

OLIVER

BOOK, MUSIC AND LYRICS

by

LIONEL BART

(Based on Charles Dickens'
"Oliver Twist")

Book © 1977 by Oliver Promotions Limited

All rights reserved.

Music & Lyrics - © 1960 Lakeview Music Co. Ltd., London England,
TRO-Hollis Music, Inc., New York controls all publication rights for the
U.S.A. and Canada, International copyright secured.
All rights reserved.

Property of:
Tams-Witmark Music Library, Inc.
560 Lexington Avenue
New York, New York 10022
(212) 688-2525

CAST OF CHARACTERS

- * (1) OLIVER TWIST (Bruce Prochnik) (A workhouse boy about 13 years of age)
- * (2) MR. BUMBLE - THE BEADLE (A large pompous man of 55)
(Willoughby Goddard)
- * (3) WIDOW CORNEY (Hope Jackson) (A sharp-tongued, domineering widow of 50 - the Workhouse Mistress)
- (4) NOAH CLAYPOLE (Terry Lomax) (The Undertaker's pimply apprentice)
- * (5) MR. SOWERBERRY (Fred Warriner) (The Undertaker)
- * (6) MRS. SOWERBERRY (Helena Carroll) (His overseer)
- (7) CHARLOTTE (Cherry Davis) (Their sluttish young daughter)
- * (8) THE ARTFUL DODGER (Fagin's brightest pupil - an undersized 18)
(Michael Goodman)
- * (9) FAGIN (Clive Revill) (An elderly receiver - runs training academy for young pickpockets)
- * (10) NANCY (Georgia Brown) (23 years old - a graduate of Fagin's academy, and Bill's doxy)
- (11) CHARLES BATES, and other boys in Fagin's establishment.
- * (12) BET (Alice Playten) (A 13-year-old lass in Fagin's establishment - idolizes Nancy)
- (13) OLD SALLY (Ruth Maynard) (A Pauper)
- (14) OLD LADY
- * (15) BILL SYKES (Danny Sewell) (A villain in his prime)
- * (16) MRS. BEDWIN (Dorothea Duckworth) (The Brownlows' Housekeeper)

* Principal vocal parts

CAST OF CHARACTERS

- (17) MR. BROWNLOW (Geoffrey Lamb) (An old gentleman of wealth and breeding)
- (18) DR. GRIMWIG (John Call) (A Doctor)
- (19) BOY
- (20) FIRST WOMAN
- (21) SECOND WOMAN
- (22) NIGHT WATCHMAN
- (23) FIRST BOW STREET RUNNER
- (24) SECOND BOW STREET RUNNER
- (25) MAN
- (26) 2ND, 3RD and 4TH MAN
- (27) CHARMAN

CHORUS OF (Workhouse boys: Workhouse assistants:
Bow Street Runners: Street Vendors * (Criers) and
Crowd, etc.)

* Principal vocal parts

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

Time: About 1850

ACT ONE

Scene 1:	THE WORKHOUSE DINING HALL	Early evening.
Scene 2:	THE WORKHOUSE PARLOUR	Later (into street)
Scene 3:	THE UNDERTAKER'S PARLOUR	
Scene 4:	THE UNDERTAKER'S SHOP	Next Morning.
Scene 5:	PADDINGTON GREEN	Morning, a week later.
Scene 6:	THE THIEVES' KITCHEN	Later (into street)

ACT TWO

Scene 1:	THE "THREE CRIPPLES"	A public house in Clerkenwell - that evening.
Scene 2:	THE BROWNLOWS'	Two weeks later. (into street)
Scene 3:	THE THIEVES' KITCHEN	Later
Scene 4:	THE WORKHOUSE	A few days later. (into street)
Scene 5:	THE BROWNLOWS'	A few days later. (into street)
Scene 6:	LONDON BRIDGE	Night.

FINALE LONDON BRIDGE

MUSICAL NUMBERSACT ONE

1. OVERTURE AND OPENING SCENE - (Orchestra)
2. "FOOD, GLORIOUS FOOD" - (OLIVER, 4 SOLO BOYS & CHORUS)
3. "OLIVER" - (MR. BUMBLE, WIDOW CORNEY & CHORUS)
- 3a. End of Scene - (Orchestra)
4. "I SHALL SCREAM" - (WIDOW CORNEY & MR. BUMBLE)
5. "BOY FOR SALE" - (MR. BUMBLE)
6. "THAT'S YOUR FUNERAL" - (MR. SOWERBERRY,
MRS. SOWERBERRY & MR. BUMBLE)
- 6a. Coffin Music - (Orchestra)
7. "WHERE IS LOVE?" - (OLIVER)
8. Next Morning - (Orchestra)
- 8a. The Fight - (Orchestra)
- 8b. Oliver's Escape - (Orchestra)
9. "CONSIDER YOURSELF" - (ARTFUL DODGER, OLIVER & CHORUS)
10. ENCORE: "CONSIDER YOURSELF" - (CHORUS)
11. "PICK A POCKET OR TWO" - (FAGIN, with the BOYS)
12. Intermezzo - (Orchestra)
13. "IT'S A FINE LIFE" - (NANCY & BET with the BOYS)
14. "I'D DO ANYTHING" - (ARTFUL DODGER, NANCY,
OLIVER, BET, FAGIN & BOYS)
- 14a. Melos - (Orchestra)
15. "BE BACK SOON" - (FAGIN, ARTFUL DODGER, & BOYS)
- 15a. Capture of Oliver - (Orchestra)

MUSICAL NUMBERSACT TWO

16. "OOM-PAH-PAH" - (NANCY & CHORUS)
17. "MY NAME" - (BILL SYKES)
18. "AS LONG AS HE NEEDS ME" - (NANCY)
19. Change of Scene - (Orchestra)
20. REPRISE "WHERE IS LOVE?" - (MRS. BEDWIN)
21. "WHO WILL BUY?" - (OLIVER, STREET CRIERS & CHORUS)
22. Change of Scene - (Orchestra)
23. REPRISE: "IT'S A FINE LIFE" - (NANCY, BILL SYKES, FAGIN
& ARTFUL DODGER)
24. "REVIEWING THE SITUATION" - (FAGIN)
- 24a. Change of Scene - (Orchestra)
- 24b. Change of Scene - (Orchestra)
25. REPRISE: "OLIVER" - (WIDOW CORNEY & MR. BUMBLE)
26. REPRISE: "AS LONG AS HE NEEDS ME" - (NANCY)
27. London Bridge - (Orchestra)
28. REPRISE: "REVIEWING THE SITUATION" - (FAGIN)

FINALE

29. REPRISE: "FOOD, GLORIOUS FOOD" - (BOYS)
30. REPRISE: "CONSIDER YOURSELF" - (COMPANY)
31. REPRISE: "I'D DO ANYTHING" - (OLIVER & COMPANY)
32. Exit Music - (Orchestra)

/1/ OVERTURE AND OPENING SCENE - (Orchestra)

ACT ONE
Scene 1

THE WORKHOUSE DINING HALL.
Early evening.

/2/ "FOOD, GLORIOUS FOOD"

BOYS

IS IT WORTH THE WAITING FOR?
IF WE LIVE 'TIL EIGHTY-FOUR,
ALL WE'LL EVER GET IS GRUEL!
EV'RY DAY WE SAY A PRAYER
WILL THEY CHANGE THE BILL OF FARE?
STILL WE GET THE SAME OLD GRUEL!
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 IMAGINE

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

FIRST SOLO BOY
COLD JELLY AND CUSTARD!

ALL
PEASE PUDDING AND SAVELOYS!

SECOND SOLO BOY
"WHAT NEXT?" IS THE QUESTION.

ALL
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,

SECOND SOLO BOY
WONDERFUL

ALL

FOOD,

THIRD SOLO BOY

MARVELLOUS

ALL

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?

FIRST SOLO BOY

PILED PEACHES AND CREAM ABOUT

ALL

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,

SECOND SOLO BOY

ONCE AGAIN

ALL

FOOD,

THIRD SOLO BOY

FABULOUS

ALL

FOOD, GLORIOUS FOOD!

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

FIRST SOLO BOY

BURNED,

THIRD SOLO BOY

UNDERDONE,

ALL

CRUDE.
DON'T CARE WHAT THE COOK'S LIKE.
JUST THINKING OF GROWING FAT,
OUR SENSES GO REELING.

FIRST & SECOND SOLO BOYS

ONE MOMENT OF KNOWING THAT

ALL

"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,

FIRST SOLO BOY

MAGICAL

ALL

FOOD,

SECOND SOLO BOY

WONDERFUL

ALL

FOOD,

THIRD SOLO BOY

MARVELLOUS

ALL

FOOD.

FOURTH SOLO BOY

FABULOUS

ALL

FOOD,

OLIVER

BEAUTIFUL FOOD,

ALL

GLORIOUS FOOD.

(The "OLIVER" theme music begins as MR. BUMBLE enters first, walking solemnly with HIS brass-topped mace. HE is resplendent in a gold braid lace-trimmed coat, cocked hat and white knee-breeches with buckled shoes. WIDOW CORNEY the Workhouse Mistress takes HER place beside HIM. TWO PAUPER ASSISTANTS enter. MR. BUMBLE then strikes the floor twice with HIS mace as the BOYS rise and file past the boiler. They are served with one ladleful each, and they return to their benches. The music stops)

MR. BUMBLE

(Slowly taking off HIS cocked hat, and intoning)

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 tantalizingly aloft for several seconds. All the BOYS' eyes are fixed upon it, then HE brings it smartly down, and at this point the BOYS fall to eating like clockwork figures.

A fast variation on the "OLIVER" theme is played during the eating.

The BOYS soon polish off their gruel and sit awaiting the forthcoming unprecedented event. OLIVER stands up at the far end of the right-hand bench. HE advances towards MR. BUMBLE, basin and spoon in hand, somewhat alarmed at HIS own temerity)

OLIVER

Please, sir, I want some more.

(Music starts)

MR. BUMBLE

(Faintly)

What?

OLIVER
Please sir, I want some more.

MR. BUMBLE
More!

/37 "OLIVER"

WIDOW CORNEY
CATCH HIM!

MR. BUMBLE
SNATCH HIM!

WIDOW CORNEY
HOLD HIM!

MR. BUMBLE
SCOLD HIM!

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

MR. BUMBLE
WAIT! BEFORE WE PUT THE LAD TO TASK,
MAY I BE SO CURIOUS TO ASK
HIS NAME?

ALL THE BOYS
(Spoken tauntingly)
OLIVER.

WIDOW CORNEY & MR. BUMBLE
OLIVER! OLIVER!

MR. BUMBLE
NEVER BEFORE
HAS A BOY WANTED MORE!

MR. BUMBLE & WIDOW CORNEY
OLIVER! OLIVER!

MR. BUMBLE
WON'T ASK FOR MORE
WHEN HE KNOWS WHAT'S IN STORE.
THERE'S A DARK, THIN, WINDING
STAIRWAY WITHOUT ANY BANNISTER,
WHICH WE'LL THROW HIM DOWN, AND
FEED HIM ON COACKROACHES
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!

(OLIVER is forced to HIS knees in
front of MR. BUMBLE and the BOYS
gather round HIM in a mocking circle)

MR. BUMBLE & WIDOW CORNEY

OLIVER!
OLIVER!

MR. BUMBLE

NEVER BEFORE
HAS A BOY WANTED MORE.

MR. BUMBLE & WIDOW CORNEY

OLIVER! OLIVER!

