

BULLFIGHTER (TANGO IN THE LOUNGE)

FADE IN:

INT. BULLFIGHT ARENA - NIGHT

Soft amber lighting fills a transformed arena. Velvet shadows and a faint haze drift through the air. The crowd sits in silence, watching.

CENTER STAGE - THE SAND

A MAN stands composed, dressed in a sleek matador suit.

From the shadows, a WOMAN in a red dress approaches.

They connect in a tight tango frame.

They begin to dance.

The CAPE flows as part of the movement.

CUT TO:

THE CROWD - expressionless, judging.

Behind them, a massive BULL circles slowly.

The dancers never look at it.

The dance intensifies. Sharp movements. Controlled aggression.

They freeze. Breathing.

The bull exhales.

The music returns.

They dance again – faster, closer to losing control.

TIME DISTORTS.

The arena blurs.

They spin faster.

A thunder of hooves.

They continue dancing – perfectly in time.

She dips low. He holds her just above the sand.

The bull passes behind them.

They slow.

The dance becomes intimate.

They stop.

Still locked together.

The crowd does not clap.

The bull stands behind them.

Watching.

FADE OUT.