SAMUEL FRENCH SAMPLE PERUSAL

This sample is an *excerpt* from a Samuel French title.

This sample is for perusal only and may not be used for performance purposes.

You may not download, print, or distribute this excerpt.

We highly recommend purchasing a copy of the title before considering for performance.

For more information about licensing or about purchasing a play or musical, please visit our website.

www.samuelfrench.com
www.samuelfrench.co.uk

SF PERUSALS

Samuel French Acting Edition

The Freedom of the City

A Play in Two Acts

by Brian Friel

SAMUEL FRENCH

SAMUELFRENCH.COM SAMUELFRENCH.CO.UK

Copyright © 1973, 1974 by Brian Friel
All Rights Reserved

THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America, the British Commonwealth, including Canada, and all other countries of the Copyright Union. All rights, including professional and amateur stage productions, recitation, lecturing, public reading, motion picture, radio broadcasting, television and the rights of translation into foreign languages are strictly reserved.

ISBN 978-0-573-60915-2

www.SamuelFrench.com
www.SamuelFrench.co.uk

FOR PRODUCTION ENQUIRIES

UNITED STATES AND CANADA
Info@SamuelFrench.com
1-866-598-8449

UNITED KINGDOM AND EUROPE
Plays@SamuelFrench.co.uk
020-7255-4302

Each title is subject to availability from Samuel French, depending upon country of performance. Please be aware that *THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY* may not be licensed by Samuel French in your territory. Professional and amateur producers should contact the nearest Samuel French office or licensing partner to verify availability.

CAUTION: Professional and amateur producers are hereby warned that *THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY* is subject to a licensing fee. Publication of this play(s) does not imply availability for performance. Both amateurs and professionals considering a production are strongly advised to apply to Samuel French before starting rehearsals, advertising, or booking a theatre. A licensing fee must be paid whether the title(s) is presented for charity or gain and whether or not admission is charged. Professional/Stock licensing fees are quoted upon application to Samuel French.

No one shall make any changes in this title(s) for the purpose of production. No part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means, now known or yet to be invented, including mechanical, electronic, photocopying, recording, videotaping, or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the publisher. No one shall upload this title(s), or part of this title(s), to any social media websites.

For all enquiries regarding motion picture, television, and other media rights, please contact Samuel French.

Please refer to page 83 for further copyright information.

THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY was first presented in the United States at the Goodman Theatre Center, Chicago, Illinois. The director was William Woodman, the setting by David Jenkins, costumes by Alicia Finkel, and lighting by F. Mitchell Dana.

CAST OF CHARACTERS
(In Order of Speaking)

POLICE CONSTABLE ..... *Charles W. Noel*

JUDGE ..... *Maurice D. Copeland*

DR. DOBBS, *an American Sociologist* .. *David Whitaker*

SKINNER ..... *Lenny Baker*

LILY ..... *Frances Hyland*

MICHAEL ..... *Allan Carlsen*

SOLDIERS .... *Timothy Himes, Ian Williams, Tim Oman*

LIAM O'KELLY, Radio Telefis Eireann Commentator ..... *Frank Miller*

BARKEEP ..... *Charles W. Noel*

BALLADEER ..... *Robert Swan*

PRIEST ..... *Fred Michaels*

PRESSMEN ..... *Timothy Himes, Ian Williams*

ARMY PRESS OFFICER ..... *Stephen Parr*

BRIGADIER JOHNSON-HANSBURY ..... *Tony Mockus*

DR. WINBOURNE, *Army Forensic Expert* .. *James Miller*

PROFESSOR CUPPLEY, Pathologist ..... *Edward Meekin*

The play was presented at the Alvin Theatre, New York City, by Konrad Matthaei and Hale Matthews on February 17, 1974, with the same director and designers, and the following changes from the Chicago cast:

POLICE CONSTABLE ..... *Edward Holmes*

DR. DOBBS ..... *Joe Ponazecki*

LILY ..... *Kate Reid*

SOLDIERS ..... *J. Kenneth Campbell, Reno Roop*

LIAM O'KELLY ..... *Gordon Gould*

BARKEEP ..... *Howard Honig*

PRIEST ..... *Henderson Forsythe*

PRESSMEN ..... *Reno Roop, William Bogert*

ARMY PRESS OFFICER ..... *J. Kenneth Campbell*

BRIGADIER JOHNSON-HANSBURY ..... *William Bogert*

DR. WINBOURNE ..... *Howard Honig*

PROFESSOR CUPPLEY ..... *Edward Holmes*

CHARACTERS

LILY is 43. She has 11 children and her body has long since settled into its own comfortable contours. But poverty and child-bearing have not completely obliterated the traces of early prettiness.

SKINNER is 21. Very lean, very tense, very restless. He is described as 'glib' but the adjective is less than just. A quick volatile mind driving a lean body.

MICHAEL is 22. Strong, regular features but not handsome.

PRESS PHOTOGRAPHER

PRIEST

JUDGE

POLICE CONSTABLE

DR. DOBBS—Sociologist

BALLAD SINGER

BRIGADIER JOHNSON HANSBURY

ARMY PRESS OFFICER

DR. WINBOURNE—Forensic expert

PROFESSOR CUPPLEY—Pathologist

LIAM O'KELLY—RTE Commentator

SOLDIERS, REPORTERS, BARKEEP

TIME: 1970

PLACE: Derry City, Northern Ireland.

THE SET

The Mayor's parlour in the Guildhall takes up almost the entire stage. However, stage left and behind it is a section of the stone wall which borders Guildhall Square. There is an archway entrance through this wall up left and a short section of buttress and fence extends out from it at the extreme left. The top of the wall has a railing and is obviously accessible as a promenade. There are bits of rubble and barbed wire scattered about.

Down right is a small platform for the Judge. It contains a desk, a swivel chair and a microphone on a stand.

The parlour is on the main floor of a neo-gothic building. One doorway up right leads to a dressing-room off. Another doorway left opens to the exterior. A stained glass window upstage looks out on Guildhall Square and dominates the room.

The furnishings are solid and dated, the atmosphere heavy and staid. The walls and doors of the parlour are oak paneled.

A large desk with a leather covered top and ornate fittings. A glass display cabinet. An old-fashioned radiogram on top of which sits a vase of artificial flowers.

On one side of the door leading to the dressing-room stands a Union Jack flag. On the other side a large portrait of a forgotten civic dignitary.

A grand baroque chair for the Mayor; two upright carved chairs for his guests; an upholstered stool downstage.

In the "fourth wall" right is an imaginary "door" leading to the corridor; left is an imaginary "mirror." These are both indicated by the actors' business, but never touched or mimed.

NOTE: For easy reference the play has been divided into 17 scenes called: 1-A, 1, 2-A, 2, etc., through 9-A. The "A" scenes precede their numbered counterparts and take place outside of the Guildhall. The numbered scenes all deal directly with our three principal characters and take place inside the Mayor's Parlour.

