

Winter 12-4-2020

## Renouncing Chance: A Comprehensive Analysis of Brian Friel's Faith Healer

Forest Clark

Forest C. Clark Mr.  
*Murray State University*

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.murraystate.edu/honorsthesis>



Part of the [Acting Commons](#), [Dramatic Literature, Criticism and Theory Commons](#), and the [Playwriting Commons](#)



This work is licensed under a [Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-No Derivative Works 4.0 International License](#).

---

### Recommended Citation

Clark, Forest and Clark, Forest C. Mr., "Renouncing Chance: A Comprehensive Analysis of Brian Friel's Faith Healer" (2020). *Honors College Theses*. 90.  
<https://digitalcommons.murraystate.edu/honorsthesis/90>

This Thesis is brought to you for free and open access by the Student Works at Murray State's Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Honors College Theses by an authorized administrator of Murray State's Digital Commons. For more information, please contact [msu.digitalcommons@murraystate.edu](mailto:msu.digitalcommons@murraystate.edu).

Murray State University Honors College

HONORS THESIS

Certificate of Approval

Renouncing Chance:

A Comprehensive Analysis of Brian Friel's Faith Healer

Forest C. Clark

December/2021

Approved to fulfill the  
requirements of HON 437

---

Lissa Graham-Schneider, Professor of Theatre  
Department of Global Languages and Theatre Arts

Approved to fulfill the  
Honors Thesis requirement  
of the Murray State Honors

---

Dr. Warren Edminster, Executive Director  
Honors College Diploma

## Examination Approval Page

Author: Forest C. Clark

Project Title: Renouncing Chance: A Comprehensive Analysis of Brian Friel's Faith Healer

Department: Global Languages and Fine Arts

Date of Defense: December 4th, 2020

Approval by Examining Committee:

\_\_\_\_\_  
(Lissa Graham-Schneider, Advisor)

\_\_\_\_\_  
(Date)

\_\_\_\_\_  
(Daryl Phillipy, Committee Member)

\_\_\_\_\_  
(Date)

\_\_\_\_\_  
(David Balthrop, Committee Member)

\_\_\_\_\_  
(Date)

# Renouncing Chance:

A Comprehensive Analysis of Brian Friel's *Faith Healer*

Submitted in partial fulfillment  
of the requirements  
for the Murray State University Honors Diploma

Forest C. Clark

November/2020

(*Faith Healer* publication date: 1980)

# Table of Contents

Aristotelian Elements.....	1
Play Structure.....	3
Genre Statement.....	8
Reviews.....	10
Playwright Information.....	20
Time of Composition.....	23
10-Point Plot Breakdown.....	27
Previous Productions.....	29
Previous Action.....	31
Time.....	36
Place.....	40
Society.....	41
Politics & Law.....	43
Spirituality.....	44
Polar Attitudes.....	49
Indigenous Actions.....	51
Physical Action.....	53
Delineated Script.....	57
Progressions.....	104
Special Qualities of Dialogue.....	122
Character.....	147
Imagery.....	157
Main Idea.....	163
Bibliography.....	168

# Aristotelian Elements

## 1.) Diction

- All characters speak in prose.
- Frank speaks in a lower class, Limerick Irish Dialect. This dialect is notably more nasal than other Irish dialects.
- Grace speaks a more refined Northern Irish Accent; her accent is affected by both her upper-class upbringing and the British presence in North Ireland.
- Teddy speaks in a lower-class Cockney Accent.

## 2.) Thought

- “The fleeting but toxic relationship between artist and inspiration.”
- “The effects of emotion, trauma, stress, and perspective on shared experiences.”
- “The conflict between modern Christianity and Paganism.”
- “The innate desire for eradication of the self.”
- “The concept of home-coming.”

## 3.) Characters

- Supernumeraries- None.
- Minor Characters- None.
- Supporting Characters- Grace and Teddy.
- Main Characters- Francis Hardy.
- Protagonist- Francis Hardy
- Antagonist- Teddy.
- Referenced Characters- Jack Hardy, Mary Hardy, McGarvey, Ned, Grace’s Doctor, Donal, Bridie, Miss Mulatto, Grace’s Father, Grace’s Mother, Eamon Boyle, Ballybeg Pub Landlord.

## 4.) Plot

- A man, Francis Hardy, speaks to a congregation of people in what seems to be an abandoned church.
- He speaks to the audience about his work as a Faith Healer, his personal inputs on various subjects, and describes his wife Grace and his manager Teddy.
- He recalls an evening in a Ballybeg pub when he interacted with a wedding party and finishes his story before he describes his attempt to “cure” a crippled man named McGarvey.
- A woman now speaks to the congregation: Grace Hardy. She speaks of her current difficulties in moving on from some sort of previous trauma, and recalls her relationship with Frank in such a way that insinuates they are no longer together.
- She recalls the events of the night in the Ballybeg pub, but also does not finish the story. She tells it differently than Frank however, leading the audience to the conclusion that Frank is somewhat dishonest in his testimony.
- A different man now speaks to the congregation: Teddy. He describes his work in representing various entertainment acts, and then tells the story of Frank’s greatest success as a Faith Healer: the night he cured ten people in a church in Wales. Teddy also tells stories differently than the other two, leading the audience to the conclusion that Grace is also relatively unreliable as a narrator. It is revealed that Frank was murdered in Ballybeg and is currently dead.
- Teddy describes a week in Scotland in which their van needed a tire, Grace gave birth to a stillborn child, Teddy buried it, and Frank busied himself during the day when he realized his wife was about to give birth. It’s evident by Teddy’s words that he developed romantic feelings for Grace and frequently felt anger concerning Frank’s abuse of Grace.
- He describes the events of the past few days in London which involved being brought to the morgue to identify Grace Hardy’s body, who had recently committed suicide. He finishes by describing the night in the Ballybeg pub from his point of view. It can be inferred from his testimony that the evening ended with Frank failing to heal the cripple, prompting McGarvey’s associates to skin Frank alive as well as castrate him for failing.
- Frank returns, slightly more erratic than he was previously. He tells the audience personally about the time he cured ten people in one night in Wales and elaborates more of his personal experiences.
- Frank describes his final hours of life in the Ballybeg Pub in great detail before ending his tale as he walked across a dream-like courtyard to a fate he has accepted.

## 5.) Music

- The actors recite lines from the script for their characters.
- Music is played from a record player.
- Two characters sing.
- Various sounds will be heard from actors using props, their physical movement, and interaction with the set.

## 6.) Spectacle

- There are actors on the stage.
- There is a set.
- The actors wear period and character appropriate costumes.
- There are several props the characters use.
- There are lights used in the show.
- The actors can wear makeup and/or wigs.

# Play Structure

Faith Healer is an unconventional play by many standards and is structured in an equally unconventional manner. At first glance of the text itself it becomes apparent that there is absolutely no dialogue in the entirety of the play. At no point in the play is there any particular reason for more than one actor to be on the stage. The script is composed of four lengthy monologues delivered by Frank, Grace, Teddy, and then Frank yet again as he closes up the story. Each of these characters act as a narrator of sorts, telling various tales of their travels as a trio, and more specifically, about Frank. As a result, as opposed to a typical classical or linear structure that most plays follow, *Faith Healer* has what would be called a Narrative Structure; it is a story told by several narrators with no interaction between characters on stage.

In a broad sense, the play is composed of four monologues each about Francis Hardy: Faith Healer. However, more specifically the narrators each tell the same three stories from three



different perspectives with a dizzying amount of inconsistencies between the three versions. The stories themselves can be broken down to: the story of Frank curing ten people in a single night in a village called Glamorganshire, the story of Grace giving birth to a stillborn baby boy just outside Kinlochbervie, and finally the story of Frank's demise in Ballybeg. Each story is told differently by each character, with their emotions, honesty, traumas, and varying levels of insecurity affecting the facts of the story. The four parts of the play occur as follows.

The first part of the play consists of Frank discussing various events, sharing details about himself, as well his personal musings on the people close to him and aspects of the world around him. Unbeknownst to the audience at this point, however, is the questionable authenticity of his words. This will be realized later, or perhaps sooner for the shrewder of theatre goers. He begins by talking about the art of faith healing, and then commits to describing all of the characters, himself being first of course. He then begins to discuss the events. Though the night in Glamorganshire would have occurred first chronologically, oddly enough, Frank skips over this. I find this strange since it would most likely be Frank's greatest achievement as a faith healer. Although, this may have been done by Friel in order for the audience to formulate a specific kind of opinion about Mr. Hardy; acknowledging that the average theatre goer would be skeptical about Frank's "gift", but allowing the other two characters to inform them of his greatest success to add some sort of authenticity to the man at a time in the play where that trait has seen considerable diminishment. Instead, Frank tells the story of the events occurring near Kinlochbervie. What actually occurred was Grace's giving birth to their stillborn son, but he replaces that story with a fallacious one about him going to see his dying mother outside Dublin. In reality, his mother had passed away years before he met Grace, and so this story is proven incorrect by the testimonies of both Grace and Teddy about that particular day. The first important story is omitted altogether; Frank doesn't acknowledge his greatest success until his closing monologue in the fourth part of the play. The second story, he covered up with a false story about seeing his dying mother. Perhaps out of shame, anger, or a combination of several things. The third story is that of their night in Ballybeg. He tells this story as a night of jovial exultation. The crew stumbles upon the remnants of a wedding party, who invites them to join their revelry with open arms and laughter. Frank asserts here that the wedding party addressed the crew first, Donal requested of Frank directly to heal his finger, and McGarvey was not

present with the wedding party, but instead Frank saw a “vision” of him. He ends part one with a promise of more details of this night to come later.

The second part of Faith Healer consists of Grace’s testimony to the audience. She discusses her current life in London, her interactions with her doctor, and then briefly touches upon the first story: Frank’s curing of ten people in Glamorganshire. She only mentions it in passing however, using the vacation they took using the earnings as one of the more positive memories she shared with Frank. The second story she somewhat glosses over as well. The story of her stillborn is told rather quickly, and almost with an air of nostalgia. She says that Frank buried the baby, prayed a eulogy of sorts over it, and painted a white cross to mark the grave as well as inscribing said grave post with the words: “*Infant Child of Francis and Grace Hardy.*” Later, in Teddy’s testimony, it’s revealed Teddy did all these things save for the inscription, which was never inscribed, all while Frank knowingly abandoned the two to deal with it on their own. The third and final event, the night in Ballybeg, is explored pretty heavily by Grace. She attests that their return to Ireland was something only Frank wanted, despite Frank saying in part one that all three desired to return to Ireland. I believe this is a small part of Frank’s reconstruction of his death to be this dramatic homecoming where he sacrificed himself for the good of those around him. The truth seems to be less sympathy inducing. For him to create the best possible narrative of his death, the entire crew would want to return to Ireland, the wedding crew couldn’t help but notice the trio, and Frank has this brilliant vision of the last man he would ever attempt to heal. In Grace’s retelling of the events, Frank is the only one who wants to return to Ireland, likely out of desperation more than casual homesickness. The wedding party did not want to be disturbed, but an overly confident Frank harassed them long enough to allow him to straighten Donal’s finger. At this success, the now heavily inebriated wedding party wishes to test this man’s gift on their crippled friend: McGarvey. This proves to be Frank’s end, which Grace watches from an upstairs window in the early light of the dawn. Grace ends part two by realizing that she has become ostensibly dependent on Frank for “nourishment” and is unsure if she can go on. As we learn from Teddy, this hopelessness eventually leads to her suicide.

The third part of the play is delivered by the charming, cockney, manager of Frank Hardy: Teddy. Teddy proves to be the most factual of the three, although his feelings for Grace likely move him to embellish certain aspects of his confessions, so even his stories should be

taken with a grain of salt; especially ones concerning Grace. He begins by clearing the air on the entire “atmospheric background music” bit. Throughout the show, the music played during the healing sessions, *Just the Way You Look Tonight* by Jerome Kern, is a detail that none of the characters seem to agree on. Frank says Teddy was partial to it, while Grace says Frank wanted it, but Teddy informs the audience that it was Grace who wanted it played during the “performances.” His reasoning is that it was the big hit the year that Grace and Frank were married. Not only does this reveal that Grace herself was an unreliable narrator like Frank, but also that Frank and Grace were, in fact, a married couple. It’s in moments such as these that Teddy seems to be the perfect third party: a reliable narrator with a position from the outside, allowing the audience to see Frank and Grace in a seemingly impartial manner. It’s revealed later that Teddy has feelings for Grace, and so he is much more biased than he initially appears. However, he is the only character to discuss all three story-events in significant detail within the same monologue. He discusses his career in show business and shares various platitudes with the audience concerning relationships with clients— an unsubtle hint to his true feelings for Grace Hardy. He eventually arrives at the first event, the evening in Glamorganshire. His retelling of the night is the first time the events are discussed in detail, including the period of waiting before with Frank and Grace’s venomous argument, the subsequent curing of ten people, the payment, and the couple deserting Teddy for two weeks while they spent the earnings on a lavish stay in the Royal Abercorn Hotel. He goes on to talk more about his career in management, wonders at the strange nature of Frank and Grace’s relationship, and then begins telling the second event: the birth of Grace’s stillborn in Kinlochbervie. He details the days before the birth, with them popping one of the van’s tires two miles outside the village on Tuesday. They’re forced to idle around waiting for repairs, and on Sunday the baby is born. Grace gives birth to the stillborn baby in the back of the van, Teddy delivers it, buries it, and says a brief eulogy over the grave before constructing and painting a cross to mark it. At the onset of all this, Frank hikes into town, leaving the two to manage the situation on their own. Teddy, at this point in the play, breaks his collected demeanor and engages in an angry tirade over Frank’s behavior. His feelings for Grace become clearer every time he expresses some sort of opinions about the other two. Teddy then begins to quickly describe recent events and his emotional deterioration in the wake of the events in Ballybeg before telling the audience he intends to go back and tell them from the beginning the events that unfolded that night in the Pub. He explains his position as a voyeur that night,

mostly observing the uncommonly cheerful behaviors of Mr. and Mrs. Hardy. His feelings for Grace are on full display here as he very noticeably talks about Grace in greater frequency than Frank. He then finishes the story by expressing his love for both of them, and like both of them, not explicitly describing the skinning alive of Francis Hardy.

Frank begins the final part of the play by briefly referencing the day in Kinlochbervie, though he still does not mention the birth; instead, sticking with the false story he created about visiting his dying mother. What is noticeable here is that he states: “But I’ve told you all that haven’t I?— how we were vacationing in Kinlochbervie when I got the word that my mother had died? Yes, of course I have.” This is an inconsistency. In part one, he states that “We were in the north of Scotland when I received word that my mother had had a heart attack.” First, it was word of his mother’s heart attack, now it was her death. His façade begins to crack somewhat in his final monologue. It is worthy of note, though, that this small mistake on Frank’s part is unlikely to be picked up by the average audience member upon the first viewing. He then fondly recalls the first event, when he cured ten people in one night in Glamorganshire. Frank proceeds to lament about various things from his desire for a child, to his opinions on Grace’s unapproving father. He finishes *Faith Healer* by describing the final hours of his life with all the glory, nobility, and showmanship he has wrapped the truth with previously. In reality, several drunk men skinned and castrated Francis Hardy alive in the early hours of the morning as a result of Frank’s inability to summon his powers in the same way he did to Donal earlier in the evening.

# Genre Statement

*Faith Healer* feels like a tragedy. The play does not rely on stereotypes or buffoonery of any kind, so that quickly rules out melodrama, farce, as well as comedy. However, this still leaves the possibility of it being a drama. The nature of the play is focused on the tangled narratives weaved by the three main characters: Frank, Grace, and Teddy. These characters all weave together convoluted testimonies concerning their experiences with Frank, our flawed, tragic hero. Typically, a tragedy concerns a main character that is somewhat sympathetic, falls from grace, and attempts to redeem themselves by sacrificing their own life for some sort of greater good. Frank could be considered sympathetic in a way. I think many people have had to grapple with the inconsistency of inspiration, as well as the substantial responsibility of having some sort of gift to provide to others. In this way I find Frank to be very sympathetic. His laundry list of flaws combined with his extraordinary yet inconsistent gift, as well as the darkness that always seems to dwell just below his charismatic surface, all create the flawed human character that is Francis Hardy. Frank typically lives in a space elevated far below grace, does sacrifice his own life in what I believe to be an attempt at saving those closest to him from his toxic proximity, and this sacrifice makes the world a better place, with Teddy going on to have a successful career in show business, and Grace settling down with a fine young man in London. Everyone lives happily ever after.

Except they don't. Unfortunately for the characters that survive Frank's grisly murder, this play is actually a drama.

The rules of theatrical genre assignment dictate that tragedies follow a rigid set of rules, including a rule stating that the selfless sacrifice of the sympathetic main character will make the world a better place through said sacrifice. However, this rule is broken in *Faith Healer*. The breaking of a rule governing tragedies gives way to the drama. Dramas are essentially tragedies, but with one of the rules that govern tragedies being broken in the course of the story. For *Faith Healer*, it could be seen as a tragedy up until the events following Frank's death are revealed.

Instead of making the world a better place by sacrificing himself in Ballybeg, the lives of almost all those affected by the death are made worse by Frank's untimely demise. Grace goes to London and commits suicide, and Teddy, though alive, is deeply affected by the loss of both his client, and the woman he fell in love with. It's likely he wishes for death as well. Unlike a Tragedy, the death of the main character is not an alleviation of problems, but only leaves those affected with more miseries and unanswered questions than they had before.

# Reviews

## *The New York Times*

### *Review/Theater: Faith Healer; From 3 Versions of a Shared Past, a Vision of Memory's Power*

By Ben Brantley

- April 26, 1994

The Arts  
The New York Times  
FRIDAY, APRIL 26, 1994

**Bravos and a Bruise for 'Carousel' Rescuer**

By Ben Brantley

It's hard to believe that the man who has been hailed as the savior of the Broadway musical 'Carousel' is now being hailed as a hero. But that's exactly what happened last night when the show's creator, Richard Rodgers, was rescued from a fall by a group of performers.

Looking back now it's surprising how little panic I actually felt.

Camus's Last Work, a First Draft, Shows His Life and His Style

By Ben Brantley

Albert Camus's last work, a first draft, shows his life and his style. The play, 'The First Draft', is a collection of short stories and essays that Camus wrote in the final years of his life.

**Review/Theater**  
**Faith Healer**

By Ben Brantley

Julie Covino in 'Faith Healer'

OUT OF TOWN:  
GET EXACT SEAT LOCATIONS BEFORE YOU ARRIVE.  
1-800-432-7250  
In NY/NJ/CT (212) 239-4200

Credit...The New York Times Archives

*This is a digitized version of an article from The Times's print archive, before the start of online publication in 1996. To preserve these articles as they originally appeared, The Times does not alter, edit or update them.*

*Occasionally the digitization process introduces transcription errors or other problems; we are continuing to work to improve these archived versions.*

None of the three characters in Brian Friel's 1979 play, "Faith Healer," which has been given an incandescent revival at the Long Wharf Theater, dare to look at the past straight on. The soul-lacerating story they share can be approached only by oblique degrees, with evasive detours into silence, snatches of song and numbing recitations of place names. "Why don't we leave that until later?" says the play's title character, as he nears the wrenching climax of his tale. "Why don't we do that? Why not? Indeed."

"Faith Healer," directed with exquisite care and subtlety by Joe Dowling, with three performances that come as close to perfection as acting gets, unfolds as a quietly devastating study of pain recollected and the transfiguring nature of memory. It is one of those rare works of art audiences are destined to recall as a deeply personal experience, and you'll find yourself trying to sort out the different visions of reality offered here long after the play is over.

In this difficult, darkly lyrical tale of a traveling faith healer, his wife and his manager, presented as four interconnected monologues, Mr. Friel has created a metaphoric portrait of the artist as both creator and destroyer. But the play also operates on a dizzying number of other levels, encapsulating themes that have dominated not only the work of Mr. Friel, best known in the United States for "Dancing at Lughnasa," but much other Irish literature in this century as well: exile, irresoluble cultural ambivalence, the mythic weight of the past and the subjectivity of memory.

Like Mr. Friel's "Wonderful Tennessee," which closed after nine performances last fall, "Faith Healer" had a short-lived existence on Broadway. First presented at the Longacre Theater 15 years ago, in a cast headed by James Mason and directed by Jose Quintero, it died after a mere 20 performances. Critics at the time complained of the work's unsatisfyingly static nature and its lack of dramatic interaction.

It would be difficult to raise the same objections about this production, which was first staged, like much of Mr. Friel's work, at the Abbey Theater in Dublin, with the cast now appearing here. As acted by Donal McCann, Judy Geeson and Ron Cook, the individual monologues -- all of which tell essentially the same story, but with enormous discrepancy in detail -- meld into a layered symphony of voices. And the staggering contradictions in their descriptions of themselves and the events that irrevocably warp their lives stealthily generate a savage dramatic tension.

The first and last monologues belong to Mr. McCann, who portrays "the Fantastical Francis Hardy, Faith Healer," an Irishman who possesses a genuine, miraculous power to cure the maimed and the diseased. But the gift is capricious. There are "nights of exaltation, consummation," when Frank becomes "whole in myself." But there are



others when he knows absolutely nothing is going to happen. And Frank is crippled by doubts, guilt and questions that his increasing use of alcohol does little to assuage.

Trailed by a single, isolating spotlight that casts an outsize shadow, Mr. McCann is pale-faced, rigid and stiff-jointed, like a dead man brought to life by an otherworldly ventriloquist. His posture is always at a defensive angle; he even speaks out of the corner of his mouth, and his eyes tend to slide to one side, as if the events he is describing were too awesome to be addressed directly. His demeanor is chillingly detached and ironic, but his hands are fretful and restive.

Frank's first monologue presents, in sharp-edged fragments, all of the elements of the central story of "Faith Healer": his travels with Grace, whom he describes as his mistress, and Teddy, his cockney manager, throughout Wales and Scotland; the birth and burial of his and Grace's stillborn child; the death of his mother; the triumphant night in a Welsh village where he healed all nine people who came to him, and, though he veers away from its conclusion, his homecoming visit to Ireland, a country where he had hitherto avoided practicing his art and where he achieved the grim apotheosis he had always, on some level, been seeking.

In the three succeeding monologues, the essence of the story will change little, but its particulars will shift with a baffling, dreamlike fluidity. Grace will tell us that she is Frank's wife, though he never identified her as such; that she, too, is from Ireland, though he has previously said she is an Englishwoman, and that it was not Frank's mother but his father who died. She will remember Frank burying their child and marking the grave; Teddy will say that it was he who did that.

No one agrees on what the weather was like when the child died, or on who chose the bizarre theme song, "The Way You Look Tonight" sung by Fred Astaire, that was played during Frank's healing sessions. There is unanimity about the awful event that ended Frank's career, but the particulars that led to it are never the same in the three accounts.

Yet a cohesive, multidimensional vision emerges from these very discrepancies. At one point, Grace speaks of Frank's habit of seeing others as "his fictions," saying that "he kept remaking people according to some perverse standard of excellence of his own." Each of the characters is effectively guilty of the same thing. And the great genius of this production is its ability to show how Frank, Grace and Teddy have tailored reality to fit their own convoluted emotional needs.

What those needs represent, in symbolic terms, encompass not only the role of the artist and the people around him, but also the divided soul of Ireland itself; one cannot begin to explore them all here. The play is nearly as imagistically dense and reverberant as a poem by Yeats. But it is also a work of extraordinary emotional accessibility, thanks in no small part to its impeccably timed, deeply felt performances.

As brilliant as Mr. McCann is here, Ms. Geeson and Mr. Cook are his equals. As Grace, Ms. Geeson clutches at moments of retrospective happiness as if they were life

preservers, only to melt into skinless despair. When she fiercely announces that her husband "obliterated me," she appears almost translucent with pain.

Mr. Cook's Teddy, a bold, hucksterish showman who once managed a bagpipe-playing whippet named Rob Roy, at first comes across as a welcome figure of comic relief. But his insistence that his relationship with Frank and Grace is strictly professional is clearly a tenuous fiction. And the moments when his jokey bluster dissolves into a look of defenseless loss are among the play's most haunting.

Ultimately, the incantatory phrases that each of these characters recites when the pain of memory overwhelms them -- for Teddy, the lyrics of "The Way You Look Tonight"; for Frank and Grace, a litany of the towns on their tour through Wales -- can offer only provisional relief. Their history is, as it was for James Joyce's Stephen Dedalus, a nightmare from which they long to awake and which they are endlessly doomed to reinvent.

This production of "Faith Healer" is to run through May 8. It will not be coming to New York. Any connoisseur of theater should take the next train to New Haven. Faith Healer By Brian Friel; directed by Joe Dowling; set by Frank Hallinan Flood; costumes by Anne Cave; lighting by Christopher Akerlind; production stage manager, Arthur Gaffin. An Abbey Theater production presented by the Long Wharf Theater, Arvin Brown, artistic director; M. Edgar Rosenblum, executive director. At the Long Wharf, New Haven.  
Frank . . . Donal McCann Grace . . . Judy Geeson Teddy . . . Ron Cook

# The Guardian

## Theatre

### Faith Healer

Almeida at King's Cross, London

Rating: \*\*\*\*



Michael Billington

@billicritic

Fri 30 Nov 2001 12.22 EST First published on Fri 30 Nov 2001 12.22 EST

"I always knew when nothing was going to happen," says the itinerant healer in Brian Friel's mesmerising play about faith and art. And there were moments in Ken Stott's opening monologue when one felt that the communicative miracle of theatre might not happen. But such is the strength of Friel's play and the quality of Jonathan Kent's cast that, in the end, the magic does occur.

Friel gives us three characters, speaking four monologues. The first and last belong to Frank Hardy, a travelling healer who, after slogging through one-night stands in Wales and Scotland, returns to his native Ireland in the hope of restoring his ailing powers. The second speech comes from his long-time mistress, Grace, who has forsaken her patrician legal background to join this genius and charlatan. The third, and in many ways finest, is delivered by Teddy, a seedy showbiz agent who has stayed with the fractious duo out of a devotion that even he cannot fully understand.

Friel offers us multiple Rashomon-like perspectives: the burial of a stillborn child, and Frank's climactic encounter with a wedding party. But the play is, above all, a resonant metaphor for the artist's fragile dependence on the accident of talent, and for the Irish fear of rejection in the process of homecoming. Grace, talking about Frank, refers to "the feud between himself and his talent" - and the play shows how any special gift, whether spiritual or artistic, is both a curse and an uncertain blessing. But Friel also captures the peculiarly Irish dread that the years of exile will end in silence and hostility.

This is a remarkable play: a spiritual symphony that requires musical phrasing. I have no qualms about Kent staging it without an interval, and punctuating the speeches with the passage of a tatty traverse curtain. But though Ken Stott, stocky in brown suit, conveys well the miracle-worker's uncertainty about the source of his gift, he lacks the rooted Irishness and sense of the numinous that the late Donal McCann brought to the role. I was happier with Geraldine James's portrayal of an upper-class girl who finds both inspiration and degradation in her vagabond life.

But the real triumph belongs to Ian McDiarmid, whose Teddy is one of the finest things on the London stage. The bow-tie, cockney accent and affected intimacy with the great are all spot on. But what McDiarmid conveys so superbly is Teddy's devotion to Frank and Grace, and his own obstinate faith in the healing touch and the possibility of miracles. He reminds us that this play is not just about art, but also about the power of unconditional love.

• Until January 19. Box office: 020-7359 44

## *The New York Times*

### THEATER REVIEW

# Ralph Fiennes, Portraying the Gaunt Genius in 'Faith Healer'

## Faith Healer

NYT Critic's Pick  
Broadway, Drama  
Closing Date: Aug. 13, 2006  
Booth Theater, 222 W 45th St.

212-239-6200

### By Ben Brantley

- May 5, 2006

HE is certainly in love with himself, isn't he, this middle-aged rake with the time-shined suit and the gaunt, unshaven face. Or is it that he holds himself in even more contempt than he does the rest of the world? Either way, the narcissism is overwhelming. And despite yourself, you can't take your eyes off him, because the power behind the pose is so genuine that it hurts.

Playing the title role in Brian Friel's great play "Faith Healer," which opened last night in a mesmerizing revival at the Booth Theater, Ralph Fiennes paints a portrait of the artist as dreamer and destroyer that feels both as old as folklore and so fresh that it might be painted in wet blood. The self-lacerating vanity that has always been central to Mr. Fiennes's presence as a film actor ("The Constant Gardener," "The English Patient") has rarely been to put to such powerful use.

This shrewd channeling of his glamorously peevish star shine may finally get "Faith Healer," a production from the Gate Theater of Dublin, directed with poetic starkness by Jonathan Kent, the New York audience it deserves. First (and last) seen on Broadway in 1979 for a mere 20 performances with James Mason as its star, "Faith Healer" is a dense and lyrical series of monologues, a form little loved by action-hungry American theatergoers.

Yet anyone who starts listening, with full attention, to the words — and, just as important, the silences — of the three characters who tell their horrible, fantastic and oddly familiar story should be fatally hooked. Intricate and self-contradicting, the narrative has the addictive pull of a detective yarn, a cosmic version in which the clues do and do not add up to a clear solution. And in Mr. Fiennes, Cherry Jones and Ian McDiarmid this production has storytellers who know how to hold a stage unconditionally, even when, in Ms. Jones's case, the performer doesn't entirely match the part.

"Faith Healer" is the unforgiving and exalting tale of Frank Hardy (Mr. Fiennes) and his wife, Grace (Ms. Jones), and manager, Teddy (Mr. McDiarmid). Frank is an itinerant, erratic healer of the sick in small towns throughout the British Isles, who can be reduced in description to boilerplate clichés about impossible artistic geniuses.

An Irishman in self-imposed exile, Frank is an egocentric, hard-drinking, irresistible man who is so suspicious of his talent and so afraid of losing it that he makes everyone around him suffer. You've heard all this before, no doubt, in books, films and plays about artists like Ernest Hemingway, Dylan Thomas and Diane Arbus, brilliant souls crucified on their own talent.



Ralph Fiennes in the Broadway revival of Brian Friel's "Faith Healer." Credit...Sara Krulwich/The New York Times

The astonishment of "Faith Healer" lies in how Mr. Friel particularizes this archetype, with the wealth of scenic and eccentric detail to be expected from an author whose other works include "Dancing at Lughnasa," without losing its mythic resonance. The play is a mystery story in both the mundane and spiritual senses. Though each of the narrators tells essentially the same tale in four soliloquies (Frank speaks first and last), their accounts disagree in ways that leave us dizzy.

As is often the case in Mr. Friel's plays, memory is capricious, just as Frank's great and improbable gift is. You'll have no trouble getting the gist of the experiences shared by Frank, Grace and Teddy: of their travels to rural outposts in an increasingly temperamental old van; of the combustible relationship between Frank and Grace; of the night in a Welsh village when a drunken Frank healed all 10 invalids who came to him; of the final, disastrous return to Frank's native Ireland.

But beyond that you don't know what version of reality to accept. Was Grace Frank's wife (as she and Teddy say) or his mistress (as Frank insists)? Was it Frank and Grace or Teddy who demanded that a Fred Astaire recording of "The Way You Look Tonight" be played so incongruously during Frank's healing sessions? Was it Frank's mother or father who died while he was on the road?

Mr. Friel leaves the answers in shadow. But the pain that emerges from these conflicting accounts is as hard and lucid as crystal. You come to realize that the distortions and lies — if that's what they are — are an anesthetic that allows these people to tell their stories, as is often the case with personal myths. But as Mr. Fiennes, Ms. Jones and Mr. McDiarmid demonstrate so powerfully, such evasions can keep anger, closely followed by anguish, at bay only for so long.

I'll admit I was a reluctant conquest of this production and particularly of Mr. Fiennes, to whom looking romantic and tortured has always, it seemed to me, come too easily. I had seen a production of "Faith Healer" in New Haven in 1994, directed by Joe Dowling and starring the incomparable Donal McCann, that remains one of the transcendent experiences of my theatergoing life. Mr. Dowling's production was pitched almost at a whisper, letting the play reveal its darkening depths by stealth.

The interpretation by Mr. Kent, who is best known for ravishingly chic productions of classics ("Hamlet," "Medea," "Phèdre"), is more overtly theatrical, as is Mr. Fiennes's characterization. But as "Faith Healer" insists, there is certainly more than one way to tell a story, and this version's emotional flashiness plays well on Broadway. The physical production (designed by Jonathan Fensom) remains subtle and austere, with extraordinary, crepuscular lighting (by Mark Henderson) that slyly seems to be generated by the characters' changing moods.

If there is a weak link, as impossible as this sounds, it is Ms. Jones, the remarkable American actress who won a Tony Award last year for "Doubt." It's not just that her Anglo-Irish accent is uncertain. She is too palpably strong as a woman who sees her very identity erased by the man she loves. But Ms. Jones's fierce, artful balance between resentment and agony, between disgust and wonder, is beautifully sustained in ways that finally enhance the play's emotional patterns.



