

Side 1 – Josie and Mike

JOSIE-- Ah, thank God. Bad luck to you for a slowpoke. Didn't I tell you half-past eleven?

MIKE-- How could I sneak here sooner with him peeking round the corner of the barn to catch me if I took a minute's rest, the way he always does? I had to wait till he went to the pig pen. Where he belongs, the old hog!

JOSIE-- Keep your tongue off him. He's my father, too, and I like him, if you don't.

MIKE-- You're two of a kind, and a bad kind.

JOSIE--(good-naturedly) I'm proud of it. And I didn't hit you, or you'd be flat on the ground. If he catches you running away, he'll beat you half to death. Get your bag now. I've packed it. It's inside the door of my room with your coat laid over it. Hurry now, while I see what he's doing....There's no sight of him. I put everything in the bag. You can change to your Sunday suit in the can at the station or in the train, and don't forget to wash your face. I know you want to look your best when our brother, Thomas, sees you on his doorstep. And him way up in the world, a noble sergeant of the Bridgeport police. Maybe he'll get you on the force. It'd suit you. I can see you leading drunks to the lockup while you give them a lecture on temperance. Or if Thomas can't get you a job, he'll pass you along to our brother, John, the noble barkeep in Meriden. He'll teach you the trade. You'll make a nice one, who'll never steal from the till, or drink, and who'll tell customers they've had enough and better go home just when they're beginning to feel happy. *(She sighs regretfully.)* Ah, well, Mike, you was born a priest's pet, and there's no help for it.

MIKE--That's right! Make fun of me again, because I want to be decent.

JOSIE--You're worse than decent. You're virtuous.

MIKE--Well, that's a thing nobody can say about--*(He stops, a bit ashamed, but mostly afraid to finish.)*

JOSIE--*(amused)* About me? No, and what's more, they don't. *(She smiles mockingly.)* I know what a trial it's been to you, Mike, having a sister who's the scandal of the neighborhood.

MIKE--It's you that's saying it, not me. I don't want to part with hard feelings. And I'll keep on praying for you.

JOSIE--*(roughly)* To hell with your prayers!

MIKE--*(stiffly)* I'm going.

Side 2 – Josie and Hogan

HOGAN-- Where is he? Is he hiding in the house? I'll wipe the floors with him, the lazy bastard!
(turning his anger against her) Haven't you a tongue in your head, you great slut you?

JOSIE-- Don't be calling me names, you bad tempered old hornet, or maybe I'll lose my temper, too.

HOGAN--To hell with your temper, you overgrown cow!

JOSIE--I'd rather be a cow than an ugly little buck goat. You'd better sit down and cool off. Old men shouldn't run around raging in the noon sun. You'll get sunstroke.

HOGAN--To hell with sunstroke! Have you seen him?

JOSIE--Have I seen who?

HOGAN--Mike! Who else would I be after, the Pope? He was in the meadow, but the minute I turned my back he sneaked off. *(He sees the pitchfork.)* There's his pitchfork! Will you stop your lying!

JOSIE--I haven't said I didn't see him.

HOGAN--Then don't try to help him hide from me, or--Where is he?

JOSIE--Where you'll never find him.

HOGAN--We'll soon see! I'll bet he's in your room under the bed, the cowardly lump!

JOSIE--He's not. He's gone like Thomas and John before him to escape your slave-driving.

HOGAN--You mean he's run off to make his own way in the world?

JOSIE--He has. So make up your mind to it, and sit down.

HOGAN-- I'd never dream he had that much spunk. *(his temper rising again)* And I know damned well he hadn't, not without you to give him the guts and help him, like the great soft fool you are!

JOSIE--Now don't start raging again, Father.

HOGAN--*(seething)* You've stolen my satchel to give him, I suppose, like you did before for Thomas and John?

JOSIE--It was my satchel, too. Didn't I help you in the trade for the horse, when you got the Crowleys to throw in the satchel for good measure? I was up all night fixing that nag's forelegs so his knees wouldn't buckle together till after the Crowleys had him a day or two.

HOGAN--*(forgets his anger to grin reminiscently)* You've a wonderful way with animals, God bless you. And do you remember the two Crowleys came back to give me a beating, and I licked them both?

JOSIE--(*with calculating flattery*) You did. You're a wonderful fighter. Sure, you could give Jack Dempsey himself a run for his money.

HOGAN--(*with sharp suspicion*) I could, but don't try to change the subject and fill me with blarney.

JOSIE--All right. I'll tell the truth then. They were getting the best of you till I ran out and knocked one of them tail over tin cup against the pigpen.

