

027 LIEUTENANT RAMIREZ

Back to your posts. José, report to the supply tent and help the cook.

THE LIEUTEANT WALKS AWAY.

028 JOSELITO

Sí, Lieutenant!

JOSELITO TURNS AND WALKS AWAY.

029 MACARIO

(calling out)

José! We're not finished talking! Come back here!

030 JOSELITO

(calling out)

We'll talk later. I'm here to serve. The General said immediately. So I'm starting immediately.

DETERMINED MUSIC SWELLS.

6

EXT. CRISTEROS' CAMP - NIGHT

6

CRACKLE OF A DYING CAMPFIRE AND THE OCCASIONAL DISTANT HOWL OF A COYOTE. NEAR THE MEDICAL AREA SOMEONE IS GROANING IN PAIN.

031 WOUNDED SOLDIER

Ah... It hurts...

032 MEDIC

Someone get me clean bandages -

033 **JOSELITO**

I can help.

034 MEDIC

You? You're a child -

035 **JOSELITO**

M-My age doesn't matter. Tell me what to do.

036 MEDIC

Fine. Hold his shoulder steady. I have to peel this old cloth back. It's stuck to the skin.

037 **JOSELITO**

Like this?

**Side 1
START >>>**

038 WOUNDED SOLDIER
Who... who is this kid?

039 JOSELITO
I'm José. What's your name?

040 WOUNDED SOLDIER
Rafael...

THE RIPPING SOUND OF DRIED FABRIC BEING PULLED AWAY. THE WOUNDED SOLDIER HISSES IN PAIN.

041 JOSELITO
It's okay, Rafael. He's just cleaning your wound with alcohol. Just breathe...

RAFAEL HISSES THROUGH HIS TEETH IN AGONY.

042 JOSELITO
Deep breaths, Rafael... Where are you from?

043 WOUNDED SOLDIER
(through pain)
I'm... from Zamora...

044 JOSELITO
Ah! I'm from Sahuayo. We're practically neighbors.

045 WOUNDED SOLDIER
(wincing)
Small... small world...

046 MEDIC
Hand me that fresh cloth.

JOSELITO PASSES THE CLOTH. NEW BANDAGE BEING WRAPPED.

047 MEDIC
There. That should hold. We'll change it again tomorrow. Good work, José. You have steady hands.

048 WOUNDED SOLDIER
Thank you... both of you...

049 JOSELITO
Is there anything you need? Water? Food?

050 WOUNDED SOLDIER
I... some water would be good...

051 JOSELITO
I'll bring it to you.

JOSELITO POURS SOME WATER INTO A TIN CUP AND BRINGS IT BACK TO THE WOUNDED SOLDIER.

052 JOSELITO
Here. Drink.

THE WOUNDED SOLDIER GULPS THE WATER, THEN LETS OUT A LONG, PAINED MOAN AS HE SETTLES BACK DOWN. JOSELITO KNEELS IN FRONT OF HIM.

053 WOUNDED SOLDIER
That's a nice rosary. Around your neck.

054 JOSELITO
My sister, María, gave it to me...
Would you like to pray a Hail Mary with me?

JOSELITO LIFTS THE ROSARY OVER HIS HEAD, THE SOFT CLINK OF WOODEN BEADS.

055 WOUNDED SOLDIER
Yes...

056 JOSELITO
Dios te salve, María, llena eres de gracia; el Señor es contigo...

A FEW MORE WOUNDED MEN NEARBY BEGIN TO WHISPER THE RESPONSE. THEIR VOICES ARE WEAK, GRAVELLY, AND TIRED.

057 OTHER WOUNDED SOLDIERS
...Santa María, Madre de Dios, ruega por nosotros...

058 JOSELITO
... Ahora y en la hora de nuestra muerte.

◀◀◀ END

059 OTHER WOUNDED SOLDIERS
Amén.

THE PRAYER CONTINUES IN THE BACKGROUND, GROWING SLIGHTLY IN VOLUME AS MORE MEN JOIN IN (ADDENDUM 3-A). MACARIO AND MIGUEL WATCH FROM THE DISTANCE.