

Danny Boy

a play

by

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ACT I

Late night. A small bar in Northeastern Pennsylvania.

March. There's a faint green banner for Parade Day half-hung, like someone gave up halfway through.

MAURA is behind the bar, wiping down glasses.

RAY is at the jukebox, coat half off, scarf still on, already a bit drunk.

EDDIE is at a table with a beer

COLM sits alone at the far end of the bar, nursing a whiskey, watching everything and nothing.

All mid 50s

RAY feeds quarters into the jukebox with ceremony.

RAY: Let's do this, comrades..(*he presses buttons. Nothing happens. He waits...*) C'mon now! (*presses again*) Goddamit. (*tries more quarters...nothing....bangs the side of the Jukebox...MAURA yells at him*)

MAURA: Hey Fonzie! Ease up over there!

RAY: What the hell's the matter with this thing?

EDDIE: Why are you hitting it?

RAY: I'm not hitting, I'm coaxing.

EDDIE: Looks like hitting.

RAY: Maura!

MAURA: What

RAY: Your machine is developing an attitude.

MAURA: It's just trying to fit in around here.

RAY: Well it's Parade Day week and it needs to play "Danny Boy" to get things started

COLM: Oh for fuck's sake

RAY: (*offended*) You hear that? You hear the disrespect? This is what's wrong with this country.

MAURA: Are we doing the entire country...or just Colm?

RAY: Both.

COLM: I'm honored

EDDIE: I like Colm

COLM: Thanks Eddie

EDDIE: I think Colm is what's right with the country

COLM: You hear that Ray? Once again you are the minority

RAY: Maura, is Colm what's right with this country?

MAURA: No

RAY: I'm no longer in the minority

EDDIE: So it's a tie?

RAY: Yes Eddie, it's a tie

COLM: (*to Maura*) How could you vote against me?

MAURA: Anything that's right about this country doesn't owe me money

COLM: Rude. But fair

RAY: I will not be mocked in my own place of worship.

EDDIE: I stopped going to church

COLM: You're Irish Eddie, we *all* stopped going to church

EDDIE: Did you stop going to church too?

COLM: I did

EDDIE: When?

COLM: The minute I reached the age of reason

RAY: Hey now enough of your church bashing

COLM: You brought it up

EDDIE: Yea you brought it up Ray

MAURA: You did bring it up Ray

RAY: I didn't!

EDDIE: *(to Colm)* What's the age of reason?

MAURA: *(quick aside)* Keep it classy Colm, there's a lady in the room

COLM: You'll know it when you feel it Eddie

EDDIE: Thanks Colm

COLM: You're welcome Eddie

RAY: Can we focus on the crisis at hand, please?

EDDIE: Maura, do you go to church?

MAURA: I'm a Protestant

EDDIE: What does that mean?

MAURA: It means nobody gives a shit if I go to church or not

RAY: Wait, you're not Irish?

COLM: Here we go....

MAURA: We've been over this repeatedly. You can be Irish and not Catholic, Ray

RAY: (*turns back to the jukebox*) I need this more than ever now. "Danny Boy". The anthem of my people oppressed by Maura's people.

COLM: It was written by a British Protestant you idiot

RAY: Blasphemer!

MAURA: If I was oppressing you there's no way you'd have this bar tab.

COLM: What did you think? That it was written by fucking Brian Boru?

(*RAY turns to the jukebox.....*)

RAY: You heartless bastard

MAURA: Maybe it's not plugged in.

RAY: It's all lit up.

EDDIE : Maybe it's shy.

RAY : It's a jukebox, Eddie, not a debutante.

EDDIE: You don't know its journey.

MAURA: Ray, stop hitting it.

Ray gives it another smack.

RAY: I'm not hitting it, I'm encouraging it. There's a difference.

COLM: You encourage like my father encouraged our dog.

RAY: Your father fed your dog antifreeze.

COLM: He said it was an accident.

RAY: He poured it in a bowl.

COLM: He thought it was blue Gatorade.

MAURA: Can we not do the dead dog story again, please? It's Tuesday.

RAY: It's not Tuesday, it's Parade Week. Time is different. Things matter.

EDDIE: The dead dog story is why I come here, honestly. What was the dog's name again Colm?

COLM: Scout

EDDIE: Aw....

MAURA: Scout like the To Kill a Mockingbird Scout?

COLM: It was either that or Atticus

EDDIE: Isn't that a book we had to read in school?

RAY: The nuns banned it

COLM: I wish they banned "Danny Boy"

MAURA: This is why I'm a Protestant

EDDIE: How do you get to be a Protestant Maura?

MAURA: You have to get at least a 70 on the test

EDDIE: I hate tests

MAURA: Ray, if you break that jukebox I'm gonna add it to your bar tab.

RAY: It's already broken!

He turns back to the jukebox, softer now.

RAY: Come on, love. One verse. Just the first. Warm me up.

He presses again. Nothing. He steps back, wounded.

RAY: Which one of you heartless bastards killed "Danny Boy"?

MAURA: You're the only one who uses it

RAY: That's not true. Colm uses it

COLM: I used it once

EDDIE: He played "Revolution 9" by the Beatles...remember (*imitates the bit in the song...*) "Number 9 Number 9 Number 9"

COLM: Somebody was sitting in my stool and I wanted to see if that would drive him out

RAY: Did it?

COLM: Haven't seen him since.

RAY: Wait...what kind of mad bastard puts "Revolution 9" on a jukebox?

COLM: A Protestant, apparently. It's her bar

MAURA: (*to Ray*) When's the last time it was working?

RAY: I don't know. The last time I played "Danny Boy"

MAURA: Which was?

RAY: Recently

MAURA: Define "recently"?

RAY: When was Gerry Adams in town?

COLM: Oh for fucks's sake

EDDIE: Who's Gerry Adams?

MAURA: A catholic who wants to kill me.

COLM: Gerry Adams was given a visa to visit the US by President Bill Clinton in 1994. That's the last time you played the fucking jukebox?

RAY: Well then it was last Parade day then

EDDIE: I must have played it since then.

RAY: Did you play Danny Boy?

EDDIE: Well no....probably the Hollies or something like that. The songs on there haven't changed since I've been coming here. I've got em all memorized by now

RAY: The Hollies are British. They are not "Danny Boy". "Danny Boy" calls to the soul of a people scattered by famine and Ryanair.

COLM: So does "Thin Lizzy"

RAY: *The Boys Are Back in Town* does not make grown men weep

MAURA: It does if you're the one singing it.

RAY: You're all philistines. You don't understand tradition. You don't understand heritage. You don't understand the sacred bond between a man and his jukebox.

MAURA: It's not your jukebox Ray

RAY: It is spiritually mine

COLM: You spiritually owe me twenty from last month.

RAY: We are not discussing finances in a time of mourning....

He presses the buttons again, more frantically.

RAY : B...Seven...“Danny Boy.” The song of my people. The cry of the diaspora.
The—Nothing. The betrayal of the century.

MAURA: Maybe it's just that one song.

RAY: Spoken like a Protestant who wants to keep me down

MAURA: Try any other song

RAY: There ARE NO other songs!

EDDIE: There's some Bon Jovi on there. “Wanted Dead or Alive”

RAY: (*disgusted*) My God, this place would turn into a cultural wasteland without me

EDDIE: It's a song about a cowboy. I like cowboys.

COLM: Not that there's anything wrong with that...

EDDIE: Hey!

MAURA: Just pick something, Ray.

RAY: Right. Fine. We'll test it with something neutral. (*he presses*) Here we go. "Sunday Bloody Sunday". A classic. A compromise. A bridge between worlds.

(*Nothing*)

Ok now this is fucking war

EDDIE : No swearing in church

COLM: Maybe it's the coin slot.

RAY : The coin slot took my money. That part of it is working just fine.

EDDIE: Maybe it only plays English songs

COLM: Play Revolution 9....that worked for me

RAY: I cannot believe this. (*to Maura*) You're gonna knock all these quarters off my tab, right?

MAURA: Wasn't planning on it....no

RAY: (*talks soothingly to the jukebox*) What happened to you, love? Who hurt you? Was it him?

He points at Colm.

COLM: I didn't touch it.

RAY: You look like a man who'd touch it.

COLM: That's slander.

RAY: You've had it in for "Danny Boy" for years.

COLM: I've had it in for *your* version of "Danny Boy." There's a difference.

RAY: My version is definitive.

COLM: Your version is a crime against humanity

EDDIE: I like his version.

COLM: You have a plate in your head

MAURA: You carry it well, Eddie

EDDIE: Thank you Maura

MAURA: You're welcome

RAY: Wait. Eddie has a plate in his head?

MAURA: You didn't know?

RAY: No. When did this happen

EDDIE: When I was 12

COLM: If you weren't going on about fucking Danny Boy all the time you'd know about Eddie's head

RAY: What happened when you were 12?

EDDIE: I fell into an open man hole

COLM: That was right around the time my Dad killed our dog

EDDIE: Pretty sure I told all of you about this

MAURA: You did Eddie. Ray just doesn't listen

COLM: It's rude not to listen Ray

RAY: I'm sorry about not listening about your head Eddie

EDDIE: Apology accepted Ray

COLM: So anyway it's the plate in Eddie's head that makes him like your wretched version of Danny Boy.

RAY: Maura, back me up here. When I do "Danny Boy" on Parade weekend, does this bar not go silent?

MAURA: It does

RAY: See?

MAURA: But it also goes quiet when Colm plays “Revolution 9”

COLM: Or when the fire alarm goes off.

RAY: You’re all very brave with your little jabs, but none of you have answered the question. Who broke it?

EDDIE: Maybe it just... died.

RAY: Machines don’t just die. They’re murdered. Sabotaged. Neglected. There’s always a hand in it.

