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Love in the Title

A play

Hugh Leonard

Samuel French — London
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LOVE IN THE TITLE

Commissioned and first produced by the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, on 10th March 1999 with the following cast:

Cat	Karen Ardiff
Triona	Catherine Walsh
Kate	Ingrid Craigie

Directed by Patrick Mason
Designed by Joe Vanek
Lighting by Mick Hughes
Music by Conor Linehan

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Da

Great Expectations
(adapted from Charles Dickens)

A Life

Mick and Mick

Moving

The Patrick Pearse Motel

Pizzazz
Containing: A View From the Obelisk, Roman Fever *(from the story by Edith Wharton)* and Pizzazz

Suburb of Babylon
Containing: A Time of Wolves and Tigers, Nothing Personal, The Last of the Last of the Mohicans

Summer

ACT I

A liberty with fact. The actual stone known in legend as Clough-a-Regan is less than six feet in height. Probably a Standing Stone, it is embedded upright in the earth and shaped like a headstone in a graveyard. With the spread of a city that is only six miles away, the fields of Corcamore have been tamed and made banal so that the stone has become part of the back garden of a one of a row of bungalows that straggle along a dead-end road at Corcamore. At the rear of the garden, a bordering hedge of evergreens blocks one's view of the rock and ruined fort of Carrigogunnell two miles away

The scene of the play, however, is the original meadow at Corcamore where, according to legend, Clough-a-Regan fell to earth. The stone is in the shape of a spearhead, nine or ten feet from base to top, and it leans at an angle of 45 degrees. It is grey and mottled with patches of lichen. The surrounding meadowland rises gently to a brow, then falls away at the rear. Carrigogunnell is visible in distant silhouette. This is a basalt rock 500 feet in height, and on its summit are the ruins of a 14th-century fortress, destroyed in 1691 in the aftermath of a siege. The effect is of a gigantic broken tooth

Katie, Triona and Cat are discovered one by one

Katie is seated on a collapsible stool, working on a watercolour of the stone. She is 37. The time—her time—is the present day and she is wearing the latest in designer-frayed denim shorts. There are few casual encounters in her life... She is a 110 percenter. Whatever she attempts or aspires to, she does better than well. Whatever she cannot do better than well, she avoids. Knowing herself to be a poor loser and not settling for half-measures, this is how she lives. Apart from the easel and stool, there is Katie's bicycle—a "hybrid" ... with a saddlebag or pannier containing a bottle of Ballygowan-type water and her picnic lunch

Nearby, Triona (short for Catriona) is sitting on the ivied remnants of a tree that was felled some years ago. She is 30. She exists in 1964. She dresses as befits a young suburban matron out for a day in the country; perhaps she is dressed a mite self-consciously. She cares about what others might think. She has been brought up to live in a context of family and dependence

And, straddling the summit of the stone itself, is Cat. She is 20 and lives in

1932. The gaiety and obstreperousness of her teens have not yet worn off. She is wearing sandals, and is dressed in a cotton blouse with a floral pattern and a simple skirt

Katie works at her painting. Cat, who cannot stay still for long, swings around the underside of the stone. She makes "woo-ey" sounds to attract notice

