

# PERUSAL SCRIPT

## TROLL

by  
**Matthew Ivan Bennett**

Episode 11 of the **RADIO HOUR** Series



Newport, Maine

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## **TROLL**

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## CAST OF CHARACTERS

Voice\*

Moxie

Chet

*\*Voice can be a man or woman. Diverse casting is highly encouraged. Chet, in human form, is a white man, but needn't be played by one.*

**COSTUMES:** optional street clothes (carefully chosen, of course) or fully costumed for live performance.

**SETTING:** Should either be a 'radio station' setting, or use virtual projection scenery for a full production.

**Sound Effects required** (can be Foley, recorded, or a mix of both. Music required.)

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**TROLL** by Matthew Ivan Bennett *RADIO HOUR Episode 11. Im If Ieither.* (53 minutes) Simple costumes and setting. SFX essential. Staged Radio Drama, Radio Broadcast, Fully-Staged Production, or Virtual Theatre. A comedic send-up of fairy tales like THE FROG PRINCE or BEAUTY AND THE BEAST, the radio play TROLL is about an internet troll who's turned into an actual troll and must make a feminist fall in love with him to free himself from the curse. The holidays are a time for redemption stories – think Scrooge or the Grinch. And what better villain of our modern era than an internet troll? TROLL was a co-production between Salt Lake City's Plan-B Theatre Company and the University of Utah's Public Radio station KUER's Radio West.

**ORDER #3245**

**MATTHEW IVAN BENNETT** is a resident of Plan-B Theatre, listed by American Theater magazine as one of 14 companies nationwide exemplifying social action and civic engagement. At Plan-B, he's premiered several stage and radio plays, including an adaptation of "*Frankenstein*" that won a Utah Broadcasters Association award, and "*Eric(a)*"—which won Best Drama at the United Solo festival in New York. He received the Holland New Voices award from the Great Plains Theatre Commons, has twice been a finalist in screenwriting at Austin Film Festival, and in 2016 was an O'Neill finalist. His short plays have appeared at Chicago's Circle Theatre, Rising Sun in New York, Monkeyman in Toronto, and the Source Festival in DC. Matt is a member of the Dramatists' Guild.

# TROLL

## PART 1

### MUSIC

**F/X:** *River (throughout.)*

**VOICE:** *(to the audience)* They first met on a bridge, Thanksgiving Day, at sundown. The air was crisp and ionized and full of nutmeg. *She* wore her favorite V-neck blouse, the color of champagne. *He* wore the pelt of a squirrel.

*(We hear CHET mouth-breathing)*

Dangling from a girder beneath the bridge — careful to stay out of the twilight, and certainly out of the woman's eye-line — Chet listened.

*(MOXIE hums)*

She was humming a 1960s protest song — such a good sign. The troll clacked his fangs.

**CHET:** *(to himself)* Oh thank whoever's up there. The curse will be lifted at last.

**MOXIE:** Hello? Who's down there?

**VOICE:** Chet had forgotten how to think quietly.

**CHET:** Oh jeez.

**VOICE:** How to swear without doing it out loud.

**CHET:** Dirty sheets!

**MOXIE:** Uhh, I heard that, creep.

**VOICE:** Moxie Anne Worcester leaned over the guardrail with the confidence of a black belt in Brazilian Jiu-jitsu — because she was one. Chet scuttled into the deep shade.

**F/X:** *Scuttling.*

**MOXIE:** You lookin' up girls' skirts?! That your thing, buddy?

**CHET:** Uhh...

**VOICE:** Chet whipped his eyes to the west. The sun hunkered red at the skyline. A full dose of sunlight could turn him to stone — but it was now or never.

**MOXIE:** I'm calling the cops, sicko.

**CHET:** Wait! No! Please, it's just me!

**MOXIE:** Who's "just me"?

**CHET:** Chet. It's Chet. Your date? From Cuddlebug dot com?

**MOXIE:** Ohhhhh, 'K, well, we were s'posed to meet *on* the bridge, Chet, not under it.

**CHET:** Did we say on?

**MOXIE:** Yeah: I think “under” would've been a dealbreaker.

**CHET:** What if I told you I was practicing my parkour for a reality television show?

**MOXIE:** I don't watch TV.

**CHET:** Oh I don't either — but I have a thirteen-inch laptop.

**MOXIE:** And that's my exit line.

**CHET:** What? You just got here, Mox.

**MOXIE:** It's *Moxie*; I don't do diminutives. An' I was waiting half an hour while you apparently lurked under me, so, I don't think this is meant to be.