The Freedom of the City

ACT ONE

*As the House Lights go out, we hear a clock tower chime the four quarter-hours, then strike six o'clock. As the stage lights illuminate the apron in cold blue light, we hear the distant wail of an ambulance siren. Three bodies lie grotesquely across the front of the stage—*SKINNER *Stage Left,* LILY *Center,* MICHAEL *Stage Right.*

A PHOTOGRAPHER, *crouching for fear of being shot, runs on from Right and very hastily and very nervously photographs the corpses—*SKINNER *first, then* LILY, *then* MICHAEL. *His flash bulb lights up the stage each time, and a pool of light surrounds each corpse in turn. When he has photographed* MICHAEL, *a* PRIEST *enters Right, crouching like the photographer and holding a white handkerchief above his head. He gets down on his knees beside* MICHAEL *and hastily blesses him and mumbles a prayer in his ear. He then moves on to* LILY *and to* SKINNER *and goes through the same ritual with each in turn during the following scene.*

When the PHOTOGRAPHER *has taken his photo of* LILY, *he exits Up Left. The lights snap on Right and Left, picking up the* JUDGE *at his desk and microphone Right, and a police* CONSTABLE *Left. The* CONSTABLE *is wearing dark glasses and refers to his notebook. The* JUDGE *takes notes. The* JUDGE *is English, in his early sixties; a quick fussy man with a testy manner.*

SCENE 1-A

CONSTABLE. Hegarty, my lord.

JUDGE. Speak up, Constable, please.

CONSTABLE. Hegarty, my lord.

JUDGE. Yes.

POLICEMAN. Michael Joseph. Unmarried. Unemployed. Lived with his parents.

JUDGE. Age?

POLICEMAN. 22 years, my lord.

JUDGE. Was the deceased known to you personally, Constable? (THREE SOLDIERS *in full combat uniform run on from right. Two of them grab* MICHAEL *by the hands and drag him off right while a third, tense and scared, covers them with his rifle. As they move him the pool of light in which he was lying goes out.*)

POLICEMAN. No, my lord.

JUDGE. And when you arrived at the body, did you discover any firearms on his person or adjacent to his person?

POLICEMAN. I wasn't the first to get there, my lord.

JUDGE. Would you answer my question?

POLICEMAN. I personally saw no arms, my lord.

JUDGE. Thank you. (*The* PRIEST *moves to* LILY.)

POLICEMAN. Doherty. Elizabeth. Married. Aged 43 years.

JUDGE. Occupation?

POLICEMAN. Housewife. Also a cleaning woman. Deceased lived with her family in a condemned property behind the old railway—a warehouse that was converted into eight flats and—

JUDGE. We are not conducting a social survey, Constable. Was the deceased known to you? (*A* SOLDIER *returns and drags* LILY *off right by the coat collar. Another covers him as before. Her pool of light goes out.*)

POLICEMAN. No, my lord.

JUDGE. And did you discover any firearms on her person or adjacent to her person?

POLICEMAN. I wasn't the first on the scene, my lord.

JUDGE. I am aware of that, Constable.

POLICEMAN. I saw no weapons, my lord. (*The* PRIEST *moves on to* SKINNER.)

POLICEMAN. Fitzgerald. Adrian Casimir.

JUDGE. Pardon? (*The* SOLDIERS *return; one covers them while the other drags* SKINNER *off up left. The* SOLDIER *with the rifle picks up a ceremonial hat which was lying beside the body. The pool of light goes out. The* PRIEST *follows.*)

POLICEMAN. Fitzgerald—

JUDGE. I've got that.

POLICEMAN. Adrian Casimir.

JUDGE. Yes.

POLICEMAN. Aged 21. Single. No fixed address.

JUDGE. You mean he wasn't native to the city?

POLICEMAN. He was, my lord. But he moved about a lot. And we haven't been able to trace any relatives.

JUDGE. Had the deceased a profession or a trade?

POLICEMAN. No, my lord.

JUDGE. Was he bearing any firearms—when you got to him?

POLICEMAN. Not when I got to him, my lord.

JUDGE. And was he known to you personally, Constable B?

POLICEMAN. Yes, my lord.

JUDGE. As a terrorist?

POLICEMAN. He had been in trouble many times, my lord. Petty larceny, disorderly behaviour—that sort of thing.

JUDGE. I see. Thank you, Constable. (*Lights go out on the* CONSTABLE, *who exits left.*) I should explain that I have permitted soldiers and policemen to give evidence under pseudonyms so that they may not expose themselves to the danger of reprisal. And before we adjourn for lunch, may I repeat once more and make abundantly clear once more my words of this first day: that this tribunal of enquiry, appointed by Her Majesty's govern-

ment, is in no sense a court of justice. Our only function is to form an objective view of the events which occurred in the City of Londonderry, Northern Ireland, on the tenth day of February, 1970, when after a civil rights meeting British troops opened fire and three civilians lost their lives. It is essentially a fact-finding exercise; and our concern and our only concern is with that period of time when these three people came together, seized possession of a civic building, and openly defied the security forces. The facts we garner over the coming days may indicate that the deceased were callous terrorists who had planned to seize the Guildhall weeks before the events of February 10; or the facts may indicate that the misguided scheme occurred to them on that very day while they listened to revolutionary speeches. But whatever conclusion may seem to emerge, it must be understood that it is none of our function to make moral judgements, and I would ask the media to bear this in mind. We will resume at two-thirty. (*He leaves. Lights go out on the* JUDGE'S *platform.*)

(DR. DODDS *walks on from right into a lighted area down right, and addresses the audience. An American Professor with an informal manner.*)

DODDS. Good evening. My name is Philip Alexander Dobbs. I'm a sociologist and my field of study is inherited poverty or the culture of poverty or more accurately the subculture of poverty. And since I'll be using these terms off and on, let me explain what I mean by them. I'm talking about those people who are at the very bottom of the socio-economic scale and more specifically about their distinctive way of life—a way of life which is common to ghetto or slum communities all over the Western world and which is transmitted from generation to generation. And the first thing to be said about this culture or way of life is that it has two aspects: it is an adaptation of the poor to their marginal position

in a class-structured, highly individuated, capitalistic society; and it is also their method of reacting against that society. And once it comes into existence—this way of life, this culture—it tends to perpetuate itself from generation to generation because of its effect on the children. Because by the time children are six or seven they have usually taken on the basic values and attitudes of their subculture and aren't psychologically geared to take advantage of changing conditions or increased opportunities that may occur in their lifetime.

