

THE DUEL

By: Angel Fourlas



Characters: Sir Robert Anall

Lord Christian Bollocks

Lord Thomas Gitt

[Enter all of them]

Gitt: Sir Robert Anall, Lord Christian Bollocks... I believe we all now the purpose of this meeting-

Anall: I don't.

Bollock: What do you mean you don't, you were the one who challenged me to a duel after calling you a distasteful homosapien.

Anall: Oh yes, oh yes... and you'd better take that back.

Bollock: Never!

Anall: Well, you were the one that started it!

Bollock: No I was not! I was only defending my honor after having you calling me a common dandy.

Till the day I die, I'll never let anyone dishonor any member of the Bollock family!

Anall: Well, that day has come, you moronic ape!

Bollock: How dare you! I challenge you to a duel!

Anall: We are at a duel!

Gitt: Gentlemen! Please, please let us continue with the proceeding!

Sir Robert Anall, swords or pistols?

Anall: Pistols.

Bollock: I'll have the sword.

Gitt: No, you can't have the sword.

Bollock: Why not?

Gitt: Well, it's not very fair, is it?

Bollock: Pistol it is, then.

Gitt: Now, on my count-

Anall: Sorry, Lord Thomas, this is my first duel and not really know what to do. If you could explain, please...

[Bollock laughs loudly]

Bollock: Next you'll ask us to help you with the trigger!

Gitt: You shouldn't really be laughing, Lord Bollock. That is exactly what happened last time, and you lost that duel. God knows how we managed to fake your death.

Bollock: Enough! Do explain please.

Gitt: Alright, so, both parties get the same weapon. When I start counting, you follow the numbers with steps to the opposite direction. When you hear the last number, you fire.

Anall: Excellent, then.

Gitt: Right! One, two, three- [They both fire]

What are you doing?

Bollock: Well, you said until the last number!

Gitt: Well, this wasn't the last number!

Bollock: Well, you didn't tell us which number is the last number.

Gitt: Yes, my fault. The last number will be five.

Anall: Excellent, then!

Gitt: Right. Positions... And one, two, three, four, five.

[Both fire but not facing each other]

Gitt: What are you doing?!

Anall: Well, you said the last number.

Gitt: Yes, but, of course you must turn around. I say number five, and then bam!

Bollock: Got it!

Gitt: Right. Positions... One, two, three, four-

[Both turn around shouting “Bam!”]

Anall: Ha! Got you!

Bollock: No, you didn’t!

Anall: Yes, I did! My “Bam” was quicker!

Bollock: Yes, but my “Bam” was louder!

Anall: What wins, Lord Gitt, quicker or louder?

Gitt: None! For the last time! On five, you turn around and you fire your pistols. Do not say “Bam”! That was an imitation of the sound of the gun. Guns don’t sound like “Bam”.

Anall: Well, how do they sound?

Gitt: Well, it sort of sounds- Stop! On my count, then fire, until one of you drops dead!

Anall: Excellent, then! [Gitt exhales loudly]

Gitt: Right. Positions... One, two, three, four, five...

[They both fire and both get killed]

[Gitt cries out of desperation, he then grabs a gun and shoots himself]

Gitt: Never take life too seriously, or you’ll never get...

[Bollock wakes up]

Bollock: Get out of it alive!

Gitt: Thank you.

Bollock: No problem. [Bollock drops dead, Gitt shoots himself.]

The End