

**casanova matador**

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## Casanova Matador

The story begins in Spain, near Seville.

The twins, Juan and Rafael, are celebrating their seventeenth birthday, and their grandfather divulges the contents of his will.

Juan, the older of the two, gets everything – the estate and the stock of bulls, while the younger Rafael gets nothing at all – no, wait a minute: Rafael gets a ticket to Los Angeles to visit Uncle Salvador, his grandfather's brother.

This fabulously wealthy "American uncle" has a dream: He wants to make a film about the life of Casanova. He was deeply outraged by Fellini's film, revolted by the way his favourite literary hero was held in contempt and made to look ridiculous.

Rafael is to play the role of Casanova.

But the best idea for the film comes from Juan, who in the meantime has become a famous torero: "The Spanish Infanta Isabella, from whom Casanova seeks his happiness, poses a condition in exchange for a night of love: Casanova has to kill a bull in the arena at Seville!"

Juan is to play the part of the bullfighter.

But then a gypsy woman turns up in the lives of the twins and reads Juan's fate in his palm.

## **characters**

the Spanish Infanta Isabella

Casanova

Rafael Sanchez

Juan Sanchez - his twin brother

Jose Luis - the twins' grandfather

Maria - the twins' grandmother

Jesus - the grandmother's brother

Conchita - the twins' cousin

Pablo Rodriguez - mayor of Seville

Inmaculata - the mayor's daughter

Mister Jimmy - Rafael's chauffeur in Los Angeles

Uncle Salvador - Rafael's uncle / the grandfather's brother / Don Curro

Sofia Flores – actress playing the Infanta Isabella - Rafael's sweetheart

## **various small roles**

Dancing instructor

A Barkeeper

Monsieur Huppert - the French chef working for Uncle Salvador

the Gypsy Woman

1.

In a loge at the Seville opera –  
on stage an aria from Händel's Rinaldo

ISABELLA

Kiss me!  
Not my hand!  
Me!

The whole court was in an uproar.  
They didn't want me to  
receive you alone,  
without my bodyguards,  
Senor Casanova.

What a splendid specimen!

CASANOVA

Yes.

ISABELLA

But I said:  
why shouldn't I receive him?

You like the way I'm touching you?

He's intelligent ...

CASANOVA

Yes!

ISABELLA

... and handsome.

CASANOVA

Wonderful!

ISABELLA

But, that's just it: they say.  
It's dangerous!

Are you enjoying it?

CASANOVA

Madame!

ISABELLA

They're afraid  
I might fall in love with you.

Give me a kiss!

CASANOVA

Yes.

ISABELLA  
Of course not without reason.  
I'm so terribly inflammable.  
And I burn up so quickly.  
Until nothing is left.  
Not even ashes.

They told me,  
he's „the star“  
of the Italian seducers:  
smarmy egocentric powdered and false.

But with "cojones que dan miedo!"  
like they say in madrid  
and as I expect from a man.

Yes, it's coming now, I feel it.

Oh look what you've done!  
You're such a lecher!  
You've ruined my beautiful blouse!

CASANOVA  
Madame!  
Madame how could I have done such a thing!

ISABELLA  
Have you got a handkerchief for me?

CASANOVA  
I'm shattered!

ISABELLA  
Thanks.

Shall I tell you, why you are here?!  
Why you've come all the way from Paris,  
Senor Casanova?!

CASANOVA  
Madame!

ISABELLA  
No no! Not on my account!  
On your own account!

CASANOVA  
But ...

ISABELLA  
Because of your reputation!

CASANOVA  
... Madame!

ISABELLA  
You want to enhance your reputation.  
You want to build it up.

ISABELLA

For this reason you came to me,  
the most beautiful and most exciting woman in  
all of Spain.

It was me you wanted to conquer.  
Me you wanted to seduce.  
Me you wanted to brag about  
in the palaces of Paris and Moscow.  
I had her,  
the Spanish Infanta Isabella!!

Kiss me!

I want it!  
You understand.  
I'm burning with desire.  
I want you  
to tell them in Paris  
what a woman I am.  
What a lover I am.

Give me your hand.  
Give it to me.  
And now lift up my skirts  
and touch it.  
Pluck this pomegranite.

Can you feel my desire?

I could faint,  
just imagining  
you hovering over me,  
throwing me to the ground,  
ripping this silk dress off of me.

And now smell your fingers!

CASANOVA

Yes!

ISABELLA

No.  
I can't. I won't.  
I want to, but I can't.  
I made a vow.  
I will only yield to you,  
when you've killed me a bull  
in the arena at Seville!

ISABELLA

I will only give myself to you  
when you come to me as a victorious matador  
and bring me both ears  
and the tail  
of a black bull.

Don't keep me waiting too long.  
I'm burning up quickly.

2.

CASANOVA MATADOR

by Eberhard Petschinka and Rafael Sanchez

music: Georg Friedrich Händel and Wolfgang Mitterer

directed by: **petschinka**

3.

In the hayloft of an estate near Seville.

RAFAEL

Andalusia.  
An estate near Seville.  
Autumn. Autumn 1993.

GRANDMOTHER

Juan! Rafael!

RAFAEL

I'm 17.  
I'm up in the hayloft  
with Juan, Conchita and Jesus.  
It's hot here. Sticky.  
And it smells of hay  
and bulls.

GRANDMOTHER

Juan!

RAFAEL

Juan and me are twins.  
We're celebrating our 17th birthday  
here in the hayloft.

GRANDMOTHER

Rafael!!

RAFAEL In the kitchen they're dividing up our inheritance.  
In the kitchen grandfather  
is making his will  
over a glass of sherry.

GRANDMOTHER You can't do that, Jose Luis!

RAFAEL Our future!

GRANDMOTHER One gets everything and the other nothing.

GRANDFATHER Juan takes over the herd of bulls  
and Rafael gets America ...

RAFAEL You hear that, Juan?

GRANDFATHER ... y punto!

RAFAEL Juan's not listening.  
Juan's not interested in small talk at the moment.  
Juan's busy with more important things.  
Juan's fucking.  
  
He's fucking our cousin Conchita.  
  