(*Suddenly all sounds are drowned out by the roar of approaching tanks. Their noise is deafening and fills the whole auditorium. They stop and we hear the sounds of a crowd screaming in panic and confusion. Then over this we hear the voice of a woman:*—)

WOMAN'S VOICE. Stand your ground! Don't move! Don't panic! This is your city! This is your city! (*The sound of the crowd subsides a bit and we realize that* DODDS *has been speaking through all of this, quite oblivious to it all:*—)

DODDS. People with a culture of poverty are provincial and locally oriented and have very little sense of history. They know only their own troubles, their own neighbourhood, their own local conditions, their own way of life; but they don't have the knowledge or the vision or the ideology to see that their problems are also the problems of the poor in the ghettos of New York and London and Paris and Dublin—in fact all over the Western world. To give you some examples: they share a hatred of the police and a mistrust of government, and very often a cynicism to the church. And any movement—trade union, religious, civil rights, pacifist, revolutionary—any movement which gives them this objectivity, organizes them, gives them real hope, promotes solidarity, such a movement inevitably destroys the psychological and social core of the mould, even though they may still be desperately poor. (DODDS *goes off right.*)

(*The stage goes dark for an instant. Then there is an explosion off left and the lights come up on the exterior of the Guildhall. There are large quantities of smoke—CS gas—around the wall and archway,* MICHAEL *staggers on stage left. He has been blinded by the gas, can scarcely breathe, and is retching. He blunders against the short section of fence stage left, and tries to climb over it. He hangs there choking. Then* LILY *enters through the archway. She too, is affected by the gas, but not as badly as* MICHAEL. *She holds a handkerchief to her streaming eyes and her free hand is extended in front of her, feeling her way along the arched entrance. An explosion goes off just behind her and she moves away from the arch and downstage.* SKINNER *enters from right at a full run. He has been caught by a water-cannon—the upper half of his body is soaked. He passes the downstage corner of the set, brushes past* LILY *who is next to the fence, and heads upstage for the archway. Another explosion makes him retreat from the archway. He discovers the door into the parlour and flings it open. He glances inside and then calls to* LILY.)

SCENE 1

SKINNER. Hi! Missus! There's a place up here!

LILY. Where?

SKINNER. Up here! Come on! Quick! Quick!

LILY. Give me a hand, young fella. You'll have to lead me. (*He runs down to her, grabs her arm, and drags her roughly upstage.*)

SKINNER. Come on—come on—come on! Move, will you!? Move!

LILY. No need to pull the arm off me.

SKINNER. In here. Quick. Watch the step. Did you get a dose of the CS gas?

LILY. D'you think I'm playing blind-man's-bluff? God,

you're a rough young fella, too. My good coat! Mother of God, will you watch my good coat!

SKINNER. I should have left you to the soldiers.

LILY. They'd be no thicker nor you.

SKINNER. D'you want to go back to them, then?

LILY. Don't be so damned smart.

SKINNER. There's a chair behind you.

LILY. I can manage myself. (*She drops into a chair and covers her face with both hands,* SKINNER *closes the door and starts to lock it.*) O my God, that's sore on the eyes. There's someone else back there.

SKINNER. Where?

LILY. Just outside. (SKINNER *rushes out of the room.*) Where's this, young fella? Whose house is this? (SKINNER *finds* MICHAEL *hanging from the fence and pulls him down.* MICHAEL *falls.*)

SKINNER. Come on! Get up! They're going wild out there! (MICHAEL *groans.*) Are you hurt? Did you get a rubber bullet?

MICHAEL. Gas.

SKINNER. You're okay. Come on. You can't lie here. Can you walk?

MICHAEL. Leave me. (*There is a sudden burst of rubber bullets.* SKINNER *and* MICHAEL *fall flat on their faces until the burst is over. Then* SKINNER *picks him up by the back of the coat and half drags, half carries him up to the door and into the parlour, as several more explosions go off. He drops him in the middle of the room and runs back to the door, closes it and locks it. As they enter,* LILY *uncovers her eyes momentarily.*)

LILY. I just thought it was a young fella. Is he hurted bad? (*After locking the door,* SKINNER *moves around the room, examining it with quick, lithe efficiency.*)

SKINNER. No.

LILY. (*To* MICHAEL.) Did you get a thump of a baton, young fella?

SKINNER. Gas.

LILY. Maybe he got a rubber bullet in the stomach.

SKINNER. Only gas.

LILY. He might be bleeding internal.

SKINNER. Gas! Are you deaf?

LILY. I like to see the blood. As long as you can see the blood there's always hope.

SKINNER. He'll come round.

LILY. I seen a policeman split a young fella with a baton one Saturday evening on Shipquay Street. His head opened like an orange and the blood spurted straight up—you know, like them pictures you see of whales, only it was red. And at twelve Mass the next day who was sitting in the seat in front of me but your man, fresh as a bap, and the neatest wee plaster from here to here, and him as proud of his-self. (MICHAEL *gets himself into a sitting position on the floor.*)

MICHAEL. Aaaaagh.

LILY. Are you alright, young fella?

MICHAEL. I think so.

LILY. (*To* SKINNER.) I was afeared by the way he was twisting, the kidneys was lacerated.

MICHAEL. That's desperate stuff.

LILY. It's a help if you cross your legs and breathe shalla.

MICHAEL. God—that's awful.

LILY. Did you walk into it or what?

MICHAEL. A canister burst right at my feet.

LILY. You should have threw your jacket over it. They come on us very sudden, didn't they?

MICHAEL. I don't know what happened.

LILY. What got into them anyway?

SKINNER. Did no one tell you the march was banned?

LILY. I knew the march was banned.

SKINNER. Did you expect them to give you tea at the end of it?

LILY. I didn't expect them to drive their tanks through us and shoot gas and rubber bullets into us, young fella. It's a mercy to God if no one's hurted. (*To* MICHAEL.) Where were you standing?

MICHAEL. Beside the platform. Just below the speakers.

LILY. I was at the back of the crowd, beside wee Johnny Duffy—you know—the window-cleaner—Johnny the Tumbler—and I'm telling him what the speakers is saying 'cos he hears hardly anything now since he fell off the ladder the last time. And I'm just after telling him "The streets is ours and nobody's going to move us" when I turn round and Jesus, Mary and Joseph, there's this big Saracen right behind me. Of course I took to my heels. And when I look back there's Johnny the Tumbler standing there with his fists in the air and him shouting, "The streets is ours and nobody's going to move us!" And you could hardly see him below the Saracen. Lord, the chairman'll enjoy that. (MICHAEL *leans against the stool down center and breathes deeply.*) Are you better?

MICHAEL. I'm alright.

LILY. Maybe you concussed yourself when you fell. If you feel yourself getting drowsy, shout "Help! Help!"

MICHAEL. I'm fine.

LILY. D'you know what they say? That the CS gas is a sure cure for stuttering. Would you believe that, young fella? That's why Celia Cunningham across from us drags her wee Colm Damien into the thick of every riot from here to Strabane and him not seven till next May. (MICHAEL *coughs again. She offers him a handkerchief.*) Here.

MICHAEL. Thanks.

LILY. Cough hard.

MICHAEL. I'm fine.

LILY. If you don't get it up, it seeps down through the lungs and into the corpuscles.

MICHAEL. I'm over the worst of it.

LILY. Every civil rights march Minnie McLaughlin goes on—she's the floor above me—she wears a miraculous medal pinned on her vest. Swears to God it's better nor a gas-mask. (MACHAEL *chokes again, almost retches.*) Good on you, young fella. Keep it rising. Anyways, last

Wednesday week Minnie got hit on the leg with a rubber bullet and now she pretends she has a limp and the young fellas call her Che Guevara. If God hasn't said it, she'll be looking for a pension from the Dublin crowd. (SKINNER'S *inspection is now complete—and he realizes where he is. He bursts into sudden laughter—a mixture of delight and excitement and malice.*)

SKINNER. Haaaaaaaaah! (*Still laughing, he jumps up on the desk, then down again in pursuit of* LILY *who takes refuge behind the cocktail cabinet.*)

LILY. Jesus, Mary and Joseph!

