

Gun Shop  
by  
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## SCENE ONE

INT. SMALL CRAMPED SOUTHERN GUN SHOP - DUSK.

*OPPRESSIVELY HOT. A FAN IN THE CORNER MAKES MORE NOISE THAN COOL AIR. A SMALL TV MOUNTED ON THE WALL IS PLAYING A FOOTBALL GAME. JOE, 40'S- SITS BEHIND THE COUNTER FANNING HIMSELF WITH HIS 10 GALLON HAT- TO NO AVAIL. HIS SHIRT DOESN'T QUITE FIT AROUND THE MIDDLE AND THERE ARE SWEAT STAINS IN ALL THE WRONG PLACES. HE WATCHES THE GAME WITH THE INTENSITY OF SOMEONE WHO'S MADE A BIG BET. GUN MAGAZINES SCATTERED ON THE COUNTER. THE BELL ON THE DOOR JINGLES AS A PRETTY, CONFIDENT, TEENAGE **GIRL** ENTERS. JOE BARELY GLANCING UP WHEN HE SEES IT'S A YOUNG GIRL, GRUNTS AND THEN BACK TO THE GAME.*

GIRL

Hey... So I'm hoping you can help me. I'm off to college next month and... ummm...

*She notices he's not paying attention to her. She looks up at the game on TV.*

GIRL (CONT'D)

Damn those Cowboys- hate it when they're out West. Always just a bit off when they're West. Jet-lag and the Niners is a lethal combination.

*His interest piqued a bit- a pretty young girl talkin' football, but his eyes still glued to the game.*

JOE

Mmm. What is it I can do for you, miss.

GIRL

(serious)

So, my dad just retired, and I'm going off to college in the fall, Texas Tech, and I want to get him a nice gun as a retirement gift.

JOE  
(this catches his attention)

Texas Tech?

GIRL

Yeah, "Guns Up!"

*It's the school slogan and she does the hand signal-two hands up like guns. JOE repeats her hand signal.*

JOE

"Guns Up!" That's my Alma Mater!

GIRL  
(thrilled)

Well, just my luck! So, my daddy, bless his heart, he's from New York City, never fired a gun, certainly never owned a gun, more of a book guy. Anyway my mamma passed a few years back and...well I'm off to college and I'm leaving my daddy alone and I wanna get him a gun, for protection, while I'm away.

JOE

Your mamma, god rest her soul, must be lookin down on you with pride in her heart.

GIRL

I'm sure she is.

JOE  
(chuckling)

Well, darlin, you certainly came to the right place.

GIRL

Oh, I know I did.

JOE  
(taking one out)

Look at this one here. It's a real beauty, and easy to handle. Affordable too.

GIRL

I was thinking something a lil' stronger. Like a Desert Eagle.

JOE  
(chuckles)

A Desert Eagle? You know your guns.

*He pulls out the Desert Eagle and places it on the counter and picks up a .357 Magnum and puts it next to it.*

JOE (CONT'D)

You know if you're willing to spend that kinda money, you might wanna get him this bad boy. This one here'll blow a hole straight through a man's head.

GIRL

And probably the head of the guy behind him.

JOE  
(flirty)

Sometimes you got more than one target.

GIRL

Can't top that. Guess I'll go with that .357 Magnum then. Gonna need some ammo for it too.

*The man walks to where the ammo is. An uproar from the TV. The man gets distracted.*

JOE

Come on Boys... the least you could do after the month we've had.

*JOE is paying more attention to the game than the ammo.*

GIRL

They woulda done better playing here in this heat wave.

*JOE starts to organize the gun and ammo, then pauses.*

JOE  
(nosily and cautiously)

Why does your daddy need such a powerful gun, anyway? Does he got anyone after him?

GIRL

Oh no, nothing like that. He's an English teacher. I've just been feeling pretty guilty about leaving him alone, so I wanted to get him something I know will keep him safe .It's so sad he has no one left he—

*JOE starts adding up the sale on the old register. No apple pay here. The GIRL starts to get out her wallet to pay.*

JOE

(abruptly and no longer intrigued)

That will be \$465.

GIRL

You take cash? Babysitting money.

JOE

I can do \$400 if you're payin' cash.

*The girl counts out the money.*

GIRL

Well, I can't thank you enough. You really made this easy for me. And I sure do hope those Cowboys turn this season around. We need a little hope right now, you know?

*He's already back to the game. A busted third down play.*

JOE

Dammit to hell!

GIRL

Well, thanks again.

*She wakes to the door, hesitates, about to open it, but she turns around.*

GIRL (CONT'D)

You know what? I completely forgot. Shouldn't I get him a safe or something to store this in? Isn't that the law?

