

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

CUE: OLIVER: Yes ma'am
I think so

Doloroso $\text{♩} = 80$

MR SOWERBERRY

He's a born un-der-ta - kers mute I can see him in his black silk suit

Fol-low-ing be-hind the fu-ne-ral pro-ces-sion With his fea-tures fixed in a suit-a-ble ex-pres-sion There'll be

hor - ses with tall black plumes to es - cort us to the fam - ly tombs With

mour - ners in all cor - ners who've been taught to weep in tune

mf

rall. *A tempo*

rall. *ff*

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18

Poco più mosso

MRS SOWERBERRY

Then the cof - fin lined with sa - tin That's your fu - ner - al That's your fu - ner - al

22

MR SOWERBERRY

MRS SOWERBERRY

Large e - nough to wear your hat in That's your fu - ner - al That's your fu - ner - al

26

MR SOWERBERRY

We're just here to gla - mour - 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 SOWERBERRY**

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

sub. p

38 **MR SOWERBERRY** **MRS SOWERBERRY** **BOTH** **accel.**

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

mf *f*

42 **Più mosso**
MR SOWERBERRY

If you're fond of o - ver - eat - ing

mf

46 **MRS SOWERBERRY** **MR SOWERBERRY**

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

50

MRS SOWERBERRY

That's your fu - ner - al That's your fu - ner - al. Vi - sual - ise the earth de - scend - ing

sva

54

on you clod by clod You can't come back when you're bu - ried

loco *sva*

58

BOTH

un - der - neath the sod We will not re - duce our pri - ces

loco *f* *mf*

62

MR SOWERBERRY

MRS SOWERBERRY

keep your vi - ces u - su - al That's your fu - ner - al Not our fu - ner - al

66 MR SOWERBERRY

That's your fu - ner - al *MR BUMBLE turns to go but is stopped by MR and MRS SOWERBERRY.*

69 MR BUMBLE

MR SOWERBERRY

MRS SOWERBERRY

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

73 MR BUMBLE

MR SOWERBERRY

MR BUMBLE

Here's the boy now where's the mo - ney That's your fu - ner - al That's your fu - ner - al

77 MRS SOWERBERRY

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

81 **BOTH** **rall.**

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

85 **A tempo**

We love coughs and whee - zes and di - sea - ses called in - cu - ra - ble

89 **MR SOWERBERRY** **MRS SOWERBERRY** **MR SOWERBERRY** **MRS SOWERBERRY**

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

93 **BOTH**

fu-ner-al!

Qua- (Coffin slam)