

Full Moon
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FADE IN:

EXT. PARK - DAY

With a gloved hand, Detective JORDAN JAMISON, 50s and rough around the edges, peels back the thin sheath of fabric that separates him from the body strewn beneath it.

THE VICTIM

A young woman in her 20s, naked, her dark hair splayed across her shoulders. Beside her lies her clothing, folded and stacked in a neat pile, and her purse.

Jordan touches her blue-tinted skin, finding her body stiff. It has not yet undergone the decomposition process.

CAL (O.S.)
'nother hooker?

Jordan peers over his shoulder to find his partner, CAL, standing behind him. Cal, late 40s and balding, chomps on gum as his enormous belly giggles over the tight waistline of his pants.

Jordan ignores the question and continues with his investigation of the body.

CAL
Whatcha lookin' for?

Jordan lets out an irritated sigh.

JORDAN
It's called evidence. Maybe you've heard of it.

CAL
Once or twice.

Cal slides his hands into his pants pockets. He's not a hands-on kind of guy.

CAL
Last night I was in bed with my wife --

Jordan lifts the left arm of the corpse and investigates it thoroughly before putting it back down.

JORDAN
Keep that to yourself.

CAL
And the wife goes "Cal, you put the trash out?" and I say, "Ah, shit, I forgot."

Jordan inspects the other arm.

JORDAN
I can only assume you're going somewhere with this.

CAL
So I go out at freakin' midnight to put out the goddamned trash and I almost freeze my nuts off.

Jordan pauses to look up at him.

JORDAN
And the point?

CAL
She probably died of hypothermia after some john had his jollies and left her out here.

Jordan moves his investigation down to the woman's legs, slowly running his fingers over her dead flesh.

JORDAN
It was fifty-three degrees last night.

CAL
I know. I told you it was cold.

JORDAN
It has to be damn near snowing out for someone to die of hypothermia.

Cal shrugs it off.

CAL
Well, it was cold.

JORDAN
If you were gonna leave a woman to die, wouldn't you take her money?

Jordan jerks his head toward the purse. Cal sighs loudly. He clumsily slides on a pair of latex gloves, then picks up the purse and examines the contents.

CAL

I dunno. Don't keep the company of hookers all that often.

The expensive leather purse contains keys, mace, an I.D. and one hundred dollars in twenties. Cal reads from the I.D. card.

CAL

Melissa Brooks. Age twenty-nine.

Jordan has worked his way to the woman's feet. Something catches his eye as he moves in for a closer look.

JORDAN

What's that?

Jordan holds a foot with the big toe and second toe pulled apart. Cal tosses the purse aside, kneels next to Jordan, takes a look.

CAL

Toes.

JORDAN

That.

Jordan points to the two tiny holes nestled between the two toes. Cal lowers his head and stares in awe, his mouth hung open.

CAL

What the hell is that?

Jordan covers the body and stands up. He heads toward his beat up old car with Cal trailing him.

CAL

Well, what is it?

JORDAN

What did it look like?

CAL

A bite?

JORDAN

Ding ding ding. Someone give this man a prize.

Nearing his car, Jordan removes his latex gloves and tosses them in the grass right next to a trash can. He continues to his car and unlocks the front door.

CAL
What kinda bite?

Jordan slides into the driver's seat.

JORDAN
Don't know about you, but it looked
a lot like fang marks to me.

Cal leans against the car door with a perplexed expression.

CAL
Now you're talkin' vampires,
Jamison?

Jordan glides on a pair of dark sunglasses.

JORDAN
I'm not suggesting you be on the
lookout for an undead creature.
Just some psycho that's seen
Twilight one too many times.

Jordan pulls the car door shut. Starts the engine. Rolls down the window.

CAL
Where're you off to in such a
hurry?

JORDAN
I'm a detective. I'm gonna detect.

CAL
Aren't we supposed to do that
together. We're partners.

JORDAN
I've always been a solo kinda guy.

Jordan revs the engine and drives away, leaving a cloud of dust in his wake.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Jordan unlocks the door and enters the sleazy motel room with a giggling blonde, ROXY (20s), on his arm. Dressed in skin-tight leather pants and a matching halter top, she isn't exactly someone you would want to bring home to mom.

