

# A PINT AT THE PREGNANT PRIEST, *or A Pint at the Queen's Arse*

## CHARACTERS (4):

THE TOURIST, an innocent American in his twenties

SEAMUS, the pub owner, a grouchy, cynical Irishman in his forties

FATHER FINNESSEY, an amiable, traditional Catholic priest in his fifties

MAD MARY, a larger-than-life "Old Hag" of any age over fifty, given to

reverie, singing, and magic

SETTING: A country pub in the west of Ireland, just about now.

(There is nothing special about this pub. It has a bar and some tables and chairs, a dart board, a few decorations, and not much stock because there aren't many customers.)

(The dimly lit pub seems to be empty. It is the afternoon of an early summer's day.)

(An innocent-looking young man enters the pub.)

TOURIST: (seeing no one around) (not loudly) Excuse me! (no reply) (still not very loudly) Excuse me! Anybody here? (He moves further into the room.) Hello! . . . Are you open?

(The Pub Owner enters, not seeing the young man)

TOURIST: (fairly loudly) Ah, there you are!

SEAMUS: (startled) Bleeding hell! Can ya do no better than to give me a start like that! What is it ya want? Sneakin' in like that! Jaysus Christ!

TOURIST: Sorry, I didn't know if you were closed or not. I'm having car trouble. Is there anyone around here who could fix it perhaps?

SEAMUS: (grouchy) Fix it yeerself!

TOURIST: I don't know anything about cars, I'm afraid. It seems to be overheating. Is there a garage anywhere?

SEAMUS: (grouchy) Not a thing 'round here.

TOURIST: How far do you think?

SEAMUS: (grouchy) Wouldn't know.

TOURIST: How about your telephone? I can't seem to get my cell phone to work. (Shows it)

SEAMUS: We don't have a telephone. And besides it's not working.

TOURIST: (disappointed) I see. Well, what if I just wait here. . . . My car might recover.

SEAMUS: Or it might get stolen if it sits out there too long.

TOURIST: I guess I'll just have to wait and see. I suppose I could have a drink while I'm waiting. How about a Guinness?

SEAMUS: Not here, ya can't.

TOURIST: Isn't this a pub? I saw the sign outside.

SEAMUS: We're not open yet. (looks at the wall clock) (arranges some pub items) (insincerely) And I'm so sorry about it!

TOURIST: (irritated) Well, when do you plan to open?

SEAMUS: Four.

TOURIST: It's almost four now, isn't it? (Looks at his watch)

SEAMUS: No, 'tis only five to. And that, I'm sure, is fast. We open at four.

TOURIST: Well, is it at least all right if I wait here until you open?

SEAMUS: Suit yeerself. (under his breath) Bloody bung-hole!

TOURIST: Okay, I will. (He finds a seat)

SEAMUS: What is it ya'll be havin', once we open, did ya say?

TOURIST: A Guinness?

SEAMUS: We're all out of that.

TOURIST: Oh? . . . How about a pint of some other kind of lager then?

SEAMUS: Guinness is stout, not lager. And we're out of lager as well.

TOURIST: Is there something about me you don't like? What's the problem?

SEAMUS: Not a'tall. Tourist, are ya?

TOURIST: Yes. From the U.S.

SEAMUS: I could tell. You Americans are everywhere.

TOURIST: I'm half-Irish, on my mother's side.

SEAMUS: (not impressed) Is that right?! Tracin' yeer roots, are ya?

TOURIST: Sort of. Just driving around mostly. I saw your castle. It was great!

SEAMUS: That's why the bloody roads are so packed with traffic — all  
the tourists, just drivin' around. And it's not *my* castle!

TOURIST: Okay! Sorry. (seeing the dartboard) Maybe I'll just play darts  
until you open! (Picks up some darts, throws one at the dart  
board. Continues throwing darts as they talk) These are very  
nice darts.

SEAMUS: Do you want to buy a pub by any chance?

TOURIST: This one?

SEAMUS: Note the name — the Devil's Hoof. Ya'll make yeer fortune.

Always full of tourists it is here.

TOURIST: (gesturing at the empty pub) I can tell.

SEAMUS: By tonight it'll be full. Ya won't be able to breathe.

TOURIST: (joking) From the smoke of the Irish?

SEAMUS: From the Irish bodies. They come from miles around, as  
far away as County New York, they do. Ya one of them militant  
non-smokers, are ya?

TOURIST: I don't smoke, no.

SEAMUS: Always wavin' away the Irish smoke, like you're goin' to die if  
you get the least little bit in ya. Oh, ya'd better not be buyin'

this place, then. It's well full of smoke. Real, it is, in here!

TOURIST: I wasn't really considering it — buying it, I mean.

SEAMUS: Oh, the pub not good enough for ya, is it?

TOURIST: I didn't say that.

SEAMUS: It's better than some ya could buy down the road, I'll tell ya that.

TOURIST: I'm sure it is.

SEAMUS: So ya've seen a lot of them, then? Pubs for sale?

TOURIST: No, I just meant that . . .

SEAMUS: A bit of the aul palaver, was it? The blarney? Did you go kiss it, then, the Blarney Stone?

TOURIST: I was just trying to carry on a simple conversation until I —

SEAMUS: Until ya could get a drink down ya and your fine automobile cools down. Yes, I'm not stupid, ya know. Don't let "me accent" fool ya!

TOURIST: Could I have that drink now — anything?

SEAMUS: We're not open yet, I told ya.

TOURIST: It's four o'clock now. According to my watch. (Shows him)

SEAMUS: Is it now? (Puts the hands of the clock back) What time does that say? Me eyes are bad.

TOURIST: You won't give me a drink? What is this?

SEAMUS: Is it thirsty you be? Your throat dry?

TOURIST: Yes. Very. (Throws a dart at the dartboard, misses)

SEAMUS: Hey, watch where ya're throwing the darts!

TOURIST: I'm watching, thank you. (It seems that he might throw a dart at the Pub Owner) If I throw one at you, believe me you'll know it.

SEAMUS: Oh, will I now? And won't ya look quare with a dart up yeer nose

TOURIST: Not as funny as you with one up your . . . Never mind! I didn't say it.

SEAMUS: Something tells me we're never goin' to be open 'round here today. What do *you* think?

TOURIST: Then I'll wait till tomorrow.

SEAMUS: Ya can wait till hell freezes over for all I care.

TOURIST: (trying to get a drink) Actually your country is quite beautiful.

SEAMUS: (taunting him) Drivin' up and down the Vale of Tralee, was ya?

TOURIST: Is that where I am?

SEAMUS: No, boyo, you're not. You're in the Devil's Hoof in auld County Slimo.  
That's where ya are, don't you know.

TOURIST: County Slimo? Don't you mean Sligo?

SEAMUS: Or Mayo? Hold the mayo-nnaise, as ya Yanks say! It's County Donkey-gall.  
Right next to Kill-a-Kennedy. (singing) "A little bit of Heaven fell from out  
the sky one day."

TOURIST: I don't recognize any of those names.

SEAMUS: No, me bucko? Aren't ya aware that Ireland is changing?

TOURIST: Even the place names?

SEAMUS: Afraid so.

TOURIST: But I came to see Ireland!

SEAMUS: Did ya come for the "charm," did ya? Well, we're all out of that too.

TOURIST: I could use a bite to eat, at the very least. I'm starving!

SEAMUS: Could ya now? Are ya?

TOURIST: I skipped breakfast and then lunch was just a —

SEAMUS: Skipped yeer hearty, did ya? Practically the Great Famine, is it? And I think  
it's beginning to rain, no? Ya're hungry, ya're thirsty, ya're cold, and yeer  
bleedin' auto is on the bleedin' blink. Have I got it all there, lad?

TOURIST: (after a pause) (mocking back) And I'm after comin' off a messy divorce as  
well.

SEAMUS: (after a pause) Well, we're *still* not open! And the fridge is not workin' and the tap is stuck besides. So ya'd best be leavin'. And put me darts where they belong while ya're at it!

TOURIST: (putting the darts back) What is your name, sir?

SEAMUS: Oh, reportin' me, is it now? To the Tourist Board maybe?  
(Rubs his hands very quickly together, in delight at the situation.)

TOURIST: It's crossed my mind.

SEAMUS: All right then, I'll tell ya me name. So ya can go and tell the fuckin' Tourist Board all about me and yeer many troubles.

TOURIST: Okay, let me write it down. (Looks for something to write on but can't find anything)

SEAMUS: Got it then? No?

TOURIST: (finally finding a napkin or paper) Yes, I have.

SEAMUS: The name is Paddy O'Boyle.

TOURIST: (writing it down) Is that *Patty* or *Paddy*?

SEAMUS: Two *d*'s.

TOURIST: Got it!

SEAMUS: And there's my other name. Mick McGoon. Or Christy Pato Connelly Fitzgerald Muldoon! That's Sir Mick McGoon, by the way. And I live up at the castle, I do. Got all that?

TOURIST: No, I haven't. (crumpling up the piece of paper) Could I have a glass of water? Is that too much to ask?

(Enter Father Finnessey, in clerical dress.)

FATHER: (at the door, talking to his dog outside) So, stay there, Nelson! Sit! No, sit! . . . Good dog. . . . No, sit! Nelson! Sit! . . . Good dog. (coming inside)  
Afternoon, Seamus!

SEAMUS: Afternoon to you, Father! What a surprise — and a pleasure!

FATHER: It's my pleasure, Seamus, surely.

SEAMUS: Is that Nelson with you, then?

FATHER: Sure, and I'll just leave him up against the building. He'll do all right, though it's starting a great rain, almost like the Great Flood out there!

SEAMUS: Ah, what would ya be havin', Father? Ya look like ya could use somethin' stiff. Am I right? Ya don't come 'round enough, ya don't.

FATHER: Just a lemonade for me, Seamus. To take the nip off!

SEAMUS: On duty, are ya, Father? (Laughs)

FATHER: Not now, I'm not, but I've given up the drink, I have!

SEAMUS: Have ya now? Ya haven't!

FATHER: Aw, God knows that I've said that before. This time I mean it.

SEAMUS: Well, here's yeer lemonade, then. (Gives it to him) Live long, Father!

TOURIST: (coughs for attention)

SEAMUS: (ignoring the Tourist) So how's yeer mam, Father?

FATHER: Aw, about the same. Not good, not so good.

SEAMUS: Still rather fond of the whiskey, is she?

FATHER: Last night was bad. St. Jude himself would cry at it, he would.

SEAMUS: What was that, Father?

FATHER: Last night my mother locked herself in the loo with a bottle of Jameson. I banged and rattled the door, but, aw, she wouldn't come out a'tall. She wouldn't!

SEAMUS: It all worked out, though, did it?

FATHER: No, she was still in there when I left just now.

SEAMUS: Sleeping it off, is she?

FATHER: I've given up on her, I have!

TOURIST: (drawn in) Do you think she'll be all right, your mother?

FATHER: She'll be fine. I left her an aspirin. Under the door.

SEAMUS: Don't worry about Father Finnessey. He takes good care of his mammy, he does. Not that it's any of yeer business.

TOURIST: You may not serve me, but you can't stop me from talking to other customers.

SEAMUS: Can't I?

FATHER: (trying to diffuse the tension) Your lemonade's brilliant, Seamus! (Toasts the Tourist) To your health, young man!

TOURIST: (thirsty) I'm sure.

FATHER: (to Tourist) What're you after havin'?

TOURIST: Apparently nothing. I can't seem to get served around this stupid place.

FATHER: What's that? What's wrong now, Seamus? Are you having one of your fits of pique again?

SEAMUS: (shrugs)

FATHER: Have you no charity, man?

SEAMUS: Is it you, Father, that wants to buy the pub? So ya can be servin' who ya like in it?

FATHER: That'd be the day, it would. The Devil's Hoof of Father Finnessey!

SEAMUS: I'd come back meself to see that. From way off in Barbados, where I'll be.

FATHER: Would you now? Of course I wouldn't be selling the drink in here any longer, if I bought the pub.

SEAMUS: How's that now, Father?

FATHER: Now that I'm off the drink, it would be an alcohol-free pub, it would.

SEAMUS: I fear there'd not be much money in that, Father. Not that there's that much money in it now.

