



PORT AUTHORITY

BY CONOR McPHERSON



DRAMATISTS
PLAY SERVICE
INC.



All Rights Reserved

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that performance of PORT AUTHORITY is subject to payment of a royalty. It is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America, and of all countries covered by the International Copyright Union (including the Dominion of Canada and the rest of the British Commonwealth), and of all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention, the Berne Convention, and of all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations. All rights, including without limitation professional/amateur stage rights, motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound recording, all other forms of mechanical, electronic and digital reproduction, transmission and distribution, such as CD, DVD, the Internet, private and file-sharing networks, information storage and retrieval systems, photocopying, and the rights of translation into foreign languages are strictly reserved. Particular emphasis is placed upon the matter of readings, permission for which must be secured from the Author's agent in writing.

The English language stock and amateur stage performance rights in the United States, its territories, possessions and Canada for PORT AUTHORITY are controlled exclusively by DRAMATISTS PLAY SERVICE, INC., 440 Park Avenue South, New York, NY 10016. No professional or nonprofessional performance of the Play may be given without obtaining in advance the written permission of DRAMATISTS PLAY SERVICE, INC., and paying the requisite fee.

Inquiries concerning all other rights should be addressed to Curtis-Brown Ltd. (London), Haymarket House, 28-29 Haymarket, 5th Floor, London SW1Y 4SP, England. Attn: Nick Marston.

SPECIAL NOTE

Anyone receiving permission to produce PORT AUTHORITY is required to give credit to the Author(s) as sole and exclusive Author(s) of the Play on the title page of all programs distributed in connection with performances of the Play and in all instances in which the title of the Play appears, including printed or digital materials for advertising, publicizing or otherwise exploiting the Play and/or a production thereof. Please see your production license for font size and typeface requirements.

Be advised that there may be additional credits required in all programs and promotional material. Such language will be listed under the "Additional Billing" section of production licenses. It is the licensee's responsibility to ensure any and all required billing is included in the requisite places, per the terms of the license.

SPECIAL NOTE ON SONGS AND RECORDINGS

For performances of copyrighted songs, arrangements or recordings mentioned in these Plays, the permission of the copyright owner(s) must be obtained. Other songs, arrangements or recordings may be substituted provided permission from the copyright owner(s) of such songs, arrangements or recordings is obtained; or songs, arrangements or recordings in the public domain may be substituted.

The world premiere production of PORT AUTHORITY was presented by the Gate Theatre at the New Ambassadors Theatre, London, England, on February 22, 2001 and subsequently at the Gate Theatre, Dublin, Ireland, on April 24, 2001. It was directed by Conor McPherson; the set and costume designs were by Eileen Diss; and the lighting design was by Mick Hughes. The cast was as follows:

KEVIN Éanna MacLiam
DERMOT Stephen Brennan
JOE Jim Norton

CHARACTERS

KEVIN, maybe twenty

DERMOT, late thirties? mid-thirties?

JOE, seventy-odd

The play is set in the theatre.

PORT AUTHORITY

1

KEVIN. I moved out in the summer.
The house was in Donnycarney and four of us were going to share it.
My folks were not happy about it.
The mad thing was I could see their point.
It was kind of stupid.
I had no job and I didn't know what I wanted to do.
Moving out was like pretending to make a decision.
My dad gave me a lift down to Donnycarney.
With all my clothes in black bin-liners.
It was a bright Sunday afternoon.
I nearly said, "I'll see you later."
But this was supposed to be for good.
What a joke.
I was moving in with Davy Rose and a guy called Speedy.
I was mates with Davy.
To everybody else in Dublin he was Mad Davy Rose, hammered on Scrumpy Jack.
But I saw the normal side to him and he spoke to me about stuff and you know?
Speedy was more Davy's friend than mine.
Although I could hardly see how anyone could be friends with Speedy at all.
He always seemed to me to be unbelievably stupid.
He definitely had a learning disorder or something.
Mostly he was just out of it, but even sober I couldn't make head nor tail of him.
It was like he was excited by being bored.
I had nothing in common with him.

