

**Roundstone Cowboys**  
**by**  
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EXT. GALLERY - HAMPSTEAD HIGH STREET. LONDON - DAY  
*A blustery day in London two women stand in front of a window with a painting of "Dogs Bay Roundhouse". KITTY, pensioner from Ireland holds onto an anorak and hood and looks at the painting.*

**BRIDIE**

Isn't it nice Kitty? The colours.  
She's done a nice job there. Very pretty.

**KITTY**

Do you know where that is?

**BRIDIE**

I don't.

**KITTY**

It's Dogs Bay in Roundstone.

**BRIDIE**

Galway! Fair enough now

**KITTY**

It's in Galway.

**BRIDIE**

Very pretty isn't it?

*A gust comes and upends the umbrella she is holding.*

**KITTY**

Ah feck! Me umbrella's broke.

*BRIDIE, also a pensioner from Ireland comes to her aid and takes it into her hand to fix it.*

**BRIDIE**

Hold on Kitty, I'll have a look at it now.

**KITTY**

It's fecked!

**BRIDIE**

Hold on now!

**KITTY**

Bridie it's fecked! Leave it now! It's all fecked.

**BRIDIE**

You're right. It is sure enough. That was one gust  
of wind.

**KITTY**

One? It's a fecking gale out there Bridie. A gale!

**BRIDIE**

...Are you alright Kitty?

**KITTY**

What?

**BRIDIE**

Are you alright? The umbrella upset ya?

**KITTY**

Don't be daft Bridie.

**BRIDIE**

Oh. Here we go.

**KITTY**

Oh, don't be "here we go now". Bridie. I know what  
that means.

**BRIDIE**

Commence the storm!

**KITTY**

Enough now.

**BRIDIE**

What is it now? What's upset yee? Is it the rain?  
It was you're idea to come here.

**KITTY**

I'm not upset.

**BRIDIE**

Are.

**KITTY**

Alright! Enough I am. Enough of this tittle tattle.

**BRIDIE**

How can ye be upset over an umbrella? And a  
beautiful painting? Look it's even got a silly  
name!? Dogs Bay!

**KITTY**

Dogs alright.

**BRIDIE**

Oh...wha?

**KITTY**

I counted fecking 5 Range Rovers and two Volvos in the street.

**BRIDIE**

*(Surprised)* Yeah? *(looks behind her)* Well it is Hampstead you're in. No surprise there!

**KITTY**

And I saw vegetables in the window I couldn't even pronounce.

**BRIDIE**

Ah, so you did.

**KITTY**

And the accents. It was like being in fecking Hampstead. All the the fake English accents.

**BRIDIE**

Kitty?

**KITTY**

Yeah?

**BRIDIE**

I'm confused.

**KITTY**

Fair enough. Some of them were English.

**BRIDIE**

Shall we get another umbrella to break?

**KITTY**

Sure it was Sting.

**BRIDIE**

What?

**KITTY**

Sting. The fecker was doing his tai chi or latte on the beach.

**BRIDIE**

Where? When? What?

**KITTY**

In Roundstone!

**BRIDIE**

In Roundstone!?

**KITTY**

Yeah! Awful boney. I almost said to him. "It's not healthy looking like that".

**BRIDIE**

He is yeah.

**KITTY**

Roundstone of old has gone. Gone to the latte drinking Land Rover driving arse lickers of Dublin 4.

**BRIDIE**

Yeah.... What?

**KITTY**

Fecking Dublin 4. The literati, the Islingtonites.

**BRIDIE**

Ach! Them folk.

**KITTY**

You know who I mean! The fecking eejits with the children named Euripides or fecking Oscar.

**BRIDIE**

Oscar? Ah, Kitty I've always like the name Oscar.

**KITTY**

I did too! Until they ruined it.

**BRIDIE**

Galway's changed, sure.

**KITTY**

No! Roundstone has changed! Roundstone! I used to go there as a little girl. I'd play on the beach with me granddad. Playing with the barnacles and the sand and the dead fish.

**BRIDIE**

Ahh the dead fish. yeh.

**KITTY**

And me brothers and sisters would all go off and collect peat from the bog. And me ma would have us all sat around the table with the spud pealing. And we'd have a bit of fish that da had caught. More likely he stole it. And we'd all sit around the table and ate, Grand times.

**BRIDIE**

Ach, the old days.

**KITTY**

And ma would ask him where he had the money for his whisky. And there'd be an awful row.

**BRIDIE**

Ah, sure the demon drink. Wasn't a family not changed by it.

**KITTY**

Do you know? The fecker nearly reversed into me too! With his big tank of a car.

**BRIDIE**

He didn't?

**KITTY**

He did!

**BRIDIE**

And he's meant to be mister yoga. You'd think he'd be able to stretch his head around a little more to see you.

**KITTY**

I didn't fecking move an inch. I banged the car. I said to him: You watch where you're going now. You're not in fecking Islington now. You'll take your time.

**BRIDIE**

Well, I'm glad you reminded him.  
Did he have his lights on?

**KITTY**

Red lights sure. They smile at each other. And who the feck came out of the shop then?

**BRIDIE**

Who? Not the guards?

**KITTY**

Peter O'Toole!

**BRIDIE**

What?

**KITTY**

Yeh! Peter O'Toole. I nearly dropped me shopping bag at the sight of him.

**BRIDIE**

I'd have dropped more than that.

**KITTY**

Don't be vulgar, Bridie.

**BRIDIE**

Sorry Kitty.

**KITTY**

And he came out and shouted at Sting.

**BRIDIE**

Shouted?

**KITTY**

Something about don't forget to bring the asparagus!

**BRIDIE**

Asparagus!

**KITTY**

And he musta looked at me and I looked at him. And we knew sure.

**BRIDIE**

What?

**KITTY**

He fecking smiled at me.

**BRIDIE**

Smiled!

**KITTY**

I've Sting trying to run me over and Peter O'Toole giving me the whole blue eyes.

**BRIDIE**

What did you do?

**KITTY**

I told him. "Never mind the asparagus Peter. He needs to learn how not to kill people first!". He smiled at me and waved and him and off I went.

**BRIDIE**

Extraordinary.

**KITTY**

The Roundstone Cowboys.

**BRIDIE**

Sounds like a special place that Roundstone.

**KITTY**

Too special.

**BRIDIE**

Sure how can anything be too special Kitty? Sure isn't it grand. I bet there's no dead fish on the sea. Or pinching potatoes in the fields now.  
(A long pause).

**KITTY**

It's a lovely painting isn't it?

**BRIDIE**

Pinks. Lovely pinks. I love a good pink.

**KITTY**

We've got to remember the beauty in things haven't we? The blue eyes. The pink skies.

**BRIDIE**

Will we go on?

**KITTY**

Wha?

**BRIDIE**

Will we go on?

**KITTY**

Can't stay still sure.

**BRIDIE**

You need a new umbrella. The old one is no good for you anymore. The new ones are awful sturdy now. You'll almost enjoy the rain with it.



**KITTY**

Let's not get a ahead of ourselves now Bridie.

**BRIDIE**

Right ye are Kitty.  
They both walk away.

**(FADE OUT)**