

DramaCast Transcript

Welcome to An Grianán Theatre. My name is Michael Kelly. I teach English and History at St Eunan's College, Letterkenny. DramaCast is founded on the synergy between text, performance, students understanding and interpretation of selected plays. The project will present second level students with six key moments from three plays on your Junior cycle and Leaving Cert syllabus.

The selected texts are Shakespeare's Macbeth, and Romeo and Juliet, and Philadelphia, Here I Come by an adopted son of Donegal, Brian Friel. Key scenes are stand out moments in the plays, when significant developments and changes take place in the plot and in characters.

DramaCast is produced for schools by An Grianán Theatre. Our director is Iarla McGowan from Workhouse Theatre Company. The purpose of the project is to deepen student engagement with the chosen texts and improve attainment in the respective exam questions.

For the past 18 months our theatres have been closed and students have not seen plays on this stage, or performed here in school productions. We are conscious of the impact that such a long period of closure has on students and in the wider community.

DramaCast will attempt to address this unfortunate situation and allow you to see pivotal moments from these powerful plays in a theatre setting and through the medium of film. Playwrights write beautifully and plays can be enjoyed simply by reading. We should also remind ourselves that Shakespeare and Friel are dramatists. They wrote for the theatre.

For their work to be understood and fully appreciated, they need to be enacted and brought to life on the stage. It is our hope that you enjoy our productions and that they enhance your studies. We wish you the very best of luck in your forthcoming exams in June. We look forward to seeing you back in An Grianán and in theatres around Ireland soon. You are the future of our industry and the arts are central to the cultural fabric of our country.

Macbeth, also known as the Scottish Play, was probably first performed for King James the First in 1606. James the First was James the Sixth of Scotland. He was the first monarch of the Stewart dynasty and a descendant of the real Banquo. James the first was Scottish and possessed a keen interest in witchcraft and the supernatural. Macbeth was written at the time of the Gunpowder Plot to blow up Parliament on November 5th 1605. When King James and his chief ministers were in attendance at the Palace of Westminster. In Macbeth, Shakespeare is customarily topical as he engages with the mind of a character contemplating regicide.

Shakespeare founded his play loosely on real events and characters from Scottish history based on the writings of Raphael Holinshed. Macbeth, like Hamlet, Othello, King Lear and Romeo and Juliet is a tragedy. Human, flawed and nuanced characters meet with a tragic end resulting from a combination of their own actions and matters beyond their control.

Macbeth can be studied as a Leaving Cert single text and as a comparative text at both higher and ordinary level. For the single text, you will have to know and answer questions on plot, character, relationships, themes, language, style, imagery, elements of drama, dramatic devices and literary techniques.

Higher level comparative questions will be based on three modes: general vision and viewpoint, cultural context, and literary genre. Ordinary level modes are: social setting, relationships and hero, heroine, and villain. For the comparative study, knowledge of pivotal scenes to compare and contrast with your other texts will be the basis of effective study and exam performance.

The two key moments chosen are Act 1 scene VII, before Duncan's murder, and Act 2 scene II in the immediate aftermath of his death.

The seismic murder of the King of Scotland at the hands of his kinsman. Macbeth is the epicentre of the play. Macbeth is then crowned king and from that point, his life and that of his wife spirals into hell. Through this nexus of the play, we will explore the attitudes and roles of Macbeth and Lady Macbeth in the 'terrible deed' of murder and in the overall narrative. Macbeth's key moments are intimate, domestic vignettes between husband and wife as only Macbeth and Lady Macbeth are on stage. The scenes are essential to the plot and the character arcs of the chief protagonists.

Harold Bloom regarded them as Shakespeare's only happily married couple. Sigmund Freud saw them as two aspects of the same personality with emotional and mental affinity. Having sympathy for Macbeth can be difficult. He is an intelligent and respected figure who murders his king as he sleeps, before unleashing a bloody purge against Scotland and anyone who stands in his way. The tragedy of Macbeth is his rash decision making, the eventual destruction of a great hero, and the breakdown of his marriage to Lady Macbeth. Macbeth is a tragic hero, not a completely evil villain, primarily due to his sensitivity and the anguish he suffers both prior to and in the aftermath of Duncan's murder. He wrongly believed his life would be complete if he murdered Duncan and became king. The relationship between Macbeth and Lady Macbeth is an almost equal partnership. Lady Macbeth is her husband's confidante, he trusts her with his inner most thoughts and desires. Their love is mutual, and they respect one another.

Lady Macbeth urges her husband to murder Duncan because she thinks this is what he wants. The throne is much more for Macbeth than for herself. She acts to support him. And the tragedy lies in the suggestion that Macbeth never truly wanted to kill Duncan. He was provoked by his wife but it was he who made the calamitous decision to murder the king and carried out his execution. Macbeth had free will and the responsibility lies with him.

Doubtless Lady Macbeth's role in the murder is significant. She urges her husband to fulfill the witches' prophecy. She supports him and seeks to allay his fears and reservations. Her undaunted mettle is inspirational, reminding Macbeth that he is not alone in this enterprise. He is in awe of his wife's strength and is finally swayed by her depraved description of murdering her own baby if it meant keeping her word.

The murder of Duncan and the fruitless crown has not brought her husband happiness. She drove the deed and is devastated that the rewards are paranoia and total despair. Lady Macbeth is not an evil character either. Her behaviour is evil, but it is not natural and she pays the ultimate price with the loss of her sanity before we learn she has taken her own life following the sleepwalking scene in Act 5 scene 1.

The key moments feature numerous memorable quotations that will provide the basis for most questions you will face in your Leaving Cert exam. There are also some of the most iconic lines in all of literature from two of its most tragic anti-heroes.

Act 1 scene 7 begins with the second most significant soliloquy in the play as Macbeth contemplates the murder of Duncan. He believes that the only obstacle between him and the throne of Scotland is the present king asleep in his Dunsinane home. Macbeth's only motivation to kill Duncan is self-interest. As his wife enters, he tells her that they will not proceed with the murder as they had agreed. From this point until the end of the scene, Lady Macbeth uses every verbal weapon in her arsenal to provoke, shame and blackmail her husband to convince him to do what he pledged and kill Duncan.

MACBETH

If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly: if the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
With his surcease success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
We'd jump the life to come. But in these cases
We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor: this even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double trust;
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off;
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, horsed
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,

Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
And falls on the other.

How now! what news?

LADY MACBETH

He has almost supp'd: why have you left the chamber?

MACBETH

Hath he ask'd for me?

LADY MACBETH

Know you not he has?

MACBETH

We will proceed no further in this business:
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

LADY MACBETH

Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time
Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valour
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem,
Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,'
Like the poor cat i' the adage?

MACBETH

Prithee, peace:
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none.

LADY MACBETH

What beast was't, then,

That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you
Have done to this.

MACBETH

If we should fail?