HOGAN--(*outraged*) You're a liar! They was begging for mercy before you came. You thief, you! You stole my fine satchel for that lump! And I'll bet that's not all. I'll bet, like when Thomas and John sneaked off, you-- Listen, Josie, if you found where I hid my little green bag, and stole my money to give to that lousy altar boy, I'll-

JOSIE--Well, I did. So now what'll you do? Don't be threatening me. You know I'll beat better sense in your skull if you lay a finger on me.

Side 3 – Tyrone and Hogan

TYRONE--(*recites with feeling*) "Fortunate senex, ergo tua rura manebunt, et tibi magna satis, quamvis lapis omnia nudus."

HOGAN--It's the landlord again, and my shotgun not handy. Is it Mass you're saying, Jim? That was Latin. I know it by ear. What the hell--insult does it mean?

TYRONE--Translated very freely into Irish English, something like this. "Ain't you the lucky old bastard to have this beautiful farm, if it is full of nude rocks."

HOGAN--I like that part about the rocks. If cows could eat them this place would make a grand dairy farm. It's easy to see you've a fine college education. It must be a big help to you, conversing with whores and barkeeps.

TYRONE--Yes, a very valuable worldly asset. I was once offered a job as office boy--until they discovered I wasn't qualified because I had no Bachelor of Arts diploma. There had been a slight misunderstanding just before I was to graduate.--I made a bet with another Senior I could get a tart from the Haymarket to visit me, introduce her to the Jebbs as my sister- and get away with it.

HOGAN--But you didn't?

TYRONE--Almost. It was a memorable day in the halls of learning. All the students were wise and I had them rolling in the aisles as I showed Sister around the grounds, accompanied by one of the Jebbs. He was a bit suspicious at first, but Dutch Maisie--her professional name--had no make-up on, and was dressed in black, and had eaten a pound of Sen-Sen to kill the gin on her breath, and seemed such a devout girl that he forgot his suspicions. Yes, all would have been well, but she was a mischievous minx, and had her own ideas of improving on my joke. When she was saying goodbye to Father Fuller, she added innocently: "Christ, Father, it's nice and quiet out here away from the damned Sixth Avenue El. I wish to hell I could stay here!" (*dryly*) But she didn't, and neither did I.

HOGAN--(*chuckles delightedly*) I'll bet you didn't! God bless Dutch Maisie! I'd like to have known her.

TYRONE-- Well, how's the Duke of Donegal this fine day?

HOGAN--Never better.

TYRONE--Slaving and toiling as usual, I see.

HOGAN--Hasn't a poor man a right to his noon rest without being sneered at by his rich landlord?

TYRONE--"Rich" is good. I would be, if you'd pay up your back rent.

HOGAN--You ought to pay me, instead, for occupying this rockpile, miscalled a farm. But I have fine reports to give you of a promising harvest. The milkweed and the thistles is in thriving condition, and I never saw the poison ivy so bounteous and beautiful.

Side 4 – Harder, Hogan, and Josie

HARDER--(*walks toward Hogan--stiffly*) Good morning. I want to see the man who runs this farm.

HOGAN--(*with malice*) You do, do you? Well, you've seen him. So run along now and play with your horse, and don't bother me. (*He turns to Josie*) D'you see what I see, Josie? Be God, you'll have to give that damned cat of yours a spanking for bringing it to our doorstep.

HARDER--(*determined to be authoritative and command respect- curtly*) Are you Hogan?

HOGAN--(*insultingly*) I am MISTER Philip Hogan--to a gentleman.

JOSIE--(*glares at Harder*) Where's your manners, you spindle shanked jockey? Were you brought up in a stable?

HARDER--(*does not fight with ladies, and especially not with this lady--ignoring her*) My name is Harder. (*He obviously expects them to be immediately impressed and apologetic.*)

HOGAN-- Who asked you your name, me little man?

JOSIE--Sure, who in the world cares who the hell you are?

HOGAN--But if you want to play politeness, we'll play with you. Let me introduce you to my daughter, Harder--Miss Josephine Hogan.

JOSIE--(*petulantly*) I don't want to meet him, Father. I don't like his silly sheep's face, and I've no use for jockeys, anyway. I'll wager he's no damned good to a woman.

HOGAN--I don't think he's a jockey. It's only the funny pants he's wearing. I'll bet if you asked his horse, you'd find he's no cowboy either. (*to Harder, jeeringly*) Come, tell us the truth, me honey. Don't you kiss your horse each time you mount and beg him, please don't throw me today, darlin', and I'll give you an extra bucket of oats.

HARDER--(*beginning to lose his temper*) Listen to me, Hogan! I didn't come here--

HOGAN--(*shouts*) What? What's that you said? You didn't come here? Did you hear that, Josie? Well, that's a puzzle, surely. How d'you suppose he got here?

