LIBRETTO

OLIVER!

BOOK, MUSIC & LYRICS
by
LIONEL BART

(Based on Charles Dickens' "Oliver Twist")

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

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MUSICAL NUMBERS

ACT ONE

1) FOOD GLORIOUS FOOD.
2) OLIVER!
3) I SHALL SCREAM!
4) BOY FOR SALE.
5) THAT'S YOUR FUNERAL.
6) WHERE IS LOVE?
7) CONSIDER YOURSELF.
8) YOU'VE GOT TO PICK A POCKET OR TWO.
9) ITS A FINE LIFE.
10) I'D DO ANYTHING.
11) BE BACK SOON.

ACT TWO

1) OOM-PAH-PAH.
2) MY NAME!
3) AS LONG AS HE NEEDS ME.
4) WHERE IS LOVE? (REPRISE)
5) WHO WILL BUY?
6) ITS A FINE LIFE (REPRISE)
7) REVIEWING THE SITUATION
8) OLIVER! (REPRISE)
9) AS LONG AS HE NEEDS ME. (REPRISE)
10) REVIEWING THE SITUATION. (REPRISE)
11) FINALE

   FOOD GLORIOUS FOOD.
   CONSIDER YOURSELF.
   I'D DO ANYTHING.
   CONSIDER YOURSELF.

OLIVER AND BOYS
MR BUMBLE, WIDOW CORNEY, BOYS
MR BUMBLE, WIDOW CORNEY, BOYS
MR BUMBLE
MR SOWERBERRY, MRS SOWERBERRY, MR BUMBLE
OLIVER
DODGER, OLIVER AND COMPANY
FAGIN AND BOYS
NANCY, BET, BOYS
NANCY, DODGER, OLIVER, BET, FAGIN AND BOYS
FAGIN AND BOYS

NANCY AND COMPANY
BILL SIKES
NANCY
MRS BEDWIN
OLIVER AND COMPANY
NANCY, FAGIN, SIKES, DODGER
FAGIN
MR BUMBLE, WIDOW CORNEY
NANCY
FAGIN

BOYS
COMPANY
OLIVER, BET AND COMPANY
COMPANY
"OLIVER!"

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LIST OF CHARACTERS

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

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

Time: About 1850

ACT ONE

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

ACT TWO

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

FINALE

London Bridge
PROLOGUE

(Music throughout)

The curtain rises on a windswept moor. There is a storm, and in the near darkness we begin to make out the figure of a woman, dressed in rags, slowly but purposefully heading towards us. The storm rages and grows stronger, flashes of lightning briefly illuminating her agonised face. As she arrives downstage a huge clap of thunder and flash of lightning light up the stage / a set of enormous wrought iron gates which read "Workhouse" (in reverse). As she collapses, a little old serving maid rushes to her aid. As the wind blows, she is dragged inside and the music of the storm grows calmer. In the darkness the cry of a little baby is heard. There is a beat, then, out of the black a large bell is revealed and rung . . . This sets up the rhythm of the entrance of the boys, nine years later, into the daily ritual of eating in the workhouse, and the music runs into the song.
ACT ONE

SCENE ONE

The Dining Hall of a workhouse, somewhere in the Midlands.

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

BOYS
(sing)

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

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

FOOD, GLORIOUS FOOD!
HOT SAUSAGE AND MUSTARD!
WHILE WE’RE IN THE MOOD -

COLD JELLY AND CUSTARD!
PEASE PUDDING AND SAVELOYS!
WHAT NEXT IS THE QUESTION?

RICH GENTLEMEN HAVE IT, BOYS -
IN-DYE-GESTION!
FOOD, GLORIOUS FOOD!
WE’RE ANXIOUS TO TRY IT.
THREE BANQUETS A DAY -
OUR FAVOURITE DIET!

JUST PICTURE A GREAT BIG STEAK -
FRIED, ROASTED OR STEWED.
OH, FOOD,

WONDERFUL
FOOD,
MARVELLOUS
FOOD,
GLORIOUS FOOD.
FOOD, GLORIOUS FOOD!
WHAT IS THERE MORE HANDSOME?
GULPED, SWALLOWED OR CHEWED -
STILL WORTH A KING'S RANSOM.
WHAT IS IT WE DREAM ABOUT?
WHAT BRINGS ON A SIGH?
PILED PEACHES AND CREAM, ABOUT
SIX FEET HIGH!

FOOD, GLORIOUS FOOD!
EAT RIGHT THROUGH THE MENU.
JUST LOOSEN YOUR BELT
TWO INCHES, AND THEN YOU
WORK UP A NEW APPETITE
IN THIS INTERLUDE -

THEN - FOOD,
ONCE AGAIN, FOOD,
FABULOUS FOOD,
GLORIOUS... FOOD.

The boys move off into their own individual dream worlds.

FOOD, GLORIOUS FOOD!
DON'T CARE WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE -
BURNED!
UNDERDONE!
CRUDE!
DON'T CARE WHAT THE COOK'S LIKE.
JUST THINKING OF GROWING FAT-
OUR SENSES GO REELING -
ONE MOMENT OF KNOWING THAT
FULL-UP-FEELING!

