

The Reluctant Émigré

A full-length play

for women

by

Tony Breeze

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THE RELUCTANT EMIGRE

DEDICATIONS

Dedicated to Dr Sachin Jadhav,
and all his colleagues at the
Nottingham University Hospital Cardiac Centre
without whose clinical expertise I would have
been struggling to finish the work.

Also dedicated to the novelist Si n Rees
whose book “The Floating Brothel” was
the original inspiration for the play
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NB: Though the plot is fictitious, it is based on
an event in 1789 when “The Lady Juliana”
carried two hundred and thirty-seven
women prisoners from England to
Botany Bay in Australia

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A fee will be charged for this licence which must be paid prior to the first performance otherwise the licence is automatically cancelled and the performance becomes illegal.

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CHARACTERS

(Unless otherwise directed, each actor may use any accent with which they are comfortable in order to add colour to their character)

Miss Goodbody	Tough prison warden, sent to London to escort Sarah Whitlam who is to join a convict ship to New South Wales and then to act as the escort to the others during the voyage.
Sarah Whitlam	Innocent young country woman who has fallen foul of the law after falling in love with a soldier, being left by him in lodgings and later accused of theft by her greedy landlady.
Elizabeth Whitlam	Distraught mother of Sarah who comes to London to see her daughter off before she is transported.
Hannah Smith	Ex law-abiding shop worker who was paid off when the men came back from the war and took her job so was forced to turned to shop-lifting
Mary Bellamy	Ex-maid who was paid off and had to steal a silver spoon from employers to survive
Mariah Marshall	Sullen troublemaker & recidivist, who refuses to kow-tow to authority of any kind (may double later as Liza Kestlewray)
Meg Marchant	Old recidivist who was sentenced for clipping coins and narrowly avoided the death sentence.
Charlotte & Charlene Grey	Juvenile thieves who have known nothing but crime all their short lives (characters may be combined)
Olivia Gascoigne	Foul-mouthed thief and prostitute
Phoebe Moulton	Friend of the above, of similar background
Mrs Barnsley	Well-to-do lady convict with lots of money whose brother is rumoured to be a highwayman.
Liza Kestelwray	Recidivist thief and witness who originally identified Sarah Whitlam (May double as Mariah Marshall)

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ACT 1 - Scene 1 - July 1789 - Loading the Cargo

(Darkness in the auditorium. The audience hears the following male voice coming over the loudspeakers:).

Male Voice “The year of our Lord, seventeen hundred and eighty nine. The several gaols and places for the confinement of felons in this kingdom being in so crowded a state that the greatest danger is to be apprehended, not only from their escape, but from infectious distempers, which may hourly be expected to break out amongst them, that his Majesty, desirous of preventing by every possible means the ill consequences which might happen from either of these causes, has been pleased to signify his royal commands that measures should immediately be pursued for sending out of this kingdom such of the convicts as are under sentence or order of transportation.

(The stage lights slowly begin to rise on a ship in harbour and seagulls are heard)

His Majesty has thought it advisable to fix on Botany Bay, which is situated on the coast of New South Wales, the latitude of about thirty three degrees south, and according to the accounts given by the late Captain Cook, is looked upon as a place likely to answer the above purposes.

(We begin to see the deck and lower hold of the sailing ship slowly emerging from the darkness)

I am, therefore, commanded to signify to your Lordships his Majesty's pleasure that you do forthwith take such measures as may be necessary for providing a proper number of vessels for the conveyance of seven hundred and fifty convicts to Botany Bay, together with such provisions, necessities, and implements for agriculture as may be necessary for their use after their arrival...

(We now hear the sounds water lapping and harbour noises as sailors shout to each other during the loading process. We can see the harbour scene behind (which may be moveable) and a cross-section of the inside of a sailing vessel. Time is allowed for us to take in the scene. There are two tiers to the stage. The upper part is the main deck, which has ropes going up towards the sails and a hatch with a ladder leading down to the deck below (this may be offset if space is limited). On the

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upper deck are various barrels and sacks of food which people will later use as seats and part of the ship's rail curves round towards the audience. The lower deck does not have much headroom and around its sides there are low wooden sleeping benches on which are strewn scruffy Hessian blankets. There is also a metal device fixed in the corner with a handle on a stand – this is the crank. The object of it is that any prisoner in need of punishment is made to turn the handle for several hours grinding up stones until they reach the size of a pea and the turning can be made more difficult by the jailer turning a screw – thus the wardens got their nickname of “screws”).

