

RUNNERS

Written by

Andrea Siligardi

The Impact - Act III

Draft 2

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

On a shelf are several trophies and medals for running races, along with pictures of LUCY and her brother TOM, both late 20s, running or receiving those prizes. The BEEP of a phone.

TOM (O.S.)

Fuck...

A cellphone lands on the coffee table. Tom sits on he couch and lowers his head in distress. The lights flicker on and off, the chandelier swings a bit -- Tom looks up. Lucy stands by the threshold, pale and tired. The siblings stare at each other for an intense moment. Tom stands up.

TOM

Come on, let's go.

LUCY

Where?

Tom walks past her and leaves the room.

TOM (O.S.)

Bring your bag.

Lucy glances at a duffle bag on the other side of the room. A pair of running shorts leaks from the open zipper.

INT./EXT. TOM'S CAR (DRIVING) - NIGHT

Lucy lays back asleep on the passenger side. Tom checks his watch and accelerates. On the horizon, beyond the silhouette of a city, the Sun sets for the last time over mankind.

EXT. OPEN TRACKING FIELD - NIGHT

Tall poles with waving flags. Not a soul around. Tom's car stops on the edge of the field. They're far but we can still make out Lucy as she gets out of the car, takes off her pants and puts on the running shorts.

EXT. RUNNING TRACK - NIGHT

Lucy and Tom are lined up and set on the starting line. Running shorts, shirts and kicks on. Muscles are tense.

TOM

Remember how we got into this, when we were kids?

LUCY

We used to pretend some monster was chasing us or something.

TOM

We could just run in circles for an hour straight, and then dad would come out yapping to make us stop.

LUCY

And you'd say you were running from me 'cause I wanted to beat you up, you lying prick. And dad would believe you.

TOM

I was a dick.

They chuckle. Tom looks behind and fixes his eyes on the horizon.

TOM

We're gonna play the same game now.

Lucy sniffs up and look behind. Tom gives her a look.

TOM

Only this time we're gonna outrun the apocalypse.

EXT. RUNNING TRACK - NIGHT

Tom runs furiously. Lucy enters the frame, she's slightly behind -- she looks back, Tom notices.

TOM

Don't look at the monster now. Stay with me!

Lucy catches up with Tom. Shoulder to shoulder the siblings race down the track, their technique is elegant, flawless. Lucy gains momentum and overtakes her brother, the gap between them increases more and more.

Tom looks back, the horizon is now a thin black stripe. Tom's eyes widen in terror and admiration. His mouth stretches in a disturbing smile, he's euphoric, his pupils dilate.

TOM

(bestial roar)
Lucy!

Lucy looks back. Darkness.