

Alec McAllister & Ben Hanlon

present their new opera



Waterford
HARVEST
FESTIVAL


garter lane
arts centre

Bust

Composed by Ben Hanlon and libretto by Alec McAllister



Ben Hanlon is a De La Salle Brother. He has taught Music, English and Religion at De La Salle College, Waterford since 1979. For most of that time he has been working with choirs in his spare time. More recently he has also taken up composition. Ben is completing a PhD in composition at WIT under the direction of Dr Marian Ingoldsby and the opera *Bust* forms a major part of his composition portfolio for this study.



Alec McAllister is a native of Waterford, whose play 'Roy a Footballer's Tale' was first performed in Waterford before touring nationwide for three months across 17 venues. He was twice shortlisted for The Hennessy Cognac New Irish Writing Award for Fiction. Alec is an occasional guest critic for "The Kiosk" an arts magazine show on Phantom FM and writes book reviews for The Sunday Business Post. He has also written for The Sunday Tribune & The Irish Times. He decided to write about football when he finally realised he was much better at juggling words than juggling a ball.

Raffle

To help defray the cost of this production tickets will be sold for a raffle. There are three prizes: €30 voucher for two tickets for DLS's upcoming production of *Grease*, a €25 voucher for *Altitude*, €25 voucher for *The Hypercentre*. Ticket prices: €2 for 1 strip or €5 for 3 strips. The winning tickets will be posted in the foyer and the winners can collect their prize after the performance on each night. We would greatly welcome your support.



De La Salle College is proud to present

Grease

October 14th - 19th

Tickets on sale from September 15th

Story synopsis

'**Bust**' was initially produced as a short monologue for Keith Dunphy to perform in the Red Kettle anniversary show in the Ard Ri Hotel. It is a completely fictional piece but was originally inspired by the news of Richard Sadlier's forced early retirement. Sadlier had earned his first Irish cap and was being hailed as one of the best players to come out of Ireland in a generation when injury ended his career.

The show opens in Heathrow where Joey Power is waiting for a plane home to Ireland, his dreams of footballing glory in tatters. Being in the airport reminds him of a very different day when he first left Ireland for London. – Joey's mother and his father, who is wheelchair bound from illness, are proud of him but also anxious as he leaves home to join Spurs. On arrival in London Joey meets the fast talking manager Robbie and his niece Jenny who acts as his personal assistant. Jenny, used to brash new arrivals, is surprised at the quiet thoughtful Joey.

Joey finds the pace and loneliness of London life difficult but, thinking of his parents, draws strength from their memory. Like all young hopefuls, his career begins in the reserves, nick-named the stiffs, an unglamorous hodgepodge of young players, recovering stars, and old has-beens. Mistakenly claiming the captaincy one week he has an outstanding game and is promoted to the first team.

Jenny, impressed by Joey's open nature and dedication to his family, is increasingly drawn to him. Success follows quickly and Joey is called up for his first international cap. It is a wonderful occasion for Joey, Jenny and his family. Things can't get any better.

However Joey's luck changes when after picking up a little niggle he has to spend some recovery time back playing with the stiffs. On a sleety winter's evening he grudgingly comes on for the last ten minutes of the match. He suffers a catastrophic injury, which he never recovers from.

We return full circle to Joey standing alone at the airport. His career is over. His spirits are as shattered as his leg has been. The dream is over, but ...

"As far as I know there aren't too many operas written about football and I certainly never thought my career would inspire one. I genuinely thought it was a wind-up when I was first made aware of the show, but I would like to wish everyone involved the very best of luck.

Best wishes to you all, Richie"

*Sports journalist and
ex Ireland international*



Production team

Directors

Tara Ann Byrne and Bryan Flynn

Musical Directors

Marian Ingoldsby, **Conductor**
Billy O'Brien, **Piano & Chorus Master**
Dylan Browne, **Piano & Marimba**
Gerri Dunne, **Cello**

