

THE FULL MOON COMEDY CLUB

Written by

Olivia Schultz

Address: [olschultz@chapman.edu](mailto:olschultz@chapman.edu)  
Phone Number: 8326231309

FADE IN:

INT. THE FULL MOON COMEDY CLUB - NIGHT

At the stroke of midnight, in a sticky-floored haven for those who think they're clever, an open mic improv and standup night begins.

More than half empty and with an abysmal sign-up list, the host, JACK (33), comes on stage.

In the audience sits VARVARA KOZLOV (25), worryingly pale with slick black hair and an eccentric combination of 70's paisley bell-bottoms, a victorian ruffled shirt, and a 1920's fringe shawl. She speaks with a thick eastern European accent.

JACK

Hello everyone, who's ready for  
open mic Wednesday?

A small spattering of clapping. Jack looks over to Varvara.

JACK (CONT'D)

Varv, you never miss a week to come  
and not laugh, do you?

VARVARA

I'll laugh when you say something  
funny.

JACK

Always happy to see you still dress  
like an antique store threw up on  
you.

VARVARA

And I'm always happy to see you  
still look like an overgrown  
testicle, my dear.

Some chuckles from the audience, mainly from ANNA CHEN (26), standing by the sign-up table.

Anna puts her name down and stares at it for a while. She gives up and scratches it off and returns to her table with Varvara.

VARVARA (CONT'D)

I'll get you to go one day.

ANNA

You can try.

INT. THE FULL MOON COMEDY CLUB - LATER

Varvara and Anna sit together, whispering as FRANK(28) does an improv scene with another guy, ARTIE (23). It's a strange and stilted scene.

FRANK

Um, yes, AND I'm also a nun!

Artie shoots daggers at him, but continues. Frank thinks of what to say next. Anna whispers over to Varvara.

ANNA

The nun should be a dinosaur. We all know veloci-pastor, but how about brachiosaur-nun.

Varvara laughs and Anna's entire face lights up.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Ninety percent of my jokes are dinosaur puns.

VARVARA

Then ninety percent of your jokes are as great as you.

ANNA

How would you feel about hanging at my place after this?

VARVARA

I'd say I wouldn't be opposed.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Varvara and Anna walk together down a dimly lit street.

ANNA

So why do you come every week if you think they're all stupid?

VARVARA

Because it's nice, I suppose-- comedy. Most of the time they're going to fail and they know that. And isn't that the most human thing? That they could fail horribly and they do it anyway.

ANNA

I guess I'm just a little too horrified of the failure to try.

VARVARA

Allow me to send every good emotion  
your way in the great hope you'll  
find the courage to put your name  
down on that silly piece of paper.

They approach a building with a large neon sign but Varvara stops walking as she nears the light. She's almost wincing.

She looks up and the bright neon pink sign is a massive cross, glowering down at her.

VARVARA (CONT'D)

I totally forgot. I, um, I have a  
thing and I need to go.

ANNA

Oh...See you next week?

VARVARA

Yeah. I'll see you then.

She walks back the other direction as Anna watches her go.

Varvara stares at the window beside her as she walks, no reflection stares back. She sighs.

INT. THE FULL MOON COMEDY CLUB - NIGHT

The next week. Varvara now wears a combination of an Edwardian corset with a Y2K denim skirt and cowboy boots. She watches as Anna stares down at the sign-up sheet yet again.

VARVARA

The great paper haunts you yet  
again.

Anna jumps.

ANNA

Ah! No, yes--I mean. No. I'm just  
looking to see who's going tonight.

Varvara looks at the paper. Half of Anna's name is written. Anna crosses it out.

ANNA (CONT'D)

It's fine. Not my week.

Varvara nods, but something behind her eyes lights up.

VARVARA

How about this--next week if you  
promise to put your name down, I'll  
put mine down, too.

Anna laughs. Varvara doesn't.

ANNA

You're serious.

VARVARA

Dead.

Varvara reaches out a hand.

Anna hesitates before taking it.

