



Sample Pages from
The Baloney, the Pickle, the Zombies, and
Other Things I Hide From My Mother

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THE **B**ALONEY, THE
PICKLE, THE **Z**OMBIES,
AND **O**THER THINGS I
HIDE FROM MY MOTHER

A COMEDY BY
Bradley Walton



The Baloney, the Pickle, the Zombies, and Other Things I Hide From My Mother

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Cast

8 roles: 1 female, 7 either (6-8 actors possible)

TREVOR/TRINA (M/F): A teenage genius who is conducting preliminary experiments on food products as a step towards creating zombies.

EMMA/EDDIE (M/F): Trevor's little sister/brother, age 8.

MEYER (M/F): A piece of baloney Trevor has brought to life (can be a slice or a whole sausage).

POLICE OFFICER (M/F): Near retirement age.

MRS. WEAVING (F): The neighbor.

VLAD (M/F): A pickle Trevor brings to life.

CATHY/CHARLIE (M/F): Trevor's mother/father.

VERONICA/VICTOR: A member of the opposite sex who Meyer met in a coffee shop.

MEYER and VERONICA/VICTOR should be opposite genders. If the production has a CHARLIE instead of a CATHY as Trevor's parent, the title of the production should be changed to *The Baloney, the Pickle, the Zombies, and Other Things I Hide from My Dad*.

It is possible for EMMA, CATHY and VERONICA to all be played by the same performer.

Staging

The play is set in a kitchen. The look and décor are open to interpretation. It could be a very average and mundane-looking kitchen to ground the show's outlandishness in a realistic setting. Conversely, it could have a cartoonish look to kick the wackiness up an extra notch. Or you could go with a completely abstract take.

The set could be built from cardboard, flats, suggested with stacks of cubes, or represented in whatever other manner you devise. The key components which need to be present or suggested are: a refrigerator (it doesn't need to be a real one if you're doing a "realistic" set—a fabric-covered frame will work just fine); a counter with a sink (if you're going with a "realistic" set and a sink is not practical, then EMMA can get her "water" from a door dispenser or pitcher in the fridge); and an island behind which several actors can be obscured from the audience's view, and behind which VLAD will hide until his entrance about two thirds of the way through the show (unless your stage happens to have a trap door).

Costumes

TREVOR, EMMA, and CATHY are all dressed in pajamas or bed clothes.

MRS. WEAVING is dressed in pajamas and a robe. She has bed-head hair and an overnight skin cream mask covers her face.

The POLICE OFFICER is dressed in uniform.

VERONICA'S costuming is up to you. She has a job where she gets off work well after midnight, so she may be dressed as a waitress, a factory worker, convenience store clerk, etc.

MEYER is dressed in a baloney costume of some kind. He can be a giant slice of baloney or he can be a whole sausage. At one point in the play, he dons an unconvincing disguise (sunglasses, hat, fake beard, etc.).

VLAD is dressed in a pickle costume. He's an old pickle, so he should be sort of brownish.

NOTE: For the original production at Parkwood High School, the costumes for MEYER and VLAD consisted of frames made of bendable steel rods covered in fabric. MEYER's costume had arm slits in both the sides and the front of the costume.

Premiere Production

The Baloney, the Pickle, the Zombies, and Other Things I Hide From My Mother premiered March 9, 2012 at Parkwood High School in Monroe, NC. It was directed by Pat Antonucci and featured the following cast:

Trina: Angela Warfel

Emma: Stephanie Shaneyfelt

Meyer: Michael Lewis

Police Officer: Sarah Breedlove

Mrs. Weaving: Amber Earley

Vlad: Rose Weber

Cathy: Madison Lorello

Veronica: Amber Marcum

Author's Note

Thanks to my daughter Rachel for asking me the question that got the gears turning in my head and led to this play: "What are you doing with the baloney, Daddy?" (Just for the record, I was getting a snack.)

Thanks also to Chris Stiles for his feedback, and for suggesting that I come up with a better title than the one I started with.

AT RISE: A kitchen in a house. The look and décor are open to interpretation. There should be a refrigerator; a counter with a sink (if a sink is not practical, a door dispenser or pitcher in the refrigerator can be the source for EMMA's drinks of water); and an island behind which several actors can be obscured from the audience's view.

By the sink is a cup and a roll of paper towels. On the island is a pencil or pen and a pad of paper. There are also some containers of spices, including nutmeg.

Most characters will enter from the main part of the house at stage right (the offstage bedrooms and front door are in this direction). MEYER will make his entrances and exits from the back of the house at stage left (the offstage basement and back door are in this direction).

