

THE BEAUTIFUL GAME

Music
**ANDREW
LLOYD WEBBER**

Book & Lyrics
**BEN
ELTON**



THE REALLY USEFUL GROUP

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THE BEAUTIFUL GAME

Musical in two acts

Music by
Andrew Lloyd Webber

Book and Lyrics by
Ben Elton

Updated Feb 2015 to match post-Union production workshop

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ACT ONE1. OVERTURE

The OVERTURE gathers pace. It's 1972. Our company assembles. A group of young working class Belfast lads and lasses. Flirting, fighting, playing football.

NEWS ANNOUNCER CUE #1 (OPTIONAL)

This is the news from the BBC home service. Belfast has suffered its fourth successive night of rioting as once again Protestant and Catholic youths clashed violently in the centre of the city.

NEWS ANNOUNCER CUE #2 (OPTIONAL)

The British Army, brought in to protect the Catholic community, is increasingly seen by Catholics as an army of occupation.

2. ACT 1/THE BEAUTIFUL GAME

ALL

MEASURE YOUR LIFE IN FOOTBALL SEASONS
FEEL THE PASSION AND FEEL THE HEAT.
FOOTBALL IS THE ONLY REASON
GOD ALMIGHTY GAVE US FEET.
GOAL!

LET'S HAVE ANOTHER.
JUST LIKE THE OTHER.

COME ON!

VIVA. THE BEAUTIFUL GAME.
RAISE YOUR VOICE FOR THE PEOPLE'S SPORT.
LONG LIVE THE BEAUTIFUL GAME.
THOSE WHO PLAY. THOSE WHO SUPPORT.

SICK AS A PARROT.
OVER THE MOON.

SCORE!
A COUPLE MORE FOR

A WONDERFUL GAME.
A MAGICAL GAME.
THANK GOD FOR FOOTBALL.

*The GIRLS are pretty tough too; they sing half flirting, half
goadng...*

GIRLS
THEY'RE OUR LADS AND WE SUPPORT 'EM.
COME ON THEN STICK ONE IN THIS TIME.

ALL
IT ISN'T A RELIGION IT'S MORE IMPORTANT.
SACRED HOLY AND DIVINE.

GEORGE BEST!

ALL SING TOGETHER,
COMRADES FOREVER.

UP YOURS!

VIVA. THE BEAUTIFUL GAME.
IT'S WHAT SATURDAYS ARE FOR.
OOH AH. THE TRIUMPH AND PAIN.
WORK TO LIVE BUT LIVE TO SCORE
WE'RE ON OUR WAY NOW
TO WEMBERLY.

UP
FOR THE CUP IT'S

THE CLASSICAL GAME
THE MARVELLOUS GAME.
THANK GOD FOR FOOTBALL.

IT'S AN OBSESSION THE REASON WE'RE HERE,
'COS IT'S BETTER THAN SEX AND IT'S BETTER THAN BEER SO

VIVA! THE EMERALD TEAM!
MOTHER MARY'S IRISH SONS.
VIVA! THE BOYS IN GREEN!
SHOUT FOR IRELAND'S YOUNGEST GUNS
GREEN IS THE COLOUR

SOCCER THE GAME.

SCORE!

A THOUSAND MORE FOR

THE BOYS IN GREEN.

THE EMERALD TEAM.

THANK GOD FOR FOOTBALL! THANK GOD FOR FOOTBALL!

GOAL!

A whistle is heard. Now FATHER O'DONNELL, the coach, enters carrying a football and begins to gather his team together for inspection. FATHER O'DONNELL is a fearsome presence although his bark is clearly a lot worse than his bite. He is also a deeply sentimental soul. The boys line up.

O'DONNELL

Line up you swine! (*Punching the air*) The first day of the football season! The greatest and most Holy day of the year! The day when the Pope himself hoiks up his cassock, charges out onto St Peter's square and throws down his Holy hat for a goal post! John Kelly step forward!

JOHN KELLY has not been listening, he's showing off to a group of girls which includes MARY. He steps forward, he is handsome and high spirited. Mary is clever and a bit haughty.

JOHN

Yes Father O'Donnell sir!

O'DONNELL

Would that be Mary Maguire you're drooling over like the dirty little swine that you are.

JOHN

Uhm, yes.

MARY

What?!

JOHN

Well no, I mean it is Mary Maguire Father, but I wasn't drooling over her.

MARY

If he did I'd break his arms!

O'DONNELL

Football and women don't mix lad! They suck the strength out of you!

JOHN

If only!

MARY

Reacts

O'DONNELL

You're my best player John but you'll get nowhere if you don't keep your mind on your game. You'll clean all the kit tonight!

JOHN

But Father O'Donnell...

The other lads laugh at JOHN'S discomfort. MARY is red with furious embarrassment.

O'DONNELL

Be quiet! Look at you! Thomas Malloy, step forward!

THOMAS

Yes Father O'Donnell sir!

O'DONNELL

Have you sellotaped your glasses to your ears?!

THOMAS

I have Father O'Donnell sir!

O'DONNELL

Well done boy, nothing like being able to see the goal. Daniel Gillen!

DANIEL steps forward, he is jack the lad, good hearted but

definitely a bit of a dodgy character. Possibly he has long hippie hair in contrast to the suede head cuts of the rest.

DANIEL

Yes Father O'Donnell sir!

O'DONNELL

When the opposition attempt to rattle you by calling you a thieving short arsed git, what do you not do?

DANIEL

I do not try to kick them in the wedding department Father O'Donnell sir!

O'DONNELL

That's right lad, it's most unsporting, besides which, you are a thieving short arsed git, there's no point denying it. Ginger O'Shaugnessy!

BERNADETTE

(signalling Ginger that his name has been called)

Ginger!

O'DONNELL

Are you ready for the new season?

GINGER

I am sir!

GINGER, a big, friendly lad steps forward, not bright but good hearted and loyal.

O'DONNELL

Well that's a shame because unfortunately my great aunt Mary has more potential as a football player and she's dead God rest her soul. So just try and get in their way lad.

GINGER

Yes, Father O'Donnell sir!

BERNADETTE, a shy girl surprises herself by shouting out.

BERNADETTE

Come on Ginger!

O'DONNELL

Be quiet Bernadette! I shall speak to your mother! Derek Copeland.

DEL steps forward. DEL is a sixties radical, he also probably has long hair, probably reads Oz magazine. His serious politics are mitigated by a strong, self effacing sense of humour.

DEL

Lay it on me Father.

O'DONNELL

Now I don't want to dwell on your dreadful misfortunes son, but the fact is...I'm afraid there's no polite way to put this...you're a Protestant.

DEL

I'm a footballer

O'DONNELL

What will be your reply when our opponents taunt you as a filthy rotten Proddy Orange swine?

THOMAS

Which he is.

DEL ignores him.

DEL

I'll tell them that religion is the opium of the masses and that our common enemy is capitalism.

O'DONNELL

Yes. No you won't you disgusting little Pinko! You'll tell them that we're all children of God underneath - even Protestants... Look at you all. I've never seen a sorrier bunch. None of you deserve the name of footballer.

CHRISTINE, a loud, bold girl shouts out

CHRISTINE

They look pretty good to me Father!

O'DONNELL

Are you blind as well as shameless Christine Warner?! They look terrible. What a bloody shower. But I swear I shall beat a team out of them because I intend that our 1969 cup campaign will be so divinely inspired they'll have to write the match reports in Latin. So boys, let's begin with the basics. What are the three things you need to know about God? Number one!

All the BOYS shout together.

ALL THE BOYS

He's Irish!

O'DONNELL

Number two!

ALL THE BOYS

He's Catholic!

O'DONNELL

And last but not least!

ALL THE BOYS

He plays the Beautiful Game!

All the boys cheer.

O'DONNELL

That's right lads! Now get changed for the team photograph. The team of '69.

The LADS scatter off stage. O'DONNELL leaves and the GIRLS sing THE BOYS IN THE PHOTOGRAPH.

3. ACT 1/THE BOYS IN THE PHOTOGRAPH

GIRLS

THE BOYS IN THE PHOTOGRAPH
JUST STARTING OUT
ON A JOURNEY TO THE FUTURE

THE SMILES IN THE PHOTOGRAPH

FROZEN IN TIME
CAPTURED RIGHT AT THE BEGINNING.

THEY'RE ALL IN THE PHOTOGRAPH
THE GOOD AND THE BAD
THE HEROES AND HOOLIGANS
THE HAPPY AND THE SAD.

THE BOYS IN THE PHOTOGRAPH
WHERE WILL THEY BE
YEARS FROM NOW?

THE BOYS IN THE PHOTOGRAPH
OFF ON THEIR WAY
WHO CAN TELL WHERE LIFE WILL LEAD THEM?

EACH FACE IN THE PHOTOGRAPH
A STORY UNTOLD
WHICH WILL HAVE A HAPPY ENDING?

WHEN IT'S AN OLD PHOTOGRAPH
AND OUR BOYS ARE MEN
LOOKING BACK ON THINGS
THAT WON'T OCCUR AGAIN

THOSE BOYS IN THE PHOTOGRAPH
WHO WILL THEY BE
YEARS FROM NOW?

As the UNDERSCORE is played, the team photo appears on the screen.

FATHER O'DONNELL

You shall all have a copy of this picture to keep lads for I intend it as a reminder. A reminder of who you were when you began. There's a world full of hatred out there. Don't let it corrupt you. Don't let it defeat you. Stay true to yourself and to the promise of your youth. This is who you are. It's up to you what you become.

The photo fades out. The screen flies out.

GIRLS

WILL FORTUNE SMILE ON THEM?
THE FUTURE'S UNKNOWN.

MARY

SOME WILL FIND TRUE LOVE

GIRLS

WHILE SOME WALK ALONE.

THOSE BOYS IN THE PHOTOGRAPH

WHO WILL THEY BE?

YEARS FROM NOW?

YEARS FROM NOW?

The GIRLS exit at the end of the song and the underscore of CLEAN THE KIT begins. We find ourselves in the locker room. The match is over and the LADS are changing. They drop their boots at JOHN'S feet, some chuck them good naturedly.

3a. ACT 1/CLEAN THE KIT INTRO U/S

DANIEL

He shoots,
(shoots shoes into basket)
he scores!
(misses)

JEFF

Sorry John.

GINGER

There you go, John.

THOMAS chucks his boots into the pile.

THOMAS

Seeing as I'm your oldest and best mate Johnny, I feel I ought to warn you that I seem to have trodden in some particularly rancid dog shite.

JOHN

Yeah, well maybe I'll use your face to clean it with.

THOMAS laughs. DEL enters.

THOMAS

And speaking of rancid shite. I think I smell Protestant. (*Cue to begin 3a. CLEAN THE KIT INTRO*)

DEL

Atheist

DEL ignores THOMAS who leaves. DEL crosses to JOHN.

DEL

Do you want a hand Johnny? You'll be hours doing that lot.

JOHN

No thanks Del. If the prat in the cassock found out he'd suspend us both.

DEL

Don't say I didn't offer.

DEL dumps his boots. JOHN is left alone to his task.

JOHN

One day Father O'Donnell! One day!

JOHN sings CLEAN THE KIT.

4. ACT 1/CLEAN THE KIT

JOHN

SOON I'M GONNA BE A MAN,
BE A PLAYER NOT A FAN,
'COS THAT'S ALL I'VE EVER WANTED SINCE MY LIFE BEGAN.

GONNA BE A SOCCER STAR,
MAYBE DRIVE A FANCY CAR,
BUILD A MANSION IN THE COUNTRY FOR MY MA AND PA.

GOTTA CLEAN THE KIT!
I'M SO SICK OF IT!

EACH DAY I GO TO SCHOOL,
HAVE TO TRY TO KEEP MY COOL,
WHILE I STUDY FOR EXAMS ON HOW TO BE A FOOL.

IT'S NO WONDER I'M ANNOYED,
'COS THE STATE IS OVERJOYED,
JUST TO TEACH A POOR BOY HOW TO JOIN THE UNEMPLOYED.

I'M SO SICK OF IT,
SCHOOL AND CLEANING KIT.

ONE DAY I WON'T HAVE TO TAKE IT.
'COS I KNOW I'M GONNA MAKE IT.
ALL I NEED'S A CHANCE AND I'LL BE ON MY WAY.

ONLY FOOLS OBEY THE RULES,
THEY WORK ALL DAY LIKE STUPID MULES,
I'M BUSTING OUT OF HERE I'LL DO IT ONE FINE DAY.

I'M SO SICK OF IT,
SCHOOL AND CLEANING KIT.

As the music continues, we see DEL, on his way home, he encounters THOMAS and a couple of other lads. Their dialogue is underscored by the music.

DEL

Alright Thomas?

THOMAS

Don't "alright" me you little Proddy git. My cousin had the crap kicked out of him last week by you bowler-hatted bastards.

DEL

Nothing to do with me mate, I'm an atheist and an internationalist. I recognise neither God nor country.

THOMAS

Well you'll recognise a boot in your face if you show yourself around here again mate.

PROTESTANT THUG

I'll have that! (*Grabs DEL's jersey*)

DEL

But the season's just starting! This is my team!

PROTESTANT THUG

Thanks

THOMAS

This is a Catholic team and you've just been suspended, permanently. We mean it Copeland, come around here again and you'll regret it.

THOMAS and his CRONIES sing.

THOMAS AND THUGS

YOU'RE NOT FIT TO WEAR OUR KIT
YOU BASTARD ORANGE PRODDY GIT.
WE'LL TEAR IT OFF YOUR BACK
AND STUFF IT DOWN YOUR THROAT.

TAKE OUR ADVICE OR PAY THE PRICE,
WE CERTAINLY WON'T WARN YOU TWICE.
THE TIDE HAS TURNED
AND SOON WE'LL BE THE ONES TO GLOAT.

YOU'RE A SODDING BRIT.
WEARING IRISH KIT.