I'm in the waiting position.  
When Juan's lust is satisfied  
and if our cousin hasn't passed out  
on the bales of straw ...

GRANDMOTHER Juan!!

RAFAEL ... I'm next.  
  
Juan! You hear that!

CONCHITA Juan!

RAFAEL Conchita is 20 at the time.  
She's the one who initiated us  
in the art of love.

GRANDMOTHER Juan!

RAFAEL And Juan was a very hard working pupil.  
He practiced daily.  
Several hours every day.

RAFAEL Juan! Let's go! Hurry up!!

CONCHITA Oh, Juan!!

JESUS Juan! Juan! Juan! Juan!

JUAN Jesus!

JESUS Juan Juan Juan Juan ...

JUAN Muy bien!

RAFAEL "Juan's going to be a champion" says Conchita.

CONCHITA A champion lover!

RAFAEL A judgment  
similar to that of the dancing instructor  
about Inmaculata ...

DANCING INSTRUCTOR She's going to be a great dancer!

RAFAEL ... the daughter of the mayor of Seville.

DANCING INSTRUCTOR La plus grande ballerine du monde!

GRANDFATHER Juan!! Rafael!!

RAFAEL Hey Juan, fuck you!!  
It's my turn!  
Conchita, why is he always first?  
What about me?  
It's my birthday too!!

JESUS Oh no llores! (Don't cry)

RAFAEL Jesus is in a wheelchair.

JESUS Ven! Cantemos! (Come on. Let's sing)

RAFAEL He's grandmother's brother.  
He's known here in seville  
as Jesus el baboso the slobberer.

JESUS No llores! Rafaelito! Ven!

RAFAEL He's up here with us in the hayloft.  
We allow him to watch  
our dancing lessons.

JESUS (sings)  
La Conchita pechugona  
tiene cántaros por pechos  
Conchita te follo...

RAFAEL And he loves these hours spent up here in the hayloft.  
He claps, he slobbers, he's happy.

Juan and me  
feel guilty for his misfortune.  
We were five years old.  
We wanted to go to a bullfight with grandfather.  
But grandmother said: "You're staying home!"  
We cried.

GRANDMOTHER No, you're staying home!!

RAFAEL We begged  
and Jesus comforted us.  
"I'll play a corrida for you in the placita  
behind the barn!"

JESUS Pero callar la boca por favor!  
Keep quiet!

RAFAEL As the others come out of the house, he says:  
"Conchita, come here!"

JESUS Por favor Conchita enróllate con ellos.  
Pedro saca tu trompeta!  
En media hora hay corrida

RAFAEL Conchita dresses us up.  
Juan is the king.  
She's the queen.  
And I'm allowed to play the infanta.  
The infanta Isabella

Pedro opens the corrida with a fanfare.  
We raise ourselves up on the fence.  
Jesus enters the ring.  
Bows before the King's box.  
And tosses his hat to me.

JESUS  
Con su permiso!  
Dedico este toro a la infanta Isabella!  
(I dedicate this bull to the Infanta Isabella!)

RAFAEL  
Then a stable boy  
lets a bull into the ring.  
  
Jesus laughs.  
The bull snorts.  
Paws the ground.  
Jesus approaches him.  
Comes right up the him.  
Goes down on his knees.

JESUS  
Linda Isabella mira! Look!  
You needn't be frightened of this animal!

RAFAEL  
I lift myself up.  
And wave a white handkerchief.  
Suddenly Juan shouts :  
"toro!"  
And the bull attacks.  
Jesus goes flying through the air.  
Crashes to the ground.  
Smashes into the sand.  
The bull hovers over him.  
Then gores its horns into his body.  
  
Pedro shouts:  
"Conchita, run into the house  
and tell the cook to call an ambulance!"  
  
Conchita has tears in her eyes.  
  
"Conchita, hurry up!"  
  
Then I glance over at Juan.  
  
He's standing proudly next to me.  
He applauds.

JUAN  
Hey! Muy bien!

## 4.

In the teatro lope de vega in Seville.

RAFAEL                      This evening  
as every year on All Saints Day  
as every year on our birthday  
they are playing "Don Juan Tenorio"  
at the Teatro Lope de Vega in Seville.

A century-old tradition.

And the mayor Pablo Rodriguez  
opens the show with a speech.

His daughter Inmaculata sits in the loge of honour.

JUAN                         What are you waiting for?!

RAFAEL                     Juan notices, that I like her.

JUAN                         Can't you see, she's looking at you!  
You've got twenty minutes.  
The speech will surely last that long.  
Go on!  
Twenty minutes is an eternity!!

RAFAEL                     He waves to a girl selling roses.  
Then buys one from her.

JUAN                         Take it and give it to her!

RAFAEL                     The rose has a very long stem.  
I'm embarrassed to give her such a big one.  
I pluck it.  
Break the long stem.  
Then knock on the door of the loge.

INMACULATA               Rafael?!

RAFAEL                     Beet-red in the face.

INMACULATA               Oh, thanks!

RAFAEL I give her the rose.  
The house goes dark.  
The mayor comes on stage.

PABLO RODRIGUEZ Queridos amigos!  
That man's greatest joy is  
in deceiving women  
and discarding them in dishonour!

INMACULATA Sit down.  
Sit down or he'll see you!

PABLO RODRIGUEZ His servant Catalinón calls him:  
a hostage to women!

RAFAEL I sit down.  
The entire loge is filled with her smell.  
Her eyes glow in the dark.

PABLO RODRIGUEZ Don Juan's first reaction  
upon seeing a woman  
who arouses his desire  
is:  
"I'll have her this very night.  
Ahora mismo!"

RAFAEL Inmaculata ... takes off her ... jacket.

PABLO RODRIGUEZ Queridos amigos!  
Don Juan never speaks of the joys of love ...

RAFAEL I can see her breasts ...

PABLO RODRIGUEZ ... nor of the desire  
he's felt in the arms of women.

RAFAEL ... through her silk blouse.

PABLO RODRIGUEZ He only laughs ...

RAFAEL Gorgeous breasts.

PABLO RODRIGUEZ ... and shouts his triumph  
from the rooftops.