(A young female prisoner dressed in an ill fitting, coarse, long, brown prison dress and grimy white apron is thrust forward from the wings. She is manacled between the wrists and these are joined by another chain to a stiff metal bar or chain between her ankles. This is the heroine of our story, Sarah Whitlam, who sobs incessantly at her predicament.)

(After the audience has had time to take her in, a hard-faced female prison warden follows her on wearing a dove-coloured, fine woollen dress, with a black-cloth mantle and straw bonnet, trimmed with white ribbons. The latter has a bunch of keys attached to a chain on one side of her belt, a short nightstick on the other and in her hand she carries a list of the prisoners with their offences and past histories)

Goodbody (To prisoner) You can stop all that snivelling ... you know what they say, “If you can’t do the time, don’t do the crime”

Sarah But I didn’t do the crime, Miss Goodbody. How many more times do I have to tell you?

Goodbody Yes, yes. You’ve been telling me every mile of the way since we set off. I’ve heard nothing else. That’s what they all say. If I had a sovereign for every time I’d heard it, I’d be a wealthy woman by now

Sarah (Having trouble with the leg irons) I can’t walk.

Goodbody Of course you can walk, you’ve just got to take smaller steps.

Sarah I can’t. Can’t you take them off now, please? It’s very difficult.

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Goodbody It's supposed to be difficult ... that's what they're there for. We don't want you running off somewhere, now do we? ... I'll tell you what I'll do, you don't look a bad sort so now that we're on board I'll take off the leg irons to make it a bit easier for you - but you've got to promise you won't try any funny business

Sarah I promise

(She unfastens the leg irons)

Goodbody There you go

Sarah Thank you

Goodbody Now you just sit yourself down there for a minute while I get my breath back and have myself a pipe

(Goodbody gets out a white clay pipe, which she lights with a flint on steel and Sarah sits. There is a short pause)

Sarah Do you think she's here yet?

Goodbody Who?

Sarah Mama?

Goodbody Lord knows ... you do keep going on.

Sarah But I've got to see her one last time before ... before ... (she begins to weep again)

Goodbody Don't start all that again ... look, to set your mind at ease I'll cast an eye over the dock to see if I can find her but if she doesn't come soon the others will be here and we'll be on our way.

Sarah Don't say that.

(Goodbody looks over the back of the ship to the quayside for Sarah's mother and Sarah stops her snivelling and begins to pray aloud. She may kneel if she feels so inclined)

Lord, hear your servant in this her hour of need ... help me to get through this adversity ... you know that I am innocent of all that they accuse me of ... you know the truth ... why they are doing this I don't know, but I beg you to make them see the error of their ways and to save

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me from this fate ... I can't bear to think of leaving my native land, my home and family and all that's dear to me to be sent to a hostile place beyond the seas ... please hear me Lord in my hour of need ...

(Enter Sarah's mother in travelling clothes and bonnet, clutching a basket)

Elizabeth Sarah?

Sarah Mama? Is it really you?

(They embrace)

Elizabeth Oh Sarah, my love, I'm so pleased I found you – you've no idea of the trouble I had in getting here.

Sarah Hold me, mama, just hold me tight

(They embrace)

Elizabeth We haven't long – that woman –

Sarah Miss Goodbody?

Elizabeth She said it won't long before the others arrive. She said she's not really supposed to let me see you.

Sarah (Taking her hand) You must tell me all the news from home.

(They sit on barrels) How is dear papa?

Elizabeth I can't tell a lie, Sarah, he's not himself ... ever since this happened he's not been well ... he sits around the house all day just wasting away ... he can't bring himself to think of his own sweet daughter as ... (hesitates) as a fallen woman and a thief

Sarah You must tell him that I might be "fallen," mama, but a thief I'm not.

Elizabeth But that woman in court, the landlady who accused you?