WIDOW CORNEY

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

MR. BUMBLE

THERE'S A SOOTY CHIMNEY,
LONG OVERDUE FOR A SWEEPING OUT.
WHICH WE'LL PUSH HIM UP, AND
ONE DAY NEXT YEAR WITH THE
RATS HE'LL BE 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!

WIDOW CORNEY

(To ASSISTANTS)

Lock him up! Collect his belongings and bring him back to me
when you're done.

1-1-7
13

WIDOW CORNEY (Continued)

(To the rest of the boys)
To bed, all of you.

/3A/ END OF SCENE - (Orchestra)

(Scurry music. BOYS ushered off by
PAUPER ASSISTANTS)

ACT ONE
Scene 2

THE WORKHOUSE PARLOUR, Later.
BUMBLE and WIDOW CORNEY move
towards Widow's Parlour.

MR. BUMBLE

Yes, you're quite right Mrs. Corney. We must get rid of this canker in our midst. That boy was born to be hung, Mrs. Corney. I've never been so shocked in all my days.

WIDOW CORNEY

Hush, Mr. Bumble, you must have had quite a turn. Sit down and have a nice cup of tea.
(SHE pours tea)

MR. BUMBLE

I't nice to be appreciated, Mrs. Corney, these here paupers in this here parish don't appreciate me. Anti-parochial they are, ma'am, anti-parochial we have given away a matter of twenty loaves and a cheese-and-a-half this very blessed 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.
(HE sips tea. Spreads HIS pocket handkerchief over HIS fat knees, heaves a deep sigh and looks at cat basket)

WIDOW CORNEY

You little tinker, you.

MR. BUMBLE

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

WIDOW CORNEY

I'm so fond of them you cant' imagine, Mr. Bumble. And they're fond of their home too.

MR. BUMBLE

Mrs. Corney, ma'am.

(Making time with a teaspoon)
I must say...that any cat...or kitten...that could live with you ma'am...and not be fond of its home...must be an idiot, ma'am, and don't deserve to live in it.

WIDOW CORNEY

Oh, Mr. Bumble!

MR. BUMBLE

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

WIDOW CORNEY

Then you're a cruel man...a very hard-hearted man and all.

MR. BUMBLE

Hard-hearted, Mrs. Corney? Hard? Hard-hearted, ma'am? 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. BUMBLE drinks HIS tea, wipes
HIS lips and kisses WIDOW CORNEY)

Mr. Bumble, I shall scream!

/4/ "I SHALL SCREAM"

MR. BUMBLE

NO YOU WOULDN'T. HEIGH-HO,
IF I WANTED SOMETHING SPECIAL, THEN YOU COULDN'T SAY "NO."
DID I NEARLY CATCH YOU SMILING?
YES I DID AND IT'S BEGUILING.
IF YOUR HAND IS CLOSE I'LL PRESS IT.
YES, YOU LIKE IT, COME CONFESS IT!
YES, YOU DO.

WIDOW CORNEY

NO, I DON'T.

MR. BUMBLE

YES, YOU DO!

WIDOW CORNEY

I SHALL SCREAM! I SHALL SCREAM!
'TIL THEY HASTEN TO MY RESCUE, I SHALL SCREAM.

MR. BUMBLE

SINCE THERE'S NOBODY THAT'S NEAR US
WHO COULD SEE US OR COULD HEAR US.
IF I ASK YOU, CAN I KISS YOU,
SAY WHAT WILL MY PRETTY MISS DO?

WIDOW CORNEY

I SHALL SCREAM, SCREAM, SCREAM!

MR. BUMBLE
IF I PINCH YOU ONE PINCH
FROM YOUR SHY PROTECTIVE SHELL CAN I UN-INCH YOU ONE INCH?
WILL MY BLITHESOME, BUXOM BEAUTY
LET HER SUITOR DO HIS DUTY?
THO' HIS LAP AIN'T VERY LARGE, DEAR
SIT UPON IT, THERE'S NO CHARGE, DEAR.
WILL YOU SIT?

WIDOW CORNEY
NO I SHAN'T!

MR. BUMBLE
WILL YOU SIT?

(SHE sits upon HIS lap)

WIDOW CORNEY
I SHALL SCREAM! I SHALL SCREAM!
FOR THE SAFETY OF MY VIRTUE I SHALL SCREAM.
THO' YOUR KNEE IS RATHER COZY
SEE MY CHEEKS ARE GETTING ROSY
YOU WOULD HAVE ME IN YOUR POW'R
IF I SAT HERE FOR AN HOUR.

MR. BUMBLE
I SHALL SCREAM, SCREAM, SCREAM!

(SHE gets oof HIS lap)

WIDOW CORNEY
YOU'RE A NAUGHTY, BAD MAN.
IF YOU THINK I CAN'T BE PROPER, PRIM AND HAUGHTY, I CAN
AND YOU'LL PARDON IF I MENTION
YOU MUST STATE YOUR TRUE INTENTION.

(MR. BUMBLE treads in the cat basket
and a caterwaul follows)

MR. BUMBLE
IS THERE NOT ANOTHER ROOM HERE?

(SHE nods dissent)

IF THERE WERE A BRIDE AND GROOM HERE.
WOULD THERE BE?

WIDOW CORNEY
WELL, THERE MIGHT.

MR. BUMBLE
WE SHALL SEE.

WIDOW CORNEY
I SHALL SCREAM! I SHALL SCREAM!
AT THE THOUGHT OF WHAT YOU'RE THINKING I SHALL SCREAM.

MR. BUMBLE
YOU WILL WONDER WHERE THE SCREAM WENT
(HE kneels)
WHEN WE COME TO AN AGREEMENT
AS MY LOVEY-DOVE IS CHUBBY
(HE advances on HIS knees)
COULD SHE LOVE A CHUBBY HUBBY?

WIDOW CORNEY
I SHALL SCREAM, MISTER BUMBLE.
I SHALL SCREAM,

(MR. BUMBLE sits down again)

BUMBLE-WUMBLE,
I SHALL SCREAM, SCREAM, SCREAM!

(MR. BUMBLE whistles invitingly.
SHE sits in HIS lap and THEY embrace.

At the end of song PAUPER ASSISTANTS
arrive with OLIVER who carries a
small bundle)

ASSISTANT
I've brought the boy, ma'am.

(WIDOW CORNEY and BUMBLE nod to
each other)

WIDOW CORNEY
You would. Get a good price for him, Mr. Bumble.

/5/ "BOY FOR SALE"

MR. BUMBLE
ONE BOY.
BOY FOR SALE.
HE'S GOING CHEAP,
ONLY SEVEN GUINEAS.
THAT OR THEREABOUTS.
(On stairs; MR. BUMBLE is leading
OLIVER by a devious rote toward
the undertaker's)
SMALL BOY,
RATHER PALE
THROUGH LACK OF SLEEP.
FEED HIM GRUEL DINNERS.
STOP HIM GETTING STOUT.

1-2-12
18

MR. BUMBLE (Continued)

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.

(BUMBLE at door to undertaker's)

ACT ONE
Scene 3

UNDERTAKER'S PARLOUR
Inside the Parlour.
MR. SOWERBERRY is present as
MR. BUMBLE enters with OLIVER.

MR. BUMBLE
Liberal terms, Mr. Sowerberry... Liberal terms? Five pounds!

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

MR. BUMBLE
Good! Then it's settled. Five pounds please!

SOWERBERRY
If you don't mind! Cash upon liking... Mr. Bumble! Cash upon
liking! Mrs. Sowerberry!

MRS. SOWERBERRY
(Shrieks off)
What is it!

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

(MRS. SOWERBERRY enters)

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

SOWERBERRY
My dear, I have told Mr. Bumble...

MRS. SOWERBERRY
Hello, Mr. Bumble.

MR. BUMBLE
Hello, Mrs. Sowerberry.

SOWERBERRY
that we may consider taking in this boy to help in the shop.

MRS. SOWERBERRY
Dear me! He's very small.

MR. BUMBLE
Yes, he is rather small -- there's no denying it -- but he'll
grow, Mrs. Sowerberry -- he'll grow.

(MRS. SOWERBERRY examines OLIVER doubtfully)

MRS. SOWERBERRY

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

SOWERBERRY

There's an expression of melancholy on his face, my dear, which is very interesting. He could make a delightful coffin-follower.

(MRS. SOWERBERRY looks doubtful)

MRS. SOWERBERRY

A what?

SOWERBERRY

I don't mean a regular coffin-follower to follow grown-ups, but only for the children's practice. It would be very nice to have a follower in proportion, my sweet. A superb effect - the more I think about it!

MRS. SOWERBERRY

(Pausing for a while)

For once -- just for once - you might have a decent idea. 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.

MRS. SOWERBERRY

How's that, Mr. Bumble?

MR. BUMBLE

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

MRS. SOWERBERRY

Dear, dear.

(To OLIVER)

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

(Points to sign over door)

OLIVER

Maybe if I had a black hat...

SOWERBERRY

Never mind about black hats...

MRS. SOWERBERRY

(Interrupting)

The boy is quite right. Get the boy a top hat. These things must be done proper and correct. Stand there, under the picture, boy.

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

MRS. SOWERBERRY

Henry, give us the top hat. Henry, really. It takes you twice as long to do anything as anyone else. Yes...yes. For once Henry, you've had a good idea. Can you keep that expression for a long time, boy, with a crowd watching you?

OLIVER

Yes, ma'am, I think so.

/6/ "THAT'S YOUR FUNERAL"

MR. SOWERBERRY

HE'S A BORN UNDERTAKER'S MUTE.
I CAN SEE HIM IN A BLACK SILK SUIT.
FOLLOWING BEHIND THE FUNERAL PROCESSION
WITH HIS FEATURES FIXED IN A SUITABLE EXPRESSION.
THERE'LL BE HORSES WITH TALL BLACK PLUMES
TO EXCORT US TO THE FAM'LY TOMBS,
WITH MOURNERS IN ALL CORNERS
WHO'VE BEEN TAUGHT TO WEEP IN TUNE.
THEN THE COFFIN LINED IN SATIN
THAT'S YOUR FUNERAL

MRS. SOWERBERRY

THAT'S YOUR FUNERAL

SOWERBERRY

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

MRS. SOWERBERRY
THAT'S YOUR FUNERAL

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

MRS. SOWERBERRY & SOWERBERRY
YOU MIGHT JUST AS WELL LOOK FETCHING WHEN YOU'RE SIX
FEET DEEP.

SOWERBERRY
AT THE WAKE WE'LL DRINK A TODDY
TO THE BODY BEAUTIFUL
THAT'S YOUR FUNERAL

MRS. SOWERBERRY
NOT OUR FUNERAL

SOWERBERRY
THAT'S YOUR FUNERAL.
(SOWERBERRY produces a tape and
begins to measure MR. BUMBLE as
HE continues singing)

IF YOU'RE FOND OF OVEREATING,
THAT'S YOUR FUNERAL

MRS. SOWERBERRY
THAT'S YOUR FUNERAL.

SOWERBERRY
STARVE YOURSELF BY UNDEREATING,
THAT'S YOUR FUNERAL

MR. BUMBLE
THAT'S MY FUNERAL?

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

MRS. SOWERBERRY & SOWERBERRY
WE WILL NOT REDUCE OUR PRICES,
KEEP YOUR VICES USUAL.

SOWERBERRY
THAT'S YOUR FUNERAL.

MRS. SOWERBERRY
NOT OUR FUNERAL

SOWERBERRY
THAT'S YOUR FUNERAL.

