

Book, Music & Lyrics by

## **Lionel Bart**

based on Charles Dickens' "Oliver Twist"

# **Vocal Score**

2003

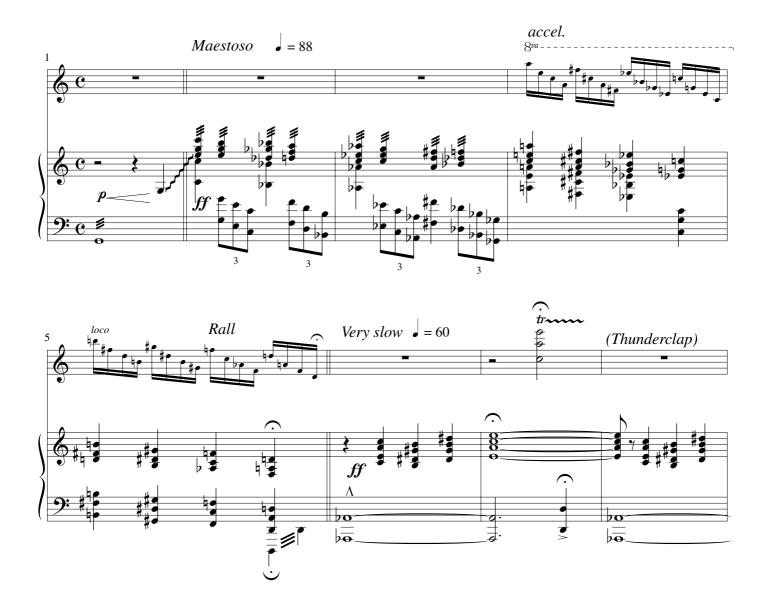


## Act One Act Two

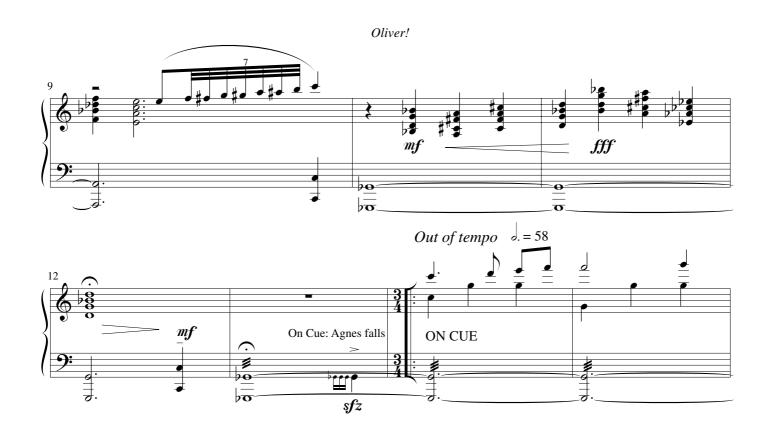
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# 1. Prologue

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



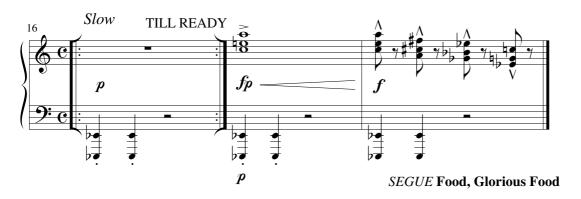
1. Prologue page 1





CUE: When 'God is Love' CUE: When workhouse is set. is in place

## GO ON GREEN LIGHT



## 2. Food Glorious Food

The Dining Hall of a workhouse, somewhere in the Midlands

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



2. Food, Glorious Food page 3





2. Food, Glorious Food page 4



2. Food, Glorious Food page 5







2. Food, Glorious Food page 8





2. Food, Glorious Food page 10



**SEGUE** Incidental Music into Oliver

## 3. Incidental Music into Oliver

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

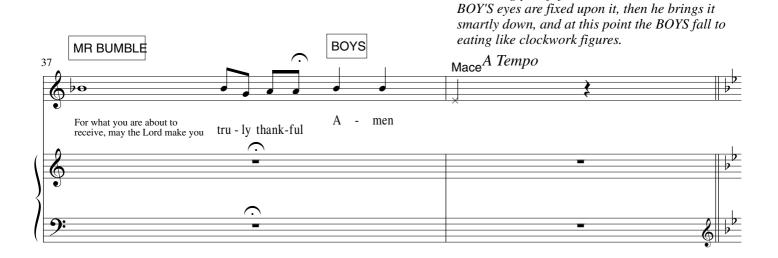
Then when they've sat down, the "OLIVER" theme music begins as MR BUMBLE enters first, walking solemnly with his brass-topped mace. He bangs his mace once. The boys look up.





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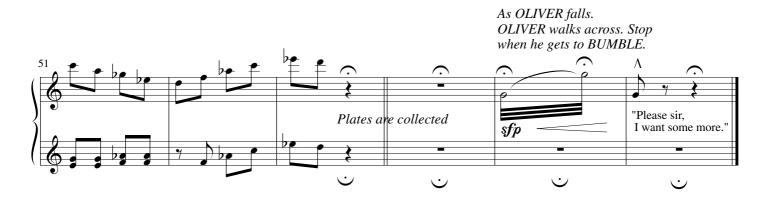




MR BUMBLE then raises his mace and holds it tantalisingly aloft for several seconds. All the







# 4. Oliver



4. Oliver page 15





4. Oliver page 17





4. Oliver page 19



4. Oliver page 20



WIDOW CORNEY (to assistants): Collect his belongings (and lock 'im up) and bring him back to me when you've done.....To bed - all of you!

**SEGUE Scurry Music** 

# 5. Scurry Music

BOYS ushered off by PAUPER ASSISTANTS. BUMBLE and WIDOW CORNEY move towards the Widow's Parlour.



## THE WIDOW'S PARLOUR

## MR BUMBLE:

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

## **WIDOW CORNEY:**

Hush, Mr. B., you've have had quite a turn and I fnace 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 infants' medicine when they ain't well and I'll not deceive you Mr. B.,

(She whips off the tea cosy to reveal a gin bottle)

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, ant-parochial. We have given away, Mrs Corney, a matter of twenty loaves and a cheese-and-a-half this very afternoon; and still them paupers is not contented.

#### **WIDOW CORNEY:**

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

#### MR BUMBLE:

Very sweet, indeed, ma'am.

(She drops two lumps of sugar in the gin, and stirs. He spreads his pocket handkercheig over his fat knees, heaves a deep sigh and looks at the cat basket.)

You have a cat ma'am, I see... And kittens too, I declare!

## **WIDOW CORNEY:**

I'm so fond of them you can't imagine, Mr Bumble. They're so happ, so cheerful, so frolicsome, that they are quite companions for me.

## MR BUMBLE: (Loadedly)

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

## **WIDOW CORNEY:**

So 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 hidiot, 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 hidiot! I would drown myself - with pleasure!

## **WIDOW CORNEY:**

Then you're a cruel man. And a very hardhearted man besides.

## MR BUMBLE:

Hard hearted, Mrs Corney? Hard? Are you hard hearted Mrs Corney?

## **WIDOW CORNEY:**

Dear me! What a very curious question coming from a single man. What can you want to know for, Mr B?

(MR BUMBLE drinks his gin, wipes his lips and kisses WIDOW CORNEY.)

## **WIDOW CORNEY:**

Oh, Mr Bumble,

## 6. I Shall Scream



6. I Shall Scream page 25



**SEGUE** Boy For Sale

# 7. Boy For Sale

WIDOW CORNEY (privately):

Well if you hurry back Mr Bumble you might get a little bit more.

*Indicating gin with innuendo.* 

Oh, and get a good price for him Mr Bumble.

MR BUMBLE leaves her and leads the boy through the streets towards the undertakers - as he sings -





7. Boy For Sale page 28

## INSIDE THE UNDERTAKER'S PARLOUR

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

Enter MR BUMBLE with OLIVER.

## MR BUMBLE:

Liberal terms, Mr Sowerberry... Liberal terms? Three pounds!

#### **SOWERBERRY:**

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

## MR BUMBLE:

Good! Then it's settled. One porochial 'prentis. Three pounds please!

## **SOWERBERRY:**

If you don't mind! Cash upon liking, Mr Bumble! Cash upon liking! *He calls out to MRS SOWERBERRY* Mrs Sowerberry!

## MRS SOWERBERRY: (off)

What is it?

#### **SOWERBERRY:**

Will you have the goodness to come here a moment, my beloved?

## MR BUMBLE (to OLIVER)

Oliver! Stand over there boy, and hold up your head, sir!

MRS SOWERBERRY enters. A thin squeezed 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 what 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:

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 seem to think you know best. *She gives a short, hysterical laugh.* 

## **SOWERBERRY**:

I did want to ask your advice, dearest.

## MRS SOWERBERRY:

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

Another hysterical laugh.

## **SOWERBERRY:**

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

## MRS SOWERBERRY stops

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

The 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 poor 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, Oliver Twist, do you think you could look like that gentleman up there?

(points to the sign over the door)

### **OLIVER:**

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

SOWERBERRY: (lost in imagining great things)

Never mind about tall hats...

## MRS SOWERBERRY: (interrupting)

No, the boy is quite right. These things must be done proper and correct. Get the boy a tall hat. Stand underneath the picture, boy.

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

## **SOWERBERRY:**

Delightful.

MR BUMBLE: (enthusiastically)

Very becoming.

#### MRS SOWERBERRY:

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

#### OLIVER:

Yes, ma'am, I think so.

