

An Eilifint i gCúinne an G.P.O.

Gearrdhráma / tobshlua le Simon Ó Faoláin.

FOIREANN

SCÉALAI	D'fhéadfadh bean nó fear a bheith sa rólseo, ach is dóigh liomsa go n-oibreodh bean níos fearr agus tugadh cothrom níos fearr don bhfoireann. Tá bart leabhar aici as a aimsíonn sí na sleachta a léann sé.
'EVERYMAN'	Fear as Báile Átha Cliath atá i gceist anseo, ach d'fhéadfaí an ról seo a chuir in oiriúint do chaniúintí Béarla Éireannacha eile, m.sh. Canúint Chorcaí, ach aithruithe beaga a chur ar a cora cainte agus mar sin de. Tá stól ard mar a bhfaighfaí i dtabhairne agus gloine piúint beorach aige.
W.B. YEATS	An file agus é aosta. Spiacraí ciorclacha agus, más féidir, gruaig bán/liath air.
PÁDRAIG MAC PIARAS	Fallaing dhubh an mháistir scoile air.
CONSTANCE MARKEIWICZ	Hata 'slouch' mileata uirthi, casta in airde ar thaobh amháin agus revolver. B'fhéidir crios 'Sam Brown' má thá sé ar fáil.

Scéalaláí: [*canann*] As down the glen one Easter morn to a city fair rode I,
There armed lines of marching men in squadrons passed me by;
No fife did hum nor battle drum did sound its dread tattoo,
But the Angelus bell o'er the Liffey swell rand out through the foggy dew.

Éirí Amach na Cásca! 1916! Cad as a tháinig sé? Ba mhór a bhain sé siar as a lán daoine: na Sasanaigh, dar ndóigh, ach mórchuid eile nach iad chomh maith céanna. Cad a spreag é? Briathra file ardnósach éigin, b'fhéidir? Nó..

[*tagann Yeats isteach. Spiacaláí beaga suite ar a shrón, leabhar ina lámh*]

Yeats: Did that play of mine send out
certain men the English shot?

Scéalaláí: Fuist Willie, Fuist! Mise, mise, mise isea gach aon diabhal rud leatsa. Mar a deirtear i 2016, get over yourself! Bhí *do* chomóradh-sa agat anuraidh.

Anois táim curtha ó mo bhuille agat, cad a bhí á rá agam... Ó sea, cúis 1916. Bhí roinnt mhaith rudaí san áireamh, gan dabht, agus tusa ar cheann bheag acu Willie, thabharfainn an méid san duit.

Ach ceann dos na príomh-ghluaiseachtaí a cheangal an dream a chum is a cheap an t-Éirí Amach le chéile – an áit a chuireadar aithne ar a chéile, áit a ghineadh misneach iontu, féinmheas agus meas dá náisiúin is dá gcine – is fíor-bheag trácht a déantar air mar ghluaiseacht anois i mbliain seo an chomórtha. Ainm na gluaiseachta sin? Conradh na Gaeilge.

[*tagann Everyman isteach*]

Everyman: Wha? Kunra na Gaylga – The Gaelic League? Are you bleedin' jokin' me? Feckin' stuffed shirts, always on about their rights – a right to this in Irish, a right to that in Irish! I ask you, where do they think they are?

[*ag déanamh aithris mar dhea, i nguth gearánach geonaíleach*]

“Why can't we have a Minister for the Gaeltacht who speaks Irish?” Always asking for the moon! Kunra na Gaylga! They'd be better off teaching Chinese in the schools! Sure didn't I come out of the brothers without a word of Irish [*ráite le bród*]? Would you ever feck off with your Kunra na Gaylga! Important to the rising, the glorious rising what set us all free of the English yoke? Them? Rubbish!

