

LIBRETTO

# OLIVER!

BOOK, MUSIC & LYRICS

by

LIONEL BART

(Based on Charles Dickens' "Oliver Twist")

NB . This script is for the revised 1994 London Palladium production.  
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# " OLIVER ! "

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## MUSICAL NUMBERS

### ACT ONE

2	FOOD GLORIOUS FOOD	OLIVER AND BOYS
3	OLIVER!	MR BUMBLE, WIDOW CORNEY, BOYS
4	I SHALL SCREAM!	MR BUMBLE. WIDOW CORNEY, BOYS
5	BOY FOR SALE.	MR BUMBLE
6	THAT'S YOUR FUNERAL.	MR SOWERBERRY. MRS SOWERBERRY, MR BUMBLE
7	WHERE IS LOVE?	OLIVER
9/10	CONSIDER YOURSELF.	DODGER, OLIVER AND COMPANY
11	YOU'VE GOT TO PICK A POCKET OR TWO	FAGIN AND BOYS
13	ITS A FINE LIFE.	NANCY. BET AND BOYS
14	I'D DO ANYTHING	NANCY, DODGER, OLIVER, BET, FAGIN AND BOYS
15	BE BACK SOON	FAGIN AND BOYS

### ACT TWO

16	OOM-PAH-PAH	NANCY AND COMPANY
17	MY NAME!	BILL SIKES
18	AS LONG AS HE NEEDS ME.	NANCY
20	WHERE IS LOVE? (REPRISE)	MRS BEDWIN
21	WHO WILL BUY?	OLIVER AND COMPANY
23	ITS A FINE LIFE (REPRISE)	NANCY. FAGIN, SIKES. DODGER
24	REVIEWING THE SITUATION	FAGIN
25	OLIVER! (REPRISE )	MR BUMBLE. WIDOW CORNEY
26	AS LONG AS HE NEEDS ME. (REPRISE)	NANCY
28	REVIEWING THE SITUATION. (REPRISE)	FAGIN
29-32	FINALE	
	29 FOOD GLORIOUS FOOD.	BOYS
	30 CONSIDER YOURSELF.	COMPANY
	31 I'D DO ANYTHING.	OLIVER, BET AND COMPANY
	32 CONSIDER YOURSELF.	COMPANY

# " OLIVER ! "

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### LIST OF CHARACTERS

OLIVER TWIST	A workhouse boy about 11 years of age.
FAGIN	An elderly receiver - runs training academy for young pickpockets.
THE ARTFUL DODGER	Fagin's brightest pupil - an undersized 16.
BILL SIKES	A villain in his prime.
NANCY	23 years old - a graduate of Fagin's academy, and Bill's doxy.
BET	A 15 year old lass in Fagin's establishment - idolises Nancy.
MR BUMBLE	A large and pompous Beadle of the workhouse
MRS CORNEY	A sharp-tongued, domineering widow - the Workhouse Mistress.
MR BROWNLOW	An old gentleman of wealth and breeding.
MR SOWERBERRY	The Undertaker.
MRS SOWERBERRY	His overseer.
CHARLOTTE	Their sluttish young daughter.
NOAH CLAYPOLE	The Undertaker's pimply apprentice.
MR GRIMWIG	A Doctor.
MRS BEDWIN	The Brownlow's Housekeeper.
OLD SALLY	A Pauper.
CHARLEY BATES, and other boys in Fagin's establishment.	

Workhouse Boys, Workhouse Assistants, Bow Street Runners, Street Vendors and Crowd, etc.

# " O L I V E R ! "

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### SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

Time:           About 1850

#### ACT ONE

Scene 1	THE WORKHOUSE	Early Evening
Scene 2	THE WORKHOUSE PARLOUR	Later (into street)
Scene 3	THE UNDERTAKER'S	
Scene 4	THE UNDERTAKER'S	Next morning
Scene 5	PADDINGTON GREEN	Morning, week later
Scene 6	THE THIEVES' KITCHEN	Later, (into street)
Scene 7.	THE STREET	

#### ACT TWO

Scene 1	THE "THREE CRIPPLES"	A public house in Clerkenwell (the following evening)
Scene 2	THE BROWNLOWS	'Two weeks later (into street)
Scene 3	THE THIEVES' KITCHEN	Later
Scene 4	THE WORKHOUSE	A few days later (into street)
Scene 5	THE BROWNLOWS'	Later (into street)
Scene 6	LONDON BRIDGE	At midnight

#### FINALE

London Bridge

## PROLOGUE

(Music throughout)

The curtain rises on a windswept moor. There is a storm, and in the near darkness we begin to make out the figure of a woman, dressed in rags, slowly but purposefully heading towards us.

The storm rages and grows stronger, flashes of lightning briefly illuminating her agonized face. As she arrives downstage a huge clap of thunder and flash of lightning light up the stage a set of enormous wrought iron gates which read "Workhouse" (in reverse). As she collapses, a little old serving maid rushes to her aid. As the wind blows, she is dragged inside and the music of the storm grows calmer. In the darkness the cry of a little baby is heard. There is a beat, then, out of the black a large bell is revealed and rung.

This sets up the rhythm of the entrance of the boys, nine years later, into the daily ritual of eating in the workhouse, and the music runs into the song.

## Act One Scene One

*Outside it is still raining....The boys file in down the stairs and out of the basement and take their places at the table. They look gaunt and starved*

### BOYS

*(sing)*

#### *No. 2 Food Glorious Food*

IS IT WORTH THE WAITING FOR?  
IF WE LIVE 'TIL EIGHTY FOUR  
ALL WE EVER GET IS GRU. ..EL!  
EV'RY DAY WE SAY OUR PRAYER -  
WILL THEY CHANGE THE BILL OF FARE?  
STILL WE GET THE SAME OLD GRU. . . EL!  
THERE'S NOT A CRUST, NOT A CRUMB CAN WE FIND,  
CAN WE BEG, CAN WE BORROW, OR CADGE,  
BUT THERE'S NOTHING TO STOP US FROM GETTING A THRILL  
WHEN WE ALL CLOSE OUR EYES AND IMAG. . . INE

*The boys begin wistfully, and build excitement as the image they describe becomes more vivid*

FOOD, GLORIOUS FOOD!  
HOT SAUSAGE AND MUSTARD!  
WHILE WE'RE IN THE MOOD -  
COLD JELLY AND CUSTARD!  
PEASE PUDDING AND SAVELOYS!  
WHAT NEXT IS THE QUESTION?  
RICH GENTLEMEN HAVE IT, BOYS - IN-DYE-GESTION!  
FOOD, GLORIOUS FOOD!  
WE'RE ANXIOUS TO TRY IT.  
THREE BANQUETS A DAY - OUR FAVOURITE DIET!  
JUST PICTURE A GREAT BIG STEAK - FRIED, ROASTED OR STEWED.  
OH, FOOD,  
WONDERFUL FOOD, MARVELLOUS FOOD,  
GLORIOUS FOOD.

*The workhouse GOVERNORS process past, following an enormous steaming meal, held by servants. Boys gape and sniff the fabulous smells.*

FOOD, GLORIOUS FOOD!  
WHAT IS THERE MORE HANDSOME? GULPED, SWALLOWED OR  
CHEWED - STILL WORTH A KING'S RANSOM. WHAT IS IT WE DREAM  
ABOUT?  
WHAT BRINGS ON A SIGH?  
PILED PEACHES AND CREAM, ABOUT SIX FEET HIGH!  
FOOD, GLORIOUS FOOD!  
EAT RIGHT THROUGH THE MENU. JUST LOOSEN YOUR BELT  
TWO INCHES, AND THEN YOU WORK UP A NEW APPETITE IN THIS  
INTERLUDE -  
THEN - FOOD,  
ONCE AGAIN, FOOD, FABULOUS FOOD, GLORIOUS. .. FOOD.

*The boys move off into their own individual*

*dream worlds.*

FOOD, GLORIOUS FOOD!  
 DON'T CARE WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE - BURNED!  
 UNDERDONE! CRUDE !  
 DON'T CARE WHAT THE COOK'S LIKE. JUST THINKING OF GROWING  
 FAT- OUR SENSES GO REELING -  
 ONE MOMENT OF KNOWING THAT FULL-UP-FEELING!  
 FOOD, GLORIOUS FOOD!  
 WHAT WOULDN'T WE GIVE FOR THAT EXTRA BIT MORE -  
 THAT'S ALL THAT WE LIVE FOR. WHY SHOULD WE BE FATED TO DO  
 NOTHING BUT BROOD  
 ON FOOD, MAGICAL FOOD, WONDERFUL FOOD, MARVELLOUS FOOD,  
 FABULOUS  
 FOOD,

OLIVER

BEAUTIFUL FOOD,

ALL

GLORIOUS FOOD.

*The boys walk dejectedly back to their seats as the gruel is pushed on by the Paupers Assistant. Then when they've sat down, the "OLIVER" theme music begins as MR BUMBLE enters first, walking solemnly with his brass-topped mace. He is resplendent in a gold braid lace-trimmed coat, cocked hat and white knee briches with buckled shoes. The boys look up.*

*The music livens a bit as WIDOW CORNEY, the Workhouse Mistress, takes her place beside him. MR BUMBLE then strikes the floor twice with his mace as the BOYS rise and file past the cauldron. They are served with one ladleful each, and they return to their benches. The music stops.*

MR BUMBLE

*(Slowly takes off his cocked hat, bangs his mace and intones)*

For what you are about to receive may the lord make you truly thankful.

BOYS

Amen.

*MR BUMBLE then raises his mace and holds it tantalisingly aloft for several seconds. All the BOYS eyes are fixed upon it, then he brings it smartly down, and at this point the BOYS fall to eating like clockwork figures.*

*A fast variation on the "OLIVER" theme is played during the eating. The BOYS soon polish off their gruel and sit awaiting the forthcoming unprecedented event. The boy on OLIVER's right bangs his empty bowl on that of the boy on his right, who in turn picks the two bowls up and bangs them on that of the boy on his right, and so on round the table until the pile of bowls*



*reaches Oliver who snatches his away just in time. OLIVER stands up. He advances towards MR BUMBLE, basin and spoon in hand, and stops in front of him whilst a violin note is suspended and sustained.*

OLIVER

Please sir, I want some more.

MR BUMBLE

*(Faintly)*

*No. 3 Chorus - Oliver*

What?

OLIVER

Please sir, I want some more.

MR BUMBLE

*(Roars)*

More!

*OLIVER runs away pursued by the PAUPER ASSISTANTS and the boys.*

WIDOW CORNEY

*(Sings)*

CATCH HIM!

MR BUMBLE

SNATCH HIM!

WIDOW CORNEY

HOLD HIM!

MR BUMBLE

SCOLD HIM!

WIDOW CORNEY

POUNCE HIM! TROUNCE HIM!

PICK HIM UP AND BOUNCE HIM!

*Riot. They've caught Oliver and are about to throw him into his cell.*

MR BUMBLE

WAIT!

BEFORE WE PUT THE LAD TO TASK- MAY I BE SO CURIOUS AS TO ASK HIS NAME?

-.

ALL THE BOYS

*(Scornfully)*

O-LI-VER

WIDOW CORNEY AND MR BUMBLE

OLIVER! OLIVER!

MR BUMBLE

NEVER BEFORE HAS A BOY WANTED MORE!

MR BUMBLE AND WIDOW CORNEY

OLIVER! OLIVER!

MRS CORNEY

WON'T ASK FOR MORE WHEN HE KNOWS WHAT'S IN STORE.

MR BUMBLE

THERE'S A DARK, THIN, WINDING STAIRWAY  
WITH OUT ANY BANISTER  
WHICH WE'LL THROW HIM DOWN, AND  
FEED HIM ON COCKROACHES SERVED IN A CANISTER

ALL

OLIVER! OLIVER!

MR BUMBLE

WHAT WILL HE DO WHEN HE'S TURNED BLACK AND BLUE? HE WILL  
CURSE THE DAY  
SOMEBODY NAMED HIM...  
O - LI - VER!

MR BUMBLE AND WIDOW CORNEY

OLIVER! OLIVER!

MR BUMBLE

NEVER BEFORE HAS A BOY WANTED MORE!

MR BUMBLE AND WIDOW CORNEY

OLIVER! OLIVER!

WIDOW CORNEY

WON'T ASK FOR MORE  
WHEN HE KNOWS WHAT'S IN STORE.

MR. BUMBLE

THERE'S A SOOTY CHIMNEY,  
LONG OVERDUE FOR A SWEEPING OUT  
WHICH WE'LL PUSH HIM UP,  
AND ONE DAY NEXT YEAR WITH THE RATS HE'LL COME CREEPING  
OUT.

ALL.

OLIVER! OLIVER!

MR BUMBLE

WHAT WILL HE DO?  
IN THIS TERRIBLE STEW?  
HE WILL RUE THE DAY SOMEBODY NAMED HIM. . .

ALL & WIDOW CORNEY

O - LI - VER!

*Suddenly the GOVERNORS appear, disturbed  
from their meal...*

GOVERNORS

OLIVER!  
OLIVER!  
NEVER BEFORE HAS A BOY ASKED FOR MORE  
OLIVER! OLIVER!

CHAIRMAN*{Spoken, flustered, in time with music}*

PRAY SOME DECORUM RESTORE, I IMPORE.

LET US FACE THIS CASE, IT'S UNPRECEDENTED, QUITE UTTERLY.

GOVERNORS

HE'S DISGRACED THIS PLACE,

LARGE GOVERNOR

ENCOURAGING OTHERS TO WALLOW IN GLUTTONY.

ALL*(Questioningly)*

OLIVER! OLIVER!

GOVERNORS*(Singing with decision)*

LOCK HIM IN GAOL

AND THEN PUT HIM ON SALE,

FOR THE HIGHEST BID

GLAD TO BE RID

OF

O-LI-VER!

WIDOW CORNEY*(To Assistants)*

Collect his belongings and bring him back to me when you've done.

*(To the rest of the BOYS)*

To bed, all of you.

*No. 3a Scurry Music**BOYS ushered off by PAUPER ASSISTANTS.**BUMBLE and WIDOW CORNEY remain.*

END OF ACT ONE - Scene One

## Act 1 Scene 2

*The Widow's Parlour*

MR BUMBLE

Mark my words Mrs Corney. That boy was born to be hung, I've never been so shocked in all my days.

WIDOW CORNEY

Hush, Mr B, you've have had quite a turn and I fancy you might enjoy a little drop of something special.

MR BUMBLE

What is it?

WIDOW CORNEY

Why it's what I'm obliged to keep a little of in the house to put into the blessed infant's medicine when they ain't well and I'll not deceive you Mr B,

*She fumbles in pocket to reveal a bottle of gin.*

It's gin.

MR BUMBLE

Well, you are a humane woman Mrs Corney. It's nice to be appreciated, Mrs Corney. These paupers in this parish they don't appreciate me. Anti-parochial they are, ma'am, anti-parochial. We have given away, Mrs Corney, a matter of twenty loaves and cheese-and-a-half this very afternoon, and still them paupers is not contented.

*Drinks gin and offers to Widow Corney*

WIDOW CORNEY

Of course they're not. When would they be? Sweet, Mr Bumble?

MR BUMBLE

Very sweet, indeed, ma'am *(Bumble Sneezes)*

WIDOW CORNEY

Bless you

*(She drops two lumps of sugar in the gin, and stirs. He spreads his pocket handkerchief over his fat knees, heaves a deep sigh and looks at the cat basket)*

MR BUMBLE

Do you still keep a cat, ma'am.

WIDOW CORNEY

Yes, and kittens too, I'm so fond of them you can't imagine Mr Bumble. They are so happy, so cheerful, so happy, so cheerful, so frolicsome that they are quite companions for me.

MR BUMBLE

*(Loudly)*

Very nice animals indeed, ma' am, and so very domestic.

WIDOW CORNEY

So very fond of their home too, that it's really quite a pleasure, I'm sure.

MR BUMBLE

Mrs Corney, Ma'am.

*(Marking time with a teaspoon)*

I mean to say this, ...that any cat. ..or kitten ...that could live with you ma'am...and not be fond of its home ...must be an idiot, ma'am, and don't deserve to live in it.

WIDOW CORNEY

Oh, Mr Bumble!

MR BUMBLE

It's no use disgusting facts ma'am, An idiot! I would drown it myself with pleasure!

WIDOW CORNEY

Then you're a cruel man. And a very heart hearted man besides.

MR BUMBLE

Hard-hearted, Mrs Corney? Hard? Are you hard hearted Mrs Corney?

WIDOW CORNEY

Dear me, what a very curious question coming from a single man. What can you want to know for Mr B.?

*Mr Bumble drinks his gin, wipes his lips and kisses Widow Corney*

Oh, Mr Bumble, I shall scream!

