

# Ask For Smoke Machine Access Lionel Bart's Oliver! JR. Characters

(in order of appearance)

Mr. Bumble

Widow Corney

Oliver Twist

Mr. Sowerberry

Mrs. Sowerberry

Charlotte

Noah Claypole

Artful Dodger

Captain Handwalker

Charlie Bates

Fagin

Nipper

Nancy

Bet

Mr. Brownlow

Bill Sikes

Chairman

Mrs. Bedwin

Milkmaid

Strawberry Seller

Knife Grinder

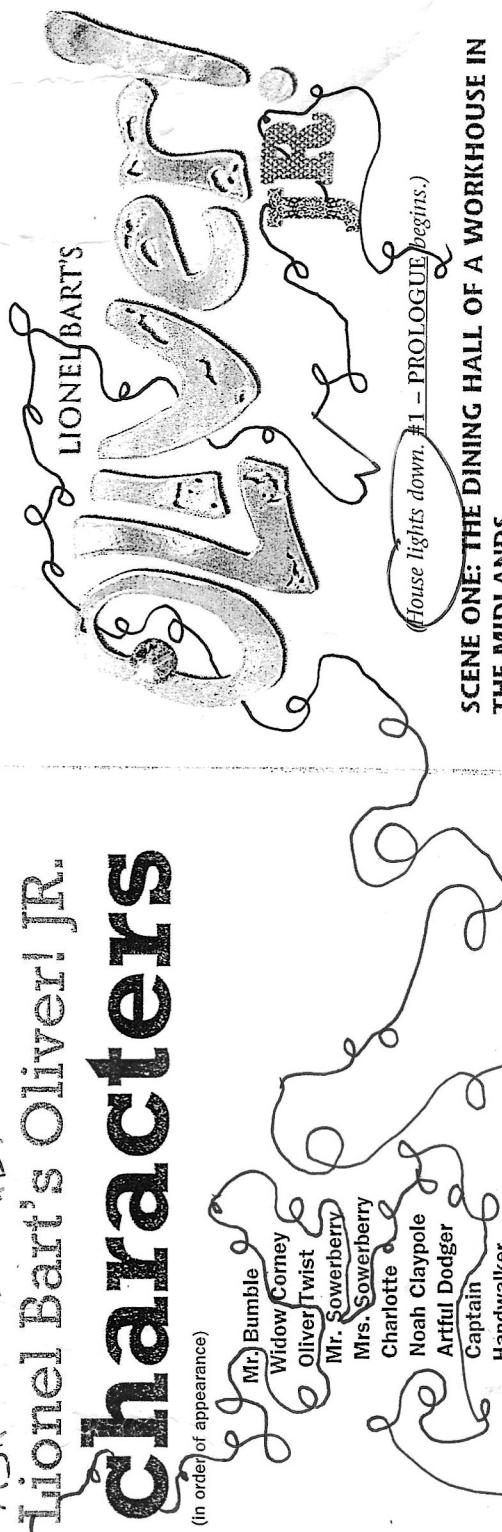
Rose Seller

Dr. Grimwig

Matron

Old Sally

Ensemble: Children (including Child), Workhouse Governors, Servants, Maid, Delivery Person, Pauper Assistants, People in the City (including Passing Man), Fagin's Gang, Policeman, Customers at the Public House, Street Sellers, Market Sellers, Crowd in the Town Square (including First Woman, Second Woman, Third Woman and First Man), People and Police at London Bridge (including Lamplighter, First Runner, Police 1, Police 2).



## SCENE ONE: THE DINING HALL OF A WORKHOUSE IN THE MIDLANDS

(#2 – FOOD GLORIOUS FOOD begins.)

### FOOD GLORIOUS FOOD

STAGE SETTING

(The CHILDREN file in and take their places at the table. They look gaunt and starved.)

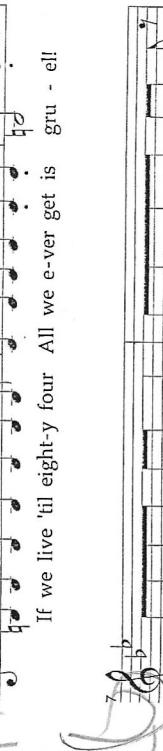


Moderato

2x 2 CHILDREN:



Is it worth the wait-ing for?



If we live 'til eighty four All we e-ver get is gru - el!



Ev-ry day we say our prayer Will they change the bill of fare?



Lionel Bart's Oliver! Jr. Music Theatre International • Broadway Junior® • Actor's Script

9 Still we get the same old gru - ell!

11 There's not a crust, not a crumb can we find, can we beg, can we bor-row, or cadge, But there's no - thing to stop us from get - ting a thrill when we Rall.

13 all close our eyes and i - ma - gine

15 (The CHILDREN begin wistfully, and build excitement as the image they describe becomes more vivid.)

17 Food glo - ri - ous food! Hot sau sage and mu - stard!

19 While we're in the mood Cold jel - ly and cus-tard!

21 Please pud-ding and sa - ve-los What next is the ques-tion?

23 Rich gen - tle - men have it boys in - dye - ges-tion!

25 Food glo - ri - ous food! We're an - xious to try it

27 Three ban-quets a day our fa-vour-ite di - et!

29 Just pic-ture a great big steak fried, roast-ed or stewed Oh,

31 Accel.

33 Rit.

35 Molto ten. ten. ten.

37 glo - ri - ous food mar - vel-lous food food glo - ri - ous

(The CHILDREN sigh.)

