

# Tempest

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## Productions

### **The Cavendish Gift**

**by**

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## THE CAVENDISH GIFT

**Miss Clements**

**Mr Darker**

**Miss Pearson**

**Mrs Cavendish**

### SCENE 1

**Clements**

Miss Pearson has a good heart, Mr Darker. Mr Darker! Are you listening? She has as good a heart as anyone I know.

**Darker**

So you keep telling me, Miss Clements. But you have to understand that this is wartime. We're all a little different in wartime.

**Clements**

And she was as good-hearted in the last war as she is in this one. She's the one that got us knitting socks and scarves for the boys at the Front. That was all her doing. And do you know why?

**Darker**

Why?

**Clements**

Because she hated the thought of all those young men cold and shivering and feeling like nobody cared. She very much cared. That's the kind of heart she has.

**Darker**

Miss Clements, I appreciate what you're doing but I am not in need of a character witness for your friend. She's not in the dock. Not yet at any rate. I need you to help me ascertain from her what exactly happened. She might talk to you in a way that she won't to anyone else. We must make our way sensitively.

**Clements**

Well I'm very glad to hear you say it.

**Darker**

But all the same, looting is a serious offence. You do understand that we must handle it with some severity. We can't be seen to be making exceptions for anyone, not even unmarried ladies of the parish. Theft is theft.

**Clements**

I'm shuddering at the thought that Phoebe could do such a thing. It's simply bizarre, Mr Darker. I find myself wanting to laugh out loud.

**Darker**

I'd appreciate it if you didn't. No levity at all when we speak to her. Do you understand me?

**Clements**

Look at her, the dear good soul. How nervous she seems, sitting there, waiting to be interviewed. Phoebe Pearson in a police station. I tell you, I might laugh out loud.

**Darker**

She doesn't seem at all nervous to me. You mature ladies are a formidable lot. It's a wonder Hitler dares bomb you.

**Clements**

Well he's got a nerve, I'll give him that.

**Darker**

Shall we approach our subject, Miss Clements?

**Clements**

Do remember her goodness of heart, Mr Darker, won't you? She knows you're a legal man and she'll be in awe of your mind. She was never the brightest at school but that's surely not a crime.

**Darker**

Not a crime in the slightest. We are here to ascertain things, that is all. Why won't she let go of the object in her hand? No one can prise it from her. Doesn't she realise that it might possibly land her in jail?

**Clements**

Phoebe Pearson in jail. Can you see it? Mr Darker! Honestly, can you see it?

**Darker**

No. I must be frank, I cannot. Let's just get her story and tell them there is no case here. And let us all move on and deal with bigger things. We are only little people, with little lives. We never asked to be a part of world events

**[Pause as they approach Miss Pearson]**

Now then, Miss Pearson. Here we are. I must thank you for your patience. I've brought your friend Miss Clements. I hope you don't mind.

**Clements**

Phoebe.

**Darker**

She assures me that you are not the type to break the law. And I'm inclined to agree with her. We want this all cleared up and sorted out and you sent on your way. Show us what's in your hand.

**Pearson**

Lilian? You look so old in this half-light.

**Clements**

We're neither of us spring chickens, my dear.

**Pearson**

Who is this?

**Clements**

You know Mr Darker, Phoebe. You know him very well. He's my lawyer. The police have been very kind and said he could talk to you first. As a special favour. He'll be ever so tactful.

**Pearson**

Does he think I'll fall apart?

**Darker**

I assure you I don't, Miss Pearson. Your friend here speaks of you as though you are a delicate piece of china, but I know what you unmarried ladies of the parish are like. Stalwarts. Nobody knows that better, let me assure you.

**Pearson**

Do you want to know what is in my hands?

**Darker**

I do. It will help us get to the bottom of things.

**Pearson**

I don't see why. Why does everyone seem to care about it so much?

**Darker**

Miss Pearson, you must know that in extraordinary times like these, it is essential that the law is upheld. Ordinary little laws that make life tolerable. Bombs are a huge crime against humanity. But that does not mean we can take our eyes off smaller misdemeanours.

**Clements**

Open your hands, Phoebe dear. Your knuckles are quite white from clinging on.

**Pearson**

But you'll take it from me.

**Darker**

If it doesn't belong to you, then yes, we will.

