

PUSSY PROBLEMS

a 10-ish minute play

by Courtney Crouse

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Character list

JOHN: Male. 30s. Extremely kind, affable. Loves MOLLY with all his heart.

MOLLY: 30s. A cat. Over it. Hates being picked up.

RANDY QUAID: Male. Randy Quaid.

CHAD: Male. Late 30s, early 40s. Convenience store worker. A gas station Yoda. Very wise. Very stoned. Very likely a conspiracy theorist.

Setting

SCENE 1: JOHN's house

SCENE 2: Outside a 7-11

SCENE 3: Inside a 7-11

Log Line

A relationship struggles with communication as one half of the couple ventures out into the world with burning, existential questions.

Please note: No one can understand what MOLLY says except CHAD.

PUSSY PROBLEMS

SCENE 1

(At rise, JOHN is sitting on his bed. He and MOLLY are in an argument. MOLLY is heard but not seen)

JOHN

Kitten, will you please come out?

MOLLY

No.

JOHN

You've been there for hours. I know you have to be hungry by now or need to pee or...something.

MOLLY

No.

JOHN

I don't understand why you're being like this.

MOLLY

You don't understand? Seriously? Were we not in the same room together when that man was putting his hands ALL. OVER ME?!

JOHN

I know it was a stressful day but they were trying to help you.

MOLLY

Whatever.

JOHN

And it's important that you get your vaccinations to stay healthy.

MOLLY

This is some bullshit.

JOHN

They're professionals.

MOLLY

Professional bullshit.

JOHN

Come on. Please don't stay there forever. Hey, how about I go get your laser, ya? You love your laser! Ok, I'm gonna go get it. I'll be right back, ok?

(Molly crawls out from under bed and sits. She is wearing a beautiful coat)

MOLLY

Is he gone? God. This is INSANE. I mean, what am I even still doing with this guy? He's never gonna be able to understand me-it's just gonna go on like this day after day. And how many times can one person watch Braveheart? You'd think he'd at least change it up every now and then, maybe Independence Day or something.

(John re-enters running with the laser)

JOHN

Here we go!

(MOLLY moves quickly from the bed to a nearby chair. She uses her whole body to sit in the chair.)

MOLLY

Holy shit! You almost gave me a stroke.

JOHN

There she is. And look at your beautiful coat.

MOLLY

Thank you.

JOHN

Oh, Molly, such pretty "meows". Look, I'm...I really am sorry about today, ok? I'm sure it must have been super uncomfortable getting poked and prodded like that for an hour.

MOLLY

How could you even let him pick me up like that? You know how much I hate being picked up.

JOHN

And I know how much you hate being picked up. Man, its times like this I just really wish humans could understand cats. That'd probably make things a lot easier for us, huh?

MOLLY

You can say that again...

JOHN

Well, it's all over now. We're home and settled. Hey, why don't we watch some *Braveheart*?

MOLLY

Oh, for fuck's sake...

JOHN

I'll grab the Nutty Bars-be right back!

(JOHN exits)

MOLLY

(after making sure JOHN is gone) Alright, it's now or never. I'm sorry, John. But this is where I leave you. Let's just hope you left the screen door open.

(MOLLY exits. JOHN re-enters)

JOHN

Ok! We're all ready to go. ...wait. Molly? Molly?! Oh shit. MOOOOLLY!! Pspspspsp! Dammit. I hope I didn't leave the screen door open again. (as he exits) MOLLY!!!!

(Blackout)

SCENE 2

(Outside a 7-11 near a dumpster)

MOLLY

Ah-ha! I made it! Wow-I feel like I can actually breathe again. (MOLLY takes a deep inhale, then exhale then notices the 7-11) Oh, a 7-11! Perfect. Maybe their dumpster will have some day-old hotdogs or something.

(RANDY QUAID appears. He has just been kicked out of the 7-11 and is, presumably, yelling back at the clerk)

RANDY QUAID

Bullshit, man. This is bullshit. If you just had real chocolate milk instead of that True-Moo crap, we wouldn't even have a problem here.

MOLLY

Holy shit. Is that Randy Quaid of National Lampoon's Christmas Vacation and Brokeback Mountain?

RANDY QUAID

You need to up your dairy game, bro. Up. Your. Dairy game.

MOLLY

Hey! What are you doing here, Randy Quaid?

RANDY QUAID

Oh! Hey, kitty! Wow. Look at you. Aren't you such a pretty cat. And what a beautiful coat.

MOLLY

Thank you. You know, I was just talking about Independence Day earlier! Man, you sure were great in that movie.

RANDY QUAID

I was getting ready to hit up the dumpster for some day-old hotdogs. You wanna join me, little cat?

MOLLY

Woah! Don't threaten me with a good time, Randy Quaid! Lead the way!

