

NEW MOON RISING

By
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OVER BLACK is the resonance of roundabout talking and laughing. A party is in full swing.

But the echo of laughter trails off, as a singular voice initiates. It's breath profound. Deep Inhales resonate.

ERIC (V.O.)

Get focused. And make sure you pace yourself with me. I'm telling you to keep your head up, because we're going through some deep waters...

FADE IN:

INT. FRAT HOUSE - NIGHT

ERIC, 23, a thin guy, is stooped against a wall corner, amongst COLLEGE FRATS who stand in a crowded living room.

Eric's in a zone: His eyes wooly, his stare unfocused as he talks, and his speech is a self-assured ramble... because he's *extremely high*.

Eric speaks swiftly, mid-conversation with someone UNSEEN.

ERIC

See I've been having these thoughts,
A strugglefest in my mind about the
concept of "self". Vis a vis brain
chemistry, surroundings, upbringing,
genetics, eugenics - some deep pot
head psychology. And I realize -
(Profound discovery)
we live in an age of mirrors.
(a moment; laughing wildly)
Oh god! Like if I had one right now,
I'd show you that insane smile on
your face. It's like a light. You're
such a beautiful person. You're the one.

SARAH

Umm... yay?

We see who he's chatting with. SARAH, a cute girl of 16 years, looks noticeably younger than the college crowd around her. She listens intently. But weirded out, trying to grasp his speech. *NOTE: she's not high.*

ERIC(CONT'D)

But, people, a touch of make up there
and a dab of lipstick here. They remind
themselves of what they look like. And
they accentuate what they like.

Eric reaches into a bowl of party mix. Digs food out and
munches hard.

ERIC(CONT'D)

We're craving that self assurance. Like
when we wake up. We *run* to the
bathroom mirror to prove our faces
haven't melted off over night.

(off her look)

Or I do anyway.

(snaps his fingers)

But picture this... an age *without* mirrors.

SARAH

Sounds tragic.

ERIC

You've no idea how tragic though!
Really just think about it - or in
fact **listen** to me. It's a wicked
tragedy

Eric glides his fingers through each other in euphoria.

ERIC(CONT'D)

We're made to see everything. The
plants, the animals, our fingers,
our legs. But in this alternate
bizarro globe- we'll never
get to see the miracles of our
spirits.. Our faces!

His hands widen to feel the curve of his facial structure.
Moves from his brow down to his upper lip.

ERIC(CONT'D)

We see out, but we'll be able to
see *in*. At our faces. We'll never
see *this*.

He's grins, finished. And there's stunned silence.

SARAH

That's some major break through.

ERIC

Do you dig it?

More awkward silence. Sarah looks about the crowd, and pulls herself up.

SARAH (CONT'D)

...Yeah, totally. And well, really, it was nice chit chatting and all. One on one. But I have to - umm - I think I hear someone calling my name. Bye!

Eric laughs, a little too excessive. Says as she already on her way:

ERIC

That's funny, you're funny! I knew you were the one.

SARAH

...Swell.

SARAH wanders through, out of the mass. Keeping reserve between her and the unknown populace. In her case... everybody.

Feeling all the outsider, she makes her way towards the front patio. And we -

BLACKOUT.

SUPERIMPOSE: NEW MOON RISING.

FADE IN:

On the shining radiance coming from the completely spherical moon. It's light excelling through the midnight mist.

EXT. PATIO - NIGHT

On the patio, Sarah keeps her eye on the moon. Hypnotized, she stays that way, alone. From inside, the music cranks up.

...there's a quiet HUMMING from behind.

Sarah turns, startled to find: BRYAN, about twenty, thick dark hair and charming good looks. Frat boy with a brain.

BRYAN

Bored?

SARAH

(polite)

No, I'm having fun.

BRYAN

So much fun that you found yourself standing out here all alone?

SARAH

I came pretty much to the conclusion that I can't compete with those girls. Especially when around here they're a lot more friendlier.

BRYAN

Shouldn't mean you have to hide your head.

SARAH

Well -

BRYAN

Well?...

SARAH

(intrigued)

Wait, have you been watching me?

BRYAN

Seldom but maybe.

SARAH

Really?

BRYAN

'Course, like, say, at your high school. When I just *accidentally* happened to run into your friend, and I *inadvertently* happened to ask who you were, whilst *unintentionally* steering the topic of discussion to my sweet little shindig here.

SARAH

You master manipulator you.

BRYAN

No, master manipulator's too kind. Try menace with a mission.
(a moment)
You seemed to make friends with Eric easily.

SARAH

Yeah. Eric... Who?

