

OLIVER

Yes sir.

#19 - Rum-Tum-Tum

FAGIN

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

During the next verse and chorus, OLIVER tries unsuccessfully to steal the handkerchief.

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

(Incredulous)

Is it gone?

OLIVER

(Showing it in his hand)

Yes sir, it's in my hand.

FAGIN

(Patting OLIVER's head)

I don't believe it! You're a clever boy, my dear. I never saw a sharper lad. Here's a shilling for you.

The boys mob FAGIN for their shilling. Fagin puts his hand in his pocket and withdraws it empty.

I have to go to the bank.

The boys protest again in a noisy fashion and Fagin quietens them all suddenly as a policeman walks above.

Now, bedtime, all of you. I'll start singing again.

The BOYS protest.

OLIVER

Where shall I sleep, Sir?

FAGIN

Here, my dear. By the warm. I'll get you a night-cap.

OLIVER climbs onto the sofa.

OLIVER

Yes please

FAGIN

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

OLIVER drinks the gin and spits it out... the BOYS all laugh at him.

Alright, alright. Settle down! Dodger! Take yer hat off in bed! Where's ya manners?

He comes over to OLIVER speaking sotto voce...

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

FAGIN tucks OLIVER's arms under the blanket. And tidies up prior to bed.

#20 - Intermezzo (Part 1)

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

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

SIKES Underscore begins.

SIKES enters above and knocks on the Manhole cover.

Bill?

Looks at Fob watch.

At this time? A bit late isn't it? I mean, people are trying to sleep around 'ere. Where's the common decency. I'll have to give him a piece of my mind I will.

FAGIN collects his sack and opens man hole.

Bill! What a pleasure to see you!

Looks furtively around

Can I 'elp you? Bill? Bill, how did you get on?

SIKES produces a candlestick from inside his coat.

A silver candlestick. Very nice. Shame we haven't got a pair.

SIKES produces a 2nd candlestick from inside his coat.

(FAGIN)

We have got a pair. They're very fine Bill.

SIKES produces a spoon from his coat.

A spoon, solid silver. Shame we haven't got

SIKES produces a 2nd silver spoon from his coat.

A knife and fork.

SIKES produces a large tray from inside his coat. FAGIN bites it.

That's beautiful Bill.

FAGIN turns the tray over and looks at his reflection in the back of it.

That's not so beautiful.

SIKES takes off his hat and produces a ring which he gives to FAGIN. FAGIN puts the ring on.

Bill, a ring. Why this is all so sudden. I'll see what I can get for it.

SIKES produces a string of pearls from in his mouth.

FAGIN takes them tentatively.

Pearls Bill. And you've washed them too.

SIKES gestures for money.

SIKES

Come on Fagin, hand over.

FAGIN

Cash Bill? What me! Keep cash around 'ere, with all these young thieves about? I wouldn't dare!

SIKES

Fagin.,

FAGIN

I got to price the stuff first - proper and correct. Tomorrow, Bill, usual place, Three Cripples. That's a promise. It's a promise Bill.

SIKES

It better be.

SIKES exits behind the oven. FAGIN picks up the pearls then opens the trap and takes out his jewel box.

FAGIN

You my dear, you make it all worthwhile.

FAGIN opens the jewel box.

Pearl my pretty, I have a special place for you with all my other special lady friends. Pearl you'll like it here.

FAGIN takes out a Ruby Brooch.

Pearl you must meet Ruby. Ruby this is Pearl, Pearl this is Ruby.

FAGIN takes out a Crystal necklace.

Pearl you must meet Crystal. Crystal this is Pearl, Pearl this is Crystal.

FAGIN takes out a tiara.

Pearl you must meet my extra special lady friend Tiara. One day Tiara and I will go out together and I will wear my special choker.

FAGIN takes out a choker and puts it on.

Very nice.

FAGIN puts the choker back in the box and takes out the Opera Glasses.

We shall go to the opera. I can use my beautiful opera glasses. I can look at all the rich people. And all the poor people.

FAGIN still looking through the opera glasses turns and see Oliver looking at him.

AAGH!!! What are you awake? What 'ave you seen? Quick, quick, speak, I want to hear every detail you saw.

OLIVER

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

FAGIN

Were you awake a quarter of an hour ago?

OLIVER

No.

FAGIN

Ten minutes ago?

OLIVER

Not that I know of.

FAGIN

Be sure - be sure!!

OLIVER

I'm sure!

FAGIN

(resuming his old manner)

All right then... If you're sure, I'm sure. You're a brave boy Oliver, a very brave boy...

(he plays with the toasting fork)

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

(Looking at the box)

OLIVER

Yes, sir.

FAGIN

(starts)

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

He looks from the floortrap to the box.

OLIVER

Do you think I could get up now, sir?

FAGIN

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

OLIVER

But I had a wash yesterday.

FAGIN

(pointing to the corner)

Well, today's yer birthday - wash!

OLIVER moves over to the corner. When his back is turned - with lightning speed FAGIN returns the box to its hiding place.

NANCY enters into the street above with BET.

NANCY

Plummy and slam.