Costumes

Mary Aylward, assisted by Valerie Bolger
and Mary O'Neill

Sets

Michael Kavanagh, Tim Brosnan and
Chris Morrissey

Photography

Nikki Lee

Stage Manager

Jordan Mercer, assisted by Daniel Coady
and Jason de Courcy

Promotion

Conor Power, Sean Defoe and
Elaine O'Connor

Lighting

John Grubb assisted by Dennis Lynch

Finances

Nora Jacob

Programmes and Raffle

Jake Williams, Eoin Barry,
David Power, Adam Murphy

Programme Design

Lynda Lawton, Lawton Media

Scene synopsis

Overture

Poor Joey Power

Scene 1

This is How it Started

Scene 2

Your Dream- My Dream-My Son

Scene 3

Big City/Small Boy - Lonely

Scene 4

The Stiffs

Scene 5

Wear it with Pride

Interval

Scene 6

Small Boy/Big Heart

Scene 7

First Cap

Scene 8

The Stiffs Reprise

Scene 9

The End



TARA ANN BYRNE
DIRECTOR

Tara Ann is delighted to be associated with Bust and would like to take this opportunity to congratulate Br. Ben on this wonderful piece. She was involved in both DSL College and DSL Musical society for many years as a Choreographer and Director. She is particularly delighted to be working with such a talented cast of young people on an original contemporary opera of this caliber and sends her best wishes and thanks to everybody involved.



BRYAN FLYNN
DIRECTOR

Bryan was born in Waterford and is recognised as one of the most visionary musical theatre practitioners in Ireland. Over the last two decades he has produced, directed and designed over 80 productions. Recent productions include 'Grease' which he staged at Cork Opera House and was seen by over 30,000 people. Forthcoming productions include the Christmas pantomime 'Aladdin', a new production of the musical 'Parade', and a major production of 'South Pacific' which will open at Cork Opera House in 2014.



MARIAN INGOLDSBY
CONDUCTOR

Marian Ingoldsby was born in Carrick-on-Suir. She studied composition with Gerald Barry at UCC, graduating with an MA in Composition and winning the Fleischmann Prize in 1995. She is currently a lecturer in WIT. To date she has composed three operas, the most recent a children's opera, Lily's Labyrinth which was commissioned by WIT in 2004. Her orchestral work, The Heron by the Weir, was performed and broadcast in 2008 on BBC Radio 3, played by the Ulster Orchestra.



BILLY O'BRIEN
CHORUS MASTER

Billy began learning the fiddle at the age of six, and went on to win five All-Ireland titles at Fleadh Cheoil. In De La Salle College he studied piano with Br. Ben, and won an Entrance Scholarship to the Royal Irish Academy of Music. Billy completed a year of Music Education at Trinity College before pursuing a B.A. in Performance at the Royal Irish Academy, where he currently studies. Billy has enjoyed working with Br. Ben and the cast, and hopes you enjoy this new and exciting music.



DYLAN BROWNE
PIANO & MARIMBA

Dylan is a fifth year student in De La Salle College. He studies piano in the Royal Irish Academy of Music under well-known Irish concert pianist, Prof. Thérèse Fahy. Last year, he took second place in both the Gillian Smith Cup at the RIAM Piano Fest and in Junior Piano A at Feis Ceoil among other successes at a similar level. He also looks forward to receiving a High Achievers Award from the RIAM in November. Dylan is delighted to be involved with Bust and wishes every success to the cast.



GERRI DUNNE
CELLO

Originally from Cork, Gerri Dunne is teaching in St. Paul's Community College. Gerri studied in the Cork School of Music and UCC and plays with many orchestras both at home and abroad. She is currently playing with Trio Libra and has recorded with many artists, such as, Liam Clancy, Martin o Connor, and Cathal Dunne. Gerri plays regularly in the Theatre Royal and most recently took part in Spraoi as part of the string of sound. Best of luck to all involved in Bust!

PRINCIPALS

Glenn Murphy
Aaron Mooney
Emma Power
Denver Cuss
Fergal Kelly

Joey Power, the young soccer player
Robbie, the Spurs manager
Robbie's niece and secretary
Joey's Mam
Joey's infirm Dad



GLENN MURPHY

Glenn has been performing from the young age of 5 and has had the good fortune of experiencing various aspects of theatrical arts. Most recently he performed in the Zezere Arts Festival 2013 in Ferreira de Zezere, Portugal. He also currently holds a UCD Ad Astra Performance Scholarship. He hopes you enjoy the performance.



