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A Life

by Hugh Leonard

A Samuel French Acting Edition



New York Hollywood London Toronto

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OPENING NIGHT, NOVEMBER 2, 1980

THE MOROSCO THEATRE

Leased and operated by Lester Osterman

LESTER OSTERMAN RICHARD HORNER HINKS SHIMBERG
and FREYDBERG-CUTLER-DIAMOND PRODUCTIONS
present

ROY DOTRICE PAT HINGLE AIDEEN O'KELLY HELEN STENBORG

in

A LIFE

A New Play by

HUGH LEONARD

With

DANA DELANY
DAVID FERRY
ADAM REDFIELD
LAUREN THOMPSON

Associate Producer & Casting
LYNNE STUART

Scenery & Costumes by
ROBERT FLETCHER

Lighting by
MARC B. WEISS

Associate Producer
SPENCER BERLIN

General Manager
MALCOLM ALLEN

Production Stage Manager
ELLIOTT WOODRUFF

Directed by

PETER COE

CAST

(*in order of appearance*)

DRUMM ..... *Roy Dotrice*
DOLLY ..... *Helen Stenborg*
MARY ..... *Aideen O'Kelly*
MIBS (young Mary) ..... *Lauren Thompson*
DESMOND (young Drumm) ..... *Adam Redfield*
LAR (young Kearns) ..... *David Ferry*
KEARNS ..... *Pat Hingle*
DOROTHY (young Dolly) ..... *Dana Delany*

The play is set in a small town just south of Dublin.

The time is the present.

CHARACTERS

DRUMM—Age 64; retirement age. Intellectual snobbish, aloof, sarcastic, scholarly.

MARY—Age 60; limps slightly from an accident. Married to Lar. She is the girl that Drumm once loved. Spunky. Great individuality, very outspoken. More physical than intellectual. Good sense of humor.

KEARNS—Contemporary of Drumm. Ineffectual, goodhumoured, physically gone to seed. Big man. Enjoys pleasure of life. Not intelligent. Incapable of suspecting ill-will in anyone. Tender hearted. Messes everything up.

DOLLY—Age 60; married to Drumm. Natural gaiety, under which is a terror of her husband's displeasure. Shy, soft spoken. Tender, forgiving, timid, foolish, devoted.

DESMOND—(young Drumm) Age 24.

MIBS—(young Mary) Age 20.

LAR—(young Kearns) Age 24.

DOROTHY—(young Dolly) Age 20.

A Life

ACT ONE

Darkness. Then lights come up on a bandstand at S. C. *It is round, and although the roof is long gone the supporting pillars of curved Victorian iron remain. Short flights of steps lead down to stage level* L. *and* R. *The stage areas to* L. *and* R. *of the bandstand are in darkness.*

DRUMM *is entering the bandstand. He is wearing a fawn-coloured raincoat. He hears the strains of "The Missouri Waltz." He refreshes his memory by glancing at his notes, then puts them away. He addresses an unseen audience.*

DRUMM. To conclude. I have chosen to end today's walk at the bandstand in this park which is remarkable for its views of sea and mountains, such as may have inspired Bernard Shaw's observation that whereas Ireland's men are temporal, its hills are eternal. Any child familiar with the rudiments of geology could have told him otherwise, but then even Shaw was not immune to his countrymen's passion for inexactitude. These few acres have more than a scenic claim on our attention. This hillside is all that remains of what was called the Commons of Dalkey. Where the town—I speak in the Catholic sense: the Protestants call it a village—where the town now stands was once gorseland and furze moorland and wretched cabins. The coming of the railway in 1834 turned this wilderness into a place of

habitation for the well-to-do, who were closely followed by tradespeople and members of the middle classes who knew their place and on that account lost no time in leaving it. The town evolved, grew and procreated, as our presence in it bears witness. Its population is four thousand, seven hundred, which figure can by simple division be broken down into nearly six hundred persons per public house. It was known to antiquity as the Town of the Seven Castles, of which the surviving two are vermin-infested, one being in ruins and the other the town hall. (*A thin smile, which disappears when there is no response to his joke.*) The climate is temperate, the birthrate relentless and the mortal—(*He hesitates.*) . . . the mortality rate is consistent with the national average. I see that some of you become restive. (*He looks at his watch.*) And, coincidentally, the licensing laws are about to be in out favour. I thank you for your attention. The next of these conducted walks so ingeniously entitled "Dalkey Discovered" will be one month from today, on Sunday, June 16th. Your guide will be Mrs. Rachel Fogarty. Good day. (*There is a spatter of applause, which suggests that his audience has been a thin one. He watches them leave, then takes a tube of Milk of Magnesia tablets from his pocket and puts one in his mouth. He sits on the steps of the bandstand and takes out a packet of Sweet Afton. With the cigarette halfway to his lips, he sits absolutely still as if a realisation had suddenly come to him. A woman appears. She is his wife,* DOLLY, *aged 60.*)

DOLLY. (*Approaching.*) Yoo-hoo! Dezzie! (DRUMM's *only reaction is to complete the business of lighting his cigarette.*) I came to meet you.

