## Arts&Books

## How the other half gives – it's philanthropy without the flash



### **BERNICE HARRISON TV REVIEW**

TÉ'S VERSION of the hit Channel 4 series *The Secret* Millionaire could just as easily have been called The Lovelv Millionaire or The Decent. Unassuming Millionaire, but while it was true of the first episode o The Secret Millionaire (RTÉ1. Monday), it probably isn't allowed unde the syndication contract.

The format will already be familiar to many viewers, as the UK version has been going for six years. A millionair leaves his (it has been mostly men) com fortable life and true identity behind and lives for a week in a deprived commu nity, seeing first-hand - and maybe fo the first time - serious deprivation, and meeting locals who are trying to make things better. The ruse is that the mil munity initiative he judges to be the blown three-hanky job

dav-to-dav experience

problem, anti-social behaviour, rubbish | had won another injunction. everywhere, older people living in fear run by two dedicated women who are, as who did speak didn't inspire much symto do to keep them out of trouble.

format, he didn't declare, "I'm a million- | "We'll be off to the Tesco car park or any | families and their often much older dis- | suffer an unfortunate juxtaposition with aire," and ostentatiously write the place that's open." cheque. He just quietly said who he is and that he has been successful in business as he handed over a folded cheque to the recipients, who were astonished and thrilled.

There wasn't a whiff of noblesse oblige about it, and there was nothing financial in it for Concannon, though. judging by his honest, emotional reac tions, it's obvious he got a lot from the experience. He clearly wasn't looking for fame or acknowledgment, and the programme did shine a light on some good people and their impressive voluntary endeavours.



lionaire pretends to be part of a docu-mentary about voluntary work, and at provide the as this week's **Dispatches**: Tony Ball, the leader of Basildon Held prisoner in rural Bangladesh, she managed to contact the British the end he reveals his true identity and | **Gypsy Eviction – The Fight for Dale** | way that "green-belt law had to be | consul, who rescued her (one girl a week hands out cheques to the people or com- | Farm (Channel 4, Monday). Filmed | upheld". The Travellers' representative, | is rescued), flying her back to Britain, throughout the summer, it saw reporter | Candy Sheridan, was equally rational | where she found herself quite alone, most worthy. It's never less than a full- Deborah Davies exploring the lead-up to and impressive, asking a seemingly unan- ostracised by her family. Ten months what was to be a mass eviction on swerable question: where, in the absence later the cameras caught up with her This Irish series (there are only three | Monday of the Irish Travellers and Eng- | of a large enough official halting site, are | again: she was lonely but doing fine. The episodes – are there only three million- | lish Gypsies encamped illegally on Dale aires left?) began with the Galway entre- | Farm, a plot of land in Basildon, Essex. preneur John Concannon – he's big in | They own the land but it is designated plastics – landing in an estate in west | green belt, so they have no planning per- | from the council for a four-bedroom | for what she believed was just a few Dublin. And it was a case of landing: he | mission to live on it. The programme- | house in the locality – "it's against our | weeks. Ten months later she had not may as well have been sent to the moon, | makers probably hoped to end with the | culture" - and the council rejected the | returned. so far was his new environment from his | drama of that eviction, but it didn't go | Travellers' offer to sell it the land. The ahead; instead the documentary ended price they were looking for was, The area ticked all the boxes for depri- | with the midafternoon announcement | according to Davies, £6 million; the vation: high unemployment, a huge drug | from the court steps that the Travellers | council values the property at £120,000.

and the obligatory horse roaming on the | the law," said a local on Basildon high green. He checked out the local carers' street. Few of the Dale Farm residents community, and that leads to mutual group, the suicide-prevention organisa- | spoke in front of the camera, no male | mistrust". A good background exploration Pieta House and the football team Travellers were interviewed, and those tion of a live news story. one said, "swimming against the tide" | pathy, mostly displaying an aggressive | DESPITE ITS misleading title, My but are trying to give the kids something | attitude and a sense of entitlement, and | Forced Unwanted Wedding (BBC3 demanding in no uncertain terms that Monday) was a serious, superbl Concannon gave money to all three, the council give them alternative accom- researched and vivid exploration of in a way that typified his caring, modation to facilitate their nomadic way another practice defended in the name unassuming approach to the exercise. | of life. If they are moved from Dale | of culture: forced marriages between Breaking away from the Channel 4 | Farm, said Mary, an Irish Traveller, | young British girls from Bangladeshi | BBC2 at some stage, where it won't

Get stuck into . .

