

THE WATCHING MOON

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

In the distance, DAVID (17) shovels dirt into a large hole. The full, pregnant moon casts a shadow over his face. Sitting not too far away, is SIMON (14). He's still, head behind his knees.

AT THE HOLE

David pounds the dirt mound with the back of his shovel. Dirt covers one cheek and his shirtless chest. Sweat covers his brow. He wipes it off with his forearm. He leans on the shovel's handle as he catches his breath.

Simon looks up at his hero brother. In the moonlight, tears streak his baby face. His cheek is bruised and busted.

SIMON

What do we do now?

DAVID

We go home.

David walks away, carrying the shovel with him. Simon jumps up and follows.

SIMON

Why home?

DAVID

What other choice do we have?

INT. TRAILER - DAY

Wood paneling. The cheap coffee table is nicked, scratched, and burned from too many cigarettes. An ashtray overflows with cigarette butts.

Simon watches cartoons as he sits on the dirty, torn sofa. His face is clean, without blemish. Behind him, David closes the refrigerator door with two generic sodas in his hand.

He gives Simon one. Simon pops it open and takes a long drink. He laughs along to Bugs Bunny.

DAVID

I'm gonna be doing homework,  
okay? Call me if you need me.

SIMON

'Kay, David.

David walks away and closes the door to the bedroom. Simon returns back to Bugs.

A screen door slams somewhere off and Simon quickly grabs the remote, turns down the volume, and then stuffs it into the cushions.

LEE (40s) blocks the TV. He's a big man. His stained t-shirt stretches over his beer keg body.

LEE

What the hell are you doin'?

SIMON

Watching TV. Duh. Now move.

LEE

Don't talk back to me.

He weakly shoves Simon's head away.

SIMON

Hey!

LEE

Now get up.

SIMON

Why?

LEE

Because I said so.

Lee sits down, practically on top of Simon. Simon tries to push him off, but Lee's too big. Finally, Simon gets up. Lee starts looking for the remote.

LEE

Where the fuck is the remote?

SIMON

I don't know.

LEE

Don't fuck with me Simon.  
Where did you put it?

Simon watches as Lee feels around the cushions and finds the remote. Lee, pissed, changes the channels until he finds a football game.

LEE

Get me a beer.

SIMON

No.

Lee looks Simon straight in the eyes.

LEE

What'd you tell me?

SIMON

I said, "Get it yourself."

Did he just say that?

LEE

You sure you wanna start shit  
right now, boy?

SIMON

Go fuck yourself.

Lee leaps off the sofa and grabs Simon's T-shirt. Simon screams as the first punch hits his cheek.

LEE

If you wanna act like a man,  
you can take it like a man!

The bedroom door opens and David rushes out. He grabs Lee and throws him on the sofa and then pushes Simon against the wall.

DAVID

Run!

Simon's out the door in a split second.

LEE

Do you really wanna play hero?

He doesn't give David time to answer. He charges, a bull in a play pin. David punches back but Lee isn't stunned. The two fight, throwing punches and cursing.

KITCHEN

The fight moves into the small kitchen area. Dirty pots and pans, dishes, and trash litter the counters. Lee pushes David against the refrigerator. Both men are bloodied, sweaty. Lee's forearm is pushed into David's throat and he's choking. He fights back tears as his free hand reaches for anything.

David's free hand finds a handle and swings it against Lee's head. Lee growls and moves back. David inhales and looks down at his weapon - a greasy, rusting iron skillet, now bloodied.

Lee struggles to stand and then charges again at David. David takes the skillet in both hands and brings it down on Lee's head. Lee's dead body falls on the linoleum but that doesn't stop David from hammering his skull. There's a ringing in David's ears.

SIMON (O/S)

Stop it! David! Stop!

David finally hears his little brother as the ringing fades. He looks down. Blood is everywhere and there isn't much left of Lee's skull.

He looks at a crying Simon. His cheek is bloodied as well. The skillet hits the floor with a thud. David grabs Simon and hugs him close. Simon's wide-eyed, breathing shallow. His fear is palpable.

MATCH CUT:

EXT./INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

Simon's face is pressed against the passenger's side window. Behind him, David smokes a cigarette as he drives.

The truck bounces down the dirt road, a lone ranger among the trees and the large field.

SIMON  
I'm scared, David.

DAVID  
I know, little buddy.

Simon looks at David.

SIMON  
What are we doing to do?

DAVID  
Don't worry about it.

SIMON  
But David, you -

David slowly brings the truck to a stop.

DAVID  
Don't say it. Don't ever say  
what we just did.

SIMON  
But people - !

DAVID  
Fuck people. I'll take care  
of it. I promise.

Simon isn't so sure. David lets go of the brake and the truck rolls down the road. Simon looks back out the window.

DAVID  
Just be quiet.

The taillights grow smaller and smaller, until we:

FADE OUT.