SAMUEL FRENCH SAMPLE PERUSAL

This sample is an *excerpt* from a Samuel French title.

This sample is for perusal only and may not be used for performance purposes.

You may not download, print, or distribute this excerpt.

We highly recommend purchasing a copy of the title before considering for performance.

For more information about licensing or about purchasing a play or musical, please visit our website.

www.samuelfrench.com
www.samuelfrench.co.uk

SF PERUSALS

A Couple of Blaguards

by Frank McCourt
and Malachy McCourt

A Samuel French Acting Edition



SAMUEL FRENCH
FOUNDED 1830
NEW YORK HOLLYWOOD LONDON TORONTO
SAMUELFRENCH.COM

Copyright © 2011 by Malachy McCourt

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

Cover Art by Gene Sweeney,
Pictured: Frank McCourt and Malachy McCourt

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that *A COUPLE OF BLAGUARDS* is subject to a licensing fee. It is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America, the British Commonwealth, including Canada, and all other countries of the Copyright Union. All rights, including professional, amateur, motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television and the rights of translation into foreign languages are strictly reserved. In its present form the play is dedicated to the reading public only.

The amateur and professional live stage performance rights to *A COUPLE OF BLAGUARDS* are controlled exclusively by Samuel French, Inc., and licensing arrangements and performance licenses must be secured well in advance of presentation. PLEASE NOTE that amateur licensing fees are set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. When applying for a licensing quotation and a performance license please give us the number of performances intended, dates of production, your seating capacity and admission fee. Licensing fees are payable one week before the opening performance of the play to Samuel French, Inc., at 45 W. 25th Street, New York, NY 10010.

Licensing fee of the required amount must be paid whether the play is presented for charity or gain and whether or not admission is charged.

Professional/Stock licensing fees quoted upon application to Samuel French, Inc.

For all other rights than those stipulated above, apply to: Samuel French, Inc., 45 West 25th Street, New York, NY 10010.

Particular emphasis is laid on the question of amateur or professional readings, permission and terms for which must be secured in writing from Samuel French, Inc.

Copying from this book in whole or in part is strictly forbidden by law, and the right of performance is not transferable.

Whenever the play is produced the following notice must appear on all programs, printing and advertising for the play: "Produced by special arrangement with Samuel French, Inc."

Due authorship credit must be given on all programs, printing and advertising for the play.

ISBN 978-0-573-69963-4 Printed in U.S.A. #28005

No one shall commit or authorize any act or omission by which the copyright of, or the right to copyright, this play may be impaired.

No one shall make any changes in this play for the purpose of production.

Publication of this play does not imply availability for performance. Both amateurs and professionals considering a production are strongly advised in their own interests to apply to Samuel French, Inc., for written permission before starting rehearsals, advertising, or booking a theatre.

No part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means, now known or yet to be invented, including mechanical, electronic, photocopying, recording, videotaping, or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the publisher.

MUSIC USE NOTE

Licensees are solely responsible for obtaining formal written permission from copyright owners to use copyrighted music in the performance of this play and are strongly cautioned to do so. If no such permission is obtained by the licensee, then the licensee must use only original music that the licensee owns and controls. Licensees are solely responsible and liable for all music clearances and shall indemnify the copyright owners of the play and their licensing agent, Samuel French, Inc., against any costs, expenses, losses and liabilities arising from the use of music by licensees.

IMPORTANT BILLING AND CREDIT REQUIREMENTS

All producers of *A COUPLE OF BLAGUARDS must* give credit to the Author of the Play in all programs distributed in connection with performances of the Play, and in all instances in which the title of the Play appears for the purposes of advertising, publicizing or otherwise exploiting the Play and/or a production. The name of the Author *must* appear on a separate line on which no other name appears, immediately following the title and *must* appear in size of type not less than fifty percent of the size of the title type.

CHARACTERS

FRANK

MALACHY

SETTING

Anywhere. Kitchen.

SONGS

Limerick is Beautiful
Barefoot Days
Confraternity Men to the Fight
There's No One With Endurance Like the Man Who Sells Insurance
Three Lovely Lasses from Limerick (based on *Two Lovely Lasses from Bannion)*
The Irish Rover
Some Say the Devil's Dead
There's a Big Ship Sailing on the Illy Ally Oh
A Mother's Love is a Blessing
Celeste Aida
Goodbye Muirsheen Durkin
Goodbye Johnny Dear
Yankee Doodle Dandy
I Don't Work for a Living
Bells of Hell

Please note that all songs are traditional Irish music and are in the public domain.

