*The Pillowman*

Martin McDonagh

Michal

 (The mentally impaired, brother to the writer Katurian. He has a child like mind, and acts out the gruesome tales his brother writes. Almost oblivious to all consequence. He is one year older than Katurian, whose age is unspecified.)

Ohh. See with that one, the “Swear to me on your life you didn’t kill those three kids,” yeah, I was kind of playing a trick on ya. Sorry, Katurian. I know it was wrong. Really. But it was very interesting. The little boy was just like you said it’d be. I chopped his toes off and he didn’t scream at all. He just sat there looking at them. He seemed very surprised. I suppose you would be at that age. His name was Aaron. He had a funny little hat on, kept going on about his mum. God, he bled a lot. You wouldn’t’ve thought there’d be that much blood in such a little boy. Then he stopped bleeding and went blue. Poor thing. I feel quite bad now, he seemed quite nice. “Can I go home to my mummy now, please?” But the girl was a pain in the arse. Kept bawling her eyes out. And she wouldn’t eat them. She wouldn’t eat the applemen, and I’d spent *ages* making them. It’s really hard to get the razor blades inside. You don’t sat how to make them in the story, do ya? I checked. So, anyway, I had to force’em down her. It only took two. Not being mean, but at least that shut her up. It’s really hard to get out of your clothes, isn’t it, blood? You try washing your shirt tomorrow. It’ll take ages. You’ll see. Katurian? I’ll wash it for ya, if you want. I’m getting quite good at it.