

A

HARRY BREWER SEES THE DEAD *Harry Brewer's tent. Harry sits, drinking rum, speaking in the different voices of his tormenting ghosts and answering in his own.* p60/61

Harry Duckling! Duckling! *'She's on the beach, Harry, waiting for her young Handy Baker.'* Go away, Handy, go away! *'The dead never go away, Harry. You thought you'd be the only one to dance the buttock ball with your trull, but no one owns a whore's cunt, Harry, you rent.'* I didn't hang you. *'You wanted me dead.'* I didn't. *'You wanted me hanged.'* All right, I wanted you hanged. Go away! (Pause) *'Death is horrible, Mr Brewer, it's dark, there's nothing.'* Thomas Barrett! You were hanged because you stole from the stores. *'I was seventeen, Mr Brewer.'* You lived a very wicked life. *'I didn't.'* That's what you said that morning, 'I have led a very wicked life.' *'I had to say something, Mr Brewer, and make sense of dying. I'd heard the Reverend say we were all wicked, but it was horrible, my body hanging, my tongue sticking out.'* You shouldn't have stolen that food! *'I wanted to live, go back to England, I'd only be twenty-four. I hadn't done it much, not like you.'* Duckling! *'I wish I wasn't dead, Mr Brewer I had plans. I was going to have my farm, drink with friends and feel the strong legs of a girl around me — '* You shouldn't have stolen. *'Didn't you ever steal?'* No! Yes. But that was different. Duckling! *'Why should you be alive after what you've done?'* Duckling! Duckling! **Duckling** rushes on.

B

DUCKLING SMITH MAKES VOWS. p76/77

Night. Harry, ill. Duckling.

Duckling If you live, I will never again punish you with my silence. If you live, I will never again turn away from you. If you live, I will never again imagine another man when you make love to me. If you live, I will never tell you I want to leave you. If you live, I will speak to you. If you live, I will be tender with you. If you live, I will look after you. If you live, I will stay with you. If you live, I will be wet and open to your touch. If you live, I will answer all your questions. If you live, I will look at you. If you live, I will love you.

Pause.

If you die, I will never forgive you.

She leans over him. Listens. Touches. Harry is dead.

I hate you.

No. I love you.

She crouches into a foetal position, cries out.
How could you do this?

C1 DABBY BRYANT (Rough, Devonian) & **MARY BRENHAM** (educated, sweet, a bit shy) THE WOMEN LEARN THEIR LINES. **Dabby Bryant** is sitting on the ground muttering to herself with concentration and counting on her fingers. p29/30.

Dabby If the latitude of Sydney is 43 degrees, 39 minutes south and the north cape is 10 degrees, 37 minutes, that's 33 degrees, 2 minutes due north —

Mary Brenham comes on.

Mary Are you remembering your lines, Dabby?

Dabby What lines? No. I was remembering Devon. I was on my way back to Bigbury Bay.

Mary You promised Lieutenant Clark that you'd learn your lines.

Dabby I want to go back. I want to see a wall of stone. I want to hear the Atlantic breaking into the estuary. I can bring a boat into any harbour, in any weather. I can do it as well as the Governor.

Mary Dabby, what about your lines?

Dabby I'm not spending the rest of my life in this flat, brittle burnt-out country. Oh, give me some English rain.

Mary It rains here.

Dabby It's not the same. I could recognise English rain anywhere. And Devon rain, Mary, Devon rain is the softest in England. As soft as your breasts, as soft as Lieutenant Clark's dimpled cheeks.

Mary Dabby, don't!

Dabby You're wasting time, girl, he's ripe for the plucking. You can always tell with men, they begin to walk sideways. And if you don't —

Mary Don't start. I listened to you once before.

Dabby What would you have done without that lanky sailor drooling over you?

Mary I would have been less of a whore.

Dabby Listen, my darling, you're only a virgin once. You can't go to a man and say, I'm a virgin except for this one

C1 lover I had. After that, it doesn't matter how many men go through you.

Mary I'll never wash the sin away.

Dabby If God didn't want women to be whores he shouldn't have created men who pay for their bodies. While you were with your little sailor there were women in that stinking pit of a hold who had three men on them at once, men with the pox, men with the flux, men biting like dogs.

Mary But if you don't agree to it, then you're not a whore, you're a martyr.

Dabby You have to be a virgin to be a martyr, Mary and you didn't come on that ship a virgin. 'A.H. I love thee to the heart', ha, tattooed way up there —

Dabby begins to lift **Mary**'s skirt to reveal a tattoo high up on the inner thigh. **Mary** leaps away.

D **LIZ MORDEN** (*Londoner*) p53/4

Liz Luck? Don't know the word. Shifts its bob when I comes near. Born under a ha'penny planet I was. Dad's a nibbler, don't want to get crapped. Mum leaves. Five brothers, I'm the only titter. I takes in washing. Then. My own father. Lady's walking down the street, he takes her wiper. She screams, he's shoulder-clapped, says, it's not me, Sir, it's Lizzie, look, she took it. I'm stripped, beaten in the street, everyone watching. That night, I take my dad's cudgel and try to kill him, I prig all his clothes and go to my older brother. He don't want me. Liz, he says, why trine for a make, when you can tap for a winner? I'm no dumber mort, I says. Don't ask you to be a swell mollisher, Sister, men want Miss Laycock, don't look at your mug. So I begin to sell my mother of saints. I think I'm in luck when I meet the swell cove. He's a bob cull: sports a different wiper every day of the week. He says to me, it's not enough to sell your mossy face, Lizzie, it don't bring no shiners no more. Shows me how to spice the swells. So. Swell has me up the wall, flashes a pocket watch, I lifts it.