TREVOR, a teenager, enters from right. HE is dressed in pajamas. HE looks around suspiciously, as if making sure no one else is about. HE opens the refrigerator door, pulls out a package of baloney, and then closes the door. HE freezes in his tracks as EMMA enters from right. SHE is TREVOR's little sister. SHE is also dressed in pajamas. EMMA goes to the sink, picks up a cup off of the countertop, and gets herself a drink of water.

EMMA: Trevor, what are you doing with the baloney?

Pause.

TREVOR: I'm putting the baloney up my nose. What else would I be doing with it?

EMMA: Getting a snack.

TREVOR: A snack? *(looks at the baloney guiltily)*

EMMA: Uh-huh.

TREVOR: That's possible, I suppose.

EMMA: You're getting a snack.

TREVOR: Maybe.

EMMA: You shouldn't be doing that. Mommy doesn't let me eat anything after my bedtime, so you shouldn't do it, either.

TREVOR: I haven't actually eaten any of it yet, so technically I haven't done anything wrong.

EMMA: But you were going to do something wrong. Mommy wouldn't like that.

TREVOR: Maybe I just wanted to stand here and hold the baloney.

EMMA: That would be really boring.

TREVOR: It is really boring.

EMMA: Then why would you do it?

TREVOR: Because I couldn't sleep.

EMMA: You're supposed to count sheep when you can't sleep.

TREVOR: I tried. It wasn't working. So I thought I'd see if this worked instead.

EMMA: Is it working?

TREVOR: I don't know. I just got here.

EMMA: If you go to sleep standing up, you might fall down and hit your head and hurt yourself.

TREVOR: When I feel myself starting to doze off, I'll put the baloney back in the fridge and go to bed.

EMMA: Promise you'll put it away? Because I want some for my lunch tomorrow.

TREVOR: Don't worry. I'll put it away.

EMMA: Okay. Good night.

TREVOR: Good night, Emma.

EMMA puts down her cup and exits right. TREVOR lets out an audible sigh of relief.

Little sisters are such a pain.

MEYER enters from left. HE is a walking piece of baloney. TREVOR puts the pack of baloney down on the counter.

MEYER: Do you think she's on to us?

TREVOR: No. She doesn't have a clue.

MEYER: Are you sure about that?

TREVOR: Come on. She's only eight.

MEYER: Would you have figured this out when you were eight?

TREVOR: Sure. But I'm a genius.

MEYER: And you're not the least bit modest about it.

TREVOR: No one suspects a thing. Not her. Not Mom. Not anybody.

MEYER: Heaven forbid your mother walked down here in the middle of the night.

TREVOR: She's a sound sleeper. Don't worry. No one has a clue.

MEYER: I'm trusting you on that, Trevor. If word got out...

TREVOR: Which of us do you think is going to be in trouble if we get caught?

MEYER: Who do you think is going to get stuck in a laboratory forever if we get caught? I'm living baloney, for crying out loud!

TREVOR: We won't have to keep you a secret forever. One day my plans will come to fruition and the world will grovel before me.

MEYER: Look, you may be a genius, but you're not a mad scientist, so don't go talking like one.

TREVOR: I realize that my laboratory is kind of underwhelming, but—

MEYER: It's a kitchen.

TREVOR: This is the room where I—

MEYER: It's still a kitchen.

TREVOR: I gave you life in this kitchen.

MEYER: Bringing food to life is impressive. I'll grant you that. So I guess maybe I can see why you're grooving on the mad scientist shtick. And maybe someday your plans will come to fruition and the world really will grovel before you, but nobody, and I mean nobody, actually uses the words "fruition" or "grovel." And nobody uses the word "before" as a synonym for "in front of," either. So just don't, okay? It's creepy.

TREVOR: You're baloney. How would you know?

MEYER: I put on a disguise and hang out in coffee shops while you're at school.

TREVOR: You what?!?

MEYER: I'm kidding! I watch a lot of TV, okay? What else am I supposed to do?

TREVOR: Don't scare me like that.

MEYER: Don't scare you? I live in a constant state of fear.

TREVOR: You think I don't? What I'm doing here isn't exactly legal.

MEYER: Trevor, I'm not a lawyer, but I'm pretty sure there're no laws against bringing meat products to life.

TREVOR: It's a baby step to the illegal stuff. You know... robbing graves and stealing corpses... stuff like that.

MEYER: So you can make your zombie army.

TREVOR: It's going to be a zombie labor force, not an army. There's a difference. It's not like I'm plotting to violently overthrow the world.

MEYER: I thought you wanted the world to grovel before you.

TREVOR: Just the business leaders, that's all.

MEYER: Suuure.

