

**Baker:** Well bless me – would you believe it. If that young ‘un hasn’t given her buns to a beggar child! It wasn’t because she didn’t want them, either. Well, well, she looked ‘ungry enough. Well I never!

*The baker puts a cloth over her remaining bread etc. A smart lady begins to protest as she wanted to buy some bread.*

**Lady:** Excuse me, Baker, but I need some of your bread - I’ve been waiting while you have been wasting your time with that little ruffian. *(she points her foot at Anne who has shrunk further under the table)*

**Baker:** Sorry madam, but you’ll ‘ave to wait...I’ve got more a important task on me hands. *(she peers under the tablecloth and persuades Anne out).*

**Baker:** C’mon dearie.. I ‘aint goin’ to bite yer. *(to the Lady who is standing in the way)* ‘Scuse me if yer please... *(she takes Anne’s hand and guides her out - Anne looks terrified)*

*The Lady is furious and reluctantly moves out of the way, picking up her skirts as if she might be contaminated if they go anywhere near Anne.*

**Lady :** Well..... I’ve never been so insulted. How *dare you* prefer that awful beggar girl to **me**! Outrageous!!

*Several of the people around her agree. Some of the children chant “Beggar girl, beggar girl, what a smelly beggar girl”*

*Anne begins to cry.*

*The people gradually exit - a few pick up a scrap from the floor and throw them at Anne.*

**Baker:** *(flapping her apron as if shooing them away)* Get outta ‘ere the lot o’ you. *She takes Anne by the hand and leads her away from the exiting people.*

**Baker:** Don’ yer worry about them little ‘un. They’re all scum, that’s what they are. What’s yer name?

**Anne:** I can’ believe this Mrs... you’re the second one terday tha’s axed me me name. It’s Anne Mrs.

**Baker:** Well Miss Anne, I won’ ‘ave those snobby women tellin’ *me* what ter do...I’m gonna look after yer.

**Anne:** Oh Mrs.. I ....I...dunno wha’ ter say!!

**Baker:** Yer don’ need to say nothing! From this day forrad, you are goin’ to be my apprentice, see! An apprentice to Mrs Dodge, the Baker. I dunno why I aint thought of it afore. I could use the ‘elp, and you seem a good ‘un ter me. What do yer think?

**Anne:** Oh Mrs Dodge! ‘Ow can I ever fank yer enough. ‘Tis like a dream come true. Me....a BAKER!!!

**Baker:** Well, well... don' get too far above yourself young lady - tis a skill learning how ter bake, so it is.

**Anne:** Yeah, I knows it Mrs Dodge.. but I'm that grateful I am. I will work so 'ard.....you wait an' see. *(she hugs Mrs D, who is clearly touched by the gesture, but also a bit embarrassed)*

**Baker:** Come now, Anne... none of this sloppy stuff... *(she turns and wipes a tear from her eye with her apron, clearly moved by Anne's affection)* You've got ter promise me you'll work 'ard... I don' want yer lettin' me down, yer see. I don' want those snobs tellin' me "I told you so".. *(she mimics a posh accent)*.

*Then looking where Sara left ...*