

The copyright of this thesis vests in the author. No quotation from it or information derived from it is to be published without full acknowledgement of the source. The thesis is to be used for private study or non-commercial research purposes only.

Published by the University of Cape Town (UCT) in terms of the non-exclusive license granted to UCT by the author.

Dissertation submitted in fulfilment of the requirements for the Degree of Masters of Art in Creative Writing.

Faculty of Humanities, University of Cape Town, February 2009.

This is an adaptation of 'Fiesta: The Sun Also Rises'. The story is changed in form and function from a book into a screenplay. And so, Hemingway's vivid source material is transposed from its origin as a literary work into a pictorial outline of a film.

An adaptation of Ernest Hemingway's novel.

A screenplay by Kate Erwin.

University of Cape Town

FADE IN

1 EXT. PARIS, JUNE 1926 - DAY 1

Traffic.

In the traffic a horse-drawn cab.

2 INT. THE HORSE-DRAWN CAB - DAY 2

The light of dusk filters through the glass windows of a horse-drawn cab.

As the light trails across the back seat, two figures can barely be seen in the dark interior: a young man and woman on the cushioned seat of the cab.

GEORGETTE (21yrs), a slight woman, leans forward towards him. The loose, curls of her blond hair fall down her back. She giggles and kisses him lightly.

JAKE BARNES (30yrs) has dark hair, tousled by Georgette. He speaks with an East coast American accent.

He returns the kiss. Her hands trail down his shirt. She touches him.

JAKE

Never mind.

He takes hold of her hand and moves it away.

She slides herself back against the cushioned seat with a heavy sigh. Slouched down, her chin almost touching her chest, she gazes out of the window in a sulk.

GEORGETTE

What's the matter? You sick?

Her accent is French-Belgian.

Jake is silent. His dark blue eyes stay fixed on the passing city-scape as it turns from day to night.

GEORGETTE

Everybody's sick. I'm sick too.

He turns to look at her.

3 EXT. OLD CITY CENTRE, PARIS - DAY 3

The COACHMAN sits up at the front of the cab, dressed in formal livery. He pulls on the reigns. The horse slows and the cab comes to a halt.

The door flies open and Jake jumps out.

He looks back into the cab and holds out a hand for Georgette.

4 INT. THE HORSE-DRAWN CAB - DAY 4

JAKE
Mademoiselle.

She takes it and steps down on to the cobbled stone of the street.

5 EXT. OLD CITY CENTRE, PARIS - DAY 5

Jake takes Georgette's hand, placing it on his arm and leads the way.

JAKE
This way.

The translucent glow of last light catches their faces as they walk and it starts to spit with rain.

ROBERT
Jake! Jake!

A fine featured, intelligent looking man, approaches through the stream of people. Robert Cohn (33yrs) is neatly dressed. He speaks with a refined East Coast American accent and wears spectacles.

ROBERT
Jake, I've been looking for you.

JAKE
Hello Robert. Did you come to cheer me up?

ROBERT
Would you like to go to South America, Jake?

JAKE
No.

ROBERT
Why not?

JAKE

I don't know. Too expensive and you see all the South Americans you want right here in Paris anyway.

ROBERT

But they're not the real ones.

JAKE

They look pretty real to me.

They walk on, passing little cafés and shops on the side walk.

ROBERT

Listen, Jake, if I handled both our expenses would you go to South America with me?

JAKE

Why me?

Jake diverts his attention back to Georgette who whispers something in his ear. He smiles.

ROBERT

You can speak Spanish. And it would be more fun with the two of us.

JAKE

No, I like this town and I go to Spain in the summer.

ROBERT

All my life I've wanted to do a trip like that. I'll be too old before I ever get to do it.

JAKE

Don't be a fool. You've got plenty of money. You can go anywhere you want.

ROBERT

I know but I can't get started.

The light is fading to grey.

They stop outside a lively café.

JAKE

Cheer up. Let's have drink.

6 INT. CAFÉ - NIGHT

6

Jake, Georgette and Robert enter an elegant café with a long bar and a live band.

They seat themselves at a small square table in a line of small tables up against a plush red leather wall couch.

JAKE
(To Georgette)
Well, what will you drink?

GEORGETTE
Pernod.

JAKE
That's not good for little girls.

GEORGETTE
Little girl yourself. (To waiter)
Dites garcon un Pernod.

JAKE
(To waiter)
A Pernod for me, too.

GEORGETTE
You shouldn't go around drinking
Pernod if you're sick.

JAKE
Nor should you.

GEORGETTE
It makes no difference with me.
It makes no difference for women.

Georgette looks at Jake, and with pursed lips, shakes her head.

Robert orders nothing.

ROBERT
I can't stand to think that my
life is going so fast and I'm not
really living it.

JAKE
Nobody ever lives their life all
the way up. Except bull-fighters.

ROBERT
I'm not interested in
bull-fighters. That's an abnormal
life.

The waiter puts the drinks down, heavily, on the table.

(CONTINUED)

Jake taps the end of a cigarette on the table and takes out a match.

JAKE
Listen, Robert, going to another country doesn't make any difference. You can't get away from yourself.

Jake lights up a cigarette.

JAKE
There's nothing to that.

Jake and Georgette touch glasses. She takes her first sip.

ROBERT
But you've never been to South America.

JAKE
South America hell! Why don't you start living your life in Paris.

ROBERT
I'm sick of Paris.

FRANCES CLYNE (33yrs) a tall, slender woman with black hair and sharp features, and MRS BRADDOCK'S (33yrs) a Canadian woman with an easy social grace and poor dress sense, approach the table.

FRANCES
Robert, where have you been?
Jacob, my dear, how are you?

Frances extends her hand for Jake to kiss. He receives it and she drapes herself over an available chair.

Mrs Braddock's sits herself down rather primly.

JAKE
Frances. Mrs Braddock's. I wish to present to you my fiancée, Mademoiselle Georgette Leblanc.

Georgette smiles, a closed mouth smile.

MRS BRADDOCKS
Are you related to Georgette Leblanc, the singer?

GEORGETTE
Connais pas.

MRS BRADDOCKS
But you have the same name.

GEORGETTE
No. Not at all. My name is Hobin.

MRS BRADDOCKS
But Mr Barnes introduced you as
Mademoiselle Georgette Leblanc.
Surely he did?

GEORGETTE
He's a fool.

MRS BRADDOCKS
Oh, it was a joke, then.

GEORGETTE
Yes. To laugh at.

FRANCES
Oh, Mademoiselle Hobin. Have you
been in Paris long? Do you like
it here? You love Paris, do you
not?

Georgette turns to Jake.

GEORGETTE
Who's she? Do I have to talk to
her? (To Frances) No, I don't
like Paris. It's expensive and
dirty. (To Jake) You have nice
friends.

Frances, once again, extends her hand to Jake.

FRANCES
Jake, dance with me?

JAKE
Dance with Mademoiselle Leblanc
here. She needs some cheering up.

Frances turns to Georgette.

FRANCES
Mademoiselle?

Georgette shoots a look at Jake.

Georgette takes her hand and stands. Jake and Robert stand
with her. The two women move together to the dance floor.

JAKE
Come on, Robert, let me buy you a
drink at the bar.

7 INT. CAFÉ, BAR - NIGHT

7

Jake and Robert stand at the bar.

Their drinks stand on small paper serviettes on the bar top.

A crowd of young men enter: there are hands, wavy hair, white faces, grimacing, gesturing, talking.

LADY BRETT AHSLEY (31yrs) is with them. She stands as tall as the men and wears her dark blonde hair scraped back like a boys.

Jake and Robert stand at the bar looking out over the dancing. Both of them watch Brett as she moves through the crowd.

ROBERT

What do you know about Lady Brett Ashley, Jake?

JAKE

Her name's Lady Ashley. Brett's her own name.

ROBERT

She's a remarkably attractive woman.

JAKE

Isn't she?

The drummer signals a greeting to her, and she waves and smiles.

ROBERT

There's a certain quality about her, a certain fineness. She seems absolutely fine and straight.

JAKE

You sound as though you like her pretty well.

ROBERT

I do. I shouldn't wonder if I were in love with her.

JAKE

She's a drunk. She's in love with Mike Campbell, and she's going to marry him.

(CONTINUED)

ROBERT
I don't believe she'll ever marry
him.

JAKE
Why not?

ROBERT
I don't know. I just don't
believe it. Have you known her a
long time?

JAKE
Yes. She was a V.A.D. in a
hospital I was in during the war.
(Pause) Anyway, Michael's going
to be rich as hell some day.

Jake turns his back on it and leans forward on the bar.

ROBERT
You talk sort of bitter.

JAKE
I'm just giving you the facts.

ROBERT
I don't believe she would marry
anybody she didn't like.

JAKE
Well she's done it, twice.

ROBERT
I don't believe it.

JAKE
Well, don't ask me a lot of fool
questions if you don't like the
answers.

ROBERT
I didn't ask you that.

JAKE
You asked me what I knew about
Brett Ashley.

ROBERT
I didn't ask you to insult her.

JAKE
Oh, go to hell.

Brett steps up to the bar.

(CONTINUED)

BRETT
Hello, you chaps.

JAKE
Hello, Brett. Why aren't you tight?

BRETT
Never going to get tight any more. (To barman) I say, give a chap a brandy and soda.

JAKE
It's a fine crowd you're with tonight.

BRETT
Aren't they lovely? And you, my dear. Where did you get it?

JAKE
At the Napolitain.

BRETT
And have you had a lovely evening?

JAKE
Oh, priceless.

She laughs.

BRETT
It's wrong of you, Jake. It's an insult to all of us. It's in restraint of trade.

JAKE
You're wonderfully sober.

BRETT
Yes. Aren't I? And when one's with the crowd I'm with, one can drink in such safety, too.

ROBERT
Will you dance with me, Lady Brett?

BRETT
I've promised to dance this with Jacob.

ROBERT
How about the next?

(CONTINUED)

BRETT
We're going. We've a date up at
Montmartre.

8 INT. CAFÉ, DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

8

Brett leads Jake to the dance floor. Jake pulls her close to him, and they dance.

JAKE
You've made a new one there.

BRETT
Don't talk about it.

JAKE
I suppose you like to add them
up.

BRETT
And what if I do? (Pause) What
possessed you to bring her?

JAKE
Just brought her.

BRETT
You're getting romantic.

JAKE
No, bored.

BRETT
Now?

JAKE
No, not now.

Brett smiles. They move to the music, at ease.

BRETT
How are you Jake?

JAKE
Great. I've had a good time.

Brett looks at him.

BRETT
I was a fool to go away. One's an
ass to leave Paris.

JAKE
Did you have a good time?

(CONTINUED)

BRETT
Oh, all right. Interesting. Not
frightfully amusing.

JAKE
See anybody?

BRETT
No, hardly anybody. I never went
out.

JAKE
Didn't you swim?

BRETT
No. Didn't do a thing.

They dance in silence.

Robert catches Brett's eye. He stands at the bar watching
her.

BRETT
Let's get out of here.

They leave the floor and return to the bar.

9 INT. CAFÉ, BAR - NIGHT 9

Jake takes an envelope from his pocket and hands it to the
barman.

JAKE
If the girl I came with asks for
me give her this?

Robert follows Brett and Jake to the door.

JAKE
Good night, Cohn.

