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T H E N C A M E B R O N S O N

WHERE WILL THE TRUMPETS BE?

Prod.#6471

Produced by:

Robert H. Justman
Robert Sabaroff

Written by:

Robert Sabaroff
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THEN CAME BRONSON

"Where Will The Trumpets Be?"

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. CATTLE RANGE - ELEVATED LONG SHOT - ESTABLISHING -
DAY

1

A narrow ranch road cuts the vista. The SHOT IS STATIC and SILENT. In the background are the distant mountains. The very incubator of loneliness.

After establishing, the SOUND of the MOTORCYCLE begins to build and finally, BRONSON comes riding on his cycle, across from in the LONG SHOT. MORGANA SPENCER rides behind.

CLOSER ANGLES - THE RIDE - SEQUENCE TO LOCATION - DAY

2

Morgana is about thirty, deeply tanned from a lifetime of sunshine, not just two weeks a year. She has comfort with the rugged country and a knowledge of the land. She is bright, attractive and competent. She is also feminine, in spite of a level, businesslike manner when she feels on guard, or trying to read someone.

They are following a cattle trail, riding as fast as the terrain safely allows. At one point, they stop near a small group of grazing horses. Morgana looks around again, points in a direction she seems to understand, and hangs on as Bronson guns the bike in the indicated direction.

ANOTHER ANGLE - BRONSON, MORGANA - ELEVATED LOCATION -
DAY

3

as they come over a rise favoring our direction. They see what it seems they've been looking for. She indicates, but Bronson is already watching. Her face lights up at --

THEIR POV - CORDOBA - LONG SHOT - DAY

4

A handsomely accoutred SANCHE DE CORDOBA, dressed in the style of upper class Mexico-on-Horseback, is riding a magnificent horse in and among a small group of horses. His horsemanship is magnificent. He is trim, handsome, anywhere from thirty to forty. It's hard to tell.

MORGANA'S AND BRONSON'S ANGLE - CORDOBA - DAY

5

They watch in awe as the amazing horseman works at cutting a horse out of the herd. Horse and rider are one -- in the attunement of a finely trained horse and a natural horseman.

MORGANA (moved)

That's talent.

BRONSON (a grunt)

No argument.

MORGANA (too authoritative)

Take me down there.

BRONSON

We'll spook those horses.

MORGANA (genuinely concerned)

He's been out of traction one week.

Let the fool die on his own ranch!

(beat, to Bronson's obvious unwillingness to butt in)

How will you feel if he hemorrhages?

Bronson ponders the values involved, then begrudgingly goes along with Morgana. He guns the bike and heads for Cordoba.

CORDOBA'S ANGLE - BRONSON, MORGANA APPROACHING - DAY

6

The NOISE spooks the horses, sure enough. Cordoba is angry and looks to Bronson as a target for a verbal barb, but Morgana takes it away from him.

MORGANA

Sancho...you're insane!
(to Bronson)

He has a hundred and ten stitches
in his stomach.

BRONSON (impressed)

Lot of stitches.

CORDOBA (to Morgana)

They've been out for a month. I'm
fine! Stop mothering me!

Then, O.S., we HEAR HOOFBEATS of a galloping animal.
Cordoba, Morgana, and Bronson look in the direction from
which comes the sound and see -

INT. BULL RING - POV EFFECT - CLOSE HEAD-ON SHOT - (STOCK)
- CHARGING BULL - SILENT - DAY

7

A fighting bull is coming at us, suddenly silent. When
picture comes in, hoofbeats go out.

INT. BULL RING - FULL SHOT - BULL RING ACTION - 16MM FILM
EFFECT - (STOCK) - ESTABLISHING - DAY

8

We now HEAR SOUND of 16MM PROJECTOR. We are apparently
watching bullfight movies. The matador could be Carlos
Arruza, in the Rejoneo costume. There is no soundtrack
on the film. All sound originates in the room in which
we're watching.

The bull is running, we pick up the matador executing a
pass on his knees. (A rodilla.) The pass is successful,
miraculously, and we see, but do not hear, the crowd going
wild.

MORGANA (V.O.; one of
the spectators)
A bit flashy, I'd say.

CORDOBA (V.O.; also)
Even bullfighting has its commercial
side, I am forced to admit.

The bullfight action is moving right along, and the bull-
fighter accomplishes a very fine series of passes.

CORDOBA (V.O.; continues)

8

This next pass is my personal favorite.

CONT'D

(2)

It is spectacular in simple grace and unflinching proximity to disaster.

MORGANA (V.O.)

If he'd lost ten more drops of blood
he'd be dead now.

That's the action which ensues. The bullfighter is hit,
and the assistants distract the bull as he is carried off.

INT. ROOM - CLOSE SHOT - CORDOBA - NIGHT FLICKER LIGHT

9

He is expressionless as the grim event transpires.

CORDOBA

I can scarcely remember it.

CLOSE SHOT - MORGANA - (SAME EFFECT)

10

She is looking at Cordoba, remembering the scene.

CLOSE SHOT - BRONSON - (SAME EFFECT)

11

gazing at the action, wide-eyed, contemplative.

CUT TO:

INT. RANCH DINING ROOM - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

12

In the main house's dining room are BELLA, Morgana,
Bronson and Cordoba, seated around the remains of a
feast, being served coffee and dessert by domestic
SERVANTS as per location standard of living. Everyone
seems cordial enough.

BRONSON (to Cordoba,
right out with it, no baiting
implied)

What DO you feel?

(beat)

Besides fear, I mean.