**Pearson**

Well then, she gave it to me, so there's no problem. There is no crime.

**Darker and Clements**

Who?

**Darker**

I shall ask the questions from here on in, if you don't mind, Miss Clements.

**Clements**

I'm so sorry.

**Pearson**

They were all very cutting about me at school. Lillian included. They bah-d at me, like I was a sheep.

**Clements**

That was 40 years ago, Phoebe. I'm not in the habit of making animal noises any more.

**Darker**

The past is the past, Miss Pearson. We are here to discuss the present.

**Pearson**

She gave me a present.

**Darker**

You misunderstand.

**Pearson**

You misunderstand me!

**Clements**

Phoebe!

**Darker**

**[Confiding]** I really think, Miss Clements, that this might be easier if it's just me and the subject. I've come across this before, this playing to the gallery.

**Pearson**

What are you whispering about?

**Clements**

Phoebe, my dear, you're not to be naughty. This is very serious. You've heard of looting?

**Pearson**

Well of course I've heard of it. It's vile. It's awful. People should be punished.

**Clements**

Well that's why we need to know where you got that... that thing in your hand. You see it's very valuable.

**Pearson**

You think I stole it?

**Darker**

Please, ladies. There is a process to follow here. I must ask you, Miss Clements, to refrain from putting direct questions to the subject. You're running way ahead of everything.

**Clements**

I'm merely trying to be of service, Mr Darker. I just thought I'd help get to nub of things. I mean, what's the point of dithering?

**Darker**

Legal process is not dithering. I'm surprised you should see it that way. Evidence must unfold. Every path must be followed, every corner looked around. The subject must take us on the journey, not we her.

**Clements**

I'm sorry, I'm sure.

**Pearson**

He's very forward with you, Lillian.

**Clements**

Isn't he!

**Pearson**

I mean to say, who exactly is the suspect here?

**Darker**

Please! Please, let's not use the term *suspect*. I'm taking every care to be both prudent and meticulous. I think that should apply all around.

**Pearson**

I don't understand him. Lillian, I'm afraid I don't. What does he want from me?

**Darker**

Now, Miss Pearson, I must introduce a new name to the proceedings. I want you to think very carefully when I say it. Are you ready?

**Pearson**

What does he want from me, Lillian?

**Darker**

Are you listening to me?

**Clements**

Please listen to Mr Darker, Phoebe.

**Darker**

Mrs Emma Cavendish. Do you know that name?

**Pearson**

Who's that then?

**Clements**

Oh Phoebe! You know who that is. Margaret Cassidy's eldest. Lives on Harper Street. **[Pause.]** Or *lived*, at any rate.

**Darker**

Now this is becoming exasperating. Please, I must ask you to remove yourself from the questioning. Are you a solicitor, Miss Clements?

**Clements**

Of course I'm not.

**Darker**

Are you a police officer?

**Clements**

You know I'm not, Mr Darker.

**Darker**

Then the floor must remain mine. And you, Miss Clements, are lucky even to get a seat.

**Clements**

Well. I see how it is now.

**Pearson**

What was your question?

**Darker**

What? Oh my question. I want to know if the name Emma Cavendish means anything to you.

Please give me a straight answer, Miss Pearson.

**Pearson**

I don't know her. That straight enough for you?

**Darker**

Are you sure? Please think carefully.

**Pearson**

I know what I know and I know what I don't know and I don't know her.

**Darker**

Really? Are you really, absolutely certain?

**Clements**

Phoebe, please don't be so dense. That's her silver box you're grasping to your chest. With the ruby in the lid. It was identified by Mrs Cavendish's father-in-law.

**Pearson**

This?

**Darker**

Yes indeed. The same.

**Pearson**

This little silver box? The one in my hand?

**Darker**

Yes, Miss Pearson. That silver box.

**Pearson**

And she's called Mrs Cavendish?

**Darker**

She is.

**Pearson**

Well she gave it to me. It was a gift. She said: *take this, please, take it*. I said I didn't want to but she was very insistent. In fact, she offered me all sorts of things. It is a dear little thing, though, isn't it. I don't care for the ruby – it spoils the look – but the box is so smooth and lovely and opens a treat. Look at its tiny legs at the corners. If she wants it back, then she must come and ask for it herself. When a person accepts a gift, they really don't expect the giver to ask for it back. I mean, do they?