*No. 4 Duet I Shall Scream*

*(This is the original song that was very much shortened in the downloaded script PD)*

MR BUMBLE

NO YOU WOULDN'T HEIGH – HO  
IF I WANTED SOMETHING SPECIAL  
THEN YOU COULDN'T SAY "NO"  
DID I NEARLY CATCH YOU SMILING?  
YES I DID AND IT'S BEGUILING  
IF YOUR HAND IS CLOSE I'LL PRESS IT  
YES YOU LIKE IT, COME CONFESS IT!  
YES, YOU DO.

WIDOW CORNEY

NO, I DON'T

MR BUMBLE

YES, YOU DO.

WIDOW CORNEY

I SHALL SCREAM!  
I SHALL SCREAM!  
'TIL THEY HASTEN TO MY RESCUE, I SHALL SCREAM!

MR BUMBLE

SINCE THERE'S NOBODY THAT'S NEAR US  
WHO COULD SEE US OR COULD HEAR US  
IF I ASK YOU, CAN I KISS YOU  
SAY WHAT WILL MY PRETTY MISS DO?

WIDOW CORNEY

I SHALL SCREAM, SCREAM, SCREAM!

MR BUMBLE

IF I PINCH YOU ONE PINCH  
 FROM YOU SHY PROTECTIVE SHELL  
 CAN I UN-INCH YOU ONE INCH?  
 WILL MY BLYTHSOME, BUXOM BEAUTY  
 LET HER SUITOR DO HIS DUTY?  
 THOUGH HIS LAP AIN'T VERY LARGE DEAR  
 SIT UPON IT THERE'S NO CHARGE DEAR.  
 WILL YOU SIT?

WIDOW CORNEY

NO, I SHAN'T!

MR BUMBLE

WILL YOU SIT

WIDOW CORNEY

*She sits upon his lap*

I SHALL SCREAM!  
 I SHALL SCREAM!  
 FOR THE SAFETY OF MY VIRTUE  
 I SHALL SCREAM  
 THOUGH YOUR KNEE IS RATHER COSY  
 SEE MY CHEEKS ARE GETTING ROSY  
 YOU WOULD HAVE ME IN YOUR POWER  
 IF I SAT HERE FOR AN HOUR

MR BUMBLE

*His voice is muffled by her ample bosom*

I SHALL SCREAM, SCREAM, SCREAM!

WIDOW CORNEY

*(Song starts here in the downloaded libretto PD)  
 she gets off his lap*

YOU'RE A NAUGHTY BAD MAN  
 IF YOU THINK I CAN'T BE PROPER PRIME AND HAUGHTY I CAN  
 AND YOU'LL PARDON IF I MENTION  
 YOU MUST STATE YOUR TRUE INTENTION

MR BUMBLE

*He steps in the cat basket and a caterwall  
 follows*

IS THERE NOT ANOTHER ROOM HERE?

WIDOW CORNEY

*(spoken – she nods dissent)*

NO

MR BUMBLE

IF THERE WERE A BRIDE AND GRROM HERE  
 WOULD THERE BE?

WIDOW CORNEY

WELL THERE MIGHT

MR BUMBLE

WE SHALL SEE

WIDOW CORNEY

I SHALL SCREAM I SHALL SCREAM  
AT THE THOUGHT OF WHAT YOU'RE THINKING I SHALL SCREAM

MR BUMBLE

YOU WILL WONDER WHERE THE SCREAM  
WENT WHEN WE COME TO AN AGREEMENT  
AS MY LOVELY DOVE IS CHUBBY  
COULD SHE LOVE A CHUBBY HUBBY

WIDOW CORNEY

I SHALL SCREAM. MISTER BUMBLE  
I SHALL SCREAM BUMBLE WUMBLE  
I SHALL SCREAM, SCREAM, SCREAM

*MATRON enters with OLIVER.*

MATRON

I've brought the boy and his belongings ma'am.

*No 5 Boy For Sale*MR BUMBLE

Well I best be off and see what I can get for this young scoundrel.

*BUMBLE retrieves the boy from the MATRON*

WIDOW CORNEY

Make sure you get a good price for him Mr Bumble,

*Bumble leaves her and leads the boy through the streets towards the undertakers*

MISTER BUMBLE

ONE BOY,  
BOY FOR SALE.  
HE'S GOING CHEAP.  
ONLY SEVEN GUINEAS.  
THAT - OR THEREABOUTS.

*(To passing man)*

SMALL BOY. . . RATHER PALE. . . FROM LACK OF SLEEP.  
FEED HIM GRUEL DINNERS. STOP HIM GETTING STOUT.  
IF I SHOULD SAY HE WASN'T VERY GREEDY...  
I COULD NOT, I'D BE TELLING YOU A TALE.  
ONE BOY.  
BOY FOR SALE.  
COME TAKE A PEEP.  
HAVE YOU EVER SEEN AS NICE

*They enter the undertakers shop.*

A BOY FOR SALE.

END OF ACT ONE - Scene Two

## Act 1 Scene 3

*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! Stand over there boy 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 vit-tles 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) another 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.

*No. 6 That's Your Funeral*

*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.*

SOWERBERRY

(Sings)

HE'S A BORN UNDERTAKER'S MUTE.  
I CAN SEE MM IN MS 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 ESCORT US TO THE FAMILY TOMBS,  
WITH MOURNERS IN ALL CORNERS  
WHO'VE BEEN TAUGHT TO WEEP IN TUNE

THEN THE COFFIN LINED WITH SATIN. THAT'S YOUR FUNERAL.

MRS SOWERBERRY

THAT'S YOUR FUNERAL.

SOWERBERRY

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

MRS SOWERBERRY

THAT'S YOUR FUNERAL.

SOWERBERRY

WE'RE JUST HERE TO GLAMORISE YOU FOR THAT ENDLESS SLEEP.

BOTH

YOU MIGHT JUST AS WELL LOOK FETCHING  
WHEN YOU'RE SIX FEET DEEP.

MRS SOWERBERRY

AT THE WAKE WE'LL DRINK A TODDY TO THE BODY BEAUTIFUL.

SOWERBERRY

THAT'S YOUR FUNERAL.

MRS SOWERBERRY

NOT OUR FUNERAL.

BOTH

THAT'S YOUR FUNERAL.

SOWERBERRY

IF YOU'RE FOND OF OVEREATING THAT'S YOUR FUNERAL.

MRS SOWERBERRY

THAT'S YOUR FUNERAL.

SOWERBERRY

STARVE YOURSELF BY UNDEREATING THAT'S YOUR FUNERAL.

MR BUMBLE

THAT'S MY FUNERAL?

MRS SOWERBERRY

VISUALISE THE EARTH DESCENDING ON YOU CLOD BY CLOD.  
YOU CAN'T COME BACK WHEN YOU'RE BURIED  
UNDERNEATH THE SOD.

BOTH

WE WILL NOT REDUCE OUR PRICES.  
KEEP YOUR VICES USUAL.

MR SOWERBERRY

THAT'S YOUR FUNERAL . . .

MRS SOWERBERRY

NOT OUR FUNERAL.

SOWERBERRY

THAT'S YOUR FUNERAL.

*MR BUMBLE turns to go but is stopped by MR  
and MRS SOWERBERRY.*

MR BUMBLE

I DON'T THINK THIS SONG IS FUNNY.

SOWERBERRY

THAT'S YOUR FUNERAL.

MRS SOWERBERRY

THAT'S YOUR FUNERAL.

MR BUMBLE

HERE'S THE BOY, NOW WHERE'S THE MONEY.

SOWERBERRY

THAT'S YOUR FUNERAL.

MR BUMBLE

THAT'S YOUR FUNERAL.

*MR BUMBLE exits*

BOTH

WE DON'T HARBOUR THOUGHTS MACABRE,  
THERE'S NO NEED TO FROWN.  
IN THE END WE'LL EITHER BURN YOU UP OR NAIL YOU DOWN.  
WE LOVE COUGHS AND WHEEZES AND DISEASES CALLED  
INCURABLE.

SOWERBERRY

THAT'S YOUR FUNERAL

MRS SOWERBERRY

NO-ONE ELSE'S FUNERAL

SOWERBERRY

THAT'S YOUR...

MRS SOWERBERRY

THAT'S YOUR...  
FUNERAL!

*(End of song)*

MRS SOWERBERRY

Very well then, that's your job. Junior coffin-follower ...have you eaten yet?

OLIVER

No, ma'am, not since...

MRS SOWERBERRY

*(Shouting)*

Charlotte! Charlotte!

CHARLOTTE

*(Off)*

What?

MRS SOWERBERRY

Bring in some of them cold bits we put out for the dog. It hasn't been in all day, so it can go without 'em. I daresay the boy ain't too dainty to eat 'em - are you boy?

Charlotte, this is the new boy... give them to him.

CHARLOTTE

That's all there is.

*Charlotte enters with a plate of scraps/ OLIVER devours the meagre meat on the bones as the SOWERBERRY family looks on in silent horror.*

MRS SOWERBERRY

Charlotte, don't just stand there! Pull down the blinds. Henry, get to bed.

SOWERBERRY

A superb effect the more I think about it. A follower in proportion.

MRS SOWERBERRY

Have you done?

OLIVER

Yes, ma'am.

MRS SOWERBERRY

Good, the dogs got to 'ave it next.

Now then, Oliver Twist, your bed's under the counter. You don't mind sleeping among coffins I suppose? But it doesn't much matter whether you do or don't, you can't sleep nowhere else!

*No.6a Coffin Music*

*She takes the lamp and shuts him in the shop.*

*OLIVER peers apprehensively at his sinister surroundings.*

*No. 7 Where is Love?*

OLIVER

WHERE IS LOVE?  
DOES IT FALL FROM SKIES ABOVE?  
IS IT UNDERNEATH  
THE WILLOW TREE THAT I'VE BEEN DREAMING OF?

WHERE IS SHE?  
WHO I CLOSE MY EYES TO SEE?  
WILL I EVER KNOW THE SWEET "HELLO"  
THAT'S MEANT FOR ONLY ME?

WHO CAN SAY WHERE SHE MAY HIDE?  
MUST I TRAVEL FAR AND WIDE?  
'TIL I AM BESIDE THE SOMEONE WHO I CAN MEAN SOMETHING TO...  
WHERE?  
WHERE IS LOVE?

WHO CAN SAY WHERE . . . SHE MAY HIDE?  
MUST I TRAVEL ...FAR AND WIDE?  
'TIL I AM BESIDE ...THE SOMEONE WHO I CAN MEAN...  
SOMETHING TO. . .  
WHERE?  
WHERE IS LOVE?

*End of song.*

END OF ACT ONE - Scene Three

# ACT ONE SCENE FOUR

*No. 8*

*Inside the Undertaker's next morning.  
There is loud kicking on the outside of the shop  
door. OLIVER steps from behind eth counter  
and begins to undo door chain. The kicking  
desists and a voice begins. ..*

NOAH

*(off)*

Charlotte, open the door, will yer? Charlotte open the door. . .

OLIVER

*(undoing the chain and turning the key)*

I will directly sir.

NOAH

*(through the keyhole)*

Are you the new boy?

OLIVER

Yes sir.

NOAH

*(still outside)*

How old are yer?

OLIVER

Eleven sir.

NOAH

Then I'll whop you one when I get in, you just see if I don't you little work  
'ous brat!

*NOAH begins whistling. OLIVER draws back  
the bolts and opens the door. NOAH  
CLAYPOLE is framed in the doorway.*

OLIVER

Did you knock sir?

NOAH

I kicked. *(between mouthfuls)*

OLIVER

Did you want a coffin sir?

NOAH

No! But you'll be wanting one before very long if you start cheeking your  
superiors.

*(he enters majestically)*

Yer don't know who I am, I suppose, Work 'ous?

OLIVER

No sir, I can't say as I do.

NOAH

*{punctuating}*

I'm Mis-ter - No-ah - Clay-pole - and - you're - under - me! So open up the  
blind, you idle young scallywag.

*NOAH kicks OLIVER 's backside. OLIVER*

*taking down the shutter, and CHARLOITE enters with a tray of food. All the time she is ogling NOAH lasciviously.*

CHARLOTTE

Noah, I saved a nice little bit of bacon for you from master's breakfast. Oliver, pull up a chair for Mr Noah and then take them bits and go over in the corner and eat 'em. And make haste, 'cos they'll want you to mind the shop. D'you hear?

*NOAH and CHARLOITE are groping each other surreptitiously whilst OLIVER is turned away. They all begin eating.*

NOAH

D'you hear? Work 'ous?

CHARLOTTE

Here's your bacon Noah.

NOAH

Nice and greasy, just how I like it.

*She feeds him*

NOAH

What are you staring at work 'ous?

CHARLOTTE

Lor Noah let the boy alone.

NOAH

Let him alone? I'm giving the boy a change, you silly thing! Ev'ryone's left him alone. His father left him alone - his mother left him alone - they all left him alone - except dear old, kind old Noah.

*NOAH gropes CHARLOITE*

CHARLOTTE

I better go downstairs. Something's burning

*CHARLOTTE Exits*

NOAH

*(addressing OLIVER-conversationally)*

Work'us ...How's yer mother?

OLIVER

You leave my mother out of it - She's dead.

NOAH

What did she die of, work 'ous? Shortage of breath?

OLIVER

*(tearfully )*

She's just dead! She died of a broken heart.

NOAH

Well tol-de-rol-lol-lol-right-fol-lairy, Work 'ous. What's set you a snivelling now?

OLIVER

You'd better not say anything more see!

NOAH

Better not say anything more see! The cheek of it - the workhouse cheek of it!  
*(NOAH curls up his nose in disgust)*

Yer know, Work 'ous, it can't be helped now, and of course, yer couldn't help it then, and I'm very sorry for it, and I'm sure we all are, and pity yer very much. But yer must know work 'ous, your mother was a regular right down bad 'un.

OLIVER

What did you say?

NOAH

And it's a good thing she died when she did or she'd have been transported to Australaylia, or hung from a gibbet as like as not!

*No. 8a The Fight*

*(a fight ensues during which, over the music, the following lines are shouted)*

NOAH

Help, Charlotte, Missis....this here new boy's a murderin' of me! Char - LOTTE !!

*(Charlotte enters followed by Mrs Sowerberry)*

CHARLOTTE

Oh, you ungrateful, murderous little villain.

MRS SOWERBERRY

Quick, put him in 'ere....Get the lid quick. Noah, run and get help ...(Charlotte, water quick)

CHARLOTTE

Oh my god, she's going off!

MRS SOWERBERRY

Oh, Charlotte! We could 'ave all been murdered in our beds!...water!

*(it's thrown in her face)*

Oh, I wanted a drink, you stupid girl Oh Charlotte, what's to become of us?

NOAH

*(enters breathless)*

I found the beadle!

CHARLOTTE

Oh!\_Mister Bumble!

MRS SOWERBERRY

Oh! Mister Bumble!

MR BUMBLE

*(imperious)*

Where is this owdacious young savage?!

ALL

'E's in there!

*They all point to the coffin. MR BUMBLE goes over and bangs his mace twice on the coffin lid He raises the mace to bang a third time, and OLIVER bangs the coffin lid in reply.*



MR BUMBLE

(shocked)

Oliver?

OLIVER

You let me out of here!

MR BUMBLE

Do you know this here voice, Oliver?

OLIVER

Yes I do!

MR BUMBLE

And ain't you afraid of it, Oliver? Ain't you a-tremblin' while I speak, Oliver?

OLIVER

No I'm not!

*MR BUMBLE staggers back and looks at the three by-standers in astonishment.*

MRS SOWERBERRY

(hysterically)

The boy must be mad. No one in half his senses could venture to speak to you like that.

MR BUMBLE

It's not madness, ma'am.

(he pauses)

It's meat!

MRS SOWERBERRY

What?

MR BUMBLE

Meat, ma'am, meat. You've overfed him ma'am. You've raised an artificial soul and spirit in the boy unbecoming of his station in life.

MRS SOWERBERRY

Dear me! This is what comes of being over generous.

MR BUMBLE

If you'd kept the boy on gruel ma'am this would never of happened.

*MR SOWERBERRY Enters from the street, singing. He is still dressed in full mourning clothes. He surveys the scene with solemn dignity. He has been drinking. MRS SOWERBERRY points at the coffin.*

MRS SOWERBERRY

Oh Henry. That boy! Oliver! You've no idea what he's been up to. We had to lock him up!

OLIVER

(banging the lid)

Help!

MR SOWERBERRY

Who's in there? That coffin should not have been occupied till tomorrow. It's reserved for a very important client.

MRS SOWERBERRY

You've been drinking

*MR BUMBLE opens the coffin and pulls  
OLIVER out by the scruff of the neck.*

MR BUMBLE

*(prodding OLIVER)*

Now, you young scallywag, what's your explanation?

OLIVER

*(pointing at NOAH)*

He called my mother names.

MRS SOWERBERRY

Well, and what if he did, you little ungrateful wretch? She probably deserved what was said, and worse.