MAURA: It’s old, Ray. Everything in here is old.

EDDIE: You’re not old Maura.

MAURA: You’re a ol’ charmer Eddie

RAY: It *was* working.

MAURA: So was the McDonald’s McFlurry machine

COLM: A shamrock shake would be lovely.....now that you brought it up

EDDIE: Maura, you should sell those here...

MAURA: As soon as Joe fixes the toilet I’ll tell him you boys want an Ice Cream machine

RAY: You're all very flippant and cruel. And yet, when the pipes start and the drums go down Wyoming Avenue, who's the first one with a tear in his eye?

EDDIE: You.

RAY: Exactly.

COLM: Because you're hungover as balls....

RAY: Because I feel things, Colm. Because I am in touch with the deep well of sorrow and joy that is the Irish soul.

COLM: I've known you for years. Still waiting on the joy bit

RAY: "Danny Boy" is my joy. So I'm gonna need answers. Who broke the fucking jukebox!

EDDIE: I think it was working the night of the snowstorm.

MAURA: Which snowstorm?

EDDIE: The big one.

MAURA: They're all big ones.

EDDIE: The one where the plow got stuck outside and the driver came in for a shot.

MAURA: That was January.

RAY: You see? Recent.

COLM: January's not recent.

RAY: In geological terms.

MAURA: Since we got the TV nobody plays the jukebox.

RAY: So between January and now, someone killed it.

COLM: Or it died.

RAY: Machines don't just die. We've been over this

COLM: They do when you kick them

RAY: I have never kicked this jukebox.

MAURA: You've absolutely kicked that jukebox.

EDDIE: You kicked it when it skipped.

RAY: That was a nudge.

COLM: You called it "a good boot up the arse."

RAY: It responded positively.

MAURA: It sparked.

RAY : It was moved to tears

MAURA: It nearly caught fire.

RAY: My passion is dangerous.

MAURA: Your bar tab is dangerous

(Ray points at Colm again.)

RAY: I still say it was him.

COLM: On what evidence?

RAY: Do you care about my Parade week warmup traditions?

COLM: Not in the least

EDDIE: I care Ray

RAY: Thank you Eddie. You should care, Colm.

COLM: Why?

RAY: Because you're Irish too

COLM: So what? I hate that fucking song. It's gay

RAY: Which makes you the number one suspect

COLM: What about Maura? She's a Protestant who likes Pink Floyd

RAY: You like Pink Floyd?

EDDIE: I rented the Wall movie with the Live Aid guy and got really stoned

RAY: Of course you did. We ALL did

COLM: But you hate the British

RAY: To know the enemy, sometimes you have to get stoned with them

MAURA: Good Protestant band, Pink Floyd.

RAY: Can we get back to the jukebox?

MAURA: It's MY jukebox. Why would I break it?

COLM: To keep him from singing fucking Danny Boy, that's why.

MAURA: Circumstantial evidence at best

COLM: Maybe it was a stranger.

RAY: A stranger wouldn't dare.

COLM: A stranger wouldn't know you'd take it personally.

RAY: Everyone knows I take everything personally.

EDDIE: That's true.

RAY: Thank you, Eddie.

EDDIE: You took it personally when Maura changed the brand of pretzels.

RAY: Because the new ones are an insult.

MAURA: They're cheaper.

RAY: Exactly.

COLM: So you're saying only someone who knows you would break it.

RAY: Yes.

COLM: And you're the one who kicks it.

Beat.

RAY: I don't like where this is going.

MAURA: I do.

RAY: You're all very quick to point fingers at the victim.

COLM: The victim is the jukebox.

RAY: The victim is the Irish people, through me.

COLM: The Irish people are resilient Ray. They've dealt with Bono for years

EDDIE: I like Bono

MAURA: Bono gets a bad rap

COLM: Eddie, is there anybody you DON'T like?

EDDIE: I don't like Pink Floyd

MAURA: Really?

EDDIE: They sound weird.

COLM: They do sound weird, except for "Comfortably Numb". I like that bit

EDDIE: I like Comfortably Numb

COLM: Good man, Eddie

MAURA: Listen, we can just stick a blue tooth speaker in the corner. Problem solved.

RAY: You can't replace a vintage jukebox with a bluetooth speaker. That's like replacing a priest with a podcast.

COLM: Ray wouldn't have as much fun kicking a blue tooth speaker

EDDIE: Did Bono or Pink Floyd ever sing Danny Boy?

RAY: You're all very disrespectful tonight. I don't like the energy.

MAURA: The energy is you shouting at a box.

RAY: I am communing.

COLM: You're losing.

Ray steps closer to Colm, squinting.

RAY: You're here more than any of us.

COLM: That's not true.

MAURA: It kinda is.

COLM: You're supposed to be neutral.

MAURA: It's a sin to tell a lie

EDDIE: Even for Protestants?

MAURA: Yes dear...

COLM: Well....

MAURA: You get your mail here Colm

COLM: I've been meaning to switch that back.

RAY: You sit there, in that exact spot, three nights a week, minimum.

MAURA: More like five actually.

COLM: I like the stool.

RAY: You like the view. You like watching. You like knowing things.

COLM: I like Maura's Guinness pours

EDDIE: I like Maura's Guinness pours too

MAURA: Thank you Eddie

COLM: I said it first!

MAURA: Thank you Colm

RAY: You saw something.

COLM: I didn't.

RAY: You did.

COLM: I didn't.

RAY: You absolutely did.

RAY: Liar.

MAURA: Ray—

RAY: No. No, I'm not letting this go. Not this. Not "Danny Boy."
Not the week of Parade Day. This is sacred.

He points at Colm, full accusation now.

RAY: You did something to it.

Beat. Colm looks at him, unblinking.

Lights shift slightly, just a hair darker.

The air tightens.

MAURA: Alright, enough staring contests. If you're going to accuse someone, Ray, accuse them properly or sit down and drink like a normal person.

RAY: I don't drink like a normal person, Maura. I drink like a patriot.

COLM: Oh for fuck's sake, get a load of Brendan Behan now

EDDIE: It's Tuesday, right?

RAY: It's Parade Week Tuesday. Which is spiritually Friday.

MAURA: Ray, sit down.

RAY: I will not sit until justice is served.

COLM: Then you'll be standing a long time.

RAY: I have stamina.

EDDIE: You got winded tying your shoe earlier.

RAY: That lace was unusually long.

MAURA: Ray. Sit.

RAY: Fine. But I'm sitting under protest.

COLM: If "under protest" means you won't go on about fucking Danny Boy anymore, then I second that motion

MAURA: Let's establish a timeline before I lose my mind. When's the last time any of you heard the jukebox play?

EDDIE: I think we agreed upon January.

MAURA: So none of you has heard the jukebox used in 2 months?

EDDIE: So between then and now it died

RAY: Jukeboxes are eternal. They're like saints.

COLM: You can't be a saint unless you're fucking dead first

RAY: That's not true. Mother Teresa was a saint.

COLM: Urban legend. She was not made a saint until after she died

RAY: (to Maura) Is that true?

MAURA: Don't ask me. I'm not one of you savage Papists.

(Ray does a quick check on his phone)

RAY: Fuck me. My life has been a lie

COLM: Stick with me kid. I know where all the bodies are buried.

EDDIE: Saint Patrick died.

RAY: He died on purpose.

MAURA: What does that mean?

RAY: He died to make a point.

COLM: What point?

RAY: That snakes are no fucking good.

EDDIE: I hate snakes.

MAURA: There are no snakes in here.

EDDIE: There's a jukebox.

RAY: There was a jukebox.

COLM: Until you kicked it to death

RAY: Me and that jukebox had a connection. I would never harm her.

MAURA: I mean...Jesus...would there be this much drama if the joker-poker machine broke?

COLM: You *are* being extra dramatic tonight, Ray

RAY: I am extra Irish tonight. It is the start of Parade week. Which needs to be kicked off by Danny Boy on the jukebox

EDDIE: Which is dead

RAY: The parade might need to be cancelled.

MAURA: You're being dramatic again Ray

RAY: Fine. To level set...Timeline. January: jukebox alive. March: jukebox dead. Cause of death: suspicious.

COLM: (to Maura) Can you unplug him? Or at least cut him off?

RAY: Suggesting I be cut off is barbaric

COLM: I apologize Ray....that was too much even for me. But it does remind me of a bit

MAURA: I do love these digressions.

COLM: Remember when Jimmy Breslin ran for mayor of New York City?

RAY: No

MAURA: No

EDDIE: I do, Colm. He lost but later apologized by saying "I am mortified to have taken part in a process that required bars to be closed...."

COLM: Good man Eddie

RAY: Why are we talking about this?

COLM: I was briefly mortified at suggesting that you be cut off, Ray

RAY: Oh, well, thank you Colm

COLM: You're welcome

MAURA: Stop sulking Ray

RAY: I am not sulking. I'm reflecting.

EDDIE: On what.

RAY: On betrayal.

MAURA: Ray—

RAY: No. No, Maura. I'm not letting this go. Not when the cultural heritage of an entire people is at stake.

COLM: It's a song.

RAY: It's *the* song. It's the Ave Maria of Ireland

EDDIE: I like Ave Maria. We should put that on the jukebox.

MAURA: I'll take it under advisement.

EDDIE: Thanks Maura.

MAURA: You're welcome Eddie.

COLM: It's a boring fucking dirge.

EDDIE: You can't say that about Ave Maria!

COLM: We're back in Ireland now Eddie

EDDIE: Oh, so "Danny Boy"?

COLM: Yes

EDDIE: Ok

RAY: It's a masterpiece.

COLM: It's a funeral.

RAY: It's a celebration.

COLM: It's depressing.

RAY: It's uplifting.

COLM: It's too long.

RAY: It's perfect.

MAURA: It's not playing.

