

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

EXT. TOOL SHED - BRONSON, MORGANA - THE BIKE - DAY

100

NOISE FOLLOWS OVER, but it's Bronson doing some "mini-body" work on his bike, with a ballpeen or a rubber mallet. Morgana is watching him reflectively, stretched out appealingly on top of a paint bin. Bronson is concentrating on what he's doing. Morgana is more tuned in to his concentration than what it is he's doing.

Finally, he stops. The silence is a relief. He wipes his brow. Then he starts re-attaching something, a silent operation at least.

MORGANA

It was a fiasco, Bronson.

Bronson wonders if it was or not.

BRONSON

I got something out of it.

MORGANA

You don't have to leave, yet.

(beat)

Bella likes you.

BRONSON

Bella's a nice girl.

MORGANA (long, slightly

hurt beat)

I am, too.

Bronson has a moment of concern for her and turns to face her gently.

BRONSON

I know.

MORGANA (seeking re-assurance)

Will you stay a few more days?

BRONSON (indicates around)

I really can't afford it.

MORGANA

Have I made you feel poor...?
(a beat)
I didn't mean to, if I did.

100
CONT'D
(2)

Bronson looks at her gently.

BRONSON (beat)

Nobody can make me feel poor.

CUT TO:

EXT. "THE HILL" - LONG SHOT - ESTABLISHING - DAY

101

It's the area with the steep slopes, relative to motor-cycle hill climbing. Bronson and Cordoba enter on the bike, following a dust trail to the foot of the hill, or a suitable starting point for their runs.

SLIGHTLY CLOSER - BRONSON, CORDOBA

102

We see them stop the bike, get off, lay out some stuff like a big canteen and a food carrier. Then, without once looking directly at the hill from the time they arrive, we observe a short dialogue we can't hear, then Cordoba takes a coin from his pocket and flips it. He "wins", if that is the term, and is the first to go. He gets on the bike.

ANGLES - FOLLOWING CLIMB - CORDOBA - INTERCUT BRONSON REACTIONS

103

Cordoba goes. It's a steep hill. He tries very hard, and does very well, from where we sit, but he goes down halfway up. We watch him as he remounts.

ANGLE - BRONSON

104

waiting for Cordoba, who comes up. Cordoba looks at him with an apologetic smile. Bronson seems heavy. Distracted. He's in the throes of making a final choice.

CLOSER ANGLE - BRONSON - INTERCUT POV'S

105

He becomes something else. He looks at the hill, then looks at Cordoba. Another few beats and he goes to the motorcycle and gets on.

ANGLE - FOLLOWING BRONSON - INTERCUT REACTIONS OF CORDOBA 106

Bronson goes. It's not the fastest ride in the world - not the smoothest, but he gets to the top in one piece.

ELEVATED ANGLE - BRONSON - DOWN THE HILL

107

He enjoys the moment.

ANGLE - CORDOBA

108

barely revealing begrudging admiration. He is measuring his prospects and they have become even more important to him.

ANGLE - BRONSON - HILL

109

He's high up on the hill, then he looks around some more and something catches his eye.

BRONSON'S POV - SIGN

110

A little plaque is mounted on a stick.

INSERT - PLAQUE

111

It says, "CLIMBED BY DAISY VALLEY HILL CLUB, DECEMBER 14, 1966."

BRONSON

112

He reacts to the irony, and comes to thoroughly enjoy it. He looks down toward Cordoba below, then gets on the cycle and heads back down.

ANGLE - CORDOBA - THROUGH TO BRONSON'S RETURN

113

as Bronson pulls alongside.

CORDOBA

That was very good.

BRONSON (modestly)

Not really. I did a lot of traversing. Safe way up.

(indicates up hill, then
decides not to mention the
plaque)

Real pretty up there.

Bronson gets off. Cordoba takes one more look at the hill, scarcely concealing his disappointment at not being the first.

Cordoba's revving hard and in agitated patterns. Bronson reads it right.

BRONSON

Not too fast. I took it the safe way.

Cordoba doesn't hear him. He goes. Bronson watches, waiting to pick up the pieces.

EXT. HILL - FOLLOWING CORDOBA - HILL CLIMB - DAY

114

He's doing great. A little further, a little further, then he spills. He spills bad. The bike comes to a safe stop, but Cordoba goes flying down a steep incline, rolling over and over, legs flying, all the way to the bottom.

ANGLE - BRONSON

115

FOLLOWING as he makes his way to where Cordoba is sprawled. Bronson fears the worst and moves to his side.

CLOSER ANGLE - BRONSON, CORDOBA

116

Cordoba's all right, but badly scratched and bruised. Bronson shakes his head at the mess. Cordoba gets up

spitting mad, as though he'd been just tossed by a bull and needed to come right back at him, almost in adrenalin shock.

116
CONT'D
(2)

We FOLLOW Cordoba as he scrambles down the hill, tripping and sliding, heading for the bike. Bronson can't believe it.

BRONSON

Not a chance!

Bronson runs after him and tries to restrain him.

BRONSON

You're too wiped out! You'll kill yourself!

Bronson easily subdues Cordoba, who is still short of wind from the fall, and tired anyway. Cordoba lies there, panting.

CORDOBA (out of breath)

I felt it that time. I felt the hill.

(puffs a bit more, slight wince)

I'll do it on the next try.

BRONSON (looking at him

closely)

Hurt yourself?

CORDOBA (thinking a long

time)

I don't know.

BRONSON

You don't look so good.

(still casual, but focused)

Can you get up?

Cordoba tries to get up and obviously can't. He falls back, still panting, sweating. Bronson moves to him, then changes his mind and goes to the bike, starting it, and returning with it to Cordoba's position.

