**Oliver!**

**CAST (in order of appearance)**

Agnes Lady who brings on baby and dies at the very beginning (Oliver’s Mum)

Matron Matron at the workhouse

Paupers Assistants x2 Servants at the workhouse – dish out gruel

Mr Bumble Workhouse Owner

Widow Corney Mr Bumble’s wife & other owner of the workhouse

Oliver Orphan boy – main character

Mr Sowerberry Owner of the undertakers

Mrs Sowerberry Wife of undertaker

Charlotte Girl who works at the undertakers

Noah Boy who works at the undertakers

Artful Dodger Head of Fagin’s gang of pick pockets

Fagin Runs a gang of child pick pockets

Charley Member of Fagin’s gang

Bill Sykes The baddie. Thief and Nancy’s husband.

Nancy Fagin’s friend. Bill’s wife

Bet Nancy’s friend

Captain Member of Fagin’s gang

Mr Brownlow Oliver’s grandad. A kind and well-respected gentleman

Landlord Owner of the Three Cripples Pub

Bullseye Bill Sykes dog

Rose Seller Singer(s) in Who will Buy

Milkmaid Singer(s) in Who will Buy

Strawberry seller Singer(s) in Who will Buy

Knife Grinder Singer(s) in Who will Buy

Mrs Bedwin Mr Brownlow’s companion

Maid Mr Brownlow’s maid

Crowd 1- 3

Old Sally Lady who found Oliver as a baby

First Runner Bow Street Runner (Police)

Second Runner Bow Street Runner (Police)

Crowd 4 - 6

Chorus: Workhouse Boys, Londoners/Villagers & Fagin’s Gang

**Scenes**

**ACT 1 ACT 2**

**Scene 1 –** The Workhouse **Scene 1 –** The Three Cripples Pub

**Scene 2 –** The Workhouse Parlour **Scene 2 –** Mr Brownlow’s House

**Scene 3 –** The Undertaker’s **Scene 3 –** Fagin’s Den

**Scene 4 – T**he Undertaker’s **Scene 4 –** The Workhouse

**Scene 5 –** The Outskirts of London **Scene 5 –** Mr Brownlow’s House

**Scene 6 –** Fagin’s Den **Scene 6 –** London Bridge

**Scene 7 –** The Street

**PROLOGUE**

*[Music = 01 Overture. Music = 02 Stormy Opening]*

*[Lights up but dim to show the gates to the Workhouse. There is a storm. A Woman (AGNES) enters from the back and carries her baby through the audience. The storm rages and grows stronger, with flashes of lightning. As she arrives on stage a huge clap of thunder and flash of lightning light up the stage. As she collapses, the MATRON, entering stage left, rushes to her aid. As the wind blows, she helps her up and through the gates. The storm grows calmer and in the darkness the cry of a little baby is heard. There is a beat, then, out of the black a large bell is revealed and rung. . This sets up the rhythm of the entrance of the boys, nine years later, into the daily ritual of eating in the workhouse, and the music runs into the song.]*

**ACT ONE**

**SCENE ONE**

*[Lights rise slightly to show the workhouse boys filing onto stage to take their places.]*

*[Music = 03 Food Glorious Food]*

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’S NOT A CRUST, NOT A CRUMB CAN WE FIND,

CAN WE BEG, CAN WE BORROW, OR CADGE,

BUT THERE'S NOTHING TO STOP US FROM GETTING A THRILL

WHEN WE ALL CLOSE OUR EYES AND IMAG ... INE

FOOD, GLORIOUS FOOD! HOT SAUSAGE AND MUSTARD!

WHILE WE'RE IN THE MOOD, COLD JELLY AND CUSTARD!

PEASE PUDDING AND SAVELOYS! WHAT NEXT IS THE QUESTION?

RICH GENTLEMEN HAVE IT, BOYS IN-DYE-GESTION!

FOOD, GLORIOUS FOOD! WE'RE ANXIOUS TO TRY IT.

THREE BANQUETS A DAY OUR FAVOURITE DIET!

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

OH, FOOD, WONDERFUL FOOD, MARVELLOUS FOOD, GLORIOUS FOOD.

FOOD, GLORIOUS FOOD! WHAT IS THERE MORE HANDSOME?

GULPED, SWALLOWED OR CHEWED STILL WORTH A KING'S RANSOM.

WHAT IS IT WE DREAM ABOUT? WHAT BRINGS ON A SIGH?

PILED PEACHES AND CREAM, ABOUT SIX FEET HIGH!

FOOD, GLORIOUS FOOD! EAT RIGHT THROUGH THE MENU.

JUST LOOSEN YOUR BELT TWO INCHES, AND THEN YOU

WORK UP A NEW APPETITE IN THIS INTERLUDE

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

FOOD, GLORIOUS FOOD! DON'T CARE WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE

BURNED! UNDERDONE! CRUDE! DON'T CARE WHAT THE COOK'S LIKE.

JUST THINKING OF GROWING FAT OUR SENSES GO REELING

ONE MOMENT OF KNOWING THAT FULL-UP-FEELING!

FOOD, GLORIOUS FOOD! WHAT WOULDN'T WE GIVE FOR

THAT EXTRA BIT MORE THAT'S ALL THAT WE LIVE FOR.

WHY SHOULD WE BE FATED TO DO NOTHING BUT BROOD ON FOOD,

MAGICAL FOOD, WONDERFUL FOOD, MARVELLOUS FOOD, FABULOUS FOOD,

OLIVER: BEAUTIFUL FOOD,

BOYS: GLORIOUS FOOD.

*[The boys walk dejectedly back to their places as the gruel is pushed on by the PAUPERS ASSISTANTS from stage left. Music = 3a Gruel. MR BUMBLE enters stage left first, followed by WIDOW CORNEY and go up onto the raised platform. The boys look up. 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 places. The music stops.]*

MR BUMBLE: *[slowly takes off his hat, bangs his mace]* 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. Music = 03b 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. Spot on Oliver.]*

OLIVER Please, sir, I want some more.

MR BUMBLE *(faintly)* What?

OLIVER Please sir, I want some more.

MR BUMBLE *(roars)* More?!

*[OLIVER runs away pursued by the PAUPER ASSISTANTS and the BOYS. Spot off]*

*[Music = 04 Oliver!]*

WIDOW CORNEY CATCH HIM!

MR BUMBLE SNATCH HIM!

WIDOW CORNEY HOLD HIM!

MR BUMBLE SCOLD HIM!

