Shaughraun: Transcription of promptbook 2

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Call
Mrs. O’Kelly
Claire
Capt Molineaux (Coin & Card)
Arte O’Neale
Shaughraun

Act 1st

Scene 1st
Suilabeg in 4th Grooves. Mountain Landscape. Set Cottage L.U.E.
Set Dairy piece R.2.E. Churn on stage R.C. Claire dis. churning.
Lively Music.

Claire
1  Oh, how my arms ache to be sure_ (sings)
   “Oh, where are you going to, my pretty maid”&c.”

Mrs. O’Kelly
(Entering from cottage – coming down.) Sure,
that’s too hard work for the likes of you
Miss Claire – go in and let me take
your place.

Claire
5  Oh – go along Mrs. O’Kelly and mind
   your own business. Do you think
   I’m not equal to making the butter come?

Mrs. O’K.
And it’s yourself that can make the butter
you have only to look at the milk and the butter will rise - (Looks off R.U.E.) Who is this coming up the cliff?

Claire

One of the English officers from Ballyragget I suppose.

Mrs. O’K.

Well, go inside and let me take

your place at the churn.

Claire.

Not if it was the Lord Lieutenant himself. I’ll not stir one step nor take one tuck out of my gown.

Mrs. O’K. (Laughing)

An in that way you’d receive the quality. (Exit into Cottage.)

Capt. Molineaux.

20 (Enter R.U.E. down c.) My young girl, is this place called Suilabeg?

Claire. (aside)

He takes me for the dairy maid. (Aloud. Strong brogue) No, sir, it’s called Suilabeg.

Capt.

I beg pardon but your Irish names are
25 so unpronounceable. You see
   I’m an Englishman.
   Claire (with brogue)
   Sure, an I remarked you misfortune – poor fellow – you couldn’t help it. Were ye born so?
   Capt.
30 Oh I don’t regard it as a misfortune.
   Claire.
   Oh, you’ve got used to it, I suppose.
   Capt.
   Delicious brogue – quite delicious, and what is your pretty name, my dear?
   Claire.
   (Bashfully) Claire, sir, and what’s yours?
   Capt.
35 Molineaux. Capt Molineaux. Now, my pretty Claire, I’ll give you half a crown if you’ll take my card to the mistress.
   Claire.
   The mistress? Oh, it’s Miss O’Neil you mean? Sure an I’m afraid to lave the churn for fear the
butter’d spoil. I will if you’ll take my place till I get back.

Capt.

(Hesitating and looking about.) Well, how do you work the infernal thing.

Claire

Take hold an I’ll show you. (Capt. takes hold of dasher- they churn.) There, that’s illegant intirely. I’m sure you were intended for a dairy maid.

Capt. (Smiling)

I know a dairymaid that was intended for me?

Claire.

That spache only wanted the lask taste of the brogue to be worthy of an Irishman.

Capt.

(Kisses her.) Now, I’m perfect.

Claire.

What are you doing?

Capt.

Tasting the brogue. (Claire goes L.) Stop
my dear – you forget the half
55 crown I promised you. Here it is – come and get it. (Claire returns bashfully.) Oh don’t spare your blushes – they become you.
   Claire (takes coin & card)
   Sure an I’ll be even with your honor for that – see if I don’t. (going – returns)
60 What did you say your name was – Mollygrubbs?
   Capt.
Mollygrubbs! No – no – Molineaux.
   Claire.
I beg pardon – you see I’m Irish and your English names are so unpronounceable.
   (Exits into Cottage) (L.U.E.)
   Capt.
   There’s a strange refinement about
65 that Irish girl. When I say strange of course I’m no judge. I never did the agricultural show. I never graduated in milkmaids. (Churning)
   Devilish hard work – this milk pump.
70 I wonder what Miss O’Neil is like?
   Egad if the mistress is as sweet as
the maid, I shan’t regret being quartered here. Confound this piston rod. I feel like a Chinese toy. (Churns violently) (Enter Arte & Claire L.U.E.)

Arte.

75 (Up L. to Claire) What is he doing here?

Claire

Haven’t the least idea.

Arte.

(Coming down c.) Capt. Molineaux.

Capt

(Starts – gets before churn) Oh, I beg 10,000 pardons – you see I’m amusing myself. I’m very fond of machinery.

80 (Bowling) Miss O’Neil, I presume.

Arte.

My Cousin, Claire Ffolliott.

Capt.

Miss Ffolliott, really I did not perceive. (Recognises) (Aside) Oh, Lord, what have I done?

Claire. (Laughs)

Don’t spare your blushes, Captain
Molineaux, they become you.

Capt.

Oh, spare me?

Arte (aside)

Claire has been up to some mischief here. (Aloud.) I trust Captain you have come to tell me how I can serve you.

Capt.

I have just arrived at Ballyrag-get with a detachment of our regiment. The government has received information that a dangerous person is about to be landed on this coast, so a gunboat has been sent down to these waters and we are ordered to cooperate with them. Deuced bore, not to say, ridiculous. Of course there’s no truth in the story but we find ourselves quartered here without any reason.

Arte.

I regret Captain that an un-

Note: “Reason” here is “resources” in the 1874 Wallack’s Prompt—ASB
married girl is unable to play
the hostess.

Capt.
105 But you own the finest shooting in
the west of Ireland — the mountains
are alive with grouse and the
pools are full of trout.

Claire. (To Arte)
The Capt would beg leave to sport
110 over your domain. Shall I spare
you the humiliation of telling him
that you are not mistress of your own
property, much less lady of
your own manor. (To Capt.
pointing off R.) You see that ruin
115 up there — It’s the admiration of
travellers. It was the home of
my ancestors where they kept
open house for the stranger and
the wayfarer. The mortgagee
120 now has put up a gate and
changed sixpence ahead, and
points across to this little cabin,
where the remains of the old
family, two lonely girls, live.

125 You ask for leave to kill game
in C .. .. Do you see
that salmon in there? (pointing
to Dairy.) It was snouted before
daylight by Conn the Shaughraun.

130 He killed these grouse. This is
our daily food, and we owe it to
a poacher. (Turns up stage a little)
    Capt.
You have suffered bitterly for the
imprudence and extravagance of your
ancestors.
    Arte.
Imprudence – yes – in their love of
135 country. Extravagance, in their
hospitality to strangers.
    Capt.
I beg pardon. (turns to Claire)
but surely you have some relatives.
    Claire.
Yes I have a brother.
    Capt.
140 Is he abroad?
    Claire.
Yes – he is a convict serving his
sentence in Australia.

Capt.
I beg 10000 pardons- (To Arte)
but surely you have Yon any relatives
[The phrase “Yon any relatives” is in pencil]
some resources.

Arte.
145 I am the affianced wife of her brother.

Capt. (much embarrassed)
Really, I was not aware – I have
to offer you a thousand apologies.

Arte.
I will not accept one – It would
carry insult to the man I love. (turns up.)

Capt.
150 To be sure. (to Claire) but you
will at least pardon me for having
awakened such unpleasant
memories.

Claire
Why, do you suppose they ever
slept? (Goes to Arte.)

Capt. (following her)
Of course. (comes down) (aside)

155 Egad. I’m astray in an Irish bog,
here, and every step I take, I
get deeper and deeper into
the mire.

Claire, (aside to Arte)
How confused he is. Oh, he is a
good fellow if he is an Englishman.

Arte, (to Capt.)

160 (Both girls down C.) I’m very sorry
Capt. that I cannot grant your
request.

Corry Kinchela (outside R.U.E)
Here, Bridget, Andy, some of yez
come an take my horse.

Capt.
Who is that noisy gentleman?

Claire.

165 Mr. Corry Kinchela, the mortga-
gee, a gentleman who has tempered
his fortunes with prudence and
his conscience with economy. (Both
Kinchela (enters) go up.)

Is there any man at home? I

170 had to look out for my pony myself.
(To Arte & Claire) Oh – how are yez?
(Sees Molineaux) Capt. Molineaux,
I presume. (to girls) I’ve just
come back from Dublin and
I thought I’d just drop in and
175 tell you that you’ll soon have
to turn out of that cottage – the
mortgagee is going to sell it.

Arte.

Alas, even this poor shelter is denied us.

Kinchela.

Well, the rightful owner wants the
180 money, but I’m thinking that two
handsome girls like yourselves
wont long want a home or a hus-
band. It’ll be to pick and choose –
eh, Captain! (Pokes Capt. with whip.)

Capt. (aside)

What a cad! This fellow is awfully
officious.

Kinchela

185 I’ve been absent for the past few
days so I’ve had no chance to in-
vite you or your officers to sport
over my grounds – however, you
are welcome. My name is Corry
190 Kinchela – Corry Kinchela of Ballyragget House, and I’ll be proud to see my table cloth under your chin at any time. I wonder one of the girls didn’t Introduce me to you.

Capt. (Disgusted)
They paid me the compliment, sir, to think I had no desire to form your acquaintance (Xs to Claire & Arte)

Kinchela (Blustering)
What sir, are you aware you are talking to a gentleman of position and property?

Capt. (coolly.)
I don’t care a straw for your position and I dont like your character

Kinchela (fiercely)
What sir, do you mean to insult me?

Capt.
I am incapable of it in the presence of ladies, (Points to Claire & Arte) though I believe I should not be unkind to do so, for you insulted them in mine.

Kinchela
Well, sir, we shall meet again.
Capt.
I hope not. (turns from him to Claire)
I beg your pardon for the liberty I took when I presented myself.

Claire.
The liberty you took with him when he presented himself cleared the account.

Arte.
Good bye – Capt. – I’ll not detain you.

215 You have a long way to go and the road is treacherous. (Capt. shakes hands with both & exits R.U.E.)

Kinchela (aside)
I hope the divil may guide him to pass the night up to his neck in a bog hole. (Aloud) Come here, you two, I don’t want to be hard on you. I’ll do all I can for ye, but you’ll have to turn out of there and then where will you go. Sure I’m the best friend you’ve got. (They turn away from him) There’s Mr. Robert out there in Australia. He
can do nothing, and if that
girl (points to Arte) will only
say the word, I’ll make her Mrs Kinchela.

Claire.

(Indignantly) You?

Kinchela.

230 Yes – I have the ear of the Secre-
tary, and I’ll do what I can for
Master Robert over there. It’s as
free as a fish in the pond he’ll
be – more, now look at this, now –

235 I’ll give you a thousand pounds
to send him on our wedding day.

Arte.

I’d rather starve with Robert Ffolliott
in jail, than I’d own the County
Sligo and take you with it.

Kinchela

240 But the boy doesn’t care for you
at all at all. How many letters
have you received from him
since he went away.

Arte.

(sadly) Alas, not one.
Kinchela
245 Not one – look at that now – not one. (Aside) I know it well for I have them all at home under lock and key. (Aloud) I told you so, and here I am at your door like a dog every day – it’s mighty hard upon me so it is. (Father Dolan appears at cottage door) I know I have some secret foe who is traducing me behind my back. (Aside) It’s the same one that sends money to Master Robert without which he’d starve. (Aloud) I’d like to find out who he is.

Father D.
(Coming down c.) I’m the man Mr. Kinchela.

Kinchela (turns to him)
Father Dolan? And may I ask the raison you impache me in the presence of these two girls?

Father D.
(To girls) Leave us awhile – I wish to speak to Mr. Kinchela.

Claire.
And you cant insult him in the
presence of ladies. (*Exeunt girls L.U.E.*)

Father D.

265 The father of Robert Ffolliott bequeathed to you and me the care of his only son. Heaven forgive me if I grew so fond of my darling charge that I kept no watch on you my partner in the trust. You persuaded him to make over the estate to you.

Kinchela

And wouldn’t they have been all confiscated if I hadn’t, when the master was arrested? And, by the same token, didn’t you witness the deed?

Father D.

I did – Heaven forgive me – I helped you to defraud the orphan boy – the estate was made over to you to hold in trust for these girls and how have you kept that trust? Year after year, you have impoverished the estate by your false improvements You reduced the rents until they should not suffice to pay the interest on the mortgage.
Kinchela (interrupting)
285 Go on sir – go on – this is mighty fine. I wish I had a witness
by. I’d make you pay for this.
Have you any more?
Father D.
I have – you hope to buy the
290 lad’s inheritance when it is sold for a mere song. Oh, Kinchela,
beware – when these lands were torn from Owen O’Neil in the old times he
laid his curse upon the spoilers
295 for C_ _ _ was the dowry of his wife, Grace Ffolliott. Since that, many
a stranger family has tried to occupy these lands but the earth seemed to
swallow them and the O’Neils and the Ffolliott’s alone can live there.
None others seem to thrive.
Kinchela
Sure isn’t that the raison I want to make Arte O’Neil my wife?
Wont that kape the blood to the
300 estate. I dont ask any more
than to give back all I have.

Father D.

I’d rather read the service over
her grave and hear the sods
falling on her coffin, than

310 speak the words to make
her your wife. Oh, Corry Kinchela,
I know you now. It was for this pur-
pose and to serve this end, that my poor
boy, her lover, was sent across the sea.

Kinchela (violently)

315 It’s false! (aside) Some white hearted
cur has confessed against me.

Father D.

It is true, but that is a secret that is locked
in my breast & Heaven has the key.

Kinchela (Xs R.C.)

Very well sir – out of that house those
320 girls shall go – homeless – beggars!

Father D. (at door L U. E.)
Not homeless while I have a roof
over my head – not beggars while I can
thank Heaven that gives me the crust to
share with them. (Exit into cottage)
Kinchela.
325 Who could have told him? No matter, I shall yet find a way to make Arte O’Neil my wife.

Harvey Duff (outside R.U.E)
‘St – ‘St – Mr. Kinchela! Mr. Kinchela!
(Enters R.U.E. down c) Sure I seen your cabreen in the shed and I
330 knew it was yourself that was in it.
Oh, I’ve got great news for you, news enough to fill a budget.

Kinchela (carelessly)
Oh, you’re always finding some mare’s nest.

Duff.
Yes, and now I’ve found one wid the
335 Divil’s eggs in it.

Kinchela.
What do you mean?

Duff.
I saw a signal given last night on Rathgallowannon Head. Do you know what it was for?

Kinchela.
340 Yes, I do – it’s the signal for some
smuggler outside there that
the coast is clear and that she
can run in and get off the cargo.

Duff
Aha – the divil a carger. A Box
345 was landed last night barin
only one man that was lifted
ashore. Divil a skiff or a car
to hurry away the things; only
one creature and that was Conn
350 the Shaughraun. Him it was
that lighted the fire – him it was
that stud up to his middle in
the Salt say an lifted the man
ashore. Sure I seen there from
355 the top of a cliff where I could
look down on the pair of them.

