

# **Englishman from La colorado**

**Based on the short story**

**“Shape of the sword”**

**by**

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INT. STUDY. DAY

Year 1982. A cluttered office with books in shelves and stacks, first editions, dictionaries, translations in numerous languages. There is a typewriter on the desk and an extensive collection of literary prizes on a bureau.

The author, seventy-nine sitting on his chair before the typewriter addresses the camera:

AUTHOR

It is an extremely common mistake, people think the writer's imagination is always at work, that he is inventing an endless supply of incidents , that he simply dreams up. In fact once the people knew that you are a writer, they bring the characters and events to you and as long you maintain your ability to listen, you will get incredible stories. The following incidents are from one of those incredible stories.

EXT.ROAD TO ESTATE.NIGHT

In november 1940.Author inside the car

AUTHOR(V.O.)

A number of years ago, after publishing my first book, I went on a adventure to South America and decided to spend a month in the town of Tacuarembó in uruguay --

The camera comes to stop as it reveals an old estate house.

AUTHOR(V.O.)

-- and had taken up stay at a gentleman's house and this is his story.

EXT.AT PORCH.NIGHT

JOAQUIN:

Hello sir, my name is Joaquin and I'm the butler of this house, How is your journey??

AUTHOR

It's fine, Thank you, Mr.Joaquin. Is Mr.Quinlan not home?

JOAQUIN

(hesitantly)

He is asleep upstairs sir, let me show you the way to the outhouse. I will send the dinner there.

AUTHOR

Thank you.

EXT.SUGARCANE FARM.MORNING

A large isolated beautiful estate with a colonial house at the center with no other house around to be seen.workers cutting down sugar cane. Author walks towards Joaquin who is running some errands.

AUTHOR

(smiling)

You told you are the butler of the house

JOAQUIN

(smiling)

I also check the accounts of the farm, sir.How is your stay sir?

AUTHOR

Its very good Joaquin.Thank you, Where is your master?

JOAQUIN

I am afraid he is not awake yet sir. Tea sir??

Joaquin pours the tea in a cup and hands it over to author.

JOAQUIN

Gonzalez told that you are an american, what brings you to Uruguay.

AUTHOR

Research, for writing , I am touring in Amazon that's when I met Gonzalez, He is really a nice guy.

JOAQUIN

Yeah, he is . So you are a writer haa!

A guy came towards us.

JOAQUIN

This is Mani,the local tour guide. He will help you with the place.

Mani

Good morning sir.Where do you want to go first?

MONTAGE:

It shows Mani driving the author around the beautiful landscapes and both of them having lunch and bonding.

Mani

So you are a writer sir, what do you write about?

AUTHOR

(hesitantly)

Anything, I find interesting.

Mani smiles. They drive back to the house.

MONTAGE:

Shows Joaquin greeted by the author near the house followed by author talking to locals in some outside location while Mani stands beside him.

EXT. IN CAR. EARLY NIGHT

MANI

So How is Mr. Quinlan in person

AUTHOR

I haven't met him yet. He doesn't come out of the house at all.

MANI

OH! He may be is in "that time" of the year where he drinks a lot and won't come out of his room.

Mani looks at the author who is listening with care.

AUTHOR

So, He doesn't come out of the house at all.

MANI

(nodding no's)

No! No! He is a Hard worker, He even works with the workers in the field, but sometimes a year he drinks alot and wont come out of the room for a week or so.

AUTHOR

Quite a strange man. So where is he from?? Doesn't he have any family?

MANI

(excitingly)

I don't know exactly but everyone says he is an englishman from brazil.He doesn't have any family. My friend who is the postman says that he won't receive any letters other than some pamphlets .I am not a gossipmonger or anything but there are even rumours that he might be a smuggler in Brazil.

AUTHOR

An Englishman Ha!!

Author leaned back into his thinking.

EXT.PORCH.MORNING

A truck just leaves when the author comes near the porch.

AUTHOR

Good Morning Joaquin, if you don't mind,who is that?

JOAQUIN

Oh! Good morning sir, That is Mr.Quinlan Sir. He wanted to meet you but you weren't awake yet so he left to market. He wants you to have dinner with him tonight if you're free.

AUTHOR

It would be my pleasure--

A car arrives.

AUTHOR

-- that would be my ride, good day.

INT.DINING ROOM.NIGHT

Author rings the bell and Joaquin opens the door and asks him to follow.

MR.Quinlan was sitting in the dark while the author enters the room.

AUTHOR

Sorry for keeping you waiting sir.