Sarah She was lying, mama – I don't know why, but she was

Elizabeth And the other woman, the one who saw you going into the pawnshop

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- Sarah** They were both lying – you have to believe me, now that they're making us part like this. You, of all people, have to believe me
- Elizabeth** If only I could
- Sarah** How is my little dog, Benjie?
- Elizabeth** Like your papa, he pines for you the whole day long, moping around the house all the time ... the poor animal doesn't know where on earth you've got to. Why did you bring this shame on us, Sarah? You must have known a soldier wouldn't be any good for you ... running away the way with him in the way you did.
- Sarah** He said that he'd come back for me, he promised ... he told me we were to be married and I believed him.
- Elizabeth** You believed a soldier's promise?
- Sarah** I did, Mama ... I'm sorry ... Please try and pray for me
- Elizabeth** How can I, when I can't even go to church without them looking at me and whispering behind their hands ... you don't know what it's been like ... I can't go into a shop without them pointing me out and hearing them talking about you ...
- (Slight pause)
- (Going into her basket) I brought you some things that I thought you might need on the journey ... there's some toilet water, some sweetbreads and a change of clothing ... you will write to me?
- Sarah** Of course, but I don't know if you'll receive them
- Elizabeth** Where is it that they're taking you?
- Sarah** They won't tell us – "Parts beyond the seas" is all they'll say. It's supposed to be some sort of new colony that they're setting up.
- Elizabeth** Are there savages there?
- Sarah** I don't know
- Elizabeth** It's not Africa? Tell me it's not the one in Africa. I've heard such stories about them. They say there are savages there that eat people.

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Sarah I don't know, Mama

Elizabeth You should never have taken up with that soldier; I rue the day you met him ... seven years transportation ... and where will I be in seven years time? Pushing up the daisies no doubt

Sarah Don't say that

Elizabeth Well it's true ... and after seven years, then what? How will you pay for your passage home?

Sarah I don't know.

Elizabeth What on earth's to become of us? You bring up your only daughter the best that you can and this is the reward that you get

(Enter Miss Goodbody)

Goodbody You'll have to be saying your farewells now, missus - the escort's arrived with the rest of them.

Elizabeth Oh dear

Sarah (Taking letter from pocket) I have written this letter to Papa, you must give it to him and tell him not to worry about me. I am still your daughter, mama, and I've done no wrong - of that you must be sure

Goodbody (Nagging) Come on now, missus!

Sarah And one final thing - please tell me that you believe me

Elizabeth I don't know what to believe anymore

Goodbody (To Elizabeth, getting cross) Are you coming or what?

Sarah It's important to me, mama - say it - say that you believe me

Elizabeth (Reluctantly) Very well, "I believe you"

Sarah Thank you - now you must go - God be with you.

Elizabeth And with you, my dear, sweet child

Goodbody (Shouting to other wardens below) All right - you can send 'em up!

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(Sarah and her mother embrace and part, the mother looking back as she goes and by doing so she bumps into two of the scruffy prisoners coming on in leg-irons wearing the same dirty brown uniform as Sarah)

Gascoigne ‘Ere! Watch who you’re shoving!

Moulton You want to watch where you’re going, missus!

(Elizabeth exits looking aggrieved)

Goodbody All right, that’s enough of that! Over there with the pair of you!

(Looking at her list) What’s your names then?

Gascoigne (Churlishly) Gascoigne

Goodbody And you?

Moulton (Equally churlish) Moulton

Goodbody (Finding them on her list) Olivia Gascoigne and Phoebe Moulton – ladies of easy virtue ... (Reading) Offences: “Theft of a cheese” and “Theft of a gentleman’s pocket watch.”

(To prisoners) Sit yourselves down over there next to her!

(They do so, dragging their chains behind them) (They begin pestering Sarah to see what she’s got in her bag)
And keep your thieving hands to yourselves!

(Another prisoner in brown uniform is thrust forward from the wings)

Goodbody Name?

Hannah Smith

Goodbody First name?

Hannah Hannah

(Goodbody finds her on her list and ticks her off)

Goodbody Occupation?

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Hannah I used to work in a draper's shop in Holborn, Maam, but when the men came back from the war they were given our jobs and we got paid off. I tried to look for other work but couldn't find none so I had a choice – either turn to thieving or go on the game.

Goodbody So like a lot of them you chose the thieving ... (Casts a glance towards the other two) I suppose it's one step up at least from these two ... (She reads from her list) Offence: "Tumbling the muslins" – Theft of muslins from a draper's shop ... (To Hannah) Very ironic considering you used to work in one ... You nick them from one shop and sell them further down the lane in the next one, that's right isn't it? (To Hannah who nods) Sit yourself down over there with the others

(Another scruffy prisoner is thrust on – Mary Bellamy who is several months pregnant)

Goodbody Name?

