

# NO BODY LIKE JIMMY

A COMEDY IN TWO ACTS

By **Burton Bumgarner**

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Heuer Publishing LLC, Cedar Rapids, Iowa

ISBN: 978-1-61588-250-2

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***PUBLISHED BY***

**HEUER PUBLISHING LLC**

**P.O. BOX 248 • CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA 52406**

**TOLL FREE (800) 950-7529 • FAX (319) 368-8011**

## NO BODY LIKE JIMMY

By Burton Bumgarner

**SYNOPSIS:** On the evening of Ralph and Eloise Vanlandingham's political fundraising dinner, Ralph's best friend from college shows up with a problem. Harold has a dead body in the back of his van and he needs a place to stash Jimmy. Harold's timing couldn't be more awful as the Vanlandinghams are expecting a house full of major campaign donors in about five, four, three, two...

### CAST OF CHARACTERS

(4 MEN, 4 WOMEN, 3 EITHER)

HAROLD (m) ..... Works for a mobster. (168 lines)  
RALPH (m)..... Friend of Harold's, married to Eloise.  
(182 lines)  
ELOISE (f)..... Running for Congress. (92 lines)  
BAXTER (m)..... A server with an attitude. (43 lines)  
DIANE (f)..... Eloise's campaign manager. (47 lines)  
NIGEL (m/f) ..... Eloise's speech writer. (46 lines)  
JIMMY (m/f) ..... A dead guy. (No lines)  
RICK PITMAN (m)..... A wealthy Texan. (70 lines)  
EMMA PITMAN (f)..... Rick's wife. (50 lines)  
OFFICER LINDA (f)..... A police officer. (104 lines)  
OFFICER COOPER (m/f)..... A police trainee. (46 lines)

### SETTING

The set is the parlor of an elegant home in suburban Philadelphia. A front door is upstage left. Sofa, love seat, wing back chair are center. Right is a doorway to the dining room and kitchen. Upstage center is a doorway that leads to the upstairs bedrooms.)

ACT ONE

**AT RISE:**

*A doorbell is heard. RALPH enters right and crosses to the front door. He is in the final touches of dressing for an elegant dinner. He opens the door. HAROLD, dressed in gardener's attire, enters. He's somewhat nervous.*

**HAROLD:** Hey, Ralph.

**RALPH:** *(Surprised.)* Harold? It's been a long time! *(They shake hands.)*

**ELOISE:** *(Offstage.)* Who is it, dear?

**RALPH:** It's Harold. My old college roommate.

**ELOISE:** *(Offstage.)* What's he doing here?

**RALPH:** *(To ELOISE.)* He just dropped by to say hello.

**ELOISE:** *(Offstage.)* Get rid of him! *(RALPH smiles uncomfortably at HAROLD.)*

**RALPH:** Eloise is under a lot of pressure. She's running for a seat in Congress.

**HAROLD:** Great! I hope she wins.

**RALPH:** Me, too. Do you think maybe you could stop by later? Like next week?

**HAROLD:** I need a favor. And next week's too late.

**RALPH:** Sure, Harold. Anything at all. Can I get you a beer?

**HAROLD:** Sure. Thanks.

**RALPH:** Have a seat.

*HAROLD sits on the sofa. RALPH exits right. ELOISE enters center. She is dressed for an elegant event, trying to attach a necklace as she walks. She doesn't see HAROLD.*

**ELOISE:** Did you get rid of Harold? I know he's your friend and all, but he's nothing but trouble. I wish he'd just leave us alone. Would you help me with this? *(HAROLD crosses to ELOISE and fastens her necklace.)* Thank you.

**HAROLD:** You're welcome. *(ELOISE turns to face HAROLD, startled.)*

**ELOISE:** Oh. Harold. I didn't realize you were still here.

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**HAROLD:** I could tell.

**ELOISE:** Well...what a surprise. Did you ever get that insurance business straightened out?

**HAROLD:** More or less.

**ELOISE:** How about your divorce?

**HAROLD:** Which one?

**ELOISE:** Did Ralph tell you I'm running for Congress?

**HAROLD:** Yeah. I hope you win. Is there anything I can do for the campaign?

**ELOISE:** There is. It's not good for a candidate to be seen with a convicted felon.

**HAROLD:** You mean me? That felony thing was thrown out of court. The only thing I've been convicted of is a misdemeanor. And there's the alimony thing, but let's not get into that.

*RALPH enters with two bottles of beer.*

**ELOISE:** *(To RALPH.)* What are you doing?

**RALPH:** Getting Harold a beer.

**ELOISE:** Ralph, the guests will be arriving at any minute.

**RALPH:** He'll be gone before they arrive.

**ELOISE:** This is a very important event!

**RALPH:** I know. And you look beautiful. *(ELOISE preens.)* Doesn't she look beautiful, Harold?

**HAROLD:** I always thought she was kind of hot... *(ELOISE frowns.)* ...in an exotic dancer way.

**ELOISE:** *(To RALPH.)* Please get rid of Harold. He can come back tomorrow and ruin your life.

*She exits center. RALPH hands HAROLD a beer. They toast and sit.*

**RALPH:** So, what's the little problem?

**HAROLD:** Did I ever tell you how sorry I was for getting you kicked out of college?

**RALPH:** That was a long time ago.

**HAROLD:** I don't know how that copy of the final exam ended up in the book I sold you. It fell on the floor...right in front of the professor. I bought the book at the used bookstore.

