

Mrs. Dilber & Widow Krook – Female characters; Old Joe & Whitlow – Male characters

MRS. DILBER. Here's mine, Joe.

OLD JOE. Let's see what ye have, then, Mrs. Dilber ...

*(SFX: Whooshing of cloth, clunk of boots on counter, silver clatter.)*

OLD JOE. ... Sheets and towels ... a pair of boots, two old fashioned silver teaspoons, a pair of sugar tongs and a coat ... somewhat the worse for wear. Ah, I always give too much to the ladies. It's a weakness, and that's the way I ruin m'self. Here's your account, then ...

*(SFX: More and heavier coins.)*

OLD JOE *(cont'd)*. If ye asks me for another penny, I'd repent of bein' so liberal, and take back half a crown.

WIDOW KROOK. Now undo *my* bundle, Joe!

OLD JOE *(we hear the action in his voice)*. All right, then ...

*(SFX: Heavy fabric moving.)*

OLD JOE *(cont'd)*. What's this, then? Bed curtains!

WIDOW KROOK. Bed curtains! *(Triumphant.)* His own!

*(SFX: Curtain rings against one another.)*

OLD JOE. His own curtain rings, too! You don't mean to say you took 'em down, rings and all, with him lyin' there?

WIDOW KROOK. Yes I do. Why not!

OLD JOE. You were born to make your fortune. What's this? His blankets?

WIDOW KROOK. Whose else's ya think? He isn't likely to take cold without 'em.

OLD JOE. And this ...

WIDOW KROOK. You may look through that shirt till your eyes ache, but y'won't find a hole in it. It's the best he had. They'd've wasted it, hadn't been for me.

OLD JOE. Wasted it?

WIDOW KROOK. They had it on 'im to be buried in. But I took it.

OLD JOE. You ... took it off 'im ... while he was ...

WIDOW KROOK. If calico ain't good enough for such a purpose, it ain't good enough for nothin'. He can't look any uglier.

MRS. DILBER. Mercy.

WHITLOW. I should've had that shirt, by rights!

OLD JOE. Pipe down, Whitlow. You get plenty. Got anything else, Widow?

WIDOW KROOK. That's the lot.

OLD JOE. Good. I feared y'might be marketing the corpse itself.

WIDOW KROOK. Nooooo.

OLD JOE. All right, then.

WIDOW KROOK. People on the street. I couldn'ta got it out.

MRS. DILBER. Why wasn't he a natural sort of bloke in his lifetime, that's what I'd just like t'know.

WHITLOW. That's the Lord's own truth, ain't it?