

LIBRETTO VOCAL BOOK

LIONEL BART'S

Oliver!

Book, Music and Lyrics by
Lionel Bart



**MUSIC THEATRE
INTERNATIONAL**
Europe

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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.

ENSEMBLE:

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 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

ACT ONE**#1 – Prologue****Scene One**

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

#2 – Food, Glorious Food

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

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!

(BOYS)

JUST PICTURE A GREAT BIG STEAK –
 FRIED, ROASTED OR STEWED.
 OH, FOOD,
 WONDERFUL
 FOOD,
 MARVELLOUS
 FOOD,
 GLORIOUS FOOD.

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

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

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

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

The boys move off into their own individual dream worlds.

FOOD, GLORIOUS FOOD!
 DON'T CARE WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE –
 BURNED!
 UNDERDONE!
 CRUDE!
 DON'T CARE WHAT THE COOK'S LIKE.

(BOYS)

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.

#3 – Incidental Music Into "Oliver!"

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.

#4 - Oliver

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—

MR BUMBLE & WIDOW CORNEY

OLIVER! OLIVER!

MR. BUMBLE

NEVER BEFORE HAS A BOY WANTED MORE!

MR BUMBLE & WIDOW CORNEY

OLIVER! OLIVER!

WIDOW 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?

(MR BUMBLE)

HE WILL CURSE THE DAY
SOMEBODY NAMED HIM...

ALL

O-LI-VER!

MR BUMBLE & WIDOW CORNEY

OLIVER! OLIVER!

MR BUMBLE

NEVER BEFORE HAS A BOY WANTED MORE!

MR BUMBLE & 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.

#5 - Scurry Music

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

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 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,

CORNEY 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.

BUMBLE drinks gin and offers to 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 .

CORNEY drops two lumps of sugar in the gin, and stirs. BUMBLE spreads his pocket handkerchief over his fat knees, heaves a deep sign and looks at the cat basket)

MR BUMBLE

Do you still keep a cat, ma'am.

WIDOW CORNEY

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

MR BUMBLE

(loudly)

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

WIDOW CORNEY

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

MR BUMBLE

Mrs Corney, Ma'am.

(marking time with a teaspoon)

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

WIDOW CORNEY

Oh, Mr Bumble!

MR BUMBLE

It's no use disguising facts ma'am. An h'idiot! I would drown it myself with pleasure!

WIDOW CORNEY

Then you're a cruel man. And a very hard 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.?

BUMBLE drinks his gin, wipes his lips and kisses CORNEY.

Mr Bumble, I shall scream!

#6 - I Shall Scream!

YOU'RE A NAUGHTY BAD MAN
IF YOU THINK I CAN'T BE PROPER
PRIM 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

COULD SHE LOVE A CHUBBY HUBBY

WIDOW CORNEY

I SHALL SCREAM. MISTER BUMBLE

I SHALL SCREAM BUMBLE WUMBLE

I SHALL SCREAM, SCREAM, SCREAM

MATRON enters with OLIVER.

MATRON

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

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.

#7 - Boy For Sale

MR 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.

ACT ONE

Scene Three

Inside the Undertaker's Parlour

MR SOWERBERRY *a gaunt man, attired in a suit of black, with darned cotton stockings to match and shoes to answer. His features are not naturally intended to wear a smiling aspect, but he is in general rather given to professional jocosity. His step is elastic and his face 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! Pull that cap off your eyes and hold up your head, sir!

MRS SOWERBERRY enters - a thin squeezed up woman with a vixenish countenance.

MRS SOWERBERRY

Well! What do you want? What is it? Oh, Mr Bumble!

SOWERBERRY

My dear, I have told Mr Bumble that we may consider taking in this boy to help in the shop.

MRS SOWERBERRY

Dear me! He's very small.

OLIVER goes onto tip-toe.

MR BUMBLE

Yes, he is rather small – there's no denying it. But he'll grow, Mrs Sowerberry – he'll grow.

MRS SOWERBERRY examines OLIVER doubtfully.

MRS SOWERBERRY

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

(SHE gives a short hysterical laugh)

SOWERBERRY

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 procession past the outside of the shop and off into the distance. It is what SOWERBERRY is describing, and it is in OLIVER'S imagination. So, of the people on stage, only he sees it.

#8 - *That's Your Funeral*

SOWERBERRY

(sings)

HE'S A BORN UNDERTAKER'S MUTE.

I CAN SEE HIM IN HIS BLACK SILK SUIT.

FOLLOWING BEHIND THE FUNERAL PROCESSION...

(SOWERBERRY)

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.

THE FUNERAL PROCESSION

THAT'S YOUR FUNERAL?

