OLIVER!
BOOK, MUSIC & LYRICS
by
LIONEL BART
(Based on Charles Dickens' "Oliver Twist")

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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 IT'S 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 IT'S 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. NANCY (REPRISE)
28 REVIEWING THE SITUATION. FAGIN (REPRISE)
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
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 slutish 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
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...
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
britches 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 HIS 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 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.

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 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

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 GROOM 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.

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
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.

A singular name

**MRS SOWERBERRY**

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 l 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 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 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.
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.
No. 7 Where is Love?

OLIVER peers apprehensively at his sinister surroundings.

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?

Yes sir.

NOAH

(still outside)

How old are yer?

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?

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.

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!
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.

What did you say?

And it's a good thing she died when she did or she'd have been transported to Austraylia, 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)

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

(Charlotte enters followed by Mrs Sowerberry)

Oh, you ungrateful, murderous little villain.

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

Oh my god, she's going off!

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?

I found the beadle!

Oh!_Mister Bumble!

Oh! Mister Bumble!

Where is this owdacious young savage?!

'E's in there!

MR BUMBLE

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!

MRS 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
PADGETT GREEN on the outskirts of London - a week later.

[Music: Food, Glorious Food!]
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 "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?
No, I'm an orphan. I've come to London to make my fortune.

Oh you 'ave, 'ave ya.

Yes.

Got any lodgings?

No.

Money?

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.

Do you live in London?

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

No - I don't think so. . .

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!

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

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 interduces you to Fagin, I better know who you are, me old china.

My name's Oliver. Oliver Twist.

And my name's Jack Dawkins - better known among me more hintimate friends as the Artful Dodger.
Pleased to meet you, Mister Dawkins.

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

Are you sure Mr Fagin won't mind?

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? 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!

CONSIDER YOURSELF

OLIVER

AT HOME?

DODGER

(trying to copy all of DODGERS actions)

CONSIDER YOURSELF...

DODGER

ONE OF THE FAMILY?

OLIVER

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

WE'VE TAKEN TO YOU

OLIVER

SO STRONG?

GANG BOY

IT'S CLEAR...
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!

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.
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!

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?
As nails!  

*ALL BOYS*

What 'ave you got for me, Dodger  

*FAGIN*  

Couple o' wallets.  

*DODGER*  

(offhandedly)  

Well lined, I hope.  

*FAGIN*  

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?  

*Nose Rags.*  

*CHARLEY*  

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

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.*

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**

(Putting 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

**Oh Yes, Candle sticks, tray

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

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

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

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

they're all just sparkling to meet you.

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

"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. Here's a Pearl - she 's a nice girl

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

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.

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

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.

(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.

Like this one 'ere"

(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.

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**

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 FLOURNSES, NO FEATHERS, NO FRILLS AND FURBELOWS.
ALL WINDS AND ALL WEAVERS
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,
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.

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?
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...

ANYTHING?

FAGIN

ANYTHING FOR YOU!!

End of song.

No 14a Melos
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.

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

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]
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.

**FAGIN**

Line up

**DODGER**

Line up

**BOYS**

Single file

**DODGER**

Single file

**BOYS**

Present arms, left...

**DODGER**

Pick,

**BOYS**

Right...

**FAGIN**

Pick Oi Oi

**BOYS**

---

**No. 14 Be Back Soon**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>FAGIN</strong></th>
<th><strong>BOYS</strong></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>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.</td>
<td>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</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
FAGIN
YOU CAN GO,
BUT BE BACK SOON
YOU CAN GO,
BUT BRING BACK PLENTY
OF POCKET HANKIECHIEFS.
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

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...

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.

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.
BLESS YOU.
REMEMBER OUR OLD TUNE... 
BE BACK SOON

FAGIN
IT'S SAD BUT TRUE THAT PARTING 
IS SUCH SWEET SORROW,

CHARLIE, DODGER AND OLIVER
WE MUST DISAPPEAR,
WE'LL BE BACK HERE,
TODAY .... PERHAPS TOMORROW.
WE'LL MISS YOU TOO

BOYS
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

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.

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.

**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!
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

COMPANY

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!!

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,
LEMMEE 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!

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 blewed 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

MILKMAID

<table>
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<th>ANY MILK TODAY?</th>
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STRAWBERRY-SELLER
RIPE STRAWBERRIES, RIPE!
RIPE STRAWBERRIES, RIPE!
RIPE STRAWBERRIES, RIPE!

ROSE SELLER
WHO WILL BUY MY SWEET RED ROSES?

STRAWBERRY-SELLER
RIPE STRAWBERRIES RIPE

MILKMAID

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<th>ANY MILK TODAY?</th>
<th>MISTRESS?</th>
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KIFNE-GRINDER
KNIVES, KNIVES TO GRIND!
ANY KNIVES TO GRIND?
**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.

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

That sir, is for me to decide.

Thank you, Mrs Bedwin.

Mr Brownlow

How do you feel today, my boy?

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

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

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

Oh yes, I sleep very well sir.

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

No sir, I don't have dreams

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

No, doctor.

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

Yes sir. I am rather thirsty.

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

May I get up sir?

Inserting a spatula into his mouth

Say aahhh...

Aahhh

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.

Will you have the goodness?

Certainly, Doctor.

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

(To Mrs Bedwin seeing his new clothes)

Do I wear these?

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

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

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

And which is Oliver?

Mealy! Where does he come from?

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.

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.*

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**

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 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.
What the devil's all this?

SIKES

Oh, 'e's only playing up.

FIRST MAN

exits

SIKES

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

He grabs OLIVER's shoulders.

(see 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.

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

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

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.

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?

OLIVER

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.

FAGIN

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

NANCY rises to her feet.
The girl's gone mad, I think, Fagin

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

Then keep quiet, will yer. All this violence.

Tell 'em all about us would you?

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

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

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!

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

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

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

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!

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

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!

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

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

SOME LIVING! SOME LIVING!

WHAT YOU DESERVE YOU GET.

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...
ON THE JOB!

SIKES

FAGIN

BETTER MAKE THE BEST OF IT...

SIKES

SHUT YOUR GOB!

FAGIN

IT'S A FINE . . .

SIKES

FINE...

DODGER

FINE ...

NANCY

FINE . .

ALL

. . . LIFE!

DODGER takes OLIVER off)

NANCY exits, followed by SIKES

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

FAGIN

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

No 24 Reviewing The Situtation

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 DUCHESES WITH FRIENDLINESS,
AS MUCH AS IS BEFITTING OF MY NEW ESTATE. . .

"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 BONUSES 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
Oooooh! 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
(drawning 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**

_scornfally 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...
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.

Who took him?

MR BROWNLOW
Me and...

NANCY
...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.
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.

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 Browlow

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

BILL

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.

**MR BROWNLOW**
I say you there! Oh my God! Help! Help! Help!

**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!

**FIRST MAN**
Upper bridge descends.

**FIRST MAN**
On bridge

**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)

**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**

There he is, there's the boy!

**BROWNLOW**

Come Oliver! we'll take you home now.

**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 COMPANY

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.
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