TREVOR: If I pull this off, I'll be the world's sole supplier of cheap zombie labor. Do you have any idea what that would mean?

MEYER: It means you'd put a lot of people out of work.

TREVOR: It means I'd be rich! It means the most powerful leaders in the world would be coming to me!

MEYER: Coming to you, or coming to get you?

TREVOR: I'm not stupid. A personal contingent of 200 zombie bodyguards is going to be at the top of my priority list.

MEYER: Once you get the reanimation process perfected, how long is it going to take you to accumulate 200 zombies? Months? Years?

TREVOR: The first few will take a while. But as I build up the ranks, they'll be able to help.

MEYER: Assuming that they're trainable.

TREVOR: I trained you!

MEYER: I'm not a zombie. I was never human. I'm a walking hunk of baloney. There's a difference.

TREVOR: You're made out of dead meat!

MEYER: Meat, sure. And water, corn syrup, salt, modified food starch, potassium lactate, and a couple of other things I can't even pronounce. There's nothing particularly natural about me.

TREVOR: Kinda like a body that's been embalmed.

MEYER: Okay. Point taken. But still... why experiment on food instead of corpses?

TREVOR: For one thing, I'd have to hide the corpses.

MEYER: You're already hiding me.

TREVOR: There's only one of you.

MEYER: If this works, you're going have to hide corpses eventually.

TREVOR: I'll cross that bridge when I get to it.

MEYER: You're putting it off.

TREVOR: I want to perfect the process before I get serious about breaking the law.

MEYER: What you really mean is that you're too chicken to go stealing corpses, so instead you decided to test your theories on whatever happened to be in your fridge.

EMMA: (*from offstage*) Trevor?

TREVOR: That's Emma! Hide!

MEYER exits left. EMMA enters from right.

EMMA: Are you finished holding the baloney, Trevor?

TREVOR: What? Oh, yeah. Sure. I am. All done.

EMMA: Then why is it lying on the counter?

TREVOR: Um. Because I decided to just look at it for a while, instead.

EMMA: Why?

TREVOR: Because... because I still couldn't sleep.

EMMA: I thought holding the baloney was supposed to make you sleepy.

TREVOR: It wasn't working.

EMMA: I think you're maybe fibbing about something that Mommy wouldn't like.

TREVOR: Fibbing? Why would I fib?

EMMA: What are you doing with the baloney, Trevor?

TREVOR: Nothing. Just staring at it. Honest. See? *(stares hard at the baloney on the counter)*

EMMA shakes her head and exits right. MEYER enters from left.

MEYER: Why do you think she's up again?

TREVOR: I don't know. I didn't ask.

MEYER: Why not?

TREVOR: She caught me off-guard.

MEYER: If you don't ask an eight-year-old why they're up again in the middle of the night, it looks like you're maybe up to something yourself.

TREVOR: The only thing she thinks I'm up to is getting a snack. I'm telling you, she's clueless.

MEYER: Right. What do I know? I'm just a hunk of talking baloney somebody brought to life because he was too much of a sissy to go out and dig up a nice corpse like a real mad scientist.

TREVOR: Will you please lay off?

MEYER: I'm just telling it like it is.

TREVOR: We need to figure out what we're going to do next.

MEYER: We? What's this "we" you're talking about? You're the brains here. I'm just your baloney minion.

TREVOR: Don't be so sensitive. I'm gonna need help to pull this off. You're an integral part of my plans, okay?

MEYER: *(sighs)* Okay.

TREVOR: So I'm thinking our next step is to animate some more food.

MEYER: Oh, for crying out loud!

TREVOR: No, listen...

MEYER: I don't believe you!

TREVOR: Will you shut up and listen to me? Look... there's some old celery in the fridge...

MEYER: You've got to be kidding.

TREVOR: It's starting to turn brown. It's going to go to waste if somebody doesn't use it soon. So I was thinking...

MEYER: Did I get chosen to be brought to life because I was past my expiration date, too?

Beat.

TREVOR: No. You had two days to go.

MEYER: And you figured I wasn't going to get eaten in those two days?

TREVOR: I hate to see Mom pay good money for food and then throw it out!

MEYER: You're going to be such a cheapskate when you're an adult.

TREVOR: I'm environmentally friendly! I try to minimize waste!

MEYER: By bringing your future garbage to life? What else have you got sitting around that you could use? Spoiled milk? Maybe there's some cheese with mold growing on it!

TREVOR: I keep a close eye on the expiration dates of the food in this house. *(beat)* We did have some cabbage I was starting to wonder about... but Mom finally ate that for supper tonight.

MEYER: Why not go out and start digging through your neighbor's trash to see what you can find?

Beat.