Cherry Jones in "Faith Healer." Credit...Sara Krulwich/The New York Times

Mr. McDiarmid, a stalwart of the London stage, is beyond reproach. With his blatantly dyed orange hair and shabby showman's attire, his Teddy registers at first as a pathetic joke, a seedy old vaudevillian with a repertory of showbiz anecdotes about earlier acts he managed, like the whippet that played the bagpipes. But this jocularit is a shield that slips. And when his narrative strays into descriptions of humiliation and loss, the hurt breaks through the bravado like a fist through papier-mâché.

In like manner Mr. Fiennes plays up the showman in Frank. There are vestiges here of Laurence Olivier as the decaying music hall performer in John Osborne's "Entertainer," conveying the same mixed urges to ingratiate and alienate. But beyond the contempt and charm is an awareness of imponderable darkness within. You sense it when he speaks of foreseeing the play's climactic event and opens his mouth into a maw that becomes a black hole

That's in the opening scene. In the play's conclusion, when Frank walks willingly into that darkness, he glows with solar radiance. This is unquestionably Frank's apotheosis, the consummation he has sought all his life.

Like the place names that are recited as if to rosary beads, gestures echo one another throughout the monologues. There is one in particular, with arms stretched toward the audience, that suggests the laying on of hands, of fingers reaching out to touch, to connect.

The tragedy for the characters in "Faith Healer" is that while connection among them is elusive, the memory of fleeting contact remains and scalds. That the same might be said of the play's effect upon us is, more than anything, what makes "Faith Healer" a major work of art.

## **Faith Healer**

By Brian Friel; directed by Jonathan Kent; sets and costumes by Jonathan Fensom; lighting by Mark Henderson; sound by Christopher Cronin; video design, Sven Ortel;

production stage manager, Jane Grey; production management, Aurora Productions; general management, Stuart Thompson Productions/James Triner; associate producer, Lauren Doll. The Gate Theater Dublin production presented by Michael Colgan and Sonia Friedman Productions, the Shubert Organization, Robert Bartner, Roger Berlind, Scott Rudin and Spring Sirkin. At the Booth Theater, 222 West 45th Street, (212) 239-6200. Through July 30. Running time: 2 hours 35 minutes.

WITH: Ralph Fiennes (Frank Hardy), Cherry Jones (Grace Hardy) and Ian McDiarmid (Teddy).

*Faith Healer*

NYT Critic's Pick

***Booth Theater***

*222 W 45th St.*

*Midtown West*

[212-239-6200](tel:212-239-6200)

**Category**

Broadway, Drama

**Cast**

Cherry Jones as Grace, Ralph Fiennes as Frank Hardy and Ian McDiarmid as Teddy

**Preview**

April 18, 2006

**Opened**

May 4, 2006

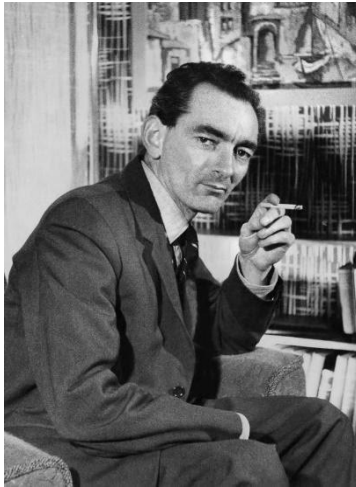
**Closed**

Aug. 13, 2006



# Brian Friel

## “The Irish Chekov”



Brian Patrick Friel was an Irish Dramatist, considered by many to be one of the best to come out of Ireland, as well as one of the best in the world. He was born in January of 1929, near Omagh Co Tyrone, Ireland, with his actual birthdate being seemingly ambiguous, although Friel himself celebrated his birthday on January 9<sup>th</sup>. In the Parish Register his name was listed as Brian Patrick O’Friel, while the Belfast Register office listed his birthday as January 10<sup>th</sup>, and his name as Bernard Patrick Friel. This is likely a result of the Protestant repression of Gaelic culture occurring in Ireland at the time, with O’Friel coming from the Gaelic name “O’Firghil”, meaning “Man of Valour.” Friel would typically identify simply as Brian Friel to those he knew. Interestingly enough, Friel’s self-identification would not conform to either identity but both, as he celebrated the January 9<sup>th</sup> birthday, he was given by the local Parish but also utilized the Christian name he was given by the Protestant Bureaucracy of the State. He carried this sense of being split between two cultures for the rest of his life and would often incorporate themes of dual identification in his works. He later remarked in a letter to Richard Pine: “Perhaps I’m twins.”

Friel's father, Patrick, was a primary school teacher and later gained a position in the local city council in Derry, Ireland. Mary nee McLoone, Friel's mother, was the Postmistress of Glenties, County Donegal. The family later relocated to Derry while Friel was a child, where Friel later attended St. Columb's College. Friel married Anne Morrison in 1954, and the two had four daughters and a son. Between 1950 and 1960, he worked as a Math teacher in the Derry primary and intermediate school system, saving up enough money to pursue a career in writing, which he began in 1960 after taking leave from his teaching position.

After putting away his teacher's certificate, Friel entered the theatrical literary world with his first stage play: *A Doubtful Paradise*, produced by the Ulster Group Theatre in late August 1960. However, before he had even left his teaching career, he already had several radio-plays produced by the BBC, as well as several well-received collections of short stories published by *The New Yorker*. He spent the next few years writing plays that brought him modest success, and upon returning to Ireland after a stint working with a theatre in Minneapolis, he wrote *Philadelphia Here I Come!* in 1964. The success of this play cannot be understated for Friel. Overnight he became a household name in New York, London, as well as Dublin. He wrote several plays over the next few years, all very popular in Ireland, with *Lovers* finding a notable amount of success in the United States. This period of time could easily be considered by many as a period of high success for Friel, although amidst all this success he still primarily saw himself as a short story writer.

Friel was an outspoken Irish Nationalist as well as a card-carrying member of the National Party, and in the late 1960's his work began to reflect his political passions. Friel was living in Derry City in 1968, a place rife with the energies of the Irish Civil Rights Movement. It was in Derry that Friel defied a British Government Ban and marched with the Civil Rights Association against the internment policies of the British government. This protest eventually became known as the Bloody Sunday Riot, in which civilians were fired upon and killed by British soldiers. Friel himself was forced to drop to the ground in order to survive the bombardment, and this terrifying experience greatly affected the conception of one of his most prolific political plays: *The Freedom of the City*.

By the mid 1970's, Friel had left behind politics in his writings to explore the complexities of family dynamics. This exploration of the family and the relationships contained

within brought him comparisons to another dramatist who also explored the same themes and subjects: Anton Chekhov. Friel wrote *Living Quarters* in 1977, a stage-play which focuses on the suicide of an oppressive father, and serves as a sort of warm-up for Friel, who condensed the ideas concerning siblings and societal identity into his much more successful *Aristocrats*. *Aristocrats* is a Chekhovian study of a once-aristocratic family and their struggles with identity after they experience financial ruin. *Aristocrats* would be the first in a series of three plays he would write over a period of eighteen months that would define his career as a dramatist, the other two being *Faith Healer* in 1979, and *Translations* in 1980. *Translations* went on to become an instant success as well as one of the most translated and staged plays in the late 20<sup>th</sup> century, performed in most of the English-speaking countries of the world as well as many non-English countries.

Following the success of *Translations*, Friel's Middle Period of Success ended, and he entered into what has been called an artistic gap period, where he published very little original content. He returned to the limelight during the 1990's with his most successful play to date premiering in 1990 at the Abbey Theatre: *Dancing at Lughnasa*. It premiered at the Abbey Theatre, moved to London's West End, and then transitioned to a very successful run on Broadway. On Broadway it won three Tony Awards in 1992, including an award for Best Play, and a film version starring Meryl Streep soon followed.

Friel wrote several more comparatively less successful works following the popularity of *Dancing in Lughnasa*, with *Home Place* in 2008 being the last full-scale work Friel wrote before succumbing to a long-term illness in October of 2015.

# Time of Composition

Living in 19<sup>th</sup> century Ireland at almost any point would have been a somewhat tumultuous experience. The characters of *Faith Healer* exist against the tumultuous events of the time, but the effects of the Troubles can mostly only be observed upon close examination. This being said, the characters, Frank especially, are products of the times and the world around them. Following a famine that absolutely decimated over a third of the Irish population, and a recent rise in Irish Nationalism, the Irish were becoming increasingly aggravated towards the British. Friel himself was a registered member of the Irish Nationalist Party, and the Irish Nationalist conflict was of great personal importance to Friel. Friel lived and produced his works in a time of increased sporadic violence throughout Northern Ireland with skirmishes dusting up in the Republic of Ireland, the United Kingdom, and even in Mainland Europe. This time of increased conflict between Irish Nationalist Paramilitary Groups and the British Military/Loyalist Groups came to be known as the Troubles.

For the root source of The Troubles, you can go all the way back to the Norman conquest of Ireland. However, for the sake of brevity I'm going to try to shoot forward to the 20th century. Irish leaders for many centuries would struggle politically with English rulers, and with the Protestant Reformation the divide between Irish and English only worsened. The Reformation saw the majority of England turn Protestant with their monarchy and the majority of Ireland saw fit to remain Catholic. This division between British and Irish by religion would play a large part in shaping the way Frank views the British and North Irish, and as a result, the way he perceives his wife. A Rebellion in the late 16th century saw new efforts to assimilate the Irish by simply replacing the Irish themselves. Protestant English and Scottish were sent to Ireland in droves to attempt to colonize the island and this action actually saw tangible success in the North, or as it came to be known by, Ulster. The following English Civil War and Glorious Revolution would see the Irish Catholics ally with the losing side leading to penal laws being imposed on them by the Protestant English Parliament. During the great French Wars the French would provoke a Protestant-led rebellion for Irish independence, which caused the British government to claim Ireland as a core part of their kingdom in order to finally rein in their misbehaving neighbor.

Concessions would be made with the Catholic emancipation in 1829, but it did little to improve their position.

The damage had been done and many Catholics were still made to live on the poorer land. A turning point would be the decimation caused by the Irish potato famine in 1845. One million deaths, exacerbated further by British mismanagement, caused the Irish to fervently demand an Irish parliament. Some even demanded for full Irish independence, but the most popular movement was that of the Home Rule Movement. The Home Rule Movement wanted to see a self-governed Ireland within the United Kingdom. Its bill would finally be passed in 1912, much to the scrutiny of the mostly Protestant Ulster loyalists in the North. It would, however, be placed on hold given the outbreak of the First World War. Some more radical Irishmen would come out against British rule in 1916, in an event dubbed the “Easter Rising”. It failed, but when the insurrectionists were executed by the government, the rebels would become martyrs - their fringe movement turned to public outrage. The embittering of Irish attitudes towards Protestants would shape Frank’s development as he grew up in the early 20<sup>th</sup> century.

Seventy-three members of the Irish Republican Party would be elected to the British Parliament in 1918 and would refuse to attend the Parliament in London. Instead, choosing to form an Irish parliament in Dublin in 1919. This action would spark the war of the independence that saw the Irish Republican Army brought together to fight for, well, an Irish Republic. The Anglo-Irish treaty drawn up in 1921 would see a partitioned Ireland. One to be split between the mostly Catholic nationalist south and the mostly Protestant loyalist North. However, there was a catch, as there is a significant Catholic minority present in Northern Ireland. There was also a substantial number of people generally not pleased with the treaty, refusing to recognize the compromised Irish Free State and certainly refusing to recognize a British Northern Ireland. The stem of the IRA would break off as the Anti-treaty IRA, and fight in the Civil War - only to be put down in 1923 and have the Free State be affirmed. These wars had caused a drift in Northern Ireland. The Protestant majority now suspected and occasionally feared the Catholic minority who had grown to see the Protestants as oppressive and tyrannical. Over the course of several decades, segregation became normalized between the two communities. In hiring, education, and housing Protestants and Catholics rarely mixed. The anti-treaty IRA still existed, however dormant. It had begun to see an influx of Marxists, much to the annoyance of the older more traditional members.

In the early 60s, Northern Ireland became subject to a civil rights movement, set on highlighting the inequalities in the province. Stauncher loyalists feared it as an IRA front - a facade made to lead to a united Ireland. Civil right protests began to lead to riots as both partisan loyalists and the Royal Ulster Constabulary wished to crack down upon them. This led to a great number of Catholics rejecting the RUC's Authority, attempting to create their own Institutions as seen in the self-declared autonomous area of free Derry. Tensions had been rising steadily since 1966 and would climax in '69. This was around the time that Brian Friel's creative works took a more political turn, with him releasing *Mundy* in 1969, a bitter satire of the Irish government. A Protestant parade was set to move through a Catholic area of Derry in 69' as well. Protestants and Catholics would initially begin slinging trash at each other, leading to clashes. As the police moved in for a crackdown on the violence, battles erupted. This is known as the Battle of the Bogside. Hundreds of police and civilians were injured in the riots and the officers of the constabulary would be pushed from the Bogside area. By the third day of rioting, things had become intense and the Northern Irish Prime Minister requested British troops to relieve the officers. A Battalion would intervene as a neutral force to separate the residents from the police and bring an end to the battle. At this time, Brian Friel was also living in Derry, and the Battle would inspire him to set a play in Derry. This new idea would eventually go on to become his play: *Freedom of the City*, the best of his political pieces.

With the news of the battle spreading quickly, agitated Irish nationalists began to break out in protest and the Ulster loyalists, fearing a total uprising, began to clash with nationalists; causing widespread violence across Northern Ireland. With an overwhelmed and a seemingly biased Constabulary not of much help, the British Army would have some serious trouble maintaining law and order.

The army had initially been welcomed as a neutral force into The Troubles. The Nationalists and Loyalists both believed the army was there to protect them from the other. As the violence continued, however, some nationalists began to believe too little was being done to quell the violence against them. The divide in the population was clear. But beneath the surface, another divide had formed. In the IRA, the traditionalist Republicans broke away from the Marxist bunch due to the perceived unwillingness of their leaders to protect nationalist communities. This new provisional IRA would soon dwarf its paternal organization. They had, though, inherited a crumbling support. Few wanted the help of a paramilitary gang. This changed

when in the Battle of Saint Matthews in 1970, the local IRA beat back an armed loyalist mob in a shootout, serving to guard a Catholic nationalist enclave. It was a significant propaganda victory for the organization. The British Army looked to disarm this violence and would enter the infamous Falls Road area of Belfast, a Nationalist stronghold, to seize all weapons and explosives from the IRA. They were thorough and harsh in this action, doing significant damage to their reputation. In the July 1970 Falls Curfew, the army would come under harassment from both the IRA and angered residents, leading to the unfortunate death of four civilians. In August of 1971, the British army and RUC would undertake Operation Demetrus, which sought to intern paramilitary members. However, their list held a strong nationalist bias and the operation itself was subject to fumbles - leading to an upsurge in reactionary violence. Those interned reported torture.

Two IRA members were killed, two soldiers had also been killed, not to mention 20 civilians. It wasn't a good look to say the least. With Nationalist support of the army at an all-time low, in the hopes of defeating the IRA militarily, the soldiers turned to local policing, checkpoint duty, and riot control. The unpopular policy of internment continued as well. Imprisonment without trial was seen as the only logistical way to deal with the unrest. In January of 1972, both the Army and the police were deployed to oversee an anti-internment march in Derry. British paratroopers were present, and they had been despised for their role in killing eleven people during Operation Demetrius. Small groups began to lob rocks at the paratroopers, provoking the paratroopers to open fire in return. The crowd would quickly devolve into chaos. Twenty-eight people would be shot and fourteen died. Given the circumstances of their deaths, the paratroopers were decried for their actions and British Army at large felt the ire of the nationalist Catholics and more in what would become known as Bloody Sunday.

Brian Friel himself was quite nearly one of the casualties of the protest. Friel, defying a British government ban, marched with the Civil Rights Association against the policy of internment and was fired upon when the shots began. Several years later in an interview, Friel spoke about how his personal experience of being fired upon by British soldiers during the Bloody Sunday riot, greatly affected the process in writing *The Freedom of the City*. Friel said of the incident, "It was really a shattering experience that the British army, this disciplined instrument, would go in as they did that time and shoot thirteen people...to have to throw yourself on the ground because people are firing at you is really a terrifying experience."

Friel remained a member of the Irish Nationalist Party for the rest of his days, although his creative works had turned away from political focus by the mid 70's. However, the Troubles cannot be underestimated in their influence upon both Friel and his works for the entirety of his artistic career.

## Ten-Point Plot Breakdown

- 1.) A man, Francis Hardy, speaks to a congregation of people in what seems to be an abandoned church.
- 2.) He speaks to the audience about his work as a Faith Healer, his personal inputs on various subjects, and describes his wife Grace and his manager Teddy.
- 3.) He recalls an evening in a Ballybeg pub when he interacted with a wedding party and finishes his story before he describes his attempt to "cure" a crippled man named McGarvey.
- 4.) A woman now speaks to the congregation: Grace Hardy. She speaks of her current difficulties in moving on from some sort of previous trauma and recalls her relationship with Frank in such a way that insinuates they are no longer together.
- 5.) She recalls the events of the night in the Ballybeg pub, but also does not finish the story. She tells it differently than Frank however, leading the audience to the conclusion that Frank is somewhat dishonest in his testimony.
- 6.) A different man now speaks to the congregation: Teddy. He describes his work in representing various entertainment acts, and then tells the story of Frank's greatest success as a



Faith Healer: the night he cured ten people in a church in Wales. Teddy also tells stories differently than the other two, leading the audience to the conclusion that Grace is also relatively unreliable as a narrator. It is revealed that Frank was murdered in Ballybeg and is currently dead.

**7.)** Teddy describes a week in Scotland in which their van needed a tire, Grace gave birth to a stillborn child, Teddy buried it, and Frank busied himself during the day when he realized his wife was about to give birth. It's evident by Teddy's words that he developed romantic feelings for Grace and frequently felt anger concerning Frank's abuse of Grace.

**8.)** He describes the events of the past few days in London which involved being brought to the morgue to identify Grace Hardy's body, who had recently committed suicide. He finishes by describing the night in the Ballybeg pub from his point of view. It can be inferred from his testimony that the evening ended with Frank failing to heal the cripple, prompting McGarvey's associates to skin Frank alive as well as castrate him for failing.

**9.)** Frank returns, slightly more erratic than he was previously. He tells the audience personally about the time he cured ten people in one night in Wales and elaborates more of his personal experiences.

**10.)** Frank describes his final hours of life in the Ballybeg Pub in great detail before ending his tale as he walked across a dream-like courtyard to a fate he has previously accepted.

# Previous Productions



*Faith Healer* had its debut in Boston on February 23<sup>rd</sup>, 1979. This first production went up at the Mechanic Theatre and ran for a mere twenty performances before closing. James Mason played the titular Francis Hardy, which was somewhat unusual considering the primarily film focused actor had not been on a Broadway stage for over thirty years. The performances were praised although the show itself was perceived as “too wordy” and left the audience seemingly fatigued and unaffected by the time Mason delivered the closing monologue.

The first Irish performance of *Faith Healer* opened at the Abbey Theatre on August 28<sup>th</sup>, 1980 with Donal McCann, Kate Flynn, and John Kavanagh playing Frank, Grace, and Teddy, respectively.

The show was revived in October of 1983 at the Vineyard Theatre in New York, under the direction of Dann Florek.

A particularly potent production of *Faith Healer* opened at the Long Wharf Theatre with Donal McCann again as Frank, Ron Cook as Teddy, and Judy Gleeson as Grace. Ben Brantley of the *New York Times* referred to it as “...as close to perfection as acting gets...” and in relating this performance back to it’s opening at the Mechanic Theatre in 1979, asserts that

this production had, despite the issues with wordiness in its opening performance, moved beyond these issues to create a deeply personal experience for the audience.

The show was revived yet again in London in 2001 with direction from Jonathan Kent. The cast consisted of Ken Stott, Geraldine James, and notably, Ian McDiarmid. I looked it up, McDiarmid's performance as Teddy, which won him a Best Actor Award from Critic's Circle, would have begun shortly after *Attack of the Clones* finished filming, with McDiarmid as Senator Palpatine, soon to be Emperor Palpatine.

Jonathan Kent revived the play yet again in 2006 at the Gate Theatre in Dublin. Not only did the known-actor Ian McDiarmid return to reprise his role as Teddy, but the cast was further bolstered by Ralph Fiennes as Francis Hardy. Fiennes had previously snagged two Oscar Nominations for his roles in *Schindler's List* and *The English Patient*, as well as a Tony Award for his performance in *Hamlet*. *The New York Times* branded his performance "...so genuine that it hurts."

A very promising Abbey Theatre production of *Faith Healer* directed by Joe Dowling, who directed the show in its Irish debut thirty years prior, was slated for a 2020 opening, but was unfortunately postponed due to the world succumbing to COVID-19.



# Previous Action

Faith Healer is a play about relationships: relationships with other people, relationship with self, and relationship with the muse. The characters exist in a unique setting and are fundamentally affected by the history of that setting as well as the twisted history they share with each other. These two histories: the history of Ireland, and the history of the trio, intertwine within the events of Faith Healer to mold the characters into who they are as they appear on the stage.

The history of Ireland serves to shape certain characters' attitudes, for instance, Frank always harbors a certain disdain for Grace because of her Northern Irish heritage and his perception of them as traitorous to Ireland.

**1517- 1648:** Protestant Reformation occurs. This historic split within the Catholic Church sets the stage for the religious tensions between England and Ireland centuries later.

**1529- 1603:** Tudor Conquest of Ireland occurs. Henry VIII is crowned King of Ireland following a failed Irish rebellion against the British, and commences a campaign of conquest, English and Scottish immigration to Ireland, and imposing of English law, religion, and culture upon the Irish people. This would be the first in a cyclical series of behaviors over the centuries between the English and Irish wherein the Irish rebel, and the English attempt to bring them to heel. During this time British settlers colonized the island en masse, resulting in Northern Ireland, where Grace is from, becoming mostly British. British efforts to convert the Irish to Protestantism proved highly unsuccessful, and the large gap between Catholic and Protestant would cause tension between the two groups in Ireland for centuries.

**17th Century:** during the war of the three kingdoms, Ireland staged various rebellions from British rule but were defeated by both Oliver Cromwell and later William of Orange shortly after the glorious revolution. Theobald Wolfon led a further rebellion which was brutally suppressed. At this point the British decided enough was enough and united the three kingdoms of England,

Scotland, and Ireland into a single country in order to better control rebellions. This new union was still heavily prejudiced against Catholics. In order to justify harsh treatment of the Irish, the British had to represent the Irish as less than them, and this justification allowed for injustices to be inflicted on the Irish for years to come.

**1691-1881:** During this time most of the government and those ruling the Irish people became heavily Protestant in a period known as the Protestant Ascendancy. Due to harsh Penal Law systems put in place, great masses of land and wealth were transferred to Protestant/Loyalist Irish, and tensions between Catholic and Protestant grew exponentially as the socio-economic gap between them grew. Most of the land was owned by wealthy Protestants while poor Catholics worked the land itself. Mismanagement of the land was common, and most food was exported for the Protestant landowners to make the most profit possible. With most of the crop being directed away from the domestic market, and this set the stage for one of the largest disasters in Irish history. Two extremely cold winters near the end of the Little Ice Age led directly to a famine between 1740 and 1741, and with most food being exported those who relied on the local agriculture to survive starved to death. The famine killed about 400,000 people and caused over 150,000 Irish to leave the island. The 17<sup>th</sup> Century concluded explosively with the Irish Rebellion of 1798. After becoming emboldened by the American and French revolutions, the United Irishmen assembled one of the greatest rebellions in their history. It was brutally suppressed by the British.

**1801-1912:** Following the failed Irish Rebellion of 1798, the Irish and the British parliaments moved to enact the Acts of Union. The merger created a new political entity that unified Great Britain and Ireland on January 1<sup>st</sup>, 1801. The Great Irish Famine was the second and worse of Ireland's "Great Famines". It struck the country during 1845 and persisted until 1849, with potato blight, exacerbated by the political factors of the time leading to mass starvation and emigration. The impact of emigration in Ireland was almost as devastating as the death toll: the population of Ireland dropped from over 8 million before the Famine to 4.4 million in 1911. The British famously did very little to help. This mass starvation and emigration caused a massive decline in the speaking of the Irish language, as many who knew it died or emigrated, and following the

Great Irish Famine several educational reforms by the British saw a strict push of English language education.

**1916-1921:** This period was marked by political violence and upheaval, ending in the dividing up of Ireland and sporadic independence for 26 of its 32 counties. Following the Easter Uprising of 1916, an Irish Republic was declared. Unwilling to negotiate any understanding with Britain short of complete independence, the Irish Republican Army, the army of the newly declared Irish Republic, waged a guerilla Irish War of Independence from 1919 to 1921. During the war for independence, the Fourth Government of Ireland Act of 1920 implemented Home Rule while separating the island into what the British government's Act termed "Northern Ireland" and "Southern Ireland". The divide between north and south Ireland was now made official. In July 1921 the Irish and British governments agreed to a truce that halted the war. In December 1921, representatives from both governments signed an Anglo-Irish Treaty that abolished the Irish Republic and created the Irish Free State, a self-governing dominion still existing under the British rule. Under the Treaty, Northern Ireland could opt out of the Free State and stay within the United Kingdom: it promptly did so.

**1922-1923:** The treaty to sever the Union divided the free Irish republican movement into anti-Treaty, who wanted to fight on until an Irish Republic was achieved, and pro-Treaty supporters, who accepted the Free State as a first step towards full independence and unity. Between 1922 and 1923 both sides fought against one another in the extremely bloody Irish Civil War. The new Irish Free State government defeated the anti-Treaty remnant of the Irish Republican Army and performed multiple public executions to send a message to those who opposed them. This division among nationalists still affects Irish politics today, specifically between the two leading Irish political parties, the Fianna Fáil, and the Fine Gael.

The personal history between the three characters directly affects their relationships, their opinions of one another, and inevitably the action of the plot:

**1935:** Grace "qualifies" to practice law, and shortly after she meets a young Francis Hardy. Mary Hardy, mother of Francis Hardy, had died several years prior.

**1936:** Frank meets Grace's mother and hears her speak for the first and last time; this interaction leaves a lasting impression on him and will be recalled by him in the final moments of his life. Frank and Grace elope. Shortly after, Grace's father writes Frank a disapproving letter explaining his formal condemnation of their elopement. Though he does not explicatively state it, Grace's father condemning Frank as a "mountebank" affects him deeply.

**1947:** All of Miss Mulatto's pigeons die, Teddy's termination as Miss Mulatto's manager follows. Grace has two miscarriages and Pleurisy. Grace and Frank are impoverished in Norfolk, Grace attempts to run away, goes home to her father, and then returns to Frank after being rejected by her father. The night she returns, Grace and Frank conceive the stillborn that is born in Kinlochbervie the next year. Grace's father dies, and his rejection of her weighs on Grace for the rest of her life. Grace, Frank, and Teddy are all in England at the same time, meet, and begin a business relationship together.

**1948:** During the summer the trio have found themselves in the North of Scotland, where Grace gives birth to a stillborn baby. Teddy delivers and buries the baby in a cow field next to the road while Frank distracts himself in the village. The abandonment of his wife during childbirth devastates Frank even if he didn't show it to Teddy or Grace. According to Teddy, this marks the onset of Frank's worsening Alcoholism.

**1948-1959:** Sometime in this span of time, Jack Hardy passes away while the trio is in Wales touring. Frank goes to his funeral alone and returns describing the events as if it was his mother that had died, despite the fact she died over two decades prior. It's likely this worsened his alcoholism. Judging by the severity of Frank's increased alcoholic dependence following the events of Grace's stillborn birth, it is logical that several years after Jack Hardy has passed away

Frank miraculously cures ten people on the night of December 21<sup>st</sup> in a Methodist Church in Glamorganshire, Wales. Grace and Frank use the earnings from the previously mentioned "performance" to live lavishly in a hotel in Cardiff for four days. Teddy is left behind during this excursion.

**1959:** Frank is unable to summon his powers in any way. He starts to become increasingly desperate and erratic, affecting his ability to make rational decisions. This “dry year” likely led to the series of decisions leading to his death as a result of his increased desperation and confusion.

**1960:** Sometime in July of 1960, Frank becomes seemingly obsessed with curing an old woman's arthritis in Kilmarnock. Frank begins harassing this woman after finding her house and is only dissuaded when the son-in-law threatens to involve the police. On the last day of August, the trio travels to Ireland and stays in a Pub outside a village called Ballybeg. That night Frank involves himself with a wedding party that is drinking in the lounge. Frank heals the finger of a man named Donal, and then becomes determined to heal a cripple named McGarvey. At dawn the next morning, Frank attempts to heal McGarvey, fails, and several members of the wedding party proceed to skin him alive as well as castrate him using rough implements. Following Frank's grisly murder, a trial takes place in Ireland. It is unknown if the men responsible are convicted.

**1961:** Part Two and Part Three of Faith Healer take place. Grace is living in London following Frank's death. She is on various medications and has a job working at a library in Paddington in the mornings. Grace commits suicide by overdosing on her medications. Teddy is brought into a morgue by the police to identify the body of Grace Hardy. Teddy comes into possession of the banner they used on Faith Healing Tours.



# Time

One of the most difficult aspects of Play Analysis is the Time component. *Faith Healer* proved no different. The aspect that generally makes constructing a temporal map of a play is the fact that, typically, plays are somewhat subtle about the timeline they operate on. Time of day, the year, and other temporal aspects are often not explicitly mentioned. These things are either listed in the stage directions intentionally, naturally brought up in dialogue, inferred through context, or completely ambiguous. This ranges in reasoning from intended subtlety in the writing, purposeful ambiguity, or simply lack of purpose in detailing the time. *Faith Healer* gave me extremely little to go off on concerning the timeline I needed to create. It's never impossible, however. The themes and writing of *Faith Healer* are ostensibly timeless. What is not, however, are the cultural references throughout.

When I say cultural references, I am more specifically referring to one in particular:

“What about that then, eh? Fred Astaire. Fantastic, isn't it? One of the greats, Freddy. Just fantastic. I could listen to that all day— (*Sings*) ‘Just the way you look...’ It was Gracie insisted on that for our theme music. And do you know why, dear heart? She wouldn't admit it to him but she told me. Because that was the big hit the year she and Frank was married. Can you imagine!”

In terms of this particular Play Analysis, this single tidbit is the Rosetta Stone of tidbits. From this single comment, I was able to find out through some research that “*The Way You Look Tonight*”, at least this specific version, won the Academy Award for Best Song in 1936. It's not exactly easy from this point forward, but things start to fall in place much more. Time is not explicitly mentioned more than once or twice in the script, but phrases like “within the year” and “not in five years” are relatively common; the rest of the work involves working in a relative manner from the year Frank and Grace married: 1936.

With 1936 in mind, things now have an anchor of sorts. I began connecting the dots *Beautiful-Mind*-style and found the setting of Frank's murder which proved another invaluable

year. “It was my first time home in twenty years.” At first glance, this statement seems rather useless because he uses it to describe when he went home to say goodbye to his mother before her passing. I know this to be a lie at this point. However, what Frank does well is mix the truths of several different facts together in order to make a convincing lie. Frank lies, yes, but oftentimes his lies are constructed using various truths. The statement he makes about being home for the first time in twenty years originates from the night of his murder Ballybeg. He’s using part of the truth from that event here, which means that the murder of Francis Hardy occurs approximately two decades after his marriage and elopement with Grace Hardy: 1960.

Now that I have these two years, finding the rest were easier now that I had a range of two extremes. I now have the date of one of the main events of the play, 1960, and so now I would need the other two: the birth outside Kinlochbervie, as well as the night Frank cured ten people in Wales. The first was easy to find. One of the few times a year is explicitly mentioned is by Teddy, who, in my opinion, would be an outstanding wingman with all the dates he’s been helping me obtain. Teddy states in Part Three that “those birds all died in the winter of ’47...”, when he is referring to the time, he was managing a Miss Mulatto and her pigeons. Frank states in Part One that Teddy was previously employed to Miss Mulatto before taking Frank on as his client, and it can be assumed that Teddy and Frank entered into business with each other right after Teddy was released from working with Miss Mulatto, which was promptly after the death of all the pigeons she used in her act. At this same time, Frank and Grace are living in abject poverty in an abandoned farmhouse in Norfolk. Around the same time, both are in England, and it’s around this time it can be assumed the trio meet and enter into a partnership with one another. Now, it’s stated by Grace that the night she returned to Frank in Norfolk was the night they conceived their stillborn child. Later, when recalling the birth, Teddy states the baby was born around three weeks too early, placing the birth in Kinlochbervie about eight months after Grace attempted to run away from Frank. From context and geographical clues, I’ve placed this in 1947 as well. A big year for the crew, indeed.

