

THE SEARCH

CAST: Maeve: 30's
Mr. Lynch: 60's/70's

SYNOPSIS: Maeve is on a mission and desperately in search of something when Mr. Lynch, a kindly neighbour comes across her. Although he is unsure of what she is looking for, he recognises the importance of it and stays with Maeve while she searches. Will he be able to help her find it?

SETTING: At the local water pump in the village. There is a little wall and a bench beside it.

MAEVE is crawling up and down past the water pump on her hands and knees, very slowly with eyes cast down to the ground as if looking for something. Mr. Lynch walks in her direction and he stops as he sees her.

MR. LYNCH: Hi Maeve.

MAEVE: *(Distracted)* Oh. Hiya Mr. Lynch.

MR. LYNCH: Everything alright?

MAEVE: Yeah. Grand thanks.

MR. LYNCH: Are you sure?

MAEVE: Yeah, positive. Thanks.

MR. LYNCH: I hope it's not too cold down there?

MAEVE: No. It's fine.

MR. LYNCH: Right. *(Pause)* Are you sure you're okay?

MAEVE: Yeah. How's Mr's Lynch?

MR. LYNCH: Well, she's... she's...

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MAEVE: *(Clearly not listening)* Tell her I was asking for her will you?

MR. LYNCH: Well, she's only across the way there, inside.

MAEVE: Oh, yeah.

MR. LYNCH: You look like you've lost something. *(Pause)* I'm sorry Maeve.

MAEVE: It's fine.

MR. LYNCH: I meant you look like you've lost something here, just now. Not...

MAEVE: No. I haven't lost anything...here. I'm just... looking.

MR. LYNCH: Right. *(Pause)* It's a bit chilly.

MAEVE: Is it?

MR. LYNCH: It is.

MR. LYNCH: Have you...are you looking for something in particular?

MAEVE: Yes.

MR. LYNCH: And you think it's here?

MAEVE: I don't know. But it has to be somewhere.

MR. LYNCH: Why don't you take a break for a minute and keep an aul lad company eh?
My knees are in bits.

MAEVE: I have to keep looking Mr. Lynch.

MR. LYNCH: Of course you do love. Maybe I can help?

MAEVE: I don't think so. Sorry.

MR. LYNCH: Don't be. Any reason why you think it might be here?

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MAEVE: Yes.

MR. LYNCH: Right then. We best keep looking so. It wouldn't be on you by any chance?

MAEVE: What? (*looks down upon herself*) No. I don't think...why do you think it's on me?

MR. LYNCH: I don't know.

MAEVE: It's not on me.

MR. LYNCH: (*Pause*) Might you have thrown it out?

MAEVE: How could I have thrown it out if I haven't found it yet?

MR. LYNCH: Usually when my Maura has lost something, it's either on her or she's thrown it out. The amount of things I've had to rescue from the bin is ridiculous. And the things I didn't get to on time, I'm sure you could have a field day at the local dump thanks to my Maura.

MAEVE: (*Adamantly*) It's not in the bin.

MR. LYNCH: Manys a thing were lost and found in a bin.

MAEVE: Rubbish maybe. This is not rubbish. And it's not in a bin.

MR. LYNCH: (*Gently*) Sorry. (*Kneeling down to look*) Can you give me a clue as to...Aaghh!

MAEVE: Are you okay Mr. Lynch?

MR. LYNCH: These knees are banjaxed. They won't let me do anything I want.

MAEVE: Here, lean on me. (*Maeve helps him to the bench*)

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MR. LYNCH: Thanks Maeve love. *(They both sit)* You look frozen. Have you been out here long?

MAEVE: No.

MR. LYNCH: They were wondering where you were...inside.

MAEVE: I've been busy.

MR. LYNCH: You've been gone a while.

MAEVE: Well, there's a lot of places to look.

MR. LYNCH: I see. Could you narrow it down perhaps?

MAEVE: No. I have to look everywhere.

MR. LYNCH: That's a lot of places alright.

MAEVE: That's why I have to keep going.

MR. LYNCH: Right. Could you come back inside for a while and maybe start looking again tomorrow?

MAEVE: No. *(MAEVE stands to start looking again)*

MR. LYNCH: You'll have more time then.

MAEVE: You don't know that.

MR. LYNCH: What?

MAEVE: That I'll have more time.

MR. LYNCH: *(Considers this)* You're right. I don't.

MAEVE: Anyway. I might have a better chance of finding it in the dark.

MR. LYNCH: Do you think?

MAEVE: Maybe. I don't know.

MR. LYNCH: I see. Will you know when you find it?

MAEVE: I'll know.

MR. LYNCH: I've a torch on my phone if that would help...to look under any nooks or crannies.

MAEVE: I don't think a torch will help me. It's not like that.

MR. LYNCH: Ah...Maybe you'll find it so when you least expect it? You know what they say..."What's for you – "

MAEVE: "Won't go by you". (MAEVE *looks at* MR. LYNCH) That's what mam said.

MR. LYNCH: She was probably right.