As the SOWERBERRYS sing this song, a ghostly funeral processes past the outside of the shop and off into the distance. It is what SOWERBERRY is describing, and it is in OLIVER'S imagination. So, of the people on stage, only he sees it.

# 8. That's Your Funeral



8. That's Your Funeral page 32









8. That's Your Funeral page 36





8. That's Your Funeral page 38



#### 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 up 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 isn't too dainty to eat 'em - are you boy? Charlotte, this is the new boy... give them to him.

#### CHARLOTTE:

That's all there is!

CHARLOTTE enters with a plate of scraps. OLIVER devours the meagre meat on the bones as the SOWERBERRY family looks on in silent horror. OLIVER soon polishes off what is there, and after a pause...

#### 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.

MR SOWERBERRY and CHARLOTTE exit.

# MRS SOWERBERRY:

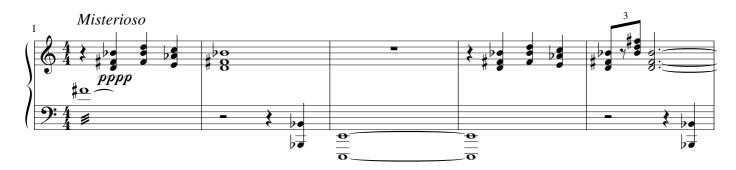
Good I'm glad to hear it, the dog's got to 'ave it next!

# 9. Coffin Music

MRS SOWERBERRY: 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.* 

#### START MUSIC AS DOOR CLOSES



OLIVER peers apprehensively at his sinister surroundings.



SLOW SEGUE AS ONE INTO Where Is Love

# 10. Where Is Love?







# 11. Next Morning

# Inside the Undertaker's next morning.

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

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

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

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

OLIVER: Yes sir.

NOAH (still outside): How old are yer?

OLIVER: Thirteen, 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.



Did you knock sir?

NOAH: (between mouthfulls)

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)

You 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 your scallywag.

NOAH kicks OLIVER's backside. OLIVER begins that down the shutters, 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 surrptitiously whilst OLIVER is turned away. They all begin eating.

#### NOAH:

D'you hear? Work'us?

## CHARLOTTE:

Here's ya bacon, Noah.

#### NOAH:

Nice and greasy just how I like it.

She feeds him.

# NOAH:

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 hims alone - his mother left him alone - they all left him alone - except dear old, kind old Noah.

# NOAH gropes CHARLOTTE

# **CHARLOTTE:**

I better go. Something's burning.

### CHARLOTTE exits.

NOAH: (addressing OLIVER - conversationally)

Work'us... How's your 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-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 anythying more see! The cheek of it - the workhouse cheek of it! My mother, 'e says. She was a nice 'un, she was!

NOAH curls his nose up 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 yet very much. But yer must know work'us, your mother was a regular right down bad'un.

What did you say?

#### NOAH:

A regular, right down bad 'un. And it's a good thing she died when she did or she'd have been transported, or hung from a gibbet as like as not!

A fight ensues during which, and over the music (12. The Fight) the following lines are shouted.

# NOAH:

Help, Charlotte, Missus... this 'ere new boy's a murderin' me... Charlotte!

CHARLOTTE enters followed by MRS SOWERBERRY

# **CHARLOTTE:**

Oh, you ungrateful, murderous little villian!

# MRS SOWERBERRY:

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

#### CHARLOTTE:

Oh my God, she's goin' 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 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 on ein hald his senses could venture to you like that.

#### MR BUMBLE:

It's not madness, ma'am. (he pauses)
It's meat!

#### MRS SOWERBERRY:

What?:

#### MRS BUMBLE:

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

#### MRS SOWERBERRY:

Dear, dear! This is what comes of being over generous.

#### MR BUMBLE:

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

MR SOWERBERRY enters from the street. He is still dressed in full mouring 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 lid) Help!

# MR SOWERBERRY:

Who's in there? That coffin should not abve 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!

It's a lie!

He pushes MRS SOWERBERRY and escapes. During music (13. Oliver's Escape) the following lines are shouted in quick succession lasting but a few bars.

# NOAH:

'E's gone.

# MRS SOWERBERRY:

Who's gone?

# **CHARLOTTE:**

Oliver, 'e's run off.

# MR SOWERBERRY:

Three pouns of mine, run off... after him!

# 12. The Fight

CUE: NOAH: A regular right-down bad 'un. And it's a good thing she died when she did or she'd have transported...







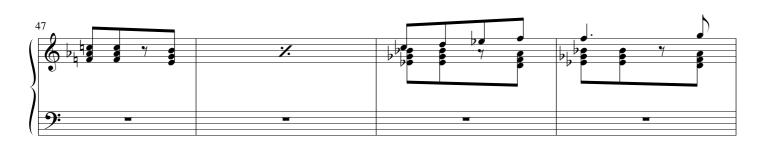
# 13. Oliver's Escape



13. Oliver's Escape page 55

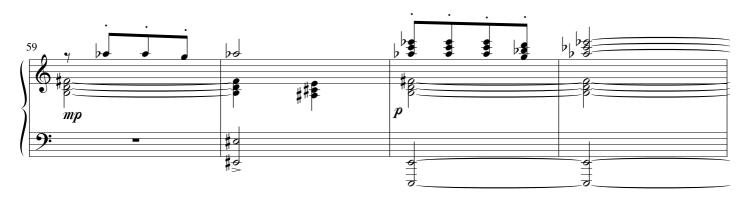


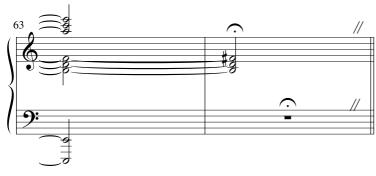
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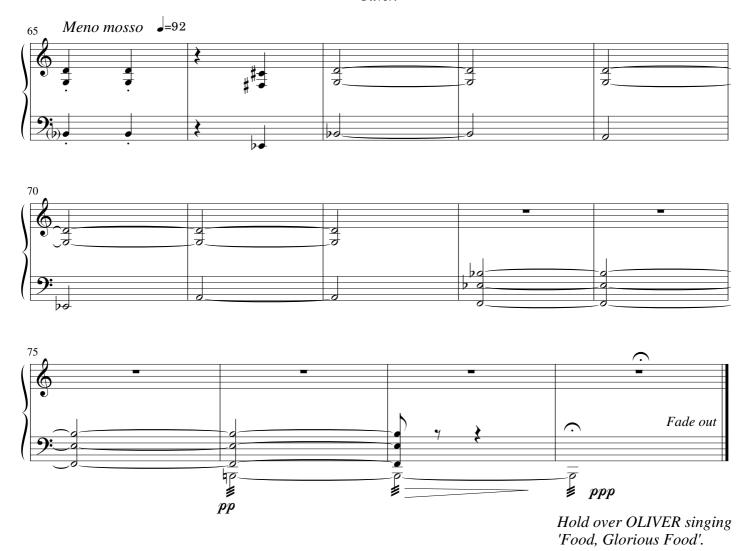












Cut on train sound cue.

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 volumious 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 concious 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?

OLI	VER:
The	what?

#### DODGER:

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

#### **OLIVER:**

A beak's a bird's mouth.

# DODGER:

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

# **OLIVER:**

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

DODGER: (suddenly very interested)

Oh you 'ave, 'ave ya?

# **OLIVER:**

Yes.

# DODGER:

Got any lodgings?

#### **OLIVER:**

No.

# DODGER:

Money?

### **OLIVER:**

Not a farthing.

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

#### **OLIVER:**

Do you live in London?

#### DODGER:

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

No - I don't think so...

#### DOGER:

Then h'accomodated you shall be me young mate.

(He eyes OLIVER speculatively)

There's a certain place and I know a 'spectable gentleman as lives there wot'll give you lodgin's for nothink, and never ask for the change - that is - if any other gentleman he knows interduces yer. And does he know me? I should say he does, not 'arf he don't, and some!

#### **OLIVER:**

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

#### DODGER:

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

#### **OLIVER:**

My name's Oliver. Oliver Twist.

DODGER: (with a flourish)

And my name's Jack Dawkins - better known among me more hintimate friends as the Artful Dodger.

#### OLIVER:

Pleased to meet you, Mister Dawkins.

DODGER: (pausing for second thoughts)

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

# **OLIVER:**

Are you sure Mr Fagin won't mind?

# DODGER:

Mind?