FOOD, GLORIOUS FOOD!
WHAT WOULDN'T WE GIVE FOR
THAT EXTRA BIT MORE -
THAT'S ALL THAT WE LIVE FOR.
WHY SHOULD WE BE FATED TO
DO NOTHING BUT BROOD
ON FOOD,
MAGICAL
FOOD,
WONDERFUL
FOOD,
MARVELLOUS
FOOD,
FABULOUS
FOOD,

**OLIVER**

BEAUTIFUL FOOD,

**ALL**

GLORIOUS FOOD.

The boys walk dejectedly back to their seats as the gruel is pushed on by the Paupers Assistant.

Then when they've sat down, the "OLIVER" theme music begins as MR BUMBLE enters first, walking solemnly with his brass-topped mace. He is resplendent in a gold braid lace-trimmed coat, cocked hat and white knee-breeches with buckled shoes. The boys look up.

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

**MR BUMBLE**

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

FOR WHAT YOU ARE ABOUT TO RECEIVE
MAY THE LORD MAKE YOU TRULY THANKFUL.

**BOYS**

AMEN.

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

A fast variation on the "OLIVER" theme is played during the eating. The BOYS soon polish off their gruel and sit awaiting the forthcoming unprecedented event. The boy on OLIVER's right bangs his empty bowl on that of the boy on his right, who in turn picks the two bowls up and bangs them on that of the boy on his right, and so on round the table until the pile of bowls reaches Oliver who snatches his away just in time. OLIVER stands up. He advances towards MR BUMBLE, basin and spoon in hand, and stops in front of him whilst a violin note is suspended and sustained.
OLIVER
Please, sir, I want some more.

MR BUMBLE
(faintly)
What?

OLIVER
Please sir, I want some more.

MR BUMBLE
(roars)
More!

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

WIDOW CORNEY
(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
WITHOUT 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...

ALL
O - LI - VER!

MR BUMBLE AND WIDOW CORNEY
OLIVER! OLIVER!

MR BUMBLE
NEVER BEFORE HAS A BOY WANTED MORE!

MR BUMBLE AND WIDOW CORNEY
OLIVER! OLIVER!

WIDOW CORNEY
WON'T ASK FOR MORE
WHEN HE KNOWS WHAT'S IN STORE.
MR. BUMBLE
THERE'S A SOOTY CHIMNEY,
LONG OVERDUE FOR A SWEEPING OUT
WHICH WE'LL PUSH HIM UP,
AND ONE DAY NEXT YEAR WITH THE RATS HE'LL COME
CREEPING OUT.

ALL
OLIVER! OLIVER!

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

ALL & WIDOW CORNEY
O - 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.

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

END OF ACT ONE - Scene One
ACT ONE

SCENE TWO

The Widows 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-porochial they are, ma’am, anti-porochial. 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 sign and looks at the cat basket)

MR BUMBLE
Do you still keep a cat, ma’am.

WIDOW CORNEY
Yes, and kittens too, I’m so fond of them you can’t imagine Mr Bumble. They are so happy, so cheerful, so 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, Ms'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 it's home...must be an hidiot, ma'am, and don't deserve to live in it.

WIDOW CORNEY
Oh, Mr Bumble!

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

WIDOW CORNEY
Then you're a cruel man. And a very hearthearted man besides.

MR BUMBLE
Hardhearted, 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 WidowCorney

Oh, Mr Bumble, I shall scream!

WIDOW CORNEY (This is an edited version)
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
IS THERE NOT ANOTHER ROOM HERE?

WIDOW CORNEY
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 HUBBY

WIDOW CORNEY

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

MATRON enters with OLIVER.

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

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
A BOY

They enter the undertakers shop.

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

(She gives a short hysterical laugh)
another hysterical laugh

SOWERBERRY
But there's an expression of melancholy on his face, which is very interesting. He would make a delightful coffin-follower.

MRS SOWERBERRY stops.

I don't mean a regular coffin-follower to attend the grown-ups, but only for the children's practice. It would be very novel to have a follower in proportion my sweet

They all eye OLIVER speculatively

MRS SOWERBERRY
Yes it's a possibility. Very well, then, boy - what's your name?

OLIVER
Oliver - Oliver Twist, ma'am.

MRS SOWERBERRY
A singular name.

MR BUMBLE
Aye, ma'am, and one of my own choosing.

MRS SOWERBERRY
Yours, Mr Bumble?

MR BUMBLE
Mine, Mrs Sowerberry. We name our fondlings in alphabetical order. The last was an S-Swubble I named him. This was a T- Twist I named him.

MRS SOWERBERRY
An orphan then, Mr Bumble?

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

MRS SOWERBERRY
(to OLIVER)
Well then, Oliver Twist, do you think you could look like that gentleman up there?
(points to sign near door)

OLIVER
Maybe. Perhaps if I had a tall hat...
SOWERBERRY
(lost in imagining great things)
Never mind about tall hats...

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

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

SOWERBERRY
Delightful.

MR BUMBLE
(enthusiastically)
Very becoming.