OLIVER

She didn't!

MRS SOWERBERRY

She did!

OLIVER

It's a lie!

*No 8b Oliver's Escape (No13??)*

*(He pushes MRS SOWERBERRY and escapes.  
During the music(13. Oliver's escape) the  
following lines are shouted in quick succession  
lasting but a few bars.*

NOAH

He's gone!

MRS SOWERBERRY

*(drowsily)*

Who's gone?

CHARLOTTE

Oliver - he's run off!

SOWERBERRY

Three pounds of mine? Run off? After him!

End of Act One - Scene Four

## ACT ONE SCENE FIVE

*Paddington Green on the outskirts of London - a week later.*

OLIVER

*(singing unaccompanied to keep his spirits up)*

FOOD, GLORIOUS FOOD!  
HOT SAUSAGE AND MUSTARD!  
WHILE WE'RE IN THE MOOD - COLD JELLY AND CUSTARD!

*OLIVER sits down on a monument. It is early morning, the city is waking up.*

*A CHARACTER appears from behind the monument. He is very dirty but very worldly, is wearing a top hat and a voluminous overcoat which has the cuffs turned back halfway up the arms, so that he can keep his hands in his trouser pockets. He whistles the tune of "YOU'VE GOT TO PICK A POCKET OR TWO"*

*The CHARACTER is now becoming conscious of being stared at, and walks over to him - it is the ARTFUL DODGER. Dodger hums "PICK A POCKET OR TWO"*

DODGER

What yer starin' at? Ain't yer never seen a toff?

OLIVER

No - never - I....

DODGER

That's all right - don't worry about it. Hungry?

OLIVER

Starving.

DODGER

'Ere catch.

*He throws him an apple.*

Tired?

OLIVER

Yes. I've been walking seven days.

DODGER

Seven days! Runnin' away from the Beak, yer must be?

OLIVER

The what?

DODGER

Now don't say yer don't know what a beak is, me flash mate?

OLIVER

A beak's a bird's mouth.

DODGER

My eyes - how green! A beak - is a madg-strate, for your hinformation. Who are you runnin' away from then - your old man?

OLIVER

No, I'm an orphan. I've come to London to make my fortune.

DODGER

*(suddenly very interested)*

Oh you 'ave, 'ave ya.

OLIVER

Yes.

DODGER

Got any lodgings?

OLIVER!

No.

DODGER

Money?

OLIVER!

Not a farthing.

*The ARTFUL DODGER whistles a snatch of "PICK A POCKET OR TWO", and puts his arms into his overcoat pockets as far as they go.*

OLIVER

Do you live in London?

DODGER

When I'm at home. I suppose you want some place to sleep tonight, don't you? Are you haccommodated?

OLIVER

No - I don't think so. . .

DODGER

Then h'accomoated you shall be me young mate.

*(He eyes Oliver speculatively)*

There's a certain place and I know a 'spectable old gentleman as lives there, wot'll give you lodgin's for nothink, and never ask for the change - that is -if any other gentleman he knows interduces yer. And does he know me? I should say he does, not arf he don't, and some!

OLIVER

Who is the respectable old gentleman, then? Is he a charity gentleman?

DODGER

Well, I wouldn't eggzackly say that - not eggzackly. But if I interduces someone it's all right, on account of I happen ter be a pertickler favourite of Mister Fagin.

That's his name - Mister Fagin. By the way . . . if I'm interducing you to Fagin, I better know who you are, me old china.

OLIVER

My name's Oliver. Oliver Twist.

DODGER

*(with aflourish)*

And my name's Jack Dawkins - better known among me more hintimate friends as the Artful Dodger.

OLIVER

Pleased to meet you, Mister Dawkins.

DODGER

*(pausing for second thoughts)*

Come to think of it - I ain't got no hintimate friends. Still, what's the difference, you're coming with me.

OLIVER

Are you sure Mr Fagin won't mind?

DODGER

Mind?

### *No 9 Consider Yourself*

*He bangs his dusty old top hat and sings*

CONSIDER YOURSELF AT HOME.  
 CONSIDER YOURSELF ONE OF THE FAMILY.  
 WE'VE TAKE TO YOU SO STRONG.  
 IT'S CLEAR WE'RE GOING TO GET ALONG.  
 CONSIDER YOURSELF WELL IN.  
 CONSIDER YOURSELF PART OF THE FURNITURE.  
 THERE ISN'T A LOT TO SPARE.  
 WHO CARES? WHAT EVER WE'VE GOT WE SHARE!  
 IF IT SHOULD CHANCE TO BE WE SHOULD SEE  
 SOME HARDER DAYS EMPTY-LARDER DAYS- WHY GROUSE?  
 ALWAYS A CHANCE WE'LL MEET SOMEBODY TO FOOT THE BILL-  
 THEN THE DRINKS ARE ON THE HOUSE!  
 CONSIDER YOURSELF OUR MATE.  
 WE DON'T WANT TO HAVE NO FUSS,  
 FOR AFTER SOME CONSIDERATION, WE CAN STATE.. . CONSIDER  
 YOURSELF  
 ONE OF US!

DODGER

CONSIDER YOURSELF

OLIVER

AT HOME?

*(trying to copy all of DODGERS actions)*

DODGER

CONSIDER YOURSELF...

OLIVER

ONE OF THE FAMILY?

*OLIVER and DODGER are joined by other members of the gang.*

GANG BOY

WE'VE TAKEN TO YOU

OLIVER

SO STRONG?

GANG BOY

IT'S CLEAR .. WE'RE ...

ALL

GOING TO GET ALONG.  
CONSIDER YOURSELF

GANG BOY

WELL IN?

DODGER

CONSIDER YOURSELF

GANG BOY

PART OF THE FURNITURE?

OLIVER

THERE ISN'T A LOT TO SPARE!

ALL

WHO CARES?  
WHATEVER WE'VE GOT WE SHARE.

DODGER

NOBODY TRIES TO BE LAH-DI-DAH AND UPPITY- THERE'S A CUP O'  
TEA FOR ALL.

ALL

ONLY IT'S WISE TO BE HANDY WIV A ROLLING PIN WHEN THE  
LANDLORD COMES TO CALL!

DODGER

CONSIDER YOURSELF. . . OUR MATE.  
WE DON'T WANT TO HAVE NO FUSS.

ALL

FOR AFTER SOME CONSIDERATION WE CAN STATE. ..

OLIVER

CONSIDER YOURSELF . . .

ALL

ONE OF US!

*The action develops into a bustling market  
scene. They all sing.*

COMPANY

CONSIDER YOURSELF AT HOME. . .

WE'VE TAKEN TO YOU SO STRONG...

CONSIDER YOURSELF WELL IN...

THERE ISN'T A LOT TO SPARE. ..  
IF IT SHOULD CHANCE TO BE  
WE SHOULD SEE SOME HARDER DAYS  
EMPTY-LARDER-DAYS - WHY GROUSE?  
ALWAYS A CHANCE WE'LL MEET SOMEBODY  
TO FOOT THE BILL -

THEN THE DRINKS ARE ON THE HOUSE!  
CONSIDER YOURSELF OUR MATE.

WE DON'T WANT TO HAVE NO FUSS.  
FOR AFTER SOME CONSIDERATION, WE CAN STATE.. . CONSIDER  
YOURSELF. ..  
ONE OF US!

CONSIDER YOURSELF AT HOME.  
CONSIDER YOURSELF ONE OF THE FAMILY.  
WE'VE TAKE TO YOU SO STRONG.  
IT'S CLEAR WE'RE GOING TO GET ALONG.  
CONSIDER YOURSELF WELL IN.  
CONSIDER YOURSELF PART OF THE FURNITURE.  
THERE ISN'T A LOT TO SPARE.  
WHO CARES? WHAT EVER WE'VE GOT WE SHARE!  
IF IT SHOULD CHANCE TO BE WE SHOULD SEE  
SOME HARDER DAYS EMPTY-LARDER DAYS- WHY GROUSE?  
ALWAYS A CHANCE WE'LL MEET SOMEBODY TO FOOT THE BILL-  
THEN THE DRINKS ARE ON THE HOUSE!  
CONSIDER YOURSELF OUR MATE.  
WE DON'T WANT TO HAVE NO FUSS,  
FOR AFTER SOME CONSIDERATION, WE CAN STATE.. . CONSIDER  
YOURSELF  
ONE OF US!

*Pause*

*No. 10 Encore Consider Yourself*

*(The children proceed towards the Thieves'  
Kitchen as the crowd gradually disperses off  
singing)*

CONSIDER YOURSELF AT HOME.  
CONSIDER YOURSELF ONE OF THE FAMILY.  
WE'VE TAKE TO YOU SO STRONG.  
IT'S CLEAR WE'RE GOING TO GET ALONG.  
CONSIDER YOURSELF WELL IN.  
CONSIDER YOURSELF PART OF THE FURNITURE.  
THERE ISN'T A LOT TO SPARE.  
WHO CARES? WHAT EVER WE'VE GOT WE SHARE!  
NOBODY TRIES TO BE LAH-DI-DAH AND UPPITY- THERE'S A CUP O'  
TEA FOR ALL.  
ONLY IT'S WISE TO BE HANDY WIV A ROLLING PIN WHEN THE  
LANDLORD COMES TO CALL!  
CONSIDER YOURSELF. . . OUR MATE.  
WE DON'T WANT TO HAVE NO FUSS.  
FOR AFTER SOME CONSIDERATION WE CAN STATE. ..  
CONSIDER YOURSELF, ONE OF US!

*End of Act 1 Scene 5*

# ACT ONE SCENE SIX

*The Thieves Kitchen*

DODGER

Fagin. Fagin.

FAGIN

What!

DODGER

I've brought a new friend to see you. Oliver Twist.

OLIVER

*(offering his hand to shake)*

Sir.

FAGIN

*(smiling, bowing low and shaking OLIVER's hand)*

I hope I shall have the honour of your intimate acquaintance. We're very glad to see you, Oliver, very.

*(to boys)*

Aren't we my dears?

*DODGER whispers in FAGIN'S ear, FAGIN nods approvingly*

DODGER

Mr Twist has come to London to seek his fortune.

FAGIN

You've come to London to seek your fortune. We must see what we can do to help you.

Are you hungry?

OLIVER

Starving.

FAGIN

Would you like a sausage? Charley, take off the sausages. Dodger, draw up a chair near the fire for Oliver.

CHARLEY

'Ere Fagin! These sausages are mouldy!

FAGIN

Shut up and drink yer Gin!

*(Oliver is looking at the handkerchiefs)*

FAGIN

Ah! You're a-staring at the pocket handkerchiefs! There are quite a few of 'em ain't there? We've just hung 'em out, ready for the wash, the wash, that's all, Oliver, that's all.

OLIVER

Is this a laundry then, sir?

*The boys roar with laughter.*

FAGIN

Well, not exactly, my dear. I suppose a laundry would be a very nice thing



indeed, but our line of business pays a little better - don't it boys?

BOYS

Not arf! I'll say it does!

*Music begins under*

*No. 11 Pick a Pocket or Two*

FAGIN

You see, Oliver.. .

IN THIS LIFE

ONE THING COUNTS -

IN THE BANK LARGE AMOUNTS! I'M AFRAID THESE

DON'T GROW ON TREES. . .

YOU'VE GOT TO PICK A POCKET OR TWO.

YOU'VE GOT TO PICK A POCKET OR TWO BOYS, YOU'VE GOT TO PICK  
A POCKET OR TWO.

BOYS

*(singing)*

LARGE AMOUNTS DON'T GROW ON TREES -

YOU GOT TO PICK A POCKET OR TWO!

FAGIN

Let's show Oliver how to do it, my dears.

FAGIN

*(sings)*

WHY SHOULD WE BREAK OUR BACKS STUPIDLY

PAYING TAX? BETTER GET SOME

UN-TAXED INCOME. . .

BETTER PICK A POCKET OR TWO!

YOU'VE GOT TO PICK A POCKET OR TWO BOYS. . .

YOU'VE GOT TO PICK A POCKET OR TWO!

BOYS

WHY SHOULD WE ALL BREAK OUR BACKS?

BETTER PICK A POCKET OR TWO!

FAGIN

Who said crime doesn't pay?

ROBIN HOOD - WHAT A CROOK! GAVE AWAY WHAT HE TOOK

CHARITY'S FINE SUBSCRIBE TO MINE

GET OUT AND PICK A POCKET OR TWO.

YOU'VE GOT TO PICK A POCKET OR TWO, BOYS,

YOU'VE GOT TO PICK A POCKET OR TWO!

BOYS

ROBIN HOOD WAS FAR TOO GOOD.

HE HAD TO PICK A POCKET OR TWO.

FAGIN

My merry men!

TAKE A TIP FROM BILL SIKES - HE CAN WHIP WHAT HE LIKES -

I RECALL HE STARTED SMALL. . .

HE HAD TO PICK A POCKET OR TWO,

YOU'VE GOT TO PICK A POCKET OR TWO, BOYS! YOU'VE GOT TO PICK A POCKET OR TWO.

BOYS

WE CAN BE LIKE OLD BILL SIKES IF WE PICK A POCKET OR TWO.

FAGIN

DEAR OLD GENT PASSING BY. SOMETHING NICE TAKES HIS EYE.

EV'RYTHING'S CLEAR! ATTACK THE REAR!

GET IN AND PICK A POCKET OR TWO.

YOU'VE GOT TO PICK A POCKET OR TWO, BOYS. .. YOU'VE GOT TO PICK A POCKET OR TWO!

BOYS

HAVE NO FEAR. ATTACK THE REAR.

GET IN AND PICK A POCKET OR TWO.

FAGIN

WHEN I SEE SOMEONE RICH

BOTH MY THUMBS START TO ITCH. . .

ONLY TO FIND SOME PEACE OF MIND . . .

I HAVE TO PICK A POCKET OR TWO!

YOU'VE GOT TO PICK A POCKET OR TWO, BOYS.. .

YOU'VE GOT TO PICK A POCKET OR TWO!

BOYS

JUST TO FIND SOME PIECE OF MIND -

FAGIN AND BOYS

WE HAVE TO PICK A POCKET OR TWO!

FAGIN

JUST TO FIND SOME PEACE OF MIND

WE HAVE TO PICK A POCKET OR TWO. HEY!

*The BOYS surround FAGIN to display their ill-gotten gains. OLIVER is amazed*

FAGIN

Put 'em all back in the box!

*The BOYS return the articles they have stolen to the box with the exception of one BOY, whom FAGIN sees out of the corner of his eye.*

I said all of 'em!

FAGIN

*(with violence)*

Nipper!

Come 'ere!

*The smallest BOY stops in his tracks  
The boy shamefully walks back with the handkerchief and tricks him. FAGIN pats the BOY on the head.*

What a crook!

I hope you've all been hard at work today, my dears.

DODGER

Hard?

ALL BOYS

As nails!

FAGIN

What 'ave you got for me, Dodger

DODGER

*(offhandedly)*

Couple o' wallets.

FAGIN

Well lined, I hope.

DODGER

Only the best.

FAGIN

*(weighing the wallets and checking inside quickly for the contents)*

Not as heavy as they might be. But very nicely made! Ingenious workman, ain't he, Oliver.

OLIVER

*(examining the wallets)*

Did he makes these himself?

CHARLEY

*(roars with laughter)*

Yeah, with his own lily white hands!

FAGIN

*(hits Charley)*

You be quiet, Charley.

*(To Charley)*

And what have you got, my dear?

CHARLEY

Nose Rags.

*He produces two large silk handkerchiefs - very elaborately patterned*

FAGIN

Well, they're very good ones, very! -yellow and green! You haven't embroidered the initials too well tho', Charley, "HRH..." - so they'll have to be picked out with a needle, won't they? You'll need to learn to do that too, Oliver my dear. Won't he boys?

*BOYS giggle and nudge each other.*

FAGIN

And you'll have to learn how to make wallets like the Dodger and Charley here. You'd like that, wouldn't you, my dear?

OLIVER

Yes, Mister Fagin, if you'll teach me.

*More giggling and nudging from the boys*

FAGIN

Certainly my boy, no fee! Just do everything you see Dodger and Charley do.

Make 'em your models, my dear - especially Dodger - He's going to be a right

little  
 . . . Bill Sikes!

OLIVER

Who's Bill Sikes Mr Fagin?

FAGIN

All in good time Oliver, all in good time  
 Now then, tell me, can you see my silk handkerchief what is protruding from  
 my pocket?

OLIVER

Yes sir.

FAGIN

See if you can take it from me without my noticing it - like you saw the others  
 do.

*MUSIC begins During the next verse and  
 chorus, OLIVER tries unsuccessfully to steal the  
 handkerchief.*

FAGIN RUM-TUM TUM TUM-TUM-TUM POM-POM-POM POM-POM-  
 POM SKIDDLE-EYE-TYE TEE-RYE-TYE-TYE  
 TEE-RUPPA-TUPPA-RUPPA-TUM-TUM  
 YOU GOT TO PICK A POCKET OR TWO, BOYS. . .  
 YOU GOT TO PICK A POCKET OR TWO!

