



Scripts.com

# Fiesta

By George Bruce

Very interesting.

But just what kind of a pass was that?.

It was not a veronica.

It was not a chicuelina.

-It was not a gaonera.

-Oh, no, senor.

It`s my own pass.

When I am famous,

they`II name it after me.

[BOTH LAUGHING]

Don`t you think you are giving the bull  
too much time?.

Oh, no, senor.

Well, we shall see. Chato, you`re the bull.

Are you ready?.

[SPEAKING IN SPANISH]

-Ow!

**CROWD:**

You want to be famous, huh?.

Always remember,

if you wish to live beyond your first fight...

...the bull does not stop

to admire pretty pictures.

Oh, senor, look at me.

**MAN:**

-Senor, look at my veronica.

One at a time. Let`s see you.

The mayor.

**MAYOR:**

Senor Morales.

Don Antonio, please forgive this interruption  
of your most important work.

Of what service can I be?.

Sanchez is overcome with gratitude.

You are the father of the boy who fought  
his first bull yesterday, at Tlaxcala.

Your son was a very good pupil.

You can be proud of him.

Perhaps you`d be kind enough

to read what it say, senor.

**MORALES:**

It`s a pleasure.

"Yesterday`s fights were distinguished  
by the appearance...

...of a novillero,

one Jose Sanchez Perio...

...a country boy

from the village of Tamantla.

Critics were impressed by his daring...

...and a style which reminded them...

...of the great matador,

Don Antonio Morales...

...who you will remember

was injured some years ago--"

Senor, the doctor,

he says to come, and quickly.

Chato, do you hear what he says?.

-The doctor--

-Where`s the doctor?.

[CROWD SPEAKING INDISTINCTLY]

Senor Morales...

...permit me to present you

a new guest in your house.

[CHUCKLES]

-May I?.

-Sure.

Are you not the father?. Ha, ha.

-How is the senora?.

-Oh, fine, fine.

Thank you, doctor.

[SPEAKING IN SPANISH]

-Is it, uh, all right?.

-Huh?.

I mean, uh,

Iegs and arms and everything?.

An idiot could tell just by looking  
that he`s perfect.

Manuel. Manuel, bring wine.

We`II drink to Morales the second,  
my son.

But, Antonio, it is not a son.

Not a son?.

What is it, then?.

It is a daughter.

-A daughter?.

-He`s joking, maestro.

-Tell him you`re joking. Quick.

-I`m not joking.

What kind of a doctor are you, anyway?.

-Don`t you know anything?.

-We must take what comes.

What are you saying?.

What can a matador do with a daughter?.

You`ve ruined everything.

-Don`t pay him, maestro. Not a centavo.

-List--

Doctor, please. Quickly, quickly.

Here, hold her.

Maestro--

[CHUCKLES]

Baby, mira. Ha, ha.

By gosh, she knows me.

And we never saw each other before.

Doctor, is she all right?.

If it were not for frantic fathers,  
the medical profession would be a pleasure.

Querida, are you all right?.

Oh, I was afraid.

-Antonio Morales, afraid?.

-PIease.

PIease, darling, don`t think I`m--

Don`t think I`m disappointed  
because she`s a girl, you know.

I`m very happy, very happy.

-But the doctor--

-The doctor`s a fool. Don`t you believe him.  
I`m as happy as any man could be.

You are a very lucky man, matador.

The father of twins. Ha, ha.

[CHUCKLES]

Well, aren`t you even going to look  
at him?.

[SPEAKING IN SPANISH]

Why don`t you go and introduce your son  
to your friends outside?.

Doctor, are you sure--?.

This is a boy. Take my word for it.

Here, take him.

And I will go with you.

I have a few words to say

to that Senor Chato.

[BLOWS RASPBERRY]

My friends...

...this is the greatest day of my life.

I feared I would be denied a son of my own  
to follow after me.

But now, at last, amigos...

...I ask you to drink to my son,

Mario Morales...

...the future greatest matador  
in the whole world.

[CROWD CHEERING]

[MARIO SPEAKING IN SPANISH]

More slowly, Mario. More slowly, please.

Now, try again. Veronica. Ha, ha.

[SPEAKING IN SPANISH]

Now the chicuelina.

[MARIO & MORALES

SPEAKING IN SPANISH]

**MORALES:**

And now the navarre.

[MORALES & MARIO

SPEAKING IN SPANISH]

Very well.

We`II now go from a navarre to a gaonera.

But first, what kind of a bull are you?.

Oh, let me see.

Now, I`m a bull who`s very fast on his feet  
and hooks to the left.

You hear?.

How must you play such a bull?.

A bull who circles to the right  
must be played to the left eye.

**MORALES:**

Right. Correct.

Begin.

[GRUNTING]

Talk to him, Mario.

[SPEAKING IN SPANISH]

Talk to him, Mario.

Keep the bull`s concentration on you.  
Don`t--  
Your feet, keep them together.  
Arch your back.  
Closer to the bull.  
How many times have I told you  
never to lose your concentration?.  
To be distracted by nothing?.  
Haven`t I told you time and again?.  
Men have been killed because of a piece  
of paper blowing into the ring.  
A little swirl of dust.  
So now you have done it.  
You have been gored.  
You are dead.  
Don`t try to blame the bull,  
because it`s not his fault.  
It`s your fault this time.  
As usual, lack of concentration.  
Uh, what am I going to do with that boy?.  
Now, what have you to say for yourself?.  
Well, I--  
You forgot your very first lesson.  
-What is that?.  
-Never take your eyes away from the bull.

**MORALES:**

Not for one instant.  
Not for a fraction of a second can you lose  
your concentration. You understand?.  
Well, for this mistake,  
we`ll start over at the beginning.  
[SPEAKING IN SPANISH]  
Hey.  
Maria...  
...just where did you learn such things?.  
Huh?.  
Oh, it`s you.  
-Who?.  
-It`s your work.  
Why?.  
No, I got nothing to do with it.  
She`s your daughter, isn`t she?.  
Why shouldn`t she know such things?.

Well, all right. Let`s go back to work.

**CHATO:**

Oh, maestro...  
...he`s been working for hours.  
One hundred times, he`s run around  
forwards. One hundred times backwards.  
Two hundred knee bends.  
Even the bull is a little tired.  
That`s all for today.  
[MARIO SHOUTS  
THEN MORALES LAUGHS]

**MAN:**

Maestro...  
...would you like to select the bulls  
for shipment to Mexico City?.  
Yes. Of course.  
The bull is a little tired, huh?.  
[MARIO PLAYING PIANO]  
Mario?.  
-I can`t.  
-Why not?.  
-Mother is out there.  
-No, she isn`t.  
I just came through.  
All right.  
Mario.  
Is that your lesson?.  
No, Mother. I`m sorry.  
-What is it, then?.