Kinchela (impatiently)
Well, what’s all this to me?

Duff
Aha! Be quiet – Aint I hatching
the egg for yez – “How is this” says
360 I – “that Conn the Shaughraun
would be grumpin’ about for
“he’d got before him…instead…”

all the world like a dog that’s unloosed.” “Who’s this” says I – “that he’d have by the two hands as if it was Moya Dolan herself that was formuist me instead of a ragged sailor boy.

Kinchela

Well, did you find out?

Duff

(Looks round cautiously – then in low whisper) Robert Ffolliott.

Kinchela

(starting) Are you sure?

Duff

370 Am I sure? D’ye think I could forget the face that was turned on me in the Court, when he was convicted on my evidence, or the voice that said “If there’s justice in Heaven, then we two will meet this side the grave.” “Then” says he “have your soul ready” and the look he gave me seemed to shrivel up my soul inside of me like a boiled crackle that you might pick up out

380
wid a pin. Am I sure — egad,
I wish I was as sure of Heaven.

    Kinchela.
He has escaped from the Penal Set-
tlements. If he comes here, he will

385 throw the estate into chancery.

    Duff.
Yes, but where will he throw us?
    Kinchela.
Listen — this is his escape. [change in
pencil] known only to us.
    Duff.
Aha, in a few days. In a few days
it'll be know all over the county-
390 (Uneasy) Ah, if his own people knew
he was among them, a live coal in
a keg of gunpowder wouldn't give
you any idea of the county Sligo.
    Kinchela.

If he has escaped he will find
395 one ready for him, sir. When will
he come? But here is the trap
that's waitin for him and baited
with the girl he loves.
    Duff.
There'll be a reward offered for
him sir. Couldn’t your honor
put it in my way to earn an
honest penny? Wouldn’t they
hang him this time, Sir. I’d be
peaceable if I knew he was out of the way
entirely.

Kinchela. (takes him down c)

Listen – do you know what took me to
Dublin?

Duff.
No – I don’t.

Kinchela.
Well, I heard the Queen was going
to pardon the Fenian prisoners.

Duff (falls against him)
Oh, murther – I’m a corpse.

Kinchela.

Stand up will you? Well, I saw the
Secretary. He mistook my fear for joy at
the news. “It’s true” said he “and I wish
you joy.”

Duff.
Begorra, I would have liked to have seen
your face when you got that pelt on the
gob.

Kinchela.

Never fear – I have a plan – come
to my house tonight and in the mean
time keep watch on the Shaughraun.

Duff.

Never fear – I’m off. (Exit R.U.E.)

Kinchela.

If he comes back here – it will be
420 life or death to one of us. (goes up)

Well then it’ll be death to you and
life to me with Arte O’Neil as my
wife. (Exit R.U.E.)

Then

Change

Scene 2d. Lights ½ Down
(The Blaskets in 1st grooves. A rocky
beach or inlet between two high rocks,
through which a little of the sea is visible.)

Robert Ffolliott (enters dressed
as a sailor L.I.E. long top coat – slouch
hat and gray beard for disguise – sailor
suit underneath Music till on -) Music till on -

Free and at home – how well I
know this spot – how many times
have I waded for cockles in the water
here strand below
searching for pebbles with Conn the Shaughraun, and dear faithful fellow
many a lecture I got from my dear old tutor Father Dolan for playing truant
to run off with him. He told me I ought to be ashamed of my love for Conn
Shaughraun. Oh my dear ragged
playfellow, my heart was not so much to blame after all. (Looks off R.) That’s not
his voice. My what’s that? A man in the uniform of an English
officer making his way along the
cliff. (Calls off R.) Hello Take care, sir,
not that way – don’t take that path – turn
to the right. Around that boulder – that’s
it – egad, a little more another step and he
would have been dashed over the
precipice. gone over the cliff. He must be
a stranger who has lost his way.
Capt. (Enters R.)
Oh, what an infernal country- first
I was nearly smothered in a bog,
and then, thanks to you, my good sir, I
escaped being thrown over a precipice and
breaking my neck. How far is it to the
Barracks at Ballyragget? Do you know the
way to Ballyragget? How far is it to the
Barracks?
Robt.
Two miles.
Capt.
Irish ones miles, of course.
Robt.
I shall be happy to show you the road but I regret I cannot be your guide. The nearest safe way for a stranger is by the cliff to Suilabeg.

Capt.
Suilabeg – why I just came from there?

Robt.
Just came from there? From Suilabeg?

Capt.
Yes – but I shan’t mind revisiting the spot. I have just passed there one of the happiest hours of my existence.

Robt.
You – you saw the lady at the house, I presume.

Capt. (Eyeing him)
Pardon me sir – I mistook your yachting costume. I took you for a common sailor. Are you acquainted with Miss Ffolliott?

Robt. (carelessly)
Yes – but we have not met for some time. I thought you referred to Arte. (checking himself) I mean, Miss O’Neil.

Capt.
I saw her too, but I am speaking of Miss Ffolliott. She is charming, of course, but Miss Ffolliott is an angel. In fact she has so
occupied my thoughts that I’ve been revolving around that house I have lost my way. In fact, instead of going straight home, I’ve been revolving, in an orbit, round that house, by a kind of centrifugal attraction of which she is the centre.

Robt.
But surely you admired Miss O’Neil?

Capt.

Robt.
Oh yes, she is well enough, bright little thing but beside Claire Ffolliott –

Well, I prefer the beauty of Miss O’Neil.

Capt.
Well, I don’t admire your taste.

Robt.
Well, let’s us drink to the health each of them.

Capt.

Robt.
With pleasure if you can supply the means opportunity. (Robt. Produces pocket flask, takes cup from it, from bottom which he hands Captain) Oh, I see you are provided. (Robt. helps him to liquor) Permit Allow me to introduce myself. Capt. Molineaux of the 49th. Here’s to Miss Claire Ffolliott.

Capt.

Robt.
Here’s to Miss Arte O’Neil. (Both drink)
Capt.  
I beg pardon, I didn’t quite catch your name.

Robt.  
I didn’t mention it.

Capt.  
Ahem – this whiskey liquor is American whiskey liquor I presume perceive.

Robt.  
Do you find anything wrong with about it?

Capt. (Smiling.)  
Nothing whatever (Holds out cup for more) (Robt. helps him.) Only it reminds me of a duty I have to perform. We have orders to arrest capture a very dangerous person who has been, or will be, landed on this coast, and as these rocks are just the place where he might be concealed find refuge.

Robt.  
Not at all unlikely. I’ll keep a look out for him.

Capt. (with meaning)  
I intend propose to revisit this spot again tonight with a file of men. tonight Here’s your health. (Drinks)

Robt.  
Thank you sir. Sir accept my regards. Here’s good luck to you. (Drinks) Thank you sir.
Capt.
85 Good Night. What’s that?
Robt.
That’s a ring at the bell.
Capt.
(Not understanding) A ring at the bell?
Robt.
‘Tis a friend of mine waiting for me on the Cliff above. (aside) Tis Conn.
Capt. (Xs R)

90 Oh, I beg pardon Oh,, farewell.
Robt.
Stop – you might not fare well if you ascended that cliff path alone.
Capt.
And Why not?
Robt. (aside)
Because my friend’s at the top of it, and if he saw you coming out alone – (aside) If Conn saw him coming up the cliff alone (aside), he would might think I was had been caught and egad the Shaughraun might poach the Captain.
Capt.
Well, sir? If he met me, what then?
Robt. Xs to R
Well, you see the poor fellow is mad on one subject point, and that is, color. His
mother was frightened by a mad bull and when the minute Conn sees any red, a bit of scarlet, such, for example as your coat there, the bull breaks out in him and egad he'd throw you over the precipice cliff – so by your leave, I’ll go with you.

Capt. What an infernal country. This is the most extraordinary country I was ever in.

(Scene 3d)

(Landscape in 2d out – 1st Grooves.)

Moya (enters R. with pail milk
pail) There now, I've fed the pig, and milked the cow and uncle will be ready for his tea. (sighs)
No sign of Conn this long time –

What can have become of him?

Mrs. O’Kelly (enters R.) Is that yourself Moya – sure, has Conn been here?

Moya. And why would he be here, Mrs. O’Kelly, Sure an hasn’t he a home of his own.
Mrs. O’K
The shebeen is his home, when
he’s not in jail. His father died of
drink and Conn will go the same way.

Moya.
Why I thought your husband was
drowned.

Mrs. O’K.
So he was, bless him.

Moya.
Why, what a queer way of dying of drink.

Mrs. O’K.
Oh he was such a good husband.
Better man never drew the breath
of life when he was sober.

Moya.
But you say he never was sober.

Mrs. O’K.
Never. & Conn takes after him.

Moya.
(Bashfully) Mother, I’m afraid I’ll
be taking after Conn.

Mrs. O’K.
Heaven forbid. Ye’re a good dacent
respectable girl – too good entirely for that
vagabond.
Moya.
Sure them is the kind that always gets the worst – more betoken yourself – Mrs. O’Kelly.

Mrs. O’K.
Conn never did an honest day’s work in his life – only hunting and fishing and lovemaking.

Moya.
But sure that’s the way the quality passes their time.

Mrs. O’K.
That’s it. If a poor man sports the soul of a gentleman, they call him a blackguard.

Conn.
(Entering L.) I thought I heard some one talking about me. (Moya runs to him, he puts his arm round her – walks to c. with her.) (Mrs. O’K Xs to R – turns her back) Is it the mother making light of me, darlin, oh, never mind a word she says. She’s jealous because I’ve got my arm around you, but she’s as proud of me as an old hen who has got a duck for a chicken. (Xs to mother) Oh, come out o’ that now. I know what you want – wipe your mouth an give me a kiss. (Coaxing
her – she at last kisses him.)

Mrs. O’K.
What have you been doing Conn – sure
you. They say you stole Squire Foley’s
horse.

Conn.
Stole his horse is it? Sure I seen it safe
an sound in his paddock awhile ago.

Moya.
Yes, but they say you stole it for
the day to hunt with.

Conn.
Oh look at that now. Isn’t that a
purty thing to run away wid a man’s
character like that. May I niver die
in sin but this was the way of it.
I was standing by old Foley’s gate
awhile ago, whin who should come
and put her nose under the gate
but the brown mare. Small blame
to her. Divil a thing I said to her or
she to me. Well, as I was standing
there, I heard the cry of the hounds
come across the hill – well, there they
were – spread out like the tail
of the peacock and ahead of them
the finest dog fox you ever saw,

cutting down the barren and across
the churchyard. Oh it was a sight
to rise the inhabitants. Well, just
then the hounds lost the scent among
the gravestones. We knew it by their

yelp and whine. Thin came the
fox past me like a streak of lightning.
I jumped on the fence and yelled
to the whipper in and he laid the
pack on the scent again. “Yoick”
says I – the mare she lost her head
an tore at the gate. “Oh, come down
out of that” says I – “an go home aisy
now.” So I whipped out a taste of
a rope that I got in my pocket
over her head an into her mouth
that she was quiet in a minute.
“Come home, now” say I; and so –
well, I just threw my legs across
her – the minute I was on her bare
back – Holy Rocks – she was off
like a shot. “Tally ho” says I – “where
the divil are ye taking me to”,
but she nivir stopped until
she laid me alongside the master
95 of the hounds Squire Foley himself.
He turned the color of his leather breeches. “Is that Conn the Shaughraun on
my brown mare” ses he. “Bad luck to me,
it’s nobody else” says I. “You stole my
100 horse” ses he. “It’s a lie” ses I – “your horse stole me.”

Moya (laughing)
What did he say to that?

Conn.
I didn’t stop to hear. For just
then we took a double ditch an a stone
105 wall together an I left him behind to
keep an engagement he got in the ditch.

Mrs. O’K (shaking her head.)
It’s a month in jail you’ll get for this.

Conn.
(Scratching head.) A month in jail – well –
well – begorra, it was worth it.

Mrs. O’K.
110 And what are you doing here? Hasn’t
Father Dolan forbidden you the house?
Conn.
I know he has, bless him, but I’ve brought something with me that’s going to bring me absolution. I left it with the ladies down at Suilabeg and they’re bringing it up here to share fair with his rieverence.

Mrs. O’K. (Xs L)
Oh what is it, Conn?

Conn.
(Xs to her – walks her L) Aha – go down now and see and whin you have seen kape that woman’s tongue of yours between your teeth if a woman can. Oho – go on now. (Exit Mrs. O’K L)

Moya.
Ah Conn – I’m afraid my uncle wont see you.

(Father Dolan Calls “Moya” off R)

Conn.
(As Moya runs) Oh don’t go away running like that. (Moya returns) Come here – whin you go – tell him I’m starving out here till he’s soft – put your purtiest smile on and spake a good word, for me, would
ye darlin’.

Moya.

Never fear Conn – sure he do be always
telling me my heart is too near my mouth.

Conn.

Well, I hope nobody will ever measure
that distance except myself, darling.

Moya.

Oh Conn – do you see these flowers.
(Taking small bouquet from her bosom)
I plucked them by the wayside as I came
135 along and put them in my breat –
they are dead now – killed by the heat
of my heart – wont it be so with you if
I pick you up and put you there – wont
the light go out of love. Hadn’t I better
140 lave you where you are? X

Conn.

(Picks up pail – puts arm around waist
going R. during speech) (Music til
Father D. speaks next scene) Oh my
Darling Moya – if I was one of
thim flowers and you should pass
me by like that, I do believe I’d
pluck meself an walk after
145 ye in my stalk. (Exuent R)

Change

Scene 4th
(Interior of Father Dolan’s in 4th Groove.
Door in Window R.F. practical backed by Landscapes in 5th Groove.)
(Lights down behind four 4) (Set down R 3d Set. Set fireplace and fire L.2 E.
Table L.C. with cover opposite fireplace set for 3. 3 chairs by table. Small table covered against flat c. with tray on it. Lights and candles on chimney piece and on large table.
(Bench) Father D.

1 (D’s. reading book L. of table) I wonder what keeps Moya so long? (Calls)
Moya! Moya! (Enter Moya R.D. With kettle and teapot – Xs and puts them on table.)

Moya.
Here I am uncle. I was only waitin’ for the kettle to boil.

Father D.

5 But I thought I heard some one outside.
Moya.
Sure that was the pig, uncle.

Father (Drily)
Well, you go and tell that pig
not to come here again till
he’s cured – and if I hear any
strange kettles singing around
here, my pot kettle will boil over.