AARON MOONEY

Aaron Mooney is a first year engineering student in UCD. He has a great interest in music. He plays the guitar in his spare time and loves to sing. He has performed with a number of local choirs as well as the Irish Youth Choir.

Emma was introduced to music as a child in the W.I.T. choral programme. From there, she



EMMA POWER

went on to study piano and take singing lessons. Emma is about to enter the final year of her BMus degree at the Cork School of Music. She is currently studying conducting under Alan Cutts, clarinet under Elizabeth Jones and singing under Mary MacSweeney. She enjoys singing and playing in ensembles. This is Emma's first lead role in an opera and is delighted to be part of an all-Waterford production of a Waterford opera.

Denver is eighteen years old, and began acting aged eight, where she played roles in four original Little



DENVER CUSS

Red Kettle plays. Denver has been singing since she was ten, landing her first supporting role as Ida in a production of Honk! Jr. Since then she has participated in shows such as Les Miserables, Guys & Dolls, Whistle Down the Wind, Miss Saigon, Hairspray and Little Shop of Horrors. She now studies music and hopes to pursue a career in musical theatre. Denver has thoroughly enjoyed working on this project with the cast and would like to wish them the best of luck for this evening.

Fergal's initial interests in music lay in the recorder and trumpet but he quickly developed a love of choral music. On attending De



FERGAL KELLY

La Salle College, he joined the school choirs under the tutelage of Br. Ben Hanlon, whose guidance he acknowledges as being a key factor in the development of his musicality. This choral influence greatly influenced his decision to pursue music at third level where he studied for a BA (Hons) in Music in WIT. He studied classical voice and his first major compositions were also completed this year, consisting of three choral pieces and one large-scale orchestral work, one of which was recently premiered by Ad Hoc Chorale.



MAEVE RYAN



MEGAN DECOURCY



RACHEL LAVIN



CATHERINE KANE



DOIREANNO CARROLL



DAMIEN KEHOE



EVAN CROKE



BEN JACOB



TOM O'BRIEN



JACK POWER



JACK CASEY



BEN NOLAN

CHORUS

Maeve Ryan
Megan deCourcy
Rachel Lavin
Catherine Kane

Doireann O'Carroll
Damien Kehoe
Evan Croke
Ben Jacob

Tom O'Brien
Jack Power
Jack Casey
Ben Nolan



BUST Libretto

Scene 1: THIS IS HOW IT STARTED

Setting: Present day. Heathrow Airport Departure lounge. Joey, a young man in his mid twenties stands impatiently. He checks his watch and looks up at a monitor.

CHORUS: Bristol, Glasgow, Belfast, Dublin. Ten minutes.

JOEY: This is how it started. Waiting in an airport. I was so excited. I was leaving home I would be a hero. Dreaming dreams of childhood. Scoring goals for Ireland.

Dreaming of those places - Old Trafford, Anfield, Bernabau, San Siro, Wembley. What can you do with ten minutes?

DESK CLERK: Would you like to check in?

JOEY: This is how it started. Now I'm checking out What can you do with ten minutes? Make a child, start a war, catch a plane, score a goal - break a leg, end a dream This is how it's ending. Sorry kid that's it.

DESK CLERK: Sir your flight is leaving.

JOEY: This is how it started. Waiting in an airport.

Scene 2: YOUR DREAM - MY DREAM - OUR SON

Setting: Two years earlier. Dublin Airport Departure lounge. Joey and his parents. His father suffering from a degenerative disease is in a wheelchair.

JOEY: This is where it's starting. This is where

it all begins.

FATHER: Son this is your big chance.

JOEY: I know it is my big chance. It's what I've dreamed of.

FATHER: The chance we always dreamed of.

JOEY: Every club will want me.

FATHER: Hey one will do for now.

JOEY: The glory will be mine. The Spurs are gonna love me.

FATHER: Tottenham my boy.

JOEY: The crowd will sing my name.

CHORUS: Joey Power, Joey Power.

JOEY: Playing for the Hotspurs, blazing up that wing.

MOTHER: Joe you must be careful. London can be lonely.