WIDOW CORNEY POUNCE HIM! TROUNCE HIM! PICK HIM UP AND BOUNCE HIM!

*[Riot. They've caught Oliver and are about to drag him away ]*

MR BUMBLE WAIT! BEFORE WE PUT THE LAD TO TASK

MAY I BE SO CURIOUS AS TO ASK HIS NAME?

ALL THE BOYS O-LI-VER-

CORNEY and BUMBLE OLIVER! OLIVER!

MR BUMBLE NEVER BEFORE HAS A BOY WANTED MORE!

CORNEY and BUMBLE OLIVER! OLIVER!

MRS CORNEY WON'T ASK FOR MORE WHEN HE KNOWS WHAT'S IN STORE.

MR BUMBLE THERE'S A DARK, THIN, WINDING STAIRWAY WITH OUT ANY BANISTER

WHICH WE'LL THROW HIM DOWN,

AND FEED HIM ON COCKROACHES SERVED IN A CANISTER

ALL OLIVER! OLIVER!

MR BUMBLE WHAT WILL HE DO WHEN HE'S TURNED BLACK AND BLUE?

HE WILL CURSE THE DAY SOMEBODY NAMED HIM

ALL: O-LI -VER!

BUMBLE and CORNEY OLIVER! OLIVER!

MR BUMBLE NEVER BEFORE HAS A BOY WANTED MORE!

BUMBLE and 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 O-LI-VER!

*[The ASSISTANTS have hold of Oliver. And stand in front of MR BUMBLE and WIDOW CORNEY]*

WIDOW CORNEY Collect his belongings and bring him back to me when you've done.

*(to the BOYS)* To bed, all of you.

*[Music = 04b To Bed. BOYS ushered off by PAUPER ASSISTANTS exiting both sides. They take their bowls with them. BUMBLE and WIDOW CORNEY remain on the raised platform.]*

***SCENE TWO -*** *The Widows Parlour/Workhouse*

MR BUMBLE Mark my words Mrs Corney. That boy was born to be hung, I've never been

so shocked.

WIDOW CORNEY Hush, Mr Bumble, you've have had quite a time.

MR BUMBLE Oh you are a humane woman Mrs Corney. It's nice to be appreciated. These paupers in this parish they don't appreciate me. 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.

WIDOW CORNEY Of course they're not. When would they be?

*[MATRON enters stage left 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 walks down the steps to OLIVER.]*

WIDOW CORNEY Make sure you get a good price for him Mr.Bumble,

*[BUMBLE moves downstage and leads the boy through the streets towards the undertakers. Others exit. Upstage goes into blackout, while a the spot picks out BUMBLE and OLIVER downstage]*

*[Music = 05 Boy For Sale]*

MR BUMBLE ONE BOY, BOY FOR SALE.

HE'S GOING CHEAP.

ONLY SEVEN GUINEAS.

THAT - OR THEREABOUTS.

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 FOR SALE.

**SCENE THREE – The Undertakers**

*[Lights up to reveal MR SOWERBERRY in the undertakers. MR BUMBLE and OLIVER move upstage to join him.]*

SOWERBERRY Well, as a matter of fact, I was needing a boy ...

MR BUMBLE Good! Then it's settled. 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 stage]* What is it?!

MR BUMBLE *[To Oliver]* Oliver! Stand over there boy and hold up your head!

*[MRS SOWERBERRY enters stage right]*

MRS SOWERBERRY Well! What do you want? What is it?

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.

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

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

OLIVER Oliver - Oliver Twist, ma'am.

MR BUMBLE A name of my own choosing.

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.

MRS SOWERBERRY Well then, Oliver Twist, do you think you could do the job?

OLIVER Maybe. Perhaps if I had a tall hat.

SOWERBERRY Delightful

MRS SOWERBERRY Very well then, that's your job. Junior coffin-follower. Thankyou Mr Bumble.

*[Mr Bumble tips his hat and exits]*... Have you eaten yet?

OLIVER No, ma'am

MRS SOWERBERRY *(shouting)* Charlotte! Charlotte!

CHARLOTTE *[offstage]* What?

MRS SOWERBERRY Bring in some of them cold bits we put out for the dog.

*[CHARLOTTE enters stage right carrying a bowl of scraps]*

MRS SOWERBERRY Charlotte, this is the new boy ... give them to him.

CHARLOTTE That's all there is.

*[CHARLOTTE gives OLIVER the bowl, who eats the scraps as the SOWERBERRY family looks on in silent horror.]*

MRS SOWERBERRY Right you lot. Off 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!

*[The SOWERBERRY family exit stage right. OLIVER peers apprehensively at his sinister surroundings. Lights dim, while a spot is on Oliver.]*

*[Music = 06 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?

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 goes to his bed, under the counter and settles down to sleep. Blackout]*

**SCENE FOUR – The Undertakers**

*[Lights up. Oliver is asleep under the counter. NOAH enters stage right and OLIVER awakes]*

NOAH Are you the new boy?

OLIVER Yes sir.

NOAH How old are yer?

OLIVER Eleven sir. Did you want a coffin?

NOAH No! But you'll be wanting one before very long if you start cheeking your superiors. You don't know who I am, I suppose, Workhouse?

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

NOAH I'm Mis-ter - No-ah - Clay-pole you idle young scallywag.

*[CHARLOTTE enters stage right with a tray of food]*

CHARLOTTE Noah, I saved a nice little bit of bacon for you from master's breakfast.

NOAH Nice and greasy, just how I like it. *[he starts eating]* What are you staring at workhouse?

CHARLOTTE 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.

How's yer mother workhouse?

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

NOAH What did she die of? Shortage of breath?

OLIVER *(tearfully)* She's just dead! She died of a broken heart

NOAH What's set you a snivelling now?

OLIVER You'd better not say anything more see!

NOAH The cheek of it - the workhouse cheek of it! Yer know, Workhouse, I'm very sorry for it, and pity yer very much. But yer must know workhouse, your mother was a regular right down bad 'un.

OLIVER What did you say?

*[A fight breaks out between OLIVER and NOAH]*

NOAH Help! This here new boy's a murderin' of me!

*[Mrs Sowerberry enters stage right]*

MRS SOWERBERRY Oh, you ungrateful little villain. Quick, put him in 'ere. *[They put him inside an empty coffin]* Get the lid quick. *[They put the lid on]* Noah, run and get help. *[NOAH exits stage left. They hold the lid shut, while OLIVER bangs to get out]* Oh, Charlotte! We could 'ave all been murdered in our beds!