JOE  
(giving her a little look)

Well, yes it is.

*He stands and makes his way over to a ladder behind him, still half-watching the game as he goes. Passes a row of shotguns, hunting rifles, and a few AR- 15's. As he climbs up the ladder to grab a small gun safe. the girl puts one of the bullets into the gun she just bought. When he turns around she's standing still, pointing the now loaded gun straight at him.*

JOE  
Now darlin, there's a little unwritten rule, we don't point guns at people, even if they ain't loaded.

*The GIRL is no longer the sweet smiling girl we met when she walked in*

GIRL  
Oh, I can assure you, this gun is definitely loaded.

JOE  
(For the first time he seems to wake up a bit.)  
Well, then don't be pointing that gun round here like that.

*She cocks it.*

JOE (CONT'D)  
Whoa, what's going on?

GIRL  
Put your hands on the counter.

*JOE hesitates.*

Now!

*JOE places his hands on the counter - he takes her seriously, but he's not exactly scared.*

JOE

Oh, come now, Darlin', if you want your money back, take it, but I don't keep any extra cash here. And all these guns got traceable serial numbers on 'em. You ain't gonna get far, kid.

GIRL

Kid. Funny choice of words. I'm just curious? Do you always sell guns to "kids" without checking their ID?

JOE

Is this what this is about? You're a nice girl. You know your football. You know your guns. You're going to Texas Tech, what's the problem, honey? Don't do something you'll regret.

GIRL

See the problem is... Not one month ago, you sold an AR-15 to an angry teenage boy. Now either you were too lazy and distracted by your fucking Dallas Cowboys to check his ID, exactly like you just did with me, or... you just DIDN'T CARE. Didn't care that he was too young. You didn't care that he was maybe just a little off. You just didn't care. And as a result of your LAZINESS, that same young boy ended up bringing that gun to school. I know you know all about this because you were questioned by the police and reporters, but what is so absolutely unfathomable to me is, you just DID IT AGAIN! What the fuck is wrong with you?

JOE

Darlin' put that gun down, and lets have a talk here. Like I told the police, the kid checked out. I did nuthin wrong, there's no law in Texas sayin you need to do a background check.

GIRL

Oh, I know all about the Texas gun laws, or let me rephrase... LACK of gun laws. But did you even check to see if he was 18? Or did you think he was a "nice kid" too?

JOE

Like the police said, I didn't break any law.

GIRL

Give me a break! I saw you on the news. I read your interview in the paper. "I did nuthin wrong", "kid checked out", "he was 18", "I didn't break no law". What's so disappointing to me is... You always, ALWAYS stood by your innocence. But WHERE is your sense of responsibility?

JOE

My sense of responsibility? For what? I didn't kill nobody. Guns never killed nobody. Crazy people do!

GIRL

Well, crazy comes in all shapes and sizes and that "crazy" was a 17 year old kid who was in and out of juvie his entire life... He wasn't 18, so did you ask for an ID? Did you? DID YOU... JOE?

JOE

(he registers she knows his name)

I said I did.

GIRL

You know what's crazy? This world is so desensitized that no one even cares. It didn't even make CNN because it's not considered a "mass shooting." Only three people died. One student, the shooter, and the brave unarmed teacher who heroically tackled the shooter saving as many people as he could...

GIRL (CONT'D)

(fighting back tears)

My dad was always the most selfless man I've ever known.

JOE

(he's getting scared)

H...how could I have known that boy would've turned out to be crazy? It's certainly not my fault that he decided to shoot up a school.

GIRL

But it is your fault for selling him the gun to do it. It is your fault for not checking his I.D.

*A pause.*

GIRL (CONT'D)

So... how does it feel?

JOE

How does what feel?

GIRL

Three lives on your hands all because you were too lazy to do your SIMPLE job.

JOE

(really getting scared, but he's mad too.)

You know what? You don't know the first thing about a job, young lady.



Your whole generation are too sensitive and “woke”.

(he makes air quotes with his fingers)

A bunch of entitled little shits if you ask me. If that boy was a real man and coulda dealt with his problems like a normal person, he never would’ve shot up that school.

*JOE slams his hands on the counter - he takes her seriously, but he’s not exactly scared. JOE is bright red with spittle flying from his lips as he screams at the GIRL. The GIRL just stares back at him, her look more deadly than the gun in her hand.*

JOE (CONT’D)

You stupid bitch! Put the fucking gun down. I’ll kill you for comin’ in MY SHOP, and pointing a gun at ME! How dare you! I thought he was 18. I sold him a gun. It’s his 2nd Amendment right. Read the damn Constitution. I DID NOTHING WRONG.

