

## **ALL RIGHTS RESERVED**

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that this play is subject to royalty. It is fully protected by Original Works Publishing, and the copyright laws of the United States. All rights, including professional, amateur, motion pictures, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, and the rights of translation into foreign languages are strictly reserved.

The performance rights to this play are controlled by Original Works Publishing and royalty arrangements and licenses must be secured well in advance of presentation. PLEASE NOTE that amateur royalty fees are set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. When applying for a royalty quotation and license please give us the number of performances intended, dates of production, your seating capacity and admission fee. Royalties are payable with negotiation from Original Works Publishing.

Royalty of the required amount must be paid whether the play is presented for charity or gain and whether or not admission is charged. Particular emphasis is laid on the question of amateur or professional readings, permission and terms for which must be secured from Original Works Publishing through direct contact.

Copying from this book in whole or in part is strictly forbidden by law, and the right of performance is not transferable.

Whenever the play is produced the following notice must appear on all programs, printing, and advertising for the play:

**“Produced by special arrangement with  
Original Works Publishing.”  
[www.originalworksonline.com](http://www.originalworksonline.com)**

Due authorship credit must be given on all programs, printing and advertising for the play.

*Get Stuffed*  
© 2009, Mark Scharf  
First Printing, 2009  
Printed in U.S.A.

## Also Available from OWP

### Killed A Man In Reno

by Robin Hack

3 Males, 1 Female

**Synopsis:** Kurt and Julie Lawry travel to Reno, Nevada for a wild weekend. The biggest little city in the world doesn't have all the glitz and glamour of Las Vegas, but it is able to offer its own "unique" activities. As soon as Kurt and Julie arrive in their room, the trusty hotel concierge is at their service, offering to get show tickets, reserve gaming tables, make dinner reservations, or let them kill a man just to watch him die. *"It is what Reno, Nevada is famous for Mr. Lawry."*

### Knuckleball

by William Whitehurst

1 Male, 1 Female

**Synopsis:** In a moment of passion and intimacy, Ross proposes to his promiscuous lover Trish. She desperately wants to say yes, but cannot. But Ross won't take no for answer—she must either marry him or explain why she won't. She tells an extraordinary tale about who—and what—she really is. But is she telling the truth? And if she is, will the truth destroy these lovers, or save them? *Knuckleball* challenges us to rethink the nature and meaning of love in our contemporary world.

### Suburban Peepshow

by James Comtois

6-8 Males, 2 Females

**Synopsis:** Bill is a husband, father, and professional. But this week, a cross dressing social deviant gets fired at the office and Bill is poised to step into his position. The promotion all but guarantees new dishtowels for the wife, and the in-ground pool for son Jeremy. But a New Girl in the office has designs for Bill, and he ain't gonna pass it up... if you know what I mean. Who can blame him with his wife contemplating jumping the Pool Guy, a strange Carnie Barker interrupting dinner, and the occasion Gladiator battle waiting at home. It all depends on how the Playwright is feeling tonight.

**GET STUFFED**

A play in one act

By **Mark Scharf**

**GET STUFFED**

Cast of Characters

(in order of appearance)

FURBALL

A large stuffed bear played by a large, unshaven, scruffy actor in street clothes; the only gesture towards being a stuffed bear is a ribbon tied around his neck in a bow.

MARTY

20's/30's. FURBALL's owner.

KRISTIN

20's/30's. Marty's Date.

TIME

The Present

PLACE

Marty's apartment

*GET STUFFED* was first produced at The Audrey Herman Spotlighters Theatre, Baltimore, Maryland August 5<sup>th</sup>, through August 27<sup>th</sup> 2005 as part of the 24<sup>th</sup> Baltimore Playwrights Festival.

Produced by Fuzz Roark  
Directed by C. Dan Bursi

FURBALL	Mark Squirek
MARTY	Maboud Ebrahimzede
KRISTIN	Taisha Cameron

*For my son, Eric Scharf,  
whose laughter made this play a success for me.*

## Get Stuffed

*(Lights rise on the sparsely furnished living room of MARTY EVANS' apartment. Seated on the sofa enraptured with whatever is on the TV is FURBALL, played by a large, unshaven, scruffy actor in street clothes; the only gesture towards being a stuffed bear is a ribbon tied around his neck in a bow.)*

*(After a moment, MARTY enters the room in a rush. He is wearing a pair of jeans but is shirtless and barefoot. HE is drying his hair with a towel. HE grabs the remote control from next to FURBALL and switches off the TV.)*

FURBALL: Hey!!!

MARTY: It's too loud.

FURBALL: I was watching that.

MARTY: Not anymore.

FURBALL: What're you so pissy about?

MARTY: I'm not pissy.

