THIS IS MY GUN

by
Dan Bernitt

Current Draft:
February 14, 2011

Dan Bernitt
dan.bernitt@gmail.com
://www.danbernitt.com
859.797.5745
SCENE 2.

The bedroom. LUCIAN sits on the mattress, knitting.

MATT enters, carrying a plastic bag.

MATT

Hey Lucian.

Pause.

LUCIAN

Where do you go when you disappear?

Like death?

LUCIAN

Heh, if only.

MATT

(Sighs:)

Is this another existential question?

LUCIAN

No, I mean, when you disappear. Sometimes I see you around here, and then you're gone, and then you're back. You aren't in any rooms, where do you go?

MATT

Out? A bodega?

(He holds up his bag.)

To find toilet paper?

LUCIAN

Aw. Finally. Good boy. I was afraid I'd have to wipe my ass with your coat.

MATT

Oh. Well. Glad you didn't.

MATT pulls out a small box of raisins.

LUCIAN

That's a cute little box.

Want some?

MATT

No.
MATT
Move over.

LUCIAN
Why?

MATT
I'm getting tired, I wanna sleep.

LUCIAN
You're not gonna eat raisins in this bed.

MATT
They're not gonna leave crumbs, move over, you're in my spot.

LUCIAN
We don't have "spots."

MATT
You're in the spot I wanna sleep in.

LUCIAN
You're always in my spot, so...
(MATT moves to get on the mattress.)
You know, once upon a time, it used to be just me and Andrew in this mattress, and now it's me, you, and Andrew. And I wonder sometimes why it's just me on this mattress and you two are gone.

MATT
C'mon, Lucian.

LUCIAN
Sometimes I wonder why it's just me on this mattress.

MATT
Because you don't ever leave the room! You're always in here fucking knitting stupid shit or listening to Maria-Fucking-Collus.

LUCIAN
Callas.

MATT
Whatever.

LUCIAN
First of all, it's Maria Callas.

MATT
Collus.

BERNITT / 'This Is My Gun'
LUCIAN
Callas. Maria Callas.

MATT
Okay. Callas. Maria Callas.

LUCIAN
Thank you. Thank you for not fucking it up that time. Second of all, um, excuse me? "Stupid knitting shit." Excuse me, uh, "dear." I don't know if you know this, but we sell that "stupid knitting shit." Because we all have to live, don't we? That's how I contribute to the group to keep us all alive, I sell my "shit," so that we can be heated and warm and happy, I contribute to keep us happy in our lifestyle, to keep us happy. As a result, I'm fucking happy. I don't know what you do.

MATT
I work. I have a job.

So proud of you.

LUCIAN
I put my tips in the jar downstairs everytime I come home.

Good boy.

MATT
What's your deal?

LUCIAN
Where's Andrew?

MATT
I don't know, I'm not his babysitter.

LUCIAN
Right. Sorry. I didn't mean to confuse y'all's roles.

Pause.

Anyway.

MATT
"Anyway."

LUCIAN
Lucian, stop getting on my case.
LUCIAN
You don't know where Andrew is?

MATT
No.

LUCIAN
He told me he was going to have dinner with his mum.

MATT
Yeah, he told me that, too.

Beat.

LUCIAN
So you just lied to me.

MATT
No.

LUCIAN
You knew where he was.

MATT
I don't know exactly where he is, no, I don't know his exact physical location, no, but.

LUCIAN
You knew he was out.

MATT
Yeah.

LUCIAN
Ah. Thanks for saying it.

MATT
You already knew!

LUCIAN
I didn't believe him.

MATT
Well, that's your problem.

He opens the raisins. LUCIAN reaches over and takes some. MATT gives him a look.

LUCIAN
Oh, thanks.

(Beat.)

(MORE)
LUCIAN (CONT'D)
I didn't believe him because his mum doesn't visit outside of the fall and the spring. She comes once in the fall to see the colors, and again in the spring to--see different colors, I guess.