**RALPH:** It's okay, Harold.

**HAROLD:** I never opened that book. If I'd known the answers to the final were right there I might have passed chemistry.

**RALPH:** Why don't you tell me about your problem?

**HAROLD:** Well, as you know, I worked for the City of Philadelphia.

One day I was emptying trash cans, and this guy runs right into me...full speed. I was helping him to his feet when the guys who were chasing him caught up.

**RALPH:** Were they policemen?

**HAROLD:** No. They worked for Big Mike Delucciano.

**RALPH:** Big Mike?

**HAROLD:** He's in the import/export business. Anyway, his guys thanked me for assisting with the abduction, gave me a hundred bucks and told me their boss could use a guy like me. I thought, it's got to be better than emptying trash cans. So Big Mike hired me to take care of the lawn.

**RALPH:** What about your problem?

**HAROLD:** Can I use your basement? Please?

**RALPH:** Why?

**HAROLD:** I need to hide something.

**RALPH:** You stole something? Oh, man! Those guys will track you down no matter where you go! You'll end up at the bottom of the river! (*Stands and nervously paces.*) Eloise is getting ready to run for public office, and her husband has contacts with a mobster!

**HAROLD:** I'm not a mobster!

**RALPH:** I'm talking about Big Mike Dulce-whatever!

**HAROLD:** Delucciano.

**RALPH:** And there's all the other stuff from your past. Like the assault!

**HAROLD:** That was a misunderstanding.

**RALPH:** Arson!

**HAROLD:** That was an accident.

**RALPH:** Bigamy!

**HAROLD:** That was a clerical error.

**RALPH:** Drug charges!

**HAROLD:** The pharmacist gave me the wrong prescriptions.

**RALPH:** Impersonating a police officer!

**HAROLD:** I was on my way to a costume party.

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**RALPH:** Vandalism!

**HAROLD:** I didn't know it was a real Picasso.

**RALPH:** There's always a good excuse, but it still happens.

**HAROLD:** (*Sadly.*) So you're saying I'm a loser.

**RALPH:** No! You're not a loser! Not entirely! When I'm around you, things happen that shouldn't happen. Like the time I borrowed your car and was stopped by the police because the tag had expired. They found the baggie in the glove compartment. It took a whole day before they figured out it was pipe tobacco. Who puts pipe tobacco in a baggie?

**HAROLD:** I told you I was sorry. You're my best friend. And I really need your help. Please let me use your basement!

**RALPH:** What do you want to hide in my basement?

**HAROLD:** I'll show you. (*They stand.*)

**ELOISE:** (*Offstage.*) Ralph? Is Harold gone?

**RALPH:** (*Yells.*) He's gone... (*Meekly.*) ...almost. (*He drags HAROLD to the door.*) Whatever it is, bring it by next week.

**HAROLD:** I don't think it can wait that long!

*RALPH opens the door and shoves HAROLD out as ELOISE enters center.*

**RALPH:** (*Calls after HAROLD.*) Great seeing you again, Harold. Stop by anytime. Any time but now. (*Turns to ELOISE.*) He's gone.

**ELOISE:** Every time you're around Harold, something disastrous happens.

**RALPH:** That's an exaggeration.

**ELOISE:** It's not much of an exaggeration.

**RALPH:** Well...no. But it's still an exaggeration. We had some great times in college...until we were kicked out.

*BAXTER, a server, enters right.*

**BAXTER:** The serving table is ready, Mrs. Vanlandingham.

**ELOISE:** Thank you, Baxter. (*To RALPH.*) When the guests arrive, be cordial and charming and escort them to the patio. I hope it doesn't rain. (*ELOISE and BAXTER exit right.*)

**RALPH:** It wasn't his fault, you know!

**ELOISE:** *(Offstage.)* It's never his fault! *(Doorbell rings. RALPH opens the door. DIANE enters. She carries an umbrella.)*

**DIANE:** Hello, Ralph. Are you ready for the big campaign? *(She leaves the umbrella next to the door. They embrace.)*

**RALPH:** Sure. Are you?

**DIANE:** I'm always ready for a fight. Six of the last seven candidates I've managed are in office. Our little Eloise has an excellent chance. But we have to be very careful. No missteps.

**RALPH:** No missteps.

**DIANE:** This little event today is for Richard and Emma Pitman.

**RALPH:** Is there anything I need to know about the Pitmans?

**DIANE:** They're from Texas and they have a lot of money. I've hired that horrible Nigel Hudson as a speechwriter. The man makes my skin crawl, but he's the best in the business. You stay out of his way and let him work.