**MARIA:**

It comes into his ears in the field.  
It comes out of his fingers on the piano.  
It`s as beautiful as a hundred butterflies.  
Play it for me.  
[PLAYING PIANO]

**ROSA:**

There.  
It`s beautiful, Rosa.  
Tell them to start stringing the lanterns  
on the patio.

I want everything ready  
by tomorrow morning.

**MARIO :**

Mother. Maria.  
What is it, Mario?.

**MARIO :**

Somebody has taken it.  
-What?.  
-My music, the rhapsody, gone.  
That`s impossible, dear.  
Well, then, where is it?.  
-In your room?.  
-I never kept it anywhere but here.  
Do you know when you had it last?.  
Last Sunday, when Pepe was down  
to see Maria.  
She insisted that I play it for him.  
All of it.  
Then I put it back in the chest,  
where it`s always been, and now I--  
I--  
So it was you, huh?.  
-Hello, everybody.

**MARIA:**

-Oh, did you get it?.  
-Of course. Ah, ah, ah.  
Tomorrow is your birthday, not today.  
There.  
Hello, mamacita.  
-Big news for you, Mario.  
-Oh, really?.  
-Is it very beautiful, Father?.  
-Magnificent.  
You know, Mario, it is exactly my size.

**MARIA:**

**MRS. MORALES:**

Mario`s bullfighting costume, of course.  
[SCOFFS]  
Uh, Father, Maria means the party dress



for her birthday.  
Oh, that`s all right, Mario.  
The younger always comes first.  
Younger?. You are twins.  
I`m older by 1 5 minutes.  
-Fifteen minutes.

**MRS. MORALES:**

-...did you or did you not get the dress?.  
-Yes.  
Of course.  
It`s a good moment  
for your career, Mario.  
You see, your measurements are exactly  
as mine were when I was your age.  
We`II show them something tomorrow.  
Like father, Iike son. Ha, ha.  
You know I`II do my best. For you.  
Antonio, I know Mario must fight  
in this exhibition tomorrow.  
Of course. How else will Barrios know  
he`s good enough for Mexico City?.  
-Barrios?.  
-Is he really coming to see me fight?.  
-Certainly.  
-Tomorrow`s his birthday.  
Now, Mother, don`t worry.  
Morales men,  
they know how to handle bulls.  
Have you picked your bull yet?.  
I was just about to leave when--  
We`re going now.  
Are you ready, Maria?.  
I`II get my hat.

**MARIO:**

I`II be waiting.  
That`s quite a boy I`ve got there.  
I wonder if you`ve ever forgiven me  
for the fact that your first child was a girl.  
Well, it was a shock.  
But you made everything all right.  
And immediately. Ha, ha.  
You always make everything all right.

**MARIA:**

Mario, no, no! Please, Mario, no!  
Tell me, where is my music?. Where is it?.

-I`II tell you.

-You promise?.

-Yes, I promise.

-All right, where is it?.

Mario.

[CHUCKLES]

Close the gate.

[BELLOWING]

-Ooh.

-Oh!

[LAUGHING]

Miguel, what are you trying to do  
to that bull?.

What is the bull trying to do to Miguel?.

-Ha, ha. I like that one.

-You do?. That`s good enough for me.

Maria`s right. With him,

you`II put on a good show tomorrow.

He`II charge straight, you`II see.

He`s got strong legs, good shoulders,  
and his eyes are on fire. That`s a true bull.

Isn`t it wonderful

how much Chato knows about a bull?.

How do you account for it, Maria?.

Well, that`s simple, Mario.

All you have to do is think like a bull.

Well, I`II see you later, Chato.

-You`II be over later, Maria?.

-Yes.

[MARIO WHISTLES]

I`II be right back, Papa.

Now, suppose you tell me:

-Where have you been?.

-Out of my mind.

**Now you tell me:**

which way does the world go round?.

This way or that way?.

-Why?.

-You`re wrong. Today, it goes this way.

-And this way. And this way. Ha, ha.  
-Oh, please, Mario.  
Now will you tell me?.  
When Pepe gets here,  
we`II know everything.  
And who did it?. Who thought of it?.  
Maria. I`m telling you, she`s--  
-Oh, Mario, you`re not telling me anything.  
-Oh, she`s so smart.  
If it weren`t for her, I--  
Conchita, if I ever amount to anything  
in this world...  
-...you know who`II be responsible.  
-Maria.  
Oh, Conchita, I`m not....  
I know, darling, she`s your twin.  
But what happened?.  
Well, I-- My music manuscripts disappeared.  
Now, wait a minute.  
I looked all over for them.  
And when I was about to go crazy...  
...I suddenly see Maria  
smiling Iike a porcelain cat.  
Do you know who has the music now?.  
No.  
-Maximino Contreras.  
-The symphony conductor.  
-That`s right.  
-Oh, Mario.  
I wouldn`t have the nerve to send my music  
to a man Iike that. I couldn`t.  
But Maria, well, she just gave it to Pepe,  
who`s a friend of Contreras...  
...and forced Pepe  
to make Contreras play it.  
-And I am scared to death.  
-Oh, but it`s good, Mario.  
It`s beautiful.  
He`s sure to Iike it.  
Oh, I don`t know. I can`t believe it.  
But if he does Iike it....  
I mean, if Maria is right....  
Conchita...  
...you know that`s what I Iive for.

That and this.

It`s wrong. All wrong.

-Have you done something wrong again?.

-No, I didn`t.

And it is not necessary for me to think

like a bull to know where Mario went.

Oh, you`re beginning to cackle

like an old hen.

Oh, I`m a hen now. Oh, right.

But let me tell you something.

You cannot fight a bull without rest.

You just can`t.

Tomorrow is his birthday. His friends

wanna give him a little party, that`s all.

A little party, how sweet.

Tonight, they give him a party.

Tomorrow, he gives them a party.

You know as well as I do...

...when he gets together

with those musicians, he stays out all night.

-He`ll be all right tomorrow.

-Don`t always defend him. It`s all wrong.

With Senor Barrios coming all the way

from Mexico City to watch him.

It`s a very important day, and--

No, I`m sorry.

This time, I will have to tell your father.

Oh, no, you won`t.

-Why won`t I?.

-You know why.

-Why?.

