

BLUE MOON

Written by

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SFX: Water splashes against the side of a boat.

FADE IN:

INT. RESCUE BOAT - NIGHT

Front center, in the distance, a cruise liner floats in the water as a full moon shines in the sky. To your left is MIKE FLANAGAN (25), an officer of the Hostage Rescue Team stands tall in tactical gear with patches that read "Flanagan" and "HRT". Behind you EMMA WALKER (32) another officer wears similar gear but stands stoic. Behind her are five other officers as they prepare themselves.

FLANAGAN

Shit. It's the one from the news.

Beat.

FLANAGAN (CONT'D)

One hell of a first mission, right?  
Is it morbid that I hope it's just  
empty. Between you and me, I'm not  
ready for hostages.

WALKER

(Gruff Voice)

Then I'd say your in the wrong line  
of work.

Flanagan jumps a little. He settles when he sees Walker. She walks over to his side as she laughs at him.

FLANAGAN

Damn it Walker! That's not funny!

WALKER

(Chuckling)

It's a little funny.

FLANAGAN

I'm serious, Lynch is already up my  
ass. The last thing I need is him  
hounding at us before-

LYNCH

(O.S)

Hey newbies! If your done making  
light of a possible national  
incident. The chopper's coming.

Walker and Flanagan tense up in embarrassment.

SFX: A chopper is heard as it approaches from the distance.

FADE OUT.

CUT TO:

EXT. CRUISE SHIP DECK - LATER

You drop from the lines of the chopper to deck, followed by the others. Front center stands JAKE LYNCH (50's) nearly completely concealed in protective gear up to all but his mouth.

LYNCH

Alright. Everybody look around.

*// INTERACTIVITY: You can now look around the dock. //*

To the left is a railing which separates you from the sea. To the right is an empty deck with well placed lounge chairs with there own umbrellas at each. Behind you is the other officers stand at attention and entrance of an atrium behind them.

LYNCH (CONT'D)

Take a listen. Here that? Not a damn thing. There isn't even a negotiator. This may be a solely a rescue op, but remain ready.

Lynch signals to follow. The rest of the officers follow him towards the atrium.

*// INTERACTIVITY: You can follow the rest of the team or inspect two things. You can find a romance novel by the chairs as well as a polaroid of a man being pulled out of the water by the crew of the ship. A note on the photo says "I hope he's alright."//*

You follow the team to the entrance of the atrium. Two of the officers stand at each side of the door ready to breach.

LYNCH (CONT'D)

Newbie.

Lynch points to you.

LYNCH (CONT'D)

Do us the honors? Listen in.

*// INTERACTIVITY: Put your ear to the door. Listen in and you'll hear barely anything but the faint echo of waterdrops.  
//*

LYNCH (CONT'D)  
Nothing? Good.

Lynch signals the two officers to open the door.

INT. THE BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room is too dark to see anything past a few silhouettes of tables and chairs front center. To the left you can see the fuse box with three cuts into it.

LYNCH  
Can't see a damned thing. Flanagan!  
Make yourself useful and see if you  
can do something with that box.

Flanagan rushes over to the box. He opens it.

FLANAGAN  
The fuck? Someone pulled a shining  
on the fuse box? Hang on, I can  
pull a couple of these wires  
together.

Flanagan fuddles with the wires.

Beat.

FLANAGAN (CONT'D)  
And that should-

The lights burst on and reveal a carnage covered ballroom with bodies splayed over the floor, blood on the walls, and gore splattered across the tables. The speakers start up with lights and play the chorus of "I Can't Wait" by Nu Shooz.

FLANAGAN (CONT'D)  
Fuck!

The fuse box bursts. The lights and music cuts out.

LYNCH  
Shit, shit, it's a massacre. Stay  
ready for conflict. We need to see  
if there are any survivors.

You and the team switch on your flashlights.

LYNCH (CONT'D)  
Newbie, Walker, you're with me.  
We're gonna find communications.  
Flanagan, Aster and Foster check  
the halls. Parker and Keller, keep  
watch here.

*// INTERACTIVITY: Follow Lynch through the ball room. You  
can more closely inspect the bodies as you pass through and  
see they were torn apart.//*

You reach the other side of ballroom to a doorway.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The floor has a trail of smeared blood leads to the fourth  
and last door on the left of the hall. You continue down the  
hall slowly. A glass ceiling lets in the moonlight.

*// INTERACTIVITY: You can look left and right and see what is  
in the rooms. Between the nine doors, two are open. One room  
has bodies splayed out like a half eaten deer. One room is  
drenched in blood with no bodies, but bloody teddy bear. //*

You reach the end of the hall and push open the door.

INT. CAPTAINS CABIN - CONTINUOUS

A desk with a man torn apart in the chair is front center of  
the room. To the left is a bookcase. To the right is a  
wreaked communication station.

WALKER  
Fucking shit. The whole ships...  
damn it.

Lynch goes over to the communications.

LYNCH  
The radios aren't doing much  
better. Who ever didn't want anyone  
calling for help.

WALKER  
Let's regroup with the others.

Lynch and Walker leave the room.

*// INTERACTIVITY: You can look through the room. Inspect the  
communications and find that it has been slashed. Inspect the  
Captain's desk and find a tape recorder you can listen to.//*

## TAPE RECORDING

We never should have picked him out of the water. We brought him up, all he kept saying was "I can't die." After... the massacre, we found him with the guns the next morning. Before blowing off his own head, he said "I'm so sorry." We spent the rest of the day trying to contact anyone, tonight he was walking around before it happened again. He, It, can't die. I think he can hear me. This is Captain Arnold, July 8th, 1986.

You leave the Captain's room.

## INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

You walk back down the hall. When you reach the third door a WOMAN (30s) in a tattered dress bursts out. She grabs a hold on you.

## WOMAN

You have to get us off this ship!

## WALKER

Whoa! Whoa! Ma'am are you okay?

## WOMAN

Do I fucking look okay!?

Walker pulls her away from you. Lynch approaches her.

## LYNCH

Ma'am, I need you to calm down. Who did this? Where are the others?

## WOMAN

You don't get it! They're already dead, we need to get off this ship now!

SFX: Screams followed by gunshots ring out from the ballroom ahead.

## WALKER

What the fuck is that!?

## WOMAN

Hide or you're going to find out.

The Woman runs back to the room she came from.

LYNCH  
Newbie, get her out of there. Call  
the chopper.

SFX: The gunfire stops. A body drops in the distance. Loud  
footsteps approach.

LYNCH (CONT'D)  
Get into formation.

You move to the right of the hall. Lynch stands between you  
and Walker. Your rifle is pulled raise into view.

LYNCH (CONT'D)  
Fire on my word.

The foot steps stop. A large silhouette is in the doorway.  
Your flashlight's beam doesn't reach to reveal it.

WALKER  
Freeze! Put down your weapon, hands  
in the air!

A growl reverberates throughout the hallway.

The silhouette bends down to enter the hallway. The moonlight  
reveals the werewolf. It hunches over and lets out a violent  
howl.

LYNCH  
Holy fuck! Fucking fire!

*// INTERACTIVITY: You can fire your rifle with the other  
officers. It doesn't matter how many bullets you put into it,  
he can't die. It can't die.//*

The werewolf takes the bullets until you run out of ammo. It  
looks directly to you with a demonic smile. It lunges at you.

CUT TO BLACK.

END.