BRYAN

A Male, yay high. Huddled in the corner by the wall. You two were talking back inside. I figured you two were buds-

SARAH

Oh, freaky mirror guy.

BRYAN

Freaky Mirror guy?

SARAH

I don't know either. He just wouldn't shut up about his reflection... or lack thereof. Which, oddly enough, there aren't that many mirrors hanging around here.

BRYAN

A prank by a rival fraternity. They took all our mirrors around a week ago. It was a nice ha ha moment until we realized we couldn't shave anymore.

SARAH

Gee, here I thought you guys didn't need them. A frat living superficial free.

BRYAN

Or that too. Whichever sounds better.

SARAH

Go with it, a snob free fraternity sounds unique.

A moment, a spark-age of chemistry here.

BRYAN

It's a beautiful moon out here. Don't know how anybody could miss this?

SARAH

I've never seen a moon so bright.

BRYAN

Something's in the air I guess.

They smile, situated in silent, breathing in the night air.

BRYAN(CONT'D)

Are you cold?

Before she can answer, she's interrupted by TOM, another frat boy. Only the exact opposite of Bryan. Tom makes his way out the party, whooping, and headed for Bryan and Sarah. He's dizzy drunk.

Tom shoves a drink in each of their hands. Clinks his glass against theirs.

TOM

To my friends, may we all share a bond beyond today.

He drunkenly tries to flash his perfect smile at Sarah.

TOM(CONT'D)

To Sarah, one of the prettiest
and nicest and smartest and...
just so pretty. To Sarah.

Sarah looks at her drink, hesitates.

BRYAN

Its okay if you don't want to.
I was kind of iffy about it at
your age too.

She waits, then shrugs.

SARAH

(toasts)
What the hell, to having fun.

They clink their glasses. She downs the drink. Tom drinks joyously.

TOM

I love you guys.

Bryan looks at Sarah, embarrassed by Tom.

BRYAN

Just ignore him. I do.

Sarah offers a laugh, a little forced.

TOM

Sure, sure whatever.
(to sarah)
But you ready for the rest
of the night?!

SARAH

I don't know...

TOM

Me too!

Tom charges into the house.

SARAH

...by the way you really should have someone standing at the front door to - I don't know, check ID's, or sanity or something.

BRYAN

He's not my friend, really. I don't even like him. He knows a guy, gets me good deals for my cars. That's all.

Another laugh from Sarah.

TOM(O.S.)

Oooooooooo!

Bryan hears this from inside.

BRYAN

Oh no, I'm sorry.

SARAH

You're leaving me aren't you?

BRYAN

I'm sure I'll see you again. Around, somewhere. I just gotta take care of this. Before he urinates on something.

Sarah's laughs, charmed.

SARAH

Go, I'll see you around.

BRYAN

All right. Don't leave.

SARAH

Promise.

Alone again, she glances again to the moon.

INT. FRAT HOUSE - LATER

In the living room, where the party subsists, is a LANKY PALE COLLEGE FRESHMAN. Dressed in a hideous wig of long curls, and a large bra over his shirt.

He smiles unpleasantly as he's forced to dance.

FRAT GUY

Oh yeah, seeexxy bitch!

Sarah stands in the corner, looking around for somebody she knows. Nobody.

INT. FRAT HALLS - CONTINUOUS

Sarah walks across the halls, passes a door slightly ajar. Muddled sounds come from inside. A group of people chanting. The music's too strident for Sarah to snoop.

CHANTING (O.S.)

Amor est vitae essential.

Dum vivimus servimus

Sarah continues on.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

She walks in. Sees a big inviting bed.

SARAH

Bryan?

The room's empty.

SARAH

(to herself)

Nice one, from a balcony to a bedroom. Good going Sarah.

A hand grabs at her shoulder. She turns, startled to see

BRYAN

Are you okay?

SARAH

Yeah, I was just looking for you.

She sits on the bed.

BRYAN

Found you first. You want to talk more?

SARAH

Yeah, too much noise for one night.

BRYAN

Do you have a ride home?

SARAH

I'm not sure.

BRYAN

Where's that girl you came with?

SARAH

Nicole? She's off enjoying herself somewhere.

BRYAN

Maybe you could call your boyfriend.

SARAH

That sort of doesn't seem to be an option for me.

BRYAN

What? He won't pick you up?

SARAH

It'd be a nice start if there was an actual boy.

BRYAN

Oh, I'll give you a ride then?

SARAH

Thanks.

BRYAN
(sheepish)
And for my reimbursement...

A moments pause. Sarah gives him a look.

BRYAN(CONT'D)
I have good conversation.