**CHET:** You said “down to snuggle”!

**MOXIE:** *You* had a profile pic without shadows and spider webs hiding your face. Bye.

*F/X: Footsteps away.*

### MUSIC

**VOICE:** Chet began a process of perspiration in many places; it smelled like hot dogs.

**CHET:** Not yet! Please Moxie! Give me thirty seconds! I just need thirty seconds!

**MOXIE:** (*stopping*) Tempting, but what I'm going to do is open the app on my phone...

**VOICE:** At that moment, the sun fell from view.

**MOXIE:** And click “*Unmatch.*”

**VOICE:** The valley lay in shadow.

*(CHET emits an inward happy “hhh”)*

**MOXIE:** Hasta la pasta, Chet.

*F/X: Scuttling.*

*(CHET is chuckling)*

**VOICE:** He scrambled up the side of the bridge, leapt, and cut her off with his lumpish troll body.

*(CHET roars. MOXIE screams. )*

**MUSIC**

## SCENE BREAK ##

**F/X:** *Deep woods (throughout.)*

*(MOXIE wakes up with a gasp)*

**VOICE:** When Moxie came to, she found herself duct-taped to a plastic chair in a cabin in the woods. She sniffed. Brussels sprouts. Candied yams. And faintly, leek. Or possibly B.O. Her eyes focused. Moonlight filtered through cracks in the walls. Across the clay floor, she found a hulking bestial shadow.

**CHET:** Hi there.

*(MOXIE takes short breaths)*

**CHET:** I have many questions.

**MOXIE:** You're not...you're not—

**CHET:** Number one: Do you think it's bull if someone reduces your emotional life to premenstrual syndrome?

**MOXIE:** Say what?

**CHET:** If you blow your lid 'cause like a restaurant's outta steak fries and then your boyfriend says to the waiter, "Her Aunt Flo's in town." Would that bug you?

**MOXIE:** I'm bugged by the fact that I'm tied up and you're not human. Help!

**CHET:** Please don't yell.

**MOXIE:** Monster!

**CHET:** Could you n—?

**MOXIE:** Rapist!

**CHET:** Whoa, uncalled for.

**MOXIE:** Not as far as I know.

**CHET:** I'm not the R-word.

**MOXIE:** You lured me to bridge, knocked me out, and tied me up.

**CHET:** Out of necessity — and no one's going to hear but my friends.

**MOXIE:** Your friends?

**CHET:** Yes: I'm well acquainted with the vermin in the area. Literally.

**MOXIE:** Literally acquainted or literally vermin?

**CHET:** Both.

**MOXIE:** I see.

**CHET:** Yeah, so, there's nothing to worry about, just know there are vermin.

**MOXIE:** If I resist.

**CHET:** Technically, yes, but if you don't resist there's nothing to worry about.

**MOXIE:** Besides the troll in front of me.

**CHET:** Lady, technically speaking, I am *naa*—

*(CHET chokes)*

### MUSIC

**VOICE:** An invisible force squeeze his windpipe. The curse forbade him from telling its details or cure. He writhed and spasmed, certain the trapdoor to Hell could open any second. To Moxie, though, the troll looked like nothing so much as a big cat.

*(CHET hacks)*

**MOXIE:** You got a hairball?

**CHET:** I'm fine.

**MOXIE:** Do you eat hair?

**CHET:** No, I'm fine.

**MOXIE:** You coughed up a little hair.

**CHET:** It's not hair.

**MOXIE:** It looks like your body hair.

**CHET:** Next question! Do you think that looking good is about feeling good?

**MOXIE:** Where is this going?

**CHET:** Just do me a favor 'n'—

**MOXIE:** Why should I?! You lied to me.

**CHET:** Everyone lies on Cuddlebug!

**MOXIE:** No, people post pictures from the '90s, but *you* copy and pasted a guy from Hurly Burly, I'm

guessing, and then surprised me with this filth.

