

Ram Dass: Come Sahib, you must not upset yourself. It will not be her. She will not have fallen on such hard times I am sure. Something will transpire.

Carrisford: Ah, Ramdass! My heart will break I am sure. My friend Crewe will never forgive me. I can hear him even now saying to me "Carrisford, we will be rich one day and I shall once again be with my Sara." Little did he know what would befall him. I cannot rest until she is found. It has been nearly a year now, and still we are no closer to finding her. *(He is overwhelmed with the emotion of remembering)*

Ram Dass: Mr Carmichael will find her, don't you worry. Now, come along, we must get you inside. This cold cannot be helping you.

They exit

Carmichael: Come along children. I have to see Mr Carrisford today to let him know if I have any news.

Janet: Is this about that poor little girl Papa?

Nora: Do you think she will ever be found Papa?

Carmichael: I really cannot say children. It is a very difficult business to be sure.

Mrs Car: Come along children. Your father needs to go. And we must hurry or you will be late for your party. Where on earth is Donald? He always disappears when he is needed. *(She turns her attention to the two girls, adjusting their clothing, and looking up to see if she can see Donald anywhere)*

Donald has been wandering around looking at the various sights, and eyeing the buns!

While all the commotion has been going on, Sara has entered. She is carrying a basket. She wears just her worn out dress, an old coat, which doesn't fasten as it is clearly far too small, and she looks terribly sad and tired. She waits and surveys the scene. She too has seen the bakery with a look of longing, she has drifted towards the table. She is eyeing the bread and buns hungrily. Donald, meanwhile, has been observing Sara and he goes up to her. The little beggar girl has shrunk under the table. Donald taps Sara on the shoulder

Sara turns round, astonished, but not frightened.

Donald: Hello! I hope you don't mind, but you look so tired and hungry. I was watching you looking at the buns as if you hadn't eaten for weeks.

Sara laughs a little.

Sara: Well I must admit, they do look very appetizing don't they?

Donald: Here, you poor, poor girl. Here is a sixpence. I will give it to you.

Sara: *(she is embarrassed and taken aback)* Oh, oh no! Oh no, thank you; I mustn't take it, indeed!

Donald: Yes you must take it! You can buy things to eat with it. It is a whole sixpence.

Sara: *(taking the sixpence very reluctantly)* Thank you. You are a kind, kind boy. Thank you! I won't spend it. I shall keep it as a reminder to me that there are people in the world who care. *(they continue to chat)*

Mrs Carmichael is calling Donald, who runs over to tell his family what he has just done.

Janet: Donald, what have you been doing.? We saw you talking to that poor girl.

Nora: Why did you give the girl your sixpence.? I'm sure she is not a beggar.

Sally: Besides, Nora, she didn't beg. And her face didn't *look* like a beggar's face.

Jane: I was so afraid she might be angry with you. You know it makes people angry to be taken for beggars when they are *not* beggars.

Donald: She wasn't angry. She laughed a little, and she said I was a kind boy. – And I was! She said she was going to keep it to remind her of my kindness.

The girls all exchange glances – they are very puzzled.

Janet: A beggar girl would never have said that. She would have said: *(trying to speak in a cockney accent)* 'Thank yer kindly, little gentl'man – thank yer sir!' and perhaps bobbed a curtsy.

Nora: I have seen her a few times before.

Jane: Where Nora?

Nora: Well, you know how I am always looking out of the window – I like to observe people...

Sally: *(interrupting)*.. yes, yes we know!!

Nora: Well, she is a kind of servant in the Seminary, but she lives up in the attic. I've seen her peering through the window. I don't believe she belongs to anybody. I believe she is an orphan.

Janet: But she is not a beggar, however shabby she looks.

Sally: From this day forth, she shall be known as "The Girl in the attic"

Mrs Carmichael, who has been talking to Mr Carmichael, now calls the children.

Mrs Carm Come, come children, we must go. Janet, take charge please. *(she turns to her husband)* Will you go now to see Mr Carrisford?

Carm: Yes, at once. I must give him the news about my Paris trip.

Mrs Carm: Since he arrived, he has been so obsessed with his search.

Carm: It is a sorry business to be sure. The doctors are worried about Mr Carrisford. They are saying that the hunt for this child is making him very ill indeed. He needs some hope to aid his recovery.

Mrs Carm: He will take it hard that nothing has transpired.

Carm: We had such high hopes that the child at Madam Pascale's school in Paris was Sara. It seemed to be the obvious place for her to go since her dear mother was french. That child was the favourite of the daughter of a wealthy Russian family whom we assume adopted her and took her to Russia. The frustrating thing is that Madame Pascale did not *know* where that little girl had gone. The adopted parents apparently disappeared and left no trace.

Mrs Carm: Do I understand that we still don't know whether that girl at Madame Pascal was Sara Crewe?

Carm: Indeed. Madame Pascal pronounced it as if it were Carew instead of Crewe. The circumstances were curiously similar. An English officer in India had placed his motherless child at the school and had died suddenly after losing his fortune. But we still have not found the child.

Mrs Carm: You must hurry and tell him. He will not rest until Sara is found.

Mr Carmichael exits

Mrs Carm: Come along now children, hurry along.