**RALPH:** I'll stay out of his way.

**DIANE:** Good. I'm doing my best to see the press doesn't find out you were kicked out of college. That was...unfortunate.

**RALPH:** That was an accident. How did you find out about it?

**DIANE:** I can find out anything about anyone. Our opponent has more than a few skeletons in his closet. I won't hesitate to use any intel I can get. And our opponent will do the same.

**RALPH:** Uh oh.

**DIANE:** Where is our little hostess?

**RALPH:** The reception is on the patio.

**DIANE:** I hope it doesn't rain. Remember, Ralph. No missteps.

*DIANE exits right. Doorbell rings. RALPH opens the door. NIGEL enters. He's snooty.*

**NIGEL:** Is this the Eloise Vanlandingham residence?

**RALPH:** Yes, it is. I'm Ralph.

**NIGEL:** I didn't realize Mrs. Vanlandingham had a butler.

**RALPH:** I'm her husband.

**NIGEL:** Oh. Nigel Hudson. Speechwriter.

**RALPH:** *(Offering his hand.)* It's nice to meet you.

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**NIGEL:** I know. (*Shakes RALPH's hand, then takes a handkerchief from his pocket and wipes his hand.*) Where would I find Mrs. Vanlandingham and her perky little campaign manager?

**RALPH:** The reception will be on the patio. I'll show you.

**NIGEL:** I can find my way. Your house isn't THAT big.

*He exits center, then returns. RALPH points right, NIGEL exits. Doorbell rings. RALPH opens the door. HAROLD enters and looks nervously around.*

**RALPH:** Harold? I thought you were coming back next week!

**HAROLD:** I'm really afraid, Ralph!

**RALPH:** It can wait.

**HAROLD:** No, it can't!

*HAROLD exits and enters dragging JIMMY center. He rushes back to the door, looks nervously outside, then closes the door. RALPH is horrified.*

**RALPH:** Who is that?

**HAROLD:** I have no idea. Help me get him to the basement.

**RALPH:** No! Get him out of my house!

**HAROLD:** I might be in over my head.

**RALPH:** No kidding! What's wrong with that guy?

**HAROLD:** Well...to be perfectly honest...he's dead. (*RALPH gasps.*)

**RALPH:** What did you do?

**HAROLD:** I didn't do anything!

**RALPH:** Then how did you end up with a dead guy?

**HAROLD:** This morning I was working in the yard, like usual. All of a sudden I look up and there's Mr. Delucciano. And he's really mad. He tells me to take care of the mess in the garage. So, I go to the garage and this guy's lying on the floor. Do you get it, Ralph? He wanted me to TAKE CARE of the mess in the garage! As in go bury the guy somewhere!

**RALPH:** (*Horrified.*) Why is he in my living room?

**HAROLD:** I panicked. I put him in the back of my van and started driving. I didn't know part of my job description would be getting rid of dead guys!

**RALPH:** You've got to get him out of here!

**HAROLD:** We've got to hide him in your basement until dark. Then we'll haul him to the river.

**RALPH:** WE will haul him to the river? I don't think so, Harold! I think YOU should put him in your van and pretend like we don't know each other!

*HAROLD drops to his knees.*

**HAROLD:** Please Ralph! Please help me get out of this mess!

**RALPH:** Why didn't you leave him in the garage and call the police?

*HAROLD stands.*

**HAROLD:** It comes down to experience. I've experienced trouble with the police. I know what to expect. I've never experienced trouble with Big Mike Delucciano. (*HAROLD drags JIMMY right.*) Come on. He can stay in your basement until it gets dark.

*RALPH takes JIMMY by the feet and tries to drag him toward the door. A struggle ensues.*

**RALPH:** You've got to get this guy out of here, Harold!

**HAROLD:** Keep him here until it gets dark!

**RALPH:** Why can't you leave him in your van?

**HAROLD:** Because he's creepy!

*JIMMY'S shoes come off in RALPH's hands. HAROLD falls down, JIMMY on top of him. He shoves JIMMY away, gasps and jumps to his feet.*

**ELOISE:** (*Offstage.*) More guests, dear?

**RALPH:** Uh...you might say that.

**ELOISE:** Show them to the patio.

**RALPH:** Okay. (*RALPH tries to put JIMMY'S shoes back on his feet, gives up and leaves them under the coffee table.*) You have got to get out of here! My wife is hosting a very important party and we can't have any missteps!

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**HAROLD:** Please, Ralph! You've always been there for me!

**RALPH:** You never wanted to leave a dead guy in my basement before! This isn't like when the cat leaves a dead bunny on the back steps! This is a real person!