It's a well-worn rags-to-riches story, but Shirley (BBC2, Thursday) is worth watching to see Ruth Negga (right) become Shirley Bassey, the diva from Tiger Bay.

the Travellers supposed to go?

Travellers interviewed rejected an offer to Pakistan to visit her husband's family The problem, an academic suggested, is "They use the law but won't abide by that "Travellers are isolated from the mainstream, living separately from the

forced into such a marriage, and deserved audience.

teenagers are in effect just audience than it's likely to get. pawns in an immigration

Richly rewarding: the entrepreneur John Concannon took a caring, unassuming approach in The Secret Millionaire

other teenager, sounding like any other On the day of the eviction one of the Bradford teen, had been persuaded to go

R7



#### Concannon clearly wasn't looking for fame or acknowledgment

This documentary about forced mar riage - or rape, as one policeman succinctly put it - is bound to find its way to tant cousins in Bangladesh. It followed Don't Tell the Bride and Snog. Marry two teenagers, Alia, who had had been | Avoid?, and maybe get a wider, much-

Jessie, a 17-year-old who was Also worth a look for its stunning zht to Pakistan to marry her | underwater photography is **Farraigí n** 38-year-old distant cousin. Not to | **hÉireann** (TG4, Tuesday) a six-part doo b through with the marriage umentary, directed by Ken O'Sullivan would, she said, bring shame on her | exploring the marine life around our family and – this is where culture | coasts. It looks superb, with dreamy can meet a world of hard-bitten shots of astonishingly beautiful jellyfish riminality – it would deny her | giant basking sharks and hundreds of ousin British citizenship. The dolphins. It too deserves a much bigger

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# The page is your stage Can you write a winning tiny play?

Ever dreamed of having a play produced by a professional theatre company? 'The Irish Times' is supporting an exciting initiative aimed at broadening the range of voices in Irish theatre. **Jim Culleton**, artistic director of Fishamble: The New Play Company, has some tips if you'd like to enter the Tiny Plays for Ireland competition, and, to act as inspiration, we have two examples of what can be done

emerging and established writers of any age – | the unique challenge a short play poses. Your in other words, you – to submit plays that | tiny play should feel satisfying and complete. capture moments and offer glimpses of Irish life. Fishamble choose the winners and pay each selected writer a fee of €250. We will work with you on the development of the com- 600 words – and need have no words at all missioned plays and produce them in March 2012 at Project Arts Centre, in Dublin, A selection will be published in *The Irish Times* **J** you can copy another writer but to leading up to the production. If you'd like to enter, here's what to remember

Write about what you know or feel them are published here. passionate about. Don't be afraid to state the obvious, if you think the obvious needs to be stated, or to take us somewhere unexpected, if you think something needs to be made public

**7** If in doubt, keep it simple: a tiny play can | production, so staging will be simple, but plays A have a big resonance but can also be confusing if it is crammed with thoughts. The play | to create environments on stage through the need not deal with a big issue: write something | design of set, lighting, sound, costume, that benefits from the 600-word limit rather projection and so on. So think as imaginatively than squeezing a bigger play into too tight a | as you wish – and don't be afraid to break the timeframe. Simple encounters that might | rules. A lot of great short plays do not capture a turning point in one of the charac- | necessarily follow the suggestions I've made ters' lives, or during which a character is here changed by the experience, can work well

**O** Write a fully formed play. Even though it is between Jim Culleton and Fishamble's literary Short, it should not seem like a sketch or an manager. Gavin Kostick, about the project

### **Tiny plays** The rules

Plays must be original to e writer and run for no ore than four minutes – as uide, no more than 600 rrds, including stage ections. Plays should be rformable by a cast of no ore than three actors. Plays must be in English Irish – or, as long as the	<ul> <li>writer is based in Ireland another language.</li> <li>Monologues are acceded but dialogue plays are preferred.</li> <li>Plays should have a title and should be submitted with your nar fishambletinyplays</li> <li>@irishtimes.com by November 11th, 2011</li> </ul>

Plavs should have a itle and should be ubmitted with your name to ishambletinyplays Dirishtimes.com y November 11th, 2011.

