



# QUIETLY

BY

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DRAMATISTS  
PLAY SERVICE  
INC.



QUIETLY  
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QUIETLY was first performed at the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, in November 2012. It was directed by Jimmy Fay; set design was by Alyson Cummins; costume design was by Catherine Fay; lighting design was by Sinéad McKenna; sound design was by Philip Stewart; AV design was by Neil O'Driscoll; and the fight director was Donal O' Farrell. The cast was as follows:

ROBERT ..... Robert Zawadzki  
JIMMY ..... Patrick O'Kane  
IAN ..... Declan Conlon

## CHARACTERS

ROBERT — Polish, 34

JIMMY — 52

IAN — 52

The characters in this play both the living and the dead are completely fictional.

# QUIETLY

*The stage is in darkness. Lights up.*

*A bar in Belfast, 2009. Northern Ireland are playing Poland in a World Cup qualifier on a big-screen TV. Robert is playing the poker machine. He receives a text message.*

i can't live like this  
i'm not happy either  
do u luv me  
of course i do  
then what  
i don't know  
i'm feel alone—what am i doing here—i want to go back  
to poland  
can't talk now the place is starting to fill up  
i need u  
talk later

ROBERT. fuckin torture—she wanted to be here—begged me—i didn't force her—fuckin made it happen that's what i did—and what—this shit

*He moves behind the bar and watches the match.*

*Jimmy enters.*

alright jimmy—late tonight—second half just started—two one up to yous—evans just scored—not over yet though

JIMMY. aye—was thinkin about not comin at all—but then i've somethin to do so here i am

ROBERT. pint is it

JIMMY. i'll try one an see how that goes—a few kids outside on the cider—they give you any grief

ROBERT. no it's fine

JIMMY. do you want me to go out and get rid of them

ROBERT. no i don't want any trouble

JIMMY. sometimes that's what's called for

ROBERT. they're only kids

JIMMY. kids can do more damage than you think

*Robert serves Jimmy his drink and opens a bottle of Coke for himself. They both say cheers in Polish. They watch the match. Robert sends a text message.*

u watching the match

no—putting the baby to bed

kiss him for me

what's the score

2:1 to you—jammie bastards

up yer polish hole

up yer nordie hole

get a taxi home—finish early if you can

maybe

he's crying—talk later

ok

ROBERT. yes yes yes—shit—who was it

JIMMY. don't know

ROBERT. jelen is it

JIMMY. never heard of him—make no difference

ROBERT. come on poland—come on poland

JIMMY. fuck poland—what do you care anyway—you loved the place so much ya left it behind—this is home now—the lovely belfast

ROBERT. not that you'd know anything about it but it's in my heart

JIMMY. how would a not know about that

ROBERT. i've left nothing behind—it's there—i carry it with me

JIMMY. you should support northern ireland

ROBERT. fuck northern ireland—do you support them

JIMMY. not really—but then this place probably hasn't looked after me as well as it's looked after you

ROBERT. yeah i'm livin the dream baby

JIMMY. who scored your goal

ROBERT. jelan

JIMMY. still never heard of him

ROBERT. you know a lot about polish football do you

JIMMY. a know a bit

ROBERT. you know nothing—this place doesn't know the rest of the world exists

JIMMY. is that right

ROBERT. so what bit do you know then

JIMMY. the nineteen seventy-four world cup—i know that bit

ROBERT. the nineteen seventy-four world cup—bullshit

JIMMY. the golden boot—grzegorz lato—poland—seven goals—  
and joint second with neeskens from holland with five was—andrzej  
szarmach—poland came third in that world cup—an who did the beat  
in the play off for third place—the mighty brazil—one nil on the sixth  
of july nineteen seventy-four

ROBERT. how do you know all that—you learn it off for a quiz

JIMMY. don't do quizzes—doesn't matter how i know it—an another  
thing to—who did poland stop from even gettin to the world's cup finals

ROBERT. northern ireland

JIMMY. no fuck—england—can't remember the score—might have  
been one nil not sure

