

Xiomara

By

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INT. BALLROOM - CRYSTAL PALACE SALOON - TOMBSTONE, ARIZONA - NIGHT

Carnival. A traveling amusement show having sideshows and rides, a festival, the season of merrymaking immediately preceding Lent, the word carnival from its Latin roots means the "lifting of the meat." Carnal, carnage, carnivore and carnation also share Latin roots with Carnival for they all relate to the flesh.

It is meet and right to describe the scene at the Crystal Palace Saloon in Tombstone as a carnival with all its meaning, nuances and connotations. For all the air was filled with a raucous, chaotic, festive air of dancing, gambling, drinking and fighting.

We hear the dissonant keys of the piano man pounding the keys of a bouncy Scotch Irish jig. We pass through pockets of noise and stillness as we move past the poker tables, craps and Roulette players. Men drinks long drafts of beer swapping tall tales of former lives back east or back when. Others with bottles clutched tightly in their hands pour shots in their tumblers. Others drink straight from the bottle. Still others drink alone.

To talk one must yell above the noise. The noise limits the type of conversation one can have, the kind of stories one can tell and the kind of feelings one can have.

There are women in this scene - not the kind of women one wants to be around - women of mercenary looks and economic form. They giggle and tease, cackle and coo and accompany the men of which there are more of them in ratio to themselves.

INT. MEZZANINE - CRYSTAL PALACE SALOON - TOMBSTONE, ARIZONA - NIGHT

There is a mezzanine that sits aloft of this chaos where diners go. Here there is stillness. Here there is conversation. Here there are the marks of the social intercourse that lubricates civilization.

In one small table, a thin waiter attends to the rare, dark shining glossy haired 23 year old XIOMARA RIVERA Y RAMIREZ HARRIMAN. XIOMARA wears a black and purple satin dress. Seated across from her is the 34 year old widower, DOCTOR GEORGE GRIMLEY. GEORGE wears a dark business suit.

GEORGE
(monologue)
Sing to me Muse! Sing to me! Sing
of sad songs and love songs with
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE (cont'd)

notes that only you can make. Sing with curve of your neck, the tap of your ankle, the glide of your gait. What cruel arrow strikes my breast? What poisoned shaft has tethered me into this precipitous descent? You are with me in my labor and with me at my rest. I am blind to the passions of all others for you stepped into my life. For you shattered this gelatinous prison that no one else could dent. Are you Circe - goddess, come to make swine out of my manhood in exchange for my gift of love to you? Are you Calypso - immortal enchantress whose balm or love and lapping shores could not get the wandering sailor to forsake his home and love so true? Are you Helen - Princess? Whose beauty makes men weak and whose vanity evokes mortal strife? Are you Zipporah - Shepherdess, come to comfort and aid prophets and patriarchs in their Godly mission and priestly rites?

XIOMARA

(tasting a bit of food)

What are you looking at?

GEORGE

(gazing into her eyes)

I am looking at a sunrise Xiomara.

XIOMARA

(she is not in the mood to entertain his courtly manner)

How did you day go?

GEORGE

(turning to his food)

Good, I saw the Morrison girls for a regular check up. Mr. Crouch came root canal. It's always something with Mr. Crouch. Then a house call at the Garcia ranch.

XIOMARA

Did you collect on some of your outstanding accounts?

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE

As a matter of fact I did, Mr. Armstrong brought by a bushel of corn and Mr. White Horse dropped off a couple of blankets and pottery that I am sending off back east to Pennsylvania. My nieces Brooke and Lauren love to play Cowboys and Indians. Having Navajo serapes and arrowheads around the house garnishes their childhood with a sense of novelty and feeds their fascination.

XIOMARA

(taking a glass of wine)
You will never get rich in a town this small trading on wool blankets especially now when the government will mint on silver.

GEORGE

The Republic will never vacate the gold standard. Besides,
(leaning over to her)
I am very happy exactly where I am at. All that glitters is not gold
(with a touch of sarcasm)
Mrs. Harriman.

Dr. Grimley is the only one in the town who knows that Xiomara is married to Michael Harriman. Her husband that she abandoned.

XIOMARA

(with a glare)
You know everything.

THOMAS CATESBY, 44, a rail thin handsome man attired in a black frock coat surrounded by other men enter the saloon. CATESBY smiles and shakes hands with all those that come within reach.

GEORGE

What is the matter Xiomara? You are not yourself.

XIOMARA

I am fine.

GEORGE

You are not with your cowboy this evening.

