



start

Padraic opens the front door wide. Standing there are Christy, Joey and Brendan, smiling, their hands behind their backs. Padraic laughs, happy to see them.

Christy How do.

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Padraic Christy! What the feck are you fellas doing out this way? Come on in ahead for yourselves. I'm just in the middle of shooting me dad.

He turns his back on them, goes back to the two kneeling men and points his guns at their heads, at the same time as the three men at the door dash in, take the guns out from behind their backs and point them right up against Padraic's head – one on the left side, one on the right and one from behind, in something of a triangle.

Padraic (pause) What's all this about, now?

Christy Does the word 'splinter group' mean anything to ya?

Padraic 'Splinter group'? 'Splinter group's two words.

Christy Mister Cocksure, uh-huh.

Brendan Hah. He's not so cocksure now, is he, Christy?

Christy He's not.

Joey He is.

Christy Shush, now, Joey ...

Joey Well, he is. He's still cocksure. Look at him ...

Christy All right, Joey. For feck's sake, now. (Pause.) Throw your guns on the table there, Padraic, and easy.

Padraic pauses a moment, then does so.

Christy Skank Toby was the last straw, Padraic. Messing around teasing your marijuana gobshites is fine. But when you drag one of the big-time boys into the equation, a fella without whom there'd be no financing for your ferry crossings and your chip-shop manoeuvres, and not only to cut the nose off him, all well and good, a bit of microsurgery may do the trick later, but to then feed it to his cocker spaniel, a dog never did no one harm, and choked himself to death on it ...

Padraic I don't like dogs, I don't.

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Donny He was frightened be a corgi as a little fella.

Christy And made Skank Toby watch that dog choke, and sticking your finger in where his nose was then if he tried to help it, and when then you talk of splinter groups, and splinter groups of two fellas, which isn't a splinter group at all, it's just two fellas.

Brendan In a mood.

Christy In a mood. No, boy. That's the time we've got to take a long hard look at ourselves and say 'All this has got to end, now. Uh-huh. All this has got to end.'

Padraic You've always had it in for me, Christy. And for no reason at all.

Christy No reason, no. Other than you shooting me fecking eye out, ya bastard.

Padraic I've apologised for that eye many's the day.

Christy Playing 'murder in the dark' with a crossbow, like a schoolchild.

Padraic You never let bygones be bygones, you.

Christy *cocks his gun.* **Joey and Brendan** *do likewise.*

Padraic Christy, now? You wouldn't be killing a fella in front of his dad, would ya?

Brendan You're behind your dad.

Padraic It's the *principle* I'm saying, ya thick, Brendan.

Brendan Oh, the principle.

Padraic Dad, you wouldn't want to see me killed in front of you, would ya? Wouldn't it be a trauma?

Donny I couldn't give a feck! Weren't you about to shoot me in the fecking head, sure?

Padraic Ah, I was only tinkering with ya, Dad. Do you think I'd've done it?

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Donny Aye!

Davey Aye!

Padraic Take me out on the road, Christy. No one ever comes down that lonely road. Not a struggle I'll give to ya. I knew this'd be coming some day. ~~I just didn't think so soon, and from friends. Just walk me to a ditch. The burying will be all the easier for you. Only~~ it'll give me a minute to be saying a prayer for me poor cat, died recently, the self-same road.

Brendan *(smiling)* Your poor cat, is it?

Padraic It is. Why?

Christy *(raising a cautionary finger)* Erm ...

Brendan *(thinking quickly)* Erm ... We heard tell of your cat dying ... and sad we were you were to have the two spots of bad news in the one week, your cat dying and your being shot through the brains yourself. That's awful hard luck.

Padraic And I'll tell you this, boys. One of them spots of news does make me sadder than the other, but I'll bet in a hundred years you couldn't guess which.

Joey Your cat dying makes you sadder.

Padraic Is right, Joey. You was always the sensitive one.

Joey Thank you, Padraic, I always tried.

Christy Tie his hands, Joe. We'll walk him the road for himself. For there's no terrible hard feelings in this execution. You was always a good soldier, Padraic. Just overenthusiastic.

Joey *ties Padraic's hands behind his back.* **Padraic** *looks around the room.*

Padraic Full of memories of Wee Thomas this house is. How asleep in me arms he'd fall, the armchair there. Aye, and purr and yawn. How he'd pooh in a corner when you were drunk and you'd forget to let him out, and he'd look embarrassed the next day then, as if it was his fault, the poor lamb. How in through the hole in the wall there he'd come, after a two-day bender chasing skirt the length of the island, and pulling your hair out for fear something had happened to him you'd be, and him prancing in then like 'What was all the fuss about? I was off getting me end away.' *(Pause.)* He won't be prancing in today.

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Davey *(half laughing)* Indeed he won't be.

Padraic What d'you mean 'Indeed he won't be'?

Davey No, I'm just saying it does be awful hard to prance when you're buried in shite, your head knocked out your arse.

His hands tied, Padraic tries to lunge out at Davey with his feet. The three gunmen restrain him and start dragging him to the door.

Come on indeed, ya oul mad hole, ya!

Padraic I'll fecking kill ya!

Davey Kill me so, aye, and cut the rest of me hair off while you're at it, ya bully!

Christy Get him outside ...

Padraic Ya fecking cat killer, ya ...

Davey Eight years it took me to grow that hair!

Padraic I'll be back to get ya! *(To Donny.)* And you too!

Davey In your dreams you'll be back, ya lube.

Padraic Not in me dreams at all. In ten minutes.

Christy You won't be back in ten minutes, Padraic. You'll be dead in ten minutes.

Padraic We'll be seeing about that! I'd've gone easy till this feck chipped in!

Christy We have three guns to your head and you're bound be rope, sure.

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Padraic Something'll turn up!

Joey What does he mean, Christy? 'Something'll turn up'?

Christy *(exiting)* He's just trying to make you nervous, Joey.

Joey *(exiting)* He's fecking succeeded, Christy.

Brendan *(exiting)* Didn't I tell you he'd shit himself, Christy?

Padraic *(exiting)* I'll be back again for you, long-hair boy!

Davey Do! And bring your drippy cat with you! Ye can both take me on! Ye'd still lose!

Padraic *(distantly)* Something'll turn up! I can feel it!

Long silent pause. The gunmen and Padraic have gone. Donny and Davey are still tied, kneeling.

end

Davey Has he always been that way, Donny?

Donny I think he may have gotten worse, now.

Davey *(pause)* Are you sad, Donny?

Donny Sad, why?