

# ROLE OVER, PLAY DEAD

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A short drama

By Barbara Bellman  
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SCENE

Door opens on a darkened room.

John enters his apartment. He sees JILL sitting in a chair. He pauses - is cautious. His hand still grips the keys in the lock. JILL sits calmly, her hands in her lap. She is holding a gun and her hands are bloody.

JOHN

What? (Beat) How did you get in?

JILL

The window. You never lock it.

JOHN

Why are you here?

JILL

To kill your dog.

JOHN rushes into the room, frantically calls for the dog. Sees blood on JILL's hands.

JOHN

Eddie! EDDIE!

(To JILL)

What have you done? Where's Eddie?

He turns to confront JILL but she holds up the gun. He stops and screams.

Where's EDDIE?

JILL

Eddie's dead, John. I had to kill him or you would always have put me in second place. To a dog! You loved him more than me, John, and that was wrong. You should know that people are more important than pets. I don't like being rejected because of an animal, John, so - I removed the competition. Now you can love only me.

JOHN cries out in agony. He falls to the floor at the sight of his dead dog, lying in a puddle of blood. He embraces the dog and cries. He's despondent.

JOHN

EDDIE! Oh, my God, EDDIE! EDDIE!

JILL

Get up, John. (Beat) No. Never mind. Sit. Stay. Roll over and play dead, John.

JOHN

You want me to beg?

JILL

It's not too late for us, John. It's never too late to teach an old dog new tricks, is it? Can you learn to love me again, John?

JOHN nods his head briskly. JILL dangles a dog bone in the air, and then pulls it to her chest.

Come fetch, John. Come. Fetch.

JOHN gets up on all fours and crawls to JILL. He lays his head on her lap, puts his hand upon her knee.

That's a good boy.

JILL starts to pet JOHN'S head. JOHN grabs the gun and shoots her. She is mortally wounded but not dead yet. She looks surprised and sad.

But . . . John. I thought –

JOHN

Eddie was my friend. But you – you're nothing but an *animal*.

End of scene.