**CHET:** Oh, so judge a book by its cover.

**MOXIE:** If the dust jacket kidnaps you, yes.

**CHET:** That's...a very human term showing a very human bias; if you knew what troll-life was, you wouldn't be flibbertigibbeting 'cause I "kidnapped" you.

**MOXIE:** If a koala kidnaps a chinchilla, it's wrong.

**CHET:** When have koalas kidnapped anyone?

**MOXIE:** Koalas can murder and it's just as wrong for trolls.

**CHET:** They can't even spell, how can a koala—?!

**MOXIE:** I am *not* explaining the animal kingdom.

**CHET:** I don't need you to.

**MOXIE:** You do actually, but I'm not the TA for your seventh-grade Bio class.

**CHET:** Seventh grade?! Who talks to little girls about furry woodland killers?

**MOXIE:** Socially responsible people. I wish one had talked to me about 'em.

**CHET:** Well I'm not going to hurt you, I just—

**F/X:** *Ping.*

Ope, hold on, someone commented on my comment about Space Wars.

**VOICE:** The beast checked his smartphone.

**F/X:** *Digital keys.*

**MOXIE:** Eww! Is that thing...attached?!

**CHET:** Very.

**MOXIE:** Why?!

**CHET:** Because. Two years agaaa—

*(he chokes; recovers; spits)*

Never mind.

**MOXIE:** You have a phone in your forearm. You sewed a smartphone into your skin!

**CHET:** It's *growing out* of my skin, I didn't—! Can we hit the reset? I'm Chet, yes I am a "troll." You're Moxie, recently divorced, according to your profile—

**MOXIE:** Which says not to bring it up.



**CHET:** I'm not.

**MOXIE:** You did.

**CHET:** The fact of, not the details.

**MOXIE:** There's no difference.

**CHET:** M'K, someone has doubts about givin' the heave to her hubby.

**MOXIE:** Now you're prying.

**CHET:** I'm making an observation: you still have feelings.

**MOXIE:** I do, strong ones, for more than the past. The present even. Are you picking up on some of those? Or the sense there's another person here?

**CHET:** I see you like your sarcasm, which is a pro. I've been known to swash a few bitter buckles myself. I also observe your online persona and your real-life—

**MOXIE:** Why don't you observe my right to life and liberty?

**CHET:** (*chuckles*) Yeah. I like the Constitution too. We should all be grateful for that piece of paper. But speaking of gratitude...

**F/X:** *Uncovers a silver serving tray.*

I cooked this traditional human meal for you. I figured you wouldn't be with family today, since you were online at 5 a.m. lookin' for Thanksgivin' nookie.

**MOXIE:** A cuddle: that's the point of the service: it's called Cuddlebug.

**CHET:** Yeah, but everyone knows there's the cuddle and then there's the bug.

**MOXIE:** My profile was set to “Short-Term Spooning.”

**CHET:** Would you like anything? Side of cranberries? Stuffing? The turkey's been smoked. D'you have a favorite part? Me, I'm partial to neck. Turkey neck?

**MOXIE:** I'm vegan.

**CHET:** Really? D'you eat fish?

**MOXIE:** No, fish are conscious.

**CHET:** Not like us.

**MOXIE:** Still.

**CHET:** Eggs?

**MOXIE:** What about 'em?

**CHET:** You eat 'em?

**MOXIE:** That'd be murder.

**CHET:** Only if they'd been fertilized.

**MOXIE:** If you try to make me—

**CHET:** Most eggs aren't fertilized.

**MOXIE:** I know.

**CHET:** On modern factory farms—

**MOXIE:** I'm aware, I've had this conversation with eighty men, Chet, I'm not going to explain — not zoology, not veganism, I'm not dining with you.

**CHET:** Will you take another question?

**MOXIE:** I'm not answering your weirdo—

**CHET:** Do women deserve free birth control?

**MOXIE:** (*huffs*) Mmm-K. You got me. I'll play your game. “Do women deserve free birth control?” So complicated, Chet. 'Cause, one, there are many kinds of birth control. Like your face. Two, implicit in the question is you freakishly wanting to know, before you kill me, whether I'm something that rhymes with “beminist”...?