ACT TWO

Scene Three

Thieves Kitchen.

Enter SIKES twisting OLIVER's arm, followed by NANCY and BET.

NANCY hangs respectable shawls, hats etc around the fireplace.

FAGIN

Aaah! So you've come home again, have you Oliver my dear?

DODGER

Look at his togs, Fagin!

All the boys laugh and sneer.

CHARLEY

E's got books too. Quite the little gent, ain't he?

He grabs the parcel of books from OLIVER. The other boys are pulling OLIVER about. One pulls his cap off, puts it on himself at a rakish angle and struts around the room. The other boys roar with laughter. Meanwhile, DODGER is systematically going through OLIVER'S pockets.

FAGIN

(with an ironical bow)

Delighted to see you looking so well, my dear. The Artful Dodger shall give you another suit, for fear you should spoil that Sunday one. Why didn't you write, my dear, and say you were coming? We'd have got something warm for supper.

DODGER

Cor! Look at this!

DODGER draws forth the five-pound note from one of OLIVER's pockets. BILL SIKES steps forward, but before he can get there, FAGIN grabs the note.

SIKES

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

FAGIN

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

BOYS laugh but SIKES glares at them and they stop as one.

OLIVER gives SIKES the books but he throws them to the ground in disgust. DODGER picks them up.

SIKES

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

FAGIN stops in his tracks.

SIKES

Come on, 'and over .

FAGIN

(imploringly)

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

SIKES

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

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

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

SIKES takes the books from Dodger and gives them to Fagin.

Here. You can 'ave the books. Start a library.

SIKES laughs and makes to exit.

OLIVER

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

There is a silence as OLIVER's words sink in.

SIKES

(Advancing towards OLIVER menacingly.)

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

NANCY

Leave 'im alone, Bill!

SIKES

(glares at NANCY, then turns to OLIVER)

What did you tell him about us?

OLIVER

Nothing.

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

SIKES

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

OLIVER

(as he tries to escape)

Help! Help!

SIKES grabs him, OLIVER hits SIKES across the face.

SIKES

Hit me would you?

He pushes off OLIVER and makes for his cudgel. NANCY rushes forward and grabs SIKES' arm.

NANCY

No leave him alone Bill!

SIKES

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

NANCY

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

SIKES

Keep out o' this—I'm warnin' you.

SIKES flings NANCY across the room.

FAGIN

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

NANCY rises to her feet.

SIKES

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

NANCY

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

FAGIN

Then keep quiet, will yer. All this violence.

SIKES

Tell 'em all about us would you?

#39 - *It's A Fine Life (Reprise)*

NANCY

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

131

gain. _____ What

133

hap-pens when I'm sev-en-ty? Must come a time... sev-en-ty When you're

137

old and it's cold and who cares if you live or you die Your

139

one con - so - la - tion's the mon - ey you may have put by. I'm re -

142 **Allegro**

view - ing _____ the sit - u - a - tion _____ I'm a bad 'un and a

147

bad 'un I shall stay! _____ You'll be see - ing _____ no trans - form -

152

a - tion _____ But it's wrong to be a rogue in ev - 'ry way. _____

157 **Slower, accel. poco a poco**

I don't want no - bo - dy hurt for me, Or made to do the dirt for me. This

162

rot - ten life is not for me. It's get ting far too hot for me. Don't

166

want no one to rob for me, But who will find a job for me? There

170

is no in be tween for me. But who will change the scene for me?

173A 174 **Prestissimo**

I think I'll have to think it out a - gain. Hey!

SEGUE Back to the Workhouse

41. Back to the Workhouse – TACET

42. Old Sally – TACET

75 GANG

got to pick a poc-ket or two. We can be like old Bill Sykes

79 FAGIN

If we pick a poc-ket or two. Dear old gent

85

Pas - sing by Some-thing nice Takes his eye Ev'-ry-thing's clear! At -

89

tack the rear! Get in and pick a poc - ket or two. You've got to pick a poc - ket or

93 GANG (*pinched nose sound*)

two, boys. You've got to pick a poc - ket or two. Have no fear at -

97 (*sung*)

tack the rear Get in and pick a poc-ket or two.

101 FAGIN

When I see Some - one rich Both my thumbs start to itch.

105 *poco rall.*

On - ly to find some peace of mind I have to pick a poc-ket or two You've

109 *molto rit.* *A tempo*

got to pick a poc-ket or two, boys You've got to pick a poc-ket or two.

113 GANG FAGIN & GANG

Just to find some peace of mind We have to pick a poc - ket or

Allegro con moto

116 FAGIN

two

BOYS (+ FAGIN 2x ONLY) (shouted)

Just to find some peace of mind We have to pick a poc - ket or two. Hey!

19. Rum-Tum-Tum

(F minor version)

CUE:

FAGIN: All in good time, Oliver. All in good time. Now then, tell me, can you see my silk handkerchief, protruding from my pocket?**OLIVER:** Yes sir.**FAGIN:** See if you can take it from me without my noticing it – like you saw the others do.

3

FAGIN

7

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

11

molto rit.