

## **“BLOOD MOON”**

A Comedy by PJ Sallans

1 Female/ 1 Male/ 1 Gender Non-Specific

### **SYNOPSIS**

A conspiracy theorist bent on proving her latest theory finds herself in a graveyard on the night of a blood moon. Her task is made more difficult by both her naysaying cat, and a community theater “Romeo” that has gotten himself lost in the woods.

### **CHARACTERS**

**MOLLY (F)** - A serious, yet eccentric woman, determined to not only prove her theory, but also prove herself.

**WILLOW (Any Gender)** - Molly’s black cat that has a flair for the dramatic.

**BENJAMIN (M)** - An actor who finds Molly while lost and distressed. He challenges Molly and her ideas with a healthy dose of skepticism.

*The scene opens on a graveyard. There are tombstones scattered about. A black cat, WILLOW, saunters in and lazily stretches by a tombstone. They lick their paw and start to clean themselves when MOLLY enters. MOLLY is a young woman dressed in eccentric clothing and holding a pocket telescope and a notebook.*

MOLLY

Willow?

*WILLOW decides to play a game with MOLLY and hides behind a tombstone.*

MOLLY

Willow? Where did you go?

*WILLOW continues to sneak around, hidden from MOLLY.*

MOLLY

Oh, you naughty kitty, you! Why'd you have to sneak off like that?

*WILLOW slinks out from behind a tombstone.*

WILLOW

Because you're suffocating me.

MOLLY

*(Embracing WILLOW)* There you are! I thought I lost you.

WILLOW

If only.

MOLLY

You rascal. You know you love me. Now don't go running off like that again. I don't have time for your little games, the eclipse is going to happen soon.

WILLOW

Don't let me keep you.

MOLLY

I'm serious. Don't mess this up for me. This is gonna be my big break.

WILLOW

What exactly did you promise the editor?

MOLLY

A story to shock the masses. Something to really wake the people up, you know?

WILLOW

Are the people sleeping?

MOLLY

They're comatose. Look, I've done all the research. Tonight is going to go down in history and I'm going to be the first one to break the story.

WILLOW

I hope you know what you're doing.

MOLLY

Do you think I would've quit my job if I didn't know what I was doing?

WILLOW

*(Alarmed)* You quit your job?

MOLLY

Not officially. I just flipped everyone off and told them where they could shove it.

WILLOW

Not again...

MOLLY

How else would I have time to do stuff like this? Besides, my boss was a creep. He was always telling me to “keep it hot,” and wouldn’t shut up about his meat.

WILLOW

You worked at a pizza place.

MOLLY

Exactly. It was a dead-end job anyways.

WILLOW

That paid for my Fancy Feast. The “savory” kind with the juicy centers. You know I love the juicy centers!

MOLLY

You’ll be rolling in juicy centers after I blow the lid off this story. *(She pulls out her pocket telescope and goes to look through it when there’s a noise from off-stage.)*

MOLLY

What was that?

*BENJAMIN enters. He’s dressed in victorian garb and looks quite lost.*

MOLLY

*(To WILLOW)* Hide!

*MOLLY and WILLOW hide, but still remain onstage.*

BENJAMIN

Now where am I?

WILLOW

*(To MOLLY, in a stage whisper)* Why are we hiding?

MOLLY

He might be dangerous!

WILLOW

He's wearing tights.

BENJAMIN

A cemetery? Dear God.

MOLLY

Maybe he's a ghost.

WILLOW

Why would he be a ghost?

MOLLY

I don't know, he's *here* isn't he? And he looks lost.

BENJAMIN

I am so boned.

WILLOW

Why don't we ask him? (*Starts to speak loudly*) Hey, you-  
(*MOLLY puts her hand over WILLOW'S mouth*)

BENJAMIN

Who's there? Who said that?

MOLLY

(*To WILLOW*) He might be a serial killer!

WILLOW

He's wearing *tights*!

BENJAMIN

I wouldn't try anything funny, if I were you. I've had quite the night and I've got nothing to lose! (*He takes out a vape or cigarettes and a script. He speaks to his script*) This is

all your fault. I hate Shakespeare! (*He throws his script against a tombstone*)

WILLOW

(*Gasps*) I love Shakespeare!

BENJAMIN

(*Smoking his vape/cigarettes*) “Just audition,” they said. “It’ll be fun,” they said. So I agreed. I’ll do your dumb little Shakespeare in the Park as long as you give me a small part. And what part do they give me? ROMEO.

WILLOW

Explains the tights.

BENJAMIN

So I do my best, right? I accept the role, I learn my lines—even though no one told me memorizing Shakespeare is like drinking jell-o through a coffee stirrer. And then what do I do? I get LOST in the damn woods trying to find the stage! On opening night! In a cemetery! It serves them right. Trying to get me to be all kissy-face with Brenda. God, Brenda is the worst.

MOLLY

Who’s Brenda?

BENJAMIN

The girl makes a beautiful Juliet, but she’s as captivating as a salami sandwich.

WILLOW

Brenda’s a sandwich?

BENJAMIN

We have zero chemistry. She told me I remind her of her dad. (*Sighs*) Well, I hope they’ve found someone to replace me by now, seeing as how it’s (*checks his watch*) two hours into the show. Two hours? To hell with this, I’m going home. (*He starts to leave*)