

Salt of the Earth

Screenplay by Michael Wilson

FADE IN (before titles)

EXT., QUINTERO BACKYARD. MEDIUM SHOT, DAY.

A woman at work chopping wood. Though her back is to the CAMERA, we sense her weariness in toil by the set of her shoulders. A five-year-old girl is helping the woman, gathering kindling. Over this scene comes the first title. A guitar dominates the musical theme. The motif is grave, nostalgic.

EXT., QUINTERO BACKYARD. A SERIES OF SHOTS, DAY.

As successive titles appear, each is matched by a view of the woman at her chores. Though at no time do we see her face, we begin to gather that she is large with child. The woman carries the load of wood to an outdoor fire, staggering under its weight, the little girl following with a box of kindling ... The woman feeds wood into the fire, on top of which is a washtub ... She scrubs clothes in the tub, bowed to the work, the little girl watching. She wrings out articles of clothing, hanging them on a clothesline, the little girl helping gravely.

EXT., QUINTERO BACKYARD. MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT, DAY.

As the last title fades, the woman continues hanging the wash and for the first time we see her face: a mask of suppression, a chiseled yet eroded beauty, the eyes hooded, smoldering. At the same time, though her lips do not move, we hear her voice: grave, nostalgic, cadenced, like the music of the guitar, inflecting the melody of Mexican-American speech.

WOMAN'S VOICE

How shall I begin my story that has no beginning?

MEDIUM FULL SHOT.

The clothes billowing in the wind as the woman hangs them up.

WOMAN'S VOICE

My name is Esperanza, Esperanza Quintero.
I am a miner's wife.

EXT., FRONT OF THE QUINTERO COTTAGE. FULL SHOT, DAY.

It is a small clapboard dwelling surrounded by a picket fence. Flowers are blooming outside the fence. Beyond this house similar cottages can be seen, strung out along a dirt road.

ESPERANZA'S VOICE

This is our home. The house is not ours.
But the flowers ... the flowers are ours.

EXT., ZINC TOWN. VISTA SHOT, DAY.

We see several small stores, station, scattered frame and
shacks, and in deep b.g., a Catholic church.

ESPERANZA'S VOICE

This is my village. When I was a child,
it was called San Marcos.

FULLER VISTA SHOT, INCLUDING THE MINE ON A HILLTOP.

The mine dominates the town like a volcano. Its vast cone
of waste has engulfed most of the vegetation on the hill
and seems to threaten the town itself.

ESPERANZA'S VOICE

The Anglos changed the name to Zinc Town.
Zinc Town, New Mexico, U.S.A.

EXT., CHURCH CEMETERY. MEDIUM SHOT, DAY.

An ancient graveyard beside a Catholic church.

ESPERANZA'S VOICE

Our roots go deep in this place, deeper than the
pines, deeper than the mine shaft.

EXT., COUNTRYSIDE. LONG PAN SHOT, DAY.

We see great scudding clouds and the jagged skyline of a
mountain spur. The mountain is scarred and pitted by old
diggings. The lower slope is a skirt of waste, the grey
powdery residue of an abandoned mine.

ESPERANZA'S VOICE

In these arroyos my great grandfather
raised cattle before the Anglos ever
came.

CLOSE SHOT: A SIGN ATTACHED TO A FENCE.

It reads:

PROPERTY OF
DELAWARE ZINC, INC.

VISTA SHOT: THE ZINC MINE IN THE DISTANCE.

ESPERANZA'S VOICE

The land where the mine stands -- that
was owned by my husband's own grandfather.

CLOSER SHOT, FEATURING THE MINE HEAD.

At closer range we see the head frame, power house and Administration Building.

ESPERANZA'S VOICE

Now it belongs to the company. Eighteen years my husband has given to that mine.

INT., MINE. CLOSE SHOT, RAMÓN QUINTERO

at work. He is lighting fuses of dynamite charges which are packed into the rock face of a narrow drift. There are a dozen such fuses. The drift is lighted only by the lamp on Ramón's hat.

ESPERANZA'S VOICE

Living half his life with dynamite and darkness.

CLOSE-UP: A FUSE.

It sputters, runs.

THE DRIFT, WIDER ANGLE

to include Ramón's wild face as he turns and runs. We see only a bobbing lamp and the long shadow of a man running. We see a flash of light, hear muffled thunder.

EXT., BACKYARD. MEDIUM SHOT, DAY.

Esperanza has paused a moment in her work, looking off toward the mine with a worried frown. Now she picks up the heavy clothes-basket and walks toward the cottage. The little Estella is not in sight.

ESPERANZA'S VOICE

Who can say where it began, my story? I do not know. But this day I remember as the beginning of an end.

INT., QUINTERO KITCHEN. MEDIUM SHOT, DAY.

It is no more than a narrow passageway, dominated by an ancient wood-burning stove. There is no running water. Esperanza sets the basket down beside an ironing board, picks up an iron from the stove and tests it with a moistened finger.

ESPERANZA'S VOICE

It was my Saint's Day. I was thirty-five years old. A day of celebration. And I was seven months gone with my third child.

Estella has run into shot, presenting her mother with a rose. Esperanza pins the rose in Estella's hair, with a

small smile, then returns to her ironing. As she irons, her face becomes more and more desolate.

ESPERANZA'S VOICE

And on that day -- I remember I had a wish ... a thought so sinful ...

In a convulsive gesture her fingers go to her lips. She drops the iron and hurries from the kitchen.

INT., PARLOR. MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT AT SHRINE.

We see only a corner of the small cramped parlor where Esperanza, with bowed head and clenched hands, stands before a shrine to the Virgin.

ESPERANZA'S VOICE

... a thought so evil that I prayed God to forgive me for it. I wished ... I wished that my child would never be born. No. Not into this world.

Esperanza covers her face with her hands. The little girl enters scene, stares gravely at her.

ESTELLA

Are you sick, Mama?

ESPERANZA

No, Estellita.

ESTELLA

Are you sad?

(As Esperanza doesn't answer)

Are we going to church? For your confession?

ESPERANZA

Later. When I finish the ironing.

She goes out.

FULL SHOT: KITCHEN.

As Esperanza starts ironing again, her son Luis enters by the back door. A handsome boy of 13, but now panting and bedraggled, he pours himself a glass of water and gulps it down. Esperanza watches him sidelong.

ESPERANZA

Fighting again?

(No response.)

With those Anglo kids?

LUIS

Aah, they think they're tough.

ESPERANZA

But you promised you wouldn't.

LUIS

(unrepentant)

Papa says if an Anglo makes fun of you to let him have it.

Esperanza suddenly seizes his shoulder, spinning him around as if about to slap him, crying simultaneously:

ESPERANZA

Never mind what your papa ...

For the first time she (and we) see that the boy's mouth is bleeding. Her anger is washed away in a wave of concern, and she picks up a cloth and wipes the blood.

ESPERANZA

Hold still ... does it hurt?

LUIS

(pulling away)

Naah.

He spies a birthday cake on the drainboard, sticks his finger in the icing.

LUIS

How come the cake?

Esperanza grabs the cake, puts it in the cupboard.

ESPERANZA

Never mind. Go get your father when he comes off shift. Tell him to come straight home.

Glad to be released, the boy darts off as we:

DISSOLVE

TO:

EXT., DELAWARE ZINC CO. MINE. LONG SHOT, DAY.

In deep b.g. stands the head frame of the mine. We hear one shrill blast of a steam whistle, and as this sound dies away we hear the rattling hoist and conveyor belt, punctuated occasionally by the loud crash of ore from the bucket into the crusher. In right f.g. stands the Administration Building, a long wooden bungalow.

MOVING WITH A GROUP OF MINERS

striding in a body toward the Administration Building. They appear angry and determined. Ramón Quintero is in the lead. The others are Antonio Morales, Alfredo Diaz, Sebastian

Prieto, Jenkins and Kalinsky. They all wear tin hats and grimy work clothes.

ANOTHER ANGLE, FEATURING ADMINISTRATION BUILDING

as Chief Foreman Barton emerges from the Superintendent's office. He wears khaki and a Stetson. Seeing the approaching miners, he moves out to intercept them.

GROUP SHOT: BARTON AND MINERS.

The miners stop as Barton, hands in his hip pockets, blocks their way. Barton is a rangy Texan with a perpetual half-smile on his lips. Ramón, the miners' spokesman, is rugged, handsome, younger in appearance than Esperanza, although he is a year older. There is a smoldering intensity in his manner and speech. During the following the boy Luis enters scene, coming up behind his father. The men ignore him.

BARTON

Hear you had a little trouble, Quintero.
Defective fuse?

(Ramón nods.)

Well, you're all in one piece. So what's
the beef?

RAMÓN

You know the beef. This new rule of
yours, that we work alone. We're taking
it up with the Super.

BARTON

Super's busy -- with your Negotiatin'
Committee.

RAMÓN

So much the better.

He starts off, but Barton blocks his path again.

ANOTHER ANGLE.

BARTON

Now wait a minute. Super's the one made
the rule. He ain't gonna give you no
helper.

RAMÓN

He will if he wants us to go on blasting.

The other miners step forward in support of Ramón. They protest excitedly, their speeches overlapping.

ANTONIO

Listen, Mr. Barton -- there's blood in
that mine. The blood of my friends. All

because they had to work alone ...

JENKINS

That's how ya get splattered over the rocks, when there's nobody to help you check your fuses...

ALFREDO

(breaking in)

And nobody to warn the other men to stay clear.

BARTON

Warning's the shift foreman's job.

RAMÓN

Foreman wants to get the ore out. Miner wants to get his brothers out. In one piece.

BARTON

You work alone, savvy? You can't handle the job, I'll find someone who can.

RAMÓN

Who? A scab?

BARTON

An American.

Ramón stands there, taut. He exits.

DISSOLVE

TO:

INT., KITCHEN OF QUINTERO COTTAGE. FULL SHOT, EVENING.

Esperanza enters from the parlor with some dirty dishes followed by Estella, who carries her own plate. As Esperanza picks up the coffee pot, she spies Estella holding a candle over the frosting of the cake on the drainboard.

ESTELLA

Mama, can I put the candles ...

ESPERANZA

(a fierce whisper)

Hush... not a word about the cake, hear?

INT., PARLOR. FULL SHOT.

The room is small, cramped. The plaster walls are cracked and peeling. Most of the furnishings are faded and old. Nevertheless, the cottage is tidy and gives evidence of considerable care. A dilapidated couch is covered with a fine Mexican blanket. In one corner of the room stands a

shrine to the Virgin. A vase of fresh-cut flowers stands on the mantelpiece beneath a framed portrait of Benito Juárez. The only item of splendor in the room is a high-polished radio-phonograph console. Over scene we hear a tin-pan-alley compost of "Western" music sung by cowboy entertainers.

Ramón sits with Luís at a small table near the kitchen door. Esperanza enters with the coffee pot, pours his coffee. Estella follows her, climbing onto her father's lap.

LUIS

Papa ... is there gonna be a strike?

Ramón ignores the question, brooding. Esperanza, who would also like to hear an answer, watches his face as he sips his coffee.

ESPERANZA

(finally, timidly)

Ramón ... I don't like to bother you ... but the store lady said if we don't make a payment on the radio this month, they'll take it away.

Ramón's forehead falls against his upraised palm, as if to say it's too much to bear. The little girl looks at him gravely.

ESPERANZA

We're only one payment behind. I argued with her. It isn't right.

RAMÓN

(softly, imploring heaven)

It isn't right, she says. Was it right that we bought this ... this instrument?

He rises, holding Estella.

RAMÓN

But you had to have it, didn't you? It was so nice to listen

ESPERANZA

(quietly)

I listen to it. Every night. When you're out to the beer parlor.

Ignoring this mild rebuke, Ramón crosses to the radio. CAMERA PANS with him. He glares at the console, mimicking an announcer's commercial.

RAMÓN

"No money down. Easy term payments." I tell you something: this installment

plan, it's the curse of the working man.

He slams his coffee cup down on the console, sets his daughter down and goes to the kitchen. Esperanza quickly polishes the console where he struck it.

INT., KITCHEN. MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT.

Ramón strips to the waist, pours some water from the tub on the stove into a pan on the drainboard. Esperanza appears in the doorway, watching him her heart sinking. Her fingers go to her lips in a characteristic gesture.

ESPERANZA

Where you going?

RAMÓN

Got to talk to the brothers.

Esperanza bites her finger, trying to hide her disappointment. Ramón bends over the pan to wash. He has not noticed the cake. Esperanza picks it up quickly, hides it in a cupboard. Ramón splashes his face and neck with water, looks up in irritation.

RAMÓN

This water's cold again.

ESPERANZA

I'm sorry. The fire's gone out.

She begins to stoke the stove.

RAMÓN

Forget it.

ESPERANZA

Forget it? I chop wood for the stove five times a day. Every time I remember. I remember that across the tracks the Anglo miners have hot water in pipes. And bathrooms. Inside.

RAMÓN

(bitterly)

Do you think I like living this way?
What do you want of me?!

He reaches for a towel. Esperanza hands him one.

ESPERANZA

But if your union... if you're asking for better conditions ... why can't you ask for decent plumbing, too?

Frustrated, evasive, Ramón turns away, buttoning his shirt.

RAMÓN

We did. It got lost in the shuffle.

ESPERANZA

What?

RAMÓN

(shrugging)

We can't get everything at once. Right now we've got more important demands.

ESPERANZA

(timidly)

What's more important than sanitation?

RAMÓN

(flaring)

The safety of the men -- that's more important! Five accidents this week -- all because of speed-up. You're a woman, you don't know what it's like up there.

She bows her head without answering and picks up the heavy tub of water on the stove. Unassisted, she lugs it to the dishpan in the sink and fills it. Ramón begins to comb his hair, adding in a more subdued tone:

RAMÓN

First we got to get equality on the job. Then we'll work on these other things. Leave it to the men.

ESPERANZA

(quietly)

I see. The men. You'll strike, maybe, for your demands -- but what the wives want, that comes later, always later.

RAMÓN

(darkly)

Now don't start talking against the union again.

ESPERANZA

(a shrug of defeat)

What has it got me, your union?

Ramón looks at her in amazement, not with anger, but with deep concern.

RAMÓN

Esperanza, have you forgotten what it was like before the union came?

(Points toward parlor.)

When Estella was a baby, and we couldn't even afford a doctor when she got sick? It was for our families! We met in

graveyards to build that union!

ESPERANZA

(lapsing into despair)

All right. Have your strike. I'll have my baby. But no hospital will take me, because I'll be a striker's wife. The store will cut off our credit, and the kids will go hungry. And we'll get behind on the payments again, and then they'll come and take away the radio...

RAMÓN

(furiously)

Is that all you care about? That radio? Can't you think of anything except yourself?

ESPERANZA

(breaking)

If I think of myself it's because you never think of me. Never. Never. Never...

REVERSE ANGLE, SHOOTING TOWARD PARLOR.

She covers her face with her hands, begins to sob violently. Ramón seizes her arms, shakes her. In b.g. we see the two children, still at table.

RAMÓN

Stop it! The children are watching. Stop it!

ESPERANZA

(sobbing uncontrollably)

Never... never... never!

RAMÓN

Aaah, what's the use?

He drops her arms abruptly, almost flinging her aside, and stalks out of the kitchen, out of the house. Esperanza remains leaning against the cupboard, sobbing. CAMERA HOLDS. The boy Luis rises from the table, comes to the kitchen door, looks at his mother. Then he, too, turns and leaves the house.

QUICK

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT., BEER PARLOR, ZINC TOWN. FULL SHOT, NIGHT.

The place is lighted by a neon sign. From within we hear a juke box playing ersatz Mexican music. The boy approaches the door, pauses and enters.

INT., BEER PARLOR. FULL SHOT, NIGHT.

It is nondescript, small, dingy, dimly lighted, indistinguishable from a hundred other small-town bars. A half dozen miners, including Antonio Morales, Sebastian Prieto, and Alfredo Diaz stand at the bar rail, drinking beer. The bartender is an Anglo. We hear:

We know it's not safe for miners to work alone!
The boss will always tell you things like that!

Luis has reached a post near a table at the far end of the room. Four men are seated around the table: Sal Ruiz, Frank Barnes, Charley Vidal and Ramón -- whose back is to Camera. Sal is drinking coffee; the other three are drinking beer. Luis stops and, as CAMERA MOVES IN ON GROUP, we pick up:

RAMÓN

(angrily)

They don't work alone in other mines!
Anglos always work in pairs. So why
should I risk my life? Because I'm only a
Mexican?

SAL AND CHARLEY

But that's in the demands... we're
negotiating...

RAMÓN

Three months of negotiations! And
nothing happens!

(Indicates Frank.)

Even with Brother Barnes here from the
International, what've we got?

(Ticks them off.)

No raise. No seniority. No safety code.
Nothing.

REVERSE ANGLE, SHOOTING TOWARD RAMÓN.

The boy Luis can be seen in b.g., but everyone ignores him. During the previous speech Sebastian Prieto and Antonio Morales have approached the table. Antonio sets a fresh bottle of beer before Ramón.

ANTONIO

Take a drink. Calm down!

RAMÓN

(to Frank, ignoring Antonio)

I say we gotta take action. Now.

FRANK

Rest of the men feel like you?

Ramón glances over his shoulder at the standing miners. Sebastian glances uncertainly at Antonio.

ANTONIO

(firmly)

He speaks for all of us.

CHARLEY

Ever stop to think maybe they want us to strike?

RAMÓN

Don't horse me. Price of zinc's never been higher. They don't want no strike -- not with their war boom on.

FRANK

Then why's the company hanging tough? They've signed contracts with other locals -- why not this one?

RAMÓN

(strikes the table)

Because most of us here are Mexican-Americans! Because we want equality with Anglo miners -- the same pay, the same conditions.