DRUMM. (*Not pleased.*) Did you?

DOLLY. I climbed over the very tip-top and down the rocks. Amn't I great? (*Catching her breath.*) Whoo . . .

It's so steep, I thought to myself, God send I don't burst into a run and can't stop.

DRUMM. It would have enlivened my lecture.

DOLLY. I saw you from the top, talking sixteen to the dozen, only I couldn't hear and I didn't want to come down and make you nervous, so I waited. Was it a nice walk, what way did you go, what did you say to them?

DRUMM. You are the only woman I know who can talk while breathless.

DOLLY. I was dying to hear. Were they thrilled to bits?

DRUMM. They managed not to disintegrate. I spoke well. I think I did. It's unimportant. (DOLLY *has a natural gaiety, under which is a terror of his displeasure. She seizes at any opportunity of staying in his good graces.*)

DOLLY. Do you hear him! Where'd you walk them to?

DRUMM. To here.

DOLLY. You're mean. No, tell us.

DRUMM. (*With a sigh, as if to say "If I must".*) Along the Metals by the old Atmospheric Railway, around the hill, along the Green Lane to the broken cross and from there to the old semaphore station, which, thanks to my sense of smell, I kept them from entering. Then to Torca Cottage, and here by way of the Cat's Ladder and the Ramparts.

DOLLY. Such a distance.

DRUMM. (*With satisfaction.*) I think I may have lost one or two of them en route.

DOLLY. And you made a lovely speech.

DRUMM. Not a speech: I gave a talk.

DOLLY. And it's not everyone they ask. They're most particular. (*He looks at her coldly.*) And if they didn't ask you itself, it's a pity about them. What are they, only from the town.

DRUMM. Why did you come here?

DOLLY. To meet you.

DRUMM. Yes, I'm aware of that. I asked why.

DOLLY. I got tired of the four walls for company. (*Aware that he is looking at her:*) The sun was splitting the trees out. You told me where you'd be finishing up, and I said why don't I give myself an outing and the pair of us can walk home.

DRUMM. So you went crawling through the gorse like a decrepit sheep. (*She has no ready answer. Pause.*)

DOLLY. You put me in mind of an old statue.

DRUMM. What?

DOLLY. When I was coming down. You were sitting there with the cigarette halfway to your mouth and not a jig out of you. No more life than an old statue.

DRUMM. I was admiring the view.

DOLLY. No, you weren't. Like a statue by that French artist.

DRUMM. Not artist. Sculptor.

DOLLY. Mm, that's him . . . what's-his-name.

DRUMM. (*Deliberately.*) Renoir.

DOLLY. Mm. That's right. (*A pause.*) And I'm not a sheep, Dezzie.

DRUMM. Quite so.

DOLLY. Or decrepit, either.

DRUMM. To be sure.

DOLLY. I know it's only your way and you mean nothing by it, but other people don't know that, and it's not very—

DRUMM. Could we have done?

DOLLY. . . . very gentlemanly. (*He looks at the view as if she were not there.*) Are you not going to tell me what Ben said?

DRUMM. Who?

DOLLY. Ben Mulhall. I know you were with him

because I met Maddie Dowling in the chapel yard and she said she saw you coming out of his front gate.

DRUMM. So that's why.

DOLLY. Why what? (*He does not answer: it is as if a reply would be beneath contempt.*) I thought maybe he'd had news for you.

DRUMM. (*Affirmative.*) Mm.

DOLLY. Well, had he?

DRUMM. I met him in the street. I asked him if he had had the results of my X-rays. He took me into his surgery: I think that being in it reassures him that he's a doctor. He gave me one of those looks of his, redolent of the cemetery, and said that I should buy day returns from now on instead of season tickets.

DOLLY. Oh, Dezzie . . .

DRUMM. (*Annoyed.*) He was being fatuous. Do you think he'd make jokes in the face of having his practice diminished by another patient? After he had used up his small reservoir of wit he condescended to get to the point. My own diagnosis was correct: I have a duodenal ulcer. He is to give me a diet sheet and a prescription, and he told me that I am to watch myself. I said my name was Drumm and not Narcissus. Of course it was lost on him, too.

