

**BLAME IT ON THE BOSSA NOVA**

by David Foley

Excerpt

**PETE:** Looks like Uncle Bob's in trouble!

*[He dashes up to the balcony and slides open the door.]*

**MARGOT:** Oh, Jilly, poor Uncle Jim has—

**PETE:** I thought his name was Bob.

**JILLY:** Jim-Bob. He's American.

**PETE:** Looks like he's in trouble. Call an ambulance!

*[He kneels over SENHOR PEREIRA and starts rubbing his temples and his wrists. JILLY doesn't move.]*

Call an ambulance!

**MARGOT:** *[meaningfully]* Yes, Jilly, call an ambulance for Uncle Jim-Bob. So they can take him out of here. And help him.

**JILLY:** I can't call an ambulance.

**PETE:** Why not?

**JILLY:** Because, Pete, Uncle Jim-Bob is dead.

**PETE:** You don't know that. They can work wonders sometimes.

**JILLY:** Not, I'm afraid, on poor Uncle Jim-Bob.

**MARGOT:** *Jilly...*

**JILLY:** It's no good, Mother. They'll get here and realize he's been dead for hours.

**PETE:** Hours? But he just now—

**JILLY:** No, Pete, for the last twenty minutes my mother has been talking to a corpse.

**PETE:** *[to MARGOT]* Did you know?

**MARGOT:** Yes, I'm afraid so.

**PETE:** You were putting on a good show.

**MARGOT:** I've played against worse.

**JILLY:** Mother, there's nothing for it. We need to come clean. We need to tell Pete the truth and throw ourselves on his mercy. Pete... *[She draws a deep breath.]* I'm a nymphomaniac.

**PETE:** Cor!

**JILLY:** Yes, Pete, Uncle Jim-Bob expired in a moment of ecstatic pleasure.

**PETE:** Your own uncle!

**JILLY:** He's not my uncle. He's a Brazilian film producer.

**PETE:** I thought you said he was American.

**JILLY:** Pete, you're going to have to keep up. We don't have much time. What I'm trying to tell you, Pete, is that I have a problem. With sex. A man comes near me and I have to pounce.

**MARGOT:** Even as a girl. We had to put up warnings for the postman.

**PETE:** *[with new understanding]* She just pounced on *me!*

**JILLY:** Case in point.

**PETE:** And when I came to the door she kept going on and on about how she didn't have any clothes on.

**MARGOT:** *[shaking her head sorrowfully]* Oh, Jilly...

**JILLY:** It is my secret shame, Pete.

**PETE:** Does your husband know?

**JILLY:** No. Now you begin to see my problem. Senhor Pereira rang my bell last night looking for my next door neighbor. And I pounced. I like to think his last moments were highly agreeable, but my technique, as I'm sure you can appreciate, can be a ferocious. I was too much for him. And now my situation is desperate. If he's found here, I'm ruined. My husband will divorce me. My shame will be revealed to the world. I throw myself on your mercy.

**PETE:** Gosh, Jilly.

**JILLY:** And, I promise you, I've learnt my lesson. I will get help for my problem.

**PETE:** Not straight away, though?

**JILLY:** No, I expect I'll pose a danger to delivery boys and house cleaners for some little time to come.

**PETE:** That's the spirit!