**Clements**

Mr Darker, do you think I might just have a word with you? In private.

**Darker**

Is it really necessary?

**Clements**

Would you indulge me?

**Darker**

Very well.

Miss Pearson, excuse us. And please stay in your place. You may relax your hold on that box. Nobody is coming to claim it from you. But I would ask you to look closely at it while we are gone and then look just as closely into your own soul.

## **SCENE 2**

**Clements**

I'm wondering if we should take another tack, as it were.

**Darker**

Another tack! What are you implying? My methods are standard. They are tried and they are tested. What tack could you possibly be suggesting?

**Clements**

Well I'm just wondering if we should delve a little more into the psychological.

**Darker**

Miss Clements, must we have this conversation? I beg of you that we don't.

**Clements**

I really don't wish to step on your toes in any way...

**Darker**

...and yet you are about to...

**Clements**

But I think perhaps the key to questioning Phoebe Pearson lies in her childhood.

**Darker**

I don't hold with that kind of business. It's befuddling. It's all speculation. There's no fact in it.

**Clements**

All I'm saying is that her rather abrupt way with people might well stem from her most unhappy youth. She was adopted quite late, you see, because her mother didn't want her, abandoned her when she was only six. And when she arrived at our school, she was treated very cruelly. She was mocked and told she was stupid.

**Darker**

And you don't think she is?

**Clements**

I think she sees the world a little differently. Because of what she went through. Her adoptive parents were not exactly ideal. They had a baby only a few months after she arrived and instantly lost interest in her. She must have resented that baby, don't you think, but she never once showed it.

**Darker**

But what has this to do with me and my questioning methods?

**Clements**

I thought if you were made aware of her background, you might tread more gently. You see, I've

grown to understand her. I've seen all her little unnoticed kindnesses, her particular fondness for orphan animals. If she says that trinket was given to her then I'm inclined to believe her.

**Darker**

And the fact that the giver of the trinket – as you call it – was killed when her house was flattened by a bomb some time earlier does not strike you as a little hard to swallow?

**Clements**

We don't know if Mrs Cavendish was alive at the time when Phoebe says she was passing.

**Darker**

Miss Clements. The house was bombed at around 11.45 on Tuesday morning. Your friend has stated already that she was passing the area at noon, when the sirens were silent. She must have been one of the first on the scene. Are you suggesting that Mrs Cavendish crawled from the rubble and beckoned Phoebe Pearson over and offered her the box?

**Clements**

I don't know what I'm suggesting.

**Darker**

I have served the Medway towns as a solicitor for the past 23 years. I have handled all manner of cases, from petty thefts to much more serious crimes against society. I have some idea of the way these things go. It's denial, denial, denial all the way, until at some point they crack. They realise that lying is not only a bad idea, but very tedious to keep up.

**Clement**

Yes, but it's not lying, is it? She's not lying. She's incapable of lying. She's the most painfully frank individual I know. Her first words to me were not *hello Lillian* or *how nice to see you Lillian*. She just commented on how old I looked. No, she doesn't lie. It's just a case of our asking the right questions.

**Darker**

You're suggesting to me that my questions are wrong? You say that to me? A solicitor?

**Clement**

Oh I don't know what I'm saying any more. I don't wish to offend you, Mr Darker. I only wish to be of service. And to help dear Phoebe along the way.

**Darker**

Then the best thing you can do is to keep your eyes on the facts, Miss Clements. The bomb that hit the Cavendish home on Tuesday morning was so powerful it took out three other houses completely. Mrs Cavendish was in the house at the time with her two youngest children, a three-year-old and an infant. All three, tragically, were crushed by a falling external wall. They were found there by the auxiliary fire brigade at fourteen minutes past twelve, when the area was deemed safe to approach and the fires put out. The raid took us all by surprise, as you must recall. These things usually happen at night. Very few had the wit to run for the shelters. Mrs Cavendish was found clutching her baby. Do you really think she was in a position to hand out her possessions to passing neighbours?

**Clements**

No. No, I don't.

**Darker**

Can you in all seriousness think that this gift was given to Miss Pearson *after* the bombing had taken place?

**Clements**

No, I don't suppose I do.

**Darker**

Then there can be only one explanation. That Phoebe Pearson, who happened to be first on the scene, even before the ambulance men, saw the treasure and, in an act of gross stupidity, snatched it for herself.

