

SMART JIMMY SLOW BOB

A ten minute play

By Greg Gould

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Cast

SMART JIMMY sharp witted gangster
SLOW BOB Jimmy's dim-witted brother
NICK unconscious accident victim
SALLY Nick's sister

Setting

Hospital intensive care room

A plain hospital room filled with the beep-beep-beep of a heart monitoring unit. NICK lies motionless on the bed, heavily bandaged. SLOW BOB sits in a chair beside him, his face in his hands.

SMART JIMMY enters, goes straight to BOB.

BOB: Jimmy!

They hug, then JIMMY worriedly gives BOB a once over, checking for cuts, bruises - any signs of damage.

JIMMY: Jesus, I just heard. You alright?

BOB: Yeah, I'm fine.

JIMMY: You sure. You look pale.

BOB: Nah, I'm good. Really. Not a scratch.

JIMMY: Thank God.

JIMMY lets out a relieved sigh then takes a quick stroll to survey the room.

JIMMY: So?

BOB: Things didn't go right, Jimmy.

JIMMY: No shit. What happened?

BOB: Well, I went to the kid's place, like you said, and I parked out front. I sit there for like an hour, you know, just hanging around, drinking a coke, listening to the radio -

JIMMY: Get to the point Bobby.

BOB: Anyway, finally I see the kid come out and start walking down the street. So, I start the car and I follow him around the corner . . . and I pull up beside him . . . and I take out my gun and . . .

JIMMY: And?

BOB: And then this taxi . . .

JIMMY: A taxi?

BOB: Yeah. This taxi. It just comes out of nowhere and BAM! It hit him. Like it *really* hit him. I don't think he even saw it.

JIMMY: You're shitting me.

BOB: I swear. That's what happened.

JIMMY: So you didn't do this?

BOB: No.

JIMMY: Jesus. (*laughs*) Is this kid having a bad day or what? So what'd you do?

BOB: I called the ambulance.

JIMMY: You what?

BOB: I called the ambulance.

JIMMY: You called the ambulance? Why would you do that?

BOB: I dunno . . . there were all these people yelling 'call an ambulance, call an ambulance' . . . and there was the taxi all smashed up . . . and the kid . . .

JIMMY: Jesus Bobby, you had one job. Just one: kill the kid. You weren't supposed to become his fairy-fucking-god-mother. God damn it. Next thing you'll tell me you rode in the fucking ambulance with him?

BOB's face drops.

JIMMY: You didn't?

BOB can't hide his shame.

JIMMY: Jesus!

BOB: I panicked!

JIMMY: Of course you fucking panicked. You have the brain capacity of a hamster. God damn it Bobby, this shit can't keep happening. What's the boss gonna say when he finds out.

BOB: I guess he'll be pretty pissed.

JIMMY: You're damned right he'll be pissed. But he's not gonna be pissed at you, is he? No. He's gonna be pissed at me. Because I'm the fool who told him that my idiot brother could follow simple instructions.

BOB: I'm sorry, Jimmy. I really am.

JIMMY: Look, let's just clean up this mess and get out of here. Ok? Can we do that?

BOB: Yeah.

JIMMY moves to cover the door. BOB takes out his gun and points it at NICK.

JIMMY: Whoa. What the fuck?

BOB: What?

JIMMY: Look around, dipshit. Where are we? You can't just pull out a gun and shoot someone in the middle of hospital. Think Bobby. Think. Jesus. Use a pillow or something.

BOB puts the gun away, opens a closet. It's full of pillows.

BOB: What colour?

JIMMY: What colour? Are you serious? Are you trying to shit me? It doesn't matter what colour. Just grab a damned a pillow and hold it over the kid's face til he stops breathing. Ok? (muttering to himself) What colour?

BOB grabs a pillow, holds it over NICK's face. He suddenly pulls it back.

BOB: I can't do it.

JIMMY: What do you mean you can't do it? Of course you can do it. He's an invalid. A two year old could do it.

BOB: But look at him. He's all busted up and broken. But he's still alive. I've seen some crazy shit Jimmy, but I ain't ever seen anyone survive a crash like that. I think maybe he's supposed to live, you know, like someone's looking out for him or something. (beat) Besides, he looks like Squirt.

JIMMY: What?

BOB: Squirt. You know, the little dog we had when we were kids. He was fluffy brown and really liked cheese.

JIMMY: What are you talking about?

BOB: You don't remember? We'd play with him in the hall. We'd throw the ball and he'd get it. Then one day Dad ran over him in the driveway and he was all hurt and dying, but not quite, and you said we have to put him out of his misery, only I couldn't do it because poor Squirt looked so sad and helpless. Then you said you'd do it. Remember? You grabbed that rock and you hit poor Squirt over the head.

JIMMY: Are you telling me that you can't kill this kid because of a fucking dog?

BOB: Well, not just that . . .

JIMMY: First of all that wasn't our dog. That was Mrs Pinkton's dog from down the hall. Secondly Dad didn't kill the damned thing. The cops did. They ran over it about five seconds before they kicked down our front door and dragged the old bastard away.

