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Tom Jones

By John Osborne

Our hero grew apace.
A country lad, far happier
in the woods than in the study.
A bad hero, it may be,
with many a weakness.
But then, if Adam hadn't had
such a weakness for apples,
there would be nobody
to tell Tom's story at all.
And a part of that story tells
of the sport Tom found in the woods.
Ah, Tom.
You wicked dog.
Molly. What are you doing here?
I 'eard Father tell Mother
you was coming.
It's a good night to be abroad
and looking for game.
Ah, Tom...
Oh, Tom...
It shall be our custom
to leave such scenes
where taste, decorum
and the censor dictate.
In this way, we shall try to make up
for our incorrigible hero.
As soon as he had left
the disreputable Molly,
what did he do but join her equally
disreputable father, Black George,
gamekeeper to Squire Allworthy.
- Come on!
- I hear 'em. Psst.
Come on, lads. We'll smoke 'em out.
Fetch it. Fetch it, boy. Come on.
Wait. That's fallen
on Squire Western's ground.
Well, let's after it.
No - I've been warned for trespassing.
It's our bird. Don't worry, Blackie.
- Come back! Come...
- Here, boy. Here, boy. Here, boy.
All right, you devils, I'll get you!
- I'll have your blood! I'll...

- Run, Blackie!

Let's give the old man
a run for his money.

Home, lads. I'll get 'em another night.

- I thought I'd lost you in the woods.

- Short cut.

- We'll be caught one of these days.

- Don't worry.

It's all right for you -
you haven't got a family to keep.

I'll look after you.

Here... Take this guinea.

Good night, Blackie.

Our hero, alas, was always being
exploited by villains like Black George.

For a generous man is merely
a fool in the eyes of a thief.

- A sheep?

- Aye, sir, an entire sheep.

A fat animal. Enough
to feed a village for a week.

Hanging up in his cottage
as proud as a battle trophy.

- This is a grave matter.

- A hanging matter.

- Sir, if I may speak on his behalf, I'd...

- Be silent.

Are you guilty?

I am... guilty...

- Sir, forgive him.

- Be quiet, sir. I have to do justice here.

You have committed a capital crime.

The laws have provided the most terrible
To hang by your neck.

But you have children.

For their sake, I shall only
dismiss you from my service.

And may God have mercy on you.

You're too lenient, Mr Allworthy.

Compassion is one thing, sir,
but justice is another.

Mr Thwackum and Mr Square
were Tom's tutors.

Over the years, they tried -

with little success -
to thrash into Tom
a sense of virtue and religion.
They had, however, a more apt pupil.
Soon after Tom had been found,
the squire's sister Bridget married
a Captain Blifil, and they had a son.
This young man was
quite different from Tom.
He was sober, discreet
and pious beyond his age,
and the whole neighbourhood
resounded in his praise.
You have only taught Tom to laugh at
whatever is decent and virtuous and right.
- I've taught him religion.
- Mr Thwackum, the word "religion"
is as vague and uncertain
as any in the English language.
By "religion" I mean the Christian religion.
Not only that, but the Protestant religion.
And not only that,
but the Church of England.
I fear that Tom is the embodiment
of the old truth
that foundlings
should be left to the parish.
My dear tutors, I'm afraid neither of you
can touch his bastard's heart.
Neither indeed.
But there was another who could.
Tom...
- I want you to help me.
- How?
I want you to get me a post, Tom.
Mm-hm...
Miss Western's come back from France
and'll be wantin' a maid.
I'll speak to her.
Tom, you are kind to me.
Miss Western's maid!
Sophie Western! Miss Western!
Why, Tom Jones!
I've brought you a thrush.

He's beautiful, Tom. How kind of you.
Two years is a long time. Did they teach
you London ways, make a lady of you?
Most of the time I was in France.
My aunt took me there.
- Did you like France, Meez Western?
- Mais oui. Je me suis trs bien amuse.
- Ah, bon.
- You haven't changed, Tom.
You've grown, Sophie.
Grown more beautiful than ever.
Doesn't he sing beautifully?
I shall teach him some new songs.
I doubt if an English bird
can learn French songs.
You'll see.
Avignon
Sur le pont d'Avignon...
We're asked to supper. I came early to ask
if you'd help Black George's daughter.
Oh, yes. He stole a sheep, didn't he?
Black George is a poor man.
With big, hungry daughters to feed.
Most hungry - I can vouch for it.
I have a maid already.
But I'll see what I can do.
Good, good.
Ah! Welcome, neighbours! Welcome!
- How nice to see you.
- Welcome, madam. Welcome, Squire.
Good day, Western, good day.
- Look! Tom brought me a thrush!
- What a sweet little bird!
His song is sweeter
than any tune of Mr Handel's.
Ugh, Handel!
Tom, thank you.
Welcome home, Sophie.
How lovely you're looking, child.
Aye, it's good to have her home.
Let's all go in to dinner.
- Oh dear.
- Oh, my little bird!
Don't worry, Sophie,

I'll get it back for you.

- Tom...

- Good lad, Tom.

Be careful, Tom! Tom, take care!

- I'll wager he gets it.

- Take care.

I am sorry to cause you this distress,
Miss Western.

I did not think the bird would fly away.

But I cannot help observing
that the idea of caged birds
is against the laws of nature.

Don't you agree, Mr Square?

He's got him!

Argh!

He'll drown! Quick, pick him up!

Help him, someone!

- Oh, Tom, you're soaked!

- Come on, lad, give me your hand.

Damn me if I won't love the boy for this
as long as I have to live!

Serves him right.

And you, sir.

The weeks passed...

and Molly grew apace too.

Ah, you lazy slut, you!

Look at her, with that great belly on her!

That I should have lived to see this day!

You'd better have minded what the parson
said and not harkened after menfolks.

She's the first of this family to be a whore!

Mother, you yourself was brought to bed
with sister there a week after you married.

Ah, but I were made an honest woman of.

But you, you have to be doing with
gentlemen, don't you, you nasty slut, you!

You will have a bastard!

And I defy anybody to say that of me.

- My gentlemen'll look after me.

- Your gentlemen! Far from gentlemen!

You lay off me, or I'll tell my gentlemen...

...if these be constantly applied,

And then, though we cannot
absolutely promise success,

yet we may properly say with the apostle
"What knowest thou, O wife,
whether thou shalt save thy husband?"
And now, my dear brethren,
let us sing together the hymn
"O God, Our Help in Ages Past. "
O God, our help in ages past
Our hope for years to come...
"Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so. "
"Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature too. "
"But, ladies, you should never let
Such angry passions rise. "
"Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes. "
There she is! Let's get at her!
Let's thrash her!
Don't want the likes of her in this village!
Won't have her mixing with us good folk!
Take that, you hussy!
I'll get you, Goody Brown,
you dirty old harridan!
Oh, Tom... Please, Tom...
Don't... Don't leave me, Tom.
Slowly. Slowly.
That filthy slut.
Ah, good boy, good boy!
He's a game lad, your Tom.
So, the wench is having a bastard?
Yes. It seems the girl has refused
to name the father to Mr Allworthy.
He may have to send her to Bridewell.
- Father, I have a headache.
- I smoke it.
I smoke it!
Tom is the father of that bastard!
Aye! As sure as tuppence,
Tom is the bastard's father!
Father...
Odds zodikins!
What a little whoremaster that boy is!
The girl is ruined, surely.
Aye! Ruined. Ruined for sure!