**Clements**

Oh please don't call her stupid.

**Darker**

How else can I explain her flagrantly walking around the town clutching the item? The Cavendish family recognized it almost immediately. It's an heirloom. It's very valuable and very easy to spot. That ruby in the lid gives it away at once.

**Clement**

Oh Phoebe. What have you done?

**Darker**

They've suffered enough, don't you think? With their son away at war, then daughter-in-law and two of their grandchildren killed so horribly, so randomly. Should they feel insulted as well as heartbroken? How would you feel to see this family heirloom brazenly touted about the town days after it was taken from the ruins of your happy family home?

**[Pause]**

**Clements**

Then let's do what we must. But please don't judge her badly. If she was, as you say, acting rashly and stupidly, then she can't help herself. She doesn't make a habit of looting bombed-out buildings. Why she did it this time we may never know.

**Darker**

Well, we must have a jolly good go at it. We owe that much to her. Now, are you ready to come back in with me so that we can finally get to the bottom of things? I need your support, Miss Clements, preferably your moral support. Not your outspoken suppositions.

### **SCENE THREE**

**Pearson**

Why were you gone so long? I'm hungry. Does nobody care? My lunchtime was eighteen minutes ago.

**Clements**

Honestly, Phoebe. Don't you think this might be a bit more important than your lunch?

**Pearson**

I don't see how.

**Darker**

Miss Pearson, I'm going to ask you about the circumstances around your acquisition of the Cavendish silver box.

**Pearson**

Are you now?

**Darker**

I'd like to know what you were doing in the area at the time.

**Pearson**

I can't remember.

**Clements**

Phoebe, of course you can. It was only last Tuesday. When did we last have an air raid at that time of the day?

**Darker**

Quite. Had you been in a shelter?

**Pearson**

No, I'd been in the park.

**Darker**

During a raid?

**Pearson**

Well I didn't know there was going to be a raid, did I! I spent the morning in the park. I often do. I like a bit of space to myself.

**Darker**

And you went home via Harper Street?

**Pearson**

I suppose I did.

**Darker**

Even though a bomb had just landed on it? Bomb sites are immediately closed off, you must know that.

**Pearson**

Well there was no one there yet to close it off.

**Darker**

But it was extremely dangerous. Didn't you fear for your safety?

**Pearson**

No.

**Darker**

I really can't understand what made you go down a newly-bombed street.

**Pearson**

Because I wanted to.

**Darker**

Please don't treat this questioning so lightly, Miss Pearson. I can easily hand this over to the police at once.

**Clements**

Phoebe, we're just trying to understand how you came to have such a valuable item in your hands.

**Pearson**

She gave it to me. She asked me if I wanted it and I said yes. She offered me all kinds of things.

**Darker**

This is preposterous. You're telling us that Mrs Cavendish was alive and well despite the complete collapse of her house and offering you the contents of her home.

**Pearson**

I wouldn't say she was well.

**Darker**

She wasn't very well at all. She wasn't alive!

**Pearson**

Oh she was alive alright. That's why I went over, because she called me.

**Darker**

She called you over to give you something?

**Pearson**

Yes, that's exactly what she did!

**Darker**

I don't understand.

**Pearson**

I was going along the road and I heard her calling, only her voice was very quiet and weak. I suppose she must have felt very poorly with everything falling on top of her. I went to see where the sound was coming from.

**Clements**

Oh my goodness. This is horrendous.

**Darker**

So she was trapped but alive?

**Pearson**

Well she couldn't move.

**Darker**

And what did she say to you?

**Pearson**

She wanted to give me things. But I didn't want them.

**Darker**

You took the silver box, though, didn't you?

**Pearson**

Yes, I took the little silver box. It's so pretty. I really wanted that.

**Clements**

Phoebe, you're really not helping yourself.

**Darker**

Your friend is right, Miss Pearson. She has tried to impress me with the goodness of your heart but I'm struggling to find evidence for it in this scenario.

If Mrs Cavendish was alive, as you state she was – and I very much doubt it – then why didn't you call the emergency services at once?

**Pearson**

They'd be there soon enough.

**Darker**

Well why didn't you pull her to safety?

**Pearson**

She never asked me to.

**Darker**

Oh dear Lord.

**Pearson**

Lillian, why is he so upset with me? What have I done wrong?