FATHER: Your mother's right, you know. I was there at your age, working on the buildings. Breaking blocks and breaking backs, cracking hands and drinking pints. Shouting with your fellow workers. Telling them you felt so right. Playing matches at the weekends. Always praying, always hoping that a club would see the light. I was made of fire then. A body that could run forever. My hands were strong, my shoulders broad, but I couldn't carry me. I was sick with loneliness. I never got the chance I wanted. Now my body's made of water. But I have found the things I need. When I came home and saw your mother, I won the most important game of my life. Then the day that you were born, I wept for love and fear. The power of this feeling scared me. As you grew up we played together. Sometimes fighting, sometimes laughing. I saw your dreams and shared my own. As you grew stronger

.....

I grew weaker. Now my body's made of water. My legs too weak, to stand and hug you. This disease will one day kill me, but my son you've made me proud. You give me joy. Now take your chances.

MOTHER: And remember that we love you. Football does not make you what you are.

FATHER: This game you play is just a game. I wish you every joy and dream. What you've done is still amazing. But success does not define you. Do your best and luck should follow.

MOTHER: We wish you every joy and dream. You will always have a home here. You will always have our love here.

JOEY: My father you're not made of water. You're the strongest man I know. The dreams I hold are ones you gave me. I will make your dreams come true. I will be the greatest player that this country's ever seen. You'll be there to watch me, when I win the league for Spurs When I pull on Ireland's green.

MOTHER: Joey listen to your father. We hope those dreams come true you know. But we're your parents not your fanclub. We watched you crawl. We watched you walk. Yes we watched you kick a ball. We know your dreams, we know your strengths. We know your weakness too. You have been a loving son. You saw too soon that life is cruel. You helped me and helped your father. You have been our pride and joy. You could never disappoint us. You will always be our son. The dreams you carry are your own. Your life is yours and must be lived.

Scene 3: BIG CITY/SMALL BOY - LONELY

Setting: London. Joey, Robbie (the manager, a typical London wide boy) and Jenny (his admin and niece)

CHORUS: We are the Spurs, we are the Spurs, we are, we are, we are the Spurs.

ROBBIE: So what do you think? You've seen your first match son. That'll be you son. That'll be you son.

JENNY: And so another dreamer. I wonder if he knows yet. That he's just another prospect.

He looks a little frightened. Just another small fish in our very big pond.

ROBBIE: Have you seen my darling Jenny? Have you met my darling Jenny? Jenny's my niece and my fixer and my doer. She fixes all my problems and she'll fix you too. Jenny, Jenny come and meet Joey, Irish lad, gonna to be great. Irish, Irish come and meet Jenny, my darling Jenny. Cause her any trouble and I'll break your leg son.

JENNY: I wonder does he does know yet. How many come and go here. That Robbie won't remember if he doesn't make it.

ROBBIE: We've got a little flat son, got a little flat son. Jenny's got the keys son, Jenny's got the keys.

JENNY: He's just another small boy in a big city. He seems very quiet. Not as brash as I expected. Normally they're boasting. Trying to be heroes.

ROBBIE: Early in for training son, early in for training. All you need is work son. All you need is work. Keep your nose out of trouble and your feet on the ground. You'll get your chance son, you'll get your chance. Soon that crowd will love you. They'll be screaming out your name.

Robbie and Jenny exit. Joey is left alone with busy unfeeling city crowd pushing and jostling.

CHORUS: London, London, London, London, big city, big city.

MAN: Small boy, stupid boy, where you going to go boy?

WOMAN: Small town dreamer. You're all alone boy.

MAN: Don't you realise boy? No one knows your name boy.

WOMAN: Small boy, stupid boy, where you going to go boy?

JOEY: This will be my London. This is what it looks like. This is what it feels like. This is why they warned me. My mother and my father. They knew that I would feel this. Knew I had a weakness. This will be my London, but I will make it through this. When I saw that match tonight I could feel my throat go tight. This is what I'm here for. I can hear that crowd roar. I can feel the heat of the noise on my back. I'm

running on that pitch. They're singing out my name. I'll score those goals for you Dad. I'll make you feel so proud Mam. But tonight I'm lonely. So this is how you felt Dad.

CHORUS: Breaking blocks and breaking backs, cracking hands and drinking pints. I was made of fire then. A body that could run forever. Breaking blocks and breaking backs, cracking hands and drinking pints. I was sick with loneliness. I never got the chance I wanted. Now my body feels like water

JOEY: But I will find the things I need.