Triona Nobody is paying you the slightest attention. You know what you are? You are a brat.
Cat Woo-ey. (*She does more gymnastics*)
Triona Mother, stop it, you'll fall.
Cat (*declaiming*) "There's a green river pathway, so gently beguiling,
With skies always azure above..."
Triona (*appealing*) Katie...
Katie (*without looking up*) Hallo.
Triona Talk to her.
Cat "...Where the dim distant hills and the soft valleys smiling
Breathe peacefulness, beauty and——"
Triona Shut up.
Katie (*to Triona*) Mum, pay her no attention.
Cat (*with a modest feat of acrobatics*) Bet you can't do this.
Triona I get dizzy just to look at her. Will you give over?
Cat Wheee.
Katie It's like having two children out for the day.
Triona 'Tisn't my fault. Blame her.
Katie (*to Cat*) Grannie, give it a miss.
Triona You'll fall and kill yourself.
Cat No, I won't. You know why? Because I haven't had you yet.
Triona Break your neck and you never will. Go on, do it. You'll see... Do it, and I'll disappear before your——
Katie ...very eyes!
Cat (*not too certain*) You will not. Katie, she won't?
Katie She might. So leave it out.
Cat When did I die, anyway?
Triona It's none of your business.
Cat (*putting her tongue out*) Thought it was.
Triona You little strap, don't make faces at your flesh and blood. (*Befuddled*) You have me moidhered. I don't know where I am. I don't know who I am. (*To Katie*) I blame you for this.
Katie What did I do?
Cat Katie, childybawn, go raibh mile maith agat*. I'm having a grand day's outing. 'Tis massive to be alive.

*Pronounced "gur rev meela mohh ag-utt"

Triona Again.
Cat Again. (*To Katie*) Still, I wish you'd brought us to Carrigogunnell. That's it over there.
Katie I know where it is.
Cat There's nothing in Corcamore, only this old yoke. (*She means the stone*)
Katie Well, this old yoke is why we're here.
Cat What do you want to draw it for? You could take a photo. My cousin Eibhlis has a Brownie.
Triona A what?
Cat A Kodak camera, for snapshots.
Triona (*scornfully*) A Brownie ... talk about before-the-flood. (*To Katie*) At home we have a Polaroid. You take a photo and it comes out ... zzzzzmpp! All in two ticks.
Cat Does not!
Triona So, what new miracle then have you got?
Katie Paint brush.
Triona Show off.
Cat We could have gone the other way, out to the falls at Annacotty. Or to Castleconnell. Or Plassey Mill. I like that best of all.

"Gay butterflies sway on their wandering way,
And bees make the riverbank——" (*"sing" is the next word*)

Triona Jesus, she'll drive me either mad or deaf.
Cat Don't take the Sacred Name. Charlie Tynan wrote me that poem.
Triona Wouldn't we know it!
Cat He called it *Plassey*. He got it published in the *Leader*, as well as a screed called *A Dubliner Looks at Limerick*, and they paid him a guinea for each. My cousin Eibhlis says he's a born genius. Catriona, did he marry me? Say he did, Katie, take us over to Carrigogunnell. Be nice.
Katie We'll see.
Cat (*to Triona*) That means she's going to. Being nice runs in the family.
Triona Don't I know!!
Cat (*to Triona*) Except it skips a generation. Last August, the week that Charlie Tynan came down and fell madly in love with me at first sight, I got him the lend of a loan of a crock of a bike and we went out to Carrigogunnell and drank T.K. ciderette and made mad love.
Triona (*offended*) Look, do you mind?
Cat I didn't mind. (*Then*) Whassup?

Triona does not reply. She finds the subject distasteful

We exchanged deep, sizzling, shameless kisses. Honest. My teeth ached for a week...
Triona (*to Katie*) You're the eldest here. You get rid of her.

Katie Don't want to.

Cat Charlie Tynan and me linked arms and we walked all round the fort... Only we couldn't climb to the very top because eleven years ago the Black and Tans blew up the flight of steps. The cowards were afraid they might get sniped at by the heroes of the Flyin' Column like my da was one of. When the steps went up, you could hear the bang in Shannon Street.

Katie Liar.

Cat I heard it. And next day at the convent, Pedro was——

Katie Who?

Cat Sister Mary Gonzales... we called her Pedro. She was only hoppin' with rage. She said she'd pray for the Tans to turn Catholic so as they'd know for sure what hell was...

Triona (*smiling, now on safer ground*) You're an old rip.

Cat We all threw up from laughing, and for her penance Pedro was made to say ten thousand decades.

Katie (*laughing*) Shut up.

Cat Charlie Tynan is going to hell when he dies, did ye know that?

