

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

(SIKES)

HE'D NEVER HEARD OF...
MY NAME!

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

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

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

NANCY

(Spoken)

Bill Sikes.

(End of song.)

NANCY kisses BILL. DODGER enters breathless and in a panic. Dialogue during underscore.

#30 – Underscore After "My Name"**DODGER**

Fagin! Fagin! Fagin!

(He pounds the wall)

FAGIN

(Entering)

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

FAGIN takes hold of DODGER's ear.

(to DODGER)

What—has-become-of—Oliver?

DODGER

(in between being shaken)

Got took away in a coach!

FAGIN

(pulling Dodger up by his coat)

Who coach? What coach? Where coach?

DODGER slithers out of coat and shirt and he is naked from the waist up.

DODGER

(breathlessly)

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

FAGIN

Where to? Quick? Speak!

DODGER

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

FAGIN

(Fretfully)

We were supposed to look after him. We were supposed to bring him back with us. We were supposed to never let him out of OUR SIGHT!

SIKES

(aloud)

Who?

FAGIN

(to nobody in particular)

One of us, Bill. A new boy — went out on his first job today with Dodger. I'm afraid... that he may say something which will get us into trouble.

SIKES

(grinning)

That's very likely... You're blowed upon Fagin.

FAGIN

(still to nobody in particular)

And I'm afraid..you see... that if the game was up with us...

(he now addresses SIKES specifically)

...it might be up with a good many more... and it would come out rather worse for you than it would for me, my dear.

SIKES starts towards FAGIN, who merely stares vacantly ahead.

SIKES

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

They all look around at each other.

DODGER

I suppose it'll have to be me.

FAGIN

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

(He looks at Nancy)

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

(Smirking at Nancy)

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

NANCY

It's no good trying it on with me.

SIKES goes across to her menacingly.

BILL

And just what do you mean by that remark?

NANCY gets up and faces SIKES.

NANCY

What I say Bill. I'm not going... Why can't you leave the boy alone? He won't do you no harm. Why can't you leave him where he is — where he'll get the chance of a decent life?

BILL

You'll get him back 'ere my girl — unless you want to feel my hands on your throat!

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

FAGIN

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

SIKES

She'll go Fagin.

11. Next Morning – TACET

SEGUE from previous number after applause.

12. The Fight – TACET

CUE:

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!

13. Oliver's Escape – TACET

CUE:

MRS SOWERBERRY: She did!

OLIVER: It's a lie!

14. Consider Yourself (Part One)

CUE:

OLIVER: Are you sure Mr. Fagin won't mind?

DODGER: Mind?

Allegro ♩ = 128

3 DODGER

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/8 time signature. It consists of four staves of music. The first staff begins with a 3-measure rest, followed by a box labeled 'DODGER'. The lyrics are: 'Con - si - der your - self at home, Con - si - der your - self one of the fam - i - ly. We've ta - ken to you so strong, It's clear we're go - ing to get a - long. Con -'.


Con - si - der your - self at

7
home, Con - si - der your - self one of the

11
fam - i - ly. We've ta - ken to you so strong,

16
It's clear we're go - ing to get a - long. Con -

#11, #12, #13 – Tacets / #14 – Consider Yourself (Part One)

21

 si - der your-self well in, Con - si - der your-self

26


 part of the fur - ni - ture. There is - n't a lot to

31

 spare, Who cares? What - - e - ver we've got we

36

 share! If it should chance to be we should see some har - der days


40

 Emp - ty lar - der days, Why grouse? Al - ways a

45

 chance we'll meet some - bo - dy to foot the bill Then the drinks are

50

 on the house Con - si - der your-self our

55

 mate. We don't want to have no fuss,

60

 For af - ter some con - sid - er - a - tion we can

64

 state Con - si - der your-self one of us! Con -

#14 - Consider Yourself (Part One)