

THE STORM THEATRE COMPANY

THE SHAUGHRAN SIDES 1 OF 1 – ROLE OF MOYA

MOYA SIDES

BEGIN HERE

MOYA: Oh, Conn, I'm afeard my uncle won't see you. (FATHER DOLAN, *inside, calls Moya*.)
There, he's calling to me.

CONN: Go in, and tell him I'm sthravagin'¹ outside till he's soft; now, put on your sweetest lip, darlin'.

MOYA: Never fear; sure, he does be always tellin' me my heart is too near my mouth.

CONN: Ah! I hope nobody will ever measure the distance but me, my jewel.

MOYA: Ah! Conn, do you see these flowers? I picked them by the wayside as I came along, and I put them in my breast. They are dead already; the life and fragrance have gone out of them, killed by the heat of my heart. So it may be with you if I pick you and put you there. (*pause*) Won't the life go out of your love? Hadn't I better lave you where you are?

CONN: For another girl to make a posy of me? Ah, but my darling Moya, sure if I were one of these flowers, and you were to pass me by like that, I do believe that I'd pluck myself and walk after you on my stalk. (*Exit*)

DOLAN: What keeps Moya so long outside? Moya!

(*Enter MOYA with tea-things.*)

MOYA: Yes, uncle; here's your tay. I was waiting for the kettle to boil.

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.

THE STORM THEATRE COMPANY

THE SHAUGHRAN SIDES 1 OF 1 – ROLE OF MOYA

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.

END SIDES