10 EXT. CAFÉ, STREET - NIGHT 10

The streets glisten black under the street lights.

Jake hails a taxi. A taxi pulls up.

He opens the door for Brett. She gets in.

11 INT. TAXI CAB - NIGHT

11

Jake gets in beside Brett.

JAKE
(To the taxi driver)
Drive around.

Brett leans her head back against the head-rest.

BRETT
Darling, I've been so miserable.

She looks at Jake. He turns her face towards him and kisses her. Their lips close together. They kiss passionately.

She pulls away.

BRETT
Don't. Don't touch me.

JAKE
What's the matter?

BRETT
I can't stand it.

JAKE
Brett.

BRETT
You mustn't. You must know. I can't stand it. Oh, darling, please understand.

JAKE
Don't you love me?

BRETT
Love you? I simply feel faint when you touch me.

JAKE
Isn't there anything we can do about it?

BRETT
I don't know. I don't want to go through that hell again.

JAKE
We'd better keep away from each other then.

(CONTINUED)

BRETT
But, darling, I have to see you.
It isn't all that you know.

JAKE
No, but it always gets to be.

BRETT
That's my fault.

JAKE
It isn't anyone's fault.

BRETT
Don't we pay for all the things
we do, though? (Pause) Would you
mind very much if I asked you to
do something?

JAKE
Don't be silly.

BRETT
Kiss me just once more before we
get there.

Jake pulls her close and they kiss.

The taxi comes to a stand still.

BRETT
Right.
(Pulls away)
I say, do I look too much of a
mess?

She touches her hair.

Jake looks at her intensely. She smiles and shakes her
head, and she opens the door.

12 EXT. CAFÉ, STREET - NIGHT

12

The party has spilled out in to the street and is rather
drunken.

In the crowd is: ZIZI, a short, shiny-eyed man with a
bouncing energy; COUNT MIPPIPOPOLOUS, a burly Hungarian
man of considerable charm; MR BRADDOCK'S, the counterpart
in a somewhat dowdy but pleasant Canadian couple.

BRETT
Hello, you chaps. I'm going to
have a drink.

(CONTINUED)

ZIZI

Oh, Brett! Brett! I got something fine to tell you.

BRETT

Hello, Zizi.

ZIZI

I want you to meet a friend. Count Mippipopulous, meet my friend Lady Ashley.

Jake, standing behind Brett, is ignored.

BRETT

How do you do?

The Count takes Brett's hand and kisses it.

COUNT MIPPIPOLOUS

Well. Does your Ladyship have a good time here in Paris?

BRETT

Rather.

COUNT MIPPIPOLOUS

Paris is a fine town all right. But I guess you have pretty good doings over in London.

BRETT

(Dismissive)

Oh, yes. Enormous.

Jake leaves them and goes looking for Robert.

BRADDOCKS

Barnes. Barnes. Have a drink. That girl of yours got into a frightful row.

JAKE

What about?

BRADDOCKS

Something the patronne's daughter said. A corking row. She was rather splendid, you know.

JAKE

What finally happened?

BRADDOCKS

Oh, someone took her home. Not a bad-looking girl. Wonderful command of the idiom. Do stay and have a drink.

(CONTINUED)

JAKE
No. I must shove off. Have you
seen Cohn?

MRS BRADDOCKS
He went home with Frances.

BRADDOCKS
Poor chap. He looks awfully down.

MRS BRADDOCKS
I dare say he is.

JAKE
I have to shove off. Good night.

Jake finds Brett back with the Count.

COUNT MIPPIPOPOLOUS
Will you take a glass of
champagne with us, sir?

JAKE
No. Thanks awfully. I have to go.

BRETT
Really going?

JAKE
Yes. I've got a rotten headache.
Heard from Mike?

BRETT
Letter to-day.

COUNT MIPPIPOPOLOUS
Good night, sir.

JAKE
Right. Good night to you.

Brett gives Jake a kiss on the cheek.

JAKE
Good night.

13 EXT. PARIS, STREETS - NIGHT

13

Jake walks home down a wide avenue lined with young oak trees. He crosses the busy double-lane streets and stops at the black iron gate of his apartment block. He opens a large wooden door.

14 INT. THE BUILDING OF THE FLAT - NIGHT 14

His feet echo on the stone floor of the entrance hall. He flicks the light switch. The light does not turn on. He flicks it again, twice. Still nothing. He continues up the spiral stairwell up four flights to the landing and down a short passage to his door.

15 INT. THE FLAT - NIGHT 15

Jake opens the door into a small flat. It is of an odd shape with a high wide window on the one side. The light from the street shines through into the dark room. The bed is in the centre of the room.

Jake sits down on it and lies back. The light catches his eyes and they shine with emotion. He slides his hands down beneath his trouser pants, tears run down his cheeks as he begins to cry.

16 CUT TO 16

17 INT. THE FLAT - NIGHT 17

A loud ruckus sounds from the stairwell. Jake wakes with a start. He gasps, his eyes wide. He gets up from his bed, still dressed.

Through the window the sky is not quite black and the neighbouring rooftops are visible.

He opens the flat door.

18 INT. THE FLAT LANDING - NIGHT 18

Jake walks out to the landing and looks down over the railing.

The CONCIERGE calls up the spiral stairwell.

CONCIERGE

Is that you, Monsieur Barnes?

JAKE

Yes. It's me.

CONCIERGE

There's a species of woman here who's woken the whole street. She says she must see you.

JAKE
Send her up.

Brett comes up the stairs, quite drunk.

BRETT
Silly thing to do. Make an awful
row.

As she reaches the landing, Jake turns back to his room.

BRETT
Don't be cross, darling. Just
left the Count. He brought me
here.

19 INT. THE FLAT - NIGHT

19

Jake sits down on his bed.

JAKE
What's he like?

BRETT
The Count? Oh, rather. He's quite
one of us.

Uninhibited, Brett sits down next to him.

JAKE
Where did you go with him?

BRETT
Oh, everywhere. He just brought
me here now. Offered to take me
to Biarritz with him. Lots of
money. I told him I couldn't do
it. Told him I knew too many
people in Biarritz. Told him I
knew too many people, everywhere.
Quite true, too. (Pause) So I
asked him to bring me here.
(Pause) Don't look like that. Told
him I was in love with you. True,
too. Don't look like that. He was
damn nice about it.

Brett looks back at the open door and down at her hands.

BRETT
I'd better go now.

JAKE
Why?

(CONTINUED)

BRETT

Just wanted to see you. Damned silly idea. (Pause) Want to get dressed and come down? He's got the car just up the street.

JAKE

The Count?

BRETT

Himself. And the chauffeur in livery. Going to drive me around and have breakfast in the Bois. Tempt you?

JAKE

I have to work in the morning. I'm too far behind you now to catch up and have any fun.

BRETT

Don't be an ass.

JAKE

Can't do it.

BRETT

Right. Send him a tender message?

JAKE

Anything. Absolutely.

BRETT

Good night, darling.

Leaning towards each other.

JAKE

Don't be sentimental.

BRETT

You make me ill.

They kiss.

BRETT

I'd better go.

JAKE

You don't have to go.

They kiss again.

BRETT

Yes.

She goes.

Jake sits on the bed, alone.

20 EXT. THE FLAT - DAY 20

Jake closes the iron gate behind him and walks.

21 EXT. BOULEVARD - DAY 21

Jake walks down the Boulevard to the rue Soufflot. It is a fine day.

A boy comes up with the *Paris Times*. Jake buys one and tucks it under his arm.

The flower women are coming up from the market and arranging their daily stock.

He walks down the avenue passed the Café Select.

22 EXT. CAFÉ SELECT - DAY 22

The Select is a well frequented, well worn expatriate café.

Jake pauses when he sees that HARVEY STONE (38yrs) sits outside the Select, alone. He has a pile of saucers in front of him and he needs a shave.

HARVEY

Sit down, Jake. I've been looking for you.

JAKE

Been out to the races?

HARVEY

No. Not since Sunday.

JAKE

What do you hear from the States?

HARVEY

Nothing. Absolutely nothing.

JAKE

What's the matter?

HARVEY

I don't know. I'm through with them. I'm absolutely through with them.

Harvey leans forward and looks Jake in the eye.

HARVEY
Do you want to know something,
Jake?

JAKE
Yes.

HARVEY
I haven't had anything to eat for
five days.

JAKE
What's the matter?

HARVEY
No money. Money hasn't come. I
tell you it's strange, Jake. When
I'm like this I just want to be
alone. I want to stay in my own
room. I'm like a cat.

JAKE
Would a hundred help you, Harvey?

HARVEY
Yes.

JAKE
Come on. Let's go and eat.

HARVEY
There's no hurry. Have a drink.

Harvey signals another round to the waiter.

JAKE
Better eat.

HARVEY
No. When I get like this I don't
care whether I eat or not.

JAKE
There comes Cohn.

Robert Cohn approaches, crossing the street.

HARVEY
That moron.

Robert comes up to their table.

ROBERT
Hello, you bums.

HARVEY

Hello, Robert. I was just telling Jake here that you're a moron.

ROBERT

What do you mean?

HARVEY

Tell us right off. Don't think. What would you rather do if you could do anything you wanted. (Pause) Don't think. Bring it right out.

ROBERT

I don't know. What's it all about, anyway?

HARVEY

I mean what would you rather do. What comes into your head first. No matter how silly it is.

The waiter puts two port down on the table.

ROBERT

I don't know. I think I'd rather play football again with what I know about handling myself, now.

Robert dismisses the waiter with a hand gesture.

HARVEY

I misjudged you. You're not a moron. You're only a case of arrested development.

ROBERT

You're awfully funny, Harvey. Some day somebody will push your face in.

HARVEY

You think so. They won't, though. Because it wouldn't make any difference to me. I'm not a fighter.

ROBERT

It would make a difference to you if anybody did it.

HARVEY

No, it wouldn't. That's where you make your big mistake. Because you're not intelligent.

(CONTINUED)

ROBERT
Cut it out about me.

HARVEY
Sure. It doesn't make any
difference to me. You don't mean
anything to me.

JAKE
Come on, Harvey. Have another
porto.

HARVEY
No. I'm going up the street to
eat. See you later, Jake.

Jake pushes Harvey's saucers aside.

ROBERT
He always gets me sore. I can't
stand him.

Robert and Jake watch Harvey.

23 EXT. CAFÉ SELECT, STREET - DAY 23

Harvey crosses the street, heavy but slowly sure of
himself through the traffic.

24 EXT. CAFÉ SELECT - DAY 24

JAKE
I like him. I'm fond of him. You
don't want to get sore at him.

Jake sits back, crossing his legs. He still holds his
newspaper in one hand.

ROBERT
I know. He just gets on my
nerves.

JAKE
Write this afternoon?

ROBERT
No. I couldn't get it going. It's
harder to do than my first book.
I'm having a hard time handling
it.

JAKE
Thought any more about coming
down to Pamplona?

ROBERT
Yes. I meant that.

JAKE
Good. You going to take the train
with me and Bill?

ROBERT
Count me in.

JAKE
Have you told Frances?

ROBERT
No.

JAKE
Come on up to Lilas.

ROBERT
I have a date.

JAKE
What time?

ROBERT
Frances is coming here any
minute.

JAKE
There she is.

Frances approaches. She walks with a lot of movement. She waves and smiles.