-Because you never have and you never will.

Come on. Come on, baby.

"You never have and never will."

[CAR HORN HONKS]

[PEPE & CHATO SPEAKING IN SPANISH]

-Pepe.

-Chato.

-Say, what`s all the rush?.

-Oh, great news.

Where`s Maria and Mario?.

Where do you expect Mario to be?.

Where`s Maria?.

Say, uh, what`s in that box?.

Something for Senor Morales.

Now, where is Maria?.

Where would you expect her to be?.

Thank you, old goat.

Now I`m a goat.

Hey, Maria.

All right, darling. Just a moment.

Ah, Pepe, I`m so glad to see you.

All day long, just one thought  
has been running around my head:

When will Pepe get here?. When?.

Music, music to my ears.

Now let me tell you the big news.

-About Mario?.

-No, about us.

You did take Mario`s music  
to Senor Contreras, didn`t you?.

-Yes, I did, but something came up--

-You don`t think Mario`s music is important?.

-Did Contreras play it?.

-Will you let me--?.

Contreras must be a fool  
if he doesn`t like my brother`s music.

Instead of conducting an orchestra,  
he ought to be on the street...

-...blowing a tin horn--

-Will you let me tell you what he said?.

That`s what I`m waiting for, darling.

What did he say?.

Nothing.

Nothing?. How could he possibly  
say nothing?.

-Play that music once, and--

-He played it more than once.

He played it over and over.

He got so excited he couldn`t talk.

-Now, will you let me tell you--?.

-I knew he`d love it.

Oh, that`s wonderful.

He`s gonna play it with his orchestra.

-He is, isn`t it, Pepe?.

-I don`t know.

He`s coming tomorrow.

He`s coming to see Mario personally.

Here?. Oh, Pepe,  
thank you for doing this for Mario.  
He`II be so happy. Oh, this is wonderful.  
Now, will you...  
-...Iet me tell you something about us?.  
-Don`t say a word to Mario. Not a word.  
-What now?.  
-Well, don`t you see?.  
Mario won`t know anything about it.  
Tomorrow will be Iike any other birthday.  
And then, suddenly, someone comes to him

**and says:**

"Mario, there`s a gentleman  
to see you from Mexico City.  
A Senor Maximino Contreras,  
about the music you sent him."  
Oh, it will be the greatest moment  
in Mario`s Iife.  
And in yours.  
Yes, darling, it will.  
Everything is Mario.  
Mario and his music.  
Mario and his bullfighting.  
-Mario this. Mario--  
-Darling, it`s only natural. He`s my twin.  
I know that, but I`m marrying you.  
AII of you, but only you.  
I Iike Mario. He`s a wonderful guy.  
He`II be the best brother-in-Iaw  
I ever had in my Iife.  
But there`s one thing  
I want you to understand.  
After we married, you`re not gonna take  
an aspirin every time he has a headache.  
[LAUGHING]  
Yes, Pepe.  
AII right, now about us.  
I received an offer  
from the Institute of Research of New York.  
-We`re gonna have to Iive there for a year.  
-Darling, that`s wonderful.  
But there`s something else.  
I don`t know when I have to Ieave.

We may not be able to wait months  
to get married.

-It might be three weeks.

-Three weeks?.

Maybe less time.

It depends on when they need me.

Well, darling, that sounds grand,

New York for a whole year, but--

Well, suppose Mario needs a--

Oh. Mario again.

What, darling?.

The only time you seem to be happy  
is when you're doing something for Mario.

Pepe, wait a moment. I'm sorry.

All right.

Will you leave on short notice  
if we have to?.

Any time you say.

Pepe.

-It's good to see you.

-Thank you.

-Hello, maestro, you're looking well.

**MORALES:**

Put it down. Tomorrow is your birthday.

I understand you brought this for me.

Well, not exactly, maestro.

I brought it over to show you.

You always say you can't understand  
what a man sees in my profession.

Well, I wanted you to look in and see.

Oh. The last time I saw you, Pepe,  
you were terribly excited.

You were looking

for a very important bug.

-Well, have you found it?.

-Not yet.

Why not?.

Well, for one thing,

we don't know what it looks like.

You don't?.

No.

Did you hear that?. Ha, ha.

He's looking for something he can't find.

But even if he did find it,  
he wouldn't know what it looks like.  
Now, there--  
There is a profession for you.  
[ALL LAUGHING]  
Bullfighting is easier, huh, maestro?.  
That reminds me, where is Mario?.  
-Uh....  
-Uh....  
He chose a fine bull for tomorrow,  
a beauty.  
He's got horns this wide  
and a red gleam in his eyes...  
-...and a neck just like a--  
-Like a bull, I'm sure.  
Where is Mario?.  
Well, he's resting, maestro.  
Yes, he wants you to be very proud  
of him tomorrow.  
If he wants me  
to be proud of him tomorrow...  
...you better get him away  
from those musicians tonight.  
You know everything, don't you, Father?.  
No one has ever put over anything  
on Maestro, never.  
And no one ever will.  
I make you responsible  
to get your brother home.  
Yes, Father.

**MORALES:**

All right.  
Come on, Pepe.  
Hey.  
And I make you responsible  
to see that she does.  
Uh, you mean that she, uh--?.  
Trust me, maestro.  
I don't see anything.  
Not a thing.  
[BAND PLAYING  
"MEXICAN HAT DANCE"]  
[BOTH LAUGHING]



Now play "La Bamba," muchachos, huh?.

[BAND PLAYING "LA BAMBA"]

[SINGING "LA BAMBA" IN SPANISH]

Don't forget, Pepe.

Not a word about Contreras  
coming here tomorrow.

That's his birthday present.

[CROWD APPLAUDING]

Only one thought  
has been running around in my head.

Yes, I know.

"When will Pepe get here?.

-When will Pepe get here?."

-How do you know?.

You think on carbon paper.

Everything comes out in duplicate.

Well, what happened?.

What happened where?.

The music. Senor Contreras.

Oh, uh, the music. Uh....

-The manuscript with the little notes on it?.

-Yes.

I delivered them.

What did he say?.

He, uh--

Didn't he play any of it, Pepe?.

-Yes, but--

-He didn't say anything, though.

Oh.

Which part did he play, Pepe?.

Uh....

-I don't know. I was in the other room.

-Yes, but you heard him, didn't you?.

Oh, come on.

Try to remember, Pepe.

Did he play this?.

[PLAYING PIANO]

-I don't know, Mario. Don't worry about it.

-Maybe it was this.

Listen.

