

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 sign 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

6. I Shall Scream

CUE: WIDOW CORNEY:
...What can you want to
know for Mr Bumble?

CUE: WIDOW CORNEY:
Mr Bumble!

WIDOW C.

Allegretto ♩ = 120

1

You're a naught-y bad man If you think I can't be

6

pro - per, prim and haugh-ty I can and you'll par-don if I men-tion You must state your true in -

12

// MR B. WIDOW C: No!

ten - tion Is there not an - oth - er room here? If there were a bride and groom here Would there

17

WIDOW C. MR B. WIDOW C.

be? Well there might We shall see I shall

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Tempo di Polka

24

scream I shall scream At the thought of what you're think - ing I shall

cresc.

30

MR B.

Colla voce

scream You will won - der where the scream went When we come to an a - gree - ment As my

36

A tempo

WIDOW C

lov - ey dove is chub - by could she love a chub - by , hub - by I shall scream, Mis - ter Bum - ble I shall

p *f*

42

scream Bum - ble Wum - ble I shall scream scream scream

ff