Beat.

RAY: Exactly.

EDDIE: Who sings it anyway?

MAURA: What?

EDDIE: Danny Boy. Who sings it? I mean...except for Ray and Bono

COLM: I think we've established that Bono doesn't sing it.

MAURA: Poor Bono gets a bad rap

RAY: You mentioned that

COLM: Yea you need to explain that Maura....because he's a bit of a wanker

MAURA: He has wanker tendencies but I think he's got a good heart. As long as it's all about him

COLM: So Bono is kinda like Ray?

EDDIE: Ray has a good heart

RAY: I've got a good fucking heart

COLM: You do Ray. As long as....

RAY: As long as what!

EDDIE: Wait. Bono doesn't sing Danny Boy? Who does sing it then?

RAY: Do you want me to look it up?

COLM: You were quick awfully quick on the Mother Teresa draw there cowboy. So we know you know how to use that thing.

(he checks his phone)

RAY: Ok well....

Judy Garland

Bing Crosby

Andy Williams

The Irish Tenors

Sinead O'Connor

COLM: No shit?

RAY: Says right here.

EDDIE: No Pink Floyd?

MAURA: She's the one who ripped up the picture of the Pope on Saturday Night Live

COLM: Figured you'd like her there...Mrs Martin Luther

MAURA: And then Frank Sinatra wanted to beat her up

RAY: Frank sang it too

EDDIE: I like Sinead O'Connor. I think she's a nun now

RAY: Pretty sure she's dead actually.

EDDIE: Well then she became a nun before she died

MAURA: Good timing.

RAY: Jim Reeves

Jackie Wilson

Elvis

COLM: No way

RAY: Says so right here. Care to revise your statement?

COLM: No. It still sucks. Elvis sang “No Room To Rhumba In a Sports Car” too. Don’t act like he’s the fucking arbiter of good taste.

RAY: Johnny Cash

MAURA: Johnny Cash sang Danny Boy?

EDDIE: I like Johnny Cash

RAY: Oh look, the Protestant weighs in

MAURA: Ray, the guy who wrote it was a British Protestant. We’ve been over this

RAY: Fake news

COLM: I’m not drinking enough

EDDIE: He shot a man in Reno just to watch him die

COLM: Johnny Cash could get away with shit like that

RAY: (*impressed that such a legend sang his song*) Johnny. Fucking. Cash. Care to toss your aspersions his way about being an arbiter?

COLM: I wasn’t casting aspersions.

RAY: That was the definition of casting aspersions. You’re on the Olympic aspersion casting team

COLM: Ok well I was casting aspersions about Elvis...not Johnny Cash. Nobody casts aspersions about Johnny Cash.

EDDIE: I love the Elvis movies. I used to love Elvis Week on the dialing for dollars movie

MAURA: Isn't that where they had the gerbil races?

COLM: Yes

RAY: Planet of the Apes week was way better than Elvis week. Elvis movies were shite

COLM: They were what?

RAY: Shite

COLM: Ray, you live in Scranton, not fucking Dublin

RAY: I can say "shite" if I want to

EDDIE: It's a free country, Colm

MAURA: Ireland's not, actually. We Protestants made sure of that

COLM: Oh for fuck sake Maura now he's gonna go on about the hunger strikers

RAY: I am not going to go on about the hunger strikers, actually.

EDDIE: What's the hunger strikers?

COLM: Please God, no

RAY: Maura's people want to kill my people Eddie, that's what it's all about

EDDIE: Maura, do you want to kill Ray's people?

MAURA: Ray sometimes, but not his people

EDDIE: You're being dramatic Ray.

COLM: Maura did not kill Bobby Sands, Ray. Did you Maura?

MAURA: I did not.

COLM: See?

MAURA: I was 8 years old when Bobby Sands died

RAY: Stop distracting me with The Troubles

MAURA: You are easy to distract, Ray

COLM: He really is

EDDIE: Everytime I bring up Pink Floyd you get distracted Ray

RAY: Let's focus. Someone was here between January and now. Someone touched the jukebox. Someone leaned on it. Someone kicked it. Someone broke it.

COLM: Or it died

RAY: You're provoking me

COLM: You're easy to provoke

RAY: I'm passionate

COLM: You're loud

RAY: I'm expressive

COLM: You're drunk

RAY: I'm irish

EDDIE: I could never go on a hunger strike

MAURA: Fellas, we're drifting

RAY: Enough. We're not leaving this bar until we figure out who broke the jukebox.

COLM: I'm leaving.

RAY: You're not.

COLM: I am.

RAY: You absolutely are not.

MAURA: Nobody's leaving. It's snowing sideways out there and the plow hasn't come.

You're all stuck here with each other and me until the roads clear. Not that you ever needed a reason to be stuck here.

RAY: Technically I could walk home

MAURA: You got winded tying your shoe

COLM: It's early yet. How 'about another round, Maura?

MAURA: Is anybody gonna pass me any actual money tonight?

COLM: All Ray's money is in the broken jukebox

RAY: We start again. January: alive. March: dead. What happened in between?

Silence.

A real silence.

The first of the night.

COLM: A lot happened in between.

Ray looks at him sharply.

RAY: Like what.

Colm doesn't answer.

Maura looks away.

Eddie stops chewing.

The air shifts.

Something unspoken sits between them.

RAY: What happened, Colm.

COLM: Nothing.

RAY: Something.

COLM: Nothing to do with the jukebox.

RAY: Everything's to do with the jukebox.

MAURA: Ray—

RAY: No. No, Maura. He knows something.

COLM: I don't.

RAY: You do.

COLM: I don't.

RAY: You absolutely do.

COLM: Drop it.

RAY : I won't.

COLM: Drop it.

RAY: Make me.

Colm stands.

Ray flinches.

Maura steps between them.

MAURA: Sit. Both of you.

Colm sits.

Ray sits slower, pretending it was his idea.

RAY: We're not done.

COLM: We are.

RAY: We're not.

COLM: We are.

RAY: We absolutely are not.

MAURA: Ray. Enough.

Beat.

EDDIE: Wasn't that the night Danny was here?

Silence.

A real, heavy, suffocating silence.

Ray stares at Eddie.

Colm stares at the bar.

Maura closes her eyes.

RAY: Eddie.

EDDIE: What.

RAY: Why would you say that?

EDDIE: Because...that's the night I remember it playing.

Ray's face changes.

Not anger.

Not yet.

Something else.

RAY: You're sure.

EDDIE: I think so.

MAURA: Eddie—

EDDIE: What? It was playing. I remember. Because Danny said—

MAURA: Eddie.

Eddie stops.

Ray leans forward.

RAY: Danny said what.

(Lights rise slowly from the blackout. Same positions. Same tension.)

Ray leans forward, eyes locked on Eddie like he's trying to read the truth off his skin.

RAY: Eddie...what did Danny say.

EDDIE: I... I don't know if I should—

MAURA: Eddie. You don't have to if you don't want to

RAY: Maura, stay out of this.

MAURA: I'm not staying out of anything. This is my bar.

RAY: And it's Danny. The only one of you gobshites I ever gave a shite about.

EDDIE: Wait. What's a "gobshite"?

RAY: Eddie, focus

COLM: It's something bad, Eddie.

EDDIE: I'm not bad.

MAURA: Kinda rude, Ray.

RAY: I'm sorry. You're not gobshites.

EDDIE: Thank you Ray

RAY: You're welcome Eddie

COLM: Should we do a group hug?

RAY: Eddie, what about the song?

EDDIE: He just said it was fitting

RAY: What was fitting?

EDDIE: The song

RAY: What was the song?

EDDIE: I don't know if....

COLM: Was it Freebird or what?

MAURA: No way Freebird was ever on this jukebox....

EDDIE: Hey, I like Freebird

COLM: You had Revolution 9 on the jukebox and now you're getting all precious about Freebird?

RAY: Eddie, what was the song Danny played?

EDDIE: "The Parting Glass"

RAY: What?

EDDIE: "The Parting Glass". That was the song he played

COLM: The Clancy's version I hope

RAY: And what?

EDDIE: He said it was fitting

MAURA: Eddie, don't

RAY: Fitting for what?

EDDIE: For the night I guess

MAURA: Ray, leave him alone

RAY: He's talking like Danny was....

EDDIE: He said it was a good way to go out

Silence.

A deep, sickening silence.

Ray sits back like someone pulled the floor out from under him.

RAY: He said that?

EDDIE: Yea

RAY: To you?

EDDIE: To all of us. He wasn't whispering or anything. I didn't know it was supposed to be a secret. You all were here too

COLM: We're always here

MAURA: That's what I love about you

RAY: So somehow I just missed this?

MAURA: You weren't ready Ray

RAY: What do you mean?

MAURA: You're still not ready

COLM: You're just looking for a fight, Ray. That's all you're ever looking for. With the Brits. With Thatcher. With the Beatles.

EDDIE: Who is Thatcher?

MAURA: Oh Jesus don't get him started

RAY: We can talk about that bitch keeping my people down later!

COLM: Meryl Streep did a good Thatcher, actually

MAURA: She's great with the accents, Meryl Streep

EDDIE: The dingos took her baby

COLM: What's that Eddie?

EDDIE: In that movie.....the dingos took her baby. She did an Australian accent.

RAY: There are no dingos in Ireland!

COLM: Thank fuck for that

RAY: What are we doing here?

COLM: You're looking for a fight with us.

RAY: What happened to Danny that night?

COLM: And it's exactly why we didn't tell you

RAY: Tell me

COLM: It's not about the jukebox Ray...

RAY: The Parting Glass! Are you fucking kidding me? The last thing he played. The last thing this jukebox played. So don't you dare tell me it's not about the jukebox.

MAURA: Ray, sit down

EDDIE: Tie your shoe, Ray

RAY: What?