Katie What did he do?

Cat 'Tisn't what he did, 'tis what he says he's going to do.

Triona Now be careful...

Cat Next week's the Eucharistic Congress up in Dublin, right? And the whole country'll be off work. Well, he's only told his parents, wouldn't you pity them, that he's going to be on O'Connell Bridge along with the crowds of the world, fastin' and prayin' and gettin' his plenary indulgence. Only instead isn't the bad bugger takin' the train down from Kingsbridge to see me. He says he's in the t'roes——

Katie In the what?

Cat The t'roes.

Katie The throes.

Cat In the thhhroes of passion...

Triona (*exasperatedly*) Oh, for... (*She walks away*)

Cat Give him only half a chance, and me poor teeth 'ud be as bockety as that stone.

Triona (*hardly audible*) Jesus.

Cat Well, I wrote and told him he's not to come next, nigh or near me. I won't look at him, I won't talk to him, I won't let him lay the shadow of his little finger on me. But he'll come, though, won't he? Katie, say he will.

Katie With bells on.

Cat Well, he needn't. Let him damn his own soul, he won't damn mine. (*She winks and makes a lascivious clicking noise with her tongue against the palate*)

Triona Will you stop that?

Katie What's up with you?

Triona Her, talking about carrying on with young lads. It isn't seemly.

Cat is only half listening. She is now looking critically at the watercolour

Katie You mean it's inappropriate?
Triona Pardon me?
Katie Inapp... It's the latest all-purpose word for whatever you happen not to like.
Triona Oh, yeah?
Katie Anything from mass murder to wearing white shoes after Halloween. In-ap-prop-ri-ate. Very handy. It's a bit like "incorrect", which is a word for anything that other people do...
Triona Huh.
Katie In your day you would say that talking about boys isn't "on"...
Triona Well, neither is it. Not in her mouth. (*A beat*) Not to me...
Katie Will you listen? Do you hear yourself? Ma, she's only twenty.
Triona And don't call me "Ma".
Katie Why not?
Triona It's common. And what's being twenty got to do with it? Supposing I behaved like that in front of you.
Katie Well?
Triona About carrying on with young lads. How would you feel?
Katie I wouldn't mind.
Triona No. No, you really wouldn't. I'd say nothing bothers you. You grew up into a cold fish, do you know that?
Katie Would you say?
Triona No, you wouldn't mind in the least.
Katie A cold fish, am I? I'm the kettle, is that it, and I'm black?
Triona And what does that mean?
Katie What is it with you? A mother ought never be young, is that it? She ought to talk like a mother? Hey, how many Irish mammies does it take to change a light bulb?
Triona How many what?
Katie Answer: none at all. "Don't worry about me, alannah, I'll just sit here in the dark on me own."
Triona Change a light bulb? Who wants to change a friggin' light bulb? You have a slate loose, you know that?
Cat We're waiting to get the gas in.
Katie Look at her. Maybe what you can't face is that she was a girl once and she got old, the same as you will. The same as you did.
Triona Talk away...
Katie It hurts for you to know that, doesn't it? Yes, it does, because looking at you, Ma, it hurts me.

Pause

Triona Does it?
Katie A bit.
Triona Being old or young has damn all to do with it. I just don't want to know about that side of her. Who she went with and who she didn't. It's against nature to know... 'Tisn't proper.
Cat What isn't?
Triona You hush up.
Cat No, tell us.
Triona (*almost gravely*) You, you haven't the wisp of sense you were born with. I mean, how would you like it if your own mother came here and told you all about how she and some young fellow once carried on at Carrigogunnell?
Cat (*stunned*) What?
Katie Jesus.
Triona I mean ... well, saying how your mam used to kiss and cuddle and mess around. How would you——
Cat (*suddenly livid*) You shut your bloody mouth about my mother, or I'll kill you. Leave her alone. You hear me? You hear? (*She glares murderously at Triona, then walks away*)
Katie Bravo, Ma. Take a bow.
Triona All I said was——
Katie Enough.
Triona I simply——
Katie Yes, now leave it.

