

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

Music Lively
for rise
Lights up.

Shaughraun 3
Act 1st

Scene 1st

Suilabeg in 4th 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 perceive. (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> 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 doesn't 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 for 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 49th.
 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 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 4th Groove.
Door in Window R.F. practical backed
by Landscapes in 5th 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 ~~Cairmanning~~ 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.)

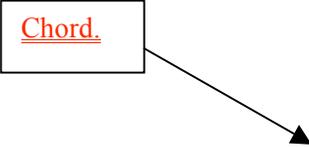
Omnes.

(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. ^x

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 – wasn’t 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.

Isn’t 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.

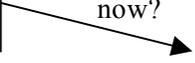
Father D.

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. (Exuent 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.) (imme-
diately 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 1ST 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 ~~me~~ 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> <u>Revolve Tower</u> <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 7th

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 dont 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 plase 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?

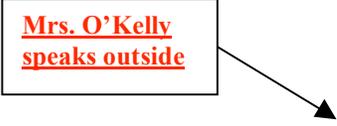
Capt.

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 Donavan 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 plase 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 1st 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 5th 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](#)