He bangs his dusty old top hat and sings:

# 14. Consider Yourself (Part One)

OLIVER: Are you sure Mr Fagin won't mind? DODGER: Mind? Allegro J.=128 DODGER Con si - der your - self at mf fam - i - ly. We've Con si-der your-self home, ta-ken "to you strong, clear so It's we're go-ing to get a long. si-der your-self Con well in, Con si-der your-self

14. Consider Yourself (Part One) page 62



14. Consider Yourself (Part One) page 63



14. Consider Yourself (Part One) page 64



14. Consider Yourself (Part One) page 65



14. Consider Yourself (Part One) page 66



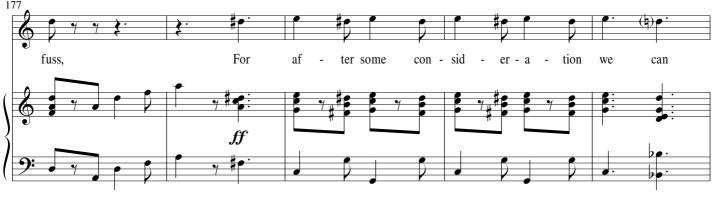
14. Consider Yourself (Part One) page 67



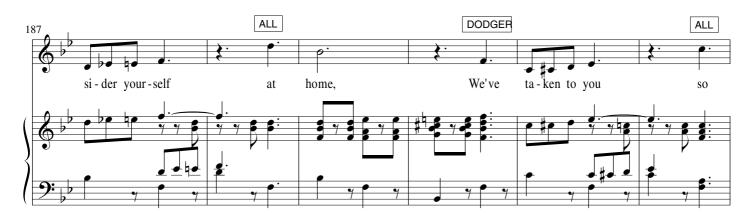


14. Consider Yourself (Part One) page 69





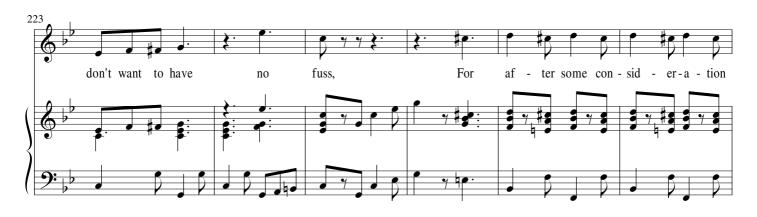






14. Consider Yourself (Part One) page 71







SEGUE AS ONE Consider Yourself (Part Two)

# 15. Consider Yourself (Part Two)





15. Consider Yourself (Part Two) page 74

# 16. Consider Yourself (Part Three)







16. Consider Yourself (Part Three) page 77



16. Consider Yourself (Part Three) page 78



16. Consider Yourself (Part Three) page 79



16. Consider Yourself (Part Three) page 80

Consider Yourself Reprise

# 17. Consider Yourself Reprise















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DODGER:

Fagin. Fagin.

FAGIN:

What!

DODGER:

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

OLIVER: (offering his hand to shake)

Sir.

FAGIN: (smiling, bowing low and shaking OLIVER'S hand)

I hope I shall have the honour of your intimate acquaintance. We're

very glad to see you, Oliver, very.

(to BOYS)

Aren't we my dears?

DODGER whispers in FAGIN'S ear, FAGIN nods approvingly.

## DODGER:

Mr Twist has come to London to seek his fortune.

### FAGIN:

You've come to London to seek you fortune. We must see what we can do to help you. Are you hungry?

**OLIVER:** 

Starving.

**FAGIN:** 

Would you like a sausage? Charley.

CHARLEY:

What?

**FAGIN:** 

Take off the sausages. Dodger.

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Yeah?

# FAGIN:

Draw up a chair near the fire for Oliver.

# CHARLEY:

'Ere! These saugsages 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.

# 18. Pick A Pocket Or Two

FAGIN: Well, not exactly, my boy. 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. . .















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

**FAGIN:** 

Put 'em all back in the box!

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

**FAGIN:** 

I said all of 'em!

The smallest BOY stops in his tracks.

Nipper!.... (with violence) ...Come 'ere!

The BOY shamefully walks back with the hanky 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 insise 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 lilt white hands!

FAGIN: (hits CHARLEY)
You be quiet, Charley.
(to CHARLEY)
And what have you got, my dear?

# CHARLEY:

Nose rags.

He produces two large silk handkerchiefs - very elaborately pattened.

#### **FAGIN:**

Well, they're very good ones, very! - yellow and green! You haven't embroidered the initials too well tho', Charley - H.R.H. - 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.

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 Sykes!

#### **OLIVER:**

Who's Bill Sykes, Mr Fagin?

## **FAGIN:**

All in good time, Oliver. All in good time.

# 19. Rum-Tum-Tum

CUE: FAGIN: All in good time, Oliver. All in good time

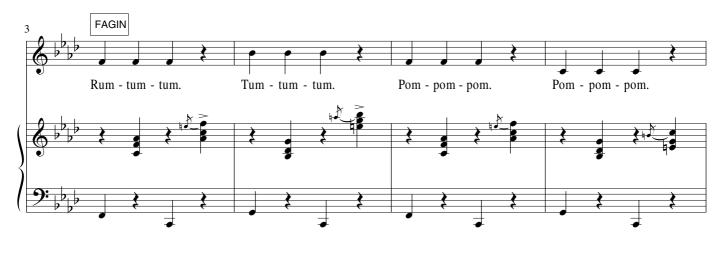




FAGIN: Now then, tell me, can you see my silk handkerchief, protruding from my pocket?

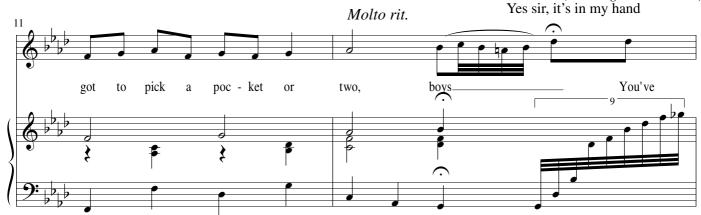
OLIVER: Yes sir.

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

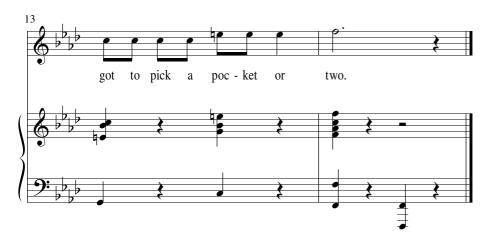




During pause.
FAGIN (incredulous): Is it gone?
OLIVER (showing it in his hand):
Yes sir it's in my hand



19. Rum Tum Tum page 98



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; there's a hard day's work ahead!

The BOYS protest.

#### **OLIVER**

Where shall I sleep, Sir?

#### **FAGIN**

Here, my dear. By the warm. Would you like a night cap?

OLIVER climbs onto the sofa

#### **OLIVER**

Yes please.

#### **FAGIN**

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

*OLIVER drinks the gin and spits it out.. The BOYS all laugh at him.*. Alright, alright. Settle down! Dodger! Take yer hat off in bed! Where's ya manners?

He comes over to OLIVER and secretly gives him a shilling, and speaking sotto voce...

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

Tucking OLIVER's arms under the blanket he sings as if in a gentle lullaby.

You've got to pick a pocket or two... You've got to pick a pocket or two... When FAGIN is confident the BOYS are asleep, he begins his nightly stocktaking. He reaches for his ledger and then lifts the trap door with his stick. The trap drops on his foot. He wants to scream, he has to scream - he can't scream. The BOYS are asleep. He retreats to a remote corner and whimpers... He returns to the trap and takes out a virtually empty sack. From above we hear a loud, coded knock. (Intermezzo part 1)

## **FAGIN:**

Oh! Bill. Perfect timing, as usual.

He clambers up the stairs with his sack, with much expectation. He waits for BILL to present him with a silver tea pot.

Oh, beautiful Bill.

He bas it. BILL presents a silver plate.

Ooh, now that is lovely, Bill.

BILL presents a silver candlestick.

Another one of these, we'd 'ave a pair!

BILL produces the matching candlestick.

What can I say?

BILL finally produces a beautiful ring.

Oh, Bill. This is all so sudden... I never knew you cared. I shall 'ave to go and think it over.

He tries to exit but is stopped by BILL, who then clicks his fingers for money.

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

He disappears quickly back down below. The excited FAGIN literally trips down the stairs, checking the BOYS are still asleep. He begins to price up and itemise BILL'S booty. He sets out the silver onto the sack like a dinner party. He enters "2 candlesticks" into the ledger. He enters "1 tea pot". He stops. Looks at it. FAGIN rubs the tea pot.

#### FAGIN:

Come on out, my son... Just for me. Just for Fagin.

There is nothing. He opens the lid. There is a dead mouse inside. He pulls it out and throws it away.

# Typical!

He enters "I silver plate" in the ledger. He admires the plate and catches sight of his own reflection. At first he is admiring, then he sees the reality. With a little shiver he gathers all the booty together in the sack and places it back into the trap. He goes to throw the ting in also but he stops.

(Looking upward) No sorry, guv'nor, this one's for me.

He closes the trap. The lights dim. He double checks that everybody is still asleep. There is silence. FAGIN now mkes his way to his own personal treasure chest. It is stored under the floorboards and no-one but FAGIN knows of its existence. He pulls up a still, settles down and lifts the box to him. Taking out the ring and placing it inside. (Cue mark tree as he opens the box.)

### **FAGIN:**

Go on then my beauty. Go and join your little friends and play together! You're for my old age, my pension.

He hugs the box to him, and slowly, muttering to himself, drifts into a blissful sleep. The music makes the transition to morning. (Intermezzo part 2). The sun is up and FAGIN is still asleep, caressing the box. He is having a nightmare.

FAGIN: (sweating and panicky)

No! You can't take it. It's mine... mine! It was Bill Sykes. Bill Sykes stole it all. Don't you see Your Honour, I was going to give it away! It was foor the poot! THE POOR I TELL YOU!

OLIVER has been woken by this and now stands over FAGIN.

OLIVER: (nervously)

Mr Fagin?

FAGIN: (half in, half out of the dream)

No, let me speak! I demand to be heard! Don't you see, Your Honour, it was for all the little ophans in this world...

Opening his eyes, he sees OLIVER in front of him.

Like this one here!!

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

Why are you awake? What have you seen? Quick, quick! Speak! I want to hear every detail you saw!

#### **OLIVER:**

I couldn't sleep any more, sir. I'm very sorry if I disturbed you, sir.

#### **FAGIN:**

Were you awake a quarter of an hour ago?

#### **OLIVER:**

No.

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Ten minutes ago?

## **OLIVER:**

Not that I know of.

#### **FAGIN:**

Be sure, be sure!!

# OLIVER:

I'm sure!

FAGIN: (resuming his old manner) All right then... If you're sure, I'm sure.

