

Sunday Mail  
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(62) "Seven bags"

**LIVE**

**KILL JOHNNY  
GLENDENNING**  
**LYCEUM THEATRE,  
EDINBURGH**  
UNTIL 11.10

Somewhere on a farm in darkest Ayrshire, Glasgow businessman and gangland kingpin Andrew MacPherson is overseeing the disposal of a body by having his associates, Dominic and Skootch, feed it to the pigs.

They're a mismatched bunch, with Skootch a stand-in work experience enforcer in a tacky 80s suit, and Auld Jim the farm owner who communicates in creaky eyes alone.

All's going well in the corpse-disposal business until Johnny Glendenning – a bearded Northern Irish loyalist paramilitary with a sharp tongue, a sub machine gun and a Rangers home top – turns up and starts shooting.

He's after MacPherson for spreading the story that he's a grass and the second act shows us a little of how this happened, flashing back to a mostly polite hostage situation in Glasgow crime reporter Bruce's west end flat, where Dominic's pregnant girlfriend Kimberly is an unlikely participant.

To say this play is Tarantino, Glasgow-style, pretty much nails



**LOOSE CANNON...** David Ireland as Johnny Glendenning

it, although Ayrshire playwright DC Jackson (whose recent credits include Channel 4's *Fresh Meat*) fleshes out the action and the violence with a keen understanding of the city and its people – and some typically brilliant one-liners.

Directed by Mark Thomson, it's brash and in-your-face but with some excellently subtle performances, particularly Paul Samson's cool MacPherson and David Ireland's Johnny.

**DAVID POLLOCK**

■ Next at Citizens Theatre, Glasgow, from 22.10 to 08.11