (Smiling.) These engines burn a mixture of petrol and castor oil.

MARTA.- Castor oil?

SANTOS.- Nobody has invented anything better for rotary motors yet, dear.

MARTA.- (With her handkerchief over her mouth.) Well they could run them on essence of roses.

(KÍNDELAN and SANTOS smile at each other.)

198. Cart.

ROBUSTIANO.- (Covering his nose.) If it flies like it smells, it's obvious what'll happen, FLORENCIO.

(BALAS and LANKY laugh. FLORENCIO looks furious.)

199. Aeroplane.

MAUVAIS makes a signal. The boys and the MECHANIC let go of the machine. The plane begins its take-off run. A light breeze blows up. The rain has made the runway soft. The wheels of the B.C.D. stick in the mud. It doesn't pick up enough speed to lift off.

200. Beginning of the runway.

JUAN watches, clenching his fists. The end of the runway is getting dangerously close.

JUAN.- (Whispering, but forcefully.) Come on, Jean...!

BARCALA.- Faster..., give it all you've got!

PABLO.- Go on, «Crab»...!

201. Aeroplane.

The plane seems to be going faster, but more and more mud is sticking to the wheels and it's getting heavier and heavier.

202. Cart.

BALAS.- (Smiling.) It looks like this turkey's feathers are a bit on the heavy side.

LANKY.- You said it.

(FLORENCIO swallows. ROBUSTIANO breathes in deeply.)

203. End of the runway.

ALFONSO and RICARDO watch as the plane is nearly on top of them.

204. Beginning of the runway.

JUAN.- (Talking to himself, spiritedly.) Come on...

Now's the moment...! (He's clenching his fists.)

205. Alongside the runway.

KÍNDELAN.- Pull back the lever, Jean..., take it up now!

MARTA.- Up you go...Crab..., up you go!

206. Beginning of the runway.

BARCALA.- (Shouting.) Come on..., come on...!

PABLO.- (Shouting at the same time as BARCALA.)
Lift it now...!

207. Aeroplane.

MAUVAIS pulls firmly back on the lever. The plane gives a little jump and lifts off cleanly.

208. End of the runway.

ALFONSO takes a photo. The crab passes over him, almost clipping his head.

209. Aeroplane.

Very gracefully it gains height.

210. Beginning of the runway.

JUAN.- (Happily.) That's the way to do it, yes sir..., that's the way...!

(BARCALA and PABLO are jumping with joy. They move towards JUAN. They hug him. They all fall to the ground. Their faces are staining red as they touch each other.)

211. Cart.

FLORENCIO.- (stamping his feet, over the moon with happiness.) That's the way I like it!... Good boy!

(The aeroplane is flying very low. Darío, who is rearing up with fright, has to be held back by FLORENCIO. His passengers almost fall out of the cart.)

ROBUSTIANO.- (Happily.) You were right, Florencio, it flies like a bird.

FLORENCIO.- (Idem.) You know, Robus, I reckon that instead of working I'm going to dedicate my time to

betting with these two here.

ROBUS.- (To BALAS and LANKY.) Come on, empty your pockets and hand over the ready. (He claps wildly.)

(BALAS and LANKY look as if they're at a funeral.)

212. End of the runway.

FERRY.- If I hadn't seen it, I'd never have believed it. It flies like a hawk.

(ALFONSO and RICARDO are jumping around with glee.)

213. Alongside the runway.

Soldiers and mechanics applaud, amazed. So do KÍNDELAN and SANTOS.

KÍNDELAN.- Its turns are perfect... A splendid machine, among the best I've seen fly...

SANTOS.- The pilot is magnificent.

MARTA.- Yes, the pilot. And what about the plane? (MARTA'S eyes begin to get moist.)

214. Beginning of the runway.

JUAN looks at her and smiles. He waves to her.

215. Alongside the runway.

She returns his wave and smiles back. She dries her tears with her handkerchief.

216. Aeroplane.

The sunset gives the black cumulus clouds a reddish hue. The crab flies majestically through the clouds.