Scéalaláí: Ní saoirse tíre go saoirse anama. Mar a dúirt Eoin MacNéill, Ceannasaí na nÓglach sa bhliain 1915

[*ag léamh*]:

“Sé an cúram atá ar Chonradh na Gaeilge saoirse na hanma a bhaint amach dár náisiún agus dár dtír. Tá seacht nglasa ar anam na hÉireann, agus an glas is doichte agus is daingne acu, sé an glas Béarla.”

Everyman: [*fearg air*] Ní hé an Béarla ba...

[*ag breith ar féin is ag tarraingt anála doimhin sara dtéann sé ar aghaidh*]

It's not English is the problem, it's Irish! Brother Dowd used to flake me in school all the time and he had great Irish. So there you are, Q.E.D. Irish is the language of oppression!

Scéalaí: Ó ná habair! Nílím ag iarraidh cos ar bolg a d'imirt ort! Seo píosa as Béarla duit mar sin, ón dtréimhse céanna, 1913 [*ag léamh*]:

“Our Gaelic League time was to be our tutelage: we had first to learn to know Ireland, to read the lineaments of her face, to understand the accents of her voice; to repossess ourselves, disinherited as we were, of her spirit and mind, re-enter into our mystical birthright. For this we went to school to the Gaelic League. It was a good school, and we love it's name and will champion it's fame throughout all the days of our later fighting and striving”.

Cad a gceapann tú fé sin?

Everyman: Th'ainm on diabhal, a leithéid de ch..

[*ag breith ar féin is ag casachtach sara dtéann ar aghaidh as Béarla*]

Yerrah, what a load of ould airy-fairy shite! Fightin' men don't waste time with *spirit* an' *mind* and bleedin' Irish! “re-enter our mystical birthright!” I tell ya, any fella tries to re-enter my mystical birthright will get the lugs bet off him! Mystical birthright! Feck's sake, who said that? Some bleedin poet I suppose.

Scéalaí: File? Sea. Pádraig Mac Piarais ab ainm dó.

Everyman: Oh!...Ah...

[*Is léir go bhfuil bainte siar as. Tosnaíonn ag iarraidh a scornach a ghlanadh, ag suí síos*].

[*tagann Mac Piarais isteach. Diríonn Yeats méar air, ag labhairt*]

Yeats: This man had kept a school
And rode our wingèd horse!

[*Déanainn Mac Piarais aithris ar an dán seo a leanas. D'fhéadfaí é a léamh ach bheadh reacadh*]

níos fearr, agus a shúile dírithe amach i bhfad go hard roimhe ar nós go bhfuil aisling air]

Mac Piarais: Fornoct do chonac thú,
A áille na háille,
Is do dhallas mo shúil
Ar eagla go stánfainn.

Chualas do cheol,
A bhinne na binne,
Is do dhúnas mo chluas
Ar eagla go gclisfínn.

Bhlaiseas do bhéal
A mhilse na milse,
Is do chruas mo chroí
Ar eagla mo mhillte.

Dhallas mo shúil,
Is mo chluas do dhúnas;
Chruas mo chroí,
Is mo mhian do mhúchas.

Thugas mo chúl
Ar an aisling do chumas,
Is ar an ród seo romham
M'aghaidh do thugas.

Thugas mo ghnúis
Ar an ród seo romham,
Ar an ngníomh a chím,
Is ar an mbás do gheobhad.

[diaidh ar ndiaidh mar a théann an dán ar aghaidh é ag déanamh dearúd ar cá bhfuil sé agus is léir ón aghaidh atá air go bhfuil sé ag baint sult as is go bhfuil taithí aige air mar dhán. B'fhéidir a shúile dúnta is é ag luascadh beagáinín is é ag labhairt cuid dos na focail go tostach i dteannta an Phiarsaigh. Déanainn athrá grámhar ar an líne deireanach nuair a críochnaíonn an dán, ach ansan preabann sé, osclaíonn a shúile is cuireann straint air]

Everyman: Huh! If me missus was here she'd love that: "Oh, Such a lovely musical language!" Doesn't speak a word of it of course but just loves it. Sure she'd have the Nuacht on just to listen to yerman talkin' "oh, it's like poetry!" she says, and himself goin' on about some gang war killin', some fella found all chopped up in a wheelybin.