[PLAYING PIANO]

Didn't he like that?.

Darling, how can Pepe remember?.

Maybe it wasn't your music

that the maestro played.  
You don't think you're the only one  
sending Contreras music?.  
He receives manuscripts  
from hundreds of people.  
Yes, I know. I know.  
Listen, Pepe. Listen to this.  
If he played this,  
you will remember, I'm sure.  
[PLAYING PIANO]  
Yes, he played that. I remember.  
And he didn't say anything?.  
I don't know. I was in the other room.  
Now, Mario, what do you expect?.  
You think Senor Contreras  
would leave his work...  
...and come down here  
to see you personally?.  
As a surprise birthday present  
or something?.  
Oh, no. Of course not. I--  
-I was just hoping that--

**MAN:**

You've important things to think about.  
Tomorrow, you fight an exhibition  
for Barrios.

**Come. To Mario:**

the son of a great matador,  
who will follow in his father's footsteps.  
To your heart's desire, Mario.  
The lady drinks to herself.  
-Oh, no. I didn't mean--

**MARIO:**

I know what you meant, my darling.  
Thank you.  
I drink to you.  
Senor, the visitor has arrived.  
It's about time.  
I thought he would never get here.  
Mario...  
...get ready. Barrios is here.

[BAND PLAYING LATIN MUSIC]

-Senor Morales?.

**MORALES:**

Oh, what a happy moment.

Excuse me. I must praise you.

You know, when I--

But you are much older than I expected.

Oh, no, no. It`s not true. Don`t believe it.

Appearance has nothing to do  
with the age.

You are as young as your creation.

And that is alive with the spirit of youth.

With the spirit of Mexico.

I`m at a loss, Senor....

Contreras.

Maximino Contreras.

I`m the Director of the Modern Conservatory  
of Music.

An honor, Senor Contreras.

-Won`t you sit down.

-Thank you.

But what have I to do  
with the Modern Conservatory?.

Oh. Such modesty.

But I`m not surprised.

I know your kind of people.

I came to make you an offer.

I want to take you with me  
to Mexico City...

...so that you can study music  
under my personal supervision.

I think that much of your music.

You have made a mistake, senor.

You must have come to see Mario,  
Don Antonio`s son.

Well, you are a fortunate man  
to have such a talented son.

Would you be so kind  
to tell him to get ready?.

I`m sorry. But at the moment,  
he`s not available.

But you mean--

-He`s not here?.

-He`s here.  
But I can`t permit him to be distracted  
by anything at the moment.  
In a few minutes,  
he`s going to fight in the bullring.  
What?. This young composer?.  
And you`d risk the Life of that boy  
in a bullfight?.  
Senor, I demand  
that you stop it immediately.  
You demand?.  
You seem to forget that this is my house  
and my son.  
Why don`t you bring your son here?.  
Let him decide.  
PIease, senor, try to understand.  
His appearance this afternoon...  
...it was arranged long in advance.  
He`II be in no danger...  
...unless he is distracted beforehand  
by you.  
Oh, no. You can`t make me responsible.  
When can I see him?.  
I have to go back to Mexico City.  
I`m conducting tonight.  
My son will return your courtesy.  
He`II visit you  
at the earliest possible moment.  
AII right. Then tomorrow.  
Si, senor. Tomorrow. Without fail.  
Here is my card...  
...and, senor...  
...I make you personally responsible  
for the safety of your son.  
Until tomorrow, then.  
Study under him for two years.  
Dedicating songs to a matador,  
I suppose.  
Oh, no.  
In two weeks, my son will be famous  
as a bullfighter...  
...and they will be dedicating songs  
to him.  
My friend, Barrios. Ha, ha.

**BARRIOS:**

Senor Morales, how are you?.

How are you?.

**MORALES:**

**BARRIOS:**

Come. We`ve been waiting for you.

-Come on. Let`s go.

-All right.

-You see the way he hooks to the left?.

-Mm-hm.

-He turns short. Watch that.

-All right.

Go now.

[MARIO SPEAKING IN SPANISH]

[CROWD CHEERING]

[BOTH SHOUTING IN SPANISH]

[CROWD CHEERING]

Mario, you were wonderful. Wonderful.

-Bravo, Mario.

**MARIO:**

Congratulations, my son.

I`m very proud of you.

Congratulations, Mario. You will go far.

**MARIO:**

-Bravo, Mario.

Well, what do you think?.

If I dare say it,

he`s almost better than you were.

Why not?. Who taught him?. Ha, ha.

How soon can you use him?.

Hmm, Mexico City?.

Six weeks from next Sunday.

It must be sooner.

Impossible, Antonio.

That is for Mexico City.

-I have contracts.

-Somewhere else, then.

It must be within two weeks.

Father, why somewhere else?.

You always said his first fight  
would be in Mexico City.

Shh.

Senor Barrios and I will settle this.

**CHATO :**

and you can't take him out of the ring.

[SPEAKING IN SPANISH]

Maria, come back here.

Hey, somebody stop her.

She`II be gored.

Don`t say such things.

Maria, get out of this ring.

Maria, Maria.

Next time.

**MARIA:**

Pepe, it`s all over.

The bull is safe in the toril.

The bull is safe?.

-Life with you is gonna be Iovely.

**MARIA:**

[BAND PLAYING LATIN MUSIC]

[SINGING IN SPANISH]

[CROWD APPLAUDING]

-Mario, how about you dance?.

-No.

-Oh, yes. Come on, Mario.

-No, I can`t.

-Come on.

-Mario, dance.

-Oh, you just wanna be coaxed. Come on.

-Come on.

-Would you Iike to?.

-Well, all right.

AII right.

[BAND SINGING IN SPANISH]

[LAUGHING]

Mario, darling, you were wonderful.

[ALL SPEAKING INDISTINCTLY]

-What`s the matter, darling?.

-Oh, everything.

Our surprise is ruined.

-Where`s Contreras?.

-I can`t imagine what happened to him.

Maybe he didn`t like Mario`s music so much after all.

Maybe he was just being polite, Pepe.

If I thought that, I`d go to the Conservatory and pull it down over his head like a--

Like a hat that`s too big for him.

Now, come on, darling, don`t be unhappy tonight.

Antonio, now.

**MORALES:**

-Yes, maestro.

[CROWD CHEERING]

[CROWD SINGING IN SPANISH]

Antonio.

Don`t ever let anything happen, ever...

...that would take music

out of Mario`s life.

I?. Why should I?.

Sometimes I wonder

if you really understand him.

Do you know what comes first

in his life?.

