

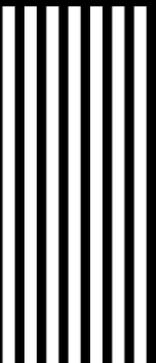


OUTSIDE MULLINGAR

BY JOHN PATRICK SHANLEY



DRAMATISTS
PLAY SERVICE
INC.



OUTSIDE MULLINGAR
Copyright © 2014, John Patrick Shanley

All Rights Reserved

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that performance of OUTSIDE MULLINGAR is subject to payment of a royalty. It is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America, and of all countries covered by the International Copyright Union (including the Dominion of Canada and the rest of the British Commonwealth), and of all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention, the Berne Convention, and of all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations. All rights, including without limitation professional/amateur stage rights, motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound recording, all other forms of mechanical, electronic and digital reproduction, transmission and distribution, such as CD, DVD, the Internet, private and file-sharing networks, information storage and retrieval systems, photocopying, and the rights of translation into foreign languages are strictly reserved. Particular emphasis is placed upon the matter of readings, permission for which must be secured from the Author's agent in writing.

The English language stock and amateur stage performance rights in the United States, its territories, possessions and Canada for OUTSIDE MULLINGAR are controlled exclusively by DRAMATISTS PLAY SERVICE, INC., 440 Park Avenue South, New York, NY 10016. No professional or nonprofessional performance of the Play may be given without obtaining in advance the written permission of DRAMATISTS PLAY SERVICE, INC., and paying the requisite fee.

Inquiries concerning all other rights should be addressed to Creative Artists Agency, 405 Lexington Avenue, 19th Floor, New York, NY 10174. Attn: George Lane.

SPECIAL NOTE

Anyone receiving permission to produce OUTSIDE MULLINGAR is required to give credit to the Author(s) as sole and exclusive Author(s) of the Play on the title page of all programs distributed in connection with performances of the Play and in all instances in which the title of the Play appears, including printed or digital materials for advertising, publicizing or otherwise exploiting the Play and/or a production thereof. Please see your production license for font size and typeface requirements.

Be advised that there may be additional credits required in all programs and promotional material. Such language will be listed under the "Additional Billing" section of production licenses. It is the licensee's responsibility to ensure any and all required billing is included in the requisite places, per the terms of the license.

SPECIAL NOTE ON SONGS AND RECORDINGS

For performances of copyrighted songs, arrangements or recordings mentioned in these Plays, the permission of the copyright owner(s) must be obtained. Other songs, arrangements or recordings may be substituted provided permission from the copyright owner(s) of such songs, arrangements or recordings is obtained; or songs, arrangements or recordings in the public domain may be substituted.

OUTSIDE MULLINGAR was presented by Manhattan Theatre Club (Lynne Meadow, Artistic Director; Barry Grove, Executive Producer) at the Samuel J. Friedman Theatre in New York City, opening on January 23, 2014. It was directed by Doug Hughes; the set design was by John Lee Beatty; the costume design was by Catherine Zuber; the lighting design was by Mark McCullough; the original music and sound design were by Fitz Patton; and the production stage manager was Winnie Y. Lok. The cast was as follows:

ANTHONY REILLY..... Brian F. O’Byrne
ROSEMARY MULDOON Debra Messing
TONY REILLY.....Peter Maloney AOIFE
MULDOON Dearbhla Molloy

CHARACTERS

TONY REILLY
ROSEMARY MULDOON
ANTHONY REILLY
AOIFE MULDOON

PLACE

A cattle and sheep farm outside Killucan, in Ireland.

TIME

December 2008.

OUTSIDE MULLINGAR

Scene 1

It's December 2008. The sound of cattle, doves, and wind. The bachelor farm kitchen of a cattle and sheep farm outside Killucan, in Ireland.

Over the sink, on a shelf, is an old TV. A turf stove sits on a torn linoleum floor. A small table by a window still has some uncleared dishes. A vinyl chair, with stuffing visible here and there, is set up in a nook created by a staircase. The first of two doors opens and shuts, off. The second now opens into the kitchen, revealing Tony Reilly, a wily old Irishman in a serviceable dark suit and Greek fishing cap, followed by Anthony Reilly, his son.

Tony is 75 or so, and his eyes are sly. Anthony is 42, and his eyes of those of an intense dreamer.

ANTHONY. Jesus, what an experience. My heart feels like a stone. It's a physical sensation.

TONY. Why did you do it? That's what I want to know.

ANTHONY. The whole half of me cut across the shoulders down is horrible. It's grief, that's what it is.

TONY. We'd be done with it now if it wasn't for you.

ANTHONY. Done with what?

TONY. What do you think? Our obligations. Our social obligations.