Once broken, never mended, eh?
It'll do no harm. Ask Sophie.
She knows about Tom.
You have no worse opinion of a young
fellow for getting a bastard, have you?
Will you stop bobbing up and down, girl!
No, no. The women will like him
the better for it, won't they?
- Sophie, sing us one of your jolly songs.
- Not tonight, Father. I have a headache.
Let's have "St George, He Was
for England" or "Bobbing Joan".
That's a good song for tonight, eh?
None of your old Handel now,
my little darling.
Ah, you play like an angel.
Molly's reputation was destroyed,
and Tom's heart was heavy with remorse.
Perhaps Mr Square had been right,
that the wicked are snared
in the work of their own hands.
Oh. Mr Jones.
- Where's Molly?
- Oh, she... she ain't home.
She's upstairs. In bed.
- Who is it?
- It's me. Tom.
Why haven't you been
to see me before this, Tom?
- Molly, I...
- Agh!
- You said you'd be my gentleman!
- I hope to explain why...
You'll not admit you've had
your wicked will of me?!
- Molly...
- No.
I shall never love
another man but you, Tom.
Not if the greatest squire in the country
came a-courtin',
I couldn't give myself to him!
No, Tom, not for all the riches in the
world, now that you've gained my heart.

You are a lecherous rascal after all, Tom!
I shall always hate and despise
the whole sex on account of you, Tom!
Mr Square.
Molly's favours, after all,
had not been bestowed on Tom alone.
Our hero, unlike many other men,
was fortunate enough to discover
the father of his child in time.
And after everyone's kindness, too.
She has laid the child
at young Mr Jones's door.
All the parish say Mr Allworthy is so angry
with Mr Jones that he won't see him.
To be sure, one can't help
pitying the poor young man.
He's so pretty a gentleman. I should
be sorry to see him turned out-of-doors.
Why do you tell me all this? What concern
have I in what Mr Jones does?
Why, ma'am, I never thought it was any
harm to say a young man was handsome.
But I shall never think of him any more
now. For handsome is as handsome does.
Tittle-tattle, tittle-tattle.
I shall be late for the hunt.
Sorry, I'm sure, madam.
Everyone in my household!
Where's the cider?
Greetings! Greetings!
- Greetings, Thwackum.
- Morning, Squire. Morning, Miss Western.
Welcome, everyone.
Morning, Western.
Oh, you brute!
- Morning.
- And you, sir.
Ah, you're getting no younger.
I mean the horse, madam.
A stirrup cup, everyone!
Come, help yourselves, everyone!
Plenty to eat and drink!
Here. The Church is always first
with the bread and wine.

Health to everyone!
French miss isn't speaking today?
Drink up, everyone.
- Huntsmen, loose the hounds.
- Another tankard, please.
Come on, boys and girls!
Come on, come on!
Have a drop of cider inside you, boy.
Then you'll be ready for the kill.
Come on, drink up. Drink up, everyone.
Come on, drink up!
Some Western brew for you, my girl!
Squire, it's too early! You'll tire yourself!
Quiet, everyone.
Good health and good hunting!
Come on, Sophie! Hurry, hurry!
Come on, sweetheart! After him!
Tally-ho!
Ahhh! Here he is!
- I trust you're not harmed.
- No, no. How can I ever thank you?
If I have preserved you, madam,
I am sufficiently repaid. Agh...
I hope you're not hurt.
If I have broken my arm, it is a trifle
compared to my fears on your account.
Broken your arm?!
I'm afraid I have, madam.
Yet I have another to lead you home.
Look at him, ma'am. He's the most
handsome man I ever saw in my life.
Why, Honor, I do believe
you're in love with him.
I assure you, ma'am, I'm not.
If you were, I see no reason
that you should be ashamed of it.
For he is certainly a handsome fellow.
That he is - the most handsome man
I ever saw in my life.
And, as you say, ma'am, I don't know why
I should be ashamed of looking at him,
even though he is my better.
For gentlefolk are but flesh and blood,
like us servants.

I am an honest person's child,
and my mother and father were married -
which is more than some people can say.
Honor!

My grandfather was a clergyman,
and he'd have been very angry
to have thought any of his family had
taken up with Molly Seagrim's leavings.
Why, ma'am,
the young gentleman is awake.

Yes. You've awakened him
with your foolish chatter.
I feel awake for the first time, madam.
"... after narrow scru...

narrow scrutiny,
found some magical books... " Ha-haar!
"... several vials of strange liquors,
pots of ointment... "
Remember that picnic, Sister, last year,
when Western sat on a wasps' nest?

I shall never forget it!
Oh, it's so beautiful this summer.
Brother... Brother...

- Brother!
- Whoa! Whoa!
- I can't...
- It's all right. It's all right.

Why the long face, Blif?
- Such a terrible thing.
- What's happened?

There's been an accident.
My mother is dead.
Blif...

And Squire Allworthy?
He's not expected to live.
Shh.

Fever has developed and there
is little hope. We can only pray.
Something for which
you have scant relish!

"Forasmuch as it hath pleased
Almighty God of his great mercy
to take unto himself the soul
of our dear sister here departed,

we therefore commit
her body to the ground,
earth to earth,
ashes to ashes,
dust to dust,
in sure and certain hope
of the resurrection to eternal life,
through our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen. "

Well, there's another one gone.
So sorry.
Cheer up, lad.
She will be with the angels, my boy.
Our mortal forms are but shadows
of a purer reality.
- Thank you for your comforting words.
- She was a great lady.
Sir, some time before your mother died
she gave me a letter.
Her instructions were to hand it
to Mr Allworthy as she was buried.
I will give it to my uncle.
She expressly said
into no hands but Mr Allworthy's.
Lawyer Dowling, if my uncle lives
he will need a new steward.
I intend to recommend you.
You are most kind, sir.
Do not grieve, my dear nephew.
Do not grieve.
Sir, you cannot die.
Death comes to us all, Tom.
I have asked you here
to tell you of my will.
Nephew Blifil, I leave you heir to my
whole estate, with these exceptions.
To you, my dear Tom,
I have given an estate of Pounds. 800 a year,
together with Pounds. 1,000 in ready money.
I am convinced, my boy,
that you have much goodness,
generosity and honour in your nature.
If you will add prudence and religion
to these, you must be happy.
Pounds. 1,000 I leave to you, Mr Thwackum,

and a like sum to you, Mr Square -
which I am convinced exceeds
your desires as well as your wants.
As for my servants,
for Marjorie and Jane, Pounds. 100 each.
"... my soul shall praise the Lord
even to death,
and my life was drawing
near to hell beneath... "
Mr Allworthy's recovered!
It's over! The fever's gone!
He's sitting up! He's well again!
The squire's recovered!
It's over!
It is not true that drink
changes a man's character.
It can reveal it more clearly.
The Squire's recovery brought joy to Tom,
to his tutors sheer disappointment.
Sing, thick Thwackum,
your bounty's flown...
You have good reason for your
drunkenness, you beggarly bastard!
- He's provided well enough for you!
- Do you think that could weigh with me?
- Damn you, Thwackum!
- How dare you, sir?!

