

RTÉ RADIO 1

# Christie

by Sean O’Gorman  
Directed by Gorretti Slavin

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RTÉ Radio 1 – Drama On One, Ireland

2019 UK International Radio Drama Festival



RTÉ RADIO 1

## **Cast & Crew**

### **Writer –**

Sean O’Gorman

### **Actors -**

Roxanna Nic Liam played the part of Marie

Lloyd Cooney was Joey

Jimmy Smallhorne played Da

Hilda Fay was Ma

Stephen Jones was the council official

Mrs Fogarty was played by Susan O’Loughlin

### **Sound design & sound supervision-**

Damian Chennells

### **Director**

Gorretti Slavin

**1st TX 8TH December 2019**

**Duration 44mins12secs**

**SCENE 1: the local boozier somewhere in the Liberties quarter of  
Dublin. Music**

- 1     **Joey:**                    You’re wa???!
- 2     **Marie:**                   Will you keep your voice down you muppet?! You heard me.  
I’m pregnant. With child. Up the bleedin duff. Polled good and  
proper.
- 3     **Joey:**                    I heard you. *(BEAT)*.  
Christ, give me a hand out here. Whatever happened to “Let’s  
take it handy. One step at a time”? And what was it? Oh yea!  
“Let’s get to know each other first before we dive in without a  
snorkel.”
- 4     **Marie:**                    Yea but...
- 5     **Joey:**                    Well my purest petal of the forest glade, someone’s been  
diving in without a snorkel... without a condom and all by the  
looks of it. You know what you’re a fu...
- 6     **Marie:**                    A what?... Go on, I’m a what?! Go on....
- 7     **Joey:**                    I’m not up for this. I really thought this was it. I thought we had  
something here...
- 8     **Marie:**                    We do. We still do Joey.. Gis a chance for Jasus sake. Let  
me explain
- 9     **Joey:**                    No need. It’s quite simple really. You hurled a few leg  
openers into you one fine evening. Probably over there with  
your mates in the snug; and a dashing young lad called Dick;  
that’s Dick without the condom; got the glad eye offa you and  
ended up wacking you good and thorough. Direct drive.  
Threw a mix into you, wiped his eh...manhood in the curtain.  
You know those nice ones your aunty Annie made up for you  
and.....disappeared off into the sunset with another notch  
on his hyperactive flute. Happy days all round... until he got a  
text alert from James’s about his next appointment at the STD  
clinic. Yea. Happy days all round.



- 1 **Marie:** Nothing.  
(BEAT)  
Will you listen to me for a minute...?
- 2 **Joey:** Christ I’m all ears. I’m hanging on your every...
- 3 **Marie:** Without interrupting me...  
(BEAT)
- 4 **Joey:** Well...?
- 5 **Joey:** Am I interrupting you?
- 6 **Marie:** We were together since we were sixteen. Longer really. His Ma knew my Ma. They both worked in Rowntree Mackintosh. You know the sweet factory opposite Kilmainham Jail. Long gone.
- 7 **Joey:** Oh yea; they built apartments on the old site. Crammed with graphic designers from Newtownpark Avenue?
- 8 **Marie:** (LAUGHS) They pushed us around together in our buggies.
- 9 **Joey:** Proper childhood sweethearts.  
(BEAT)  
Sorry. Go ahead.
- 10 **Marie:** Anyway, we grew up together. We were inseparable. Always Ian and Yappie the dog.
- 11 **Joey:** But you still have Yappie. How old is he?
- 12 **Marie:** My Da says he must be at least seventeen. He’s shagged now. His eyes are nearly gone and he’s starting to drag his hind legs. Da says we will have to seriously think about....
- 13 **Joey:** I don’t want to hear this. He’s a grand old dog.
- 14 **Marie:** I know but he’s...
- 15 **Joey:** Get on with your story about this, eh...
- 16 **Marie:** Ian.
- 17 **Joey:** Yea, Ian chap.

