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The Shaughraun

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### Shaughraun

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Call  
Mrs. O'Kelly  
Claire  
Capt Molineaux (Coin & Card)  
Arte O'Neale

Music Lively  
for rise  
Lights up.

Shaughraun 3  
Act 1<sup>st</sup>

Scene 1<sup>st</sup>

Suilabeg in 4<sup>th</sup> Grooves. Mountain

Landscape. Set Cottage L.U.E.

Set Dairy piece R.2.E. Churn on

stage R.C. Claire dis. churning.

Lively Music.

Claire

1 Oh, how my arms ache to be sure \_ (sings)  
“Oh, where are you going to, my pretty maid” &c.”

Mrs. O’Kelly

(Entering from cottage – coming down.) Sure,  
that’s too hard work for the likes of you  
Miss Claire – go in and let me take  
your place.

Claire

5 Oh – go along Mrs. O’Kelly and mind  
your own business. Do you think  
I’m not equal to making the butter come?

Mrs. O’K.

And it’s yourself that can make the butter

you have only to look at the milk  
 10 and the butter will rise - (Looks  
off R.U.E.) Who is this coming up the cliff?

Claire

One of the English officers from  
 Ballyragget I suppose.

Mrs. O'K.

Well, go inside and let me take  
 15 your place at the churn.

Claire.

Not if it was the Lord Lieutenant  
 himself. I'll not stir one step nor  
 take one tuck out of my gown.

Mrs. O'K. (Laughing)

An in that way you'd receive the  
 quality. (Exit into Cottage.)

Capt. Molineaux.

20 (Enter R.U.E. down c.) My young girl,  
 is this place called Suilabeg?

Claire. (aside)

He takes me for the dairy maid. (Aloud.  
Strong brogue) No, sir, it's called Suilabeg.

Capt.

I beg pardon but your Irish names are

25 so unpronounceable. You see  
I'm an Englishman.

Claire (with brogue)

Sure, an I remarked you misfortune – poor fellow – you couldn't help it. Were ye born so?

Capt.

30 Oh I don't regard it as a misfortune.

Claire.

Oh, you've got used to it, I suppose.

Capt.

Delicious brogue – quite delicious, and what is your pretty name, my dear?

Claire.

(Bashfully) Claire, sir, and what's yours?

Capt.

35 Molineaux. Capt Molineaux. Now, my pretty Claire, I'll give you half a crown if you'll take my card to the mistress.

Claire.

40 The mistress? Oh, it's Miss O'Neil  
you mean? Sure an I'm afraid  
to lave the churn for fear the

butter'd spoil. I will if you'll  
take my place till I get back.

Capt.

(Hesitating and looking about.) Well,  
how do you work the infernal  
thing.

Claire

45 Take hold an I'll show you. (Capt.  
takes hold of dasher- they churn.) There,  
that's illegant intirely. I'm sure  
you were intended for a dairy  
maid.

Capt. (Smiling)

I know a dairymaid that was intended  
for me?

Claire.

50 That spache only wanted the lask taste  
of the brogue to be worthy of an Irishman.

Capt.

(Kisses her.) Now, I'm perfect.

Claire.

What are you doing?

Capt.

Tasting the brogue. (Claire goes L.) Stop

my dear – you forget the half  
 55 crown I promised you. Here it  
 is – come and get it. (Claire  
returns bashfully.) Oh don't spare  
 your blushes – they become you.

Claire (takes coin & card)

Sure an I'll be even with your honor  
 for that – see if I don't. (going – returns)  
 60 What did you say your name was – Mollygrubbs?

Capt.

Mollygrubbs! No – no – Molineaux.

Claire.

I beg pardon – you see I'm Irish and  
 your English names are so unpronounceable.  
 (Exits into Cottage) (L.U.E.)

Capt.

There's a strange refinement about  
 65 that Irish girl. When I say strange  
 of course I'm no judge. I never  
 did the agricultural show. I never  
 graduated in milkmaids. (Churning)  
 Devilish hard work – this milk pump.  
 70 I wonder what Miss O'Neil is like?  
 Egad if the mistress is as sweet as

Call  
Corry Kinchela

the maid, I shant regret being  
quartered here. Confound this  
piston rod. I feel like a  
Chinese toy. (Churns violently)  
(Enter Arte & Claire L.U.E.)

Arte.

75 (Up L. to Claire) What is he doing here?

Claire

Haven't the least idea.

Arte.

(Coming down c.) Capt. Molineaux.

Capt

(Starts – gets before churn) Oh, I beg  
10,000 pardons – you see I'm amusing  
myself. I'm very fond of machinery.

80 (Bowing) Miss O'Neil, I presume.

Arte.

My Cousin, Claire Ffolliott.

Capt.

Miss Ffolliott, really I did not per-  
ceive. (Recognises) (Aside) Oh, Lord,  
what have I done?

Claire. (Laughs)

Don't spare your blushes, Captain

Claire  
comes  
forward



85 Molineaux, they become you.

Capt.

Oh, spare me?

Arte (aside)

Claire has been up to some mischief here. (Aloud.) I trust Captain you have come to tell me how I can serve you.

Capt.

90 I have just arrived at Ballyrag-  
get with a detachment of our  
regiment. The government has  
received information that a dan-  
gerous person is about to be landed  
95 on this coast, so a gunboat has  
been sent down to these waters  
and we are ordered to cooperate  
with them. Deuced bore, not  
to say, ridiculous, Of course there's  
100 no truth in the story but we  
find ourselves quartered here  
without any reason

Arte.

I regret Captain that an un-

Note: "Reason" here is  
"resources" in the 1874  
Wallack's Prompt—ASB

married girl is unable to play  
the hostess.

Capt.

105 But you own the finest shooting in  
the west of Ireland – the mountains  
are alive with grouse and the  
pools are full of trout.

Claire. (To Arte)

The Capt would beg leave to sport  
110 over your domain. Shall I spare  
you the humiliation of telling him  
that you are not mistress of your own  
property, much less lady of  
your own manor. (To Capt.  
pointing off R.) You see that ruin  
115 up there—It's the admiration of  
travellers. It was the home of  
my ancestors where they kept  
open house for the stranger and  
the wayfarer. The mortgagee  
120 now has put up a gate and  
changed sixpence ahead, and  
points across to this little cabin,  
where the remains of the old

family, two lonely girls, live.  
 125 You ask for leave to kill game  
 in C .. .. Do you see  
 that salmon in there? (pointing  
to Dairy.) It was snouted before  
 daylight by Conn the Shaughraun.

“Snouted” is “snared”  
 in 1874 WP—ASB

130 He killed these grouse. This is  
 our daily food, and we owe it to  
 a poacher. (Turns up stage a little)

Capt.

You have suffered bitterly for the  
 imprudence and extravagance of your  
 ancestors.

Arte.

Imprudence – yes – in their love of  
 135 country. Extravagance, in their  
 hospitality to strangers.

Capt.

I beg pardon. (turns to Claire)  
 but surely you have some relatives.

Claire.

Yes I have a brother.

Capt.

140 Is he abroad?

Claire.

Yes – he is a convict serving his

Call  
Father Dolan

sentence in Australia.

Capt.

I beg 10000 pardons- (To Arte)  
but surely you have Yon any relatives  
[The phrase “Yon any relatives” is in  
pencil]

some resources.

Arte.

145 I am the affianced wife of her brother.

Capt. (much embarrassed)

Really, I was not aware – I have  
to offer you a thousand apologies.

Arte.

I will not accept one – It would  
carry insult to the man I love. (turns up.)

Capt.

150 To be sure. (to Claire) but you  
will at least pardon me for having  
awakened such unpleasant  
memories.

Claire

Why, do you suppose they ever  
slept? (Goes to Arte.)

Capt. (following her)

Of course. (comes down) (aside)

155 Egad. I’m astray in an Irish bog,  
here, and every step I take, I

get deeper and deeper into  
the mire.

Claire. (aside to Arte)

How confused he is. Oh, he is a  
good fellow if he is an Englishman.

Arte. (to Capt.)

160 (Both girls down C.) I'm very sorry  
Capt. that I cannot grant your  
request.

Corry Kinchela (outside R.U.E)

Here, Bridget, Andy, some of yez  
come an take my horse.

Capt.

Who is that noisy gentleman?

Claire.

165 Mr. Corry Kinchela, the mortga-  
gee, a gentleman who has tempered  
his fortunes with prudence and  
his conscience with economy. (Both  
Kinchela (enters) go up.)

Is there any man at home? I

170 had to look out for my pony myself.

(To Arte & Claire) Oh – how are yez?

(Sees Molineaux) Capt. Molineaux,

I presume. (to girls) I've just  
 come back from Dublin and  
 I thought I'd just drop in and  
 175 tell you that you'll soon have  
 to turn out of that cottage – the  
 mortgagee is going to sell it.

Arte.

Alas, even this poor shelter is denied us.

Kinchela.

Well, the rightful owner wants the  
 180 money, but I'm thinking that two  
 handsome girls like yourselves  
 wont long want a home or a hus-  
 band. It'll be to pick and choose –  
 eh, Captain! (Pokes Capt. with whip.)

Capt. (aside)

What a cad! This fellow is awfully  
 officious.

Kinchela

185 I've been absent for the past few  
 days so I've had no chance to in-  
 vite you or your officers to sport  
 over my grounds – however, you  
 are welcome. My name is Corry

190 Kinchela – Corry Kinchela of  
 Ballyragget House, and I'll be  
 proud to see my table cloth  
 under your chin at any time.  
 I wonder one of the girls didnt  
 195 Introduce me to you.

Capt. (Disgusted)

They paid me the compliment, sir,  
 to think I had no desire to form  
 your acquaintance (Xs to Claire & Arte)

Kinchela (Blustering)

What sir, are you aware you are talking  
 200 to a gentleman of position and property?

Capt. (coolly.)

I don't care a straw for your  
 position and I dont like your character

Kinchela (fiercely)

What sir, do you mean to insult me?

Capt.

I am incapable of it in the presence of  
 205 ladies, (Points to Claire & Arte)  
 though I believe I should not be unkind to  
 do so, for you insulted them in mine.

Kinchela

Well, sir, we shall meet again.

|                                    |
|------------------------------------|
| <p><u>Call</u><br/>Harry Duff.</p> |
|------------------------------------|

Capt.

I hope not. (turns from him to Claire)  
 210 I beg ~~their~~ your pardon for the liberty\  
 I took when I presented myself.

Claire.

The liberty you took with him  
 when he presented himself cleared  
 the account.

Arte.

Good bye – Capt. – I’ll not detain you.  
 215 You have a long way to go and the  
 road is treacherous. (Capt. shakes hands  
with both & exits R.U.E.)

Kinchela (aside)

I hope the divil may guide him to  
 pass the night up to his neck in  
 a bog hole. (Aloud) Come here, you  
 220 two, I dont want to be hard on  
 you. I’ll do all I can for ye, but  
 you’ll have to turn out of there and  
 then where will you go. Sure I’m  
 the best friend you’ve got. (They  
 225 turn away from ~~of~~ him) There’s Mr.  
 Robert out there in Australia. He



can do nothing, and if that  
 girl (points to Arte) will only  
 say the word, I'll make her Mrs Kinchela.

Claire.

(Indignantly) You?

Kinchela.

230 ~~Yes~~ – I have the ear of the Secre-  
 tary, and I'll do what I can for  
 Master Robert over there. It's as  
 free as a fish in the pond he'll  
 be – more, now look at this, now –  
 235 I'll give you a thousand pounds  
 to send him on our wedding day.

Arte.

I'd rather starve with Robert Ffolliott  
 in jail, than I'd own the County  
 Sligo and take you with it.

Kinchela

240 But the boy doesnt care for you  
 at all at all. How many letters  
 have you received from him  
 since he went away.

Arte.

(sadly) Alas, not one.

Father D. enters

Kinchela

245 Not one – look at that now – not one.

(Aside) I know it well for I have them all at home under lock and key. (Aloud.) I told you so, and here I am at your door like a

250 dog every day – it's mighty hard upon

me so it is. (Father Dolan appears at cottage door) I know I have some secret foe who is traducing me behind my back. (Aside) It's the same one that sends money to  
 255 Master Robert without which he'd Starve. (Aloud) I'd like to find Out who ~~he~~ it is.

Father D.

(Coming down c.) I'm the man Mr. Kinchela.

Kinchela (turns to him)

Father Dolan? And may I ask the raison  
 260 you impache me in the presence of these two girls?

Father D.

(To girls) Leave us awhile – I wish to speak to Mr. Kinchela.

Claire.

And you cant insult him in the

presence of ladies. (Exeunt girls L.U.E.)

Father D.

265 The father of Robert Ffolliott bequeathed  
to you and me the care of his only son.  
Heaven forgive me if I grew so fond of  
my darling charge that I kept no  
watch on you my partner in the  
270 trust. You persuaded him to make over  
the estate to you.

Kinchela

And wouldn't they have been all con-  
fiscated if I hadn't, when the master  
was arrested? And, by the same token,  
275 didn't you witness the deed?

Father D.

I did – Heaven forgive me – I helped  
You to defraud the orphan boy – the  
estate was made over to you to  
hold in trust for these girls and  
280 how have you kept that trust?  
Year after year, you have impoverished  
the estate by your false improvements  
You reduced the rents until they should  
not suffice to pay the interest on the  
mortgage.

Kinchela (interrupting)

285 Go on sir – go on – this is mighty  
 fine. I wish I had a witness  
 by. I'd make you pay for this.  
 Have you any more?

Father D.

I have – you hope to buy the  
 290 lad's inheritance when it is sold  
 for a mere song. Oh, Kinchela,  
 beware – when these lands were torn  
 from Owen O'Neil in the old times he  
 laid his curse upon the spoilers  
 295 for C\_\_ \_ was the dowry of his  
 wife, Grace Ffolliott. Since that, many  
 a stranger family has tried to occupy these  
 lands but the earth seemed to  
 swallow them and the O'Neils and the  
 300 Ffolliott's alone can live there.  
 None others seem to thrive.

Kinchela

Sure isn't that the raison I want  
 to make Arte O'Neil my wife?  
 Wont that kape the blood to the  
 305 estate. I dont ask any more

than to give back all I have.

Father D.

I'd rather read the service over  
her grave and hear the sods  
falling on her coffin, than  
310 speak the words to make  
her your wife. Oh, Corry Kinchela,  
I know you now. It was for this pur-  
pose and to serve this end, that my poor  
boy, her lover, was sent across the sea.

Kinchela (violently)

315 It's false! (aside) Some white hearted  
cur has confessed against me.

Father D.

It is true, but that is a secret that is locked  
in my breast & Heaven has the key.

Kinchela (Xs R.C.)

Very well sir – out of that house those  
320 girls shall go – homeless – beggars!

Father D. (at door L U. E.)

Not homeless while I have a roof  
over my head – not beggars while I can  
thank Heaven that gives me the crust to  
share with them. (Exit into cottage)

Call  
Robert Ffolliott (Flask)  
Capt. Molineaux

Kinchela.

325 Who could have told him? No matter, I shall yet find a way to make Arte O'Neil my wife.

Harvey Duff (outside R.U.E)

'St – 'St – Mr. Kinchela! Mr. Kinchela!  
 (Enters R.U.E. down c) Sure I seen your cabreen in the shed and I

330 knew it was yourself that was in it.

Oh, I've got great news for you, news enough to fill a budget.

Kinchela (carelessly)

Oh, you're always finding some mare's nest.

Duff.

Yes, and now I've found one wid the  
 335 Divil's eggs in it.

Kinchela.

What do you mean?

Duff.

I saw a signal given last night on Rathgallowannon Head. Do you know what it was for?

Kinchela.

340 Yes, I do – it's the signal for some

smuggler outside there that  
the coast is clear and that she  
can run in and get off the cargo.