### MUSIC

**VOICE:** Chet smiled — and in the smile were two things: one literal, one not. The literal was a piece of red cabbage. The other was light blazing on the horizon of his misery, bright as a Native campfire to the first starving Puritan.

**CHET:** *Yes!*

**VOICE:** The troll pranced around the cabin on all fours. He looked like a caffeinated pony.

**CHET:** I *do* want to know whether you're that something. Thank you so much! Are you? Do you?! Do you subscribe to and wholly believe in...“beminism”?

**MOXIE:** 'K you're way more excited about that than I thought.

**CHET:** It's fine if you are.

**MOXIE:** For whom?

**CHET:** You can say it, please say it.

**MOXIE:** If I do, I'm saying it for me, so that you know, before you do whatever you're going to, I am no pushover.

**CHET:** Great, just say it.

**MOXIE:** You want me to say it?

**CHET:** I'd be grateful.

**MOXIE:** Would you now?

**CHET:** It would make my Thanksgiving.

**MOXIE:** *If* I told you that I'm...?

**CHET:** Yes.

**MOXIE:** That I am *a*...?

**CHET:** *(do it)* Yes, yes.

**MOXIE:** You'd like me to clearly make known that I, Moxie Anne Worcester, am a feminahhhhhst!

**F/X:** *Mace.*

*(CHET howls)*

**VOICE:** *(over the macing)* When Chet had been prancing, Moxie had freed one of her hands and gotten to her purse and therefore Police Magnum pepper spray.

*(CHET cries in pain)*

She swung the chair at the twelve-foot neck-beard.

**F/X:** *Chair-beating.*

*(CHET & MOXIE are fighting.)*

Moxie rained violence on him. She high-kicked the troll in the kidney. When he slunk to his knees, she flank-attacked and went to work on his spine with her chair-sized club.

**F/X:** *Womp, womp, womp — and — crunch.*

**CHET:** Ahh!

**VOICE:** She broke his T-9 vertebra — and by “broke,” I mean battered into glue. Chet rolled in the dirt and wheezed. He held a paw over the screen in his arm, trying to protect it. Moxie saw this, and considered crushing the gizmo with a heel kick. But pity held her. She used her teeth to tear through the duct tape and free herself.

**F/X:** *Tearing.*

And then, adrenalized and huffing, Moxie strode to the cabin's only door.

**F/X:** *Door.*

About to flee, she froze. For outside the door, the vermin lay in wait — fifty raccoons with hell-black eyes glinting under Pilgrim hats that Chet must have made for them.

**CHET:** *(croaking)* You want to say the prayer, Moxie?

**VOICE:** She stumbled back, grabbed the electric carving knife.

**F/X:** *Auto-knife.*

She breathed out and remembered what her sensei had said about fighting small mammals. “Don't.”

**CHET:** Get her.

**F/X:** *Raccoons.*

*(MOXIE gives a mighty yolp)*

**MUSIC**

**STATION BREAK**

**PART 2**

**MUSIC**

**F/X:** *Wind (desolate.)*

**VOICE:** One month later, on Christmas Eve, Moxie Anne Worcester was picking berries in the snow. So far, with her Girl Scout woodcraft, she'd found two. Both tasted of lemon seeds.

*(MOXIE chews with despair)*

Nearby, a rabbit nibbled on a tuft of brown grass and, for a moment, the woman wondered what depth of feeling a rabbit *really* had. She wondered...

**MOXIE:** Would I still be vegan if I drank the blood but left the flesh for coyotes?

**VOICE:** She was a changed woman. The fight was not gone from her, but the blood sugar was. Four times the raccoons had trounced her, and now, the hope of escape wasted away with her biceps. To cope, she'd styled herself as a sort of Laura Ingalls Wilder. Not the *Little House On the Prairie* TV version, but the real one, with blue-faced preemies and horses screaming from broken legs and diphtheria and no doctor in the county. She asked herself:

**MOXIE:** **What would Laura do? Would Laura drink the steaming iron-hot blood of a rabbit? Or just set herself on fire?**

**F/X:** **Guitar (Christmas song.)**

*(MOXIE emits a nerve-ridden inhale)*

**VOICE:** Before she could settle the matter, the rabbit bounded off. The troll lumbered up. His T-9 vertebra had magically regenerated — and between the winter clouds, and holiday sweater, he could comfortably walk in the low light.

