

The Goon

By Pete Malicki

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Cast: Gary – a goon in a suit
Blarney – a goon in a suit
Monsieur Poulette – the Main Bad Guy (MBG)

SCENE ONE

Gary stands around drinking wine from a cask. He looks bored.

BLARNEY: *(from offstage)* Gary!

GARY: Bugger.

Gary frantically drinks the wine. He looks at the cask; tries to stuff it in his pocket but it doesn't fit. He empties it into a potted plant and tries again, but it still doesn't fit in his pocket so he throws it offstage. Blarney enters, sharply dressed.

BLARNEY: Gary, I've done something really stupid.

GARY: What?

BLARNEY: I'm in some serious trouble.

GARY: What'd you do?

BLARNEY: Oh man. I'm screwed. I'm gonna lose my damned pension.

GARY: Blarney, what the hell?

BLARNEY: I killed the hero.

GARY: You *what*?

BLARNEY: I shot him, right in the neck.

GARY: I hope you're joking Blarney.

BLARNEY: I hit an artery and he bled like a cow in a slaughterhouse. He's deader than MC Hammer.

GARY: You're serious, aren't you? *(pause)* You're not going to lose your pension; you're going to lose your *balls*. The boss is gonna cut the hairy little fuckers off and eat them with a spoon.

BLARNEY: Oh God. Don't say that.

GARY: I'd better go take a look.

Gary frowns, then walks offstage to where Blarney is pointing. He returns moments later.

GARY: You killed the hero!

BLARNEY: I noticed.

GARY: Well why the fuck did you do that?!

BLARNEY: It was a bloody accident.

GARY: Were you aiming at him?

BLARNEY: No.

GARY: No? No?! What the hell do you think you were doing? Why do you think we have our guns calibrated thirty degrees to the left? All you have to do is aim vaguely near the damn bastard, shoot, and miss.

BLARNEY: Well I missed missing.

GARY: You're a goon, Blarney. Goons aren't supposed to kill heroes.

BLARNEY: It was a god-damned accident Gary! He came in on me while I was taking a piss and I spun around and shot at the wall near him. I took half his bloody head off.

GARY: You were pissing in the storeroom?

Blarney opens his mouth a few times to talk but doesn't have an answer.

GARY: What are we going to do now, mate? The hero's dead.

BLARNEY: I don't know.

GARY: We have to do something. We can't lose the main good guy halfway through. He's only allowed to die at the end in a moment of supreme poignancy, not in the storeroom because he spooked some arsehole who couldn't find the toilet. What kind of a conclusion is that?

BLARNEY: I don't know.

GARY: I have an idea. *(pause)* You have to be the hero.

BLARNEY: Oh god.

GARY: No, seriously. Take his outfit. It's your only hope.

BLARNEY: Oh god.

GARY: *Seriously!*

Blarney puts his face in his hands, then jumps in surprise. He pulls his phone out of his pocket.

BLARNEY: Ah fuck. Fuck fuck fuck. It's him.

GARY: The boss?

BLARNEY: Yeah.

GARY: Don't answer it! You're dead. The hero chased you into the storeroom and shot you. Now go and get his clothes.

Blarney dithers, then runs offstage. Gary sighs, shakes his head, then jumps as his phone vibrates. He pulls it out, looks at it, then looks crestfallen.

GARY: Hello sir. Yep. Yes. No sir, I haven't. I'm not scheduled to have a run in until five seventeen, sir. Certainly sir. *(hangs up)* Oh boy.

Blarney returns dressed in a tight, red spandex suit and ball mask with red streamers coming out of his pants.

BLARNEY: I look like a twonk.

GARY: Yeah, Riverman kinda looks like a twonk, doesn't he?

BLARNEY: Trust *me* to kill the only gay action hero known to man.

GARY: What about Robin?

BLARNEY: He wasn't gay. He was just... well, he was kinda gay.

GARY: Blarney, we need to focus. I just got a call from the main bad guy and he's on his way down. He was pretty angry the hero hadn't arrived for their initial showdown. It's the one where the hero loses.

BLARNEY: What are we going to do?

GARY: You're Riverman now. You're going to have to confront him.