*End of Song.*

FAGIN

*(Incredulous)*

Is it gone?

OLIVER

*(Showing it in his hand)*

Yes sir, it's in my hand.

FAGIN

*(Patting OLIVER 's head)*

I don't believe it! You're a clever boy, my dear. I never saw a sharper lad.  
 Here's a shilling for you.

*The boys mob FAGIN for their shilling. Fagin  
 puts his hand in his pocket and withdraws it  
 empty.*

I have to go to the bank.

*The boys protest again in a noisy fashion and  
 Fagin quietens them all suddenly as a policeman  
 walks above.*

*Now, bedtime, all of you. I'll start singing  
 again.*

*The boys protest.*

OLIVER

Where shall I sleep, Sir?

FAGIN

Here, my dear. By the warm. I'll get you a night-cap.

*OLIVER climbs onto the sofa*

OLIVER

Yes please

FAGIN

We're out of Cocoa. Ave a drop of gin.

*Oliver drinks the gin and spits it out.. the boys all laugh at him..*

Alright, alright. Settle down! Dodger! Take yer hat off in bed! Where's ya manners?

He comes over to OLIVER and secretly gives him a shilling, and speaking sotto voce .....

Yes, Oliver, you're quite the gentleman now. You've got a shilling on credit. You've gotta home, a profession. If you go on this way, you'll be the greatest man of all time.

*Tucking OLIVER's arms under the blanket he sings as if in a gentle lullaby.*

YOU'VE GOT TO PICK A POCKET OR TWO . . . YOU'VE GOT TO PICK A POCKET OR TWO...

*No 12. Intermezzo*

*Door Knock is heard*

FAGIN

Bill? (looks at Fob watch) at this time? A bit late isn't it? I mean, people are trying to sleep around 'ere. I dunno, where's the consideration these days .... ? Where 's the common decency. I'll have to give him a piece of mind I will.

*(Fagin collects his sack & opens man hole).*

FAGIN

Bill! What a pleasure to see you! (looks furtively around) Can I 'elp you? (Bill shows Fagin a silver candle stick - Fagin takes candle stick)

Oh, I say! That is lovely, Bill. Shames there's only one of them, 'cause if you'd had a nice matching ....

*(Bill produces the second matching candle stick from jacket)*

.....pair! But, you knew that, didn't you Bill? You're a professional, you are

*(Bill takes a silver Teapot from jacket)*

Always have been. Oh, Bill! That is a beautiful Teapot. Pity everyone's drinking coffee these days, but as soon as I put a hallmark on it, there's a bob or two in that alright!

*(Bill produces a large silver tray from jacket)*

Blimey Bill! 'ow d'you do it eh? What else have you got in here - a 'Grand Piano'?

*(Fagin looks at the reflection in the silver tray)*

'Ere Bill, ugly in 'e?

*(Fagin holds up the tray)*

I mean .....

*(gives up on joke and puts tray away)*

So, .....that the lot then?

*(Fagin see Bill's fist held out and recoils)*

What?

*(Bill reveals a large diamond ring)*

Oh, Bill, A Ring, for me? You shouldn't have. Oh this is all very sudden - I shall 'ave to shave,

(Bill isn't laughing) Costume jewellery. Still, might be able to pass it off Well, I 'ave enjoyed our little chat. Goodnight Bill!

*(Bill gestures for money)*

Cash Bill? What me! Keep cash around 'ere, with all these young thieves about? I wouldn't dare! I got to price the stuff first -proper and correct. Tomorrow, Bill, usual place, Three Cripples. That's a promise. It's a promise Bill.

*BILL looks at him long and hard as FAGIN disappears quickly back down below. BILL stands for a moment, then turns away and leaves.*

*Fagin takes the sack downstairs and gets stool from SL of stove, takes it to DS near jewel trap*

### FAGIN

**\*\***Oh Yes, Candle sticks, tray

*(he mumbles on, then takes the teapot out of the sack)*

Drinking Coffee heh! Now let's 'ave a look at you, shall we?

*(he starts to rub the teapot)*

Come on! Out you come! I know you 're in there

*(nothing happens)*

Typical! Still -one of these days .....

*(smells the Teapot).*

Not today. In you go then. And you too *(to ring)*

'Ere 'ang about a minute. 'Ello 'ello -you ain't no costume jewellery are you my son. Ho No You are something special. A right royal Maharajah you are. 'Ere you don 't belong in there with all the common riff raff do you? no, you should be living in a palace! Somewhere special. And it just so 'appens....*(he reaches the trap door and pulls out a jewellery box)*...that Fagin 'as the very special place for you to stay. In 'ere. With all the other royals and proper ladies and gentlemen wot is gonna look after Fagin in 'is old age and retirement. Maharajah ....meet your new family

*(he opens the jewellery box),*

they're all just sparkling to meet you.

Who do we 'ave 'ere then, ah? Ah! Meet the Duchess

*( he pulls out a tiara and places it on his head)*

"Air Hellair! Ow do you do?"

I'm doing very well indeed thank you very much. I am the Maharajah and I am helping looking after Fagin.

We 're gonna do nicely 'ain't we? Oh you must meet some of the other lovely ladies here. *(he pulls out a pearl necklace)* Here's a Pearl -she's a nice girl

*(he pulls out various strings of pearls)*

And ooh look - she's bought along all her sisters an' all. They're all stringin' along together!

*(he picks out a large red ruby earring)*

Oh, and here 's Ruby *(he puts on the earring)* She's shy. She's gone all red. She does love 'angin' around 'ere. Oh we do 'ave a laugh.

We're a happy family 'ain't we. A real happy little family. But we 'ain't going to be living *(closing jewel box)* around here all the time. Down here.

*(Fagin holds up a lorgnette, and stands)*

Oh no, we 're going to be out and about. I can see us now. It will be off to the Savoy for some frois gras and caviar, la di dah.

We'll be off to the hopera ...Figaro, Figaro, Figare, Figaro

*(Nipper stirs and sits bolt upright. Fagin freezes. He keeps singing, but gently, like a lullaby)*

Fi ....Ga....Ro into Rock a bye baby

*(Nipper gradually settles back down. Fagin tip-toes back to his stool, carefully replacing the jewellery)*

In you go now. We'll play again another day.

Well my dears. It's way past your bedtime. In you go then, and off to sleep.

We shall 'ave to play another day. There you go. Come on Pearl family.

Come along

Duchess, Yes Yes Yes we'll play again another time. We'll go to Royal Ascot for the races. That'll be nice wouldn't it.

*(he hugs the box to him and slowly muttering to himself drifts into a blissful sleep. The music makes the transition to morning. The sun is up and Fagin is still asleep, caressing his box, he is having a nightmare?)*

*(Sweaty and panicky)*

no your honour, It wasn't me. I never did nuffink. It was Bill Sikes. He stole it all he did. Me? I was just looking after it. See. I was gonna give it all away. All this stuff, yeh. To the poor. I was. Give it all away to orphan boys of this world.

*(opening his eyes, he sees Oliver next to him)*

Like this one 'ere\*\*

*(between \*\* - \*\* can be omitted)*

*(he realises he has been dreaming and what the boy may have seen. He panics and closes the lid of the box with a loud crash. Fagin leaps up)*

AAGH! !! What are you awake? What 'ave you seen? Quick, quick, speak, I want to hear every detail you saw.

OLIVER

I'm sorry sir. I couldn't sleep.

FAGIN

Were you awake a quarter of an hour ago?

OLIVER

NO.

FAGIN

Ten minutes ago?

OLIVER

Not that I know of.

FAGIN

Be sure - be sure!!

OLIVER

I'm sure!

FAGIN

*(resuming his old manner)*

All right then. . . If you're sure, I'm sure.

*(he plays with the toasting fork)*

Of course, I knew all along, my dear. I only tried to frighten you. Did you see any of those pretty things my dear?

*(Looking at the box)*

OLIVER

Yes, sir.

FAGIN

*(starts)*

They're mine, Oliver, my private property. It's all I've got to live on in me old age. It's a terrible thing Oliver.. . old age.

*He looks from the floor trap to the box..*

OLIVER

Do you think I could get up now, sir?

FAGIN

Certainly, my dear, certainly. There's a basin of water over there - you can have a wash.

OLIVER

But I had a wash yesterday.

FAGIN

Well, today's yer birthday - wash!

*(pointing to the corner)*

*OLIVER moves over to the corner.*

*When his back is turned - with lightning speed  
FAGIN returns the box to its hiding place.*

*NANCY enters into the street above with BET.*

NANCY

Come on Bet.

FAGIN

Nancy!

NANCY

*Lifts the manhole cover and shouts down.*

Plummy and slam.

FAGIN

It's Nancy! Wake up boys. The ladies are here.

DODGER

Ladies! Cor! 'Ark at him!

NANCY

We'll have less of that if you don't mind!

*Coming down the stairs into the room.*

Where's the gin, Fagin?

FAGIN

All in moderation, my dear. All in moderation. Too much gin can be a dangerous thing for a pure young girl.

NANCY

And what's wrong with a bit of danger, then, Mis-ter Fagin? After all, that's the only bit of excitement we have. And who would deny us that small pleasure.

*No. 13 It's a Fine Life*

NANCY

*(sings)*



SMALL PLEASURES, SMALL PLEASURES WHO WOULD DENY US  
THESE?

DODGER

Not me!

NANCY

GIN TODDIES - LARGE MEASURES - NO SKIMPING IF YOU PLEASE!  
I ROUGH IT. I LOVE IT. LIFE IS A GAME OF CHANCE  
I NEVER TIRE OF IT - LEADING THIS MERRY DANCE.  
IF YOU DON'T MIND HAVING TO GO WITHOUT THINGS. ..  
IT'S A FINE LIFE!

ALL

IT'S A FINE LIFE!

NANCY

THO' IT AIN'T ALL JOLLY OLD PLEASURE OUTINGS ..  
IT'S A FINE LIFE!

ALL

IT'S A FINE LIFE!

NANCY

WHEN YOU'VE GOT SOMEONE TO LOVE  
YOU FORGET YOUR CARE AND STRIFE.  
LET THE PRUDES LOOK DOWN ON US,  
LET THE WIDE WORLD FROWN ON US.  
IT'S A FINE, FINE LIFE!

NANCY

Ain't that right Bet?

BET

Yeah, that's right Nancy

WHO CARES IF STRAIGHTLACES  
SNEER AT US IN THE STREET?  
FINE AIRS, AND FINE GRACES

NANCY

DON'T HAVE TO SIN TO EAT.

BOTH

WE WANDER THROUGH LONDON.

NANCY

WHO KNOWS WHAT WE MAY FIND?

BOTH

THERE'S POCKETS LEFT UNDONE ON MANY A BEHIND.

NANCY

IF YOU DON'T MIND TAKING IT AS IT TURNS OUT  
IT'S A FINE LIFE!

ALL

IT'S A FINE LIFE!

NANCY

KEEP THE CANDLE BURNING, UNTIL IT BURNS OUT  
IT'S A FINE LIFE!

ALL

IT'S A FINE LIFE!

NANCY

THO' YOU SOMETIMES DO COME BY  
THE OCCASIONAL BLACK EYE,  
YOU CAN ALWAYS COVER ONE 'TIL HE BLACKS THE OTHER ONE

NANCY

BUT YOU DON'T DARE CRY.

BET

NO FLOUNCES, NO FEATHERS, NO FRILLS AND FURBELOWS.  
ALL WINDS AND ALL WEATHERS  
AIN'T GOOD FOR FANCY CLOTHES.

NANCY

THESE TRAPPINGS.

BET

THESE TATTERS.

BOTH

THESE WE CAN JUST AFFORD.

NANCY

WHAT FUTURE?

BET

WHAT MATTERS?

ALL

WE'VE GOT OUR BED AND BOARD.

NANCY

IF YOU DON'T MIND HAVING TO DEAL WITH FAGIN  
IT'S A FINE LIFE!

ALL

IT'S A FINE LIFE!

NANCY

THO' DISEASED RATS THREATEN TO BRING THE PLAGUE IN  
IT'S A FINE LIFE!

ALL

IT'S A FINE LIFE!

NANCY

(to FAGIN)

BUT THE GRASS IS GREEN AND DENSE  
ON THE RIGHT SIDE OF THE 'FENCE'

BOTH

AND WE TAKE GOOD CARE OF IT  
THAT WE GET OUR SHARE OF IT,

ALL

AND WE DON'T MEAN PENCE!

NANCY

IF YOU DON'T MIND HAVING TO LIKE OR LUMP IT'.. IT'S A FINE LIFE!

ALL

IT'S A FINE LIFE!

NANCY

THO' THERE'S NO TEA SUPPING AND EATING CRUMPET. . . IT'S A FINE LIFE!

ALL

IT'S A FINE LIFE!

NANCY

NOT FOR ME THE HAPPY HOME  
 HAPPY HUSBAND, HAPPY WIFE  
 THO' IT SOMETIMES TOUCHES ME. . .  
 ... FOR THE LIKES OF SUCH AS ME. . .  
 MINE'S A FINE. . .

ALL,

FINE. .. LIFE!

*End of song.*NANCY*(looking at OLIVER)*

'Ere, who's this then Fagin?

FAGIN

Oh ladies, I forgot, you must meet our new lodger - Master Oliver Twist  
 Esquire.

*NANCY and BET both curtsey. Oliver bows solemnly.*NANCY

Charmed!

BET

Pleased to meet you, I'm sure.

FAGIN*OLIVER bows. The BOYS laugh and cat call*

Oh yes, we're all ladies and gentlemen 'ere. We're all quality...  
 Ho yuss!

*OLIVER looks at them hurt and angry.**NANCY seeing this immediately takes his part.*NANCY

Don't you take no notice of 'em Oliver. Just cos you've got manners and they  
 ain't.

*(to BOYS)*

You wouldn't know quality if you saw it - none of yer! Dodger!

DODGER

Yeah?

NANCY

Have you seen the way them quality gentlemen treats their ladies?

DODGER

Of course I have.

NANCY

Shall we show them how it's done?

DODGER

Definitely!

FAGIN

Go on Nancy, give us a free show.

NANCY

So, how's it go then Dodger? It's all bowing and 'ats off... and...

*No.14 I'd Do Anything*

*MUSIC begins under.*

DODGER

"Don't let your petticoats dangle in the mud my darling."

NANCY

And "I'll go last."

DODGER

No, I'll go last.

*DODGER sings this send-up on the "gentry".*

I'D DO ANYTHING  
FOR YOU, DEAR, ANYTHING –  
FOR YOU MEAN EV'RYTHING TO ME.  
I KNOW THAT  
I'D GO ANYWHERE  
FOR YOUR SMILE, ANYWHERE –  
FOR YOUR SMILE, EV'RYWHERE - I'D SEE

NANCY

WOULD YOU CLIMB A HILL?

DODGER

ANYTHING!

NANCY

WEAR A DAFFODIL?

DODGER

ANYTHING!

NANCY

LEAVE ME ALL YOUR WILL?

DODGER

ANYTHING!

NANCY

EVEN FIGHT MY BILL?

DODGER

WHAT? FISTICUFFS!

I'D RISK EV'RYTHING  
FOR ONE KISS - EV'RYTHING –  
YES I'D DO ANYTHING ...

NANCY

ANYTHING?

DODGER

ANYTHING  
FOR YOU!!

FAGIN

*(spoken)*

Come on Nancy, give Oliver a go!

NANCY

Now you do everything you saw dodger do and I'll help you with the words.

OLIVER

I'D DO ANYTHING

*(NANCY prompts him - speaking the first two or three words of every phrase.)*

FOR YOU DEAR, ANYTHING - FOR YOU MEAN EV'RYTHING TO ME.

I KNOW THAT  
I'D GO ANYWHERE  
FOR YOUR SMILE, ANYWHERE-  
FOR YOUR SMILE, EV'RYWHERE I'D SEE

BET

WOULD YOU LACE MY SHOE?.

OLIVER

ANYTHING!

BET

PAINT YOUR FACE BRIGHT BLUE?

OLIVER

ANYTHING!

BET

CATCH A KANGAROO?

OLIVER

ANYTHING!

BET

GO TO TIMBUKTU?

OLIVER

*(sings - after a moment's hesitation)*

AND BACK AGAIN!  
I'D RISK EV'RYTHING  
FOR ONE KISS - EV'RYTHING -  
YES I'D DO ANYTHING

BET

Anything?

OLIVER  
 ANYTHING FOR YOU!!

FAGIN  
 WOULD YOU ROB A SHOP?

ALL  
 ANYTHING!

FAGIN  
 WOULD YOU RISK THE "DROP"?

ALL  
 ANYTHING!

FAGIN  
 THO' YOUR EYES GO 'POP'. . .