And damn me
if I don't open another bottle.
I shall sing you a ballad, entitled "Sing,
thick Thwackum, thy bounty has flown".
Sing, thick Thwackum,
thy bounty's flown
You've lost all the money
you thought that you'd own...
Mr Jones!
This house is in mourning on account
of the death of my dear mother.
Oh, sir, forgive me.
The joy of Mr Allworthy's recovery...
I had the misfortune
to know who my parents were.
Consequently, I'm grieved by their loss.
You rascal. Do you dare to insult me?

Gentlemen, gentlemen!
This behaviour is most unseemly.
Oh, Master Blifil!
Oh, that vulgar animal! Out with him!
All right, we'll go outside!
Let's have some wine!
Get him out! Get him out!
How dare you throw me out?
Shall we take the evening air?
It is widely held that too much wine
will dull a man's desire.
Indeed it will - in a dull man.
Sophia...
Sophie...
I'll carve her name on this tree!
Tree, do you mind
if I carve the name of my Sophia?
Big S for Sophia... Sophie...
Sophie, Sophia...
So... Molly...
Molly, Molly, Molly, Molly, Molly, Molly...
M for Molly...
Are you aimin' to slit my throat, Squire?
Would you like... a sip of my wine?
Mm.
I never had a sip
of a gentleman's wine before.
Oh, it's very potent!
What are you laughin' at, Tom?
I'm thinking of Square in your bedroom!
To those who find our hero's behaviour
startling, the answer is simple.:
Tom had always thought
that any woman was better than none,
while Molly never felt that one man
was quite as good as two.
- He has a wench!
- A wench?
- Let's go and find the wicked girl.
- Yes!
Who's that?
- How dare you?!
- Thwacky! Ha-ha!
Mr Jones, control yourself!

How disgraceful!
Go away, sir! Go away, sir!
Take that, you wicked fool!
You there! Damnation to you!
Stop it! Stop! What's the matter with you?
Damnation to you! Get over there!
Whoa, there! Three falling onto one?
Whoa! The whip!
Come, lass, see to Tom.
He's in a devilish pickle, I promise you.
Tom... Shh. Poor Tom. Shh.
- Sophie, dear...
- Shh. I'll fetch some water.
- What are you brawling about, Tom?
- If you search the bushes you'll find out.
You lickerish dog, you!
Where is she? Where's Tom's pussy?
Puss, puss, puss, puss...
Where's Tom's pussy? Puss, puss, puss...
Sophie, I...
Come. After him.
- Sophie!
- Tom. Tom! Come and sup with me.
Gentlemen, let us make our peace
over a bottle.
Sir, it is no slight matter for a man
of my character to be buffeted by a boy
just for trying to bring
a wanton harlot to justice!
The fault lies with Mr Allworthy
and yourself, sir.
If you would put
the right laws into execution,
you would soon rid the country
of these... vermin.
Ha! I'd sooner rid the country of foxes!
Come, you sup with me. Damn me
if there's nothing I wouldn't give you -
except my hounds
and my favourite mare, Miss Slouch.
Up...
Away, Miss Slouch!
Let us tell Mr Allworthy
how the monster has behaved!

No, sirs, I beg of you, let us wait.
A better time will come.
Odds zodikins, it's me sister's coach.
What brings her from London?
I hope the old bitch has gone to bed.
Come, Sophie, sing us
one of your jolly songs, my girl.
Father, I do not feel well.
I think I shall go to bed.
Not before you attend to your guest.
Tom here has a great thirst, I warrant you.
Western? What are these nocturnal riots?
- Now lookie here, Sister...
- Sophie?
- Yes, Aunt?
- To bed.
- Bed?
- Bed!
I'd be glad to, madam.
Now lookie here, Sister!
Brother, as I am here to stay a while,
I shall sign a peace treaty with you.
Sister, I've often warned you
not to talk that court gibberish to me.
I pity your country ignorance
from my heart.
And I despise your citified claptrap!
I'd rather be anything than a courtier,
or a... or a Presbyterian,
or a crawler around
one of those damned German kings,
as I believe some people are.
If you mean me, I'm a woman of...
Yes, and a good thing for you that you are.
If you were a man, I'd have
lent you a flick long ago!
Brother, I think you are a perfect goat.
Good night, sir.
Good night, Sister.
Brother!
Brother!
Brother!
Oh, stop!
Brother!

Brother, have you not noticed something very extraordinary about Sophie lately? Tell me, then. You know I love that girl more than my own soul.

Well, unless I am deceived, my niece is desperately in love.

In love?

In love?! Without my consent?!

I'll disinherit her!

I'll cast her out-of-doors stark naked without a farthing!

Where is she?

Supposing she should have fixed on the very person you would have wished?

No. No! She can love whom she pleases, but she'll marry the man I choose!

But she has fixed on the very person you would have wished!

- What?

- What think you of Mr Blifil?

- Young Blifil?

- Well, who else could there be?

In this rude country and society.

Who else is of her class?

'Fore George...

Nothing could lie handier together than Allworthy's estates and mine.

Come, Sister.

What do you advise me to do?

I think you should propose the match to Mr Allworthy... immediately.

I will propose it.

Saddle my horse!

Well, Nephew, how do you feel about this marriage between you and Miss Western?

- I will do exactly as you wish, Uncle.

- Oh, come, sir.

That is a cold answer when confronted by the prospect of so beautiful a young lady.

My dear Uncle,

I am well aware of the many pleasures of that noble institution, marriage, and I will gladly call upon the young lady at any time she will receive me.

Good. You shall call upon her
this very afternoon.

Sophie, dear,

what book is that you're reading?

A sad one.

- You blush, my dear Sophie.

- I have no thoughts to be ashamed of.

Now, Sophie, you know how I love you.

You know the easiness of my nature.

I have not always been like this.

I used to be thought cruel -

by the men, I mean.

I was called "the cruel Parthenissa".

Now come.

I have news that will delight you.

What news, Aunt?

This very afternoon your father has
arranged for you to receive your lover.

My lover?

He's coming?! This afternoon?!

Yes. And you're to put on

all your best airs.

Why, Aunt!

You almost frighten me out of my senses!

You will come to yourself again.

He's a charming young fellow.

Dear, dear Aunt... I know

none of such perfections.

So brave, and yet so gentle.

So handsome.

What matters his being baseborn?

Baseborn? What do you mean?

- Mr Blifil, baseborn?

- Mr Blifil?

Mr Blifil. Of whom else

have we been talking?

- Why, Mr Jones!

- Mr Jones?!