MRS SOWERBERRY

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

SOWERBERRY & MRS SOWERBERRY

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

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

MRS SOWERBERRY

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

SOWERBERRY

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

MRS SOWERBERRY

Have you done?

OLIVER

Yes, ma'am.

MRS SOWERBERRY

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

She takes the lamp and shuts him in the shop.

#9 – Coffin Music

OLIVER peers apprehensively at his sinister surroundings.

#10 – Where Is Love?

OLIVER

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

(OLIVER)

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)

ACT ONE

Scene Four

Inside the Undertaker's next morning.

#11 – Next Morning

There is loud kicking on the outside of the shop door. OLIVER steps from behind the counter and begins to undo the 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.

OLIVER

Did you want a coffin sir?

NOAH

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

(He enters majestically)

Yer don't know who I am, I suppose, work'us?

OLIVER

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

NOAH

(punctuating)

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

NOAH kicks OLIVER's backside. OLIVER taking down the shutter, and CHARLOTTE 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 CHARLOTTE are groping each other surreptitiously whilst OLIVER is turned away. THEY all begin eating.

NOAH

D'you hear? Work'us?

CHARLOTTE

Here's your bacon Noah.

NOAH

Nice and greasy, just how I like it.

CHARLOTTE feeds him.

What are you staring at work'us?

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 CHARLOTTE.

CHARLOTTE

I better go downstairs. Something's burning.

CHARLOTTE exits.

NOAH

(addressing OLIVER conversationally)

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

OLIVER

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

NOAH

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

OLIVER

(tearfully)

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

NOAH

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

OLIVER

You'd better not say anything more see!

NOAH

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

(NOAH curls up his nose in disgust)

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

OLIVER

What did you say?

NOAH

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

#12 – The Fight

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.

CHARLOTTE

Oh, you ungrateful, murderous little villain.

MRS SOWERBERRY

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

CHARLOTTE

Oh my god, she's going off!

MRS SOWERBERRY

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

(it's thrown in her face)

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

NOAH

(enters breathless)

I found the beadle!

CHARLOTTE

Oh! Mister Bumble!

MRS SOWERBERRY

Oh! Mister Bumble!

MR BUMBLE

(imperious)

Where is this owdacious young savage?!

ALL

'E's in there!

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

MR BUMBLE

(shocked)

Oliver?

OLIVER

You let me out!

MR BUMBLE

Do you know this here voice, Oliver?

OLIVER

Yes I do!

MR BUMBLE

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

OLIVER

No I'm not!

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

MRS SOWERBERRY

(hysterically)

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

MR BUMBLE

It's not madness, ma'am.

(he pauses)

It's meat!

MRS SOWERBERRY

What?

MR BUMBLE

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

MRS SOWERBERRY

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

MR BUMBLE

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

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

MRS SOWERBERRY

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

OLIVER

(banging the lid)

Help!

MR SOWERBERRY

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

MRS SOWERBERRY

You've been drinking

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

MR BUMBLE

(prodding OLIVER)

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

OLIVER

(pointing at NOAH)

He called my mother names.

MRS SOWERBERRY

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

OLIVER

She didn't!

MRS SOWERBERRY

She did!

OLIVER

Its a lie!

#13 - Oliver's Escape

OLIVER 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!

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 h'information. Who are you runnin' away from then - your old man?

OLIVER

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

DODGER

(suddenly very interested)

Oh you 'ave, 'ave ya.

OLIVER

Yes.

DODGER

Got any lodgings?

OLIVER!

No.

DODGER

Money?

OLIVER

Not a farthing.

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

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 h'accommodated?

OLIVER

No - I don't think so...

DODGER

Then h'accomodated 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 h'intimate 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 h'intimate friends. Still, what's the difference, you're coming with me.

OLIVER

Are you sure Mr Fagin won't mind?

DODGER

Mind?

#14 - Consider Yourself (Part 1)

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

(DODGER)

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

(trying to copy all of DODGER'S 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.

DODGER leads OLIVER towards the town.

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

(COMPANY)

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 & LADIES

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

GANG & 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

(ALL)

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

#15 – Consider Yourself (Part 2)

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

#16 – Consider Yourself (Part 3)

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
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? WHATEVER WE'VE GOT WE SHARE

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

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

(ALL)

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?
WHATEVER WE'VE GOT WE SHARE.
WHATEVER WE'VE GOT WE SHARE.

As the crowd disperses Fagin's Lair appears, apparently deserted but for Nipper who is sweeping the floor.

GANG & LADIES (Off Stage)

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 WHATEVER WE'VE GOT WE SHARE

NIPPER

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

GANG & LADIES (Off Stage)

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

ACT ONE

Scene Six

The Thieves' Kitchen.