Anyway, where were we? Yeah, Pearse, ok, all due respect, he started things goin' and he just happened to be in Kunra na Gaylga. With all he did for us we won't hold that against him. But it's nothing to do with the Rising in general.

Scéalaí: Ahem!

(ag léamh):

“I gceannáras Conradh na Gaeilge – 25 Cearnóg Parnell – d'eagraíodh cruinniú ar an 9ú lá Meán Fomhair 1915 agus is ag an gcruinniú seo a ghlacadh an cinneadh éirí amach a bheith ann roimh dheireadh an chogaidh.”

Everyman: Oh!...

[ionadh air, ach ag teacht chuige féin go tapaidh].

Oh yeah well, Pearse and MacNeill, the lawyer and the professor, makin' the decisions for the workin' man to die fightin' in the street. Bleedin' typical! James Connolly wasn't in Kunra na Gaylga though was he? The workin'man wasn't welcome!

Scéalaí: [ag leanúint ag léamh] “I láthair ag an gcruinniú chomh maith agus iad ina mball de choiste ghnó an Chonartha bhí beirt eile de lucht sínithe forógra na Cásca, Eamonn Ceannt, cléireach i mBárdas Átha Cliath – That's a clerk in Dublin corpo – agus Seán Mac Diarmada, tiománaí traim – a tram driver. Fir de chuid na cosmhuintire.

Everyman: [is léir go bhfuil bainte siar as arís] Ceannt and Mac Diarmada, really? Begob!

Scéalaí: Sea. Agus ní hamháin fir den lucht oibre. Bhí mná go flúirseach sa Chonaradh leis. Bhíodh na ranganna measctha – rud neamhghnáthach ag an uair sin agus rud a tharraing fearg na heaglaise.

Everyman: Oh yeah, that'd be the right place for the women! Don't care which language as long as there's plenty of ould chat! Ha! Scata ban nó scata géanna!

[beireann ar féin ag labhairt Gaeilge arís]

ah... whatever that means...

Scéalaí: Cuid mór de mhná an Chonartha bhíodar i gCumann na mBan is bhíodar amugh le linn an Éirí Amach, sa bhearna baoil ar aon dul síos leis na fir. Ag bailiú faisnéise, ag seachadadh teachtaireachtaí, ag soláthar bídh agus garchabhrach. Bhí Constance Markievicz – ball gníomhach de chuid Conradh na Gaeilge – ina oifigeach san Arm Cathartha féna cara mór James Connolly.

Everyman: Pff! Markiewicz, a bleedin' Countess, a good friend of Jim Connolly? I don't think so! Besides, everyone knows it was only a bit of craic for her and Maud Gonne and the likes.

[ag déanamh aithris ar ghuth mná uasa!]

“Such a lark this revolution, don't you know!”

Scéalaí: Ráiméis! Bean ghnímh a bhí inti.

[tagann Markiewicz isteach gléasta i gculaith míleata. Léimeann Yeats ina sheasamh is díronn a mhéar uirthi]

Yeats: That woman's day's were spent
In ignorant good will,
Her nights in argument
Until her voice grew shrill.
What voice more sweet than hers
When young and beautiful,
She rode to harriers?

Markiewicz: [le Yeats] Oh Willie! Do grow up and accept that women do too! How awful of us to wish to speak, to debate, to discuss, to argue! Not the behaviour of a good muse.

[ag casadh chuig an lucht féachana]

Le teacht an tSaorstáit glanadh ón stair na rudaí a bhaineas amach. Ní raibh mo leithéid cuí mar eiseamlar do chailíní na tíre. Bhí lucht an rachmais agus an Eaglais thar n-ais ar bharr an charn aoiligh agus é i gceist acu mná a chur thar n-ais sa chistin nó ar a ndroim. Dúradh nár dhéanas aon rud gur fiú trácht air. Gur gligín uasal-aicmeach a bhí ionam nach raibh ach ag rith le brothaill. Gur teaspach baoth seachas prionsabail ba chúis le mo sheasamh.

