

Michael Collins

Music by
Joshua Salzman

Book and Lyrics by
Ryan Cunningham

SYNOPSIS

MICHAEL COLLINS follows the true story of the Irish Rebel of the same name—but it's more than just an Irish story. It's a universal story of how people respond to oppression and the terrible cost to the oppressed when that response is violent—even if it ultimately leads to freedom.

It begins in 1916, during the failed Easter Rising against the British. As a young soldier, Michael Collins sees the flawed methods that continually lead the Irish people to lose in uprising after uprising. Upon being released from prison, he joins with other rebels (Eamon De Valera, Harry Boland, Arthur Griffith, Cathal Brugha, and Tom Hales) to start a new kind of revolution: one that would eventually bring the British to the negotiating table for the first time in history and free Ireland—and cost Michael everything he holds dear.

CAST: 14: 7 men—4 principals; 7 women—3 principals

(CASTING NOTE: The cast should be made up of people who reflect the community in which the show is being presented—including and especially ethnic background and gender. The people of that community are telling an Irish story—but they begin the play as themselves in their own accents, presenting in their chosen gender. As the show begins, they pick up Irish instruments, adopt Irish accents, don Irish clothing, and portray character-specific genders (even if they are not their own)—all to tell a universal story of the consequences of oppression.)

BAND: 8 players including one man and one woman lead singer

REPUBLICANS

MICHAEL COLLINS, 26-31: strong-willed and big-hearted—soldier and leader
 EAMON DE VALERA, 34-40: savvy politician and brilliant strategist—political leader of the rebellion
 HARRY BOLAND, 29-35: Earnest and kind—Collins’ best friend
 CATHAL BRUGHHA, 42-48: Fiery and confrontational—loves a good fight and fiercely protects his turf
 ARTHUR GRIFFITH, 44-50: Deliberate and thoughtful elder statesman—plays the long game and has seen it all
 TOM HALES, 25-31: Doggedly loyal and bravely stubborn—once he makes up his mind about something nothing can change it

WOMEN

KITTY KIERNAN, 26-30: Clear-eyed hotel proprietor—sees things how they are and never shies away from giving her opinion
 MAUD KIERNAN, late twenties: Kitty’s sister
 NANCY O’BRIEN, late twenties: Collins’ cousin who works in Dublin Castle
 LADY HAZEL LAVERY, 35: An American-born British dignitary
 MAGGIE MACAULIFFE, thirties: Arthur’s secretary

THE LEADERS OF THE EASTER RISING

PADRAIG PEARSE, 37; THOMAS CLARKE, 58; JAMES CONNOLLY, 48

THE BRITISH

SIR JOHN MAXWELL, 57: British Officer who oversaw the Rising—his overreaction was responsible for feeding the rebellion further
 LLOYD GEORGE, mid-fifties: Prime Minister of Britain
 SIR HENRY WILSON, late-fifties: Field Marshall in charge of Ireland
 LORD BIRKENHEAD, 49: Lord Chancellor who negotiated the truce
 AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, 58: British Statesman who was in charge of negotiating the truce

ENSEMBLE

GUARDS, SHOPKEEPERS, BARTENDERS, IRA MEN, RIC MEN, BLACK AND TANS, DOCTORS, PRIESTS

THE TIME: 1916-1922

THE PLACE: Dublin, Ireland

ACT ONE

Prologue		Pg. 5
“Sons of Ireland”	Irish Singers and Michael	Pg. 5
Scene 1: The Easter Rising—Dublin General Post Office/Frongoch Prison		Pg. 8
“It’s Those Bastards Who Began It”	Irish Singers and Ensemble	Pg. 8
“It’s Those Bastards Who Began It Reprise”	Michael and Ensemble	Pg. 18
Scene 2: An Stad		Pg. 20
“Together As One”	Michael, Irish Singers and Ensemble	Pg. 24
Scene 3: Market Square, Longford		Pg. 28
“Boys With Toys”	Kitty	Pg. 33

Prologue:

(A bare, wooden stage. In the center are several Irish instruments waiting to be picked up and played. A man carrying a guitar, IRISH MAN SINGER, steps out and begins to sing.)

#1 – Sons of Ireland**(IRISH SINGERS and MICHAEL)****IRISH MAN SINGER**

THEY SAY THE HILLS OF IRELAND
 RECALL THE DAYS OF YORE
 AS ALL WE'VE DONE
 AND ALL WE'LL DO
 HAS ALL BEEN DONE BEFORE.
 IN RISIN' AFTER RISIN'
 THE PIPES CALL MEN TO WAR
 AND ANOTHER SON OF IRELAND
 SLEEPS IN HER HILLS
 FOREVER MORE.

(MUSICIANS come out and pick up the instruments and join the band.)

THE ENTIRE CAST slowly comes out and begins to address the audience.

THE CAST should present as themselves—speak in their own accents, presenting in their own gender. They should not be cast for historical accuracy. They should be cast with the spirit of the character in mind—and they should be ethnically reflective of their own community.

In America in 2018, this casting could look a lot like a Resist Rally, which would include white men, but not at the exclusion of all other people in the community—the way that historically accurate casting would.

CAST MEMBER #1

This is an Irish story. A story of oppression.

CAST MEMBER #2

A story of a country where a man's freedom can be taken from him without a fair trial.

CAST MEMBER #3

Where a woman is at the mercy of ruthless men in power.

CAST MEMBER #4

Of a people who are ruled by a government that a majority did not elect.

CAST MEMBER #5

This is an Irish story.

IRISH MAN SINGER

BUT EVERY SON OF IRELAND
 HE KEEPS HER HOPE AFLAME.

IRISH SINGERS

HE'LL RISE UP IN HER HONOR.
AND HE'LL FALL DOWN IN HER NAME.
IN RISIN' AFTER RISIN'
BRAVE MEN WOULD STAND AND FALL.
'TIL THE DAY ONE SON OF IRELAND
WOULD CHANGE THE WORLD ONCE AND FOR ALL.

CAST MEMBER #6

This is an Irish story.

CAST MEMBER #7

A story of land where policies are purposely created to starve out the poor.

CAST MEMBER #8

A place where economic injustice and inopportunity drive men to desperation.

CAST MEMBER #10

Where hopelessness can only broken by a song.

CAST MEMBER #11

A song sung by legend.

MICHAEL

AND THOUGH HE NEVER CLAIMED TO BE A HERO
HE RISKED HIS SOUL WITH EACH LINE THAT HE CROSSED.
HE STOOD FOR EVERY SON
TOOK ON AN EMPIRE AND WON.

MICHAEL AND IRISH SINGERS

HE WON, BUT AT WHAT COST?

IRISH SINGERS

HE WON. BUT WHAT WAS LOST?

CAST MEMBER #12

This is an Irish story.

CAST MEMBER #1

About how sometimes, in order to win, you need to go to extremes.

CAST MEMBER #2

And you only learn the cost when you come back from the edge.

CAST MEMBER #3

This is an Irish story. In 1916.

CAST MEMBER #4

And it starts right now.

(A barrage of gunshots rings out. THE CAST dons costuming suggestive of 1916 Ireland. For the rest of our story, they use Irish and British accents—they are now telling an Irish story using Irish modes and music.

Any actor can be any character at any time regardless of gender—but the principals will remain.

Men will play:

*MICHAEL COLLINS
EAMON DE VALERA
CATHAL BRUGHA
ARTHUR GRIFFITH*

Women will play:

*KITTY KIERNAN
HARRY BOLAND
TOM HALES)*

SCENE 1: The Easter Rising—Dublin General Post Office

(Dublin's General Post Office, Monday, April 24, 1916. POST OFFICE WORKERS sit in their stations, stamping mail, moving letters, and doing general post office business.)

DEMO TRACK 1

#2 – It's Those Bastards Who Began It

(IRISH SINGERS and ENSEMBLE)

(The doors fly open and a group of determined REBELS storm into the Post Office. Among them are PADRAIG PEARSE, THOMAS CLARKE, JAMES CONNOLLY, TOM HALES, HARRY BOLAND, and MICHAEL COLLINS.)

IRISH MAN SINGER

FOR SEVEN HUNDRED YEARS
THEY'VE RULED UPON OUR LAND.
THROUGH ALL THOSE YEARS,
AND BLOOD AND TEARS,
WE FOUGHT 'EM HAND TO HAND.
THEY TOOK WHAT WASN'T THEIRS.
AND THEY BEGGED US FOR A WAR.
WE'VE BEEN FIGHTIN' FOR SEVEN CENTURIES.
AND WE'LL FIGHT FOR SEVEN MORE.

PADRAIG

All right, all right, all right. Everybody stay calm. Nobody wants to be a martyr over a couple of letters, right? Now get out.

(The POST OFFICE WORKERS begin to file out at gunpoint.)

PADRAIG

THEY CHARGE US FOR OUR LAND.
THEY TAX US FOR OUR WARES.
THEY'RE ALL THE SAME.
THEY ALL LAY CLAIM
TO THINGS THAT AREN'T THEIRS.
THEY THOUGHT ONE DAY WE'D QUIT.
BUT THAT DIDN'T LIE IN STORE.
WE'VE BEEN FIGHTIN' FOR SEVEN CENTURIES.
AND WE'LL FIGHT FOR SEVEN MORE.

PADRAIG

Mark this day, April 24, 1916. We're reclaiming buildings, like this post office, all over Dublin, for the people of Ireland!

IRISH SINGERS

IT'S THOSE BASTARDS WHO BEGAN IT.
WOAH, OH, OH, OH
AND PUT THEMSELVES ON TOP.

Connoly. **PADRAIG**

OH, OH, OH **IRISH SINGERS**

We're ready. **PADRAIG**

IRISH SINGERS
IT'S THOSE BASTARDS WHO BEGAN IT.

Mick. **JAMES**

OH, OH, OH **IRISH SINGERS**

Mick! **JAMES**

IRISH SINGERS
BUT WE'LL NEVER, NEVER STOP.

Collins! **JAMES**

IRISH SINGERS
NO, WE'LL NEVER EVER STOP.

(MICHAEL COLLINS steps out of the group of men. He's twenty-six years old—tall, strapping and confident.)

Yes, Sir. **MICHAEL**

JAMES
How many guns did you and your boys bring with ya?

MICHAEL
Guns aren't the problem. Bullets are. Most of our ammunition was on the intercepted boat.

Then I hope you have good aim. **JAMES**

Is this really a good idea, James? **MICHAEL**

JAMES
Damn right, it's a good idea. Soon the whole world will know about this rising!

MICHAEL
You know that I'll fight, sir. I just...I want to know that we can win.

JAMES

We're Irish. We fight—win or lose. Now go take your position.

MICHAEL

Yes, Sir.

(to HARRY BOLAND)

Hey, Harry. Grab Tom Hales. He's always good for a fight.

HARRY

Tom! Come with us.

MICHAEL

Now stay by my side, Harry. We came up together. We go down together. Always together, Harry.

(We see A REBEL scaling the GPO to hang the tricolor flag—he gets it up over the building, and it flies high over the stage for the rest of the scene. THE MEN begin to fortify the GPO. PADRAIG PEARSE reads the proclamation.)

PADRAIG

Irishmen and Irishwomen:

IRISH SINGERS AND ENSEMBLE

IT'S THOSE BASTARDS WHO BEGAN IT.

PADRAIG

In the name of God, Ireland, through us...

IRISH SINGERS AND ENSEMBLE

AND PUT THEMSELVES ON TOP.

PADRAIG

...summons her children to her flag...

IRISH SINGERS AND ENSEMBLE

IT'S THOSE BASTARDS WHO BEGAN IT.

PADRAIG

...and strikes for her freedom!

IRISH SINGERS AND ENSEMBLE

BUT WE'LL NEVER, NEVER STOP.
NO, WE'LL NEVER EVER STOP.

(An explosion rocks the city of Dublin. And we see MICHAEL and HARRY in position. TOM HALES runs in.)

MICHAEL

What's the report out there, Tom?

TOM

We've got the GPO pretty well locked down. But we weren't able to capture any of the ports.

MICHAEL

Then I hope you enjoyed the first day of your rebellion, boys. Because tomorrow, the British Navy is sailin' up the Liffey.

EAMON

THEY CAME IN THE WITH THEIR SHIPS
AND LAID OUT AN ATTACK.

HARRY

THEY STAYED A WHILE
AND TOOK OUR ISLE.
IT'S TIME WE TOOK IT BACK.

TOM

WE'LL BEAT 'EM ALL TO HELL.

CATHAL

THAT'S OUR LITTLE PIECE OF HEAVEN.

EAMON, HARRY, TOM, AND CATHAL

WE'VE BEEN FIGHTIN' FOR SEVEN CENTURIES.
SO WHAT'S ANOTHER SEVEN?

MICHAEL

All right. Cease fire!

(HARRY and TOM stop shooting.)

MICHAEL

How much ammunition we got left?

HARRY

We didn't plan on lastin' for three days, Mick. I thought we'd be dead by now.

MICHAEL

As comfortin' as that is, Harry, could someone please just tell me how much we got?

TOM

Enough to last another day.

MICHAEL

Shoot half as often then. If we run out of bullets before they surrender, we'll be martyrs instead of prisoners, you understand?

IRISH SINGERS AND ENSEMBLE

IT'S THOSE BASTARDS WHO BEGAN IT.
WOAH, OH, OH, OH
AND PUT THEMSELVES ON TOP.
OH, OH, OH,
IT'S THOSE BASTARDS WHO BEGAN IT.

OH, OH, OH,
BUT WE'LL NEVER, NEVER STOP.
NO, WE'LL NEVER, EVER STOP.

JAMES

Collins. Get down from there. We're pullin' back.

MICHAEL

We pull back any farther we'll be in Kildare.

JAMES

They've turned off our water, Collins. We've got to collect ourselves.

MICHAEL

You mean surrender.

JAMES

No one's talkin' surrender yet. Now get down from there.

MICHAEL

Let me get a few more shots in.

JAMES

I said, get down now. That's an order.

(MICHAEL COLLINS continues to fire three more shots. JAMES CONNOLLY runs up and grabs MICHAEL COLLINS.)

JAMES

I said, now.

(JAMES CONNOLLY gets riddled with bullets.)

MICHAEL

Jesus Christ!

HARRY

Let's go, Mick! I'll cover you.

MICHAEL

James! James!

JAMES

Go Mick! Get out of here. This is how it's supposed to go.

MICHAEL

We start leavin' people behind, then we're already dead. Give us cover, Harry!

(HARRY BOLAND runs down and begins to fire wildly at the British soldiers to give cover to MICHAEL COLLINS and the very wounded JAMES CONNOLLY.)

(Guns start firing and we are back to PADRAIG. HE calls into the darkness.)

PADRAIG

I can hear you out there.

IRISH MAN SINGER AND ENSEMBLE
IT'S THOSE BASTARDS WHO BEGAN IT.

PADRAIG

You think you can storm in here and take us all down.

IRISH MAN SINGER AND ENSEMBLE
AND PUT THEMSELVES ON TOP.

PADRAIG

One Irishman is worth ten of you Brits!

IRISH MAN SINGER AND ENSEMBLE
IT'S THOSE BASTARDS WHO BEGAN IT.

PADRAIG

So come in and get us.

(PADRAIG starts firing wildly. Something flies through the window and lands at PADRAIG's feet.)

IRISH MAN SINGER
BUT WE'LL NEVER, NEVER STOP!

PADRAIG

Grenade!

IRISH MAN SINGER
NO, WE'LL NEVER, EVER STOP!

(The grenade goes off and smoke fills the room. Music stops. Dead silence.)

(A beleaguered PADRAIG PEARSE walks through the smoke. HE is followed by his MEN, including MICHAEL COLLINS and HARRY BOLAND.)

MICHAEL

You all right, Harry?

HARRY

At least we don't have to worry about running out of bullets anymore.

MICHAEL

We never had a chance.

HARRY

We knew we were gonna lose, Mick. We were makin' a statement.

MICHAEL

Right, but I was thinkin'. What if next time instead of makin' a statement, we found a way to win?

HARRY

Then you'd be pissin' in the face of seven hundred years of Irish history.

MICHAEL

Ah, never mind then.

PADRAIG

Collins.

MICHAEL

Yes, Sir.

PADRAIG

They're gonna execute us leaders when we surrender.

MICHAEL

Yes, Sir.

PADRAIG

I'm gonna need you all to carry on the fight after we're gone.

MICHAEL

Yes. Sir.

(The EASTER RISING MEN split into two groups and file away. The tricolor is taken down and replaced with a Union Jack flag.)

SIR JOHN MAXWELL

For six days, you've forced us to fire on British buildings. It is with pleasure that we take you off to jail. While you're rotting in our prisons, your leaders will be rotting in their graves.

(One group is now back in their seats amongst the ensemble and the other group—including MICHAEL COLLINS—are in Frongoch Prison. SIR JOHN MAXWELL begins the executions of the IRA leaders.)

SIR JOHN MAXWELL

Padraig Pearse.

(PADRAIG PEARSE walks out with his hands tied behind his back. HE is tied to a post.)

(Meanwhile, we see Frongoch prison. A GUARD walks in and addresses the PRISONERS as they march in.)

FRONGOCH GUARD

Welcome to Frongoch, Wales. You'll be in prison here for the rest of your life, so I hope you enjoy the accommodation.

MICHAEL

Anybody see what they did with Harry?

EASTER RISING MAN

They rounded him up with Dev.

MICHAEL

Just like the English to take us to Wales. Even the Welsh don't want to be taken to Wales.

FRONGOCH GUARD

Shut up, you stupid mick.

MICHAEL

How can you work for them? They invaded your land.

FRONGOCH GUARD

It was twelve hundred years ago. We got over it!

MICHAEL

That just proves you're not Irish.

(FRONGOCH GUARD points his gun at MICHAEL.)

FRONGOCH GUARD

Not quite as funny now. Are ya?

SIR JOHN MAXWELL

Thomas Clarke.

(THOMAS CLARKE walks out, and is also tied to a post.)

(Back at Frongoch, ARTHUR GRIFFITH walks over to the altercation between MICHAEL and the GUARD in order to intervene. ARTHUR is a forty-four-year-old intellectual.)

ARTHUR

The boy is sorry for what he said. He's just gettin' used to his new surroundings. Isn't that right, son?

(MICHAEL stares at the FRONGOCH GUARD.)

ARTHUR

Isn't that right?

(MICHAEL nods.)

FRONGOCH GUARD

I'm watching you. Mick.

ARTHUR

There are times and places to pick a fight. Unarmed in prison is not one of them.

MICHAEL

Every time we back down, it makes them stronger.

ARTHUR

Every time we pick a fight we can't win, we have to back down.

MICHAEL

(realizing who HE is talking to)

I'm sorry. Are you Arthur Griffith?

ARTHUR

It's the moustache. It's always the moustache.

MICHAEL

I'm Michael Collins. It's a pleasure to meet you, Sir.

ARTHUR

You don't have to call me Sir.

MICHAEL

You're one of the finest minds in Irish Republicanism. Your dual-monarchy solution is terrible. But I appreciate your work.

ARTHUR

Your flattery is terrible. But I appreciate the sentiment.

SIR JOHN MAXWELL

James Connoly.

(JAMES CONNOLY is dragged out. HE can't stand for himself, so he's tied to a chair.)

ARTHUR

You got a lot of nerve talking to a guard like that. We'll need that kind of nerve to lead our men out of here.

MICHAEL

You said we can't win an unarmed fight in prison.

ARTHUR

What if I told you there's another way? Walk with me, Big Fella.

SIR JOHN MAXWELL

Let this be a lesson to all Irishmen who commit crimes against Britain. Even if you're so riddled with bullets that you can't stand we'll just tie you to a fucking chair. Ready. Aim. Fire.

(PADRAIG PEASE falls dead to the ground. As does THOMAS CLARKE. JAMES CONNOLY falls dead in his chair. Music begins to bubble under Michael's speech.)

#3 – It's Those Bastards Who Began It Reprise (MICHAEL, IRISH SINGERS and ENSEMBLE)**MICHAEL**

Boys, a new Prime Minister is about to take power. If we push him, he may just let us free.

EASTER RISING MAN

How the hell are we going to push him from in here?