### Ploughing his own whimsical furrow On Tuesday, in his Galway studio, the impact that was greater than its part



### **MICK HEANEY RADIO REVIEW**

of the Day slot on **Breakfast With Hector** (2FM, weekdays), Evelyn McClafferty took no chances with her definition. "It's fun, it's light-hearted, it's not really deep," said the newscaster. It was a pretty good description of McClafferty's mot du jour - "whimsical" but she need not have bothered with her erbal contortions. Hector O hEochagáin's morning show provides

a good practical example of the adjective Indeed, to characterise the programme as whimsical is at times to

onfer it with an unwarranted gravitas. The show is essentially a catalogue of the presenter's catchphrases and affectations, with the odd quirky item thrown in. But while the content may be

gossamer light, Ó hEochagáin's appeal ests on more than generic radio-jock patter. Having made his name as a globe-trotting Gaeilgeoir, the presenter now tailors his every utterance to chime with rural middle Ireland, or at least a buck-leppin', thigh-slappin'

mad-for-the-craic version of the place. So it was no surprise that O hEochagáin's spiel went into overdrive last week. as he broadcast from the National Ploughing Championships in Athy. or. as he repeatedly called it, "the Electric Picnic

for farmers"

presenter was animated at the prospect of the event. "I can imagine all the Isuzu Troopers going in with the cow dung splattered on them," he rhapsodised. When he started broadcasting there, on Wednesday, he revelled in the atmosphere and, indeed, the hospitality issuing an on-air request for a latte to the surrounding concession stands. When the fast-food chain Supermac's obliged, O hEochagáin repaid the debt by

praising it as a "proud Galway company" To be fair, his interest in homegrown businesses seems rooted in more than a desire for morning coffee. On Thursday. S SHE delivered her regular Word he hosted his own take on *Dragons' Den*called, predictably enough, Bulls' Den – giving five small firms a chance to promote their wares. It was a curiously uplifting item, O hEochagáin's enthusiastic approach highlighting enterprises that get overlooked amid the economic gloom. Nor did he trade in knee-jerk Paddywhackery, describing the

to a multinational company In his own way, Ó hEochagáin is a bright spot in the uncertain 2FM of the

post-Gerry Rvan era. Since he assumed the breakfast slot, just under a year ago, Ó hEochagáin has carved a distinctive niche, making him one of the few station Seán Rocks hosted a show with pleasing

### Radio moment of the week

On Miriam Meets (RTÉ Radio 1, Sundays), the actor Ciarán Hinds and his sister Bronagh painted a gently rresting family portrait, from their Belfast upbringing to the deaths of

their father and sister But a piece of music prompted the biggest reaction, when the musician Joanne Quigley performed The Coolin, hEochagáin's line about dung-splattered Jeeps was recycled

presenters not obviously living in the shadow of the late Ryan. But his limitations are obvious too. His banter quickly loses its charm and his flashes of wit are flogged like the proverbial equine carcass: his line about lung-splattered Jeeps was endlessly recycled in sundry variations. He might benefit from less contrivance and, for

that matter, more whimsy. If the ploughing championships were a natural fit for Ó hEochagáin, the event also hosted less obvious shows. The arts magazine **Arena** (RTÉ Radio 1, weekdays) publicity stunt of Arthur's Day as "a toast | was broadcast from Athy on Wednesday, with welcome results. Much of the fare was not especially exciting, from the blues-rock band The Riptide Movement to the stand-up comedian Paul Tylak. but, faced with an audience from beyond his usual constituency, the presenter

an air beloved of the siblings' late

finished, Ciarán was audibly choked up

Watching Quigley play was, he said, like

Far from being a luvvie outburst, it

'seeing a body from another time,

dancing teacher. After the piece

swaying as she played it. Just

was a quietly resonant moment.