Everyman: Ah what are ye trying it on with the Irish for Countess? Sure you were never in the brothers or the nuns, with them batein' the head off ye. How could you have it right at all?

Markiewicz: My dear man, you are clearly uncomfortable with your native tongue and yearn for the comforting sound of the Queen's English. Allow me to read you an extract from my gardening column in our simply wonderful women's magazine 'Bean na hÉireann':

[tógann amach iris agus léann sliocht]

“It is very unpleasant work killing slugs and snails, but let us not be daunted. A good nationalist should look upon slugs in a garden much the same way she looks on the English in Ireland, and the only regret that she cannot crush the nation's enemies with the same ease that she can the gardens, with just one tread of her fairy feet.”

Everyman: That's more like it now Countess! Leave the oul' military tactics an' plannin' to them as have the heads for it! And you're bang on about sortin' out the English! That's the

stuff, leavin' out all that rigmarole about culture and identity an' usin' images the ordinary man can understand. Slugs and snails! I bet oul' Yeats there wishes he'd thought of that one!

Markiewicz: Ní thuigeann an fear bocht seo aoir, íoróin ná scigmhagadh...

Everyman: I like a bit of gardening myself. Gerry Daly... Dermot Gavin... But BBC do the best gardening programmes. D'you remember Geoff Hamilton on Gardeners World? Ah sure he was only great.

Markiewicz: [*le bród agus faghairt*] Mise a bhunaigh Fianna Éireann. Mise a throid i bhFaiche Stiabhna i 1916. Mise a chaith blianta i bpríosúin as ucht mo phrionsabail. Mise a bhí im' theachta dála roimh aon bhean eile in Éireann nuair nach raibh bean ar bith i bpairlimint Shasana. Mise a bhí ar an tarna aire rialtaise baineann san Eoraip. Mise a chaith mo shaol ag obair ar son daoine bochta na hÉireann.

Everyman: Oh Sorry Countess! Did you really do all them things? Begob! You're no joke.

[*í ag seasamh suas díreach ag stánadh anuas a shrón air go fuar fíochmhar ar feadh cúpla soicind sara téann is suíonn síos I dteannta MhicPhiarais agus Yeats*].

Jaysus, I felt a bit like one of them slugs there for a minute!

[*is léir go bhfuil bainte siar as arís. Déanainn sé a mhachnaimh ar feadh soicind sara labhrann leis an scéalaí arís*]

Fine so, I'll give you that. Pearse, MacNeill, Markiewicz and the rest: good people, Gaelic League or no Gaelic League. But y'know, they were dreamers, them folks: poets, professors an' women. It's no wonder they liked Irish an' that. They got us into the fight but they weren't the ones to get us out of it, know what I'm sayin? Things got rough then, mean like... guerrilla warfare, assassinations, tit-for-tat

[*d'fhéadfadh sé a bheith ag geáitsíocht ar nós go bhfuil gunna aige is é ag faire amach i gcomhair namhaid*]

There was no more poets then! – [*ritheann rud chuige anseo*] of course the Brits had shot them all, but they wouldn't have been any good anyhow. Now we needed ruthless fellas, men of action: Téann focal le gaoth ach téann buille le cnámh!...

[*sos ar feadh aga agus náire air arís*]

Yeah, men of action, y'know, cold, calculatin'. Michael Collins!

[*canainn sé go cathréimeach*]:

Michael Collins, fearless son, you touched the nations soul!
Ten thousand pounds up on your head, you still achieved your goal

But not behind the barricade, you fought the wanton fight
You beat the enemy at their game, you undermined their might!

Michael Collins! He was the boyo to kick the Brits out! A pragmatist with ice in his
veins! He had no time for Irish an' that ould goster!