MRS SOWERBERRY
Yes... yes. For once Henry, you might have had a decent idea.
Can you keep that expression for a long time, boy, with a crowd watching you?

OLIVER
Yes, ma'am, I think so.

As the SOWERBERRYS sing this song, a ghostly funeral processes past the outside of the shop and off into the distance. It is what SOWERBERRY is describing, and it is in OLIVER'S imagination. So, of the people on stage, only he sees it.
SOWERBERRY
(sings)
HE'S A BORN UNDERTAKER'S MUTE.
I CAN SEE HIM IN HIS BLACK SILK SUIT.
FOLLOWING BEHIND THE FUNERAL PROCESSION...
WITH HIS FEATURES FIXED IN A SUITABLE EXPRESSION.
THERE'LL BE HORSES WITH TALL BLACK PLUMES
TO ESCORT US TO THE FAMILY TOMBS,
WITH MOURNERS
IN ALL CORNERS
WHO'VE BEEN TAUGHT TO WEEP IN TUNE.

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

MRS SOWERBERRY
THAT'S YOUR FUNERAL.

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

MRS SOWERBERRY
THAT'S YOUR FUNERAL.

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

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

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

SOWERBERRY
THAT'S YOUR FUNERAL.

MRS SOWERBERRY
NOT OUR FUNERAL.

BOTH
THAT'S YOUR FUNERAL.

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

MRS SOWERBERRY
THAT'S YOUR FUNERAL.
SOWERBERRY
STARVE YOURSELF BY UNDEREATING
THAT'S YOUR FUNERAL.

MR BUMBLE
THAT'S MY FUNERAL?

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

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

MR SOWERBERRY
THAT'S YOUR FUNERAL ...

MRS SOWERBERRY
NOT OUR FUNERAL.

SOWERBERRY
THAT'S YOUR FUNERAL.

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

MR BUMBLE
I DON'T THINK THIS SONG IS FUNNY.

SOWERBERRY
THAT'S YOUR FUNERAL.

MRS SOWERBERRY
THAT'S YOUR FUNERAL.

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

SOWERBERRY
THAT'S YOUR FUNERAL.

MR BUMBLE
THAT'S YOUR FUNERAL.

MR BUMBLE exits

BOTH
WE DON'T HARBOUR THOUGHTS MACABRE,
THERE'S NO NEED TO FROWN.
IN THE END WE'LL EITHER BURN YOU UP OR NAIL YOU DOWN.

WE LOVE COUGHS AND WHEEZES
AND DISEASES CALLED INCURABLE.
SOWERBERRY
THAT'S YOUR FUNERAL

MRS SOWERBERRY
NO-ONE ELSE'S FUNERAL

SOWERBERRY
THAT'S YOUR...

MRS SOWERBERRY
THAT'S YOUR...

BOTH
FUNERAL!

(End of song)

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

OLIVER
No, ma'am, not since...

MRS SOWERBERRY
(shouting)
Charlotte! Charlotte!

CHARLOTTE
(off)
What?

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

CHARLOTTE
That's all there is.

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

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

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

MRS SOWERBERRY
Have you done?

OLIVER
Yes, ma'am.
MRS SOWERBERRY
Good, the dogs got to 'ave it next. Now then, Oliver Twist, your bed's under the counter. You don't mind sleeping among coffins I suppose? But it doesn't much matter whether you do or don't, you can't sleep nowhere else!

She takes the lamp and shuts him in the shop.

OLIVER peers apprehensively at his sinister surroundings.

WHERE IS LOVE?
DOES IT FALL FROM SKIES ABOVE?
IS IT UNDERNEATH THE WILLOW TREE
THAT I'VE BEEN DREAMING OF?
WHERE IS SHE?
WHO I CLOSE MY EYES TO SEE?
WILL I EVER KNOW THE SWEET "HELLO"
THAT'S MEANT FOR ONLY ME?
WHO CAN SAY WHERE SHE MAY HIDE?
MUST I TRAVEL FAR AND WIDE?
'TIL I AM BESIDE THE SOMEONE WHO
I CAN MEAN SOMETHING TO...
WHERE...?
WHERE IS LOVE?

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

End of song.

END OF ACT ONE - Scene Three
ACT ONE

SCENE FOUR

Inside the Undertaker's next morning.

There is loud kicking on the outside of the shop door. OLIVER steps from behind ith counter and begins to undo door chain. The kicking desists and a voice begins...

NOAH
(off)
Charlotte, open the door, will yer? Charlotte open the door...

OLIVER (undoing the chain and turning the key)
I will directly sir.

NOAH
(through the keyhole)
Are you the new boy?

OLIVER
Yes sir.

NOAH
(still outside)
How old are yer?

OLIVER
Eleven sir.

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

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

OLIVER
Did you knock sir?

NOAH
I kicked. (between mouthfuls)

OLIVER
Did you want a coffin sir?
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 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 CHARLOTTE are groping each other surreptitiously whilst OLIVER is turned away. They all begin eating.

D’you hear? Work’us?

Here’s your bacon Noah.

Nice and greasy, just how I like it.

She feeds him

What are you staring at work’us?

Charlotté

Lor Noah let the boy alone.