Duff

Aha – the divil a carger. A Box  
345 was landed last night barin  
only one man that was lifted  
ashore. Divil a skiff or a car  
to hurry away the things; only  
one creature and that was Conn  
350 the Shaughraun. Him it was  
that lighted the fire – him it was  
that stud up to his middle in  
the Salt say an lifted the man  
ashore. Sure I seen there from  
355 the top of a cliff where I could  
look down on the pair of them.

Kinchela (impatiently)

Well, what's all this to me?

Duff

Aha! Be quiet – Aint I hatching  
the egg for yez – “How is this” says  
360 I – “that Conn the Shaughraun  
would be grumpin’ about for

“he’d got before  
him...instead...”  
WP 1874-ASB

all the world like a dog that’s  
unloosed.” “Who’s this” says I – “that  
he’d have by the two hands as if  
365 it was Moya Dolan herself that was  
formuist me instead of a ragged sailor boy.

Kinchela

Well, did you find out?

Duff

(Looks round cautiously – then in low  
whisper) Robert Ffolliott.

Kinchela

(starting) Are you sure?

Duff

370 Am I sure? D’ye think I could  
forget the face that was turned on  
me in the Court, when he was con-  
victed on my evidence, or the voice  
that said “If there’s justice in  
375 Heaven, then we two will meet this  
side the grave.” “Then” says he “have  
your soul ready” and the look he  
gave me seemed to shrivel up my  
soul inside of me like a boiled  
380 crackle that you might pick up out



wid a pin. Am I sure – egad,  
I wish I was as sure of Heaven.

Kinchela.

He has escaped from the Penal Set-  
tlements. If he comes here, he will  
385 throw the estate into chancery.

Duff.

Yes, but where will he throw us?

Kinchela.

Listen – this is his excape. [change in  
pencil] ~~known only to us.~~

Duff.

Aha, in a few days. In a few days  
it'll be know all over the county-  
390 (Uneasy) Ah, if his own people knew  
he was among them, a live coal in  
a keg of gunpowder wouldn't give  
you any idea of the county Sligo.

Kinchela.

If he has escaped he will find  
395 one ready for him, sir. When will  
he come? But here is the trap  
that's waitin for him and baited  
with the girl he loves.

Duff.

There'll be a reward offered for

400 him sir. Couldn't your honor  
 put it in my way to earn an  
 honest penny? Wouldn't they  
 hang him this time, Sir. I'd be  
 peaceable if I knew he was out of the way  
 entirely.

Kinchela. (takes him down c)

405 Listen – do you know what took me to  
 Dublin?

Duff.

No – I don't.

Kinchela.

Well, I heard the Queen was going  
 to pardon the Fenian prisoners.

Duff (falls against him)

Oh, murther – I'm a corpse.

Kinchela.

410 Stand up will you? Well, I saw the  
 Secretary. He mistook my fear for joy at  
 the news. "It's true" said he "and I wish  
 you joy."

Duff.

Begorra, I would have liked to have seen  
 your face when you got that pelt on the  
 gob.

Kinchela.

415 Never fear – I have a plan – come  
 to my house tonight and in the mean

time keep watch on the Shaughraun.

Duff.

Never fear – I'm off. (Exit R.U.E.)

Kinchela.

If he comes back here – it will be  
420 life or death to one of us. (goes up)  
Well then it'll be death to you and  
life to me with Arte O'Neil as my  
wife. (Exit R.U.E.)

Then

Change

LIGHTS ½ DOWN

It must be past the hour  
when Conn promised to return.

climbed these rocks  
In search of seabird's eggs,

Scene 2d. Lights ½ Down  
(The Blaskets in 1st grooves. A rocky  
beach or inlet between two high rocks,  
through which a little of the sea is visible.)

Robert Ffolliott (enters dressed  
as a sailor L.I.E. long top coat – slouch  
hat and gray beard for disguise – sailor  
suit underneath ☹ Music till on -) ☹

1 Free and at home – how well I  
know this spot – how many times  
have I waded for cockles in the ~~water~~  
~~here~~ strand below

Call  
Moya (milk pail)  
Mrs. O'Kelly  
Conn

Capt.  
Halloo!  
Halloo!

(gamebag  
 with large  
 whiskey bottle,  
 Large Trout,  
 and Grouse  
 in it

Piece torn cloth  
 Violin & Bow)

searching for pebbles with Conn  
 the Shaughraun, and dear faithful fellow  
 5 many a lecture I got from my dear old  
 tutor Father Dolan for playing truant  
 to run off with him. He told me I ought to  
 be ashamed of my love for Conn  
 Shaughraun. Oh my dear ragged  
 10 playfellow, my heart was not so much to  
 blame after all. (Looks off R.) That's not  
 his voice. My what's that? A  
 man in the uniform of an English  
 officer making his way along the  
 15 cliff. (Calls off R.) ~~Hello~~ Take care, sir,  
 not that way – don't take that path – turn  
 to the right. Around that boulder – that's  
 it – egad, a little more another step and he  
 would have ~~been dashed over the~~  
~~precipice.~~ gone over the cliff. He must be  
 20 a stranger who has lost his way.

Capt. (Enters R.)

Oh, what an infernal country- first  
 I was nearly smothered in a bog,  
 and then, thanks to you, my good sir, I  
 escaped being thrown over a precipice and  
 breaking my neck. ~~How far is it to the~~  
 25 ~~Barracks at Ballyragget?~~ Do you know the  
 way to Ballyragget? How far is it to the  
 Barracks?

Robt.

Two miles.

Capt.

Irish ones miles, of course.

Robt.

I shall be happy to show you the road but I  
30 regret I cannot be your guide. The ~~nearest~~  
~~way~~ safest way for a stranger is by the  
cliff to Suilabeg.

Capt.

Suilabeg – why I just came from there?

Robt.

Just came from there? From Suilabeg?

Capt.

35 Yes – but I shant mind revisiting  
the spot. I have just passed there one  
of the happiest hours of my existence.

Robt.

You – you saw the lady at the house, I  
presume.

Capt. (Eyeing him)

Pardon me sir – I mistook your yachting  
40 costume. I took you for a common sailor.  
Are you acquainted with Miss Ffolliott?

Robt. (carelessly)

Yes – but we have not met for some time.  
I thought you referred to Arte. (checking  
himself) I mean, Miss O’Neil.

Capt.

45 I saw her too, ~~but I am speaking of Miss~~  
~~Ffolliott.~~ she is charming, of course, but  
Miss Ffolliott is an angel. In fact she has  
so

occupied my thoughts that I've been  
~~revolving around that house~~ I have lost my  
 50 way. In fact, instead of going straight  
 home, I've been revolving, in an orbit,  
 round that house, by a kind of centrifugal  
 attraction of which she is the centre.

Robt.

But surely you admired Miss O'Neil?

Capt.

55 Oh yes, she is well enough, bright little  
 thing but beside Claire Ffolliott –

Robt.

~~Well~~, I prefer the beauty of Miss O'Neil.

Capt.

~~Well~~, I don't admire your taste.

Robt.

Well, let's us drink to ~~the health~~ each of  
 them.

Capt.

60 With pleasure if you can supply the  
~~means~~ opportunity. (Robt. Produces  
 pocket flask, takes cup from it, from  
 bottom which he hands Captain) Oh, I see  
 you are provided. (Robt. helps him to  
 liquor) ~~Permit~~ Allow me to introduce  
 myself. Capt. Molineaux of the 49<sup>th</sup>.  
 Here's to Miss Claire Ffolliott.

Robt.

65 Here's to Miss Arte O'Neil. (Both drink)

|                    |
|--------------------|
| # Ready to whistle |
|--------------------|

Capt.

I beg pardon, I didn't quite catch your name.

Robt.

I didn't mention it.

Capt.

Ahem – this ~~whiskey~~ liquor is American whiskey liquor I ~~presume~~ perceive.

Robt.

70 Do you find anything wrong ~~with~~ about it?

Capt. (Smiling.)

Nothing whatever (Holds out cup for more) (Robt. helps him.) Only it reminds me of a duty I have to perform.

75 We have orders to ~~arrest~~ capture a very dangerous person who has been, or will be, landed on this coast, and as these rocks are just the place where he might ~~be~~ ~~concealed~~ find refuge.

Robt.

Not at all unlikely. I'll keep a look out for him.

Capt. (with meaning)

80 I ~~intend~~ propose to revisit this spot ~~with a~~ again tonight with a file of men. ~~tonight~~  
Here's your health. (Drinks)

Robt.

~~Thank you sir.~~ Sir accept my regards.  
Here's good luck to you. (Drinks)

~~Thank you sir.~~

# Whistle

#

#Whistle

# Whistle #

Capt.  
 85 Good Night. What's that?  
Robt.  
 That's a ring at the bell.  
Capt.  
 (Not understanding) A ring at the bell?  
Robt.  
 'Tis a friend of mine waiting for  
 me on the Cliff above. (aside) Tis Conn.  
Capt. (Xs R)  
 90 Oh, I beg pardon Oh,, farewell.  
Robt.  
 Stop – you might not fare well  
 if you ascended that cliff path alone.  
Capt.  
~~And~~ Why not?  
Robt. (aside)  
 Because my friend's at the top of it, and if  
 95 he saw you coming out alone – ~~If Conn~~  
~~saw him coming up the cliff alone~~ (aside),  
 he would ~~might~~ think I ~~was~~ had been caught  
 and egad the Shaughraun might poach the  
 Captain.  
Capt.  
 Well, ~~sir~~? If he met me, what then?  
Robt. Xs to R  
 Well, you see the poor fellow is mad on  
 100 one ~~subject~~ point, and that is, color. His



He cant bear the  
sight of one color and  
that is, red. His

mother was frightened by a mad  
bull and ~~when~~ the minute Conn sees ~~any~~  
~~red~~ a bit of scarlet, such, for example as  
105 your coat there, the bull breaks  
out in him and ~~egad he'd~~ he might  
throw you over the ~~precipice~~ cliff – so by your  
leave, I'll go with you.

Capt.

~~What an infernal country.~~ This is the most  
110 extraordinary country I was ever in.

(Exeunt R)

Scene 3d.

(Landscape in 2d out – 1st Grooves.)

Moya (enters R. with ~~pail~~ milk

1 pail) There now, I've fed the pig,  
and milked the cow and uncle  
will be ready for his tea. (sighs)  
No sign of Conn this long time –  
5 What can have become of him?

Mrs. O'Kelly (enters R.)

Is that yourself Moya – sure, has Conn  
been here?

Moya.

And why would he be here, Mrs. O'Kelly,  
Sure an hasn't he a home of his own.

Mrs. O’K

The shebeen is his home, when  
 10 he’s not in jail. His father died of  
 drink and Conn will go the same way.

Moya.

Why I thought your husband was  
 drowned.

Mrs. O’K.

So he was, bless him.

Moya.

Why, what a queer way of dying of drink.

Mrs. O’K.

15 Oh he was such a good husband.  
 Better man never drew the breath  
 of life when he was sober.

Moya.

But you say he never was sober.

Mrs. O’K.

Never. & Conn takes after him.

Moya.

20 (Bashfully) Mother, I’m afraid I’ll  
 be taking after Conn.

Mrs. O’K.

Heaven forbid. Ye’re a good dacent  
 respectable girl – too good entirely for that  
 vagabond.

Moya.

25 Sure them is the kind that always gets the  
worst – more betoken yourself – Mrs.  
O’Kelly.

Mrs. O’K.

Conn never did an honest day’s  
work in his life – only hunting and  
fishing and lovemaking.

Moya.

30 But sure that’s the way the quality  
passes their time.

Mrs. O’K.

That’s it. If a poor man sports the soul of  
a gentleman, they call him a blackguard.

Conn.

(Entering L.) I thought I heard some one  
talking about me. (Moya runs to him,  
he puts his arm round her – walks to  
c. with her.) (Mrs. O’K Xs to R – turns her  
35 back) Is it the mother making light of me,  
darlin, oh, never mind a word she says.  
She’s jealous because I’ve got my arm  
around you, but she’s as proud of me  
as an old hen who has got a duck for  
40 a chicken. (Xs to mother) Oh, come out o’  
that now. I know what you want – wipe  
your mouth an give me a kiss. (Coaxing

Call  
Father  
Dolan

her – she at last kisses him.)

Mrs. O’K.

What have you been doing Conn – sure  
the police was at my cabin about  
45 you. They say you stole Squire Foley’s  
horse.

Conn.

Stole his horse is it? Sure I seen it safe  
an sound in his paddock awhile ago.

Moya.

Yes, but they say you stole it for  
the day to hunt with.

Conn.

50 Oh look at that now. Isnt that a  
purty thing to run away wid a man’s  
character like that. May I niver die  
in sin but this was the way of it.  
I was standing by old Foley’s gate  
55 awhile ago, whin who should come  
and put her nose under the gate  
but the brown mare. Small blame  
to her. Divil a thing I said to her or  
she to me. Well, as I was standing  
60 there, I heard the cry of the hounds  
come across the hill – well, there they

were – spread out like the tail  
of the peacock and ahead of them  
the finest dog fox you ever saw,  
65 cutting down the barren and across  
the churchyard. Oh it was a sight  
to rise the inhabitants. Well, just  
then the hounds lost the scent among  
the gravestones. We knew it by their  
70 yelp and whine. Thin came the  
fox past me like a streak of lightning.  
I jumped on the fence and yelled  
to the whipper in and he laid the  
pack on the scent again. “Yoick”  
75 says I – the mare she lost her head  
an tore at the gate. “Oh, come down  
out of that” says I – “an go home aisy  
now.” So I whipped out a taste of  
a rope that I got in my pocket  
80 over her head an into her mouth  
that she was quiet in a minute.  
“Come home, now” say I; and so –  
well, I just threw my legs across  
her – the minute I was on her bare  
90 back – Holy Rocks – she was off  
like a shot. “Tally ho” says I – “where

the divil are ye taking me to”,  
 but she nivir stopped until  
 she laid me alongside the master  
 95 of the hounds Squire Foley himself.  
 He turned the color of his leather  
 breeches. “Is that Conn the Shaughraun on  
 my brown mare” ses he. “Bad luck to me,  
 it’s nobody else” says I. “You stole my  
 100 horse” ses he. “It’s a lie” ses I – “your  
 horse stole me.”

Moya (laughing)

What did he say to that?

Conn.

I didnt stop to hear. For just  
 then we took a double ditch an a stone  
 105 wall together an I left him behind to  
 keep an engagement he got in the ditch.

Mrs. O’K (shaking her head.)

It’s a month in jail you’ll get for this.

Conn.

(Scratching head.) A month in jail – well –  
 well – begorra, it was worth it.

Mrs. O’K.

110 And what are you doing here? Hasn’t  
 Father Dolan forbidden you the house?

Conn.

I know he has, bless him, but I've  
brought something with me that's going  
to bring me absolution. I left it with  
115 the ladies down at Suilabeg and they're  
bringing it up here to share fair with  
his riverence.

Mrs. O'K. (Xs L)

Oh what is it, Conn?

Conn.

(Xs to her – walks her L) Aha – go down  
now and see and whin you have seen  
120 kape that woman's tongue of yours  
between your teeth if a woman can.  
Oho – go on now. (Exit Mrs. O'K L)

Moya.

Ah Conn – I'm afraid my uncle  
wont see you.

(Father Dolan Calls "Moya" off R)

Conn.

(As Moya runs) Oh don't go away running  
125 like that. (Moya returns) Come here –  
whin you go – tell him I'm starving out  
here till he's soft – put your purtiest smile  
on and spake a good word, for me, would

|                               |
|-------------------------------|
| <p>Father<br/>Calls off R</p> |
|-------------------------------|

ye darlin'.

Moya.

Never fear Conn – sure he do be always  
130 telling me my heart is too near my mouth.

Conn.

Well, I hope nobody will ever measure  
that distance except myself, darling.

Moya.

Oh Conn – do you see these flowers.  
(Taking small bouquet from her bosom)

I plucked them by the wayside as I came  
135 along and put them in my brest –  
they are dead now – killed by the heat  
of my heart – wont it be so with you if  
I pick you up and put you there – wont  
the light go out of love. Hadn't I better  
140 lave you where you are? X

Music

Conn.

