

THE FERRYMAN

JEZ BUTTERWORTH



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The Ferryman was developed by Sonia Friedman Productions, and premiered at the Jerwood Theatre Downstairs at the Royal Court Theatre, London, on 24 April 2017. It was subsequently transferred to the Gielgud Theatre, London, on 20 June 2017 by Sonia Friedman Productions, Neal Street Productions & Royal Court Theatre Productions with Rupert Gavin, Gavin Kalin Productions, Ron Kastner and Tulchin Bartner Productions.

The West End cast (in order of appearance) was as follows:

LAWRENCE MALONE	Turlough Convery
FRANK MAGENNIS	Eugene O'Hare
FATHER HARRIGAN	Gerard Horan
MULDOON	Stuart Graham
QUINN CARNEY	Paddy Considine
CAITLIN CARNEY	Laura Donnelly
MERCY CARNEY	Elise Alexandre, Meibh Campbell, Scarlett Jolly
NUNU (NUALA) CARNEY	Angel O'Callaghan, Isla Griffiths, Clara Murphy
AUNT MAGGIE FARAWAY	Bríd Brennan
SHENA CARNEY	Carla Langley
UNCLE PATRICK CARNEY	Des McAleer
JAMES JOSEPH (JJ) CARNEY	Niall Wright
HONOR CARNEY	Sophia Ally, Grace Doherty, Amy Jayne
OISIN CARNEY	Rob Malone
AUNT PATRICIA CARNEY	Dearbhla Molloy
TOM KETTLE	John Hodgkinson
MICHAEL CARNEY	Fra Fee

MARY CARNEY
SHANE CORCORAN
DIARMAID CORCORAN
DECLAN CORCORAN

Genevieve O'Reilly
Tom Glynn-Carney
Conor MacNeill
Oliver Finnegan, Michael
McCarthy, Jack Nuttall

Director

Sam Mendes

Designer

Rob Howell

Lighting Designer

Peter Mumford

Composer & Sound Designer

Nick Powell

Casting Director

Amy Ball CDG

For Fred Specktor

When I come to die,
I ask of you one favour,
That with the braids of your black hair
They tie my hands.

Traditional flamenco siguiriya

Characters

QUINN CARNEY, *forties*

MARY CARNEY, *late thirties, his wife*

CAITLIN CARNEY, *early thirties, Quinn's sister-in-law*

AUNT PATRICIA CARNEY, *eighties, Quinn's aunt*

UNCLE PATRICK CARNEY, *seventies, Quinn's uncle*

AUNT MAGGIE FARAWAY, *eighties, Quinn's aunt*

MULDOON, *forties, from Derry*

FRANK MAGENNIS, *twenties, from Derry*

LAWRENCE MALONE, *twenties, from Derry*

TOM KETTLE, *forties, an English factotum*

FATHER HERRIGAN, *fifties, a priest*

JAMES JOSEPH (JJ) CARNEY, *sixteen, Quinn and Mary's eldest son*

MICHAEL CARNEY, *fifteen*

SHENA CARNEY, *fourteen*

NUNU (NUALA) CARNEY, *eleven*

MERCY CARNEY, *nine*

HONOR CARNEY, *seven*

OISIN CARNEY, *fourteen, Caitlin's only son*

SHANE CORCORAN, *seventeen*

DIARMAID CORCORAN, *sixteen*

DECLAN CORCORAN, *thirteen*

Also, Bobby Carney, nine months, Quinn and Mary's newborn child

Setting

The play is set in rural County Armagh, Northern Ireland, late August 1981.

The Prologue takes place in Derry, the previous day.

Prologue

An alley in Bogside, Derry.

Back of a building. The wall is painted with Republican graffiti.

At one end stands LAWRENCE MALONE, smoking, watching the street beyond.

In the centre, FRANK MAGENNIS, reading a paper.

Near one side, a door in the wall, to the building beyond.

MALONE.

‘Cease, cease with all your drumming,
All your whoring, all your mumming,
By my smell I can tell
A Priest this way is coming.’

Enter FATHER HERRIGAN.

He passes MALONE, and approaches MAGENNIS.

MAGENNIS. Morning, Father. Please...