DEL makes himself scarce. The focus returns to JOHN who is still cleaning boots to the rock rhythm, when MARY enters and joins the song, taunting JOHN about his ambitions.

MARY

SO YOU'RE GONNA BE THE MAN,
NOT A STUPID ALSO-RAN.
WELL I'VE HEARD A LOT OF TALK ABOUT YOUR MASTER PLAN.

I DON'T THINK YOU'LL BE A STAR,
YOU AIN'T GONNA GO THAT FAR.
YOU'RE ALL TALK AND SOD ALL ACTION, YOU'RE ALL BLAH BLAH BLAH.

COME TO TERMS WITH IT.
BORN TO CLEAN THE KIT.

YOUR LIFE'S A FARCE, GET OFF YOUR ARSE,
TAKE MY ADVICE GET BACK IN CLASS,
OR HANG AROUND
AND MOAN AND GROAN YOUR LIFE AWAY.

'COS EVERY HUNK ENDS UP A PUNK,
JUST KILLING TIME HIS FUTURE'S SUNK,
STILL CLAIMING
THAT HE'S GONNA BUST OUT ONE FINE DAY.

IF THE CAP'LL FIT,
YOU'LL BE WEARING IT.
STUCK HERE CLEANING KIT.

The underscore continues. Understandably JOHN is angry.

JOHN

Now you listen here Mary Ma....

But now they hear the voice of FATHER O'DONNELL approaching.

FATHER O'DONNELL

(Voice off) John!!

JOHN is of course terrified that he'll be caught in the locker room with MARY.

JOHN

If he finds you here he'll kill me!

As the music adds to the tension JOHN bustles MARY behind a locker, in the bustle of doing so they almost find themselves in an embrace, but not quite and the moment passes. He gets her hidden just in time but is forced to stand rather uncomfortably in front of her hiding place. FATHER O'DONNELL enters.

FATHER O'DONNELL

I just wanted to say John that I know I push you harder than the other lads but that's because you have the chance to go so much further.

JOHN

(Very nervous) Yes Father O'Donnell sir. Thank you Father O'Donnell sir.

FATHER O'DONNELL

There'll be plenty of time for girls later lad. Right now you need to focus on your game.

JOHN

I will Father O'Donnell sir. I surely will.

FATHER O'DONNELL

Mary Maguire's not a bad looking girl I suppose but a bit too opinionated if you ask me. I never found brains attractive in a woman.

JOHN

Me neither sir.

FATHER O'DONNELL

And just think of the string of clueless dolly birds who'll be after you when you're playing in the First Division. Topless models from the magazines lad! Big boobs and no brains. Fix your mind on that!

JOHN

Oh I will sir. I'll do that certainly.

FATHER

Good. Now get on with the bloody boots.

FATHER O'DONNELL exits.

MARY

Goodbye

JOHN takes up the song again, shouting after him.

JOHN

HAVE NO FEAR, THE TIME IS NEAR,
THIS BOY IS BUSTING OUT OF HERE.
I'LL BE BURNING BRIGHTLY
ONCE THE FLAME IS LIT.

I'LL MAKE MY MARK, LIGHT UP THE DARK,
EXPLOSIONS START WITH JUST A SPARK.
AND THEN ANOTHER LAD
WILL HAVE TO CLEAN MY KIT.

I'M SO SICK OF IT.
SCHOOL AND CLEANING KIT.

MARY emerges from her hiding place.

MARY

YOU'RE SO FULL OF SHIT!

JOHN

BUT ONE DAY I'M
NOT GONNA TAKE IT!

The song ends with JOHN and MARY glaring at each other.

JOHN

Go away Mary Maguire, you've got me into enough trouble as it is.

MARY

I've got you into trouble?

JOHN

Father O'Donnell thinks you take my mind off my football.

MARY

Yes. So I heard. And do I?

JOHN

No you don't. I've no time for girls! Father O'Donnell thinks I have it in me to be a professional.

MARY

There are more important things in life than football, you know.

JOHN

No there aren't.

MARY

Aye there are.

JOHN

Like what?

MARY

Oh I don't know... Just about everything really.

JOHN

Who asked you anyway?

MARY

Nobody asked me, I thought we were having a conversation.

JOHN

Well we're not! I told you to go away.

MARY

With pleasure! I can't think why I came anyway.

JOHN

Maybe it's because you fancy me.

DON'T LIKE YOU INTRO U/S begins

4a. ACT 1/DON'T LIKE YOU INTRO U/S

MARY

Don't flatter yourself. I've stood and stared at all sorts of grim sights in my time, it doesn't mean I'm attracted to them.

JOHN

Well I'm certainly not attracted to you.

MARY

I never said you were. It's you that's bringing up this fancying lark. Seems to me it's on your mind.

JOHN

Not about you it isn't.

MARY

Good because I'd hate to disappoint you. You have enough challenges in your life as it is.

JOHN

I don't even like you.

MARY

I reciprocate that emotion entirely.

Together they sing DON'T LIKE YOU.

5. ACT 1/DON'T LIKE YOU

MARY

DON'T LIKE YOU.
DON'T LIKE YOU.
I DON'T THINK I LIKE YOU.
YOU'RE BAD.
YOU'RE SAD.
AND I KNOW NICER BOYS.

JOHN

NOT BOTHERED.
NOT BOTHERED.
I SIMPLY AM NOT BOTHERED
YOU'RE VAIN.
A TOTAL PAIN.
AND I KNOW SWEETER GIRLS.

YOU'VE BEEN HANGING ROUND MY DOOR
AND WATCHING ME AT SCHOOL.

MARY

YES AND I WAS THINKING
YOU'RE COMPLETELY UNCOOL.

JOHN

WELL I WOULDN'T SAY YOURSELF
WAS MUCH TO SHOUT ABOUT.

MARY

DO YOUR FLY UP SONNY
'COS YOUR BRAIN'S HANGING OUT.

JOHN

YOU'RE GAGGING FOR A DATE,
I KNOW YOU'RE DYING TO MEET.

MARY

I DON'T THINK SO WHILE THERE'S
STILL A DOG LEFT OUT ON THE STREET.

BOTH

THAT'S FINE BY ME,
I DON'T LIKE YOU.

MARY

DON'T NEED YOU.
DON'T WANT YOU.
I CAN LIVE WITHOUT YOU.
I SWEAR.
I JUST DON'T CARE.
BECAUSE I KNOW NICER BOYS.

JOHN

DON'T LIKE YOU.
DON'T NEED YOU.
I DON'T CARE ABOUT YOU.
YOU SEE.
YOU'RE NOT FOR ME.
I LIKE LOTS OF OTHER GIRLS.

MARY

YOU BUG ME AND YOU'RE UGLY
AND YOUR JOKES ARE A BORE.
YOUR EFFORTS AT COHERENT
CONVERSATION ARE POOR.
THE LIGHTS ARE CLEARLY ON
BUT THEN THERE'S NOBODY AT HOME.

JOHN

THEN WHY THE HELL D'YOU
TRY TO CALL ME UP ON THE PHONE?

MARY

I NEVER FLIPPING DID SURE
IT WAS YOU WHO CALLED ME.

JOHN

WELL WHAT THE HELL AT LEAST
THERE'S ONE THING THAT WE AGREE.

BOTH

I'M DAMNED SURE
I DON'T LIKE YOU.

The instrumental break takes us through during which times passes

as they move through their awkward early courtship in some kind of tableau of movement, at the end of which the tone of the song begins to change as they are drawn to each other.

JOHN

DON'T HATE YOU.
COULD STAND YOU.
IF PUSHED COULD TOLERATE YOU.

MARY

I'M SURE, THAT YOU'LL MATURE.
I HAVE KNOWN MORE STUPID BOYS.

MARY

YOU SAY IT.

JOHN

NO YOU SAY IT.

MARY

ALRIGHT. I VAGUELY LIKE YOU.
IT'S SAD, I MUST BE MAD.
BUT I THINK WE COULD BE FRIENDS.

JOHN

NO COMMITMENT, ONLY FRIENDS.

MARY

I LIKE YOU.

JOHN

I LIKE YOU.

BOTH

YES, I THINK I LIKE YOU.
IT'S REAL. IT'S HOW I FEEL.
AND I WANT TO BE YOUR

*But the word is lost in a kiss. They are in each other's arms...
The music develops into a reprise of THE BOYS IN THE PHOTOGRAPH...
At the end of the song they are locked in a smooch.*

MARY

Would you mind not pushing that thing against me?

Blackout. A police whistle is heard and a brief sting from WAR ZONE.

Back in the locker room.

DANIEL rushes in, he is slightly panicked. He has a stolen car radio in his hand. He searches for somewhere to hide it. THOMAS and GINGER enter, they are wearing dirty football kit having just played a game.

THOMAS

Oy!

DANIEL

Lads! I was look'n for ya!

GINGER

I told you I saw him sneaking about!

DANIEL jumps in panic, thinking it's the police. THOMAS and GINGER are angry.

THOMAS

Bit late for the match aren't you Daniel? The other side have gone home.

GINGER

Taking two bloody points with them

GINGER grabs the radio.

Jesus, you've been at this with a bloody crow bar! If you want to tune it Daniel you just have to twiddle the little knobs.

THOMAS

You thieving little prick!

DANIEL

I see it more as a salvage operation. As far as I'm concerned, what with all the rioting that's going on it's no more than common sense to take the radios out of the cars before the cars get burned.

GINGER

Well I hope you're only smashing up foreign cars. Our car industry's in enough trouble as it is what with the Japanese starting to make them. Have you seen the Honda Civic? I've got bigger pairs of underpants.

THOMAS

You'll get caught in the end you know that don't you, and I don't fancy a Catholic thief's chances with the Royal Ulster Constabulary...

DANIEL

They won't catch me, my jobs are planned down to the minutest detail. I'd even have made it in time for the match if I hadn't missed my getaway bus

JOHN and MARY enter. JOHN is in dirty football kit.

JOHN

So you finally got here you skiving bastard! We had no sweeper again because of you.

THOMAS

That's two games in a row!

The three lads are surrounding DANIEL menacingly.

DANIEL

It won't happen again lads I swear. I love my footie as much as the rest of yous. In the meantime, I reckon this radio should raise enough for us to drown our sorrows. How about I treat you?

THOMAS

I'd say it was the least you could do.

MARY

John?

JOHN

(Piously) I'd far rather stand around in the town square with you protesting than be getting drunk in a nice warm pub.

The lads make it clear that they think JOHN is under MARY'S thumb. MARY is touched.

MARY

Of course it's not just for me John, it's for the whole community!

JOHN

Oh aye absolutely. I'm nuts about the community.

MARY

It's the biggest civil liberties march yet!

JOHN

Can't wait!

THOMAS

Marching about won't make things any better.

MARY

And getting drunk will?

GINGER

It'll certainly seem better.

DANIEL

Personally I don't hold with all that civil rights stuff. I like being a member of the underclass. Imagine if they started giving Catholics jobs, I'd have to go to work!

THOMAS

See you John, we'll be in the pub if you manage to slip your leash.

The three lads go.

JOHN

Thank Christ for that. I thought they'd never bugger off.

He grabs her. She shrieks but doesn't resist. They have a major pash. Eventually MARY breaks it.

MARY

No, John stop it! I've got these great pamphlets I want to read before the march.

JOHN

What! You're not *serious* about going on this bloody march are you?

MARY

Of course I am. Aren't you?

JOHN

Are you crazy? How often do we get a chance like this? Your Ma thinks you're on a march, my Ma thinks I'm with the lads. The only civil liberties I want to be taking are with you...

He grabs at her, once more she succumbs and they pash. It could get heated but MARY breaks away.

MARY

No! John! Don't you care about what's happening to our people? Aren't you frustrated!

JOHN

Yes Mary. I am. Very.

MARY

There's a sign on the dock gates saying 'no Catholics need apply'. We're second class citizens in our own city. Don't you want to do something about that?

JOHN

(Mock earnest) You're right. Yes of course I do.

MARY

But what?

JOHN

(Laughing)

Get a trial for Everton and move to Liverpool.

(MARY looks down cast)

Oh come on Mary, what good do you really think you're going to do marching about with a bunch of hippies and students?

MARY

We have to do something. This place is our country.

JOHN

(With gentle good humour)

Darling, look around you. It's a dump. Who in their right mind would give two fucks about it.

MARY

Fine John, you have your drink. I want to see if I can get some more signatures for my petition.

JOHN

Well good luck with that Mary Luther King. And you can watch my kit.

(Running after the boys).

Hey lads wait for me.

MARY

(sadly)

It's not a dump.

(A passer by appears)

Equal rights for Catholics! Sign the petition.

PASSER BY

You're dreaming love.

MARY

I'm not dreaming. This is our home...

She sings GOD'S OWN COUNTRY

6. ACT 1/GOD'S OWN COUNTRY

MARY

I WAS BORN IN GOD'S OWN COUNTRY,
THOUGH IT'S DIRTIER AND POORER THAN HE PLANNED.
BROKEN WINDOWS, BROKEN LIVES.
JOBLESS HUSBANDS, WEEPING WIVES.

IT MAY NOT LOOK LIKE GOD'S OWN COUNTRY.
BUT GOD IS LOVE AND I KNOW HE LOVES THIS LAND.
THOUGH IT'S RAGGED AND IT'S WORN,
IT'S THE PLACE WHERE I WAS BORN.

THE BEAUTY LIES WITHIN IN GOD'S OWN COUNTRY.
IT SLEEPS BENEATH THE SOIL AND 'NEATH THE SAND.

IT'S OUR MOTHERS AND FATHERS, OUR HEROES AND MARTYRS,
FOR GOD'S IN THE PEOPLE AND PEOPLE ARE THE LAND.

EACH NEW GENERATION WILL REBUILD THE NATION,
THAT'S HOW IT'S BEEN SINCE OUR HISTORY BEGAN.

Another girl enters, a Protestant. She joins the song.