MICHAEL

It's not always who's stronger. Sometimes, it's who's more organized. This camp's the biggest recruiting ground the IRA could have ever hoped for. Together, we can pressure the British to set us free. Our weapon—a hunger strike. If we all refuse to eat, the world will take notice. So let's give those Brits no choice but to set us free. Let's show the world what the Irish are made of. Together, we bring them to their knees!

(THE MEN cheer in agreement.)

MICHAEL, IRISH SINGERS AND ENSEMBLE

IT'S THOSE BASTARDS WHO
 BEGAN IT.
 WHOA, OH, OH, OH
 AND PUT THEMSELVES ON TOP.
 OH, OH, OH
 IT'S THOSE BASTARDS WHO BEGAN IT.
 OH, OH, OH,
 BUT IT'S US WHO MAKES IT STOP.
 YEAH, IT'S US WHO MAKES IT STOP.

IT'S THOSE BASTARDS WHO
 BEGAN IT.
 WHOA, OH, OH, OH
 AND PUT THEMSELVES ON TOP.
 OH, OH, OH
 IT'S THOSE BASTARDS WHO BEGAN IT.
 OH, OH, OH,
 BUT IT'S US WHO MAKES IT STOP.
 YEAH, IT'S US WHO MAKES IT STOP.

THOSE BASTARDS BEGAN IT.
 WHOA, OH, OH, OH, OH
 BUT IT'S US
 WHO MAKES IT STOP!

SCENE 2: An Stad

(A guesthouse at 30 N Frederick Street in Dublin—the proprietor of the guesthouse, MOLLIE GLEESON stands in the back. Sitting in the room are EAMON DE VALERA, HARRY BOLAND and CATHAL BRUGHA. ARTHUR GRIFFITH, TOM HALES and MICHAEL COLLINS enter.)

EAMON

Boys, welcome home!

(EVERYONE begins to embrace. COLLINS goes right to HARRY.)

MICHAEL

Harry! Where'd you go? I thought I was pretty clear about stickin' together there.

HARRY

The British officers had other ideas. And since they were the ones with the guns, I gave them a follow.

MICHAEL

Well, no more, Harry. No more.

(MICHAEL COLLINS hits HARRY BOLAND on the side of the head. Then HE grabs HIM by the face—clearly happy to see him. Then COLLINS hits HARRY again. HARRY hits HIM back. Suddenly, THEY are boxing each other.)

MICHAEL

That's how you want to do it now, Harry?

HARRY

You've been on a hunger strike, Mick. You're lookin' a little weak.

MICHAEL

Not weak, Harry. Hungry.

(THEY go at it. MICHAEL maneuvers to get behind HARRY and bites his ear.)

HARRY

Jesus Christ, Mick! That's my ear!

MICHAEL

Told ya I was hungry there, Harry.

EAMON

Mollie, can you grab these boys a couple' a sandwiches before they eat each other alive.

(MOLLIE GLEESON, heads to the kitchen to make some sandwiches.)

ARTHUR

You want to kick this off, Big Fella?

MICHAEL

I'm just Secretary to the National Aid and Official Ear Biter. Let our new President of Sinn Fein take the lead. Would ya, Eamon?

EAMON

Now I know we all think it's been right nice of the British to let us out of prison for standin' up for our country. But even though we're no longer in jail, we still aren't free.

ARTHUR

I know it doesn't feel like it, but we've got the British on the run.

EAMON

They were respondin' to a hunger strike! Perhaps if the whole island stops eatin' they'll march out of Dublin tomorrow.

ARTHUR

They were responding to political pressure brought about by our hunger strike. Diplomacy is the only way to achieve a lasting peace in Ireland.

TOM

You want to make peace with our enemies?

ARTHUR

Who else would you make peace with? Now, if we continue to use political avenues...

CATHAL

Political avenues?!

ARTHUR

...we have the world on our side, if we proposed a dual monarchy...

TOM

A dual monarchy?!

ARTHUR

...like Austria and Hungary. We all run for seats in Westminster...

CATHAL

That have no voting authority!

ARTHUR

...and we publically declare our position in front of the world, it can work. It worked in getting us out of prison!

TOM

We've tried political avenues for years. And the British dangle Home Rule in front of us, just to pull it away every time. They've left us no choice but to rise up.

CATHAL

I say we show the British that nothing will stop us. We take over The Four Courts and show them that we can't be deterred.

EAMON

Cathal, we just tried that and our leaders were executed and we were all arrested. Now, we can't do anything without the will of the Irish people. And every time we get their fair city blown to bits and nothing in exchange, they turn against us.

CATHAL

Always with the will of the Irish people.

TOM

Just what is the will of the Irish people?

ARTHUR

It's peace!

EAMON

We won't know until they vote in the upcoming election.

MICHAEL

They won't vote until we give them something to vote for.

HARRY

What's that, Mick?

MICHAEL

I worked for the British in London and I know how they think. I fought in the rising and I saw how we fail. And I led a hunger strike and I see how we win. Every victory is a victory of ideas.

HARRY

We have plenty of ideas, Mick. The problem is choosing one.

MICHAEL

You have ideas of how to fight—but that's not what truly matters. For years we've been against the British. But what are we for? You're arguing if we should use diplomacy, like Arthur says. Or merciless violence like Tom and Cathal want. Or following the will of the Irish people, like Eamon suggests. But you're all so busy talking about how, that you're forgetting the more important question: Why?

TOM

Why?! To get the fucking British out of fucking Ireland!

MICHAEL

And then what? We destroy the British occupation. Then what do we build?

HARRY

What are you talking about, Mick?

MICHAEL

I'm talkin' about all of us running for Parliament in the upcomin' election and when we win, we refuse to sit in Westminster and set up our own diplomatic government here in Dublin.

TOM

You think the British will respect your rogue government?

MICHAEL

Fuck no. So when they try to dismantle it, we'll fire back with the support of an entire nation.

EAMON

With what army, Collins? Half of the able-bodied men in Dublin are still over there in English jails because they weren't political prisoners.

MICHAEL

Then we make them political prisoners.

EAMON

You can't be serious, Mick.

MICHAEL

We put them on the ballot to run for MP along with us. Then they're political prisoners held in a foreign land against their will.

ARTHUR

It'll be like no revolution in Irish history.

MICHAEL

Maybe this one will actually work.

CATHAL

Here's what I'm thinking...

MICHAEL

You're thinking small is what you're thinking. Taking over buildings. Making a point. Getting killed. I'm talking about changing the order of the world. Forever.

DEMO TRACK 2

#4 – Together As One

(MICHAEL AND ENSEMBLE)

MICHAEL

WHAT IF WE FOUGHT FOR SOMETHING BIGGER?

TOM

I got something bigger for ya right here, Mick.

MICHAEL

BIGGER THAN ME,
DEFINITELY BIGGER THAN YOU.

TOM

Hey. Watch it.

MICHAEL

WHAT IF WE DREAMED OF SOMETHING GRANDER?

SOMETHING MORE HONEST.
SOMETHING DECENT AND TRUE.

THEN WHAT IF WE BROUGHT THAT DREAM TO THE PEOPLE?

EAMON

To the people. Exactly.

MICHAEL

AND THEY TOOK OUR MISSION
AND MADE IT THEIR OWN?

ARTHUR

Politics. Thank you.

MICHAEL

NO COUNTRY, NO EMPIRE,
NO KINGDOM COULD STOP US
FROM MAKING THIS NATION
THE GREATEST THE WORLD'S EVER KNOWN.

AND WE'LL GET THERE TOGETHER,
HOLDING ON TO EACH OTHER
WITH THAT DREAM AS OUR GUIDE.

HARRY

All right, Mick.

MICHAEL

AND WE'LL RAISE UP A CHORUS
LIKE OUR FATHERS BEFORE US
WITH THEIR SOULS BY OUR SIDE.

AND WE'LL SING A SONG OF FREEDOM
FOR EVERY IRISH DAUGHTER AND SON
AND WE'LL GET THERE TOGETHER.
TOGETHER AS ONE.

EAMON

And what is this bigger ideal?

MICHAEL

A truly free Ireland. Not just free of the British, but free of the tyranny of uncertainty. We don't have to fight about how to do this. We use all of our plans. Together.

CATHAL

And what will you do once we win?

MICHAEL

I'D SIT WITH MY FRIENDS AROUND A FIRE.
You're invited. You, maybe.
A SONG IN MY HEART.
A DRINK IN MY HAND.

HARRY

I'll skip the song so I can hold two drinks.

MICHAEL

OUR STORIES AND LAUGHTER WOULD RISE UP IN A CHOIR
WHILE MY FOUR STRAPPING SONS
BRING ME WHISKEY UPON MY COMMAND.

TOM

Four sons? You don't even have a girl.

MICHAEL

YEAH WE'LL BE THERE TOGETHER,
HOLDING ON TO EACH OTHER,
KNOWING WHAT WE'VE BEEN THROUGH.
AND OUR FRIENDS WILL REMIND US
OF THE BATTLES BEHIND US
AND WHAT WE DARED TO DO.

AND WE'LL SING A SONG OF FREEDOM
FOR EVERY IRISH DAUGHTER AND SON
AND WE'LL BE THERE TOGETHER.
TOGETHER AS ONE.

CATHAL

The Irish people don't care about your imaginary sons.

MICHAEL

Every Irish man and woman has a dream like this. You just need to help them find it. And starting right here, we'll raise a song that will lift our nation.
SINGIN' LI LI LI LI LI LI LI

CATHAL

Oh God, he's lilting.

MICHAEL

LI LI LI LI LI LI LI
LI LI LI LI

MICHAEL, TOM, CATHAL, HARRY AND ARTHUR
TOGETHER AS ONE.

MICHAEL

AND WE'LL GET THERE
TOGETHER,
HOLDING ON TO EACH OTHER
WITH THAT DREAM AS OUR
GUIDE.
AND WE'LL RAISE UP A
CHORUS
LIKE OUR FATHERS BEFORE
US
WITH THEIR SOULS BY OUR

**TOM, CATHAL, HARRY AND
ARTHUR**

LI LI LI LI LI LI LI

LI LI LI LI LI LI

LI LI LI LI

SIDE.

LI LI LI LI LI

EAMON

All right, Mick.

MICHAEL

AND WE WILL SING A SONG
OF FREEDOM
FOR EVERY IRISH DAUGHTER
AND SON.
AND WE'LL GET THERE
TOGETHER.

ENSEMBLE

LI LI LI LI LI

LI LI LI LI

EAMON

As the president of Sinn Fein,

MICHAEL

TOGETHER AS ONE.

TOGETHER AS ONE

EAMON

I endorse this proposal.

ENSEMBLE

AND WE'LL SING A SONG OF FREEDOM
FOR EVERY IRISH DAUGHTER AND SON.
AND WE'LL GET THERE TOGETHER.
TOGETHER AS ONE.

SCENE 3: Market Square, Longford

(A large crowd gathers at a political rally for Joe McGuinness. Present at the rally are TOM HALES and HARRY BOLAND. MICHAEL COLLINS is leading the rally.)

CROWD

Put him in to get him out! Put him in to get him out! Put him in to get him out!

MICHAEL

Joe McGuinness is a son of the great county of Longford and a true man of Ireland. His opponent in this election thinks we can negotiate to get our freedom from England. Do you really think we can negotiate with a country that imprisons men like Joe McGuinness?

CROWD

No!

MICHAEL

Do you really think that England will ever give us our freedom unless we take it for ourselves?

CROWD

No!

MICHAEL

Do you really think that Ireland's sons and daughters will ever be free to pursue their dreams until we're looking at the backs of the British as they march out of here?

CROWD

No!

MICHAEL

Then vote for Joe McGuinness—free him from prison and free Ireland from tyranny.

CROWD

Put him in to get him out! Put him in to get him out!

HARRY

Nice speech, Mick. You keep rilin' 'em up like that, they're gonna elect Joe President.

MICHAEL

Don't let Dev hear that. He'll make sure Joe never gets out of prison.

HARRY

Speaking of Dev, he and Cathal are on their way with the election results from the other counties. It's going to be close, Mick.

TOM

Hey, Mick. Come on, I want you to meet a friend of mine.

MICHAEL

The election's today, Tom. How much more campaigning could there possibly be?

TOM

Not to campaign. You know my friend, Maud? I want you to meet her sister.

HARRY

Tom, I'm seeing her sister.

TOM

You can have Kitty all to yourself. I want him to meet Helen.

HARRY

The two of us datin' two sisters. That'd be a right good time, wouldn't it?

TOM

There she is.

HARRY

Tom, that's Kitty.

TOM

That's Helen.

HARRY

That's Kitty.

TOM

I swear, I've met them both, and the younger, prettier one is Helen.

HARRY

The younger, prettier one is Kitty.

MICHAEL

Are you stickin' me with the older, uglier one?

HARRY

Kitty! *(Calling offstage)*

(KITTY KIERNAN enters. SHE is a strong and composed 26-year-old woman.)

KITTY

Harry, so good to see ya. You boys have gathered quite a crowd here.

TOM

You're Kitty?

KITTY

I am.

TOM

No, no, no, you're Helen.

KITTY

I'm pretty sure I'm not.

TOM

Oh, sorry, Mick. It was the older, uglier one.

MICHAEL

Apologies, my friend's a bit thick.

(ARTHUR enters.)

ARTHUR

Big Fella! Cathal and Eamon are coming in with the vote tallies.

MICHAEL

Boys, go see what they got.

HARRY

I'm not leaving you alone with my girl.

KITTY

I'm not your girl, Harry.

HARRY

Ya just don't know it yet.

MICHAEL

Harry, go. I promise I won't steal your girl past, present or future.

HARRY

I'll box your ear if you do, Collins. I'll box it good.

MICHAEL

Go.

(HARRY, TOM and ARTHUR head off to meet CATHAL and EAMON.)

KITTY

That was quite a speech you just gave. You're riskin' gettin' arrested talkin' about the British like that.

MICHAEL

That's patriotism.

KITTY

Or foolishness.

MICHAEL

You don't support the revolution then?

KITTY

I don't support Irish men and women gettin' killed.

MICHAEL

That's what the revolution will end.

KITTY

Every couple of years a few of you boys get in a twist, and the rest of us suffer while the British come in to set you all straight.

MICHAEL

Well, this time it's different. Even Mr. W. B. Yeats thinks so.

KITTY

I have a right hard time belivin' that.

MICHAEL

And what if excess of love
Bewildered them till they died?
I write it out in a verse—
MacDonagh and MacBride
And Connolly and Pearse
Now and in time to be,
Wherever green is worn,
Are changed, changed utterly:
A terrible beauty is born.

KITTY

You got right poetic, didn't ya there, Mr. Collins?

MICHAEL

That was the Yeats. I was quotin' Yeats!

KITTY

In Ireland, only the dead are perfect. The living are all failures. That's James Joyce. I know writers too.

MICHAEL

What'll it take to get you to vote with us?

KITTY

Vote with you!? I'm not voting at all.

MICHAEL

Not vote! You're abdicating your responsibility as an Irish citizen.

KITTY

I do plenty as an Irish citizen. I run a hotel here in Longford. I provide people from across Ireland with a warm bed, a hot meal, and friendly smile to start their day. And that does a lot more good than any of your precious politics.

MICHAEL

My precious politics are going to bring us a free Ireland.

KITTY

Oh really. It's not going to descend into madness and violence. Like it always has. Every time. For seven hundred years.

MICHAEL

It's madness to stand by and do nothing.

KITTY

Today you're shouting politics in the street. Tomorrow you'll be picking up a gun. And the next day you'll die and leave us to clean up the mess.

MICHAEL

I'll do whatever it takes to give the land of Ireland back to the men of Ireland.

DEMO TRACK 3

#5 – Boys With Toys

(KITTY KIERNAN)

KITTY

OH, THE MEN OF IRELAND.
THOSE HEROES OF YORE.
THEY RISE AND DEFEND US.
AND THEY PROMISE US MORE.
THEY'LL GET US OUR FREEDOM.
IF WE'LL JUST GIVE THEIR BATTLES A WHIRL.
WELL, IT'S TIME FOR THOSE MEN
TO LISTEN AND THEN
GET ADVICE
FROM A NICE,
WINSOME GIRL.

YOUR OPPONENT'S GOT DEFENSES
THAT YOU WANT TO PENETRATE.
THE SECRET IS TO WAIT, AND WAIT,
AND WAIT, AND WAIT, AND WAIT.
BUT YOU ALL GET YOUR IRISH UP
AS TEMPERS START TO CLIMB.
OH, THE PROBLEM WITH YOU LADS
IS YOU COME EARLY EVERY TIME.

OH, YOU BOYS WITH YOUR TOYS
(CLAP, CLAP, CLAP, CLAP)
WHAT A SHOW.
NEED A GUN IN YOUR HAND
'CAUSE THERE'S NONE DOWN BELOW.
YOU'LL GET US ALL KILLED.
BUT THAT'S PART OF THE PLAN.
YOU BOYS WOULDN'T NEED TOYS
IF JUST ONE WAS A MAN.

MICHAEL

A shot hasn't been fired.

KITTY

It will be.

MICHAEL

Well, maybe it will! But admit it, a part of you wants us to fight for you.

KITTY

Fight for me? No thanks.

MANY MEN HAVE CALLED
WHO THINK THEY'VE GOT A FIGHTIN' CHANCE.
THEY MUSTER UP THEIR COURAGE
SEIZE THE FIELD AND THEY ADVANCE.
THEY POUR A DRINK TO STEEL THEIR NERVES
AND DOWN A WHISKEY NEAT.
BY THE TIME WE'RE FACE TO FACE
THEIR LITTLE GENERAL'S IN RETREAT.

OH, YOU BOYS WITH YOUR TOYS
(CLAP, CLAP, CLAP, CLAP)
LIKE I SAID:
GONNA STINK UP OUR LIVES
WHEN YOU THINK WITH YOUR HEAD.
YOU BRING US TO WAR
AND EXPECT TO GET THANKS.
YOU BOYS WOULDN'T NEED TOYS
IF YA DIDN'T SHOOT BLANKS.

MICHAEL

What will it take to get you to vote with us?

KITTY

I could use a fur coat.

MICHAEL

A fur coat!

KITTY

Yes, a nice one. With the hand-stitched lining.

MICHAEL

We're not exactly flush with cash right now.

KITTY

I'll tell you what, I'll vote for Mr. McGuinness, if you can promise me that this political revolution won't devolve into unnecessary brutality.

MICHAEL

Define unnecessary.

KITTY

Exactly. You know it can't be done. And I know you can't win when it does.

YOU'LL PLAN TO PICK A FIGHT.
OH YES, YOUR BOYS'LL TAKE A STAND.
YOU'LL RAISE YOUR VOICE
AND SEND A SONG A SOARIN' 'CROSS THE LAND.
YOUR BOYS'LL TAKE UP ARMS

AND GRAB THEIR GUNS FROM OFF THEIR SHELVES.
 YES, YOU THINK YOU'LL BEAT THE BRITISH
 BUT YOU'LL ONLY BEAT YOURSELVES.

OH, YOU BOYS WITH YOUR TOYS
 (CLAP, CLAP, CLAP, CLAP)
 AH YA WANKS.
 YOU SMELL ALL TO HELL.
 YEAH, IT'S RANK IN YOUR RANKS.
 YOU THINK THAT YOU'RE BRAVE.
 YOU'RE JUST DOIN' YOUR JOBS.
 YOU BOYS WOULDN'T NEED TOYS
 IF YOU WEREN'T SUCH NOBS.

OH, YOU BOYS WITH YOUR TOYS,
 (CLAP, CLAP, CLAP, CLAP)
 IRELAND'S BLIGHT.
 OH, I'M TAKIN' THE PISS.
 I'M NOT TAKIN' YOUR SHITE.
 HOLDIN' A GUN
 DOESN'T MEAN THAT YOU'RE LARGE.
 YOU BOYS WOULDN'T NEED TOYS
 WITH A WOMAN IN CHARGE.

YOUR RALLIES AND SPEECHES
 ARE NOTHING BUT NOISE.
 THERE'S NOT A MAN AMONGST YA.
 YOU'RE ALL JUST BOYS WITH TOYS.
 NOT A MAN AMONGST YA.
 OH, IT'S FUN TO TOY WITH BOYS.

(HARRY, CATHAL, TOM, ARTHUR and EAMON run in.)

