

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 BILL 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!

BROWNLOW / DR. GRIMWIG / MRS. BEDWIN

Thank you doctor.

MRS BEDWIN

May I get up sir?

OLIVER

Say aahhh...

GRIMWIG

Inserting a spatula into his mouth

Aahhh

OLIVER

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

Do I wear these?

(To Mrs Bedwin seeing his new clothes)

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

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)

MR. BUMBLE / WIDOW CORNEY

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!

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.