*[NOAH and BUMBLE enter stage left. NOAH is breathless.]*

NOAH I found the beadle!

MR BUMBLE Well, where is the young savage?!

MRS SOWERBERRY E's in here!

MR BUMBLE Oliver?

OLIVER You let me out of here!

MR BUMBLE Do you know this voice, Oliver?

OLIVER Yes I do!

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

OLIVER No I'm not!

*[MR BUMBLE staggers back and looks at the three bystanders in astonishment.]*

MRS SOWERBERRY The boy must be mad. No one should speak to you like that.

MR BUMBLE It's not madness, ma'am. It's meat!

MRS SOWERBERRY What?

MR BUMBLE Meat, ma'am, meat. You've overfed him

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

MR BUMBLE If you'd kept the boy on gruel this would never of happened.

*[MR SOWERBERRY enters stage left]*

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! *[OLIVER runs off]*

SOWERBERRY Three pounds of mine? Running away? I think not! After him!

*[They all chase after him exiting stage left. Music = 06a Chase. Blackout.]*

**SCENE FIVE - The outskirts of London - a week later.**

*[Lights up on downstage section only. OLIVER enters stage left. He is weary from his travels.*

*DODGER Enters stage left whistling the tune of Pick A Pocket. OLIVER looks up at him.*

*Chorus gradually enter from Both sides during the scene, and lights rise on whole stage accordingly.]*

DODGER What yer starin' at? Ain't yer never seen a toft?

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. 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'accomoated you shall be me young mate. 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 arfhe don't, and some!

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

DODGER Well, I wouldn't exactly say that - not exactly. But if I interduces someone it's all right, on account of I happen to be a particular 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 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?

*[Music = 07 Consider Yourself]*

DODGER CONSIDER YOURSELF AT HOME. CONSIDER YOURSELF ONE OF THE FAMILY.

I’VE TAKEN TO YOU SO STRONG. IT'S CLEAR WE'RE GOING TO GET ALONG.

CONSIDER YOURSELF WELL IN. CONSIDER YOURSELF PART OF THE FURNITURE.

THERE ISN'T A LOT TO SPARE. WHO CARES? WHAT EVER WE'VE GOT WE SHARE!

IF IT SHOULD CHANCE TO BE WE SHOULD SEE SOME HARDER DAYS

EMPTY-LARDER DAYS, WHY GROUSE?

ALWAYS A CHANCE WE'LL MEET SOMEBODY TO FOOT THE BILL

THEN THE DRINKS ARE ON THE HOUSE!

CONSIDER YOURSELF MY MATE. WE DON'T WANT TO HAVE NO FUSS,

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

DODGER CONSIDER YOURSELF ...

OLIVER AT HOME?

DODGER CONSIDER YOURSELF ...

OLIVER ONE OF THE FAMILY?

DODGER WE'VE TAKEN TO YOU

OLIVER SO STRONG?

DODGER IT'S CLEAR ... WE'RE ... GOING TO GET ALONG.

CONSIDER YOURSELF

OLIVER WELL IN?

DODGER CONSIDER YOURSELF

OLIVER PART OF THE FURNITURE?

DODGER THERE ISN'T A LOT TO SPARE!

WHO CARES? WHATEVER WE'VE GOT WE SHARE.

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

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

WHEN THE LANDLORD COMES TO CALL!

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

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

ALL CONSIDER YOURSELF AT HOME ...

WE'VE TAKEN TO YOU SO STRONG ...

CONSIDER YOURSELF WELL IN ...

THERE ISN'T A LOT TO SPARE ...

IF IT SHOULD CHANCE TO BE WE SHOULD SEE SOME HARDER DAYS

EMPTY-LARDER-DAYS WHY GROUSE?

ALWAYS A CHANCE WE'LL MEET SOMEBODY TO FOOT THE BILL

THEN THE DRINKS ARE ON THE HOUSE!

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

FOR AFTER SOME CONSIDERATION, WE CAN STATE ...

CONSIDER YOURSELF ...ONE OF US!

ALL CONSIDER YOURSELF AT HOME. CONSIDER YOURSELF ONE OF THE FAMILY.

WE’VE TAKE TO YOU SO STRONG. IT'S CLEAR WE'RE GOING TO GET ALONG.

CONSIDER YOURSELF WELL IN. CONSIDER YOURSELF PART OF THE FURNITURE.

THERE ISN'T A LOT TO SPARE. WHO CARES? WHAT EVER WE'VE GOT WE SHARE!

IF IT SHOULD CHANCE TO BE WE SHOULD SEE SOME HARDER DAYS

EMPTY-LARDER-DAYS WHY GROUSE?

ALWAYS A CHANCE WE'LL MEET SOMEBODY TO FOOT THE BILL

THEN THE DRINKS ARE ON THE HOUSE!

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

FOR AFTER SOME CONSIDERATION, WE CAN STATE ...

CONSIDER YOURSELF ... …… ONE OF US!

*[Blackout]*

**SCENE SIX – Fagin’s Den**

*[Lights up. The GANG are all sat around on stage. FAGIN is in the corner, counting money. DODGER & OLIVER enter stage left]*

DODGER Fagin. Fagin.

FAGIN What!

DODGER I've brought a new friend to see you. Oliver Twist.

OLIVER *(offering his hand to shake)* Sir.

FAGIN *(smiling, bowing low and shaking OLIVER's hand)* I hope I shall have the honour of your intimate acquaintance. We're very glad to see you, Oliver, very. *(to boys)* Aren't we my dears?

*[GANG respond. DODGER whispers in FAGIN'S ear. FAGIN nods approvingly]*

DODGER Mr Twist has come to London to seek his fortune.

FAGIN Then 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.

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!

FAGIN You see, Oliver ...

*[Music = 08 Pick A Pocket]*

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

FAGIN 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 T0 PICK A POCKET OR TWO!

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

FAGIN 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 TAKE A TIP FROM BILL SIKES HE CAN WHIP WHAT HE LIKES

AS I RECALL HE STARTED SMALL. .. HE HAD TO PICK A POCKET OR TWO,

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

YOU'VE GOT TO PICK A POCKET OR TWO.

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

FAGIN DEAR OLD GENT PASSING BY. SOMETHING NICE TAKES HIS EYE.

EV'RYTHING'S CLEAR! ATTACK THE REAR! GET IN AND PICK A POCKET OR TWO.

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

YOU'VE GOT TO PICK A POCKET OR TWO!

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

FAGIN WHEN I SEE SOMEONE RICH BOTH MY THUMBS START TO ITCH ...

