

**ACT ONE**

**Scene Three**

**Inside the Undertaker's Parlour**

*MR SOWERBERRY a gaunt man, attired in a suit of black, with darned cotton stockings to match and shoes to answer. His features are not naturally intended to wear a smiling aspect, but he is in general rather given to professional jocosity. His step is elastic and his face inward pleasantry.*

*Enter MR BUMBLE with OLIVER.*

**MR BUMBLE**

Liberal terms, Mr Sowerberry... Liberal terms? Three pounds!

**SOWERBERRY**

Well, as a matter of fact, I was needing a boy..

**MR BUMBLE**

Good! Then it's settled. One parochial 'prentis. Three pounds please!

**SOWERBERRY**

If you don't mind! Cash upon liking, Mr Bumble! Cash upon liking!

*He calls out to MRS SOWERBERRY.*

Mrs Sowerberry!

**MRS SOWERBERRY**

*(off)*

What is it!

**MR BUMBLE**

*(To Oliver)*

Oliver! Pull that cap off your eyes and hold up your head, sir!

*MRS SOWERBERRY enters - a thin squeezed up woman with a vixenish countenance.*

**MRS SOWERBERRY**

Well! What do you want? What is it? Oh, Mr Bumble!

**SOWERBERRY**

My dear, I have told Mr Bumble that we may consider taking in this boy to help in the shop.

**MRS SOWERBERRY**

Dear me! He's very small.

*OLIVER goes onto tip-toe.*

**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**

Ah, 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 think you know best.

*(SHE gives a short 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 the grown-ups, but only for the children's practice. It would be very novel to have a follower in proportion my sweet

*They 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.

**MRS SOWERBERRY**

An orphan then, Mr Bumble?

**MR BUMBLE**

Indeed Mrs Sowerberry. The child's mother came to us destitute... brings the child into the world... takes one look at him, and promptly dies without leaving so much as a forwarding name and address.

**MRS SOWERBERRY**

(to OLIVER)

Well then, Oliver Twist, do you think you could look like that gentleman up there?

(points to sign near door)

**OLIVER**

Maybe. Perhaps if I had a tall hat...

**SOWERBERRY**

(lost in imagining great things)

Never mind about tall hats...

**MRS SOWERBERRY**

(interrupting)

The boy is quite right. These things must be done proper and correct. Get the boy a tall hat. Stand underneath the picture, boy.

*OLIVER moves over to the picture. SOWERBERRY puts the top hat on OLIVER 's head.*

**SOWERBERRY**

Delightful.

**MR BUMBLE**

(enthusiastically)

Very becoming.

**MRS SOWERBERRY**

Yes... yes. For once Henry, you might have had a decent idea. Can you keep that expression for a long time, boy, with a crowd watching you?

**OLIVER**

Yes, ma'am, I think so.

*As the SOWERBERRYS sing this song, a ghostly funeral procession past the outside of the shop and off into the distance. It is what SOWERBERRY is describing, and it is in OLIVER'S imagination. So, of the people on stage, only he sees it.*

#8 - *That's Your Funeral*

**SOWERBERRY**

(sings)

HE'S A BORN UNDERTAKER'S MUTE.  
I CAN SEE HIM IN HIS BLACK SILK SUIT.  
FOLLOWING BEHIND THE FUNERAL PROCESSION...

# 8. That's Your Funeral

OLIVER: (*faintly*): Yes ma'am, I think so.

**MR SOWERBERRY** **Doloroso**  $\text{♩} = 80$

He's a born un - der - ta - ker's mute. I can  
 4 see him in his black silk suit. Fol - low - ing be - hind the  
 7 fu - ner - al pro - ces - sion With his fea - tures fixed in a suit - a - ble ex - pres - sion. There'll be **rall.** **A tempo**  
 10 hor - ses with tall black plumes To es - cort us to the fam - 'ly tombs, With  
 14 mour - ners in all cor - ners who've been taught to weep in tune. **rall.**  
 18 **Poco più mosso** **MRS SOWERBERRY**  
 Then the cof - fin lined with sat - in That's your fu - ner - al That's your fu - ner - al  
 22 **MR S** **MRS S**  
 Large e - nough to wear your hat in That's your fu - ner - al That's your fu - ner - al  
 26 **MR S**  
 We're just here to glam - our - ise you for that end - less sleep.  
 30 **BOTH**  
 You might just as well look fetch - ing when you're six feet deep.

34 **MRS S**

At the wake we'll drink a tod - dy to the bo - dy beau - ti - ful.

38 **MRS S** **MRS S** **BOTH** *accel.* **2**

That's your fu - ner - al Not our fu - ner - al That's your fu - ner - al.

**Più mosso**

44 **MRS S** **MRS S**

If you're fond of o - ver - eat - ing That's your fu - ner - al That's your fu - ner - al

48 **MRS S** **MRS S**

Starve your - self by un - der - eat - ing That's your fu - ner - al That's your fu - ner - al

52

Vi - sua - lise the earth des - cend - ing on you clod by clod.

56

You can't come back when you're bu - ried un - der - neath the sod.

60 **BOTH** **MRS S**

We will not re - duce our pri - ces keep your vi - ces u - su - al That's your fu - ner - al

65 **MRS S** **MRS S** *MR BUMBLE turns to go but is stopped by MR & MRS SOWERBERRY*

Not our fu - ner - al That's your fu - ner - al.

69 **MR BUMBLE** **MRS S** **MRS S**

I don't think this song is fun - ny! That's your fu - ner - al That's your fu - ner - al

73 **MR BUMBLE** **MRS** **MR BUMBLE**

Here's the boy, now where's the mon - ey? That's your fu - ner - al, That's your fu - ner - al.

77 **MRS S**

We don't har - bour thoughts ma - ca - bre, there's no need to frown.

81 **MR & MRS SOWERBERRY** **rall.**

In the end we'll ei - ther burn you up or nail you down.

85 **A tempo**

We love coughs and wheez - es and di - sea - ses called in - cu - ra - ble.

89 **MRS** **MRS** **MRS**

That's your fu - ner - al No - one el - se's fu - ner - al That's your \_\_\_\_\_

92 **MRS S** **BOTH** *(Coffin slam)*

That's your \_\_\_\_\_ fu - ner - all

## 9. Coffin Music - TACET

**MRS SOWERBERRY:** . . . you can't sleep nowhere else!

*OLIVER* peers apprehensively at his sinister surroundings.

**Misterioso**

6

Slow SEGUE AS ONE into **Where Is Love?**