

MATADOR ENERGY: NO BULL

written by

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INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

A JUNKIE twitches and crawls in the confines of a warehouse. He cracks open a silver can and takes a swig, suddenly sprouting wings and floating upward, giddy.

A man - the MATADOR, holds a similar can, watching.

MATADOR

Red Bull: it gives you wings.  
...After you die from a heart  
attack from drinking it.

The camera reveals that the Winged Man is floating toward a huge ceiling fan.

WINGED MAN

(Flailing)  
Ahh-AHHHH!!!!

The Matador tosses the silver can and holds up a can of Matador Energy. Over brutal shredding noises and a shower of feathers, he continues:

MATADOR

Matador? We fuel your passion. Some  
of our ingredients are even...  
healthy.

He raises an eyebrow and turns, spotting a MATADOR GIRL. He looks her up and down.

MATADOR (CONT'D)

(Sleazy)  
That means more energy to spend  
doing whatever you like.

The Matador Girl pulls a RUG out from underneath the Matador and sends him toppling over.

MATADOR GIRL

The yerba matte and other natural  
ingredients in Matador really come  
together to help me focus, on not  
stabbing #!@%s like him in the  
throat.

She stomps a stiletto inches from his face. The Matador gulps and gets back up.

MATADOR

(Shaken)

That focus can also be used to think rationally and employ forgiveness.

He holds his drink up for a cheers. She thinks.

MATADOR GIRL

I respect that.

They clink cans and walk together.

MATADOR GIRL (CONT'D)

(Abrupt tone shift)

Wow! Did you see how Matador just gave us the boost we needed to move forward?

MATADOR

Matador saved my life!!\*

"\*We only saved your ass, Matt."

MATADOR GIRL

Drinking Matador is like being a rock star AND leading an active and healthy lifestyle.

They pass PEOPLE rocking out while eating salads.

MATADOR

It's like green tea, but with more energy.

They pass BUDDHIST MONKS on treadmills.

MATADOR GIRL

It's like coffee, but with less diarrhea.

They pass a MAN with a cup of coffee struggling on a toilet and turn the corner.

CUT TO:

EXT. ARENA/FIELD - DAY

The Matador Girl separates while the Matador waves a cape and squares off with a (man dressed as a) BULL.

A bell rings. The Matador suddenly has a mustache and wears an elaborate costume. Behind him, the Matador Girl suddenly wears a concession belt and sells pretzels.

The Bull charges and the Matador immediately tackles him to the ground.

The Bull quivers in fear, but the Matador gently strokes his face.

MATADOR

Relax, I am not going to kill you.

The Bull, incredulous.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Quick mockumentary/testimonial style. The Bull is in dress clothes.

BULL

And that was the moment I knew: I was sold. Go Matador!

He rips open his button down to reveal a Matador Energy t-shirt.

CUT TO:

EXT. ARENA/FIELD - DAY

The cast stands assembled, background characters in back. The audience cheers around them.

MATADOR

Matador Energy Drinks.

WINGED MAN (IN BANDAGES)

(Feebly)

No wings.

BULL

(Chipper)

No bull!

MATADOR GIRL

(Steamy)

All passion.

A Matador Energy can flies onto the screen and fills the frame.

CUT TO:

EXT. STANDS - DAY

DISGRUNTLED AUDIENCE MEMBER  
Not even any blood? This place is  
so PC.

CUT TO:

"WWW.MATADOR.ENERGY"

THE END.