**CHET:** *(singing)*

DECK THE HALLS WITH BOUGHS OF HOLLY

FA LA LA LA LA, LA LA LA LA

'TIS THE SEASON TO BE JOLLY

FA LA LA LA LA, LA LA LA LA

TROLL THE ANCIENT YULE-TIDE CAROL

*(big finish with lots of guitar chords)*

FA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LAAAAA!

**MOXIE:** ... Hey.

**CHET:** 'S'up?

**MOXIE:** Oh you know, slowly dying of malnutrition, but other than that enjoying the weather.

**F/X:** *An icy gust.*

**CHET:** Found a guitar.

**MOXIE:** I heard and see that.

**CHET:** I used to be in nerdcore band. We called ourselves Randy and the Sticky Wickets.

**MOXIE:** Who's Randy?

**CHET:** My stepdad.

**MOXIE:** Mm.

**CHET:** Drums.

**MOXIE:** You named the band after the drummer?

**CHET:** He made us.

*(no pause)*

Anywho, I went down to the Naturall dumpster, in town? Scored some rainbow quinoa.

**MOXIE:** Super.

**CHET:** For you. As a Christmas present.

**MOXIE:** Christmas?

**CHET:** Tomorrow.

**MOXIE:** Hm, well, I'm still on hunger strike.

**CHET:** Are you? You weren't pickin' berries? ... 'Cause “a little bird” said you were.

**MOXIE:** The *birds* work for you too?

**CHET:** Maybe; either way you should eat.

**MOXIE:** Or else what?

**CHET:** I'll feel bad.

**MOXIE:** Wouldn't want that.

**CHET:** I would. How's your eye?

**MOXIE:** I think you mean my left eye *socket*, where my left eye used to be, before it was eaten by your furry little friends.

**CHET:** I told 'em not the face.

**MOXIE:** You said, “Don't mess up her mug,” but being raccoons, they might've misinterpreted the English they can hardly or never understand!

**CHET:** Moxie, I'm not angling for a tiff; I came out to cheer you up.

**MOXIE:** I am uncheered.

**CHET:** I'm trying here.

**MOXIE:** From the perspective of a feudal lord speaking to his serf, yeah.

**CHET:** You aren't my serf!

**F/X:** *Thundersnow.*

You're my helper, my helpmate, you're helping me. If anything, *I'm* enslaved — to my past and passions; I'm the slave-boy who escapes and becomes a pirate with a heart of gold and you're my *ingénue*. Together we're like...the cover of a romance novel.

**MOXIE:** That, Chet, makes me figuratively gag. I'd actually gag, but I'm too tired.

**CHET:** If I had time for Pilates, I'd be on a paperback.

**MOXIE:** Not what I meant.

**CHET:** I bulk up.

**MOXIE:** The point is not your photogenicity.

**CHET:** I know, the point is pirates are better with *ingénues*, I'm better with you. Before you came—

**MOXIE:** I didn't come.

**CHET:** I had ticks. You helped me get rid of the ticks in my back hair. Without you, I'd have Lyme dis—

**F/X:** *Thundersnow (closer.)*

Oh gee. We should not be standing next to a ponderosa if there's lightning. Let's reconvene.

**MOXIE:** I don't mind lightning. Reminds me of a romance novel all a sudden.

**VOICE:** The storm was in fact the first reason she had gone to this grove of trees.

**MOXIE:** Nothing like a sea squall to get your *ingénue* in the mood. Wanna climb the mast with me? See a little typhoon? A little ba-boom? Some crack and flash?

**CHET:** I like a little ba-boom, I do, but more at a distance.

**MOXIE:** I prefer close up: the sparks, the heat, the *clap*.

**CHET:** Moxie. Don't make me drag you back by the ankle, I don't like dragging you.

**MOXIE:** You sorta do.

**CHET:** I don't! I did, at first, but now, I don't. That's huge. The first girl I brought here I kept in a cage — which was wrong and I know it because of our tête-à-têtes. I got what I deserved when she chopped my feet off. So, I know the adjustment's not been easy, but we're getting there. I already can't picture myself without you.