There was good stuff too: the guitarist Mark O'Reilly delivered spare but arresting folk-blues and the young poe Sarah Maria Griffin proved a sparky presence. Rocks's chirpy style, which often sounds misplaced during the rogramme's more earnest studio-boun items, sounded the right note in a more lively context. On this showing, there is more to Arena than its usual menu of literary discussions and film reviews. once the artists do the talking. A kind of reverse alchemy was in

evidence on Arts Tonight (RTÉ Radio Mondays), in which a centenary tribute to Flann O'Brien managed to suck most of the enjoyment, exhilaration and humour out of the writer's work. Much of this was down to the show's talking-heads format, as a panel of academics dissected O'Brien's life and output. One guest, Carol Taaffe, spoke of O'Brien making "the ordinary very strange", while she and her guests worked precisely the opposite process on their subject. The discussion vielded some insights but was fatally lacking in levity or mischief.

The most telling contributions emerged elsewhere. In a suitably gnomic interview, O'Brien's younger brother Micheál Ó Nualláin said little of substance about the writer's life but gave a whiff of the repressed oddness he sprang from. Asked by host Vincent Woods if he missed his brother. O Nualláin said he did, "in a sort of a way, but not in the way you miss other friends'

The writer Kevin Barry perhaps captured O'Brien's appeal best: "We live in a very skewed and strange little island, and you have to have a warped vision to see it clearly." Barry and O Nualláin aside, such voices were missing amid the arid analyses of Arts Tonight. Seriousness is not always a virtue radioreview@irishtimes.com



**CULTURE SHOCK** 

■ N A BRILLIANT poem, *Aerialist*, in his recent collection Of All Places, John McAuliffe captures the sense of having been absent from the Celtic Tiger. McAuliffe from Listowel, works in Manchester and so missed the daily lived experience of the boom years. In Aerialist, he writes of coming back to Kerry for a family holiday and being charged a fortune to get into a circus. This leaves him wishing briefly I'd stayed, done an MBA and, some violence / to the language, lived it deal by deal." The lines are, in part, an in-joke They consciously echo Derek Mahon's reflection, in Afterlives, on his own physical absence from the Troubles: "Perhaps if I'd staved behind/ And lived it bomb by bomb / might have grown up at last / And learned what is meant by home." The bathos of echoing "bomb by bomb" with "deal by deal" is entirely intended, the deadly transformed

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ISHAMBLE IS LOOKING for tiny | excerpt from a longer play. Mark Twain and plays that explore contemporary life George Bernard Shaw are both credited with in Ireland. We want to create a saying "I'm sorry to have written such a long discussion, through theatre, about | letter, but I didn't have time to write a short our country, so we are inviting new, one." Whoever said it, it is a good reminder of

4 Don't stretch the play to fill the word quota. Plays do not need to be as long as

**C** Read other short plays and stories, not so consider what is possible within the genre Fishamble has already commissioned a small number of tiny plays for this project; two of

C Think theatrically. A play is not just about words: it is about how the actors and audience connect, so consider this relationship. Think of yourself as the first audience of your play. There will be many tiny plays in the

Go to fishamble.com for an online conversation

If you are under 18, please riter is based in Ireland, in include your age. Monologues are accepte No more than two plays per person will be accepted. Winners will be

> announced in The Irish Times and on fishamble.com. The judges' decision is final and no correspondence will be entered into



### A Deal Made in Drimnagh

#### By Sean McLoughlin

Tony and Paula's front room, Friday night. Tony (early 20s) sits on his leather armchair, drinking a bottle of beer and watching television. (A flat-screen TV is in the corner of the room.) Paula (mid-20s) stands next to a coffee table in the middle of the room, smoking, A vellow Benson & Hedges ashtrav sits close to the edge of the table. Because she is standing we can see that she is five or six months' pregnant. She looks upset.