217. Outdoors. Robustiano's tavern. Day time.

ROBUSTIANO hums to himself while he polishes his sparkling new window pane with a cloth. Stuck to the window is a poster advertising a street party.

218. Outdoors. Street party. Afternoon.

A poster announces first-time flights. The B.C.D. is another attraction. People can go up in it, for a small fee. Business is going splendidly for the French pilot. The Crab is about to take off.

219. Aeroplane.

**It takes off with MARTA in the co-pilot's seat.
SANTOS looks on resignedly.**

220. Cockpit of the aeroplane.

**We see BARCALA flying happily. Next there's a cut
and we see PABLO occupying the seat and, finally,
ALFONSO.**

221. Runway.

**RICARDO.- (Watching the flight.) JUAN, what about
us? When's it our turn? (Sadly.)**

JUAN.- (Idem.) You know what...

RICARDO.- I didn't make the promise, you did.

JUAN.- Ricardo, don't go on.

**RICARDO.- And who's going to know if we only fly
for a little while?**

JUAN.- I'll know.

**RICARDO.- But the parents don't even realise that this
thing can fly.**

JUAN.- They'll soon will.

222. Outdoors. Torre-Cierva. Day time.

**Superimposed on the screen:«La Alberca - Murcia,
August, 1912»**

**223. Indoors. Ricardo's bedroom in Torre-Cierva.
Day time.**

DON RICARDO.- And you say it flies well,
Ricardo.

RICARDO.- Like a bird, grandfather.

DON RICARDO.- **(Looking at a photograph.)** Is
this the Crab?

RICARDO.- Yes, but not a word of this to anybody,
all right?

DON RICARDO.- **B.C.D. (Spelling it out.)**... It
looks splendid!... And your father still doesn't know
anything?

RICARDO.- **(Worriedly.)** About it actually having
flown?... No, he's got no idea.

DON RICARDO.- Relax, boy, I can keep a
secret...Can I talk to your brother about it?

RICARDO.- I don't know, he's been very strange
lately.

**224. Indoors. Don Juan's bedroom in Torre-Cierva.
Day time.**

JUAN has got a model of a monoplane on his table, and there are several models more, stuck to the wall. He is writing a letter.

JUAN.- (Off screen, reading what he is writing.)
Marta, I'm sorry I didn't go to your wedding, although I hope you understand why... **(He stops writing and frowns. He screws up the piece of paper and throws it out the window.)**

225. Torre-Cierva; garden. Day time.

DON JUAN, DOÑA MARÍA and RICARDO are sitting talking around the garden table. The ball of paper falls close to DOÑA MARÍA.

DON RICARDO.- Good Lord! We're less safe here than at the battle of the Llanos de Garet.

DOÑA MARÍA.- The number of times I've told them not to throw anything out of the window...!

DON JUAN.- That boy is incorrigible. Nobody can set him to rights.

DON RICARDO.- Come on, Don Juan!, you can't have any complaints about the boy this year.

DOÑA MARÍA.- Of course not. He's done very well at school, hasn't he Juan?

DON JUAN.- But he can't be talked out of this idea of studying Civil Engineering.

DOÑA MARÍA.- Leave him be. Thank Heavens this thing with the aeroplanes doesn't seem to have gone any further.

DON JUAN.- Yes, it seems that even in that respect they're a bit more relaxed.

(RICARDO chokes on his coffee. He coughs.)

DON JUAN.- By the way, María, I didn't mention that I received a letter from Ferry yesterday.

DON RICARDO.- (Relieved at the change in conversation.) The journalist from THE HERALD?

DOÑA MARÍA.- Yes, papa. He's a good friend of the family you know. (She puts her cup on the table and picks up the jug to serve more coffee.)

DON JUAN.- Well, now, look at this! He's inviting us to an air show.

DOÑA MARÍA.- Good heavens!

DON JUAN.- We should attend, María. It's not any old air show. It features the first ever aeroplane built entirely in Spain, the B.C.D., I think it's called.

(DON RICARDO chokes on his coffee again.)

DOÑA MARÍA.- What's the matter with you this afternoon, papa?... (Patting him on the back)... I'm sure Juan and Ricardo would love to go.