MATT
Fascinating.

LUCIAN
No, she's really--weird. I've never met a woman like her. She was going to come this fall to see Andrew, and he went to see her at the train station but she didn't show up. He was there for hours, the whole day, thinking she'd be on the next train, but she didn't show. We got a letter a week later, and she said she canceled her trip at the last minute because it was "too cold" in the city. She just didn't show up. And she said that if he wanted to see her, he'd have to go back to Connecticut to do so. So, he did. She didn't even buy him a ticket.

MATT
She sounds horrible.

LUCIAN
Yeah, she doesn't like the cold, so I don't know why she's here.

Pause.

MATT
Well, he'll be home soon, won't he?

LUCIAN
Yeah.

MATT
Well, I'm gonna take a nap. Good night, Lucian.

MATT makes himself cozy and begins to fall asleep. A beat. LUCIAN knits a bit, then throws it down.

LUCIAN
I'm worried.

(Pause.)
I said I'm worried.

About what?

MATT
Andrew.
MATT
What about him?

LUCIAN
I don't know, I'm just worried, it's a feeling I have.

MATT
Okay, well. Do you think he died?

LUCIAN
Oh God! Why would you say such a thing?! No, I haven't thought he's died.

MATT
Well, I / thought--

LUCIAN
Why would you say such a thing?! He's not dead.

MATT
Okay, good, he's not dead.

Pause.

It's a tension in my gut.

Is it gas?

LUCIAN
I do not have gas, Matthew.

Oh, but you do.

LUCIAN
I do not. I pride myself on my politeness.

MATT
When you fall asleep, you fart.

What?

LUCIAN
Huge ones. Long gassy ones.

Oh, please.

LUCIAN
You do. Wanna know why?
LUCIAN
No.

MATT
It's because you finally relax.
Pause.

LUCIAN
Ha. Ha.

MATT
It's true. You physically cannot relax, but all this gas is pent up inside / you, and --

You're just trying to pick on me, but really you're just so disgusting.

MATT
You do! Andrew and I are always awake to hear them.

You are not!

LUCIAN
Yeah, we are.

MATT
You're such a liar, Matthew. I always make sure you two are sound asleep before I close my eyes.

Pause.

Why?

Pause.

ANDREW returns.

ANDREW
Hey guys.

ANDREW begins taking off his many layers.

Hey guys.

ANDREW
Andrew!

LUCIAN
How was dinner?
LUCIAN
You're alive, you're back!!

Yeah.

LUCIAN
Hey, uh, while you were out, Matt here was telling me that
you all have a little secret that you've been keeping from
me.

(A long pause; ANDREW tries to
figure out what they're
talking about.)
You're so good at hiding how you feel.

ANDREW
You told him?

LUCIAN
(Letting ANDREW know that he's
letting ANDREW off the hook
for now:)
Apparently I'm such a stinker. I don't mean to fart so much
at night. I don't mean to alter the atmosphere. With my
gas.

A beat.

ANDREW
Oh, that! (He laughs heartily.)
Yeah, Luc, you do fart at night.

MATT
Stinkers.

ANDREW
You let out this one that woke me up it was so bad.

MATT
Yeah, what do you eat?

LUCIAN
I'm glad you two are so amused by my bowels. I wish everyone
paid this much attention to my ass.

ANDREW
On the whole, it's very fascinating.

MATT laughs. Pause.

LUCIAN
Oh, I get it. The old "on the whole" line.
ANDREW

Yeah, keep up.

LUCIAN

That's the most flattering thing you've said to me since, gosh, since this mattress became a wayward house for runaway boys.

Silence.

How was dinner?

MATT

It was--

(Beat.)

So, Mama and I, we were having a lovely time--

LUCIAN

As always.

ANDREW

Yeah, uh.

(Beat.)

