

Girleen Oh aye, aye. (*Pause.*) That was a nice sermon at Thomas's today, Father.

Welsh I didn't see you there, did I?

Girleen I was at the back a ways. (*Pause.*) Almost made me go crying, them words did.

Welsh You crying? I've never in all the years heard of you going crying, Girleen. Not at funerals, not at weddings. You didn't even cry when Holland knocked us out of the fecking World Cup.

Girleen Now and then on me now I go crying, over different things ...

Welsh That Packie fecking Bonner. He couldn't save a shot from a fecking cow.

Start **Welsh** *sips his pint.*

Girleen I'd be saying you've had a few now, Father?

Welsh Don't you be starting on me now. On top of everybody else.

Girleen I wasn't starting on ya.

Welsh Not today of all days.

Girleen I wasn't starting at all on ya. I do tease you sometimes but that's all I do do.

Welsh Sometimes, is it? All the time, more like, the same as everybody round here.

Girleen I do only tease you now and again, and only to camouflage the mad passion I have deep within me for ya ...

Welsh *gives her a dirty look. She smiles.*

Girleen No, I'm only joking now, Father.

Welsh Do ya see?!

Girleen Ah be taking a joke will ya, Father? It's only cos you're so high-horse and up yourself that you make such an easy target.

Welsh I'm not so high-horse and up meself.

Girleen All right you're not so.

Welsh (*pause*) Am I so high-horse and up meself?

Girleen No, now. Well, no more than most priests.

Welsh Maybe I am high-horse so. Maybe that's why I don't fit into this town. Although I'd have to have killed half me fecking relatives to fit into this town. Jeez. I thought Leenane was a nice place when first I turned up here, but no. Turns out it's the murder capital of fecking Europe. Did *you* know Coleman had killed his dad on purpose?

Girleen (*lowers head, embarrassed*) I think I did hear a rumour somewhere along the line ...

Welsh A fecking rumour? And you didn't bat an eye or go reporting it?

Girleen Sure I'm no fecking stool-pigeon and Coleman's dad was always a grumpy oul feck. He did kick me cat Eamonn there once.

Welsh A fella deserves to die, so, for kicking a cat?

Girleen (*shrugs*) It depends on the fella. And the cat. But there'd be a lot less cats kicked in Ireland, I'll tell ya, if the fella could rest-assured he'd be shot in the head after.

Welsh You have no morals at all, it seems, Girleen.

Girleen I have plenty of morals only I don't keep whining on about them like some fellas.

Welsh (*pause*) Val and Coleman'll kill each other someday if somebody doesn't do something to stop them. It won't be me who stops them anyways. It'll be someone with guts for the job.

He takes out a letter and passes it to Girleen.

I've written them a little lettereen here, Girleen, would you give it to them next time you see them?

Girleen Won't you be seeing them soon enough yourself?

Welsh I won't be. I'm leaving Leenane tonight.

Girleen Leaving for where?

Welsh Anywhere. Wherever they send me. Anywhere but here.

Girleen But why, Father?

Welsh Ah lots of different reasons, now, but the three slaughterings and one suicide amongst me congregation didn't help.

Girleen But none of that was your fault, Father.

Welsh Oh no?

Girleen And don't you have the under-twelves semifinal tomorrow morning to be coaching?

Welsh Them bitches have never listened to me advice before. I don't see why they should go starting now. Nobody ever listens to my advice. Nobody ever listens to me at all.

Girleen I listen to you.

Welsh (*sarcastic*) Ar that's great comfort.

Stop **Girleen** *bows her head, hurt.*

Welsh And you don't listen to me either. How many times have I told you to stop flogging your dad's booze about town, and still you don't?

Girleen Ah it's just 'til I save up a few bob, Father, I'm doing that flogging.

Welsh A few bob for what? To go skittering it away the clubs in Carraroe, and drunk schoolboys pawing at ya.

Girleen Not at all, Father. I do save it to buy a few nice things out me mam's Freeman's catalogue. They do have an array of ...

Welsh To go buying shite, aye. Well I wish I did have as tough problems in my life as you do in yours, Girleen. It does sound like life's a constant torment for ya.

Girleen *stands up and wrenches Welsh's head back by the hair.*

Girleen If anybody else went talking to me that sarcastic I'd punch them in the fecking eye for them, only if I punched you in the fecking eye you'd probably go crying like a fecking girl!

Welsh I never asked you to come sitting beside me.

Girleen Well I didn't know there was a law against sitting beside ya, although I wish there fecking was one now.

Girleen *releases him and starts walking away.*