Scene 4: THE STIFFS

Setting: *A rundown football ground. Chorus joined by Robbie, Jennie and then Joey.*

CHORUS: In the Stiffffffiffs. Barcelona this is not. Not Madrid. Not Anfield No glamour here. The League of the Living Dead. There are no sponsors in this league. Reserve team football has no fans. Rrundown, rusting football grounds. No television cameras here. Stiff, broken, damaged, hopeful. Stiff, broken, damaged, hopeful.

ROBBIE: Who've we got in the stiff tonight then?

JENNY: Leyton Orient on their patch.

ROBBIE: Oh lovely, dog shit park. Tell them I'll be out to watch.

CHORUS: Scraps of fields and razor wire. Disused lots and rundown flats. Empty factories. Shuttered shops. This is where the stiff's are played. Stiff, broken, damaged, hopeful. Stiff, broken, damaged, hopeful.

JENNY: This is where it starts and ends. The nursery and graveyard. Young wannabes and has-beens mixing with the injured stars.

CHORUS: Dressing rooms with broken windows. Peeling paint and no hot showers. Cos the boilers bust innit. Or they can't afford the oil. On a poxy car park pitch. Half the floodlights missing.

JENNY: Wannabes, has-beens, never-was-beens. Dreams being born while others die.

CHORUS: Old hacks kicking lumps from kids, knowing that their contract's up.

JENNY: Hope and desperation meeting on

itches up and down the country.

CHORUS: Battles fought with no one watching.

JOEY: When I was a kid I dreamed about Old Trafford, Bernabau, Wembly. Said those names like prayers. Legendary places - that you know are real. But somehow never are.

JENNY: Macclesfield and Leyton Orient, Huddersfield and Hull. No one knows where their stiff's play.

CHORUS: But by Christ are they real!

ROBBIE: Right then, right then, line them up then. Positions lads you know the orders. McBride in goals, use them shoulders. Curry as captain, show your pride. Irish take those legs and get them moving. All around the midfield son. Jenny, Jenny, take a note. Tomorrow morning get him milk. Irish boy he needs his milk. Looks as if he's bloody starving.

CHORUS: And now the match begins.

Scene 5: WEAR IT WITH PRIDE

CHORUS: Ball, ball, kick a ball. Ball, ball, lose a ball.

JOEY: Running round like headless chickens. Wish they'd pass the ball to me. The opposition have our number. Need to turn this game around.

JOEY: McBride, he saves us once again.

ROBBIE: Blast it, what are they doing? Is this football, or is this torture.

CHORUS: Bang !!!!! Curry collapses onto ground holding his hamstring

ROBBIE: Curry's gone and done his hamstring. Can you walk son, can you walk? Jenny, Jenny, get him the icepack. Jenny, Jenny get me an aspirin. Curry limps away leaving, giving the captain's armband to Robbie who in turn gives it to Joey and points up the field.

JOEY: He's given me the captain's armband. Even though I'm just a kid. Wear it with pride is what he told me.

ROBBIE: What the hell is he doing? Is he mad, or is he stupid?

JOEY: He gave me the captain's armband. Even though I'm just a kid. Wear it with pride is what he told me. No more waiting for a pass.

I own this pitch. I own this ball. I will run and I will work. I'll wrap this game around me. I am bigger than the pitch. I'm controlling everything. Chasing players and making tackles. Giving orders and making passes. I'm in that zone. I can't be beaten.

CHORUS: Ball, ball stroke a ball. Ball, ball love that ball.

ROBBIE: What the hell is he doing? Is he mad or is he brilliant?

JOEY: I am over all the players. I pull their strings. They run for me. The opposition fall asunder. I will turn this game around.

McBride is sending up a long one I turn and catch it as it lands. I knew before I hit it. Even if my eyes were closed.

CHORUS: Goaaaaaaal

ROBBIE: What the hell has he done? Is he good or am I brilliant?

JOEY: I'm in that zone. I can't be beaten. The opposition fell asunder. I have turned this game around. The whistle blows. I am a hero. The gaffer comes to shake my hand.

ROBBIE: Irish boy, Irish boy, what have you done boy? Captain, captain, who made you captain? Bloody cheek boy, bloody cheek.