- 1        **Marie:**                    Ian got very sick when he was about fifteen. Developed some rare and deadly form of leukaemia. His Ma and Da dragged him halfway around the world. We kind of lost touch. Then one day he arrived back in the road; cured. Well his condition had stabilised. He wasn’t going to die after all.
- 2        **Joey:**                        Nice one. Fair play to him the little.....
- 3        **Marie:**                        Anyway, we got back together. Left school and got together eh...
- 4        **Joey:**                        Properly?
- 5        **Marie:**                        Yea. Properly. We were made for each other. Me Ma and Da and his as well were fuckin delighted with us. Jasus we used to go out together to the pub. Jaysus we even went to Salou together one year. The six of us. Ian’s Da was; is a gas man. Funny as fuck and-
- 6        **Joey:**                        A bugle in his skinny Speedos lying on the beach beside his future daughter in law with the big baloobas!
- 7        **Marie:**                        Come to think of it he always wore a towel around his waist.
- 8        **Joey:**                        So, Ian and his Marie were living the dream. The world ahead of them. Floating on a magic carpet of fucking domestic bliss.
- 9        **Marie:**                        Something like that. Ian was kind of thrilled he wasn’t going to die after all, and he adored me.
- 10       **Joey:**                        And what about you?
- 11       **Marie:**                        Eh I was happy for him. Really happy. The tide was carrying us serenely off together on a magic carpet. If you know what I mean. I often looked into the water. Wanted to jump out, even to swim for a while. But it was impossible. Everything was so perfectly joined together.
- 12       **Joey:**                        I see.
- 13       **Marie:**                        Do you? Really?
- 14       **Joey:**                        Eh....

- 1        **Marie:**                    Do you remember a film called Educating Rita? Michael Caine was a sort of nutty professor in it. Based in Trinity College.
- 2        **Joey:**                        Eh I think I do. Was it about some English Scanger type trying to mix it with the Newtownpark Avenue gang? Black and white, I think.
- 3        **Marie:**                        That’s the one.
- 4        **Joey:**                        Well?
- 5        **Marie:**                        Well there’s a scene in it where the Scanger with notions, I think it was that old English actor Julie Walters. She’s in the local boozer with her family and they are all banging out some shite, full of gargle. Well the camera pans on all their happy faces as they join in the well fucked verses, singing away with the gargle dulling their pain. Then the camera pans on the Scanger’s mother. She is silently weeping as she mouths the words of the dreadful dirge. Her daughter asks why she is crying, and she murmurs in reply, “Surely there are better songs to sing.” But alas it was too late for her. But not too late for her daughter. And not too late for me either. I decided there and then to pick my moment.
- 6        **Joey:**                        What moment would that be now?
- 7        **Marie:**                        My fucking moment to jump out of the gilded lifeboat into the raging torrent. Swim towards the bank.... or the rapids. Take my chance.
- 8        **Joey:**                        But you were well strapped in at this stage. Twas too late.
- 9        **Marie:**                        Ya you could say that. Then I missed a period. Took the test and it was confirmed. I was pregnant.

- 1 **Marie:** At first, I was in a right state; pissing my pants with fright. But gradually I chilled. There was always the option of a very early termination. I suppose the prospect of a baby; of a complete family was now next on the cards. Me Ian, baby and lots of Milton fuking fluid. But I used it to tear my life asunder. I dived into the water. And dealt with the job in hand like a pro; callous like.
- 2 **Joey:** I suppose poor Ian got his cards.
- 3 **Marie:** Yea. I gave him some shite talk about a trial temporary separation. He got the message alright. We were finished.
- 4 **Joey:** And not a word about the happy news?
- 5 **Marie:** Not a word. Nothing. If the word got out the whole world would have descended on me like a ton of fluffy feather duvets. Me Ma was a bit upset but me Da reined her in. Said I had my life ahead of me and it was mine to live.
- 6 **Joey:** And he couldn't have failed to notice Ian's auld lad's front-loaded Speedos.
- 7 **Marie:** Well spotted. He told me afterwards that the Speedo lad was a bit of a creep and even admitted that he found Ian a bit eh...
- 8 **Joey:** Boring?
- 9 **Marie:** Maybe; but he wasn't...isn't the one for me. I'm growing up so fast. I can feel the changes in me like a forest awakening. For the first time in my life I feel...
- 10 **Joey:** Free?
- 11 **Marie:** Liberated!
- 12 **Joey:** That's the same thing as free for Jasus sake.
- 13 **Marie:** Maybe but it sounds better and it's how I feel now. This very minute. Liberated!
- 14 **Joey:** Sorry to rain on your Independence Day Parade but there's one small detail that's coming down the tracks that might need a bit of consideration.
- 15 **Marie:** You mean the baby?

