

(George starts to exit — quickly.)

OLIVE.

Why are you afraid of me?

(George stops.)

GEORGE.

I'm *not* afraid of you, Mrs. Allison.

OLIVE.

Then why are you running away?

GEORGE.

I'm *not* running away. I'm simply in a rush to get back to the warehouse. I've got a conference call with Washington, if you must know. To discuss the situation here.

OLIVE.

What situation?

GEORGE.

You know very well *what* situation.

OLIVE.

There are many, Mr. Jones.

GEORGE.

I'm talking about the *circus* going on down at the warehouse. With the reporters. And the women with candles. Very well done, I might add. But it won't work.

OLIVE.

I didn't create that situation. You did.

GEORGE.

I did nothing of the sort.

OLIVE.

Did you think you could burn the clothes and not have anyone notice?

GEORGE.

I didn't think it would turn into an international incident, if that's what you mean.

OLIVE.

If you release the clothes, it won't be.

GEORGE.

I won't be bullied, Mrs. Allison.

OLIVE.

I'm not bullying, Mr. Jones. I'm begging.

*(Olive falls to her knees at his feet.)*

Please. Release the clothes.

Don't burn them.

GEORGE.

Mrs. Allison ... now, wait ... Don't do that ...

OLIVE.

The families need them. *We* need them.

GEORGE.

Mrs. Allison, here, get up ... *please* ... get up.

*(He helps Olive back to her feet.)*

Look ...

I would like to release the clothes.

Really. I would.

But I can't.

They're contaminated.

OLIVE.

How can they be contaminated, Mr. Jones? They're *seven* years old.

GEORGE.

They've been sealed in evidence bags ever since the crash. They've never been washed.