OTHER GIRL

IN THE DARKNESS OF THE NIGHT I HEAR IT SINGING.
THE WHISPERING OF THE WIND AND RAIN, IT'S SONG.

BOTH

A SUBLIME ETERNAL TUNE,
TO THE RHYTHMS OF THE MOON.

THESE ANCIENT CHORDS WERE FORMED IN THE BEGINNING,
AND THEY SING TO ME "MY COUNTRY RIGHT OR WRONG".
THESE ARE SONGS WE ALWAYS SANG,
NO ONE KNOWS WHEN THEY BEGAN.

MARY

THIS FAIR LAND IS GOD'S OWN COUNTRY,
AND IT'S CATH'LIC AND REPUBLICAN AND FREE...

Now the other girl pulls an orange jersey from a kitbag on a bench.

OTHER GIRL

IT'S A PROTESTANT LAND MADE BY GOD'S PERFECT HAND,
AND WE PLEDGE OUR ALLEGIANCE TO BRITAIN AND OUR QUEEN.

BOTH GIRLS

FOR IRELAND IS MINE AND IS SO FOR ALL TIME,
FROM THE SHORES OF THE OCEAN UNTO THE IRISH SEA.

I WAS BORN IN GOD'S OWN COUNTRY.

MARY

I AM IRISH

OTHER GIRL

I AM BRITISH

BOTH

AND THIS LAND BELONGS TO ME.
THOUGH IT'S RAGGED AND IT'S WORN
IT'S THE PLACE WHERE I WAS BORN.

*The girls both leave. THOMAS, GINGER and DANIEL appear with
BERNADETTE AND CHRISTINE.*

6a. ACT 1/FOOTBALL PRACTICE

DANIEL

Come on lads, last kick around before the final! The bloody final!
We are the boys!

CHRISTINE

John's the boy Daniel. He scores ninety percent of our goals.

THOMAS

Ah but he'd be nowhere without me chopping up the other side's
defence. Where is he anyway? This is supposed to be a training
session.

DANIEL

Where do you think? Struggling to get out from underneath Mary's
thumb.

BERNADETTE

You're just jealous because he's got a girlfriend.

DANIEL

Of course I'm bloody jealous. I'm eighteen for God's sake, I
shouldn't still be looking for tits in the National Geographic.

JOHN and MARY enter hand in hand.

JOHN

We're in the final lads! The final! And we're going to win Mary, I know we are!

JOHN grabs MARY.

THOMAS

Less of the canoodling there John. You know what Father O'Donnell says about birds and football.

MARY

Father O'Donnell is an anachronistic Neanderthal Chauvinist.

GINGER

Pardon?

CHRISTINE

She means he's an arsehole.

THOMAS

Tell me Christine. Is your mind as dirty as your mouth?

CHRISTINE

That depends on who I'm talking to.

THOMAS

Because I was thinking maybe I'd see you in the pub sometime. I might let you buy me a drink.

CHRISTINE

Well that would be grand Thomas but oh no I've just remembered I'm busy til the day I die.

JOHN

Hey I think you've pulled her!

THOMAS

As if I was serious.

GINGER

I think Father O'Donnell's a great coach.

JOHN

If he can get you to kick a ball straight Ginger he's a genius.

BERNADETTE

Leave him alone! He kicked one straight last week!

THOMAS

Yes, straight into our own net!

GINGER

I forgot we'd changed ends.

DANIEL leaps in the air.

DANIEL

Daniel shoots! Daniel scores!

THOMAS

Daniel dreams! Daniel wakes up!

JOHN

And if you played as hard as you talk Thomas, you'd be capped for Northern Ireland.

THOMAS

When I play for my country mate, I'll play for the Republic.

JOHN

Well that'll be them knackered then.

Now suddenly a drum beat is heard. The music changes to a marching version of GOD'S OWN COUNTRY.

6b. ACT 1/PROD'S OWN COUNTRY

THOMAS

Oh Christ. It's the Prods.

DANIEL

See ya!

JOHN

He's right, we should clear off, we don't want to get into a fight with a final to play tomorrow.

THOMAS

If there is a final. The bloody army's closed half the town.

BERNADETTE

I just don't get it with the soldiers. I mean the army's supposed to be protecting us from the Loyalists isn't it?

THOMAS

Of course they are Bernadette, funny how they all fly the same flag.

MARY

John's right, we can't fight these thugs.

JOHN

Great so let's...

MARY

What we must do is confront them with non violence. Like Ghandi or Martin Luther King!

JOHN

What?!

MARY

We refuse to flight but we refuse to move.

THOMAS

We won't be able to move when they've broken our legs!

MARY

We must link arms! United and unafraid.

THOMAS

You're bloody insane! They come at us with bottles and knives and we hit them with a vicious chorus of "Where have all the flowers gone". John, talk to her.

JOHN

Mary we have to run now, please.

MARY

Why do I have to run? This is our country.

JOHN

Because if you stay, I have to stay. You see...I love you Mary and as your favourite book says, love means never getting the crap kicked out of you because your girlfriend's out of her sodding mind.

BERNADETTE

That is so romantic.

JOHN

Come on!

Video montage plays on scrim of street scenes leading through to the live Prodigies march.

NEWS ANNOUNCER (OPTIONAL)

The marching season when the orange lodges of organized unionism assert their right to parade through nationalist streets flying the British flag, where it is seen as a signal of occupation and oppression.

MOB

STAND UP LADS AND FIGHT FOR GOD'S OWN COUNTRY.
WE'LL TAKE THE BATTLE TO THE ENEMY.
WE ARE YOUNG AND WE ARE STRONG.
AND WE MUST RIGHT AN ANCIENT WRONG

FOR THE LAND OF OUR FATHERS WE'LL MAKE OURSELVES MARTYRS
WE'RE HAPPY TO DIE THAT OUR PEOPLE MAY BE FREE.
FOR OUR GENERATION WILL REBUILD THE NATION,
FOR OUR CAUSE IS JUST AND WE'LL ANSWER TO HISTORY.

PACK UP AND GET OUT OF GOD'S OWN COUNTRY!
RAISE YOUR WOMEN AND YOUR CHILDREN UP AND FLEE.
OR YOU'LL BE BURIED IN THE DUST,
FOR IF YOU'RE NOT YOU'LL BURY US.

Video montage of riot plays on the scrim.

NEWS ANNOUNCER (OPTIONAL)

It was only when the march was almost over that tempers began to get frayed. Stones were thrown from the Catholic boxside area, and within minutes barricades were going up. Belfast was once more in the grip of the most savage of senseless rioting. And yet again the poor British Tommy found himself in the thick of it.

The scrim rises to reveal a burnt out Mini. Now it is the aftermath of the riot. CHRISTINE emerges from a burnt out car. She is with DEL, the Protestant boy whom THOMAS warned to leave the team.

CHRISTINE

Bloody Hell, that was a bit of a shock.

DEL

It certainly was. Didn't expect to bump into you in a burnt out Mini.

CHRISTINE

Or end up having a shag in the middle of a riot.

DEL

Still, it takes your mind off things though, doesn't it?

CHRISTINE

Certainly does.

DEL

I'd always presumed that you Catholic girls were frigid.

CHRISTINE

Did you now? Well I had this funny idea that you Proddy lads were nothing but a bunch of bigots in bowlers.

DEL

But isn't this great? We're breaking down the barriers, overcoming our prejudices. Us having it off in that burnt out Mini here was in fact a blow for cross community relations. We're building bridges so we are.

CHRISTINE

And I'm quite sure my Dad would agree with you.

DEL

Well he's a very smart fellow.

CHRISTINE

Then he'd kill you.

DEL

Well, perhaps we shouldn't go public on our peace initiative just yet, eh?

The mood changes a little. Despite the mutual joshing, they do like each other.

CHRISTINE

I am glad to see you again Del.

(WARZONE UNDERSCORE begins)

Haven't seen you for ages, not since the beginning of the season.

DEL

Well it's hardly surprising considering your mate Thomas threatened to kill me if I turned up at another match.

CHRISTINE

He's no mate of mine. Although I think he wishes he was.

DEL

I saw that the lads have made it to the final. I wish I could be with them.

CHRISTINE

If there is a final. God knows if they'll even play it now.

DEL

The whole thing's bloody insane! People going on about Oliver Cromwell and William of Orange, they've been dead for about a million years! I don't care whether I'm Irish, British or bloody Martian! I just want people to stop hurling bricks at me.

(WARZONE UNDERSCORE stops)

CHRISTINE

Me too.

DEL

Do you know what I'm going to do Chrissy. The second I get the chance?

CHRISTINE

What?

DEL

Clear off.

CHRISTINE

And go where?

DEL

Anywhere, America preferably but quite frankly I'd settle for the North Pole as long as it wasn't Belfast.

7. ACT 1/THE CRAIC (PART 1)

CHRISTINE

Well sod the lot of them I say. They can't stop me being young or having fun. Life's a party!

(Underscore for THE CRAIC begins)

DEL

Now you're talking.

CHRISTINE

A bloody good Craic!

DEL

Well if it's a Craic you're after I'm your fellah.

CHRISTINE

If you can keep up!

DEL

Try stop me.

CHRISTINE

ARE YOU UP FOR THE CRAIC?
DOES IT GET YOU EXCITED?

DEL

SURE I'M UP FOR THE CRAIC
ASSUMING THAT I'M INVITED

CHRISTINE

ARE YOU QUITE SURE YOU CAN REALLY GO THE DISTANCE

DEL

WELL I'M NOT PLANNING ON PUTTING UP RESISTANCE
LIFE'S ONE LONG PARTY AND THIS BOY'S COMING WITH YOU

CHRISTINE

IF YOU LEAVE EARLY YOU KNOW I WON'T FORGIVE YOU

BOTH

WE'RE BOTH UP FOR THE CRAIC
DON'T NEED AN INVITATION
JUST GET ON THE RIGHT TRACK
LIFE IS A CELEBRATION.

A whistle blows.

Now the music changes and the TEAM runs on. It is the final. The GIRLS join a CROWD of supporters. JOHN and the COMPANY sing the song THE FINAL which describes the match itself.

8. ACT 1/THE FINAL

NEWS ANNOUNCER (OPTIONAL)

And it's perfect football conditions here at the Our Lady recreation grounds as an estimated crowd of as many as fifteen or twenty people gather in anticipation of what promises to be a splendid final.

LADS

THIS IS IT, WHAT A BLAST,
IN THE FINAL AT LAST.
WE'RE A DREAM OF A TEAM
WE'RE JUST TOTALLY EXCITED.

WHAT A THRILL, TWENTY NIL,
WE'LL GO IN FOR THE KILL.
ON A ROLL FOR A GOAL
WE COULD TAKE ON MAN UNITED.

O'DONNELL

What a day lads! What a day! The Trophy is within our grasp! So play like angels lads, angels! Unless there's a chance for a bit of professional fouling, in which case, play like the Devil! But

for God's sake WIN!

Whistle - INSTRUMENTAL

LADS & GIRLS

TRY A PASS, SHIFT YOUR ARSE
COME ON SHOW US SOME CLASS.
GET STUCK IN, PLAY TO WIN
'TIL THE VERY FINAL MINUTE.

PASS IT BACK, THEN ATTACK,
COME ON LADS IT'S A CRACK.
IF IN DOUBT, KICK IT OUT
'COS WE'RE REALLY GOING TO WIN IT.

The game is on. This is depicted through movement, song, projections and possibly sound bites to place the game in the context of the exploding situation in Belfast that summer.

We see JOHN with the ball.

JOHN

OH WHAT A LOVELY LITTLE MOVE I WOULD SAY.
THIS BOY HAS NOT GOT A LOT TO PROVE ON THE DAY,
MUST BE ON SOME SORT OF POTION.

HE DOESN'T NEED ANY OTHER MEN. WHAT A RUN.
LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT THAT MOVE AGAIN. JUST FOR FUN
THIS TIME LET'S WATCH IN SLOW MOTION.

ALL THE BOYS

OH WHAT A LOVELY LITTLE MOVE I WOULD SAY
THIS BOY HAS NOT GOT A LOT TO PROVE ON THE DAY
MUST BE ON SOME SORT OF POTION.

*GINGER has the ball. He stands wondering what to do with it.
He passes to JOHN who shoots and scores!*

GIRLS & BOYS

(shout) GOAL!

HE GOES IN FOR THE KILL
AND HE MAKES IT ONE NIL!
WHAT A FABULOUS GOAL,

IT ENRAPTURES THE SOUL.
THE BOY'S MAGIC.

O'DONNELL

MY GOD THIS LOOKS TENSE
THEY'VE GOT PAST OUR DEFENCE
SLIDE IN LOW ON THE TOE,
GET STUCK IN, HAVE A GO,
RISK A BOOKING

BRING HIM DOWN TO THE GROUND,
JUST DON'T PIDDLE AROUND
CHANCE YOUR LUCK, CHOP HIM UP,
YOU CAN SEE THAT THE REF'S NOT LOOKING

THOMAS has the ball.

THOMAS

CROWD

I CLEARLY PLAYED STRAIGHT FOR
THE BALL, DID YOU SEE,
THAT DOZY PRAT TOOK A FALL
RIGHT IN FRONT OF ME.
HE CLEARLY THINKS THAT HE'S
DEAD HARD.

Off! Off! Off!
Off! Off!
Off! Off!
Off! Off!
Off! Off! Off!
Off! Off!
Off! Off! Off!
Off! Off!

REF

OUT COMES THE BOOK I'VE HAD
ENOUGH. OFF YOU GO
YOU LIKE TO THINK THAT YOU'RE
PRETTY TOUGH, NOW YOU KNOW.
I'M GONNA SHOW YOU A RED CARD.

Whistle

*We see archive imagery of school games, teenage kickabouts etc.
Plus images of violence.*

JOHN has the ball for another kick.

ALL

TAKE THE HERO'S ROLE!
SCORE THE WINNING

(shout)
GOAL!

