

**THE STORM THEATRE COMPANY**

**THE SHAUGHRAN SIDES 1 OF 1 – ROLE OF MRS. O’KELLY**

**MRS O’KELLY SIDES**

**BEGIN HERE:**

MRS. O’K: Is that yourself. Moya? I’ve come to see if that vagabond of mine has been round this way.

MOYA: Why would he be here? Hasn’t he got a home of his own?

MRS. O’K: The shebeen<sup>1</sup> is his home when he’s not in jail. His father died o’ dhrink, an’ Conn will go the same way.

MOYA: I thought your husband was drowned at sea. ,

MRS. O’K: And bless him, so he was.

MOYA: (*aside*) Well! that’s a quare way of dying o’ drink.

MRS. O’K: The best of men he was when he was sober. A betther never dhraved the breath o’ life.

MOYA: But you say he never was sober.

MRS. O’K: Never; and Conn takes afther him.

MOYA: Mother!

MRS. O’K: Well?

MOYA: I’m afeard I’ll take afther Conn.

MRS. O’K: Heaven forbid and protect you agin him, for you are a good, dacent girl, and desarve the best of husbands.

MOYA: Them’s the ones that get the worst. More betoken yourself, Mrs. O’Kelly. MRS. O’K: Conn never did an honest day’s work in his life, but dhrinkin’, and fishin’, and shootin’, and spoortin’, and love makin’.

MOYA: Sure, that’s how the quality pass their lives.

MRS. O’K: That ’s it. A poor man that sports the soul of a gentleman is called a blackguard.

CONN: (*entering*) Somebody is spakin’ about me.

MOYA: (running to embrace him) Conn!

CONN: My darlin’, was the mother makin’ little of me. Don’t believe a word that comes out of her. She’s jealous, divil a haperth else. She’s chokin’ wid it this minute, just bekase she sees my arms about ye. She’s as proud of me as an ould hen that’s got a duck for a chicken. Hould yer whisht now, wipe your mouth, and gi’ me a kiss.

MRS. O’K: (*embracing him*) Oh, Conn, what have you been afther? The polis were in my cabin to-day about you. They say you stole Squire Foley’s horse.

CONN: Stole his horse! Sure the baste is safe and sound in his paddock this minute!

MRS. O’K: You’ll get a month in jail for this.

CONN: Well! it was worth it.

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<sup>1</sup> *shebeen*: an unlicensed alehouse for the illegal sale of spirits.

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MRS, O’K: And what brings you here? Don't you know Father Dolan has forbid-den you the house?

CONN: The Lord bless him - I know it well - but I've brought something wid me to-night that will get me absolution. I've left it wid the ladies at Suil-a-beg, but they will bring it up here to share fair wid his reverence.

MRS. O’K: What is it at all?

CONN: Go down, mother, and see, and when you see it, kape your tongue betune your teeth, if one o' your sex can.

MRS. O’K: Well, but you're the quare mortil. (*Exit.*)

**END HERE**