FRANCES
I'm so glad you're here, Jake.
I've been wanting to talk to you.

ROBERT
Hello, Frances.

Robert smiles.

FRANCES
Why, hello, Robert. Are you here?
(Rapidly) I've had the darnedest
time. (Shaking her head at Robert)
This one didn't come home for
lunch.

ROBERT
I wasn't supposed to.

FRANCES
How are you, Jake, anyway?

(CONTINUED)

JAKE

Fine.

FRANCES

That was a fine girl you had at the dance, and then went off with that Brett one.

ROBERT

Don't you like her?

FRANCES

I think she's perfectly charming. Don't you?

Robert shrugs a shoulder.

FRANCES

Look, Jake. I want to talk to you. Would you come over with me to the Dome? You'll stay here, won't you, Robert? Come on, Jake.

25

EXT. BOULEVARD - DAY

25

They start walking along the Boulevard Montparnasse.

JAKE

What's the matter Frances?

FRANCES

Oh, nothing. Except that he wants to leave me.

Jake stops.

JAKE

What?

FRANCES

We told everyone that we were going to be married, and now he doesn't want to do it.

JAKE

What's the matter?

FRANCES

He's decided he hasn't lived enough. I knew it was coming.

She looks up, very bright-eyed and trying to talk inconsequentially.

(CONTINUED)

FRANCES

I wouldn't marry him if he didn't want to. Of course I wouldn't. I wouldn't marry him now for anything.

JAKE

It's rotten luck.

FRANCES

I'd say it's rotten luck. I've wasted two and a half years on him. Now I don't know if any man will marry me.

JAKE

Sure, you could marry anybody.

FRANCES

I'm fond of him. I thought we'd have children.

Frances looks at Jake brightly.

JAKE

It's a rotten shame.

FRANCES

And there's no use talking about it is there?

JAKE

And of course there isn't anything I can do.

FRANCES

No.

JAKE

Want to go back to the café?

FRANCES

Yes. Come on.

They turn back.

26

EXT. CAFÉ SELECT - DAY

26

Robert smiles at them from across the marble-topped table.

FRANCES

Well, what are you smiling at? Feel pretty happy?

(CONTINUED)

ROBERT
I was smiling at you and Jake
with your secrets.

FRANCES
Oh, what I've told Jake isn't any
secret. I only wanted to give
Jake a descent version.

ROBERT
What was it? About your going to
England?

FRANCES
Yes, about my going to England.
Oh, Jake! I forgot to tell you.
I'm going to England.

JAKE
Isn't that fine!

FRANCES
That's the way it's done in the
very best families. Robert's
sending me. I'm going to visit
friends. They don't know yet. Oh,
won't it be lovely?

She turns to Robert and smiles at him. He is no longer
smiling.

FRANCES
You were only going to give me
one hundred pounds, weren't you,
Robert? But I made him give me
two hundred. He's really very
generous. Aren't you, Robert?

ROBERT
How can you say such things,
Frances?

FRANCES
I'm going to England. I'm going
to visit friends. Ever visit
friends that didn't want you?

She turns to Jake with that terrible bright smile.

FRANCES
You know Robert is going to get
material for a new book. Aren't
you, Robert dear? That's why he's
leaving me.

She puts her hand up to her lips.

ROBERT
Shut up, Frances, for God's sake!

FRANCES
He's decided I don't film well.
You see, he was so busy all the
time that we were living
together, writing on this book,
that he doesn't remember anything
about us. So now he's going out
to get some new material. Well, I
hope he gets something
frightfully interesting.

Jake stands up to leave.

FRANCES
Where are you going, Jake?

JAKE
I've got to go and see Bill
Gorton in. Won't be a minute.

Robert's face is ashen.

27 EXT. CAFÉ SELECT, STREET - DAY 27

Jake looks back before getting into a taxi. Frances
continues her ranting.

28 EXT. STATION PLATFORM - DAY 28

Jake stands at the front of the platform.

Before the train has fully stopped a soft canvas bag comes
hurtling out of one of the coach doors straight at Jake.
It hits his chest and he catches it.

BILL GORTON (29yrs) follows suit and jumps on to the
platform launching an attack on his bag. He is an
athletic, fresh faced American.

Using it as a punching bag, he demonstrates some skill as
a boxer.

Jake is slow to retaliate and tolerates a few blows before
he turns the bag on Bill and knocks him down.

Bill sits on the floor, leaning back on his hands,
laughing.

Jake gives Bill a hand.

JAKE
Come on. You're pie-eyed.

BILL
You let me down easy.

Bill puts his arm around Jake, boisterously.

29

EXT. PARIS, STREETS - DAY

29

Jake and Bill walk. Bill carrying his bag swung back over his shoulder.

JAKE
Well, I hear you had a wonderful trip.

BILL
Wonderful. Budapest is absolutely wonderful.

JAKE
How about Vienna?

BILL
Not so good, Jake. Not so good. It seemed better than it was.

JAKE
How do you mean?

BILL
Tight, Jake. I was tight.

JAKE
That's strange.

Bill rubs his forehead.

BILL
Remarkable thing. Don't know how it happened. Suddenly it happened.

JAKE
Last long?

BILL
Four days, Jake. Lasted just four days.

They stop and wait for a break in the traffic.

JAKE
Where did you go?

(CONTINUED)

BILL
Don't remember. Wrote you a
post-card. Remember that
perfectly.

JAKE
Do anything else?

BILL
Not so sure. Possible.

A taxi passes, someone in it waves, then bangs on the side
for the driver to stop.

The taxi backs up to the curb.

In it is Brett.

BILL
Beautiful lady. Going to kidnap
us.

BRETT
Hullo! Hullo!

JAKE
This is Bill Gordon. Lady Ashley.

Brett smiles at Bill.

BRETT
I say, what good luck. Going to
meet Michael at the Closerie des
Lilas. Do come and join us.

JAKE
Must eat something.

BRETT
Come and have a drink then,
before you eat.

JAKE
Good.

Brett swings open the door. Jake and Bill get in.

30 INT. TAXI - DAY

30

Jake sits opposite Brett. Mike sits next to her with his
bag on his lap.

BRETT
I'm afraid Michael will be well
on his way.

Brett turns to Bill.

(CONTINUED)

BRETT
Have you been in this
pestilential city long?

BILL
Just got in today from Budapest.

BRETT
How was Budapest?

BILL
Wonderful. Budapest was
wonderful.

JAKE
Ask him about Vienna.

BRETT
Vienna is a strange city.

BRETT
Very much like Paris.

Brett smiles, the corners of her eyes wrinkling.

BILL
Very much like Paris at this
moment.

BRETT
You *have* a good start.

BILL
Much like Vienna.

Brett wrinkles up the corners of her eyes at him.

BRETT
So that's the way it was in
Vienna.

Brett gives Jake a look of amusement.

BILL
It was like everything in Vienna.

Brett smiles at him again.

BRETT
You've a nice friend, Jake.

JAKE
He's all right. He's a
taxidermist.

BILL

That was in another country. And besides all the animals were dead.

The taxi stops.

BRETT

Here we are.

31 EXT. CLOSERIE DES LILAS - DAY

31

Brett goes in directly. Bill and Jake go out on to the terrace of the Lilas.

It is a warm June evening. Everything is open so that the bar is visible from the terrace.

Bill watches Brett.

BILL

Quite a girl. She's damned nice.
(Turning back to Jake) Who's Michael?

JAKE

The man she's going to marry.

BILL

Well, well. That's always the stage I meet anybody. What'll I send them? Think they'd like a couple of stuffed race-horses? Is she really Lady something or other?

JAKE

Oh, yes. In the stud book and everything.

BILL

Well, well.

32 INT. CLOSERIE DES LILAS - NIGHT

32

Jake and Bill enter Lilas, a restaurant in low light.

MIKE CAMPBELL (39yrs) approaches Jake through the tables. He is tanned and healthy-looking, with a ruddy complexion.

MIKE

Hel-lo, Jake. Hel-lo! Hel-lo!

Mike and Jake shake hands with vigour. Mike slaps Jake on the back.

(CONTINUED)

MIKE
How are you, old lad?

JAKE
You look very fit, Mike.

MIKE
Oh, I am. I'm frightfully fit.
I've done nothing but walk. One
drink a day with my mother at
tea. It's good to see you, Jake.
I'm a little tight you know.
Amazing, isn't it.

Brett gestures to them from the bar with her cigarette.
She sits on a high stool, her bare legs crossed.

MIKE
I say, she is a piece.

Jake and Mike go to the bar.

MIKE
You are a lovely lady, Brett.
Where *did* you get that hat?

BRETT
Chap bought it for me. Don't you
like it?

MIKE
It's a dreadful hat. Do get a
good hat.

BRETT
I say, haven't you met Bill yet?
You are a lovely host, Jake. (To
Mike) This is Bill Gorton. This
drunkard is Mike Campbell.

MIKE
I say, Brett, you are a lovely
piece. Don't you think she's
beautiful.

BRETT
Beautiful. With this nose?

MIKE
It is a lovely nose. Go on, point
it at me.

BRETT
Couldn't we have kept the man in
Scotland?

(CONTINUED)

MIKE

I say, Brett, let's turn in early.

BRETT

Don't be indecent, Michael. There are ladies at this bar.

MIKE

Yes. Listen Jake, my good man, when do you go down to Spain? Would you mind if we came down with you?

JAKE

It would be grand.

MIKE

I've been to Pamplona, you know. It's Brett. She's mad to go. You sure we wouldn't just be a bloody nuisance? You're sure you don't mind?

BRETT

Oh, shut up Michael. How can the man say no now?

She smokes.

MIKE

But you don't mind, do you?

JAKE

Bill and I go down on the morning of the twenty fifth.

MIKE

The twenty fifth. When is that?

JAKE

Saturday.

BRETT

We *will* have to get ready.

MIKE

Isn't she a lovely piece. Don't you think so, Jake? I say Brett do get a new hat.

Brett pulls the felt hat down far over her eyes and smiles out from under it.

BILL

There's a fight tonight. Like to go?

(CONTINUED)

MIKE
Fight? Whosh fighting?

BILL
Ledoux and somebody.

JAKE
I dare say Robert Cohn will be there. To escape Frances if nothing else.

MIKE
(As sober as possible)
He's very good, Ledoux. I'd like to see it, rather but I can't go. I have a date with this thing here.

BRETT
That's quite all right, Michael. I must bathe. Walk up to the hotel with me, Jake, darling.

33 EXT. RUE DELAMBRE - DAY

33

Jake and Brett walk up the Rue Delambre.

BRETT
How are you, Jake?

JAKE
Fine.

Brett looks at him.

BRETT
I say, is Robert Cohn going on this trip?

JAKE
Yes. Why?

BRETT
Don't you think it'll be a bit rough on him?

JAKE
Why should it?

BRETT
Who did you think I went down to San Sebastian with?

JAKE
Congratulations.

(CONTINUED)

BRETT
What did you say that for?

JAKE
I don't know. What would you like
me to say?

They walk along and turn a corner.

BRETT
He behaved rather well, too. He
gets a little dull.

JAKE
Does he?

BRETT
I rather thought it would be good
for him.

JAKE
You might take up social service.

BRETT
Don't be nasty.

JAKE
I won't.

Brett pauses and looks at Jake.

BRETT
Did you really not know?

