

~~Oliver!~~  
MR SOWERBERRY

MRS SOWERBERRY

MR BUMBLE:

Yes, he is rather small - there's no denying it. But he'll grow, Mrs Sowerberry - he'll grow.

*MRS SOWERBERRY examines OLIVER doubtfully.*

MRS SOWERBERRY:

I dare say he will, on our vittles and our drink. They're a waste of time, these workhouse boys. They always cost more to keep than what they're worth. Still, you men always seem to think you know best.

*She gives a short, hysterical laugh.*

SOWERBERRY:

I did want to ask your advice, dearest.

MRS SOWERBERRY:

No, no, don't ask mine, ask somebody else's. I am nobody. Don't consult me!

*Another hysterical laugh.*

SOWERBERRY:

But there's an expression of melancholy on his face, which is very interesting. He would make a delightful coffin-follower.

*MRS SOWERBERRY stops*

I don't mean a regular coffin-follower to attend grown-ups, but only for the children's practice. It would be very novel to have a follower in proportion, my sweet.

*The all eye OLIVER speculatively.*

MRS SOWERBERRY:

Yes, it's a possibility. Very well then, boy - what's your name?

OLIVER:

Oliver - Oliver Twist, ma'am.

MRS SOWERBERRY:

A singular name.

MR BUMBLE:

Aye, ma'am, and one of my own choosing.

MRS SOWERBERRY:

Yours, Mr Bumble?

MR BUMBLE:

Mine, Mrs Sowerberry. We name our fondlings in alphabetical order. The last was an S - Swubble I named him. This was a T - Twist I named him.