	HARRY
Mick! Mick!	
	MICHAEL
I wasn't doin' anything, Harry. I swear.	
	HARRY
We're winnin'!	
	MICHAEL
Where?	
	ARTHUR
Everywhere.	
	MICHAEL
How many seats?	
	EAMON
As many as seventy-three.	

MICHAEL

Out of one-hundred and five?

TOM

Forty-seven of them are prisoners.

KITTY

Congratulations. Enjoy your victory while it lasts. And go easy on the toys.

(KITTY exits.)

HARRY

What's she talking about? You getting my girl gifts?

MICHAEL

Harry, once she saw me, she was no longer your girl.

EAMON

We did it, Mick. All of our work has paid off.

MICHAEL

All of our work is just beginning.

(MICHAEL, HARRY, CATHAL, TOM, and EAMON run off.)

SCENE 4: An Stad

(ARTHUR GRIFFITH, TOM HALES, CATHAL BRUGHHA, MICHAEL COLLINS, HARRY BOLAND and EAMON DE VALERA triumphantly burst into An Stad.)

MICHAEL

All right, all right, all right. Order a round of pints to celebrate. You deserve it.

EAMON

Hurry up, boys. As president, I need to appoint the usual formal roles of government.

MICHAEL

It's interesting you use the word "usual" there.

EAMON

The Irish people need to know who is in charge.

MICHAEL

I agree. And the time for creating the "usual formal roles of government" will come. But when I was in Longford, I had a fascinating conversation with Harry's girlfriend and my future wife.

HARRY

Watch it, Mick.

MICHAEL

And she had a concern—and it's a concern many people have all across Ireland.

ARTHUR

What's that?

MICHAEL

That this is going to be politics as usual. And everything is going to turn out the way it always does. With nothing to show for it but dead Irishmen.

ARTHUR

So what do you suggest?

MICHAEL

We've given them the why. And it worked. Now it's time to give them the how.

TOM

How? By having Tom Hales and his giant cock fightin' on the side of the Irish.

MICHAEL

As impressive as it is, I think we need a little more to go on than Tom's giant cock.

TOM

That's not what the ladies say.

MICHAEL

We need a clear, plainly articulated plan that everyone can rally behind. When I was working for the British at the Royal Mail, they would always have a plan.

CATHAL

Was it their plan to come here and act like a bunch of pigs, eatin' out of our trough and shittin' all over Ireland for seven hundred years?

MICHAEL

Not in those words exactly, but it seems you get the point.

CATHAL

So what's your plan?

MICHAEL

Stop fightin' like the British. Start fightin' like the Irish.

CATHAL

What the hell does that mean?

MICHAEL

What's our national sport?

ARTHUR

Hurlin'

CATHAL

Football.

TOM

Drinkin'.

MICHAEL

Boxin'. Harry come here, I want to make a point.

HARRY

You're gonna make a point of bitin' my ear if I come over there.

MICHAEL

Harry, it's just a demonstration. Come on.

(HARRY reluctantly goes over to COLLINS.)

DEMO TRACK 4

#6 – Boxing

(MICHAEL COLLINS, IRISH SINGERS and ENSEMBLE)

MICHAEL

EVERY FIGHTER KNOWS,
TO OBLITERATE HIS FOES,
HE NEEDS THREE THINGS.
ONLY THREE.
IF A FIGHTER'S WISE

HE WILL QUICKLY REALIZE
WHAT'S LONG BEEN KNOWN
BY MEN LIKE ME.

IT'S NOT WHO PUNCHES HARDER,
OR TAKES IT LIKE A MARTYR,
YOU DON'T NEED LOTS OF TACTICS,
JUST A FEW.
LISTEN BOYS,
AND I'LL TELL THEM TO YOU.

One: Money.

TOM

Well, I guess that rules all of us out then.

MICHAEL

Get your money the way you usually do.

TOM

Hard work?

MICHAEL

Borrow it from someone else.

HE NEEDS A BIT O' CASH FOR TRAININ'
SO THERE'S TIME TO SPARE.
IF HE'S GOT CASH
HE AIN'T COMPLIANIN'.
HE HAS NOT A CARE.
HE DOESN'T EARN HIS PAY.
INSTEAD HE TRAINS THE DAY AWAY.
AND THAT DAY'S SUNNY.
'CAUSE HE'S GOT MONEY.

HARRY

He's right. Everybody give me whatever's in your pockets.

(COLLINS starts to phantom box HARRY as he describes the next section.)

MICHAEL

Two: Knowledge.

TO ROUT THEM OUT
THERE'S INFORMATION
THAT'LL HE HAVE TO KNOW.
HE'LL INTERCEPT COMMUNICATION.
SO HE'S GOOD TO GO.
HE WILL EXPECT THEIR BLOWS
'CAUSE HE IS SMARTER THAN ALL THOSE
AT TRINITY COLLEGE.
'CAUSE HE'S GOT KNOWLEDGE.

TOM

Ya Harry, what's the guy who's beatin' ya's favorite color?

MICHAEL

And once you have money and information, you need one last thing.

WHEN THEY'RE BIGGER
AND THEY'RE STRONGER
AND GOT MUSCLE TO SPARE
THE SAY,
"FIGHT LIKE A MAN!"
YOU JUMP ON IN.

BUT THEY'RE BIGGER
AND THEY'RE STRONGER
AND THEY CALL THAT FIGHT FAIR.
BUT THAT'S ONLY 'CAUSE
THEY'RE FAIRLY SURE
THEY'RE GONNA WIN.

AND THEY WILL
IF WE FIGHT THEM LIKE FOOLS.
BUT IF WE FIGHT THE BRITISH
WITH IRISH RULES.
WELL, THEN ALL RIGHT.
THEN WE GOT A FAIR FIGHT.

ARTHUR

What exactly are you talkin' about, Big Fella?

MICHAEL

I'm talkin' about the third and most important thing you need to have—a plan. I'm talking about pickin' a fight we can win for once. I'm talkin' about a vicious campaign of moves like this.

(COLLINS goes in for HARRY's ear.)

HARRY

Jesus! I knew you were goin' to bite my ear! That's cheatin'.

MCHAEL

That's winnin'. That's how Ireland wins for the first time in history.

CATHAL

It's been seven hundred years of occupation, Mick. You think you're gonna end it bitin' their ears off one at a time?

MICHAEL

If I have to. Will you?

CATHAL

How dare you question my patriotism. I was shot twenty-five times in the rising.

MICHAEL

And you're still standing.

GET READY BOYS.
ARE YOU READY TO FIGHT THE BRITISH LIKE THE IRISH?
AND WIN THAT WAY?

YOU WITH ME BOYS?
 HOW MANY TIMES IN LIFE DO YOU GET TO SAY,
 "TODAY IS THE DAY!"
 I STOOD FOR MY COUNTRY.
 I STOOD FOR WHAT'S RIGHT.
 I DIDN'T WALK BLINDLY OUT INTO THE NIGHT.
 I HAD MONEY AND KNOWLEDGE AND A PLAN TO WIN THE FIGHT.

SO RAISE A GLASS.
 LIFT UP YOUR BEER.
 THIS STARTS RIGHT NOW.
 IT STARTS HERE.

EAMON

It's a good plan. Raise the money. Set up an intelligence network. And then attack.

MICHAEL

I'm glad you like it, 'cause you're putting it into action.

EAMON

I'm way ahead of ya, Mick. I'm heading to the United States tomorrow.

MICHAEL

What are you talkin' about, Dev?

EAMON

The United States is full of Irishmen—many of whom are in politics. I can raise money there and encourage the United States to pressure the British to back off.

MICHAEL

Dev, we're about to start a war for our Republic, and the President is leavin' the country?

EAMON

I know that you boys will be just fine until Harry and I get back.

MICHAEL

Harry? You're takin' Harry?
(to HARRY)

Harry, did you know about this?

HARRY

I was waitin' for the right time to tell ya, Mick.

MICHAEL

I'm sorry I bit your ear.

HARRY

I can't just follow you around forever. This is a good opportunity for me.

EAMON

It's already been decided, Mick.

MICHAEL

I can't promise I won't steal Kitty right out from under ya if you go.

HARRY

She'll never forget me, Mick. You'll go in to kiss her and she'll smell my ear on your breath.

MICHAEL

You come back as soon as you can. This war can't be won unless we're all fightin' together.

(to EAMON)

I'm runnin' this show how I see fit until you return.

EAMON

I wouldn't expect it any other way.

(The MEN embrace and EAMON and HARRY leave to go. MICHAEL rallies the remaining MEN.)

MICHAEL

GET READY, BOYS.
ARE YOU READY TO MAKE
THE BRITISH FEAR THE IRISH?

AND SEND 'EM BACK?
YOU WITH ME, BOYS?

WE'RE NOT HOLIN' UP IN
GOD FORSAKEN BUILDINGS.
NO, THIS TIME WE ATTACK.
WE'LL STAND FOR OUR
COUNTRY.
WE'LL STAND MAN TO MAN.
WE'LL DO WHAT NO ONE IN
THE WORLD THINKS WE CAN.

WE'LL HAVE MONEY, AND
KNOWLEDGE,
AND GODDAMMIT,
WE'LL HAVE A PLAN.

SO RAISE A GLASS.
LIFT UP YOUR CHIN.
THIS TIME WE FIGHT.
I SWEAR, THIS TIME WE WIN.

YES, RAISE A GLASS,
STRAIGHT TO THE SKY.
THIS TIME WE WIN
OR ELSE WE DIE.

IRISH SINGERS AND ENSEMBLE

AAAAH,
AAAAH
BRITISH FEAR THE IRISH!
ALL

HEY!
YEAH!

IRISH SINGERS AND ENSEMBLE

AAAAH,
GOD FORSAKEN BUILDINGS
WE ATTACK!

AAAAH,
MAN TO MAN
AAAAH,
THINKS WE CAN.

ALL

MONEY!
KNOWLEDGE!

WE'LL HAVE A PLAN!

HEY!
YEAH!
OH!
HEY!

YEAH!
OH!

(EVERYONE clinks their glasses and mummurs as the song comes to an end.)

SCENE 5: Greville Arms Hotel

(LLOYD GEORGE appears and addresses the audience directly.)

LLOYD GEORGE

Two days ago at Soloheadbeg in County Tipperary, Ireland, a Royal transport was ruthlessly ambushed and two policemen were killed in cold blood. This is not an isolated act of barbarism—this is an act of war. And as Prime Minister, I promise it will be responded to in kind.

(TOM HALES and ARTHUR GRIFFITH sit at a table together in the lobby of the Greville Arms Hotel. MICHAEL comes in and sits next to him.)

MICHAEL

Did you hear about Soloheadbeg?

TOM

Was that us?

MICHAEL

No, but I'll take it. It seems that the Irish people are ready to start fightin'.

(CATHAL walks in.)

CATHAL

You ready for the next one, Mick?

MICHAEL

How many more are there, Cathal?

CATHAL

I'd say about a dozen, but more keep on showing up.

MICHAEL

Well, you lads keep them busy while we get through everyone. Sing 'em a song or something.

TOM

(TOM begins to sing—badly. CATHAL, ARTHUR and TOM exit.)

L I L I L I L I L I L I L I

L I L I L I L I L I L I

L I L I L I L I

TOGETHER AS ONE.

MICHAEL

That lad's gonna end up costing us money.

(A young woman, SHANNON AHERNE, enters.)

MICHAEL

What's your name?

SHANNON

Shannon Aherne.

MICHAEL

Thank you so much for contributing to the national loan, Mrs. Aherne.

SHANNON

My husband died in the Rising. I'll do anything I can to help.

MICHAEL

How much are you contributing today?

SHANNON

Ten pounds. It's not much, I know. But it's all I have.

(KITTY KIERNAN comes barreling in to the room. And MAUD follows in behind her.)

KITTY

Out.

MICHAEL

Kitty! So nice to see you. And this must be your lovely sister, Maud, that I've heard so much about.

MAUD

Nice to meet you Mr. Collins.

MICHAEL

Kitty, thank you so much for letting us use your hotel to collect for the national loan here in Longford.

KITTY

I didn't. My sister did.

MICHAEL

Maud here or the older, uglier one?

KITTY

I said, out.

MICHAEL

Let me just write Mrs. Ahern here a receipt. Everyone gets a receipt.

KITTY

You can do whatever you want, but you're not doin' it here.

(MICHAEL writes MRS. AHERN a receipt. SHE exits.)

MICHAEL

Why all the hostility, Kitty? You been readin' Joyce?

KITTY

I'll not have you fundin' your war here on my property.

MICHAEL

We're raisin' money to fund our government.

KITTY

Guns. You're using it to buy guns. Ammunition. Weapons.

MICHAEL

A government has expenses, Kitty—education, local government, diplomatic resources.

KITTY

Maud, would you give me a few minutes with Mr. Collins here?

MAUD

Of course, Kitty.

(MAUD exits.)

MICHAEL

Now what do you need to say to me that couldn't be said in front of your kind sister there.

KITTY

I don't want her hearing deliberate lies from charming men.

MICHAEL

So you think I'm charming now.

KITTY

You told me this wouldn't turn to violence. Well, your government is barely off the ground and they've already taken up arms in Soloheadbeg.

MICHAEL

That wasn't us.

KITTY

You've been running around the country talking about the evils of the British. What did you think was going to happen?

MICHAEL

That's how you rally a movement.

KITTY

That's how you incite violence. Your words matter. If you use nationalism as a tool, and someone picks up your rhetoric and uses it as a justification for murder, that's on you.

MICHAEL

War is violent Kitty. And that's what we're in. A war—for the very soul of Ireland.

KITTY

Two people at the opposite ends of two guns can't both be right. So which one's the hero? And which one's the criminal?

MICHAEL

We're the heroes because we're doing this for the right reasons.

KITTY

The right reasons don't matter if you use the wrong tactics. There will be terrible consequences if you do this the wrong way.

MICHAEL

Let's get a free Ireland first, I'll deal with the consequences later.

KITTY

What if there is no later?

MICHAEL

Kitty, once this operation is up and running, the farthest we will ever go is taking out British occupiers in Ireland. It's not like I'm talking about killing civilians in London.

KITTY

Not yet. And not you. But what about in time when this strategy doesn't work? And what about the boy who's following you, and thinks you're his hero? You think he's going to understand the subtle difference in your rules of warfare? Or is he just going to want to kill the British like the great Michael Collins.

MICHAEL

Ah, you sound like Arthur.

KITTY

Arthur's talking about what will work. I'm talking about what's right.

MICHAEL

Sometimes you have to destroy in order to build something great.

KITTY

How are you going to build anything great with all that blood on your hands?

MICHAEL

I've made you upset, Kitty.

KITTY

What makes you think I'm upset?

MICHAEL

Just a hunch.

KITTY

When does it end, Mick?

MICHAEL

When we win.

KITTY

And how do we win?

MICHAEL

By endin' it.

KITTY

You're gonna fight no matter what I say. But at the very least don't make my family's hotel into a target for the British.

MICHAEL

I'm sorry. Tom!

(TOM enters.)

MICHAEL

Tell the rest of the people in line to meet us at the Longford Arms at the edge of town tonight at eight.

TOM

Yeah, Mick.

MICHAEL

How much have we raised?

TOM

Twenty thousand pounds this week.

MICHAEL

That's good. That'll be enough to buy exactly what we need.

TOM

And what's that?

MICHAEL

Guns.

(to KITTY)

Now Kitty, can I make this up to you?

KITTY

I doubt it.

MICHAEL

Next time you're in Dublin, I'll buy you a drink. I owe it to you. For giving me some things to think about.

(MICHAEL exits. HE passes by MAUD walking in as he walks out.)

MAUD

You okay?

KITTY

Yes, thank you.

He's not bad lookin'.

MAUD

Yes. Thank you for that as well.

KITTY

You think it's really a good idea yelling at a man as handsome as that? He mightn't come back.

MAUD

How does he do that?

KITTY

What?

MAUD

I know where I stand on this. And then he walks in the room.

KITTY

DEMO TRACK 5

#7 – What Is It About the Man?

(KITTY)

KITTY

I'M NOT THE TYPE OF LASS
WHO SEES A MAN COME INTO VIEW
AND ACHES FOR HIM TO GO AND LOOK MY WAY.
I'VE MORE IMPORTANT MATTERS, DEAR
AND BIGGER THINGS TO DO,
AND BETTER WAYS TO GO ABOUT MY DAY.
THEN HE WALKS IN AND PLAYS THE PART
OF NARCISSISTIC BRAT.
HE LEAVES AND LEAVES ME NOTHING
EXCEPT THE QUESTION:
"WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT?"

I KNOW IT'S NOT THE WAY HE SPEAKS.
'CAUSE HE IS BOORISH AND NAÏVE.
BEHIND THE SPARKLE IN HIS EYES
HE'S FULL OF FAIRYTALES AND LIES
THAT ONLY CHILDREN WOULD BELIEVE.
I KNOW IT'S NOT THE WAY HE TALKS
AND MAKES THAT MOMENT FEEL LIKE LIFE BEGAN.
YOU FEEL A RUSH WITHIN YOUR CHEEKS.
BUT IT'S NOT HOW HE SPEAKS,
SO WHAT IS IT ABOUT THE MAN?

I KNOW IT'S NOT THE WAY HE LOOKS.

He looks good.

MAUD

KITTY

WITH CHISELED JAW AND FURROWED BROW.
THE WAY HIS FACE BETRAYS HIS CHARMS,
OR HOW HIS SHIRT CLINGS TO HIS ARMS,
I DIDN'T NOTICE ANYHOW.

MAUD

I noticed.

KITTY

I KNOW IT'S NOT THE WAY HE SMILES
AND FILLS THE ROOM WITH LIGHT LIKE NO ONE CAN.
IT'S LIKE YOU READ ABOUT IN BOOKS.
BUT IF IT'S NOT HIS LOOKS.
THEN WHAT IS IT ABOUT THE MAN?

IS IT THE WAY YOU FEEL
THE WORLD CHANGE
EACH TIME HE SAYS YOUR NAME?
OR HOW HE WALKS INTO YOUR LIFE
AND NOTHING WILL EVER BE THE SAME?

OR IS IT SOMETHING SOFTER?
OR IS IT SOMETHING STRANGE?
OR IT'S THE TRUTH THAT EVEN THOUGH
YOU'RE SURE OF EVERYTHING YOU KNOW,
YOUR WORLD SO SUDDENLY CAN CHANGE?
WHAT IS IT ABOUT THE MOMENT,
WHETHER WHISPER OR A SHOUT,
THAT SUDDEN SLIGHT UNMASKING
THAT LEAVES A PERSON ASKING:
WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?

I KNOW IT'S NOT THE WAY I FEEL
EVERY TIME I SEE HIS FACE.
AND THOUGH IT'S NOT A THING I'VE FELT,
I KNOW EXACTLY HOW I'D MELT
IF I WAS WRAPPED IN HIS EMBRACE.
I KNOW IT'S NOT THE WAY I DREAM
THE TWO OF US COULD ALWAYS BE.
I SEEMS SO CLEAR, IT'S ALMOST REAL.
BUT IF IT'S NOT THE WAY I FEEL
THEN WHAT IS IT ABOUT THE MAN?
WHAT IS IT ABOUT THE MAN?
WHAT IS IT ABOUT THE MAN
THAT CHANGES ALL I KNOW
ABOUT ME?

SCENE 6: Dublin

(MICHAEL COLLINS, ARTHUR GRIFFITH, TOM HALES and CATHAL BRUGHA all share a pint at An Stad.)

MICHAEL

All right, gentlemen, our fundraisin' has leveled off. Those who were inclined to contribute have done so, and the less inclined—like the beautiful Miss Kiernan—aren't goin' to come around until we start havin' some success. So it's time to move on to phase two: gatherin' information.

ARTHUR

And how are you gettin' this information?

MICHAEL

The same way they do it to us. Spies.

CATHAL

I'm sure the British will be eager to hire a few of our men to work up at Dublin Castle.

MICHAEL

Who said anything about men?

TOM

You want to recruit women?

MICHAEL

If recruiting women wins the war, then we recruit women. Every day, dozens of Irish women go to work for the British government as maids, cooks, and stenographers—if just one of them joins us, do you know what that'll mean?

CATHAL

It'll mean she gets killed.

MICHAEL

It'll mean that for the first time, we could know something about the British the way they always know about us. I want to know their regular pub. Then their preferred pint. Then their favorite color. If they as much as fart in the wind, I want to know about it.

