

THE MATADOR AND HIS DEPRESSION

Written by

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INT. THE LOBBY BEFORE THE STATDIUM -NIGHT-

JOSE paces hastily from one end of the room to another, only stopping for a few moments, in mid-hesitation of a thought. The room is dreadfully dark and simple, the only source of light is coming from the glaring lights of the area, which shines bright and blindly between the bars of the rusty metal gate. The crowd's roars, screams, and cheers echoes inside the empty, sandy room. Jose stops and turns towards the prisonlike gates, then timidly walking towards. He leans his head on one of the bars of the gate, hiding one side of his face, hunched, unintimating, as if he is trying to hide himself from the gaze of the light. He looks around the staidum.

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EXT. STAUDUM -NIGHT-

The stadium is empty, barren, and ancient, as if it was last used in the days of the Romans; it's eerie silent, destroyed, all in complete ruin. It's dark, the sky is starless and moonless. Jose is alone, he strains to gaze into the darkness, looking for a way out, but the only gate that exists he is leaning on. The walls of the area are short, a little taller than Jose and he notices that.

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INT. THE LOBBY BEFORE THE STATDIUM -NIGHT-

The roar of the crowd returns and the arena's glaring lights. Jose looks back at the room, intensely stare through dark, contrasting shadows. There is no door. From the distance, in the arena, the sound of a wild's breast's deep breaths is heard as well as its slow, confident, and prepared pace.

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INT. THE LOBBY BEFORE THE STATDIUM -NIGHT-

Jose looks down at the ground. The roar of the crowd gets louder and louder, cheering jose's name, Jose turns around, and looks around the room. It is empty, not even a door, the only thing in the room are the 4 walls, ceiling, and the sandy floor. Suddenly, Jose begins to sink as the walls creep closer to him. Almost as if the room was never changing in size to Jose's prospective, but the staidum, the ceiling continues to appear larger and larger to him. The breast roars from the staidum as it attempts to tackle through the gates, causing Jose to fall back. He is terrified, look back then and notices a door at a distance. He gets up and run towards the door, but that side of the wall is now moving away from him while the the other two sides are creeping closer and closer. Jose Sprints faster and faster towards the door.

The gates behind him open, he looks back, he has not moved from his spot. He stops, turns back to where the door was located. It was gone. The whole room disappeared.

EXT. STADIUM -NIGHT-

Jose is in complete darkness. The crowd's cheers turn into boos as they throw rocks, rotten food. He tries to cover himself with the cape, he kneels down, closing his eyes and preparing for impact of the thrown things. But as soon as he covers himself, the crowd stops throwing food, it's silent. Jose peeks over an opening of the cape. The crowd then returns to boo and throw food at him. But he hides, and the crowd is again silent and stops throwing food. Jose looks around, the only thing he can see is the opening of where his feet are at. Then, all he hears, is the slow, confident pace of the beast. Breathing heavily. It gets louder and louder and louder, as if it is charging now. Jose braces for impact, and as soon as the charge reaches it's zenith. The beast disappears. Jose's eyes are closed, he slowly opens them, and realizes that his cape has disappeared. He is completely naked. He looks around frantically, while covering himself from the crowd. But there is no crowd, there is no bull. He lays down on the ground, curls into a ball, and cries. He is alone in the stadium. No crowd, roar, boos, or beast to be in sight.