

**FULL MOON**

by

Richard F. Russell

Wordmstr007@gmail.com  
910-285-3321  
Copyright 2016

FADE IN

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Coffee in hand, down the aisle between cubicle rows, strolls RUDI, 30. Longish hair, glasses, clothes ill-fitting, he might be handsome with a makeover. He's another small cog in a giant machine that grinds cogs into featureless nubs.

He pauses by a cubicle and leans in, offering the coffee.

RUDI

Afternoon pick-me-up?

He offers the coffee to LILITH, as geekish as Rudi. It's hard to guess what lies beneath the un-stylish clothes, pulled back hair, and big glasses. In a normal universe, these two are made for each other.

LILITH

(accepting)

How did you know?

RUDI

Friday afternoon. Everyone needs a hit before they party.

LILITH

Oh, you think I'm going to party?

RUDI

Like it's the last night of your life.

He grins, and she returns the smile.

LILITH

And you? Party hardy?

RUDI

Till the break of dawn-or maybe longer.

LILITH

Not afraid of the full moon?

RUDI

The only full moon I'm afraid of is the boss in the back seat of his Civic.

She laughs.

LILITH

Ouch, how do I erase that image?

RUDI

Alcohol, large quantities of alcohol.

LILITH

That can be arranged.

RUDI

Then, maybe I'll see you out there.  
Can't hide under a full moon.

She smiles like a coquette and sips her coffee.

LILITH

If you see me, buy me a drink.

RUDI

When I see you, I'll make your  
night rock.

With a tip of an imaginary cap, Rudi glides away, leaving her to smile after him.

INT. RUDI'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Dressed in a towel, Rudi looks hunkish, strong and built. His hair slicked back, his grin rakish, he's become a predator, a man to turn heads. With passion, he brushes his teeth.

INT. LILITH'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

In skimpy lingerie, Lilith skips across the room and grabs a dress off the bed. She slides into a short, tight, slinky number that emphasizes every gorgeous curve and bulge. She's one hot girl.

With a nod of her head, she slips on some come-do-me heels and leaves the room.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Down the sidewalk sways Lilith, as comely as a girl can be. A shaft of light hits her as the full moon rises over a building, and for a moment, she looks ethereal.

From a shadowed doorway steps Rudi, rakish, lean, smiling. Without a sound, he begins his stalk, sliding along behind Lilith.

EXT. STREET - LATER

Out of a club strides Lilith. If she's been drinking, it doesn't show. She walks toward the next neon sign. A muted HOWL stops her.

She spins to look behind and sees--

Nothing.

She turns back and starts. Standing in front of her is Rudi, the transformed Rudi.

RUDI

In case you're wondering. Yes, I'm stalking you.

LILITH

(laughing)

I've never had anyone be so up front about stalking. I think I like it.

RUDI

If I remember correctly, I owe you some drinks.

LILITH

Well, we could walk next door--or we could have a drink back at my place. I think you know where that is.

RUDI

(laughing)

A good stalker knows his prey.

She takes his arm and they start away.

LILITH

How good a stalker are you?

RUDI

The stalker of your dreams.

LILITH

Ooooooh, I like that.

INT LILITH'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lilith, in bra and panties, pulls two silver scarves from her closet. Two candles provide scant light.

LILITH  
The power of the full moon is  
little understood.

She moves from the closet to the bed where Rudi lies naked, a thin sheet to his waist.

LILITH  
From the dawn of recorded history,  
men and women have been enslaved by  
the moon's light.

RUDI  
Like werewolves?

She kneels on the bed and ties his wrist to the bed.

LILITH  
Are you a werewolf?

RUDI  
More wolf than were.

She jerks his wrist to the bedpost.

LILITH  
Does that hurt?

RUDI  
I can take it.

She knots the scarf securely.

LILITH  
Because these are special scarves.  
There's silver woven into the  
fabric. The metal, sometimes it  
cuts.

She moves to his other wrist

RUDI  
(wincing)  
You like pain?

She ties up his second wrist, even rougher than the first.

LILITH  
Doesn't everyone?

A thin trickle of blood runs from under the scarf and down his arm. With infinite care, she licks up the blood.

RUDI  
Does it taste feral?

LILITH  
It tastes wonderful.

She slides over and straddles him, riding his crotch.

LILITH  
I can feel that you like this.

She unhooks her bra and exposes world-class tits and hard nipples.

LILITH  
Oh...that really gets the heart pumping.

Rudi laughs.

LILITH  
I want your heart pumping.

She takes her bra and stuffs it in his mouth.

LILITH  
Been dreaming of that, stalker?

She leans over and brushes her nipples over his chest. Her hand slides under the pillow and retrieves a short silver knife.

LILITH  
(showing knife)  
This is a very special instrument.  
It's almost pure silver. Just  
enough steel to hold an edge--and  
it has a very keen edge.

Rudi starts to buck as he tries to talk.

LILITH  
(riding him and placing  
the blade on his throat)  
One little slip...

He stops moving.

LILITH  
(running her fingers over  
his chest)  
So smooth and strong. I must say,  
you are an excellent stalker.

She lifts her head and looks out a window, the knife poised over him.

A shaft of moonlight flashes over them, seeming to invigorate her.

With a moonlit grin, she runs the knife across his chest, opening a slit that fills with blood. Like a hungry beast, she leans over and laps at the warm blood.

FADE OUT.

THE END