

MOONCHILDREN

Written by

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Based on the story "Children" by
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FADE IN:

EXT. CHESUNCOOK LAKE - DAY

It's a sunny summer's afternoon. A silent one-person wooden kayak makes its way through tranquil waters.

SUPER: CHESUNCOOK LAKE, MAINE, PRESENT DAY

MARVIN, 55, a middle aged African-American man, steers the boat. Naked from the waist up, he is a lean, strong man with chiselled features. His thick beard and unruly hair give him a rugged look; his expression is tense, restless.

As Marvin quickly rows the kayak, he nervously glances over his shoulder as if aware of a menacing presence behind him.

Long deep scratches on Marvin's left arm, his biceps are raked with bloody grooves.

Some moments later, Marvin stops paddling and lets the boat drift. He looks around him..

Everything seems quiet. He takes the oar out of the water and sighs, calmer now.

When the kayak stops, Marvin looks down at his injured arm and touches the wound; a grimace of pain on his face. He picks up a crumpled T-shirt, dips it into the water and wipes some of the blood from his left arm.

He dips again the T-shirt into the water..

An extremely pale hand with sharp nails bursts from the water and forcefully grabs Marvin's left forearm.

Terrified, Marvin tries to break free from the grip, but another claw-like hand comes up from the water and grasps the kayak's cockpit. The boat leans to one side..

Marvin quickly picks up the oar and starts hitting the hands and head of the unseen attacker. Soon the first hand lets go of his forearm.

Full of fury, Marvin keeps hitting the attacker. A few instants later, the second claw-like hand lets go of the kayak's cockpit.

A bald, cracked white head sinks into the water.

Still frightened and out of breath, Marvin stares down at the water.

A pool of blood floats on the surface.

FADE TO:

FLASHBACK - INT. WEDDING MARQUEE - DAY

A gospel CHOIR sings a lively worship song.

SUPER: LOS ANGELES, 1992

MARVIN, 30, healthier, clean-shaven and wearing a wedding suit, and CORINNE, 25, a nice African-American woman with short black hair and wearing a wedding dress, are seated in two white chairs next to each other facing an altar where a PASTOR, 70, stands.

Behind them, a large group of GUESTS watch the ceremony.

Marvin takes Corinne's hand and kisses her knuckles. They smile at each other.

EXT. MARQUEE ENTRANCE - DAY

Marvin and Corinne quickly walk through a corridor of guests throwing rice and confetti. They get into a small wedding car decorated with a "Just Married" license plate and tin cans and balloons in tow.

As the car moves away, the guests clap and cheer.

INT. WEDDING CAR - MOVING - DAY

TERRY, 30, a short African-American man with a light complexion, glasses and afro hairstyle, drives the car; Marvin and Corinne occupy the back seat.

MARVIN

Couldn't you get a bigger car? We weren't all born in Lilliput, you know?

Marvin and Corinne laugh.

TERRY

(irritated)

Very funny, man. Very funny indeed.

MARVIN

Sorry, Terry, I didn't want to hurt your feelings but this is tighter than a Chihuahua's ass.

TERRY

You wanted a car, didn't you? You got a car. Deal with it. I don't earn enough money to rent a damn Cadillac.

Corinne lovingly hugs Marvin while kissing him on the cheek.

CORINNE

Better this way, Marvin, so we're closer to each other.

Marvin rubs his shoulder in pain.

MARVIN

(to Corinne)

Your father almost dislocated my shoulder with his sasquatch-hug.

CORINNE

You're lucky. Last month, he fractured his neighbor's pinky with his "powerful handshake".

Terry turns on the car radio and tunes into a newscast.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

...freeway, and the chase continued through residential streets at speeds ranging from fifty to eighty miles per hour. By this point, several police cars-

MARVIN

-Hey, turn that shit off. We wanna hear some good music.

TERRY

Shut your mouth up! They're talking about Rodney King's case. Haven't you heard what happened this morning?

MARVIN

(smirking)

I had better things to worry about today.

Marvin kisses Corinne.

TERRY

Three of the cops were acquitted. There are riots everywhere.

MARVIN

Well, Mister King didn't behave like a boy scout either.

TERRY

What do you mean?

MARVIN

A hundred miles per hour through a residential area-

TERRY

-Eighty miles per hour, he said
fifty to eighty miles per-

MARVIN

(ignoring him)

-He could have killed a ton of
kids.

TERRY

It was 12:45 at night man. All
the fucking kids of L.A. were
sleeping in their homes!

MARVIN

What a son of a bitch...

EXT. WIDE STREET - DAY

The car abruptly brakes with a LOUD SCREECHING of tires.

INT. WEDDING CAR - DAY

Marvin and Corinne lurch forward in their seats.

CORINNE

Hey, look out!

Terry turns off the radio and turns towards Marvin.

TERRY

(angry)

What the hell are you saying?!
Those bastards didn't beat him
because he was a bad guy, but
because he was a black guy! A
nigger driving fast through
"their" fucking streets!

MARVIN

Calm down, man. I'm just giving
my opinion. Take it easy.

Terry returns his eyes to the road and clicks his tongue.

CORINNE

C'mon, don't argue. You agreed a
truce for twenty four hours.

Marvin makes a "zip-the-lips" gesture. Terry looks at him
through the rear-view mirror.

TERRY

Yeah, keep your big Uncle Tom
mouth shut or you'll make the
rest of the journey on foot.

Terry starts the car again.

EXT. HOTEL FAÇADE - NIGHT

Night covers the city. A small, cheap-looking hotel with red brick façade stands on a narrow street.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

A cockroach crawls along a flaking wall. A thrown shoe squashes it.

Marvin picks up the shoe and places it on the floor next to its mate. Then he turns towards Corinne, who lies in a double bed covered chest to foot in a blanket.

MARVIN

(unbuttoning his
shirt)

Maybe we should have looked for a more expensive hotel.

CORINNE

Remember we need to save money for our honeymoon.

MARVIN

Yeah, but I'm afraid I'll wake up tomorrow with my mouth full of cockroaches.

Corinne stretches her arms and yawns. She smiles.

CORINNE

I love it. It's like a challenge to test our love. It would be too easy in a luxury hotel.

Marvin takes off his shirt and unbuttons his pants.

MARVIN

It's clear you have an enviable ability to see the bright side of things.

(feeling his
pockets)

Oh, shit...

CORINNE

What's wrong?

MARVIN

I forgot to buy cigarettes.

CORINNE

(smiling)

Better for your health. Starting today, a new life begins for Marvin Jenkins.