JORDAN

Whatta you girls charge these days?

With a smirk on her painted red lips, Roxy pushes Jordan back on the bed and climbs on, straddling him.

ROXY

Sounds like it's been a while since you paid us girls a visit.

Roxy removes Jordan's jacket and gets to work on the buttons of his shirt.

JORDAN

With all that freaky shit that's been going on lately, I decided to steer clear for a while.

While Roxy removes the remainder of his clothes, Jordan runs his hands through his graying hair.

ROXY

What freaky stuff?

JORDAN

Y'know, all those dead hookers.

Roxy slides his belt out of the last loop, then tosses it on the floor along with his jacket and shirt. She unties her halter top.

JORDAN

You know a girl named Melissa Brooks?

Roxy's playful expression suddenly turns stern as she searches Jordan's face for clues.

ROXY

Whatta ya wanna know for? You a cop?

JORDAN

She used to be my regular girl. Would I have a regular girl if I were a cop?

ROXY

Well, you're not paying me to talk.

Roxy tugs at her halter top, allowing it to slide off her svelte frame. A pair of breasts too perfectly round to be real stare back at Jordan.

JORDAN

You pay for those, or were they a gift?

She takes a firm hold of his crotch.

ROXY

That all you or is your sock drawer one short?

Jordan chuckles, leans over the side of the bed.

JORDAN

Hold on. Let me get your money first.

He reaches into his jacket pocket and pulls out a pair of handcuffs. In one swift motion, he has her handcuffed to the bed. His precision hints he has done this before. Roxy squirms to get away.

ROXY

Hey, I'm not into this shit!

Jordan picks up his shirt, putting it back on.

JORDAN

Now we can talk. Did you know Melissa Brooks?

ROXY

No.

JORDAN

Seemed to know a second ago.

ROXY

I'm not telling you a damned thing.

Jordan puts his jacket on, removes a badge from his pocket, holds it up for her to see.

JORDAN

How about now?

ROXY

I knew you smelled like a cop.
Anyone ever tell you that?

JORDAN

My ex-wife did all the time. So,
this is how it works. You give me
some info, I give you this key.

He dangles a little silver key in front of her nose.

ROXY

I'm not talking.

JORDAN

Well, then you're no use to me.

He walks off toward the room door.

ROXY

Wait!

Jordan turns toward her, ready to listen.

ROXY

You can't just leave me here.

He tosses her the key, just out of reach.

JORDAN

I'm sure someone will be by come
check-out time tomorrow.

Jordan leaves the room with Roxy SHOUTING in the b.g.

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Jordan has barely reached his car before a familiar voice
stops him in his tracks.

ROXY (O.S.)

I'm gonna have your badge for that
stunt, Detective.

Oddly enough, Jordan doesn't seem surprised to see Roxy
standing there.

JORDAN

Either they're teaching hookers new
tricks or you've done this before.
Which is it?

Roxy reaches down the front of her pants and pulls out a badge. She's FBI. Jordan steps up for a closer look.

JORDAN

Well, Miss Kelley Anderson, congratulations, you've just wasted a half hour I could have spent chasing down a murderer.

ROXY

Explain to me how handcuffing would-be prostitutes to bed posts is gonna get this guy caught.

JORDAN

I don't have time to teach you all the stuff you didn't learn at FBI school.

Jordan gets in his car and attempts to shut the door. Roxy holds it open.

ROXY

Please tell me you're not stupid enough to believe that some prostitute is out there punching holes in other prostitutes.

Jordan is taken aback, almost impressed.

ROXY

Yeah, you're not the only one that knows how to do their job.

JORDAN

Get in.

Smiling, Roxy gets into the passenger seat. The car peels out of the parking lot with a SQUEAL of tires.

INT. JORDAN'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Jordan drives, focused on the road ahead. He occasionally glances over at Roxy in conversation.

JORDAN

How do you know it's not some disgruntled whore pissed at her fellow street-walkers for stealing all the costumers?

ROXY
They were all found naked.

JORDAN
Ah, but was there any DNA
recovered?

ROXY
For some guys, it's not about sex.
Maybe it's a psychological thing.

JORDAN
You almost sound like you know what
you're talking about.

Roxy smirks playfully.