**Clements**

Oh Phoebe...

**Pearson**

I feel like I'm at school again or in the nursing home. Or anywhere where people always tell me how stupid I am, how slow and dull. That's why I take myself off to the park, because I can walk and walk and walk and nobody bothers me.

**Darker**

Even in an air raid?

**Pearson**

What do I care? It's like rain. It's like a storm, that's all. It's all noise. Anyway, you're better off outdoors than under bricks and mortar, aren't you. Children should be kept outdoor these days. That's my view.

**Darker**

I don't know what to think. I really don't.

**Pearson**

May I go? I'm hungry.

**Clements**

Can she go, Mr Darker? I'm finding this very wearing. I doubt we'll get anywhere with her.

**Pearson**

I can hear you, you know. You're like all the others who talk in front of me like I'm witless. As though I'm too dense to understand.

**[A knock on the door]**

**Darker**

One moment, ladies. It appears I'm wanted. Please, Miss Clements, remain silent while I am away. I shan't be long. Silent now.

**Clements**

Of course, Mr Darker.

**[Pause. Door closes]**

Phoebe, you really are being beyond queer, you know. I saw you on Tuesday afternoon and you never indicated for one moment that such terrible things had happened.

**Pearson**

I'm going to leave now.

**Clements**

You certainly are not. Mr Darker is here to help you and to get to the bottom of things. I expect the police want to know what's taking him so long.

**Pearson**

What do you want me to say, Lillian? Tell me what to say and I'll say it.

**Clements**

Tell them you found it. It was so far away from the bomb site that you had no idea where it was from. The blast must have hurled it far from home. Tell them that you were going to bring it back. But please don't bring that poor woman's name into it. Her family has suffered enough.

**Pearson**

She wanted me to have it.

**Clements**

Oh for the love of God!

**Pearson**

It's nice when there are presents, when someone thinks about you. And it's so nice when they need you. You don't feel left behind any more. I love to hold things in my hands, Lillian, don't you? Look at it? Isn't it the most perfect thing you've ever seen?

**Clements**

Nobody gave it to you, Phoebe. You took it. If you can live with that, then God save you. I daresay there are worse crimes being committed these days.

**Pearson**

She did so give it to me. She offered me other things and I didn't want them. She told me to take them but I wouldn't. What would I want with them?

**Clements**

What other things, Phoebe? What does it matter what she offered you? The poor woman was dying. She wasn't in her right mind.

**Pearson**

Well she shouldn't have called me over. I didn't want to stop anyway.

**Clements**

Did she really call you over? Have you made all this up out of mischief? Are you simply seeking attention, Phoebe Pearson, walking around Chatham with your silver box, like you're royalty? Doesn't it occur to you that it's distasteful? I told Mr Darker that you didn't have it in you to tell lies. Was I wrong about you?

**Pearson**

You were the worst. You treated me like I was dirt at school.

**Clements**

I hope that's not true. I'm sorry if it is. I want things to be better for you now.

**Pearson**

People telling me what to do, take this, take that. Pushing things through the rubble at me. I won't be told what to do.

**Clements**

What *things*, Phoebe? What things?

**Pearson**

You know perfectly well what I'm talking about.

**Clements**

I don't!

**Pearson**

And you wouldn't have taken it either.

**[Long pause.]**

**Clements**

**[Speaks quietly and in shock]** Oh dear God.

**Pearson**

He thinks he knows what we're like, your lawyer friend. But he doesn't know us. He doesn't know how empty and pointless everything about us is.

**Clements**

**[Still in shock]** Phoebe, for God's sake, don't say anything. Don't tell him what you've done.

**Pearson**

Why should you care about me now? You never have before.

**Clements**

That's not true. I just didn't understand you. I wanted to. I always wanted to help.

**Pearson**

If you say so. All I remember is being laughed at behind my back.

**Clements**

Have I so totally misunderstood you?

**[Darker is coming back into the room. He is calling to someone as he returns]**

**Darker**

Of course, Sergeant. Naturally we want the same thing. We shan't be long now.

**[To the women]**

I trust there has been sepulchral silence while I've been gone.

Miss Clements you seem very pale.

**Clements**

Just let her go home. Go home, Phoebe. I don't want to see you.

**Darker**

What on earth can you mean? No one's going anywhere.

**Pearson**

I'm hungry.

