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# Blood and Sand

By Jo Swerling

- [Woman]Juanillo?  
- Yes, Mother?  
- Go to sleep.  
- Yes, Mother.  
- [Chattering, Laughing]  
- ##[Flamenco]  
[Applause]  
- ##[Ends]  
- [Applause]  
##[Resumes]  
[Speaking Spanish]  
- Thank you. Thank you, amigos.  
- The miracles you performed this afternoon  
I, Curro, tell you  
you didn't need your sword.  
You killed that bull with your cape.  
[Laughing] Curro, these women  
kill more often than the bulls.  
[Laughing]  
- Garabato, where did you get this scar?  
- Oh, this one?  
- I got that in, uh in Bilbao.  
- [Spanish]  
Tell me something. Is it true your body  
is covered all over like a map?  
Well, gachi, during the 19 years  
I've exercised my profession...  
I've killed 2,912 bulls...  
[Chattering]  
And I've been gored 67 times.  
With my hand on my heart, I, Curro...  
declare all nations of the Earth should  
come and admire toreros like Garabato.  
They may have ships,  
they may have gold...  
but they have no man like this.  
I, Curro, tell you this man...  
is greater than Frascuelo  
or Mazzantini or Lagartijo!  
Oh, come now, Curro.  
Not greater than Lagartijo.  
Yes! By the life of the blue dove,  
even greater than Lagartijo.  
- But not greater than Gallardo!

- [Man] The boy's right.  
- Gallardo was a great killer of bulls.  
- You mean a butcher.  
He belonged to the slaughterhouse,  
not to the bull ring.  
- I spit in your milk!  
- With his cape and muleta,  
Gallardo was phenomenal.  
Ah, no. Garabato is  
the best bullfighter in the world.  
- Gallardo was the greatest torero of all time!  
- Torero?  
Who called that perro a torero?  
I knew that mamarracho.  
I was there the day he was killed.  
He trembled like a leaf.  
- He had cats in his belly.  
- [Woman Screams]  
[Screaming, Shouting]  
## [Guitar]  
## [Singing, Indistinct]  
##[Guitar]  
##[Man Vocalizing]  
[Chattering In Spanish]  
## [Singing In Spanish]  
##[Continues In Distance]  
Seor Toro.

**Aj, toro! Aj! :**  
: Toro! Aj! Aj!  
Aj, toro! Aj! Aj!  
Aj! Toro! Aj!  
[Spanish]  
: Toro! : Toro! Aj, toro. Aj.

**Aj. :**  
Aj. Aj, toro!  
[Gasps]  
Aj! Aj!  
Ol! Ol! Superb!  
Juanillo! Come here, you rascal!  
[Spanish]  
- Are you hurt?  
- No!

- It was only a caress, nothing more.  
- [Spanish]  
And this time I mean it.  
Trespassing.  
Spoiling our best bulls.  
Criminal entry.  
Tonight you can sleep in the barn,  
but tomorrow morning...  
I'm going to turn you over  
to the police.  
Tell me, muchacho, how did you feel  
when you were fighting that bull?  
Sort of gay. Very gay.  
That's the way I always feel  
when I fight a bull.  
Where did you learn that cape work?  
He's been coming here like this  
ever since he was that high.  
- More of a pest than the fly  
that plagued the cattle.  
- You weren't afraid?  
Afraid? Excelencia, I was born under  
a good shadow with a cape in my hands.  
- That bicho couldn't hurt me.  
- Bicho?  
Do you know that animal's a Miura?  
They're only like any others.  
My father killed scores of Miura bulls.  
The boy's name is Gallardo.  
Gallardo.  
So, that's where you got it.  
- You knew my father?  
- Quite well.  
- Was he a good torero?  
- One of the best.  
- Ah.  
- I was there at Cordoba...  
the day your father was killed  
by a Miura bull...  
probably the great-grandfather of the bull  
that almost killed you a while ago.  
There's always been a great feud between  
the Gallardo men and the Miura bulls.  
They've been killing each other

for generations.

My father said

that's what they're made for.

When I get to be a matador,

my first formal bull will be a Miura.

Excelencia, someday,

I'll make the church bells ring.

There, now. When they hang you,

at least you'll be dressed properly.

- Gracias, seor.

- I came here to see bulls.

And instead, I saw a bullfighter...

and I must say he is an original.

Maestro,

I'm your unconditional admirer.

Oh, thank you, excelencia.

Everybody in Spain is the unconditional admirer of Don Jose Alvarez.

Ah. When you become a matador...

perhaps you'll let me be

your impresario.

- My hand on it.

- Be sure I'm fully conscious of the honor.

Good evening.

I'm off, Pedro.

God give you a good night, excelencia.

[Whistling]

: Hola! : Hola!

- Carmencita, I'm sorry to wake you like this.

- You didn't wake me.

- I've been up for hours.

- You have?

You should've seen me fight a big, enormous bull. The biggest.

I did see you. I was afraid

the bull might kill you.

How many times have I told you?

I can dominate any bull.

- Don't you believe me?

- Yes, but

Listen. I've gotta tell you before your father gets back.

I didn't come here tonight just to fight a bull.

I wanted to see you and say good-bye.

I'm going to Madrid.

- M-Madrid? When?

- First thing in the morning.

- Alone?

- No. The others are going with me.

The whole cuadrilla

Manolo, Sebastian, Luis and Pablo.

- What are you going for?

- You can't be a bullfighter

unless you go to Madrid.

I'm running away.

It's a good thing too. I'm in trouble.

Every polica in town

is looking for me right now.

I killed a man.

Juanillo!

At La Veronica tonight. A great big

fat goat insulted my father's name.

Said he had cats in his belly.

- So I killed him.

- When will you come back from Madrid?

When I'm the greatest torero

in the world.

Then and only then.

- Will you wait for me?

- How long?

How long will you wait?

Forever.

You won't have to wait that long,

I promise you.

When I come back, I'll be rich and famous

with my name in the papers.

And whatever I have, I'll

[Gasps]

And whatever I have,

I'll lay at your feet...

and we'll be married in the church

of San Gil if you're willing.

I'm willing.

- [Door Opens]

- Here comes your father.

- Good-bye, Carmencita.

- Good-bye, Juanillo.

[Chattering]

[Dog Barking]

- Ol, Encarnacion.

- Granuja. Scum!

Mother's looking for you.

You're going to get it.

- Get what, Sister?

- Another broomstick broken over your head.

I don't mind that.

I've even brought my own broomstick.