DOLLY. You won't have to go into—I mean, to be—

DRUMM. Into hospital? Certainly not. Only a fool donates his body to medical science *before* death. Ben Mulhall said that I am to drink milk instead of tea or coffee. Then senility overcame him and he began to babble about my giving up whiskey as well. An ulcer: one lives with it, but at least one lives. (DOLLY *turns her head away and searches in her bag for a handkerchief.*) Now what?

DOLLY. Nothing.

DRUMM. Not tears.

DOLLY. I'm grand.

DRUMM. Are you so disappointed?

DOLLY. Over what? (*Taking his meaning, reproachfully:*) I'm relieved.

DRUMM. Oh, yes?

DOLLY. That's a terrible thing to—

DRUMM. Lower your voice.

DOLLY. Making out I was disapp—

DRUMM. This is a public place. You are quite incapable of recognising a joke when you hear it.

DOLLY. It wasn't a—(*He silences her with a look.*) I was worried sick.

DRUMM. I hadn't noticed.

DOLLY. I wasn't going to let on to you, was I? But let's face it, Dezzie, we're not youngsters, and when you get to be our age—

DRUMM. Don't bracket our ages.

DOLLY. It's just the sort of thing that happens when you think at long last you're grand and clear and have a chance to enjoy life. Do you know what I said? I said: Ah no, God, not now, not when he'll be finished with the office in August and we can have our holiday and a rest and get the little car and—(*She stops, dismayed that she has said more than she ought. Pause. He waits until she tries to disentangle herself.*) I mean—

DRUMM. What little car?

DOLLY. If you owned up to it, you were as worried as I was.

DRUMM. You said a car.

DOLLY. When? (*As he draws in his breath; deprecatingly:*) A small one.

DRUMM. Do you mean a motor car?

DOLLY. They're all the go.

DRUMM. All the go? (*She giggles nervously at the accidental pun.*)

DOLLY. Amn't I a panic.

DRUMM. What new foolishness is this?

DOLLY. We could afford it. You'll have your lump sum. (*Weakly:*) It'd be nice.

DRUMM. How long has this been fermenting inside that brain of yours? A car. To be driven by whom, may I ask?

DOLLY. You could go for lessons.

DRUMM. You think so?

DOLLY. An ulcer wouldn't hinder you.

DRUMM. I daresay.

DOLLY. The Moroneys bought themselves one, and he gets blackouts.

DRUMM. And have you decided where we are to go in it, in this small car?

DOLLY. For . . . drives.

DRUMM. (*Without intontation.*) Drives.

DOLLY. And we could visit people. Friends.

DRUMM. Friends? Such as whom?

DOLLY. (*Vaguely.*) You know.

DRUMM. Friends, you said. Who?

DOLLY. New friends. (*He decides that he has heard enough. He brushes down his coat and buttons it.*) Don't be cross, Dezzie. I thought it'd be an interest for you.

DRUMM. I'm not at all cross, and it is of no interest either to me or for me. You take too much on yourself. Without consulting me, you sit there weaving your little webs, allowing your imagination to run riot. And then, when I speak to you with the voice of reason, you come crashing to earth. You do yourself no kindness at all. Now look here: do you not think there are enough fools

and blackguards walking about on two legs without my having to contend with those in motor cars as well? Driving lessons, indeed.

DOLLY. If you don't want to learn, maybe I could.

DRUMM. (*Not unkindly.*) Talk sense. The entire population would take to the fields. (*He looks at his watch.*) A quarter to. Off home with you.

DOLLY. I thought the pair of us could—

DRUMM. . . . walk home. You said. I have a call to make.

DOLLY. Where? (*He gives her one of his looks, as if she should know better by now than to pry.*) I mean, I put the leg of lamb on for two o'clock. You won't be late?

DRUMM. Have I ever been late?

DOLLY. No, Dezzie.

DRUMM. No, never. Off you go, then.

DOLLY. Well, don't be—(*She checks herself and sets off. He watches until she is out of sight, then crosses down the steps to the area at* S. R. *Lights come up at* S. R. *on the living room of a small red-bricked Edwardian house of the kind with a pocket-handkerchief garden in front. The room is neat and homely. It is newly decorated, and some of the furniture—perhaps the three-piece suite—is new as well.* MARY KEARNS *comes in. She is of an age with* DOLLY. *She meets* DRUMM *as he enters the room.*)

MARY. Well, what is it they say? The dead arose and appeared to many. Come in.