SKINNER. Haaaaaaah!

LILY. The young fella's a patent lunatic!

SKINNER. Haaaaaaah!

LILY. Keep away from me, young fella! (SKINNER *goes right to her and they do a tug-of-war over the cocktail cabinet.*)

SKINNER. Do you know where you are, Missus?

LILY. Just you lay one finger on me!

SKINNER. Do you know where you're sitting?

LILY. I'm warning you!

SKINNER. Look around—look around—look around. (SKINNER *swings them*—LILY *and the cocktail cabinet—in a full circle.*) Where are you? Where do you find yourself this Saturday afternoon? (*To both.*) Guess—come on—guess—guess—guess. Ten-to-one you'll never hit it. Fifty-to-one. A hundred-to-one.

MICHAEL. Where?

SKINNER. Where, missus, where?

LILY. How would I know?

SKINNER. I'll tell you where you are.

MICHAEL. Where?

SKINNER. You. Are. Inside. The Guildhall.

LILY. We are not!

SKINNER. In fact, you're in the Mayor's parlour.

LILY. You're a liar!

SKINNER. The holy of holies itself!

LILY. Have a bit of sense, young fella. What would we be doing in—

SKINNER. Look around! Look around!

MICHAEL. How did we get in?

SKINNER. By the side door.

MICHAEL. It's always guarded.

SKINNER. The soldiers must have moved into the Square to break up the meeting. (*To* LILY.) When the trouble started you must have run down Guildhall Street.

LILY. How would I know where I run? I followed the crowd.

SKINNER. (*To* MICHAEL.) You did the same.

MICHAEL. After the canister burst I don't know what happened.

LILY. So we just walked in?

SKINNER. By the side door and in here. Into the private parlour of His Worship, the Lord Mayor of Londonderry. (*He flings a cushion in the air.*) Yipeeeeeeee! (LILY *and* MICHAEL *stand gazing around as the lights shift.*)

(*There are now two light areas left and right and in each is a* SOLDIER *with a portable radio unit on his back.*)

SCENE 2-A

SOLDIER No. 1. Blue Star to Eagle. Blue Star to Eagle.

SOLDIER No. 2. Eagle receiving. Come in, Blue Star.

SOLDIER No. 1. The fucking yobos are inside the fucking Guildhall!

SOLDIER No. 2. Jesus!

SOLDIER No. 1. What the fuck am I supposed to do?

SOLDIER No. 2. How did they get in?

SOLDIER No. 1. On fucking roller skates—how would I know!?

SOLDIER No. 2. How many of them?

SOLDIER No. 1. No idea. The side door's wide open.

SOLDIER No. 2. What's your position, Blue Star?

SOLDIER No. 1. Guildhall Street. At the junction of the quay. What am I to do?

SOLDIER No. 2. Hold that position.

SOLDIER No. 1. Fucking great! For how long?

SOLDIER No. 2. Until you're reinforced.

SOLDIER No. 1. Thanks, mate!

SOLDIER No. 2. Do not attempt to enter or engage.

SOLDIER No. 1. Okay.

SOLDIER No. 2. I'll get back to you in a few minutes. (*Their lights go out and they exit.*)

(*A Television newsman,* LIAM O'KELLY *appears on top of the wall as a cameraman appears below him.*)

O'KELLY. I am standing on the walls overlooking Guildhall Square in Derry where only a short time ago a civil rights meeting, estimated at about three thousand strong, was broken up by a large contingent of police and troops. There are no reports of serious casualties but unconfirmed reports are coming in that a group of about fifty armed gunmen have taken possession of the Guildhall here below me and have barricaded themselves in. If the reports are accurate, and if the Guildhall, regarded by the minority as a symbol of Unionist domination, has fallen into the hands of the Terrorists, both the Security forces and the Stormont government will be acutely embarrassed. Brigadier Johnson-Hansbury who was in charge of today's elaborate security operation has, so far, refused to confirm or deny the report. No comment either from the Chief Superintendent of Derry's Royal Ulster Constabulary. But usually reliable spokesmen from the Bogside insist that the story is accurate, and already small groups are gathering at street corners within the ghetto area to celebrate, as one of them put it to me, "the fall of the Bastille." This is Liam O'Kelly returning you to our studios in Dublin.

(*As he finishes, the lights shift and a* BARKEEP *enters right.*)

BARKEEP. Oh, you liked that, did you! Well now we've got a special treat for you: Paddy O'Donnel is going to sing for you a song he just composed about our lads down in the Guildhall. Let's give him a warm welcome! Paddy O'Donnel—our wild colonial boy! (PADDY—*the* BALLADIER—*comes reeling on from right. The* BARKEEP *exits and, to the tune of* John Brown's Body *played on an accordion, the* BALLADEER *sings.*)

BALLADEER. (*To the audience.*) Now listen careful—I'll be askin' you all to join in on the chorus. (*Sings.*)

A hundred Irish heroes one February day
Took over Derry's Guildhall, beside old Derry's quay.
They defied the British Army, they defied the R.U.C.
They showed the crumblin' empire what good Irishmen could be.
(*Spoken.*) Here it is now! (*Sung.*)
Three cheers and then three cheers again for Ireland one and free.
For civil rights and unity, Tone, Pearse and Connelly.
The Mayor of Derry City is an Irishman once more.
So let's celebrate our victory and let Irish whiskey pour.

The British Army's leader was a gentle English lad.
If he beat the dirty paddies, they might make him a lord.
So he whispered to his Tommies: 'Fix 'em chaps, I'll see you right.'
But the lads inside the Guildhall shouted back, 'Come on and fight.'
(*Spoken.*) Sing it now! (*Sung.*)
Three cheers and then three cheers again for Ireland one and free.
For civil rights and unity, Tone, Pearse and Connelly.
The Mayor of Derry City is an Irishman once more.
So lets celebrate our victory and let Irish whiskey pour.
(*Spoken.*) One more time! (*Sung.*)

Three cheers and then three cheers again for Ireland
one and free.
For civil rights and unity, Tone, Pearse and Connelly.
The Mayor of Derry City is an Irishman once more.
So let's celebrate our victory and let Irish whiskey pour.
(*He bows his way off right as lights shift back to the interior of the Guildhall.*)

(MICHAEL *begins to move around the parlour silently, deferentially.* LILY *stands very still; only her eyes move.* SKINNER *watches her closely. Pause.*)

SCENE 2

MICHAEL. Christ Almighty—the mayor's parlour! (*Silence.*) I was here once before. I don't mean in here—in his public office—the one down the corridor. Three years ago—that bad winter—they were taking on extra men to clear away the snow, and my father said maybe if I went straight to the top and asked himself . . . That public office, it's nice enough. But, my God, this . . . (*Silence.*)

LILY. We shouldn't be here.

MICHAEL. God, it's very impressive.

LILY. No place for us.

MICHAEL. God, it's beautiful, isn't it?

SKINNER. (*To* LILY.) Isn't it beautiful? (LILY *still has not moved. She points.*)

LILY. What's that?

SKINNER. Record player and radio.

LILY. And that?

SKINNER. Cocktail cabinet. What'll you have, Missus?