Bullfighting.

No.

First comes his faith in you...

...and then his love for music.

Well, blow them out.

[CROWD LAUGHING THEN CHEERING]

-Thank you, Mario.

-You`re welcome.

Chato.

Maria.

That was very nice, darling.

I wanted a bigger piece anyway.

[MORALES SPEAKING IN SPANISH]

This is a great day for me.

One for which I have long waited.

I`m proud to announce

that in two weeks...

...my son will make his first public fight at Puebla.

-Bravo!

-Bravo!

[CROWD CHEERING]

This is my present to you, my son.

May you wear it in honor

and in success.

Thank you, Father.

If I fight well, it will only be natural...

...because all I have learned of honesty...

...loyalty, and honor,

I have learned from you.

-Thank you.

**MAN:**

Bravo!

Morales! Mario Morales.

Well, do something. Get us inside.

[SPEAKING IN SPANISH]

Thank you, Juan. Good luck to you too.

Thank you, Pacho. Thank you.

Please, maestro, it's almost time.

Oh, yes. Yes.

Well, my son.

[SPEAKING IN SPANISH]

Thank you, father.

I'll try to be worthy of you.

-I leave him to you.

-Trust me.

[BAND PLAYING LATIN MUSIC]

**MAN:**

Senor Morales.

[SPEAKING IN SPANISH]

[PLAYING TRUMPET]

I'll meet you at the barrera.

Don't forget,

throw the cape to your father.

[SPEAKING IN SPANISH]

Please, how do I get

to where the matadors are?.

Not now, senor.

They are already at the entrada.

[SPEAKING IN SPANISH]

Here. Wet your mouth.



-I don't need it.  
-You need it. Everybody needs it.  
-Here. How do you feel?.  
-Fine.  
[MAN PLAYING DRUMROLL]  
[PLAYING TRUMPET]  
Morales. Mario Morales.  
Mario. Mario Morales.  
It's Contreras.  
-Wait. Morales.  
-Please. Not now.  
-Young man--  
-Senor.  
--my name is Maximino Contreras.  
-And I beg of you, don't go into that ring.  
-Maestro.  
Tell me, why didn't you come  
to see me?.  
Why did you break your promise?.  
What promise, senor?.

**CHATO:**

Please watch the bull, Mario.  
-Get him out of here.  
-Watch the bull.  
Keep your hands off me!  
I came to your house two weeks ago  
to ask you to study music with me, senor.  
Please, I'm not a fool. I came because  
I believe you have an outstanding talent.  
I spoke to your father, and he promised me  
he'll send you to me the very next day.  
I don't believe it.  
You-- Look at his face.  
Of course it's true.  
Get into that ring. Go on.  
-Mario, go. Please, go.  
-Do you want to ruin me?.  
-Get in there.  
-Mario, please come back.  
Is it true?.

**MORALES:**

The bull, Mario! Look behind you.

My son, hold on. You know  
you`II regret it for the rest of your life.  
Please, don`t.

Aha.

I told you he would come home.

Father, try to understand.

Oh, Pepe.

-I have looked everywhere.

-Did you try Senor Contreras?.

He`s looking for him too.

Contreras is looking for him?.

Hasn`t he done enough harm already?.

Look at those papers.

Because of him, all of Mexico  
is calling my son a coward.

-Father, you know you can`t--

-I know one thing.

He`s responsible for this. By all the saints,  
I swear he`II pay for it with his life.

-Father, you can`t blame Senor Contreras.

-Darling.

I took Mario`s music to him.

So it was you.

I might have known.

Perhaps you were conducting a scientific  
experiment on the Morales family.

That`s what we can expect from someone  
who studies bugs under a microscope.

Father, I asked Pepe  
to take the music to him.

-You?.

-Yes.

It doesn`t matter  
who brought the music to the man.

It was Contreras who made my son to lose  
his head at the moment before the fight.

He destroyed him.

If Contreras is not to blame, who is?.

**MRS. MORALES:**

You are, Antonio.

Do you remember the night  
of Mario`s birthday party?.

I told you then, if anything happened that

would take Mario`s music away from him...  
...it would break his heart.  
You knew that.  
And yet you deliberately destroyed  
the thing he Ioved.  
You destroyed more, Antonio.  
His Iove for you.  
You betrayed him.  
And now all you can think of  
is disgrace to you.  
-I did what I thought was best.  
-For yourself.  
Even now, you`re only thinking of yourself,  
of what the papers are saying about you.  
Never mind about Mario.  
Where he is. What he`s suffering.  
When I heard what happened yesterday...  
...how Mario walked out of the ring...  
...I was very happy, Antonio.  
I felt at Iast my son would Iive the Iife  
he wanted to.  
For himself...  
...not to satisfy your pride.  
That`s very strange.  
In 20 years...  
...in all the time I trained him...  
...you haven`t said a word.  
No, Antonio.  
I didn`t say anything  
when you were fighting either.  
But I Iived only when you did not fight.  
Then in fear.  
Fear of what would happen  
when you fought again.  
When, finally, you were hurt...  
...all of Mexico, yes, all of Spain, even...  
...wept.  
I wept too.  
Mine were tears of relief...  
...you`d never fight again.  
And now Mario will never fight again.  
And for that, I am very thankful.  
Tell Mario I`II be waiting to see him  
in my room when he comes home.

But he`s not coming home. He--  
I`II be waiting in my room.  
Pepe, I`m going to find him.  
I`ve checked every place.  
Railroad stations, airports, bus terminals.  
There`s only one thing left to do.  
Try the police.  
No. And you are not leaving here, Maria.  
-Father, I have to. You saw Mother--

**MORALES:**

The moment he`s hungry, he`II be home.  
Don`t worry.  
No, father.  
I`m going to find him somehow.  
I forbid you.  
Maria, do you understand  
that you are to stay home?.  
I`II go with you, Maria.  
Do you understand?.  
You are not to leave.  
Whenever you want to start, Maria,  
I`m ready.  
Well, wait a minute.  
Where are you going?.  
Start where?. If Mario wanted to be here,  
you wouldn`t have to look for him.  
If he insists on staying away,  
you`II never find him.  
A needle in a haystack  
is not hard to find...  
...if you have a magnet.  
They can`t call Mario a coward.  
-I`m gonna demand they print the truth.  
-They don`t know the truth.  
They would question your father.  
I don`t care.  
They`ve got to take it back.  
A Morales is not a coward.  
I`II prove it to them.

**PEPE:**

-Yes, I`II prove it to them.  
I`II go see Barrios.

