



Scripts.com

Ferdinand

By Robert L. Baird

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(BUZZING)

(BUZZING LOUDLY)

VALIENTE:

Show me what you got!

BONES:

I can do this.

BONES:

(BOTH GRUNTING)

Ha-ha!

You got nothin' on me, Bones!

Hey! I'm the best!

GUAPO:

(BONES LAUGHING)

All right,

let's do this thing.

BONES:

(GASPS)

VALIENTE:

Whoa!

VALIENTE:

Watch it!

Careful.

(GASPS)

That was close.

VALIENTE:

Hi, buddy.

I told you I'd be back.

(SNIFFING)

Wow.

VALIENTE:

BONES:

Out of my way, losers!

Hey!

GUAPO:

BONES:

Yes! The winner's truck.

It's happening today?

What's happening today?

Ugh.

Don't you know anything,
Ferdinand?

If that truck's here,
it means the matador's
gonna pick a bull.

Who do you think
he's gonna pick?

Duh, my dad.

And when my horns come in,
it'll be my turn.

(SNORTS)

People will come
from all over Spain
just to see me,
the great Valiente!
The fiercest bull of all time.

(GASPS)

I'll take him down big time.

(WHIMPERING)

Man versus bull.

Will it be pretty? No.

(SCREAMS)

Will it be awesome? Heck yeah!

The crowd will go nuts,
making me a champ.

I'll spend the rest of my days
living like a king.

Dream on, Valiente.

I'm the one
who's getting selected.

I'm already
working on my victory smile.

(CLICKS TONGUE)

Hey, the matador's here!

Where? Where? Oh, no.

I feel sick. Oh, Mama. (GAGS)

There's no matador, Guapo.
What?
(LAUGHS) What a wimp.
Forget it, Guapo.
He's gonna pick me.
I'm the fastest, baddest
bull around. (GRUNTS)
I'm so fast,
they won't see me coming.
Bones?
Yeah?
You're never
gonna get selected.
You wanna know why?
Why?
(BOTH GRUNT)
(GROANS)
'Cause you're a puny
bag of bones, Bones.
You okay?
I don't need your help,
weirdo.
I'm fine!
Careful.
Oh, what do you got there,
Ferdinand?
Uh, nothing.
"Uh, nothing."
Hey! Don't you guys have
some more headbutting to do?
Nah, this is way more fun.
Can you believe this guy?
The matador is gonna
pick a bull...
and all he's worried about
is a dumb flower.
Cut it out, Valiente!
Make me.
Fight! Fight! Fight! Fight!
I'm not gonna fight you,
Valiente.
Aw, flower bull is scared.
I'm not scared.
Then fight.

That's what bulls do.
You can hit me if you want,
but leave the flower alone.
You're just gonna let him
smack ya?
What? Where's the fun in that?
Whatever.
Have your stupid flower.
(BULLS BELLOWING)
The big bulls are going in.
Wish me luck, Ferdinand.
Good luck, Dad.
(GRUNTING)
Go get 'em, Dad!
Come on, guys,
let's see 'em over here.
Out of my way!
Go, bulls!
Whoo-hoo!
Whoa!
(BOTH BELLOWING)
It's the matador.
He's gonna pick!
(GAGS) I feel sick.
I think I'm gonna hurl.
(RETCHING)
(GRUNTS)
You'll get 'em next time, Dad.
Who asked you?
What are you looking at?
FERDINAND'S FATHER: Ferdinand!
Ah, there you are! (LAUGHING)
He picked me.
Can you believe it?
Your dad is gonna fight
for glory in the ring.
You really have to go?
Yeah, of course I have to go.
Come on, Ferd.
This is what every bull
dreams of, right?
I guess.
Is it okay
if it's not my dream?

Well, uh...

Look, Ferd,

you're still a kid, you know.

When you grow up,

your dreams are gonna change.

Everything's gonna change.

I'll tell you one thing

that's gonna change...

you're gonna be bigger

and tougher than your old man,

that's for sure.

No way.

Yes way.

(LAUGHS) Yeah.

And then you'll see...

you're gonna get in that ring

and you are gonna

be the champ.

Can I be a champ

without fighting maybe?

Oh, Ferdinand.

I really wish the world

worked like that for you,

I do.

But that's just

not how it is for us.

You understand?

(TRUCK GATE OPENS)

Okay, it's time.

You're gonna come back, right?

What? That matador

doesn't stand a chance, okay?

Okay.

And after I win,

I'm coming back here,

and I'm gonna show you

all my moves.

Even my secret ones.

(SIGHS)

(YAWNS)

(TRUCK BEEPING)

(GASPS)

Dad!

Dad.

(BREATHING SHAKILY)
VALIENTE'S FATHER:
I called it.
That bull was soft.
And the soft ones
always go down.
You better bull up.
Oh, hey, what are you
doing out here?
Come on. Get back, get back.
Come back to the stall.
Come on, little guy. (GRUNTS)
A calf is out! Get him!
(PANTING)
(INDISTINCT SHOUTING)
(GASPS)
(GASPS)
(GRUNTS)
Get him!
(PANTING)
(RANCH HAND
SPEAKING SPANISH)
(INDISTINCT CHATTER)
(GASPS)
(PANTING)
(GRUNTS)
(PANTING)
(DOG BARKING IN DISTANCE)
(GASPS)
(PANTING)
(SCREAMS)
(GRUNTS)
(GROANING)
(BARKING)
(GASPS)
(DOOR CREAKS)
It's okay.
Shh. It's okay.
Hi, there.
(WHIMPERS)
Don't be afraid,
little big guy.
(SNIFFING)
(GIGGLING)

Oh.
You like flowers?
(SNIFFING)
I'll take good care of you.
Come on.

(BARKS AND GROWLS)
(PANTING)
This is your home now.
Go on. It's okay.

(GIGGLING)
(SNIFFING)
(EXHALES)
(INHALES)
(BELLOWS)
(BOTH GIGGLING)
(MUSIC PLAYING)

Always out of place
I knew I needed
something new for me
I never knew just
what that was
Okay, your turn.
Finding something safe
was just like
Trying to catch
a bird in flight
I knew that I would
never touch
Who's my good boy?
You're my good boy.
Hey, I thought
I was the good boy.
Good night, Ferdinand.
'Cause I'm happy
to call this
Home
No more running
I'm good knowing
That I belong
Happy to call this
Home
I got loving

NINA:

(GASPS)

Don't care who knows it

Happy to call this

Home

Oh, yeah, oh

Ugh!

(NINA GRUNTING)

(PACO YELLING)

(CRASHING)

(GIGGLES)

(BELLOWS)

(BELLOWS)

Being me was hard enough

So being someone else

was too much

All I want is something real

(BELLOWS)

Now I won't let go

(SNEEZES)

'Cause I'm happy

to call this

Home

No more running

I'm good knowing

That I belong

Happy to call this

Whoo-hoo!