CATHAL

And what will you do with this catalogue of British farts?

MICHAEL

We've got the start of somethin' here, Cathal, but if we keep relyin' on the National Fund to keep us flush, we'll be broke by Christmas. But if we know where the RIC eats and sleeps, then we know where they move. And soon enough, when they get a shipment of arms, we know about that too.

CATHAL

It sounds like you're talkin' about attackin' a convoy there, Mick. And as Minister of Defense, I think you're overreachin' a bit.

MICHAEL

It's all within my power as Director of Intelligence.

ARTHUR

Before you two get into another boxing match, why don't you see if your plan is even possible, Mick?

MICHAEL

It's possible. Meet back here on Sunday. And bring the boys.

(The scene quickly shifts to Vaughn's Pub. NANCY O'BRIEN sits sipping a pint of stout—whiskey sits across the table from her. MICHAEL COLLINS walks in.)

#8 – Free

(MICHAEL COLLINS and IRISH WOMAN SINGER)

MICHAEL

Nancy! How are you, my love?

NANCY

Are we safe here?

MICHAEL

What could be suspicious about a man meetin' his cousin for a pint?

NANCY

Nothing. Unless that man's a leader of the IRA and his cousin works in Dublin Castle.

MICHAEL

It's great to see you, Nancy. The only thing I ever talk about these days is politics.

NANCY

You don't want to talk about politics?

MICHAEL

I'm sure we'll get to it. But it's nice to be reminded of why you're doing it once in a while, ya know?

NANCY

Slainte.

MICHAEL

Slainte.

REMEMBER BACK WHEN WE WERE KIDS.
YOU'D COME TO STAY WITH US EACH YEAR.
AND WE WOULD RUN ALL DAY,
INVENT A GAME TO PLAY.
WE'D DRINK IT IN
WHILE OUR FATHERS DRANK THEIR BEER.

REMEMBER ONCE WE SNUCK AWAY.
OH, IT WAS YOUR IDEA, OF COURSE.
YOU TOOK ME BY THE ARM

TOOK OFF TO SMITTY'S FARM.
 THEN WE MADE A MOVE
 AND MADE OFF WITH SMITTY'S HORSE.

AND I FELT FREE.
 FREE.
 THERE WAS NOTHIN' HOLDIN' ME.
 AND WE WERE RIDIN' ON AWAY
 LIKE A TRAWLER ON THE SEA.
 AND WE WERE FREE.
 FREE.

NANCY

Somehow, we both got on his back, and rode it right down Western Road.

MICHAEL

Until you fell off, and started screamin' bloody murder.

NANCY

You fell off, not me!

MICHAEL

After you went home, my Dad sat me down. He said that you should never steal somethin' from another Irishman.

NANCY

That's a good lesson, Mick.

MICHAEL

But he went on.
 HE TOLD ME THINGS I NEVER KNEW.
 SAID THINGS I DIDN'T UNDERSTAND.
 HE TOLD ME, CRYTAL CLEAR,
 THOUGH WE ARE LIVIN' HERE.
 US IRISH, WE DON'T
 REALLY OWN OUR LAND.

MICHAEL

NO, WE'RE NOT FREE.
 FREE.
 I DIDN'T KNOW
 HOW THAT COULD BE.
 IT MADE ME WANNA RIDE AWAY
 LIKE A TRAWLER ON THE SEA.
 AND JUST BE FREE.
 FREE.
 FREE.
 FREE.

IRISH WOMAN SINGER

FREE.
 FREE.
 OOO, OOO, OOO
 O-O-OH
 WANNA RIDE AWAY
 ON THE SEA
 BE FREE.
 FREE.
 FREE.
 FREE.

MICHAEL

AND THEN I LOOKED INTO MY FATHER'S EYES
 AND SAW WHAT THAT CAN DO TO MEN.
 I'D NEVER FELT THE WAY
 I DID WITH YOU UPON THAT DAY.

AND SINCE THAT MOMENT WITH MY DAD,
I NEVER FELT THAT WAY AGAIN.

NANCY

Mick, I got a promotion.

MICHAEL

That's fantastic! To do what?

NANCY

Decode messages for the British.

MICHAEL

They're stupider than I expected.

NANCY

You want me to spy for you. That's why you're here.

MICHAEL

I'm here for a lot of reasons. But yes. And now with that promotion, more than ever.

NANCY

It's dangerous, Mick. If I got caught...

MICHAEL

I KNOW I'M ASKING QUITE A LOT.
I KNOW YOU'RE GETTING' IN TOO DEEP.
I WANT US ALL TO KNOW THAT FEELING
THAT BOY FROM CORK JUST COULDN'T KEEP.

I KNOW I'M NOT GIVIN' YOU MUCH.
I WISH THAT I COULD GIVE YOU MORE.
AND YOU'RE RIGHT,
THERE'S A CHANCE YOU MIGHT RISK YOUR LIFE.
BUT HELL, AIN'T THAT WHAT LIVIN'S FOR?

MICHAEL

TO BE FREE.
FREE.
OH, NANCY,
YOU MIGHT HOLD THE KEY
HELP US ALL TO FEEL AS FREE
AS THAT TRAWLER ON THE SEA.
FREE.
FREE.

HELP US ALL TO FEEL AS FREE
AS THE WIND ACROSS THE LEA.

FREE.
FREE.
Well?

IRISH WOMAN SINGER

FREE.
FREE.
OOO, OOO,
O-O-OH
TO FEEL THAT WAY
ON THE SEA
FREE.
FREE.

ALL TO FEEL AS FREE
'CROSS THE LEA.
HELP US BE.
FREE.

FREE.
FREE.
HELP US BE

HELP US BE FREE.

FREE

(NANCY is convinced. SHE joins the cause.)

NANCY

There's a shipment of arms comin' in from Liverpool a week from Saturday.

(NANCY slides MICHAEL a folded note.)

MICHAEL

Thank you, Nancy. Can you believe it? They're askin' my cousin to decode every message from Britain.

NANCY

I don't know how they've kept their empire for so long.

MICHAEL

They've only kept our part of it, because we've never figured out how to take it back.

#9 – The Ballad of Michael Collins

(IRISH SINGERS and ENSEMBLE)

IRISH MAN SINGER

MICK COLLINS,
BIG FELLOW,
MICK COLLINS,
OUR MAN,
HE'LL BE THERE
WHEN WE WIN THE FIGHT
JUST LIKE WHEN IT BEGAN.
DON'T YOU CALL HIM COWARDLY.
DON'T YOU CALL HIM YELLOW.

IRISH SINGERS

CALL HIM COLLINS,
MICK COLLINS,
MICK COLLINS,
OUR BIG FELLOW

IRISH MAN SINGER

THERE ONCE WAS A MAN
FROM COUNTY CORK
WHO WORE A DEVILISH GRIN.
AND HE WOULD FIGHT
WITH ALL HIS MIGHT
WHICHEVER FIGHT HE'S IN.
SOME PEOPLE CALL HIM BRAVE.
AND OTHER PEOPLE CALL HIM THICK.
AND SOME CALL HIM BIG FELLOW.
BUT HEY, I CALL HIM MICK!

MICK COLLINS,
BIG FELLOW,
MICK COLLINS,

OUR MAN.
 HE'LL BE THERE
 WHEN WE WIN THE FIGHT
 JUST LIKE WHEN IT BEGAN.
 SO DON'T YOU CALL HIM COWARDLY.
 OH DON'T YOU CALL HIM YELLOW.

CALL HIM COLLINS,

IRISH SINGERS AND ENSEMBLE

MICK COLLINS,
 MICK COLLINS,
 OUR BIG FELLOW.

(The scene quickly changes to An Stad. MICHAEL COLLINS, ARTHUR GRIFFITH, TOM HALES, and CATHAL BRUGHA sit at a table together.)

MICHAEL

There's a shipment of British arms comin' in on Saturday mornin'. We send our men to meet them just as they go by The Brazen Head to relieve them of their burden.

CATHAL

You can't just attack the British without some kind of warnin'.

MICHAEL

All you ever want to do is attack the British!

CATHAL

British buildings. If we attack their men without warning, then it plays right into their propaganda that we're savages with no rules of engagement. If we act like animals, they'll treat us like animals.

MICHAEL

All right. Let's warn them then.

(COLLINS pulls out a gun, cocks it, and points it at TOM HALES' head.)

Or I could just kill Tom myself.

ARTHUR

Calm down there, Big Fella. Now Collins got the information, let's see what he makes of it.

MICHAEL

We attack with small twelve-man units called flying columns. We sneak in. We do our work. And disappear as if nothing ever happened. And I know just the man to lead the first raid.

CATHAL

I suppose that's you.

MICHAEL

I can't risk revealin' my identity. It's Tom.

TOM

Me, Mick?

MICHAEL

I'm sorry I pulled a gun on you.

TOM

It was a very effective rhetorical flourish.

MICHAEL

Would you lead our men?

TOM

And attack the British? It will be my pleasure.

MICHAEL

Hey Tom. If the British try to fight ya, shoot 'em. You know, as a warnin'.

(TOM leads his MEN and holds up a RIC UNIT—taking their guns.)

MICK COLLINS ENSEMBLE SINGER #1

THEY SAY HIS FATHER
 FACED HIS DEATH
 AND LOOKED UPON HIS SON,
 HE SAID, "I KNOW,
 I SWEAR, IT'S SO,
 THIS BOY HERE, HE'S THE ONE.
 I KNOW THAT HE'LL CHANGE IRELAND."
 HIS EYES FILLED UP WITH PRIDE.
 AND MICK SAID, "AW,
 I LOVE YA PA."
 THAT'S WHEN HIS DADDY DIED.

MICK COLLINS ENSEMBLE SINGER #2

OH, MICK COLLINS,
 BIG FELLOW,
 MICK COLLINS,
 OUR MAN.
 HE'LL BE THERE
 WHEN WE WIN THE FIGHT
 JUST LIKE WHEN IT BEGAN.
 EVERYBODY CHEERS HIS NAME
 AND THAT IS WHY I BELLOW.

HE'S OUR COLLINS,

IRISH SINGERS AND ENSEMBLE

MICK COLLINS,
 MICK COLLINS,
 OUR BIG FELLOW.

(The scene quickly changes to Vaughn's. KITTY and MAUD are sharing a pint. MICHAEL enters.)

MICHAEL

Maud! Kitty Kiernan! Just interested in seein' the sights of our fair city or was it somethin' else that brought ya?

KITTY

I heard a rumor that there was a man here, whose ego was so big, it made the Cliff's of Moher look like wee pebbles.

MICHAEL

I imagine such a man would have to be fierce good-looking.

(TOM HALES comes running in.)

TOM

Mick!

(TOM runs to MICHAEL.)

TOM

The shipment of arms came right up Bridge Street just as you predicted.

MICHAEL

Did anything happen to our men?

TOM

No, Sir. You should have seen the looks on their faces. They were terrified of us.

MICHAEL

(to KITTY)

A shipment of arms right here in Dublin. And now they're ours and not theirs. You're telling me that's not good?

KITTY

It's not bad.

MICHAEL

You did well, Tom. I've got another one for ya.

MICK COLLINS ENSEMBLE SINGER #3

HE DOESN'T WANNA
BE THE ONE.
BUT HEY, THE SHOE, IT FITS.
WE KNOW HE'S GREAT
BECAUSE HE STRAIGHT
EVISCERATES THE BRITS.
HE HIDES AMONGST THE PEOPLE.
AND HE DOES HIS DAILY DANCE.
AND THEN HE'LL CUFF
THE BRITS SO ROUGH.
THAT THEY'LL WIND UP IN FRANCE!

(The scene quickly shifts to London where Field Marshall SIR HENRY WILSON is meeting with Prime Minister LLOYD GEORGE.)

SIR HENRY WILSON

Sir, we've got a problem in Ireland.

LLOYD GEORGE

I know. They're called the Irish.

SIR HENRY WILSON

They're overrunning the Royal Irish Constabulary. It's like they know their every move before it happens.

LLOYD GEORGE

So what do you suggest?

SIR HENRY WILSON

Since the war in Europe has ended, we have men who've returned to England and haven't fully integrated back into society. They're turning to excessive drinking, fighting, and in extreme cases crime. I say we give them something to do.

LLOYD GEORGE

You want me to send out-of-work, drunken criminals into Ireland?

SIR HENRY WILSON

Yes, sir.

LLOYD GEORGE

They'll fit right in.

(The scene quickly changes to Vaughn's. NANCY, KITTY and MICHAEL share a pint.)

MICK COLLINS ENSEMBLE SINGER #4

MICK COLLINS,
BIG FELLOW,
MICK COLLINS,
OUR MAN.
HE'LL BE THERE
WHEN WE WIN THE FIGHT
JUST LIKE WHEN IT BEGAN.
HE'S CLEANIN' UP OLD DUBLIN
LIKE A NUN IN A BORDELLO.
HE'S OUR COLLINS,

IRISH SINGERS AND ENSEMBLE

MICK COLLINS,
MICK COLLINS,
OUR BIG FELLOW

MICHAEL

Look at this, the two most beautiful women in Ireland at the same table.

KITTY

It seems your cousin here got the brains in the family.

NANCY

And the looks! Don't forget the looks.

MICHAEL

I wanted you two to meet. I didn't want you to gang up on me.

NANCY

I've got to get back to work, Mick. Here's the list.

MICHAEL

Who are they?

NANCY

They're former soldiers. They're sendin' 'em in so fast that they're havin' to reuse mismatched uniforms from the war.

MICHAEL

Soldiers. You hear that? You still think we should sit by peacefully?

KITTY

Maybe just give them a stern talking to.

MICHAEL

My boys are callin' 'em Black and Tans.

KITTY

Are you really ready to take on former military?

MICHAEL

I'll take on whomever they send.

NANCY

That list is where they're stayin' until they clear room for them at Dublin Castle.

(NANCY pushes a note across the table to MICHAEL)

I'm riskin' my life, Mick. Make it worth it.

MICHAEL

My boys would never let us down. They're consummate professionals.

(The scene quickly shifts to outside an apartment on Dame Street. TOM HALES stumbles down the street in a stupor. He sings at the top of his lungs.)

TOM

THEY SAY THE HILLS OF IRELAND
RECALL THE DAYS OF YORE.

(Three BLACK AND TANS walk back home from the pub. THEY are quite drunk themselves.)

BLACK AND TAN

Shut up, ya stupid Mick.

TOM

AS ALL WE'VE DONE AND ALL WE'LL DO
HAS ALL BEEN DONE BEFORE.

BLACK AND TAN

Stop your singin' or you're gonna get beat.

TOM

IN RISIN' AFTER RISIN'
THE PIPES CALL MEN TO WAR.

BLACK AND TAN

I said, "Shut up!"

(The BLACK AND TAN pulls out a gun and points it at TOM.)

BLACK AND TAN

Now do you hear me?

(From out of nowhere come several IRA MEN.)

IRA MAN

Drop your guns.

TOM

Now it's your turn to hear us.

IRA MAN

I'll shoot him. I swear to God, I will.

(The BLACK AND TANS pull out their guns and lay them on the ground.)

TOM

Boys, grab the guns.

(The other IRA MEN pick up the guns.)

MICK COLLINS ENSEMBLE SINGER #5

THEY SAY HE'S TALL
AS SEVEN FEET
HIS EYES A REDDISH GLOW.
HE TAKES OUT MEN
TIME AND AGAIN
WITH JUST A SINGLE BLOW.
OH, HE CAN WALK
A DUBLIN BLOCK
WITH JUST A SINGLE STRIDE.
HE'S SQUARE ON THE LEVEL.

AND FIGHTS LIKE THE DEVIL.
BUT GOD IS ON HIS SIDE.

THAT'S COLLINS.

(The MEN of the FLYING COLUMN run off. The BLACK AND TAN pulls a small pistol from out of his boot and shoots at the IRA MEN—HE hits one of the MEN in the shoulder.)

IRISH SINGERS AND ENSEMBLE

OUR COLLINS.

TOM

Jesus Christ!

(TOM whips around and shoots a BLACK AND TAN in the arm. HE drops his weapon.)

IRISH SINGERS AND ENSEMBLE

CHEER COLLINS,
RIGHT QUICK!

BLACK AND TAN #2

Bloody hell!

TOM

Get him out of here!

(The IRA MEN run off with their injured men, while the BLACK AND TANS see to their MAN. TOM keeps his gun drawn as HE backs out.)

IRISH SINGERS AND ENSEMBLE

MICK COLLINS.
BIG FELLOW.
THAT'S COLLINS.
OUR MICK.

TOM

Welcome to Ireland!

(The scene quickly shifts to a somewhat upscale restaurant. TOM, MAUD, KITTY and MICHAEL sit together sharing a glass of wine.)

MICHAEL

Now this has been a wonderful evenin'—not a date—but good all the same. To good friends.

(THEY ALL raise a toast.)

ALL

Slainte.

(A BLACK AND TAN stumbles over from the bar and pulls a gun on TOM.)

BLACK AND TAN

You!

(TOM recognizes the BLACK AND TAN, and thinks about running. The BLACK AND TAN puts his hand on TOM'S shoulder.)

BLACK AND TAN

Aren't you going to introduce me to your lovely friends?

(TOM stays silent.)

BLACK AND TAN

Then let me introduce myself. I'm with the RIC, and I met your little friend here the other night. He and his buddies had a great time at the expense of my compatriots.

TOM

I don't know what you're talkin' about.

BLACK AND TAN

He'll never use that hand again, they say. You know what I think I should do to you?

(The BLACK AND TAN grabs TOM'S hand, pushes it against the table and digs the barrel of his gun into the back of his hand.)

BLACK AND TAN

Now I'm supposed to arrest you. But I wouldn't be the one who gets to beat you in jail. Or I could shoot you, but then I'll get sent home before I take care of a lot of micks. But one of these nights there just may be a situation where I'll have to kill you—just to protect myself of course.

(The BLACK AND TAN slugs TOM'S wine.)

BLACK AND TAN

Cheers.

MAUD

Go back to where you're from you feckin' pig.

(The BLACK AND TAN spins around and pistol whips MAUD in the face. TOM and MICHAEL jump up. The BLACK AND TAN points his gun at them.)

BLACK AND TAN

Teach your lady some fucking manners.

(The BLACK AND TAN walks out. KITTY, MICHAEL and TOM immediately rush to MAUD'S aid.)

MICHAEL

Get me ice!

TOM

Mick, what are we gonna do about that?

MICHAEL

You'll have to give him a warnin'.

KITTY

A warnin'! Just a warnin'?

MICHAEL

A warnin' means somethin' a little different where we're from.

KITTY

You need to stand up and fight them.

MICHAEL

Oh, now you want me to fight them.

KITTY

I want you to do somethin' about that.

MICHAEL

They sent in arms, you wanted me to do nothing. They brought in soldiers, you wanted us to stand by. And now they hit Maud, and you change your mind. You called us boys with toys. You said...

DEMO TRACK 6

#10 – It All Begins

(KITTY AND MICHAEL)

KITTY

I KNOW WHAT I SAID.
I SAID WHAT I KNOW.
BUT IT'S DIFFERENT
WHEN IT'S YOUR FAMILY
TAKING THE BLOW.
AS HE STOOD THERE
WITH HIS STUPID YELLOW GRIN.
I WENT FROM, "HOW DOES IT END?"
TO "HOW DO WE WIN?"

MICHAEL

I know you're upset, Kitty. But if you join us, there's no running away from this.

KITTY

I'M WITH YA, MICK.
YA GOT ME WHERE YOU WANT ME.
I'M WITH YA, MICK.
I'M STANDIN' BY YOUR SIDE.
AND THERE'S NOWHERE, OH NO,
THAT I WOULDN'T GO.
NO GUN I WOULDN'T RUN
OR SECRET I WOULDN'T HIDE.

YA GOT ME, MICK.
I'M STANDIN' HERE BEFORE YA.

MICHAEL

Kitty.

KITTY

I'M READY, MICK.
NOW I'LL TAKE UP THE FIGHT.

MICHAEL

Kit, it's dangerous.

KITTY

YES, THIS LASS'LL TURN MEAN,
AND I'LL WIPE 'EM OUT CLEAN
YOU'VE HEARD NOW HOW I BARK
JUST WAIT 'TIL YOU SEE MY BITE.