BRONSON

Can you stay on?

CORDOBA (proud)

Don't be silly.

BRONSON (patiently)

Is that yes or no?

116
CONT'D
(3)

Cordoba makes it to his knees, holds his stomach, and Bronson stands by while Cordoba makes it all the way up. He helps Cordoba onto the bike. They go, not too fast, Cordoba leaning forward against him and hanging on.

ANOTHER ANGLE - BRONSON, CORDOBA, BIKE

117

Bronson stops after a particularly sharp bump. He turns to look at Cordoba with concern.

BRONSON

You okay?

CORDOBA

I'm okay.

They move on.

INT. RANCH HOUSE - CORDOBA'S ROOM - CORDOBA, BRONSON -
DAY

118

Bronson is visiting Cordoba, who is laid up, his ribs taped.

BRONSON

Can't say you didn't bust a gut trying.

CORDOBA (not getting it)

I would have made it on the next try.

BRONSON

Yeah. Like ME.

(beat; joking)

I was headed over that fence in two seconds.

CORDOBA (warmly)

I don't think so.

Cordoba smiles, in spite of it all.

CORDOBA

The doctor said I wouldn't be able
to fight for a year.

118

CONT'D

(2)

BRONSON

You don't look all upset about it,
exactly.

CORDOBA (long pause,
faint smile, then serious)
Maybe it was I who..."went over the
fence."

(beat)

I don't want to go back, you know.

It is clear enough to Bronson, and he addresses the obvious.

BRONSON

So why don't you just not go back?

Cordoba starts to laugh at the question, but his ribs hurt
too much and he subsides quickly.

CORDOBA (good-natured
self-puzzlement)

I have no intention of EVER going
back. Not ever.

(beat)

But I always do.

They look at each other, knowing the communication potential
between them has peaked and it is time to say goody-bye.
In spite of mild pain, Cordoba extends his hand and Bronson
grants him the dignity of accepting it warmly. With a last
look, Bronson exits.

INT. RANCH HOUSE - MORGANA, BELLA - DAY

119

Morgana and Bella are in the living room, watching Bronson
come out of Cordoba's bedroom. They have been playing gin
rummy. Bella folds up her cards as Bronson arrives IN
SCENE. Morgana keeps right on looking at hers. It's her
turn and she picks a card, making a discard. Bronson
watches for a period of several discards.

BELLA (meaning Cordoba)

How's he doing?

BRONSON

Fine.

119
CONT'D
(2)

MORGANA (gently, to
Bronson)
Will you have lunch before you go?

BRONSON (nods, looking
at her gin hand)
Thanks.
(indicates card)
Throw that one.

MORGANA
You're insane.

BRONSON (serious,
behind mask of levity)
You have to trust a man sometime.

She looks at him, decides to play his game. She discards
the card he suggested. Bella looks at the card, makes a
decision to re-examine her hand, and picks up the card.

BELLA

Gin.

She lays down her hand.

BRONSON (warmly)
Y'know, Morgana...it's a feminine
thing for a girl to lose once in a
while.
(beat, indicates O.S.)
I gotta pack.

With a cute wave, he exits. We HOLD Morgana's and Bella's
ANGLE as Bronson closes the door gently behind him.

BELLA (fondly)
Men are simple.

MORGANA (meaning Bronson)
At least HE likes girls.

BELLA (unexpected)
What incredible excuse for failure
is that supposed to be?

MORGANA

Come on!!

(beat, indicates Sancho's
room)

That's ice in there!

BELLA

Stop chipping and start melting and
maybe you'll get somewhere.

MORGANA (stunned)

Oh really?!

BELLA (meets her gaze,
winsome suggestion of intimate
knowledge)

Really.

On Morgana's shocked look -

CUT TO:

EXT. PEN - OLD ROMAN - DAY

120

Bronson is there with a bunch of carrots and moves to Old Roman's stall. Bronson's bike is packed and ready to go, not far off.

CLOSER ANGLE - FEATURE BRONSON, OLD ROMAN

121

Bronson offers the animal a carrot, which is finally taken. By the third one, Bronson is able to stroke the touchy animal's nose.

ANOTHER ANGLE - BELLA IN B.G.

122

Bella is watching him softly.

BRONSON (to the bull)

Thanks for the dance.

Bella moves closer.

BELLA (answering)

You're welcome.

Bronson turns toward the voice. Bella comes up and kisses him. She lingers for a long time, not with her lips but with her eyes, for the kiss was just a brush. 122 CONT'D (2)

BELLA (gently, heavy,
meant to last a long time)

'Bye...

Bronson touches the side of her face gently with his palm in an affectionate, almost nostalgic gesture. She presses it tighter against her with her own hand, then releases him. He nods, smiles and exits, for there is nothing more to say and nothing to promise, a fact Bella obviously accepts.

BELLA'S ANGLE - BRONSON

123

She watches him go.

CUT TO:

EXT. RANCH - ELEVATED LONG SHOT - LATE DAY

124

Into and out of the country rides Bronson. We FOLLOW for a while, and then see him stop to let some horses cross in front of him on the ranch road.

CLOSER ANGLE - BRONSON'S ANGLE TO HORSES - DAY

125

He watches them cross. One of the herd - a YOUNG STALLION - turns and looks at him, our projection seeing him "defying" Bronson to so much as get near one of his mares.

CLOSE SHOT - BRONSON

126

looking at the horse, identifying in a new way. When the moment is over --

LONG SHOT RETURN - BRONSON, HERD

127

They pass and he rides away.

FADE OUT.

THE END