

Three Full Moons

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. RESTAURANT ALLEY - NIGHT

A full moon casts light in the chill of the eerie quietness.

Loud crashes of heavy aluminum from behind closed doors interrupt the stillness. Dogs bark - a cat yowls.

Clouds of exhaust blow from the pipes of the convertible two-seater, as the two occupants peel out onto the main road.

A man stumbles out doors, and runs down the alley, naked.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYM - NIGHT - 2 HOURS EARLIER

Basketball shoes squeak on the wooden floor as small pick-up games take place.

MATT (V.O.)

I'm often told that seeds of success won't grow if we're afraid to take risks. What they don't tell us is, which risks to take, and which to avoid.

MATT PETERSON (17), whose love for money exceeds his sports abilities, shoots. The ball deflects off the rim and bounces into the hands of HERMAN SHORT (17), who lacks in leadership qualities, as he walks through the gym doors.

Close on his heels, LLOYD TAN (17), the school misfit.

MATT (CONT'D)

Hey Herman. Hey Lloyd. I thought you guys worked on Saturday nights.

Herman tosses the ball back to Matt.

HERMAN

We used to. We got canned tonight.

MATT

(dribbling)  
What happened?

HERMAN

Long story.

LLOYD

Hey, I just thought of a great idea how we can get back at them.

MATT

Oh oh, that doesn't sound good.

EXT. RESTAURANT ALLEY - LATER

Lloyd parks the vintage convertible two-seater behind a row of trash cans.

MATT (V.O.)

I got tired of practicing missing shots,  
plus, these guys can be pretty persuasive.

FLASHBACK - GYM

Lloyd and Herman hand Matt two twenty dollar bills.

END OF FLASHBACK

MATT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

So I reluctantly joined them in their  
mutual quest for revenge.

HERMAN

(stutters from the  
chill)

You've really gotta get that cartop fixed.

Matt, Herman and Lloyd climb over the car doors - bursts' of vapor from exhaled breath. They strip down and throw their clothes in the car.

MATT

(whispers)

This is nuts... what if we get caught?

LLOYD

Trust me, no one will touch you.

HERMAN

(looking down at Lloyd)

Especially you... talk about shrinkage.

LLOYD

Shut up and get your clothes off.

Matt and Herman laugh.

HERMAN

(looking at Matt)

Forceful... no wonder he's still a virgin.

A dog barks from an adjacent backyard. Matt and Herman's chorus of laughter stops. Light from a back porch flips on and illuminates through a tall wooden fence.

Matt, Herman and Lloyd hit the deck beside the car.

A GRANDMA'S voice comes through the fence.

GRANDMA (O.S.)

Who's out there? You want me to call the police?

The three shiver with clinched teeth as they exchange glances at each other.

The dog is silent - the door slams shut.

LLOYD

Okay, let's do this.

Boxers over their heads, they patter to the entrance.

INT. RESTAURANT

Sounds of clatter, and enjoyment disappear as the as the three boxer-masked intruders bump and weave around tables.

Herman knocks into several tables - dishes crash to the floor. He adjust his boxers for better sight.

Patrons whisper - gasp. A few remarks are audible.

A LITTLE BOY and LITTLE GIRL point.

TABLE #1 LITTLE BOY

Daddy, look... naked people.

TABLE #1 LITTLE GIRL

Look Mommy.

The mother drops her fork and covers their eyes.

TABLE #2 ELDERLY LADY

(fingers to her mouth)

Oh, dear.

TABLE #3 MIDDLE AGED LADY

That's disgusting.

Matt, Herman and Lloyd work their way through the back dining area towards the kitchen. Without slowing down, Lloyd thrusts open the saloon style doors - one door breaks - hangs from one hinge.

EXT. RESTAURANT ALLEY

Loud crashes of heavy aluminum from behind closed doors interrupt the stillness. Dogs bark - a cat yowls.

Matt and Lloyd, burst out the kitchen backdoor, and hurdle themselves into the convertible two-seater. Lloyd starts the engine.

MATT

(out of breath)

Wait. Where's Herman?

Lloyd peers for a moment at the back door - grinds gears and punches it.

Clouds of exhaust blow from the pipes as Matt and Lloyd peel out onto the main road.

(MOMENTS LATER)

Herman stumbles out the doors, and dashes down the alley.

EXT. WOODED AREA - LATER

Matt and Lloyd rummage through the pile of clothes.

MATT

We gotta go back for Herman.

Lloyd remains silent as he buttons his pants and whips his jacket on.

Matt slams the passenger door. It catches on a pair of pants - they hang on the ground.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

The car idles parade speed down the street. People from the cinema rush to their cars.

scan the area in search of their friend. A whispered shout catches Matt's attention.

HERMAN (O.S.)

Over here.

Matt looks around.

MATT

Did you hear something?

Lloyd notices Herman as he inches his way out from the shadows of a building.

Herman rushes to the roadside - waves one hand to get Lloyd's attention - the other hand cupped over his shrinkage.

A car approaches Herman and honks. Peoples attention diverts to Herman as he stands helpless in the bold beams of headlights. Laughter echo's as Herman leaps over Lloyd. Lloyd burns rubber.

MATT (CONT'D)

What happened to you? We thought you got busted.

LLOYD

(laughing)

You wanna talk shrinkage? At least it takes both my hands to cover what I got.

HERMAN

That idiot cook tripped me and took my underwear. Then he kicked me outside. I don't think he saw my face though.

(LATER)

Herman shifts position between Matt and Lloyd as he searches for his clothes.

Lloyd reaches to shift gears. Herman slaps his hand.

HERMAN (CONT'D)

Hey, careful punkin', that's not the stick shift.

Lloyd slows as he approaches the high school.

MATT

Well, that was a pleasant evening. At least we all made it out all right.

HERMAN

You guys see my pants anywhere?

Matt and Lloyd look at each other and laugh.

Two short siren blasts attract their attention. A bright spotlight shines on the back of their heads.

Laughter stops.

FADE OUT:

THE END