AND OH,
THEY'RE ALL A BUNCH OF ANIMALS.
BUT OH,
WE'LL FIGHT THEM LIKE MEN.
AND WE'LL CHEER IN THEIR TRACKS
AS WE STARE AT THEIR BACKS
WHEN THEY MARCH OUT OF IRELAND
AND DON'T COME BACK AGAIN.

HOW DOES IT END?
I NO LONGER CARE HOW.
ALL I KNOW
IS IT STARTS RIGHT NOW.

MICHAEL

I can't let you do this. You're letting one moment change your entire life.

KITTY

Good.

MICHAEL

YA SEE ME, KIT?
I WEAR THIS WAR WITHIN ME.
YA HEAR ME, KIT?
I'M BARRELING DOWN THIS TRACK.
AND IT'S TAKING ITS TOLL
AS IT WEARS AT MY SOUL.
AND SHOULD YOU COME AND JOIN US
THERE AIN'T NO TURNING BACK.

KITTY

YOU'RE SURPRISED
THAT A PEACEFUL LITTLE LASS FROM LONGFORD COUNTY
AT LAST IS BARING HER TEETH.

YOU'VE REALIZED
THAT THIS BRIGHT AND RADIANT WOMAN
HAS A DARK SIDE
LURKING UNDERNEATH.

NOW YA SEE
JUST WHAT IT TAKES TO WAKE HER.

MICHAEL

NOW I KNOW
THERE'S NOTHING THAT CAN SHAKE HER

KITTY

OH, I SWEAR
THE DAY I MEET MY MAKER.
I'LL STAND WITH PRIDE

MICHAEL

WITH NOTHING TO HIDE.

KITTY

KNOWING WE FOUGHT.

KITTY AND MICHAEL

WE FOUGHT 'TIL WE DIED.
AND OH,

KITTY

NOTHIN' CAN STOP ME.

MICHAEL

OH NO,
I WON'T EVEN TRY.
YOU WENT FROM "WHERE ARE YA HEADIN'?"

KITTY

TO "WHERE HAVE I BEEN?"

MICHAEL

FROM "WHEN DOES IT FINISH?"

KITTY

TO "HOW'S IT BEGIN?"

KITTY AND MICHAEL

FROM "HOW DOES IT END?"
TO "I DON'T CARE HOW."
ALL I KNOW
IS IT ALL BEGINS RIGHT NOW.

(The scene quickly changes to a Dublin coffee shop. MRS. CALLAHAN works behind the counter. The BLACK AND TAN walks in looking hungover.)

MRS. CALLAHAN
Marnin', Mr. Phillips. Can I get ya a cup o' tea?

BLACK AND TAN
Yes.

MRS. CALLAHAN
Sugar?

BLACK AND TAN
Yes.

MRS. CALLAHAN
Rough night?

BLACK AND TAN
Yes.

(KITTY enters and works her way to the side of the man that's away from the door.)

KITTY
Excuse me, are you in the military?

BLACK AND TAN
Who's asking?

KITTY
I just love a man in uniform.

BLACK AND TAN
Is that right?

(Meanwhile, TOM HALES has snuck in through the front door, followed by several men.)

TOM
Turn around.

MRS. CALLAHAN
Tom, what are ya doin'?

(The BLACK AND TAN slowly turns around.)

BLACK AND TAN
So this is how you Irish fight now? Use women to sneak up on unarmed men when they don't expect it?

KITTY
Nobody uses me. Do your job, Tom.

TOM

Mrs. Callahan, please go to the back of the shop.

BLACK AND TAN

Take me outside, boys. Don't ruin this fine lady's shop.

TOM

I don't know if you noticed, but we're not taken orders from the British anymore.

(TOM HALES shoots the BLACK AND TAN right between the eyes.)

#11 – The Ballad of Michael Collins Reprise (IRISH WOMAN SINGER AND ENSEMBLE)

IRISH WOMAN SINGER

MICK COLLINS,
BIG FELLOW,
MICK COLLINS,
OUR MAN.

IRISH WOMAN SINGER AND ENSEMBLE

HE'LL BE THERE
WHEN WE WIN THE FIGHT
JUST LIKE WHEN IT BEGAN.

IRISH WOMAN SINGER

SO IF YOU SEE HIM ON THE STREET
BE SURE THAT YOU SAY HELLO
TO COLLINS,

IRISH WOMAN SINGER AND ENSEMBLE

MICK COLLINS,
MICK COLLINS,

IRISH WOMAN SINGER

OUR BIG FELLOW.

(The scene quickly shifts to the Gresham Hotel. MICHAEL COLLINS, CATHAL BRUGHA and ARTHUR GRIFFITH drink whiskey together.)

CATHAL

You're attacking soldiers, Collins. You're gonna have the might of the British Empire rain down on us.

MICHAEL

I'm disrupting their intelligence network, and eliminating threats on my men.

CATHAL

And settling a few petty scores while you're at it.

MICHAEL

I'm only effective if I can keep my identity a secret.

ARTHUR

The whole point of a violent rising was so that we could force the British to the negotiating table. But if you go too far, you'll box them in. They can't negotiate with criminals.

MICHAEL

Tom's led seven successful raids on the Black and Tans. And every time they strike back by beating an innocent Irish man or woman, more people come to our side.

CATHAL

So the more Irish that are beaten the better?

MICHAEL

For the first time in history, we're launching a sustained campaign against the British and they can't stop us. And more importantly we're gaining the support of the people. Isn't this what we wanted?

ARTHUR

Mick, you've done great. But Cathal's right. At some point this is going to come to a head, and they'll send better men than out-of-work drunks. Then what do we do?

MICHAEL

I don't know. But this is farther than we've ever come, so let's enjoy it a bit, shall we?

(COLLINS lifts his whiskey glass, and THEY all toast.)

(Suddenly, the doors bust open and three RIC MEN storm in.)

RIC MAN

Everyone stay calm and seated. We just need to have a look around and we'll be on our way.

CATHAL

What the fuck is this?

MICHAEL

Damned if I know.

(The RIC MEN approach the table.)

RIC MAN

Hello, gentlemen. Do you mind I we ask you a few questions?

ARTHUR

Of course, Sir. How can we help?

RIC MAN

There have been a lot of attacks on our men lately. Shot in the middle of the day, while just going about their business.

ARTHUR

It's a terrible thing, this war.

RIC MAN

We've got word that the man behind it is a bloke named Collins. You boys ever heard of him?

CATHAL

This is Ireland. Every other bloke is named Collins.

RIC MAN

Michael Collins is not like every other bloke. He's a ruthless murderer and a coward who has young men and women do his dirty work.

MICHAEL

Have you heard that he's fierce good-lookin'?

(The RIC MAN runs his fingers through MICHAEL COLLINS' hair.)

RIC MAN

If we knew what he looked like...

(The RIC MAN pulls COLLINS' head back.)

...we wouldn't be talkin' to you fuckin' micks.

(The RIC MAN lets go.)

If you hear of anything, be sure to let us know. The sooner we find him, the sooner we can stop interrupting quaint dinners between fine gentlemen such as yourselves.

(The RIC MEN move on to the next table.)

MICHAEL

Aren't ya glad we had that man who knows what I look like killed?

CATHAL

So what next?

MICHAEL

I've got Tom running a raid right now. Three Black and Tans made good sport of a priest a few nights ago, and Tom's goin' to give them a little warnin'.

(An IRA MAN runs in the door.)

IRA MAN

Collins!

MICHAEL

Quiet!

IRA MAN

Sorry. It's about Tom.

MICHAEL

What about him?

IRA MAN

They got him.

MICHAEL

Fuck.

SCENE 7: Dublin Castle

(TOM HALES is dragged into prison by two RIC MEN.)

TOM

No. No. No, no, no. I'm a political prisoner. I demand to be treated like one!

RIC MAN

You're nothing but a fucking terrorist.

TOM

You come here, brutalize our people and call me a terrorist!?

RIC MAN

Where is he?

TOM

Who?

RIC MAN

You're one of Collins' boys. You tell us where he is, maybe we go easy on you.

TOM

I've never heard of him.

RIC MAN

You're one of his boys, tell me where he is.

TOM

Go fuck yourself.

(The RIC MAN smashes the butt of his gun into TOM'S face.)

TOM

All right. All right. I'll tell ya.

(The RIC MAN moves in. TOM spits in his face.)

RIC MAN

Close the door. Bring me the pliers.

TOM

No. No. No!

(The door closes and we quickly transition to a Dublin apartment. KITTY sits writing a letter. MICHAEL COLLINS rushes in.)

MICHAEL

Kitty. Good God, Kitty. You won't believe it.

KITTY

What happened, Mick?

MICHAEL

Tom. They got Tom.

KITTY

Where is he?

MICHAEL

Dublin Castle. Along with another one of our boys, Pat Harte. God only knows what they're doin' to 'em up there.

KITTY

There's nothin' you can do.

MICHAEL

That's what makes it so unbearable.

KITTY

Breathe, Mick.

MICHAEL

What if I'm wrong?

KITTY

What are you talkin' about?

MICHAEL

What if Arthur was right? What if there was some political solution, and I just couldn't see it.

KITTY

You're fightin' the only way we can.

MICHAEL

Cathal knew. He said if we act like animals, they'll treat us like animals. And right now they're beatin' Tom and Pat like dogs.

KITTY

That's on the British.

MICHAEL

You said it yourself, we're just boys with toys, and we're invitin' bloodshed into Ireland. Well, the blood's here Kitty, and it's on my hands.

KITTY

I came around.

MICHAEL

Those boys. Tom and his men. They're convinced that it's worth riskin' their lives every day to shoot men they don't even know. And do you know why? Because I convinced them. I'll pay whatever price I have to for this. But now they're paying it too. And what if...dear God, what if I'm wrong?

KITTY

Mick, do you know the stories of Cuchulainn?

MICHAEL

I'm not in the mood for fairytales, Kitty.

KITTY

My favorite story is the Cattle Raid of Cooley. The Evil Queen of Connacht, has put a curse on the men of Ireland, so that she can conquer the land without any fight. But as she advances into Ulster, Cuchulainn stands and fights alone, beating back warriors one after the other. And if he kept going like that, you're right, he never would have won. But as the men of Ireland watched him fight, they snapped out of their curse, and believed that Irishmen could fight off an invading monarchy and claim their land for themselves. And following Cuchulainn into battle they won—and they sent the powerful Empire back to where they came from.

MICHAEL

Kitty. I want to marry you.

KITTY

Mick.

MICHAEL

But I have something I need to do first.

SCENE 8: Bloody Sunday

(SIR HENRY WILSON and LLOYD GEORGE meet in London.)

LLOYD GEORGE

Sir Henry Wilson, what news have you?

SIR HENRY WILSON

They didn't break.

LLOYD GEORGE

How?

SIR HENRY WILSON

Neither man knows anything. If they did, they would have told us.

LLOYD GEORGE

Every time we kill an IRA man, three of our men get killed in return. We can't keep this up. I want Collins.

SIR HENRY WILSON

Sir, when they attack, they do so in small groups. Twelve, well-trained, well-informed men who swoop in, do their damage and disappear into the night. We need a small, specialized unit of our own.

LLOYD GEORGE

Who are you recommending for this unit?

SIR HENRY WILSON

I have the names right here.

(SIR HENRY WILSON pulls out a list.)

Colonel Peter Ashmun Ames, Captain George Bennett, Captain Leonard Price, Lieutenant-Colonel Hugh Montgomery, Major Charles Dowling.

(MICHAEL COLLINS appears and begins reading the names along with SIR HENRY WILSON.)

#12 – Bloody Sunday Reel

(IRISH BAND INSTRUMENTAL)

SIR HENRY WILSON AND MICHAEL COLLINS

Captain Keenlyside, Lieutenant Donald Lewis MacLean, Captain William Frederick Newberry, Sergeant John J. Fitzgerald, Lieutenant Henry Angliss.

(SIR HENRY WILSON fades away, and IRA MEN fill the space around MICHAEL COLLINS.)

MICHAEL COLLINS

Lieutenant William Peel, Lieutenant-Colonel Leonard Aidan Wilde, Captain Jocelyn Lee Hardy, Major William King and Major Frank Carew. Each of you has a piece a paper that tells ya which man you're assigned to, and where he's sleepin' tonight. Everyone is to take care of their man at precisely Eight AM. This one's for Tom and Pat, lads. Sleep well. And say your prayers.

MICHAEL COLLINS AND THE IRA MEN

Our father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven.

(Throughout their prayers the scene shifts back and forth between the raid on the CAIRO GANG and the IRA MEN saying their prayers.)

(28 Pembroke Street. ANDY COONEY pulls a gun on MAJOR CHARLES DOWLING.)

ANDY COONEY

Good marnin'.

MAJOR CHARLES DOWLING

Good God.

(ANDY shoots MAJOR DOWLING in the head.)

MICHAEL COLLINS AND THE IRA MEN

Give us this day, our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses.

(117 Morehampton Road. An IRA MAN pulls a gun on LIEUTENANT DONALD MacLEAN.)

LIEUTENANT DONALD MacLEAN

Please. Don't do this.

MacLEAN'S ASSASSIN

It'll be over soon enough.

(The IRA MAN shoots LIEUTENANT MacLEAN in the head.)

MICHAEL COLLINS AND THE IRA MEN

As we forgive those who trespass against us.

(92 Lower Baggot Street. BILL STAPLETON pounds on the door of CAPTAIN WILLIAM FREDERICK NEWBERRY.)

BILL STAPLETON

Let us in or we'll shoot the door down.

CAPTAIN NEWBERRY

Hold on!

(CAPTAIN NEWBERRY begins to climb out the window. JOE LEONARD appears in the window and shoots CAPTAIN NEWBERRY in the head.)

JOE LEONARD

Don't shoot. I got 'im through the window.

MICHAEL COLLINS AND THE IRA MEN

And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.

(38 Upper Mount Street. VINNIE BYRNE pulls a gun on CAPTAIN GEORGE BENNETT.)

CAPTAIN GEORGE BENNETT

Can you give a letter to my wife?

VINNIE BYRNE

Give it here.

(CAPTAIN BENNETT reaches into his pocket and pulls out a gun. VINNIE BYRNE shoots him in the head.)

MICHAEL COLLINS AND THE IRA MEN

Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee.

(The Gresham Hotel. An IRA MAN knocks gently on the door of COLONEL WILDE.)

WILDE'S ASSASSIN

It's an important message for the Colonel.

COLONEL WILDE

Hold on.

(CAPTAIN WILDE opens the door and is immediately shot in the head.)

MICHAEL COLLINS AND THE IRA MEN

Blessed art thou amongst women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb Jesus.

(119 Baggot Street. An IRA MAN bursts in and catches CAPTAIN GEOFFREY THOMAS BAGGALLY with a YOUNG WOMAN.)

BAGGALLY'S ASSASSIN

Good God, she's got to be sixteen, man.

CAPTAIN BAGGALLAY

Don't kill me. My wife will never understand.

(The IRA MAN shoots CAPTAIN BAGGALLAY in the head.)

MICHAEL COLLINS AND THE IRA MEN

Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death.

(28 Earlsfort Terrace. SERGEANT JOHN J. FITZGERALD is in his room when an IRA MAN busts down the door with a sledgehammer.)

SERGEANT FITZGERALD

Please don't shoot me.

FIRZGERALD'S ASSASSIN

It's up to you.

(The IRA MAN beats SERGEANT FITZGERALD to death with the sledgehammer.)

Amen.

MICHAEL

(An IRA MAN approaches MICHAEL COLLINS.)

It's done.

IRA MAN

Anyone caught or killed?

MICHAEL

We can't account for everyone yet. But so far so good.

IRA MAN

And the response?

MICHAEL

We have a report that several RIC Men are heading up to Croke Park.

IRA MAN

Good God.

MICHAEL

What would they want to do at a football match?

IRA MAN

Send a message.

MICHAEL

(RIC MEN walk out in a line. The pre-game sounds of a football match are heard. The RIC MEN turn forward, draw their weapons and begin to fire indiscriminately into the crowd. Screams of horror fill the air.)

(Back at An Stad. Sitting in the room are MICHAEL COLLINS, HARRY BOLAND, CATHAL BRUGHA, and ARTHUR GRIFFITH.)

MICHAEL

Before we launch into a plan of retaliation. I'd like to welcome Harry back to Ireland.

HARRY

I hear you've been spendin' some time with my girl.

MICHAEL

We'll box it out later if you want. Now before Eamon gets here, we need a plan. The British assassinated fourteen innocent people at Croke Park. Tortured and killed our men in custody. Burned buildings to the ground in my home county of Cork. So here's what I want to do. We kill every British agent in Dublin.

CATHAL

I say we strike in London.

ARTHUR

I thought you wanted to warn them.

CATHAL

That was before they were takin' target practice at football matches.

ARTHUR

Mick. Please tell me you don't agree with this.

MICHAEL

This has to end. If that means taking the fight to England, we take the fight to England.

ARTHUR

Listen to yourself, Mick.

MICHAEL

I can hear myself just fine, Arthur. I'm paying them back in their own coin. They just indiscriminately shot women and children. If we have to do the same to British women and children, why shouldn't we? Why shouldn't we!?

ARTHUR

Because it'll make you a monster.

MICHAEL

A man who lets his own people die without recourse is a monster. The man who brings them justice is a hero.

(EAMON DE VALERA walks in.)

ARTHUR

Eamon. Thank God you're here. These men have lost their minds, they're talkin' about killin' civilians in London.

EAMON

Everyone listen up. I have some news. The British. They want a truce.

MICHAEL

Say that again.

EAMON

They want a truce. So that we can negotiate a treaty.

MICHAEL

Holy sweet mother of God. We did it. We took on the Empire, and we won.

(EVERYONE begins hugging each other and celebrating the news.)

#13 – It's Those Bastards Who Began It Act 1 Finale

(ENSEMBLE)

ENSEMBLE

IT'S THOSE BASTARDS WHO
BEGAN IT.
WHOA, OH.
AND PUT THEMSELVES ON TOP.
OH, OH.

IT'S THOSE BASTARDS WHO BEGAN IT.
OH, OH, OH,
BUT IT'S US WHO MAKES IT STOP.
YES, IT'S US WHO MAKES IT STOP.

IT'S THOSE BASTARDS WHO BEGAN IT.
WHOA, OH, OH, OH, OH

MICHAEL

That's wonderful news, Eamon. So when are ya headin' over to negotiate the treaty?

EAMON

They don't want me, Mick. They want you.

ENSEMBLE

BUT IT'S US
WHO MAKES IT STOP.

(Lights out on everyone but MICHAEL.)

(Blackout. End of Act One.)

ACT 2: SCENE 1: London

#14 – We Dance

*(IRISH SINGERS, KITTY and ENSEMBLE)**(KITTY steps out on stage alone.)***KITTY**

IF YOU COME FROM DEAR IRELAND
THESE ROLLING HILLS OF GREEN.
SURE AS THE RAIN,
THERE'S LOSS PAIN
YOUR IRISH EYES HAVE SEEN.

BUT WE DON'T GET OUR IRISH UP.
NO SIR, WE TAKE A STANCE.
WE LIFT UP OUR CHIN.
THEN WE STEP IN,
AS WE BEGIN
TO DANCE.

*(The IRISH WOMAN SINGER steps out and begins to step dance.
Aggressive. Violent. Raw.)**(MICHAEL COLLINS and ARTHUR GRIFFITH enter a hall in
Parliament. THEY are welcomed by LORD BIRKENHEAD, AUSTEN
CHAMBERLAIN and PRIME MINISTER LLOYD GEORGE. Standing
behind THEM is LADY HAZEL LAVERY.)***LLOYD GEORGE**

Gentlemen, it's an honor to have you both here in London. This is Lord Chancellor Birkenhead, and Leader of the House of Commons Austen Chamberlain.

*(THEY all shake hands.)***ARTHUR**

Arthur Griffith.

LLOYD GEORGE

And this must be the great Michael Collins.

MICHAEL

I'm not sure about great, Sir. But the Michael Collins part is correct.

LLOYD GEORGE

I expected you to be taller.

MICHAEL

I'm as tall as I'm gonna get.

LLOYD GEORGE

Can I offer you both a cup of tea?

MICHAEL

I think we'd just as well head to our quarters.

