

From *Isles* by Annie Clepper

SPLIT THE G - Scene

The confessional booth is moved offstage as music floods in again; it fades as they exit the stage. Lights up on a single wooden table sitting outside a small pub. The waves are crashing against the cliffs in the distance and the gulls are crying. The lighting is cool, and it gives the illusion of an overcast sky. Flynn sits anxiously at the table. Niamh enters from SR and sits across the table.

He stands up.

FLYNN

Niamh. Hello.

NIAMH

Hi Flynn.

FLYNN

(Nervous) Oh uh, sit.

NIAMH

Flynn I'm already sitting.

FLYNN

Right sorry.

He sits back down.

NIAMH

Well, howya?

FLYNN

Oh ya know, I'm flyin it.

NIAMH

(Genuine) That's good to hear.

FLYNN

How was Nice (Nees)?

NIAMH

(Teasing) It was really "nees".

FLYNN

(He laughs) You haven't changed Niamh. I missed ya.

NIAMH

Did ya?

FLYNN

I did. Very much.

A moment of silence. They take each other in.

FLYNN

I uhh, I ordered you a pint of gat is that alright?

NIAMH

Oh that's grand. I haven't had one in ages.

FLYNN

6 months, 3 days, and 8 hours...give or take.

NIAMH

Wait, you were keeping track this whole time?

FLYNN

I was. T'was the last time I saw ya before you left. That's also the last Guinness you had. Unless you're *fibbin*?

NIAMH

I'm not fibbin! I'd never trust the French to pour it right. It was all champagne and snails for me.

FLYNN

(*Disgusted*) Oh god now I hope you're fibbin.

They both laugh as a waiter comes over and serves them two glasses of Guinness.

FLYNN

Thanks a million.

NIAMH

(*Teasing*) I'm ready.

FLYNN

Sláinte. (slawn-che)

NIAMH: Sláinte.

They both take a drink. Niamh takes a small one and Flynn a much larger gulp. They both set it down and he gives her a tense look.

FLYNN

You didn't split it.

NIAMH

What?

FLYNN

You didn't split the G Niamh.

NIAMH

Oh haha, you're right.

FLYNN

(Too serious) It's a bad omen.

NIAMH

Flynn wind yer neck in. It's alright.

FLYNN

(Less serious) Sorry, it's just pretty disgraceful in my book.

They're playful again for a moment.

NIAMH

Well maybe I'm not a real Irish woman anymore.

FLYNN

Maybe not.

Now she's serious.

NIAMH

Maybe...I've changed.

They sit in awkward silence for a second. Both quietly drinking and avoiding eye contact. After almost too long Flynn starts frantically searching his bag for something.

FLYNN

I uh, a few weeks ago I read a book.

NIAMH

Praise be.

He gives her a FuckYou face.

FLYNN

Actually it wasn't a book, it was a poem. Well it was a book of poems, so I guess it's still a book.

He collects himself.

Anyway I read this poem, and it made me think of you.

He pulls a crumpled piece of paper out of his lap.

Can I read it to ya?

NIAMH

Ok.

FLYNN

(Shakily)

"The wrong of unshapely things is a wrong too great to be told;
I hunger to build them anew and sit on a green knoll apart,
With the earth and the sky and the water, remade, like a casket of gold
For my dreams of your image that blossoms a rose in the deeps of my heart."

Niamh is stunned by this. Flynn just stares at her.

NIAMH

It's uh beautiful. Who wrote it?

FLYNN

It's...

He checks the paper.

William Butler Yeats.

NIAMH

Yeats. I didn't think you read poetry like that.

FLYNN

I've been working on expanding my mind recently.

NIAMH

Wow. Well that's great.

FLYNN

(Lightly) I want to be able to keep up with ya!

Niamh starts physically and emotionally pulling back.

NIAMH

I see. Flynn um I/

He notices that her drink is close to empty.

FLYNN

/Oh- would you like me to get another pint? ExCUSE ME-

NIAMH

Flynn.

FLYNN

Yea?

NIAMH

I don't want another pint.

FLYNN

Oh alright. Are you hungry? Or do you want to take a walk?

NIAMH

I don't- I don't really want anything.

Beat.

FLYNN

Anything?

NIAMH

Anything.

She smiles sadly at the glass.

NIAMH (CONT)

I actually don't think I really like

...

Guinness anymore.

FLYNN

Right. Okay.

Niamh cautiously starts to gather her things and gets up to leave. As she stands up, she reaches down and puts her hand on top of Flynn's.

NIAMH

It was nice to see ya.

Flynn just gives her a quick smile. As she walks off SR he flexes the hand she was touching. Flynn takes the piece of paper with the poetry written on it and impulsively smushes it into the remaining ale in her glass.

FLYNN

Fuckin hell.

End scene.