Moya. (on bench)
Sure it never does that much
but it puts out your own fire.

uncle I never knew that happen but
you puts your fire out. (kneels at fire)

Father (sipping tea)
Oh I See now Moya. That ragamuffin Conn will be your ruin. What
makes you so fond of the rogue?

Moya.
All the beatin’s I got for him when
a child and the hard words
you’ve given him since.

Father D.
Well, has he one good quality – under
Heaven. If he has I’ll forgive him.

Moya.
Oh yes, he has – he loves me.
Father D.
25 Oh there it is A love! That word covers more sins than charity. (Pause)
Bless my soul. I thought it was a
sound of rain. I wouldn’t keep a
dog outside such weather – well,
you may let him stand in out
30 of the wet. (Moya runs to D. R –
brings in Conn – who stands R.C.)
but don’t let him open his lips mouth,
and Moya get me another cup
of tea. I hope it will be stronger
than the first – that was very
weak. (Moya takes teapot and
Xs to Conn.)
Moya. – (aside to Conn.)
35 What’ll I do? He wants his
tea stronger and there isn’t
another bit in the house. (Conn
takes whiskey bottle out of game
bag – pours some into teapot.
Moya carries teapot back to table
laughing to herself – then stand
by small table.)
Father (to Conn)
Well, sir, haven't you a word to say for yourself.

Conn.
(Humbly) Divil a wun, your rivirence.

Father
(Severely) You're going to ruin.

Conn.
(Meekly) I am – bad luck to me.

Father.
And you want to take a decent girl with you.

Conn.
(Same tone) I'm a vagabond, entirely, sir.

Father.
What sort of a life do you lead?

45 What is your occupation sir?
Stealing salmon out of the river of a night?
(Puts down book & takes up cup of tea)

Conn.
Oh no sir – not so bad as that. I do confess to a couple of trout. (Beckons slily to Moya – takes trout of bag and puts on tray, which Moya holds) Sure the salmon is out of season, sir.

Father D.

Conn
I do, divil a lie in it.

Poaching the grouse in Cairamanning on the hillside.
F Dolan
Where do you suppose all this will lead you? Do you know where all this leads to?

Conn.
(Same bus. With grouse) (Moya exit
R. with tray and reenters) I suppose
along with the grouse sir. I’ll be going go
to pot.

Father. (sipping tea)
Bless me Moya, this tea is very
55 strong – it has a curious taste.

Conn. (innocently)
Maybe the water is to blame in
regard to being smoked sir.

Father D.
Why it smells like whiskey.

Conn.
Oh no, sir – that’s not the tea that smells
60 of whiskey you smell sir – maybe it’s
me. you smell.

Father (Rises to him)
Ah that reminds me – didnt you
give me a promise – a blessed promise
on your two knees that you would
leave off drinking last Easter.

Conn.
65 I did your riverence, barrin one
thimbleful a day that your riverence
allowed me just to take the cement cruelty out of the water.

Father D.
Yes One thimbleful – I allowed you that concession, no more.

Conn.
You did God bless you and I kept my word.

Father (angry)
You did – kept your word! How dare you say that? Didnt I find you ten days after that stretched out as drunk as a fiddler at Tim O’Malley’s wake.

Conn.
You did – bad luck to me.
(Moya comes to dresser - wipes dishes.)

Father D.
And you only took one thimbleful?
Conn.
Only one yer riverence.

Father.
80 (Angry – goes up) No – no – no!
Conn (follows him)
If you’ll only listen to me sir.
(Father comes down) Sure this
was the way of it – whin them boys they axed me to go to the

85 wake – well I wint. I wouldnt go for to deceive you sir – for dont you see, the O’Rielly’s were there and the Malonys and the Ryans, and the Mulcaheys, and –

Father.

90 Never mind that Conn – come to the drink.

Conn.

I will sir. (aside) I came there soon enough. (aloud) Well, after going and blessing the keeners the boys they coaxed me to drink and

95 I couldnt refuse to take a drink out of respect for the corpse, and long life to it, but says I – “Dont ask me to drink for I’m on a promise” ses I – “I give a blessid promise to Father Dolan” says I - oh I did, sir – yes I did – look - at this now – for not more than that full will pass my lips this night.
Father D.
Oh that was well.

Conn.
105 Yes sir but as the divil’s luck would have it there was only one thimble and that was a tailors and they couldnt get it full. (Father D. turns up to fire to hide his laughter. Moya laughs behind plate she is wiping.)

Father D.
(Coming down to c.) Oh Conn, I’m afraid drink is not the worst of your doings – we’ve lost sight of you for the last six months – in what jail did you pass your time?

Conn.
Oh sure I was on my travels.

Father D.
115 On your travels – where?

Conn.
Faix, around the world. You see sir, after Mr. Robert was took and they sent him away – the heart seemed to go out of me
120 entirely and I used to go down
to the seaside and watch the
ships sailing away to where maybe
I thought he was, until wan night
the longing grew too big for me and I
125 jumped into the Coast Guard Boat –
stuck up a sail and went to sea.

Father D.
Bless the boy! You didn't think you
could go to Australia in a skiff – did you?

Conn.
Sure I didn’t think at all – I
130 wint. Well, all the night and
all the next day and night
I drifted about and in the morn-
ing I come across a big ship “O stop”
says I “an take me aboard – I’m out
135 of me course” – an with that they
whipped me on deck an brought me
to the Captain. “Where do you come
from” says he. “Suilabeg” says I, “an I’ll
be obliged to your honor if you’ll
140 leave me anywhere near there.”
“You’ll have to go to Melbourne
with us” says he “Is that anywhere
in the County Sligo” says I.
“Oh you omadhaun” says he – “It’ll
145 be six months before you see
your home again” says he – “oh,
poor divil, I’m sorry for you, but
you’ll have to go around the world
with us. Take him forward and
150 take good care of him” and Heaven
bless their hearts – they did, an that’s the
way I got my passage to Australia.
Father
You rascal, you boarded that vessel on
purpose.

Moya.
(X’s to Conn) Aye, to be near the young
155 master, & did you find him?
Conn.
I did, my darlin, alive & well.
“What are you doing here?” says he.
I’ve come to take you back with me” says
I. “That’s impossible” says he – “we’re
160 too well watched” “So are the salmon
in S____so are the grouse in
Cairamanning– but I poach them and
now I come to bag poach you.
(Enter D.F. Claire
Robt. and Arte. Robt still in disguise. takes it off during following speeches) an I did it, sir.

F.D.  
165 Is this the truth you’re tellin’ me –you found him?  
Conn.  
Safe & in fine condition. (sees Moya & stops her mouth as she is about to cry on seeing Robert

Father D.  
What do I hear? Is it true he has escaped? Escaped & free? Tell me –  
Conn.  
Yes sir, but let him Oh egorra but he must speak for himself now.  
(Father turns – sees Robert – who rushes into his arms. Conn flips up cap)  
Robt. (embracing,)  
170 Father Dolan.  
F.D.  
Robert, my darling boy. Oh blessed day – do I hold you to my heart again?  
Conn. (Kissing Moya,)  
There’s nobody looking.  
Moya.  
Conn, behave.  
Arte.  
He And he wouldn’t stop at Suilabeg for a mouthful to eat to taste a morsel. He  
185 would come over here to see you.  
Claire.  
Yes, and he has been living hin a cave on the coast with seaweed for a bed.  
Conn.  
And nothing to eat but a piece of tobacco & a cockle.  
Moya.  
Oh I wish I’d known that.
Father D.
Well – well – come sit down. Moya get food on the table. (Exit Moya R.D.) (Father L. of table – Robt. and Arte back to audience on bench at foot of table. Claire stands by chimney piece. Conn R. of table.) How good it seems to have you all around me once more. (Calls.) Come Moya. (Moya enters with bread & ale – Xs and sets them on table – then Xs R & sits on stool.) I am sorry I cannot offer you a glass of wine or warm your welcome with a glass of spirits, but there isn’t a bit of liquor in the house. (Conn takes bottle from gamebag – puts on table. Bus.- Father shakes finger at him. He commences to put sugar & water in glasses) 200 The rogue Robt. I am sorry my stay here must be a short one – the schooner that brought me here is lying outside awaiting my signal to send a boat ashore to take me off.
Father D.
Well, I cannot get over my surprise at seeing you again.
Robt.
205 You must thank Conn for my escape – he planned it and made my way to America and left him there in my place.
Claire.
How did you escape, Conn?
Conn.
210 Oh aisy enough Miss, they turned me out.
Arte.
Turned you out?
Conn.
Yes, Miss like a strange cat. “Very well” says I “Bally Mulligan is my parish. I’m a pauper – send me home or give me board wages where I am.” “Oh, no” says they “we’ve got too many Irish here now” “Thin send me home back to Sligo” says I, and begorra Miss, they did.
Claire.
I dont wonder why they called you a cat
220 Conn, for you always fall on your feet.
Arte.
But Robert, the authorities
are warned of your escape and
are on the watch for you.
Robt.
I know it and a very nice fellow
225 the “authorities” seem to be, and a
great admirer of my sister there.
Claire.
What – Capt. Molineaux.
Robt.
Yes – he and I met this evening
on the Blaskets.
Claire. (Blushing)
230 How did he talk of me.
Robt. (laughing)
Look at her – she’s all ablaze.
Her face is the color of his coat.
Claire.
I never saw the wretch but once.
Robt.
Then you made good use of your
235 time – I never saw a man in such a
condition – he’s not a man – he’s a trophy.
Claire.
Oh, Bob, you are worse than he is.
Father D.
I declare I could listen to him all night.
Arte.
So could I.
Father D.
240 Well, come – let’s drink his health.
Conn. (innocently)
Which thimble am I to drink
out of your riveryence?
Father D.
(Smiling) The tailor’s – you rascal.
Conn.
Long life to you riveryence. (takes
pitcher Xs to Moya – as they lift
glasses Harvey Duff puts head in
window between curtains – Robt.
sees him. Duff withdraws quickly.)
Robt.
245 Look there! (Starts up – points at W.)
Omnès.
(Rising) What is it?
Robt.
I saw a face at the window.
(Conn exit D.R. Father looks out window - & Moya D.F.)

Father
You must be mistaken.

Robt.
No – no – it was Harvey Duff – the 250 police spy. It was his white face I saw pressed against the window.

Father (at window.)
The night is very dark. I can see no more.

Claire.
It was a fancy – you are weak for the want of food. (Father and Moya close door and resume positions.) (Father R. of table and Moya on stool) (Robt. head of Table, Claire & Arte R.)

Moya.
Sure it wasn’t a face but an empty stomach.

Robt.
You must be right – it was a vision of my diseased brain.

(Conn reenters)(D.R.)
Father
Well?
Conn.
260 Oh it’s all right sir.
Father.
Then sit down and forget all about it.
Conn.
(Beckons to Moya – she Xs to him) There
was some one there.
Moya.
(Aside) How do you know?
Conn.
(Aside) I left Tatters outside.
Moya. (aside)
265 Your dog – well – why didn’t he bark?
Conn. (aside)
(Shows small piece cloth) He couldn’t –
he got that in his mouth.
Moya.
(Aside) What is it?
Conn. (aside)
It’s the seat of a man’s breeches. (Exit
D.F.) (Moya signifies horror and
astonishment and goes up c.)
Robt.
I don't feel safe here. I must
270 go on board the schooner toight.

Conn. (Enters quickly)
He can't go that way – the back
door is watched by a couple of
them – I'll tell you what sir –
I'll slip into your coat and wig.
(Picks up disguise) I'll stretch
275 out of those chaps. Tatters will
take another, and while the rest are
giving me chase thinking I'm yourself,
you can slip off unbeknownst. X (Loud
Knock D.F.) Too late! (Conn drops coat.)
Moya. (quickly.)
280 Hide yourself in the old clock case
in the kitchen – there's just room
enough for one man.

Arte (Xing to him)
Fly, Robt., save yourself if you can.
(Robt. Arte & Moya exit R.D.)

Claire. (Xing c. fiercely)
Oh I wish I was a man. I'd not give
285 him up without a fight for it. (Exit R.D.)

Conn. (goes up D.F.)
Begorra – the blood of the old stock is
in her. X (Knock.)
Father.

Conn, open the door. (Conn does so sulkily.) (Enter Sergeant Jones & 2 soldiers who place themselves one on each side D.F. Sergeant draws window curtains aside. Then, enter from R. & through D.F. Capt. Molineaux – 2 more men remain outside window. Sergeant salutes Capt. and exit D.F. Capt. up c.)

Capt.

I regret to disturb your household at this unreasonable hour, but a person has escaped and I am charged with his capture. (Enter R.D. Arte, Claire, & Moya.) Miss Ffolliott I am sorry to be obliged to perform so painful a duty in your presence and yours Miss O’Neil.

Claire, (Xs C. bitterly)

295 Particularly when the man you seek to arrest is my brother.

Arte (Xs to Claire)

And my affianced husband.
Capt.
Believe me, I would exchange
places with him if I could.

Sergt. (Enter D.F.)

300 If you please sir – there’s a mad
dog sitting on the back steps
as has bit four of our men. (Exit D.F.)

Conn. (to Moya.)
Tatters has been performing his
painful duty.

Claire.
Call off your dog Conn. Moya open
305 the back door. (Exit Moya, Conn &
soldiers R.D.)

Capt.
Your assurance gives me hope that
we have been misled.

(Enter Conn & Moya with 2 soldiers R.D.
Soldiers remain by R.D. Enter Sergt. D.F.
Remains R.C. up.)

Moya.
(Facing men at door indignantly) There
I suppose you’ve seen there’s niver
a human being in my house, barrin
310 the cat. My bedroom is up them
stairs. Maybe you’d like to search that.
Capt.
I shall be compelled to search every
room in the house and around every
piece of furniture. (To Father) But I
will accept your assurance that the
person we seek is not here. Give
me that and I will withdraw my
men. (Claire Xs to him – gives him her
hand.)

Claire
(Fervently) Thank you. (Remains at c.)

Conn (aside)
Begorra, I wish they’d take my word.

Arte (to Father aside.)

320 Oh you’ll not betray him – say he is
not here. (Kneels to him.)

Father D.

God help me in this great trial.

Capt.
Well, sir, I await your reply.

Father (slowly.)
Well, sir – the person you seek, my poor
boy, has been here.