JOEY: But you gave me the captain's armband. Even though I'm just a kid. Wear it with pride is what you told me.

ROBBIE: With pride son, with pride? No, I told you to give it to McBride son, McBride.

CHORUS: Wear it with pride son. Wear it as a badge. You might feel a fool son.

JENNY: But still he won the match.

ROBBIE: True dear, true dear, but still he must be punished. Extra work for you son. That'll sort you out.

CHORUS: Wear it with pride son. Wear it as a badge.

You might feel a fool son.

JENNY: But still he won the match.

ROBBIE: Eight o'clock in the morning - with the first team squad.

CHORUS: Wear it with pride son. Wear it as a badge. You might feel a fool son. But you won the match.

ROBBIE: Jenny, Jenny, don't doubt my genius. I'll turn that boy into a star.

Robbie leaves along with chorus. Joey and Jenny are left alone.

Scene 6: SMALL BOY/ BIG HEART

JOEY: Did he say the first team?

JENNY: Yes he said the first team.

JOEY: Did he say the first team?

JENNY: Yes he said the first team.

JOEY: Did he say the first team?

JENNY: Yes he said the first team.

JOEY: Yessssssss.

JENNY: Careful or you'll break your back. Tomorrow you must make your mark.

JOEY: I can't believe I've got this chance. I'm only here a month.

JENNY: Joey, Joey, don't get too excited. It's only just a start. It's just the start.

JOEY: I'll ring me Ma, I'll ring me Da.

JENNY: Careful what you tell them Joey. Remember this is just the start.

JOEY: I know; I know - you're right. They'll tell me just the same. But still I've got to tell them. My Dad you see he's sick - my mam, she works so hard. I dream for them - they dream for me.

JENNY: Go and make your phone call. Tell your news and share your dreams.

But, Joey Joey just be careful. Dreams are fragile things.

She squeezes his hands and kisses him lightly.

JENNY: Go and make your phone call please. I will see you later. Share your news and share your dreams.

JOEY: Yes, you're right. I know you're right. He turns and leaves, but just before exiting turns. Later?

JENNY: If you please.

Jenny is left alone on the stage.

JENNY: And so another dreamer. Another wide eyed dreamer. I wonder if he knows yet.

That he's just another prospect. Still there's something different. Not just another small boy in a big city. I'm a little frightened. I am not a dreamer. Small boy, big heart, where you going to go boy? Small boy, big heart, what you going to do boy? His first thought's

for his family. Small boy, big heart, teach me, teach me how to dream boy. Small boy, big heart, I am not a dreamer. I can't afford to get involved. I always swore I never would. Still there's something different. The first day that I saw him, I knew it then. Quiet and so lonely. Why did he make me wonder? When I have seen so many pass through the gates and disappear?

What makes this boy so special? What makes me feel afraid? Why am I now dreaming? I have never been a dreamer. Small boy, big heart, hold me in your dream boy. Small boy, big heart, hold me in your dream boy. Small boy, big heart, dreams are fragile things boy. Big heart. Exit

Scene 7: FIRST CAP

Setting: *London then Dublin*

CHORUS: Star rising. Headline maker. This boy is the real deal.

ROBBIE: I spotted him. I smelt him. I knew he had it in him.

JENNY: Small boy, big heart, dreams are fragile things boy.

CHORUS: Star rising. Headline maker. This boy is the real deal.

ROBBIE: Irish, Irish where is the boy? Jenny goes to get him. Irish, Irish
Just got a phone call, just got a phone call
From a Trapatoni, a Mister Trapatoni.
He likes you, rates you, says he wants to see you.

JOEY: Ireland?

ROBBIE: Ireland son, Ireland You've just got the call up son. Playing for your queen and country.

JOEY: But we haven't got a queen.

ROBBIE: What no queen? Well at least you've got a country son? This Mister Trapatoni says he likes you. Says he rates you. Wants to see you in the green son.

Exit Robbie - Action moves to Ireland - enter Mother and Father

CHORUS: Ireland, Ireland

JOEY: Standing for the anthem. I can see my parents Sitting there with Jenny. So this is

what it feels like. This is what it feels like. Playing for my country. All the things I dreamed of. Playing in a green shirt. Standing for the anthem. Gathered with my teammates. Blazing up that wing.