(CONTINUED)

XIOMARA

I am with you remember?

GEORGE

For now.

(shifting the topic)

You seemed very happy with the boy. What is his name? It escapes me.

XIOMARA

Who cares what his name is and besides I don't know who you are talking about.

GEORGE

You two looked very good and very happy with each other. I had hoped that the two of you would marry. What is his name? His father ran freight from here to Bisbee for a long time.

XIOMARA

He still does.

(softening, flashing her pretty eyes and reaching for his hand across the table)

Look can we order another bottle of champagne.

GEORGE

Of course, he's young fellow too. Younger than you of course, which I did not exactly approve of but you two were happy together. I hoped you too would marry. Do you suppose you will ever re-marry again, Mrs. Harriman?

XIOMARA

(wary and a bit perturbed at the leverage that George expects by his repeated use of her real name)

Dr. Grimley, why do you insist on asking questions that you already know the answers to?

GEORGE

Because I hope you would change your mind. It is a woman's prerogative, don't you know.

(CONTINUED)

XIOMARA

(bitter)

Now why would I want to re-marry again and have children? The doctor says I can't have and I do not want. Besides marriage and children haven't brought you much happiness has it Dr. Grimley?

GEORGE

(defensive)

Well, I am just concerned about you. I care about you. You know that.

XIOMARA

Why do you want to talk about some school boy anyway? There was a time when you made your mind known to me about what you want.

GEORGE

You know very well what I want.

XIOMARA

What you want doesn't make any sense.

(beat and then seductive and sultry)

You know, unlike your wife and your child, my flesh is very warm, very smooth and available to the touch.

WAITER

(presenting a bottle of champagne)

Excuse me, Doctor Grimley, but this came from your compliments of Mr. Catesby. Mr. Catesby hoped that you and your guest would accompany him in the billiards room for cocktails.

XIOMARA

Send it back. We don't want it. Tell Catesby we are busy.

GEORGE

What is the matter with you Xiomara?

(CONTINUED)

XIOMARA

Nothing! I am fine.

GEORGE

You know I did not like losing you for those six weeks when you were with him. Because I do love you Xiomara. I do. But when this cowboy comes a long and I saw that you were really happy. I have never seen you this way. So I . . . just . . . stepped into the background, because you gave me a similar happiness when so much of life around me was toil.
(beat) Now something happened . . .

XIOMARA

Why are we talking about this cowboy? Why don't you order another bottle of champagne? Tomorrow is Ash Wednesday and there won't be much of that in this town after tomorrow.

GEORGE

When are you going to start opening up and trusting again? To have love and be love, you have to be someone worth loving. Otherwise when it comes along, you won't know what to do about it.

A 26 year old cowboy LARKIN walks up to the table.

LARKIN

Excuse me Doc, but I was wanting to know if Miss Eliza was wanting to dance.

Larkin refers to Xiomara as Eliza Washington, the name she gave herself when she arrived in Tombstone.

XIOMARA

Why not? Do you got a silver dollar boy?

LARKIN

You bet Eliza.

LARKIN hands over his Silver dollar.

(CONTINUED)

XIOMARA
Would you look at that Dr.
Grimley? Silver specie, not gold.

XIOMARA gets up and GEORGE gets up as well.

XIOMARA
You won't be needing me anymore
will you?

GEORGE
No.

XIOMARA begins to leave and GEORGE sits back down.

GEORGE
I trust you will you find your own
way home. I am a little tired of
my surroundings.

XIOMARA
Of course.

XIOMARA turns away and leaves GEORGE alone.

INT. BALLROOM - CRYSTAL PALACE SALOON - TOMBSTONE, ARIZONA -
NIGHT

XIOMARA dances with LARKIN. And then she dances with COLE,
ROBERTS and HASKINS.

Three ladies, JOCELYN, GENEVIEVE and DESIREE, gather and
observe XIOMARA with hawkish looks.

JOCELYN
Would you look at Eliza Washington?

GENEVIEVE
Why she is wearing another one of
those fancy dresses?

DESIREE
Yes, another fancy dress

JOCELYN
I wonder how she pays for those
store bought dresses

XIOMARA stops dancing with ROBERTS.

GEORGE lurks in the background.

(CONTINUED)

ROBERTS

Eliza, how about another jig?

LARKIN

No, no, no it's my turn.

COLE

This is my ride.

XIOMARA

Excuse me you two.

XIOMARA starts dancing with HASKINS.

GEORGE gets up after paying his bill for the meal. He walks toward to the door and looks at it. Then he sees XIOMARA dancing with another man, she is wearing a fake smile. He decides to linger for a while.

