

**ACT ONE**

**Scene Two**

**The Widows Parlour**

**MR BUMBLE**

Mark my words Mrs Corney. That boy was born to be hung, I've never been so shocked in all my days.

**WIDOW CORNEY**

Hush, Mr B, you've had quite a turn and I fancy you might enjoy a little drop of something special.

**MR BUMBLE**

What is it?

**WIDOW CORNEY**

Why it's what I'm obliged to keep a little of in the house to put into the blessed infant's medicine when they ain't well and I'll not deceive you Mr B,

*CORNEY fumbles in pocket to reveal a bottle of gin.*

It's gin.

**MR BUMBLE**

Well, you are a humane woman Mrs Corney. It's nice to be appreciated, Mrs Corney. These paupers in this parish they don't appreciate me. Anti-parochial they are, ma'am, anti-parochial. We have given away, Mrs Corney, a matter of twenty loaves and cheese-and-a-half this very afternoon, and still them paupers is not contented.

*BUMBLE drinks gin and offers to Corney.*

**WIDOW CORNEY**

Of course they're not. When would they be? Sweet, Mr Bumble?

**MR BUMBLE**

Very sweet, indeed, ma'am

*(Bumble Sneezes)*

**WIDOW CORNEY**

Bless you .

*CORNEY drops two lumps of sugar in the gin, and stirs. BUMBLE spreads his pocket handkerchief over his fat knees, heaves a deep sigh and looks at the cat basket)*

**MR BUMBLE**

Do you still keep a cat, ma'am.

**WIDOW CORNEY**

Yes, and kittens too, I'm so fond of them you can't imagine Mr Bumble. They are so happy, so cheerful, so frolicsome that they are quite companions for me.

**MR BUMBLE**

*(loudly)*

Very nice animals indeed, ma'am, and so very domestic.

**WIDOW CORNEY**

So very fond of their home too, that it's really quite a pleasure, I'm sure.

**MR BUMBLE**

Mrs Corney, Ma'am.

*(marking time with a teaspoon)*

I mean to say this... that any cat... or kitten... that could live with you ma'am... and not be fond of it's home... must be an idiot, ma'am, and don't deserve to live in it.

**WIDOW CORNEY**

Oh, Mr Bumble!

**MR BUMBLE**

It's no use disguising facts ma'am. An h'idiot! I would drown it myself with pleasure!

**WIDOW CORNEY**

Then you're a cruel man. And a very hard hearted man besides.

**MR BUMBLE**

Hard hearted, Mrs Corney? Hard? Are you hard hearted Mrs Corney?

**WIDOW CORNEY**

Dear me, what a very curious question coming from a single man. What can you want to know for Mr B.?

*BUMBLE drinks his gin, wipes his lips and kisses CORNEY.*

Mr Bumble, I shall scream!

**#6 - I Shall Scream!**

YOU'RE A NAUGHTY BAD MAN  
IF YOU THINK I CAN'T BE PROPER  
PRIM AND HAUGHTY I CAN  
AND YOU'LL PARDON IF I MENTION  
YOU MUST STATE YOUR TRUE INTENTION

(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