DODGER and the Gang enter from above looking for Fagin.

DODGER

Fagin. Fagin.

Fagin appears.

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!

#18 - You've Got To 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...

(FAGIN)

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 & 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.

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?

ALL BOYS

As nails!

FAGIN

What 'ave you got for me, Dodger

DODGER

(off handedly)

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 make these himself?

CHARLEY

(roars with laughter)

Yeah, with his own lily white hands!

FAGIN

(hits Charley)

You be quiet, Charley.

(To Charley)

And what have you got, my dear?

CHARLEY

Nose Rags.

CHARLEY 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, - 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.

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.

#19 - Rum-Tum-Tum

FAGIN

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

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

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!

(Incredulous)

Is it gone?

OLIVER

(Showing it in his hand)

Yes sir, it's in my hand.

FAGIN

(Patting OLIVER's head)

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

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

I have to go to the bank.

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

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

The BOYS protest.

OLIVER

Where shall I sleep, Sir?

FAGIN

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

OLIVER climbs onto the sofa.

OLIVER

Yes please

FAGIN

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

OLIVER drinks the gin and spits it out... the BOYS all laugh at him.

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

He comes over to OLIVER speaking sotto voce...

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

FAGIN tucks OLIVER's arms under the blanket. And tidies up prior to bed.

#20 - Intermezzo (Part 1)

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

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

SIKES *Underscore begins.*

SIKES *enters above and knocks on the Manhole cover.*

Bill?

Looks at Fob watch.

At this time? A bit late isn't it? I mean, people are trying to sleep around 'ere. Where's the common decency. I'll have to give him a piece of my mind I will.

FAGIN collects his sack and opens man hole.

Bill! What a pleasure to see you!

Looks furtively around

Can I 'elp you? Bill? Bill, how did you get on?

SIKES *produces a candlestick from inside his coat.*

A silver candlestick. Very nice. Shame we haven't got a pair.

SIKES produces a 2nd candlestick from inside his coat.

(FAGIN)

We have got a pair. They're very fine Bill.

SIKES produces a spoon from his coat.

A spoon, solid silver. Shame we haven't got

SIKES produces a 2nd silver spoon from his coat.

A knife and fork.

SIKES produces a large tray from inside his coat. FAGIN bites it.

That's beautiful Bill.

FAGIN turns the tray over and looks at his reflection in the back of it.

That's not so beautiful.

SIKES takes off his hat and produces a ring which he gives to FAGIN. FAGIN puts the ring on.

Bill, a ring. Why this is all so sudden. I'll see what I can get for it.

SIKES produces a string of pearls from in his mouth.

FAGIN takes them tentatively.

Pearls Bill. And you've washed them too.

SIKES gestures for money.

SIKES

~~Come on Fagin, hand over.~~

FAGIN

Cash Bill? What me! Keep cash around 'ere, with all these young thieves about? I wouldn't dare!

SIKES

~~Fagin.~~

FAGIN

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.

SIKES

It better be.

SIKES exits behind the oven. FAGIN picks up the pearls then opens the trap and takes out his jewel box.

FAGIN

You my dear, you make it all worthwhile.

FAGIN opens the jewel box.

Pearl my pretty, I have a special place for you with all my other special lady friends.
Pearl you'll like it here.

FAGIN takes out a Ruby Brooch.

Pearl you must meet Ruby. Ruby this is Pearl, Pearl this is Ruby.

FAGIN takes out a Crystal necklace.

Pearl you must meet Crystal. Crystal this is Pearl, Pearl this is Crystal.

FAGIN takes out a tiara.

Pearl you must meet my extra special lady friend Tiara. One day Tiara and I will go out together and I will wear my special choker.

FAGIN takes out a choker and puts it on.

Very nice.

FAGIN puts the choker back in the box and takes out the Opera Glasses.

We shall go to the opera. I can use my beautiful opera glasses. I can look at all the rich people. And all the poor people.

FAGIN still looking through the opera glasses turns and see Oliver looking at him.

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. You're a brave boy Oliver, a very brave boy...

(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

Plummy and slam.

FAGIN

Nancy!

#22 - *It's A Fine Life*

NANCY

(Lifts the manhole cover and shouts down.)

Come on Bet.

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.

(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.

(NANCY)

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
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 CLO'ES.

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...

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!

#23 - I'd Do Anything

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...

DODGER

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

NANCY

And "I'll go last."

DODGER

No, I'll go last.

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

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

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

NANCY

WOULD YOU CLIMB A HILL?

DODGER

ANYTHING!