LADY MACBETH

We fail!

But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep--
Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him--his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassail so convince
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only: when in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?

MACBETH

Bring forth men-children only;
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be received,
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber and used their very daggers,
That they have done't?

LADY MACBETH

Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death?

MACBETH

I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

Act 2 scene 2 begins with the bold Lady Macbeth, tensely awaiting confirmation of Duncan's murder. A terrified and trance like Macbeth confirms that Duncan is dead. He cannot distinguish between his imagination and reality. He claims to have heard voices proclaiming Macbeth hath murdered sleep.

He is traumatised by what he has done and by his inability to even utter the word 'Amen'. Lady Macbeth does her best to comfort and protect her husband. She vainly attempts to make him see sense and is dismayed that he has taken the daggers from Duncan's bedchamber. She quickly returns the murder weapons and gilds the chamberlains' faces with Duncan's blood.

The audience is granted an insight into Lady Macbeth's suppressed nature with the line: 'had he not resembled my father as he slept, I had done't'. She guides her husband to their bedroom as knocking is heard from the south entrance. A distraught Macbeth closes the scene by wishing that Duncan could be woken by the knocking. His mental state has been transformed. He knows that he has made a grave error and that his life will never be the same again. It would be better if he does not even know himself. Lady Macbeth thinks only of her husband. She finds it impossible to sustain the burden. She loses the intimacy with Macbeth.

Pay attention to the imagery of clothing in both scenes. Lady Macbeth asks 'was the hope drunk wherein you dressed yourself?' in response to Macbeth's announcement that he will not now kill Duncan? Such imagery is linked to drunkenness and irony. Lady Macbeth herself is 'bold' in Act 2 scene 2. She needs to drink as she coordinated the murder and left the daggers for Macbeth. The chamberlains are evocatively described as 'spongy officers' and 'drenched'. She tells her husband that by putting on his nightgown, he will avoid suspicion over the murder.

Water imagery is also highlighted in Act 2 scene 2 in particular. Lady Macbeth, in a chilling foreshadowing of her imaginary spot of blood on her hand during the sleepwalking scene claims that a little water clears us of this deed. Macbeth is more attuned to the gravity of the crime they have committed. He is convinced that great Neptune's ocean could not wash the blood from his hands. The multitudinous seas turned incarnadine, the green sea would be turned red.

LADY MACBETH

That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold;
What hath quench'd them hath given me fire.
Hark! Peace!

It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it:
The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugg'd
their possets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.

MACBETH

Who's there? what, ho!

LADY MACBETH

Alack, I am afraid they have awaked,
And 'tis not done. The attempt and not the deed
Confounds us. Hark! I laid their daggers ready;
He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done't.

My husband!

MACBETH

I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise?

LADY MACBETH

I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak?

MACBETH

When?

LADY MACBETH

Now.

MACBETH

As I descended?

LADY MACBETH

Ay.

MACBETH

Hark!

Who lies i' the second chamber?

LADY MACBETH

Donalbain.

MACBETH

This is a sorry sight.
Looking on his hands

LADY MACBETH

A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

MACBETH

There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cried
'Murder!'
That they did wake each other: I stood and heard them:
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
Again to sleep.

LADY MACBETH

There are two lodged together.

MACBETH

One cried 'God bless us!' and 'Amen' the other;
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.
Listening their fear, I could not say 'Amen,'
When they did say 'God bless us!'

LADY MACBETH

Consider it not so deeply.

MACBETH

But wherefore could not I pronounce 'Amen'?
I had most need of blessing, and 'Amen'
Stuck in my throat.

LADY MACBETH

These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

MACBETH

Methought I heard a voice cry 'Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder sleep', the innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast,--

LADY MACBETH

What do you mean?

MACBETH

Still it cried 'Sleep no more!' to all the house:
'Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more.'

LADY MACBETH

Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things. Go get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there: go carry them; and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

MACBETH

I'll go no more:
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again I dare not.

LADY MACBETH

Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers: the sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal;
For it must seem their guilt.
Exit. Knocking within

MACBETH

Whence is that knocking?
How is't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here? ha! they pluck out mine eyes.
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas in incarnadine,
Making the green one red.

LADY MACBETH

My hands are of your colour; but I shame
To wear a heart so white.

Knocking within

I hear a knocking
At the south entry: retire we to our chamber;
A little water clears us of this deed:
How easy is it, then! Your constancy
Hath left you unattended.
Knocking within

Hark! more knocking.
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers. Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

MACBETH
To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself.
Knocking within

Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst!

Macbeth's chief concerns are his own mortality, damnation and the outcry from the heavens at the act of regicide against a good and beloved king. Imagery of angels and tears falling from the heavens conjure the global sense of Macbeth's terrible wrong. His sensitivity and imagination are notable and again he believes he hears voices telling him he will sleep no more, in plaintive contrast to the innocent sleep that Duncan so deserved. Lady Macbeth has also lost the nourishment of sleep as she unravels scene by scene. To her detriment she refused to dwell on the consequences of the deed. AC Bradley has written of Lady Macbeth: If she does not feel beforehand the cruelty of Duncan's murder, this is mainly because she hardly imagines the act. It is often said that she understands him, Macbeth, well. Had she done so, she never would have urged him on. Nor does she understand herself any better than him.

The In Our Time podcast, hosted by Melvyn Bragg, discusses the liminality of Macbeth - things connected and divided, with permeable boundaries, thresholds or doorways, lack of certainty and concreteness. Are you outside or inside? Good and evil. Supernatural and human. Male and female. Scotland and England. Past, Present and Future. Imagination and Reality. Domestic and Public.

First believed to have been staged in 1597, Romeo and Juliet was traditionally performed on the stage for a raucous Elizabethan audience. - who would have been charged after walking through congested, claustrophobic streets lined with the noise of salesmen, beggars and bear baiting as they made their way to the theatre in London's Shoreditch.

Today, traditional theatre auditoriums, (whether a good thing or a bad thing), are much more reserved and less hostile. However, what a theatre director today has to battle is an audience that is more immersed in visual imagery and who are less patient when it comes to listening than the audiences of yesteryear. Keeping the audience engaged is key, especially when dealing with large swathes of text, like we find in Shakespeare.

We have decided to place our version of Romeo and Juliet in a contemporary setting. - today. The beauty of Shakespeare is that his themes are both universal and timeless. And as the saying goes, we learn from history that we do not learn from history. So the same issues are present, the same growing pains, the same relationship problems, in our case, a young couple falling in love than there would have been all those centuries ago. Though we have set this in a contemporary fashion, it is by no means radical, as we decided quite early on that we would focus primarily on language and the clarity of storytelling, where sometimes a production much bigger in concept, can often dilute. Language is king and we work very hard on the actor's clarity, speech and diction in the rehearsal room, especially when we warmed up each day before looking at the text.