BLARNEY: Oh no no no. I only know one move, man. My training covered nothing more than the necessities. I block to the right, then I take a wild swing, then I get blasted.

GARY: I hear you. I only know how to do a big karate chop to the neck and shoulders. It's really quite inadequate.

BLARNEY: I knew we should've joined that union.

GARY: Yeah, but come on. The “Goon Union” sounds ridiculous. Hey! Why don’t you use Riverman’s special powers?

BLARNEY: What are they?

GARY: You don’t know?

BLARNEY: No. Why would I? All I know is that he’s supposed to blow my head off. I don’t care what he does for a living.

GARY: Bugger. I don’t know either.

BLARNEY: Well... wait! What’s that? ... ah fuck, it’s him!

GARY: Shit.

BLARNEY: You’re dead! I’m the hero, I killed you. Quick, be dead!

GARY: Uh...

Gary looks around, then collapses. Monsieur Poulette enters. He is French, with a moustache, beret and monocle.

MBG: Riverman! Fin-ah-lee. We meet.

BLARNEY: Uh, Monsieur Poulette. My arch nemesis.

MBG: Tell me Riverman. Why did you not meet me in ma lair of evil? Ah am not supposed to fight wiz you in dis ‘orrile little place.

BLARNEY: Uh, well, I was coming to meet you in your evil lair when this... *goon* distracted me. He begged me to have mercy and listen, so I gave him two minutes to talk before I finished him off with my, uh, my special power.

MBG: But ‘e iz a goon. A nobody. Ze ‘ero should not wast ‘iz time wiz such a superfluous charactair.

BLARNEY: I took pity on ‘im, Monsieur Poulette. It’s not much to give a hardworking family man his last words.

MBG: Is zat so, Riverman? What did ‘e say?

BLARNEY: Well... he said it was unfair. He said he trained for years and years to get this job, and that he’s trying to support his wife and daughter, and that it was pointless to do all of this just so some ponce in spandex can kill him for light entertainment. His boss is an arsehole who ‘forgets’ to pay him every second week. His room is too small and the hot water never works. We all get treated like second class citizens just because we’re goons.

MBG: 'e said zat? Putain de merde! A piece of crap like 'im deserves nussing more zan what 'e gets!

BLARNEY: Yeah? Well, he also said you were a closet homosexual who wanks over Riverman and only decided to take over the world so he could try to get it on with him! I mean me.

MBG: Fils de Pute! Ah am no sissy boy!

MBG goes over and kicks Gary. Gary groans.

GARY: Ow.

MBG: 'e iz ahlive! Non. Impossible.

GARY: (*Getting up*) That's right, you big French ponce. I'm alive, and everything Riverman said is true. You're just a mean-spirited little wanker with a tiny cock.

MBG: 'o dare you! Mah cock is enormous. You are just a dumb goon wiz a cock like a party frankfurter.

GARY: I'm not 'just a goon.' My name is Gary Flenderson. What's *your* real name, Monsieur Poohead? I bet it's like, Jean-something. Jean-Paul or Jean-Baptiste or Jean-Jean.

MBG: (*screaming*) Mah name is Monsieur Poulette!

Monsieur Poulette holds out his arm and Gary starts choking. He is pushed up against the wall by an invisible force.

MBG: No lowly 'enchman insults me! Ah will kill you. Ze bad guy always kills one of 'is goons.

BLARNEY: Leave him alone. He's my friend.

MBG: 'e 'as no friends. 'e 'as a tiny cock like a baby's finger!

Blarney frets as he watches his friend choking to death, then pulls his spandex tight across his crotch.

BLARNEY: Look at me. Mine's huge!

Monsieur Poulette glances over dismissively then double takes. He turns around and Gary crumples to the ground, gasping.

MBG: Mon Dieu. Zat iz big.

BLARNEY: You'd better believe it.

Gary stumbles to his feet.

MBG: Can ah touch eet?

BLARNEY: What? No foreplay?

Monsieur Poulette approaches tentatively, then crouches down for a closer look. Blarney motions at Gary over Poulette's head.

MBG: Mon Dieu! Iz it wrapped around eetself?

BLARNEY: Gary! Quick!

