

Scene 3

Night. Set only just illuminated by the orange coals through the bars of the range. Radio has been left on low in the kitchen. Footsteps and voices of Maureen and Pato are heard outside, both slightly drunk.

PATO. *(Off, singing.)* 'The Cadillac stood by the house....'

MAUREEN. *(Off.)* Shh, Pato....

PATO. *(Off. Singing quietly.)* 'And the Yanks they were within.'
(Speaking.) What was it that oul fella used to say, now?

MAUREEN. *(Off.)* What oul fella, now? *(Maureen opens the door and the two of them enter, turning the lights on. Maureen is in a new black dress, cut quite short. Pato Dooley is a good-looking man of about the same age as her.)*

PATO. The oul fella who used to chase oul whatyoucall. Oul Bugs Bunny.

MAUREEN. Would you like a cup of tea, Pato?

PATO. I would. *(Maureen switches the kettle on.)*

MAUREEN. Except keep your voice down, now.

PATO. *(Quietly.)* I will, I will. *(Pause.)* I can't remember *what* he used to say. The oul fella used to chase Bugs Bunny. It was something, now.

MAUREEN. Look at this. The radio left on too, the daft oul bitch.

PATO. Sure, what harm? No, leave it on, now. It'll cover up the sounds.

MAUREEN. What sounds?

PATO. The smooching sounds. *(He gently pulls her to him and they kiss a long while, then stop and look at each other. The kettle has*

boiled. Maureen gently breaks away, smiling, and starts making the tea.)

MAUREEN. Will you have a biscuit with your tea?

PATO. I will. What biscuits do you have, now?

MAUREEN. Em, only Kimberleys.

PATO. I'll leave it so, Maureen. I do hate Kimberleys. In fact I think Kimberleys are the most horrible biscuits in the world.

MAUREEN. The same as that, I hate Kimberleys. I only get them to torment me mother.

PATO. I can't see why the Kimberley people go making them at all. Coleman Connor ate a whole pack of Kimberleys one time and he was sick for a week. *(Pause.)* Or was it Mikados? It was some kind of horrible biscuits.

MAUREEN. Is it true Coleman cut the ears off Valene's dog and keeps them in his room in a bag?

PATO. He showed me them ears one day.

MAUREEN. That's awful spiteful, cutting the ears off a dog.

PATO. It *is* awful spiteful.

MAUREEN. It would be spiteful enough to cut the ears off anybody's dog, let alone your own brother's dog.

PATO. And it had seemed a nice dog.

MAUREEN. Aye. *(Pause.)* Aye. *(Awkward pause. Pato cuddles up behind her.)*

PATO. You feel nice to be giving a squeeze to.

MAUREEN. Do I?

PATO. Very nice. *(Maureen continues making the tea as Pato holds her. A little embarrassed and awkward, he breaks away from her after a second and idles a few feet away.)*

MAUREEN. Be sitting down for yourself, now, Pato.

PATO. I will. *(Sits at table.)* I do do what I'm told, I do.

MAUREEN. Oh-ho, do you now? That's the first time tonight I did notice. Them stray oul hands of yours.

PATO. Sure, I have no control over me hands. They have a mind of their own. *(Pause.)* Except I didn't notice you complaining overmuch anyways, me stray oul hands. Not too many complaints at all!

MAUREEN. I had complaints when they were straying over that Yank girl earlier on in the evening.

PATO. Well, I hadn't noticed you there at that time, Maureen.

How was I to know the beauty queen of Leenane was still yet to arrive?

MAUREEN. 'The beauty queen of Leenane.' Get away with ya!

PATO. Is true!

MAUREEN. Why so have no more than two words passed between us the past twenty year?

PATO. Sure, it's took me all this time to get up the courage.

MAUREEN. *(Smiling.)* Ah, bollocks to ya! *(Pato smiles. Maureen brings the tea over and sits down.)*

PATO. I don't know, Maureen. I don't know.

MAUREEN. Don't know what?

PATO. Why I never got around to really speaking to you or asking you out or the like. I don't know. Of course, hopping across to that bastarding oul place every couple of months couldn't've helped.

MAUREEN. England? Aye. Do you not like it there so?

PATO. *(Pause.)* It's money. *(Pause.)* And it's Tuesday I'll be back there again.

MAUREEN. Tuesday? This Tuesday?

PATO. Aye. *(Pause.)* It was only to see the Yanks off I was over. To say hello and say good-bye. No time back at all.

MAUREEN. That's Ireland, anyways. There's always someone leaving.

PATO. It's always the way.

MAUREEN. Bad, too.

PATO. What can you do?

MAUREEN. Stay?