Capt. (Eagerly)

325 But he has gone – he went before
we came.
Arte
(Xs to Capt.) Yes, yes - (Goes up to Claire.)

Capt.
(Xs to her – then turns to Father D. solemnly.) Have I your word as a priest, sir, that Robert Ffolliott is not in this house?
(Pause.) (Father is about to speak when)
Robert (enters R.D) 
((R.C)) No sir – he Robert Ffolliott is here. Father sinks into chair c. Moya on stool R. weeping. Conn comes to her. Claire & Arte up L.C.)

Capt.
330 (Sadly) I’m sorry for it.

Father D. 
Oh what have I done? Forgive me my boy! (Xs to Robert – falls at his feet. Robt. raises him and places him on chair.)

Capt.
Secure your prisoner!

(Sergeant comes down – handcuffs Robt. then puts hand on shoulder)
and points to D.F. Robt. goes up a little. Arte rushes into his arms — they embrace — then part. Arte goes back to Claire, and sobs on her shoulder. Father D. in chair. Capt. R.C. looking at Claire.)

Conn.
Oh, aisy, father — sure he’s rather have 335 them irons on his wrist than you should have the sin upon your soul. x

Slow Act Drop.

Call for Rise
Kinchela
Duff.

Act 2nd.
Scene 1. Chamber in Kinchela’s house. 2d Grooves. Gothic Door in. . . Enter Kinchela followed by Duff L.I.E.)

Kinchela.
1 What ails you — come in — was he wounded? Duff. (walks painfully)
Divil a scratch — but I am though.

Kinchela.
Where?

Duff.
(Shortly) No matter.
Kinchela.
5 Well, come in and sit down.

Duff.
No, thank you, I’m easier on my feet – give me a glass of spirits. (Kinchela goes to R.D.F. gets bottle & glass and gives to Duff.)

Kinchela.
How did it happen?

Duff.
(Drinks glass liquor) As I was peeping through the keyhole—

Kinchela.
10 (Returns bottle &c.) No – no I mean the master.

Duff.
I didn’t stop to see. Sure I tell you he knew me the minute he saw my face at the window. His own turned the color of the shirt you have on.

Kinchela.
Nonsense – how could he know you? Haven’t you shaved off your
big red whiskers. Sure your
own mother wouldn't know you.

Duff.

20 No – she wouldn't – for the last
time I was home she pelted
me out of the house wid the poker.
Oh if the people round here knew
I was Harvey Duff, there wouldn't
25 survive a rag of me as big as the
bit I left in the mouth of that infernal dog.

Kinchela.

Oh niver fear. I'll take care of you.

Duff.

An it's yourself that'll be taken care
of at the same time Mr. Kinchela.

30 There's a pair of us in it. We're har-
nessed to the same pole and as I'm
drawn, so you must travel.

Kinchela.

Why, what do you mean?

Duff.

I mean that I'm your partner

35 in this scheme to deprive young
Ffolliott of his wife and fortune.
Where's my share?
Kinchela.
Your share of what?

Duff
Oh not of his wife – you may
40 have her and welcome – my
share of the fortune.

Kinchela.
(Astonished) What – you want a
share of my fortune?

Duff (Impatiently)
No – no – not your fortune but our
fortune.

Kinchela.
45 Werent you paid and handsomely
for doing your duty?

Duff
(Following him.) My duty is it? Was
it my duty to come down here dis-
guised as a Fenian and pass my –
50 self off for a Head Centre in order
that I might swear the boys in
and denounce them afterwards?
Who was it gave you the office to
entrap young Ffolliott? Who was
55 it pointed out Andy Donovan and
sent him across the seas, laving
his a poor young wife in the mad-
house. Who was it transported
Bridget Madigan’s only son? Oh – oh –
take your share out o’ that Mr. Kinchela, 
and give me my share of the money.

Kinchela.

Hush, man. I tell you if Robert
Ffolliott comes back a free man, all 
the estate I shall hold will cling
65 to my brogue when I’m kicked 
out. (Searching his pockets – takes 
out sealed letter or envelope – opens it.)
Here is a letter I found waiting 
for me when I got home. (Reads)
“Sir, I am directed to inform you 
that a free pardon has been
70 extended by her Majesty to all 
the Fenian Prisoners.”

Duff.

(Falls against him, overcome) Oh, I’m 
a corpse! I ‘m dead & buried.

Kinchela.

What’s the matter – Listen. (Reads)
“But as Robert Ffolliott has escaped, the pardon will not extend to him (Duff straightens up.) unless he re-constitutes himself a prisoner.

Duff (Disgusted)
Sure that’s just what he did do.

Kinchela.

80 (Amazed) What – wasnt he captured?

Duff
The divil a capture, for all yer planning. Himself has spoilt it all. (Uneasy.) Oh what shall I do? (Xs to R) I’ll take the first ship to foreign parts.

Kinchela.
And after all the pains I’ve taken to have him convicted. Isn’t this pretty treatment for a loyal subject.

Duff
Aha – the divil will have a joke – Aha – what’ll I do at all at all. (Xs L) I’ll go and swear information agin myself and get sent to jail for purtecction.
Kinchela (c.)
Come here. I have a plan – will you help me?

Duff.
I'll do anything but murder. I'll get someone else to do that.

Kinchela.
Well, then, I'll visit him today in jail, and offer him the means to escape. What more likely than that he should be shot in making the attempt?

Duff. (in great disgust.)
Sure, the soldiers won't draw a trigger without there's a magistrate there to give the order.

Kinchela.
But the police will.

Duff (Impatiently)
Sure the police won't fire at him unless he defends himself.

Kinchela.
105 Well, he will defend himself.

Duff
Oh – where'll he get the arms?

Kinchela.
I'll give them to him.

(Duff amazed – staggers back –) looks
Duff. (Looks at him)
Corry Kinchela – the divil ought to be proud of you.
Kinchela.

You go to the Police Barracks & pick out your men. You may say you fear a rescue. What more likely after the attack on the policeman at Manchester and the explosion at Clerkenwell Prison. Stay, we’ll not depend entirely on the police. We’ll have some of our own men on it. How many can you depend on?
Duff.

Well, there’s Sullivan – there’s Doyle and Rielly and Monaghan.
Kinchela.

Monaghan – I thought he was hung?
Duff.

No, but he will be – and there’s Mulcahey and the rest of the smuggler’s crew.
Kinchela.

Have them ready tonight and sober.
Duff.
I'll not answer for that.
Kinchela.
I'll see you again and give you any
instructions I may think of. (Xs R) Now
Mr. Robert Ffolliott, I've got you in a
130 trap & it wont fail me now. (Exit R.D.)
Duff.
(Looks after him – shakes head.) Harvey
Duff, you take a friend's advice, Take yer
pickings and yer passage where a
rogue can live in peace and stand some
chance of earning an honest livlihood.
(Exit L.)

Change.

Scene 2nd.
Interior of Father Dolan’s –
(Same as last act.) (Time – daylight.)
Arte dis. on bench weeping. Father
D. by side consoling her. Claire standing
in open D.F. looking out to R.)
Father D.
1 (To Arte) There – there – dont cry any
more, you’ll spoil your blue eyes.
Arte. (weeping)
What are my eyes if I cannot see him? I don't care what becomes of me – oh, if I could only see him.

Father.
Well, I have sent Moya with a letter to the Captain asking for an order of admission to see the boy.

Arte.
If you only had sent Claire – he would not refuse her.

Claire.
I couldn't go.

Father
Why not?

Claire.
Because I wouldn't ask a favor from that Englishman.

(Coming down R.C.) A bitter curse on the day when I first laid eyes on him.

Arte. (reproachfully)
Why Claire – you wrong him. Surely I have no cause to regard him as a friend but you didn't see
20 the tears that stood in his eyes
when I appealed to him for mercy.

Claire.
Oh, didnt I?

Father D.
Poor fellow – he suffered for what
he had to do. Besides he acted
25 with a gentleness and a respect
for my character that I cannot for-
get.

Claire.
No – no – nor can I.

Father D.
It made a deep impression
on me.

Claire.
So it did me.

Father D.
30 You shouldnt hate him.

Claire.
(Hysterically) I dont – (Xs) and that’s
what ails me. Do you think
I was blind that I didnt see
all that you saw. I shut my
35 eyes but it was no use – I could
not shut him out. I only shut
him in. (Violently) Oh I hate
his country – his people.

Father D.

Why, you were never there.

Claire.

40 I know it and I wish they had never been here, especially this fellow with his chatty smiles & his bloodless courtesy, to come here & upset all my principles. I cant stand the insufferable resignation with which that man makes a fool of himself (with sigh) and of me.

(Xs c as Moya enters D.F. running down R.C.) (Turns quickly to her) Well, did you see him?

Moya. (out of breath)

I will – when – I get my breath.

Father D.

50 (Rises Xs L C) Did you see the poor boy?

Moya.

No sir – no one is let in to see him, but I saw the Captain – and oh – oh – how good – and kind.

Claire.

(Quickly) There – stop that – we
55 all know about that. Where’s the answer.

Moya.
He’s bringing it himself.

Claire.
(Pleased.) Oh is he? I’m so glad.
(Recollecting herself, with change of countenance) We don’t want him here. (Goes up – looks out D.F.)

Father D.
But what kept you so long?

Moya.
(Points R.D. Slowly – embarrassed.)

60 Conn came back with me an knowing ye didnt want him here, I was trying to get rid of him, but he was at my heels all the way and Tatters at his heels and a nice streel we made along the road.

Father D.
A pair of vagabonds – where are they now?

Moya.
(Points R.D.) Outside sir.
(Conn plays “Jug of punch” on fiddle)

(outside R.)

VIOLIN OUTSIDE “Jug of Punch”
Father D.
Listen – has that fellow no more respect for our sorrow than he can set to the tune of a “Jug of punch”.

Claire.
Oh Father dont blame poor Conn. The poor fellow is so full of spirits – I believe the fellow’d sing at his own funeral.

Moya. (Gets R.D.)
(As she passes Claire) Long life to ye for the good words. (Beckons to Conn who enters – lays fiddle on dresser.)

Conn.
75 (Speaks off to dog.) Lie still there – now – none of your tricks here.

Father D.
Where have you been all night?

Conn.
Where would I be sir, but under his window – trying to keep up his 80 spirits wid the songs and the diversions.

Arte.
(To Conn) Diversions?
Conn.
Yes – Miss – sure I had all the soldiers dancing to my fiddle and I put Tatters through all his tricks till I thought they would die a laughing – sure that’s the way he knew I was waiting for him. Oh, he guessed what I was at, for when I struck up 

90 “Where’s the slave” he answered back “My lodging’s on the cold cold ground – and when I made Tatters dance to the tune of “What’s the sorrow in your heart?” He an-

100 swered back from the outside – “The girl I left behind me” meaning yourself, Miss Arte – an me pretending the tears running down my face were from laughter.

Father D.
105 (Xs to Conn) (Takes hand.) I have done you a great wrong and I take your pardon. Conn.
If you’d let me whisper 5 words
on the cross roads. I’d go
bail I’d get him out of that.
Father.
110 What – you would raise the
inhabitants – attack the jail,
and rescue him – no – no – I
cannot counsel violence.
Claire.
It’s the shortest way out.
Arte.
115 Any way but that.
Moya. (To Conn)
Come into my kitchen—have
you had nothing to eat all night.
Conn.
I’ve had my heart in my
mouth, but I couldn’t get it
down. (Exuent Conn & Moya R.D.)
Claire.
(Suddenly shuts D.F. and comes
down R.C.) (then speaks) He’s coming.
(Knock D.F.)
Father D.
Well, there’s a knock.
Claire
I know it.
Father D.
Well, why dont you let him in?
Claire.
Because I want to keep him out. (Xs – sits on bench.) (Father D opens door – Capt. enters.)
Capt.
I took the liberty of intruding in person to bring you this order of admittance to see Mr. Fföl-liott and to entreat that you might bear me no ill will, for the painful duty I was obliged to perform last night. (Gives order to Father D.)
Claire. (to Capt.)
Oh no sir – you were obliged to deprive us of a limb and I suppose you performed the operation professionally. Well, have you come now for your fee in the way of our gratitude?
Father D.
(To Capt.) Forgive her, sir. (To Claire) This is too bad.
Capt.
140 Oh don't mention it. It's of no consequence I assure you.

Arte.
This order is signed by Mr. Kinchela. Are we indebted to him for this favor?

Capt.
145 The prisoner is now in the custody of the civil authorities and Mr. Kinchela is magistrate of the district.

Father (Gets hat.)
Well – come Arte – come Claire.

Arte.
(Shakes hands with Capt.) We are grateful, sir – (looks at Claire) 150 very grateful. Heaven will reward you. (aside) Don't mind her.

Father D.
A good action is it's own reward.
(Exuent Father & Arte D.F.)

Capt.
Dont mind her. I wish I didnt.
(Comes down) (Aloud to Claire) May
I be permitted to accompany you to the –
(Claire.
(Breaks in on him) To the Prison?
No, I thank you. Do you think I want the people around here to think I am in custody? A
160 nice figure I should make hanging on the arm of a contemptuous policeman who arrested my brother.
(Capt.
(Goes up to door – stands irresolute then returns and stands at the table) You cant make me feel more acutely than I do now, the misery of my position – I didnt sleep a wink all night.
(Claire.
How many winks do you suppose I got?
(Capt.
I tried to act with as much gentleness as the nature of my duty
would permit.

Claire.
Yes – that’s the worst part of it.

Capt.
What – you reproach me with my gentleness?

Claire.
I do – you havent even left me the luxury of a complaint.

Capt.
175 I dont understand you.

Claire.
Oh, I dont wonder – I dont understand myself. (Rises and stands with back to fireplace.)

Capt.
Well – if you dont understand yourself, you shall understand me. You force me to take refuge from cruelty and throw myself on your pity. You force from me a confession which I feel to be premature for our 185 acquaintance has been short.
Claire.
And not sweet.

Capt.
I ask your pity for my position. Last night when I found myself called upon 190 to arrest the brother of the one I love.

Claire.
(Comes down L. quickly) Capt. Molineaux, do you mean to insult me? You know I am here alone – a friendless girl – my brother in jail, and that I have no protection.

Conn.
(Enters quickly with Moya R.D) (Has his mouth full.) (Looks at Capt.) Did you call, Miss? (Capt. plays with sash. Claire is provoked at the interruption.)

Claire.
(Impatiently) No, I did not call.

Conn.
Beg pardon, Miss- I thought
I heard a scream.

**Claire.**

200 (To him in a low tone) Go away, I dont want you.

**Conn.**

Oh you m – (Moya whispers to him – both exit tip toe R.D.)