JOHN scores! A huge cheer as the final whistle blows... JOHN is hoisted high, he is holding the trophy, which is a tiny six inch tall cup, but they cheer it as if it was the FA cup.

ALL

GREEN IS THE COLOUR
SOCCER THE GAME
SCORE A THOUSAND MORE FOR
THE BOYS IN GREEN
THE EMERALD TEAM
WE'RE TOTAL MAGIC
JUST BLOODY MAGIC

(roar)

*The celebration turns into the victory party.
THE PARTY music begins as the LADS start to change into their party clothes.*

9. ACT 1/THE PARTY

THE LADS

LET'S GET LEGLESS.
LET'S GET HAMMERED.
LET'S GET RAT FACED.
LET'S GET ARSEHOLED.

WE'RE JUST TOTALLY GREAT.
THERE IS NO DEBATE.
I'M TELLING YOU MATE.
WE'RE THE BUSINESS.

WE ARE SIMPLY SUPERB.
HAVEN'T YOU HEARD?
DIVINELY PREFERRED.
GOD'S OUR WITNESS.

WE ARE STUNNINGLY SKILLED.
TESTOSTERONE FILLED.
WE WENT OUT AND KILLED.
WE'RE FANTASMIC.

WE'RE A MAGICAL TEAM.
WE PLAY LIKE A DREAM.
WE'RE CLEARLY THE CREAM.
WE'RE ORGASMIC.

JOHN

LET'S GET ROARING PUNCH DRUNK,

DANIEL

FIGHTING, DANCING, PUKE DRUNK,

GINGER

HURLING BELCHING BLIND DRUNK,

THOMAS

SO DRUNK IT'S OBSCENE.

JOHN & DANIEL

COMOTOSELY DEAD DRUNK,

GINGER & THOMAS

UNCONSCIOUS ON THE FLOOR DRUNK,

ALL 4

AN ARSEHOLED AND HAMMERED AND TOTALLY SHITFACED TEAM!

JOHN

VIOLENTLY ILL DRUNK,

THOMAS

STRETCHED OUT IN THE STREET DRUNK,

GINGER

NEED A STOMACH PUMP DRUNK,

DANIEL

DRUNK AS FIFTY MEN.

DANIEL & GINGER

UTTERLY INSANE DRUNK,

JOHN & THOMAS

PICKLING YOUR BRAIN DRUNK,

ALL 4

AND WHEN WE RECOVER,
GET BLOODY DRUNK AGAIN!

Now we are at the victory celebration, with all the gang.

O'DONNELL

Let there be light.

(Party lights turn on, THE CRAIC UNDERSCORE begins)

My boys, my boys. This is the happiest day of my life. To feel the pure electro-plated nickel alloy of the West Belfast Under 21's Catholic Boys League Cup in my hands is almost too much happiness for one priest to bear... I know that we live in difficult times, but tonight let us celebrate the real spirit of our city! The spirit of friendship, tolerance and....

CHRISTINE interjects.

CHRISTINE

And having a bloody good Craic! *(Pronounced Crack)*

CHRISTINE

Speeches over, Craic's begun Father. The Irish word for party, the one thing we do better than any one else in the world.

ALL

Yeah!

There is a cheer and the dancing begins.

CHRISTINE

ARE YOU UP FOR THE CRAIC?
DO YOU KNOW HOW TO PARTY?
HERE'S THE PLAN OF ATTACK
GIVE ME A DRINK AND START ME.

ARE YOU QUITE SURE THAT YOU'VE GOT THE STOMACH FOR IT?
ONCE THE CRAIC'S STARTED THERE'S NO WAY TO IGNORE IT.
WE WON'T STOP NOW THAT IT'S REALLY GETTING GOING.
WHAT THE NIGHT PROMISES THERE'S NO WAY OF KNOWING.

ALL

ARE YOU UP FOR THE CRAIC?
DO YOU KNOW HOW TO PARTY?
HERE'S THE PLAN OF ATTACK
GIVE ME A DRINK AND START ME.

GIRLS

ARE YOU QUITE SURE THAT YOU'VE GOT THE STOMACH FOR IT?

GUYS

ONCE THE CRAIC'S STARTED THERE'S NO WAY TO IGNORE IT.

ALL

WE WON'T STOP NOW THAT IT'S REALLY GETTING GOING.
WHAT THE NIGHT PROMISES THERE'S NO WAY OF KNOWING.

WE'RE ALL UP FOR THE CRAIC
EVERYONE'S MADE THEIR MINDS UP.
NOW THERE'S NO LOOKING BACK
NOBODY SHOUTING TIME'S UP

The music continues as underscore as DANIEL approaches the girls.

DANIEL

Here, girls, girls... I was wondering if you was interested in
getting high at all? I have some excellent hash, Moroccan resin,
the best man. Here, experience a new reality.

He has a couple of little foil packets.

MARY

So you've graduated from car thief to drug pusher have you now
Daniel?

DANIEL

Oh don't be such a square man!

CHRISTINE has been inspecting DANIEL'S packets.

CHRISTINE

Daniel this isn't Moroccan resin, it's half an Oxo cube.

DANIEL

No way man, I've been ripped off!

CHRISTINE

Why don't you roll yourself a nice stock cube joint Dan, and experience a new reality.

The two girls screech with laughter. With a whoop and a holler the dancing and singing rise to a crescendo.

ALL

ARE YOU UP FOR A CRAIC?
DO YOU KNOW HOW TO PARTY?
HERE'S MY PLAN OF ATTACK
GIVE ME A DRINK AND START ME.

ARE YOU QUITE SURE THAT YOU'VE GOT THE STOMACH FOR IT?
ONCE THE PARTY'S STARTED THERE'S NO WAY TO IGNORE IT.
WE WON'T STOP NOW THAT IT'S REALLY GETTING GOING.
WHAT THE NIGHT PROMISES THERE'S NO WAY OF KNOWING.

WE ALL LIVE FOR THE CRAIC
EVERYONE'S ON THE DANCE FLOOR.
END UP FLAT ON YOUR BACK
GOOD TIME HAVE TO BE PAID FOR.

DEL has arrived and is dancing with CHRISTINE. The dancing gets wilder. Suddenly DEL and CHRISTINE find themselves confronted by THOMAS and his cronies.

THOMAS

I thought I told you to stay away Del!

DEL

Just came to help the old team celebrate Thomas. No offence intended.

CHRISTINE

He can drink where he pleases, it's a free country.

THOMAS

Like hell it is. But it will be one day. You be careful Christine Warner, associating with Protestants.

DEL

Atheists!

THOMAS

We're watching you.

CHRISTINE

Who, who's bloody watching me?

THOMAS

Never you mind who, just be careful.

DEL takes CHRISTINE away.

DEL

Leave it Christine.

CHRISTINE

I'm not scared of him.

DEL

No, but I am. Come on.

CHRISTINE and DEL leave. The party is winding down.

THOMAS and his pals look about as if to ask if anyone has any objections. O'DONNELL is not happy.

O'DONNELL

I've told you Thomas, violence has no place on this team! I won't have it!

THOMAS

You can't escape it Father.

O'DONNELL

Ah but that's where you're wrong lad, you can escape it. All you need is the brains to see that violence is getting us nowhere and the guts to find another way. You have brains and guts Thomas try to put them to good use.

THOMAS

That's right Father, you keep eating shit and the Brits and the Unionists will keep feeding it to you. I think I prefer to drink

where people have blood in their veins, not water.

THOMAS and his cohorts leave.

10. ACT 1/LOVE IN PEACE

O'DONNELL

Water! You little swine! (*THE PARTY underscore begins*) I'll have you know my bloods forty per cent proof! And this is a party!

ALL

Yeah!

O'DONNELL drinks. The slow dancing continues.

The couples are pairing off. Everyone sings a reprise of the Party Music in the background. JOHN and MARY are smooching.

ALL

LET'S GET ROARING PUNCH DRINK
FIGHTING DANCING PUKE DRUNK
HURLING BELCHING BLIND DRUNK
SO DRUNK IT'S OBSCENE.

COMOTOSELY DEAD DRUNK
UNCONSCIOUS ON THE FLOOR DRUNK
AN ARSEHOLED AND HAMMERED
AND TOTALLY SHITFACED TEAM!

The singing fades into underscore. GINGER and BERNADETTE are talking.

BERNADETTE

It was a fine match though, wasn't it?

GINGER

It certainly was.

BERNADETTE

I thought you were the real hero today Greg O'Shaugnessy.

GINGER

'Greg'. I like that. Nobody ever calls me anything but Ginger.

BERNADETTE

Well then I shall always call you Greg, maybe even Gregory if I'm feeling generous!

GINGER

I know I'm not much of a footballer Bernadette, but I've prospects all the same. I'm to be apprenticed to a car mechanic. It seems to me that people are always going to need car mechanics around here, what with Daniel always breaking into them and wild boys like Thomas burning them all the time.

BERNADETTE

Well... It's good to see the positive side of things.

GINGER

Like they say, it's only a stupid man that can't make a pound in a riot.

BERNADETTE

I wish it would end though... All this fighting. All this stupidity. All this killing.

GINGER

I say best not to think about it.

BERNADETTE

I can't help it. It's everywhere, the violence. I think about it all the time.

GINGER

Would you thing I was being very forward Bernadette if I asked you to dance?

BERNADETTE

No! No, I wouldn't think that all.

They begin to dance to a groove of LOVE IN PEACE after a little while they begin to sing.

BERNADETTE

DREAM ABOUT A DAY WHEN WE'LL BE
CALM, SERENE, COMPLETELY CAREFREE.
JUST FOR FUN, THINK OF ONE

ORDINARY DAY.

ASK YOURSELF WHAT IT WOULD FEEL LIKE.
DREAM THE DREAM WITH ALL OF YOUR MIGHT.
CLOSE YOUR EYES. VISUALISE.
JUST ONE NORMAL DAY.

BOTH

TIME TO FIND OUT WHO WE ARE.
TIME TO FIND OUR LUCKY STAR.
TIME FOR ALL OUR PAIN TO CEASE.
WE'LL LOVE IN PEACE.

GINGER

JUST IMAGINE NO MORE VIOLENCE.
NO MORE BOMBS. THE SOUND OF SILENCE.
TIME TO BE. YOU AND ME.
TIME TO LOVE IN PEACE.

BOTH

DAYS OF HOPE SO CALM AND TRANQUIL.
PRIVATE MOMENTS TO BE THANKFUL.
ON OUR OWN. LEFT ALONE.
FREE TO LOVE IN PEACE.

GINGER

TIME TO SIMPLY SIT AND BREATHE.

BERNADETTE

TIME TO LEARN HOW TO BELIEVE.

BOTH

AND GIVE THANKS FOR OUR RELEASE,
TO LOVE IN PEACE.

BERNADETTE

TIME TO DANCE AND TIME TO GROW.

GINGER

TIME TO LEARN AND TIME TO KNOW.

BOTH

TIME TO PROSPER AND INCREASE.

MAKE LOVE IN PEACE.

BERNADETTE

SOMETIMES I GET
ON MY KNEES AND PRAY
FOR THAT ONE
ORDINARY DAY
WHEN ALL THE PAIN WILL FIN'LLY CEASE.
THEN WE'LL BE FREE
TO LOVE IN PEACE

GINGER

JUST FOR FUN

BERNADETTE

THINK OF ONE

BOTH

ORDINARY DAY

At the end of the song they kiss.

BERNADETTE

I really have to go now Gregory, my Ma's picking me up, she'll be waiting in the carpark.

GINGER

So... Will I call for you sometime then?

BERNADETTE

I think you should... When?

GINGER

How about tomorrow?

BERNADETTE

That would be just fine.

They kiss again.

BERNADETTE

That is so unlike me.

BERNADETTE leaves. Now the party is ending. FATHER O'DONNELL is saying farewell.

O'DONNELL

Goodnight my friends. A safe journey home to you all! We shall do this again when we win next year...

The stage is emptying. DANIEL, THOMAS and GINGER are making their way home singing a raucous version of THE BEAUTIFUL GAME.

10a. ACT 1/THE BEAUTIFUL GAME (GINGER & DANIEL ENTRANCE)

GINGER & DANIEL

RAISE YOUR VOICE FOR THE PEOPLE'S SPORT
LONG LIVE THE BEAUTIFUL GAME
THOSE WHO PLAY, THOSE WHO SUPPORT.

GREEN IS THE COLOUR
SOCCER'S THE GAME.
SCORE!
A THOUSAND MORE FOR

DANIEL

I don't feel so good.

GINGER

I'm not surprised. I told you Kaluha, Blue Nun and Guinness wouldn't mix.

DANIEL

They will when they're all over the pavement.

GINGER

This is your house Daniel, in case you're too drunk to recognise it.

DANIEL

I think you'll be having pleasant dreams, eh Ginger? Little Bernadette? I reckon you got lucky tonight.

GINGER

I hope so Daniel, I don't deny, I hope so.

DANIEL

Shh!

(Walks off, crash heard offstage)

I'm alright. I'm fine.

11. ACT 1/THE MUGGING

GINGER walks on alone, he is thinking of BERNADETTE. Now we see that shadowy figures are trailing him. The terrifying music of WAR ZONE begins. Now thugs emerge in front of GINGER. Their faces are obscured by masks.

FIRST THUG

Well well well, a little Republican boy out on the tiles.

GINGER

I'm not a Republican, I'm not on any side.

SECOND THUG

Everybody has a side.

GINGER

Please no!

The thugs close in on GINGER the music of WAR ZONE grows in horror as GINGER is beaten. It reaches a crescendo as GINGER disappears into the darkness.

MARY, CHRISTINE and BERNADETTE walk on to the kitchen table at Mary's house while looking at the team photo, laughing and singing.

MARY

Come on! Come on. I want all the juicy details. The last I saw, you were disappearing into the night with Del Copeland, then your Ma calls me this morning asking to speak to you. Where were you?