FRANK

Exactly. And equality's the one thing the bosses can't afford. The biggest club they have over the Anglo locals is, "Well -- at least you get more than the Mexicans."

RAMÓN

Okay, so discrimination hurts the Anglo too, but it hurts me more. And I've had enough of it!

SAL

But you don't pull a strike when the bosses want it -- so they can smash your union. You wait till you're ready, so you can win.

RAMÓN

Do the bosses wait? No sanitation. So my kids get sick. Does the company doctor wait? Twenty bucks. So we miss one payment on the radio I bought for my wife. Does the company store wait? "Pay -- or we take it away." Why they in such a hurry, the bosses' store? They're trying to scare us, that's why -- to make us afraid to move. To hang on to what we got -- and like it! Well, I don't like it I'm not scared ... and I'm fed up -- to here!

His hand goes a foot over his head.

ANTONIO

Hey Ramón -- te buscan!

With a jerk of his head he indicates Luis. Ramón turns around, spots his son. He rises, frowning, and moves toward him.

TWO SHOT: RAMÓN AND LUIS.

RAMÓN

(roughly)

What are you doing here?

(Suddenly worried.)

Something wrong with Mama?

LUIS

(deadpan)

I thought maybe you forgot...

RAMÓN

Forgot what?

LUIS

It's Mama's Saint's Day.

Ramón is stunned, as though from a slap across the face. At last he works up a travesty of a grin.

RAMÓN

You think I forgot? I was planning a surprise...

Ramón turns back to the men. CAMERA FOLLOWS HIM, HOLDING on the group.

RAMÓN

(chuckling)

What a kid. He can't wait. It's my wife's Saint's Day. I was gonna ask you, brothers -- how about a mañanita, huh?

AD LIBS

(eagerly)

Sure.

What time?

The later the better...

Wait'll she's asleep...

DISSOLVE

TO:

EXT., QUINTERO COTTAGE. FULL SHOT, NIGHT.

No lights are visible in the cottage, or in those adjoining it. A cluster of men, women and children can be seen in the

front yard, serenading by moonlight. The song is called "Las Mañanitas." Two of the men are strumming guitars.

CLOSER ANGLE: THE SERENADERS.

They include Ramón and Luís, Antonio and Luz Morales, Sal and Consuelo Ruiz, Charley and Teresa Vidal, Frank and Ruth Barnes, Alfredo Diaz and his wife, Sebastian Prieto and a silver-haired old lady of great dignity, Mrs. Salazar. The children range from 2 to 15, and there are many of them. Except for the youngest they sing as lustily as their parents.

INT., BEDROOM, QUINTERO HOUSE. FULL SHOT, NIGHT.

The small bedroom is partitioned by a screen, separating the children's cots from the parents' bed. A crucifix hangs over the bed. The room is feebly lighted by one small lamp. Esperanza lies in bed, an arm flung across her eyes. The sound of the singing comes faintly over scene. CAMERA MOVES IN SLOWLY on Esperanza. Her arm falls to her side. She opens her eyes. She listens, motionless.

ANOTHER ANGLE: THE BEDROOM

as Estella emerges from behind the screen and climbs onto her mother's bed, with a kind of sleepy-eyed wonder.

ESTELLA

Why are they singing, Mama?

ESPERANZA

They are singing for me.

ESTELLA

Can we light the candles now? On the cake?

ESPERANZA

(smiles)

Yes. We will light the candles.

Suddenly she flings back the bed covers, reaches for a dressing gown and puts it on.

EXT., QUINTERO COTTAGE. FULL SHOT, NIGHT.

The lights come up in the parlor. The front door opens, revealing Esperanza and Estella. They smile, remain in the open doorway as the serenaders go into a final chorus. The song ends in laughter and applause. They swarm into the house.

INT., PARLOR. FULL SHOT, NIGHT.

A merry bedlam, with Esperanza receiving her guests. Sal Ruiz starts up a bawdy folk song on his guitar. He is urged on by Charley Vidal's wild falsetto. Antonio lugs a case of

beer into the house and immediately starts uncapping it, passing foaming bottles to everyone. The women gather around Esperanza, embracing her, wishing her a happy birthday in English and Spanish. Ramón is the last to enter.

CLOSER ANGLE, FEATURING ESPERANZA AND RAMÓN

confronting one another in the center of the room. Ramón gazes at her in silence, repentant. She returns his gaze, for the moment oblivious of her guests, who gracefully withdraw from the situation. Esperanza's eyes fill with tears, she smiles tremulously, and her fingers go to her lips.

ESPERANZA

I ... I must get dressed.

She flees from the room. Ramón follows her, gesturing to men to keep on with their singing.

INT., BEDROOM. TWO SHOT: RAMÓN AND ESPERANZA.

He puts his arms around her, tentatively. Her forehead falls against his shoulder.

ESPERANZA

I did not mean to weep again. Why should I weep for joy?

RAMÓN

I'm a fool.

ESPERANZA

No, no ...

She raises her head, brushing her cheek against his.

ESPERANZA

Was it expensive, the beer?

RAMÓN

Antonio paid for it.

ESPERANZA

Forgive me ... for saying you never thought of me.

RAMÓN

(with effort)

I did forget. Luís told me.

Grateful for his honesty, she pulls his head down, kisses him. He returns her kiss passionately.

DISSOLVE

TO:

A MONTAGE, SHOWING

Esperanza chopping wood outside her kitchen door. The carefree guitar music of the mañanita carries over scene -- and Esperanza pauses in her labors, seeming to hear it again.

ESPERANZA'S VOICE

All the next week I kept thinking about my mañanita. I had never had so nice a party ...

The image on the screen gives way to another as Esperanza recollects the occasion: we see Esperanza and Estella blowing out the candles the birthday cake, surrounded their beaming guests.

ESPERANZA'S VOICE

It was like a song running through my mind, a humming in my heart, a daydream to lighten the long days' work ...

EXT., QUINTERO BACKYARD. CLOSE SHOT: ESPERANZA

bending over a large tub, scrubbing clothes. She pauses, smiles reflectively.

ESPERANZA'S VOICE

We forgot our troubles at the mañanita -- even Ramón ...

A NEW IMAGE IS SUPERIMPOSED ON THE SCREEN.

Now we see Ramón dancing with Consuelo Ruiz, while Esperanza looks on, smiling.

ESPERANZA'S VOICE

I couldn't dance that night -- not in my condition. But I wasn't really jealous when he danced with the others ... because it was good just to see him smile again ...

EXT., QUINTERO YARD, CLOTHESLINE. FULL SHOT, DAY.

Esperanza and Luz are hanging clothes and talking across the fence between them. Their two children are playing together in f.g.

ESPERANZA'S VOICE

And then one morning I was hanging out my wash.

ANOTHER ANGLE: THE YARD, SHOOTING TOWARD FRONT GATE.

In deep b.g. we see three women enter the Morales yard and

approach Luz. They beckon to Esperanza.

ESPERANZA'S VOICE

And while we were talking the ladies came.
They were a kind of delegation. It was
about the sanitation, they said ...

CLOSER ANGLE: THE GROUP AT FENCE

as Esperanza comes over. Throughout this scene the two children climb up, down and sideways on the fence in an intricate little geometric dance. Luz goes on hanging up her clothes. We see the delegation talking earnestly to Esperanza and Luz but we hear only:

ESPERANZA'S VOICE

The Anglo miners have bathrooms and hot
running water, Consuelo said, why
shouldn't we?

ESPERANZA

(sighing)

I know, I spoke to Ramón about it -- only
a week ago.

RUTH

And what did he say?

ESPERANZA

They dropped it from their demands.

CONSUELO

(sighs)

Es lo de siempre.

TERESA

(the militant)

We got to make them understand -- make
the men face up to it.

(To Ruth)

Show her the sign.

ANOTHER ANGLE: THE GROUP

as Ruth lifts up a placard, hitherto unseen, which she has
been holding at her side. It reads:

WE WANT SANITATION
NOT DISCRIMINATION

CONSUELO

We'll make a lot of signs like this.
Then we'll get all the wives together and
go right up to the mine.

ESPERANZA

To the mine?

TERESA

Sure. Where they're negotiating. In the company office. We'll go up there and picket the place.

CONSUELO

Then both sides will see we mean business.

ESPERANZA

(thunderstruck)

A picket line? Of ... of ladies?

RUTH

Sure. Why not?

Luz flings a pair of damp pants on the clothes line without hanging them up.

LUZ

You can count me in.

ESPERANZA

(scandalized)

Luz!

LUZ

Listen, we ought to be in the wood choppers' union. Chop wood for breakfast. Chop wood to wash his clothes. Chop wood, heat the iron. Chop wood, scrub the floor. Chop wood, cook his dinner. And you know what he'll say when he gets home ...

(Mimics Antonio)

"What you been doing all day? Reading the funny papers?"

The women laugh softly -- all except Esperanza.

TERESA

Come on, Esperanza -- how about it? We got to.

ESPERANZA

No. No. I can't. If Ramón ever found me on a picket line ...

Her voice trails off.

CONSUELO

He'd what? Beat you?

ESPERANZA

No ... No ...

Suddenly we hear, from far off, five short blasts of a steam whistle. The women fall silent instantly, listening.

Then it comes again. Five short blasts.

EXT., MINE HEAD. LONG SHOT, DAY.

We can see little puff`s of steam from the whistle on the head frame, and again we hear five short blasts.

BACK TO THE WOMEN

frozen, apprehensive. Luz expels the word that has already crossed their minds.

LUZ

... accidente ...

She grabs her son from off the fence and hurries with him to the gate and out on to the road. The others begin to follow, as though magnetized. The signal continues over:

A SERIES OF SHOTS, SHOWING

women emerging from their houses, looking off at the mine.

Women strung out along the dirt road lending to the mine.

Esperanza, slowed down by her unborn child, tagging along behind, holding Estella's hand.

EXT., MINE HEAD. MEDIUM LONG SHOT, DAY.

Men are scurrying toward the head frame from all directions. Two of them carry a stretcher. At this distance the whistle blast is much louder.

EXT., ADMINISTRATION OFFICE. MEDIUM LONG SHOT, DAY.

The union negotiators, Ruiz, Vidal and Barnes, emerge from the company office and walk swiftly toward the mine head. Superintendent Alexander and two company men follow.

EXT., ROAD LEADING TOWARD MINE. LONG PANNING SHOT.

An ancient, dusty ambulance, its siren wailing, bounces along the narrow road leading to the mine. The advancing women make way for it.

EXT. HEAD FRAME OF MINE. MEDIUM SHOT, AT HOIST.

A cluster of miners wait tensely around the hoist as the cage rises to ground level. Several miners wearing tin hats are crowded inside the cage, but their faces are so grimy we cannot make out who they are.

MEDIUM LONG SHOT: WOMEN AND CHILDREN

who have stopped on a little knoll at some distance from the mine head. They are looking down at:

THE MINE HEAD, FROM THEIR ANGLE.

So many men gather around the injured man or men that we can still not distinguish them. But we see a body placed on a stretcher. Two men carry it toward the waiting ambulance.

BACK TO WOMEN. CLOSE GROUP SHOT.

One woman breaks away and plunges down the hill. The others heave a collective sigh -- a sigh of relief, anguish, compassion.

LUZ

It's Mr. Kalinsky.

REAR OF AMBULANCE. MEDIUM SHOT.

A large number of miners are milling about. The injured man is lifted into the ambulance and the doors are shut. Just then Mrs. Kalinsky runs up. She pounds on the doors.

MRS. KALINSKY

(hysterically)

Let me see him! Let me see him!

Several miners try to calm her. They lead her away as the ambulance starts up.

AD LIBS

Now Mrs. Kalinsky, he's gonna be all right ...

His leg's broken, that's all ...

Come on now, you can see him in the hospital ...

THE MILLING CROWD. ANOTHER ANGLE

as Superintendent Alexander comes up to the chief foreman. Ramón is close by. He is dirty, sweating, furious.

ALEXANDER

How did it happen?

BARTON

He wandered into a drift -- when this fellow was blasting.

He indicates Ramón.

RAMÓN

(seething)

I told you it would happen. It's bound to happen when a man works alone!

ALEXANDER

(to Ramón)

Why didn't you give a warning signal?

RAMÓN

(indicates Barton, bitterly)

Your foreman says that's a foreman's job.

BARTON

I checked the drift just before he blasted.
It was all clear ... The man must have
been asleep or something.

RAMÓN

You weren't even there. You were back at
the station. Kalinsky told me ...

BARTON

(softly)

You're a liar, Pancho. A no-good, dirty ...

Ramón lunges at him. Barton fends him off. Ramón keeps
boring in, but Sal Ruiz and Frank Barnes grab him. We hear
an angry bedlam.

AD LIBS

(in Spanish and English)

Déjame! I'll kill him!
Hold him! Hold him! ...
Basta, Ramón!
All right, all right. Break it up ...

ALEXANDER

(pointing at Ramón)

You, there. Get a hold on yourself. A
man's been hurt. I'm as sorry about it as
you are. Savvy?

Ramón finally quiets down. By now the miners have formed a
ragged phalanx in b.g. The three union negotiators, Ramón,
the Superintendent and the Chief Foreman form a group in
f.g. Alexander speaks to all of them.

ALEXANDER

Accidents are costly to everyone -- and
to the company most of all.

(glances at his watch)

And now, I see no reason to treat the
occasion like a paid holiday. Suppose we
all get back to work.

He takes a couple of steps, stops, noting that no one has
moved.

ALEXANDER

(an order)

Mr. Barton.

BARTON

(a bluff approach)

All right, fellows, the excitement's over.
Let's get to it.

Barton starts toward the mine head. But the men do not move. Faintly we hear mutterings in Spanish from the miners' ranks.

AD LIBS

... 'hora.
... Sí, yo creo que sí.

ANOTHER ANGLE, FEATURING ALEXANDER.

ALEXANDER

(exasperated, to Vidal)

What are they saying?

CHARLEY

No savvy.

ALEXANDER

(turning to Frank)

Well, Barnes? How about it? Tell them to get back to work.

FRANK

(grinning)

They don't work for me. I work for them.

ALEXANDER

(sharply)

Ruiz?

WIDER ANGLE SHOOTING TOWARD MINERS.

Sal Ruiz takes his time. He lights a cigarette. Then he calls out in Spanish:

SAL

It's up to you, brothers.

A murmur runs through the ranks, "si, si." Several miners glance at Ramón. Suddenly Ramón wheels, strides toward the power house, which is adjacent to the head frame of the mine. Passing through the miner's ranks, he bellows at the top of his lungs:

RAMÓN

Cente!

EXT., POWER HOUSE. CLOSE SHOT, AT DOOR.

As the man named Cente (Vicente) sticks his head out the doorway of a galvanized tin shack, we hear a yell from off scene.

RAMÓN'S VOICE

Apágalo!

Cente's head disappears.

A CONTROL BOARD. CLOSE SHOT

containing several big industrial circuit breakers. Cente's hand comes up, pulls the switch.

EXT., HEAD FRAME, FEATURING CRUSHER.

The gigantic primary crusher, with rock rattling around in it, suddenly stops.

EXT., HEAD FRAME: AT CONVEYOR

carrying small lumps of ore from the crusher. The belt stops.

BACK TO MEN. FULL SHOT.

The stillness is vast and sudden. Ramón walks back to the massed ranks of his fellow miners. He halts beside Antonio at the end of the file. No one else moves or speaks.

CLOSER ANGLE: THE MINERS' RANKS.

Antonio nudges Ramón, indicating, something o.s. Ramón's head turns, looking off scene. One by one, the heads of the other miners turn, glancing o.s.

MEDIUM SHOT: FOREMAN AND SUPERINTENDENT

standing before the silent miners. Barton realizes that the men are not looking at him, but at something above and beyond him. Barton looks over his shoulder. Alexander slowly follows suit.

FROM THEIR ANGLE, LONG SHOT: THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN

standing on the knoll above the mine. They are silent and grave. The women's skirts billow in the wind, like unfurled flags, like the tattered banners of a guerrilla band that has come to offer its services to the regular army.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

CLOSE-UP: A LICENSE PLATE.

It is a New Mexico plate, and though it is night we can make out clearly the words on the white background on the plate:

LAND OF ENCHANTMENT

CAMERA PULLS BACK SLOWLY TO DISCLOSE

Cowboy boot perched on a car bumper.

CAMERA PULLS BACK FURTHER, DISCLOSING

a khaki-clad leg, a pearl-handled revolver in a holster -- then the full figure of a deputy leaning on the fender of his car. He is picking his teeth with a matchstick and gazing at:

EXT., UNION HALL, SHOOTING PAST SHERIFF'S CAR, NIGHT.

The car is parked provocatively near the entrance to the building. A sign over the doorway, lighted by reflectors, identifies the place as the union hall. From within we hear the muted tumult of a packed house. In near f.g. is another parked car containing several women and children.

ESPERANZA'S VOICE

That night the men held a union meeting ...
just to make the walk-out official.

Suddenly we hear a roar of applause from inside the hall. The door opens; Luis and a tow-headed youngster come bounding out, run toward the car, CAMERA PANNING with them.

ESPERANZA'S VOICE

It didn't take them long. They voted to
strike -- 93 to 5.

We see the car door open: Ruth Barnes and Teresa emerge from the front seat; Consuelo, holding a sleeping infant, gets out of the back. Esperanza is the last to appear. Estella is asleep in her arms.

ESPERANZA'S VOICE

... And Teresa said now was the time for
us to go in. I didn't want to ... I had
never been to a union meeting. But the
others said, one go, all go ...

We see the women coaxing Esperanza. She follows them reluctantly toward the union hall.

