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When Irish Cows are Smiling
By

Jon Zaley

(SETTING: 1870's Funeral Parlour of Diggum, Deepe & Dye. Upstage left is a large gravesite wreath in the shape of a horseshoe with a banner across the top stating, "Onto Greener Pastures" which encircles a large, framed black-velvet painting of a cow on an easel. Flowers, plants, statuary of angels, leprechauns, and such, and candles surround the easel. A podium is set stage right. A church organ is off stage left. Above upstage center is a black box containing the screens used later in the play. An old-fashioned sign on wooden easel outside the entrance states, "Daniella Joy O'Leary Memorial Service" with arrow pointing direction.

O'LEARY and THYME greet guests (audience) as they arrive and treat them like family. To keep with the Irish tradition, everyone is named "Sean Patrick" or "Mary Catherine" or some famous Irish names (Maureen O'Hara, Donald O'Connor, etc) or change their last name to O'Whatever or McWhosmacallit (i.e O'Zaley or McLarson or whomever).

Improv quick little conversations such as:

Thank you for coming Mary Catherine. Danni Joy would have liked that you are here.

(comeback to "she looks so peaceful") She ought to...she's dead!

(comeback to "she's in a much better place") Sure 'n Begorah...on to greener pastures, she is.

Saints be praised! (sign of the cross) You made it after all!

(if someone is carrying a drink from the bar) Come here dearie...I see I'm not the only one who enjoys her whiskey now and a'gin.

I heard you had a forgetful cow in your barn? Did you try Milk of Amnesia?

Do ya know why your milking stool only has three legs? Your cow's got the udder!

I heard you just got some cows imported from Russia? What are those, Mos-cows?

This comedy is written as a luncheon/dinner show where a traditional Irish meal of corned beef and cabbage and all the fixin's will be served BEFORE the play. Just before meal is being served, THYME welcomes everyone to the funeral home.)

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THYME. Good afternoon ladies and gentlemen. I'm Justin Thyme...(pause) that's my name and it has nothing to do with my punctuality. I am the funeral director here at Diggum, Deepe & Dye, and I would like to welcome you to the O'Leary Memorial Service. If you are here for Finnegan's Wake, well, you're in the wrong place. That would be in the next room, two doors down. Now I know this is a little out of the ordinary than what most folks are accustomed to with funerals, but the O'Learys, in keeping with Irish tradition for a wake, have asked that we have our reception before the memorial service. The food and drink will be coming out shortly, so eat, drink and be merry, and toast a few in honor of old Danni Ella Joy (pointing at cow painting and toasting...has trouble pronouncing cow's name)...I mean, Dan Wella Joy...no, Dan Yeller Joy...oh, you know what I mean...the damn cow! Slainte ole Danni Joy! Now, many of you might be a noticin' that the McGillicuttys didn't make it today. You see, poor Maggie and Sean Patrick had a little tiff, yes they did. It seems that ole Sean Patrick decided to stop off at Muldoon's Tavern last Friday after a long day in the stockyards. He was sorely thirsty and put away pint after pint of Guinness, and then had a wee smidgen or two of Jamison's to wash down the taste, don't cha know.

Before he knew it, he was fast asleep right there on Muldoon's bar and didn't wake 'til morning. Once he came to his senses and realizin' where he was at, ole Sean Patrick jumped up and said to Muldoon, "Oh, sweet Lord, Maggie'll kill me! You'd better give me a shot to shore up me nerves." Well, one shot turned into two, and two into three, and before ya knew it, he was plum passed out on that bar once again! Poor Sean Patrick ends up sleepin' on Muldoon's bar through the night and wakes up Sunday mornin'...(emphasizing) AFTER MASS...and decides he'd better bite the bullet and get on home. Sure enough, dear Maggie is waitin' for 'em at the door, with a rollin' pin in hand, just a screamin' and yellin' and takin' off on a tirade like you've never seen before. She'd put a Chicago politician to shame, she would, y'know. After about ten minutes of this screamin', well, poor Sean Patrick starts to feel a little put out by it all and says ta Maggie, "Shut up, woman!" Maggie stops dead in her tracks and looks Sean Patrick right in the eye and says, "Shut up, woman? Shut up? How would you like it, Sean Patrick, if you didn't see ME for three days?!!!" And Sean Patrick looks her square in the eye, he does, and says, "Well, right now, that's a startin' to sound pretty good to me!" And sure enough, after that, Sean Patrick didn't see Maggie for three whole days. It was on the evening of the third day that he began to see her a little out of the swellin' in his right eye.

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Now, I'll be back a little later before we start the service. Thank you for your attention, and even though this is a somber occasion, try to enjoy yourselves.

(Once meal is over, THYME escorts a loudly sobbing O'LEARY to her seat at the front of the audience, then THYME moves up on stage)

THYME. Good afternoon once again ladies and gentlemen. Please take your seats.

(Pause to allow people to be seated)

THYME. Please take you seats now, thank you.

(Pause to let them calm down)

THYME. Please quiet down so we may start the service.

(Pause...if audience still somewhat loud, in booming preacher-style voice with arms extended and eyes to heaven say...)

End of FreeView – Now buy the entire play!

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