DON JUAN.- (Patriotically.) Of course we have to take them to an event like this, ...don't you think so

Ricardo?

DON RICARDO.- (Mumbling with his handkerchief over his mouth.) They'll be there anyway.

DOÑA MARÍA.- What did you say, papa?

DON RICARDO.- No, nothing..., I said it would be splendid. I'm sure they'll be very excited about you taking them. (He finally takes a large swig of coffee.)

**226. Outdoors. Cuatro Vientos military aerodrome.
Day time.**

**Superimposed on the screen:«Cuatro Vientos
Aerodrome.**

Madrid, October 1912.VIP stand.»

227. VIP Stand

**(FERRY and RICARDO are accompanying DON
JUAN and DOÑA MARÍA in the VIP stand.)**

FERRY.- The whole of Madrid is here. (Knowing wink to RICARDO.)

DON JUAN.- And for an event like this, quite right too.

DOÑA MARÍA.- Isn't that Francos Rodríguez, the mayor?

FERRY.- Yes. And the person with him is the colonel

of Cuatro Vientos.

DON JUAN.- Díaz Vives, María.

(They approach. They both greet DON JUAN warmly.)

MAYOR.- **(To DOÑA MARÍA.)** Your servant, madam.

COLONEL.- **(To DON JUAN.)** It's an honour to meet you, señor de la Cierva, particularly on such a special day...

MAYOR.- May I add my congratulations to the colonel's.

(They leave. RICARDO looks at FERRY. DON JUAN and DOÑA MARÍA look at each other surprised.)

FERRY.- **(Smiling.)** I wonder if they've appointed you minister again, and...

DON JUAN.- **(Very serious. Interrupting him.)** But what are you going on about, man? That's very unlikely with Canalejas as President.

DOÑA MARÍA.- Ricardo, where's your brother got to?

RICARDO.- **(Nervously looking at Ferry.)** He must be down there somewhere, mother.

FERRY.- **(To DOÑA MARÍA.)** Your son likes to have a front row view of everything.

228. Runway of the aerodrome.

Down below, on the runway, there is a great commotion. Numerous photographers, journalists and members of the public in general surround MAUVAIS, The Crab and its builders. JUAN thinks he sees MARTA, just a side view, in the crowd. The young lady turns round. It's not her. The CORPORAL and TIROLINAS, once again on public order duty, protect the pilot and the aeroplane.

CORPORAL.- (Struggling.) Once again in the same old mess!, Tirolinas.

TIROLINAS.- (Idem.) You are right there, Corporal!

229. Area around the Stand.

FLORENCIO, up on his cart, is trying to make out his son. At his side is ROBUSTIANO. Behind are BALAS and LANKY.

FLORENCIO.- Where has that blasted boy got to?

BALAS.- I hope we haven't come to the wrong party, Florencio!

FLORENCIO.- He never gets it right...!

ROBUS.- Leave the boy in peace, man.

LANKY.- (Dogmatically.) Yes, he's shown what

he's worth.

BALAS.- More than his father, that's for sure.

(They laugh. FLORENCIO bites his tongue.)

230. VIP Stand.

DON JOSÉ BARCALA and DOÑA ANGELA
approach.

DON JOSÉ.- Don Juan, quite a nerve-racking day, isn't it?

(They shake hands. Introductions are made.)

DON JUAN.- (Calmly.) There's no doubt that today's is an important event, my friend.

DON JOSÉ.- You've no idea how much I envy your sang-froid.

DOÑA ÁNGELA.- This husband of mine is like a jelly. He didn't sleep a wink all night.

DOÑA MARÍA.- Well, be careful because nerves are treacherous things.

DOÑA ÁNGELA.- He had to have two lime teas before leaving home. And I had to have some rose water, would you believe?

DON JUAN.- Well, calm down now, it's not so important. The sun will rise tomorrow like any other day.

DON JOSÉ.- (Very nervously.) As I said, don Juan, you amaze me... Come on, Ángela.