MAGENNIS *indicates the priest to come closer.*
HERRIGAN *does.*

How was your journey?

HERRIGAN. I’m sorry I’m late.

MAGENNIS. Did you drive up?

HERRIGAN. I caught the bus.

MAGENNIS. Which bus is that now?

HERRIGAN. The 5D. Then the 8A from Sixmilecross into Waterside.

MAGENNIS. How long a journey is that?

HORRIGAN. All told? Roughly two hours.

MAGENNIS. Well, it must be beautiful down where you are this time of year. Harvest time and all.

HORRIGAN. Forgive me, why am I here?

Beat.

MAGENNIS. When I was a kid we used to go out to my grandfather's place down in Fermanagh there, and help with the harvest. It was good craic. Got us out the smoke. Out in the fresh air. Harvest time's a fine time of the year, so it is.

Pause.

Well, I'll get straight to it. (*Beat.*) Three days ago, there's two turf-cutters cutting turf in County Louth, just across the border there, when they come across a body in the bog. (*Beat.*) Now they've read the stories in the press about prehistoric finds, your Stoneyisland Man, your Tollund Man there, two thousand years old, and how the people that find them become famous. They're hatching all these dreams, TV interviews, prize from the National Museum and whatnot, when one of 'em spots that your man's wearing a pair of Gola trainers. A Timex wristwatch. Brown corduroys. (*Beat.*) So they rummage through his pockets and they find his car keys. His last pay packet from December 1971. Some Polos. A betting slip signed on the back by Georgie Best. A picture of his wee'un. (*Beat.*) So your two Herberts there call the Garda, and they run a quick check of your man's dental records, and they come up with a name.

He takes a photograph out of his pocket. Leans forward and hands it to HORRIGAN.

Do you know that man, Father? The fella standing on the left.

HORRIGAN *puts on his glasses. He studies the picture.*

HORRIGAN. His name is Seamus Carney.

MAGENNIS. And who's that fella standing on the right there?

Pause.

HORRIGAN. That's me.

MAGENNIS. That's grand. (*Takes the picture back.*) Now, Father, what can you tell me about your man there? What can you remember about Seamus Carney?

Pause.

HORRIGAN. Seamus disappeared ten years ago. 1972. New Year's Day 1972. He was twenty years old.

MAGENNIS. Disappeared...

HORRIGAN. He left for work. Got in his car, drove off. And disappeared. The story was he'd gone to Liverpool. That was the story.

MAGENNIS. Anything else?

HORRIGAN. Seamus was in the IRA. The rumour at the time was that he was an informer.

MAGENNIS. He left a young wife back there.

HORRIGAN. And a son. Three years old.

MAGENNIS. I take it you know them well. The family.

HORRIGAN. I've known the Carneys all my life. I knew their father and mother. I'm their priest.

MAGENNIS *hands HORRIGAN another photograph.*

MAGENNIS. This is a police photograph of Seamus Carney as they found him on Tuesday.

HORRIGAN *puts his glasses back on and looks at the photograph.*

The bog water turns a body black, but it preserves it. You see, Father, there's no oxygen down there. The peat is acidic. It pickles you. The years roll by and nothing changes. Did you know, Father, that when they found the Tollund Man, that *his* hands and feet were bound too. I wonder what went on there. What went down all the way back then. Can you see he's holding the rosary beads there?

HORRIGAN. I can. I can also see his wedding ring, which his wife is still working to pay off today.

MAGENNIS. We need your help.

Beat.

HORRIGAN. Okay, listen -

MAGENNIS. I appreciate this is all somewhat sudden, and it's doubtless something you'll wish to reflect upon. But right now, before we do anything else, I just need to know, broadly, if you're of a mind to help us. (*Beat.*) Are you willing to do that, Father?

Pause.

HORRIGAN. I... Look -

MAGENNIS. It's a Yes or a No.

HORRIGAN. Listen... Wait a minute.

MAGENNIS. No. Not 'Listen'. Not 'Wait a fucking minute'. 'Yes' or 'no'.

HORRIGAN. For pity's sake. Do you not think you've caused the Carney family enough misery?

Pause. MAGENNIS gets out another photograph.

MAGENNIS. Who's that?