

The Lieutenant of Inishmore

by Martin McDonagh

Padraic / James

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Scene 2

A desolate Northern Ireland warehouse or some such. **James**, a barechested, bloody and bruised man, hangs upside down from the ceiling, his feet bare and bloody. **Padraic** idles near him, wielding a cutthroat razor, his hands bloody. Around **Padraic**'s chest are strapped two empty holsters and there are two handguns on a table stage left. **James** is crying.

start **Padraic** James? (Pause.) James?

James (sobbing) Wha'?

Padraic Do you know what's next on the agenda?

James I don't. And I don't want to know.

Padraic I know well you don't, you big feck. Look at the state of you, off bawling like some fool of a girl.

James Is a fella not supposed to bawl so, you take his fucking toenails off him?

Padraic (pause) Don't be saying 'feck' to me, James ...

James I'm sorry, Padraic ...

Padraic Or you'll make me want to give you some serious bother, and not just be tinkering with you.

James Is toenails off just tinkering with me, so?

Padraic It is.

James Oh, it's just fucking tinkering with me toenails off is ...

Padraic James Hanley, don't keep going on about your stupid fucking toenails! The way you talk it sounds as if I took off a rake of them, when it was only two I took off, and them only small ones. If they'd been big ones I could understand, but they weren't. They were small. You'd hardly notice them gone. And if it was so concerned you were about the health of them toenails it would've been once in a while you cleaned out the muck from under them.

James Well, you've saved me that job for good now anyways.

Padraic If I hadn't been such a nice fella I would've taken one toenail off of separate feet, but I didn't, I took two toenails off the one foot, so that it's only the one foot you'll have to be limping on and not the two. If it had been the two you'd've found it a devil to be getting about. But with the pain concentrated on the one, if you can get hold of a crutch or a decent stick, I'm not sure if the General Hospital does hand them out but they might do, I don't know. ~~You could phone them up and ask, or go in and see them would be the best thing, and make sure them toes won't be going septic at the same time. I didn't disinfect this razor at all, I never do, I see no need, but they'd be the best people to ask, sure they're the experts. You'll probably need a tetanus jab too, oh there's no question. I do hate injections, I do.~~ I think I'd rather be slashed with a razor than have an injection. I don't know

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why. Of course, I'd rather have neither. You'll have had both by the end of the day. What a bad day you've had. (*Pause.*) But, em ... I have lost me train of thought now, so I have.

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James You've lost your train of thought? Uh-huh. As slow as that fecking train is, and you've lost it?

Padraic (*pause*) The next item on the agenda is which nipple of yours do you want to be saying goodbye to. The right or the left?

James No, now. Come on, now ... !

Padraic ~~Be picking, I'm saying! Whichever's your favourite nipple I won't be touching that fella at all, I'll be concentrating on the other. I'll be giving him a nice sliceen and then probably be feeding him to ya, but if you don't pick and pick quick it'll be both of the boys you'll be waving goodbye to, and waving goodbye to two tits when there's no need but to wave goodbye to one makes no sense at all as far as I can see. In *my* eyes, like. In fact it's the mark of a madman. So be picking your nipple and we'll get the ball rolling, for I have better things to do with me time than to be hanging around warehouses cutting *your* nipples off, James Hanley.~~

James (*ciying*) But I've done nothing at all to deserve nipples off, Padraic!

Padraic Oh, let's not be getting into the whys and wherefores, James. You do push your filthy drugs on the schoolchildren of Ireland, and if you concentrated exclusive on the Protestants I'd say all well and good, but you don't, you take all comers.

James Marijuana to the students at the Tech I sell, and at fair rates ... !

Padraic Keeping our youngsters in a drugged-up and idle haze, when it's out on the streets pegging bottles at coppers they should be.

James Sure, everybody smokes marijuana nowadays.

Padraic I don't!

James Well, maybe you should! It might calm you down!

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Padraic Be picking your nipple, I'm saying!