**Claire.**

Now what will these two think of us? Was it not not enough that you should put my brother in jail, but you must add this outrage to me.

(Sits on bench – sobs – face in kerchief.)

**Capt.**

(Coming to her side.) Miss Ffolliott forgive me – forget what I have done.

**Claire.**

I – I – I cant.

**Capt.**

210 What can I say? If I said I would shed every drop of my heart’s blood to save one of those tears, you would think it an af-
front, so what can I say?

215 For Heaven’s sake Miss Ffolliott
dont cry so bitterly. I ask
your pardon on my knees.
(Kneels R.) I’ll never do it
again. I’ll go away. I’ll
220 never see you again. (Is
about to rise. Claire puts
her hand on his shoulder –
keeps him down. – he takes
her hand – kisses it – then
rises and goes toward door.
Claire reaches out for him,
without taking handkerchief
from her face – and not finding
him, slaps her hand down
on lap impatiently.)

Capt.
(Near D.F.) Farewell! Forever!
Claire
(Bursts out.) Don’t go.
Capt.
(Returns joyfully) Yes.
Claire
(Rising) Oh. I am mad. (Stands
Capt.
225 Miss Ffolliott, I am here.
Claire.
Well, I forgive you on one condition.
Capt.
I accept it whatever it is.
Claire.
Save my brother.
Capt.
I’ll do my best. Anything else?
Claire.
230 Never speak of love to me again.
Capt. (Eagerly)
Never – never – I swear –
Claire.
Till he is free.
Capt.
Oh, then, may I? –
Claire. (looking round.)
Not a word – till then.
Capt.
235 Not a word!
(Closed in.)
Scene 3d.

(Guardroom in Barracks in 1st G.
Gunracks & armstands painted on flats.
Enter Kinchela followed by Sergt. L)

Kinchela.

1 I wish to see the prisoner – he
is to be removed to Sligo jail
tomorrow.

Sergt.

We shall be glad to get rid
of him. It’s police business and
5 our men dont like it. (Exit R.I.E.)

Kinchela.

Here then I shall find out if he
has heard any stories about me.
(Enter Sergeant & Robert. Sergt. Xs to L.)

Robt.

Ah Kinchela my dear friend I
knew you woul not fail me.

Kinchela. (aside.)

10 Its all right. (Aloud.) Mr. Ffolliott,
you forget your position and mine
sir. You forget that I am a Mag-
istrate holding her Majesty’s
commission and whatever
15 may have been my friendship
for you, it is past, since you
have become a rebel.
    Robt. (astonished.)
This to me? Why your letters –
    Kinchela.
    (Hastily interrupts) Ahem! (To Sergt.)
20 Leave us. (Sergt. Ext L.) (imme-
diately shakes Robert’s hand) My
dear young master, you mustn’t
mind what I said, for you
see before that fellow I was
obliged to keep up my dignity as
25 a magistrate. Didn’t I do it
well though?
    Robt.
Egad – you took my breath away.
    Kinchela.
Oh sure the people around here
think I’m your worst enemy.
    Robt.
You’re my best friend.
    Kinchela.
30 I try to be, but I daren’t let on,
for fear the estates will be
confiscated and so every man
woman and child hates me
accordingly. Miss Arte and
your sister included.

Robt.
But sure Father Dolan? –
Kinchela.
Oh he’s as bad as the rest.
Robt.
Forgive them – the time will come when
they will repent their treatment of you.
Kinchela.

(With meaning) Aye, by my soul, it will.
Robt.
They will have no protection now,
but you, for my chains will be
riveted more firmly than before.
Kinchela (comes to him)
(In low tone) Hist! You must escape.
Robt.

45 Impossible! When?
Kinchela.
Now – this very night. It may
not be so easy when they remove
you to Sligo jail – How can
you get word to the vessel
50 that brought you here?
Robt.
Every night at 8 oclock she runs
in and lays off the coast. A
bonfire lighted lighted on
Rathgannon Head is to be
55 the signal to send a boat
under the ruins of St. Bridget’s
Abbey to take me on board.
Kinchela.
That fire shall be lighted this
very night and you shall be
60 there to meet the boat. Listen,
tonight they will change your
cell to the old Gate Tower. When
you are there take this chisel
(hands it to him) and peck your way
65 out – the bricks are only one course thick.
Robt.
(Takes chisel) Are you sure of this?
Kinchela.
I am – they had Conn the Shaugh-
raun imprisoned there last
spring and begorra he picked
70 his way out wid a two tined fork.
They ketchéd him as he was
putting his head out of the hole
he’d made, or he’d have got off.
They have built up the wall,
75 but it has never been used as a prison
since.

Robt.
When I am outside – where will
I find myself?

Kinchela.
You’ll find yourself in a yard
enclosed by four walls, with
80 a door in one of them that’s
bolted on the inside – open
that and you are free.

Robt.
But are there no sentinels?

Kinchela.
No – if there were – take this –
85 it will clear your path –
(gives pistol) (aside) I’ll put
Duff at that door and that’ll
be the end of him.
Robt. (returns pistol.)
No – take it back. I will not
90 buy my liberty at the price
of any man’s life. I will
run my chance – but stay –
the signal on Rathgannon
Head. Who will light the
95 signal – the bonfire. (Violin
heard outside) Hark! ’tis Conn.
‘tis Conn – he’s playing “I’m
under your window, my darling”.
I can employ him – how can
100 I send him word?
Kinchela.
You’ll not betray me?
Robt.
I know you better – I have
it. (takes out note book & pencil)
ask the sergeant to step this way.
Kinchela.
What are you going to do?
Robt.
105 You will see. (Writes on leaf of
book.) By what means can I
let him know I have escaped?
Kinchela.
Two shots fired in St. Bridget’s Abbey will be the signal to light the fire.

Robt.
110 For that purpose I accept the pistol.
(Takes it.) (Reads as he writes)
“Be at Rathgammon Head tonight.
When you hear two shots fired
at St. Bridget’s Abbey – light
the fire barrel.

Kinchela. (aside)
115 I dont care for what purpose
you accept it – you will use it
for mine. If they’ll only hang
him for murtherin Duff, I’ll
kill two birds with one stone.

120 (Aloud.) Here is the Sergeant, sir.
(Enter Sergt. L Robt. folds paper
round coin – and gives to Sergt.)

Robt.
Give that to the fiddler outside
and tell him to move on.

Sergt.
The men encourage him about the
Place. (going L, stops) There’s
Father Dolan and Miss Arte
125 O’Neil outside – they’ve got a
pass to see you.

Robt.
Admit them. (Exit Sergt L)

Kinchela.
Now you will see how they
trate me but dont mind that.

Robt.
130 So indeed. (Looks off.) Has
Conn got the letter? Ah, yes,
as the ragget at your heels
is faithful and true to you, so
will you be to me, my dear
135 devoted playfellow Conn.
(Enter Father D. & Arte L.I.E.)

Arte.
(Embracing him) Oh. Robert.
Robt.
My dear girl. (Shakes with Father)
Arte.
(Sees Kinchela) Mr. Kinchela. (coldly)
Father.
I hardly expected to find you here,
sir.
Kinchela.
140 (Aside to Robt) What did I tell you?
   Robt.
   (Aside to him) It’s all right.
   Arte.
   You don’t know that man.
Kinchela.
   Oh yes he does, Miss.
   Robt.
   Yes – he has told me all.
Kinchela.
145 Yes – I have told him all –
   how I betrayed my trust and
   grew rich with the plunder.
   Oh, you can’t make me
   any bigger blackguard than
150 I painted myself. (Xing L) and
   so my service to you. (Bows – Exit L)
   Father (looks after him)
When St. Patrick made a clan
   sweep of all the venomous things
   in Ireland, some of them
155 must have taken refuge in
   the bodies of such men as that.
Robt.
That is the first uncharitable word
I have ever heard you utter, sir.

Father D.
I was wrong – my mission is to
160 save souls, not to condemn them.

Robt.
Now you will indulge me in
a strange whim of mine. You
know St. Bridget’s Abbey where
we have so often sat together.

Arte.
165 Can I ever forget it. We go there
often. The place is full of you.

Robt.
Go there tonight at half past
nine but keep it a secret.

Arte.
I will offer up a prayer at
170 the old shrine.

Robt.
Do, with your heart, for I
may need it.

Arte.
What do you mean?
Robt.
Ask me nothing – I can tell
175 you no more.

Father D.
(Aside) Oh there’s some mischief
going on here. I know by his
eye. He used to look so when
he used to give me the slip and
180 run away from his Latin & Greek
to play truant with Conn the Shaughraun.

Robt.
Hold up your hearts – mine is full
of hope.

Father D.
Hope! Where do you find it?

Robt.
(Arm around Arte) In her eyes.
185 You might as well ask me
where I find love. I was
in prison when I stood
betrayed in America, but in
this narrow cell in Ireland,
190 I breathe my native air and I am
free.
Father D.
But they’ll send you back again.

Arte.
Surely the future belongs to
Heaven but the present is our
own.

Father D.
Ah. I believe I was wrong to
195 come here at all. I feel like
a mourning band around a
white hat.

Arte.
But you must hope.

Father.
Oh – that is the first word
in the Irish language.

Arte.
200 There is a finer word – faith.

Father D.
And Love is the mother of
those heavenly twins. (Comes
between them and takes an
arm of each.) I declare, my
old heart is lifted up between
you as if you young ones
were it’s wings.

Sergt. (Enters L.)
Sorry to disturb you sir, but
we’ve been ordered to change
your quarters. You’ll occupy
a cell in the Gate Tower.
The guard is waiting when
you are ready.

Arte.
Must we leave so soon?

Robt.
Only for a time. (aside to her)

Remember, tonight, at St.
Bridget’s Abbey. I shall
be there – hush!

(Exeunt Father D. & Arte L)

Did you give the money to
the Fiddler?

Sergt.
Yes – sir.

Robt.

(Aside) Conn cant read.
pshaw!, I must trust to his
cunning to get to it’s con-
tents. (Aloud) Now Sergeant
lead me to my new cell in
225 the old Gate Tower.

(Exeunt R.I.E)

Scene 4th
(Exterior of Mrs. O’Kelly’s cabin 1st gr.
Door and window practical. Enter
Conn with note written by Robt.
in previous scene looking at it,
puzzled to read it.)

Conn.
1 I got a letter an there’s
writing on it an that’s what
bothers me. If there was
nothing at all on it, I could
5 make more out of it.

Mrs. O’Kelly. (Enters)
Is that yourself Conn? What
have you there?

Conn.
It’s a letter the young master
was after writing to me.

Mrs. O’K.

10 What is in it?

Conn. (half aside)

There was tuppence in it for postage. That’s all I’ve made out of it.

Mrs. O’K.

I mean what does he say?

Conn.

Well, here – you can read it

15 for yourself. (Hands it to her)

Mrs. O’K.

You know I can’t.

Conn.

Can’t read? Oh, you ignorant old woman.

Mrs. O’K.

I am Conn. I tuk good care
to send you to school, though

20 the tuppence a week you cost
me was pinched off me stomach or off me back.

Conn.

The Lord be praised you had it to spare.
Mrs. O’K.
25 Oh – you’re making fun of your poor old mother – tell me what he says in the letter.

Conn. (bothered aside)
Oho – what’ll I tell her? (aloud)
Well, if I read it to ye – ye’ll
30 hould yer tongue.

Mrs. O’K.
Yes – yes – go on.

Conn. (Looks off R.)
There’s no one here – is there?
(Pause) Mind now, this is a great secret. (preparing to read.) Now this is what he has written to me in the letter.

Mrs. O’K.
Well – well – well.

Conn.
(Aside) Oh what the divil will I tell her. (Aloud) You’re sure
40 there’s no one here. (Turning
letter to find right way) (aside)
(Reads) Colleen – Cathera – omadhaun,
Stareagins seglabet.

Mrs. O’K.

(Dont understand) Sure that’s no
English.

Conn.

No it’s writin’.

Claire (Enters L.)

45 There’s some project on
foot to liberate my brother
for he has almost as much
as told Father Dolan & my cousin.

Conn.

Well, ye see Miss, it was to
50 be kept a secret from the
old woman. (Gives her the
letter) That’s all I know about it.

Claire.

(with letter) It’s in pencil.

Conn. (to Mrs. O’K)

There – didnt I tell you it
55 wasn’t in English.

Claire (Reads)

Be at Rathgannon Head tonight
Conn.
(Eagerly) Yes.

Claire.
(Reading) “When you hear two shots
fired in St. Bridget’s Abbey light
the fire barrel.”

Conn.
Yes. Miss, sure that’s to be
the signal to the ship out
to sea to send a boat ashore
to take him off.

Mrs. O’K.
Is it going to escape he is
from jail? (Joyfully) Blessed
day. Blessed day!

Conn. (Mournfully)
Oh, look at that now – there’s
going to be a scrimmage
an I’m not to be in it at all
at all – I’m to be sent away.
Oh if I could only some
one to take my place at the
tar barrel. I’d go bail I’d get
him out of that if I had to
tear a hole in the wall with my
fingers.

Claire.
Conn – I’ll take your place.

Conn.
You will. God bless you, Miss.

Mrs. O’K.
Oh dont do him, Miss Claire,
80 there'll be shooting an killin’.
(To Conn) Oh you vagabond!
This is one of your tricks, but
I’ll go an inform agin you
an thin maybe they’ll let
85 you off aisy before you get
into trouble.

Claire (to Conn aside)
Here comes the Capt. Pacify
her or she’ll betray us.

Conn.
(Aside to Claire) I will Miss –
niver fear. (To Mrs. O’K.) Come
90 mother – come into the cabin.

Mrs. O’K.
I wont.

Conn. (Coaxing her)
Oh do now darlin an I’ll
play a tune on the fiddle for
you. Oh do now – go on – go on –
95 oh go on now (impatiently)
Oh come out o’that now, you miserable old woman. I’ll
stop at home all night, look at that now. Don’t that aise
100 yer mind? Dont ye hear Miss Claire say she’ll take my place?
Mrs. O’K. (tearfully)
(Xs) Heaven bless you, Miss Claire.
Oh Conn, dont lave me alone.
I’ve nobody left but you now –
105 an if you’re taken from me,
I’ll be a widow. Oh, Heaven bless you Miss Claire and the Lord protect you. (Going to door of Cabin – Conn panto-
mimes to Claire that it is all right – and as Mrs. O’K turns he holds up both hands to her explaining.)
Conn. (at door)
Ah – to be sure – come in my
darin’an I’ll play you
all the tunes you love best,
till I warm the corners of
your old heart. “(Sings) “For
Crimany’s son was a fine young
man.” (Exeunt Conn & Mrs. O’K.)
(Enter Capt & Arte L.I. E.)