FATHER: I'd sell lemonade to the tourists. Sandwiches and scones. My mother could make some jams and soda bread.

TOURIST: I'd come! I promise.

SEAMUS: And throw in a baptism or a confirmation, would ya, Father? Convert the heathens?

FATHER: Now there's an idea! That's a way to get some new Catholics into the parish.

TOURIST: I'd convert right now for a lemonade.

SEAMUS: You could pour the lemonade on their foreheads, Father, and it could run down right into their mouths, it could. Slake their thirst and save their souls all at once, ya could.

TOURIST: Where do I sign up?

FATHER: Seamus, give the young lad here a glass of something. On me. In Christian charity now, like a good man.

SEAMUS: Ya know we're closed, don't ya, Father? I only gave ya the lemonade because you're family.

FATHER: (to Tourist) It's family, it is, I am.

TOURIST: I'll bet.

SEAMUS: Indeed. He's my *Father!*

TOURIST: This priest is your *father?* I guess Ireland *is* changing!

FATHER: (confidentially to Tourist) Don't mind Seamus. He's become roarin' cranky since he decided to sell the pub. He'll come around, though. Be patient, lad.

TOURIST: For how long?

SEAMUS: And don't be slippin' him any of yeer lemonade, Father. Ya never know where his lips have been.

TOURIST: Hey! Just a damn minute now!

PRIEST: Wait!

TOURIST: He can't talk to me like that.

SEAMUS: Ya goin' to stop me?

FATHER: Wait now, the both of you. (to Tourist) How about a game of darts? Come on,

come on!

TOURIST: I'm not allowed. (Glares at the Pub Owner)

SEAMUS: That's right. The darts are only for customers, and ya're not one.

TOURIST: I'd leave right now and find another pub if my car was working.

FATHER: Is that yours outside, then? A handsome one it is.

TOURIST: A rental.

FATHER: It's still handsome, it is. When you think about it, we're all just rentals on this earth. Well, I'd best check on my animal.

TOURIST: What kind of a dog is it? It is a dog, right?

FATHER: Come have a look. Sure, and he's a lovely dog, he is.

(They go to the door and look out.)

TOURIST: (sort of amazed) My God! What breed *is* that exactly?

FATHER: (attending to the dog) No, Nelson! Sit! Sit, boy! . . . Good dog.

TOURIST: Is it a . . . a . . . ?

FATHER: A cross between a . . . somethin' and a . . . somethin' else.

TOURIST: . . . I must say, I've never seen one like that before.

FATHER: Such a fine dog he is. He'll sit out there and wait for me for hours, never barkin' even once. . . . (to dog) Good dog, Nelson! (to Tourist) Say, I noticed a big dent in your automobile when I passed it, I think.

TOURIST: (embarrassed) I ran off the road when I hit a hedge, back there somewhere. Then I also ran into an old cross made out of stone. Sorry.

FATHER: Was it you killed that auld sheep I saw beside the road, just now?

TOURIST: No, I just killed the hedge.

SEAMUS: And the cross. Soon there'll be no more livin' hedges — or crosses — in dear aul Ireland. That's why I'm gettin' out. Goin' to Miami Beach, I am, and that's no silly daydream, either! I got 'round before I came to this place, and I can do it again.

FATHER: Have you had an offer on the pub, then, Seamus?

SEAMUS: A couple of nibbles and nobbles.

FATHER: What are those now?

SEAMUS: Never ya mind. We're not in Confession, ya know.

FATHER: No? (aside to the Tourist) He's been trying to sell it for six years now.

SEAMUS: Two gentlemen came in yesterday, they did, wanting to write me a cheque right on the spot. By St. Stephen of Nebraska, I had to say no to 'em.

FATHER: And why was that, Seamus?

SEAMUS: Sure, they were going to turn it into a Protestant pub! They wanted Protestants to feel welcome here!

FATHER: They didn't! A Protestant pub!?

SEAMUS: They did! They wanted to change the name from the Devil's Hoof to something Protestant — the Ulster Up in Arms or the Queen's Arse, or somethin'. As if the Protestants aren't already welcome here!

FATHER: The cheek of 'em! 'Tis a good thing you didn't sell it to them, then, Seamus Devlin. That would indeed shame us, Seamus. (Laughs at his pun, which he has made many times before.)

SEAMUS: I'd be a poor thing, I would, if I did. But I don't know how much longer I can go on as I am, Father. No customers comin' in a'tall. I can't make ends meet, I'm sayin'.

TOURIST: What about the customers who are already here?!

SEAMUS: We reserve the right to refuse service to anyone. (Shows sign)

FATHER: And that's what's wrong with you, Seamus, surely. You're mad that the tourists don't come. You're mad that they *do* come, and when they do come, you chase them away. You don't make sense, you don't.

SEAMUS: Don't be explaining me to *me*, Father.

TOURIST: How about if I just help *myself* to something? (Gets up) There seems to be enough here, if you just look for it.

SEAMUS: I wouldn't be doin' that, me bucko. (Blocks him) Bloody tourists! Think they own everything! Go take a tour of yeer — never mind!

TOURIST: Bloody tourists? Bloody natives! We're the ones that bring in the money. And what do we get for it? Ladies and gentlemen, on your left you will see a big tree, right in front of which nothing happened, on several occasions, in A.D. 1612. And please note that blade of grass where an ant took a piss in 1839. And just coming up is a quaint old bridge where three

crippled cows crossed in 1708! And if you look just over the hill there you can almost make out the outline of the invisible remnants of the dining hall where King Boring the Second let a huge, great fart at his vassals in 576! And whatever you do don't miss this — just over that big rock on your right — is the hostel you're actually staying in! And, my, if you look up real close at the window next to you on this bus you can see a perfect reflection of your own stupid face! Notice how your

dumb eyes follow you as you move about this stupid, fucking country!  
(loudly) Gratuities gratefully accepted!

SEAMUS: Well, stay home, if ya don't like it!

FATHER: (about the Tourist) He's got quite a tongue in his head.

TOURIST: And it's hanging out. This is undoubtedly the worst place I've been on my whole trip, and I've seen plenty! I'm leaving!

SEAMUS: Ya won't be missed.

TOURIST: You bastard!

SEAMUS: Get out of my pub! Go on, bugger off! (Threatens him with a beer mug)

TOURIST: You bugger off! (Leaves) Don't you tell me to bugger off. I know what that means!

SEAMUS: Go to hell and see how ya like it there! Have a pint of Guinness there, why don't ya — in Hell itself!

TOURIST: You . . . you. . . (reaching for an insult) wanker! (Leaves)

SEAMUS: (at the door, yelling) Ya not only act like a fuckin' Yank, ya talk like a fuckin' Brit!

FATHER: (sipping his lemonade) You've forgotten your hospitality, Seamus Devlin. May St. Brigit forgive you.

SEAMUS: Yeh? Well, feck St. Brigit too!

FATHER: Seamus, that's uncalled for now.

SEAMUS: I know, I know. I'm just sick to death with this place and them. Can you tell me how far it is to County Mick? And, no, I don't want anything but a big glass of water and detailed directions to a Big Mac. A Big Mick Mac. Most of 'em. You can have the whole bloody lot!

FATHER: Things are changing, that's all.

SEAMUS: When I took over this pub — ah, never mind. It was never good here. I should have gone off to Dublin like everybody else. Now that's full of foreigners and I can't afford it!

FATHER: They've all got souls, Seamus.

SEAMUS: No they don't! They're just more invaders. First the Danes and then bloody Cromwell, and now it's the foreigners and the tourists! Well, they can have the bloody country. I'm gettin' out, before I get bitter. Really bitter. It's not too late for me. I'm good with my hands, I am. I can learn a new trade. Sure, I remember when I was little boy and I used to make these fine, little carvings, lambs and such. Quite good they were, my father said, and he wasn't just tellin' me that, either. I could still develop my carving, I could!

FATHER: I'm sure you can, Seamus Devlin. I'm sure of it. You make me think back on meself. Now when I was a lad, I was the prettiest little thing, they say. There are no pictures, alas. Fat little pink cheeks, I had, and the prettiest ways. I was picked as the most polite child in the fourth class. I still have that certificate somewhere. I'll have to get it out, I will, if I can find it. Fat, little pink

cheeks

. . . (a bit overcome with the memories) Aw, excuse me, Seamus. I've got to visit the . . . (Points off to where the loo is. Starts off) Now don't you be killing any more tourists while I'm gone now, you promise!?! (Leaves)

(The Pub Owner wipes the bar, moves some glasses, etc. After a few moments, he bends down below the bar to get something and disappears out of sight.)

(The door opens and a large cardboard box is sitting there. It's impossible to tell who it is. Whoever is in the cardboard box is checking through a peephole to see if the place is clear and then creeps across the room quickly, eventually settling into a corner, trying to be "inconspicuous.")

(The Pub Owner comes up, speechless, having sensed the box's movement across the room without having seen it. He looks at it settles in, then goes over to examine it.)

SEAMUS: All right, enough. Who's in there? (No reply) Come on, who is it? (No reply)

Is it you, ya bloody tourist? (No response) (angry) Come out of there! (The box is still) Do ya want me to tear that thing off ya, huh? I will! I'll tear it to shreds. And you too! (The box creeps away) Come back here, you! (He stops

the box) (Pause) Are ya comin' out of there or am I comin' in? (No reply) Do you think you're goin' to stay in here? Ya've got another think comin', and that's for sure. Ya bloody fool! (Pause) So then, are ya comin' out or not, goddamn ya?!

BOX: (There is a single knock from the inside of the box.)

SEAMUS: Is that a no?

BOX: (There are two knocks from inside.)

SEAMUS: And I suppose that's a yes?

BOX: (Two knocks for yes)

SEAMUS: And what is it ya're doin' in here?

BOX: (No response)

SEAMUS: Do ya think ya're goin' to be stayin' overnight maybe, and get somethin' to eat after I close up?

BOX: (Pause. Then two knocks for yes.)

SEAMUS: Well, you're not goin' to. How's that!? Did ya think I'd not see ya?

BOX: (Two knocks)

SEAMUS: Well, ya were wrong, weren't ya?

BOX: (Pause. Two knocks)

SEAMUS: So ya'd better be comin' out of the box, then.

BOX: (No response)

SEAMUS: I'm goin' to knock ya over in about three seconds.

BOX: (No response)

SEAMUS: One . . . two . . . three . . .

(Mad Mary pulls the box off herself. Her face is mud-spattered, her hair messy, her long dress unkempt. She wears a coat and a long muffler. She is sometimes in this world, sometimes in another.)

MAD MARY: (a bit loony) The moon'll be out soon. And I'm afeard that the fairies will be dancin' on my grave! So I got me a box, I did.

SEAMUS: (recognizing her) Oh, Jaysus! Mad Mary, is it you again?!

MAD MARY: My feckin' fairies have left me, and I'm all alone now. But I've got me muffler, and it keeps me warm. That's all I need (Takes off the muffler, waves it about)

SEAMUS: Come in, stay then, ya auld hag!

MAD MARY: Bless you! I do have a bit of a thirst, I do.

SEAMUS: What'll be then, Mary? What'll be?

MAD MARY: I'm half-thinkin' a barrel of beer.

SEAMUS: Or maybe a tun of poteen?

MAD MARY: A quart of hard cider?

SEAMUS: A jigger of ale.

MAD MARY: A cup of leprechaun tea.

SEAMUS: A dram of elf shandy.

MAD MARY: No, maybe just a wee cup of hot cocoa will do.

SEAMUS: Now which is it to be, young Mary? And a bite too? Eye of toad or snoot of newt?

MAD MARY: Aw, let me think on it a while. Or why don't ya surprise me, so?

SEAMUS: That I'll do! (He fixes her a drink) Haven't seen ya 'round, Mary, not for ages. Where ya been keepin' yeerself now? Aside from in the box, I mean.

MAD MARY: I've been livin' the free life, I have. Up and down and all around.

SEAMUS: Have ya now? I envy ya, I do.

MAD MARY: Do you know there's a man outside? And I think it was the

fairies placed him there.

SEAMUS: Is he out there still, blast him? What's he doin' there?

MAD MARY: Sittin' in his auto. Which won't work. (Gives her the drink)  
(Tastes it) Aw, it's gracious ya are, ya bastard!