*(***FRANK** *and* **MALACHY** *enter. They pour drinks. They toast each other and the audience.)*

MALACHY. Frank!

FRANK. Malachy!

BOTH. *(to audience)* ...and your noble selves.

FRANK. I'm from Limerick.

MALACHY. So am I!

FRANK. Limerick is oldest city in Ireland. Second oldest in the British isles. It sits where the river Shannon swings to the right and emigrates to America for itself.

MALACHY. Limerick is a very ancient city with walls, ruins, and crumbling castles. It's so historic the favorite word of the Limerickman is 'was.'

FRANK. And the women of Limerick! Oh. The women. Is there anyone in the civilized world who hasn't heard of their beauty. Their piety and the ferocity of their chastity? The favorite word of the Limerick woman is 'no.'

BOTH. *(alternating)*

City of churches and beautiful spires.

City of pubs and of lowly desires.

City of gossips that wait to be told.

City of youth that wait to grow old.

Society's city. Home of the snob.

Show me your penny before you hobnob.

Do have a coffee do have a bun.

Do what the others do cause it is done.

MALACHY. Limerick is a handsome city with broad streets. Flanked by elegant Georgian houses. We did not live in an elegant Georgian house: we lived in a lane and not ten feet from our kitchen there was a slimy gutter oozing down the middle.

FRANK. It's a great misfortune to live in a Limerick lane. In the grand scheme of things the lane is barely above the poor house. For if you live in a lane...

MALACHY. You're poor.

FRANK. You live on bread and tea.

MALACHY. You have a flat accent.

FRANK. You wipe your snotty nose on your sleeve.

MALACHY. Your arse hangs out of the hole in your trousers.

FRANK. Your mother patches the hole...

MALACHY. And patches the patches...

FRANK. Till there's nothing left of the original trousers.

MALACHY. If you live long enough you'll leave school at the age of fourteen and get a job as a messenger boy.

FRANK. But your great dream is to get out of the lane altogether, and you might someday because your mother has a cousin in a place called

BOTH. Brooklyn.

MALACHY. Desperate suffering we had.

FRANK. Classic, I'd say.

MALACHY. And we've tried to forget, haven't we? We've tried...

FRANK. Religion

MALACHY. Education

FRANK. Emigration

MALACHY. Assimilation

FRANK. Sophistication

MALACHY. Masturbation

FRANK. Fornication

MALACHY. And it all comes back to Limerick.

FRANK. And the father.

MALACHY. Ah. The father. He came from the North of Ireland. So he did. And he sang. So he did.

FRANK. And he got the Irish divorce. So he did.

MALACHY. What is the Irish divorce, Frank?

FRANK. He disappeared. So he did.

MALACHY. And there we were, poverty-stricken, destitute, the poor mother not knowing what to do. Ah, the poor Mother.

FRANK. *(sings)*

SURE I LOVE THE DEAR SILVER THAT SHINES IN YOUR HAIR,
AND THE BROW THAT'S ALL FURROWED AND WRINKLED
WITH CARE.
I KISS THE DEAR FINGERS SO TOIL-WORN FOR ME.
OH, GOD BLESS YOU AND KEEP YOU, MOTHER MACHREE.

MALACHY. Mother Machree, my arse.

FRANK. Mother Church.

MALACHY. Mother Ireland.

FRANK. Like all Irishmen, we were trapped in a trinity of maternities.

MALACHY. Oh, the miserable childhood.

FRANK. Oh, the sorrow and the suffering.

MALACHY. Not to mention the suffering and the sorrow.

FRANK. Ochone, ochone, and woe is me.

MALACHY. Musha, musha, musha...

FRANK. Wirra, wirra, wirra.

MALACHY. What are we to do with the miserable childhood?

BOTH. Ochone, ochone, ochone, and woe is me.

(both springing up)

(sing)

BAREFOOT DAYS, OH BOYS, THE THINGS WE DID.
WE'D GO DOWN TO A SHADY OLD NOOK,
AND WITH A BENT PIN FOR A HOOK
WE'D FISH ALL DAY, FISH ALL NIGHT
BUT THE DARNED OLD FISH REFUSED TO BITE.
AND THEN WE'D SLIDE DOWN SOME OLD CELLAR DOOR
BO DE OH DE OH, SLIDE AND SLIDE

TILL OUR PANTS GOT TORE.
THEN WE'D HAVE TO GO HOME STAY IN OUR BED, TILL
MOTHER GOT BUSY WITH THE NEEDLE AND THREAD.
OH, BOY, WHAT JOY WE HAD IN BAREFOOT DAYS.
BOE-DEE-OH-DEE-OH-DOH
(sit)

FRANK. With all our suffering and all our sorrows we had a consolation, the One, Holy, Roman, Catholic, and Apostolic Church.