DRUMM. If you're sure I'm welcome.

MARY. That's the last thing I'm sure of. (*He stops in his tracks, affronted.*) (*Confused.*) I dunno whether you are or not.

DRUMM. If you'd prefer I hadn't called . . .

MARY. I'll tell you that when I hear what brung you. (*Looking at him:*) The same old face on you. A body daren't look crossways at you.

DRUMM. You know, you're in an aggressive mood.

MARY. I'm surprised, do you mind?

DRUMM. (*Reasonably.*) No. I daresay it would be surprising if you weren't. Perhaps this isn't convenient.

MARY. Ah, don't be such a dry old stick.

DRUMM. I could call another time.

MARY. Aye, in another six years. Will you take that raincoat off you and sit. Wrapped up like an old mummy in the month of May.

DRUMM. A prudent man waits until June.

MARY. And one day you ought to go demented and buy yourself a new one. Give it to me.

DRUMM. (*Removing his coat.*) Is he in?

MARY. Is who in?

DRUMM. Your husband.

MARY. In or out, he has a name.

DRUMM. Yes. Is he here? (*She snatches the coat and bunches up her fist in exasperation, shoving it up to this face.*)

MARY. I'll do it yet, you see if I don't. He's at the—(*Taking care to mention his name:*) Lar is at Finnegan's, having his pint.

DRUMM. (*Smiling sceptically.*) Pint, singular. (*She does not deign to answer, but lays his coat over the back of the sofa. We notice for the first time that she limps slightly.*) Are you well?

MARY. As you see me.

DRUMM. Fully recovered. The accident, I mean.

MARY. You're behind the times. I'm over that this long while.

DRUMM. I was concerned.

MARY. I know: I got your letter. I was surprised there wasn't a "your obedient servant" at the end of it. (*Regretting this:*) But you sent Dolly to see me. That was nice of you.

DRUMM. (*Reasonably.*) You'd been injured.

MARY. I do often say to Lar, I was such a good patient they put a barometer inside my leg for a present. It gives me the weather forecast.

DRUMM. You know the limp is hardly noticeable. Does it trouble you?

MARY. Only when people mention it.

DRUMM. You look well. Hardly a day older.

MARY. Since when? Yesterday?

DRUMM. No, I mean, since we—

MARY. You go past me every day in the town. I might as well be a midge in the air or a pane of glass a body'd look through. If you see me in time, you go across the street, and if you don't, you put that face on you as if there was a dead dog in the road. Making a show of yourself and of me as well.

DRUMM. We were not on speaking terms.

MARY. And don't I know it!

DRUMM. I am not a hypocrite. I will not affect a pretence of goodwill simply for the benefit of every prying cornerboy and twitching lace curtain in the street.

MARY. A nod wouldn't have killed you.

DRUMM. You prefer me to be dishonest?

MARY. Be whatever you like. You're a bitter old pill, and you always will be.

DRUMM. (*Smiling tolerantly.*) I have never yet met the member of your sex who did not prefer common abuse to commonsense.

MARY. Did you come in here to vex me?

DRUMM. No. No, I did not, and your point is well-

taken. Whatever bitterness has been between us is in the past.

MARY. (*Ominously.*) It's where?

DRUMM. I think it's time that we were friends again.

MARY. Is that what brung you?

DRUMM. (*Gently.*) Brought me.

MARY. Brought you.

DRUMM. At our age, there aren't so many days left that one can afford to squander them in quarrels.

MARY. Life's too short.

DRUMM. Exactly.

MARY. That's the bee in your bonnet, is it? And so you walk in here, calm as you like after six years, expecting the welcome mat and to be offered rashers and eggs. (*He makes no reply.*) Do you want a cup of tea?

DRUMM. No, thank you.

MARY. There's a drop of whiskey.

DRUMM. (*Considering.*) Well, in that case I'm not going to risk giving offense, as they say, with a refusal. (*She exits* S. R., *taking his coat with her.*) The merest tincture. It'll sharpen the appetite. Dolly is doing us a leg of lamb.

MARY. How is she?

DRUMM. Unchanged. (*She re-enters with a bottle of whiskey and two glasses which she places on the coffee table.*)

MARY. This is a sudden notion of yours.

DRUMM. Pardon me?

MARY. To make up.

DRUMM. I had some news this morning concerning health. Good news. (*As she glances at him:*) I wasn't ill, but there was the possibility. A cloud threatening the autumn day.

MARY. And it's gone now?