TREVOR: That's not a bad idea.

MEYER: I was being sarcastic! What about your precious celery?

TREVOR: It's not that brown. It can wait another night.

MEYER: How can you even animate celery? It's not meat.

TREVOR: True, but if the process could be used to animate vegetable matter, then maybe I wouldn't have to go robbing graves.

MEYER: If you're so hung up on robbing graves, why not create this glorious labor force out of baloney?

TREVOR: That would just be weird.

MEYER: Zombies wouldn't be weird? Celery people wouldn't be weird?

TREVOR: Zombies get respect for being zombies. And plant matter beings would be considered environmentally friendly. They'd be, y'know... green. Baloney people... no offense, but baloney people just wouldn't be as marketable.

MEYER: Marketable?

TREVOR: Yeah. I should probably go with what I think makes the most business sense. So, would you be up for digging through the neighbor's trash?

MEYER: What if somebody sees me?

TREVOR: It's night. Everybody's asleep and it's dark outside.

MEYER: Are you serious?

TREVOR: Meyer, look. You're my minion. That was the word you used... minion. And you're absolutely right.

MEYER: I was being sarcastic.

TREVOR: I need to delegate some responsibility to you. It's your job to help me.

MEYER: To help you do dirty, nasty things that are too gross for you to do yourself? The next thing you know, you'll have me robbing graves for you. *(beat)* That's what this is, isn't it? A practice run for grave robbery?

TREVOR: Will you please calm down? You'll wake Emma up. And yes, if the plant people thing doesn't work out, you'll probably be robbing graves for me sooner or later.

MEYER: Ever heard the saying that if you want something done right, you should do it yourself?

TREVOR: I have faith in you.

MEYER: You're putting your faith in baloney.

TREVOR: Baloney that I brought to life with my own two hands.

MEYER: Along with some cheap electrical wiring, a six-pack of energy drinks, and about ten pounds of baking soda.

TREVOR: I know what I'm doing. Now, please... go to the house next door and dig around in their trash and see if you can find anything that looks like it should be brought to life.

MEYER: Okay. I'll try.

TREVOR: Thank you. Use the back door.

MEYER: I'll be back in a few minutes.

TREVOR: Don't let anybody see you.

MEYER: If you're that worried, go do it yourself.

TREVOR: Go! Practice your minioning!

MEYER: All right!

MEYER exits left. TREVOR sighs deeply. EMMA enters from right.

TREVOR: Emma, what are you still doing up?

EMMA: I was thirsty again.

TREVOR: Why don't you take a glass of water back to bed with you?

EMMA: Mommy doesn't let me take drinks to my room because I spill them sometimes.

TREVOR: I'm your big brother. I give you permission.

EMMA: Mommy wouldn't like it.

TREVOR: Mom doesn't have to know.

EMMA: Mommy wouldn't like you doing bad things behind her back.

TREVOR: I'm not doing any bad things.

EMMA: You're doing a bad thing right now—telling me to take a drink to my room!

TREVOR: Do you seriously think I would do a thing if it was really that bad?

EMMA: So you'd do a kind of bad thing?

TREVOR: If it bugs you that much, then forget I said anything.

EMMA: Hm.

TREVOR: What?

EMMA: I'm very disappointed in you, Trevor.

TREVOR: (*not exactly sure how to respond*) Bummer.

EMMA: What are you really doing with the baloney, Trevor?

TREVOR: I'm, um... staring at it.

EMMA: You weren't staring at it when I came in just now.

TREVOR: That's because you startled me.

EMMA: You're acting funny, Trevor. It's bothering me a little.

TREVOR: If you'd go to sleep, it would stop bothering you.

EMMA: I'm going to get my drink and then I'll leave. (*goes to the sink and gets a drink*)

TREVOR: Okay. You do that. Then get back to bed. Quick.

EMMA: Why do I need to do it quick?

TREVOR: So you can get plenty of sleep.

EMMA: You're not sleeping. You're staying up late with the baloney.

TREVOR: Good night, Emma.

EMMA: Good night, Trevor.

EMMA exits right. MEYER enters from left.

TREVOR: How'd it go?

MEYER: I think the neighbor might've seen me.

TREVOR: What? How? It's two o'clock in the freaking morning!

MEYER: The dog started barking and somebody inside looked out the window.

TREVOR: You went to the house with the dog? What's the matter with you? You're a hunk of walking meat!

MEYER: How was I supposed to know they had a dog?

TREVOR: The doghouse should've been a clue!

MEYER: I didn't see a doghouse!

TREVOR: It's right there in the back yard!

MEYER: I went around to the front yard.