DOÑA ÁNGELA.- Will we see better from there...? We'll see you later, Doña María...!

(He takes her by the arm without letting her finish what she was saying.)

DON JUAN.- What's the matter with everybody today?

DOÑA MARÍA.- That's what I want to know.

FERRY.- (Winking at RICARDO.) Are you sure they haven't appointed you minister? (He smiles.)

231. Alongside the runway.

ALFONSO is trying to elbow his way into the front row.

KÍNDELAN.- (Off screen.) It is an honour for me to officially present...

232. Speaker's platform.

KÍNDELAN.- (In a military tone.) ...The first aeroplane to be entirely designed and built in Spain and by Spaniards: the B.C.D...

(More applause and cheers. Applause.)

... the initials which honour the names of its young creators: BARCALA, CIERVA and DÍAZ.

(The boys get up onto the platform. The photographers' cameras flash, ALFONSO's among them. JUAN looks at his father.)

233. The Stand.

DON JUAN is unshaken. DOÑA MARÍA excitedly squeezes her husband's hand, and takes hold of RICARDO's hand. RICARDO looks at his mother and watches a tear trickle down her cheek.

FERRY.- (Shaking his hand.) Congratulations, don Juan, you can be very proud of your son.

DON JUAN.- (Still looking at JUAN.) Thank you, I am.

DOÑA MARÍA.- (With damp eyes.) We are, señor Ferry, we are... **(She grips her husband's arm.)**... Aren't we, RICARDO?

RICARDO.- (Nodding.) Mother, can I...?

(DOÑA MARÍA looks at her husband.)

DON JUAN.- Go on! Run off to join your brother!

RICARDO.- (Happily.) Thanks, father.

(He runs off.)

B I B 234. VIP Stand. A V I R T U A L

DON JOSÉ.- (Applauding satisfied.) Every bit a Barcala, yes sir...! That's my boy.

DOÑA ÁNGELA.- (Applauding excitedly.) Our boy, Pepe. He's both of ours.

235. Around the stand.

FLORENCIO is clapping so loud, he almost breaks his hands.

236. Runway.

CORPORAL.- (So surprised he can hardly believe his eyes.) The things you live to see, Tirolinas.

TIROLINAS.- You said it, Corporal!

(**MARTA arrives. She's holding on to SANTOS's arm.**)

MARTA.- (Gesturing to JUAN.) Look, there they are!

SANTOS.- Calm down, dear. You're going to pull my arm off.

(**JUAN sees her. He jumps down from the platform. MARTA hugs JUAN and kisses him.**)

MARTA.- Juan, in the end, you got what you wanted, as usual.

JUAN.- (Looking at SANTOS.) As usual..., no, Marta.

MARTA.- You can't imagine how happy I am. (Another hug and kiss.)

SANTOS.- (Jealously.) Well, I think you can stop now. You're going to wear him away. Congratulations on the B.C.D., you've worked hard. (He shakes DON JUAN's hand.)

JUAN.- Thank you very much, Lieutenant.

ALFONSO.- (To JUAN and the rest.) Hey, come on you lot, get a move on! I need you to pose over here.

SANTOS.- (To MARTA.) Come on, don't make him wait! Fame awaits you.

(MARTA gives SANTOS a kiss. SANTOS smiles from ear to ear. JUAN and MARTA leave.)

237. Aeroplane.

ALFONSO in the first row, takes one photo after another, of the group in various poses. First we see MAUVAIS and the Crab. Then MAUVAIS, the Crab and its builders and thirdly all of these with their families. DON JUAN, to begin with, refuses to pose, but in the end he does so smilingly.

238. The BCD cockpit.

MAUVAIS signals. He's ready.

239. Runway.

PABLO.- It's going to take off. Who's going up, Juan?

(JUAN looks at his mother. DOÑA MARÍA looks at DON JUAN.)

DON JUAN.- Don't count on me... Women and children first. (He smiles.)

FERRY.- Well, well! Just like in the emergencies!

RICARDO.- (To his mother.) Would you like to go up, mother?

DOÑA MARÍA.- No, son. But I'm sure you would, wouldn't you?