(Picks up pail – puts arm around waist  
going R. during speech) (Music til  
Father D. speaks next scene) Oh my  
Darling Moya – if I was one of  
thim flowers and you should pass  
me by like that, I do believe I'd  
pluck meself an walk after



See lights down  
Behind 4.

145 ye in my stalk. (Exuent R)

Change

Turn up  
LIGHTS  
Front of 4

Scene 4th

(Interior of Father Dolan's in 4<sup>th</sup> Groove.  
Door in Window R.F. practical backed  
by Landscapes in 5<sup>th</sup> Groove.)

(Lights down behind four 4) (Set down R  
3d Set. Set fireplace and fire L.2 E.

Table L.C. with cover opposite fireplace  
set for 3. 3 chairs by table. Small  
table covered against flat c. with  
tray on it. Lights and candles on  
chimney piece and on large table.

(Bench) Father D.

- 1 (D's. reading book L. of table) I wonder  
what keeps Moya so long? (Calls)  
Moya! Moya! (Enter Moya R.D.  
With kettle and teapot – Xs and  
puts them on table.)

Moya.

Here I am uncle. I was only  
waitin' for the kettle to boil.

Father D.

- 5 But I thought I heard some one outside.

Dolan  
 And I heard somebody singing.  
 M.  
 It was the kettle uncle.

Moya.

Sure that was the pig, uncle.

Father (Drily)

Well, you go and tell that pig  
 10 not to come here again till  
 he's cured – and if I ~~find~~ hear any  
 strange kettles singing around  
 here, my ~~pot~~ kettle will boil over.

Moya. (on bench)

Sure ~~it never does that much~~  
~~but it puts out your own fire.~~  
 uncle I never knew that happen but  
 15 you puts your fire out. (kneels at fire)

Father (sipping tea)

Oh I See now Moya. That ~~vagabond~~  
 ragamuffin Conn will be your ruin. What  
 makes you so fond of the rogue?

Moya.

All the beatin's I got for him when  
 20 a child and the hard words  
 you've given him since.

Father D.

Well, has he ~~no~~ one good quality – under  
 Heaven. If he has I'll forgive him.

Moya.

Oh yes, he has – he loves me.

Father D.

25 Oh there it is ~~A~~ love! That word covers more sins than charity. (Pause)

Moya! (she gets R) of table

~~Bless my soul. I thought it was~~ think I hear it raining. I wouldn't keep a dog outside such weather – well, you may let him stand in out

Moya (oh!) laughs

30 of the wet. (Moya runs to D. R – brings in Conn – who stands R.C.) but dont let him open his ~~lips~~ mouth. and Moya get me another cup of tea. I hope it will be stronger than the first – that was very weak. (Moya takes teapot and Xs to Conn.)

Moya. – (aside to Conn.)

35 What'll I do? He wants his tea stronger and there isn't another bit in the house. (Conn takes whiskey bottle out of game bag – pours some into teapot. Moya carries teapot back to table laughing to herself – then stand by small table.)

Call  
Claire  
Arte  
Robert

Father (to Conn)

Well, sir, havent you a word to say for yourself.

Conn.

(Humbly) Divil a wun, your rivirence.

Father

40 (Severely) You're going to ruin.

Conn.

(Meekly) I am – bad luck to me.

Father.

And you want to take a decent girl with you.

Conn.

(Same tone) I'm a vagabond, entirely, sir.

Father.

What sort of a life do you lead?

45 What is your occupation sir?

Stealing salmon out of the river of a night?

Puts down book & takes up cup of tea)

Conn.

Oh no sir – not so bad as that. I

do confess to a couple of trout. (Beckons

silyly to Moya – takes trout of bag and

puts on tray. which Moya holds) Sure

the salmon is out of season, sir.

Father D.

50 Poaching the grouse in ~~Cairn~~ Cairnanning on the hillside.

Conn  
I do, divil a lie in it.

F Dolan

~~Where do you suppose all this will lead  
you?~~ Do you know where all this leads to?

Conn.

(Same bus. With grouse) (Moya exit  
R. with tray and reenters) I suppose  
along with the grouse sir. I'll ~~be going~~ go  
to pot.

Father. (sipping tea)

Bless me Moya, this tea is very  
55 strong – it has a curious taste.

Conn. (innocently)

Maybe the water is to blame in  
regard to being smoked sir.

Father D.

Why it smells like whiskey.

Conn.

Oh no, sir – that's not the tea ~~that smells  
60 of whiskey~~ you smell sir – ~~maybe~~ it's  
me. ~~you smell.~~

Father (Rises to him)

Ah that reminds me – didnt you  
give me a promise – a blessed promise  
on your two knees that you would  
leave off drinking last Easter.

Conn.

65 I did your riverence, barrin one  
thimbleful a day that your riverence

allowed me just to take the ~~element~~ cruelty  
out of the water.

Father D.

Yes One thimbleful – I allowed you that  
70 concession, no more.

Conn.

You did God bless you and I  
kept my word.

Father (angry)

You did – kept your word! How  
dare you say that? Didnt I find  
you ten days after that stretched  
75 out as drunk as a fiddler at  
Tim O'Malley's wake.

Conn.

You did – bad luck to me.  
(Moya comes to dresser - wipes dishes.)

Father D.

And you only took one thimbleful?

Conn.

Only one yer riverence.

Father.

80 (Angry – goes up) No – no – no!

Conn (follows him)

If you'll only listen to me sir.

(Father comes down) Sure this

was the way of it – whin them  
 boys they axed me to go to the  
 85 wake – well I wint. I wouldnt go  
 for to deceive you sir – for dont you  
 see, the O’Rielly’s were there and  
 the Malonys and the Ryans, and  
 the Mulcaheys, and –

Father.

90 Never mind that Conn – come to the  
 drink.

Conn.

I will sir. (aside) I came there  
 soon enough. (aloud) Well, after  
 going and blessing the keeners the  
 boys they coaxed me to drink and  
 95 I couldnt refuse to take a drink  
 out of respect for the corpse, ~~and~~  
 long life to it, but says I – “Dont  
 ask me to drink for I’m on a  
 promise” ses I – “I give a blessid  
 100 promise to Father Dolan” says I  
 - oh I did, sir – yes I did – look  
 - at this now – for not more than  
 that full will pass my lips this  
 night.

Father D.

Oh that was well.

Conn.

105 Yes sir but as the devil's luck  
would have it there was only  
one thimble and that was a  
tailors and they couldnt get it full.  
(Father D. turns up to fire to hide  
his laughter. Moya laughs behind  
plate she is wiping.)

Father D.

(Coming down to c.) Oh Conn, I'm  
110 afraid drink is not the worst of  
your doings – we've lost sight of  
you for the last six months – in  
what jail did you pass your time?

Conn.

Oh sure I was on my travels.

Father D.

115 On your travels – where?

Conn.

Faix, around the world. You see  
sir, after Mr. Robert was took  
and they sent him away – the  
heart seemed to go out of me



120 intirely and I used to go down  
 to the seaside and watch the  
 ships sailing away to where maybe  
 I thought he was, until wan night  
 the longing grew too big for me and I  
 125 jumped into the Coast Guard Boat –  
 stuck up a sail and went to sea.

Father D.

Bless the boy! You didnt think you  
 could go to Australia in a skiff – did you?

Conn.

Sure I didn't think at all – I  
 130 wint. Well, all the night and  
 all the next day and night  
 I drifted about and in the morn-  
 ing I come across a big ship “O stop”  
 says I “an take me aboard – I'm out  
 135 of me course” – an with that they  
 whipped me on deck an brought me  
 to the Captain. “Where do you come  
 from” says he. “Suilabeg” says I, “an I'll  
 be obliged to your honor if you'll  
 140 leave me anywhere near there.”  
 “You'll have to go to Melbourne  
 with us” says he “Is that anywhere

in the County Sligo” says I.  
 “Oh you omadhaun” says he – “It’ll  
 145 be six months before you see  
 your home again” says he – “oh,  
 poor divil, I’m sorry for you, but  
 you’ll have to go around the world  
 with us. Take him forward and  
 150 take good care of him” and Heaven  
 bless their hearts – they did, an that’s the  
 way I got my passage to Australia.

Father

You rascal, you boarded that vessel on  
 purpose.

Moya.

(X’s to Conn) Aye, to be near the young  
 155 master, & did you find him?

Conn.

I did, my darlin, alive & well.  
 “What are you doing here?” says he.  
 I’ve come to take you back with me” says  
 I. “That’s impossible” says he – “we’re  
 160 too well watched” “So are the salmon  
 in S\_\_\_\_\_ so are the grouse in  
 Cairamanning– but I poach them and  
 now I come to ~~bag~~ poach you.

(Enter D.F. Claire)

Call

Harvey Duff  
Capt Molineaux  
Sergt. Jones  
Soldiers.

Robt. and Arte. Robt still in disguise.  
takes it off during following speeches)  
 an I did it, sir.

F.D.

165 Is this the truth you're tellin' me –you  
 found him?

Conn.

Safe & in fine condition. (sees Moya &  
stops her mouth as she is about to cry on  
seeing Robert

Father D.

What do I hear? Is it true he has escaped?  
Escaped & free? Tell me –

Conn.

Yes sir, but let him Oh egorra but he must  
 speak for himself now.

(Father turns – sees Robert – who  
rushes into his arms. Conn flips up cap)

Robt. (embracing.)

170 Father Dolan.

F.D.

Robert, my darling boy. Oh blessed day –  
 do I hold you to my heart again?

Conn. (Kissing Moya.)

There's nobody looking.

Moya.

Conn, behave.

Arte.

He And he wouldn't stop at Suilabeg ~~for a~~  
~~mouthful to eat~~ to taste a morsel. He

185 would come over here to see you.

Claire.

Yes, and he has been living in a  
~~cave on the coast with seaweed for a bed.~~

Conn.

And nothing to eat but a piece of  
~~tobaccy and a crackle.~~

Moya.

Oh I wish I'd known that.

Arte.  
 175 He's been hiding on the  
 seashore among the rocks  
 a whole day & 2 nights.  
 Conn  
 All alone with seaweed  
 for his bed.  
 Moya  
 180 Oh if I'd only known that  
 Conn  
 And nothing to eat but a  
 piece of tobaccy & a cockle

Father D.

Well – well – come sit down. Moya  
 get food on the table. (Exit Moya  
R.D.) (Father L. of table – Robt.  
and Arte back to audience on  
bench at foot of table. Claire stands  
by chimney piece. Conn R. of table.)  
 How good it seems to have you all  
 around me once more. (Calls.) Come  
 Moya. (Moya enters with bread &  
ale – Xs and sets them on table – then  
 190 Xs R & sits on stool.) I am sorry I  
 cannot offer you a glass of wine  
 or warm your welcome with a glass  
 of spirits, but there isn't a bit of  
 liquor in the house. (Conn takes bottle  
from gamebag – puts on table. Bus.-  
Father shakes finger at him. He com-  
mences to put sugar & water in glasses)  
 200 The rogue

Robt.

I am sorry my stay here must be  
 a short one – the schooner that brought  
 me here is lying outside awaiting my  
 signal to send a boat ashore to take me off.

Father D.

Well, I cannot get over my surprise at seeing you again.

Robt.

205 You must thank Conn for my escape – he planned it and made my way to America and left him there in my place.

Claire.

How did you escape, Conn?

Conn.

210 Oh aisy enough Miss, they turned me out.

Arte.

Turned you out?

Conn.

Yes, Miss like a strange cat. “Very well” says I “Bally Mulligan is my parish. I’m a pauper – send me home or give me  
215 board wages where I am.” “Oh, no” says they “we’ve got too many Irish here now”  
“Thin send me ~~home~~ back to Sligo” says I, and begorra Miss, they did.

Claire.

I dont wonder why they called you a cat  
220 Conn, for you always fall on your feet.

Arte.

But Robert, the authorities  
are warned of your escape and  
are on the watch for you.

Robt.

I know it and a very nice fellow  
225 the “authorities” seem to be, and a  
great admirer of my sister there.

Claire.

What – Capt. Molineaux.

Robt.

Yes – he and I met this evening  
on the Blaskets.

Claire. (Blushing)

230 How did he talk of me.

Robt. (laughing)

Look at her – she’s all ablaze.  
Her face is the color of his coat.

Claire.

I never saw the wretch but once.

Robt.

Then you made good use of your  
235 time – I never saw a man in such a  
condition – he’s not a man – he’s a trophy.

Claire.

Oh, Bob, you are worse than he is.

Father D.

I declare I could listen to him all night.

Arte.

So could I.

Father D.

240 Well, come – let's drink his health.

Conn. (innocently)

Which thimble am I to drink  
out of your riverence?

Father D.

(Smiling) The tailor's – you rascal.

Conn.

Long life to you riverence. (takes  
pitcher Xs to Moya – as they lift  
glasses Harvey Duff puts head in  
window between curtains – Robt.  
sees him. Duff withdraws quickly.)

(Chord.) Robt.

245 Look there! (Starts up – points at W.)

Omnes.

(Rising) What is it?

Robt.

I saw a face at the window.

Chord.



(Conn exit D.R. Father looks out window - &Moya D.F.)

Father

You must be mistaken.

Robt.

No – no – it was Harvey Duff – the  
250 police spy. It was his white  
face I saw pressed against the window.

Father (at window.)

The night is very dark. I can  
see no more.

Claire.

It was a fancy – you are weak  
255 for the want of food. (Father  
and Moya close door and resume  
positions.) (Father R. of table and  
Moya on stool) (Robt. head of  
Table. Claire & Arte R.)

Moya.

Sure it wasn't a face but an empty  
stomach.

Robt.

You must be right – it was a vision  
of my diseased brain.

(Conn reenters)(D.R.)



Father

Well?

Conn.

260 Oh it's all right sir.

Father.

Then sit down and forget all about it.

Conn.

(Beckons to Moya – she Xs to him) There was some one there.

Moya.

(Aside) How do you know?

Conn.

(Aside) I left Tatters outside.

Moya. (aside)

265 Your dog – well – why didnt he bark?

Conn. (aside)

(Shows small piece cloth) He couldn't – he got that in his mouth.

Moya.

(Aside) What is it?

Conn. (aside)

It's the seat of a man's breeches. (Exit D.F.) (Moya signifies horror and astonishment and goes up c.)

Robt.

I dont feel safe here. I must  
270 go on board the schooner toight.

Conn. (Enters quickly)

He cant go that way – the back  
door is watched by a couple of  
them – I’ll tell you what sir –  
I’ll slip into your coat and wig.  
(Picks up disguise) I’ll stretch  
275 out of the those chaps. Tatters will  
take another, and while the rest are  
giving me chase thinking I’m yourself,  
you can slip off unbeknownst. X (Loud  
Knock D.F.) Too late! (Conn drops coat.)

KNOCK X  
Door Flat.

Moya. (quickly.)

280 Hide yourself in the old clock case  
in the kitchen – there’s just room  
enough for one man.

Arte (Xing to him)

Fly, Robt., save yourself if you can.  
(Robt. Arte & Moya exit R.D.)

Claire. (Xing c. fiercely)

Oh I wish I was a man. I’d not give  
285 him up without a fight for it. (Exit R.D.)

Conn. (goes up D.F.)

Begorra – the blood of the old stock is  
in her. X (Knock.)

Knock  
D.F.

Father.

Conn, open the door. (Conn does so sulkily.) (Enter Sergeant Jones & 2 soldiers who place themselves one on each side D.F. Sergeant draws window curtains aside. Then, enter from R.  $\frac{1}{2}$  & through D.F. Capt. Molineaux – 2 more men remain outside window. Sergeant salutes Capt. and exit D.F. Capt. up c.)

Capt.

I regret to disturb your household at this unreasonable hour, but a  
290 person has escaped and I am charged with his capture. (Enter R.D. Arte, Claire, & Moya.) Miss Ffolliott I am sorry to be obliged to perform so painful a duty in your presence and yours Miss O'Neil.