ROXY
Wow, my first compliment. Will
there be others?

JORDAN
Depends. You have to earn it.

EXT. DARK STREET - NIGHT

Jordan's car is parked on the curb of a run-down neighborhood. No other cars are in sight. A few houses down the road, all with their lights out. Probably uninhabited. A full moon shines down on the car.

INT. JORDAN'S CAR - NIGHT

Jordan sits behind the wheel, intricately slicing an apple with a sharp, pocket knife. Roxy sits beside him, peering through a pair of binoculars.

JORDAN
What the hell are we doing here?
This street looks like it gets
about as much traffic as my
bedroom.

She lowers the binoculars to glare at him.

ROXY
Let's not get too personal,
Detective. We're working.

He takes another bite, chews noisily while replying.

JORDAN

Is that what we're doing? Because it looks like we're sitting here with our fingers so far up our asses we could bite our fingernails.

He drops the core of the apple into a small waste basket in the backseat.

JORDAN

Meanwhile, a psychopath who thinks he's Vlad the Impaler is running around butchering prostitutes.

Roxy watches him impatiently, waiting to get a word in.

ROXY

You finished?

JORDAN

I think so.

ROXY

First of all, keep your attitude, I've got my own. And second, we're sitting here because I got a tip that something is going down here tonight.

He takes a sip of his coffee, then places it back in the vehicle's cup holder. Reclines back in his chair. Closes his eyes.

JORDAN

Wake me if you see any suspicious looking bats flying around.

Roxy rests the binoculars on the dashboard, turns in her seat to face him.

ROXY

What's your obsession with vampires?

He opens his eyes to humor her.

JORDAN

Do we both agree those were fang marks on the victims?

ROXY

Any number of animals could have made those marks.

JORDAN

Are you suggesting that an animal took their clothes off, folded it and left it in a neat little pile next to their dead bodies.

ROXY

It could have been a person. A sicko with one helluva imagination and a whole lotta time on their hands.

Jordan sits up to glare at her with a crooked smirk.

JORDAN

Why do you always have to disagree with me, Scully?

ROXY

This isn't an episode of the X-Files.

JORDAN

It was just a theory. At this point, I think we should be open to all possibilities.

Roxy picks up her binoculars and looks out again.

JORDAN

Still, it would be really creepy, wouldn't it? If they really existed. They could be anyone and you wouldn't know it.

She shifts uncomfortably in her seat. Tries to keep her concentration.

JORDAN

The cashier at the grocery store. The crazy old guy that begs for change on the corner. They could be all around us, watching, without us knowing.

Jordan notices the goosebumps that rise all over Roxy's arms.

JORDAN

When you walk into your room late
at night and start undressing in
the dark, they could be there,
standing in the shadows, watching
... waiting...

Roxy lowers the binoculars.

ROXY

Shut the fuck up!

Chuckling, Jordan rolls down the window. Lights a cigarette,
takes a drag, careful to blow the smoke out the window.

JORDAN

Who knows. One of them could be in
the backseat right now.

Roxy shivers involuntarily. Waits for Jordan to take another
puff off his cigarette and turn to blow the smoke out the
window before glancing into the backseat.

JORDAN

Saw you look.

A tiny smirk creeps onto Roxy's lips.

ROXY

I did not.

EXT. DARK STREET - NIGHT

A darkness falls over the car as the moon slips behind a
thick group of clouds.

INT. JORDAN'S CAR - NIGHT

Jordan turns to Roxy, seemingly regretting the mean trick he
played on her. Their eyes lock for a moment. Neither know
what to say. As a distraction, Roxy looks up at the visor.
Sees a picture held in place by a worn elastic band. She
takes it down for a closer look.

ROXY

Who's this?

JORDAN

My wife.

ROXY
Thought you said you were divorced.

JORDAN
I am. Three times over.

Roxy replaces the picture.

ROXY
You got a problem with women?

JORDAN
I have a problem with liars.

ROXY
What did they lie about?

Jordan seems uncomfortable. Sweat forms on his brow. He flicks his cigarette out the window.

JORDAN
What about you? Got a husband?

Now Roxy is the one squirming.

ROXY
We should get going. I really have to pee.

JORDAN
No, we have to follow up on this big lead of yours. So I suggest you find a bush and squat.