He plays with the toasting fork.

Of course, I knew all along, my dear. I only tried to frighten you. Did you see any of those pretty things, my dear?

Looking at the box.

## **OLIVER:**

Yes, sir.

FAGIN: (starts)

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

*He looks from the floortrap to the box.* 

## **OLIVER:**

Do you think I could get up now, sir?

#### FAGIN:

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

# **OLIVER:**

But I had a bath 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.

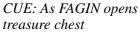
# 20. Intermezzo Part 1

When all the BOYS are asleep, a huge shadow appears on the pavement above. It's BILL SIKES. He knocks.

FAGIN: (singing) You've got to pick a pocket or two.



# 21. Intermezzo Part 2







# 22. It's a Fine Life

NANCY enters into the street above with BET.

**NANCY** 

Come on Bet.

**FAGIN** 

Nancy!

**NANCY** 

Lifts the manhole cover and shouts down.

Plummy and slam.

**FAGIN** 

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

**DODGER** 

Ladies! Cor! 'Ark at him!

**NANCY** 

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

Coming down the stairs into the room.

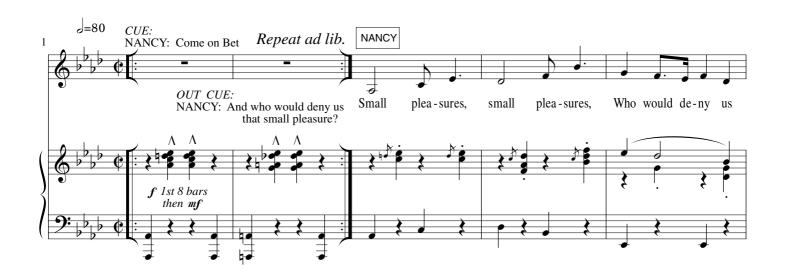
Where's the gin, Fagin?

#### **FAGIN**

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

# **NANCY**

And what's wrong with a bit of danger, then, Mis-ter Fagin? After all, that's the only bit of excitement we have. And who would deny us that small pleasure.













22. It's a Fine Life page 109



22. It's a Fine Life page 110



22. It's a Fine Life page 111

NANCY: (looking at OLIVER) 'Ere, who's this then, Fagin?

## **FAGIN:**

Oh, ladies, I forgot, you must meet our new lodger - Mister 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 genlemen '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! Have you seen the way them quality gentlemen treats their ladies?

### DODGER:

Of course I have.

### NANCY:

Shall we show then how it's done?

### DODGER:

Definitely!

## 23. I'd Do Anything

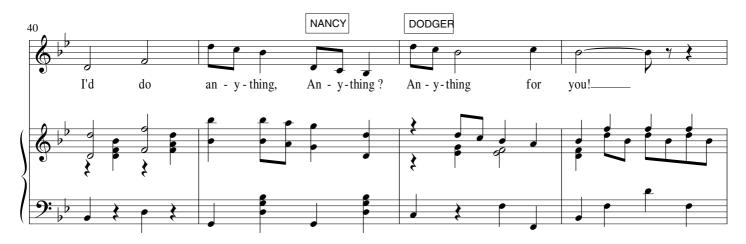
FAGIN: Go on Nancy, give us a free show.

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







FAGIN: Come on Nancy. Give Oliver a go!

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













## 24. Be Back Soon

FAGIN (pretending to be overwhelmed):

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

Groans of protest from the boys

#### **CAPTAIN:**

Oh, Fagin-We was all going to see the 'angin!

#### **FAGIN:**

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

NANCY ascending the staircase with BET.

## NANCY:

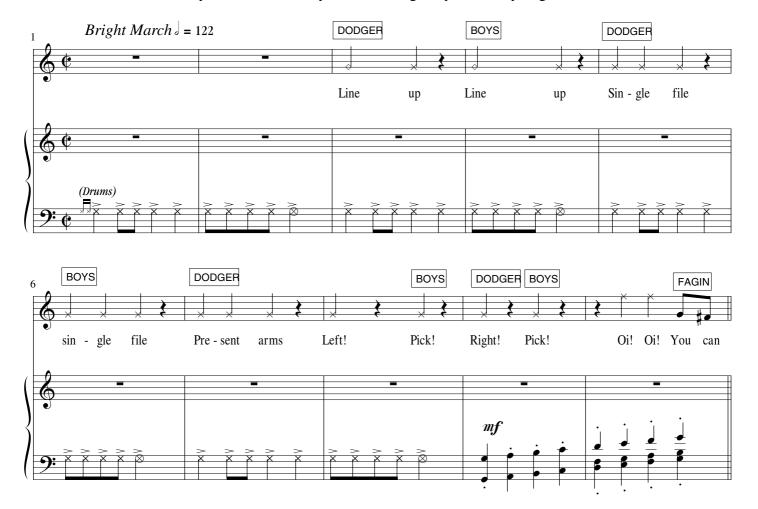
Yeah, you're right. Listen 'ere you lot and especially you Oliver - don't get hung! Tat ta you lot!. (Ad lib)

### **BOYS**:

Tat ta Nancy. Bye Bet.(Ad lib)

#### **FAGIN:**

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





24. Be Back Soon page 120





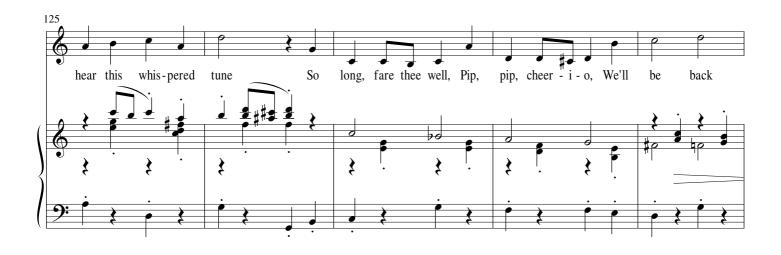
24. Be Back Soon page 122

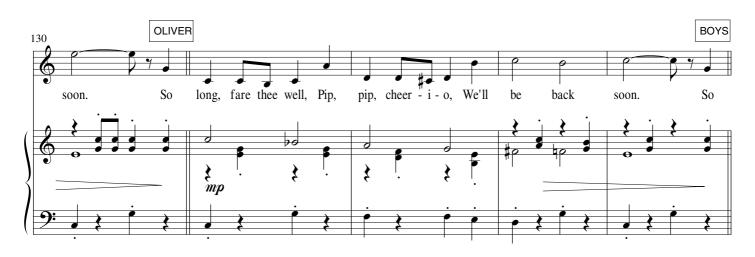




24. Be Back Soon page 124









## 25. The Robbery

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





\*CUE TO START TREM: BROWNLOW: Give that back. Come on, give it back...

\*CUE TO STOP TREM: OLIVER runs off scared.

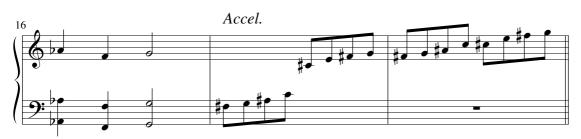
## 26. Chaos

CUE: Stop that boy! My pocket's been picked!









ATTACCA Chase

# 27. Chase (Finale Act 1)





## 28. Oom-Pah-Pah

## The "Three Cripples", a Public House, that evening.

Curtain slowly rises to disclose the smoky saloon of the public house.

There is a boxing match in progress.

The raffish looking CUSTOMERS are drinking and flirting. They sing over the general hubbub.



At one end of the room is a CHAIRMAN with a hammer. The CHAIRMAN bangs his hammer.



CHAIRMAN: Ladies and Gentlemen, Brethren, sinners all!



CHAIRMAN: I call upon our Goddess of the Virtues to give us her well known rendition of the old school song -

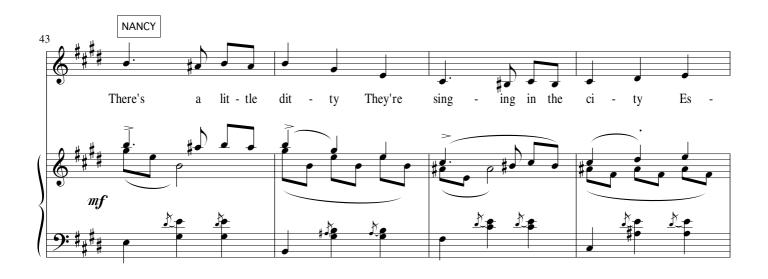


CUSTOMERS: Good old Nancy! Come on Nancy!

NANCY: All right! All right!

CHAIRMAN: Oom-pah-pah!