SARAH
Oh. Oh.

She starts laughing.

SARAH(CONT'D)
I'm so pumped for college.

BRYAN
See, I'm thinking in reverse. I miss my high school days. I almost feel like I should apologize for the people around here. I know, I know. We're "older" and "in college"... but if you think about it, it gives a reason to be even bigger slackers.

SARAH
Precisely why I can't wait.

BRYAN
Oh. Well then, good.
(Beat)
I'm glad you came though.

SARAH
Me too.

He touches her hand. Sarah definitely notices. The mood becomes more serious. They are face to face.

Both say no more. Then,

BRYAN(CONT'D)
I'm older - than you are. I shouldn't, I can't.

SARAH

I know.

BRYAN

And I know what it's like
to be sixteen.

SARAH

Sixteen and a girl?

BRYAN

Okay no. But still - things
are weird.

SARAH

...You're not the type that pushes.

Bryan thinks.

BRYAN

No, I'm not.

SARAH

That's a good thing.

A beat.

BRYAN

Then what's that smile for?

SARAH

...Cause maybe I am.

She slowly reaches in for a kiss. Bryan doesn't resist,
moves in closer. And they kiss. Slow. Gentle. Tender.

Then, after a moment, it grows forceful. Full of emotion.

The two fall back into the bed.

FADE TO BLACK.

FLASH

INT. FRAT PARTY - DREAM - NIGHT

The party has slowed, but is still going. The room is dimly lit. A wall clock reads 3:30 am.

Sarah wanders into the intimate activity, seemingly half asleep. She's lost in thought.

The MUSIC playing is an unhurried, haunting tune. Sarah turns and sees NICOLE, her high school friend, 16, a youthful girl with ponytails. There's a BOY leaning close to her, whispering. Nicole smiles and waves. Sarah, puzzled, waves back, before wandering to the dance floor.

Couples sway slowly to the music. Entwined, unmindful of everything around.

But through the crowds and couples, Sarah sees Bryan on the other side of the dance floor. They meet eyes - smile.

A moment of connection - they move toward each other.

And Bryan takes her in, his hands sliding around her midsection. They sway sensually in silence.

BRYAN

(intimate)

*I thought about our first dance
before I even knew your name.*

FADE IN:

INT. SARAH'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Sarah stirs in her sleep. Then slowly wakes, takes a moment to herself as she looks out her window.

Remembering the night. She breaks into a smile.

Sarah tries to roll onto her side, but struggles. Distorted. She touches her head. Then begins to glance down...

at a NEWLY DEVELOPED, much LARGER ABDOMEN.

Suddenly eight months pregnant!

Her eyes welling with confusion, she grasps her hands to her stomach, feeling more than what was there before.

She hauls the bedspread as she sits up. Suffers a sharp pain.

MOMENTS LATER

Sarah picks up the phone, tentatively. Dials.

SARAH

Is Bryan there? Can you tell
him it's Sarah? From last night.
He knows who I am.

(beat)

Where is he then? Well then
what about Tom? Okay please, just
tell them to call Sarah back.
Please, please. Thanks.

She stares ahead... terror playing on her face as she tries to hold herself together.

MOMENTS LATER

Sarah scrutinizes the belly in a mirror reflection. She pinches some skin, ensuring its authenticity.

There's a SUDDEN KNOCK at the door. It alarms Sarah

WOMAN(O.S.)

Sarah, are you up?

Sarah's face wells with tears. She holds her emotion in.

SARAH

Yeah, mom, I'm up.

MOM(O.S.)

We're all going to Jimmy's
soccer game. Are you going along?

SARAH

No. I'm pretty exhausted.

MOM(O.S.)

Why'd you tell him yesterday you were? It's going to break his heart.

SARAH

I don't feel good. I'm sorry.

The door knock suddenly twists. But it's locked.

MOM(O.S.)

What did I say about locking your door?

SARAH

Mom, I just can't. I'm sorry.

MOM(O.S.)

All right... I'm just gonna go, okay.

SARAH

All right!

Sarah waits, moves to the bed, and cries. Curling up in her sheets, she's unable to stop the tears.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. FRAT ROOM - DREAM - NIGHT

Bryan and Sarah writhe along with other couples.

She reaches to caress his face.

Another connection between them. Love.

Sarah just shuts her eyes, unwinds her arms around his shoulders, and reclines herself on his chest. Bryan draws her closer in his arms.

They sway this way for awhile. Until Sarah pulls herself to say something... with overwhelming happiness.

But her face goes frozen, than panicked, as she sees:

Bryan... with bare sharp VAMPIRE FANGS! And a sinister smile.