EDDIE: Your shoelace. Sit down and tie it. I don't want you to trip over it

RAY: Oh, Thanks Eddie

EDDIE: You're welcome Ray

(he does)

RAY: He said it was a good way to go out and nobody ever told me?

MAURA: People say that sort of maudlin stuff all the time in here

COLM: Ray, YOU say that sort of maudlin stuff all the time

EDDIE: What's maudlin?

COLM: It is the language of drunken gobshites

RAY: I'm not maudlin

MAURA: Ray, you cry during Notre Dame football games

RAY: How could you not when they show Touchdown Jesus?

COLM: Eddie, do you know who Touchdown Jesus is?

EDDIE: I do

COLM: Good man

EDDIE: Ray you say things like “it’s a good way to go out” all the time

RAY: How is this about me now? We’re talking about Danny. He wasn’t right that night. I know that.

MAURA: He came in later than usual

RAY: How much later?

MAURA: I didn’t think he was coming in at all

COLM: He looked knackered

EDDIE: What’s knackered?

RAY: Tired

EDDIE: So you noticed too?

RAY: No, I’m just telling you what knackered means

EDDIE: Oh, well thank you Ray

RAY: You’re welcome Eddie

EDDIE: So he looked like the plow driver?

COLM: Not exactly. The plow driver was pissed off the way Ray gets pissed off at Protestants

RAY: I do not get pissed off at Protestants

MAURA: Well...

COLM: Danny looked...peaceful

(Ray flinches)

RAY: Don't say shite like that

COLM: For fuck's sake Ray, just say "shit" and not "shite"...we're not in bleedin' Ireland

RAY: We could be if the fecking jukebox was playing Danny Boy!

COLM: And again with the "fecking" instead of "fucking"

EDDIE: What's "fecking"?

COLM: It's how gobshites say "fucking"

RAY: I can say "shite" and "fecking" it's a free country

MAURA: It is a free country Colm. And Ray, Danny did look lovely that evening....

RAY: What does that mean, "lovely"?

COLM: You got a better Irish word for it Ray?

EDDIE: Can I say that Danny looked lovely without you guys saying I'm being gay?

COLM: Probably not Eddie, but you were right to ask

MAURA: He didn't look wrecked the way you three normally do

EDDIE: He did seem happy...and...well...you know...

MAURA: Lovely?

EDDIE: Not that there's anything wrong with that

RAY: Nobody who is fucking....sorry....fucking happy and lovely plays "The Parting Glass" on the jukebox!

COLM: So now you remember?

RAY: No, I don't remember

MAURA: I don't get that. How can a guy like you not remember "The Parting Glass" on the jukebox.

RAY: A guy like me? Why don't you remember it?

MAURA: I'm Protestant

RAY: (to COLM) Do you remember it?

COLM: Yes. It was lovely

RAY: What was lovely?

COLM: I love The Parting Glass...(he sings....)

So fill to me the parting glass
And drink a health whate'er befalls
Then gently rise and softly call
Good night and joy be to you all

MAURA: (*appalled by this*) Don't ever do that again

COLM: I did me best!

EDDIE: That was good, Colm!

COLM: Thank you Eddie. Better than Ray wrecking Danny Boy

RAY: You sounded like a diseased toad

COLM: Now now Ray, no need to be jealous

EDDIE: It is a lovely song

RAY: I talked to Danny that night. We made plans to meet up the next day. Danny didn't say things he didn't mean.

MAURA: Maybe he meant it when he said it

RAY: What does that mean?

COLM: It means he changed his mind, Ray

EDDIE: I do that all the time. I once told my Aunt Patty I'd help her move a couch and then I remembered she lives on the third floor.

COLM: There you go, Ray. It was something like Aunt Patty

RAY: So he comes in late. Looking (*does air quotes*) "lovely". He plays "The Parting Glass." He says it's a good way to go out. And then what? He just... leaves?

COLM: He didn't leave right away

RAY: What do you mean?

COLM: He sat right there. Where you're sitting. He didn't order anything. Just sat.

EDDIE: He smiled at me

RAY: Smiled how?

EDDIE: I don't know. Lovely? It's like he had a secret

MAURA: It was really nice.

RAY: What the fuck feck fuck are you talking about! Danny? Danny doesn't look lovely. Danny isn't NICE! Danny is a pain in the ass and....

COLM: I guess he didn't want to be that anymore

EDDIE: He said one thing to me before he left.

RAY: What? What did he say?

EDDIE: He said “mind yourself”

RAY: Mind myself?

EDDIE: He was talking to me Ray. Mind MYself

RAY: What the fuck does that mean?

EDDIE: Just telling me to take care I guess.

RAY: Danny doesn’t say “TAKE CARE”!

EDDIE: He said “mind yourself”

RAY: Danny doesn’t say shite like “mind yourself.” Danny says “don’t be a fecking eejit, Ray.” Danny says “stop picking fights with Protestants, Ray.” Danny says—

MAURA: Eddie doesn’t lie, Ray

EDDIE: Thank you Maura

MAURA: You’re welcome Eddie

RAY: And none of you told me?

COLM: Because we knew you’d lose your shit....shite..

RAY: I’m not losing my shite...shit.

MAURA: You are Ray

COLM: He knew you'd break

(Ray moves toward COLM menacingly)

RAY: Break?

(Maura steps between them)

MAURA: Enough! Both of you! Jesus, Mary, and the whole fucking fucking parade committee — enough!

EDDIE: You ARE acting like gobshites

RAY: So he plays the song. Smiles at you all. And then just disappears into the snow like some fucking ghost?

MAURA: Ray

RAY: Tell me what happened after he walked out that door.

Colm looks at Maura.

Maura looks at Eddie.

Eddie looks at the floor.

RAY: Tell me.

COLM: We didn't see him go.

RAY: What?

MAURA: He didn't go out the front.

RAY: What does that mean? He went up the fecking fucking chimney?

EDDIE: He went out the back.

RAY: The alley?

RAY: Why the feck would he go out the alley?

MAURA: Because he didn't want you to see him leave.

Ray freezes.

RAY: Why.

COLM: Because he knew you'd follow.

RAY: You let him walk out alone.

COLM: He wasn't a child, Ray.

RAY: He was mine.

A beat.

MAURA: Ray—

RAY: He was mine to look after. Mine to keep an eye on. Mine to drag home when he got too deep in his own head. Mine to—

COLM: Ray you can't save people

RAY: I fucking very well can! He would never have played "The Parting Glass" if he knew I was around. He must have waited for me to step out for a smoke....which would explain why I can't remember

MAURA: You don't smoke, Ray

RAY: Maybe I was outside having a wee

COLM: For fuck feck sake.....now it's "having a wee" is it?

MAURA: Our toilets not good enough for you

COLM: He'll be calling it "the jacks" next

RAY: Your toilets haven't been cleaned since Ireland was partitioned. He waited until I was gone. He had to have. I would have known.

COLM: Known what?

RAY: He didn't want me to see him go.

EDDIE: It's called "the Irish goodbye" Ray. I do it all the time at family gatherings.

MAURA: Eddie....

RAY: Danny doesn't do the fecking fucking Irish Goodbye on me!

Silence.

The storm outside slams against the windows like a fist.

RAY: So tell me. Tell me what happened after he left. Tell me why the jukebox died that night. Tell me what the feck you're all not saying.

MAURA: Ray...there's something you need to know.

Lights shift — darker, colder, like the truth is stepping into the room.

COLM: About Danny. And about that night.

RAY: For feck fuck sake stop dancing around me

COLM: Ray there was somebody here that night

RAY: Somebody? What? Who? Nobody but us are *ever* here

MAURA: My balance sheet can attest to that

RAY: Who was it? Who was here?

COLM: We never saw him before

EDDIE: He's not from around here

RAY: He?

COLM: Tall. Dark coat. You must have been outside having a wee on the wall. He went right to the jukebox.

RAY: And what? Danny went over and talked to him?

COLM: I guess.

RAY: Danny didn't do shit like that

COLM: Shit like what?

RAY: He didn't go up to strangers

COLM: Didn't look like a stranger. They seemed to know each other

RAY: Then I would have known him

COLM: Well you weren't here

RAY: I'm always here!

EDDIE: He called him "Danny"

RAY: He knew his name? You heard him say that?

EDDIE: Yes.

RAY: Danny didn't know anybody like that

COLM: Anybody like what?

RAY: What did Danny say back? When the guy said his name?

EDDIE: He didn't say anything.

RAY: Danny never *doesn't say anything*. Danny would debate a fence post

EDDIE: He didn't say anything.

MAURA: He just left with him

RAY: They left together? Out the back door?

MAURA: Yes

RAY: Where the fuck was I?

EDDIE: We've established that you were having a wee out front. Is that the correct wording Colm?

COLM: It is Eddie. Well done.

RAY: So he left with a stranger

EDDIE: He didn't seem like a stranger

RAY: And none of you stopped him?

COLM: He's a grown fucking man Ray. Stop him how?

RAY: It's DANNY

MAURA: Ray, he never looked back. He wasn't looking for anybody to step in. He wanted to leave so he left.

RAY: He always looks back when he leaves. He always checks to see where I am.

COLM: Well, not this time

EDDIE: And then we heard something

MAURA: Eddie....

RAY: What do you mean you heard something?

COLM: It was....something. Like maybe the wind blowing the door. I thought maybe he didn't close it completely behind him

RAY: Well did he?

COLM: Yea, he did

RAY: Well what did you hear then?

COLM: I don't know what it was.

MAURA: It's an old building, Ray. They make noises

COLM: I went back there a few minutes later....just to check

RAY: To check what

EDDIE: The noise, right Colm?

COLM: Yea, I guess.

RAY: And?

COLM: There was nothing out there. It was snowing so hard that any footprints were already gone.

