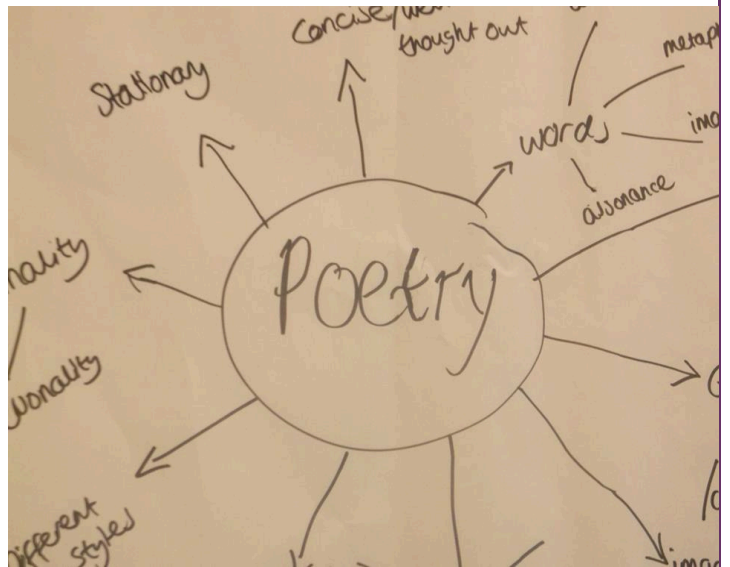


Dublin in the Coming Times



Selection of Poetry and Plays

Playwriting Summer Camp
Poetry and Performance Summer Camp
14-17 year olds
Fighting Words
2016

Dublin in the Coming Times: How the project works

In his 1893 collection, 'The Rose', WB Yeats included the poem 'To Ireland in the Coming Times'. Borrowing its title, Dublin in the Coming Times is a free, citywide programme of creative writing in which Dubliners, young and old, can create their own stories and poems as they look to the future of their city as it goes through another phase of evolution and renewal.

To get the ball rolling Roddy Doyle invited some writers and artists to contribute short stories reimagining the city. Their work, included here, is being published in 'The Irish Times' throughout 2016.

Free creative-writing workshops have been run over the course of the year for adults in a number of Dublin public libraries, Donaghmede Library, Rathmines Library, Ballyfermot Library, Pearse Street Library, Central Library and Raheny Library, with workshops running in Ballymun Library as part of the Bealtaine Festival. Other participating organisations include Fighting Words, Science Gallery, Little Museum of Dublin, Axis Ballymun, Croke Park, the Olivier Cornet Gallery, Marsh's Library and a number of workplaces around the city. A selection of the pieces created in these workshops is featured in this publication.

Operating in partnership with Dublin UNESCO City of Literature and Dublin City Libraries, the project is intended to enable Dublin's citizens to participate in illustrating a vision of the city as a place that, although it might change and adapt to new circumstance, will continue as a living, creative environment and a place for the storyteller and poet.

Seán Love

Executive director, Fighting Words

dublincityofliterature.ie, dublincitypubliclibraries.ie, fightingwords.ie

Dublin in the Coming Times is one of six projects being promoted by Dublin's Regional Centre of Expertise on Education for Sustainable Development, a Dublin City University programme with the UN University; email: dublin.orla@gmail.com

Group play written by participants in the Playwriting Summer Camp, July 2016, at Fighting Words. . . . 3

The Dublin That We Know 6

Ballad of Baile Átha Cliath 7

Bees 8

Dublin in the Coming Times 9

Group play written by participants in the Playwriting Summer Camp, July 2016, at Fighting Words. The writers are teenagers aged 14 to 17 years.

The setting is Dublin, one hundred years from now. Sugar has been outlawed.

The play opens, at midday, the lighting is evenly spread. The alley is narrow and heavily painted with graffiti. There are rusty, old, unsafe stairs located stage left.

There is a homeless man, (Grattan), asleep, under the stairs.

A man enters, Hatter, he is in his late 20's, early 30's. He is dressed in a hoodie and tracksuit bottoms, with a flat cap.

Hatter: *(He takes out a shitty nokia phone and begins to text, speaking lowly to himself)*
You're late, you're late, for a very important date. Bring the digestives, it's time for afternoon tea.

Hatter moves towards Grattan, glances in a coffee cup that lies beside Grattan's head, he kicks the cup across the alley, the change falls everywhere. He goes to pick it up as a woman in her 40's enters. (Hearts)

Hearts: I thought you were above petty crime.

Hatter: Oh sorry, your highness, my mother taught me every little helps.

He bows mockingly.

Hearts: You've come a long way from listening to your mother. Unless you're still a Mammy's boy.

Hatter: Yeah, yeah. Where's the jam for the digestives?

Hearts: Who do you think is in charge here Hatter? It's time for afternoon tea, when I say it is.

Grattan shifts in the background. His eyes open slightly, but Hatter and Hearts don't notice.

Hatter: Please, please Hearts, don't leave me waiting, I need a hit.

Hearts: Biscuits are no good without...tea. Pour it.

Hatter pulls out a tin box.

Hearts: I assume you have the finest?

Hatter: You know me, Britain's finest, nothing more, nothing less.

Hearts reaches for the tin box and Hatter pulls away.

Hatter: Ah, ah, aaah. I need to see the digestives first, rich teas just don't do it for me.

Hearts produces a packet of chocolate digestives, to the tune of Vivaldi Spring playing in the background.

Hatter gasps and begins to splutter.

Hatter: I thought they were a myth, I've never seen anything like those in my life. You don't have Oreos do you?

