

THE STORM THEATRE COMPANY

THE SHAUGHRAN SIDES 1 OF 1 – ROLE OF ROBERT FFOLLIOTT

START SIDES 1 OF 1

SCENE 2. The Devil's Jowl. A cleft on the rocks in the sea coast. Enter ROBERT FFOLLIOTT.

ROBERT: It must be past the hour when Conn promised to return. How often he and I have climbed these rocks together in search of the sea-birds' eggs, and waded for cockles in the strand below. Dear, faithful, ragged playfellow - many a cuff I've had for playing truant to ramble with you - how many a lecture from my dear old tutor, Father Dolan, who told me I ought to be ashamed of my friendship for the Shaughraun. Ah! my heart was not so much to blame, after all.

MOLINEUX: *(outside)* Hillo!

ROBERT: That is not his voice.

MOLINEUX: *(outside)* Hillo!

ROBERT: Why, 'tis a man in the uniform of an officer - he has seen me. *(Calls.)* Take care, sir, don't take that path - turn to the right - round that boulder - that's the road! Egad! another step and he would have gone over the cliff. He is some stranger who has lost his way.

(Enter MOLINEUX.)

MOLINEUX: What an infernal country! First I was nearly smothered in a bog, and then, thanks to you, my good fellow, I escaped breaking my neck. Do you know the way to Ballyragget? How far is it to the barracks?

ROBERT: I shall be happy to show you the road, but regret I cannot be your guide. The safest for a stranger is by the cliff to Suil-a-beg.

MOLINEUX: But I have just come from there.

ROBERT: From Suil-a-beg?

MOLINEUX: I shall not regret to revisit the place; charming spot. I have just passed there the sweetest hour of my life.

ROBERT: You saw the lady of the house, I presume.

MOLINEUX: Pardon me, sir; I mistook your yachting costume. I thought at first you were a common sailor. Perhaps you are acquainted with Miss Ffolliott?

ROBERT: Yes, but we have not met for some time. I thought you referred to Arte - I mean Miss O'Neal.

MOLINEUX: Oh! she is charming of course, but Miss Ffolliott is an angel.

ROBERT: But surely you admired Miss O'Neal?

MOLINEUX: Oh, she is well enough; bright little thing! but beside Claire Ffolliott –

ROBERT: I prefer the beauty of Miss O'Neal.

MOLINEUX: I don't admire your taste.

ROBERT: Well, let us drink to each of them.

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MOLINEUX: With pleasure, if you can supply the opportunity. (ROBERT *pulls ,out his flask, and fills the cup.*) Ah! I see you are provided. Allow me to pre-sent myself, Captain Molineux of the Forty-first. Here's to Miss Claire Ffolliott.

ROBERT: Here's to Miss Arte O'Neal. (*They drink.*)

MOLINEUX: I beg pardon; I did not catch your name.

ROBERT: I did not mention it - (*pause*)

MOLINEUX: This liquor is American Whisky, I perceive.

ROBERT: Do you find anything wrong about it?

MOLINEUX: Nothing whatever. (*He offers his cup to be filled again.*) But it reminds me of a duty I have to perform. We have orders to capture a very dangerous person who will be or has been landed on this coast lately, and as these rocks are just the place where he might find refuge -

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

MOLINEUX: I propose to revisit this spot with a file of men tonight. Here's your health.

ROBERT: Sir, accept my regards. Here's good luck to you.

MOLINEUX: Good night. (*Music; a whistle heard outside.*) What is that?

ROBERT: A friend of mine is waiting for me on the cliff above us.

MOLINEUX: Oh. I beg pardon. Farewell. (*going*)

ROBERT: Stop. You might not fare well if you ascended that path alone.

MOLINEUX: Why not?

ROBERT: You see, the poor fellow is mad on one point. He can't bear the sight of one colour, and that's red. His mother was frightened by a mad bull, and the minute Conn sees a bit of scarlet, such, for example, as your coat there, the bull breaks out in him, and he might toss you over the cliff; so, by your leave -

MOLINEUX: This is the most extraordinary country I was ever in. (*Exeunt arm-in-arm.*)

END SIDES 1 OF 1