



Quasimodo, can't you understand? When your heartless mother abandoned you as a child, anyone else would have drowned you. And this is my thanks for taking you in and raising you as my son?

Oh, my dear Quasimodo, you don't know what it's like out there. I do...I do...



Don't cry, you silly girl. Sit down. Nobody is going to touch your money. But someone will touch you, with a broomstick, if you don't stop sniveling.

Sit down. If you think I'm as bad as a father, Ha! If I decide to teach you, Eliza, I'll be worse than two fathers to you. Here (*hands her a handkerchief*). What is it for? You silly girl it's to wipe your eyes with. To wipe any part of your face that feels moist.

Remember: that is your handkerchief; and that is your sleeve.



I haven't the smallest intention of doing anything of the kind. To begin with, I dined there on Monday, and once a week is quite enough to dine with one's own relations. In the second place, whenever I do dine there I am always treated as a member of the family, and sent down with either no woman at all, or two. In the third place, I know perfectly well whom she will place me next to tonight. She will place me next Mary Farquhar, who always flirts with her own husband across the dinner-table. That is not very pleasant. Indeed, it is not even decent.



I have no objection to anyone being cheerful or pleasant. But I do expect a certain decorum. I can tell you one thing, Winifred. I don't propose standing idly by and letting that woman, Mary Poppins, undermine the discipline and-- there's something odd, I may say extremely odd about the behavior of this household since that woman arrived. And I want you to know that I've noticed it!



Ah, rule number one: I can't kill anybody. So don't ask. Rule two: I can't make anyone fall in love with anyone else. You little punim, there. Rule three: I can't bring people back from the dead. It's not a pretty picture, I don't like doing it! Other than that.... you got it!