RAFAEL I can't help myself staring at her.

PABLO RODRIGUEZ      From this standpoint  
there's a basic difference  
between him and the amorous Casanova.

For Casanova  
a woman is  
a creature worthy of being worshipped,  
to whom he unceasingly pays homage.

The Venetian seducer  
falls in love only once.  
Then once again.  
A thousand times!

INMACULATA      Kiss me!

PABLO RODRIGUEZ      Casanova loves women!

INMACULATA      Rafael! Kiss me!

PABLO RODRIGUEZ      Don Juan loves only himself!

RAFAEL      Inmaculata puts her hand on my arm.

INMACULATA      Kiss me!

RAFAEL      I'm aroused immediately.

JUAN      Take her!

RAFAEL      I hear Juan saying somewhere inside my head:

JUAN      Now!

RAFAEL      I lean over her.

JUAN      Take her!!

RAFAEL      Kiss her on the cheek.  
Kiss her on the mouth.

PABLO RODRIGUEZ      Queridos amigos!

INMACULATA      Rafael!

RAFAEL      Inmaculata kisses me.

INMACULATA      Kiss me!

PABLO RODRIGUEZ      A real man  
is  
monogamous!!

He knows only one relationship,  
only one woman,  
and only one exclusive love.

INMACULATA      Go now!  
Please go!  
Rafael go ...

RAFAEL      I ...

INMACULATA      ... go while they're applauding!

RAFAEL      ... stand up in a daze.  
Slip out of the loge.  
Creep back to my seat.  
The applause stops.  
And the mayor  
strains his eyes looking into the audience.

PABLO RODRIGUEZ      All of these Don Juan types  
including Casanova,  
who are taken to be  
paradigms of manhood and love  
are nothing more than amorous smallfry  
of dubious manhood!

They secretly creep into a lady's loge.  
They bring her roses.  
Speak of love.  
Turning the head  
of a young inexperienced  
girl.

However!! My friends!!  
That,  
which a Don Juan calls love -  
love without poetry  
without chivalry  
without tenderness!! -  
is nothing  
but miserable mechanical sex.  
Is nothing but a repulsive  
and grotesque caricature of love.  
Gracias!!

JUAN Oh yeah? Mayor Rodriguez oh yeah?!

RAFAEL Juan is overcome.  
He is that Juan, that Don Juan  
attacked in that speech.  
The mayor  
obviously got the two of us mixed up.  
He thought it was Juan,  
who brought his daughter a rose  
in her loge.

JUAN Muy bien!!

RAFAEL And this provokes Juan.

JUAN I'll have her, Mayor Rodriguez!  
I'll have your Inmaculata  
this very night!!  
This very night!

5.

RAFAEL A few hours later  
we're standing on her balcony  
with a bouquet of roses.  
It's long past midnight.  
Seville has been celebrating  
and now it's sleeping.

JUAN Inmaculata open up!! Inmaculata!!

INMACULATA What do you want?!

JUAN We want to give you some roses!  
Real roses!

RAFAEL She opens the door.  
We slip into the room.

INMACULATA Ssh!

RAFAEL Right next door is  
Senor Rodriguez' bedroom.

Juan listens at the wall.

JUAN Your papa's asleep!  
Give us something to drink!

RAFAEL Inmaculata takes two glasses out of the cupboard  
and serves us sherry.

JUAN Yeah! Terrific! What do you say, kid?  
You go wait outside.

INMACULATA No. Why?

JUAN Go on! Go on!!

INMACULATA No, Rafael!

JUAN I said: go!

RAFAEL So: I go.  
Close the door behind me.  
Tomorrow  
I'm flying to America.  
Tomorrow I'm flying to America.

INMACULATA No Juan no!

RAFAEL I can hear Juan's breathing.

INMACULATA Rafael ayudame! (help me)

RAFAEL A bull breathes like that.

INMACULATA Ayudame!

RAFAEL I open the door  
Juan, basta! Let's go!  
I grab his shoulder.  
That makes him crazy.

JUAN You! Wait! Outside! Get out!!

RAFAEL I go out onto the balcony.  
Look through the blinds.  
I can't see a thing.  
Inside there's a battle going on.  
She's losing.  
She cries. She sobs.

INMACULATA Rafael ayudame! Ayudame!! (help me)

RAFAEL Suddenly she goes very quiet.  
I can hear him breathing. Him panting.  
Her breathing. Her moaning.

JUAN Okay! Your turn!

RAFAEL He's standing next to me.

JUAN Go on! Go in!

RAFAEL I don't feel like it.

JUAN Go on!

RAFAEL He pushes me into the room.  
And jumps down from the balcony.

Inmaculata  
is lying on the bed.  
Crying.  
I sit down next to her.  
Stroke her hair.  
Stroke her back.  
She turns to me.  
I take her in my arms.  
Kiss her.

## 6.

At the airport in Seville.

JESUS Isabella no!

RAFAEL The flight to Los Angeles via Madrid  
leaves at half past eight.

JESUS He tenido un sueño esta noche!

RAFAEL The whole family's at the airport.

JESUS He visto ...

RAFAEL Jesus is incredibly excited.

JESUS ... un avión muy peligroso!

RAFAEL He's had nightmares.



GRANDFATHER	Rafael, behave yourself! Give me a kiss!
PABLO RODRIGUEZ	Inmaculata, give him your hand! Say adios!
GRANDFATHER	And now let's go!
INMACULATA	Adios Rafael! Will you write me?
RAFAEL	Juan grins at me.
JUAN	Adios, kid!
RAFAEL	He runs his fingers proudly over his face full of scratches.
CONCHITA	Rafael, I'll miss you!
RAFAEL	Conchita has tears in her eyes. Grandmother nearly crushes me in her embrace. Finally she lets me go. I turn around ...
JESUS	Isabella!
RAFAEL	... and go.
JESUS	Un beso no?! Isabella!

7.

At the airport in Los Angeles.

MISTER JIMMY	Welcome to L.A. Mister Sanchez! My name Emilio Valderese di Gimiliano! But you call me Mister Jimmy!
RAFAEL	Okay. Hello Mister Jimmy! I say to a young bronzed Neopolitan.
MISTER JIMMY	Mister Curro sent me.
RAFAEL	With pomade in his hair.
MISTER JIMMY	Your uncle Salvador.