(MOOS)

(BARKING)

(NINA CACKLING)

Oh, eh, oh

Oh, yeah

Oh, eh, oh

Boy, I'm happy to call this

Whoo!

Home is where you're happy

Good night, Ferdinand.

Find where you're happy

'Cause I'm happy

to call this

Home

(STRAINING)

(STRAINING)

(BELLOWS LOUDLY)

Jorge, rise and shine, buddy.
Come on, Jorge, wake up!
Let's go!
(CROWS)
Music to my ears.
Ah, it's gonna be a good one.
Oh, I can feel it
in my horns.
(PACO BARKING)
Hey, Paco!
Paco!
Pac-attack. Hey, dawg.
You stoked about the big day?
Stoked?
Have you ever seen me stoked?
Look, I've got some bad news.
Gonna stop you right there.
No bad news allowed
'cause today
is Flower Festival day.
Only the greatest day
of the year.
Okay, that's the thing.
This year...
Hold that thought.
Hey, Maria. You ready to put
those wings to work?
(CLUCKS)
Hey, hey, hey. I just finished
herding those chickens.
Launch.
Maria?
Oh, no. Maria?
Congratulations.
Maria!
You shot Maria into the sun.
(CLUCKING)
(CHUCKLES)
Oh, way to go, Maria.
Who says a chicken can't fly?
Uh, the laws of nature say it.
I say it.
Chickens are chickens.
Here we go.

Dogs are dogs, and...
Bulls are bulls.
Yeah. Right. Normal.
Hey, if was a normal bull,
I would have never
found this farm.
And we wouldn't be brothers.
A dog and a bull
can't be brothers.
That would be weird.
Really?
Then why does your tail wag
when I call you brother,
Brother?
Hey. Stop that. (SNARLS)

FERDINAND:

Looks like weird
is the new normal, buddy.
Come on, before everybody
takes off without us.
Ferdinand, wait!
This is what
I've been trying to tell you.
(SIGHS)
There you are.
You ready to go?
(BELLOWS)
I'm sorry, Nina.
Ferdinand can't come
to the festival this year.
(BELLOWS)
But he goes with us
every year.
I know, but he is not
a little calf anymore.
Then I won't go either.
(BELLOWS)
Listen, honey.
It's for his own good.
But, Dad. It's just Ferdinand.
(BELLOWS)
But outside this farm,
they don't know him

like we do.

(BELLOWS)

Sorry, little big guy.

I'll bring you back

the prettiest bouquet in town.

Okay?

(SIGHS)

Hey, cheer up, buddy!

Flowers are overrated anyway!

Hah, you couldn't pay me

to go to that festival.

Hey. Why don't we bring Paco?

Fun, right?

I guess.

(WHINES)

I am not stoked about this.

Not stoked at all.

(SIGHS)

This doesn't make any sense.

I'm not a little calf anymore,
so what?

More of me to love.

And besides,

bigger bull, bigger helper.

I'm going.

No. No, no. Juan said no.

Juan said no,

I'm not going. It's settled.

But Nina will be miserable
without me.

She needs me.

Ah... But I need to go,
but I need to stay.

And go. Stay. Go.

What do I do? What do I do?

What do I do?

What do I do? (GRUNTS)

If that orange doesn't fall
by the time I count to three,
I'm going.

One...

If that rock is still there
by the time I...

(EAGLE SCREECHING)

What could you possibly
need that for?

Okay.

If that egg doesn't hatch
by the time I count to ten,
I'm going.

One... (GASPS)

(SHELL CRACKING)

(RAPIDLY)

Two, three, four, five, six,
seven, eight, nine, ten.

Whew! Didn't hatch.

Flower Festival, here I come!

Oh!

(CHIRPS)

FERDINAND:

(BELL TOLLING)

(GASPS)

(CROWD CHEERING)

(GASPS)

(SCREAMING)

Hey! You forgot your bike.

I'll leave it right here.

(GASPS)

(SNIFFING)

Wow.

Oh, wow!

(WOMAN GASPS)

(CAT YOWLS)

(FERDINAND EXCLAIMS)

This is some next level stuff.

(GASPS)

(WOMEN GASP)

Whoa.

(CHUCKLES)

Huh. That was odd.

(BABY CRYING)

You don't like the little
piggy balloon?

(SPLUTTERING)

We'll get you

another balloon, okay?

MOTHER:

(VENDOR SPEAKING SPANISH)

(MOTHER SPEAKING SPANISH)

(CRYING)

(BEE BUZZING)

Oh! (CHUCKLES)

All yours, little guy.

(NUNS GASP)

(PRAYING INDISTINCTLY)

(BELLOWS)

(GASPS) Ferdinand.

You shouldn't be here.

What?

(BELLOWING LOUDLY)

(SCREAMING)

Nina!

Oh. Now he acts like a bull?

We have a situation here.

(PEOPLE SCREAMING)

It's okay. It's okay.

He won't hurt anyone.

My baby.

The beast got my baby.

A beast? Where?

(BABY GIGGLING)

Ow! Ow! (GASPS)

(HORN HONKING)

(YELLS)

(BABY CACKLING)

Huh?

(GRUNTING)

I'm coming, little baby.

Out of the way!

(WHIMPERS)

Whoa!

Got you.

(SPEAKS SPANISH)

(GIGGLES)

(WAILING)

WOMAN:

Keep him away.

Stay away, scary beast.

Ferdinand!

Paco!

They think I'm the beast.

Have you looked
in a mirror lately?

(SIREN BLARING)

Get back to the farm.

I'll hold them off.

(BARKING)

Hey, I'm not done
with you people.

(PANTING)

MAN:

(WHIMPERING)

(GASPS)

Oh, no.

Oh.

Okay.

Think thin. (INHALES)

(STRAINING)

(SIGHS) Ooh.

Step light.

You are a feather.

A 2,000-pound feather.

Slow...

(HUMMING)

(GASPS)

(HUMMING)

(GASPS)

(GRUNTING)

(SNEEZES)

(SCREAMS)

There he is!

Cash or credit?

(SCREAMING)

(BELLOWS)

No! This is not necessary.

(STRAINING)

You don't have to do this.

It was an accident.

NINA:

(BELLOWS LOUDLY)

Stop! You're hurting him.