Your oomph, your—

**MOXIE:** I have no oomph; you have de-oomped me; I am forever oomphless.

**CHET:** An oomphless girl wouldn't say that.

**MOXIE:** A troll I respected wouldn't call me “girl.”

**CHET:** Ah poo. You're right — and so good at making me see you're right! Which is why I think...you're my one and only! I was on Facepalm—

**MOXIE:** You're always on Facepalm.

**CHET:** I was on Facepalm and some guy was like: Ooo these lefty feminizers, they want to keep us breastfeeding forever! And I remembered what you said so I went: “Hey, shiz-gibbon! If you had a brain in your head not beef jerky, you'd understand feminism is neither feminine nor masculine! Ya little beotch.”

*F/X: Thundersnow (even closer.)*

**MOXIE:** I'm underwhelmed.

**CHET:** I'm changing! I'm evolving!

**MOXIE:** Downward, to the level of a parrot. You repeated half of something I said.

**CHET:** I wasn't repeating.

**MOXIE:** Last week, Chet, I was curious what your obsession with my politics is—

**CHET:** I'd tell you but, the caaa—  
*(chokes)*

**MOXIE:** The only “but” is your phlegm problem! You have a psychosomatic loogie between you and honesty.

*F/X: Static electricity building.*

**VOICE:** Before Chet could say that was snot the case, his super troll hearing homed on a static charge gathering and crackling. He had but moments before the woman's grim electric fate—

**CHET:** What?! “But moments”?!

**MOXIE:** I'm sorry?

### **MUSIC**

**VOICE:** *(quickly)* Chet had heard correctly: the words had been “but moments.”

**CHET:** Moxie, we have to run.

**MOXIE:** Feel free.

**CHET:** We plural.



**MOXIE:** I'm good.

**VOICE:** She wasn't. Moxie's tangled dusty hair rose around her, as if a "Sorry for a your loss" balloon had been rubbed on her scalp and held above her.

**CHET:** Moxie, please, we have to evacuate, it said "Sorry for your loss."

**MOXIE:** Who said?

**CHET:** The voice! There's a voice sometimes — or music — and it said "moments" and "grim" and "fate" and so far it's been right.

**MOXIE:** You are one messed up troll, Chet — and after thirty days with you, I'm OK being cooked by the stratosphere.

**VOICE:** Moxie turned to the land and sky. She thought of her former wife. Yes, it was a woman she'd referenced on Cuddlebug. If you assumed a man, you have implicit biases. In any case...

**MOXIE:** Bring me home, you crazy beautiful lady.

**CHET:** *(to himself)* I have implicit biases.

**MOXIE:** Duh. Now let me die with a view.

**CHET:** No. Moxie, I don't want to manhandle you, but I need you to fall in laaa—!

**F/X:** *Lightning; time kinks up.*

**VOICE:** Lightning struck. Time slowed. Chet, as he said, "I need you to fall in laaa," had thrown his arms around Moxie, and in consequence, the blue searing voltage rent into *him*, exploding his toenails and claws and melting his brain. Moxie was fine.

**F/X:** *Time flows; the wind stops; sizzling.*

As she blinked away the afterimage, the woman saw the troll crumpled on a patch of black smoking clover.

**MOXIE:** Chet?

*(CHET gurgles)*

Y'OK?

**VOICE:** She went to him.

**MOXIE:** How you feelin'?

*(CHET is in agony)*

*(wrinkling her nose—from the stench)* Chet, blink twice if you can hear me.

**VOICE:** He did not blink. The curse kept him alive, but at the moment his cortex was spoiled milk.

**MOXIE:** Why aren't you healing? What's different this time?

*(CHET coughs)*

Was it the lightning?

**VOICE:** She bent down to inspect the frying monster. She got her first close look at the smart device in his arm.

*(CHET is in a dull panic)*

**F/X:** *Short-circuiting.*

**VOICE:** The screen crackled. Using her sleeve to protect herself, Moxie pressed the home button. A passcode was needed to get in.

*(CHET is more panic)*

But Moxie *did* see something useful... The battery level was at *four percent*. The icon glowed red — and it dawned on her that she'd never seen Chet recharge the cursed thing. Apparently, there was no way to.

**MOXIE:** You need this, don't you?

*(CHET in rising panic)*

It's the source of your power.