(MR. BUMBLE turns to go but is
stopped by MR. & MRS. SOWERBERRY)

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

SOWERBERRY
THAT'S YOUR FUNERAL,

MRS. SOWERBERRY
THAT'S YOUR FUNERAL.

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

SOWERBERRY
THAT'S YOUR FUNERAL,

MR. BUMBLE
THAT'S YOUR FUNERAL.

SOWERBERRY
WE DON'T HARBOUR THOUGHTS MACABRE, THERE'S NO NEED TO FROWN.

MRS. SOWERBERRY & SOWERBERRY
IN THE END WE'LL EITHER BURN YOU UP OR NAIL YOU DOWN.

(MR. BUMBLE exits)

SOWERBERRY
WE LOVE COUGHS AND WHEEZES,
AND DISEASES
CALLED INCURABLE.

MRS. SOWERBERRY & SOWERBERRY
THAT'S YOUR FUNERAL

SOWERBERRY
NO-ONE ELSE'S FUNERAL

MRS. SOWERBERRY
THAT'S YOUR...

SOWERBERRY
THAT'S YOUR...

MRS. SOWERBERRY & SOWERBERRY
FUNERAL!

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 the 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, love, this is the new boy...give them to him.

(CHARLOTTE enters with plate of scraps. OLIVER devours the meagre meat on the bones as the SOWERBERRY family looks on amazed. OLIVER soon polishes off what there is, and after an ominous pause)

Have you done!

OLIVER

Yes m'am.

MRS. SOWERBERRY

I'm glad to hear it. Get to bed, Henry. C'mon Charlotte. Don't just stand there gawking. 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!

/6A/ COFFIN MUSIC - (Orchestra)

(SHE takes the candle and shuts HIM in the shop. OLIVER goes to the counter)

/7/ "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?
'TILL I AM BESIDE THE SOMEONE WHO
I CAN MEAN SOMETHING TO.

OLIVER (Continued)
WHERE, WHERE IS LOVE?

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

ACT ONE
Scene 4

UNDERTAKER'S SHOP
The next morning.

/8/ NEXT MORNING - (Orchestra)

(Music continues as there is a 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)

Open the door, will yer? Open up the door. 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.

(Music fades out)

NOAH

Then I'll wop you one when I get in, you just see if I don't you little workhouse brat!

(NOAH begins whistling. OLIVER draws back the bolts, opens the door. NOAH CLAYPOLE is framed in the doorway. HE is eating a thick slice of bread and butter)

OLIVER

Did you knock sir?

NOAH

(Between mouthfuls)

I kicked.

OLIVER

Did you want a coffin sir?

NOAH

(Very angry)

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

(HE enters majestically)

Yer don't know who I am, I suppose, Workhouse.

OLIVER

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

NOAH

(Punctuating)

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

(NOAH kicks OLIVER where it hurts most. OLIVER begins taking down the shutters, and CHARLOTTE enters with a tray of food)

CHARLOTTE

Hello, Noah, I saved a nice little bit of bacon for you from master's breakfast. Oliver! Shut the door!

(OLIVER shuts the door)

And take them bits and your tea and go over there and eat 'em. And make haste, 'cos they'll want you to mind the shop. D'you hear?

(THEY all begin eating)

NOAH

D'you hear? Work'us?

CHARLOTTE

Lor Noah! What a tease you are! Let the boy alone.

NOAH

Let him alone? I'm giving the boy a change, you silly thing! Ev'ryone lets him alone. His father left him alone - his mother left him alone - they all left him alone except dear old, kind old Noah. Eh, Charlotte? He, he, he!

CHARLOTTE

Ha, ha, ha! You are a one.
(CHARLOTTE exits)

NOAH

(Addressing OLIVER)
Work'us! How's yer mother?

OLVIER

You leave my mother out of this - she's dead.

NOAH

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

OLIVER

Never you mind.

NOAH

Oh, but I do mind.

OLIVER

Well, you'd better not say any more, see!

NOAH

Better not! Better not, if you don't mind! The cheek of it - the workhouse cheek of it! My mother, 'e says. She was a nice 'un, she was!

(NOAH holds HIS nose in disgust)

Yer know, Work'us, it can't be helped now, and of course, it couldn't be helped then, and I'm very sorry for it, and all that, but yer must know, Work'us, you mother was a regular, right-down bad'un.

OLIVER

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 doing hard labour in prison - as like as not.

/8A/ THE FIGHT - (Orchestra)

(As fast as lightning OLIVER jumps up and throws NOAH over the counter.
Music continues underscoring)

NOAH

(Shouting)

He'll murder me! Charlotte! Missis! This here new boy's a'murderin' of me! Help! Help! He's gorn mad! Char -
LOTTE!!

CHARLOTTE

(Off)

What's up!

(Scream)

MRS. SOWERBERRY

(Off)

What on earth can be happening? Coming...coming, Noah.

(Scream.

THEY enter from the kitchen.
CHARLOTTE sizes up the situation immediately, and grabs OLIVER with HER utmost force, which is about equal to that of a moderately strong man in particularly good training)

CHARLOTTE

Oh, you horrid wretch! You little ungrateful, murderous villain.

(MOTHER and DAUGHTER grab an arm each of OLIVER, and shake HIM like two furies battling for the village pump. This gives NOAH the opportunity to get up, and pommel OLIVER from behind. THEY finally drag OLIVER to a coffin, lock HIM in it, and then all sit on it. MRS. SOWERBERRY sits on the coffin - exhausted. SHE bursts into tears)

MRS. SOWERBERRY

Noah, get help! Charlotte, some water quick!

CHARLOTTE

Oh my dear, she's going off!

(OLIVER begins kicking on the inside of the lid. NOAH exits to street)

MRS. SOWERBERRY

(Panting)

Oh, Charlotte! Oh, Charlotte! We could have all been murdered in our beds!

(CHARLOTTE pours the water over MRS. SOWERBERRY's head)

Eeeek! Heaven help us! I wanted a drink - a drink! Oh Charlotte, what's to be done?

(OLIVER kicks harder)

CHARLOTTE

Dear! Dear! I don't know mother - unless we send for the Bow Street Runners.

(Enter NOAH and MR. BUMBLE through the shop door. Music cadence and out)

NOAH

The beadle!

CHARLOTTE

Mister Bumble!

MRS. SOWERBERRY

Oh! Mister Bumble!

MR. BUMBLE

(With control)

Where is he? Dead?

MRS. SOWERBERRY

Very much alive.

(THEY all point to the coffin. There is complete silence as MR. BUMBLE tiptoes over and taps twice on the coffin lid)

MR. BUMBLE

Oliver?

OLIVER

You let me out of here!

MR. BUMBLE

Do you know this here voice, Oliver!

OLIVER

Yes!

MR. BUMBLE

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

OLIVER

No!

(MR. BUMBLE staggers back and looks at the three bystanders in astonishment)

MRS. SOWERBERRY

Of course, the boy's insane, Mr. Bumble. • No boy in half his senses could venture to speak so to you!

MR. BUMBLE

It's not madness, madam.

(HE pauses)

It's meat!

MRS. SOWERBERRY

What?

MR. BUMBLE

Meat, madam, meat. You've overfed him, madam. You've raised an artificial spirit in the boy unbecoming of his station in life. If you'd kept him on gruel, madam, this would never have happened.

MRS. SOWERBERRY

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

MR. BUMBLE

Ah, yes indeed! The only thing that can be done now, that I know of, is for me to take him back for a day or so, till he's a little starved down. I'll keep him on gruel.

(MR. SOWERBERRY enters from the street)

He comes of a bad family.

SOWERBERRY

What's going on in my parlor?

(OLIVER resumes HIS kicking. MRS. SOWERBERRY points at the coffin)

MRS. SOWERBERRY

That boy! Oliver! You've no idea what he's been up to. We had to lock him up! Never in all my life -

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

MR. BUMBLE

(Prodding OLIVER)

Now, you're a nice young fellow, ain't yer?

OLIVER

(At NOAH)

He called my mother names.

MRS. SOWERBERRY

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

She didn't!

OLIVER

She did!

MRS. SOWERBERRY

It's a lie!

OLIVER

(MRS. SOWERBERRY utters a shriek, and falls into the coffin. THEY all rush to HER attendance, slapping HER face, and fanning HER with all manner of things. OLIVER takes this opportunity to run out of the street door. MRS. SOWERBERRY gradually comes to)

/8B/ OLIVER'S ESCAPE - (Orchestra)

(NOAH is the first to discover OLIVER's escape. Music continues underscoring)

He's gone!

NOAH

(NOAH exits)

(Drowsily)

MRS. SOWERBERRY

Who's gone?

CHARLOTTE

Oliver - he's run off!

SOWERBERRY

Five-pounds-worth run off? Five pounds of mine? Run off? After him!

MR. BUMBLE

(Bellowing to MRS. SOWERBERRY as HE runs)

Meat madam! Meat!

(There is chaos as THEY all clamber for the shop door. Music continues through change of scene)

ACT ONE
Scene 5

PADDINGTON GREEN - a week later.
It is morning. OLIVER comes walking along the road carrying a small bundle tied to a stick.

OLIVER
(Humming to himself)
FOOD, GLORIOUS FOOD!
HOT SAUSAGE AND MUSTARD!
WHILE WE'RE IN THE MOOD -
COLD JELLY AND CUSTARD!

(OLIVER sits on a milestone, unties the handkerchief from the stick, spreads the thing out on HIS lap, and eats the contents - a square crust which has already had its centre eaten.

A CHARACTER saunters across the stage while OLIVER is eating. OLIVER does not look up from HIS food. The CHARACTER, very dirty but very worldly is wearing a small top hat and a voluminous overcoat which has the cuffs turned back halfway up the arms, so that HE can keep HIS hands in HIS trouser pockets. HE whistles HIS way across and off.

OLIVER eats on undaunted.

The CHARACTER returns, and studies OLIVER from afar. OLIVER becomes conscious of being stared at, and looks up. The CHARACTER walks over to HIM - it is the ARTFUL DODGER)

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

OLIVER
No - I haven't.

DODGER
Tired?

I've been running hard. OLIVER

Oh I see... You must be runnin' away from the Beak. DODGER

The what? OLIVER

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

Isn't a beak what a bird's got? OLIVER

My eyes - how green! A beak - is a madg'strate, for your hinformation. 'Ungry? DODGER

Starving. OLIVER

Got no mother? DODGER

No. OLIVER

Father? DODGER

No. OLIVER

Lovely bal...my weather we're having today, don't you think? Er...staying in London? DODGER

Yes. OLIVER

Got any lodgings? DODGER

No. OLIVER

Money? DODGER

Not a farthing. OLIVER

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

OLIVER

Do you live in London?

DODGER

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

OLIVER

No - I don't think so...

DODGER

Then accommodated you shall be, me old mate. There's a certain house - and I know a respectable old gentleman lives there, wot'll give you lodgin's for nothink, and never ask for the change - this is - and that is, if any other genelman wot 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 alright, 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 plate.

OLIVER

My name's Oliver - Oliver Twist.

DODGER

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 thought)

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

OLIVER

Are you sure Mr. Fagin won't mind?

DODGER

Mind?

/9/ "CONSIDER YOURSELF"

DODGER

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

(With this, DODGER takes the remain-
 ing half of OLIVER's crust of bread.
 Between mouthfuls HE sings...)

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

BOTH

GOING TO GET ALONG.

DODGER

CONSIDER YOURSELF

OLIVER

WELL IN?

DODGER
CONSIDER YOURSELF PART OF THE FURNITURE?

OLIVER
THERE ISN'T A LOT TO SPARE?

