

A sketch from the film
Chariots of Fire

Storyteller:

It is 1924 and the preparations for the Paris Olympic Games are in process. The Games had been cancelled during the Great War, World War I. Britain is busy searching out qualified athletes to send.

Harold Abrams, a young Cambridge student, is anxious to prove his athletic prowess in the 100 meters. Harold runs against Eric Liddell.

Now the trials are over. Harold has lost his race. He sits in the empty stadium seats staring into space in stunned silence trying to make sense of his defeat.

His girlfriend, Sybil Gordon, finds him there.

Let's listen in.

Sybil: Hullo Harold.

Harold: *turns his head away from her and says nothing.*

Sybil: *a little exasperated*

Oh, come on Harold, it was only a race.

Harold: *in a loud voice of indignation*

Only a race!

Sybil: Harold there will be other races.

Harold: I don't run to lose

Sybil: Everyone loses sometime.

Harold: *with firmness and hostility in his voice:*

If I can't win, I won't run.

Sybil: *with firmness and finality*

If you don't run, you can't win!

Sybil: *walks out.*

Harold: *looks surprised and then rubs his chin and nods with understanding.*

After a pause, Harold exits following Sybil.