(GRUNTS)
Nina! (BELLOWS)
No!
Stop!
No, no, no.
Stay back. Stay back.
Please. Let me take him home.
He's gentle.
Gentle?
He's a wild animal.
Look what he's done.
We have to take him away,
honey.
Seor Moreno.
I think I have something
you need to see.
No!
Wait. Nina. Nina!
Stop! Please!
Ferdinand!
(GRUNTS)
Nina!
(BELLOWING)
Ferdinand.
Ferdinand!
Ferdinand.
No!
(TRUCK RATTLING)
(GRUNTS)

FERDINAND:

No, not back here. No, no, no.
This can't be happening.
I need to get outta here.
Stop the truck!
Stop the truck!
There's been a mistake. Stop!
(BELLOWS)
Oy! He's going to tear
that truck apart.
What did I tell you,
Seor Moreno?
He's a beast.
(GRUNTING)

Get the calming goat.
Where is the calming goat?
Get the calming goat.
(GOAT BLEATS)
Ow! Ow! Jeez Louise!
Real classy, guys.
Way to treat a lady.
Who's that?
Hey, big guy. Name's Lupe.
I'm going to be
your calming goat.
My calming goat?
That's right.
I'm here to soothe you now.
So you can maim
and gore things later.
Let's try some deep
relaxing breaths.
In. Out.
You're not helping.
Oh, yeah? Well, maybe
you're not helping.
You ever think of that? No.
Because no one
ever wants to help
the stinking calming goat,
right?
Okay, now I got
to calm myself down.
In. Out.
I need to get out!
In. Out.
(BLEATS)
Whoa! He is a monster.
(GROANS)
I think I fell
on something sharp.

LUPE:

What?
Goat. (GASPING)
Oh!
Oh, sorry about that.
So sorry. So sorry.

Here you go. Here you go.
Watch it, buster.
You could have ki...
Whoa!
(BLEATS)
Holy beefaroni!
You're ginormous!
Listen. It's Lupe, right?
There's been a huge
misunderstanding.
I really need your help here.
Well, well, hold the phone.
You want my help?
Yeah! That would be amazing.
(SCREAMS)
I've been waiting
for this moment
my whole flea-bitten,
tin-chewing life, mister!
You have?
Oh, yes, I have!
(LAUGHS)
Yes, I have.
Believe it or not,
I'm not the world's
best calming goat.
No...
My true destiny
is to be a coach.
Okay...
Whoo! Look at those pecs.
It's like two little
baby bulls inside of a bull.
Moving on down the flank.
Flank looks good.
A- plus on the flank.
Mama like that.
Mama like that. Whew.
Ow!
Terrible reflexes.
We gotta work on that.
What are you talking about?
Work on what? Whoa!
Getting you ready for the

bullfighting ring, my friend.
That's why you're here, right?
No! Listen, I really need
to get back home.
This is your home.
You made it.
With your raw talent
and my coaching expertise...
we're going from
hola to ol in a day!
No, that is not gonna happen.
Oh. Stop it with the modesty.
You're the bull who destroyed
a whole village, right?
Wrong! It was an accident.
And did you really eat a baby?
You think I ate a baby?
Not denying it. Interesting.
Denying it!
Definitely denying it.
(SINGING) Whoo!
He's a brick, uh, house
(VOCALIZES TUNE)
I can't wait to show you off
to the rest of the guys.
They're going
to fertilize the yard.
No, no, no. Lupe, wait.
You really don't have to...
Oh. Uh...
Hey, guys. How ya doing?
Lupe in the house.

BONES:

Oh, yeah? I used to suck,
but not anymore. (CHUCKLES)
Let me introduce you
to the new guy.
He's a monster
and I'm his coach.
And did I mention
that he is my closest
and dearest BFF...
What did you say

your name was?
Ferdinand? Is that you?
Hey!
That is a ridiculous name.
Tell him your real name,
killer.
Yeah, it's me, Ferdinand.
Hey, guys.
Wait a minute.
You know these chumps?
Whoo! Little Ferdinand.
You've had a growth spurt.
Suddenly I regret every time
I called you weirdo.
Don't sweat it, Bones.
We're good.
My gosh! What have
they been feeding you?
Oh, hey. Guapo?
That's right.
The one and only.
Ah, I get it.
You try to come back here
and intimidate us?
'Cause let me
tell you something.
I am not intimidated
by your freakish hugeness!
Oh, mama.
I don't know you...
but I'm not scared of ya,
you sorry sack of meat.
You're an affront
to my nostrils.
(CHUCKLES) Angus,
you're talking to his butt.
Oh. (SPLUTTERS)
I will not take any lip from
the flea-bitten likes of you,
you wee goat.
(CHUCKLES)
Now you're talking to my butt.
Aah! Go and boil your head,
ya bunch of bampos.

I'm away.
Uh, a few new faces
around here since I left, huh?
(EXCLAIMS)
(GRUNTS MENACINGLY)
Hello, Maquina. Hi!
He was created in a lab.
A Franken-bull.
Says nothing, feels nothing.
(FLY BUZZING)
You seem fun.
Look what the goat dragged in.
Hey, Val.
Valiente?
He remembers. Oh, I'm touched.
Hey!
Oh. Didn't see you there,
Bones.
What do you mean you didn't
see me? Oh, I get it.
'Cause I'm small.
You know what you are?
A sizeist.
(GRUNTS)
Guess some things
never change.
Look at you. All grown up.
When you ran away with your
tail between your legs...
I never thought
I'd see you back here.
That makes two of us.
Nah, I get it.
Now that
you're a big tough guy,
you think you're better
than me.
What?
Correction, Valerie.
Actually, he knows
he's better than you.
Ain't that right, F-Bomb?
I didn't say that.
You said it with your eyes.

Well, I'm glad you're back.
You are?
Oh, yeah.
Good to have a real bull
around here for once.
It'll make me look even better
when I beat you to a pulp
inside the ring.
Welcome back, Ferdinand.
Wow. He really hates you.
That was insane.
They all hate me.
Yeah, they hate you.
They hate me.
They hate each other.
A lot of hate.
It crushes your soul if you
let yourself think about it.
Oh, well.
Come on, pal.
Let me show you your new digs.
This is the one.
Ooh.
Get that big butt in there.
(BOTH GRUNTING)
Oh, that's heavy. Get in!
(STRAINING)
Ow!
Isn't this great?
It's smaller than I remember.
Oh, you don't like it?
You know where I live?
A bucket.
And there it is.
Took the liberty
of moving my stuff in,
hope you don't mind.
Wait! I know
what our place needs.
Little feminine touch.
(GAGGING)
(UPBEAT SONG PLAYING)
A little something
from me to you.

(BURPS)

Excusez-moi. (CHUCKLES)

Little bit of regurgitation.

Nighty-night, bestie.

Don't let the bed bugs bite.

No, seriously,

there are bed bugs

and they are vicious.

(LUPE SNORING)

(SIGHS)

(LUPE VOCALIZES)

(LUPE MUMBLING)

(LUPE SNORING)

FERDINAND:

Wow. You weren't kidding
about the bugs.

UNA:

He saw us. Stay still!

DOS:

UNA:

We have to do something.

DOS:

let's do it old school.

(CLAPS TWICE)

(UPBEAT SONG PLAYING)

Um... Are you trying

to steal my stuff?

Oh, no. We'd never

do something like that.

Nope. Not us.

You have offended us, sir!

I'm sorry, little guys.

I feel terrible.

Ow!

Don't fall for it, Ferd.

They're filthy weasels.

Hey! We're not filthy weasels.