RICARDO.- It must be fantastic.

DOÑA MARÍA.- (Looking at JUAN, who nods resignedly.) Go on, then. Off you go.

RICARDO.- (Hardly able to believe it.) Can I, Juan?

JUAN.- (smiling To RICARDO) It's about time, don't you think?

DOÑA MARÍA.- Run along before I change my mind.

240. Aeroplane.

The B.C.D. takes off.

241. B.C.D. cockpit.

A very happy RICARDO is now flying.

242. Aeroplane.

The plane loops the loop.

243. B.C.D. cockpit.

**MAUVAIS looks at JUAN and makes an «OK» sign.
JUAN looks over the side happily. They are flying
above a beautiful sea of clouds.**

**244. Outdoors. Runway; Cuatro Vientos aerodrome.
Afternoon.**

**Superimposed on the screen:«Madrid, December
1912.» The Crab is making its way along the
runway.**

245. B.C.D. Cockpit.

**BARCALA is sitting in the pilot's place and
MAUVAIS is in the rear seat. He accelerates
suddenly.**

246. Aeroplane.

**The Crab wheels up, bounces and is on the point of
overturning. The wheels screech.**

247. Runway.

PABLO.- Bah! He nearly crashed it.

248. B.C.D. Cockpit.

MAUVAIS is ranting and raving, his arms in the air.

249. Aeroplane.

The B.C.D. again accelerates suddenly and gives another little jump; this time more cleanly. The wheels screech again. As it comes down it becomes unbalanced. The left-hand side brushes the ground.

250. Florencio's cart.

(**FLORENCIO, ALFONSO and RICARDO arrive.**)

RICARDO.- Oh no! He's going to crash it.

(**MAUVAIS's shouts reach them.**)

251. Cockpit.

MAUVAIS is now standing on the rear seat. He

signals him to stop.

252. Cart.

FLORENCIO.- That chap's going to weigh a bit less for a week or so.

ALFONSO.- Not such a shame if he leaves that girl from the Apollo free.

(MAUVAIS's car. MAUVAIS's companion, standing next to the car, waves to the pilot with her handkerchief.)

254. Aeroplane.

The Crab comes to a halt.

255. Cart.

ALFONSO.- (To RICARDO.) Hey! Do you think he's going to teach them to fly?

FLORENCIO.- Surely not. He'll pretend he knows nothing, you bet.

RICARDO.- But he promised.

ALFONSO.- Promises can be blown away by the wind, especially up there, isn't that right chief?

FLORENCIO.- Not those of decent men.

ALFONSO.- And where can you find one of them?
(Using his hand as a visor, he pretends to be looking all around. He whistles when he sees the girl again.)
What a doll!

256. Aeroplane.

MAUVAIS stops the motor and gets out of the B.C.D. He argues with BARCALA on reaching the ground; he makes a sign that he's got a screw missing. The Mechanic checks the machine over. JUAN and PABLO approach.

257. Cart.

ALFONSO.- Maybe he's right.

FLORENCIO.- He is. It's no laughing matter to handle one of those contraptions.

RICARDO.- Señor Florencio, to obtain a pilot's licence you only have to do two flights of 5 kilometres on a closed circuit.

FLORENCIO.- ...Oh, is that all?

RICARDO.- Of course, changing hands as you turn, so that they form a figure eight.

FLORENCIO.- ...Only an eight.

RICARDO.- Well, and fly up to fifty metres.

FLORENCIO.- Bloody kid...!

ALFONSO.- Well, I bet that wily bird doesn't keep his word.

258. Outdoors. Aeroplane.

The B.C.D. is accelerating and begins its take-off run. This time MAUVAIS is alone on board.

259. Runway.

PABLO.- (To JUAN.) He's going to take off again. He says you've put everything out of order, Pepe.

BARCALA.- All he wants to do is go for a spin.

JUAN.- I'm sure he's going to test the tail rudder.

260. Cart.

FLORENCIO.- (Getting into the cart.) Well! everything's been seen and done here, so I'm off.

RICARDO.- You're in a hurry all of a sudden, señor Florencio!