**HAROLD:** WAS a real person.

**RALPH:** Whatever! He can't stay here! (*HAROLD takes JIMMY by the shoulders and drags him right.*) NO!

**ELOISE:** (*Offstage.*) Ralph! Would you come here please?

**RALPH:** Just a minute! (*RALPH takes JIMMY by the feet and they drag him toward the front door. The doorbell rings. Both men gasp.*) What are we going to do?

**HAROLD:** Put him on the sofa!

**RALPH:** What?

**HAROLD:** Put him on the sofa! (*They lift JIMMY to the sofa and force him into an upright sitting position. HAROLD takes a pair of sunglasses from his pocket and places them on JIMMY.*) There.

**RALPH:** What do you mean there? He's bloody!

**HAROLD:** Let the guests in and send them to the patio. I'll look nonchalant.

*RALPH opens the door. RICK and EMMA PITMAN enter. They are annoyed with each other.*

**RICK:** You didn't have to come with me, Emma!

**EMMA:** Like I have a choice!

**RICK:** You had a choice!

**EMMA:** Some choice! I can watch you make people jump through hoops, or I can stay at the hotel and watch Oprah! (*Or other popular show. They suddenly turn to RALPH and are extremely pleasant.*)

**RICK:** Hi. We're the Pitmans. I'm Rick.

**EMMA:** And I'm Emma. (*They shake hands with RALPH.*)

**RICK:** I'm from Texas, in case you wondered why I don't talk like the people around here.

**EMMA:** Rick doesn't talk like the people in Texas, either. I honestly don't know what's wrong with him.

**RICK:** You'll have to excuse my wife. (*Under his breath.*) Because I can't. (*RICK crosses to HAROLD and offers his hand.*) Hi, there. Rick Pitman.

**HAROLD:** Uh...I'm Harold. (*Shakes RICK's hand.*)

**RICK:** Look at this guy, Emma. I told you we didn't need to dress up for this thing. Harold here looks like he's been working in the yard.

**RALPH:** Harold's a...a...landscape architect...kind of. He works on a big estate.

**RICK:** Big estate, huh? (*To HAROLD.*) I bet you know where all the bodies are buried.

**HAROLD:** Not yet. (*HAROLD tries to block the view of JIMMY.*)

**EMMA:** Oh, that's my cell phone. I'd better take this. (*She takes a cell phone from her pocket and crosses downstage.*) Hello? Maria? (*She turns her back so her conversation isn't heard by the audience.*)

**RICK:** Who's that? (*Indicating JIMMY.*)

**RALPH:** Him? Oh that's...uh...a friend of...a...

**HAROLD:** It's...uh...

**RALPH:** He's with the campaign...

**HAROLD:** With the campaign manager.

**RALPH:** Right. With Diane. The campaign manager.

**RICK:** (*To JIMMY.*) What's your name, pardner?

**HAROLD:** Uh...his name is...uh...Jimmy.

**RALPH:** (*To HAROLD, shocked.*) JIMMY?

**HAROLD:** Jimmy! (*RICK holds out his hand to JIMMY.*)

**RICK:** Rick Pitman. (*HAROLD takes JIMMY'S hand and offers it to RICK, who shakes it.*) Say, your hand's kind of cold.

**RALPH:** Jimmy isn't feeling very well.

**RICK:** Is that blood on his forehead?

**HAROLD:** He had a little accident on the front steps.

**RICK:** Is he okay?

**RALPH:** He just needs a little rest.

**HAROLD:** A little eternal rest. (*RALPH nudges HAROLD. EMMA turns downstage.*)

**EMMA:** (*Shouts.*) DON'T OPEN THE DOOR! (*Hangs up phone. Sweetly.*) Sorry about that. A little issue at home.

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**RALPH:** I'll show you to the patio. (*RALPH escorts the Pitmans offstage right. JIMMY slumps over. HAROLD straightens him back up. He takes a handkerchief from his pocket and tries to wipe JIMMY'S face. RALPH enters panicked.*) JIMMY?

**HAROLD:** It's the first name that popped into my mind. Do you have a Band-Aid for Jimmy?

**RALPH:** It's a little late, isn't it?

**HAROLD:** Do you want blood all over your furniture?

**RALPH:** Jimmy can't stay here!

**HAROLD:** At least get a Band-Aid so he doesn't bleed all over my van!

**RALPH:** Hasn't he already bled all over your van?

**HAROLD:** Not entirely!

**RALPH:** Okay. I'll get you a Band-Aid. (*RALPH exits center. BAXTER enters with right.*)

**BAXTER:** Where is Mr. Vanlandingham? (*HAROLD shrugs his shoulders.*) Mrs. Vanlandingham was inquiring as to his whereabouts. I'll look outside.

**HAROLD:** Good plan. (*BAXTER exits left. RALPH enters center with a Band-Aid and a spray bottle of Bactine. He hands the items to HAROLD.*) What's that for?

