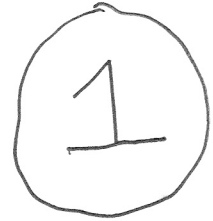


# The Lieutenant of Inishmore

by Martin McDonagh

Donny 1 Davey



## Scene 1

*A cottage on Inishmore circa 1993. Front door in centre of back wall, a window to its left and right. Exit stage left to a bathroom, unseen, an open area forward right to signify another room. A clock somewhere on back wall along with a framed piece of embroidery reading 'Home Sweet Home'. Cupboards left and right, a telephone on one of them. A couple of armchairs near the back wall and a table centre, on which, as the play begins, lies a dead black cat, its head half missing. Donny, the middle-aged owner of the house, and Davey, a long-haired, slightly pudgy neighbour of seventeen, stand staring quietly at this cat for a few moments.*

start { **Davey** Do you think he's dead, Donny?

*Pause. Donny picks up the limp dead cat. Bits of its brain plop out. Donny looks across at Davey and puts the cat back down again.*

**Donny** Aye.

**Davey** He might be in a coma. Would we ring the vet?

**Donny** It's more than a vet this poor feck needs.

**Davey** If he gave him an injection?

**Donny** *(pause)* Have this injection, you!

**Donny** *steps back and kicks Davey up the arse.*

**Davey** *(almost crying)* What was that fer?!

**Donny** How many times have people told you, hairing down that bastarding hill on that bastarding bicycle?

**Davey** I didn't touch the poor fella, I swear it! In the road I saw him lying ... !

**Donny** In the road me arsehole!

**Davey** And I wasn't hairing at all, I was going slow. And a black lump ahead in the road I saw, and what the devil's that, I said to meself ...

**Donny** After you'd rode over him, aye, and then probably reversed!

**Davey** Ahead in the road, I'm saying, and don't be slinging reversed at me.

**Donny** I'll be slinging what I like!

**Davey** And I was off me bike be that time anyway and just wheeling it along, and when I saw it was Wee Thomas didn't I scoop him up and run him into you as quick as me legs could carry me?

**Donny** The first thing the books say is don't be moving an accident victim till professional fecking help arrives, and a fool knows that!

**Davey** Well, I don't be reading books on cats being knocked down, Donny!

**Donny** Well, maybe you should, now ...

**Davey** Because there *are* no such books!

**Donny** ... And maybe Thomas would still be with us then.

**Davey** A car it must have been clobbered him.

**Donny** No cars have been down that road all day, and when do cars ever come down that road? You're the only bastard comes down that lonely road and why? Because you're a cowshite eejit with nothing better to do than roar down roads on your mam's bicycle for no reason other than to feel the wind in that girl's mop o' hair of yours!

**Davey** If you're insulting me hair again, Donny Osbourne, I'll be off right this minute. After going out of me way to bring your cat in to you ...

**Donny** After squashing the life out of me cat, and he isn't my cat at all ...

**Davey** So as not to let the oul flies be picking the meat off him. A favour I was doing you.

**Donny** It's a favour now! With half of that cat's head poking out of the spokes of your wheels, I'll bet, and it's a favour you're doing me!

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**Davey** *stares at Donny a moment, then darts out through the front door. Donny goes over to the cat and strokes it sadly, then sits in the armchair stage left, looking at the cat's blood on his hands. Davey returns a few moments later, dragging his mum's bicycle in through the door. It is pink, with small wheels and a basket. He brings it right over for Donny to see, raises its front wheel so that it's almost in Donny's face, and starts slowly spinning it.*

**Davey** Now where's your cat's head? Eh? Now where's your cat's head?

**Donny** *(depressed)* Scraping it off on the way wouldn't have been a hard job.

**Davey** There's no cat's head on that bicycle wheel. Not even a stain, nor the comrade of a stain, and the state of Wee Tommy you'd have had lumps of brain pure dribbling.

**Donny** Put your bicycle out of me face, now, Davey.

**Davey** Poor Wee Thomas's head, a bicycle wouldn't do damage that decent. Damage that decent you'd have to go out of your way to do.

**Donny** Your bicycle out of me face, I'm saying, or it'll be to your head there'll be decent damage done.

**Davey** *leaves the bike at the front door.*

**Davey** Either a car or a big stone or a dog you'd need to do that decent damage. And you'd hear a dog.

**Donny** And you'd hear a car.

**Davey** *(pause)* You'd probably hear a big stone too. It depends on how big and from what distance. Poor Wee Thomas. I did like him, I did. Which is more than I can say for most of the cats round here. Most of the cats round here I wouldn't give a penny for. They're all full of themselves. Like our Mairead's cat. You'd give him a pat, he'd outright sneer. But Wee Thomas was a friendly cat. He would always say hello to you were you to see him sitting on a wall. *(Pause.)* He won't be saying hello no more, God bless him. Not with that lump of brain gone. *(Pause.)* ~~And you haven't had him long at all, have you, Donny? Wasn't he near brand new?~~

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J end