TREVOR: The front yard?!? Are you crazy? That side faces the street, and the street has street lights!

MEYER: It's not like you gave me specific instructions.

TREVOR: I told you to go out the back door because, y'know... that side of the house doesn't face the street!

MEYER: You should've had me wear a disguise.

TREVOR: A disguise?

MEYER: It works on TV...

TREVOR: This isn't TV! Do you think the neighbor got a clear look at you?

MEYER: I have no idea. I don't think so. Probably not.

TREVOR: Okay. Good. We should be all right, then.

MEYER: (*hands TREVOR a droopy brown thing*) I brought you this. Hope it was worth it.

TREVOR: What's this?

MEYER: What I grabbed out of the trash when the dog started barking. I didn't have a lot of time to be picky.

TREVOR: I think this used to be a pickle.

MEYER: Used to be?

TREVOR: It's really disgusting. Good job.

MEYER: You're kidding.

TREVOR: If I could bring a dead pickle back to life...

MEYER: It's a pickle. It was never alive in the first place.

TREVOR: That's not what I mean. This is a decomposing pickle. Way past its expiration date. Plus, y'know, it's been pickled. If I could animate this... that would be a major accomplishment.

There is the sound of a knock at the door.

TREVOR: What the—

MEYER: Was that the door?

TREVOR: You said they didn't get a good look at you!

MEYER: I guess they must've seen where I went.

TREVOR: You came straight back here?

MEYER: Yeah.

TREVOR: You didn't try to hide or go some alternate route?

MEYER: No. Why would I have done that?

TREVOR: So they wouldn't know that you came from here!

MEYER: Why didn't you tell me to do that?

TREVOR: I wasn't expecting you to screw up!

There is another knocking sound.

MEYER: Are you going to get that, or do you want me to?

TREVOR: What? No! Are you out of your mind?

MEYER: Well, you seem to want to delegate jobs to me, and things are already going downhill, so I figured—

TREVOR: Hide in the basement! Go!

MEYER: Fine. Have fun with whoever it is. And you might want to cover the pickle with a paper towel or something.

MEYER exits left. TREVOR rips a sheet of paper towel off the roll, puts it over the pickle, exits right, and immediately re-enters with a POLICE OFFICER.

TREVOR: Good evening, officer. Come on in.

OFFICER: Thank you. Is there an adult around?

TREVOR: My mom's asleep. She's a really sound sleeper.

OFFICER: You're up awfully late. Don't you have school tomorrow?

TREVOR: I got up to answer the door.

OFFICER: Do you keep the kitchen light on all night?

TREVOR: My sister left it on.

OFFICER: So you just got up? Just now?

TREVOR: Yeah.

OFFICER: Did you hear any other noises besides me knocking?

TREVOR: No.

OFFICER: Do you keep all your doors locked?

TREVOR: Always. Definitely. Anything the matter?

OFFICER: Your neighbor next door reported a disturbance. Said someone was rummaging through her trash and then ran over to this house and disappeared around back. Might've tried to come in your back door if it was open.

TREVOR: Nope. We stay on top of that. Locking the doors. Can't be too safe.

OFFICER: And you didn't hear any strange noises?

TREVOR: No.

OFFICER: Do you feel safe? Do you think things are secure here in your home? Would you like for me to have a look around?

TREVOR: No. Thank you. I'm satisfied that everything is fine here. Are you satisfied that everything is fine here?

OFFICER: I think we're good. I think your neighbor maybe had a bad dream or something, because... well... she said... she saw baloney running away from her house.

TREVOR: Baloney?

OFFICER: Yeah.

TREVOR: That doesn't make much sense.

OFFICER: No. It doesn't.

TREVOR: Weird.

OFFICER: She ever do or say anything unusual, your neighbor?

TREVOR: We don't talk much. I think she spends most of her time alone.

OFFICER: Hm. All right. Well, thank you for your time. Sorry to have bothered you so late.

TREVOR: Not a problem.

OFFICER: Is that... baloney there on the counter?

TREVOR: Baloney? Why... um... yes. Yes, it is.

OFFICER: And you say you just got up?

TREVOR: Yeah.

OFFICER: May I see that baloney, please?

TREVOR: You want to see the baloney?

OFFICER: That's right.

TREVOR: Well... um... okay... here...

TREVOR hands the baloney to the POLICE OFFICER.

OFFICER: How long has this baloney been sitting out?

TREVOR: Um...

OFFICER: 'Cause it's cool, but not cold. Feels like it's been sitting out for a bit. But not for too long.

TREVOR: Well, uh, see...

OFFICER: You said that you'd just gotten up to answer the door. Is that correct?

EMMA enters from right.