DODGER
WHO CARES?

BOTH
WHATEVER WE'VE GOT, WE SHARE.

DODGER
NOBODY TRIES TO BE LAH-DI-DAH AND UPPITY
THERE'S A CUP OF TEA
FOR ALL.
ONLY IT'S WISE TO BE HANDY WIV' A ROLLING PIN
WHEN THE LANDLORD COMES TO CALL!

OLIVER
CONSIDER YOURSELF

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

BOTH
FOR AFTER SOME CONSIDERATION WE CAN STATE

OLIVER
CONSIDER YOURSELF ONE OF US!

(Towards the end of the second
chorus, Paddington Green develops
into a bustling street scene with
COSTERS, PORTERS, CHILDREN, STREET
VENDORS, TUMBLERS, etc. THEY all sing)

COMPANY
CONSIDER YOURSELF AT HOME
WE'VE TAKEN TO YOU SO STRONG
CONSIDER YOURSELF WELL IN
THERE ISN'T A LOT TO SPARE

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

WE DON'T WANT TO HAVE NO FUSS.
FOR AFTER SOME CONSIDERATION WE CAN STATE

COMPANY (Continued)
CONSIDER YOURSELF ONE OF US!

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

(Pause)

/10/ ENCORE: - "CONSIDER YOURSELF"

(The CHILDREN proceed towards the Thieves'
Kitchen as the crowd gradually disperses
off singing)

CHORUS

CONSIDER YOURSELF AT HOME
CONSIDER YOURSELF ONE OF THE FAMILY
WE'VE TAKEN TO YOU SO STRONG.
IT'S CLEAR WE'RE GOING TO GET ALONG.
CONSIDER YOURSELF WELL IN
CONSIDER YOURSELF PART OF THE FURNITURE
THERE ISN'T A LOT TO SPARE.
WHO CARES? WHATEVER WE'VE GOT WE SHARE.
NOBODY TRIES TO BE LAH-DI-DAH AND UPPITY
THERE'S A CUP OF 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!

ACT ONE
Scene 6

THE THIEVES' KITCHEN - later. The walls and ceiling of this basement room are perfectly black with age and dirt. On one side is an old hob-fire, and in a frying pan on the fire secured to the mantelshelf by a string, some sausages are cooking. On the other side is a rickety stairway leading down from the street above. Several rough beds made of old sacks are huddled side-by-side on the floor.

Standing with HIS back to the scene is a shapeless bundle in a dark greasy dressing gown; HE is prodding the sausages with a long toasting fork. HE is FAGIN.

DODGER

Fagin this is my new friend - Oliver Twist!

OLIVER

Sir.

FAGIN

(Smiling, bowing low and shaking
OLIVER's hand)

I hope I shall have the honour of your intimate acquaintance.

(The BOYS gather closer around
OLIVER, and following FAGIN's
example, THEY all shake both OLIVER's
hands very firmly -- especially the
one in which HE has HIS little bundle.
One BOY seems very anxious to hang up
OLIVER's cap; very obligingly takes
OLIVER's bundle.

At which FAGIN steps in, laying
about the BOYS with HIS toasting
fork)

FAGIN

Leave him alone! We are very glad to see you, Oliver, very!
Charley! Draw a tub near the fire for Oliver. Dodger, take off
the sausages.

BOY
They're stale.

FAGIN
Shut up and drink your gin.

(OLIVER looks up at all
the handkerchiefs)

Ah! You're a-staring at the pocket-handkerchiefs! Eh, my dear!
There are quite a few of 'em, ain't there? We've just hung 'em
out, ready for the wash, the wash,

(BOYS laugh)

that's all, Oliver, that's all. Ha! Ha! Ha!

(The BOYS roar with laughter)

OLIVER
Is this a laundry then, sir?

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!

/11/ "PICK A POCKET OR TWO"

FAGIN
You see, Oliver...
(Sings)

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.

(FAGIN conducts the boys with
toasting fork)

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

FAGIN
Lets show Oliver how to do it, my dears.

(FAGIN ostentatiously places a snuff-
box in one pocket of HIS trousers,

a wallet in the other, a watch in
HIS waistcoat, a diamond pin in HIS
shirt and a spectacle-case and
handkerchief in HIS dressing-gown
pocket. BOYS pick HIS pockets
during number. HE walks up and
down with a walking stick, imitating
a rich gentleman)

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

FAGIN

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

BOYS

WE CAN BE LIKE OLD BILL SYKES
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!
ADVANCE 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.
ADVANCE AND PICK A POCKET OR TWO.

DODGER
Now, this is a new one.

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 PEACE OF MIND -
WE HAVE TO PICK A POCKET OR TWO!

(Music continues under dialogue)

FAGIN
Put 'em all back in the box -
(BOYS return stolen articles with the
exception of one, whom FAGIN sees out
of the corner of his eye)
all of 'em -
(BOY shamefacedly returns spectacle
case to box)

BOYS
Ahhh!!!

FAGIN
Come 'ere -
(HE pats BOY on head)
what a crook!
(Music pauses for dialogue)
I hope you've all been hard at work today, my dears.

DODGER
Hard?

CHARLEY BATES
As rocks?

FAGIN
Good boys! Good Boys! What have you got dodger?

DODGER
A couple of wallets.

FAGIN

(Weighing the wallets)

Not as heavy as they might be. But very nicely made! Ingenious workman, ain't he, Oliver?

OLIVER

(Examining the wallets)

Very ingenious, sir.

(CHARLEY roars with laughter)

FAGIN

(To CHARLEY)

And what have you got, my dear?

CHARLEY

Nose-rags.

(HE Produces two large silk handkerchiefs - one red, one purple)

FAGIN

Well, they're very good ones, very! - yellow and green! You haven't embroidered 'em too well tho' Charley - so we'll have to pick the initials out with a needle. You'll need to learn how to do this too, Oliver my dear. Won't he boys?

(BOYS shriek with laughter)

BOYS

Yeah, but not 'alf.

FAGIN

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

OLIVER

Ooh yes, Mister Fagin, if you'll teach me.

FAGIN

Certainly my boy, no fee! Just do everything that Dodger and Charley do. Make 'em your models, my dear - especially Dodger - he's going to be a regular little Bill Sykes! Now then, is my handkerchief protruding from my pocket?

OLIVER

Yes sir, I can just see the corner.

FAGIN

See if you can take it out without my feelin' it - like you saw the others do.

(Music starts again.)

During the next verse and chorus,
OLIVER makes an unsuccessful attempt
to win the handkerchief)

FAGIN

(Sings)

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

(Music again pauses for dialogue.
OLIVER finally, picks up the
bottom of FAGIN's pocket with one
hand, and draws the handkerchief
lightly out with the other)

FAGIN

(Incredulous)

Is it gone?

OLIVER

(Showing it in HIS hand)

Yes, sir, it's in my hand.

FAGIN

(Patting OLIVER's head)

Is it? What a clever boy. I never saw a sharper lad. Here's sixpence for you. I have to go to the bank.

(HE gives OLIVER a shilling)

If you go on in this way, you'll be the greatest man of all time.

(The BOYS chuckle quietly)

FAGIN

Yes, you're quite the gentleman now. You've got sixpence on credit. You've got a home - and a profession, eh boys? Now, bedtime, all of you. There's a hard day's work ahead of you. You can sleep down there, Oliver. Settle down, Dodger, take your hat off in bed. Have a nightcap, Oliver. I'm afraid the wedgewood's in the safe.

(HE laughs - sings. No orchestra)

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

(FAGIN quietens the BOYS and THEY
settle down for the night)

/12/ INTERMEZZO - (Orchestra)

NEXT MORNING

(FAGIN is boiling some coffee in a
saucepan. HE is whistling "PICK A
POCKET OR TWO" softly to himself as
HE stirs the coffee round and round
with a wooden spoon.

Every now and then, HE stops whistling
to hear if there is anybody about
upstairs, until the coffee is done
and HE places the saucepan on the
table. HE turns round and looks at
OLIVER lying in bed. When FAGIN is
satisfied that the boy is fast asleep
HE tiptoes up the steps to see if the
door is bolted; HE takes a small box
from a trap-door in the floor, and
carefully places the box on the table
near the saucepan. HIS eyes glisten
as HE raises the lid and looks in.
HE takes from the box a magnificent
gold watch. Swinging the watch to
and fro, HE looks out front, and
speaks to the bird in the stand-cage)

FAGIN

I'm a real miser, y'know. But can I help it? I just like to
look at it! This is my little pleasure - a cup of coffee - and a
quick count-up.

(HE takes a sip of coffee from the
saucepan, and has a quick count-up.

I mean...who's gonner look after me in me old age?

(To the bird)

Will you, birdie?

(HIS eyes wander over to
where OLIVER is:)

Will...YOU!! . You!

(To find OLIVER sitting up in bed
watching HIS every move.

HE closes the lid of the box with
a loud crash, and, lying HIS hand
on the toasting-fork which was on
the table, HE jumps towards OLIVER)

FAGIN (Continued)

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 five minutes ago?

OLIVER

No, sir.

FAGIN

Two minutes ago?

OLIVER

Not that I know of, sir.

FAGIN

Be sure - be sure!!

OLIVER

(Seeing the threatening
toasting-fork)

Alright then, I'm sure.

FAGIN

(Resuming HIS old manner)

Alright then... If you're sure, I'm sure.

(HE plays with the toasting-fork)

Of course, I knew all along, my dear. I was only trying to frighten you. You're a brave boy, Oliver. A brave boy.

(HE glances uneasily at the box)

Did you see any of the pretty things, my dear?

(HE closes the lid)

OLIVER

Yes, sir.

FAGIN

(Starts)

Ah! - they're mine, Oliver, my little property. All I've got to live on in me old age. It's a terrible thing - old age.

OLIVER

Do you think I could get up now, sir?

FAGIN

Certainly, my dear, certainly. There's a basin of water on the fire - you can have a wash.

OLIVER

But I had a wash yesterday, sir.

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

(Off)

PLUMMY AND SLAM!

(All the BOYS wake up. SHE enters
with BET.

Music starts)

FAGIN

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

NANCY

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

(As NANCY drinks half the bottle
of gin in one gulp)

FAGIN

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

NANCY

What's wrong with a drop of danger, then, Mr. Fagin? After all,
that's the only bit of excitement we have around here. And who
would deny us that small pleasure. Would you?

(NANCY and BET sing)

/13/ "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 A MERRY DANCE.

NANCY (Continued)

(Spoken)
C'MON, YOU LOT.

(NANCY sits on a stool and serves
coffee to the BOYS as THEY file
past. SHE sings)

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

ALL BOYS

IT'S A FINE LIFE!

NANCY

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

ALL BOYS

IT'S A FINE LIFE!

NANCY

WHEN YOU'VE GOT SOEMONE TO LOVE,
YOU FORGET YOUR CARE AND STRIFE.
LET THE PRUDES LOOK DOWN ON US.
LET THE WIDE WORLD FROWN ON US.

NANCY & BET

IT'S A FINE, FINE LIFE!

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

NANCY

DON'T HAVE TO SIN TO EAT.
WE WANDER THROUGH LONDON

NANCY & BET

WHO KOWS WHAT WE MAY FIND?

NANCY

THERE'S POCKETS LEFT UNDONE

NANCY & BET

ON MANY A BEHIND.

NANCY

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

ALL BOYS

IT'S A FINE LIFE!

NANCY

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

ALL BOYS

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 FURBILOES.
ALL WINDS AND ALL WEATHERS
AIN'T GOOD FOR FANCY CLO'ES.