Romeo and Juliet contains a variety of key moments. For DramaCast we have narrowed them down to two scenes for Junior Cycle students. Act 2 scene 2, the balcony scene is one of the most famous vignettes in the theatre. A moment of high stakes, romance and danger between the chief protagonists. Secondly, Act 3 scene 3 depicts a distraught Romeo with Friar Lawrence and the nurse. This is a fully charged moment when Romeo is supported by his twin mentors.

What is very informative in this scene is that it is written almost exclusively in verse, which means it is written with a very specific rhythm in iambic pentameter. This means that there are five stresses on each line. In its basest form it would be: da dum, da dum, da dum, da dum, da dum. Let's take one of Shakespeare's most famous lines 'To be or not to be, that is the question'. The soul of the line is on the stressed word or syllable. If we isolate the stresses, then the essence of the line is completely intact. Be. Not. Be. Is. Question. And in the case of Romeo's first line, "But soft, what light through yonder window breaks" But SOFT, what LIGHT through YONder WINdow BREAKS". This code gives us a clear understanding of what words the author wishes to be emphasized when it comes to language and storyline. It also instructs the actor in the delivery of Shakespeare's rhythmic verse.

It was very useful in the rehearsal room to identify key lines in the text that really inform us on how and why a character is behaving. The motivation behind a character's behaviour can be boiled down to a particular sentence within the play, or even just a single word.

There is also the use of the soliloquy, which is a theatrical device where Shakespeare has his characters voice their thoughts for the audience to hear. This is clever, as it allows the audience to connect more with and become more invested in the character. It also adds clarity to the storyline as we have a richer understanding of the character's actions.

The director and the actor will decide whether it is a stronger choice for the actor to deliver these lines to themselves or to the audience, or even a hybrid of the two. This will also highlight the conflict that lies within the character, as is often the case when our thoughts become paradoxical. The voicing of these thoughts only adds to the overall conflict within the play.

We have decided to use the stage and the use of the upper lobby off the back stage to denote a balcony, as you can see in an urban setting. The height represents the initial gulf between the two characters within the play and the divide between the two families, the Montagues and the Capulets. As the scene develops, the physical distance between the actors reduces as the characters get closer emotionally, then so do the actors. After all, by the end of the scene, they have pledged to marry.

The ages of Juliet, thirteen, and Romeo, a few years older, were very much present in my mind when I went about casting this play. In Elizabethan theatre all the parts would have been played by males due to societal constrictions. Thankfully, times have changed and we can cast today as we wish. We have cast as close to both ages as possible.

I expect all actors to perform naturally. As Shakespeare wrote in Hamlet, suiting the action to the word, the word to the action. Natural listening, as well as natural speech inflections are equally as important. When the actor is not speaking they are still very much alive and reactive to what has been said or done. Facial expressions should not jar with what the actor is saying. Everything should be coherent and believable. If I do not believe what the actor was saying in the rehearsal room I would let them know and we will work on it until I found it more convincing. It is essential that the actor completely understands what they are saying. If the actor does not more than often the audience will not either. Everything the actor says has to have a motivation. Subtext whilst of course not vocalized must also be marked.

The costumes, as you can see, are contemporary, as well as illustrating the youth of the characters and their mischievous side. We present Romeo as being cool, but also as someone who is thoughtful, sensitive, articulate, intelligent and romantic. This informs how he might also look. Loose patterned shirt and jeans. Floppy haired. Juliet is in relaxed, contemporary evening attire in keeping with the modern day setting. Her hair we have pulled back so you can see her face clearly. By giving her a face mask at one point we immediately inform the audience when this is set - today.

Act 2 Scene 2 features a fearless Romeo entering the Capulet orchard. He has no idea that Juliet lives there and is fully aware of the threat he faces should he be apprehended. At the beginning. Romeo and Juliet barely know each other's names. By the end, infatuated with one another they vow to marry the following day.

Significant changes take place in the characters, and the plot takes a leap forward as the tension and the possibility for further conflict grows. This is a key moment as the language is

rich and evocative of the love shared by Romeo and Juliet and the peril they face. Juliet wishes that Romeo had a different name and another identity to avoid potential strife. Romeo's language conjures

imagery of the sun, the moon and the stars. To him Juliet is perfect, heavenly and godlike. She illuminates his existence. Juliet chides Romeo for swearing by the 'inconstant moon'. Her intelligence and acumen are evident in her language and beautiful speeches. She compares their love to a ripening flower. Some of the lines will and can be used as quotes and references in numerous questions on character, relationships and key moments. Five adjectives to describe Juliet in the scene would be wistful, imaginative, intelligent, resolute and sensitive. Watching this episode and paying attention to Larla McGowan's explanation of directing will assist you in answering questions on how you would direct a key moment from Romeo and Juliet paying particular attention to actors, performances and stagecraft.

In this scene, we have strong imagery. The comparing of Juliet to the sun and other celestial objects, the moon and the stars are quite famous features. Romeo compares Juliet to the sun, which is godly. He speaks of her as being saintly whilst referring to himself as being mortal. Juliet gives Romeo light. She represents the new day and one that brings sustenance. She is young, virginal, pure and innocent. She represents the dawn and the beginning of something new.

ROMEO

But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,

Who is already sick and pale with grief,

That thou her maid art far more fair than she:

Be not her maid, since she is envious;

Her vestal livery is but sick and green

And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.

It is my lady, O, it is my love!

O, that she knew she were!

She speaks yet she says nothing: what of that?

Her eye discourses; I will answer it.

I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:

Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,

Having some business, do entreat her eyes

To twinkle in their spheres till they return.

What if her eyes were there, they in her head?

The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,

As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven

Would through the airy region stream so bright

That birds would sing and think it were not night.

See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!

O, that I were a glove upon that hand,

That I might touch that cheek!

JULIET

Ay me!

ROMEO

She speaks:

O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturned wondering eyes
Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

JULIET

O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father and refuse thy name;
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

ROMEO

Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

JULIET

'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.
What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
What's in a name? that which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes
Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name,
And for that name which is no part of thee
Take all myself.

ROMEO

I take thee at thy word:
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptized;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

JULIET

What man art thou that thus bescreen'd in night
So stumblest on my counsel?

ROMEO

By a name

I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee;
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

JULIET

My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound:
Art thou not Romeo and a Montague?

ROMEO

Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.

JULIET

How camest thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?
The orchard walls are high and hard to climb,
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

ROMEO

With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls;
For stony limits cannot hold love out,
And what love can do that dares love attempt;
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.

JULIET

If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

ROMEO

Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye
Than twenty of their swords: look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

JULIET

I would not for the world they saw thee here.

ROMEO

I have night's cloak to hide me from their sight;
And but thou love me, let them find me here:

My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

JULIET

By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

ROMEO

By love, who first did prompt me to inquire;
He lent me counsel and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.