- 1     Joey:                    Yea I mean the baby.
- 2     Marie:                   Christ, I thought you of all people would understand!
- 3     Joey:                    Me of all people understand?! *Of all people?*! Get real Marie, will you? I don’t even know why I’m still here listening to this shi....
- 4     Marie:                    What?! This what?!
- 5     Joey:                    ...Stuff. Go on, will you. And for Jasus’ sake leave out the peace, love and rock and roll palaver. Just give it to me straight
- 6     Marie:                    Always the smart arse! Anyway, I *feeee!* this baby will free me. It’s my get out of jail card. From now on I will make all the decisions about my life; **our** life and I like the sound of that.
- 7     Joey:                    And what about your Ma and Da and eh...Horatio Horn Bollox?
- 8     Marie:                    Fuck them! All of them. They know nothing about this, and they won’t until I have made my decisions about my life; my future.
- 9     Joey:                    So why are you letting me in on this? I’ve obviously nothing to do with your eh.....situation.
- 10    Marie:                    I’m telling you all this because I want you to help me decide what to do. I want **you** to decide what to do.
- 11    Joey:                    What are you smokin?!
- 12    Marie:                    Hear me out. Please **(BEAT)**  
Nobody knows but us two. I want us; the two of us to make the decisions here. Ian knows nothing; he’s gone; won’t be coming back. I’m eight weeks gone now and have plenty of time for a termination. I don’t want to do that. Fuck sake, I can feel the new life inside me.
- 13    Joey:                    Christ, there’s plenty of *feeling* swirling around this evening...



- 1        **Joey:**                                Something else comes up to whet the appetite of those with no lives of their own.
- 2        **Marie:**                                Bang on.
- 3        **Joey:**                                So, tell me one thing.
- 4        **Marie:**                                What?
- 5        **Joey:**                                What will you do if I decide to walk?
- 6        **Marie:**                                I’ll probably have a termination. I want to have this child with you. And start a family with you.
- 7        **Joey:**                                Sounds like some sort of blackmail to me.
- 8        **Marie:**                                Yea it looks like that but it’s not. Anyway, why does the female of the species have to make all the decisions? Why can’t the male, now and then, grow a pair of balls and make a decision?
- 9        **Joey:**                                I can think of one reason here, my dear.
- 10       **Marie:**                                What’s that?
- 11       **Joey:**                                It’s just eh the fact that .... I’m not the Da here
- 12       **Marie:**                                But that’s...
- 13       **Joey:**                                *(INTERRUPTS)* And I think you better stick on that flowery frock and head off to a Ga Ga commune. Find some pot head called Naoise to fall for your cunning plan.
- 14       **Marie:**                                I don’t want a Naoise. I want you.
- 15       **Joey:**                                Well you ain’t got me. I’m out of it and hey! Just look at the time. I’m out of here.