SEAMUS: Is it good, Mary, the drink I fixed ya?

MAD MARY: Aw, it's very good! . . . A bit quare maybe. But welcome.  
What's it called?

SEAMUS: It's called the . . . 'Mad Mary.'

MAD MARY: Is it now? (jocularly) The 'Mad Mary'? Isn't that a coincidence!

SEAMUS: Amazing.

MAD MARY: I can't pay you for it, ya know.

SEAMUS: I know.

MAD MARY: Won't you be after havin' one yeerself? My treat!

SEAMUS: I haven't got all day to be standin' around here drinkin' and doin' nothin',  
I haven't.

MAD MARY: (wisely) I think maybe, Seamus Devlin, that's all ya do have time for,  
standin' around here and drinkin' and doin' nothin'.

SEAMUS: (uncomfortable) Come on with ya, Mary. Drink up and be off with ya now.

MAD MARY: No. After this I think I'd like some . . . potato wine. Yes, potato wine.

SEAMUS: And what's that? (incredulous) Potato wine, is it?

MAD MARY: The fairies make it at Loughcrew. In a big vat. They drank potato wine  
during the Great Famine, they did. And that's how they survived.

SEAMUS: Did they now?

MAD MARY: They should have, if they didn't.

SEAMUS: Made of moonshine is it, Mary? Ya know all about moonshine, don't ya?

MAD MARY: No, it's made of fairy shite.

SEAMUS: Irish wine, is it now, Mary, that ya be describin'?

MAD MARY: 'Tis. The finest Irish wine.

SEAMUS: Bring some in, Mary. Maybe I can sell that fairy shite potato wine to the tourists.

MAD MARY: The fairies won't give it to anyone. They horde it for themselves, they do.

SEAMUS: Do they now? The fairies drink the wine they make with their own shite? Surely, no!

MAD MARY: (in a reverie) A few of us have danced tipsy in the moonlight at Loughcrew, not that long ago. (She dances, using her muffler.) Like this, they did.

SEAMUS: Have ya? Have ya danced the Dance of the Muffler with the fairies, Mary?

MAD MARY: That I have — many a night, and I've danced naked with the fairies as well, when I was young and lovely. Before I was a hag.

SEAMUS: Ah, ya're not a hag, Mary. Ya're mad, but ya're not a hag. I didn't mean it.

MAD MARY: I am, though. I'm an old hag now, I am. And now the fairies won't dance with me no more. (Stops dancing)

SEAMUS: Sure they will. Ya'll just have to find a new batch of fairies to dance with. Have you been to Dublin? I hear tell they have some Dublin fairies now.

MAD MARY: At Dublin ya say?

SEAMUS: On Saturdays in the Temple Bar.

MAD MARY: I'll have to go there. Ya certain they'll dance with me there?

(Re-enter Father Finnessey, making a noise)

MAD MARY: (startled) Who's that, then? Stop!

FATHER: (recognizing her) It's only me, Mary, Father Finnessey.

MAD MARY: Who?

FATHER: The parish priest. You know me. See! (Comes closer)

MAD MARY: I don't know you, never!

FATHER: Of course you do, these twenty years and more. How goes your life, Mary?  
Are you any better than the last time I saw you? Is this your cardboard box  
now? Sure, you're not livin' in this, are you?

MAD MARY: I can give ya three wishes, ya know.

FATHER: No, no, Mary! Don't you be bringing' your wishes in here to me! Not that  
again!

MAD MARY: I can. I can give ya three wishes.

FATHER: Don't say it, Mary!

MAD MARY: I can give ya three wishes. But only if ya make love to me right now.

FATHER: Ah, Merciful God, Mary, are you still goin' on about that?! You poor deluded  
woman, you!

MAD MARY: (hyper, foggy) Three wishes! Just make love to me all the night long!  
Either of ya. That's all I ask. All night long and ya get yeer three wishes,  
you do.

SEAMUS: (slyly to Father Finnessey) So you two will be leavin' then, Father?

FATHER: Aw, shame on you, Seamus, and that tongue!

SEAMUS: Sorry, Father. Sorry, Mary.

FATHER: Mary here and her fairies and her wishes. God save us!

(Re-enter the Tourist)

SEAMUS: And what do ya want? I won't be havin' ya here in the pub, I won't! Stay out  
now before I smack ya hard!

TOURIST: I have no choice. My car still won't start. And no one will stop to pick me up.

SEAMUS: Because they're afraid of gettin' mugged, that's why. Ya're probably a serial  
murderer! Get a horse. Ride a sheep. Take aul Nelson there and ride him.

FATHER: Not Nelson, no! Is he all right outside there?

TOURIST: He's fine. A little wet maybe. And afraid of the cardboard box that came in  
here.

FATHER: (checking on the dog) How are you, boy? (Goes out the door)

Good boy, Nelson. Good dog! (Starts to return, then looks back)  
Sit now! No! . . . Sit! . . . Good dog.

TOURIST: What about you, Father? Can you give me a jump?

FATHER: I'm afraid my auto's not working, either. It's sitting at the rectory, it is, up the road five minutes. Or I'd do it.

TOURIST: I'll never get out of here unless somebody helps me, for god's sake. What am I supposed to do?

MAD MARY: I'll give ya three wishes, me boyo!

TOURIST: Really?

(The Pub Owner laughs, rubs his hands together gleefully)

SEAMUS: If anyone can help ya out, bucko, it's Mary here!

(The Priest and the Pub owner smirk)

MAD MARY: In the pale, blistering moonlight, young man. In the pale, blistering moonlight, I promise ye.

TOURIST: (confused) In the pale, blistering moonlight — what?

MAD MARY: Three wishes by tomorrow noon. What will be yeer first?

Now what will be yeer first, my fine boyo?

TOURIST: Can you fix my car? With a jump, I mean.

SEAMUS: Aw yes, Mad Mary here will give ya a fine jump, my fine friend.

The finest jump ya've ever had in yeer young life, I'll bet.

TOURIST: Really?

FATHER: (embarrassed) Seamus, now.

SEAMUS: How about another drink, Mary?

MAD MARY: Make me one that'll turn me blind!

SEAMUS: Ya're a woman after me own heart, Mary! (Fixes her another drink)

MAD MARY: (to the Tourist) And what, by all the dead saints in Heaven, will you be havin' for yeer second wish? What will be yeer second, I say?

TOURIST: Have I had my first yet?

SEAMUS: Oh, ya'll get yeer three wishes, my buckoo, if only Mary here gets hers first!

TOURIST: Meaning what?

SEAMUS: Here's yeer drink, Mary.

MAD MARY: Bless ya, Seamus Devlin. (Takes the drink from him)

SEAMUS: (to Tourist) You want the Auld Ireland, don't ya? Well, then ya have to perform some auld tasks for auld Mary here before she'll grant ya yeer three auld wishes. So what do ya say?

TOURIST: (to priest) What sort of tasks are we talking about? Does she really have magic powers?

FATHER: (avoiding the question) By the way, Seamus, the lock on the loo there needs fixing. I almost locked myself in, I did.

TOURIST: What sort of tasks are we talking about?

SEAMUS: Why don't ya take him outside, Mary? Show the lad the real Ring of Kerry, Mary, in the back there. Show young lad here what he needs to do to get his three wishes. And show him real Irish hospitality to boot!

TOURIST: Is it some kind of yard work?

(The priest and the pub owner guffaw.)

SEAMUS: That's good. Yard work! Mary, Mary, quite contrary, how does yeer yard work grow?

MAD MARY: With silver bells and cockleshells and pretty maids all in a row.

TOURIST: (not sure what's going on) Just as long as it doesn't involve tools. I'm not very good with those.

SEAMUS: (slyly) Is it *tools* ya'll be needin', Mary, to satisfy ya?

MAD MARY: The fairies have all gone, dancin' away in the moonlight. Dancin' without

Mary, they be. I can't even see them now, not one.

SEAMUS: Never mind 'em. Boyo here will dance with ya in the moonlight, Mary. Take him out in the back there and show him a merry jig, why don't ya? And take yeer box with ya!

MAD MARY: (to Tourist) Have ya ever seen the fairies dancin', have ya? All naked and glowin' in the pale, blistering moonlight?

TOURIST: I must have missed that.

MAD MARY: 'Tis a glorious sight, it is. With the moon's pale face, and the stars on fire. They don't call me to go dancin' no more, bless my old hide!

SEAMUS: Come! Take him out with ya, Mary. Show the tourist the last glorious sights of Ireland! Ya have yeer camera along, boyo? Ya'll win a contest, sure!

TOURIST: No, it's in the car.

SEAMUS: Get it! Get it! Ya'll show him the dancin' fairies and all the rest of it, won't ya, young Mary?

MAD MARY: I will indeed.

SEAMUS: And throw in some leapin' leprechauns as well. Can ya do that for the tourist, Mary?

MAD MARY: That I can.

FATHER: Don't listen to him, Mary. He's bad.

SEAMUS: (having fun, rubbing his hands together in delight) Come along then, you two! (gathering them) Off ya go under the moon! (Gets them out the door) And don't forget the box! (He manages to get that through the door as well and off to the side a bit)

PRIEST: Don't be scarin' Nelson with that box now!

SEAMUS: (to the Tourist and Mad Mary) And don't ya come back until the task is done. And I want proof! (Comes back, laughing, rubbing his hands together out of delight) Proof it is I want! And take auld Nelson there to witness the proof with you while you're at it!

MAD MARY: (re-entering) Wait! I forgot my muffler. I don't want to catch a chill now.

SEAMUS: Here's your muffler, Mary. Spread it out for the tourist, why don't ya?

TOURIST: (at the door) What's going on?

SEAMUS: Help Mary with her muffler, why don't ya? Are ya a gentleman or not?

TOURIST: Yes, I'm a gentleman. (He helps Mary with her muffler as they exit.)

MAD MARY: Thank you.

FATHER: Oh, it's terrible you are, Seamus Devlin. You're getting worse every year. Not my Nelson now! (Checks on the dog)

SEAMUS: It's just a bit of a giggle, Father. No harm done. I just wonder what the tourist chap is doing right about . . . now. (Laughs hard, Rubs his hands together)  
Let's go look! They're probably in the back by now. (Starts to go outside)

FATHER: No, no. I should be pushin' off. There's Benediction this evening — if anyone comes.

SEAMUS: Ya think maybe the tourist is *comin'* — about now? Another lemonade, Father? Or somethin' stronger perhaps?

FATHER: I'd best be looking after me mam, I had. I worry about her. She doesn't pray anymore. She just drinks and passes out. Maybe she needs a boyfriend!

SEAMUS: Aw, she's no doubt out of the loo by now, God love her. I always liked yeer mother. She's a grand, proud auld woman can take of herself, yeer mam. A game of darts, Father? (He gets the darts, starts playing)

FATHER: I can't stay, Seamus.

SEAMUS: Just one game, Father?

(The priest doesn't play darts, but he doesn't leave either, seems to want to talk)

SEAMUS: Something botherin' ya, Father?

FATHER: No.

SEAMUS: Ya're sure now?

FATHER: You haven't seen her of late, Seamus. She's failing, my mother

SEAMUS: Is she?

FATHER: (coming back to the bar) She's not what she was. It's the arthritis, I think.

SEAMUS: No.

FATHER: And the lumbago.

SEAMUS: No!

FATHER: And her kidneys are going too.

SEAMUS: No!

FATHER: Yes! Seamus, yes!

SEAMUS: And now about the typhoid? Is that gone? And the black plague? Is it cleared up yet?

(They both laugh.)

FATHER: Aw, and it's terrible you are, Seamus Devlin. I don't know why it is I come here to hear this kind of talk about my poor aul mammy.

(Both laugh together again, harder)

SEAMUS: A terrible beauty is born here, Father, between the beer mugs and the whiskey glasses and the warm lemonade and the dart board.

FATHER: I really ought to go. . . . (He doesn't go.) I should. (Stays)

SEAMUS: By St. Peter of California, I wish I could go too! Tasmania maybe.

FATHER: A man can get lonely out here, even with a dog.

SEAMUS: Now let me ask you this, Father. I hope ya won't mind. What are ya goin' to do when yeer mammy goes? Have ya given any thought to this? Mine went two years ago, ya remember.