INT. STAGE - CRYSTAL PALACE SALOON - TOMBSTONE, ARIZONA - NIGHT

Then the saloon settles down as KEN CHAMBERS approaches the stage. KEN CHAMBERS, 37, dressed smartly in black frock coat with a burgundy silk vest, raises his arms to be heard.

KEN CHAMBERS

Good evening and welcome to the
Crystal Palace in Tombstone,
Arizona Territory! Tonight's
entertainment will begin with the
sonorous soloist of San Francisco
please welcome for DONATELLO
SILVESTRI!

A beautiful blonde dressed in white dress walks on stage and lies down on the couch while DONATELLO SILVESTRI dressed in Shakespearan garb sings "Beautiful Dreamer" to the blond.

The song moves all who listen including GEORGE, CATESBY, LARKIN, COLE and eventually even XIOMARA.

DONATELLO concludes the song and greets the rousing applause graciously. The curtain falls.

INT. BALLROOM - CRYSTAL PALACE SALOON - TOMBSTONE, ARIZONA - NIGHT

Again the piano player starts banging on his piano and again XIOMARA's suitors start harassing her. KEN CHAMBERS interrupts the suitors tells them to scam!

(CONTINUED)

KEN CHAMBERS
(smiling and giggling in high
pitched fake hyena's cackle)
Well, that was easy.

XIOMARA smiles richly at KEN CHAMBERS.

XIOMARA
Do you always get what you want?

KEN CHAMBERS
(smiling and presenting
himself for a dance)
Not always

XIOMARA accepts and they dance a waltz.

KEN CHAMBERS
You seem a little tired today, Mrs.
Washington.

Ken Chambers calls Xiomara, Mrs. Washington because Xiomara wanted to pass for white. She was past an age where women of her age were either married or spinsters. So she told others that she was married but that her husband was a miner and died in the Bisbee mine.

XIOMARA
(unconvincingly)
Well, I hope I don't look that
way. I feel great.

KEN CHAMBERS just smiles richly at her and he concludes his dance.

GEORGE taps his six gun holstered on his waist.

KEN CHAMBERS
Why don't we retire to my private
booth?

INT. MEZZANINE - CRYSTAL PALACE SALOON - TOMBSTONE, ARIZONA
- NIGHT

She agrees and they both enter KEN CHAMBER's booth. He lits a cigar and a waiter comes by and he orders a bottle of cognac.

KEN CHAMBERS
(with his arm around Xiomara)
Look at the little people down
there.

(CONTINUED)

XIOMARA

(cooing to her man and looking
to make a sale)

All paying tribute to the great
khan.

KEN CHAMBERS

I am sure.

XIOMARA

And how is business for you?

KEN CHAMBERS

Good! Never better, I have one son
who just came back from
university. He is the new mining
engineer for Two Bit mine.

XIOMARA

Sounds like he'll be busy for a
while.

Friedrich Lower, 63, speaking in a thick German accent.
Friedrich hates Xiomara because they had a relationship that
she cut short.

FRIEDRICH LOWER

Catesby wants an update on the
homesteaders on the adjacent
parcel.

KEN CHAMBERS

He can wait.

FRIEDRICH LOWER

Well I cannot please dismiss your
friend so we can talk in private.

KEN CHAMBERS

Whatever you want to say you can
speak in front Mrs.
Washington. But if you are going
to speak, let's not use any foul
language or any four letter
words. There is a lady present.

FRIEDRICH LOWER

Lady is not a four letter word I
would use to describe that woman.
But I can think of a couple of five
letter words.

(CONTINUED)

KEN CHAMBERS

Come Come Freddy.

FRIEDRICH LOWER

Mr. Chambers, if you want to cheapen yourself by engaging in conversation with this professional provocateur, you are free to do so. But don't subject me to the same torture there are other men in your line that would appreciate my business.

KEN CHAMBERS

Darling would you excuse us for a couple of moments, we shan't be long.

XIOMARA

We never get to talk like we use to Mr. Chambers.

KEN CHAMBERS

It won't be that long.

Xiomara nods and she leaves.

FRIEDRICH LOWER

She will only look that way for so long.

(beat)

If I have learned anything from that bird, its what's inside that counts.

KEN CHAMBERS

The worst thing you can do to a tease is to ignore her.

FRIEDRICH LOWER

So Mr. Chambers, why don't you?