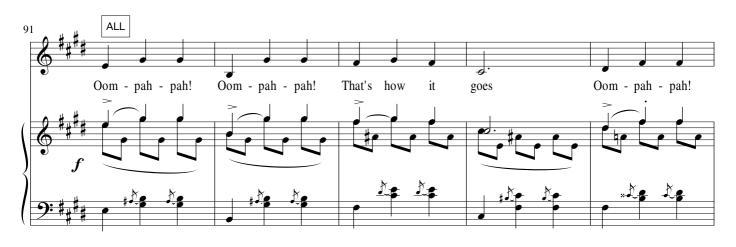


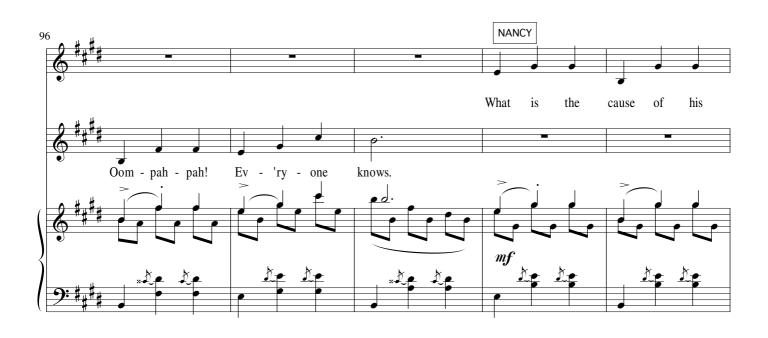


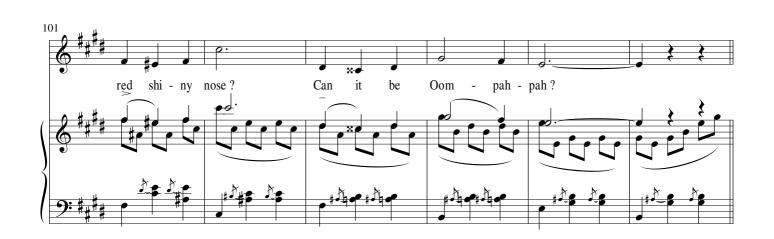




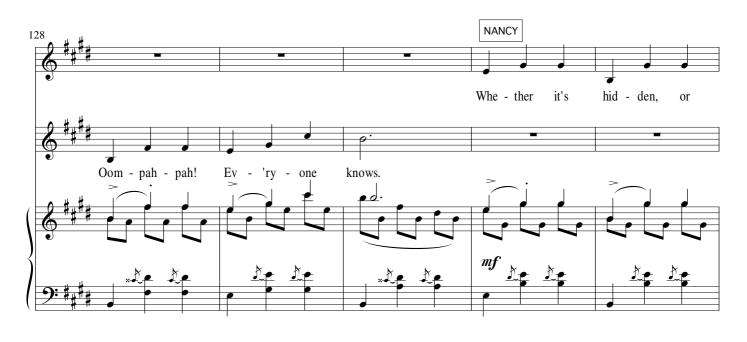


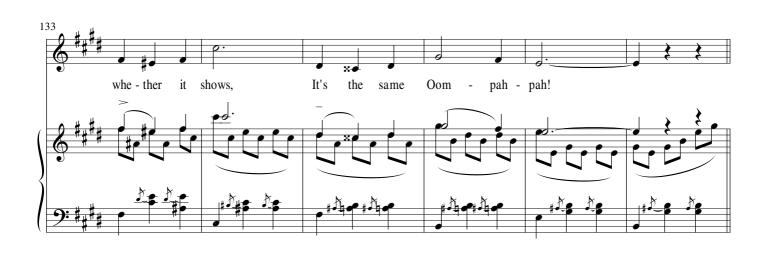


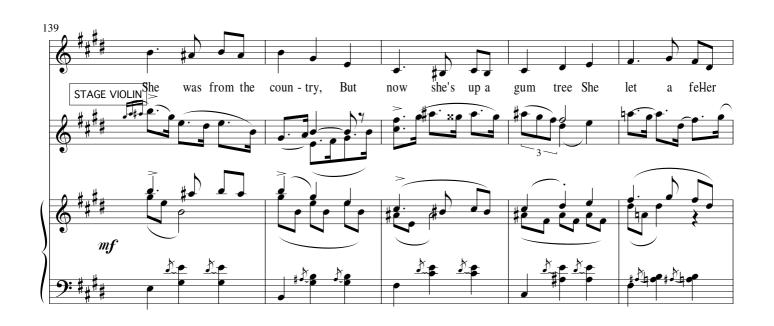




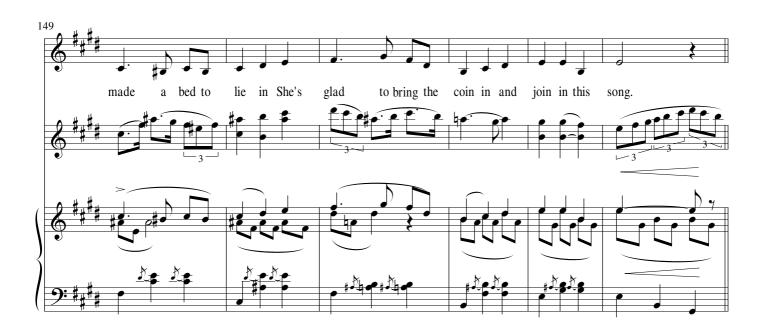




















## 29. My Name

SFX: Three loud bangs on the table. Enter Sykes

VOICE: (in a loud whisper) Bill Sykes!







29. My Name page 146





(NANCY kisses BILL)

# 30. Underscore After 'My Name'





(Dialogue during Underscore)

DODGER enters breathless and in a panic

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

FAGIN: (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 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...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!

SYKES: (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.

SYKES: (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 SYKES 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.

SYKES starts towards FAGIN, who merely stares vacantly ahead.

## SYKES:

Why you old!... Somebody must find out what's been done, or said. If he hasn't talked yet, there's still a chance we might get him back - without suspicion. We'll nab him the very moment he dares to step out of that house. Now who's gonna go?

They all look around at each other.

## DODGER:

I suppose it'll have to be me.

#### **FAGIN:**

You shut your trap, Dodger. You've caused enough trouble.

(He looks at NANCY)

It's got to be done quiet. We don't want any fuss.

(Smirking at NANCY)

The very thing! Nancy my dear - you're so good with the boy.

### NANCY:

It's no good trying it on with me.

BILL goes across to her menacingly.

## **BILL**:

And just what do you mean by that remark?

NANCY gets up and faces BILL

#### NANCY:

What I say Bill. I'm not going... Wht 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 wnat to feel my hands on your throat!

He throws NANCY onto a stool. FAGIN hurries across and speaks pleadingly at NANCY, trying to prevent more violence, which he hates.

## **FAGIN:**

Nancy, my dear - if he talked, think waht would happen to us. Think what would happen to Bill. I'd be the gallows for him, Nancy - the gallows! You wouldn't let that happen would you, my dear? Not to Bill? Not to your Bill?

## **BILL**:

She'll go, Fagin.

He turns away. With sudden spirit, NANCY looks up at FAGIN.

## NANCY:

No she won't Fagin!

## **BILL**:

Yes, she will, Fagin!

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

*The exit.* (BILL & BULLSEYE)

There is silence. FAGIN runs over to help NANCY. She pushes him aside with scorn and disgust. FAGIN and the boys turn and leave.

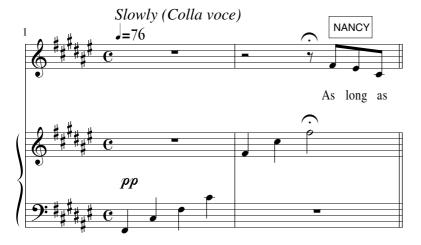
## 31. As Long As He Needs Me

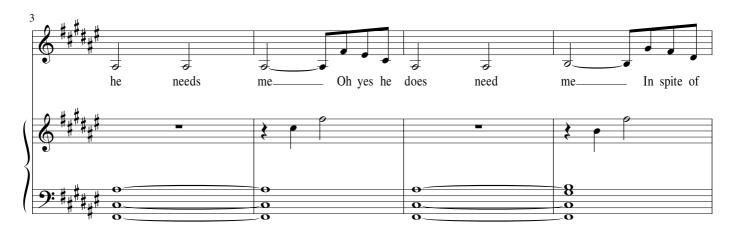
## F#major version

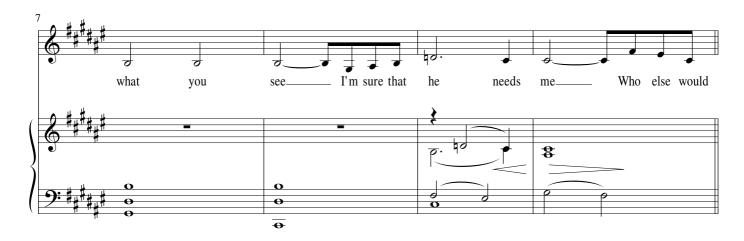
**WARNING:** 

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

VISUAL CUE: As BET gets halfway upstage.











31. As Long As He Needs Me (F# major) page 156



31. As Long As He Needs Me (F# major) page 157



31. As Long As He Needs Me (F# major) page 158

## 32. Transition to Where Is Love Reprise



33. Where Is Love Reprise Brownlow's house - bedroom, stairs, morning room and street outside.



## 34. Who Will Buy (Part One)

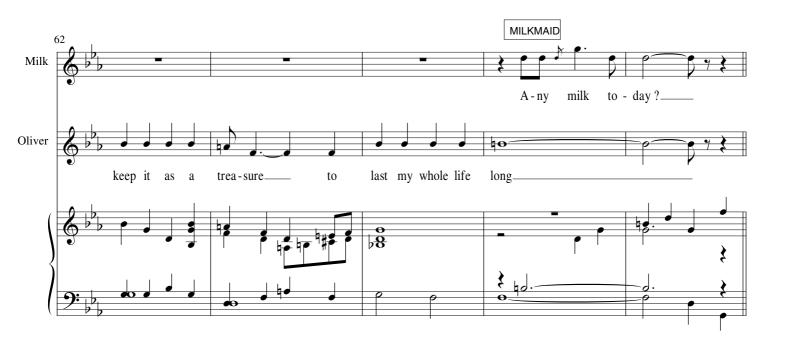


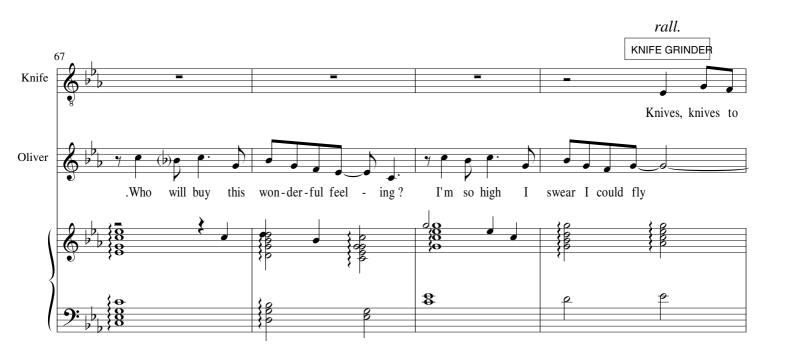














## **BROWNLOW:**

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

## DR. GRIMWIG:

That, sir, is for me to decide...

