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## The Dill Pickle Chips

By Samuel Stokes (<http://www.SamuelStokesMusic.com>)

(Sam and Andrew are roommates. Sam enters the front door to find Andrew eating his dill pickle chips without permission).

Sam: Hey!

Andrew: What's up, man?

Sam: Why are you eating my dill pickle chips?

Andrew: Oh yeah, man, I was going to tell you – these things are awful! Who would ever think that dill pickle is a good flavor for a potato chip?

Sam: Uh, maybe the person that bought them.

Andrew: I don't get it, though, they're just terrible.

Sam: Well, maybe next time you'll think about that before you eat someone else's chips!

Andrew: What do you mean?

Sam: What do you mean "what do I mean"? Those are my chips.

Andrew: So?

Sam: So, they're my chips. What do you think you're doing eating them?

Andrew: But you left them on the table.

Sam: So what? I still paid for them, they're still mine.

Andrew: I just found them here on the table, so I figured you wanted someone to eat them.

Sam: Yeah, I wanted ME to eat them. Their mine!

Andrew: Then why'd you leave them out on the table?

Sam: Because this is my apartment! And those are my chips. It's not like we're a family – just because I leave something sitting around, it doesn't mean it belongs to you, too. If I left my wallet on the table, you wouldn't help yourself to that would you?

Andrew: Of course not.

Sam: Well, then?

Andrew: But these are chips.

Sam: Yeah, my chips.

Andrew: But, man, they're so terrible.

Sam: Then why, for goodness' sake, are you still eating them?!

Andrew: Because I'm hungry!

Sam: Okay, you're hungry – so you go to the store and you buy your own food!

Andrew: But I'm broke because I don't have a job.

Sam: Oh yeah, by the way, about that – you know the rent is due in a couple days. I'm just wondering how exactly is that going to work?

Andrew: What do you mean?

Sam: I mean, how's the rent going to be paid?

Andrew: Don't you usually write a check?

Sam: Yeah, but where is the money coming from?

Andrew: Your bank account, I would assume.

Sam: You know what I mean – your half of the rent!

Andrew: Well, you can cover it right? I can pay you back as soon as I get a job.

Sam: (sighs) So now I've got to feed you and pay your rent until you find a job?

Andrew: Yeah, it shouldn't take long to find one.

Sam: How many places have you applied?

Andrew: Ten.

Sam: Oh, that's good. Any interviews?

Andrew: I mean, there's ten I'm planning to apply for some time today.

Sam: When?

Andrew: When I'm done eating I guess...

Sam: Give me those! Those are MY dill pickle chips. You go get a job, pay your own rent, and then you can buy your own dill pickle chips!

Andrew: Dude, no way, I told you, they're disgusting!

Sam: OUT!

Andrew: Okay, man, I'm going, take it easy. (Andrew exits)

Sam: These are my chips. Nobody eats my chips.