**TONY** Maybe if we were black and . . . we were livin' in f\*\*\*in' . . . Los Angeles or somewhere like that. (A beat.) But we're not black. Paula. Nor do we live in Los Angeles. We live in PAULA Well then we'll give 'er a Drimnagh name. TONY Ahhh, now ver bein' silly. (Paula looks away and takes a drag. A pause follows.) **PAULA** It's a really nice name, Tony. (Tony gives a small shake of his

TONY Made-up name. PAULA Not a made-up name! **TONY** Tellin' ye, Paula. PAULA French name! How many f\*\*\*ing times do I have to tell ve (Tony casually shakes his head.) Beyoncé! (A beat.) That doesn't sound French to you? (Short pause.) **TONY** A bottle of champagne. *(A beat.)* That's what it sounds like to

(Paula looks away in disgust.) **TONY** Or one of them spray things. (Paula takes a final drag from her cigarette, then bends down slowly to stab it out in the ashtray. Paula walks over to the couch, picks up her bottle of beer from the ground and slowly sits. She stares at the TV. After a feu seconds Tony starts grinning. Paula

notices.)

**PAULA** Unbelievable TONY That's the deal. (Pause. All of a sudden Paula's face lights un.) PAULA I can't! TONY Wha'? PAULA I can't do it! (Tony gawks at her.) **TONY** Why can't ye do it? **PAULA** Dangerous for the baby TONY Would you ever ... PAULA Seriously, Tony! All the chemicals and stuff. Could damage the baby TONY You're just makin' that up. **PAULA** I'm not, Tony, Honest to Jesus. You're not supposed to bleach yer hair when yer **TONY** But it's perfectly alrigh' to smoke?



## Now the bubble has burst, we're left with our real treasures

into the deluded. But the overall point is serious enough. A lot of Irish writing was. physically or mentally, absent from the boom

from the vulgarities and absurdities of a society being deconstructed deal by deal The boom was resolutely unpoetic, its hard-faced greed posing an impossible challenge to the lyricism that is the first resort of Irish writing. There is now a need to somehow make up for that absence, to engage with the afterlife of a period that was hard to

write about when it was unfolding A writer who was never absent is Rita Ann Higgins. The publication by Bloodaxe of her new collection, Ireland Is Changing Mother, makes it timely to mark her steadfastness an

courage, her unusual ability to be true to her own voice. That voice is more distinctive than it should be. It shouldn't be unusual to hear a smart, sassy, unabashed, female working-class voice in Irish writing. But it is. Higgins's achievement doesn't depend on that rarity value, but it is certainly amplified by it. Higgins is, quite consciously, an artistic outsider. One poem in the new collection

Burden of Proof. is written in the voice of someone in the box office of a theatre in Galway, questioning a would-be punter who is looking for a ticket at a concession price: "What are you, unemployed or

unemployable? / . . . Who'll pay Mark O'Rowe / for all that rape and rancour / if we let you in without proof." Another, His Brazen Hair, is about a man on the ground outside a Brian Bourke exhibition at the Fairgreen gallery In other hands, these poems might seem like self-serving gestures: look at me, I'm not

part of the establishment. But Higgins's voice, forged over 25 years since the publication of Goddess on the Mervue Bus, in 1986, has a unique fusion of wry, deadpan humour on the one side and absolute sincerity on the other. She doesn't congratulate herself for her sympathy with those who are (in this case literally) outside the world of art. She simply sees and writes. Her humour and playfulness keep sentimentality and self-righteousness

resolutely at bay And what's always mattered is where she sees *from*. Higgins's point of view has always been bottom-up. This doesn't mean her poems are peopled by victims. She has made what is still the most direct and powerful statement of the class divide in Irish society in *Some People*: "Some people know what's it like / . . . to be in for the Vincent de Paul man to be in space for the milk man / (sorry mammy isn't in today, she's gone to Mars for the weekend . . . / and other people don't." That's every bit as resonant now as it was in 1988. But the anger in her work is transmuted into invention and absurdity, and it rubs shoulders with other deliciously deadly sins, like lust and pride. Sex is important to Higgins's way of seeing people: it turns them into individuals, gives them some kind of private power

And Higgins is always a great observer. There's a wonderful poem called *Immortals* in the new book. It's about that most unpoetic of subjects, boy racers "in Barbie Pink souped-ups / or roulette red Honda Civics", and their molls with "eyebrows to slice bread with, / and landing strips to match." She's



The world of faux-affluence has collapsed into the territory of

abandonment well mapped by Rita Ann Higgins (below).