ONLY TO FIND SOME PEACE OF MIND ... I HAVE TO PICK A POCKET OR TWO!

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

YOU'VE GOT TO PICK A POCKET OR TWO!

BOYS JUST TO FIND SOME PIECE OF MIND WE HAVE TO PICK A POCKET OR TWO!

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

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

FAGIN Put 'em all back in the box! I said all of 'em!

*[The BOYS groan return the articles they have stolen to the box]*

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

DODGER Hard?

BOYS As nails!

FAGIN What 'ave you got for me, Dodger

DODGER Couple o' wallets.

FAGIN Well lined, I hope.

DODGER Only the best.

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

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

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

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

CHARLEY Nose Rags.

*[He produces two large silk handkerchiefs]*

FAGIN Well, they're very good ones. 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. ]*

FAGIN And you'll have to learn how to make wallets like the Dodger and Charley here.

You'd like that, wouldn't you, my dear?

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

*[More giggling and nudging from the boys]*

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

OLIVER Who's Bill Sikes Mr Fagin?

FAGIN All in good time Oliver, all in good time. Now then, tell me, can you see my silk handkerchief what is protruding from my pocket?

OLIVER Yes sir.

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

*[Music = 08a Pick A Pocket Reprise. During music, OLIVER tries unsuccessfolly to steal the handkerchief. ]*

FAGIN RUM-TUM TUM TUM-TUM-TUM, POM-POM-POM POM-POM-POM

SKIDDLE-EYE-TYE TEE-RYE-TYE-TYE, TEE-RUPP A-TUPP A-RUPP A-TUM-TUM

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

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.

Now, bedtime, all of you.

*[The BOYS and OLIVER settle down for the night.]*

FAGIN Dodger! Take yer hat off in bed! Where's ya manners? *[to Oliver]* Yes, Oliver, you're quite the gentleman now. You've gotta home, a profession. If you go on this way, you'll be the greatest man of all time.

*[BILL enters stage left. OLIVER sits up and watched, unseen by FAGIN and BILL]*

FAGIN Bill? What a pleasure to see you! Can I 'elp you? *(Bill shows Fagin Ix silver candle stick- Fagin takes candle stick)* Oh, I say! That is lovely, Bill. Shames there's only one of them, 'cause if you'd had a nice matching .... *(Bill produces the second matching candle stick from jacket)* ..... .pair! But, you knew that, didn't you Bill? You're a professional, you are. Always have been. *(Bill reveals a large diamond ring)* Oh, Bill, A Ring, for me? You shouldn't have. Well, I 'ave enjoyed our little chat. Goodnight Bill! *(Bill gestures for money)*

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

*[BILL looks at him long and hard, then turns away and leaves. OLIVER gets up]*

FAGIN Why are you awake? What 'ave you seen? I want to hear every detail.

OLIVER I'm sorry sir. I couldn't sleep.

FAGIN Were you 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. Did you see any of those pretty things my dear?

OLIVER Yes sir

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

NANCY *[offstage]* Come on Bet.

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

*[All the boys get up and rush around Nancy and Bet as they enter stage right]*

DODGER Ladies! Cor! 'Ark at him!

NANCY We'll have less of that if you don't mind! Where's the gin, Fagin?

FAGIN All in moderation, my dear. Too much gin can be a dangerous thing for a pure young girl.

NANCY And what's wrong with a bit of danger, then, Mister Fagin? After all, that's the only bit of excitement we have would ya?

*[Music = 09 It’s A Fine Life]*

NANCY SMALL PLEASURES, SMALL PLEASURES WHO WOULD DENY US THESE?

GIN TODDIES - LARGE MEASURES NO SKIMPING IF YOU PLEASE!

I ROUGH IT. I LOVE IT. LIFE IS A GAME OF CHANCE

I NEVER TIRE OF IT LEADING THIS MERRY DANCE.

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

ALL IT'S A FINE LIFE!

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

ALL IT'S A FINE LIFE!

NANCY WHEN YOU'VE GOT SOMEONE TO LOVE YOU FORGET YOUR CARES AND STRIFE.

LET THE PRUDES LOOK DOWN ON US, LET THE WIDE WORLD FROWN ON US.

IT'S A FINE, FINE LIFE!

BET WHO CARES IF STRAIGHTLACES SNEER AT US IN THE STREET?

FINE AIRS, AND FINE GRACES DON'T HAVE TO SIN TO EAT.

BOTH WE WANDER THROUGH LONDON. WHO KNOWS WHAT WE MAY FIND?

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 CLOTHES.

NANCY THESE TRAPPINGS.

BET THESE TATTERS.

BOTH THESE WE CAN JUST AFFORD.

NANCY WHAT FUTURE?

BET WHAT MATTERS?

BOTH 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 THOUGH THE GRASS IS GREEN AND DENSE ON THE RIGHT SIDE OF THE 'FENCE'

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

AND WE DON'T MEAN PENCE!

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

ALL IT'S A FINE LIFE!

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

ALL IT'S A FINE LIFE!

NANCY NOT FOR ME THE HAPPY HOME, HAPPY HUSBAND, HAPPY WIFE

THO' IT SOMETIMES TOUCHES ME .. . FOR THE LIKES OF SUCH AS ME .. . MINE'S A FINE ...

ALL FINE ... LIFE!

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 Charmed!

BET Pleased to meet you

*[NANCY and BET both curtsey. Oliver bows solemnly. The BOYS laugh and make fun ]*

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

BOYS Oh yes! We’re all quality etc

*[OLIVER looks at them hurt and angry. NANCY seeing this immediately takes his side. ]*

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 ofyer! 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!

*[Music = 10 I’d Do Anything]*

DODGER 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!!

OLIVER 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 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 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!!

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

*[Groans of protest from the boys ]*

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

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

NANCY Yeah, you're right. Listen 'ere you lot and especially you Oliver, don't get hung! Ta ta you lot!

BOYS Ta ta Nancy. Bye Bet. Etc..

*[NANCY and BET exit stage right]*

FAGIN Oliver you can go with Dodger. Good luck on you first job my dear. Don't worry, I'll be waiting for you when you get back.

*[Music = 11 Be Back Soon]*

DODGER LINE UP

BOYS LINE UP

DODGER SINGLE FILE

ALL SINGLE FILE

DODGER PRESENT ARMS, LEFT ...

ALL 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

IT'S HIM THAT PAYS THE PIPER. 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

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

A WALLET FAT, AN OLD MAN'S HAT. THE CROWN JEWELS FROM THE TOWER.