MALACHY. And weren't we lucky to live in the holiest city in Ireland?

FRANK. Weren't we fortunate we were never far from a church and the sound of the bells? The Angelus morning, noon and night: Mass at dawn, Benediction at dusk, Novenas, Retreats and the Stations of the Cross.

MALACHY. The parish bells: byong byong, byong byong, byong byong.

FRANK. The Convent bells: ting ting, ting ting, ting ting.

MALACHY. And the Protestant bells: Oh, I say there, Bong.

FRANK. And the bells of the great priestly orders: The Augustinians:

MALACHY. Bong Bong.

FRANK. The Fransicans:

MALACHY. Bong Bong.

FRANK. The Jesuits:

BOTH. WHAM!

FRANK. And above all the Redemptorists:

(both stand)

BOTH. *(pulling on an imaginary bell rope)* BONG BONG, BONG BONG, BONG BONG!

MALACHY. Bells with balls.

FRANK. The bells that called us of the archconfraternity of the Holy Family, the largest sodality in the world with its own marching hymn.

BOTH. *(march and sing)*

CONFRATERNITY MEN TO THE FIGHT
RAISE UP YOUR BANNERS ON HIGH
JESUS, MARY AND JOSEPH IN SIGHT
IN OUR BATTLES THEIR NAMES BE OUR CRY

FRANK. And every year at the retreat there was a sermon by a Redemptorist priest imported from the North of Ireland.

MALACHY. *(as preist)* We will begin by renewing our Baptismal vows. Do ye promise to renounce the Devil and all his works and wiles and pomps?

FRANK. We do.

MALACHY. I can't hear ye! Let your voices reverberate through the caverns of Hell and let Satan know he is in peril. Once more. Do ye renounce the Devil and all his works and wiles and pomps?

FRANK. We do, the dirty bastard

MALACHY. Much better. In the name of the Father, of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, Amen. Ah, my dear boys, I'm so glad to see so many of you at this retreat. How pleased our blessed Lord must be and his most pure mother, the purest of the pure... Is there a more precious possession than a pure soul? If you lose your soul, what do you have? Nothing. Let us reflect, then, on those two boys who, last year, instead of coming to the retreat went swimming, swimming they went in the river Shannon and without bathing suits... Heedless of their naked state they cavorted in sinful glee until in one awful moment they were caught in a crosscurrent, swept away and drowned. Drowned they were. Did they have a moment to repent? No. Did they have a moment to say an act of contrition? No. Did they have a moment to ask God's forgiveness? No. Where are they tonight? Down below with his satanic majesty, their souls plucked from their naked shriveled bodies and cast into the fiery flames of hell. Oh, the eternal torment. Oh, the burning. Oh, the scorching, the sizzling intestines, the brains fried in the skull itself. Is

there anything more horrible than hell, boys? What can be more horrible than hell? When you go to your homes tonight, take icy cold showers and when you go to bed, lie on your backs with your hands folded in prayer above the blankets. And when Satan comes to tempt you with the sins of the flesh think of those two boys choking, gasping, screaming for mercy, doomed to hell for all eternity. God loves you, dear boys. *(pause)*

FRANK. *(sings)*

I AM A LITTLE CATHOLIC
I LOVE MY HOLY FAITH
AND I WILL BE TRUE TILL THE DAY I DIE
OR GO STRAIGHT DOWN TO HELL.

It wasn't easy becoming a little Catholic. Before our first communion we had to memorize the whole catechism, all the questions and all the answers and they were drilled into us by that schoolmaster, Mr. Glynn.

MALACHY. *(as Mr. Glynn)* McCourt, who made the world?

FRANK. God.

MALACHY. God, what?

FRANK. God, sir.

MALACHY. And who is God?

FRANK. God is the creator and sovereign lord of heaven and earth and of all things, sir.

MALACHY. And why did God make the world?

FRANK. God made the world so we'd all have something to stand on, sir.

MALACHY. There is something very strange about a boy who gives an answer like that, isn't there, boys?

