

# MOON MOTUS

By

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**EXT. ALLEY - SUNSET**

The faraway dot of a little girl with her schoolbag on gets closer as the child gradually leaves the sun to walk deeper into the appalling alley.

**EXT. DOWNTOWN - NIGHT**

A full moon lit the poor downtown neighborhood.

**EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT**

Moonlight creeps down the dark alley, putting the endless trash in the spotlight.

The shadow of GABRIEL (30) holding a nearly empty scotch bottle reflects on the brick wall of an apartment.

The awful silence bursts open as Gabriel's cheap sandals SHRIEK against the shattered glass that his feet of alcohol and misery rub on the ground.

**EXT. DOWNTOWN - NIGHT**

High up, dark clouds slowly cover the pitch-white moon.

**INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT**

A dim, reddish light accompanies Gabriel inside. His curved shadow mirrors on the stained and holey wall.

Empty bottles of scotch and beer, eaten frozen meals, juicy trash bags, and unwashed dishes cover the table, the sink, the scratched wooden floor...

Gabriel curls up against the wall to finish his drink.

A faint ray of moonlight transcends the red towel that serves as blinds, highlighting Gabriel's eyes: his dark, empty gaze.

The ray of red light makes its way to the hallway, sneaks under a door --

**INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT**

LAURA (14), eyes wide open, lies on her bed. She clutches a handful of sheets in her hands as she stares at the door in resigned fear.

The shadow of unsteady footsteps appears under the door, eclipsing the ray of red light.

The footsteps stop.

Laura's short, cut breath invades the silence... and her door SQUEAKS open --

The knob of sheets in Laura's hands flies up under Gabriel's grip.

Laura turns on her back, stiff like a plank of wood.

Gabriel slips under the sheets.

He lies next to her; stares at her; reaches for her --

Laura closes her eyes.

#### **INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT**

Hair and dust lie next to Laura's bare feet on the ceramic floor.

Sitting on the edge of the rusty bath, Laura stares down at the ecchymoses on her bare thighs.

A single tear drops between her legs, brushing against the dark purple sphere of her inner thigh before colliding with the dirt on the floor.

The wet inch of dust fades into a crack in the ceramic. Laura's eyes follow the split until it reaches the wall: the back of the toilet.

The tip of a small, transparent plastic bag protrudes from behind the toilet.

With wobbly fingers, Laura grabs it --

#### **LATER**

Particles of white powder slowly float down to meet the grey dust on the sink. The plastic bag is almost empty.

Laura's hands firmly hold onto the edge of the sink.

She stares at herself in the stained mirror as sadness disappears from her gaze.

A door BANGS from another room.

Laura turns her head away from the mirror for a second to acknowledge the noise.

She turns back, suddenly holding a bright red lipstick.

Through the glass, her lips half-coated with smeared lipstick, ADULT LAURA (35) watches herself with a dark, empty gaze: her father's gaze.

**INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT**

The laughter of two boys ECHOES and running footsteps RESONATE behind the closed bedroom door -- Laura's old bedroom.

**INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Two small mattresses are directly on the floor. Piles of unwashed clothes fill the rest of the room.

FINN (9) and MATTY (7) play with plastic guns, aiming for the door.

Finn turns the muzzle of his plastic gun toward him.

He puts the barrel into his mouth... and fires.

Matty stares at him for a while, then turns the muzzle of his plastic gun toward his mouth, too.

Instead of firing it like his brother, Matty repeatedly sucks the barrel and pretends to moan.

Now it's Finn who stares at him --

The floor CREAKS in the hallway.

They end their heavy eye contact. Finn turns off the light, and they hurry on their respective mattress.

**LATER**

Faint murmurs echo in the distance.

The dim red light pierces through the pitch-black room from under the door.

The ray elongates between the piles of clothes -- it passes before Finn's wide-open eyes -- then crashes into Matty's mattress... But Matty's gone.

Finn stares at his brother's empty bed as the distant echo of breathing becomes louder.

Finn runs a finger back and forth over the red ray of light on the floor to distract himself from the subtle yet uneasy noise.

The echo resonates louder, slowly merging into a woman's contained moan.

Finn grabs some clothes that lie near him and throws them on the wall. He throws some more. And again. And again, before stopping abruptly --

Matty's muffled cry of pain gets through Finn's ears. Finn receives the sound as a dagger in the heart.

#### **INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Finn tiptoes out of his room. He crosses the suffocating hallway and leans against the wall next to an almost closed bedroom door.

Matty's stifled sobs still cut through the heavy silence.

Finn peaks through the narrow gap in the door. His eyes land on the wall across the room:

-- A giant shadow hovers over a small one --

-- The firm grip of the giant shadow turns the small one around. Its long fingers reach down --

-- Little fingers reach up...

Finn's breathing becomes shaky and erratic. He turns away as his face contorts with rage.

He leads his rabid eyes to the kitchen.

#### **INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Finn walks through crumbs, juice stains, coffee grains, rats wastes, and sticky dishes.

He reaches the sink and leaps his arm into the accumulated pile of undone dishes.

Finn sharply exhales as he pulls a steak knife from the rubble of the sink like King Arthur pulled Excalibur from the stone.

**INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT**

The grip of Finn's little hand around the handle of the big knife gets stronger as he approaches the bedroom.

**INT. ADULT LAURA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

The door BANGS wide-open.

Finn raises the blade at arm's length and races to the bed, SHOUTING his lungs out.

He plants the knife into the mattress right next to his mother's, psychologically unable to stab her.

Laura jumps off the bed, screaming hysterically.

Matty's frozen eyes reflect on the blade impaled in the mattress, revealing he didn't flinch at the attack.

Not a sound can come out of Finn's wide-open mouth as he sobs with all his being before crumbling to the ground.

Laura lets herself slip down, too. She rests her head against the wall then runs her finger up and down her nose to soothe herself.

**INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT**

In the shower, blood runs down the back of Matty's thighs, coloring the bath mold.

Matty stands, steady as a rock, under the water stream.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Still dripping, Matty exits the bathroom with a towel wrapped around his waist. The wailing of his mother and brother reaches back to his ears.

Matty glances at the ray of red light on the floor that elongates to the bedrooms... but he follows it the other way: to the window.

His wet, frail arm pulls the red towel that still serves as a curtain.

His bruised chest and lamblike eyes reflect on the window as he stares outside, eclipsed by the full moon.

The sobs of Finn and Laura fade as gloomy clouds glide past the bright moon.

The same eyes turn away from the window with a dark and empty gaze, now belonging to Adult Matty (30).

The towel/curtain falls back to its place, covering the window... leaving a red trail toward the rooms.

**INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT**

The shadow of big footsteps obstructs the red light on the dusty floor as they head toward young Laura's, young Finn's, and young Matty's bedroom.

The footsteps stop.

And the door SQUEAKS open.

**INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT**

ABI (12) stands still as Adult Matty's shadow draws closer to the contained distress in her eyes.

**EXT. ALLEY - SUNRISE**

The dot of a young girl with her schoolbag on moves further and further away as the child gradually leaves the appalling alley to approach the sun.

FADE OUT.

**THE END**