WE KNOW THE BOW STREET RUNNERS, BUT THEY DON'T KNOW THIS TUNE.

ALL SO LONG, FARE-THEE-WELL. PIP!, PIP!, CHEERIO!. WE'LL BE BACK SOON.

FAGIN CHEERIO. BUT BE BACK SOON. I DUNNO, SOMEHOW I'LL MISS YOU

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

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

REMEMBER OUR OLD TUNE. .. BE BACK SOON

BOYS WE MUST DISAPPEAR, WE'LL BE BACK HERE, TODAY .. . . . PERHAPS TOMORROW.

WE'LL MISS YOU TOO IT'S SAD BUT TRUE THAT PARTING IS SUCH SWEET SORROW,

AND WHEN WE'RE IN THE DISTANCE YOU'LL HEAR THIS WHISPERED TUNE ...

SO LONG, FARE-THEE-WELL. PIP!, PIP!, CHEERIO!. WE'LL BE BACK SOON

FAGIN CHEERIO. BUT BE BACK SOON. BOYS WE MUST DISAPPEAR; WE'LL BE BACK HERE,

I DUNNO, SOMEHOW I'LL MISS YOU TODAY ... . . . PERHAPS TOMORROW.

I LOVE YOU, THAT'S WHY I WE'LL MISS YOU TOO IT'S SAD BUT TRUE

SAY, "CHEERIO" ... NOT GOODBYE. THAT PARTING IS SUCH SWEET SORROW,

DON'T BE GONE LONG. BE BACK SOON. AND WHEN WE'RE IN THE DISTANCE

GIVE ME ONE LONG, LAST LOOK. .. BLESS YOU. YOU'LL HEAR THIS WHISPERED TUNE

REMEMBER OUR OLD TUNE ... SO LONG, FARE THEE WELL PIP, PIP CHEERIO

BE BACK SOON 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

*[The boys march off the front stage left, and back up stage right. Blackout on upstage section during.]*

**SCENE SEVEN – The Street**

*[Lights up. The BOYS march on stage right from the audience. DODGER, CHARLEY and OLIVER are together in the street which fills with vendors and gentry including MR BROWNLOW and the BOW STREET RUNNERS, entering stage left. 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.

*[Music = 11a The Robbery. OLIVER panics and runs.]*

MR BROWNLOW Stop that boy! My pocket's been picked!

*[OLIVER makes a run for it pursued by the BOW STREET RUNNERS. A frantic chase ensues until, eventually OLIVER is struck down. He falls down unconscious lying on his side, face covered. One of the BOW STREET RUNNERS rolls him over to show BROWNLOW his face.]*

MR BROWNLOW That's the boy.

*[Blackout]*

INTERVAL

**ACT TWO**

**SCENE ONE – The Three Cripples Pub**

*[Music = 12 Entr’acte]*

*[Lights up to reveal the smoky saloon of the public house. SYKES, BULLSEYE and FAGIN are sat at the bar]*

LANDLORD 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!

LANDLORD Oom-pah-pah!

*[Music = 13 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-P AH! 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!

ALL OOM-PAH-PAH! OOM-PAH-PAH! THAT'S HOW IT GOES.

OOM-PAH-PAH! OOM-PAH-PAH! EV'RYONE KNOWS ...

NANCY WHAT IS THE CAUSE OF HIS RED SHINY NOSE? CAN IT BE ... OOM-PAH-PAH?

NANCY PRETTY LITTLE SALLY GOES WALKING DOWN THE ALLEY,

DISPLAYS HER PRETTY ANKLES TO ALL OF THE MEN.

THEY COULD SEE HER GARTERS, BUT NOT FOR FREE-AND-GRATIS

AN INCH OR TWO, AND THEN SHE KNOWS WHEN TO SAY WHEN!

ALL OOM-PAH-PAH! OOM-PAR-PAH! THAT'S HOW IT GOES.

OOM-PAH-PAH! OOM-PAR-PAR! EV'RYONE KNOWS ...

NANCY WHETHER IT'S HIDDEN; OR WHETHER IT SHOWS

IT'S THE SAME. .. OOM-PAH-PAH!!

NANCY THERE'S A LITTLE DITTY ALL OOM-PAH-PAH! OOMPAHPAH!

THEY'RE SINGING IN THE CITY THAT'S HOW IT GOES

ESPESHLY WHEN THEY'VE BIN OOM-PAH-PAH! OOM-PAH PAH!

ON THE GIN OR THE BEER. EV'RYONE KNOWS

IF YOU'VE GOT THE PATIENCE, THEY ALL SUPPOSE

YOUR OWN IMAGINATIONS WHAT THEY WANT TO SUPPOSE

WILL TELL YOU JUST EXACTLY WHEN THEY HEAR

WHAT YOU WANT TO HEAR OOM-P AH-PAH

ALL OOM-PAH-P AH! OOM PAH-P AH! 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!!

*[DODGER runs on from stage left]*

DODGER Fagin! Fagin!

FAGIN Dodger! Where's Oliver? Where's the boy?

DODGER He got took away in a coach!

FAGIN What coach?

DODGER 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?

DODGER 19, Chepstowe Gardens ... Bloomsbury ... I run all the way.

FAGIN We were supposed to look after him. We were supposed to bring him back with us.

SIKES Who?

FAGIN 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. And I'm afraid .. you see ... that if the game was up with us ... 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 Why you old!.. Somebody must find out what's been 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. It's got to be done quiet. We don't want any fuss. Nancy my dear - you're so good with the boy.

NANCY It's no good trying it on with me. 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 ou'll get him back 'ere my girl- unless you want to feel my hands on your throat!

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! You wouldn't let that happen would you, my dear?

BILL She'll go Fagin.

NANCY No she won't Fagin!

BILL Yes, she will Fagin! *[He hits Nancy viciously across the face. He turns and strides towards the door. ]* Bullseye!

*[They exit stage left (bill & Bullseye). There's silence. FAGIN goes to help NANCY. She looks at him with scorn and disgust. FAGIN and the boys turn and leave stage left. Blackout except for spot on NANCY.]*

*[Music = 14 As Long As He Needs Me]*

NANCY Alright Bet. Go home. There's a good girl.

*[Cast exit both sides leaving NANCY on stage alone.]*

NANCY AS LONG AS HE NEEDS ME ... OH, YES, HE DOES NEED ME .. .

IN SPITE OF WHAT YOU SEE . . . . . . I'M SURE THAT HE NEEDS ME.