*(Small PAUSE.)*

FURBALL: You took a shower.

MARTY: Very observant.

FURBALL: I didn't hear the water running.

MARTY: That's because you had the TV blasting,

FURBALL: I didn't turn the sound up. I didn't even turn the TV on.

MARTY: Right...

FURBALL: But I sure like watching it. You don't know how boring it gets around here while you're at work.

MARTY: I can imagine.

FURBALL: Like you imagined that I turned it on.

*(Small PAUSE.)*

MARTY: 'Guess so. Sorry.

FURBALL: Can you turn it back on, please?

MARTY: Not now.

FURBALL: Does this have anything to do with why you took a shower now? You hardly ever take a shower when you come home from work. Unless you're going out – and you haven't gone out in a long, long time...

MARTY: I'm well aware of that.

FURBALL: So, what's going on?

MARTY: I'm going to have a guest...

FURBALL: Oh, no...

MARTY: She'll just be here for a little while...

FURBALL: No way, man...

MARTY: And then we'll leave.

FURBALL: Why is she coming here?

MARTY: To pick me up. The car is in the shop, remember?

FURBALL: God damn it!

MARTY: What's your problem?

FURBALL: What're you going to do with me? Are you going to leave me out here? You want her to see me? *(PAUSE. MARTY doesn't answer.)* I didn't think so.

MARTY: It'll just be for a little while.

FURBALL: Just leave me in the bedroom. Put me on the bed.

MARTY: She might want to see the bedroom – she might want a tour of the place.

FURBALL: Don't you stuff me under the bed.

MARTY: I won't.

FURBALL: You're going to put me in the closet, aren't you? You're going to leave me in the God damn closet all night.

MARTY: Not all night...

FURBALL: That's what you said last time. You shoved me in the closet then disappeared until 2 o'clock in the morning and you were so drunk you just went and passed out on the bed and left me in there.

MARTY: How did you know it was 2 a.m.?

FURBALL: When you came through the front door you said, "God damn it, it's 2 fucking a.m. – I'm only gonna get four hours of sleep."

MARTY: I wish you'd stop cursing.

FURBALL: You said it, I didn't.

MARTY: It doesn't sound right coming out of you.

FURBALL: That's your problem.

MARTY: It'll be your problem if I sew your mouth shut.

FURBALL: One problem with that, Mar-tay.

MARTY: What's that?

FURBALL: I don't really have a God damn mouth.

MARTY: Okay – into the closet!

*(HE moves to grab FURBALL.)*

FURBALL: Not yet! Not yet! Not yet! *(MARTY stops with his hands on FURBALL's shoulders.)* I can go in the closet when she gets here.

MARTY: You're just hoping I forget.

FURBALL: What's so bad about that? I'm a conversation piece.

MARTY: The wrong kind of conversation.

FURBALL: Girls like me, Marty. They think I'm cute.

MARTY: And they think I'm weird for keeping you around.

FURBALL: Marty, Marty, Marty...

MARTY: What? What? What?

FURBALL: You are weird. If you weren't weird, we wouldn't be having this conversation.

MARTY: I don't like it when you say things like that.

FURBALL: I'm your oldest and bestest friend, Marty. If I can't say it, who can?

MARTY: That's enough. C'mon...

*(MARTY "picks up" FURBALL by the shoulders and maneuvers him/her towards the closet.)*

FURBALL: Damn it, Marty!

MARTY: I told you to stop cussing...

FURBALL: God damn it! God damn it! God damn it! Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, shit!

MARTY: *(Opening the closet door.)* Get in there.

FURBALL: No!

*(There is a knock at the door.)*

MARTY: She's here! Shit! Get in there!

FURBALL: *(As MARTY shoves him into the closet.)*  
Fuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuck!

*(There is another knock at the door.)*

MARTY: *(Towards the front door.)* Be right there! *(HE runs into the bedroom grabs a shirt and enters while pulling a shirt on over his head. HE crosses to the front door while trying to smooth his towel-dried hair with his fingers and opens the door.)* Well, hello.

KRISTIN: Hey.

MARTY: Sorry – you caught me not quite ready – I got caught up in something... Come in...

*(HE stands back and KRISTIN enters, SHE is dressed casually, but nicely; she has made an effort.)*

FURBALL: *(In the closet.)* Get me outta here!

MARTY: Just let me get some shoes...

KRISTIN: It's all right. There's no rush.

MARTY: I made reservations...

FURBALL: I've got your God damn reservations!

KRISTIN: I'm sorry I'm a little early. I wasn't sure how long it would take to get here.

MARTY: No problem, no problem at all. Would you like something to drink?

FURBALL: Stop fucking around, Marty!

KRISTIN: That's all right.

