

**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.

*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.

The gold I stole was...