

# The Lieutenant of Inishmore

by Martin McDonagh

Christy | Brendan | Joey

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## Scene 5

*Roadside. Night. Christy, Brendan and Joey, who sits apart from the other two. Christy eats beans from a can. All have Northern Irish accents.*

start

**Christy** Come over and eat some beans, you.

**Joey** I don't eat beans with fellas the likes of ye.

**Brendan** The babby's going crying now.

**Joey** I'm not going crying either.

**Christy** Don't start arguing again, you two.

**Brendan** Shitting his knickers at the job he has in hand.

**Joey** Shitting me knickers? Do you want to see me knickers to see if they're shitted?

**Brendan** I don't!

**Joey** No shit is there at all in my knickers. I've the balls to take on any feck. No matter how big or grand. But what I don't have, I don't have to go out of me way to pick on wee fellas I'm twenty times bigger than and who are unarmed, and who never will be armed because they have no arms. Just paws.

**Christy** We none of us enjoyed today's business, Joey-o, but hasn't the plan worked? And like the fella said, 'Don't the ends justify the means?' Wasn't it Marx said that, now? I think it was.

**Brendan** It wasn't Marx, no.

**Christy** Who was it then?

**Brendan** I don't know, now. It wasn't Marx is all I'm saying.

**Christy** Oh, Brendan, you're always cutting people down and saying who didn't say things. A fool can say who didn't say things. It takes intelligence to put your neck on the line and say who did say things.

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**Brendan** I suppose it does, but it wasn't Marx, is all I'm saying.

**Christy** So who was it then?

**Brendan** I don't know!

**Christy** It was some feck to do with Russia!

**Brendan** It may have been, and it probably was. It sounds like something them fecks would say. What I'm saying, Christy, it wasn't fecking Marx, now!

**Christy** There's no talking to this fella.

**Brendan** Not on the subject of quotes, no.

**Joey** (*pause*) Ye've changed the subject on me.

**Christy** What was the subject?

**Joey** Battering in the head of an innocent cat was the subject! I don't remember agreeing to batter cats when I joined the INLA.

**Brendan** What cat did you batter? Me and Christy battered that cat without a lick o' help from you.

**Joey** Being *associated* with cat battering, I'm saying.

**Brendan** Well, don't claim credit for battering a cat you never lifted a finger to batter.

**Joey** I won't claim credit for battering a cat, because there *is* no credit in battering a cat. Battering a cat is easy. There's no guts involved in cat battering. That sounds like something the fecking British'd do. Round up some poor Irish cats and give them a blast in the back as the poor devils were trying to get away, like on Bloody Sunday.

**Brendan** They never shot cats on Bloody Sunday, did they, Christy?

**Joey** It's the same principle I'm saying, ya thick.

**Brendan** Oh, the same principle.

**Joey** I'd've never joined the INLA in the first place if I'd known the battering of cats was to be on the agenda. The INLA has gone down in my estimation today. Same as when we blew up Airey Neave. You can't blow up a fella just because he has a funny name. It wasn't his fault.

**Christy** Why don't you form a splinter group, so, like oul Mad Padraic?

**Brendan** Aye. The Irish National Being Nice To Cats Army.

**Joey** I would. Only I know you two'd blow me away for it, after probably killing me goldfish first!

**Brendan** Sure, you've no goldfish, Joey.

**Joey** I was making a fecking comparison!

**Christy** (*pause*) We none of us enjoyed killing that cat, Joey-o. I was near crying meself, even as I brought me gun swinging down the fourth and fifth times, and the blood spraying out of him. But hasn't it worked? Haven't we lured the Madman of Aran home to where never once will he be looking behind him for that bolt from the blue he knows is some day coming? ~~It won't be so quick then he'll be to go forming splinter groups, and knocking down fellas like poor Skank Toby, fellas who only do the community a service, and do they force anybody to buy their drugs? No. And don't they pay us a pound on every bag they push to go freeing Ireland for them?~~ Isn't it for everybody we're out freeing Ireland? That's what Padraic doesn't understand, is it isn't only for the schoolkids and the oul fellas and the babes unborn we're out freeing Ireland. No. It's for the junkies, the thieves and the drug pushers too!

**Joey** Aye. And for the cat batterers on top of it!

**Brendan and Christy** stare hatefully at **Joey** a second, then slowly get up, spread out, take out their guns and point them at him. **Joey**, scared, stands and points his gun back at them.

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**Christy** I was making a good speech there and you ruined it!

**Brendan** He did, Christy. He ruined your speech on you. Let's pepper him.

**Joey** Ah, let's not point our guns at each other. Sure, we're all friends here.

**Christy** I thought we were friends, aye, but then you keep dragging dead cats into the equation.

**Joey** I'm sorry, Christy. I have a fondness for cats is all. I'm sorry.

**Christy** You want to get your priorities right, boy. Is it happy cats or is it an Ireland free we're after?

**Joey** It's an Ireland free, Christy. Although I'd like a combination of the two.

**Christy** *cocks his gun.*

**Joey** It's an Ireland free, Christy.

*Pause. Christy lowers his gun and collects his belongings. After a second the other two put their guns away also.*

**Christy** Good. For won't the cats of Ireland be happier too when they won't have the English coming over bothering them no more?

**Joey** They will.

**Christy** Do you know how many cats Oliver Cromwell killed in his time?

**Brendan** Lots of cats.

**Christy** Lots of cats. And burned them alive. We have a way to go before we're in that bastard's league. We'll have not another word on the cat matter. Collect up your gear. We'll lie low in a barn or somewhere tonight. Twelve noon the little fat lad said Padraic wouldn't be home till, and he had no need to lie. We'll arrive at ten past, and enter blasting.

*The others collect their gear and move off left.*

**Christy** Did I tell you how I fecked up the fat fecker with his sister, saying it was him killed the cat? I said, 'The Jesuits say you should never tell a lie, boy, so I'll have to tell the truth on that subject.' Ha ha.

**Brendan** Except it isn't the Jesuits who say that at all.

**Christy** Is it not? Who is it then?

**Brendan** I don't know, but it isn't the Jesuits.

**Christy** Are you starting again?

**Brendan** Starting what?

**Christy** Starting your saying who didn't say things.

**Brendan** I'm not starting anything. I'm just saying it isn't the Jesuits.

**Christy** So who is it?

**Brendan** I don't know!

**Christy** I suppose it was fecking Marx!