

THE TRACER

Written by

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EXT. THE WOODS - NIGHT

A MAN is running through a broken path in the woods. He stops before a clearing, resting his arm against a tree, his breathing is loud and labored. Above him the noise of a helicopter swirls in the air. A strong light shines down near him. A VOICE ABOVE commands him.

VOICE ABOVE (O.S.)
Citizen! You are in violation of
the Stafford Code! Please comply
and surrender yourself!

The man's eyes dart back and forth, searching for his exit. The light is seeming to close in on him now. About a hundred yards from him is a small house, it's his exit, his freedom.

VOICE ABOVE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Please comply and surrender
yourself!

The light is almost on top of him now. He takes a few more breaths, he grits his teeth, with a strong push off the tree he sprints for the house. The light is just behind him now, he can almost feel the heat on his neck.

VOICE ABOVE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Surrender!

EXT. OPEN FIELD - NIGHT

He's halfway there. His feet are smacking against the cold grass. He can hear voices on the ground now, people are closing in on him.

VOICE ON THE GROUND (O.S.)
He's going for the house! He's
going for the house!

MAN
I'm here!

The man starts waving his arms at the house.

MAN (CONT'D)
I'm here!

VOICE ABOVE (O.S.)
Comply!

Just before the house the man trips. More lights converge on him now, he hurries to his feet, staggering up the steps to the house.

VOICE ON THE GROUND (O.S.)
Here's nearing the checkpoint.

MAN
I'm here! Let me through!

He enters through the door.

INT. HOUSE

The house is dark. The man can barely see in front of him. He labors between breaths.

MAN
Let me through! I made it!

The lights flick on. The man quickly turns his head to the far corner of the room. The TRACER sits calmly in a chair.

MAN (CONT'D)
Oh no, come on. No, I-

TRACER
(Interrupting)
You know the rules.

MAN
But i'm fine! There's nothing wrong with me.

TRACER
You don't know that.

MAN
No really I am! I can go!

TRACER
You know I can't let you do that.

The man looks over at the window in front of him. His only entrance to freedom.

MAN
What if its wrong? What if they got it wrong? It can be wrong right? Maybe that person was fine? What if they didn't have it?

TRACER
You know the system is never wrong.

MAN

But I didn't even talk to them, I didn't even go near them.

TRACER

The system is never wrong.

MAN

What is it with you people! You're so damn sure about a computer your willing to take a life for it! My life! What right do you have?

The Tracer stands up and walks over to the man.

TRACER

We must protect the Citizens. You know the policy of the Stafford Code.

The man is tired. His voice is weary and defeated.

MAN

But i'm not- I can't be. Please there has to be some way. There has to be-

TRACER

(Interrupting)

Easy, easy. It's alright.

The Tracer puts his arm around the man, whose nearly sobbing now.

TRACER (CONT'D)

It's alright. You're fulfilling your requirement. Take pride in maintaining the order.

MAN

But i'm-

TRACER

(Interrupting)

Ssh. Rest now, you're tired from running.

The Tracer turns with the Man and walks towards the house door.

TRACER (CONT'D)

It will all be over soon.

He walks the man back through the door and out of the house door and outside into the lights.

THE END