Mary Bellamy

Goodbody First name?

Mary Mary

(Goodbody consults her list)

Goodbody You look in a fine state. What was your occupation?

Mary I was a parlour maid -

Goodbody (Reminding her) Maam!

Mary Maam - to a family of toffs in Marylebone but when the summer came they did what they always do - moved out to the country - they didn't need us no more, so sooner than keep us on their books they turned us off - stands to reason, its cheaper for them – specially since Mr Pitt put the tax on staff over the age of fifteen ... it costs them too much you see and they know they can easily find somebody else when they come back to town in the autumn.

Goodbody And who's the father of the child?

Mary The gentleman of the 'ouse, Maam, but he denied it of course.

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- Goodbody** Of course ... and if there's no work I suppose you had the same choice as Hannah here ... my 'eart bleeds for you ...Offence: "Theft and pawning of a silver spoon from her employers"
- Mary** Well what was I supposed to do? I had to eat, didn't I?
- Goodbody** (To Sarah) Over there with the others.
- Goodbody** (Shouting offstage) Next!
- (Mariah Marshall comes on. Dressed in the same brown uniform, she is equally grimy and has her head down with a surly look as though unwilling to bow to anyone in authority)
- Goodbody** Name?
- Mariah** (Sullenly) Marshall
- Goodbody** First name?
- Mariah** Mariah
- Goodbody** Occupation?
- Mariah** Aint got one
- Goodbody** (Putting her right) "Haven't got one, Maam"
- Mariah** (Sarcastically) Oh, are you looking for work an' all?
- (Laughter from the others)
- Goodbody** A comedienne, eh? Well we'll have to see about that won't we? You and me's going to be together for a long while, young lady, and I'm going to enjoy sorting you out.
- Mariah** Is that right?
- Goodbody** Very right – (reads) "Theft of a gentleman's coat and breeches" – that's an old one
- Mariah** (Falsely innocent) I was just taking them to be repaired, Maam.
- Goodbody** A likely story – over there with the others – I'll be seeing you later

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- Mariah** (Under her breath) That's what you think
- Goodbody** I beg your pardon?
- Mariah** (Innocently) Nothing, Maam
- Goodbody** Next!
- (A scruffy old woman prisoner comes shuffling on, coughing and wheezing, being supported by two equally scruffy young girl prisoners)
- Charlotte** She can't walk, Missus
- Goodbody** I'm sure she can walk well enough when she wants to
- Charlene** She can't - she's been coughing up blood
- Goodbody** (To old woman) Name?
- Meg** (Coughing) Marchant
- Goodbody** Margaret Marchant ... "Meg" to her friends ... sixty-eight years old and never done a straight days work in her life ... Offence: "Clipping coins of the realm" and very lucky to be 'ere by all accounts ... (To Meg) tell them what happened to your co-accused.
- Meg** (To others) They took her out and they burnt her at the stake, that's what they did ... Have you ever seen anybody burn? Eh? Have you ever heard them? They don't 'alf scream. I can still hear her now and smell the stink of her flesh melting. As God's my witness I'll never, never forget it.
- Goodbody** Serves her right – forgery's a capital offence – you both knew that when you decided to make your own money ... you're lucky you pleaded to it and they gave you transportation ... she could've done the same.
- Meg** She said she'd rather die than be shipped abroad ... she thought they'd let her off lightly 'cause they don't usually like topping women ... she never thought they'd do it
- Goodbody** Well she thought wrong, didn't she? – Bit of bad luck, that.
- (To child) So which one are you?

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- Charlotte** Charlotte
- Goodbody** (To other girl) You must be Charlene, then
- Charlene** Yeah
- Goodbody** Yes what?
- Charlene** Yes, maam
- Goodbody** Charlene and Charlotte Grey ... (Reads) Offence: "Running away with a watchman's lantern" ... what on earth did you want with a watchman's lantern?
- Charlotte** They fetch good money, Maam
- Goodbody** So how much did you get for it?
- Charlene** We didn't – when they was chasing us we dropped it and it broke.
- Goodbody** How old are you child?
- Charlotte** Dunno
- Goodbody** Well, you make a good pair ... you stick with her and she'll show you all the tricks of the trade
- Charlotte** (Cheekily) She don't need to – we know most of 'em already!
- Goodbody** I'll bet you do ... (checks her list) We seem to be short of one
- Charlene** She's coming Maam, her ladyship what was in the other side in Newgate ... she's getting somebody to carry her cases
- Goodbody** (Incredulous) She's what?
- (Enter Mrs Barnsley. Although dressed in similar brown prison garb, she is cleaner than the rest, well-spoken and has a stature and aloof manner that shows she isn't the usual type of prisoner)
- Mrs Barnsley** (Speaking to someone offstage) ... And just be careful with the red one
- Goodbody** Where the devil do you think you've been?