➤ ***FX: chair scrape. Music bridge***



- 1 **Joey:** Christ, that’s not Lily Fogarty from Echlin Street?
- 2 **Marie:** Yea. Why?
- 3 **Joey:** She’s nearly bald!
- 4 **Marie:** Yea I know. We do our best! Anyway, you were saying.
- 5 **Joey:** I was just thinking; a lot about the eh...situation.
- 6 **Marie:** Yea. I know the way you take the scenic route sometimes.
- 7 **Joey:** There was one thing that kept arising.
- 8 **Marie:** Oh yea!?
- 9 **Joey:** No not that! Have you told anyone about your eh...
- 10 **Marie:** Not yet. I’m a bit of a scaredy cat. I’m at a bit of an impasse here.
- 11 **Joey:** It’s just you told me when we got together that the eh...physical things could wait.
- 12 **Marie:** That’s how I felt. I thought you were OK with that.
- 13 **Joey:** I suppose I was. I was looking forward to jumping on your shapely bones, but I was happy to wait. But tell me this.
- 14 **Marie:** Could you fast forward a bit. I can smell Mrs F’s kiss curls singeing from here!
- 15 **Joey:** You could have easily let me throw a couple of mixers into you and crowned me Dad. But you didn’t. Why?
- 16 **Marie:** Not my style. And no matter how fukin thick you are you would have worked it out.
- 17 **Joey:** The scenic route jobbie?
- 18 **Marie:** Yea, something like that but eh.
- 19 **Joey:** What is it?
- 20 **Marie:** It’s just I wanted to be honest with you from the start. Lay it out to you as it is and start from a good start and move on from there. I didn’t want it gnawing at me.
- 21 **Joey:** That’s what I was thinking as well. So, what’s his name’s seven seconds of pleasure doesn’t make him a Dad?

1        **Marie:**                                No. Anyway, it was about five seconds and always ahead of time if you get my meaning. I’m looking for about fifty years here from a Dad come hail, rain or shine. I thought you were the one.

2        **Joey:**                                        I’ll do it. Let’s do it.

3        **Marie:**                                        And no matter what happens you will be the Dad. Forever. This is all I ask. Forever the Dad.

4        **Joey:**                                        Come hail, rain or shine.

➤ ***WILDTRACK: [OFF] Cries from Salon***

5        **Marie:**                                        Fuck, I forgot about poor Mrs Fogarty. I’ll have to go.

6        **Joey:**                                        OK, I’ll see you later. Can’t wait. It’s sorted now. Let’s set things in motion and have a life together, the three of us.

7        **Marie:**                                        Are you sure. Really sure?

8        **Joey:**                                        Certain. Just one more thing.

9        **Marie:**                                        What’s that?

10       **Joey:**                                        Mrs Fogarty likes a good sup of milk in her tea.

***FX: music bridge***

**SCENE 3: Marie’s Da and Ma’s House**

- 1        **Ma:**                                Sweet Devine Christ and his Blessed Mother. What’s possessed you, child? This is a complete disaster.
- 2        **Da:**                                Shut up Sara. How long are you gone Marie?
- 3        **Marie:**                                Five- or six-weeks Da. Or so the doctor thinks.
- 4        **Ma:**                                Are you sure? It’s very early. Maybe...
- 5        **Marie:**                                I’m pregnant and no question about it.
- 6        **Ma:**                                It’s this new boyfriend of yours. This Joey fellow. A no good. Never liked the look of him. Didn’t I say that to you, Benny. Never liked the cut of him. He’s only got his foot in the door and he.... fucks up everything. All notions and grandiosity. Fukin tuppence looking down on tuppence halfpenny.
- 7        **Da:**                                In the name of Jasus Sara will you shut the fuck up. The last thing we need is you going off on one. Are you sure, love? It all seems to have happened so fast.
- 8        **Marie:**                                I’m sure and so is Doctor Sinnott. And before you say anything, I’m keeping this baby.
- 9        **Ma:**                                *You’re* keeping it! And who’s going to mind it? Cause it won’t be me. Rear it. Feed it; clothe it? I’m too old to be rearing babies and too bleedin’ young to give up work.
- 10       **Marie:**                                I want nothing from you. I’m telling you because you are my Ma and Da. That’s all. And I won’t take this shite offa you Ma. Do you hear me? I want nothing from you. Nor you Da.
- 11       **Ma:**                                And to think you got rid of Ian. Sent him away to England with a broken heart. You are a fucking silly, girl. Christ Benny what will Ian’s Ma and Da say? What will we tell them? I suppose our trip to Chester is off now.