ALL  
 ANYTHING!

FAGIN  
 WHEN YOU COME DOWN 'PLOP'?

ALL  
*(sing sarcastically to FAGIN)*

HANG EV'RYTHING!  
 WE'D RISK LIFE AND LIMB  
 TO KEEP YOU IN THE SWIM –  
 YES, WE'D DO ANYTHING...

FAGIN  
 ANYTHING?

ALL  
 ANYTHING FOR YOU!!

*End of song.*

#### *No 14a Melos*

FAGIN

*(pretending to be overwhelmed - over music  
 payout)*

All right then lads. The first thing you can do for me is get to work! Can't  
 have you laying about here all day.. There's rich pickings on them streets.

*Groans of protest from the boys*

CAPTAIN  
 Oh Fagin, we was all going to see the 'angin!

FAGIN  
 You'll be hanged yourself in time - don't worry!  
 Nancy, hadn't you better get back before Bill wakes up.

*Nancy ascending the staircase with Bet*

NANCY  
 Yeah, you're right. Listen 'ere you lot and especially you Oliver, don't get  
 hung! Tat ta you lot! *[ad lib]*

BOYS  
 Tat ta Nancy. Bye Bet *[ad lib]*

FAGIN

Oliver you can go with Dodger. You have to begin sometime and believe me you couldn't make a finer start. Good luck on you first job my dear. Don't worry, I'll be waiting for you when you get back.

DODGER

Line up

BOYS

Line up

DODGER

Single file

BOYS

Single file

DODGER

Present arms, left...

BOYS

Pick,

FAGIN

Right...

BOYS

Pick Oi Oi

*No. 14 Be Back Soon*

<p style="text-align: center;"><u>FAGIN</u></p> <p>YOU CAN GO, BUT BE BACK SOON. YOU CAN GO, BUT WHILE YOU'RE WORKING. THIS PLACE, I'M PACING ROUND UNTIL YOU'RE HOME... SAFE AND SOUND FARE THEE WELL, BUT BE BACK SOON. WHO CAN TELL WHERE DANGER'S LURKING DO NOT FORGET THIS TUNE... BE BACK SOON.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><u>BOYS</u></p> <p>HOW COULD WE FORGET? HOW COULD WE LET OUR DEAR OLD FAGIN WORRY? WE LOVE HIM SO. WE'LL COME BACK HOME IN, OH, SUCH A GREAT BIG HURRY</p>
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<p style="text-align: center;"><u>FAGIN</u></p> <p>YOU CAN GO, BUT BE BACK SOON YOU CAN GO, BUT BRING BACK PLENTY OF POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS. AND YOU SHOULD BE CLEVER THIEVES. WHIP IT QUICK, AND BE BACK SOON THERE'S A SIXPENCE HERE FOR TWENTY AIN'T THAT A LOVELY TUNE? BE BACK SOON</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><u>FAGIN</u></p> <p>CHEERIO. BUT BE BACK SOON. I DUNNO, SOMEHOW I'LL MISS YOU I LOVE YOU, THAT'S WHY I SAY, "CHEERIO". . . NOT GOODBYE. DON'T BE GONE LONG. BE BACK SOON. GIVE ME ONE LONG, LAST LOOK. .</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><u>DODGER</u></p> <p>IT'S HIM THAT PAYS THE PIPER.</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><u>BOYS</u></p> <p>IT'S US THAT PIPES HIS TUNE SO LONG, FARE-THEE-WELL. PIP!, PIP!, CHEERIO!. WE'LL BE BACK SOON.</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><u>DODGER</u></p> <p>BE BACK SOON</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><u>DODGER</u></p> <p>OUR POCKETS'LL HOLD A WATCH OF GOLD THAT CHIMES UPON THE HOUR.</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><u>BOYS</u></p> <p>A WALLET FAT</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><u>BOYS</u></p> <p>AN OLD MAN'S HAT.</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><u>DODGER</u></p> <p>THE CROWN JEWELS FROM THE TOWER. WE KNOW THE BOW STREET RUNNERS,</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><u>ALL</u></p> <p>BUT THEY DON'T KNOW THIS TUNE. SO LONG, FARE-THEE-WELL. PIP!, PIP!, CHEERIO!. WE'LL BE BACK SOON.</p>
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<p>BLESS YOU. REMEMBER OUR OLD TUNE. . . BE BACK SOON</p> <p><u>FAGIN</u> IT'S SAD BUT TRUE THAT PARTING IS SUCH SWEET SORROW,</p>	<p><u>CHARLIE. DODGER AND OLIVER</u> WE MUST DISAPPEAR, WE'LL BE BACK HERE, TODAY ... .. PERHAPS TOMORROW. WE'LL MISS YOU TOO</p> <p><u>BOYS</u> AND WHEN WE'RE IN THE DISTANCE YOU'LL HEAR THIS WIDSPERED TUNE.. . SO LONG, FARE-THEE-WELL. PIP!, PIP!, CHEERIO!. WE'LL BE BACK SOON</p>
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*FAGIN sings last chorus over BOYS last verse.  
BOYS continue singing.*

<p style="text-align: center;"><u>FAGIN</u></p> <p>CHEERIO. BUT BE BACK SOON. I DUNNO, SOMEHOW I'LL MISS YOU</p> <p>I LOVE YOU, THAT'S WHY I SAY, "CHEERIO"... NOT GOODBYE.</p> <p>DON'T BE GONE LONG. BE BACK SOON. GIVE ME ONE LONG, LAST LOOK. .. BLESS YOU. REMEMBER OUR OLD TUNE. .. BE BACK SOON</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><u>BOYS</u></p> <p>WE MUST DISAPPEAR, WE'LL BE BACK HERE, TODAY ... ... PERHAPS TOMORROW. WE'LL MISS YOU TOO IT'S SAD BUT TRUE THAT PARTING IS SUCH SWEET SORROW, AND WHEN WE'RE IN THE DISTANCE YOU'LL HEAR THIS WHISPERED TUNE SO LONG, FARE THEE WELL PIP, PIP CHEERIO WE'LL BE BACK SOON.</p> <p>AND WHEN WE'RE IN THE DISTANCE YOU'LL HEAR THIS WHISPERED TUNE SO LONG FARE THEE WELL PIP, PIP CHEERIO WE'LL BE BACK SOON</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><u>OLIVER</u></p> <p>SO LONG FARE THEE WELL PIP, PIP CHEERIO WE'LL BE BACK SOON</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><u>BOYS</u></p> <p>SO LONG FARE THEE WELL PIP, PIP CHEERIO WE'LL BE BACK SOON</p>
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*End of song.*

*END OF ACT ONE - SCENE SIX*

# ACT ONE SCENE SEVEN

*The Street.*

*The BOYS march whistling into street.  
DODGER, CHARLEY BATES and OLIVER are  
together in the street which fills with vendors  
and gentry including MR BROWNLOW.*

## *No 15a Capture of Oliver*

*Variation MUSIC of "Be Back Soon" extends  
over action.*

*MR BROWNLOW's pocket is picked DODGER  
and CHARLEY run, and BROWNLOW turns to  
be confronted by OLIVER.. OLIVER freezes.*

### MR BROWNLOW

Give that back. Come on give it back.

*OLIVER panics and runs.*

### MR BROWNLOW

Stop that boy! My pocket's been picked!

*OLIVER makes a run for it pursued by the  
crowd*

*A frantic chase ensues until, eventually OLIVER  
is struck down.*

*He falls down unconscious.*

*MR BROWNLOW identifies him with a nod  
MUSIC ends*

That's the boy!

*Fast Curtain in silence.*

END OF ACT ONE - Scene Seven.

INTERVAL

## ACT TWO SCENE ONE

*The "Three Cripples" a Public house that evening.*

*Curtain slowly rises to disclose the smoky saloon of the public house - There is a boxing match in progress. The raffish looking CUSTOMERS are drinking and flirting. They sing over the general hubbub.*

*At one end of the room is the CHAIRMAN with a hammer. He bangs his hammer.*

### CHAIRMAN

Ladies and Gentlemen, Brethren, sinners all! I call upon our Goddess of the Virtues to give us her well known rendition of the old school song -

### CUSTOMERS

Good old Nancy! Come on Nancy!

### NANCY

All right! All right!

### CHAIRMAN

Oom-pah-pah!

*No. 16 Oom Pah Pah*

### NANCY

THERE'S A LITTLE DITTY THEY'RE SINGING IN THE CITY-  
ESPESHLY WHEN THEY'VE BIN ON THE GIN OR THE BEER.  
IF YOU'VE GOT THE PATIENCE, YOUR OWN IMAGINATIONS WILL  
TELL YOU JUST EXACTLY WHAT YOU WANT TO HEAR ..

### ALL

OOM-PAH-PAH! OOM PAH-PAH!  
THAT'S HOW IT GOES,  
OOM-PAH-PAH! OOM-PAH-PAH! EV'RYONE KNOWS.

### NANCY

THEY ALL SUPPOSE WHAT THEY WANT TO SUPPOSE WHEN THEY  
HEAR. . . OOM-PAH-PAH! !

MISTER PERCY SNODGRASS  
WOULD OFTEN HAVE THE ODD GLASS -  
BUT NEVER WHEN HE THOUGHT ANYBODY COULD SEE.

SECRETLY HE'D BUY IT,  
AND DRINK IT ON THE QUIET, AND DREAM HE WAS AN EARL WIV A  
GIRL ON EACH KNEE!

### CUSTOMERS AND NANCY

OOM-PAH-PAH! OOM-PAH-PAH!  
THAT'S HOW IT GOES.  
OOM-PAH-PAH! OOM-PAH-PAH! EV'RYONE KNOWS. ..

NANCY

WHAT IS THE CAUSE OF HIS RED SHINY NOSE?  
CAN IT BE. . . OOM-PAH-PAH?

NANCY

PRETTY LITTLE SALLY  
GOES WALKING DOWN THE ALLEY,  
DISPLAYS HER PRETTY ANKLES TO ALL OF THE MEN. THEY COULD  
SEE HER GARTERS,  
BUT NOT FOR FREE-AND-GRATIS-  
AN INCH OR TWO, AND THEN SHE KNOWS WHEN TO SAY WHEN!

ALL

OOM-PAH-PAH! OOM-PAH-PAH!  
THAT'S HOW IT GOES.  
OOM-PAH-PAH! OOM-PAH-PAH! EV'RYONE KNOWS. . .

NANCY

WHETHER IT'S HIDDEN; OR WHETHER IT SHOWS –  
IT'S THE SAME.. . OOM-PAH-PAH! !

*Hilarious laughter.*

NANCY

SHE WAS FROM THE COUNTRY,  
BUT NOW SHE'S UP A GUM-TREE -  
SHE LET A FELLER FEED 'ER, THEN LEAD 'ER ALONG,  
WHAT'S THE GOOD O' CRYIN'?  
SHE'S MADE A BED TO LIE IN -  
SHE'S GLAD TO BRING THE COIN IN, AND JOIN IN THIS SONG!

ALL

OOM-PAH-PAH! OOM-PAH-PAH!  
THAT'S HOW IT GOES,  
OOM-PAH-PAH! OOM-PAH-PAH! EV'RYONE KNOWS.

NANCY

SHE IS NO LONGER THE SAME BLUSHING ROSE –  
EVER SINCE. . . OOM-PAH-PAH!

*Lewd laughter.*

NANCY

*(shouts)*

Altogether now!

<p style="text-align: center;"><u>NANCY</u></p> <p>THERE'S A LITTLE DITTY THEY'RE SINGING IN THE CITY- ESPESHLY WHEN THEY'VE BIN ON THE GIN OR THE BEER. IF YOU'VE GOT THE PATIENCE, YOUR OWN IMAGINATIONS WILL TELL YOU JUST EXACTLY WHAT YOU WANT TO HEAR</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><u>COMPANY</u></p> <p>OOM-PAH-PAH! OOM PAH- PAH! THAT'S HOW IT GOES, OOM-PAH- PAH! OOM-PAH- PAH! EV'RYONE KNOWS. THEY ALL SUPPOSE WHAT THEY WANT TO SUPPOSE WHEN THEY HEAR. . . OOM-PAH-PAH!!</p>
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ALL

OOM-PAH-PAH! OOM PAH-PAH!  
THAT'S HOW IT GOES,  
OOM-PAH-PAH! OOM-PAH-PAH! EV'RYONE KNOWS.

THEY ALL SUPPOSE WHAT THEY WANT TO SUPPOSE  
WHEN THEY HEAR. . .  
OOM-PAH-PAH!!

*End of song - wild applause. Three loud bangs.*

*Enter SIKES.*

VOICE

*(In a loud whisper)*

Bill Sikes!

*No. 17 My Name*

SIKES

STRONG MEN TREMBLE WHEN THEY HEAR IT!  
THEY'VE GOT CAUSE ENOUGH TO FEAR IT!  
IT'S MUCH BLACKER THAN THEY SMEAR IT!  
NOBODY MENTIONS . . .  
MY NAME!  
RICH MEN HOLD THEIR FIVE-POUND NOTES OUT-  
SAVES ME EMPTYING THEIR COATS OUT -  
THEY KNOW I COULD TEAR THEIR THROATS OUT  
JUST TO LIVE UP TO. . .  
MY NAME!

WIV ME  
JEMMY IN ME HAND,  
LEMME SEE THE MAN WHO DARES  
STOP ME TAKING WHAT I MAY -  
HE CAN START TO SAY HIS PRAYERS!

BICEPS LIKE AN IRON GIRDER,  
 FIT FOR DOING OF A MURDER,  
 IF I JUST SO MUCH AS HEARD A BLOKE EVEN WHISPER. ..  
 MY NAME!

*WHISPERS:*

'BILLSIKES'

SOME TOFF, SLUMMING WIV HIS VALET,  
 BUMPED INTO ME IN THE ALLEY -  
 NOW HIS EYES'LL NEVER TALLY -  
 HE'D NEVER HEARD OF. . .  
 MY NAME!

ONE BLOKE  
 USED TO BOAST THE CLAIM  
 HE COULD TAKE MY NAME IN VAIN. . .  
 POOR BLOKE. . .  
 SHAME 'E WAS SO GREEN -  
 NEVER WAS 'E SEEN AGAIN!

ONCE BAD - WHAT'S THE GOOD OF TURNING?  
 IN HELL - I'LL BE THERE A-BURNING -  
 MEANWHILE, THINK OF WHAT I'M EARNING  
 ALL ON ACCOUNT OF. . .  
 MY NAME!

WHAT IS IT? WHAT IS IT? WHAT IS IT?...

NANCY

*(Spoken)*

Bill Sikes.

*End of song.*

*NANCY kisses BILL.  
 DODGER enters breathless and in a panic.  
 Dialogue during underscore.*

DODGER

Fagin! Fagin! Fagin!

*(He pounds the wall)*

FAGIN

*(Entering)*

Dodger! Where's Oliver? Where's the boy?

*FAGIN takes hold of DODGER's ear.  
 (to DODGER)*

What - has-become- of- Oliver?

DODGER

*(in between being shaken)*

Got took away in a coach!

FAGIN

*(pulling Dodger up by his coat)*

Who coach? What coach? Where coach?

*Dodger slithers out of coat and shirt and he is  
naked from the waist up*

DODGER

*(breathlessly)*

He got nabbed on the job! . . . They took him to court.

We waited outside. . . The old man we dipped, come out of the court with Oliver and took him off in a coach!

FAGIN

Where to? Quick! Speak!

DODGER

19, Chepstowe Gardens. . . Bloomsbury . . . I run all the way.

FAGIN

*(Fretfully)*

We were supposed to look after him. We were supposed to bring him back with us. We were supposed to never let him out of OUR SIGHT!

SIKES

*(aloud)*

Who?

FAGIN

*(to nobody in particular)*

One of us, Bill. A new boy - went out on his first job today with Dodger. I'm afraid..... that he may say something which will get us into trouble.

SIKES

*(grinning)*

That's very likely. . . You're blown upon Fagin.

FAGIN

*(still to nobody in particular)*

And I'm afraid..you see. . . that if the game was up with us. . .

*(he now addresses SIKES specifically)*

. . . it might be up with a good many more. . . and it would come out rather worse for you than it would for me, my dear.

*SIKES starts towards FAGIN, who merely stares  
vacantly ahead.*

SIKES

Why you old!.. Somebody must find out what's been done, or said. If he hasn't talked yet, there's still a chance we might get him back - without suspicion. We'll nab him the very moment he dares to step out of that house. Now who's gonna go?

*They all look around at each other.*

DODGER

I suppose it'll have to be me.

FAGIN

You shut your trap, Dodger. You've caused enough trouble.

*(He looks at Nancy)*

It's got to be done quiet. We don't want any fuss.

*(Smirking at Nancy)*

The very thing! Nancy my dear - you're so good with the boy.



NANCY

It's no good trying it on with me.