NANCY

WEAR A DAFFODIL?

DODGER

ANYTHING!

NANCY

LEAVE ME ALL YOUR WILL?

DODGER

ANYTHING!

NANCY

EVEN FIGHT MY BILL?

DODGER

WHAT? FISTICUFFS!

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

NANCY

ANYTHING?

DODGER

ANYTHING FOR YOU!!

FAGIN

(spoken)

Come on Nancy, give Oliver a go!

NANCY

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

OLIVER

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

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

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

BET

WOULD YOU LACE MY SHOE?

OLIVER

ANYTHING!

BET
PAINT YOUR FACE BRIGHT BLUE?
OLIVER

ANYTHING!
BET
CATCH A KANGAROO?
OLIVER

ANYTHING!
BET
GO TO TIMBUKTU?
OLIVER

(sings - after a moment's hesitation)

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

ANYTHING?
OLIVER
ANYTHING FOR YOU!!

FAGIN
WOULD YOU ROB A SHOP?
ALL
ANYTHING!

FAGIN
WOULD YOU RISK THE "DROP"?
ALL
ANYTHING!

FAGIN
THO' YOUR EYES GO 'POP'...
ALL
ANYTHING!

FAGIN
WHEN YOU COME DOWN 'PLOP'?

ALL

(sing sarcastically to FAGIN)

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

FAGIN

ANYTHING?

ALL

ANYTHING FOR YOU!!

End of song.

FAGIN

(pretending to be overwhelmed -over music playout)

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

There are 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 ascends the staircase with Bet.

NANCY

Yeah, you're right. Now listen Oliver, you be careful. Ta ta you lot.

[ad lib]

BOYS

Tat ta Nancy. Bye Bet.

[ad lib]

NANCY

Don't get hung!

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.

#24 - Be Back Soon

DODGER

LINE UP

BOYS

LINE UP

DODGER

SINGLE FILE

BOYS

SINGLE FILE

DODGER

PRESENT ARMS, LEFT...

BOYS

PICK,

FAGIN

RIGHT...

BOYS

PICK... OI OI

FAGIN

YOU CAN GO,

BUT BE BACK SOON.

YOU CAN GO,

BUT WHILE YOU'RE WORKING.

THIS PLACE,

I'M PACING ROUND...

UNTIL YOU'RE HOME...

...SAFE AND SOUND

FARE THEE WELL,

BUT BE BACK SOON.

WHO CAN TELL

WHERE DANGER'S LURKING

DO NOT FORGET THIS TUNE...

BE BACK SOON.

BOYS

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

DODGER

IT'S HIM THAT PAYS THE PIPER.

BOYS

IT'S US THAT PIPES HIS TUNE
 SO LONG, FARE-THEE-WELL.
 PIP!, PIP!, CHEERIO!
 WE'LL BE BACK SOON.

FAGIN

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

AIN'T THAT A LOVELY TUNE?
 BE BACK SOON

BOYS

BE BACK SOON

DODGER

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

BOYS

A WALLET FAT

BOYS

AN OLD MAN'S HAT.

DODGER

THE CROWN JEWELS
FROM THE TOWER.
WE KNOW
THE BOW STREET RUNNERS,

ALL

BUT THEY DON'T KNOW
THIS TUNE.
SO LONG, FARE-THEE-WELL.
PIPI, PIP!, CHEERIO!
WE'LL BE BACK SOON.

FAGIN

CHEERIO. BUT BE BACK SOON.
I DUNNO, SOMEHOW I'LL MISS YOU
I LOVE YOU, THAT'S WHY I
SAY, "CHEERIO" ...
NOT GOODBYE.

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

CHARLIE, DODGER & 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...

(ALL)

SO LONG, FARE-THREE-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.

BOYS

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.

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.

#25 – The Robbery

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.

Stop that boy! My pocket's been picked!

OLIVER makes a run for it pursued by the crowd.

#26 – Chaos

#27 – The Chase (Finale Act 1)

A frantic chase through the streets of London 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.

ACT TWO**Scene One****The "Three Cripples", a Public House that evening.****#28 - Oom-Pah-Pah**

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!

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!!

(NANCY)

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 & NANCY

OOM-PAH-PAH! OOM-PAH-PAH!
THAT'S HOW IT GOES.
OOM-PAH-PAH! OOM-PAH-PAH!
EV'RYONE KNOWS...
WHAT IS THE CAUSE OF HIS RED SHINY NOSE?
CAN IT BE... OOM-PAH-PAH?

NANCY

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

ALL

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

NANCY

WHETHER IT'S HIDDEN, OR WHETHER IT SHOWS—
IT'S THE SAME... OOM-PAH-PAH!!