JAKE
No. (Pause) I guess I didn't
think about it.

BRETT
Do you think it'll be too rough
on him?

JAKE
That's up to him.

BRETT
I'll write to him and give him a
chance to pull out of it.

35 INT. TRAIN COMPARTMENT - NIGHT

35

Jake and Bill sit opposite each other, at the window of their compartment, playing chess.

Jake has his palms pushed flat together in a prayer like gesture, touching his chin then lips against his finger tips.

Bill rubs a chess piece between his fingers.

They drink whiskey and focus on the game.

BILL
Say, what about this Brett
business.

JAKE
What about it?

BILL
Were you ever in love with her?

JAKE
Sure.

Jake takes the bishop with his castle - moves a black piece and takes a white off the board.

BILL
For how long?

JAKE
Off and on for a hell of a long
time.

BILL
Oh, hell. I'm sorry.

JAKE
I'd rather not talk about it.

They continue on in silence. The motion and the noise of the train drumming a steady beat.

BILL
You aren't sore I asked you?

JAKE
Why the hell should I be?

Jake takes a sip of whiskey.

BILL
Listen, Jake, don't you ever get
tired of being an expatriate?

(CONTINUED)

JAKE

What?

BILL

You've lost touch with the soil.
Fake European standards ruin you.
You become obsessed by sex. Well
not you exactly. You drink
yourself to death.

JAKE

You're a fine one to talk.

BILL

You spend all your time talking,
not working. You are an ex pat,
see? You hang around cafés.

JAKE

Sounds like a swell life. When do
I work?

BILL

You don't.

JAKE

You can talk a lot of rot.

BILL

You know nobody who ever left
their home country ever wrote
anything worth printing. Not even
in the newspapers.

Jake moves his queen.

JAKE

Check.

BILL

Listen, Jake, are you really a
Catholic?

JAKE

Technically.

BILL

What does that mean?

JAKE

I don't know.

Bill moves his knight.

36 EXT. BASQUE COUNTRY - DAY 36

The train travels in the cool first light of dawn through the open fields and the rolling hills of the Basque country.

The landscape is broad with sweeping horizontal lines. Glints of sunlight streak the fields with honey-gold as the sun begins to rise.

37 INT. TRAIN COMPARTMENT - DAY 37

Jake and Bill lie on their bunks, asleep.

A bottle of whiskey rolls on the floor bumping against the mettle of the compartment board, making a rhythmic clatter.

38 CUT TO 38

39 EXT. PAMPLONA, STREETS - DAY 39

Bustling excitement fills the crowded streets. The sun beats down on Jake and Bill as they make their way through the crowd. They are unshaven and post-whiskey.

The people are brightly clothed and loud. Provincial in contrast to the Parisian elegance. The pale blue of the sky offsets the dusty ochres and browns of the earth.

People line the walls, looking down into the corral.

40 EXT. THE CORRAL - DAY 40

In the crowd is Brett and Mike, and with them, Robert. Brett wears a Basque beret. So does Mike. They push up against the wall.

Brett sees Jake and Bill coming, and waves.

BRETT
Hello, you chaps!

Brett is happy. Mike shakes Jake's hand with an intensity of feeling. Robert shakes hands as a matter of course.

JAKE
(To Robert)
Where the hell have you been?

ROBERT
I brought them here.

(CONTINUED)

BRETT

What rot. We'd have got here earlier if you hadn't come.

ROBERT

You'd never have got here.

BRETT

What rot!

BILL

Here they come.

Two steers enter the corral from the other side.

BRETT

They don't look happy.

The handlers open the gate of one of the cages and bangs on the side with an iron rod. From the darkness comes the explosive charge of a bull.

The bull sees the steers and charges at them. A man jumps out from a wooden side panel to attract the bulls attention. The bull charges him and drives one of his horns into the panel.

Mike and Bill join the crowd. They slap the walls with their palms. Robert claps and cheers.

Looking down at the bull.

BRETT

My God, isn't he beautiful?

JAKE

Look how he knows how to use his horns. He's got a left and a right just like a boxer.

BRETT

Not really?

JAKE

You watch.

BRETT

It goes too fast.

JAKE

Wait. There'll be another one in a minute.

JAKE

Don't look.

The bull drives his horns into the steer. Brett watches, fascinated.

(CONTINUED)

JAKE

Fine. If it doesn't buck you.

BRETT

I saw it. I saw him shift from his left to his right horn.

JAKE

Damn good!

Brett is transfixed in watching the bulls. Jake leans one elbow on the stone wall. His torso facing Brett, he watches the bulls.

BRETT

Have you spoken to Robert?

JAKE

Rather.

BRETT

My God!

JAKE

I thought it was odd myself.

BRETT

Said he couldn't wait to see me.

Brett briefly glances at Jake, falters and looks back at the bulls.

JAKE

Did he think you were coming alone?

Jake looks down at the bulls.

BRETT

No. I told him we were all coming down together. Michael and all.

JAKE

He's wonderful.

BRETT

Isn't he.

Bill turns back to Jake and Brett.

BILL

It's an extraordinary business.

MIKE

I say, they are fine bulls, aren't they? Did you see their horns?

(CONTINUED)

BRETT

Did I not. I had no idea what they were like.

MIKE

Did you see that one hit the steer? That was extraordinary.

The crowd quickly disperses and moves on down the road.

41

EXT. CAFÉ IN PAMPLONA - DAY

41

Bill returns from the bar carrying four tall glasses of beer.

He places them on the table with relief, sits down and takes a long sip.

Brett takes a sip. Jake lifts his glass in salute to Bill.

ROBERT

It's no life being a steer.

Mike takes a sip of his beer.

MIKE

I would have thought you'd love being a steer, Robert.

ROBERT

What do you mean, Mike?

MIKE

They lead such a quiet life. They never say anything and they're always hanging about so.

Bill laughs.

MIKE

I should think you'd love it. Well, don't just stand here. Do say something.

ROBERT

I said something, Mike. Don't you remember? About the steers.

MIKE

Oh, say something more. Say something funny. Can't you see we're all having a good time?

BRETT

Come off it, Michael. You're drunk.

(CONTINUED)

MIKE
I'm not drunk. *Is* Robert Cohn going to follow Brett around like a steer all the time?

BRETT
Shut up, Michael. Try to show a little breeding.

MIKE
Breeding be damned. Who has any breeding anyway, except the bulls? Well, don't sit there looking like a bloody funeral. What if Brett did sleep with you? She's slept with lots of better people than you.

ROBERT
Shut up. Shut up, Mike.

Robert stands up.

MIKE
Oh, don't stand up and act as though you're going to hit me.

ROBERT
You're drunk.

MIKE
Perhaps I am drunk. Why aren't you?

ROBERT
Go to hell, Mike.

Mike is sweating profusely in the heat.

MIKE
Why do you follow Brett around? Haven't you any manners?

BRETT
You're a splendid one to talk about manners.

BILL
Come on, Robert.

MIKE
What do you follow her around for?

Bill stands up and takes a hold of Robert.

MIKE

Don't go. Robert Cohn's going to buy a drink.

Bill takes Robert off. Brett looks disgusted.

BRETT

I say, Michael, you might not be such a bloody ass. (To Jake) I'm not saying he's not right, you know.

The emotion leaves Mike's voice.

MIKE

I'm not so damn drunk as I sounded.

BRETT

I know you're not.

JAKE

We're none of us sober.

MIKE

I didn't say anything I didn't mean.

BRETT

But you put it so badly.

MIKE

Well, he comes down here where he damn well isn't wanted. He hangs around Brett and just looks at her. It makes me damned well sick.

BRETT

He did behave very badly.

MIKE

No, listen, Jake. Brett's gone off with men. But they didn't come and hang about afterwards.

BRETT

Michael, do buck up. He's here now. You've got to go through with this. Don't go spoiling the fiesta for all of us.

MIKE

Well, let him behave, then.

(CONTINUED)

BRETT
He'll behave. I'll tell him.

MIKE
You'll tell him, Jake. Tell him
either he must behave or get out.

JAKE
Yes, it would be nice for me to
tell him.

MIKE
Look, Brett. Tell Jake what
Robert calls you. That is
perfect, you know.

BRETT
Oh, no I can't.

MIKE
Go on. We're all friends. Aren't
we all friends, Jake?

BRETT
I can't tell him. It's too
ridiculous.

MIKE
I'll tell him.

BRETT
You won't, Michael. Don't be an
ass.

MIKE
He calls her Circe. He claims she
turns men into swine. Damn good.
I wish I were one of those
literary chaps.

42 INT. MONTOYA HOTEL - DAY

42

The quiet cool of the hotel contrasts with the exterior
noise and heat of the street.

MONTOYA (53yrs) has soft olive skin and silver black hair.
He meets Jake in the hotel foyer.

Montoya gives him a warm hand shake and pats his shoulder.

MONTOYA
How did you like the bulls?

JAKE
Good. They were nice bulls.

(CONTINUED)

MONTOYA
They're all right (Shakes head)
but they're not too good.

JAKE
What didn't you like about them?

MONTOYA
I don't know. They just didn't
give me the feeling that they
were so good.

JAKE
I know what you mean.

MONTOYA
They're all right.

JAKE
Yes. They're all right.

MONTOYA
How did your friends like them?

JAKE
Fine.

MONTOYA
Good.

43 INT. JAKE'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

43

Jake enters the hotel room to find Bill shaving at the
basin opposite the door.

JAKE
Where's Cohn?

BILL
Upstairs in his room.

JAKE
How does he feel?

BILL
Like hell, naturally. Mike was
awful. He's terrible when he gets
tight.

JAKE
Well, Cohn's behaved damned
badly.

BILL
Told me about his date with Brett
in San Sebastian.

(CONTINUED)

JAKE
The bastard.

BILL
Oh, no. Don't get sore too.

Bill looks around, half shaved, and then goes on talking into the mirror while he lathers his face.

BILL
He can be damn nice.

JAKE
I know it. That's the terrible part.

Bill laughs and rubs his chin with his thumb.

BILL
What's all this about him and Brett, anyway? Did she ever have anything to do with him?

He raises his chin and pulls it side to side.

JAKE
Sure. She went down to San Sebastian with him.

BILL
What a damned-fool thing to do. Why did she do that?

JAKE
She said she thought it would be good for him.

BILL
Why didn't she go off with some of her own people? Or you?

He slurs this over.

BILL
Or me? Why not me?

He looks at his face carefully in the glass, and puts a big dab of lather on each cheek bone.

BILL
It's an honest face. It's a face any woman would be safe with.

JAKE
She'd never seen it.

(CONTINUED)

BILL
 She should have. All women should
 see it.

He points the razor at Jake.

He ducks down to the bowl, rinses with cold water, puts on
 some alcohol and looks at himself carefully in the glass.

BILL
 Well, one things for sure. We've
 got to keep Mike from getting so
 tight. That kind of stuff is
 terrible.

44 EXT. BULL-RING - DAY 44

The oval arena is enclosed by a ring of seats graded
 upwards in tiers.

45 EXT. BULL-RING, STANDS - DAY 45

Jake and Bill lean against the backs of chairs a row down
 from where Brett, Robert and Mike sit.

ROBERT
 I'm not worried about how I'll
 stand it. I'm only afraid I may
 be bored.

BILL
 You think so?