INT. THE FULL MOON COMEDY CLUB - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: Varvara's name crossed out.

Varvara, poodle skirt, 80s power blazer and a truly hideous  
Victorian bird hat, taps her foot as she waits for Anna at  
their table.

But Anna isn't there.

Jack sits across from her.

JACK

You almost put your name down.

VARVARA

She's not here.

JACK

So go get her.

VARVARA

Fine, but not for you, you--

JACK

Overgrown testicle, yeah, I know.  
Your routine better have a couple  
more jokes than that.

Varvara smiles and heads out the door.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The full moon shines overhead as Varvara stares down the neon  
pink cross's light.

She tries to walk past it but practically collapses onto the ground hissing. She stumbles back with some fresh burns on the side of her face. She shakes herself off and they vanish.

She moves to the alleyway but finds it also to be scattered with cross imagery that burn her when she tries to make her way past it.

VARVARA  
Fucking Christians...

BEGIN MONTAGE:

All in the same location, all with the horrible neon cross shining down, Varvara tries to make her way past it.

-She tries to use her blazer as a cape, holding it to her shoulders like a Halloween Dracula. The ground is still like hot coals.

-She tries crawling by the gutter to hide in the shadows. Someone honks at her, shocking her up and getting her burnt.

-She turns into a bat and tries to fly over, the light from the cross above *also* is painfully effective.

END MONTAGE.

She falls down onto the ground and lies there.

The full moon stares down at her.

Varvara glares at it before standing up and eyeing down the sidewalk in front of her.

VARVARA (CONT'D)  
I am Varvara Kozlov of the great  
Kozlovian Vampiric Revolution. I am  
the destroyer of men and the  
conquerer of their shattered souls.  
And I will make sure that a pretty  
girl does her stupid fucking  
dinosaur stand-up routine!

Varvara screams as she runs forward.

VARVARA (CONT'D)  
Ow ow ow ow!

She makes it to the other side and collapses. Her burns are not healing, but she's smiling bright.

EXT. ANNA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Varvara knocks at Anna's front door, it swings open to her surprise.

VARVARA

Anna? Your front door isn't locked.

Anna, hidden away in another room, SQUEAKS.

ANNA (O.S.)

Ah! I guess I forgot--big mistake.  
Ok bye now!

Varvara raises a brow.

VARVARA

Can I come in?

Anna doesn't respond.

VARVARA (CONT'D)

Can you invite me in, please?

ANNA (O.S.)

No thanks.

VARVARA

Please.

ANNA (O.S.)

The door is literally open! Don't  
make me tell you to come in, that's  
weird, dude!

VARVARA

Well, I can't come in unless you  
invite me!

ANNA (O.S.)

Well, I don't want you to come in!

VARVARA

I don't want you to miss out on  
something you know you want to do!

Anna shouts and so does Varvara.

ANNA (O.S.)

(quietly)

You're not gonna like me when you  
come in.

VARVARA  
Don't say stupid things.

A moment of quiet. Anna sighs.

ANNA (O.S.)  
Come in.

Like a wall has collapsed, Varvara steps through. Anna walks to her and Varvara gasps.

She's about 7 feet tall, covered in fur, with sharp claws and sharper teeth. She stands with her arms crossed tight across her chest, eyes glued to the floor.

But she's still Anna.

Varvara smiles, and retracts her fangs.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
You tried to walk past the cross  
didn't you, you big stupid idiot?

VARVARA  
What can I say, sometimes you have  
to be brave enough to do something  
really stupid.

ANNA  
If I wasn't about to cry, this  
would be kind of hilarious.

Varvara flies up and kisses her.

The full moon shines in on them.

INT. THE FULL MOON COMEDY CLUB - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: the piece of paper, Anna's name on it, Varvara's below it.

Anna stands on stage, mic in hand, Varvara smiles brightly at her from the audience.

ANNA  
So we all know about the veloci-  
pastors but what about brachiosaur-  
nuns.

Varvara laughs louder than anyone else in the room.

FADE OUT.