

Final Draft 7 Demo

AFTER HOURS

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A short sports scene.

Final Draft 7 Demo
Draft 2
2/16/10

EXT. ICE RINK - NIGHT

The rink's neon sign goes dark, closed for the night.

INT. ICE RINK LOBBY - NIGHT

The rink is cold and empty. JOHN FORDHAM (65) grooms the ice with the Zamboni.

CHRIS (18), an innocent kid, ties up a garbage bag.

NIKKI (17) closes the skate rental desk and grabs her keys.

CHRIS
Good night Nikki.

NIKKI
Night Chris. Go home!

CHRIS
Almost done.

She exits. NATE (24) locks the concession stand. John parks the Zamboni. Chris is mesmerized by the smooth, wet ice.

NATE
Night dude.

CHRIS
Take it easy.

ASHLEY (18) also heads for the door. Chris watches closely as John locks up the Zamboni.

ASHLEY
See you tomorrow Chris.

CHRIS
See ya.

ASHLEY
Thanks for locking up tonight.

CHRIS
Enjoy your date.

He ties off another bag. John shuts off one row of fluorescent lights. Then two more. John puts on his coat and approaches Chris.

JOHN
Don't leave any lights on.

CHRIS

I won't.

John holds out the janitorial keys.

JOHN

Ashley told me you've been late 3 times this week. Let's fix that.

CHRIS

Goodnight Mr. Fordham.

Chris stares at the keys as John steps out. Chris locks the front doors from the inside, and watches John get into his truck.

Chris takes a deep sigh. He unlocks the door to the skate rental room and glances over his shoulder.

INT. ICE - MOMENTS LATER

Chris stands the ice in full hockey gear. The only grooves in the ice are his. The goal at the other end of the ice sits waiting. He drops the puck on the ice and launches forward.

The ice is frictionless. He glides across the rink, guiding the puck forward. He swerves left, then cuts right. He skates backwards in a defensive stance.

The goal nears. He swings at the puck and takes a shot. In slow motion the puck ricochets off the goal post.

Chris catches up with the puck as it curves around the rink. He gains velocity. He throws the puck from side to side, never losing control. His feet dance across the ice. He's showing off now, zooming past the bleachers.

He fakes a shot. The goal is approaching. Chris swerves right and blasts the puck straight into the net. It stretches to slow the puck.

Chris cuts to a stop, spraying a sheet of ice. His heart still races.

Keys jingle at the front door. Chris drops to his belly on the ice. The doors slam open. Breath floods his face mask.

ASHLEY

Hello? Chris?

Chris sits up in shame.

CHRIS

Ashley--

She stands at the gate with her purse.

ASHLEY

Forgot my phone.

Chris breathes a sigh of relief.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

The Zamboni key is green.

Chris grins. She grins back, and turns to leave.

Chris drops the puck on the ice and traps it with his stick.

CUT TO BLACK

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