He`II give me a chance to fight.

-You will not.

**MARIA:**

Why not?. What about us?.

You think that would bring Mario home?.

-Maybe.

-No, just the opposite.

If you fight, it doesn`t prove  
your brother is not a coward.

You`d only make it worse.

It would seem you were doing something  
your brother was afraid to do.

It would be a disgrace for Mario.

He`d never be able to return.

Can`t you see

I`m telling you the truth, darling?.

We`II find Mario. I promise you.

That`s right. It is not the name of Morales  
that has to be cleared.

It`s Mario`s.

Only he can do it.

Yes.

Only Mario.

No, no, not the good ones.

Give me the bad ones.

I understand.

Everybody buys the bad ones.

Mario Morales. I can`t wait.

The promoter had better lock the gate.

Yeah. Maybe Morales

will jump over the wall today.

Your public seems to be  
a little temperamental.

Oh, don`t worry.

They`re just in a playful mood.

Yes, I see.

I wouldn`t want to see damage done  
to your magnificent establishment.

So say, perhaps, we would call off  
this engagement.

Are you crazy?.

Call off the most profitable day

I have had in five years?.

-Yes.

-Come, old man. Get your man ready.

Yes, I think, uh....

There.

Please, Maria, don't go through with this.

We can find him some other way.

We could advertise in the newspapers.

There's one way to find Mario.

When he reads the papers and finds out...

-...somebody is fighting under his name--

-I know, but it's so dangerous.

-If anything should happen to you--

-Will you please stop saying that?.

It's bad luck.

[KNOCKING ON DOOR]

Big crowd, Chato?.

Oh, no, not so big.

You know, Maria,

I've had the most wonderful idea.

-What?.

-In Monterrey, I have many relatives.

If we went there right away, we could

get them to start looking all over for Mario.

If you're in a hurry to see your relatives,  
you can leave right now.

I made a mistake. I should never  
have let you talk me into this.

It's crazy.

If anything happens,

how could I ever answer for this?.

Not only to your father, but to myself.

Look, Chato...

...I believe there's only one way  
to bring Mario back. This way.

It's my responsibility.

It isn't fair to ask you to share it.

What?.

To let you go down there alone?.

Come.

It's bad luck to be late.

I'll wait outside.

Good luck, Maria.

Thank you.

You know, Chato,

there`s one thing worrying me.  
What`s that?.  
What if my wig should fall off?.  
I wish that was all I had to worry about.

**MAN:**

to make your boy fight, Chato?.  
He hypnotized the bull. Ha, ha.

**MAN:**

You`d better not run out on us.  
Maria, we gotta get out of here.  
Right now.  
Before it`s too late. Please.  
They don`t need to worry.  
The only way I`II go out  
is to be carried out.  
No, no, don`t say such things.  
It`s bad luck.  
[PLAYING TRUMPET]  
He`s fast.  
Aha. Hooks to the left.  
Turns quickly.  
Come on out, Morales. The bull  
won`t hurt you. He just wants to play.  
[CROWD LAUGHING]  
[MARIA SPEAKING IN SPANISH]  
Not too close. Not too close, Maria.  
[SPEAKING IN SPANISH]  
[SPEAKING IN SPANISH]  
Bravo, matador, bravo!  
[CROWD CHEERING]  
Hey, come here, everybody.  
Look at the news about Mario.  
Hey.  
What`s going on there?.

**MAN:**

**MORALES:**

[SHOUTS]  
Amigos, we`II celebrate later.  
Excuse me now, and see....  
Yes?.

You can come out  
into the sunshine again.  
You've found Mario?  
No, querida, better than that.  
He has found himself.  
He has regained his honor.  
Look.  
Now, remember, it was his own choice.  
I had nothing to do with this.  
That's why I'm so proud of him.  
Yes, Antonio. That's why he did it.  
Because of your pride.  
Not for himself,  
not because he thought you were right.  
Well, perhaps you'll permit him  
to go on with his music now.  
But he has already chosen his career.  
Read this.  
See?. "Agrees to fight at Puebla  
within the next two weeks."  
His own choice, mind you.  
I had nothing to do with it.  
So Chato and Maria  
were going to find him in Mexico City.  
Well, we can telegraph them  
to come home now.  
No, Antonio.  
I don't think Mario will come home.  
[SINGING IN SPANISH]  
Tell me. What are they singing now?  
Oh, that?  
Just a song, senior.  
Music seems to come  
right out of the earth in your country.  
And the sugar cane, the corn, the mud,  
we make into houses and music.  
Mm.  
Evidently, you don't like music.  
Excuse me, senior,  
I didn't mean to be rude.  
You see, these boys and I  
are going to a job on a plantation.  
I'm afraid my mind is on my work.  
Food and drinks are ready, senores.



Please be seated.  
Bus leaves for Mexico City  
in five minutes.

**MAN:**

senoras y senores.  
Please be seated.  
-May I join you, boys?.  
-Please, señor.  
Thank you.  
No. Just coffee, please.  
Hey, Pancho, what's the matter?.  
-Pancho.  
-Oh, what is it?.  
You better eat. We got a long way to go.  
I'm not hungry.  
The bus ride bumped his stomach. Ha, ha.  
Is that music coming all the way  
from the United States?.  
Oh, no, señor.  
That is our symphony orchestra  
in Mexico City.  
With Maestro  
Maximino Contreras conducting.  
[SPEAKING IN SPANISH]  
I'm afraid, uh, Pancho isn't very fond  
of music.  
And I am afraid you have  
the wrong impression of my country.  
Not everyone in Mexico  
appreciates music.  
Many prefer bullfighting.

**MAN [ON RADIO] :**

The final selection of today's concert...  
...will be "Fantasia Mexicana"...  
...the work of a young Mexican composer,  
Mario Morales.  
It is being introduced today  
for the first time to the people of Mexico...  
...by Maestro Maximino Contreras.  
[ORCHESTRA PLAYING ON RADIO]  
[PLAYING PIANO]  
[CROWD CHEERING]

Wait a minute, Pancho.  
The radio said it was being played  
for the first time.  
-Now, you told me--  
-Don't get the wrong impression, senior.  
Not everyone in Mexico  
lives only for bullfighting.  
-Just as many prefer music.  
-Hmm?.  
Wait! Wait!  
No, no, senior. You must not enter.  
He is busy. He will see no one.  
[PLAYING PIANO THEN STOPS]  
Mario!  
I'm sorry, senior.  
He would not give his name.  
You may go.  
Mario, so you heard it, huh?.  
Yes.  
Oh, I knew it.  
I knew it was the only way.  
I had to come, maestro, to thank you.  
It was.... Well, I have no words.  
It didn't sound like my music at all.  
It was so big.  
Oh, of course it was.  
Mario, when your sister told me  
that she had a way to find you...  
...I said to myself, there is only one way  
to bring him back.  
And it worked.  
Now, my boy,  
we'll get down to business.  
To study music.  
-Of course, no more bullfighting.  
-No.  
No, I'm all through with that.  
Fine. You know, my boy,  
it was very foolish of you.  
-You don't understand--  
-No, no, please.  
You have nothing to explain.  
I know it was your father.  
Anyway, it was foolish.