**RALPH:** We don't want that cut getting infected.

**HAROLD:** That's very considerate of you. How do we get to your basement?

**RALPH:** The door is in the kitchen where the caterer is set up.

*JIMMY'S head drops. HAROLD tries to prop it up but it won't stay.*

**HAROLD:** I guess we'd better take him to my van. (*RALPH and HAROLD cross left and open the door. JIMMY slumps over.*) That must be the Pitman's BMW blocking my van. Jimmy has to stay here. (*RALPH looks at JIMMY, closes the door and quickly crosses to the sofa and tries to pull him up.*)

**RALPH:** (*To JIMMY.*) Don't do that! (*HAROLD crosses to the sofa and pulls JIMMY up. JIMMY'S head slouches. HAROLD pulls it up, lets go and it slouches down again.*) Make his head stop doing that!

**HAROLD:** I have something in the van that might help. (*HAROLD quickly exits left. JIMMY slouches down.*)

**RALPH:** Don't you leave me here with Jimmy!

*EMMA enters right with a wine glass, talking on a cell phone. RALPH stands behind JIMMY and holds up his head.*

**EMMA:** (*On phone.*) Didn't you tell me Maria has her green card? ...Well, it's important now! The Immigration Service is at my house! (*Suddenly looks at RALPH and hangs up her phone. To RALPH, pleasantly.*) Are you two related? You're brothers, aren't you! I can see the resemblance.

**RALPH:** Is everything alright, Mrs. Pitman?

**EMMA:** Everything is wonderful...except for my husband, but that's neither here nor there. (*She crosses to JIMMY and sits.*) I really like a man who doesn't have to talk all the time. You know, the strong, silent type. (*To JIMMY.*) If I were to tell you some of the stunts my husband has pulled, it would kill you. (*Uncomfortably shivers.*) Oh, there's my phone. (*She looks at her phone and sighs.*) I'm just not getting good reception in here. I'd better step outside. (*Crosses left and exits. She bumps into HAROLD as he enters. He carries a neck brace and crosses to RALPH.*)

**HAROLD:** Put this on Jimmy.

**RALPH:** What is it?

**HAROLD:** A neck brace. I keep it in my van in case I'm in an accident.

**RALPH:** Did you have a neck injury?

**HAROLD:** No. This should hold up Jimmy's head. (*They put the neck brace on JIMMY. BAXTER enters left, surprised to see RALPH.*)

**BAXTER:** (*To RALPH.*) I thought you were in the front yard.

**RALPH:** Do I look like I'm in the front yard?

**BAXTER:** Mrs. Vanlandingham wishes you to join her on the patio.

**RALPH:** (*To HAROLD.*) You need to (*Looking at BAXTER.*) ...uh...help Jimmy with that little personal issue and...well...just help Jimmy!

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*RALPH and BAXTER exit right. HAROLD sprays Bactine and places a Band-Aid on JIMMY'S forehead. DIANE enters right with a drink in her hand. She crosses to HAROLD.*

**DIANE:** I cannot stand to spend another minute around that creepy Nigel. *(To HAROLD.)* Are you with the caterer?

**HAROLD:** Uh...maybe.

**DIANE:** I guess dressing up for cocktail parties has gone out of style.

**HAROLD:** I'm new.

**DIANE:** *(Not impressed.)* How interesting. *(Indicating JIMMY.)* And who is this gentleman?

**HAROLD:** This is Jimmy. He's...uh...

**DIANE:** Is this the uncle Eloise was telling me about?

**HAROLD:** Uh...yeah. He was feeling dizzy so I suggested he sit in here for a few minutes.

*She offers her hand. HAROLD sits beside JIMMY, takes JIMMY'S hand and places it in DIANE's hand.*

**DIANE:** Goodness. Your hand is cold. I was hit broadside by a Ford Expedition *(Or other current large SUV.)* from New Jersey, and ever since then, I have a neck brace I leave in my car. If you're in a traffic accident and you pop that thing on, they'll pay you not to report it. *(HAROLD returns JIMMY'S hand to his lap. DIANE hands HAROLD her glass.)* Would you get me another gin and tonic? *(Before HAROLD can respond.)* Thank you. *(She sits next to JIMMY, who starts to slide toward her. HAROLD quickly straightens him. HAROLD hesitates. DIANE talks to JIMMY.)* These campaigns can be so trying. Not that I'm complaining. I like the work. *(She looks back at HAROLD.)* Gin and tonic.

**HAROLD:** Right. *(He exits right.)*

**DIANE:** I really think Eloise has a shot at it, but just to make sure I hired Nigel Hudson. He's the best speechwriter in the business. And he's also an arrogant jerk. You know the word that best describes him? Smarmy! I don't think that accent is even real. He says he grew up in London, but I think he's desperately trying to hide Liverpool!