ALFONSO.- (Aiming his camera at FLORENCIO and the cart.) Nobody can resist the call of the Robus.

FLORENCIO.- Go and take a running jump, kid.. Hup, Darío!

(He leaves. He passes a car coming the other way.)

261. Runway.

PABLO.- (Shouting.) We've got company, boys!

(The car pulls up.)

262. Car.

SANTOS helps MARTA get out of the convertible.
MARTA greets JUAN.

263. Runway.

JUAN greets her back.

264. Aeroplane.

MAUVAIS is going to land again.

265. Runway.

PABLO.- I think he's now satisfied with his test-run.

BARCALA.- Yes, he's had a good spin.

266. Aeroplane.

As it touches down, the plane bounces once, the wheels screech. One of them breaks off. It overturns and crashes into the ground.

267. Runway.

Everybody stops dead.

268. Car.

MARTA screams and hides her face in her husband's arms.

269. Runway.

PABLO rushes towards the scene of the accident. ALFONSO follows him. Everybody runs towards the scene of the catastrophe.

270. Aeroplane.

The B.C.D. has broken up into a mass of wood, cloth and cables. MAUVAIS's mechanic anxiously digs around in the smoking debris. The engine catches fire. PABLO drags the unconscious MAUVAIS from the jumble of wood. Some soldiers begin to throw earth on to the flames. MAUVAIS, with his face black and his overalls dripping oil, lies motionless, surrounded by the boys. KÍNDELAN pushes his way through them.

KÍNDELAN.- (Trying to bring him round.) Stand back and let some air at him.

MAUVAIS.- (opens his eyes and looks astonished at the crowd of faces watching him. Smiling. His teeth stand out amidst his blackened lips) *Je suis tres bien.*
No problem

(MAUVAIS makes to sit up, but faints. PABLO and ALFONSO hold him up.)

KÍNDELAN.- Quickly, somebody fetch a car!

271. Runway.

JUAN runs towards where MARTA is standing.

272. Car.

JUAN.- (Approaching nervously.) We need a car, lieutenant.

SANTOS.- Consider it done...Let's go. **(He takes MARTA by the arm and they get into the vehicle.)**

273. Car.

(MAUVAIS, quite a lot better and apparently without any serious injury is travelling next to KÍNDELAN in the rear seat. MARTA and SANTOS are in the front. MARTA, as they leave, is looking at JUAN. JUAN is also looking at her. The car disappears into a yellow cloud of dust.)

274. Runway. Sunset.

The sun, almost disappeared beyond the horizon, produces lengthening shadows on the remains of the formerly resplendent biplane. Everybody has left including the soldiers. PABLO and BARCALA are looking through what remains of the B.C.D. The rest look on without saying anything. BARCALA rescues the propeller, still miraculously intact, from among the embers.

BARCALA.- (To JUAN, whispering.) If you don't mind, I'd like to keep it as a souvenir.

(JUAN, sitting on the ground, nods. He looks at PABLO.)

PABLO.- (Rummaging around in the remains.) Perhaps we could make something by selling this lot to the buccaneer.

JUAN.- Pablo, forget it! There's nothing there worth selling.

275. Car.

BARCALA.- (Starting up his father's vehicle. Shouting above the roar of the engine.) Juan, we have to leave before it gets dark. The lights on this aren't very good.

JUAN.- (Picking up a stone and throwing it at the twisted up engine.) Pablo, please, stop rummaging round and get into the car.

PABLO.- Aren't you coming with us? (He makes a gesture indicating that he's staying.)

RICARDO looks at his brother sadly.

ALFONSO.- (To RICARDO.) I'm staying too..., Pablo, take my camera! I'll pass by to pick it up later.

PABLO.- Juan, shall I tell my father to come back to pick you up?

(JUAN shakes his head. The De Dion Bouton drives off.)

276. Runway.

A gentle breeze starts up and blows away the last smoke from the engine. ALFONSO sits down next to JUAN.