RANDY QUAID

Come on, I'll lead the way. Ya know, a lot of places lock up their dumpsters. But not this one. I've got a side hussle going with this one so they keep it unlocked for me.

MOLLY

Really?! Wow! Dumpster diving behind a 7-11 with Randy Quaid. Now this is what I'm talking about! Livin' the sweet life.

RANDY QUAID

It's just right back here. Ah! Here we are. (*they begin rummaging through the dumpster*) Now here? Here is where we find the good stuff.

MOLLY

Wow. This sure is fun, Randy Quaid. Hey, did you and Chevy Chase ever go dumpster diving when you were filming Christmas Vacation? I'll bet Chevy just loves eating shitty stuff out of the garbage.

RANDY QUAID

You know—this kinda reminds me of the time Chevy Chase and I were dumpster diving on the set of Christmas Vacation.

MOLLY

(audible gasp) !

RANDY QUAID

Chevy just loves eating shitty stuff out of the garbage.

MOLLY

Wow. Celebs: they're just like us. Hey, Randy Quaid, do you ever think there's more to life than this? Like, is it all just watching Braveheart and shitting in boxes and day-old hotdogs? Or is the universe bigger than all that?

RANDY QUAID

Woah! You really are a talker, aren't ya? Such pretty meows. Keep talkin', kitty. Here, I'll talk with you. Meow.

(RANDY QUAID puts up his little paws up like a cat)

MOLLY

Wait.

RANDY QUAID

Meow!

MOLLY

Randy.

RANDY QUAID

Meow!

MOLLY

Randy, please stop.

RANDY QUAID

Cat's love it when I do this. Come here, kitty, lemme pick you up.

MOLLY

What?

RANDY QUAID

Come here, little one.

MOLLY

Randy, I really don't like to be picked up.

(RANDY QUAID goes in for some lovins)

RANDY QUAID

Comin' in for some lovins!

MOLLY

Randy, please don't do this!!

RANDY QUAID

Kitty cuddles, incoming!

MOLLY

RANDY QUAID, NOOOOOOO!!

(As RANDY QUAID tries to pick up/cuddle MOLLY, she slaps him across the face)

RANDY QUAID

AAAH! JESUS CHRIST! You scratched me in the eye.

MOLLY

You're godamned right, I did. Dammit. I'm such an idiot. Here I was, thinking I was having the time of my life, seemingly getting the answers to all life's burning questions from one of the world's most prestigious film stars, and then you pull this horse shit?! Fuck you, Randy Quaid. (She exits)

(RANDY QUAID is making pained noises and groping around in the air with his hands. Suddenly, JOHN runs across the stage)

JOHN

MOLLY! MOOOOOOLLLLLYYYY! (JOHN exits. Lights out as RANDY QUAID continues to struggle both verbally and physically)

SCENE 3

(Inside the 7-11. A man named CHAD is working the register. Lights up as MOLLY enters)

MOLLY

Hey buddy. How ya doin?

CHAD

Whoa! Hey there, little cat. How'd you get in here? Cats aren't supposed to be in convenience stores. Unless...wait, lemme guess—you want some scratch-offs, right?

MOLLY

I'm sorry?

CHAD

You know-lottery tickets. Scratch offs. Cause you're a cat, right? Or maybe some paw-liament lights?

MOLLY

Look, man, we're never gonna get anywhere like this.

CHAD

Well, certainly not with that cattitude.

MOLLY

(starts to leave) Oh, for Christ's sake.

CHAD

Woah, woah! Cool your jets, Cat Benatar. Just havin' a little fun. Now, what can I do for you, little one?

MOLLY

Alright, listen, I realize how this sounds but...Randy Quaid is out back, wreaking havoc behind your dumpster.

CHAD

Aw, man. Is Randy still out there?

MOLLY

Wait, you know about this?!?

CHAD

Oh, for sure. You see, we unlock the dumpster so he can eat the day-old food and in exchange, he scares away all the millennials by standing out front and forcing them to write in cursive and do long division by hand.

MOLLY

Wow. That actually makes way more sense than it should. Well, anyway, there we were, swapping Chevy Chase stories then BOOM--out of nowhere he starts acting like a lunatic!

CHAD

Randy Quaid?! No way!

MOLLY

Way. So, I was hoping you could...wait a minute. You can understand what I'm saying?!?

CHAD

Of course.

MOLLY

But...how is that? I'm a cat. You're a human. No human ever understands what I'm saying.

CHAD

(just realizing) Oh! It's probably because I'm really stoned.

MOLLY

Wait...seriously? That's a thing?

CHAD

Oh, yeah! That's a little secret we stoners keep from the civilians—when you're high, you can talk to animals.

MOLLY

No shit?

CHAD

No shit. Check it out—Dr. Dolittle, right? Everyone thinks he's fictional? Not so. But the government, right? They had to sell us that pack of lies because if Doolittle's secret had gotten out, everyone would just be going around high as balls, talking to animals all the time. Nothing would get done in the world. Think about it.