NANCY

THESE TRAPPINGS THESE TATTERS

BOTH

THESE WE CAN JUST AFFORD

NANCY

WHAT FUTURE?

BET

WHAT MATTERS?

NANCY, BET & BOYS

WE'VE GOT OUR BED AND BOARD.

NANCY

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

ALL BOYS

IT'S A FINE LIFE!

NANCY

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

ALL BOYS

IT'S A FINE LIFE!

NANCY

BUT THE GRASS IS GREEN AND DENSE

NANCY (Continued)

ON THE RIGHT SIDE OF THE 'FENCE'
AND WE TAKE GOOD CARE OF IT.
AND WE GET OUR SHARE OF IT.

NANCY, BET & BOYS

AND WE DON'T MEAN PENCE!

NANCY & BET

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

ALL BOYS

IT'S A FINE LIFE!

NANCY

THO' THERE'S NO TEA SIPPING AN EATING CRUMPET.
IT'S A FINE LIFE!

ALL BOYS

IT'S A FINE LIFE!

NANCY

(Wistful, thinking of BILL SYKES)
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...

NANCY, BET & BOYS

FINE LIFE!

(Music cadence and out)

NANCY

Who's he, Fagin!

FAGIN

Oh ladies, I forgot to introduce you to our new lodger - Mister
Oliver Twist Esquire - Nancy and Bet.

(NANCY and BET both curtsy. OLIVER
bows solemnly. The BOYS cat-call)

NANCY

Charmed to meet you!

FAGIN

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

ALL

Ho-yuss!

NANCY

You wouldn't know quality if you saw it - none of yer! 'cept Dodge. 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

Righty-ho.

FAGIN

Go on Nancy, give us a free show, on the stage.

NANCY

Shut up, you lot. How does it go now, Dodge? It's all "bowin" and "hats off" ... and ...

(Music starts)

DODGER

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

NANCY

And "I'll go last."

DODGER

No, I'll go last.

NANCY

I'll go last.

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

/14/ "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

DODGER (Continued)

FOR YOUR SMILE, ANYWHERE -
FOR YOUR SMILE EV'REYWHERE
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

(Taken aback)
WHAT? FISTICUFFS!

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

NANCY

(Sarcastically)
ANYTHING?

DODGER

ANYTHING FOR YOU!!

FAGIN

Now you, Oliver...

NANCY

You do everything you saw him do. And I'll tell you all the
words you don't know.

OLIVER

(Sings - to BET - imitating DODGER
and NANCY)

I'D DO ANYTHING
FOR YOU, DEAR, ANYTHING -

OLIVER (Continued)

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 TIMBUCTOO?

OLIVER
(Sings - after a moments hesitation)
AND BACK AGAIN!

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

BET & NANCY
ANYTHING?

OLIVER
ANYTHING FOR YOU!!

(Dance)

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
(Sarcastically to FAGIN)
HANG EV'RYTHING!!

WE'D RISK LIFE AND LIMB
TO KEEP YOU IN THE SWIM -
YES WE'D DO ANYTHING...

FAGIN
ANYTHING?
(HE holds HIS hand out to DODGER)

ALL
ANYTHING FOR YOU!!

/14A/ MELOS - (Orchestra)

FAGIN
All right then lads. Can't have you lot laying about here all day. There's work to be done and there's fine pickings out there in the streets. Get out and earn your keep.

NANCY
Ta-ta you lot!

ALL
Ta-ta!

FAGIN
Dodger take Oliver with you. You have to make a start somewhere, Oliver and believe me you couldn't make a finer start. Good luck on your first job, me dear. I'll be waiting for you 'ere when you come back.

/15/ "BE BACK SOON"

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:

FAGIN (Continued)

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

BOYS

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

DODGER

IT'S HIM THAT PAYS THE PIPER

BOYS

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

FAGIN

YOU CAN GO BUT BE BACK SOON
YOU CAN GO BUT BRING BACK PLENTY
OF POCKET HANDKERCHEIFS.
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.

FIRST SOLO BOY

A WALLET FAT,

SECOND SOLO BOY

AN OLD MAN'S HAT,

DODGER

THE CROWN JEWELS FROM THE TOWER.

ALL BOYS

WE KNOW THE BOW STREET RUNNERS

DODGER

BUT THEY DON'T KNOW THIS TUNE.

ALL BOYS

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
 I DUNNO, SOMEHOW I'LL MISS YOU
 I LOVE YOU
 THAT'S WHY I
 SAY CHEERIO NOT GOODBYE
 DON'T BE GONE LONG, BE BACK SOON
 GIVE ME ONE LONG LAST LOOK
 BLESS YOU
 REMEMBER OUR OLD TUNE
 BE BACK SOON.

BOYS

WE MUST DISAPPEAR,
 WE'LL BE BACK HERE.
 TODAY PERHAPS TOMORROW.
 WE'LL MISS YOU TOO,
 IT'S SAD BUT TRUE
 THAT PARTING IS SUCH
 SWEET SORROW.
 AND WHEN WE'RE IN THE
 DISTANCE
 YOU'LL HEAR THIS
 WHISPERED TUNE
 SO LONG, FARE THEE WELL,
 PIP, PIP, CHEERIO
 WE'LL BE BACK SOON.

BOYS

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

OLIVER & DODGER

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

ALL BOYS

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

(BOYS march off whistling, into street, where MR. BROWNLOW's pocket is picked)

/15A/ CAPTURE OF OLIVER - (Orchestra)

(A chase ensues and OLIVER is captured)

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO
Scene 1

THE "THREE CRIPPLES" a Public House
in Clerkenwell - that evening.

The saloon of the public house - a
low-ceilinged room, with a long
wooden table running down the
middle. Around which, the raffish
looking CUSTOMERS are drinking and
flirting. At the right end of the
table is a CHARIMAN with a hammer.

At the other end of the room is a
raised alcove with a small table at
which FAGIN and NANCY are seated.
BET sits at the top of the stairs.

As the curtain rises, NANCY is
leaning on the brass rail separating
the alcove from the main floor of
the saloon, the CUSTOMERS are
singing.

/16/ "OOM-PAH-PAH"

CHORUS

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

THEY ALL SUPPOSE WHAT THEY WANT TO SUPPOSE.
WHEN THEY HEAR OOM-PAH-PAH!

CHAIRMAN

(As the CHARIMAN bangs HIS hammer)

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 - Ooom-Pah-Pah!

CUSTOMERS

Good old Nancy! Come on Nancy! Etc.

NANCY

(Spoken)

All right! All right!

(Sings)

THERE'S A LITTLE DITTY

NANCY (Continued)

THEY'RE SINGING IN THE CITY
ESPESHLY WHEN THEY'VE BEEN ON THE GIN OR THE BEER.
IF YOU'VE GOT THE PATIENCE,
YOUR OWN IMAGINATIONS,
WILL TELL YOU JUST EXACTLY WHAT YOU WANT TO HEAR.

ALL

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

NANCY

THEY ALL SUPPOSE WHAT THEY WANT TO SUPPOSE.
WHEN THEY HEAR OOM-PAH-PAH!!

MISTER PERCY SNODGRASS
WOULD OFTEN HAVE THE ODD GLASS -
BUT NEVER WHEN HE THOUGHT ANYBODY COULD SEE.
SECRETLY HE'D BUY IT,
AND DRINK IT ON THE QUIET,
AND DREAM HE WAS AN EARL WITH A GIRL ON EACH KNEE!

CUSTOMERS & NANCY

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

NANCY

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

(THEY all laugh loudly)

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

ALL

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

NANCY

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

(Hilarious laughter)

NANCY

SHE WAS FROM THE COUNTRY,
BUT NOW SHE'S UP A GUM TREE -
SHE LET A FELLER FEED 'ER, THEN LEAD 'ER ALONG,
WHAT'S THE GOOD O' CRYIN'?
SHE'S MADE A BED TO LIE IN
SHE'S GLAD TO BRING THE COIN IN AND JOIN IN THIS SONG.

ALL

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

NANCY

SHE IS NO LONGER THE SAME BLUSHING ROSE
EVER SINCE OOM-PAH-PAH!

(Hysterical laughter. NANCY shouts)

All together now!

NANCY

THERE'S A LITTLE DITTY
THEY'RE SINGING IN THE CITY
ESPESHLY WHEN THEY'VE BEEN
ON THE GIN OR THE BEER.
THEY ALL SUPPOSE
WHAT THEY WANT TO SUPPOSE
WHEN THEY HEAR
OOM-PAH-PAH!

CHORUS

OOM-PAH-PAH! OOM-PAH-PAH!
THAT'S HOW IT GOES.
OOM-PAH-PAH! OOM-PAH-PAH!
EV'REONE KNOWS.
IF YOU'VE GOT THE PATIENCE,
YOUR OWN IMAGINATIONS
WILL TELL YOU JUST EXACTLY
WHAT YOU WANT TO HEAR.

ALL

OOM-PAH-PAH! OOM-PAH-PAH!
THAT'S HOW IT GOES.
OOM-PAH-PAH! OOM-PAH-PAH!
EV'RYONE KNOWS.
THEY ALL SUPPOSE WHAT THEY WANT TO SUPPOSE.
WHEN THEY HEAR OOM-PAH-PAH!

(End of number, CUSTOMERS
applause wildly.)

Enter BILL SYKES.

There is a sudden hush in the room)

VOICE (OLD HAG)

Bill Sykes!

(SYKES is a stoutly-built chap of

about thirty-five; dressed in a black
velveteen coat, very soiled drab
breeches, lace-up half boots and
grey cotton stockings, which enclose
a bulky pair of legs with large
swelling calves. HE has a brown hat
on HIS head and a dirty handkerchief
around HIS neck. HE sports three days'
growth of beard and two scowling eyes,
one of which is swollen from a blow.

SYKES sings "MY NAME")

/17/ "MY NAME"

SYKES

STRONG MEN TREMBLE WHEN THEY HEAR IT!
THEY'VE GOT CAUSE ENOUGH TO FEAR IT!
IT'S MUCH BLACKER THAN THEY SMEAR IT!
NOBODY MENTIONS MY NAME!

RICH MEN HOLD THEIR FIVE-POUND NOTES OUT
SAVES ME EMPTYING THEIR COATS OUT
THEY KNOW I COULD TEAR THEIR THROATS OUT
JUST TO LIVE UP TO MY NAME!

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

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

(In a long drawn out bellow HE
shouts HIS own name..."BILL SYKES"!!
EVERYONE in the saloon visibly cowers)

STRONG MEN TREMBLE WHEN THEY HEAR IT!
THEY'VE GOT CAUSE ENOUGH TO FEAR IT!
IT'S MUCH BLACKER THAN THEY SMEAR IT!
NOBODY MENTIONS MY NAME!

SOME TOFF SLUMMING WIV' HIS VALET,
BUMP'D INTO ME IN THE ALLEY
NOW HIS EYES'LL NEVER TALLY
HE'D NEVER HEARD OF MY NAME!

SYKES (Continued)

ONE BLOKE USED TER BOAST THE CLAIM
HE COULD TAKE MY NAME IN VAIN
POOR BLOKE SHAME 'E WAS SO GREEN
NEVER WAS HE SEEN AGAIN!

ONCE BAD, WHAT'S THE GOOD OF TURNING?
IN HELL! I'LL BE THERE A-BURNING
MEANWHILE, THINK OF WHAT I'M EARNING
ALL ON ACCOUNT OF MY NAME!

(HE walks around the saloon baring
HIS fist at one and all - daring
them to answer)

WHAT IS IT? WHAT IS IT? WHAT IS IT?