## **BROWNLOW:**

Thank you, Mrs Bedwin.

## MRS BEDWIN:

Mr Brownlow.

## **BROWNLOW:**

How do you feel today, my boy?

### **OLIVER:**

Very happy, sir. May I steay 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 aaahhh...

Inserting a spatula into his mouth.

### OLIVER:

Aaahhh

## 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.

GRIMWIG 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, that's for certain. 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 boy. 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 waht 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 some more sir. What do you know of him? Nothing.

### **BROWNLOW:**

No, 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.

#### **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 the stairs. BROWNLOW shouts after the MESSENGER BOY.

## **BROWNLOW:**

Hey! Come back! Oh really, really, and I particularly wishes some boks 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 thses books nd 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 ("PORTRAIT MUSIC" begins) expect you back in ten minutes - it's just down the road.

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

## **OLIVER:**

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

BROWNLOW: (watching OLIVER)

Yes it's a portrait of my daughter Agnes...

## **OLIVER:**

I'll take the books then sir...

BROWNLOW: (absently) Yes... you take the books.

## **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 and extraordinary reasemblance between Oliver and my daughter Agnes?

## **GRIMWIG:**

Can't say I do.

## **BROWNLOW:**

Well, in ten minutes time Dr Grimwig, when the boy returns, I think you will.

## **GRIMWIG:**

Yes, Mr Brownlow - ten minutes.

## 35. Portrait Music





## 36. Who Will Buy (Part Two)

BROWNLOW: Well in ten minutes Dr Grimwig, when the boy returns, I think you will see. GRIMWIG: Yes Mr Brownlow, ten minutes.

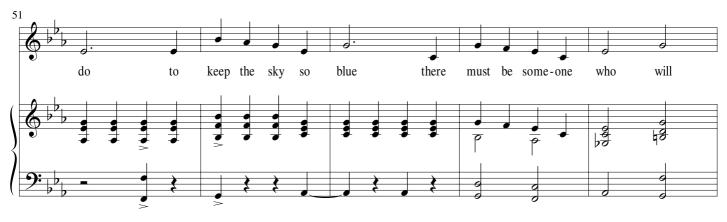


36. Who Will Buy (Part Two) page 173

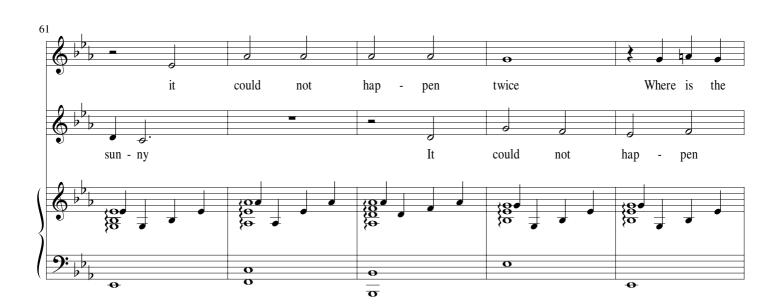
















DEAD SEGUE Who Will Buy (Part Three)

# 37. Who Will Buy (Part Three)

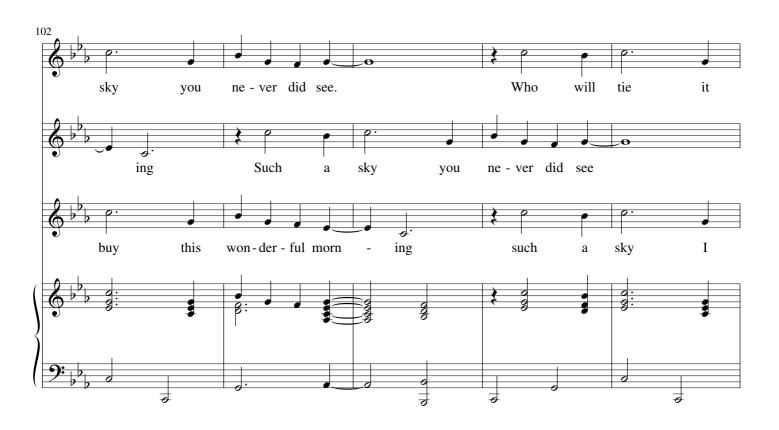
















37. Who Will Buy (Part Three) page 185







37. Who Will Buy (Part Three) page 188

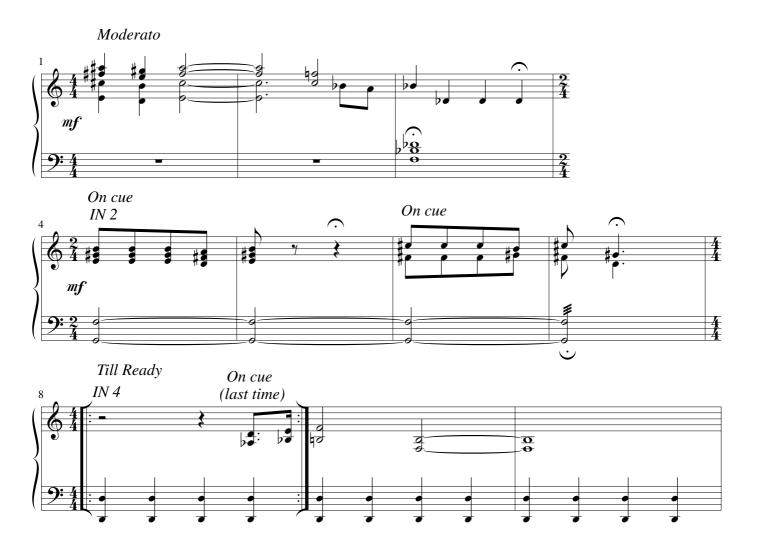


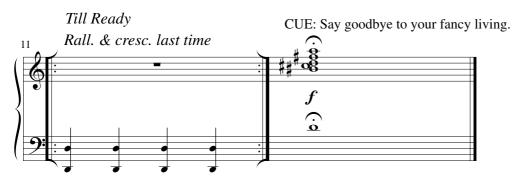




# 38. Recapture

## NANCY and SYKES hustle OLIVER off towards Thieves Kitchen.





### THIEVES KITCHEN

Enter SYKES twisting OLIVER'S arm, followed by NANCY and the dog. 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 pulling OLIVER about. One pulls his cap off, puts it on himsef 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 what give you another suit, for fear you should spoil that Sunday one. Wht 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 SYKES steps forward, but before he can get there, FAGIN grabs the note.

### SYKES:

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

### FAGIN:

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

BOYS laugh, but SYKES glares at them and they stop as one. He gives SYKES the books but he throws them to the ground in disgust. DODGER picks them up.

### **SYKES:**

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

FAGIN stops in his tracks.

### SYKES:

Come on, 'and over.

FAGIN: (imploringly)

This is hardly fair, Bill - hardly fair, is it, Nancy?

### SYKES:

Fair or not fair, hand it over you avaricious old skeleton. Give it 'ere!

At which point he plucks the note from between FAGIN'S finger and thumb.

### SYKES:

That's for our share of the trouble and not half enough neither.

He takes the books from DODGER and gives them 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 silence as OLIVER'S words sink in.

SYKES: (advancing towards OLIVER menacingly.)

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

### NANCY:

Leave 'im alone, Bill! (SYKES glares at NANCY)

SYKES: (to OLIVER)

What did you tell him about us?

#### **OLIVER:**

Nothing.

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

### **SYKES:**

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

OLIVER (as he tries to escape)

Help! Help!

BILL grabs him, OLIVER hits BILL across the face.

### BILL:

Hit me would you?

He pushes off OLIVER and makes for his cudgel. NANCY rushes forward and grabs BILL'S arms.

NANCY:

No, leave him alone Bill!

BILL:

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

NANCY:

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

BILL:

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

He flings here across the room.

FAGIN:

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

NANCY rises to her feet.

**SYKES:** 

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

NANCY:

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

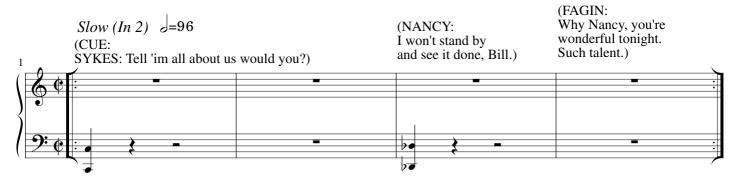
**FAGIN:** 

Keep quiet will yer. All this violence.

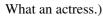
# 39. It's a Fine Life Reprise

### (WARNING:

FAGIN: Then keep quiet, will yer. All this violence)



### (CUE: FAGIN:





## NANCY:

**SYKES** 

**NANCY** 

**FAGIN** 

Tell 'im about us would you?

talent. What an actress

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

Why Nancy, you're wonderful tonight. Such

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

SYKES:

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

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

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

## (CUE: SIKES: ...to make a friend of you) poco a poco accel.

#### (OUT CUE: SYKES: It's your living, (CUE:



#### 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, he's a liar and a thief and that's all bad. Ain't that enough for you, without beating him to death..