We're filthy hedgehogs.

She knows what we are.

Yeah.
Beady-eyed, little thieves.
We're not thieves.
We're survivors.
(LUPE BLEATS)
Balls!
Let's roll!
No, wait! Hold on! The flower!
(SCREAMS)
Please don't chew on us!
My greatest fear
is death by chew.
Step back, beast!
Come on.
You wanna dance? Let's dance.
Oh, hey!
Don't tempt me, pinecone.
Will you stop?
Eat quills!
And you,
I'm not eating anyone.
Ha!
Wait, wait. Hold on.
You're not like
the other meatheads, are you?
Don't be fooled, sister.
Where do you think the
word bully comes from, hmm?
It ain't from chickens!
No, no. Look at him!
He's soft and sweet.
Like butter.
Thanks. I think.
Let's start over. I'm Una.
I'm Dos.
And I'm Cuatro.
Oh. What happened to Tres?
(GASPS)
We do not speak of Tres.
Oh.
Sorry.
Look, you can
take the food if you want.
I'm not hungry.

Oh, really?
Whoo-hoo! You don't
have to tell me twice.
Ah-bup-bup-bup.
The flower stays.
(SIGHS)
Good-bye. For now.
Let me give you a boost.
Oh, thank you!
Nah, I don't know.
Ow! Okay, fine.
Ooh! Free ride!
Great to meet you!
What a nice bull.
Oh, yeah.
Sucker won't survive
a day in this place.
Hmm.
I gotta get back home.
(SNORING)
(LUPE MUMBLING)
(EXCLAIMS)

LUPE:

Ow, ow, ow. Get back!
(GASPS) Where are my teeth?
(SNORES)
(MAN LAUGHING)
(SPEAKING SPANISH)
All right, I'm going home!
I'm going...
(GRUNTING)
Holy cow, that hurt.
(GROANING)
Face is on fire.
(LAUGHTER)
Klaus, Greta, look!
Looks like somebody
wants to come
to our side of the fence.
Silly moo-moo.
He doesn't know the rules.
Hey, can you guys help me out?
How do I get

to the other side?
Hmm. How do you get
to the other side?
Oh, let me ponder
this question a little bit.
(LAUGHS)
Mmm... (GASPS)
Spoiler alert! You don't!
(ALL LAUGH)
Hoof bump. Hoof bump, Klaus.
Hoof bump, Greta.
(ALL WHINNY)
See, this is the beautiful
horsey side.
And that
is the stinky bull side.
Yeah.
Beautiful horsies stay here,
and you ugly beasts
stay there.
Don't even think of coming
over to our side.
Or we'll alert the humans.
Yeah.
Sucks to be you.
There is no escape.
Nothing gets past us.
Never ever never.
Never ever, ever, ever.

HANS:
on the back of our heads.

KLAUS:

HANS:

GRETA:
The flexibility of a monkey.
Ears like that
of a cocker spaniel.
Good one.
Shoo! Shoo, shoo!
Go on, stinky one.

Have a nice day
smelling terrible.

KLAUS:

(HORSES LAUGH)

HANS:

weren't even related.

(HORSES LAUGHING)

(BLEATING)

(YAWNS)

Wow. People around here
are pigs. Aah!

Aah! Sardine can!

(RETCHING)

Oh, that turned.

RANCH HAND:

El Primero is coming.

El Primero is coming. Come on!

RANCH HAND 2:

El Primero is coming here?

El Primero? El Primero!

El Primero!

Oh. Here?

El Primero!

El Primero! El Primero!

El Primero!

What?

El Primero. El Primero.

Ow, ow, ow.

El Primero.

(SCREAMS)

LUPE:

El Primero.

Oh! Hey. Uh, sorry about that.

El Primero.

Who?

(SPEAKING SPANISH)

Big P is in the house!

There are many

great bullfighters in Spain...

but there is only one
El Primero.
You got this, Guap.
You got this. You got this.
Hey, Guapo. No pressure.
Oh, mama!
Don't let that jerk
get in your head, Guap.
Where is he? Show me!
Point me
in the right direction.
Excuse me.
Goat coming through.
(GRUNTING) El Primero.

CROWD:

(EXCLAIMS)
El Primero! Love you, man.
(GASPS AND BLEATS)
El Primero, seor!
Welcome to Casa del Toro.
What an honor to have you here
at my humble home.
Es un honor.
I do not shake.
My hands are my instruments.
As are my arms, legs,
chest, feet.
(INHALES)
And buttocks.
Comprende?
Uh... Of course, seor.
I am here to select a bull.
(GASPS)
Uno!
One?
My final fight. One bull.
The best bull.
Against the best bullfighter.
No, of course.
The best...
for the best.
S. I understand.
But we have...

The best against the best.
No, we will...
To see who's
the best-est-est-est.
I have a new bull. I think
will be perfect for you.
Zip!
Only El Primero knows
who is the best.
Sorry. I meant no disrespect.
And yet, I felt disrespected.
Now, what is the best bedroom
in the house?
Uh...
Mine, I suppose.
I'll take that one.
(EXCLAIMS)
Let me know
when the bulls are ready.
Get the bulls ready
for Seor Primero.
(SPEAKING SPANISH)
(SIGHS)
(RANCH HANDS SPEAKING SPANISH)
Vamos! Vamos!
Okay, listen up, F-Train.
I've got exactly 30 seconds
to teach you everything
about bullfighting.
Number one. Don't get hit.
Number two.
Destroy anything that moves.
And number three...
Actually, that's it.
It's not that complicated.
Oh, trust me, Lupe.
This is not for me.
Relax, buddy.
It's a slam dunk!
El Primero is going
to take one look
at your big beautiful
hugeness and boom!
You're on your way

to the big show.
I can already hear the crowds
in Madrid chanting your name.
Lupe! Lupe! Lupe!
(BLEATS)
I want the new bull out first.
(BELLOWS)

ANGUS:

(SPLUTTERS) Looks like
someone's the teacher's pet.
News flash! No one likes
the teacher's pet.
(GRUNTS)
You know I've been waiting
for this day for a long time.
It's gonna get messy,
Ferdinand.
(WHIMPERING SOFTLY)
(GRUNTS) This is it.
Come on! Bring it on!
Let's go! Let's go out there
and give it 110%.
(GAGS)
(RETCHING)
Hey, that better not be
my bucket, Guap.
It's definitely your bucket.
Ugh, gross.
Hey, hey, buddy.
You feeling good?
No. Not really.
Okay. Cool.
Try to have some fun with it.
I'll be sitting
in the front row.
I call it the splash zone.
I'll see ya later.
Impress me.
Release the bulls!
Nope. Nope. No, no, no.

BONES:

I'm gonna sit this one out.

Get out there!
Let's go! Get in there.
No, I'll pass, thanks.

