

ROBBIE 3

Start

This is Davy Byrne's. 21 Duke Street. And that is the lunch he eats in the book.

ROBBIE. This tiny little sandwich?

CAITHLEEN. Gorgonzola with mustard.

ROBBIE. And a miniature glass of wine.

CAITHLEEN. Burgundy, yes. You can read the plaque on the wall.

ROBBIE. (*Devouring it in a couple bites.*) This is not a sandwich.

CAITHLEEN. Not to you, I know—

ROBBIE. A sandwich is a two-handed thing with roast beef and cheddar cheese—lettuce and tomato—

CAITHLEEN. (*Playfully.*) Sorry—but that's not the sandwich in the book. Here, take a look.

ROBBIE. I'm never gonna read that thing!

CAITHLEEN. (*Re: the book.*) Oooh—this is the part about the love letter from his mistress. You'll like this.

She puts the book in front of him.

Well, go on, then. An' be sure to do the accent.

ROBBIE. No way am I going to do this!

CAITHLEEN. You can't do Joyce without the accent! It's for the *ear* you know—this writing—not for the eye. It's like this—read along with me:

(*Demonstrates.*) *Are ya not happy?*

ROBBIE. Oh, come on—I can't—

CAITHLEEN. You can do it, Robbie—c'mon!

ROBBIE. (*Beat, he tries, it's bad.*) *Are you-a not haw-ppy?*

CAITHLEEN. Oh god, that's bad—that's so bad!—

ROBBIE. I told you!

CAITHLEEN. —but go on—go on—

Caithleen leans in close to Robbie as he reads—their faces hovering together right above the book.

ROBBIE. (*Continues, still trying.*) *“Are you not happy in your home you poor—”*

CAITHLEEN. (*The accent.*) *“Pahr”*—

ROBBIE. "POOR"—

CAITHLEEN. "PAHR"—

ROBBIE. "—you PAHR little naughty boy?"

CAITHLEEN. You are *truly terrible* at this. But keep going.
(*Prompting him.*) "I do wish I could..."

He continues, doing his best—and having fun. She corrects him, whispering pronunciations in his ear, during the following...

ROBBIE. "...I do wish I could do something for you. I think—"

CAITHLEEN. "Tink"—

ROBBIE. "TINK"?

CAITHLEEN. Yes—"I tink"—

ROBBIE. "I TINK of you so often you have no idea. Please write me a long letter and tell me more."

CAITHLEEN. "Mahr."

ROBBIE. "MAHR. Remember if you do not I will punish you. Good-bye now, naughty darling."

Relieved to be done, he downs his tiny glass of wine.

CAITHLEEN. There's a postscript.
(*Shows him.*) "P.S..."

ROBBIE. "P.S.—Do tell me what kind of perfume does your wife use..."

CAITHLEEN.
"...I want to know."

ROBBIE.
... "I want to know."

They are very close to one another.

ROBBIE. Oh, that's good.

CAITHLEEN. Good 'n' dirty.

ROBBIE. And then?

CAITHLEEN. And then...he never meets this woman. Never sees her face. Can you imagine?

ROBBIE. Impossible.

CAITHLEEN. Never once.

They are close enough to kiss.

Will you write me a letter?

Before he can answer.

Am I a fool to ask that?—I don't even know you. But *I wish somebody would write me a love letter—true or no, it fills up your whole day*

ROBBIE. What would this letter have in it?

CAITHLEEN. It would have a flower.

ROBBIE. Okay. And what else?

CAITHLEEN. It would have some kissing.

ROBBIE. Kissing, okay. Kissing is good.

CAITHLEEN. *It never entered my head what kissing meant till he put his tongue in my mouth—his mouth was sweetlike young—I put my knee up to him a few times to learn the way—I had that white blouse on—open in the front to encourage him as much as I could*

ROBBIE. *Mahr—tell me mahr...*

CAITHLEEN. *I tormented the life out of him—I loved rousing that dog in the hotel—I liked him like that—moaning—I made him blush a little*

ROBBIE. I like Molly Bloom.

CAITHLEEN. Be careful, Robbie.

(Very close. About to kiss.) When Molly Bloom kisses a man...

ROBBIE. Yes...

CAITHLEEN. ...it makes a pocket watch stop cold.

ROBBIE. Impossible.

CAITHLEEN. An' it's not the watch of the man she kissed...it's the watch of her own husband, clear across town.

ROBBIE. She can stop Time.

CAITHLEEN. Aye...that she can.

ROBBIE. Maybe you can, too. **Stop**

Cait appears, watching them. She speaks to the audience.

Caithleen and Robbie are not aware of her.

CAIT. *(To audience.)* An' right there!—if you'll look right there... that's when I shoulda kissed 'im. Instead o' pourin' out my whole sob story later on, in the rain, in front o' McDaid's. I shoulda kissed 'im, right there 'n' then.