

THE STORM THEATRE COMPANY

THE SHAUGHRAN SIDES 1 OF 1 – ROLE OF FATHER DOLAN

SIDES START HERE

DOLAN: I thought I heard voices outside.

MOYA: It was the pig. (Gives FATHER DOLAN cup of tea, then to fire with kettle.)

DOLAN: And I heard somebody singing.

MOYA: It was the kettle, uncle.

DOLAN: Go tell that pig not to come here till he's cured, and if I hear any strange kettles singin' round here, my kettle will boil over.

MOYA: Sure, darlin' uncle, I never knew that happen but you put your own fire out. (*kneeling at fire*)

DOLAN: See now, Moya, that ragamuffin Conn will be your ruin - what makes you so fond of the rogue?

MOYA: All the batins I got for him when I was a child, an' the hard words you gave me since.

DOLAN: Has he one good quality undher Heaven? if he has, I'll forgive him.

MOYA: He has one.

DOLAN: What is it?

MOYA: He loves me.

DOLAN: Love! Oh, that word covers more sins than charity. I think I hear it rainin', Moya, and I would not keep a dog out in such a night.

MOYA: Oh! (She laughs behind his back.)

DOLAN: You may let him stand out o' the wet; (MOYA *beckons*. Enter CONN.) but don't let him open his mouth. Gi' me another cup o' tay, Moya; I hope it will be stronger than the last.

MOYA: Oh, what'll I do? Sure, he wants his tay stronger, and I've no more tay in the house.

(*Pause. CONN pours whisky into teapot. MOYA gives cup to FATHER DOLAN.*)

DOLAN: Well, haven't you a word to say for yourself?

CONN: Divil a one, your reverence.

DOLAN: You are goin' to ruin.

CONN: I am; bad luck to me.

DOLAN: And you want to take a dacent girl along with you.

CONN: I'm a vagabone entirely!

DOLAN: What sort of life do you lead? What is your occupation? Stealing the salmon out of the river of a night!

CONN: No, sir; I'm not so bad as tat, but I'll confess to a couple o' throt - sure the salmon is out o' sayson. (*Pulls out two trout from his bag, and gives them to MOYA.*)

DOLAN: And don't you go poaching the grouse on the hillside?

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CONN: I do - divil a lie in it. (*Pulls out two grouse.*)

DOLAN: D'ye know where all this leads to?

CONN: Well, along wid the grouse, I'll go to pot. (*MOYA laughs and removes the game and fish.*)

DOLAN: Bless me, Moya, this tay is very strong, and has a curious taste.

CONN: Maybe the wather is to blame in regard o' bein' smoked.

DOLAN: And it smells of whisky!

CONN: It's not the tay ye smell, sir; it's me.

DOLAN: That reminds me; didn't you give me a promise last Aister - a blessed promise made on your two knees that you would lave off drink?

END SIDES