Why risk your life  
just to prove to some people...  
...who read the sporting news  
that you are not a coward?  
It's ridiculous.  
Of course, now, after you had  
your big success at La Scala...  
...and you're a hero in your father's eyes,  
everybody's happy.  
Don't explain to me  
and don't argue with me.  
This foolishness is over once and forever.  
You must not risk your life again.  
Uh, and I insist  
that you cancel your engagement...  
...you have to fight at Puebla.  
I don't know what you're talking about,  
Senor Contreras.  
I didn't fight in La Scala.  
And I am not fighting in Puebla.  
I'm not.  
Now, wait, my boy.  
We can't get along unless we are  
really frank and honest to each other.  
Come. I'll show you.  
Oh, here.  
Here.  
-Excuse me.  
-Where do you think you are going?  
Well, it's obvious, senor.  
If someone is using my name,  
I have the right to--  
Did you say my sister told you  
she had a plan to find me?  
Yes.  
-I must go.  
-Wait! Mario--  
Oh, he runs away again.  
Oh, I'll chase this boy  
to my appointments.  
Mario, wait!  
No. Maria, please.  
Please stop being so nervous.

**MARIA:**

I can't understand it.  
Mario's name has been in every newspaper  
for two weeks.  
Today's fight has been announced  
all over.  
-He must have seen it.  
-He'll be here.  
He'll be here. Don't worry, please.  
Sit down.  
[PHONE RINGS]  
-It's Mario. Mario.  
-Mario.  
Darling. Where are you?.  
Pepe.  
Where are you?.  
Where do you think?.  
I'm downstairs in the lobby.  
How did you know I was here?.  
Darling, all I had to do was find out  
where Mario is staying and I'd find you.  
Oh, no, no, Pepe,  
you can't come up here.  
Mario is not feeling well.  
Mario isn't feeling very well, Pepe.  
He's very nervous.  
He's not seeing anybody.  
No, no, he's just tired.  
Darling, I'll come right down.  
Yes, yes, I promise. Right away.  
No, you can't. I won't allow you.  
Chato, I have to. He can't come up here.  
You've got to get dressed, Maria.  
-What are you going to tell him?.  
-I don't know.  
-Nothing. Nothing.

**CHATO:**

Darling. Ha, ha.  
What happened to you?.  
I could've lost my mind waiting for you.  
-Darling, I'm so sorry. You see, it was--  
-All right, you found her now.  
Kiss her and say goodbye.

Mario needs her.  
He`s very nervous.  
I`m nervous too.  
-Guess what.  
-What?.

I received my appointment with the Institute  
of Research, New York. It`s ours.  
Look. Telegrams,  
documents, airplane tickets.  
We leave tomorrow morning at 6:00.  
-Oh, no, Pepe. We can`t.  
-No.  
Why not?.

Well, to begin with,  
we`re not even married.  
Yes.  
That`s why I came.  
I`ve got that arranged too.  
-Come on.  
-No.  
-Did you say something?.

-Who?. I--  
Did I say something?.

No.  
Darling, I know that I promised, but I--  
I tell you,  
Mario is more nervous than ever.  
He wouldn`t fight if she wouldn`t....  
I knew the test  
would come one day, Maria...  
...somehow or another.  
After everything we`d planned...  
...for a lifetime.  
Against one afternoon  
of watching your brother fight a bull.  
You say you have everything arranged?.

**PEPE:**

Yes, darling.  
Everything.  
All right, darling.  
There`s just one thing, Pepe.  
You`ve got to get me back here

**by 3:**

What for?.

You`ve got to, Pepe.

**PEPE:**

To see your brother?.

Whose honeymoon is this gonna be?.

Will you, Pepe?.

All right.

-Tell Mario I`ll be back at 3:00.

-Yes.

Come on.

Chato, I want you to meet...

...Senora Maria Morales Jose Fernandez

Hector Sanchez Tello Giermillo Ortego.

Yes, yes, yes. Now hurry, hurry.

Mario is very nervous.

You won`t be able to stay.

Just pack your things.

**MARIA:**

**PEPE:**

Uh, Pepe, you wait for her here.

-But I wanna see Mario.

-No.

If anything should happen, don`t worry.

-Maria will meet you at the entrance.

-What entrance?.

In case you miss her at the entrance,  
she will meet you at this seat.

Wait, why should I miss her?.

-I don`t wanna see the bullfight.

-Don`t worry. From that seat, you won`t.

The number of my son`s suite.

Your son?.

Mario Morales, the torero.

Don Antonio.

I beg your pardon, senor.

-Suite 401 403.

-Thank you.

For nothing, senor.

Pepe.

-Oh, hello, maestro.

-Why are you not upstairs with Mario?.  
He won't see me.  
He won't see anybody except Maria.  
-Why not?.  
-I don't know. He says he's nervous.  
We'll fix that.  
You know, Pepe, Mario and I,  
we had a little misunderstanding.  
But he's young.  
He would not come to me...  
...so I'll go to him.

**MAN 1 :**

**MAN 2:**

-We need your help.  
-Please help us to get some pictures.  
-Would you help us get some pictures?.  
-We've been here for two hours.  
Leave it to me.  
Just give me a few minutes with my son,  
alone, and it'll be all right.  
[KNOCKING]  
-So.  
-Maestro, I, uh--  
Please tell my son I'm here.  
-Tell him we're here a long time.  
-Yeah.  
Yes, yes. Just a moment, please.  
-What's happened now?.  
-Your father and Pepe are outside.  
Hurry, Conchita.  
We've gotta get out of here.  
Where's Mario?. Why didn't he come?.  
Did you hear what I said?.  
Your father and Pepe are outside that door.  
If your father finds out, he'll kill me.  
If he doesn't, Pepe will.  
[KNOCKING ON DOOR]

**MORALES:**

Chato. Mario.  
Quick. Quick.  
Hurry.