FRANK. There is, sir. *(suddenly desperate because of the master's threatening look)* I know the seven deadly sins, sir.

MALACHY. Oh, you do, do you? And what is the first deadly sin?

FRANK. The pride, sir.

MALACHY. Ah, yes, the pride. If I catch a glint of pride in this class out comes the stick and there will be a smiting. What will there be, boys?

FRANK. A smiting, sir.

MALACHY. And what is the next deadly sin?

FRANK. The greed, sir.

MALACHY. Ah, the greed. There's a head that's bulging with the greed. *(pointing to Frank's head)* There's a head that will wind up in a hangman's knot at the end of a rope, the eyes bulging, the tongue dangling. And what's the next deadly sin?

FRANK. The lust, sir.

MALACHY. Ah, the lust. Well, we won't dawdle over that one, will we? You can always tell the one that's at the lust. At himself and interfering with himself. What is he, boys?

FRANK. At himself, sir.

MALACHY. And?

FRANK. Interfering with himself, sir.

MALACHY. And then comes the pimples. A half acre of pimples. And when I see a boy with the pimples, I will know. What will I know, boys?

FRANK. You'll know he has the pimples, sir.

MALACHY. No, you blithering idiots. I'll know he's been at himself. Then come the warts, squatting on the skin like dead lice. Between the warts and the pimples you can hardly tell whose face it is but we won't dwell on that, oh no, for that way madness lies, madness as Shakespeare says. Half the people above in the lunatic asylum are there because of the lust and you, McCourt, you're a prime candidate for the lust department of the lunatic asylum.

FRANK. *(fearing, again, the menacing master)* I know the best deadly sin.

MALACHY. The best deadly sin? And what might that be, pray?!

FRANK. It's the sloth: because the sloth is the laziness and the laziness is doing nothing and if you're doing nothing you can't be committing the other deadly sins, sir.

MALACHY. A theologian. Enough of the deadly sins. Now, McCourt, if you lead a good and virtuous life, what is the reward?

FRANK. The reward for leading a good and virtuous life is that you're admitted to heaven to stand before the throne of God, to gaze on his divine countenance for eternity in awe, wonder, and reverence, sir. *(pause)* Is that all?

MALACHY. Is what all?

FRANK. Is that all you get for leading a good and virtuous life? Standing there for eternity, looking at God's face. Wouldn't you get weary?

MALACHY. And what is it you want? Carnivals, circuses, naked dancing women. Before I'm done with you I'll teach you to love the gentle Jesus. Bend over.

FRANK. Help me now, Our Lady Queen of Knock.

MALACHY. *(striking with stick)* I'll give you knock.

(blackout as stick is heard connecting)

FRANK. We lived in the last house at the end of the lane. Next to our door was a shed. That was the lavatory. Not our lavatory. That was the lavatory for the whole lane. Sixteen families. They had to pass our door every day to empty their buckets of piss and shit. The worst bucket in the lane was Bawnie Sexton's. My father said the stink from Bawnie's bucket was cosmic. You could hang your hat on that stink. If that Winston Churchill had any sense he'd send Bawnie and her bucket over to that war going on in France. Make sure the wind was blowing in the right direction. "Bawnie, empty your bucket." she'd wipe out the whole German army. My father went to see the parish priest about that lavatory. He even went to see the mayor of Limerick himself, Dan Burke.

MALACHY. *(as the mayor, Dan Burke)* Ladies and Gentlemen and fellow-patriots, welcome to this extinguished assemblage. Let me reiterate what I am about to say. I see before me faces that are not here and I hope that

those who are absent will take particular notice of my words today. I also miss some of the old faces I used to shake hands with. And I see before me faces I thought were dead and buried faces but thanks be to God they're alive and voting faces though mind you too many living people is not good business for the funeral undertakers of Limerick for they have little children and they need shoes too. That's what I'm here to talk to ye about today - the poor and the problem of shoes. The poor has always been with me. The poor has always been behind me. The poor has always voted for me, every man woman and child. Sure, there's nothing wrong with being poor as long as you vote for the right man. So it's my fond hope that you'll remain poor. And I promise when I'm reelected again I'll put shoes on all the poor, footless children of Limerick. It's not the poor that tells the lies about me. Oh. No. It's them snobs above on the hill. They have spread libel about me. They have spread scandal about me. They have even made allegations. I ask you: where are those libelers? Where are those scandalizers? Where are those alligators? They even said that if I were hanged for my intelligence I'd die completely innocent. That is a lie. Indeed half the lies they tell about me are not true and the other three quarters are exaggerated. I did my bit for Ireland and I see before me men standing who died for Ireland and they're walking around without jobs. I'm going to do something about that because I myself died for Ireland and if necessary I'll die again and again until I'm dead entirely.