FATHER: I remember, sure. Even though you buried her out of the Church. She was a fine woman, though I didn't know her well.

SEAMUS: No, she wasn't, not really. Always complainin', she was.

FATHER: Sort of like my mother, when she's sober. Yes, I've given it all sorts of thought, Seamus, but I haven't come to any conclusions.

SEAMUS: But, sure, she'll have a long time yet. She will, surely, yeer mammy.

FATHER: No doubt. The blessed whiskey preserves her, it does!

(They laugh)

(Seamus puts away the darts)

SEAMUS: Sure, it preserves us all. I think I'll be havin' one meself. (Pours himself a shot of whiskey) How about yeerself, Father? (Offers the bottle in a toast)  
The saints and drink preserve us!

FATHER: (tempted) What is that? . . . No, no, no more of the divil's hard stuff for me. This lemonade'll do me now. Sure. . . . Mary's not back yet. I hope she's all right out there.

SEAMUS: (toasting) Here's to yeer mother's health then! (Drinks) May she have the soul of a saint!

FATHER: (toasting with his lemonade) To me mother's health! God love her!

(Pause)

FATHER: Begore, that's a divil of a question you were asking me, Seamus. (seriously)  
My mother's a quare problem, but she's company. And I don't, to be honest, know what I'll do when she's gone. And when Nelson goes. As sure they must.

SEAMUS: Ya can get yeerself a cat, father. A big, fat, yellow tabby.

FATHER: You can't talk to a cat, Seamus. Well, you can talk to it, but it won't talk back . . . at least not so as you can understand it.

SEAMUS: The same can be said for our relatives much of the time, I'm thinkin'. And cats don't get drunk and lock themselves in the loo, either.

FATHER: That's true. There's a lot to be said for cats. . . . I hope Mary's all right.

(Pause. They both are wondering what is happening between the Tourist and Mad Mary.)

SEAMUS: Maybe I should be gettin' meself a cat, Father. What d' ya think?

FATHER: To take to Tasmania? I thought you were leavin'.

SEAMUS: I am, with a cat or without.

FATHER: And what'll be in your future, Seamus, if in fact you ever sell this pub?  
What'll you do over there in wherever it is?

SEAMUS: I couldn't even begin to speak it, Father Finnessey.

FATHER: And why not, I'm askin'?

SEAMUS: It's too filthy. Pornographic. I've got a lot of makin' up to do, I do.  
(Pours himself another drink) I might as well be a priest meself!

FATHER: Whatever happened to Molly Sullivan? I thought you were seeing her.

SEAMUS: (shrugs) Eh, she went off, she did. And good riddance too.

FATHER: Off? What do you mean?

SEAMUS: Well, if you must know, Father, she ran off with a tourist who was stayin' at her mother's B&B.

FATHER: No, she didn't!

SEAMUS: She did! The silly goose! I saw them go. And him about as ugly as a . . . as the Queen's arse too!

FATHER: Well, she wasn't right for you anyway, not Molly Sullivan.

SEAMUS: She was nothin' out of *Playboy* magazine, but Molly was all right. . . . You sure about not havin' a real drink, Father? It's on the house.

FATHER: (very tempted) Well, maybe I could have just a little — no! no! I promised myself. I promised Himself too. (Points to heaven)

SEAMUS: I won't tell Himself, as God is my witness.

FATHER: No, Seamus, there won't be two of us over in the rectory sleeping it off in the loo, if I can help it.

SEAMUS: Suit yeerself, Father. I admire your resolve, I do.

FATHER: (sighs) I have to be going soon. The Benediction, ya know.

SEAMUS: What could be keepin' Mad Mary and the lad? (Laughs, rubs his hands together in delight) Any speculation that way, Father Finnessey?

FATHER: I don't even want to imagine.

SEAMUS: You don't suppose that they're actually doin' it. . . ?

FATHER: Seamus! You're a near occasion of sin, you are! You'd better come to the Benediction!

SEAMUS: I'm only speculatin', Father. Maybe our tourist is the first man ever to take up Mary's offer for the three wishes. You think it's takin' him a little time to get in the mood? St. Finnian of the Yukon forgive me for the mischief I make!  
(Rubs his hands together out of delight)

(Re-enter the Tourist, wet and bedraggled)

TOURIST: (announcing) By God, we've done it!

SEAMUS: Jaysus, Mary, and Joseph! They've done it!

FATHER: (blessing himself) St. Kevin of Kildare and St. Willie of America, protect us!  
And all the other saints too!

(Re-enter Mad Mary, also wet and bedraggled, staggering)

MAD MARY: (to Pub Owner) Where is the loo in this godforsaken place?

SEAMUS: (unsettled) It's . . . It's in there — that room next to the gents'.  
(Mad Mary starts toward it.) The stall's got an "L" on it — for Ladies'.  
"L" for the Ladies', Mary!

(The Tourist sashays around the pub, pleased with himself, arranging his clothes, smiling, taunting the other two with what happened outside. It's not clear what really happened there, though.)

TOURIST: She's good, Mary is. Very good!

SEAMUS: Don't be coddin' me that ya did the deed, you two!

TOURIST: What deed is that you're talking about, friend?

SEAMUS: Ya know what deed I'm talkin' about, bucko. Ya Yanks — it's true what they say about ya. You have the morals of monkeys!

TOURIST: I don't know what in the hell you're talking about, but don't you say a word about that lady there. (Points) Not a feekin' word!

SEAMUS: Comin' in here all peacocky, he is! Now Mary's his *lady*, Jaysus save us!  
What's the world comin' to, Father! (to the Tourist) . . . Well, did ya or didn't ya?

TOURIST: Did we or didn't we *what?* Mary fixed my car, that's all!

SEAMUS: And quite a fix it was, to judge from the looks of both of ya!

FATHER: Was the car your first wish then, after you two. . . ?

SEAMUS: You bet it was.

FATHER: St. Patrick — both of them — hear our prayers!

MARY: La! La ! La! La! (ad lib sounds)

(Loud offstage sounds of Mary washing up)

SEAMUS: What's she doin' in there? Mary, what's all the splashin' about?

TOURIST: She got very dirty fixing my car.

FATHER: Dirty Mary, is it?

TOURIST: What's going on here with you two? She had to get underneath and then she had to do something to a valve in the engine.

SEAMUS: So Mad Mary tinkered with yeer *valve*, did she?

TOURIST: Yes. She's the best mechanic I ever saw in my life. Ever.

SEAMUS: You're tellin' me that Mad Mary repaired yeer feckin' *automobile*?

TOURIST: She certainly did.

SEAMUS: Bollocks!

(More loud sounds of Mary continuing to wash up offstage.)

SEAMUS: Mary, what are ya doin' in the loo, woman, God bless us and save us!?

MAD MARY: (offstage) There's grease on my hands! Shut yeer big gob!

SEAMUS: Good Lord! What kind of a goddamn mess are ya makin' in there?  
(Goes to see)

FATHER: Don't hurt her now!

(Sounds of offstage struggle)

TOURIST: (worried) Mary, are you all right?

SEAMUS: (offstage) Mary, don't do that!

MAD MARY: (offstage) It's the first bath I've had in many a year! Get out!

SEAMUS: (offstage) Mary, put yeer clothes on!

(Splashing sounds)

MAD MARY: Whee! Whee!

SEAMUS: For God's sake, woman!

MAD MARY: Get out of my bath, ya auld pervert, you!

SEAMUS: (coming back, doused with water) Mary, this is not a wash house. Christ, King of Broadway, what are ya doin' to my pub!?

TOURIST: Is she all right?

SEAMUS: There's no tellin' with her.

MAD MARY: (coming in a bit, showing a naked arm provocatively) Would ya might be havin' some bubblebath, Seamus, Devlin, would ya now?

SEAMUS: I'll bubblebath ya, I will! (Shakes his fist at her)

MARY: No, ya won't!

(She disappears)

TOURIST: (mockingly) That's right. No you won't, my mano, my boyo, my bucko! You won't be layin' a hand, not a finger, on my Mary, or you're a dead man!

SEAMUS: What in hell went on in my garden? Is it completely daft you've gone? (to the priest) Is Mary a witch, Father? A Druid priestess? One of the Wild Things? Or what?

FATHER: Maybe she is. Maybe she is. Give me a drink, Seamus! Whiskey! And make it a double, I think!

SEAMUS: Ya'll have to be gettin' it yeerself, Father. I've got to get that poor, crazed woman out of my pub right now. (Rolls up his sleeves, preparing to go back to bring her out)

MAD MARY: (begins singing offstage — "The Rose of Tralee")

"The pale moon was rising  
Above the green mountain.  
The sun was declining  
Beneath the blue sea . . . "

SEAMUS: Oh, Jaysus, not that.

TOURIST: Don't you touch her. I'm warning you! (Gets into a boxing stance)

SEAMUS: (noticing the Tourist) What's this?

TOURIST: As soon as she's cleaned up, we'll leave. Now that somebody has finally fixed my car. But we're not leaving until she's good and ready.

SEAMUS: You're goin' off, you two? Together?  
(The Tourist is still in his boxing pose — very John O'Sullivan)

TOURIST: I'm taking her to a city. She can't stay around here. She obviously needs professional attention.

SEAMUS: Do you want Father here to marry you two before you leave?

TOURIST: (surprised) Marry us?

SEAMUS: Now that you're the happy couple that ya are!

TOURIST: (incredulous) What? What's wrong with you two?

SEAMUS: No, what's wrong with *you* should be the question!

TOURIST: How dare you!

MAD MARY: (offstage, singing)  
 "But 'twas not her beauty alone  
 That won me.  
 Oh, no, 'twas the truth  
 In her eyes ever shining  
 That made me love Mary,  
 the Rose of Tralee!"

SEAMUS: (applauding) Just what I need here. A floorshow! (to Tourist) Would you like somethin' while we're waitin', sir?

TOURIST: No, thank you! . . . Fuck you.

SEAMUS: Will ya be much longer in there, Mary?

MAD MARY: (singing)  
 "Turra, lurra, lurra!  
 Turra, lurra, lie!"

Turra, lurra, lurra —  
That's an Irish lullabye!"

(Pause)

FATHER: I wonder if she could fix *my* auto.

SEAMUS: Will wonders never cease, Father. Maybe ya should phone the Holy Father in Rome. Tell him we've got a new saint in Ireland. Saint Mary of the Cardboard Box!

FATHER: St. Mary of the Devil's Hoof!

SEAMUS: St. Mary of the Queen's Arse!

(The Pub Owner and the Priest laugh.)

TOURIST: You're both disgusting!

SEAMUS: Oh, shut up. Nobody asked ya.

TOURIST: (calling nervously) Are you about ready in there?

MAD MARY: I'm comin' out! Give me half a second! (After a few moments, she emerges, cleaned up, looking much better.) So, how's this, then? (Parades for them) Will I do now?

SEAMUS: (to Tourist) What are ya now, some kind of miracle worker? Were ya a test, sent by the Almighty to see if I was a good man or not? And I failed, didn't I?

TOURIST: Let's go, Mary.

FATHER: At least let me bless you two before you set off.

MAD MARY: No blessing from the like of you, priest!

FATHER: All right then. No need. I'm not about to be blessin' where I'm not wanted.

MAD MARY: (wisely) Oh, yes ya will be. And ya have been for a long time now!

SEAMUS: So it's off with you both, then! Good luck and God bless! (trying to get them out)

TOURIST: I can't thank you enough for all you've done. So I won't even try.

FATHER: Goodbye, you mad thing, you. Goodbye, lad. Forgive us. Treat her well, our Mary. She's not all there. And that's a pity.

MAD MARY: Ya're not all there yeerself. And that's a bigger pity. (suddenly) Would ya like a game of darts, Father? (Picks them up)

SEAMUS: Come along! Go along! Put those down!

FATHER: I don't think so, Mary. Goodbye. Take care of each other.

MAD MARY: Maybe I'll take the darts with me! What about that?!

SEAMUS: No, ya're not! Give me those.

MAD MARY: How would ya like one in yeer neck, Seamus Devlin? (Holds it as if to throw it at him)

(He stops)

SEAMUS: Mary, don't ya do this now. Put that dart down.

MAD MARY: Should I, Father?

FATHER: You should, Mary, you should.

TOURIST: Come along, Mary.