DRUMM. A passing shower.

MARY. So you feel full of yourself.

DRUMM. That, too, perhaps. But it suddenly brought it home to me that one's time is finite. If instead of cracking his execrable jokes Ben Mulhall had offered me that whiskey and if his eyes had avoided mine—

MARY. What was it that ailed you?

DRUMM. Tummy trouble. And if these antennae and these (*He gestures towards his eyes and ears.*) had detected a verdict of another kind, well, I would have lived to reg—(*He amends, smiling:*) I would have regretted those six years.

MARY. Will you pour this? I never know how much. Six years? Did you ever add up all the time we haven't been talking since I knew you? How many days out of the forty years? You're an Irish summer of a man: sunny skies one day and rain the next. For a week or maybe a month you'd be the height of company: you'd make a cat laugh; next thing, there's a face on you, that face, like a plateful of mortal sins and you're off out that door as if there was a curtain rod stuck up you. You can get on with no one: a cup of cold water would disagree with you.

DRUMM. You say that, but in your heart you know that I am the most reasonable man in this town.

MARY. Drink your drink.

DRUMM. As well as being a person of principle.

MARY. Oh, I know that: no need to tell me. You won't be ten minutes in heaven before you're not talking to God. (*In wry despair:*) I dunno what to do with you.

DRUMM. (*Raising his glass.*) To both of us.

MARY. Until the next time.

DRUMM. No, no: I promise. I will never again allow you to provoke me. (*He drinks. She opens her mouth to make an angry retort, then gives him up as hopeless.*)

An Irishman's claret: no finer drink.

MARY. You haven't noticed my room.

DRUMM. Haven't I? (*Looking about him:*) Oh, yes.

MARY. We did it up with the compensation.

DRUMM. It has taste.

MARY. And got a few new bits of furniture.

DRUMM. I approve.

MARY. High time, says you.

DRUMM. No, I don't say. I felt always at home here.

MARY. It was too dark. The old people, them that's dead and gone, they went in for that: no sunlight, everything morose and dusty. So I decided we'd get into the fashion.

DRUMM. You did.

MARY. We never set foot in here except for Christmas and funerals. That was the style in them days: one room for living in and another that was a museum for cracked cups. The Room, we called it. "Who's that at the door?" "Father Creedon." "Bring him into the Room."

DRUMM. (*Smiling.*) Yes.

MARY. I made a clearance. It's queer. The furniture was easy got rid of: out the door and that was that. But the smell of beeswax and the lavender bags my mother filled the house with: nothing'll budge that, it'll bury all of us. But, we use the room now, by me song we do. And I had the kitchen done up as well. Do you remember how it was?

DRUMM. I know how it was.

MARY. See if you recognise it. Come on. (*They start out of the room.*) Do you remember the old range and the dresser and the one tap over the sink.

DRUMM. (*Humoring her.*) Not all gone?

MARY. (*Pleased with herself.*) You'll see. In you go. (*Druing this, they cross into the area at* L. *As they enter this area lights come up. We are looking at the kitchen*

of forty years ago, with the dresser, the range and the cold-water earthenware sink as mentioned by MARY. MIBS *and* DESMOND *enter and sit at the kitchen table.* DESMOND *watches as she reads silently from a book, her lips moving. There are exercise books and pen and ink. The "Missouri Waltz" is heard in the background.* DRUMM *looks at the young* MIBS *as* MARY *talks artlessly about the room as it is now.*) What do you think of it? Mr. Comerford put in the kitchen unit and the shelves, but they had a fierce job with the new sink and the hot-and-cold, and as for the washing machine, don't talk to me. Anyhow, with that done I decided to be the divil for style and break the bank altogether, so I got the new table and chairs.

DRUMM. (*Only half paying attention, looking at* MIBS.) You've done wonders.

MARY. At our age, what harm in a bit of comfort?

DRUMM. None.

MARY. If we don't spoil ourselves, no one else will. (*Prompting him:*) So what do you think? (DRUMM, *standing behind* MIBS, *touches her hair.*)

MIBS. Stop that.

DESMOND. Sorry. (*The music stops.*)

MARY. Do you like it?

DRUMM. Sorry? It shines. What's that odious new word, that jargon they're so fond of? Functional. It functions.

MARY. (*Flatly.*) I see.

DRUMM. I meant that the word was odious, not the room.

MARY. (*Coldly.*) Yes, I know.

DRUMM. Once it was for living in, now you cook and wash clothes in it. Well, it serves its purpose. Formica surfaces, a refrigerator, yellow cupboards—

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