

JACK. Are you sure?  
BRENDAN. Sure, I'm giving Valerie a lift.  
VALERIE. Come with us.  
JACK. Okay, then. Grand. *(Brendan is clearing glasses, going in behind the bar, tidying up.)*  
VALERIE. Do you want a hand, Brendan?  
BRENDAN. Oh no! Stay where you are, I'll be finished in a sec. *(Jack takes his anorak, joking.)*  
JACK. Is this yours, Valerie?  
VALERIE. Yeah right. *(Jack takes her jacket and holds it for her to put on.)*  
JACK. Come on.  
VALERIE. Oh now. Very nice.  
JACK. These are the touches, ha, Brendan?  
BRENDAN. That's them.  
JACK. Now.  
VALERIE. Thanks.  
JACK. Mimm. Have a last fag I think. *(Taking cigarette packet.)*  
Anyone else?  
VALERIE. No, I won't thanks.  
BRENDAN. No, I'm grand thanks, Jack.  
JACK. Up early in the morning. Over to Conor Boland. He's over the other side of Carrick there. Has about fifteen fucking kids. Dirty bollocks. *(Brendan and Valerie laugh.)* And you should see her. Built like a fucking tractor. The head on her.  
BRENDAN. You're a terrible man.  
JACK. I've had my moments. *(Brendan looks at Valerie and shakes his head.)*  
VALERIE. Will you be in here again soon?  
JACK. Ah I'm always in and out. Got to keep the place afloat at least, you know?  
BRENDAN. *(Working.)* Don't mind him now, Valerie. Him and the Jimmy fella'll be fierce scarce around here the next few weeks.  
VALERIE. Why?  
BRENDAN. *(Stops work and lights a cigarette.)* All the Germans'll be coming and they love it in here.  
VALERIE. *(To Jack.)* You don't like that? *(Jack makes a face.)*

Brendan

BRENDAN. He thinks they're too noisy.  
JACK. See, you don't know what they do be saying or anything.  
BRENDAN. Him and Jimmy be sitting there at the bar with big sour pussies on them. Giving out like a couple of old grannies.  
JACK. Ah we're not that bad.  
BRENDAN. You're like a pair of bloody auld ones, you should see them.  
VALERIE. Where do you go instead?  
JACK. Ah, place down in Carrick, the Pot.  
BRENDAN. *(Derision.)* "The Pot", There does be just as many of them down there don't be coddling yourself.  
JACK. Ah no, it doesn't seem as bad down there, now.  
VALERIE. That's because this is your place.  
JACK. Now. You've hit it on the head. You see, Brendan, Valerie's defending us. It's out of respect for this place.  
BRENDAN. It is in my fucking Barney respect! The two of you leaving me standing behind that bar with my arms folded, picking my hole and not knowing what the hell is going on. And them playing all old sixties songs on their guitars. And they don't even know the words.  
And nothing for me to do except pull a few pints and watch the shadow from the Knock moving along the floor, with the sun going down. I'm like some fucking mender, I do be watching it! Watching it creeping up on the Germans. And they don't even notice it. I must be cracking up if that's my entertainment of an evening.  
JACK. Ah don't be moaning. I'll tell you what. If Valerie's willing to come in and brave the Germans, then I'm sure me and Jim'll come in and keep yous company, how's that now?  
BRENDAN. Oh you'll *grace* us with your ugly mashes, will you?  
JACK. Don't push it, boy. Ah sure, Jaysus, what am I talking about? Sure you'll have Finbar in here sniffing around Valerie every night anyway.  
VALERIE. Ah now stop. *(They laugh a little.)*  
JACK. He'll be like a fly on a big pile of shite, so he will. Jesus. That came out all wrong, didn't it?  
BRENDAN. No Jack. That was perfect. As usual.