

start

**Davey** I'm no man to go trampling on mams. Not for the sake of a cat anyways. Would you've liked your mam trampled on when she was alive?

**Donny** Many's the time I trampled on my mam when she was alive. After she'd died I stopped. There seemed no sense.

**Davey** What did you go trampling on your mam for?

**Donny** Ah, she'd get on me nerves.

**Davey** I can see where your Padraic does get his outlook on life now.

**Donny** That awful, hairy chin on her. *(Pause;)* Let me have a crack at that cat, now. You do a poor job of cat covering.

**Donny** *gets up and Davey lets him take over, sitting down with the poteen.*

**Davey** I was trying to make the polish go further. There's hardly a smatter left.

**Donny** If you knew it was an orange cat you were bringing you should've brought your own shoe polish, and not go skittering away mine.

**Davey** Is it orders you're pegging me now?

**Donny** You should've come prepared. This cat's going to end up only half black, and if he goes licking himself in the night on top of it, the jig'll truly be up, boy.

**Davey** *(pause)* Cats are forever licking themselves. I don't know why. More than dogs. It must be something in their brains. Aye.

**Donny** *(funny voice)* I am putting some on your head now, baby, be closing your eyes so they will not be stinging and you would go crying.

**Davey** That cat's an awful cry-baby.

**Donny** Where did you get this cat?

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**Davey** Ah, just off somebody.

**Donny** It does have a tag. What's its name, now ... ?

**Davey** Sir Roger.

**Donny** Sir Roger. That's a funny name for a cat.

**Davey** It is. It was probably some mental case named that cat.

**Donny** Will I take his name tag off, Davey? Else that'd give the game away straight off.

**Davey** Take it off, aye, else Padraic'd be reading it and know straight off by the name it wasn't Wee Thomas. That was intelligent thinking, Donny.

**Donny** I know well it was. I don't need your opinion on my intelligencientiousness.

**Donny** *tosses the name tag on to a cupboard left.*

**Davey** *(pause)* We could tell him Wee Thomas has a disease makes him go orangey-looking.

**Donny** We could, d'you know?

**Davey** And smell of shoe polish.

Jend