Arte.
115 I have invited the Captain
to spend the evening with us
at Suilabeg, but he declines.

Capt.
I may not leave my post
until the police arrive from
120 Sligo, to release me from
my charge.

Arte.
But your men are there.

Capt.
Soldiers wont move without
orders, besides my men have
such a distaste for this

125 business. In case of a
rescue I am afraid they
would disgrace themselves.
Claire.
(Aside) It’s all right.
Arte.
(Aside to Claire) Get him away.
Claire.
130 (Aside) Yes – leave us.
Arte.
Well good night Captain. Come
Claire. (Exit R.)
(Claire & Capt. steal glances & sigh.)
Claire.
Lovely night isn’t it.
Capt.
Yes, lovely. Are you going?
Claire.
Not just yet. I think I shall
135 walk as far as Rathgannon
Head in the moonlight.
Capt.
Is it far?
Claire.
No – not far.
Capt.
Not far. (pause) May I
140 be permitted to accompany you part of the way?

Claire.
Oh I wouldn’t think of your neglecting your duty, besides I wish to consult my feelings uninfluenced by your presence.

Capt.
Claire – dear Claire – that sweet confession gives me hope.

Claire.
Then light a meditative cigar and go back to your duties and leave me to wander on alone.

(Capt. takes out cigar case – takes cigar – lights match. Claire playfully takes match from him – lights cigar.)

Capt.
How good – you are an angel.

Claire.
(Holds up match) Of light?

Capt.
Of light.
Claire.

155 Good night. (sighs.)

Capt.

Good night. (sighs.)

Claire. (aside)

I must have those matches.

(Aloud) I dont believe that cigar is half lit.

Capt.

160 No. I’m sure it isn’t.

Claire.

(Takes match – relights cigar – sighs.) Good night! (Exit R.)
(with box of matches.)

Capt.

Good night! Oh, if I only had some excuse to follow her part of the way.

165 She's taken my box of matches. How I envy those lucifers.

(Suddenly) By Jove, I have it! (Rubs cigar on sole of boot – extinguishes it.)
(Calls out after Claire) Miss
Ffolliott, sorry to trouble you, but my cigar has gone out, and you’ve got my box of matches. Oh, don’t come back I beg of you. (Exit hastily R.)

(Conn jumps thro’ window of cabin – and bars it – then listens at door.)

Conn.

There—I’ve locked the door—and I’ve got the key, 175 and barred the shutter.

Mrs. O’K (inside)

(Shouting.) Let me out–let me out!

Conn.

Behave now—and go to bed decent.

Mrs. O’K

Let me out—let me out.

Conn.

If you don’t stop your noise, 180 I’ll tell all the neighbors you’ve been drinking.

(Runs off R.)

(Change)
Scene 5th
Bell in Gate tower. Brick
Prison wall to move. At one
window, arched and grated
at flat, higher than man’s
head – steps or block for Robt.
to climb upon. Chimney
with bricks to fall out in flat.
Narrow shelf for Robt. to stand
on while at work. Sill at
window for man to stand on
both inside and outside. Steps
for Conn to climb up outside
after change. Four walls
about 6 feet apart high – practical
gate in front. Robt. dis. standing
R.C.)

Robt.
1 They are relieving guard – I
   shall not receive another visit
   tonight – now for work – where’s
   my chisel? This must be
5 the place. (Climbs up and
works on it.) Why the mortar is as soft as butter. This must have been done by government contract. Well, it’s an ill wind that blows nobody good. (Working.) (Conn. climbs up and stands on sill outside of window – peeps into cell – Robt. is at chimney so Conn does not see him.)

Conn.

All quiet in the yard below. They told me they put him in this cell – oh begorra – I know it well. Where’s my iron pick? I have it – now then to make a hole in the wall. (Disappears L)

Robt.

This brick is nearly loose enough to pull out, but if it goes, the rest seem shaky. (Conn heard working outside) What’s that? It sounds as if some one was working outside. Oh, Lord, my heart sinks at the thought –
now it has ceased – there
it goes again. Can it be
a rat? I’ll satisfy myself.
(Jumps down – climbs up at
window – looks out.) I see
25 no one. (Goes back to chimney)
(Conn appears outside window)

Conn.
There’s a rat in the chimney.
Perhaps I’m mistaken an
himself isn’t at work at all.
I wish I could look crooked.
(Conn disappears.)

Robt.
30 The noise has ceased. It
was a rat. (Works – bricks
fall. Conn appears at hole.)
Conn!

Conn.
Yes, master – who in the
divil else would it be?
Wait now till I get this
course of bricks out and
35 you can get out easier.
(Change.)

– After Change –
(Enter Kinchela and Duff R.
U.E. with 4 policemen with muskets.)
Kinchela.
(Places Duff at Gate) Harvey
Duff, you stand there – the
rest of you come with me.
(Kinchela & Police go behind back
wall of yard. Robt. get out window.)
Duff.
Ha! ha! Mr. Robert Ffolliott –
You said we’d meet again this
40 side the grave – ha! ha! I think
we will. I wonder if you’ll
like this meeting any better than the
last? You told me to have my
soul ready. I wonder if yours
45 is in good condition. He comes!
He’s coming!
(During the above, Conn appears
on wall. Sees Duff during his
last words – and drops on him
and bears him to the ground. Robert rushes through gate and off R.I.E. Police jump over back wall – into yard – run through gate – seize Duff whom Conn is holding down and pummeling. Kinchela comes down L. Conn runs off R.I.E. Duff is raised by police. Kinchela raises him – dashes his hat on the ground & dances with rage.) Close in quickly.

Scene 6th
The Blaskets – Same as Act 1 – Scene 2d.)

Robt. (enters R running)

Ha! ha! Escaped once more.
I wonder what became of Conn.
I hope the poor fellow got off safe. Oh yes – there he is coming,
leaping from rock to rock like a goat.
Conn.
(Enters laughing.) By the powers we did that well. There’s only one thing I’m sorry for — and that is, that I didn’t crack 10 the skull of that fellow when I had him fair in under me. (Sighs.) Oh I’ll never get absolution from that.

Robt.
Well — I must on to the Abbey. 15 Where is my disguise, Conn?

Conn.
I have it hid here in the rocks. Hark! What’s that?

Robt.
Do you hear anybody?

Conn.
No, but Tatters does. I left him 20 up on the Cliff to watch. He never growls like that unless he wants me to help him. Will you lie close a bit and I’ll go up and see what’s the matter.

(Exit L.)
Robt.
25 I can reach the Abbey
along the shore, and by the
rocks, the cliff will hide me,
and then, one brief moment
with my darling girl.

Conn.
30 (Re-enters L) They’re up there, sir.

Robt.
The constabulary?

Conn.
(With the disguise) Yes, and who
do you think is leading them?
Them mongrel curs, Monaghan
35 and Riley, the blackguards,
for to go and do a thing like that,
and they know every hole and
corner in these rocks. Here
is your coat, sir, but, it will
40 never do to wear that here.
Didn’t the Captain meet you
here in that disguise on this
very spot?

Robt.
Never fear, I can reach the
Coast before they discover me.  

45 Who’s at the tar barrel?  
Conn.  
That’s all right. Waiting for  
them your honor is to fire in  
St. Bridget’s Abbey.  
Robt. (feels for pistol)  
Where is my pistol? I cannot  
50 find it. It must have fallen  
from my pocket when I climbed  
through the window.  
Conn.  
Oh murther what’ll we do?  
Robt.  
I must go to the schooner.  
Conn.  
55 It’s agin the tide and she’s  
lyin more than a mile off.  
Oh you couldn’t do it.  
Robt.  
But what is to be done?  
Conn.  
Will your honor lave it to  
60 me to get these shots fired.
Ah do, sir, give me my head once.

Robt.

What do you propose to do?

Conn.

Do you remember the time where the Ballyragget hounds 65 couldn't find the fox and all the field were looking blue blazes, – your honor was master of them that time.

“Oh, never fear” Says I – “I’ll 70 find you a fox and I whipped a red herring in the tail of my coat and away it went.

Robt. (laughing.)

I remember it well.

Conn.

Your honor hunted me that 75 time and divil a man in the whole field for barrin yourself knew there was a two legged fox to the fore. Now, I’ll give them vagabonds a 80 taste of the red herring – and
show them as fine a run
as they ever saw in the hunting season.

Robt.
Well. Come on Conn. (Exit R.)

Conn.
(Looking off L.) Aha – come on,
85 me boys – this is not the first
time that Conn the Shaughraun
has played the fox. (Exit R.)

1st Scene
Scene 7th

Rathgannon Head in 2d cut-
1st Grooves. Supposed to be on
a Cliff. Scene painted to give
idea of being great height from sea.)
(Enter Claire & Capt L.)

Claire.
1 Well, here we are – are you tired?

Capt.
I don’t know. If you should
ask me if I was dying, I should
say I don’t know. When I’m
in your presence I don't feel like myself. I feel like some one else.

**Claire.**

Who are you then?

**Capt.**

Some one happier than I can ever be. Oh I wish I could describe to you the change that has taken place in me in the last few days.

**Claire.**

Oh. I know how you feel.

15 I feel just so – my –

**Capt.**

(Delighted) Eh – how do you feel?

**Claire.**

(Changing subject) Do you see that ruin up there? (Points R) Doesn’t it look lovely in the moonlight?

**Capt.**

20 Lovely no doubt, but when I am with you, I have no taste for ruins. I prefer the ruins on this Headland.
(Tries to look in her face – she avoids his gaze) As I was saying –
  Claire.
(Aside bitterly,) Oh what a contemptible part I am playing. I can’t stand this much longer. (Burst out)
Oh go back – why did you follow me here!
  Capt. (hurt.)
Miss Ffolliott, I beg pardon if I have been intruding. I will re-
30 trace my steps. (Going R.)
  Claire.
No – stay – it was I who lured you here.
  Capt.
I fear it was I that forced myself upon you. I have offended you in some way – tell me how.
35 It would give me so much pleasure to ask your pardon for something I haven’t done.
  Claire. (suddenly.)
Capt. Molineaux, do you want to know what ails me? Do you
40 see that tarbarrel out there?
Capt.
(Astonished.) Really – I.

Claire.
Do you see that tarbarrel?

Capt.
(Aside) I wonder if there is
madness in the family?

45 (Aloud) Yes, I see something
that looks like a tarbarrel,
but what has that tarbarrel
to do with my offence?

Claire.
Nothing, but it has everything
to do with mine. (Abruptly)
Will you oblige me with a match?

Capt.
(Amazed – aside.) Ah – there’s no
doubt about it – poor thing – so
lovely and so afflicted. I feel
55 even more tenderly toward her
than before. (aloud) A match – certainly.

Claire.
If I should ask you to set
fire to that pile of brush, would
you do it?  

Capt.

60 With pleasure.

Claire, (half aside)

He would, he would, he’d do anything.

Capt.

(Aside) It’s the moon that affects her.

That infernal moon. I wish

I had an umbrella.

Claire.

65 (Suddenly faces him) Captain

Molineaux, my brother has es-

caped from the prison guarded

by your men. (Capt starts and
drops cigar.) I have been

70 a decoy and lured you here

to prevent your giving orders

for his capture. Now do you

understand my conduct? Now

do you understand why this

75 has been like a prison to me?

Why every kind and gentle

word from your manly heart

has been like a knife in mine?
Capt.
(Bitterly) Miss Ffolliot. I thought
80 you were mad. I fear that it
is I that have been so.

Claire.
It is not too late to redeem
your professional honor. Return
to your duty, I have not the
85 means of lighting that signal,
and my brother will be recap-
tured, but the blood that re-
volts in my heart at my pro-
ceedings is the same that beats
90 in his. He would scorn a
duplicity. liberty purchased by
my duplicity, and your in-
fatuations. There lies your
road. Good night. (Exit R
weeping)

Capt.
95 So I have been her dupe. No,
she was not laughing at me.
Now see where she has thrown
herself upon on the ground – I can
hear her sob. (Irresolutely)
100 but my duty. I must return.
There again – oh what a
woman that was. (hesitates)
(then suddenly) Oh I cant
let her lie there. (Exit R)

2D
Scene 8th
Ruins of St. Bridget’s Abbey.
(Ruined Abbey occupies L half of
stage. Raking piece from 1st
to 3d Grooves, about 6 feet high
painted to look like stone.
Shrine LUE. Ruined wall of
Abbey up & down stage C. Low
wall Xs from it to R 2 or 3d Ent. about
2½ feet high supposed to look
down on beach below. Red
Fire for Tarbarrel near flies
R.U.E. to light at cue.)
(Arte discovered at Shrine L.
(Moya at Wall LC. looking down)
Arte. (coming down)
1 How lonely it is – I was afraid
to come here. (looks down cliff.) What’s that moving on the sand? Is it a goat?

Moya.

5 It’s a man. It must be the master.

Arte.

See – see – he’s coming toward the cliff.

Moya.

I’ll give him the office.
(Sings) “Saviourneew Dheelish”
(Duff, Monaghan and Riley enter stealthily L.I.E. Monaghan and Riley have sure fire guns – they steal towards the girls.)

Duff.

(Aside to them) This is the trap, and there’s the bait. That’s Arte O’Neil an that’s Moya that’s with her.

Arte.

He is pursued – see they gain on him.
Moya.
No miss, he’s thrown them off the scent.

Arte.
He gains the Cliff on the other side. Oh fly, Robert, fly! (Turns and is caught by Monaghan who forces her on rock L. Duff grabs Moya. Both women scream.)

Arte.
15 What does this mean? Do you know who I am?

Duff.
Yes – you’re the sweetheart of the man we want to ketch. (Struggles with Moya – yells)
By the powers – she’s bitin’ me.

Kinchela.
20 (Enters hurriedly) We’ve lost his track!

Duff.
Yes – but we’ve found it again, for here he comes!
(Enter Conn L.IE in Robt’s disguise. Runs up rocks. Riley fires. Conn staggers back 3 or 4 steps.) That winged him. (Conn starts up again.) Monaghan, fire now – why the divil don’t you fire! (Monaghan fires. Conn falls and rolls down to foot of rocks. Tarbarrel blazes up.)

Kinchela.
What the devil have you done?
Look, you fool – you’ve given the signal. Look at the tarbarrel – see a man gets into the boat.
30 It’s Robert Ffolliott escaped!
Damnation!