Claire. (Xs C. bitterly)

295 Particularly when the man you seek to arrest is my brother.

Arte (Xs to Claire)

And my affianced husband.

Capt.

Believe me, I would exchange places with him if I could.

Sergt. (Enter D.F.)

300 If you please sir – there's a mad dog sitting on the back steps as has bit four of our men. (Exit D.F.)

Conn. (to Moya.)

Tatters has been performing his painful duty.

Claire.

305 Call off your dog Conn. Moya open the back door. (Exit Moya, Conn & soldiers R.D.)

Capt.

Your assurance gives me hope that we have been misled.

(Enter Conn & Moya with 2 soldiers R.D. Soldiers remain by R.D. Enter Sergt. D.F. Remains R.C. up.)

Moya.

310 (Facing men at door indignantly) There I suppose you've seen there's niver a human being in my house, barrin the cat. My bedroom is up them stairs. Maybe you'd like to search that.

Capt.

I shall be compelled to search every room in the house and around every piece of furniture. (To Father) But I  
 315 will accept your assurance that the person we seek is not here. Give me that and I will withdraw my men. (Claire Xs to him – gives him her hand.)

Claire

(Fervently) Thank you. (Remains at c.)

Conn (aside)

Begorra, I wish they'd take my word.

Arte (to Father aside.)

320 Oh you'll not betray him – say he is not here. (Kneels to him.)

Father D.

God help me in this great trial.

Capt.

Well, sir, I await your reply.

Father (slowly.)

Well, sir – the person you seek, my poor boy, has been here.

Capt. (Eagerly)

325 But he has gone – he went before we came.

Arte

(Xs to Capt.) Yes, yes - (Goes up to Claire.)

Capt.

(Xs to her – then turns to Father D. solemnly.) Have I your word as a priest, sir, that Robert Ffolliott is not in this house?

Chord

(Pause.) (Father is about to speak when)

Robert (enters R.D)

((R.C)) No sir – ~~he~~ Robert Ffolliott is here. Father sinks into chair c. Moya on stool R. weeping. Conn comes to her. Claire & Arte up L.C.)

Capt.

330 (Sadly) I'm sorry for it.

Father D.

Oh what have I done? Forgive me my boy! (Xs to Robert – falls at his feet. Robt. raises him and places him on chair.)

Capt.

Secure your prisoner!

(Sergeant comes down – handcuffs Robt. then puts hand on shoulder)

and points to D.F. Robt. goes up a little. Arte rushes into his arms – they embrace – then part. Arte goes back to Claire, and sobs on her shoulder. Father D. in chair. Capt. R.C. looking at Claire.)

Conn.

Oh, aisy, father – sure he’s rather have  
335 them irons on his wrist than you  
should have the sin upon your soul. <sup>x</sup>

Slow Act Drop.

Slow Drop

Call for Rise

Kinchela  
Duff.

Act 2nd.

Scene 1. Chamber in Kinchela’s house.  
2d Grooves. Gothic Door in. . . Enter  
Kinchela followed by Duff L.I.E.)

Kinchela.

1 What ails you – come in – was he wounded?

Duff. (walks painfully)

Divil a scratch – but I am though.

Kinchela.

Where?

Duff.

(Shortly) No matter.

Kinchela.

5 Well, come in and sit down.

Duff.

No, thank you, I'm easier  
on my feet – give me a glass  
of spirits. (Kinchela goes to  
R.D.F. gets bottle & glass and  
gives to Duff.)

Kinchela.

How did it happen?

Duff.

(Drinks glass liquor) As I was  
peeping through the keyhole—

Kinchela.

10 (Returns bottle &c.) No – no I mean the  
master.

Duff.

I didnt stop to see. Sure I  
tell you he knew me the min-  
ute he saw my face at the window.  
His own turned the color of the shirt  
15 you have on.

Kinchela.

Nonsense – how could he know  
you? Haven't you shaved off your



big red whiskers. Sure your  
own mother wouldnt know you.

Duff.

20 No – she wouldnt – for the last  
time I was home she pelted  
me out of the house wid the poker.  
Oh if the people round here knew  
I was Harvey Duff, there wouldn't  
25 survive a rag of me as big as the  
bit I left in the mouth of that infernal dog.

Kinchela.

Oh niver fear. I'll take care of you.

Duff.

An it's yourself that'll be taken care  
of at the same time Mr. Kinchela.

30 There's a pair of us in it. We're har-  
nessed to the same pole and as I'm  
drawn, so you must travel.

Kinchela.

Why, what do you mean?

Duff.

I mean that I'm your partner  
35 in this scheme to deprive young  
Ffolliott of his wife and fortune.  
Where's my share?

Kinchela.

Your share of what?

Duff

Oh not of his wife – you may  
40 have her and welcome – my  
share of the fortune.

Kinchela.

(Astonished) What – you want a  
share of my fortune?

Duff (Impatiently)

No – no – not your fortune but our  
fortune.

Kinchela.

45 Werent you paid and handsomely  
for doing your duty?

Duff

(Following him.) My duty is it? Was  
it my duty to come down here dis-  
guised as a Fenian and pass my –  
50 self off for a Head Centre in order  
that I might swear the boys in  
and denounce them afterwards?

Who was it gave you the office to  
entrap young Ffolliott? Who was  
55 it pointed out Andy Donovan and

sent him across the seas, laving  
 his a poor young wife in the mad-  
 house. Who was it transported  
 Bridget Madigan's only son? Oh – oh –  
 60 take your share out o' that Mr. Kinchela,  
 and give me my share of the money.

Kinchela.

Hush, man. I tell you if Robert  
 Ffolliott comes back a free man, all  
 the estate I shall hold will cling  
 65 to my brogue when I'm kicked  
 out. (Searching his pockets – takes  
out sealed letter or envelope – opens it.)  
 Here is a letter I found waiting  
 for me when I got home. (Reads)  
 “Sir, I am directed to inform you  
 that a free pardon has been  
 70 extended by her Majesty to all  
 the Fenian Prisoners.”

Duff.

(Falls against him, overcome) Oh, I'm  
 a corpse! I 'm dead & buried.

Kinchela.

What's the matter – Listen. (Reads)

“But as Robert Ffolliott has  
 75 escaped, the pardon will not  
 extend to him (Duff straightens  
 up.) unless he re-constitutes him-  
 self a prisoner.

Duff (Disgusted)

Sure that’s just what he did do.

Kinchela.

80 (Amazed) What – wasnt he captured?

Duff

The divil a capture, for all yer  
 planning. Himself has spoilt it  
 all. (Uneasy.) Oh what shall I  
 do? (Xs to R) I’ll take the first  
 85 ship to foreign parts.

Kinchela.

And after all the pains I’ve  
 taken to have him convicted.

Isnt this pretty treatment for a loyal  
 subject.

Duff

Aha – the divil will have a joke – Aha –  
 90 what’ll I do at all at all. (Xs L) I’ll go  
 and swear information agin myself  
 and get sent to jail for purtection.

Kinchela ((c.))

Come here. I have a plan – will you help me?

Duff

I'll do anything but murder. I'll  
95 get someone else to do that.

Kinchela

Well, then, I'll visit him today in jail,  
and offer him the means to escape.  
What more likely than that he should  
be shot in making the attempt?

Duff. (in great disgust.)

100 Sure, the soldiers wont draw a trigger  
without there's a magistrate there to give  
the order.

Kinchela

But the police will.

Duff (Impatiently)

Sure the police wont fire at him  
unless he defends himself.

Kinchela

105 Well, he will defend himself.

Duff

Oh – where'll he get the arms?

Kinchela

I'll give them to him.

(Duff amazed – staggers back – ) looks

Duff. (Looks at him)

Corry Kinchela – the devil ought to be proud of you.

Kinchela.

110 You go to the Police Barracks & pick out your men. You may say you fear a rescue. What more likely after the attack on the policeman at Manchester  
115 and the explosion at Clerkenwell Prison. Stay, we'll not depend entirely on the police. We'll have some of our own men on it. How many can you depend on?

Duff.

120 Well, there's Sullivan – there's Doyle and Rielly and Monaghan.

Kinchela.

Monaghan – I thought he was hung?

Duff.

No, but he will be – and there's Mulcahey and the rest of the smuggler's crew.

Kinchela.

125 Have them ready tonight and sober.

Duff.

I'll not answer for that.

Kinchela.

I'll see you again and give you any instructions I may think of. (Xs R) Now Mr. Robert Ffolliott, I've got you in a 130 trap & it wont fail me now. (Exit R.D.)

Duff.

(Looks after him – shakes head.) Harvey

Duff, you take a friend's advice, Take yer pickings and yer passage where a rogue can live in peace and stand some chance of earning an honest livelihood.

(Exit L.)

Change.

Scene 2nd.

Interior of Father Dolan's –

(Same as last act.) (Time – daylight.)

Arte dis. on bench weeping. Father

D. by side consoling her. Claire standing in open D.F. looking out to R.)

Father D.

1 (To Arte) There – there – dont cry any more, you'll spoil your blue eyes.

Call  
 Conn  
 Capt. Molineaux (Blank  
 Paper.)

Arte. (weeping)

What are my eyes if I cannot  
 see him? I dont care what  
 5 becomes of me – oh, if I could only see  
 him.

Father.

Well, I have sent Moya with a letter  
 to the Captain asking for an order of  
 admission to see the boy.

Arte.

If you only had sent Claire –  
 10 he would not refuse her.

Claire.

I couldnt go.

Father

Why not?

Claire.

Because I wouldnt ask a  
 favor from that Englishman.  
 15 (Coming down R.C.) A bitter curse  
 on the day when I first laid eyes on  
 him.

Arte. (reproachfully)

Why Claire – you wrong him. Surely  
 I have no cause to regard him  
 as a friend but you didnt see



20 the tears that stood in his eyes  
when I appealed to him for mercy.

Claire.

Oh, didnt I?

Father D.

Poor fellow – he suffered for what  
he had to do. Besides he acted  
25 with a gentleness and a respect  
for my character that I cannot for-  
get.

Claire.

No – no – nor can I.

Father D.

It made a deep impression  
on me.

Claire.

So it did me.

Father D.

30 You shouldnt hate him.

Claire.

(Hysterically) I dont – (Xs) and that's  
what ails me. Do you think  
I was blind that I didnt see  
all that you saw. I shut my  
35 eyes but it was no use – I could  
not shut him out. I only shut  
him in. (Violently) Oh I hate

his country – his people.

Father D.

Why, you were never there.

Claire.

40 I know it and I wish they had  
never been here, especially this  
fellow with his chatty smiles & his  
bloodless courtesy, to come here &  
upset all my principles. I cant  
45 stand the insufferable resignation  
with which that man makes a  
fool of himself (with sigh) and of me.  
(Xs c as Moya enters D.F. running down  
R.C.) (Turns quickly to her) Well, did  
you see him?

Moya. (out of breath)

I will – when – I get my breath.

Father D.

50 (Rises Xs L C) Did you see the poor boy?

Moya.

No sir – no one is let in to see him,  
but I saw the Captain – and oh –  
oh – how good – and kind.

Claire.

(Quickly) There – stop that – we

55 all know about that. Where's  
the answer.

Moya.

He's bringing it himself.

Claire.

(Pleased.) Oh is he? I'm so glad.  
(Recollecting herself, with change of  
countenance) We don't want  
him here. (Goes up – looks out D.F.)

Father D.

But what kept you so long?

Moya.

(Points R.D. Slowly – embarrassed.)

60 Conn came back with me an knowing  
ye didnt want him here, I was  
trying to get rid of him, but he  
was at my heels all the way and  
Tatters at his heels and a nice streel  
65 we made along the road.

Father D.

A pair of vagabonds – where are they  
now?

Moya.

(Points R.D.) Outside sir.  
(Conn plays "Jug of punch" on fiddle)  
(outside R.)

VIOLIN OUTSIDE  
"Jug of Punch"



Father D.

Listen – has that fellow no more  
respect for our sorrow than he can  
70 set to the tune of a “Jug of punch”.

Claire.

Oh Father dont blame poor Conn.  
The poor fellow is so full of spirits – I  
believe the fellow’d sing at his own  
funeral.

Moya. (Gets R.D.)

(As she passes Claire) Long life to ye  
for the good words. (Beckons to  
Conn who enters – lays fiddle on dresser.)

Conn.

75 (Speaks off to dog.) Lie still there – now –  
none of your tricks here.

Father D.

Where have you been all night?

Conn.

Where would I be sir, but under  
his window – trying to keep up his  
80 spirits wid the songs and the divarsions.

Arte.

(To Conn) Diversions?

Conn.

Yes – Miss – sure I had all the  
 soldiers dancing to my fiddle an  
 I put Tatters through all his tricks  
 85 till I thought they would die a  
 laughing – sure that’s the way  
 he knew I was waiting for him.  
 Oh, he guessed what I was  
 at, for when I struck up  
 90 “Where’s the slave” he answered  
 back “My lodging’s on the cold  
 cold ground – and when I made  
 Tatters dance to the tune of “What’s  
 the sorrow in your heart?” He an-  
 100 swered back from the outside –  
 “The girl I left behind me”  
 meaning yourself, Miss Arte –  
 an me pretending the tears running  
 down my face were from laughter.

Father D.

105 (Xs to Conn) (Takes hand.) I have done  
 you a great wrong and I take your pardon.

Conn.

If you’d let me whisper 5 words

on the cross roads. I'd go  
 bail I'd get him out of that.

Father.

110 What – you would raise the  
 inhabitants – attack the jail,  
 and rescue him – no – no – I  
 cannot counsel violence.

Claire.

It's the shortest way out.

Arte.

115 Any way but that.

Moya. (To Conn)

Come into my kitchen—have  
 you had nothing to eat all night.

Conn.

I've had my heart in my  
 mouth, but I couldn't get it  
 down. (Exeunt Conn & Moya R.D.)

Claire.

(Suddenly shuts D.F. and comes  
 120 down R.C.) (then speaks) He's coming.  
 (Knock D.F.)

Father D.

Well, there's a knock.

Claire

I know it.

Father D.

Well, why dont you let him in?

Claire.

Because I want to keep him  
out. (Xs – sits on bench.) (Father D  
opens door – Capt. enters.)

Capt.

125 I took the liberty of intruding  
in person to bring you this order  
of admittance to see Mr.Ffol-  
liott and to entreat that you  
might bear me no ill will, for  
130 the painful duty I was obliged  
to perform last night. (Gives  
order to Father D.)

Claire. (to Capt.)

Oh no sir – you were obliged to  
deprive us of a limb and I  
suppose you performed the  
135 operation professionally. Well,  
have you come now for your  
fee in the way of our gratitude?

Father D.

(To Capt.) Forgive her, sir. (To Claire)  
This is too bad.

Capt.

140 Oh dont mention it. It's of  
no consequence I assure you.

Arte.

This order is signed by Mr.  
Kinchela. Are we indebted to  
him for this favor?

Capt.

145 The prisoner is now in the cus-  
tody of the civil authorities and  
Mr. Kinchela is magistrate of the district.

Father (Gets hat.)

Well – come Arte – come Claire.

Arte.

(Shakes hands with Capt.) We  
are grateful, sir – (looks at Claire)

150 very grateful. Heaven will reward  
you. (aside) Dont mind her.

Father D.

A good action is it's own reward.

(Exuent Father & Arte D.F.)

Capt.

Dont mind her. I wish I didnt.

(Comes down) (Aloud to Claire) May



I be permitted to accompany  
155 you to the, to the –

Claire.

(Breaks in on him) To the Prison?

No, I thank you. Do you think  
I want the people around here  
to think I am in custody? A

160 nice figure I should make  
hanging on the arm of a con-  
temptuous policeman who  
arrested my brother.

Capt.

(Goes up to door – stands irresolute  
then returns and stands at the  
table) You cant make me feel

165 more acutely than I do now, the  
misery of my position – I didnt  
sleep a wink all night.

Claire.

How many winks do you sup-  
pose I got?

Capt.

I tried to act with as much gen-  
170 tleness as the nature of my duty

would permit.