- 1        **Marie:**                      Wa!?! Oh yea, sure. But I want this to bring us closer. I will not let it drive us apart. You are too precious to me.
- 2        **Ma:**                              I suppose I always wanted a grandchild but not...
- 3        **Marie:**                      Well Ma, you will have one soon and I want you to be happy for me...us.
- 4        **Da:**                              Well that's good enough for me! ...So long as you are sure, love, and happy. All I want is for you to be happy.
- 5        **Marie:**                      I know that Da. I know that. Now do yis want to see the baby scans or what?!

**FX: music bridge**

**SCENE 4: Corporation Housing Department**

- 1     **Official:**                   Marie O’Neill.
- 2     **Marie:**                     That’s me. Eh us. This is my partner. Joey Williams.
- 3     **Official:**                   Have you filled out the form?
- 4     **Marie:**                     Yea. Here it is.
- 5     **Official:**                   Two-bedroom house in Dublin 8. OK, I’ll put you on the list  
and your application will be reviewed in due course.
- 6     **Joey:**                      Eh ...in due course. What does that mean?
- 7     **Official:**                   Can I give it to you straight? Without the official shit. You look  
like a nice couple.
- 8     **Marie:**                     Yea, no sweat. Please.
- 9     **Official:**                   If you don’t mind me asking. How long have you got...you  
know ...til the baby arrives?
- 10    **Marie/Joey:**                **(TOGETHER)** Two weeks/ six weeks
- 11    **Official:**                   What?
- 12    **Joey:**                      We are not sure. But it’s soon enough.
- 13    **Official:**                   OK, whatever. My advice to you is to get a place of your own  
in the private sector. You’ve as much chance of getting a  
council house in Dublin 8 as you have in Ballsbridge. The  
Liberties is no longer considered eh....
- 14    **Marie:**                     Scangerland.
- 15    **Official:**                   Yea. It’s taken the overflow from Dublin 6. You know, the  
three R’s.
- 16    **Joey:**                      Rathgar, Rathmines, Ranelagh.
- 17    **Official:**                   Yea. Professional types.
- 18    **Joey:**                      Mostly Graphic Designers from Newtownpark Avenue.
- 19    **Official:**                   Correct! Jasus, you seem to be well up on the demographics  
of contemporary Dublin.

- 1 **Marie:** Don’t listen to him and his ravings. Go on, what’s your advice?
- 2 **Official:** **(CLEARS HIS THROAT)** Well the way I see it, your application is a waste of time. It will be lost in the bowels of the recycled waste department. You’ll get an acknowledgement in about ten days. You know. The usual shite.
- 3 **Joey:** **(INTERRUPTS)** Your application will be considered having regard to the relevant bye laws governing the allocation of housing regulations.
- 4 **Official:** Fuck. Bang on. Are you sure you haven’t worked in this kip at some time? You seem to know the score.
- 5 **Marie:** Christ, will you two get a fuckin room.
- 6 **Official:** I thought you two were looking for a house?!

➤ ***Lads laugh.***

- 7 **Marie:** I’m glad you two dick wits find this funny. You’re not the one facing homelessness at seven months-
- 8 **Joey:** Or eight months
- 9 **Marie:** -pregnant. Now will you please give it to us straight, my good man.
- 10 **Official:** Yea sure. It goes like this. “Fuck off and find your own gaff.”
- 11 **Joey:** Christ. So what do you advise us to do?
- 12 **Official:** You’re wasting your time here, mate. You should...
- 13 **Marie:** **(INTERRUPTS)** Fuck off and get our own gaff.
- 14 **Official:** In one! Now if you will excuse me folks, I want to slip off early to catch the second half of the United game.
- 15 **Joey:** I forgot that was on today. United are two nil up after the first leg. Mightn’t be enough against that Turkish crowd.
- 16 **Official:** They should have enough. Are you a United fan yourself?