Duff.
Well, if that is Robert Ffolliott, I’d like to know who the divil is this? (Conn throws coat away from face and raises himself on elbow – shakes fist at Duff – falls back – Moya Xs to him & kneels at his head.) (Act Drop.)
Scene 1st.
Exterior of Mrs. O’Kelly’s Cabin
Enter Claire & Father D. Lie.

Claire.
1 Patience! What’s the good of saying Patience! Arte and Moya disappeared and poor Conn murdered.

Father D.
5 (Knocking at cabin door) Mrs. O’Kelly, it is I, Father Dolan.

Mrs. O’K.
(Enters Lie.) Oh, blessin on yer riverence for coming this blessed day to me.

Father D.
This is a sad business Mrs. O’Kelly.
10 Have you heard why poor Conn was shot?
Mrs. O’K.
Twas because he had a fine
suit of clothes on.

Claire.
No – he was killed in aiding
my brother to escape.

Mrs. O’K.
15 Oh no Miss – och hone – och hone.

Claire.
Did they bring him home insensible?

Mrs. O’K.
No Miss, they brought him home
on a shutter, and there he lies,
an Tatters beside him and
the creature wont let a hand
go near his body – oh dear –
och cushla – (etc)

(Enter Capt L. Claire turns on him)

Mrs. O’K.
Oh dont blame the Captain – it
was the police an not the sol-
diers who did it, an he was
in my cabin before daylight
this morning, an niver spoke a
word but put 5 golden pounds into my hands.

(Capt. nudges her.) And praise be to him, my boy’ll have the finest wake in the county.

I’ve bespoke Nancy Malone and Biddy Madigan an six of the Kellys to carry him out as grand as a member of parliament. Oh my boy, it’ll be a proud day for you, but your poor old mother will be left all alone in her cabin while yourself is going to glory.

Och hone! och hone! (Exit L.)

Capt.

(L. astounded.) In the name of Bedlam, does she propose to give a dance or a supper party in honor of this melancholy occasion?

Claire. ((c.))

Why no – they are only going to wake poor Conn.
Father D. ((R.))
Yes, your 5 pounds will be spent in whiskey, & tobacco, 50 and pipes, and cakes – which is consoling meat and drink for the poor.

Capt.
Really, you Irish, mix –

Claire.
(Interrupting.) Never mind what we mix – my cousin 55 has dissappeared! What have you done about it?

Capt.
Well, I have been thinking –

Claire.
(Breaks in) Thinking! What’s the good of thinking! Two 60 young girls have been carried off – the country is full of soldiers and policemen, and yet they are carried off and murdered perhaps under your 65 very noses, and then you stand thinking.
Capt.
Wait a minute. You Irish –
Claire.
And I wont be called “You Irish”.
Capt.
Beg pardon – you are so in-
petuous – you make me nervous.
Claire.
70 Oh I do – do I. My impetuosity
didnt make you so nervous
last night – did it?
Capt.
(Smiles) No – no.
Claire.
No – I thought not – well, you
75 were thinking. “A penny for
your thoughts.”
Capt.
Well, I’ve been thinking that
if Miss O’Neil and Miss
Moya were in the ruins at
the time poor Conn was shot,
80 they must have been carried
off by those who murdered the
poor lad in order to remove all trace of their crime.

Claire.

Well. (Eagerly)

Capt.

85 Well, I’ve questioned the police and I find they had no hand in it. The pursuit was conducted by a police agent of fellows lead by a police agent named Harvey Duff.

Claire.

Harvey Duff! (to Father D) He’s thought it all out, while we blinded by our tears couldn’t see, and deafened by our complaints couldn’t hear.

(Pityingly) Oh, poor fellow! (Xs to Capt. takes hands – shakes them heartily) Oh, forgive me!

Capt.

There she goes again. I’ve done nothing to deserve all this.

Claire.

100 Nothing? You’ve unearthed
the fox – you’ve drawn the Badger. Now our coast is clear.

Capt.
I must confess I don’t see it.

Father D.
But Arte and Moya were the only ones in the ruins at the time they disappeared. There was no one else present when poor Conn was shot.

Conn.
(Opens cabin window – puts out his head.) Yes, I was there.

Omnes.
110 Conn alive! (General astonishment)

Conn.
Oh, no, – if you plase I’m dead.

Father D.
(Angry) Is it thus you play upon our feelings. (Softened) Are you hurt much?

Conn.
115 Oh no, sir – I got a scratch
under my leg, and a scratch
under the small of my back.

Capt.
But tell me my brave fellow,
how did you escape?

Conn.
120 Now, I'll tell you. (laughing)
They say dead men tell no
tales and here am I taking
away the character of the
Corporation. Well, ye see,
125 after them two shots were
fired, for fear they'd mur-
der me outright, I rolled
down an laid as still as a
stack pertaties. Sure if
130 I hadn't drawn them two
shots, Miss Claire, they
never would have got the
signal.

Father D.
But were Arte and Moya
in the ruins?

Conn.
135 To be sure they were, sir,
and crying “Blue Murder”
all the while. “Stop their
mouths” said a voice, I
knew to be Kinchela’s –
140 and thin Monaghan an
Riley whipped them on to
an outside cart that was
handy by and rolled them
off – and thin – and thin –
145 (pause) Well, I dont think
I remember much after
that, until I found my-
self stretched out inside here, -
on a shutter, an all around
150 me was whiskey bottles
an cake and tobacco and
snuff an candles and
the divil an all. Oh, I
thought I was in Heaven.

Father D.

155 And your poor mother – you
let her believe you dead – you
didn’t relieve her feelings.

Conn.

Would you have me spoil a
wake after inviting all the neighbors? Besides sir, I want to be dead. I was afraid the police would be after me for the hand I had in the master’s escape, and I want to be dead if it’s only to hunt out thim villains who carried off Miss O’Neil and Moya.

Father D. Kinchela is in league with a desperate crew, half ruffians, half smugglers. They hide in caves known only to themselves.

Capt. (To Conn) Do you know the places where these fellows resort?

Conn. Oh, I’m consated I do, sir.

Father D. 175 Oh I’ll answer for him – he knows every disreputable den in the country.
Conn.
And what you do now if I
didnt?
(Claire & Capt. laugh at Father.)
Claire.
(Looks L) Conn – here comes
180 your mother with the mourners.
Conn.
The old woman coming back –
she’ll find some of the whiskey
gone. (Retires – closes shutters.)
Capt. (L.)
Well, I’ll go at once and see
Kinchela and confront him
185 with the evidence.
Claire (R.)
Oh you dont know him.
Capt.
I think I do, but he dont
know me.
Claire.
(Xs to him eagerly) What –
will you fight him?
Capt.
Oh no. I looked in his
190 eyes – there’s no fight there. You see men who bully women have the courage of the cur. There’s no pluck in them.

195 No, I’ll take a file of men and arrest him for aiding your brother to escape, that he might murder him afterward.

Father D.

200 But who can prove it?

Robert.

(Enters L.) I can.

(Claire runs to him – they embrace – he Xs to Father and shakes hands.)

Claire.

My dear – dear brother.

Father D.

((R.)) What brings you here?

Robert.

((R.C)) The news I heard on board the schooner. The
Queen has granted a free pardon to all Fenian prisoners.

Capt.

(Xing C.) I congratulate you, sir.

Shake--by -- (Suddenly) Ex --

210 cuse my swearing.

Claire.

(((L)) (Stops him) Oh, no.

Capt.

(((L.C)) By Jove!

Claire.

Oh!

Capt.

Kinchela knew of this pardon all the time. I'll go to Ballyragget House at once.

((going L))

Robt.

(((R.C)) I have just come from there. I went to tax him with his villainy but he has fled. ((Capt. turns))

Claire.

(((L.C)) Then Arte is in his power.
Robt.
What – Arte in his power?

Claire.
Yes – he loves her and has carried her off.

Robt.
225 My wife and my fortune.
Oh he has played a deep game.

Capt.
And finding he couldn’t win,
stole half the stakes.

Robt.
I’ll unearth him wherever
230 he is. I’ll hunt him with every honest lad in Sligo in the pack, and when we find him, kill him like a rat.

Capt.
Well, I’ll go and get a warrant
235 for his arrest. I like to have the law on my side. If we are going to hunt, let’s have a license. Where can I find you?
Father D.
At my house.

(Robert offers arm to Claire – She declines.)

Claire.

240 Never mind me – offer your arm to Father Dolan.

(Robert does so.)

Father D.
Praise be to Heaven – free and home once more.

Robt.
No – not free until Arte is.

(Exeunt Robt. & Father D. – R.)

(Capt. Xs to Claire who stands R.C)

Claire.

245 What is your Christian name? Or don’t “you English” have such names about you?

Capt.
Yes – my Christian name is Harry.

Claire.

(Sighs) Harry. – (Sighs) Harry –
250 Harry! – (Suddenly throws her arms around his neck and kisses him, then recollecting herself, runs off R. in confusion exclaiming,) what Oh what have I done? (Capt. at first astonished and bewildered – then draws a long breath and smiles, evidently pleased & happy.) (He walks rapidly off R. whistling.)

Change Scene to Waterfall (?) (Enter L. Mrs. O’Kelly. Biddy Madigan - & Nancy Malone weeping)

Mrs. O’K.

Oh – och hone but it’s a sad house.

Nancy.

We’ve come to share the sorrow that’s in it.

Bridget.

Kape up your heart, darling,

255 don’t give way. (Exeunt into Cabin.)

Mrs. O’Kelly speaks outside
Enter Male and Female peasants enter and exit into cabin – last of all, is Riley, who is forcing on Sullivan.)

Scene 2nd.
Interior of Mrs. O’Kelly’s Cabin.
Door in R.F. Window in L.
Practical door L.U.E. Conn
is laid out on a trestle L.
covered with an old blanket.
Table R. with candles about room. Whiskey bottles and plates of snuff – drinking cups on table. Axe and poker at fireplace R.2.E.
Bridget seated at Conn’s head. Mrs. O’Kelly by table.
Nancy on stool at foot of table. Rest group round table and on L. of Conn.)
Chorus at opening.

1 “Why did he die?
   Why did he die?
   To lave me alone oolaghaun!”

   Bridget.
   (After Chorus.) Och hone!
5 Och hone! The widdy
   had a son – an only son –
   wail for the widdy.

   Chorus.
   “Why did he die?
   Why did he die?”

   Bridget.
10 I knew the widdy when
   she was a young girl –
   I knew her when she
   had a child by her side.
   He was as bould as a bull
15 calf that runs at the side
   of a cow.

   Chorus.
   To lave us alone – oolaghaun!
Bridget.
The woman grew wakè as
the boy grew strong, for she
20 fed him wid her heart’s blood.
Och hone – where is he now?
Could in his bed – och hone –
oolaghaun – why did ye ye die!

Chorus.
“Make his grave both wide and deep.

25 Oolaghaun – oolaghaun!
Oh – why did he die?

Nancy Malone.
He was brave – he was strong.
He had the heart of a lion
and the legs of a fox – his
voice was softer than the
cuckoo of an evening and
sweeter than the blackbird
after a summer shower. Wail
ye colleens – yez will never
35 hear the voice of Conn again.

(Enter girl with jug of punch.
All gather round table)
Bridget.
Oh good luck to you, give me a glass of punch. 
(Andy Donavan gives her a pitcher.) None was like him – none could compare. (Drinks.)

Conn.
40 (Aside) Well – it’s a mighty pleasant thing to die like this and hear all the good things that are said about you after you are dead.

Bridget.
45 His name will be the pride of the O’Kellys. (Puts pitcher near Conn’s head.)

Conn.
Well – I was the biggest blackguard when I was alive.

Bridget.
He was beautiful.

Conn.
50 (Aside) Oh – go on now. (Drinks
her punch.)

**Bridget.**

He was all you could desire. (Lifts pitcher to her lips and finds it empty – looks around angrily.) Who the Divil’s been at my punch!

**Mrs. O’K.**

(Comes down c.) Yez all despise the occasion if yez lave as much liquor as will swim a fly. Mrs. Malone – you’re not ating?

**Nancy Malone.**

No ma’am – I’ve dranked. I drunk now and agin by way of variety.

**Mrs. O’K.**

Mr. O’Donovan – there’s a hole under your nose. I’d be plased to see it stopped wid a bottle.

(Riley hands Mrs. O’K. a glass.)
Riley.
65 Drink that an' yer spirits
will rise on top o' the noggins.
(Knock D.F.)
(Capt enters – down C. all salute)
Capt.
I beg your pardon friends –
I do not come to disturb
this melancholy festival.
70 I mean, this festive solemnity.
Mrs. O’K.
Oh Heaven bless your honor
for coming to see the last of
him. There he is. Isn’t he beautiful?
Capt.
(Suppressing laugh.) Yes – quite
lovely. (Conn winks at him)
75 (Aside) Why the rascal is actually
actually winking at me. I
feel inclined to kick that
keg from under him.
Mrs. O’K.
Now he’ll be put to bed wid
80 a shovel and the song was
never sung that will
wake him.

Capt.
Well, if any words will
put life into him, I’ve
come here to speak them.

85 Robert Ffolliott has re-
turned home a free man.

Omnès.
Hurrah!

Capt.
But his home is desolate.
The man who robbed
90 him, first of his fortune,
has now carried off his
bride.

Omnès.
Who is it?

Capt.
Mr. Corry Kinchela. Moya
too is missing.

Omnès.

95 Moya Dolan?

Capt.
Yes – niece of your minister
and sweetheart of Conn, has been carried off by a police agent named Harvey Duff.

Omnès.

100 Harvey Duff?
(All get sticks and brandish them. Mrs. O’Kelly gets poker. Donovan sharpening scythe blade on whetstone in corner. R.)

Bridget.
Harvey Duff sent my only boy across the sea.

Donovan.
I’ve a long reckoning agin him but I’ve kept it warm here. (hand to breast.)

Mrs. O’K.
105 (Xs to Conn) I’ve a short one – here it is.

Omnès.
Where is he?
Capt.
We must find him – my men will aid you in the search, but you who are familiar with the rocks must guide them. Robert Ffolliott will meet you at Suilabeg, and lead the hunt – that is, when you have paid your melancholy respects to the Shaughraun.

Mrs. O’K.
You couldn’t plase him better than to go now and bring back word that you’ve found Miss O’Neil and Moya and he’ll go under the sod wid a light heart.