A fine brother you are. Your mother and  
your sister work their hands to the bone...

while you go off to play with bulls.

Not play with them, Encarnacion  
fight them.

I wish one of them would kill you.

Then we wouldn't have to feed you anymore.

- The bull that can kill me hasn't been born yet.

- [Scoffs]

- Where did you go last night?

- To practice, Mother.

One doesn't have to practice for death.

You promised you wouldn't  
go to the ranch anymore!

You knew I couldn't keep my promise.

Oh.

Aren't you going to beat me?

I'm tired of beating you.

Where did you steal those clothes?

I didn't steal them.

I got them from Pedro Espinosa.

And who do you suppose I met there?

Don Jose Alvarez.

He saw me fight a bull,  
an enormous bull.

He said he was  
my unconditional admirer.

He wants to be my manager  
when I get to be a matador.

I hope I never see the day.

I've made up my mind.

I'm not gonna starve...

for the rest of my life

on gazpacho and rotten codfish.

And Encarnacion how about her?

How could she get a husband unless  
I make money for her dowry? And you  
I don't wanna see you for the rest of your life  
on your knees scrubbing floors.  
That's what your father said too.  
And here I am...  
on my knees.

[Chuckles]

Oh, you.  
You're your father come back  
to plague me again.  
He died once,  
and I died a thousand times.  
Every time he went into the ring.  
And now you  
you want me to die  
a thousand times more.  
Madre, I've hurt you a lot...  
and maybe I'll hurt you some more.  
If I do, please forgive me.  
And maybe someday  
you'll be proud of me.  
Oh!

Good-bye, Madrecita.

- Come on. You turn too quick.

- He's no good today.

Come on. Just a little more speed  
there in your run.

- He has no grace.

- Hola, amigos.

- We got something.

- Yeah, a surprise.

- I got it.

- Come over here.

- You'd never guess what it is.

- What is it?

- A surprise.

- A horse!

Yes. I got to thinking.

Madrid's 600 kilometers from here.

- I found the horse standing  
near the road, and I thought

- Good idea, Manolo.

- Wait. That's my horse.



- Who's the leader of this cuadrilla?  
You may call yourself the leader,  
but I'm going to ride the horse.  
How's it going to look for a matador to walk  
while one of his men rides a horse?  
I'm going to be a matador too.  
We might as well agree on one thing  
before we start.  
There's only one matador in this cuadrilla,  
and his name is Juan Gallardo.

- Sebastian, are you with me?  
- Always.  
- Potaje?  
- I follow.  
- Pablo?  
- Me too.  
- Manolo?  
- I'm coming along, all right, but I ride.  
There's only one way  
to settle a matter like this.  
[All Shouting In Spanish]  
## [Singing In Spanish]  
## [Whistling]  
## [Singing Continues]  
## [Whistling]  
- We'll never make it.  
- We'll make it.  
- Not by walking.  
- [Train Whistle Blowing]  
Who said anything about walking?  
You men stay here.  
What are you gonna do?  
- Stop the train.  
- How are you gonna stop it?  
Have you ever seen a bull  
stop a train?  
- Yes, but you're not a bull.  
- I can stop a bull, so I can stop a train.  
[Whistle Blowing]  
[Whistle Blowing]  
- God give you a good evening, Senor Engineer.  
- What?  
We're on our way  
to the corrida in Madrid.

Mi capitn,  
we've come all the way from Sevilla.  
We've walked 500 kilometers  
already, excelencia.  
All right, you whelps of hell.  
Get aboard.  
Come on, muchachos!  
Compaeros, you may do as you please.  
But as for me, I'm through.  
We're doomed, all of us,  
because we haven't got an education.  
For 10 years now, we've been risking  
our necks in a hundred arenas.  
And where are we?  
Just where we started from.  
How much better it would've been if we'd  
joined up with the Workman's Federation...  
and served our class.  
Or at least joined the national militia  
and served our country.  
As it is, whom have we served?  
Nobody, not even ourselves.  
One of us hasn't done so badly  
for himself.  
Eh, Juanillo?  
- I can't complain, Manolo.  
- I can.  
- My pockets are empty.  
- You don't make as much as I do.  
Your pockets are bulging  
with pesetas right now.  
Four thousand. Not a bad season.  
And someday I'll make twice that much  
in one afternoon.  
[Whistle Blowing]  
Look! Look my picture!  
- [Voices Overlapping]  
- Now, that's recognition.  
There's something under it.  
What does it say?  
Huh? Oh.  
- Hey, you! I mean you! Come here!  
- [Spanish]  
- Come on. Come on.

- Come on!
- Good morning, seores.
- Can you read?
- Yes, thank you.
- Good. Read this.

Right there.

- Well, come on. Come on. Read it.
- Let's hear it.

Seores, this is an article  
by the great critic Curro.

In it, he he praises the merits  
of various novilleros...  
including Juan Gallardo.

- That's me!
- That's him!

[Juan]

What does it say?

[Man]

Let's hear it. Come on.

Easily the most promising of the season's  
newcomers is Juan Gallardo.

His work in the ring is...  
classic, pure and perfect.

I declare that nothing like it  
has been seen...

from Fuentes, Garabato  
or from anybody else.

It will not be long before all Spain  
rings with his praise...

and Sevilla

should be proud of its son...

whose name will one day

cover it with, uh

with undying glory.

- Thank you, amigo.
- The sun comes alas from behind the clouds.
- I tell ya, praise from Curro spells contracts.
- The beginning of history!
- It's only one man's opinion.
- One man's, yes.

But when that one man

happens to be Curro

Sevilla. Sevilla.

Sevilla.

##[Marching Band]

- [Cheering, Shouting]

- Look! Look!

You'll have to make a speech.

- What'll I say?

- Whatever comes to you.

Juanillo! Juanillo!

: Madrecita!

Nacional, that package.

Huh?

- Madrecita.

- Oh!

For you, Madrecita.

Oh. Oh, Juanillo.

##[Flamenco]

Look at Juan over there.

We do all the work, he takes all the bows.

One of these days,

I'm going out on my own.

- When?

- As soon as I get together a good cuadrilla.

Men like yourselves.

I could use you all.

I'll pay you twice what he does.

What do you say, huh?

I am not interested.

I am through with bullfighting.

It's the most

reactionary of professions.

I renounce it here and now.

Someday,

the people will renounce it too.

- What about you two?

- First time I ever met Juan Gallardo, we fought.

I was much bigger than Juan,

but he bit off part of my ear...

and part of my heart went with it.