CORDOBA (dealing
honestly)
The world's greatest literary minds
have tried to answer that question.
(beat)
All have failed.

12
CONT'D
(2)

BRONSON
Did any of them try it?

Cordoba thinks about that, for it's an interesting question to him.

CORDOBA
Most of them were too busy apologizing
for being interested.
(beat)
I always wonder why grown men have to
apologize for testing themselves.

BELLA
What about women?

CORDOBA (inferred piety)
That's different.

MORGANA (sarcastic)
Of course.

ANOTHER ANGLE - FEATURE BELLA, MORGANA

13

maintaining Cordoba and Bronson in B.G. Some coffee gets
sipped, a bit of pie gets done in.

BELLA
The cows are the brave ones.
(to Bronson)
Why do you think the bulls are charg-
ing?

Bronson smiles at her. Then his attention shifts to
Cordoba.

BRONSON
Can't help wondering how long I could
stand there before I head for the fence.

CORDOBA (remembering)
There's no way to predict.
(beat)
It happens to the best...at least
once.

13
CONT'D
(2)

BRONSON
Ever happen to you?

CORDOBA (taking the
thought seriously)
Not yet.

MORGANA
You're aching to try it, Bronson.
I can feel it.

BRONSON (forced to deal
with it)
Will a ranch bull charge?

MORGANA (quite helpful)
There's Old Roman. He's scared a lot
of cowboys. Part Brahma, part black
Angus, part something else like
buffalo.

(looks at Bella)
Any bull will charge the right target.

BELLA
Who did you have in mind?

Bronson looks at Bella, noting the obvious rivalry.

BRONSON
Can't help wondering what it feels like.

MORGANA (offhanded;
indicates bull)
Find out. You could pass him.
Sancho would show you how.

BRONSON (also indicates
bull)
I don't like what happens to them.
(beat)
They die, even when they win.

MORGANA

What do you want for lunch?

(beat)

Steak or straw?

13

CONT'D

(3)

Cordoba seems slightly bored at the familiar dialogue, but his specific answer is unexpected.

CORDOBA (surprisingly)

Perhaps we do try to justify our cruelties with delusions of social justice...but it is a fact that the bull is always eaten by the poor.

BRONSON

I really like steak...but I wouldn't buy a ticket to go to a slaughterhouse.

BELLA (broad, but sincere)

You're all right, Bronson.

ANOTHER ANGLE - BRONSON, MORGANA, BELLA, CORDOBA

14

A servant is pouring coffee. Bronson is deep in thought.

BRONSON (to Morgana, at last)

Where do you keep that bull?

Cordoba looks at Bronson with a detached bemusement, correctly reading his fascination with the subject.

CUT TO:

EXT. CORRAL - BRONSON, BULL (OLD ROMAN) - DAY

15

The bull is a beautiful animal. Absently, at the corral fence, Bronson looks around the ground, spots a pile of hay, and gets a handful. Bronson leans over the rail and talks gently to the bull, offering it the hay. After a time of suspenseful coaxing, the bull moseys over to Bronson and takes the handful of hay. (Maybe, that is. If he charges, that's okay, too.)

ANOTHER ANGLE - BRONSON, BULL

16

REVEALING Morgana, who has been nearby, leaning on the rail a short distance away, watching Bronson.

MORGANA

Every year the act gets tougher to follow.

BRONSON (light, but to her musing)

Yeah. A bullfighter. That's pretty good.

MORGANA (defensive reaction)

It started with YOU.

(beat)

Remember?

BRONSON (looking at her)

I thought it started with YOU.

(beat)

Remember?

She does remember and wishes she hadn't brought it up. She tries to change the subject.

MORGANA

When he got gored they thought he'd die. I was only fifty feet away.

Bronson looks at her, not fully locked onto the nature of Morgana's fascination for Cordoba, though it is evident there is one.

MORGANA

I was thinking of breeding fighting bulls, then. It was a business trip.

(beat)

The nice part of me was glad I didn't get involved.

(beat)

You know, I get caught up in some very violent fascinations. I can actually accept the suffering of a bull for the beauty it brings out in a man.

(beat)

In a thousand years that'll seem very savage.

BRONSON

Long time to wait.

16

CONT'D

(2)

She looks at him, sensing a distance in him.

MORGANA (long beat)

I was afraid you wouldn't accept my invitation. We didn't exactly part friends.

(beat)

I always regretted that.

Bronson softens perceptibly. He still watches the bull.

BRONSON (remembering)

How long ago? Five years? Hard feelings got left behind.

(beat)

My life's a lot different, now.

MORGANA (beat)

Why did you come?

BRONSON (thinks)

Same reason you invited me, maybe.

(beat)

To see where I'd been...how it looks from where I am...

MORGANA

Is that the reason I invited you?

BRONSON (honest shrug)

Maybe.

He smiles at her, not without warmth, but not with passion, either. He walks lazily toward where the bull is prancing. Morgana follows, just as lazily.

MORGANA (indicates

toward house)

What do you think of him?

BRONSON (arriving at

the bull, stopping)

Sancho?

MORGANA

Yes.

BRONSON

Seems like a nice fella.

(beat)

Can't say I understand him.

16

CONT'D

(3)

MORGANA

The line forms in Mexico City.

POV - THE BULL

17

A few moments.

ANGLE - BRONSON, MORGANA

18

She sees how Bronson's looking at the bull.

MORGANA (openly leading

him, but he's already there)

Fascinating, isn't it.

FADE OUT.

END ACT ONE