The last event wasn’t so simple. Unfortunately, I wasn’t able to pin down the miraculous events in Ballybeg, and the event tied to it: the death of Jack Hardy, Frank’s father. Instead, I was given a range: “Twelve years later I was in Ireland again; with Teddy and Gracie.” This, along with Grace making a comment about Jack Hardy’s death, allowed me to surmise that this

was indeed the twelve years before the events in Ballybeg. From this point on, however, I found little to nothing to go off in terms of specificity. There are seemingly no references to the night in Glamorganshire in terms of relativity to other dates I possess. It's explicitly stated that the event occurred on December 21<sup>st</sup> around 9 P.M, but other than that, the best I could do was order them in a logical manner. I realized, after several hours of poring over the script, that these events could at the very least be subjugated to either side of that particular twelve-year span by the severity of Frank's alcoholism. I placed the death of Jack Hardy sometime after the stillborn birth of Frank's child, because his alcoholism had not progressed to the point of mention, but at the same time, Teddy asserted that after the birth is when Frank began to develop alcoholism. So, logically, the events on December 21<sup>st</sup> would most likely have happened after Jack Hardy's death, as both Grace and Teddy state that Frank was up to two bottles of Whiskey a day at this point.

The rest of events, both larger and small, I was able to date in relevance to the main three I had placed: 1936, 1947, and 1960. Teddy states in Part Three that the events in Ballybeg took place a year prior, and the trial for the murder went on during this time. It seems that after the murder, Grace moved to London and attempted to live her life as she moved on from the traumas and memories she shared with the other two. She eventually succumbs to her darker thoughts and commits suicide via overdose shortly before Part Three of the show. A short time after her suicide, an officer requests Teddy identify the body at the morgue. He is then harassed by someone outside Grace's flat, comes into the possession of the poster they used for performances, and then begins Part Three of *Faith Healer*. Part Two, Part Four, and the bits in between must therefore occur over the course of a week or so, depending on how quickly Grace's body was located, sometime in 1961.

The timeline that follows was compiled using the previous years I was able to ascertain, with the inaccuracies of the characters' testimonies being taken into account.

1935

- Grace "qualifies" to practice law. Shortly after she meets a young Francis Hardy.
- Mary Hardy, mother of Francis Hardy, has died several years prior.

1936

- Frank meets Grace's mother and hears her speak for the first and last time.
- Frank and Grace elope. Shortly after, Grace's father writes Frank a disapproving letter.

1947

- All of Miss Mulatto's pigeons die, Teddy's termination as Miss Mulatto's manager follows.
- Grace has two miscarriages and Pleurisy.
- Grace and Frank are impoverished in Norfolk, Grace attempts to run away, goes home to her father, and then returns to Frank.
- Grace and Frank conceive the stillborn that is born in Kinlochbervie the next year.
- Grace's father dies.
- Grace, Frank, and Teddy are all in England at the same time, meet, and begin a business relationship together.

1948

- During the summer the trio have found themselves in the North of Scotland, where Grace gives birth to a stillborn baby. Teddy delivers and buries the baby in a cow field next to the road while Frank distracts himself in the village. According to Teddy, this marks the onset of Frank's worsening alcoholism.

1948-1959

- Sometime in this span of time, Jack Hardy passes away while the trio is in Wales touring. Frank goes to his funeral alone and returns describing the events as if it was his mother that had died, despite the fact she died over two decades prior. It's likely this worsened his alcoholism.
- Judging by the severity of Frank's increased alcoholic dependence following the events of Grace's stillborn birth, it is logical that several years after Jack Hardy has passed away Frank miraculously cures ten people on December 21st in a Methodist Church in Glamorganshire, Wales.
- Grace and Frank use the earnings from the previously mentioned "performance" to live lavishly in a hotel in Cardiff for four days. Teddy is left behind during this excursion.
- **1959**- Frank is unable to summon his powers in any way. He starts to become increasingly desperate and erratic.

1960

- Sometime in July of **1960**, Frank becomes seemingly obsessed with curing an old woman's arthritis in Kilmarnock. Frank begins harassing this woman after finding her house, and is only dissuaded when the son-in-law threatens to involve the police.
- On the **last day of August** the trio travels to Ireland and stays in a Pub outside a village called Ballybeg.
- That night Frank involves himself with a wedding party that is drinking in the lounge. Frank heals the finger of a man named Donal, and then becomes determined to heal a cripple named McGarvey. At dawn the next morning, Frank attempts to heal McGarvey, fails, and several members of the wedding party proceed to skin him alive as well as castrate him using rough implements.
- Following Frank's grisly murder, a trial takes place in Ireland. It is unknown if the men responsible are convicted.

1961

- Part Two and Part Three of *Faith Healer* take place.
- Grace is living in London following Frank's death. She is on various medications and has a job working at a library in Paddington in the mornings.
- Grace commits suicide by overdosing on her medications.
- Teddy is brought into a morgue by the police to identify the body of Grace Hardy.
- Teddy comes into possession of the banner they used on Faith Healing Tours.

# Place

Faith Healer would technically be set in London, considering Part Two and Part Three take place in London, with both of Frank's parts taking place in an unknown location. However, it is still worth touching on the regions mentioned throughout the text considering how large a part of travel played in the lives of the characters.

All the locations exist within the British Isles, with the main countries mentioned being Wales, Scotland, Ireland, and England. The trio travel throughout these various regions in order for Frank to practice his faith healing on those he meets. There are three main locations they visit that are the most relevant to the plot however: Kinlochbervie, where Grace gave birth, Glamorganshire, where Frank cured ten people in one night in the village of Llanblethian, and Ballybeg, the fictional location where Frank met his demise.

Kinlochbervie is a harbor village in the north west of Sutherland, in the Highland region of Scotland. It is the most northerly port on the west coast of Scotland, a point often repeated by the characters of *Faith Healer*. Scotland is composed of counties, with Sutherland being one the northernmost in the country. The village is just as beautiful as stated within *Faith Healer* and enjoys a burgeoning modern tourist industry. It's also stated that Grace gave birth a couple miles outside the village.

Glamorganshire is one of the thirteen historic counties of Wales, a country that is part of the United Kingdom. Wales is bordered by England to the east, the Irish Sea to the north and west, and the Bristol Channel to the south. Within Glamorganshire is the village of Llanblethian, wherein Frank cured ten people in a row in a single night.

Ballybeg is the town where the climax of *Faith Healer* occurs. The name Ballybeg is an anglicization of the Irish term "Baile Beag", meaning "Little Town." It is a fictional town created by Brian Friel in which he has set many of his works. Several of Friel's plays, including *Philadelphia Here I Come!*, *Translations*, and *Dancing at Lughnasa* are set in the fictional town within the Irish county of County Donegal. The Republic of Ireland has four main provinces: Leinster, Munster, Connacht, and Ulster, which it shares with Northern Ireland. These are further

divided into 26 counties, County Donegal being one of them. Friel's Ballybeg is partially based on the real village of Glenties, close to where he lived.

## Society

The characters of Faith Healer exist within the one of the most turbulent times in Ireland's history: The Troubles. Though not explicitly mentioned within the context of the play, the Troubles and the religious attitudes of the region would have no doubt had influence not only on Brian Friel's writing of the script, but the relationships of the characters as well.

Francis Hardy and Grace Hardy are not exactly the picture of a perfect marriage by any means. They constantly fight, Frank abuses Grace both emotionally and verbally, and they both are likely under added duress due to the nature of Frank's occupation. Traveling from place to place constantly is bound to take a toll on a relationship, with neither of them able to settle down and perhaps focus on enjoying their lives together. Not to mention the fact they exist constantly in a state of abject poverty. Adding to the mix is this the resentment that Frank has for Grace for being both Protestant as well as growing up relatively well-off.

At the time, Northern Ireland was mostly either British, or Loyalist in population, and Grace is from Northern Ireland. She is Irish, but Frank, who likely has disdain for the British as well as the Loyalists, would occasionally torment his wife by insinuating that she is a loyalist. Grace's Northern Irish home is predominantly Protestant, as a result of the British occupation and presence in the region. This is why Frank would often tease Grace by referring to her as

British, despite the fact she is in fact Irish. The Republic of Ireland, Frank's home, is overwhelmingly Catholic, so whether or not Grace and Frank were very religious, it's likely that some of his mistreatment of her stemmed from his distaste at her being Protestant and from Northern Ireland.

Whether Frank grew up in poverty is unknown, but it's relatively obvious that Grace grew up significantly more well-off than him. Her father is a judge, and Frank's father was a blue-collar worker in Limerick. One of Frank's deepest desires is to ascend to a higher level in society even though his gifts are seemingly looked down upon by society. In contrast, Grace grew up in a higher level of society, but chose to step down to Frank's level and be with him. One of the aspects of Grace that Frank would use as a weapon against her is that she almost became a lawyer before they became romantically involved. He would occasionally lash out at her after failing to heal people asking what "the legal mind" thought about all this. Frank is quite obviously acting out on his various insecurities concerning Grace's background as compared to his humbler background and current inability to climb the social ladder. Despite the fact that Grace stays with Frank because she loves him, when he is consumed by failure he will inevitably begin to measure himself to her and feel that his masculinity is being brought into question for his inability to provide for the two of them.

In a more general sense, the negative attitudes towards Paganism in Ireland cause the entire trio to be looked down upon by no doubt most of those they come across. The religious conflict behind the Troubles is the struggle between the Protestant north and the Catholic south for sovereignty in Ireland. Most people were placed on one side, so there was little room for much else in terms of religion in Ireland; much less acts or beliefs of Paganism. One of the reasons Frank likely never got that call to a beautiful castle to awaken a princess is simply because his gift would have been a major turn-off to even middle-class society in Ireland. Catholics and Protestants wouldn't have agreed on much but a man using pagan powers to heal the sick would have been repugnant to both sides of the conflict.

# Politics and Law

Though by the time of the events of *Faith Healer* Ireland had been independent for several decades, the Troubles were still ongoing and would have been on the minds of anyone in the British Isles. Some of the more tumultuous events of the Troubles would occur soon after the events of *Faith Healer*, and though the Troubles were still occurring, the majority of events spoken of in *Faith Healer* occur in a bubble of relative peace in Ireland. There was rioting in Belfast in the 30s and 50s, and the IRA's brief Northern Campaign in the 40s and Border Campaign between 1956 and 1962 would have made travel in certain places in Ireland mildly difficult for the trio. After the IRA called off its Border campaign in 1962, Northern Ireland became relatively stable for a brief period. The events and effects of the Troubles are not mentioned by any of the characters, though its influences affected them, nonetheless.

The trio spend most of their time in the United Kingdom, with several brief excursions to the Republic of Ireland. United Kingdom is a constitutional monarchy in which the reigning monarch cannot make any open political decisions. The king or queen of the United Kingdom may only make decisions at the discretion of the constitution, which outlines the entirety of powers available to the sovereign. All political decisions are made by the government and Parliament. This method of governance is the result of a long history of reducing the political power of the monarch, beginning with Magna Carta in 1215. Since the start of Edward VII's reign in 1901, the prime minister has always been an elected member of Parliament.

Ireland is a constitutional republic with a parliamentary system of government. It has a legislative, executive, and judiciary branch of government as well as two political parties. The head of state is the president, and the president works in conjunction with the other branches of the government in order to make decisions.

The trial following the murder of Francis Hardy would have likely ended with a conviction of those involved as there were several witnesses. Murder in Ireland in any degree is punishable with a life sentence, as the death penalty had fallen out of use by the time Frank was murdered. Frank was murdered in 1960, but the last person to be executed by Ireland was



Michael Manning who was hung six years prior. The men involved with Frank's murder would likely have been sentenced to life in prison for their participation in the act.

Several of the characters were associated with the law in various ways. Grace was on track to become a lawyer by the time she met Frank, and her father was a judge in Omagh. Teddy apparently had some sort of history as a criminal, though this is barely even mentioned much-less explored.

## Spirituality

One of the odd things about *Faith Healer* is that though the plot revolves around the concept of healing through faith, religion itself is hardly touched on. Though, upon further inspection, the religious aspects affecting the world of *Faith Healer* are much deeper than simply the religious connotations of Frank's gift. However, Frank's gift is where I would like to begin.

My understanding of faith healing has always been that it is healing through the power of God or some sort of religious higher power, with the faith healer themselves being the sort of means of conveyance of healing from God to afflicted. Frank, however, does not seem to be much of a religious man, seeing his gift as more of an art form rather than any kind of special relationship with God. His faith healing acts to validate himself when it is successful, and a source of endless confusion when it is not. Frank is somewhat of an oddity in the faith healing world however, being more of a sideshow attraction than what is typical in the practice.

Faith healing has been around for longer than recorded history, with perhaps the most well-known instances of faith healing coming from the New Testament of the Christian Bible. There are numerous instances in the New Testament of Christ healing people through faith, as well as various saints and Apostles of Christ obtaining the ability to do so as well. There are various methods of faith healing, including prayer, conveyance of healing energy from a distance, or the method that Frank himself uses: the laying on of hands.

The laying on of hands is a religious ceremony wherein a clergy member of some sort holds their hands on or over an afflicted person, and through spiritual connection to a higher power, attempts to channel healing energy into the afflicted. It's worthy of note that the Republic of Ireland, where Frank is from originally, is predominantly Roman Catholic. It's likely that Frank was exposed to Catholicism growing up, and must have been influenced by this exposure, despite him seeming relatively agnostic. I, being Catholic myself, have been a part of faith healing ceremonies that would happen during normal masses. The priest would lay their hands on the person with some sort of affliction or trouble, and the rest of us in the congregation would extend our hands outward in a gesture of faith and compassion. I think even in the mind of the priest this was not intended to "cure" the afflicted, but rather to have the same effect that praying for someone would have, if not a bit more potent since the entire congregation and the priest take part in this formal ceremony of sorts. This ceremony, the extension of healing hands I believe it was called, was an attempt to focus divine energy to help others, in the same way that a satellite dish captures and directs signals. This is done, in my opinion, with the congregation and the priest having a mutual understanding that they themselves are not necessarily healing the afflicted but acting as an amplifier of divine energy. In contrast, Frank seems to channel the healing energy from himself. It would be a bit of an oversimplification to call what Frank has a "power", but without the faith aspect it is just "healing." I think this disconnect between actual faith in a religious sense and the healing powers that Frank possesses are part of the reason his "gift" is so inconsistent. I think that many times people are faced with certain challenges that are larger than them in a way, and in those situations, it can often be helpful to derive confidence or enrichment from a higher power. I'm not saying that finding a basis in God would have made Francis Hardy a more potent faith healer, but what I am saying is that people tend to know themselves too well to place complete faith in themselves, but looking to a higher power can often give them a certain amount of confidence considering at that point, their endeavors are no

longer completely by them. Finding faith allows someone to not only share responsibility for their actions with a higher power but allows their failure to not fall solely on them alone. If Frank had “found God”, perhaps he would have seen his failures to heal less as an indictment of his competency, but as a “test” or an opportunity to strengthen his faith in God. Perhaps Frank himself is not strong enough as a person to be the sole caretaker of this gift he has been given.

Though not entirely religious as a conflict, I think it is worth mentioning that Grace and Frank come from conflicting religious backgrounds. Friel himself was a staunch Irish nationalist, and this is reflected in Frank as well. Irish Nationalism is not mentioned in the text, but one of the ways Frank liked to abuse his wife was to call her English. At the time, Northern Ireland was mostly either British, or Loyalist in population, and Grace is from Northern Ireland. She is Irish, but Frank, who likely has disdain for the British as well as the Loyalists, would occasionally torment his wife by insinuating that she is a loyalist. The conflict between Loyalist Northern Irish and their Republican neighbors was not purely about support or rejection of the British Empire, however. It’s important to not see the Irish Troubles as a religious conflict; but religion was a component. Grace’s Northern Irish home is predominantly Protestant, as a result of the British occupation and presence in the region. The Republic of Ireland, however, is overwhelmingly Catholic, so whether Grace and Frank were very religious, it’s possible that some of his mistreatment of her stemmed from his distaste at her Protestant upbringing and perhaps for Protestants in general. Conflicts between Irish and colonizing forces have existed for almost as long as humans have existed, with the Irish Nationalist sentiment serving as a long echo of the conflicts between outsiders and the natives of the island of Ireland: The Celts.

“...that the Celtic temperament was more receptive to us...” The temperament Frank dismissively refers to here is the distinct presence of Celtic/Celtic Christian culture within Ireland as well as other parts of the United Kingdom, other than England. One of the biggest conflicts unspoken of in *Faith Healer* is that of the constant struggle between Christianity, and that of the Pagan beliefs of the Celtic people of the region. Though mostly Christian by the time of *Faith Healer*, Ireland and the surrounding British Isles have always been deeply steeped in the unique culture of the Celts.

The Celts were not a unified nation or empire, but a loose conglomeration of tribes that shared a similar cultural identity across a wide geographical expanse. These tribes extended from

the British Isles to most of western Europe but were eventually conquered by the Roman Empire during its expansion across Europe. The island of Ireland, however, was never conquered by the Romans, and as a result, became the last bastion of Celtic society despite the fact that Britain was conquered and settled by the Romans. While the regions that had been conquered by the Romans adopted Christianity, adjacent Irish and Scottish tribes of Celtic people began to also adopt Christianity. At first, Christianity intermingled with Celtic culture and religion, creating Celtic-Christianity. Eventually missionaries from England began to convert the Celtic people into full-fledged Christians, Saint Patrick being the most famous of this endeavor. With the incursion of Christianity into the culture of the Celtic people, this caused a mild upheaval in the social structure of the Celts.

Before Christianity, the highest officials in Celtic culture next to actual nobility were the Druids. Francis Hardy himself, in a way, is like a modern-day Druid, but not in the way that Druids were perceived pre-Christianization of Ireland. Before Christianity's arrival on the British Isles, Druids served as religious leaders, but also filled roles as legal authorities, adjudicators, keepers of Celtic lore, political advisors and even medical professionals. While the Druids are reported to have been literate, they are believed to have been prevented by strict code from ever writing down their culture and thus, were a completely oral tradition. What is known about the druids was detailed by Roman and Greek visitors and conquerors. The Celtic religions were polytheistic, with so many different gods that some were specific to just a single family, while others were worshipped across multiple different tribes. The Druids were relatively logical in nature and operated as scholars and sometimes even as scientists. Later in history the Druids developed an association with the mystical, which originated from the Roman accounts of their places of worship. The Druids typically would hold mysterious ceremonies within places they deemed to hold natural power such as caves and forests. The lack of documentation of these ceremonies, the seemingly magical nature of the locations, as well as the reverence the Celts had for the Druids all likely caused the Romans, and later the British, to perceive the Druids as sorcerers. When druids were portrayed in early Irish literature and in the stories of Saints' lives set in the pre-Christian past of Ireland, they were usually accorded high social status. However, in British law-texts detailing social hierarchy in the 7th and 8th centuries, it's suggested that with the arrival of Christianity, the role of the druid in Irish society was replaced with Christian clergy. The Druids were quickly reduced to that of a sorcerer who could be consulted to cast

spells or practice healing magic. With the change of perception of Druids, their social status plummeted. Legal texts of the time place the druid among the professional classes which depend for their status on a patron, along with writers, blacksmiths and entertainers. It's in this way that Francis Hardy begins to bear similarities to the fate of the Druids. Frank finds himself in a distinctly Irish conflict of Pagan vs. Christian. One of the first symptoms of a Christianized Pagan society is a gradual rejection of the mystical. Frank's gift, despite the miraculous nature of it, would inevitably be frowned upon and even hated in a Christian landscape, which is why the three characters of *Faith Healer* typically toured areas where Celtic culture still has some precedence with the populace. Frank often remarks on his desire to ascend the social ladder, but instead he is resigned to a relatively low place in a Christianized society as a result of the Pagan nature of his gift. "... I had a fairy-tale vision of us being summoned to some royal bedroom and learned doctors being pushed aside and I'd raise the sleeping princess to life and we'd be wined and dined for seven days and seven nights and sent on our way with bags of sovereigns."

# Polar Attitudes

The various aspects of a setting can affect the characters of a story in ways that can determine anything from behavior of the characters to the plot itself. The setting of Faith Healer is relatively static when compared to other plays, but the implied settings still affect the three characters in various ways.

## **Francis Hardy**

Frank finds himself in the same setting in both Part One and Part Four, with Part Four being a bit sparser than it was previously. The setting of both at first seems to be one of the shabby meeting halls that Frank would typically conduct his healings in. The building is likely run-down, drafty, and generally an uncomfortable space to exist in for long. This likely would make Frank somewhat uncomfortable even if he doesn't show it. The time of day and season is unknown, but this becomes relatively irrelevant once it is revealed that Frank is deceased. Frank is likely much more comfortable than he would have been while alive considering his death allowed him to finally "renounce chance." His mental state would depend on the realities of the afterlife he exists within, whether that is heaven, hell, or something in between.

## **Grace Hardy**

Grace is falling apart at the seams by the time she begins her testimony in part two. This is the result of her previous trauma of being with Frank, as well as his untimely demise. She is now on some sort of medication, which could either be helping her or harming her. She chain-smokes cigarettes and drinks in excess which would briefly give her relief but be detrimental to her health in general. She speaks from a seemingly comfortable place, however. Frank and Grace existed in a state of perpetual destitution and it is likely she has aged considerably from constant

financial stress. Her constant emotional instability likely took a great toll on her health as well. She seems to be either in her own home or perhaps an office of some sort. Despite her surroundings she is in terrible shape following the events of the previous year, including Frank's murder and the subsequent trial of his murderers. She's spent most of her life in an abusive relationship with Frank and now that he is dead, she has lost a massive part of her support system, despite the fact he abused her frequently. The confusion and stress placed upon her by her marriage to Frank and his death are likely the cause of her eventual suicide.

## **Teddy**

Teddy seems to be the most comfortable of all the characters in his setting. Teddy is in his own home, playing a record, and drinking in a comfortable-looking chair. Teddy isn't exactly well-off, but he was not as financially tied to Frank as Grace was and so he lives somewhat of a more comfortable life. Teddy was quite invested in both Frank and Grace, with him developing romantic feelings for the latter, but not quite to the same extent that Frank and Grace were invested in each other. His mental state following the deaths of both Grace and Frank is not careless, but he doesn't seem to be falling apart in the same way as Grace. Teddy seems to be more bewildered by the events of the past year than depressed, although he is likely hiding a good deal of his emotions as his showman's personality has done previously.

# Indigenous Actions

## Part One: Frank

1. (Pg. 12) "...the man on the tatty banner."
  - Indication of the banner.
  
2. (Pg. 13) "And when it did, when I stood before a man and placed my hands on him and watched him become whole in my presence..."
  - Indicated usage of hands.
  
3. (Pg. 19) "...thrust a bent finger in front of my face and challenged..."
  - Indicated usage of hand and finger.
  
4. (Pg. 19) "And as he spoke I massaged the finger. And when he stopped talking I opened my hands and released him."
  - Indicated usage of hands.

## Part Three: Teddy

1. (Pg. 36) "That kid could plant her pigeons all over the house- some here, some there, some down there;"
  - Indication of physical movement identifying various places in the house.
  
2. (Pg. 36) "Nothing. Empty."
  - Physical indication of his own head to accentuate his point.
  
3. (Pg. 37) "Him?"
  - Teddy physically indicates the poster of Frank.
  
4. (Pg. 38) "... and his hands and his shoulders they're shaking like this."
  - Teddy physically imitates Frank's behavior.



5. (Pg. 45) “The Fantastic Francis Hardy...”
  - Teddy physically reads the wording on the poster to the audience, facing it.

## Part Four: Frank

1. (Pg. 50) “I carried this around with me for years.”
  - Frank must physically present a newspaper clipping on his person.
  
2. (Pg. 52) “It was always like this...”
  - Frank gestures to the room he’s in.
  
3. (Pg. 55) “Ned was on the left of the line, Donal on the right, and the other two, who names I never knew, between them.”
  - Frank indicates the locations of the men with his hand.

# Physical Action

## Technical Aspects of a Production

### Set

#### Part One:

*Three rows of chairs, not more than fifteen.*

*Large, worn, Faith Healer banner reading: The Fantastic Francis Hardy, Faith Healer, One Night Only.*

#### Part Two:

*Large, worn, Faith Healer banner reading: The Fantastic Francis Hardy, Faith Healer, One Night Only.*

*Rows of chairs removed.*

*Wooden Chair.*

*Small table with ashtrays, packets of cigarettes, half-full bottle of whiskey, a glass.*

#### Part Three:

*Large, worn, Faith Healer banner reading: The Fantastic Francis Hardy, Faith Healer, One Night Only.*

*Small table.*

*More comfortable chair than in Part Two.*

*Small locker where Teddy keeps beer. (Hospital locker)*

*Dog basket.*

*Waste-paper basket.*

#### Part Four:

*A single chair; the chair Frank drapes his coat over in Part One.*

## **Prop List**

### Hand Props

*Cigarettes.*

*Glasses.*

*Beer bottles.*

*Drinkable liquid for alcohol.*

*Whiskey bottle.*

*Newspaper clipping.*

### Costume Props

*Hat for Frank in Part Four.*

### Décor Props

*Packs of cigarettes.*

*Record Player.*

*Jerome Kern vinyl record.*

## **Sound List**

*“The Way You Look Tonight” sung by Fred Astaire.*

## **Costume List**

Protagonist: Francis Hardy.

*Possibly Age Makeup.*

*Shabby Overcoat; Navy or Black. Collar is askew.*

*Dark Suit; Overused and undersized.*

*Soiled white shirt.*

*Creased tie.*

*Vivid green socks.*

Antagonist: Teddy

*Possibly Age Makeup.*

*Smoking Jacket/Dressing Gown (short)*

*Checked shirt.*

*Bow-Tie.*

*House Slippers.*

Grace

*Possibly Age Makeup.*

*Costume not explicitly listed but would not be clean/well put together.*

## **Lighting List**

Part One- Lights come up around Frank and slowly the rest of the stage is lit as he recites villages.

No indigenous specialty lighting.

# Progressions

Forest  
Clubs

## Unit 1 (Pg. 11-12) PART ONE

Motivator:  
Frank

FRANK

The stage is in darkness. Brief pause.

Then out of this darkness comes FRANK's incantation, 'Aberarder, Aberayron . . .' At the end of the second line bring up lights very slowly, first around him and then gradually on the whole set.

Throughout this opening incantation he is standing down stage left, feet together, his face tilted upwards, his eyes shut tight, his hands in his overcoat pockets, his shoulders hunched.\*

He is middle-aged; grey or greying; pale, lined face. The overcoat is unbuttoned, the collar up at the back; either navy or black, and of heavy-nap material; a good coat once but now shabby, stained, slept-in. Underneath he is wearing a dark suit that is polished with use; narrow across the shoulders; sleeves and legs too short. A soiled white shirt. A creased tie. Vivid green socks.

Three rows of chairs - not more than fifteen seats in all - occupy one third of the acting area stage left. These seats are at right-angles to the audience.

On the back drop is a large poster:

The Fantastic Francis Hardy  
Faith Healer  
One Night Only

This poster is made of some fabric, linen perhaps, and is soiled and abused.

FRANK: (Eyes closed)  
Aberarder, Aberayron,

Beat: to suppress

\*Note: Stage directions have been kept to a minimum. In all four parts the director will decide when and where the monologist sits, walks, stands, etc.

11

Objective: To quiet his  
mind

Tempo: Fast

Obstacle:

His own  
insecurities  
and negative  
thoughts

2 Beat: to  
Mollify

Llangranog, Llangurig,  
Abergorlech, Abergynolwyn,  
Llandefeilog, Llanerchymedd,  
Aberhosan, Aberporth . . .

All those dying Welsh villages. (Eyes open.) I'd get so tense before a performance, d'you know what I used to do? As we drove along those narrow, winding roads I'd recite the names to myself just for the mesmerism, the sedation, of the incantation -

Beat:  
to  
suppress

Kinlochbervie, Inverbervie,  
Inverdrue, Invergordon,  
Badachroo, Kinlochewe,  
Ballantrae, Inverkeithing,  
Cawdor, Kirkconnel,  
Plaidy, Kirkinner . . .

Ends:  
Win

Mood: Reverent  
Rhythm: Short

Unit 2

(Pgs 12-14)

Welsh - Scottish - over the years they became indistinguishable. The kirks or meeting-houses or schools - all identical, all derelict. Maybe in a corner a withered sheaf of wheat from a harvest thanksgiving of years ago or a fragment of a Christmas decoration across a window - relicts of abandoned rituals. Because the people we moved among were beyond that kind of celebration.

1 Beat: to  
evoke

Hardly ever cities or towns because the halls were far too dear for us. Seldom England because Teddy and Gracie were English and they believed, God help them, that the Celtic temperament was more receptive to us. And never Ireland because of me -

2 Beat: to  
beguile

I beg your pardon - *The Fantastic Francis Hardy, Faith Healer, One Night Only.* (A slight bow.) The man on the tatty banner. (He takes off his overcoat, selects an end chair from one of the rows, and throws the coat across it. This chair and coat will be in the same position at the opening of Part Four.)

When we started out - oh, years and years ago - we used to have *Francis Hardy, Seventh Son of a Seventh Son* across the top. But it made the poster too expensive and Teddy persuaded me to settle for the modest 'fantastic'. It was a favourite word of his and maybe in this case he employed it

12

Objective: Win over  
the audience.

with accuracy. As for the Seventh Son—that was a lie. I was in fact the only child of elderly parents, Jack and Mary Hardy, born in the village of Kilmeedy in County Limerick where my father was sergeant of the guards. But that's another story . . .

The initials were convenient, weren't they? FH—Faith Healer. Or if you were a believer in fate, you might say my life was determined the day I was christened. Perhaps if my name had been Charles Potter I would have been . . . Cardinal Primate; or Patsy Muldoon, the Fantastic Prime Minister. No, I don't mock those things. By no means. I'm not respectful but I don't mock.

Faith healer—faith healing. A craft without an apprenticeship, a ministry without responsibility, a vocation without a ministry. How did I get involved? As a young man I chanced to flirt with it and it possessed me. No, no, no, no, no—that's rhetoric. No; let's say I did it . . . because I could do it. That's accurate enough. And occasionally it worked—oh, yes, occasionally it *did* work. Oh, yes. And when it did, when I stood before a man and placed my hands on him and watched him become whole in my presence, those were nights of exultation, of consummation—no, not that I was doing good, giving relief, spreading joy—good God, no, nothing at all to do with that; but because the questions that undermined my life then became meaningless and because I knew that for those few hours I had become whole in myself, and perfect in myself, and in a manner of speaking, an aristocrat, if the term doesn't offend you.

But the questionings, the questionings . . . They began modestly enough with the pompous struttings of a young man: *Am I endowed with a unique and awesome gift?*—my God, yes, I'm afraid so. And I suppose the other extreme was *Am I a con man?*—which of course was nonsense, I think. And between those absurd exaggerations the possibilities were legion. Was it all chance?—or skill?—or illusion?—or delusion? Precisely what power did I possess? Could I summon it? When and how? Was I its servant? Did

3 Beat: To confide ~~in~~ 13

Obstacle: His insecurities  
and negative thoughts.



it reside in my ability to invest someone with faith in me or did I evoke from him a healing faith in himself? Could my healing be effected without faith? But faith in what? - in me? - in the possibility? - faith in faith? And is the power diminishing? You're beginning to masquerade, aren't you? You're becoming a husk, aren't you? And so it went on and on and on. Silly, wasn't it? Considering that nine times out of ten nothing at all happened. But they persisted right to the end, those nagging, tormenting, maddening questions that rotted my life. When I refused to confront them, they ambushed me. And when they threatened to submerge me, I silenced them with whiskey. That was efficient for a while. It got me through the job night after night. And when nothing happened or when something did happen, it helped me to accept that. But I can tell you this: there was one thing I did know, one thing I always knew right from the beginning - I always knew, drunk or sober, I always knew when nothing was going to happen.

Tempo: Fast

Mood: Intimely

Rhythm: Long

End: Win

Unit 3  
(Pg. 14-15)

Objective:

To introduce  
the main  
characters  
of his  
world.

