

The Race
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First Draft
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FADE IN:

INT. LARGE ROOM

Red walls glisten with moisture.

Thousands of MEN stand packed together, they all wear snug fitting swimming trunks.

They fidget, twanging their trunks and stretching their muscles.

The room shakes slightly.

The men freeze and stare at the walls.

Slowly and tentatively they start to fidget again.

The room shakes, this time with more ferocity.

All the men stop and nervously glance around at each other.

They burst into action, bustle and chaos.

Some stretch with vigore, others don swimming caps, some begin to rub lard onto their bodies.

The room shakes.

The bustle grows, pushing and shoving. Each man desperate for some space.

Slowly they all edge toward a single door at one end of the room.

The room shakes.

The men breath deep, each sucks in a lung full of air.

Slowly exhale.

The room shakes.

A push, a shove and last minute stretch.

The room shakes.

Another deep breath.

The room shakes.

Eagerness in all the faces.

The room shakes.

The room shakes.

The room shakes.

The door bursts open.

The men thunder out at incredible speed.

They bump and bash their way through the door, many trampled under foot in the stampede.

The room is empty but for a few men that lay battered and bruised on the floor.

INT. SMALL ROOM

Dark and damp.

Thousands of the swimmers run at speed through the near darkness.

Stragglers slowly emerge into the dim light.

Some hold compasses, others study maps in a desperate attempt to navigate. Some of the men walk aimlessly without any sense of direction.

INT. TUNNEL

Small and claustrophobic.

A single man walks, exhausted.

He looks around in disbelief.

Fellow swimmers lay all around.

Legs stick out from the walls, the feet twitch.

He steps over a stricken swimmer, his arm outstretched pointing toward a small hole in the end wall.

The lone man approaches the hole with caution, slowly he crouches and peers into the unknown.

INT. SPHERE ROOM

A large sphere stands alone. Its aura glows in the darkness.

A pair of arms squeeze through the hole in the wall. The man's head follows, his eyes catch sight of the sphere. They stare, bulging.

He pulls himself through the hole and slowly stands. He takes in the sight, the glow of sphere lights up his tired features.

He takes a deep breath and walks toward the sphere, tentatively he reaches out and touches it.

A huge smile grows across his face, his breathing slows and his body relax's.

He closes his eyes and gently he pushes his arms into the sphere. Elbows deep, he lowers his head and thrusts it inside.

Slowly his whole body is sucked inside the sphere.

It shudders and pulses.

A blinding light emits from inside and fills the room.

FADE TO WHITE: