

HOLE IN THE WALL

TEN MINUTE PLAY

By Marek Muller

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SYNOPSIS: Tom comes home to find a massive hole in his wall, Stu looking shifty, and Dr. Killzoid lying unconscious on the ground. What exactly happened while he was away?

CAST OF CHARACTERS
(4 MEN)

STU (m)
TOM (m)
DR. KILLZOID (m)
OFFICER (m)

SETTING

An expensive apartment in Old York City.

SCENE ONE

AT RISE:

An apartment. It looks very expensive but has certainly seen better days. Papers are scattered everywhere, furniture is knocked over. An enormous hole, around the size of a boulder, is in the wall, through which we can see the sky and the world below. Furthermore, an elaborately-costumed man lies unconscious on the ground—he is wearing a lot of green and a lot of spandex and a cape. An obnoxious-looking ray-gun lies a few feet away from him.

STU: I told ya, I ain't got no idea what yer talkin' about.

TOM: And as I've told you, I don't buy it for a minute.

STU: Look, I gotta get me back to the job, so if ya don't mind...

TOM: Hold it right there. Nobody is leaving here until we get this situation sorted out. The police are already on their way. *(DR. KILLZOID twitches a bit on the ground. STU kicks him in the gut. DR. KILLZOID becomes still.)*

STU: I've said it before, and I'll say it again. What I reckon is that this green fella here decided to break into yer house. I was makin' my delivery to the guy next door when I heard a ruckus inside o' here. I thought I'd check her out, and I saw this guy *(indicating DR. KILLZOID.)* tryin' to make off with yer TV set. He tried t' scurry off, but I put him in a headlock an' he crumpled to the ground.

TOM: *(Unconvinced.)* Uh-huh.

STU: Yep. I reckon that's what happened.

TOM: *(Sarcastic.)* Really?

STU: That's got to be the only explanation, ain't it?

TOM: Are you really, REALLY sure about that? Because that doesn't really match the facts.

STU: It don't?

TOM: No, it don't—er, doesn't. Some crucial evidence has been left unaccounted for. Like my LACK OF A TV.

STU: Er...yeah, 'bout that...

TOM: Look, you sweet-tea-sipping hick, I don't know what kind of morons you're used to dealing with down in whatever trailer park you crawled out of, but I don't buy this crap for a minute. I walk into my house after a long day at the Metropolitan News, ready to take off my shoes and watch the episode of *Bones* that I recorded last night, and I see THIS. (*He indicates his apartment.*) Papers are all over my floor, my furniture is definitely NOT where I left it this morning, THIS joker (*Kicks DR. KILLZOID.*) is passed out on my floor, and YOU'RE trying to clean up the mess. (*Beat.*) Oh, yeah, and let's not forget...there's a GIANT FREAKIN' HOLE IN MY WALL WHERE MY PLASMA SCREEN USED TO BE. So spill. What the HELL really happened here?!

STU: Er...well... (*Scratching his head and thinking hard.*) S-So, the Met...Meter...Meter-politician News, was it?

TOM: It's the Metropolitan News. The "Met" for short. I'm a journalist there. And DON'T try to change the subject.

STU: Nah, nah, I ain't doin' no such thing! It's just that, well...I figured if ya write for the news, ya might be interested in gettin' wind of a story.

TOM: Look, pal. The Met is the most prestigious newspaper in Old York City. We only write about REAL stories. You know...like murder, robberies, Superbowls? We're not interested in what kind of pie Miss Dolly Mae baked at the county fair last Saturday.

STU: I'm tellin' ya...let me outta here before the cops come, forget I ever came here, and I got a story that'll blow that stick right outta yer bum.

TOM: (*Snorts.*) Oh? And what sort of news could a pig-wrangling sack of oats like YOU have for the likes of ME?

STU: See that costumed fella lyin' on the ground?

TOM: (*Irritated.*) The one in the spandex tights and the green mask? No, I guess I must have missed him. Jesus Christ...

STU: That there ain't no ordinary man.

TOM: Gee. I never would have guessed.

STU: That there is Dr. Killzoid. (*A long pause.*)

TOM: WHAT?!

STU: Yep, I reckon that's the man,

TOM: And you're SURE?

STU: Cross my heart an' hope to die.

TOM: Holy CRAP! *(He rushes to his briefcase and pulls out a notepad and pen. He begins to take notes vigorously.)*

STU: I thought ya might like that.