Obstacle:

His tendency  
to get  
off-topic

Beat:

to  
evoke

Teddy. Yes, let me tell you about Teddy, my manager. Cockney. Buoyant. Cheerful. Tiny nimble feet. Dressed in cord jacket, bow-tie, greasy velour hat. I never knew much about his background except that he had been born into show business. And I never understood why he stayed with me because we barely scraped a living. But he had a devotion to me and I think he had a vague sense of being associated with something . . . spiritual and that gave him satisfaction. If you met him in a bar he'd hold you with those brown eyes of his. 'I've 'andled some of the most sensational properties in my day, dear 'cart, believe me. But I've threw 'em all up for Mr 'ardy 'ere, 'cos 'e is just the most fantastic fmg you've ever seen.' And listening to him I'd almost forget what indeed he had given up to tour with us - a Miss Mulatto and Her Three Pigeons, and a languid whippet called Rob Roy who took sounds from a set of bagpipes. Humbling precedents, if I were given to pride. And he believed all along and right up to the end that somewhere one day something 'fantastic' was going to happen to us. 'Believe me, dear 'cart,' perhaps when we

14

Tempo: Very slow

Rythm: Short

Mood: Nostalgic

had barely enough petrol to take us to the next village, 'believe me, we are on the point of making a killing.' He was a romantic man. And when he talked about this killing, I had a fairy-tale image of us being summoned to some royal bedroom and learned doctors being pushed aside and I'd raise the sleeping princess to life and we'd be wined and dined for seven days and seven nights and sent on our way with bags of sovereigns. But he was a man of many disguises. Perhaps he wasn't romantic. Perhaps he knew that's what I'd think. Perhaps he was a much more perceptive man than I knew.

And there was Grace, my mistress. A Yorkshire woman. Controlled, correct, methodical, orderly. Who fed me, washed and ironed for me, nursed me, humoured me. Saved me, I'm sure, from drinking myself to death. Would have attempted to reform me because that was her nature, but didn't because her instincts were wiser than her impulses. Grace Dodsmith from Scarborough - or was it Knaresborough? I don't remember, they all sound so alike, it doesn't matter. She never asked for marriage and for all her tidiness I don't think she wanted marriage - her loyalty was adequate for her. And it was never a heady relationship, not even in the early days. But it lasted. A surviving relationship. And yet as we grew older together I thought it wouldn't. Because that very virtue of hers - that mulish, unquestioning, indefatigable loyalty - settled on us like a heavy dust. And nothing I did, neither my bitterness nor my deliberate neglect nor my blatant unfaithfulness, could disturb it.

End:  
win

Beat:  
to  
emph

We'd arrive in the van usually in the early evening. Pin up the poster. Arrange the chairs and benches. Place a table inside the door for the collection. Maybe sweep the place out. Gracie'd make tea on the primus stove. Teddy'd try out his amplifying system. I'd fortify myself with some drink. Then we'd wait. And wait. And as soon as darkness fell, a few would begin to sidle in -

Penllech, Pencader,  
Dunvegan, Dunblane,

Unit 4  
(pgs 15-16)

Objective: 15

To convey  
the scene of  
the average "performance"

Objective:

His tendency to  
get  
off topic

Tempo: Fast  
Rhythm: Short

Mood:  
Anticipatory

2 Beat: to  
probe

3 Beat:  
to  
enter

Ben Lawers, Ben Rinnes,  
Kirkliston, Bennane . . . . .  
Teddy and his amplifying system: I fought with him about  
it dozens of times and finally gave in to him. Our row was  
over what he called 'atmospheric background music'. When  
the people would have gathered Teddy would ask them - he  
held the microphone up to his lips and assumed a special,  
reverential tone - he'd ask them to stay in their seats while I  
moved among them. 'Everybody'll be attended to, dear  
'eart. Relax. Take it easy. And when Mr 'ardy gets to you,  
no need to tell 'im wot's bovering you - Mr 'ardy knows.  
Just trust 'im. Put yourself in 'is 'ands. And God bless you  
all. And now, dear 'eart - Mr 'ardy, Faif 'ealer!' At which  
point I'd emerge - and at the same moment Teddy'd put on  
his record.

End:  
Draw

And as I'd move from seat to seat, among the crippled  
and the blind and the disfigured and the deaf and the  
barren, a voice in the style of the thirties crooned Jerome  
Kern's song:

Lovely, never, never change,  
Keep that breathless charm,  
Won't you please arrange it,  
'Cause I love you  
Just the way you look tonight.

Yes; we were always balanced somewhere between the  
absurd and the momentous.

Unit 5  
(Pg 16-17)

*(Moving through seats)* And the people who came - what is  
there to say about them? They were a despairing people.  
That they came to me, a mountebank, was a measure of their  
despair. They seldom spoke. Sometimes didn't even raise  
their eyes. They just sat there, very still, assuming that  
I divined their complaints. Abject. Abased. Tight. Longing

Objective:  
To elevate  
himself  
in the  
minds of the audience,

to open themselves and at the same time fearfully herding  
the anguish they contained against disturbance. And they  
hated me - oh, yes, yes, yes, they hated me. Because by  
coming to me they exposed, publicly acknowledged, their  
desperation. And even though they told themselves they  
were here because of the remote possibility of a cure, they

Obstacle:  
His blatant Ego.

16 1 Beat:  
to elevate

knew in their hearts they had come not to be cured but for confirmation that they were incurable; not in hope but for the elimination of hope; for the removal of that final, impossible chance - that's why they came - to seal their anguish, for the content of a finality.

And they knew that I knew. And so they defied me to endow them with hopelessness. But I couldn't do even that for them. And they knew I couldn't. A peculiar situation, wasn't it? No, not peculiar - eerie. Because occasionally, just occasionally, the miracle would happen. And then - panic - panic - panic! Their ripping apart! The explosion of their careful calculations! The sudden flooding of dreadful, hopeless hope! I often thought it would have been a kindness to them not to go near them.

And there was another thing about them. When Teddy was introducing me, I would look at them and sometimes I got a strange sense that they weren't there on their own behalf at all but as delegates, *legati*, chosen because of their audacity; and that outside, poised, mute, waiting in the half-light, were hundreds of people who held their breath while we were in the locality. And I sometimes got the impression, too, that if we hadn't come to them, they would have sought us out.

We were in the north of Scotland when I got word that my mother had had a heart attack. In a village called Kinlochbervie, in Sutherland, about as far north as you can go in Scotland. A picturesque little place, very quiet, very beautiful, looking across to the Isle of Lewis in the Outer Hebrides; and we were enjoying a few days rest there. Anyhow, when the news came, Teddy drove me down to Glasgow. Gracie wanted to come with me and couldn't understand when I wouldn't take her. But she used her incomprehension as fuel for her loyalty and sent me off with a patient smile.

It was my first time home in twenty years. My father had retired and was living in a housing estate outside Dublin. When he opened the door he didn't recognize me - I had to tell him who I was. Then he shook my hand as if I were an

Objective:

To further win over the audience by invoking sympathy.

17

Obstacle:

His own ability to create a detailed and convincing lie.

2 Beat:

To validate

Tempo:

slow

Rhythm:

Short

Mood:

Bleak

Ends

Win

Unit 6

(Pg 17-18)

1 Beat:

to endear

2 Beat:

to evoke

acquaintance and led me up to the bedroom.

She was exactly as I remembered her - illness hadn't ravaged her. Sleeping silently. Her skin smooth and girlish, her chin raised as if in expectation. Jesus, I thought, O my Jesus, what am I going to do?

'She looks nice,' he said.

'Yes,' I said. 'She looks great.'

He cleared his throat.

'She passed away quietly. You missed her by approximately one hour and ten minutes,' as if he were giving evidence. And then he cried.

And I felt such overwhelming relief that when he cried, I cried easily with him.

Tempo: ~~slow~~ Slow

Rhythm: Short

Mood: Irritant

Ends:

Win

Unit 7

(Pg: 18-19)

Objective:

To conclude his tale.

Obstacle:

His own

intrusive

thoughts

Beat:

To create

Twelve years later I was back in Ireland again; with Teddy and Gracie. Things had been lean for a long time. Or as Teddy put it, 'If we want to eat, we've got to open up new territory, dear 'eart. You've cured 'em all 'ere. Come on - let's go to the lush pickings of Ireland.' And I agreed because I was as heartsick of Wales and Scotland as they were. And the whiskey wasn't as efficient with the questions as it had been. And my father had died in the meantime. And I suppose because I always knew we would end up there. So on the last day of August we crossed from Stranraer to Larne and drove through the night to County Donegal. And there we got lodgings in a pub, a lounge bar, really, outside a village called Ballybeg, not far from Donegal Town.

There was no sense of home-coming. I tried to simulate it but nothing stirred. Only a few memories, wan and neutral. One of my father watching me through the bars of the day-room window as I left for school - we lived in a rented house across the street. One of playing with handcuffs, slipping my hands in and out through the rings. One of my mother making bread and singing a hymn to herself: 'Yes, heaven, yes, heaven, yes, heaven is the prize.' And one of a group of men being shown over the barracks - I think they were inspectors from Dublin - and my father saying, 'Certainly, gentlemen, by all means, gentlemen, anything

you say, gentlemen.' Maybe one or two other memories. They evoked nothing.

When we came downstairs to the lounge in the pub we got caught up in the remnants of a wedding party - four young men, locals, small farmers, whose friend had just gone off on his honeymoon a few hours earlier. Good suits. White carnations. Dark, angular faces. Thick fingers and black nails. For a while they pretended to ignore us. Then Ned, the biggest of them, asked bluntly who we were and what we were. Teddy told them. 'Dear 'eart . . . the . . . most . . . sensational . . . fantastic.' And either at the extravagance of the introduction or because of an unease they suddenly exploded with laughter and we were embraced. We formed a big circle and drank and chatted. Gracie sang - 'Ilkley Moor?' - something like that. Teddy entertained them with tales of our tours ranging from the outrageous to the maudlin and ended with his brown eyes moist with tears: 'Dear 'earts, the insights it 'as given me into tortured 'umanity.' And I told myself that I was indeed experiencing a home-coming. All irony was suspended.

Mood

Then suddenly a man called Donal who had scarcely spoken up to this thrust a bent finger in front of my face and challenged, 'Straighten that, Mr Hardy.' And the bar went still.

Triumph

I caught the finger between the palms of my hands and held it there and looked into his face. Already he was uneasy - he wanted to withdraw the challenge. He began to stammer how the accident happened - something about a tractor, a gearbox, a faulty setting. And as he spoke I massaged the finger. And when he stopped talking I opened my hands and released him. The finger was whole.

Tempo

Very slow

End:  
Stop

Rhythm

Long

1 Beat  
to validate

Badrallach, Kilmore,  
Llanfaethlu, Llanfechell,  
Kincardine, Kinross,  
Loughcarron, Loughgelly . . .

End: Mid Unit 8  
Tempo: Very slow  
Mood: Amused  
Rhythm: Very slow

Obj: To give his friend his mind

We caroused right through the night. Toasts to the landlord who claimed he met my father once and as the night went on that they were close friends. Toasts to Teddy and

Unit 9 (Pg. 19-20)

Objective:  
To conclude his tale.

1 Beat  
To excite

obstacle:

His own intrusive thoughts

Gracie. Toasts to my return. To Donal's finger. Toasts to the departed groom and his prowess. To the bride and her fertility. To the rich harvest – the corn, the wheat, the barley. Toasts to all Septembers and all harvests and to all things ripe and eager for the reaper. A Dionysian night. A Bacchanalian night. A frenzied, excessive Irish night when ritual was consciously and relentlessly debauched.

2 Beat  
To amuse

Then sometime before dawn McGarvey was remembered.

3 Beat  
To up/robust

Their greatest, their closest friend McGarvey who in his time had danced with them and drunk with them and built roads with them and cut turf with them. McGarvey who ought to have been best man that day – my God, who else? – and who wasn't even at the wedding reception. And as they created him I saw McGarvey in my mind, saw his strained face and his mauve hands and his burning eyes, crouched in his wheelchair and sick with bitterness. Saw him and knew him before Teddy in his English innocence asked why he wasn't there; before Ned told us of the fall from the scaffolding and the paralysis. Saw him and recognized our meeting: an open place, a walled yard, trees, orange skies, warm wind. And knew, knew with cold certainty that nothing was going to happen. Nothing at all.

4 Beat  
To evade

I stood at the window and watched them set off to fetch McGarvey. Four of them getting into a battered car; now serious and busy with good deeds; now being polite to one another, holding doors open, you sit in front, no you, no you. Then they were gone, the car sluggish under their weight.

Teddy lay slumped in a stupor in a corner. Gracie went round the tables, emptying ashtrays, gathering glasses and leaving them on the counter, straightening chairs. No intimation whatever of danger. I suggested she should go to bed and she went off. Why wouldn't she? – the housework was finished.

*(He comes right down, walking very slowly, until he is as close as he can be to the audience. Pause.)*

The first Irish tour! The great home-coming! The new beginning! It was all going to be so fantastic! And there I

5 Beat  
To excite

20

Tempo very fast

Mood: Triumphant

Rhythm: Long

am, pretending to subscribe to the charade. (He laughs.)

Yes; the restoration of Francis Hardy. (Laughs again.)

— BUT we'll come to that presently. Or as Teddy would have put it: Why don't we leave that until later, dear 'cart?

Why don't we do that? Why not?

Indeed.

6 Beat  
to intrigue

End: Stop

(He looks at the audience for about three seconds. Then quick black.)

Scene Motivator: Grace Unit 10

Tempo: very slow PART TWO

(Pgs 21)

Rhythm: very short

GRACE

Mood: Anxious

We discover GRACE HARDY on stage, the same set as Part One, with the rows of seats removed. She is sitting on a wooden chair beside a small table on which are ashtrays, packets of cigarettes, the remains of a bottle of whiskey, a glass.

She is in early middle-age. Indifferent to her appearance and barely concealing her distraught mental state. Smoking a lot—sometimes lighting one cigarette from the other.

GRACE: (Eyes closed)

Aberarder, Aberayron,  
Llangranog, Llangurig,  
Abergorlech, Abergynolwyn,  
Penllech, Pencader,  
Llandefeilog, Llanerchymedd . . .

Beat  
to support

Objective: To calm her mind.

Obstacle: Her own traumas and negative thoughts.

That most persistent of all the memories, (Eyes open) that most persistent and most agonizing—

End: Draw

But I am getting stronger, I am becoming more controlled—I'm sure I am. I measure my progress—a silly index, I know, and he would certainly have scoffed at it—but I can almost measure my progress by the number of hours I sleep and the amount I drink and the number of cigarettes I smoke. And, as they say, I've a lot to be thankful for; I know I have. And I like living in London.

1 Beat  
To convince

Unit 11  
(Pgs 21-25)

21

Objective:

To convince the audience that she is successfully moving on.



Obstacle.

Her  
Memories  
with  
Frank.

And the bedsitter's small but it's warm and comfortable. And it's a pleasant walk to the library in Paddington where I work four hours every morning. And on my way home, if the day's fine, I usually go through the park. And at night I listen to the radio or I read—oh, I read a lot—fiction, romance, history, biography, whatever I take home with me, whatever's handy; and I've begun to make a rug for the hearth—I'll do a bit at that or maybe I'll try a new recipe or read the paper or knit or—or—And on Thursday afternoons I go to the doctor to get my pills renewed. He said to me last week, he said to me, 'Of course you've had a traumatic experience, Mrs Hardy; absolutely horrific. But it's over—finished with. And you've really got to be stern with yourself. You were a solicitor once, weren't you? Well, what you must do now is bring the same mental rigour, the same discipline to your recovery that you once brought to a legal case.' And he looked so pleased with his analogy and so clean and so pleasant and so efficient and, yes, so innocent, sitting there behind his desk with his grey suit and his college tie and his clear eyes and his gold pen poised, and he meant so well and he was so patient and it was all so simple for him; and I found myself nodding yes, yes, yes to him, yes, yes; and I thought: That's how you used to nod to Frank, too, especially in that last year—yes, yes, yes, Frank, you know you can, Frank, I swear you can—but he's watching me warily—nothing was simple for him—he's watching me and testing me with his sly questions and making his own devious deductions, probing my affirmations for the hair crack, tuned for the least hint of excess or uncertainty, but all the same, all the same drawing sustenance from me—oh, yes, I'm sure of that—finding some kind of sustenance in me—I'm absolutely sure of that, because finally he drained me, finally I was exhausted.

But I *am* making progress. And I suppose what I really mean by that is that there are certain restricted memories that I can invite now, that I can open myself fully to, like a patient going back to solids. I can think about the night the

Tempo: Very Slow  
Rhythm: Long

Mood: Unsettling

old farmer outside Cardiff gave him £200 for curing his limp – just handed him his wallet – and we booked into the Royal Abercorn and for four nights we lived like kings. And the weekend we spent one Easter walking in the Grampian mountains. I can think about that; yes, memories like that I can receive and respond to them. Because they were part of our lives together. But then as soon as I begin to open under them, just as soon as it seems that I'm beginning to come together again –

End:  
SFop

(Eyes closed tight) Abergorlech, Abergynolwyn, Llandefeilog, Llanerchymedd, Aberhosan, Aberporth . . .

1 Beat  
To probe

Unit 12  
Same as Unit 10 (1923)

It's winter, it's night, it's raining, the Welsh roads are narrow, we're on our way to a performance. (Eyes open.) He always called it a performance, teasing the word with that mocking voice of his – 'Where do I perform tonight?' 'Do you expect a performance in a place like this?' – as if it were a game he might take part in only if he felt like it, maybe because that was the only way he could talk about it.

Unit 13  
(Pg 25-28)

1 Beat  
To mock

Anyhow Teddy's driving as usual, and I'm in the passenger seat, and he's immediately behind us, the Fantastic Francis Hardy, Faith Healer, with his back to us and the whiskey bottle between his legs, and he's squatting on the floor of the van – no, not squatting – crouched, wound up, concentrated, and happy – no, not happy, certainly not happy, I don't think he ever knew what happiness was – but always before a performance he'd be . . . in complete mastery – yes, that's close to it – in such complete mastery that everything is harmonized for him, in such mastery that anything is possible. And when you speak to him he turns his head and looks beyond you with those damn benign eyes of his, looking past you out of his completion, out of that private power, out of that certainty that was accessible only to him. God, how I resented that privacy! And he's reciting the names of all those dying Welsh villages – Aberarder, Aberayron, Llangranog, Llangurig – releasing them from his mouth in that special voice he used only then, as if he were blessing them or consecrating

2 Beat  
To evoke

Objective: 23

To correct any misinformed opinions about Frank.

Obstacle:

The inner disturbance caused by talking about Frank.

Tempo: Slow  
Rhythm: Short  
Mood: Tragic  
End: Stop

himself. And then, for him, I didn't exist. Many, many, many times I didn't exist for him. But before a performance this exclusion - no, it wasn't an exclusion, it was an erasure - this erasure was absolute: he obliterated me. Me who tended him, humoured him, nursed him, sustained him - who debauched myself for him. Yes. That's the most persistent memory. Yes. And when I remember him like that in the back of the van, God how I hate him again -

Unit 14  
same as  
Unit 13

Kinlochbervie, Inverbervie,  
Inverdrue, Invergordon,  
Badachroo, Kinlochewe,  
Ballantrae, Inverkeithing,  
Cawdor, Kirkconnel,  
Plaidy, Kirkinner

1 Beat  
To suppress

Unit 15  
(Pgs 24-25)

Objective:

Grace is  
trying to  
calm herself  
down.

Beat  
To Delude?

Obstacle:

Her negative  
memories  
of Frank

(Quietly, almost dreamily) Kinlochbervie's where the baby's buried, two miles south of the village, in a field on the left-hand side of the road as you go north. Funny, isn't it, but I've never met anybody who's been to Kinlochbervie, not even Scottish people. But it is a very small village and very remote, right away up in the north of Sutherland, about as far north as you can go in Scotland. And the people there told me that in good weather it is very beautiful and that you can see right across the sea to the Isle of Lewis in the Outer Hebrides. We just happened to be there and we were never back there again and the week that we were there it rained all the time, not really rained but a heavy wet mist so that you could scarcely see across the road. But I'm sure it is a beautiful place in good weather. Anyhow, that's where the baby's buried, in Kinlochbervie, in Sutherland, in the north of Scotland. Frank made a wooden cross to mark the grave and painted it white and wrote across it *Infant Child of Francis and Grace Hardy* - no name, of course, because it was still-born - just *Infant Child*. And I'm sure that cross is gone by now because it was a fragile thing and there were cows in the field and it wasn't a real cemetery anyway. And I had the baby in the back of the van and there was no nurse or doctor so no one knew anything about it except Frank and Teddy and me. And there was no clergyman at

24

Tempo: Very Slow

Mood: Reverent

Rhythm: Short

the graveside - Frank just said a few prayers that he made up. So there is no record of any kind. And he never talked about it afterwards; never once mentioned it again; and because he didn't, neither did I. So that was it. Over and done with. A finished thing. Yes. But I think it's a nice name, Kinlochbervie - a complete sound - a name you

End!

LOS

wouldn't forget easily . . . (Tense again) God, he was such a twisted man! With such a talent for hurting. One of his mean tricks was to humiliate me by always changing my surname. It became Dodsmith or Elliot or O'Connell or McPherson - whatever came into his head; and I came from Yorkshire or Kerry or London or Scarborough or Belfast; and he had cured me of a blood disease; and we weren't married - I was his mistress - always that - that was the one constant: 'You haven't met Gracie McClure, have you? She's my mistress,' knowing so well that that would wound me and it always did; it shouldn't have; I should have become so used to it; but it always did. And Teddy - Teddy wasn't just a fit-up man who was always in trouble with the police for pilfering but a devoted servant, dedicated acolyte to the holy man. It wasn't that he was simply a liar - I never understood it - yes, I knew that he wanted to hurt me, but it was much more complex than that; it was some

Unit 16

(Pg 25-26)

Beat 1

To condemn

2 Beat

To explicate

compulsion he had to adjust, to refashion, to re-create everything around him. Even the people who came to him - they weren't just sick people who were confused and frightened and wanted to be cured; no, no; to him they were . . . yes, they were real enough, but not real as persons, real as fictions, his fictions, extensions of himself that came into being only because of him. And if he cured a man, that man became for him a successful fiction and therefore actually real, and he'd say to me afterwards, 'Quite an interesting character that, wasn't he? I knew that would work.' But if he didn't cure him, the man was forgotten immediately, allowed to dissolve and vanish as if he had never existed. Even his father, and if he loved anyone he loved his father, even he was constantly re-created, even after his death. He was in fact a storeman

Objective:

25

Obstacle:

Grace is attempting to get the audience to empathize with her.

Her ability to recall traumatic events

in a factory in Limerick - I met him once, a nice old man; but Frank wasn't content with that - he made him a stonemason and a gardener and a bus-driver and a guard and a musician. It was as if - and I'm groping at this - but it seemed to me that he kept remaking people according to some private standard of excellence of his own, and as his standards changed, so did the person. But I'm sure it was always an excellence, a perfection, that was the cause of his restlessness and the focus of it.

We were in Wales when he got word of his father's death. He went home alone. And when he came back he spoke of the death as if it had been his mother's. 'She passed away quietly,' he said. 'I don't know how father'll manage without her.' And the point was his mother had been dead for years when I first met him. Oh, he was a convoluted man.

Tempo: Slow

Mood:  
Tragic

Rhythm:  
Short

Ends:  
win

The first day I went to the doctor, he was taking down all the particulars and he said to me, 'And what was your late husband's occupation, Mrs Hardy?' 'He was an artist,' I said - quickly - casually - but with complete conviction - just the way he might have said it. Wasn't that curious? Because the thought had never occurred to me before. And then because I said it and the doctor wrote it down, I knew it was true . . .

Unit 17

(pp 26-29)

1 Beat  
to  
evoke

I left him once. Yes; I left him! Up and left. God, when I think of it! We'd been married seven years at the time, and within that twelve months I'd had a pleurisy and then two miscarriages in quick succession and I suppose I was feeling very sorry for myself. And we'd been living that winter in a derelict cottage in Norfolk miles from anyone - it was really a converted byre. I remember kneeling before a tiny grate and crying because the timber was so wet the fire wouldn't light, and trying to get to sleep on a damp mattress on the floor. Anyway we'd had a fight about something silly; and I must have been very depressed or suddenly worked myself up into a stupid panic because on some mad impulse I tore a page off an old calendar and wrote on the back of it, 'Dear Frank I'm leaving you because I cannot endure the

objective

Grace is attempting to validate her decisions in the eyes of the audience.

26

Obstacle

Her decisions themselves.

depravity of our lives any longer do not follow me I love you deeply Grace.' Wasn't it awful! 'I love you deeply' – to a man like that. And 'Do not follow me' – do not follow me! – God, I had some kind of innocence then!

Anyhow I went home. For the first time and the last time. I got the night-crossing from Glasgow and then the bus to Omagh and walked the three miles out to Knockmoyle. I remember I stood at the gates for a while and looked up the long straight avenue flanked with tall straight poplars, across the lawn, beyond the formal Japanese garden and into the chaotic vegetable plot where my mother messed about and devoted her disturbed life to. It was Bridie, the housekeeper, who reared me; and mother in her headscarf and wellingtons was a strange woman who went in and out of the mental hospital.

Father was in the breakfast-room, in a wicker chair beside a huge fire, with a rug around his knees and his head slightly forward and staring straight in front of him just as he did when he was on the bench and hectoring a defendant. The stroke had spared his features and he looked so distinguished with his patrician face and his white hair perfectly groomed and his immaculate grey suit.

And I knocked on the table so that I wouldn't startle him and I said, 'It's me, Father. It's Grace.'

'What's that? Speak up!'

And I could hear old Bridie moving about the kitchen and I was afraid she'd hear me and come up and throw her arms around me before I'd have a chance to kiss him over and over again and say sorry and tell him how often I thought about him.

I moved round so that I was directly in front of him.

'It's Grace, Father.'

'Yes? Yes?'

'Grace – Gracie.'

'Raise your voice. You're mumbling.'

'Timmikins,' I said – that's what he used to call me when I was a child.

'Who?'

'Timmikins,' I said again.

'I know who it is,' he said.

'I came home to see you,' I said.

He gazed at me for a long, long time. And his mouth opened and shut but no sound came. And then finally and suddenly the words and the remembrance came together for him.

'You ran off with the mountebank.' And he wasn't accusing—all he wanted was corroboration.

'Frank and I got married,' I said.

'Yes, you ran off with the mountebank just after you qualified. And you killed your mother—you know that. But I told her you'd be back. Six months, I said; give her six months and she'll come crawling back.'

I was crouching in front of him and holding his cold hands and our faces so close that I could smell his breath.

'Father,' I said, 'Father, listen—'

But words were now spilling out of him, not angry words but the tired formula words of the judge sentencing me to nine months in jail but suspending the sentence because he understood I came from a professional family with a long and worthy record of public service and hoping that I would soon regret and atone for the blemish I had brought on that family and on my own profession and threatening that if I ever appeared before him again he would have no option but to send me to jail and impose the maximum penalty et cetera, et cetera, et cetera.

And as I watched him and listened to him and felt the darts of his spittle on my face, I had an impulse—and I thank God I resisted it—a calm, momentary impulse to do an ugly, shameful thing: I wanted to curse him—no, not curse him—assault and defile him with obscenities and to articulate them slowly and distinctly and brutally into his patrician face; words he never used; a language he didn't speak; a language never heard in that house. But even in his confusion he'd understand it and recognize it as the final rejection of his tall straight poplars and the family profession and his formal Japanese gardens. But more

28

Mood:  
Tragic

Tempo:  
Very slow

## Rhythm: Long

important, much, much more important, recognize it as my proud testament to my mountebank and the van and the wet timber and the primus stove and the dirty halls and everything he'd call squalor. But thank God I didn't do that. Instead - and he was still sentencing me - I just walked away. And I never saw him again. And he died before the year was over. And the next night I was back in the Norfolk byre, back on the damp mattress and kissing Frank's face and shoulders and chest and telling him how sorry I was; and he's drunk and giving me his sly smile and saying little. End  
And then I was pregnant again and this time I held on to it for the full time. And that was the black-faced, macerated Draw baby that's buried in a field in Kinlochbervie in Sutherland in the north of Scotland -

Badrallach, Kilmore, Same Unit 18  
Llanfaethlu, Llanfechell, as  
Kincardine, Kinross, Unit (Pgs 29 - 29)  
Loughcarron, Loughgelly ... 10 Beat: For success

(At banner) Faith healer - faith healing - I never understood it, never. I tried to. In the beginning I tried diligently - as the doctor might say I brought all my mental rigour to bear on it. But I couldn't even begin to apprehend it - this gift, this craft, this talent, this art, this magic - whatever it was Unit 19 (Pgs 24-31) he possessed, that defined him, that was, I suppose, essentially him. And because it was his essence and because it eluded me I suppose I was wary of it. Yes, of course I was. And he knew it. Indeed, if by some miracle Frank could have been the same Frank without it, I would happily have robbed him of it. And he knew that, too - how well he knew that; and in his twisted way read into it the ultimate Beat treachery on my part. So what I did was, I schooled myself - I tried to school myself - to leave it to him and him to with it and be content to be outside them. And for a time regions that seemed to work for both of us: we observed the Beat neutrality of the ground between us. But as time went on Beat and particularly in the last few years when he became more frantic and more truculent, he began to interpret my remove as resentment, even as hostility, or he pretended he

Objective

~~29~~ 29

Obstacle

Grace is  
confiding in  
the audience.

The difficulty  
in opening  
up about  
traumatic memories



2 Beat  
To  
explicate

did – you could never be sure with him – and he insisted on dragging me into feud between himself and his talent. And then we would snarl and lunge and grapple at one another and things were said that should never have been said and that lay afterwards on our lives like slow poison. When his talent was working for him, the aggression wasn't quite so bitter – after he'd cured someone he'd be satisfied just to flaunt himself, to taunt me: 'And what does the legal mind make of all that? Just a con, isn't it? Just an illusion, isn't it?' And I'd busy myself putting away the chairs or taking down the banner. But when he couldn't perform – and in those last two years that became more and more frequent, the more desperate he became – then he'd go for me with bared teeth as if I were responsible and he'd scream at me, 'You were at your very best tonight, Miss O'Dwyer, weren't you? A great night for the law, wasn't it? You vengeful, spiteful bitch.' And I'd defend myself. And we'd tear one another apart.

3 Beat  
To  
evolve

As soon as we'd open the doors, that's where I'd take my seat, at a table if there was one, or if there wasn't, with a tray on my knee; because sometimes they'd pay on their way in, now and again far more than they could afford, I suppose in the hope that somehow it would sweeten Frank to them. And that's where I'd sit all through the performance and collect whatever they'd leave on the way out.

And when they'd all be seated – 'all!' Many a time we were lucky to have half-a-dozen – then Teddy'd put on the record, a worn-out hissing version of a song called 'The Way You Look Tonight'. I begged Frank to get something else, anything else. But he wouldn't. It had to be that. 'I like it,' he'd say, 'and it confuses them.'

Then Teddy'd come out and make his announcement. And then Frank would appear.

I wish you could have seen him. It wasn't that he was a handsome man. He wasn't really. But when he came out before those people and moved among them and touched them – even though he was often half-drunk – he had a

Mood:  
Nostalgic

Rhythm:  
Long

Tempo:  
Fast

special . . . magnificence. And I'd sit there and watch him and I'd often find myself saying to myself, 'Oh you lucky woman.' Oh, yes, oh, indeed, yes.

End:  
Win

(Sits and pours a drink) I didn't want to come back to Ireland. Neither did Teddy. But he insisted. He had been in bad shape for months and although he didn't say it - he would never have said it - I knew he had some sense that Ireland might somehow recharge him, maybe even restore him. Because in that last year he seemed to have lost touch with his gift. And of course he was drinking too much and missing performances and picking fights with strangers - cornering someone in a pub and boasting that he could perform miracles and having people laugh at him; or else lying in the back of the van - we lived in it most of the time now - lying in the van and not speaking or eating for days.

Unit 20  
(pgs 27-33)

1 Beat  
to  
explicate

But the real trouble was the faith healing. It wasn't that he didn't try - I suppose trying hadn't much to do with it anyway - but he tried too hard, he tried desperately, and usually nothing happened, nothing at all. I remember, just a few weeks before we came back, he met an old woman in an off-licence in Kilmarnock and he told her he could cure her arthritis. And he tried. And he failed. In the old days he wouldn't have given her another thought; but he became obsessed with that old woman, found out where she lived, went to her house again and again until finally her son-in-law threw him out and threatened to get the police for him.

So on the last day of August we crossed from Stranraer to Larne and drove through the night to County Donegal. And there we got lodgings in a pub, a lounge bar, really, outside a village called Ballybeg, not far from Donegal Town. (She moves again.) And the strange thing was that night began so well. I remember watching him and thinking: Yes, his sense was true, he is going to be restored here - he was so easy and so relaxed and so charming, and there was nobody more charming than him when he wanted to be. I could tell even by the way he was drinking - not gulping down the first three or four drinks as if they were

2 Beat  
to  
evoke

Objective 31 Obstacle  
Grace is attempting to tell the events of the night in Ballybeg.

Her mental stability.

only preliminaries. And he chatted to the landlord and they talked about the harvest and about fishing and about the tourist trade. He even introduced me as his wife – God, I suppose that ought to have alerted me.