JOSIE--Maybe the stork brought him, bad luck to it for a dirty bird.

HARDER--(*so off balance now he can only repeat angrily*) I said I didn't come here--

HOGAN--(*shouts*) Wait! Wait, now! (*threateningly*) We've had enough of that. Say it a third time and I'll send my daughter to telephone the asylum.

HARDER--(*forgetting he's a gentleman*) Damn you, I'm the one who's had enough--!

JOSIE--(*shouts*) Hold your dirty tongue! I'll have no foul language in my presence.

HOGAN--Oh, don't mind him, Josie. He's said he isn't here, anyway, so we won't talk to him behind his back. (*He regards Harder with pitying contempt.*) Sure, ain't you the poor crazy creature? Do you want us to believe you're your own ghost?

HARDER--Ah! I understand now. You're drunk. I'll come back sometime when you're sober--or send Simpson--

JOSIE--No, you don't! You'll apologize first for insulting a lady--insinuating I'm drunk this early in the day--or I'll knock some good breeding in you!

HARDER--(*actually frightened now*) I--I said nothing about you-

HOGAN-- Aisy now, Josie. He didn't mean it. He don't know what he means, the poor loon. (*to Harder- pityingly*) Run home, that's a good lad, before your keeper misses you.

HARDER--(*hastily*) Good day. (*He turns eagerly toward left but suddenly Hogan grabs his shoulder and spins him around--then shifts his grip to the lapel of Harder's coat.*)

HOGAN-- Wait now, me Honey Boy. I'll have a word with you, if you plaze. I'm beginning to read some sense into this. You mentioned that English bastard, Simpson. I know who you are now.

HARDER--(*outraged*) Take your hands off me, you drunken fool.

Side 5 – Tyrone and Josie

TYRONE--I've never seen him that stinko before. Must have got him all of a sudden. He didn't seem so lit up at the Inn, but I guess I wasn't paying much attention.

JOSIE--(*forcing a playful air*) I should think, if you were a real gentleman, you'd be apologizing to me, not thinking of him. Don't you know you're two hours and a half late? I oughtn't to speak to you, if I had any pride.

TYRONE--You've got too damn much pride, Josie. That's the trouble.

JOSIE--And just what do you mean by that, Jim?

TYRONE--Nothing. Forget it. I do apologize, Josie. I'm damned sorry. Haven't any excuse. Can't think up a lie. (*staring at her curiously again*) Or, now I think of it, I had a damned good honorable excuse, but--(*He shrugs.*) Nuts. Forget it.

JOSIE--Holy Joseph, you're full of riddles tonight. Well, I don't need excuses. I forgive you, anyway, now you're here. Come on now and we'll sit on my bedroom steps and be romantic in the moonlight, like we planned to.

TYRONE--Had to get out of the damned Inn. I was going batty alone there. The old heebie jeebies. So I came to you. (*He pauses--then adds with strange, wondering sincerity*) I've really begun to love you a lot, Josie.

JOSIE--(*blurts out bitterly*) Yes, you've proved that tonight, haven't you? (*hurriedly regaining her playful tone*) But never mind. I said I'd forgive you for being so late. So go on about love. I'm all ears.

TYRONE--(*as if he hadn't listened*) I thought you'd have given me up and gone to bed. I remember I had some nutty idea I'd get in bed with you--just to lie with my head on your breast.

JOSIE--(*moved in spite of herself--but keeps her bold, playful tone*) Well, maybe I'll let you--(*hurriedly*) Later on, I mean. The night's young yet, and we'll have it all to ourselves.

TYRONE--(*relaxes--simply and gratefully*) Thanks, Josie. I must have the D.T.'s.

JOSIE--(*her face grown bitter*) Maybe it's only your bad conscience.

TYRONE--(*starts guiltily and turns to stare into her face- suspiciously*) What put that in your head? Conscience about what?

JOSIE--(*quickly*) How would I know, if you don't? (*forcing a playful tone*) For the sin of wanting to be in bed with me. Maybe that's it.

TYRONE--(*with strange relief*) Oh. (*a bit shamefacedly*) Forget that stuff, Josie. I was half nutty.

JOSIE--(*bitterly*) Oh, for the love of God, don't apologize as if you was ashamed of--(*She catches herself.*)

TYRONE--(*with a quick glance at her face*) All right. I certainly won't apologize--if you're not kicking. I was afraid I might have shocked your modesty.

JOSIE--(*roughly*) MY modesty? Be God, I didn't know I had any left.

TYRONE--(*draws away from her--irritably*) Nix, Josie. Lay off that line, for tonight at least. (*He adds slowly*) I'd like tonight to be different.

JOSIE--Different from what? (*He doesn't answer. She forces a light tone.*) All right. I'll be as different as you please.