

Mr Brownlow

A kind gentleman of wealth and breeding,
Oliver's grandfather

None singing

Adult

Male

MR. BROWNLOW

I understand you bring information regarding the boy? Oliver Twist.

MR. BUMBLE

I have come in to answer your advertisement. 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.

MR. BROWNLOW

Yes, yes, and do you know where the boy is now?

MR. BUMBLE

Not no more than no body.

MR. BROWNLOW

Well, what do you know of him?

MR. BUMBLE

This little trinket 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.

(HE hands MR. BROWNLOW the locket)

Mrs. Bumble has kept it all this time.

MR. BROWNLOW

You say that when he left your workhouse he went to an undertaker's?

MR. BUMBLE

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

MR. BROWNLOW

You mean to say you sold him like an animal?

MR. BUMBLE

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

BROWNLOW

Really! Then I will see to it that neither of you is employed in a situation of trust again. You may leave my house!