RAFAEL

The villa stands right at the end of a valley.  
In the middle of an orange grove.  
I can hardly concentrate on the road or  
on the whole area here  
with Mister Jimmy talking up a storm.

8.

RAFAEL

Uncle Salvador  
is a rich man.  
An incredibly rich man.  
His villa's a palace.  
The rooms  
are flooded  
thru and thru with light.  
This is where my uncle receives his guests.  
He gives parties around the swimming pool.  
With a special attraction.  
For his 60th birthday grandfather  
gave him a black bull.  
And my uncle decided  
that this bull should run free  
in his huge garden.  
He gets a great kick out of this bull.  
Especially when he throws cocktail parties.

A calm cheerful atmosphere  
and suddenly the bull appears  
from behind a bush.  
He hasn't been seen for four or five days.  
But now he's heading direct for the pool.

The ladies shriek.  
Run into the house.  
The men quickly remove their jackets  
for a bullfight.  
Uncle Salvador shakes with laughter.

The fight only lasts two or three minutes .  
The bull stands by the swimming pool.  
Watching his reflection in the water.  
The toreros stand in the house.  
Wiping the sweat from their brows.

In Los Angeles they call this animal  
"Swimming Bull".

9.

By the pool.

UNCLE SALVADOR

Buenos dias Mister Sanchez!  
Terrific air.  
Beautiful country, no?

RAFAEL

One lazy afternoon he comes to greet me.

UNCLE SALVADOR

America!!

RAFAEL

Sits down by me at the poolside, my uncle.

UNCLE SALVADOR

Have you eaten?  
How's it going?  
What do you do here all day?  
Have I already asked you  
how you like it  
here in America?!  
Is the house okay for you?  
The garden?  
Your chauffeur?

Has he already told you the story of every film?!  
Taxi driver? The godfather?!  
"You never called me the godfather!"

Has he already whispered in your ear:  
"Your uncle Salvador Mister Curro  
is the god of the godfathers!?"

Mister Jimmy!  
You can serve now!  
We'll eat here by the pool!

MISTER JIMMY

Not by the pool Senor Curro!  
Not by the pool!  
Swimming bull oggi molto molto nervoso!

RAFAEL

"Listen!" says my uncle  
taking a sip of his orange cocktail.

UNCLE SALVADOR

A few days ago  
I re-read a wonderful scene from a book.

UNCLE SALVADOR

Casanova is in Paris.  
He's won the lottery,  
is rolling in money  
and leading an idle life again:  
Love.  
Women!

RAFAEL

My uncle has two great passions:  
French cuisine and Casanova.

UNCLE SALVADOR

Do you know  
the great episode  
of the execution of damiens  
in paris 1757?

Damiens is a nutcase.  
He's attacked the King  
with a knife.  
Just a little scratch.  
But the story is blown out of proportion

and Damiens to be drawn and quartered!  
By four horses!

Casanova rents a room with a window  
so that he can offer a splendid view  
of the horrible spectacle  
to the women he admires  
and wants to conquer.

There's also a young venetian with him.  
Tiretta.  
Casanova's been showing him around Paris.  
Now they're all standing at the window  
watching Damiens being tortured.

The ladies in front.  
Leaning on their elbows.  
And the two cavaliers right behind them.

Damiens screams.  
The father confessor blesses him.  
The horses pull away.  
But they don't quite manage  
to tear his limbs off.

A message is sent to the city authorities.  
Asking permission to cut his tendons.

UNCLE SALVADOR

After an hour's wait permission is finally granted.  
His tendons are cut open.

The horses are driven forward.  
They pull.  
And his left arm is torn off.

Casanova, turning away  
sees that  
the young count tiretta standing next to him  
has lifted up the skirts of the countess in front of him -  
naturally so as not to step on them,  
not to dirty or tear  
the beautiful silk-  
but so high?

Casanova is curious.  
He sees  
the countess  
lightly swaying to and fro.

Throughout the entire execution  
swaying forwards and backwards  
in silent lust.  
In obscene pleasure.

What shall we drink with this duckling à l'orange?

Mister Jimmy!  
Go get  
a bottle of Rothschild from the cellar!

How do you like it, Mister Sanchez?  
Delicious, eh?

RAFAEL

The french chef comes out of the kitchen ...

UNCLE SALVADOR

Bravo, Monsieur Huppert! Bravo!

RAFAEL

... takes a bow.

MONSIEUR HUPPERT

Merci Don Curro!

UNCLE SALVADOR

Listen!  
Since re-reading this passage,  
I'm convinced a film should be made.  
A film about Casanova!

UNCLE SALVADOR

„Fellini!“ I'm sure you'll say.  
No no.  
Fellini's Casanova is an insult.  
You'll get the point immediately  
when I tell you  
what he has to say about Casanova:

"For me he's nothing more than a powdered  
sweat-stinking show-off.  
A cheat. A braggart.  
Weak and superficial.  
Who scarpers whenever his problems overwhelm him.  
Who was always running away throughout  
his whole life."

You understand?  
I, on the other hand, want to make a real film.  
I want a completely different spirit.

I want a leading character  
who seduces me,  
who shows life to be light and amusing.

Listen:  
When count Tiretta comes to him from Venice  
he takes him to a certain court soirée.  
One of the countesses  
falls madly in love with the young kid  
and takes him home with her.  
The next day  
she introduces him to the other society ladies  
as " Count Six-Times".

That same afternoon Casanova takes an interest  
in a certain young girl.  
The others are gathered round the card table.  
He advances on the charming young thing  
standing before the fireplace.

RAFAEL

My uncle has got himself worked up.  
Stands.  
Walks up and down along the poolside.  
Describes the fireplace scene.  
The conversation  
culminating  
in Casanova unbuttoning his trousers  
and showing his dick to the young girl.

UNCLE SALVADOR            You understand?!  
 In the middle of a society soirée  
 he whips out his thing  
 and says: "What do you think of this?!"

