

Sally
Corney

(WIDOW CORNEY)

Well what is it?

SALLY

(indicating MATRON)

Turn her away.

MATRON

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

Start

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.

WIDOW CORNEY bends over to inspect the locket taking it in her hand.

WIDOW CORNEY

The boy's name?

SALLY

They called him—

WIDOW CORNEY

(shaking OLD SALLY)

Yes?

Sally

Oliver.