FURBALL: Just get out of here so you can get home and get me out of this God damn closet!

MARTY: I'll just get my shoes...

*(As HE starts for the bedroom there is a loud thump from the closet.)*

KRISTIN: What was that?

MARTY: What was what?

KRISTIN: That crash...

MARTY: You heard that?

KRISTIN: Sounded like something fell over.

FURBALL: You're God damn right something fell over!

MARTY: I guess so...

FURBALL: I fucking fell over, you ass hole!

KRISTIN: *(Points at the closet door.)* Sounded like it came from in there.

MARTY: That's the closet.

KRISTIN: Don't you want to see? Maybe something broke in there.

MARTY: Nah... it's all right.

*(SHE moves to the closet door.)*

FURBALL: Open the door, Marty! I think I hurt myself!

MARTY: You can't get hurt!

KRISTIN: What?

MARTY: I said, you could get hurt. I got a lot of crap stuffed in there. Something could fall on you...

FURBALL: I landed on my head! You've got to help me, Marty!

KRISTIN: Something could have gotten broken.

MARTY: Something could GET broken...

KRISTIN: What?

MARTY: Let me take a look.

FURBALL: It's about time you prick!

*(MARTY opens the door slowly and looks inside. KRISTIN come up behind him and looks.)*

KRISTIN: Oh, my God! What's that?!

MARTY: It's a... it's a bear.

KRISTIN: It's a big bear.

FURBALL: The biggest, baby! Now, pick me up!

KRISTIN: He must have fallen off that top shelf.

FURBALL: Like a cliff diver, baby! Right on my God damn head!

KRISTIN: Let me see!

FURBALL: You heard her, ass hole! Let her see!

MARTY: All right.

*(MARTY leans into the closet and "picks up" FURBALL. HE backs out of the closet holding FURBALL by the shoulders and walks him/her to the sofa where FURBALL sits.)*

KRISTIN: He's so cute!

FURBALL: I told you she'd think I was cute, ass-hole.

MARTY: I know.

FURBALL: Shoulda just left me out on the sofa.

KRISTIN: Where did you get him?

MARTY: He was a present. For my birthday. My uh, seventh birthday.

*(KRISTIN sits next to FURBALL on the sofa and strokes his hair.)*

KRISTIN: He must've been bigger than you were.

FURBALL: You're God damn right I was bigger. I could've kicked his little ass, if I could've moved.

MARTY: He was.

FURBALL: He was scared of me, baby.

KRISTIN: And you've kept him all these years – that's so sweet!

FURBALL: He's still scared of me.

MARTY: *(Hisses to FURBALL.)* Why don't you shut up?

KRISTIN: Excuse me?

MARTY: He was hard to pick up – back then. When I was seven.

KRISTIN: I'll bet he was. What's his name?

MARTY: His name?

FURBALL: Yeah, my name, ass hole. Tell her what my name is.

MARTY: It's uh... "Furball."

KRISTIN: *(Laughing.)* Furball?

MARTY: Yeah. I was seven...

KRISTIN: That's precious! *(SHE rubs FURBALL's head.) (Baby talk.)*  
How are you, Furball? How are you doing today?

FURBALL: Just fine, baby – as long as you keep rubbing my head like that. *(To MARTY)* See if you can get her to rub a little lower – if you know what I mean.

MARTY: God damn it, Furball... *(KRISTIN stops rubbing FURBALL and looks at MARTY, who realizes SHE has caught him talking to the bear.) (Recovering.)* Stop trying to steal my date! *(HE laughs.)*

KRISTIN: I don't think you have to worry about that. Although he is awful cute.

FURBALL: That's right, baby! Ain't nothin' like the fur to make a lady purr!

MARTY: I'm going to get my shoes.

FURBALL: You sure you want to leave us alone?

*(MARTY glares at FURBALL then exits into the bedroom. KRISTIN on the sofa next to FURBALL.)*

KRISTIN: *(To FURBALL)* Well, what should we talk about?

FURBALL: Anything you want, sugar lips.

KRISTIN: *(Toussling his hair.)* You really are a big bear.

FURBALL: I'd like to show you how big.

KRISTIN: Oh, your bow-tie is loose. Let me fix that...

*(SHE unties the bow in the ribbon around his neck and carefully ties it again into a large bow.)*

FURBALL: Tie me up, baby – please tie me up!

KRISTIN: There you go – all better!

FURBALL: Damn, you smell good! *(Yelling to MARTY.)* She really smells good, man! *(To KRISTIN)* I would love to hibernate with you.

KRISTIN: *(Baby talk.)* Is you a happy bear now? *(SHE gives him a big kiss on the cheek.)* Mwaaaaaaa!