EMMA: What is the police officer doing with the baloney, Trevor?

TREVOR: Talking. We were talking about it.

OFFICER: Is this your sister?

TREVOR: Yes. This is Emma.

OFFICER: Hello, Emma.

EMMA: Has my brother been doing bad things with the baloney in the middle of the night that our mother would disapprove of?

OFFICER: Don't you worry about that, Emma. Everything's fine here. Why don't you go back to bed?

EMMA: I'm really, really, really disappointed in you, Trevor.

EMMA exits right.

OFFICER: I get the impression that maybe you're not being completely straightforward with me.

TREVOR: I'm sorry.

OFFICER: Don't be sorry. Be honest. Mind if I ask what's under that paper towel?

TREVOR: It's um... well... it's a pickle.

OFFICER: A pickle?

TREVOR: Yeah.

OFFICER: Any particular reason it's covered up like that?

TREVOR: It's not a very fresh pickle.

OFFICER: Why not throw it away?

TREVOR: I hate for things to go to waste.

OFFICER: You hate for your own things to go to waste?

TREVOR: Definitely.

OFFICER: Do you hate for other people's things to go to waste, as well?

TREVOR: Are you implying something, officer?

OFFICER: I'm trying to get to the bottom of this, is all.

From left, MEYER enters quietly behind the POLICE OFFICER and hits the OFFICER in the back of the head with a hammer or mallet. The POLICE OFFICER collapses.

TREVOR: What are you doing!?

MEYER: You said you wanted me to be a better minion. So that's what I'm doing. I'm showing initiative and dealing with a problem.

TREVOR: You hit a police officer in the head with a hammer!

MEYER: I didn't think the screwdriver would do the trick.

TREVOR: Why?!

MEYER: It was pretty obvious he was on to you.

TREVOR: We are gonna be in so much trouble when he wakes up.

MEYER: I think he's waking up.

OFFICER: *(still lying down)* You... you...

MEYER: Bummer.

OFFICER: *(halfway sitting up)* You're baloney.

MEYER: Pretty much, yeah.

OFFICER: You're... you're... (*grabs his chest and gasps*)

TREVOR: Oh no oh no oh no.

MEYER: What does it mean when he's grabbing his chest and gasping for air?

TREVOR: He's having a heart attack. He's old and he's freaking out that you're talking baloney and he's having a heart attack.

The OFFICER collapses again.

And now he's dead!

MEYER: Huh. That was easy.

TREVOR: Easy? What do you mean easy?

MEYER: He's dead. He's not a problem anymore.

TREVOR: He's a big problem! They know he came here! When he doesn't check back in with the other police, they'll come looking for him.

MEYER: All right. That could be bad.

TREVOR: Trust me, it's bad.

MEYER: Okay, well. If you still want to try to make a zombie, here's your chance. Reanimate him and send him on his way.

TREVOR: But he'll be—y'know—a zombie!

MEYER: And that'll be our little secret.

TREVOR: I don't believe this.

MEYER: What've you got to lose?

TREVOR: I don't have enough baking soda to try this on a human!

MEYER: Why don't you try... (*looks around the kitchen*) nutmeg?

TREVOR: Nutmeg? Why would I use nutmeg?

MEYER: Because your mom has nutmeg. There's an unopened jar right here. Maybe you could cut the baking soda with nutmeg.

TREVOR: That's...

MEYER: It's a thought.

TREVOR: That's brilliant. I... I could get by with a third of the baking soda.

MEYER: You think?

TREVOR: I need to test it first.

MEYER: On what?

TREVOR: That pickle.

MEYER: You have a perfectly decent corpse right here, you know.

TREVOR: And I have one chance to get it moving on its own. I don't want to screw this up. Now put the pickle down on the floor there behind the counter.

MEYER: Okay.

*MEYER drops the pickle on the floor behind the island.
TREVOR grabs the nutmeg and pulls some wires out of a drawer as HE speaks his next line.*

TREVOR: Now get me three energy drinks out of the fridge.

MEYER: *(getting the drinks from the fridge)* All right.

TREVOR: Bring me the baking soda I had you stash in the basement.

MEYER: *(exiting left)* Be right back.

TREVOR: *(addressing the pickle lying on the floor behind the counter)* Okay, pickle. You and me are gonna make history. Well... you, me and the baloney are gonna make history. I hope.

MEYER enters from left, carrying a heavy bucket full of baking soda.

MEYER: Baking soda.

TREVOR: Put it down behind the counter.

MEYER: Okay.

*MEYER sets the bucket down behind the island.
TREVOR kneels down behind the island, out of view of the audience.*

TREVOR: All right. I'm cutting open the pickle.

