Karaoke Version Link: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Z-cd9am79v0&list=PLdy1tb2WQhjljqNZeBktEX4hQgFE_7-y3>

OLIVER!

BOOK, MUSIC & LYRICS by

LIONEL BART

(Based on Charles Dickens' "Oliver Twist")

NB . This script is for the revised 1994 London Palladium production. Revised January 2008.

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ACT ONE

l) FOOD GLORIOUS FOOD. OLIVER AND BOYS

1. OLIVER! MR BUMBLE WIDOW CORNEY BOYS
2. I SHALL BLUSH! MR BUMBLE WIDOW CORNEY
3. BOY FOR SALE. MR BUMBLE
4. THAT'S YOUR FUNERAL. MR SOWERBERRY MRS SOWERBERRY

MR BUMBLE

1. WHERE LOVE? OLIVER
2. CONSIDER YOURSELF. DODGER OLIVER BOYS COMPANY
3. YOU'VE GOT TO PICK A POCKET OR TWO. FAGIN AND BOYS
4. ITS A FINE LIFE. NANCY BET BOYS
5. I'D DO ANYTHING. NANCY DODGER OLIVER BET FAGIN

AND BOYS

1. BE BACK SOON. FAGIN AND BOYS

ACT TWO

1. OOM-PAH-PAH. NANCY AND COMPANY
2. MY NAME BILL SIKES
3. AS LONG AS HE NEEDS ME. NANCY
4. WHERE IS LOVE? (REPRISE) MRS BEDWIN
5. WHO WILL BUY? OLIVER AND COMPANY
6. ITS A FINE LIFE (REPRISE) NANCY FAGIN SIKES DODGER
7. REVIEWING THE SITUATION FAGIN
8. OLIVER! (REPRISE) MR BUMBLE WIDOW CORNEY
9. AS LONG AS HE NEEDS ME (REPRISE) NANCY
10. REVIEWING THE SITUATION (REPRISE) FAGIN
11. FINALE

FOOD GLORIOUS FOOD BOYS

CONSIDER YOURSELF COMPANY

I’D DO ANYTHING OLIVER, BET AND COMPANY

CONSIDER YOURSELF COMPANY

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’s younger brother.

NANCY - 23 years old - a graduate of Fagin's academy, and Bill's older sister.

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 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.

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 UNDERTAKERS |  |
| 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 "COFFEE POT" | A coffee 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 agonised 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*)

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 IS 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’LL

WORK UP A NEW APPETITE

IN THIS INTERLUDE -

THEN - FOOD, ONCE AGAIN, FOOD, FABULOUS FOOD,

GLORIOUS. . . FOOD.  
 *The boys move of 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-breeches 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)

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**

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**

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

**ALL THE BOYS**

(*scornfully*)

O-LIV-ER

**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?

WELL HE’LL BE IN A STEW

HE WILL CURSE THE DAY

SOMEBODY NAMED HIM...

**ALL**

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 - Ll - 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 IMPLORE.

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.

*scurry music. BOYS ushered off by PAUPER ASSISTANTS. BUMBLE and WIDOW CORNEY remain.*

*END OF ACT ONE - Scene One*

ACT ONE

SCENE Two



**MR BUMBLE**

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

*(offers Mr Bumble tea)*

**WIDOW CORNEY**

Oh, I wouldn’t go so far as saying hung, but definitely beaten.

**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-porochial they are, ma'am, anti-porochial. We have given away, Mrs Corney, a matter of twenty loaves and a cheese-and-a-half this very afternoon, and still them paupers is not contented.

**WIDOW CORNEY**

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

**MR BUMBLE**

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

*(she puts sugar in his tea)*

**WIDOW CORNEY**

Bless you

*(she drops two lumps of sugar in the tea, and stirs. He spreads his pocket handkerchief over his fat knees, heaves a deep sign 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 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 you care for ma'am...that could not be fond of it's home... must be an hidiot, 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 hidiot! I would drown it myself, with pleasure!

**WIDOW CORNEY**

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

**MR BUMBLE**

Hardhearted, Mrs Corney? Hard? No, I’m not hardhearted and neither are you, Mrs Corney.

**WIDOW CORNEY**

Indeed, we care for these ungrateful paupers day in, day out – and what thanks do we get?

