

THE GOON

by PETE MALICKI

CHARACTERS

GARY

BLARNEY

MBG ("Main Bad Guy")

SETTING

A warehouse

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THE GOON

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

BLARNEY

[from offstage]

Gary!

GARY

Shit.

[Gary frantically drinks the wine. He looks at the bag; 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 shit.

GARY

What'd you do?

BLARNEY

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

GARY

Blarney, what the fuck?

BLARNEY

I killed the hero.

GARY

You what?

BLARNEY

I shot him, right in the neck. He's cactus, Gary.

GARY

I hope you're joking Blarney. This had better be a bad joke.

BLARNEY

I hit an artery and he just 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.]

You killed the fucking 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 the fuck 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 the fucking 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.]

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 fucking end in a moment of supreme poignancy, not in the storeroom because he spooked some asshole 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 pissed off 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 fucking 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 the fucker's supposed to blow my head off. I don't care what he does for a living.

GARY

Bugger. I don't know either.

[pause]

Hit me.

BLARNEY

Oh god.

GARY

You have to. You can't beat Monsieur Poulette with a block and a punch. Hit me. Come up with some new moves.

BLARNEY

Don't be retarded. I'm not going to become Jackie Chan in two minutes.

GARY

I want you to hit me as hard as you can.

BLARNEY

Alright... 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 'orrible 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

Okay then, 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 shit 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.]

No lowly 'enchman insults me! Ah will kill you. Ze bad guy always kills a goon.

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 just 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 world!

BLARNEY

Tell me you're kidding.

GARY

Non. Ah will become ze new main bad guy!

BLARNEY

Gary, I will not let you take over the world, but if you've made up your mind and that's what you really want to do, 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.]

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 have expected 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 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.]

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