- 1        **Joey:**                                No but I always liked their style of play. Always on the attack.
- 2        **Official:**                                Yea, lots of goals scored and conceded. That’s the United way.
- 3        **Marie:**                                    If I told you I was a United fan, would it make any difference?
- 4        **Official:**                                Difference?
- 5        **Marie:**                                    To our housing application?
- 6        **Official:**                                Eh.... no.
- 7        **Marie:**                                    Just a thought. Come on Joey, let’s get outta here and find a gaff on our own. Like the man said.
- 8        **Joey:**                                      OK. And best of luck in the game, pal.
- 9        **Official:**                                Thanks, and best of luck with..... Finding a gaff.

➤ ***FX: music and vocal bridge***





- 1        **Marie:**                                *(INTERRUPTS)* My Ma and Da have nothing to do with this baby; our baby. We are totally responsible for this whole situation and to be honest, I’m frightened. For the first time in my life I’m fuckin petrified.
- 2        **Joey:**                                     Frightened of what?
- 3        **Marie:**                                     Everything; we’ve haven’t a pot to piss in. You’ve no job. Just a dead-end FETAC course in sociology and bolloxology. Both of us are living with our parents and with no prospects of a proper home for this unfortunate who very soon will plunge into the real world.
- 4        **Joey:**                                     The real world of Milton fluid.
- 5        **Marie:**                                     Yea and nappies, baby food, exhaustion, sleepless nights, prams, Aul ones going ga ga and baby clothes and public health nurses and baby talk and the baby blues. All this and more without a roof over our heads; without even a hovel to call home.
- 6        **Joey:**                                     I have let you down. Listen, I’ll give up that poxy course and get a job. Pushing shopping trolleys in Tesco or Burger King. I’ll sort something out. I promise.
- 7        **Marie:**                                     You’ll do no such thing. I dragged you into this and you will finish this course of yours. It’s your only release from this ....drudgery. Anyway, you’ve only four months left in it after Christmas and maybe you’ll get a job then. A proper, professional job as a Social Worker or Probation Officer. Yea, there’s always need for Probation Officers around here. We have to think long term now.

➤ ***FX: Laughter.***

➤



**SCENE 6: Pub. Joey and Marie’s Da at the Bar**

- 1     **Da:**                     What’s your poison? And don’t tell me it’s a Jack Daniels or some other poncey shite.
- 2     **Joey:**                    I’ll have a pint.
- 3     **Da:**                     Good lad. I’m getting to like you already. Two nice pints Jimmy. Out of the staff tap, my good man. Not that swill you gave me last week……. So, tell me Joey, how’s the baby coming along? Marie and her mother tell me fuck all.
- 4     **Joey:**                    Gestating nicely, Mr O’Neill. We reckon it might come a month or so early.
- 5     **Da:**                     Any word about a gaff?
- 6     **Joey:**                    No luck. I reckon we have the wrong profile as potential tenants. And the Council are worse than useless. You’d think the poxy government might try and sort things out. My Granda was telling me that when the country had the arse out of its trousers in the forties and fifties, we built thousands of great gaffs.
- 7     **Da:**                     Yea; Drimnagh, Crumlin and Ballyfermot on the South Side and-
- 8     **Joey:**                    Cabra, Finglas and Marino on the Northside. And now that we have a few bob they won’t build a fuckin shed. What’s the problem?
- 9     **Da:**                     The problem is there’s lots of money but little dosh for building houses that might become obsolete in the future. Once bitten, twice shy.
- 10    **Joey:**                    What?
- 11    **Da:**                     You remember the last recession? Hundreds of thousands of gaffs built. Now empty; some never lived in, decaying or demolished. That’s not going to happen again.
- 12    **Joey:**                    So, what’s to be done?