Roxy glares out into the dark night and ominous wooded area off to the right.

ROXY
It's dark out there.

JORDAN
It's night time.

Expelling a noisy sigh, Roxy unbuckles her belt and exits the car. Jordan watches her until she disappears into the darkness. He switches on the radio.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Careful out there, folks. We got ourselves a full moon tonight.

Rolling his eyes, Jordan turns to another station.

RADIO ANNOUNCER 2 (V.O.)
... so if you have to go out
tonight, I suggest wearing a garlic
necklace on account of the vampire
serial killer.

JORDAN
Way to keep a lid on it, Cal.

Jordan switches off the radio in frustration. His phone
RINGS. He fishes into his pocket and pulls it out.

JORDAN
Jamison.

CAL (V.O.)
Where the hell've you been? I
called your house a dozen times.

JORDAN
I'm on a stake out. What's the
emergency?

CAL (V.O.)
A stake out?

JORDAN
Yeah. I got a lead.

CAL (V.O.)
From who?

JORDAN
An FBI agent. Kelly Anderson.

Cal's voice comes back cautiously appalled.

CAL (V.O.)
You didn't just say Kelley
Anderson, did you?

JORDAN
Yeah. Why?

CAL (V.O.)
She's dead.

Jordan chuckles obnoxiously.

JORDAN
She's a pill, but I assure you
she's very much alive. She's taking
a leak in the woods as we speak.

CAL (V.O.)
The body from this morning. The
I.D. we found was a fake. She was
an undercover FBI agent
investigating the murders. Partner
I.D.'ed her as one Kelly Anderson.

EXT. WOODS/DARK STREET - NIGHT

Roxy stumbles in the darkness, trying to find her way back to the car. The moon finally emerges from the clouds, illuminating her path. She locates the car.

INT. JORDAN'S CAR - NIGHT

Roxy climbs back into the car and turns to find Jordan pointing a gun at her. His lips are pursed into a stubborn line as he aims the gun at her forehead.

ROXY
What the hell're you doing?

JORDAN
You sick bitch.

The color slowly drains from Roxy's face. He's not just trying to scare her. This time he's serious.

ROXY
Let me explain.

JORDAN
I couldn't figure out why you were
so goddamned adamant about it being
a man. If everyone thought it was a
man, no one would suspect you.

Roxy backs up against the car door until she can't go any further.

ROXY
What makes you think I did it?

JORDAN
I hate sloppy murderers. Kelly
Anderson is dead.

ROXY
I know. I'm sorry.

He CLICKS back the safety. She flinches. Her breathing quickens, almost hyperventilating.

ROXY

I lied, okay. I lied. I'm sorry.
But that doesn't make me a killer.

Roxy's eyes move rapidly between the gun and Jordan's face. His grip on the gun increases until his knuckles are white. A finger hovers over the trigger.

JORDAN

I've heard that one before.

ROXY

My name is Melissa Brooks.

Jordan eases up a bit. His finger moves away from the trigger.

ROXY

I was helping Agent Anderson. She told me if I helped her go undercover, she would get me off the streets. She used my name. We kinda looked alike so no one really noticed. I mean, they don't pay too much attention to a hooker's face.

She pauses to gaze pleadingly at Jordan. His expression is unyielding.

JORDAN

C'mon. I don't have all night.

ROXY

I kinda have a gun in my face. I'm a little nervous.

JORDAN

You're gonna be a little dead if you don't start making sense.

ROXY

We'd meet sometimes, in the park mostly, when she'd need a favor or something. So the other day I got a call to meet her but she never showed. I was about to leave when I found her dead.

Jordan takes in the information. Breathes heavily.

JORDAN

So why not go to the police?

ROXY

I was afraid they wouldn't believe me. No one knew about the undercover thing. She was supposed to be on vacation.

JORDAN

So instead you stole her badge and impersonated her. Much less suspicious.

ROXY

I know how it looks. But I thought if I had her badge, just for a little while, I could find something out.

Jordan slowly lowers the gun, lays it on his lap. He rests his head back against the headrest, lets his eyes close. Roxy cautiously inches closer to him.

ROXY

Thank you. Thank you for believing me.

