

ANNIE, FORGET YOUR
GUN

-- a one-act by Daniel Curzon

CHARACTERS: (2)

BIG BILL, a male, any age

NOT BILL, a male, any age

SETTING: A bare room with two straightback chairs

TIME: The Present

LIGHTS UP on Not Bill, who is sitting in a chair tied up with ropes.
A rifle is tied up against his body.

BILL: (sticking his head in) Have you calmed down yet?

NOT BILL: (straining against the ropes) No!

BILL: I'm in no hurry. (Starts to leave)

NOT BILL: This is as calm as I'm gonna get.

BILL: Okay then, let's start. (Comes in all the way) Let me introduce myself.

NOT BILL: I know who you are.

BILL: Oh? Who do you think I am?

NOT BILL: Big Government.

BILL: That's right. Only it's pronounced "guv-ment." I'm Big Bill Guvment.
(Sits on a chair backwards)

NOT BILL: I knew it!

BILL: You can call me Big.

NOT BILL: That's not everything I'll call you!

BILL: Pretty feisty there, for somebody who's all tied up.

NOT BILL: You're not as big as you think you are.

BILL: Think so? Let me tell you there are parts of me that you can't see. Trust me,
they're *big*!

NOT BILL: Why am I here? Why am I tied up? As if I didn't know!

BILL: We always tie people up. That's what we do – as if you didn't know.

NOT BILL: You're not doing this to me. (Strains against the ropes)

BILL: Don't take it personally. . . . That's our little joke around here.

NOT BILL: It's not funny.

BILL: Of course it is. You look very funny.

NOT BILL: Wait till I get free from these ropes!

BILL: Do I look worried?

NOT BILL: You'd better look worried.

BILL: We let you keep your rifle, didn't we?

NOT BILL: *I* kept it. *You* didn't let me keep it. And I'm keeping it!

BILL: Well, that's why we're here today, isn't it?

NOT BILL: I knew it! I knew this day would come.

BILL: I think you've got it. I'm here to take away your guns, all of them.

NOT BILL: Over my dead body.

BILL: (getting up from his chair) Now, now, let's not get overexcited. Just give me your guns, or
tell me where they are, and we'll call it a day.

NOT BILL: Have you never heard of the Second Amendment?!

BILL: Yes. I believe it falls somewhere between the First and the Third.

NOT BILL: You bet your ass it does.

BILL: Do you know what the Third Amendment is?

NOT BILL: That's not the issue. I have a Constitutional right to as many guns as I want. BILL:
That's because you're a state without a standing army?

NOT BILL: Why am I here? Why am I tied up? As if I didn't know!

NOT BILL: Well, always tie people up. That's what we do – as if you didn't know.

NOT BILL: You're not doing this to me. (Strains against the ropes) the gov-ment – excuse me, the gov-ment – can't? Yes?

NOT BILL: Don't take it personally. . . . That's our little joke around here.

NOT BILL: And are you well regulated?

NOT BILL: Of course it is. You look very funny. Now you're talking about bowel movements?

NOT BILL: Well, wait till I get free from these ropes! at this moment. (Touches the ropes) Could be even better though.

BILL: Do I look worried?

NOT BILL: (struggling against the ropes) "The right of the people to keep and bear Arms

NOT BILL: shall not be infringed!"

BILL: What's the last part. Why do you keep forgetting the first part?

NOT BILL: I kept it. You didn't let me keep it. And I'm keeping it!

BILL: Well, that's why we're here today, isn't it?

NOT BILL: You're never gonna change my mind. You know that, don't you?

BILL: I don't care if I exchange your mind – as long as I can get me them guns! (Sits again, backwards)

NOT BILL: Over my dead body.

NOT BILL: (trying to clutch his rifle) Never! Never! Never!

BILL: (getting up from his chair) Now, now, let's not get overexcited. Just give me your guns, or

BILL: But let's not argue. Let's just parse the wording of the Second Amendment and see what we have. What do you say!

NOT BILL: Have you never heard of the Second Amendment? of America doesn't know better than you about the guarantees in the Constitution?!

BILL: Yes. I believe it falls somewhere between the First and the Third.

BILL: I'll bet there are some other decisions of the Supreme Court that are far less to your

NOT BILL: liking. Am I correct?

NOT BILL: Do you know what the Third Amendment is?

NOT BILL: That's not the issue. I have a Constitutional right to as many guns as I want. BILL: Just happened to have a copy of the US Constitution with me. (Runs as usual) why don't we look over the Second Amendment together?

That's because you're a state without a standing army?

NOT BILL: I think we've already looked it over. It's not that long.

NOT BILL: Why am I here? Why am I tied up? As if I didn't know!

BILL: We always tie people up. That's what we do. (To NOT BILL) Where does it say the right of the people to recreational shooting shall not be infringed?

NOT BILL: You're not doing this to me. (Strains against the ropes)

NOT BILL: It's implied.

BILL: Don't take it personally. . . . That's our little joke around here.