JULIET

Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke: but farewell compliment!
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say 'Ay,'
And I will take thy word: yet if thou swear'st,
Thou mayst prove false; at lovers' perjuries
Then say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown and be perverse and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,
And therefore thou mayst think my 'havior light:
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou overheard'st, ere I was ware,
My true love's passion: therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

ROMEO

Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops--

JULIET

O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,

Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

ROMEO

What shall I swear by?

JULIET

Do not swear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

ROMEO

If my heart's dear love--

JULIET

Well, do not swear: although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night:
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
Ere one can say 'It lightens.' Sweet, good night!
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart as that within my breast!

ROMEO

O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

JULIET

What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

ROMEO

The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

JULIET

I gave thee mine before thou didst request it:
And yet I would it were to give again.

ROMEO

Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?

JULIET

But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have:

My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.

I hear some noise within; dear love, adieu!
Anon, good nurse! Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again.

ROMEO

O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard.
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

JULIET

Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed.
If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay
And follow thee my lord throughout the world.

NURSE

Madam!

JULIET

I come, anon.--But if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee--

NURSE

Madam!

JULIET

By and by, I come:--
To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief:
To-morrow will I send.

ROMEO

So thrive my soul--

JULIET

A thousand times good night!

ROMEO

A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.
Love goes toward love, as schoolboys from
their books,
But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.
Retiring

JULIET

Hist! Romeo, hist! O, for a falconer's voice,
To lure this tassel-gentle back again!
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine,
With repetition of my Romeo's name.

ROMEO

It is my soul that calls upon my name:
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears!

JULIET

Romeo!

ROMEO

My dear?

JULIET

At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee?

ROMEO

At the hour of nine.

JULIET

I will not fail: 'tis twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

ROMEO

Let me stand here till thou remember it.

JULIET

I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,

Remembering how I love thy company.

ROMEO

And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

JULIET

'Tis almost morning; I would have thee gone:
And yet no further than a wanton's bird;
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

ROMEO

I would I were thy bird.

JULIET

Sweet, so would I:
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night! parting is such
sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good night till it be morrow.

ROMEO

Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell,
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell.

Act 3 scene 3 follows almost immediately after Romeo has murdered Tybalt. He demands to know the sentence passed by the Prince. In a moment of agitation and internal conflict Friar Lawrence attempts to console Romeo and implores him focus on the positives. Romeo lives and his life will be spared. Juliet is alive and still loves him in spite of her cousin's death.

With character development, we see a different side to Romeo in this scene from the cheeky romantic in Act 2 Scene 2. He expresses strong views and claims that Friar Lawrence has no idea how he feels and cannot possibly empathise. He laments the injustice that unwanted insects can stay near Juliet in Verona while he is banished to Mantua. Repetition of 'banished' underscores Romeo's fury and sense of desolation. Five adjectives to describe Romeo would be hysterical, angry, suicidal, dramatic and hopeful.

Friar Lawrence is an effective mentor to Romeo. Juliet's nurse also comforts him and together they help Romeo to see the light. Two pivotal monologues are delivered. They are among the most important in the play and should be closely studied to grasp the respective roles and attitudes of Romeo and Friar Lawrence. From the beginning of the play, Romeo has been represented as a sensitive and thoughtful character. In Act 3 Scene 3, we witness the depths of his emotions, his volatility and bitter anguish. The nurse is again presented as a wise and caring person and truly loyal to Juliet despite the implicit risk. Friar Lawrence is a wise and caring man. His heart is in the right place, but he is ultimately associated with a plan that results in tragedy at the end of the play. It is up to you to decide whether at the close of the drama the conflict has been resolved to your satisfaction. Your personal response and opinions about Romeo and Juliet are an essential element of your study and learning. Remember to discuss your arguments in detail and support your answers with references and quotes from the play.

We have chosen the stripped down production of this play to, as said, emphasise the storytelling, but also because of our budgetary constraints. In a more lavish production, the setting can be more intricate. The balcony, for example, could be made with decorative stone and ivy could be creeping up the walls.

Our lighting illuminates both the romance and the impending danger. Soft yet dark, warm yet brooding to represent the juxtaposition of love and hate. The lighting in a traditional Elizabethan theatre would have come from the natural daylight or by using candlelight. We today have the use of a much more sophisticated lighting technology where we can use different bulb strengths and doors to frame such light from overhead, the side or coming from the footlights. The options are vast. As you can see we have decided on shafts of warm lighting coming from the balcony window and a soft pool of white and blue light around Romeo, which is surrounded by shadowy darkness to indicate that the scene takes place under moonlight. Shadows occasionally cascade, which is deliberate to create a covert atmosphere and emphasize the secrecy of their meeting and the potential danger that is always hanging in the air.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man:
Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.

ROMEO

Father, what news? what is the prince's doom?
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?

FRIAR LAURENCE

Too familiar
Is my dear son with such sour company:
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

ROMEO

What less than dooms-day is the prince's doom?

FRIAR LAURENCE

A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips,
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

ROMEO

Ha, banishment! be merciful, say 'death';
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death: do not say 'banishment.'

FRIAR LAURENCE

Hence from Verona art thou banished:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

ROMEO

There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
Hence-banished is banish'd from the world,
And world's exile is death: then banished,
Is death mis-term'd: calling death banishment,
Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smilest upon the stroke that murders me.

FRIAR LAURENCE

O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,
Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word death to banishment:
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

ROMEO

'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here,
Where Juliet lives; and every cat and dog
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven and may look on her;
But Romeo may not: more validity,
More honourable state, more courtship lives
In carrion-flies than Romeo: they my seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand
And steal immortal blessing from her lips,
Who even in pure and vestal modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;

But Romeo may not; he is banished:
Flies may do this, but I from this must fly:
They are free men, but I am banished.
And say'st thou yet that exile is not death?
Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife,
No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
But 'banished' to kill me?--'banished'?
O friar, the damned use that word in hell;
Howlings attend it: how hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,
To mangle me with that word 'banished'?

FRIAR LAURENCE

Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak a word.

ROMEO

O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

FRIAR LAURENCE

I'll give thee armour to keep off that word:
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

ROMEO

Yet 'banished'? Hang up philosophy!
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,
It helps not, it prevails not: talk no more.

FRIAR LAURENCE

O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

ROMEO

How should they, when that wise men have no eyes?

FRIAR LAURENCE

Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

ROMEO

Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feel:
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
Doting like me and like me banished,

Then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou tear thy hair,
And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Arise; one knocks; good Romeo, hide thyself.

ROMEO

Not I; unless the breath of heartsick groans,
Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Hark, how they knock! Who's there? Romeo, arise;
Thou wilt be taken. Stay awhile! Stand up;

Run to my study. By and by! God's will,
What simpleness is this! I come, I come!
Knocking

Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's your will?

NURSE

Let me come in, and you shall know
my errand;

I come from Lady Juliet.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Welcome, then.