*BILL goes across to her menacingly*

BILL

And just what do you mean by that remark?

*NANCY gets up and faces BILL*

NANCY

What I say Bill. I'm not going... Why can't you leave the boy alone? He won't do you no harm. Why can't you leave him where he is - where he'll get the chance of a decent life?

BILL

You'll get him back 'ere my girl - unless you want to feel my hands on your throat!

*He throws Nancy onto a stool. FAGIN hurries across and speaks pleadingly at NANCY, trying to prevent more violence, which he hates.*

FAGIN

Nancy, my dear - if he talked, think what would happen to us. Think what would happen to Bill. It'd be the gallows for him, Nancy - the gallows! You wouldn't let that happen would you, my dear? Not to Bill? Not to your Bill?

BILL

She'll go Fagin.

*He turns away. With sudden spirit, Nancy looks up at Fagin.*

NANCY

No she won't Fagin!

BILL

Yes, she will Fagin!

*He hits Nancy viciously across the face, knocking her off the chair onto the floor. He turns and strides towards the door.*

BILL

Bullseye!

*They exit (bill & Bullseye). There's silence. FAGIN goes to help NANCY. She looks at him with scorn and disgust. FAGIN and the boys turn and leave.*

NANCY

Alright Bet. Go home. There's a good girl.

*Visual cue: as Bet gets halfway upstage*

*No 18 As Long As He Needs Me*

NANCY

AS LONG AS HE NEEDS ME . . .  
OH, YES, HE DOES NEED ME . . .  
IN SPITE OF WHAT YOU SEE . . .  
I'M SURE THAT HE NEEDS ME.  
WHO ELSE WOULD LOVE HIM STILL  
WHEN THEY'VE BEEN USED SO ILL?

HE KNOWS I ALWAYS WILL . .  
 AS LONG AS HE NEEDS ME.  
 I MISS HIM SO MUCH WHEN HE IS GONE,  
 BUT WHEN HE'S NEAR ME I DON'T LET ON . .

*The TAVERN KEEPER is in the background  
 putting chairs on tables and clearing up  
 tankards*

. . . THE WAY I FEEL INSIDE.  
 THE LOVE, I HAVE TO HIDE . .  
 THE HELL! I'VE GOT MY PRIDE AS LONG  
 AS HE NEEDS ME.

HE DOESN'T SAY THE THINGS HE SHOULD.  
 HE ACTS THE WAY HE THINKS HE SHOULD.  
 BUT ALL THE SAME,  
 I'LL PLAY THIS GAME HIS WAY.  
 AS LONG AS HE NEEDS ME . . .

I KNOW WHERE I MUST BE.  
 I'LL CLING ON STEADFASTLY ...  
 AS LONG AS HE NEEDS ME.

AS LONG AS LIFE IS LONG . .  
 I'LL LOVE HIM RIGHT OR WRONG .  
 AND SOMEHOW, I'LL BE STRONG . . .  
 AS LONG AS HE NEEDS ME.

IF YOU ARE LONELY  
 THEN YOU WILL KNOW . . .  
 WHEN SOMEONE NEEDS YOU,  
 YOU LOVE THEM SO.

I WON'T BETRAY HIS TRUST . .  
 THOUGH PEOPLE SAY I MUST.  
 I'VE GOT TO STAY TRUE,  
 JUST AS LONG AS HE NEEDS ME.

*End of song.*

*No 19 Change of Scene*

END OF ACT TWO - Scene One

## ACT TWO SCENE TWO

*Brownlow's house - bedroom, stairs, morning room and street outside.  
In the bedroom MRS BEDWIN sits by Oliver's bed singing a lullaby.*

### *No. 20 Reprise Where is Love?*

MRS BEDWIN

WHERE IS LOVE?  
DOES IT FALL FROM SKIES ABOVE?  
IS IT UNDERNEATH THE WILLOW TREE  
THAT YOU'VE BEEN DREAMING OF?  
WHERE IS SHE . . .

*OLIVER embraces Mrs Bedwin  
They look out of window as street criers appear*

### *No.21 Who Will Buy?*

ROSE SELLER

WHO WILL BUY MY SWEET RED ROSES?  
TWO BLOOMS FOR A PENNY.  
WHO WILL BY MY SWEET RED ROSES?  
TWO BLOOMS FOR A PENNY.  
WHO WILL BY MY SWEET RED ROSES?  
TWO BLOOMS FOR A PENNY.

MILKMAID

WILL YOU BUY  
ANY MILK TODAY, MISTRESS?  
ANY MILK TODAY, MISTRESS?

ROSE SELLER

WILL YOU BUY MY SWEET RED ROSES?

MILKMAID

ANY MILK TODAY? MISTRESS?

ROSE SELLER

TWO BLOOMS FOR A PENNY

<u>MILKMAID</u> ANY MILK TODAY? MISTRESS?	<u>STRAWBERRY-SELLER</u> RIPE STRAWBERRIES, RIPE! RIPE STRAWBERRIES, RIPE! RIPE STRAWBERRIES, RIPE!
---	--

ROSE SELLER

WHO WILL BUY MY SWEET RED ROSES?

STRAWBERRY-SELLER

RIPE STRAWBERRIES RIPE

MILKMAID ANY MILK TODAY? MISTRESS?	<u>KNIFE-GRINDER</u> KNIVES, KNIVES TO GRIND! ANY KNIVES TO GRIND?
--	--

	KNIVES, KNIVES TO GRIND! ANY KNIVES TO GRIND? WHO WILL BUY?
--	---

STRAWBERRY SELLER

WHO WILL BUY?

MILKMAID

WHO WILL BUY?

ROSE SELLER

WHO WILL BUY?

OLIVER

THIS WONDERFUL MORNING? SUCH A SKY  
YOU NEVER DID SEE!

ROSE SELLER

WHO WILL BUY MY SWEET RED ROSES?

OLIVER

WHO WILL TIE  
IT UP WITH A RIBBON,  
AND PUT IT IN A BOX FOR ME?

STRAWBERRY SELLER

RIPE STRAWBERRIES, RIPE!

OLIVER

SO I COULD SEE IT AT MY LEISURE –  
WHENEVER THINGS GO WRONG,  
AND I WOULD KEEP IT AS A TREASURE –  
TO LAST MY WHOLE LIFE LONG!

MILKSELLER

ANY MILK TODAY?  
WHO WILL BUY

OLIVER

THIS WONDERFUL FEELING?  
I'M SO HIGH  
I SWEAR I COULD FLY.

KNIFE GRINDER

KNIVES! KNIVES TO GRIND!

STRAWBERRY SELLER

RIPE STRAWBERRIES, RIPE!

OLIVER

ME, OH MY!  
I DON'T WANT TO LOSE IT -  
SO WHAT AM I TO DO.  
TO KEEP THE SKY SO BLUE?  
THERE MUST BE SOMEONE WHO WILL BUY?

KNIFE GRINDER

WHO WILL BUY?

STRAWBERRY SELLER

WHO WILL BUY?

MILKMAID

WHO WILL BUY?

ROSE SELLER

WHO WILL BUY?

BROWNLOW

Come along Dr Grimwig, I think you'll find a great improvement in the boy.

DR GRIMWIG

That sir, is for me to decide.

BROWNLOW

Thank you, Mrs Bedwin.

MRS BEDWIN

Mr Brownlow

MR BROWNLOW

How do you feel today, my boy?

OLIVER

Very happy, sir. May I stay here always, sir?

BROWNLOW

If you wish, dear boy, if you wish. Here's the doctor come to see you.

GRIMWIG

Well, he's certainly looking better. But you're still not sleeping well, are you?

OLIVER

Oh yes, I sleep very well sir.

GRIMWIG

Ah. Bad dreams, though, I've no doubt. Nightmares eh?

OLIVER

No sir, I don't have dreams

GRIMWIG

Thought so! But you're hungry aren't you?

OLIVER

No, doctor.

GRIMWIG

No. You're not hungry. Not thirsty are you? If that boy is thirsty, I'll eat my head! Are you?

OLIVER

Yes sir. I am rather thirsty.

GRIMWIG

Just as I expected. It's very natural he should be thirsty. You may give him a little tea.

MRS BEDWIN

Thank you doctor.

OLIVER

May I get up sir?

GRIMWIG

*Inserting a spatula into his mouth*

Say aahhh...

OLIVER

Aahhh

DR GRIMWIG

I think you may. And take a little fresh air. Don't keep him too warm Mrs Bedwin, but be careful that you don't let him be too cold.

*[GRIMWIG rises and makes to leave the bedroom]*

Will you have the goodness?

MRS BEDWIN

Certainly, Doctor.

BROWNLOW

You'll be glad to be up again, Oliver.

OLIVER

*(To Mrs Bedwin seeing his new clothes)*

Do I wear these?

MRS BEDWIN

Well, you can't wear your old ones, they've gone into the furnace. Hurry now.

*BROWNLOW and GRIMWIG leave the room and go downstairs speaking as they go. OLIVER jumps up and gets dressed with the help of MRS BEDWIN.*

BROWNLOW

He's a fine looking boy, don't you think Grimwig?

GRIMWIG

Couldn't tell you. I only know two sorts of boys. Mealy boys and beef-faced boys.

BROWNLOW

And which is Oliver?

GRIMWIG

Mealy! Where does he come from?

BROWNLOW

You know I haven't the faintest idea. He was arrested for stealing my pocket handkerchief. And when the shopkeeper told us what really happened and he was released by the magistrate, I brought him here to make what amends I could But I must confess I find myself strangely attached to the child.

GRIMWIG

He's deceiving you my good friend. He has had a fever. What of that? Fevers

are not peculiar to good people are they? Bad people have fevers sometimes don't they?

He stole your pocket handkerchief didn't he? Then he'll steal more sir. What do you know of him? Nothing.

BROWNLOW

Only that he's an orphan

*(suddenly thoughtful)*

*(He ponders, puzzled)*

And yet...

...It's strange. There's something in that boy's face.....I can't explain it, but...somewhere I seem to have seen him before...somewhere a long time ago.

GRIMWIG

Stuff and nonsense. You're imagining things.

*A bell rings and a maid appears.*

BROWNLOW

Yes, what is it?

MAID

There's someone to see you sir.

*A boy enters running.*

BROWNLOW

What does he want?

BOY

Books you ordered from the bookseller, sir.

*BOY exits*

BROWNLOW

Ah yes, thank you. ..

*(he turns away)*

Now, I've got to give you some . . .

*(the BOY has fled)*

Hey! Wait a moment

*OLIVER and MRS BEDWIN have appeared at the top of the stairs.*

BROWNLOW

*shouts after the MESSENGER BOY.*

Hey! Come back! Oh really, really, really and I particularly wished some books to be returned today.

GRIMWIG

*(cannily)*

Why not send Oliver with them?

OLIVER

Yes! Do let me take them for you please, sir.

BROWNLOW

Oh! Em - oh very well my boy very well if you wish, you shall. Now I'll tell you what I want you to do. You will give Mr Jessop these books and say you've come to pay the four pounds ten that I owe him - here's five pounds. No need to rush but I shall expect you back in ten minutes - it's just down the road.

*OLIVER is about to go but BROWNLOW holds*

*his hand, then his eyes move to a portrait on the wall. OLIVER looks.*

OLIVER

She's a very pretty lady, isn't she, Sir?

BROWNLOW

*(Watching Oliver)*

Yes it's a portrait of my daughter Agnes....

OLIVER

I'll take the books then sir...

BROWNLOW

*(absently)*

Yes...you take the books

*[OLIVER exits]*

GRIMWIG

Ha! You don't really expect him to come back, do you? With a new suit of clothes on his back and a five pound note in his pocket? My dear Mr Brownlow, if he does I'll eat my head.

BROWNLOW

*(who has been staring at the portrait)*

Dr Grimwig. Look at that portrait. Don't you see an extraordinary resemblance between Oliver and my daughter Agnes?

GRIMWIG

Can't say I do.

BROWNLOW

Well in ten minutes Dr Grimwig, when the boy returns, I think you will see.

GRIMWIG

Yes Mr Brownlow, ten minutes.

KNIFE GRINDER

WHO WILL BUY?

STRAWBERRY SELLER

WHO WILL BUY?

MILKMAID

WHO WILL BUY?

ROSESELLER

WHO WILL BUY

COMPANY

WHO WILL BUY

THIS WONDERFUL MORNING? SUCH A SKY  
YOU NEVER DID SEE!

WHO WILL TIE  
IT UP WITH A RIBBON,  
AND PUT IT IN A BOX FOR ME?

THERE'LL NEVER BE A DAY SO SUNNY,



IT COULD NOT HAPPEN TWICE.  
 WHERE IS THE MAN WITH ALL THE MONEY?  
 IT'S CHEAP AT HALF THE PRICE!

WHO WILL BUY  
 THIS WONDERFUL FEELING?  
 I'M SO HIGH I SWEAR I COULD FLY  
 ME, OH MY!  
 I DON'T WANT TO LOSE IT –  
 SO WHAT AM I TO DO  
 TO KEEP THE SKY SO BLUE?  
 THERE MUST BE SOMEONE  
 WHO WILL...BUY!

THERE'LL NEVER BE A DAY SO SUNNY  
 IT COULD NOT HAPPEN TWICE  
 WHERE IS THE MAN WITH ALL THE MONEY  
 IT'S CHEAP AT HALF THE PRICE

*The side-show enters.*

COMPANY

WHO WILL BUY THIS WONDERFUL FEELING  
 I'M SO HIGH I SWEAR I COULD FLY  
 ME OH MY I DON'T WANT TO LOSE IT  
 SO WHAT AM I TO DO  
 TO KEEP THE SKY SO BLUE  
 THERE MUST BE SOMEONE  
 WHO WILL BUY

*Instrumental as the side-show perform.*

COMPANY

WHO WILL BUY THIS WONDERFUL MORNING  
 SUCH A SKY YOU NEVER DID SEE  
 WHO WILL TIE IT UP WITH A RIBBON  
 AND PUT IT IN A BOX FOR ME

THERE'LL NEVER BE A DAY SO SUNNY  
 IT COULD NOT HAPPEN TWICE  
 WHERE IS THE MAN WITH ALL THE MONEY  
 IT'S CHEAP AT HALF THE PRICE

WHO WILL BUY, WHO WILL BUY, WHO WILL BUY,  
 WHO WILL BUY, WHO WILL BUY, WHO WILL BUY,  
 WHO WILL BUY, WHO WILL BUY

WHO WILL BUY THIS WONDERFUL FEELING  
 I'M SO HIGH I SWEAR I COULD FLY  
 ME OH MY I DON'T WANT TO LOSE IT  
 SO WHAT AM I TO DO  
 TO KEEP THE SKY SO BLUE

OLIVER

THERE MUST BE SOMEONE

STRAWBERRY SELLER

MUST BE SOMEONE

MILK MAID

MUST BE SOMEONE

KNIFE-GRINDER

MUST BE SOMEONE

COMPANY

WHO WILL BUY

NANCY

*Who has been lying in wait with BET. She  
throws her arms about his neck*

Oh! my dear brother!

OLIVER

Leggo! Leggo! who is it, leggo!

*A CROWD gathers round*

NANCY

I've found him! Oliver, oh Oliver! My dear little brother! Where have you been? We've been worried out of our heads! Thank goodness gracious heavens, I've found him.

FIRST WOMAN

What's the matter love?

NANCY

Oh, he ran away two weeks ago from his parents who are hard-working respectable people, and went and joined a set of thieves and bad characters - almost broke his mother's heart.

OLIVER

It's not true!

SECOND WOMAN

The young wretch!

FIRST WOMAN

Go home, you little brute.

OLIVER

I'm not! I haven't any mother - or father! I'm an orphan!

NANCY

Oh heavens. Just listen to him.

OLIVER

*OLIVER notices BET nearby.*

Bet! Tell them to let me go!

NANCY

See - he knows his little sister. He can't hide that ! Make him come home - or he'll kill us.

*SIKES appears in the group.*

SIKES

What the devil's all this?

FIRST MAN

Oh, 'e's only playing up.

*exits*

SIKES

Young Oliver? Come home to your poor mother - you young dog! Come on home!

*He grabs OLIVER's shoulders.  
(sees books)*

SIKES

What, books, too? You've been stealing again have you? He's nothing but a thief and a vagabond.

*Hits OLIVER*

## *No 22 Change of Scene*

SECOND MAN

That's right, that's what he needs.

*Exits*

OLIVER

Let go. I don't belong to them. Help! Help!

SIKES

*(Putting his hand over OLIVER'S mouth)*

Now you little bleeder, you're coming with us.

NANCY

All right Bill. Leave him alone.

SIKES

Say goodbye to your fancy living

NANCY

Leave him Bill, we're here now.

END OF ACT TWO - Scene 2

## ACT TWO SCENE THREE

*Enter SIKES twisting OLIVER's arm, followed by NANCY and BET.*

*NANCY hangs respectable shawls, hats etc around the fireplace.*

FAGIN

Aaah! So you've come home again, have you Oliver my dear?

