

Muzzy

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A small apartment living room. Sparsely decorated, obviously a first apartment. Stage right is an adjoining kitchenette and a door leading to the outside, and stage left there is a hallway leading to an offstage bathroom and bedroom. Pictures of Jenny as a child with her family and friends adorn the tops of shelves. The apartment is cluttered with clothes, magazines, etc., as if it has not been cleaned in awhile. A tiny decorated artificial Christmas tree sits on the table by the doorway.

AT RISE: Jenny, a young woman in her early 20s, enters the door, sets her keys and purse down next to the table by the doorway, and flicks on a tiny lamp. She begins her usual post-work ritual: taking off her shoes and putting them by the door, going into her purse to find her cell phone and setting it on the end table by the couch, and plopping down on the couch with the TV remote in her hand. She is just about to turn on the TV when a toilet flushes and a large blue monster steps out of the bathroom and into the living room. His blue fur is dirty and matted, and he has two horns on his head. His voice is deep and scratchy, yet also somewhat comical.

MUZZY

Man, do I have a nasty headache.... Whoa. Wait. Where the hell am I? That musta been some party last night....

He trails off and looks around. Jenny stands up, alarmed.

JENNY

Oh my God! Who are you? What are you? Get out of my apartment before I call the police!

MUZZY

Hey, now lets not get the fuzz involved here....

JENNY

Please just go away. I promise I won't report you if you just leave me alone. Just don't hurt me. Please?

MUZZY

Jenny? ...Man, how'd I wind up here? Hey, listen, you got any Advil?

He heads towards the kitchenette and starts poking through cabinets.

MUZZY (CONT'D)

Wow, this cabinet's full of pills. You runnin' some kind of pharmacy here?

He finally finds a bottle of Advil.

MUZZY (CONT'D)

Ahh--here we go, sweet, wonderful Advil.

He pops a handful into his mouth.

JENNY

(Close to tears.)

How do you know my name? What do you want from me? Please, please just go away.

Muzzy heads back into the living room.

MUZZY

Hey, chill out, Jenny. It's me. Your old friend.

Jenny looks at him with a strange glimmer of recognition.

MUZZY (CONT'D)

You know? "Fuzzy-wuzzy-muzzy"?

JENNY

(Unbelievably.)

Muzzy?

MUZZY

The one and only.

He burps loudly and groans, rubbing his stomach.

JENNY

But... but how? I haven't seen you since I was, like, five. You can't be real. I must be dreaming.

MUZZY

This bitch of a headache sure isn't a dream, I'll tell you that much.

JENNY

You look... different. You're so big. And your fur's all dirty and matted. And what's that awful smell? Hey, you never used to have horns either!

MUZZY

Oh, those? Yeah, well puberty was good to me. And you're not exactly the little girl with pigtails and patent-leather shoes anymore either, Jenny.

JENNY

Actually, it's Jen to most people nowadays.

MUZZY

Fine. Jen.

JENNY

No, no, it's OK. I kinda like it when people call me Jenny. I guess I'm just not used to hearing it anymore, that's all.

MUZZY

So, Jenny, how've you been? Seems like we got an awful lot of catching up to do.

JENNY

I'll say. It's been so long.... Do you want a snack or anything?

MUZZY

Maybe just some coffee for now? I don't think my stomach can handle food just yet.

JENNY

OK.

She gets up and heads over to the kitchenette.

JENNY (CONT'D)

I usually have tea, but it's coffee for two today I guess. You're lucky I still have some.... Go ahead and make yourself comfortable.

Muzzy slouches down on the couch and proceeds to put his feet up and lounge all over it. Jenny pauses for a minute.

JENNY (CONT'D)

What am I doing? You don't even exist, but look at me, talking to an imaginary friend. I must be going crazy.

MUZZY

I won't tell if you won't.

Please contact me at [colleenn@gmail.com](mailto:colleenn@gmail.com) to see a full script.