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Mrs Barnsley I beg your pardon? Are you talking to me?

Goodbody Yes - I said, "Where've you been?"

Mrs Barnsley (Unflustered) I've been making sure that those knuckleheads of sailors don't do irreparable damage to any of my belongings ... and who might you be?

Goodbody Me? Oh, I'm nobody, I just happen to be the person in charge of you till we get to where we're going.

Mrs Barnsley Do you have a name?

(Titters from the others)

Goodbody Of course I 'ave a name – Emily Goodbody. I presume you must be the renowned Mrs Barnsley?

Mrs Barnsley You presume correctly ... If you're the person in charge here, there are one or two things I wish to raise with you concerning the treatment of my luggage

Goodbody Is that so? Well before you do that I've got to find you on my list and tick you off ... "Elizabeth Barnsley, lady of independent means whose brother is reputed to be the well-known highwayman, Daniel Black" ... Offence: "Receiving stolen goods"

Mrs Barnsley Purely circumstantial evidence

Goodbody Oh yes? (Reads) "Jewellery taken from ladies on the Norwich coach at two in the afternoon was found in her possession at five o'clock the same day" ... that's how circumstantial it was – over there with the rest of them!

Right then, now that we're all here, ladies, let me welcome you to His Majesty's ship Juliana and to begin with I need to lay down some ground rules so we all know where we stand. My name is Miss Goodbody – from now on you will all call me "Maam." Is that clear?

All Yeah

Goodbody Yes what?

All (Begrudgingly) Yes, maam

Goodbody I dislike being here as much as you do, but it seems we've both got to and put up with each other for a

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while. I have the unfortunate task of looking after you till we get to our destination –

Mrs Barnsley Which is where?

Mary Is it the Americas, maam?

Mrs Barnsley They've stopped sending to the Americas.

Hannah It's not Africa? Tell us it's not Africa.

Goodbody You'll find out soon enough – all I can tell you is it's a long way - "parts beyond the seas" is all you need to know – that's what it says on your warrants ... there are some things for me to know and some for you to guess ... consider yourselves lucky – the men on the first convoy were all kept below locked in irons for the whole of the trip but for some reason they want me to look after you as best as I can - God knows why - I've been told that if you've got any complaints it's my job to take them to the government agent who'll be travelling along with us.

Mrs Barnsley I've got one –

Goodbody Not now! ... But don't think you'll be mollycoddled because you won't.

Gascoigne They're looking after us cause we're very precious

Hannah I know why they're looking after us, I'll tell you later.

Goodbody The toilets are back there, they call them "the heads"

Moulton Ooer! The 'eads is in the tail!

(Laughter)

Goodbody But don't expect anything exotic – it's just a hole in a plank of wood hanging over the water

Gascoigne (Cheekily) What if we're doing our business and we drops through, Maam?

Goodbody Then there'll be one less mouth to feed – don't think anybody will turn the ship round for you, you're not that precious... the company gets seventeen pounds, seven shillings and sixpence for each of you – whether you arrive or not, alive or dead ... your boxes will be

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kept in the bilges till we get to the other end ... who's making that awful noise?

Charlotte (Indicating Sarah) It's her Maam, she won't stop snivelling.

Goodbody Just ignore her, she's been doing it the whole day ... the sleeping quarters are down there (indicates hatch) but there isn't much room ... you will be woken at five every morning (General disbelief) Yes, five - and you'll bring your bedding up here for airing ... you will sweep your quarters out every day and you'll wash and dry your clothing at least once a week.

Moulton I don't even do that at 'ome.

Charlotte (Pointing offstage) Is them other ships coming with us, Maam?

Goodbody Yes, Charlotte, we'll be travelling in convoy.

Charlene Why do we 'ave to be shipped beyond the seas in the first place? Why can't we do our time here?