DODGER

Look at his togs, Fagin!

*All the boys laugh and sneer.*

CHARLEY

E's got books too. Quite the little gent, ain't he?

*He grabs the parcel of books from OLIVER. The other boys are pulling OLIVER about. One pulls his cap off, puts it on himself at a rakish angle and struts around the room. The other boys roar with laughter. Meanwhile, DODGER is systematically going through OLIVER'S pockets.*

FAGIN

*(with an ironical bow)*

Delighted to see you looking so well, my dear. The Artful Dodger shall give you another suit, for fear you should spoil that Sunday one. Why didn't you write, my dear, and say you were coming? We'd have got something warm for supper.

DODGER

Cor! Look at this!

*DODGER draws forth the five-pound note from one of OLIVER's pockets.*

*BILL SIKES steps forward, but before he can get there, FAGIN grabs the note.*

SIKES

Hullo, what's that? That's mine, Fagin.

FAGIN

No, no my dear. Mine, Bill, mine. You can have the books.

*BOYS laugh but SIKES glares at them and they stop as one. He gives Sikes the books but he throws them to the ground in disgust. Dodger picks them up.*

SIKES

If that ain't mine - mine and Nancy's, that is, I'll take the boy back again!

*FAGIN stops in his tracks.*

Come on, 'and over

FAGIN

*(imploringly)*

This is hardly fair, Bill - hardly fair, is it, Nancy?

SIKES

Fair or not fair, 'and it over you avaricious old skeleton, Give it 'ere!

*At which he plucks the note from between FAGIN's finger and thumb.*

That's for our share of the trouble and not half enough neither.

*He takes the books from Dodger and gives them to Fagin.*

Here. You can 'ave the books. Start a library.

*He laughs and makes to exit.*

OLIVER

You can't keep the books or the money! They belong to Mr Brownlow and if he finds out you've got them he'll be down here after you.

There is a silence as OLIVER 's words sink in.

SIKES

*(Advancing towards OLIVER menacingly.)*

So 'e'll be down here, will 'e?

NANCY

Leave 'im alone, Bill!

SIKES

*(glares at NANCY, then turns to OLIVER)*

What did you tell him about us?

OLIVER

Nothing.

*THE BOYS, sensing impending violence, hide themselves in corners.*

SIKES

That remains to be seen - but if we found out you said anything - anything out of place. . . Fagin, I'll wager that young scoundrel's told him everything.

OLIVER

*(as he tries to escape)*

Help! Help!

*BILL grabs him, OLIVER hits BIL across the face.*

BILL

Hit me would you?

*He pushes off OLIVER and makes for his cudgel.*

*NANCY rushes forward and grabs BILL'S arm.*

NANCY

No leave him alone Bill!

BILL

Stand off me, or I'll split yer head open!

NANCY

Go on, then kill me! You'll have to before I'll let you lay a hand on that boy!

BILL

Keep out o'this - I'm warnin' you.

*He flings her across the room*

FAGIN

All right, all right! We've got him back! What's the matter with you?

*NANCY rises to her feet.*

.

SIKES

The girl's gone mad, I think, Fagin

NANCY

No she hasn't Fagin, don't think it.

FAGIN

Then keep quiet, will yer. All this violence.

SIKES

Tell 'em all about us would you?

NANCY

I won't stand by and see it done, Bill.

FAGIN

Why Nancy, you're wonderful tonight. Such talent! What an actress!

NANCY

Am I? Take care I don't overdo it. 'Cos if I do, I'm goin' to put my mark on some of you, and I don't care if I hang for it!

SIKES

You? Do you know who you are, and what you are?

NANCY*(hysterically)*

Ah, yes, I know all about it. You don't have to tell me!

SIKES

A fine one for the boy to make a friend of, you are!

NANCY

Lord help me, I am, and I wish I'd of been struck down dead before I lent a hand in bringing him back here. After, tonight, 'e's a liar and a thief and all that's bad. Ain't that enough for you, without beating him to death!

FAGIN

Come, come Nancy, we must have civil words. Civil words, Bill.

NANCY

Civil words! Yes! You deserve them from me! I was out on the streets for you when I was a child half his age, and I've been in the same trade, the same service for fifteen years since and don't you forget it!

SIKES

Well, what if you have? It's your living ain't it?.

*No. 23 reprise "IT'S A FINE LIFE."*

NANCY*(NANCY sings)*

SOME LIVING! SOME LIVING!

SIKES

WHAT YOU DESERVE YOU GET.

NANCY

NO GETTING! ALL GIVING!

FAGIN

MUST WE HAVE MURDERS YET?

SIKES

THERE'LL BE MURDERS! THERE'LL BE TERROR -  
... SUCH AS YOU'VE NEVER SEEN!

NANCY

LORD HELP ME!

FAGIN

NO VIOLENCE...PLEASE NO VIOLENCE. .. PLEASE NO SCENES

SIKES

WATCH IT, NANCY! MAKE NO ERROR!  
THERE AIN'T NO IN-BETWEEN . .

NANCY

LORD HELP ME!

FAGIN

NO VIOLENCE.. .

SIKES

. . IN LIFE!

NANCY

IF YOU DON'T MIND MAKING A MATE OF SATAN  
IT'S A FINE LIFE!

SIKES

FINE LIFE!

FAGIN

MY LIFE! SATAN!

SIKES

NO, WE DON'T MIND KEEPING THE ANGELS WAITING.  
IT'S A FINE LIFE!

DODGER

FINE LIFE!

NANCY

FINE LIFE!

FAGIN

COME.. . . . BETTER DO AS YOU ARE TOLD.

SIKES

WATCH OUT!

FAGIN

BILL HAS GOT A HEART OF GOLD!

SIKES

GET OUT. . .

FAGIN

BETTER NOT TO MESS WITH IT.. .

SIKES  
ON THE JOB!

FAGIN  
BETTER MAKE THE BEST OF IT...

SIKES  
SHUT YOUR GOB!

FAGIN  
IT'S A FINE . . .

SIKES  
FINE...

DODGER  
FINE ...

NANCY  
FINE ...

ALL  
. . . LIFE!

*NANCY exits, followed by SIKES*

FAGIN  
Take care of her, Bill.  
Take care of him, Dodger.

*(DODGER takes OLIVER off)*

. . . and I'll take care of myself!

#### *No 24 Reviewing The Situation*

FAGIN  
A MAN'S GOT A HEART, HASN'T HE?  
JOKING APART - HASN'T HE?  
AND THO' I'D BE THE FIRST ONE TO SAY THAT I WASN'T A SAINT.  
I'M FINDING IT HARD TO BE REALLY AS BLACK AS THEY PAINT..

I'M REVIEWING THE SITUATION  
CAN A FELLOW BE A VILLAIN ALL HIS LIFE?  
ALL THE TRIALS AND TRIBULATION!  
BETTER SETTLE DOWN AND GET MYSELF A WIFE.  
AND A WIFE WOULD COOK AND SEW FOR ME,  
AND COME FOR ME, AND GO FOR ME,  
(AND GO FOR ME), AND NAG AT ME,  
THE FINGERS, SHE WILL WAG AT ME.  
THE MONEY SHE WILL TAKE FROM ME.  
A MISERY, SHE'LL MAKE FROM ME ..  
. . . I THINK I'D BETTER THINK IT OUT AGAIN!

A WIFE YOU CAN KEEP, ANYWAY,  
I'D RATHER SLEEP, ANYWAY.  
LEFT WITHOUT ANYONE IN THE WORLD,  
AND I'M STARTING FROM NOW



SO "HOW TO WIN FRIENDS AND TO INFLUENCE PEOPLE"  
- SO HOW?

I'M REVIEWING THE SITUATION,  
I MUST QUICKLY LOOK UP EV'RYONE I KNOW.  
TITLED PEOPLE –  
WITH A STATION -  
WHO CAN HELP ME MAKE A REAL IMPRESSIVE SHOW!

I WILL OWN A SUITE AT CLARIDGES,  
AND RUN A FLEET OF CARRIAGES,  
AND WAVE AT ALL THE DUCHESSES WITH FRIENDLINESS,  
AS MUCH AS IS BEFITTING OF MY NEW ESTATE. . .

*He waves graciously.*

"GOOD MORROW TO YOU, MAGISTRATE!"  
. . . I THINK I'D BETTER THINK IT OUT AGAIN.

SO WHERE SHALL I GO - SOMEBODY?  
WHO DO I KNOW? NOBODY!  
ALL MY DEAREST COMPANIONS  
HAVE ALWAYS BEEN VILLAINS AND THIEVES. . .  
SO AT MY TIME OF LIFE  
I SHOULD START TURNING OVER NEW LEAVES. . . ?

I'M REVIEWING THE SITUATION.  
IF YOU WANT TO EAT - YOU'VE GOT TO EARN A BOB!  
IS IT SUCH A HUMILIATION  
FOR A ROBBER TO PERFORM AN HONEST JOB?

SO A JOB I'M GETTING, POSSIBLY,  
I WONDER WHO THE BOSS'LL BE?  
I WONDER IF HE'LL TAKE TO ME. . . ?  
WHAT BONUSSES HE'LL MAKE TO ME. . . ?  
I'LL START AT EIGHT, AND FINISH LATE,  
AT NORMAL RATE, AND ALL. . . BUT WAIT!  
. . . I THINK I'D BETTER THINK IT OUT AGAIN.

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN I'M SEVENTY?  
MUST COME A TIME. . . SEVENTY.  
WHEN YOU'RE OLD, AND IT'S COLD,  
AND WHO CARES IF YOU LIVE OR YOU DIE,  
YOUR ONE CONSOLATION'S THE MONEY YOU MAY HAVE PUT BY. . .

I'M REVIEWING THE SITUATION.  
I'M A BAD 'UN, AND A BAD 'UN I SHALL STAY!  
YOU'LL BE SEEING NO TRANSFORMATION,  
BUT IT'S WRONG TO BE A ROGUE IN EV'RY WAY.

I DON'T WANT NOBODY HURT FOR ME,

OR MADE TO DO THE DIRT FOR ME.  
THIS ROTTEN LIFE IS NOT FOR ME.  
IT'S GETTING FAR TOO HOT FOR ME.  
DON'T WANT NO ONE TO ROB FOR ME.  
BUT WHO WILL FIND A JOB FOR ME,  
DON'T WANT NO IN BETWEEN FOR ME  
BUT WHO WILL CHANGE THE SCENE FOR ME?  
. . . I THINK I'LL HAVE TO THINK IT OUT AGAIN!  
HEY!

*Blackout ..*

END OF ACT TWO - Scene Three

*No 24a Change of Scene*

## ACT TWO SCENE FOUR

*Widow Courney's parlour.*

*MR BUMBLE sits, looking out into thin air with a most melancholy expression on his face. He has a tankard and takes a swig. He thinks he is alone and so he thinks aloud*

MR BUMBLE

Married! And two weeks ago tomorrow it was done. It seems an age!

*(he heaves a sigh)*

*WIDOW CORNEY enters.*

MR BUMBLE

I sold myself for six teaspoons, a pair of sugar-tongs and a milk-pot with a small quantity of second hand furniture and twenty pounds cash. I went very reasonable! Cheap! Dirt cheap!

*WIDOW CORNEY, (Mrs Bumble) has been locking doors in the background*

WIDOW CORNEY

*(shrieking)*

Cheap! You would have been dear at any price; and dear enough I paid for you, Lord above knows that!

*MR BUMBLE belches.*

Are you going to sit there snoring, all day?

MR BUMBLE

I am going to sit here as long as I think proper, madam ... and, although I was not snoring, I shall snore, gape, sneeze, laugh or cry, as the humour strikes me - such being my prerogative.

WIDOW CORNEY

*(contemptuously)*

Your prerogative!

MR BUMBLE

I said the word ma' am. The prerogative of a man...is to command.

WIDOW CORNEY

And what's the prerogative of a woman, in the name of Goodness?

MR BUMBLE

To obey, madam! To obey. Your late unfortunate husband should have taught you that, and then, perhaps, he might have been alive today, and I wish he was - poor man!

WIDOW CORNEY

Ooooooh! You hard-hearted brute!

MR BUMBLE

Oh 'ere we go. Cry away, madam! It opens the lungs, exercises the eyes, softens the temper, and washes the face - so cry away!

*WIDOW CORNEY rushes up behind MR BUMBLE and hits him on the back with his hat several times. He jumps up screaming and shouting.*

WIDOW CORNEY

Now talk about your prerogative, if you dare!

*MR BUMBLE attempts to argue.*

WIDOW CORNEY

Shut up! And take yourself away from here, unless you want me to do something desperate.

Well, are you going?

MR BUMBLE

*(backing away)*

Certainly my dear, certainly. I had no intention of staying. It's just that you are so very violent.

*MR BUMBLE exits.*

*24b Change of Scene*

*Eerie MUSIC pulse continues under scene.*

*There is a knock on the Workhouse door.*

*WIDOW CORNEY rises and opens it. THE*

*MATRON is standing there with OLD SALLY.*

WIDOW CORNEY

What's the matter?

MATRON

It's old Sally, ma'am. She says she's got something to tell you that must be heard. She's not got long and she'll never die quiet till you listen, ma'am.

WIDOW CORNEY

You better come in.

*They enter.*

Well what is it?

SALLY

*(indicating MATRON)*

Turn her away.

MATRON

But Sal . . . it's your old friend.

WIDOW CORNEY

*(to MATRON)*

Go on, get out of it!

*MATRON tries to protest but WIDOW CORNEY pushes her off into the shadows.*

SALLY

Now listen to me. In this very workhouse... I once nursed a pretty young creature that I brought in from the cold with her feet cut and bruised with walking . . . she gave birth to a boy . . . and died. Let me think - what was the year again!

WIDOW CORNEY

Never mind the year, what about her?

SALLY

*(sitting up fiercely with wild eyes)*

I robbed her! I robbed her so I did! The only thing she had of any worth, it was round her neck and it was gold.

WIDOW CORNEY*(drawing closer)*

Gold? Go on, go on - yes. What of it?

SALLY

This is it! The locket! She charged me to keep it safe, and trusted me. It's my belief she came from a rich family.

*WIDOW CORNEY bends over to inspect the locket taking it in her hand.*WIDOW CORNEY

The boy's name?

SALLY

They called him -

WIDOW CORNEY*(shaking OLD SALLY)*

Yes?

SALLY

Oliver.

The gold I stole was...

WIDOW CORNEY

Yes, yes - what?

*SALLY dies. WIDOW CORNEY drops her back onto the floor, tugs off the locket and steps over her body.*

We must retrieve that boy, Mr Bumble.

MR BUMBLE

We must indeed, ma'am. We must indeed.

*No. 25 reprise Oliver*BOTH

OLIVER! OLIVER!

WIDOW CORNEY

THAT WAS THE MITE  
WITH THE LARGE APPETITE.

BOTH

OLIVER! OLIVER!

MR BUMBLE

APPARENTLY HE'S FROM A RICH FAMILY!

WIDOW CORNEY

AND TO THINK WE NEARLY  
STUPIDLY WENT AND LOST TRACK OF HIM...

MR BUMBLE

IF THE TRUTH WERE KNOWN,  
WE BOTH WERE DELIGHTED  
AT SEEING THE BACK OF HIM.

BOTH

OLIVER! OLIVER!

MR BUMBLE

WHAT'LL WE DO.. .?

WIDOW CORNEY

WE MUST GIVE HIM MS DUE. . .

BOTH

. . . AND WE'LL PRAISE THE DAY  
SOMEBODY GAVE US

BUMBLE

RAISE THE FLAGS COMING TO SAVE US

BOTH

CASH REWARDS

BUMBLE

PLUS A PROMOTION

WIDOW CORNEY

WHO'D HAVE THOUGHT?

BUMBLE

HADN'T A NOTION

BOTH

PRAISE THE LORD,  
SOMEBODY BROUGHT US O-LI-VER!

*MUSIC ends.*

END OF ACT TWO - Scene Four

## ACT TWO SCENE FIVE

*The Brownlow's Drawing Room,*

MR BROWNLOW

I understand you bring information regarding the boy Oliver Twist.

MR BUMBLE

*(pre-prepared)*

We decided to come in answer to your advertisement?

WIDOW CORNEY

I decided.

MR BUMBLE

*(deflated)*

Yes. That's right. My dear wife decided. Bumble is my name, sir. Beadle of the workhouse where this boy was cared for - from where he was apprenticed to an undertaker - where he ran away from *He stops to catch his breath*

MR BROWNLOW

Yes, yes it's very good of you to come. Now what have you got to tell me?

MR BUMBLE

*(producing the locket with great moment)*

This locket was given by the lad's dying mother to my dear wife just before she passed away. . .The lad's dying mother that is, not my wife.