E **SIDEWAY** (*MALE, a Londoner*) p12

Sideway (*Londoner. Very keen to be in the play*) Top of my profession, Mr Clark, pickpocket, born and bred in Bermondsey. Do you know London, sir, don't you miss it? In these my darkest hours, I remember my happy days in that great city. London Bridge at dawn — hand on cold iron for good luck. Down Cheapside with the market traders — never refuse a mince pie. Into St Paul's churchyard — I do love a good church — and over to Bond Street to begin work. There, I've spotted her, rich, plump, not of the best class, stands in front of the shop, plucking up courage, I pluck her. Time for coffee until five o'clock and the pinnacle, the glory of the day: Drury Lane. The coaches, the actors scuttling, the gentlemen watching, the ladies tittering, the perfumes, the clothes, the handkerchiefs.

He hands Ralph the handkerchief he has just stolen from him.

Here, Mr Clark, you see the skill. Ah, Mr Clark, I beg you, I entreat you, to let me perform on your stage, to let me feel once again the thrill of a play about to begin.

F **CAPTAIN ARTHUR PHILLIP** (*Governor of colony*) *talking to the other officers* p21

Phillip Some of these men will have finished their sentence in a few years. They will become members of society again, and help create a new society in this colony. Should we not encourage them now to think in a free and responsible manner?

The theatre is an expression of civilisation. We belong to a great country which has spawned great playwrights: Shakespeare, Marlowe, Jonson, and even in our own time, Sheridan. The convicts will be speaking a refined, literate language and expressing sentiments of a delicacy they are not used to. I will remind them that there is more to life than crime, punishment. And we, this colony of a few hundred will be watching this together, for a few hours we will no longer be despised prisoners and hated gaolers. We will laugh, we may be moved, we may even think a little. Can you suggest something else that will provide such an evening, Watkin?

G SECOND LIEUTENANT RALPH CLARK RM

(director of the play) p5/6 Ralph's tent. Candlelight. Ralph paces as he waits to kiss his wife's picture on a Sunday at midnight. His mind flits from the Bible to happenings in the camp.

Ralph Dreamt my beloved Betsey that I was with you and that I thought I was going to be arrested.

He looks at his watch.

My darling tender wife I am reading Proverbs waiting till midnight, the Sabbath, that I might kiss your picture as usual.

He takes his Bible and kneels. Looks at his watch.

The Patrols caught three seamen and a boy in the women's camp.

He reads.

'Let thy fountain be blessed: and rejoice with the wife of thy youth.'

Good God what a scene of whoredom is going on there in the women's camp.

He looks at his watch. Gets up. Paces.

Very hot this night.

Captain Shea killed today one of the kangaroos — it is the most curious animal I ever saw.

He looks at his watch.

Almost midnight, my Betsey, the Lord's day —

He reads.

'And behold, there met him a woman with the attire of an harlot, and subtle of heart.

So she caught him, and kissed him with an impudent face.'

Felt ill with the toothache my dear wife my God what pain.

Reads.

'So she caught him and kissed him with an impudent face...'

I have perfumed my bed with myrrh, aloes, cinnamon —

Sarah McCormick was flogged today for calling the doctor a c — midnight —

This being Sunday took your picture out of its prison and kissed it — God bless you my sweet woman.

H1 MAJOR ROBBIE ROSS RM (*Scottish*) Doubles as Ketch
Freeman. p64
Ross Sideway. *Sideway comes up to Ross.*

Take your shirt off. *Sideway obeys.*
Ross turns him and shows his scarred back to the company.

One hundred lashes on the Sirius for answering an officer.
Remember, Sideway? Three hundred lashes for trying to
strike the same officer.
I have seen the white of this animal's bones, his wretched
blood and reeky convict urine have spilled on my boots and
he's feeling modest? Are you feeling modest, Sideway?

He shoves Sideway aside.

Modesty.

Bryant. Here. *Dabby comes forward.*

On all fours. *Dabby goes down on all fours.*

Now wag your tail and bark, and I'll throw you a biscuit.
What? You've forgotten? Isn't that how you begged for your
food on the ship? Wag your tail, Bryant, bark! We'll wait.

H2 KETCH FREEMAN (*Irish*) Doubles as Major Robbie Ross.
Ketch visits Ralph in his tent, late at night. p37

Ketch James, Sir, James, Daniel, Patrick, after my three
uncles. Good men they were too, didn't go to London. If my
mother hadn't brought us to London, may God give peace
to her soul and breathe pity into the hearts of hard women
— because the docks are in London and if I hadn't worked
on the docks, on that day, May 23rd, 1785, do you
remember it, Sir? Shadwell Dock. If only we hadn't left,
then I wouldn't have been there, then nothing would have
happened, I wouldn't have become a coal heaver on
Shadwell Dock and been there on the 23rd of May when we
refused to unload because they were paying us so badly,
Sir. I wasn't even near the sailor who got killed. He shouldn't
have done the unloading, that was wrong of the sailors, but
I didn't kill him, maybe one blow, not to look stupid, you
know, just to show I was with the lads, even if I wasn't, but I
didn't kill him. And they caught five at random, Sir, and I was
among the five, and they found the cudgel, but I just had
that to look good, that's all, and when they said to me later
you can hang or you can give the names, what was I to do,
what would you have done, Sir?