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 CHARLOTTE

I better go downstairs. Something’s burning.
(addressing OLIVER-conversationally)

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

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

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

(tearfully)

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

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

You'd better not say anything more see!

Better not say anything more see! The check of it - the workhouse cheek of it!

(NOAH curls up his nose in disgust)

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

What did you say?

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

(a fight ensues during which, over the music (12 The Fight) 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)
**CHARLOTTE**
Oh my god, she's going off!

**MRS SOWERBERRY**
Oh, Charlotte! We could 'ave all been murdered in our beds!...water! (it's thrown in her face)
Oh, I wanted a drink, you stupid girl
Oh Charlotte, what's to become of us?

**NOAH**
(enters breathless)
I found the beadle!

**CHARLOTTE**
Oh! Mister Bumble!

**MRS SOWERBERRY**
Oh! Mister Bumble!

**MR BUMBLE**
(imperious)
Where is this owdacious young savage?!

**ALL**
'E's in there!

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

**MR BUMBLE**
(shocked)
Oliver?

**OLIVER**
You let me out of here!

**MR BUMBLE**
Do you know this here voice, Oliver?

**OLIVER**
Yes I do!

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

**OLIVER**
No I'm not!  
*MR BUMBLE staggers back and looks at the three by-standers in astonishment.*
MRS SOWERBERRY
(hysterically)
The boy must be mad. No one in half his senses could venture to speak to you like that.

MR BUMBLE
It’s not madness, ma’am.
(hesitantly)
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 the street, singing. He is still dressed in full mourning clothes. He surveys the scene with solemn dignity. He has been drinking. MRS SOWERBERRY points at the coffin.

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

OLIVER
(banging the lid) Help!

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

MRS SOWERBERRY
You’ve been drinking.

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

MR BUMBLE
(prodding OLIVER)
Now, you young scallywag, what’s your explanation?

OLIVER
(pointing at NOAH)
He called my mother names.

MRS SOWERBERRY
Well, and what if he did, you little ungrateful wretch? She probably deserved what was said, and worse.
She didn't!

**OLIVER**

She did!

**MRS SOWERBERRY**

It's a lie!

**OLIVER**

(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.

He's gone!

**NOAH**

MRS SOWERBERRY

(drowsily)

Who's gone?

**CHARLOTTE**

Oliver - he's run off!

**SOWERBERRY**

Three pounds of mine? Run off? After him!

*End of Act One - Scene Four*
ACT ONE

SCENE FIVE

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

OLIVER

(singing unaccompanied to keep his spirits up)

Food, glorious food!
Hot sausage and mustard!
While we're in the mood -
Cold jelly and custard!

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

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

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

DODGER

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

OLIVER

No - never - I...

DODGER

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

OLIVER

Starving.

DODGER

'Ere catch. He throws him an apple.

Tired?

OLIVER

Yes. I've been walking seven days.

DODGER

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

OLIVER

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

OLIVER
A beaks a birds mouth.

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

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

DODGER
(suddenly very interested)
Oh you ‘ave, ‘ave ya.

Yes.

OLIVER
Got any lodgings?

No.

DODGER
Money?

OLIVER
Not a farthing.

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

OLIVER
Do you live in London?

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

OLIVER
No - I don't think so...

DODGER
Then h'accomoated you shall be me young mate.

(He eyes Oliver speculatively)
There's a certain place and I know a 'spectable old gentleman as lives there, wot'll give you lodgin's for nothink, and never ask for the change - that is -if any other gentleman he knows interduces yer. And does he know me? I should say he does, not arf he don't, and some!
**OLIVER**
Who is the respectable old gentleman, then? Is he a charity gentleman?

**DODGER**
Well, I wouldn't eggzackly say that - not eggzackly. But if I interduces someone it's all right, on account of I happen ter be a pertickler favourite of Mister Fagin. That's his name - Mister Fagin. By the way... if I'm interducing you to Fagin, I better know who you are, me old china.

**OLIVER**
My name's Oliver. Oliver Twist.

**DODGER**
*(with a flourish)*
And my name's Jack Dawkins - better known among me more hintimate friends as the Artful Dodger.

**OLIVER**
Pleased to meet you, Mister Dawkins.

**DODGER**
*(pausing for second thoughts)*
Come to think of it - I ain't got no hintimate friends. Still, what's the difference, you're coming with me.

**OLIVER**
Are you sure Mr Fagin won't mind?

**DODGER**
Mind?  
*He bangs his dusty old top hat and sings*

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

DODGER
CONSIDER YOURSELF . . .

OLIVER
(trying to copy all of DODGERS actions)

AT HOME?

DODGER
CONSIDER YOURSELF . . .

OLIVER
ONE OF THE FAMILY?

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

GANG BOY
WE’VE TAKEN TO YOU

OLIVER
SO STRONG?

GANG BOY
IT’S CLEAR . . . WE’RE . . .

ALL
GOING TO GET ALONG.

CONSIDER YOURSELF

GANG BOY
WELL IN?

DODGER
CONSIDER YOURSELF

GANG BOY
PART OF THE FURNITURE?
OLIVER
THERE ISN'T A LOT TO SPARE!

