

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...

*Bedwin
Brownlow*#44 - *The Locket*

By experience!

BUMBLE exits

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

MRS BEDWIN enters, looking flustered.

*Start***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?

End