TOM: Unbelievable. Dr. Killzoid? THE Dr. Killzoid?! The mass-murdering, psychopathic, fear-mongering supervillain?! In MY apartment...passed out on MY floor?! This is the best moment of my life! *(DR. KILLZOID begins to groan on the floor. STU stomps on him.)*

TOM: I'm rich...I am so FREAKIN' rich! When the police get here...holy HELL! What a story! I can see the headlines now. "Supervillain Conquered by Brave Journalist"—by Tom Smith! "Humanity Saved Thanks to Tom Smith"—by Tom Smith. I'm gonna be so FREAKIN' famous! I'll be hired by the *Examiner!* No...even the *Times* will want me! You know what? Screw the newspaper...after this story, I'm RETIRING!

STU: Well, I'm glad yer happy. So if that'll be all, I think I'll be on my way.

TOM: Not so fast, Forrest Gump.

STU: What the hell do ya want now? I ain't got time for this!

TOM: Well, if I'm going to write my article, I need to have someone to back up the facts. A partner, if you will.

STU: Ya want me to play yer sidekick? No deal.

TOM: Picture this! The terrifying Dr. Killzoid breaks into my apartment to steal the plasma screen TV he so desperately wants! Enter YOU, the hapless truck driver, here to deliver...deliver...

STU: I deliver toilet seats.

TOM: Here to deliver CANDY to the ORPHANS in the city!

STU: Huh?

TOM: As you finish your noble duty, you hear a CRASH from up above! You look around, frightened...when suddenly, on the sixth story of an obviously VERY expensive apartment, you see Dr. Killzoid looking down at you through this INCREDIBLE hole in the wall!

STU: Wait, ain't that where the TV was supposed to be?

TOM: Details, mere details!

STU: Yer gonna make a terrible con-artist; I'll say that right now.

TOM: You, in a noble fury, RUSH into the apartment complex and into my room! You yell “HALT” at Dr. Killzoid, and inform him that his days of breaking and entering are over! And that’s when he pulls his LASER GUN on you! *(He picks up the laser gun from off the ground and points it at STU.)*

STU: Christ almighty! Be careful with that thing!

TOM: He laughs—NYA HA HA HA! You cower in fear! You’re surely a dead man! And then suddenly...HIYA! I burst in, clad only in my work attire! Unfazed by the situation, I quickly throw my briefcase at the head of the criminal, rendering him unconscious! I then disarm him, *(He throws the ray gun to the side.)* comfort you, and call the police to take the bastard away!

STU: ...that there’s a pretty decorated lie. Maybe ya got some potential after all.

TOM: I’m a reporter. It’s what I do best.

STU: But I gotta deliver a toilet seat across town in about ten minutes, so I ain’t got time to be hangin’ around waitin’ fer the cops to come ‘round and question me.

TOM: But...but...but...I called them fifteen minutes ago! They should be here any second! I’d only need you for three minutes at the most.

STU: Nah. I ain’t lookin’ fer fame, and I certainly ain’t lookin’ to talk to no coppers. You can be the lone hero fer this one. See ya.

TOM: EVERYONE is looking for fame! The hell’s the matter with you? You got a record, or something?

STU: As a matter o’ fact, I do. I’m out on parole right now, and I’m on my way back to the jailhouse if I get caught up in any funny business like this. So, if ya please, I’ll be on my merry way. *(DR. KILLZOID tries to get up. STU kicks him in the crotch. DR. KILLZOID is motionless again.)*

TOM: You can’t go! I...I NEED YOU, JIM!

STU: The name is Stu.

TOM: Whatever. We’re connected now, you and I! Don’t you understand that? Our fates...they’ve become intertwined!

STU: Lookie here. No, don't you say nothin'. It's my turn to talk. I am from Ala-frickin'-bama. I don't get paid but the minimum wage, and that is ONLY if I deliver ALL the toilet seats on my list. Now, I got one more seat to go, and I got an electric bill t' pay. I. NEED. TO. deliver my toilet seats. Good day to ya. *(STU heads toward the exit. Just as he has his hands on the doorknob, an OFFICER kicks the door open and charges in very dramatically.)*

OFFICER: Alright, everybody FREEZE!

STU: Aw, hell.

OFFICER: I got a call about a burglary. Who wants to tell me what the heck is going on here? *(STU and TOM speak simultaneously. As they speak, DR. KILLZOID slowly rises to his feet and picks up his ray gun.)*

TOM and STU say the following lines in unison:

TOM: It's like this, officer! Dr. Killzoid was trying to steal my TV and so I had to stop him! It was terrifying, but I've been trained as a black-belt so I knew I could take him! I know it seems farfetched, but this man witnessed the whole thing!