GIRL

(completely astonished)

Have you done anything right? You are completely incapable to of empathy. How can you not understand you have some sort of moral standard to uphold?

JOE

(JOE’s anger slowly starts to turn into despair.)

You’re talkin’ about my morals? How dare you. I go to church, I am a law abiding citizens of the United States of America. Maybe if your daddy wasn’t such a New York pansy, and actually owned a gun, he could’ve shot the kid, instead of getting himself killed. Like a real man would do. Lotta good reading all those damn books did him, he didn’t learn nothin’!

*The door jingles from behind. JOE looks at the GIRL. For a brief moment, the girl freezes. A grin appears on JOE’S face. She wouldn’t dare shoot him now.*

**BOBBY**, 20, a cute cowboy enters.

BOBBY

Hey, Joe. Sorry, I’m late, you got my ammo?

JOE

(relieved)

Hey, Bobby. I got it right here.

*He gestures with a head nod to a box on the counter.*

*As he does his eyes pause on the Desert Eagle still on the counter. BOBBY starts to walk toward them. The GIRL quickly slides the Desert Eagle out of JOE'S reach and picks up the ammo in her other hand. The GIRL puts on the same sweet smile she had when she walked in, and with both guns out of reach of Joe, walks over to BOBBY.*

GIRL (CONT'D)

Here's your ammo, Bobby. Look at this beauty I'm buying my daddy. Joe has been the biggest help.

BOBBY

Nothin' better than a beautiful girl holdin' a revolver.

GIRL  
(flirty)

Well, thank you Bobby. I hope to see you around sometime soon.

BOBBY

I'd like that, very much.

GIRL

Well, Joe here knows all about me. He can certainly give you my number. Can't you Joe?

*JOE attempts a smile. His upper lip and brow covered in sweat. This GIRL doesn't falter. The GIRL walks BOBBY to the door and opens it, basically escorting him out.*

BOBBY

I will definitely get that number. Nice meetin' you...?

GIRL

Mary-Ann.

BOBBY  
(starstruck)

Mary-Ann....See ya Joe.

*The GIRL locks the door behind BOBBY, and with that click all of JOE'S previous hope rushes out of him. The GIRL turns and walks back to JOE.*

JOE

Please just put the gun down. Let's talk. You seem like a really reasonable young lady.

GIRL

(She laughs and shakes her head.) Joe, Joe, Joe, you really just don't get it, do you?

JOE

I didn't know the kid was gonna do what he did.

(starting to sob)

I'm sorry about your dad, but just put the fucking gun down, alright?

GIRL

Would that be fair Joe? You get to live and my dad is dead because you were too lazy to check an ID? Really? You think that's fair?

*JOE has now fully broken down and is crying. It is almost like the stress and fear he felt shattered his mind and drove him mad. The GIRL still just stares at him unblinking.*

JOE

Please! How was I to know? I didn't do anythin' wrong. I sell guns every day of my life! I was just doing my job. Please. God bless-ed. (Tears streaming down his face, lip quivering, a truly defeated man) Look, I'm sorry your daddy died. I am sorry. Truly.

*The GIRL still does not answer his plea. She knows he is trying to say anything she wants to hear so he can get out of this alive.*

GIRL

(almost laughing)

Do you know what's so pathetic?... This was so easy. You own a gun shop and you weren't even able to pull a gun on me. And I'm an 18-year-old girl who's never fired a gun in my life, and I was able to walk in here and hold you hostage in an entire store filled with guns. A gun guy so to speak and yet here you are... sniveling like a little baby... And yet, my father, with nothing but his bare hands and bravery AND the moral sense of right and wrong, tackled and killed an active shooter and DIED to save others...

*JOE- too petrified to even breath. Makes a dismal attempt to stand for the first time, but....The GIRL steadies the gun in her hand*

GIRL

Guns up, Joe

**STAGE GOES DARK.**

THE OWNER/MAN/JOE: 40'S- A cowboy who's seen better days, but he doesn't care. His belly hangs over his belt from years of beer drinking. His shirt pulls at the buttons. He's Slovenly. He cares more about football than anything else.

THE GIRL: teenager(16). A Pretty, smart, all American girl. Southern accent. She's chatty and confident in a personal way, not in a snobby or mean way. She has lots of friends. People like her. She's also steely.

BOBBY:19-20. A local country boy/cowboy. Probably works as a ranch hand. Small town nice. Simple guy who wouldn't pickup on things very quickly.