MAEVE: Just last night. I couldn't sleep. Not properly. I kept waking with a jump. You know that falling feeling that you get? I tried to go back, but I couldn't. And I really wanted to because it's the only...but mam must have heard me shout. Or cry. She sat on the bed beside me and rubbed my head. I didn't have the heart to tell her to go. That I wanted to go back to sleep, to...

MR. LYNCH: (*Gently*) Maeve...

MAEVE: But she knew. That's why she stayed with me. Told me it wasn't helping going back to those dreams. That they were upsetting me. But I need to. Every time I go back it's so real. I'm right there with her and she smiles at me. Her beautiful, radiant smile and I know that if I can just reach out to

her I can... But then I fall...and wake up. And mam is there rubbing my head and she knows. She knows where I've been. She said I have to come back to reality, that my dreams won't change a thing.

MR. LYNCH: She may be right.

MAEVE: *(Shouting)* That's the whole point! Everything has changed! She just sat there rubbing my head. "What's done is done. What's for you won't go by you." But I wish it wasn't true. I wish it would go by you.

MR. LYNCH: I'm sorry love. *(Silence)* It was a...a very touching ceremony.

MAEVE: Was it?

MR. LYNCH: Yes.

MAEVE: I don't remember.

MR. LYNCH: It was.

MAEVE: Good. *(Pause)* Everyone's being looked after inside are they?

MR. LYNCH: They are. The usual suspects are all rallying around. My Maura included.

MAEVE: They're great bunch of ladies.

MR. LYNCH: They are.

MAEVE: Do you think...?

MR. LYNCH: What love?

MAEVE: No. I think it's here.

MR. LYNCH: Maybe it is.

MAEVE: This is the place you see.

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MR. LYNCH: What place is that?

MAEVE: In my dream. I keep coming back here.

MR. LYNCH: Ah.

MAEVE: It makes sense. She told me to come back to reality.

MR. LYNCH: And this is why you're looking for something here?

MAEVE: They used to come here together you see.

MR. LYNCH: I saw them manys a time.

MAEVE: They looked happy didn't they?

MR. LYNCH: Always.

MAEVE: They loved each other... like two peas in a pod!

MR. LYNCH: Ah sure she was always telling Maura about the light of her life.

MAEVE: I'm afraid...*(pause)* I'm afraid that I mightn't find it, because...because...

MR. LYNCH: Because?

MAEVE: Because she knew I wanted her to go and now she thinks I'm angry, or she feels guilty in some way.

MR. LYNCH: You can't be putting that on yourself love.

MAEVE: I am angry...but not with her.

MR. LYNCH: I'm sure she knows that.

MAEVE: Then why can't I find it?

MR. LYNCH: Maybe you will. In time.

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MAEVE: I don't have time! Last night, she rubbed my hair and stayed with me until I fell into a deep...nothing. There was nothing. The dream was gone.

MR. LYNCH: You needed a good sleep last night love. To get you through today.

MAEVE: If I can't go back there, I have to find it here. I can't do anything until I know that they're okay. That they're together...minding each other.

MR. LYNCH: I'm sure they're minding each other.

MAEVE: She always told me...she'd send me a sign. As soon as she could.

MR. LYNCH: Well...

MAEVE: I need to find it.

MR. LYNCH: I'm sure she will.

MAEVE: When? Why are they never together in my dreams?

MR. LYNCH: I don't know love. Maeve, Tony is worried about you in there. Would you not come in?

MAEVE: It's here. They always stopped here. Mam would have a rest on the bench and watch her playing by the pump.

MR. LYNCH: They were a sight to behold alright.

MAEVE: Balancing on the wall. Dancing beside her. Two peas in a pod.

MR. LYNCH: She was her little shadow.

MAEVE: I felt jealous sometimes. Is that wrong?

MR. LYNCH: They loved you. Do you know, whenever they popped up to see Maura it was Maeve this, and Maeve that and Mammy this and mammy that.

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MAEVE: Really?

MR. LYNCH: Really. Your mam was so proud of you. And as for the little one, well, there was no-one like her mammy.

MAEVE: Do you think they're together?

MR. LYNCH: Weren't they always?

MAEVE: I didn't think they'd go together.

MR. LYNCH: It was an awful accident.

MAEVE: I just...need to know.

MR. LYNCH: Maeve, you're freezing. Come in for just a while and let Tony know you're safe. You can keep looking wherever you go.

MAEVE: I can't. It has to be here.

MR. LYNCH: Your mam was right. What's for you won't go by you. There'll be signs of them everywhere you go.

MAEVE: Do you think?

MR. LYNCH: I do. They were all over the place today. In the pub there, they were telling your mams dirty jokes...I swear we could hear her raucous laugh in the room with them! (MAEVE *laughs*) And when Tony smiles...well, that's your little one right there.

MAEVE: She has his smile. Her beautiful smile.

MR. LYNCH: Come on. (*They start to walk off. MAEVE stops and turns to MR. LYNCH*)

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MAEVE: If I go now...it means they're really gone.

MR. LYNCH: It does.

MAEVE: I don't think I'm ready.

MR. LYNCH: I know love.

MAVE: I just need to...sit. Just for a minute.

MAEVE sits on the bench. MR. Lynch sits quietly beside her.

THE END