WHO ELSE WOULD LOVE HIM STILL WHEN THEY'VE BEEN USED SO ILL?

HE KNOWS I ALWAYS WILL ... AS LONG AS HE NEEDS ME.

I MISS HIM SO MUCH WHEN HE IS GONE,

BUT WHEN HE'S NEAR ME I DON'T LET ON

THE WAY I FEEL INSIDE. THE LOVE, I HAVE TO HIDE . ..

THE HELL! I'VE GOT MY PRIDE AS LONG AS HE NEEDS ME.

HE DOESN'T SAY THE THINGS HE SHOULD.

HE ACTS THE WAY HE THINKS HE SHOULD.

BUT ALL THE SAME, I'LL PLAY THIS GAME HIS WAY.

AS LONG AS HE NEEDS ME ... I KNOW WHERE I MUST BE.

I'LL CLING ON STEADFASTLY ... AS LONG AS HE NEEDS ME.

AS LONG AS LIFE IS LONG ... I'LL LOVE HIM RIGHT OR WRONG.

AND SOMEHOW, I'LL BE STRONG ... AS LONG AS HE NEEDS ME.

IF YOU ARE LONELY THEN YOU WILL KNOW ...

WHEN SOMEONE NEEDS YOU, YOU LOVE THEM SO.

I WON'T BETRAY HIS TRUST ... THOUGH PEOPLE SAY I MUST.

I'VE GOT TO STAY TRUE, JUST

AS LONG AS HE …NEEDS …ME.

*[Blackout]*

**SCENE TWO – Brownlow’s House**

*[Lights up. Oliver is looking out of his bedroom window/balcony on the raised platform. The street sellers are below.]*

*[Music = 15 Who Will Buy?]*

ROSE SELLER WHO WILL BUY MY SWEET RED ROSES? TWO BLOOMS FOR A PENNY.

WHO WILL BY MY SWEET RED ROSES? TWO BLOOMS FOR A PENNY.

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

STRAWBERRY-SELLER RIPE STRAWBERRIES, RIPE! RIPE STRAWBERRIES, RIPE!

RIPE STRAWBERRIES, RIPE!

ROSE SELLER WHO WILL BUY MY SWEET RED ROSES?

STRAWBERRY-SELLER RIPE STRAWBERRIES RIPE

KNIFE-GRINDER 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!

WHO WILL TIE IT UP WITH A RIBBON, AND PUT IT IN A BOX FOR ME?

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!

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?

KNIFE GRINDER WHO WILL BUY?

STRAWBERRY SELLER WHO WILL BUY?

MILKMAID WHO WILL BUY?

ROSE SELLER WHO WILL BUY?

*[BROWNLOW and MRS BEDWIN enter and join OLIVER on the raised platform]*

MR BROWNLOW How do you feel today, my boy?

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

BROWNLOW If you wish, dear boy, if you wish.

OLIVER Thankyou sir.

*[OLIVER rushes off stage right excitedly]*

BROWNLOW He's a fine looking boy, don't you think Mrs Bedwin?

MRS BEDWIN He is. 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 me what really happened and he was released by the magistrate, I brought him here to make what amends I could.

MRS BEDWIN What do you know of him?

BROWNLOW Only that he's an orphan. 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.

*[The MAID enters stage left]*

MAID Excuse me sir. The books you ordered from the bookseller have arrived.

*[She takes them to him]*

BROWNLOW Ah yes, thank you ... But I do need some books returning today.

*[OLIVER enters stage right]*

MAID Why not send Oliver with them?

OLIVER Yes! Do let me take them for you please, sir.

BROWNLOW Very well my boy very well if you wish, you shall. Now I'll tell you what I want

you to do. You will give Mr Jessop these books and say you've come to pay the four pounds ten that l owe him - here's five pounds. No need to rush but I shall expect you back in ten minutes - it's just down the road.

*[OLIVER is about to go but BROWNLOW holds his hand, then his eyes move to a portrait on the wall. OLIVER looks.]*

OLIVER She's a very pretty lady, isn't she, Sir?

BROWNLOW 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 stage right]*

BROWNLOW *(who has been staring at the portrait)* Mrs Bedwin. Look at that portrait. Don't you see an extraordinary resemblance between Oliver and my daughter Agnes?

MRS BEDWIN Can't say I do sir

BROWNLOW Well in ten minutes, when the boy returns, I think you will see.

MRS BEDWIN Yes sir.

*[Mrs Bedwin & Mr Brownlow Exit stage right. Street sellers & Oliver enter, resuming their positions once more. Music = 15a Who Will Buy Reprise]*

KNIFE GRINDER WHO WILL BUY?

STRAWBERRY SELLER WHO WILL BUY?

MILKMAID WHO WILL BUY?

ROSESELLER WHO WILL BUY?

COMPANY WHO WILL BUY THIS WONDERFUL MORNING? SUCH A SKY YOU NEVER DID SEE!

WHO WILL TIE IT UP WITH A RIBBON, AND PUT IT IN A BOX FOR ME?

THERE'LL NEVER BE A DAY SO SUNNY, IT COULD NOT HAPPEN TWICE.

WHERE IS THE MAN WITH ALL THE MONEY? IT'S CHEAP AT HALF THE PRICE!

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

ME,OH MY! I DON'T WANT TO LOSE IT

SO WHAT AM I TO DO TO KEEP THE SKY SO BLUE?

OLIVER THERE MUST BE SOMEONE

ALL WHO WILL ... BUY!

*[NANCY and BET enter stage left and go to OLIVER. They have been lying in wait]*

NANCY Oh! my dear brother! *[She throws her arms about his neck]*

OLIVER Let go! Let go of me!

*[A CROWD gathers round. As the cast move downstage, upstage goes into darkness.]*

NANCY I've found him! Oliver, oh Oliver! My dear little brother! Where have you been? We've been worried sick! Thank goodness, I've found him.

CROWD 1 What's the matter?

NANCY Oh, he ran away from home two weeks ago, and went and joined a set of thieves and bad characters - almost broke his mother's heart.

OLIVER It's not true!

CROWD 2 The young wretch!

CROWD 3 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 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 enters stage left and appears in the group, with BULLSEYE. ]*

SIKES Young Oliver? Come home to your poor mother

*[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.

OLIVER Let go. I don't belong to them. Help! Help!

SIKES *(Putting his hand over OLIVERS mouth)* Now you little bleeder, you're coming with us.

NANCY All right Bill. Leave him alone.

SIKES Say goodbye to your fancy living.