JUAN.- (Lost in thought, he's looking at what's left of the B.C.D.) To design a flying machine, is nothing..., to build it, not much..., to fly it is everything. You know what? I was thinking about a monoplane... **(He sketches the monoplane in the dust.)** It's wingspan would have been 9.8 metres with a total surface area of 18.5 square metres.

ALFONSO.- Have you already got it designed then?

JUAN.- (Nodding.) A 25 Horsepower Anzani in it might well have been enough.

ALFONSO.- And are you going to build it?

(JUAN shakes his head.)

If you've already made one, friend, why not this one too?
(He points to the drawing on the ground.)

JUAN.- If you're able to convince my father after this disaster.

ALFONSO.- It was an accident, Juan. The Crab flew

like an angel.

JUAN.- You said it: it flew... Now it's just a pile of junk.

ALFONSO.- **(Rubbing his hands together with the cold.)** And you intend to leave it all at that, a pile of junk?

JUAN.- For the moment I've got the entrance exam for Civil Engineering coming up, and then, with a bit of luck, the six year course. **(He throws a stone at what's left of the fuselage. A clear metallic echo rings out through the silence.)**

ALFONSO.- Well I'm going to Morocco...

(JUAN looks at him for the first time.)

... I'd been intending to tell you the news on the way back. They're sending me as a war correspondent.

JUAN.- **(Smiling.)** They don't know what to do with you to get you out of their sight.

ALFONSO.- **(Idem.)** Yes, that must be it.

JUAN.- Look after yourself, Alfonso!... **(They shake hands.)**... Congratulations.

ALFONSO.- And don't you let me down...I expect to see you flying your monoplane around.

(They stand up. They walk along the runway. ALFONSO stops. He takes something from his pocket.)

Here you are..., I'd forgotten. A souvenir. **(He gives him**

a photo of the Crab in flight.)

JUAN.- (Looking at it.) It wasn't too bad at all, was it?

ALFONSO.- What do you mean? It was the best I've ever seen.

(JUAN's face lights up. They begin to walk away, their backs to the camera.)

JUAN.- Hey, Alfonso!... Have you heard of trimotors?

ALFONSO.- What?!

JUAN.- You know! Aeroplanes with three engines.

ALFONSO.- With three engines?...No, mate. Never in my life.

JUAN.- (Spreading his arms out in the air.) They're impressive, you know? Gigantic... 25 metres wingspan..., 140 square metres total surface area...

ALFONSO.- Hey! Wait a mo...! You're not intending to...?

JUAN.- ...18 metres long..., no less.

ALFONSO.- You're not serious...!

JUAN.- Look! With three 220 horsepower Hispano-Suiza engines...

ALFONSO.- Juan, what are you saying?

JUAN.- ...It would have 660 horsepower..., isn't it fabulous?

ALFONSO.- (Amazed.) You are joking, aren't you?

JUAN.- It could carry a full load of up to 5 tons.

ALFONSO.- You're not in your right mind, boy...

JUAN.- I think it could reach 160 kilometres per hour...
and it wouldn't cost much more than 150,000 pesetas.

ALFONSO.- Is that all?...Then whenever you get
round to it, you can make me one too.

FLORENCIO.- (Off screen.) 150,000 smackers!...A
cool 150,000...!

(FLORENCIO arrives with his cart.)

JUAN.- (Surprised.) Señor Florencio...!

ALFONSO.- There's not a moment's peace today.

FLORENCIO.- For that amount of money, I'll fly
myself..., and in the buff, if necessary... Come on! In you
get! I can't leave you here on your own.

277. Outdoors. The Cart. Night time.

**The two boys climb on to the cart. They all move off.
In the background, the dimly-lit barracks stand out
against the monotone landscape of the night.**

FLORENCIO.- (Off screen. His voice fading into
the distance.) Juanito, look what I've learnt to do.

ALFONSO.- (Off screen. Idem.) You're the greatest,
chief...

(A paper plane leaves the cart and flies off. The following appears superimposed on the screen. Eight months later, the monoplane B.C.D.2 flew. Six years later, the trimotor plane had been designed..., built..., but “that’s another story...”)

The screen goes black.

