

Priya/Olive/Josephine

OLIVE MCGANN enters, cautious. She carries a carpet bag, or something similar, packed with clothing and essentials.)

OLIVE. Priya? Are you there?

PRIYA. Olive?

OLIVE. It's me. I brought the things from your rooms that you asked for. Clothes and whatnot.

PRIYA. What took you so long?

OLIVE. Sorry.

(PRIYA emerges, takes the bag and looks through it. OLIVE sees something on PRIYA's sleeve.)

OLIVE *(cont'd)*. Is that blood?

PRIYA. No, it's ... don't worry about it.

OLIVE. Are you OK? What happened?

PRIYA. Please don't ask. I have to go. When you see Mrs. Butler, please tell her ... tell her ...

JOSEPHINE *(entering)*. Why don't you tell her yourself?

PRIYA. Mrs. Butler! Olive, you promised—

OLIVE. No I didn't! You needed help, Priya. Who better to ask?

JOSEPHINE. Please, Priya. Just come back with us. We can talk this out, whatever it is.

PRIYA. I can't. You shouldn't have come. I don't want you involved. It will look bad.

JOSEPHINE. You think I give a fig about what it looks like? Just talk to us, dear. Are you hurt? Do you need a doctor?

PRIYA. No. I'm all right.

OLIVE. So that blood's not yours, then?

JOSEPHINE. As much as I hate to suggest this, dear, I think we should go to the police.

PRIYA. No.

*pet bag,
entials.)*

oms that

JOSEPHINE. Why not?

PRIYA. The police ... they won't help me. They won't believe me.

JOSEPHINE. Then come with me. Let me keep you safe. They wouldn't dare invade the home of a respectable vicar and his family.

OLIVE

OLIVE. No offense, Mrs. Butler, but your house is the first place they'll look. And you haven't exactly been making friends with the police.

PRIYA. No. It will be better for all of us if you don't know where I'm going.

JOSEPHINE. Do *you* know where you're going?

PRIYA. I just need to get out of London. If I can make it to the train station—

OLIVE. No! You don't want to do that.

see Mrs.

PRIYA. Why not?

rself?

OLIVE. A train is a trap. Once you're moving, you can't get off. If anyone sees you, they can just send a wire and have the police waiting for you at the next station.

r to ask?

PRIYA. All right. I'll head toward the river, then. I know some of the Indian families who live near the docks, who might help me hide until I can find a way out of the city.

. We can

OLIVE. It's late. It's not safe to be out on unfamiliar streets. Keep your head down and keep moving.

want you

PRIYA. Thank you, Olive. If anyone comes looking for me—

oks like?

OLIVE. We haven't seen you.

doctor?

PRIYA. No. Don't lie. I can't have that.

OLIVE. Well, it depends on who's asking, I suppose.

JOSEPHINE. Please, Priya. Think this through.

r, I think

PRIYA. I have, Mrs. Butler. I'll be all right. I promise.

(PRIYA checks the street, then exits into the shadows.)