Mr Blifil?! You can't be in earnest!

Oh, then I am

the most unhappy woman alive.

How can you think of disgracing your

family by allying yourself to a... bastard?

Madam, you have extorted this from me.

Whatever were my thoughts
of that poor, unhappy Mr Jones,
I had intended to carry them to the grave.
I would rather follow you to that grave
than see you disgrace us
by such a match!
Yes! Yes!
No, no, no, no, no!
I will not marry that idiot!
To force me to do so would be to kill me!
Then die and be damned!
Damn me! What a misery it is
to have daughters,
when a man has a good mare and dogs.
Tom, that pig-headed hussy
dares to refuse to marry Mr Blifil.
I'll turn her penniless out-of-doors
if she doesn't!
Go to her, lad, and see what you can do.
Sophie! Sophie!
- Sophie!
- Sophie!
No! No! No, no! No!
- Sophie!
- Brother! Brother!
Sophie!
Sophie... Sophie...
Sophie, Sophie... Shh.
My dearest, promise
you won't give yourself to Blifil.
- Don't say that name to me!
- Tell me, tell me I may hope!
Tom, you must go.
- Sophie, please...
- Or you'll be destroyed.
The only destruction I fear is the loss
of my Sophie. I cannot part with you.
Can't I make you understand,
you country clot?
Tom Jones?
Damnation!
Where is he? That parasite!
That home-wrecker! Where is he?
There they are!

Tom, you must go. Quick, Tom, quick.

Run, Tom, run!

Come back here!

- I'll get thee if I hang for it!

- Tom, run!

- Sophie, please!

- Run, Tom!

You there! Allworthy!

- A fine piece of work you've done!

- What can be the matter, Mr Western?

My daughter has fallen in love
with your bastard!

That's what comes of trying
to raise a bastard as a gentleman,
and letting him go visiting
to nice folks' houses.

- I'm sorry to hear you say this.

- A pox on your sorrow!

I've lost my only daughter.

My poor Sophie, the joy of my heart.

Little did I think,

when I loved him as a sportsman,
that he was all the while
a- poaching my daughter!

I wish you had not given him
so many opportunities with her.

What the devil did she
have to do with him?

He came a-huntin' with me,
not a-courtin' to her!

What are we to do, Mr Western?

Keep the rascal away from my house
until I lock the wench up.

I'll make her marry Mr Blifil here
if it's the last thing I do.

I'll have no other son-in-law but you.

So go to her, you jolly dog, you.

I tell you, you shall have her.

And as for that son-of-a-whore Jones,
if I catch him anywhere near my gal,

I'll qualify him to run

for the Gelding's Plate!

Come on, Miss Slouch, come on.

Even the best of horsemen

should avoid the bottle.
However, the forces of sobriety
were gathering in all their strength
against our hero.
We draw your attention
to the abominable behaviour of Mr Jones.
He is a monster of depravity and should
be expelled from your house this instant.
You let her out of her room
after I locked her in?
Women are convinced
by reason, not by force.
I am in the wrong!
As soon as she came back
to live with you, Brother,
she imbibed these romantic notions.
You don't imagine, do you,
that I taught her such things?
Your ignorance, Brother, as the great
Milton says, almost subdues my patience.
Damn Milton!
If he had the impudence to be here
and say it to my face, I'd lend him a flick.
Come on, my girl.
He was, according to the vulgar phrase,
whistle drunk.
On the very day of your utmost danger, he
filled the house with riot and debauchery.
And he even struck Master Blifil.
How?! Did he dare strike you?
Oh, Uncle, I'm sure
I've forgiven him for that long ago.
But the same evening
we unluckily saw him... with a girl...
in a manner not fit to be mentioned.
Mr Thwackum advanced to rebuke him
when, I am sorry to say,
he fell upon the worthy man
and beat him outrageously.
Tell me, child, what objection
can you have to the young gentleman?
A very solid objection, in my opinion -
I hate him.
Well, I have known many couples

who have entirely disliked each other
lead very comfortable, genteel lives.
Madam, I assure you,
I shall never marry a man I detest.
I still believe the young man
to have a few redeeming graces.
Some of the crimes you accuse him of
sprang from his mistaken compassion
for the gamekeeper and his family.
Compassion, sir? Lust!
All his gifts, his so-called generosity,
were merely bribes
to debauch another innocent.
As you know, the unfortunate Molly...
Miss Sophie Western
will be the next to be undone.
All this I would have revealed long ago,
had not Master Blifil begged me
to give him another chance.
Send him to me.
Tom, I have forgiven you
too often in the past
out of compassion for your youth
and in hope of your improvement.
You must leave my house for ever.
However, I have educated you
like my own child
and would not turn you naked
into this world.
Here is something which will enable you,
with industry, to get a good employment.
Goodbye, Tom.
Goodbye, sir.
Goodbye, sir.
Stay, boy. Stay.
Mr Allworthy is very sensible
of the many advantages
of binding our two estates together.
Indeed?
I had not realised Mr Allworthy was
so interested in questions of property.
Oh, he is.
And you?
I? Well, naturally my attentions

are set constantly
on those most blissful and sanctified
pleasures of holy matrimony.
Clandestine amours so soon, Mr Blifil?
I pray you, Aunt, excuse me.
I feel a little... faint.
The fox, Mr Blifil, the fox.
Tally-ho!
It is you who have taught her
disobedience, Brother.
You are such a boor!
Boar? I am no boar! No! Nor ass!
Ah, more-than-gothic ignorance!
As for your manners, they deserve a cane!
And yours I despise
as much as I do a fart!
And as for your niece, I'm going
to lock her up in my tower this time!
You'll do nothing of the sort!
- Honor, promise to keep your word.
- I can't, madam. I'm frightened. I can't.
- I'm frightened, madam.
- Aaargh! Aaargh!
Got you, my girl! Come on!
Come on. You won't get out this time,
I warrant you!
Our hero was now on the road to London.
His first adventure was with a party
of those men whose profligate ways
could be conducted with safety
only under the protection of red coats.
Good day, gentlemen.
Which way are you heading?
- North, to fight for the Protestant cause.
- Against Prince Charles?
Those damned Scots
are already on their way to England.
I've been walking all day and I'm hungry.
May I buy some food and drink?
- Right, give him some.
- Thank you, Sergeant.
- Good day, Captain.
- Good day.
I perceive you are a gentleman.

We should be glad to
welcome you into our company.
- I'd be glad to march with you.
- Good. We shall be on the march shortly.
There comes a time when men
in a constant state of readiness for war
will slip their leash and fight like dogs.
I believe... that a man can fight for
no nobler cause than that of his religion.
Hear, hear.
I'd like to propose a toast
to the Protestant cause.
Smoke the prig out, Northerton.
Smoke him.
Sir, were you ever at university?
Sir, so far from having been at university,
I was never at school.
Me neither!
I only presumed, sir, from the information
of your great learning.
Sir, it is as easy for a man not to have
been at school and know something
as it is for a man to have been at school
and know nothing.
Well said, young volunteer.
Upon my word, Northerton, you'd best let
him alone or he'll prove too hard for you.
Give us a toast, young fellow.
Fill up his cup.
I would like to propose a toast...
to the health, and bless the name...
of Miss Sophie Western.
Sophie Western.
Sophie Western?
I knew one Sophie Western - was lain with
by half the young fellows at Bath.
Perhaps this is the same woman.
Miss Western is a lady
of fashion and fortune.
Oh aye, so she is, so she is!
Aye, it is the same young lady.
I'll lay half a dozen of Burgundy
Tom French of our regiment
had her in the tavern at Bridge Street!