CHRISTINE

I rang her from Del's to say I was staying with you.

MARY

Well it's a good job I'm a quick thinker. I told her you were still in bed. Which clearly you were!

CHRISTINE

I knew you wouldn't let me down.

MARY

But my God Christine, you actually stayed the night at his house? Didn't his parents mind?

CHRISTINE

No way. His Dad's a sociology lecturer, hair down to his arse, terrible split ends. Fella actually brings us in a cup of tea in

the morning, can you believe it? Anyway, never mind me, I hear the big news is you Bernadette!

BERNADETTE

Oh stop it!

CHRISTINE

Is it true? Did you really cop off with Ginger O'Shaugnessey?

BERNADETTE

I didn't 'cop off' with anyone....

MARY

She kissed him!

BERNADETTE

I did not! *(Cue to start THE BOYS IN THE PHOTOGRAPH REPRISE U/S bar 23)*

MARY

You did so! I saw you. We all saw you! You were snogging in the middle of the dance floor!

CHRISTINE

Bernadette!

BERNADETTE

Well all right then I *did* kiss him. And I loved it. I've wanted to kiss him since we were in the first year when he gave me a bit of his Mars bar. He's going to call me today.

CHRISTINE

How will he do that? Your Ma's not on the phone. No one is your street is.

BERNADETTE

Well then he'll have to come around in person won't he?

MARY

So now we all have fellahs together. I suppose there's nothing like a man in shorts!

MARY

THE BOYS IN THE PHOTOGRAPH

CHRISTINE

WHO WOULD'VE THOUGHT

MARY

BACK IN SCHOOL I USED TO HATE HIM

BERNADATTE

THEY'VE CHANGED SINCE THE PHOTOGRAPH

MARY

WELL, SO HAVE WE

CHRISTINE

CAN'T BELIEVE THAT HE'S MY BOYFRIEND

ALL THREE

TO LOOK AT THIS PHOTOGRAPH
YOU'D JUST NEVER GUESS
THOSE SCRUFFY LADS MIGHT SHAPE
OUR FUTURE HAPPINESS

THE BOYS IN THE PHOTOGRAPH
WILL THEY BE OURS?
YEARS FROM NOW?
YEARS FROM NOW?

JOHN, THOMAS and DANIEL enter. They are devastated.

JOHN

Mary.

MARY

John. What's wrong?

JOHN

Ginger's dead.

MARY

Ginger? No.

DANIEL

A gang of loyalists took him off the street. Random murder the police call it, a reply to the IRA bombings.

THOMAS

Bastards. Murdering Prody swine.

JOHN

He was last seen outside Daniel's place at around one a.m. and discovered this morning in the hills, trussed up in a sack. The police don't know exactly what happened during that seven hours, except that Ginger was tortured and that he was still alive when he was found. Just. The attackers must have thought he was dead, but he wasn't dead, he must have been faking it.

A phrase from THE OVERTURE plays as an image of GINGER playing football appears.

JOHN

Do you know what Ginger told them? He told them he was glad we'd won the final.

THOMAS

A bloody milk man found him. A milk man.

BERNADETTE

He only kissed me last night... Kissed me for the first time and the last.

After a moment of silence THOMAS speaks.

THOMAS

Are you coming John? You too Daniel.

JOHN

What?

THOMAS

I said are you coming?

FATHER O'DONNELL enters.

FATHER O'DONNELL

Where? Where are you going Thomas?

MARY

Father... Have you heard that... Ginger...

FATHER O'DONNELL

Yes Mary. I heard. I came to speak with you all. To offer comfort.

THOMAS

Comfort! What good is comfort going to do?

FATHER O'DONNELL

Call it council then Thomas. A boy is dead, we want no more killing.

THOMAS

Is that right Father? Then what do you think Ginger died for?

MARY

He didn't die for anything. He died for nothing.

THOMAS

He died for a United Ireland.

FATHER O'DONNELL

He died Thomas, because he was alone and half drunk on the streets at night and he got in the way of some psychotic hooligans! He died because Belfast is turning into a lunatic asylum.

THOMAS

You be careful what you say about our martyrs Father O'Donnell.

MARY

Oh so Ginger's a martyr already?

THOMAS

It's time to do right by Ginger. To kick a few proddies.

FATHER O'DONNELL

Do you know which ones killed Ginger?

THOMAS

It doesn't matter. They're all the same, they're all the enemy.

MARY

Don't be insane! That's how Ginger got...

BERNADETTE

Gregory! His name was Gregory!

MARY

That's how Gregory got killed.

FATHER O'DONNELL

Exactly. Not because he'd done anything or hurt anybody, but just because he was born Catholic. And now you want to do the same to some poor Protestant boy.

THOMAS

Yes.

DANIEL

We have to do *something* Father... We can't just let him die.

FATHER O'DONNELL

Daniel. He's dead.

BERNADETTE

He never had a violent bone in his body.. He wanted to love, he wanted to love me.

FATHER O'DONNELL

So just you be aware Thomas Malloy and you Daniel, if you go out

now looking for trouble it's got nothing to do with anyone but yourselves. It isn't about your love for your friend, but about your love of hate.

THOMAS

Are you coming John?

JOHN

No Thomas. I'm not coming.

THOMAS and DANIEL leave in disgust.

BERNADETTE begins to sing a reprise of LET US LOVE IN PEACE.

12. ACT 1/LET US LOVE IN PEACE REPRISE

BERNADETTE

JUST IMAGINE NO MORE VIOLENCE.
NO MORE BOMBS. THE SOUND OF SILENCE.
TIME TO BE YOUNG AND FREE.
TIME TO LOVE IN PEACE.

BERNADETTE, CHRISTINE, MARY & JOHN

TIME TO SIMPLY SIT AND BREATHE,
TIME TO LEARN HOW TO BELIEVE,
AND GIVE THANKS FOR OUR RELEASE,
TO LOVE IN PEACE.

FULL COMPANY

TIME TO DANCE AND TIME TO GROW.
TIME TO LEARN AND TIME TO KNOW.
TIME TO PROSPER AND INCREASE.
MAKE LOVE IN PEACE.

During the song the stage fills with mourners. O'DONNELL addresses the congregation.

O'DONNELL

We are gathered here today to give thanks for the life of Gregory O'Shaugnessy. He would have been eighteen next week.

FULL COMPANY

SOMETIMES I GET
ON MY KNEES AND PRAY
FOR THAT ONE
ORDINARY DAY
WHEN ALL THE PAIN WILL FIN'LLY CEASE.
THEN WE'LL BE FREE

TO LOVE IN PEACE.

The congregation depart leaving BERNADETTE by the grave, MARY and JOHN together near her. Further away to one side stand CHRISTINE and DEL and set apart on the other side are DANIEL and most distant and isolated of all, THOMAS.

The friends are alone on stage, already fragmented. The music changes to a short quote from THE BOYS IN THE PHOTOGRAPH.

END OF ACT ONE.

ACT TWO

13. ACT 2/THE HAPPIEST DAY OF OUR LIVES

It is the morning of JOHN and MARY'S wedding. The Act opens with the opening peel of THE HAPPIEST DAY OF OUR LIVES.

Either side of the stage JOHN and MARY are getting ready for their wedding.

MARY

GOD I HOPE I'VE MADE THE RIGHT DECISION.
DO I WANT TO BE SOMEBODY'S WIFE?
WILL THIS BE THE DAY I GO TO PRISON?
OR IS IT THE HAPPIEST DAY OF MY LIFE?

JOHN

I HAD FIFTEEN PINTS OF GUINNESS LAST NIGHT.
CHINESE FOOD WITH PRAWNS AND EGG FRIED RICE.
TELL THE PRIEST TO JUST PERFORM THE LAST RIGHTS.
IS THIS THE HAPPIEST DAY OF MY LIFE?

The company assemble.

COMPANY

GOD WE HOPE THEY'VE MADE THE RIGHT DECISION.
WILL THEIR FATE BE FORTY YEARS OF STRIFE?
IS THIS UNION HEADING FOR DIVISION?
NO! IT'S THE HAPPIEST DAY OF THEIR LIVES!

YES! WE KNOW THEY'VE MADE THE RIGHT DECISION
THEY WERE BORN TO END UP MAN AND WIFE.
THIS IS JUST A MATCH THAT'S MADE IN HEAVEN
AND IT'S THE HAPPIEST DAY OF THEIR LIVES!

During the course of the number the company have assembled for the wedding.

FATHER O'DONNELL stands before JOHN and MARY.

14. ACT 2/ALL THE LOVE I HAVE

Underscore of ALL THE LOVE I HAVE begins.

FATHER O'DONNELL

My dear friends, this is indeed a special occasion. We are gathered here today in the sight of God and the love of one another to celebrate the marriage of John and Mary.

JOHN and MARY sing to each other their wedding vows.

MARY

IN THE DARKNESS OF ETERNITY
IN THE SPACE THAT FILLS FOREVER
ALL THE LOVE I HAVE I GIVE TO YOU.

JOHN

ON TIME'S JOURNEY TO INFINITY.
OUR HEARTS WILL BE BOUND TOGETHER
COUNT THE SECONDS AND YOU'LL FIND IT'S TRUE.

BOTH

THAT ALL THE LOVE I HAVE I GIVE TO YOU.

MARY

AND ALL ACROSS THE UNIVERSE.

JOHN

WHERE EACH NEW STAR WILL BURN FOR US.

BOTH

THE PATH I TAKE WITH YOU WILL HAVE NO END.
LIKE A CIRCLE.

MARY

I BELIEVE LOVE FILLS THE EMPTINESS.

JOHN

BINDS THE MOON AND STARS TOGETHER.

BOTH

EACH FRESH KISS BEGINS A WORLD ANEW.
AND ALL THE LOVE I HAVE I GIVE TO YOU.

JOHN

AND ALL ACROSS THE UNIVERSE.

MARY

WHERE EACH NEW STAR WILL BURN FOR US.

BOTH

THE PATH I TAKE WITH YOU WILL HAVE NO END.
LIKE A CIRCLE.

JOHN

I BELIEVE LOVE FILLS THE EMPTINESS.

MARY

BINDS THE MOON AND STARS TOGETHER.

BOTH

EACH FRESH KISS BEGINS A WORLD ANEW.
AND ALL THE LOVE I HAVE I GIVE TO YOU.
AND ALL THE LOVE I HAVE I GIVE TO YOU.

MARY and JOHN kiss.

O'DONNELL

I now pronounce you man and wife. Ahem... You may kiss the bride.

*This is slightly embarrassing since JOHN and MARY have been
happily kissing without anyone's permission.*

*The congregation disappear to THE HAPPIEST DAY as JOHN and MARY
find themselves in their wedding night Hotel room.*

15. ACT 2/DON'T LIKE YOU REPRISE

*Slightly tipsily they tease each other with a reprise of DON'T
LIKE YOU.*

MARY

QUITE LIKE YOU,

JOHN

DON'T HATE YOU. IF PUSHED COULD TOLERATE YOU.

MARY

I'M SURE, THAT YOU'LL MATURE. I HAVE KNOWN MORE STUPID BOYS.

MARY

YOU SAY IT.

JOHN

NO YOU SAY IT.

MARY

ALRIGHT. I VAGUELY LIKE YOU.
IT'S SAD, I MUST BE MAD.
BUT I'M GLAD THAT I'M YOUR WIFE.

JOHN

I'M SO GLAD THAT YOU'RE MY...

Now they face each other embarrassed and nervous. JOHN tries to cover the embarrassment by making conversation.

JOHN

What a lovely room. A truly delightful room.

MARY

Yes.

JOHN

A credit to the whole Trust House Hotel group.

MARY

Yes it is nice isn't it.

JOHN

Lovely cupboards.

MARY

Lovely.

JOHN

Laminated chipboard you know. Better than real wood, I think. It's put quality furniture within reach of the fellah in the street.

Conversation lapses for a moment. JOHN takes a look in the bathroom.

JOHN

You should see the stuff they have in here. Beautiful little bars of soap in boxes, you shall have to take some home for your Ma. And look, here's a shower cap and some shampoo. My God we could have all our Christmas presents sorted out right here and now.

MARY

Mmm.

JOHN has come back into the bedroom.

JOHN

Look, there's a kettle! A kettle in the bedroom, fancy that? Shall we have a cup of tea?

MARY

Perhaps we should save that until the morning.

This comment brings them both up short, reminding them as it does that they are about to spend the night together. JOHN hurries on, nervously inspecting the room. He is fascinated by the trouser press.

JOHN

What would you think this great big clamp thing is for?

MARY

I think it's a trouser press.

JOHN

For pressing trousers?

MARY

I would think so.

JOHN

My God they think of everything don't they? Well that'll certainly be useful when I get my trousers off...

MARY

Eek!

JOHN

...I mean, I shall be able to press them...

They both know the moment cannot be put off any longer.

MARY

Look, I suppose things always seem strange... the first time you do anything. But you are glad I made us wait?

JOHN

Oh yes absolutely. Well we wouldn't want to burn in hell would we?

MARY

No.

JOHN

Still, right now, I do wish it wasn't the first time.

MARY

Well let's pretend it isn't. Let's pretend we've been doing this for ages, that you're already sick of me and would rather be watching the telly and me thinking, "Oh god the old man's after bothering me again, I'd better lie back and think of the Republic".

JOHN

I could never get sick of you Mary.

The music to THE FIRST TIME begins to play.

16. ACT 2/THE FIRST TIME

MARY

God I hate being a Catholic. It's 1971 for Heavens sake, the whole world's been shagging itself silly for years and we're the only one's who weren't invited to the party.

JOHN

My Ma always said that saving yourself and all that would make it all the better when... you know, you finally did it... even more wonderful.

MARY

Well thanks a lot Mrs Kelly, no pressure or anything.

They sing THE FIRST TIME

MARY

CAN THIS BE? YOU AND ME?
SCARED OF EACH OTHER.
WHY DO I TREMBLE?
THIS FIRST TIME'S NOT A CRIME.