MOLLY

Wow. That actually makes way more sense than it should. I don't think I caught your name.

CHAD

Oh! (*points to nametag*) Call me "Chad"! Pronounced like "mad" but with a "ch" instead of an "m".

MOLLY

What a strange thing to say. Ok. Hey, Chad, you seem like a real big picture kinda guy. Lemme ask you—is this it? I

mean, life--ya know? Is this all there is? I live with this human, right? And every day it's the same thing: Get up, lick myself gratuitously, eat, shit in a box, and sleep in a window for 15 hours.

CHAD

Honestly? Same.

MOLLY

It's all so mundane. And my human...I know he loves me. He took me off the streets, he feeds me, he always tells me how beautiful my coat is...

CHAD

That is a beautiful coat.

MOLLY

Thank you. But I just can't help thinking I should be doing more with my life. Besides, my human and I—we aren't able to communicate. Not like you and I can here, anyway. And that pretty much makes things impossible.

CHAD

Well, I hear what you're saying about missing out on life. I'm pretty sure everyone thinks they should be doing something more meaningful. But the way you talk about it, it sounds like you've got a great life, little friend. And communication is always something that can be worked on. Just press paws. Live in the meow.

MOLLY

Oh, for fuck's sake, Chad!

CHAD

Look—you say he loves you?

MOLLY

Very much, I think.

CHAD

And do you love him?

MOLLY

I mean...I don't wanna kill him in his sleep?

CHAD

Coming from a cat, most would call that a "win". Look, why not give him another chance?

MOLLY

Maybe you're right. But there's still the movie.

CHAD

Movie?

MOLLY

This fucking movie he watches 24/7, day and night on a loop. I'm sick of it. Braveheart.

CHAD

Now, that's an incredible film.

MOLLY

Please, God, not you, too.

CHAD

I'm just sayin'-great movie!

MOLLY

Well, I hate it. I hate it and if I'm gonna stay with him, I need it to stop.

(JOHN enters the 7-11)

JOHN

Hey, man—I'm sorry to bother you but is there any way you've seen a...wait, Molly?!

MOLLY

Well, look what the cat dragged in.

JOHN

(near tears) MOLLY!!! Is that really you?!?!

CHAD

I assume this is the guy?

MOLLY

What was your first clue.

JOHN

(moving towards to her) Molly! I was so worried about you! I'm so sorry, Molly. I'm just so sorry. I wasn't paying attention and you must've gotten out through the screen door. I'll never let that happen again.

MOLLY

Look, John, this is my fault. You're a good guy and you didn't deserve this. I mean, you love me, you feed me and, frankly, I don't know where I'd be without you. Possibly with Randy Quaid which at one time may have seemed appealing but now... Well, let's just say never meet your heroes. I wanna stay with you, John. But if this is going to work then we've gotta meet each other half-way, ya know?

JOHN

Oh, Molly. Such pretty meows. I can't tell you how happy I am I found you. Now, let's get home so we can watch our favorite movie, *Braveheart*!

MOLLY

Yeah, pump the brakes there, William Wallace. (to CHAD) Can I get a little help here, half-baked?

CHAD

Oh ya! Hey buddy-great cat you've got there!

JOHN

Thank you. Honestly, this whole "cat" thing is all very new to me. Sometimes I can tell she's trying to talk to me when she "meows", ya know, but...well, I suppose the universe just didn't intend for humans to know what animals are saying.

CHAD

Funny you should bring that up. Check it out--Dr. Doolittle, right? Everyone thinks he's fictional? Not so. But the government, right? They had to sell us that...

MOLLY

(getting him back on track) Hey, Chad?

CHAD

Right, sorry. Ya know what, buddy? Why don't you take this home with you. (CHAD hands JOHN a clear, Ziplock bag containing approximately 3-5 pre-rolled, fatty joints)

JOHN

What's this?

CHAD

Take it home, open it up, and I guarantee you'll be feeling more secure about your relationship with kitty in no time.

JOHN

Wow. Ok. Well, thank you. I don't think I caught your name.

CHAD

Oh! (*points to nametag*) Call me "Chad"! Pronounced like "mad" but with a "ch" instead of an "m".

JOHN

What a strange thing to say. Well, thanks, Chad. Come on, Molly! We better get going. (*JOHN exits*)

MOLLY

Wow. I really don't know how to thank you for this. And you're right-I do have a great life. I just need to start appreciating it.

CHAD

No thanks necessary. Good luck to you, little friend.

MOLLY

Thanks, Chad (*begins to exit*)

CHAD

(*stopping her*) Oh, and kitty?

MOLLY

Yeah?

CHAD

(*puts his little paw up Star Trek style*) Remember: live long and paw-sper.

MOLLY

(*very small beat. Then as she's leaving...*) Goddammit, Chad.(*blackout*)