

THE STORM THEATRE COMPANY

THE SHAUGHRAN SIDES 1 OF 1 – ROLE OF CORY KINCHELA

KINCHELA SIDE START

KINCHELA: Where the divil is everybody; Oh, there yur are! I had to stable my own horse! Oh! my sarvice to you, sir - I believe I've the honour of addressing Captain Molineux. I'm just back from Dublin, and thought I'd stop on my road to tell you that the court has decreed the sale of this estate, undher foreclosure, and in two months you will have to turn out.

ARTE: In two months, then, even this poor shelter will be taken from us!

KINCHELA: I'm afeard the rightful owner will want to see the worth of his money! But, never fear, two handsome girls like yourselves will not be long wanting a shelter or a welcome. Eh, Captain - ho! ho! It will be pick and choose for them anywhere, I'm thinking.

MOLINEUX: (*aside*) This fellow is awfully offensive to me.

KINCHELA: I've been away for the last few weeks, so I've not been able to pay my respects to your officers, and to invite you all to sport over this property - you are right welcome, Captain. My name is Kinchela - Mr. Corry Kinchela - of Ballyragget House, where I'll be proud to see my table cloth undher your chin. I don't know why one of these girls did not introduce me.

MOLINEUX: They paid me the compliment of presuming I had no desire to form your acquaintance.

KINCHELA: What! Do you know, sir, you are talking to a person of position and character.

MOLINEUX: (*back turned to KINCHELA*) I don't care a straw for your position, and I don't like your character.

KINCHELA: Do you mane to insult me, sir?

MOLINEUX: (*turning to him*) I am incapable of it.

KINCHELA: Ah!

MOLINEUX: In the presence of ladies; but I believe I should be entitled to do so, for you insulted them in mine.

KINCHELA: We'll meet again, sir.

MOLINEUX: I hope not. (*to ARTE, shaking hands*) Good evening.

(*MOLINEUX exits.*)

KINCHELA: The divil guide him to pass the night in a bog-hole up to his neck. Listen hither, you two. Sure, I don't want to be too hard upon you. To be sure, the sale of this place will never cover my mortgage on it. It will come to me, every acre of it. (*Turns to ARTE.*) Bedad, the law ought to throw your own sweet self in as a make-weight to square my account. (*She turns away; he turns to CLAIRE.*) See now, there's your brother, Robert Ffolliott, goin' to rot over there in Australia; and here, in a few weeks, you both will be without a roof itself over your heads. Now, isn't it a cruel thing entirely to let this go on; when, if that girl would only say the word, I'd make her Mrs. Kinchela? And I've got a hoult of the ear of our country

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member; shure, he'll get Robert the run o' the colony - as free as a fish in a pond he'll be over there. And stop now, (to ARTE) you shall send him a thousand pounds that I'll give you on our wedding day.

ARTE: I'd rather starve with Robert Ffolliott in a jail than I'd own the County Sligo, if I'd to carry you as a mortgage on it.

KINCHELA: D'ye think the boy cares what becomes of you, or who owns you? Not a hapoth!¹ How many letters have you had from him the last year past?

ARTE: Alas! not one.

KINCHELA: Not one! (*aside*) I knew that, for I have them all safe under lock and kay at home. (*aloud*) See that! not one thought - not a sign from him! And here am I every day in the week like a dog at your door. It is too hard on me entirely - I've some sacret foe schaming behind my back to ruin me in your heart.

END SIDES 1 OF 1

¹ *hapoth*: i.e. a halfpenceworth.