NURSE

O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?

FRIAR LAURENCE

There on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.

NURSE

O, he is even in my mistress' case,
Just in her case! O woful sympathy!
Piteous predicament! Even so lies she,
Blubbing and weeping, weeping and blubbing.
Stand up, stand up; stand, and you be a man:

For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand;
Why should you fall into so deep an O?

ROMEO
Nurse!

NURSE
Ah sir! ah sir! Well, death's the end of all.

ROMEO
Spakest thou of Juliet? how is it with her?
Doth she not think me an old murderer,
Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy
With blood removed but little from her own?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what says
My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?

NURSE
O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps;
And now falls on her bed; and then starts up,
And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,
And then down falls again.

ROMEO
As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her; as that name's cursed hand
Murder'd her kinsman. O, tell me, friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion.
Drawing his sword

FRIAR LAURENCE
Hold thy desperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou art:
Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast:
Unseemly woman in a seeming man!
Or ill-beseeming beast in seeming both!
Thou hast amazed me: by my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?
And stay thy lady too that lives in thee,

By doing damned hate upon thyself?
Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth?
Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet
In thee at once; which thou at once wouldst lose.
Fie, fie, thou shamest thy shape, thy love, thy wit;
Which, like a usurer, abound'st in all,
And usest none in that true use indeed
Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit:
Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
Digressing from the valour of a man;
Thy dear love sworn but hollow perjury,
Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish;
Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,
Misshapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in a skitless soldier's flask,
Is set afire by thine own ignorance,
And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.
What, rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;
There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou slew'st Tybalt; there are thou happy too:
The law that threaten'd death becomes thy friend
And turns it to exile; there art thou happy:
A pack of blessings lights up upon thy back;
Happiness courts thee in her best array;
But, like a misbehaved and sullen wench,
Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love:
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her:
But look thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua;
Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.
Go before, nurse: commend me to thy lady;
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto:
Romeo is coming.

NURSE

O Lord, I could have stay'd here all the night

To hear good counsel: O, what learning is!
My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

ROMEO

Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

NURSE

Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir:
Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.

ROMEO

How well my comfort is revived by this!

FRIAR LAURENCE

Go hence; good night; and here stands all your state:
Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the break of day disguised from hence:
Sojourn in Mantua; I'll find out your man,
And he shall signify from time to time
Every good hap to you that chances here:
Give me thy hand; 'tis late: farewell; good night.

ROMEO

But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
It were a grief, so brief to part with thee: Farewell.

We have no props of note in the scene, I felt we did not need any. However, as you will see in our other scene from Romeo and Juliet, we introduced a gun which I felt gave additional weight to Romeo's internal trauma and despair, as well as ratcheting up the tension within the scene which I felt was justified whilst, and very importantly, being believable to a modern audience.

Love and hate are strong themes running through the play. We have the two families, the Montagues and the Capulets, two warring tribes immersed in a deep hatred for each other, still bearing an ancient grudge, who then find potential redemption through the love of two young members of their respective families. The tragedy of Romeo and Juliet is that the lives of the principal characters have to be sacrificed in order for harmony to be restored between the Montagues and the Capulets.

Plot, which is often overlooked in literature, is a central element in this play. The story of Romeo and Juliet, which is still produced so frequently in theatres across the world some 500 years since it was performed, is timeless. The language keeps us enriched whilst the conflict keeps us gripped throughout. As audiences change, it is up to the director to keep them engaged without ever getting in the way of the storyline and the playwright's genius.

Should we continue to study Shakespeare? In Act 3 Scene 3 Shakespeare wrote about a suicidal teenager. His play is over 400 years old, yet his themes are timeless. And his appreciation of the human condition unparalleled in literature. Many of you will have experienced a sense of loss and hopelessness so vividly rendered by Romeo. Irish teenagers continue to struggle with issues around their mental health. Romeo is comforted by respected mentors and significant adults. He is helped to see the beauty of his life and that not all is hopeless. The ending of the play is undoubtedly tragic, but Act 3 Scene 3 has lessons for all of us. If you're feeling low, anxious or depressed, reach out and speak to someone you trust, as Romeo does in this key moment of one of the most beautiful plays ever written.

Brian Friel's *Philadelphia, Here I Come* was first performed at the Gaiety Theatre, Dublin in 1964. Tragic-comedy with elements of social realism, *Philadelphia* was a rural Irish play with one notable exception. The central character of Gareth O'Donnell, split in two and played by two actors on stage - Public and Private - was innovative and brilliant, bringing Friel to Broadway and one of the greatest successes of his career.

At Leaving Cert, *Philadelphia* can be studied as a comparative text and as a single text at both higher and ordinary level. The two scenes chosen prominently feature the main characters: Gar Public and Gar Private, Gar's girlfriend Katie Doogan and her father, Senator Doogan. Both scenes are central to the plot and show the audience a major factor in Gar's decision to leave Ballybeg: the traumatic end of his relationship with Katie Doogan. We also understand a lot about the character arcs of Public, Private, Kate and Senator Doogan, and what motivates their actions. The first key moment features the young lovers making plans for their wedding in the first of two flashback sequences. Their dialogue is punctuated by caustic interventions from Gar Private and the flashback closes with a chastening exchange with Senator Doogan.

The higher level comparative modes are General Vision and Viewpoint, Cultural Context, Literary Genre and theme or issue. The theme or issue we will address is love and relationships. The ordinary level modes are social setting, relationships and hero, heroine and villain.

For ordinary level single text all aspects of the play need to be understood. Students should focus on: theme, plot, characters and relationships, the world in which the story takes place, and the author's style of writing. The student's personal response to the play is also vital. Love, relationships and heartbreak are central themes in *Philadelphia*. Gar's anger in the second scene with the now Mrs. King allows him to release all of the trauma and pent up frustration in a painful key moment. We can see how much he loves Kate and the regret that he was unable to ask for her hand in marriage. Gar and Kate run on stage and are joyous in their love for each other.

Kate is trying to seriously discuss financial arrangements before they marry. Gar is immature and jokes about their future children and living in his father's house. As a flashback scene we know that Gar has not married Kate and plans to emigrate. Gar is the chief protagonist and

Katie is a beautiful young girl. Friel helps us identify and sympathise with both characters. Although he does sow the seeds of discontent as Kate is fixated on Gar's earnings and instructs him to lie to Senator Doogan about how much he earns.