**MR BUMBLE**

What thanks indeed, Mrs Corney

**WIDOW CORNEY**

YOU'RE A FINE UPSTANDING MAN

AND ALL YOU DO, I THINK, IS PROPER

YOU ARE GENEROUS AND CAN

BE PROUD OF YOUR INTENTION

FOR THESE UNFORTUNTATES I MENTION

**MR BUMBLE**

I COULD SAY THE SAME OF YOU DEAR

**WIDOW CORNEY**

NO (bashfully – false modesty)

**MR BUMBLE**

IN FACT I REALLY, REALLY DO DEAR. I CAN SEE…

**WIDOW CORNEY**

OH STOP IT

**MR BUMBLE**

SUCH MODESTY

**WIDOW CORNEY**

I SHALL BLUSH

I SHALL BLUSH

AT THE THOUGHT OF WHAT YOU'RE SAYING

I SHALL BLUSH

**MR** **BUMBLE**

YOU WILL WONDER WHERE THE BLUSH WENT

WHEN WE COME TO THIS AGREEMENT:

YOUR’E A LOVELY DOVE, AN ANGEL – A MOST CARING GENTLE ANGEL

**WIDOW CORNEY**

I SHALL BLUSH. MISTER BUMBLE

I SHALL BLUSH BUMBLE WUMBLE

I SHALL BLUSH, BLUSH, BLUSH

MATRON enters with OLIVER.

**MATRON**

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

**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 GONG 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

A BOY

*They enter the undertakers shop.*

FOR SALE.

*END OF ACT ONE Scene Two*

## ACT ONE

SCENE THREE

Inside the Undertaker's Parlour

*MR SOWERBERRY: (a gaunt man, attired in a suit of black, with darned cotton stockings to match and shoes to answer. His features are not naturally intended to wear a smiling aspect, but he is in general rather given to professional jocosity. His step is elastic and his face betokens 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**

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 vittles and our drink. They're a waste of time, these workhouse boys. They always cost more to keep than what they're worth. Still, you men always think you know best.

*(She gives a short hysterical laugh)*

**SOWERBERRY**I did want to ask your advice, dearest.

**MRS SOWERBERRY**

No, no, don’t ask mine, ask somebody else’s. I am nobody. Don’t consult me!

*(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 foundlings in alphabetical order. The last was an S – Swubble, I named him. This was a T – Twist, I named him.

**MRS SOWERBERRY**

An orphan then, Mr Bumble?

**MR BUMBLE**

Indeed Mrs Sowerberry. The child's mother came to us destitute. . . brings the child into the world. . . takes one look at him, and promptly dies without leaving so much as a forwarding name and address.

**MRS SOWERBERRY**   
*(to OLIVER)*

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

*(points to sign near door)*

**OLIVER**

Maybe. Perhaps if I had a tall hat. . .

**SOWERBERRY**   
*(lost in imagining great things)*

Never mind about tall hats. . .

**MRS SOWERBERRY**   
*(interrupting)*

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

*OLIVER moves over to the picture. SOWERBERRY puts the top hat on OLIVER 's head*

**SOWERBERRY**

Delightful.

**MR BUMBLE**   
*(enthusiastically)*

Very becoming.

**MRS SOWERBERRY**

Yes. yes. For once Henry, you might have had a decent idea.

Can you keep that expression for a long time, boy, with a crowd watching you?

**OLIVER**

Yes, ma'am, I think so.

*As the SOWERBERRYS sing this song, a ghostly funeral processes 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 HIM IN HIS 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...

**BOTH**

FUNERAL!

*(End of song)*

**MRS SOWERBERRY**

Very will 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!

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

*OLIVER peers apprehensively at his sinister surroundings.*

**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

Inside the Undertaker's next Morning

*There is loud kicking on the outside of the shop door. OLIVER steps from behind the 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'us 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***(between mouthfuls)*

I kicked.

**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'us?

**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 begins taking down the shutter, and CHARLOTTE enters with a tray of food*

**CHARLOTTE**

Noah, I saved a nice little bit of bacon for you from your 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?

*They all begin eating.*

**NOAH**

Dyou hear? Work'us?

**CHARLOTTE**

Here's your bacon, Noah.

**NOAH**

Nice and greasy, just how I like it.

What are you staring at work'us?

**CHARLOTTE**

Gosh 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.

**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'us? 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'us. 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'us, 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'us, 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 A-stra-ya, or hung from a gibbet as like as not!

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

**NOAH**

Help, Charlotte, Missus … 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 goodness, 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 [arrogant and proud])*

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 bystanders 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’ve 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!

*He pushes MRS SOWERBERRY and escapes. During the music the following lines are shouted in quick succession lasting but a few bars.*

**NOAH**

He's gone!

**MRS** **SOWERBERRY**(*woosily*)

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 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 'PICKA 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 haccomoated 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 a flourish)*

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?

