

**ACT ONE**

**Scene Four**

**Inside the Undertaker's next morning.**

#11 - Next Morning

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

**NOAH**

*(off)*

Charlotte, open the door, will yer? Charlotte open the door..

**OLIVER**

*(undoing the chain and turning the key)*

I will directly sir.

**NOAH**

*(through the keyhole)*

Are you the new boy?

**OLIVER**

Yes sir.

**NOAH**

*(still outside)*

How old are yer?

**OLIVER**

Eleven sir.

**NOAH**

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

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

**OLIVER**

Did you knock sir?

**NOAH**

I kicked.

**OLIVER**

Did you want a coffin sir?

## NOAH

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

*(He enters majestically)*

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

## OLIVER

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

## NOAH

*(punctuating)*

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

*NOAH kicks OLIVER's backside. OLIVER taking down the shutter, and CHARLOTTE enters with a tray of food. All the time she is ogling NOAH lasciviously.*

## CHARLOTTE

Noah, I saved a nice little bit of bacon for you from master's breakfast. Oliver, pull up a chair for Mr Noah and then take them bits and go over in the corner and eat 'em. And make haste, 'cos they'll want you to mind the shop. D'you hear?

*NOAH and CHARLOTTE are groping each other surreptitiously whilst OLIVER is turned away. THEY all begin eating.*

## NOAH

D'you hear? Work'us?

## CHARLOTTE

Here's your bacon Noah.

## NOAH

Nice and greasy, just how I like it.

*CHARLOTTE feeds him.*

What are you staring at work'us?

## CHARLOTTE

Lor Noah let the boy alone.

## NOAH

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

*NOAH gropes CHARLOTTE.*

**CHARLOTTE**

I better go downstairs. Something's burning.

*CHARLOTTE exits.*

**NOAH**

*(addressing OLIVER conversationally)*

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

**OLIVER**

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

**NOAH**

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

**OLIVER**

*(tearfully)*

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

**NOAH**

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

**OLIVER**

You'd better not say anything more see!

**NOAH**

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

*(NOAH curls up his nose in disgust)*

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

**OLIVER**

What did you say?

**NOAH**

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

#12 – *The Fight*

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

Help, Charlotte, Missis... this here new boy's a murderin' of me! Char—LOTTE !!

*CHARLOTTE enters followed by MRS SOWERBERRY.*

**ACT ONE**

**Scene Five**

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

**OLIVER**

*(singing unaccompanied to keep his spirits up)*

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

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

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

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

**DODGER**

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

**OLIVER**

No - never - I...

**DODGER**

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

**OLIVER**

Starving.

**DODGER**

'Ere catch.

*(He throws him an apple.)*

Tired?

**OLIVER**

Yes. I've been walking seven days.

**DODGER**

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

**OLIVER**

The what?

**DODGER**

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

**OLIVER**

A beaks a birds mouth.

**DODGER**

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

**OLIVER**

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

**DODGER**

*(suddenly very interested)*

Oh you 'ave, 'ave ya.

**OLIVER**

Yes.

**DODGER**

Got any lodgings?

**OLIVER!**

No.

**DODGER**

Money?

**OLIVER**

Not a farthing.

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

Do you live in London?

**DODGER**

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

**OLIVER**

No - I don't think so...

**DODGER**

Then h'accommodated you shall be me young mate.

*(He eyes Oliver speculatively)*

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

**OLIVER**

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

**DODGER**

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

**OLIVER**

My name's Oliver. Oliver Twist.

**DODGER**

*(with a flourish)*

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

**OLIVER**

Pleased to meet you, Mister Dawkins.

**DODGER**

*(pausing for second thoughts)*

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

**OLIVER**

Are you sure Mr Fagin won't mind?

**DODGER**

Mind?

#14 - Consider Yourself (Part 1)

*He bangs his dusty old top hat and sings.*

CONSIDER YOURSELF AT HOME.

CONSIDER YOURSELF ONE OF THE FAMILY.

WE'VE TAKE TO YOU SO STRONG.

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

CONSIDER YOURSELF WELL IN.

CONSIDER YOURSELF PART OF THE FURNITURE.

THERE ISN'T A LOT TO SPARE.

WHO CARES? WHAT EVER WE'VE GOT WE SHARE!

IF IT SHOULD CHANCE TO BE

WE SHOULD SEE

## 10. Where Is Love?

Lento  $\text{♩} = 75$ 

OLIVER

Where \_\_\_\_\_ is love? Does it fall from skies a - bove?

5 Is it un - der - neath the wil - low tree that I've been dream - ing of?

9 Where \_\_\_\_\_ is she Who I close my eyes to see?

13 Will I e - ver know the sweet "hel - lo" \_\_\_\_\_ that's meant for on - ly me? *poco rit.*

17 **A tempo** Who can say where she may hide? Must I tra - vel far and wide?

21 'Til I am be - side the some - one who I can mean some - thing to

25 Where, \_\_\_\_\_ Where \_\_\_\_\_ is love? *rall.*

29 **A tempo** Who can say where she may hide? Must I tra - vel far and wide?

33 'Til I am be - side the some - one who I can mean some - thing to

37 **Più mosso** Where, \_\_\_\_\_ where \_\_\_\_\_ is love? \_\_\_\_\_ **2**

35 **DODGER** (*spoken*)

What? Fist - i - cuffs? I'd risk ev - 'ry - thing For one kiss,

39 **NANCY** **DODGER**

ev - 'ry - thing - Yes I'd do an - y - thing, An - y - thing? An - y - thing for

**FAGIN:** Come on Nancy. Give Oliver a go! **NANCY:** Now you do everything you saw Dodger do and I'll help you with the words

43 **5**

you! —

49 **OLIVER** (*NANCY prompts him - speaking the first two or three words of every phrase.*)

I'd do an - y - thing For you, dear, an - y - thing For

53

you mean ev - 'ry - thing To me. — I know that I'd go

58

an - y - where For your smile, an - y - where, For your smile

62 **BET**

ev - 'ry - where I'd see. — Would you lace my shoe?

66 **OLIVER** **BET** **OLIVER** **BET**

An - y - thing! Paint your face bright blue? An - y - thing! Catch a



69 OLIVER BET OLIVER (*sings - after a moment's hesitation*)

kang - a - roo? An - y - thing! Go to Tim - buk - tu? And back a - gain!

73

I'd risk ev-'ry-thing For one kiss, ev-'ry-thing Yes I'd do

78 BET (*spoken*) OLIVER

an - y - thing, An - y - thing? An - y - thing for you!

82 **Dance** FAGIN

7

Would you

90 ALL FAGIN ALL FAGIN

rob a shop? An - y - thing! Would you risk "the drop"? An - y - thing! Tho' your

94 ALL FAGIN *rit.* ALL (*sarcastically to FAGIN*)

eyes go pop, An - y - thing! When you come down "plop"? Hang ev -'ry - thing!

98 **A tempo (poco meno)**

We'd risk life and limb To keep you in the swim Yes

102 *rit.* FAGIN ALL

we'd do an - y - thing, An - y - thing? An - y - thing for you!