ANTHONY. Obligations? There are no obligations.

TONY. All that was left to do was say goodnight, and sorry for your trouble. But you had to say: Come by.

ANTHONY. Are you that selfish, Daddy?

TONY. I can't be bothered.

ANTHONY. You don't mean it.

TONY. Ah, you're half woman. You'd better see to those dishes now.

ANTHONY. Jesus, you're right. Mother of God, look at this. They'll think us tramps.

TONY. Your mother would die again if she saw the state of this house. (*Anthony puts on an apron and starts washing dishes.*)

ANTHONY. Don't mention death. And us staring at poor Christopher Muldoon's headstone this very day.

TONY. It took me back to the last time he died.

ANTHONY. The last time he what?

TONY. Chris Muldoon. The last time he died.

ANTHONY. If this is your notion of humor, no one's laughing.

TONY. Where's me pipe?

ANTHONY. Upstairs. And you're not getting it.

TONY. I'll have it when I want. Muldoon died before.

ANTHONY. Would you stop?

TONY. He was a great one for the pub years ago. Never missed a Sunday with his mates. Until that night his son was born.

ANTHONY. The Muldoons never had a son.

TONY. They did. Years gone by. They had a son, but the poor gossoon was born broken and died a few weeks in.

ANTHONY. I couldn't not know.

TONY. It wasn't spoken of.

ANTHONY. Everything's spoken of in Killucan.

TONY. They didn't put it about as the baby was born half size and got smaller from there.

ANTHONY. He shrank?

TONY. Like a sock in the wash. They named him Christopher after his father, and he died right before he was baptized.

ANTHONY. No.

TONY. Yes. Off to Limbo he went.

ANTHONY. Don't talk about this when they come.

TONY. So they put it in the paper that Christopher Muldoon was dead, and didn't the lads down in the pub think their mate had passed. They showed up at the wake half pissed, and what do they find sitting there but a little white coffin two foot long. And the one of them cries out, "Jesus! Look at that! Is that all that's left of Chris Muldoon?" (*Tony has a good laugh.*)

ANTHONY. They thought it was Chris Muldoon?

TONY. Well, it was and it wasn't.

ANTHONY. Chris Muldoon had a son.

TONY. He did. For a minute. Yer man went a bit daft after that. Took up the shotgun and went to war with the birds.

ANTHONY. He did like to shoot the crows.

TONY. We're lucky there's any left in Ireland. He tore holes in the sky with that gun. *(Anthony is washing dishes. Tony chuckles. Aoife walks in, dressed in black. She's 70, in bad health, short of breath, walking with a cane, a bit ravaged with grief.)*

AOIFE. What's funny? *(Anthony tears off the apron.)*

ANTHONY. Are you alright, Aoife?

AOIFE. Alright, is it? Look at me. I'm in pieces. Get the door.

TONY. Aoife, come and sit with me.

AOIFE. Were you having a laugh?

TONY. We were.

ANTHONY. We were not.

AOIFE. What about?

ANTHONY. Can I get you some tea?

AOIFE. I've eaten.

ANTHONY. A stout then?

AOIFE. In the bottle or the can?

ANTHONY. The bottle.

AOIFE. No, thank you. The bottle tastes of glass.

ANTHONY. Does glass have a taste then?

AOIFE. Glass tastes like teeth.

TONY. Oh the taste of glass, sure I know it. It tastes like mirrors.

AOIFE. I've come to think it's not me tasting the glass, but the glass that's tasting me. I see jaws and teeth and meself chewed up like poor Chrissy.

ANTHONY. So no to the stout. Well, I'm making a cup of tea and you'll have one.

TONY. It's an awful thing to get old.

AOIFE. I know. It happened to me.

ANTHONY. You? You're a girl.

AOIFE. I was this morning, but now I'm old.

TONY. When the husband goes, the wife follows, it's true. You'll be dead in a year.

ANTHONY. She will not. She looks perfect.

TONY. Oh, the fruit still looks good when the worm starts his work.

ANTHONY. Shut up.

AOIFE. I'm gasping like an old hurdy gurdy with the emphysema. I've got the pacemaker on board. You can feel it with your hand. It sticks half out of my chest right where I used to keep the smokes. Justice isn't pretty, is it? Feel it. Put your hand there.

ANTHONY. I will not.

AOIFE. Tony's right. I'll be dead in a year.

TONY. Half a year.

ANTHONY. She will not.

AOIFE. I don't mind. Except to desert Rosemary and leave her orphaned altogether.

ANTHONY. What about you? When are you packing up?

TONY. Me? I'll be dead in two months.

ANTHONY. Just don't. Where is Rosemary?