BILL: As you and your fellow militia trudge off to defend the security of a free State, every

NOT BILL: ~~once in a while~~ you have to stop and shoot a freeway sign? Or a tin can?

NOT BILL: Of course it is. You look very funny.

NOT BILL: Wait till I get free from these ropes! And where does it say the right of the people to shoot small animals shall not be infringed?

BILL: Do I look worried?

NOT BILL: I only shoot big animals!

NOT BILL: You'd better look worried.

BILL: How brave of you. The home of the brave. The rockets' red glare as you kill you a

BILL: ~~bear!~~ let you keep your rifle, didn't we?

NOT BILL: That bear would kill me if it could. And I'm keeping it!

BILL: Well, that's why we're here today, isn't it?

NOT BILL: Don't be silly. Bears don't have a right to bear arms!

BILL: What about ducks, pheasants? ! ! ! Squirrels? Rabbits? Hummingbirds?

NOT BILL: ~~Over my dead body.~~ Those hummingbirds are fast, let me tell you. It takes an assault rifle to bring one down.

BILL: (getting up from his chair) Now, now, let's not get overexcited. Just give me your guns, or

BILL: I did not know that. Score one for you!
tell me where they are, and we'll call it a day.

NOT BILL: (muttering) Fucking bleeding heart.

NOT BILL: Have you never heard of the Second Amendment?!

BILL: Not so. You can blast all the mosquitoes you want to. I'll even shoot with you. I'd even

BILL: ~~give you a point if you are what you killed. But I bet you don't.~~

NOT BILL: ~~You bet your ass it does.~~ You bet your ass it does. (mocking) Hey, this guy shoots mosquitoes! What a pussy!

BILL: Do you know what the Third Amendment is?

BILL: Would you shoot a pussy?

NOT BILL: That's not the issue. I have a Constitutional right to as many guns as I want. BILL:

NOT BILL: If it came after me.

That's because you're a state without a standing army?

BILL: I think you're safe from pussies.

NOT BILL: Why am I here? Why am I tied up? As if I didn't know!

NOT BILL: We always tie people up. That's what we do – as if you didn't know.

NOT BILL: You're not doing this to me. (Strains against the ropes)

BILL: You know what? You're beginning to get under my skin.

NOT BILL: Good.

NOT BILL: What's so good is that I don't have a gun to escalate this disagreement we're engaged in.

BILL: Of course it is. You look very funny.

NOT BILL: Maybe this disagreement wouldn't even have started if my rifle wasn't all tied

up.

BILL: Do I look worried?

NOT BILL: You'd better look worried. If I ever see a goddamned gun, it would sure as Hell be a lot quieter, you can bet on that!

BILL: We let you keep your rifle, didn't we?

BILL: If nobody carried a gun, it would be even quieter. You can take it to the bank!

NOT BILL: *I* kept it. *You* didn't let me keep it. And I'm keeping it!

NOT BILL: (suddenly) Do you hear that?

BILL: Well, that's why we're here today, isn't it?

BILL: What?

NOT BILL: I knew it! I knew this day would come.

NOT BILL: The sound of tyranny. Hear it? It's marching our way, even as we speak.

BILL: I think you've got it. I'm here to take away your guns, all of them.

BILL: Really? What's it sound like?

NOT BILL: Over my dead body.

NOT BILL: You don't hear it? That sound of the Government stomping on our faces? Smash!

BILL: (getting up from his chair) ~~Smash!~~ Now, now, let's not get overexcited. Just give me your guns, or

call me where they are and we'll call it a day.

NOT BILL: Have you never heard of the Second Amendment?!

BILL: Yes, I believe it falls somewhere between the First and the Third.

NOT BILL: You bet your ass it does.

BILL: Or? You know what the Third Amendment is?

NOT BILL: That's not the issue. I have a Constitutional right to as many guns as I want. BILL:

That's because you're a state without a standing army?

BILL: Why don't you try?

NOT BILL: Why am I here? Why am I tied up? As if I didn't know!

NOT BILL: We always tie people up. That's what we do – as if you didn't know.

NOT BILL: You're not doing this to me. (Strains against the ropes)

BILL: Don't take it personally. That's our little joke around here. (Not Bill begins to manipulate the ropes, holding a hand closer to the rifle)

NOT BILL: It's not funny?

BILL: Of course it is. You look very funny.

NOT BILL: Wait till I get free from these ropes! (That's what *she* said.)

BILL: (groaning at the dirty joke) Really? Now? Here? That's what *she* said?!

NOT BILL: You'd better look worried! See where my hand is?

BILL: We let you keep your rifle, didn't we? We let you reach the rifle.

NOT BILL: Because you didn't let me keep it. And I'm keeping it!

BILL: Well, that's why we're here today, isn't it?

NOT BILL: Because you knew this day would come.

BILL: As you can see, I'm not armed.

NOT BILL: Over my dead body.