Claire.

Yes – that’s the worst part of it.

Capt.

What – you reproach me with my gentleness?

Claire.

I do – you havent even left me the luxury of a complaint.

Capt.

175 I dont understand you.

Claire.

Oh, I dont wonder – I dont understand myself. (Rises and stands with back to fireplace.)

Capt.

Well – if you dont understand yourself, you shall understand  
 180 me. You force me to take refuge from cruelty and throw myself on your pity. You force from me a confession which I feel to be premature for our  
 185 acquaintance has been short.

Claire.

And not sweet.

Capt.

I ask your pity for my  
position. Last night when  
I found myself called upon  
190 to arrest the brother of the one I  
love.

Claire.

(Comes down L. quickly) Capt. Mol-  
ineaux, do you mean to insult  
me? You know I am here  
alone – a friendless girl – my  
brother in jail, and that I  
195 have no protection.

Conn.

(Enters quickly with Moya R.D)  
(Has his mouth full.) (Looks  
at Capt.) Did you call, Miss?  
(Capt. plays with sash. Claire  
is provoked at the interruption.)

Claire.

(Impatiently) No, I did not call.

Conn.

Beg pardon, Miss- I thought

I heard a scream.

Claire.

200 (To him in a low tone) Go away,  
I dont want you.

Conn.

Oh you m – (Moya whispers  
to him – both exit tip toe R.D.)

Claire.

Now what will these two  
think of us? Was it not  
205 not enough that you should  
put my brother in jail, but you  
must add this outrage to me.  
(Sits on bench – sobs – face in kerchief.)

Capt.

(Coming to her side.) Miss Ffolliott  
forgive me – forget what I have done.

Claire.

I – I – I cant.

Capt.

210 What can I say? If I said I  
would shed every drop of my  
heart's blood to save one of those  
tears, you would think it an af-

front, so what can I say?  
 215 For Heaven's sake Miss Ffolliott  
 dont cry so bitterly. I ask  
 your pardon on my knees.  
 (Kneels R.) I'll never do it  
 again. I'll go away. I'll  
 220 never see you again. (Is  
about to rise. Claire puts  
her hand on his shoulder –  
keeps him down. – he takes  
her hand – kisses it – then  
rises and goes toward door.  
Claire reaches out for him,  
without taking handkerchief  
from her face – and not finding  
him, slaps her hand down  
on lap impatiently.)  
Capt.  
 (Near D.F.) Farewell! Forever!  
Claire  
 (Bursts out.) Dont go.  
Capt.  
 (Returns joyfully) Yes.  
Claire  
 (Rising) Oh. I am mad. (Stands

Ready to  
Change.

Ready  
Change.

by fireplace.)

Capt.

225 Miss Ffolliott, I am here.

Claire.

Well, I forgive you on one condition.

Capt.

I accept it whatever it is.

Claire.

Save my brother.

Capt.

I'll do my best. Anything else?

Claire.

230 Never speak of love to me again.

Capt. (Eagerly)

Never – never – I swear –

Claire.

Till he is free.

Capt.

Oh, then, may I? –

Claire. (looking round.)

Not a word – till then.

Capt.

Change

235 Not a word!

(Closed in.)

Scene 3d.

(Guardroom in Barracks in 1st G.  
 Gunracks & armstands painted on flats.  
 Enter Kinchela followed by Sergt. L)

Kinchela.

1 I wish to see the prisoner – he  
 is to be removed to Sligo jail  
 tomorrow.

Sergt.

We shall be glad to get rid  
 of him. It's police business and  
 5 our men dont like it. (Exit R.I.E.)

Kinchela.

Here then I shall find out if he  
 has heard any stories about me.  
 (Enter Sergeant & Robert. Sergt. Xs to L.)

Robt.

Ah Kinchela my dear friend I  
 knew you woul not fail me.

Kinchela. (aside.)

10 Its all right. (Aloud.) Mr. Ffolliott,  
 you forget your position and mine  
 sir. You forget that I am a Mag-  
 istrate holding her Majesty's

commission and whatever  
 15 may have been my friendship  
 for you, it is past, since you  
 have become a rebel.

Robt. (astonished.)

This to me? Why your letters –

Kinchela.

(Hastily interrupts) Ahem! (To Sergt.)

20 Leave us. (Sergt. Ext L.) (immediately shakes Robert's hand) My  
 dear young master, you mustn't  
 mind what I said, for you  
 see before that fellow I was  
 obliged to keep up my dignity as  
 25 a magistrate. Didn't I do it  
 well though?

Robt.

Egad – you took my breath away.

Kinchela.

Oh sure the people around here  
 think I'm your worst enemy.

Robt.

You're my best friend.

Kinchela.

30 I try to be, but I daren't let on,



for fear the estates will be  
 confiscated and so every man  
 woman and child hates me  
 accordingly. Miss Arte and  
 35 your sister included.

Robt.

But sure Father Dolan? –

Kinchela.

Oh he's as bad as the rest.

Robt.

Forgive them – the time will come when  
 they will repent their treatment of you.

Kinchela.

40 (With meaning) Aye, by my soul, it will.

Robt.

They will have no protection now,  
 but you, for my chains will be  
 riveted more firmly than before.

Kinchela (comes to him)

(In low tone) Hist! You must escape.

Robt.

45 Impossible! When?

Kinchela.

Now – this very night. It may  
 not be so easy when they remove

you to Sligo jail – How can  
 you get word to the vessel  
 50 that brought you here?

Robt.

Every night at 8 oclock she runs  
 in and lays off the coast. A  
 bonfire lighted lighted on  
 Rathgannon Head is to be  
 55 the signal to send a boat  
 under the ruins of St. Bridget's  
 Abbey to take me on board.

Kinchela.

That fire shall be lighted this  
 very night and you shall be  
 60 there to meet the boat. Listen,  
 tonight they will change your  
 cell to the old Gate Tower. When  
 you are there take this chisel  
 (hands it to him) and peck your way  
 65 out – the bricks are only one course thick.

Robt.

(Takes chisel) Are you sure of this?

Kinchela.

I am – they had Conn the Shaugh-

raun imprisoned there last  
 spring and begorra he picked  
 70 his way out wid a two tined fork.  
 They ketched him as he was  
 putting his head out of the hole  
 he'd made, or he'd have got off.  
 They have built up the wall,  
 75 but it has never been used as a prison  
 since.

Robt.

When I am outside – where will  
 I find myself?

Kinchela.

You'll find yourself in a yard  
 enclosed by four walls, with  
 80 a door in one of them that's  
 bolted on the inside – open  
 that and you are free.

Robt.

But are there no sentinels?

Kinchela.

No – if there were – take this –  
 85 it will clear your path –  
 (gives pistol) (aside) I'll put  
 Duff at that door and that'll  
 be the end of him.

Robt. (returns pistol.)

No – take it back. I will not  
 90 buy my liberty at the price  
 of any man’s life. I will  
 run my chance – but stay –  
 the signal on Rathgannon  
 Head. Who will light the  
 95 signal – the bonfire. (Violin  
heard outside) Hark! ‘tis Conn.  
 ‘tis Conn – he’s playing “I’m  
 under your window, my darling”.  
 I can employ him – how can  
 100 I send him word?

Kinchela.

You’ll not betray me?

Robt.

I know you better – I have  
 it. (takes out note book & pencil)  
 ask the sergeant to step this way.

Kinchela.

What are you going to do?

Robt.

105 You will see. (Writes on leaf of  
book.) By what means can I  
 let him know I have escaped?

Kinchela.

Two shots fired in St. Bridget's  
Abbey will be the signal to light the fire.

Robt.

110 For that purpose I accept the pistol.

(Takes it.) (Reads as he writes)

"Be at Rathgammon Head tonight.

When you hear two shots fired

at St. Bridget's Abbey – light

the fire barrel.

Kinchela. (aside)

115 I dont care for what purpose  
you accept it – you will use it  
for mine. If they'll only hang  
him for murtherin Duff, I'll  
kill two birds with one stone.

120 (Aloud.) Here is the Sergeant, sir.

(Enter Sergt. L Robt. folds paper  
round coin – and gives to Sergt.)

Robt.

Give that to the fiddler outside  
and tell him to move on.

Sergt.

The men encourage him about the  
Place. (going L. stops) There's

Father Dolan and Miss Arte  
125 O'Neil outside – they've got a  
pass to see you.

Robt.

Admit them. (Exit Sergt L)

Kinchela.

Now you will see how they  
trate me but dont mind that.

Robt.

130 So indeed. (Looks off.) Has  
Conn got the letter? Ah, yes,  
as the ragget at your heels  
is faithful and true to you, so  
will you be to me, my dear  
135 devoted playfellow Conn.

(Enter Father D. & Arte L.I.E.)

Arte.

(Embracing him) Oh. Robert.

Robt.

My dear girl. (Shakes with Father)

Arte.

(Sees Kinchela) Mr. Kinchela. (coldly)

Father.

I hardly expected to find you here,  
sir.

Kinchela.

140 (Aside to Robt) What did I tell you?

Robt.

(Aside to him) It's all right.

Arte.

You dont know that man.

Kinchela.

Oh yes he does, Miss.

Robt.

Yes – he has told me all.

Kinchela.

145 Yes – I have told him all –  
how I betrayed my trust and  
grew rich with the plunder.

Oh, you cant make me  
any bigger blackguard than

150 I painted myself. (Xing L) and  
so my sarvice to you. (Bows – Exit L)

Father (looks after him)

When St. Patrick made a clane  
sweep of all the venomous things  
in Ireland, some of them

155 must have taken refuge in  
the bodies of such men as that.

Robt.

That is the first uncharitable word  
I have ever heard you utter, sir.

Father D.

I was wrong – my mission is to  
160 save souls, not to condemn them.

Robt.

Now you will indulge me in  
a strange whim of mine. You  
know St. Bridget's Abbey where  
we have so often sat together.

Arte.

165 Can I ever forget it. We go there  
often. The place is full of you.

Robt.

Go there tonight at half past  
nine but keep it a secret.

Arte.

I will offer up a prayer at  
170 the old shrine.

Robt.

Do, with your heart, for I  
may need it.

Arte.

What do you mean?



Robt.

Ask me nothing – I can tell  
175 you no more.

Father D.

(Aside) Oh there's some mischief  
going on here. I know by his  
eye. He used to look so when  
he used to give me the slip and  
180 run away from his Latin & Greek  
to play truant with Conn the Shaughraun.

Robt.

Hold up your hearts – mine is full  
of hope.

Father D.

Hope! Where do you find it?

Robt.

(Arm around Arte) In her eyes.  
185 You might as well ask me  
where I find love. I was  
in prison when I stood  
betrayed in America, but in  
this narrow cell in Ireland,  
190 I breathe my native air and I am  
free.

Father D.

But they'll send you back again.

Arte.

Surely the future belongs to  
Heaven but the present is our  
own.

Father D.

Ah. I believe I was wrong to  
195 come here at all. I feel like  
a mourning band around a  
white hat.

Arte.

But you must hope.

Father.

Oh – that is the first word  
in the Irish language.

Arte.

200 There is a finer word – faith.

Father D.

And Love is the mother of  
those heavenly twins. (Comes  
between them and takes an  
arm of each.) I declare, my  
old heart is lifted up between

205 you as if you young ones  
were it's wings.

Sergt. (Enters L.)

Sorry to disturb you sir, but  
we've been ordered to change  
your quarters. You'll occupy  
210 a cell in the Gate Tower.

The guard is waiting when  
you are ready.

Arte.

Must we leave so soon?

Robt.

Only for a time. (aside to her)

215 Remember, tonight, at St.  
Bridget's Abbey. I shall  
be there – hush!

(Exeunt Father D. & Arte L)

Robt.

Did you give the money to  
the Fiddler?

Sergt.

Yes – sir.

Robt.

220 (Aside) Conn cant read.  
pshaw!, I must trust to his

cunning to get to it's contents. (Aloud) Now Sergeant lead me to my new cell in 225 the old Gate Tower.  
 (Exeunt R.I.E)

Change

Scene 4th

(Exterior of Mrs. O'Kelly's cabin 1<sup>ST</sup> gr.  
Door and window practical. Enter Conn with note written by Robt. in previous scene looking at it, puzzled to read it.)

Conn.

- 1 I got a letter an there's writing on it an that's what bothers me. If there was nothing at all on it, I could  
 5 make more out of it.

Mrs. O'Kelly. (Enters)

Is that yourself Conn? What have you there?

Conn.

It's a letter the young master

was after writing to me.

Mrs. O'K.

10 What is in it?

Conn. (half aside)

There was tuppence in it for  
postage. That's all I've made out of it.

Mrs. O'K.

I mean what does he say?

Conn.

Well, here – you can read it  
15 for yourself. (Hands it to her)

Mrs. O'K.

You know I cant.

Conn.

Cant read? Oh, you ignorant old woman.

Mrs. O'K.

I am Conn. I tuk good care  
to send you to school, though  
20 the tuppence a week you cost  
me was pinched off me  
stomach or off me back.

Conn.

The Lord be praised you  
had it to spare.

Mrs. O’K.

25 Oh – you’re making fun of  
your poor old mother – tell  
me what he says in the  
letter.

Conn. (bothered aside)

Oho – what’ll I tell her? (aloud)  
Well, if I read it to ye – ye’ll  
30 hould yer tongue.

Mrs. O’K.

Yes – yes – go on.

Conn. (Looks off R.)

There’s no one here – is there?  
(Pause) Mind now, this is  
a great secret. (preparing  
35 to read.) Now this is what  
he has written to me in the  
letter.

Mrs. O’K.

Well – well – well.

Conn.

(Aside) Oh what the divil will  
I tell her. (Aloud) You’re sure  
40 there’s no one here. (Turning

letter to find right way) (aside)  
 (Reads) Colleen – Cathera – omadhaun,  
 Stareagins seglabet.

Mrs. O’K.

(Dont understand) Sure that’s no  
 English.

Conn.

No it’s writin’.

Claire (Enters L.)

45 There’s some project on  
 foot to liberate my brother  
 for he has almost as much  
 as told Father Dolan & my cousin.

Conn.

Well, ye see Miss, it was to  
 50 be kept a secret from the  
 old woman. (Gives her the  
 letter) That’s all I know about it.

Claire.

(with letter) It’s in pencil.

Conn. (to Mrs. O’K)

There – didnt I tell you it  
 55 wasn’t in English.

Claire (Reads)

Be at Rathgannon Head tonight

Conn.

(Eagerly) Yes.

Claire.

(Reading) “When you hear two shots  
fired in St. Bridget’s Abbey light  
60 the fire barrel.”

Conn.

Yes. Miss, sure that’s to be  
the signal to the ship out  
to sea to send a boat ashore  
to take him off.

Mrs. O’K.

65 Is it going to escap he is  
from jail? (Joyfully) Blessed  
day. Blessed day!

Conn. (Mournfully)

Oh, look at that now – there’s  
going to be a scrimmage  
70 an I’m not to be in it at all  
at all – I’m to be sent away.  
Oh if I could only some  
one to take my place at the  
tar barrel. I’d go bail I’d get  
75 him out of that if I had to  
tear a hole in the wall with my



fingers.

Claire.

Conn – I'll take your place.

Conn.

You will. God bless you, Miss.

Mrs. O'K.

Oh dont do ~~it~~ it, Miss Claire,  
80 there'll be shooting an killin'.

(To Conn) Oh you vagabond!

This is one of your tricks, but

I'll go an inform agin you

an thin maybe they'll let

85 you off aisy before you get  
into trouble.

Claire (to Conn aside)

Here comes the Capt. Pacify

her or she'll betray us.

Conn.

(Aside to Claire) I will Miss –

niver fear. (To Mrs. O'K.) Come

90 mother – come into the cabin.

Mrs. O'K.

I wont.

