

THE STORM THEATRE COMPANY

THE SHAUGHRAN SIDES 1 OF 1 – ROLE OF HARVEY DUFF

HARVEY DUFF SIDE

START HERE

HARVEY DUFF: Whisht, sir.

KINCHELA: Who's there - Harvey Duff?

DUFF: Yes, sir; I saw your coppaleen¹ beyant under the shed, and I knew yourself was in it; I've great news entirely for you, news enough to burst a budget!

KINCHELA: You are always findin' a mare's nest.

DUFF; I've found one now wid a divil's egg in it.

KINCHELA: Well, out with it.

DUFF: There was a fire on Rathgarron Head last night; you know what that manes?

KINCHELA: A signal to some smuggler at sea that the coast is clear and to run in to land his cargo.

DUFF: Divil a keg was landed from that ship, barrin' only one man that was put ashore; not a boy was on the strand to meet the boat, nor a car, nor a skip to hurry off the things; only one crature and that was Conn the Shaughraun; 'twas himself that lighted the signal; 'twas him that stud up to 'his middle in the salt to lift the man ashore. I seen it all as I lay flat on the edge of the cliff and looked down upon the pair of them below.

KINCHELA: Well, what's all this to me?

DUFF: Wait; sure I'm hatchin' the egg for you! Who's that, ses I to meself, that Conn would carry ashore in his two arrams as tindher as a mother would hould a child? Who's that stranger, ses I; he is capering round for all the world like a dog that's just onloosed. Who's-that he's houlding by the two hands of him, as if 'twas Moya Dolan herself he'd got before him instead of a ragged sailor joy?

KINCHELA: Well, did you find out who it was?

¹ *coppaleen*: pony.

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DUFF: Maybe I didn't get snug in behind the bushes beside the pathway up the cliff. They passed close to me, talkin' low; but I heard his voice and I saw the man as plain as I see you now.

KINCHELA: Saw whom?

DUFF: Robert Ffolliott.

KINCHELA: Robert Ffolliott!

DUFF: 'Twas himself, I tell ye.

KINCHELA: You are sure?

DUFF: Am I sure? D'ye think I can mistake tile face that turned upon me in the coort when they sentenced him on my evidence, or the voice that said: 'If there's justice in Heaven, you and I will meet again on this side of the grave; 'then,' ses he, 'have yer sowl ready.' And the look he fixed on me shrivelled up me sowl inside like a boiled cockle that ye might pick out with a pin. Am I sure? I wish I was as sure of Heaven!

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