BONES:

You guys go ahead.
Move!
(YELLS)

ANGUS:

For the glory of Scotland!
(GROANS)
Whoo-hoo!
Smash them in the head!
Whoa!
Watch out.
Hey.
(WHIMPERING)
Up high. Down low. Too slow.
Outta my way, Bones!
Ha! That didn't hurt.
Ferdinand,
El Primero is watching.
You gotta hit something.
Nope. Actually, I'm gonna pass
on the violence.
Well, if you don't hit them,
they're going to hit you.
Gangway!
Whoa!
(ANGUS GRUNTS)
You finally ready to fight?
Come on!
Guapo with the hit.
Take that, Valiente.
You think you got
what it takes, Guapo?
Then show that to El Primero.
Oh, I will. I'll show him who
the real champ is around here.
Keep it together, Guapo.
(GROANS)
Bull down!
Aah!

Hey! Get off me!

EL PRIMERO:

The bullfight is a battle
of wits and strength.
These bulls have nothing.
Espere, seor.
Give the bulls another chance.
My final fight is in two days.
If I do not find the best bull
for the best bullfighter
by then...
no bullfighter will ever
use your ranch again.
What did you think you were
doing back there, you numpty?
Are you trying
to make us look bad?
Because you made us look bad.
You made us look real bad.
I was just trying
to help Guapo.
Help? There's no helping.
(GRUNTS)
Oh, you are the worst
fighting bull
I have ever partially seen.
Well, that's because he isn't
a real fighter. (LAUGHS)
Oh, little Ferdinand
had a growth spurt.
But he's still the same scared
little coward he always was.
Why does not wanting to fight
mean I'm scared?
Yeah. That's ridonculous.
Look at him.
My boy is a killing machine.
Right, Ferd?
No, I'm not a killing machine.
I've been trying
to tell you, Lupe.
You didn't destroy a village?
And I didn't eat a baby.

Not even a nibble?

Eh...

Are you trying to tell me
that you don't want to fight
for glory in the ring?

I'm not a fighter.

I don't understand that
at all.

Yeah, me either.

What else is there?

(TRUCK GATE CLANGS)

GUAPO:

Whoo-hoo!

Look who got picked
by El Primero.

Who's the bull now?

Uh-huh. Guapo going to
the big show, that's right.

What in the blazes?

I have no idea

what happened back there.

No clue.

But it must have been epic!

(STAMMERS) What in the deuce
is happening?

Somebody narrate.

I'm gonna be famous! Whoo!

Oh, no!

So long, suckers!

Wait a second.

Where are they taking him?

Uh...

They're taking Guap
to the chop house.

You.

You messed with his head.

This is on you.

Oh, please.

Guapo was never going
to make it to the ring.

We all knew that.

And so, because of that,
he deserves to go there?

Listen to me, Flower Bull.
Things have changed
around here
since you ran away.
Now, you're either a fighter
or you're meat.
Later, meat.
(SNIFFLING)
Bones?
Ferdinand!
I'm not...
You okay?
Why wouldn't I be okay?
I just have, uh... allergies.
Oh, yeah, sure.
You know,
there's a lot of pollen
in the air this time of year.
That's right, a lot of pollen.
Makes my eyes water.

FERDINAND:

I'm really sorry about Guapo.
I know you guys were friends.
Bulls don't have friends,
Ferd.
Guapo was my competition,
okay?
I'm fine.
Oh, okay.
I mean, how many times
did I tell him...
"You gotta get
outta your head, man."
"You gotta control
your fears," you know.
But he wouldn't listen.
(SNIFFS)
Sorry.
It's okay to feel bad, Bones.
You won't tell anyone
about this, will you?
I won't say a word.
But if you ever

wanna talk about,
I don't know, allergies?
I'm around.
Thanks, Ferdinand.
You're okay.
Hey, Ferd, look...
if you don't wanna
end up like Guap...
you gotta get your horns
in the game, man.
That's the one thing
Valiente's got right.
I'm comin' for ya,
you bleedin' barrel!
Oh! (GRUNTING)
And the barrel wins
another round!
Give up, dude.
Hey, big guy, you're on.
Mr. Matador is watching.

BONES:

I'm ready. Let's go.
Come on!
In. Out. In. Out.
(GRUNTS)
Hmm!
(GRUNTING)

HANS:

Come on, Greta.
Und up! Two, three, four.
Pirouette!
Oh, jealous?

GRETA:

ANGUS:

That's the one.
Look alive, F-Stop.
We got 24 hours to whip you
into shape for El Primero.
From now on, you're not soft.
You're not a flower bull.

You're a killing machine.

ANGUS:

this time, barrel.

LUPE:

I am a...

Bunny!

Bunny? No, not bunny.

Barrel death!

FERDINAND:

Stop! Angus, look out!

(YELLING)

(GRUNTS)

(GRUNTING)

Whoa, whoa, whoa!

(BOTH YELLING IN SLOW MOTION)

(GRUNTS)

Huh?

(GASPS)

Oh, no!

Come on, little guy!

Come on! Come back!

Don't go into the light!

(GIVING RESCUE BREATHS)

Live, bunny, live!

(GASPS) Ha!

Sorry I almost killed you. Ow.

(VALIENTE LAUGHS)

You're not helping

your reputation here, pal,

apologizing

to the bunny rabbit.

But taking out another bull...

that's an energy we can use!

ANGUS:

(PUFFING) Who pushed me?

Ooh! (GROANS)

It was you, wasn't it?

Actually, Angus, it was me.

Oh, I'm doomed, I'm doomed,

I'm doomed!

Primerro picks a bull
tomorrow...
and I'm talking
to a bloomin' tractor.
That's just your nerves
talking, Angus.
You're gonna be fine.
No, I'm not.
First Guapo, now me. I'm next!
Can I tell you
my terrible secret? Hmm?
Can I whisper it in your ear?
Sure.
I cannot see very well. Shh!
Once they find out,
it's all over for Angus.
I'm a dead bull walking. Done!
Finito! Kaput!
Angus, wait. Whoa!
Oh.
What a surprise. I can see.
Look, a rock! Another rock!
And the world's
most ugliest dog.
Huh?
And there it is.
My nemesis!
I'm coming for you,
ya wee wooden devil!
(YELLS) Ha-hah!
I did it!
I finally beat you!
Beat you, beat you, beat you!
(GASPS)
Oh, look at that.
That's spectacular.
You've given me
a fighting chance, Ferdinand.
Why would you do such a thing?
If we don't look out
for each other, who will?
Besides, it wasn't
that big of a deal.
It was for me.

