

Roundstone Cowboys
by
John P Murtagh

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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

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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

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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

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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

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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)