

Blood Moon and Endless Summer

Written by

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First Draft

ACT ONE

SCENE ONE

*A dark house. A stormy night outside. Dave and Shelly are seated on the couch, candles lighting their living room, an ancient transistor radio on the coffee table in front of them.*

DAVE

(twisting a dial)

I can't believe we still have this old thing. It must've been in the garage since we moved in.

(twists it some more, then sits back)

DAVE

Sorry, can't find NPR. But we can listen to the baseball game. Maybe the Dodgers will manage to take the Sox tonight.

SHELLY

I remember listening to baseball summers with my grandfather, as a kid.

DAVE

Yeah, me too. Or with my dad, when we'd go fishing on weekends.

SHELLY

I miss fishing trips. We should go sometime.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V/O)

... and we're deep into game five of the 2018 world series, and it's the bottom of the fifteenth, and something... something weird is happening to the crowd... they've stopped screaming "batter, batter," and are moaning for... brains...

SHELLY

(confused)

Did he say what I think he said?

DAVE

Brains?

SHELLY

Yeah.

DAVE

Yeah. Yeah I think he did. You want a beer. I feel like some form of alcohol is required.

SHELLY

Get some chips, too.

DAVE

Sure thing.

LIGHTS OUT

SCENE TWO

*It's a while later. Some of the candles are sputtering others have been added. SHELLY has replaced her jeans and t-shirt with a calf-length sleep shirt. Half-drunk beer bottles litter the coffee table. The radio is still playing.*

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V/O)

And we're in the twenty-second inning. Sox are at bat with two on base, and two strikes. The pitcher has replaced the ball with the skull of the former second-base coach, but it's still spouting advice in Spanish. No one seems to be listening.

DAVE

Man, I wish we could see what was happening. It sounds like everyone in the stadium was turned into zombies.

SHELLY

I don't. I mean I like horror when it's fake but - (she shudders)- I wonder what turned them though. I mean, was it the tedium of a game that was scoreless for so many innings? Did someone mix soylent green into the hotdogs and hamburgers?

DAVE

Maybe it was something in the beer.

SHELLY

(looking at her bottle)

The beer. Um, they're serving Blood Moon because it's October, right?

DAVE  
(Cautiously)

Yes... why?

SHELLY  
There was a sale at Costco, so I bought a case. I mean, we've had Blue Moon before, and liked it, and this just has the orange slice already in it, right?

DAVE  
Um... I... think so.

SHELLY  
Heh... interesting. I um... I think I'm going to make some tea... You want a cup?

DAVE  
Tea sounds good.

Shelly gets up to go make tea.

LIGHTS OUT

SCENE THREE

*All the candles are now down to their last life but that's okay, because not only has the storm ended, but dawn light is filtering through the windows. Dave and Shelly are actually snoozing on the couch, Dave sprawled with his feet out on the coffee table and his head thrown back, and Shelly with her head on Dave's lap. They are jolted awake by the radio.*

RADIO ANNOUNCER (VA/O)  
Oh my god! It's finally happened! After thirty-three bloody innings, and the Sox using the Dodger's manager's left leg as a bat for the past two of them, we have a winner. The Boston Red Sox have won the World Series!

DAVE  
Shelly! Shelly! The game! It's over!

SHELLY  
Oh, god, finally... is the power back?

DAVE  
Not yet. I got a text. They said two more hours.  
(MORE)

DAVE (cont'd)

You want to clean up now, or in the morning?

SHELLY

Morning. Very, very late in the morning.

DAVE

So.. bed?

SHELLY

Or we could stay here. You're kinda comfy.

DAVE

The couch *is* molded to my form.

SHELLY

Right. Love you.

DAVE

Love you too.

SHELLY

He was kidding, right? About the Zombies?

DAVE

I'm sure it was a joke. Zombies aren't real.

SHELLY

Cool.

Shelly and Dave go back to sleep.  
As the sun rises, illuminating the  
remains of their long night the  
radio continues to play, switching  
over from the ball game to news.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V/O)

... in the aftermath of last night's zombie event at the final game of the World Series, the makers of Blood Moon beer are urging anyone, anywhere who drank any in the last week to see a doctor within seventy-two hours to ensure they receive the antidote to the virus that was accidentally added to some batches. While exposure appears to be limited to attendees of the game and the players, it's better to take precautions and be seen.

BLACKOUT