(There is one beat of complete
silence)

(Jubilantly - sings)

MY NAME!!!

(Enter DODGER, breathless and
in a panic)

FAGIN

(Rising)

Where's Oliver? Where's the boy?

(FAGIN takes hold of DODGER's ear.
To DODGER)

Now then! What's become of him.

(DODGER does not answer. FAGIN
takes hold of the shoulders of
DODGER's coat, and gives HIM a
violent shaking, to emphasize each
word of HIS questions)

What - have - be-come - of - Oliver?

DODGER

(In between being shaken)

Got took away in a coach!

FAGIN

(Still shaking the LAD)

Who coach. What coach? Where coach?

DODGER

(Breathlessly)

He got nabbed on the job!... They took him to court. We waited
outside... The old man we robbed, come out of the court with
Oliver and took him off in a coach to his home.

FAGIN

Where to? Quick?

(DODGER pauses for breath)

Speak!

DODGER

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

FAGIN

(To DODGER)

Why didn't you look after him? Why didn't you bring him back with you?

(SYKES, who has been drinking, peruses FAGIN's face for a give-away look)

SYKES

(Aloud)

Fagin looks worried...

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.

There is a long pause while THEY all think)

SYKES

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 - wivout suspicion. We'll nab him the very moment he dares to step out of that house. Now who's gonner go?

(THEY all look around at each other)

FAGIN

(Beams at NANCY)

The very thing! Nancy, me dear, what do you say?

SYKES

The very thing!

NANCY

That it won't do, so it's no use a-trying it on, Fagin!

SYKES

And just what do you mean by that remark?

NANCY

(Decidedly)

What I say, Bill.

SYKES

Why, you're just the very person for it. Nobody up that way knows anything abaht yer.

NANCY

And as I don't want 'em to, neither, it's rather more 'no' than 'yes' wiv me, Bill.

SYKES

She'll go Fagin.

NANCY

No she won't, Fagin.

SYKES

Yes she will, Fagin!

(SIKES approaches NANCY menacingly, until HIS fist is directly under HER chin. SYKES advances slowly on NANCY and SHE retreats. HE hits HER.

To BOYS)

Go on, get out!

SYKES

(FAGIN, SYKES and BOYS exit. BET approaches NANCY)

Go home, Bet.

(NANCY sits at table and sings:)

/18/ "AS LONG AS HE NEEDS ME"

NANCY

AS LONG AS HE NEEDS ME
OH YES HE DOES NEED ME
IN SPITE OF WHAT YOU SEE
I'M SURE THAT HE NEEDS ME.

WHO ELSE WOULD LOVE HIM STILL
WHEN THEY'VE BEEN USED SO ILL
HE KNOWS I ALWAYS WILL
AS LONG AS HE NEEDS ME.

I MISS HIM SO MUCH
WHEN HE IS GONE
BUT WHEN HE'S NEAR ME
I DON'T LET ON.

THE 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.

(NANCY rises)

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.

/19/ CHANGE OF SCENE - (Orchestra)

ACT TWO
Scene 2

THE BROWNLOW'S - two weeks later.
Brownlow's house - bedroom, stairs
and morning room. In the bedroom
MRS. BEDWIN sits by OLIVER's bed
singing a lullaby.

/20/ REPRISE: - "WHERE IS LOVE?"

MRS. BEDWIN

WHERE IS LOVE?
DOES IT FALL FROM SKIES ABOVE?
IS IT UNDERNEATH THE WILLOW TREE
THAT YOU'VE BEEN DREAMING OF?
WHERE IS SHE?

(At the end of the song or the end of
the melody OLIVER wakes and impetuously
embraces MRS. BEDWIN. THEY look out
of window as STREET CRIERS appear)

/21/ "WHO WILL BUY?"

ROSE SELLER

(Off)

WHO WILL BUY MY SWEET RED ROSES,
TWO BLOOMS FOR A PENNY?

(SHE enters)

WHO WILL BUY 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?

(Enter from the other side of the
street a STRAWBERRY SELLER)

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

RIPE STRAWBERRIES, RIPE!

MILKMAID
ANY MILK TODAY, MISTRESS?
ROSE SELLER
WILL YOU BUY MY SWEET
RED ROSES,

KNIFE GRINDER
KNIVES, KNIVES TO GRIND.

ANY KNIVES TO GRIND?

MILKMAID
ANY MILK TODAY, MISTRESS?
ROSE SELLER
WHO WILL BUY?

STRAWBERRY
RIPE STRAWBERRIES, RIPE!

RIPE STRAWBERRIES, RIPE!

ROSE
WHO WILL BUY MY SWEET
RED ROSES,
WHO WILL BUY MY SWEET
RED ROSES?

MILK (w/above 2 lines)
ANY MILK TODAY MISTRESS?

ANY MILK TODAY?

KNIFE (w/above 2 lines)
KNIVES, KNIVES
TO GRIND
ANY KNIVES TO GRIND?

LONG SONG SELLER
WHO WILL BUY?

KNIFE GRINDER
WHO WILL BUY?

MILKMAID
WHO WILL BUY?

ROSE SELLER
WHO WILL BUY?

(Ultimately the musical phrase "WHO
WILL BUY?" emerges in the dominant.
At which point OLIVER sings:)

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

ROSE SELLER
WHO WILL BUY MY SWEET RED ROSES?

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

STRAWBERRY SELLER
RIPE STRAWBERRIES, RIPE.

OLIVER
SO I COULD SEE IT AT MY LEISURE
WHENEVER THINGS GO WRONG,
AND I WOULD KEEP IT AS A TREASURE
TO LAST MY WHOLE LIFE LONG.

MILKMAID
ANY MILK TODAY?

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

KNIFE GRINDER
KNIVES, KNIVES TO GRIND.

STRAWBERRY SELLER
RIPE STRAWBERRIES, RIPE!

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

LONG SONG SELLER: WHO WILL BUY?
KNIFE GRINDER: WHO WILL BUY?
MILKMAID: WHO WILL BUY?
ROSE SELLER: WHO WILL BUY?

(Downstairs MR. BROWNLOW opens the
door to MR. GRIMWIG the doctor, and
THEY climb the stairs together to
the accompaniment of the melody)

BROWNLOW
Come in, doctor, I think you'll find a great improvement in the
boy.

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

(Music pause for dialogue)

BROWNLOW
Thank you, Mrs. Bedwin. How do you feel today, my boy?

OLIVER
Much better, thank you. May I stay here always, sir?

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

GRIMWIG

You are a great deal better, are you not?

OLIVER

Yes thank you, sir.

GRIMWIG

Yes I know you are. You're hungry too, aren't you?

OLIVER

No sir.

GRIMWIG

Hmm. No, I know you're not. He is not hungry, Mrs. Bedwin.

MRS. BEDWIN

No, doctor.

GRIMWIG

You feel sleepy, don't you?

OLIVER

No sir.

GRIMWIG

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

OLIVER

Yes sir. Rather thirsty.

GRIMWIG

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

OLIVER

May I get up sir?

GRIMWIG

I think you may. And take a little fresh air.

(Cough)

Don't keep him too warm Mrs. Bedwin, but be careful that you don't let him be too cold. Will you have the goodness?

MRS. BEDWIN

Certainly doctor.

BROWNLOW

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

(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 (Continued)

Doctor, do you notice the most extraordinary likeness between that boys face and the portrait of my daughter Agnes?

GRIMWIG

Can't say I do. I only know two sorts of boys. Mealy faced boys and beef-faced boys.

BROWNLOW

And which is Olvier?

GRIMWIG

Mealy. Where does he come from?

BROWNLOW

Didn't I tell you? He was arrested for stealing my pocket handkerchief.

GRIMWIG

What, sir?

BROWNLOW

It was all my mistake and when the shopkeeper told us what really happened and he was released by the magistrate I brought him here to make what amends I could. But I must confess I find myself strangely attached to the child.

GRIMWIG

He's deceiving you, my good friend. He has had a fever. What of that? Fevers are not peculiar to good people, are they? Bad people have fevers sometimes, haven't they? He stole your pocket handkerchief, didn't he? Then he'll steal more, sir.

BROWNLOW

He didn't - yes what is it?

(A BOY has appeared at the front door)

BOY

Books you ordered from the bookseller, sir.

BROWNLOW

Ah yes, thank you.

(HE turns away)

Now I've got some other books here.

(The BOYS goes)

Hey wait a moment -

(OLIVER and MRS. BEDWIN have appeared
at the top the the stairs)

BROWNLOW (Continued)

Hey come back - oh dear he's gone and I particularly wished some books to be returned today.

GRIMWIG

Send Oliver with them. He'll be sure to deliver them safely, you know. If he does - I'll eat my head, sir!

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. I want you to take these books and say that you've come to pay the four pounds ten that Mr. Brownlow owes - here's five pounds. No need to rush it's just down the road but I shall expect you back in ten minutes -

OLIVER

Very good sir.
(HE goes)

BROWNLOW

Now let us see, Mrs. Bedwin. Ten minutes.
(HE takes out HIS watch

MR. BROWNLOW and MRS. BEDWIN go back into the house. OLIVER emerges into the street and as HE does so all the STREET CRIERS and PASSERS BY burst into song)

LONG SONG SELLER

WHO WILL BUY?

KNIFE GRINDER

WHO WILL BUY?

MILKMAID

WHO WILL BUY?

ROSE SELLER

WHO WILL BUY?

ALL & 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?

ALL & OLIVER (Continued)

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 WHO WILL BUY!

ROSE SELLER

WHO WILL BUY MY SWEET RED ROSES,
TWO BLOOMS A PENNY?

(NANCY, BILL SYKES and BET lie in
wait and as the number finishes,
NANCY shouts out...)

NANCY

Oh! Oh! My dear brother!
(SHE throws HER arms about OLIVER's neck)

OLIVER

Leggo! Leggo! Who is it! Leggo!

(A CROWD gathers round)

NANCY

I've found him! Oliver, oh Oliver! My dear little brother!
Where have you been? We've been worried out of our heads! Come
home, dear, come home! Oh, I've found him, thank goodness
gracious heavens, I've found him.

FIRST WOMAN

What's the matter, love?

(NANCY speaks to crowd.
Crowd talk excitedly)

NANCY

Oh, he ran away two weeks ago from his parents who are hard-
working respectable people, and went and joined a set of thieves
and bad characters - almost broke his mother's heart. Make him
come home.

SECOND WOMAN

Young wretch!

FIRST WOMAN

Go home, you little brute.

OLIVER

I won't! She's not my sister. Got no sister - got no father nor mother neither!

NANCY

Just listen to him.

(OLIVER notices BET nearby)

OLIVER

Bet! Tell them to let me go!

NANCY

See - he knows his little sister. He can't hide that! Make him come home - or he'll kill his mother and father.

(SYKES appears in the group
with HIS dog)

SYKES

What the devil's this? Young Oliver? Come home to your poor mother - you young dog! Come on home!

(HE grabs OLIVER's shoulders.

Sees books)

What books are these?

OLIVER

They're Mr. Brownlow's.

SYKES

You've been stealing again, have you? Give 'em here. He's nothing but a thief and a vagabond. Come on, you young villain.

NANCY

Come on Oliver.

/22/ CHANGE OF SCENE - (Orchestra)

ACT TWO
Scene 3

THIEVES' KITCHEN - later.

Enter SYKES twisting OLIVER's arm,
followed by NANCY and the dog.

SYKES
Twist! I'll give him Twist!