JAKE
 (To Brett)
 Don't look at the horses, after
 the bull hits them. Watch the
 charge and see the picador try
 and keep the bull off, but then
 don't look again until the horse
 is dead if it's been hit.

BRETT
 I'm a bit nervy. I'm worried
 whether I'll be able to go
 through with it.

JAKE
 You'll be all right. Just don't
 watch when it's bad.

MIKE
 She'll be all right. I'll look
 after her.

BILL
 (To Robert)
 I don't think you'll be bored.

JAKE
 I'm going over to the hotel to
 get the glasses and the
 wine-skins. See you back here
 don't get cock-eyed.

BILL
 I'll come along.

Brett smiles at Jake and Bill.

46 EXT. PAMPLONA, STREETS - DAY

46

Jake and Bill walk through the arcade.

BILL
 That Cohn gets me. He's got
 this Jewish superiority so
 strong that he thinks the only
 emotion he'll get out of the
 fight will be being bored.

JAKE
 We'll watch him with the glasses.

BILL
 Oh, to hell with him!

47 INT. MONTOYA HOTEL, STAIRS - DAY

47

In the hotel on the stairs Jake and Bill run into Montoya.

MONTOYA
 Come on. Do you want to meet
 Pedro Romero?

BILL
 Fine. Let's go see him.

They follow Montoya down stairs and down the corridor.

On the walls hang photographs of past bull fighters.

MONTOYA
 You're friend, is he aficionado,
 too?

Montoya smiles as though bull-fighting is a special secret
 between the two of them.

(CONTINUED)

JAKE

Yes. He came all the way from New York to see the San Fermines.

MONTOYA

Yes? But he's not aficionado like you.

He puts his hand on Jake's shoulder again.

JAKE

Yes. He's a real aficionado.

MONTOYA

But he's not aficionado like you.

Montoya knocks on the heavy wood door.

48 INT. ROMERO'S ROOM - DAY

48

Montoya, Jake and Bill enter.

The room is Spartan, stone and wood.

Romero (19yrs), a slender, olive skinned Spaniard with aquiline features, stands, arms folded out in front of him. A man pins a black sash around his waist.

MONTOYA

(To Jake and Bill)

He is getting ready for the bull-fight.

Romero looks up at them.

ROMERO

You go to the bull-fight?

JAKE

You know English?

ROMERO

(Smiles)

No.

One of the three men sitting on the bench stands. He is a podgy, young MAN.

MAN

Would you like me to interpret for you? Is there anything you would like to ask Romero?

JAKE

Thank you. Ah..

(CONTINUED)

MONTOYA

This is Romero's sword-handler.
They are both only nineteen years
old. (Pause) Gentleman we must
leave Romero to prepare. The
fight starts in twenty minutes.

JAKE

Yes. Mucho suerte.

BILL

Mucho suerte.

Bill drops his head as he steps backwards to the door.

Romero stands stoic in his costume.

49 INT. MONTOYA HOTEL, CORRIDOR - DAY

49

The men walk up the stairs.

BILL

That was damned exciting.

MONTOYA

He's a fine boy, don't you think
so?

JAKE

He's a good-looking kid.

MONTOYA

He looks like a torero. He has
the type.

JAKE

He's a fine boy.

MONTOYA

We'll see how he is in the ring.

50 EXT. BULL-RING, STANDS - DAY

50

Jake and Bill push through to their seats, glasses and
wine-skin in hand.

They take their seats at the barreras, the first row at
the ring-side.

Jake focuses the glasses on the bull-fighter in the ring.
He sweeps across the crowd to find Brett.

She sits between Mike and Robert. Robert talks to her and
she points and smiles.

51 EXT. BULL-RING, INTERIOR - DAY

51

The bull fights commence. The bull-fighters each take three bull. Romero is the last.

Romero enters the ring. He stands poised waiting for the release of the first bull.

The crowd goes silent and the bull charges out from the barracks.

Romero sweeps the cape along the ground, stirring up a fine dust.

The bull snorts and hoofs the ground.

Romero moves rhythmically with the cape. The black and gold of his costume create shifting patterns with the red of the cape.

The bull charges.

Romero side-steps.

The cadence of their dance has a trans-like effect on the crowd and they hush as though holding their breath.

The bull tires.

Romero drops the cape, the gold side to the ground, and takes arms with two long swords.

The bull charges and Romero strikes.

The bull is killed.

52 EXT. BULL-RING, STANDS - DAY

52

Montoya, who sits a few seats along from Jake and Bill, catches Jake's eye and nods.

The crowd roars with applause.

Brett, Robert and Michael push through the crowd towards Jake.

BILL

Here come the gentry.

JAKE

Hello, men.

BRETT

Hello, gents! You saved us seats?
How nice.

(CONTINUED)

MIKE

I say, that Romero whatshisname is somebody. Am I wrong?

BRETT

Oh, isn't he lovely. And those green trousers.

MIKE

Brett never took her eyes off him.

BRETT

I say, I must borrow your glasses next round.

JAKE

How did it go?

BRETT

Wonderfully! Simply perfectly. I say, it is a spectacle.

JAKE

Did you feel all right?

BRETT

I didn't feel badly at all.

MIKE

Robert Cohn. You were quite green, Robert.

ROBERT

The first one did bother me.

BILL

You weren't bored, were you?

ROBERT

(Laughs)

No. I wasn't bored. I wished you'd forgive me that.

BILL

It's all right, so long as you weren't bored.

MIKE

He didn't look bored. I thought he was going to be sick.

ROBERT

The bulls were fine.

(CONTINUED)

MIKE

The bulls were very good.

She leans forward on the barrera.

BRETT

I want to sit down below, next time.

MIKE

She wants to see the bull-fighters close by.

BRETT

They are something. That Romero lad is just a child.

JAKE

He's a damned good-looking boy.

BRETT

How old do you suppose he is?

JAKE

Nineteen or twenty.

BRETT

Just imagine.

Brett looks through the glasses at Romero.

53

EXT. BULL-RING, INTERIOR - DAY

53

Romero practices his moves with focussed intent.

JAKE

This next is the last one.

BRETT

Not really?

Romero sweeps the cape along the ground with natural grace.

BRETT

I've never seen him do an awkward thing.

JAKE

You won't. Not until he gets frightened.

MIKE

He's not likely to get frightened. He knows too damned much.

(CONTINUED)

BRETT
And God, what looks.

Romero stands, ready.

The bull is released.

54 EXT. BULL-RING, STANDS - DAY

54

Brett pulls down the glasses.

MIKE
I believe, you know, she's
falling in love this bull-fighter
chap.

JAKE
I wouldn't be surprised.

MIKE
Be a good chap, Jake. Don't tell
her anything more about him. Tell
her how they beat their old
mothers.

BRETT
Tell me what drunks they are.

MIKE
Oh, frightful. Drunk all day and
spend all their time beating
their poor old mothers.

BRETT
He looks that way.

JAKE
Doesn't he?

55 EXT. CROWDED STREETS - DAY

55

Jake, Brett and Mike are pushed tight in the crowd.

BRETT
These bull-fights are hell on
one. I'm limp as a rag.

MIKE
Oh, you'll get a drink.

They push on in the heat.

56 INT. JAKE'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

56

Back in the cool of his hotel room, Jake stands in front of the mirror, shaving.

There's a knock at the door.

JAKE

Come in.

Montoya comes in.

MONTOYA

How are you?

JAKE

Fine.

MONTOYA

The bulls.

JAKE

Not bad.

MONTOYA

Where are your friends?

JAKE

Down-stairs.

Montoya smiles, his embarrassed smile.

MONTOYA

Look, do you know the American ambassador?

JAKE

Yes. Everybody knows the American ambassador.

MONTOYA

He's here in town, now.

JAKE

Yes. Everybody's seen them.

MONTOYA

I've seen them, too.

Jake goes on shaving.

JAKE

Sit down. Let me send for a drink.

(CONTINUED)

MONTOYA

No, I have to go.

Jake leans his face over the basin.

MONTOYA

Look, I've just had a message from them at the Grand Hotel that they want Pedro Romero and Marcial Lalanda to come over for coffee tonight after dinner.

JAKE

Well, it can't hurt Marcial any.

MONTOYA

Marcial has been in San Sebastian all day. He drove over in a car this morning with Marquez. I don't think they'll be back tonight.

Montoya stands embarrassed, waiting for Jake to say something.

JAKE

Don't pass on the message.

MONTOYA

You don't think so?

JAKE

Absolutely.

Montoya looks pleased.

MONTOYA

I wanted to ask you because you are American.

JAKE

That's what I'd do.

MONTOYA

Look. People take a boy like that. They don't know what he's worth. They don't know what he means. Any foreigner can flatter him. They start with this Grand Hotel business, and in one year they're through.

JAKE

Like Algabeno.

(CONTINUED)

MONTOYA
Yes, like Algabeno.

JAKE
They're a fine lot. There's one woman down here now that collects bull-fighters.

MONTOYA
I know. They only want the young ones.

JAKE
Yes, the old ones get fat.

MONTOYA
Or crazy like Gallo.

JAKE
Well, it's easy. All you have to do is not give him the message.

MONTOYA
He's such a fine boy. He ought to stay with his own people. He shouldn't mix in that stuff.

JAKE
Won't you have a drink?

MONTOYA
No. I have to go.

Montoya leaves.

57 INT. HOTEL DINING ROOM - NIGHT

57

Jake enters the formal hotel dining room.

Brett, Robert, Mike and Bill sit around a dinner table . The table is full of glasses and wine bottles. EDNA (29yrs), an attractive American woman, sits next to Bill.

The party is in full swing. The banter being flung around the table. Everyone is in high spirits.

Bill is buying shoe shines for Mike.

MIKE
(To Jake)
This is the eleventh time my shoes have been polished. I say, Bill is an ass.

Another bootblack comes in at the street door.

(CONTINUED)

BOOTBLACK
Limpia botas?

BILL
No. For this señor.

The bootblack kneels down beside the one at work and starts on Mike's free shoe, already shining in the light.

MIKE
Bill's a yell of laughter.

Jake looks around the room, embarrassed by the antics. Romero catches Jake's eye. He nods and indicates an empty chair at his table.

At the table with him is RAFAEL (45yrs), a little man with a drawn face.

Romero stands, and Jake and Romero shake hands.

ROMERO
Jake, meet Rafael. Rafael is a bull-fight critic from Madrid.

The men shake hands and nod.

JAKE
I like your work, Romero.

ROMERO
Where did you see me the other time? In Madrid?

JAKE
Yes.

ROMERO
The first or the second time?

JAKE
The first.

ROMERO
I was very bad. The second time I was better. (To Rafael) You remember?

Rafael nods.

ROMERO
I like it very much that you like my work. But you haven't seen it yet. Tomorrow, if I get a good bull, I will try and show it to you.

Romero smiles without bravado.

(CONTINUED)

RAFAEL

I am anxious to see it. I would like to be convinced.

ROMERO

He doesn't like my work very much.

RAFAEL

No no. I like it very much but so far it is incomplete.

ROMERO

Wait till tomorrow, if a good one comes out.

RAFAEL

Have you seen the bulls for tomorrow?

JAKE

Yes. I saw them unloaded.

Romero leans forward.

ROMERO

What did you think of them?

JAKE

Very nice. About twenty-six arrobas. Very short horns. Haven't you seen them?

ROMERO

No.