Conn. (Coaxing her)

Oh do now darlin an I'll

play a tune on the fiddle for

you. Oh do now – go on – go on –  
 95 oh go on now (impatiently)  
 Oh come out o’ that now, you  
 miserable old woman. I’ll  
 stop at home all night, look  
 at that now. Don’t that aise  
 100 yer mind? Dont ye hear Miss  
 Claire say she’ll take my place?  
Mrs. O’K. (tearfully)  
 (Xs) Heaven bless you, Miss Claire.  
 Oh Conn, dont lave me alone.  
 I’ve nobody left but you now –  
 105 an if you’re taken from me,  
 I’ll be a widow. Oh, Heaven  
 bless you Miss Claire and  
 the Lord protect you. (Going  
to door of Cabin – Conn panto-  
mimes to Claire that it is all  
right – and as Mrs. O’K turns  
he holds up both hands to her  
explaining.)  
Conn. (at door)  
 Ah – to be sure – come in my  
 110 darlin’ an I’ll play you

all the tunes you love best,  
 till I warm the corners of  
 your old heart. “(Sings) “For  
 Crimany’s son was a fine young  
 man.” (Exeunt Conn & Mrs. O’K.)  
 (Enter Capt & Arte L.I. E.)

Arte.

115 I have invited the Captain  
 to spend the evening with us  
 at Sulabeg, but he declines.

Capt.

I may not leave my post  
 until the police arrive from  
 120 Sligo, to release me from  
 my charge.

Arte.

But your men are there.

Capt.

Soldiers wont move without  
 orders, besides my men have  
 such a distaste for this  
 125 business. In case of a  
 rescue I am afraid they  
 would disgrace themselves.

Claire.

(Aside) It's all right.

Arte.

(Aside to Claire) Get him away.

Claire.

130 (Aside) Yes – leave us.

Arte.

Well good night Captain. Come

Claire. (Exit R.)

(Claire & Capt. steal glances & sigh.)

Claire.

Lovely night isnt it.

Capt.

Yes, lovely. Are you going?

Claire.

Not just yet. I think I shall

135 walk as far as Rathgannon

Head in the moonlight.

Capt.

Is it far?

Claire.

No – not far.

Capt.

Not far. (pause) May I

140 be permitted to accompany  
you part of the way?

Claire.

Oh I wouldn't think of your  
neglecting your duty, besides  
I wish to consult my feelings  
145 uninfluenced by your presence.

Capt.

Claire – dear Claire – that  
sweet confession gives me hope.

Claire.

Then light a meditative ci-  
gar and go back to your  
150 duties and leave me to  
wander on alone.

(Capt. takes out cigar case –  
takes cigar – lights match. Claire  
playfully takes match from  
him – lights cigar.)

Capt.

How good – you are an angel.

Claire.

(Holds up match) Of light?

Capt.

Of light.

Claire.

155 Good night. (sighs.)

Capt.

Good night. (sighs.)

Claire. (aside)

I must have those matches.

(Aloud) I don't believe that  
cigar is half lit.

Capt.

160 No. I'm sure it isn't.

Claire.

(Takes match – relights cigar –  
sighs.) Good night! (Exit R.)  
(with box of matches.)

Capt.

Good night! Oh, if I only  
had some excuse to  
follow ~~her~~ part of the way.

165 She's taken my box of matches.

How I envy those lucifers.

(Suddenly) By Jove, I  
have it! (Rubs cigar on  
sole of boot – extinguishes it.)  
(Calls out after Claire) Miss

Ffolliott, sorry to trouble you,  
 but my cigar has gone out,  
 170 and you've got my box of  
 matches. Oh, don't come  
 back I beg of you. (Exit  
hastily R.)

(Conn jumps thro' window  
of cabin – and bars it – then  
listens at door.)

Conn.

There – I've locked the door –  
 and I've got the key,  
 175 and barred the shutter.

Mrs. O'K (inside)

(Shouting.) Let me out – let me  
 out!

Conn.

Behave now – and go to bed  
 decent.

Mrs. O'K

Let me out – let me out.

Conn.

If you don't stop your noise,  
 180 I'll tell all the neighbors you've  
 been drinking.

Change

→ (Runs off R.)  
 (Change)

Scene 5th

Bell in Gate tower. Brick  
Prison wall to move. At one  
window, arched and grated  
at flat, higher than man's  
head – steps or block for Robt.  
to climb upon. Chimney  
with bricks to fall out in flat.  
Narrow shelf for Robt. to stand  
on while at work. Sill at  
window for man to stand on  
both inside and outside. Steps  
for Conn to climb up outside  
after change. Four walls  
about 6 feet ~~apart~~ high – practical  
gate in front. Robt. dis. standing  
R.C.)

Robt.

- 1 They are relieving guard – I  
shall not receive another visit  
tonight – now for work – where's  
my chisel? This must be
- 5 the place. (Climbs up and



works on it.) Why the mortar is  
as soft as butter. This must have  
been done by government contract.

Well, it's an ill wind that blows  
10 nobody good. (Working.) (Conn.  
climbs up and stands on sill  
outside of window – peeps into  
cell – Robt. is at chimney so  
Conn does not see him.)

Conn.

All quiet in the yard below.  
They told me they put him  
in this cell – oh begorra – I  
know it well. Where's my iron  
15 pick? I have it – now then  
to make a hole in the wall. (Disappears L)

Robt.

This brick is nearly loose e-  
nough to pull out, but if it goes,  
the rest seem shaky. (Conn  
heard working outside) What's  
that? It sounds as if some one  
20 was working outside. Oh, Lord,  
my heart sinks at the thought –

now it has ceased – there  
it goes again. Can it be  
a rat? I'll satisfy myself.

(Jumps down – climbs up at  
window – looks out.) I see  
25 no one. (Goes back to chimney)  
(Conn appears outside window)

Conn.

There's a rat in the chimney.  
Perhaps I'm mistaken an  
himself isn't at work at all.  
I wish I could look crooked.  
(Conn disappears.)

Robt.

30 The noise has ceased. It  
was a rat. (Works – bricks  
fall. Conn appears at hole.)  
Conn!

Conn.

Yes, master – who in the  
devil else would it be?  
Wait now till I get this  
course of bricks out and  
35 you can get out easier.

|   |
|---|
| <p><u>Change</u><br/><u>Revolve Tower</u><br/><u>And Wall</u></p> |
|---|

(Change.)

– After Change –

(Enter Kinchela and Duff R.  
U.E. with 4 policemen with muskets.)

Kinchela.

(Places Duff at Gate) Harvey  
Duff, you stand there – the  
rest of you come with me.

(Kinchela & Police go behind back  
wall of yard. Robt. get out window.)

Duff.

Ha! ha! Mr. Robert Ffolliott –  
You said we'd meet again this  
40 side the grave – ha! ha! I think  
we will. I wonder if you'll  
like this meeting any better than the  
last? You told me to have my  
soul ready. I wonder if yours  
45 is in good condition. He comes!  
He's coming!

(During the above, Conn appears  
on wall. Sees Duff during his  
last words – and drops on him

and bears him to the  
ground. Robert rushes  
through gate and off R.I.E.  
Police jump over back wall –  
into yard – run through gate –  
seize Duff whom Conn is  
holding down and pummeling.  
Kinchela comes down L. Conn  
runs off R.I.E. Duff is raised  
by police. Kinchela raises  
him – dashes his hat on the  
ground & dances with rage.)

Close in quickly.

Close in  
Quickly

Scene 6th

The Blaskets – Same as Act 1 –  
Scene 2d.)

Robt. (enters R running)

- 1 Ha! ha! Escaped once more.  
I wonder what became of Conn.  
I hope the poor fellow got off  
safe. Oh yes – there he is coming,
- 5 leaping from rock to rock like  
a goat.

Conn.

(Enters laughing.) By the powers  
we did that well. There's only  
one thing I'm sorry for – and  
that is, that I didn't crack  
10 the skull of that fellow when  
I had him fair in under  
me. (Sighs.) Oh I'll never  
get absolution from that.

Robt.

Well – I must on to the Abbey.  
15 Where is my disguise, Conn?

Conn.

I have it hid here in the rocks.  
Hark! What's that?

Robt.

Do you hear anybody?

Conn.

No, but Tatters does. I left him  
20 up on the Cliff to watch. He  
never growls like that unless  
he wants me to help him. Will  
you lie close a bit and I'll  
go up and see what's the matter.  
(Exit L.)

Robt.

25 I can reach the Abbey  
along the shore, and by the  
rocks, the cliff will hide me,  
and then, one brief moment  
with my darling girl.

Conn.

30 (Re-enters L) They're up there, sir.

Robt.

The constabulary?

Conn.

(With the disguise) Yes, and who  
do you think is leading them?

Them mongrel curs, Monaghan

35 and Riley, the blackguards,  
for to go and do a thing like that,  
and they know every hole and  
corner in these rocks. Here  
is your coat, sir, but, it will  
40 never do to wear that here.

Didn't the Captain meet you  
here in that disguise on this  
very spot?

Robt.

Never fear, I can reach the

Coast before they discover me.  
45 Who's at the tar barrel?

Conn.

That's all right. Waiting for  
them your honor is to fire in  
St. Bridget's Abbey.

Robt. (feels for pistol)

Where is my pistol? I cannot  
50 find it. It must have fallen  
from my pocket when I climbed  
through the window.

Conn.

Oh murther what'll we do?

Robt.

I must go to the schooner.

Conn.

55 It's agin the tide and she's  
lyin more than a mile off.  
Oh you couldn't do it.

Robt.

But what is to be done?

Conn.

Will your honor lave it to  
60 me to get these shots fired.

Ah do, sir, give me my head once.

Robt.

What do you propose to do?

Conn.

Do you remember the time  
where the Ballyragget hounds  
65 couldnt find the fox and  
all the field were looking  
blue blazes, – your honor was  
master of them that time.

“Oh, never fear” Says I – “I’ll  
70 find you a fox and I whipped  
a red herring in the tail of  
my coat and away it went.

Robt. (laughing.)

I remember it well.

Conn.

Your honor hunted me that  
75 time and divil a man in  
the whole field ~~for~~ barrin  
yourself knew there was a  
two legged fox to the fore. Now,  
I’ll give them vagabonds a  
80 taste of the red herring – and



show them as fine a run  
as they ever saw in ~~the~~ a hunt-  
ing season.

Robt.

Well. Come on Conn. (Exit R.)

Conn.

(Looking off L.) Aha – come on,  
85 me boys – this is not the first  
time that Conn the Shaughraun  
has played the fox. (Exit R.)

Change

Draw off to  
2d cut.

To Change

1st Scene

Scene 7<sup>th</sup>

Rathgannon Head in 2d cut-  
1st Grooves. Supposed to be on  
a Cliff. Scene painted to give  
idea of being great height from sea.)  
(Enter Claire & Capt L.)

Claire.

1 Well, here we are – are you tired?

Capt.

I dont know. If you should  
ask me if I was dying, I should  
say I dont know. When I'm

5 in your presence I dont  
feel like myself. I feel  
like some one else.

Claire.

Who are you then?

Capt.

Some one happier than I  
10 can ever be. Oh I wish I  
could describe to you the  
change that has taken place  
in me in the last few days.

Claire.

Oh. I know how you feel.

15 I feel just so – my –

Capt.

(Delighted) Eh – how do you feel?

Claire.

(Changing subject) Do you see  
that ruin up there? (Points R)

Doesn't it look lovely in the moonlight?

Capt.

20 Lovely no doubt, but when I am  
with you, I have no taste for ruins.  
I prefer the ruins on this Headland.

(Tries to look in her face – she avoids  
his gaze) As I was saying –

Claire.

(Aside bitterly.) Oh what a contempt-  
25 ible part I am playing. I cant  
stand this much longer. (Burst out)  
Oh go back – why did you follow me  
here!

Capt. (hurt.)

Miss Ffolliott, I beg pardon if I  
have been intruding. I will re-  
30 trace my steps. (Going R.)

Claire.

No – stay – it was I who lured you here.

Capt.

I fear it was I that forced  
myself upon you. I have offended  
you in some way – tell me how.  
35 It would give me so much  
pleasure to ask your pardon for some-  
thing I haven't done.

Claire. (suddenly.)

Capt. Molineaux, do you want to  
know what ails me? Do you  
40 see that tarbarrel out there?

Capt.

(Astonished.) Really – I.

Claire.

Do you see that tarbarrel?

Capt.

(Aside) I wonder if there is  
madness in the family?

45 (Aloud) Yes, I see something  
that looks like a tarbarrel,  
but what has that tarbarrel  
to do with my offence?

Claire.

Nothing, but it has everything  
50 to do with mine. (Abruptly)  
Will you oblige me with a match?

Capt.

(Amazed – aside.) Ah – there's no  
doubt about it – poor thing – so  
lovely and so afflicted. I feel  
55 even more tenderly toward her  
than before. (aloud) A match – certainly.

Claire.

If I should ask you to set  
fire to that pile of brush, would

you do it?

Capt.

60 With pleasure.

Claire. (half aside)

He would, he would, he'd do anything.

Capt.

(Aside) It's the moon that affects her.

That infernal moon. I wish

I had an umbrella.

Claire.

65 (Suddenly faces him) Captain  
Molineaux, my brother has es-  
caped from the prison guarded  
by your men. (Capt starts and  
drops cigar.) I have been

70 a decoy and lured you here  
to prevent your giving orders  
for his capture. Now do you  
understand my conduct? Now  
do you understand why this

75 has been like a prison to me?  
Why every kind and gentle  
word from your manly heart  
has been like a knife in mine?

Capt.

(Bitterly) Miss Ffolliott. I thought  
80 you were mad. I fear that it  
is I that have been so.

Claire.

It is not too late to redeem  
your professional honor. Return  
to your duty, I have not the  
85 means of lighting that signal,  
and my brother will be recap-  
tured, but the blood that re-  
volts in my heart at my pro-  
ceedings is the same that beats  
90 in his. He would scorn a  
~~duplicity~~ liberty purchased by  
my duplicity, and your in-  
fatuations. There lies your  
road. Good night. (Exit R  
weeping)

Capt.

95 So I have been her dupe. No,  
she was not laughing at me.  
Now see where she has thrown  
herself ~~upon~~ on the ground – I can

hear her sob. (Irresolutely)  
 100 but my duty. I must return.  
 There again – oh what a  
 woman that was. (hesitates)  
 (then suddenly) Oh I cant  
 let her lie there. (Exit R)

2D

Scene 8th

Ruins of St. Bridget's Abbey.  
(Ruined Abbey occupies L half of  
stage. Raking piece from 1st  
to 3d Grooves, about 6 feet high  
painted to look like stone.  
Shrine LUE. Ruined wall of  
Abbey up & down stage C. Low  
wall Xs from it to R 2 or 3d Ent. about  
2½ feet high supposed to look  
down on beach below. Red  
Fire for Tarbarrel near flies  
R.U.E. to light at cue.)  
(Arte discovered at Shrine L.  
(Moya at Wall LC. looking down)  
Arte. (coming down)

1 How lonely it is – I was afraid

to come here. (looks down cliff.) What's that moving on the sand? Is it a goat?

Moya.

5 It's a man. It must be the master.

Arte.

See – see – he's coming toward the cliff.

Moya.

I'll give him the office.

(Sings) "Savourneew Dheelish"

(Duff, Monaghan and Riley enter stealthily L.I.E. Monaghan and Riley have sure fire guns – they steal towards the girls.)

Duff.

(Aside to them) This is the trap, and there's the bait. That's

10 Arte O'Neil an that's Moya that's with her.

Arte.

He is pursued – see they gain on him.



Moya.

No miss, he's thrown them off the scent.

Arte.

He gains the Cliff on the other side. Oh fly, Robert, fly! (Turns and is caught by Monaghan who forces her on rock L. Duff grabs Moya. Both women scream.)

Arte.

15 What does this mean? Do you know who I am?

Duff.

Yes – you're the sweetheart of the man we want to ketch. (Struggles with Moya – yells)  
By the powers – she's bitin' me.

Kinchela.

20 (Enters hurriedly) We've lost his track!

Duff.

Yes – but we've found it again, for here he comes!