BILL: (getting up from his chair) Now, now, let's not get overexcited. Just give me your guns, or

NOT BILL: Sure you do.

NOT BILL: Have you ever heard of the Second Amendment?!

NOT BILL: I believe it falls somewhere between the First and the Third.

NOT BILL: And rifles don't.

NOT BILL: Believe me, a rifle is much better against a rapist in your home than a surplus army tank. Any day!

NOT BILL: That's not the issue. I have a Constitutional right to as many guns as I want. BILL:

BILL: What if the rapist is armed with a rifle too?

That's because you're a state without a standing army?

NOT BILL: Then you shoot it out, like men.

NOT BILL: Why am I here? Why am I tied up? As if I didn't know!

BILL: We always tie people up. That's what we do, as if you didn't know.

NOT BILL: You're not doing this to me. (Strains against the ropes)

BILL: Don't take it personally. That's our little joke around here.

NOT BILL: It's not funny if you have a rifle, or a hand gun, you can defend yourself against whatever.

BILL: Of course it is. You look very funny.

BILL: What if the rapist with his rifle is a better shot than you are?

NOT BILL: Wait till I get free from these ropes!

NOT BILL: Nobody's a better shot than I am.

BILL: Do I look worried?

BILL: I bet my bazooka can take out your rifle.

NOT BILL: You'd better look worried.

NOT BILL: Go for it! Where's that bazooka? See what I have? (He now has his hands on the

BILL: We let you keep your rifle, didn't we?

NOT BILL: I kept it. You didn't let me keep it. And I'm keeping it!

NOT BILL: Well, that's why we're here today, isn't it?

NOT BILL: I know it! I knew this day would come! Let alone shoot straight.

NOT BILL: Stay where you are. I'm here to take away your guns, all of them.

NOT BILL: Over my dead body.

NOT BILL: (Getting up from his chair) Now, now, let's not get over-excited. Just give me your guns, or

BILL: Tell me where they are, and we'll call it a day.

NOT BILL: Have you ever heard of the Second Amendment?
But before it gets here, guess what I have?! (Jumps up, throws off the ropes, aims the rifle at Bill)

BILL: Yes. I believe it falls somewhere between the First and the Third.

BILL: Oh, my god, this is what I get for arguing with a gun nut!

NOT BILL: You bet your ass it does.

NOT BILL: Now I don't want to *have* to kill you.

BILL: Do you know what the Third Amendment is?

BILL: Oh, you do too! That's precisely what you want to do. You want to kill things! Big things,

NOT BILL: That's not the issue. I have a Constitutional right to as many guns as I want. Bill:

small things, man-made things! You're mean! It's all an excuse! But deep down inside you're just god-awful fucking mean!

That's because you're a state without a standing army?

NOT BILL: Why am I here? Why am I tied up? As if I didn't know!

NOT BILL: What's your way of looking at it. From my perspective, God gave me the right to hold this rifle. And to use this rifle. And all the other rifles I have at home, right

NOT BILL: You're not doing this to me. (Strains against the ropes) next to my Glock, my shotguns, and my Uzi. Have you got that? Well, you'd better get it through that thick skull of yours. Guns are good! Guns are glorious!

BILL: Don't take it personally. That's our little joke around here. Guns are good! I love myself on Earth! I love guns! And you will never, ever take them away from me! Never!

NOT BILL: It's not funny.

(Suddenly Not Bill has a fit, an apoplectic spell. He screams and foams at the mouth.

BILL: Of course it is. You look every funny. (He falls to the ground. Eventually he calms down.)

NOT BILL: Wait till I get free from these ropes!

BILL: Do I look worried? (Not Bill suddenly has a second fit, screaming and carrying on. After a while, he stops. He is dead.)

NOT BILL: You'd better look worried.

BILL: Are you all right? (No response) Are you dead?

BILL: We let you keep your rifle, didn't we?

(Bill approaches the body cautiously. Not Bill is still holding the rifle, although he is not

NOT BILL: I kept it. You didn't let me keep it. And I'm keeping it!

BILL: Well, that's why we're here today, isn't it? You got a rifle carried away there, partner.

NOT BILL: I knew it! I knew this day would come. (Bill pokes Not Bill to see if he is alive)

BILL: I think you've got it. I'm here to take away your guns, all of them. Is this now it has to end?

NOT BILL: Over my dead body. (Bill feels the top of one of Not Bill's hands.)

BILL: (getting up from his chair) Now, now, let's not get overexcited. Just give me your guns, or

(He pries the rifle from one of Not Bill's hands. He next feels the top of the other hand)

NOT BILL: Have you never heard of the Second Amendment? (He pries the rifle from the second hand)

BILL: Yes, I believe it falls somewhere between the First and the Third. And I have your gun now.

NOT BILL: You bet your ass it does. BLACKOUT

BILL: Do you know what the Third Amendment is?

NOT BILL: That's not the issue. I have a Constitutional right to as many guns as I want. BILL:

That's because you're a state without a standing army?