ALL
WHO CARES?
WHATEVER WE'VE GOT WE SHARE.

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

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

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

ALL
FOR AFTER SOME CONSIDERATION WE CAN STATE...

OLIVER
CONSIDER YOURSELF...

ALL
YES! ONE OF US!

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

COMPANY
CONSIDER YOURSELF AT HOME...

WE'VE TAKEN TO YOU SO STRONG...

CONSIDER YOURSELF WELL IN...

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

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

DODGER
CONSIDER YOURSELF

ALL
AT HOME.

DODGER
WE'VE TAKEN TO YOU.

ALL
SO STRONG.

DODGER
CONSIDER YOURSELF.

ALL
WELL IN.
THERE ISN'T A LOT TO SPARE.

DODGER AND LADIES
NOBODY TRIES TO BE LAH-DI-DAH AND UPPITY
THERE'S CUPPA TEA FOR ALL

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

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

ALL
FOR AFTER SOME CONSIDERATION WE CAN STATE
CONSIDER YOURSELF ONE OF US

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

CONSIDER YOURSELF AT HOME
CONSIDER YOURSELF ONE OF THE FAMILY
ACT ONE

SCENE SIX

The Thieves' Kitchen.

DODGER

Fagin. Fagin.

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!
Shut up and drink yer Gin!

(Oliver is looking at the handkerchiefs)

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.

Is this a laundry then, sir?

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?

Not arf! I'll say it does!

You see, Oliver...

You've got to pick a pocket or two, boys, you've got to pick a pocket or two.

LARGE AMOUNTS DON'T GROW ON TREES -
YOU GOT TO PICK A POCKET OR TWO!

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

WHY SHOULD WE
BREAK OUR BACKS
STUPIDLY
PAYING TAX?
BETTER GET SOME
UN-TAXED INCOME...
BETTER PICK A POCKET OR TWO!
YOU'VE GOT TO PICK A POCKET OR TWO BOYS...
YOU’VE GOT TO PICK A POCKET OR TWO!

BOYS
WHY SHOULD WE ALL BREAK OUR BACKS?
BETTER PICK A POCKET OR TWO!

FAGIN
Who said crime doesn’t pay?

ROBIN HOOD -
WHAT A CROOK!
GAVE AWAY
WHAT HE TOOK
CHARITY’S FINE
SUBSCRIBE TO MINE
GET OUT AND PICK A POCKET OR TWO.
YOU’VE GOT TO PICK A POCKET OR TWO, BOYS,
YOU’VE GOT TO PICK A POCKET OR TWO!

BOYS
ROBIN HOOD WAS FAR TOO GOOD.
HE HAD TO PICK A POCKET OR TWO.

FAGIN
My merry men!

TAKE A TIP
FROM BILL SIKES -
HE CAN WHIP
WHAT HE LIKES -
I RECALL
HE STARTED SMALL, . .
HE HAD TO PICK A POCKET OR TWO,
YOU’VE GOT TO PICK A POCKET OR TWO, BOYS!
YOU’VE GOT TO PICK A POCKET OR TWO.

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

FAGIN
DEAR OLD GENT
PASSING BY.
SOMETHING NICE
TAKES HIS EYE.
EV’RYTHING’S CLEAR!
ATTACK THE REAR!
GET IN AND PICK A POCKET OR TWO.

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

HAVE NO FEAR.
ATTACK THE REAR.
GET IN AND PICK A POCKET OR TWO.

**FAGIN**

WHEN I SEE
SOMEONE RICH
BOTH MY THUMBS
START TO ITCH... 
ONLY TO FIND
SOME PEACE OF MIND...
I HAVE TO PICK A POCKET OR TWO!

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

**BOYS**

JUST TO FIND SOME PIECE OF MIND -

**FAGIN** and **BOYS**

WE HAVE TO PICK A POCKET OR TWO!

**FAGIN**

JUST TO FIND SOME PEACE OF MIND
WE HAVE TO PICK A POCKET OR TWO. HEY!

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

**FAGIN**

Put 'em all back in the box!

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

I said all of 'em!

The smallest BOY stops in his tracks

Nipper! (with violence)
Come 'ere!

The boy shamefully walks back with the handkerchief and tricks him. FAGIN pats the BOY on the head.

What a crook!

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

**DODGER**

Hard?
As nails!

FAGIN
What 'ave you got for me, Dodger

DODGER
(offhandedly)
Couple o' wallets.

FAGIN
Well lined, I hope.

DODGER
Only the best.

FAGIN
(weighing the wallets and checking inside quickly for the contents)
Not as heavy as they might be. But very nicely made! Ingenious workman, ain't he, Oliver.

OLIVER
(examining the wallets)
Did he makes these himself?

CHARLEY
(roars with laughter)
Yeah, with his own lily white hands!

FAGIN
(his Charley)
You be quiet, Charley.
(To Charley)
And what have you got, my dear?

CHARLEY
Nose Rags. He produces two large silk handkerchiefs—very elaborately patterned.

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

BOYS giggle and nudge each other.