We went to some fondue place on Third Avenue, and then she hands me this envelope. She's signing the check and we're eating chocolate fondue, and she hands me this envelope.

(He pulls an envelope from his coat pocket.)

Like, drops it in front of me, no introduction, nothing. And I look at it, it's addressed to me, full legal name: Andrew Taylor McCann. And I see that it'd been opened, and I said, 'Ma, you're openin' my mail?' Just joking, y'know. And, she, she doesn't respond, she--And then I look to see who it's from. Uh.

(Beat.)

Selective Service.

(He pulls out the letter. A joke:)

Well, boys, I won the lottery.

(Silence.)

Sorry to dump this on your lap, too.

LUCIAN

I knew it was something.

ANDREW

Yeah...

Silence.

MATT

So what do you do next?
ANDREW
I have to, uh, "you are hereby ordered for induction." Next week. Back in Connecticut. Back, back home.

(Beat.)
You know, my mom, she—she said to me: "It'll be so good to see you for a couple days." Can you believe that? "Maybe you could do some sit-ups between now and then." And she says all this as she's counting out this huge tip for the waiter.

LUCIAN
Okay, one: fuck that bitch, she doesn't live here, you don't have to answer to her. Because, "B", you're not going.

Next week?!

Yeah.

Seriously?

Yep, says right here.

Lemme see that.

MATT takes the letter and reads it.

ANDREW
There's a lot of little paragraphs on there, like, what to bring and, um—

LUCIAN
Where's the line about "if you are a homosexual, stay out"?

I still have to show.

Dodge it.

Matt.

You have to!

ANDREW
It's not that easy, guys.
MATT
Look, it says right here, "You may be found not qualified for induction."

LUCIAN
Okay, so, like I said, you're a queer, what do you do?

ANDREW
I don't know. Who's gonna write me a note for that?

MATT
(Lightbulb!:

Oh my God.

What?

I got it.

What?

Oh, this is perfect.

ANDREW
What?

LUCIAN
What?

MATT (CONT'D)
Okay, so if you tell them you're gay, they might just let you go. But in the event that they don't, how can you prove it?

LUCIAN
You can fuck my ass in front of them if you want.

(Beat.)
Throw me down on the table, I'll moan for those military fucks like your best little bitch. "Yeah, he's gay, he's my man!"

Beat.

MATT
Yeah, or - if we don't wanna be arrested for lewdness or indecency --

LUCIAN
It was just a joke.

MATT
We do a performance. We'll dress in drag, something wild, and we'll sing a song to convince them not to take you.

BERNITT / 'This Is My Gun'
Pause.

LUCIAN

Or you could just fuck me.

MATT

No, listen, here's the thing. If we do some street theater, you'll stick out as someone who doesn't obey the rules. They'll think you're unruly, they'll think you can't work well; hell, they might think you're gonna put other people in danger. At most, they'll probably think you're insane. Regardless, they're all are best-case scenarios. You'll be rejected, you won't serve, you'll be back here with us.

Pause.

LUCIAN

That's so insane it just might work.

ANDREW

Guys, it's late.

(Beat.)

I'm really tired. Can we go to bed?

MATT

Yeah...

ANDREW crawls into bed, not taking off his clothing, lying down on the mattress in his coat.

MATT (CONT’D)

Are you gonna change?

(Beat.)

Andy?

(MATT nudges ANDREW, who groans.)

Andy, you gonna get out of your coat?

MATT bends down next to ANDREW and pulls him out of his coat, tucks him in. As MATT does this, LUCIAN stands ominously close. MATT stands up, startled by LUCIAN.

LUCIAN

Hi there. Okay, so I have a bunch of wigs we could use, a beautiful blonde one and this hideous red wig, you're gonna wear that one, oh my god!, look, we gotta go to CVS or something and get a bunch of makeup and stockings, and hey, uh, tomorrow morning I'm choreographing. Brace yourself.

###

BERNITT / 'This Is My Gun'