FATHER: I can't believe I've seen this day. Where is the boy that held my hand. My son today you are a man.

JENNY: Joey, Joey, I'm so nervous.

MOTHER: Son you are our pride and joy.

CHORUS: Ireland, Ireland.

JOEY: Playing in a green shirt. Blazing up that wing.

CHORUS: Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!
Goaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!

JOEY: Playing in a green shirt. Scoring goals for Ireland. So this is what it feels like. This is what it feels like.

CHORUS: Joey Power, Joey Power. Ireland, Ireland

Whistle

JOEY: The whistle blows for full time. My parents on the sideline. Jenny Jenny. Jenny runs to him and kisses him. He swings her around and then goes to his parents and hugs them..

Dad this day has finally come. I told you I would run for you. I told you I would score for you.

FATHER: When you scored I swear I could have Run and danced and lost this chair. Cheering with your Mam and Jenny. I have never felt so right. Now my body's made of air. Cheering with your Mam and Jenny. Watching your career take flight.

MOTHER: Joe you've always made us proud. We trusted you to do your best. We trusted you to live your life. And live it well. Yours dreams are flying and I am glad that you have someone to share them. She takes Jenny's hand and gently pulls her into the group.

JENNY: I think I must be dreaming. I think I must be dreaming. But I am not a dreamer.

JOEY: This is real. This is real. This is how it's going to be.

FATHER: My body's made of air now. Run and dance and lose this chair now.

MOTHER: Joe you've always made us proud. We trusted you to do your best.

JENNY: I think I must be dreaming. I think I must be dreaming.

JOEY: This is real. This is real. This is how it's going to be.

Joey is surrounded by a triumphant crowd, but the mood slowly changes.

CHORUS: Dreams are fragile things boy. Good day, bad day. Nothing lasts forever. Good day, bad day. Two steps forward, one step back.

Scene 8: STIFFS REPRISE

- INJURED

Setting: *Rundown ground. Joey is seeing jogging up and down, he has a slight injury.*

JOEY: I don't want to be here.

CHORUS: In the Stiffiffiffifs. The League of the Living Dead. There are no sponsors in this league. Reserve team football has no fans. Rundown, rusting football grounds. No television cameras here. Stiff, broken, damaged, hopeful. Stiff, broken, damaged, hopeful. (repeats)

ROBBIE: It's just a little niggle son, just a little niggle. Have a little run son, have a little run. We'll soon have you right son. Back in the glamour son, back in the glamour son.

JENNY: This is where it starts and ends. The nursery and graveyard. Young wannabes and has-beens mixing with the injured stars.

JOEY: It's freezing cold. It's almost over. It's nearly dark. The lights are broken.

ROBBIE: Irish, Irish, last ten minutes. Get yourself out there. Give yourself a run son.

JOEY: It's snowing now. It's almost over. It's nearly dark. The lights are broken.

CHORUS: Ten minutes

JENNY: Wannabes, has-beens, never-was-beens. Dreams being born while others die.

CHORUS: Old hacks kicking lumps from kids, knowing that their contract's up.

CHORUS: Battles fought with no one watching.

JOEY: A chance to score. The old guy marks me. The ball swings in. We jump together.

CHORUS: In the Stiffiffiffifs.

JOEY: The ball swings in. We jump together. I slip. I fall. He's stamping, stamping on me.

CHORUS: In the Stiffiffiffifs. Joey is in agony

JENNY: Wannabes, has-beens, never-was-beens. Dreams being born while others die.

CHORUS: Old hacks kicking lumps from kids, knowing that their contract's up.

ROBBIE: Ah Irish, Irish don't be lazy. Up you get now, up you get. Robbie runs out to treat Robbie but his face falls when he see the damage. Joseph, Joseph. It's ok Joseph.

JOEY: He has never called me Joseph. I know its bust. I heard the break.

JENNY: Small boy, big heart, dreams are fragile things boy.

ROBBIE: Joseph, Joseph take it easy. Hospital, hospital, that's what we need.

JOEY: I know its bust. I heard the break. I heard the break before the pain. I look up at the broken lights.

CHORUS: Paaiiiiinn, paaiiiiiiin.

