

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 fucking Marx, now!