Pause

Times change. Maybe that's why I can face it that you were a girl once, and that you felt about boys the same as I did. (*Defiantly*) Do. As I do. And the same as (*in a whisper so that Cat will not hear*) as she did.
Triona Is that so? Well, I wouldn't live in your time for a fortune.
Katie What if I said you do still live in it?
Triona Do I?
Katie Maybe.
Triona I see ... so that's the spot prize! Well, I wouldn't be young in it.
Katie You aren't, you're——
Triona Shut up!
Cat (*recovering quickly*) Did I get fat?
Triona What?
Cat Later on. Did I?
Triona No, not fat. You got——

Cat Not ugly? Ah, Jay, don't say ugly.
Triona Heavy-ish.
Cat Did I marry Charlie Tynan?
Triona None of your business.
Cat (*looking at the watercolour*) Give us a squint. That's not bad. Why don't you paint Carrigogunnell?
Katie I already did, at home from a photograph.
Triona So you came all the way here to paint that old stone.
Cat Clough-a-Regan.
Katie (*to Cat*) Yes, well done!
Cat (*favouring Triona*) 'Tis what it's called—the Stone of Regan. I know all about it from the year dot. About the old witch that was called Grana, and Carrigogunnell and the magic candle. When you were small, did I not tell you?
Triona I've no memory of it.
Katie (*to Cat*) Tell her now.
Triona She needn't. I was never one for old come-all-ye's.
Cat I will so. The Rock of the Candle. That's what Carrigogunnell means.
Triona It means no such thing. It's the Irish for——
Katie Let her talk. (*To Cat*) You have the floor.
Cat (*lost*) Have I?
Katie The field.
Triona For——
Katie Shhh.
Cat There was an ugly old hag of a witch who lived on top of the rock, and her eyebrows met in the middle, and she had a great bake of a nose——
Triona A what?
Katie A bake of a nose.
Cat And this old witch——
Katie The Gorgon Medusa!
Cat Grana ... she was called Grana. She kept this candle burning day and night ... and she put this magic spell on it.
Triona Why?
Cat From badness, why do you think? Don't be so thick. And if anyone climbed the rock and went too close and saw the flame——
Katie He would turn to stone.
Cat Get stitched. Worse, worse ... the eyes would wither in his head like last week's grapes, and he would die roaring for a druid before tomorrow's sun came up. 'Twas a brave or a foolish man who would dare to face the flame. For 'twas better to live out a safe life, they would tell you, even in the dark, than defy the light and die for doing it. Until one brave day, along came——
Katie Perseus, the son of Zeus.

Cat Regan, Regan. He was high up in the Fianna, and Finn Mac Cool himself——

Triona Who? Not that old cod.

Cat Finn Mac Cool gave him a magic——

Katie Shield. A magic shield of burnished bronze, and in it, instead of looking at Medusa's face and being turned to stone, he saw only her reflection, and with a single blow of his sword of adamant, a gift from Hermes, the messenger of the gods, he struck off the Gorgon's head. (*Almost in apology*) That was the story told by the Greeks.

Cat Yes, well, this is the story told in Limerick. And 'twas not a shield that Finn Mac Cool gave to Regan, but a magic cap that put a mist between his eyes and the candle. And so, making ne'er a sound, he felt his way up to where it was, and between us and all harm, didn't the old witch see him and she struck the cap from his head. Only, cute hawk that he was, he kept his eyes tight shut, and he picked up the candle and thrun it from him, till it fell, hissin' and splutterin' far out into the Shannon stream.

Triona What about the old witch?

Cat Her? She was buckin'. She made to lay hould of him, but he gave a hop and a skip and a lep that put him two miles from her. So what did she do? With her bare hands— (*she points to the stone*) and there's her finger marks to prove it is no lie—she tore a great lump out of Carrigogunnell itself and thrun it at him. Only he was too fast, for he gave another great hop and a——

Triona ...skip and a lep...