Hilarious laughter.

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—

(NANCY)

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.

(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!

#29 - My Name

MUSIC begins and he sings.

SIKES

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

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

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

(Whispers)

'BILL SIKES'

SOME TOFF, SLUMMING WIV HIS VALET,
 BUMPED INTO ME IN THE ALLEY -
 NOW HIS EYES'LL NEVER TALLY -

(SIKES)

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! 7

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.*

#30 – Underscore After "My Name"

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 blowed 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.

SIKES goes across to her menacingly.

BILL

And just what do you mean by that remark?

NANCY gets up and faces SIKES.

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!

SIKES 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?

SIKES

She'll go Fagin.

SIKES turns away. With sudden spirit, NANCY looks up at Fagin.

NANCY

No she won't Fagin!

SIKES

Yes, she will Fagin!

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

Bullseye!

SIKES & BULLSEYE exit.

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

#31 - As Long As He Needs Me

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.

Pick up
MAT STICK
WANT AT
SCOP →
UP STICKS
OVER BUDGET

(NANCY)

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.

#32 - Transition to "Where Is Love? (Reprise)"

ACT TWO

Scene Two

Brownlow's house - bedroom, stairs, morning room and street outside.

#33 - *Where Is Love? (Reprise)*

In the bedroom, MRS BEDWIN sits by Oliver's bed singing a lullaby.

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.

#34 - *Who Will Buy? (Part 1)*

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

ANY MILK TODAY?

MISTRESS?

ROSE SELLER

WHO WILL BUY MY SWEET RED ROSES?

MILKMAID

ANY MILK TODAY?

MISTRESS?

STRAWBERRY SELLER

RIPE STRAWBERRIES, RIPE!

RIPE STRAWBERRIES, RIPE!

RIPE STRAWBERRIES, RIPE!

RIPE STRAWBERRIES RIPE

KNIFE-GRINDER

KNIVES, KNIVES TO GRIND!

ANY KNIVES TO GRIND?

KNIVES, KNIVES TO GRIND!

ANY KNIVES TO GRIND?

WHO WILL BUY?

STRAWBERRY SELLER

WHO WILL BUY?

MILKMAID

WHO WILL BUY?

ROSE SELLER

WHO WILL BUY?

OLIVER

WHO WILL BUY

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?

OLIVER

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

KNIFE GRINDER

KNIVES! KNIVES TO GRIND!

STRAWBERRY SELLER

RIPE STRAWBERRIES, RIPE!

OLIVER

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

KNIFE GRINDER

WHO WILL BUY?

STRAWBERRY SELLER

WHO WILL BUY?

MILKMAID

WHO WILL BUY?

ROSE SELLER

WHO WILL BUY?

BROWNLOW

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

DR GRIMWIG

That sir, is for me to decide.

Thank you, Mrs Bedwin.

BROWNLOW

Mr Brownlow.

MRS BEDWIN

How do you feel today, my boy?

MR BROWNLOW

OLIVER

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

BROWNLOW

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

GRIMWIG

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

OLIVER

Oh yes, I sleep very well sir.

GRIMWIG

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

OLIVER

No sir, I don't have dreams.

GRIMWIG

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

OLIVER

No, doctor.

GRIMWIG

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

OLIVER

Yes sir. I am rather thirsty.

GRIMWIG

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

MRS BEDWIN

Thank you, Doctor.

OLIVER

May I get up sir?

GRIMWIG

Say aahhh...

(Inserting a spatula into his mouth.)

OLIVER

Aahhh

DR GRIMWIG

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

(rises and makes to leave the bedroom)

Will you have the goodness?

MRS BEDWIN

Certainly, Doctor.

BROWNLOW

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

OLIVER

(To Mrs Bedwin seeing his new clothes)

Do I wear these?

MRS BEDWIN

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

BROWNLOW and GRIMWIG leave the room and go downstairs speaking as they go.

OLIVER jumps up and gets dressed with the help of MRS BEDWIN.

BROWNLOW

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

GRIMWIG

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

BROWNLOW

And which is Oliver?

GRIMWIG

Mealy! Where does he come from?

BROWNLOW

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

GRIMWIG

He's deceiving you my good friend. He has had a fever. What of that? Fevers are not peculiar to good people are they? Bad people have fevers sometimes don't they? He stole your pocket handkerchief didn't he? Then he'll steal more sir. What do you know of him? Nothing.

BROWNLOW

Only that he's an orphan

(suddenly thoughtful)

And yet...

(He ponders, puzzled).

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

GRIMWIG

Stuff and nonsense. You're imagining things.

A bell rings and a MAID appears.