EDDIE: It was like he disappeared

MAURA: Eddie....

RAY: Danny doesn't disappear. Danny doesn't walk away from me with a stranger. Danny doesn't play goodbye songs on the fucking jukebox.

COLM: About that. The jukebox didn't break on its own

RAY: What are you saying?

MAURA: He's saying that Danny didn't just play "The Parting Glass", but wanted to make sure that "The Parting Glass" was the last song the thing ever played

COLM: So he touched something inside it

EDDIE: He opened it up somehow. Like he took the top off or something.

RAY: Danny needs instructions to open a beer bottle

COLM: His friend helped him...

RAY: (to Maura) And you just watched this guy disable the fucking jukebox?

MAURA: I didn't know what they were doing. I don't pay attention to you people

EDDIE: It was Danny's way of saying goodbye. "The Parting Glass"

RAY: What else aren't you telling me. I ain't leaving this place until you tell me what happened to Danny....

MAURA: Ray, sit down

RAY: I don't want to sit down

MAURA: You're gonna need to

RAY: Why?

MAURA: Because you're gonna need something under you

COLM: Ray, Danny came back

RAY: What?

COLM: That night. After he left with that man. He came back.

RAY: When?

COLM: Later?

RAY: Was I still having a fecking fucking wee or what?

MAURA: You were gone home

RAY: How late was it?

COLM: It was late

RAY: Well why didn't you call me?

COLM: He told us not to

RAY: Danny told you not to call me?

MAURA: Yes, because he knew you'd run back here if you knew

RAY: If I knew what

EDDIE: He didn't look the same, Ray. He didn't look lovely anymore. Right Maura?

MAURA: That's right Eddie. He looked.....hurt

RAY: Did that fucking guy hurt him?

COLM: It wasn't a physical thing. Nothing like that

RAY: Like what then?

EDDIE: He was cold. I remember that. Shivering

COLM: Yea

RAY: Well what did he say?

COLM: He didn't say anything.

RAY: Danny doesn't ever not say anything. Danny talks to STOP signs. Danny talks to his dog who died in 1988

COLM: All he said was asking us not to call you

RAY: And then what....he just fucking sat here and shivered?

MAURA: He went over to the jukebox

RAY: And?

EDDIE: He opened it up again.....in the same way he had done before

COLM: He knew what he was doing. Piece came right out.

EDDIE: It was like he practiced

RAY: Practiced what?

COLM: Breaking it

RAY: Did he play the fucking Parting Glass again?

MAURA: No

RAY: What happened in that alley

COLM: We don't know

EDDIE: He didn't stay long. He put the thing back on and look at all of us and said "Mind yourselves" and walked out

RAY: Out the alley again

MAURA: No, we went out the front door

RAY: And none of you thought to fucking tell me that he came back?

COLM: We haven't seen him since, Ray

MAURA: One other thing about the jukebox....

COLM: He didn't just disable it or whatever

EDDIE: He left something inside it

RAY: Left what?

MAURA: A note

RAY: IN the jukebox?

MAURA: Yes

RAY: And you know this how?

EDDIE: Because he said “tell Ray I left him a note inside the jukebox”

COLM: He was never the international man of mystery you’re making him out to be, Ray.

RAY: And so what....you just like broke into the thing?

MAURA: It doesn’t work anyway, so what’s the big deal?

RAY: Give it here then.

MAURA: What?

RAY: The note. Give me the fecking note.

Maura hesitates.

RAY: Maura. Don’t make me climb over this bar. You know I will. I’ve done it before.

COLM: He has. It was pathetic.

EDDIE: He got stuck on the tap handles.

RAY: I did not get stuck

COLM: You did. The Guinness was running all over the floor

RAY: I don't remember that bit

MAURA: I remember that bit. I added it to your tab

RAY: Give. Me. The. Note.

Maura sighs, reaches under the bar again, and pulls out a tiny, crumpled scrap of paper — the size of a fortune cookie slip that's been through a washing machine.

She hands it to Ray.

Ray stares at it.

RAY: This is it?

MAURA: That's it.

RAY: It's damp. Did you store this in the sink?

MAURA: It was inside a jukebox, Ray. Not a safety deposit box.

Ray squints at the handwriting.

RAY: What the feck does this even say?

EDDIE: Danny had bad handwriting.

RAY: Danny had no handwriting. This looks like a Rorschach Inkblot Test

EDDIE: What's a Rorschach Inkblot Test

COLM: It's a test the shrink gives you to determine if you're a gobshite

MAURA: It says "don't follow me"

RAY: Does it?

COLM: It does

RAY: No, Danny wouldn't write that. Danny wouldn't tell me not to follow him. Danny would EXPECT me to follow him. Danny would COUNT on me following him.

COLM: Ray

RAY: What else does it say?

MAURA: It says "Mind him"

RAY: Mind who?

COLM: Presumably the man he left with?

RAY: Why do you think that?

COLM: Who the fuck else would he be telling you to mind?

EDDIE: Plus he said “tell Ray not to mind that guy”

RAY: He said that?

EDDIE: And he said “Tell Ray I left him a note inside the jukebox... and tell him not to be a gobshite about it.”he might’ve said “eejit.” or “thick bastard” instead of gobshite. It was one of the affectionate Irish ones.

RAY: He was awfully chatty all of a sudden

COLM: Ray whatever happened he didn’t want you digging into it. That seems clear enough.

RAY: So you just want me to let this go?

EDDIE: You could call the police?

MAURA: And say what? That we think this guy is missing because he stopped coming to my bar?

COLM: Ray, Danny seemed more scared of you playing fucking McGyver than he was leaving with this guy in the first place

EDDIE: I love McGyver

RAY: What are you implying Colm?

COLM: That he went out of his way to announce to ALL OF US that he was dropping out. Now, do I know what that means? I do not. It’s the fucking fecking “The Parting Glass” and hanging out with grim reaper looking dudes in the middle of snow

storms....and coming back AGAIN to stick a NOTE up your ass telling you to leave him alone.

RAY: (quiet now, too quiet) Read it again.

MAURA: Ray—

RAY: READ. IT. AGAIN.

Maura picks up the note.

Her hands shake a little.

MAURA: “Don’t follow me. Mind him.”

Ray stares at her.

RAY: Mind who, Maura.

COLM: Ray, we told you—

RAY: Mind. Who.

EDDIE: Actually, I think he meant you, Ray.

Ray doesn’t move.

RAY: Me.

MAURA: Maybe he didn’t want you going after the man.

COLM: Maybe Eddie is right. Maybe he wanted us to keep an eye on *you*.

EDDIE: Like...like you were the one who needed minding.

Ray's face goes blank — not sad, not angry, just gone.

RAY: He left a note...telling you three fuckups to babysit ME.

MAURA: Ray—

RAY: That mental defective that I've been protecting for YEARS doesn't trust ME?

COLM: He's trying to protect you.

A long, awful silence.

Ray folds the note very carefully.

Too carefully.

Like he's folding a flag.

He puts it in his pocket.

Then he looks up — and the room goes cold.

RAY: If Danny thought I needed minding...then he knew something was coming.

MAURA: Ray, don't—

RAY: And if he knew something was coming...then I might already be too late.

He steps toward the door.

EDDIE: Ray—Ray don't—

Ray stops.

Turns back.

Eyes burning.

RAY: I'm bringing him home.

He yanks the door open.

A blast of wind and snow explodes into the bar.

Blackout.

END OF ACT I

ACT II

Three Days Later

Lights up on the bar.

Same place.

Same stools.

Same everything.

Except it feels wrong — like the air's been holding its breath.

EDDIE sits at the bar

COLM is in his usual stool, but he's slumped, staring at nothing.

MAURA wipes the same glass for the third day in a row.

The jukebox is still dead.

It looks deader.

A long silence.

EDDIE: Do you think he's dead?

COLM: Nah, he'd announce to us that he was gonna die first

EDDIE: That's not nice Colm

MAURA: That's not nice Colm

COLM: I notice neither of you said "that's not TRUE, Colm"

EDDIE: I'm just wondering

COLM: You keep asking. You sound like a broken record

EDDIE: Better than a broken jukebox

COLM: Jesus Christ, Maura can you call a Priest and have him exorcise that thing?

MAURA: I'm a Protestant, we don't do the Priest thing

COLM: What do you mean? You have priests

MAURA: Not the kind that do exorcisms on jukeboxes

EDDIE: Only Catholics do that?

COLM: They'll do an exorcism on your gall bladder if you pay up front

MAURA: You can always become a Protestant. I can bring you to the meetings.

COLM: I don't want to go to hell

MAURA: Fair enough

EDDIE: Do you ever worry about not being a Catholic, Maura?

MAURA: The only Catholics I know either hang out here all day, or are out trudging in the fucking fucking snow searching for heaven knows what

COLM: So you good?

MAURA: Yea I'm good

COLM: He's not dead

MAURA: He's probably sulking

COLM: For 3 days?

MAURA: You people are Irish. You've been sulking for generations

EDDIE: My uncle hasn't spoken to his brother in 30 years

COLM: Why?

EDDIE: He said something nice about England

MAURA: I can't believe they allow you people to march in an actual parade every year

COLM: No way is Ray dead because then he'd miss the parade

EDDIE: I don't know...because of the Danny Boy jukebox thing it's like the parade doesn't even matter anymore

COLM: Ray tolerates 364 days out of the year to reach parade day. Plus Ray's the kind of gobshite who'd haunt us if he died. And I don't want to be haunted by Ray. I don't want to be haunted by anyone, but especially not Ray.

EDDIE: He would be a really annoying ghost

MAURA: So we don't think Ray is dead, right?

COLM: We do not think Ray is dead

EDDIE: What about Danny?

MAURA: What about Danny?