I love the man.

I'll work for no other.

- How about you?

- Me too.

## [Singing In Spanish]

- ## [Ends]

- [Cheering]

##[Resumes]

Well, now, here are  
the two longest faces in Andaluca.

What's the matter?

Aren't you enjoying yourselves?

Encarnacion, what's wrong?

Antonio Lopez, you tell me.

Your sister and I have been engaged now  
for four years.

Each year, we've been planning  
to get married.

- And now

- Yes?

Now we should be married.

WellWell, that's all right.

Why don't you get married?

Antonio's been let out  
of the saddlery shop.

What'll it take to open  
a shop of your own?

I should think about 2,000 pesetas.

You're in business.

You mean

Oh, thank you very much. Thank you.

- It's a wedding present.

- Thank you.

- And I hope it's a boy.

- Yes.

Amigos! Amigos! Step up, everybody.

Come up close.

Amigos, I have an important  
announcement to make.

The marriage of my sister Encarnacion  
to Antonio Lopez...

which will take place  
as soon as possible.

In honor of this great occasion...

I wish to present you with a few gifts  
that I brought you from Madrid.

- Lorenzo Rodriguez. Angelina Marcos.

- [Woman Shouts In Spanish]

Carlos.

Mateo.

Elena. Fernando.

Enrique.

No, no. Not that one.

Who's this one for, Juanillo?

It's a secret. It's for someone  
who isn't here just now.

[All Clamoring]

Hermano.

Excuse me, but things have been going  
rather badly with me lately.

- I thought maybe you could help a little.

- Garabato.

Yes, I regret to say I am still alive.

But I thought you'd retired and gone  
to the country and bought a ranch.

[Chuckles]

Oh, no, no.

No, I left the ring just as I came into it  
without a peseta.

Oh, thank you so much.

Oh, thank you. This will

Oh! Juan Gallardo!

Things have been going great  
for you lately, haven't they?

Yes, I had a good season.

I look forward to a better one.

Oh, that is good.

- I suppose your cuadrilla

- It's full up just now.

Oh. Oh, well,

I've had a lot of experience.

I've spent most of my life  
in the bull ring.

I know all the critics.

Maybe you could use a sword handler...

or a-a servant in the house, anything.

Why not?

Come and, uh

Come and see me tomorrow.

Thanks.

[Coins Rattling]

##[Guitars]

Good evening, señor.

- Is there anything I can get you?

- Yes. I want your band.

- My band?

- Yes, the whole band.

## [Singing In Spanish]

##[Continues]

##[Continues]

##[Continues]

Juanillo.

## [Ends]

And all the way on the train from Madrid,  
I kept worrying and thinking...

"Perhaps she's tired of waiting.

Perhaps she's gone away.

Perhaps she's even forgotten me."

Oh, you couldn't possibly think that.

You know, I even thought You know the first  
thing I asked my mother when I got home?

"Pedro Espinosa's little girl the one  
with the skinny legs and the funny face  
has she, by any chance,  
gotten married yet?"

Oh!

I can't get over it.

I never thought

that you'd grow up to be so  
so very nice to look at.

Juan, why did you never write to me?

Write? Well, you see

This may sound silly to you,  
but I didn't wanna write...

until I could sign

my first letter to you...

"Juan Gallardo, Matador de Toros."

- You haven't had your alternativa yet?

- No, but I haven't done badly.

Do you know

what I cleared last season...

over and above traveling expenses,  
renting costumes and all that?

4,000 pesetas.

- 4,000?

- Yeah.

And that's nothing to what I'll make  
later on once I've been recognized.

Of course, I'm not entirely

overlooked now, mind you. Not at all.  
They're beginning to find out who I am.  
Take a look at that.

My first press notice,  
and by Curro himself.

Pretty nice, don't you think?

Have you read it?

- Of course.

- And you like it?

I think it's wonderful.

- No, read it.

- I have read it.

- Read it aloud.

- Juan, I know why you never wrote to me.

It's because you haven't learned  
how to write or read.

- Is that it?

- Read what it says.

- What for? I've just

- Read it!

"And here is a newcomer,  
a flat-footed novillero from Sevilla...

"taking money under false pretenses.

"He has nothing to recommend him  
but a certain stupid animal courage...

which makes his work in the ring  
look more like suicide than battle."

[Sighs]

When will we be married?

There's more. Read it.

"He is definitely fifth-rate."

Oh, Juan, when will we be married?

Read the rest.

"It's useless to predict a future for him.

"He will probably be killed in the ring...

long before he advances  
from novillero to matador."

Well, I I guess I came back  
a little too early.

But you saw me fight bulls  
a long time ago.

It's not like that what it says.

- It doesn't matter.

- But it matters to me!



Juanillo, why don't you throw it away  
and forget all about it?

No, no. I'm gonna save this.

And someday I'll make that Curro  
eat his words.

Someday I'll come back to you  
with a whole trunkful of clippings.

And when you marry me,  
you'll marry the first torero in Spain.  
Not the second or the third, but the first!  
The greatest!

I'll go now, Carmen.

- What's in the package?

- Nothing.

- Is it for me?

- Well, it's-it's just something that I

- But, uh

- What is it?

It's nothing, Carmen. I

Oh!

[Audience Cheering]

- [Chattering]

- [Baby Crying]

No, you cannot see him now.

The room is crowded as it is.

But if the matador could only

see his godson just for a minute

Don't you know any better than to bring  
your brats here today of all days...

when Senor Gallardo is about to make  
his first formal appearance...

in his hometown?

- Just for one minute?

- Wednesday. That's the day

Don Juan sees his godchildren.

Do you think you're the only one?

Already, he's godfather

to half the infants in Sevilla.

Presently,

we'll have to hire an armory!

Oh. How do you do, gentlemen?

Please come right in.

- Come right in. Yes.

- [Spanish]

[Chattering]

[Chattering Stops]

- [Chattering Resumes]

- Why can't we go in there?

Not today!

[Curro]

I, Curro

I was present the afternoon  
of our Juan's formal presentation...

as a matador in Madrid.

He fought a Miura bull

as big as a cathedral.

Never in my life have I seen

such sincerity...

such purity, such lightheartedness...

and, above all, such serene valor.

Let me read you what I wrote

that night in the Herald.

I have the clipping right here with me.

"Rejoice, ye faithful.

"There's an end to the decay

of our great art.

"We are on the eve

of a great renaissance.

"Cid Campeador has returned...

"to bring back the glory of Spain.

The arena has come back once more

to passion and dignity."