And there was a group of young men in the lounge, five of them, local men on their way home from their friend's wedding; and one of them, the youngest of them, was in a wheelchair. And they were sitting in a corner by themselves and you could tell they wanted to be left alone. And when I saw him go over to them I had a second of unease. But whatever it was he said to them, they smiled and shook hands with him and moved into the centre of the lounge and he called me over and we all sat round in a big circle and one of them ordered a drink and the landlord joined us and we just sat there and chatted and laughed and told stories and sang songs. Where was Teddy? (*Remembering*) Yes, he was there, too, just outside the circle, slightly drunk and looking a bit bewildered. And it began as such a happy night – yes, happy, happy, happy! The young men were happy. I was happy. And Frank – yes, yes, I know he was happy too. And then out of the blue – we were talking about gambling – Frank suddenly leaned across to one of the wedding guests, a young man called Donal, and said, 'I can cure that finger of yours.' And it was dropped as lightly, as casually, as naturally into the conversation as if he had said 'This is my round.' So naturally that the others didn't even hear it and went on talking. And he caught the twisted finger between his palms and massaged it gently and then released it and the finger was straight and he turned immediately to me and gave me an icy, exultant, theatrical smile and said, 'That's the curtain-raiser.'

And I knew at once – I knew it instinctively – that before the night was out he was going to measure himself against the cripple in the wheelchair.

And he did. Yes. Outside in the yard. I watched from an upstairs window. But that was hours later, just after day-break. And throughout the night the others had become crazed with drink and he had gone very still and sat with

Tempo  
Slow

~~32~~ 32  
Mood  
Foreboding

Rhythm  
Long

his eyes half-closed but never for a second taking them off the invalid.

Before they all went out to the yard—it was almost dawn then—I gripped him by the elbow. 'For Christ's sake, Frank, please, for my sake,' and he looked at me, no, not at me, not at me, past me, beyond me, out of those damn End benign eyes of his; and I wasn't there for him. Draw

Aberarder, Kinlochbervie, Same Unit 21  
Aberayron, Kinlochbervie, as Unit 10 (Pg 33)  
Invergordon, Kinlochbervie . . . in Sutherland, in the north of Scotland . . . 1 Beat: To suppress

(By rote) But I am getting stronger. I am becoming more controlled. I can measure my progress by the number of hours I sleep and the amount I drink and — and — Beat: To — O my God I'm in such a mess — I'm really in such a Unit 22 mess — how I want that door to open — how I want that man To to come across that floor and put his white hands on my End face and still this tumult inside me — O my God I'm one of Loss his fictions too, but I need him to sustain me in that End existence — O my God I don't know if I can go on without Loss his sustenance. Obj: To convince the audience she's moved  
(Fade to black.)

Beat  
To  
Concede

Unit 23  
(Pg 33-37)

Scene  
Mot. Vateri  
Teddy  
PART THREE  
TEDDY

We discover TEDDY on stage. He is probably in his fifties but it would be difficult to pin-point his age accurately because he has a showman's verve and perkiness that make him appear younger than that.

He is wearing a bow-tie, checked shirt, smoking jacket/dressing gown (short), house slippers.

We discover him sitting beside the table — the same small table as in Part Two; but TEDDY's chair is more comfortable than GRACE's. He is listening to a recording of Fred Astaire singing 'The Way You

Objective 33  
To make the audience feel more comfortable.

Obstacle  
The prior information they've learned.

Look Tonight' - an old record-player and a very abused record.

Occasionally during his monologue he goes to a small locker - like a hospital locker - where he keeps his bottles of beer. Beside this locker is an empty dog-basket.

The poster is in the same position as in Part One and Part Two.

(No attempt has been made to write this monologue in the phonetic equivalent of Cockney/London English. But the piece must be played in that dialect.)

TEDDY is sitting with his eyes closed, his head back, listening to the music.

'Some day when I'm awfully low

When the world is cold,

I will feel a glow just thinking of you

And the way you look tonight . . .'

At the end of the first verse he opens his eyes, sees that his glass is empty, goes to the locker, gets a bottle of beer and comes back to his seat. Omit all the middle verses - go from the first verse to the last. As TEDDY gets his drink he sings odd lines with the record.

'Lovely, never, never change,

Keep that breathless charm,

Won't you please arrange it

'Cause I love you

Just the way you look tonight.

Mm, mm, mm, mm,

Just the way you look tonight.'

TEDDY: What about that then, eh? Fred Astaire. Fantastic, isn't it? One of the greats, Freddy. Just fantastic. I could listen to that all day - (Sings) 'Just the way you look . . .'. It was Gracie insisted on that for our theme music. And do you know why, dear heart? She wouldn't admit it to him but she told me. Because that was the big hit the year she and Frank was married. Can you imagine! But of course as time goes by she forgets that. And of course he never knows why it's our theme - probably thinks I've got some sort of a twisted mind. So that the two of them end up blaming me for picking it! But by that time I really like the tune, you know; and anyway it's the only record we have. So I keep

1 Beat

To Chorm

Tempo

Slow

Rhythm

Long

~~24~~ 34

Mood

Casual

it. And old Teddy he's the only one of the three of us that knows its romantic significance. I'll tell you something, dear heart: spend your life in showbusiness and you become a philosopher.

But it is a fantastic tune, isn't it? Did you ever look back over all the great artists—old Freddy here, Lillie Langtry, <sup>2 Beat</sup> Sir Laurence Olivier, Houdini, Charlie Chaplin, Gracie Fields—and did you ever ask yourself what makes them all top-liners, what have they all got in common? Okay, I'll tell you. Three things. Number one: they've got ambition this size. Okay? Number two: they've got a talent that is sensational and unique—there's only one Sir Laurence—right? Number three: not one of them has two brains to rub together. You think I'm joking? I promise you. They know they have something fantastic, sure, they're not that stupid. But what it is they have, how they do it, how it works, what that sensational talent is, what it all means—believe me, they don't know and they don't care and even if they did care they haven't the brains to analyse it. <sup>To enlighten</sup>

Let me tell you about two dogs I had once. Okay? One was a white poodle and she was so brilliant—I mean, that dog she knew what you were thinking about before you even thought about it yourself. Before I'd come home at night, d'you know what that dog would do? She'd switch on the electric fire, pull the curtains, and leave my slippers and a bottle of beer sitting there beside my chair. But put her in front of an audience—fell apart—couldn't do nothing. Right. Now the other dog he was a whippet. Maybe you remember him, Rob Roy, The Piping Dog? *(Brief pause.)* Well, it was quite a few years ago. Anyway, you see that whippet, he was fantastic. I mean to say, just tell me how many times in your life has it been your privilege to hear a three-year-old male whippet dog play 'Come Into The Garden, Maud' on the bagpipes and follow for his encore with 'Plaisir d'Amour'. Okay? Agreed. Sensational talent. Ambition? I couldn't stop him rehearsing. Morning, noon and night he'd sit there blowing the bloody thing and

35

working them bellows with his back leg – all night long if I'd let him. That's all he lived for, being on top of the heap. And brains? Had-he-brains, that whippet? Let me tell you. I had that dog four and a half years, until he expired from pulmonary exhaustion. And in all that time that whippet couldn't even learn his name! I mean it. I mean apart from his musical genius that whippet in human terms was educationally subnormal. A retarded whippet, in fact. I'd stub my toe against something, and I'd say 'God!', and who'd come running to me, wagging his tail? I tell you: a philosopher – that's what you become.

I'll give you another example. One of the best acts I ever handled – Miss Mulatto and Her Pigeons. You see that kid? D'you know what that kid could do? I swear to God this is no lie, that kid talked pigeon! I swear. Fluent. That kid could plant her pigeons all over the house – some here, some there, some down there; and then she'd stand in the centre of the stage and she'd speak to them in a great flood of pigeon, you know – I can't do it, I can't even speak English – but this flood of pigeon would come out of her. And suddenly all those birds – a hundred and twenty of them, I should know, six to a box, twenty boxes, that's when I had to buy the van – all those birds would rise up from all over the house and come flying in like a bloody massive snowstorm and smother her on the stage. Fantastic. Can you imagine it? Her being able to talk to every one of them hundred and twenty birds and for all I know maybe them all speaking different languages! I said to her once, 'Mary Brigid,' I said, that was her name, Mary Brigid O'Donnell, I said, 'What do you say to them?' And she tossed her head and she said, 'Say to them? How would I know what I say to them, Teddy? I just make sounds at them.' See? (*He touches his head.*) Nothing. Empty. But what a talent! What an artist! And another thing, when those birds all died that winter of '47 – all of them, just like that, within twenty-four hours, we were in Crewe at the time, the vet said it was galloping shingles – after those birds died, Mary Brigid never worked again. I suppose it'd

~~36~~ 36

End  
Win

be like as if . . . as if someone sat on Yehudi Menuhin's fiddle and smashed it. God! Bloody artists!

(TEDDY disposes of the empty bottle and sings as he does.)

1 Beat  
To entertain

'Oh, but you're lovely  
With your smile so warm,  
And your cheek so soft  
There is nothing for me but to love you -

Obj: To calm himself  
obstacle - his memories of her

Unit  
4  
(Pg 30)

I'll tell you something: if you're thinking of going into the promotion business, let me tell you something - I'll give you this for nothing - it's the best advice you'll ever get - and it has been the one ruling principle in all my years as a professional man: if you're going to handle great artists, you must handle them - believe me, I know what I'm talking about - you must handle them on the basis of a relationship that is strictly business only. Personally, in the privacy of your heart, you may love them or you may hate them. But that has nothing to do with it. Your client he has his job to do. You have your job to do. On that basis you complement each other. But let that relationship between you spill over into friendship or affection and believe me, dear heart, the coupon's torn. The one rule I've always lived by: friends is friends and work is work, and as the poet says, never the twain shall meet. Okay? Okay. (Indicating poster) Him? No, he was no great artist. Course he was no great artist. Never anything more than a mediocre artist. At best. Believe me. It should know, shouldn't I? Sure he had talent. Talent? He had more talent - listen to me - he had more talent than - and brains? - brains! - that's all the stupid bastard had was brains! For Christ's sake, brains! And what did they do for him, I ask you, all those bloody brains? They bloody castrated him - that's what they done for him - bloody knackered him! So what do you end up handling? A bloody fantastic talent that hasn't one ounce of ambition because his bloody brains has him bloody castrated! Tell me - go ahead - you tell me - you tell me - I genuinely want to know - what sort of act is that to work with, to spend your life with? How do you handle an act like that? You tell me. I never knew! I never learned! Oh,

Unit  
25  
(Pg 37)

1 Beat  
To enlighten

2 Beat  
To articulate

3 Beat  
To provoke

Objective  
To preemptively inoculate himself against the audience's potential assumptions that

Obstacle  
His own passionate emotions and feelings that he is in love with Grace.



Mood      Tempo      Rhythm      End  
 Cautionary      Fast      Short      Loss

for God's sake, no wonder I have ulcers!  
 (Pause. Then softly) But when his brain left him alone.  
 When he was in form.

Unit 26  
 (pgs 38-40)

There was one night in particular. Wales it was. Village called Llanblethian. An old Methodist church that I get for ten bob. A week before Christmas.

And we're flat broke. And Frank, he's on two bottles of whiskey a day at this stage. And Gracie and him they've been fighting something terrible and she's disappeared off somewhere. And I've a pocketful of bills to pay.

Okay. Eight o'clock. I open the doors. I'm not exactly knocked down in the stampede. As a matter of fact, dear heart - nobody. God. And now it's snowing. I close the doors. Frank he's looking like he's about to die, and his hands and his shoulders they're shaking like this. 'Get me a drink,' he says. I pretend I don't hear him. The door's flung open. The stampede? (He shakes his head.) Gracie. 'Where's the genius?' she shouts. 'I came to see the great Irish genius. Where is he?' And he hears her and he screams, 'Get that bitch out! Get rid of that bitch!' 'Oh, he's here, is he?' she says. 'Physician, heal thyself!' she says with this great, mad, mocking voice. 'Out! Out!' he shouts. 'The genius!' she screams. 'Out! Out!' 'Genius!' And their voices they're echoing up through those dirty big oak rafters of the church so that it goes on and on and on . . . Oh, God, I mean to say, dear heart . . .

Finally - it must be near nine o'clock now - we're about to pack up and the door opens and in come ten people. I don't remember all the details now. There's two kids, I know; one of them has this great big lump on his cheek. And there's a woman with crutches. And there's another young woman with a crying baby in her arms. And there's a young man with dark glasses and one of those white sticks for blind people. Five or six others - I can't remember - I mean I didn't know then the kind of night it was going to be, did I? Oh, yes, and an old man, a farmer - he's lame - he's helped in by his daughter. And they all sit down. And I goes through my paces: Ladies and Gentlemen and et cetera

1 Beat  
 To evoke

Objective  
 To confirm Frank's abilities

Obstacle  
 Any disbelief or mistrust the audience may have developed

and so on. And then I goes to Frank and I says, 'Okay, Frank?' And very slowly he straightens up and when I see his face I'm sure he's going to be sick and he doesn't answer me at all but sort of—you know—drifts past me and down to them and among them.

*(He slowly pours the remains of a bottle into his glass. Then takes a drink.)* — — — — —

All I can say now is that it was . . . I mean I don't ask you to believe what happened. Quite honestly—and I don't say this with no belligerence—it makes no difference to me whether you believe me or not. But what happened that night in that old Methodist hall in the village of Gbeat, <sup>To address</sup> Llanbethian in Glamorganshire in Wales is that every single person in that church was cured. Ten people. All made right again. I'd seen him do fantastic things before but I'd never seen him do anything on that scale. Never. And I'll tell you a funny thing: there was no shouting or cheering or dancing with joy, nothing at all like that. Hardly a word was spoken. It was like as if not only had he taken away whatever it was was wrong with them, but like he had given them some great content in themselves as well. That sounds silly, doesn't it? But that's the way it seemed.

And when he had finished, they all got to their feet and shook his hand, one after the other, very formal like. And <sup>3 Beat</sup> the old farmer, the one who'd been lame and had been <sup>To evoke</sup> helped in by his daughter, he made a little speech. He said, in that lilting Welsh accent—I can't do that neither—he said, 'Mr Hardy, as long as men live in Glamorganshire, you'll be remembered here.' And whatever way he said it, you knew it was true; and whatever way he said Glamorgan-shire, it sounded like the whole world. And then he took out his wallet and placed it on the table and he said, 'I hope I'm not insulting you, sir.' And they all went out.

*(Short pause)* That was one of the big nights, that was. I mean we were stunned—Gracie—me—Frank himself; we just stood looking at one another. I mean to say—ten people—all in a few minutes. And then he suddenly went crazy with delight. And he threw his arms around me and

39  
Tempo      Rhythm      Mood  
Fast              Long              Momentous

kissed me on both cheeks. And then he ran down to Gracie and caught her in his arms and lifted her up into the air and danced her up and down the aisle of that old church and the two of them sang at the top of their voices, 'Lovely, never never change', trying to sing and dance and at the same time breaking their sides laughing. And then he flung the doors open and they ran outside and sang and danced in the snow. What a pair! Oh my dear, what a pair! Like kids they were. Just like kids. Then I heard the van starting up. But by the time I got out they were gone. Just like that. Didn't see them again for four days - what happened was they went off to some posh hotel in Cardiff and lived it up until the wallet was empty. Just like kids, you know. Thoughtless; no thought for tomorrow. And no cruelty intended - oh no, no cruelty. But at a time like that a bit thoughtless. And that's understandable, too, after a night like that, isn't it? Just a little bit thoughtless - that's all.

End  
Win

Unit 27  
(Pgs 40-41)

1 Beat  
To  
explicate

(He goes to the locker for another bottle. As he goes) What a funny couple they were, though. Oh dear, what a funny couple. I mean to spend the greater part of their lives together, fighting as they did; and when I say fighting, I mean really sticking the old knife in and turning it as hard as they could. I never understood it - job for the head-shrink, isn't it? - why two people should burn themselves out in that way. Sure they could have split. Why didn't they then? Don't ask me. For God's sake why didn't I leave them and get myself something nice and simple and easy like - like - like a whistling dolphin? And what was the fighting all about in the end? All right you could say it was because the only thing that finally mattered to him was his work - and that would be true. Or you could say it was because the only thing that finally mattered to her was him - and I suppose that would be true, too. But when you put the two propositions together like that - I don't know - somehow they both become only half-truths, you know.

2 Beat  
To Allude

Objective

To elevate himself  
above Frank in  
the eyes of the  
audience.

Or maybe you could say that no artist should ever be married. I've heard that theory, too; and after a lifetime in

~~40~~ 40

Obstacle

Their formed  
opinions on  
Frank and  
Grace.

Mood  
Frustration

Tempo  
Slow

Rhythm  
Short

the profession I would incline to the conclusion that that theory has quite a bit of validity in it. I mean look at Rob Roy, The Piping Dog. Just consider for one minute the fortune I could have made in stud fees when that dog was a household name. Queuing up with their bitches they were; queuing bloody up. Twenty nicker a throw they were offering me. I thought I was sitting on a gold-mine. Do you know what I did in anticipation of the fortune that was going to come pouring in? I got a fifteen-foot black Carrara marble headstone with gold lettering put up over my mother's grave. Set me back £214, that did. Okay - and what happened? - what happened every single time? I'll tell you. I come into the room here with a very beautiful and very sexy whippet bitch. He's just been rehearsing and he's lying there in that basket, gasping for breath. I say to him, 'Look at this then, old Rob. Who's good to you then, eh?' But he's temperamental - he won't look up. And the bitch, she's rolling her eyes and wagging all over and laughing like a bloody gypsy. 'Come on, boy,' I say, 'come on, come on. You've got a nice friend here.' And what does he do every time, every single time? He gets to his feet. He gives this great yawn. And then suddenly - just like that - goes for her throat! For her bloody throat for God's sake! Tries to tear her limb from bloody limb! Course he's stupid but he's not that stupid! I mean he knows what it's all about! My God he knows! My God, there's days he's so randy, that whippet, there's days I daren't strap the bloody bagpipes to him! And yet look what he does when it's bloody handed to him on a plate - some of the most beautiful whippet bitches in the country and every one of them crying out for it! Goes for her throat and tries to desecrate my mother's memory at the same time! Oh my God - artists! I ask you!

End

Win

(He gathers the empty bottles on the table and drops them into a waste-paper basket. As he does.) Ups and downs - losses and gains - roundabouts and swings - isn't that it?

And if that night in Llanbethian was one of the high spots, I suppose the week we spent in that village in Sutherland was about as bad a patch as we ever struck. For

Unit 2

Beat <sup>3/4</sup>

To

Muse

Objective

3/4 4/1

Obstacle

To gain sympathy from the audience

The ability of his audience to empathise with Teddy

2 beat  
To  
Evoke

Gracie it was. Certainly for Gracie. And for me, too, I think. Oh, that's going back a fair few years. About the time he really began to lose control of the drinking. Anyway, there we were away up in Sutherland - what was the name of that village? Inverbuie? Inverbervie? Kinlochbervie? - that's it! - Kinlochbervie! - very small, very remote, right away up in the north of Sutherland, about as far north as you can go in Scotland, and looking across at the Isle of Lewis in the Outer Hebrides.

I'll always remember our first sight of that village. We climb up this long steep hill through this misty fog and when we get to the top we stop; and away down below us in the valley - there's Kinlochbervie; and it is just bathed in sunshine. First time we've seen the sun in about a month. And now here's this fantastic little village sitting on the edge of the sea, all blue and white and golden, and all lit up and all sparkling and all just heavenly. And Gracie she turns to me and she says, 'Teddy,' she says, 'this is where my baby'll be born.' Even though she wasn't due for three more weeks. But she was right. That's where the baby was born.

Okay. We head down into the valley and just about two miles out of the village the front axle goes thrackk! Terrific. Frank, he's out cold in the back. So I leave Gracie sunbathing herself on a stone wall and I hikes it into Kinlochbervie to get help.

That was a Tuesday morning. The following Friday we're still there, still waiting for a local fisherman called Campbell who's out in his trawler to come back 'cause he's the only local who owns a tractor and we're depending on his mother who happens to be deaf as a post to persuade him when he comes back to tow us the thirty-five miles to the nearest village where there's a blacksmith but there's a chance, too, that this blacksmith might not be at home when we get there because his sister, Annie, she's getting married to a postman in Glasgow and the blacksmith may be the best man. One of those situations - you know. (Shouts) 'Are you sure this blacksmith can fix axles, dear

42

heart?' 'Och, Annie, she's a beautiful big strong girl with brown eyes.'

Right. We hang about. And since funds are low – as usual – Gracie and Frank they sleep in the van and I'm kipping in a nearby field. I don't mind; the weather's beautiful. Saturday passes – no Campbell. Sunday passes – no Campbell. And then on Sunday evening . . . the baby's born.

*(Very slowly he goes for another beer, opens it, pours it. As he does this he whistles a few lines of 'The Way You Look Tonight' through his teeth. Then with sudden anger.)*

Christ, you've got to admit he really was a bastard in many ways! I know he was drinking heavy – I know – I know all that! But for Christ's sake to walk away deliberately when your wife's going to have your baby in the middle of bloody nowhere – I mean to say, to do that deliberately, that's some kind of bloody-mindedness, isn't it? And make no mistake, dear heart: it was deliberate, it was bloody-minded. 'Cause as soon as she starts having the pains, I go looking for him, and there he is heading up the hill, and I call after him, and I know he hears me, but he doesn't answer me. Oh, Christ, there really was a killer instinct deep down in that man!

*(Pause. He takes a drink, puts the glass down on the table and looks at it.)*

I don't know . . . I don't know how we managed. God, when I think of it. Her lying on my old raincoat in the back of the van . . . shouting for him, screaming for him . . . all that blood . . . her bare feet pushing, kicking against my shoulders . . . 'Frank!' she's screaming, 'Frank! Frank!' and I'm saying, 'My darling, he's coming – he's coming, my darling – he's on his way – he'll be here any minute' . . . and then that – that little wet thing with the black face and the black body, a tiny little thing, no size at all . . . a boy it was . . .

*(Pause.)* And afterwards she was so fantastic – I mean she was so bloody fantastic. She held it in her arms, just sitting there on the roadside with her back leaning against the

3 Beat  
To

Condemn

4 Beat  
To

Evoke

43

stone wall and her legs stretched out in front of her, just sitting there in the sun and looking down at it in her arms. And then after about half an hour she said, 'It's time to bury it now, Teddy.' And we went into a nearby field and I had to chase the cows away 'cause they kept following us and I dug the hole and I put it in the hole and I covered it up again. And then she asked me was I not going to say no prayers over it and I said sure, why not, my darling, I said; but not being much of a praying man I didn't know right what to say; so I just said this was the infant child of Francis Hardy, Faith Healer, and his wife, Grace Hardy, both citizens of Ireland, and this was where their infant child lies, in Kinlochbervie, in Sutherland; and God have mercy on all of us, I said.

And all the time she was very quiet and calm. And when the little ceremony was concluded, she put her two white hands on my face and brought me to her and kissed me on the forehead. Just once. On the forehead.

And later that evening I made a cross and painted it white and placed it on top of the grave. Maybe it's still there. You never know. About two miles south of the village of Kinlochbervie. In a field on the left-hand side of the road as you go north. Maybe it's still there. Could still well be. Why not? Who's to say?

(Pause.) Oh, he came back all right; just before it was dark. Oh, sure. Sober as a judge, all spruced up, healthy-looking, sunburned, altogether very cocky; and full of old chat to me about should we have a go in the Outer Hebrides or maybe we should cross over to the east coast or should we plan a journey even further north now that the weather was so good – you know, all business, things he never gave a damn about. And he seemed so – you know – so on top of things, I thought for a while, I thought: My God, he doesn't know! He genuinely doesn't know! But then suddenly in the middle of all this great burst of interest I see him glancing into the van with the corner of the eye – not that there was anything to see; I had it all washed out by then – but it was the way he done it and the way he kept on talking at the

MS 99

Mood  
Tragic

Tempo  
Very Fast

Rhythm  
Very Long

same time that I *knew* that *he* knew; and not only that he knew but that he knew it all right down to the last detail. And even though the old chatter never faltered for a minute, whatever way he kept talking straight into my face, I knew too that—oh, I don't know how to put it—but I got this feeling that in a kind of way—being the kind of man he was—well somehow I got the feeling, I *knew* that he *had* to keep talking because he had suffered all that she had suffered and that now he was . . . about to collapse. Yeah. Funny, wasn't it? And many a time since then I get a picture of him going up that hill that Sunday afternoon, like there's some very important appointment he's got to keep, walking fast with his head down and pretending he doesn't hear me calling him. And I've thought maybe—course it was bloody minded of him! I'm not denying that!—but maybe being the kind of man he was, you know, with that strange gift he had, I've thought maybe—well, maybe he had to have his own way of facing things . . .

Oh, I don't know. None of my business, was it? None of my concern, thank the Lord, except in so far as it might affect the performance of my client. Listen to me, dear heart, I'll give you this for nothing, the best advice you'll ever get—the *one* rule I've always lived by: friends is friends and work is work and never the twain shall meet as the poet says. Okay? Okay.

End  
Win  
5 Beat  
To innocen

(With a glass in his hand he goes slowly up stage until he is standing beneath the poster. As he goes he hums the lines 'Some day when I'm awfully low, When the world is cold'. He reads.)

The Fantastic Francis Hardy, Faith Healer: One Night Only. Nice poster though, isn't it? A lifetime in the business and that's the only memento I've kept. That's a fact. See some people in our profession?—they hoard everything: press-clippings, posters, notices, photographs, interviews—they keep them all. Never believed in that though. I mean the way I look at it, you've got to be a realist, you know, live in the present. Look at Sir Laurence—you think he spends his days poring over old albums? No, we don't have time for that. And believe me

Unit  
29  
(Pgs 45-46)

1 Beat  
To  
enlighten

199 45

Objective  
To express his  
Innability to let  
go.

Obstacle  
His pride.



I've had my share of triumphs and my share of glory over the years; and I'm grateful for that. But I mean it doesn't butter no parsnips for me today, does it?

2 Beat  
To  
Evoke

And do you know, dear heart, it was almost thrown out! Well, I mean it was thrown out - I just happened to spot it in this pile of stuff that Gracie's landlord had dumped outside for the dustmen. I'd come straight from the morgue in Paddington, and the copper there he'd given me her address; and there I was, walking along the street, looking for number 27; and there it is, lying on the footpath where her landlord had dumped it. I mean, if it had been raining, it would have been destroyed, wouldn't it? But there it was, neat as you like. And just as I was picking it up, this city gent he's walking past and he says, 'How dare you steal private property, Sir!' (*In a fury.*) And I caught him by the neck and I put my fist up to his face and I said to him, I said to him, 'You open your fucking mouth once more, mate, just once fucking more, and I'll fucking well make fucking sausage meat of you!'

Mood  
Frustration  
Tempo  
Slow  
Rhythm  
Short

(*Pause while he controls himself again*) If you'll pardon the language, dear heart. But I just went berserk. I mean half an hour before, this copper he'd brought me to Paddington and I'm still in a state of shock after that. And besides it's only - what? - twelve months since the whole County Donegal thing: that night in the Ballybeg pub and then hanging about waiting for the trial of those bloody Irish Apaches and nobody in the courtroom understands a word I'm saying - they had to get an interpreter to explain to the judge in English what the only proper Englishman in the place was saying! God!

And I'm still only getting over all that when this copper comes up here one morning while I'm shaving and I opens the door and he asks me my name and I tell him and then he says I'm to go to Paddington with him rightaway to . . .

Unit 1 Beat  
To  
30

(*He stops suddenly and stares for a long time at the audience.*  
Then: -) Tell you what - why don't I go back twelve months and tell you first about that night in Ballybeg? Why don't I do that? Why not? (*He gets another bottle, opens it, pours it.*)

(Pgs. 46-47)

Objective 46

Obstacle

To convey his true feelings about Gracie.

His pride and profession

2 Beat  
To Evoke

It was the last day of August and we crossed from Stranraer to Larne and drove through the night to County Donegal. And there we got lodgings in a pub, a lounge bar, really, outside a village called Ballybeg, not far from Donegal Town.

*(He takes a drink and leaves the glass down. Pause.)* You see that night in that pub in Ballybeg? You know how I spent that night? I spent the whole of that night just watching them. Mr and Mrs Frank Hardy. Side by side. Together in Ireland. At home in Ireland. Easy; relaxed; chatting; laughing. And it was like as if I was seeing them for the first time in years and years – no! not seeing them but remembering them. Funny thing that, wasn't it? I'm not saying they were strangers to me – strangers! I mean, Frank and Gracie, how could they be strangers to me! – but it was like as if I was seeing them as they were once, as they might have been all the time – like if there was never none of the bitterness and the fighting and the wettings and the bloody van and the smell of the primus stove and the bills and the booze and the dirty halls and that hassle that we never seemed to be able to rise above. Like away from all that, all that stuff cut out, this is what they could be.

3 Beat  
To  
Conside

And there they were, the centre of that big circle round that big lounge, everybody wanting to talk to them, them talking to everybody, now and then exchanging an odd private word between themselves, now and then even touching each other very easy and very casual.

4 Beat  
To  
Evoke

And she was sitting forward in this armchair. And she was all animation and having a word with everybody and laughing all the time. And she was wearing this red dress. And her hair it was tied back with a black ribbon. And how can I tell you how fantastic she looked?

And then sometime around midnight someone said, 'Why don't you sing us a song, Gracie?' And as natural as you like, as if she done it every day of the week, she stood up and she sang an Irish song called 'Believe me if all those endearing young charms/Which I gaze on so fondly today' – Christ, I don't mean that's the title; that's the whole

mm 47

Mood  
Intimate

Tempo  
Very  
Fast

Rhythm  
Long

End  
Win

first verse for Christ's sake. And it wasn't that she was a sensational singer - no, no, she wasn't. I mean she had this kind of very light, wavery kind of voice - you know, like the voice of a kid of ten or eleven. But she stands up there in that Irish pub, in that red dress and with her hair all back from her face; and she's looking at him as she's singing; and we're all looking at her; and the song - it sort of comes out of her very simple and very sweet, like in a way not as if she's performing but as if the song's just sort of rising out of her by itself. And I'm sitting there just outside the circle, sitting there very quiet, very still. And I'm saying to myself. 'O Jesus, Teddy boy . . . Oh my Jesus . . . What are you going to do?'

And then I looks over at Frank - I mean I just happen to look over, you know the way you do - and there he is, gazing across at me. And the way he's gazing at me and the look he has on his face is exactly the way he looks into somebody he knows he's going to cure. I don't know - it's a hard thing to explain if you've never seen it. It's a very serious look and it's a very compassionate look. It's a look that says two things. It says: No need to speak - I know exactly what the trouble is. And at the same time it says: I am now going to cure you of that trouble. That's the look he gave me. He held me in that look for - what? - thirty seconds. And then he turned away from me and looked at her - sort of directed his look towards her so that I had to look at her too. And suddenly she is this terrific woman that of course I love very much, married to this man that I love very much - love maybe even more. But that's all. Nothing more. That's all. And that's enough.

And for the first time in twenty years I was so content - so content, dear heart, do you know what I done? I got drunk in celebration - slowly, deliberately, happily slewed! And someone must have carried me upstairs to bed because the next thing I know Gracie's hammering on my chest and shouting and sobbing, 'Get up, Teddy! Get up! Something terrible has happened! Something horrible!'  
(Long pause as he goes and gets another beer.)

Unit 31 ~~48~~ 48  
(Pg. 49)

1 Beat  
To evoke

But I was telling you about the poster and how it's lying on the street outside Gracie's digs. That's it. How I've just come from Paddington and how the copper he's given me her address. That's right - I've told you all that. Or to go back to the morning of that same day - twelve months exactly after that night in Ballybeg.

Okay. I'm shaving. Knock at the door. This copper. Asks me my name. I tell him. Asks me to come with him to the morgue in Paddington to identify a body. What body? Body of a lady. And I say what lady? And he says a Mrs Grace Hardy. And I say come off it, she's in Ireland, that's where I left her. And he says you must be mistaken, she's been in London for the past four months, living in digs in number 27 Limewood Avenue. Limewood Avenue! I mean this here is Limewood Grove! Limewood Avenue's just four streets away. And I say she's there now, is she? And he says no, she's dead, she's in the morgue. And I say you must be wrong, copper. And he says no mistake, she's dead, from an overdose of sleeping-tablets, and would I come with him please and make a formal identification.

So the copper he brought me in a van to Paddington - you know, just like our van; only his van I'm sure it's taxed and insured. But it's the same inside: two seats in the front, me driving, her beside me, and Frank in the back all hunched up with the bottle between his legs. And there she was. Gracie all right. Looking very beautiful. Oh my dear I can't tell you how beautiful she looked.

