

The Lieutenant of Inishmore

by Martin McDonagh

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Mairead / Padraic

Scene 6

Another roadside. Night, moonlight. **Mairead**, in lipstick and a little make-up for once, leans against a wall, singing quietly 'The Patriot Game', the air rifle on the wall beside her.

Mairead (*singing*) 'Come all ye young rebels and list while I sing. The love of one's land is a terrible thing. It banishes fear with the speed of a flame, and it makes us all part of the patriot game.'

Padraic enters right and slowly moves along the road towards her. Though she's noticed him she continues singing.

Mairead (*singing*) 'Oh my name is O'Hanlon, and I've just gone sixteen. My home is in Monaghan, there I was weaned. I was taught all my life cruel England's to blame, and so I'm a part of the patriot game.'

Padraic stops in front of her, having joined in on her last line. They look at each other a while.

Padraic It's a while since I heard that owl song. Wasn't it one of the Behans wrote that?

Mairead It was. Dominic.

Padraic (*about to move on*) If they'd done a little more bombing and a little less writing I'd've had more respect for them.

Mairead I still have respect for them. Lieutenant.

Padraic (*pause*) You're not Seamus Claven's daughter?

Mairead I am. You remembered me, so.

Padraic I remember you chasing me begging to bring you when I left to free the North, and that when you were ten.

Mairead Eleven. I'm sixteen now. If you get me meaning. Haven't I grown up since?

Padraic You have. Upwards if not outwards. From a distance I thought 'What's a boy doing sitting there with lipstick on?', then as I got closer I realised it was a lass, just with shocking hair.

Mairead (*hiding hurt*) Is that a nice thing to say to a girl comes to meet you off the boat the early morning?

Padraic I suppose it's not, but that's the way I am.

Mairead The girls must be falling over themselves to get to you in Ulster so, if them's the kind of compliments you be paying them.

Padraic A few have fallen but I paid no mind. Not while there was work to be done ridding Erin of them jackboot hirelings of England's foul monarchy, and a lot of the girls up North are dogs anyways, so it was no loss.

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Mairead Do you prefer Inishmore girls, so?

Padraic I don't.

Mairead You don't prefer boys?

Padraic I do not prefer boys! There's no boy-preferers involved in Irish terrorism, I'll tell you that! They stipulate when you join.

Mairead Good, cos there's a dance at the church hall Friday would you take me to?

Padraic Amn't I after telling you? I'm interested in no social activities that don't involve the freeing of Ulster.

Mairead But that narrows it down terrible.

Padraic So be it.

Mairead *(pause)* There's a film on at the Omniplex about the Guildford Four next week. Isn't that close enough?

Padraic Ah, feck the Guildford Four. Even if they didn't do it, they should've took the blame and been proud. But no, they did nothing but whine.

Mairead We could go Dutch!

Padraic *(gently)* No, Mairead. *(Pause.)* Why *did* you come to meet me this far out of your way?

Mairead *(sulkily)* No reason.

Padraic Just to ask me out, was it? Ah. *(Ruffles her hair.)* I see you still have your oul popgun there you wanted to give me that day. A lot of use that would've been to me up North.

Mairead It does do the job for me OK.

Padraic I suppose it does. There's not a heifer left with eyesight on Aran, I'll bet.

Mairead *(pacing angrily)* Everybody slings me cow blinding at me, no matter how many years go by! What nobody ever mentions is it was from sixty yards I hit them cows' eyes, which is bloody good shooting in anybody's books. If I'd walked bang up to them I could understand it, but I didn't, I gave them every chance.

Padraic Ah, hold your horses, Mairead, I was only fooling with you. I meself once shot a fella in the eye with a crossbow, but that was from right next to him. Sixty yards is marvellous going.

Mairead You can't be getting round me that easy ...

Padraic Mairead, now ...

Mairead And you can forget the message I had for you too!

Padraic What message?

Mairead No message.

Padraic No, what message did you have for me? *(Suddenly upset, suspicious.)* It wasn't me cat the message was about?

Mairead If it was or if it wasn't I don't know, I have forgot.

Jend