

THE STORM THEATRE COMPANY

THE SHAUGHRAN SIDES 1 AND 2 – ROLE OF CONN

START SIDES 1

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. (*Kisses her.*
Music.)

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 MOYA: CONN sings a song.*²)

¹ sthravagin': loitering.

END SIDES 1

START SIDES 2

DOLAN: Well, haven't you a word to say for yourself?

CONN: Divil a one, your reverence.

DOLAN: You are goin' to ruin.

CONN: I am; bad luck to me.

DOLAN: And you want to take a dacent girl along with you.

CONN: I'm a vagabone entirely!

DOLAN: What sort of life do you lead? What is your occupation? Stealing the salmon out of
the river of a night!

CONN: No, sir; I'm not so bad as tat, but I'll confess to a couple o' throut - sure the salmon is
out o' sayson. (*Pulls out two trout from his bag, and gives them to MOYA.*)

DOLAN: And don't you go poaching the grouse on the hillside?

CONN: I do - divil a lie in it. (*Pulls out two grouse.*)

DOLAN: D'ye know where all this leads to?

CONN: Well, along wid the grouse, I'll go to pot. (*MOYA laughs and removes the game and fish.*)

DOLAN: Bless me, Moya, this tay is very strong, and has a curious taste. And it smells of whisky!

CONN: It's not the tay ye smell, sir; it's me.

DOLAN: Ah, Conn, I'm afeard liquor is not the worst of your doings. We lost sight of you lately for more than six months. In what jail did you pass that time?

CONN: I was on me thravels.

DOLAN: On your travels? Where?

CONN: Round the world. See, sir, afther Masther Robert was tuck and they sint him away, the heart seemed to go out o' me intirely. I'd stand by the say and look over it an' see the ships sailin' away to where he may be, till the longing grew too big for my body, an' one night I jumped into the coast-guard boat, stuck up the sail, and went to say.

DOLAN: Bless the boy!. You didn't think you could get to Australia in a skiff?

CONN: I didn't think at all - I wint. All night I tossed about, and next day, and that night, till at daylight I came across a big ship. Stop, ses I, and put me ashore, for the love of Heaven! I'm out o' my coorse. They whipped me on deck. Where d'ye come from? ses the Captain. Suil-a-beg, ses I. I'll be obleeged to you to lave me anywhere handy by there. You'll have to go to Melbourne first, ses he. Is that anywhere in the County Sligo? ses I, lookin' like a lamb. If ye'd heern the shout of laffin' I got for that. Why, ye omadhaun³, ses he, yell never see home for six months. Then I set up a wierasthru.⁴ Poor divil, ses the Captain, I'm sorry for you; but you must cross the say. What sort o' work can you do best? I can play on the fiddle, ses I. Take him forrad and good care of him, ses he, and so they did. That's how I got my passage to Australia.

DOLAN: You rogue, you boarded that ship on purpose.

MOYA: Ay, to get nearer the young Masther - and did you find him, Conn?

CONN: I did; an' oh, sir, when he laid eyes on me, he put his two arums about me neck, an' sobbed an' clung to me like when we war childre together. What brings you here? ses he. To bring you back wid me, ses I. That's impossible, ses he, I'm watched. So is the salmon in Glenamoy, ses I, but I get 'em out. So's the grouse on Keim-an-Eigh, but I poach them; and now I've come to poach you, ses I; and I did it.

(Music. Enter ROBERT FFOLIOTT, with CLAIRE and ARTE.)

DOLAN: Is this the truth you are telling me? You found him!

CONN: (*seizing MOYA and stopping her mouth as she was about to utter a cry on seeing ROBERT*) Safe, and in fine condition.

END SIDES 2

³ *omadhaun*: fool.

⁴ *wierasthru*: a contraction of an exclamation of lament, meaning 'Oh, Mary, what sorrow'.