

Run  
by  
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BLACK SCREEN

A stadium crowd CHEERS.

EXT. RUNNING TRACK - DAY

An African male athlete warms up. He's seemingly nervous. A sticker on his shirt reads: MONDON.

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The crowd gradually quiets.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
(from a loudspeaker)  
On your marks.

EXT. RUNNING TRACK - DAY

Mondon takes a knee on his start-spot. He's in panic; already sweating.

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QUIET.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
(from the loudspeaker)  
Set.

Suddenly: a GUNSHOT!

FLASHBACK: EXT. CROPS - DAY

More GUNSHOTS! AFRICAN FARMERS lie dead over their own pools of blood.

Scared, Mondon runs with an AFRICAN GIRL (5) in arms.

More African farmers run for their lives. Then GUNSHOTS! One by one, the farmers are killed.

A group of AFRICAN MERCENARIES march as they open fire at the farmers.

Mondon runs... Runs... *And runs.* A village burns far behind him.

His gaze is terrified. He wants to cry but there's no time for it.

BACK TO PRESENT: EXT. RUNNING TRACK - DAY

Mondon's gaze is vigorous; perhaps with a slight touch of fear too.

He races with eight ATHLETES more.

His feet hit the rubber floor; one after another. His legs tremble. His arms wave back and forwards. His forehead sweats.

Mondon and the athletes run as fast as they can, almost leave a turbulence behind. There's no use on FOLLOWING them.

FLASHBACK: EXT. STREET - DAY

Mondon jogs -in a hoodie- across a street occupied by a camp of AFRICAN REFUGEES. It's hard to FOLLOW him among so many people.

Suddenly, he turns around, approaches jogging.

Mondon heads in the other direction. He jogs... Jogs... *And jogs.*

Suddenly, he turns around, approaches jogging.

BACK TO PRESENT: EXT. RUNNING TRACK - DAY

Mondon and the athletes approach running. The crowd CHEERS.

It's hard to distinguish who leads over the track's curve.

Mondon's gaze is full of courage and euphoria. Off-screen, GUNSHOTS and CRIES OF TERROR!

FLASHBACK: EXT. REFUGEE CAMP - NIGHT

A helicopter's spotlight illuminates dozens of filled body bags. FORENSIC STAFF and AFRICAN SOLDIERS surround the place.

Behind a wire fence, Mondon watches overwhelmed with sadness. It looks like he's was about to faint. The HELICOPTER'S PROPELLERS get loud, deafen everything.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

QUIET. Mondon stands under a shower. The room is tiny and in terrible conditions. RAP MUSIC plays and PEOPLE ARGUES in French somewhere inside the same building.

Mondon sheds a tear, wipes his face, then punches the wall and shouts furious.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

In a tiny, deteriorated and windowless room, Mondon sits on a dirty mattress.

He grabs a box with a postage stamp stuck on it.

Intrigued, he opens the box, takes out an envelop, opens it, pulls out a letter and smiles.

The letter contains a photograph showing the African girl he rescued surrounded by a well dressed, CAUCASIAN COUPLE. She's definitely in a better place now.

Mondon laughs, then looks into the box in odd. He puts the letter away and takes something out--

It's the sport clothing he wears at the running track.

Mondon takes out some running shoes now, smiles, then laughs joyful, sheds tears of happiness.

The letter's P.S. reads: "RUN". PRE-LAP of the stadium crowd CHEERING.

BACK TO PRESENT: EXT. RUNNING TRACK - DAY

As he runs, Mondon wears the shirt and shoes the girl gave him.

He and the athletes race over the track's last curve before reaching the finish line.

Mondon's gaze is vigorous and determined.

The gazes of a couple of athletes more are determined too. They all carry their own backstories.

Mondon's feet hit the rubber floor. His legs tremble. His arms wave back and forwards. His forehead sweats.

He and the athletes face us, approach the finish line.

QUIET. The finish line lies there... Alone, *waiting*...  
Suddenly, Mondon passes by fast!

BLACK SCREEN

The crowd CHEERS.