STU: Look, I'm just a trucker. I saw a ruckus goin' on here and thought I'd try to help. I don't know either of these two gentlemen, and I don't intend to! I just want to get in my truck and finish my deliveries! That is all!

DR. KILLZOID: EVERYBODY SHUT UP NOW!!! *(He threatens everybody with his ray gun.)*

OFFICER: What the...?! It's Doctor Killzoid! This can't be!

TOM: *(Terrified.)* H-Haha...! You...you've awakened...at last! Normally I would...ch-challenge you to a final standoff...but since...since you have already...been beaten to a pulp...by my mad karate skills...I'll let you go with...with...the...bruises you already have! T-T-Take him away, Officer!

DR. KILLZOID: Be quiet, you sniveling little worm! I have no business with you! But YOU... *(He approaches STU.)* ...at last, we can FINISH our epic battle!

STU: Sorry, but I ain't got no idea what ya mean. But if ya will just go with the nice copper over yonder...

DR. KILLZOID: ENOUGH! No more nonsense! Reveal your identity to these fools so that we may continue our fight.

TOM: H-Hey! You mean OUR fight!

DR. KILLZOID: Who the heck is this weakling, and why does he continue to speak to me?!

TOM: I...I am your CONQUEROR! R-Right, Stu? OFFICER, FOR THE LOVE OF GOD, ARREST HIM BEFORE HE VAPORIZES US!

DR. KILLZOID: You annoy me. *(He points his ray gun at TOM's head.)*

TOM: Eeeeeeeek!

STU: Oh, for Pete's sake...not so fast, Dr. Killzoid! *(He rips open his trucker's uniform to reveal a costume reminiscent of Superman, spandex and all.)*

OFFICER: What the CRAP?

TOM: Holy hell! It's Super Southern Man! The superhuman crime-fighting machine!

OFFICER: *(Skeptically.)* Faster than a speeding tractor?

TOM: *(Excited.)* And more powerful than a hungry piglet!

STU: That's right, it's me! I didn't wanna have t' reveal my identity to the world, but since this dumbass here *(He indicates TOM.)* couldn't keep his big trap shut, I guess I have no choice! Drop the ray gun, Killzoid. Yer fight is with me.

DR. KILLZOID: NYA HA HA! You may have foiled my EVIL plan for today, but I shall eliminate you here for my evil plans of TOMORROW!

STU: Bring it on, ya spawn o' Satan! *(They both proceed to engage in over-the-top, good vs. evil combat.)*

DR. KILLZOID: I grow weary of these walls! LET US TAKE THIS BATTLE TO A MORE OPEN SPACE, SUPER SOUTHERN MAN!

STU: Well, I reckon that sounds just dandy!

DR. KILLZOID: FARE THEE WELL, MAGGOTS!

STU: *(Graciously.)* We'll be outta y'all's hairs in a moment. *(DR. KILLZOID rushes towards the exit, with STU close behind. Both are shouting war cries.)*

TOM AND OFFICER: *(In unison.)* WAIT A MINUTE, WAIT A MINUTE, WAIT A MINUTE!

DR. KILLZOID: What NOW, maggots?!

OFFICER: I'm afraid that I can't allow this CHARADE to go on any longer. You see—

TOM: IT'S MY TURN TO TALK NOW. Does somebody want to explain to me what the HECK this all means? *(A long pause.)*

STU: I'm not sure I understand what yer gettin' at, partner.

TOM: The fact of the matter is, I still have a SCREWED UP apartment and a RIDICULOUS HOLE IN MY WALL that USED to hold my plasma screen! And whether or not YOU'RE the champion of justice or THIS loon is the master of all evil, SOMEBODY OWES ME AN EXPLANATION! *(Yet another long pause.)*

STU: Well, I mean... *(He looks towards the exit impatiently.)* I'm kinda in the middle o' something...

OFFICER: *(Smug.)* No, no... He does have a point, boys. I have to say, I'm curious about this whole thing, too. *(He glares pointedly at STU.)* So tell me, what are two famous super-"whatsits" doing in a dingy old place like this?

TOM: Hey! I'll have you know that rent here is 1550 a month!

DR. KILLZOID AND OFFICER: *(In unison.)* OH MY GOD, SHUT UP.

STU: Listen, Officer, I reckon yer jus tryin' to do right by the law and all, but I'm kinda tryin' to save mankind from evil right now, so if ya don't mind...

