

# *No More, Mister Nice Guy*

a play by Jonathan Rand

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## Cast of Characters

DETECTIVE KIMBALL, interrogator  
DETECTIVE MILLS, interrogator  
SHELDON, the perp  
RICKY, the pro

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*(An interrogation room – as simple as a table and a chair. SHELDON is seated at the table, with MILLS and KIMBALL nearby.)*

**MILLS.** *(Reading from a folder:)* Sheldon Grimes... Mind if we call you Sheldon?

**SHELDON.** Why am I here?

**MILLS.** We'll ask the questions, Sheldon. Now – you're living at 34 Maple Hill Road?

**SHELDON.** I am.

**MILLS.** Paying down your mortgage on time?

**SHELDON.** Yes.

**MILLS.** That's what I'm seeing here. I also see that you're a respected middle school teacher, and on weekends you work at Crazytown Chocolates,<sup>1</sup> a supplier of chocolate truffles. *(Gestures to KIMBALL:)* Kimball here *loves* chocolate truffles.

*(KIMBALL is silent, deadpan.)*

Quite the pristine record there, Sheldon: strong work ethic; well-liked by coworkers; zero truffle theft.

**SHELDON.** I guess.

**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?

**SHELDON.** I don't think so.

**KIMBALL.** *(Quietly intense:)* You sure 'bout that?

**SHELDON.** I'm sorry?

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<sup>1</sup> If you're producing this play outside the *Crazytown* full-length play, you may wish to replace "Crazytown" with "Peterbrooke."

**KIMBALL.** (*Same as before:*) You sure 'bout that?

**SHELDON.** Is he saying something? I can barely –

(KIMBALL *slams his hands on the table and gets in SHELDON's face.*)

**KIMBALL.** YOU SURE ABOUT THAT, PUNK?!

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

(KIMBALL *breaks away.*)

Listen, Sheldon, I'll cut to the chase. You're considerate; you're benevolent; and overall, you're just a good guy. And we're here to tell you: it has to stop.

**SHELDON.** I don't follow. Did I commit a crime?

(KIMBALL *slams a booklet on the table.*)

**KIMBALL.** Section Eight! Subsection Twelve!

**SHELDON.** (*Reading aloud:*) "Resolved: that for at least twenty percent of every day, each citizen of Crazytown must act like a total jerkface."<sup>2</sup>

**MILLS.** That means you are required – *by law* – to be inconsiderate, self-centered, and generally obnoxious at least twenty percent of the time. The national average is fifty-nine. You, my friend, are at zero.

**KIMBALL.** And you thought you could get away with it...

**SHELDON.** I don't understand – why is that a law?

**MILLS.** Why? It's simple, Sheldon: You make the rest of us look bad.

**KIMBALL.** *Real* bad.

**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 WALLET.

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<sup>2</sup> If you're producing this play outside the *Crazytown* full-length play, cut "of Crazytown."

**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 poop 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.**<sup>3</sup> 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!

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<sup>3</sup> Here and later, Sheldon's voice can either be sound files or can be faked by Sheldon having his mouth covered before this moment began, and it's his live voice that we hear.

(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.*)

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.

**SHELDON.** A fifty-dollar donation to the Red Cross.

**MILLS.** And why would you do that?

**SHELDON.** The hurricane.

**KIMBALL.** (*In disbelief:*) This guy...

**SHELDON.** What?

**MILLS.** That's not how you help disaster victims, Sheldon.

**SHELDON.** It's not?

**MILLS.** Ricky – tell the man. If you wanna help disaster victims...

**RICKY.** Retweet a Kardashian.

(*Beat.*)

**SHELDON.** I don't understand.

**KIMBALL.** Oh man, you are some piece-a work.

**MILLS.** Please, Ricky – tell him how it’s done.

**RICKY.** Any time something bad happens, you don’t make a donation, you don’t help at the relief site, you don’t show emotion.

**SHELDON.** What do you do?

**RICKY.** You wait for a Kardashian to post a frowny face and you hit Retweet. Civic duty *done*.

**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. Would anyone like hummus?

**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 they 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? Annnnd...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.

*(If possible, RICKY reveals an air horn out of nowhere and sets it off. Then he suddenly breaks out of the moment, like a boxer who just finished a draining round, breathing hard. MILLS gives RICKY some much-deserved water.)*

**KIMBALL.** Now *that's* what a winner sounds like!!

**RICKY.** *(Gasping:)* I can't breathe...

**MILLS.** Now listen up Sheldon – if you wanna walk outta here, your conduct has to reach new depths. We're talking at least half Ricky's level. We would never insist on full-Ricky. Full-Ricky is too much for one man.

**KIMBALL.** Unless that man is Ricky.

*(Without either guy making eye contact, KIMBALL extends his fist and RICKY delivers a fist bump.)*

**MILLS.** In short: we need you to walk out of here less *(Excitedly:)* Sheldon and more *(Disgustedly:)* Sheldon.

**SHELDON.** Detective – is turning into a jerk my only option? I'd rather be a good person.

**MILLS.** Plan B is prison.

**SHELDON.** Let's try Plan A.

**MILLS.** *(To RICKY:)* You heard the man, Ricky. Make your magic.

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

**SHELDON.** I'll do my best.

**RICKY.** What's that?

**SHELDON.** I won't let you down.

**RICKY.** Sheldon...

**SHELDON.** Your mother is relatively large?

**RICKY.** *Nailed it.* Okay, Scenario One: Your friend Stan and his wife invite you to a party. Whaddayou bring?

**SHELDON.** Homemade potato salad.

**RICKY.** Nope.

**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?

**SHELDON.** Green tea.

**RICKY.** Come on...

**SHELDON.** Sorry, sorry, I forgot. A beer.

**RICKY.** Better.

**SHELDON.** A Four Loko?<sup>4</sup>

**RICKY.** Almost there...

**SHELDON.** Eight Four Lokos?<sup>5</sup>

**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!

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<sup>4</sup> If the Four Loko brand isn't well-known, replace with the most known alcoholic energy drink, or something else obviously worse than beer.

<sup>5</sup> If you'd rather not reference alcohol in your production, replace Ricky's line with "Scenario Two: You're at your nephew's peewee hockey game and the official makes a bad call. Whaddayou do?" and then skip to Sheldon's "I sternly ask him to be more reasonable!"



**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.)*

**KIMBALL/MILLS.** *(Chanting:)* SHEL-DON! SHEL-DON! SHEL-DON!

**RICKY.** Well fellas—my work is done here. And I gotta run—my stretched Hummer's parked across four handicapped spots.

**KIMBALL.** *(Respectfully:)* You really are despicable.

**RICKY.** *(Choked up:)* Thank you.

**MILLS.** All right, now for the moment of truth. Sheldon Grimes: Are you ready to rejoin society, but this time, a little more like every other jerk?

**SHELDON.** Detective, I've got three words for you: *(Beat.)* I. just. farted.

*(They all cheer raucously.)*

*End of Play*