

DOCTOR Billy's gone to Inishmore?

JOHNNY He has. With the McCormicks and Babbybobby rowing them. Babbybobby who'll be arrested for grievous bodily harm the minute he returns, or grievous *heavily* harm anyways, for it was me head he grievously harmed.

DOCTOR They've gone to see the filming?

JOHNNY To see the filming or to be in the filming, aye.

DOCTOR But the filming finished yesterday, sure. It's only clearing the out cameras and whatnot they are today.

JOHNNY *(Pause.)* I suppose they must've been given unreliable information somewhere along the way, so.

MAMMY Aye, be this goose.

JOHNNY Don't you be calling me goose, I said.

MAMMY Get me a drink, goose.

JOHNNY If you retract goose I'll get you a dr...

MAMMY I retract goose. *(Johnny pours her a large whiskey, the Doctor agghast.)*

DOCTOR Don't ... don't... *(Angry.)* Have I been talking to meself all day?!

JOHNNY *(Pause.)* Would you like a drink too, Doctor, after I have stumped you with me Cripple Billy revelation?

DOCTOR What do I care about that ass-faced revelation?

JOHNNY Heh. We'll see if your tune's the same when Billy returns home dead because of your secrecy, and you're drummed out of doctorhood and forced to scrape the skitter out of bent cows, is all you were ever really fit for anyways, oh we all know.

DOCTOR Billy won't be returning home dead because there's nothing the matter with Billy but a wheeze.

JOHNNY Are you persisting in that one, Doctor Useless?

DOCTOR Shall I say it one more time, thicko? There is nothing wrong with Billy Claven. Okay? *(The Doctor exits.)*

JOHNNY Cancer! Cancer! Come back you! Would it be cancer? Tell me what it begins with. Is it a 'C'? Is it a 'P'?

MAMMY You're talking to thin air, ya fool.

JOHNNY *(Calling.)* I'll get to the bottom of it one way or the other, McSharry! Be hook or be crook! A good newsmen never takes no for an answer!

MAMMY No. You just take stones pegged at your head for an answer.

JOHNNY Let the stone matter drop, I've told you twenty times, or I'll kick your black arse back to Antrim for you. *(Johnny sits on the bed, reading a newspaper.)*

MAMMY You and your shitey-arsed news.

JOHNNY My news isn't shitey-arsed. My news is great news. Did you hear Jack Ellery's goose and Pat Brennan's cat have both been missing a week? I suspect something awful's happened to them, or I *hope* something awful's happened to them.

MAMMY Even though you're me own son I'll say it, Johnny-pateen, you're the most boring out fecker in Ireland. And there's plenty of competition for that fecking post!

JOHNNY There's a sheep here in Kerry with no ears, I'll have to make a note.

MAMMY *(Pause.)* Give me the bottle if you're going bringing up sheep deformities. *(He gives her the whiskey bottle.)*

JOHNNY Sheep deformities is interesting news. Is the best kind of news. Excluding major illnesses anyways. *(Pause.)* And I want to see half that bottle gone be tea-time.

MAMMY Poor Cripple Billy. The life that child's had. With that man and dad of his, and that sackful of stones of theirs....

JOHNNY Shut up about the sackful of stones.

MAMMY And now this. Although look at the life I've had too. First poor Donald bit in two, then you going thieving the hundred-pound floorboard money he'd worked all his life to save and only to piss it away in pubs. Then the beetroot fecking paella you go making every Tuesday on top of it.

JOHNNY There's nothing the matter with beetroot paella, and hasn't half of that hundred pounds been poured down your dribbling gob the past sixty years, ya bollocks?

MAMMY Poor Billy. It's too many of the coffins of gasurs I've seen laid in the ground in me time.

JOHNNY Drink up, so. You may save yourself the trouble this time.

MAMMY Ah, I'm holding out to see you in your coffin first, Johnny-pat. Wouldn't that be a happy day?

JOHNNY. Isn't that funny, because I'd enjoy seeing you in *your* coffin the same as ya, if we can find a coffin big enough to squeeze your fat arse into. Course we may have to saw half the blubber off you first, oh there's not even a question.

MAMMY. Oh you've upset me awful with them harsh remarks, Johnnypateen, oh aye. *(Pause.)* Ya fecking eejit. *(Pause.)* Anything decent in the paper, read it out to me. But no sheep news.

JOHNNY. There's a fella here, riz to power in Germany, has an awful funny moustache on him.

MAMMY. Let me see his funny moustache. *(He shows her the photo.)* That's a funny moustache.

JOHNNY. You'd think he'd either grow a proper moustache or else shave that poor biteen of a straggle off.

MAMMY. That fella seems to be caught in two minds.

JOHNNY. Ah he seems a nice enough fella, despite his funny moustache. Good luck to him. *(Pause.)* There's a German fella living out in Connemara now, d'you know? Out Leenane way.

MAMMY. Ireland mustn't be such a bad place if German fellas want to come to Ireland.

JOHNNY. They all want to come to Ireland, sure. Germans, dentists, everybody.

MAMMY. And why, I wonder?

JOHNNY. Because in Ireland the people are more friendly.

MAMMY. They are, I suppose.

JOHNNY. Of course they are, sure. Everyone knows that. Sure, isn't it what we're famed for? *(Long pause.)* I'd bet money on cancer. *(Johnny nods, returning to his paper. Blackout.)*