AOIFE. She's here.

ANTHONY. Where?

AOIFE. Outside.

ANTHONY. In the rain?

AOIFE. She won't smoke in front of me, and she's always smoking, so I never see her. Now let me ask you, Tony, have you signed the farm over to Anthony?

ANTHONY. What? Just like that you ask him?

AOIFE. I'm thinking of my own situation now. What would be best for Rosemary.

ANTHONY. Right.

AOIFE. Or are you going to wait and leave it to him?

ANTHONY. Who else would he leave it to? The others have all fled.

TONY. I haven't made up me mind.

ANTHONY. About what?

TONY. I would have thought yer man Chris Muldoon would have laid out a plan before he was done.

AOIFE. He did. What was his to leave, he left to me.

ANTHONY. As he should have done.

AOIFE. It's only arrangements for Rosemary I'm thinking of now. The future.

ANTHONY. Rosemary's standing out there in the rain?

AOIFE. She is. Smoking. She always manages to find a dry spot though, not so much for herself, as for the smokes.

ANTHONY. Well, she'll catch pneumonia.

AOIFE. No, she's crazy. The cracked ones never get sick. Her father's curse is hers. Stubborn to the point of madness.

ANTHONY. I never noticed it.

AOIFE. That's because you never notice anything, Anthony. You're famous all over Westmeath for what goes by you.

ANTHONY. What do you mean, you don't know if the farm is coming to me? Are you serious?

TONY. I don't see a clear path.

ANTHONY. From where to where?

TONY. From me to you. The way your eyes are set in your head, and the color of them — it has to be said, it's not right.

ANTHONY. Here we go. Are you saying that my eyes are a mistake?

TONY. I'm saying that you come up from some other people. It's as plain as Tuesday. Your eyes are from Limerick.

ANTHONY. My eyes are from Limerick, are they? That I have to listen to this.

TONY. The Reillys are from Cavan.

AOIFE. The Muldoons are from Fermanagh.

TONY. And it's the Kellys that are from Limerick. There's no argument to be made. It's like wool and white paper. You're more Kelly than Reilly.

AOIFE. He has his mother's face, that's true.

ANTHONY. But my name is Reilly. I'm a Reilly.

TONY. No. The Reillys have more bone. You're Kelly. You take after John Kelly, and that man was half ghost and mad as the full moon.

ANTHONY. Stop there.

TONY. I won't stop. You're the same. It's not in you to stand on your ground, Anthony. It has to be said. You never stood up on the farm like a king.

ANTHONY. I've been breaking my back for this place since I was five.

TONY. Not the same.

ANTHONY. As what?

TONY. You don't stand on the land and draw strength from it. As I did. Till Mammy died.

AOIFE. Don't feel bad. Chris Muldoon didn't like farming either. He told me more than once. He only loved life when he was in bed or eating beef. The farm took it out of him.

ANTHONY. The two of you. You know your whole generation has killed this country with your negativity.

TONY. It wasn't us that went boom and bust.

ANTHONY. No, you just went bust and stayed bust.

OUTSIDE MULLINGAR

by John Patrick Shanley

2M, 2W

Anthony and Rosemary are two introverted misfits straddling 40. Anthony has spent his entire life on a cattle farm in rural Ireland, a state of affairs that — due to his painful shyness — suits him well. Rosemary lives right next door, determined to have him, watching the years slip away. With Anthony's father threatening to disinherit him and a land feud simmering between their families, Rosemary has every reason to fear romantic catastrophe. But then, in this very Irish story with a surprising depth of poetic passion, these yearning, eccentric souls fight their way towards solid ground and some kind of happiness. Their journey is heartbreaking, funny as hell, and ultimately deeply moving. *OUTSIDE MULLINGAR* is a compassionate, delightful work about how it's never too late to take a chance on love.

"Mr. Shanley's finest work since DOUBT ... a softhearted comedy freckled with dark reflections on the unsatisfactory nature of life and the thorns of love."

—**The New York Times**

"John Patrick Shanley has not written a more beautiful or loving play than OUTSIDE MULLINGAR."

—**Variety**

"Here as in Moonstruck, Mr. Shanley is telling a tale of inhibition overcome by love, but he's translated it (so to speak) from Italian to Gaelic, and the results are both charming and dramatically persuasive."

—**The Wall Street Journal**

"OUTSIDE MULLINGAR is a valentine to the wonder and weirdness of love."

—**The New York Daily News**

Also by John Patrick Shanley

DOUBT, A PARABLE
STOREFRONT CHURCH
WOMEN OF MANHATTAN

ISBN: 978-0-8222-3163-9



DRAMATISTS PLAY SERVICE, INC.

9 780822 231639