

*Oliver!*  
OLD SALLY

*There is a knock on the Workhouse door. WIDOW CORNEY rises and opens it. THE MATRON is standing there with OLD SALLY.*

WIDOW CORNEY:  
What's the matter?

MATRON:  
It's old Sally, ma'am. She says she's got something to tell you that must be heard. She's not got long and she'll never die quiet till you listen, ma'am.

WIDOW CORNEY:  
You better come in.

*They enter.*

Well what is it?

SALLY (*indicating MATRON*)  
Turn her away.

MATRON:  
But Sal... it's your old friend.

WIDOW CORNEY (*to MATRON*)  
Go on, get out of it!

*MATRON tries to protest but WIDOW CORNEY pushes her off into the shadows.*

SALLY:  
Now listen to me. In this very workhouse... I once nursed a pretty young creature that I brought in from the cold with her feet cut and bruised with walking... she gave birth to a boy...and died. Let me think - what was the year again?

WIDOW CORNEY:  
Never mind the year, what about her?

SALLY: (*sitting up fiercely with wild eyes*)  
I robbed her! I robbed her so I did! The only thing she had of any worth, it was round her neck and it was gold.

WIDOW CORNEY (*drawing closer*)  
Gold? Go on, go on - yes. What of it?

SALLY:  
This is it! The locket! She charged me to keep it safe, and trusted me. It's my belief she came from a rich family.