

Tirades of Pupeye

by

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Cast of Characters

LESTER: 40's
ARCHIE: 40's
PUPEYE: 20's

Place
Pub

Time
Day

Setting: The play takes place inside a tiny pub in the Irish country. It's an old styled pub, worn from the ages and family owned. The type of pub where the living quarters are above the bar/restaurant area. A few locals come in every now and then, but business is slow except on the weekends.

At Rise: The play opens up on with Lester (pub owner) and Archie (friend/customer) sitting at a two seater table against a wall. The pub is empty, it's midday and a large muscled bound man named Pupeye walks in.

PUPEYE: Why's it so quiet in here?

LESTER: It's not that quiet, Pup.

PUPEYE: Each time I step into a bloody room there's silence.

ARCHIE: Want me to stomp my feet? (laughs)

PUPEYE: Shut yer whiskers.

ARCHIE: Why you always ruinin' the fun, Pup?

PUPEYE: Show me the fun.

ARCHIE: What??

PUPEYE: I said, show me the fun.

LESTER: It was a figure of speech, Pup.

PUPEYE: Bastard said something and now I want to see him--

ARCHIE: See me what?

PUPEYE: --Look...look all around you...where did it go? Is it hiding? Hmm? Did the fun decide to hide under your dinner plate? Or behind your ear, like a magic trick? You claim that I ruined 'the fun' yeah? YEAH?! All I'm saying to you, is that you show it to me.

ARCHIE: How can I go and do a ting like that?

Pause.

PUPEYE: Is fun quiet?

LESTER: Pupeye, please, for Chrissakes---

PUPEYE: Is fun...quiet?

LESTER: You gettin' yerself out of control---

PUPEYE: IS THERE SILENCE IN FUN ARCHIBOLD??!!

ARCHIE: ...Yes, there could be, I guess.

PUPEYE: You guess?

ARCHIE: Yes, fun could be quiet.

PUPEYE: Ahhhh, you see? That's all you had to say mate. You've already demonstrated it to me. You see that? Silence is fun. Bravo.

LESTER: There's some chicken leftover in the oven, if ya want.

PUPEYE: That sounds like more fun.

PUPEYE exits into the kitchen.

ARCHIE: Crazy bastard he is. Thought you said he was taken them pills regularly?

LESTER: Aye, sometimes.

ARCHIE: What do you mean sometimes?

LESTER: The bastard won't take 'em on his own. I have to give 'em on th' sneak.

ARCHIE: How in God's name do you do that?

LESTER: I slip it into his food and drink.

ARCHIE: You're jokin'?

LESTER: I wish I were. My thumbs are sore tryin' to crush them pills each day, reducin' them to powder.

ARCHIE: What a cryin' shame.

LESTER: Th' fucker won't take 'em on his own. Doesn't think it does him any good. Says it clogs his mind.

ARCHIE: It'll help him think straight, th' fucker. What a fucker!

LESTER: Shhh! He'll hear you and then what?

ARCHIE: Then we'll have a tumble.

LESTER: I know that's your beer talkin'.

ARCHIE: I'll tumble outside and into th' street and I'll claw his eyes out of their sockets.

LESTER: You want another Guinness?

ARCHIE: I been sittin' here dry.

LESTER: Alright.

LESTER gets up. Goes behind the bar and pours a new glass full of beer.

Ere you go....good enough to bathe in.

PUPEYE enters the pub.

PUPEYE: Mind if I sit with you goons?

LESTER: Pull up a chair.

ARCHIE (to himself): Fuck sake.

PUPEYE pulls up a chair.

PUPEYE: This chicken's nice and warm.

LESTER: Make sure you eat it all up.

PUPEYE: Ohhhhhhhhhhh, you're instructing me on how to eat my meal?

LESTER: I don't like to see waste.

PUPEYE: Lately, all you do is tell me what to eat and drink. Why is that?

LESTER: Because someone's got to care for ya.

PUPEYE: Been caring for me self since I was born.

LESTER: You been livin' under my roof, no?

PUPEYE: Aye.

LESTER: I feel somewhat responsible for ya.