FULL SHOT, NIGHT: INT., UNION HALL

as seen from the entrance. A hundred miners are packed densely on the center block of benches, facing the union officers in b.g. Sal Ruiz is presiding; Frank Barnes sits at the table beside him. Charley Vidal stands near the chairman, delivering an impassioned speech.

CHARLEY VIDAL

We have many complaints, brothers, and
many demands. But they all add up to one
word: Equality!

Over sound track we hear the Spanish of Charley's speech, but it is modulated to:

ESPERANZA'S VOICE

The meeting was nearly over when we came in. Charley Vidal was making a speech. He said there was only one issue in this strike -- equality. But the mine owners would stop at nothing to keep them from getting equality.

THE HALL. ANOTHER ANGLE, INCLUDING THE WOMEN.

The men are so intent on Charley Vidal's speech that they do not notice the entrance of the women, who tip-toe unobtrusively to the side of the room where they take seats on the unoccupied wall bench. Estella wakes up, blinking in the bright lights.

THE HALL. FULL SHOT, FEATURING CHARLEY.

ESPERANZA'S VOICE

He said the bosses would try to split the Anglo and Mexican-American workers and offer rewards to one man if he would sell out his brother... There was only one answer to that, Charley said -- solidarity. The solidarity of working men.

Charley concludes his speech.

CHARLEY VIDAL

To all this, brothers, there is only one answer, the solidarity of working men!

He sits down to loud applause which comes up over sound track. Sal Ruiz rises, bangs his gavel.

GROUP SHOT: THE WOMEN.

Ruth and Teresa nudge Consuelo, trying to get her to rise -- but Consuelo, frightened, clings to her sleeping infant. Ruth grabs the baby and Teresa practically pushes Consuelo to her feet.

WIDER ANGLE, SHOOTING PAST SAL, INCLUDING WOMEN.

Charley Vidal plucks at Sal's sleeve, points in the direction of the women.

SAL

Yes? You ladies have an announcement?

CONSUELO

(haltingly)

Well -- it's not an announcement, I guess.

The ladies wanted me to ...

VOICE FROM THE FLOOR

Louder!

SAL

Consuelo, will you speak from over here?

Painfully self-conscious, Consuelo moves toward camera in f.g. She faces the men and begins again, nervous, but trying to speak louder.

CONSUELO

The ladies have been talking about sanitation ... and we were thinking ... if the issue is equality, like you say it is, then maybe we ought to have equality in plumbing too ...

CLOSE GROUP SHOT: MINERS.

Some appear resentful of the women's intrusion; others seem amused. Antonio whispers something to Alfredo. Alfredo laughs. Frowning, Ramón looks around at Esperanza, as he might look at a woman who entered church uncovered.

CONSUELO'S VOICE

I mean, maybe it could be a strike demand ... and some of the ladies thought -- it might be a good idea to have a ladies auxiliary! Well, we would like to help out . . . if we can ...

FULL SHOT: THE HALL, FEATURING CONSUELO.

We hear mild, scattered applause, and then a male falsetto giggle sets off a wave of laughter. Ruiz rises, grins sheepishly. Consuelo hurries back to her seat. CAMERA HOLDS.

SAL

I'm sure I can speak for all of the brothers. We appreciate the ladies offering to help, but it's getting late and I suggest we table it. The chair will entertain a motion to adjourn.

FIRST MINER

(from the floor)

Move to adjourn!

SECOND MINER

Second!

SAL

So ordered.

He brings down his gavel, and the meeting ends. Some of the

miners break for the door, others begin to mill about. Ruth and Consuelo walk to the front of the hall. Now, in quick succession we see four vignettes:

TWO SHOT: SAL AND CONSUELO.

He meets her near the speaker's table, flings out his arms in a helpless gesture.

SAL

Why didn't you check with me? It's embarrassing!

TWO SHOT: RUTH AND FRANK.

She leans across the speaker's table before Frank can rise and remarks acidly:

RUTH

Why didn't you support her? You're the worst of the lot.

FRANK

But honey ...

RUTH

Or why don't you just put a sign outside? "No dogs or women allowed!"

ANOTHER PART OF THE HALL. CHARLEY AND TERESA.

CHARLEY

But, Teresa, you can't push these things too fast.

TERESA

(fiercely)

You were pushing all right -- pushing us right back in our place.

ESPERANZA AND RAMÓN, NEAR DOORWAY.

Esperanza is holding Estella, who is asleep again. Ramón is at the rear of a group of miners filing out of the hall. As two of the miners pass Camera, we hear one say to the other:

FIRST MINER

That's a pretty good idea -- making sanitation one of the demands again.

As Ramón moves into f.g., he indicates with the slightest of gestures for Esperanza to follow. She obeys.

EXT., UNION HALL. MEDIUM PANNING SHOT, NIGHT.

Ramón emerges from the hall, moves to a corner of the building in f.g. Esperanza joins him there in the darkness.

Ramón speaks softly.

RAMÓN

At least you didn't make a fool of
yourself -- like Consuelo.

SLOW

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT., PICKET LINE. LONG ESTABLISHING SHOT.

This panorama should be as inclusive as the location site permits. Thirty or more miners march counter-clockwise on a dirt road. Beyond this elliptical picket line on either side of the road are two signs:

DELAWARE ZINC CO., INC.
KEEP OUT

MINERS ON STRIKE
WE WANT EQUALITY

Though the area is unfenced, these signs mark an imaginary boundary. But access to the mine is difficult except by way of the road. To the right of the road is a steep wooded hillside. The road skirts this hill till it reaches the mountain of waste in deep b.g., then winds uphill to the knoll on which the mine stands. To the left of the road is a railroad spur and a gully. The gully is bridged by trestles, beyond which a fork of the road leads to Zinc Town. Two sheriff's cars are parked on the road near the picket post. No women are visible in this scene.

ESPERANZA'S VOICE

And so it began -- much like any other
strike. There would be no settlement,
the company said, till the men returned
to their jobs. But their back-to-work
movement didn't work.

WIPE TO:

THE PICKET LINE. CLOSER ANGLE.

Two open touring cars loaded with strike-breakers slowly approach the picket line. The lead car stops before this human wall. The pickets make no menacing gestures, but they are ominous in massed silence.

ESPERANZA'S VOICE

And so the company recruited a few
strike-breakers from out of town.

We see the lead car make a U-turn and withdraw the way it came. It is followed by the second car.

ESPERANZA'S VOICE

But they usually lost their nerve when they saw the size of the picket line.

ANOTHER ANGLE, FEATURING SHERIFF'S CARS

parked near the picket line. A half-dozen deputies stand around idly. They are khaki-clad, booted, wearing their Stetsons with the brims rolled up. They display their side-arms ostentatiously, their holsters hanging low in the fashion of storybook gunmen.

ESPERANZA'S VOICE

The Sheriff's men were always there. They stood around, showing off their weapons. But the men only marched, day after day, week after week ...

WIPE TO:

EXT., ROAD, OUTSIDE QUINTERO COTTAGE. FULL SHOT, DAY.

Charley Vidal and another miner stand in the back of a pick-up, distributing rations to Esperanza and Luz Morales. The small sacks contain beans, corn meal, coffee, etc.

ESPERANZA'S VOICE

At first it was a kind of unwritten rule that the women stay at home. The union gave us rations and we had to figure out how to feed our families on them ...

EXT., PICKET LINE. MEDIUM SHOT, DAY.

There are fewer pickets now, and the miners, weary of the monotony, march in a more leisurely fashion. We see Mrs. Salazar (the old lady introduced at the mañanita) standing close by the picket line. She is crocheting. Ramón, the picket captain, and other miners glance uncomfortably at her.

ESPERANZA'S VOICE

But then one morning Mrs. Salazar went to the picket line. Her husband had been killed in a strike many years before ... and she wanted to be there.

WIPE TO:

THE PICKET LINE. MATCHING SHOT, ON ANOTHER DAY.

Mrs. Salazar is now marching with the men. She is still crocheting. Her expression of calm determination is unchanging.

ESPERANZA'S VOICE

Nobody remembers just how it happened, but one day Mrs. Salazar started marching

with them ... and she kept on marching
with them.

WIPE TO:

THE PICKET POST. ANOTHER ANGLE.

We see Teresa Vidal standing beside an old jalopy, pouring
a cup of coffee for her husband.

ESPERANZA'S VOICE

After a while some of the women began to
bring coffee for their husbands ... and
maybe a couple of tacos -- because a man
gets tired and hungry on picket duty ...

WIPE TO:

THE PICKETS. GROUP SHOT.

Several pickets gape ravenously at Antonio as he bites into
the tacos given him by Luz.

ESPERANZA'S VOICE

It was about that time the union decided
maybe they'd better set up a Ladies
Auxiliary after all.

WIPE TO:

THE PICKET POST. ANOTHER ANGLE

and another day. A number of miners have turned carpenter,
erecting a shack of scrap lumber and galvanized tin close
by the picket line. Several women have set up a table
outside the unfinished shack on which we see a pot of
beans, a coffee pot, etc. Esperanza is not among them.

WIPE TO:

EXT., COFFEE SHACK. MEDIUM SHOT, DAY.

The shack is now complete. We see Ramón approach the
doorway, where a woman hands him a cup of coffee. He tastes
it, makes a wry face.

ESPERANZA'S VOICE

I didn't come to the lines at first. My
time was near -- and besides, Ramón
didn't approve. But Ramón is a man who
loves good coffee. And he swore the
other ladies made it taste like zinc
sludge ...

WIPE TO:

MATCHING SHOT: THE COFFEE SHACK, FEATURING ESPERANZA.

Standing in the doorway, her pregnancy is more evident than ever. But her face is alight with one of her rare smiles as she pours a cup of coffee and hands it to Ramón. Estella can be seen peeking out from behind her mother's skirt.

ESPERANZA'S VOICE

So one day I made the coffee ...

CAMERA PANS with Ramón as he strolls back toward the picket line, sipping his coffee.

GROUP SHOTS AT PICKET LINE.

The men are not marching now, but standing in groups on the road. Kalinsky is among them, on crutches, his leg in a cast. Ramón takes a sheet of paper from his shirt pocket and checks it.

RAMÓN

Now let's see ... who's missing? Prieto, Sebastian. Prieto?

SECOND MINER

Haven't seen him for two days.

JENKINS

(entering scene, grinning)

Hey, Ramón -- listen to this. The chief foreman come to me last night, said he'd make me shift foreman if I'd start a back-to-work movement. "Jenkins," he says, "why string along with them tamale eaters?" I just told him I come to like tamales fine.

The men laugh, Ramón smiles, but the look he gives Jenkins is tinged with speculative suspicion. Just then a patrol of three miners led by Alfredo Diaz enters scene from the hillslope. Alfredo reports to Ramón. He is breathing hard.

ALFREDO

Two scabs got through on the other side of the hill. We chased the rest back.

RAMÓN

Recognize them?

ALFREDO

(shaking head)

Anglos. From out of town. But they're not miners -- I could tell that. They don't know zinc from Shinola.

RAMÓN

Okay. Take five. Get yourself some coffee.

As the three men of the patrol walk off to the coffee shack, one of the miners on the picket line calls out:

FIRST MINER

Hey, Ramón, here comes the super ...

EXT., WINDING ROAD. LONG SHOT: PICKETS' ANGLE.

On the road from Zinc Town, across the trestle, we see a shiny new Cadillac crawling along the dusty road. It draws to a stop some distance away.

CLOSE SHOT: CADILLAC.

Superintendent Alexander sits at the wheel. Beside him is George Hartwell, a company representative from New York. Hartwell is impeccably dressed in a gabardine suit and Panama hat. He peers over Alexander's shoulder as the superintendent points out:

ALEXANDER

You can get the best view of the layout from here. That's their main picket line. They have another post on the back road, and roving patrols ...

REVERSE PANNING SHOT: THEIR ANGLE,

showing the Sheriff's cars, the picket line, the unfenced hill, and the mountain of waste beyond it.

HARTWELL'S VOICE

On company property? Why don't you have them thrown off?

ALEXANDER'S VOICE

But it's all company property, Mr. Hartwell -- the stores, the housing area, everything. Where do you throw them? And who does the throwing?

Alexander nods, shifts the car into gear, and they move off.

EXT., ROAD. MEDIUM LONG SHOT: THE MOVING CADILLAC.

It makes the bend, comes on up the hill and stops again near the Sheriff's cars, which are parked some thirty paces from the picket line. The Sheriff walks toward the Cadillac.

CLOSE SHOT: CADILLAC

as the Sheriff comes up to Alexander's side of the car. The Sheriff has the appearance and speech of a New Mexican rancher, which he is. He touches his Stetson in a gesture of respect.

SHERIFF

Mornin'.

ALEXANDER

How's it going?

SHERIFF

Well, those new fellows you hired from out of town -- we brought 'em up here in a truck this morning, but they took one look at that picket line and turned tail.

HARTWELL

(looking at pickets)

They don't look so rough to me.

SHERIFF

(skeptically)

Well, Mr. Hartwell, they've got some pretty tough hombres, 'specially that picket captain there -- what's his name ... Ray, Raymond something-or-other ...

ALEXANDER

Oh yes. I know that one.

He shifts into gear and drives off. The Sheriff touches his Stetson courteously.

BACK TO PICKET LINE.

The men are marching now, moving in a tight ellipse across the road. Kalinsky hobbles along beside them on his crutches. Ramón stands in the middle of the road, facing the picket line, his back to the approaching Cadillac. He lectures the men with mock severity.

RAMÓN

Now why don't you let these gentlemen pass? Don't you know who's in that car?

ANTONIO

(shouting)

It's the paymaster from Moscow -- with our gold.

RAMÓN

No, no, it's the president of the company himself -- come all the way out here to make Jenkins general manager. So why you acting so mean?

The miners grin as they march, one of them slapping Jenkins on the back.

INT., CADILLAC. TWO SHOT, THROUGH WINDSHIELD.

The car is halted again, and the picket line can be seen in

b.g. Alexander is used to this treatment, but Hartwell is annoyed.

HARTWELL

Aren't they going to let us pass?

ALEXANDER

Eventually. This is just a little ritual to impress us with their power.

HARTWELL

Childish.

ALEXANDER

Well, they're like children in many ways. Sometimes you have to humor them, sometimes you have to spank them -- and sometimes you have to take their food away.

(Points off scene.)

Here comes the one we were talking about.

We see Ramón leave the picket line and come toward the car. He is still sipping his coffee. Alexander chuckles.

ALEXANDER

He's quite a character. Claims his grandfather once owned the land where the mine is now.

Both men laugh.

ANOTHER ANGLE: AT CAR

as Ramón comes up. He leans down and peers inside.

RAMÓN

(politely)

Want to go up to your office, Mr. Alexander?

ALEXANDER

(a half-smile)

Naturally. You think I parked here for a cup of coffee?

RAMÓN

You're welcome to one.

ALEXANDER

No thanks.

RAMÓN

(glancing at Hartwell)

The men would like to know who this gentleman is.

ALEXANDER

That's none of their affair.

HARTWELL

(quickly)

That's all right -- it's no secret. My name's Hartwell. I'm from the company's Eastern office.

RAMÓN

You mean Delaware?

HARTWELL

No. New York.

RAMÓN

(With mock awe)

New York? You're not the Company President by any chance?

HARTWELL

(smiles faintly)

No ...

RAMÓN

Too bad. The men've always wanted to get a look at the President.

(eagerly)

But you've come out here to settle the strike?

HARTWELL

(shrugging)

Well, if that's possible ...

RAMÓN

It's possible. Just negotiate.

HARTWELL

(coolly, to Alexander)

Are we talking to a union spokesman?

ALEXANDER

Not exactly. But I wish he were one. He knows more about mining than those pie-cards we've had to deal with.

Hartwell is unprepared for Alexander's gambit -- but a mask falls suddenly over Ramón's face. Alexander looks at Ramón, continuing with all the sincerity he can muster.

ALEXANDER

I mean it. I know your work record. You were in line for foreman when this trouble started -- did you know that? You had a real future with this company, but you let those Reds stir you up. And now

they'll sell you down the river. Why
don't you wake up, Ray?

(A pause)

That's your name, isn't it, Ray?

RAMÓN

No. My name is Quintero. Mister Quintero.

There is a moment's silence. Alexander compresses his lips,
chagrined at the rebuff.

ALEXANDER

Are you going to let us pass -- or do I
have to call the Sheriff?

RAMÓN

There's nothing stopping you.

He steps back, indicating.

THE ROAD, FROM THEIR ANGLE.

The road is clear. The pickets are no longer marching, but
are lined up facing each other on both sides of the road.
We hear the Cadillac accelerate. It plunges forward into
scene, moves on past the pickets in a cloud of dust. Ramón
comes into scene, moving toward the picket post. He
bellows at the miners:

RAMÓN

I was wrong! They don't want Jenkins for
general manager -- they want me!

The men laugh, re-form in groups on the road.

EXT., COFFEE SHACK. MEDIUM SHOT.

Ramón, grinning, strolls over to Esperanza, who is standing
in the doorway.

RAMÓN

You shoulda heard that guy. What a line!
I was up for foreman, he says. Fíjate!

Esperanza smiles, then suddenly winces. Her hand goes to
her midriff. Ramón is alarmed.

RAMÓN

What's the matter?

ESPERANZA

(smiles again)

It's nothing. Just a little catch ...

She takes Estella by the hand and starts to walk down the
road toward the Sheriff's cars. Ramón escorts her. CAMERA
PANS with them. Suddenly we hear from very far off a boy's

voice calling:

VOICE

Papa! Papa! Over here!

RAMÓN

(looking back)

Is that Luís? What's he doing? Playing
hookey again?

THE WOODED HILL. LONG SHOT FROM THEIR ANGLE.

In a thicket of juniper far up the slope we can make out
two boys: Luís and a comrade of the same age. They are
waving their arms frantically. Ramón walks into scene in
f.g., cups his hands, bellows:

RAMÓN

Luís! Come down here!