He was asleep in the back garden when I went through.
Davy was sitting in an old deckchair, drinking cider and playing
Billy Idol on his ghettoblaster.
He was in a state of agitation because he was in the process of being
dumped by this girl with blue hair from Beaumont.
He was all distracted, talking about hopping on his bike going up
to annoy her.
I didn't want him to leave me on my own with Speedy so I made him
come down to the off-licence with me and I got us more Scrumpy.
And we just went back and kept drinking.
Davy was searching through Speedy's pockets for smokes and I was
casually inquiring where Clare was.
She was moving in as well.
Everybody in Dublin was in love with her.
She was buds with me and Davy but she tended to go out with
headbangers. Or lads who thought they were, anyway.
She was always with some spiky-haired crusty who you could see
was from Dublin 4 or somewhere, putting on a bit of an accent.
They were all rich and spoiled and better looking than any of us.
Davy said he hadn't seen her.
So we got fairly pissed there in the garden and then I went up to see
which room was mine.
I had the bedroom at the back.
Davy had the attic conversion.
Clare had the bedroom at the front.
Speedy was in the boxroom.
We were all paying thirty quid, except Speedy who was paying twenty.
All that was in my room was a bed and a chair.
I was in my sleeping bag all night lying there awake listening to
hear if I could hear Clare come in but all I could hear were all
the sounds that made me try to imagine I was still at home.
But it didn't work.
In the morning I borrowed Davy's bike and I went down to Kilbarrack
to sign on and sort out rent allowance.
And when I got back it was just Speedy sitting there watching *Richard*
& *Judy*.
He nodded at me and I sat down there near him.
But he was genuinely watching *Richard & Judy*.
I was nearly afraid to say anything in case he missed something.

He was eating Rice Krispies like he was on his way out to work in a minute or something.
As if, you know.
And he suddenly starts saying, still not looking at me, about how last Friday a guy from a band from Donaghmede had called down with this small goth girl who was a notorious slut.
And your man was in the back room with Davy jamming on these two basses that were in there.
And your one asks Speedy if he has any hash and he had so they went up to the boxroom and had a spliff and all of a sudden they got stuck into each other, having a sneaky ride.
And Speedy was trying to listen out to hear if he could still hear your man jamming with Davy and he wasn't coming up. But your one was starting to make so much noise that Speedy just got too nervous so he just went into the jacks and pulled himself off.
And he said all this to me just like that.
And I was just sitting there staring at the side of his head, thinking that there was nothing he could ever say that could interest me beyond the terrible notion that I cared absolutely nothing for this fellow human being. And that if he died I'd feel nothing.
And we sat there in this room for a while until I could barely stand it. Until I casually asked him if he knew when Clare was moving in. But there was nothing about Speedy to suggest that anyone had just spoken to him.
And I was trying to decide whether to ask him again or just fuck off out or something and he just goes, "She's here."

2

DERMOT. Dinner. Friday night. O'Hagan's house.
A kind of a welcome to the fold.
And the elation of a huge salary in an interesting job and having impressed these clean-shaven tailor-made suits was clashing with the embarrassment of having to present Mary to them.
Suddenly I was thinking about my wife.
It was alright when I was at Whelan's.
All the wives looked the same.

CHILDREN OF KILLERS

by Katori Hall

6M, 5W (doubling, flexible casting)

The president of Rwanda is releasing the killers. Years after the Tutsi genocide, the perpetrators begin to trickle back into the country side to be reunited with their villages. A trio of friends — born during the genocide's bloody aftermath — prepare to meet the men who gave them life. But as the homecoming day draws closer, the young men are haunted by the sins of their fathers. Who can you become when violence is your inheritance?

“... disturbing [and] powerful ... Ms. Hall's play concerns the generation of kids who were too young to participate in the slaughter, though not always too young to be victims of it. [This] tough subject is handled with a simplicity and specificity that impress. ... You leave CHILDREN OF KILLERS with the unhappy sense that while the bloodletting has long since ended, the genocide will be reaping victims in Rwanda for years to come.”

—The New York Times

Also by Katori Hall

HOODOO LOVE

HURT VILLAGE

THE MOUNTAINTOP

OUR LADY OF KIBEHO

DRAMATISTS PLAY SERVICE, INC.

ISBN: 978-0-8222-3305-3



9 780822 233053