

Final Draft 7 Demo

(Name of Project)

by  
(Name of First Writer)

Final Draft 7 Demo

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by  
(Names of Subsequent Writers,  
in Order of Work Performed)

Final Draft 7 Demo  
Current Revisions by  
(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)  
Address  
Phone Number

FADE IN:

INT. A SANITIZED ROOM- DAY

The only visible signs of life are: A man's clothes, neatly folded and stacked on the seat of a black leather chair, a desk with a small black voice box atop it, and JOHN HINKLEY, 25, a medical student. John is sleeping soundly.

A WINDSWEPT GREY CLIFF- DAY

A dark figure zooms past wearing a super tight fitting body suit. The neoprene flaps on the body suit wave frantically as the MAN scurries for a few more feet before he;

Jumps. He makes no sound as gravity quickly pulls him toward an imminent impact with the ground.

OVER THE EDGE

The Man's lithe body somersaults while hurtling at 40 mph against the stark background of the rapidly approaching earth.

He flattens out and soars with the flow of air he's now in.

He throws his right arm back and;

BLOOMPH!

His chute fights against the wind to open and does.

The suddenness of his free fall is stopped as he is abruptly yanked a few feet back into the now calm air.

Two seconds and he is safely on the ground.

It's John.

EXT. A RAPID- DAY

John is kneeling at the water's edge his hands cupped to scoop the fresh mountain drink. Ahh... He launches up and heads for the forest.

A THICK GATHERING OF COLORADO PINES

John lays down a two by two foot patch of hide on the bed of cones and needles. He goes about collecting the choicest fallen branches for his fresh catch and heat through the night.

Set for the night, John heads back to the his camp.

THE FIRE- ORANGE HOT- NIGHT

Embers from the fire flutter away sprinkling the dark palette with color.

John sits stoically, carefully listening for signs of life out there. His makeshift chair of extra logs and moribund flora soon lulls him into an unwilling sleep.

JOHN

Looking out over stratified layers of rock below: red, limestone, shale and quartz.

He turns and walks away. Spread out before him for as far as the horizon goes, sand. Howling and hot and unforgiving.

John wraps his face and head in a white cover and bears down. The sand wastes no time whipping across his head and back. It's like a blizzard in Minnesota, or a downpour in Clearwater. It's abusing the hell out of John.

Suddenly, the gale force winds exploit a weakness in John's wrap and claim it, ripping it away from his naked face for good.

John, attempts to yell out in frustration, but the sand takes the sound before he makes it. He falls to his knees and turns his back to the quarrelsome gusts.

His quick remedy effective, he takes two big gulps from a worn canteen and returns it to his chest. The winds are pounding against his back like high tide at the beach; he'll have to wait this one out.

A HOUSE- DAY

John is on the phone with his worried girlfriend Gina. A day apart for Gina is excruciatingly easy. It's John who's having trouble.

JOHN

Yep, babe, yes. I know I just called you at 3, I should be able to call you anytime I want. I love you

GINA

Yeah? Well, my dog loves me too, you don't see me slobbering all over it all day, do you?

JOHN

So you're saying I'm similar to your dog... in your eyes?

GINA

Pretty much, John. Hey don't you have a new awesome adventure to get done or something? I'm kinda busy...

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JOHN

You don't love me! You don't even care! I'm about to go charging through the streets with a herd of bulls and all you can say is I'm busy...?

GINA

John...?

JOHN

Yes, babe.

GINA

Yes. That's all I have to say.

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CLICK

JOHN

Well, me too.

EXT. A PAMPLONA STREET- DAY

Anxious daredevils await the onslaught of raging bulls to be unleashed behind them. Cinco, cuatro, tres, dos, uno! All hell breaks loose!

THE BULLS RUSH DOWN THE STREET

Every man races forward on the narrow brick calle; nervous, excited, some look back at the oncoming bovine; others get gored and trampled by the stocky bulls.

At the front of the pack is John. His face is lit up like a kid's on Christmas. He: runs, measures, grabs one of the smaller bulls by the horn and keeps up alongside it. What a great experience for John.

His back to the rush, he shouts and pumps his fists triumphantly. He's on top of the world.

A LARGE BLACK BULL

From nowhere the largest bull on the street comes up from behind and steamrolls John flat-as-a-pancake on the dirty Pamplona street. He's finito.

A few Barcelona youths circle John's limp body as they sing a merry song in Spanish. John, somnambulent, gets to his feet, points one finger and says:

JOHN

Which way did they go...?

Before, he falls face-first back onto the street.

The kids sing and circle. A couple of townies move John to the side of the road and continue their celebration.

THE STERILE ROOM- DAY

John's eyes are shut tight. The nodes attached to his head and chest make a web-like pattern over him.

A loud blast of rock music bursts through the wall mounted speakers in either corner of the room. A female voice rouses John's slumber.

FEMALE (V.O.)

Mr. Hinkley... Mr. Hinkley...  
you're all done. The receptionist  
will pay you on the way out. See  
you next month.

John begins to awaken. He sits up, stretches a bit, yawns. He moves to the side of the bed. His shoes are under his feet.

Slowly, he goes over to his personals in the chair. His shirt slips over his head. His watch, his socks.

His cell phone rings just as he grabs his trousers.

He flips it open and holds the device to his left ear.

VOICE (V.O.)

John. Are you finished, babe? I'm  
so excited about this weekend.

JOHN

Just gettin' dressed. I'll be by in  
a few minutes, babe. Can you pack  
some extra food, too?

VOICE

Sure. Just hurry. I miss you.

JOHN

Okay, babe. I'm on my way out of  
the door right now... Hey, you know  
what?

GINA (V.O.)

What John?

JOHN

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If I hurry, we can still sneak in a  
little uh... alooone time...

GINA (V.O.)

No, John. And that's all I have to  
say.

JOHN

Sheesh... I thought I was just  
dreaming.

CLICK

FADE TO BLACK

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