SO LET'S NOT WAIT.
IT'S OUR FATE.
MAKE ME YOUR LOVER.
THIS MOMENT MUST BE SO SUBLIME
A NIGHT OF PURE BLISS,
FOR US THIS FIRST TIME.

JOHN

WHAT IF I'M NOT SUBLIME?
NO CASANOVA.
I'VE HAD A COUPLE.
BUMBLING FOOL, JUST NOT COOL.

SPIRIT WEAK, NO TECHNIQUE,
AND QUICKLY OVER?
HOPE THERE'S LEAD

IN MY PENCIL WHEN
I LOSE MY CHERRY
THIS VERY FIRST TIME.

Instrumental while they begin to undress.

MARY

IF I SEEM LESS THAN KEEN,
IT'S NOT EVASION.
I'M SCARED I'LL BE A
PIECE OF WOOD, NOT MUCH GOOD.

JOHN

CLOSE MY EYES, TRY TO RISE
TO THE OCCASION.

BOTH

LET'S FACE IT
WE'RE JUST PETRIFIED.
SO LET'S GET TO THIS,
AND THROUGH THIS FIRST TIME.

Passionate instrumental as they embrace/make love.

BOTH

NO ONE EVER FELT THE WAY I FEEL TONIGHT.
NO DESIRE EVER FELT SO STRONG.
SPARKS OF PASSION GLOWING HOT AND SHINING BRIGHT.
A FIRE TO BURN MY WHOLE LIFE LONG.

ME AND YOU, ALWAYS TRUE.
IN LOVE FOREVER.

JOHN

I AM YOUR HUSBAND.

MARY

I'M YOUR WIFE.

BOTH

IN LOVE FOR LIFE.

SO HOLD ME TIGHT THROUGH THE NIGHT.
WE'LL BE TOGETHER.
I'LL KEEP YOU CLOSE
AND MAKE YOU MINE,
RIGHT FROM THE FIRST KISS,
FOR US THIS FIRST TIME.

WE'LL MAKE A NEW STAR
FOR THIS OUR FIRST TIME.

The music changes to THE CRAIC and we see the guests at the wedding who are singing, dancing, drinking and having fun.

Then, in the darkness, the telephone rings. JOHN and MARY are startled awake.

JOHN

(on phone)

Hello... Thomas? ... Is this some kind of wedding night joke...? Oh Jesus... all right I'll come.

We know that the happiness that JOHN and MARY have found together is already under threat.

MARY

John, where are you going?

JOHN

That was Thomas, he's on the run. He wants me to drive him to a safe house on the border. He's lost his bloody glasses.

MARY

So Thomas finally joined the IRA.

JOHN

It was inevitable. I didn't tell you, I knew you wouldn't like it.

MARY

You're damn right I don't like it. My God I believe I care as much for my country as twenty Thomases, but blowing people up, John?

JOHN

Well it's not me is it Mary? I'm not a provo, so don't shout at me.

MARY

You may not be a provo John, but if you start ferrying them around you might as well be.

JOHN

Look Mary. Thomas is my friend. My oldest friend. He's out there, half blind with the British Army after him. You know I have to help him.

MARY

(understanding)

Yes John. I know.

JOHN

(Being cheery)

Beside, I'll be back in three hours. Four at most. Shall I pick up some fish & chips?

MARY

John, don't joke.

JOHN

No you're right, I shan't be thinking about food when I come back. After all... it'll still be our wedding night won't it?

17. ACT 2/ALL THE LOVE REPRISE/WARZONE

Underscore of ALL THE LOVE I HAVE REPRISE / WARZONE begins.

MARY

Yes John, it's our wedding night.

AND ALL THE LOVE I HAVE I GIVE TO...

NEWS ANNOUNCER (OPTIONAL)

Belfast by night, and once more anarchy descends upon this tortured city. The security forces powerless to halt the cycle of tit-for-tat violence. As youths from both communities roam the city at will, often clashing with soldiers and the police, the very air seems to shiver with savagery and fear.

THOMAS is hiding. JOHN joins him. THOMAS has lost his glasses and is very short sighted.

THOMAS

John, is that you?

JOHN

Yes it's me.

THOMAS

Thank Christ for that, I knew I could count on you.

JOHN

(very angry)

Yes well don't bloody count on me all right! This is my wedding night you bastard. My sodding wedding night.

THOMAS

I know John, but the struggle is bigger than...

JOHN

Spare me the ballad of 1916, I think it's shit. Just tell me what you want and let me get back to my wife. And never, ever ask me to do something like this again.

Shattering glass is heard in the distance.

THOMAS

For Christ's sake keep your voice down!

THOMAS nervously produces his pistol.

JOHN

You have a gun, but no glasses. Isn't that a little bit of a dangerous combination?

THOMAS

I can still tell army khaki when I need to. I can see that new wife of yours has been at you with her peace and love talk. Don't get me wrong John, but Mary's one of those people who want freedom and justice without being prepared to fight for it.

JOHN

Maybe she just doesn't have a taste for murder, did you ever think about that Thomas?

THOMAS

When you fight for freedom it isn't murder, it's war, and people die in wars, maybe even me. I certainly don't want to die John, but I do know one thing...

They sing I'D RATHER DIE ON MY FEET.

18. ACT 2/I'D RATHER DIE ON MY FEET

THOMAS

I'D RATHER DIE ON MY FEET
THAN LIVE ON MY KNEES,

JOHN

YOU'RE DELUDED!

THOMAS

BECAUSE THE WEAK AND THE FEARFUL
ARE A SOCIAL DISEASE.

JOHN

STUPID BASTARD!

THOMAS

MEN DICTATE THEIR FINAL FATE
WHILE FOOLS NEGOTIATE.
INSECTS CRAWL, A MAN STANDS TALL.

JOHN

HAVE YOU NO SENSE AT ALL?

THOMAS

WHEN THE BATTLE IS OVER
AND THE LAST DEAL IS DONE,
LET ME TELL YOU
THE MAN WITH THE POWER
WILL BE THE MAN WITH THE GUN.
HE CAN KILL YOU

JOHN

YOU'RE NAÏVE IF YOU BELIEVE
THAT YOU'LL GET WHAT YOU NEED

THOMAS

CLOSE YOUR EYES TO COMPROMISE,
BETRAYAL IN DISGUISE.

JOHN

CAN'T YOU THINK OF YOUR VICTIMS?
ARE YOU DEAF TO THEIR PLEAS?
BRAVE AVENGER!

THOMAS

I AM MY COUNTRY
AND MY COUNTRY IS ME

I'LL DEFENDER HER

THOMAS

Good luck with your football John, one day you'll play for a United Ireland, I truly believe that.

Underscore of THE CRAIC begins (bar 46).

Time has passed on. CHRISTINE and MARY appear.

CHRISTINE

My last day, Mary. Me and Del's last bloody day in this dump and then we'll get on that plane and drink the booze trolley dry.

MARY

What about the baby?

CHRISTINE

We'll stick him in the overhead locker. God it's exciting. Us off to America, you off to England.

MARY

Don't jinx us! John hasn't been selected yet.

CHRISTINE

He will be. John's our best player since Georgie Best.

MARY

I still can't quite believe it. When we were at school I used to tell him that he'd never amount to anything and now he's trying out for a first division side.

CHRISTINE

Some of those top players make a hundred pounds a week you know.

MARY

Wouldn't that be nice.

(Casually)

We could certainly do with a bit more money... what with an extra mouth to feed and all.

CHRISTINE

An extra....? My God Mary, you're not!

Now MARY blurts out her wonderful news.

MARY

I am! Six weeks, I went to the doctor this morning!

CHRISTINE

Oh my God! That is fantastic. How's John taking it, he must be so thrilled!

MARY

He doesn't know yet so don't say anything, I didn't want to take his mind off his football trial.

CHRISTINE

You certainly picked a nice time to get pregnant with your best mate about to emigrate. Funny to think I actually used to love this place.

The baby cries

CHRISTINE

Shut up

MARY

Christine, you do know they have bigotry in America don't you?
Cue to stop UNDERSCORE)

CHRISTINE

Ah but me and Del won't be the victims of it there. Everybody loves the Irish you see.

MARY

Except the Irish.

CHRISTINE

Exactly. The one place being Irish is a liability is Ireland. Anywhere else in the world they can't get enough of us, with our wiggly legged dancing and our diddly diddly music and our beer that takes two hours to pour. They bloody love it.

A couple of unpleasant looking women stand before CHRISTINE.

FIRST WOMAN

When that baby grows up Christine Warner whose side will he be on? Who will he fight for?

CHRISTINE

He won't fight for anyone if I have anything to do with it.

SECOND WOMAN

Sure he will, he'll be an Irishman for all he's a half breed bastard, and all Irishmen must have a side, it's a historical fact.

CHRISTINE

History my arse! How long can you carry a grudge?

FIRST WOMAN

While there's a Brit or a Unionist left in Ireland.

SECOND WOMAN

And there's you breeding with them, making little soldiers to fight for the Queen. To kill true Irishmen.

FIRST WOMAN

You're a whore Christine Warner, a whore and a traitor.

The women move on, CHRISTINE calls after them.

CHRISTINE

And you're a couple of sad, dried up vinegar-titted old slappers. And I tell you something else darlings, when I've made my millions in the States, I'm going to come back here, buy the house next door to you and rent it out to Ian bloody Paisley!

DEL enters.

DEL

Don't hold back there, Chrissie! Tell them what you really think. All set then. I've seen our container down to the docks Christine. Well I say our container, although I mean of course her container since ninety five percent of the crap we're taking with us is hers. So it seems we're all leaving then Mary. Christine and me for New York, you and John for Liverpool.

MARY

If he passes his football trial.

DEL

Of course he will. I mean when I used to play with him I never even got to touch the bloody ball. It's going to be tough for you though isn't it? Leaving home and that. I know how much you love this place.

MARY

Well England's not that far away, and in any case there are more Irishmen in Liverpool than there are in Belfast.

DEL

Bloody micks. We get everywhere.

MARY

We have to. Listen, will you come and say goodbye to John before you go? He's always asking after you.

DEL

No Mary, I shan't. Thomas Malloy warned me off that pitch two years ago, and that's a dangerous man to ignore.

CHRISTINE

Perhaps it is best if we say goodbye here Mary. We don't want to cause any trouble for John's big day. You tell him good luck from the three of us.

The baby cries

DEL

He's gonna be a rockstar, of course.

CHRISTINE

And make sure you come and see us in America.

The music to GOD'S OWN COUNTRY / BOYS IN THE PHOTOGRAPH begins.

19. ACT 2/GOD'S OWN COUNTRY / THE BOYS IN THE PHOTOGRAPH

MARY

You come and visit us in England.

CHRISTINE

We will Mary, promise... Goodbye then.

MARY

Goodbye.

Together they sing GOD'S OWN COUNTRY / BOYS IN THE PHOTOGRAPH.

MARY, CHRISTINE AND DEL:

SO FAREWELL TO GOD'S OWN COUNTRY.
WE ARE IRISH AND WE SAIL UPON THE TIDE.
GONE TO SEEK A BETTER PLACE
IT'S THE STORY OF OUR RACE.

TEARS HAVE ALWAYS FLOWED FROM GOD'S OWN COUNTRY.
THE NATION'S CHILDREN SCATTERED FAR AND WIDE.
BUT NO MATTER WHERE WE ROAM
WE WILL STILL CALL IRELAND HOME.

DEL

(underscore)

Look I want to get a last couple of packs of proper ciggies before we leave...I'll give you girls a minute to say goodbye.

MARY

SO SEND US A PHOTOGRAPH

MAKE SURE YOU DO.
YOU AND DEL AND LITTLE HENDRIX

CHRISTINE

A NICE BABY PHOTOGRAPH
YOUNG GEORGIE BEST?

MARY

WELL WE'LL KNOW WHEN IT STARTS KICKING

CHRISTINE

POSTCARDS AND PHOTOGRAPHS

MARY

WISH YOU WERE HERE.

BOTH

CHILDREN AND GRANDCHILDREN
A SMILE, A LAUGH, A TEAR

YES SEND US A PHOTOGRAPH
WHEN YOU'VE A MIND
YEARS FROM NOW?

(Underscore)

DEL

C'mon Chrissie. We'd best be moving along.

DEL, CHRISTINE and pram exit to the underscore of BOYS IN THE PHOTOGRAPH as DEL'S solo flags up.

Now the music changes to THE SELECTION and the stage is filled with exuberant football playing youths. JOHN and DANIEL amongst them. It is the football trials for Everton. There are two official looking men watching and taking notes.

20. ACT 2/THE SELECTION

JOHN

GOD I HOPE THEY MAKE THE RIGHT DECISION.
I'M THE BEST. I'M SHARPER THAN A KNIFE.
VIEW THE OTHERS WITH COMPLETE DERISION.
I AM ON TRIAL AND IT'S FOR MY LIFE.

ALL BOYS

GOD I HOPE THEY MAKE THE RIGHT DECISION.
I'M THE BEST. I'M SHARPER THAN A KNIFE.
VIEW THE OTHERS WITH COMPLETE DERISION.
I AM ON TRIAL AND IT'S FOR MY LIFE.

DANIEL

(spoken)

Pst! John! John!

JOHN

Daniel?

DANIEL

There's the scouts now John, I've been watching them! It's all about you mate, they're not looking at the others at all.

JOHN

I'm in Daniel, I know I'm in.

DANIEL

Exactly! And what you need now is a manager. Professional football is a jungle! They'll chew you up and spit you out. You need to be thinking sponsorships, endorsements, transfer settlements. You need me! I'm suggesting a 75-25 split.

JOHN

Twenty-five percent?!

DANIEL

Absolutely mate. Don't sell yourself short. You're worth at least that.

JOHN

Look, Mary's the brains in my marriage. I play football, go talk to her.