LUIS

(barely audible)

Papa! We seen 'em! Two scabs! Over there!

CLOSER ANGLE: LUIS AND COMPANION.

SECOND BOY

(pointing)

They're hiding in the gully. Over there!

BACK TO PICKET POST.

The miners are trying to spot the scabs. They mill about
restlessly, all talking at once:

AD LIBS

Qué dijo?
He's spotted two scabs ...
Where?
Over in the gully ...
Come on, let's get 'em ...

RAMÓN

(yelling)

Hold it, brothers! You -- Antonio --
Alfredo -- Cente -- you come with me. The
rest stay on the line.

The four men set off at a run on the road paralleling the
railroad tracks. CAMERA HOLDS. Esperanza comes into scene
in f.g. She calls in exasperation:

ESPERANZA

Luís! Luís! Come back here!

Esperanza walks on, passing through the picket line.

THE HILLSIDE. LONG SHOT,

as Luís and his companion run diagonally down the slope.

THE GULLY. LONG PANNING SHOT.

Two figures scramble out of the gully. They run toward the railroad track, cross it and head for the uphill road to the mine.

LONG PANNING SHOT: RAMÓN AND HIS MEN

running, fanning out, trying to cut off the strike-breakers. Cente makes for the tracks. Ramón stays on the road. Antonio and Alfredo dart up the hill.

GROUP SHOT: AT SHERIFF'S CARS.

The deputies have roused themselves. The Sheriff smiles, gives them a sign. Four deputies climb into a sedan and drive off.

CLOSER ANGLE: THE TWO STRIKEBREAKERS

running. One of them, a blond Anglo, stops suddenly, then runs back the way he came. CAMERA FOLLOWS the other man. He reaches the road leading up through the mountain of waste to the mine.

BACK TO ESPERANZA

far behind the others, but coming on steadily, walking alone, as though in a trance.

THE WINDING ROAD. HIGHER UP.

Antonio emerges onto the road above the strike-breaker, cutting him off.

THE STRIKE-BREAKER: SHOOTING TOWARD WASTE HEAP.

He veers off the road, tries to evade his pursuers by climbing the steep pile of waste, but makes no headway in the powdery dust. Slipping, clawing, he creates a small avalanche, plunges back to the road below.

THE ROAD, NEAR FOOT OF WASTE HEAP.

The strike-breaker comes tumbling down, scrambles to his feet, runs back toward the tracks. CAMERA PANS with him. Cente suddenly appears, blocking his way. Then Ramón appears, trapping the strike-breaker on the railroad trestle. The two miners advance slowly toward him.

CLOSER ANGLE: AT TRESTLE.

The strike-breaker stands there, panting, terrified. We

are close enough now to recognize him. It is Sebastian Prieto.

REVERSE ANGLE, SHOOTING TOWARD RAMÓN

who stops, stunned by this unexpected betrayal.

RAMÓN

(panting)

Prieto ... Sebastian Prieto ...

He comes on slowly toward Sebastian. There is murder in his eyes.

SEBASTIAN

Ramón ... listen for the love of God ...

RAMÓN

You ... You ... I'd expect it of an Anglo, yes ... but you ...

SEBASTIAN

Ramón ... listen to me ... I'm in a jam ... I had to get a job ...

RAMÓN

You Judas ... blood-sucker ...

SEBASTIAN

Ramón -- listen my kids ...

RAMÓN

(seizing his collar)

Tú! Traidor a tu gente! Rompehuelga! Desgraciado!

SEBASTIAN

My kids don't have enough to eat!

RAMÓN

(shaking him)

You think my kids have enough to eat, you rat?

SEBASTIAN

I know, it's wrong. Just let me go. I'll leave town ... just let me go.

RAMÓN

(contemptuously)

You think I was going to work you over? I wouldn't dirty my hands with you ...

He spits in the man's face and shoves him away. Sebastian trips on the railroad track and falls.

MEDIUM LONG SHOT: THE TRESTLE

as seen from the road. The Sheriff's car plunges into scene in f.g., skids to a stop. The deputies pile out, run toward the trestle. In the distance we see Sebastian scramble to his feet, cross the railroad spur and retreat to the gully out of which he came. Ramón stands watching him. The deputies are almost on him before he turns. One of them seizes him by the arm. He appears to be protesting, but the men are out of ear-shot. Suddenly we see the flash of handcuffs snapped on Ramón's right wrist. Ramón, offering no resistance, holds up his left hand -- but a deputy spins him around with an arm lock and snaps Ramón's wrists together behind his back. It all happens very quickly, and they lead him off.

ANOTHER ANGLE, FEATURING MINERS AND BOYS

standing in a group now, watching the arrest. Luís starts to run to his father, but Antonio holds him back.

MEDIUM SHOT: AT SHERIFF'S CAR.

Ramón is thrust roughly into the back seat of the car between two deputies. The other two get in front. The driver turns the car around, raising a great cloud of dust. The car speeds off. CAMERA PANS with it, holds on Esperanza watching at the side of the road. Suddenly ESPERANZA winces. Her hands go to her belly, and she bends slightly, as though from a severe cramp.

CLOSE SHOT: ESPERANZA.

Her face contorted with pain, with the realization that her labor has begun. She looks around helplessly, calls:

ESPERANZA

Luís! Luís! The baby ...

MEDIUM LONG SHOT FROM HER ANGLE: LUIS AND MEN

listening, paralyzed, as we hear in Spanish:

ESPERANZA'S VOICE

The baby! Get the women! Quick!

EXT., BACK ROAD. MEDIUM LONG SHOT.

The Sheriff's car speeds toward us down the road, stops suddenly in a swirl of dust. This is an isolated area near the mine; no observers can be seen.

INT., BACK SEAT OF SHERIFF'S CAR. MED. CLOSE SHOT.

Ramón sits very straight, his wrists locked behind his back. The deputy on his left is a freckled-faced youth named Kimbrough. The deputy on his right is a pale, cavernous, slack-jawed man named Vance. Vance is slowly drawing on a

pigskin glove. Ramón glances at the glove. Then he looks out the window.

RAMÓN

(his voice loud, tremulous)

Why do you stop?

KIMBROUGH

(grins)

Wanna have a talk with you -- 'bout why you slugged that fellow back there.

RAMÓN

That's a lie. I didn't--

The gloved hand comes up, swipes Ramón across the mouth.

VANCE

(softly)

Now you know that ain't no way to talk to a white man.

EXT., ROAD, NEAR PICKET POST. MEDIUM LONG SHOT.

We can see Mrs. Salazar and several other women running to meet Esperanza. A couple of pickets follow along. Mrs. Salazar shouts back at them in Spanish:

MRS. SALAZAR

Go back and get a blanket, you idiots! So we can carry her!

INT., SHERIFF'S CAR. MEDIUM FULL SHOT.

Ramón sits tense now, awaiting the next blow. A trickle of blood runs down his chin. The two deputies in front sit like wax dummies, paying no attention to what is going on in back.

KIMBROUGH

Hey, Vance. You said this bull-fighter was full of pepper. He don't look so peppery now.

VANCE

Oh, but he is. He's full of chile, this boy.

He drives a gloved fist into Ramón's belly. Ramón gasps, his eyes bulge.

VANCE

He likes it hot. His chiquita makes it good and hot for him -- don't she, Pancho?

Vance strikes him in the abdomen again. Kimbrough snickers.

EXT., ROAD: ANOTHER SHERIFF'S CAR
NEAR PICKET LINE. MEDIUM SHOT.

The Sheriff is standing there with his other two deputies
when Kalinsky hobbles up.

KALINSKY
(breathlessly)
Sheriff ... we need a doctor -- quick. A
lady's gonna have a baby ...

SHERIFF
What d'ya take me for? An ambulance
driver?

KALINSKY
But there's a company doctor in town. We
don't have a car. If you'd just go, get
him ...

SHERIFF
You kiddin'? Company doctor won't come to
no picket line.

Kalinsky clenches his fists, furious, helpless. Then he
labors back toward the coffee shack. CAMERA PANS with him.
In the distance we see four men carrying Esperanza on a
folded blanket.

EXT., COFFEE SHACK. FULL SHOT.

Mrs. Salazar is walking beside the improvised stretcher.
She directs the men to enter the shack.

MRS. SALAZAR
We can't get her home ... there isn't
time. Take her inside ...

INT., SHERIFF'S CAR. CLOSE SHOT.

Ramón is doubled up, his head between his legs. Vance pulls
him erect.

VANCE
Hold your head up, Pancho. That ain't no
way to sit.

RAMÓN
(a mutter in Spanish)
I'll outlive you all, you lice.

VANCE
(softly)
How's that? What's that Spic talk?

He strikes Ramón in the belly. Ramón gives a choked cry.

NOW THE INTERCUTTING BECOMES VERY RAPID.
THE SHOTS ARE BRIEF FLASHES.

CLOSE UP: ESPERANZA

lying on a cot in the coffee shack, her face contorted with
pain. She gasps:

 ESPERANZA
God forgive me ... wishing ... this child
would never be born.

BACK TO RAMÓN.

Kimbrough holds up Ramón's head while Vance punches him
methodically. Ramón gasps in Spanish:

 RAMÓN
Mother of God ...have mercy ...

CLOSE UP: ESPERANZA.

 ESPERANZA
 (in Spanish)
Have mercy on this child ... let this
child live ...

CLOSE UP: RAMÓN

biting his lip in agony.

 RAMÓN
 (in Spanish)
Oh, my God ... Esperanza ... Esperanza ...

Ramón's voice carries over to:

CLOSE UP: ESPERANZA.

 ESPERANZA
Ramón ...

A contraction seizes her and she screams, her scream
carrying over.

CLOSE UP: RAMÓN.

Now the two images merge, and undulate, and blur, as with
receding consciousness. And then darkness on the screen.
We hear the feeble wail of a new-born infant.

DISSOLVE

TO:

INT., CATHOLIC CHURCH. FULL SHOT, DAY.

Except for the altar lights in deep b.g. the church is in shadow. A group of five men and five women are silhouetted at the altar rail, facing the priest. We cannot immediately identify them.

ESPERANZA'S VOICE

Ramón was in the hospital for a week ... and then in the county jail for thirty days ... charged with assault and resisting arrest. But I made up my mind to postpone the christening till he could be there.

GROUP SHOT: AT ALTAR RAIL

including not only the Quintero family but also Antonio and Luz, Teresa and Charley, Ruth and Frank, Sal and Consuelo. Antonio holds the baby up to the priest, who makes the sign of the cross. His lips move in prayer. Ramón peers fondly at the baby over Antonio's shoulder.

ESPERANZA'S VOICE

... And so the baby was baptized the day Ramón got out of jail. Antonio was his godfather, and Teresa Vidal his godmother. We christened him Juan.

The priest sprinkles holy water over the infant's head.

WIPE TO:

INT., QUINTERO COTTAGE: PARLOR. FULL SHOT, NIGHT.

The same men are seated around the parlor table, playing poker. From the phonograph we hear Mexican dance music. Consuelo bustles in with coffee for the men.

ESPERANZA'S VOICE

That night we had a double celebration: Juanito's christening, Ramón's homecoming.

INT., BEDROOM. FULL SHOT.

The room is almost completely dark but we can make out the forms of six children sleeping crossways on the bed. The baby's crib is beside the bed.

ESPERANZA'S VOICE

And we put all the children to sleep in the bedroom, as usual.

INT., KITCHEN. FULL SHOT.

The five wives are gathered there, preparing sandwiches, talking.

ESPERANZA'S VOICE

And the ladies adjourned to the kitchen
-- as usual.

INT., PARLOR: AT POKER TABLE.

The CAMERA ANGLE is that of a standing kibitzer. Ramón is nearest the kitchen. Around him clockwise sit Antonio, Sal, Charley and Frank. Sal is dealing the fifth card of a stud poker hand. The play is continuous and fast, a counterpoint to the more serious discussion.

ESPERANZA'S VOICE

And the men took over the parlor -- as usual.

Her voice fades, and now we hear:

CHARLEY

(throwing in matches)

Five thousand dollars.

FRANK

Beats.

ANTONIO

Raise you ten thousand.

CHARLEY

You dog. All right, let's see them.

ANTONIO

Aces, wired.

(Scooping up pile of matches)

Come to papa.

While Charley gathers the cards and shuffles, Frank turns to Ramón.

RAMÓN

Hear those deputies slugged 'Cente.

FRANK

Yeah. Lots of provocation lately. They figure if they can lock up the leadership on some phony riot charge, maybe they can bust the strike.

INT., KITCHEN. FULL SHOT

as Teresa reenters from the parlor. Ruth Barnes is tapping her foot restlessly to the radio music which continues over scene.

RUTH

Are we gonna let them play poker all night? I want to dance.

LUZ
(roguishly)
With whose husband?

RUTH
With any of them -- even my own.

LUZ
If you dance with my husband, you'll have
to put up with this ...

She grabs Ruth and dances her around in a lascivious parody
of Antonio's style. The women giggle. Esperanza's head
turns at the sound of an infant's wail.

INT., PARLOR: AT THE POKER TABLE.

Frank is shuffling the cards. Esperanza is seen crossing
to the bedroom in b.g.

SAL
(to Ramón)
And another thing. Your attitude toward
Anglos. If you're gonna be a leader ...

RAMÓN
(cutting in)
What attitude?

SAL
You lump them all together -- Anglo
workers and Anglo bosses.

RAMÓN
(indicating Frank)
He's a guest in my house, isn't he?

SAL
Sure. But you want the truth? You're
even suspicious of him.

RAMÓN
Maybe. I think he's got a few things to
learn about our people.

There is a rather uneasy pause. Esperanza is seen
re-crossing from bedroom to kitchen, the baby in her arms.
Frank continues shuffling.

FRANK
Go on. Spill it.

RAMÓN
(slowly)
Well, you're the organizer. You work out
strike strategy -- and most of the time
you're dead right. But when you figure

everything the rank-and-file's to do down to the last detail, you don't give us anything to think about. You afraid we're too lazy to take initiative?

FRANK
(defensively)
You know I don't think that.

RAMÓN
Maybe not. But there's another thing ... like when you came in tonight --
(indicates picture)
I heard you ask your wife, "Who's that? His grandfather?"

CLOSE SHOT: PORTRAIT OF JUÁREZ.

RAMÓN'S VOICE
That's Juárez -- the father of Mexico. If I didn't know a picture of George Washington, you'd say I was an awful dumb Mexican.

BACK TO GROUP.

CHARLEY
(softening the blow)
I've never seen it fail. Try to give Ramón a friendly criticism and he throws it right back in your face.

FRANK
No. He's right. I've got a lot to learn.

ANTONIO
Now we've got that settled, deal the cards.

Frank deals. Sal grins at Frank.

SAL
If it makes you feel any better, he's got even less use for women.

BACK TO KITCHEN. FULL SHOT.

Esperanza sits on a stool near the stove, her back to camera and the other women, nursing the baby. Teresa and Consuelo are sampling the sandwiches they have made.

CONSUELO
What are they talking about in there?

RUTH
(from the doorway)
Discussing each other's weaknesses.

LUZ
(mock surprise)
I didn't know they had any.

RUTH
(looking o.s.)
Right now, Ramón's on the receiving end.

TERESA
Let's break up that game.

BACK TO MEN AT POKER TABLE.

FRANK
(earnestly to Ramón)
If the women are shut off from life in
the union ...

ANTONIO
Bet your hand!

Ruth enters scene with coffee for the men. The other women,
save Esperanza, trail in behind her. Frank is so intent on
his point that he ignores Ruth's presence.

FRANK
We can't think of them just as housewives
-- but as allies. And we've got to treat
them as such.

RUTH
(snorts)
Look who's talking! The Great White
Father, and World's Champion of Women's
Rights.

FRANK
Aw, cut it out, Ruth.

RUTH
(to Ramón)
Me, I'm a camp follower -- following this
organizer from one mining camp to another
-- Montana, Colorado, Idaho. But did he
ever think to organize the women? No.
Wives don't count in the Anglo locals
either.

Ramón laughs. Ruth turns back to him.

RUTH
Not that I like the way you treat your
wife. But when Doctor Barnes gives you
his cure-all for female troubles, ask him
if he's tried it at home.

RAMÓN
(grinning)

Hey, Esperanza!

RUTH
Esperanza's nursing the baby.

A glow of eagerness brightens Ramón's face. He flings down the cards and goes out to the kitchen. The exasperated Antonio tosses his cards aside.

ANTONIO
There goes the game.

LUZ
Good. Consuelo, turn up the radio
(To Antonio)
Come on, Papa, on your feet.

Antonio gets up and begins to dance with his wife. We mark how accurate a parody his wife made of his style. Charley dances with Teresa. Ruth folds her arms, glaring at Frank.

INT., KITCHEN. CLOSE TWO SHOT.

Ramón stands beside his wife, looking over her shoulder at the suckling child. The CAMERA Ah.ANGLE is such that we cannot see Juanito.

RAMÓN
(proudly)
Look at him ...

Ramón clenches his fists, tenses his forearms, grunts approvingly.

RAMÓN
A fighter, huh?

ESPERANZA
He was born fighting. And born hungry.

RAMÓN
Drink, drink, Juanito. You'll never have it so good.

ESPERANZA
He'll have it good. Some day.

For a moment they say nothing, watching the baby. Then, with a sidelong worried glance:

ESPERANZA
What were they saying? About you? In there?

RAMÓN
They say I am no good to you.

ESPERANZA

(shrugs)

You are no good to me -- in jail.

RAMÓN

(musing)

I'd lie on my cot in the cell and I couldn't sleep with the bugs and the stink and the heat. And I'd say to myself, think of something nice. Something beautiful. And then I'd think of you. And my heart would pound against the cot for love of you.

