

**Extract from Her Naked Skin**

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**Characters****Celia****Vendor****Eve****Flower Seller****Potter****Mary Nicholson****Clara Franks****Florence****Briggs**

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**ACT ONE****Scene Three**

*Regent Street. Evening. CELIA CAIN stands near a shop front. There are various WOMEN, looking in windows, along the street. A FLOWER LADY stands next to a NEWSPAPER VENDOR. EVE DOUGLAS watches CELIA.*

**CELIA:**

Do you have the time upon you please?

*The vendor gets out his watch.*

**VENDOR:**

Just coming up to six.

**CELIA:**

How many minutes to six?

**VENDOR:**

How many?.. Seven.

**CELIA:**

Thank you. I'll have a paper please.

*CELIA gives the VENDOR a coin and takes the paper. EVE approaches CELIA.*

**EVE:**

Excuse me. Are you?.. Sorry. Nothing.

**CELIA:**

Yes. I expect I am.

**EVE:**

Oh.

**CELIA:**

Yes.

*CELIA walks away from EVE and approaches the FLOWER SELLER.*

I'll have some violets please.

**FLOWER SELLER:**

Ta.

*The FLOWER SELLER wraps some violets for CELIA who takes them and walks away. EVE approaches CELIA again.*

**EVE:**

I'm ... I.

**CELIA:**

What? Is it your first time? I promise it won't hurt.

**EVE:**

I don't think I can do it.

**CELIA:**

Excuse me.

*CELIA walks away from EVE and stands near another shop. CELIA looks at the newspaper, distracted. CELIA puts the newspaper under her arm, waits. EVE watches her, then takes out a hammer and smashes the window in front of her.*

**EVE:**

I did it. I did it.

**CELIA:**

Yes. You're a touch bloody early but you did it.

*CELIA takes out a hammer from her coat and smashes the shop window in front of her. The other WOMEN in the street follow suit. Windows are being smashed simultaneously throughout the West End.*

#### Scene Four

*EVE, FLORENCE, CELIA, MRS. SCHLIEFKE and other SUFFRAGETTES line up in front of a prison guard, POTTER, who sits at a table and writes down their details. Once they have answered POTTER's questions they go to a set of scales and are weighed. A GUARD records their weight. Then on to another table where a GUARD issues them with items such as a toothbrush and a handkerchief.*

**POTTER:**  
Name?

**MARY NICHOLSON:**  
Mary Nicholson.

**POTTER:**  
Occupation.

**MARY NICHOLSON :**  
Factory worker.

**POTTER:**  
Sentence.

**MARY NICHOLSON:**  
Seven months. Windows.

**POTTER:**  
Name.

**CLARA FRANKS:**  
Clara Franks.

**POTTER:**  
Occupation.

**CLARA FRANKS:**  
Student of fine art.

**POTTER:**  
Sentence.

**CLARA FRANKS:**  
Six months.

**POTTER:**  
Name.

**FLORENCE:**  
Florence Dorothy Mary Boorman.

**POTTER:**  
Occupation.

**FLORENCE:**  
Suffragist.

**POTTER:**  
Occupation Miss Boorman. Not offence.

**FLORENCE:**  
Suffragist. Suffragette. Womanist. Woman. That's what I'm occupied with at the present moment in time and have been for the past sixty years.

**POTTER:**

Employment.

**FLORENCE:**

Suffragette. Sentence seven months.

**POTTER:**

Can't get enough of it can you?

**FLORENCE:**

I was on marches before you were born.

**POTTER:**

Which just goes to show how long and ineffectual your campaign has been.

**FLORENCE:**

Which division are you putting us in?

**POTTER:**

Second.

**FLORENCE:**

We are politicals. Not thieves or child killers. We should be placed in first.

**POTTER:** (*Indicating his form*)

Criminal damage . See.

**FLORENCE:**

The tide is changing Potter. Watch out. The water will come rushing in under your feet and you'll find you won't have a pot to piss in. If you insist on placing us in second you'd better arrange for the prison glazier now. We will immediately proceed to break our windows. It is our legal right to be in first. Visitors we should have, pens, paper. Associated labour. Permitted access to other cells.

**POTTER:**

Nobody's listening. Why don't you give it a rest Miss Boorman?

**FLORENCE:**

Why don't you get yourself a proper job? Instead of collecting birds and putting them in cages. It's more the act of a deranged child than an evolved man I must warn you. But still I wish you luck.

**POTTER:**

With what?

**FLORENCE:**

You don't have the vote Potter? No wonder your aspirations are so low. I wish you all the best in the fight for universal suffrage. Any news on Miss Davison?

*EVE DOUGLAS and CELIA CAIN are next in line.*

**POTTER:**

Name.

**EVE:**

Eve Douglas.

**POTTER:**  
Occupation.

**EVE:**  
Machinist tailor. In Limehouse.

**POTTER:**  
Sentence.

**EVE:**  
Seven months. Windows.

**POTTER:**  
Name.

**CELIA:**  
You know my name. I know your name.

**POTTER:**  
Name.

**CELIA:**  
Lady Celia Madeline Ottoline Cain.

**POTTER:**  
Occupation.

*CELIA looks at him, he writes something down. CELIA carries some undergarments.*

Sentence.

**CELIA:**  
Is there a wardress about Potter? *No reply.* No matter, you're practically family. An honorary woman by now.

**POTTER:**  
Are you taking me off?

**CELIA:**  
I'm quite serious. I've never been issued undergarments like these before. They've stains in places I don't wish to contemplate. Any chance of some replacement duds? And there wasn't a pair of shoes to be had in the basket so the left one is killing me. I feel like a bloody geisha. Potter? I'm not invisible.

**POTTER:**  
What exactly is it that you want?

**BRIGGS:**  
Next!

**CELIA:**  
What I want is a crepe de chine nightgown and glass slippers. What I'm asking for are undergarments that don't look and smell like someone died in them. Plus two shoes of a similar size. And we would very much like to know how our comrade Emily Wilding Davison is doing. Do you read the papers? She's been unconscious for three days after throwing herself in front of the Kings' horse. I thought you might have seen the article even if you only go straight to the sports section.

*POTTER ignores the request. CELIA joins the other women who are assembled in a line waiting for their cell allocation. POTTER looks to the GUARD.*

**POTTER:**

Get the next lot in.