PUPEYE: What's next? Wiping me ass after I shat?

ARCHIE: (laughs)

PUPEYE: And why's he always laughing?

ARCHIE: You say somethin' that deserves a laugh, I'm gonna laugh.

PUPEYE: I wasn't trying to be funny, Archibold.

ARCHIE: It's Archie.

PUPEYE: Archibold.

ARCHIE: My name Archie.

PUPEYE: Archie's an abbreviation.

ARCHIE: I go by Archie, that is my name you fuckin' wanker!

PUPEYE: What did you just call me.

ARCHIE: Fuckin' wanker!

PUPEYE grabs ARCHIE by the throat and lifts him up off the floor, against the wall.

LESTER: Goodness! Goodness Pupeye! Remember what Mary said!

PUPEYE: Say sorry!

LESTER: He can't speak with you chokin' him like that. Let him go!

PUPEYE releases ARCHIE.

ARCHIE coughs and breathes.

PUPEYE sits and continues eating his chicken.

ARCHIE: You...(coughs)...yer still a wanker! (coughs)

PUPEYE laughs.

PUPEYE: I've always found it funny when a man laughs at death.

ARCHIE sits down.

You're alright in my book Archie. I'll call you Archie from now on.

LESTER: We're all friends.

LESTER holds up his beer. ARCHIE and PUPEYE clink glasses with him and drink.

PUPEYE: Sometimes I wonder if I was born somewhere else, if I would still be me. I'd talk differently, have different upbringing, different set of values...how would I see the world then? I think our differences are designed to ignite our appreciation for one another, but instead we fear what's not like us...we're all in the same stew pot, aren't we? Lack of understanding, lack of accepting other cultures...instead of embracin' one another and growing in spirit, we slow ourselves down with confusion, anger and misguided information. How many heads must collide before we reach symmetry? Blood gets spilled in our streets, our homes; battles we take arms against in a sea of life far beyond our intelligence. Doesn't it sicken you? Not just for a moment, but eternally...what must we practice in order to gain a little peace? I want to live in a less violent world, don't you? All acts have a deep justification to the man or woman carrying out their deeds...grounded in what? Why? (beat) Even as I say this to you, the moment has passed...I have to get up and live out my day, just like you, forgetting the truth, making the same mistakes I internally preach against, this is my fate but not my wish...

PUPEYE gets up and collapses to the floor.
He's out cold.

ARCHIE: What in the hell do you call this Lester?

LESTER: Eh, it's them pills. I packed them in his chicken.

ARCHIE: Really?

LESTER: I went a bit crazy with it. He's been pissin' me off lately, fucker won't stop!

ARCHIE: What was all that he was going on about like he was someone else, no?

LESTER: He goes on these tirades. Some form of speech or other after he has them pills I give him. Strange. Quite profound actually.

ARCHIE: I'll say. Shocking, really.

LESTER: Aye.

ARCHIE: Never knew he could talk that way.

LESTER: Modern medicine works miracles, even for a flea brain such as Pupeye. But he can do complex math. Did you know that?

ARCHIE: No!

LESTER: Aye, aye he can. I put up one of them equations up on th' board in the kitchen and the fucker solved it. This is a guy that doesn't know how much two plus two is but yet he's goin' on solvin' complex math.

ARCHIE: I don't believe ya.

LESTER: I'm not puttin' you on! And he's been havin' these philosophy spells, I call them. Out of the blue, really. I attribute it to them pills. Otherwise it's like talkin' to a frog on a daily basis.

ARCHIE: We just gonna leave him on th' floor like that?

LESTER: Leave him be. He usually ends up there anyways on his own account. The floor is his friend.

ARCHIE: (laughs) What a headache you inherited mate.

LESTER: At least he keeps the bugs out of the place. Haven't had one serious fight in th' pub since he showed up.

ARCHIE: He comes in handy.

LESTER: That and throwin' out the trash.

ARCHIE: You're a good man, Lester.

LESTER: Eh.

ARCHIE: I'll drink to that.

ARCHIE holds up his beer, LESTER joins him. They clink glasses and down there beers.

END OF PLAY