Sophie Western!
Sir! I can bear no jesting
with this lady's character.
Jesting? Damn me if I was
ever more in earnest in my life.
Tom French of our regiment
had her and her aunt together at Bath.
You are the most impudent
rascal on earth!
You've killed him, you swine!
Zounds, I was but in jest with the fellow.
I never heard of Miss Western in my life.
Then you deserve to be hanged. You are
under arrest. Sergeant, take him away.
Arrest him.
But a hero cannot be lost
until his tale is told.
For, heaven be thanked,
we live in such an age
where no man dies for love
except upon the stage.
I'll kill you, Northerton...
I'm going to kill you, Northerton!
Northerton... Northerton...
Must find Northerton.
Must find Northerton...
Northerton!
Northerton!
Northerton!
Northerton!
Help! Help!
The ghost walks!
Shh! Shh!
Shh-shh-shh!
Come on, you, get up.
I can't afford for you
to lie here idle any longer.
Get out and follow
them rascally friends of yours!
You soldiers call yourselves gentlemen,
but it's we who have to pay for you -
and keep you too, for that matter!
- What are you talking about?
- That Lt Northerton escaped last night.

The rest of the company
went in pursuit after him -
and conveniently left
without paying the bill.

- How could he have escaped?

- His doxy, a trollop called Mrs Waters.

The sentry disappeared
and she let him out.

She'll soon learn what kind of a man he is.

Nothing's good enough for sparks like
him, but paying the bill is another matter!

Don't worry, madam.

I will repay you handsomely.

Ah, sir... A nice young
gentleman like yourself
shouldn't want to get mixed up
with them rough soldiers.

- It's gone.

- What's gone?

I had a Pounds. 500 note in my breeches pocket
and it's gone!

- That's a likely story.

- I had Pounds. 500...

- You never had Pounds. 500 in your life!

- One single note of Pounds. 500, and it's gone!

- I should've known your kind...

- Who took it?!

Somebody's been in this room during the
night and taken Pounds. 500 out of my pocket!

Was it you? Did you see her take it?

Somebody took the Pounds. 500 out of...

You lying rascal! Nor them cheating
redcoat friends of yours, neither!

Go on, take your things
and get out of here quick!

Go on! I'll set the dogs on you
if you don't hurry up!

You blackguard! Robber!

The whole lot of you! You and your Pounds. 500!

Wake up, you country stewpot!

Your daughter, sir!

While you've been lying a-bubbling here,
your daughter is gone!

Rouse yourself from this pastoral torpor.

Your daughter is gone!

What?!

Come on, you lazy lot, and take the
London road! Come on, Miss Slouch!

- Are you wanting anything, madam?

- We're tired and in need of refreshment.

It'd be an honour to serve such a lady.

Has by any chance a young gentleman,
a Mr Jones, passed this way?

Indeed he has. I'm surprised at a lady
like you inquiring of the likes of him -
brawling, thieving, bragging about
his mistress - one Sophie Western.

- Sophie Western?

- I'm not surprised, after Molly Seagrim.

- But I am the same Sophie Western.

- Well, you can get out of here quick!

Go on! Follow your fine friend. Take
your fine airs and graces with you!

This is a respectable house!

We don't want the likes of you here!

Our hero's next adventure
concerns a lady in circumstances
from which any gentleman
would instinctively wish to free her -
but of which any man
who was not a gentleman
might instantly want to take advantage.

Let her go, villain!

You savage!

Aaargh!

Sure, I've only myself to blame for trusting
in a man so unworthy of my favours.

No, sir - you've had trouble enough.

My nakedness may well shame me. I'd go
alone, but for the need of your protection.

Well then, in case

any prying eyes should offend you,

I will walk ahead

and escort you as far as Up... Upton.

So Tom and Mrs Waters - for so the lady
was called - set out on the road to Upton,
Tom, like Orpheus leading
Eurydice out of Hell,

hardly daring to look back
in case the fires consumed him.

Sophie! Sophie Western!

Sophie!

- Cousin Sophie!

- Look, ma'am, 'tis Mrs Fitzpatrick!

- My cousin Harriet?

- The same.

Why, so it is.

- Cousin!

- Harriet!

- What are you doing here?

- I'm on my way to London.

That is my destination. But why
are you both on one horse, indeed?

Oh, Harriet,

I am running away from home.

And I too - running away
from my husband, Mr Fitzpatrick,
who's hot on my trail, I'm sure.

Oh, never marry an Irishman -
particularly if he is eaten up with jealousy,
possessed of a quick temper,
and a mighty fool into the bargain.

But what will you do alone in London?

I have a friend. He has taken lodgings
for me in Curzon Street.

Cousin.

He's a dear, kind man,
and a peer of the realm.

You can stay with me.

- May I?

- Come on.

- But your friend.

- He is away for a few days.

When he returns
we will make other arrangements.

Now get in, Cousin,
and tell me about yourself.

Landlady, two rooms, please.

And perhaps you'd find this lady a gown.

She's been involved in an accident
and deprived of her clothes.

Take us to our rooms at once.

Heroes - whatever high ideals we may
have of them - are mortal, not divine.
We are all as God made us,
and many of us much worse.
All right, all right, I'm coming.
I'm coming, I said!
- Where's me wife?
- Who?
Me wife! Mrs Fitzpatrick.
I have come a distance to fetch her.
- There's no Mrs Fitzpatrick here.
- I know she's here! I know it.
Where is that serpent-toothed siren?!
Who's here, girl? Tell me, and I'll make
you the richest poor woman in the nation.
There's only a gentleman - Mr Jones.
- No lady?
- He has a Mrs Waters with him.
Waters! I'll bet she's usin' a false name!
That cunning wench! By the waters
of the Babylon I shall lay me down...
I'll bet she's lying down beside Mr Jones!
Show me her room!
Now where is she?
Where is that painted Delilah?!
- Down the end there.
- Mrs Fitzpatrick!
- Come on, Mrs Fitzpatrick!
- My husband!
- Your husband?!
- Do you think I don't know his voice?
Discovered, you whore!
Aaargh! Rape! Murder! Rape!
- What is it, lassie?
- A rape's going on down there!
Rape?!
Rape! Murder! Murder!
What is all this?!
Mr MacLachlan, dear friend!
I rejoice to see you here.
- This villain has debauched my wife!
- Your wife? What wife?
Do I not know Mrs Fitzpatrick very well?
And can I not see that the lady in bed with

this gentleman is not your wife at all?!