- Ol. Ol.

- At last, Sevilla has a matador.

The greatest matador of all history.

A saint.

The first man of the world.

The day he was born,

there was salt in the air...

a great quantity of salt.

Ol. Ol.

You should have seen him at the corrida  
of the Feast of the Anunciacin.

He was so near the bull, next day...

Garabato spent hours picking

the bull's hairs out of Juan's clothes.

Ol. Ol.

[Gasping, Murmuring]

[Man]

Gorgeous! It must cost a fortune!

I don't know whether Juan mentioned it to you or not...

but it was I who financed his early career.

- For years, I had to support his whole family.

- Really?

What a corrida.

Ah, his cape work was magnificent.

You would have given a thousand pesetas to see Juanillo with that bull.

I tell you, he had it on a string.

Don Jose, you never saw such arrogance and grace.

- Yes, I did, once.

- What corrida was that?

That was a dozen years ago when I saw a very little boy fight a very big bull. Curro, that was the night you and I met and split that bottle of wine together.

- Remember?

- Yes, I've carried the scar ever since.

My most prized possession, gentlemen, since it was given me by Juan Gallardo.

[Laughing, Chattering]

I didn't see you again until you fought as a novillero in Madrid.

Oh, yes. You wrote a piece in the paper about me.

You said I was definitely fifth-rate.

I know. But the next time I saw you in the ring, you were a different man.

- Something must've happened to you.

- I got married.

[Chattering]

Yes, those were the lean days...

when I fought both bulls and hunger at the same time.

Curro, have you ever been hungry?

Never. I've frequently been thirsty.

Well, I can tell you this.

The gore of hunger is worse than the horns of a bull.

My friends have said to me, "Juanillo,  
life's been very magnificent to you.  
How does it feel to be way up there  
on top of the ladder?"  
Then I think of all the good things  
that have happened to me...  
and one thing stands out  
above everything else.  
I can buy all the food  
my belly can hold...  
and my friends' bellies, and I don't have  
to ask the price of anything anymore.  
[Chattering]  
[Chattering Stops]  
Now I'm ready for the grave.  
I've just come  
from the drawing of the bulls.  
We've got something on our hands  
this afternoon.  
We've drawn a couple of  
the meanest-looking beasts I've ever seen.  
- Sluggish, treacherous  
- What difference? A bull's a bull.  
They're all alike to Juanillo.  
All safe.  
Senor Lopez, have you ever  
faced a bull in the ring?  
- Well, not exactly.  
- There is no such thing as a safe bull.  
And these two are monsters  
with lightning in their horns.  
I'm a humble man with no education,  
and my life isn't worth very much.  
But you, maestro  
The cow hasn't been born yet that can  
give birth to the bull that can hurt me.  
Ol! Ol!  
That's what I say. You either dominate  
the bull, or the bull dominates you.  
- Now, then  
- [Spanish]  
I will not listen  
to your ignorance and folly...  
which incapacitates you for any

further views in relation to bulls.

And I think it would be well

if you were all to go now...

and give Juan a few minutes' rest

before his ordeal.

Caballeros, Nacional's right.

We'd better be going.

- [Chattering]

- Good luck, señor.

Gracias.

[Spanish]

- [Door Closes]

- Parasites.

Most of them come here to get a free ticket

to the corrida or to borrow money.

They'll be the first to turn against you

the moment you have any bad luck.

[Spanish]

Wait for me in the carriage.

It's all ignorance and superstition...

from not knowing

how to read or write.

[Door Opens, Closes]

Hot, isn't it?

One always sweats the big drop

on the morning of an afternoon.

They used to crowd into my dressing room,

too, when I was dressing...

like a wake before one's dead.

Garabato.

I wouldn't admit this

to anyone else in the world...

but always when I'm dressing like this...

there's a feel of rust in my throat.

The taste of death.

Fear.

But it's gone

when I step into the arena.

The minute I hear the music,

the yell of the crowd, it's all right again.

Chiquillo.

- How do you feel?

- Good as bread.

- And you?

- Oh, I wish it were this time tomorrow.  
You've gotta learn not to worry.  
Please let me worry just a little bit.  
Makes me feel better.  
You wouldn't worry if you'd heard  
what Curro just said about me.  
"At last, Sevilla has a matador,"  
he said.  
My jacket.  
"The greatest matador in history,"  
he said.  
I've kept my promise, haven't I?  
My montera.  
He said I was  
the first man of the world.  
That makes you the first lady.  
Well, how do I look?  
Like a king.  
Or a little boy  
all dressed up for a party.  
Somehow, I feel this is gonna be  
a great afternoon.  
I wish you were  
gonna be there with me.  
I'm always with you, Juan.  
Carmen, what do you do with yourself  
when I'm in the ring?  
I pray to La Macarena every second...  
and every second is an hour.  
When the sun begins to go down,  
I-I look up the street, and there's no Juan.  
My heart stops beating.  
But then I hear cheers and I see  
people running and I know it's Juan  
Juan coming home and my heart  
starts beating again like a drum.  
You're the only true one in the world.  
Now, go.  
[Door Closes]  
[Praying, Indistinct]  
- [Door Opens]  
- [Chattering]  
And here, mon ami,  
is where the espadas come...

to offer their devotions  
and seek protection of the saints.  
Does it save them  
from being gored by the bulls?  
Sometimes.  
There's no guarantee,  
not even from the saints.  
Who is that?  
I don't know. A new one.  
##[Brass Band]  
[Indistinct]  
Every ticket has been sold.  
##[Continues]  
##[Fanfare]  
You're lucky to be here this afternoon.  
You'll see history made.  
From now on,  
the calendar of the bull ring...  
will be figured as B.G. And A.G.  
Before Gallardo and After Gallardo.  
I, Curro, say it.  
I see she's back from Paris.  
- Who is she?  
- Dona Sol de Miura.  
What I could tell you about that one  
would fill a whole book several books.  
If this is death in the afternoon...  
she is death in the evening.  
[Crowd Cheering]  
I promise that this afternoon you'll see  
something extraordinary and unforgettable.  
What is it I'm going to see that's  
so extraordinary and unforgettable?  
Since you've been away,  
a new star has arisen.  
His name is Juan Gallardo.  
[Applause Continues]  
## [Fanfare]  
[Cheering]  
[Shouting]  
Charges straight. Favors the left horn.  
- [Crowd] Ol!  
- Toro.  
Ol!