She scrambles back, but is hoisted by Bryan's grip. She can't wrestle his grasp.

And he BITES. Sinks his teeth in deep.

Around him, the FRAT BOYS all gleam with a grin. The corners of their mouths revealing razor-blade FANGS.

Their grins becomes full-blown beams as their mouths close over the girls necks - a great rush of air from everyone as the life is being sucked.

The GIRL'S eyes go into panic, shock, then become slack.

Their lifeless arms fall to their sides.

INT. SARAH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The shades are drawn. All is dark. Except for the penetrating moonlight. The room is littered with clothes and junk food wrappers.

Sarah BOLTS awake. She's panicked, sweating. Wakes to a POUNDING at the door.

Sarah grows fearful.

SARAH

Mom, please. Just leave me alone.

BRYAN(O.S.)

It's me. I kept knocking but no one answered. I snuck in through your kitchen window.

SARAH

Oh my god.

She goes for the door, opens it. Bryan sees her immense figure. Immediately goes into shock.

BRYAN

Oh - wow ...

She embraces him.

SARAH

I'm so scared.

Bryan backs a few steps. His anxiety mounting.

BRYAN

What - the hell?

SARAH

I just need to wake up! Please, wake me up. How could this happen. We were safe. *Weren't we safe?*

BRYAN

What did you do?

SARAH

(thrown)

What did... *I* do?

Sarah's stunned. Frozen in place.

SARAH

What do you mean? Was I ... not -

BRYAN

No, no. I just mean, I've slept with plenty of woman - *my own age*. They were great. Nothing like this happened.

Sarah can barely breathe.

SARAH

What are you talking about?

BRYAN

(suddenly menacing)

You thought you were my first? Because I was under the strict impression it was the other way around.

SARAH

How can you talk to me like this?

BRYAN

Sarah, no, it was great! Don't

get me wrong, and don't look so sad.

(winks)

We had a good time, right? Just look what we got out of it.

His hands reach for her belly. She jerks away. He laughs.

SARAH

Stop it! Stop - just... I don't understand what's going on.

BRYAN

Take a look around, because this just in, the world is more than pep rally's and football games. There's some purpose in this now.

Sarah slowly begins to breathe deep, in her own world. She's breaking down, every word of hers a mumble.

SARAH

What's going on? This is me. This is me. I'm Sarah. Nothing's happening. I'm Sarah.

BRYAN

You knew this was coming! It's not as though you haven't been having the dreams.

The comment registers. And he pulls her closer. Roughly. This could be a kiss - or an attack. She looks up at him, half scared, half attracted.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Everything played out, everything nudged in just the right direction. For us to meet. For everything to take off. Like at your high school. When I just *accidentally* happened to run into your friend, and I *inadvertently* happened to ask who you were, whilst *unintentionally* steering the topic of discussion to my sweet little shindig here.

As he says this, his face Vamps out. Fangs out. Killer grin on as well.

BRYAN

This thing between us, love,
whether it's the puppy variety
or the damn real thing, can't
we make it work.

Sarah holds his gaze. Too freaked to do anything else.

SARAH

What do you want me to- ayyehh!!

Sarah shifts herself away to feel a SHARP PAIN. She's trembling.

SARAH

It hurts!

She staggers, and falls to her knees. Racked with pain. She CRIES OUT. Makes desperate eye contact with Bryan.

He just stands over her, leering.

SARAH

Help! Someone please!... Mom! Dad!
(breathing harder)
Ow, please. Please... I can't
breathe. Please.

We're in: SARAH'S POV -

Behind her flickering eyelids and wooly vision is Bryan above her. He leans in, picks her up, and bears her out the room.

INT. SARAH'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bryan strides through with Sarah in hand.

SARAH'S POV: her vision coming in and out of clarity.

On the edge of consciousness, Sarah makes out the bodies of her MOTHER, FATHER, and LITTLE BROTHER, sprawled on the floor, all with bloody necks. Bitten.

Bryan's voice is the only distinct in her muffled POV.

BRYAN

I promise. It will all work
Out. You'll see.

Her vision darkens. And nothing is seen. Her eyes shut.

FADE TO BLACK.

IN FLASHES

INT. BRYAN'S BEDROOM - DREAM - NIGHT

Sarah's hand lowers the curve of Bryan's back, his face in her neck, her eyes widening. He says serenely:

BRYAN

You're the one...

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

The room is lit by candles. The walls carry hanging torches and oversized crosses.

Sarah is sound asleep on the ground, and has been slipped into a robe. She's encircled by dozens of beautiful, blood red roses.