We empathise with Gar, but we see his lack of confidence in dealing with Senator Doogan and wish he could show more courage and ask to marry the love of his life. The complication lies in Senator Doogan wanting Kate to marry the son of his friend, Dr. Francis King. He uses his superior social class to intimidate Gar. Doogan tells Gar that he hopes Francis will get the new dispensary job in Ballybeg. And indicates the understanding that Francis and Kate are to be married. Facing such a challenge for Kate's hand, Gar leaves without even asking Senator Doogan or telling him how much he loves his daughter. It is up to you, the student, whether you believe Gar did the right thing. Do you think Kate did the right thing in marrying Francis King? What is your opinion of Senator Doogan's conversation with Gar? Who is responsible for the end of the relationship? Their relationship was tender and loving, Gar has a romantic attitude to love while Kate is more pragmatic. Gar sadly lacked the maturity and the confidence to ask for Senator Doogan's permission to marry his daughter. It is an emotional scene for both characters and for the audience.

PRIVATE

By God, that was a night, boy, eh? By God, you made a right bloody cow's ass of yourself. Remember – when was it? – ten months ago? – you had just come back from a walk out the Mill Road, and the pair of you had the whole thing planned: engaged at Christmas, married at Easter, and fourteen of a family – seven boys and seven girls. Cripes, you make me laugh! You bloody-well make me die laughing. You were going to 'develop' the hardware lines and she was going to take charge of the 'drapery'! The drapery! The fishy socks and the shoebox of cotton spools and rusted needles! And you – you were to ask Screwballs for a rise in pay – 'in view of your increased responsibilities'! And you were so far gone that night, Laddybuck - So bloody-well astray in the head with 'love' that you went and blabbed about your secret egg deals that nobody knew anything about – not even Madge! Stupid bloody get! O my God, how you stick yourself I'll never know!

PUBLIC

Kathy – I'm mad about you! I'll never last till Christmas! I'll – I'll – I'll bloody-well burst!

PRIVATE

Steady, steady. You know what the Canon says: long passionate kisses in lonely places ...

PUBLIC

Our daughters'll all be gentle and frail and silly, like you; and our sons – they'll be thick bloody louts, sexy goats, like me,
and by God I'll beat the tar out of them!

KATW

But £3 and 15 shillings Gar! We could never live on that. Gar! Listen! Be sensible. How will we live?

PRIVATE

'How will we live?'

PUBLIC

Like lords – free house, free light, free fuel, free groceries! And every night at seven when we close – except Saturday; he stays open till damn near midnight on Saturdays, making out bloody bills; and sure God and the world knows that sending out bills around here is as hopeless as peeing against the wind –

KATE

Gar! No matter what you say we just couldn't live on that much money. It – it's not possible. We'll need to have more security than that.

PUBLIC

Maybe he'll die – tonight – of galloping consumption!

KATE

Gar

PUBLIC

What's troubling you?

KATE

Please. This is serious.

PRIVATE

'Please. This is serious.'

PUBLIC

What is it?

KATE

You'll need to see about getting some more money.

PUBLIC

Of course I'll see about getting more money! Haven't I told you I'm going to ask for a rise?

KATE

But will he –?

PUBLIC

I'll get it; I'll get it; don't you worry; Besides I have a – a-a source of income that he knows nothing about – knows anything about.

KATE

Investments. Like Daddy?

PUBLIC

Sort of ... You know the way I go round the country every Tuesday and Thursday in the lorry?

KATE

Yes

PUBLIC

Well, I buy eggs direct from the farms and sell them privately to McLaughlin's Hotel – for a handsome profit – but he knows nothing about it.

KATE

And how much do you make?

PUBLIC

It varies – depending on the time of year.

KATE

Roughly.

PUBLIC

Oh, anything from 12s 6d to £1.

KATE

Every Tuesday and Thursday?

PUBLIC

Every month. God, Kate, I can't wait till Christmas!

But I can't. We'll have to get married sooner – next month – next week –

PRIVATE

Steady, steady.

PUBLIC

Oh sweet Kate ... darling Katie ...

KATE

We'll go now then, right away, and tell them.

PUBLIC

Who?

KATE

Mammy and Daddy. They're at home tonight. Come on. Quickly. Now, Gar, now.

PUBLIC

God, Kate, no – look at the shoes – look at the trousers –

KATE

Oh. What matter. It must be now, Gar, now!

PUBLIC

What – what – what'll I say?

KATE

That you want their permission to marry me next week.

PUBLIC

God, they'll wipe the bloody floor with me!

KATE

Gar!

PUBLIC

God, my legs are trembling! Kathy ..

KATE

Anybody at home? You hoo! You hoo!

PUBLIC

Mr Doogan ... Senator Doogan – I want to ask your permission... O my God!

KATE

Yoo hoo!

PUBLIC

Mrs Doogan, Kate and I have to get married rightaway – Cripes, no! –

KATE

Yoo hoo! You hoo!

PRIVATE

If the boys could see you now!

KATE

Don't look so miserable. Here ...

PUBLIC

Kate, maybe we should wait until – until – until next Sunday –

KATE

It's up to you, entirely up to you.

DOOGAN

Is that you, Kate?

KATE

You have £20 a week and £5,000 in the bank and your father's about to retire.

KATE

Just Gar and I, Daddy

DOOGAN

Hello, Gareth. You're a stranger.

PRIVATE

Speak, you dummy!

KATE

Where's Mammy?

DOOGAN

She's watching TV. And how are things with you, Gareth?

PUBLIC

Mr. Doogan, I want to..

PRIVATE

Go on.

PUBLIC

I won't be staying long.

DOOGAN

Francis arrived when you were out. Took a few days off and decided to come north.

PRIVATE

Cripes!

KATE

He's here – now?

DOOGAN

Inside with your mother. Ask them to join us, will you?

KATE

You talk to Daddy, Gar.

PRIVATE

God, I will, I will.

DOOGAN

You've met Francis King, haven't you, Gareth?

PUBLIC

Yes – yes –

PRIVATE

King of the bloody fairies!

DOOGAN

We don't want to raise Kate's hopes unduly, but strictly between ourselves there's a good chance that he'll get the new dispensary job here.

PUBLIC

Kate's hopes?

DOOGAN

Didn't she tell you? No, I can see she didn't. Of course there's nothing official yet; what you might call an understanding. But if this post does fall into his lap, well, her mother and I ... let's say we're living in hope. A fine boy, Francis; and we've known the Kings, oh, since away back. As a matter of fact his father and I were class-fellows at school...

PRIVATE

Cripes, man!

DOOGAN

... and then later at university when he did medicine and I did law, we knocked about quite a bit ...

PRIVATE

O God, the aul bitch! Cripes, you look a right fool standing there– the father of fourteen children! – Get out, you eejit you! Get out! Get out quick before the others come in and die laughing at you! And all the time she must have known – the aul bitch! – And you promised to give her breakfast in bed every morning! And you told her about the egg money!

DOOGAN

Your father, Gareth?

PRIVATE

He's talking to you, thick-skull.

PUBLIC

What – what – what's that?

DOOGA

Your father – how is he?

PUBLIC

Oh he – he – he's grand, thanks.

PRIVATE

Get out!

Get out!