NANCY
All right, Bill, leave him now - We're 'ere.

FAGIN
Look boys, Oliver's back!

DODGER
He's got books, Fagin.

(DODGER's laughter is so infectious
that all BOYS fall to the floor in
convulsions. Meanwhile DODGER rifles
OLIVER's pockets with steady assiduity)

Look at his togs, Fagin! Superfine cloth and the heavy swell
cut. Nothing but a gentleman, Fagin!

FAGIN
Delighted to see you looking so well, my dear. The Artful Dodger
shall give you another suit, my dear, 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 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.

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

SYKES (Continued)

(FAGIN stops in HIS tracks)

Come on, 'and over.

FAGIN

This is hardly fair, Bill -

SYKES

Fair or not fair, hand over I tell you! - hardly fair, is it, Nancy? Do you think Nancy and me 'as got nothing else to do with your precious time but to spend it chasing after young kids? Give it 'ere, you avaricious old skeleton, give it 'ere!

(At which HE plucks the note from between FAGIN's finger and thumb and looking FAGIN coolly in the face folds it up small and ties it in HIS handkerchief)

That's for our share of the trouble and not half enough neither. Here. Start a library.

OLIVER

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

SYKES

So 'e'll be out here will 'e. What did you tell him about us?

OLIVER

Nothing.

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!

(SYKES makes to follow OLIVER.

NANCY throws herself at HIM)

SYKES

(Struggling to disengage himself from HER grasp)

Stand off o' me or I'll split your head against the wall.

NANCY

I don't care for that, Bill. The child shan't be harmed unless you kill me first.

SYKES

Shan't 'e! I'll soon do that if you don't keep off.
(HE flings the GIRL across the room)

FAGIN

All right, all right, we've got him, what's the matter?

SYKES

The girl's gone mad, I think.

NANCY

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

FAGIN

Then keep quiet, will yer.

NANCY

No, I won't keep quiet.

FAGIN

All this violence.

SYKES

Try and run away, would you?
(Takes off belt to beat OLIVER)

NANCY

I won't stand by and see it done, Bill. You've got him here and what more would you have? Let 'im be let 'im be, or I shall put my mark on someone, and not care for the consequence.

FAGIN

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

NANCY

Am I? Take care I don't overdo it. 'Cause I'm warning you I'll put my finger on some of you and I don't care if I hang with you.

SYKES

You? Do you know who you are? And what you are?

NANCY

(Hysterically)
Ah, yes, I know all about it. Who I am and what I am.

SYKES

Well then, keep quiet or I'll quiet you for a good long time to come. You're a nice 'un, coming all this humane and genteel rubbish. A pretty subject for the "child", as you call him, to make a friend of.

NANCY

Lord help me, I am, and I wish I'd of been struck dead in the street before I lent a hand in bringing him here. After today, 'e's a thief, a liar, and all that's bad from this day forth, isn't that enough for yer, without beating him to death!

FAGIN

Come, come Sykes, we must have civil words, civil words, Bill.

NANCY

Civil words, yes, you deserve them from me. I thieved for you when I was a child, half his age and for twelve years since. Don't you forget it!

SYKES

Well, if you have it's your living.

/23/ REPRISE: - "IT'S A FINE LIFE"

NANCY

SOME LIVING! SOME LIVING!

SYKES

WHAT YOU DESERVE YOU GET.

NANCY

NO GETTING! ALL GIVING!

FAGIN

MUST WE HAVE MURDERS YET?

SYKES

THERE'LL BE MURDERS! THERE'LL BE TERROR -

SYKES

SUCH AS YOU'VE

NANCY

LORD, HELP ME!

FAGIN

NO VIOLENCE!

NEVER SEEN.

PLEASE

WATCH IT, NANCY,

NO VIOLENCE!

MAKE NO ERROR!

PLEASE,

THERE AIN'T NO

NO SCENES.

IN BETWEEN

NANCY

LORD, HELP ME!

IN LIFE.

NO VIOLENCE!

NANCY

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

SYKES

FINE LIFE!

FAGIN
MY LIFE! SATAN!

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

DODGER
FINE LIFE!

NANCY
FINE LIFE!

FAGIN
COME -
BETTER DO AS YOU ARE TOLD.

SYKES
WATCH OUT!

FAGIN
BILL HAS GOT A HEART OF GOLD!

SYKES
GET OUT!

FAGIN
BETTER NOT TO MESS WITH IT.
BETTER MAKE THE BEST OF IT.

SYKES
ON THE JOB!
SHUT YOUR GOB!

FAGIN
IT'S A FINE,

SYKES
FINE,

DODGER
FINE,

NANCY
FINE

ALL FOUR
LIFE!

(NANCY exits)

FAGIN
Look after her, Bill.

(SYKES exits)

FAGIN (Continued)

Look after him, Dodger.

(DODGER takes OLIVER off)

...and I'll look after meself!

(FAGIN rushes about collecting
HIS hoard, then sits down)

/24/ "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 TRAILS 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 DUCHESSSES
WITH FRIENDLINESS, AS MUCH AS IS
BEFITTING OF MY NEW ESTATE.

(HE waves graciously)

"GOOD MORNING TO YOU, MAGISTRATE!"
I THINK I'D BETTER THINK IT OUT AGAIN.

FAGIN (Continued)

SO WHERE SHALL I GO? SOMEBODY?
WHO DO I KNOW? NOBODY!
ALL MY DEAREST COMPANIONS HAVE ALWAYS BEEN VILLAINS AND
THIEVES -
SO AT MY TIME OF LIFE I SHOULD START TURNING OVER NEW
LEAVES?

I'M REVIEWING THE SITUATION
IF YOU WANT TO EAT YOU'VE GOT TO EARN A BOB!
IS IT SUCH A HUMILIATION
FOR A ROBBER TO PERFORM AN HONEST JOB?
SO A JOB I'M GETTING, POSSIBLY,
I WONDER HOW THE BOSS'LL BE?
I WONDER IF HE'LL TAKE TO ME?
WHAT BONUSES HE'LL MAKE TO ME?
I'LL START AT EIGHT, AND FINISH LATE,
AT NORMAL RATE AND ALL, BUT WAIT!
I THINK I'D BETTER THINK IT OUT AGAIN.

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN I'M SEVENTY?
MUST COME A TIME - SEVENTY.
WHEN YOU'RE OLD, AND IT'S COLD, AND WHO CARES IF YOU
LIVE OR YOU DIE.
YOUR ONE CONSOLATION'S THE MONEY YOU MAY HAVE PUT BY.

I'M REVIEWING THE SITUATION.
I'M A BAD 'UN, AND A BAD 'UN I SHALL STAY!
YOU'LL BE SEEING NO TRANSFORMATION,
BUT IT'S WRONG TO BE A ROGUE IN EV'RY WAY.
I DON'T WANT NOBODY HURT FOR ME,
OR MADE TO DO THE DIRT FOR ME.
THIS ROTTEN LIFE IS NOT FOR ME.
IT'S GETTING FAR TOO HOT FOR ME.
DON'T WANT NO ONE TO ROB FOR ME,
BUT WHO WILL FIND A JOB FOR ME?
THERE IS NO IN BETWEEN FOR ME,
(Optional: I DON'T CARE WHAT THEY'VE GOT FOR ME.)
BUT WHO WILL CHANGE THE SCENE FOR ME?
(Optional: BUT WHO WILL CHANGE THE PLOT FOR ME?)

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

HEY!

/24A/ CHANGE OF SCENE - (Orchestra)

ACT TWO
Scene 4

THE WORKHOUSE PARLOUR.

Widow Corney's parlour. A few days later. SHE is now, however, MRS. BUMBLE. MR. BUMBLE, HER new husband sits, looking out into thin air with a most melancholy expression on HIS face. HIS cocked hat is on a peg on the wall. 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)

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, who, although SHE is now MRS. BUMBLE, we will still call HER by HER previous title, has been hovering around in the background)

WIDOW CORNEY

(Shrieking)

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

(MR. BUMBLE belches)

Are you going to sit there snoring, all day?

MR. BUMBLE

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

WIDOW CORNEY

(Contemptuously)

Your prerogative!

MR. BUMBLE

I said the word madam. The prerogative of a man... is to command.

WIDOW CORNEY

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

MR. BUMBLE

To obey, madam! Your late unfortunate husband should have taught it to you, and then, perhaps, he might have been alive today, and I wish he was - poor man!

WIDOW CORNEY

Ooooooh! You hard-hearted brute!
(SHE drops into a nearby chair,
and with a loud scream, falls into
a paroxysm of tears)

MR. BUMBLE

Cry away, madam! It opens the lungs, exercises the eyes, softens the temper, and washes the face - so cry away!

(MR. BUMBLE then takes HIS hat from the peg, puts it on rather rakishly, and with HIS hands in HIS pockets, saunters towards the door, WIDOW CORNEY rushes up behind HIM, and knocks HIS hat off. SHE then kicks HIM down the stairs)

WIDOW CORNEY

How dare you speak to me like that, you great big lump. Now talk about your prerogative, if you dare!

(MR. BUMBLE doesn't dare)

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

(MR. BUMBLE picks up HIS hat)

Well, are you going?

MR. BUMBLE

(Backing away)
Certainly my dear, certainly. I had no intention of staying.
It's just that you are so very violent...
(MR. BUMBLE exits and finding a
BOY in HIS way, hits HIM hard)

/24B/ CHANGE OF SCENE - (Orchestra)

(As MR. BUMBLE goes to exit - a bundle of rags stirs in a corner of the back room. Another bundle of rags is seen to be tending the first bundle)

Who's that? OLD SALLY

It's matron. OLD LADY

Come here...nearer. OLD SALLY

It's old Sally ma'am, she says she's got something to tell you that must be heard. She'll never die quiet till you hear. OLD LADY

Turn her away. SALLY

Go on, get out of it. WIDOW CORNEY

I'm your old friend, Annie. OLD LADY

Go on, get out of it! WIDOW CORNEY

Now listen to me. Once in this very room, in this very bed I nursed a pretty young cretur' that was brought into the house with her feet cut and bruised with walking. She gave birth to a boy and died. SALLY

What about her? WIDOW CORNEY

I robbed her. I robbed her so I did. All she had, were round her neck and it were gold. SALLY

Gold? Yes go on - yes. What of it? WIDOW CORNEY

This is it! Locket! Locket! She whispered in my ear that if her babe should live, the day would come when it might feel proud to hear its poor mother named. It's my belief she came from a good rich family. SALLY

The boy's name? WIDOW CORNEY

They called him - SALLY

WIDOW CORNEY
Yes?

SALLY
Oliver.
(SHE dies)

WIDOW CORNEY
We must retrieve that boy, Mr. Bumble.

MR. BUMBLE
We must indeed, ma'am. We must indeed.
(THEY leave the bundle and sing)

/25/ REPRISE: "OLIVER"

WIDOW CORNEY & MR. BUMBLE
OLIVER! OLIVER!

WIDOW CORNEY
THAT WAS THE MITE
WITH THE LARGE APPETITE.

BOTH
OLIVER! OLIVER!

MR. BUMBLE
APPARENTLY HE'S FROM A RICH FAMILY!

WIDOW CORNEY
AND TO THINK WE NEARLY
STUPIDLY WENT AND LOST TRACK OF HIM.

MR. BUMBLE
IF THE TRUTH WERE KNOWN
WE BOTH WERE DELIGHTED AT SEEING THE BACK OF HIM.

BOTH
OLIVER! OLIVER!

MR. BUMBLE
WHAT'LL WE DO?

