

UNDER THE BLOOD MOON

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Proof Of Concept Short
Based On
The Potem

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FADE IN:

EXT. RURAL ROAD - NIGHT

A small sedan cruises down the lonely dirt road, which slices through a vast sea of woods.

The entire area is bathed in the crimson light of a crescent blood moon. An ominous sight.

The vehicle slows to stop at a fork in the road.

A cellphone RINGS V.O.

INT. SEDAN - TRAVELING

LUKE, (32, piercing eyes), sits behind the wheel. He scans outside for a road sign, but can't seem to find one.

Seated beside him is his fiancé, AMBER, (29, with a smile and body to die for). She digs through her purse as the cellphone continues to RING.

Luke turns to her.

LUKE

Which way?

Amber shrugs, "I don't know", as she finally finds her cellphone. She holds the bulky device to her ear, cranes her neck in an attempt to get a better signal.

AMBER

(into her phone)

Mom? Hello? Hey!

(listens)

I know. If you can hear me, we have the medicine! Just hang on.

As she listens, she pulls a bottle of pills out her purse, looks it over. Tears well up in her eyes.

AMBER

(into her phone)

Don't worry 'bout how we got it.

(listens)

I love you too, Mom. We're a little turned around out here, but I promise we'll be there soon.

Luke shoots a frustrated glance her way. She doesn't notice. He chooses left and hits the gas.

AMBER (CONT'D)
Mom? Hello? Mom?

She pulls her phone from her ear, looks at it. No signal. Annoyed, she sets her phone down on the dashboard.

AMBER
Dammit.
(looks to Luke)
She's feeling miserable. God, I feel miserable for her. Luke, we have to --

LUKE
(aggravated)
I know. I'm tryin' my best. I hate driving these fuckin' back roads, especially at night! Would help if there were some fuckin' road signs out here!

Amber reaches over, puts her hand on his. She smiles warmly at him.

AMBER
Hey. Thanks. I know you could get into a lot of trouble for taking this.
(rattles the pill bottle)
I really appreciate you. So much.

Luke looks at her, forces a smile.

LUKE
Yeah, well... Can't just let your mom suffer. It's not right.

Just then, something on the road catches his eye.

EXT. RURAL ROAD

A FIGURE dressed in a red robe sprints out of the woods and across the road!

INT. SEDAN - TRAVELING

Amber braces herself as Luke turns the wheel and slams on the brakes. But it's too late. THUD!

The vehicle GRINDS to a halt.

With concern plastered across her face, Amber turns to Luke.

AMBER
You hit them!

Luke puts the sedan in park, shuts off the engine.

 LUKE
Stay here!

Before Amber can respond, Luke throws open his door and hops out of the vehicle.

 AMBER
Luke! What are you doing!?

Amber looks from the pill bottle in her hand, to the keys still in the ignition. Then to Luke, who rushes into the brush just off the road.

EXT. RURAL ROAD

Luke steps into the brush just in time to see the mysterious Figure limp off into the dark woods beyond.

 LUKE
Hey! Wait!

He chases after the Figure.

Amber exits the sedan, looks over just as Luke disappears into the sea of trees. She hurries to catch up to him.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Harsh red moonlight stabs down through the tree canopies, onto the leafy terrain below. Crickets CHIRP. An owl HOOTS.

Luke leads a reluctant Amber through thick brush. She trips on a root, stumbles a bit.

 AMBER
Luke, please. Let's just head back.
Whoever we hit, they clearly don't
want our help.

Luke doesn't look back at her, presses forward, follows after a barely visible blood trail on the ground.

 LUKE
I've taken the Hippocratic Oath,
Amber. I can't just leave...

He slows, spots something in the distance. A flickering light, just through some brush off to their left.

LUKE

Stay close.

He heads toward the light. Amber reluctantly follows.

EXT. WOODS - CLEARING - MOMENTS LATER

Both crimson moonlight and flickering torchlight illuminate the space enough for Luke and Amber to survey the clearing.

Four FIGURES cloaked in red robes, each wearing a crude devil mask, stand around a ritualistic circle lined with bones and lit torches. One of the Figures has fresh blood leaking through their robe.

In the center lies a bound-and-gagged young man, OTIS (18, innocent eyes, dressed in rags). His face and arms are covered with bruises and scratches.

The CULT LEADER reveals a crude ritualistic dagger, approaches the helpless young man.

Back at the tree line, Luke slides his hand over Amber's mouth, an attempt to keep her quiet.