LLOYD GEORGE

Then allow me to introduce you to Lady Lavery. Her husband and she have generously offered to make room for you at their estate.

MICHAEL

Thank you, Lady Lavery.

LADY LAVERY

I've heard many wonderful things about you.

MICHAEL

Then they're probably not true.

LADY LAVERY

I like you already. Come with me.

(MICHAEL COLLINS and ARTHUR GRIFFITH go off with LADY LAVERY.)

AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN

That's the legendary Michael Collins.

LLOYD GEORGE

He's like a horseless man at a polo match.

IRISH MAN SINGER

SO BRING OUT YOUR RED-HEADED DAUGHTERS.
AND SEND IN YOUR STRAPPING YOUNG SONS.
WE'RE IRISH AND PROUD
AND WE'RE DANCING SO LOUD
THAT WE'RE DROWNING OUT ALL OF THEIR GUNS.

SO IF YOU'RE AWAY 'CROSS THE OCEAN.
AND IRELAND'S FADED FROM VIEW
WE'LL LIFT UP YOUR SPIRIT
AND DANCE 'TIL YA HEAR IT.
WE'RE DANCIN' AWAY JUST FOR YOU.

(The IRISH WOMAN singer step dances once again.)

Back at Hans Place. MICHAEL COLLINS and ARTHUR GRIFFITH sit with LORD BIRKENHEAD and AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN.)

AUSTEN

All right, gentlemen. Let's each state what we desire and see how far apart we really are on these issues.

MICHAEL

Crown forces will leave Ireland immediately, and the Irish Republic will run its own affairs without any interference from a foreign occupier.

LORD BIRKENHEAD

If we pull out of Ulster, there will be immediate sectarian violence between the Protestants and Catholics there.

MICHAEL

And if you stay in Ireland there will be immediate violence between the Irish and British there.

ARTHUR

Can we get some more tea? This is going to be a while.

(The fiddle player does a solo to take us to the Lavery's)

ARTHUR

Mick, we didn't come all this way just so you could yell at them.

MICHAEL

We have to start strong. The first one to compromise loses.

ARTHUR

We're best off saying what we want—they may just give it to us. Most of them want out of Ireland anyway.

MICHAEL

God damn Dev. He set us up for this. Once there's no threat of war from us, it's just a matter of time 'til we get whatever they give us.

(LADY LAVERY enters.)

LADY LAVERY

Can I offer you both another whiskey?

ARTHUR

I'm headin' to bed.

LADY LAVERY

Mr. Collins, would you like me to sit with you a while?

MICHAEL

I would, Lady Lavery. Thank you.

MAN IRISH SINGER

OH, WE DANCE SO WE KNOW THAT WE'RE LIVIN'
WE'RE DANCIN' WITH ALL OF OUR MIGHT.
WE DANCE SO MANY WAYS
THAT WE DANCE THROUGH OUR DAYS
AND THEN DANCE STRAIGHT ON THROUGH TO THE NIGHT.

AND WE STARE AT OUR FOES RIGHT BEFORE US.
AND WE KNOW THAT WE HAVEN'T A CHANCE.
WE KNOW WE'VE BEEN BEAT.
STILL WE PICK UP OUR FEET.
THEN WE SMASH 'EM ON DOWN AS WE DANCE.

(Our dancer takes us back to Hans Place.)

AUSTEN

Ireland would be free to self-govern, and would be a part of the British Empire under dominion status.

MICHAEL

We've been part of the British Empire for long enough!

AUSTEN

Canada. South Africa. Australia. They all enjoy Dominion Status, and are doing perfectly well.

MICHAEL

We've got a bit of a different relationship with England than the fine people of Canada.

LORD BIRKENHEAD

The Canadian people were a bit more reasonable.

MICHAEL

I won't take political advice from a bunch of moose.

ARTHUR

More tea.

(Fiddler back to the Lavery's. LADY LAVERY brings in whiskey.)

ARTHUR

You can't call the fine nation of Canada a bunch of moose.

LADY LAVERY

I'm from near there and I have to admit, he's got a point.

MICHAEL

Where are you from?

LADY LAVERY

Chicago.

MICHAEL

Americans. They always are the prettiest, aren't they?

ARTHUR

Did I mention my friend here is engaged?

LADY LAVERY

That's wonderful. Congratulations to you and the lucky girl.

(LADY LAVERY exits.)

ARTHUR

Keep your eye on the ball, Mick.

KITTY

WE DANCE
'TIL CHANGES ARRIVE.
WE DANCE
JUST TO SURVIVE.
WE DANCE
SO WE KNOW WE'RE ALIVE.
WE ALL SHOUT OUT, "HEP!"
AND WITH ONE LITTLE STEP
WE THRIVE.
OH, WE THRIVE.

(LADY LAVERY enters.)

LADY LAVERY

What are you doing there, Mr. Collins?

MICHAEL

Writing a letter to my fiancé.

LADY LAVERY

That's very sweet.

MICHAEL

My best friend's got eyes for her, so I've got to stay on her mind lest he steal her away.

LADY LAVERY

You're not married though, are you?

MICHAEL

We're waitin' for all of this to settle down a bit.

LADY LAVERY

Well, you're far away in another country. You'll be married soon anyway. Would it really be so awful to enjoy someone's company before settling down?

MICHAEL

You're not talking about Kitty and Harry, are ya?

(Dancer takes us back to Hans Place)

MICHAEL

An oath? What good is gettin' the British out of Ireland if we need to take an oath to the King?

AUSTEN

It's just for members of your parliament.

MICHAEL

Every concession I give you is another rifle aimed at me from my friends back home.

ARTHUR

Excuse me.

AUSTEN

You want tea?

ARTHUR

No. I think it would be best if we moved on to whiskey.

(Fiddler to The Lavery's)

ARTHUR

We have to agree to something, Mick. We'll take it back to Dev and see what he says.

MICHAEL

My head is spinning, Arthur.

ARTHUR

I noticed. So just what is going on with that Lady Lavery?

MICHAEL

Arthur.

ARTHUR

It's been a heady few months, Mick. I wouldn't be surprised if you found some comfort in the arms of a woman. And besides, I know you never pass up the chance to feck the Empire.

MICHAEL

You've been planning that one, haven't ya?

(changing the subject)

How can I sign a treaty? Once you've gone to the extreme, what is the cost of coming back to the middle?

ARTHUR

You agreed to pay that cost the moment you picked up a gun. People will die if we don't sign this treaty. Irish people.

MICHAEL

If I don't sign this treaty, I won't be able to live with myself. And if I do, the boys back home might just kill me.

IRISH SINGERS

OH, WE DANCE SO WE KNOW THAT WE'RE LIVIN'
WE'RE DANCIN' WITH ALL OF OUR MIGHT.
WE DANCE SO MANY WAYS
THAT WE DANCE THROUGH OUR DAYS
AND THEN DANCE STRAIGHT ON THROUGH TO THE NIGHT.

AND WE STARE AT OUR FOES RIGHT BEFORE US.
AND WE KNOW THAT WE HAVEN'T A CHANCE.
WE KNOW WE'VE BEEN BEAT.
STILL WE PICK UP OUR FEET.
THEN WE SMASH 'EM ON DOWN AS WE DANCE.

(The DANCER takes us to Hans Place one last time. LLOYD GEORGE has notably joined the proceedings.)

AUSTEN

Here are the terms: The crown forces will withdraw from Ireland and Ireland will gain dominion status in the British Empire. In exchange for this, the King will remain the Head of State and the Irish Parliament will swear an oath to the crown. Any counties in Ireland that would like to remain a part of Great Britain will have the right to vote to do so in the coming weeks. Do you agree to the basic terms of the treaty?

MICHAEL

What if we don't?

LLOYD GEORGE

Then we will rain down a terrible and immediate war that will make the last few years look like nothing more than a skirmish.

MICHAEL

How British. Underneath the pleasantries and politeness, there is always the threat of brutal violence. At least we Irish have the decency to wear our hate on our sleeve. Bring me the treaty.

(EVERYONE begins to sign at the bottom of the treaty.)

LORD BIRKENHEAD

Mr. Collins, you must understand, in signing this treaty, I may have signed my political death warrant tonight.

MICHAEL

I may have signed my actual death warrant.

(to ARTHUR)

Let's go.

IRISH SINGERS

OH, WE DANCE SO WE KNOW
THAT WE'RE LIVIN'
WE'RE DANCIN' WITH ALL
OF OUR MIGHT.
WE DANCE SO MANY WAYS
THAT WE DANCE
THROUGH OUR DAYS
AND THEN DANCE STRAIGHT
ON THROUGH TO THE NIGHT.

AND WE STARE AT OUR
FOES RIGHT BEFORE US.
AND WE KNOW THAT
WE HAVEN'T A CHANCE.
WE KNOW WE'VE BEEN BEAT.
STILL WE PICK UP OUR FEET.
THEN WE SMASH 'EM
ON DOWN AS WE DANCE.

AND WE STARE AT OUR
FOES RIGHT BEFORE US.
AND WE KNOW THAT

KITTY

WE DANCE
'TIL CHANGES ARRIVE.
WE DANCE
JUST TO SURVIVE.

WE DANCE
SO WE KNOW WE'RE ALIVE.
OH, WE DANCE AND
WE THRIVE.
OH, WE THRIVE.

ENSEMBLE

AND WE STARE AT OUR
FOES RIGHT BEFORE US.
AND WE KNOW THAT

WE HAVEN'T A CHANCE.
WE KNOW WE'VE BEEN BEAT.
STILL WE PICK UP OUR FEET.
THEN WE SMASH 'EM
ON DOWN AS WE DANCE.

WE KNOW WE'VE BEEN BEAT.
STILL WE PICK UP OUR FEET.
THEN WE SMASH 'EM
ON DOWN AS WE DANCE.

WE HAVEN'T A CHANCE.
WE KNOW WE'VE BEEN BEAT.
STILL WE PICK UP OUR FEET.
THEN WE SMASH 'EM
ON DOWN AS WE DANCE.

WE KNOW WE'VE BEEN BEAT.
STILL WE PICK UP OUR FEET.
THEN WE SMASH 'EM
ON DOWN AS WE DANCE.

(The DANCER slams out one final, violent step. It's done.)

SCENE 2: Chancery Street and The Irish Sea

(KITTY walks out of an apartment. SHE clutches a letter to her chest.)

DEMO TRACK 7: NOTE: This track is a solo on the demo, but has been rewritten as a full ensemble piece. The demo will give you a sense of the music, and the lyric will give you a sense of the ensemble rewrite.

#15 – When Michael Comes Home***(KITTY KIERNAN)*****KITTY**

WHEN MICHAEL COMES HOME,
WE WILL SPEAK OF HIS GLORIES.
WHEN MICHAEL COMES HOME,
WE WILL WALK ARM IN ARM.
WHEN MICHAEL COMES HOME,
HE WILL TELL ME HIS STORIES
OF GROWIN' UP IRISH ON HIS DADDY'S FARM.

WHEN MICHAEL COMES HOME,
WE WILL DREAM OF TOMORROW.
A FAMILY.
A HOUSE
OVERLOOKIN' THE SEA.
WHEN MICHAEL COMES HOME,
THEN IT'S FAREWELL TO SORROW.
WHEN MICHAEL COMES HOME TO ME.

(MICHAEL stands on a ship, looking out in the ocean. ARTHUR approaches him.)

ARTHUR

You all right, Mick?

MICHAEL

What in the hell am I gonna tell Kitty?

ARTHUR

You're gonna tell her you freed Ireland. And leave the rest behind.

MICHAEL

You really think the boys are going to accept this treaty?

ARTHUR

What other choice do they have?

(MICHAEL and ARTHUR walk off. HARRY, EAMON, TOM, and CATHAL appear.)

HARRY

WHEN MICHAEL GETS BACK.
I'LL RUN OUT AND MEET HIM.
MY HEAD HOLDING HIGH
AND MY HEART FILLED WITH PRIDE.
WHEN MICHAEL COMES IN
I WILL BE THERE TO GREET HIM,
AS CENTURIES OF HISTORY ARE PUSHED TO THE SIDE.

EAMON

WHEN MICHAEL ARRIVES
WE'LL NO LONGER COWER.

TOM

WE'RE FREE THEN
TO BE MEN
WHO NO LONGER RUN.

CATHAL

WHEN MICHAEL RETURNS
IRELAND'S FREEDOM WILL FLOWER.

HARRY, EAMON, TOM, AND CATHAL

WHEN MICHAEL COMES HOME.
IT'S DONE.

KITTY, HARRY, EAMON, TOM, AND CATHAL

AND WE'LL KNOW
WHAT IT MEANS TO BE THROUGH IT.
WE'LL KNOW
WHEN FOREVER BEGINS.
AND OH,
WHEN IT COMES RIGHT DOWN TO IT
THE FUTURE IS SHAPED
BY THE FIGHTER WHO WINS.

KITTY, HARRY, EAMON, TOM, AND CATHAL

WHEN MICHAEL COMES HOME,
ALL OF THIS WILL BE OVER.
THIS FIGHT FOR FOREVER.
THIS BATTLE OF WILLS.
WHEN MICHAEL COMES HOME,
FREEDOM SAILS 'CROSS THE
CLOVER
AND SONGS OF TOMORROW
WILL SING THROUGH THE
HILLS.

ENSEMBLE

AAH, AAH, AAH
AAH, AAH, AAH,
HMM,
HMM,
OOH,
OOO

KITTY

WHEN MICHAEL COMES HOME,
I WON'T HAVE TO WONDER,
"HOW IS HE? WHAT HAPPENED?
AND WHERE COULD HE BE?
WHEN MICHAEL COMES HOME,
HE WILL SILENCE THE
THUNDER.
WHEN MICHAEL COMES HOME
TO ME.

**HARRY, EAMON, TOM, CATHAL,
AND ENSEMBLE**

MMMM,
MMMM,
OOOOO,
OOOOO,
OOOOH,
OOOOH,
AAAAH
HMMM

TOM AND CATHAL

WHEN MICHAEL,

HARRY AND EAMON

DEAR MICHAEL,

KITTY

MY MICHAEL
COMES HOME TO ME.

HARRY, EAMON, TOM, CATHAL, AND ENSEMBLE

LI, LI, LI,
LI, LI, LI,
LI, LI, LI, LI, LI
HMMMMMMM

SCENE 3: Council Chamber, University College, Dublin

(The entire Dail gathers to discuss the treaty, most notably MICHAEL COLLINS, EAMON DE VALERA, ARTHUR GRIFFITH, CATHAL BRUGHA, TOM HALES and HARRY BOLAND.)

EAMON

An oath! To the King of England! You must be mad!

MICHAEL

It's a stepping stone to freedom.

EAMON

A stepping stone! Cathal, when you were shot twenty-five times in the Risin', did you know that it was for a steppin' stone?

CATHAL

I did not.

EAMON

Tom, when the British were pullin' out your finger nails did you know it was for a steppin' stone?

TOM

No, sir.

EAMON

We've got men who've laid down their lives for this!

MICHAEL

And their faces haunt me in me sleep. The imagined sound of their widows' cries tear me awake at night. I commanded men unknowingly but unquestionably to their deaths.

EAMON

And then you sold them out because it was easier than fightin' on.

MICHAEL

You think this was easy? Sittin' across the table from men who two months ago wanted me dead in the streets? And because of a truce you negotiated, we had no choice but to take the best offer they gave us.

EAMON

Don't you blame this on me.

CATHAL

This was your idea, Collins. Your "why" and your "how." Your big plan. And we all followed along. Well, we're not following along for another day!

TOM

Mick. You inspired me to kill men for a free Ireland. I was tortured half to death for a free Ireland. How can you look at me and my battered hands and ask me to accept this treaty?

MICHAEL

Tom. My dear Tom. If we hadn't signed this treaty, the result would be a war unlike anything the people of Ireland have ever seen.

EAMON

And if we ratify this treaty the result may be the same.

MICHAEL

Are you threaten' to lead a risin' against the Free State Government before it's even been formed?

ARTHUR

With this treaty, for the first time in seven centuries, the people of Ireland have a chance to live their lives in their own country and take their place amongst the nations of Europe.

EAMON

Before you take a vote I want to enter my last protest. I say that the Irish nation will judge you who have brought this Treaty.

MICHAEL

Let them judge us now and for future years.

(The scene quickly shifts into the hallway MICHAEL stands with HARRY.)

MICHAEL

Harry, please. Don't do this.

HARRY

When I ran for MP, I stood before the people of Rothscommon and told them that if they elected me, I would stop at nothin' for a free Ireland.

MICHAEL

They'll understand, Harry.

HARRY

Durin' the election, a local priest spoke on my behalf and said: Vote for Harry Boland, he'll soon get us Home Rule. And I stopped him, and reminded everyone there, that we weren't fightin' for Home Rule under the British crown anymore. We were fightin' for somethin' bigger. It's what you were fightin' for.

#16 – Always Together

(MICHAEL COLLINS)

MICHAEL

I STILL AM.
I'M STILL HERE.
I'M STILL FIGHTIN' FOR THE THINGS THAT WE HOLD DEAR.
I'M STILL STANDIN' HERE
FIGHTIN' FOR WHAT'S TRUE.
WHAT ABOUT YOU, HARRY?
WHAT ABOUT YOU?

HARRY

Don't you put this on me, Mick.

MICHAEL

WITHOUT YOU BY MY SIDE.
 I'M ONLY HALF A MAN.
 WITHOUT YOU I CAN'T FINISH OFF
 THE THINGS THAT WE BEGAN.
 WITHOUT YOU I CAN'T REALIZE
 THE THINGS I KNOW WE CAN.
 ALWAYS TOGETHER.
 ALWAYS TOGETHER.

I KNOW YOU FEEL CONFUSED.
 I KNOW YOU FEEL BETRAYED.
 I KNOW OUR BONDS OF FRIENDSHIP
 HAVE GONE THROUGH IT AND GONE FRAYED.
 WE'RE A TEAM AND WE DON'T FALTER.
 THAT'S THE PROMISE THAT WE MADE.
 ALWAYS TOGETHER.
 ALWAYS TOGETHER.

HARRY

I don't know what happened to ya, Mick. I don't know if it was when I was in America or when you were in London. But the Mick Collins I knew, wouldn't be askin' me to vote against what I believe, and who I am as an Irishman.

MICHAEL

THIS ISN'T WHO YOU ARE.
 IT'S JUST WHAT YOU'VE BECOME.
 IT'S JUST A THING YOU'RE GOING THROUGH.
 IT ISN'T WHERE YOUR'RE FROM.
 THE HARRY I GREW UP WITH
 WOULDN'T EVER DARE TO DO
 WHAT YOU ARE THINKING OF DOING.
 DAMMIT!
 WHERE'S THE HARRY THAT I KNEW?

HARRY

I'm sorry, Mick.

(HARRY walks away. KITTY runs up to MICHAEL.)

KITTY

Mick! How's it goin' in there?

MICHAEL

I don't know. They're votin' now. It's gonna be close.

KITTY

But if they ratify the treaty, the war's over right?

MICHAEL

Or it may just be startin'.

KITTY

When does it stop, Mick? When does the day come that you and I can be alone, and I don't feel the weight of Irish history crushin' down on us?

MICHAEL

Have I betrayed my country, Kitty?

KITTY

You'd never betray anyone.

MCHAEL

Kitty. When I was in London...

KITTY

I heard the rumors. They aren't true, Mick.

MICHAEL

There was a lot goin' on at the time, Kitty.

KITTY

Mick. We're engaged.

MICHAEL

And we still will be. Now everything I fought for comes down to this vote. Can we meet later and discuss it all? Everything. I'll tell you everything.

KITTY

You've told me enough.

(KITTY starts to walk out.)

MICHAEL

Kitty, please stay. At least until the votes are counted.
THERE ARE THINGS THAT I HAVE DONE.
AND THINGS THAT I'VE GONE THROUGH.
I'VE BETRAYED ALL THAT I LOVE,
BOTH IRELAND AND YOU.
AND I KNOW IT ISN'T FAIR
WHAT I AM ASKING YOU TO DO.
STAY HERE TOGETHER.
STAY HERE TOGETHER.
STAY HERE TOGETHER.
I NEED YOU.

(ARTHUR rushes in.)

ARTHUR

Mick! Mick! The votes are in.

KITTY

I stayed until the votes were counted.

MICHAEL

Kitty.