Rape! Rape! Rape! Rape! Rape!

Girl, what's this hullabaloo?

'Tis Tom Jones, madam,

in bed with Mrs Waters

and discovered by her husband -

an Irish gentleman, madam.

Forgive me - did you say Tom Jones?

Yes, madam - in bed

with that trull Mrs Waters.

Betrayed!

Ma'am, pray forgive

my dastardly intrusion. I...

What the devil is this disturbance?

I thought myself in a respectable inn,

but I see now it's a bawdyhouse!

I have made a mistake.

I was looking for me wife.

These villains burst into me room!

I heartily ask your pardon, ma'am.

I thought you was me wife.

Though I see no reason for a gentleman

to be in a lady's bed in his shirt.

I heard her screams

and ran in from the adjoining chamber.

Adjoining chamber!

It seems I have prevented

the lady being robbed.

- Robbed!

- Robbed? I'll have your blood for that!

- You wild Irishman!

- Rape!

Come on, Sophie, dear. We must fly

before Fitzpatrick discovers me.

Oh, come, pull yourself together, Coz.

We've got a long ride ahead of us.

Help!

Sophie...

Ah, got you, you fox!

Well, the vixen can't be far away!

Goodbye, madam.

I regret I must take my leave of you.

Odds bodikins! After him!

After him! Damnation! After him!

- Oh! There he is!

- Miss Western!

Brother!

Don't be dismayed, sir. She will soon
be tired and will stop in some inn.

- She's bound for London, I'm sure.

- Ah, damn the girl.

I'm lamenting the loss
of such a fine morning for huntin'.
It's confounded hard to lose one
of the finest scentin' days of the season.

Whoa!

Ha!

- Come on, Miss Slouch!

- What are you doing?

Oh!

Dobson, drive on.

Get up, there! Get up!

Stand... and deliver!

Whoa!

- What did you say, sir?

- Stand and deliver!

Deliver? I am no travelling midwife, sir.

Deliver what?

Stand...

I will not stand for you, sir -
no, nor for any man!

- Madam...

- Don't you point that firearm at me, sir!

- Dobson, drive on.

- Get up there!

It is hard when a woman leaves a man
nothing but memories - and a muff.

Your money or your life!

- I only have one guinea, sir.

- Give it here.

As a gentleman of the road
you cut a poor figure.

Be merciful, sir.

I didn't mean any harm. Truly I didn't.

- No harm?

- It isn't loaded.

- Nor it is.

- I'm not a bandit by profession, sir.

Just a poor man down on his luck.
Mine, sir, is a sad story.
The start of my ruin was 20 years ago.
- It was all over one Tom Jones.
- What do you mean?
At that time I was employed
as a barber by a Mr Allworthy.
One day he found a baby
abandoned in his bed.
I was accused of being the father.
- Then your name is...
- Partridge.
Father!
But I do assure you, sir,
there was no truth in the accusation.
- Then who was my father?
- None of us ever discovered.
That was the whole beginning
of my downfall.
Mr Partridge, how can I make up for
the suffering you've had on my account?
Would you take me on
as your servant, sir?
- My companion in misfortune!
- Oh, sir!
Are lodgings cheap in London?
I have no money.
I know an old lady who runs
a lodging house in London.
She was Mr Allworthy's cook
when I was his barber.
No friend of Mr Allworthy's
will speak to me.
Mrs Miller is one
of the kindest ladies I know.
Who knows? She may
get you back in his favour.
Here, you're a lovely boy.
Are you going to stay?
Good day.
No. No, thank you.
Desperate to find his Sophie,
Tom called on Mrs Fitzpatrick,
who was entertaining a certain Lady

Bellaston - the notorious Lady Bellaston.
It's the handsome young gentleman again,
madam, inquiring for Miss Western.
You see, Bella, how persistent he is.
His servant discovered this address,
and ever since he persecutes us.
Send him away, Abigail.
Tell him Miss Western is no longer here.
Bella, you must let Sophie
come and stay with you.
My protector is coming back, and I fear he
may take too much interest in my cousin.
Oh, Harriet, you can always rely on me.
Your little maid is obviously in the right.
He's a very pretty fellow. No wonder
so many women are fond of him.
Harriet, we must do
what we can for Sophie.
The girl is obviously intoxicated, and
nothing less than ruin will content her.
I'm absolutely certain Sophie
was at Mrs Fitzpatrick's when I called.
Dear Mrs Miller, what am I to do?
No friends, no money,
I know nothing of London...
You're not to worry about the money.
You can stay here for the moment.
You're very kind, Mrs Miller.
For you, Tom. It's just arrived.
I wonder, what can it be?
What is it?
It's an invitation to a masked ball.
"The Queen of the Fairies sends you this.
Treat her favours not amiss. "
It's Mrs Fitzpatrick, perhaps,
with news of my Sophie.
Or Miss Sophie herself.
Vauxhall Gardens,
where people come to see and to be seen.
In heaps they run, some to undo
and some to be undone.
It's no fun for a man like me
to be dolled up in this damned frupperry!
All folks of fashion are here.

Sophie will be no exception.
Show her to me
and I'll have her arrested!
Arrested! Do you imagine
a woman of stature
can be arrested in a civilised nation?
A pretty civilised nation indeed,
where women are above the law!
Civilisation, my trunk!
Je vous mprise de tout mon coeur.
Now, where can my niece be?
If you engage any longer with that trollop
I shall tell Miss Western.
- Is Sophie here, then, madam?
- Upon my honour, she is not here.
Mrs Fitzpatrick - if you are she - it's a little
cruel to divert yourself at my expense.
And do you imagine, good sir,
I have no better regard for my cousin
than to assist her in carrying on
an affair between you two...
which must end in her ruin?
Madam, that is the last thing I would wish.
If the Queen of the Fairies
had so little regard for you and Sophie,
she would not have appointed
to meet you here.
Confess honestly:
Are you used, Mr Jones,
to make these sudden conquests?
I am used, madam, to submit.
If you take my heart by surprise,
the rest of my body has the right to follow.
I hope you won't follow me.
I protest I shall not know
what to say if you do.
Free chair, sir. Free chair.
You must be a pauper if you can't
go in a chair. Or a miser!
I thought you were Mrs Fitzpatrick.
Fitzpatrick...
Sir, I am unfamiliar
with customs in the country,
but in town it is considered impolite

to keep a lady waiting.

With our usual good breeding, we will not follow this particular conversation further, but attend results on the following day.

Our hero released from Lady Bellaston a torrent of affection - as well as a flood of gifts, which he found suitably embarrassing and quite irresistible.

- We must have you looking your best.

- Lady Bellaston...

Isn't that what Miss Western would want?

Come back precisely at four.

I shall have news for you then.

- Send the bill to me, sir.

- Yes, milady. Very good, milady.

Good day, milady.

How could Tom know that Sophie was now staying here with Lady Bellaston?

And being besieged

by a certain Lord Fellamar,

a gentleman with an eye for any beauty - especially when a fortune was attached.