RAFAEL

They've got banana for horns.

ROMERO

You call them bananas? (To Jake)
You wouldn't call them bananas?

JAKE

No. They're horns all right.

ROMERO

They're very short. Very, very short. Still, they aren't bananas.

Brett leans in from the next table.

BRETT

I say, Jake, you have deserted us.

(CONTINUED)

JAKE
Just temporarily. We're talking
bulls.

BRETT
You are superior.

MIKE
(Drunk)
Tell him that bulls have no
balls.

Romero looks at Jake inquiringly.

JAKE
Drunk. Borracho! Muy Borracho!

BRETT
You might introduce your friend.

Brett does not stop looking at Romero.

BILL
Tell him I think writing is
lousy. Go on, tell him. Tell him
I'm ashamed of being a writer.

Brett and Romero are sitting next to each other. Romero is
listening to Brett.

BILL
Go on. Tell him!

Romero looks up smiling.

JAKE
This gentleman is a writer.

Romero is impressed.

JAKE
This other one too.

Jake signals to Robert.

ROMERO
What does the drunken one do?

JAKE
Nothing.

ROMERO
Is that why he drinks?

JAKE
No, he's waiting to marry this
lady.

(CONTINUED)

MIKE
Tell him bulls have no balls!

ROMERO
What does he say?

JAKE
He's drunk.

MIKE
Jake, tell him bulls have no balls!

JAKE
You understand?

ROMERO
Yes.

It's clear that he doesn't.

MIKE
Tell him Brett wants to see him put on those green pants.

JAKE
Pipe down, Mike.

MIKE
Tell him Brett is dying to know how he can get into those pants.

JAKE
Pipe down.

Romero is fingering his glass and talking to Brett. They laugh.

MIKE
Tell him Brett wants to get into-

JAKE
Oh, pipe down, Mike, for Christ's sake!

Romero looks up, smiling.

ROMERO
Pipe down! I know that.

Montoya enters the room and smiles at Jake before seeing Romero with a big glass of cognac in his hand, sitting between Brett, who shows her bare shoulders, and Jake, at a table full of drunks.

Mike stands to his feet, raising his glass.

(CONTINUED)

MIKE
Let's all drink to-

JAKE
Pedro Romero.

Romero takes it seriously and stands, raising his glass.
Everyone touches glasses and drinks it down.
Romero shakes hands with everyone, and he and the critic go out.

BRETT
My God! He's a lovely boy. And how I would love to see him get into those clothes. He must use a shoe-horn.

MIKE
I started to tell him. And Jake kept interrupting me. Why do you interrupt me? Do you think I'm going to make a fool of myself?

JAKE
Oh, shut up, Mike! Nobody interrupted you.

MIKE
No, I'd like to get this settled. (To Robert) Do you think you amount to something, Cohn? Do you think you belong here among us? People who are out to have a good time? For God's sake don't be so noisy, Cohn!

ROBERT
Oh, cut it out, Mike.

MIKE
Do you think Brett wants you here? Do you think you add to the party? Why don't you say something?

ROBERT
I said all I had to say the other night, Mike.

MIKE
I'm not one of you literary chaps.

Mike stands, shakily and leans against the table.

(CONTINUED)

MIKE

I'm not clever. But I do know when I'm not wanted. Why don't you see when you're not wanted, Cohn? Go away. Go away, for God's sake. Take that sad face away. (To Jake, Bill) Don't you think I'm right?

JAKE

Sure. Let's all go over to the Iruna.

MIKE

No. Don't you think I'm right? I love that woman.

BRETT

Oh, don't start that again. Do shove it along, Michael.

MIKE

Don't you think I'm right, Jake?

Robert looks sallow but triumphant. Mike is flushed with emotion.

MIKE

Jake. You know I'm right.

Mike turns to Robert.

MIKE

Listen you! Go away! Go away now!

ROBERT

But I won't, Mike.

MIKE

Then I'll make you!

Mike starts towards him around the table.

Robert stands, taking off his spectacles. He waits, his hands low, proudly and firmly ready for the assault, ready to do battle for his lady love.

Jake grabs Mike.

JAKE

Come on to the café. You can't hit him here in the hotel.

MIKE

Good! Good idea!

Robert puts his spectacles back on.

(CONTINUED)

MIKE

Let's go and look at the English.
I love to look at the English.

BILL

They're awful. Where did they all
come from?

MIKE

They come from Biarritz. They
come to see the last day of the
quaint little Spanish fiesta.

BILL

I'll festa them.

MIKE

You've an extraordinarily
beautiful friends, Bill.

Mike turns to Bill's friend, EDNA.

MIKE

(To Edna)

When did you get here?

BRETT

Come off it Michael.

MIKE

I say, she *is* a lovely girl.
Where have I been? Where have I
been looking all this while?
You're a lovely thing. Have we
met? Come along with me and Bill.
We're going to festa the English.

BILL

I'll festa them. What the hell
are they doing at this fiesta?

MIKE

Come on. We're going to festa the
bloody English. I hope you're not
English. I'm Scottish. Come on,
Bill.

Bill, Mike and Edna leave, arm in arm.

BRETT

I'm going to sit here.

ROBERT

I'll stay with you.

BRETT

Oh, don't! For God's sake, go off somewhere. Can't you see Jake and I need to talk.

ROBERT

I didn't. I thought I'd sit here because I felt a little tight.

BRETT

What a hell of a reason for sitting with anyone. If you're tight, go to bed. Go on to bed.

Robert leaves.

BRETT

Was I rude enough to him? My God! I'm so sick of him!

JAKE

He's behaved very badly.

BRETT

You know I do know how he feels. He can't believe it didn't mean anything.

JAKE

I know.

BRETT

Nobody else would behave as badly. And Michael. Michael's been lovely, too.

JAKE

It's been damned hard on Mike.

BRETT

Yes. But he didn't need to be a swine.

JAKE

Everybody behaves badly. Given the proper chance.

BRETT

Don't be difficult, darling. You're the only person I've got.

JAKE

You've got Mike.

BRETT

Yes, Mike. Hasn't he been pretty?

(CONTINUED)

JAKE
Well, it's been damned hard on
him having Cohn around and seeing
him with you.

BRETT
Don't I know it? Darling, please
don't make it worse than it
already is.

Brett is nervous. Her eyes dart from Jake to the wall.

JAKE
Want to go for a walk.

BRETT
Yes. Come on.

58 EXT. PAMPLONA, STREETS - NIGHT

58

As they come out of the door Robert Cohn walks out from
under the arcade into the street light.

BRETT
He's *still* here.

JAKE
He can't be away from you.

BRETT
Poor devil!

JAKE
I'm not sorry for him.

They walk arm in arm down the dark, wet streets. They walk
on to the edge of the town, passing wine-shops.

59 EXT. PARK - NIGHT

59

They walk across grass, through the park under the trees.
Rockets go up in the square.

BRETT
Do you still love me, Jake?

JAKE
Yes.

BRETT
Because I'm a goner.

(CONTINUED)

JAKE

How?

BRETT

I'm mad about the Romero boy. I'm in love with him, I think.

JAKE

I wouldn't be if I were you.

BRETT

I can't help it. I'm a goner. It's tearing me all up inside.

JAKE

You ought to stop it.

BRETT

How can I stop it? I can't stop things. Feel that?

She reaches for Jake's hand. Brett's hands are trembling. They stand beneath the trees, moonlight spilling down through the leaves.

BRETT

I'm like that all through.

JAKE

You oughtn't to do it.

BRETT

I can't help it. I'm a goner now, anyway. Don't you see the difference?

JAKE

No.

BRETT

I've got to do something. I've got to do something I really want to do.

JAKE

You don't have to do that.

BRETT

Oh, darling, don't be difficult. What do you think it's meant to have Robert about, and Mike the way he's acted?

JAKE

Sure.

(CONTINUED)

BRETT
I can't just stay tight all the time.

JAKE
No.

BRETT
Please stay by me. Please stay by me and see me through this.

JAKE
(Resigned)
What do you want me to do?

BRETT
Come on. Let's go and find him.

Together they walk down the gravel path in the park in the dark, under the trees and then through the gate into the street that lead into the town.

60 INT. BISTRO - NIGHT

60

Jake and Brett enter a traditional, well-patronised bistro.

Romero is with other bull-fighters and bull-fight critics, smoking cigars. They look up and watch Brett and Jake. Romero smiles and bows.

Jake and Brett sit down at a table half way down the room.

BRETT
Ask him to come over and have a drink.

JAKE
Not yet. He'll come over.

BRETT
I can't look at him.

JAKE
He's nice to look at.

BRETT
I've always done just what I wanted.

JAKE
I know.

BRETT
I do feel such a bitch.

(CONTINUED)

JAKE

Well.

Jake looks across at the table.

Romero smiles. He says something to the others at the table and stands up.

Jake stands and they shake hands.

JAKE

Won't you have a drink?

ROMERO

You must have a drink with me.

Romero smokes a cigar. He seats himself, asking Brett's permission with a gesture. She in turn nods and smiles.

JAKE

You like cigars?

ROMERO

Oh, yes. I always smoke cigars.

He watches Brett.

JAKE

You fight tomorrow?

ROMERO

Yes. Algabeno was hurt today in Madrid. Did you hear?

JAKE

Yes. Badly?

He shakes his head.

ROMERO

Nothing. Here.

He shows his hand. Brett reaches out and spreads his fingers apart.

ROMERO

You tell fortunes?

BRETT

Sometimes. Do you mind?

ROMERO

No. I like it. Tell me I live for always, and be a millionaire. Look. Do you see any bulls in my hand?

His hand is fine and his wrist small.

(CONTINUED)

BRETT
There are thousands of bulls.

Brett is no longer nervous. She looks lovely.

ROMERO
Good. (To Jake) At a thousand
duros apiece. (TO Brett) Tell me
some more.

BRETT
(To Jake)
It's a good hand. I think he'll
live a long time.

ROMERO
Say it to me. Not to your friend.

BRETT
(To Romero)
I said you'd live a long time.

ROMERO
I know it. (Smiles) I'm never going
to die.

Jake taps his finger tips on the table. Romero sees it and
shakes his head.

ROMERO
No. Don't do that. The bulls are
my best friends.

BRETT
You kill your friends?

ROMERO
Always. So they don't kill me.

He looks at her across the table.

BRETT
You speak English well.

ROMERO
Yes. Pretty well, sometimes. But
I must not let anybody know. It
would be very bad, a torero who
speaks English.

BRETT
Why?

ROMERO
It would be bad. The people would
not like it. Not yet.

(CONTINUED)

BRETT

Why not?

ROMERO

They would not like it.
Bull-fighters are not like that.

BRETT

What are bull-fighters like?

He laughs and tips his hat down over his eyes and changes the angle of his cigar and the expression on his face.

ROMERO

Like at the table.

Jake looks over. He had mimicked exactly the expression of NACIONAL. He smiles, his face natural again.

ROMERO

No. I must forget English.

BRETT

Don't forget it, yet.

ROMERO

No?

BRETT

No.

ROMERO

All right.

BRETT

I would like a hat like that.

ROMERO

Good. I'll get you one.

BRETT

Right. See that you do.

ROMERO

I will. I'll get you one tonight.

Jake stands. Romero stands too.

JAKE

Sit down. I must go and find my
friends and bring them here.

