

CAIT 1

ROBBIE. Hey, listen—

ROBERT. (*Overlapping.*) —I hate the trivial crap you talk about—
and how little you worry—and how nothing is expected of you!

ROBBIE. If you've SEEN HER you've got to HELP ME—

ROBERT. And worst of all—I hate that you TAKE IT ALL FOR
GRANTED.

ROBBIE. FORGET IT—OKAY?!

ROBERT. Caithleen is WASTED ON YOU: You and your cocky
nonchalance and your stupid firm body and your messy full head
of hair—I hate the sight of you, you fucker!

Robert starts off, saying—

And TUCK YOUR SHIRT IN—you look AWFUL.

—Robert is gone, as—

*Cait appears, opposite. Her clothes are modest, casual, worse
for wear. She has an old umbrella and a bag from the market.*

Start

Cait removes a roll and some jam from her bag.

CAIT. You did the right thing, Robbie. Lettin' that girl get away. I
say let 'er go—and get on with your life.

Robbie turns to her.

It's Caithleen you're talkin' about, am I right?

ROBBIE. (*How do you know this?*) I'm sorry?

CAIT. Say you run after her—what then? People are too sugary.
Makin' sweet little movin' pictures in their head. You think you're
gonna catch upta her—an' pour out your heart—like that's a good
thing!—like people truly want to see the drops an' dregs of some-
body's bloody ol' organs! An' then you're thinkin' all is forgiven an'
you put your lips together with fireworks over the river behind
you—cute little unicorns shittin' out rainbows across the sky that's
all a-twinkle with the sugary sweet endings that're never really
there at all...

*Cait takes an enormous bite of her roll. She enjoys it im-
mensely.*

You hungry?

She holds out some roll and jam.

All you've eaten is those crisps—I know that.

Robbie pulls an empty packet of crisps from his pocket—and looks at Cait. How does she know that?

Nasty things. Don't know what I ever saw in 'em. But you snarfed 'em down like they were God's own manna from heaven.

ROBBIE. You were watching me eat?

CAIT. It wasn't the most pleasant thing I've done.

ROBBIE. But that's not possible—it was just me and Caithleen—

CAIT. Right there at Davy Byrne's. Yes, I know.

ROBBIE. You've been following me too?!

CAIT. Oh, Robbie—don't be troubled by it. It's nothin' but the *shifting*.

ROBBIE. The what?

CAIT. An' it's nice to meet you at this age. Don't know what I'd do if you were grown old like me. Don't expect we'd have much in common then.

ROBBIE. What are you talking about?

CAIT. Used to trouble me so. This *shifting*. *People not stayin' their right ages around me*. Same thing happened to my Ma. But I think you an' I at these ages are a pretty good fit. Wanna buy me a pint across the way?

ROBBIE. If you know Caithleen, tell me where she lives—I need to find her!

CAIT. Do you now?

ROBBIE. Yes!

CAIT. Then why'd you get distracted by an old lady with a day-old roll?

ROBBIE. But she gives the same tour tomorrow?—at the same time?

CAIT. Oh, Caithleen's given her last tour.

ROBBIE. No—

CAIT. She's tossed that big book o' hers right into the trash—which you'da seen if you'd truly followed her—

ROBBIE. But how am I—

CAIT. (*Overlapping.*) —*you stupid, stupid boy*—you've no idea

how long she waited for you. Crouched down in a doorway, outside a tourist shop—

ROBBIE. Where?!—tell me where?!

CAIT. (*Overlapping.*) —an’ as she’s waitin’ there, she’s thinkin’ it’s all her fault—that she’s done it all again—ruined everythin’ just like she did with Michael Finnerty!

ROBBIE. She didn’t ruin anything—

CAIT. Woulda been nice for her to know that!

ROBBIE. I didn’t know what to say—she kept talking about the future—

CAIT. She can’t help that. **Stop**

ROBBIE. —and she said she could “see it all”—but that’s got to be impossible, right?—no one can “see it all,” so why do girls always say that? *Why do girls use the “future” to break up with you?!* (*Before Cait can respond.*) There was a girl I knew at home who did the same thing—saying we had “no future” because she didn’t think I was serious.

CAIT. And were you?

ROBBIE. Of course I was! We’d been together almost a year—we had planned a trip to London!

CAIT. London?

ROBBIE. Yes—

CAIT. What had this girl done to be punished so?

ROBBIE. —but a few days before we’re gonna leave, I got a letter from her.

CAIT. Maybe a love letter—

ROBBIE. No, it wasn’t—

CAIT. —with maybe a nice flower pressed there inside.

ROBBIE. —it was a letter telling me she saw no “future” for us. Telling me her parents didn’t think I was good enough for her. She said: “Why are we pretending, Robbie, when we both know you are not serious?”

Pause.

CAIT. An’ you froze right then, I bet. Had nothin’ to say.