

DONNNY. Where did you get this cat?

DAVEY. Ah, just off somebody.

DONNNY. It does have a tag. What's its name, now...?

DAVEY. Sir Roger.

DONNNY. Sir Roger. That's a funny name for a cat.

DAVEY. It is. It was probably some mental case named that cat.

DONNNY. Will I take his name tag off, Davey? Else that'd give the

game way straight off.

DAVEY. Take it off, aye, else Pdraic'd be reading it and know

straight off by the name it wasn't Wee Thomas. That was intelli-

gent thinking, Donny.

DONNNY. I know well it was. I don't need your opinion on my

intelligent business. *(Donny fosses the name tag on to a cup-*

board left.)

DAVEY. *(Pause,)* We could tell him Wee Thomas has a disease

makes him go orangey-looking.

DONNNY. We could, if you know?

DAVEY. And smell of shoe polish.

DONNNY. Do you think that'd work, Davey?

DAVEY. No.

DONNNY. What did you fecking say it for, so?

DAVEY. Just for the sake of it, Donny. *(Donny tut.)* Was that

true, Donny, about you trampling on your man, now?

DONNNY. *(Smiling.)* I was exaggerating a bit.

DAVEY. I was thinking.

DONNNY. I did kick her once but that was all I did.

DAVEY. I was thinking. Your man'd have to have done some-

thing awful wrong for you to go trampling on her. I love my man.

Love her more than anything. Love her more than anything.

(Donny is almost running out of shoe polish. The cat is less than half

opened, looking completely ridiculous.) Mm. I do like the smell of

shoe polish, I do.

DONNNY. The same as that, I do. *(The two of them sniff their black*

hands deeply.) It does make you want to eat it.

DAVEY. It does. Have you ever tried it?

DONNNY. When I was young.

DAVEY. The same as that. Isn't it coarse?

DONNNY. It is. And they know what you've been doing be the

state of your tongue.

DAVEY. And then they laugh at you.

DONNNY. Aye. *(Pause.)* There we go, now ... *(He finishes polish-*

ing the cat, then holds him up high in the air for Davey to see.) What

do you think, Davey? Will we get away with it? *(Davey considers*

for a few moments.)

DAVEY. He'll put a gun to our heads and blow our what little

brains we have.

DONNNY. *(Laughing.)* He will! *(Backout.)*

SCENE FIVE

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 baby'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 jus-

tify the means?" Wasn't it Marx said that, now? I think it was.

BRENDAN. It wasn't Marx, no.

~~Christy, Joey, Brendan Side.~~

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.
 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 Russial
 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 owl 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 school kids and the owl 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.)*
 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.)* It's an Ireland free, Christy.