

THISMIGHTHUR  
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# THIS MIGHT HURT A BIT

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BEGIN OPENING CREDITS.

FADE IN:

**EXT. ROAD NEAR A HIGH SCHOOL - EARLY MORNING (NEAR SUNRISE)**

We're CLOSE to the road, MOVING VERY FAST... We SLOWLY PAN UP to find our hero - GREG STEPHENSON (16), running down the road in his sweats. He's breathing good, a seasoned runner...

It's quiet here, peaceful. Morning dew has formed on the grass. There's a light mist in the air. Some morning sounds.

Greg, light on his feet, keeps running - FASTER and FASTER...

**EXT. TRACK FIELD - LATER THAT MORNING**

Greg continues his morning run on the TRACK FIELD. He rounds the field, a lap completed. And then he goes for another one.

Closer, we jog with Greg. Over his shoulder. He gains speed a bit. We move closer, circling him - Now we're running in front of him. We get a look at his expression: determination.

And through that determination we catch a slight smile.

**EXT. BLEACHERS - CONTINUOUS**

LOOKING DOWN AT THE TRACK FIELD BELOW: We see the tiny speck of Greg running yet another lap. The sun has begun to rise...

**EXT. TRACK FIELD - MOMENTS LATER**

Back with Greg. We track with him, moving closer. His shoes pound the asphalt. Heart racing. He's pumping his arms hard.

But as he continues to push himself harder and harder, we see his determination dwindle. He's tired, but keeps on running.

**QUICK FLASHES OF BLURRY IMAGES (GREG'S MEMORIES):**

- Shoes pound the asphalt of the track field: *BOOM, BOOM, BOOM...*

- There's a TROPHY CASE displaying dozens of GOLDEN STATUES, celebrating everything: Football, Soccer, Tennis, Golf, Cross Country, Track and Field, you name it. We hold on the ladder.

- *WHAM!* A TRUMPET CASE is thrown into a GARBAGE CAN outside the school.

- Shoes full-speed sprint across the finishing line in an instant! We hear the distorted and distant sound of CHEERING.

**BACK TO SCENE.**

Then, all of the sudden, Greg falters, TRIPS HIMSELF on accident - And falls to the ground with a painful THUD. Ouch.

On the ground, Greg winces and clutches his knee, which is now bleeding. A lot. Greg takes a few quick, sharp breaths.

After a moment of breathing, the exhaustion finally catches up to Greg and he falls onto his back. There's a beat. Then:

GREG

Ow.

**EXT. HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT - LATER THAT MORNING**

Greg ties his shoes and secures a CHEAP BANDAGE onto his knee. He does a few half-hearted stretches right next to a PARKED SEDAN.

Leaning against the side of the Parked Sedan is Greg's older brother, ADAM STEPHENSON (18). He's tall and confident. And though it's never talked about, he walks with a slight limp.

ADAM

I was doing some looking around on the internet the other day, right? You want to know what I found out?

GREG

(preoccupied at the moment)

What?

ADAM

Alright. So, did you know that Track and Field was made by a cook named Koroibos around 776 B.C.?

GREG

Nope. Was he fast?

ADAM

I'd guess so.

GREG

You think I could beat 'em?

ADAM  
(thinks about it, laughs)  
Maybe. But they didn't really keep  
track of people's speed back then.

GREG  
(oh so sure of himself)  
Oh yeah, I could definitely beat  
'em.

ADAM  
Yeah well, but you gotta stop  
injuring yourself all the time,  
Greg, cause I can't keep making pit  
stops to keep patching you up every  
time you fall and get a boo-boo.

GREG  
Jesus, Adam, you sound like Mom.

ADAM  
Well, Mom is a very wise women, so  
I'll take that as a compliment.

GREG  
Oh, ha ha.

Moments later, Adam is sitting in the driver's seat, hands on  
the wheel. He rolls his car window down to speak with Greg.

ADAM  
Look, I know you're passionate  
about this record and everything,  
but you gotta keep your body in  
good shape - That's number one. You  
tend to push yourself a little too  
hard when it comes to things like -

GREG  
I know, I know - I understand, Adam  
-

ADAM  
I know you do... But sometimes you  
forget that.  
(slight pause)  
I'll be back in two hours, alright?

Greg nods. Adam smiles, rolls up the window, and drives off.

Greg places some HEADPHONES into his ears and runs across the  
lot, trying his best to do high-knees.

Greg knows what he wants, but isn't exactly sure how to do it correctly. But he puts in a good effort.