FRANK. Dan. Where do you stand on the lavatories?

MALACHY. I'm behind the lavatories. There should be lavatories the length and breadth of Limerick. And not only should we build urinals for the men. We should construct arsenals for the women. I thank you.

FRANK. There was one day I was sure of getting a pair of shoes. My first communion day. The happiest day of life. Because after my first communion in the morning

I could go around to the neighbors and relations and make my collection money. Then in the afternoon I could go to the lyric cinema to see James Cagney. But my grandmother said:

MALACHY. *(as Grandmother)* No, your first Communion day is the happiest day of your life because on that day you receive on your tongue the body and blood of Jesus. That means you're a true Catholic. Now what can make you happier than that? Even if you won a million pounds in the Irish sweepstakes you couldn't be any happier.

FRANK. My happiest day. The night before I was so excited I couldn't sleep till dawn. I'd still be asleep if she hadn't come hammering at the door.

MALACHY. Get up. Get up. Get that child outta the bed. Happiest day of his life and him snoring above in the bed. Get him up. Take off that shirt!

FRANK. I jumped up. I ran to the kitchen. I took off the shirt and they threw me into a tin tub of icy cold water. My mother scrubbed me. My grandmother scrubbed me. I was raw. I was red. They dried me. They put on my First Communion suit, the lovely black velvet First Communion suit with the white frilly shirt, short pants, white stockings, black patent leather shoes, and around my arm they tied a white satin bow, and on my lapel they pinned the Sacred Heart of Jesus, with a crown of thorns dripping in blood, and the whole thing erupting in flames.

MALACHY. Come here, come here till I comb that hair. Look at that mop, it won't lie down. You didn't get that hair from my side of the family. That's that North of Ireland hair you got from your father. That's the kind of hair you see on Presbyterians. If your mother had married a decent Limerickman you wouldn't have that standing up, north of Ireland Presbyterian hair. *(She spits on his head.)*

FRANK. Grandma, will you please stop spitting on my head?

MALACHY. If you have anything to say, shut up. Come on.

FRANK. When we arrived at the church the last of the boys was leaving the altar rail, where the priest stood there holding the host and the chalice – glaring at me. Then he placed on my tongue the wafer, the body and blood of Jesus. At last. At last… It stuck. I had God glued to the roof of my mouth. I could hear the schoolmaster's voice…

MALACHY. *(as Schoolmaster, offstage)* Don't let the host touch your teeth, for if you bite God in two you'll roast in hell, for all eternity.

FRANK. I tried to get him down with my tongue. *(makes a clucking sound)*

MALACHY. *(as Priest)* Stop that clucking and get back to your seat.

FRANK. But God was good. He melted and came down. Now at last, I was a true Catholic, and an official sinner. When the mass was over there they were at the door, my mother and my grandmother. My mother hugged me and kissed me and cried all over my head and after my grandmother's contribution that morning my head was a swamp. Can I go now and make my collection?

MALACHY. *(as Grandmother)* You're not making no collection till you've had a proper First Communion breakfast at my house. Come on. *(Grandmother in kitchen)* I want you to eat every scrap of that breakfast for there's many a child in China would be glad for it.

FRANK. Can you name two of them? I ate the sausage, I ate the egg, I ate the bread, and when I reached for more sugar for my tea…

(Grandmother slaps his hand.)

MALACHY. Go aisy with that sugar. Is it a millionaire you think I am, an American? Is it bedecked in glittering jewelry you think I am, smothered in fancy furs?

FRANK. The food churned in my stomach. I ran to her backyard and I threw it all up. Out she came.

MALACHY. Look what he did. Thrun up his First Communion breakfast. Thrun up the body and blood of Jesus. I have God in me backyard. Oh, what am I going to do? I know. I'll take him to the Jesuits, for the Jesuits hears the Pope's confession and when you know the Pope's sins you knows everything.

FRANK. She dragged me through the streets of Limerick and made me go to confession. In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Bless me Father, for I have sinned. It's a day since my last confession. *(kneels at chair)*

MALACHY. *(as Priest)* And what sins did you commit in one day, my son?

FRANK. I overslept. My grandmother said I had standing up North of Ireland Presbyterian hair. I threw up my First Communion breakfast. Now she says she has God in her backyard and what should she do?