alive here to female desire and to the sexual charge of young men, and that awareness prevents the poem being condescending. She

vraps them both in the aura of death, not to provide a puritan warning but to heighten the tensity of those fleeting energies The boom years had no great effect on Higgins's voice, on her point of view or on her style. She had a manic linguistic energy long

before the hysteria of the Tiger era quickened he pulse of the culture as a whole: Higgins ould be regarded, in one of her guises, as reland's first rapper. And the world to which ner imagination responds was never that of he dealmakers. The jugglers – the term she

ined for the frazzled poor of the Tiger years were struggling to keep their balls in the air

Higgins could be regarded, in one guise, as Ireland's first rapper

ven when "we" were rich. What this means is that Higgins doesn't nave to reinvent a postboom persona. Her eptical vision hasn't changed; it's just ome more like common sense. He olitical satire hasn't lost its edge, but it no nger reads as a cry in the wilderness. The world of faux-affluence ("The ones who mped out in the floods / to get the semi with the decking") has collapsed into the territory of abandonment she has mapped so well for so

Thus, Higgins can give us, in *The Builder's Mess*, the best image yet written of a ghost estate: "The Olympic rats run in and out / of unfinished drainpipes, / up bare-stairs, / devouring lagging jackets / in hot presses that never had heat." The image is, as all good poetry should be, at once specific and netaphorical. It is a detail that contains a larger whole: a hot press that never had heat is the Tiger in a nutshell. Now the bubble's burst, we're left with our real treasures, and Rita Ann Higgins is one of them.

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**PAULA** What are ye grinnin' at? (Not looking at Paula, Tony shakes his head. Paula looks back at the TV. A short pause PAULA Still f\*\*\*in' grinnin'

**TONY** Relax, it's good. PAULA What's good? I know you'r (Tony shrugs off this last remark.

Short nause.) TONY Ye want to call the baby Beyoncé, righ??

(Paula gives him a suspicious look.) PAULA (Slowly.) Righ'. (Tony purses his lips and nods his head a couple of times.) TONY I'll let ye call the baby

Beyoncé. (A beat.) One condition PAULA Wha'? (Short pause.)

TONY Ye go back to bein' a peroxide **PAULA** Awwww...You are a sly

one, aren't ye? You are a sly one. (Tonv nods his head.) Burnin' the ear off me all summer about this. (Short *pause.*) And when do ye want me to

TONY Soon as ye can. (Paula *laughs in desperation.*) Prefer it when yer blonde, Paula. What can

**PAULA** Silk Cut purple! Sure

JACK Did she? GARY And why wouldn't she? It's not right not to talk to your old man, no matter what. (Pause.) She lets herself be taken advantag of, Karen does, I'm always telling her Karen, you let people walk all over you. It upsets me. That, eh, fella she's

living with. JACK What fella? GARY Ah, this fella

JACK Karen has a fella GARY She's a good girl, is Karen. **JACK** She is, she is. She didn't mention any fella to me GARY You were only chatting for

JACK I suppose. **GARY** You're not going to get all the news in one go, are you? She's hardly

going to tell you her life story in 30 conds. Where's that pint **JACK** Is he all right? GARY (to barman) Excuse me. Can I

have that pint, please? **JACK** This fella. Is he all right?

GARY No, that's what I'm saying. **JACK** He's not all right?

GARY Ah, he's all right. He's . . . It's the thing of, No one's good enough

for my sister, you know? JACK What happened to . .

GARY Darren?

**JACK** Was that him? GARY He was waste. She's better off without him.

JACK Darren. Is that his name?

**ARTOON** 

they're like smokin' air. (Pause.) I'll bleach it after I've had the haby What about that? (Tony doesn't respond.) That not good enough for ye? (Tony is thinking.) **TONY** Bleach it once, before ve have

the baby. (A beat.) Now that's reasonable, that is. Once isn't gonna do any damage to the baby Short nause.

PAULA After I have the baby. **TONY** Once, before ve have the baby (Paula sighs.) PAULA F\*\*k ye, Tony. (Short pause.) F\*\*\*in' months I was out of that

TONY What thing? **PAULA** That  $\dots$   $f^{***}$ ing. peroxide-blonde thing! (Short nause.)