James Paul McCartney says it should be outright legalised! He says it's less bad than booze and it cures epileptics!

Padraic Say goodbye to them both so.

James He has statistics, Padraic!

Padraic *approaches him quickly with the razor.*

James The right one! The right one!

Padraic *takes James's right tit in his hand so that the nipple points out, and is just about to slice it off ...*

Padraic Grit your teeth, James. This may hurt.

James (*screaming*) No ... !

... when the cellphone in Padraic's back pocket rings loudly.

Padraic Will you hang on there a minute, James ... ?

Padraic *answers the phone, idling away from James, who is left shaking and whimpering behind him.*

(Into phone.) Hello? Dad, ya bastard, how are you? *(To James.)* It's me dad. *(Pause.)* I'm grand indeed, Dad, grand. How is all on Inishmore? Good-oh, good-oh. I'm at work at the moment, Dad, was it important now? I'm torturing one of them fellas pushes drugs on wee kids, but I can't say too much over the phone, like ...

James *(crying)* Marijuana, Padraic.

Padraic They are terrible men, and it's like they don't even know they are, when they know well. They think they're doing the world a favour, now. *(Pause.)* I haven't been up to much else, really. I put bombs in a couple of chip shops, but they didn't go off. *(Pause.)* Because chip shops aren't as well guarded as army barracks. Do I need your advice on planting bombs? *(Pause.)* I was pissed off, anyways. The fella who makes our bombs, he's fecking useless. I think he does drink. Either they go off before you're ready or they don't go off at all. One thing about the IRA anyways, as much as I hate the bastards, you've got to hand it to them, they know how to make a decent bomb. *(Pause.)* Sure, why would the IRA be selling us any of their bombs? They need them themselves, sure. Those bastards'd charge the earth anyways. I'll tell ya, I'm getting pissed off with the whole thing. I've been thinking of forming a splinter group. *(Pause.)* I know we're already a splinter group, but there's no law says you can't splinter from a splinter group. A splinter group is the best kind of group to splinter from anyways. It shows you know your own mind *(Whispering.)*, but there's someone in the room, Dad, I can't be talking about splinter groups. *(To James, politely.)* I'll be with you in a minute now, James.

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James *shudders slightly.*

Padraic What was it you were ringing about anyways, Dad?

Pause. **Padraic's** face suddenly becomes veiy serious, eyes filling with tears.

Eh? What about Wee Thomas? *(Pause.)* Poorly? How poorly, have you brought him to the doctor? *(Pause.)* How long has he been off his food, and why didn't you tell me when it first started? *(Pause.)* He's not too bad? Either he's poorly or he's not too bad now, Dad, he's either one or the fecking other, there's a major difference, now, between not too bad and fecking poorly, he cannot be the fecking two at fecking once, now, *(Crying heavily.)* and you wouldn't be fecking calling me at all if he was not too bad, now! What have you done to Wee Thomas now, you fecking bastard? Put Wee Thomas on the phone. He's sleeping? Well, put a blanket on him and be stroking and stroking him and get a second opinion from the doctor and don't be talking loud near him and I'll be home the first fecking boat in the fecking morning. Ar, you fecker, ya!

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Padraic *smashes the phone to pieces on the table, shoots the pieces a few times, then sits there crying quietly. Pause.*

James Is anything the matter, Padraic?

Padraic Me cat's poorly, James. Me best friend in the world, he is.

James What's wrong with him?

Padraic I don't know, now. He's off his food, like.

James Sure that's nothing to go crying over, being off his food. He probably has ringworm.

Padraic Ringworm? Is that serious, now?

James Sure, ringworm isn't serious at all. Just get him some ringworm pellets from the chemist and feed them him wrapped up in a bit of cheese. They don't like the taste of ringworm pellets, cats, so if you hide them in a bit of cheese he'll eat them unbeknownst and never know the differ, and he'll be as right as rain in a day or two, or at the outside three. Just don't exceed the stated dose. Y'know, read the instructions, like.

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Padraic How do you know so much about ringworm?