DANIEL

Mary! So good to see you.

JOHN

I'M GONNA PLAY FOR EVERTON.
YOU WILL SEE.
THIS BOY'S CAREER WILL SOON BECOME
LEGEND'RY
SO FOR FOOTBALL'S SAKE.
GIVE THE BOY A BREAK!

JOHN is full of himself but with good reason. MARY has arrived and shouts humorously from the side lines.

MARY

Come on John, show them what you can really do.

JOHN laughs. The two officials come up to him.

MAN ONE

John Kelly?

JOHN

That's me sir! John Kelly sir! Primarily an attacker but happy in midfield or indeed defence. In fact I'm not a bad goalie.

JOHN executes some neat ball trick. From the side lines MARY laughs proudly.

DANIEL

And I'm Daniel Gillen by the way, his manager.

JOHN

He's not my manager.

MAN ONE

We are police officers.

DANIEL

Did I say Daniel Gillen? Christ I'm an idiot, he's some other fellah entirely, never even heard of him. My name is Seamus De Valera and on the night in question, whichever that night might have been, I was at church taking a bible class. Is that the time?

Just then FATHER O'DONNELL approaches. He is very excited.

O'DONNELL

John! John! John! I knew it, I bloody knew it! There really is a God, not that I ever doubted it you understand. Do you see those fellahs over by the boot hut? They're from Everton and they're to give you a place! You're on your way!

MAN ONE

I'm afraid that will have to wait.

O'DONNELL

It'll have to wait, it'll have to wait? I finally get a boy who's going to play professional football and you say it will have to wait. Who the hell are you?

The man turns to JOHN.

MAN ONE

As we just told the lads, Father, we are police officers. John Kelly, you're under arrest for aiding and abetting IRA suspect Thomas Malloy.

JOHN is stunned. He backs away.

JOHN

Oh no. No please, I didn't do anything officer I swear!

O'DONNELL

John, let me speak to them. Now just a minute officer! I know this boy, I can vouch for him. What have you been up to John? Come on, out with it.

JOHN

I haven't been up to anything Father... I lent a hand to a friend that's all.

MAN TWO

A terrorist. He drove a known terrorist to the border.

JOHN

Get off me!

MARY

No, please!

JOHN

Father help!

MAN ONE

Will we have to 'cuff you lad?

JOHN

Father!

O'DONNELL

My God John, you fool. Oh John, you've thrown your life away.

The POLICE OFFICERS lead JOHN away.

JOHN

I haven't! I didn't! Thomas was in trouble, he'd lost his glasses... please. I'm just married sir. I have a wife... tell them Mary.

MARY

Please Officer...! He was only trying to help a friend.

JOHN

(offstage)

Mary!

MARY

It was our wedding night! I wanted to tell him... I'm pregnant.

JOHN is taken to prison. The music to JOHN IN PRISON starts.
21. ACT 2/JOHN IN PRISON

PRISON GUARD

Laundry!

A succession of inmates throw their dirty laundry into JOHN's basket. One throws it in his face. They make derisory comments as they pass.

PRISON GUARD

Easy Kelly!

JOHN

YOU CAN THROW ME IN A CELL
YOU CAN SEND ME STRAIGHT TO HELL
YOU CAN LOCK ME DOWN
AND YOU CAN BEAT ME UP AS WELL.

YOU CAN PUT ME THROUGH THE MILL
MAKE ME TASTE THE BITTER PILL
BUT TRY TO UNDERSTAND
YOU'LL NEVER BREAK MY WILL.

I WILL SOON BE FREE.
YOU WON'T CONQUER ME.

HAVE NO FEAR, THE TIME IS NEAR,
THIS BOY IS BUSTING OUT OF HERE.
I'LL BE BURNING BRIGHTLY
ONCE THE FLAME IS LIT.

I'LL MAKE MY MARK, LIGHT UP THE DARK,
EXPLOSIONS START WITH JUST A SPARK.
SO PUT ANOTHER LAD
INSIDE YOUR STINKING PIT.

I WILL MAKE YOU SEE
THERE'S NO BREAKING ME.

I HAVE TO GO ON
SCREW UP MY COURAGE
AND HOLD ON TO MY BELIEFS

I HAVE A FUTURE
I HAVE A WIFE AND I LOVE HER
SHE SHARES MY GRIEF

PRISON WILL NOT BREAK MY HEART
I'LL STAND APART FROM THIS
I REMEMBER THAT I AM LOVED

I WON'T BE SHOVED INTO THAT STARK ABYSS

Now JOHN finds himself being circled by other INMATES. It seems threatening.

FIRST INMATE

So, they say you're a footballer pal?

JOHN

That's right. A professional. I'm to have a try out for Everton.

FIRST INMATE

I don't think that's very likely mate. Not unless the British intern them too.

SECOND INMATE

(Grim humour)

They might. They're Catholic.

JOHN

I won't be here forever.

SECOND INMATE

Really? Do you know something we don't?

THIRD INMATE

Why'd they bang you up?

FIRST INMATE

Not that they need a reason of course.

JOHN

Look, I only lent a hand to a friend. He was an IRA man.

THIRD INMATE

Well then. I suppose that makes you an IRA man too.

JOHN

I don't think so.

FIRST INMATE

We'll see eh? Plenty of time to think about it.

SECOND INMATE

Nothing but time in fact.

THIRD INMATE

There's no Everton here mate and no football.

SECOND INMATE

Just us and them. You're one of us.

JOHN

I told you. I just have a hand to a friend.

FIRST INMATE

You don't have any friends, not on the outside anyway. We're your friends now. Welcome to university. Her Majesty's Prison Long Kesh. The University of the IRA.

The prisoners sing DEAD ZONE.

22. ACT 2/DEAD ZONE

PRISONERS

YOU'RE IN THE DEAD ZONE.
YOU'RE UTTERLY ALONE.
GET YOUR ALLEGIANCES SORTED.

THIS IS THE END ZONE.
NO SEEDS OF HOPE ARE SOWN.
PREVIOUS FRIENDSHIP'S ABORTED.

NOW THAT YOU'RE INSIDE BOY.
THERE'S NOWHERE TO HIDE BOY.
YOU COULD HANG YOURSELF,
WE CAN FIND A ROPE.

INSIDE THE GATE
LOVE WILL TURN TO HATE.
YOU WILL WEEP.
WHILE YOU SLEEP.
THEN YOU'LL LEARN TO COPE.
BUT WITHOUT HOPE.

WE ARE YOUR FRIENDS
AND WE'RE VERY ANGRY MEN.
THINK YOU CAN STAND APART?
THINK AGAIN.
WE'RE ALL YOU'VE GOT,
NOW THAT YOU'VE BEEN LEFT TO ROT.

YOU'RE IN THE DEATH ZONE.
SATAN SITS ON THE THRONE.
EVEN THE STRONGEST ARE FRIGHTENED.

THIS IS THE DARK ZONE.
WE SEE IN MONOCHROME.
NOTHING IS GOOD OR ENLIGHTENED.

HAPPINESS IS ENDED.
ALL HOPE IS SUSPENDED.
WE ARE THE DAMNED,
WE ARE ALL DESPISED.

BUT THIS PRISON HAS A KEY.
AND IT'S LOYALTY.
YOU CAN TRUST ALL OF US,
WHEN THEY BEAT YOU DOWN
WE'LL BE AROUND.

IT'S ALL TOO LATE,
YOU ARE LOOKING AT YOUR FATE.
THIS IS THE PLACE
YOU LEARN TO HATE.
HATE TO SURVIVE.
IF YOU HATE YOU'LL STAY ALIVE.

ANGER IS LEARNED
WHEN FREE MEN ARE INTERNED.
IT ISN'T A CHOICE OR DECISION.

YOU STARTED TO HATE
WHEN YOU WALKED THROUGH THE GATE,
FROM THE MOMENT YOU ENTERED THIS PRISON.

IT'S A PITIFUL SIGHT,
MEN DEPRIVED OF THEIR RIGHTS,
YOU MUST MAINTAIN YOUR RAGE AND YOUR FURY.

REVENGE IS YOUR AIM
YOU MUST MURDER AND MAIM,
BE YOUR ENEMY'S JUDGE AND HIS JURY.

YOU'RE IN THE DEATH ZONE.
SATAN SITS ON HIS THRONE.
EVEN THE STRONGEST ARE FRIGHTENED.

GUARD

Line up you bastards!

It is visiting time. JOHN and MARY sit on opposite sides of a table, divided by a wire mesh. It is visiting day. MARY is heavily pregnant.

MARY

So, not long now, next week the doctor thinks, but it could be anytime and let me tell you it can't come soon enough for me. My knockers are like two footballs. You'd feel right at home.

This unwitting reminder of the pleasures of both sex and football

is uncomfortable.

MARY has clearly been trying to make conversation, now it lapses, she has run out of things to say. Then JOHN speaks, his tone is bitter.

JOHN

I feel sorry for it. Poor little bastard.

MARY

And what do you mean by that?

JOHN

Just what I said. Poor little bastard, born in Belfast, born Irish, born to hate.

MARY

Don't you say that! Don't you dare ever say that!

JOHN

Why not, it's the truth.

MARY

Like hell is it the truth! This baby's born of love John, our love, that's its legacy, that's its start in life and it couldn't have a better one.

JOHN

My Ma and Da loved each other Mary, it didn't stop me ending up interned did it?

MARY

(angry)

You got interned John because you went chasing after some hooligan on our wedding night just because you used to be at school with him.

JOHN

Thomas is a friend!

MARY

Then where is he now? Is he interned? Did he get caught? Has he ever even come to visit you? No, I thought not. Your friend Thomas is too bloody clever by half to end up in here, on either side of the mesh.

JOHN has no reply, he can only stare. MARY regrets her aggressive tone.

MARY

Look, it won't always be like this.

Underscore MARYS VISIT.

23. ACT 2/MARY'S VISIT

MARY

Remember those ordinary days we used to dream about? We'll see them yet.

JOHN

We'll never see them. Never.

MARY

John you can't talk like this, we have a child coming.

JOHN

And it will be born into an occupied country. We're at war Mary, we've been at war for eight hundred years.

MARY

I thought you didn't hold with politics.

JOHN

I do now.

MARY is upset at JOHN'S bitter tone. She gets up.

MARY

I shall see you next week John, maybe we'll have our child by then.

JOHN

Well tell it...

MARY walks away but JOHN sings to tune of DON'T LIKE YOU

JOHN

I'M SORRY.

SO SORRY.

OH MARY,

PLEASE FORGIVE ME...

But JOHN can get no further, he is in danger of breaking down. MARY runs back and grasps at the wire mesh, JOHN does so too and their hands touch. A prison officer immediately steps into the light.

OFFICER

Hands off the wire! No touching! Time's up.

A baby cries.

Now we see that MARY is sitting at home. She has her baby. BERNADETTE has come to visit.

BERNADETTE

I don't know what she's talking about Father O'Donnell. I think you look wonderful Mary, you're glowing.

MARY

You're a bad liar Berni!

O'DONNELL

But you're alright, child? I mean within yourself.

MARY

Well Father apart from having no money, a husband who's interned, an essay overdue at college, half chewed nipples and haemorrhoids, I'm absolutely fine.

O'DONNELL

Well, I have an excellent cream for that. For the piles, you understand, no one's chewing on my nipples. So the christening is all set and I'd best be off. No rest for the wicked. Oh and Mary I did apply to the authorities to allow John to attend the christening but I'm sorry I don't hold out much hope.

She kisses the baby tenderly. DANIEL enters. He is rather smartly dressed these days, a bit of a jack the lad.

DANIEL

Father! What a coincidence. I was just thinking it's time I came to confession.

O'DONNELL

Yes well give me a little warning lad, I'll have to book off a whole week.

DANIEL

Mary! Congratulations, so John's had a son. Is this him?

MARY

No, this is Princess Stephanie of Monaco. Grace Kelly asked me to mind her while she nipped out for a packet of Bensons. Of course it's him you idiot. Sean Patrick O'Casey Kelly.

DANIEL

He wouldn't be Irish by any chance? He's beautiful Mary, really lovely and he looks just like... well to be quite frank he looks like an old man's scrotum, but I'm sure he'll improve when he gets a bit of flesh on him.

BERNADETTE

Don't listen to him Sean Patrick O'Casey, you're beautiful really you are. *(she smells the ripe baby)* I'll take him upstairs and change him.

BERNADETTE exits with baby

DANIEL

Mary, I know that times are pretty rough right now what with John inside, so I was hoping you'd take this, you know, just as a friend.

DANIEL gives MARY an envelope with money in it.

MARY

Daniel you know I can't take money from you.

DANIEL

Why not? It isn't mine.

MARY

I don't need it Daniel, John could be out any day now.

DANIEL

He's interned Mary. They could keep him for years.

MARY

Thanks, but I'll be fine.

DANIEL

Well it's there if you need it. But I'm sure you're right, John will be home in no time, and the three of you will be off to Liverpool and a new life. And don't you forget he still needs a manager.

There is a commotion then three masked gunmen burst in. One of the masked men is THOMAS.

THOMAS

Come on! In here!

MARY

What the hell do you want with me? You people have no business here. Get out of my home.

THOMAS

We want nothing from you Mrs Kelly. Your husband's a hero.

MARY

My husband's an idiot ever to get involved with you, now take off

that stupid mask Thomas Malloy. Anyone can see that it's you, you have your glasses on underneath.

THOMAS

Alright Mrs Kelly

(takes off his mask)

I shan't hide my face from this bastard.

DANIEL

What?

THOMAS

Daniel Gillen! You have been tried and found guilty of the crime of treason!

DANIEL

(astonished)

What are you talking about?

THOMAS

Only you knew that John Kelly aided my escape that night. You were the only person that he told.

MARY

I knew Thomas!

THOMAS

We take a view that you wouldn't turn in your own man. No, the traitor is Daniel Gillen, he turned in John Kelly.

