

	WOMAN	<i>(looking sharply from Sir Wilfrid to Mayhew)</i> Here, what's this? Two o' yer? I'm not talking to two of yer. <i>(She turns to go)</i>
	SIR WILFRID	This is Mr. Mayhew. He is Leonard Vole's solicitor. I am Sir Wilfred Robarts, Counsel for the Defence.
	WOMAN	<i>(peering at SIR WILFRID)</i> So you are, dear. Didn't recognize you without your wig. Lovely you all look in them wigs.
	<i>(MAYHEW gives SIR WILFRID a nudge)</i>	
	WOMAN	Havin' a bit of a confab, are you? Well, maybe I can help you if you make it worth my while.
	SIR WILFRID	You know, Miss - er. . .
	WOMAN	No need for names. If I did give you a name, it mightn't be the right one, might it?
	SIR WILFRID	As you please. You realize you are in duty-bound to come forward to give any evidence that may be in your possession.
94	WOMAN	Aw, come off it! I didn't say I knew anything, did I? I've got something. That's more to the point.
	MAYHEW	What is it you have got, madam?
	WOMAN	Aye - aye! I was in court today. I watched that - that trollop give her evidence. So high and mighty about it too. She's a wicked one. A Jezebel, that's what she is.
	SIR WILFRID	Quite so. But as to this special information you have. . .
	WOMAN	<i>(cunningly)</i> Ah, but what's in it for me? It's valuable, what I've got. A hundred quid, that's what I want.
1 of 3	MAYHEW	I'm afraid we could not countenance anything of that character, but perhaps if you tell us a little more about what you have to offer. . .

	WOMAN	You don't buy unless you get a butcher's, is that it?
	SIR WILFRID	A butcher's?
	WOMAN	A butcher's 'ook - look.
	SIR WILFRID	Oh, yes -yes.
	WOMAN	I've got the goods on her all right. <i>(She opens her handbag)</i> It's letters, that's what it is. Letters.
	SIR WILFRID	Letters written by Romaine Vole to the prisoner?
	WOMAN	<i>(laughing coarsely)</i> To the prisoner? Don't make me laugh. Poor ruddy prisoner, he's been took in by her all right. <i>(she winks)</i> I've got something to sell, dear, and don't you forget it.
	MAYHEW	<i>(smoothly)</i> If you will let us see these letters, we shall be able to advise you as to how pertinent they are.
	WOMAN	Putting it in your own language, aren't you? Well, as I say, I don't expect you to buy without seeing. But fair's fair. If those letters will do the trick, if they'll get the boy off, and put that foreign bitch where she belongs, well, it's a hundred quid for me. Right?
95	MAYHEW	<i>(taking his wallet from his pocket and extracting ten pounds)</i> If these letters contain information that is useful to the defence - to help your expenses in coming here- I am prepared to offer you ten pounds.
	WOMAN	<i>(almost screaming)</i> Ten bloody quid for letters like these. Think again.
	SIR WILFRID	<i>(taking the wallet from him)</i> If you have a letter there that will help to prove my client's innocence, twenty pounds would, I think, not be an unreasonable sum for your expenses. <i>(he takes ten pounds from the wallet, returns the empty wallet to Mayhew, and takes the first ten pounds from him)</i>

	WOMAN	Fifty quid and it's a bargain. That's if you're satisfied with the letters.
	SIR WILFRID	Twenty pounds. <i>(he puts the notes on the desk)</i>
	<i>(The WOMAN watches him and wets her lips. It is too much for her.)</i>	
	WOMAN	All right, blast you. 'Ere, take 'em. Quite a packet of 'em. <i>(she takes the letters from her handbag)</i> The top one's the one will do the tick. <i>(she puts the letters on the desk, then goes to pick up the money. SIR WILFRID is too quick for the WOMAN and picks up the money. The WOMAN quickly retrieves the letters)</i>
	SIR WILFRID	Just a moment. I suppose this is her handwriting?
	WOMAN	It's her handwriting all right. She wrote 'em. It's all fair and square.
	SIR WILFRID.	We have only your word for that.
	MAYHEW	Just a moment. I have a letter from Mrs. Vole - not here, but at my office.