LILY. What's in that yoke? (SKINNER *tries to open the top of the display cabinet.*)

SKINNER. Locked. But we'll soon fix that. (*He produces a penknife and deftly forces the lock.*)

MICHAEL. Feel the door handles. Real oak. And brass. And feel the walls. The very best of stuff. (SKINNER *takes*

out a ceremonial sword and an ancient pistol, each with a descriptive brass label attached.)

SKINNER. This is a "14th Century ceremonial sword with jewelled handle and silver tip." How are you off for swords, Missus?

MICHAEL. Feel the carpet. Like a mattress.

SKINNER. And this is a "Pistol used by Williamite garrison besieged by Jacobite army. 1691."

LILY. Who's that?

SKINNER. (*Reads.*) Sir Joshua Hetherington, M.B.E., V.M.H., S.H.I.T. Is he a mate of yours?

LILY. I was thinking it wasn't the Sacred Heart. (MICHAEL *holds out the cigaret box from the desk.*)

MICHAEL. Feel the weight of that—pure silver. And look—look—real leather—run your hand over it. (*Desk top.*)

SKINNER. We'll have to sign the Distinguished Visitors' Book, Missus. Are you distinguished?

LILY. What's in there? (MICHAEL, *awe-stricken, backs out of the dressing room.*)

MICHAEL. Wardrobes — toilet — wash-hand basin — shower. Pink and black tiles all round. And the taps are gold and made like fishes' heads. (*Closes door.*) God, it's very impressive. Isn't it impressive, Missus?

SKINNER. Isn't it, Missus?

LILY. It's alright.

SKINNER. Two pounds deposit against breakages and it's yours for ten bob a week. Or maybe you don't like the locality, Missus?

LILY. Mrs. Doherty's the name, young fella, Mrs. Lily Doherty.

SKINNER. Are you not impressed, Lily? (MICHAEL *reads the inscription below the stained-glass window.*)

MICHAEL. "Presented to the citizens of Londonderry by the Honourable The Irish Society to commemorate the visit of King Edward VII, July, 1903."

SKINNER. That's our window, Lily. How would it look in your parlour?

MICHAEL. I read about the Honourable The Irish Society. They're big London businessmen and big bankers and they own most of the ground in the city.

LILY. This room's bigger than my whole place.

SKINNER. Have you no gold taps and tiled walls?

LILY. There's one tap and one toilet below in the yard —and they're for eight families.

SKINNER. By God, you'll sign no distinguished visitors' book, Lily.

LILY. And I'll tell you something, glib boy: if this place was mine, I'd soon cover them ugly bare boards . . . (*The oak walls.*) . . . with nice pink gloss paint that you could wash the dirt off, and I'd put decent glass you could see through into them gloomy windows, and I'd shift Joe Stalin there . . . (*Sir Joshua.*) . . . and I'd put a nice flight of them brass ducks up along that wall. (SKINNER *and* MICHAEL *both laugh.*)

SKINNER. You're a woman of taste, Lily Doherty.

LILY. And since this is my first time here and since you . . . (Skinner) . . . seem to be the caretaker, the least you might do is offer a drink to a ratepayer. (*She sits—taking possession.* MICHAEL *laughs.*)

MICHAEL. The Mayor's parlour—God Almighty!

LILY. (*To* MICHAEL.) And will you quit creeping about, young fella, as if you were doing the Stations of the Cross.

MICHAEL. I never thought I'd be in here.

LILY. Well, now you are. Sit down and stop trembling like Gavigan's greyhound.

SKINNER. What'll you have, Lily?

LILY. What have you got?

SKINNER. Whiskey — gin — rum — sherry — brandy — vodka—

MICHAEL. Ah now, hold on.

SKINNER. What?

MICHAEL. Do you think you should?

SKINNER. What?

MICHAEL. Touch any of that stuff.

SKINNER. Why not?

MICHAEL. Well, I mean to say, it's not ours and we weren't invited here and—

LILY. Lookat, young fella: since it was the British troops driv me off my own streets and deprived me of my sight and vision for a good quarter of an hour the least the corporation can do is placate me with one wee drink. (*Grandly, to* SKINNER.) I think I favour a little port wine, young fella, if you insist. (MICHAEL *comes out of the dressing room giggling—a bit hysterically.*)

MICHAEL. Honest to God, this is mad, really mad—sitting in the Mayor's parlour on a Saturday afternoon—bloody mad.

LILY. What do they call you, young fella?

MICHAEL. Michael.

LILY. Michael what?

MICHAEL. Michael Hegarty.

LILY. What Hegarty are you?

MICHAEL. I'm from the Brandywell.

LILY. Jack Hegarty's son?

MICHAEL. Tommy. My father used to be in the slaughter-house—before it closed down.

LILY. Are you working?

MICHAEL. I was a clerk with a building contractor but he went bust six months ago. And before that I was an assistant storeman in the distillery but then they were taken over. And now my father's trying to get me into the gas-works. My father and the foreman's mates. And in the meantime, I'm going to the tec. four nights a week—you know—to improve myself. I'm doing economics and business administration and computer science.

LILY. You must be smart, young fella.

MICHAEL. I don't know about that. But I'm a lot luckier than my father was. And since that North Sea discovery there's a big future in gas. They can't even guess how big the industry's going to grow.

SKINNER. But you'll be ready to meet the challenge; wise man. Are you smart, Lily?

LILY. Me? I never could do nothing right at school except carry round the roll books. And when the inspector would come they used to lock me in the cloakroom with the Mad Mulligans. Lucky for my wanes the chairman's got the brains.

SKINNER. Mr. Hegarty?

MICHAEL. What?

SKINNER. A drink.

MICHAEL. I don't think I should. I think—

SKINNER. Suit yourself.

LILY. (*To* MICHAEL.) Are you a victim?

MICHAEL. What?

LILY. To the drink.

MICHAEL. No, no, no. It's just that there's no one here and it's not ours and—

LILY. Will you take one drink and don't be such an aul woman! (*To* SKINNER.) Give him a drink, young fella.

MICHAEL. A very small whiskey then.

LILY. Michael's a nice name. I have a Michael. He's seven. Next to Gloria. She's six. And then Timothy—he's three. And then the baby—he's eleven months—Mark Anthony. Everyone of them sound of mind and limb, thanks be to God. And that includes our Declan—he's nine—though he's not as forward as the others—you know—not much for mixing; a wee bit quiet—you know—nothing more nor shyness and sure he'll soon grow out of that, won't he? They all say Declan's the pet. And praise be to Almighty God, not one of them has the chairman's chest. D'you see his chest, young fella? Ask him to carry the water or the coal up the three flights from the yard and you'd think Hurricane Debbie was coming at you. And give him just wan whiff of the stuff we got the day and before you'd blink he'd be life everlasting.

MICHAEL. Five children?

LILY. Five? God look to your wit! Eleven, young fella.

Eight boys and three girls. And they come like a pattern on wallpaper: two boys, a girl, two boys, a girl, two boys, a girl, two boys. If I had have made the dozen, it would have been a wee girl, wouldn't it?