Ol!  
Ol!  
: Toro!  
Ol! Ol!  
Ol!  
Ol!  
Ol!  
Ol!  
Ol!  
Ol!  
Ol!  
Ol!  
Ol!  
- Ol!

- :  
Ol! Ol! Ol!  
Ol! Ol!  
Ol!  
Oh, you were magnificent.

[Crowd]  
Ol!  
Ol!  
##[Fanfare]  
[Cheering]  
I dedicate the death of this noble bull...  
to the beauty of the women of Spain.  
Ol! Ol!  
Ol!  
Ol!  
Ol!  
- [Cheering]  
- Ol! Ol!  
##[Brass Band]  
- [Screams]  
- I tell you, he's the greatest of the great!  
The first man of the world!  
[Chattering]  
The other side of the curtain.  
Well, at least the poor beast  
didn't die in vain.  
Hunger. Hunger!  
I tell you, I'm finished.  
I'm through with this rotten business.  
I swear to you, this is my last season.  
I dedicate the death of this noble bull...  
to the beauty of



Ah.

Ah, Carmen.

Oh, wherewhere are the newspapers?

I'll get them and read them to you personally.

They were wonderful, dear.

All Sevilla is ringing

with your name this morning...

and it's my name too.

Now, come here, now. There.

Who did you

dedicate the bull to yesterday?

- Oh, some gachi.

- Who?

I don't know what her name was.

I never saw her before.

- Then why did you dedicate it?

- She was with a party of swells...

and it pays to keep in

with people of that kind.

- She threw me some flowers.

- I hate her.

Was she pretty?

Mmm, not bad.

Prettier than me?

That's impossible.

Then I don't hate her anymore.

Still, she, uh she wasn't so bad.

- Blue eyes and, uh

- I don't like her.

- But too skinny.

- I guess she's all right.

Come on, now. Eat your breakfast.

Do you know you came home last night

without your montera?

- Did I?

- Mm-hmm. What became of it?

I don't know.

I must've left it somewhere.

Come in.

- A messenger just brought

this note for el matador.

- Thank you.

- Will you read it for me?

- Mm-hmm.

- Who's it from?  
- Well, there's no signature,  
but... it's from a woman.  
Oh, well, then tear it up.  
Oh. It's from the woman  
you dedicated the bull to.  
What's it say?  
"Senor Juan Gallardo, thank you for  
dedicating the first bull to me yesterday.  
"If you want back the montera  
you threw me...  
"you may have it by calling for it

**tonight at 8:**

The address is Number Four,  
Plaza de Alfaro."  
- Your montera.  
- Oh, yes.  
Oh, yes, it all comes back to me now.  
I threw the gachi my hat,  
and she refused to part with it.  
She seems willing now.  
Well, if she thinks I'm gonna call for it,  
she'll grow old waiting.  
Oh. Why shouldn't you call for it?  
She must be somebody of great importance  
if she lives at the Plaza de Alfaro.  
Number Four.  
That's where the Marques de Miura lives.  
She must be his niece.  
What does she look like?  
I don't remember. Just a woman.  
Well, if she's just a woman,  
why don't you wanna go?  
Let's not argue about it.  
I'm not going.  
- You're not?  
- No.  
- Oh, I'm glad.  
- Glad? A moment ago, you were just saying  
As long as you don't want to go,  
you can go.  
Give me that note.  
Now, run and get the papers

and read me the notices.

All right.

- Mmm. What are these?

- Potatoes.

They're so small.

They're good though.

Not as good as gazpacho.

- You ever eat that?

- [Laughter]

- I don't think so.

- I was raised on it.

Really? How is it made?

Well, you take biscuits

and oil and vinegar...

and some, um, onions and garlic...

and you, uh and bread crumbs

and you fry 'em all together in a pan.

Then you throw them all in a pot

gazpacho.

- Sounds lovely.

- You oughta try it sometime.

- I will.

- Dona Sol likes to try everything.

Yeah, me too.

If I were a man, I'd try bullfighting.

There's nothing more exciting.

Oh, this is fine meat. What is it?

- Pheasant.

- I could eat a dozen of 'em.

You know, when I retire,

I'm gonna raise pheasants and bulls.

[Laughter]

Senor, may I ask what brand

of perfume you use?

[Sniffing]

I-I forget the name of it,

but it's the most expensive there is.

It's certainly the strongest. But since you

spend most of your time with horses and bulls

I like the smell of horses and bulls.

Well, if, uh, we want to hear Galli,

we'll have to hurry.

Senor Gallardo, I hope you'll join us.

- Where are you going?

- Tito Galli, the Italian tenor,  
is a friend of Dona Sol's.  
He's giving a concert,  
and if you'd care to go  
No, thank you. Not me.  
I'm afraid I'll have to beg out too.  
One of my nasty headaches.  
Oh. That's too bad.  
- I hope you feel better soon.  
- Thank you.  
Please explain to Tito.  
He'll understand.  
I'm sure he will. We all do.  
I am so sorry about your headache.  
- I'm sure you'll take something for it, won't you?  
- Yes, of course.  
Well, good night.  
- Or is it good-bye?  
- Pierre, why do you say that?  
In the army,  
we learn many signal calls...  
including retreat.  
- Thank you, Pierre.  
- Good-bye.  
Good-bye.  
If I want you, I'll call.  
- How's your headache?  
- Better, thank you.  
Hmm. Well, I  
Please sit down.  
I must say, senora,  
that's the best meal I've ever eaten.  
It's the least I can give you  
for an afternoon of great emotion.  
You followed your star yesterday.  
You were inspired.  
Mmm. Who wouldn't be inspired?  
I'd seen you.  
I wasn't bad, was I?  
Would you like to play chess?  
No, thanks.  
I'm much too comfortable.  
Matter of fact,  
I don't know how to play chess.

Matter of fact, I'm the most ignorant man  
in the world except with bulls.

I'm glad you decided  
not to go to the concert.

So am I.

Perhaps we can have  
a concert of our own.

- You play something?

- The guitar, a little.

Do you like music?

[Exhales]

Some music, yes.

The first music I remember  
was the clanging of the bells...  
that hung from the necks of the cabestros  
when they led the herd.

And I loved the singing of the vaqueros  
on the ranch of your uncle, the marquis.

I love the music of the gypsies  
in the Caf la Veronica.

##[Playing Chords]

Play something.

## [Singing In Spanish]

## [Singing Continues]

[Bell Chiming]

- Juanillo.

- Put it on. Let's see how it looks on you.

- Here.

- Oh, that's beautiful!

Oh, that's too gorgeous for words.

