

THE STORM THEATRE COMPANY

THE SHAUGHRAN SIDES 1 OF 1 – ROLE OF MOLINEUX AND CLAIRE

MOLINEUX and CLAIRE SIDES

BEGIN HERE

MOLINEUX: (*aside*) Don't mind her - I wish I did not. (*aloud*) May I be permitted to accompany you to -

CLAIRE: To the prison? Do you wish to make the people about here believe I am in custody? A fine figure I'd make hanging on the arm of the policeman who arrested my brother.

MOLINEUX: You cannot make me feel more acutely than I do the misery of my condition. I did not sleep a wink last night.

CLAIRE: And how many winks do you suppose I got?

MOLINEUX: I tried to act with as much tenderness as the nature of my duty would permit.

CLAIRE: That's the worst part of it.

MOLINEUX: Do you reproach me with my gentleness?

CLAIRE: I do! You have not left us even the luxury of complaint.

MOLINEUX: Really, I don't understand you.

CLAIRE: No wonder - I don't understand myself.

MOLINEUX: Well, if you don't understand yourself you shall understand me, Miss Ffolliott. You oblige me to take refuge from your cruelty, and to place myself under the protection of your generosity. You extort from me a confession that I feel is premature, for our acquaintance has been short.

CLAIRE: And not sweet.

MOLINEUX: I ask your pity for my position last night, when I found myself obliged to arrest the brother of the woman I love.

CLAIRE: Captain Molineux! do you mean to insult me? Oh sir, you know I am a friendless girl, alone in this house, my brother in jail. I have no protection.

MOLINEUX: Miss Ffolliott - Claire!

CLAIRE: Is it not enough to play the character of the executioner, of my brother, but you must add to your part this scene of outrage to me? (*Sits down and weeps passionately.*)

MOLINEUX: Forgive me. I ask it most humbly. If I said I would give my heart's blood to the last drop to spare you one of those tears, you might feel that avowal was an offence. What can I say? Miss Ffolliott, for mercy's sake don't cry so bitterly. Forget what I've done!

CLAIRE: I - I can't.

MOLINEUX: On my knees I implore your pardon. I'll go away; I'll never see you again. Heaven bless you. (*She covers her face. He goes to the door, dejected.*)

CLAIRE: (*without removing her hands from her face*) Don't go.

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MOLINEUX: Did I hear right? you bid me stay?

CLAIRE: Am I mad?

MOLINEUX: Miss Ffolliott, I am here.

CLAIRE: *(rising and going to fireplace)* I forgive you on one condition.

MOLINEUX: I accept it, whatever it may be.

CLAIRE: Save my brother.

MOLINEUX: I'll do my best! Anything else?

CLAIRE: Never speak a word of love to me again.

MOLINEUX: Never, never; on my honour, I will never breathe a -

CLAIRE: Until he is free.

MOLINEUX: And then, may I, may I? *(Stands beside her at the fireplace; her head is bent down. Steals his arm round her waist.)*

CLAIRE: Not a word until then. *(Buries her head on his shoulder.)*

MOLINEUX: Not a word.

(Scene closes in slowly.)

END HERE

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