JORDAN

I don't know what to believe.

ROXY

I'm sorry. I didn't know if I could trust you. I was scared.

Roxy grabs the gun with a swift motion and aims it at him. Jordan is slow to open his eyes and realize his predicament.

JORDAN

Go ahead.

Roxy moves against her door again, aiming the gun at Jordan's head. Her hand trembles. She brings her other hand up to steady it.

ROXY

I'm not gonna hurt you. I just wanna go home and pretend none of this happened.

Jordan leans across Roxy and reaches into the glove box. He removes a pair of latex gloves and slides them on. Roxy watches with alarmed eyes.

JORDAN
It's a little too late to pretend
we don't know what we know, isn't
it?

He moves closer until the cold metal of the gun is pressed
between his eyes.

JORDAN
Pull the trigger.

She squeezes her eyes shut and pulls the trigger. A hollow
CLICK fills the silence. Opening her terrified eyes, she
sees Jordan's amused face. She squeezes the trigger again
and again but the gun doesn't fire.

JORDAN
I don't make mistakes.

Roxy falls limp, allowing the gun to sag down into her lap.

JORDAN
You shouldn't have lied. I was
gonna let you go until you became a
lying bitch like the rest of them.

Roxy shakes her head vehemently, whimpering under her
breath.

ROXY
No. No, this isn't happening.

JORDAN
I would apologize, but will the
world really suffer from the loss
of another hooker?

Jordan lunges at her without warning. Roxy raises the gun
and wacks him across the head with it. It slows him down
enough to give her a head start. She dashes out of the car.

EXT. DARK STREET/WOODS - NIGHT

Roxy races away from the car and into the woods. She can
only see as far ahead as the full moonlight will allow.
Trees and leaves CRACKLE, signaling Jordan is not far
behind.

She trips and falls to the ground. Jordan is there in a
second, straddling her, his hands closing around her throat.
A stream of blood trickles down his temple and into his eye.
He doesn't seem to notice.

ROXY
(muffled)
Don't do this. Please!

Jordan becomes more brutal, crushing her head against the ground. His grip tightens around her throat until her body stops writhing beneath his.

LATER

Jordan carries Roxy's nude body further into the woods, bathed in the exquisite light of the full moon.

Finding the perfect spot, he lays her on the damp grass. He carefully folds her crumpled clothing and places them in a neat pile beside her body. He smooths her hair away from her face.

JORDAN
Thank you for your time, Melissa. I
had fun.

Jordan uses his pocket knife to meticulously carve two tiny holes on the back of Roxy's neck. He conceals it with her blond hair, then uses a lock to wipe off the blade of his knife before tucking it back into his pocket.

He rises to his feet and turns to walk away. Turns back, fishes into his pocket.

JORDAN
Almost forgot. This is for you.

He tucks a wad of money into her hand.

JORDAN
You earned it.

Jordan allows the moonlight to lead him back to his car.

INT. WOODED AREA - DAY

Jordan exits his car and looks around. Numerous police cruisers are parked nearby. He sluggishly wanders into a grassy field where at least ten other COPS surround the crime scene.

He removes a stick of gum from his pocket, unwraps it, puts the gum into his mouth and discards the wrapper on the ground.

The group gathered in the distance is like a giant "X" marking the spot. Cal joins him and they walk side by side to the body.

JORDAN

Whatta we got?

CAL

You know that hooker you reported missing about two weeks ago? The one we thought was the killer. Well, she's not missing anymore.

Jordan discovers the partially decomposed, nude body of Roxy. The other cops watch as Jordan slowly kneels beside the body. He lovingly pushes back her hair.

JORDAN

Damn it! She was a good kid.

Cal puts a hand on his shoulder.

JORDAN

Someone tell me we're getting closer to catching this guy.

CAL

We're gonna catch him, Jamison. One day he's gonna screw up and when he does, no matter how small, we're gonna nail him. I guarantee you.

Cal pats him on the back before walking away. The other cops go back to what they were doing, leaving Jordan alone.

Jordan takes a pair of latex gloves out of his pocket and slips them on. He searches her right arm, then the left. He gingerly moves her hair to the side and looks closely at her neck. There, behind her left ear, are the two tiny holes he is looking for.

FADE OUT