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

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

More giggling and nudging from the boys
FAGIN
Certainly my boy, no fee! Just do everything you see Dodger and Charley do. Make 'em your models, my dear - especially Dodger - He's going to be a right little . . . Bill Sikes!

OLIVER
Who's Bill Sikes Mr Fagin?

FAGIN
All in good time Oliver, all in good time

Now then, tell me, can you see my silk handkerchief what is protruding from my pocket?

OLIVER
Yes sir.

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

MUSIC begins

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

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

YOU GOT TO PICK A POCKET OR TWO!

End of Song.

FAGIN
(Incredulous)

Is it gone?

OLIVER
(Showing it in his hand)

Yes sir, it's in my hand.

FAGIN
(Patting OLIVER's head)

I don't believe it! You're a clever boy, my dear. I never saw a sharper lad. Here's a shilling for you. The boys mob FAGIN for their shilling. Fagin puts his hand in his pocket and withdraws it empty.

I have to go to the bank.
The boys protest again in a noisy fashion and Fagin quietens them all suddenly as a policeman walks above.

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

The boys protest.

**OLIVER**
Where shall I sleep, Sir?

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

*OLIVER climbs onto the sofa*

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...**

*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 hols).*

**FAGIN**
Bill! What a pleasure to see you! (looks furtively around) Can I 'elp you?

*(Bill shows Fagin 1x 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 Tea pot. Pity everyone’s drinking coffee these days, but as soon as I put a hallmark on it, there’s a bob or two in that alright! (Bill produces a large silver tray from jacket)

Blimey Bill! ’ow d’you do it’eh? What else have you got in here – a ‘Grand Piano’? (Fagin looks at the reflection in the silver tray) ‘Ere Bill, ugly in ‘e? (Fagin holds up the tray) I mean………. (gives up on joke and puts tray away)

So, …..that the lot then? (Fagin see Bill’s fist held out and recoils)

What? (Bill reveals a large diamond ring)

Oh, Bill, A Ring, for me? You shouldn’t have. Oh this is all very sudden – I shall ‘ave to shave, (Bill isn’t laughing) Costume jewellery. Still, might be able to pass it off. Well, I ‘ave enjoyed our little chat. Goodnight Bill! (Bill gestures for money)

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

BILL looks at him long and hard as FAGIN disappears quickly back down below. BILL stands for a moment, then turns away and leaves. Fagin takes the sack downstairs and gets stool from SL of stove, takes it to DS near jewel trap
**FAGIN**

**Oh Yes, Candle sticks, tray (he mumbles on, then takes the teapot out of the sack)**

Drinking Coffee heh! Now let's 'ave a look at you, shall we? (he starts to rub the teapot)
Come on! Out you come! I know you're in there (nothing happens) Typical! Still – one
of these days .......(smalls the Teapot). Not today. In you go then. And you too (to ring)

'ERE 'ang about a minute. 'Ello 'ello – you ain't no costume jewellery are you my
son. Ho No You are something special. A right royal Maharajah you are.

'ERE you don’e belong in there with all the common riff-raff do you? no, you should
be living in a palace! Somewhere special. And it just so 'appens ....(he reaches the trap
door and pulls out a jewellery box)...that Fagin 'as the very special place for you to stay.
In 'ere. With all the other royals and proper ladies and gentlemen wot is gonna look
after Fagin in 'is old age and retirement. Maharajah.....meet your new family (he
opens the jewellery box), they're all just sparkling to meet you.

Who do we 'ave 'ere then, ah? Ah! Meet the Duchess (he pulls out a tiara and places
it on his head)

"Air Hellair! Ow do you do?"

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

We’re gonna do nicely 'ain’t we? Oh you must meet some of the other lovely ladies
here. (he pulls out a pearl necklace) Here’s a Pearl – she’s a nice girl (he pulls out various
strings of pearls) And ooh look – she’s bought along all her sisters an’ all. Thy’ll all
stringin’ along together!

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

We’re a happy family 'ain’t we. A real happy little family. But we ‘ain’t going to be
living (closing jewel box) around here all the time. Down here. (Fagin holds up a lorgnette,
and stands) Oh no, we’re going to be out and about. I can see us now. It will be off to
the Savoy for some frois gras and caviar, la di dah.

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

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

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

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

In you go now. We'll play again another day.
Well my dears. It’s way past your bedtime. In you go then, and off to sleep. We shall ‘ave to play another day. There you go. Come on Pearl family. Come along Duchess, Yes Yes Yes we’ll play again another time. We'll go to Royal Ascot for the races. That'll be nice wouldn't it.

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

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

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

Like this one ‘ere**

(between ** - **) See Directors note at end)

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

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

**OLIVER**

I’m sorry sir. I couldn’t sleep.

**FAGIN**

Were you awake a quarter of an hour ago?

**OLIVER**

NO.

**FAGIN**

Ten minutes ago?

**OLIVER**

Not that I know of.

**FAGIN**

Be sure - be sure!!

**OLIVER**

I'm sure!

**FAGIN**

(resuming his old manner)

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

(he plays with the toasting fork)

Of course, I knew all along, my dear. I only tried to frighten you. Did you see any of those pretty things my dear?
(Looking at the box)

OLIVER
Yes, sir.