QUINLAN

Oh! No problem. So, How is accommodation??

Quinlan moves front showing his face which has a scar which is almost perfect arc that runs from his temple at one tip and his cheek at the other.

AUTHOR

Everything is fine sir, Thank you for letting me stay . Quite a beautiful estate that you got here.

JOAQUIN

What drink do you prefer sir?

AUTHOR

Wine is fine, Thank you.

Both the author and quinlan has glasses of wine in front of them and they look drunk with a lot of inaudible dialogue and laughing.

QUINLAN

So Is your country gonna bail out the allies again by joining the war ?? defeating Hitler's military machine is not possible without you guys helping.

AUTHOR

I don't think america will again be fooled into joining the war. Although France falling under a month but It would be hard to invade the British Isles. You guys will fight to the last man before --

QUINLAN

(interrupts)

Oh! I am not british, I am from Ireland.

Then quinlan stops abruptly.



AUTHOR

Oh I am sorry.

Joaquin comes into the room and pours rum and they drink quietly.

After Joaquin leaves.

AUTHOR

But you don't have an Irish accent though.

Quinlan

I spent a lot of my childhood in London. Then in my youth I came back to Ireland during the war of independence.

Author looks very drunk

AUTHOR

So that's where you got the scar.

Quinlan face changes its expression from a friendly to stunned. Seeing this author becomes attentive.

AUTHOR

I am really sorry, that's --

QUINLAN

It's fine, if it interests you I will tell you the story of my scar under one condition --

QUINLAN (V.O)

-- that of not mitigating one bit of the opprobrium, of the infamous circumstances.

EXT.Destroyed Factory.EVENING

Camera follows a group of men entering a tunnel which has bulbs attached all along the path.they re emerge from the other side of the tunnel into an abandoned factory where many soldiers are sleeping close to each other.

QUINLAN (V.O.)

Around 1922, in one of the cities of Connaught, I was one of the many who were conspiring for the independence of Ireland. Of my comrades, some are still living, dedicated to peaceful pursuits; others, paradoxically, are fighting on desert and sea under the English flag; another, the most worthy, died in the courtyard of a barracks, at dawn, shot by men filled with sleep; still others met their destiny in the anonymous and almost secret battles of the civil war. We were Republicans, Catholics; we were, I suspect, Romantics. Ireland was for us not only the Utopian future and the intolerable present; it was a bitter and cherished mythology, it was the circular towers and the red marshes, it was the repudiation of Parnell and the enormous epic poems which sang of the robbing of bulls which in another incarnation were heroes and in others fish and mountains.

One evening---

Camera stops at one of the bunk beds.

Two soldiers (age around 30) are already there in near the bed. Vincent Moon places his kit on the lower bed.

OFFICER

This is your bed. get ready for patrol.

Moon nods.

Officer leaves.

Soldier #1

New recruit. Huh!

Moon sees Quinlan passing

Moon

Isn't that Patrick Quinlan? I heard so many stories about him in the revolutionary war.

Soldier #2

Whatever you heard might be an understatement.

Vincent Moon keeps on looking at Quinlan who is seen talking to some soldiers.

A montage showing Vincent Moon laughing while eating with other comrades and guarding a bunker on the top of the building.

INT.FACTORY.NIGHT

A total of five soldiers along with Moon and Quinlan standing around a table with a map on it.

QUINLAN

(pointing at the map)

There are about of 5 black and tans here guarding this supply line. We will swoop from here without making any noise --

Pointing at the map

QUINLAN

-- our guys are on the other side they will be attacking at the same time from the other side. This will cut off their supplies.

Everybody

(in union)

Let's get those English bastards.

EXT.ROAD.NIGHT

Quinlan's group are snuck in the grass beside the road.

QUINLAN

(pointing to the house at the end of the road)

We attack the back gate and try to take down the machine guns while our main attack will be from main gate.

The group reaches the back gate and one of the soldiers waves a signal to the gate keeper who opens the door and leaves.

They sneak to the back door when they hear the machine gun bursting from inside the house .They charge immediately opening the door and firing madly to the front. There were actually about 5 black and tans in the back itself.

Attack from the front begins but soldiers are becoming fodder for the machine guns.

Black and Tans start shooting at Quinlan's group killing two of them. Quinlan and others take cover.

Quinlan

(pointing at another soldier)

You said there were only a total of five of them. We have to take these bastards down for our mission to succeed.

Moon is behind a wall. One of the soldier running towards Moon is hit by a bullet and falls down. Fallen soldier gives Moon hand to drag him towards him.