[ligeann an scéalaí osna agus piocann suas leabhar eile, téann ag póirseáil ag lorg leathaigh áirithe agus ansan léann]

Scéalaí: “The Gaelic League restored the language to its place in the reverence of the people. It revived Gaelic Culture. While being non-political, it was by its very nature intensely national. Within its folds were nurtured the men and women who were to win for Ireland the power to achieve national freedom. Irish history will recognize in the birth of the Gaelic League in 1883 the most important event of the 19th century. I may go further and say, not only the 19th century but in the whole history of our nation.

[cuireann seo Everyman ag croitheadh a cheann is ag rolláil a shúl in airde]

It checked the peaceful penetration and once and for all turned the minds of the Irish people back to their own country. It did more than any other movement to restore the national pride, honor, and self-respect. Through the medium of the language it linked the people with the past and led them to look to a future which would be a noble continuation of it.”

Everyman: Holy God, that takes the biscuit, so it does! Takin' the piss altogether! “Did more than any other movement to restore the national pride”! Did he never hear of the FAI? Some whizz-kid of a historian up there in the university who was only in nappies during Italia '90! Doesn't know his countries history! Feckin' eejit!

Scéalaí: Faraor, an té a dúirt san, bhí sé marbh le beagnach seachtó bliain i 1990. Mícheál Ó Coileáin.

Everyman: Wha?

Scéalaí: Sea, Michael Collins.

Everyman: Show me that! There must be some mistake!

[ag breith greim ar an leabhar is á léamh go grinn].

Th'anam on diabhal! I don't believe it! Na haon duine acu: Collins, Pearse, Mac Diarmada is an chuid eile acu, workin' men, mná, sóisialaigh. The whole bleedin' lot of 'em, all into Irish. Fecks sake! This makes a mockery of everything!

You! [*chuig an scéalaí*]

the lot of yez [*chucu uilig, ag caitheamh a lámh timpeall orthu ar fad*],

will ye all just feck off! Ye'r wreckin' me head!

[*suíonn síos, a cheann ina lámha*].

[*seasann Mac Piarais is tosnaíonn ag canadh 'Óró sé do Bheatha Abhaile. Tagann an triúr eile – scéalaí, Yeats agus Markiewicz isteach ar an gcúrfá. Éiríonn siad go léir is mairseálann amach. Táid imithe is a nglórtha ag dul i léig féin am go dtagann tús an chúrfá deireanaigh.*]

'Sé do bheatha a bhean ba léanmhar
Dob é ár gcreach thú bheith i ngéibheann,
Do dhúthaigh bhreá i seilbh méirligh
'S tú díolta leis na Gallaibh.

Cúrfá: Óró, 'sé do bheatha abhaile (X 3)
Anois ar theacht an tsamhraidh

Tá Gráinne Mhaol ag teacht thar sáile,
Óglaigh armtha léi mar gharda,
Gaeil iad féin 's ní Franc' ná Spáinnigh,
Agus cuirfear an ruaig ar Ghallaibh

Cúrfá

A bhuí le Dia na bhfeart go bhfeiceam,
Muna mbeimid beo ina dhiaidh ach seachtain,
Gráinne Mhaol agus míle gaiscíoch
Ag fógairt fán ar ghallaibh

Cúrfá

De réir mar a imíonn an ceathrar eile, díríonn Everyman suas ar a shuíochán is cítear go bhfuil sé ag canadh in éineacht leo lena shúile dúnta. Leanainn sé air ag canadh an cúrfá deireanach go deireadh ar a aonair agus cuma sásta air. Tost ar feadh cúpla soicind, ansan preabann is osclaíonn a shúile is cuireann cuma feargach ar a ghnúis.

Everyman: [*leis an lucht féachana*] What the feck are ye lookin' at?

[*seasann sé is téann ag strampáil amach an doras, ag monabhar go feargach*]

bleedin' Irish, bleedin' Kunra na Gaylga, think their smart with their bleedin'
historical facts....

CRÍOCH