

MAUREEN switches off the kettle, pours a sachet of Complan into a mug and fills it up with water.

MAUREEN

I'll do you some of your Complan.

MAG

Have I not had my Complan already, Maureen? I have.

MAUREEN

Sure, another one won't hurt.

MAG

(wary) No, I suppose.

MAUREEN tops the drink up with tap water to cool it, stirs it just twice to keep it lumpy, takes the spoon out, hands the drink to MAG, then leans back against the table to watch her drink it. MAG looks at it in distaste.

MAG

A bit lumpy, Maureen.

MAUREEN

Never mind lumpy, Mam. The lumps will do you good. That's the best part of Complan is the lumps. Drink ahead.

MAG

A little spoon, do you have?

MAUREEN

No, I have no little spoon. There's no little spoons for liars in this house. No little spoons at all. Be drinking ahead.

MAG

(takes the smallest of sickly sips)

MAUREEN

The whole of it, now!

MAG

I do have a funny tummy, Maureen, and I do have no room.

MAUREEN

Drink ahead, I said! You had room enough to be spouting your lies about Ray Dooley had no message!

(MORE)

MAUREEN (CONT'D)

Did I not meet him on the road  
beyond as he was going? The lies of  
you. The whole of that Complan  
you'll drink now, and suck the  
lumps down too, and whatever's left  
you haven't drank, it is over your  
head I will be emptying it, and you  
know well enough I mean it!

MAG

(slowly drinks the rest of the  
sickly brew)

MAUREEN

Arsing me around, eh? Interfering  
with my life again? Isn't it enough  
I've had to be on the beck and call  
for you every day for the past  
twenty year? Is it one evening out  
you begrudge me?

MAG

Young girls should not be out  
gallivanting with fellas...!

MAUREEN

Young girls! I'm 35 years old for  
feck's sake! Finish it!

MAG

(drinks again)

MAUREEN

'Young girls'! That's the best yet.  
And how did Annette or Margo ever  
get married if it wasn't first out  
gallivanting that they were?

MAG

I don't know.

MAUREEN

Drink!

MAG

I don't like it, Maureen.

MAUREEN

Would you like it better over your  
head?

MAG

(drinks again)

MAUREEN

I'll tell you, eh? 'Young girls out gallivanting.' I've heard it all now. What have I ever done but kissed two men the past 35 year?

MAG

Two men is plenty!

MAUREEN

Finish!

MAG

I've finished! (holds out the mug)

MAUREEN

(washes it)

MAG

Two men is too much.

MAUREEN

To you, maybe. To you. Not to me.

MAG

Two men is too much!

MAUREEN

Do you think I like being stuck up here with you? Eh? Like a dried up owl...

MAG

Whore!

MAUREEN

(laughs) 'Whore'? Do I not wish, now? Do I not wish? Sometimes I dream...

MAG

Of being a...?

MAUREEN

Of anything! Of anything. Other than this.

MAG

Well an odd dream that is!

MAUREEN

It's not at all. Not at all is it an odd dream.

(MORE)

MAUREEN (CONT'D)

And if it is it's not the only odd dream I do have. Do you want to be hearing another one?

MAG

I don't.

MAUREEN

I have a dream sometimes there of you, dressed all nice and white, in your coffin there, and me all in black looking in on you, and a fella beside me there, comforting me, the smell of aftershave off him, his arm round me waist. And the fella asks me then if I'll be going for a drink with him at his place after.

MAG

And what do you say?

MAUREEN

I say 'Aye, what's stopping me now?'

MAG

You don't!

MAUREEN

I do!

MAG

At my funeral?

MAUREEN

At your bloody wake, sure! Is even sooner!

MAG

Well that's not a nice thing to be dreaming!

MAUREEN

I know it's not, sure, and it isn't a dream - dream at all. It's more of a day-dream. Y'know, something happy to be thinking of when I'm scraping the skitter out of them hens.

MAG

Not at all is that a nice dream. That's a mean dream.

MAUREEN

I don't know if it is or it isn't.  
I suppose now you'll never be  
dying. You'll be hanging on  
forever, just to spite me.

MAG

I will be haning on forever!

MAUREEN

I know well you will!

MAG

Seventy you'll be at my wake, and  
then how many men'll there be round  
your waist with their aftershave?

MAUREEN

None at all, I suppose.

MAG

None at all is right!

MAUREEN

Oh aye. Do you want a cookie?