Esperanza is deeply moved, but she does not show him her face. Ramón's face becomes tense with determination.

RAMÓN

(half-whispering)

Not just Juanito. You'll have it good too, Esperanza. We're going to win this strike.

ESPERANZA

What makes you so sure?

RAMÓN

(brooding)

Because if we lose, we lose more than a strike. We lose the union. And the men know this. And if we win, we win more than a few demands. We win...

(groping for words)

... something bigger. Hope. Hope for our kids. Juanito can't grow strong on milk alone.

His words are shattered by a loud knock at the front door. Ramón turns, listening. We hear the door open and voices indistinctly. CAMERA HOLDS On Ramón and Esperanza.

VOICES:

This the Quintero place?

What do you want?

Got a court order ...

You don't get in here without a warrant.

We got the warrant too ...

We don't want no trouble. All we want's the radio.

Ramón goes abruptly. CAMERA HOLDS on Esperanza, listening.

KIMBROUGH'S VOICE

We don't like to break in on you like this, but this fella owns the radio store, he got himself a repossession order on this radio here.

RAMÓN'S VOICE

Don't touch it.

KIMBROUGH'S VOICE

I don't want no trouble, Quintero. We got orders to repossess this machine.

Esperanza rises swiftly, moves toward the parlor with the baby.

RAMÓN'S VOICE

I said ... don't touch it.

INT., PARLOR. FULL SHOT.

Everyone is standing. Several armed deputies stand around the radio console, ready to move it, but checked momentarily by Ramón. Kimbrough's right hand is on the butt of his revolver. Esperanza enters scene. In one continuous movement, she hands the baby to Consuelo and blocks Ramón, clutching him, and speaking with a new-found fierceness.

ESPERANZA

Let them take it!

RAMÓN

Over my dead body.

ESPERANZA

I don't want your dead body. I don't want you back in jail either.

RAMÓN

But it's yours. I won't let them ...

ESPERANZA

(savagely, in Spanish)

Can't you see they want to start a fight so that they can lock you all up at one time?

Slowly, Ramón goes lax, and Esperanza relaxes her hold on him. The deputies pick up the heavy console, lug it toward the front door. The Quinteros' guests are glum and silent. The deputies leave, closing the door behind them.

RAMÓN

(bitterly)

What are you so sad about?

He crosses to a shelf, picks up a dusty guitar and tosses it

to Sal.

RAMÓN

Let's hear some real music for a change.

Sal grins. He begins to improvise as we

DISSOLVE

TO:

EXT., MINE AND PICKET POST. LONG PANORAMIC SHOT, DAY.

In the distance we can see the tiny figures of the strikers maintaining their vigil on the picket line. Behind them looms the lifeless head frame of the mine.

ESPERANZA'S VOICE

But the strike did not end. Ramón was wrong. It went on and on, into the fourth month, the fifth, the sixth. The company still refused to negotiate. We couldn't buy food at the company store ...

EXT., STORE WINDOW. MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT, DAY.

A Mexican-American woman is looking at a display of canned foods in the window of a small town store. We see a hand place a small placard in the store window. It reads: NO CREDIT TO STRIKERS. CAMERA MOVES IN till the sign fills the screen, and we

WIPE TO:

ESPERANZA'S VOICE

They tried to turn people against us. They printed lies about us in their newspapers ...

THE PICKET LINE. MEDIUM SHOT, DAY.

A dozen or so pickets march counter-clockwise in a leisurely fashion. Antonio holds an unfolded newspaper which he appears to be reading to the others, but we hear:

ESPERANZA'S VOICE

They tried to turn the Anglo millers against us. They said that all the Mexicans ought to be sent back where they came from. But the men said ...

Esperanza's voice fades, and now we hear from the picket line:

ANTONIO

(slapping newspaper)

How can I go back where I came from? The shack I was born in is buried under

company property.

KALINSKY

Why don't nobody ever tell the bosses to go back where they came from?

CENTE

Wouldn't be no bosses in the state of New Mexico if they did.

ALFREDO

(dreamily)

Brother! Live to see the day.

ANTONIO

Jenkins ain't no boss.

(Winking)

Mean we're gonna let people like Jenkins stay here?

RAMÓN

You can't send him back to Oklahoma. It'd be inhumane.

JENKINS

(grinning)

But I was born in Texas.

ANTONIO AND ALFREDO

(mock horror)

Oh no. That's even worse.

They all start laughing, pummeling Jenkins as they march.

WIPE TO:

AN ANCIENT JALOPY. FULL SHOT, DAY

on a dirt road outside an adobe house. The car is piled high with the belongings of a Mexican-American family. The mother and her children are in the car. The man is shaking hands with the neighbors in a sad goodbye.

ESPERANZA'S VOICE

And the seventh month came. By now the strike fund was nearly gone. A few families couldn't take it any longer. They packed up and moved away -- and where they went we do not know ...

INT., UNION HALL. MEDIUM SHOT AT DESK, DAY.

Sal and Charley are seated behind the desk. A number of miners stand opposite them. One by one, the miners count out money, hand it to the union officers. Ramón stands nearby, watching.

ESPERANZA'S VOICE

And so it was decided by the union that hardship cases should seek work in other mines. And this was done. And the strikers who found jobs divided their pay with the union, so the rest of us might eat.

INT., QUINTERO COTTAGE. MEDIUM SHOT, EVENING.

The Quintero family is seated at the table. Their plates are empty. Esperanza picks up a bowl containing two spoonfuls of beans. She divides them among the children.

ESPERANZA'S VOICE

Ramón was not a hardship case. Only three children to feed. No -- the Quintero family was not hungry all the time. Just most of the time.

EXT., UNION HALL. FULL SHOT: A TRUCK, DAY.

Two men stand in the back of the truck, handing down cases of food to the miners. One of the men in the truck is a Negro. When Charley Vidal comes over, the Negro leans down and shakes his hand warmly.

ESPERANZA'S VOICE

Even so, the mine owners might have starved us out were it not for the help we got from our International in Denver, and from the other locals. ... And we who thought no one outside our county knew of our troubles, or cared if they did know -- found we were wrong.

INT., UNION HALL. CLOSE SHOT AT DESK, DAY.

The desk is piled high with mail. Sal and Frank are opening it. We see dollar bills, loose change, checks.

ESPERANZA'S VOICE

Letters came. From our own people, the Spanish-speaking people of the Southwest ... and from far away -- Butte, Chicago, Birmingham, New York -- messages of solidarity and the crumpled dollar bills of working men.

CAMERA PULLS BACK SLOWLY TO DISCLOSE

two women at a mimeograph machine.

CAMERA PANS SLOWLY AROUND

the union hall, disclosing other women at work -- cutting stencils, filing papers, sealing envelopes, etc. Several

small children romp and climb over the benches.

ESPERANZA'S VOICE

But that was not all -- we women were helping. And not just as cooks and coffee makers. A few of the men made jokes about it, but the work had to be done -- so they let us stay.

MEDIUM SHOT, FEATURING ESPERANZA

standing behind a desk, sealing envelopes. The infant Juanito lies on an improvised pallet beside her, hemmed in by piles of leaflets. Estella is licking stamps.

ESPERANZA'S VOICE

No one knew how great a change it was, till the day of the crisis ...

FULL SHOT: THE UNION HALL.

The Sheriff, a U.S. Marshall, and several deputies appear suddenly in the entrance to the hall. They cross the room to Sal Ruiz' desk. The Sheriff is grinning broadly.

ESPERANZA'S VOICE

That was the day when the Sheriff and the Marshall came. The Sheriff was smiling -- so we knew he brought bad news.

CLOSER ANGLE: GROUP AT TABLE.

Sal takes the paper, reads it gravely. The Sheriff grins triumphantly and leaves, followed by his entourage.

ESPERANZA'S VOICE

The company had got a court injunction ordering the strikers to stop picketing. A Taft-Hartley injunction, they called it. It meant heavy fines and jail sentences for the strikers if they disobeyed.

Sal rises slowly, re-reading the court order as Frank and Charley join him, reading over his shoulder. Their faces express worry, defeat.

ESPERANZA'S VOICE

A decision had to be made at once -- whether to obey the order, or not.

WIPE TO:

INT., UNION HALL. FULL PANNING SHOT, NIGHT.

The hall is packed. The striking miners, as usual, occupy the center bloc of seats. But this time there are almost as many women as men in the hall. They sit with their

children in the rear or on benches against the side walls. CAMERA HOLDS on Frank Barnes, standing at the front of the hall, addressing the miners.

FRANK

(as Esperanza's voice fades)

If we obey the court, the strike will be lost ... the scabs would move in as soon as the pickets disappear. If we defy the court, the pickets will be arrested and the strike will be lost anyway.

CLOSER ANGLE, FEATURING FRANK.

FRANK

So there it is brothers. The bosses have us coming and going. I just want to say this -- no matter which way you decide, the International will back you up -- as it's always backed you up. This is a democratic union. The decision's up to you.

REVERSE ANGLE, SHOOTING PAST FRANK AT MINERS.

We hear a rumble of dissatisfaction as Frank sits down. There is no applause. Heads huddling, the miners grapple with the dilemma. Ramón rises angrily.

RAMÓN

If we give up now, if we obey this rotten Taft-Hartley law, we give up everything it's taken us fifty years to gain. There is only one answer: fight them! Fight them all!

OTHER MINERS:

How?
They'll arrest us!
We gain nothing.

Their voices fade. Ramón, still on his feet, turns on his critics, lashing them. Another miner rises, extending his arms in a gesture of helplessness. Over this we hear:

ESPERANZA'S VOICE

The men quarreled. They made brave speeches. It seemed that Brother Barnes was right -- the company had them coming and going. It seemed the strike was lost.

FULL SHOT: THE UNION HALL. ANOTHER ANGLE.

In near f.g. Chairman Ruiz is on his feet, pounding his gavel. In b.g. we can see Teresa Vidal waving for recognition. The chair recognizes her. Teresa has advanced to the speakers table in f.g. Though obviously scared, she

is not as inarticulate or halting as Consuelo had been.

TERESA

Brother Chairman, if you read the court injunction carefully you will see that it only prohibits striking miners from picketing.

(A pause.)

We women are not striking miners. We will take over your picket line.

We hear a stirring, then a raucous male laugh.

TERESA

Don't laugh. We have a solution. You have none. Brother Quintero was right when he said we'll lose fifty years of gains if we lose this strike. Your wives and children too. But this we promise -- if the women take your places on the picket line, the strike will not be broken, and no scabs will take your jobs.

There is silence in the hall now. Teresa starts to walk back to her seat when Sal's voice checks her.

SAL

If that's a motion ... only members of the union can make a motion.

Sal glances at Charley Vidal, who sits beside him. Charley hesitates. Teresa glares at her husband. Charley takes a deep breath, yells:

CHARLEY

I so move!

VOICE

(from the floor)

Second!

SAL

(uneasy)

You've heard the motion. The floor is open for debate.

MINER

If we allow our women to help us, we'll be the joke of the whole labor movement!

ANOTHER MINER

Look, brother, our women are ours, our countrywomen! Why shouldn't they help us?

THE HALL. ANOTHER ANGLE.

We see miners with their heads together in heated argument,

grimaces and gestures of disapproval, individual miners rising to address the chair.

ANOTHER ANGLE, FEATURING LUZ MORALES.

Eyes flashing, she addresses the men.

ESPERANZA'S VOICE

And Luz asked which was worse, to hide behind a woman's skirt, or go down on his knees before the boss?

ANOTHER ANGLE, FEATURING GONZALES.

GONZALES

We haven't counted enough on our women. The bosses haven't counted on them at all.

ANOTHER ANGLE, FEATURING CHARLEY VIDAL.

CHARLEY

Will the bosses win now because we have no unity between the men and their wives and sisters?

ANOTHER ANGLE, FEATURING A MINER AND HIS WIFE.

A husky miner named José Sánchez can be seen goading his wife to speak. The frightened woman finally obeys.

ESPERANZA'S VOICE

And Carlotta Sánchez said she didn't think picketing was proper for ladies. It wasn't nice. Maybe even a sin.

ANOTHER ANGLE, FEATURING GONZALES AND RAMÓN.

GONZALES

I say give the sisters a chance ...

Gonzales' voice fades, and Ramón rises, glancing angrily at Gonzales, and begins to speak.

RAMÓN

And what will happen when the cops come, and beat our women up? Will we stand there? Watch them? No. We'll take over anyway, and we'll be right back where we are now. Only worse. Even more humiliated. Brothers, I beg you -- don't allow this.

Ramón sits down. There is scattered applause from the men. Someone calls the question.

REVERSE ANGLE, SHOOTING TOWARD CHAIRMAN.

SAL

(rapping his gavel)
All right. The question's been called.
You brothers know what you're voting on
-- that the sisters of the auxiliary take
over the picket line. All those in favor
will so signify ...

TERESA'S VOICE
(a bellow)
Brother Chairman! A point of order!

WIDER ANGLE, SHOOTING TOWARD TERESA AND ESPERANZA.

Teresa nudges Esperanza. She rises shyly. It seems that
Esperanza's stage fright will leave her mute -- but at last
she finds her voice:

ESPERANZA
I don't know anything ... about these
questions of parliament. But you men are
voting on something the women are to do,
or not to do. So I think it's only fair
the women be allowed to vote --
especially if they have to do the job.

We hear cries of approval from the women's section,
intermingled with shouted objections from some men.

GROUP SHOT: AT CHAIRMAN'S TABLE.

Sal has to make a ruling, but he seems undecided. He
glances at Charley. Charley winks, nods. He glances at
Frank. Frank grins and nods. He clears his throat.

SAL
Brothers ... and sisters. It would be
unconstitutional to permit women to vote
at a union meeting.
(Male applause.)
If there's no objection, we could adjourn
this meeting ...

There are cries of protest from men and women alike. He
holds up his hand.

SAL
No, wait, wait ... and reconvene this
meeting as a community mass meeting with
every adult entitled to a vote!

VOICE
I so move!

SECOND VOICE
Second!

SAL

All those in favor will raise their hands.
(Most of the hands are raised.)
Now those opposed ...
(Only a few hands are raised.)
The ayes have it! Now, every adult is
entitled to a vote!

WOMEN'S VOICES
Question! Question! Call the question!

SAL
(grinning)
Those in favor that the sisters take over
the picket line will so signify by
raising their hands.

THE HALL. FULL PANNING SHOT FROM SAL'S ANGLE.

An overwhelming majority of the women are voting for the plan. About a third of the men raise their hands -- but some of them lower their arms when nudged angrily by their neighbors. Tellers move through the hall counting hands. CAMERA HOLDS on Ramón, who is practically sitting on his hands. He frowns at:

ESPERANZA, FROM HIS ANGLE,

her eyes averted, but her hand defiantly up.

BACK TO CHAIRMAN.

The tellers approach Sal, whisper the affirmative vote. He adds the totals, then pounds his gavel.

SAL
Okay. All those opposed?

FULL PANNING SHOT: AS BEFORE.

Most of the women sit with their fingers intertwined, as though in prayer. A few weaker sisters raise their hands uncertainly. Their neighbors nudge them. The hands come down again. CAMERA PANS to the men as the tellers count. We see a forest of raised hands. Some miners are frantically holding up both arms.

BACK TO CHAIRMAN. MEDIUM SHOT.

The tellers give Sal their figures. Sal's face is grave, reveals nothing. He rises, announces quietly:

SAL
The motion has carried -- a hundred and
three to eighty-five.

No applause.

REVERSE ANGLE. FULL PANNING SHOT.

A profound stillness has settled over the hall. The men turn in their places, looking at their womenfolk with doubt, apprehension, expectancy. CAMERA PANS to the women who line the side wall. They look at each other with a breathless wonder as the full import of their undertaking dawns on them.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT., PICKET LINE. LONG PANORAMIC SHOT, MORNING.

This panorama should be as sweeping a vista as the first scene of the picket line. We get the sense of women streaming toward the picket post from four points of the compass. Some arrive in ancient cars, others walk by way of the road or foot paths or the railroad tracks. There are so many women on the line that even though they march two abreast they overlap the road.

ESPERANZA'S VOICE

And so they came, the women ... they rose before dawn and they came, wives, daughters, grandmothers. They came from Zinc Town and the hills beyond, from other mining camps, ten, twenty, thirty miles away ...

CLOSER VIEW: THE PICKET LINE.

The women march in an orderly, determined fashion. There is no gaiety. Teresa and Mrs. Salazar are in charge. They are as bold and self-assured as two drill sergeants. Most of the women are dressed for the occasion -- wearing shirts, jeans and sneakers or saddle shoes.

ESPERANZA'S VOICE

By sun-up there were a hundred on the line. And they kept coming--women we had never seen before, women who had nothing to do with the strike. Somehow they heard about a women's picket line -- and they came.

MEDIUM LONG SHOT: MINERS ON HILLSIDE.

On the steep wooded slope above the picket post the varsity squats on its collective haunches. The men smoke, watching the picket line with mingled awe and apprehension.

ESPERANZA'S VOICE

And the men came too. They looked unhappy. I think they were afraid. Afraid the women wouldn't stand fast -- or maybe

afraid they would.

THE HILLSIDE. ANOTHER ANGLE, HIGHER UP THE SLOPE.

Several miners stand here with their families. They, too, look unhappy. Jenkins and his wife are among them.

ESPERANZA'S VOICE

But not all the women went to the picket post. Some were forbidden by their husbands.

(A pause.)

I was one of these.

CLOSE GROUP SHOT: THE QUINTERO FAMILY

standing apart from the others, near a clump of juniper. Luis stands beside his father, whose uneasy frown is directed at the picket line. Estella stands beside her mother, who holds the baby Juanito in her arms. Esperanza keeps gazing at the picket line off scene, never at Ramón.