I looked all over Sevilla for it.

I wanted to give you  
something especially fine.

But why, dear? What's happened?

Why did you get this for me?

Because, querida,  
you're the only true one in the world.

Aj, toro!

If you want to know why he spends  
all his time at the Plaza Alfaro...

it's because he has nothing  
to keep him at home.

He goes to another woman because  
his own woman is nothing. Nothing!

Perhaps if you'd give him  
a son or two  
- Encarnacion!  
- You can say anything you like about me...  
but I won't hear one word  
against Juan not a word.  
If he'd only take my advice.  
Where is his gratitude  
after all I've done for him?  
Just what have you done for him?  
- What has he done for me?  
- Why, everything.  
He set you up in business.  
He lets you live in his house.  
Who says it's his house?  
He and his fine gestures!  
Buys a house and doesn't pay for it.  
Well, mark my words,  
one fine day we'll all be thrown out.  
He's no good in the ring anymore.  
He's afraid of a scratch!  
It might interfere with his evenings.  
He neglects you, his family, his friends.  
He makes a fool of himself.  
[Encarnacion]  
He's a lazy, drunken, worthless  
You rotten little worms.  
You aren't fit to mention his name.  
You ingrates! Hypocrites! Maggots!  
He gave you everything you have!  
He supports you and your children!  
He shares everything he has, and you  
behind his back, you sneer at him and criticize!  
You pick at him like vultures!  
I can't stand it  
in this house any longer.  
I'm going away.  
No, Carmen, no. You'll stay.  
You'll stay with Juan until the end.  
The end?  
Tell me, on those days  
when Juan goes to the ring...  
to whom do you pray?  
To Our Lady of Hope, La Macarena.

What do you ask La Macarena?  
I ask that she watch over our Juan  
and keep him safe from any hurt.  
So I used to pray for his father.  
It was no good.  
In the end, it was no good.  
The Virgin She's only a woman.  
And women can do so little.  
Now I pray to a man God  
Jesus of great power.  
What I ask is something different.  
Madre, what do you ask for?  
I pray to him to let my son  
be gored in the ring.  
Not to die, but to be hurt...  
so he may cheat the end  
which every torero meets.  
Yes, that's what I pray for.  
And I pray to him  
not to send you a son...  
for he'll only grow up  
to torment you...  
and let you die every Sunday afternoon...  
just as you are dying now.  
[Thinking]  
Dear Lady of Good Hope...  
please watch over my husband, Juan.  
[Woman's Voice]  
He'll be safe and sound, my child.  
And if you see fit, please put in his heart  
a wish to retire from the bull ring.  
That, too, when the time comes.  
And one thing more, Macarena...  
and this is what I really came  
to see you about.  
I know what it is.  
I can read it in your heart.  
It's been there a long time,  
and you've held it back...  
even from me.  
Why, I didn't mean to.  
Really, I didn't.  
It's just that I didn't want to hurt Juan.  
But I've got to do something.

I can't go on living like this.

Dear Macarena, help me.

Please help me.

Tell me what to do about that woman.

That woman

- [Clicks Heels]

- Aj, toro!

- [Clicks Heels]

- Aj, toro!

- [Clicks Heels]

- Aj, aj, toro!

That's good. Very good.

Aj, toro!

[Bells Ringing]

Excuse me, Juanillo.

Senora Gallardo to see you.

Have her come in.

I came to see you

on the advice of a friend.

Yes? Please be seated.

Thank you.

Senora Gallardo,

is there anything I can offer you?

Yes. My husband.

Oh?

Please believe me.

I came here in no spirit of rancor.

I'm not here to judge.

I can understand your

being interested in my husband.

He's the first man in Spain,

the greatest in his profession.

- Naturally, all women run after him.

- Naturally.

I can understand

his interest in you too...

especially now that I see

how beautiful you are.

Thank you.

Perhaps it's my fault.

Perhaps if I were more beautiful...

better educated

and of a better family.

I know of your family. Your father works



for my uncle on the ranch, I believe.

Yes, he's the overseer there.

All my life I've heard about you.

What have you heard?

- Shall I be frank?

- Please do.

I've heard that you've

been all over the world...

that you speak many languages...

and that you've known

a great many men.

Go on.

I've never been out of Andaluca...

I speak only one language...

and I've had only one man.

Maybe that's why

I want so much to keep him.

Tell me,

have you discussed this with Juan?

- No.

- Why not?

It would hurt him.

Just a minute, please.

- [Clicks Heels]

- Aj, toro!

##[Dona Sol Singing In Spanish]

##[Singing Continues]

[Door Closes]

[Coughing]

Garabato!

Garabato!

Oh, good morning, Madrecita.

Good afternoon, my son.

- Where's Garabato?

- He's gone.

- Gone?

- You let him go last night.

Don't you remember?

Oh, yes. Yes, we had a row

about something he did.

- What was it?

- He asked for his wages.

You haven't paid him in months.

He had an offer from Manolo de Palma.

Well, that's fine.

I picked him up when he was a beggar.

I took him when nobody else would  
have him, and now he leaves me.

Why wasn't he paid?

Why didn't Don Jose attend to it?

I don't know.

The only people who come  
to the house these days...  
are tradesmen with unpaid bills  
shoemakers, tailors, dozens of others.

I don't understand it. The more money  
I make, the less I seem to have.

- It melts away before I ever see it.

- Yes.

One can't build on sand.

[Phone Rings]

I'll answer it.

[Door Opens]

- Good afternoon, Juanillo.

- Don Jose.

I've been in the country,  
over at the ranch.

There's something

I want to talk over with you.

Well, uh, make yourself comfortable.

How is everything at the ranch?

- I saw Carmen.

- How is she?

It's a great pity that one so young  
should be already finished with life.

But that's what happens when you have  
only one thing in life and you lose it.

Let's not talk about that.

But we've got to talk about it.

That's what I came here for.

What's the use? She had a right to leave,  
and she left. That's all there is to it.

Is it? Did you want her to leave?

No.

Do you still love her?

- Yes.

- And the other one?

That's an entirely different thing.

Juan, listen to me. I've known both of these women ever since they were children.

I'm sorry for Carmen,  
and I pity Dona Sol.

Why should you pity her?

Because there's nothing in the world  
that she can hold on to for long. Nothing.

When she was a little girl,  
she used to tire of all her toys...  
and throw them away  
while they were still new.

- Now, my advice to you  
- Don Jose, you're my manager...  
and I'm willing to take your advice  
on matters of business.