(Exuent all shouting R.U.E) except Sullivan, Riley and Capt. – Captain puts pinch snuff on Conn’s nose. – Conn sneezes. – Riley & Sullivan
turn – Capt. wipes his
own nose, and exit. – When
he is off – Riley brings
Sullivan down.)

Riley.

Sullivan!

Sullivan.

Yes.

Riley.

125 We must go and warn
Kinchela at once.

(Conn rises – locks D.F.
pockets key – Xs and
stands by table R. un-
perceived by them.)

Sullivan.

Where’ll I find him?

Riley.

At the Coot’s Nest. The
lugger came in last night.

130 Tell him to go aboard and
take the women with him.
He must run for his life.
Sullivan.
Yes, and for ours too. If he’s caught, we’re in for it.

Riley.

135 I feel the rope around my neck now.

Sullivan.
The other end is choking me.

Riley.
So at once then and I’ll go warn Harvey Duff.
(Both turn to go up – see Conn – start back affrighted.)

Both.
Murther! Alive?

Conn.

140 (Coolly.) That’s exactly what I am – “Murther alive” – and it’s a murder you and your gang will be hung for one of these days.
(They run to D.F. and try it.)

145 It’s no use my boys, you’re in a fine trap. There’s the key! (Holds it up.)
(They whisper together – then pick up knives from table and come down R. & L. of Conn.)

Riley.
You forget bould boy that you’re dead.

Sullivan.
If we made a mistake last night we can repair it now.

Riley.
150 Yes an we’ll stretch you out quite comfortable like and no one will be the wiser.

Conn.
Och Murther – what’ll I do.
(As they come for him – he throws glass liquor in Sullivan’s face – then jumps over table and throws snuff in Riley’s face – then runs for window – they drag him back.)

Sullivan.
(Over Conn, who is on his back on stage C.) Riley,
shut the window and I’ll do
for him. (Is about to stab Conn,
who puts up his foot and stops
him. At the same moment Riley
is at window. Capt. appears –
strikes him in face – Riley
staggers back.)

Capt.

155 Drop those knives! (pause.)
(Repeats fiercely.) Drop those knives.
Did you hear what I said?
(They obey.) Now open the door.

Conn.

There’s the key.
(Riley snatches it – opens door –
tries to escape – Capt. covers him
with horsepistol.)

Capt.

160 If you put your head out of
that door, I’ll put a bullet in it.
(Enters D.F.) (Riley goes R. corner.)

Conn.

(To Sullivan.) Here – help me up.
The hangman will do as much
for you some day. (S. helps him
up.)
Capt.
165 (R.C.) Who are those men?

Conn.  
(L.C.) Oh – they are a couple of Kinchela’s chickens – they know the road we want to travel.

Capt.  
Here. (Gives Conn a pistol) Do you know how to use it?

Conn.  
(Cocks it – covers Sullivan L.) I’ll try!

Capt.  
(To Riley R.) Now my friend. (Draws sword.) Put your hands in your pockets. (Riley hesitates.) Did you hear what I said – put your hands in your pockets. (obeys.) Now take me straight to where your employer Mr. Kinchela can be found, and if, on the road, you stir, or slip out of the way, or take your hands out of your pockets, upon my
honor as an officer and a gentleman, I’ll cut you down.

(Exit Riley D.F. followed by Capt. Conn.

(To Sullivan) Attention! Put your

185 hand in my pocket – are you going to? Be lively about that now! Now take me straight to where you’ve got Moya Dolan. Shut up – and if you take your hand out of my pocket – or stir one peg out of the way, by the pipers that played before Julius Caesar, I’ll save the county six feet of rope – Forward! (Exeunt D.F.)

Scene 3d.
The “Shanty” in 1st Grooves.
Boxes & Barrels painted on flat. Door L. Flat practical.

Arte. (Enters L. with Moya.)

1 I wonder how long Kinchela intends to keep us prisoners, Moya?
Moya.
I don’t care what becomes
of me. I wish they’d kill
5 me as they did poor Conn.
I’ve nothing to live for now.

Arte.
I have. I live to bring
Kinchela to the Dock where
he has brought my Robert.
10 I live to take the mask from
him and punish him for his
perfidy.

Moya.
If I could only set my
fingers on the face of Harvey
Duff and see him go up a
15 ladder never to come down.

Kinchela.
(Entering L.) Good morning, ladies.
Miss O’Neil, you keep a stiff
upper lip. You are scornful
now as usual, but you’ll get
20 over that in two or three
months.
Arte.
Surely you do not dream of
keeping us two or three months.
There’s not a road in the County
Sligo but what’ll be turned over
25 in search of us.

Kinchela.
((L)) Before tomorrow morning
you and I will be on our way
to a delightful retirement where
we can pass our honeymoon together.

Moya.
30 ((C.)) And what’s to become of me?

Duff.
(Enters L.) I’ll take care of you.
All aboard, ladies – the wind is
fair and the tide serves. (aside
to Kinchela) Robert Ffolliott has
35 received his pardon.

Kinchela.
Then take them on board at
once.
(Enter Doyle and Monaghan R.
They seize Arte and Moya.)
Arte (struggling.)
Oh, Mr. Kinchela, do not
subject us to this outrage.
I’ll give you my word, that
40 I’ll never bear witness against
you.

Duff.
You’re too late. Away wid ‘em!
(Doyle forces Arte off R.
Moya breaks from Monaghan
and slaps his face – in doing
so, she drops her cloak.)

Moya.
Hands off! I’ll go aisy!
(Exeunt Moya & Monaghan R.)

Duff.
We must lose no time – sure
I heard the noise an shouts
45 of the people as they search every
hole and corner in the rocks
above.

Kinchela.
We’re safe here – no one knows
the place but our men.
Duff.
And Conn the Shaughraun.

Kinchela.
50 Well, he’s wiped out.

Duff.
Then I am safe.

Kinchela.
Well, go and keep watch on
the rocks above – we’ll be off soon.

Duff.
I will, but I’ll be uneasy in
55 my mind until I am well
out of this place. (Exit R.)

Kinchela.
Oh Mr. Robert Ffolliott, the
game is in my hands now. You
may recover your fortune
60 but you can’t recover your
wife. She hates me I know,
but I warrant she’ll get over
that. (Exit R.)
(Enter D.L. flat Conn & Sullivan.
Sullivan still has his
Hands in Conn’s pocket.)
Conn.
There’s no one here – sure
sure ye told me this was the
65 place I’d find them. Were ye
desavin me? (Threatens with pistol)
Sullivan.
(Terrified) No – no! What’s that?
(Points at Moya’s cloak) (as Conn
goes to pick it up – Sullivan exit L.)
Conn.
Oh murther – he’s slipped out
of me pocket – what’ll I do
now? He’ll be bringing the
70 whole gang down on top of me.
What’s that. A woman’s cry for
help! It’s Miss Arte O’Neil’s
voice. If I go out there’ll be
twenty to one against me.
75 No matter, if there’s going to
be a fight, I’ll make it
lively for some of them.
(Exit R.)
Scene 4th.
The Coot’s Nest in 5th Grooves.
Supposed to be on Cliff.
Rockpiece about 3 feet run
painted like rocks to reach
up to flat from C. of stage.
Top rounds of ladder visible
above rocks – ladder runs down
trap and is used to give idea of
climbing up from bottom of
ledge. Top masts of schooner
visible in distance. Boxes –
Barrels – etc. about stage. Large
Hogshead practical R.C. with
Bung hole in C.)

Duff.
(Enters hurriedly L. Xs to R.

1 nervously.) Hurry Kinchela,
hurry. (Kinchela follows L)
I was upon the Cliff, where
I could see the people and
heard the cries and standing

5 on the spot I saw –
Kinchela.
((L)) Who?
Duff.
Conn the Shaughraun.
Kinchela.
Bah! Nonsense! You’re mad with fright.
Duff.
Egad so would you be, if you saw the dead man as plain as I did.
Kinchela.
Well – go and keep watch till I get the women aboard.
Duff.
(As he exits looking around) I’ll take my oath I saw him on this spot. (Exit R.)
(Enter Moya & Monaghan (L))
Moya.
15 What’s to be done wid me now?
Kinchela.
We’ll go aboard of that vessel ye see down there.
Moya.
An how’ll I get down unless
I was fly or a sea gull?

Kinchela.
20 You’ll go down that ladder
till you reach the ledge – and
then you’ll be let down in a
basket as handy as a bucket
in a well.

Moya.
25 And suppose I don’t choose
to go?

Kinchela.
Then you’ll be made. (Seizes
her.) Monaghan, get me
a rope. (Exit Monaghan L 2 E)
(Kinchela struggles up with
Moya – as he comes opposite
hogshead – a shot is fired
through bunghole. Kinchela
staggers and falls against
rocks. Conn, who is in
hogshead lifts it up and
puts it over Moya – hiding
her.)
(Enter Arte – Doyle & Monaghan (L))

Monaghan.
Who fired that shot? Where’s Moya?

Arte.
(Sees Kinchela) Brave girl – she has avenged us.

Doyle.
30 She has killed him and escaped.

(Arte goes up platforms by ladder.)

Monaghan.
There’s no time to be lost – we must go on board.

Doyle.
Must we leave him here?

Monaghan.
We cant carry him down the ladder.

Doyle.
35 Then every one for themselves and the devil take the hindermost.
Arte
(At ladder.) Stop! I have been your prisoner, now you are mine! (Throws the ladder down). (They look at each other – then run off’)
L 2 E. Conn puts his head out of top of hogshead.)

Arte. (coming down.)

40 Conn! – where’s Moya?

Conn.
She’s inside, Miss. (Lifts up hogshead.) Lie down a bit Miss – here comes the flower of the flock.

Duff.
(Enters hurriedly R. pale and frightened) Kinchela! Kinchela! Corry! Corry! They’re almost Here! (Sees him!) Up man, up I say, are ye drunk or mad? Oh very well – I’m off! (Goes up and staggers back.) The ladder’s gone! What’s
to be done! What does this mean?

Moya.

(Coming down R. of him) It means that the wind has changed & the tide dont serve.

Arte.

(L of him.) It means that you and he are going to a delightful retirement where you will pass your honeymoon together.

(Duff looks from one to other in terror.) Conn comes behind him – he turns and sees Conn.)

Duff.

Conn!

Conn.

((R.C.) Yes – Conn!

Duff.

((L.C.) (In despair) Thin the murther is out!

Conn.

Yes and you’re in for it.
Duff.
(In agony and fear) Oh what’ll I do?

Conn.
Say your prayers if you know any. Do you hear those shouts? That’s the people. They’re on your track Harvey Duff.

Duff.
(On knees to Arte L.) Oh save me Miss – save me – they will tear me to pieces if they catch me.

Conn.
(Xs and catches his wrist)
70 Look up there! (Points R.) Do you see that old woman leading them? That’s Bridget Madigan whose son’s life you swore away! Look up!

Duff.
75 No – no – Conn.
(Conn Xs to R.)
Conn.
That’s Andy Donovan with the shovel.

Duff.
(Crawls to him.) Oh Conn – pity me. (seizes his arm.)

Conn.
Pity you! Did you pity them by whose side you knelt at the altar? Whose salt you ate but whose blood you drank? Look up! There’s death coming down to ye from up there – now look down – there’s death waiting for ye – now – take your choice. (Chord.)

(Enter R. peasants and police. Peasants rush at Duff who runs up and jumps over precipice.)
(Enter R. Claire, Robert, & Father D.)
(Enter L at same time, Capt. Molineaux and file of men under Sergeant)
Jones, with Riley, Doyle, Sullivan
And Monaghan.)
(Capt Xs to Claire.
Robert Xs to Arte.
Soldiers range up & down L.
Policemen crowded R.
Father Dolan R.C.
Conn & Moya R.C.)
Claire.
Have the villains escaped?
Capt.
I fear they have. I bagged
a few of the small ones.
Conn.
90 If you please sir, I potted
the cock bird.
(Kinchela groans.)
Father D.
Why he’s not dead. (Conn
takes pocket flask out of his
pocket – hands to Dolan who
is examining Kinchela.) This
pocket book has saved his
life. (Examines it.)
(Kinchela rises – looks about.)
Kinchela.
(Faintly) Where am I?
Capt.
You’re in custody for attempting
95 the life of that gentleman.
Kinchela.
He was a felon and escaping
from justice.
Father D.
He was a free man and you
knew it as this letter proves.
(Holds it up. Peasants rush at
Kinchela. Father interposes.
Kinchela rushes to police
for protection who level
their muskets at peasants.)
Father D.
(To Crowd.) Stand back I say.
100 Stand back – must I speak
twice?
Capt.
(To Police) Take him away.
Kinchela.
Yes – or the divils wont give you a chance. (to police.)
(Police exeunt with Kinchela R.)

Mrs. O’K.
(Outside) Where is my vagabond?
Conn.

105 The old mother coming – hide me!
(Enter Mrs. O’Kelly R. 2. E.)
(Father D. brings her Conn to her, by ear.)

Mrs. O’K.
(Embracing him) Oho, Conn my darlin’ – (changing tone and beating him) Oh, you vagabond!

Conn.
Aisy mother an I’ll niver be kilt any more.

Arte.

110 If he hadn’t been killed, he never could have saved us.

Mrs. O’K.
But after making me
spend all the money for the wake.

Capt.
Well, suppose we turn the ceremony into a wedding, and I don't see as you Irish make much difference.

Claire.
And in England I believe the wedding is sometimes the more melancholy occasion.

Capt.
Will you try it?

Robt.
He has earned you Claire. I give you my consent.

Arte.
But how about Conn. Father Dolan will you never give him his.

Father D.
Conn come here. Will you reform?

Conn.
I dunno what that is, but I will. Moya’ll go bail that
that I will, sir.

**Moya.**

I’ll go bail—I warrant sir.

**Father D.**

130 And the drink?

**Moya.**

I’ll take care there’s no hole in the thimble sir.

**Father D.**

No – no – I can’t trust you. You deceived me so often. Can

135 you find any one here to go bail for you?

**Conn.**

(Looks about.) Divil a man, sir. (Moya whispers to him.) I don’t like it—I don’t think they would.

**Moya.**

140 Try.

**Conn.**

(To audience) Do you know what she said? She said you’d go bail for me.
Moya.
I didn’t. I didn’t.

Conn.
145 Yes, she did – yes she did.
Oh do now – she. Sure, you’re the best and only friends I ever had. You’ve overlooked so many of my faults so often. Won’t you be blind to a few more of them this night, and hold out your hands once more in kindness to the poor “Shaughraun”.

(Shouts.)

(Curtain)
See Diagrams next page