It`s crazy.  
It`s been crazy from the beginning.  
I`ve had enough of this nonsense, Chato.  
-Get out of the way.  
-No. If you please, just a few minutes.  
Oh, he`s so nervous.  
Everybody`s nervous before a fight.  
-Step aside.  
-No, no, please, not yet.  
-We gotta have pictures.  
-Who does he think he is?.  
PLease, gentlemen. PLease be patient.  
I`II see if he`s, uh--  
I`II see if he`s still praying.  
You would think  
that he was the boy`s father.  
Wait until I get him home.

**-About 4:**

-The fight will be starting soon.  
Maybe he isn`t  
going to fight today either.  
What do you think, maestro?.  
Oh, this is too much.  
Chato. Mario. Open the door.  
You hear me?.  
But it`s impossible. I--  
I didn`t--  
AII I wanted is to give him my sword.  
[PLAYING TRUMPET]  
-If Mario doesn`t come out--  
-PLease. We`II find Mario.  
You stop looking around  
while you`re working the bull.  
Watch the bull, please.  
AII right. Go now.  
[CROWD CHEERING]  
She must be inside.  
Well, go in there and find her. Go ahead.  
You`re making me nervous.  
Mario, wait!  
-Ticket?.

**CONTRERAS:**



Ticket over there, please.  
-Oh, no, my friend.  
-I don't consider myself your friend.  
And then, please,  
would you kindly step aside?.  
Go back to scraping on your fiddle.  
You will not interfere with my son again.  
Step aside, please.  
Let the gentlemen buy his ticket.  
You are mistaken on two counts.  
He's not a gentleman  
and he's not going to buy a ticket.  
Senor, will you kindly  
have this person removed?.  
Call the police.

**CONTRERAS:**

-What seems to be the trouble?.  
-Look, I--  
-I'll do the explaining.  
I am Don Antonio Morales.  
Don Antonio.  
Is this criminal annoying you, maestro?.  
Criminal?. I am Maximino Contreras  
of the National Symphony Orchestra.  
Maestro. Is this broken-down bullfighter  
annoying you?.  
No. You'll address the greatest matador  
of all times with respect.  
You will address the greatest musician  
in Mexico with reverence.  
-He wants to stop my son from fighting.  
-We won't let him.  
It's against the law  
to prevent a man from buying a ticket.  
It's against the law  
to interfere with a bullfight.  
You can't prove  
that he intends to interfere.  
All right.  
We'll go see the captain.  
-He'll settle this.  
-Good.  
But I have to get in, please.

Yes. Yes. Let`s see the captain.

He`II settle this.

-Come, senores.

-Good.

Mario.

[SPEAKING IN SPANISH]

-Mario.

-Look out, Maria!

[WOMEN SCREAMING]

**MARIA:**

-Yes, dear.

Are you all right?.

You`re not hurt, are you?.

Oh, Mario. Oh, I knew I`d find you.

[CROWD CHEERING]

Maria.

Hello, Pepe.

That`s what I wanna talk to you about.

Later. Later, Pepe.

Not in front of Mother, please.

-Pepe.

-Congratulations.

I`m so glad. I know you`II be very happy.

Where`s Don Antonio?.

Maria said she left him with you.

Didn`t he come home with you?.

We got separated.

Isn`t he here yet?.

I can`t understand it.

He invited all these people

for a fiesta for you.

He`II be here any minute. Come on,

Mother, let`s dance, huh?. Come on.

Where is Father, Pepe?.

He`s probably having Barrios arrested

for letting you get in that ring.

-Where`s Chato?.

-I passed Chato at the gate, waiting for him.

Maestro, Don Antonio.

Is there something

I can do for you, senor?.

Yes. Step aside, please.

We don`t like to run over little animals

on the highway.

Go on.

**CHATO:**

Maestro.

Maestro, we're glad you're home.

We've been worried.

Chato, you are as trustworthy  
as a scorpion.

It's a lucky thing for you  
that everything went so well for me.

I can almost forgive you.

Yes, life is good.

Good?. What is good, Maestro?.

Who made it possible  
for Mario to fight the bull?.

You?. No, I did it.

-You, maestro?.

-Of course.

That crazy man, Contreras, showed up  
outside of the bullring again today.  
Well, I stopped him. I refused  
to let him go in and create a disturbance.  
By the time we were through  
with explanations...

...at the office of the police captain,  
the fights were over.

Oh, then, you didn't see the fight?.

-No. Come inside and let me know about it.

-No, maestro. Please listen.

Listen to what?.

So far we have told your wife nothing.

Nothing about what?.

Maestro, you'll never know  
how close Mario was to the end.

He was going beautifully when,  
suddenly-- You know his fault.

--he lost his concentration.

The bull swung  
and threw Mario to the ground.

He was stunned.

The bull turned, saw him lying helpless.

He lowered his head.

Oh, the horns were within an inch

of Mario`s body.

Then, all of a sudden, from nowhere,  
a young man appeared.

He stepped over Mario`s body  
and used his own coat as a cape.

Oh, maestro, if that boy  
had been one second later...

...you`d never have been able  
to come home and face your wife.

-It was that close?.

-No, maestro...

...it was closer.

No concentration.

What is it, Maria?.

It`s Father.

Antonio.

-We were worried.

-I`m sorry, querida.

-Has Mario come home?.

-Yes, of course.

Where is he?.

[BOTH SPEAKING IN SPANISH]

Antonio.

You know Senor Contreras.

Don Antonio.

Senor Contreras.

Mario.

Yes, Father?.

You fought well.

I--

-You saw me?.

-Of course, why not?.

You know, Mario,  
you executed the veronicas quite well.

Slowly, with good form.

Also the chicuelinas.

In fact...

...I have no criticism  
on the way you handled the cape...

...but one thing  
you have never learned: concentration.

I`m afraid I was wrong.

Fighting bulls is not for him.

Perhaps he`II have better luck

with his concentration...  
...when he studies music  
with Senor Contreras.  
Thank you, Father, for--  
For everything.  
That`s all right, my boy.  
Maestro, I take back everything  
I`ve said about you.  
Yes, even what I was thinking about you.  
Well...  
...Mario, Maria, dance.  
I ordered this fiesta for you.  
Go on, enjoy yourselves.  
You did well, maestro.  
Very well.  
Well, why not?.  
[BAND PLAYING  
"MEXICAN HAT DANCE"]  
If Mario was knocked down,  
why is Maria limping?.  
Uh....  
Twins, maestro, twins.  
Chato!  
Come back here!