Monsieur Poulette stands and spins around. Gary uses his trademark karate chop and Poulette collapses.

GARY: Hold him down.

Blarney grabs a groaning Poulette as Gary leaves the stage. He returns a moment later with the cask wine.

MBG: Non. You would-ent!

GARY: Damn right I would. This is for docking my pay every time I take a second bathroom break!

Gary starts pouring the wine down Monsieur Poulette's throat.

MBG: Non! I only drink French champagne!

GARY: This is for the poor living conditions, and this is for making me work on Christmas twelve years running, and this is for using Alfredo as a human shield. Alfredo was a good bloke!

Blarney smashes Monsieur Poulette in the face.

BLARNEY: And this is for making me feel guilty for doing my job and killing the goddamned hero!

Poulette collapses and the goons stop. They drop Poulette and stand up. Gary checks his pulse.

GARY: Jesus Blarney. He's dead. You've killed the hero *and* the main bad guy.

BLARNEY: (Laughing) And they said we were superfluous.

GARY: Well what are we going to do now?

BLARNEY: I guess we're pretty much heroes then. Whatever evil plan Poulette was trying to hatch has just been boiled. Foiled.

GARY: Blarney, I can assure you we will *not* be considered heroes. We've just killed a gay icon and his in-the-closet rival.

BLARNEY: But we saved the world!

GARY: It doesn't matter. To the world, we're just a couple of gay-bashing goons who forgot their place. We'll fight for recognition, we'll fight for justice, but in the end we'll be vilified and picked on forever. We might as well skip the middle bit and continue doing whatever it was Poulette was doing.

BLARNEY: No. We can be the good guys for a change. I'm sick of working for overlords and genocidal maniacs.

GARY: And I'm sick of being demonised just because I'm a goon. I say we... destroy ze werld!

BLARNEY: Tell me you're kidding.

GARY: Non. Ah will become ze new main bad guy!

BLARNEY: Gary, if you're going to take over the world, can you please not do it as another bloody Frenchy?

GARY: Alright, fine. Then I'll be... a Cherman! Ja, du can call me Herr Huhn!

BLARNEY: What does that even mean?

GARY: Halt die Klapper! Ich hasse dir, Riverman. Du musst... what's German for 'die'?

BLARNEY: I don't know.

GARY: Blitzkrieg!

Blarney backs away as Gary approaches. Gary tries his karate chop and misses. Blarney blocks nothing and takes a wild swing, missing. Gary tries his move again and Blarney tries his, but they are unable to connect. They continue swinging and missing then run out of energy.

BLARNEY: You know, you're going to need a few more moves to take over the world, buddy.

GARY: I'm sick of being told what I can and can't do, Blarney. I'm my own boss now.

BLARNEY: That's great for you, mate, but you don't have what it takes.

Gary pulls a gun and aims it at Blarney. There are three loud bangs and Blarney collapses. Gary throws the gun to the ground and walks away. He stops near the edge of the stage to adjust his suit. Blarney picks up the gun and stands.

BLARNEY: Hey Gary.

GARY: I shot you three times!

BLARNEY: I think you forgot something. Your gun is calibrated to the left. You were aiming right at me.

GARY: Scheisse.

Blarney aims to Gary's right.

BLARNEY: You want to know why I killed Riverman?

GARY: It wasn't an accident?

BLARNEY: No, it wasn't. I killed him because no one would expect it. Heroes, villains; nobody important ever gets killed by the guy with a five second cameo.

GARY: That's because you're superfluous. *We're* superfluous.

BLARNEY: Not any more. It's my turn to shine. The world is mine.

GARY: Hang on, weren't you just trying to discourage *me* from taking over the world?

BLARNEY: I just said all that to get the gun off you. Now there's no getting in my way.

GARY: You're just a henchman Blarney. No matter what you do, that's all you'll ever be.

BLARNEY: Not any more. From this moment on I will wait on the periphery, ready to pounce on any hero or villain who comes my way. They will never see what's coming because they expect to meet their end in a heroic, momentous manner. From now on, I shall be known as... Goonman!

Blarney, still aiming to the right of Gary, pulls the trigger. There is a bang and the lights snap shut.