But that's not all.  
 The young girl rushes off.  
 And when she comes back to the fireplace -  
 what does he hand her?  
 A handkerchief.  
 And what is on the handkerchief?  
 Mister Jimmy?  
 Monsieur Huppert?

MONSIEUR HUPPERT        Oh je ne sais pas, moi!

UNCLE SALVADOR            While she escaped to the card tables,  
 he -  
 how could he help himself?!  
 Nature! Love! Passion  
 were so demanding, tyrانىsed him so-  
 that he --  
 yes, Mister Sanchez?

And that's what there was on the handkerchief.  
 So the young girl looks at the handkerchief  
 and says:  
 "Should I take this as a declaration of love?"  
 And Casanova kneels!  
 "Yes, my angel.  
 It may be a bit bold.  
 But it leaves not the shadow of a doubt!"

MONSIEUR HUPPERT        Très joli!! Don Curro! Très joli!!

RAFAEL                        Applause! Bravo! Très joli!

MONSIEUR HUPPERT        Another glass of Rothschild, Don Curro?

RAFAEL                        Mister Jimmy and Monsieur Huppert are thrilled  
 to death!

UNCLE SALVADOR            You understand?  
 I mean a scene like that when I talk about this film.  
 You get me, Mister Sanchez?  
 I'm talking about this kind of impudence,  
 this kind of fun.  
 Help me up! Gracias!

UNCLE SALVADOR           And you're going to play him!

RAFEAL                      Who?

UNCLE SALVADOR           The Venetian!

RAFAEL                      Who, me?

UNCLE SALVADOR           The seducer!

RAFAEL                      Me play Casanova?  
Okay. When?

UNCLE SALVADOR           As soon as you've finished your studies,  
Mister Sanchez.  
I've already arranged for you to have a private tutor!

                                  There'll be two students.  
You  
and a young mexican girl.  
Sofia Flores.  
I've seen her.  
She'll be playing the female lead.  
The Spanish Infanta Isabella.  
Okay.  
And now, for the first and last time,  
I'm making clear what I expect of you:  
You make an effort.  
You work hard.  
You don't waste a single minute!!

**10.**

SOFIA FLORES              Rafael Sanchez?

RAFAEL                      From the very first glimpse ...

                                  I was overjoyed with my uncle's arrangement.  
Private lessons? Yes, please!!

                                  From that moment on America was a dream.  
The two of us.  
A villa in the middle of an orange grove.  
A car with a chauffeur.

                                  My uncle's desire  
that we work at least six hours a day, phooey!  
16 hours and more!

RAFAEL

Mister Jimmy brings us to the theatre school.  
Picks us up.  
Brings us to the beach.  
Picks us up.  
Brings us to dinner.  
Picks us up.  
Puts us to bed.

MISTER JIMMY

Say goodnight Mister Sanchez! E buona notte!

11.

SOFIA FLORES

What's the matter? What's wrong with you?  
Did you sleep badly? Want a cigarette?  
Just because I spent a week in Mexico without you?  
What is it then?  
Fighting with your uncle?  
Come on say something!

What about your brother? Is he coming over?  
Why does it annoy you that he phones your uncle?

Okay, you've written to him about the film,  
that we've had our first meetings with the director.  
So what?

He's a matador?  
Why didn't you ever tell me  
he was a matador?

What does he want?  
To be in the film? Playing what?

Hey!  
He's really presumptuous.  
That's your role, Casanova.

But he's got a really great idea.  
Casanova fights in the bullring  
to win the favour of the Spanish Infanta.

And she'll only give herself to him  
if he kills a bull for her.  
Yeah! Terrific!

That means, your brother is your stunt man.  
What's the problem?

SOFIA FLORES

It means, we fly to Spain.  
I get to meet your family.

Why didn't you ever tell me about Juan?  
What's he like?  
Like you?  
Such a  
macho?

12.

RAFAEL

Then comes the trip to Spain.  
The screenplay's finished.  
The first scene already shot.  
A scene at the opera.  
It's also got a title "Casanova Matador".  
Now comes the shoot in Seville.  
The infanta. The bullfight.

We land at the Seville airport.  
Nobody to pick us up.

At home - all hustle and bustle.

CONCHITA

Juan's fighting on Sunday in the Seville bullring ...

GRANDMOTHER

I'm so glad to see you!! Everything o.k.?!

CONCHITA

... and afterwards a huge reception  
here on the estate.

GRANDFATHER

How's it going?

JESUS

Isabella!!

RAFAEL

The only one who's pleased is Jesus.

JESUS

Ven Isabella! Ven! Dame un beso!

RAFAEL

When I introduce him to Sofia,  
his eyes begin to light up.

JESUS

Chocolate!!

JUAN

Hey ... kid ... can you give me a hand?

RAFAEL

Then Juan comes over to me.  
In one hand a mobile phone ...



RAFAEL

I'm getting sick.  
I've lost all my strength.  
The bullfight's over.  
The bull collapses.  
The crowd applauds.  
Music plays.  
I stand up.  
And go.

SOFIA FLORES

When shall we meet? And where?

RAFAEL

We'll meet at ten in the hotel Colón.

SOFIA FLORES

What's with you? Hey what's wrong with you?

14.

RAFAEL

Just after ten I arrive at the hotel Colón.

BARKEEPER

Juan?  
Si, si estuvo aquí hace un momento  
con la kawasaki ...

RAFAEL

Where did he go?

BARKEEPER

... e una tia de puta madre!

RAFAEL

I get into the jeep.  
I park the car near the Ronda arena.  
His motorcycle is there.  
I climb over a gate.  
Go up into the stands.

Down below on the sand  
they're lying  
on the capa.  
Juan and Sofia.

He knows  
I'm watching  
how he fucks her.  
I sit up in the stands. High up.  
In the cheapest seats.  
Looking down into the arena.

Suddenly it's me  
lying down there on the sand.

RAFAEL

Hearing her breathing.  
Her moaning.  
Juan's panting.

flashback

JUAN

Kid, you know what's the best place to do it?!

RAFAEL

The seaside?

JUAN

No. The arena.  
After a bullfight.  
The spectators have gone.  
You can still hear them.  
You still hear the gates being locked.  
And then you're alone.  
Only she remains.