OFFICER: Look, let me lay this out for you, boys. Either I get an explanation as to WHY the two of you just HAPPENED to show up here today, or I'll have BOTH of you arrested for BURGLARY. Because superhuman powers or not, if you break into a man's house, there's a penalty to be paid.

STU: B-But...!

DR. KILLZOID: OH, ALRIGHT, ALRIGHT, MAGGOT! The fact of the matter is, I escaped from prison for the eighth time last Saturday. I fled to Old York City because my OLD secret lair was destroyed by THIS clown *(Indicating STU.)* in our last encounter! I have an..."associate" in the city, and I intended to seek refuge with him while I created a new EVIL plan! But Super Southern Man chased me all the way here, and I eventually ended up hiding in this snobby apartment! THERE! Are you SATISFIED?!

TOM: But...but what about my TV?

DR. KILLZOID: CAN WE QUIT TALKING ABOUT THE DAMN TV?!

STU: Look, pardner, there was an, um, accident of sorts with yer television. I kicked, Killzoid punched, one thing led to another, and...well...let's just say, yer TV was vaporized by that there ray gun along with that section of yer wall.

TOM: Y-You mean...you KILLED my plasma screen?!

DR. KILLZOID: "Killed" is such an overused term. I prefer to use the word...ASSASSINATED!

TOM: "Assassinated," you say...like...a president... (Gasps.) OH SNAP.

OFFICER: (Aside.) Christ...we're never going to get to my turn, are we?

TOM: WAS MY PLASMA SCREEN...SPECIAL?! Like...like the CHOSEN plasma screen?! HOLY CRAP, I UNDERSTAND EVERYTHING NOW!

OFFICER: Somehow I really doubt that. But please...humor us.

TOM: It's simple, Officer! Don't you SEE? My plasma screen was really super expensive, so expensive that it responded to the sound of my voice! If I said, "mute," the volume went down! I thought that it was just impressive technology, but NO! In actuality...my television was...a ROBOT! Artificial intelligence and all! And...AND! It always got fuzzy on Channel 2! And do you know what channel that is? IT'S FOX NEWS! Which can only mean one thing...my robot TV had some sort of a GRUDGE against Fox News! It wanted to ASSASSINATE BILL O'REILLY! And WHO could have created such a DEVIIOUS robot to destroy the conservative elite? Well, none other than DR. KILLZOID HIMSELF! I can see the headlines now! "Bill O'Reilly Saved by the Heroic Actions of Superhero and Reporter"—by Tom Smith. "Killer Robot Plasma Screen Assassinated"—by Tom Smith. I'll be so famous—

STU: HOLD YER HORSES, YA CRAZY SCHMUCK. There weren't none of that crazy stuff happening here. The TV was just a TV.

TOM: B-B-But...it all makes sense. THINK about it! I thought YOU were some dumb hick loser truck driver thing, but REALLY you're the conqueror of all misdeeds! I thought HE (*Pointing to DR. KILLZOID.*) was just some strange result of a drag show and cocaine gone horribly, horribly wrong. Nothing is how it appears anymore, can't you see that?! It's like...like...an overarching THEME, if you will! A parable!

DR. KILLZOID: ...I think I'm going to vaporize you now.

TOM: Just hear me out! Good things ALWAYS come in threes, RIGHT? Well, so far we've had TWO people turn into the complete OPPOSITE of my initial expectations. That means there has to be ONE MORE big surprise...one more sudden identity crisis...one more... (*Suddenly, the OFFICER rips open his police uniform to reveal the exact same spandex outfit as STU.*)

TOM: HOLY HELL, IT'S SUPER SOUTHERN MAN—wait a sec, TOTAL déjà vu...

DR. KILLZOID: Oh, CRAP. You've got to be KIDDING me!

STU: (*Thoroughly flustered.*) H-H-Hold it right there, Officer! Just what in blazes do ya think yer doin' impersonatin' me? Ain't there...ain't there a law against that or somethin'?

OFFICER: Yes, there is. It's called "identity theft". And that is exactly what YOU and "Dr. Killzoid" are going to prison for. Now, HANDS IN THE AIR. NOW!

DR. KILLZOID: (*Pointing his laser gun at OFFICER.*) SAY THAT AGAIN, AND I'LL TURN YOU TO DUST!

OFFICER: Oh, please. Put that super-soaker away before you take an eye out.