LIGHT RED  
FIRE  
in flies

(Enter Conn L.IE in Robt's disguise. Runs up rocks. Riley fires. Conn staggers back 3 or 4 steps.) That winged him. (Conn starts up again.) Monaghan, fire now – why the  
25 divil dont you fire! (Monaghan fires. Conn falls and rolls down to foot of rocks. Tarbarrel blazes up.)

Kinchela.

What the devil have you done?  
Look, you fool – you've given the signal. Look at the tarbarrel – see a man gets into the boat.  
30 It's Robert Ffolliott escaped!  
Damnation!

Duff.

Well, if that is Robert Ffolliott, I'd like to know who the divil is this?  
(Conn throws coat away from face and raises himself on elbow – shakes fist at Duff – falls back – Moya Xs to him & kneels at his head.) (Act Drop.)

SLOW DROP

Act 3d. 4Scene 1st.Exterior of Mrs. O'Kelly's CabinEnter Claire & Father D. LIE.Claire.

1 Patience! What's the good of  
saying Patience! Arte and  
Moya disappeared and poor  
Conn murdered.

Father D.

5 (Knocking at cabin door) Mrs.  
O'Kelly, it is I, Father Dolan.

Mrs. O'K.

(Enters LIE.) Oh, blessin on  
yer riverence for coming this  
~~blessed~~ day to me.

Father D.

This is a sad business Mrs. O'Kelly.  
10 Have you heard why poor Conn  
was shot?

Mrs. O’K.

Twas because he had a fine  
suit of clothes on.

Claire.

No – he was killed in aiding  
my brother to escape.

Mrs. O’K.

15 Oh no Miss – och hone – och hone.

Claire.

Did they bring him home insensible?

Mrs. O’K.

No Miss, they brought him home  
on a shutter, and there he lies,  
an Tatters beside him and

20 the creature wont let a hand  
go near his body – oh dear –  
och cushla – (etc)

(Enter Capt L. Claire turns on him)

Mrs. O’K.

Oh dont blame the Captain – it  
was the police an not the sol-  
diers who did it, an he was  
25 in my cabin before daylight  
this morning, an niver spoke a

word but put 5 golden  
 pounds into my hands.  
 (Capt. nudges her.) And praise  
 be to him, my boy'll have the  
 30 finest wake in the county.  
 I've bespoke Nancy Malone  
 and Biddy Madigan an  
 six of the Kellys to carry him  
 out as grand as a member  
 35 of parliament. Oh my boy,  
 it'll be a proud day for  
 you, but your poor old  
 mother will be left all  
 alone in her cabin while  
 40 yourself is going to glory.  
 Och hone! och hone! (Exit L.)

Capt.

(L. astounded.) In the name of  
 Bedlam, does she propose to  
 give a dance or a supper party  
 45 in honor of this melancholy  
 occasion?

Claire. ((c.))

Why no – they are only going to  
 wake poor Conn.

Father D. ((R.))

Yes, your 5 pounds will be  
 spent in whiskey, & tobacco,  
 50 and pipes, and cakes – which  
 is consoling meat and drink  
 for the poor.

Capt.

Really, you Irish, mix –

Claire.

(Interrupting.) Never mind  
 what we mix – my cousin  
 55 has disappeared! What have  
 you done about it?

Capt.

Well, I have been thinking –

Claire.

(Breaks in) Thinking! What's  
 the good of thinking! Two  
 60 young girls have been carried  
 off – the country is full of  
 soldiers and policemen, and  
 yet they are carried off and  
 murdered perhaps under your  
 65 very noses, and then you stand  
thinking.

Capt.

Wait a minute. You Irish –

Claire.

And I wont be called “You Irish”.

Capt.

Beg pardon – you are so in-  
petuous – you make me nervous.

Claire.

70 Oh I do – do I. My impetuosity  
didnt make you so nervous  
last night – did it?

Capt.

(Smiles) No – no.

Claire.

No – I thought not – well, you  
75 were thinking. “A penny for  
your thoughts.”

Capt.

Well, I’ve been thinking that  
if Miss O’Neil and Miss  
Moya were in the ruins at  
the time poor Conn was shot,  
80 they must have been carried  
off by those who murdered the

poor lad in order to remove  
all trace of their crime.

Claire.

Well. (Eagerly)

Capt.

85 Well, I've questioned the  
police and I find they had  
no hand in it. The pursuit  
was conducted by a ~~police~~ party  
~~agent~~ of fellows lead by a police  
90 agent named Harvey Duff.

Claire.

Harvey Duff! (to Father D) He's  
thought it all ~~ought~~ out, while  
we blinded by our tears couldn't  
see, and deafened by our  
95 complaints couldn't hear.

(Pityingly) Oh, poor fellow! (Xs to  
Capt. takes hands – shakes them  
heartily) Oh, forgive me!

Capt.

There she goes again. I've done  
nothing to deserve all this.

Claire.

100 Nothing? You've unearthed



the fox – you’ve drawn the  
Badger. Now our coast is  
clear.

Capt.

I must confess I don't see it.

Father D.

But Arte and Moya were  
105 the only ones in the ruins  
at the time they disappeared.  
There was no one else  
present when poor Conn  
was shot.

Conn.

(Opens cabin window – puts  
out his head.) Yes, I was there.

Omnes.

110 Conn alive! (General astonishment)

Conn.

Oh, no, – if you please I'm dead.

Father D.

(Angry) Is it thus you play  
upon our feelings. (Softened)  
Are you hurt much?

Conn.

115 Oh no, sir – I got a scratch

under my leg, and a scratch  
under the small of my back.

Capt.

But tell me my brave fellow,  
how did you escape?

Conn.

120 Now, I'll tell you. (laughing)

They say dead men tell no  
tales and here am I taking  
away the character of the  
Corporation. Well, ye see,  
125 after thim two shots were  
fired, for fear they'd mur-  
der me outright, I rolled  
down an laid as still as a  
stack pertaties. Sure if  
130 I hadnt drawn thim two  
shots, Miss Claire, they  
never would have got the  
signal.

Father D.

But were Arte and Moya  
in the ruins?

Conn.

135 To be sure they were, sir,

and crying “Blue Murder”  
 all the while. “Stop their  
 mouths” said a voice, I  
 knew to be Kinchela’s –  
 140 and thin Monaghan an  
 Riley whipped them on to  
 an outside cart that was  
 handy by and rolled them  
 off – and thin – and thin –  
 145 (pause) Well, I dont think  
 I remember much after  
 that, until I found my-  
 self stretched out inside here, -  
 on a shutter, an all around  
 150 me was whiskey bottles  
 an cake and tobacco and  
 snuff an candles and  
 the divil an all. Oh, I  
 thought I was in Heaven.

Father D.

155 And your poor mother – you  
 let her believe you dead – you  
 didn’t relieve her feelings.

Conn.

Would you have me spoil a

wake after inviting all the  
160 neighbors? Besides sir, I  
want to be dead. I was afraid  
the police would be after me  
for the hand I had in the  
master's escape, and I want  
165 to be dead if it's only to hunt  
out thim villains who carried  
off Miss O'Neil and Moya.

Father D.

Kinchela is in league with a  
desperate crew, half ruffians,  
170 half smugglers. They hide  
in caves known only to them-  
selves.

Capt.

(To Conn) Do you know the places  
where these fellows resort?

Conn.

Oh, I'm constated I do, sir.

Father D.

175 Oh I'll answer for him – he  
knows every disreputable den  
in the country.

Conn.

And what you do now if I  
didn't?

(Claire & Capt. laugh at Father.)

Claire.

(Looks L) Conn – here comes  
180 your mother with the mourners.

Conn.

The old woman coming back –  
she'll find some of the whiskey  
gone. (Retires – closes shutters.)

Capt. (L.)

Well, I'll go at once and see  
Kinchela and confront him  
185 with the evidence.

Claire (R.)

Oh you dont know him.

Capt.

I think I do, but he dont  
know me.

Claire.

(Xs to him eagerly) What –  
will you fight him?

Capt.

Oh no. I looked in his

190 eyes – there’s no fight  
there. You see men  
who bully women have  
the courage of the cur.  
There’s no pluck in them.

195 No, I’ll take a file  
of men and arrest him  
for aiding your brother  
to escape, that he might  
murder him afterward.

Father D.

200 But who can prove it?

Robert.

(Enters L.) I can.

(Claire runs to him – they  
embrace – he Xs to Father  
and shakes hands.)

Claire.

My dear – dear brother.

Father D.

((R.)) What brings you here?

Robert.

((R.C)) The news I heard on  
205 board the schooner. The

Queen has granted a free  
pardon to all Fenian prisoners.

Capt.

((Xing C.)) I congratulate you, sir.

Shake--by -- ((Suddenly)) Ex --

210 cuse my swearing.

Claire.

((L)) (Stops him) Oh, no.

Capt.

((L.C)) By Jove!

Claire.

Oh!

Capt.

Kinchela knew of this pardon  
215 all the time. I'll go to  
Ballyragget House at once.

(going L)

Robt.

((R.C)) I have just come  
from there. I went to tax  
him with his villainy but

220 he has fled. ((Capt. turns))

Claire.

((L.C.)) Then Arte is in his  
power.

Robt.

What – Arte in his power?

Claire.

Yes – he loves her and has  
carried her off.

Robt.

225 My wife and my fortune.

Oh he has played a deep game.

Capt.

And finding he couldn't win,  
stole half the stakes.

Robt.

I'll unearth him wherever  
230 he is. I'll hunt him with  
every honest lad in Sligo in  
the pack, and when we find  
him, kill him like a rat.

Capt.

Well, I'll go and get a warrant  
235 for his arrest. I like to have  
the law on my side. If we  
are going to hunt, let's have  
a license. Where can I find  
you?



Father D.

At my house.

(Robert offers arm to Claire –  
She declines.)

Claire.

240 Never mind me – offer your  
arm to Father Dolan.  
(Robert does so.)

Father D.

Praise be to Heaven – free  
and home once more.

Robt.

No – not free until Arte is.

(Exeunt Robt. & Father D. – R.)

(Capt. Xs to Claire who stands  
R.C)

Claire.

245 What is your Christian  
name? Or don't "you English"  
have such names about you?

Capt.

Yes – my Christian name is  
Harry.

Claire.

(Sighs) Harry. – (Sighs) Harry –

**Mrs. O'Kelly  
speaks outside**



250 Harry! – (Suddenly throws  
her arms around his neck  
and kisses him, then recol –  
lecting herself, runs off R. in  
confusion exclaiming.) what  
 Oh what have I done?  
 (Capt. at first astonished  
 and bewildered – then draws  
 a long breath and smiles,  
 evidently pleased & happy.)  
 (He walks rapidly off R. whistling.)  
~~Change Scene to Waterfall (?)~~  
 (Enter L. Mrs. O'Kelly. Bidy  
 Madrigan - & Nancy Malone weeping)  
Mrs. O'K.  
 Oh – och hone but it's a sad house.  
Nancy.  
 We've come to share the sorrow  
 thats in it.  
Bridget.  
 Kape up your heart, darling,  
 255 dont give way. (Exeunt into  
Cabin.)

Enter Male and Female  
peasants enter and exit  
into cabin – last of all, is  
Riley, who is forcing on  
Sullivan.)

Change



Scene 2nd.

Interior of Mrs. O'Kelly's Cabin.  
Door in R.F. Window in L.  
Practical door LU.E. Conn  
is laid out on a trestle L.  
covered with an old blanket.  
Table R. with candles about  
room. Whiskey bottles and  
plates of snuff – drinking  
cups on table. Axe and  
poker at fireplace R.2.E.  
Bridget seated at Conn's  
head. Mrs. O'Kelly by table.  
Nancy on stool at foot of  
table. Rest group round  
table and on L. of Conn.)

Chorus at opening.

1 “Why did he die?  
Why did he die?  
To lave me alone oolaghaun!”

Bridget.

(After Chorus.) Och hone!

5 Och hone! The widdy  
 had a son – an only son –  
 wail for the widdy.

Chorus.

“Why did he die?  
Why did he die?”

Bridget.

10 I knew the widdy when  
 she was a young girl –  
 I knew her when she  
 had a child by her side.  
 He was as bould as a bull  
 15 calf that runs at the side  
 of a cow.

Chorus.

To lave us alone – oolaghaun!

Bridget.

The woman grew wake as  
 the boy grew strong, for she  
 20 fed him wid her heart's blood.  
 Och hone – where is he now?  
 Could in his bed – och hone –  
 oolaghaun – why did ye ye die!

Chorus.

“Make his grave both wide and deep.  
 25 Oolaghaun – oolaghaun!  
Oh – why did he die?”

Nancy Malone.

He was brave – he was strong.  
 He had the heart of a lion  
 and the legs of a fox – his  
 30 voice was softer than the  
 cuckoo of an evening and  
 sweeter than the blackbird  
 after a summer shower. Wail  
 ye colleens – yez will never  
 35 hear the voice of Conn again.

(Enter girl with jug of punch.  
All gather round table)

Bridget.

Oh good luck to you, give  
me a glass of punch.

(Andy Donovan gives her  
a pitcher.) None was  
like him – none could  
compare. (Drinks.)

Conn.

40 (Aside) Well – it’s a mighty  
pleasant thing to die like  
this and hear all the good  
things that are said about  
you after you are dead.

Bridget.

45 His name will be the pride  
of the O’Kellys. (Puts pitcher  
near Conn’s head.)

Conn.

Well – I was the biggest  
blackguard when I was alive.

Bridget.

He was beautiful.

Conn.

50 (Aside) Oh – go on now. (Drinks

her punch.)

Bridget.

He was all you could  
 desire. (Lifts pitcher  
 to her lips and finds  
 it empty – looks around  
 angrily.) Who the Divil's  
 been at my punch!

Mrs. O'K.

(Comes down c.) Yez all  
 despise the occasion if  
 55 yez lave as much liquor  
 as will swim a fly. Mrs.  
 Malone – you're not ating?

Nancy Malone.

No ma'am – I've dranked.  
 I drunk now and agin  
 60 by way of variety.

Mrs. O'K.

Mr. O'Donovan – there's a  
 hole under your nose. I'd  
 be plased to see it stopped  
 wid a bottle.

(Riley hands Mrs. O'K. a glass.)

Knock  
D.F.

Riley.  
65 Drink that an yer spirits  
will rise on top o' the noggins.

→ (Knock D.F.)

(Capt enters – down C. all salute)

Capt.

I beg your pardon friends –  
I do not come to disturb  
this melancholy festival.  
70 I mean, this festive solemnity.

Mrs. O'K.

Oh Heaven bless your honor  
for coming to see the last of  
him. There he is. Isn't he beautiful?

Capt.

(Suppressing laugh.) Yes – quite  
lovely. (Conn winks at him)

75 (Aside) Why the rascal is ~~actual~~  
actually winking at me. I  
feel inclined to kick that  
keg from under him.

Mrs. O'K.

Now he'll be put to bed wid  
80 a shovel and the song was



never sung that will  
wake him.

Capt.

Well, if any words will  
put life into him, I've  
come here to speak them.

85 Robert Ffolliott has re-  
turned home a free man.

Omnes.

Hurrah!

Capt.

But his home is desolate.  
The man who robbed  
90 him, first of his fortune,  
has now carried off his  
bride.

Omnes.

Who is it?

Capt.

Mr. Corry Kinchela. Moya  
too is missing.

Omnes.

95 Moya Dolan?

Capt.

Yes – niece of your minister

and sweetheart of Conn,  
has been carried off by a  
police agent named Harvey  
Duff.

Omnes.

100 Harvey Duff!

(All get sticks and  
brandish them. Mrs.  
O'Kelly gets poker.  
Donovan sharpening  
scythe blade on whetstone  
in corner. R.)

Bridget.

Harvey Duff sent my  
only boy across the sea.

Donovan.

I've a long reckoning agin  
him but I've kept it  
warm here. (hand to breast.)

Mrs. O'K.

105 (Xs to Conn) I've a short one –  
here it is.

Omnes.

Where is he?

Capt.

