



Padraic Kiss me again.

Mairead / Padraic / Donny / Davey

Mairead I will.

Padraic (*they kiss again. Pause*) Will we leave the INLA altogether and be starting our own splinter group, just me and you?

Mairead Would you like to?

Padraic I would.

Mairead We will so. What will we call ourselves?

Padraic I was thinking 'Wee Thomas's Army', unless you have an objection, now.

Mairead Sure, that sounds like a great name. 'Wee Thomas's Army'. Aye. What'll be our first plan of action?

Padraic Our first plan of action will be to find a fella I owe a torturing to. I had him in me clutches yesterday, but the cat distractions made me go easy on the feck, I hardly touched him, and he spun me a yarn about ringworm proved completely untrue too. 'Wrapping pellets up in cheese'. I bet he doesn't even have a cat.

Mairead He sounds like a valid target anyways.

Padraic He's the validest of targets.

Mairead We should make a list of valid targets. From one to twenty. Like *Top of the Pops*.

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Padraic I used to have a list of valid targets but I lost it on a bus. Who would be top of your list?

Mairead People who brain cats for no reason.

Padraic Is a good target. Although ... (*Pause.*) Can I tell you this, Mairead? I did brain a cat this morning, but I did have a reason.

Mairead What was the reason?

Padraic It seemed terrible unhygienic. Half covered in black muck.

Mairead Fair go, so. I don't like unhygienic cats. Braining nice clean cats, I'm saying. My cat I wanted to say goodbye to him, now I won't be seeing him for a while. Me best friend in the world he is, but he wasn't about. He must be off gallivanting.

Padraic My cat won't be off gallivanting no more, and he liked a good gallivant.

Mairead Ar, Padraic ...

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Padraic Ah, Mairead. Y'know, all I ever wanted was an Ireland free. Free for kids to run and play. Free for fellas and lasses to dance and sing. Free for cats to roam about without being clanked in the brains with a handgun. Was that too much to ask, now? Was it?

Mairead It seems it was, Padraic. It seems it was. Will we be bringing Wee Thomas with us or will we be burying him here?

Padraic We'll bring him with us. I have a window box at home he can go in, so he'll be near his friends.

Mairead (*standing*) Would you want to bring his crucifix, so?

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Padraic (*standing*) No. That crucifix is too big for my window box. It'd break me chrysanthemums.

Hand in hand, they enter the living room.

Padraic How is the work going, ye's two?

Donny We're almost there, Padraic. Almost there.

Padraic You're not almost there at all, sure. The fingerprints you haven't burnt off and the teeth you haven't bludgeoned out. And One-eyed Christy you haven't even started on. 'Ye're almost there.' You won't be almost there for a week, sure.

Davey Why we should be doing this work at all I don't see. It wasn't us murdered them. If it was us murdered them I'd say 'fair go', but no.

Padraic Are you grumbling again, you?

Davey (*mumbling*) I fecking am.

Padraic Eh?

Davey No, I'm not grumbling.

Padraic I'd've been kicking your balls out your brains long since, you, ya feck, only it's sure I am you'll be being me brother-in-law some day, and that'd be a bad show that'd be, kicking your brother-in-law's balls out his brains.

Mairead *gazes up at Padraic lovingly.*

Mairead Is it marriage you're proposing to me so, Padraic Osbourne?

Padraic It is. After a biteen of a while I'm saying, now. When our work is done.

Mairead When Ireland is free!

Padraic Indeed when Ireland is free!

They kiss at length.

Donny That'll be a long fecking engagement!

Davey Fecking a hundred they'll be, and still waiting.

Donny Won't that make you and me related so, when them two marry?

Davey (*with disdain*) It fecking will too.

Donny What matter?

Davey Do you think I want to be related to mad gunmen and mam trimplers?

Donny Do you think I want to be related to gay hippies and cat polishers?

Davey (*quietly, in awful realisation*) Oh, feck, now! All about that fecking cat I forgot!

Davey *goes over to the bloody cat basket on the table stage left, checks inside for the cat but finds it empty, puts the basket aside, looks around a little more, shoving a head or an arm aside, then finds Sir Roger's collar and name tag on the cabinet stage left. He is just about to toss it out through the broken window when Padraic and Mairead separate.*

Padraic Look at you in that pretty dress. Oh, God, now! Half-covered it in blood we have.

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