

2-5-29

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MR. BUMBLE

I hope 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

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

If the Law supposes that, then the Law is an 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, by experience.

(Exits.)

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

There is a sound of raised voices outside and BEDWIN enters, looking flustered)

MRS. BEDWIN

There is a young person, sir, at the back door enquiring for you and saying that she has come about Oliver.

MR. BROWNLOW

Mrs. Bedwin, take a look at this miniature.

(HE hands HER the locket)

You see who it is.

MRS. BEDWIN

Why it's Miss Agnes, sir!

MR. BROWNLOW

Yes, my daughter Agnes. And I have every reason to suspect that Oliver was her child.

MRS. BEDWIN

Sir!

(NANCY bursts in)