Hearts: Don't be so ridiculous, everyone knows they don't exist. We all know Trump ate the last of them before he died, all those years ago.

Hatter: My grandmother told me stories from the forbidden scriptures about factories filled with chocolate, and houses made from gingerbread.

Hearts: Lower your voice, do you want to get us caught?

They are about to begin pouring the tea and eating the biscuits, when Grattan jumps up and pulls out a celery sword.

Grattan: Stop in the name of diabetes, I'm with the A.S.S. *He speaks into a walkie talkie.* We've got two type three's doing a deal just off Curly Kale Lane. I need back up. They are in possession of class A substances.

Voice: *(Over walkie talkie)* I didn't even know those were still in circulation.

As Grattan is speaking to the other officers, Hearts and Hatter are viciously stuffing digestives into their mouths.

Hatter: Shit, it's the cocoa. Let's make a run for it.

Hearts: There's no way we'll get away from an A.S.S man.

Hatter and Hearts go to make a run for it. As this happens they begin to be on a sugar rush. They begin to twitch and shake.

Grattan: I NEED BACKUP, THEY HAVE ENTERED THE SUGAR RUSH PHASE. THEY ARE CLIMBING THE WALLS HERE. SEND AIR SUPPORT.

As they go to escape the alley, Hatter trips on the cup he kicked over. Grattan ties him up with seaweed, as Hearts scales the building and escapes.

Hatter: Ah sugar.

Grattan: You've the right to remain healthy, anything you eat or drink will be used against you in the food court of law. We will get you back on the Main Course. You got what you dessert.

Hatter licks the crumbs of digestives off the ground. As Grattan pulls Hatter out of the alley, the SRF arrive. (The Sugar Removal Force) They have ominous looking flame throwers loaded with jalapenos and Tabasco sauce.

The scene ends with the alley in flames.

The Dublin That We Know

By Grace Dolan, Oisín Wallace, Elias Dempsey, Caoilinn Hackett, Rachel Thornton

Sprawling outwards or rising up so
The city can find new ways to evolve and grow
Will it still be the Dublin that we know?

Would the fearsome brutes of the seagulls take over?
With their bloodlust and feather exteriors
They will rule with an iron wing
As seagulls are genetically superior
They'll ravage the fish and chips industry
And the streets will be crowded with gulls
And the free thinking Dubs who defy them
Will have beaks pecking open their skulls

An incinerator that no one wants
Funded by the taxpayer and government grants
Pumping fumes of acid rain
Corrupting children's young brains
Developing a new species of zombies
Dressed in Nike and Abercrombie
American branding cannot be beat
With a Starbucks on every fucking street

Will the Liffey go green and fizz over the quay
Spewing pus or maybe juggling fleas?

Dublin's future changes can be in ten, a hundred years or so
With fiery burning rubbish or a radioactive river flow?
Will the seagulls be above humans down below?
Will it still be the Dublin that we know?

Ballad of Baile Átha Cliath

By Keiran Morrissey-Fernandez, Lee Russell, Sorcha Farrell, and Ena Harrigan

Dublin, through the cloudy sunrise

Burns another day

And over a million pairs of eyes

Find their coming ways

Dublin, I could tell you that
The future looks bright for you.
Education booming, great inventions too
Convenience for your people's lives.
Screens replace paper, so forests flourish
Ignorance, bigotry, buried and gone.
But I can't lie, and promise such happiness.
As technology grows, our creativity dies
We die, in wars we wanted no part in
Born in ignorance (blind hatred will never die)
Your skies turn from blue to grey and
Though we'll live longer, will it be a life worth living
When books are used only to prop open old doors
And games are no longer played outside.
Dublin,
Your future is neither bright, nor black.
But it's grey.

Dublin lights and streets of people
though busy, dirty, dusty
not as crazy as NYC
or London's famous Oxford Street
Dublin lights will always guide me home
as long as people still have songs to sing
(they will)
and dances to show
(they will)
Dublin will live, through lights and voices
Dublin will always live, in the hearts of its people

Bees

by Tara Byrne, Alice Gogarty, Aine O'Neill, and Colton Fitzsimons

a memory fills me
and I think so much has changed
quiet now, but not always
I think of the past, everything's moving too fast
a beehive during the day, continuously restless
and busy
Cars stuck in traffic like sweets stuck in honey
Constant noise
A never-ending buzz of
ever-changing ideas and values
Clumping together into one
Shape-shifting mass
stars sprinkled like grated chalk
against the blackboard sky
above Dublin city.

Dublin in the Coming Times

By Paraic MacLochlainn, Rita Byrne, and Rachel Smyth

Dublin is a place of craic –
The talking kind,
Not the smack.

Dublin's full of junkies and stupid twats
A load of lads blazing crack in the Ballymun flats.
The towns are crumbling, the leaders bumbling,
And out in the bay with struts and strolls,
The BFD forms waves that roll.
Whether you're going from Phoenix or Bushy Park for a stroll.

'But that is now,' say the youth, 'sure, but what bout the future?
Will there be robots and no more time for leisure,
or will the government come back with another austerity measure?
Busy city and green countryside fill my eyes.
What will the housing look like?
Poor with high prices,
Or elegant all in straight rows?
Will we be in the throes of a fascist dictator
Surrounded by haters?'

There is a time to act and start again,
'Cos Dublin's more than brick and tin.
There's people there, and they can talk,
And where there's need, they'll walk the walk.
So dry your tears and banish your fears,
Dublin'll be great for years and years.