Excuse me, I'm sorry.
I'm so sorry to kill the mood.
Can I steal you for a second?
I got tears, honestly.
Really did a good thing
out there, pal.
Yeah, come here.
Somethin' I wanna tell ya.
Stop helping the competition!
Ow!
What, are you gonna give
Valiente a hoof massage now?
Lupe, I'm not some...
I get it.
You don't like
the bullfighting.
It's because you're hung up
on the blood
and the guts
and the maiming...
and the gore
and the senseless violence.
Do you have a point?
My point is, it's about more
than just smashing heads.
It's about rhythm
and footwork and grace.
Don't just think of it
as a fight.
Think of it like a dance.
(RETCHES)
(HANS LAUGHING)
A bull dancing?
Is this some kind
of hilarious joke
designed to make me laugh?
You see, horses,
we have the beautifulest legs
for the dancing.
Bulls have short,
stubby legs.
Yeah. Look at me.
Moo, moo, moo.
Go eat a schnitzel,

you pasty-faced glue stick!
It's okay, Lupe,
they're right.
I mean, how could
a big, clumsy bull
ever do something like this?
(UP-TEMPO MUSIC PLAYING)
Whoo! Check out my boy
cuttin' a rug.
Yeah!
That was good.
You call that dancing? Ha!
Nein! This is dancing.
(UPBEAT ORCHESTRAL
MUSIC PLAYING)
Three against one
is hardly fair.
Lupe, get my pipes!
(RETCHES)
(UPBEAT FOLK MUSIC PLAYING)
Well, put that in your kilts
and smoke it!
Don't celebrate yet,
you rump roast!
Try this!
(UP-TEMPO ORCHESTRAL
MUSIC PLAYING)
(SNORTS)
(ALL LAUGHING)
Ooh, I hate those horses!
It's show time.
I'm going in!
(UPBEAT MUSIC PLAYING)
All hooks to the coatrack
Why, why would I hold back?
Click-tack like a Kodak
Just try and stop me
Try and stop me, whoo
Long time to the climax
Fine dime, girl
Let me shine that
Oh, no with the hold back
Just try and stop me
Try and stop me, whoo

I'm on a new trip
A rocket to the moon ship
(GRUNTS)
Watch me
Whoa!
Yeah!
Watch me, watch me
Watch me
A rocket to the moon ship
Hey, watch where
you're stepping, dummkopf.
Who are you calling dummkopf?
You have four left hooves.
(ALL SCREAM)
Watch me
Yeah!
I've fallen
and I can't giddyup.
We did it, lads!
Oh, yes!
Yeah!
(BULLS CHEERING)

ANGUS:

That's right,
'cause we're bulls.
Go on, horses, prance.
'Cause you can't dance.
Auf Wiedersehen.
Aw. Why didn't we
do that sooner?
Felt good to put those
show ponies in their place.
I haven't laughed like that
since ever.
Maquina, are you smiling?

BONES:

A smile!
(ALL LAUGH)
Laugh your way right into
the chop house.
That's where you're headed.
No, no! Not if we

get outta here, guys.
There are places out there
where you don't
get pushed around...
or shipped to a chop house
for being yourself.
If it's so great out there,
why did they
send you back here?
Yeah, Ferd, why did they
send you back here?
Well, because...
Because you're a bull.
You think you're different,
but you're not.
Our only way out is to beat
the matador in the ring.
And that's what I'm gonna do.
But by all means, ballerinas,
keep dancing.
Tomorrow, I'll be
on the winner's truck.
Don't listen to him, guys.
He's right. We're bulls.
This is the only place for us.
Sorry, Ferd.
I gotta get back to training.
You should, too.
(GROANS)
Guys!

LUPE:

I think they got a point.
We're running outta time.
They wanna stay, I get it.
But I'm leaving here tonight.
Let's bust outta here, Lupe.
And go where?
This is it, Ferd.
It's a dog-eat-dog,
bull-fight-bull,
everybody-hate-goat world.
It doesn't have
to be that way.

I'll take you to my home.
It's different there.
And Nina... (CHUCKLES)
Nina will love you.
Who's this Nina?
And what's love?
So you'll come?
(SCOFFS)
Do you really think...
I'm just gonna throw away
my three-day dream
of training a champion bull?
Oh.
Of course I am!
It was a stupid dream!
I have a new dream.
Busting out of this stink hole
with my best friend!
Just one problem,
this joint is locked up tight.
No one gets outta this place.
Actually, that's not true.
A bull wanting to escape
Casa del Toro?
Hah, good luck with that,
amigo.
Look, I could
really use your help.
Do you know a way outta here?
Yeah. We might know a way.
But what's in it for us?
Ooh.
(LAUGHS)
Really?
(STAMMERS) Excuse me,
you're re-gifting my gift
to the gerbils?
First of all, hedgehogs.
And you will never,
ever buy us
with a cheap piece of junk.
(UPBEAT SONG PLAYING)
Ooh!
No, don't do it! Resist!

(STRAINING)

I can't help it!

Mmm! It gives me the happies.

Okay, yeah.

Way to play hardball, Cuatro.

(SPEAKING SPANISH)

FERDINAND:

You want me to go
through the house?

If we get caught
inside that house,
we're toast.

Oh, I love toast.

You wanna get out of here,
don't you?

Okay. Let's do it.

All right, just do
exactly what we do.

Balls.

(STIFLED GRUNTING)

(BLEATING)

(SIGHS)

Yeah, maybe don't do
exactly as we do.

Now, you go through there.

Me? Through there?

Uh, have you seen these hips?

Where there's a will,
there's a way.

FERDINAND:

I can't! I can't!

I'm stuck! Wait!

(STRAINING)

Get your hoof...

Squeeze in!

...out of my mouth.

It's not working.

It's not working.

(BOTH SHOUT)

(UPBEAT SONG PLAYING)

(ALL GASP)

(GRUNTING)

Okay, all right,
we gotta do something, guys.
One, two, three, four
Uno, do', tres, cuatro
(SINGING CONTINUES IN SPANISH)
Whoa, look at
the cute squirrels.
What?
(SCREAMS)
(SPEAKING SPANISH)
We are hedgehogs!
Okay, it's a straight shot
through the kitchen
to the front door.
And then, you're home free.
Piece of cake.
(GASPS) I love cake.
(GRUNTING)
He's coming down,
he's coming down!
Run!
(GRUNTS)
Can you just try to be
a little more quiet?
(RUBBER GLOVES SQUEAKING)
(FART NOISE)
Shh.
Yikes on a stick.
What are you doing
with 53 swords?
Is that...?
My dad.
Oh, Ferd.
He was the bravest bull
I knew.
He really believed
he could beat the matador.
All of them did.
The bull never wins.
Come on, Ferd.
Let's get you home.
The door to freedom.

UNA:

Come on, we gotta go now!
No. I can't leave.
What? Ferd,
this is your only chance!
The guys back there
still think they can win.
Just like my dad did.
And I can't let them
end up on that wall.
Guys? Everybody up, come on!
We have to go now!
(WHISTLE BLOWING)
(GRUNTS)
(BLEATS WEAKLY)
Have you lost
your bloody mind?
We have to get
outta here tonight!
El Primero's selecting a bull
in the morning.
We're not going anywhere.
I'm gonna take his butt down.
No! You don't
wanna get selected.
Trust me,
it's a death sentence.
Rubbish! Not if you win.