DANIEL

I didn't! I'd die first! Why? What reason could I have?

THOMAS

You're a thief Gillen, a thief and a drug dealer, everyone knows it, including the police but they'd rather bang up a Republican soldier like John, than an anti-social little maggot like you so they offered a trade.

DANIEL

That's a lie Mary!

MARY

(terribly disappointed)

Oh Daniel. So that's why you wanted to give me money.

DANIEL

No!

THOMAS

You bought your freedom with the liberty of a decent man Gillen.
The sentence is knee capping...

DANIEL

No!

THOMAS

...to be carried out forthwith...

(THOMAS hands his gun to one of the masked men)

DANIEL

You're insane!

THOMAS

...in the yard.

DANIEL

I'll leave! I'll go away...

MARY

No Thomas, this is insane. You've known Daniel all your life...

DANIEL is dragged outside (offstage).

The first gunshot is heard and DANIEL screams.

MARY

What have you done Thomas?

(The second gunshot is heard)

What have you become?

*An image of DANIEL playing football appears during a reprise of
THE BOYS IN THE PHOTOGRAPH UNDERSCORE.*

24. ACT 2/THE BOYS IN THE PHOTOGRAPH (KNEE CAP) U/S

THOMAS

Try to understand Mary, this is war.

MARY

Then it isn't one worth fighting.

MARY sings IF THIS IS WHAT WE'RE FIGHTING FOR.
25. ACT 2/IF THIS IS WHAT WE'RE FIGHTING FOR

MARY
IF THIS IS WHAT WE ARE FIGHTING FOR,
IF THIS IS THE WAY WE BEGIN,
WITH THE INNOCENT DYING,
THE WHOLE NATION CRYING,
IF THIS IS HOW WE FIGHT OUR WAR,
I DON'T WANT TO WIN.

THOMAS
Mrs Kelly.
(He leaves)

MARY
WE SAY THAT JUSTICE IS OUR AIM,
BUT WHAT DOES THAT JUSTICE MEAN?
CONDEMNED WITHOUT TRIAL,
NO CHANCE OF DENIAL,
TO CRIPPLE MEN IN FREEDOM'S
NAME IS UTTERLY OBSCENE.

IF MEN MUST DIE,
WE MUST ASK WHY
THEIR MURDER IS NOT A SIN?
THOUGH OUR CAUSE IS JUST
WE'VE BETRAYED ITS TRUST.
IF THIS IS WHAT WE'RE FIGHTING FOR
I DON'T WANT TO WIN.

IF UNITY'S THE THING WE CRAVE,
THEN WHO WILL BE UNIFIED?
THE BITTER AND GRIEVING,
NO CAUSE TO BELIEVE IN.
THERE'LL BE ONE NATION IN THE GRAVE,
UNITING THOSE WHO'VE DIED.

HOLY WARS.
SETTLING SCORES
ANCIENT DEBTS TO CALL IN.
WE HAVE LOVED TO KILL
AND WE LOVE IT STILL.

IF HATRED'S ALL WE'RE FIGHTING FOR
THEN I DON'T WANT TO WIN.
I DON'T WANT TO WIN.

As DANIEL disappears we see that JOHN and his prison comrades are being released from prison. They reprise DEAD ZONE

26. ACT 2/DEAD ZONE REPRISE

Men are being released. Their wives are waiting for them. The last one to leave is JOHN. Two men are waiting for him, as underscore plays he has a conspiratorial looking conversation with them. One of them has something in a brown paper bag which JOHN takes and stuffs in his bag.

Just then MARY enters. JOHN turns and sees her. The two shadowy men have had their say and retreat leaving JOHN with MARY.

MARY

John? I heard they were releasing men, I came straight over... Why...

(glances and sees the pram couple are still visible, clearly the other wives had got the news)

Why didn't you tell me?

JOHN

I shan't be coming home today Mary.

MARY

But tomorrow? Soon, you'll come home soon?

JOHN

I doubt I shall have that luxury.

MARY

But why?

JOHN

There's something that I have to do.

MARY

More killing?

JOHN

Some things are better not spoken of.

MARY

My God John, how did it ever come to this?

JOHN

Look I have to leave now. I'm on this evening's ferry. I'm going to London.

MARY

To blow up English people.

JOHN

I won't speak of that.

MARY

What's the hurry, you've hours yet. Can't you come home once and face your son?

JOHN

There's a man I have to see... before I go.

MARY

You were going to go to England before, to play football.

JOHN

My generation didn't get to play games.

MARY

You will turn into Thomas in the end, you know that don't you? Murdering without a thought, without pity.

JOHN

I'm a soldier now Mary, and soldiers kill.

They sing ALL THE LOVE I HAVE REPRISE

MARY

YOU'RE A FATHER, YOU'VE A FAMILY.
YOUR SON NEEDS YOU, DON'T IGNORE HIM.
JUST TO FIGHT A WAR YOU CANNOT WIN.

JOHN

I HOPE MY SON WILL BE PROUD OF ME.
WHEN I FIGHT I'M FIGHTING FOR HIM.
SHARE THE LOVE I LEAVE FOR YOU WITH HIM.

MARY

AND SO WE ALL MUST PAY THE PRICE,
FOR SUCH A STUPID SACRIFICE
DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND THAT THIS WON'T END
TIL WE LET IT.

JOHN

I CARE MORE THAN I HAVE EVER CARED.

MARY

YET YOU SAY THAT YOU ARE LEAVING

JOHN

YOU'LL BE IN MY HEART
MY WHOLE LIFE THROUGH.

AND ALL THE LOVE I HAVE
I LEAVE WITH YOU.

JOHN

I have something. Something for Sean. I was going to send it... from England...

(produces his old team football shirt)

When he's old enough, will you give it to him? Tell him it's from his Da?

MARY

Yes, John, I'll give it to him. I have something for you. I had a copy made for you to have in prison, you should have it now.

(She produces a copy of the photo. For a moment John won't take it)

Take it John. For the man in that photograph is Sean's father. The man I married. *(Cue to stop music)* That man is dead John, you killed him! Think of him as your first victim. John Kelly, footballer, killed by John Kelly, terrorist. *(cue to start music bar 54)*

Exit

THOMAS is in a pub. JOHN enters. Stop music when the lights come up on JOHN and THOMAS.

THOMAS

John! I heard that you and some of the boys had been released. That's good news.

JOHN

You know why I'm here Thomas.

THOMAS

Do I? Why don't you tell me anyway?

JOHN

We've been watching you, Thomas. Me and some of the boys behind the wire have been watching you, wondering why it was that you never joined us.

THOMAS

Maybe I'm cleverer than you.

JOHN

Oh I don't doubt that, not for a minute. But you see I know you Thomas, and I know Daniel Gillen too, and I think you crippled an

innocent man.

THOMAS

Innocent? Not a word I'd use to describe that fellow.

JOHN

Innocent of betraying a friend, innocent of treason to the Republic.

THOMAS

He was a drug dealer. I'm crying no tears for him.

JOHN

I don't suppose you are. He was no angel, that's for sure, but he didn't betray me Thomas, you did and you used Daniel to cover your tracks.

THOMAS knows the game is up.

THOMAS

Maybe I did, maybe I didn't. Either way I would have had my reasons.

JOHN

Reasons! What possible reasons could you have?

THOMAS

Maybe I got caught. Maybe I made a trade.

JOHN

You turned me in.

THOMAS

I took a view that the republic valued my liberty more highly than it did yours, John. A strategic decision, nothing personal. Can you deny I was right? I saved one Republican soldier in myself and created another in you. Not a bad day's work for Ireland, I'd say.

JOHN

You're a traitor Thomas.

THOMAS

And what does that mean in a war like ours... a dirty war, an underground war.

JOHN

It's an honourable war.

THOMAS

There's no honour in this war John, we don't have that luxury. We're Catholics but we take guns from Russian Communists, we're Socialists but we take money from Yanky Capitalists. The Brits

won't talk to us, but they invite us to Downing Street. We won't talk to them but we send a man just the same.

JOHN

You did a deal with the police!

THOMAS

The whole war's a damned deal! This is a bigger, deeper game than you poor bloody infantry can ever imagine. Betrayal is part of the strategy. We're a secret army, how can it be any other way? Of course I have connections in the police, that's the nature of insurrection, of revolution.

JOHN

But why? Why betray me?

THOMAS

Connections must be maintained John, the beast needs feeding, I fed them you. How did you think it worked, we just keep bashing the Brits until we win?

JOHN

Something like that, yes.

THOMAS

Then don't be so bloody naïve! We will never win! Because this war isn't ever going to end. How can it? We will never surrender and nor will they. We're not fighting to win, we're fighting to stop the other side from winning and they're fighting for the same reason.

JOHN

For God's sake Thomas, if that were the case it wouldn't matter which side we fought on at all!

THOMAS

That's it John, now you're getting it, now you're talking like a revolutionary. If we can insure that the struggle passes on to the next generation, we've won.

THOMAS and JOHN sing IT WILL NEVER END in which THOMAS demonstrates the depths of his revolutionary cynicism.

28. ACT 2/IT WILL NEVER END

JOHN

WILL IT EVER END?
CAN IT EVER END?

THOMAS

FIRST WE MUST LEARN HOW TO FORGIVE.
SO LET'S NOT PRETEND.
IT WILL NEVER END.

KILLING FOR PEACE
IS LIKE LYING FOR THE TRUTH.
KILLING TO KEEP ON KILLING.
DYING'S THE WAY
WE'VE LEARNT TO LIVE.
ANCIENT WOUNDS WON'T MEND.
CRUEL HEARTS WILL NOT BEND.
IT WILL NEVER END.

JOHN

WE KILL FOR LOVE.

THOMAS

NO WE LOVE TO KILL.
TRY TO COMPREHEND.
IT WILL NEVER END.

TEN THOUSAND WRONGS
HAVE STILL NOT MADE IT RIGHT.
MURDER LEADS ON TO MURDER.
KILLING GOD'S CHILDREN.
TO SERVE GOD'S WILL.
SAME OLD LIE AGAIN.
WARS ARE MADE BY MEN.

JOHN

MAYBE SOME DAY WE'LL COMPROMISE.

THOMAS

HOPE IN VAIN MY FRIEND
HATE IS IT'S OWN END.
MORE YOUNG LIVES TO SPEND
IT WILL NEVER END.

JOHN

The Republic doesn't need a man like you Thomas.

JOHN draws his gun and levels it at THOMAS.

THOMAS

Not any more John, because now it's got you.

Still JOHN hesitates.

THOMAS

Perhaps I've overestimated you John. Can't you shoot?

The gun is wavering in JOHN'S hand.

JOHN

I could shoot the man you've become Thomas... But I cannot shoot the man you were... We were friends. We played football.

JOHN lowers his gun.

THOMAS

Don't trouble yourself John. My covers blown now and you weren't the only fella I traded with the RUC. I shan't see another birthday. I doubt I shall see another dawn.

JOHN

I have a boat to catch.

JOHN leaves. THOMAS remains at the bar. 2 men enter the bar and begin to leave with THOMAS.

It gets darker and darker. As it blacks out there is a loud shot and we know that THOMAS is dead.

The sounds of the docks are heard, seagulls, a buoy bell and light waves. The lights come up on John.

29. ACT 2/THE BEATIFUL GAME FINALE

JOHN pulls the team photo from his pocket and it appears on the screen.

THE VOICE OF O'DONNELL

You shall all have a copy of this picture to keep lads for I intend it as a reminder. A reminder of who you were when you began. There's a world full of hatred out there. Don't let it corrupt you. Don't let it defeat you. Stay true to yourselves and to the promise of youth. This is who you are. It's up to you what you become.

JOHN shoves the photo into his pocket and walks off in anger. We don't know where he is going.

The lights come up on MARY. She is at home.

THE BOYS IN THE PHOTOGRAPH underscore continues as she reflects on the photo.

MARY

The great team of 1969, the team that won the final... Ginger O'Shaugnessy. Dead..

As she speaks GINGER disappears from the photo.

Daniel Gillen. Crippled...

DANIEL too disappears.

Thomas Malloy, dead.

THOMAS disappears

Del Copeland run off to America.

DEL disappears.

And John Kelly, gone away to fight and kill.

JOHN disappears from the photo.

Me left alone, Bernadette alone, Christine on the other side of the world. And a whole generation shattered and blighted, deprived of the lives they were born to live, the lives they deserved.

Now we hear the music ALL THE LOVE I HAVE.

MARY

I BELIEVE LOVE FILLS THE EMPTINESS
BINDS THE MOON AND STARTS TOGETHER
YOU'LL BE IN MY HEART MY WHOLE LIFE THROUGH
AND ALL THE LOVE I HAVE...

*MARY breaks down, puts the photo away in tears and turns away.
JOHN enters (she doesn't see). He has the photo in his hand. JOHN sings*

JOHN

AND ALL ACROSS THE UNIVERSE
WHERE EACH NEW STAR WILL BURN FOR US
THE PATH I TAKE WITH YOU WILL HAVE NO END
LIKE A CIRCLE

As the music swells she rushes into his arms and they embrace hugely.

BOTH

AND ALL THE LOVE I HAVE I GIVE TO YOU

Taking up the baby the Kelly family look forward to the future as the company gathers and sing THE BEAUTIFUL GAME.

ALL

VIVA. THE BEAUTIFUL GAME.
RAISE YOUR VOICE FOR THE PEOPLE'S SPORT.
LONG LIVE THE BEAUTIFUL GAME.
THOSE WHO PLAY. THOSE WHO SUPPORT.

GREEN IS THE COLOUR
SOCCER'S THE GAME
SCORE! A THOUSAND MORE FOR
THE BOYS IN GREEN
THE EMERALD TEAM

THANK GOD FOR FOOTBALL!
THANK GOD FOR FOOTBALL!
GOAL!

30. Act 2/BOWS

ALL

THANK GOD FOR FOOTBALL!
GOAL!

END OF ACT TWO.