

FULL MOON

Written by

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INT. ABANDONED APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

CLAIRE, 17 years old girl that looks 14, 5 foot 3 inches, skinny with scraggily long dark hair, sits cross-legged on the floor next to the make shift desk made out of a few cinderblocks and a beat up piece of plywood. She adjusts her notebook to be in the light provided by the street lamp outside the window. From her bag she takes out a pen and begins to write.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

Jessie, I want to tell you everything. You have been nice to me even when I gave you no reason. But you do not understand why we can't be friends.

Claire puts down the pen and starts to pace the room and talk to herself.

CLAIRE

But why can't we be friends really? We're about the same age. And he thinks I'm fun to hang out with. Am I really being fair to him by blowing him off?

Claire sits back down abruptly, zips up her stolen puffy down jacket, and continues to write.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

I want you to understand that I am doing this for your benefit. You have a good life, a good family, and lots of friends. These are all things that I can't have. And if you stay with me you would have to give them all up. Soon you will be going off to college and will forget about me anyway.

Claire kicks off her winter boots and adjusts the hole in her right sock to keep her big toe from sticking out. She pulls her sleeping bag over to sit on. Claire begins to think out loud.

CLAIRE

Will he be able to handle the fact I steal to survive? That I don't have a family? That my foster dad tried to kill me? I can't go back into the system. And even if I did I will be 18 in less than 6 months anyway.

(MORE)

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Should I tell him that I really don't go to the private school across town? Does he still believe I was skipping out of track practice?

Claire begins to write again.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

I'm not who you think I am. My name isn't Elizabeth, but Claire. I ran away from home because I accidentally hurt my foster mom. I had no control over myself. I didn't realize what was happening to me at the time. But I do now. I can control it. Mostly.

Claire looks into the small mirror on her desk. A slight yellow glimmer crosses her eyes. She looks over to the window and sees that the moon starting to rise.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

If things were different, if I was a normal girl, I would ask you to be my boyfriend. There, I said it, I really like you too. But I can't. Do you remember when we met? You asked if I needed help since you saw blood on my mouth. I told you I fell jogging and bit my lip.

Claire starts to panic, to hyperventilate a little. She forces herself to calm down and starts to talk to herself.

CLAIRE

Maybe this is a stupid idea. Why does he need to know if we are never going to see each other again? Why risk everything?

Claire looks out the window and tries not to cry and whispers to herself.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Because I need to tell someone before I scream it to the world.

Claire begins to write.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

I did not bite my lip. I just finished eating. Jesse, I'm a werewolf. I wasn't born this way.

(MORE)

CLAIRE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
I was bitten two years ago walking home from track practice. I never should have taken the short cut through the park at night. My foster parents didn't believe me. They brought me to the emergency room where I got stitches and rabies shots.

Claire starts to giggle. And speaks out loud.

CLAIRE  
I wonder if I should get dog tags?  
It can be my own personal joke.

Claire looks down at the paper and begins to write.

CLAIRE (V.O.)  
I was fine for 2 weeks and began to believe my adoptive parents were right that fear changes your perception of reality. But then the full moon came. It hurt so bad, and I turned so ugly. I saw it happen in the full length mirror in my bedroom. I tried to scream for help, but all that came out was a roar. My parents ran upstairs to protect me and I nearly killed SUE, my stepmom, with a claw to the stomach. JIM, my step dad dragged SUE out of the room and ran to get his shotgun. Luckily he was so terrified that he missed and I jumped out the window. I have been on my own ever since.

Claire looks out the window and sees the moon rising higher into the sky. Her eyes start to glow. She talks to herself.

CLAIRE  
Not long now. Looks like I have to finish the letter later. Jesse's uncle is a cop. I think he will appreciate my next dinner. I'm going to eat that child molester that just got out on a technicality. Time to get out the school girl outfit. That one always works.