And the copper he said, 'Is that Grace Hardy?' 'It is,' I said. 'Did you know her well?' 'Oh, yes,' I said, 'a professional relationship going back twenty-odd years.' 'Cause that's what it was, wasn't it, a professional relationship? Well it certainly wasn't nothing more than that, I mean, was it? 2 Beat: To confide

(He stands for some seconds just looking at the audience. Then he does not see them any more. He sits on his chair and puts on the record. After the first few lines fade rapidly to black.)

Mood  
Tragic

Tempo  
Slow

Rhythm  
Short

End  
Loss

Objective

To finally convince the audience he didn't have feelings for Grace.

49

Obstacle

He doesn't believe that.

Unit 32  
(Pg 50)

Objective  
To calm  
his mind

Obstacle  
His  
thoughts.

PART FOUR

FRANK

FRANK

Mood  
Anxious

Tempo  
Very slow

Rhythm  
Very  
short

End  
Draw

The poster is gone. The set is empty except for the single chair across which lies Frank's coat exactly as he left it in Part One.

We discover FRANK standing down stage left, where we left him.

In this final section FRANK is slightly less aloof, not quite as detached as in Part One. To describe him now as agitated would be a gross exaggeration. But there should be tenuous evidence of a slightly heightened pulse-rate, of something approximating to excitement in him, perhaps in the way his mind leaps without apparent connection from thought to thought; and his physical movements are just a shade sharper.

FRANK: (Eyes shut)

Aberarder, Kinlochbervie,  
Aberayron, Kinlochbervie,  
Invergordon, Kinlochbervie . . . in Sutherland,  
in the north of Scotland . . .

1 Beat  
To suppress

Unit 33  
(Pg 50)

Objective  
To draw  
the audience

Obstacle  
This  
must be

(He opens his eyes. A very brief pause. Then recovering quickly)

But I've told you all that, haven't I?—how we were Tempo  
holidaying in Kinlochbervie when I got word that my Tempo  
mother had died? Yes, of course I have. I've told you all Tempo

that. (Begins moving.) A picturesque little place, very quiet, Tempo

Very beautiful, looking across to the Isle of Lewis . . . Mood

about as far north as you can go in . . . in Scotland . . . Anxious

(He keeps moving. As he does he searches his pockets. Produces

a newspaper clipping, very tattered, very faded.) End: Draw

Unit 34  
(Pg 50-51)

Objective

To validate  
himself in  
the eyes of  
the audience.

1 Beat

To  
convince

Obstacle

They've  
formed an  
opinion.

healer called Francis Harding . . . ' For some reason they never seemed to - (He shrugs in dismissal) ' . . . cured ten local people of a variety of complaints ranging from blindness to polio. Whether these very astonishing cures were effected by autosuggestion or whether Mr Harding is indeed the possessor of some extra-terrestrial power . . . ' Nice word that. ' . . . we are not as yet in a position to adjudicate. But our preliminary investigations would indicate that something of highly unusual proportions took place that night in Llanblethian. ' Unusual proportions . . . (Short laugh.)

Rhythm  
Short

Tempo  
fast

Never knew why I kept it for so long. Its testimony? I don't think so. Its reassurance? No, not that. Maybe, I think . . . maybe just as an identification. Yes, I think that's why I kept it. It identified me - even though it got my name wrong.

2 Beat  
To  
Explicate

Yes, that was a strange night. One of those rare nights when I could - when I could have moved mountains. Ten people - one after the other. And only one of them came back to thank me - an old farmer who was lame. I remember saying to Gracie the next day, 'Where are the other nine?' - in fun, of course; of course in fun. But she chose to misunderstand me and that led to another row.

Mood  
Nostalgic

Yes; carried it for years; until we came back to Ireland. And that night in that pub in Ballybeg I crumpled it up (He does this now) and threw it away.

3 Beat  
To Confide

End  
Draw

I never met her father, the judge. Shortly after Gracie and I ran off together, he wrote me a letter; but I never met him. He said in it - the only part I remember - he used the phrase 'implicating my only child in your career of chicanery'. And I remember being angry and throwing the letter to her; and I remember her reading that line aloud and collapsing on the bed with laughing and kicking her heels in the air and repeating the phrase over and over again - I suppose to demonstrate her absolute loyalty to me. And I remember thinking how young she *did* look and how cruel her laughter at him was. Because by then my anger against him had died and I had some envy of the man who

Unit  
35  
(Pg)  
(51-52)

1 Beat  
To  
Confide

Objective #m 51  
To elevate himself above Grace.

Obstacle  
The audience's opinions on him and Grace.

Mood  
Tragic

Tempo  
Very slow

Rhythm  
Slow

could use the word 'chicanery' with such confidence.

I would have liked to have had a child. But she was barren. And anyhow the life we led wouldn't have been suitable. And he might have had the gift. And he might have handled it better than I did. I wouldn't have asked for anything from him - love, affection, respect - nothing like that. But I would have got pleasure just in looking at him. Yes. A child would have been something. What is a piece of paper? Or those odd moments of awe, of gratitude, of adoration? Nothing, nothing, nothing.

Ends  
Draw

15 Beat Unit 36  
To evoke (Pg 52)

Objective  
To garner sympathy

25 Beat From the audience

Obstacle

His own insecurity

Mood

Anxious

(Looking around) It was always like this - shabby, shabby, bleak, derelict. We never got that summons to Teddy's royal palace; not even to a suburban drawing-room. And it would have been interesting to have been just once - not for the pretensions, no, no, but to discover was it possible in conditions other than these, just for the confirmation that this despair, this surrender wasn't its own healing. Yes, that would have been interesting.

And yet . . . and yet . . .  
(Suddenly, rapidly) Not for a second, not for a single second was I disarmed by the warmth and the camaraderie and the deference and the joviality and the joy and the effusion of that home-coming welcome that night in that pub in Ballybeg. No, not for a second. Of course I responded to it. Naturally I responded to it. And yes, the thought did cross my mind that at long last is there going to be - what? - a fulfilment, an integration, a full blossoming? Yes, that thought occurred to me. But the moment that boy Donal threatened me with his damned twisted finger, that illusion quickly vanished. And I knew, I knew instinctively why I was being hosted.

Tempo! Slow  
Rhythm! Short

Ends Draw

(Pg 52) Unit 37

Aberarder, Kinlochbervie,  
Aberayron, Kinlochbervie,  
Invergordon, Kinlochbervie . . .

Beat To suggest same as 32

Ends Draw

Unit 38  
(Pg 52-53)

Where had we got to? Ah, yes - Teddy had been put to bed and Gracie had finished her housekeeping - I could hear her moving about upstairs; and the wedding guests had gone to get McGarvey. Only the landlord and myself in

Objective Beat

To finish his tale.

To evoke

52

Obstacle

His wandering mind.

Mood  
Nostalgic

Tempo  
very slow

Rhythm  
Very short

that huge, garish lounge.

I walked around it for a time.

End: Long

I thought of Teddy asleep upstairs, at peace and reconciled at last. And I wondered had I held on to him out of selfishness, should I have attempted to release him years ago. But I thought - no; his passion was a sustaining one. And maybe, indeed, maybe I had impoverished him now.

Unit 59  
(Pg 53-54)

And I thought of Gracie's mother and the one time we met, in Dublin, on her way back to hospital. We were in a restaurant together, the three of us, Gracie and she and I; and she never spoke until Gracie had gone off to pay the bill and then she said, 'I suffer from nerves, you know,' her face slightly averted from me but looking directly at me at the same time and smiling at me. I said I knew. I was afraid she was going to ask me for help. 'What do you make of that?' I said I was sure she would get better this time. 'You know, there are worse things,' she said. I said I knew that. 'Much, much worse,' she went on and she was almost happy-looking now. 'Look at her father - he is obsessed with order. That's worse.' I suppose so, I said. 'And Grace - she wants devotion, and that's worse still.' 'Is it?' I asked. 'And what do you want?' And before I could answer, Gracie came back, and the smile vanished, and the head dropped. And that was all. No request for help. And I never heard her voice again.

Beat  
To evoke  
Tempo  
Very slow

Rhythm  
Long

And I remembered - suddenly, for no reason at all - the day my father took me with him to the horse fair in Ballinasloe. And the only incident I remembered was that afternoon, in a pub. And a friend of my father's, Eamon Boyle, was with us; and the two men were slightly drunk. And Boyle put his hand on my head and said to my father, 'And what's this young man going to be, Frank?' And my father opened his mouth and laughed and said, 'Be Jaysus, Boyle, it'll be hard for him to beat his aul fella!' And for the first time I saw his mouth was filled with rotten teeth. And I remember being ashamed in case Boyle had seen them, too. Just a haphazard memory. Silly. Nothing to it. But for some reason it came back to me that night.

Mood  
Tragic

Objective  
To confide  
in the audience.

Ans 53

Obstacle  
His own  
insecurities



And I thought of the first big row Grace and I had. I don't know what it was about. But I know we were in Norfolk at the time, living in a converted byre. And she was kneeling in front of the grate, trying to kindle some wet timber; and I can't remember what I said but I remembered her reply; and what she said was: 'If you leave me, Frank, I'll kill myself.' And it wasn't that she was demented - in fact she was almost calm, and smiling. But whatever way she looked straight at me, without fully facing me, I recognized then for the first time that there was more of her mother than her father in her; and I realized that I would have to be with her until the very end.

End  
win

Unit 40  
(pgs 54-55)

1 Beat  
To evoke

*(He walks up stage. Pause)* I must have walked that floor for a couple of hours. And all the time the landlord never moved from behind the bar. He hadn't spoken since the wedding guests left. He wouldn't even look at me. I think he hated me. I know he did. I asked him for a last drink. Then he spoke in a rush: 'Get to hell out of here before they come back, Mister! I know them fellas - savage bloody men. And there's nothing you can do for McGarvey - nothing nobody can do for McGarvey. You know that.' 'I know that,' I said. 'But if you do nothing for him, Mister, they'll kill you. I know them. They'll kill you.' 'I know that, too,' I said. But he rushed into a back room.

I poured a drink for myself. A small Irish with an equal amount of water. The thought occurred to me to get drunk but I dismissed it as . . . inappropriate. Then I heard the car return and stop outside. A silence. Then Donal's head round the door.

'McGarvey's here. But he's shy about coming in. Come you out. They're waiting for you out there in the yard.'

'Coming,' I said.

*(He puts on the hat and overcoat and buttons it slowly. When that is done he goes on.)*

There were two yards in fact. The first one I went into - it was immediately behind the lounge - it was a tiny area, partially covered, dark, cluttered with barrels and boxes of empties and smelling of stale beer and toilets. I knew that

Objective

To elicit empathy  
from the audience.

pg 54

Obstacle

their formed  
opinions.

Mood

Anxious

Tempo

Very slow

Rhythm

Short

wasn't it.

Then I found a wooden door. I passed through that and there was the other, the large yard. And I knew it at once.

End  
Win

I would like to describe that yard to you.

Unit 41

It was a September morning, just after dawn. The sky was orange and everything glowed with a soft radiance—as if each detail of the scene had its own self-awareness and was satisfied with itself.

(Pg 55)

1 Beat

The yard was a perfect square enclosed by the back of the building and three high walls. And the wall facing me as I walked out was breached by an arched entrance.

Evade

Almost in the centre of the square but a little to my left was a tractor and a trailer. In the back of the trailer were four implements: there was an axe and there was a crowbar and there was a mallet and there was a hay-fork. They were resting against the side of the trailer.

Objective

To get the audience there;  
to the eye

Obstacle

In the corners facing me and within the walls were two mature birch trees and the wind was sufficient to move them.

His ability to recall

The ground was cobbled but pleasant to walk on because the cobbles were smooth with use.

Mood: Peaceful

Tempo

Rhythm

End  
Win

And I walked across that yard, over those worn cobbles, towards the arched entrance, because framed in it, you would think posed symmetrically, were the four wedding guests; and in front of them, in his wheelchair, McGarvey.

Unit

42

(Pg 55-56)

The four looked . . . diminished in that dawn light; their faces whiter; their carnations chaste against the black suits. Ned was on the left of the line, Donal on the right, and the other two, whose names I never knew, between them.

1 Beat

To come

And McGarvey. Of course, McGarvey. More shrunken than I had thought. And younger. His hands folded patiently on his knees; his feet turned in, his head slightly to the side. A figure of infinite patience, of profound resignation, you would imagine. Not a hint of savagery. And Ned's left hand protectively on his shoulder.

Mood

Tremble

And although I knew that nothing was going to happen, nothing at all, I walked across the yard towards them. And as I walked I became possessed of a strange and trembling

Tempo

Very Slow

Rhythm

Short

Objective 55

Obstacle

The last ditch attempt to prove himself both to himself and to the audience.  
Himself

intimacy: that the whole corporeal world – the cobbles, the trees, the sky, those four malign implements – somehow they had shed their physical reality and had become mere imaginings, and that in all existence there was only myself and the wedding guests. And that intimacy in turn gave way to a stronger sense: that even we had ceased to be physical and existed only in spirit, only in the need we had for each other.

*(He takes off his hat as if he were entering a church and holds it at his chest. He is both awed and elated. As he speaks the remaining lines he moves very slowly down stage.)*

And as I moved across that yard towards them and offered myself to them, then for the first time I had a simple and genuine sense of home-coming. Then for the first time there was no atrophying terror; and the maddening questions were silent.

At long last I was renouncing chance.

*(Pause for about four seconds. Then quick black.)*

2 Bat  
To  
confide

End  
Draw

56

## TRANSLATIONS

### Beats Per Unit

1.) 3 Fast	21.) 1 v slow	
2.) 3 Fast	22.) 2 slow	
3.) 1 v slow Part 1	23.) 2 slow	Part 3 "Teddy"
4.) 3 Fast "Frank"	24.) 1 v slow	
5.) 2 slow	25.) 3 fast	
6.) 2 slow	26.) 3 fast	
7.) 1 v slow	27.) 2 slow	
8.) 1 v slow	28.) 5 v fast	
9.) 6 v fast	29.) 2 slow	
10.) 1 v slow	30.) 4 v fast	
11.) 1 v slow Part 2	31.) 2 slow	
12.) 1 v slow "Grace"	32.) 1 v slow	Part 4 "Frank"
13.) 2 slow	33.) 1 v slow	
14.) 1 v slow	34.) 3 fast	
15.) 1 v slow	35.) 1 v slow	
16.) 2 slow	36.) 2 slow	
17.) 1 v slow	37.) 1 v slow	
18.) 1 v slow	38.) 1 v slow	
19.) 3 fast	39.) 1 v slow	
20.) 2 slow	40.) 1 v slow	
	41.) 1 v slow	
	42.) 2 slow	

# Progressions

## Unit 1 (Pgs. 11-12)

**Motivator:** Frank

**Objective:** To quiet his mind.

**Obstacle:** His own insecurities and negative thoughts.

**Beats/Tactics:**

- **To Suppress:** (F: Aberarder, Aberayon...)
- **To Mollify:** (F: I'd get so tense before a performance, d'you know what I used to do?)
- **To Suppress:** (F: Kinlochbervie, Inverbervie...)

**Ends:** Win

**Mood Word:** Reverent

**Rhythm:** Short

**Tempo:** Quick

## Unit 2 (Pgs. 12-14)

**Motivator:** Frank

**Objective:** Frank needs to win over the audience.

**Obstacle:** His own insecurities and intrusive negative thoughts.

**Beats/Tactics:**

- **To Evoke:** (F: Maybe in a corner a withered sheaf of wheat from a harvest thanksgiving of years ago...)
- **To Beguile:** (F: ... born in the County Limerick where my father was sergeant of the guards. But that's another story ...)
- **To Confide:** (F: Precisely what power did I possess? Could I summon it? When and how?)

**Ends:** Win

**Mood Word:** Intimate

**Rhythm:** Long

**Tempo:** Quick

### **Unit 3 (Pgs. 14-15)**

**Motivator:** Frank

**Objective:** To introduce the main characters of his world.

**Obstacle:** His tendency to fall off-topic.

**Beats/Tactics:**

- **To Evoke:** (F: Teddy. Yes, let me tell you about Teddy, my manager. Cockney. Buoyant. Cheerful. Tiny Nimble feet. Dressed in cord jacket, bowtie, greasy velour hat.)

**Ends:** Win

**Mood Word:** Nostalgic

**Rhythm:** Short

**Tempo:** Very Slow

### **Unit 4 (Pgs. 15-16)**

**Motivator:** Frank

**Objective:** To vividly convey the scene of one of his “performances.”

**Obstacle:** His tendency to fall off topic.

**Beats/Tactics:**

- **To Evoke:** (F: And as soon as darkness fell, a few would sidle in...)
- **To Probe:** (F: Ben Lawers, Ben Rinnes, Kirkliston...)
- **To Evoke:** (F: ... he held the microphone up to his lips and assumed a very special, reverential tone...)

**Ends:** Draw

**Mood Word:** Anticipatory

**Rhythm:** Short

**Tempo:** Quick

### **Unit 5 (Pgs. 16-17)**

**Motivator:** Frank

**Objective:** To elevate the audience’s perception of him.

**Obstacle:** His blatant ego.

**Beats/Tactics:**

- **To Elevate:** (F: That they came to me, a mountebank, was a measure of their despair.)
- **To Validate:** (F: Because occasionally, just occasionally, the miracle would happen.)

**Ends:** Win

**Mood Word:** Bleak

**Rhythm:** Short

**Tempo:** Slow

**Unit 6 (Pgs. 17-18)**

**Motivator:** Frank

**Objective:** To further win over the audience by invoking sympathy.

**Obstacle:** His own ability to create a detailed and convincing lie.

**Beats/Tactics:**

- **To Endear:** (F: We were in the north of Scotland when I got word that my mother had had a heart attack.)
- **To Evoke:** (F: Then he shook my hand as if I were an acquaintance.)

**Ends:** Win

**Mood Word:** Intimate

**Rhythm:** Short

**Tempo:** Short

**Unit 7 (Pgs. 18-19)**

**Motivator:** Frank

**Objective:** To conclude his tale.

**Obstacle:** His own intrusive thoughts.

**Beats/Tactics:**

- **To Evoke:** (F: ... four young men, locals, small farmers, whose friend had just gone off on his honeymoon a few hours earlier. Good suits. White carnations. Dark, angular faces. Thick fingers and black nails.)

**Ends:** Stop

**Mood Word:** Triumphant

**Rhythm:** Long

**Tempo:** Very Slow

## **Unit 8 (Pg. 19)**

**Motivator:** Frank

**Objective:** To quiet his mind, and to remind himself that he can indeed do what he says he can.

**Obstacle:** The ceaseless questions that plague him.

**Beats/Tactics:**

- **To Validate:** (F: Badrallach, Kilmore...)

**Ends:** Win

**Mood Word:** Anxious

**Rhythm:** Very Short

**Tempo:** Very Slow

## **Unit 9 (Pgs. 19-21)**

**Motivator:** Frank

**Objective:** To conclude his tale.

**Obstacle:** His own intrusive thoughts.

**Beats/Tactics:**

- **To Excite:** (F: Toasts to the departed groom and his prowess. Toasts to the bride and her fertility. To the rich harvest...)
- **To Amuse:** (F: McGarvey who ought to have been the best man that day- my God, who else?)
- **To Validate:** (F: Saw him and recognized our meeting...)
- **To Evoke:** (F: Teddy lay slumped in a stupor in the corner.)
- **To Excite:** (F: The first Irish tour!)
- **To Intrigue:** (F: Why don't we leave that until later...)

**Ends:** Stop

**Mood Word:** Triumphant

**Rhythm:** Long

**Tempo:** Very Quick

## **Unit 10 (Pg. 21)**

**Motivator:** Grace



**Objective:** To calm her mind.

**Obstacle:** Her emerging traumas and negative thoughts.

**Beats/Tactics:**

- **To Suppress:** (G: Aberarder, Aberayron...)

**Ends:** Draw

**Mood Word:** Anxious

**Rhythm:** Very Short

**Tempo:** Very Slow

## **Unit 11 (Pg. 21-23)**

**Motivator:** Grace

**Objective:** To convince the audience that she is successfully moving on.

**Obstacle:** Her memories with Frank.

**Beats/Tactics:**

- **To Convince:** (G: But I am getting stronger.)

**Ends:** Stop

**Mood Word:** Unsettling

**Rhythm:** Long

**Tempo:** Very Slow

## **Unit 12 (Pg. 23)**

**Motivator:** Grace

**Objective:** To calm her mind.

**Obstacle:** The inner disturbance caused by talking about Frank.

**Beats/Tactics:**

- **To Suppress:** (G: Llandefeilog, Llanerchymedd...)

**Ends:** Draw

**Mood Word:** Anxious

**Rhythm:** Very Short

**Tempo:** Very Slow

## **Unit 13 (Pgs. 23-24)**

**Motivator:** Grace

**Objective:** To correct any misinformed opinions about Frank.

**Obstacle:** The inner disturbance caused by talking about Frank.

**Beats/Tactics:**

- **To Mock:** (G: He always called it a performance, teasing the word with that mocking voice of his...)
- **To Evoke:** (G: Anyhow Teddy's driving as usual, and I'm in the passenger seat, and he's immediately behind us...)

**Ends:** Stop

**Mood Word:** Tragic

**Rhythm:** Short

**Tempo:** Slow

## **Unit 14 (Pg. 24)**

**Motivator:** Grace

**Objective:** To calm herself down.

**Obstacle:** Her intrusive negative thoughts.

**Beats/Tactics:**

- **To Suppress:** (G: Kinlochbervie, Inverbervie...)

**Ends:** Draw

**Mood Word:** Anxious

**Rhythm:** Very Short

**Tempo:** Very Slow

## **Unit 15 (Pgs. 24-25)**

**Motivator:** Grace

**Objective:** Grace is trying to fool herself into being calm for the audience.

**Obstacle:** Her traumas and intrusive thoughts.

**Beats/Tactics:**

- **To Delude:** (G: Frank made a wooden cross...)

**Ends:** Loss

**Mood Word:** Reverent

**Rhythm:** Short

**Tempo:** Very Slow

## **Unit 16 (Pgs. 25-26)**

**Motivator:** Grace

**Objective:** To get the audience to empathize with her.

**Obstacle:** Her ability to successfully recall traumatic events.

**Beats/Tactics:**

- **To Condemn:** (G: God, he was such a twisted man!)
- **To Explicate:** (G: ...but it seemed to me that he kept remaking people according to some private standard of excellence of his own...)

**Ends:** Win

**Mood Word:** Tragic

**Rhythm:** Short

**Tempo:** Slow

## **Unit 17 (Pgs. 26-29)**

**Motivator:** Grace

**Objective:** Grace is attempting to validate her decisions in the eyes of the audience.

**Obstacle:** How the audience perceives her decisions.

**Beats/Tactics:**

- **To Evoke:** (G: I remember kneeling before a tiny grate and crying because the timber was so wet the fire wouldn't light...)

**Ends:** Win

**Mood Word:** Tragic

**Rhythm:** Long

**Tempo:** Very Slow

## **Unit 18 (Pg. 29)**

**Motivator:** Grace

**Objective:** To calm herself.

**Obstacle:** Her emotions and negative thoughts arising from her trauma.

**Beats/Tactics:**

- **To Suppress:** (G: Badrallach, Kilmore...)

**Ends:** Draw

**Mood Word:** Anxious

**Rhythm:** Very Short

**Tempo:** Very Slow

## **Unit 19 (Pgs. 29-31)**

**Motivator:** Grace

**Objective:** To confide in the audience.

**Obstacle:** The difficulty in opening up about her traumatic past.

**Beats/Tactics:**

- **To Rationalize:** (G: ...we observed the neutrality of the ground between us.)
- **To Explicate:** (G: ... he began to interpret my remove as resentment, even as hostility...)
- **To Evoke:** (G: ...with a tray on my knee...)

**Ends:** Win

**Mood Word:** Nostalgic

**Rhythm:** Long

**Tempo:** Quick

## **Unit 20 (Pgs. 31-33)**

**Motivator:** Grace

**Objective:** To tell the events of the night in Ballybeg.

**Obstacle:** Her mental stability.

**Beats/Tactics:**

- **To Explicate:** (G: It wasn't that he didn't try- I supposed trying hadn't much to do with it anyway- but he tried too hard, he tried desperately...)

- **To Evoke:** (G: ...we got lodgings in a pub, a lounge bar, really...)

**Ends:** Draw

**Mood Word:** Foreboding

**Rhythm:** Long

**Tempo:** Slow

## **Unit 21 (Pg. 33)**

**Motivator:** Grace

**Objective:** To calm herself down.

**Obstacle:** Her intrusive negative thoughts.

**Beats/Tactics:**

- **To Suppress:** (G: Aberarder, Kinlochbervie...)

**Ends:** Draw

**Mood Word:** Anxious

**Rhythm:** Very Short

**Tempo:** Very Slow

## **Unit 22 (Pgs. 33)**

**Motivator:** Grace

**Objective:** To convince the audience she has moved on.

**Obstacle:** She knows she hasn't.

**Beats/Tactics:**

- **To Convince:** (G: I *am* becoming stronger.)
- **To Concede:** (G: O my God I don't know if I can go on without his sustenance.)

**Ends:** Loss

**Mood Word:** Tragic

**Rhythm:** Very Short

**Tempo:** Slow

## **Unit 23 (Pg. 33- 37)**

**Motivator:** Teddy

**Objective:** To make the audience feel more comfortable.

**Obstacle:** The information they've learned previously.

**Beats/Tactics:**

- **To Charm:** (T: What about that then, eh? Fred Astaire. Fantastic, isn't it?)
- **To Enlighten** (T: ... what have they all got in common? Okay, I'll tell you.)

**Ends:** Win

**Mood Word:** Casual

**Rhythm:** Long

**Tempo:** Slow

## **Unit 24 (Pg. 37)**

**Motivator:** Teddy

**Objective:** To calm himself.

**Obstacle:** His memories with Frank and Grace.

**Beats/Tactics:**

- **To Entertain:** (T: 'Oh, but you're lovely, with your smile so warm...)

**Ends:** Draw

**Mood Word:** Casual

**Rhythm:** Very Short

**Tempo:** Very Slow

## **Unit 25 (Pgs. 37-38)**

**Motivator:** Teddy

**Objective:** To preemptively inoculate himself against the audience's potential assumptions that he might have been in love with Grace.

**Obstacle:** His own passionate emotions and feelings.

**Beats/Tactics:**

- **To Enlighten:** (T: ... let me tell you something...)
- **To Explicate:** (T: ... all the stupid bastard had was brains!)

- **To Provoke:** (T: Tell me- go ahead- you tell me- you tell me- I genuinely want to know...)

**Ends:** Loss

**Mood Word:** Cautionary

**Rhythm:** Short

**Tempo:** Quick

## **Unit 26 (Pgs. 38-40)**

**Motivator:** Teddy

**Objective:** To confirm Frank's abilities.

**Obstacle:** Any disbelief or mistrust the audience has developed.

**Beats/Tactics:**

- **To Evoke:** (T: Eight o'clock. I open the doors. I'm not exactly knocked down in the stampede.)
- **To Address:** (T: I mean I don't ask you to believe what happened.)
- **To Evoke:** (T: ... they all got to their feet and shook his hand...)

**Ends:** Win

**Mood Word:** Momentous

**Rhythm:** Long

**Tempo:** Quick

## **Unit 27 (Pgs. 40-41)**

**Motivator:** Teddy

**Objective:** To elevate himself above Frank.

**Obstacle:** The audience's formed opinions on Frank and Grace.

**Beats/Tactics:**

- **To Explicate:** (T: ... the only thing that mattered to her was him...)
- **To Allude:** (T: ...yet look what he does when it's bloody handed to him on a plate...)

**Ends:** Win

**Mood Word:** Frustration

**Rhythm:** Short

**Tempo:** Slow

## **Unit 28 (Pgs. 41-45)**

**Motivator:** Teddy

**Objective:** To gain sympathy from the audience.

**Obstacle:** The ability of the audience to empathize after everything up until this point.

**Beats/Tactics:**

- **To Muse:** (T: Ups and downs- losses and gains- roundabouts and swings- isn't that it?)
- **To Evoke:** (T: ... through the misty fog...)
- **To Condemn:** (T: Christ, you've got to admit he really was a bastard in many ways!)
- **To Evoke:** (T: Her lying on my old raincoat in the back of the van...)
- **To Inoculate:** (T: ... the *one* rule I've always lived by: friends is friends and work is work and never the twain shall meet as the poet says. Okay? Okay.)

**Ends:** Win

**Mood Word:** Tragic

**Rhythm:** Very Long

**Tempo:** Very Quick

## **Unit 29 (Pgs. 45-46)**

**Motivator:** Teddy

**Objective:** To express his inability to let go.

**Obstacle:** His pride.

**Beats/Tactics:**

- **To Enlighten:** (T: See some people in our profession? – they hoard everything...)
- **To Evoke:** (T: ... put my fist up to his face...)

**Ends:** Win

**Mood Word:** Frustration

**Rhythm:** Short

**Tempo:** Slow

## **Unit 30 (Pgs. 46-48)**

**Motivator:** Teddy

**Objective:** To convey his true feelings about Grace.



**Obstacle:** His pride and sense of professionalism as a manager.

**Beats/Tactics:**

- **To Provoke:** (T: Why don't I do that? Why not?)
- **To Evoke:** (T: ... we got lodgings in a pub, a lounge bar, really...)
- **To Confide:** (T: ...like I was seeing them for the first time...)
- **To Evoke:** (T: ... she was wearing this red dress...)

**Ends:** Win

**Mood Word:** Intimate

**Rhythm:** Long

**Tempo:** Very Quick

### **Unit 31 (Pg. 49)**

**Motivator:** Teddy

**Objective:** To finally convince the audience that he did not have feelings for Grace and that his relationship remained purely professional.

**Obstacle:** Teddy himself doesn't even believe that.

**Beats/Tactics:**

- **To Evoke:** (T: ...just like our van...)
- **To Confide:** (T: Well it certainly wasn't nothing more than that, I mean, was it?)

**Ends:** Loss

**Mood Word:** Tragic

**Rhythm:** Short

**Tempo:** Slow

### **Unit 32 (Pg. 50)**

**Motivator:** Frank

**Objective:** To calm his mind.

**Obstacle:** His own intrusive thoughts.

**Beats/Tactics:**

- **To Suppress:** (F: Aberarder, Kinlochbervie...)

**Ends:** Draw

**Mood Word:** Anxious

**Rhythm:** Very Short

**Tempo:** Very Slow

### **Unit 33 (Pg. 50)**

**Motivator:** Frank

**Objective:** To placate the audience while he arranges his thoughts.

**Obstacle:** Their formed opinions of him.

**Beats/Tactics:**

- **To Evoke:** (F: ...looking across to the Isle of Lewis...)

**Ends:** Draw

**Mood Word:** Tragic

**Rhythm:** Slow

**Tempo:** Very Slow

### **Unit 34 (Pgs. 50-51)**

**Motivator:** Frank

**Objective:** To validate himself and reaffirm his abilities in the eyes of the audience.

**Obstacle:** They've formed an opinion on both him and the validity of his abilities.

**Beats/Tactics:**

- **To Convince:** (F: A clipping from the *West Glamorgan Chronicle*. 'A truly remarkable event took place in the old Methodist church in Llanblethian...')
- **To Explicate:** (F: It identified me.)
- **To Confide:** (F: ...and only one of them came back to thank me.)

**Ends:** Draw

**Mood Word:** Nostalgic

**Rhythm:** Short

**Tempo:** Quick

### **Unit 35 (Pgs. 51-52)**

**Motivator:** Frank

**Objective:** To elevate himself above Grace.

**Obstacle:** The audience's preconceived opinions of him and Grace.

**Beats/Tactics:**

- **To Confide:** (F: And I remember being angry...)

**Ends:** Draw

**Mood Word:** Tragic

**Rhythm:** Short

**Tempo:** Very Slow

### **Unit 36 (Pg. 52)**

**Motivator:** Frank

**Objective:** To garner sympathy from the audience.

**Obstacle:** His own insecurities.

**Beats/Tactics:**

- **To Evoke:** (F: We never got that summons to Teddy's royal palace...)
- **To Inoculate:** (F: Not for a second, not for a single second was I disarmed by the warmth and the camaraderie and the deference and the joviality...)

**Ends:** Draw

**Mood Word:** Anxious

**Rhythm:** Short

**Tempo:** Slow

### **Unit 37 (Pg. 52)**

**Motivator:** Frank

**Objective:** To calm his mind.

**Obstacle:** His anxiety and negative thoughts.

**Beats/Tactics:**

- **To Suppress:** (F: Aberarder, Kinlochbervie...)

**Ends:** Draw

**Mood Word:** Anxious

**Rhythm:** Very Short

**Tempo:** Very Slow

### **Unit 38 (Pgs. 52-53)**

**Motivator:** Frank

**Objective:** To finish his tale.

**Obstacle:** His wandering mind.

**Beats/Tactics:**

- **To Evoke:** (F: Only the landlord and myself in that huge, garish lounge.)