EDDIE: I didn't say Danny was dead

COLM: Danny is not dead either. Danny has 1000 problems but wanting to die isn't one of them

MAURA: It's weird though.

COLM: What do you mean?

MAURA: From this side of the bar. I mean....they both LIVED here....and now they are MIA. So, you know, being dead would certainly explain that aspect of it

COLM: We don't need to be explaining any aspects here. Maybe Ray is just skipping out on his tab.

MAURA: Ray has way too much Irish Catholic guilt to skip out on anything.

EDDIE: Ray replaces all the free pretzels he eats

MAURA: I knew it!

EDDIE: Danny WAS lovely that night

COLM: Don't say that

EDDIE: He was. He was practically floating.

COLM: Danny was.....special.

MAURA: Is that the politically correct word we use now?

COLM: What do you want me to call him?

MAURA: I guess we never really talked about it before

COLM: What's there to talk about. Danny is sweet.

EDDIE: A lovely bloke

MAURA: And it was kinda understood that Ray.....took care of him.

COLM: Or at least he watched out for him

EDDIE: You all kind of watch out for me too

COLM: Eddie, you don't need watching the way Danny does

EDDIE: Thanks Colm

EDDIE: You're welcome Eddie

MAURA: Maybe Danny just didn't want to be fussed over anymore.

COLM: Ray is a pain in the ass but he's got a heart as big as a watermelon. That can be overwhelming to someone like Danny

EDDIE: I miss him yelling at the jukebox.

COLM: I kinda miss him going on like he's Micheal Fucking Collins

MAURA: I miss him reminding me that I'm a Protestant all the time

EDDIE: Do you forget sometimes Maura?

MAURA: I do Eddie. These last few days especially.

Silence.

The door rattles in the wind.

All three jump.

EDDIE: Sounded like Ray

COLM: You'll hear Ray coming from a mile away. Ray is his own parade

EDDIE: You won't hear him if he's.....

COLM: If he's what?

EDDIE: You know....

MAURA: He was about to say "dead" again

EDDIE: I wasn't!

COLM: You were

EDDIE: I was gonna say Frozen. Or maimed.

MAURA: This is March in Scranton Eddie, not the South Pole

COLM: I don't know what he's after

MAURA: He wants the truth...right?

COLM: Ray wants a *version* of the truth where he's the hero and Danny's the damsel and the jukebox is the villain.

EDDIE: The jukebox is a creepy part of all this. Well that and strange men in long black coats.

MAURA: This is a Scranton dive bar...you gotta be prepared for things to go off the rails some.

COLM: What does anybody really KNOW about Danny?

EDDIE: He's lovely

COLM: We've established this but what else?

EDDIE: He broke Ray's brain?

MAURA: (to COLM) He's not wrong

COLM: I mean.....he DID break Ray's brain. That's very perceptive of you Eddie

EDDIE: Thank you Colm

COLM: Why do you think he broke Ray's brain?

EDDIE: Because Ray knows that someone needs him. Ray has spent so long being Irish that he might have forgotten how to be loved

Stunned silence as MAURA and COLM stare at him

.....what? What I say?

COLM: Jesus Christ, Eddie.

EDDIE: What?

MAURA: You can't just... say things like that.

EDDIE: Why not?

COLM: I need a minute....

EDDIE: I didn't mean to be smart. It just slipped out.

MAURA: Well slip it back in. You're freaking me out.

EDDIE: I'm sorry.

COLM: Jesus, Mary, and the whole fucking Celtic Tiger... Ray being loved? That's the most disturbing thing said in this bar in years.

EDDIE: I didn't mean it in a weird way. I just meant...(he gestures vaguely) ...Ray needs Danny.

COLM: We all need Danny. Danny's like...(he searches)...emotional bubble wrap.

EDDIE: What's bubble wrap?

MAURA: It's the wrapping stuff you pop when you're stressed.

EDDIE: Oh! Yea I like that. But Ray is kinda like that too, right?

COLM: Not exactly. Ray is more like the sound the styrofoam makes when you handle it.

MAURA: But the styrofoam is there for a good reason.

EDDIE: So Danny is like bubble wrap and Ray is like styrofoam?

COLM: I'm not nearly drunk enough right now

MAURA: Was anything about Ray or Danny...you know....NORMAL?

COLM: No

EDDIE: No

MAURA: Is this place the same without them?

COLM: No

EDDIE: No

MAURA: May I opine here?

COLM: It's your bar

MAURA: I'm gonna go off the rails Irish and all that

COLM: You feel like we need a warning?

MAURA: I do

COLM: Fair play to you Maura. Go ahead.

MAURA: I think they were in love. Not in the gay way, but in the love love way. They loved each other. And that sort of vibe in a place like this is what keeps the heat on. And Danny is....special....and he didn't really understand maybe. So he got scared. So maybe that guy in the black coat whispered something in his ear....warning him....telling him that Ray wasn't what he appeared to be....and once Ray decides that he loves you....well...look the fuck out....you know what I mean?

EDDIE: Yes

COLM: No

MAURA: You ever been in love Colm?

COLM: No

MAURA: You ever been in love Eddie?

EDDIE: Yes

MAURA: And there it is

COLM: What about you?

MAURA: Daddy died. This place needed a minder. And so did you. I'll mind myself once you lot are all settled

COLM: A born romantic

MAURA: This is Scranton son.....the heart is lucky to find itself in second place...

The door opens quietly.

Ray walks in.

He looks normal.

Too normal.

Hair combed by the wind into something almost respectable.

Coat buttoned wrong but confidently.

Face calm.

RAY: Chaps. Up the PROVOS! (*he sits*) Pint luv...

COLM: You alright?

RAY: Aye

COLM: Aye?

EDDIE: It means “yes” Colm

RAY: I’m grand

EDDIE: That means “good”, Colm

COLM: Edward, where the fuck feck would I be without you.

EDDIE: I don’t want to guess, Colm

MAURA: You look grand, Ray

EDDIE: I am grand Maura. I'll be grander still with this pint in me...*(he drinks)*

MAURA: You missed the parade

RAY: I did

COLM: You never miss the parade

RAY: I know

EDDIE: You love the parade Ray

RAY: I do

MAURA: Why did you miss it, Ray?

RAY: The irish stars did not align

COLM: There's Irish stars now?

RAY: There is

COLM: Do they look different than the other stars?

RAY: (irritated) You can take the piss all you want..

COLM: For feck sake Ray! Now we're taking the piss?

EDDIE: Wait....Colm was having a wee? I'm lost

MAURA: "Taking the piss" is another of Ray's phrases that he uses to feel closer to God. It means that Colm is making fun of Ray

EDDIE: Colm is always making fun of Ray

RAY: He is indeed Eddie. Colm is a sad little man

MAURA: Ray, why were you not at the parade?

RAY: The jukebox betrayed me

COLM: Oh Jesus Christ

RAY: Don't take the Lord's name in vain on Parade Day Colm

COLM: Parade day is over

RAY: Not in my heart it is not

He points at the jukebox like it owes him money.

RAY: If that thing had played "Danny Boy" like it was supposed to —like it ALWAYS does —like it has EVERY PARADE WEEK since the dawn of time — I would've been spiritually aligned. I would've been centered. I would've been ready.

COLM: Ready for what?

RAY: THE PARADE, COLM. THE FECKIN' PARADE.

EDDIE: You could've gone anyway.

RAY: I don't go to the parade unblessed, Eddie. I'm not an animal.

MAURA: Ray, you don't need a song to go to a parade.

RAY: I need that song. I need "Danny Boy." I need the pipes to call me from glen to glen and down the mountain side. Otherwise it's not a parade. It's just men in skirts walking with purpose.

COLM: Kilts.

RAY: SKIRTS.

He points again at the jukebox.

EDDIE: Doesn't Danny always go with you?

(silence....beat....nervous. Ray ignores this...turns to the jukebox)

RAY: That thing ruined my Parade Day. It ruined my year. It ruined my spiritual equilibrium.

EDDIE: You could've hummed it.

RAY: I don't HUM "Danny Boy," Eddie. I PERFORM it. With dignity. With gravitas. With the emotional weight of a thousand years of oppression. It aligns my stars...the ones that Colm so casually rejects

COLM: You sound like a dying fucking goat when you sing it.

RAY: A patriotic fucking goat.

MAURA: Ray...Why didn't you just come here earlier? Before the parade? We haven't seen you in days.

Ray stiffens.

RAY: I was...Delayed.

COLM: By what?

Ray shrugs, casual.

RAY: Life. Weather. Circumstances. The universe conspiring against me personally. The embers of a dead jukebox

EDDIE: Did you see Danny?

RAY: Danny's probably out there right now charming the majorettes and accidentally starting a fistfight between the bagpipers and the Knights of Columbus.

EDDIE: He did that last year

RAY: He did indeed

COLM: But you got him out of there before the cops arrived

RAY: I did indeed

MAURA: That was nice of you Ray

RAY: It was indeed. I am nice

COLM: You are selectively nice

MAURA: Yea Ray, a lot of the time you are a fecking fucking eejit

RAY: I pick my spots

COLM: Jesus, you have the entire bar speaking gaelic now...even the Protestants

EDDIE: Ray, where is Eddie?

Pause....nobody is sure what to say....

RAY: Am I his keeper?

COLM: Yes

MAURA: Yes

EDDIE: You are, right? You left that night to find him. Where is he?

RAY: Where does it say that I am Danny's minder?

COLM: In your fecking Irish stars. Ray, he can't be out there by himself

RAY: Out where?

COLM: Out THERE! Jesus, this world eats people like Danny alive.

RAY: What does "people like Danny" mean?

COLM: You know what it means.

RAY: Well go out and find him then Colm

COLM: He's not my resp....

RAY: Not your what? Not your responsibility?