**VOICE:** She dug up a rock from the charred ground.

**CHET:** *(to the raccoons)* Helll—

*(his throat sticks)*

**MOXIE:** Ohh, you want your friends? Does the widdle troll miss his widdle friends with wabies?

**CHET:** Helllee—

*(MOXIE muffles him)*

**MOXIE:** Well, guess what?! It's just you and me, patty melt. It's mano-a-mano. Troll versus sole — of my shoe. There's no one but you...

*(discovering)*

and me.

**VOICE:** Moxie eyed the white woods. The wind had died. The raccoon sentries were seemingly not around.

Chet had sewn them little Santa hats for the season, but all she saw were trees and snow.

**MOXIE:** It's just you and me. Me and just you.

**F/X:** Punch.

*(CHET yelps)*

Helpless.

**F/X:** *Harder punch.*

*(CHET cries. MOXIE laughs)*

**VOICE:** Moxie sprung to her feet. She fixed her will on the town nestled in the valley below. She ran—

**F/X:** *Feet over snow.*

As Chet smoldered. As the monster-once-man fainted into a starless void.

*(CHET passes out)*

**MOXIE:** (*distant*) Merry Christmas to me!

(*woots*)

**F/X:** *Trip, shrub, snap, thud (in the distance.)*

(*A far-off scream for MOXIE.*)

**MUSIC**

**# SCENE CHANGE #**

**F/X:** *Fire in a hearth.*

**VOICE:** When Chet came to—

(*CHET stirs*)

He was back in his cabin, curled up on the hearth. Still looking like corned beef. His eyelids were burnt gristle, impossible to move. But even without sight, he knew the brick he'd slept on these three years. He knew the pop of the fire in this lonely mountain shack. What the troll did *not* know was the sound of a lady close by.

**F/X:** *Washcloth, basin.*

**CHET:** (*dry*) Moxie?

**MOXIE:** Yes, fugly?

**CHET:** It is really you?

**MOXIE:** Sadly yes.

**CHET:** Then...you came back. You came back. Despite everything you said, you—

**MOXIE:** No, I tripped and broke my femur. Then I dragged myself here for food and water and antiseptic.

**F/X:** *Spritz.*

(*winces*)

The raccoons dropped you off and took all the sharp pointy things. I considered shoving you into the flames to spite them.

**CHET:** What stopped you?

**MOXIE:** I figured you'd smell even worse on fire.

(*clucks at herself*)

Sorry.

**CHET:** For what?

**MOXIE:** It's not your fault the microbes on your body churn my stomach. It's your fault for being a scuzz, but

in troll society your scent could be—

**CHET:** *T'h.* There's no “troll society”; the only trolls I meet want to fight me.

**MOXIE:** Why?

**CHET:** 'Cause.

**MOXIE:** I mean it, why?

**CHET:** Just 'cause.

**MOXIE:** Give me examples.

**CHET:** Like, you have a shack, and some other troll lives in a cave. So he boogers your front door, you rip his ear off, and later he throws a bear at you.

**MOXIE:** Did that happen?

**CHET:** Well it was a bear cub, but still. You don't want a bear thrown at you when you're icing a hemorrhoid. Mostly it's about women — the fights — politics, entertainment news, and *women*. The week you got here I had to bargain with a couple bro-hards to keep you. They liked the way you smelled — and I think they had different ideas than me when it comes to cohabitation.

**MOXIE:** How different's different? You're forcing me to live in a backwoods shanty out of a horror movie.

**CHET:** You know what I mean: there are trolls who joke when they shouldn't and there're trolls who aren't joking. One of 'em was wearing a “String Her Up” t-shirt.

**MOXIE:** Oh please, like that bothered you.

**CHET:** I didn't support You-Know-Who.

**MOXIE:** Psh.

**CHET:** I didn't, I was rooting for the Constitutionarian.

**MOXIE:** Same thing! — and by “rooting for” I assume you mean you didn't vote.

**CHET:** I can't vote, I'm a troll. Who declines to feed our political Manichaeism. Especially in the form of shrieching establishment candidates who—

**MOXIE:** Gah. Whatever. How'd you dissuade them? The “bro-hards”?

**16 more pages to the end of the script**