Romero looks at Jake, a final look to make sure it was understood.

(CONTINUED)

BRETT
 Sit down. You must teach me
 Spanish.

He sits down and looks at her across the table.

The hard-eyed people at the bull-fighter table watch Jake go.

61 EXT. BISTRO - NIGHT 61

Jake watches Brett and Romero from the street.

He turns away and walks through the night, alone. Leaving Brett again.

62 INT. CAFÉ SUIZO - NIGHT 62

Jake enters a kitsch café ordained with bull-fight mementoes. He sees Bill, Mike and Edna laughing loudly together.

Before Jake can join them Robert comes up.

ROBERT
 Where's Brett?

JAKE
 I don't know.

ROBERT
 She was with you.

JAKE
 She must have gone to bed.

ROBERT
 She's not.

JAKE
 I don't know where she is.

Robert's face looks sallow under the light.

ROBERT
 Tell me where she is.

JAKE
 I don't know.

ROBERT
 The hell you don't! Tell me where
 she is!

(CONTINUED)

JAKE
I'll not tell you a damn thing.

ROBERT
You know where she is.

JAKE
If I did I wouldn't tell you.

Mikes shouts from across the café.

MIKE
Oh, go to hell, Cohn. Brett's
gone off with the bull-fighter
chap. They're on their honeymoon.

ROBERT
You shut up.

MIKE
(Tight)
Oh, go to hell.

ROBERT
Is that where she is?

JAKE
Go to hell!

ROBERT
She was with you. Is that where
she is?

JAKE
Go to hell!

ROBERT
I'll make you tell me

He steps forward, aggressively.

ROBERT
You damned pimp!

Jake swings at him and he ducks sideways. Robert hits
Jake. Jake stumbles down backwards.

Jake starts getting to his feet and Robert hits him again,
twice in the belly. Jake goes crashing down, under a
table, and goes out cold.

63 INT. ROBERT'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

63

Jake lies stretched out on a couch in his hotel room.

Bill pours a carafe of water over Jake and slaps him on both cheeks.

BILL

Jake. Jake.

Jake opens his eyes, muttering, and sits up on the couch.

BILL

Good. You're going to be all right.

Bill hands an iced towel to Jake.

BILL

Can I leave you two girls alone alone for a minute?

Jake grimaces as he puts the towel to his jaw. Bill goes.

The room is dimly lit and Robert lies face down on the bed behind the couch.

ROBERT

Hello, Jake.

JAKE

(Over shoulder)
Don't call me Jake.

Jake stands, holding on to a chair.

Jake
Where's the bathroom?

Robert is crying. He rolls over and sits on the edge of the bed. He wears a white polo shirt.

ROBERT

I'm sorry, Jake. Please forgive me.

JAKE

Forgive you, hell.

ROBERT

Please forgive me, Jake.

Jake says nothing and stands near the door.

ROBERT

I was crazy. You must see how it was.

(CONTINUED)

JAKE
Oh, that's all right.

ROBERT
I couldn't stand it about Brett.

JAKE
You called me a pimp.

ROBERT
I know. Please don't remember it.
I was crazy.

JAKE
That's all right.

Robert cries without making any noise. His voice is raw.
He stands and moves over to Jake.

ROBERT
I'm going away in the morning.
I've been through hell, Jake.
It's been simply hell. When I met
her down here she treated me like
a perfect stranger. I just
couldn't stand it.

JAKE
Well, I'm going to take a bath.
Must go.

ROBERT
Please say you forgive me, Jake.

JAKE
Sure. It's all right.

ROBERT
I felt so terribly! I've been
through such hell, Jake. Now
everything is gone. Everything.

JAKE
Well, so long. Must go.

ROBERT
So long, Jake. You'll shake hands
won't you?

JAKE
Sure. Why not?

They shake hands.

JAKE
Well, see you in the morning.

ROBERT
I'm going away in the morning.

JAKE
Oh, yes.

Jake goes out. Robert stands in the doorway.

ROBERT
Are you all right, Jake?

JAKE
Oh, yes. I'm all right.

Jake puts a hand against the wall to steady himself as he takes his first step down the stairs.

64 INT. JAKE'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY 64

Jake wakes up late to the sound of stampeding hooves and a roaring crowd. He has slept in his clothes and looks a mess. He steps out on to the balcony and looks over the town.

65 EXT. BALCONY OF JAKE'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY 65

Jake squints into the light. The reflected light shines in his eyes. It's a hot day. The town is dusty and bleached by the sun.

Through the buildings he can catch sight of the crowd of men running from the bulls. The bulls are hot on their heels.

66 INT. JAKE'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY 66

Jake picks up his glasses from the coffee table on his way out.

67 INT. HOTEL FOYER - DAY 67

Montoya is having trouble with the men from the bistro. He tries to retain order and refuses to let the men in.

Jake slips passed, avoiding being seen.

68 EXT. PAMPLONA, STREETS - DAY 68

Jake pushes his way through the crowd up to the railing. A man has been gored and is receiving medical attention.

Jake turns to the MAN next to him.

(CONTINUED)

JAKE
Anything happen in the encierro?

MAN
I didn't see it all. One man was
badly cogido.

JAKE
Where?

MAN
Here.

The man puts one hand on the small of Jake's back and the other on his chest. The man nods his head.

MAN
Bad cogido.

Jake nods at the grave news.

69

EXT. CAFÉ IRUNA - DAY

69

Jake finds Bill and Mike sitting out on the square. It is crowded.

BILL
My God! Look who's here old Jake,
the human-punching bag.

MIKE
I say, where've you been?

Jake takes a seat. Mike wipes his face with a brown and red scarf.

JAKE
What happened inside?

BILL
(Shaking head)
Some incierro. Some incierro. One
bull went over the barrera and
hooked everybody over.

MIKE
I heard them yell.

BILL
That was Edna.

MIKE
They took about twenty chaps to
the infirmary.

(CONTINUED)

BILL
What a morning!

MIKE
How's your jaw, Jake?

JAKE
Sore.

Bills laughs.

BILL
Why didn't you hit him with a chair?

MIKE
You can talk. He'd have knocked you out, too.

JAKE
Where did he go afterwards?

MIKE
Don't you know about that?

BILL
Really?

Mike opens the beer bottles.

MIKE
He went in and found Brett and the bull-fighter chap in the bull-fighter's room, and then he massacred the poor, bloody bull-fighter.

JAKE
No.

MIKE
Yes.

Mike takes a sip of beer.

MIKE
He nearly killed the poor, bloody bull-fighter. Then Cohn wanted to take Brett away. Wanted to make an honest woman of her, I imagine. Damned touching scene.

He takes a long drink of beer.

BILL
He is an ass.

JAKE
What happened?

MIKE
Brett gave him what for. She told
him off. I think she was rather
good.

BILL
I'll bet she was.

MIKE
She's rather cut-up. But she does
love looking after people. That's
how we met you know.

JAKE
I know.

BILL
Here comes Brett.

Jake looks up to see Brett coming through the crowd, her
head held high.

BRETT
Hello, you chaps! I say, is Cohn
gone?

BILL
Yes. He hired a car.

BRETT
I hear he hurt you, Jake.

JAKE
No. Knocked me out. That was all.

BRETT
I say, he did hurt Pedro Romero.
He hurt him most badly.

JAKE
Is he going to fight?

BRETT
Rather. I'm going with you, if
you don't mind.

MIKE
How's your boy friend? Brett's
got a bull-fighter. She had a Jew
named Cohn, but he turned out
rather badly.

Brett stands up.

BRETT
I am not going to listen to that
sort of rot from you, Michael.

MIKE
How's your boyfriend?

BRETT
Damned well. Watch him this
afternoon.

MIKE
Brett's got a bull-fighter. A
beautiful, bloody bull-fighter.

BRETT
(To Jake)
Would you mind walking over with
me? I want to talk to you, Jake?

MIKE
To hell with your bull-fighter!

Mike tips the table over so that all the beers go over in
a crash.

BRETT
Come on. Let's get out of this.

70

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - DAY

70

Jake and Brett cross the square.

BRETT
I'm not going to see Romero until
the fight. His people come in and
dress him. They're very angry
about me.

She stops under the arcade at the door of the hotel. She
looks radiant.

BRETT
I feel altogether changed. You've
no idea, Jake.

JAKE
Anything you want me to do?

BRETT
No, just go to the fight with me.

71 EXT. BULL-RING, STANDS - DAY 71

Brett sits between Jake and Bill. Jake looks through the glasses at the three matadors.

72 EXT. BULL-RING, INTERIOR - DAY 72

Romero is in the centre wearing a black suit with black patterns on it. His dark figure stands in high contrast to the ochre sand of the ring.

He wears a tri-cornered hat low down over his eyes. His face is not clear but it is badly marked. He looks straight ahead at nothing.

73 EXT. BULL-RING, STANDS - DAY 73

Jake hands the glasses to Brett. She looks through them for a moment but gives them back to Jake

BRETT
Here. Take them.

74 EXT. BULL-RING, INTERIOR - DAY 74

Romero comes over to the barrera below them. He takes off his heavy gold-brocaded cape and hands it over the fence to his sword-handler.

Romero's lips are puffed, both eyes are discoloured. His face is discoloured and swollen.

75 EXT. BULL-RING, STANDS - DAY 75

The sword-handler takes the cape, looks up at Brett, and goes over to them and hands up the cape.

JAKE
Spread it out in front of you.

Brett spreads it out. The sword-handler looks up, shakes his head and mutters under his breath.

A MAN beside Jake leans forward to Brett.

MAN
He doesn't want you to spread it out. You should fold it and keep it in your lap.

Brett folds the heavy cape.

76 EXT. BULL-RING, INTERIOR - DAY 76

Romero pours water over the percale of his fighting-cape and then scuffs the lower folds in the sand with his foot.

77 EXT. BULL-RING, STANDS - DAY 77

BRETT
What's that for?

JAKE
To give it weight in the wind.

BILL
His face looks bad.

BRETT
He feels very badly. He should be in bed.

78 EXT. BULL-RING, INTERIOR - DAY 78

Romero takes his position and the final bull is released. It is a good bull, big, with horns.

Romero swings the cape, its furls whipping against his trousers and kicking up dust.

The bull turns and recharges easily and surely.

All Romero's agility is on display as he bends his body like a bow. He enters a rhythmic dance with the beast.

It turns and recharges easily and surely.

Romero draws the sword out of the folds of the muleto and sights the bull directly down the blade. The bull looks at him. He taps one of his feet.

The bull charges.

Romero waits for the charge, arched back and poised for the strike.

Without taking a step forward, Romero launches the sword between the shoulder blades.

The bull goes down, heavy and black.

Romero cuts the notched black ear from the bull and holds it up for the crowd.

The crowd goes wild, cheering and applauding. Handkerchiefs wave all over the bull-ring.

Boys run towards Romero from all parts of the arena, making a little circle around him. They dance around the bull.

Romero runs towards Brett, leans up over the barrera and gives the ear to Brett.

79 EXT. BULL-RING, STANDS - DAY 79

Brett takes it.

ROMERO
You like it?

They look at each other and smile.

Brett holds down the cape.

80 EXT. BULL-RING, INTERIOR - DAY 80

The crowd surround Romero. They lift him on to their shoulders and carry him, parading him around the ring.

