

SKATE THE CHURCH

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FADE IN:

INT. GOTHIC CHURCH - DAY

A gallery towers above the entrance door.

Up there, stained-glass windows with a thick layer of dust cast an eerie light on the organ. While the pipes and wooden casing are weathered, its overall appearance is still majestic.

Down in the nave, crumbling pillars, torn hymnals, even some withered leaves on the floor, indicate a house abandoned for a long time.

Long pews flank the center aisle, which leads to the chancel, elevated by two steps.

On the stone altar, DENNIS CAROL, 10, slender and blond, cross-legged rummages in his backpack - a cheap fabric that advertises MONSTER SPORTS, illustrated with a violet-skinned rooster with a hockey stick in hand.

Dennis produces a stack of collectible cards from it.

He shuffles through them, stops at the cartoon face of Rooster, a hockey playing cock.

He wipes over the card. The surface is digital like an e-tablet. A button on the card's 'display' reads:

Activate Rooster.

Rays of light stream from the card and beside the altar forms a holographic cock, ROOSTER. He's on eye-level with Dennis who smiles from ear to ear.

DENNIS

Rooster!

Rooster's skin is violet. He has a hockey stick in hand and a sly expression on his face. He wears ice skates with attached blades that glide over the floor through an electrostatic field, as on actual ice.

With his free claw, he strokes over his bright red comb.

ROOSTER

How you doing, pal?

DENNIS

Fine. Would you mind if we practice some shots for the tournament next week?

ROOSTER

Can't nobody shoot better than the
Roost, don't you think?

From thin air, Rooster produces a couple of pucks.

He raises the stick and shoots them down the aisle.

One at a time, dashes along and bangs against the wooden
entrance door - till it slowly opens.

GAMBIT, a holography fox, with a wicked smile, catches one
of Rooster's pucks with his baseball glove.

He throws it into the air and catches it while stepping
ahead.

MARVIN MCPATRICK, 12, chubby with an equally wicked grin,
follows him.

MARVIN

Still playing that loser Rooster
card, huh? Only because it's been a
gift from his deceased daddy. Loser
daddy.

Dennis' eyes get teary.

DENNIS

Rooster is the best and your
fuck-fox Gambit will learn that in
the tournament.

Marvin and Gambit step ahead.

MARVIN

Why not make it a street fight? Or
are you afraid to lose the loser
daddy card to me - here and now?

Dennis turns to Rooster. Rooster shrugs with a wink.

DENNIS

I accept.

An electrostatic countdown appears above the church pews...
5, 4, 3...

COMPUTER VOICE OVER

It's Rooster versus Gambit. Street
fight confirmed!

... 2, 1 - The high shrill of a siren fills the church.

DENNIS

Rooster, skate faster than ever before.

Rooster starts to glide with his electrostatic skates.

A stream of blue light follows his blades.

MARVIN

Take your bat, Gambit. Hit it hard.

While rooster skates horizontally along the brick walls, Gambit hits an endless row of baseballs after him.

Rooster slaloms through the pillars. He skates a huge arc, upward to the gallery.

His blades grind along the pipes of the organ. A beautiful organ sound resonates.

Baseballs strike into the organ casing but Rooster's already on his way down.

Dennis jumps up and down on the altar, cheers.

DENNIS

This is awesome, Rooster. Take your shots, buddy.

Rooster stops at the entrance door. He lays a puck to the floor, raises the hockey stick, strikes it hard.

The puck dashes along the aisle, flickers with an insane velocity --

MARVIN

Noooo!

-- bangs into Gambit's wicked fox face.

Gambit flies backward and smashes against the chancel's back wall.

Thin as a sheet of paper, he slides from the wall to the ground. A last electrostatic flickering and Gambit vanishes into thin air.

Marvin takes a deep breath.

He puts his hand into his pockets, head bowed, trudges toward Dennis who dances and parties with Rooster.

Marvin offers the Gambit-playing-card to Dennis.

MARVIN

Here. You've come along way with
Rooster.

DENNIS

We practice every day. You know how
much the card means to me.

Marvin nods.

Dennis refuses to take the card from Marvin.

DENNIS

It's okay, Marvin. Keep it. I'll
take it from you in the tournament.

Marvin smiles, turns around, walks the aisle.

He turns to Dennis.

MARVIN

I'm sorry, Dennis.

FADE OUT.