*[The group exit stage left. Blackout]*

**SCENE THREE – Fagin’s Den**

*[Lights up. Enter SIKES stage left twisting OLIVER's arm, followed by BULLSEYE, NANCY and BET. ]*

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. DODGER is going through his 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 That's mine, Fagin.

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

*[BOYS laugh. FAGIN gives SIKES the books but he throws them to the ground in disgust. DODGER picks them up.]*

SIKES Well then I'll take the boy back again!

FAGIN That’s hardly fair, Bill

SIKES Fair or not, hand it over you old skeleton, Give it 'ere! *[He grabs the note from FAGIN]* That's for our trouble. *[He takes the books from Dodger and gives then to Fagin.]* Here. You can 'ave the books. Start a library.

*[He laughs and makes to exit.]*

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

*[There is a silence as OLIVER's words sink in. 15b Books ]*

SIKES *(Advancing towards OLIVER menacingly.)* So 'e'll be down here, will 'e?

NANCY Leave him alone, Bill!

SIKES 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. *[BILL raises his fist to hit him]*

NANCY No leave him alone Bill!

BILL Get off me, or I'll split yer head open!

NANCY Go on, then kill me! You'll have to before I'll let you lay a hand on that boy!

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

*[He flings her across the room]*

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

*[NANCY rises to her feet. ]*

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

NANCY No she hasn't Fagin

FAGIN Then keep quiet, will yer.

SIKES Tell 'em all about us would you?

NANCY I won't stand by and see it done, Bill. 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. Go and sort things out between yourselves. And you lot, off to bed with the lot of you!

*[NANCY, BILL and BULLSEYE exit stage right. The BOYS all settle down for bed and are soon asleep. Lights*

*gradually dim during the song, leaving only a spot on FAGIN.]*

*[Music = 16 Reviewing The Situation]*

FAGIN A MAN'S GOT A HEART, HASN'T HE? JOKING APART - HASN'T HE?

AND THO' I'D BE THE FIRST ONE TO SAY THAT I WASN'T A SAINT.

I'M FINDING IT HARD TO BE REALLY AS BLACK AS THEY PAINT ..

I'M REVIEWING THE SITUATION CAN A FELLOW BE A VILLAIN ALL HIS LIFE?

ALL THE TRIALS AND TRIBULATION! BETTER SETTLE DOWN AND GET MYSELF A WIFE.

AND A WIFE WOULD COOK AND SEW FOR ME, AND COME FOR ME, AND GO FOR ME,

AND GO FOR ME, AND NAG AT ME, THE FINGERS, SHE WILL WAG AT ME.

THE MONEY SHE WILL TAKE FROM ME. A MISERY, SHE'LL MAKE FROM ME ...

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

A WIFE YOU CAN KEEP, ANYWAY, I'D RATHER SLEEP, ANYWAY.

LEFT WITHOUT ANYONE IN THE WORLD, AND I'M STARTING FROM NOW

SO "HOW TO WIN FRIENDS AND TO INFLUENCE PEOPLE" -SO HOW?

I'M REVIEWING THE SITUATION, I MUST QUICKLY LOOK UP EV'RYONE I KNOW.

TITLED PEOPLE - WITH A STATION WHO CAN HELP ME MAKE A REAL IMPRESSIVE SHOW!

I WILL OWN A SUITE AT CLARIDGES, AND RUN A FLEET OF CARRIAGES,

AND WAVE AT ALL THE DUCHESSES WITH FRIENDLINESS, AS MUCH AS IS

BEFITTING OF MY NEW ESTATE ... [*He waves.*] "GOOD MORROW TO YOU, MAGISTRATE!"

... 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,

THOUGH 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,

THERE IS NO IN BETWEEN FOR ME BUT WHO WILL CHANGE THE SCENE FOR ME?

... I THINK I'LL HAVE TO THINK IT OUT AGAIN!

*[Blackout]*

**SCENE FOUR - Widow Corney’s Parlour**

*[Lights up on the downstage section of the stage to reveal MR BUMBLE and WIDOW CORNEY on the lower stage. The MATRON rushes on from stage right looking worried]*

BUMBLE 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.

CORNEY You better bring her in

*[The MATRON rushes off stage right and bring back OLD SALLY with her. She is frail and coughing]*

BUMBLE Well what is it?

SALLY In this very workhouse ... I once nursed a pretty young creature that I brought in from the cold... she gave birth to a boy ... and died. Let me think - what was the year again!

CORNEY Never mind the year, what about her?

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

CORNEY Gold? Go on, go on. What of it?

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

BUMBLE The boy's name?

SALLY They called him *[coughs]*

CORNEY *(shaking SALLY)* Yes?

SALLY *[coughs]* Oliver. The gold I stole was ...

*[SALLY has a coughing fit. BUMBLE dismisses her with a wave and the MATRON takes her off stage right]*

CORNEY We must retrieve that boy, Mr Bumble.

MRBUMBLE We must indeed, ma'am. We must indeed.

*[Music = 17 Oliver Reprise]*

BOTH OLIVER! OLIVER!

CORNEY THAT WAS THE MITE WITH THE LARGE APPETITE.

BOTH OLIVER! OLIVER!

MR BUMBLE APPARENTLY HE'S FROM A RICH FAMILY!

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 ... ?

CORNEY WE MUST GIVE HIM HIS DUE. ..

BOTH PRAISE THE LORD, SOMEBODY GAVE US O-LI-VER!

*[Blackout]*

**SCENE FIVE – Mr Brownlow’s Drawing Room**

*[Lights up. MR BROWNLOW, MRS BEDWIN, MR BUMBLE & WIDOW CORNEY are on stage]*

MR BROWNLOW I understand you bring information regarding the boy Oliver Twist.

MR BUMBLE We decided to come in answer to your advertisement?

WIDOW CORNEY I decided.

MR BUMBLE 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 went to an undertakers and promptly ran away.

MR BROWNLOW Well it's very good of you to come. Now what have you got to tell me?

MR BUMBLE *(producing the locket)* This locket was given by the lad's dying mother to my dear wife just before she passed away.

*[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 put 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 As to that, sir· if you consider the trinket don't properly belong to my dear wife ...

*[BUMBLE subsides. BROWNLOW takes out his wallet. Nancy appears in the background from stage right]*

MR BROWNLOW (taking out some notes) Here· ten pounds *[He thrusts the money into WIDOW CORNEY's hand.]* 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 follows – stage left]*

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 moves to them]*

MR BROWNLOW Can I help you madam?