I do beg you to excuse the play.

But when may I see you again?

Forgive me, my lord.

I'm afraid my plans for remaining in London are still a little uncertain.

Good day, my lord.

Aaah... Aaah...

Oh, my la... Sophie!

Tom!

I see, Sophie, you're somewhat surprised.

- What are you doing here?

- I came to look for you.

I found your pocket book at Upton and came to ask if I might return it.

- How dare you mention that place to me?!

- Oh, Sophie, let me ask your pardon.

My pardon?! After what I heard at the inn?

You cannot despise me more than I do myself.

I thought, Miss Western,

you were at the play.
The play caused so violent an uproar,
I got frightened and came home.
Where I found this gentleman.
He has apparently found the pocket book
I told your ladyship I had lost
and wishes to return it.
And when I do so, all I ask is that I might
have the honour of presenting it in person.
I presume, sir, you are a gentleman,
and my doors are never shut
to people of fashion.
Thank you, madam. Ladies.
Your cane, sir.
Oh.
A handsome fellow. I don't remember
ever to have seen his face before.
Nor I neither, madam.
I suspected it was Mr Jones himself.
- Did your ladyship indeed?
- Yes.
I can't imagine
what put the idea into my head,
for, to give this fellow his due,
he was very well dressed.
I think, dear Sophie, that is
not often the case with your friend.
I thought your ladyship
had said he was handsome.
- Whom, pray?
- Mr Jones.
I meant, of course,
the gentleman who was with us just now.
Oh, Sophie, Sophie...
This Mr Jones, I fear,
still runs in your head.
I assure you, madam,
Mr Jones means no more to me
than the gentleman who has just left us.
Forgive me teasing you.
I promise...
I'll never mention his name again.
Take this to Lord Fellamar
and beg him to attend me tomorrow.

She is the only daughter
of a country booby squire.
At the playhouse she blazed like a star.
The first moment I saw her,
I loved her to distraction.
Her father's estate
is a good Pounds. 3,000 a year.
Then, madam, I think it
the best match in all England.
Then, if you like her, my lord,
you shall have her.

Honor!

A letter from my mistress.

- Upstairs?

- Honor!

- In here.

- I told my mistress she should...

Get behind that curtain

and don't speak! Shh!

- My dear, charming Lady Bellaston.

- Dear? Charming?

You've been avoiding me.

I should scold you.

But I don't think I intend to.

- Shh! There is a lady...

- A lady? One of your ladies, I suppose.

- Where is she?

- Uh-uh-uh-uh...

There is a lady in the next room...

a- dying, madam.

What scheme have you and Sophie
been plotting behind my back?

- Madam, I don't understand.

- Answer me one question:

Have you not betrayed my honour to her?

Am I neglected,

slighted for a country girl,

for an idiot?

Neglected, madam?

"I charge you not to think of visiting
again", Sophie desperately wrote to Tom.

"The truth will certainly be discovered. "

"Something favourable
perhaps may happen. "

"Until then, we must be patient. "

Courage, mon vieux.

Lord Fellamar is one of the most
gallant young fellows about town.

Make love to you, indeed!

I only wish he would.

You would be mad to refuse him.

Then I shall most certainly be mad.

Entrez.

Madam. Miss Western

is hardly encouraging.

My dear lord, you certainly need a cordial.

Fie upon it. Have more resolution.

Are you frightened by the word "rape"?

All women love a man of spirit.

Remember the story of the Sabine ladies.

I believe they made tolerably
good wives afterwards.

Come this evening at nine.

I will see she is alone.

Oh, I am so entangled with this woman
that I don't know how to extricate myself.

- I know. Propose marriage to her.

- To Lady Bellaston?!

Aye. Propose marriage to her
and she'll call it off in a moment.

You've not a penny, and she'll think
you're marrying her for her wealth.

It's very convincing for a man
in your desperate situation.

But what if she took me at my word?

Then I'm caught in my own trap.

I promise you she won't.

She'll be the one to break it off.

- Lord Fellamar.

- Miss Western, it is I.

- I fear I break in upon you abruptly.

- Indeed, my lord, I am a little surprised.

Love... Love has deprived me
of all reason.

My lord, I neither understand
your words nor your behaviour.

You're the most adorable,
most divine creature.

I do assure you, my lord,
I shall not wait to hear any more.
If I were master of the world,
I would lay it at your feet!
My lord, I beg you to stop.
Let go my hand.
I will never see you again.
Then, madam, we must make
the best use of this moment.
What do you mean?
I have no fear but of losing you, madam!
Where is she?
Damn me if I won't unkennel her now!
Aaagh!
Oh, Father!
- Your father?
- Yes. And who in hell are you?
I, sir, am Lord Fellamar,
the happy man whom I hope
you will accept as your son-in-law.
You're a son of a whore,
for all your fancy falderals!
- I resent your tone, sir.
- Resent, me arse!
I'll teach you to father-in-law me!
Ooh!
Father, put me down!
Put me down, Father!
"Dearest madam,"
Tom had carefully written,
"I am extremely concerned for fear
your reputation should be exposed. "
"There is only one way to secure it -
that you bestow on me the legal right
to call you mine for ever. Thomas Jones. "
I shall not receive
Mr Jones if he calls here again.
In London, love and scandal are
considered the best sweeteners of tea.
I do not doubt that my niece will welcome
the favours of a man like Lord Fellamar.
This Blifil is a hideous kind of fellow.
But, as you know, Bell,
all country gentlemen are.

I don't then wonder at Sophie's
infatuation for this Jones creature.
He's an agreeable fellow to look at.
Miss Western, will you believe me
when I tell you
that he has the audacity
to make love to me?
Oh, these men!
I would've torn the eyes out of a prince if
he had attempted such freedoms with me!
Indeed, he's even gone so far
as to propose marriage to me.
With your leave, Bell,
I will show this to my niece.
Apply it to what purpose you may please.
- It's from my Sophie.
- Good.

"Sir, " she wrote, "my aunt
has just now shown me a letter
from you to Lady Bellaston which
contains a proposal of marriage. "
"All I desire is that your name
may never more be mentioned
to your obliged humble servant,
Sophie Western. "

You could try Mrs Fitzpatrick.
She might be able to help.
'Tis said that hope is a bad supper,
but makes a good breakfast,
and in the morning Tom set off
for Mrs Fitzpatrick to seek help.
Not a moment too soon,
for who should arrive
but his old benefactor, Squire Allworthy.
Mr Allworthy!

What an unexpected pleasure.
- Good morning, Mrs Miller.
- You are come to forgive him.
- Forgive who, Mrs Miller?
- Dear Mr Jones.

Mr Jones, here, madam?
No, I've come to bring
my nephew Mr Blifil to London.
She must be a most contemptible woman

who can overlook merits such as yours.

An old acquaintance arrives.

I swear that dirty whore's had it now!

You wait till I get me hands on her!

Let us meet tomorrow. We will find

a way of easing your predicament.

Oh...

Yes, tomorrow.

Thank you.

Oh!