81 EXT. BULL-RING, STANDS - DAY 81

Jake holds out a handkerchief for the bloody ear. Brett drops it into it.

BRETT
Thanks very much.

She folds it.

82 EXT. PAMPLONA, STREETS - DAY 82

Jake, Bill and Brett push through the crowd. It is loud and rough.

Jake and Brett are separated as the crowd runs a riot.

JAKE
Brett! Brett!

She does not turn back. Jake tries to fight through the crowd.

83 EXT. MONTOYA HOTEL - DAY 83

The street is congested with taxis. Jake runs up the steps into the foyer.

84 INT. MONTOYA HOTEL - DAY 84
 Jake stops outside Brett's room.

85 INT. BRETT'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY 85
 The door is open and the room is in a shambles. Bags lie open and clothes are strewn about.
 Mike sits on the end of his bed looking like a death mask of himself. His head bowed.

MIKE
 She's gone. (Pause) Gone off with her bull-fighter.

Jake hits the side of the door frame.

86 INT. JAKE'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY 86
 Jake's room is in a mess. Montoya rushes in.

MONTOYA
 Here you are! Jake, you must go. Romero's people are out looking for you.

JAKE
 Where's Brett?

MONTOYA
 She's gone off with Romero. He'll take care of her.

87 EXT. MONTOYA HOTEL, SIDE-STREET - DAY 87
 A taxi leaves the curb. Jake is in it.

88 CUT TO: 88

89 EXT. SAN SEBASTIAN, SEA - DAY 89
 With a splash Jake dives into the aquamarine sea from an anchored raft. He bobs in the water, the sun in his eyes. He hears a woman's laughter and tries to see, the salt in his eyes.

Blurred image of a slender, long legged woman on the beach. Jake swims in to the shore.

90 EXT. SAN SEBASTIAN, BEACH - DAY 90

Jake reaches the beach but she is gone.

He picks up his towel and wipes his eyes.

A BELL-BOY runs up to him and hands him a message from the front desk.

BELL-BOY

For you sir. It's come in from Madrid.

Jake wipes his face and puts the towel around his neck.

JAKE

Madrid?

He takes the note.

JAKE

Thank you.

He turns and opens the folded piece of paper.

It reads:

COULD YOU COME HOTEL MONTANA
MADRID AM RATHER IN TROUBLE BRETT

91 CUT TO: 91

92 EXT. MADRID - DAY 92

Jake is clean shaven and dressed in a linen suit.

He walks through the bustle of the city - people, bicycles, taxis, motor-cars making their way in the mid-day heat.

He stops outside an old hotel.

93 EXT. HOTEL MONTANA, MADRID - DAY 93

A Medieval Catholic structure, resembling a Church.

Jake rings the bell at the Hotel Montana. There is no answer. He rings again.

A sullen-faced MAID opens the door just enough to show her face.

JAKE

Is Lady Ashley here?

She looks at him dully. Coveted.

(CONTINUED)

JAKE
Is an English woman here?

She turns and calls someone inside.

A very fat WOMAN comes to the door. Her hair is grey and stiffly oiled in scallops around her face.

She swings the heavy wooden door right back and stands in the doorway. She is short and commanding.

JAKE
Muy Buenos. Is there an English woman here?

WOMAN
Muy Buenos.

JAKE
I would like to see this English lady.

WOMAN
Yes, there is a female English. Certainly you can see her if she wishes to see you.

JAKE
She wishes to see me.

WOMAN
The chica will ask her.

JAKE
It is very hot.

WOMAN
It is very hot in summer in Madrid.

JAKE
And how cold is winter?

WOMAN
Si, very cold in winter.

The sullen-faced maid comes back. She nods at the woman.

JAKE
Good. You see it is as I said.

WOMAN
Si, si.

The Woman steps aside.

94 INT. HOTEL MONTANA, FOYER - DAY 94

Jake steps into the cool interior.

WOMAN
Number six.

She points down the passage.

WOMAN
(Nods)
You go.

Jake passes her and walks down the passage.

95 INT. HOTEL MONTANA, CORRIDOR - DAY 95

The door of number six stands ajar. Jake knocks on it.

BRETT
Is that you, Jake?

JAKE
It's me.

BRETT
Come in. Come in.

Jake pushes the door open.

96 INT. ROOM NUMBER 6, BRETT'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY 96

Brett is sitting on the edge of the bed, her back turned to the door. She has been brushing her hair and holds the brush in her hand.

There are clothes strewn across the floor and draped over chairs. A suitcase lies open.

JAKE
God.

BRETT
Darling! Don't look at the mess.
I've had such a hell of a time.

Jake closes the door behind him.

JAKE
Tell me about it.

He switches a lamp off, pulling a thin fabric blouse off the shade.

BRETT
Nothing to tell. He only left
yesterday. (Pause) I made him go.

JAKE
Why didn't you keep him?

BRETT
I don't know. I just couldn't. I
don't think I hurt him.

Jake sits down on the other side of the bed, turning to
face her.

JAKE
No, I'm sure not. You were
probably very good to him.

BRETT
He was ashamed of me Jake. (Pause)
That came as a shock. They ragged
him about me at the Café. He
wanted me to grow my hair out.

JAKE
It's funny.

BRETT
He said it would make me look
more feminine.

JAKE
What happened?

BRETT
Oh, he wasn't ashamed of me all
together.

JAKE
What was it about being in
trouble?

BRETT
I didn't know how I was going to
get out of it. I couldn't make
him go. And I wasn't sure he'd
let me leave. He was saying he
wanted to marry me.

JAKE
Really?

BRETT
And I can't even marry Mike!

JAKE

Maybe he thought that would make him Lord Ashley.

BRETT

Maybe! (Laughs) No. He really wanted to marry me. He wanted to make sure I could never leave him. (Laughs) Only after I'd got more feminine, of course!

Brett's laughter turns to tears. She fights them back.

JAKE

Oh Brett.

Jake puts his hand on the nape of her neck.

JAKE

You ought to feel set up.

BRETT

I do. I'm all right. He's wiped out that damned Cohn.

JAKE

Good.

BRETT

You know I would have lived with him if I hadn't seen it was bad for him. We got along damned well.

JAKE

(Light tease)

Outside of your personal appearance.

Unable to take the quip.

BRETT

I'm thirty-one, you know. I'm not going to be one of those bitches who ruins children. (Pause) I'm not going to be that way. I feel rather good, you know. I feel rather set up.

JAKE

As you should.

Brett looks away. She can't fight back the tears and she cries.

Jake puts his arms around her, slides her across the bed and holds her.

(CONTINUED)

BRETT
Don't let's talk about it.

JAKE
Dear Brett.

She pulls herself together and disengages from the embrace.

BRETT
I'm going back to Mike. You know I have to. He's so damned nice and he's so awful. He's my sort of thing.

She looks up at Jake but can't hold her gaze.

JAKE
Right. Let's get you out of here, shall we?

97 INT. HOTEL MONTANA RECEPTION - DAY

97

Jake goes to the small reception desk.

WOMAN
No. No. It is paid. By the young man.

JAKE
Right. Mochas gracias.

Brett approaches, wheeling her suitcase behind her. She wears a simple black dress and black rimmed sunglasses.

JAKE
It seems the Romero chap picked up the tab.

BRETT
He did, did he?

They stand silhouetted in the door way, between the dark, cool of the interior and the bright, heat of the exterior.

A taxi waits for them.

Brett looks out into the sun.

BRETT
Oh, well, it doesn't matter now.

JAKE
Damned good of him.

Jake looks out.

(CONTINUED)

JAKE
Come on. We're going across the
way for a drink.

98 EXT. AVENUE, MADRID - DAY 98

Jake and Brett wait for a break in the traffic. The cars rush past. Jake takes Brett's hand and they dart across the avenue.

They walk a short distance along the side walk.

99 INT. PALACE HOTEL BAR - DAY 99

Jake and Brett walk with energy, through the foyer of the Palace Hotel, straight to the bar.

Jake pulls a high stool out for Brett. She takes it with ease. He pulls out a high stool for himself.

JAKE
(To the barman)
Two Martinis.

Brett looks over the bar.

BRETT
What a wonderful gentility you
get in the bar of a big hotel.

Several tables are occupied by pairs or small groups of three or four.

BRETT
Barmen and jockeys are the only
people who are polite anymore.

JAKE
Quite.

BRETT
It's odd.

JAKE
Bartenders have always been fine.

BRETT
You know, it is quite true. He is
only nineteen. Isn't it amazing?

JAKE
Ooh, amazing.

They touch glasses, cold beads forming.

(CONTINUED)

JAKE
 (To the barman)
 I like an olive in a Martini.

BARMAN
 Right you are.

Returning the glass to Jake.

BRETT
 I should have asked you know.

The BARMAN goes up the bar.

Brett takes a first sip from the glass as it stands on the wood, then picks it up.

BRETT
 It's good. (Looking around) Isn't it a nice bar?

JAKE
 They're all nice bars.

BRETT
 You know, I didn't believe it at first.

JAKE
 Anything you want me to think about it?

BRETT
 Don't be silly. *Would you buy a lady a drink?*

JAKE
 We'll have two more Martinis.

BARMAN
 As they were before, sir?

BRETT
 They were very good.

She smiles at the barman.

BARMAN
 Thank you, ma'am.

BRETT
 You know, he'd only been with two women before. He never cared about anything but bull-fighting.

JAKE
He's got plenty of time.

BRETT
I don't know. He thinks it was
me. Not the show in general.

JAKE
Well, it was you.

BRETT
Yes, it was me.

JAKE
I thought you weren't ever going
to talk about it.

BRETT
How can I help it?

JAKE
You'll lose it if you talk about
it.

BRETT
I just talk around it. You know I
feel rather damned good, Jake.

JAKE
As you should.

BRETT
You know it makes me feel rather
good deciding not to be a bitch.

JAKE
Yes.

BRETT
It's sort of what we have instead
of God.

JAKE
Some people have God. Quite a
lot.

BRETT
He never worked very well with
me.

JAKE
Should we have another Martini?

Brett nods blankly.

JAKE

Yes, two more, please.

The barman shakes up two new Martinis and pours them into new glasses and pushes them forward across the bar.

Jake drinks his glass.

BRETT

You like to drink, don't you?

JAKE

Yes. I like to do a lot of things.

The barman pours out another.

Brett puts her hand on Jake's arm.

BRETT

Don't get drunk, Jake. You don't have to.

JAKE

How do you know?

BRETT

Don't. You'll be all right.

JAKE

I'm not getting drunk. I'm just drinking a little.

BRETT

Don't get drunk, Jake.

JAKE

Want to go for a ride? Want to ride through the town?

BRETT

Right. I haven't seen Madrid. I should see Madrid.

JAKE

Everyone should see Madrid.

Brett stands to go. Jake drinks his Martini down.

100

EXT. HOTEL MONTANA, MADRID - DAY

100

The taxi pulls away from the old hotel.

101 INT. TAXI - NIGHT

101

Brett moves close to Jake. They sit close against each other.

Jake puts his arm around her and she rests against him comfortably.

BRETT

Oh, Jake, we could have had such a damned good time together.

JAKE

Yes. Isn't it pretty to think so.

The city lights flicker through the window.

102 EXT. MADRID - NIGHT

102

In the traffic the taxi drives on down the avenue and on.

FADE OUT

University of Cape Town