

Gun Laws

This play is free to download and perform. The only condition is that you must **email Alex at abroun@bigpond.net.au** and let him know **where and when you produced his script**, listing the **director, cast and theatre**. If you have any production photos send them along as well and they may just end up on this website.

a short play

by

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Cast

BRON

LISA

THE BOY

Setting

City. A deserted building.

Time

Night.

Gun Laws

Deserted building. 10pm.

Lights up on **LISA**, a uniformed Policewoman, pointing her gun at the head of the **BOY**. They are both still.

The **BOY** stares at **LISA** impassively. The only sound is **LISA**' s breathing.

BRON, **LISA**' s partner, is on the other side of the room. Eventually:

BRON: Lisa.

BREATHING.

BRON: Lisa.

BREATHING.

BRON: I need you to do something for me now.

BREATHING. **BRON** INCHES HER AWAY ACROSS STAGE.

BRON: I need you to hand me the gun.

BREATHING. PAUSE. **BRON** IS INCHING CLOSER.

BRON: Lisa ?

PAUSE.

LISA: I - can' t ...

BRON: Yes you can.

LISA: Move.

PAUSE. **BRON** IS CLOSE NOW.

BRON: I need you to your finger off the trigger.

LISA: I ...

BRON: Officer, I need you to take your finger -

LISA: I'm ...

BRON: Off the trigger.

LISA: Frozen.

BRON IS ALONGSIDE HER NOW.

BRON: I' m going to reach over now and take the gun from your hand.

LISA: I -

BRON: I' m going to take the gun.

LISA: No.

BRON: I' m going to -

AND BRON GRABS THE GUN FROM LISA' s HAND. LISA SLUMPS FORWARD. THE BOY SLIPS OUT.

PAUSE. BREATHING.

BRON: He' ll be having some nightmares.

PAUSE.

LISA: I was just ...

BRON: It's okay. It's over.

LISA: I was just ... following orders.

BRON: We were told to do a sweep.

LISA: Yeah. Sweep.

BRON: That doesn' t mean point your gun at the skull of some kid.

LISA: He wasn' t a kid.

BRON: Lisa, he was eight years old. Maybe.

LISA: We were told to sweep the building for suspects. He could' ve been armed.

BRON: He wasn't armed.

LISA: He could've been.

BRON: With what - bubblegum ?

LISA: He came at me.

BRON: He didn't come at you.

LISA: He lunged.

BRON: He was sleeping in the corner. You woke him up.

LISA: He shouldn't be here.

BRON: He's a homeless kid.

LISA: Suspect.

BRON: Little - boy. Little boy who's going to be having very bad dreams.

THERE IS A SOUND OFF. LISA LUNGES FOR HER GUN. BRON STEPS AWAY.

BRON: Uh-uh. I'll give this back to you at the station.

LISA: I'm unarmed.

BRON: I've got your back.

PAUSE. ANOTHER SOUND.

LISA: What was that ?

BRON: Probably another one of the patrols. What is wrong with you ?

LISA: There's nothing wrong with me.

BRON: You were just about to shoot an eight year old kid.

LISA: I was not about to shoot him.

BRON: Sure looked like it.

LISA: I was not about to shoot him.

BRON: Then why didn't you put down your gun when I asked ?

LISA: I don't know. I ...

BRON: Why didn' t you put down your gun ?

LISA: I ...

BRON: What ?

LISA: You're not my boss.

BRON: Say again.

LISA: You're not my boss.

BRON: No I'm not. We're partners.

LISA: That's right. Partners.

BRON: Partners.

PAUSE.

LISA: I guess I just froze.

BRON: You sure did.

LISA: It happens.

BRON: In front of an eight year old boy ?

LISA: Stop saying that.

BRON: Boy ?

LISA: Who said he was eight ? He wasn' t eight.

BRON: He was a little kid.

LISA: He could' ve been ten. Twelve. Twelve year old kids are up for murder.

BRON: He was eight. Maybe.

LISA: No matter how old he is he' s still dangerous. You don' t know these places. These kids are vicious. They' d slit you open as fast as look at you. He' s not a little boy. He' s vermin. Blood sucking vermin.

BRON: He' s a homeless kid trying to spend the night in a warm

place.

You might not come from around here. But I do. There's plenty of kids like him.

LISA: What do you want ? A medal.

BRON: What is wrong with you ?

LISA: Nothing' s wrong with me.

BRON: You' re hopping around like you' re on fire

LISA: Just a bit jumpy.

BRON: You' re about to explode.