*HAROLD enters with a drink, which he hands to DIANE.*

**HAROLD:** Gin and tonic. *(DIANE takes the drink and glares at HAROLD.)*

**DIANE:** Are you waiting for a tip?

**HAROLD:** No. I was going to see if Jimmy would like anything.

**DIANE:** I'm sure if he wants something he'll ask for it.

**HAROLD:** *(Under his breath.)* I wouldn't count on that.

*NIGEL enters holding a martini glass.*

**NIGEL:** *(Snootily.)* Diane. You're wanted in the *(Texas drawl.)* lower forty.

**DIANE:** That ridiculous cowboy?

**NIGEL:** Who else would want you? *(Aside.)* Except perhaps a psychiatrist who didn't have enough patients.

**DIANE:** Take good care of Jimmy. *(To JIMMY.)* I'll be back. *(She exits right.)*

**NIGEL:** *(To HAROLD.)* Why aren't you dressed like the other server?

**HAROLD:** I'm...uh...new. *(NIGEL hands HAROLD the martini glass.)*

**NIGEL:** Do you know the difference between Grey Goose and Absolut?

**HAROLD:** Uh...one's a bird?

**NIGEL:** Bring me a vodka martini, and try to make it drinkable. *(NIGEL sits beside JIMMY, who starts to lean. HAROLD straightens him up. To JIMMY.)* You must be one of the donors. *(HAROLD exits right.)* I'm Nigel Hudson. I'd shake your hand but I just shook hands with that grotesque man from Texas and my hand is still damp with sanitizer. *(Indicating the neck brace.)* I know a fantastic personal injury lawyer. If you're not satisfied with your attorney, I can give you his card. *(HAROLD quickly enters right and hands NIGEL a drink. NIGEL sniffs the drink.)* I asked for a vodka martini. This is a Manhattan. *(Hands the glass to HAROLD, who quickly exits right.)* I have come up with some of the best lines in political history, but brilliant as my speeches are, they are only as good as the candidate delivering them. *(HAROLD quickly enters right and hands NIGEL a drink.)* This isn't a vodka martini. *(Sniffs drink.)* It's a mimosa made with some really bad

champagne. Get me a proper vodka martini, or I'll have you fired and sent home.

**HAROLD:** That doesn't sound as bad as you think. (*Exits right.*)

**NIGEL:** (*To JIMMY.*) Campaigns are getting to be a bore. I've been thinking about accepting a CEO position with a large corporation. I could run a company into the ground, lay off thousands of hard working employees and get a ten million dollar bonus for putting the company on the road to solvency. Then I could live in the Caribbean and never have to deal with another greedy politician for the rest of my life! And campaign managers! There is one word to describe those people: smarmy! Look at Diane and tell me she's not smarmy!

*HAROLD enters right and crosses center. He carries a martini glass. ELOISE enters right and crosses to NIGEL, and HAROLD quickly exits center, avoiding her.*

**ELOISE:** Nigel. I just can't tell you how excited I am that you're going to be writing my speeches. (*She crosses and sits beside NIGEL.*)

**NIGEL:** Did you happen to see a poorly dressed man with a martini glass?

*HAROLD enters center, ducks down and crawls to NIGEL with the martini glass, unseen by ELOISE. He reaches between JIMMY and NIGEL and hands NIGEL the glass, then crawls back center and exits. NIGEL takes the glass, sips, then looks back to see who delivered it. No one is there.*

**ELOISE:** Diane says you're the very best.

**NIGEL:** If I'd written the speeches for Stephen Douglas, no one would have ever heard of Abraham Lincoln. I was just telling Jimmy about my plans to get you into Congress. (*Sips drink.*) This is a gin martini. (*Stands.*) I'm going to have a word with that server, and it won't be a nice word.

*NIGEL exits right. RICK enters right.*

**RICK:** Did you see my wife? I need the checkbook.

*HAROLD peers around the corner center, unseen by ELOISE and RICK.*

**ELOISE:** I'll look for her. *(She exits right. RICK crosses to JIMMY.)*

**RICK:** So, Jimmy. I understand you work with that Ni-gel What's-His-Name. The speechwriter. *(Crosses to JIMMY and sits.)* I've know a lot of politicians, and I never met one that didn't want money.

*BAXTER enters right.*

**BAXTER:** Could I refresh your drinks, gentlemen?

**RICK:** Sure. Bourbon and branch for me. Get Jimmy here what he wants.

**BAXTER:** What would he like?

**RICK:** Whatever he was drinking before!

**BAXTER:** Yes, sir. *(BAXTER exits right.)*

**RICK:** I hope you got yourself a good lawyer. Down in Texas I drive this Hummer, and I ran over a little Mazda and didn't even know it. The woman tried to take me to the cleaners. She was really upset about the schnauzer. Before it was over, my lawyer had her house, her other car AND the remains of that schnauzer.

*EMMA enters left.*

**EMMA:** *(To RICK.)* Did you know that Maria is an illegal alien?

**RICK:** She is not!

**EMMA:** She called me from the pool house, where she's hiding from the Immigration Service! They're at our house as we speak!