NANCY 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. 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 BROWLOW Where then?

NANCY The Bridge, London Bridge. Tonight. At midnight. 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.]*

NANCY You don't believe me, do you? But if you want Oliver back, then you've got

to believe me.

MR BROWNLOW 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 tum 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.

*[Mrs Bedwin & Mr Brownlow Exit stage right. Music = 18 As Long As He Needs Me Reprise. Spot on Nancy]*

NANCY HE DOESN'T ACT AS THO' HE CARES. BUT DEEP INSIDE I KNOW HE CARES.

AND THAT IS WHY I'M TIED RIGHT BY HIS SIDE.

AS LONG AS HE NEEDS ME ... I KNOW WHERE I MUST BE. BUT,

WILL HE NEVER SEE THAT SOMEONE ELSE NEEDS ME?

AS LONG AS LIFE IS LONG ... I'LL LOVE HIM ... RIGHT OR WRONG ...

BUT, SOMETHING JUST AS STRONG, SAYS SOMEONE ELSE NEEDS ME ...

A CHILD WITH NO-ONE TO TAKE HIS PART.

I'LL TAKE HIS PART, BILL …BUT, CROSS MY HEART!

I WON'T BETRAY YOUR TRUST. THO' PEOPLE SAY I MUST.

MY HEART WILL STAY TRUE ... JUST ... AS LONG AS BILL NEEDS ME.

*[NANCY exits stage left. BILL appears stage right and follows her, exiting stage left. Blackout]*

**SCENE SIX - London Bridge at night.**

*[Music = 18a Murder. Lights up. Out of the mists, London Bridge rises up, with the distant striking of the clock. NANCY and OLIVER enter stage left and appear nervous of being spotted They pace back and forth across the stage waiting for Brownlow to appear. SIKES enters stage left unseen by them]*

NANCY Alright Oliver, now you stay here and, I'll look for Mr Brownlow. There's a good boy.

*[Sikes confronts her]*

NANCY Bill! Don't take him back there Bill. Let him go for pity's sake, let him go.

*[SIKES hits OLIVER]*

NANCY Why do you look at me like that Bill?

BILL Give me away would yer?

NANCY No, not you Bill, never you.

BILL Get away from me woman.

NANCY No, I won't let go Bill, look at me! I've been true to you upon my soul I have.

BILL Get away from me!

*[He strangles her and pushes her to the ground He raises his cudget. NANCY screams. BILL hits her. She dies. The clock strikes twelve. SIKES runs off with OLIVER stage left. Brownlow appears in time (entering stage right) to see Sikes running away. BROWNLOW sees Nancy's body.]*

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

*[BOW STREET RUNNERS enter stage right.]*

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.

CROWD 4 It's Nancy, somebody's murdered Nancy!

SECOND RUNNER What did he look like?

MR BROWNLOW He was a broad shouldered heavily built man

FIRST RUNNER Anything else?

MR BROWNLOW He wore a black coat and he had a dog.

CROWD 5 Bill Sikes!

CROWD 6 What's going on?

CROWD 4 It's Nancy! Bill Sikes has killed Nancy.

SECOND RUNNER Where will he be?

CROWD 5 He'll be at Fagin's

CROWD *(ad lib)* Let's follow him etc.

*[CROWD exit stage left – RUNNERS exit stage right. Upstage goes into darkness]*

*[SIKES with OLIVER enters Fagin’s Den stage left. FAGIN and the BOYS are in there, entering stage right]*

SIKES Fagin, Fagin.

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 OUT, Boys, OUT!!!

DODGER Fagin, Fagin! What do I do?

*[The BOYS exit all ways in a panic. FAGIN has his money. BILL and OLIVER go up the raised platform unseen]*

FAGIN Live up to your name. Dodge about.

*[DODGER goes to leave stage left and then turns back. As he gets to it the BOW STREET RUNNERS enter stage right and grab him]*

DODGER Me hat!

SECOND RUNNER Where's Fagin?

DODGER I don't know. Who do you think you are a-laying your hands on? Assault and battery, that's what it is! Wakin' a respeckable man up in the early hours of the morning! Shame on you!

*[DODGER is dragged off stage left by the BOW STREET RUNNERS. The action cuts back to the bridge. The*

*CROWD enter stage left, led by Bullseye. SIKES and OLIVER are on the bridge. BROWNLOW and BEDWIN*

*enter stage right]*

CROWD 6 He's on the roof!

SIKES Stand back or I’ll kill the boy.

*[A CROWD (4) member raises and gun and shoots SIKES. Music = 18b London Bridge. He dies. CROWD cheers. OLIVER runs down and finds BROWNLOW and MRS BEDWIN. They hug him. The CROWD begins to exit.]*

BROWNLOW Come Oliver. We’ll take you home now.

*[All exit. FAGIN enters stage left]*

*[Music = 19 Reviewing The Situation Reprise.]*

FAGIN CAN SOMEBODY CHANGE? S'POSSIBLE.

MAYBE IT'S STRANGE ... BUT IT'S POSSIBLE.

ALL MY BOSOM COMPANIONS AND TREASURES I'VE LEFT 'EM BEHIND ...

I'LL TURN A LEAF OVER, AND WHO CAN TELL WHAT I MAY FIND?

*[Blackout]*

**FINALE *[Music – 20 Consider Yourself Finale]***

ALL CONSIDER YOURSELF AT HOME. CONSIDER YOURSELF ONE OF THE FAMILY.

I’VE TAKE TO YOU SO STRONG. IT'S CLEAR WE'RE GOING TO GET ALONG.

CONSIDER YOURSELF WELL IN. CONSIDER YOURSELF PART OF THE FURNITURE.

THERE ISN'T A LOT TO SPARE. WHO CARES? WHAT EVER WE'VE GOT WE SHARE!

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

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

WHEN THE LANDLORD COMES TO CALL!

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

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

CONSIDER YOURSELF AT HOME ...

WE'VE TAKEN TO YOU SO STRONG ...

CONSIDER YOURSELF WELL IN ...

THERE ISN'T A LOT TO SPARE ...

IF IT SHOULD CHANCE TO BE WE SHOULD SEE SOME HARDER DAYS

EMPTY-LARDER-DAYS WHY GROUSE?

ALWAYS A CHANCE WE'LL MEET SOMEBODY TO FOOT THE BILL

THEN THE DRINKS ARE ON THE HOUSE!

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

FOR AFTER SOME CONSIDERATION, WE CAN STATE ...

CONSIDER YOURSELF ...ONE OF US!