DR. KILLZOID: I-I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW THAT THIS IS NO MERE WATER-GUN! IT IS A DOOMSDAY DEVICE CAPABLE OF---

OFFICER: Don't make me laugh. The REAL Dr. Killzoid would never carry a ray gun around with him. He prefers laser beams. I know because I FOILED HIS PLOT TO BLOW UP CANADA just last night.

DR. KILLZOID: ...oh...well. Um...you have a LOVELY smile?

OFFICER: ON THE GROUND, NOW. *(He uses his superhuman strength to knock DR. KILLZOID out with a mere tap of his finger. DR. KILLZOID sprawls out on the ground, out cold. Meanwhile, STU tries to back out of the room.)*

OFFICER: And just WHERE do you think YOU'RE going, you sad excuse for a stereotype?! *(He charges to STU and lifts him up by the collar.)* I've HAD it with all of you damn impersonators... running around, making me out to be some dumbed-down trailer trash! I may be from the South, but I am NOT going to be the belle of your ball! *(He punches STU in the face.)*

TOM: Impersonators...then you mean...

OFFICER: That's right. I'M Super Southern Man. The REAL one.

TOM: But...but you're so NORMAL-SOUNDING.

OFFICER: Yeah, well, I've lost the accent since I moved to the city. I USED to pose as a cattle rancher down in Mississippi to cover up for my secret identity, but I had to move up here to Old York City and take on a job as a cop because I heard about some godforsaken CON-ARTISTS posing as me and Killzoid!

TOM: But WHY? Did they want to...to gain ACCESS to men of GREAT importance, like ME?!

STU: *(Suddenly with a Brooklyn accent.)* No, you sorry excuse for a journalist. We just wanted to have an excuse to get access to stupid people's houses so we could rob 'em blind! It was easy. We break in and look around to see if there's anything worth stealing. YOU come home, we pull the whole "truck driver" and "Killzoid" bit, you get to feel all smart and skeptical, I'm supposedly "forced" into revealing my true identity, I tell you to run for your life while I deal with the cowardly super villain, you leave, badda-bing, badda-boom, WE rob you BLIND! And we would have gotten away with it too, if it weren't for that pesky Super Southern Man!

OFFICER: There's only one thing I hate more than con-artists, and that's SCOOBY-DOO references. I'll wake you up when you get to prison. *(He knocks STU unconscious.)*

TOM: Holy CRAP...this whole thing is unbelievable! So after all that...this whole time they were just frauds who thought they could pull the wool over old Tommy's eyes. But boy, were they wrong! I can see the headlines now. "Fake Superheroes Uncovered by Tom Smith"—by Tom Smith.

OFFICER: You ought to get to work on that story. I'll take these two clowns to the proper authorities and try to clean this place up a little bit.

TOM: You'd do that for me? Geez, you really are the epitome of all good, Super Southern Man!

OFFICER: Well, what can I say? I just want to protect decent people like you from the clutches of evil.

TOM: Thanks, Super Southern Man! I'm going back to the Met right now! TOM SMITH...AWAAAAAY! *(Exit TOM. There is a brief pause. DR. KILLZOID and STU sit up. They all snigger.)*

DR. KILLZOID: Can you BELIEVE he forgot about the plasma screen?

OFFICER: They do it every time. Too much information to swallow all at once. There's no way he could have remembered that the laser gun was fake. *(STU pulls out a plasma screen TV from under a pile of rubble.)*

STU: And no laser gun means no vaporized TV. I sure wish we didn't have to make such a big hole in the wall, though. This really is a nice place. People really shouldn't attach their televisions to their walls. It's just asking for trouble.

OFFICER: Meh. Don't worry about it. With all the money that schmuck will make off of his stupid story, he'll be able to buy a wall made of pure gold. God, I love playing off the public's need for heroes.

DR. KILLZOID: You'd think at some point they all would realize that any man who runs around in spandex, a cape, and pajamas isn't fighting for the greater good.

STU: So what are we now? 7 and 0 using the superhero con?

OFFICER: Yeah, yeah, Stu. Good work and all that jazz. You could try being humble once in awhile.

STU: It's an ingenious plan. What can I say?

DR. KILLZOID: Good job, team. But next time, can we try making the con a little less complicated? My hosiery is bunching.

STU: Oh, all right. In any case, I think we can take a break from TV-snatching for awhile. This one is a beauty.

OFFICER: Come on, fellas. Let's get this plasma screen out of here and hook it up before the big game.

STU: If we've got some time, we could try an epic super-battle at KFC to get some boneless wings!

OFFICER: Sweet. *(They all high-five, take all of the valuables inside of the apartment, and leave.)*

BLACKOUT.

THE END

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