

SPIN OUT

Written By
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INT. SPIN CLASS - DAY

The room swells with fluorescent green light with each THUMP of techno-BASS. Collective PANTS. Stationary bike WHIRLS.

The instructor, CELESTE (30's), eyes laser-focused, bobs with robotic precision. Sweat beads cling to her headset.

CELESTE
PUSH THROUGH, LADIES!

They are pushing.

A gradient of neon pulses through the LED squares underneath each sweat-soaked stationary bike.

MONICA (20's), gasps, shaking out the last drops from her water bottle. She looks to her neighboring spinner, LAYLA (20's), also drowned rat status.

MONICA
What the f-

WUH-WOMP! WUH-WOMP! Celeste CRANKS the music.

CELESTE
FASTER! FASTER!

Monica and Layla share another tap-out glance.

A defeated SCREAM. The room turns to MEREDITH (30's), desperately catching her breath.

MEREDITH
(screaming)
I'VE HAD IT!!! MY CALVES FEEL LIKE
THEY ARE MARINATING IN LAVA!!

Meredith stops pedaling.

MEREDITH (CONT'D)
It's TUESDAY. AT 8AM. WE'RE NOT
TRAINING FOR THE FUCKING TOUR DE
FRANCE.

CELESTE
I SAID FASTER!!! SPIN!!!!!!

The other ladies comply. Meredith has had it.

MEREDITH
Take a spin on this!

Meredith holds up a middle finger.

She tries to dismount. Her feet—STUCK.

MEREDITH (CONT'D)
What the hell? Let me out of here!

Celeste LAUGHS—deep, inhuman, AUTO-TUNED. The spinners exchange panicked glances.

CELESTE
(auto-tuned)
I SAID FASTER!!!

Meredith YANKS at her feet. She topples sideways—STILL STRAPPED IN.

CELESTE (CONT'D)
(auto-tuned)
FASTER!!!!

Celeste's eyes glow brighter, staring at Meredith's pedals. The pedals start spinning faster, faster, until—

SNAP! CRUNCH-CH-CH-CH!

Meredith's ANKLES SHATTER, her feet still orbiting at weed-whacker speed. BLOOD SPRAYS. SCREAMS.

CELESTE (CONT'D)
(auto-tuned)
WE'VE PASSED THE KÁRMÁN LINE. I
DON'T NEED ALL OF YOUR POWER
ANYMORE, SO PEDAL OR PERISH!!

Blood pools around Meredith.

Celeste pushes a button on her headset. CLICK. The LED floor panels DROP—revealing PLANET EARTH about **100 KM AWAY** below.

LAYLA
NO!!! WHAT?!?!?

CELESTE
(auto-tuned)
CRANK UP THE GEAR!!! LET'S BLAST!!!

CLANG! CLANG! In the back, PETRA fumbles at her foot restraints, nervous. Celeste sees.

CELESTE (CONT'D)
(auto-tuned)
FEEL THE BEAT! LET IT FUEL MY-
IMEAN-YOUR RIDE!!!

Petra makes eye contact with Celeste. Her eyes widen. Celeste pushes another button.

Petra SCREEEAAAaaaaammms until the shrill sound fades to mute. She drops with her bike into oblivion. The panel re-shuts.

Monica, spinning in terror, glances down. Through the floor: Petra FLOATS, frozen mid-scream, mid-cycle.

CELESTE (CONT'D)
(auto-tunde)
ALMOST HOME, HUMAN WOMEN!

MONICA
(disbelief)
WHAT?????!!

Celeste CACKLES endlessly.

The SCREAMS of other riders being drowned out by the pulsating soundtrack.

Celeste's body starts to almost DEFLATE as an eel-like Koosh Ball of an extraterrestrial crawls out of her mouth.

Monica SCREAMS under the soundtrack.

The alien continues to crawl toward the riders, seemingly endlessly from Celestine's wet condom of a body.

Layla panics. She tries to escape her feet cages, standing. The alien being crawls toward her. Fast.

Layla's BIKE SEAT RISES, pulling her legs taut.

LALYA
WHAT!?! NO?!!!!!!

Her feet still being held. Her legs extend.

LAYLA
NO!!!!!!

The seat continues to elevate. Monica watches in horror.

LALYA
NOOOOOOOOO-

CRACK-SPLOOSH! Her KNEES ERUPT, blood SHOWERING the floor. Layla's upper half FLAILS, draining.

SCREAMS!! PANIC!! CYCLING!!! Until - Monica reaches up for her neck.

INT. SPIN CLASS - DAY (REALITY)

A mundane white panel-walled room. Rows of bikes. WOMEN finishing up their daily spin, satisfied. Elevator music.

Monica removes a VR head set, absolutely haunted. Other sets hang sweaty off the bike handlebars.

Hailey (20's), her actual spin neighbor, glances over at her results on the bike's digital display.

HAILEY
(impressed)
Wow! Nice job!

MONICA
Umm...

Monica blinks. Shaken.

HAILEY
What'd you think?

MONICA
(traumatized)
I don't think that was for me.

HAILEY
They all say that at first, but just wait, it's really addicting.

Hailey jumps off her bike. Wipes off sweat.

Monica releases her foot cages.

MONICA
(disbelief)
...Which part?

HAILEY
I used to do high-intensity. Then ultra-high. Now it's ultra-extreme or I can't meet my fitness goals.

Monica comes to a stand.

MONICA
Ow! Ow!

Monica, wobbling, forces a nod.

HAILEY
It's all about finding the right class for you, though.

MONICA

I guess?

HAILEY

There's this back-pedaling class on Thursdays where you're trying to save a litter of puppies from a hydraulic press.

Monica smiles with faux enthusiasm.

MONICA

Oh.

HAILEY

(reflective)

Trust me, that is not a class you want to fail more than once.

Monica nods.

HAILEY (CONT'D)

Same animators as *Planet of the Apes 9: Momentous Monk*.

Monica and Hailey walk out of the studio.

CUT TO BLACK.