Suddenly, a hand reaches for her angelic face, smoothly lifts a strand of hair off her. The hand gently caresses her.

Sarah stirs in her sleep, wakes, and sees

Bryan, stripped to his waist, sitting beside her. She speaks in low moans, just coming to.

SARAH

...I'm the one.

BRYAN

Exactly, yes. This is your day.

SARAH

What does that mean? At the party. Everyone kept saying...

Bryan takes a moment. Considers what to say.

BRYAN

I'm sorry, I... apologize- for what I said before. I was in a freak out mode. And I couldn't think straight. Funny how that happens when I'm around you. But you do seem to be caught in this whole scenario, so I think I should clear the haze.

Bryan stands, approaches an altar. Sarah takes in her surroundings.

BRYAN

See, a couple hundred years ago, someone came along with a vision. Where the planets align, the moons emit, and things underground start to stir.

Sarah drifts in and out of consciousness.

SARAH

Who are you?

Bryan picks out a miniature holy cross from the wall. Sarah watches as his hands BURN with smoke from contact with it.

BRYAN

Who? What? When, where, why, how... It doesn't matter. See this guy with a vision. He was spurting out of the mouth- and well- he was hanged, or stoned, or whatever they did back then.

SARAH

What did he say?

BRYAN

I'm not sure you want to-

SARAH

What did he say?... I'm not scared.

BRYAN

Really? Because according to this guy. A virgin shall die and the apocalypse will rise from her blood.

Sarah's eyes begin to well with tears.

BRYAN

Is that poetic enough for you?

SARAH

You used me.

BRYAN

Don't make me out as the typical guy.

(closes in on her;
genuine sincerity)

I saw you at your school, and I saw how you wore your heart on your sleeve. And I knew how easily it could be broken. I knew you were the one, and I wanted to protect you.

SARAH

I wish you would stop saying I'm the - ayehh!

An aching contraction plays out. Bryan rushes to her side. Seemingly caring.

BRYAN

Are you alright.

Sarah protests in pain.

SARAH

(a last plea)

Stop it. Please, can't there be someone else? Let me go. I won't tell anybody, I promise.

BRYAN

Where would you go?

The realization leaves Sarah stunned.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

I wanted to make you like me. So we could love forever. But these rules... the world's rules just don't let us get what we want. If you lived long enough and you'd find that out.

Sarah tries hard not to lose it.

SARAH

This is crazy. How does this happen? What happened to the girl before?

BRYAN

This is the first. You're the first. The only. After this...

Bryan holds her.

BRYAN

Here's the deal. In a time of crises, where this world hangs in the balance. The world will not know them, will not stop them. And you, little lady, will lead them into hell.

(a moment)

See, it's all fine and well.

(then)

Well from your point of view, I'm guessing not.

He stands, as Sarah feels another pain. Relatively deeper than before. Bryan signals a command, and SEVERAL ROBED FIGURES stride into the room. Their faces veiled by hoodies.

Bryan begins a silent prayer. He addresses the gathered. Three stones in hand.

Sarah's CRIES become louder.

BRYAN

In the year of the reign, I hear
the enemy... The enemy, all of
whom condemn what they do not
understand. But here I say, no
more compromise. No more hiding.
The days soon come where we no
longer haunt in the shadows. From
the ancient, from the eternal, we
will serve.

ROBED FIGURES

As it was said to be.

He moves towards the altar, addressing Sarah

BRYAN

Three stones... The three of us.
You, me, and our sweet child.

He drops the stones onto the altar.

BRYAN(CONT'D)

Come forth!

A rumbling is heard from beneath the ground. The robed
figures brace against the walls. Then, the rumbling becomes
a full frontal seismic activity. Everything's shaking.

Sarah runs her hand against Bryan's chest. The pain
returning, the delivery beginning.

One of the robed figured drop their hoodies. It's Eric,
fangs exposed.

ERIC

On the first moon, they became one.

Another hoodie dropped. Revealing Tom, fangs out as well.

TOM

On the second, the instrument
shall develop.

Bryan kisses Sarah.

BRYAN

And on the third, its wrath
will be released.

Sarah grimaces but does not cry out. Her nails deepen into
Bryan's chest. She begins to cry out.

BRYAN

It's coming!

Electric force flows freely inside the room, a light
becomes BLINDING. The dim ambiance goes WHITE.

Only a CRY is heard, a beautiful agony in Sarah' delivery.

BLACK OUT.

And Silence. A long moments pause before Eric speaks, says
coolly.

ERIC (V.O.)

It's all just a bunch of vibrations man.