CULT LEADER

Accept the blood of this lamb, Lord
Andagis! Provide us with a path and
we will follow!

Without hesitation, the Cult Leader thrusts the ritualistic dagger deep into Otis' chest!

Shocked, Luke goes to scream, but Amber slaps her hand tight over his mouth.

The Cult Leader rips the blade out of Otis' chest. A fountain of blood erupts out of his savage wound as he falls back to the ground.

More blood pumps out of the wide-eyed young man. Dark red human juice leaks and spreads like it has a mind of its own, forms a bloody circle on the ground.

Otis seizes. He gasps for air as the life leaves his body.

The Cult Leader takes a moment to look at Otis' corpse, then points the ritualistic dagger to the sky. Crimson moonlight gleams off the blade.

The Cult Members begin to CHANT.

CULT MEMBERS
(monotone, sinister)
Andagis... Andagis!... Andagis!

CULT LEADER
Awaken!

Luke and Amber quietly sneak back into the forest.

The blood circle begins to shimmer red light, which Otis' body absorbs. Thick red fog seeps out from the ground.

SNAP! A branch breaks under Amber's foot.

Startled, all four Cult Members whip around to see Luke and Amber in the sparse trees. Then --

Otis' corpse swiftly rises to his feet, almost as if it were lifted by an invisible puppeteer.

Horrified, the couple run for their lives.

EXT. WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

Luke holds Amber's hand tight as he leads her back the way they just came. They hurry through the darkness.

As their shoes pound the dirt, low hanging tree branches claw and scrape at their clothes and skin. Amber cries out.

LUKE
We have to keep moving! Come on!

Luke trips over a large rock. He faceplants to the ground, groans in pain.

Amber stops, turns back for him.

LUKE
Ah, fuck!

As Amber attempts to help Luke to his feet, a strange and ominous CHATTERING fades in from the darkness around them. The couple goes white with terror.

AMBER
What is that!?

Just then, a wave of thick red fog suddenly sweeps through the woods, engulfs both of them.

Luke pulls Amber close to him. They spin around for an answer, an escape, any sign of hope. Nothing but fog.

LUKE

Fuck... I'm sorry, Amber! I shouldn't have stopped! I'm so fuckin' sorry!

The CHATTERING echoes out from the fog, seems to come from all around the terrified couple.

AMBER

What do we do!?

She turns to Luke, who stares back into her tear-filled eyes.

Suddenly, Otis emerges from the fog directly behind Luke! Something's off though. He's changed into something awful.

Eyes black as death. Rows of wicked, sharp teeth just visible behind grimy lips. Pure fuckin' nightmare fuel. He CLICKS his teeth together rapidly, creates the creepy CHATTERING.

Horrified, Amber watches as Otis lunges forward and bites down on Luke's neck, rips out a gnarly chunk!

Blood splashes all over Amber as she screams out in terror.

Otis drags Luke to the ground with another bite to the neck, shakes his head, tears flesh. He slashes at Luke's groin with bonelike claws that protrude from his fingertips.

Luke tries to scream, but chokes on blood instead.

AMBER

Luke!?

Otis thrusts his claws into Luke's chest, brutally RIPS out his heart!

He flings the bloody organ at Amber, who cries out as it splats against a tree right next to her.

EXT. WOODS - HILLSIDE - MOMENTS LATER

Amber sprints through the fog, dead tree limbs reach out, scratching, drawing blood.

Tears stream down her face.

OTIS' P.O.V.

Zooming through the woods, zigzagging between trees, we chase after Amber, and we're fuckin' fast --

END P.O.V.

EXT. RURAL ROAD

Amber stumbles out of the woods, dashes towards the sedan.

OTIS' P.O.V.

We reach the road, near Amber, grow dangerously close --

BACK TO SCENE

Amber reaches the vehicle.

OTIS' P.O.V.

We rush right up behind Amber!

END P.O.V.

INT. SEDAN - PARKED

Amber SCREAMS out in pain as blood splatters against the outside of the window and obscures the view outside.

She continues to HOWL in agony as FLESH TEARS, BONES SNAP, and then suddenly --

A dreadful silence fills the space. Then --

The bottle of pills rests beside the cell phone on the dashboard. Just then, the cellphone lights up and RINGS.

The phone's small digital screen reads: MOM CALLING

EXT. RURAL ROAD

PAN UP from the blood spattered sedan, to the crescent blood moon in the dark sky. More CHATTERING spills out through the night air, echoes over the --

TITLE CARD -- UNDER THE BLOOD MOON

FADE OUT.