KITTY

You did all of this for peace in Ireland. Go make sure that happens. Because I'm not talking to you until it does.

(The scene quickly shifts back to the council chamber.)

THE SPEAKER

The result of the poll is sixty-four to fifty-seven. That is a majority of seven in favor of approval of the Treaty.

(The room erupts.)

EAMON

It will, of course, be my duty to resign my office as Chief Executive.

MICHAEL

No.

THINK OF WHO YOU ARE.
THINK OF WHO YOU'LL BE.
WHEN THEY LOOK BACK ON WHAT YOU DID
THE DAY THAT IRELAND WAS FREE.
THE PEOPLE THAT I FOUGHT WITH
WOULDN'T EVER DARE DIVIDE
THE LAND OUR BROTHERS FOUGHT FOR,
THE LAND WHERE THEY DIED.

I PRAY THIS ALL ENDS NOW.
RIGHT HERE AND ON THIS FLOOR.
I PRAY WE LEAVE BEHIND
THIS VIOLENT, TORTURED WORLD OF WAR.
I PRAY THAT EACH MAN HERE
REMEMBERS WHAT WE FOUGHT THIS FOR.
ALWAYS TOGETHER.
ALWAYS TOGETHER.
ALWAYS TOGETHER.
FOREVER MORE.

The President knows how I tried to do my best for him.

EAMON

Hear. Hear.

MICHAEL

Well, he has exactly the same position in my heart now as he always had.

EAMON

I would like my last word here to be this: we have had a glorious record for four years; it has been four years of magnificent discipline in our nation. The world is looking at us now.

(EAMON begins to walk out.)

MICHAEL

Dev. Dev! What are you going to do?

EAMON

I'm going to continue to fight for the republic. And if it's against you, so be it.

(EAMON continues to walk away, and his delegation follows him, most notably TOM HALES, CATHAL BRUGHHA and HARRY BOLAND)

MICHAEL

Dev. Dev!

(to HARRY)

Harry. Harry! I thought we were always together. Always together, Harry.

HARRY

I was goin' to say the same thing to you, Mick. Say hello to Kitty for me.

SCENE 4: Dublin Castle

(Drums begin to play, as The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, VISCOUNT FITZALAN, stands on stage. MICHAEL COLLINS walks up—he is now in a Free State uniform.)

VISCOUNT FITZALAN

You're seven minutes late.

MICHAEL

We've been waiting seven hundred years. You can have the seven minutes.

#17 – Together As One Reprise (MICHAEL, IRISH SINGERS and ENSEMBLE)

IRISH MAN SINGER

AND WE'LL GET THERE TOGETHER,
HOLDING ON TO EACH OTHER
WITH THAT DREAM AS OUR GUIDE.
AND WE'LL RAISE UP A CHORUS
LIKE OUR FATHERS BEFORE US
WITH THEIR SOULS BY OUR SIDE.
AND WE'LL SING A SONG OF FREEDOM
FOR EVERY IRISH DAUGHTER AND SON
AND WE'LL GET THERE TOGETHER.
TOGETHER AS ONE.

(Slowly, the Union Jack that has been hanging over the stage for most of the show begins to come down. In its place, the tricolor—twice as big as the flag that was raised at the top of the show—begins to rise up to the top of the stage.)

(Meanwhile, EAMON DE VALERA speaks out against the treaty. As he speaks, half the ENSEMBLE stands up from their tables—they are the ANTI-TREATY ENSEMBLE.)

EAMON

Even as this treaty is accepted, the fight for freedom still goes on, and the Irish people, instead of fighting foreign soldiers, will have to fight the Irish soldiers of an Irish government set up by Irishmen. The IRA will have to wade through the blood of the soldiers of the Irish Government, and perhaps through that of some members of the Irish Government to get their freedom.

(The tricolor hangs high above the stage.)

VISCOUNT FITZALAN

Good luck, Mr. Collins. The Irish, they can be an unruly bunch.

MICHAEL

Only if you try to rule them.

(The ANTI-TREATY ENSEMBLE walks offstage singing.)

MICHAEL, IRISH SINGERS AND ENSEMBLE

LI LI LI LI LI LI
LI LI LI LI LI LI
LI LI LI LI

IRISH SINGERS

TOGETHER AS ONE.
TOGETHER AS ONE.

SCENE 5: In Front of a home on Chancery Street

(MICHAEL COLLINS and ARTHUR GRIFFITH walk down the street together. MICHAEL is carrying sweets.)

ARTHUR

Mick, how could we possibly negotiate with them? De Valera is calling for blood in the streets. And Cathal and Tom have joined IRA rebels and taken over The Four Courts.

MICHAEL

We can't have a divided Ireland.

ARTHUR

We negotiated that treaty. We voted on that treaty. The people of Ireland voted on that treaty. What more justification do you need to rout them out?

MICHAEL

I won't attack other Irishmen.

ARTHUR

What do you want me to do?

MICHAEL

You're the president. You have to try to negotiate with them.

ARTHUR

What do you think I've been doing, Mick? Every second of my life is dedicated to the Free State. I'm working until I can't work anymore, and then puttin' in a few more hours after that. It's killin' me, Mick.

MICHAEL

Find a way.

ARTHUR

Yes, Sir. Mr. Collins.

(ARTHUR begins to walk away.)

MICHAEL

Arthur. Arthur! I'm sorry, Arthur.

(ARTHUR is gone.)

(MICHAEL walks up to the door and knocks on it. KITTY KIERNAN answers.)

KITTY

I thought I made it very clear I wouldn't talk to you until you got the peace you ruined our lives for.

MICHAEL

I brought you sweets.

KITTY

That buys you one minute.

(KITTY comes out and sits on the steps next to MICHAEL. SHE digs through the sweets and picks one out.)

KITTY

How's your government goin'?

MICHAEL

Eamon's calling for my blood. Tom and Cathal are holed up with rebels in The Four Courts. Harry won't speak to me. And Arthur just called me Mr. Collins for the first time in my life. But other than that, things are goin' just grand.

KITTY

Sometimes it's easier to destroy somethin' than it is to build somethin'.

MICHAEL

What if I broke everything so bad it can't be fixed?

KITTY

You talking about Ireland? Or something else?

MICHAEL

Kitty, do you remember when you told me your favorite story about Cuchulainn?

KITTY

I do.

MICHAEL

Mind if I tell you mine?

KITTY

You've got forty seconds. Do whatever you'd like.

(KITTY pops another sweet in her mouth.)

#18– When Michael Comes Home Reprise

(KITTY KIERNAN)

MICHAEL

During a great battle over the Irish Sea, Cuchulainn fell in love with a fairy named Fand. Now this, quite understandably, incensed his wife Emer.

KITTY

Quite understandably.

MICHAEL

Emer went to fight Fand for Cuchulainn, but when Fand saw Emer's love for him, she gave him up. She shook a magic cloak between her and Cuchulainn, ensuring that they would never meet again. And then she gave Cuchulainn and Emer a potion that would make them forget the affair ever happened.

KITTY

It sounds nice, Mick.

MICHAEL

Part of me felt I was betrayin' all of Ireland in negotatin' that treaty. But now that I'm back, the betrayal that keeps me up most at night is the one I did to you.

KITTY

WHEN YOU WERE GONE
I DREAMED ALL ABOUT YOU.
WHEN YOU WERE GONE
I SENT YOU MY PRAYERS.
AND I CARRIED ON.
IT WAS LONELY WITHOUT YOU.
AND ALTHOUGH THERE ARE MILLIONS OF WAYS
TO WHILE AWAY THE DAYS.
I WAITED.
NOT FOR IRELAND TO BE FREE.
BUT FOR YOU TO COME HOME TO ME.

MICHAEL

I'm sorry, Kitty. I made a terrible mistake.

(KITTY gets up and walks inside. SHE leaves the door open.)

MICHAEL

Kitty?

(KITTY returns with a couple of men's dress shirts.)

KITTY

You left these here.

MICHAEL

Thank you.

KITTY

Good men make bad decisions sometimes. Keep that in mind when you're dealin' with your friends fightin' against you. And keep it doubly in mind when you're beatin' yourself up as well.

MICHAEL

Does that mean you forgive me?

KITTY

Bring us peace, Mick. And keep the sweets comin'.

(MICHAEL walks away.)

KITTY

I'LL KNOW
WHAT IT MEANS TO BE THROUGH IT.
I'LL KNOW
WHEN FOREVER BEGINS.

AND OH,
WHEN IT COMES RIGHT DOWN TO IT
LONG AS I DON'T LOSE HIM
DOESN'T MATTER WHO WINS.

WHEN MICHAEL COMES HOME,
THAT'S WHEN WE START A'LIVIN'.
AWAY IN A VALLEY
IN THE SHADE OF A TREE.
I'LL HAVE TO DECIDE THEN
WHAT DEEDS GET FORGIVEN.
AND WHAT I CAN NEVER UNKNOW.
WHAT KIND OF A DEBT DOES HE OWE?
OH, WHERE CAN A BROKEN MAN GO
BUT TO ME?
WHEN MICHAEL,
DAMN MICHAEL,
MY MICHAEL COMES HOME TO ME.

SCENE 6: Dublin

(Arthur's office. MICHAEL finds ARTHUR at work at his desk.)

ARTHUR

Mr. Collins.

MICHAEL

Would ya please stop callin' me Mr. Collins?

ARTHUR

We've got a problem.

MICHAEL

Another one?

ARTHUR

The IRA just killed Sir Henry Wilson. In London.

MICHAEL

Are they mad? The British will reinvade!

ARTHUR

Unless we do something first.

MICHAEL

What do you want me to do, Arthur? Attack The Four Courts? You want me to see Cathal and Tom and the men that I fought alongside killed just like the British killed us in the Rising.

ARTHUR

You're the Commander in Chief of the Free State Forces. I expect you to command them to protect the Republic.

MICHAEL

I'll do what you want. But I need you to continue negotiating with them.

ARTHUR

You negotiate with them.

MICHAEL

I can't. Not if I'm attackin' 'em. You do your job. I'll do mine.

(ARTHUR calls to MAGGIE.)

ARTHUR

Maggie! Maggie!

(MAGGIE enters.)

MAGGIE

Yes, sir.

ARTHUR

Take a note. Mr. De Valera,

MAGGIE

You're writin' to Dev?

ARTHUR

Mr. De Valera, while it is quite clear that we begin on opposite sides of an ideological chasm, I'm sure that through negotiation and diplomacy we can come to some agreement that is in the best interests of...(cough, cough)...in the best interests of...(cough, cough...)

MAGGIE

Are you okay, Sir?

ARTHUR

I have such a distaste for this that I can't even get the words out.

MICHAEL

We'll attack The Four Courts at dawn. This is about to get worse than anything we've ever seen. May God have mercy on our souls.

#19 – Fight, Fight, Fight!

(IRISH MAN SINGER)

IRISH MAN SINGER

ON MONDAY NIGHT,
I GOT IN A FIGHT
RIGHT OUT ON GRAFTON STREET.
THEN TUESDAY CAME
AND I DID THE SAME
BUT THIS TIME I WAS BEAT.
ON WEDNESDAY
AND ON THURSDAY
I BEGAN A WINNING STREAK.
AND ON FRIDAY DAY,
I REALIZED, "HEY!
I'VE BEEN FIGHTIN' THIS WHOLE WEEK!"

BECAUSE WE
FIGHT, FIGHT, FIGHT!
AND THEN WE FIGHT SOME MORE.
WE HAVE A GO
AND THROW A THROW.
'CAUSE THAT'S WHAT FISTS ARE FOR.
FIGHT, FIGHT, FIGHT!
SO LOOK OUT NEAR AND FAR!
OH, WE FIGHT, FIGHT, FIGHT!
'CAUSE FIGHTIN'S WHO WE ARE!

(Meanwhile, MICHAEL COLLINS brings his shirts to Vaughn's Hotel. As he approaches, he runs in to HARRY BOLAND who is doing the same.)

MICHAEL

Harry.

HARRY

Jesus Christ, Mick. I can't be seen with ya.

MICHAEL

I'm not gonna arrest ya. I just want to know how you're doin'.

HARRY

I'm okay, Mick. Fightin' the fight.

MICHAEL

I could really use you on our side.

HARRY

We could use you on ours. I'm afraid this isn't goin' to end well.

MICHAEL

I'm afraid it isn't goin' to end at all.

HARRY

One way or another, this has to be the end.

MICHAEL

Why? Because you think this is supposed to be the last fight to end this once and for all? Wolfe Tone thought that. Connolly thought that. I thought that. But if you die holdin' a gun, there's always someone right behind ya, ready to pick it up.

HARRY

Then that's what'll happen.

MICHAEL

But if you put down the gun. Maybe another shot doesn't ever get fired again.

HARRY

This mornin' you started rainin' down hellfire on the men holed up in The Four Courts. Don't you tell me to put down the gun. You put that gun in my hands.

MICHAEL

And it's haunted me every day of my life since. Good luck, Harry. Leadin' a rebellion may win you glory, but it'll steal your soul. Goodbye.

HARRY

(at the same time as MICHAEL)

Goodbye.

MICHAEL

Always together, Harry. Always together.

IRISH MAN SINGER

ON SATURDAY,
I MADE MY WAY
ON DOWN TO STEPHEN'S GREEN
I STOPPED AND THEN

I FOUGHT MORE MEN
 THAN I HAD EVER SEEN.
 ON SUNDAY
 MY OWN PRIEST SAID STOP!
 YOU KNOW THAT THERE'S HIS JOB.
 BUT HIS CALLS FOR PEACE
 DON'T MEAN THAT I'LL CEASE.
 I PUNCHED HIM IN THE GOB!

FIGHT, FIGHT, FIGHT!
 WHEN SOBER OR WHEN PISSED
 THAT'S MY DECREE.
 YOU DISAGREE?
 PREPARE TO MEET MY FIST.
 FIGHT, FIGHT, FIGHT!
 SO LOOK OUT ONE AND ALL.
 BECAUSE WE FIGHT, FIGHT, FIGHT.
 WE FIGHT UNTIL WE FALL.

(Back in Arthur Griffith's office, ARTHUR dictates to MAGGIE.)

ARTHUR

Mr. De Valera, thank you for your quick response to my invitation. I am disappointed that our salvo was not more amenable to you, but I'm confident that...*(cough, cough)*...I'm confident that...*(cough, cough)*...I'm *(cough, cough)*

(ARTHUR launches into a coughing fit. At the end of it he looks at his hand and sees blood.)

ARTHUR

(to MAGGIE)

Hospital.

(Meanwhile, at The Four Courts, CATHAL BRUGHHA and TOM HALES stand as CATHAL directly addresses the audience.)

CATHAL

All right, boys. We wanted a fight, well, we got a fight with the great Mick Collins and the government he made by sellin' us all out. Now, if anybody dare says that what you did here didn't matter—you tell them that you fought for the freedom of your nation. Get ready to fight, boys!

(CATHAL runs out as shells explode all around HIM. HE is killed instantly. TOM runs over and holds his body. TOM and REBELS drag CATHAL'S body off.)

IRISH MAN SINGER

IN WINTER'S COLD
 A CHILL TOOK HOLD
 I STEELED AGAINST THE STORM.
 IT'S NOT A JOKE,
 I PUNCHED A BLOKE
 IN ORDER TO KEEP WARM.
 NOW HERE'S THE SPRING.

NOW HERE'S THE THING.
THE SPRING BRINGS IN THE RAINS.
YOU KNOW THAT I
WILL BE KEEPING DRY
BY RATTLIN' SOME BRAINS.

*(Meanwhile, at Collins' office, MICHAEL COLLINS sits at his desk.
FREE STATE SOLDIER rushes in.)*

FREE STATE OFFICER

Mick, we just got word of the location of another IRA man.

MICHAEL

Go arrest him then.

FREE STATE OFFICER

It's Harry.

MICHAEL

How could he be so stupid?

FREE STATE OFFICER

What do you want us to do?

MICHAEL

You've got to arrest him.

FREE STATE OFFICER

Are you certain?

MICHAEL

Make sure he isn't hurt. If anyone as much touches a hair on his head, I want that man sent here.

FREE STATE OFFICER

Of course, Sir.

(MICHAEL pounds his fist on the table.)

MICHAEL

God damn it, Harry!

*(Meanwhile at the hospital. A DOCTOR talks to ARTHUR GRIFFITH as
MAGGIE sits by.)*

DOCTOR

You're lucky you came in when you did, Mr. Griffith.

ARTHUR

I thought you said it was just tonsillitis.

DOCTOR

Tonsillitis can turn pretty bad if you push yourself too hard, Mr. Griffith. We see signs of what may be a subarachnoid hemorrhage.

ARTHUR

What's that mean?

DOCTOR

It means you're stayin' here for a while. And it also means no work.

ARTHUR

I'm the President of Ireland.

DOCTOR

You'll be a dead President of Ireland. Then what good are ya?

(to MAGGIE)

Keep an eye on him for me, would ya?

(The DOCTOR leaves the room.)

ARTHUR

Maggie.

MAGGIE

Yes, Sir.

ARTHUR

Take a note.

MAGGIE

But he said...

ARTHUR

Take a note.

MAGGIE

Yes, Sir.

ARTHUR

Mr. De Valera...

IRISH MAN SINGER

FIGHT, FIGHT, FIGHT!
'CAUSE FIGHTIN'S ALL WE NEED.
PUT UP YOUR GUARD
WE HIT SO HARD
THAT OUR OWN KNUCKLES BLEED.
FIGHT, FIGHT, FIGHT!
YOU HEARD JUST WHAT WE SAID.
YES WE FIGHT, FIGHT, FIGHT!
WE FIGHT UNTIL WE'RE DEAD.

(Meanwhile at the Skerries Grand Hotel, HARRY BOLAND sits on the edge of his bed, buttoning up his shirt. TWO FREE STATE SOLDIERS bound into the room.)

FREE STATE SOLDIER

Stop.

HARRY

All right, boys. Stay calm. I'm unarmed.

FREE STATE SOLDIER

(Yelling down the hall)

He's down here!

HARRY

Let me just finish gettin' dressed and we'll all go see Mick together.

(HARRY turns to grab his coat, and suddenly makes a run for it. One of the FREE STATE SOLDIERS shoots him in the back. HE collapses dead onto the ground. FREE STATE OFFICER runs into the room.)

FREE STATE OFFICER

Oh dear God. No. No.

IRISH MAN SINGER

THE SUMMER'S SUN
HAS JUST BEGUN
AND DAYS ARE FILLED WITH EASE.
HOW CAN YOU NOT
THROW OFF A SHOT
ON BLISSFUL DAYS AS THESE.
BUT AS A RULE
IT STARTS TO COOL
AND AUTUMN'S CHILL IS HERE.
BUT I DON'T GRIEVE
ON NEW YEAR'S EVE!
I FIGHT ANOTHER YEAR!

(Back at the hospital.)

ARTHUR

I need my notes.

MAGGIE

I'll go get them for ya.

ARTHUR

No, they're all over the place. I'm feelin' much better, really.

MAGGIE

At least let me help you over there.

ARTHUR

Thank you, Maggie.

(MAGGIE helps ARTHUR out of bed.)

ARTHUR

Hold on, Maggie.

(ARTHUR bends down to tie his shoe. HE begins to cough violently.)

MAGGIE

Arthur? Arthur, are you all right?

(ARTHUR begins to cough up blood, and collapses onto the floor.)

MAGGIE

Doctor! Doctor! Doctor!

(ARTHUR shakes into unconsciousness.)

IRISH MAN SINGER

FIGHT, FIGHT, FIGHT!
'CAUSE THAT'S JUST WHAT WE DO!
YOU SCORN OR SCOFF?
WELL, AH PISS OFF
OR I'LL BE FIGHTIN' YOU.
WE FIGHT, FIGHT, FIGHT!
OH AREN'T WE A SIGHT?
WE FIGHT, FIGHT, FIGHT!
WE FIGHT BECAUSE WE'RE RIGHT!

FIGHT, FIGHT, FIGHT!
THEN FIGHT A LITTLE MORE.
HAVE A GO
AND THROW A THROW.
'CAUSE THAT'S WHAT FISTS ARE FOR.
FIGHT, FIGHT, FIGHT!
SO LOOK OUT NEAR AND FAR!
OH, WE FIGHT, FIGHT, FIGHT!
'CAUSE FIGHTIN'S WHO WE ARE!