COLM: I didn't say that

MAURA: You were gonna

EDDIE: You were gonna Colm. The first part of the word was already out of your mouth

COLM: Yea well until you hear the second part, feck fuck off

MAURA: Ray, why do you think he chose you?

RAY: Who?

COLM: Danny ya thick!

RAY: Danny is like a rubber ball. He bounces off everything. You either dodge him, or try to catch him

COLM: So what? You're the Catcher in the Fecking Rye now?

EDDIE: I read that book, and I still don't know where the ducks go in winter

MAURA: (admonishes him) Eddie, not now luv

EDDIE: Sorry

COLM: So you can catch him? Is that what you're saying?

RAY: Danny vibrates. We say the word "special" because the old words were terrible. But "special" is a perfect word. It's exactly what he is. Danny helps to align the stars the same way the jukebox does. So this is all connected.

COLM: How is it all connected?

RAY: I don't know

MAURA: Jesus Ray you're bad at the McGyver stuff

RAY: Yea well....I cannot be all things to all people

EDDIE: You are all things to Danny though.

COLM: Ray, where the fuck is he?

RAY: I don't know where he is. I never had to *look* for Danny before. He was always....just here. So I don't really know where to start. He's not home. He doesn't answer his phone.

EDDIE: Maybe he was at the parade?

RAY: Not without me. Not without the ritual of Danny Boy on the jukebox.

COLM: So the jukebox and Danny gone missing are connected

RAY: I believe I've stated this already

MAURA: You have Ray. Colm hasn't been paying attention

EDDIE: Colm is not good with the attention thing

MAURA: It wanders

RAY: It does, right?

COLM: My attention does not wander

RAY: It does wander, Colm. You are forever missing the point

MAURA: To be fair Ray, your points *are* sometimes buried

COLM: His points need a fecking fucking backhoe

EDDIE: I'm not always clear on what your points are, Ray

RAY: It starts with the jukebox. It starts with Danny Boy. And from there it moves to Ireland and the parade and...

COLM: What the actual feck?

RAY: And to Danny

MAURA: Ray what the actual feck?

EDDIE: I understand Ray

RAY: Thank you Eddie

COLM: He doesn't really

EDDIE: I do. There's something about this place that calms me down. The way Maura pours my pint and the way I know where Colm is gonna be and the Ray is always going on about Ireland. If I was to come in here and Maura poured my pint wrong, or Colm was sitting on a different stool, or Ray is suddenly talking about Italy, well it's gonna throw me off. I'm gonna stop....what's the word? Vibrating?

COLM: Eddie your plate is vibrating

EDDIE: Something threw Danny off is what I'm saying. Something caused him to play "The Parting Glass". Something CHANGED. Once you find that out, you'll know where Danny is

(the bar is stunned. They all look at each other, speechless)

MAURA: Eddie, love... what do you mean “something changed”?

EDDIE: Something changed.

RAY: Yes, we heard that part, Eddie. We’re looking for the second sentence.

EDDIE: I don’t have a second sentence.

COLM: Ray, what changed?

RAY: How the feck fuck should I know!

MAURA: You’re the only one who would. It was you and Danny. Danny and you

RAY: Me and Danny.....(almost to himself) me and Danny....

COLM: What aren’t you telling us Ray?

RAY: Danny always said to me....”if he ever comes back, I’ll go....”

MAURA: Who?

RAY: And I’d always say...”you don’t have to do anything you don’t want to do”, you know? ‘Cause I got the sense that Danny was afraid. You know...that he was always safe here, but not really safe anywhere else. WE make sense, but nobody else does

COLM: This is certainly new fecking territory...

RAY: It is, aye. It is. In here? I'd say "You're grand, Danny. You're grand". And he WAS grand, you know? All of you were broken from the start but you had room for one more. You had room for Danny. Danny and me. Me and Danny.

MAURA: Are you saying something nice to us?

EDDIE: That's lovely Ray

COLM: It's kinda gay too. Could you get to the fecking fucking point Ray?

RAY: Do you know what the world does to people like Danny? It hurts them. It takes advantage of them. It uses them. Danny came from a world like that, and then he found us. You know what he told me? He said he could finally sleep with the lights off. He said "even in here Ray, I can close my eyes"

EDDIE: I always thought he was just nodding off after too many jars

RAY: No Eddie. He was doing it because he finally could. All that bad stuff was behind him. We HEALED him....

COLM: Well that's a bit grandiose, even for an old Fenian like you Ray

RAY: Thank you Colm

MAURA: What bad stuff Ray?

RAY: All the bad shit you can imagine. All the little indignities that add up, and all the large ones that can break a soul as easily as a man can break a jukebox. Danny is filled with songs and lights and coin slots , and some people are singing along, and others are

kicking him, hitting him, pounding on the glass, until the music skips or the lights flicker or the whole fucking thing gives up.

COLM: Jesus Ray.....

RAY: So yea, I know this guy who came back. And I know why Danny left with him.

(long pause)

COLM: You gonna fucking tell us or what?

RAY: I may tell you. I may not. I am unclear on how to proceed here

COLM: You're unclear?

RAY: I'm not sure you are ready

MAURA: Ray, I think we're ready

EDDIE: I'm ready, Ray

RAY: I was speaking mostly of Colm

COLM: I'm ready to put a boot up your arse

MAURA: Colm, there's a no fighting rule in here

RAY: There is?

COLM: There is?

MAURA: Eddie, what does that sign say (*she points to the wall*)

EDDIE: It says “be good or be gone”

MAURA: Is Colm putting a boot up Ray’s ass “being good”?

EDDIE: It could be

COLM: I’m sorry Ray. I will be good. Please continue.

RAY: You remember that trip me and Danny made to Ireland?

COLM: The one you fecking talked about for 10 years?

MAURA: Ray, if you mention the Cliffs of Moher one more time you’re banned

RAY: I will not mention the Cliffs of Moher anymore strictly on principle

EDDIE: I remember the pictures. They were lovely Ray

COLM: I remember that fake Aryan sweater you wore...the one made in Taiwan

RAY: It was cheaper! And it’s not an “aryan” sweater ya thick gobshite. It’s an “aran” sweater

COLM: Is it?

MAURA: It is

RAY: Even the Protestant knows the history more than you Colm

COLM: Well excuse me James Fecking Joyce

EDDIE: You had that hat too....the John Wayne hat

COLM: That's right. You went full "Quiet Man" for that trip

RAY: I did not go "full Quiet Man"

MAURA: You did Ray

EDDIE: It looked good on you Ray

RAY: Thank you Eddie

COLM: What does any of this have to do with Danny?

RAY: Danny met someone there

MAURA: Ok.

RAY: Somebody involved

COLM: Involved? You mean involved in all that shite you sing about in here?

RAY: Well....yea. Something like that Colm.

COLM: Where the fuck did you take him? IRA headquarters?

RAY: We wandered a bit.....we were in Derry....

MAURA: You brought Danny to an IRA bar in Derry?

RAY: It was very fluid at the time....so it's hard to remember

COLM: Which means you were drunk as shit?

RAY: Maybe I was and maybe I wasn't

MAURA: Jesus Ray

RAY: Soldiers! Freedom fighters! In the flesh. I bought them pints. And Danny went off alone to a table with one of them. He looked like a leader.

COLM: You let Danny commiserate with a leader of the IRA

RAY: As I said, it was all a bit fluid at the time....so....

MAURA: What's the point of all this Ray?

RAY: Well, he was the guy who led Danny out of here that night

COLM: How the feck do you know? I thought you were outside having a wee?

RAY: Why do you think I was outside having a wee? I had a premonition.

MAURA: So you saw the guy?

RAY: I was having my wee. He went in the front door

COLM: And you standing there with your willy in your hands, you recognized this guy after how many years?

RAY: I don't know. When was the trip? Ten years ago?

MAURA: Eddie why was fecking fucking Martin McGuinness in my bar looking for Danny?

RAY: It wasn't Martin McGuinness smartass! I don't know his name. And he wasn't looking for Danny. He was looking for me.

COLM: Ray what the feck fuck did you do?

RAY: Well, in retrospect I may have crossed some lines, but like I said the situation was very fluid at the time

MAURA: You created an international incident?

RAY: An IRISH incident.....

EDDIE: Ray, did you sing Danny Boy in there?

COLM: For feck's sake Ray, tell me you didn't sing Danny Boy

RAY: Well it didn't get that far

EDDIE: Was there a jukebox?

RAY: Irish freedom has no time for jukeboxes Eddie

MAURA: Well why are you so intent on going on about this one then?

COLM: Maura, let him finish. Go ahead Ray

RAY: Well...I was representin' the Diaspora! I was showin' them we weren't just ATM machines for the cause! I wanted them to know we had opinions on all this. We have history here too! We have the Molly Maguires! We have the coal strikes! We have the blood of the miners in the soil!

COLM: So you were in an IRA bar in the bowels of Derry, lecturing the boys on the struggle....and how it rings out in Scranton PA?

RAY: I was

COLM: So you name-checked the the "validity" of their struggle against your grandfather's stories about the anthracite mines.

RAY: I did

EDDIE: And you were dressed like John Wayne?

RAY: Maybe I was and maybe I wasn't

MAURA: My god Ray

RAY: I do recall telling them about all the mines here...and how we could use the tunnels to move guns. I told them about the railroad line to NYC

COLM: Ray there is no rail service between here and NYC

RAY: Well there was supposed to be

EDDIE: I think it will only go as far as Hoboken

COLM: So you told them you were an arms dealer?

RAY: No. Well, not directly

MAURA: You told a man who lives in a city built on centuries of siege that we have a "Coal Mine Tour" with a gift shop at the end?