FERDINAND:

No bull wins. Ever.
I was in Moreno's house,
I saw it.
Jings! Crivens!
And help ma boab!
And there's a lot more
where that came from.
A lot more.
There's really no way to win?
You get to fight
in a big fancy arena...
but I'm telling you,
it's just another chop house.
(GRUNTS)
(GRUNTS)

Why would I believe
a coward...
who thinks the only way out
is through the back door?
Are you crazy?
Did you not hear what I said?
Bulls fight or they go down.
That's how the world works.
There's nothing left
for you here, Valiente.
Come with us.
No!
What are you so afraid of?
I'm not afraid of anything!
(BOTH GRUNT)
Come on, fight me.
I'm not gonna fight you,
Valiente.
Coward!
Fight!
Valiente, stop!
You're soft.
Like your father.
And the soft ones
always go down!
Stop!
(GASPS SOFTLY)

MORENO:

That one is the best bull.
I'll fight him
in Madrid tomorrow.

LUPE:

You got selected
by El Primero. (GASPING)
Do you know what this means?
A sword through his melon!
Horns on the wall.
(GRUNTS MEANINGFULLY)
Exactly, Maquina.
We gotta get you
outta here now!
Oh, no. I know that look.

No, no, don't say it.

I'm not leaving.

(BLEATS)

Oh! You're killing me!

Not unless everyone
is coming with me.

Yes!

Sign me up!

I'm in!

(GRUNTS)

Okay, you happy now?

I said everyone.

Klaus, Greta...

I'm sorry

for the things I said
about your terrible dancing.

Nein. Nein. (SOBS) Hans...

I am the horse that is full
of the shame and the regret.

I cannot stay mad at you.

Kommen Sie,

you sons of stallions.

Let's Hagen Dazs it out.

(ALL EXCLAIM AND SNORT)

(MOOING IN DISTANCE)

(SPEAKING GERMAN)

What is the meaning of this?

(MOOING)

How did you get in here,
stinky bull?

Stinky hedgehogs.

I am blinded!

Adis.

HANS:

where are you?

UNA:

ALL:

You messed
with the wrong hogs.

Okay. Let's go!

Hurry! Keep it moving!

(GRUNTS)

Get to work, Ferd.

HANS:

Open the door!

(GRUNTS)

(GRUNTS)

Valiente?

Valiente?

VALIENTE:

What are you doing here?

What do you think I'm doing?

I'm getting you outta here.

(RATTLING)

Come on!

We don't have a lot of time.

Don't you get it? Look at me!

I'm already done.

Oh, sure.

That makes total sense.

You're either a fighter

or you're meat, right?

That's right.

It doesn't

have to be that way.

You're more than just

a set of horns.

Come with us.

(SCOFFS) So I can...

sniff flowers and pal around

with goats?

No, that's my thing.

You can live

your own life now.

But not if you give up.

(GRUNTING AND CLANGING

IN DISTANCE)

GUAPO:

(FERDINAND GASPS)

It's Guapo!

Valiente, come on!

Go away.

Wow. I thought you were a fighter.

I guess I was wrong.

Where are they?

GRETA:

Get back in there.

Guapo!

(GRUNTING)

Guapo!

Guap... Whoa!

Oh, Ferdinand!

I did not get picked

by El Primero!

I know. And that's

a good thing, trust me.

I'm gonna get you down.

Thank holy goodness.

I didn't think

I was going to make it.

(WHIRRING)

(BUZZER SOUNDS)

(GASPS)

Oh, no.

Ahhh! Help me!

Hang on!

Ferdinand!

Hold on, Guapo!

Don't let go! Don't let me go!

Hang on!

Don't let me go!

(YELLING)

(GRUNTING)

(GUAPO PANTING)

Val?

Thought you could use

an extra horn.

Whoa!

What? What's the problem?

Nothing! You look great. Oh!

So, we getting

outta here or what?

Over here, guys!

Help!

(BOTH WHIMPERING)

(SCREAMING)

(BOTH GRUNTING)

That wasn't so bad.

Yeah, quite relaxing.

(BOTH WHIMPERING)

Watch out!

GUAPO:

What are you guys doing?

We're trying to help you!

Well, you're doing

a terrible job!

(ALL SCREAMING)

(CRASHING)

(FESTIVE MUSIC PLAYING)

Anyone got an ice pick?

(MUFFLED YELLING)

GUAPO:

Here they come!

(ALL SCREAMING)

Holy cow!

Hey, guys.

Guapo lives!

Okay. I deserve that.

Everybody in!

You better know

how to drive this thing.

We're about to find out.

Okay, guys. Think thin!

(GASPS)

We got company! Hit it!

Yeah!

(YELPS) Bull overboard!

(BLEATS)

Go!

Wait for me! Wait for me!

(YELLING)

Are you seeing this, too?

If you lose my bull,

I'll fight you in the ring.

Bunny!

(GROANS)

(GASPS)

Your turn.

Go!

(SQUEAKING)

Come on, Angus. You can do it!

I'm a bull, not a doctor.

(MAQUINA GRUNTS)

(GRUNTS)

(PANTING RAPIDLY)

(HORN BLARES)

They're getting closer.

Speed up!

I'm pressing as hard as I can!

Which way?

Hard right.

I don't feel so good.

Yeah.

Been there, buddy.

I said right!

I thought you meant my right.

We have the same right!

(ALL SCREAM)

(BLEATS)

ANGUS:

Fancy!

(SCREAMING)

Get over there.

(BLEATS)

(SCREAMS)

My hand!

Take the wheel.

Who? Me? (YELLS)

(WHIMPERING)

(GROWLS)

(GASPS)

Aah!

(YELLING)

I got ya, hedgehog.

(ALL SCREAM)

GUAPO:

VALIENTE:

BONES:

Nothing can stop us now!

(HORNS HONKING)

What part of Scotland
is this anyway?

This is lovely.

Come on. Move it, people.

I'm starving.

(GRUNTING) Come on!

(HUFFS)

Let's go!

(GASPS) What now, Ferd?

FERDINAND:

We gotta get to the train.

Guys, we gotta hoof it.

(SCREAMS)

(WOMAN GASPS)

Whoo!

Do what I do.

Ha-ha!

Yeah, right.

Sorry. Oop, my bad!

(BLOWING WHISTLE)

(MUSIC PLAYING)

I'm free to do what I want

And have a good time

Now somebody, anybody,
everybody, say

I'm free to do what I want

And have a good time

Now somebody, anybody,
everybody, say

Miami

We were born to be free

UK:

We were born to be free

Spain

Let's escape and feel free

Oh! Hello, handsome.

Oh, they're coming!

(BULLS BELLOW)

Bahamas

We were born to be free
Cuba
Can't wait to live free
Yeah
I'm free to do what I want
And have a good time
Watch it, Ferdinand.
Oh, yeah!