MEYER: That is so gross.

TREVOR: It's a pickle.

MEYER: It's still gross.

TREVOR: So try not to barf. Hand me one of the energy drinks.

MEYER: Here.

TREVOR: Nutmeg.

MEYER: Here.

TREVOR: And lastly, the baking soda. *(beat)* Now I attach the wires to the pickle. Here and here.

EMMA: *(offstage)* Trevor?

TREVOR stands up from behind the island. MEYER exits left. EMMA enters.

TREVOR: Emma!

EMMA: Why is the police officer lying on the floor, Trevor?

TREVOR: He's sleeping.

EMMA: Why is he sleeping on the floor?

TREVOR: He was too tired to make it to the sofa.

EMMA: Are you still doing something with the baloney, Trevor?

TREVOR: Do you really want to know?

EMMA: I want you to not treat me like a kid, Trevor.

TREVOR: The honest answer, Emma... is... the baloney and I are very busy right now.

EMMA: What are you doing with the baloney, Trevor?

TREVOR: All right. Fine. The baloney and I are bringing a dead pickle to life.

Beat.

EMMA: You're so weird, Trevor.

TREVOR: You asked.

EMMA: You're lucky Mother's a sound sleeper.

EMMA exits. MEYER enters.

MEYER: I can't believe you just told her that.

TREVOR: I figured if I gave her the truth, she'd think I was kidding. It was a calculated risk. Now let's get back to work.

TREVOR crouches down behind the island, out of view of the audience, once more.

TREVOR: Give me the other two energy drinks.

MEYER: Here.

TREVOR: There's some rubber bands in that drawer right next to you. Give me one.

MEYER: (*getting the rubber bands*) You never said anything about rubber bands before.

TREVOR: Yeah, well... you know when I described this process to you?

MEYER: Yeah?

TREVOR: I left something out.

MEYER: What?

TREVOR: Something really disgusting. So hand me a rubber band and close your eyes.

MEYER: It can't be worse than cutting open the pickle—OH, MY GOSH—I can't believe you just did that to a pickle with two energy drinks and a rubber band! I am never, ever going to be able to unsee what I just saw!

TREVOR: I warned you.

MEYER: Did you do that to ME?

TREVOR: Warned you.

MEYER: I feel so unclean.

TREVOR: You're kosher. Don't worry about it. Now I'm gonna stick the wires in this outlet.

MEYER: Okay.

TREVOR: I'm gonna flip the switch here on the island. Get back.

There is an electrical sound effect. TREVOR stands and HE and MEYER look down at the floor behind the island.

MEYER: Did it work?

TREVOR: Give it a second.

MEYER: It's not moving.

TREVOR: I said to give it a second.

MEYER: It's been a second.

TREVOR: Give it another second.

MEYER: How many seconds should I give it?

TREVOR: I don't know. I've never tried to bring a pickle to life before.

MEYER: Did it twitch just now?

TREVOR: I don't know.

MEYER: How could you not know? Aren't you paying attention? I mean, you just did unspeakable things to this poor pickle with energy drinks and a rubber band! Don't you think it's worth at least a little bit of your attention?

TREVOR: Maybe I blinked. People blink, you know?

MEYER: I'm baloney, not a person.

TREVOR: I am acutely aware of that fact.

MEYER: Can we name it Vlad?

TREVOR: What?

There is the sound of a knock at the door.

MEYER: That was the door!

TREVOR: I know!

MEYER: Who's knocking on the door at this hour?

MEYER and TREVOR look at the POLICE OFFICER lying on the floor, then back at each other.

MEYER: I'll move the body!

TREVOR: Hurry! (*lifts up the OFFICER's legs for MEYER to grab*)

MEYER: (*grabbing the OFFICER and dragging HIM off left*) I told you we should've reanimated the cop first!

TREVOR: Shut up! Into the basement! Now!

MEYER exits left, dragging the POLICE OFFICER with him. TREVOR exits right and immediately re-enters with MRS. WEAVING. SHE is a 50-something woman in pajamas, a robe, and slippers. SHE has major bed-head and an overnight skin cream mask covers her face.

TREVOR: Mrs. Weaving. What a pleasant surprise.

WEAVING: Don't you pleasant surprise me! You digging around in my trash at two in the morning was no pleasant surprise! The nerve of you! If you want to go digging through the garbage, dig through your own! A body's got to get some beauty rest or else a body's going to get cranky and let me tell you buddy, my crank is turned! How dare you? Do you see that police car sitting out front? I'll have you know I called the cops on you! Why aren't you in jail? *(looking around)* Where are the cops, anyway?