ESPERANZA

It's not fair ... I should be there with them. After all, I'm the one who got the women the vote.

RAMÓN

(stubbornly)

No.

ESPERANZA

But the motion passed. It's ... it's not democratic of you to ...

RAMÓN

(interrupting)

The union don't run my house.

(After a long pause.)

Those Anglo dames stirred you up to make fools of yourselves -- but you don't see any of them down there.

ESPERANZA

(squinting, peering)

Yes, I do. There's Ruth Barnes.

RAMÓN

She's the organizer's, wife. She's got to be there.

ESPERANZA

NO, she wants to be there.

(Looking off)

And there's Mrs. Kalinsky.

RAMÓN

(pointing off scene)
There's Jenkins' wife. You don't see her
on no picket line.

ESPERANZA
(quietly)
Anglo husbands can also be backward.

RAMÓN
Can be what?

ESPERANZA
Backward.

He glances quizzically at her. She keeps staring at:
THE PICKET LINE FROM THEIR ANGLE.

ESPERANZA'S VOICE
(plaintively)
Can't I even put in an appearance?

RAMÓN'S VOICE
In heaven's name, woman, with a baby in
your arms?

BACK TO FAMILY GROUP.

ESPERANZA
The baby likes to be walked. It helps him
burp.

Ramón shakes his head. He looks off at:

THE SHERIFF'S CONVOY. LONG SHOT.

Some fifty paces beyond the picket line we can see two
open trucks and two sheriff's cars. The trucks are loaded
with men.

EXT., SHERIFF'S CAR. MEDIUM SHOT.

Superintendent Alexander, Chief Foreman Barton, the Sheriff
and the deputy Vance are standing beside the car.
Alexander is in a petulant mood, but the Sheriff and Vance
seem amused by the situation. Three pretty Mexican-American
girls pass by on their way to the picket line. Vance
whistles at them. As they move out of the scene Vance
calls:

VANCE
Hey, girls! Wait a minute! Don't you
wanta see my pistol?

ALEXANDER
Shut up.
(As the Sheriff chuckles)

What's so amusing? They're flaunting a court order.

SHERIFF

(grins)

Not so sure about that. Letter of the Law, you know. All the injunction says is no picketing by miners.

ALEXANDER

(furious)

Whose side are you on anyway?

SHERIFF

Now don't get excited, Mr. Alexander. They'll scatter like a covey of quail.

BARTON

(impatiently)

Well, let's get at it -- before another hundred dames show up.

SHERIFF

(rouses himself, calls)

All right, boys.

WIDER ANGLE: THE CONVOY.

Drivers and deputies climb into the cab of each truck. Barton, Vance and two other deputies get into the lead car. Vance holds up his tear gas gun.

VANCE

What about these?

SHERIFF

Forget it. They'll scatter like quail.

Barton starts the motor. He waves at the truck drivers and the other sheriff's car. They wave back. The convoy starts up, gathering speed rapidly.

FULL SHOT: MINERS ON THE HILLSLOPE.

They spring to their feet, tense.

FULL SHOT: THE PICKET LINE.

The women stop marching, turn in unison to face the oncoming convoy.

FULL PANNING SHOT: THE CONVOY

hurtling toward the picket line.

CLOSE SHOT: FACES OF MINERS.

They groan involuntarily.

CLOSE SHOT: FACES OF WOMEN PICKETS

steady, unflinching.

THE SHERIFF'S CAR FROM THEIR ANGLE,

horn blowing, speeding directly at them, looming bigger, closer.

FULL SHOT: THE PICKET LINE.

At the last split second, Barton jams on his brakes, and the car skids. The women have not moved.

CLOSE SHOT: WOMEN AND CAR.

The car skids into the picket line. A woman is swiped by the front fender, flung on to the road.

FULL SHOT: THE PICKET LINE.

We hear a collective gasp from the women. Then they scream. Two women run to their injured sister. The others swarm around the car. The deputies are trying to get the doors open. The women begin to rock the car. Finally the deputies manage to get out. They flail the women with their fists, their gun stocks. But there are four women to each deputy, and they cling to the men, grabbing at their weapons.

MEDIUM SHOT: THE FIRST TRUCK.

The Anglo scabs standing in the back of the truck react in fear and consternation. But they stay where they are.

MEDIUM LONG SHOT: MINERS ON HILLSIDE.

A group of them start coming down the hill. We can see Charley and Frank gesturing, trying to restrain them -- but the miners come on.

BACK TO THE PICKET POST.

Vance kicks out at woman who is trying to tear off his cartridge-belt, sends her sprawling. He backs off, panic-stricken, and fires a tear gas shell into a mass of women pickets. The exploding shell disperses them momentarily. The women fan out, coughing and choking.

THE PICKET POST, SHOOTING FROM HILL ABOVE.

At Mrs. Salazar's command, the women form into two platoons; the larger group remains on the road, blocking the convoy, despite the fact that other deputies open fire with tear gas; but another line has formed at the side of the road, facing the miners bent on entering the fray.

CLOSER ANGLE: THE SECOND PICKET LINE.

As the miners coming down the slope reach the road, Mrs. Salazar waves them back angrily, yells in Spanish:

MRS. SALAZAR
Get back! Get back! Stay out of this!

FIRST MINER
(desperately)
But they're beating up my wife!

WOMEN
(simultaneously in
English and Spanish)
It'll be worse if you get in it.
Then they'll start shooting ...
They'll throw you in jail!
We can take care of ourselves ...
You're not needed here
Get back! Get back!

The men fall back, nonplussed by the vehemence of the women.

BACK TO PICKET POST. LONG SHOT FROM HILLSIDE.

Other deputies have come running from the rear of the convoy to support the four outnumbered deputies. The scabs remain in their trucks. But the wind is blowing the wrong way, and the tear gas drifts back toward the trucks. The scabs begin to cough. A couple of them jump over the tailgate of the first truck and run. That starts a panicky rout. Other scabs tumble out of the trucks and run back down the road to escape the tear gas.

GROUP SHOT: THE QUINTERO FAMILY

staring at the action. Esperanza can't stand it any longer. She hands the baby to Ramón and is gone before he realizes her intent.

HIS VIEW: ESPERANZA

running diagonally down the slope toward the picket post. In the distance we see deputies still battling the women. The deputies seem to have lost their heads. They lash out viciously at any woman who confronts them, in a vain attempt to scatter the women and clear the road.

CLOSER ANGLE: THE PICKET POST.

Luz Morales is climbing Vance's back, clinging to his arms. Another woman clutches at his gun hand, trying to prevent him from drawing his pistol. Esperanza comes running up. She stops for a second, slips off her right shoe. Vance knocks the other women down, pulls his revolver from his a

holster. Esperanza whacks him over the wrist with her shoe, knocking the weapon out of his hand. Luz digs into his hair with both hands.

BACK TO RAMÓN ON HILLSIDE,

helpless, speechless, holding the baby. Suddenly he runs out of scene. Luís grabs Estella's hand, follows.

ANOTHER PART OF THE HILL: THE LOWER SLOPE.

Charley and Frank are watching the action. Ramón comes running into scene.

RAMÓN

Why are you standing there? Do something!

CHARLEY

(looking o.s.)

Relax.

RAMÓN

But women are getting hurt! We've gotta take over!

CHARLEY

They're doing all right.

FRANK

(grins, looks at baby)

Anyway, looks like you've got your hands full.

Completely frustrated, Ramón looks down at the tiny bundle in his arms. Then he looks off at:

THE PICKET POST: LONG SHOT FROM RAMÓN'S ANGLE.

We can see Barton calling his men off. He jumps in the car, turns it around. Several deputies climb aboard as he drives off. The others retreat on foot, leaving the two abandoned trucks. The women re-form their lines, and begin to sing "The Union Is Our Leader."

DISSOLVE

TO:

INT., QUINTERO COTTAGE. FULL SHOT: PARLOR, LATE AFTERNOON.

Ramón paces the floor fretfully, puffing on a cigarette. The baby crib is in a corner, and Juanito is wailing. Estella tries to match her father's caged-lion stride.

ESTELLA

Papa, I'm hungry.

RAMÓN

(a growl)

So'm I.

Luis enters from the front door. Ramón glares at him.

RAMÓN

Where's your mama?

LUIS

She's coming. Charley Vidal gave her a lift.

The boy starts off, then turns back again, his eyes glowing.

LUIS

Boy! Did you see the way Mama whopped that deputy with her shoe? Knocked the gun right out ...

RAMÓN

(thundering)

I don't want you hanging around there, hear?

We hear the sound of a chugging truck outside. Ramón goes to the window, peers out.

EXT., ROAD OUTSIDE QUINTERO COTTAGE. MEDIUM SHOT.

The union pick-up, full of women, stops at the gate. Esperanza and Luz sit beside Charley in the cab. They get out. All the women are laughing and smiling.

INT., PARLOR. FULL SHOT

as Esperanza enters. She is dirty, bedraggled, and bone-tired -- but there is a new light in her eyes, and when she smiles she grins.

RAMÓN

(hoping for the worst)

You all right?

ESPERANZA

Sure.

She kisses him lightly on the cheek, kisses Estella and Luis, crosses immediately to the crib, glances at Juanito and enters the kitchen. CAMERA PANS with her. Ramón follows slowly, halts in the kitchen doorway.

RAMÓN

Must've been some experience for you, huh?

ESPERANZA

(from kitchen)

Yes.

RAMÓN

I guess you got enough today to last a
lifetime, huh?

ESPERANZA

(from kitchen)

I'm going back tomorrow.

She emerges from the kitchen with the baby's bottle,
crosses to the crib. The infant's wailing ceases abruptly.
Ramón comes over, scowling.

RAMÓN

You might get hurt.

(No response)

Listen, if you think I'm gonna play
nursemaid from now on, you're crazy ...
I've had these kids all day!

ESPERANZA

(simply)

I've had them since the day they were
born.

She exits to the kitchen. Ramón trails after her.

INT., KITCHEN. MEDIUM SHOT.

Esperanza works swiftly, putting pots and pans on the
stove, preparing supper, etc. Ramón continues to scowl at
her.

RAMÓN

I'm telling you. I don't stay home with
these kids tomorrow.

ESPERANZA

(calmly)

Okay. Then, tomorrow, I take the kids
with me to the picket line.

DISSOLVE

TO:

EXT., PICKET LINE. FULL PANNING SHOT, DAY.

There are fewer women on the line than on the first day,
but they march with the same assurance and discipline as
before. A good half of them crochet as they march.

ESPERANZA'S VOICE

And so I came back the next day -- and
every day for the next month ...

CAMERA PANS past the picket line to the coffee shack,
MOVES ON to pick up a group of small children playing near

the road.

ESPERANZA'S VOICE

I kept Juanito in the coffee shack, and when the weather was good and there was peace on the line I brought his crib outside. Estella played with the little ones, and Luis ...

CAMERA SWISH PANS to a clump of juniper on the hillside in deep b.g. We can make out Luis, crouching there with several cronies, apparently plotting something.

ESPERANZA'S VOICE

... Luis was in school.

CAMERA SWISH PANS to another part of the hill, closer to the picket post. Ramón can be seen reclining on the slope with several cronies. The men appear moody and depressed.

ESPERANZA'S VOICE

Ramón came every day and sat on the hillside, just watching. The ladies -- well, they criticized Ramón for not keeping the kids.

BACK TO PICKET POST. FULL SHOT.

In b.g. women are crocheting, chatting as they march. The baby's crib, sheathed in mosquito netting, lies on a table outside coffee shack in f.g. Esperanza is changing the baby's diaper. Mrs. Salazar and Teresa are talking to her.

WIPE TO:

ANOTHER ANGLE.

Trucks and sheriff's cars can be seen parked near the picket line. The scabs and deputies stand in the trucks, jeering at the marching women.

ESPERANZA'S VOICE

For a while the Sheriff's men left us alone. But then it started again. They cursed us, insulted us, called us foul names. It started again.

WIPE TO:

THE PICKET POST. WIDER ANGLE

as a moving truck loaded with scabs tries to force its way through the living wall of women. The women try to push the truck back. They cling to it, and the scabs lean down and beat them off. The truck lurches forward, striking a woman and flinging her onto the road. Several other women have opened the hood of the truck. They rip out ignition wires.

The truck stalls.

WIPE TO:

THE PICKET POST. LONG SHOT.

The truck is gone. Four deputies wearing gas masks are firing tear gas shells into the picket line. The women retreat, fan out in a great arc.

ESPERANZA'S VOICE

They used tear gas again. This time the wind was against us.

ANOTHER ANGLE, SHOOTING TOWARD HILLSLOPE.

Esperanza and Estella can be seen running up the slope away from the gas. Esperanza carries the baby.

ESPERANZA'S VOICE

When that happened we spread out, as we had planned, and I took the baby away from the danger, as we had planned.

BACK TO PICKET POST. MEDIUM LONG SHOT.

Instead of tear gas enveloping the picket line, the picket line envelops the drifting gas, re-forms again downwind.

ESPERANZA'S VOICE

But they couldn't break our line. They couldn't break it ...

DISSOLVE

TO:

FULL SHOT: THE ROAD, BELOW PICKET POST,

where a small army of scabs and deputies is gathered. The scabs stand sheepishly beside the trucks. The Sheriff, Barton, and several deputies are gazing off at the picket line. They are no longer amused. The superintendent's Cadillac enters scene, coming up the road. It rolls to a stop near the Sheriff's party.

CLOSE GROUP SHOT: AT CAR.

ALEXANDER

(to Sheriff)

Well?

SHERIFF

(hopelessly)

I've tried everything but shootin' 'em down.

ALEXANDER

You haven't tried locking them up!

SHERIFF

(doubtfully)

You want 'em all arrested?

ALEXANDER

No, just the ring leaders. The
fire-eaters. And the ones with big
families ...

(to Barton)

Barton -- where's that boy?

BARTON

(waves, shouts)

Hey, you -- c'mere.

Sebastian Prieto, the fingerman, leaves a group of deputies
in b.g. and comes over. The Sheriff glances at him with
contempt, then starts toward the picket line, Prieto and
the deputies moving with him.

THE PICKET LINE. FULL SHOT

as they approach the line. The women keep on marching.
Esperanza is among them, carrying the baby.

SHERIFF

(shouting at them)

Awright, girls -- I'm gonna give you a
choice -- you can go home or you can go
to jail. No ifs, ands or buts. Git off
the picket line or git arrested.

Silence. The women keep on marching. The Sheriff turns to
Sebastian.

SHERIFF

Okay. Point 'em out.

SEBASTIAN

(a furtive mumble)

That one -- Teresa Vidal. She's the
leader.

Kimbrough walks over to the line, grabs Teresa's arm as she
marches by.

CLOSER ANGLE, FEATURING KIMBROUGH AND TERESA.

KIMBROUGH

You're under arrest. Home or the hoosegow
-- what's it gonna be?

Several of the women stop marching. Mrs. Kalinsky picks up
a stick. They approach Kimbrough menacingly.

TERESA

Keep marching sisters. Let's show some discipline.

MRS. KALINSKY

But Teresa, we ...

TERESA

They'll charge us with resisting arrest.
Keep marching!

She jerks loose from Kimbrough and walks alone toward the trucks.

BACK TO SHERIFF'S GROUP. MEDIUM SHOT

as Sebastian fingers other women the deputies walk off one by one to arrest them.

SEBASTIAN

And Mrs. Salazar ... the old one. And Chana Díaz -- that one, in the blue dress. And Luz Morales, the little one, shaking her fist ... and Mrs. Kalinsky, the Anglo ... and Ruth Barnes, she's the organizer's wife ...

THE PICKET LINE. MEDIUM SHOT

the women are plucked off the line, one by one. They do not resist. We can see Esperanza still marching. She seems to clutch the baby more tightly to her. Estella tags along beside her mother.

REVERSE ANGLE, SHOOTING TOWARD TRUCKS.

The back of one truck is already filled with women, and the other is filling rapidly.

TWO SHOT: SHERIFF AND SEBASTIAN.

SEBASTIAN:

... And Lala Alvarez, the pretty one over there. And that one.

SHERIFF

(irritably)

With the baby?

SEBASTIAN

(a sly grin)

She's Ramón Quintero's wife. He don't like her being here at all.

The Sheriff hesitates a moment, his eyes narrowed in thought, then gives Vance the nod. Vance approaches the line.

MEDIUM SHOT: AT PICKET LINE.

Vance plucks at Esperanza's sleeve. She stops for a second, frightened, wavering. The women remaining on the line call out to her:

AD LIBS

(in Spanish)

We'll take the baby, Esperanza ...

Don't worry about Juanito ...

We'll keep Estella too ...

Vance pulls at her arm again. Esperanza stiffens with a sudden fierceness.

ESPERANZA

No. The baby stays with me.

(She stoops down to Estella.)

Go to Papa. You stay with Papa, hear?

Head high, carrying the baby, Esperanza walks off toward the waiting trucks. The little girl watches her go, bereft, perplexed.

EXT., HILLSIDE. CLOSE SHOT: RAMÓN.

He comes to his feet, tense with anxiety.

EXT., PICKET LINE. LONG PANNING SHOT FROM HIS ANGLE.

Suddenly Estella breaks away from the picket line and runs after her mother. Esperanza is climbing into the back of the second truck, which is now full. Estella jumps onto the tailgate and a woman pulls her up. We hear motors starting. The trucks pull off slowly. At the same instant we hear Teresa's clear voice, singing "Solidarity Forever." The other women join her. The chorus swells. CAMERA HOLDS on the receding trucks, and the singing fades. Now the CAMERA PANS SLOWLY BACK to the picket line. There are only a handful of women remaining. But from somewhere we hear the song again. CAMERA PANS ON, HOLDS on a view of the wooded hillside. Suddenly we see twenty or more women coming down the slope with Consuelo Ruiz in the lead. They are singing, these reserves, coming to replenish the gaps in the line.