*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? WHATEVER 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**   
*(trying to copy all of DODGERS actions)*

AT HOME?

**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?

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**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**

YES! 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!

**DODGER**

CONSIDER YOURSELF

**ALL**

AT HOME.

**DODGER**

WE'VE TAKEN TO YOU.

**ALL**

SO STRONG.

**DODGER**

CONSIDER YOURSELF.

**ALL**

WELL IN.

THERE ISN'T A LOT TO SPARE.

**DODGER** **AND** **LADIES**

NOBODY TRIES TO BE LAH-DI-DAH AND UPPITY

THERE'S CUPPA TEA FOR ALL

**GANG AND MEN**

ONLY IT'S WISE TO BE HANDY WIV A ROLLING PIN

WHEN THE LANDLORD COMES TO CALL

**ALL**

CONSIDER YOURSELF OUR MATE

WE DON'T WANT TO HAVE NO FUSS

FOR AFTER SOME CONSIDERATION WE CAN STATE

CONSIDER YOURSELF ONE OF US

**ALL**

FOR AFTER SOME CONSIDERATION WE CAN STATE

CONSIDER YOURSELF ONE OF US

**ALL**

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 AT HOME

CONSIDER YOURSELF ONE OF THE FAMILY

## 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 tea!

*(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*

**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.*

**FAGIN**

I said all of 'em!

*The smallest BOY stops in his tracks*

Nipper! (with violence) Come 'ere!

*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 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**

Ave a drop of tea.

Alright, alright. Settle down the rest of ya! 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...

*Coded 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. Shame 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, The Coffee Pot. 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 hiding place*

**FAGIN**

Oh yes, candlesticks, 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 'e 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.

**(Italics below optional depending on Fagin)**

*’Oo do we 'ave 'ere then, ay? 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 look 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 'Il be off to the hopera...Figaro, Figaro, Figaro, 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 'Il 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 'Il play again another time. We 'Il 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

*(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. I’m very sorry if I disturbed you, sir.

**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**   
(*pointing to the corner)*

Well, today's yer birthday - wash!

*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! It’s a nice change to be called ladies and have some respect. In fact it’s a pleasure and who would deny us a small pleasure.

**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,

**ALL**

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 STEAL 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 LIFE 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 CRUMPETS. . . 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.

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

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

**BOYS**

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…

***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**

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

I'D DO ANYTHING

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

**OLIVER**

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.*

**FAGIN**

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

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

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| **FAGIN**  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. |  |
|  | **BOYS**  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  **DODGER**  IT'S HIM THAT PAYS THE PIPER.  **BOYS**  IT'S US THAT PIPES HIS TUNE SO LONG, FARE-THEE-WELL.  PIP! PIP!, CHEERIO!  WE'LL BE BACK SOON. |
| **FAGIN**  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 |  |
|  | **BOYS**  BE BACK SOON  **DODGER**  OUR POCKETS'LL HOLD  A WATCH OF GOLD  THAT CHIMES UPON  THE HOUR.  **BOYS**  A WALLET FAT  **BOYS**  AN OLD MAN'S HAT.  **DODGER**  THE CROWN JEWELS  FROM THE TOWER.  WE KNOW  THE BOW STREET RUNNERS,  **ALL**  BUT THEY DON'T KNOW  THIS TUNE.  SO LONG, FARE-THEE-WELL.  PIP!, PIP!, CHEERIO!.  WE'LL BE BACK SOON. |
| **FAGIN**  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. . .  BLESS YOU.  REMEMBER OUR OLD TUNE…  BE BACK SOON |  |
|  | **CHARLIE, DODGER and OLIVER**  WE MUST DISAPPEAR,  WE'LL BE BACK HERE,  TODAY . .  . . . PERHAPS TOMORROW.  WE'LL MISS YOU TOO |
|  | **FAGIN**  IT'S SAD BUT TRUE  THAT PARTING IS  SUCH SWEET SORROW,  **ALL**  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  *FAGIN sings last chorus over BOYS last verse. BOYS continue singing.* |
| **FAGIN**  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…  BLESS YOU.  REMEMBER OUR OLD TUNE...  BE BACK SOON | **BOYS**  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.  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  **OLIVER**  SO LONG FARE THEE WELL  PIP, PIP CHEERIO  WE'LL BE BACK SOON  **BOYS**  SO LONG FARE THEE WELL  PIP, PIP CHEERIO  WE'LL BE BACK SOON  *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.*

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

*MR BROWNLOWS 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