TREVOR: I don't know. I haven't seen anyone.

WEAVING: There's a police car right outside!

TREVOR: Maybe they went to a different house.

WEAVING: I told them this house!

TREVOR: Maybe they went to your house. You should go there.

WEAVING: But I told them this house!

TREVOR: I know. You said that.

WEAVING: Because that's what I told them!

TREVOR: Maybe you should go look for them so you can tell them again!

WEAVING: The nerve of those police! When I find them, you'd better believe I'm going to give them a piece of my mind!

MRS. WEAVING turns to exit. VLAD rises from behind the island and lets out a loud groan.

VLAD: Oooaaaghhhh.

WEAVING: *(turns and sees VLAD)* What in the—

TREVOR: *(trying to cover WEAVING's eyes with his hands)* Nothing. That's nothing. Really.

WEAVING: YOU STOLE MY PICKLE! You came to my house and dug through my trash and you stole my pickle!

TREVOR: It's a pickle. Pickles look alike.

WEAVING: I'd know that pickle anywhere! It was lying on my floor for a month! I stepped over it at least ten times a day! I stared at it during the commercials while I was watching soap operas in my kitchen! It would still be there if the plumber hadn't thrown it away!

VLAD: Yooouuu...

WEAVING: See! It knows me! I told you so! It knows me!

VLAD: Yoouuu...

WEAVING: Why does it know me? Why is it moving? Why is it talking? What have you done with my pickle?

VLAD: Maaade meee waaatch soooaaapp oppperrraaasss!

TREVOR: Okay. It has a memory. This is really freaky.

VLAD: Aaaand theyyyy suuuuuckkked!

TREVOR: I don't think it likes soap operas.

VLAD: Kiilllll youuuu!!!

WEAVING screams and exits right. VLAD chases after her. MEYER enters from left.

MEYER: Did Vlad wake up?

TREVOR: Vlad woke up.

MEYER: How did that go?

TREVOR: Badly.

MEYER: Where is Vlad?

TREVOR: Chasing the neighbor.

MEYER: I guess you want me to go get Vlad?

TREVOR: Would you mind?

MEYER: Why me?

TREVOR: He's a pickle. You're baloney.

MEYER: So?

TREVOR: So it makes sense.

MEYER: Only in your mind.

TREVOR: Just do it, okay?

MEYER: Any specific instructions?

TREVOR: Don't do anything to make my life worse than it already is.

MEYER: Are you implying something?

TREVOR: Just go!

MEYER: You and me are gonna have a talk when this is over! (*starts to exit right*)

TREVOR: Meyer!

MEYER: What?

TREVOR: Can you do something about that police car out in front of the house?

Beat.

MEYER: It's going to be such a talk.

CATHY enters from right. SHE is TREVOR's mother. SHE is wearing pajamas and a robe. SHE looks very, very groggy. TREVOR and MEYER freeze.

CATHY: Trevor...?

TREVOR: Hi, Mom.

CATHY: What are you doing with the baloney, Trevor?

TREVOR: (*trying to remain as calm as possible*) Nothing, Mom. Why?

CATHY: I thought I heard something. I'm going back to bed. I think that cabbage I had for supper was bad. Because I'm standing here and I could swear (*looks at TREVOR, then at MEYER, then back to TREVOR*)... nah. Bad cabbage. Gotta be. (*turns and exits right*)

MEYER: You don't deserve to be that lucky.

TREVOR: It's karmic payback for everything else that's happened tonight! Now go!

There is the sound of knocking at the door.

Oh no.

MEYER: I take back what I said about you being lucky.

TREVOR: Go hide.

MEYER: I'll go hide.

MEYER exits left. TREVOR exits right and re-enters followed by VERONICA. SHE is an attractive woman in her twenties.

VERONICA: Hi. Is... um... is Meyer home?

TREVOR: Meyer?

VERONICA: Yeah. He lives here, right?

TREVOR: How do you know Meyer?

VERONICA: I met him at the coffee shop.

TREVOR: The coffee shop?

VERONICA: He invited me to drop by sometime.

TREVOR: There's nobody here named Meyer.

VERONICA: But you asked how I knew him.

TREVOR: Different Meyer.

VERONICA: You said—

TREVOR: It's the not the same Meyer as the one who doesn't live here.

MEYER enters from left. HE is dressed in a bad disguise of some sort... sunglasses, beard, hat, etc.

MEYER: Veronica. So nice of you to drop by.

VERONICA: Meyer! I knew it!

TREVOR: What... but... you...

MEYER: Listen, I'm flattered you took me up on the invitation, but I'm afraid this isn't really a good time.

VERONICA: Do you know how far I walked to get here?



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