

Side 5 - Anthony + Rosemary

JOHN PATRICK SHANLEY

OUTSIDE MULLINGAR

ROSEMARY: I knew it.

ANTHONY: You did not.

ROSEMARY: I knew there must be something to get you within sight of the house.

ANTHONY: It's true. My cousin is coming from America.

ROSEMARY: Who?

ANTHONY: Frank's son, Adam Reilly.

ROSEMARY: Adam. Imagine naming your child after the first man on earth.

ANTHONY: I suppose they did. He's going to want to be brought 'round.

ROSEMARY: They must've had the Bible open to the first page.

ANTHONY: I suppose so.

ROSEMARY: What do you mean? Brought 'round?

ANTHONY: He's going to want to meet people.

ROSEMARY: Which?

ANTHONY: You'd be good.

ROSEMARY: Me?

ANTHONY: Why not?

ROSEMARY: Why?

START ANTHONY: If you want to know the utter truth, I believe Adam is coming from America in search of a wife.

ROSEMARY: A wife.

ANTHONY: He has an idea that an Irish woman would be made of better stuff than these girls he meets in America.

ROSEMARY: There's truth in that. And you want me to help him find somebody.

ANTHONY: You could do that I suppose.

ROSEMARY: How about Mary O'Connor?

ANTHONY: Mary O'Connor!? Does she still have that whistling tooth?

ROSEMARY: She does.

ANTHONY: And ankles like shackles spilling out of her shoes?

ROSEMARY: Hard worker though. She can rip an aluminium can with her hands.

ANTHONY: God love her. I was thinking more somebody like you.

ROSEMARY: Me what? Who's like me?

ANTHONY: Well, you are. I was thinking you might let him take a look at you.

ROSEMARY: Take a look at me in what way?

ANTHONY: Your beauty.

ROSEMARY: My beauty?

ANTHONY: Yes.

ROSEMARY: This is the first I've heard of it.

ANTHONY: Don't pretend you don't know you're beautiful. Half of Mullingar has been to your door.

ROSEMARY: Tony Reilly, you've lived a rock's throw since the day of me birth and this is the first I've heard about beauty.

ANTHONY: Are you going to denounce me for bringing it up?

ROSEMARY: And you want to what, put me in the shop window?

Like one of those Euro floozies in Amsterdam?

ANTHONY: What the hell are you talking about Amsterdam?

ROSEMARY: Amsterdam! You know what I'm talking about!

Naked women on parade in the windows of Amsterdam!

ANTHONY: We're talking about my cousin! He's a solid man.

He's never even been to Amsterdam I don't think.

ROSEMARY: But you'd bring him here to look me over. Like I was a red heifer.

ANTHONY: I see what you mean about the smoking and giving it up, Rosemary. You're not yourself.

ROSEMARY: How would you know?

ANTHONY: Your temper is rough.

ROSEMARY: Did he offer you money?

ANTHONY: Who?

ROSEMARY: Your cousin.

ANTHONY: For what?

ROSEMARY: Why would you go out of your way like this? You know what it is? There's a name for it. It's human trafficking.

ANTHONY: Human trafficking? It is not!

ROSEMARY: It's all over the news. You heard me.

ANTHONY: He's my cousin. He's a fine lad. And he's lonely.

ROSEMARY: Half the world is lonely and you wouldn't knock on my door about that. Look out the window at the rain and the gloom and the empty land and tell me why that hasn't made you knock on my door, if loneliness made people knock on doors. What is it about this Adam—that he's named after the original man is still strange to me. Why for Adam do you knock?

ANTHONY: I don't know.

ROSEMARY: WHY NOT FOR YOURSELF?!

ANTHONY: What's that?

ROSEMARY: Why not for yourself? If you found me beautiful and lived a hen's kick away from the day I began, why have you not for yourself knocked on the door?

ANTHONY: Maybe I should come back another time?

ROSEMARY: Now don't make me reach out from behind the door the shotgun. 'Cause I will.

(He jumps up.)

ANTHONY: Jesus, Rosemary for the love of God, if it's this bad, go back on the cigarettes. There's cures for cancer easier than your mood.

ROSEMARY: Oh, you'd put me back on the smokes, would ya?

Bad cess to yuh.

ANTHONY: Don't be cursing me!

ROSEMARY: After what I've been through. Sit down again.

ANTHONY: I won't sit.

ROSEMARY: You will.

ANTHONY: Calm down then.

(He sits.)

ROSEMARY: Drink your Guinness.

(He does.)

Are you a homosexual?

(He jumps up again.)

ANTHONY: What? What's happened to your mind?

ROSEMARY: Are you gay? Are you gay?

ANTHONY: No.

ROSEMARY: Sit.

(He sits.)

Are you disabled?

ANTHONY: No.

ROSEMARY: A morphodite?

ANTHONY: What the hell is a morphodite?

ROSEMARY: I don't know. Are you oddly put together somehow?

Do you have something extra?

ANTHONY: Will you remember that you'll see me at church?

ROSEMARY: I thought you might find me ugly and there's no answer to that, but when you go and give out that you find me beautiful, and that you're not after the boys, well then why, in the name of Cinderella's shoe, would you try to give me away to a cousin you barely know?

ANTHONY: It's a solid idea.

STOP

ROSEMARY: Poising a stranger on me? Are you a pimp?

ANTHONY: A pimp? No, I'm not a pimp. He's a cousin. He's a fine lad. He's an earner. And he stands the same height as you.

ROSEMARY: What kind of badge is that? A woman doesn't want the same height in a man. A man the same height as a woman is short.

ANTHONY: What are you talking about? Are you short?

ROSEMARY: No.

ANTHONY: Then a man the same height is not short.

ROSEMARY: He is.

ANTHONY: That makes no sense.

ROSEMARY: You stand taller.

ANTHONY: Why should you look up at me when you could look straight ahead at him?