She feels the power.  
The bull excites her.  
Her nipples harden  
from fear. And from desire.

And then everything's ready.  
The sand is still damp.  
From the bull's blood. From its piss.  
You can smell the blood. And her smell.  
Her sweat.

JESUS

Are you afraid, Isabella?  
You needn't be frightened of this animal.  
Come on. Come into the arena!

end of flashback

RAFAEL

I climb down into the arena.  
The colt '45 in my hand.  
I'm going to shoot  
that "bull": those two.  
This panting dark feeling. This love.

Then I'm standing there.  
In the sand near the capa.  
He's fucking her.  
And I can't pull the trigger.  
I don't want to.

I think: better get going.  
You don't need to kill this "bull".

## 15.

UNCLE SALVADOR            Well, how's my casanova doing here in spain?!  
Had a nice time with your Sofia?  
Have you shown her everything already?

RAFAEL                        Huge reception for uncle Salvador.

UNCLE SALVADOR            Juan?!  
On the plane I read that  
you're planning a corrida for women only.

RAFAEL                        He's come to Seville for the shooting of his Casanova film.

UNCLE SALVADOR            Maria, let me embrace you.  
Jesus, look what I have for you!

RAFAEL                        He hands him a fat cuban cigar.

JESUS                         Chocolate he!

UNCLE SALVADOR            Jose Luis, have you chosen the bull yet?!  
Let's go have a look at them!  
Which stall has the best ones?

GRANDFATHER                Salvador!

UNCLE SALVADOR            The wildest ones?!

GRANDFATHER                Do you think we'd choose the bull without our great producer? No!

RAFAEL                        We pile into the jeep.  
Drive out to the fields.  
Over hills, through olive groves.  
Park the jeep in the shade.  
And go the rest of the way on foot.  
Grandfather and uncle Salvador arm in arm.

UNCLE SALVADOR            Beautiful weather.

RAFAEL                        Salvador perspires.

UNCLE SALVADOR            Beautiful country, eh? Spain.

RAFAEL                        Juan and I walk side by side.

UNCLE SALVADOR            How long has it been since I was here?

RAFAEL                        Without saying a word.

UNCLE SALVADOR            Jose Luis!

RAFAEL                        We have nothing to say to one another.

UNCLE SALVADOR            Where are the bulls?!

GRANDFATHER                Here!

RAFAEL                        We're standing in the middle of a field.  
Far and wide : nothing.

UNCLE SALVADOR            Jose Luis,  
what kind of bulls  
are you showing us here?  
See-through ones?  
Made of glass?!  
Come on, show me the real ones.  
The black ones.  
The ones with balls.

GRANDFATHER                Quiet, Salvador!

UNCLE SALVADOR            You know, with balls and with horns!

GRANDFATHER                Calm yourself!  
Look!

RAFAEL                        And suddenly:  
horns.  
Then: bull necks.  
Then those incredible bodies.  
Ten, eleven bulls.  
Coming closer and closer.  
Until grandfather says "okay".

                                      Standing there.  
Eleven bulls  
in a row.  
Less than a stone's throw from us.  
Watching us.  
Uncle Salvador is suddenly quite calm.  
Me, I feel sick.

GRANDFATHER                Well, how do you like them, Salvador?

RAFAEL I can imagine them attacking us.  
 GRANDFATHER My glass bulls without horns or balls?!  
 RAFAEL I look around me.  
 GRANDFATHER Choose yourself one!  
 RAFAEL He explains the merits of each bull.  
 Name weight exploits of its ancestors.  
 UNCLE SALVADOR That one there.  
 GRANDFATHER That's the best one! The most expensive.  
 You want that one.  
 I knew it.  
 Juan, what do you say?  
 JUAN Why not!  
 RAFAEL Yeah, I think.  
 That one.  
 He'll finish you off.

**16.**

GRANDMOTHER Not that one! Jose Luis! That bull hates Juan!  
 GRANDFATHER I know it.  
 GRANDMOTHER Who chose him? Juan, you?  
 JUAN What does it matter?  
 GRANDMOTHER Jose Luis, he's your best bull.  
 Juan will kill him.  
 What do you need that for?  
 GRANDFATHER Don't ask me. He pays well!  
 UNCLE SALVADOR He pays well?!  
 That's a good one!!  
 He pays well!!  
 This bull is costing me a fortune.  
 More than a fortune.  
 but - c'est la vie Maria c'est la vie!!  
 GRANDMOTHER If he so much as scratches him,

I'll shoot him.  
You hear me!  
I'll shoot him!!

17.

RAFAEL

Then comes the big feast.  
A huge luncheon.  
The filming is to begin in the bullring.  
Uncle Salvador invites the whole family,  
the whole film crew,  
for a tortilla.

UNCLE SALVADOR

Queridos amigos!

RAFAEL

I can't stand  
the way  
Sofia looks at Juan.

UNCLE SALVADOR

I drink to Casanova.

RAFAEL

He sits across the table  
and talks to the director.

UNCLE SALVADOR

And to the matador!

RAFAEL

I grab the bottle of Rioja.  
Lift myself up:  
"To Sofia, to Juan!"  
And gulp down the whole bottle in one go.

UNCLE SALVADOR

What's with my casanova?!  
Is he finally becoming a man here in Spain?!

JUAN

I'm working on him, uncle Salvador.

RAFAEL

„Hey fuck you Juan!“ I say  
and I get up and leave.

SOFIA FLORES

Hey Rafael!

RAFAEL

Get on the motorcycle.  
Ride off. Towards Seville.  
I only have one thought.  
Away. Get away.

**18.**

RAFAEL I'm standing in a bar in Seville.  
Juan's next to me.

JUAN What's wrong with you? You gone crazy?

RAFAEL Throws his arm around my shoulder.

JUAN Driving here like a madman?!  
Because of a woman?! What's her name again?

RAFAEL You haven't forgot what her name is!

JUAN Okay, I haven't forgot.  
I saw her.  
I wanted her.  
I had her.  
Like all of them.  
Jealous? You little idiot?!

RAFAEL He orders two tequilas.