(Back at Collins' office, MICHAEL sits at his desk. A FREE STATE OFFICER walks in.)

MICHAEL

Where is he?

FREE STATE OFFICER

Sir.

MICHAEL

Where is he?

FREE STATE OFFICER

I'm sorry.

MICHAEL

Goddamn, you! You weren't supposed to touch him.

FREE STATE OFFICER

I know. He was...

MICHAEL

Shut the fuck up! I don't care what he was doin'.

(For a moment, MICHAEL pulls up his fists as if HE is going to punch the FREE STATE OFFICER in the face. HE doesn't even try to defend himself.)

Fuck!

(MICHAEL completely breaks down.)

Fuck it all to hell. This whole fuckin' war. Fuck it all to hell. And I'm goin' there right along with it.

#20 – It's Those Bastards Who Began It Reprise

(IRISH SINGERS)

IRISH WOMAN SINGER

IT'S THOSE BASTARDS WHO BEGAN IT.

IRISH MAN SINGER

WHOA, OH.

IRISH WOMAN SINGER

AND PUT THEMSELVES ON TOP.

IRISH MAN SINGER

OH, OH.

IRISH WOMAN SINGER

IT'S THOSE BASTARDS WHO BEGAN IT.

IRISH MAN SINGER

OH, OH,

IRISH WOMAN SINGER

BUT WE'LL NEVER, NEVER STOP.

IRISH SINGERS

NO, WE'LL NEVER, EVER STOP.
IT'S THOSE BASTARDS WHO BEGAN IT.
AND WE'LL NEVER, EVER STOP.

SCENE 7: A Home on Chancery Street

(MICHAEL COLLINS walks up Chancery Street with a large box in his hands—HE walks as a man whose spirit has been completely broken. HE knocks on the door. KITTY answers.)

KITTY

Mick. Oh, Mick.

(KITTY hugs MICHAEL)

Do you want to come in?

MICHAEL

No, we can sit out here. It's becomin' our place, isn't it?

KITTY

I'm so sorry. Especially about Harry.

MICHAEL

I'd send him a wreath, but they'd probably tear it up.

KITTY

Oh, Mick.

MICHAEL

Cathal was killed during an attack I commanded. Arthur died doin' work I forced him to do. And Harry was shot during an arrest I ordered.

KITTY

You did what you had to do.

MICHAEL

This isn't how this was supposed to end, Kitty. We were all supposed to be there when the British marched out of Dublin Castle, and then we were all goin' to head to Vaughn's. Arthur would write up our constitution. Cathal and Tom would mount our army. Dev would be our pompous president. And Harry and I could kick back over a few whiskies.

KITTY

This isn't your fault, Mick.

MICHAEL

Who forced the British to the negotiating table, and then brought home a treaty certain men would have to reject?

KITTY

They didn't have to. They chose to.

MICHAEL

Harry wouldn't have walked away if he had any other choice. He believed in a free Ireland because I told him it was possible. And it cost him his life.

KITTY

Harry changed when he was in America, Mick. Not everyone stays the boy you knew when you met them.

MICHAEL

Dev and I are the only ones left.

KITTY

The two of you—reachin' for each other's throats hoping the other one collapses first.

MICHAEL

Do you know how Cuchulainn died?

KITTY

I only read the love stories.

MICHAEL

His mortal enemy, Lugaid, had three magical spears made, and it was prophesized that they would kill Cuchulainn. With the first spear, he killed Cuchuliann's chariot driver and best friend. With the second, he killed Cuchulainn's horse and constant companion. And with the third he got Cuchuliann. And I can only imagine, after all he'd been through, that Cuchuliann welcomed it.

KITTY

Harry and Arthur are gone, but doin' somethin' reckless with your own life won't bring them back.

MICHAEL

As he died, Cuchulainn continued to fight. And every time he fell, he got back up, until he could stand no more. And then, he crawled over to a large stone, stood up one final time, and tied himself to it—so that he could die, fightin' his enemies, on his feet.

KITTY

What are you gonna do, Mick? Kill Dev?

MICHAEL

I'm gonna end this once and for all. I got ya somethin'.

(MICHAEL hands KITTY the box.)

KITTY

This is quite the box of sweets.

(KITTY opens it, and it's a fur coat.)

It's beautiful, Mick.

MICHAEL

It's a nice one. With the hand-stitched lining.

KITTY

You can't buy forgiveness with a fur coat.

MICHAEL

It's not an apology. It's a thank you. I'm not tryin' to win you back anymore. I don't want you marryin' a corpse.

(MICHAEL starts to walk away.)

KITTY

Mick. Where ya goin', Mick?

MICHAEL

Cork. To win the peace I promised you.

KITTY

That's the heart of the rebellion, Mick.

MICHAEL

I'll send you a letter when I've won peace. Or my men will send you a letter when I've died.

KITTY

Don't even joke about that, Mick.

MICHAEL

They won't shoot me in my home county. And if they do, I'm goin' to die on my feet.

SCENE 8: The Four Alls

(A pub in County Cork, The Four Alls. A bartender named JEREMIAH stands behind the bar, washing a glass. MICHAEL COLLINS, a FREE STATE OFFICER and a FREE STATE SOLDIER walk in.)

JEREMIAH

Mick Collins! I heard you were around, but I couldn't believe it. Get in here, and let me get you a pint.

MICHAEL

Boys, when you're in Cork, you drink Cork stout. Wrasslers around.

JEREMIAH

What're ya doin' here, Mick? Everyone's lookin' for ya.

MICHAEL

Ya hear that, boys? Everyone's lookin' for me.

FREE STATE OFFICER

You're a popular fellow, Mick.

JEREMIAH

These are on me. Keep your head down, Mick.

(JEREMIAH puts three pints of Wrassler on the bar.)

MICHAEL

Always, Jeremiah.

(to the FREE STATE OFFICER and the FREE STATE SOLDIER)

I used to come to this pub as a boy. I would sit right over there by the fireplace, and listen to my dad and his friends talk about their dreams for a free Ireland.

FREE STATE OFFICER

And now you've got it for them, Sir.

MICHAEL

Not until we end this Goddamn Civil War. Slainte.

FREE STATE OFFICER AND FREE STATE SOLDIER

Slainte

(THEY toast.)

FREE STATE OFFICER

Our boys have been runnin' messages between us and the anti-treaty men here. And it seems enough of them want to talk—including Mr. De Valera.

MICHAEL

That's really great.

FREE STATE OFFICER

That's what you wanted, isn't it, Sir?

MICHAEL

In the past few weeks, the best men I've ever known have fallen. It's hard to see how this whole thing ends without me fallin' wit' 'em.

FREE STATE OFFICER

Nothin' like that is goin' to happen, Sir. We'll end the war. Tomorrow. How does that sound, Sir?

MICHAEL

Wonderful. Impossibly wonderful.

JEREMIAH

They're comin', Mick. Get behind the bar.

(MICHAEL, the FREE STATE OFFICER and the FREE STATE SOLDIER run behind the bar and crouch down.)

(Through the front door storms TOM HALES and TWO IRA MEN.)

TOM

Where is he?

JEREMIAH

Who?

TOM

You know who.

JEREMIAH

He left a while ago. You missed him.

(EAMON DE VALERA storms in the front door.)

EAMON

Tom, stop.

TOM

Dev, stay out of this. The less you know the better.

EAMON

What the hell do you think you're doin'?

TOM

What you refuse to.

EAMON

I swear to God, you'll have to kill me before ya kill him.

TOM

We're not gonin' to kill him. We're goin' to capture him.

EAMON

If something happens to Mick, a lesser man will just rise in his place.

TOM

Unless you want to be involved, get out of here.

EAMON

He's here to negotiate a peace.

TOM

He already did that for us once. And look what happened.

EAMON

They're beatin' us in every county except this one. If we negotiate now, with Mick, we can come to an agreement that all of Ireland can live with.

TOM

Collins brought back an agreement we could live with, and you said we shouldn't give up until we have a country we can die for.

EAMON

We've done all we can.

TOM

You know why I know what I'm doin' is right? Because it's what you would have done. It's what Mick would have done.

EAMON

It'll only make everything worse.

TOM

I've seen the worst! And I did it because you and Collins inspired me to. I killed men for this. You can't ask me to change now.

(EAMON has no response.)

First thing tomorrow mornin', we're kidnappin' Collins. Get the fuck out of my way.

(TOM HALES and the IRA MEN storm past EAMON who stands in the middle of the pub helpless to do anything. HE follows the MEN out.)

MICHAEL, the FREE STATE OFFICER and the FREE STATE SOLDIER come out from behind the bar.)

FREE STATE OFFICER

We won't let them kidnap you, Sir.

MICHAEL

There are some things you can't stop.

FREE STATE OFFICER

You're winnin' this war. And now you've come here, in good faith, to end it. If anything happens to you, the whole country will fall apart.

DEMO TRACK 8

MICHAEL

Will it? Or am I the reason the country is fallin' apart in the first place?

I DREAMED OF A LAND
WHERE WE ALL COULD BE FREE.
DEV, ARTHUR, CATHAL,
HARRY, AND ME.
I SAW IT BEFORE ME.
IT WAS GLISTENING GREEN.
AND WITH EYES SHUT TIGHT,
IT WAS THE GREATEST SIGHT
THESE IRISH EYES HAVE SEEN.
I KNEW IN MY HEART
I MUST DO MY PART
IT WAS ALL I WAS LIVIN' FOR.
BUT SOMETIMES LIVIN'S NOT ENOUGH.
SOMETIMES YOU HAVE TO DO MORE.

How would ya a like a new boss?

FREE STATE OFFICER

That won't be necessary, Sir.

MICHAEL

I'm gonna need you all to carry on the fight after I'm gone. But don't do it like I did.

LIVE LIKE THERE ISN'T TOMORROW.
LIVE LIKE TODAY IS YOUR LAST.
LIVE LIKE THERE ISN'T A FUTURE
TO MAKE UP FOR MISTAKES FROM YOUR PAST.
LIVE LIKE THERE ISN'T AN ANSWER
TO THE IMPOSSIBLE QUESTION OF WHY.
BOYS, WHEN I'M GONE.
STAND TALL, CARRY ON.
AND LIVE LIKE YOU'RE GOING TO DIE.

FREE STATE OFFICER

With all due respect, sir, this is ludicrous.

MICHAEL

What do you think Tom Hales will do when he gets his hands on me?

FREE STATE OFFICER

I shudder to think of it.

MICHAEL

LOVE LIKE YOU'VE NEVER KNOWN HEARTBREAK.
FIGHT LIKE YOU'VE NEVER KNOWN FEAR.
GIVE LIKE YOU'VE NEVER KNOWN HUNGER.
STAND LIKE THERE'S NOWHERE BUT HERE.
AND ASK THOSE YOU LOVE FOR FORGIVENESS
WHETHER OR NOT THEY FORGIVE.
SO THEN WHEN YOU GO
AT LEAST THEN YOU'LL KNOW
YOU'LL DIE THE SAME WAY THAT YOU LIVE.

AND ALL OF OUR LIVES ARE DESTINED
TO SET JUST LIKE THE SUN.
AND HOW IT ENDS
IT ALL DEPENDS
ON ALL THE THINGS YOU'VE DONE.
AND OH THE FIGHT, IT MATTERS MORE
THAN IF YOU'VE LOST OR WON
AND SO THEN
I TELL YOU, MY MEN...

LIVE LIKE YOU'RE BURNING WITH FIRE
BUT STILL CAN'T GET TOUCHED BY THE FLAME.
LIVE LIKE OUR GOD UP ABOVE YOU
IS CHEERING YOU ON BY YOUR NAME.
AND KNOW WHEN I'M NO LONGER WITH YOU
I'M WATCHING ON DOWN FROM THE SKY.
BOYS, WHEN I'M GONE.
STAND TALL, CARRY ON.
AND LIVE LIKE YOU'RE GOING TO DIE.

THAT'S WHAT ALL THIS WAS FOR:
THE FREEDOM TO LIVE
TO DIE
FOREVER MORE.

THE FREEDOM TO DIE
TO LIVE
FOREVER MORE.

FREE STATE OFFICER

We should go.

JEREMIAH

Go out the back when you leave. Word'll spread fast that you're here.

MICHAEL

Thank you, Jeremiah. Glad to have you on our side.

JEREMIAH

I'm not on your side, Mick. I just don't want to see ya getting' killed.

*(The FREE STATE OFFICER and the FREE STATE SOLDIER finish their
beers and walk out the back entrance of the pub.)*

MICHAEL

Say what you want about Ireland. The people are splendid.
AND ALL OUR LIVES ARE DESTINED
TO SET JUST LIKE THE SUN.
AND HOW IT ENDS
IT ALL DEPENDS
ON ALL THE THINGS YOU'VE DONE.
AND HOW YOU FIGHT, IT MATTERS MORE
THAN IF YOU'VE LOST OR WON
AND SO THEN

I TELL YOU, MY MEN...

OH TRY
TO RAISE YOUR VOICES HIGH.
AND LIVE
LIVE
LIVE
LIVE LIKE YOU'RE GOING TO DIE.

(MICHAEL walks out the back entrance of the pub.)

SCENE 9: Beal na Blath

(A small road in County Cork—Beal na Blath: translated as The Mouth of Flowers. TOM HALES sits with AMBUSH TEAM MEMBER #1 in front of a wooden cart that blocks the road.)

AMBUSH TEAM MEMBER #1

It's been three hours, Tom. I'll give it a few more minutes, but then we've got to go. I can't have my best men just layin' out in the sun all day.

TOM

We'll wait as long as it takes.

#22 – When Michael Comes Home/Sons of Ireland Finale (KITTY KIERNAN AND ENSEMBLE)

(We see KITTY back in Dublin, pouring over Michael's letters.)

KITTY

WHEN MICHAEL COMES HOME,
WE WILL SPEAK OF HIS GLORIES.
WHEN MICHAEL COMES HOME,
WE WILL WALK ARM IN ARM.
WHEN MICHAEL COMES HOME,
HE WILL TELL ME HIS STORIES
OF GROWIN' UP IRISH ON HIS DADDY'S FARM.

AMBUSH TEAM MEMBER #2

Here they come!

AMBUSH TEAM MEMBER #1

Get into position, boys. Here we go!

(The sound of a caravan of cars fills the air. The cars stop and the FREE STATE OFFICER comes around the front of the cart.)

KITTY

WHEN MICHAEL COMES HOME,
WE WILL DREAM OF TOMORROW.
A FAMILY.
A HOUSE
OVERLOOKIN' THE SEA.
WHEN MICHAEL COMES HOME,
THEN IT'S FAREWELL TO SORROW.
WHEN MICHAEL COMES HOME TO ME.

FREE STATE OFFICER

Get over here and help me to move this goddamn cart.

(FREE STATE SOLDIER runs around and he and FREE STATE OFFICER begin to lift the cart. Suddenly, shots begin to ring out.)

FREE STATE OFFICER

Jesus Christ! It's an ambush! Everybody get down.

(Shots continue to fire. FREE STATE OFFICER and FREE STATE SOLDIER fire wildly into the hills.)

(MICHAEL COLLINS runs up and gets behind the cart with them.)

FREE STATE OFFICER

Sir, what are you doin' here?

MICHAEL

I'm dyin' on my feet.

FREE STATE OFFICER

You're what they're shootin' at, Sir. Fall back. Get into the armored vehicle.

MICHAEL

I didn't spend my life fightin' off the British, just to become a slave to the Irish. This is how it's supposed to go.

KITTY

I KNOW
WHAT IT MEANS TO GO THROUGH IT.
I KNOW
SOME MUST DIE SO WE LIVE.
AND OH,
WHEN IT COMES RIGHT DOWN TO IT
IT TAKES GREAT STRENGTH TO FIGHT
BUT TAKES MORE TO FORGIVE.
OH I FORGIVE.
I FORGIVE SO WE CAN LIVE.

(Inexplicably, MICHAEL COLLINS walks around to the front of the cart and begins to fire wildly into the hills. Bullets explode off of the cart all around him—it's as if he is invincible. HE is Chuhuliann battling off his enemies one final time. Silence... and then a bullet fires through MICHAEL COLLINS' head.

The lights shift and we are with MICHAEL'S spirit as HE walks away. FREE STATE OFFICER goes to where MICHAEL'S body would have fallen and silently shouts into the ground.

MICHAEL walks across the stage to KITTY.)

KITTY

WHEN MICHAEL COMES HOME,
ALL OF THIS WILL BE OVER.
THIS FIGHT FOR FOREVER.
THIS BATTLE OF WILLS.
WHEN MICHAEL COMES HOME,
WE WILL WALK THROUGH THE CLOVER
AND SONGS OF TOMORROW
WILL SING THROUGH THE HILLS.

WHEN MICHAEL COMES HOME,
 I WON'T HAVE TO WONDER,
 "HOW IS HE? WHAT'S HAPPENED?
 AND WHERE COULD HE BE?
 WHEN MICHAEL COMES HOME,
 HE WILL SILENCE THE THUNDER.
 WHEN MICHAEL COMES HOME TO ME.
 WHEN MICHAEL,
 DEAR MICHAEL,
 MY MICHAEL...

*(MICHAEL pulls a letter from his pocket and places it in KITTY'S hand.
 SHE opens it, reads it, and falls weeping to the floor.)*

IRISH WOMAN SINGER

THEY SAY THE HILLS OF IRELAND
 RECALL THE DAYS OF YORE

IRISH SINGERS

AS ALL WE'VE DONE
 AND ALL WE'LL DO
 HAS ALL BEEN DONE BEFORE.
 IN RISIN' AFTER RISIN'
 THE PIPES CALL MEN TO WAR
 AND ANOTHER SON OF IRELAND
 SLEEPS IN HER HILLS
 FOREVER MORE.

*(As in the beginning of the play, the CAST lines the front of the stage. The
 ANTI-TREATY ENSEMBLE returns to the stage for the first time since
 THEY left.)*

EAMON DE VALERA

Michael Collins wanted a united Ireland.

HARRY BOLAND

No matter what you believed or who you pledged allegiance to.

ARTHUR GRIFFITH

He wanted an Ireland that could come together in peace.

CATHAL BRUGHA

And for one day, as five hundred thousand people gathered for his funeral,

TOM HALES

One fifth of the population of Ireland,

KITTY KEIRNAN

He got exactly that.

HARRY BOLAND

But what Michael tore apart through violence, could never be put back together.

KITTY KEIRNAN

And the rage that he stoked to achieve his political means engulfed his country and even destroyed Michael himself.

EAMON DE VALERA

And although today, nearly one hundred years later, a boy born in County Cork, will live and die in an Ireland all his own, the border that separates the Irish Republic from Northern Ireland hasn't moved an inch.

KITTY KEIRNAN

My man got what he wanted, but he lost everything he ever loved. And he left the gun in our hands.

(The CAST returns to playing themselves. No accents. In their own genders. People telling a story. Except Kitty who remains as Kitty to remind us that these stories don't just wash away.)

CAST MEMBER #1

This is an Irish story.

CAST MEMBER #2

About oppression.

CAST MEMBER #3

About freedom.

CAST MEMBER #4

About rage.

CAST MEMBER #5

And glory.

CAST MEMBER #6

Hate.

CAST MEMBER #7

And love.

CAST MEMBER #8

About terrible violence.

CAST MEMBER #9

And a dream of peace.

CAST MEMBER #10

And the truth: that *how* you fight matters just as much as *if* you fight.

CAST MEMBER #11

This is an Irish story. So what happens in yours?

ENSEMBLE

L I L I L I L I L I L I
L I L I L I L I L I L I
L I L I L I L I
L I L I L I L I

KITTY

WHEN MICHAEL COMES HOME,
WHEN MICHAEL COMES HOME,
WHEN MICHAEL COMES HOME,

ENSEMBLE

IN RISIN' AFTER RISIN'
THE PIPES CALL MEN TO WAR
AND ANOTHER SON OF IRELAND
SLEEPS IN HER HILLS
FOREVER MORE.

ENSEMBLE

L I L I L I L I L I L I
L I L I L I L I L I L I
L I L I L I L I

ENSEMBLE

TOGETHER AS ONE.

KITTY

WHEN MY MICHAEL
COMES HOME FOREVER MORE.
MY MICHAEL.

(Blackout.

End of play.)