MICHAEL. I—I—it—

LILY. And I would have called her Jasmine—that a gorgeous yalla flower—I seen it once in a wreath up in the cemetery the day they buried Andy Boyle's wife. But after Mark Anthony the chairman hadn't a puff left in him. (SKINNER *hands round the drinks.*)

SKINNER. Compliments of the city.

LILY. Hi! What happened to you?

SKINNER. Me?

LILY. Your hair—your shirt—you're soaked!

SKINNER. The water-cannon got me.

LILY. Will you take that off you, young fella, before you die of internal pneumonia.

SKINNER. I'm dry now.

LILY. Take off that shirt.

SKINNER. I'm telling you—I'm dried out.

LILY. Come here to me.

SKINNER. I'm dry enough.

LILY. I said come here! (*She unbuttons his shirt and takes it off—he is wearing nothing underneath—and dries his hair with it.*)

"Wet feet or a wet chemise
The sure way to an early demise."

Lord, there's not a pick on him.

SKINNER. Leave me alone. I'm okay.

LILY. And you've been running about like that for the past half hour! What way's your shoes? Are them gutties dry?

SKINNER. I'm telling you—I'm alright.

LILY. Take them off. Take them off. (*He takes off the canvas shoes. He is not wearing socks.*) Give them to me. (*She hangs the shirt on the Mayor's chair, and the shoes too on the finials either side.*) D'you see our Kevin? He's like him (Skinner.) Eats like a bishop and nothing to

show for it. I be affronted when he goes with his class to the swimming pool.

MICHAEL. Well. To civil rights.

LILY. Good luck, young fella.

SKINNER. Good luck.

MICHAEL. To another great turnout today.

LILY. Great.

MICHAEL. Good luck.

(*The lights shift to the battlements above them where the* PRIEST *appears in a surplice. He addresses a congregation below him.*)

SCENE 3-A

PRIEST. At eleven o'clock tomorrow morning solemn requiem Mass will be celebrated in this church for the repose of the souls of the three people whose death has plunged this parish into a deep and numbing grief. As you are probably aware, I had the privilege of administering the last rites to them and the knowledge that they didn't go unfortified before their Maker is a consolation to all of us. But it is natural that we should mourn. Blessed are they that mourn, says our Divine Lord. But it is also right and fitting that this tragic happening should make us sit back and take stock and ask ourselves the very pertinent question: Why did they die?

I believe the answer to that question is this. They died for their beliefs. They died for their fellow citizens. They died because they could endure no longer the injuries and injustices and indignities that have been their lot for too many years. They sacrificed their lives so that you and I and thousands like us might be rid of that iniquitous yoke and might inherit a decent way of life. And if that is not heroic virtue, then the world sanctity has no meaning.

No sacrifice is ever in vain. But its value can be di-

minished if it doesn't fire our imagination, stiffen our resolution, and make us even more determined to see that the dream they dreamed is realized. May we be worthy of that dream, of their trust. May we have the courage to implement their noble hopes. May we have God's strength to carry on where they left off. In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

(*As he finishes, the stage goes to black, and from all sides we hear shocked voices.*)

VOICE No. 1. There's at least a dozen dead.
VOICE No. 2. Where?
VOICE No. 1. Inside the Guildhall.
VOICE No. 3. I heard fifteen or sixteen
VOICE No. 1. Maybe twenty.
VOICE No. 3. And a baby in a pram.
VOICE No. 1. And an old man. They blew his head off.
VOICE No. 2. Oh my God.
VOICE No. 3. They just broke the windows and lobbed in hand-grenades.
VOICE No. 2. Oh my God.
VOICE No. 1. Blew most of them to smithereens.
VOICE No. 2. Fuck them anyway! Fuck them! Fuck them! Fuck them!

(*During the above, an area of light has come slowly on down right revealing* O'KELLY *and two other* REPORTERS. *Now a similar area snaps on down left into which steps an Army* PRESS OFFICER.)

OFFICER. At approximately 15.20 hours today a band of terrorists took possession of a portion of the Guildhall. They gained access during a civil disturbance by forcing a side door in Guildhall Street. It is estimated that up to forty persons are involved. In the disturbance two soldiers were hit by stones and one by a bottle. There are no reports of civilian injuries. The area is now quiet and

the security forces have the situation in hand. No further statement will be issued. (*The* REPORTERS *ask their questions with great rapidity.*)

O'KELLY. What portion of the Guildhall is occupied?

OFFICER. The entire first floor.

REPORT No. 1. Is it true that there are women in there too?

OFFICER. Our information is that women are involved.

REPORTER No. 2. Are they armed?

OFFICER. Our information is that they have access to arms.

REPORTER No. 2. They brought the arms with them or the arms are in there?

OFFICER. We understand that arms are accessible to them.

O'KELLY. What troops and equipment have you brought up?

OFFICER. I cannot answer that.

REPORTER No. 1. Have you been in touch with them?

OFFICER. No.

REPORTER No. 2. Are you going to get in touch with them?

OFFICER. Perhaps.

O'KELLY. Are you going to negotiate with them or are you going to go in after them?

OFFICER. Sorry. That's all I can say.

O'KELLY. When are you going in after them?

REPORTER No. 1. Is it a police or an army operation?

OFFICER. Sorry.

REPORTER No. 2. Why wasn't the Guildhall guarded?

O'KELLY. Who's in charge of ground forces?

REPORTER No. 1. Do you expect a reaction from the Bogside?

OFFICER. Sorry, gentlemen. (*He turns and leaves.*)

(*The* REPORTERS *also turn and leave, muttering. The lights shift back to the parlour.*)

SCENE 3

MICHAEL. It was a big turnout, wasn't it?

LILY. Terrible big.

MICHAEL. And the speeches were good too.

LILY. I don't care much for speeches. Isn't that a shocking thing to say? I can't concentrate—you know?

MICHAEL. They'll never learn, you know; never. All they had to do was sit back nice and quiet; let the speeches be made; let the crowd go home. There wouldn't be no trouble of any kind. But they have to bull in. And d'you know what they're doing? As a matter of fact, they're doing two things: they're bringing more and more people out on the streets—that's fine; but they're also giving the hooligan element an excuse to retaliate—and that's where the danger lies. (SKINNER *sneezes—twice.*)

LILY. (*To* SKINNER.) It's a hot whiskey you should be drinking.

MICHAEL. I've been on every civil rights march from the very beginning—right from October 5. And I can tell you there wasn't the thousands then that there was the day. I've even went on civil rights marches that I was far from satisfied about the people that was running them; for as you know as well as me there's a lot of strange characters knuckled in on the act that didn't give a shit about real civil rights—if you'll excuse me, Missus.

LILY. Port wine's gorgeous.

SKINNER. It's sherry, Lily.

MICHAEL. But as I say to Norah, the main thing is to keep a united front. The ultimate objectives we're all striving for is more important than the personalities or the politics of the individuals concerned.

SKINNER. At this point in time.

MICHAEL. What's that?

SKINNER. And taking full cognizance of all relative facts.

MICHAEL. What d'you mean?

LILY. Who's Norah, young fella?

MICHAEL. The girl I'm engaged to.

LILY. (*To* SKINNER.) Ah! He's engaged. (*She goes to the sherry bottle on the desk and pours herself another.*) Congratulations.

MICHAEL. Thanks.

