

TOUCH THE MOON

Inspired by a true story

A Film Treatment

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OVERVIEW:

Two brothers' three-month crime spree ends in murder on Christmas Eve. A lawyer risks her own family to save a young man born with a rare genetic mutation from life in prison. A town is rocked to its core, never to be the same again

STORY:

The crunch of the snow under the man's boot is pronounced on this cold, quiet late night. It's only compounded by the stillness of the idyllic neighborhood with its immaculate homes nestled under pine trees and hugging the shore of a black crystal lake. Off in the distance an owl hoots. The man jumps slightly, then chuckles deeply at his momentary fear. Nothing to fear. Not in this town. Not on this night. He breathes a sigh as from across the lake strains from "Hark the Harold Angels Sing" drift his way. The huge moon plays hide and seek with a hovering cloud.

It's too dark to make out his features; he's just a dark figure against the snow. Hesitates, then he follows fresh tire tracks of a pick-up truck which sits up the long driveway of the dark house. His footsteps grow louder as he approaches the empty truck, passenger door wide open. A rustle in the trees makes him turn. He takes a small step across the tire track when his toe catches its edge.

"Now!" bellows a panicked male voice from near the truck.

CRACK! The shotgun cock sounds out of place here. The man freezes. Then, silence. For what seems like an eternity, but is only a moment. He's no time to react.

A movement next to the truck causes the man to jerk back around. There are two! What he sees makes him squint. And, then deep from inside the man's fear, he says, "Son, what are you doing?" BANG! The shot rings out so loudly it sounds like the moon exploded. The man collapses and the ground turns dark crimson around his boots. A frantic scuffle follows, then POP! POP! POP! Three more bullets pummel his body.

The next morning...

It's Christmas, but for the ice fishermen of the town, hoping for a fat bass to grace the dinner table, this morning starts like any other in this logging community, with clusters of huts gathered across the frozen lake. It's 4:30 a.m. and ice quiet. The men barely settle in when a woman's blood curdling scream shatters the silence.

An instant later, in a horrifyingly private moment that is heard for miles, DELORES GODWIN, 50, is sprawled across the bullet-riddled body of her husband, STAN GODWIN, 53. Moments later her son bolts over from the Godwin residence, which is next door to the dark house where Stan was shot.

The life of this town has changed forever.