WIDOW CORNEY

*scornfully laughs.*

*BUMBLE hands MR BROWNLOW the locket.*

MR BROWNLOW

You say when he left your work house he went to an undertaker's?

MR BUMBLE

Yes, Mr Sowerberry, the undertaker took Oliver from us for three pounds

MR BROWNLOW

You mean to say that you sold him.....like an animal?

MR BUMBLE

Well, sir, it was Mrs Bumble who actually authorised the sale.

MR BROWNLOW

Really! Then I will see that neither of you is employed in a position of trust again. And your behaviour madam was shameful! Leave my house!

WIDOW CORNEY

*(outraged)*

Oh! How dare you speak so to me, sir! I came here to help you...

MR BROWNLOW

You came here in the hope of profiting from your own greed and dishonesty!

MR BUMBLE

*(trying to save the situation)*

As to that, sir - if you consider the trinket don't properly belong to my dear wife...

WIDOW CORNEY

Shut up, you old fool!

*BUMBLE subsides, BROWNLOW takes out his wallet. Nancy appears in the background*

MR BROWNLOW

*(taking out some notes)*

Here - ten pounds

*He thrusts the money into WIDOW CORNEY's hands.*

Take it, and consider yourself fortunate that you don't find yourselves in the hands of the law. Mrs Bedwin - show these ghastly people out.

MRS BEDWIN

Yes, sir.

WIDOW CORNEY

We know the way out thank you very much.

*She sweeps past MRS BEDWIN out of the room*

MR BUMBLE

I hope Sir that this unfortunate little circumstance will not deprive me of my parochial office?

MR BROWNLOW

Indeed it will. And you may think yourself well off besides.

MR BUMBLE

Well it was all Mrs Bumble. She would do it.

MR BROWNLOW

That is no excuse. You were present on the occasion when the boy was sold, and indeed, are the more guilty of the two - in the eye of the Law. For the Law supposes that your wife acts under your direction.

MR BUMBLE

*(heatedly)*

If the Law supposes that, then the Law is a ass! If that's the eye of the Law, then the Law is a bachelor! And the worst I wish the Law is . . . that His eye may be opened by experience . . .

MR BUMBLE

By experience!

*BUMBLE exits.*

*BROWNLOW is left alone looking at the locket in his hand MRS BEDWIN enters, looking flustered*

MRS BEDWIN

There is a young woman enquiring for you, sir.

MR BROWNLOW

Mrs Bedwin . . .take a look at this miniature. Can you see who it is?

*[he hands her the locket.]*

MRS BEDWIN

*(amazed)*

Why it's, Miss Agnes, sir!



MR BROWNLOW

Yes. My daughter Agnes.  
She must have found her way to the workhouse and had the child there.

MRS BEDWIN

If only she had told us.

*NANCY appears in the doorway*

MR BROWNLOW

*(Seeing her).*

Mrs Bedwin, who is this?

MRS BEDWIN

*(Turning to MR BROWNLOW)*

It's about the boy sir.

MR BROWNLOW

Have you news of Oliver?

NANCY

He's in danger - in bad company. He was dragged off the day you sent him out with them books.

MR BROWNLOW

Who took him?

NANCY

Me and...

*she stops.*

...and someone else.

MR BROWNLOW

Where can I find him? Who is this other person you speak of? Take me to him.

NANCY

No! No, I can't! I shouldn't have said that!

MR BROWNLOW

Now come, sit down. You want to help the boy, don't you? Why else are you here?

NANCY

I do want to help - but...

MR BROWNLOW

Then at least tell me where I can find him.

NANCY

I can't. But I'll bring him to you. Not here. It's too far.

MR BROWNLOW

Where then?

NANCY

The Bridge, London Bridge. Tonight. At midnight.

*MRS BEDWIN looks at MR BROWNLOW,  
alarmed for his safety.*

NANCY

And you've got to come alone. Promise me you'll come on your own - I'll find a way of getting him to you.

*MR BROWNLOW stares at her, doubtful and suspicious.*

NANCY

You don't believe me, do you? But if you want Oliver back, then you've got to believe me.

MR BROWNLOW

*(making up his mind)*

Very well - I'll be there.

NANCY

Thank God!

*She turns to go.*

MR BROWNLOW

Wait. Has the boy been hurt! Ill-treated? If so, I shall...

NANCY

I can't say no more. Please. He'll kill me as it is if he finds out where I've been.

MR BROWNLOW

*(insistently)*

Who is this man? Perhaps we can...

NANCY

No! We can't! Whatever else I do, I won't turn on him.

MRS BEDWIN

I understand, my dear.

MR BROWNLOW

But a man who might kill you?

NANCY

Yes, but he's mine, and I'm his. I've got to go back. I want to go back.

*No 26 reprise – As Long As He Needs Me*

NANCY

HE DOESN'T ACT AS THO' HE CARES.  
 BUT DEEP INSIDE I KNOW HE CARES.  
 AND THAT IS WHY I'M TIED  
 RIGHT BY HIS SIDE.  
 AS LONG AS HE NEEDS ME . . .  
 I KNOW WHERE I MUST BE.  
 BUT, WILL HE NEVER SEE  
 THAT SOMEONE ELSE NEEDS ME?  
 AS LONG AS LIFE IS LONG . . .  
 I'LL LOVE HIM . . . RIGHT OR WRONG . . .  
 BUT, SOMETHING JUST AS STRONG, SAYS  
 SOMEONE ELSE NEEDS ME ...  
 A CHILD WITH NO-ONE TO TAKE HIS PART.  
 I'LL TAKE HIS PART, BILL . . .

. . . BUT, CROSS MY HEART!  
I WON'T BETRAY YOUR TRUST.  
THO' PEOPLE SAY I MUST.  
MY HEART WILL STAY TRUE . . . JUST ...  
. . .AS LONG AS BILL NEEDS ME.

*End of song.*

*NANCY walks towards the bridge. BILL appears  
and follows her.*

END OF ACT TWO - Scene Five

## ACT TWO SCENE SIX

### *No 27 London Bridge*

*London Bridge at night.*

*MUSIC begins and continues under all ensuing action.*

*Out of the mists, London Bridge rises up, and with the distant striking of the clock, figures become discernible. A NIGHTWATCHMAN, and a HUSSAR with his GIRL.*

#### LAMPLIGHTER

Goodnight Sir.

#### HUSSAR

Goodnight.

#### GIRL

Goodnight.

*NANCY and OLIVER appear nervous of being spotted. They pace back and forth across the bridge waiting for Brownlow to appear.*

*Suddenly a huge shadow falls across the scene - they turn to see Sikes looming out of the darkness, crazed with drink and jealousy. He moves closer.*

#### NANCY

Alright Oliver, now you stay here and, I'll look for Mr Brownlow. There's a good boy.

*Sikes jumps down*

#### NANCY

Bill! Don't take him back there Bill. Let him go for pity's sake, let him go.

*SIKES hits OLIVER*

#### NANCY

Why do you look at me like that Bill?

#### BILL

Give me away would yer?

#### NANCY

No, not you Bill, never you.

#### BILL

Get away from me woman

#### NANCY

No, I won't let go Bill, look at me, look at me! I've been true to you upon my soul I have.

#### BILL

Get away from me!

*He strangles her and pushes her to the ground  
He raises his cudgel*

#### NANCY

God! God help me

*SIKES hits her with the cudgel. She screams.*

SIKES

Stop staring at me woman. Close your damn eyes  
Damn you! Your eyes.

*SIKES hits her  
He hits her again. She dies. A clock strikes  
twelve. SIKES runs off with OLIVER. Brownlow  
appears in time to see Sikes running away. He  
sees Nancy's body.*

MR BROWNLOW

I say you there! Oh my God! Help! Help! Help!

*BOW STREET RUNNERS arrive.*

FIRST RUNNER

What happened 'ere?

MR BROWNLOW

There's been a murder

FIRST RUNNER

Did you know this woman?

MR BROWNLOW

I came here to meet this poor creature, and as I crossed the bridge I saw  
someone running in the other direction.

FIRST WOMAN

It's Nancy, somebody's murdered Nancy!

FIRST RUNNER

What did he look like?

MR BROWNLOW

He was a broad shouldered heavily built man

FIRST RUNNER

Anything else?

MR BROWNLOW

He wore a black coat and he carried a heavy cudgel.

LAMP-LIGHTER

Bill Sikes!

*Upper bridge descends.*

FIRST MAN

*On bridge*

What's going on?

FIRST WOMAN

It's Nancy! Bill Sikes has killed Nancy.

SECOND RUNNER

Where will he be?

FIRST MAN

He'll be at Fagin's

CROWD

*(ad lib)*

Let's follow him etc.

*They exit*

*SIKES with OLIVER bangs on FAGIN's trapdoor with his cudgel*

SIKES

Fagin, Fagin

*FAGIN appears in the trapdoor*

FAGIN

What is it Bill? What have you done?

SIKES

The game's up Fagin

FAGIN

Oh no Bill you haven't. Not Nancy, it can't be.

FAGIN

*(Fagin shouts down into the trap)*

OUT, Boys, OUT!!!

*Suddenly, like rats from out of the sewers pour the BOYS. FAGIN has his money.*

DODGER

*To FAGIN*

Fagin, Fagin! What do I do?

FAGIN

Live up to your name. Dodge about.

*FAGIN runs away. DODGER is about to leave and then remembers something.*

DODGER

Me hat!

*As he `runs to the trap, BOW STREET RUNNERS enter and grab him.*

SECOND RUNNER

Where's Fagin?

DODGER

I don't know.

*DODGER is grabbed by BOW STREET RUNNERS*

Who do you think you are a-laying your hands on? Assault and battery, that's what it is! Wakin' a respeckable man up in the early hours of the morning! Shame on you!

*He is carried off bodily. Simultaneous with DODGER'S lines, the boys are making a run for it, noisily, over an upper bridge. They exit at the same time as Dodger, there is a pause. Then, out of the darkness, across the upper bridge runs Fagin, lagging behind the boys and breathless, and carrying his strongbox.*

CHARLEY BATES

*off*

Fagin!

*As FAGIN reaches half way he trips, the box flies open, and the money and jewels are*

*scattered into the darkness. He stands transfixed, and frozen with horror, the open box in his hands. Then, in the distance comes the noise of the crowd, and he runs. The upper bridge flies out.*

*Down on stage, the crowd enter, led by Bullseye.. It has swelled and become more menacing. Some of the men hold torches. (chanting low)*

CROWD

Sikes, Sikes, Sikes...(etc.)

*(over this)*

MAN

He's on the roof !

SIKES

Stand back or I'll kill the boy.

*And as the crowd turns we find ourselves suddenly on the roof tops. The CROWD watches from downstage as SIKES, with OLIVER and a rope, climbs a chimney.*

SIKES

Give me the rope boy. The rope.

*SIKES reaches the uppermost rooftop, and stands silhouetted against the moon. He imagines he sees NANCY's face.*

Nancy! Your eyes! Your eyes!

*Down on the ground a Hussar lifts a gun to his shoulder, takes aim and fires. The storm reaches a climax. There is a flash of lightening. SIKES topples backwards off the roof to his death. The crowd lets out a huge cheer.*

*OLIVER appears at ground level. They raise him to their shoulder as Mr Brownlow and Mrs Bedwin appear. Oliver sees them and runs to Mrs Bedwin throwing his arms around her. The crowd begins to disperse leaving Oliver with Mr Brownlow and Mrs Bedwin.*

RUNNER

There he is, there's the boy!

BROWNLOW

Come Oliver! we'll take you home now.

*No 28 reprise Reviewing The Situation*

FAGIN

CAN SOMEBODY CHANGE?

S'POSSIBLE.

MAYBE IT'S STRANGE . . .

BUT IT'S POSSIBLE.

ALL MY BOSOM COMPANIONS AND TREASURES –

I'VE LEFT 'EM BEHIND...

I'LL TURN A LEAF OVER,

AND WHO CAN TELL WHAT I MAY FIND?

END OF ACT TWO - Scene Six

*Finale as laid out in the downloaded (2008) libretto.....*

## ACT TWO FINALE (BOWS 1)

### CHILDREN

IF IT'S A CHANCE TO BE  
WE SHOULD SEE SOME HARDER DAYS  
EMPTY LARDER DAYS WHY GROUSE  
ALWAYS A CHANCE TO MEET SOMEBODY TO FOOT THE BILL  
THEN THE DRINKS ARE ON THE HOUSE

### COMPANY

CONSIDER YOURSELF AT HOME.  
CONSIDER YOURSELF ONE OF THE FAMILY.  
WE'VE TAKEN TO YOU SO STRONG.  
IT'S CLEAR WE'RE GOING TO GET ALONG.

CONSIDER YOURSELF WELL IN.  
CONSIDER YOURSELF PART OF THE FURNITURE.  
THERE ISN'T A LOT TO SPARE.  
WHO CARES?  
WHAT EVER WE'VE GOT WE SHARE!

IF IT SHOULD CHANCE TO BE WE SHOULD SEE  
SOME HARDER DAYS EMPTY-LARDER DAYS- WHY GROUSE?  
ALWAYS A CHANCE WE'LL MEET SOMEBODY  
TO FOOT THE BILL-  
THEN THE DRINKS ARE ON THE HOUSE!

CONSIDER YOURSELF OUR MATE.  
WE DON'T WANT TO HAVE NO FUSS,  
FOR AFTER SOME CONSIDERATION,  
WE CAN STATE. . . CONSIDER YOURSELF  
ONE OF US!

## FINALE (BOWS 2)

### COMPANY

WE'D RISK LIFE AND LIMB  
TO KEEP YOU IN THE SWING  
YES WE'D DO ANYTHING

### FAGIN

ANYTHING ?

### COMPANY

ANYTHING FOR YOU!

## FINALE (BOWS 3)



COMPANY

CONSIDER YOURSELF OUR MATE  
 WE DON'T WANT TO HAVE NO FUSS  
 FOR AFTER SOME CONSIDERATION WE CAN STATE  
 CONSIDER YOURSELF...  
 ONE OF US.

*Finale as laid out in Lakeview 1960 score**No. 29 reprise Food Glorious Food*BOYS

FOOD, GLORIOUS FOOD!  
 HOT SAUSAGE AND MUSTARD!  
 WHILE WE'RE IN THE MOOD -  
 COLD JELLY AND CUSTARD!  
 PEASE PUDDING AND SAVELOYS!  
 WHAT NEXT IS THE QUESTION?  
 RICH GENTLEMEN HAVE IT, BOYS - IN-DYE-GESTION!

*enter Mr Brownlow, Bet and Oliver. They are  
 followed by Pauper Assistant who is carrying  
 an enormous hamper of food*

OLIVER

Help Yourself Lads!

*The boys fall to. Company walk down*

*No. 30 reprise Consider Yourself*COMPANY

CONSIDER YOURSELF AT HOME.  
 CONSIDER YOURSELF ONE OF THE FAMILY.  
 WE'VE TAKE TO YOU SO STRONG.  
 IT'S CLEAR WE'RE GOING TO GET ALONG.  
 CONSIDER YOURSELF WELL IN.  
 CONSIDER YOURSELF PART OF THE FURNITURE.  
 THERE ISN'T A LOT TO SPARE.  
 WHO CARES? WHAT EVER WE'VE GOT WE SHARE!  
 IF IT SHOULD CHANCE TO BE WE SHOULD SEE  
 SOME HARDER DAYS EMPTY-LARDER DAYS- WHY GROUSE?  
 ALWAYS A CHANCE WE'LL MEET SOMEBODY TO FOOT THE BILL-  
 THEN THE DRINKS ARE ON THE HOUSE!  
 CONSIDER YOURSELF OUR MATE.  
 WE DON'T WANT TO HAVE NO FUSS,  
 FOR AFTER SOME CONSIDERATION, WE CAN STATE.. . CONSIDER  
 YOURSELF  
 ONE OF US!

*On third curtain call...*

*No. 31 reprise I'D Do Anything*OLIVER

I'D DO ANYTHING  
 FOR YOU, DEAR, ANYTHING –  
 FOR YOU MEAN EV'RYTHING TO ME.

OLIVER AND COMAPNY

I KNOW THAT  
I'D GO ANYWHERE  
FOR YOUR SMILE, ANYWHERE –  
FOR YOUR SMILE, EV'RYWHERE - I'D SEE  
LET THE CLOUDS OF GREY COME ALONG  
NEVER, MIND IF THEY COME ALONG  
SURELY THEY WON'T STAY VERY LONG  
IF YOU'LL ONLY SAY – YOU'RE MINE ALONE  
I'D RISK EVERYTHING  
FOR THIS BLISS, EVERYTHING  
YES, I'S DO ANYTHING  
ANYTHING, FOR YOU!

*curtain*

THE END

*No. 32 Exit Music*

Directors Note

**\*\*\_\*\*** Fagin's dialogue in ACT 1 SC6, shown in italics, is optional.