**SHATTERED PEACE**

(A 40 minute drama)

© Claire Booker

bookerplays@yahoo.co.uk

www.bookerplays.co.uk

**CHARACTERS**

Cathleen Maguire: A northern Irish Catholic woman aged 19 (later 27 years' old)

Liam Maguire: Her 21 year old husband.

Gerry O'Hare: Cathleen's brother.

**SET**

One simple set is required. Lighting and prop changes should adequately convey different locations. Scene One takes place in the bedroom of a small seaside guest house. Scene Two during a riot in an open space. Scene Three, in a hospital room.

**SCENE ONE**

A bedroom in a small guest house. There is a single bed stage right with a bedside closet and cheap lamp beside it. A door leads into the room at the back of the set. A suitcase and weekend bag have been placed to one side of the closed door. A picture of the Virgin Mary is hanging on the wall, stage left. Beneath the picture is a chair and larger closet on which stand a tray with tea cups and a kettle.

We hear a man and woman laughing through the closed door. The door is pushed open to reveal Liam, in his Sunday best, carrying Cathy who is in full wedding regalia, including tulle veil and full-length white dress.

Cathy Liam. Liam! You're going to rupture yourself, so you are!

Liam Where's the frigging threshold? I can't see the floor for your dress.

Cathy (gathering up her dress) Don't trip, will you? It's bad luck.

Liam I know it's bad luck. I'm lifting my feet like billy-oh. (he steps into the room with great care) There. That's it. We're in.

Cathy (whoops with pleasure) Rah!

Liam (still carrying her, he whirls round on the spot) We're in. We're in. We're in.

Cathy (both laughing like children, they come to a halt. Cathy notices the bed) Single beds?

Liam (following her gaze) Jesus, Mary and Joseph! If this is Gerry's idea of a joke. . . (Cathy giggles) I'll kill him, and swing for it too.

Cathy Aren't you going to put me down?

Liam No. I'm going to hold you up here for the rest of my life. (they laugh. He moves across to the bed) This one can be yours. (he puts her down on the bed) And mine too.

Cathy (laughs languidly and happily) Sure. There won't be much sleep to be had, though.

Liam Who's complaining? (they kiss)

Cathy (pause) You were wonderful.

Liam You mean I didn't get blitzed at the reception?

Cathy You gave the best speech of your life.

Liam I gave the only speech of my life.

Cathy (she laughs, rubs his hair playfully and they look at each other) If I looked at you 'til doomsday, I still wouldn't get bored. (they kiss)

Liam (rises and takes a look around) It's a fine, wee hotel this. We could never have managed it without Gerry. He's a fine generous man, that brother of yours.

Cathy He has his connections. (noticing the tea tray) Hey. We've got our own kettle. We can make tea.

Liam (moves upstage and looks out towards the audience as if looking through a window) There's a view, too. Come and look. (Cathy joins him at the window)

Cathy The sea. Like a big lake. All misty.

Liam It's beautiful.

Cathy There's a wee boat out there.

Liam (holds her) I'd like to row you away. Away from everything.

Cathy You are, Liam. It's our Noah's ark, this is.

Liam Yes. But for how long? Three days, then it's back to the Lower Falls. I don't call that sailing.

Cathy Gerry couldn't afford more than three days. (seeing his hurt expression) Oh, it's lovely here, Liam. It's paradise.

Liam I want more for you, Cathy. I want it to be like this every day of our lives.

Cathy It will be. (they kiss. She looks out to sea again) It's disappeared. The wee boat. I wonder where it's gone?

Liam (watching her) Cathy?

Cathy Yes.

Liam Do you feel different?

Cathy (pause) Yes, I do.

Liam How different?

Cathy I feel bigger, stronger. Like I've got both feet solid on the ground. I'm somebody now.

Liam Sure, you're somebody, Mrs Maguire. You're Mrs Maguire, Mrs Maguire.

Cathy (they laugh) Aye, that I am.

Liam My wife. (gazes unbelievingly) Are you really my wife, Cathy?

Cathy There'll be trouble if I'm not. (seductively) Of course, there's still one wee thing left to do before the marriage is accepted in the eyes of the Church.

Liam And what may that be, Mrs Maguire?

Cathy You surprise me, Mr Maguire. We've been practising long enough.

Liam (mock alarm) Ssh ! Father O'Brien'll kill me if he finds out.

Cathy He already knows. I spared him nothing in confession. But it's alright. I told him we were chalking it up on the tally. Putting it on credit 'til we got wed.

Liam (laughs) You're a canny wee thing, you are.

Cathy Where's the harm. I said? It'll make up for all the years we can't stand the sight of each other.

Liam (laughs then grabs her) Don't move. I want to look at you. (a moment of admiration) It's going to be a wonderful life, Cathy. I swear to God I'm going to find a job. If I have to crawl on my hands and knees, I'll find one.

Cathy No husband of mine's going to crawl on his hands and knees.

Liam I've got to get a job, Cathy. We can't live off the broo for ever. I'm going to get us a home. A decent home. I'm a married man, now. I've got my responsibilities.

Cathy We're on the wrong side of the fence, remember?

Liam Cathy, it's our wedding night. We're supposed to be happy.

Cathy (thoughtful) Yes. Happy.

Liam Hey, listen. (starts singing) "I had a wee dog and his name was Jack. He piddled all over the Union Jack." (he waits for a response) Come on. Smile, won't you? (he grabs her and swings her round in ballroom hold) "I had a wee dog and his name was Jack. He piddled all over the Union Jack. Woof. Woof."

Cathy (bursts out laughing) You're not the full shilling, you aren't. You're my big idiot, aren't you?

Liam Get me a cup of tea, Ma. I'm dying of thirst.

Cathy (fussing like a seasoned housewife) I'll put the kettle on. You've had a hard day's work. (she kisses him quickly) Take your shoes off. Make yourself at home.

Liam (he does so) That's more like it. I was beginning to think I'd have to trade you in.

Cathy (false threat) The cheek of the fellah!

Liam Do you need a hand or anything?

Cathy What sort of wife do you think I am, to go letting my husband spoil the tea? You sit there and mind the children.

Liam What children?

Cathy The one's we're going to have, you and me.

Liam I can't see any children.

Cathy Then you must be blind. (she mysteriously lifts up a tea bag to read their fortune) I can see into the future. (she listens to the tea bag) I can hear wee wains crying.

Liam Are they girls or boys?

Cathy Five. Of each.

Liam Jesus! You'd better put three sugars in my tea. I'm going to need the energy.

Cathy (checks for sugar) They haven't got any.

Liam You're fooling. I'll be dead tomorrow morning.

Cathy If you die on me, I'll kill you!

Liam Come here.

Cathy (joins him on the bed) This is our home tonight, Liam. Ours. We don't have to share it with anybody. Ssh. I'm going to weave my spell. (singing a child's rhyme) Abracadabra, may these walls, protect us from the Lower Falls. May the bullets fizzle and die. May we live, and live, and live, you and I.

CONTINUED

TO OBTAIN A COPY OF THE FULL SCRIPT PLEASE CONTACT

Claire Booker at

bookerplays@yahoo.co.uk

[www.bookerplays.co.uk](http://www.bookerplays.co.uk)