MAD MARY: Maybe I will, and maybe I won't.

SEAMUS: I can't wait for ya to go along, because the two of ya make such a lovely couple.

TOURIST: I'm just giving her a ride to the first city with a real hospital.

SEAMUS: Oh, yeah, we've heard that one before.

MAD MARY: I don't want yeer auld dart. (She flings it at the dartboard. Maybe it sticks. Maybe it doesn't.) I won! Goodbye!

(They are almost out the door.)

MAD MARY: (suddenly) Wait!

TOURIST: What?

MAD MARY: You haven't had yeer wishes yet! (foggy) Have ya?

TOURIST: That's all right, Mary. There's no need for wishes.

MAD MARY: But you get two more wishes. (a bit addled) I think ya do?  
Don't ya?

SEAMUS: Move along with the both of ya. Ya can settle this outside.

TOURIST: When she's ready and not before.

SEAMUS: Will you never be leavin' my pub, for God's sake?!

TOURIST: Now that I think about it, there are some wishes I might like to make around this place.

FATHER: Don't use them up in a temper, lad. If you really do have two more of Mad Mary's wishes, that is.

SEAMUS: Go! And may the wind be in yeer face!

TOURIST: May the wind be up your pee-hole!

SEAMUS: Am I going to have to get the pike to get rid of ya? I will, ya know! (Gets the pike on display over the bar. It has been part of the decor all along.) (Jabs with it) Now get out of my fuckin' pub before I stab the bloody both of ya with this!

MAD MARY: (to Tourist) Would you like yeer wish right about now, me boyo? I do believe I have some magic dust left in a pocket somewhere. (Searches for it)

TOURIST: Whatever!

SEAMUS: Ya can take all the real powers Mary has and put them in a thimble and still have room left over for all the culture in America and Father Finnessey's sex life!

FATHER: Seamus!

MAD MARY: (taking some "magic dust" out of her pocket.) Aw! I thought that I had some left! And I do.

SEAMUS: Now, Mary, what's that? Put that away. Don't be making a bigger fool of yeerself than ya already are.

MAD MARY: Aw, it feels good in me hand, it does. All right, then. Ready . . . set, and one . . . and two . . . . . and make yeer wish, young lad! Make yeer wish

right now, while ya can!

(She flings the “magic dust” at the Pub Owner)

BLACKOUT

(End of Act I)

ACT II

(The same. Continuous action)

SEAMUS: Avaunt, evil demons that ya are! Damn yeer skins. I’ll not have ya a minute longer in here!

MAD MARY: (to Tourist) Did ya make yeer wish, lad? Make it while me powers are on high.

TOURIST: Why am I getting a wish? I don’t understand. And is this my first or second one?

MAD MARY: I don’t understand either! But why the hell not?! Are ya goin’ to make it or not?

TOURIST: Can I make a pre-wish?

MAD MARY: What in the name of Brian Barou is that?

TOURIST: To try it out, to see how it looks.

SEAMUS: The very heart of the tourist, if I ever heard it! A pre-wish indeed!

TOURIST: (running away, to Mary) But what if I make a wish and I don’t like it?

FATHER: You have to live with the consequences of your actions, my boy.

TOURIST: What I actually mean is that I can’t make up my mind exactly what it is I want *him* (meaning the Pub Owner) to turn into.

SEAMUS: What’s that? Turn into?

TOURIST: A yelping pig, a limping goose, perhaps a swan, with diarrhea!  
(to Pub Owner) Which would *you* prefer?

MAD MARY: It's all just waitin' for ya, lad. (foggy) I think. Or should I call in the fairies?

SEAMUS: (to Tourist) I'll turn ya into bloody pulp, I will! Ya watch me. Or maybe we can try out a *pre-death*, and if ya don't like it, maybe ya can change yeer mind!

(They circle each other, with the Pub Owner threatening the pike)

FATHER: Mind the pike. Thou shalt not kill, Seamus! Thou shalt not kill!  
(They fight over the pike, with the Pub Owner finally forcing the Tourist up against a wall with the pike to his throat.)

SEAMUS: I ought to split ya and hang you up over the bar there as a warning to others. . . . But I guess I'll give ya one final chance to get out of here. Since I'm such a bloody nice person! Now get out before I scalp yeer tassel from the rest of ya!

TOURIST: Christ! You nicked me with that! (meaning the pike)

SEAMUS: Oh, did I now? That's because ya didn't make yeer second wish no doubt. You'd better make it, 'cause ya can't make it when you're in yeer grave now, can ya, ya feeble-minded sod.

TOURIST: (breaking free) I'll get my wish all right. It's out in my car! (Runs out)

SEAMUS: Oh, Jaysus, I shouldn't have let him go. He's an American. (shouting) He has a gun! He probably is a serial murderer!

FATHER: Our sweet Lady of Sorrows!

SEAMUS: Probably a machine gun!

MAD MARY: I hope he does have a gun, after the way ya've treated him.

FATHER: (running to the door) Nelson, stay out of the way! Nelson, hide! Oh, Christ, if he isn't hard of hearing! Nelson, run! Run, boy!

MAD MARY: I hope he shoots yeer balls off, one by one! All four of 'em!

FATHER: Is he coming back?

SEAMUS: I'll lock the door! (Tries to, but he fumbles the keys)

FATHER: (to the dog) Hide, Nelson! Hide yourself!

MAD MARY: Let me out of here! Let me out! Or let him in!

SEAMUS: No bleedin' American guns in here, I'm tellin' ya, as I live and breathe!

(The Tourist runs back in, wielding a suitcase as a weapon)

TOURIST: This is all I could find. But it will do the job just fine!

SEAMUS: Can ya do no better than that, then?

(They fight, the suitcase against the pike)

TOURIST: You're ruining my suitcase!

SEAMUS: Well, you're ruinin' my pike.

TOURIST: You primitive jackass!

SEAMUS: Ya bleedin' Yank! I'll show ya a bleedin' bloody thing or two!

TOURIST: You goddamned Irish! If you're so happy to fight all the time, how come you lost every goddamned bloody battle you've ever been in! No wonder you didn't have your own bloody country for a thousand bloody years! You bloody idiots!

SEAMUS: Well, we've got it now, ya fuckin' Yank!

(The Pub Owner knocks the suitcase out of the Tourist's hand, kicks it away, and has taken control again.)

SEAMUS: Can't fight, huh? So there it is, then. Only this time I'm not goin' to let ya go, boyo. I've learned my lesson, and it's time ya learned yeers. (Moves toward him)

(Pause)

TOURIST: (to Mary) Is my wish still good?

MAD MARY: I don't know. You're pushin' it. Ya should've struck when the iron was at least warm.

TOURIST: I always do that. I wait too long. It's a flaw of mine.

MAD MARY: Ya can still try.

TOURIST: What is the shelf-life of magic dust, usually?

MAD MARY: I don't know what you're goin' on about. Make yeer wish! Make it now, or make a run for it!

TOURIST: (moving away) Okay, I will! I wish . . . I wish . . .

SEAMUS: Jaysus, I'm waiting!

MAD MARY: (losing patience) Come on, boy, come on. I won't live forever!

TOURIST: This is ridiculous. There is no such thing as magic.

MAD MARY: What have ya got to lose?

TOURIST: I can't think straight. You do it! Wish it for me! Please.

MAD MARY: All right then. I grant ye a wish. One. . . two . . . three!

(Everybody freezes. Pause.)

SEAMUS: Nothing happened to me. (Feels himself) I'm still the same aul Seamus, I am. Now I'll kick both yeer arses all the way to Donegal, I promise ya.

TOURIST: Mary?

MAD MARY: I thought it worked.

TOURIST: We'd better leave.

MAD MARY: Let's go, yes.

(They start to leave)

(Suddenly the Pub Owner begins to act strangely, his body twitching)

SEAMUS: (his voice is different) My Mary's not leavin' here, she's not!

MAD MARY/TOURIST: What?

SEAMUS: She's not goin' off with you, young fellah, oh, no.

MAD MARY: And why ever not?

SEAMUS: Because ya are my love! I have found ya at last! (kneeling) Mary, will ya have me?

MAD MARY: Well, I don't know. Can I have a *pre-view* of what you've got?

FATHER: Mary!

MAD MARY: That was naughty of me, wasn't it, Father? But, considerin' that he's no good at all, he's not so bad.

TOURIST: Mary!

SEAMUS: I await me love's every syllable.

FATHER: Aw, sure, this is what happens when you start snortin' that stuff.

TOURIST: What's in that dust anyway?

SEAMUS: 'Tis only in Holy Matrimony, Father, that our souls would be 'twined, surely.

FATHER: Will you have him in Holy Matrimony, Mary?

MAD MARY: I don't think so, Father. I can do better, I can. (She preens)

SEAMUS: We could go off to Barbados together. Or Tasmania.

MAD MARY: Could we? Faith, I'd love to have a tan.

SEAMUS: Or we could stay here, keep the pub together. Would ya like to be of a better class, Mary?

MAD MARY: I'm already the best class there is! I'm one of a kind!

TOURIST: I thought you were going with *me*!

MAD MARY: Oh, dear. What a hard choice! Which of these two fine gentlemen should poor Mary be goin' with now?

TOURIST: It isn't good for you to stay around here anymore. Mentally, I mean.

MAD MARY: I'm not so sure I want to go to this Big Hospital in the Sky that ya keep talkin' about.

SEAMUS: Stay or go, whatever ya like, my dearest Mary, I will abide with thee.

TOURIST: Is this *my* magical wish, Mary, or yours?

MAD MARY: He's not tryin' to murder you anymore. What more could you be wantin'?

SEAMUS: What's it to be, my love — Barbados or the pub? Or Tasmania?

TOURIST: For your own good, go with me, not him!

MAD MARY: Why not the both of ya? Believe me, it's been a long, long time between . . . leprechauns.

FATHER: Now you can't have two men, Mary. 'Twould be a mortal sin.

MAD MARY: How about you, Father? You come along two. Make it a Trinity. The three of you, all with yeer eager mess to give me! Aye!

FATHER: By the Holy Virgin Mary, Mother of Our Lord Jesus Christ, what are you sayin', woman?!

MAD MARY: I didn't want to be leavin' you behind, Father Finnessey, that's all.

FATHER: And, sure, who would be lookin' after me poor old mother if I went, eh? Not that I'd ever consider it for one minute, I wouldn't! The very idea!

MAD MARY: Ya're not precisely a prize yeerself, Father. If I were you, I wouldn't be too fussy. Ya may not get another offer, ya know.

FATHER: Aw, you're testing me, that's what you're doin'. You're a Wild Thing, Mary, and I best keep away from your ways. Or I'll be a heathen just like you.

MAD MARY: I think ya've been losin' yeer faith before I came here, Father Finnessey, and that's a fact, and ya know it.

FATHER: Oh, what leads you to that conclusion, Miss Rose of Tralee?

MAD MARY: Let me read ya, why don't ya?

FATHER: "Read me"? What are you talking about?

MAD MARY: Just stay there. I'll read what's inside ya, I will.

FATHER: I doubt that.

MAD MARY: Let me at least try. What are ya afraid of?

FATHER: Not a thing.

MAD MARY: Not afraid of what I might find there?

FATHER: No. Go on then. Do your worst!

MAD MARY: All right, then. I'll do it. Ya watch me.

(She approaches the priest and holds her hands out)

FATHER: What is it you want?

MAD MARY: Like this. (She places her hands on his head)

FATHER: What're you doin' now? No, I don't think this is a good idea.  
(Moves away)

MAD MARY: Ya afraid, Father? Of what I'll find?

FATHER: Not at a'tall. . . . I doubt that you'll find a thing that way.

MAD MARY: It makes no difference to me. It's you that'll benefit, not me.

FATHER: (hesitantly) All right. Go on. Do it.

MAD MARY: Ya're sure?

FATHER: Nothing ventured, nothing gained.

MAD MARY: I will, if ya'll stand still now. . . . All right, here I go! (She "reads" him  
with her hands, especially his head) Aw! Just as I thought.

FATHER: (indignantly) What?

MAD MARY: Sure, there's not an ounce of faith left in here, is there?

FATHER: What am I doin', standing here lettin' a mad woman tell me what's inside me  
and what's not. Sure, I'm brimful of faith, I am! God knows I've trekked  
through it long and often enough!

