Sally

SALLY. I want him turned around!

ELIZABETH. TURN AROUND MR COOMBES.

CHARLOTTE. For God's sakes man, do as you're told!

Reluctantly, COOMBES *turns around again.*

ELIZABETH. Sally. Kitty was only / trying to

SALLY. She tried to touch my tit!

KITTY. Oh for / Christ's sakes.

HELEN. It's only ladies here, dear.

SARAH SMITH. Kitty will not hurt you.

EMMA. Not like a rope round your neck will.

EMMA *laughs.*

SALLY. There is milk, I have seen it, let me out of these bonds, I will show you myself.

CHARLOTTE. You are a criminal. Don't think as how you shall domineer here.

SALLY. Let me out!

ELIZABETH. Sally, we cannot do that.

SALLY. 'Sally, we cannot do that', why fucking not?

CHARLOTTE. We do not have the authority.

HANNAH. Or the key.

CHARLOTTE. Or the key.

Pause. SALLY *sighs.*

SALLY. Warm your hands then.

,

WARM YOUR HANDS I WILL NOT HAVE FRIGID PAWS ON ME

The MATRONS *rub their hands together to warm them up.* SALLY *glances at* COOMBES *to make sure his back is still turned.*

Mr Coombes, I am about to give my privities an airing, but I have my eye on you, and if you make even a quarter-turn towards me I will kick your cock into your kidneys, that's if I can find him.

KITTY *comes forward.*

Not you.

KITTY *makes a sound of exasperation.*

PEG. Quickest if Lizzy does it.

SALLY. Not her neither.

ANN. Mrs Luke is a midwife of many years, Sally.

Start

SALLY. I know that. I know all about Mrs Luke, I smelt her before I come in the room. She is ignorant and her nails are never clean. She does not wash her hands and last year she had Mrs Fry in labour for five days and only a tar-faced little dead thing to show for it at the end.

HELEN. Sally, Mrs Luke has been / kind to you

SALLY. AND she had loose bowels for many days after, from all / the caudle she had her drink

HELEN. there is no reason to speak to her so harshly!

SALLY. and her cunt was ruined shut up Helen what are you even doing here everyone knows you're barren.

HELEN *sits down.*

If I had wealth, I'd follow fashion and have a doctor attend me, a MAN who knows what he's doing, not some village woman, some rabbit-catcher by candlelight, grubby-aproned big-hipped blood-letter going from laying out corpses to lying-in chambers, death still under her fingernails, multiplying, I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU ARE ALL LOOKING AT ME LIKE THAT, I have heard half of you say as much behind her back.

End

ELIZABETH. Sally, I know you are frightened and you are upset / but