PUBLIC

Look Mr Doogan, if you'll excuse me, I think I'd better move on –

DOOGAN

Aren't you waiting for supper? The others will be along in a moment for –

PUBLIC

No, I must run. I've got to make up half-a-hundred weight of sugarbags.

PRIVATE

Brilliant!

PUBLIC

Say good-bye to –

DOOGAN

Certainly – certainly. Oh, Gareth – Kate is our only child, Gareth, and her happiness is all that is important to us –

PRIVATE

'Give the woman in the bed more porter –'

DOOGAN

That any decision she makes will be her own – Just in case you should think that her mother or I were ... in case you might have the idea ...

PUBLIC

Good night, Mr Doogan.

DOOGAN

Good-bye ... Gareth

KATE

Where's Gar?

DOOGAN

He didn't seem anxious to stay.

KATE

But didn't he – did he –?

PUBLIC

No, he didn't.

The image of Kate at the end of the flashback illustrates her dilemma. Her parents clearly favour Francis King, they do not view Gar as marriage material for their only child. Kate did her best to coach and coax Gar to ask her father's blessing. As Gar was unable to summon the courage - and Kate knows nothing of the conversation between Gar and her father - she is now left in an unenviable position. Kate has no choice but to marry Dr. King. The second scene with Gar, in real time, is also traumatic for Kate.

She has probably not set foot in this O'Donnell household since her marriage. She knows Gar is hurting, yet as she told him: 'it's entirely up to you'. Do you think this was fair from Kate? Facing the reality of leaving Ballybeg forever is also breaking Gar's heart. All the bottled emotions of his final night at home are revealed in this outburst. Kate is entitled to feel confused and angry. Clearly she is shocked by Gar's attack on her and the hateful things he says about her dying in Ballybeg and shouting: 'be sure to call the first one after me'. Their relationship and friendship came to a bitter and devastating end in this scene. Kate is Gar's romantic love in a play with lots of varied and problematic relationships.

Gar has great fondness for his old teacher, and unanswered questions, yet Master Boyle patronises him and borrows money. Gar is drawn to his Aunt Lizzy, his mother's sister, yet he

barely knows her. Gar adores Katie Doogan, but never gets to marry her. He loves Madge like a son, yet she is not his biological mother and he takes her for granted. Gar loves his friends, the boys, but they annoy him and he has grown distant from them. Gar loves his mother, he pines for her as she died when he was three days old and has no memory of the 'gay girl from Bailtefree, beyond the mountains'. Gar loves his father, but he cannot tell him. SB loves Gar, but he is unable to say it to his only son. He will miss him when he leaves, but cannot put it into words. Gar loves Ballybeg, every last rock and piece of heather, he likes to walk along the white strand when there is a misty rain falling, but he cannot admit it to himself.

The world of Ballybeg - rural Donegal in the early 1960s is backward and old fashioned in many ways. Society is patriarchal and men make the decisions, often at the expense of women - as we see in the case of Katie Doogan. Class is also evident in these scenes as Kate cannot see how a couple could live on Gar's meagre wages. She talks of investments while Gar speaks about selling eggs to the hotel. Doogan brags about university while first arts stumped Gar at UCD.

Religion has a significant impact in this world, Gar and Kate have to get married before they can sleep together, hence the pressure to get engaged so early in their relationship. Communication is one of the primary themes in Philadelphia. Men are not encouraged to reveal their emotions and talk about things that bother or hurt them. Gar is a bright young man, yet he too mistakenly believes men should be thick bloody louts and women should be frail and silly.

Senator Doogan is the villain of the play. He knowingly sends Kate away to ask the others to join him and Gar so that he can speak to Public alone. He certainly puts Gar in his place and intimidates them by talking about the Kings and hopes for Kate's marriage to Frances. When Gar departs at the end of the scene, Kate asked 'Where's Gar?' Her father is smooth and casual. We can assume that Duggan has never told Kate exactly what happened with Gar.

He is the villain of the play. He picks his daughter's husband for her and doesn't explain why Gar left so suddenly. He may argue that he was acting in the best interests of his daughter. Gar is not well off, and he does not wish his daughter to want for anything. He believes that Dr. King can provide a much happier, stable and fulfilling life for Kate.

A second device used by Friel to tell his story through his stage play is the flashback. Philadelphia. Here I Come follows the linear narrative of Gar's last night at home before he emigrates. The story is punctuated by two major flashback sequences, Katie Doogan and Lizzy Gallagher. Private also regularly offers insight into the distant past and events later in Gar's lifetime. We learn all about Maire Gallagher, Gar's mother through the reminiscences of Gar Private. Friel has chosen to explore the characters of Kate and Lizzy more vividly by recreating these scenes on the stage. Two major plot points are reached during these pivotal sequences. Firstly, Gar's relationship with Katie Doogan ends. Secondly he makes a rash and momentous decision to emigrate to America to live with his mother's sister. Aunt Lizzy and Uncle Con visit Ballybeg on the day of Katie Doogan's wedding. Gar is vulnerable in this moment when he makes the impetuous decision to leave for America.

PRIVATE

They're louts, ignorant bloody louts, and you've always known it! And don't pretend you're surprised; because you're not. And you know what they'll do tonight, don't you? They'll shuffle around the gable of the hotel and take an odd furtive peep into the lounge at those English women who won't even look up from their frigid knitting! Many a time you did it yourself, buckoo! Aye, and but for Aunt Lizzy and the grace of God, you'd be there tonight, too, watching the lights go out over the village, and hearing the front doors being bolted, and seeing the blinds being raised; and you stamping your feet to keep the numbness from spreading, not wanting to go home, not yet for another while, wanting to hold on to the night although nothing can happen now nothing at all ... Joe and Tom and big, thick, generous Ned ... No one will ever know or understand the fun there was; for there was fun and there was laughing – foolish, silly fun and foolish, silly laughing; but what it was all about you can't remember, can you? Just the memory – that's all you have now – just the memory; and even now, even so soon, it is being distilled of all its coarseness; and what is left is going to be precious, precious gold ...

KATE

Hello? Gar?

PRIVATE

Kate!?

KATE

This isn't a healthy sign, drinking by yourself.

PRIVATE

Talk! Talk!

PUBLIC

What are you doing here?

KATE

I hear you're off to America.

PUBLIC

First thing in the morning.

KATE

You wouldn't think of calling to say good-bye to your friends, I suppose?

PUBLIC

I suppose I was going to, but I.

PRIVATE

Careful

PUBLIC

– it went clean out of my mind. You know how it is, getting ready...

KATE

I understand, Gar.

PRIVATE

She's a married woman, you bugger!

KATE

Philadelphia?

PUBLIC

Yes. Take a seat.

KATE

To an aunt, isn't it?

PUBLIC

That's right. A sister of mother's

KATE

And you're going to work in a hotel.

PUBLIC

You know as much about it as I do.

KATE

You know Baile Beag – small town.

