



AN IRISH HEART

by Vivian C Lermond

A SMITH SCRIPT

This script is protected by copyright laws.  
No performance of this script – IN ANY MEDIA – may be undertaken without payment of the  
appropriate fee and obtaining a licence.  
For further information, please contact SMITH SCRIPTS at [info@smithscripts.co.uk](mailto:info@smithscripts.co.uk)

CROWLEY'S CORNER

A Play

In

One Act

---

By

Vivian C. Lermond

Copyright, 2016  
By Vivian C. Lermond

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Grace O'Malley	50's - 60's, pub owner
Jack Conlin	20's - 30's, uptight American
Young Martin	50's - 60's, pub regular
Peter	middle-aged, pub regular
Crowley	middle-aged, a fiddle player

SCENE

A pub somewhere in Dingle, Ireland.

TIME

The present.

ACT I

Scene 1

SETTING: Grace O'Malley's Public House. There is a small bar, a few tables and mismatched chairs. Off in a corner, a small table is set with a solitary chair. A fiddle case rests on a shelf above the chair.

AT RISE: A Friday, early evening. GRACE O'MALLEY is engaged in conversation with YOUNG MARTIN at the bar.

YOUNG MARTIN

Pour me another, Grace. I need to be chasin' the dust from my throat.

GRACE

Dust is it now. It has been rainin' steady on for the last five days.

YOUNG MARTIN

*(Feigning a cough.)*

It's the bad air in my shop, you know.

GRACE

*(Refilling his glass)*

Well, if you'd be givin' that rust and dust bin a good goin' over with the solid sweep of a broom, ya might be breathin' easier, Young Martin. I'll wager a good glass of whiskey that place of yours hasn't been looked after since Annie died, God rest her.

YOUNG MARTIN

A man needs a woman's kind and gentle hand.

GRACE

Ha! And what woman with all her right senses would take on the cleanin' up of yer clutter ... car parts, rusty fenders, hub caps lyin' about. It's like livin' next door to a tinker!

YOUNG MARTIN

Clutter ya call it! I have the grandest collection of car parts in the county ... parts ya won't be findin' anywhere else. There's a great call for this kind of thing!

GRACE

Right ya are ... If someone happens to be drivin' a 1936 Austin 7 in need of a bumper!

YOUNG MARTIN

Ya never know ... ya just never know.  
*(PETER ENTERS, tousled  
and windblown.)*

PETER

Hello then.

*(AD LIB greetings exchanged.)*

It's a damp day, it is. I could use a whiskey.

*(Grace moves to fill his order.)*

YOUNG MARTIN

Any luck with the nets today?

PETER

Naw ... the sea is cappin'.

*(Grace serves his drink. He takes a healthy swig.)*

YOUNG MARTIN

Then this is the better place to be, Peter lad. And 'tis Friday after all. A man needs a proper celebration for the closin' of the work week and a chance to raise a toast to the toils of his labors.

GRACE

Says you, Young Martin. Some would say you favor the celebratin' more than the toilin'.

*(The SOUND of a car engine sputtering, then silence. A door SLAMS. JACK CONLIN ENTERS in a high state of agitation.)*

JACK

*(To Grace)*

Do you have a phone I could use? My rental car died and I can't get a signal on my cell. The garage I just passed ... you happen to know who owns the place?

YOUNG MARTIN

I would.

JACK

Great!

*(pregnant pause)*

And that would be?

GRACE

It's Young Martin McSweeney you're after.

PETER

A fine man who knows his business.

JACK

Got his phone number?

GRACE

Sure but you won't be findin' him there.

*Crowley's Corner - I-1-3*

YOUNG MARTIN  
A man can't be two places at the same time.

JACK  
Where CAN I find him?

PETER  
Now where would ya be lookin' for a true workin' man at the end of a tiresome week?

JACK  
You tell me.

YOUNG MARTIN  
Why right here in Grace O'Malley's Public House!  
*(Jack glares at Peter.)*

JACK  
You're the mechanic?

PETER  
I make my livin' from the sea. Yank, are ya?

JACK  
Yeah. Look, when is this guy gonna show? I need to get the car fixed and get back on the road.

YOUNG MARTIN  
This car ... what would the make and model be?

JACK  
It's a Ford! A damn Ford!

YOUNG MARTIN  
And so ... what was she doin' just before she died on ya?

JACK  
Run ... ning!

YOUNG MARTIN  
Ah ...

GRACE  
*(To Jack)*  
Is it a drink you'll be havin'?

JACK  
Sure. Why not. Give me a Paddy's, straight up.  
*(He eyes the door expectantly.)*

GRACE  
The name is Grace O'Malley. She was Ireland's great pirate queen, ya know. My late husband would say, "Grainne (Gran - ya) darlin', 'twas queen I made ya by the hand of marriage, for 'tis sure girl, you were the thievin' pirate who stole my heart."

*(Grace hands Jack his  
drink.)*

GRACE (Cont'd.)  
And what do they call you, lad?

JACK  
Jack Conlin.

PETER  
From Boston?

JACK  
Chicago.  
*(Peter extends a hand in  
friendship.)*

PETER  
Peter Cain. You're on holiday then?