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

He looks from the floortrap to the box.

OLIVER
Do you think I could get up now, sir?

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

OLIVER
But I had a wash yesterday.

FAGIN
(pointing to the corner)
Well, today's yer birthday - wash!

OLIVER moves over to the corner. When his back is turned - with lightning speed FAGIN returns the box to its hiding place.

NANCY enters into the street above with BET.

NANCY
Come on Bet.

FAGIN
Nancy!

NANCY
Lifts the manhole cover and shouts down.
Plummy and slam.

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

DODGER
Ladies! Cor! 'Ark at him!

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

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.

_NANCY_
(sings)
SMALL PLEASURES, SMALL PLEASURES
WHO WOULD DENY US THESE?

_DODGER_
Not me!

_NANCY_
GIN TODDIES - LARGE MEASURES -
NO SKIMPING IF YOU PLEASE!
I ROUGH IT. I LOVE IT.
LIFE IS A GAME OF CHANCE
I NEVER TIRE OF IT -
LEADING THIS MERRY DANCE.

IF YOU DON'T MIND HAVING TO GO WITHOUT THINGS . . .
IT'S A FINE LIFE!

_ALL_
IT'S A FINE LIFE!

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

_ALL_
IT'S A FINE LIFE!

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

_ALL_
FINE LIFE!

_NANCY_
Ain't that right Bet?

_BET_
Yeah, that's right Nancy

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

NANCY
DON'T HAVE TO SIN TO EAT.

BOTH
WE WANDER THROUGH LONDON.

NANCY
WHO KNOWS WHAT WE MAY FIND?

BOTH
THERE'S POCKETS LEFT UNDONE
ON MANY A BEHIND.

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

ALL
IT'S A FINE LIFE!

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

ALL
IT'S A FINE LIFE!

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

NANCY
BUT YOU DON'T DARE CRY.

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

NANCY
THESE TRAPPINGS.

BET
THESE TATTERS.

BOTH
THESE WE CAN JUST AFFORD.
NANCY
WHAT FUTURE?

BET
WHAT MATTERS?

ALL
WE'VE GOT OUR BED AND BOARD.

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

ALL
IT'S A FINE LIFE!

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

ALL
IT'S A FINE LIFE!

NANCY
(to FAGIN)
BUT THE GRASS IS GREEN AND DENSE
ON THE RIGHT SIDE OF THE 'FENCE'

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

ALL
AND WE DON'T MEAN PENCE!

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

ALL
IT'S A FINE LIFE!

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

ALL
IT'S A FINE LIFE!

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

ALL
FINE . . LIFE!

End of song.

NANCY
(looking at OLIVER)
‘Ere, who’s this then Fagin?

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

NANCY and BET both curtsey. Oliver bows solemnly.

NANCY
Charmed!

BET
Pleased to meet you, I’m sure.

OLIVER bows. The BOYS laugh and cat call

FAGIN
Oh yes, we’re all ladies and gentlemen ‘ere. We’re all quality...

BOYS
Ho yuss!

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

NANCY
Don’t you take no notice of ‘em Oliver. Just cos you’ve got manners and they ain’t.
(to BOYS)
You wouldn’t know quality if you saw it - none of yer! Dodger!

DODGER
Yeah?

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

DODGER
Of course I have.

NANCY
Shall we show them how it’s done?

DODGER
Definitely!

FAGIN
Go on Nancy, give us a free show.
NANCY
So, how’s it go then Dodger? It’s all bowing and ’ats off... and...

MUSIC begins under.

DODGER
“Don’t let your petticoats dangle in the mud my darling.”

NANCY
And “I’ll go last.”

DODGER
No, I’ll go last.

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

I’D DO ANYTHING
FOR YOU, DEAR, ANYTHING -
FOR YOU MEAN EV’RYTHING
TO ME.

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

NANCY
WOULD YOU CLIMB A HILL?

DODGER
ANYTHING!

NANCY
WEAR A DAFFODIL?

DODGER
ANYTHING!

NANCY
LEAVE ME ALL YOUR WILL?

DODGER
ANYTHING!

NANCY
EVEN FIGHT MY BILL?

DODGER
What? fisticuffs!

I’D RISK EV’RYTHING
FOR ONE KISS - EV’RYTHING -
YES I’D DO ANYTHING...
NANCY
ANYTHING?

DODGER
Anything for you!!

FAGIN
(speaking)
Come on Nancy, give Oliver a go!

NANCY
Now you do everything you saw Dodger do and I’ll help you with the words.

OLIVER
(NANCY prompts him — speaking the first two or three words of every phrase.)
I’d do anything
For you dear, anything —
For you mean EV’RYTHING
to me.

OLIVER
I know that
I’d go anywhere
For your smile, anywhere—
For your smile, EV’RYWHERE
I’d see

BET
Would you lace my shoe?

OLIVER
Anything!

BET
Paint your face bright blue?

OLIVER
Anything!

BET
Catch a kangaroo?

OLIVER
Anything!

BET
Go to Timbuktu?

OLIVER
(singing after a moment’s hesitation)
And back again!
I’d risk EV’RYTHING
For one kiss — EV’RYTHING —
YES I'D DO ANYTHING

BET
Anything?