**SCENE 7: Marie and Joey and Marie’s Da wandering around  
parking area.**

- 1     **Da:**                     I don’t want to get your hopes up, love. This yolk will probably need a jump start and a good tidy up.
- 2     **Marie:**                 Maybe but it was nice of Uncle Johnny to offer it to us.
- 3     **Da:**                     A fuckin mobile home? You know you are welcome to stay with us until you get sorted
- 4     **Marie:**                 Listen Da, we have been through this a dozen times before. We are not going to turn your lives upside down .You and ma have no room for another three. I want you and Ma to be grandparents; real grandparents. Now where’s this van?
- 5     **Joey:**                    What colour did Uncle Johnny say it was?
- 6     **Da:**                     A nice shade of pink he said; pastel pink, whatever the fuck that is.
- 7     **Marie:**                 There’s a van there; I think it’s pink. Can’t make it out properly with the leaves and bird shite on it.
- 8     **Joey:**                    It’s a Hi Ace van with a funny dome shape on the roof. This must be it. A 22-year-old Toyota Hiace eh... Camper. Just the job!
- 9     **Da:**                     Is this some sort of joke. Christ, I’ll murder that fuckin brother of mine.
- 10    **Marie:**                 Have you got the keys Da?
- 11    **Da:**                     What?! Of course, I’ve got the keys. A tin opener would open that heap of junk.
- 12    **Marie:**                 Give us the keys Da.
- 13    **Da:**                     Come on, let’s get out of here. I don’t like this area. It’s a bit dodgy.

➤ ***FX: Open camper van door.***

- 1 **Marie:** Give me the fuckin keys.
- 2 **Joey:** See if you can start it up.  
➤ ***FX: Sound of starting motor, engine eventually starts. Rattles.***
- 3 **Marie:** At least the engine started. And the heater works.
- 4 **Da:** Jaysus those aul Toyota engines are bulletproof. Go on forever. Do you remember that Corolla we had years ago? The white one. You know; the Jap import?
- 5 **Marie:** Not now Da. Christ, what's that smell?
- 6 **Joey:** One-year old milk and some rotten cheese.
- 7 **Da:** Christ, will you close that fridge son, before I throw up the contents of my ample belly.
- 8 **Marie:** Jaysus, these vans are very spacious on the inside all the same.
- 9 **Joey:** It's the dome roof that gives it the space.
- 10 **Da:** You are not contemplating moving into this ...skip. Please tell me you are not moving...
- 11 **Marie:** No, not in a million years. Still it might come in useful for storing stuff and eh...stuff.
- 12 **Da:** There's plenty of room to store stuff in our attic.
- 13 **Marie:** Yea. I know. Listen Da, me and Joey are heading into town. We'll get the bus. Thanks for showing us the eh...van and thank Uncle Johnny for us, will you.
- 14 **Da:** I'll give you a lift into town. It's no bother.
- 15 **Marie:** It's the other way altogether. Anyway you said you had a pitch and putt at two.
- 16 **Da:** Well yea but...
- 17 **Marie:** ***(INTERRUPTS)*** So feck off and play the match. We will be grand. Joey?
- 18 **Joey:** Yea go on Benny. We will be fine. And thanks a lot for the lift and showing us the eh....van.



**SCENE 8: Interior Pub**

➤ **FX: Interior Pub, Christmas cheer**

- 1     **Joey:**                     Now here we are. Get that into you, love.
- 2     **Marie:**                    Thanks.
- 3     **Joey:**                     Jasus, I always loved Christmas, but I can’t wait for this one to be over. Get stuck into the classifieds and find us a little nest.
- 4     **Marie:**                    Yea, they say the New Year is a good time to find a gaff. We better sort something out soon.
- 5     **Joey:**                     We will, my love. We will. In fact, there’s a one bed cottage in Pim Street going cheap. Gary Brannigan is heading for Australia for six months. Said we could mind it for him while he’s away. I’d say he won’t be coming back once he gets a taste for the high life down under.
- 6     **Marie:**                    And the tasty Sheilas on Bondi bleedin Beach.
- 7     **Joey:**                     Yea. Here’s hoping one of them turns his roving eye.  
  
