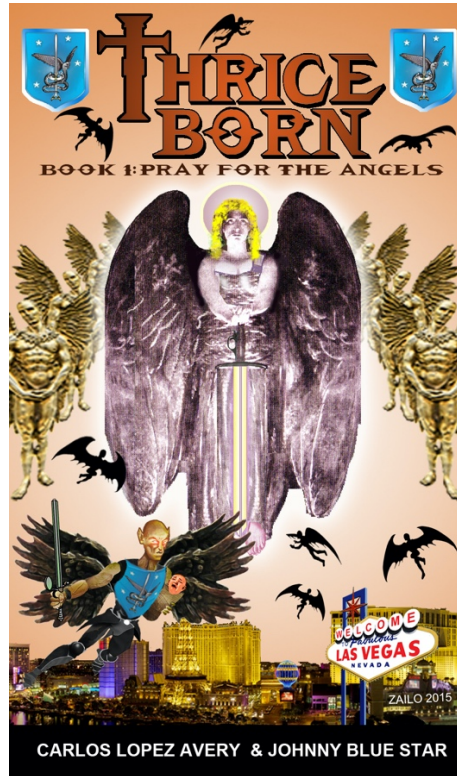


# The Thrice Born

## A Screenwriting Sample

-Part I of The Film Trilogy- *Pray for the Angels*

- a Novel & Film Trilogy By Carlos Lopez Avery & Johnny Blue Star  
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A PARTY OF THREE SMALL BOATS (CHINCHORROS). As they move towards the Island, a SAILOR is running a net by the side of the boat, soon bringing up A STRING OF PEARLS.

SAILOR

What's this?

Rufio takes it. Bites one of the pearls.

RUFIO

Hmmm. Is there more?

Sailors get excited, pulling more WRECKAGE from sea.

ALBERT speaks up.

ALBERT

Them's real pearls, ain't they?

RUFIO

Close your trap, Alberto!

ALBERT

Such rudeness! Why be like that, Rufio? I'm just trying to be polite.

RUFIO

I don't know why the Captain tolerates an English dog like you. We should have thrown you back into the sea.

Albert lunges at Rufio, grapples with him. Him-

CAPTAIN (agitated)

Stop it, you two! Or I'll tie you both to the mast and be done with you. Now, Albert's fought in two battles with us. He's helped us take down two English ships.

RUFIO

I know what he's done. That's what spies do. They pretend they're someone else-

ALBERT

Protected you, I did. Manned your damn Bombardeta myself. Showed you how to work real cannon-

RUFIO

I tell you, Captain. The man's worthless-

CAPTAIN

It's my call, Rufio.

Rufio frowns, pulls away from Albert.

RUFIO

You've one more day to live- at the  
Captain's behest, English slime.

ANOTHER SAILOR pulls OUT a SMALL CHEST. A FEW  
SAILORS rip it apart. It is filled with COLD COINS and  
JEWELRY.

CAPTAIN

My God, you were right, Rufio. The logbook  
was real.

RUFIO

Of course, it's real But that-

Points to the SEA CHEST.

RUFIO (CONT'D)

It's nothing.

CAPTAIN

Quiet! Hurry, men. We're almost  
ashore. See what else you can find!

One of the men pulls up a TINY GOLD STATUE. There  
are gasps from the sailors. Albert looks at Rufio and the  
Captain and winks. The little boat rounds a LARGE  
ROCK.

The Captain takes STATUE from Sailor.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

(to Rufio)

Did you know all this was here? The  
logbook said so little. Why'd you attach  
such importance to it?

RUFIO

Just a lucky feeling a little gift  
from my old mother...

ALBERT speaks up again.

ALBERT

Ah, that explains it! You're mother's a witch,  
Rufio!

Rufio's KNIFE goes to his throat. Albert pleads with  
Captain.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

It was a compliment, Captain.

CAPTAIN

Alberto's harmless. He's just got a  
strange sense of humor. You know how  
English sailors are.

RUFIO

All liars and traitors.

CAPTAIN

Come on, Rufio. When we're back on  
the ship, we'll toast your mother- and thank  
her for our rum and our gold. Alberto will toast  
her himself!

Rufio throws Albert him back on his seat, frowning  
intensely.

RUFIO

Like hell he will. Mention my mother  
again- and I'll cut you in little pieces and feed  
you to the sea worms.

The Captain stares at him furiously, but the boats now

turn past a large rock, opening their view to a strange and magnificent vista. Emerging from the water itself and continuing deep into the Island are two endless columns of dozens of GOLD STATUES, facing each other, each pair getting progressively bigger and bigger, trailing off in the distance. The Voice over intrudes over the clamor of excitement in the boats. IMPROVISED shouts of "Gold!" "Oh, my God!" "Thousand and thousands of-

FATHER BERTAND (V.O.)  
Father Elmo!

The STATUES are robed, angelic like creatures, with large, skeletal wings, very tall and thin, with fierce, gaunt, unsmiling faces.

CAPTAIN  
Oh, my God!

Albert, kneels before Rufio, looking up at him.

ALBERT  
How could we doubt If I ever doubted  
you, you wondrous, beautiful man? Witch  
was wrong. You're mother's a goddamn saint,  
Rufio. I take everything back.

He kisses his hand. Rufio shrugs him off.

RUFIO  
You're very fortunate, Alberto. I heard a trace  
of sincerity in your voice despite your  
wretched accent. Perhaps gold has softened  
your heart. I'm sure I'll regret it- But out of  
respect for the Captain, I'll let you live one more  
day.

Albert bows obsequiously and returns to his seat.