We must find him – my  
men will aid you in the  
search, but you who are  
110 familiar with the rocks  
must guide them. Robert  
Ffolliott will meet you at  
Suilabeg, and lead the  
hunt – that is, when you  
115 have paid your melancholy  
respects to the Shaughraun.

Mrs. O’K.

You couldn’t please him  
better than to go now and  
bring back word that  
120 you’ve found Miss O’Neil  
and Moya and he’ll go  
under the sod wid a light  
heart.

(Exuent all shouting R.U.E)  
except Sullivan, Riley and  
Capt. – Captain puts pinch  
snuff on Conn’s nose. – Conn  
sneezes. – Riley & Sullivan

turn – Capt. wipes his  
own nose, and exit. – When  
he is off – Riley brings  
Sullivan down.)

Riley.

Sullivan!

Sullivan.

Yes.

Riley.

125 We must go and warn  
Kinchela at once.

(Conn rises – locks D.F.  
pockets key – Xs and  
stands by table R. un-  
perceived by them.)

Sullivan.

Where'll I find him?

Riley.

At the Coot's Nest. The  
lugger came in last night.

130 Tell him to go aboard and  
take the women with him.  
He must run for his life.

Sullivan.

Yes, and for ours too. If he's caught, we're in for it.

Riley.

135 I feel the rope around my neck now.

Sullivan.

The other end is choking me.

Riley.

So at once then and I'll go warn Harvey Duff.

(Both turn to go up – see Conn – start back affrighted.)

Both.

Murther! Alive?

Conn.

140 (Coolly.) That's exactly what I am – “Murther alive” – and it's a murder you and your gang will be hung for one of these days.

(They run to D.F. and try it.)

145 It's no use my boys, you're in a fine trap. There's the key! (Holds it up.)

(They whisper together – then  
pick up knives from table  
and come down R. & L. of Conn.)

Riley.

You forget bould boy that you're  
dead.

Sullivan.

If we made a mistake last  
night we can repair it now.

Riley.

150 Yes an we'll stretch you out  
quite comfortable like and  
no one will be the wiser.

Conn.

Och Murther – what'll I do.

(As they come for him – he throws  
glass liquor in Sullivan's face –  
then jumps over table and  
throws snuff in Riley's face –  
then runs for window – they drag  
him back.)

Sullivan.

(Over Conn, who is on his  
back on stage C.) Riley,

shut the window and I'll do  
for him. (Is about to stab Conn,  
who puts up his foot and stops  
him. At the same moment Riley  
is at window. Capt. appears –  
strikes him in face – Riley  
staggers back.)

Capt.

155 Drop those knives! (pause.)  
(Repeats fiercely.) Drop those knives.  
Did you hear what I said?  
(They obey.) Now open the door.

Conn.

There's the key.  
(Riley snatches it – opens door –  
tries to escape – Capt. covers him  
with horsepistol.)

Capt.

160 If you put your head out of  
that door, I'll put a bullet in it.  
(Enters D.F.) (Riley goes R. corner.)

Conn.

(To Sullivan.) Here – help me up.  
The hangman will do as much  
for you some day. (S. helps him  
up.)

Capt.

165 (R.C.) Who are those men?

Conn.

(L.C.) Oh – they are a couple of Kinchela's chickens – they know the road we want to travel.

Capt.

Here. (Gives Conn a pistol) Do  
170 you know how to use it?

Conn.

(Cocks it – covers Sullivan L.)

I'll try!

Capt.

(To Riley R.) Now my friend.

(Draws sword.) Put your hands in your pockets. (Riley hesitates.)

Did you hear what I said – put  
175 your hands in your pockets.

(obeys.) Now take me straight to where your employer Mr. Kinchela can be found, and if, on the road, you stir, or slip  
180 out of the way, or take your hands out of your pockets, upon my



honor as an officer and a gentleman, I'll cut you down.

(Exit Riley D.F. followed by Capt.)

Conn.

(To Sullivan) Attention! Put your  
 185 hand in my pocket – are you  
 going to? Be lively about that  
 now! Now take me straight  
 to where you've got Moya  
 Dolan. Shut up – and if  
 190 you take your hand out of  
 my pocket – or stir one peg out  
 of the way, by the pipers  
 that played before Julius Caesar,  
 I'll save the county six feet  
 195 of rope – Forward! (Exeunt D.F.)

Scene 3d.

The "Shanty" in 1<sup>st</sup> Grooves.

Boxes & Barrels painted on flat. Door

L. Flat practical.

Arte. (Enters L. with Moya.)

1 I wonder how long Kinchela  
 Intends to keep us prisoners, Moya?

Moya.

I don't care what becomes  
of me. I wish they'd kill  
5 me as they did poor Conn.  
I've nothing to live for now.

Arte.

I have. I live to bring  
Kinchela to the Dock where  
he has brought my Robert.  
10 I live to take the mask from  
him and punish him for his  
perfidy.

Moya.

If I could only set my  
fingers on the face of Harvey  
Duff and see him go up a  
15 ladder never to come down.

Kinchela.

(Entering L.) Good morning, ladies.  
Miss O'Neil, you keep a stiff  
upper lip. You are scornful  
now as usual, but you'll get  
20 over that in two or three  
months.

Arte.

Surely you do not dream of  
keeping us two or three months.  
There's not a road in the County  
Sligo but what'll be turned over  
25 in search of us.

Kinchela.

((L)) Before tomorrow morning  
you and I will be on our way  
to a delightful retirement where  
we can pass our honeymoon together.

Moya.

30 ((C.)) And what's to become of me?

Duff.

((Enters L.) I'll take care of you.  
All aboard, ladies – the wind is  
fair and the tide serves. (aside  
to Kinchela) Robert Ffolliott has  
35 received his pardon.

Kinchela.

Then take them on board at  
once.

(Enter Doyle and Monaghan R.  
They seize Arte and Moya.)

Arte (struggling.)

Oh, Mr. Kinchela, do not  
subject us to this outrage.  
I'll give you my word, that  
40 I'll never bear witness against  
you.

Duff.

You're too late. Away wid 'em!  
(Doyle forces Arte off R.  
Moya breaks from Monaghan  
and slaps his face – in doing  
so, she drops her cloak.)

Moya.

Hands off! I'll go aisy!  
(Exeunt Moya & Monaghan R.)

Duff.

We must lose no time – sure  
I heard the noise an shouts  
45 of the people as they search every  
hole and corner in the rocks  
above.

Kinchela.

We're safe here – no one knows  
the place but our men.

Duff.

And Conn the Shaughraun.

Kinchela.

50 Well, he's wiped out.

Duff.

Then I am safe.

Kinchela.

Well, go and keep watch on  
the rocks above – we'll be off soon.

Duff.

I will, but I'll be uneasy in  
55 my mind until I am well  
out of this place. (Exit R.)

Kinchela.

Oh Mr. Robert Ffolliott, the  
game is in my hands now. You  
may recover your fortune  
60 but you cant recover your  
wife. She hates me I know,  
but I warrant she'll get over  
that. (Exit R.)

(Enter D.L. flat Conn & Sullivan.

Sullivan still has his

Hands in Conn's pocket.)

Conn.

There's no one here – sure  
 sure ye told me this was the  
 65 place I'd find them. Were ye  
 desavin me? (Threatens with pistol)

Sullivan.

(Terrified) No – no! What's that?  
 (Points at Moya's cloak) (as Conn  
goes to pick it up – Sullivan exit L.)

Conn.

Oh murder – he's slipped out  
 of me pocket – what'll I do  
 now? He'll be bringing the  
 70 whole gang down on top of me.  
 What's that. A woman's cry for  
 help! It's Miss Arte O'Neil's  
 voice. If I go out there'll be  
 twenty to one against me.

Change

75 No matter, if there's going to  
 be a fight, I'll make it  
 lively for some of them.  
 (Exit R.)

Scene 4 th.The Coot's Nest in 5<sup>th</sup> Grooves.Supposed to be on Cliff.Rockpiece about 3 feet runpainted like rocks to reachup to flat from C. of stage.Top rounds of ladder visibleabove rocks – ladder runs downtrap and is used to give idea ofclimbing up from bottom ofledge. Top masts of schoonervisible in distance. Boxes –Barrels – etc. about stage. LargeHogshead practical R.C. withBunghole in C.)Duff.(Enters hurriedly L. Xs to R.1 nervously.) Hurry Kinchela,hurry. (Kinchela follows L)

I was upon the Cliff, where

I could see the people and

heard the cries and standing

5 on the spot I saw –

Kinchela.

((L)) Who?

Duff.

Conn the Shaughraun.

Kinchela.

Bah! Nonsense! You're mad  
with fright.

Duff.

Egad so would you be, if  
10 you saw the dead man as  
plain as I did.

Kinchela.

Well – go and keep watch  
till I get the women aboard.

Duff.

(As he exits looking around) I'll  
take my oath I saw him on  
this spot. (Exit R.)

(Enter Moya & Monaghan (L))

Moya.

15 What's to be done wid me now?

Kinchela.

We'll go aboard of that vessel  
ye see down there.



Moya.

An how'll I get down unless  
I was fly or a sea gull?

Kinchela.

20 You'll go down that ladder  
till you reach the ledge – and  
then you'll be let down in a  
basket as handy as a bucket  
in a well.

Moya.

25 And suppose I dont choose  
to go?

Kinchela.

Then you'll be made. (Seizes  
her.) Monaghan, get me  
a rope. (Exit Monaghan L 2 E)  
(Kinchela struggles up with  
Moya – as he comes opposite  
hogshead – a shot is fired  
through bunghole. Kinchela  
staggers and falls against  
rocks. Conn, who is in  
hogshead lifts it up and  
puts it over Moya – hiding  
her.)

(Enter Arte – Doyle & Monaghan (L))

Monaghan.

Who fired that shot? Where's  
Moya?

Arte.

(Sees Kinchela) Brave girl –  
she has avenged us.

Doyle.

30 She has killed him and es-  
caped.

(Arte goes up platforms by ladder.)

Monaghan.

There's no time to be lost –  
we must go on board.

Doyle.

Must we leave him here?

Monaghan.

We cant carry him down the  
ladder.

Doyle.

35 Then every one for themselves  
and the devil take the  
hindermost.

Arte

(At ladder.) Stop! I have  
been your prisoner, now you  
are mine! (Throws the  
ladder down). (They look  
at each other – then run off  
L 2 E. Conn puts his head  
out of top of hogshead.)

Arte. (coming down.)

40 Conn! – where's Moya?

Conn.

She's inside, Miss. (Lifts up  
hogshead.) Lie down a  
bit Miss – here comes the  
flower of the flock.

Duff.

(Enters hurriedly R. pale and  
45 frightened) Kinchela! Kinchela!  
Corry! Corry! They're almost  
Here! (Sees him!) Up man,  
up I say, are ye drunk  
or mad? Oh very well – I'm  
off! (Goes up and staggers  
50 back.) The ladder's gone! What's

to be done! What does  
this mean?

Moya.

(Coming down R. of him) It  
means that the wind has  
changed & the tide dont serve.

Arte.

(L of him.) It means that you  
55 and he are going to a de-  
lightful retirement where  
you will pass your honeymoon  
together.

(Duff looks from one to other in terror.)

Conn comes behind him – he  
turns and sees Conn.)

Duff.

Conn!

Conn.

((R.C.)) Yes – Conn!

Duff.

60 ((L.C.)) (In despair) Thin the  
murther is out!

Conn.

Yes and you're in for it.

Duff.

(In agony and fear) Oh what'll  
I do?

Conn.

Say your prayers if you know  
65 any. Do you hear those  
shouts? That's the people.  
They're on your track Harvey  
Duff.

Duff.

(On knees to Arte L.) Oh save  
me Miss – save me – they will  
tear me to pieces if they catch  
me.

Conn.

(Xs and catches his wrist)  
70 Look up there! (Points R.)  
Do you see that old woman  
leading them? That's Bridget  
Madigan whose son's life  
you swore away! Look up!

Duff.

75 No – no – Conn.

(Conn Xs to R.)

Conn.

That's Andy Donovan with  
the shovel.

Duff.

(Crawls to him.) Oh Conn – pity  
me. (seizes his arm.)

Conn.

Pity you! Did you pity them  
by whose side you knelt at  
80 the altar? Whose salt you  
ate but whose blood you  
drank? Look up! There's  
death coming down to ye  
from up there – now look  
85 down – there's death waiting  
for ye – now – take your  
choice. (Chord.)

Chord

Then change to  
Hurry & play till  
Duff jumps over  
Cliff

(Enter R. peasants and  
police. Peasants rush at  
Duff who runs up and jumps  
over precipice.)

(Enter R. Claire, Robert, & Father D.)  
(Enter L at same time, Capt. Molineaux  
and file of men under Sergeant

Jones, with Riley, Doyle, Sullivan  
And Monaghan.)

(Capt Xs to Claire.

Robert Xs to Arte.

Soldiers range up & down L.

Policemen crowded R.

Father Dolan R.C.

Conn & Moya R.C.)

Claire.

Have the villains escaped?

Capt.

I fear they have. I bagged  
a few of the small ones.

Conn.

90 If you please sir, I potted  
the cock bird.

(Kinchela groans.)

Father D.

Why he's not dead. (Conn  
takes pocket flask out of his  
pocket – hands to Dolan who  
is examining Kinchela.) This  
pocket book has saved his  
life. (Examines it.)

(Kinchela rises – looks about.)

Kinchela.

(Faintly) Where am I?

Capt.

You're in custody for attempting  
95 the life of that gentleman.

Kinchela.

He was a felon and escaping  
from justice.

Father D.

He was a free man and you  
knew it as this letter proves.

(Holds it up. Peasants rush at

Kinchela. Father interposes.

Kinchela rushes to police  
for protection who level  
their muskets at peasants.)

Father D.

(To Crowd.) Stand back I say.  
100 Stand back – must I speak  
twice?

Capt.

(To Police) Take him away.



Kinchela.

Yes – or the divils wont give  
you a chance. (to police.)

(Police exeunt with Kinchela R.)

Mrs. O’K.

(Outside) Where is my vagabond?

Conn.

105 The old mother coming – hide  
me!

(Enter Mrs. O’Kelly R. 2. E.)

(Father D. brings ~~her~~ Conn to her, by ear.)

Mrs. O’K.

(Embracing him) Oho, Conn my  
darlin’ – (changing tone and  
beating him) Oh, you vagabond!

Conn.

Aisy mother an I’ll niver be  
kilt any more.

Arte.

110 If he hadn’t been killed, he  
never could have saved us.

Mrs. O’K.

But after making me

spend all the money for  
the wake.

Capt.

Well, suppose we turn the  
115 ceremony into a wedding,  
and I dont see as you  
Irish make much difference.

Claire.

And in England I believe the  
wedding is sometimes the more  
120 melancholy occasion.

Capt.

Will you try it?

Robt.

He has earned you Claire.  
I give you my consent.

Arte.

But how about Conn. Father  
125 Dolan will you never give him his.

Father D.

Conn come here. Will you reform?

Conn.

I dunno what that is, but  
I will. Moya'll go bail that

that I will, sir.

~~Moya'll go bail – I warrant sir.~~

Father D.

130 And the drink?

Moya.

I'll take care there's no hole  
in the thimble sir.

Father D.

No – no – I cant trust you. You  
deceived me so often. Can  
135 you find any one here to go  
bail for you?

Conn.

(Looks about.) Divil a man,  
sir. (Moya whispers to him.)

I dont like it – I dont  
think they would.

Moya.

140 Try.

Conn.

(To audience) Do you know  
what she said? She said  
you'd go bail for me.

Moya.

I didnt. I didnt

Conn.

145 Yes, she did – yes she did.

Oh do now – ~~she~~ Sure,  
you're the best and only  
friends I ever had. You've  
overlooked so many of my  
150 faults so often. Wont you  
be blind to a few more  
of them this night, and  
hold out your hands once  
more in kindness to the poor  
"Shaughraun".

(Shouts.)

(Curtain)

[See Diagrams next page](#)