BOY:

Matador!
(GRUNTS)
(SCREAMS)
Watch out!
I got this.
Cool!
(CAMERA SHUTTER CLICKING)
(WHIMPERS)
(THUD)

FERDINAND:

The train!
Are you blind, laddie?
That's a bloomin' bus.
(WHISTLES)
(WHIRRING)
(TRAIN HORN BLARING)

UNA:

(GRUNTING)
Come on, follow us! Hurry!
Move it, Guapo.
I don't wanna die
looking at your butt!
(EXCLAIMS)
There they are! Get them!
(GASPS)
Come on. Give me a boost.
(GASPS)
Hurry! It's leaving!
Go, go, go!
(ALL GASP)
Come on, guys!
We can do this, bulls.

Go, go!

LUPE:

(GASPS)

(SPEAKING SPANISH)

(GRUNTS)

I'll keep pushing.

You guys jump on!

Push, bulls. Push!

Come on, guys.

They're coming fast!

Okay, hop on!

They want you. You go first.

Just go!

Whoo!

Yeah!

Ferd!

(GASPS)

(PANTS)

(BELLOWS)

NEWSCASTER:

Chaos in Madrid today...

as a group of runaway bulls

stampeded through

the city streets.

the fiercest of the bulls

was handpicked...

to face El Primero

in his final fight.

(BELLOWS)

Nina!

(CROWD CHANTING)

(FANFARE)

(CROWD CHEERING)

Ferd.

Listen, okay.

You are the bravest bull

I know.

You can do this.

But you're gonna

have to fight.

(GATE CREAKING)

(EXHALES)

Just this one time, Ferd.

Please?

(GASPS)

(CROWD CHEERING)

El Primero!

(SNIFFS)

(SCOFFS)

(TAKES DEEP BREATH)

(SOFT MURMURING)

(GASPS)

(EL PRIMERO SHOUTING COMMANDS)

Fight.

(CONTINUES SHOUTING)

(CLICKING TONGUE)

(CROWD SHOUTING

ENCOURAGEMENTS)

(PANTING)

(BOTH EXCLAIMING)

(MAN SHOUTS)

(HORSE WHINNIES)

(MEN SHOUTING AND EXCLAIMING)

Fight!

(BELLOWS)

(SPEAKING SPANISH)

CROWD:

(GASPS) What?

(BELLOWING)

(GASPS)

(CROWD MURMURS)

(CONTINUES BELLOWING)

Just great!

(EXCLAIMS AND

LAUGHS NERVOUSLY)

(GRUNTS)

I can't see.

(GRUNTING)

(ALL GASP)

(EXCLAIMS)

(LOWING)

(ALL LAUGHING)

(EL PRIMERO EXCLAIMS)

(ALL GASP)

(EXHALES)

(GRUNTING IN ANGER)

(YELLS)

(YELLING)

(CROWD CHEERING)

(GRUNTS)

There, Nina!

(CONTINUES YELLING)

(GRUNTING)

(CROWD CONTINUES CHEERING)

(YELLING)

(BELLOWS LOUDLY)

(GASPS)

(GASPS)

(HUFFING)

(SNIFFING)

(FOOTSTEPS)

(WHISTLING)

(GASPS)

Let him live!

(WHISTLING)

(CROWD WHISTLING AND SHOUTING)

WOMAN 1:

WOMAN 2:

(WHISTLES)

(WHISTLES)

Save the bull!

Let him go!

Ferdinand!

Ferdinand!

(LOUD CHEERING)

Ferdinand!

(BELLOWS)

(LAUGHING)

(MOOS)

I thought I'd never

see you again.

(SNIFFLES)

Whoa.

(SNIFFS) Mmm!

(BULLS BELLOW)

Huh?

Flower bull did it.

(CROWD CHANTING)

(NINA GIGGLES)

(MOOS)

Holy moly! You've multiplied.

(ALL GRUNT)

Hey, Pac-Man!

I missed you, dawg.

Well, I didn't miss you.

Not even a little bit.

The tail don't lie, brother.

I have got to get that fixed.

LUPE:

Goat! Goat! Can't breathe.

(GASPS)

Jeez Louise!

Haven't you brutes ever
heard of "ladies first"?

Aw! You're adorable.

Is this love?

I love love.

(SNIFFING)

(SNIFFING)

(EXHALES)

(MUSIC PLAYING)

Always out of place

I knew I needed

something new for me

I never knew just what

that was, yeah

Finding something safe

was just like

Trying to catch

a bird in flight

I knew that I would

never touch

But now I won't let go

'Cause I'm happy to call

this

Home

No more running

I'm good knowing

That I belong

Happy to call this

Home
I got loving
Inside this island
Don't care who knows it
Happy to call this
Home
Oh, eh, oh
Oh, eh, oh
Happy to call this
Shedding all that insecurity
I kind of found a new me
I'm okay with how that feels
yeah
Being me was hard enough
So being someone else
was too much
All I want is something real
Now I won't let go
'Cause I'm happy to call
this
Home
No more running
I'm good knowing
That I belong
Happy to call this
Home
I got loving
Inside this island
Don't care who knows it
Happy to call this
Home
Oh, eh, oh
Oh, eh, oh
Oh, eh, oh
Oh, eh, oh
Oh, I'm happy to call this
Home is where you're happy
Home is when you're right
where you should be
Find where you're happy
'Cause I'm happy to call
this
(ALL CHUCKLING)

This was fun. You know what,

the only thing that would
make this better...

DOS AND UNA:

(GROANS)

Home

No more running

I'm good knowing

I'm good knowing

I'm good knowing

I belong, I belong

Home

I got loving

I got loving

Inside this island

Inside this island

Don't care who knows it

Happy to call this

Home

Oh, eh, oh

I'm happy to

call this home

(MUSIC PLAYING)

I just want to

see you smiling

(SINGING IN SPANISH)

I don't wanna see you crying

(SINGING IN SPANISH)

Through all the ups and

downs

(SINGING IN SPANISH)

Long as we're under the sun

(SINGING IN SPANISH)

And if you're feeling alone

Come lay your head on me

If you feel pain in your

soul

(SINGING IN SPANISH)

Come lay your head on me

I just want to see you

dancing

(SINGING IN SPANISH)

I don't wanna see you

damaged

(SINGING IN SPANISH)
Through all the ups and
downs
(SINGING IN SPANISH)
Long as we're under the sun
(SINGING IN SPANISH)
And if you're feeling alone
Come lay your head on me
If you feel pain in your
soul
(SINGING IN SPANISH)
Come lay your head on me
(SINGING IN SPANISH)
Long as we're under the sun
(SINGING IN SPANISH)
And if you're feeling alone
Come lay your head on me
If you feel pain in your
soul
(SINGING IN SPANISH)
Come lay your head on me
Long as we're under the sun
(SINGING IN SPANISH)
And if you're feeling alone
Come lay your head on me
If you feel pain in your
soul
(SINGING IN SPANISH)
Come lay your head on me
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