

Bumble & Mr. & Mrs. Sowerberry

ACT ONE
Scene 3

NDERTAKER'S PARLOUR
Inside the Parlour.
MR. SOWERBERRY is present as
MR. BUMBLE enters with OLIVER.

MR: BUMBLE

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

SOWERBERRY

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

MR. BUMBLE

Good! Then it's settled. Five pounds please!

SOWERBERRY

If you don't mind! Cash upon liking... Mr. Bumble! Cash upon liking! Mrs. Sowerberry!

MRS. SOWERBERRY

(Shrieks off)

What is it!

SOWERBERRY

Will you have the goodness to come here a moment, my dear?

(MRS. SOWERBERRY enters)

MRS. SOWERBERRY

What do you want? Well! What is it?

SOWERBERRY

My dear, I have told Mr. Bumble...

MRS. SOWERBERRY

Hello, Mr. Bumble.

MR. BUMBLE

Hello, Mrs. Sowerberry.

SOWERBERRY

that we may consider taking in this boy to help in the shop.

MRS. SOWERBERRY

Dear me! He's very small.

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. What're you going to do with him?

SOWERBERRY

There's an expression of melancholy on *his* face, my dear, which is very interesting. He could make a delightful coffin-follower.

(MRS. SOWERBERRY looks doubtful)

MRS. SOWERBERRY

A what?

SOWERBERRY

I don't mean a regular coffin-follower to follow grown-ups, but only for the children's practice. It would be very nice to have a follower in proportion, my sweet. A superb effect - the more I think about it.

MRS. SOWERBERRY

(Pausing for a while)

For once just for once - you might have a decent **idea**. 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.

MRS. SOWERBERRY

How's that, Mr. Bumble?

MR. BUMBLE

The boy'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

Dear, dear.

(To OLIVER)

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

(Points to sign over door)

OLIVER

Maybe if I had a black hat...

SOWERBERRY

Never mind about black hats... ..

MRS. SOWERBERRY

(Interrupting)

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

(OLIVER moves over to the picture.

SOWERBERRY puts the top hat on Oliver's head)

MRS. SOWERBERRY

Henry, give us the top hat. Henry, really. It takes you twice as long to do anything as anyone else. Yes...yes. For once Henry, you've had a good idea. Can you keep that expression for a long time, boy, with a crowd watching you?

OLIVER

Yes, ma'am, I think so.

/6/ "THAT'S YOUR FUNERAL"

MR. SOWERBERRY

HE'S A BORN UNDERTAKER'S MUTE.
I CAN SEE HIM IN A BLACK SILK SUIT.
FOLLOWING BEHIND THE FUNERAL PROCESSION
WITH HIS FEATURES FIXED IN A SUITABLE EXPRESSION.
THERE'LL BE HORSES WITH TALL BLACK PLUMES
TO EXCORT US TO THE FAM'LY TOMBS,
WITH MOURNERS IN ALL CORNERS
WHO'VE BEEN TAUGHT TO WEEP IN TUNE.
THEN THE COFFIN LINED IN SATIN
THAT'S YOUR FUNERAL

MRS. SOWERBERRY

THAT'S YOUR FUNERAL

SOWERBERRY

LARGE ENOUGH TO WEAR YOUR HAT IN
THAT'S -YOUR FUNERAL