OLIVER
ANYTHING FOR YOU!!

FAGIN
WOULD YOU ROB A SHOP?

ALL
ANYTHING!

FAGIN
WOULD YOU RISK THE "DROP"?

ALL
ANYTHING!

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

ALL
ANYTHING!

FAGIN
WHEN YOU COME DOWN 'PLOP'?

ALL
(sing sarcastically to FAGIN)

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

FAGIN
ANYTHING?

ALL
ANYTHING FOR YOU!!

End of song.

FAGIN

(pretending to be overwhelmed -over music playout)

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

Groans of protest from the boys

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

FAGIN
You'll be hanged yourself in time - don't worry! Nancy, hadn't you better get back before Bill wakes up?
Nancy ascending the staircase with Bet

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

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

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

\[DODGER\]
LINE UP

\[BOYS\]
LINE UP

\[DODGER\]
SINGLE FILE

\[BOYS\]
SINGLE FILE

\[DODGER\]
PRESENT ARMS, LEFT...

\[BOYS\]
PICK,

\[FAGIN\]
RIGHT...

\[BOYS\]
PICK....OI OI

\[FAGIN\]
YOU CAN GO,
BUT BE BACK SOON.
YOU CAN GO,
BUT WHILE YOU'RE WORKING .
THIS PLACE,
I'M PACING ROUND . . .
UNTIL YOU'RE HOME...
... SAFE AND SOUND

FARE THEE WELL,
BUT BE BACK SOON.
WHO CAN TELL
WHERE DANGER'S LURKING
DO NOT FORGET THIS TUNE...
BE BACK SOON.

BOYS
HOW COULD WE FORGET?
HOW COULD WE LET
OUR DEAR OLD FAGIN WORRY?
WE LOVE HIM SO.
WE'LL COME BACK HOME
IN, OH, SUCH A GREAT BIG
HURRY

FAGIN
YOU CAN GO,
BUT BE BACK SOON
YOU CAN GO,
BUT BRING BACK PLENTY
OF POCKET HANKIES.
AND YOU SHOULD BE
CLEVER THIEVES.
WHIP IT QUICK,
AND BE BACK SOON
THERE’S A SIXPENCE HERE
FOR TWENTY

AIN'T THAT A LOVELY TUNE?
BE BACK SOON

BOYS
BE BACK SOON

DODGER
OUR POCKETS'LL HOLD
A WATCH OF GOLD
THAT CHIMES UPON
THE HOUR.

BOYS
A WALLET FAT

BOYS
AN OLD MAN'S HAT.

DODGER
THE CROWN JEWELS
FROM THE TOWER.
WE KNOW
CHEERIO. BUT BE BACK SOON.
I DUNNO,
SOMEHOW I'LL MISS YOU

I LOVE YOU,
THAT'S WHY I
SAY, "CHEERIO"...
NOT GOODBYE.

DON'T BE GONE LONG.
BE BACK SOON.
GIVE ME ONE LONG,
LAST LOOK...
BLESS YOU.
REMEMBER OUR OLD TUNE...
BE BACK SOON

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

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

ALL
AND WHEN WE'RE IN THE
DISTANCE
YOU'LL HEAR THIS
WHISPERED TUNE...
SO LONG, FARE-THEE-WELL.
PIP!, PIP!, CHEERIO!
WE'LL BE BACK SOON
FAGIN
CHEERIO. BUT BE BACK SOON.
I DUNNO,
   SOMEHOW I'LL MISS YOU
I LOVE YOU,
   THAT'S WHY I
SAY, “CHEERIO”...
NOT GOODBYE.

DON'T BE GONE LONG.
BE BACK SOON.
GIVE ME ONE LONG,
LAST LOOK...
BLESS YOU.

REMEMBER OUR OLD TUNE...
BE BACK SOON

BOYS
WE MUST DISAPPEAR,
WE'LL BE BACK HERE,
TODAY...
... PERHAPS TOMORROW.
WE'LL MISS YOU TOO
IT'S SAD BUT TRUE

THAT PARTING IS
SUCH SWEET SORROW,

AND WHEN WE'RE IN THE
DISTANCE
YOU'LL HEAR THIS
WHISPERED TUNE
SO LONG, FARE THEE WELL
PIP, PIP CHEERIO
WE'LL
BE BACK SOON.

AND WHEN WE'RE IN
THE DISTANCE
YOU'LL HEAR THIS
WHISPERED TUNE
SO LONG FARE THEE WELL
PIP, PIP CHEERIO
WE'LL BE BACK SOON

OLIVER
SO LONG FARE THEE WELL
PIP, PIP CHEERIO
WE'LL BE BACK SOON

BOYS
SO LONG FARE THEE WELL
PIP, PIP CHEERIO
WE'LL BE BACK SOON

End of song.

END OF ACT ONE - SCENE SIX
ACT ONE

SCENE SEVEN

The Street.

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

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

MR 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.

That's the boy!

MUSIC ends

Fast Curtain in silence.

END OF ACT ONE - Scene Seven.

INTERVAL