PUBLIC

I'll probably go to night-school as well – you know, at night

PRIVATE

Brilliant!

PUBLIC

– do law or medicine or something –

PRIVATE

Like hell! First Arts stumped you!

KATE

You'll do well, Gar; make a lot of money, and come back here in twenty years' time, and buy the whole village.

PUBLIC

Very likely. That's my plan anyhow.

PRIVATE

Kate

PRIVATE

Kathy

PUBLIC

How's your father and mother?

KATE

Fine, thanks. And Mr O'Donnell?

PUBLIC

Grand, grand. Is Dr King well?

KATE

I hear no complaints.

PRIVATE

Then the Dauphiness of Versailles. And surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in –

PUBLIC

I'll come home when I make my first million, driving a Cadillac and smoking cigars and taking movie-films.

KATE

I hope you're very happy there and that life is good to you.

PUBLIC

I'll make sure life's good to me from now on.

PUBLIC

Your father'll miss you.

PUBLIC

That's his look out! D'you know something? If I had to spend another week in Ballybeg, I'd go off my bloody head! This place would drive anybody crazy! Look around you, for God's sake! Look at Master Boyle! Look at my father! Look at the Canon! Look at the boys. Asylum cases, the whole bloody lot of them! Listen, if someone were to come along to me tonight and say, 'Ballybeg's yours – lock, stock, and barrel,' it wouldn't make that much difference to me. If you're not happy and content in a place – then – then – then you're not happy and content in a place! It's as simple as that. I've stuck around this hole far too long, I'm telling you: it's a bloody quagmire, a backwater, a dead-end! And everybody in it goes crazy sooner or later! Everybody! There's nothing about Ballybeg that I don't know already. I hate the place, and every stone, and every rock, and every piece of heather around it! Hate it! Hate it! And the sooner that plane whips me away, the better I'll like it!

KATE

It isn't as bad as that, Gar.

PUBLIC

You're stuck here! What else can you say!

PRIVATE

That'll do!

PUBLIC

And you'll die here! But I'm not stuck! I'm free! Free as the bloody wind!

KATE

All I meant..

PUBLIC

Answerable to nobody! All this bloody yap about father and son and all this sentimental rubbish about 'homeland' and 'birthplace' – yap! Bloody yap! Impermanence – anonymity – that's what I'm looking for; a vast restless place that doesn't give a damn about the past. To hell with Ballybeg, that's what I say!

PRIVATE

Oh, man..

KATE

I'd better go. Francis'll be wondering what's keeping me.

PUBLIC

Tell him I was asking for him.

KATE

Goodbye, Gar.

PUBLIC

Enjoy yourself, Kate. And if you can't be good –you know? Be sure to call the first one after me.

PRIVATE

Kate ... sweet Katie Doogan ... my darling Kathy Doogan ... Oh my God, steady man, steady – it is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the Dauphiness at Versailles, and surely never lighted on this orb – Oh God, Oh my God, those thoughts are sinful – [SINGS] As beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping with a pitcher of milk and the – We'll go now, right away, and tell them – Mammy and Daddy – they're at home tonight – now, Gar, now – it must be now – remember, it's up to you entirely up to you – gut and salt them fish – and they're going to call this one Madge, at least so she says – – a little something to remind you of your old teacher – don't keep looking back over your shoulder, be one hundred per cent American – a packet of cigarettes and a pot of jam – seven boys and girls – and our daughters'll all be gentle and frail and silly like you – and I'll never wait till Christmas – I'll burst, I'll bloody-well burst – good-bye, Gar, it isn't as bad as that – good-bye, Gar, it isn't as bad as that – good-bye, Gar, it isn't as bad as that –

PUBLIC

Screwballs, say something! Say something, father!

Gar Public and Gar Private are the chief protagonists and the heroes of Philadelphia, Here I Come. We can have sympathy for Gar as a character and want his life to work out well. But like all characters in the play, he makes mistakes. Life has dealt him some real challenges. He fails to ask Senator Doogan for permission to marry Kate. How do we feel in this pivotal moment? Gar has agency in Philadelphia, Here I Come. He has the power to make choices. As a woman and heroine of the play, Kate is controlled by men. She is a good person and a memorable character. But in the early 1960s in Donegal, she had little say in whom she would like to marry. Her future is decided by her father and her boyfriend without her knowledge. She is a heroine due to her goodness, sensitivity and intelligence. We sympathize with her for how poorly she is treated by the men of Baillybeg. Regardless, Katie and Madge are the heroines of this play. Kate does her best to embolden Gar before meeting her father and popping the question. Could she have done more? What might she have done to make herself even more heroic?

Literary genre is the manner in which stories are told through the respective texts. Plays tell their stories through characters on stage, dialogue, movements, gestures, symbols, setting, lighting and sound. A pivotal aspect of the literary genre in Philadelphia is the role of Gar Private, one of the finest characters in Irish theatre and in English literature. He is Gar's consciousness, he commentates and narrates throughout the play, he has beautiful monologues and scathing outbursts against Gar himself and the other characters.

As a theatrical device Friel provides a unique perspective through Gar Private. The scenes with Katie Doogan see Private lambasting Gar for his failure to marry the love of his life. He also calls Kate an 'aul bitch' and vents on her father and mother. In the second scene, Private urges

Public to stop his diatribe against Kate before he says something he cannot retract. As she leaves, Gar crestfallen at what he has just done, Private laments 'Kate, sweet Katie Doogan, my darling Kathy Doogan...' He does not mean anything of what he has just said to her.

Private provides unique information and fills in numerous gaps in the plot and the story. He also has some of the funniest lines and observations in the play. He is a cornerstone of Friel's storytelling. His actions and gestures in both key moments illustrate Public's deeper feelings and genuine emotions.

Friel's general vision and viewpoint in Philadelphia, Here I Come is generally pessimistic, but like all great literature, also nuanced and complex. The audience can be hopeful that Gar elects to remain in Ballybeg and heal the broken relationships in his life. Potentially the move to Philadelphia will be the making of Gar. He is 25 years old with a long life to live.

The viewpoint of a father wanting the best for his daughter and engineering her marriage to Dr. King remains realistic in many parts of the world in the 21st century, as it was in Ballybeg, Co. Donegal in the early 1960s. Ireland has certainly progressed since that time, women have greater equality, yet we still have a long way to go to achieve gender parity.

The patriarchal control, the influence of the church and the poor economy that forced so many of Gar O'Donnell's generation to emigrate certainly reflects a pessimistic general vision and viewpoint. Conversely, Donegal is a beautiful and inspiring landscape of lakes, mountains, rivers and beaches. Gar O'Donnell loves and appreciates the rural tapestry of Ballybeg. He also knows that the village is full of wonderful, warm and caring people. Some of them may be flawed and misguided, but that is simply the human condition, hence a realistic general vision and viewpoint in Friel's masterwork.