Cat —and it missed him, and it landed where ye see it, here in the meadows of Corcamore and this stone is called Clough-a-Regan after him to this day. So there's the story for ye, plump and plain. Isn't it grand?

Triona (*with sarcasm*) Mm. I'm all shook up...

Cat Beg your pardon?

Katie She means it was only brill.

Cat (*baffled*) Shook up and brill. And I thought learning Irish was a whoor.

Katie It was great.

Cat Was it? My own da— (*to Triona*) your grand-da— (*to Katie*) and your great-grand-da told me that story.

Triona Did he now!

Katie clears her throat: a small warning to Triona

Cat And so did Sister Mary Gonzales. "Don't laugh," she said, "and don't let anyone tell you it couldn't happen. It could so, because there was giants in the world in them days."

Triona She said that?

Cat She did.

Triona "Giants in the world." Well, could you believe the tripe they shovelled into you!

Cat Tripe? 'Tis in the Bible.

Triona Get off.

Katie It is, you know. The book of Genesis...

Triona Huh. Followed, I suppose, by Exodus, Deuteronomy and Codology.

Cat You jeer, you. Well, my name is Catherine Cregan, and Cregan is not an ass's gallop away from Regan, and many's the time my da would take me on his lap and say: "Cat, asthore, who is there to prove we're not descended?"

Triona You and he? From Regan?

Cat Ay.

Triona Well, with the greatest respect to your da and to Sister Pablo——

Katie Pancho.

Cat Pedro.

Triona Viva fuckin' Zapata.

Cat Oooh!

Triona Excuse me... Allow me to tell you that Carrigogunnell doesn't mean the Rock of the Candle, except to gawms and eejits... If you want to know, it's the Irish for O'Connell's Rock. And after the siege of Limerick in— when was it? ... don't tell me, 1691, the fort was captured by General van Ginkel...

Katie (*impressed*) Well, now!

Triona ...and it was blown up in 1698.

Katie Wow.

Triona Some of us went to school too, you know.

Katie I'm gobsmacked.

Triona Whatever that word means, you needn't be. Where do you suppose you got your brains from?

Katie From you?

Triona And why not?

Cat Not so quick, I was there before either of ye.

Katie (*replying to Triona*) It may have escaped your notice that I had a father, too.

Triona Oh, yes. Him. Ha-ha.

Katie And if I did get my brains from you, what happ... (*She stops*)

Triona Go on, say it. What happened to them that I'm so thick, is that it? (*She is aware that Katie knows more about her than she herself does*) Is it?

Katie It's no matter.

Triona Don't fret, I'll weasel it out of you. (*She turns to Cat*) Of course, back in the days of Noah's Ark, your lot didn't go in for history. You polluted your minds with fairy forts and leprechauns.

Cat Cheek of you. I don't believe in leprechauns.

Triona Why? Did the banshees poison them?
Cat You brat, you, have respect for your elders! I hate history. 'Tis all dates and contradictions, and at the end of the day a pack of lies. Who done what to who in Ninety-eight? Errah, who gives a toss?
Triona You ought to. Five minutes ago you were on about the Black and Tans.
Cat That was different, that was yesterday. Real history gives me the sick. 'Tis nothing but Saxon atrociousness, with all the good lads ending up by gettin' hung.
Triona Hanged.
Cat What?
Triona They got hanged...
Cat Jesus, if I said they got shot, you'd say "shat". And now I've took the Sacred Name over you. What I like is stories with chaps and bullies in them, stories that end up with the chaps on the pig's back and the bullies dead in a ditch.
Triona You bloodthirsty rip.
Cat (*happily*) Yes, and the divil's cure to them!
Triona Well, with me, a story has to be real before I like it.
Cat Then exchange is no robbery, for with me I have to like it before 'tis real. You have stay-at-home brains, do you know that? They sit all day in the front window and never stir out.
Triona Is that so?
Cat Errah, girl, the sooner God calls you home, the better.
Katie You two want to hear something?

