



BULLFIGHTER

Screenplay

**INT. DIM APARTMENT - NIGHT**

A man sits alone. Microwave hums. Half-eaten frozen tacos.  
Spanish dialogue flickers on a TV.

He rubs his eyes.

CUT TO BLACK.

**EXT. STREETS OF PAMPLONA - NIGHT**

He runs. Hooves thunder behind him.

The pursuers shift—people with horns, businessmen with  
hooves, figures carrying swords.

They are chasing him.

**EXT. MASSIVE ARENA**

A towering gate. Fog hides the top.

A roaring crowd—faces blurred.

Across the arena: a shifting figure. Bull. Man. Woman.

**ARENA FLOOR**

He now wears a matador suit.

In his hand: a metallic cape and a thin sword.

He moves the cape—reality glitches.

**ARENA - CONTINUOUS**

**VOICE**

Every action...  
every  
transaction...  
measured,  
reprimanded,  
vexed...

You can flee  
the arena... but  
you must wade

through  
bullshit all  
your life.

**ARENA - COLLAPSE**

He falls. Covers his head.

The bull charges—but never hits.

The crowd closes in, laughing.

**INT. APARTMENT - MORNING**

Clock reads 7:00 AM.

He rushes out.

**INT. OFFICE**

He waits. Silence.

He is rejected.

He leaves, defeated.

**INT. APARTMENT - DAY**

He lies down again.

Eyes close.

**EXT. ARENA**

He stands.

Faces the bull.

Or himself.

**FINAL**

**VOICEOVER**

Most of the  
time... I'm not  
even sure... if  
I'm the bull...  
or the matador.