

Mary McCarty Skit

Kevin Lee

Performers x 3

Paddy O'Reilly/Narrator

Mary McCarty

The Squire

Props

Green hat for Paddy

Tipperary market sign

(Morning at the Tipperary Market. Paddy is wandering around, when he sees the Squire).

Pad. "Top-o-th'-mornin' to ya Squire!"

Squ. "Puddy O'Roilly...it's a foine day to be at the markets!"

Mar. (passing) "Hello Gents!"

Squ. "Hello!"

Pad. "Hello Mary!"

Squ. "You know her lad?"

Pad. "Yes...that's Mary McCarty...she's my Girlfriend!"

Squ. "Ah...I didn't know that."

Pad. "No...shay doesn't oither...But oil let 'er in on our little secret some toime!"

Squ. "Ah Puddy...A bit of advice from age...tell 'er what's on y'r 'eart or you'll be poinin' awee...poinin' awee!"

Pad. "But what if she doesn't loike me?"

Squ. "Puddy...a foine boy loike you...she'll be fallin' at y'r fate!...You mark my words!"

Pad. "Well...okay Squire..." (Paddy hesitates).

Squ. (Nudges Paddy forward). "Go on lad!"

Pad. "Okay...okay...I will!" (Walks toward Mary muttering). "Loike a Lamb to the Slaughter...Hello Mary McCarty oim y'r Boyfriend. I mean..." (clears his throat). "Hello Mary McCarty..." (walks up to her). "Hello Mary McCarty...Oim...ahh...Puddy O'Roilly...I was jus' wunderin' if you'd been thinkin' 'bout havin' er...supper with me on Froidee?"

Mar. "Ah...where?"

Pad. "At moi place."

Mar. "Me 'usband takes a dim view o' them sorts o' carryings on!"

Pad. "What...you didn' tell me you was murried?"

Mar. "I didn' know I needed your permission?"

Pad. "No!...But forget it...an' not a word o' this to y'r 'usband!"

Mar. "Oil troi not to...but you'll never know what's comin' out o' me mouth at toimes."

Pad. "What?...I didn' mean no 'arm."

Mar. "I know Puddy...so he'll be koind to you...He'll pull y'r eyeballs out an' let them watch while 'e pulls everything else out!"

Pad. "What?...Well, what should I do?"

Mar. "You know where Scotland is?"

Pad. "I hate Scotland!"

Mar. "So does 'e...So you'll be safe there!"

Pad. "When should I leave?"

Mar. "Roit now'd be a good toime...you'll get a head start on 'im!"

Pad. "But I haven't had me supper yet?"

Mar. "It'll be y'r last supper if 'e catches you!"

Pad. "Well...Hello an' goodbye Mary McCarty!" (Walks to the Squire).

Squ. "So...how'd it go?"

Pad. "She's murried!"

Squ. "Oops!"

Pad. "Oops?. . . A bit of advice says you...Tell 'er what's on y'r 'eart says you...She'll fall at y'r fate says you...You've ruined me loife...Now I gotta skip th' country!"

Squ. "C'mon Puddy...It'll all blow over in toime!"

Pad. "Blow over?. . . Her 'usband's gonna pull me eyeballs out while I watches...I won't be able to show me face in town again...She'll tell everybody." (Turns his head to look at the Audience, and points at them). "See!...they're lookin' at me...she's told them already!...I've gotta get outta here...an' fast!" (Leaves).

Squ. (Looking around, holds his arm up). "Seamus! Seamus!. . . A foine day to be at the market!. . . A bit of advice for you Seamus..."
(Walks away).

Nar. "We all have to take risks in life, and taking a risk always involves an element of the unknown...To Paddy, it may seem like the end of the world...But those who take small risks, will win small, or lose small...While those who dare to attempt great things, will either triumph greatly, or lose greatly...To lose while attempting great things is no shame...But, to be too weak, and timid, to try...is never to have lived."

End

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