BROWNLOW

Yes, what is it?

MAID

There's someone to see you sir.

A boy enters running.

BROWNLOW

What does he want?

BOY

Books you ordered from the bookseller, sir.

BOY exits.

BROWNLOW

Ah yes, thank you...

(he turns away)

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

(the BOY has fled)

Hey! Wait a moment...

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

BROWNLOW shouts after the MESSENGER BOY.

(BROWNLOW)

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, it's just down the road, 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.

#35 – Portrait Music

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?

GRIWMWIG

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.

MUSIC starts

#36 - Who Will Buy? (Part 2)**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!

(COMPANY)

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

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.

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

#37 – *Who Will Buy? (Part 3)*

Instrumental as the side-show perform.

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

(COMPANY)

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

OLIVER

THERE MUST BE SOMEONE

STRAWBERRY SELLER

MUST BE SOMEONE

MILK MAID

MUST BE SOMEONE

KNIFE-GRINDER

MUST BE SOMEONE

COMPANY

WHO WILL BUY

(Musical Ends)

NANCY & BET enter they have been lying in wait

OLIVER

THERE'LL NEVER BE A DAY SO SUNNY
 IT COULD NOT HAPPEN TWICE
 WHERE IS THE MAN WITH ALL THE MONEY
 ITS 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...

NANCY

Oh! my dear brother!

(She throws her arms about his neck.)

#38 - Recapture

OLIVER

Leggo! Leggo! Nancy!

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

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 notices BET nearby.

OLIVER

Bet! Tell them to let me go!

NANCY

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

SIKES appears in the group.

SIKES

What the devil's all this?

FIRST MAN

Oh, 'e's only playing up.

FIRST MAN exits.

SIKES

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

He grabs OLIVER's shoulders.

(SIKES)

(sees books)

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

SIKES hits OLIVER.

SECOND MAN

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

SECOND MAN 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.

ACT TWO

Scene Three

Thieves Kitchen.

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

NANCY hangs respectable shawls, hats etc around the fireplace.

FAGIN

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

DODGER

Look at his togs, Fagin!

All the boys laugh and sneer.

CHARLEY

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

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

FAGIN

(with an ironical bow)

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

DODGER

Cor! Look at this!

DODGER draws forth the five-pound note from one of OLIVER's pockets. BILL SIKES steps forward, but before he can get there, FAGIN grabs the note.

SIKES

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

FAGIN

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

BOYS laugh but SIKES glares at them and they stop as one.

OLIVER gives SIKES the books but he throws them to the ground in disgust. DODGER picks them up.

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

FAGIN stops in his tracks.

SIKES

Come on, 'and over .

SIKES

(imploringly)

FAGIN

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.

SIKES takes the books from Dodger and gives them to Fagin.

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

SIKES laughs and makes to exit.

OLIVER

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

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

SIKES

(Advancing towards OLIVER menacingly.)

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

NANCY

Leave 'im alone, Bill!

SIKES

(glares at NANCY, then turns to OLIVER)

What did you tell him about us?

OLIVER

Nothing.

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

SIKES

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

OLIVER

(as he tries to escape)

Help! Help!

SIKES grabs him, OLIVER hits SIKES across the face.

SIKES

Hit me would you?

He pushes off OLIVER and makes for his cudgel. NANCY rushes forward and grabs SIKES' arm.

NANCY

No leave him alone Bill!

SIKES

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!

SIKES

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

SIKES flings NANCY across the room.

FAGIN

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

NANCY rises to her feet.

SIKES

The girl's gone mad, I think, Fagin.

NANCY

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

FAGIN

Then keep quiet, will yer. All this violence.

SIKES

Tell 'em all about us would you?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

NANCY
 SOME LIVING! SOME LIVING!

SIKES
 WHAT YOU DESERVE YOU GET.

NANCY
 NO GETTING! ALL GIVING!

FAGIN
 MUST WE HAVE MURDERS YET?

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

NANCY

LORD HELP ME!

FAGIN

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

SIKES

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

NANCY

LORD HELP ME!

FAGIN

NO VIOLENCE...

SIKES

...IN LIFE!

NANCY

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

SIKES

FINE LIFE!

FAGIN

MY LIFE! SATAN!

SIKES

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

DODGER

FINE LIFE!

NANCY

FINE LIFE!

FAGIN

COME...

...BETTER DO AS YOU ARE TOLD.

SIKES

WATCH OUT!

FAGIN

BILL HAS GOT A HEART OF GOLD!

SIKES

GET OUT...

FAGIN

BETTER NOT TO MESS WITH IT...

SIKES

ON THE JOB!

FAGIN

BETTER MAKE THE BEST OF IT...