RAY: I may have embellished the capabilities of our infrastructure a bit. I was trying to find some common ground

COLM: And instead, you found a man who'd spent twenty years in Long Kesh and you told him his "struggle" was lackin' a bit of "American Moxie."

RAY: I told them we could be the "Second Front."

COLM: You tried to sell him on Scranton being the key to Irish independence

RAY: If you'd ever bothered to WALK IN THE PARADE you'd know this to be true. There are patriots here Colm.

COLM: Fecking patriots? You are not serious

RAY: I am

COLM: Ray, this place has more knuckleheads per capita than any place in the world. The fire department has to hose down the parade ground after they all puke in the street. These people are gonna throw the British out of Ireland?

MAURA: You see Ray, this is how you get when you get your Irish up, you start talking shit

COLM: Shite

MAURA: You start talking shite

RAY: I don't mean to talk shite. It's just habit

COLM: You can talk shite all you want in here, Ray. But not in the fecking Bogside

MAURA: What else did you say?

RAY: Well..... I started criticizin' the Ceasefire. I told him it was a "coward's exit." I told him that if the boys in Scranton were runnin' the show, the Brits would've been rowin' back to London in bathtubs by now.

COLM: How did this go over?

RAY: I thought they were impressed by my conviction! So I stood up on the brass rail of the bar... (Ray's voice starts to shake) ...and I sang "The Broad Black Brimmer." But I changed the lyrics.

COLM: Of course you fecking did

RAY: I changed them to be about "The Boys of Lackawanna." That's when the tide turned a bit.

COLM: It really is amazing you're still alive

RAY: That is an interesting observation Colm

COLM: I think so as well

RAY: It dovetails neatly into the next section of my story, which is that I am alive *because* of Danny. One of the IRA men said that "the only reason you're leavin' this pub alive is because your friend here—" (he gestures to the empty space where Danny usually sits) "—has been apologizin' for you for three hours."

EDDIE: So Danny saved you?

RAY: He told them I had a condition brought on by the collapse of the coal industry. He told them my father worked for the Brits and I was so ashamed of it that I'd spiral. He said I was off my medication.

COLM: Are any of those things not technically true?

RAY: There are HIPPA laws Colm. Anyway, I find out later that Danny is gay, and that he gave that guy his contact information.

MAURA: Wait. What?

COLM: Wait. What?

EDDIE: Danny is gay?

RAY: Yes he is.

MAURA: And you didn't tell us?

RAY: It hardly seems relevant. (*to Maura*) Do you have a problem with gays?

COLM: Actually Ray, it's our lot that has a problem with gays

MAURA: I'm a Protestant Ray. All I care about is your tab.

EDDIE: I don't care that Danny is gay. Danny is lovely

COLM: So a decade after the fact this IRA gunman who has the hots for Danny has come to Archbald looking for you?

RAY: Yes

COLM: To do what, exactly?

RAY: Well, he either wants to discuss gun running using the empty mines, or he's come to kill me for desecrating The Broad Black Brimmer. And he's being thematic. Waiting for Parade Day. Waiting for Danny Boy. He's mocking the HOME COUNTRY.

COLM: But he grabbed Danny instead...

RAY: Well, they had a thing.

MAURA: Ray, and I mean this with all due respect, but do you really think the IRA would go through all of this trouble to kill some American dressed like John Wayne who popped off 10 years ago because he wasn't taking his meds?

RAY: That was just Danny covering for me!

COLM: Ray, you're sounding like a gobshite

EDDIE: Ray, have you ever been in love?

RAY: What?

EDDIE: I've been in love. It feels lovely. Can I tell you what I think? I think Danny is in love. I think this man came here to find Danny because he too is in love. And I think that you are scared that he's going to take Danny away from you. Not in a gay way. Is that the right way to put it Colm?

COLM: Sure Eddie, not in a gay way works...

EDDIE: Maura I don't mean to be taking the gay word in vain either.....I would never do that in you bar

MAURA: I know you wouldn't Eddie

EDDIE: Because love is more than that. (to Ray) I think you love Danny. Hell, we ALL love Danny. But I think you love him most. And I think it's hard to let go. And I think Danny doesn't want to hurt you. So that's what this is about. That's what "The Parting Glass" was about. That's why Danny came back here.....to make sure that you would not try to stop him

Dead silence. The bar is stunned. Nobody says anything

RAY: I need a minute to digest all of that

COLM: Maura mentioned that love bit angle to us previously

RAY: Really?

COLM: Yes

MAURA: It's really a lovely lovely angle

RAY: It's also a load of bollocks

EDDIE: What's "bollocks"?

COLM: He means shit

MAURA: Shite

COLM: Shite

EDDIE: I don't think it's shit shite

RAY: Danny is not going to leave

COLM: Danny is already gone

RAY: He would never leave.....

MAURA: You mean he'd never leave "you"?

RAY: I didn't say it

MAURA: The word was in your mouth

COLM: All your gibbering about The Broad Black Brimmer....it turns out this is a simple fucking love story!

(this truth settles over all of them at once. A long pause....)

RAY: No....there has to be more. Danny would never leave like this. Where is that note? The one he left. There's got to be more.

He barrels towards the jukebox.....and starts to pull it apart again

....there has to be something else

MAURA: Ray, leave the jukebox alone. He did leave something else

RAY: What? How do you know?

MAURA: Because he said "only give this to Ray if he starts to lose his shit"

RAY: He did not say that.

COLM: He did

RAY: I don't lose my shit! I'm IRISH. I offer an OPINION.

MAURA: We're aware that you're Irish Ray

(Maura hands him an envelope. It has not been opened)

EDDIE: I told them not to read it

RAY: Did you?

EDDIE: I did

COLM: I wanted to throw it away.

MAURA: What does it say?

He opens it....

RAY: It says "A-14"

COLM: Meaning?

RAY: I don't fucking know

EDDIE: I know. It's a jukebox combination. And it's not Danny Boy. And it's not The Parting Glass

MAURA: How do you know that?

EDDIE: I'm special. I remember things.

MAURA: You've memorized the songs on the jukebox?

EDDIE: I have

MAURA: Jesus.

COLM: So what's A-14?

EDDIE: Put a quarter in and see

RAY: The fecking thing HAS all my quarters. It doesn't work anymore, remember?

EDDIE: Try it

(he does....the jukebox comes back to life....and plays "Raglan Road" by the Dubliners)

*On Raglan Road on an autumn day I met her first and knew
That her dark hair would weave a snare that I might one day rue;
I saw the danger, yet I walked along the enchanted way,
And I said, let grief be a fallen leaf at the dawning of the day.*

RAY: You fixed it

EDDIE: Danny did

RAY: He was here again?

MAURA: He was

RAY: You didn't tell me

MAURA: We didn't

RAY: Why?

COLM: Because Danny said “don’t tell that gobshite I was here...”

RAY: I don’t understand

EDDIE: (*exasperated*) When did I turn into the smartest person in this bar? Ray, Danny is IN LOVE WITH YOU. But he knows you can’t love him back in the same way. So this is his chance to find what he’s looking for.

RAY: He’s not in love with me

EDDIE: He is

COLM: Ray, the IRA doesn’t give a fiddler’s fart about you or your coal mines. But they are not immune to Danny’s charms

MAURA: A-14 is a lovely song

EDDIE: About unrequited love

COLM: Look at you with all your big words

EDDIE: Have you ever been in love?

COLM: No

EDDIE: If you were you’d use big words too

COLM: You need to make yourself vulnerable. I can't do that. Danny was built to be in love. You're all built to be in love.

(A silence. Everyone turns. Colm wasn't supposed to say that out loud.)

MAURA: Colm...

COLM: Don't look at me like that. It's not tragic. It's just...true.

(He shrugs, but it's the saddest shrug in Ireland.)

COLM: I don't fall in love. I don't even fall in like. I don't trust people enough. Or myself. Or the world. Or whatever it is that makes a person say, "Here. Take the softest part of me. Do what you will."

(He looks at Ray — not unkindly.)

COLM

Danny did that. With you. And you never noticed. Or you noticed and pretended you didn't. Which is worse.

(Ray's face breaks — not crying, but something collapsing inward.)

RAY: *(quiet)* I didn't know how to hold it. I didn't know what it was. I didn't know...I didn't know he meant *me*.

EDDIE: He did.

MAURA: He always did.

(Ray turns back to the jukebox. "Raglan Road" is still playing, soft, inevitable.)

RAY: He hated when I sang. Said I sounded like a horse with a sinus infection.

COLM: He said that with love.

RAY: He said everything with love.

Even the insults.

(Ray steps closer to the jukebox, almost touching it.)

RAY: He always asked me to sing “Danny Boy.” Every feckin’ year. Parade Day. His birthday. My birthday. Any day ending in Y.

EDDIE: He liked the way you sang it.

RAY: He liked the way I *tried*.

(A long, aching beat.)

MAURA: Ray...you don’t have to.

RAY: I do.

(He reaches out. Presses the button. The jukebox whirs, clicks, and — impossibly — shifts tracks. The opening bars of “Danny Boy” begin. You don’t need the lyrics. The audience knows the song.)

(Ray stands there, breathing like he’s about to jump off a cliff.)

RAY: Danny...if you’re out there...if you’re listening...this is the only way I know how to say it.

(He sings. Badly. Earnestly. Brokenly. Not for the bar. Not for the town. For Danny.)

(The others watch — not mocking, not pitying — just witnessing.)

When he finishes, the jukebox clicks off.

Silence.

COLM: (*soft, almost gentle*) Well. If he didn't know before...he knows now.

EDDIE: He heard you, Ray.

MAURA: We all did.

(*Ray stands there, emptied out, but lighter somehow.*)

RAY: (*whispering*) Mind yourself Danny.....

(*Lights fade as Ray keeps his hand on the jukebox — the last place Danny touched.*)

BLACKOUT.

END OF PLAY