

moon~light~er

By

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moon~light~ing: to hold a second job in addition to a regular one -- **moon~light~er**-noun

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

A small apartment, it's walls cluttered with movie posters and autographed pictures of celebrities.

A bachelor pad with playmate's pinned up in the kitchenette, and two guitars on stands. The guitars are clean and often played, they are wanted.

A large dog crate sits next to an old leather couch. In the crate a large RHODESIAN RIDGEBACK sleeps surrounded by toys and a blanket.

BEDROOM

A messy bed rests against white walls. Dirty laundry and belts hang from a crowded hamper. Empty picture frames sit on a nightstand next to a lamp. The room hasn't been cleaned in ages.

EXT. APARTMENT - CONT'D

A well lit parking lot crowded with many different types of vehicles. One of the lights flickers out as a black TRANS-AM pulls into an empty space.

The driver's door opens.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

The door opens inward, and KRIS, a 20 year old handsome white man with a leather jacket steps inside and flips on a light switch.

He slowly steps over to the dog crate and unlatches it. The dog charges out and jumps up onto him whining in excitement.

Kris pushes him down as he tosses off his jacket and throws it onto the couch.

He walks over to a dog bowl and picks it up.

The dog watches intently.

Kris fills the bowl with water and places it back down onto the floor.

(CONTINUED)

He takes his cellphone out of his pocket and places it on the counter.

Kris leaves the room as the dog begins drinking from the bowl.

The phone begins to vibrate on the counter.

Kris runs back into the room and grabs the phone, answering it.

KRIS

Hello?

He walks over to the couch and sits.

KRIS

Hey! What's up?

His dog walks over and begs Kris to pet him, which he does.

KRIS

Sure, I mean the place isn't clean or anything but you're more than welcome to come over.

He smiles.

KRIS

I'd like that a lot, say 7:30?
Sounds great, I'll be ready.

He hangs up the phone and places it on the table.

BATHROOM

Kris stands shirtless in front of a large mirror. He stares at his face, debating on a shave.

He turns on the shower.

The curtain closes.

LIVING ROOM

The dog sits on the couch, comfortable, waiting for his master to exit the bedroom.

Kris walks out into the living room wearing a towel around his waist, his hair still wet from the shower. He has a toothbrush in his mouth, he uses his right hand to brush his teeth as he paces in the living room.

He walks back into the bedroom...

(CONTINUED)

...TIME PASSES

He walks back out into the living room fully dressed with his favorite baseball hat-a black hat- and a black t-shirt.

He pulls his cell phone out of his pocket and checks the time.

He looks over at the dog...

KRIS
Should be here soon buddy.

A knock at the door.

He winks at the dog.

Kris walks over to the door and unlocks it. He opens the door...

...in the doorway stands ASHLEY, a beautiful brunette around the same age as Kris wearing a black top which exposes her large breasts and tight jeans. Her hair is straightened and her make-up is flawless. A very nice crucifix sits around her fragile neck.

She smiles.

KRIS
You look...amazing.

ASHLEY
Thanks.

He steps back and welcomes her in.

KRIS
This place is a mess, I hope you don't mind.

ASHLEY
No, no it's fine. You're a boy.

She giggles.

ASHLEY
Who is this?

She walks over to the dog...

KRIS
That's CRASH.

She begins petting CRASH.

ASHLEY

Hi Crash, you're a very handsome boy.

KRIS

I rescued him, he was abandoned and covered in scars .

ASHLEY

Awww poor guy.

She looks back to Kris.

ASHLEY

Where do you want to go tonight?

KRIS

Are you hungry?

ASHLEY

I could eat.

KRIS

Do you like sushi?

ASHLEY

I love sushi.

She smiles.

INT. SUSHI RESTAURANT - CONT'D

Kris sits across from Ashley in a nice sushi restaurant, each have sodas and water with no lemon.

KRIS

There isn't much more to me than that.

ASHLEY

That's a crazy story though. You've had it pretty rough.

KRIS

I guess, I mean I've always had people to help me out and what not but it hasn't been very easy.

ASHLEY

I don't have any crazy life stories.

She laughs.

(CONTINUED)

ASHLEY

I'm just a city girl from
California looking for something
more in life.

KRIS

So you go to film school?

ASHLEY

Gotta' follow the dream.

KRIS

You're right.

ASHLEY

So what's your dream?

KRIS

My dream?

He sits back in his seat.

KRIS

I haven't really figured that out
yet.

ASHLEY

You never had anything you really
wanted to do?

KRIS

Sure, I used to want to be an
astronaut but that's not happening.

ASHLEY

Why not?

KRIS

Cause' that takes a lot of time and
effort. Plus, they're shutting down
NASA.

ASHLEY

So you're giving up on your dream?

