

THE MATADOR AND HIS DEPRESSION

Written by

j.r. LaVerde

INT. THE WAITING CHAMBER - NIGHT

JOSE paces hastily from one end of the chamber to the other, only stopping for a few moments, in mid-hesitation of a thought, then continues pacing. The chamber is dreadfully dark and simple, the only source of light is from the glaring and intruding lights from the stadium, which shines brightly and blindly between the bars of the rusty metal gate that separates Jose from the rest of the world. The crowd's roars, screams, and cheers echoes inside the chamber, the only echoes that can be understood clearly is the same voice as Jose.

ECHO

-----

Jose stops and turns towards the prisonlike gate, then timidly walks towards it with his eyes closed and his hands anxiously ahead of him, as if he was blind, and using his hands to feel for the gate. Once Jose feels a bar of the gate, he flinches back, then slowly reaches back at the gate. His face looks long and strained, as if it's being pulled from within. He leans his cold head on an even colder bar, hides one side of his face, hunched. He attempts to hide himself from the onlooking crowd, and the light. He cracks open the unblocked eye, slightly, he doesn't want anyone else to know his eye is open. He looks through his eyelashes and scans the coliseum.

EXT. COLISEUM - CONTINUOUS

The Coliseum is empty, no one in sight. It's barren and ancient, as if it was last used during the golden days of Rome; 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, searching for a way out, but the only gate that exists is the one before him.

INT. CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

The roar of the crowd and the arena's glaring lights return as if they had never disappeared. Jose looks back at his enclosed chamber, with both eyes fearfully open, intensely staring through the contrasting shadows produced by the powerful lights, he walks towards the wall with a shadow of the bar, he desperately feels for any sort of escape, there is none. He jolts towards the next the adjacent wall, but as he enters the light, the crowd boos.

Jose apologically retreats back into the shadow from which he came as he closes both eyes. The crowd begins to clapping in the same manner of the spectators of a professional golfing tournament. \*

Jose reopens his eyes, the golf claps ceases. But now, the room is completely dark; the lights from the Coliseum had vanished, and the cold gate slowly opens, cracking and screeching. \*

A wild's beast breathes. Its deep exhales and its slow, unforgiving pace echoes through the chambers, but it can not be seen. \*

Jose closes his eyes again. Unbeknownst to him, his quivering, shallow breath matches the same rythum as the beast's. With each exhale, the lights of the Coliseum flicker, which light up the chamber, exposing Jose to the crowd and the light, they all boo. \*

Jose turns around, and looks around the room again. It is empty, not even a door, the only thing in the room are the four walls, the ceiling, and as damp floor as rough as sand paper. \*

Suddenly, Jose begins to shrink as the walls creep closer to him, the ceiling remains the same height. Almost as if the room was never changing in size for Jose's prospective except for the ceiling and the stadium, the ceiling continues to appear taller and taller. The breast roars from the stadium then attempts to tackle through the gates, causing Jose to fall back. The Gates bend a little. Jose is terrified, looks back and notices a beautiful glass door that wasn't previously there before, Jose can see through it, it's an untouched rain-forest, it's freedom. He gets up and runs towards the door, but that side of the wall is now moving away from him while the other two sides creep closer and closer. Jose sprints faster and faster towards the clear door, because his escape is moving away from him at the same pace. \*

The gates open, he stops and hesitantly looks back turns back. The walls and ceiling now look exactly how it did before, the clear door disappeared. \*

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. STAUDUM -NIGHT-

Jose is in complete darkness. As he opens his eyes, the blinding light from the staidum judge over him, the crowd's boos and throws rocks, rotten food. He protects himself with the matador's cape as he kneels down and closes his eyes. \*

The crowd stops throwing food, it's silent. Jose peeps out from the cap, slightly uncovers himself. The crowd, again, throw food at him. And Jose protects himself, and the crowd is again silent. Jose looks from under the cape. Then, suddenly and eerily, all he hears, is the slow, methodical, and confident pace of the beast, breathing heavily. The stomps pace turn into a sprint, the beast is charging. Jose braces for impact, and as soon as the beast reaches him, it vanishes. Jose's reacts as if was hit, falling pitiful onto the sandy, damp floor while covering his head with the cape. His closed eyes opens, the cape vanished too.

He is completely naked, and tightens his body, covers his exposed flesh with his arms and legs; fetal position.

There no crowd; there is no bull; He is alone, and whimpers like a lost child.