**Clements**

Get up! Get out of my sight.

**Darker**

Now stop this at once. Stay where you are, Miss Pearson. **[Raising voice]** I said stay where you are!

**Pearson**

You can't tell me what to do. None of you can. I'm going for my lunch.

**Darker**

Stop at once!

**Pearson**

You can't make me. You all seem to think you own me, but you don't. **[Mocking his voice]** / *know what you unmarried ladies of the parish are like.* What do you know about my life? You question me like I'm guilty of something. But I'm not. Why can't I have a present? No one's ever given me anything valuable. I've never loved anything this much before.

**Darker**

I don't... I don't recognize you.

**Clements**

**[To Darker, deeply upset]** Why didn't you listen to me? She's right – you know nothing about me or her or anyone.

**Darker**

You're turning on me? Miss Clements...

**Clements**

Yes, I'm angry, Mr Darker. I'm angry. And I'm appalled. And I'm broken-hearted.

**Pearson**

Now look what you've done.

**Clements**

Don't you utter another word, Phoebe Pearson, unless it's making a statement to the police.

**Darker**

I will decide when she is ready to make a statement. I am the one with authority and experience and a past record of...

**Clements**

Oh please just shut up.

**Darker**

What happened while I was out? Did you ladies confer about something? I told you that it was vital that you keep quiet. How will this look in court?

**Pearson**

What's a statement?

**Darker**

You have to tell us what happened and you must sign it to show that it's the truth.

**Pearson**

If you want.

**Darker**

Miss Clements, why are you suggesting that she makes a statement? Is she admitting to it?

**Clements**

Just let her tell it. She won't lie. She hasn't lied for even one second. We just didn't understand what she was telling us. I told you we were asking the wrong questions. I told you.

**Darker**

I don't understand what's happening. I only left you for a moment.

**Clements**

Let her tell you. The way she sees it. Listen to her. She doesn't lie. She never lies.

**Darker**

**[Calling]** Sergeant! Would you come in here for a moment?

#### **SCENE 4**

**[SFX fire, falling masonry, distant air raid siren petering out.]**

**Cavendish**

**[Weakly]** Please... please, you over there. Please help me.

**[SFX bricks scatter – Miss Pearson is approaching]**

**[To herself]** Oh thank God... thank God.

**Pearson**

What's wrong? What do you want?

**Cavendish**

You've got to help me.

**[Shouting]** No! Don't move. This wall will collapse any minute. It's swaying, can you see it? It's going to fall on me. No, don't go away. Please don't.

**Pearson**

The firemen will be here in a minute.

**Cavendish**

There's no time. But you've got to help me.

**Pearson**

What do you want from me?

**Cavendish**

Take my baby. I'm going to hand her out carefully. I can move my arms, you see. But if I try and move the rubble off my legs, I'm afraid everything will fall.

**Pearson**

It looks dead to me.

**Cavendish**

No, no, she's not. She's breathing. She's alive. I'm going to hand her out now and you must take her. I'll wait here for the firemen. Take her as far away as possible.

**Pearson**

I'm not sure.

**Cavendish**

What are you saying? Take my baby now.

**Pearson**

I don't want a baby.

**Cavendish**

What's wrong with you, woman! Are you stupid? I'm not asking you to keep her, just to take her to safety.

**Pearson**

Why did you call me stupid?

**Cavendish**

I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. Please, please don't go. I need to you to help me. What? What are you looking at? You like that? You want it? Take it! It's yours.

**Pearson**

What is it?

**Cavendish**

It's a box, it's a beautiful box. It's very valuable. Go on, take it. I'm giving it to you.

**Pearson**

It's mine?

**Cavendish**

Yes, it is. It's all yours. Now, wait there. I'm going to hand you the baby. Are you ready?

**Pearson**

But I don't want a baby.

**Cavendish**

**[In despair]** What's wrong with you!

**Pearson**

I'll just take this.

**Cavendish**

Please, please. That wall is not going to stay upright. It's toppling. I haven't got long.

**[Distant fire engine sirens, getting louder]**

**Pearson**

It's alright, they're coming. They'll help you. **[Leaving scene.]** Just be patient. You'll be alright.  
I've got to go now.

**Cavendish**

Come back! Please... please don't leave us here....

**[Sirens very loud now]**

**ENDS**

