



# PORT AUTHORITY

BY CONOR McPHERSON



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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**

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