But in personal matters,  
I don't have to listen to you!

Why don't you leave me alone  
and stop interfering with me!  
Maybe I don't know how to read  
or write, but this I do know  
I've made tons of money,  
and what's become of it?

I've never had an accounting from you  
or that thieving Lopez either.

- From me?

- Senor Lopez.

You've always wanted to be  
your brother-in-law's manager.

As far as I'm concerned, you may have  
that honor from this moment on.

And I can tell you this:

If you sign any contracts for him,  
he'll be taking money under false pretenses.

And here's some bills you'd better pay,  
if you can find the money.

Well, now as my manager,  
it'll be much easier for you to rob me.

Do you think I'd let my husband  
have anything to do with you?

To be a manager, one must have something  
to manage! And what are you? Nothing!

- Encarnacion.

- Your money You've spent it, thrown it away!

You haven't even paid  
for the house you live in!  
And we're not going to live  
in it anymore either!  
We're not going to get soiled  
in the scandal that drove your wife away!  
I understand.  
They say that when a ship is sinking,  
all the rats leave.  
Good-bye, rats!  
But you're mistaken  
if you think I'm sinking.  
Well, what are you waiting for?  
[Curro's Voice]  
Rejoice, ye faithful.  
At last, Sevilla has a matador.  
The greatest matador of all history.  
A saint.  
The first man of the world.  
The day he was born,  
there was salt in the air.  
A great quantity of salt.  
[Laughing]  
Well, what can you expect from a herd...  
that, for the most part,  
can't read or write?  
They enjoy the pleasure  
of a tragic emotion...  
without the slightest danger  
to themselves.  
They scream with a lust for blood.  
As for the people  
who sit in the shade...  
at least they can afford it.  
But the citizens of the sun,  
they pay five pesetas  
a whole day's pay,  
enough to feed a family  
to fry on the sunny side of the ring...  
while they watch a few bulls  
being butchered a criminal business.  
If it's a criminal business, Nacional,  
why are you still in it?  
The truth of the matter is that Juan Gallardo

owes me practically a year's pay.  
As soon as I can collect my back wages...  
I'm going to quit  
this repulsive trade forever.  
I swear this is my last season.  
You fool! Stop dousing me  
with that stinking stuff!  
I only did it to kill the smell  
of rum on your breath.  
Well, I'll thank you to mind your own business.  
I know what you're up to.  
- If you're looking for an excuse to quit me, say so.  
- Why, I wouldn't quit you.  
But it isn't right for you to fill yourself  
with rum on the day of a corrida.  
You don't have to worry about the bulls  
this afternoon. We drew a couple of bravos.  
It's not the bulls. It's the crowd.  
They're waiting for me with claws.  
The crowd is forgetful, Juanillo,  
like a woman.  
And fickle like a woman,  
and cruel like a woman.  
- Shut your mouth.  
- But this time you can't blame the crowd.  
You aren't giving them anything.  
Well, I've I've had bad luck.  
The bulls have been much bigger.  
They only seem bigger because  
when you face them, you're afraid.  
You were born to very little  
like the rest of us...  
but one thing you had  
that was real and pure  
you were a born killer of bulls,  
a matador!  
She took it away from you.  
Now when you face the bull with a sword,  
you're drained, empty.  
There's nothing left of you but fear.  
You have a gun, haven't you?  
Why don't you  
bring it to the ring with you...  
and kill the beast with a bullet?

[Crowd Shouting]  
[Gasping, Shouting]  
[Crowd Booing]  
I've dragged myself...  
through the blood and sand...  
of a thousand arenas.  
In the end...  
there's only one thing I regret  
I never learned...  
to read or write.  
I was obliged...  
to renounce education...  
but I make the whole world responsible...  
for my ignorance.  
Your cornada was meant for me.  
What?  
We've always shared everything,  
haven't we?  
Life is very curious.  
There's no remedy.  
If it were all to do over  
Amigo...  
there are some things you can't stop...  
not even with a cape.  
Well, I'm quitting.  
This is my last season.  
- Ol!  
- [Cheering]  
- [Chattering]  
- "And I end by heralding the news...  
"of a new comet  
flashing across the horizon  
a bright and flashing comet  
and his name is Manolo de Palma."  
Ol.  
"Aficionados, mark well that name.  
It is destined for great glory."  
- Curro wrote it himself, huh?  
- He signed it.  
You'll be famous! Wonderful!  
- [All Chattering]  
- Don't leave. Oh, Manolo.  
- [Chattering]  
- Aw, quiet!

- Senor Curro.

- Manolo.

I've just been reading the piece  
you wrote about me. It's very flattering.  
Not at all, Manolo. It is my honest opinion.  
Sit down, my friend.

Sit down. Will you do me the honor  
of having some wine with me?

No, you must do me the honor.

[Speaking Spanish]

Curro, what is a comet?

A comet, my friend, is a star...  
that flashes across the sky...  
lighting up the heavens  
with its fiery brilliance and then  
Yes?

Good evening, Don Juan.

Good evening, senora.

This way, if you please.

[Chattering]

- What will you have?

- What will you have?

- Champagne.

- Champagne.

- Champagne?

- S, champagne.

Champagne.

It's a nice place.

I'm glad we came here.

What is it, Juan?

I was just trying to figure out  
what kind of a woman you are.

Yes?

The trouble is  
you're you're not one woman...  
but many... and never the same.

Well, one changes, you know.

Why didn't you come to see me  
at the corrida last Sunday?

I had a headache.

A headache?

Samson and Delilah.

- What?

- Nothing.

Excuse me.

Greetings, compaero.

Pardon me for intruding, Juanillo...

but this is as good a time as any  
to keep your promise.

- What promise?

- Why, to present me to Dona Sol.

Don't you remember? Allow me  
to introduce myself. I'm Manolo de Palma.  
I shall have the pleasure soon  
of appearing in the ring here in Sevilla.  
How nice. I shall look forward to it.

I understand Juan  
will be in the same corrida.  
Yes, it'll be the first time  
we appear together.

You'll have a chance  
to compare our styles.

We work altogether differently.

- How have you been, amigo?

- Well, thank you.

- How's your mother?

- Nicely.

How's your sister and Antonio Lopez  
and the children?

- They're all fine. Thank you.

- And how's your little wife?

Oh, yes, I hear she's gone off  
to the ranch with her father.

[Chuckles] You know, Dona Sol,  
Juan and I are old friends.

His mother used to work here.  
We used to live right around the corner.  
We ran away together  
with some other boys.