LISA: Just a bit edgy these last few weeks.

PAUSE. BRON GOES TO LISA.

BRON: What is it ?

LISA: Fuck off.

BRON: What are you on ?

LISA: Fuck you.

BRON: Show me your eyes. (GRABBING HER HAND.) You' re shaking like a leaf.

LISA: I am not fucking on anything.

BRON: You could' ve fooled me.

LISA: I' m just stressed. You ever heard of that. I' m just fuckin' stressed. Creeping around some deserted buildings looking for a cop killer makes you stressed. You might've grown up in this fuckin' dive but like you said – I didn't.

PAUSE. BRON HEADS FOR THE DOOR.

LISA: Where are you going ?

BRON: Down the stairs. Outside.

LISA: We haven' t finished our sweep.

BRON: We' re not going to finish our sweep.

LISA: We were told to -

BRON: We' re going outside and then back to the station. You are in no condition -

LISA: Who gives you the right to decide that partner ?

BRON: Pulling your gun on little kids gives me the right.

PAUSE.

LISA: Okay. I made a mistake.

BRON: Well it' s the last mistake you' re gonna make while I' m around. I' m going back to the station.

LISA: What do you mean by that ?

BRON: Just going to make my report. Tell them I want out.

LISA: You' re gonna report this ?

BRON: There was an incident.

LISA: There was no incident.

BRON: There was an incident with a gun and I have to report it. Those are the regulations.

LISA: Fuck the regulations.

BRON STARTS TO GO. LISA GRABS HER.

LISA: Listen to me. There was no incident.

BRON: You pulled your gun on an eight year old kid.

LISA: But I' ll be suspended.

BRON: Maybe that' s for the best.

LISA: I' ll be suspended.

BRON: I heard you. Maybe it' s good you take some time out. I can' t go on

like this.

LISA: You haven' t got the right.

BRON: I said *I*. Me. I can' t go on like this.

LISA: Just because you want out -

BRON: I want out from you. I can' t work with you anymore. I don' t feel safe.

LISA: Don' t feel safe ?

BRON: I need to feel safe. And I don' t feel safe with you. I don' t trust you.

LISA: Don' t trust me ?

BRON: So I' m going back to the station, file the report. And then you can take a break. When you come back you'll have a new partner.

LISA: I can' t be suspended.

BRON: It' s for the best. In time you' ll see that.

LISA: You don' t understand. I can' t be suspended.

BRON: I wouldn't be so sure.

LISA: It's my second time. If I get suspended again they' ll kick me off the force.

BRON: Second ?

LISA: I was suspended before.

BRON: When ?

LISA: Before I came here. I never told you.

PAUSE. BRON LOOKS AT LISA.

BRON: Maybe you should have.

BRON HEADS FOR THE DOOR.

LISA: Where are you going ?

BRON: To file my report.

LISA: Didn' t you hear me ? They' ll kick me off the force.

BRON: Yeah I heard you. Maybe you just ain' t cut out to be a cop.

BRON HEADS FOR THE DOOR. LISA WALKS BEHIND HER AND GRABS HER GUN FROM THE HOLSTER.

LISA: I can' t let you do that.

BRON: What are you doing ?

LISA POINTS HER GUN AT BRON.

LISA: I can' t let you do that.

BRON: Put the gun down.

LISA: I can' t.

BRON: Put the fuckin' gun down !

LISA: And I said no. You don' t understand. They' ll kick me off the force.

You can't do that. My dad -

BRON: I do understand.

LISA: Then don' t file your report.

BRON: I saw what happened.

LISA: What did you see ? Tell them he was a youth. He lunged at me. I acted with restraint.

BRON: But you didn' t act with restraint.

LISA: Then don' t tell them I drew my weapon.

BRON: But you did draw your weapon.

LISA: But no one knows that.

BRON: I do.

PAUSE. **BRON** TURNS ONCE MORE AND HEADS FOR THE DOOR.

LISA: Officer.

BRON STOPS.

BRON: What are you going to do ? Shoot me.

BRON OPENS THE DOOR. **LISA** PULLS THE TRIGGER, SHOOTING **BRON** IN THE BACK.

BRON STAGGERS AGAINST THE WALL. PAUSE. SHE SLIDES TO THE FLOOR. LOOKING UP AT **LISA**.

ONLY **BRON**' S BREATHING.

LISA LOOKS AT HER. THE GUN SLOWLY SLIPS FROM HER FINGERS AND CLATTERS ON TO THE FLOOR.

BRON BREATHING.

THE LIGHTS FADE.