

(SHERLOCK exits.)

OLIVE MCGANN

(The scene shifts to a slum. OLIVE enters. She looks as though she hasn't slept in some time. She looks around furtively.

Something makes her turn around and look behind her. When she turns back, SHERLOCK is there.)

SHERLOCK. Hello, Miss McGann.

OLIVE. You found me.

SHERLOCK. You knew I would. May I call you Olive?

(OLIVE shrugs.)

SHERLOCK *(cont'd)*. And I hope you will call me Sherlock.

OLIVE. Is that your real name?

SHERLOCK. Yes. Although my mother might disagree.

OLIVE. All right then. Well, what do you want?

SHERLOCK. Who is Adam Worthington, really?

OLIVE. You know who he is.

SHERLOCK. No. I mean, who is he to you?

OLIVE. It's a long story.

SHERLOCK. I've got time.

OLIVE. All right. I used to have this idea of how my life would be. I came from Dover. My dad ran a pub near the docks. I worked there. I thought I always would. I thought I'd probably get married, and my husband would take over the pub one day. I thought I'd have children who grew up in the same house I did. I thought I'd never have a reason to set foot outside the port district. And it never occurred to me to ask for more. I was a girl working in a dockside pub.

I got a lot of attention I didn't ask for. I got a lot of drunken proposals, and a lot more propositions, especially when the fleet was in. I could ignore most of it, and I learned how to keep a smile on my face while holding off the rest. I knew I couldn't take any of it too seriously. But there were times the punters would get a little too handsy, or a little too demanding, or just a little too persistent, and I would stop smiling. And I think that's where I went wrong. You can refuse all you want, but you can't ever stop smiling.

SHERLOCK. No, you can't.

OLIVE. You know the first Contagious Diseases Act was just for the port towns? They kept adding to it, and now it's everywhere. But first, it was about the sailors on shore leave. And someone, one of those sailors, reported me. Claimed he'd caught something from me. I was arrested and made to be examined by some doctor. Of course they didn't find nothing. There was nothing wrong with me. But it didn't matter. Everyone knew I'd been picked up, and why, and there was only one explanation for that, of course. My dad threw me out. I couldn't find work. I had no home. Wasn't long before I found out, the result of everyone thinking you're a whore is eventually you become one. And all because I forgot to smile. I ... lost ... a few years. Somewhere in there, I had a daughter. Named her Hannah. And somewhere in there, I sold Hannah. I think I got enough money for three or four months' lodgings for her. It weren't illegal. There were services. She'd go to a family on the continent, learn to be a maid or a cook. It was a better life than I could give her. And then I met Mrs. Butler. I think I snuck in the back of one of her meetings just to get out of the cold. But then she started talking to me. Not like some charity worker. Like she actually wanted to know who I was, where I came from. Where I wanted to go. And I told her about Hannah. And she told me she'd help me find her.