

DON'T HOLD BACK

Written by

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DRAFT 1

INT. PHOTOCOPY ROOM - MORNING

MARCUS stands over the photocopier, the white scanning light passing across his tired, run down stubbly face. His top button of his wrinkled shirt is open underneath his tatty tie. He's a mess.

Behind him, ELAINE, a cold power hungry secretary, notices him rushing and being rather nosey, leans over him to see a series of script pages being copied into the tray.

ELAINE

I hope that's not the Blackout  
ammendments Marcus.

Marcus picks up a stack of paper and turns to look Elaine up and down with disgust.

ELAINE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

David wanted those faxed off last  
night.

He huffs, not even able to speak to her.

Elaine looks back scornfully and storms off, her high heels clicking off into the distance.

INT. MARCUS' OFFICE - MORNING

Marcus types away frantically at his computer, while JAMES, the office trainee, helps staple up the script pages.

MARCUS

I don' know why you work here  
James, Your too good for this  
company.

At that momnent. A loud bellowing voice of their boss echoes down the hallway.

DAVID

Elaine, I told you that had to go  
out last night. Not this morning!

Another employee, passes Marcus' office and looks at him with worry, as David's voice gets louder.

ELAINE

I know and that's what I told him  
David

DAVID

What the hell is he playing at?

ELAINE

He just ignored me whan I asked  
what he was doing.

DAVID a slim middle aged man, with greying hair storms into Marcus's office, dressed in a dark grey suit, cream shirt and black tie.

DAVID

What the hell is this?

David throws a folder onto Marcus' lap. At that moment, the whole office seems to slow as Marcus starts to talk in his head.

DAVID (CONT'D)

We work to strict guidelines. You don't start changing the rules because you think it's morally right. Our clients don't care what happens to other people and to be perfectly honest I don't give a damn either. No one does! We are here to make money Marcus, that is our job. And if you have a problem with that, then I suggest you find alternative employment.

MARCUS' MIND

Why do we hesitate? Why do we hold back? I mean everyone thinks about it Everyone says they're going to do it But for some reason we don't. We calm down and then think we were over reacting, preferring to stay in the norm, the mundane.

I mean look at me, I've been here for three years. Three years of his relentless shouting, day in and day out. Why do I put up with it? What am I afraid of?

We're not slaves, we're not robots, we're not punch bags to be used and abused. Were better than that, we're a creation of nature, an important part of the whole. Without that part, without you, without me, there is no whole.

I looked out this morning to see an amazing sun rise. And when that warm golden glow hit my face, all my worries just disappeared. I suddenly felt alive again. I mean really alive.

All it takes is one moment like  
that to see through it all. And  
when you do, the world you were  
just living in changes. It's not  
important, you don't care about it  
anymore And when you feel that  
happening, that's when you do it...  
That's when you get up and you go!

He throws the files back to his boss.

The office returns to speed as David struggles to hold on to  
the files as they start to slip, one by one, out of his grip.

Momentarily speechless, David watches Marcus walk out of the  
office, as blood starts to fill his veiny forehead.

EXT: CITY OFFICE - DAY

Marcus strides proudly down the office corridor, as everyone  
claps and cheers.

MR. WHITEHEAD

Marcus get back in here. Marcus!

But Marcus is not listening and is already halfway down the  
stairs to the main door.

EXT: BUSY CITY STREET - DAY

Marcus exits the office building, his bouncing strides  
becoming quicker and more determined as he heads through the  
busy streets, passing the homeless, tucked away in dark  
corners, prostitutes in dingy doorways and truant young  
teenagers smoking on street corners.

His strides turn into a steady jog as he dumps his brief case  
in a nearby bin and enters another street, passing more  
struggling shoppers and tourists, bulging with bags and  
cameras, as heavy congested traffic beeps impatiently,  
filling the air with poisonous fumes.

But unlike them, Marcus looks happy, focused and full of  
energy. People turn to watch this happy man running down the  
middle of the busy road.

Marcus is relentless in his goal, gaining speed all the time,  
his eyes fixed ahead, far into the distance.

EXT: SUBURBS - DAY

Marcus is sweating, but not tired, as he continues to run  
down the dirty road, wearing only his open shirt, trousers  
and shoes. Behind him we can see the city as a mass of cement  
blocks covered in a grey cloudy layer of pollution.

EXT: COUNTRYSIDE / MOTORWAY - DAY

Marcus has reached the motorway. heavy goods vehicles speed by on the inside lane, as he leaps a wooden fence at the top of the steep motorway embankment, heading across one of many rich green fields.

EXT: ROLLING HILLS - DAY

He crosses a fresh flowing stream and up a grass plain towards a set of huge rolling hills, never slowing, never tired.

EXT: MAIN HILLTOP - DAY

Marcus finally reaches the top of the hill. Out of breath, but smiling,

He shouts and laughs at the top of his voice, spinning in a joyous circle, arms out stretched.

We pull back further and further away from him until he's just a tiny dot on the horizon.

FADE OUT.

THE END