ROBERT. we've no chance of getting to this world cup

JIMMY. a wouldn't know

ROBERT. how do you not know you sit and watch all the matches

JIMMY. sit here an have a pint but i don't really watch them

*Robert receives a text.*

poker after work?  
can't  
what about the money u owe me  
i'm good for it  
i want my money  
tomorrow  
right—better be

ROBERT. what's the point in scoring a goal then playing like headless chickens

JIMMY. if they could stop themselves from playin like that do ya not think they'd do it

ROBERT. it wasn't a question

JIMMY. right—sounded like one

ROBERT. did you hear the news

JIMMY. not interested in news

ROBERT. there was trouble earlier on

JIMMY. between us an the poles

ROBERT. us—i thought you didn't support them

JIMMY. like it or not it's still us

ROBERT. smashed up some pub in the city centre—i was thinking maybe i should put the shutters up on the windows

JIMMY. should be alright—only wee lads hangin about out there—not even at the match—no interest in it—just messin

ROBERT. it'll be alright then

JIMMY. certainly—i'm here anyway—

*Pause.*

—there's a man comin in later on to see me—he wants to talk with me—there might be a bit a trouble with him—but it's nothin for you to worry about



ROBERT. no trouble—can't afford for trouble—i get the blame

JIMMY. all a meant was just in case there was a bit a shoutin—  
don't panic

ROBERT. a bit of shouting

JIMMY. yes a bit a shoutin—nothin for you to get involved in—ya  
understan—stay out of it—nothin to do with you

ROBERT. a bit of shouting—everyone shouts here—it's the national  
sport

JIMMY. we all need to be heard at the same time

ROBERT. smashed a pub up in town—not sure who started it—  
could be us—a lot of football hooligans back home—right wing—  
mad men—cross the fucking ball—people paid to cross the ball  
and they can't cross the fucking thing

JIMMY. my mother used to say you'd think with all the money  
they earned they'd be able to kick the ball properly

ROBERT. she follow football

JIMMY. no—hated it

ROBERT. hated it

JIMMY. yes hated it

ROBERT. why

JIMMY. what were you back in poland a policeman

ROBERT. a barman

JIMMY. barman—a fuckin barman

ROBERT. yeah

JIMMY. why haven't ya got the hang of it then

ROBERT. you don't need to be any good to serve you pints of piss

JIMMY. polish beer any better

ROBERT. dog piss would be better

JIMMY. do ya drink much dog piss in poland

ROBERT. enough

JIMMY. get some polish beer in an i'll try it

ROBERT. right

# QUIETLY

by Owen McCafferty

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Belfast is a place where things need to be said. Following the 1998 Good Friday Agreement, the guns were silenced but the chasm between the Republican and Unionist sides remains wide and bitter. Tonight, in a small back-street bar, while Northern Ireland plays Poland on the TV, Jimmy and Ian will meet for the first time. They share a violent past, and their conversation has been brewing for more than twenty years...

*"[A] rage-filled, wounded, mournful play about terrorism, civil war and the damage that remains after the hatred cools. ...QUIETLY is a play about what happens when a society loses control. It's a reminder that terrorism and demonization of the other have always been with us, and that where blood-soaked enmity is fostered for political gain, angry youths have always been ripe for recruitment."*

—The New York Times

*"...an emotionally brutal 75 minutes of grief and white-hot rage, with the faint hope of peace. ...The play unfolds in real time with the tension and urgency of Greek tragedy. ...the terse, lean play grabs you by the throat and doesn't let go. Over the years, I've seen plenty of pints drained and Irish woes recalled, but QUIETLY makes it seem as raw and wounding as yesterday."*

—Time Out New York

*"[A] fine, tense piece of drama... A play about truth, courage and forgiveness, QUIETLY offers no easy answers. ...It's deftly controlled in McCafferty's taut writing and the precision of the encounter does not obscure the greater reach of the discussion: such life-long grief afflicts communities worldwide that have been scarred by conflict. ...McCafferty draws decades of entrenched loathing and anguish into this modest room."*

—Financial Times (UK)

*"Remarkable... inspired... the piece packs sweeping questions about forgiveness and accountability into a tightly plotted encounter."* —The Daily Telegraph (UK)

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