JACK  
Hell no! This ain't my idea of a vacation! My uncle ... who I never  
laid eyes on in my life ... died ... and left me a run-down farm, a  
sty of pigs, and a dung heap of back taxes. I'm on my way to sell  
the dive and fly out of Shannon on Tuesday. Excuse me.  
*(He moves off, sits  
in the solitary chair  
in the corner.)*

GRACE  
I wouldn't be sittin' there, Jack.

JACK  
I didn't know the seat was taken.

YOUNG MARTIN  
That's Crowley's corner.

JACK  
I don't see anybody.

PETER  
He's gone.

YOUNG MARTIN  
Departed.

PETER  
A fortnight, it's been.  
*(Jack moves to the bar.)*

GRACE  
And by the grace of God, who's to say if he took the high road or  
the low. The Saints preserve him.

YOUNG MARTIN  
Such a lad.

GRACE

A fine fiddler.

PETER

That would be his fiddle there, restin' quiet on the shelf.

GRACE

*(Reflective)*

It's a strange silence that fills this room on a Saturday night, without the sound of Crowley's fiddle ... wouldn't ya be agreein', Young Martin?

JACK

*(On his feet.)*

You're YOUNG Martin?! The mechanic?

YOUNG MARTIN

One and the same. The oldest son of me Da.

JACK

Why didn't you say so!

YOUNG MARTIN

But I did.

JACK

Look ... can you fix my car? Like quick, fast, pronto?

YOUNG MARTIN

Might need some parts. Don't know if I have 'em.

JACK

Can you just look at the car.

YOUNG MARTIN

I can.

*(He stands, EXITS. Jack follows him. We HEAR a door SLAM.)*

GRACE

*(To Peter)*

A tangle of nerves he is, Jack Conlin from America, wouldn't ya say so, Peter?

PETER

I'll have another, Grace, and be givin' your question some thought.

LIGHTS TO DIM  
END OF SCENE

ACT I

Scene 2

SETTING: The pub.

AT RISE: Later that evening. Grace is washing glasses as Jack and Young Martin enter. Jack is downcast. They take a seat at a downstage table.

GRACE  
No luck?

YOUNG MARTIN  
She threw a rod. The rental car company will have to come and tow her out.

GRACE  
*(To Jack.)*  
Well come on then. Don't be lookin' so glum, lad. I saved ya some supper.

*(She ladles soup into two bowls, carries it to their table. Jack taste tests the soup with caution.)*

JACK  
This is good. What is it?

GRACE  
Soup, lad. Leek and potato soup. It's my secret recipe.

JACK  
I'm used to Campbell's in a can.

GRACE  
Campbell's, eh? The Scots know nothin' about the makin' of a proper soup.

YOUNG MARTIN  
If it's good food you're wantin', Grace O'Malley's would be the place to serve it.

GRACE  
And you've eaten enough of it to be testifying' to that fact.  
*(To Jack)* Ya think he'd be thankin' me for my charity with more than a cheap bit o' flattery.  
*(A big grin out of Jack.)*

YOUNG MARTIN  
And who is it then that hauls up the kegs from the cellar and mends the roof when it's leakin'?

GRACE

Just eat your supper, Young Martin, and leave me in peace. I'm closed for the night.

JACK

I've got to find a hotel somewhere.

YOUNG MARTIN

Hotel! You won't find one for forty miles.

GRACE

You'll be stayin' in my spare room out back. It's nothin' fancy, mind.

JACK

Thanks. I appreciate it.

GRACE

Collect yer luggage and bring it in then.

JACK

Okay.

*(He EXITS.)*

YOUNG MARTIN

Nice lad is Jack Conlin. Wound tighter than a top, though. Racin' through life without ever seein' the scenery alongside the road.

GRACE

I'm expectin' there's not much of a view from the windows of a Chicago skyscraper, exceptin' American smog. After a while, ya stop lookin' altogether.

YOUNG MARTIN

Smart. He's a lawyer, ya know.

GRACE

There's yer answer! If ya spend your natural-born days geared up for the business of arguin' and fightin', there's not much room left fer just enjoyin'.

*(Jack returns with his luggage.)*

JACK

I really appreciate this, Mrs. O'Malley.

GRACE

It's Grace to you, lad. Now take your things right through that door there *(indicating)*. Last door on the left would be your room.

JACK

Great. *(Turning to Martin.)* Thanks for your help. Sorry if I came on strong. I'm kinda stressed out.

YOUNG MARTIN

Glad to help, Jack. Glad to help. 'Til tomorrow then.

*(He tips his cap to Grace, Exits.)*

GRACE  
Good night.

JACK  
'Night. See you in the morning.

GRACE  
God providin'. (Beat) There's one thing ...

JACK  
Yes?

GRACE  
Don't be bothered by the odd wind.

JACK  
No problem. I live in Chicago, better known as "the Windy City".

GRACE  
This is a sound of another sort. The locals would be sayin' it's the Banshees. Myself now, I think it's only the spirits of the lost sailors cryin' out from the sea.

JACK  
Banshees?

GRACE  
*She* spirits, Jack. On a stormy night, some say they get to wailin' strong enough to call back the dead.

JACK  
(Laughing)  
Right. I'll watch out for the Banshees.  
(*He exits. Grace turns out the light and follows.*)

LIGHTS TO DIM  
END OF SCENE