LILY. I wish you health, wealth and every happiness, young fella, and may no burden come your way that you're not fit to carry.

MICHAEL. Thank you.

LILY. When are you getting married?

MICHAEL. Easter.

LILY. (*To* SKINNER.) Easter! I was married at Easter —April 3—my seventeenth birthday. And we spent our honeymoon with the chairman's Auntie Maggie and Uncle Ned in Preston, Lancashire, England, and we seen the docks and everything.

MICHAEL. We're getting married on Easter Tuesday.

LILY. And where will you live?

MICHAEL. We'll live with my people till we get a place of our own.

LILY. (*To* SKINNER.) A place of their own!

SKINNER. Leely, the language I speak a leetle too—yes?

LILY. Norah's a nice name. If the chairman would have had his way, we'd have had a Norah. But I always favoured a Noelle. She's fourteen now. Between Tom and the twins. Born on a roasting August bank holiday Monday at twenty to three in the afternoon, but I called her Noelle all the same.

MICHAEL. (*To* SKINNER.) How many would you say was there today?

SKINNER. No idea.

MICHAEL. Six thousand? More? (SKINNER *shrugs indifferently. He's engrossed in a racing form he has pulled from his pocket.* LILY *sits and removes her shoes; rubs her feet.*) I'm getting pretty accurate at assessing a crowd and my estimate would be between six and six and a half. When the ones at the front were down at the Brandywell,

the last of them were leaving the Creggan, I could see both ways 'cos I was in the middle. And the hooligan elements kept well out of the way. It was a good disciplined responsible march. And that's what we must show them—that we're responsible and respectable; and they'll come to respect what we're campaigning for.

LILY. D'you see them shoes? Five pounds in Woolworths and never a day's content since I got them.

MICHAEL. Do you go on all the marches, Lily?

LILY. Most of them. It's the only exercise I get.

MICHAEL. Do you have the feeling they're not as—I don't know—as dignified as they used to be? Like, d'you remember in the early days, they wouldn't let you carry a placard—wouldn't even let you talk, for God's sake. And that was really impressive—all those people marching along in silence, rich and poor, high and low, doctors, accountants, plumbers, teachers, bricklayers—all shoulder to shoulder—knowing that what they wanted was their rights and knowing that because it was their rights nothing in the world was going to stop them getting them.

SKINNER. Shit—if you'll excuse me, Missus. Who's for more municipal booze? (*He refills his own glass and* LILY'S.)

MICHAEL. What do you mean?

SKINNER. It's on the dignified public.

MICHAEL. (*To* LILY.) What the hell does he mean?

LILY. That's enough. Easy—easy.

SKINNER. It's coming off a fine broad back. Another whiskey, Mr. Hegarty?

MICHAEL. Are you for civil rights at all?

SKINNER. 'Course I am. I'm crazy about them. A little drop?

MICHAEL. Not for me.

SKINNER. Just a nip?

MICHAEL. I'm finished.

SKINNER. Have a cigar.

MICHAEL. No.

SKINNER. A cigarette, then.

MICHAEL. No.

SKINNER. Or what about a shower under the golden fish? (LILY *gives a great whoop of laughter.*)

LILY. Haaaaa! A shower! God, but you're a comic, young fella. (SKINNER *lights a cigar and carries his glass to the phone.*)

MICHAEL. I see nothing funny in that.

LILY. D'you see, if it was a Sunday I'd take a shower myself. Sunday's my day. We all have our days for bathing over at the granny's—that's the chairman's mother. She has us all up on a timetable on the kitchen wall, and if you miss your night you lose your turn.

SKINNER. (*Phone.*) Jackie? Yes, it's me. No, as a matter of fact, I'm stripped to the waist and drinking brandy in the mayor's parlour. (*To* LILY *and* MICHAEL.) He's killing himself laughing! (*Into phone.*) Look, Jack, would you put half-a-note on Bunny Rabbit in the 4.30? Decent man. See you tonight. 'Bye.

LILY. I'm glad you've a nice cushy career.

SKINNER. It's not all sunshine, Lily.

LILY. D'you bet heavy?

SKINNER. When I have it.

LILY. That'll be often. What do they call you, young fella?

SKINNER. Skinner.

LILY. Mister Skinner or Skinner what?

SKINNER. Just Skinner.

LILY. Would you be anything to Paddy Skinner that used to keep the goats behind the Mormon chapel?

SKINNER. Both my parents died when I was a baby. I was reared by an aunt. Next question?

LILY. Lord, I'm sorry, son. (*To* MICHAEL.) Both his parents! Shocking. 'Life is not a bed of roses. Sorrow is our daily lot.' (*Suddenly bright.*) But I'll bet you're musical like all the others.

SKINNER. Who?

LILY. Sure, it's well known that all wee orphans is always musical. Orphans can play instruments before they

can talk. There was the poor wee Mulherns opposite us —the father and mother both submitted to TB within three days of each other—and when you'd pass that house at night—the music coming out of it—honest to God, you'd think it was the Palais de Dance.

SKINNER. I can play the radio, Lily.

LILY. What's that?

SKINNER. Four ways—loud and soft and off . . . (*He crosses and turns the radio on.*) and on. Can you? (*Waltz music on the radio.*)

LILY. Oh, you're great.

SKINNER. And I play the horses and the dogs.

LILY. You're brilliant.

SKINNER. Thanks.

LILY. Are you working?

SKINNER. No.

LILY. Did you ever work?

SKINNER. For a while when I was at grammar school—before they kicked me out.

LILY. What did you ever do since?

SKINNER. Three years ago I did some potato picking.

LILY. (*To* MICHAEL.) He has a long memory.

SKINNER. And last August I was a conductor on the buses.

LILY. But travel didn't agree with you.

SKINNER. Listen, Lily—isn't that the B.B.C. Orphans Orchestra?

LILY. I'll tell you something—you never had to study glibness. Oh, nothing sharpens the wits like idleness. (*To* MICHAEL.) You stick to your books, son. That's what I say to our boys.

SKINNER. I'll bet you the chairman's glib, Lily.

LILY. The chairman never worked on account of his health. (SKINNER *sings with the radio and does a parody-waltz off and into the dressing-room.*)

SKINNER. 1-2-3; 1-2-3; 1-2-3; 1-2-3.

LILY. (*Calls.*) And he has more brains than you and a dozen like you put together! Brat! Put that thing out!

(MICHAEL *switches radio off.*) Cheeky young brat, that Skinner! Easy seen he never had no mother to tan his backside.

MICHAEL. Was he on the march at all?

LILY. Who?

MICHAEL. Skinner.

LILY. How would I know?

MICHAEL. My suspicion is he just turned up for the meeting.

LILY. The chairman worked for a full year after we married. In Thompson's foundry. But the fumes destroyed the tissues of his lungs. D'you think he likes sitting at the fire all day, reading the wanes' comics?

MICHAEL. That Skinner's a trouble-maker.

LILY. But for all he got no education he's a damn-side smarter nor that buck.

MICHAEL. That's what I was talking about earlier, Lily. Characters like that need watching.

LILY. Who?

MICHAEL. Him.

LILY. What about him?