**EXT. ROAD NEAR A HIGH SCHOOL - MOMENTS LATER**

From a slight distance, we move with Greg as he glides across the road, passing an empty soccer field. As he runs past...

... He suddenly flips around, doing a full 180 on his heels, not losing speed, and proceeds to start running backwards...

**EXT. TRACK FIELD - LATE MORNING**

Greg stands at the finish line, doing stretches. After a moment, he takes his footing, preparing to launch off of the line.

He holds a STOPWATCH in his hand.

He takes a deep breath, counts to three in his head, clicks the stopwatch, and takes off down the track, fast as he can.

We track with him and he pumps his arms, huffing and puffing.

Moments later, he skids to a stop at the finish line, a lap completed.

He stops the stopwatch: still not fast enough.

**QUICK CUTS OF GREG TRYING TO BEAT THE RECORD:**

- He takes his place on the line again. Explodes off the line like a madman.
- Arms pumping, huffing and puffing, shoes pound the asphalt.
- Skids to a stop once again.
- On the Stopwatch: Better, but not fast enough.
- His bandaged knee is killing him but he pushes through.
- We see Greg take his line once again, determined.

[NOTE: We will see this play out more than once, each time Greg get's a slightly faster time, but to him it's still not enough, and he will keep getting more and more frustrated.]

**BACK TO SCENE.**

Greg is sitting on the ground, sucking in air like it's going out of style. The exhaustion has finally gotten to him again.

**EXT. BEHIND THE BLEACHERS - MOMENTS LATER**

Greg, sweating profusely, waddles over to the public water fountain, mouth dry. He takes forever to finish drinking from it.

That's when something grabs his attention.

On a nearby wall, there's a old and faded POSTER of a Track Runner crossing the finish line in a victory pose, smiling.

Greg moves closer to it. He's seen this poster before. Here's why:

Because that Track Runner on the poster is Adam. His brother.

He's slightly younger, seemingly happier. Clearly, a proud athlete of his school. There's a QUOTE written on the poster:

**"IF YOU BELIEVE, ANYTHING IS POSSIBLE!"**

*Come watch record-breaking Adam Stephenson race!*

Greg takes the poster off the wall. Admires it for a moment. Still slightly exhausted, he sits on his butt against the wall, looking over the poster.

We can see it on Greg's face: He's both proud, and inspired. But, after a moment, he realizes the sadness of the poster.

Maybe it's something to do with Adam's limp. ˘\\_ (ヅ)\\_/˘

**EXT. TRACK FIELD - MOMENTS LATER**

Sitting on the line, Greg readjusts the bandage on his knee. Blood has begun to seep through it. Greg ignores the pain.

After a few leg stretches, Greg stands up and takes his place. He tightens his shoelaces.

Greg gets into his launch position.

He has the stopwatch in his hand. His thumb on the button.

He's ready to launch, but he holds back for a moment. Like he's waiting the precise to start. Taking his time.

Then, all of the sudden, he EXPLODES off the line like a bullet out of the barrel.

We track with him.

He's really putting the pedal to metal on this one.

His feet become a blur on the track.

We remain close on him for most of this.

We catch his expression: Pure joy. He knows he's going fast.

Faster than we've ever seen him go before.

He's breathing good, no more huffing and puffing.

For the first time, he actually looks like a track runner.

**QUICK FLASHES OF BLURRY IMAGES (GREG'S MEMORIES):**

- Shoes pound the asphalt: *BOOM, BOOM, BOOM...* But this time, we PAN UP to REVEAL who the owner of the shoes is: It's Adam.

- There's the TROPHY CASE again. We REVEAL: Greg is the one admiring the GOLDEN STATUES.

- The TRUMPET CASE falls into the GARBAGE CAN. We PAN UP to REVEAL: Greg is the one who threw the case. He walks away.

- Shoes full-speed sprint across the finish line. We REVEAL that this runner is indeed Adam again. In his prime.

- Then, as a final image, we see Adam, post-race, pat Greg on the back, affectionately. The two are smiling, celebrating.

**BACK TO SCENE.**

Greg is smiling as he sprints. And at this point, he's going so fast that he blows right past us, disappearing off-screen.

**EXT. HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER**

We watch from a distance as Greg comes running towards Adam's Sedan, which has just pulled into the parking lot. Greg is hooting and hollering, joyous. Adam limps out of the Sedan.

Though from this distance, we can't hear the brothers, we see Greg show Adam the stopwatch. Adam looks taken aback for a moment. Greg is basically jumping for joy at this point.

That's when, after a moment, Adam looks back to his brother.

He's speechless.

And at that very moment, the two brothers embrace each other.

THE END.