ROLE: ZACH

Scene 1

ZACH STEWART, a sweetly handsome, easygoing teenager drives a zamboni in an empty rink. Emmalin enters on hockey skates.

ZACH
We’re closed!

EMMALIN
What? You’re open ‘til ten every night.

ZACH
Tournament tomorrow.

EMMALIN
C’mon. Just a few minutes.

ZACH
Can’t.

EMMALIN
Why not?

ZACH
You know. Rules. Insurance.

EMMALIN
You can’t make an exception?

ZACH
You’ll ruin my ice. My boss would fire me.

EMMALIN
It’s important.

As he looks at her, recognition crosses Zach’s face. Curious, he gets off the Zamboni and approaches.

ZACH
Hey, I know you, you’re Emmalin Holden, the goalie.

EMMALIN
Yeah.

ZACH
I’ve seen you play. You busted your leg, right?
EMMALIN
And my knee. Six months ago. Haven’t been on the ice since. My doctor cleared me this afternoon. I’m dying to find out if I still know how to skate.

ZACH
You don’t remember me, do you?

She gives him a puzzled look.

ZACH (CONT’D)
Last year, academic decathlon? I was on the team from Madison High. You were there from Fort Marshall. I answered the question about semi-permeable membranes.

EMMALIN
Sorry.

ZACH
Really? The high point of my academic career and it just went right by you?

EMMALIN
I think I was too busy being nervous.

ZACH
Yeah, I was kinda terrified, myself. Still, I noticed you. (flashes a grin) Forget it. I’m Zach.

EMMALIN
Emmalin.

They look in each other’s eyes. There’s a spark. Zach covers the potential awkwardness.

ZACH
So your leg’s back in shape, huh?

EMMALIN
Hope so.

ZACH
Okay, ten minutes. Just try to use the ice I haven’t covered, alright?

END OF SCENE