

(WIDOW CORNEY)

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.

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...

WIDOW CORNEY

Yes, yes - what?

SALLY dies. WIDOW CORNEY drops her back onto the floor, tugs off the locket and steps over her body.

We must retrieve that boy, Mr Bumble.

MR BUMBLE

We must indeed, ma'am. We must indeed.

#43 - Oliver! (Reprise)**BOTH**

OLIVER! OLIVER!

WIDOW CORNEY

THAT WAS THE MITE
WITH THE LARGE APPETITE.

BOTH

OLIVER! OLIVER!

MR BUMBLE

APPARENTLY HE'S FROM A RICH FAMILY!

WIDOW CORNEY

AND TO THINK WE NEARLY
STUPIDLY WENT AND LOST TRACK OF HIM...

MR BUMBLE

IF THE TRUTH WERE KNOWN, WE
BOTH WERE DELIGHTED AT SEEING THE BACK OF HIM.

BOTH

OLIVER! OLIVER!

MR BUMBLE

WHAT'LL WE DO...?

WIDOW CORNEY

WE MUST GIVE HIM HIS DUE...

BOTH

...AND WE'LL PRAISE THE DAY
SOMEBODY GAVE US