INT. BALLROOM - CRYSTAL PALACE SALOON - TOMBSTONE, ARIZONA - NIGHT

COLE is holding JOCELYN. LARKIN is with GENEVIEVE and ROBERTS is with DESIREE. The three men see XIOMARA descend from the stairs

JOCELYN

You should stay away from that woman. Somethings not right about her!

(CONTINUED)

COLE

And every things all right with I
reckon!

GENEVIEVE

You are making a fool of yourself
for that professional mistress

DESIREE

She's a kept woman!

ROBERTS

Yeah and I mean to keep her!

GEORGE grabs her arm.

GEORGE

Xiomara!

XIOMARA pulls her arm away from GEORGE. LARKIN approaches.

LARKIN

How about another dance Eliza?

XIOMARA

Do you have another silver dollar?

LARKIN

Only for you Eliza!

XIOMARA

Good!

XIOMARA glares at GEORGE with contempt.

COLE

Larkin, you have been dancing with
her plenty, give it up!

ROBERTS

Yeah, I got two dollars for a dance
with Miss Eliza.

COLE

I got three.

LARKIN

It's my turn!

ROBERTS punches LARKIN. A couple of the bar men throw them
both out.

(CONTINUED)

BAR MAN

You keep teasing them Mrs.
Washington and you'll find yourself
outside with them.

XIOMARA

I just wish Mr. Chambers would have
heard you say that to me.

BAR MAN

He's the one that told me to tell
you. Watch yourself!

COLE grabs her arm.

COLE

How about that dance?

XIOMARA

Maybe I should take a rest?

COLE

Yeah, yeah, well how about it? How
about we go somewhere else.

XIOMARA

I don't operate that way.

COLE

Well, why don't you show me how you
do things around here.

XIOMARA

Well, you know I have expensive
tastes.

The cowboy barges in and the whole bar stops to look.

XIOMARA

Davy!

THE COWBOY

Xiomara!

XIOMARA moves toward him quickly and THE COWBOY does the
same but they stop about arm's length away and just look at
each other. GEORGE just watches with a pained expression on
his face.

XIOMARA

What are you doing here?

(CONTINUED)

THE COWBOY

What do you mean what am I doing here? I love you!

FRIEDRICH LOWER

Do you hear that? He loves you!

BAR MAN

So does everyone else!

THE COWBOY

You don't belong here. You belong with me. You stay here and you'll be miserable. And you know that.

XIOMARA moves toward THE COWBOY and she takes his hand.

JOCELYN

Don't come back here no more!

GENEVIEVE

Get out!

DESIREE

Go find some where else to tramp around!

COLE

(with his hand over gun)
You ain't taking her, boy.

THE COWBOY

Mister, I don't want no trouble!

COLE

Step away from him, Eliza!

The whole bar clears a path between the two of them and the BAR MAN gets his shotgun.

THE COWBOY draws first but before he gets a shot off, THE COWBOY gets shot in the back from outside the swinging doors. The shooter runs away. COLE's weapon is still holstered. XIOMARA runs toward THE COWBOY and GEORGE follows her.

THE COWBOY is trying to speak but blood keeps coming out his mouth. All you can hear is the gurgling in his mouth. XIOMARA cries.

XIOMARA

No! Davy! No!

(CONTINUED)

THE COWBOY

Don't . . .

THE COWBOY dies.

EXT. BOOTHILL - DAY

The preacher and THE COWBOY'S family buries their son. XIOMARA and GEORGE some distance away observe and XIOMARA cries.

INT. DRY GOODS STORE

Some years have elapsed.

LADY

This dress is wonderful, Mrs. Grimley. I will take it.

XIOMARA

I am glad you like it. So many of the manufactured dresses back east are making their way.

LADY

Not everything that comes from the train is good.

COLE in the attire of a gentleman.

LADY

Oh, Mrs. Grimley, this is my son in law Mr. Robert Cole. Mr. Cole, this is Mrs. Grimley.

COLE

Ma'am

XIOMARA

Mr. Cole

LADY

You two seem like you know each other.

XIOMARA

No, but it is a pleasure to make you acquaintance Mr. Cole.

(CONTINUED)

COLE

Indeed

DAVY GRIMLEY, 13, MARY GRIMLEY, 11, AUGUSTA GRIMLEY 9,
GEORGE GRIMLEY JR. 5 and DR. GEORGE GRIMLEY arrive.

DAVY GRIMLEY

Come on, Mom! We're hungry.

XIOMARA

Well, I have to close up the
shop. Ma'am, it is nice seeing
you. Goodbye Mr. Cole.