Hey, Juan, remember that horse we stole?  
Remember what happened to it?

- What happened?

- We ate the horse.

You did? How did it taste?

Excellent.

Ah, those were good days.

We'd spend all our time  
fighting the bulls and each other.



We were great rivals, even then.  
[Laughing]  
##[Guitar]  
Senora, would you like to dance?  
I'd love to.  
[Chattering]  
[Chattering Continues]  
[Shouting]  
[Shouting]  
[Shouting]  
[Shouting Continues]  
##[Music Stops]  
[Object Drops]  
It's mine.  
[Footsteps]  
[Chattering]  
[Shouting, Cheering]  
##[Guitar]  
Camarero, a new glass!  
What are you doing?  
It's well to keep in practice.  
What are you talking about?  
When we left Triana, I asked Francisco  
to keep my old job open for me.  
I knew someday I'd come back  
to La Veronica to scrub the floors.  
Get up. Get up!  
Suppose someone should see you.  
There is no one left in the house  
to see me but you.  
I don't like to see you  
on your knees like this.  
What's wrong  
with my being on my knees?  
That's how I pray and that's how I work.  
This house was clean when we moved in.  
Let it be clean when we move out.  
Why must you always talk  
about moving out?  
Because we've got to  
leave this house tomorrow.  
Oh! Oh, Juan.  
Juan, when you were little,  
you wouldn't listen to me.

Will you listen to me now?  
What do you want?  
I want you to quit the bull ring.  
Quit? When I'm at the top?  
I've been through all this before.  
I know what to expect.  
When you reach the top,  
you begin to slip.  
There is only one way you can  
possibly go, and that's down.  
Oh, Madrecita,  
you talk just like all the rest.  
Just because  
I've had a few poor afternoons...  
some bad luck,  
you think I'm finished.  
But you're wrong. They all are.  
I'm just as good as I ever was  
even better because now I know more.  
Supposing we do have to  
move out of this house.  
I'll buy you another one  
much better...  
the best that money can buy  
and in the finest part of town.  
Right on the Plaza Alfaro,  
that's where we'll live.  
And I'll buy a ranch,  
and we'll breed bulls and pheasants.  
Juanillo, nio mio...  
what's wrong with your hand?  
My hand?  
##[Band Playing]  
[Speaking Spanish]  
I understand Gallardo has  
one more contract to fulfill  
the corrida next Sunday afternoon.  
I predict he will make his exit...  
in a cloud of rotten oranges  
and dead cats.  
I hold him directly responsible  
for the death of Nacional...  
and I shall say so  
in my article tomorrow.

The trouble with Gallardo  
is he has cats in his belly.  
His father was the same way.  
Like father, like son.  
That's the second time  
you've said things about my father.  
As for you, you've probably  
never been baptized.  
I'll baptize you now.  
I christen you "liar,"  
and your second name is "swine."  
[Gasping, Panting]  
Father, his face  
Reminds me of Nacional's  
just before he died from the cornada.  
Yes, my son.  
You were here?  
I'm always here whenever you fight.  
You mean all these weeks  
since you left me?  
I never left you, Juan.  
I've just been waiting for you  
waiting for this sickness to pass.  
Just a minute ago  
I was praying to see you.  
I was thinking  
if you could love me again  
Oh, Juanillo, I do love you.  
I always have and I always will.  
Nothing has changed that.  
Nothing can. Nothing ever.  
Oh.  
Oh, Carmencita...  
when I hold you in my arms like this,  
I'm born again.  
You give me strength.  
I can do anything.  
Oh, I I'm so glad  
you're wearing your white suit.  
It's the one I like best.  
No, you don't. You hate it.  
Like my mother does.  
You hate them all.  
But this is the last time

I'm ever going to wear one.  
I'm through with the ring forever.  
Oh, Juan. Juanillo.  
[Sobbing]  
This is my last afternoon out there...  
but it'll be one they'll never forget.  
You'll see. They'll see, everyone.  
##[Fanfare]  
Carmencita,  
will you wait for me here?  
Yes, Juanillo.  
##[Continues]  
[Crowd Booing]  
[Booing Continues]  
I tell you, there is only one matador here  
this afternoon worth watching: Manolo.  
[Crowd Cheering]  
##[Fanfare]  
[Crowd Booing]  
Ah, Seor Toro, we meet again.  
[Cheering]  
- [Shouting]  
- Ol!  
- [Shouts In Spanish]  
- Ol!  
- Ah, that's our old Juan.  
- Magnificent.  
- Ol!  
- Ol! Ol!  
Ol!  
Ol!  
Ol!  
Ol!  
[Cheering Continues]  
Ol!  
- Bravo!  
- [Cheering Continues]  
- [Woman Screams]  
- [Cheering, Chattering Stop]  
[Crowd Chattering]  
[Chattering Continues]  
I could tell all along that beast  
was going to get him.  
The bull is not the beast.

Look at the crowd!  
That is the real beast!  
Now he's got it! It's what you  
been waiting for! Are you happy?  
Now he's got it!  
It's what you have wanted!  
[Sobbing]  
Now he's got it! Now he's got it!  
[Crowd Cheering]  
[Cheering Continues]  
Carmen.  
Oh, it's it's nothing.  
I'll be up on my feet again  
before you know it.  
[Crowd Cheering, Applauding]  
##[Band Playing]  
And now there'll be money  
to take care of my mother...  
and enough left over for  
for us to buy a little ranch.  
Not a big place.  
I wouldn't want a big place.  
People don't need much  
when they have each other.  
[Crowd Cheering]  
Just a little patch.  
Somewhere in the country, hmm?  
And youyou'll teach me  
how to read and write.  
[Crowd Cheering]  
And then on Sundays,  
we'll get dressed up in our best.  
Go to breakfast at at some little inn.  
[Groans]  
Oh, Juanillo, dear, does it hurt much?  
Not a bit.  
The bull hasn't been born yet that can  
##[Fanfare]  
Carmencita...  
you're the only true one in the world.  
[Crowd Cheering]  
##[Band Playing]  
##[Ends]  
My child,

you must be brave as he was.  
You must ask our Lord of great power  
to give you courage.  
No, Father, I don't need courage.  
I have his.  
I'll always have it.  
To me, he'll never be dead.  
He'll always be just as I first saw him  
just a little boy... with fire and valor.  
[Crowd Cheering]  
##[Band Playing]  
Manolo is the greatest of the great!  
The first man of the world!  
##[Continues]  
[Applause, Cheering Continue]