          **(STARTS SINGING)** I’m dreaming of a white Christmas. Just like the ones I used to know.
- 8     **Marie:**                    Jasus you’re in great form tonight. Let’s get outta here. No sense in calling a taxi on Christmas Eve. Let’s try and hail one on the street.



**SCENE 9: Interior Camper van**

- 1     **Joey:**                     Here, lie down on the sofa here.
- 2     **Marie:**                    **(SCREAMS)** The baby’s coming. I can feel the baby coming.  
Joey help me .I’m afraid. Help me.
- 3     **Joey:**                     OK love, I’ll just pop outside and see if I... .
- 4     **Marie:**                    **(SCREECHES)** you will in your bollix.
- 5     **Joey:**                     OK, OK, my sweet cheeks. **(KNEELING DOWN)** Oh Christ, I  
can see the baby’s head. It’s on the way. Eh...
- 6     **Marie:**                    Jesus, I really need to push... AAARGHHH.
- 7     **Joey:**                     OK, that’s OK love, just push, love. That’s it, push real hard.

➤ **More screams.**

- 8     **Joey:**                     Come on my love, it’s just you and me now and this baby  
who’s fast coming into the world. Come on, puusssh!

➤ **More screams.**

- 9     **Joey:**                     It’s coming; it’s coming! I’ve got the head. Gently does it.  
Fucking hell, it’s sliding out. Steady now girl...steady. I’ve got  
the shoulders and...out it comes. All out now.

➤ **FX: Baby cries.**

- 10    **Joey:**                     I’ve got it! I mean I’ve got him. It’s a boy... it’s a boy with a  
fine head of dark hair. Just like mine! Fuck it Marie, there’s a  
piece of string hanging outta him.
- 11    **Marie:**                    **(EXHAUSTED)** Quick, my handbag. There’s a nail scissors in  
the side pocket.

- 1     **Joey:**                    **(RUMMAGES)** Side pocket? Nail; scissors.... Here it is. Now what?
- 2     **Marie:**                    Cut the cord...the string. Cut the string Joey.
- 3     **Joey:**                    OK I’ve got it... Eh, can you hold the baby?
- 4     **Marie:**                    Christ, I don’t need this. Cut the fucking string!
- 5     **Joey:**                    OK, OK. Jasus it’s not the sharpest. Hold him steady. Now! He’s free. He’s free!
- **Marie:**                Now wrap it..him in the pillow case...That’s it.
- ***FX: Baby gurgles.***
- ***FX: Off distant sound of ambulance***
- 6     **Joey:**                    Hold on love, d’ya hear that? I’ll go out and try and flag down the seventh cavalry.
- 7     **Marie:**                    Fuck them. Stay here with me, love. We did it. On our own. Me and you, Joey. I love you and I love this little man of ours.
- 8     **Joey:**                    We did! Just the two of us.  
      **(BEAT)**  
      What’ll we call the little man?
- 9     **Marie:**                    Let’s call him Christie.
- 10    **Joey:**                    I was thinking of maybe calling him Jo....
- 11    **Marie:**                    OK, Christopher Joseph it is then.
- 12    **Marie/Joey:**            Christie.
- 13    **Marie:**                    Happy Christmas love...
- 14    **Joey:**                    Happy Christmas.  
      **(BEAT)**  
      Christ, I was just thinking....

1 **Marie:** What now!?

2 **Joey:** It’s just after all we’ve been through, this quest for a gaff will be a piece of piss.

➤ *FX: Wildtrack of both laughing.*

➤ *FX: music bed and medley of voices*

**END**