MALACHY. *(as Priest, laughing)* Ah, tell your grandmother to wash God away with a little water, and for your penance say a prayer for me.

(as Grandmother) Were you telling jokes to that priest in the confession box? If 'tis a thing I ever hear you were telling jokes to Jesuits I'll tear the bloody kidneys outa you. Now what did he say about God in me backyard?

FRANK. *(stands)* He said wash him away with a little water, Grandma.

MALACHY. Holy water or ordinary water?

FRANK. He didn't say, Grandma.

MALACHY. Well, go back and axe him.

FRANK. But Grandma!

*(***MALACHY***, as Grandmother, points sternly to confession box)*

FRANK. *(kneels, back in the confession box)* Bless me, Father, for I have sinned. It's a minute since my last confession.

MALACHY. *(as Priest)* Are you the child who was just here?

FRANK. I am, Father.

MALACHY. *(as priest)* Well, what is it now?

FRANK. My grandma says holy water or ordinary water.

MALACHY. She can pass her own water for all I care, just tell her stop bothering me.

FRANK. He said you can pass your own water for all he cares and he said don't be botherin' him again.

MALACHY. *(as Grandmother)* Don't be botherin' him again. That bloody, ignorant bogtrotter. Well, I won't rest, so I won't. I won't rest till the Bishop of Limerick comes here in his vestments and accoutrements and consecrates my backyard and causes to be erected here a holy shrine in memory of the day that my grandson, my own flesh and blood, threw up the body and blood of Jesus, the only begotten son of our Lady, queen of knock.

(blackout)

FRANK. The outside world rarely came to the lane though there was one man who came every week, the insurance man, Mr. Higgins. My grandmother said, "Insurance is a gorgeous thing to have for with the insurance you're sure of a grave in consecrated ground. That means you have the dignity and you can hold your head up."

MALACHY. Hold your head up, indeed.

FRANK. Said my father.

MALACHY. *(as father)* When you're six feet under. The day I die they can put me face down in the coffin and the insurance man can kiss my dead Irish arse.

FRANK. My mother wanted the insurance but she didn't always have the money for it so when Mr. Higgins came she'd have to hide.

MALACHY. *(as Insurance Man, sings)*

FOR THERE'S NO ONE WITH ENDURANCE
LIKE THE MAN WHO SELLS INSURANCE!
HE'S EVERYBODY'S BEST FRIEND.

Insurance, please. Pay up, Mrs. McCourt. I know you're

in there, lurking and skulking. But lurk and skulk as ye may. The insurance must be paid. Pay up,

FRANK. Me mother says she's out.

MALACHY. Out is she? Well, ask your mother that's out when she'll be in?

FRANK. It may be for years and it may be forever.

MALACHY. And it may be too late. Do ye want to be taken away in an ass and cart when ye die? Or is it dumped in the bogs like decomposin' dogs ye want to be? Or, God save us and guard us, is it buried in unconsecrated ground with Protestants, Jews, and vegetarians ye want to be?

FRANK. *(as Mother)* No. No. Here's your money. God above, the things I have to give up for this bloody insurance. You are worse than the forty days of Lent!

MALACHY. You won't be sorry, Mrs. McCourt, you won't be sorry. The day you die you'll get down on your two knees and you'll thank God for a holy, decent and Catholic burial...

For there's no one with endurance like the man who sells insurance. He's everybody's best friend.

BOTH. *(as women from the lane)*

WE ARE TWO LOVELY LASSIES FROM LIMERICK LIMERICK, LIMERICK.
WE ARE TWO LOVELY LASSIES FROM LIMERICK.
AND I AM THE BEST OF THEM ALL.

MALACHY. I didn't see you at the novena to Our Lady of Perpetual Succor last night.

FRANK. How could you? I wasn't there. I was at a wake.

MALACHY. A wake? Whose wake was that and why wasn't I axed?

FRANK. A lovely wake it was for little Jack McQuiggan that died till that Michael McGuire came in langers drunk, started singing without an invitation, dancing like a whirling dervish without a partner. The next thing - he had a heart attack and he dropped down dead. He ruined the whole wake.

FINISH READING THIS SCRIPT

Visit our website to purchase the full script or to explore other titles.

www.samuelfrench.com
www.samuelfrench.co.uk

To stay up to date on all that we are doing, follow us on social media:



*Titles for licensing are subject to availability depending on your territory.

SF PERUSALS