MAD MARY: Then were ya secretly thinking regarding your Dear Savior not five  
minutes ago? Huh?

FATHER: I've been thinkin' nothing.

MAD MARY: Father, it's a sin to lie. You know full well what ya've been thinkin'. If  
I'm after vexin' ya, then I'll say no more. But ya know I'm tellin' the  
truth.

(Pause)

FATHER: You're not!

MAD MARY: I am, and ya know it.

FATHER: You don't now one thing about me.

MAD MARY: Maybe I don't, but you know a thing or *two* about you.

(Pause)

FATHER: (giving in) All right, but how did you know? I've told no one.

MAD MARY: Trust me, I just know, Father. I can see inside yeer brain, what's left of it!

FATHER: Am I that easy to see through?

TOURIST: What's in there, in his brain? (when no reply) . . . *What?*

FATHER: I don't want to say.

MAD MARY: Tell him, Father.

TOURIST: Would you? Please.

(Pause)

FATHER: . . . Aw, sure, how can anyone die for someone else's sins? Is it we're to be believin' in *human sacrifice* this late in the day? Surely, there can be no saving us humans that way, with a sacrifice of some Christ's actual *blood*.

(Pause)

MAD MARY: And if ya can't believe in that no more, you can't be believin' in much of the rest of it, can ya, Father Finnessey?

FATHER: I don't know, Mary, I don't know. . . . Damn ye.

MAD MARY: So what's to stop ya from comin' with us then? And I don't necessarily mean "that" way.

FATHER: I've made my bed. I'm still a Catholic, though a bad one, no matter what.

MAD MARY: The only good Catholic is a bad one, Father.

FATHER: Just who are you, Mary? Just *who* are you?

MAD MARY: So will you be comin' with us, Father, or no?

TOURIST / SEAMUS: Mary?!

FATHER: Maybe, Mary, maybe. There! I've already committed sin in my heart. I'm all but lost now!

MAD MARY: So here ye all be waitin' on the like of Mad Mary — the tourist, the publican, and the priest. It sounds like a dirty joke, does it not?  
 (pointedly) And ya know all about dirty jokes, don't ya?! . . . I still know how to get the men, I do! Even if I don't always want them! By all the  
 the  
 fairies and spirits and elves, I must not be proud! . . . Nor can I be  
 calling you "Father," Father Finnessey, if you go along with us. What's yeer proper Christian — I mean your forename?

FATHER: Declan, it is.

TOURIST: He can't come with us.

SEAMUS: I love you, Mary, to the depths of my soul, but do ya really want a priest too?

MAD MARY: What I want is for all three of ya to take turns makin' me happy. But only one of ya in my bed at a time, I think. If that! Don't be gettin' yeer hopes up now.

FATHER: What have I been thinkin'?! Can you do no better than to be casting your wicked spell over us? Now I'll have to go to Confession — and not a priest for miles around here.

TOURIST: Then you'll just have to go to Confession to yourself!

MAD MARY: Ya've already gone to confession to me, just now.

FATHER: Oh, ya put a spell on me or something.

MAD MARY: It's not backin' out, are ya, Declan?

FATHER: That I am! And just in the nick too. I've got to do the Benediction and also see if my mother is out of the loo.

MAD MARY: (sarcastic) Ya are busy then, aren't ya? Well, well, do as ya must. When ya get to church, burn a shamrock for me, Father, all right? . . . Now give us at least a love bite afore ya go, will ya? (Shows her neck to him)

SEAMUS: (shocked) Mary!

FATHER: I'll pray for you, Mary. That I will.

MAD MARY: Pray for yeerself, Father! Keep sendin' yeer holy words up to Himself up there! Mind them as they go up in smoke, as I'm sure they will. It's an empty vessel prayin', is it not, and what good can that be for anybody?

FATHER: Mary, I'm sorry you came this day. You made me gab far too much. It's a vexed day it's been.

MAD MARY: Oh, but wait!

FATHER: What now?

MAD MARY: I'm still "reading" something about ya, Father.

FATHER: No more of your ancient nonsense.

MAD MARY: Ah, but don't be goin' home, Father Finnessey. At least don't be goin' home alone.

FATHER: And why not? You can't keep me here forever, you can't.

MAD MARY: You won't believe me if I say I see what I see. Yet I do.

FATHER: And what deep thing do you be seein' now, if I may ask?

MAD MARY: I'm a poor, mad woman. So don't listen to me.

SEAMUS: What is it you see, sweet Mary mine?

FATHER: I don't think I want to know!

(Pause)

SEAMUS: Is it his mother, surely not?

MAD MARY: I'll not be sayin'.

FATHER: Oh, Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, I'd best go!

(Father Finnessey hurries out)

TOURIST: What's wrong with his mother?

(Pause)

SEAMUS: She's dead, is she?

MAD MARY: I'll not be sayin'.

SEAMUS: Can ya see all our ends, Mary? Have you the gift of special sight, my own, my dearest?

MAD MARY: It's not to be lookin' at our "ends," I'll tell ya that, not after we turn forty!  
(Laughs) (then more seriously) No, no one should see the end of life before the time itself. 'Twould stifle each to see it clearly comin' at us, day by day, that deathly moment in store for all of us.

(Pause)

SEAMUS: She speaks so well and so wisely, does not my Mary?

TOURIST: She does.

SEAMUS / TOURIST: Are we leaving, Mary?

MAD MARY: Don't ya want another wish?

TOURIST: I thought you just gave it to me — him falling in love with you and also leaving me alone. Can't you even get the fucking *magic* right in this blasted country!?

MAD MARY: Naw, that was but yeer pre-wish, sure. And a bit of foolery on my part.

TOURIST: Can I have the real wish or not? I'm almost believing in it!

SEAMUS: Now ya won't be makin' me change my love for you, Mary, surely to God not!?

MAD MARY: I won't be loved by magic dust, I won't. I'm not that hard up. Feck you!

SEAMUS: Oh, I've never been as happy as I have since I fell into this love with Mary. Let it last, I pray ya! No, I beg ya!

MAD MARY: 'Tis pretty, but 'tis not a deep love, and 'twill not last. Ya'd best move on, Seamus Devlin.

SEAMUS: Oh, but, Mary, you're crackin' my heart. I've had ya for such a short while. Just a few more minutes of this bliss!

MAD MARY: What can one say to ye? Love fades.

SEAMUS: But my love is so pure!

MAD MARY: No love is pure. Especially yours.

SEAMUS: No, without ya I don't want to live.

MAD MARY: Ya liar!

SEAMUS: I'll kill meself if I can't have ya.

MAD MARY: Truly? How will ya do it?

SEAMUS: With this . . . with this pike.

MAD MARY: I'm waitin', then.

(He gets the pike and tries to stab himself with it. But of course it is too long and too awkward to thrust into his body)

SEAMUS: Maybe I can decapitate meself. (Tries but it's too awkward)

MAD MARY: You're not doin' too well, are ya?

SEAMUS: Or this hook! I'll use that.

TOURIST: I can help you if you like.

MAD MARY: I'm beginnin' to doubt the sincerity of thy love, Seamus Devlin.

SEAMUS: I'll fall upon it, then. (Starts to try. It's too awkward) Doubt not, Mary! I'll outdo Romeo and Juliet. They died but one death each. I'll die, reincarnate, and die again for thee, a thousand thousand times. But for one dear kiss!

MAD MARY: For one kiss? Come then, my gallant, my love rascal. Give us that one dear kiss. Just here. (Points to her cheek)

SEAMUS: Oh, would ya, Mary? Would ya now? (Approaches)

MAD MARY: No, I've changed my mind.

SEAMUS: Oh, Mary, you do but trifle with me.

MAD MARY: Aw, I take pity on ya, you poor, besotted thing. Ya may kiss me after all.

SEAMUS: Ah, now I am to know heaven!

MAD MARY: Only kiss me here. (Points to her behind)

SEAMUS: (after a momentary hesitation) To taste yeer lips or cheek would be more than I could hope for. But to kiss *this* cheek makes me immortal, the envy of the gods. (Kisses her rump) Ah, heaven! Now I am complete. Now I can ask no more of life!

MAD MARY: (unconvinced) We'll see. (about the Pub Owner) Just watch now.

SEAMUS: (coming out of his spell slowly) What am I doin' on my knees?

TOURIST: Kissing Mary's mad arse.

SEAMUS: What?

MAD MARY: Ah, 'tis fading, I suspect, this great love.

SEAMUS: (picking some lint off his lips) What's this now? Bloody hell!

MAD MARY: 'Twas ever so. Give men their way and the next thing ya know they can't wait to be off ya!

SEAMUS: What quare things have been goin' on here in my pub? What have ya two been doin' to me? Did ya put me into some kind of trance? Or what?

TOURIST: I'd better leave before he comes back all the way. Mary, you fixed my car and you're welcome to come with me. I feel an obligation to you, and I really believe you need some kind of help. But it's up to you. I can't force you.

MAD MARY: Is it my magic ya would be dryin' up with all yeer "help," young fellah?

TOURIST: I'm just afraid you might slip back into the way you were when I first saw you.

SEAMUS: I'm askin' — what did you two do to me?

MAD MARY: (to the Tourist) Was there some trouble with the way I was? You jumped at my three wishes soon enough, you did!

TOURIST: I was desperate. I was hungry. I'm still hungry!

MAD MARY: Well, stay hungry for all I care!

TOURIST: Mary, now!

MAD MARY: Don't "Mary, now" me! I'll not be leavin' with you, I won't. You only want to change me, you do. I can see that clearly now. So just go!

TOURIST: I believe I still have two wishes left.

MAD MARY: Ah, there you have it! I'm a crazy old loon and yet you want yeer two wishes off me! Now which is it to be, boy?

TOURIST: Let me get something straight here. Do I or don't I get a total of three wishes? Didn't I earn them somehow?

SEAMUS: No doubt three wishes came with yeer tour package.

MAD MARY: Ya bean counter! Ya didn't earn no wishes! I *gave* them to ya, I did. As a gift, pure and simple. How come I don't ever get three wishes?! I'm always grantin' three wishes, I am, but never gettin' any!

SEAMUS: You got some from the tourist here, Mary, or so rumor has it.

TOURIST: What?!

SEAMUS: Don't be coddin' me, boyo. How else did you get your automobile fixed? Eh?

TOURIST: Mary fixed it, out of the kindness of her heart.

SEAMUS: Yeah, and that's a good one! You *fixed* Mary, that's what you did! Out in the back there. In the cardboard box, ya did!

TOURIST: Mary, tell him.

MAD MARY: I'm not talkin' to either one of ya!

TOURIST: I never touched her.

SEAMUS: Ya did so! We heard ya.

TOURIST: You did not hear us!

SEAMUS: I bet ya took a photo of the two of ya with yeer camera, didn't ya? Come on, show us your lovely photo!

MAD MARY: You're no gentlemen, neither of ya. I have a mind to teach ya both a lesson, I have.

SEAMUS: I think yeer powers aren't what they might have been, Mary, not that they were ever very much to begin with. I just got dizzy there.

MAD MARY: Oh, ya think so, do ya? There's some life left in this auld Wild One yet, I'll have ya know.

SEAMUS: I doubt that, Mary. You've had your day.

MAD MARY: There's just a bit of magic dust left on me here somewhere.  
(Searches her pockets, etc.) Ah, here it is! Let's see if it still has some  
quality in it, what d'ya say, Seamus?

SEAMUS: Now, Mary, don't ya be —

MAD MARY: Don't I be what? I'm just a loony auld hag, am I not?

(She chases him)

SEAMUS: (running away) Stop this, Mary! Right now.

MAD MARY: I *know*! I'll make ya *pregnant*, I will! See how ya like that!

SEAMUS: (still running away) No, you don't! No, you don't!

MAD MARY: (to Tourist) Or you, me young gallant. How about a pinch of magic for  
ya? (Aims it at him but doesn't throw it)

TOURIST: No, thank you. (Runs toward the door) (The door sticks) Oh, God! It's stuck!  
Does nothing in this country work?

MAD MARY: Aha, so! You're in for it now, me lad! Pregnant ye will be!

(She throws the magic dust just as the door opens from the other side)

FATHER: (half-entering, the magic dust hitting him) For the love of God, I need some  
help! Some help! Me mammy's dead in the loo!