JOEY: I look up at the broken lights. The snow is falling, falling on my face. The pain, the lights, the snow, the laughing.

CHORUS: Paaiiiiinn, paaiiiiiiin.

JOEY: The pain, the lights, the snow, the laughing. I can hear my mother laughing. I can see my father cheering.

CHORUS: Scraps of fields and razor wire. Disused lots and rundown flats. Empty factories. Shuttered shops. This is where the stiffis are played.

JENNY: Small boy, big heart, dreams are fragile things boy.

JOEY: The pain, the lights, the snow, the laughing.

CHORUS: Paaiiiiinn, paaiiiiiiin.

JOEY: I can hear my mother laughing. I can see my father cheering. Joey is carried off.

Scene 9: THE END

Setting: *Heathrow Airport Departure lounge. We are back where we started in the present day. Joey stands alone, waiting for his plane.*

JOEY: Bristol, Glasgow, Belfast, Dublin.

CHORUS: Ten minutes

JOEY: That is how it ended. That is how it ended. Ten minutes playing in the stiffs. Ten minutes lying in the snow.

CHORUS: Pain, pain

JOEY: Ten days lying in the hospital.

CHORUS: Broken bodies, broken dreams.

JOEY: Ten months trying for a comeback. Ten months looking for a miracle.

CHORUS: There are no miracles.

JOEY: Ten months trying for a comeback. Ten months looking for a miracle. Facing the end. That was the death of hope. That was the death of hope. This is where it ends. Back where it began. In an airport on my own.

CHORUS: I was made of fire then. A body that could run forever.

JOEY: Now my body's made of ice, cracked and cold and cannot move.

CHORUS: I was made of fire then. A body that could run forever.

JOEY: Now my body's made of ice. Now my mind is made of ice. Now my heart is made of ice. Cracked and cold and cannot move. Now the dreams are over.

Now the dreams are over.

I will always be there. I will always be there. On that grass, on that grass in that snow.

Looking up at those lights.

I could see my father. I could see my mother laughing, cherring, cheering. Now the dreams are over. Now the dreams are over.

Enter Jenny unseen

JENNY: Dreams are fragile things boy. Joey there are other dreams. Other things to dreams for. Other things to hope for.

JOEY: You told me to be careful. Don't get too excited. You were right. We've said goodbye. You should not be here.

JENNY: I don't want to say goodbye.

JOEY: There's nothing left for me to do here.

JENNY: I don't want to say goodbye.

JOEY: The dream is over. I am broken. Busted. I am leaving, going home.

JENNY: I will follow. I will follow.

JOEY: The dream is over. I am broken. I am busted. I am leaving, going home.

I have no future. There is no future. There is nothing I can give you.

Jenny steps closer and slaps him hard across the face

JENNY: How dare you think I am so shallow? I don't care about your football. I don't care about your glory or the money. You fool, I love you. You have taught my heart to dream. Small boy, big heart, I hold you in my dreams boy. Small boy, big heart, you taught me how to dream boy.

JOEY: Jenny the dreams are over. There are no more dreams.

JENNY: That isn't true. You gave them to me. And I began to dream as well. That a boy should truly love me. That I, that I could truly love a boy.

JOEY: But I was made of fire then.

JENNY: You are made of fire now. No frozen mind, no frozen heart. I have seen your mother laughing.

I have seen your father cheering. You could never disappoint them. Joey you are made of fire. I was once afraid of dreaming. I was wrong. Dreams are stronger than our bones. Joey, I will follow you, yes follow you.

JOEY: Follow me?

JOEY: What a fool I am. I was too afraid to love you.

JENNY: Love me?

JOEY: Yes love you.

JENNY: Love me?

JOEY: Yes I love you. I was broken. I was busted. I was frozen, stuck forever. I put limits on my dreams.

JENNY: I have your dreams. I kept them safe.

JOEY: You have set my heart on fire. Freed my dreams and made a future.

JENNY: A future that we share together.

JOEY: A future that we share together.

CHORUS: Broken bodies, broken dreams. New beginning, new departures.

JENNY: Small boy, big heart, I hold you in my dreams boy.

Small boy, big heart, you taught me how to dream boy.

JOEY: You have set my heart on fire. Freed my dreams and made a future.

All repeat until fade.

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