They look at her

I write books.
Cat (*after a pause*) Feck off.
Triona Books? You? Like hell.
Katie Ah, thanks, Mam... I needed that. Maternal pride!
Cat No, honest to God? Real printed books in shop windows, and not just joined-up writing? Katie, you do not...
Katie Three so far.
Cat Story books?
Katie (*nodding*) If you like.
Cat Well, go to God.
Katie Mind, I don't specialise in happy endings. No walking off into the sunset.
Cat Aw, why?
Katie I haven't the nerve.
Triona Then I suppose they must be very arty-farty.

Katie Well, you suppose wrong.

Cat Last week I read *If Winter Comes* by A. S. M. Hutchinson. There was these two maids in it that was sisters. They were called Jinks. And the man—the chap—would say to them: "Hi, Jinks!" and "Lo, Jinks!" (*She laughs*) God, I wet myself. What did you call your books?

Katie Well... (*She hesitates*)

Triona Ha-ha! It's all a spoof. She's having us on!

Cat Katie ... no?

Triona Come on, then, think fast.

Katie You'll laugh at this— (*to Triona*) or at least you will—but I always put "love" in the title...

Triona You do what?

Katie The word "love". Like in "Love in a Foreign Language" and "Lies We Tell for Love" and "Love when Love is Gone".

Triona "Love", you say?

Katie Why do I do it? I don't know. I suppose it's a kind of logo.

Triona A kind of...?

Katie A signature.

Cat You mean, like dyeing a sheep...

Katie Yes, why not?

Cat Well, the cuteness.

Triona And that's how you write a book.

Katie No, Ma, that's how I sell a book.

Triona I see. And you make money.

Katie Matter of fact, yes. Quite a bit.

Cat Aren't you great? (*To Triona,* sotto voce) Don't mind her—look at the cut of her.

Katie (*to Triona*) And for your information, I don't write trash...

Triona Oh, sure. (*Under her breath*) "Love" in the title!

Katie Well, Jesus, woman, I'm not Jane Austen. I mean, what have you ever done?

Triona You tell me.

Katie Watch out or I might!

Cat You must be blue mouldy with brains. God, maybe I did marry Charlie Tynan. Maybe that's where you got it from.

Katie I'm sorry now I mentioned it.

Triona And all this—the stone and what's over there—I suppose it's to do with another book?

Katie Not at all.

Triona You're never an artist as well! Oh, you are! Is there no beginning to you?

Katie Look...!

Triona (*wide-eyed*) Yes, love?

Katie Back off.
Cat 'Tis heart-warming to see how the pair of ye dote on one another.
Triona I'm sure I don't know what I'm doing here.
Katie (*with a sudden smile*) Pleasure of your company, Ma.
Triona I told you...
Katie Mam. And do you know, you gave me a very good education.
Triona Did I?
Katie You and Pa. I got a 2-1 in Classics ... and now I'm taking a year off work to do my Ph.D. This (*she indicates the watercolour*) is part of it. It's for a thesis on the recurrence of Greek legends in Celtic mythology. Like, for example, the Rock of the Candle and the story of Perseus and Medusa. They're remarkably alike, you know, beyond all coincid——

Cat sniffles

What's up?
Cat Nothing. You're a credit to me, do you mind? (*She uproots a tuft of grass to wipe her nose*)
Katie Granny, dry up.
Triona Use a hanky. A cow could have been sitting on that. She's hopeless.
Cat I think you're great. Sixth Class at the convent was the end of me. That and the extra year at the School of Music...
Triona (*to Katie*) A thesis. What's that for when it's at home?
Katie I'm writing what's called a paper.
Triona I see.
Katie For a doctorate.
Triona The style of you. And will it have "love" in the title?