KRIS

I guess I'm just accepting the
reality.

ASHLEY

That's where I disagree.

They both laugh.

(CONTINUED)

ASHLEY

We make our realities.

KRIS

I wish you would've told me that years ago. I wouldn't be sitting in this town doing nothing.

ASHLEY

There's gotta' be something else you like.

KRIS

I like to cook.

She smiles.

ASHLEY

There ya' go! Culinary school!

KRIS

I don't really have the money for that.

ASHLEY

Get some loans.

KRIS

Yeah, I thought about that, but I have no one to cosign for me. I haven't talked to my dad in two years and he's the only person who'd ever care enough.

ASHLEY

I see, well, maybe you shouldn't totally count him out?

He smirks.

KRIS

You don't know my father.

The waitress brings their food and places it in front of them.

KRIS

He isn't very...approachable.

ASHLEY

It might be worth a shot, this is YOUR future.

KRIS
Maybe one day.

She looks down at her food.

ASHLEY
This looks great!

KRIS
I hope you like it.

ASHLEY
I'm sure I will.

EXT. APARTMENT - CONT'D

Kris walks around the complex with Ashley.

ASHLEY
You ever look up at the stars?

KRIS
Sure.

ASHLEY
I mean really look.

She grabs his arms and looks up, as does he.

ASHLEY
It's so insane to think about how
vast it is up there. It's infinite.

He looks down at her, and smiles.

ASHLEY
Did you know we know more about
space than we do the ocean?

She looks down and sees him staring at her. She smiles.

ASHLEY
Stars not good enough?

KRIS
I like this view better.

They close their eyes and kiss, underneath a clear night
sky.

INT. APARTMENT - MORNING

BEDROOM

Kris wakes in the bed, Crash sleeping next to the bed. His phone vibrates next to his face.

He looks over at it, a text message sits on the screen.

ASHLEY-I HAD A GREAT NIGHT, SEE YOU SOON?

He looks down at Crash.

KRIS
What'd ya think buddy?

Crash looks up at him.

KRIS
She's a pretty good kisser, think I should see her again?

Crash stares.

KRIS
Yeah, I think you're right.

He types on the phone.

EXT. BEACH - CONT'D

Kris and Ashley walk on a sandy beach.

KRIS
How can you be so perfect?

She blushes affectionately.

ASHLEY
Perfect? Me? No...

KRIS
You're an amazing girl, you have everything any man could ever want. You're funny, you have great taste in music, you love movies...

ASHLEY
Stop right there.

(CONTINUED)

KRIS

Did I say something wrong?

She stops him, the two face each other silent in the moment.

ASHLEY

No no, it's just. We just met.

KRIS

I know, It feels like I've known you forever though.

ASHLEY

Funny how that works isn't it?

She kisses him.

The waves crash behind them.

ASHLEY

How can you be such a gentleman?

KRIS

I guess I just know the right things to say.

They kiss.

INT. APARTMENT - CONT'D

BEDROOM

Kris pushes Ashley down onto the bed as she wraps her legs around him. They passionately kiss, as he grinds up against her.

He lowers his lips to her neck, she moans in ecstasy.

She pushes him back.

ASHLEY

Do you have a condom?

Kris kisses her.

KRIS

Of course.

He rolls over in the bed, as she begins to take her shirt off and exposes her bra.

He pulls a large knife from the folds of the sheets.

(CONTINUED)

Quickly, he shoves the knife deep into her chest, blood spurts out over the room.

Her eyes look into his as he kills her. She is scared, and shocked and begins to cry.

With his free hand he helps her down onto the bed, pulling the knife from her only to RAPIDLY stab her 3 more times in the stomach.

He wipes blood off his face, and sighs. He leans over her body breathing deeply.

CUT TO:

KITCHEN

A roughly cut chunk of fresh and bloody meat lands in a searing frying pan. A pamphlet for the Cordon Blue Culinary Institute sits next to the stove.

As the meat sears, Kris reads through the pamphlet.

EXT. APARTMENT - CONT'D

Kris carries out one garbage bag filled with her body over to his car and pops the trunk open. He tosses the bag into the trunk, and slams it shut.

CUT TO BLACK

EXT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

The empty parking lot is once again silent. A stray cat runs across, searching for food.

Kris pulls up in his black TRANS-AM and parks it in the same spot as earlier. A parking sticker for culinary school on his back wind-shield.

The driver's door opens, and he steps out, watching over his shoulder as he steps away from the vehicle.

He walks up the stairs, to his apartment.

INT. CAR - CONT'D

The front seat is flawless, clean and organized. No scattered receipts or pencils.

In the backseat is a bunch of old laundry. Sitting neatly on top of the laundry is Ashley's crucifix, glistening in the sunlight.

CUT TO BLACK