Goodbody Because the man in charge of the colony needs some women – he says if they don't send some soon there's going to be some "gross irregularities."

(Reaction from women)

Charlene What's that mean? "Gross whatsits"? (sic)

(Most of them laugh)

Gascoigne I'll tell you later

Charlotte How many of us are they taking?

Goodbody If my information is correct, in the whole of the convoy there will be three hundred marines and two hundred and twenty-five female n'er-do-wells like yourselves.

Mrs Barnsley If you won't tell us where we're going at least let me bring my globe from the hold so that I can see where we've been

Charlotte 'Er what?

Moulton 'Eer globe – it's one of one of them round things

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Goodbody I know what it is ... I'll see what I can do ... are there any more questions?

(No response. Goodbody positions herself by the hatch)

Right then, come over here one by one and I'll unfasten your leg irons so that you can get down the ladder – but don't try any funny stuff or you'll get some of this (shows the truncheon on her belt).

Gascoigne What about the 'andcuffs, Maam?

Goodbody They stay on till we're well away from land – I'm not that stupid

(One by one they line up to have their ankle-chains removed and go down the ladder to the deck below. There is some ad libbing to fill in. When they are all below, Goodbody begins to pull up the ladder)

Goodbody And I'll move this just in case you get any silly ideas

(Goodbody then lifts up the ladder so that they can't escape and she goes offstage. The benches are six feet square for four people on each. They then begin to argue amongst themselves about who is sleeping where)

Moulton I'm having this one near the winder.

Mrs Barnsley It's not a window – it's a porthole.

Mary I was going to have that one.

Moulton Please yourself.

Charlotte (Looking at Meg) God, what a stink!

Meg Don't look at me, I aint done it

Charlene It ain't me.

Gascoigne And it aint me.

Charlotte What is it then?

Mrs Barnsley It's the bilges

Charlotte What are they when they're at 'ome?

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Mrs Barnsley The place at the bottom of the ship where they keep the ballast - the stones and rubble that keep the ship weighed down and stop it from turning over – it gets mixed with all kinds of rubbish - dead rats, food bones, that kind of thing - that's why it smells so much

Gascoigne I don't know if I can put up with it

Mrs Barnsley You don't have a great deal of choice.

Hannah Its worse than Newgate and that's saying something

Mariah Nothings worse than Newgate – somebody told me they built the place to ‘old seventy and there was at least a ‘undred and fifty of us in there - when they took me along Dead Man’s Walk up to court I came up in front of the beak and it was so bad that they was all sitting there with kerchiefs over their noses – it aint my fault that the place is riddled with the pox, now is it? They treat us as if we was animals.

Gascoigne They shouldn't ‘ave so many jammed in, should they?

Moulton That's right, stands to reason

Mary (Holding up her blanket) Is this all the bedding they're giving us?

Hannah Think yourself lucky you've got that.

Mrs Barnsley (To Moulton) I think you'll find that's my place.

Moulton Who says? It hasn't got your name on.

Mrs Barnsley Go and join your friend over there

Moulton And if I don't? Who's going to make me?

Gascoigne (Interrupting) Don't bother, Phoebe, she's got friends in 'igh places

Moulton (Thinks about it and decides to use discretion) You can ‘ave it, on this occasion, but just remember you're not with your snooty friends now – we're all in the same boat.

Mrs Barnsley How very observant of you.

Mariah (To Sarah) Stop snivelling, woman, and sit yourself down

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(We then hear male voices as commands are barked, the sound of sailors feet running, the anchor being winched up by the windlass, etc)

Charlotte ‘Ere - something’s happening up top!

(They all rush to look up out of the hatch to the rigging above)

Charlene What’s going off?

Gascoigne Action stations by the look of it.

Meg Lawks-a-mercy! Look at them go!

Hannah They’re like a load of flipping monkeys!

Mary They’re unfastening the sails!

(Winching noise)

Mrs Barnsley That’s the anchor coming up!

Hannah It is - they’re casting off – I think we’re moving - we are - we’re definitely moving!

(They rush to the portholes)

Mrs Barnsley Here we go then, ladies, you’d better take a good long look at your beloved City of London – it may be the last time most of you will ever see it.

(As they peer out of the portholes the buildings behind are seen to move and as the lights go down for the end of the scene the final sound we hear is that of Sarah still sobbing plaintively to herself)