MICHAEL. I have a feeling about him. I wouldn't be surprised if he was a revolutionary.

LILY. What do they call you again, young fella?

MICHAEL. Michael.

LILY. Michael's a nice name. I have a Michael. He'll be eight next October. You stick to you books, son.

MICHAEL. We'll watch him, Lily. I'm uneasy about that fella.

SCENE 4-A

The lights come up on the judge's platform and a small area down center which BRIGADIER JOHNSON-HANSBURY *walks into from up left.*

JUDGE. Brigadier Johnson-Hansbury, you were in charge of security on that day.

BRIGADIER. That is correct, my lord.

JUDGE. Could you tell us what strength was at your disposal?

BRIGADIER. The 8th Infantry Brigade, 1st Battalion Parachute Regiment, 1st Battalion Kings Own Border Regiment, two companies of the 3rd Battalion of the Royal Regiment of Fusiliers.

JUDGE. And equipment?

BRIGADIER. Twelve Saracens, ten Saladins, two dozen Ferrets and four water-cannon and a modicum of air-cover.

JUDGE. And the Royal Ulster Constabulary and the Ulster Defence Regiment?

BRIGADIER. They were present, my lord.

JUDGE. Under your command?

BRIGADIER. As a civilian authority.

JUDGE. Under your command?

BRIGADIER. Under my command.

JUDGE. I'm an old army man myself, Brigadier, and it does seem a rather formidable array to line up against three terrorists, however well armed they could have been.

BRIGADIER. At that point we had no idea how many gunmen were inside the Guildhall. Our first reports indicated forty.

JUDGE. But those reports were inaccurate.

BRIGADIER. They were, my lord. But I would like to point out what we were in an exposed position between the terrorists inside the Guildhall and the no-go Bogside areas at our flank and back.

JUDGE. I see. And you, personally, gave the command over the loud-hailer to the terrorists inside to surrender?

BRIGADIER. I did, my lord. On two occasions.

JUDGE. And approximately ten minutes after the second occasion, they emerged?

BRIGADIER. That is correct.

JUDGE. Brigadier, a persistent suggestion keeps cropping up in the various reports about the events of that day and indeed it was voiced strenously by Counsel for

the deceased within these very walls, and I would like to have your reaction to it. The suggestion is that no attempt was made to arrest these people as they emerged, but that they were dealt with 'punitively' as it has been phrased 'to teach the ghettos a lesson.'

BRIGADIER. My lord, they emerged firing from the Guildhall. There was no possibility whatever of effecting an arrest operation. And at that point we understood they were the advance group of a much larger force.

JUDGE. So you dismiss the suggestion?

BRIGADIER. Completely, my lord.

JUDGE. And an arrest was not attempted?

BRIGADIER. Because it wasn't possible in the circumstances.

JUDGE. And had you known, as you learned later, Brigadier, that there were only three terrorists involved, would you have acted differently?

BRIGADIER. My orders would have been the same, my lord.

JUDGE. Thank you, Brigadier.

(*The lights shift to* DOBBS. *The* BRIGADIER *marches smarty off; The* JUDGE *turns upstage.*)

DOBBS. If you are born into the subculture of poverty, what do you inherit? Well, you inherit an economic condition, and you inherit a social and psychological condition. The economic characteristics include wretched housing, a constant struggle for survival, a chronic shortage of cash, persistent unemployment, and very often real hunger or at least malnutrition. You also inherit a lack of impulse control, a strong present-time orientation with very little ability to defer gratification and to plan for the future, and a sense of resignation and frustration. The reason for this sense of defeat is the existence of a set of values in the dominant class which stresses the accumulation of wealth and property, the desirability of 'improvement' and explains low economic status as a result of personal inadequacy or inferiority.

Middle-class people—with deference people like you and me—we tend to concentrate on the negative aspects of the culture of poverty. We tend to associate negative values to such traits as present-time orientation, and concrete versus abstract orientation. Now, I don't want to idealize or romanticize the culture of poverty; as someone has said, "It's easier to praise poverty than to live in it." But there are some positive aspects which we cannot overlook completely. Living in the present, for example, may develop a capacity for adventure and for spontaneity, for the enjoyment of the sensual, for the indulgence of impulse; and these aptitudes are often blunted or muted in the middle-class, future-oriented man. So that to live in the culture of poverty is, in a sense, to live with the reality of the moment—in other words, to practise a sort of existentialism. The result is that people with a culture of poverty suffer much less from repression than we of the middle-class suffer and indeed, if I may make the suggestion with due qualification, they often have a hell of a lot more fun than we have. Thank you. (DOBBS *goes off left as lights shift back to the parlour.*)

(*The dressing room door is flung open and we see the back of the red cloaked figure emerge.* MICHAEL *utters an exclamation and* LILY *dashes for the door. The figure turns and it's* SKINNER, *dressed in a splendid mayoral robe and chain with a ceremonial hat on his head. At the door:*)

SCENE 4

SKINNER. "You're much deceived; in nothing am I changed/But in my garments!" (*He strikes a pose;* LILY *gives one of her whoops—of relief.*)

LILY. O Jesus, Mary and Joseph!

SKINNER. "Through tattered clothes small vices do appear/Robes and furred gowns hide all.'"

LILY. Mother of God, would you look at him! And the hat! What's the rig, Skinner? (SKINNER *distributes the gowns.*)

SKINNER. Mayor's robes, alderman's robes, councillor's robes. Put them on and I'll give you both the freedom of the city.

LILY. Skinner, you're an eejit!

SKINNER. The ceremomy begins in five minutes. The world's press and television are already gathering outside. "Social upheaval in Londonderry. Three gutties become freemen"— Apologies, Mr. Hegarty! "Two gutties." What happened to the orphans orchestra?

MICHAEL. Catch yourself on, Skinner.

LILY. Lord, the weight of them! They'd cover my settee just lovely! (SKINNER *turns on the radio. A military band—they have to shout to be heard above it.*) Put it on for the laugh, young fella.

SKINNER. Don the robes, ladies and gentlemen, and taste real power. (LILY *puts on her robe; as does* MICHAEL, *reluctantly.* SKINNER *takes the flagpole and begins waving the Union Jack through the air.*)

LILY. Lookat-lookat-lookat me, would you!? (*She dances in front of the "mirror."*) Di-do-do-da-doo-da-da. (*Sings.*) "I know she likes me; I know she likes me because she said so. She is my lily of Laguna; she is my lily and my—" Mother of God, if the wanes could see me now!

SKINNER. Or the chairman.

LILY. Oooooops!

SKINNER. Lily, this day I confer on you the freedom of the city of Londonderry. God bless you, my child. And now, Mr. Hegarty, I think we'll make you a life peer. Arise, Lord Michael—of Gas.

LILY. They make you feel great all the same. You feel you could—you could give benediction!

SINNER. Make way—make way for the lord and lady mayor of Derry Colmcille!

LILY. My shoes—my shoes! I can't appear without

FINISH READING THIS SCRIPT

Visit our website to purchase the full script or to explore other titles.

www.samuelfrench.com
www.samuelfrench.co.uk

To stay up to date on all that we are doing, follow us on social media:



*Titles for licensing are subject to availability depending on your territory.

SF PERUSALS