**Ends:** Loss

**Mood Word:** Nostalgic

**Rhythm:** Very Short

**Tempo:** Very Slow

### **Unit 39 (Pgs. 53-54)**

**Motivator:** Frank

**Objective:** To confide in the audience.

**Obstacle:** His own insecurities.

**Beats/Tactics:**

- **To Evoke:** (F: And for the first time I saw his mouth was full of rotten teeth.)

**Ends:** Win

**Mood Word:** Tragic

**Rhythm:** Long

**Tempo:** Very Slow

### **Unit 40 (Pgs. 54-55)**

**Motivator:** Frank

**Objective:** To elicit empathy from the audience.

**Obstacle:** Their formed opinions.

**Beats/Tactics:**

- **To Evoke:** (F: I poured a drink for myself. A small Irish with an equal amount of water.)

**Ends:** Win

**Mood Word:** Anxious

**Rhythm:** Short

**Tempo:** Very Slow

## **Unit 41 (Pg. 55)**

**Motivator:** Frank

**Objective:** To transport the audience to the courtyard where he spent his final moments.

**Obstacle:** The audience's opinion of Frank and his ability to relay details under duress.

**Beats/Tactics:**

- **To Evoke:** (F: The sky glowed with a soft radiance...)

**Ends:** Win

**Mood Word:** Peaceful

**Rhythm:** Short

**Tempo:** Very Slow

## **Unit 42 (Pgs. 55-56)**

**Motivator:** Frank

**Objective:** A last ditch attempt for Frank to prove himself to both the audience and himself.

**Obstacle:** Himself.

**Beats/Tactics:**

- **To Evoke:** (F: The four looked... diminished in that dawn light.)
- **To Confide:** (F: ... for the first time I had a simple and genuine sense of home-coming.)

**Ends:** Draw

**Mood Word:** Inevitability

**Rhythm:** Short

**Tempo:** Very Slow

## **Unit Moods**

1. Reverent
2. Intimate
3. Nostalgic
4. Anticipatory
5. Bleak
6. Intimate
7. Triumphant
8. Anxious
9. Triumphant
10. Anxious
11. Unsettling
12. Anxious
13. Tragic
14. Anxious
15. Reverent
16. Tragic
17. Tragic
18. Anxious
19. Nostalgic
20. Foreboding
21. Anxious
22. Tragic
23. Casual
24. Casual
25. Cautionary
26. Momentous
27. Frustration
28. Tragic
29. Frustration
30. Intimate
31. Tragic
32. Anxious
33. Tragic
34. Nostalgic
35. Tragic
36. Anxious
37. Anxious
38. Nostalgic
39. Tragic
40. Anxious
41. Peaceful
42. Inevitability

### Overall Mood Words

1. Tragic
2. Reverent
3. Nostalgic

## Special Qualities of Dialogue

### Frank

Frank speaks in what is likely a somewhat subtle Irish accent, specifically a Limerick accent. This would be a bit more nasally than the rest of the dialects in Ireland, but it's not likely his accent would be incredibly thick because of his desire to come off as upper-class. He engages in frequent use of High Brow language and is quite articulate. Frank uses quite a lot of Jargon and speaks on the same subjects using multiple synonyms to get his point across. He has an expansive vocabulary despite his modest upbringing. His lower-class upbringing comes through as Low Brow language at certain points, especially when Grace and Teddy quote him. He speaks quite deliberately but loses focus when under duress and will frequently trail off, especially in Part Four.

1. (Pg. 12) "Llangranog, Llangurig,  
Abergorlech, Abergynolwyn,  
Llandefeilog, Llanerchymedd,  
Aberhosan, Aberporth. . ."

- (Unusual Speech) The first words that Frank says in the script are the chanted names of some of the villages that he has been to in his travels as a faith healer. Both him and Grace do this, although Frank was likely the first to do it and Grace adopted it as a coping mechanism later. Though they both do this, Frank’s usage of the technique is a bit more multi-faceted than Grace’s usage of it. Frank will chant the names of villages to calm himself before a performance, as he does here, and at other times he will chant these names in order to accomplish other slightly different mental tasks.
  
- 2. (Pg. 12) “All those dying Welsh villages.”
  - (Slang) Frank refers to the villages he has visited as “dying.” He is referring to the economic and population decline of these communities.
  
- 3. (Pg. 12) “The man on the tatty banner.”
  - (Slang) Frank refers to the shabbiness of the banner featuring his likeness.
  
- 4. (Pg. 13) “When we started out- oh, years, and years ago- we used to have *Francis Hardy*, Seventh Son of a Seventh Son across the top.”
  - (Jargon) Frank uses the words Seventh Son, a concept specifically in Irish folklore regarding the belief that the seventh son of a seventh son in an unbroken line of male births would be gifted with the ability to heal others.
  
- 5. (Pg. 13) “Perhaps if my name had been Charles Potter I would have been. . . Cardinal Primate;”



- (Jargon) Primate is a title or rank bestowed on some important archbishops in certain Christian churches. Depending on the particular tradition, it can denote either jurisdictional authority or ceremonial precedence. Cardinal is a ranking of Catholic clergy member.
6. (Pg. 13) “But that’s another story. . .”
- (Unusual Punctuation) Frank often trails off in his speech for various reasons, marked by the presence of an ellipsis (. . .). This can be due to his racing thoughts, anxiety or stress, intentionally creating a sense of mystery, or in this case, the reluctance to expand a lie.
7. (Pg. 13) “Or if you were a believer in fate, you might say my life was determined the day I was christened.”
- (Jargon) The Christian act of christening: when a baby is given a Christian name at baptism as a sign of admission to a Catholic Church.
8. (Pg. 13) “No; let’s say I did it. . . because I could do it.”
- (Unusual Punctuation) Indication of pondering.
9. (Pg. 13) “Perhaps if my name had been Charles Potter I would have been . . . Cardinal Primate; or Patsy Muldoon, the Fantastic Prime Minister.”
- (Unusual Punctuation) Indication of pondering.
10. (Pg. 13) “But the questionings, the questionings. . .”
- (Unusual Punctuation) Indication of pondering.

11. (Pgs. 13-14) “Was it all chance? – or skill?”
  - (Unusual Punctuation) Frank speaks using questions for brief time indicating the questions that constantly plague him.
  
12. (Pg. 13) “*Am I a con man?*”
  - (Unusual Punctuation, Jargon) Frank asks a series of questions and the start of this is indicated by the first few being in italics. A con man is someone who tricks others for some sort of benefit, usually monetary gain of some sort.
  
13. (Pg. 14) “Teddy. . . Cockney. . . Buoyant”
  - (Unusual Sentence Structure) Frank introduces Teddy with a one-word sentence, indicative of the way Frank is changing the subject.
  
14. (Pg. 14) “Yes, let me tell you about Teddy, my manager.”
  - (Jargon) Teddy is Frank’s manager. As manager, Teddy handles various aspects of Frank’s performances such as driving the van, paying bills, locating venues for healings, as well as various other duties so that Frank is able to focus solely on the performance aspect itself.
  
15. (Pg. 14) “And I never understood why he stayed with me because we barely scraped a living.”
  - (Slang) To make enough money to comfortably provide for oneself.

16. (Pg. 14) “‘I’ve ‘andled some of *the* most sensational properties in my day, dear ‘eart, believe me.’”

- (Unusual Spelling, Unusual Punctuation, Unusual Quality of Voice, Jargon) Frank is doing an impression of Teddy here, evoking Teddy’s trademark Cockney accent. The word *properties* here is used to indicate the various acts and individuals that Teddy has represented as a talent manager.

17. (Pg. 14) “‘But he had a devotion to me and I think he had a vague sense of being associated with something . . . spiritual and that gave him satisfaction.’”

- (Unusual Punctuation) Indication of pondering.

18. (Pgs. 14-15) “‘Believe me, dear ‘eart,’ perhaps when we had barely enough petrol to take us to the next village, ‘believe me, we are on the point of making a killing.’”

- (Unusual Quality of Voice, Slang) Again, Frank does an impression of Teddy’s Cockney accent. A *killing* refers to a large amount of money earned.

19. (Pg. 15) “‘. . . we’d be wined and dined for seven days and seven nights and sent on our way with bags of sovereigns.’”

- (Slang, Jargon) To be *wined and dined* refers to being served food and drink in a sense relating to warm hospitality. A *sovereign* is a former British gold coin worth one-pound sterling, now only minted for commemorative purposes.

20. (Pg. 15) “‘Gracie’d make tea on the Primus stove.’”

- (Jargon) A *Primus Stove* is a small, portable, stove-burner mostly used in camping.

21. (Pgs. 15-16) “Penllech, Pencader. . .”
- (Unusual Speech) Frank recites the names of villages yet again, however this time it seems to be less for calming himself down and more for assistance in recalling the details of the scene he is describing.
22. (Pg. 16) “Our row was over what he called ‘atmospheric background music’.
- (Slang) *Row* here indicates a subject of conflict or argument.
23. (Pg. 16) “‘Everybody’ll be attended to, dear ‘eart. Relax. Take it easy. And when Mr ‘ardy gets to you, no need to tell ‘im wot’s bovvering you- Mr ‘ardy knows. Just trust ‘im.”
- (Unusual Speech) Frank impersonating Teddy and his Cockney again.
24. (Pg. 16) “Lovely, never, never change...”
- (Unusual Speech) Frank sings the lyrics to “Way You Look Tonight” by Jerome Kern.
25. (Pg. 16) “That they came to me, a mountebank, was a measure of their despair.”
- (Jargon) A mountebank is someone who swindles others, especially to get their money. One of several words used to describe Frank as fraudulent used in the text.
26. (Pg. 17) “... I would look at them and sometimes I got a strange sense that they were weren’t there on their own behalf but as delegates, legati, chosen because of their audacity...”

- (Unusual Speech) Frank uses Latin here to describe the people who came to him for his services. *Legati*, meaning: an envoy; a sent representative. An example of Frank's usage of high-brow language.
27. (Pg. 18) “‘She looks nice,’ he said...”
- (Unusual Speech/ Punctuation) Frank is reciting a conversation between and his father as a singular speaker.
28. (Pg. 18) “Things had been lean for a long time.”
- (Slang) Lean is used to describe the low amount of success the group has experienced in this particular period of time.
29. (Pg. 18) “‘If we want to eat, we’ve got to open up new territory, dear ‘eart.’”
- (Unusual Speech) Frank impersonating Teddy.
30. (Pg. 18) “‘Yes, heaven, yes, heaven, yes, heaven is the prize.’”
- (Unusual Speech) Frank quotes/sings a song his mother used to sing.
31. (Pg. 19) “‘Dear ‘eart ... the ... most ... sensational ... fantastic.’”
- (Unusual Speech/ Unusual Punctuation) Frank not only impersonates Teddy, but the ellipses here indicate he is loosely paraphrasing what Teddy said.
32. (Pg. 19) “Gracie sang- ‘Ilkley Moor’? – something like that.”
- (Unusual Punctuation) The question mark and hyphens surrounding “Ilkley Moor” indicate not only that Frank isn’t positive this was the song Gracie sang, but he also ponders it for a moment mid-sentence.

33. (Pg. 19) “Teddy entertained them with tales of our tours ranging from the outrageous to the maudlin and ended with his brown eyes moist with tears: “Dear ‘earts, the insights it ‘as given me into tortured ‘umanity.’”
- (Jargon, Unusual Speech) Maudlin is a great word here: it means sentimentality to the point of tearfulness; specifically, when said sentimentality is a result of drunkenness. Frank impersonates Teddy yet again.
34. (Pg. 19) “Badrallach, Kilmore...”
- (Unusual Speech) Frank performs his favorite ritual again, this time to steel himself for the finale of his tale.
35. (Pg. 19) “We caroused through the night.”
- (Slang) To carouse is to drink large amounts of alcohol and enjoy oneself with others in a noisy, lively way.
36. (Pg. 20) “A Dionysian night. A Bacchanalian night.”
- (Slang) A Dionysian night would be referring to the Greek God of wine and general debauchery: Dionysus. Bacchanalian itself means a drunken revelry.
37. (Pg. 20) “The first Irish Tour! The Great home-coming! The new beginning! It was all going to be so fantastic!”
- (Unusual Punctuation) Frequent usage of exclamation points and short sentences indicating Frank’s attempt at building the mood and anticipation.

38. (Pg. 50) “Aberarder, Kinlochbervie...”
- (Unusual Speech) Frank recites the names of villages again to calm down.
39. (Pg. 50) “But I’ve told you all that, haven’t I? - how we were holidaying in Kinlochbervie when I got word that my mother had died?”
- (Slang) Holidaying meaning to take a vacation.
40. (Pg. 50) “A picturesque looking place, very quiet, very beautiful, looking across to the Isle of Lewis. . . about as far north as you can go in. . . in Scotland. . .”
- (Unusual Punctuation) The frequent ellipses here indicate how distracted he is. His mind is all over the place.
41. (Pgs. 50-51) ““A truly remarkable event took place in the old Methodist Church in Llanblethian...”
- (Unusual Punctuation) The apostrophes indicate that he is reading from the clipping.
42. (Pg. 51) “One of those rare nights when I could- when I could have moved mountains.”
- (Slang) An idiom meaning great potential.
43. (Pg. 52) “I would have liked to have a child.”
- (Unusual Speech) Frank begins changing subjects rather frequently in this section and becomes somewhat inconsistent in his speech patterns. This all is indicative of the increased anxiety he is experiencing in the final part of the text.

44. (Pg. 52) “Nothing, nothing, nothing. . .”
- (Unusual Speech/ Punctuation) Frank trails off here because he’s losing focus. His mind is beginning to overtake him again and he’s showing it more now; as evidenced by the fact he must recite villages within the next two paragraphs.
45. (Pg. 52) “And yet. . . and yet. . .”
- (Unusual Speech/Punctuation) Throughout Part Four Frank will trail off, then quickly change to a different subject as his focus leaves him and a new thought pops its way back into his head.
46. (Pg. 52) “No, not for a second. Of course I responded to it. Naturally I responded to it.”
- (Unusual Speech) Frank’s sentences are short and choppy, indicating agitation or anxiety.
47. (Pg. 52) “Aberarder, Kinlochbervie,  
Aberayron, Kinlochbervie,  
Invergordon, Kinlochbervie . . .”
- (Unusual Speech) Frank is reciting villages again to calm him down, however this time if you’ll notice he recites Kinlochbervie three times. Kinlochbervie is where Frank abandoned Grace while she gave birth to their stillborn child. In his final hours, as he faces his end, he can’t help but think of the terrible things he has done.
48. (Pg. 53) “Only the landlord and myself in that huge, garish lounge.”
- (Slang) Garish here is being used to describe the gaudiness of the lounge; it must have been a bit too decadent for Frank’s taste.



49. (Pg. 53) “And I thought of Gracie’s mother and the one time we met, in Dublin, on her way back to the hospital.”

- (Unusual Speech) Frank frequently begins sentences with the words “and” or “but” when he is remembering things.

50. (Pg. 53) “‘Be Jaysus, Boyle, it’ll be hard for him to beat his aul fella!’”

- (Unusual Speech) Frank is impersonating his father’s Irish accent.

51. (Pg. 54) “I poured a drink for myself. A small Irish with an equal amount of water.”

- (Jargon) I legitimately could not find out what an Irish is, but it can be reasonably assumed that Frank poured himself a whiskey cut with water.

## Grace

Grace, despite being born into a wealthier lifestyle than Frank, doesn’t speak in High Brow quite as much as him. She speaks in a northern Irish accent, so she would have a similar accent to Frank’s but with more British influence on her phonetic pronunciations of various sounds. She is articulate but doesn’t pick her words as specifically as Frank. Whereas Frank would often use several synonyms to express a word, Grace often uses the most commonly understood word for a particular situation. For example, if Frank and Grace were sitting on a beach and a massive Irish kraken rose out of the water, Frank would likely call it a “leviathan” while Grace would simply call it a “monster.” This is not to say that Grace is unintelligent, she is quite intelligent, but she doesn’t speak like she has something to prove in the way that Frank does. It would also make sense that perhaps Grace did speak a bit more High Brow before but toned this down as to not undermine Frank’s self-confidence. She does not use as much Jargon

or Slang as Frank, but her mental state often influences the structure of her grammar in various ways, whereas Frank's speech, at least in Part One, is much more consistently structured and deliberate.

1. (Pg. 21) "Aberarder, Aberayron. . ."
  - (Unusual Speech) Grace recites the names of villages they have been to in order to calm herself down.
  
2. (Pg. 22) "And the bedsitter's small but it's warm and comfortable."
  - (Jargon) A bedsitter is what we would call a studio apartment; a bedroom attached to a living room with cooking facilities.
  
3. (Pgs. 21-22) "But I *am* getting stronger... finally I was exhausted."
  - (Unusual Speech) Grace speaks at length about her recovery in this very long paragraph. Her words are somewhat quick and seem to all blend together as she attempts to convince both the audience and herself that she has moved on in a speech she has likely given many times.
  
4. (Pg. 22) "'You were a solicitor once, weren't you?'"
  - (Jargon) A solicitor is a legal practitioner.
  
5. (Pg. 22) "Yes."
  - (Unusual Speech) Throughout the main paragraph here Grace uses the word yes repeatedly to evoke the way she used to mindlessly agree with Frank, likely as to not start an argument.
  
6. (Pg. 22) "But I *am* making progress."

- (Unusual Speech/Punctuation) Grace repeats this phrase several times, with “am” being italicized to indicate stress on the word. Grace is stressing “am” as if ready for someone to tell her she is not making progress. She knows that she’s only trying to convince herself, however.

7. (Pg. 23) “... and we booked into the Royal Abercorn and for four nights we lived like kings.”

- (Slang) Idiom used to indicate living a luxurious lifestyle full of comfort or free from worry.

8. (Pg. 23) “But then as soon as I begin to open under them, just as soon as it seems that I’m beginning to come together again-”

- (Unusual Punctuation) The hyphen here indicates that Grace has become too overwhelmed and is forced to stop speaking and calm herself down.

9. (Pg. 23) “Aborgorlech, Aberggynolwyn...”

- (Unusual Speech) Grace has become overwhelmed and must calm herself down again.

10. (Pg. 24) “Kinlochbervie, Inverbervie...”

- (Unusual Speech) Grace recites the names of Welsh villages again in order to calm herself after talking about Frank and becoming upset.

11. (Pg. 25) “But I think it’s a nice name, Kinlochbervie – a complete sound- a name you wouldn’t forget easily. . .”

- (Unusual Punctuation) Grace trails off as she is overwhelmed by emotion shortly before having an outburst.
12. (Pg. 25) “It became Dodsmith or Elliot... but it always did.”
- (Unusual Speech) This unusually long sentence is indicative of Grace’s mounting anxiety. She often speaks in run-on sentences when she is beginning to become overwhelmed with emotion.
13. (Pg. 25) “And Teddy- Teddy wasn’t just a fit-up man who was always in trouble with the police for pilfering but a devoted servant, dedicated acolyte to the holy man.”
- (Slang) Fit-up is British slang indicating someone who is innocent of a crime they didn’t commit; in this case pilfering which would be stealing.
14. (Pg. 26) “It was as if- and I’m groping at this- but it seemed to me...”
- (Slang) Groping means to put forth an idea with the self-awareness that it may be untrue or a dramatic exaggeration of some sort.
15. (Pg. 26) “The first day I went to the doctor, he was taking down all the particulars and he said...”
- (Slang) To “take down all the particulars” is to write down specific yet important details about something or someone.
16. (Pg. 26) “And then because I said it and the doctor wrote it down, I knew it was true...”
- (Unusual Punctuation) Grace trails off here before a new idea enters her head and she changes the subject, as indicated by the ellipses.

17. (Pg. 26) “Yes; I left *him!*”
- (Unusual Speech) The word “him” is italicized here to indicate Grace’s recognition that the audience would think that Grace would never leave Frank if she’s stayed throughout all the prior abuse.
18. (Pg. 26) “...and within that twelve months I’d had a pleurisy and then two miscarriages...”
- (Jargon) A type of acute chest pain caused by inflation of the membranes that surround the lungs.
19. (Pg. 27) “It was Bridie, the housekeeper, who reared me; and mother in her headscarf and wellingtons was a strange woman who went in and out of the mental hospital.”
- (Slang) To rear someone is to raise them; to parent them.
20. (Pg. 27) “... just as he did when he was hectoring a defendant.”
- (Slang) Grace’s father, a judge, would *hector* defendants on the stand as in he would speak to them in a sort of bullying way.
21. (Pg. 27) “The had spared his features and he looked so distinguished with his patrician face and his white hair perfectly groomed and his immaculate gray suit.”
- (Slang) Patrician: of or relating to royalty or nobility.
22. (Pg. 28) “But words were now... et cetera, et cetera, et cetera.”

- (Unusual Speech/Slang) This paragraph, as well as several around it, are lengthy run-on sentences. These stream-of-thought passages typically indicate when Grace is under some sort of emotional duress. Et Cetera is used at the end of a list of things to indicate that further similar items are included.
23. (Pg. 29) “Badrallach, Kilmore...”
- (Unusual Speech) Grace repeats the names of Welsh villages in order to calm herself down again.
24. (Pg. 29) “So what I did was, I schooled myself- I tried to school myself- to leave it to him and him with it and be content to be outside them.”
- (Slang) To school oneself is to educate oneself.
25. (Pg. 31) “I remember, just a few weeks before we came back, he met an old woman in an off-license in Kilmarnock and he told her he could cure her arthritis.”
- (Jargon) An off-license is a store that sells alcohol that must be consumed off the property where it is sold; a liquor store.
26. (Pg. 32) “And there was a group of young men...”
- (Unusual Speech) There are several long run-on sentences here as Grace becomes increasingly anxious as she approaches the end of her story.
27. (Pg. 33) “Aberarder, Kinlochbervie...”
- (Unusual Speech) Grace recites the names of Welsh villages to calm herself and mentions Kinlochbervie three times as she recalls the traumatic memory of her husband leaving her to give birth to their stillborn on her own.

28. (Pg. 33) “But I *am* getting stronger. I *am* becoming more controlled. I can measure my progress by the number of hours I sleep and the amount I drink and- and-”

- (Unusual Speech/Punctuation) Grace recites the sentences often in an attempt to convince others and herself that she is indeed getting better. She cannot finish it here, as shown by the hyphens at the end of the sentence. She breaks down shortly after this. Grace often shows the emotional state has deteriorated in the moment with the absence of sentence stops and repeated phrases or words.

## Teddy

Teddy is British and speaks with a distinctive Cockney accent. He is a bit rougher around the edges than even Frank, and this is apparent in his frequent use of Low Brow language. He is the most sociable of the trio and has a highly developed knack for conversation. His time as a manager has likely influenced the way he interacts with others, as he is terrific at making others feel comfortable. From a functional standpoint, Teddy serves to prepare the audience for the final monologue of *Faith Healer* in the exact same way he would warm up an audience for one of his clients within the fiction of *Faith Healer*. One of the criticisms of *Faith Healer* is its wordiness, but I think Teddy alleviates much of this problem by reengaging an audience that has likely become fatigued after listening to two lengthy monologues from Frank and Grace, respectively. His method utilizes three tools: a question, he asks the audience for their opinion, a statement, he reinforces the question somehow or builds anticipation for the answer, and finally he hits them with an exclamatory statement concerning the question. He interacts with people in a way that directly draws from his experience as a Master of Ceremonies, and I think this allows for the critical thinking processes of the audience to restart, if focus has lapsed, in time for the finale of the show.

1. (Pg. 34) “And do you know why, dear heart?”
  - (Unusual Speech) Teddy often follows sentences with the phrase “dear heart.” This is a catch phrase for him and is part of his warm personality.
  
2. (Pg. 34) “What about that then, eh?”
  - (Unusual Speech/Punctuation) Teddy has developed a knack for making people comfortable. If you’ll notice, throughout Teddy’s speech he periodically asks questions to the audience. He engages with the audience in such a way as to make them feel comfortable and creates a sense of intimacy between himself and who he is speaking to. He asks questions, prompting critical thinking in the audience. Not only does Teddy’s method of communication make him a talented conversationalist, his character serves as a great solution to one of the issues of *Faith Healer*: the wordiness. With Teddy as the third part after two lengthy monologues, his character serves as a great tool to bring the audience back in and to re engage those who might have tuned out after the first two parts. His character both subtly and literally serves as master of ceremonies here: reengaging the audience after two long monologues and building their focus to a peak for Frank’s Part Four finale.
  
3. (Pg. 35) “Okay, I’ll tell you.”
  - (Unusual Speech) Periodically, Teddy will offer the audience advice or information. This draws them in more. Whereas the first two parts were very much about Frank and Grace, Teddy makes some of his time on stage about the audience, and this allows them to re engage because now a character on stage not only openly cares what they think, but has something to offer them.
  
4. (Pg. 35) “... and did you ever ask yourself what makes them all top-liners, what have they all got in common?”



- (Jargon) Top-liner here is used to indicate A-list performers; performers that are incredibly famous or talented.
5. (Pg. 35) “Number Three: not one of them has two brains to rub together.”
- (Slang) The individuals Teddy is describing here are unintelligent by his account.
6. (Pg. 35) “Ambition? I couldn’t stop him from rehearsing.”
- (Unusual Speech) Teddy employs this terrific to engage the audience frequently throughout his speech: he will ask a question to the audience, engaging them by prompting a response of critical thought, and then supply them with an answer that is not only entertaining in some way, but usually informative. He’s playing them just like Frank, just with a different method.
7. (Pg. 36) “Had he brains, that whippet? Let me tell you. I had that dog for four and half years, until she expired from pulmonary exhaustion. And All that time that whippet couldn’t even learn his name!”
- (Unusual Speech/Punctuation) If you’ll notice, Teddy employs an interesting technique to engage the audience. He will frequently utilize a three-part speech pattern: a question, a statement, then an exclamation. This is a technique commonly used by both public speakers and performers alike and is commonly used in comedy as it is a structure of communication that abides by the rule that comedy comes in threes.
8. (Pg. 36) “That’s all he lived for, being top of the heap.”
- (Slang) Being the best at something.

9. (Pg. 36) “I swear to God this is no lie, that kid talked pigeon!”
- (Slang) Miss Mullatto could verbally communicate with pigeons.
10. (Pg. 36) “... and then she’d stand in the center of the stage and she’d speak to them in great flood of pigeon...”
- (Slang) She would speak many words in what Teddy called “pigeon.”
11. (Pg. 36) “That could plant her pigeons all over the house...”
- (Jargon) The house is an area in a Theater where the audience would sit and watch the performance.
12. (Pg. 36) “... all of them, just like that, within twenty-four hours, we were in Crewe at the time, the vet said it was galloping shingles- after those birds died, Mary Brigid never worked again.”
- (Jargon) Shingles is a disease caused by the Chickenpox virus that creates painful rashes in humans but can prove fatal in certain animals.
13. (Pg. 37) “... as if somebody sat on Yehudi’s Menuhin’s fiddle and smashed it.”
- (Jargon) Yehudi Menuhin was an acclaimed American violinist.
14. (Pg. 37) ““Oh but you’re lovely...”
- (Unusual Speech) Teddy sings to himself.

15. (Pg. 37) "...let me tell you something- I'll give you this for nothing- it's the best advice you'll ever get..."

- (Unusual Speech) Teddy will often give advice, and often when he does he will speak in short, reaffirming sentences before he gives the advice, advertising what he's about to tell you. In his skillful showman's way, he draws in the listener not only by repeating phrases to make sure the listener is indeed *listening*, but he consistently reinforces that this information will be *worth* listening to.

16. (Pg. 37) "I'll tell you something: if you're thinking of going into the promotion business... one rule I've always lived by: friends is friends and work is work..."

- (Unusual Speech) Teddy will often go off on tangents wherein he talks about one thing but the subtext of what he is actually talking about is different. For instance, in this paragraph he is seemingly giving advice about keeping relationships professional when they need to be, but he's actually talking about his regret in investing himself emotionally to the extent that he did with Frank and especially Grace.

17. (Pg. 37) "And what did they do for him, I ask you, all those bloody brains? They bloody castrated him- that's what they done for him- bloody knackered him!"

- (Unusual Speech/Slang) In the context that Teddy uses it, he's not necessarily calling Frank intelligent but rather he's referring to Frank's constant overthinking which proved to be his downfall. He uses the word castrate here literally, although at first glance it would naturally be inferred that Teddy is saying that Frank's "brains" caused his demise. Castration is meant literally: Frank's misinterpretation of a situation led to his genitals being forcibly removed with farm implements with his death, or "knackering", soon following. Another example of Teddy's unintended tendency to be misunderstood when he speaks. He knows that Frank was literally castrated, but because of the information that is known up to this point, this statement would likely not affect the average audience

member that it probably would if castration was understood as a literal term and not a figurative castration.

18. (Pg. 37) “Tell me- go ahead- you tell me- you tell me...”
  - (Unusual Speech/Punctuation) Teddy has become upset and continues to use his tactic of questioning the audience, but this questioning is more out of emotional duress rather than an attempt to connect with those he is speaking to.
  
19. (Pg. 38) “An old Methodist church that I get for ten bob.”
  - (Slang) Bob is slang for a British shilling. Teddy was likely able to rent out a Methodist church for cheap because of how Catholic the surrounding area was.
  
20. (Pg. 39) “All I can say now is that it was. . .”
  - (Unusual Punctuation) The ellipses here indicate that Teddy still finds great difficulty in describing the events that happened that night in Wales.
  
21. (Pg. 39) “Quite honestly- and I don’t say this with no belligerence- it makes no difference...”
  - (Unusual Speech) Teddy’s frequent use of the double-negative in his speech is a common trait of Low Brow language.
  
22. (Pg. 40-41) “Or maybe you could say that no artist should ever be married...Oh my God-artists! I ask you!”
  - (Unusual Speech) This entire paragraph about Rob Roy the Piping Dog is just one big metaphor about Frank. Teddy believes that both had this great gift or opportunity and squandered it with their self-destructive tendencies.

23. (Pg. 40) "... I mean really sticking the old knife in and turning it as hard as they could."
- (Slang) Teddy is describing the vicious manner that Frank and Grace would argue.
24. (Pg. 40) "...job for the head-shrink, isn't it?"
- (Slang) A "head-shrink" would be a licensed therapist.
25. (Pg. 41) "Just consider for one minute the fortune I could have made in stud fees when that dog was a household name."
- (Jargon) Stud fees would be revenue created from people paying to breed their dogs with Rob Roy.
26. (Pg. 41) "Queuing up with their bitches they were, bloody queuing up."
- (Slang) Teddy means that he received many offers for studding Rob Roy. Queuing means to line up, and bitches would obviously be female dogs for Rob Roy to mate with.
27. (Pg. 42) "We head down into the valley and just about two miles out of the village the front axle goes thrackk!"
- (Unusual Speech/Slang) Teddy utilizes some onomatopoeia here to express that the front axle of the van is now damaged.
28. (Pg. 43) "And since finds are low- as usual- Gracie and Frank they sleep in the van and I'm kipping in a nearby field."

- (Slang) Teddy is relaxing in a nearby field while they wait for a mechanic.
29. (Pg. 43) “And make no mistake, dear heart: it was deliberate, it was bloody-minded.”
- (Slang) When Teddy says it was “bloody-minded” he means that Frank was self-aware about abandoning his wife in childbirth. Frank knew exactly what he was doing.
30. (Pg. 43) “Oh, Christ, there really was a killer instinct deep down in that man!”
- (Slang) Teddy is expressing his belief that Frank had an internal capacity for treating others poorly.
31. (Pg. 46) “But I mean it don’t butter no parsnips for me today, does it?”
- (Slang) Teddy is conveying that keeping mementos does not benefit him in any way.
32. (Pg. 46) “...I just happened to spot it in this pile of stuff that Gracie’s landlord had dumped outside for the dustmen.”
- (Slang) London sanitation employees. The garbage collectors.
33. (Pg. 46) “I’d come straight from the morgue in Paddington, and the copper there he’d given me her address...”
- (Slang) A copper would be a police officer.
34. (Pg. 46) “...that night in the Ballybeg pub and then hanging around waiting for the trial of those bloody Irish Apaches...”

- (Jargon) The Apache were a tribe of Native Americans that were known for scalping their enemies. This comment insinuates that the men not only castrated Frank but skinned him alive in some way.

35. (Pg. 46) “And I’m still only getting over all that when this copper comes up here one morning while I’m shaving and I opens the door and he asks my names and I tell him and then he says I’m to go to Paddington with him rightaway to...”

- (Unusual Punctuation) The ellipses here indicate where Teddy has trailed off as he realizes that he hasn’t specifically told the story of the night in Ballybeg to the audience yet. It’s his turn to finish the story.