JUAN You were there at the Ronda bullring.  
You saw it all.  
Did I rape her?  
Come on, say it: did I rape her?!

Listen, kid.  
I wanted to have her.  
Just once.  
I liked her.  
But I don't feel anything for her.  
The fire burned out after only one fuck!

**19.**

RAFAEL Suddenly a woman selling roses comes into the bar.  
An old gypsy woman.  
Juan calls her over.

JUAN For him.

RAFAEL Buys the whole bouquet.

JUAN For my dumb little twin brother!  
Here, take them!!

GYPSY WOMAN                    For that I'll read your palm, handsome.

RAFAEL                              She looks at his hand.  
Her smile disappears.  
She turns around and starts to leave.

JUAN                                 Hey, old girl, what's the matter?  
Read! But read out loud!

GYPSY WOMAN                    Come on, let me go.

JUAN                                 No. I want to know.  
What do you see?!

GYPSY WOMAN                    La muerte.

JUAN                                 Death? You see death in everybody's palm!

GYPSY WOMAN                    But not so close.  
Not so quick.  
Not so bloody.  
Not so black.

RAFAEL                              Juan goes pale.  
And my inner feelings have changed.  
The anger is gone.  
And suddenly I see him standing in the arena.  
As a bull.  
Stabbed to death by the espada of the gypsy woman.

    He stands there.  
And inside of me the whole arena's shouting for joy.  
Waving white banners.  
The brass band celebrates his mortal wound.  
He pants.  
His legs fold under him.  
He collapses in a heap.

    I pick up my tequila.  
Sprinkle cinnamon on the orange.  
Bite into it. Into the sweet fruit.

JUAN                                 Here's to death!

RAFAEL                              Here's to your death, Juan!

JUAN                                 Come on, let's drink to death!

RAFAEL                              To your death!

RAFAEL  
He orders two more tequilas.  
We stand at the bar.  
Looking at one another.

JUAN  
What do you say, kid?! Two more?

RAFAEL  
Okay.  
  
He reaches into his jacket pocket.  
Pulls out a piece of white silk.

JUAN  
Smell that!

RAFAEL  
Silk panties. A thong.

JUAN  
Belonging to "Miss Spain" herself, kid!  
Look! With lipstick and mobile phone number!

RAFAEL  
You better ring her up quick.

JUAN  
Why?

RAFAEL  
Forgot already?  
La muerte! Close quick bloody black.

JUAN  
Oh, forget the old gypsy!  
Take it.  
I give her to you, "Miss Spain".  
I've got a whole trunkful of them.

**20.**

RAFAEL  
We go from bar to bar.  
And the gypsy woman follows us.  
No matter how much we drink  
she's always there.  
Standing next to us.  
With her dark eyes. And gold teeth.

JUAN  
From one minute to the next  
you stopped being angry, kid.  
Suddenly you were quite content  
when that crazy old woman said: la muerte.

JUAN  
You love her, Sofia!  
And you thought, yeah, it's good.  
Fate will avenge me! Am I right?!



JUAN  
Yeah.  
And I come here  
whenever I get horny!

RAFAEL  
Since when?

JUAN  
Since that first night.  
  
You she wrote letters.  
Me she gave a key.  
So now, in you go!

RAFAEL  
I'm standing in the room.

INMACULATA  
Juan?!

RAFAEL  
Yeah, Juan, I think.  
Juan I'm Juan.  
  
It's dark.  
I get undressed.  
  
Come on Jesus come on  
clap me a rhythm  
come on come on

**22.**

RAFAEL  
Next morning.  
Since that scene in the arena  
Sofia and me  
haven't exchanged a single word.

SOFIA FLORES  
You smell of sex.

RAFAEL  
We're lying next to each other in bed.  
I refuse to be touched.

SOFIA FLORES  
Where were you all night?

RAFAEL  
It's her day today.  
The shooting schedule reads:  
"The Infanta rides through town in a coach"  
"The Infanta in her loge"  
"Juan in the bullring"

23.

RAFAEL

The bull is wild.

It's clear from its first leap into the arena  
something amazing's going to happen!!

CONCHITA

It's so goddamn hot.

RAFAEL

Conchita sits next to me.  
Fanning herself.

CONCHITA

Listen, kid.  
Since you've come back from America  
Jesus wants us to take him up to the hayloft.  
Juan, you and me.  
"Conchita! ven!"  
He pulls at my skirt.  
Hey!  
When are we going up to the hayloft, Rafael?  
I want to see  
what's America has made of you.

Oh my god, why do we have to sit here in the sun?

What's the matter with you?  
Why do you want to sit in this blazing sun?

He's seduced her.  
I can feel it.

Don't be angry, kid.  
He can't help it.  
Look.  
He's facing that animal.  
That power.  
That monster.  
He has to win.  
So he wins.

RAFAEL

I'm okay.

CONCHITA

You have to understand her.  
Loving him  
it's like an earthquake.  
You see him.  
He makes your knees shake.  
He makes your heart pound.

And when he says : „Come on!“  
 you go with him.  
 There isn't any "no" about it.  
 He's thirsty.  
 You suckle him.

RAFAEL

No, I think, no.  
 She's thirsty.  
 He suckles her.

Four or five cameras  
 are focused on him.  
 Two on Sofia in her loge.

They're shooting a film.  
 But everything's so true, so real.

Real blood is flowing.  
 The horse's blood.  
 The bull's blood.  
 A real heart is beating.  
 Her heart.

Juan has insisted on it:  
 a real corrida!!  
 No acting. No make believe. Ninguan ilusion!

UNCLE SALVADOR

A beautiful day, Jose Luis, what do you think?

RAFAEL

He and grandfather  
 went for a walk in Seville.  
 Arm in arm.  
 Two grandees  
 from a long forgotten era.

CONCHITA

Look at him.

Nobody stands like he does.  
 Look at him!

Look at that incredible grace!

RAFAEL

Juan gets very close to the bull.  
 He enjoys the movement and the applause.  
 With grand gestures.

CONCHITA

Hey, what's he up to today?

RAFAEL

Juan kneels.  
The bull stands in front of him.  
Panting.

