

Side 2 - Anthony, Tony, Aoife

JOHN PATRICK SHANLEY

OUTSIDE MULLINGAR

AOIFE: Alright, is it? Look at me. I'm in pieces. Get the door.

TONY: Aoife, come and sit with me.

AOIFE: Were you having a laugh?

TONY: We were.

ANTHONY: We were not.

AOIFE: What about?

ANTHONY: Can I get you some tea?

AOIFE: I've eaten.

ANTHONY: A stout then?

AOIFE: In the bottle or the can?

ANTHONY: The bottle.

AOIFE: No, thank you. The bottle tastes of glass.

ANTHONY: Does glass have a taste then?

AOIFE: Glass tastes like teeth.

TONY: Oh the taste of glass, sure I know it. It tastes like mirrors.

AOIFE: I've come to think it's not me tasting the glass, but the glass that's tasting me. I see jaws and teeth and myself chewed up like poor Chrissy.

ANTHONY: So no to the stout. Well, I'm making a cup of tea and you'll have one.

TONY: It's an awful thing to get old.

AOIFE: I know. It happened to me.

ANTHONY: You? You're a girl.

AOIFE: I was this morning, but now I'm old.

TONY: When the husband goes, the wife follows, it's true. You'll be dead in a year.

ANTHONY: She will not. She looks perfect.

TONY: Oh, the fruit still looks good when the worm starts his work.

ANTHONY: Shut up.

AOIFE: I'm gasping like an old hurdy-gurdy with the empty-sema. I've got the pacemaker on board. You can feel it with your hand. It sticks half out of my chest right where I used to keep the smokes. Justice isn't pretty, is it? Feel it. Put your hand there.

ANTHONY: I will not.

AOIFE: Tony's right. I'll be dead in a year.

TONY: Half a year.

ANTHONY: She will not.

AOIFE: I don't mind. Except to desert Rosemary and leave her orphaned altogether.

ANTHONY: What about you? When are you packing up?

TONY: Me? I'll be dead in two months.

ANTHONY: Just don't. Where is Rosemary?

AOIFE: She's here.

ANTHONY: Where?

AOIFE: Outside.

ANTHONY: In the rain?

AOIFE: She won't smoke in front of me, and she's always smoking, so I never see her. Now let me ask you, Tony, have you signed the farm over to Anthony?

ANTHONY: What? Just like that you ask him?

AOIFE: I'm thinking of my own situation now. What would be best for Rosemary?

ANTHONY: Right.

AOIFE: Or are you going to wait and leave it to him?

ANTHONY: Who else would he leave it to? The others have all fled.

TONY: I haven't made up my mind.

ANTHONY: About what?

TONY: I would have thought yer man Chris Muldoon would have laid out a plan before he was done.

AOIFE: He did. What was his to leave, he left to me.

ANTHONY: As he should have done.

AOIFE: It's only arrangements for Rosemary. I'm thinking of now. The future.

ANTHONY: Rosemary's standing out there in the rain?

AOIFE: She is. Smoking. She always manages to find a dry spot though, not so much for herself, as for the smokes.

ANTHONY: Well, she'll catch pneumonia.

AOIFE: No, she's crazy. The cracked ones never get sick. Her father's curse is hers. Stubborn to the point of madness.

ANTHONY: I never noticed it.