FAGIN:

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 and don't you forget it! SYKES:

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









**SEGUE** Reviewing the Situation

# 40. Reviewing the Situation

FAGIN: Take care of her, Bill. (SYKES exits)

Take care of him, Dodger. (DODGER takes OLIVER off)

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







40. Reviewing the Situation page 202



40. Reviewing the Situation page 203



40. Reviewing the Situation page 204











40. Reviewing the Situation page 208





40. Reviewing the Situation page 210

# 41. Back to the Workhouse

WIDOW CORNEY's parlour. A few days later



MR BUMBLE sits, looking out into thin air with a most melancholy expression on his face. He has a tankard and takes a swig. He thinks he is alone and so he thinks aloud.

### MR BUMBLE:

Married! And two weeks ago tomorrow it was done. It seems an age! (he heaves a sigh)

WIDOW CORNEY enters.

### MR BUMBLE:

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

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

## WIDOW CORNEY: (shrieking)

Cheap! You would have been dear at any pricel 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 perogative.

### WIDOW CORNEY:(contemptuously)

Your perogative!

### MR BUMBLE:

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

### **WIDOW CORNEY:**

And waht's the perogative of a woman, in the name of Goodness?

### MR BUMBLE:

To obey, madam! Your late husband should have tuaght you that, and then, perhaps, he might have been alive today, and I wish he was, poor man!

### **WIDOW CORNEY:**

Oooooh! You hard-hearted brute!

*She falls into a proxysm of tears.* 

### 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 perogative, if you dare!

MR BUMBLE attempts toargue.

### **WIDOW CORNEY:**

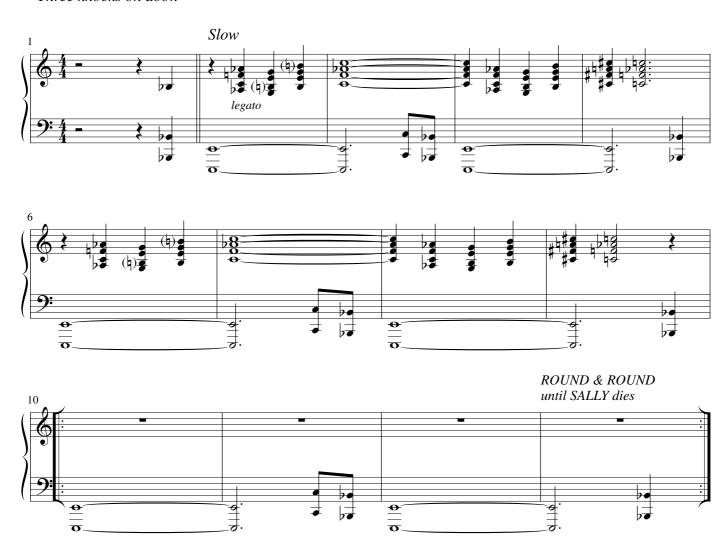
Shut up! And take yourself away from here, unless you want me to do something desperate. Well, are you going?

## MR BUMBLE: (breaking away)

Certainly my dear, certainly. I had no intention of staying. It's just that you are so very violent.

# 42. Old Sally

CUE: Three knocks on door.



There is a knock on the Workhouse door. WIDOW CORNEY rises and opesn it. THE MATRON is standing there with OLD SALLY.

#### **WIDOW CORNEY:**

What's the matter?

#### MATRON:

It's old Sally, ma'am. She says she's got something to tell you that must be heard. She's not got long and she'll never die quiet till you listen, ma'am.

#### **WIDOW CORNEY:**

You better come in.

They enter.

Well what is it?

SALLY (indicating MATRON)

Turn her away.

#### MATRON:

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

# WIDOW CORNEY (to MATRON)

Go on, get out of it!

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

# **SALLY:**

Now listen to me. In this very workhouse... I once nursed a pretty young creature that I brough in from the cold with her feet cur 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 ting she had od 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 belieg she came from a rich family.

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

# WIDOW CORNEY:

The boy's name?

# SALLY:

They called him...

WIDOW CORNEY: (shaking OLD SALLY)

Yes?

# SALLY:

Oliver.

The gold I stole was...

# WIDOW CORNEY:

Yes, yes - what?

She dies.

WIDOW CORNEY drops her back onto the floor, tugs off the locket and steps over OLD SALLY'S body.

# WIDOW CORNEY:

We must retrieve that boy, Mr Bumble.

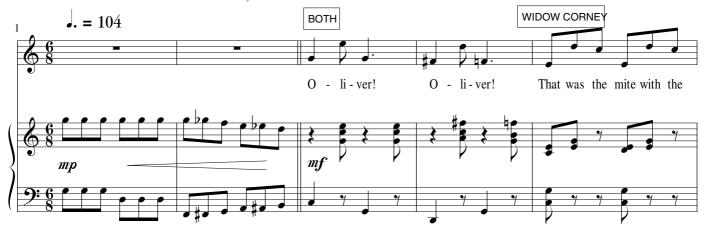
# MR BUMBLE:

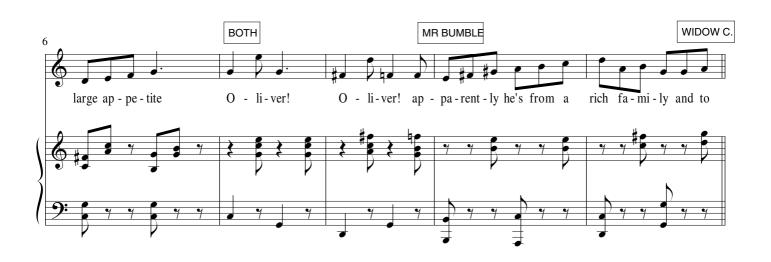
We must indeed, ma'am. We must indeed.

# 43. Oliver Reprise

CUE:

WIDOW CORNEY: We must retrieve that boy, Mr Bumble. MR BUMBLE: We must indeed, ma'am. We must indeed.









43. Oliver Reprise page 218

## THE BROWNLOW'S DRAWING ROOM

#### MR BROWNLOW:

I understand you bring information regarding the boy? Oliver Twist.

# MR BUMBLE: (pre-prepared)

We decided to come in answer to your advertisement.

#### WIDOW CORNEY:

I decided.

# MR BUMBLE: (deflated)

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

(He stops to catch his breath)

#### MR BROWNLOW:

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

# MR BUMBLE: (producing the locket with great moment)

This locket was given by the lad's dying mother to my dear with 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 too Oliver from us for three pounds.

#### MR BROWNLOW:

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

#### MR BUMBLE: (privately)

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

#### MR BROWNLOW:

Really! The 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 cam 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:

But 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.

# 44. The Locket

#### MR BUMBLE

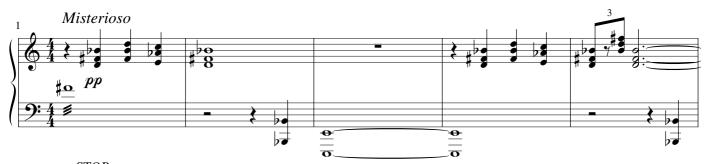
If the law supposes that, then the law is a ass! If that's the eye of the law, then the law is a bachelor! And the worst I wish the law is...that his eye may be opened by experience...by experience

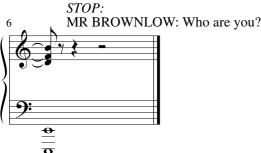
BUMBLE exits.

BROWNLOW is left alone looking at the locket in his hand. MRS BEDWIN enters, looking flustered.

(CUE:

MR BUMBLE: ...by experience, by experience)





#### **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 'ad told us.

Nancy appears in the doorway.

MR BROWNLOW

Mrs Bedwin, who is this?

**MUSIC STOPS** 

# 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:

Me and... (she stops)

...and someone else.

# MR BROWNLOW:

Where can I find him? Who is this other person you speak of? Tak 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 they 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.

#### **NANCY:**

And you've got to come alone. Promise 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: (making up his mind)

Very well - I'll be there.

NANCY: Thank God!

She turns to go.

# MR BROWNLOW:

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 think I understand, my dear.

# MR BROWNLOW:

But a man who might kill you?

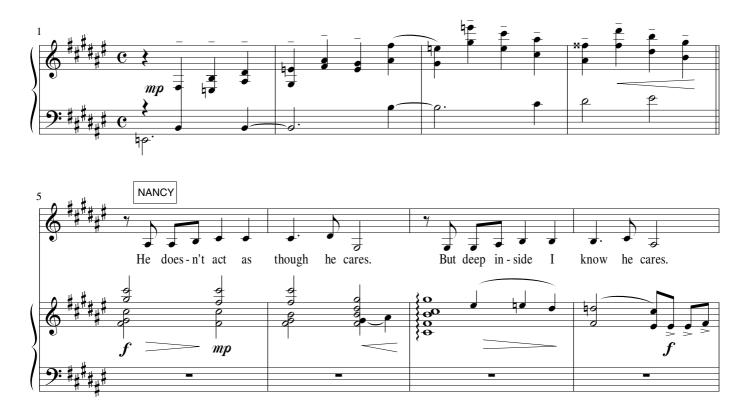
#### NANCY:

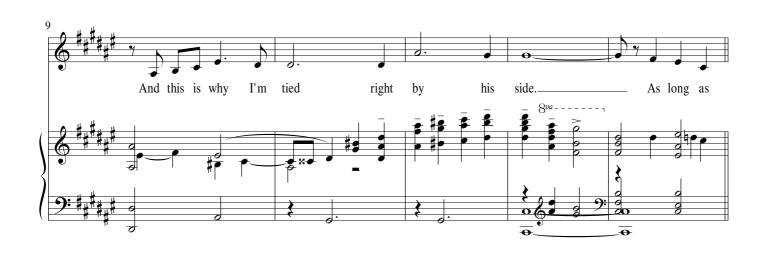
Yes, but he's mine, and I'm his. I've got to go back. I want to go back..

