

Tommy / SARAH

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~~FEMALE TRANSPORT~~

~~SURGEON. You're bartering with their health!
SARGE. Oh no, sir. It's all in the mind, en it.~~

Scene 8

WINNIE, SARAH, MADGE and PITY are brought back to the cell by TOMMY.

WINNIE. Call that exercise?

TOMMY. Shut yer mouth.

SARAH. Don't talk to 'er like that.

TOMMY. All she does is belly-ache. It ain' my fault they didn't give yer long t'day. There's rough weather comin' up.

SARAH. So?

TOMMY. They wanted yer below. Safe. Out of it.

SARAH. Don't tell us though, do they. Jus' pushin' an' shoutin'.

TOMMY. They didn't wan' a frighten yer.

SARAH. Kids, are we?

TOMMY. Be'ave like it sometimes.

SARAH. Shou'nt be a jailer, should yer.

TOMMY. Thass all I am, is it.

SARAH. No fuckin' lover, I tell yer that much.

TOMMY. Plen'y a choice on this ship, yer know.

SARAH. Only if yer're a jailer.

TOMMY. I work fuckin' 'ard fer you lot, I don' 'ave t' do all I do. I don't get no thanks from the Captain neither.

WINNIE. Mister Bleedin' Wonderful, you are.

TOMMY. Thanks fer the sympathy. *(He goes out.)*

SARAH. We need more'n sympathy!

TOMMY. *(Outside.)* Well, you ain' gettin' no more favors. *(He goes.)*