

THE WIDOW'S PARLOUR

Oliver!

MR BUMBLE

WIDOW CORNEY

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 have had quite a turn and I <sup>fancy</sup> ~~fnace~~ 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 infants' medicine when they ain't well and I'll not deceive you Mr. B.,

*(She whips off the tea cosy to reveal a gin bottle)*

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, ant-parochial. We have given away, Mrs Corney, a matter of twenty loaves and a cheese-and-a-half this very afternoon; and still them paupers is not contented.

WIDOW CORNEY:

Of course they're not. When would they be? Sweet, Mr. Bumble?

MR BUMBLE:

Very sweet, indeed, ma'am.

*(She drops two lumps of sugar in the gin, and stirs. He spreads his pocket handkercheig over his fat knees, heaves a deep sigh and looks at the cat basket.)*

You have a cat ma'am, I see... And kittens too, I declare!

WIDOW CORNEY:

I'm so fond of them you can't imagine, Mr Bumble. They're so <sup>happy</sup> ~~happ~~, so cheerful, so frolicsome, that they are quite companions for me.

MR BUMBLE: (Loadedly)

Very nice animals indeed, ma'am, and so very domestic.

WIDOW CORNEY:

So fond of their home too, that it's really quite a pleasure, I'm sure.