MAD MARY: Oh, by Kathleen ni Houlihan, it's Father Finnessey!

(Father Finnessey enters completely, looking great with child)

FATHER: I feel funny, I do. In here. (Points to his stomach). What's the matter with me,  
now?

(Pause)

FATHER: Well?

SEAMUS: That was a pregnant pause, Father.

FATHER: What?

TOURIST: You look pregnant.

FATHER: I can't be pregnant when my mammy's dead in the loo!

MAD MARY: I'm afraid 'tis so, and I'm all out of magic dust to help ya out of yeer situation, I am.

FATHER: On top of everything else, Holy Mother of God, I can't be pregnant too?

MAD MARY: Come in, come in. Have yeerself a pint — a pint at the Pregnant Priest, as we call it now.

FATHER: Holy Jesus, I'm done for!

MAD MARY: You can have an abortion, Father Finnessey. It's early on , it is.

FATHER: A priest can't have an abortion. What's wrong with you, woman?

MAD MARY: Then ya'll have to have the babbee, Father. That's all there is to it.

FATHER: This can't be happening, especially now. My mammy's dead in the loo!

(There is a scratching at the door)

TOURIST: (frightened) What's that noise?

(The scratching occurs again)

SEAMUS: A ghost is all we need now. . . . Let me see. (Heads toward the door somewhat uncertainly. The others wait) (Opens the door) . . . Aw, it's just the dog!

FATHER: Oh, Jesus, he followed me back, he did. (Goes to the door) Bad dog! Bad dog, Nelson! I told you to stay with mammy. Go back and look after her. Go on! . . . Ah, you bad dog, you! (to the others) He's hopeless.

SEAMUS: If yeer mother's dead, she'll wait for help, or there's no St. Pegeen of Zimbabwe.

(Father Finnessey has a spasm in his stomach)

FATHER: Bless me. I feel something. It was your terrible lemonade that did this. And my mother dead in the loo.

MAD MARY: 'Twas the magic dust.

FATHER: I don't believe in your auld magic dust.

TOURIST: A man can't be pregnant in Ireland, can he? This place is even crazier than I thought!

FATHER: (with a bigger spasm) There! I felt it again. A spasm.

MAD MARY: (grandly) All right, if it wasn't my magic dust that did it, then which one of ye two bastards is the father of this priest's babbee?

TOURIST: Not me.

SEAMUS: Not me!

MAD MARY: (mockingly) But why would he want to know in any case? He'll have it and love the wee thing just the same, surely.

FATHER: I'm not having a babbee, I'm not!

TOURIST: (echoing him) You have to live with the consequences of your actions, Father.

FATHER: I didn't do anything but come into this feckin' pub at the wrong moment.

MAD MARY: Yeer language, Father! It'd shame even a pagan babbee's ears, it would.

FATHER: Never mind me language. My mother's dead in the loo!

TOURIST: Maybe I could use one of the wishes to revive her. Is that possible?

MAD MARY: How long has she been dead?

FATHER: She's stone cold. I had to break down the door to the loo to get to her. And she's stone cold.

MAD MARY: (checking) I don't think I have any magic dust left to bring her back. No, it's too late.

FATHER: She's all I've got. All I had.

MAD MARY: Ya've got Nelson and the Church, Father. Have ya forgotten them?

FATHER: (weeping) Why her? Why not me? (Scratching at the door) Bad dog, Nelson! Bad dog!! Stop that infernal scratching!

SEAMUS: How about a drink, Father?

FATHER: I told you, I'm not drinkin' anymore! Look what it did to me poor auld mammy.

TOURIST / SEAMUS: (as one) Dead in the loo.

FATHER: She was a good woman, she was. Kind. Gentle. At least she used to be. Before the drink hardened her and made her mean. So mean.

SEAMUS: Ya have nothin' to fault yeerself for, Father. Many a time I saw ya with yeer mother, and ya looked after her like a faithful son. Ya did and I saw it, I'm sayin'.

FATHER: I was a good son, I was. (to all) I was!

TOURIST: You were, I'm sure.

FATHER: . . . No, I wasn't. Not for several years. And she used to say such precious things to me when I was a boy, long ago.

MAD MARY: Did she now?

FATHER: Never you mind.

MAD MARY: What did she say to ya, Father?

FATHER: I'll not be tellin' you, not after you made me pregnant with your feckin' magic dust. You auld witch! It's a good thing my poor mother didn't have to see me this way! "Twould have broken her poor auld heart.

MAD MARY: Life takes away, Father Finnessey, and life also gives life. It's a big circle. Ya lose a mother, ya become a mother.

FATHER: Do you think so, Mary?

MAD MARY: I know so.

FATHER: (remembering his mother's words) "Oh, Declan, ya're a lovely child, ya are. I hope to God ya'll be wearin' the short pants and not the trousers for a long time. They make yeer legs so fine. Such a handsome boy. Yes, it's handsome ya are, Declan. I don't know how I ever gave birth to such a pretty child. You're fit to be an angel — no, an archangel. Ya must be a priest, son.

That way ya'll go to God direct, the way a lovely, pure lad like yeerself should. Will ya do that for yeer mother, son? Will ye? Will ya become a priest, my boy?" . . . I'll have that drink now, Seamus.

SEAMUS: Ya're sure, Father? Maybe not, what d'ya say?

FATHER: . . . I'm sure. Whiskey.

(The Pub Owner reluctantly pours him a whiskey and places it before him)

TOURIST: Don't drink it, Father.

FATHER: What's the difference if I do? Who gives a good shite?

TOURIST: For the sake of the baby?

FATHER: (softly) It'll just be another poor sinner, it will.

TOURIST: Everything will probably be all right.

SEAMUS: No, it won't! He'll become a tourist attraction. "See the priest who had a babbee!"

FATHER: Why is everything so hard!

MAD MARY: (goadng him) Remember the comforts of the faith, Father. Comforts of yeer faith.

FATHER: And if there's no faith left, what then? You've exposed me to myself, woman.

TOURIST: You must be strong for little . . .

FATHER: Declan Finnessey, Junior? I pity him already. What does he have to look forward to but tears? The illegitimate child of a Roman Catholic priest — with the father unknown — up in heaven no doubt! — a priest without faith, too auld to make a future, a drunkard — but fighting it — a drunkard — who's mightily tempted. A sad, sad auld man. No, I don't want this child! (holding the whiskey) O Lord, take away this cup! Take away this cup from me! (He pushes the drink away)

(There is a quiet scratching at the door)

Aw, Nelson, will you break this auld heart with your scratchin', will you now?

TOURIST: Ah . . . what do you think we ought to do about the . . . your mother? I can call somebody, if you like. I have a cellphone — a mobile. Maybe it's working now. (Shows it) I can at least try — maybe outside?

FATHER: (sadly) I don't know. . . . I don't know.

SEAMUS: So at least ya didn't go back to the drink, Father. There's hope for all of us yet.

FATHER: What are you talking about, Seamus? Of course I want the drink. (Grabs it) To me mother's soul, may she rest in peace! (He downs the whole thing)

TOURIST: Rest in peace.

FATHER: Thank you, thank you. (to Seamus) Another whiskey, if you'll be so good.

SEAMUS: Father, now!

FATHER: Sure, and it's me mother's wake we're after havin' now. Even though she's not here but up the road. She would have had a drink herself, Herself would have, I assure you! And more than one. Let's honor her blessed memory!  
Another one, Seamus, I say!

SEAMUS: Father Finnessey now . . .

FATHER: No, serve it up! Come on! Take ye and drink, for this is my blood!

SEAMUS: Father.

MAD MARY: Let him have it if he wants it. What's he got to live a long time for anyway?

FATHER: Ah, there she's hit it on the head, Mary has! Why indeed live so long?

(The Pub Owner reluctantly serves him another whiskey)

FATHER: Speaking of that, did you hear the one about the people on the Titanic as it was goin' down? It's a good one.

SEAMUS: Yes.

FATHER: Aw, you didn't. You're just sayin' that. See, there was this beautiful Frenchwoman on the ship, you see, just as they're all about to go down, the whole ship. Only about an hour left, and this Frenchwoman — a great beauty she is — stands up and says, "Is there no man here who will make me feel like a real woman before we all die?"

TOURIST: Father . . .

FATHER: No, no, it's a good one. And this Irishman jumps up and says, 'Here, I'll make you feel like a real woman!' And he tears off his shirt and throws it to her and says, 'Here, iron this!' (Laughs hard, too hard, coughs) My mammy would have loved that joke. At least in the old days, before the drink hardened her. In the *auld* days . . .

(The others are silent, touched)

FATHER: 'Here, iron this!' (to Tourist) Now isn't that dear auld Ireland if you ever heard it? (weeping) My life is over, my life is over, and what's more . . . I don't think that it ever really began. . .

(Pause)

SEAMUS: Perhaps ya'd better lie down, Father. What d'ya say?

FATHER: Yes, maybe so.

MAD MARY: Here, rest your head on my muffler. I'll arrange it for ya like a pillow. For the sake of the babbee. (She does)

FATHER: Yes, for the sake of me babbee.

(He lies down on the floor of the pub or on the bar with his head on the muffler. Pause.)

FATHER: I don't want this babbee! I don't! (Bangs on his stomach) (weeps more) For one thing, I'm too old to be a mother!

MAD MARY: Calm down, Father.

TOURIST: Do I have any wishes left?

MAD MARY: Are ya still believin' in wishes, me buckoo, after all that's happened to ya?

TOURIST: Well, something's going on around here. I'm not completely crazy.

SEAMUS: He's just swelled up with the grief, he is. He won't be after havin' no babbee. I've had all kinds in here, but not that, I think.

MAD MARY: I should stay and be the midwife. Then I'll take it if ya don't be wantin' it. I'll raise it myself as a fairy child, I will. I'll teach her how to dance, all shimmering and gossamer, in the moonlight. Oh, how I'd love to see that, I would! Her with a necklace made of heather and gorse.

SEAMUS: So ya'll be stayin' then, Mary?

MAD MARY: Don't be smilin' at me now. I'll never show the fairy child or her dancin' to you. And ya'll be sorry, ya will.

SEAMUS: I'm sure I will. Well, it looks to me like we've got some things to take care of around here? What d'ya say?

FATHER: (getting up) You're right. This 'babbee' and my poor mother.

MAD MARY: And the Church and you, yes?

FATHER: And the Church and me, yes.

TOURIST: And who leaves here and who doesn't?

MAD MARY: Do you know somethin'? When we step out that door there, depending on which way we turn, the rest of our lives will never be the same again.

SEAMUS: Then maybe we should never go out there, just stand here and not move. But I don't think that's possible any longer. I just hope when I leave it's that definite, Mary.

TOURIST: I may never — no, I *will never* come back to this place as long as I live. That's one thing I'm positive will not happen.

MAD MARY: Don't be so sure, young fellah. Time will make it all soft and rosy — the day ya met Mad Mary and the fellahs. Ya might even write about it. You never know.

TOURIST: I doubt it.

MAD MARY: Aw, but ya will. And when you leave here, Seamus, what will be never the same with you?

SEAMUS: I'll put a lock on the door and never look back. I'll be hanged as a rogue if I ever get sentimental about this place.

MAD MARY: So we'll never meet again and have a drink and reminisce about these days?

TOURIST: Hardly.

SEAMUS: And what about you, ya auld hag? What'll be the fate of you in the mornin' when young tourist here dumps ya off at the hospital in God knows where?

MAD MARY: It's tired I am, and my eyes are a-weary. I think I need a long, long sleep — out there somewhere on the hills of Tara. I'll be resting till the fairies wake me with their lovely dancin'.

SEAMUS: I thought yeer fairies had abandoned ya.

MAD MARY: No, I think they'll wake me again. At least I can count on them more than

I can count on you.

TOURIST: Now, Mary, don't be going on like that. Sleeping in the hills and waiting for fairies. Don't be talking like that, okay?

MAD MARY: I am auld, very auld. And I must die just like all the rest have died. And all the fibbin' and pretendin' and denyin' is not goin' to change that sad music, surely. Nor will it change it for any of the rest of ye, I'm thinkin'. It won't change for any of us.

(Pause)

FATHER: I best be pushin' off. There's no getting around it any longer.