A moment of silence.  
Only a second.

In the arena you don't hear a single word.  
A single breath.  
Only the bull panting.

Juan provokes him.  
Opens his jacket.  
Sticks out his chest.  
Dares him to charge.

CONCHITA

He's kneeling too close!

flashback

JESUS

Isabella mira!  
You needn't be frightened of that animal!

end of flashback

RAFAEL

I know what's coming.  
A scream is coming.  
Juan's screaming.

**t o r o**

I'm tossed up into the air.  
Land on the bull's horns.  
Then in the sand.

The bull charges.  
Hovers over him.  
Pierces his breast.  
Pierces my heart.

CONCHITA

No Juan!

RAFAEL

I look over at the loge.  
Isabella's standing there.  
Pale. Tears in her eyes.

## 24.

RAFAEL I'm sitting with him.  
He's no longer breathing.  
His eyes are closed.

GRANDFATHER Adios mi vida.

GRANDMOTHER He's dying.  
Jose Luis, do something, he's dying on us.

RAFAEL I take his palm.  
Look at the lines in it.  
Why you? I wonder. Why you?  
What's different about your hand?

UNCLE SALVADOR Did the cameras bother him?  
What do you think, Jose Luis?  
Did the cameras bother him?  
Maria, what a terrible accident!

## 25.

RAFAEL We're sitting in the kitchen  
when we hear the shot.

GRANDFATHER You should have filmed that.

UNCLE SALVADOR What was it, Jose Luis?

GRANDFATHER Maria has shot the bull.

UNCLE SALVADOR No.

GRANDFATHER She insisted  
on having it brought into the stalls!

UNCLE SALVADOR The bull from the arena?!

GRANDFATHER Si.

UNCLE SALVADOR Oh ...yes, that would have been ... of course ...

GRANDFATHER Maria! Is the bull dead?  
Did you aim well?

## 26.

RAFAEL

We cross the courtyard into the stall.  
Grandmother's standing there.  
With flashing eyes.  
Pointing grandfather's rifle.

GRANDFATHER

Maria. Pull yourself together. That's enough.  
Come on!

GRANDMOTHER

Get out of here! Go on!

GRANDFATHER

Maria.

GRANDMOTHER

Go on, I say! Get out!!

GRANDFATHER

You've shot him.  
My best bull.  
It's over now.  
You've had your way.

GRANDMOTHER

Stay where you are, Jose Luis!

GRANDFATHER

Give me that rifle.

GRANDMOTHER

Not one step further!

## 27.

RAFAEL

That afternoon she shoots six bulls.  
Then she stops. Comes into the kitchen.  
Cries.

JESUS

Oh no Maria!! No!!  
No llores! Ven! Ven!  
Maria ven! Cantemos! (let's sing)

(sings)  
Hoy he vuelto ha pasar  
por aquel camino verde  
donde la mar va y se pierde  
y te invita a soledad...

GRANDMOTHER

Salvador.  
We never liked each other.  
But now I can't stand having you here.  
I want you to go stay in seville.

UNCLE SALVADOR           Why Maria? Tell me why?

GRANDMOTHER           My nerves are shot  
from all this talk  
about your film!

UNCLE SALVADOR           Should I stop it?  
Tell me, Maria, should I cancel the film?!

GRANDFATHER            Jesus, shut up!

GRANDMOTHER            That's your decision, Salvador.  
I only want some peace in my house!

UNCLE SALVADOR           No, Maria, tell me what I should do.  
Help me.  
I really don't know what to do.

GRANDMOTHER            He should decide.  
Rafael should say yes or no!

**28.**

Film – the Seville opera house again.

ISABELLA                    You dare  
to appear before my eyes  
after your cowardly playacting!?  
After your pathetic comedy?!

To send your double into the arena  
and then come to me in my loge!

Not only do you lack courage  
you don't have any style!!  
Senor Casanova!!  
You're not a man!  
Get out of my sight!!

You made a fool of me  
in front of the whole court.

I stand in my loge.  
I'm horrified.  
And tears run down my cheeks.  
Mine.  
You understand.  
Mine.  
The cheeks of the Spanish Infanta.

Such cheeks do not know any tears!

ISABELLA

Good.  
 If only it had been you  
 who were destroyed there  
 those tears would have been taken as an aberration.  
 They would have said  
 Yes, that Italian.  
 He almost managed it.  
 Almost had her under his control.  
 She was nearly in love.  
 She nearly had something like a heart.

An aberration.  
 But now that he's dead she's the same old girl again.  
 Now she chews up and devours men again.  
 Now everything's allright again.

But tears for a doppelgänger!!  
 Senor Casanova!!  
 For your double!!

Can you imagine the mockery?  
 Can you imagine what that means?

I'll have you locked up  
 in the dungeons of madrid.  
 Compared to that the dungeons of Venice  
 are paradise.

CASANOVA

You wouldn't do that, Madame.

ISABELLA

What's to stop me?

CASANOVA

Your desire for me.

Your desire  
 to be subjected to me.

I was in the arena  
 at that bullfight.  
 And I watched you.  
 I observed your lust.  
 Saw you burning with desire.  
 Your fear that the bull  
 would harm even a hair of my head.

Saw you cursing yourself  
 for that cruel vow  
 you made.

And as the matador lay on the ground,  
 you were in despair.

ISABELLA

Desperate  
that you didn't manage  
to possess such a man,  
before the bull destroyed him.

Madame! You love me!!  
And here I am!!

Your beauty! Your smell!  
Since I first saw you,  
your smell has beguiled me, Madame.

Madame, I want you  
even if it costs me my life.

I couldn't let the bull kill me  
in the arena.  
I hadn't yet enjoyed your charms,  
Madame!

CASANOVA

You must give me one hour, one night.  
I'll make love to you.  
I'll fight a new bullfight  
in the arena  
of your bed.

You'll be the bull  
I dance around.  
From that fire  
from that fire blazing in your eyes,  
which has long since overwhelmed me,  
Madame,  
I stand in flames,  
I want to be consumed  
I want to burn up  
in your fire.

Madame!

ISABELLA

Kiss me!  
Not my hand!  
Me!!

**end**