SIKES

SHUT YOUR GOB!

FAGIN

IT'S A FINE...

SIKES

FINE...

DODGER

FINE...

NANCY

FINE...

ALL

...LIFE!

NANCY exits, followed by SIKES.

FAGIN

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

DODGER takes OLIVER off.

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

#40 - Reviewing The Situation

(sings)

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.

(FAGIN)

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

...I THINK I'D BETTER THINK IT OUT AGAIN!

A WIFE YOU CAN KEEP, ANYWAY,
I'D RATHER SLEEP, ANYWAY.
LEFT WITHOUT ANYONE IN THE WORLD,
AND I'M STARTING FROM NOW
SO "HOW TO WIN FRIENDS AND TO INFLUENCE PEOPLE"
—SO HOW?

I'M REVIEWING THE SITUATION,
I MUST QUICKLY LOOK UP EV'RYONE I KNOW.
TITLED PEOPLE—WITH A STATION—
WHO CAN HELP ME MAKE A REAL IMPRESSIVE SHOW!
I WILL OWN A SUITE AT CLARIDGES,
AND RUN A FLEET OF CARRIAGES,
AND WAVE AT ALL THE DUCHESSES
WITH FRIENDLINESS, AS MUCH AS IS
BEFITTING OF MY NEW ESTATE...

(He waves graciously.)

"GOOD MORROW TO YOU, MAGISTRATE!"

...I THINK I'D BETTER THINK IT OUT AGAIN.
SO WHERE SHALL I GO—SOMEBODY?
WHO DO I KNOW? NOBODY!
ALL MY DEAREST COMPANIONS
HAVE ALWAYS BEEN VILLAINS AND THIEVES...
SO AT MY TIME OF LIFE
I SHOULD START TURNING OVER NEW LEAVES...?

(FAGIN)

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.

ACT TWO

Scene Four

Widow Corney's Parlour.

#41 - Back To The Workhouse

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.

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

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

WIDOW CORNEY

(shrieking)

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

MR BUMBLE belches.

Are you going to sit there snoring, all day?

MR BUMBLE

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

WIDOW CORNEY

(contemptuously)

Your prerogative!

MR BUMBLE

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

WIDOW CORNEY

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

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

WIDOW CORNEY
Ooooooh! You hard-hearted brute!

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

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

WIDOW CORNEY
Now talk about your prerogative, if you dare!

MR BUMBLE attempts to argue.

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.

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.

#42 – 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.

(WIDOW CORNEY)

Well what is it?

SALLY

(indicating MATRON)

Turn her away.

MATRON

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

WIDOW CORNEY

(to MATRON)

Go on, get out of it!

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

SALLY

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

WIDOW CORNEY

Never mind the year, what about her?

SALLY

(sitting up fiercely with wild eyes)

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

WIDOW CORNEY

(drawing closer)

Gold? Go on, go on – yes. What of it?

SALLY

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

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

WIDOW CORNEY

The boy's name?

SALLY

They called him –

WIDOW CORNEY

(shaking OLD SALLY)

Yes?

Oliver. The gold I stole was...

SALLY

Yes, yes — what?

WIDOW CORNEY

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.

#43 — *Oliver! (Reprise)*

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 HIS DUE...

BOTH

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

MR BUMBLE

RAISE THE FLAGS

WIDOW CORNEY

COMING TO SAVE US

BOTH

CASH REWARDS

MR BUMBLE

PLUS A PROMOTION

WIDOW CORNEY

WHO'D HAVE THOUGHT?

MR BUMBLE

HADN'T A NOTION

BOTH

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

(MUSIC ends.)

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. Thats right. My dear wife decided. Bumble is my name, sir. Beadle of the workhouse where this boy was cared for – from where he was apprenticed to an undertaker – where he ran away from...

He stops to catch his breath.

MR BROWNLOW

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

MR BUMBLE

(producing the locket with great moment)

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

WIDOW CORNEY scornfully laughs. BUMBLE hands MR BROWNLOW the locket.

MR BROWNLOW

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

MR BUMBLE

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

MR BROWNLOW

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

MR BUMBLE

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

MR BROWNLOW

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

WIDOW CORNEY

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

MR BROWNLOW

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

MR BUMBLE

(trying to save the situation)
As to that, sir—if you consider the trinket don't properly belong to my dear wife...

WIDOW CORNEY

Shut up, you old fool!

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

MR BROWNLOW

(taking out some notes)
Here—ten pounds

He thrusts the money into WIDOW CORNEY's hands.

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

MRS BEDWIN

Yes, sir.

WIDOW CORNEY

We know the way out thank you very much.