SLOW

DISSOLVE TO:

INT., COUNTY JAIL: TWO CELLS. FULL SHOT, NIGHT.

Over the DISSOLVE WE HEAR the rhythmic clank of tin cups against steel bars. Lights come up slowly to reveal two adjacent jail cells packed with women. All are standing, for there is no room to sit down. The women in f.g. bang on the bars, and all of them chant rhythmically in Spanish:

WOMEN

Queremos comida ...
Queremos camas ...
Queremos baños ...
Queremos comida ...

REVERSE TWO SHOT: TURNKEY AND VANCE

as seen from the cell. The two deputies are leaning back in their chairs against a blank wall opposite the cells. The deafening chant is driving the turnkey to distraction. He puts his hands to his ears. Suddenly he rises and comes over, holding up his hands for quiet. Vance follows.

TURNKEY

Now listen! Please, girls! Be quiet!
Listen!

(The din subsides.)

I've told you ten times. We don't have no food. We don't have no beds. We don't have no baths. So please -- please -- shut up!

Vance grins at Luz Morales, whose face can be seen behind the bars in close foreground. He reaches out, chucks her under the chin. Luz scratches at his hand, and he withdraws it. The chant is resumed.

INT., REAR OF CELL. CLOSE GROUP SHOT.

The one cot in the cell is occupied by Estella and the infant Juanito. Juanito is crying. Esperanza hovers worriedly over him, trying to get him a take a nipples bottle, which he rejects.

ESPERANZA

(to Teresa)

He can't drink this milk. It'll make him sick. He's on a formula.

(In a panic of guilt)

I was a fool! I shouldn't have kept him with me.

TERESA

Don't you worry. We'll get some action.

She moves off to the front of the cell, calling for quiet.

FRONT OF CELL, FEATURING TERESA.

The women stop their clamor for a moment. Teresa calls out to Vance:

TERESA

The baby can't drink this store milk.
We want his formula!

VANCE
(puzzled)

You want what?

RUTH
The formula, the formula ...

The women begin banging away with their cups again taking up the chant:

WOMEN
We want the formula! We want the formula!

Vance winces at the noise.

INT., COURT HOUSE HALLWAY. MEDIUM SHOT, NIGHT.

Ramón can be seen coming slowly up the hall. Luís trails behind him. Ramón walks like a man in enemy territory. From off scene the sound of the women's chant carries over: "We want the formula ..."

THE HALL. ANOTHER ANGLE.

Ramón is passing a door marked: OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY. The door is slightly ajar. Ramón stops, turns back, looks inside.

INT., DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE FROM RAMÓN'S ANGLE.

All that can be seen in Ramón's cone of vision is a desk across the room. The D.A.'s feet are on the desk. He is in his shirt sleeves, but wearing his hat. Alexander sits on the corner of the desk. Hartwell and the sheriff wander in and out of scene, pacing the floor.

D.A.
Well, you can get the J.P. to swear out peace bonds. Or heist the bail high enough so you can keep 'em in jail.

SHERIFF
(exasperated)
Keep 'em? What am I supposed to do -- feed 'em outa my own pocket?

BACK TO HALLWAY. RAMÓN AND LUIS.

Ramón's hand is half-raised to the doorknob. It falls to his side. He listens.

D.A.'s VOICE
What I want to know, Mr. Hartwell, is when you gonna settle this thing. You won't negotiate with 'em. What are you after, anyway?

MEDIUM SHOT: HARTWELL FROM RAMÓN'S ANGLE.

HARTWELL

(pacing)

The company has other mines. You've got to see the larger picture. Once these people get out of hand ...

Without noticing Ramón, but conscious of the need to keep what he is saying confidential, Hartwell has moved to the door and closed it, cutting off the rest of his sentence.

BACK TO RAMÓN,

frustrated in his desire to hear more. Just then Vance rounds a corner in b.g. and enters scene, walking toward CAMERA. He stops short, seeing Ramón. For a moment they stare at one another. Vance looks scared, despite the fact that he is armed and within his own bastille.

VANCE

What you doin' here? Ain't you seen enough of me?

RAMÓN

(scarcely audible)

I come for my kids. They're in your jail.

Vance warily brushes past Ramón and opens the office door, gesturing for the Sheriff. During the few moments the door is open, we hear:

D.A.'s VOICE

But you've played every trump in your hand and they're not dead yet.

HARTWELL'S VOICE

Not every trump.

D.A.'s VOICE

Such as what?

The Sheriff comes out, closing the door behind him, cutting off the inside conversation again.

VANCE

I can't shut them dames up. They keep yellin' about the formula.

SHERIFF

The what?

VANCE

Formula for the baby or somethin'.
(Indicates Ramón)

His kid.

The Sheriff glances at Ramón and stalks off down the hall. Vance follows.

INT., JAIL CORRIDOR, SHOOTING TOWARD CELLS,

as the Sheriff and Vance enter. The women's clamor is as loud as ever. The Sheriff holds up his hands for quiet.

SHERIFF

Now look here. I got you some milk for the baby. So what's all the belly-achin' about?

AD LIB

It's no good, the milk...
Queremos la formula ...
The baby has a formula ...
If Juanito gets sick you'll be responsible ...

SHERIFF

(exasperated)

I'm not running a drug store. You girls got nobody but yourselves to blame and you can be home with your families in an hour. All you have to do is sign a pledge that you won't go back to the picket line.

MANY VOICES

(in English and Spanish)

Don't sign nothin' for the stinker.
No, no deals, no deals ...
Make him get the formula.

They start banging on the bars again. The sheriff turns angrily to Vance.

SHERIFF

Where'd that fellow go?

Vance takes a few steps, shouts around a corner, beckoning.

VANCE

Hey, Pancho, c'mere!

Ramón enters scene, walking slowly into f.g. Luís tags along behind. The women fall silent abruptly. It is very still.

CLOSE GROUP SHOT: AT CELL DOOR.

The Sheriff motions to the turnkey to unlock one of the cells. He obeys.

SHERIFF

Awright. Where's the baby? And the

little girl?

Esperanza brings the baby from the rear of the cell. Estella squeezes past the tightly packed women, joins her mother. Ramón and Esperanza gaze at one another with deep poignancy, unsmiling. He holds out his hands. She gives the baby to him. Estella looks up at her mother. Esperanza nods, gives her a little push. Estella walks outside. Luís takes her hand. The father and his children walk off slowly, out of scene. The women watch them go. The turnkey locks the cell again. Suddenly they start banging on the bars.

VOICES

Queremos comida ...
Queremos camas ...
Queremos baños ...
Queremos comida ...

DISSOLVE

TO:

EXT., QUINTERO BACK YARD. FULL SHOT, DAY.

The shot matches the earlier scene of Luz and Esperanza -- but now Ramón and Antonio are hanging out the wash. Estella and the little Morales boy are there. Ramón sees them playing in the baskets.

RAMÓN

Will you kids get out of those baskets!

There are two large wicker baskets beside the fence: one contains Juanito, the other a mountain of damp clothes. As he works, Antonio calls from across the fence:

ANTONIO

(in Spanish)

How goes it?

RAMÓN

(in Spanish)

It never ends.

He snaps out a damp undershirt, hangs it up. Suddenly he explodes:

RAMÓN

Three hours! Just to heat enough water to wash this stuff!

(A pause. He goes on working.)

I tell you something. If this strike is ever settled -- which I doubt -- I don't go back to work unless the company installs hot running water for us.

(Another pause.)

It should've been a union demand from the beginning.

ANTONIO

Yeah.

We hear the baby wail. Ramón walks over to the basket, puts the nipple of the bottle back in Juanito's mouth. Then he resumes his chores. Antonio muses as he works.

ANTONIO

It's like Charley Vidal says -- there's two kinds of slavery, wage slavery and domestic slavery. The Woman Question, he calls it.

RAMÓN

The woman question?

ANTONIO

Question, question -- the problem, what to do about 'em.

RAMÓN

(cautious)

So? What does he want to do about 'em?

ANTONIO

He says give 'em equality. Equality in jobs, equality in the home. Also sex equality.

RAMÓN

(a long pause)

What do you mean -- sex equality?

ANTONIO

You know ...

(Leers, shifts into Spanish.)

What's good for the goose is good for the gander.

CLOSE SHOT: RAMÓN

with a clothespin in his mouth, mulling over this concept. His imagination runs away with him. He scowls thoughtfully.

ANTONIO'S VOICE

He's some organizer, that Charley. He can organize a wife right out of your home.

Ramón bites viciously on a clothespin and hangs up a pair of diapers.

DISSOLVE

TO:

INT., QUINTERO KITCHEN. MEDIUM SHOT, NIGHT.

There are two large tubs on the cluttered drainboard -- one of soapy water, one of rinse water. Ramón is washing the dishes. Luís is drying them. Ramón is sweaty and sullen. Luís is bored and impatient.

LUIS

Papa, can't I leave now? There's a meeting of the Junior Shop Stewards ...

RAMÓN

The what!

LUIS

The Junior Shop Stewards. There's lots of ways we can help.

RAMÓN

(exploding)

Don't I have enough troubles without them shipping you off to reform school?

LUIS

(earnestly)

But Papa -- you need all the help you can get.

RAMÓN

You've got to help around the house!

LUIS

But you've got me doing everything. Mama never used to make me dry the ...

RAMÓN

(cutting him off)

You should have helped her without being asked.

At that moment we hear the raucous braying of an automobile horn from outside. Luís dashes into the parlor. Ramón stands there scrubbing a greasy dish. Now we hear gay laughter, and then, in Spanish:

CHARLEY'S VOICE

Buenas noches!

ESPERANZA'S VOICE

Hasta mañana, Charley.

INT., PARLOR. FULL SHOT: SHOOTING TOWARD FRONT DOOR.

Ramón enters scene f.g., stops. The front door bursts open, Esperanza enters. She embraces Luís. He grins, responding with a shy, awkward hug. Esperanza looks at Ramón. Her face is aglow. She looks younger and heartier than we have ever seen her. She comes quickly into close foreground, embracing Ramón. He puts his arms around her -- but

stiffly, withholding himself. She looks up at him lovingly.

RAMÓN

How do you feel?

ESPERANZA

I'm okay. But it's nice to be home.

RAMÓN

Four nights. How did you sleep?

ESPERANZA

We raised such a fuss they finally brought cots in.

She laughs; her hand goes to her throat.

ESPERANZA

I nearly lost my voice, yelling so much.

(Suddenly)

How's Estellita? And the baby?

She goes out.

RAMÓN

(following her)

They're asleep.

INT., BEDROOM. MEDIUM SHOT.

The bedroom is dark. Esperanza and Ramón are only moving shadows. Dimly we see her hovering over the crib. Ramón whispers.

RAMÓN

Did you have to sign a pledge? Not to go back to the line?

ESPERANZA

(a whisper)

No, no ... we wouldn't do it.

From off scene we hear a knock at the front door. Esperanza crosses the dark room to answer it, Ramón following.

RAMÓN

(a whisper)

But if you go back they'll lock you up again.

ESPERANZA

(whispering)

No, no ... the Sheriff had enough of us. We drove him crazy.

She goes out.

INT., PARLOR. FULL SHOT.

Esperanza opens the front door, admitting three women: Teresa, Ruth and Consuelo. They enter beaming, excited.

TERESA

It's all set. Consuelo's squad can take
they day off tomorrow. We're taking over.

ESPERANZA

(ushering them in)

Good. Come in, we'll work it out. Sit
down, sit down.

The three women sit down on the couch. Esperanza crosses to the dining table to get a chair for herself. Ramón is standing there.

TWO SHOT: RAMÓN AND ESPERANZA.

He is the stern patriarch now. As she reaches for the chair he says, sotto voce:

RAMÓN

We've got to have a talk, you and me.

ESPERANZA

All right, but later. I've got a meeting
now.

RAMÓN

(suppressed outrage)

A meeting?

ESPERANZA

Yes. To plan for the picket line tomorrow.

She walks off with her chair. CAMERA HOLDS on Ramón. He is fuming. We hear:

ESPERANZA'S VOICE

Now -- let's see ... who's available?

TERESA'S VOICE

Chana's husband is out of town -- on that
delegation to see the governor. And Anita
Gonzales' husband, too ...

CONSUELO'S VOICE

And six or seven others -- Lala's husband
and Mariana's ...

Ramón looks like he's about to explode.

INT., PARLOR. FULL SHOT.

As Ramón strides toward the front door, we hear:

RUTH

And there's a whole bunch of men going on a fuel hunting expedition -- thirty or forty of them -- so their wives are out too.

ESPERANZA

But we can ask them to keep our kids, so the rest of us can ...

Ramón exits, slamming the door loudly behind him. The women react with a what's-eating-him look. Teresa turns sympathetically to Esperanza.

TERESA

What are you going to do about him, Esperanza?

CONSUELO

It's time he was house broken. Maybe if a delegation of us talked to him ...

ESPERANZA

(deeply upset)

No, no ... I have to work it out with him myself.

DISSOLVE

TO:

INT., BEER PARLOR. FULL SHOT: THE BAR, NIGHT.

Seven miners are seated on stools at the bar, drinking beer. These are the disconsolate ones -- the defeated and the perplexed, the traditionalist hold-outs and the unwilling babysitters. An atmosphere of gloom pervades the place. Their backs are to CAMERA, but seated from left to right they are: Jenkins, Antonio, two unidentified miners (whom we have seen around the picket line), Cente Cavazos, José Sanchez and Ramón. The bartender, an Anglo, is a beefy, easy-going fellow with a friendly manner. He sets fresh beers before a couple of miners, but no money changes hands. We see the bartender mark something on a tab at the register. CAMERA MOVES ON to the next miner, an Anglo, leaning moodily on his elbow.

ANGLO MINER

I got a friend, he's got a friend in the Bureau of Mines. Know what he says? They ain't never gonna open up that mine again.

FOURTH MINER

How come?

ANGLO MINER

(as CAMERA MOVES past him)

He says the ore's played out. So help me.

CENTE

Could be.

CAMERA HOLDS on Ramón. There's a whiskey glass and a bottle of beer before him. Ramón is in a sodden blue funk.

RAMÓN

Bull. Lotta bull. That's a rich mine. I know.

He drinks off his whiskey, chases it down with beer, then stares moodily at the empty glass.

RAMÓN

But what's the difference? They'll never settle with us. Never.

Suddenly we hear an excited shout:

ANTONIO'S VOICE

Hey! Hey! What d'ya know!

FULL SHOT: MINERS AT BAR.

Antonio holds up a magazine, stabbing a picture with his finger.

ANTONIO

It's him! It's him! El Presidente! The President of the Company.

All the miners except Ramón get off their stools and come over, looking at the picture.

ANTONIO

Listen to this:

(reading)

"MAN OF DISTINCTION. J. Hamilton Miller, financier, Business executive, Board Chairman of Continental Factors, and president of Delaware Zinc Incorporated. An enthusiastic sportsman and expert marksman, Mr. Miller manages to find time every year for an African safari. He leaves this month for Kenya, where he hopes to bag his thirteenth lion!"

There is a long silence. The men stare at the portrait -- with hatred, with despair. Antonio rips the page out of the magazine.

ANTONIO

I'm gonna frame this.

(Turning)

Hey, Ramón -- look.

Ramón just grunts with disgust. He sips his beer.

RAMÓN

(absently)

Got to look at the larger picture.

A pall falls over the group again. The miners return to their bar stools.

CLOSE MOVING SHOT (AS BEFORE).

JENKINS

(staring into space)

How do you like that? The guy is a lion hunter.

ANTONIO

What d'you expect him to hunt -- rabbits?

FOURTH MINER

Man, oh man, I'd sure like to get me some venison.

CENTE

I ain't tasted meat in four weeks.

(Suddenly)

How about it, Ramón? Let's take off for a couple of days, huh?

RAMÓN

(after a long pause)

Why ask me? Am I runnin' this strike? If you want permission to go over the hill, go ask the Ladies Auxiliary.

He drains his beer, rises and stalks off.

DISSOLVE

TO:

FULL SHOT, NIGHT: INT., QUINTERO BEDROOM,

dimly lit by one small lamp. Esperanza appears to be asleep. Ramón enters, crosses to the bed and sits down heavily. He begins to remove his shoes. CAMERA MOVES IN. Esperanza's eyes come open, in the way of one who has been wide awake. Without moving she says in quiet reproach:

ESPERANZA

I waited up till midnight.

RAMÓN

(not looking at her)

You weren't waiting for me.

ESPERANZA

That meeting only lasted ten minutes.
(A pause. Then quietly)
The first night I'm home, and you run to
the beer parlor. What is it? Can't you
bear the sight of me?

RAMÓN
(fierce whisper)
Be still ...

ESPERANZA
But you wanted to talk. Tell me.

He rises suddenly and goes out. Esperanza slips out of bed,
flings on a dressing gown.

INT., KITCHEN. MEDIUM SHOT, NIGHT.

Ramón has a cup and is pouring coffee from the pot on the
stove. Esperanza enters scene, stands in the doorway.

ESPERANZA
Tell me.

RAMÓN
(not looking at her)
We can't go on this way. I just can't go
on living with you. Not this way.

ESPERANZA
(softly)
No. We can't can't go on this way. We
can't go back to the old way either.

Ramón sips his coffee, glares at her.

RAMÓN
The old way? What's your "new way"?
What's it mean? Your "right" to neglect
your kids?

He goes abruptly to the parlor. Esperanza stands there a
moment, then slowly follows him.

INT., PARLOR. FULL SHOT.

Ramón goes to a closet, gets a rifle and a box of shells
off the shelf. He sits down on the edge of a chair and
begins to clean the rifle with an oily rag. Esperanza
enters scene, watching him. There is a long silence.