**RICK:** She can't be an illegal alien! *(He stands. EMMA hands RICK her cell phone.)* She's not from Mexico!

*ELOISE enters right.*

**EMMA:** That's a relief.

**RICK:** That shows how stupid the Immigration Service is! Maria's from Honduras! *(Takes EMMA's phone and exits left.)*

**ELOISE:** Is there a problem?

NO BODY LIKE JIMMY

**EMMA:** Nothing my husband can't finagle his way out of... (*Grins.*)  
...or maybe not. This could be the one that finally gets him.  
(*Politely.*) I'm having a wonderful time. And I just love Jimmy.  
(*Exits right. ELOISE sits beside JIMMY.*)

**ELOISE:** I hope this won't be a problem. Immigration is an important issue. I wonder where I stand on it.

*RALPH enters right and is horrified to see ELOISE sitting beside JIMMY.*

**RALPH:** Oh no! Eloise! What are you doing?

**ELOISE:** I'm talking with Jimmy.

**RALPH:** You were talking with Jimmy?

**ELOISE:** We may have a problem, Ralph.

**RALPH:** (*Coming glued.*) Oh, geez! I'm sorry, Eloise! I should have told you, but it would have ruined the entire afternoon! I'm embarrassed, I'm humiliated, I'm really grossed out!

**ELOISE:** So you knew about Maria.

**RALPH:** (*Confused.*) Maria?

**ELOISE:** She's from Honduras.

**RALPH:** Maria's from Honduras?

**ELOISE:** Yes. And it could be very embarrassing.

**RALPH:** Oh. I thought you were talking about Jimmy. (*ELOISE stands and crosses to RALPH.*)

**ELOISE:** Was Jimmy in a car accident? (*She points to her neck indicating the neck brace.*)

**RALPH:** He was...uh...in a garage. That's close.

**ELOISE:** Did he come with Nigel or Diane? Surely he didn't come with the Pitmans.

**RALPH:** Oh. Uh...I think he...uh...

**ELOISE:** He works for Nigel, doesn't he?

**RALPH:** Nigel?

**ELOISE:** I'm not sure about the Pitmans. I know Diane says the campaign needs their financial support, but there's something kind of smarmy about them. Do you know what I mean?

**RALPH:** Smarmy?

**ELOISE:** I don't trust them.

**RALPH:** Maybe we should join the other guests on the patio.

**ELOISE:** Good idea. *(To JIMMY.)* Would you like to join us, Jimmy?

**RALPH:** He's not feeling well.

**ELOISE:** Oh, no. *(To JIMMY.)* Could I get you something to drink?

**RALPH:** Jimmy likes...uh...merlot.

**ELOISE:** I'll have Baxter bring him a glass. *(ELOISE exits right. Doorbell rings.)*

**RALPH:** I'll get it! *(Crosses left and opens door. OFFICER LINDA and OFFICER COOPER enter.)*

**LINDA:** Good afternoon. I'm Officer Linda, and this is Officer Cooper.

**RALPH:** *(Nervous.)* Nice to meet you. I'm Ralph Vanlandingham.

This is my house. Actually, it belongs to the bank. Well, some of it belongs to the bank. We probably own the kitchen and maybe the garage...not that anything bad happened in the garage! Not our garage, anyway!

**LINDA:** Is everything alright?

**RALPH:** Why do you ask?

**LINDA:** *(Indicating JIMMY.)* What's wrong with him?

**RALPH:** Uh...spinal injury. Very sad. He...uh...used to be a great athlete.

**COOPER:** Really? Was he famous?

**LINDA:** *(To COOPER.)* I'll ask the questions. *(To RALPH.)* We were in the neighborhood and thought we'd drop by. Check things out, ya know?

**RALPH:** That's very nice of you. Everything's fine. We're just having a little reception for my wife. Say, if this is about Maria, we didn't know anything about it.

**LINDA:** Maria?

**COOPER:** I know a girl named Maria. She lives in Harrisburg.

**LINDA:** *(To COOPER.)* I'll do the talking. *(To RALPH.)* Would you mind if we looked around?

**RALPH:** Actually, my wife is running for Congress and this little party...well...it wouldn't look very good for the police to be looking around.

**LINDA:** So you're not willing to cooperate.

**RALPH:** Oh, I'm willing to cooperate. I'm more than willing to cooperate. I'm dying to cooperate...that's a bad choice of words. I really, really, really want to cooperate. But could I cooperate tomorrow?