She sweeps past MRS BEDWIN out of the room.

MR BUMBLE

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

MR BROWNLOW

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

MR BUMBLE

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

MR BROWNLOW

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

MR BUMBLE*(heatedly)*

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

#44 - The Locket

By experience!

BUMBLE exits.

BROWNLOW is left alone looking at the locket in his hand.

MRS BEDWIN enters, looking flustered.

MRS BEDWIN

There is a young woman enquiring for you, sir.

MR BROWNLOW

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

(he hands her the locket.)

MRS BEDWIN

(amazed)

Why it's, Miss Agnes, sir!

MR BROWNLOW

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

MRS BEDWIN

If only she had told us.

NANCY appears in the doorway.

MR BROWNLOW

(Seeing her)

Mrs Bedwin, who is this?

MRS BEDWIN

(Turning to MR BROWNLOW)

It's about the boy sir.

MR BROWNLOW

Have you news of Oliver?

NANCY

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

MR BROWNLOW

Who took him?

NANCY

Me and...

(she stops)

...and someone else.

MR BROWNLOW

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

NANCY

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

MR BROWNLOW

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

NANCY

I do want to help—but...

MR BROWNLOW

Then at least tell me where I can find him.

NANCY

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

MR BROWNLOW

Where then?

NANCY

The Bridge, London Bridge. Tonight. At midnight.

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

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.

(Nancy exits.)

#45 - As Long As He Needs Me (Reprise)

MRS BEDWIN

Do you think we can trust her Mr Brownlow?

MR BROWNLOW

I'm afraid we have no choice Mrs Bedwin.

In the street outside Brownlows house NANCY appears.

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.

(NANCY)

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. SIKES appears and follows her.

ACT TWO

Scene Six

London Bridge at night.

#46 - London Bridge

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! 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?

SIKES

Give me away would yer?

NANCY

No, not you Bill, never you.

SIKES

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.

SIKES

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.

SIKES hits her

Damn you! Your eyes.

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

MR BROWNLOW

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

BOW STREET RUNNERS arrive.

FIRST RUNNER

What happened 'ere?

MR BROWNLOW

There's been a murder

FIRST RUNNER

Did you know this woman.

MR BROWNLOW

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

FIRST WOMAN

It's Nancy, somebody's murdered Nancy!

FIRST RUNNER

What did he look like?

MR BROWNLOW
He was a broad shouldered heavily built man

Anything else?

FIRST RUNNER

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

Bill Sikes!

LAMP-LIGHTER

Upper bridge descends.

(On bridge)
What's going on?

FIRST MAN

FIRST WOMAN
It's Nancy! Bill Sikes has killed Nancy.

SECOND RUNNER

Where will he be?

FIRST MAN

He'll be at Fagin's

CROWD

(ad lib)

Let's follow him (etc.)

They exit.

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

SIKES

Fagin, Fagin.

FAGIN appears in the trapdoor.

FAGIN

What is it Bill? What have you done?

SIKES

The game's up Fagin.

FAGIN

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

FAGIN

(Fagin shouts down into the trap)

OUT, Boys, OUT!!!

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

DODGER

(To FAGIN)

Fagin, Fagin! What do I do?

FAGIN

Live up to your name. Dodge about.

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

DODGER

Me hat!

As he runs to the trap, BOW STREET RUNNERS enters 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 respectable 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, led by BULLSEYE, the crowd enter,. It has swelled and become more menacing. Some of the men hold torches.

CROWD

(chanting low)
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 rooftops. The CROWD watches from downstage as SIKES, with OLIVER and a rope, climbs a chimney.

Give me the rope boy. The rope.

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

Nancy! Your eyes! Your eyes!

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

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

RUNNER

There he is, there's the boy!

BROWNLOW

Come Oliver! we'll take you home now.

The crowd begins to disperse leaving Oliver with Mr Brownlow and Mrs Bedwin. They exit. FAGIN who has been hiding in a dark corner appears.

FAGIN

(he sings)

CAN SOMEBODY CHANGE?

S'POSSIBLE.

MAYBE IT'S STRANGE...

BUT IT'S POSSIBLE.

(FAGIN)

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?

ACT TWO
FINALE

#47 - Bows (Part 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

MEN

DRINKS ARE ON THE

COMPANY

DRINKS ARE ON THE HOUSE

FOR AFTER SOME CONSIDERATION, WE CAN STATE. . .
CONSIDER YOURSELF
ONE OF US!

#49 - Bows (Part 3)

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...
FOR AFTER SOME CONSIDERATION, WE CAN STATE...
CONSIDER YOURSELF
ONE OF US!

THE END

#50 - Payout