Katie, stung by this, looks at her

Cat (*sniffing*) And here was me, thinking I'd never amount to anything. Oh, the old saying is true: "Start low and end up high".
Triona I never heard that.
Cat (*snapping*) You hear it now. And you're as thrilled as I am. Say it to her if it kills you. You're over the moon.
Triona Well...
Cat Well, aren't you?
Triona Well...
Cat "Well". "Well". (*Appealing to heaven*) God, I'm asking You. Come down and break it to me. Where did I go wrong?
Triona I'm cool with her because she's been making strange.
Katie Who, me?
Triona Yes, you. Well, no matter. In spite of all I'm glad for you, Katie, I really am.

Cat Ah.

Triona holds out her arms. There is an embrace, with constraint on Katie's part

Katie, child, maul her to death, why don't you?
Katie Ma and I were never great huggers.
Triona (*denying this*) I hug you all the time.
Katie Do you? Maybe we grew out of it.
Triona When did we?
Cat (*to Triona*) If ye did, 'tis the price of you for ever going near Dublin to live. The crowd up there would eat their young.
Triona Well, you hug your own, I hope.

Katie looks at her

Wake up. Your own children.
Katie I don't have any.
Triona Oh?
Katie Nary a one. I'm what Gran would call a bird-alone.
Triona You're a——
Katie Single.
Cat You creature. What happened?
Katie Well, nothing did.
Triona So you have no-one. You missed the boat.
Katie I wasn't even on the pier.
Triona Oh, very humorous.
Katie Mother...
Triona You needn't say it. I'm to mind my own business.

Pause

Single.
Katie Yes!
Triona At what age?
Katie You should know.
Triona I'm bad at sums.
Katie I told you. I'm thirty-seven.
Cat Old as the hills.
Katie Don't you start.
Triona I had you ... when? Two years ago, in sixty-two. Oh, yes, I hug you all right. But I suppose in your future time, a squeeze and a kiss have become something to be ashamed of. Are you still at home itself?

Katie I'm in my own home. A snug little house you couldn't swing a cat in...
Cat And you have no-one.
Katie Excuse me, I have friends.
Triona That's a pathetic thing to say. You don't know it yet, do you? Getting married is so that you won't need friends. I mean, who have you to live with?
Katie You. (*To Cat*) And you.
Triona Nice company!
Katie I have myself and a bed no-one can kick me out of. I have my few things. I have books to read and music to listen to.
Triona You'll tell us next you're never lonely.
Katie Yes, I am. There's nights when I could kick a hole in every one of the four walls. But at least, I have my own space.
Triona ...That you can't swing a cat in. Well, if you're miserable, blame yourself.
Katie Do you mind if I blame you?
Triona Blame away. Do. What else is a mother good for? (*After a pause she looks at Katie*) Single?
Katie Yep!
Triona At thirty-seven.
Katie Going on sixty.
Triona Excuse me for asking you... I mean, I'm not trying to be pass-remarkable, but——
Katie Will you get to it?
Triona Is there anyone itself? I mean, a person you think might have you?
Katie There could be.
Triona (*much relieved*) Oh, well. Then if you'll be advised by me, take hold of him. Bad and all as he might be.
Katie God, Mam, you're a romantic!
Triona Someone to be with and make the best of... I mean, what else have people got? Look at the world we live in, it's gone mad. Last November, poor President Kennedy and then only a week ago, that black was arrested, King.
Katie Martin Luther.
Triona Oh, you never know about him.
Katie He's part of that history you're so fond of.
Triona Pull the other one. No honest, he was clapped into prison for saying he had a dream. That's America for you, you're not even let go asleep. And wherever you look, there's wars and upheaval. In South Africa, and in the jungle, no place is safe. Not even here. Young people that were given the chance your grandmother and me never got are locking themselves in their classrooms. The world's gone mad.
Cat You're in the wrong time.

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