NO BODY LIKE JIMMY

**COOPER:** (To LINDA.) If this isn't a good time, we could come back tomorrow.

**LINDA:** (To RALPH.) We'll be back. With a search warrant! (To COOPER.) And you keep your yap shut!

*They exit. RALPH sighs. BAXTER enters with a wine glass and a highball glass.*

**BAXTER:** Is this the gentleman who wanted a glass of merlot?

**RALPH:** (With desperation.) WHERE'S HAROLD?

**BAXTER:** Who's Harold?

**RALPH:** Never mind! (He quickly exits right. BAXTER crosses to JIMMY.)

**BAXTER:** Did you want the merlot? (Waits for a response.) Hello? Can you hear me? (Sighs.) What a pack of snobs! (Suddenly contrite.) I didn't mean you, of course. Do you want this drink? Good. (BAXTER drinks the merlot and smacks his lips.) Not bad. Do you mind? (He sits beside JIMMY and sips on the second drink.) I really hate my job. My kid sister owns the catering business. Do you know how humiliating it is to work for your sister? (Whiny.) Sally has all the talent! Sally has all the brains! Sally has her MBA! (Gulps down the rest of the drink. Normal voice.) It's my parents' fault. They named me Baxter. The minute I was born, I sounded like somebody's pet beagle. You know, you're a very good listener. (HAROLD enters center.) I wish there were more people in the world like you.

**HAROLD:** (To BAXTER.) What are you doing?

*BAXTER stands.*

**BAXTER:** I'll just freshen up these drinks. (Stands and exits right, stumbling. RALPH enters right. BAXTER exits right, bumping into RALPH. Slightly intoxicated.) Excuse me, ma'am. (Exits.)

**RALPH:** This is getting out of control! Where have you been?

**HAROLD:** Checking out your house. We could hide Jimmy in the guest room closet.

**RALPH:** Everyone knows he's here. Eloise thinks he works for Nigel.

**HAROLD:** Nigel thinks he's with Diane.

**RALPH:** Diane thinks you're a server.

**HAROLD:** Mr. Pitman thinks Jimmy's with Nigel.

**RALPH:** Mrs. Pitman thinks Jimmy's my brother.

**HAROLD:** Diane thinks Jimmy's your wife's uncle.

**RALPH:** Officer Linda thinks he's a great athlete with a spinal injury.

**HAROLD:** Baxter thinks he's a psychologist.

**RALPH:** Did you know Maria is from Honduras?

**HAROLD:** The only Maria I know is from Harrisburg. Who is Officer Linda?

**RALPH:** She's with Officer Cooper. Does Eloise know you're here?

**HAROLD:** No. Did Officer Linda say anything about missing a court appearance?

**RALPH:** She wanted to look around. I told her to come back tomorrow. We won't make it till tomorrow, will we?

*RICK and EMMA enter left.*

**EMMA:** You're on your own, buster!

**RICK:** You wanted a housekeeper!

**EMMA:** I didn't want to be prosecuted on an immigration violation!

**RICK:** How can she be an immigrant? She's from Honduras! *(RICK and EMMA are suddenly polite.)*

**EMMA:** This is such a lovely event, Ralph.

**RICK:** And it's really great that you support your wife. I wish I had a wife I could support.

**EMMA:** I wish you had a wife you could support, too.

**RICK:** I guess we're gonna be in the headlines again. *(Doorbell rings.)*

**ALL:** *(Startled.)* Who's that? *(They freeze.)*

**RALPH:** I could answer the door.

**HAROLD:** Or we could all hide. *(EMMA crosses to the door.)*

**EMMA:** Oh, for heaven's sake. *(She opens the door. LINDA and COOPER are standing in the doorway. She closes the door.)* I'm not going to deal with this. *(She crosses right.)*

**RICK:** Who's at the door?

**EMMA:** Two policemen. I need a place to hide. *(To RALPH.)* Do you have a pool house?

**RALPH:** Uh...no.

**EMMA:** Maybe a neighbor does.

*She exits right. Doorbell rings again. RALPH and HAROLD look at JIMMY, each other and the door.*

**RALPH:** I'm going to answer the door.

**HAROLD:** What about Jimmy?

**RALPH/RICK:** What about him?

**RICK:** Has he done something illegal? I know some great lawyers down in Texas. You won't believe the stuff they've got me out of.  
*(RALPH crosses to the door and slowly opens it. LINDA and COOPER enter.)*

**RALPH:** Officer Linda. Officer Cooper. How good to see you again. I didn't expect you until tomorrow. *(COOPER waves nervously at the guests. LINDA slaps his hand down.)*

**LINDA:** *(To COOPER.)* Don't do that. *(COOPER lowers his head.)*  
I'm going to ask you again, Mr. Vanlandingham. May we look around?

**RALPH:** Uh...why would you want to do that?

**COOPER:** Because of the phone call.

**LINDA:** *(To COOPER, annoyed.)* Would you shut your yap!  
*(COOPER lowers his head.)*

**RALPH:** What phone call?

**RICK:** I can explain that. She told me she was from Honduras.

**LINDA:** What are you talking about?

**RICK:** Maria. She's from Honduras.

**LINDA:** Honduras?

**COOPER:** I think it's near Pittsburgh.

**LINDA:** *(To COOPER.)* Don't talk. *(COOPER lowers his head. To RICK.)* Sir, I don't know what you're talking about.

**RICK:** *(Relieved.)* Good. So, Linda. What are you and Junior doing here, besides harassing innocent civilians?

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