I'm very sorry...

My dear sir, I hope no ill blood

remains between us.

Sir, I don't remember your name.

Nor I yours, but I remember your face

from the inn at Upton.

- Upton... Then your name is Tom Jones?

- Indeed it is, sir.

Then you have been with me wife after all!

Well, that's for you, you rascal!

And if you don't give me satisfaction

for that blow, I'll give you another!

Fight, damn you!

Aargh!

- I'm sorry, but you drew this on yourself.

- Liar! You set on him to rob him!

I was coming out of the house...

Only to defend myself! He drew his sword!

Step back there. What's this all about?

Yes - for armed robbery.

- You're certain the bastard will hang?

- No doubt of it.

I hired these two to follow Master Jones -

which they did with rare zeal.

Good. See that they're properly

taken care of, will you?

I will break the news to my uncle.

Mr Jones has one of

the kindest hearts I know.

He never mentions your name

but to praise it.

Uncle...

I am afraid to tell you what has happened.

It may shock you too much.

What's the matter, Nephew?
Your adopted son, sir - Jones -
has proved himself
one of the greatest villains on earth.
If anyone else called him a villain
I'd throw this tea in his face.
Mrs Miller.
I know he's not without faults,
but they're those of wildness and youth,
and I am sure many of us have worse.
At least we're not footpads, Mrs Miller.
What do you mean?
Mr Jones has attacked a man.
He has been sentenced
to be hanged at Tyburn.
Nobody can save him now.
If he swing by the string
He will hear the bell ring
And then there's an end to poor Tommy
He must hang by the noose,
For no hand will cut loose
The rope from the neck of poor Tommy
If he swing...
If he swing...
And Tom was to swing -
his enemies had determined on that.
So Lawyer Dowling decided
to pay a call on Mr Fitzpatrick,
and who should receive him
but Mrs Waters.
Strictly confidential.
I come from a most worthy gentleman,
whose name at the moment
I am not at liberty to divulge.
What does this mysterious gentleman
want of me?
He wants you to help him
see that justice is done.
To make sure that Jones
gets his just deserts.
For any assistance you can give him
he is prepared to pay handsomely.
He is? You interest me, sir.
What is the proposition?

Meanwhile, faithful Partridge
searched for anyone
who could prove Tom's innocence
of the charge against him.
Constable...
Constable, have you seen
a man with a big scar on his cheek?
No, can't say as I 'ave.
But all the rogues in the district
haunt that tavern yonder.
Will you accompany me?
I don't go searching for trouble, friend.
It's easy enough to come by.
Excuse me... Are you the two gentlemen
that saw the fight with Mr Jones?
Tom cannot escape the gallows
unless you retract your evidence.
I beg you to do so. And in the meantime,
I assure you, you will be rewarded.
Hark ye, sir, everything we said was true!
Now if I were you, I'd be off,
or you're gonna be the worse for it!
Only one hope was left now,
poor Partridge thought - Fitzpatrick.
Now that's better.
You'll be all right in a minute.
Come in.
Sorry for the intrusion, Mrs Fitzpatrick.
Well, if it isn't Mr Partridge!
Jenny Jones!
- But I'm Mrs Waters now.
- Whatever are you doing here?
I'm a close friend of Mr Fitzpatrick.
I'm looking after him.
Well, indeed, I came to see Mr Fitzpatrick
to plead for your son.
- My son?!
- Your son, Tom Jones.
He never intended
to wound Mr Fitzpatrick.
But I met the man who wounded
Mr Fitzpatrick, at Upton.
Then that is the same man -
your son, Tom Jones.

With his own mother?!

- With Jenny Jones?!

- How could either have known, sir?

Good heavens,

in what miserable distresses

do vice and imprudence involve men!

Ma'am, there's a Mrs Waters here

to see Mr Allworthy.

- What is she doing here?!

- The very woman herself, sir.

- You probably don't recognise me, sir.

- Indeed you are much changed.

But what business

can you have with me now?

Such business as I can impart

only to you, sir.

Pray leave us.

This, sir, is the very man

I was telling you about!

- But he is my steward.

- Nevertheless, this is the man.

- Do you know this lady?

- That lady, sir?

Mr Dowling, if you value my favour,

you will not hesitate, but answer truly.

- Do you know this lady?

- I have seen her, sir.

Before my sister died,

did she give you a letter for me, sir?

Come with me, sir.

Partridge, have my coach

brought round at once!

Yes, sir.

- Uncle...

- Before I return, you'd best find the letter

which your mother gave

to Dowling here before she died!

Ah, good day, neighbour.

Are you going to see your bastard hang?

On the contrary, Mr Western,

we're going to Newgate jail to save him.

Save him? Save him for what?

And this what Mr Allworthy

is saying to Mr Western:

My friend Mr Fitzpatrick
has now recovered
and is no longer
charging Tom with robbery.
I'm as pleased as if
he were me own son -
which, it may surprise you
to know, he's not.
Mr Allworthy's own sister Bridget
was Tom's mother,
and I the one who put the baby
in the squire's bed.
And that is what it says in the letter.
And so Tom is now my only heir!
Your heir? Did you say your heir?
Yes, neighbour. To Newgate, Goody,
and drive for dear life!
But I always loved that boy best!
He shall have my Sophie by the hand!
Tyburn, here I come!
Come on, Miss Slouch! Come on!
And another old acquaintance
has arrived,
not only reinstated in the army,
but now in charge of the condemned.
On your life, Goody, faster!
Turnkey!
I have come to release a Mr Tom Jones.
We sent him off hours ago.
He'll be strung up by now.
- But they can't hang him!
- I have procured this pardon for him!
- They can't hang an innocent man!
- They have done often enough before.
They won't have reached Tyburn yet.
We must stop them. Come.
If he swing by the string
He will hear the bell ring
And then there's an end to poor Tommy
Faster, faster, Goody!
Better luck in the next world, Mr Jones.
To die for a cause is a common evil.
To die for nonsense is the devil.
And 'twould be the devil's own nonsense

to leave Tom Jones without a rescuer.

Aargh!

Oh, my dear boy! Forgive me!

Forgive you?

How can I ever make amends for those unjust suspicions I've held of you?

- You have always used me kindly.

- No, Nephew. I have used you cruelly.

- Nephew?

- Yes.

You are indeed illegitimate,
but your mother was not this lady here,
but my sister Bridget.

- Uncle!

- It is true, Tom.

Ah, this is no time for explanations!

Tom, thou art as hearty a cock
as any in the kingdom.

Go on, after your mistress.

Alas, I fear I've sinned against her
for all time. I doubt if she'll speak to me.

No, Tom, don't say you've lost her yet.

Go to her now.

- Go on, Tom,

- Go to her.

Go on, lad.

I will!

Ah, go to her, lad! To her!

Hark ye, Allworthy, I'll bet thee
a thousand pounds to a crown
we'll have a boy tomorrow nine months.

Happy the man and happy he alone,
he who can call today his own,
he who, secure within,
can say "Tomorrow, do thy worst,
for I have lived today. "