PATO. *(Pause.)* I do ask meself, if there was good work in Leenane, would I stay in Leenane? I mean, there never will be good work, but hypothetically, I'm saying. Or even bad work. Any work. And when I'm over there in London and working in rain and it's more or less cattle I am, and the young fellas cursing over cards and drunk and sick, and the oul digs over there, all pee-stained mattresses and nothing to do but watch the clock ... when it's there I am, it's here I wish I was, of course. Who wouldn't? But when it's here I am ... it isn't *there* I want to be, of course not. But I know it isn't here I want to be either.

MAUREEN. And why, Pato?

PATO. I can't put my finger on why. *(Pause.)* Of course it's beautiful here, a fool can see. The mountains and the green, and people speak. But when everybody knows everybody else's business ... I don't know. *(Pause.)* You can't kick a cow in Leenane without some bastard holding a grudge twenty year.

MAUREEN. It's true enough.

PATO. It is. In England they don't care if you live or die, and it's funny but that isn't altogether a bad thing. Ah, sometimes it is ... ah, I don't know.

MAUREEN. *(Pause.)* Do you think you'll ever settle down in the one place so, Pato? When you get married, I suppose.

PATO. *(Half-laughing.)* 'When I get married....'

MAUREEN. You will someday, I'll bet you, get married. Wouldn't you want to?

PATO. I can't say it's something I do worry me head over.

MAUREEN. Of course, the rake of women you have stashed all over, you wouldn't need to.

PATO. *(Smiling.)* I have no rake of women.

MAUREEN. You have one or two, I bet.

PATO. I may have one or two. That I know to say hello to, now.

MAUREEN. Hello me.... A-hole.

PATO. Is true. *(Pause.)* Sure, I'm no....

MAUREEN. *(Pause.)* No what? *(Pause. Pato shrugs and shakes his head, somewhat sadly. Pause. The song "The Spinning Wheel,"* sung by Delia Murphy, has just started on the radio. Maureen continues.)* Me mother does love this oul song. Oul Delia Murphy.

PATO. This is a creepy oul song.

MAUREEN. It is a creepy oul song.

PATO. She does have a creepy oul voice. Always scared me this song did when I was a lad. She's like a ghoul singing. *(Pause.)* Does the grandmother die at the end, now, or is she just sleeping?

MAUREEN. Just sleeping, I think she is.

PATO. Aye....

MAUREEN. *(Pause.)* While the two go hand in hand through the fields.

PATO. Aye.

*See Special Note on Songs and Recordings on copyright page.

MAUREEN. Be moonlight.

PATO. (*Nods.*) They don't write songs like that any more. Thank Christ. (*Maureen laughs. Brighter.*) Wasn't it a grand night though, Maureen, now?

MAUREEN. It was.

PATO. Didn't we send them on their way well?

MAUREEN. We did, we did.

PATO. Not a dry eye.

MAUREEN. Indeed.

PATO. Eh?

MAUREEN. Indeed.

PATO. Aye. That we did. That we did.

MAUREEN. (*Pause.*) So who *was* the Yankee girl you did have your hands all over?

PATO. (*Laughing.*) Oh, will you stop it with your 'hands all over'?! Barely touched her, I did.

MAUREEN. Oh-ho!

PATO. A second cousin of me uncle, I think she is. Dolores somebody. Healey or Hooley. Healey. Boston, too, she lives.

MAUREEN. That was illegal so if it's your second cousin she is.

PATO. Illegal me arse, and it's not *my* second cousin she is anyway, and what's so illegal? Your second cousin's boobs aren't out of bounds, are they?

MAUREEN. They are!

PATO. I don't know about that. I'll have to consult with me lawyer on that one. I may get arrested the next time. And I have a defence anyways. She had dropped some Taytos on her blouse, there, I was just brushing them off for her.

MAUREEN. Taytos me arsehole, Pato Dooley!

PATO. Is true! (*Lustful pause. Nervously.*) Like this is all it was.... (*Pato slowly reaches out and gently brushes at, then gradually fondles, Maureen's breasts. She caresses his hand as he's doing so, then slowly gets up and sits across his lap, fondling his head as he continues touching her.*)

MAUREEN. She was prettier than me.

PATO. You're pretty.

MAUREEN. She was prettier.

PATO. I like you.

MAUREEN. You have blue eyes.

PATO. I do.

MAUREEN. Stay with me tonight.

PATO. I don't know, now, Maureen.

MAUREEN. Stay. Just tonight.

PATO. *(Pause.)* Is your mother asleep?

MAUREEN. I don't care if she is or she isn't. *(Pause.)* Go lower.

(Pato begins easing his hands down her front.) Go lower.... Lower....

(His hands reach her crotch. She tilts her head back slightly. The song on the radio ends. Blackout.)