

No More, Mister Nice Guy

by Jonathan Rand

— Revisions rundown —

Date of book in circulation:	July 26, 2013
Date of these revisions:	April 6, 2016

This play has been rewritten since publication, so if you've got a book, it's an old version of the play. The latest edits are in this document.

Various dialogue replacements below:

MILLS. So to sum up: you're a guy who works hard, pays bills, teaches kids, and follows rules. Tell me, Sheldon: anything *wrong* with this picture?

...

MILLS. We've surveilled you for months, and I'm sorry to say your behavior has gotten better and better. For starters, we've got multiple examples of financial impropriety. Kimball?

KIMBALL. (*Reading from the Sheldon dossier:*) March 6: Sheldon isn't charged for his Mr. Pibb and informs Arby's cashier of mistake. June 8: Sheldon Grimes receives someone else's six thousand dollar tax credit and notifies IRS of mistake. October 12: Sheldon Grimes plasters *this* all over town.

(KIMBALL holds up a flyer with large print that reads "FOUND WALLET," perhaps along with a picture of a wallet.)

Found Wallet? I got some advice for you, buddy: KEEP THE FREAKING WALLET.

MILLS. Now listen, Sheldon: If my partner here had his way, he'd book you for the maximum sentence, which is, of course, fifty years hard time.

SHELDON. It is??

KIMBALL. I know — *way* too lenient.

MILLS. But the new mayor's big on rehabilitation, so we have to fix this right here, right now.

(MILLS looks to an unseen colleague.)

Send 'im in.

(To SHELDON:)

Brace yourself. This will get ugly.

(RICKY bursts in, wearing headphones and loudly singing the annoying song he's listening to. He may also be eating Cheetos, and quickly litters the bag and remaining Cheetos. He takes off the headphones.)

KIMBALL. Sheldon, meet Ricky, the biggest jerk in town.

RICKY. I just farted.

KIMBALL. (*As he greets RICKY:*) Always a pro.

RICKY. So who's this piece-a work?

MILLS. Ricky, meet Sheldon, a real decent guy.

SHELDON. (*Extending his hand for a handshake:*) Hi!

RICKY. You make me sick...

KIMBALL. We need you to whip this piece-a work into shape.

RICKY. Yeah yeah, let's do this. But make it quick. I gotta walk my dog and leave his poo on the sidewalk.

MILLS. All right, let's start with a voicemail from September 8. (*Looking to an unseen colleague:*) Play back Exhibit C.

(*Beep.*)

SHELDON'S VOICE. Hi, Mom; it's Sheldon. Just checking in to see how everything's going with Dad, and to let you know I'll be stopping by Tuesday to water the plants. I love you both very much!

(*Beep.*)

MILLS. Let the record show that this voicemail would've been a class B misdemeanor even if it was for your own parents, but *this* was for your *in-laws*.

KIMBALL. SERIOUSLY?!

(*RICKY shakes his head with disapproval.*)

MILLS. Sheldon, it's a simple fact that normal people treat their in-laws with pure contempt.

KIMBALL. And they don't water their FREAKING PLANTS.

MILLS. (*Detaining KIMBALL:*) Hey, hey, easy, Kimball. Walk it off.

(*KIMBALL breaks away.*)

MILLS. Now, pay attention: Ricky here's gonna show you how to leave a *proper* in-laws voicemail. (*Handing him a cell phone:*) Ricky? Do the honors.

(*RICKY cracks his knuckles and breathes deeply in preparation, then speaks into the cell phone.*)

Mom? Dad? Send money.

(*He confidently drops the phone and walks away, like a rapper dropping a microphone.*)

KIMBALL. That was beautiful.

MILLS. All right, next up. (*Putting a paper in front of SHELDON:*) Here's your last bank statement. Read this.

...

MILLS. And yesterday, after the Red Sox won, reports show you were *respectful* of Yankee fans.

KIMBALL. NO!!

SHELDON. How do you *know* all of this?

MILLS. Our lead informant is your six-year-old niece.

SHELDON. (*Dumbfounded:*) Kaitlyn?

MILLS. Agent Parker, yes. And as the game ended, she covertly recorded you saying *this*.

(*MILLS gestures to the unseen colleague.*)

SHELDON'S VOICE. Good game, guys! I'm just so happy it was an exciting competition and that none of the players were injured. Hummus, anyone?

MILLS. And that statement was followed by the worst thing of all: comforting hugs.

KIMBALL. (*As he throws something or angrily gestures:*) Come on!!

MILLS. (*Detaining KIMBALL:*) Hey, hey, easy, Kimball. Walk it off.

(*KIMBALL does.*)

Okay, Ricky, show the man what he *should've* done. And listen, we're really gonna need your F-game on this one.

RICKY. (*Intensely:*) My whole life has led to this moment. Also, I farted again.

(*KIMBALL points to RICKY with respect. RICKY prepares himself.*)

Drop a scenario on me.

(*RICKY closes his eyes to focus.*)

MILLS. All right... You're a Sox fan and Ortiz just hit a walk-off double to beat the Yankees, and you're standing next to your extremely sad New Yorker friend. What's the appropriate reaction? Annnnnnd...go.

(RICKY takes a moment to settle into his character, then sings to the tune of Queen's "We Are the Champions," singing not only the words, but the instrumental parts.)

RICKY. I am the champion, my friend.
And you'll keep on losing till the end.
I am the champion.
You're not the champion
You're great at losing
And I am the champion...
And-also-your-mom-is-fat.

...

RICKY. All right, listen close, 'cause I'll only train you this once, 'cause I want to save my voice for loud phone conversations at movie theaters. Are you ready?

...

SHELDON. *Whole Foods* potato salad?

RICKY. C'mon, Sheldon — think like Ricky! Whaddayou bring to Stan's party?!

SHELDON. (*Spitting it out almost against his will:*) Stan's bitter ex-wife.

RICKY. *There you go!*

MILLS/KIMBALL. (*Excitedly:*) Yeah!! / All right!!

RICKY. Scenario Two: You're at your nephew's peewee hockey game. What're you drinking?

...

RICKY. *Oh yeah.* And when the official makes a bad call?

SHELDON. I sternly ask him to be more reasonable!

RICKY. Sheldon...

SHELDON. I curse at him?

RICKY. Getting warmer...

SHELDON. I punch him in the groin!!

RICKY. *There it is!*

KIMBALL. (*Excitedly:*) All right, Sheldon!

RICKY. Last one: You're on a date with the girl of your dreams, and the waiter brings out this artichoke dip. (*Reveals a small bowl of dip.*) What do you do?

(SHELDON looks at the dip. He then suddenly devours it and opens his mouth wide to show what's inside as he makes a loud disgusting noise. KIMBALL and MILLS erupt into loud cheering, as RICKY brings in SHELDON for a victorious man-hug and RICKY points skyward emotionally like a dramatic touchdown celebration.)