WIDOW CORNEY
(Spoken)
WE MUST GIVE HIM HIS DUE.
(SHE produces the locket)

BOTH
(Singing)
AND WE'LL PRAISE THE DAY
SOMEBODY GAVE US
O -- LI -- VER!

(Music continues for change of scene)

ACT TWO
Scene 5

The BROWNLOWS'. A few days later.

MR. BROWNLOW

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

MR. BUMBLE

I have come in to answer your advertisement. 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.

MR. BROWNLOW

Yes, yes, and do you know where the boy is now?

MR. BUMBLE

Not no more than no body.

MR. BROWNLOW

Well, what do you know of him?

MR. BUMBLE

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

(HE hands MR. BROWNLOW the locket)

Mrs. Bumble has kept it all this time.

MR. BROWNLOW

You say that when he left your workhouse he went to an undertaker's?

MR. BUMBLE

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

MR. BROWNLOW

You mean to say you sold him like an animal?

MR. BUMBLE

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

BROWNLOW

Really! Then I will see to it that neither of you is employed in a situation of trust again. You may leave my house!

MR. BUMBLE

I hope 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

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

MR. BROWNLOW

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

MR. BUMBLE

If the Law supposes that, then the Law is an 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.

(Exits.)

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

There is a sound of raised voices outside and BEDWIN enters, looking flustered)

MRS. BEDWIN

There is a young person, sir, at the back door enquiring for you and saying that she has come about Oliver.

MR. BROWNLOW

Mrs. Bedwin, take a look at this miniature.

(HE hands HER the locket)

You see who it is.

MRS. BEDWIN

Why it's Miss Agnes, sir!

MR. BROWNLOW

Yes, my daughter Agnes. And I have every reason to suspect that Oliver was her child.

MRS. BEDWIN

Sir!

(NANCY bursts in)

NANCY

I can't stay out there any longer. If I'd gone away as many would have done... you might have been sorry, and not without reason neither.

MR. BROWNLOW

I'm sorry if anyone has been rude to you. Can I help you in any way?

NANCY

I don't know. Can she be trusted?

MR. BROWNLOW

Yes, why?

NANCY

I am the girl that took little Oliier back to old Fagin's on the morning he left this house.

MR. BROWNLOW

You?

NANCY

Me, sir. And I wish now that I'd never been part of it. The boy mentioned you specially and I thought if I came to you...

MR. BROWNLOW

Where is this place you speak of ... Fagin's?

NANCY

That I can't tell you.

MR. BROWNLOW

Did you perhaps know that Oliver is probably my grandchild?

NANCY

I didn't know nothing. All I knew was me orders. I 'ad to get 'im back or suffer for it ... You don't believe me! I don't want your pity. I had to come, even though there are those who would murder me if they knew I'd been here.

MR. BROWNLOW

Murder ... ? But where is Olivier... ? Where is this Fagin's?

NANCY

I can't tell you. I just wanted you to know that Oliver is safe. I must go back now, quickly ...

MR. BROWNLOW

But what can I do about all this? Why must you go back? What is the reason you can't tell me where he is? ... And why do you have to return to those people? I can call the Bow Street Runners in a moment, and if you tell them what you have just told me, they will see you come to no harm.

NANCY

Don't you understand. I want to go back. I must go back there ... how can I explain ... you see, back there ... there is a man - that I just can't leave. You see I love him. You don't know what it is like to love someone like that.

MRS. BEDWIN

I understand.

MR. BROWNLOW

My dear ladies, do excuse me but I am anxious about Olivier. How can you help me?

NANCY

I won't tell you where he is but I'll bring him to you, not here, that's too dangerous ... will you promise that I won't be watched or followed?

MR. BROWNLOW

I promise you solemnly.

NANCY

Then tonight, between eleven and the time the clock strikes twelve, I will walk on London Bridge ... and I will bring Oliver!
(SHE leaves quietly and enters the street)

/26/ REPRIS: "AS LONG AS HE NEEDS ME"

NANCY

HE DOESN'T ACT AS THOUGH 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 EVER SEE
THAT SOMEONE ELSE NEEDS ME?
AS LONG AS LIFE IS LONG
I'LL LOVE HIM, RIGHT OR WRONG.
BUT HE'S SO BIG AND STRONG,
AND 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 *take back to steps*
I'VE GOT TO STAY TRUE JUST
AS LONG AS BILL NEEDS ME. *stand on platform*
(SHE exits)

ACT TWO
Scene 6

LONDON BRIDGE at night. It is ten forty-five p.m. A clock chimes the three-quarters as NANCY hurries on leading OLIVER and looking over HER shoulder. SHE stops at a recessed embrasure. They are silhouetted against the night sky in an attitude of waiting. Music underscores entire scene.

/27/ LONDON BRIDGE - (Orchestra)

A HUSSAR & GIRL pass a NIGHT WATCHMAN on the bridge. NIGHT WATCHMAN - "Goodnight".

The shadow of a burly man falls across the scene. BILL SYKES suddenly appears behind NANCY.

NANCY

Bill! Don't take him back Bill! Let him go, for pity's sake, let him go! Why are you looking at me like that, Bill?

SYKES

It's a dark night, my girl, but it's light enough for what I've got to do.

NANCY

I wasn't going to blow the gaff, honest, I wasn't, Bill. I wouldn't say nothing! Bill! Bill!

(SHE Screams. HE kills HER. SYKES grabs OLIVER and runs to door of thieves' kitchen with HIM. BROWNLOW enters in time to see SYKES disappearing, HE sees NANCY's body and shouts)

BROWNLOW

Help! Help!

(A NIGHT WATCHMAN enters and when HE sees NANCY's body, runs off ringing HIS bell and shouting)

NIGHT WATCHMAN

Murder! Murder!

(SYKES bangs on the thieves' kitchen door)

SYKES

Let me in, Fagin, let me in!

(FAGIN opens the door and SYKES and OLIVER disappear inside. Meanwhile a crowd has collected on the bridge around BROWNLOW. BET has appeared with the crowd and kneels by NANCY sobbing. A Bow Street Runner squeezes through the crowd)

FIRST RUNNER

Stand back there! Stand back.

SECOND RUNNER

This gentleman seems to know the lady.

FIRST RUNNER

Can you tell us what happened, sir?

BROWNLOW

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

FIRST RUNNER

Can you tell me what he looked like?

BROWNLOW

He was a broad shouldered, heavily built man.

FIRST RUNNER

Anything else?

BROWNLOW

He wore a blue coat and a tall hat.

WOMAN

(Whisper)

Bill Sykes!

(The name "Sykes" is heard
whispered by the CROWD)

WOMAN

(Screams)

It's Nancy, he's murdered Nancy!

(This causes a sensation in the crowd. Door of thieves' kitchen opens and FAGIN and BOYS run to

safety. SYKES, DODGER and OLIVER are about to follow when there is a shout from the CROWD)

MAN

Look! there's his dog!

(The CROWD becomes angry and excited, following the dog until they reach the door of the Thieves' Kitchen. The crowd is yelling for Sykes' blood.

The crowd finds a battering ram and attacks the door.

A wild shout suddenly goes up as SYKES appears on the roof top with a rope in HIS hand. OLIVER is tied to the other end of the rope)

SMALL BOY

Look, there he is!

MAN

After him!

(The crowd surges forward)

SYKES

Stand back or I'll kill the boy!

(A HUSSAR takes out a gun and fires. The CROWD sees SYKES fall. There is a roar from the crowd and then they continue to batter the door down. Meantime, OLIVER is rescued and taken to MR. BROWNLOW.

The door gives way and the BOW STREET RUNNERS enter.

In a few moments DODGER is led forth expostulating loudly and rubbing HIS eyes)

DODGER

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. And what are all these people doing here? Same on you! If only my attorney was here - and he's having breakfast with the Vice President of the House of Commons...

(DODGER is led off protesting continuously.

Two more BOW STREET RUNNERS come out of the house. The FIRST ONE is almost hidden under coloured silk handkerchiefs and the SECOND carries a wooden box at whose contents HE is staring amazed.

The CROWD roars)

FIRST MAN

Hey. He's got Fagin's money!

SECOND MAN

It's Fagin's money, but where is he then?

THIRD MAN

Come out, Fagin!

CROWD

We want Fagin, we watn Fagin!!

(The chant fades away when it becomes apparent that FAGIN is not upon the scene)

FIRST RUNNER

There's nothing else in the place. It's empty now.

FOURTH MAN

What about old Fagin!

MAN

If Fagin's not in there, there's only one place he can be!

CROWD

Where?

MAN

The Three Cripples!

CROWD

The "Three Cripples" - come on! We want Fagin! etc.

(The CROWD disperses.

Music starts.

MR. BROWNLOW and OLIVER walk up onto the bridge. MRS. BEDWIN appears at the far side. OLIVER runs to HER and embraces HER)

MR. BROWNLOW
Come, Oliver! We'll take you home now.
(MR. BROWNLOW leaves, with
OLIVER and MRS. BEDWIN)

/28/ REPRISE: "REVIEWING THE SITUATION"

FAGIN
(Emerging from under the bridge
recess - HE sings)
CAN SOMEBODY CHANGE? IT'S POSSIBLE.
MAYBE IT'S STRANGE BUT IT'S POSSIBLE.
ALL MY DEAREST COMPANIONS AND TREASURES,
I'VE LEFT 'EM BEHIND.
I'LL TURN A LEAF OVER,
AND WHO CAN TELL WHAT I MAY FIND?

(Alone and friendless, FAGIN walks
over the bridge off into the dawn,
as a slow reprise of HIS refrain is
played)

CURTAIN

ACT TWO
FINALE

LONDON BRIDGE

/29/ FINALE - REPRIS: "FOOD, GLORIOUS FOOD"

BOYS

FOOD, GLORIOUS FOOD!
HOT SAUSAGE AND MUSTARD!
WHILE WE'RE IN THE MOOD
COLD JELLY AND CUSTARD!
PEASE PUDDING AND SAVELOYS!
"WHAT NEXT?" IS THE QUESTION
RICH GENTLEMEN HAVE IT, BOYS,
IN-DYE-GESTION!

(Enter MR. BROWNLOW, BET and OLIVER.
THEY are followed by a PAUPER ASSIS-
TANT who is bearing an enormous hamper
of food)

OLIVER

Help yourself lads!

(The BOYS fall to. COMPANY
walk down)

/30/ REPRIS: "CONSIDER YOURSELF"

COMPANY

CONSIDER YOURSELF AT HOME.
CONSIDER YORUSELF ONE OF THE FAMILY.
WE'VE TAKEN TO YOU SO STRONG
IT'S CLEAR WE'RE GOING TO GET ALONG.
CONSIDER YOURSELF WELL IN.
CONSIDER YOURSELF PART OF THE FURNITURE.
THERE ISN'T A LOT TO SPARE
WHO CARES?
WHAT EVER WE'VE GOT WE SHARE!

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

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

CURTAIN

ON THIRD CURTAIN CALL:

/31/ REPRISE: "I'D DO ANYTHING"

OLIVER

(Sings to BET)

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

COMPANY & OLIVER

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

LET THE CLOUDS OF GREY COME ALONG
NEVER MIND IF THEY COME ALONG
SURELY THEY WON'T STAY VERY LONG
IF YOU'LL ONLY SAY YOU'RE MINE ALONE.

I'D RISK EV'RYTHING
FOR THIS BLISS, EVERYTHING
YES, I'D DO ANYTHING,
ANYTHING FOR YOU!

CURTAIN

THE END

/32/ EXIT MUSIC - (Orchestra)