Vincent Moon drops his gun and starts crying while bullets pass over him. He is close to them and on heavy fire.

Quinlan

(looking at Moon)

Ah! fuck. Cover me.

Quinlan starts running while several bullets hit the fallen soldier and he dies.

Quinlan runs and jumps beside Moon

Quinlan

(Angrily)

Goddammit. You could have saved him.

Quinlan

(looking at Moon and slowly)

Pick your gun. Let's go.

Moon still sobbing hesitantly picks the gun.  
Rifle volley exchanges killing all the soldiers  
except Moon,Quinlan and one other from his group.  
Black and Tans loose two men.

Soldier

Sir, I think the main attack failed the machine  
guns are silent they might be turning towards us.we  
must leave.

Soldier gives cover fire while Quinlan and Moon  
reach the back door and we can see more Black and  
Tans joining for the Rifle volley.

Quinlan , Moon and the other soldier run while the  
Black and Tans still in the House starts firing  
their Rifles.

Soldier is hit in the head and he dies instantly  
while one bullet nicks Moon's right shoulder when  
he falls down. Now they are running through pines.

Quinlan runs back and drags Moon into the woods  
while under constant fire which nearly misses.

Quinlan

We gotta move. They won't follow us for long.Let's  
go.

Moon sobbing and blood covering all over his  
shoulder agrees and they start running again.

INT.OLD MANSION.NIGHT

MOON

What is this place?

Quinlan

Don't worry.No one knows about this place.This belongs to an English Colonel. They never expect us be here. remove your shirt.

Quinlan dresses up his wound and injects him with morphine.

MOON

Who else lives in this house?

Quinlan

No one. Everybody lives in the new house in the front. The Butler is my dear friend and he allowed me stay for a couple of days.

Moon

You know you ran a terrible risk.

Quinlan

Don't worry about it.Take some rest.

EXT.CITY CENTRE.EVENING

Few people are sitting at the coffee shop nearby while the others are busy in their usual chores.There were Black and Tans questioning people on the streets.

There was a jeep with a microphone asking the people to turn in the revolutionaries.

ON SPEAKER

Please cooperate with the police and turn in the weapons. You are fighting for a lost cause. Providing shelter to a criminal is also a crime. So please cooperate with the local police.All of us want peace restored in the city. There will be rewards for people regarding information about the revolutionaries.

Quinlan who is fully disguised under his coat and his hat disappears into the crowd.

INT.OLD MANSION.NIGHT

The door is open and Quinlan enters the house and takes the stairs.

He approaches an old library with empty shelves. Then on the far end he could hear people talking. He takes out his handgun and checks for bullets. Then he silently hides behind a shelf.

There are two Black and Tans and Vincent is seen talking to them.

Moon

(firmly)

How much money are we talking about??

POLICE #1

That depends on who you're selling.

Moon

Its Patrick Quinlan.

Black and Tans faces change.

Moon

So a lot HUH!! Also I need a safe pass to Belfast.

--- so what's the plan here.



Police #1

You said he will be here at seven and he will come straight here. We will wait on both the sides and will disarm him while he was here.

Quinlan hearing this stands up but his coat is stuck to one of the nails that is coming out of the shelf making a big sound in an empty library.

MOON

Shit! Shit! He is here.

The police start running towards the origin of the sound that is towards Quinlan. While Quinlan leaves from the other side .

Moon runs outside the library facing with Quinlan on the balcony.

Quinlan points the gun at moon.

QUINLAN

You fucking bastard. Why? Why?

Camera shifts sideways where we can see a policeman running towards a glassed door and shoots at Quinlan disarming him.

Quinlan falls down and gun falls from the balcony. He picks a cutlass lying beside him and runs toward MOON. Police starts to chase them and starts firing.

Moon goes to the top floor and Quinlan follows and they were on the edge when the police arrive pointing their guns at Quinlan.

Police #1

Drop the weapon and surrender.

Moon

It's over Quinlan see the world around you all your comrades are gone. It's over.

Quinlan lowers his weapon and suddenly jumps towards Moon and a bullet fired by a policeman hits his back.

He charges towards Moon and cuts his face with the cutlass. Moon covers his face while crying out loudly.

Police tackle Quinlan and camera turns to Moon.

He removes his hands from his face.

CUT TO:

INT.DINING ROOM.NIGHT

Camera opens on an ash colored and nearly perfect arc that is creased on an old man's face filled with tears.

CUT TO:

INT.STUDY.DAY

The old man sitting in the chair closing a book and in bright color are

: THE ENGLISHMAN FROM LA COLORADO