BOB: Really?

JIMMY: Yes! Now think, Bobby. I want you to really think. Why was the old man taken away?

BOB: Awe, c'mon Jimmy. I don't want to do this.

JIMMY: No, come on, it's the only way you'll learn. Why was the old man taken away?

BOB: Because he made mistakes.

JIMMY: That's right. And what was his biggest mistake?

BOB: He got soft.

JIMMY: And what happens when people go soft?

BOB: They get squished.

JIMMY: Damn straight. They get squished. And we don't want to get squished, do we Bobby?

BOB: No.

JIMMY: Sorry?

BOB: No.

JIMMY: Good, so knock this bullshit off and finish the job.
We shouldn't be here.

*JIMMY goes back to the door. BOB puts the pillow over the
NICK'S face again.*

JIMMY: Hold up. Someone's coming.

BOB quickly drops the pillow, tries to look innocent.

*SALLY enters, frantic and sobbing. She runs straight past the
two brothers and to NICK'S side*

SALLY: Nick?! Nick?! I'm here Nick. Can you hear me? It's
Sally. I'm here.

BOB: I pretty sure he can't hear you. I dropped a bed pan
before and he didn't even flinch.

SALLY: Excuse me?

BOB: It wasn't full or anything. That's why I was holding
it. I wanted to make sure.

SALLY: Who are you?

BOB: My name is Bobby, but most people call me Slow Bob.

SALLY: Right. And what exactly are you doing here?

BOB: Well I was tailing the kid down the street and -

SALLY: What?

JIMMY: What he means is that he's a witness to the
accident.

SALLY: And what are you? A cop?

BOB: Ha!

JIMMY: Yes, that's right. (*gives BOB a stern look*) My name
is Detective Batton, miss . . . ?

SALLY: Winkle. Sally Winkle. I'm Nick's sister. The doctor
said they're not sure if he'll wake up.

JIMMY: These things can be complicated.

SALLY: How did this happen?

BOB: Taxi.

SALLY: What?

JIMMY: A accident, Ms Winkle. We believe your brother was struck by a car.

SALLY: My god. Where?

BOB: Everywhere-

JIMMY: Not far from your brother's place.

SALLY: I knew this would happen. I just knew it.

BOB: You knew your brother was going to get flattened by a taxi-

JIMMY: What makes you say that Ms Winkle?

SALLY: Oh, if it wasn't this it would be something else.
(to NICK) Oh Nick, I'm so sorry. I should have been there. This is my fault.

JIMMY: Like I said, ma'am. We're pretty sure it was just an accident.

SALLY: No, you don't understand. My brother is not the sharpest tool in the shed, Detective. Last thing my father said to me before he died was "Watch your brother, Sal. He'll get himself into trouble. He ain't as smart as you."

SALLY starts to cry. JIMMY and BOB are totally disarmed.

SALLY: Do you have any family, Detective?

JIMMY: Yeah.

SALLY: Brothers? Sisters?

JIMMY: A brother.

SALLY: He ever get into trouble?

JIMMY: He's a pain in the arse, actually.

SALLY: Nick's always getting into trouble. Damned kid can't think for himself. Always running with the wrong crowd. Bunch of thugs and deadbeats. I tried to talk to him, to make him see sense. But he has such a thick skull. I tell him, you gotta think Nick. You gotta think. He just doesn't listen.

SALLY sobs. JIMMY tentatively pats her on the shoulder.

JIMMY: Hey, easy there. It'll be alright.

SALLY: No it won't. I'm all Nicky has. I'm all he's ever had. Even as kids it was just me and him against the world. And I've let him down.

JIMMY: Aye, don't say that. I'm sure you did the best you could. Believe me, I know it ain't easy being someone's keeper. But we can only do our best, eh? Look at it this way, perhaps old Nicky boy's thick skull will save his this time, eh?

SALLY gives a wry chuckle. They look to each other and share an unexpected moment of attraction.

SALLY: Er, would you excuse me? I'd like to see the doctor.

JIMMY: Of course.

SALLY goes to leave, stops at the door.

SALLY: Detective? Would you mind watching Nick while I'm gone?

JIMMY: Sure. I can do that.

SALLY smiles, then exits. JIMMY watches her go, smitten.

Beat.

BOB picks up the pillow again.

BOB: Alright, let's do this.

JIMMY: Are you serious?

BOB: What?

JIMMY: Put the pillow down.

BOB: What?

JIMMY: Just put it down. C'mon, we're getting out of here.

BOB: But the kid?

JIMMY: Forget the kid. C'mon.

BOB: But the boss?

JIMMY: Forget the boss. Just get out of here. Go on. Get.

JIMMY snatches the pillow of BOB, then ushers him out. JIMMY holds the pillow in his hands, stands over NICK, conflicted.

JIMMY: (to NICK) Guess today is your lucky day, kid.

JIMMY drops the pillow and exits.

The sound of the heart monitor fills the room again - beep-beep-beep-beep . . . flatline . . .

ENDS