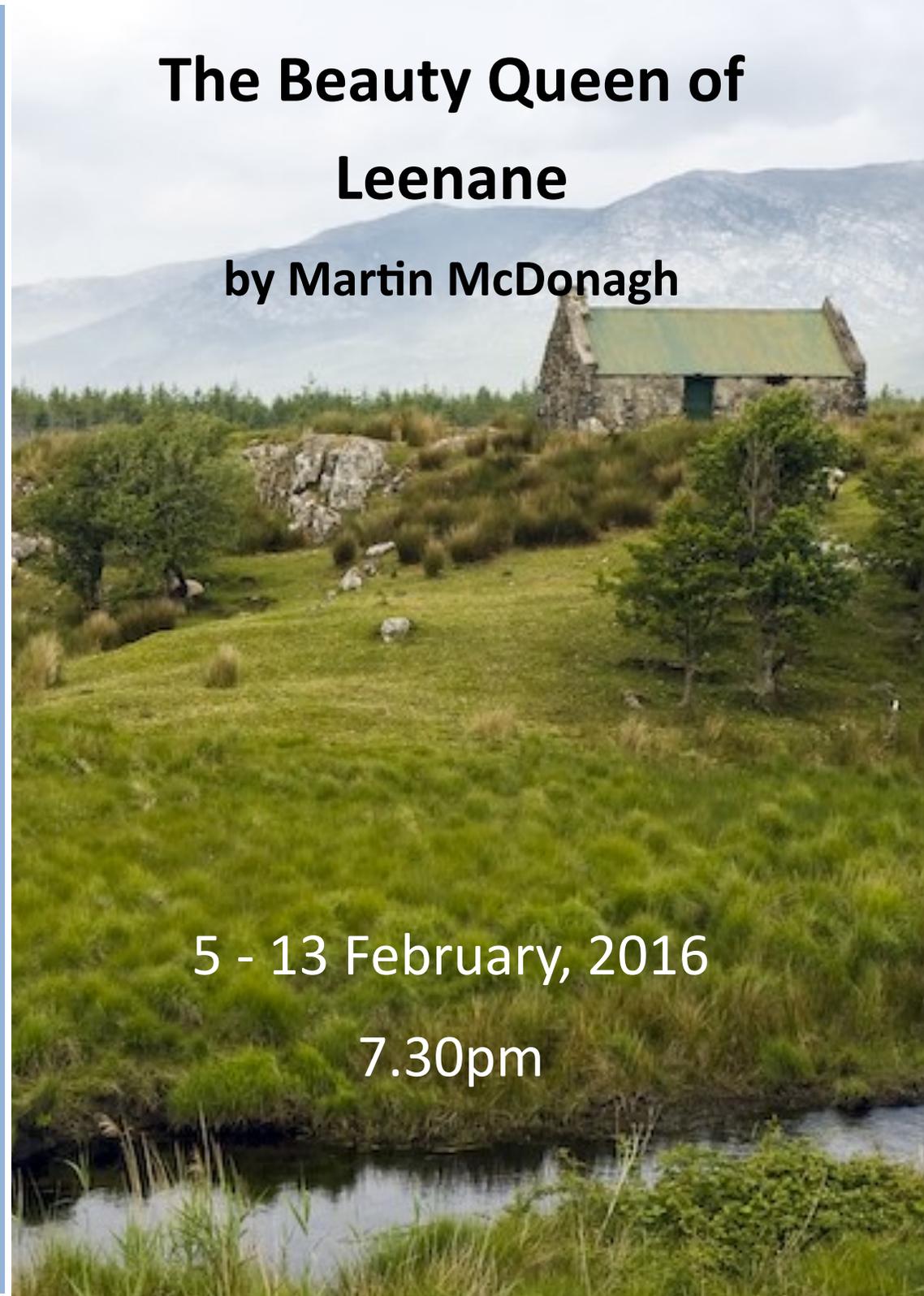


# The Beauty Queen of Leenane

by Martin McDonagh



5 - 13 February, 2016

7.30pm

LTO

## Cast:

|                        |                         |
|------------------------|-------------------------|
| <b>Mag Folan</b>       | <b>Maggie Blaszcok</b>  |
| <b>Maureen Folan</b>   | <b>Ruth Blaszcok</b>    |
| <b>Ray Dooley</b>      | <b>Ed Taylor</b>        |
| <b>Pato Dooley</b>     | <b>Steven Nathaniel</b> |
| <b>Radio Announcer</b> | <b>Damien Kavanagh</b>  |

|                       |                                       |
|-----------------------|---------------------------------------|
| <b>Director:</b>      | <b>Ian Orry</b>                       |
| <b>Stage Manager:</b> | <b>Dominic Peberdy</b>                |
| <b>Lighting:</b>      | <b>Josh Murphy</b>                    |
| <b>Sound:</b>         | <b>Steven Nathaniel/Sue Garlick</b>   |
| <b>Props:</b>         | <b>Katie Barlow/Christine Collins</b> |
| <b>Props Source:</b>  | <b>Pat Lowe</b>                       |
| <b>Wardrobe:</b>      | <b>Terri Parker and The Company</b>   |
| <b>Producer:</b>      | <b>Mark Higginbottom</b>              |

**Set Construction:** Roger Stretton, Neville Cavill, David Chadwick, Jim Travis, Jack Hirst, Gareth Thompson, Phil McCarthy, Sue Wharfe, Walt Blaszcok & John Moss

The scene is rural Ireland in the 1990s, just before the economic boom, when limited opportunities forced many to emigrate to England where the “*No Dogs Or Irish*” mentality was still evident.

Maureen, 40, has tried that route, but has returned, ostensibly to care for her 70 year old mother Mag. But Mag, representing the weight of Irish tradition, feels like a millstone around Maureen’s neck, preventing her, sometimes deliberately, from having a life of her own. The play’s brilliant mix of comedy, pathos and tragedy is the result.

The traditional Irish song “THE SPINNING WHEEL” features in the play. It tells of a young girl who escapes to be with her lover. Will Maureen ever escape the dead weights that hold her down?

*Mellow the moonlight to shine is beginning  
Close by the window young Eileen is spinning  
Bent o'er the fire her blind grandmother sitting  
Is crooning and moaning and drowsily knitting*

*"Eileen, a chara, I hear someone tapping"  
"'Tis the ivy, dear mother, against the glass flapping"  
"Eily, I surely hear somebody sighing"  
"'Tis the sound, mother dear, of the autumn winds dying"*

*Merrily, cheerily, noisily, whirring  
Swings the wheel, spins the wheel while the foot's stirring  
Sprightly and lightly and airily ringing  
Sounds the sweet voice of the young maiden singing*

*The maid shakes her head, on her lips lays her fingers  
Steals up from the seat, longs to go and yet lingers  
A frightened glance turns to her drowsy grandmother  
Puts one foot on the stool, spins the wheel with the other*

*Merrily, cheerily, noisily, whirring...*

*Lazily, easily, swings now the wheel round  
Slowly and lowly is heard now the reel's sound  
Noiseless and light to the lattice above her  
The maid steps, then leaps to the arms of her lover*

*Slower, and slower, and slower the wheel swings  
Lower, and lower, and lower the reel rings  
Ere the reel and the wheel stop their spinning and moving  
Through the grove the young lovers by moonlight are roving*