ESPERANZA
Where are you going?

RAMÓN
Hunting.

When? ESPERANZA

Sun up. RAMÓN

Alone? ESPERANZA

No. RAMÓN

ESPERANZA
(after a pause)
Ramón -- you can't.

RAMÓN
Why not? I'm not needed here.

ESPERANZA
But you are needed. Especially now --
with most of the other men away. You're
captain of the stand-by squad.

RAMÓN
(bitterly)
Sure, the standby squad. Stand-by for the
funeral.

ESPERANZA
Whose funeral? We're doing all right.
There hasn't been a scab near the picket
line for three days.

RAMÓN
And you know why? Because the company
knows they can starve us out -- even if
it takes another two, three months.
What's it to them if the mine's shut down
a little longer?

ESPERANZA
It's a lot to them. They'd do anything to
open that mine.

RAMÓN
Aah! They've got other mines. You don't
see the larger picture.
(A pause.)
They've got millions. Millions. They can
outlast us, and they know it.

ESPERANZA
You mean you're ready to give up?

RAMÓN
(flaring)

Who said anything about giving up? I'll
never go back to the company on my knees.
Never.

He pulls back the bolt of the rifle, inserts a cartridge,
tests the bolt.

ESPERANZA

You want to go down fighting, is that it?
(He shrugs.)
I don't want to go down fighting. I want
to win.

No response. She walks over to him, CAMERA FOLLOWING.

ESPERANZA

Ramón were not getting weaker. We're
stronger than ever before.

(He snorts with disgust.)

They're getting weaker. They thought they
could break our picket line. And they
failed. And now they can't win unless they
pull off something big, and pull it off
fast.

RAMÓN

Like what?

ESPERANZA

I don't know. But I can feel it coming.
It's like ... like a lull before the
storm. Charley Vidal says ...

RAMÓN

(exploding)

Charley Vidal says!

(He rises, flinging rifle aside.)

Don't throw Charley Vidal up to me!

ESPERANZA

Charley's my friend. I need friends.

(She looks at him strangely.)

Why are you afraid to have me as your
friend?

RAMÓN

I don't know what you're talking about.

ESPERANZA

No, you don't. Have you learned nothing
from this strike? Why are you afraid to
have me at your side? Do you still think
you can have dignity only if I have none?

RAMÓN

You talk of dignity? After what you've
been doing?

ESPERANZA

Yes. I talk of dignity. The Anglo bosses look down on you, and you hate them for it. "Stay in your place, you dirty Mexican" -- that's what they tell you. But why must you say to me, "Stay in your place." Do you feel better having someone lower than you?

RAMÓN

Shut up, you're talking crazy.

But Esperanza moves right up to him, speaking now with great passion.

ESPERANZA

Whose neck shall I stand on, to make me feel superior? And what will I get out of it? I don't want anything lower than I am. I'm low enough already. I want to rise. And push everything up with me as I go ...

RAMÓN

(fiercely)

Will you be still?

ESPERANZA

(shouting)

And if you can't understand this you're a fool -- because you can't win this strike without me! You can't win anything without me!

He seizes her shoulder with one hand, half raises the other to slap her. Esperanza's body goes rigid. She stares straight at him, defiant and unflinching. Ramón drops his hand.

ESPERANZA

That would be the old way. Never try it on me again -- never.

She crosses to the doorway, then turns back.

ESPERANZA

I am going to bed now. Sleep where you please -- but not with me.

She goes out.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT., PICKET POST. FULL SHOT, EARLY MORNING.

Dispirited and shivering, the women march, hunched against the wind. Near the coffee shack is an oil drum in which a wood fire is burning. Teresa, the picket captain, walks toward Esperanza. Teresa closely watches Esperanza's dejected face.

TWO SHOT: AT OIL DRUM.

The two women warm their hands over the fire. Theresa muses:

TERESA

So they had a little taste of what its
like to be a woman ... and they run away.

ESPERANZA

With Ramón it's ... pride. I spoke out of
the bitterness in me. And he was hurt.

Esperanza stares at the fire. Teresa looks at her with deep sympathy.

TERESA

Anything worth learning is a hurt. These
changes come with pain ... for other
husbands too ... not just Ramón.

DISSOLVE

TO:

EXT., MOUNTAIN LANDSCAPE. LONG PANNING SHOT, DAY.

A vista of wild and lonely beauty. A cold wind rustles the junipers and pine of a steep boulder-strewn arroyo. The deer hunters can be seen walking up a narrow trail in single file. They are bunched together, save for Ramón, who lags behind.

MEDIUM PANNING. SHOT, FEATURING RAMÓN.

He walks slowly up the trail into f.g., brooding. As he walks he hears Esperanza's voice of the preceding night, hauntingly.

ESPERANZA'S VOICE

You mean you're ready to give up?

(Pause)

I don't want to go down fighting. I want
to win.

(Pause)

Have you learned nothing from this strike?

(Pause)

I can feel it coming. It's like a lull
before the storm.

(Pause)

And now they can't win unless they pull
off something big and pull it off fast.

A shot is heard ringing through the arroyo. It pulls Ramón up short. He calls to the other men, suddenly:

RAMÓN
Brothers, we've got to go back!

EXT., PICKET POST: WIDE ANGLE AT DRUM, INCLUDING TRUCK.

Charley is at the wheel, Sal besides him. The truck stops near the oil drum. Charley leans out, calls urgently.

CHARLEY
Esperanza! Where's Ramón?

ESPERANZA
(dully)
Ramón?

SAL
Did he go hunting with the others?

CHARLEY
(as Esperanza nods)
Where? Where can we find him? Do you know?

ESPERANZA
No.

During this exchange several women have left the picket line and come over.

SAL
(muttering bitterly)
Deer hunters! Deserters, that's what they are.

TERESA
Something wrong?
(Insistently)
Charley, tell us.

CHARLEY
(reluctantly)
Company's got an eviction order.

DISSOLVE

TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS: Large close shot of young woman crying: "EVICTION! EVICTION!" Large close shot young boy crying "EVICTION! EVICTION! EVICTION!" Woman at clothesline hearing the call and leaving. Woman at kitchen door calling out "Where?" and leaving. Truck on road stops. Man runs in, calls, "EVICTION! At the Quintero place." Car on road is stopped by several women; they pile in, the car pulls away. Shots of people walking, by twos and by groups,

finally passing the car in which are seated Alexander and Hartwell.

ALEXANDER

(to a perturbed Hartwell)

Don't worry. Quintero's gone hunting with the others. Evict him first; the rest will be easy. Let their neighbors watch. Scare some sense into them.

DISSOLVE

TO:

EXT., ROAD AND COMPANY HOUSING. LONG SHOT.

The sheriff's convoy is drawn up outside a row of company houses. We can see deputies milling about in the front yard of one of the cottages, and a cluster of women watching them from outside the fence.

EXT., COTTAGE: CLOSER ANGLE.

It is the Quintero place. The Sheriff stands in the front yard, directing operations. His deputies are lugging furniture out of the house. They dump it in the yard or at the side of the road. Several of them emerge from the front door with the Quinteros' bed. Esperanza, Luz and a dozen other women silently watch the eviction from outside the fence. Mrs. Salazar is there with a bevy of kids (including Juanito whom she holds in her arms). The only man present is the parish priest.

EXT., MAIN ROAD, ZINC TOWN. LONG PANNING SHOT.

We pick up Jenkins' car loaded with the stand-by squad roaring toward the housing area. The car passes the store, the church, the school. As the car comes into f.g., and moves on out of scene, CAMERA HOLDS on the school playground. In the distance we see Luis beckoning to a number of his companions. The boys set off at a run up the road.

BACK TO COMPANY HOUSING. GROUP SHOT: WOMEN

featuring Esperanza and Luz.

LUZ

Can't we do something?

No answer from Esperanza. She moves toward the front gate. Other women follow her. CAMERA PANS with them. Just then the deputy Kimbrough comes through the gate carrying a lamp and a vase. He dumps them onto the road. The vase breaks. He shoves Esperanza roughly away from the gate.

KIMBROUGH

All right, girls -- get back, get back.

REVERSE ANGLE: SHOOTING PAST CONVOY

as Jenkins' car swerves around the tail of the convoy, comes on up the road, stops near the cottage. Ramón and the others pile out. They join the throng of women. Ramón carries his rifle purposefully.

GROUP SHOT: WOMEN AND PRIEST

watching the deputies as Ramón comes to Esperanza's side. She sees him. Her face lights up. Ramón's eyes meet hers for a moment. He is unsmiling. Then he looks away at:

THE DEPUTIES, FROM HIS ANGLE,

dumping the precious accumulations of a lifetime onto the road: the shrine, a kewpie doll, a faded photograph.

CLOSE SHOT: PORTRAIT OF JUÁREZ.

It falls in the dust. The frame breaks.

BACK TO WATCHERS, FEATURING RAMÓN,

his face working in hatred and anger. Esperanza is beside him now. He brings the barrel of his rifle up as if to level it. She glances at him in terror. Suddenly Ramón goes slack; the shadow of defeat crosses his face. With an abrupt movement he thrusts the rifle on Mrs. Salazar -- who takes it, blinking with surprise.

EXT., COTTAGE. FULL SHOT FROM THEIR ANGLE.

Four deputies are emerging from the front door burdened with the ancient iron stove. CAMERA PANS away from them, holds on the fence separating the Quintero and Morales yards. Now we see Luís and his cronies pop up from behind the fence. Each boy holds a grass-tailed clod. They let fly. CAMERA SWISH PANS BACK to the porch -- and we see two of the clods hit their target, spattering the deputies with dirt. One deputy drops his corner of the stove, and it crashes down the steps. Several other deputies take off after the boys, leaving the gate unguarded. The sheriff yells:

SHERIFF

Never mind them brats! Come on -- get the work done.

REVERSE ANGLE, FEATURING TENANTS.

Other women, children and old men are arriving on the scene. There are now over twenty women watching the eviction but there is no excitement, no talk.

CLOSER ANGLE, FEATURING RAMÓN AD ESPERANZA.

Ramón is calmer now, but alert, planning, thinking. He looks around at their gathering forces -- not yet impressive, but growing every moment. He almost smiles with slow realization.

RAMÓN

(half to himself)

This is what we've been waiting for.

ESPERANZA

(anxious, puzzled)

What are you saying?

RAMÓN

This means they've given up trying to break the picket line.

(A pause.)

Now we can all fight together -- all of us.

Suddenly he draws Esperanza close, whispers something in her ear. She nods, turns swiftly to several other women, huddles with them a moment.

CAMERA PANS with the women as they enter the yard, swooping down to pick up household belongings on their way.

EXT., FRONT YARD. FULL SHOT.

Other women, seeing what Esperanza and her sisters are up to, swiftly join them in the yard, begin to pick up furniture and carry it back into the house by way of the rear door. Deputies emerging from the house, loaded down with furniture and bric-a-brac, find themselves passing women loaded with objects they have just deposited in the yard. One of the deputies stops in close f.g., staring at the women in slack-jawed bafflement. Ramón glances at Mrs. Salazar. He winks. Mrs. Salazar smiles. It is the first time we have seen her smile.

BACK TO YARD, FEATURING SHERIFF.

His deputies are hopelessly dispersed. Half of them are chasing the boys, while the furniture-moving contingent is out-numbered by women crowding into the yard. The Sheriff wheels right and left in helpless exasperation. He spots Ramón near the front fence, strides over to him.

SHERIFF

(bellowing)

Now see here, Quintero! These women are obstructin' justice. You make 'em behave, savvy?

RAMÓN

I can't do nothing, sheriff. You know how

it is -- they won't listen to a man any more.

SHERIFF

(blustering)

You want me to lock 'em up again?

RAMÓN

(smiles)

You want 'em in your lock-up again?

The Sheriff stalks off, fuming.

EXT., ROAD AND YARD. FULL SHOT.

More women keep arriving all the time. Several small fry, imitating their mothers, run into the yard, pick up lamps, pots, pans, etc., and return them to the house.

A SIDE ROAD. MEDIUM LONG SHOT.

Two cars pull up and stop near the convoy. Consuelo Ruiz and six other women get out, approach the cottage.

THE YARD. FULL SHOT.

From off scene we hear the blast of an automobile horn, while from the middle of the yard the sheriff bellows at his men:

SHERIFF

Form a cordon! Keep 'em away from the house! Form a cordon!

EXT., ROAD. MEDIUM LONG SHOT: PAST CONVOY.

Two other cars pull up at the tail of the convoy. Frank Barnes and a half dozen miners get out, hurry toward the Quintero cottage.

BACK TO YARD. FULL SHOT.

By now the sheriff's men have reassembled and are forming a cordon, from the porch steps to the front gate, permitting no one else to enter the yard. Four deputies pick up the Quinteros' bed and begin to carry it toward the truck. When they reach the gate they find it blocked by the six new miners and four of Ramón's stand-by squad. The deputies stop, ease their burden to the ground. Just then we hear a klaxon from o.s. Everyone turns to see:

ANOTHER CONVOY. LONG PANNING SHOT.

The union truck is in the lead. Charley Vidal is at the wheel, and the back of the truck is loaded with a dozen miners. Following it are a half-dozen miners' cars. The union convoy rolls past the parked sheriff's convoy, draws

to a stop in f.g. The miners tumble out, move in a body toward the gate of the Quintero cottage. They are all big men, and their faces are grim and determined. We count 15, 20, 25, 30 of them.

CLOSE GROUP SHOT: MINERS AT GATE

looking at their approaching brothers. Alfredo nudges Gonzales.

ALFREDO

Hey! The guys from the open pit ...

GONZALES

And the guys from the mill.

EXT., COTTAGE AND YARD. FULL SHOT (BOOM SHOT IF POSSIBLE).

Ramón, Esperanza and other women and children re-emerge from the house, stop on the porch in a compact mass. Facing them outside the gate are forty miners. The deputies are in between. They stir nervously, glancing from side to side. No one says anything. A heavy stillness falls over the yard. Now we see other women and children closing in at the side fence: then Luís and a half-dozen other boys appear at the opposite fence. The Sheriff is in dead center of this shot. Without realizing it he makes a full turn of 360, looking at his adversaries.

HIS ANGLE. SLOW PANNING SHOT.

The Sheriff's forces are completely surrounded by over a hundred men, women and children. Appearing on the surrounding hills, on every side, are other miners, other women, other kids -- massed, impassive.

FULL SHOT: THE SHERIFF

turning, staring at the massed power against him. With an abrupt, frustrated gesture the Sheriff waves to his men to follow and walks out the gate. The miners break ranks to let him pass. When the last deputy has left the yard the men close ranks and face the convoy. Still there is no voice, no sound save the starting motors.

THE ROAD AND YARD. FULL SHOT

as seen from the porch, SHOOTING PAST the miners outside the gate. The convoy lurches into motion. The men watch it till the last car has passed. Then they turn to face the women, who enter scene f.g., moving down the steps, meeting the men in the yard. Suddenly someone laughs and then there is a release in laughter running through the crowd, and we hear half-whispered, awed comment.

AD LIBS

(English and Spanish)

We stopped them ...
It took all we had, but we stopped them ...
When we heard about it at the mill, we
just walked off ...
Did you see their faces? . . .

THE RECEDING CONVOY. LONG PANNING SHOT.

The convoy approaches a crossroad a quarter of a mile downhill from the Quintero house. We see a Cadillac parked there at the corner. The lead car of the convoy stops and the sheriff gets out. He walks over to the Cadillac.

CLOSE SHOT: AT CADILLAC.

Alexander and Hartwell are sitting there. The sheriff starts to speak, then closes his mouth again. He indicates his empty trucks with a helpless gesture.

SHERIFF

Got any more ideas?

ALEXANDER

(defensively, passing the buck)

I don't make policy.

He looks at Hartwell. Hartwell puffs on a cigarette. After a long pause he says:

HARTWELL

I'll talk to New York. Maybe we better settle this thing.

(Another puff)

For the present.

BACK TO QUINTERO YARD. FULL SHOT.

Part of the milling throng has already dispersed; those who remain are carrying the last of the Quinteros' possessions back into the house. We see Luís jump the fence and run toward his mother in f.g. She gives him a fierce hug.

MEDIUM SHOTS AT FRONT GATE.

Ramón approaches Mrs. Salazar. He takes the baby from her arms. Estella enters the gate, dragging the portrait of Juárez. Solemnly she lifts up the portrait. Ramón takes it. He walks back toward the porch, Estella at his side.

THE YARD, SWOOPING FROM THE PORCH.

Esperanza and Luís stand on the porch steps in f.g. Reaching them, Ramón turns, looks back at his friends, some of whom are still in the yard. They seem to be waiting for him to speak.

ESPERANZA'S VOICE

We did not know then that we had won the strike. But our hearts were full. And when Ramón said.

RAMÓN

(Simply)

Thanks ... sisters... and brothers.

The people smile softly. A few of them lift their hands in a wave of acknowledgment. They begin to leave.

CLOSE UP SHOT: THE QUINTERO FAMILY ON PORCH.

Ramón holds the baby in the crook of his arm. He hands the portrait of Juárez to Luís. The boy gazes at it with respect, wipes the dust off it, and readjusts the torn frame. Ramón heaves a long sigh. Unsmiling, he looks off at the receding convoy. Esperanza watches him. There is a pause. Still not looking at her, Ramón says haltingly:

RAMÓN

Esperanza ... thank you ... for your dignity.

Esperanza's eyes fill with tears.

RAMÓN

You were right. Together we can push everything up with us as we go.

ESPERANZA'S VOICE

Then I knew we had won something they could never take away -- something I could leave to our children -- and they, the salt of the earth, would inherit it.

Esperanza places her hand in Ramón's. With the children they walk into the house.

FADE OUT.