TONY So do we have a deal here or wha'? (Paula rolls her eves.) It's a good deal, Paula. (A beat.) You get what you want, and I get wha

**PAULA** Pppph. Tony Soprano. (Tonv shrugs.)

**TONY** Whatever. Do we have a deal? (Short nause. **PAULA** Okay, f\*\*k it. I'll bleach it,

(Tony claps his hands together and starts rubbing them.) **TONY** Fair play to ye, Paula!

PAULA But you better not be spoofin' me about this! ONY No. PAULA Coz I'm ringin' yer mother

up now in a minute and tellin' 'en that this baby is gonna be called Beyoncé. Then I'm gonna ring m own mother, then me sisters, then Elaine and Joanne. (A beat.) So there's no gettin' out of it now TONY Deal's a deal. PAULA (Sarcastic.) Yeah

(Pause. A satisfied Tony takes a slug of his beer.) **TONY** Beyoncé really a French

PAULA Yeah! **TONY** Definitely not a made-up? PAULA F\*\*k off, Tony! (Paula takes her cigarettes and lighter out of her nightgown pocket.)

GARY Ah, he was a b\*\*\*\*ks JACK I must be thinking of someone. (Gary's pint arrives.) GARY (sternly) Thank you. (To Jack) Whose round is this? I'll get it. JACK It's hardly a round if you just get yourself a pint. GARY My one was taken. I'm only I'm keeping you company **JACK** Don't worry about it. GARY I'll get you a drink. You want a drink?

JACK I'm fine. GARY I'll get you another JACK I'm grand

(Pause. They drink.) JACK I'm glad I talked to her. I'm

glad she's okay GARY She'll be fine if she gets rid of this fella.

(Gary picks up his phone and starts

**JACK** There's this . . . this eejit in the group session and he says, We can't hange the past. We can only change the future. And I says to him. \*\*ks. What about now?

(Gary stands abruptly.)

We live in the . . . continuous present. That's all there is. I says to him. Are you talking to me in the future? No. You're here talking to me now. And if you ask me tomorrow, or in 10 years,

**GARY** I'm going to ring her. Don't let them touch it. And you keep your hands to yourself.

### THIS WEEK WE WERE

### >> hypnotised

by **Drive**, a previously unreleased Daft Punk track from 1994 that was unearthed by the Scottish label Soma. The seven-minute recording was apparently discovered on an old tape belonging to the parents of one of the band members.

### >> buying

tickets to the Manhattan Short Film Festival at the Sugar Club on October 2nd. The audience in Dublin will unite with filmagers in more than 200 cities to view and judge 10 18-minute-long films. Starts 7.30pm: tickets €5 thesugarclub.com

### >> determined

to make it to the IFI's Septembe Archive at Lunchtime series. There are two films to choose from: 35 Aside, Damien O'Donnell's surrealist 25-minute drama about a schoolboy who ha difficulty fitting in, and The Silent Art. Louis Marcus's 15-minute tribute to the Cork sculptor Séamus "Stonemad" Murphy Watch separately or as a doubl bill before nipping back to work ifi.com.

### >> haggling

over everything from vintage clothes and retro furniture to second-hand bikes and vinvl at this month's Dublin Flea Market at Dublin Food Co-op on Newmarket Square, off Cork Street in Dublin 8 open tomorrow, 11am to 5pm

### >> hopeful

that **Finding Reasons**, the first track from New Build, could be the start of something beautiful between Hot Chip buddies A Dovle (also of LCD Soundsyster fame) and Felix Martin

### >> listening

to a letter from TS Eliot to Virginia Woolf in the Paris Review, ahead of the publication this month of The Letters of TS Eliot. In it he describes being "boiled in a hell-broth" leaving his mother off in Liverpool to take a transatlantic trip, and narrowly avoiding being carried off to Cobh himself, although not managing t escape a black ev

### >> charmed

to the quick by the Irish illustrator Steve McCarthy's video preview of his first children's book. complete with soundtrack by Beirut. We look forward to seeing the finished product in the flesh: mrstevemccarthy.com.

### >> up

past our bedtime for an impromptu Ruby Sessions on Wednesday night, when chart-topper Ed Sheeran, in town for Arthur's Day, played for an hour and a half to a packed crowd at Doyle's on College Green, in Dublin.