MAD MARY: How's your babbee, Father?

FATHER: (feeling his stomach) You know what, I think my stomach's gone down. God in glory, it's almost back to normal! Look!

TOURIST: Really? Was it just hysteria?

SEAMUS: Gas?

FATHER: I think it's gone. It must have been the . . . the devil's lemonade.

MAD MARY: If it was even there in the first place.

FATHER: And sure, just when I was starting to look forward to having the wee one.

MAD MARY: Maybe later then? Ya want some more of my magic dust, Father? (Looks in her pockets) Shall I look for some for ya? I think maybe some got on my muffler. (She retrieves the muffler.)

FATHER: Never you mind, you auld sorceress! With your sly tricks. I'm back to myself now, and I'll be leavin'. I've got auld Nelson out there to look after me, I do. Now that me mam is no more. And I can still make the Benediction tonight. (He goes to the door and opens it.) Nelson? . . . Here, boy. . . . Nelson? (to the others) Have you seen Nelson? He always waits by the door, he does. (Goes outside) Nelson? . . . Nelson! Have you run off, boy? . . . Nelson! . . . (his voice trailing off) Nelson, where ye be, boy? Good dog! Nelson! . . . Nelson? . . .

(It seems that the dog is not there, waiting. The others don't look at each other, their heads down)

MAD MARY: (feeling sorry for the priest) I can't be that hard. Surely there's got to be at least a bit of magic dust left around here somewhere, by all that's holy and good — or not good and not holy! There's none on me muffler, it seems. Seamus, isn't there a little bit left on yeer clothes maybe?

SEAMUS: No, Mary, not a pinch.

MAD MARY: (to Tourist) Young fellah, you?

TOURIST: Sorry, Mary, none.

MAD MARY: Maybe some fell off Father Finnessey when he laid down over here? (Searches the spot) No. There's not a sparkle left, not one. Or if there is I can't see it. Ah, me, what's an auld hag without her sparkle!?

(A mobile phone rings)

MAD MARY: What's that? By any chance, is it Nelson?

TOURIST: (taking out the mobile phone from a pocket) It's mine. Excuse me. (Takes the call, while the others watch) Yes? . . . Yes? . . . Really? Yes, I'll tell her.

MAD MARY: What?

TOURIST: (hanging up) It was the fairies calling, Mary. They said maybe there's some magic dust under your fingernails, if you look.

MAD MARY: The fairies, calling me?

TOURIST: Yes.

MAD MARY: Then why the hell didn't ya let me take the call?

SEAMUS: (to Tourist) (about the mobile phone) Hey! I saw ya fiddlin' with that thing.

TOURIST: (shushing him) Shhh! (to Mary) The fairies said they couldn't talk right now. But look under your fingernails, Mary. See the sparkle?

MAD MARY: (looking at them) Yes, I think you're right. There's a little bit of sparkle right here. See!

TOURIST: I see it.

SEAMUS: I don't!

TOURIST: But Mary does. Don't you see? Mary does. (Gestures at him to go along with

the idea)

SEAMUS: Oh . . . I see. Of course there's still a bit of magic left, Mary.

MAD MARY: You're just humoring an auld woman, you are.

TOURIST: Of course we're not.

SEAMUS: If ya want magic dust, Mary, then by Saint Brendan of Mongolia, there's magic dust! God knows, there's precious little to ask for.

MAD MARY: I don't mind if ya are humoring me, to tell the truth.

TOURIST: Use the magic dust, Mary. Use the last that you'll ever have. Use that or any leftover wishes or whatever you have. Only use it all for yourself this time. Clearly and only for yourself this time.

MAD MARY: Truly?

TOURIST: Indeed. Use it to make something magical for Mary.

MAD MARY: Ya're a kind lad, ya are. But I don't think the magic works for me, just for others.

TOURIST: Make that wish, before it's too late!

SEAMUS: Yes, go on, Mary. You can do it. You can give yeerself the finest wish you've ever given anybody in yeer life. And forgive me for bein' such a bastard to ya all these years!

MAD MARY: By Wicca and Hecate, I will! There's not much to work with, but I'll do it, I will!

SEAMUS: Good! And what'll it be this time, ya beautiful auld hag! (Rubs his hands together in anticipated delight)

MAD MARY: I can't think what it should be! . . . No, I can think what it should be. . . . Except that maybe I could make meself into a young lass again! All rosy and dimply, as I was at sixteen. I was sixteen once, ya know.

TOURIST: Is that what *you* want most of all, Mary? Is it? Not what anyone else wants, what *you* want.

MAD MARY: I think it is indeed.

TOURIST: Then go for it.

MAD MARY: But first I need . . . to get some . . . (She runs outside)

SEAMUS: What is she doin' now, for god's sake!

TOURIST: Let her have this time. Let her do whatever she needs to find closure. I'll have to take her to a hospital, you realize. Somebody has to.

SEAMUS: And just leave her there? (No reply) . . . All right, I know. She can't take proper care of herself, sure. That's obvious. She can't be livin' in a cardboard box.

TOURIST: I don't want to just leave her, but I've got to get back home soon. I have a job I have to get back to. Do you know any place where she could go?

SEAMUS: (after thinking) No, I'm leaving this place too. And I mean it for sure this time!

TOURIST: Are you positive?

SEAMUS: As sure as anything in this damned world! The next time I lock that front door is the last time. Or give me twelve of the best!

(Mary re-enters, daubing mud on her face.)

MAD MARY: I'm almost fixed up to make my wish, I am. I just need the time to be meself again.

(She makes herself disheveled again, her hair messy, face dirty, as she was when she entered)

MAD MARY: Like so. . . And like this. . . There! Now I'm *Mud Mary* again, I am!  
(Parades for them)

TOURIST: (touched) Mary . . . oh, Mary . . .

SEAMUS: Are ya tryin' to break our hearts, ya auld hag, ya!

MAD MARY: I found Nelson outside. He was asleep.

SEAMUS: Did ya? Father will be missin' him. I'll be after takin' him up to the rectory in a little while.

MAD MARY: Lyin' on his side, he was. And I could not wake him, though I even stroked his head.

(Pause. The Tourist and the Pub Owner make eye contact, but they say nothing)

TOURIST: So are you prepared now to make that wish, Mary?

MAD MARY: I am!

TOURIST: Good girl, then. And after that we'll go for a ride in my car, okay?

MAD MARY: In your car, is it?

TOURIST: Yes, in my car.

MAD MARY: And if I go in your car, can I talk to the fairies on that thing ya have?

TOURIST: On my cellphone?

MAD MARY: Do ya have their number?

TOURIST: (at a loss) Do I have the fairies' number? I'll have to look it up.

MAD MARY: But ya have it, ya're sayin'?

SEAMUS: He has it, Mary. Or if he doesn't, I do.

MAD MARY: Seamus Devlin, ya've been holdin' out on me about the fairies all this time? You divil, you!

SEAMUS: We'll take ya to see the fairies, and I'll even go with ya, how's that? Young tourist here and I will find ya a place to stay in, Mary, and a fine place too, or there's *no* faith in Ireland!

TOURIST: Is that okay, Mary? You will go with us, right?

MAD MARY: Of course I'll go with ya! But ya're preventin' me from makin' me great wish, the both of ya, with all yeer jabberin'. I'll be after forgettin' what it is, if I don't make it soon.

TOURIST: (quietly) Wish then, Mary. Wish.

MAD MARY: I have a rhyme left in me yet, I do. (Holds the bit of magic dust)

Listen, fairies, spirits, elves, for you must.

I make this wish from magic dust.

Though now, before you, all you see  
is muck and earth,

Let auld Mary have re-birth!

While we're here at the Pregnant Priest,  
Grant her one small wish at least.

Take away the strife and pain.  
Make her live a girl again!

(She throws the bit of magic dust into the air.)

(We see Mary reach for the lights to turn them out)

Lights Out

(Pause. Darkness.)

(The Pub Owner turns the lights back on)

(Mad Mary is gone)

SEAMUS: Mary?

(No response)

TOURIST: Mary? (no answer) Mary?

SEAMUS: Outside!

(The Pub Owner and the Tourist run outside looking for her)

TOURIST: (calling outside the door) Mary, are you out here?

SEAMUS: (calling) Mary! . . . Hello! Don't be wanderin' off now.

TOURIST: I don't see her. My car's still there.

SEAMUS: There's her cardboard box. Maybe she's in that. Mary, are ya in there?  
(moving toward it) Mary! . . . Aw, Jaysus, here's Nelson! Ah, Christ, if it  
isn't the dog inside!

TOURIST: What's wrong with him?

SEAMUS: As cold as the rain despite the box. And not movin' ever again, I'm  
thinkin' . . . .

TOURIST: Oh, no.

SEAMUS: Here, help me.

(Pause)

SEAMUS: (calling) Mary, are ya out here? . . . Answer me!

(No response)

TOURIST: (calling) Mary! . . . It's me. . . .Mary!

(They re-enter carrying the dog's body inside the cardboard box)

SEAMUS: Sure, and he's heavy enough!

TOURIST: We couldn't just leave him there.

SEAMUS: I'll bury him, out in the back somewhere once the rain stops. Father Finnessey doesn't need to see him like this. Poor auld thing.

TOURIST: I can help you, if you like.

(Pause)

SEAMUS: . . . Ya do that. . . . And thank ya too.

TOURIST: . . . You're welcome.

(There is an awkward moment of rapprochement between them)

SEAMUS: (blustering through the moment) Got more than ya bargained for, didn't ya, young bucko, when ya came around here!

TOURIST: I did indeed.

SEAMUS: (behind the bar) Well, how about a drink for ya then? Ya've earned it, God knows! What will it be?

TOURIST: A drink? For me?

SEAMUS: Why not? Ya'd better hurry or I'll change me mind.

TOURIST: . . . Okay. A Coke.

SEAMUS: A Coke? . . . All right, what the hell. Let it be a Coke, if it must, but I won't give ya any ice! (He opens a can of Coke and pours some into a glass) Guess what. I'll have some meself, I will. If ya can't fight 'em . . . then kill yeerself with their food and drink! (toasts with the can) To poor auld Ireland!

TOURIST: To Ireland, whatever she may become!

SEAMUS: God help us all!

(They each take a sip.)

SEAMUS: But have we lost Mary, then? Up the road maybe? Off dancin' with her fairies again?

TOURIST: Could she have gone to Father Finnessey's house?

SEAMUS: Maybe. . . . Wait! I think I know now where she's gone! (Points) Out there.  
(Heads toward the toilets offstage) Now, Mary, did ya go into the ladies' and lose yer way, did ya? (offstage) Mary? . . . Mary?

(Pause)

TOURIST: (having a swig of Coke) Is she there?

SEAMUS: (touched) Oh, Mary, Jaysus, no . . .

(Pause)

TOURIST: Seamus?

(The Pub Owner slowly returns, shaking his head)

TOURIST: What's wrong? . . . What is it?

SEAMUS: She *is* in there.

TOURIST: (realizing) No!

SEAMUS: I'm afraid so.

TOURIST: She's . . . ?

SEAMUS: Dead in the loo, she is! God save us! What's happenin' to the world!  
Everybody's dyin' in loos and cardboard boxes!

TOURIST: Well, maybe it's not too . . . (Starts to go offstage)

SEAMUS: Don't! It is too late.

TOURIST: But she didn't even get to make that last wish.

SEAMUS: . . . No, I'm thinkin' that Mary *did* make her last wish. I haven't seen her look so young since ever I saw her first.

(Pause)

Aw, she left her muffler behind. (He gets it from where she left it, examines It.) Guess what, not a bit of magic dust left on it anywhere, not a bit. (Looks off toward Mary.) And she'll get cold without it, I'm thinkin' . . . Maybe we'll all get cold. (Salutes her with the muffler) Aw, God bless ya, ya mad thing! God bless ya and poor auld Ireland too!

TOURIST: (saluting her with his Coke) To Mary! . . . And old Ireland too.

(The Pub Owner and the Tourist bow their heads for Mad Mary and auld Ireland. The Pub Owner wipes away a tear)

SEAMUS: Aw, Jaysus, I'm cryin' now, and ain't that the sorriest sight ya ever saw in yer life, I'm askin' ya!?

(Slow Fade)