36. (Pg. 47) “And she was sitting forward...And she was animation...And she was wearing this red dress...And her hair was tied back...”

- (Unusual Speech) Much like the other two characters, Teddy is prone to beginning his sentences with “and” when he recalls events and does this quite frequently when he becomes excited about recalling particular memories such as his memories of Grace and how she looked that night in Ballybeg.

37. (Pg. 48) “I mean she had this kind of light, wavery kind of voice- you know, like the voice of a kid of ten or eleven.”

- (Slang) Teddy describes Grace’s voice as one that wavers; it has a certain fragility to it.

38. (Pg. 48) “I got drunk in celebration- slowly, deliberately, happily slewed!”

- (Slang) To be slewed is to be happily drunk.

39. (Pg. 49) “But I was telling you about the poster and how it’s lying on the street outside Gracie’s digs.”

- (Slang) Gracie’s digs would be her London flat; her apartment.

## Character

### Frank (Protagonist)

Francis Hardy is an extremely insecure but charismatic Irish faith healer that travels the United Kingdom making a living healing the afflictions of those who attend his “performances.” He is thin, pale, and typically dresses in a shabby suit. He is a middle-aged severe alcoholic and lies so often that he himself hardly knows when he is telling the truth anymore. He values control as well as respect, but rarely receives either. He is a relatively weak-willed character for the most part, with his death being one of the largest examples of fervent pursuit of one his objectives.

Each member of the *Faith Healer* trio has their own moment within the run of the play, but in the end all of the monologues loop back around to Frank in some way, and this is mostly why I would consider him to be the protagonist of the story. His existence and behavior are the cause of the story itself, and as such, he is the protagonist.

**Super Objective:** In the end, Frank’s choice to face his death was made out of a sense of sacrifice for those he loved. Now that he is deceased, he desires Salvation.



“And although I knew that nothing was going to happen, nothing at all I walked across the yard to them.”-Frank (Pg. 54)

Frank constantly reiterates that he was fully aware of his impending death in order to convey the selfless nature of what he was doing.

**Main Objective:** For his decisions to be understood and validated by the audience.

“Not for a second, not for a single second was I disarmed by the warmth and the camaraderie...”-Frank (Pg.51)

In a rare moment of defensiveness in front of the audience, Frank becomes aware of the fact the audience may have begun to think that his death was caused by his own arrogance, and sensing this, he abruptly tries to defend himself in order to maintain the audience’s trust.

**Scenic Objective:** To receive recognition and acceptance from the audience for his actions by beguiling the audience with one last show.

“Saw him and recognized our meeting: an open place, a walled yard, trees, orange skies, warm wind.”-Frank (Pg. 19)

Frank creates the most dramatic version of the final night of his life as possible in order for the audience to understand the night as a sort of ultimate fate for Frank. By dramatizing the night to the audience, he gives it supernatural significance in their minds.

Characters have objectives, but ultimately objectives lead to conflict. If character “A” wants thing “A”, character “B” might also want thing “A”, and this naturally leads to conflict between individuals or groups. Frank typically has no problem creating conflict with his abrasive personality and has several conflicts with the other two characters. These conflicts can be either Role-based, or Objective-based. Role Conflicts are issues that arise when two characters want the same thing but have conflicting methods in pursuing the same goal. Objective Conflict occurs when one character’s objectives bring them into conflict with others.

## Role Conflicts:

### *Frank as a Client vs. Teddy as a Manager*

Teddy represents Frank as his manager, but Frank does not make this easy for him. Frank is a volatile alcoholic and likely one of the least consistent acts that Teddy has ever represented.

“So what do you end up handling? A bloody fantastic talent that hasn’t one ounce of ambition because his brains went and got him bloody castrated!” -Teddy (Pg. 37)

### *Frank as Husband vs. Teddy as Infatuated*

At a certain point Frank became seemingly aware of his toxicity and thought that the best thing to do for Teddy and Grace was to sacrifice himself to save those around him. This only made things worse, however, as Grace ends up committing suicide following her husband’s grisly murder, and Teddy, who wanted what was best for Grace as well, is left alone. Frank believes he can cure Grace and Teddy’s ills by sacrificing himself, but this only worsens things for them.

“And the way he’s gazing at me and the look he has on his face is exactly the way he looks at somebody he’s going to cure.”-Teddy (Pg. 48)

## Objective Conflicts:

### *Frank vs. his Gift*

Frank is constantly at odds with his gift and must continuously deal with sensations of inadequacy as a result of the fleeting nature of his healing.

“...is the power diminishing? You’re beginning to masquerade, aren’t you?”- Frank (Pg. 14)

### *Frank’s Story vs. Teddy’s Story vs. Grace’s Story*

The scenic objective of all three characters is to tell their story for personal reasons, but many of the stories they share overlap, and often these are told quite differently and creates narrative inconsistency.

“Teddy and his amplifying system: I fought with him about it dozens of times and finally gave in to him. Our row was over what he called ‘atmospheric background music’.”- Frank (Pg. 15)

“... then Teddy’d put on the record, a worn-out hissing version of a song called ‘The Way You Look Tonight.’ I begged Frank to get something else, anything else. But he wouldn’t. It had to be that. ‘I like it,’ he’d say, ‘and it confuses them.’”-Grace (Pg. 20)

“It was Gracie insisted on that for our theme music. And do you know why, dear heart? She wouldn’t admit it to him but she told me. Because it was the big hit the year she and Frank was married. Can you imagine! And of course he never knows why it’s our theme- probably thinks I’ve got some sort of a twisted mind. So the two of them end up blaming *me* for picking it!”-Teddy (Pg. 34)

### Frank vs. Grace

Frank desired mastery over his gift, and Grace desired a certain amount of devotion from Frank that he could never quite provide, and this led to a very tumultuous relationship between the two.

“...I would have happily robbed him of it.” – Grace (Pg. 29)

### Frank vs. Society

As a result of his pagan abilities being looked down upon by the Christian society around him, Frank experienced both inner, and occasionally external, conflict with the society that consistently rejected him.

“Because in that last year he seemed to have lost touch with his gift. And of course he was drinking too much and missing performances and picking fights with strangers- cornering someone in a pub and boasting that he could perform miracles and having people laugh at him...”- Grace (Pg. 30)

## Grace

Grace is the wife of Frank and tours the countryside with him and Teddy. Before meeting Frank, she was to become a lawyer as the rest of her family was involved with law. She grew up well-off in Northern Ireland, and this became a point of disdain for Frank as he grew up significantly poorer than Grace. She is extremely intelligent, loyal, and desires devotion from others. Grace is in her early-middle age and is thin, disheveled, and chain-smokes cigarettes. She is a relatively strong-willed character, as evidenced by her leaving Frank to return to her father, and further rejection of her father upon returning home.

**Super Objective:** Grace desires Peace.

“...how I want that man to come across that floor and put his white hands on my face and still this tumult inside me... O my God I don't know if I can go on without his sustenance.”-Grace (Pg.32)

In the wake of Frank's demise, Grace has broken. She's taking pills for her mental issues, but these are not fixing the issue, only briefly alleviating symptoms. The tumult she speaks of consumes her, and the only way she can overcome it is if she can convince the audience that she has the ability to move on. She desires alleviation of the trouble she constantly feels smothered by; she desires peace.

**Main Objective:** To convince the audience that she has moved on, and in doing so convincing herself that she is moving on as well.

“But I *am* getting stronger, I *am* becoming more controlled...”-Grace (Pg. 21)

Grace repeats this phrase several times in order to perpetuate the point that she is improving even though she knows she is not getting better. She knows internally, as evidenced by her last statements, that she has not improved at all. Her entire monologue is her attempt at survival because she knows that the only way for her to survive is for her to convince the audience that she is okay. If she can convince them, then she can convince herself.

**Scenic Objective:** To convince the audience she has moved on by expressing her own individuality and independence within the context of her history with Frank.

“I left him once. Yes; I left *him!*”-Grace (Pg. 26)

“Instead- and he was still sentencing me- I just away.”-Grace (Pg. 28)

“Because that very virtue of hers- that mulish, unquestioning, indefatigable loyalty..”-Frank (Pg. 15)

Frank would typically describe Grace as blindingly loyal. By repeatedly describing her as “loyal”, he takes away a certain amount of Grace’s individuality and self-awareness by constantly using an adjective that is inherently tied to him. In order to convince the audience that she is getting better, Grace has to fully assert her independence and ability to exist without Frank. The only way to prove herself to the audience is to disprove Frank.

## Role Conflicts

### Wife vs. Husband

Grace is typically at odds with Frank over various things, but at the end of the day she just wants to be loved by him in the same way she loves him. She wants what’s best for him although they both have differing ways of going about this.

“...then he’d go for me with bared teeth as if I were responsible and he’d scream at me, ‘You were at your very best tonight, Miss O’Dwyer, weren’t you? A great night for the law, wasn’t it? You vengeful, spiteful bitch.’ And I’d defend myself. And we’d tear one another apart.”-Grace (Pg. 29)

## Objective Conflicts

### *Daughter vs. Father*

Though not present on stage, Grace's father is brought up frequently and serves as a source of regret for Grace. Though she does not like her father very much, she still loves him and desires his approval. He wanted her to finish law school and begin her practice, and was incredibly disappointed when she eloped with Frank; even when she returned home he remained disappointed in her.

### *Franks Story vs. Teddy's Story vs. Grace's Story*

The scenic objective of all three characters is to tell their story, but many of the stories they share overlap, and often these are told quite differently and creates narrative inconsistency.

"Teddy and his amplifying system: I fought with him about it dozens of times and finally gave in to him. Our row was over what he called 'atmospheric background music'."- Frank (Pg. 15)

"... then Teddy'd put on the record, a worn-out hissing version of a song called 'The Way You Look Tonight.' I begged Frank to get something else, anything else. But he wouldn't. It had to be that. 'I like it,' he'd say, 'and it confuses them.'" -Grace (Pg. 20)

"It was Gracie insisted on that for our theme music. And do you know why, dear heart? She wouldn't admit it to him but she told me. Because it was the big hit the year she and Frank was married. Can you imagine! And of course he never knows why it's our theme- probably thinks I've got some sort of a twisted mind. So the two of them end up blaming *me* for picking it!"-Teddy (Pg. 34)

"And I could hear old Bridie moving about in the kitchen and I was afraid she'd hear me and come up and throw her arms around me before I'd have a chance to kiss him over and over again and say sorry and tell him how often I thought about him." -Grace (Pg. 27)

## **Teddy (Antagonist)**

Teddy is Frank's manager and handles many of the aspects of Frank's tour so Frank doesn't have to. Teddy is charismatic, warm, and has been involved with show-business nearly his whole life. He is in his fifties during the events of the show, but he has an energy about him that makes him seem younger. He dresses in a bow-tie, a checked shirt, a cord jacket, and a velour hat most of the time, but during the show wears a more comfortable version of this outfit with slippers and a smoking jacket. He has some sort of criminal past but has since become a very honest man with a dedication for professionalism. He is a relatively weak-willed character as despite his career goals he chooses to continue to represent Frank.

**Super Objective:** Teddy desires Deliverance.

“Cause that's what it was, wasn't it, a professional relationship? Well it certainly wasn't nothing more than that, was it?”-Teddy (Pg. 48)

In the wake of Frank and Grace's deaths, Teddy is left alone to ponder the nature of everything he experienced with the pair. Above all, Teddy finds solace in his sense of professionalism. His ability to emotionally detach from those he has worked with is a point of pride and comfort. He no longer can experience that comfort. He is devastated by both of their deaths, but he continues to ignore this as the mere presence of this devastation would invalidate him as a professional. So in order to move forward and exorcise the demons from his past he must, by convincing the audience, convince himself that he didn't develop an emotional attachment to Frank and Grace. By establishing that disengagement, that deliverance from his past with them, he can find peace.

**Main Objective:** To convince the audience of his professional disengagement from Frank and Grace and in doing so distancing himself from what happened allowing him to move on.

“I mean look at Rob Roy, the Piping Dog.”-Teddy (Pg. 40)

Teddy, in an attempt to maintain his aura of professionalism to the audience, does not like to speak poorly of his clients. He wants to explain his feelings about Frank, but in order to make sure he comes across as professional, he masks his criticisms in the subtext of stories about Rob Roy.

“...well, maybe he had to have his own way of facing things... Oh, I don’t know. None of my business, was it?”-Teddy (Pg. 44)

Teddy will periodically delve deep into his relationship between Grace and Frank, but when he begins to demonstrate any sort of outward emotional response he will backpedal into miscellaneous platitudes concerning professionalism.

**Scenic Objective:** To convince the audience of his strict professionalism by verbally inoculating himself against accusations of him becoming emotionally involved with Frank and Gracie by speaking of the events that occurred in a relatively disengaged manner.

“...you must handle them on the basis of a relationship that is strictly business only.”-Teddy (Pg. 36)

Up until this moment, Teddy has barely talked about Frank or Grace. He has mostly entertained the audience with stories from his career and various musings on similar subjects. He doesn’t want to talk about Frank and Grace for as long as possible because he knows it will illicit an emotional response out of him and thus reveal his deep personal connection to the two. When he realizes he will have to talk about his time with them, he attempts to preemptively inoculate himself to accusations of professionalism by stating his method of dealing with clients, and then he reaffirms this statement multiple times after.

## Role Conflicts

### *Frank as a Client vs. Teddy as a Manager*

Frank is a very difficult client for Teddy to manage due to the inconsistency of his talent, as well as his self-destructive behavior.

“...they went off to some posh hotel in Cardiff and lived it up until the wallet was empty. Just like kids, you know. Thoughtless; no thought for tomorrow.”-Teddy (Pg. 39)



### Frank as Husband vs. Teddy as Infatuated

Teddy cares deeply for Grace and wants what's best for her, but this puts him at odds with Frank in how they go about this. Frank gets himself murdered to save Grace and Teddy, but this only worsens things.

“And I say she's there now, is she? And he says no, she's dead, she's in the morgue. And I say you must be wrong, copper. And he says no mistake, she's dead, from an overdose of sleeping-tablets, and would I come with him please and make a formal identification.”-Teddy (Pg. 48)

### Objective Conflicts

#### Frank's treatment of Grace vs. Frank

Teddy cares very deeply for Grace but unfortunately does not have much control over her well-being because at the end of the day, Frank is her husband. This emotional attachment keeps him from finding greater professional success.

“For God's sake why didn't I leave them and get myself something nice and simple and easy...”  
-Teddy (Pg. 40)

#### Frank's Story vs. Teddy's Story vs. Grace's Story

The scenic objective of all three characters is to tell their story, but many of the stories they share overlap, and often these are told quite differently and creates narrative inconsistency.

“Teddy and his amplifying system: I fought with him about it dozens of times and finally gave in to him. Our row was over what he called ‘atmospheric background music’.”- Frank (Pg. 15)

“... then Teddy'd put on the record, a worn-out hissing version of a song called ‘The Way You Look Tonight.’ I begged Frank to get something else, anything else. But he wouldn't. It had to be that. ‘I like it,’ he'd say, ‘and it confuses them.’”-Grace (Pg. 20)

“It was Gracie insisted on that for our theme music. And do you know why, dear heart? She wouldn't admit it to him but she told me. Because it was the big hit the year she and Frank was married. Can you imagine! And of course he never knows why it's our theme- probably thinks I've got some sort of a twisted mind. So the two of them end up blaming *me* for picking it!”-Teddy (Pg. 34)

# Imagery



## “The Man on the Tatty Banner”

*“The Fantastic Francis Hardy, Faith Healer: One Night Only. Nice poster though, isn’t it? A lifetime in the business and that’s the only memento I’ve kept. That’s a fact.”*

The Banner that the crew brings with them to each of Frank’s “performances.” Though Frank himself seems rather indifferent to the bit of set-dressing, he actually wanted more lettering on it that would title him not only as “fantastic”, but “The Seventh Son of the Seventh Son.” This bit of information given to the audience by Teddy seems to indicate the poster means a lot more to Frank than he lets on. It can be inferred through some of Frank’s behaviors as well as statements made by other characters that the banner is another of Frank’s various validations. Seeing his name in large, theatrical, lettering likely validates Frank in a way, and allows him to briefly reside in his fantasies of fame and success. I think it served as sort of a symbol of what Frank desired, an elevation in status. Following Frank’s murder, it was taken by Grace when she moved to London, and following her suicide found its way finally to Teddy’s possession, who doesn’t particularly believe in keeping mementos, but seems to gather some nostalgia from it nonetheless.



### “The Van”

*“I don’t know... I don’t know how we managed. God, when I think of it. Her lying on my old raincoat in the back of the van... shouting for him, screaming for him... all that blood... her bare feet pushing, kicking against my shoulders... ‘Frank!’ she’s screaming, ‘Frank! Frank!’ and I’m saying, ‘My darling he’s coming – he’s coming, my darling – he’s on his way – he’ll be here any minute’ ... and then that – that little wet thing with the black face and the black body, a tiny little thing, no size at all... a boy it was...”*

The Van obviously served as the crews’ means of transportation as they gallivanted around Britain from village to village. It was in this van that Grace gave birth to Frank’s stillborn son with Teddy delivering the baby. The van is somewhat of a financial strain on the group because of its repair needs as well as petrol purchases.



“About As Far North As You Can Go In Scotland”

*“Funny, isn’t it, but I’ve never met anyone who’s been to Kinlochbervie, not even Scottish people.”*

The image on the top is the Isle of Lewis, a place not actually visited but referenced repeatedly by the characters. It is only visible during fair weather from the Outer Hebrides in the northernmost part of Scotland, which is where the image on the right was taken. The fact that you can see the Isle of Lewis from the Outer Hebrides during fair weather is brought up by all three characters in extremely similar semantics. This is where Grace gives birth to her still born child, outside Kinlochbervie, and this is where that child was buried. It is worthy of note that the

Isle of Lewis is visible during fair weather, though all three characters state differing weather conditions on the day of the birth.



“A Simple and Genuine Sense of Homecoming”

*“It was a September morning, just after dawn. The sky was orange and everything glowed with a soft radiance – as if each detail of the scene had its own self-awareness and was satisfied with itself.”*

The courtyard is described as an extremely serene place; and in great detail. From the color of the sky to the tools sitting in the back of a truck on the left side of the courtyard that would

ultimately be used to remove both Frank's skin and his genitals. This is the stage for Frank's final performance, and in a way, his redemption as a character.



### “Maybe It’s Still There”

*“And later that evening I made a cross and painted it white and placed it on top of the grave. Maybe it’s still there. You never know. About two miles south of the village of Kinlochbervie. In a field on the left-hand side of the road as you go north. Maybe it’s still there. Could still well be. Why not? Who’s to say?”*

The burial of Grace's stillborn is an event described in great detail by both Grace and Teddy, although Frank replaces this event with the lie he created about the passing of his mother. The cross is described as “painted white” but both its builder and whether or not it had an inscription on it is part of the conflicting narratives of Grace and Teddy. Grace believes Frank painted and built the cross, inscribing the words: *“Infant Child of Francis and Grace Hardy”* across it and placing it in a cow-field. However, this is quite unlikely given Teddy's description of the day of the birth, as well as Frank's common behavior of denying that Grace is his wife, which would make the particular titling of the inscription rather out of character for Frank. It's most likely that Teddy delivered the still born, chased cows away from the grave site, said a brief eulogy for the baby, and placed a painted cross over the grave. Frank was, to Teddy's passionate disdain, absent

from the melancholic events of that day on the side of the road, two miles outside of Kinlochbervie.



“All Identical, All Derelict”

*“Welsh – Scottish – over the years they became indistinguishable. The kirks or meeting-houses or schools – all identical, all derelict. Maybe in a corner a withered sheaf of wheat from a harvest thanksgiving of years ago or a fragment of a Christmas decoration across a window – relics of abandoned rituals. Because the people we moved among were beyond that kind of celebration.”*

The nomadic lifestyle of the *Faith Healer* crew led them from village to village all over the United Kingdom, where they would just barely eke out a living while Frank attempted to cure the poor souls who came to him. These spaces were never more than shabby meeting places, a stark contrast to Frank’s aspirations of being summoned to a majestic castle to awaken a sleeping princess.

# Main Idea

In the time spent with this particular play, I've come across several themes conveyed by Faith Healer but the one I would personally wish to convey is that of the damaging and mysterious nature of the muse. In the same way that a baseball player can become afflicted with the concept known as the "yips", Frank Hardy is afflicted by the mysterious nature of his gift and the inability to exert control over it. He did not ask to be invested with the ability to heal others, but for reasons he has never fully understood he has. While many would see this as an incredible ability to possess, it possesses Frank more than he possesses it; and this breaks him. His gift becomes a curse rather than a point of pride, and he spends his life with constant feelings of inadequacy because he can't even control the aspect of him that defines him. The damage that his gift does to him not only ruins him but radiates to the lives of those close to him. Frank is his gift, and because he doesn't understand his gift in the least, he exists in a perpetual state of confusion and anxiety. The inconsistent and fickle nature of inspiration and the muse will inevitably destroy the individual they affect when given too much power over said individual.

## *1. Frank's Coping Mechanism:*

The very first words heard in Faith Healer are the chanting of the various villages that Frank has visited in his travels throughout the United Kingdom. Frank states that he engages in this ritual in order to alleviate nerves before a show, but I think it was more about the reaffirmation of his gift to silence the confusion in the moment. Later in part three, Teddy speaks a bit about his reluctance at carrying mementos with him from his history in performance. Frank is the same way, and other than the clipping from the West Glamorgan Chronicle, Frank is not prone to keeping mementos either, at least not physically. This is where the chanting comes into play. Frank carries the memories of his touring with him to recall later as a reaffirmation of his gift. If Frank is



beginning to feel like a fraud, he simply begins recalling the villages he has performed in to briefly reaffirm himself so that the questioning of his gift does not destroy him.

“All those dying Welsh villages. I’d get so tense before a performance, d’you know what I used to do? As we drove along those narrow, winding roads I’d recite the names to myself just for the mesmerism, the sedation...”- Frank (Pg. 12)

## 2. *The Questionings and Frank’s Alcoholism:*

Frank has the gift to heal others, but he does not understand it. This lack of understanding of the trait that defines Frank makes him constantly struggle with feelings of inadequacy and confusion. He is essentially too self-aware for his own good, and because he cannot help but seek to understand this mysterious ability he has been bestowed, he lives under the constant duress of what he calls: “the questionings.” These questions that plague him affect his decision making directly, and eventually he realizes that alcohol can actually silence the questions for an amount of time. This realization directly leads to his self-destructive drinking habits and only worsens his ability to make rational decisions.

“But the questionings, the questionings... They began modestly enough with the pompous struttings of a young man: Am I endowed with a unique and awesome gift? My God, yes, I'm afraid so. And I suppose the other extreme was, Am I a con man? - which of course was nonsense, I think. And between those absurd exaggerations the possibilities were legion. Was it all chance? - or skill? - or illusion? - or delusion? Precisely what power did I possess? Could I summon it? When and how? Was I its servant? Did it reside in my ability to invest someone with faith in me or did I evoke from him a healing faith in himself? Could my healing be affected without faith? But faith in what? - in me? - in the possibility? – faith in faith? And is the power diminishing? You’re beginning to masquerade, aren’t you? You’re becoming a husk, aren’t you? And so it went on and on and on. Silly, wasn’t it? Considering that nine times out of ten nothing at all happened. But they persisted right to the end, those nagging, tormenting, maddening questions that rotted my

life. When I refused to confront them, they ambushed me. And when they threatened to submerge me, I silenced them with whiskey.”- Frank (Pgs. 13-14)

### 3. *The Faith Healer Triangle of Sustenance and Disappointment:*

One of the predominant features of Frank’s wife Grace is her sharp perception of the world around her. She has a self-awareness that allows her to approach the somewhat mystical nature of her life with Frank with a rational analysis. Several times she brings up the word “sustenance” in describing her relationship with Frank; he provides her with a certain amount of interpersonal “sustenance”, and she is able to live off this energy in a way. However, she is not the only person to thrive on this concept of living off the energy of others. All three characters of Faith Healer exist in a triangle of sorts, wherein each person within it receives “sustenance” from something or someone. The problem occurs when one realizes that all three only barely survive on these sources of energy because of the one-sided nature of all these relationships. To elaborate: Teddy thrives on the sustenance of loving Grace. It keeps him around because if he leaves, he wouldn’t be able to know the state of her wellbeing. However, Grace does not derive sustenance from Teddy in this way, and so he is unsatisfied. He is the least unsatisfied with life of the group however because at least what he derives sustenance from is the most tangible and present: Grace. Grace gets sustenance from Frank, but because he doesn’t show her the devotion she desires, she is unsatisfied. The little validation he provides is at least enough to keep her alive, but when he dies, she can see few options other than ending her life because she’s lost her sole source of validation: Frank. Frank is the most unsatisfied of the group, as he derives sustenance from his extremely fickle gift. Frank’s poor relationship with himself and his ability trickle down to those he loves, and his toxicity makes the lives of both Grace, and Teddy as a result, worse.

“O my God I’m one of his fictions too, but I need him to sustain me in that existence- O my God I don’t know if I can go on without his sustenance.”- Grace (Pg. 32)

“All right you could say it was because the only thing that finally mattered to him was his work- and that would be true. Or you could say it was because the only thing that finally mattered to her was him- and I suppose that would be true, too. But when you put the two propositions together like that- I don’t know- somehow they become only half-truths, you know.”- Teddy (Pg. 40)

#### 4. Frank and Rob Roy the Piping Dog

Teddy, in his various musings on what it was like to represent Frank as a manager would often compare him to other acts he’s represented. This makes sense considering show-business is one of the only things that Teddy has known his entire life. The act he mentions the most is a bagpipe-playing Whippet named Rob Roy that he used to own before the dog died of pulmonary exhaustion. When Teddy discusses the philosophy of representation and Rob Roy, he is actually making allusions to Frank. Teddy’s biggest point of pride is his sense of professionalism, so as a result, he prefers not to speak ill of the talent he has represented and will instead tend to speak indirectly about them. The main point he typically makes about Rob Roy however is the self-destructive nature of the dog, and by proxy the self-destructive nature of Frank himself as a result of Frank’s constant questioning of his gift; a behavior Teddy calls his “brains.”

“...that’s all the stupid bastard had was brains! For Christ’s sake, brains! And what did they do for him, I ask you, all those bloody brains? They bloody castrated him- that’s what they done for him- bloody knackered him!”-Teddy (Pg. 37)

#### 5. Frank’s Demise:

Frank’s gift is what caused his death. Yes, he was murdered; but it would be quite difficult for the man to have found himself in the position he did without his gift. Once Frank began to drink heavily to silence his inadequacies, his decision-making abilities were likely affected over time. He would act irrational out of desperation when he experienced long periods

with an inability to summon his ability. The year before his demise in Ballybeg, he became increasingly desperate and out of touch with reality strictly because he could not validate himself by successfully healing. Directly as a result of this desperation, Frank slipped into the dangerous end of delusion. In his delusion, Frank assumed the only way to save those around him were to “sacrifice” himself in a final spectacular gesture of selfless heroism. His decision to follow through on this earned him an agonizing death, his widow’s subsequent suicide, and the acute worsening of his ex-manager’s life. His inconsistent relationship with his gift ruined not only his life, but the lives in close proximity.

“Before they all went out to the yard- it was almost dawn- I gripped him by the elbow. ‘For Christ’s sake Frank, please, for my sake,’ and he looked at me, no, not at me, past me, beyond me, out of those damn benign eyes of his; and I wasn’t there for him...”-Grace (Pg. 32)

# Bibliography

## Playwright Information

<https://www.irishtimes.com/life-and-style/people/obituary-brian-friel-the-best-known-playwright-of-his-generation-1.2375969>

Brian Friel's (post) colonial drama (Usage of Page 15 concerning Friel's Birth)

by F. C. McGrath

Publication date 1999

Topics Friel, Brian -- Criticism and interpretation., Friel, Brian -- Language., Political plays, English -- History and criticism., Politics and literature -- Northern Ireland., Politics and literature -- Ireland., Postcolonialism in literature., Postcolonialism -- Ireland., Illusion in literature., Northern Ireland -- In literature., Ireland -- In literature.

Publisher Syracuse University Press

Pine Richard The Diviner: the art of Brian Friel

"Obituary: Brian Friel". *The Irish Times*. 2 October 2015.

Dantanus, Ulf, Brian Friel: A Study. Faber & Faber, 1989.

Pine, Richard, The Diviner: The Art of Brian Friel. University College Dublin Press, 1999.

Russell, R. (2012). Brian Friel's Transformation from Short Fiction Writer to Dramatist. *Comparative Drama*, 46(4), 451-474.

## Time of Composition

"The Irish Potato Famine". *Digital History*. University of Houston. 7 November 2008. Retrieved 8 November 2008.

English, Richard (1 January 2005). *Armed Struggle: The History of the IRA*. Oxford University Press.

Gillespie, Gordon (November 2007). *Historical Dictionary of the Northern Ireland Conflict*. Scarecrow Press. p. 250.

McGrath, F. C. 1999. Brian Friel's (Post) Colonial Drama : Language, Illusion, and Politics. *Irish Studies*. Syracuse, N.Y. : Syracuse University Press, (1999). 99.

## Previous Productions

"Washington Afro-American - Google News Archive Search". *news.google.com*.

"Abbey Theatre". *Abbey Theatre*.

"Faith Healer - Written by Brian Friel - Directed by Dann Florek". *Vineyardtheatre.org*.

Billington, Michael (30 November 2001). "Faith Healer, Almeida, London". *Theguardian.com*.

"Faith Healer". *Abbey Theatre*.

## Place

"NI by County". *Discover Northern Ireland*. Northern Ireland Tourist Board.

McKeone, Gary (2 October 2015). "Brian Friel revealed Ireland, past and present, to itself". *theguardian.com*. The Guardian.

Gittings, Bruce; Munro, David. "Kinlochbervie". *The Gazetteer for Scotland*. School of GeoSciences, University of Edinburgh and The Royal Scottish Geographical Society.

## Time

"The 9th Academy Awards - 1937". Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences.

## Spirituality

"Faith healing". *hearda.com*. University Park, PA: Association of Religion Data Archives. Archived from the original on 2016-01-01. Retrieved 2015-10-24. Citing Smith, Jonathan; Green, William Scott, eds. (1995). *The Harper Collins Dictionary of Religion*. San Francisco, CA: HarperCollins. p. 355.

Village, Andrew (2005). "Dimensions of belief about miraculous healing". *Mental Health, Religion & Culture*. **8** (2): 97–107.

Cunliffe, Barry, (1997) *The Ancient Celts*. Oxford, Oxford University Press ISBN 0-19-815010-5, pp. 183 (religion), 202, 204–08.

"Census 2016 Summary Results – Part 1" (PDF).

Village, Andrew (2005). "Dimensions of belief about miraculous healing". *Mental Health, Religion & Culture*. **8** (2): 97–107. doi:10.1080/1367467042000240374.

Baring-Gould, Sabine (1907). *The Lives of the British Saints*.

Kelly, *A Guide to Early Irish Law*, pp. 59–60.

"The Druids". The British Museum. Archived from the original on

*Koch, John (2005). Celtic Culture: a historical encyclopedia. Santa Barbara: ABC-CLIO. p. xix–xxi.*

## Politics and Law

Coogan, Tim Pat (2002). *The Troubles: Ireland's Ordeal and the Search for Peace*. Palgrave Macmillan.

[Overview of the UK system of government : Directgov – Government, citizens and rights](#). Archived [direct.gov.uk](#) webpage.

[The Parliament Acts – UK Parliament](#). Parliament.uk (21 April 2010).

Carey, Tim (15 February 2014). *Hanged for Murder: Irish State Executions*. Collins Press.

Doyle, David Matthew (July 2015). "[Republicans, Martyrology, and the Death Penalty in Britain and Ireland, 1939–1990](#)" (PDF). *Journal of British Studies*. **54** (3): 703–722. [doi:10.1017/jbr.2015.60](#).

## Previous Action

Armstrong, Alstair (2002). *European Reformation: 1500-1610 (Heinemann Advanced History): 1500-55*. Heinemann Educational.

Ellis, Steven G. *Ireland in the age of the Tudors, 1447-1603: English expansion and the end of Gaelic rule*. Routledge, 2014.

Foster, Robert Fitzroy, and Robert Fitzroy Foster, eds. *The Oxford illustrated history of Ireland*. Oxford Paperbacks, 2000.

## Special Qualities of Dialogue

See A D Buckley 1980 'Unofficial healing in Ulster.' *Ulster Folklife* 26, 15–34

Herbermann, Charles, ed. (1913). "[Primate](#)". *Catholic Encyclopedia*. New York: Robert Appleton Company.

*OED Online*. Oxford University Press, September 2020. Web. 24 November 2020

Dedicated to my two heroes.

Thank *you* for *your* faith.