# 45. As Long As He Needs Me Reprise F#-A Version

# (CUE: NANCY:

Yes, but he's mine, And I'm his. I've got to go back. I want to go back.)







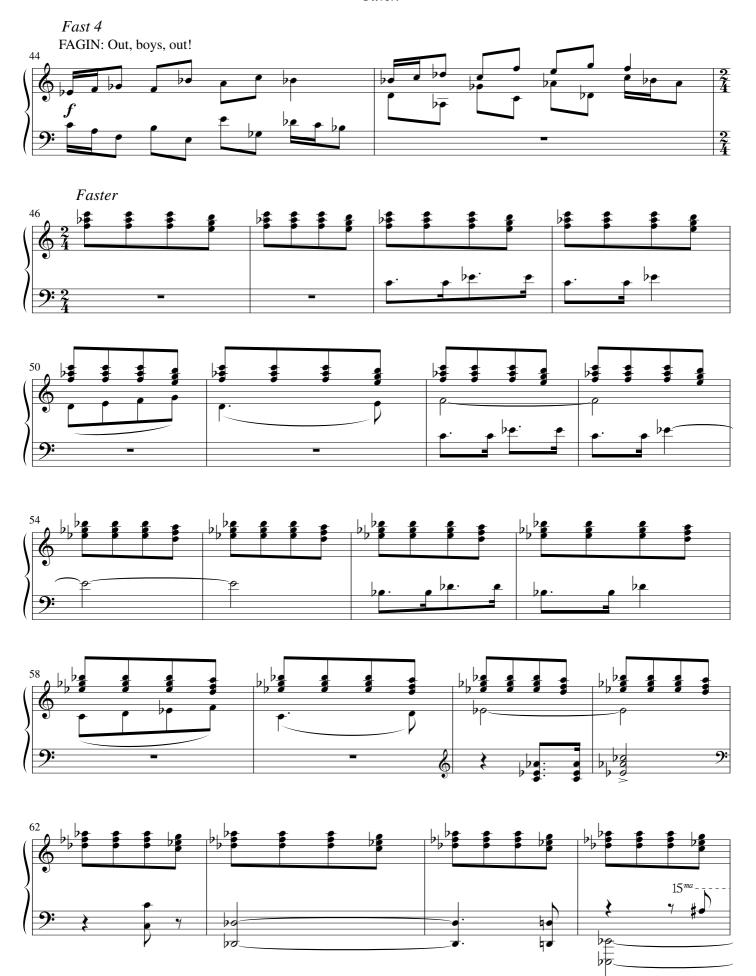


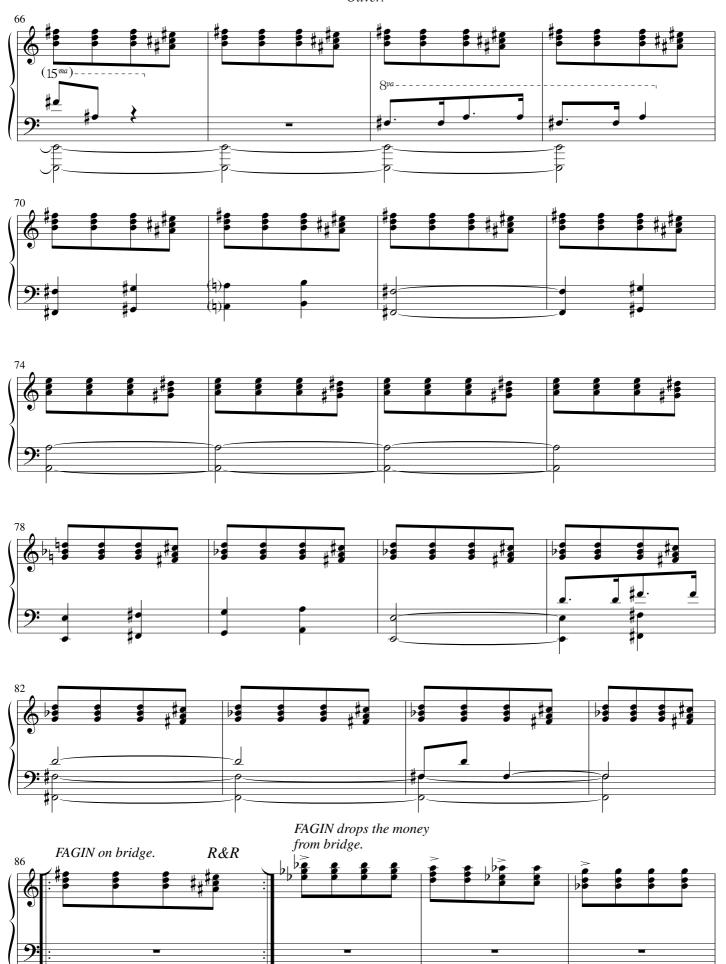
NANCY walks towards the bridge. BILL appears and follows her.

# 46. London Bridge













46. London Bridge page 232



#### LONDON BRIDGE AT NIGHT.

MUSIC begins and continues under all ensuing action.

Out of the mists, London Bridge rises up, and with the distant striking of the clock, figures become more discernable. A NIGHTWATCHMAN, and a HUSSAR with his GIRL.

## LAMPLIGHTER:

Goodnight, sir.

#### **HUSSAR**:

Goodnight.

#### **GIRL**:

Goodnight.

NANCY and OLIVER appear nervous of being spotted. The pace back and forth across the bridge waiting for BROWNLOW to appear. Suddenly a huge shadow falls across the scene - they turn to see SYKES 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.

SYKES jumps down.

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

SYKES 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 cudgel.

NANCY:

God! God help me.

SYKES hits her with the cudgel. She screams.

#### **SYKES:**

Stop staring at me woman. Close your damn eyes.

SYKES hits her.

Damn you! Your eyes...

He hits her again. She dies. A clock strikes twelve. SYKES runs off with OLIVER. BROWNLOW appears in time to see SYKES running away. He sees NANCY'S body.

## MR BROWNLOW:

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

**BOW STREET RUNNERS arrive** 

#### **RUNNER:**

What happened?

# MR BROWNLOW:

There's been a murder.

SYKES appears below the bridge with OLIVER.

# **RUNNER:**

Did you know this woman?

#### WOMAN:

It's Nancy. They've murdered Nancy.

#### MR BROWNLOW:

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

#### WOMAN:

It's Nancy. Somebody's murdered Nancy.

#### **RUNNER:**

What did he look like?

#### MR BROWNLOW:

He was a broad shouldered heavily built man.

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Anything else?

# MR BROWNLOW:

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

1ST MAN: Bill Sykes.

Upper bridge descends.

2ND MAN: (on bridge)

What's going on?

1ST MAN:

It's Nancy! Bill Sykes has killed Nancy!

3RD MAN:

Where will he be?

2ND MAN:

He'll be at Fagin's.

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

They exit.

SYKES with OLIVER bangs on FAGIN'S trapdoor with his cudgel.

# SYKES:

Fagin, Fagin.

FAGIN appears in the trapdoor.

**FAGIN:** 

What is it, Bill? What have you done?

SYKES:

The game's up Fagin.

**FAGIN:** 

Oh no, Bill, you haven't? It can't be. *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)

What do we 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, a BOW STREET RUNNER enters and grabs him.

#### **RUNNER:**

Where's Fagin?

## DODGER:

I don't know.

He is lifted up and carried off by a BOW STREET RUNNER.

Who do you think you are a-laying your hands on? Assault and battery, that's what it is! Wakin' a respeckable man up in the early hours of the morning! Shame on you!

He is carried off bodily.

Simultaneous with DODGER'S lines, the boys are making a run for it, noisily, over an upper bridge. They exit at the same time as DODGER. There is a pause. Then, out of the darkeness, across the upper bridge runs FAGIN, lagging behind the BOYS and breathless, carrying his strongbox.

# CHARLEY BATES: (off)

Fagin!

As he reaches halfway he trips, the box flies open, and the money and jewels are scattered into the darkness. He stands transfixed and frozen with horror: the open box in his hands. Then, in the distance, comes the noise of the crowd and he runs. The upper bridge flies out.

Down on stage the crowd enter, led by BULLSEYE. It has swelled and become more menacing. Some of the men hold torches.

CROWD: (chanting low) Sykes, Sykes, Sykes...(etc) over this MAN: He's on the roof!

SYKES:

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 SYKES, with OLIVER and a rope, climbs a chimney.

#### SYKES:

Give me the rope, boy. The rope.

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

#### SYKES:

The eyes! The eyes!

Down on the ground a HUSSAR lifts a gun to his shoulder, takes aim and fires. The storm reached its climax. There is a flash of lightning. SYKES topples backwards off the rood to his death. The corwd lets out a huge cheer. OLIVER appears at ground level. They raise him to their shoulders as MR BROWNLOW and MRS BEDWIN appear. OLIVER sees them and runs to MRS BEDWIN, throwing his arms around her.

The crowd begins to disperse leaving OLIVER with MR BROWNLOW and MRS BEDWIN.

# 47. Bows Part 1





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# 48. Bows Part 2



# 49. Bows Part 3





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# 50. Playout



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