

ACT TWO**Scene Five****The Brownlow's Drawing Room.****MR BROWNLOW**

I understand you bring information regarding the boy Oliver Twist.

MR BUMBLE

(pre-prepared)

We decided to come in answer to your advertisement?

WIDOW CORNEY

I decided.

MR BUMBLE

(deflated)

Yes. Thats right. My dear wife decided. Bumble is my name, sir. Beadle of the workhouse where this boy was cared for—from where he was apprenticed to an undertaker—where he ran away from...

He stops to catch his breath.

MR BROWNLOW

Yes, yes it's very good of you to come. Now what have you got to tell me?

MR BUMBLE

(producing the locket with great moment)

This locket was given by the lad's dying mother to my dear wife just before she passed away... The lad's dying mother that is, not my wife.

WIDOW CORNEY scornfully laughs. BUMBLE hands MR BROWNLOW the locket.

MR BROWNLOW

You say when he left your work house he went to an undertaker's?

MR BUMBLE

Yes, Mr Sowerberry, the undertaker took Oliver from us for three pounds

MR BROWNLOW

You mean to say that you sold him... like an animal?

MR BUMBLE

Well, sir, it was Mrs Bumble who actually authorised the sale.

MR BROWNLOW

Really! Then I will see that neither of you is employed in a position of trust again. And your behaviour madam was shameful! Leave my house!

WIDOW CORNEY

(outraged)

Oh! How dare you speak so to me, sir! I came here to help you...

MR BROWNLOW

You came here in the hope of profiting from your own greed and dishonesty!

MR BUMBLE

(trying to save the situation)

As to that, sir—if you consider the trinket don't properly belong to my dear wife...

WIDOW CORNEY

Shut up, you old fool!

BUMBLE subsides, BROWNLOW takes out his wallet. Nancy appears in the background.

MR BROWNLOW

(taking out some notes)

Here—ten pounds

He thrusts the money into WIDOW CORNEY's hands.

Take it, and consider yourself fortunate that you don't find yourselves in the hands of the law. Mrs Bedwin - show these ghastly people out.

MRS BEDWIN

Yes, sir.

WIDOW CORNEY

We know the way out thank you very much.

She sweeps past MRS BEDWIN out of the room.

MR BUMBLE

I hope Sir that this unfortunate little circumstance will not deprive me of my parochial office?

MR BROWNLOW

Indeed it will. And you may think yourself well off besides.

MR BUMBLE

Well it was all Mrs Bumble. She would do it.

MR BROWNLOW

That is no excuse. You were present on the occasion when the boy was sold, and indeed, are the more guilty of the two—in the eye of the Law. For the Law supposes that your wife acts under your direction.

MR BUMBLE*(heatedly)*

If the Law supposes that, then the Law is a ass! If that's the eye of the Law, then the Law is a bachelor! And the worst I wish the Law is... that His eye may be opened by experience...

#44 – *The Locket*

By experience!

BUMBLE exits.

BROWNLOW is left alone looking at the locket in his hand.

MRS BEDWIN enters, looking flustered.

MRS BEDWIN

There is a young woman enquiring for you, sir.

MR BROWNLOW

Mrs Bedwin... take a look at this miniature. Can you see who it is?

(he hands her the locket.)

MRS BEDWIN

(amazed)

Why it's, Miss Agnes, sir!

MR BROWNLOW

Yes. My daughter Agnes. She must have found her way to the workhouse and had the child there.

MRS BEDWIN

If only she had told us.

NANCY appears in the doorway.

MR BROWNLOW

(Seeing her)

Mrs Bedwin, who is this?

MRS BEDWIN

(Turning to MR BROWNLOW)

It's about the boy sir.

MR BROWNLOW

Have you news of Oliver?

NANCY

He's in danger—in bad company. He was dragged off the day you sent him out with them books.

MR BROWNLOW

Who took him?

NANCY

Me and...

(she stops)

...and someone else.

MR BROWNLOW

Where can I find him? Who is this other person you speak of? Take me to him.

NANCY

No! No, I can't! I shouldn't have said that!

MR BROWNLOW

Now come, sit down. You want to help the boy, don't you? Why else are you here?

NANCY

I do want to help—but...

MR BROWNLOW

Then at least tell me where I can find him.

NANCY

I can't. But I'll bring him to you. Not here. It's too far.

MR BROWNLOW

Where then?

NANCY

The Bridge, London Bridge. Tonight. At midnight.

MRS BEDWIN looks at MR BROWNLOW, alarmed for his safety.

And you've got to come alone. Promise me you'll come on your own—I'll find a way of getting him to you.

MR BROWNLOW stares at her, doubtful and suspicious.

You don't believe me, do you? But if you want Oliver back, then you've got to believe me.

MR BROWNLOW

(making up his mind)

Very well—I'll be there.

NANCY

Thank God!

She turns to go.

MR BROWLOW

Wait. Has the boy been hurt! Ill-treated? If so, I shall...

NANCY

I can't say no more. Please. He'll kill me as it is if he finds out where I've been.

MR BROWNLOW

(insistently)

Who is this man? Perhaps we can...

NANCY

No! We can't! Whatever else I do, I won't turn on him.

MRS BEDWIN

I understand, my dear.

MR BROWNLOW

But a man who might kill you?

NANCY

Yes, but he's mine, and I'm his. I've got to go back. I want to go back.

(Nancy exits.)

#45 - *As Long As He Needs Me (Reprise)*

MRS BEDWIN

Do you think we can trust her Mr Brownlow?

MR BROWNLOW

I'm afraid we have no choice Mrs Bedwin.

In the street outside Brownlows house NANCY appears.

NANCY

HE DOESN'T ACT AS THO' HE CARES.
BUT DEEP INSIDE I KNOW HE CARES.
AND THAT IS WHY I'M TIED
RIGHT BY HIS SIDE.

AS LONG AS HE NEEDS ME...
I KNOW WHERE I MUST BE.

36. Who Will Buy (Part Two)

CUE:

BROWNLOW: Well in ten minutes, Dr Grimwig,
when the boy returns, I think you will see.**GRIMWIG:** Yes, Mr Brownlow, ten minutes. (*Music starts*)

In 4 ♩ = 126

MILKMAID *mp*

Who will buy? _____

STRAWBERRY SELLER *mp*

Who will buy? _____

ROSE SELLER *mp*

Who will buy? _____

KNIFE GRINDER *mp*

Who will buy? _____

5 In 2 ♩ = 5A 6

M

S

R

K

ENSEMBLE

Who will buy this won-der-ful morn-ing