A tempo

Rit.

Lento

*Lionel Bart's Oliver! Music Theatre International • Broadway Junior® • Actor's Script*

2

3

(The WORKHOUSE GOVERNORS process past,  
following an enormous steaming meal, held by  
SERVANTS. CHILDREN gaze and sniff the  
fabulous smells.)

3

food



Food glo - ri - ous food —————  
What is — there more hand - some?

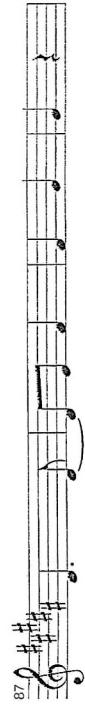
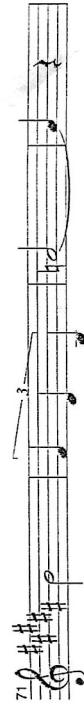
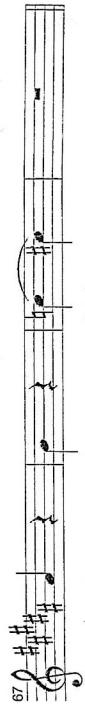
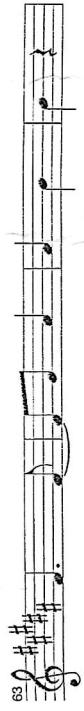
Gulped, swal - lowed or chewed —————

(opt. shouted)

Still worth — a king's ran - som

What is — it we dream a - bout?

What brings — on a sigh? —



## INCIDENTAL MUSIC INTO OLIVER (PART 1)

(The CHILDREN are each given one ladleful of gruel by the PAUPER ASSISTANTS, but are not allowed to eat until MR. BUMBLE and WIDOW CORNEY enter.)

91 in this in - ter - lude won - der - ful on

95 Food ma - gi - cal food fab - u - lous

99 food mar - vel - lous food glo - ri - ous

103 food beau - ti - ful food food

*All Oliver!*

107 A tempo

### (#3 - INCIDENTAL MUSIC INTO OLIVER (PART 1))

(MR. BUMBLE then raises his mace and holds it tantalizingly aloft for several seconds. The CHILDREN's eyes are fixed upon it, then he brings it smartly down, and at this point the CHILDREN fall to eating like clockwork figures.)

(#4 – INCIDENTAL MUSIC INTO OLIVER (PART 2)  
begins. A fast variation on the “Oliver” theme plays  
during the eating.)

(The CHILDREN soon polish off their gruel.)

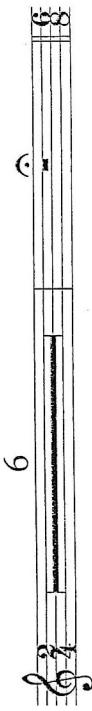
(A CHILD bangs his empty bowl on that of the child on the right, who in turn picks the two bowls up and bangs them on that of the child on the right, and so on around the table until the bowls are piled and ready to be taken away. OLIVER pulls his bowl away just in time. OLIVER stands up. He advances towards MR. BUMBLE, basin and spoon in hand, and stops in front of him.)

(#5 – OLIVER begins.)

## OLIVER

OLIVER: Please sir,  
I want some more.

MR. BUMBLE: (tears) More!  
What's his name?

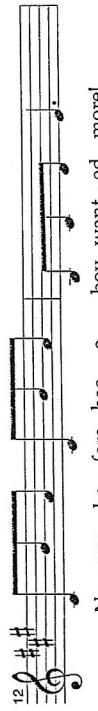


Moderato

CHILDREN:  
(spoken)  
WIDOW CORNEY,  
MR. BUMBLE:



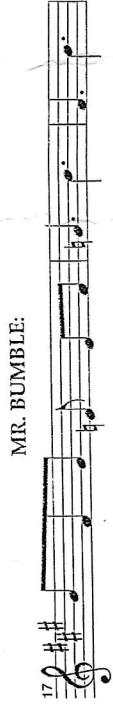
MR. BUMBLE:



WIDOW CORNEY,  
MR. BUMBLE: WIDOW CORNEY:

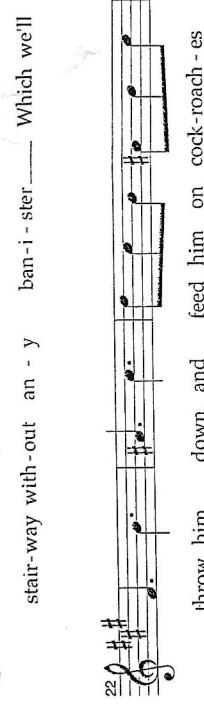


MR. BUMBLE:



knows what's in store. There's a dark, thin, wind-ing

stair-way with-out an-y ban-i-star — Which well

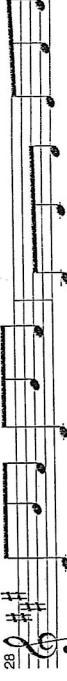


All:



served in a can-i-star. O-li-ver! O-li-ver!

WIDOW CORNEY,  
MR. BUMBLE:



What will he do when he's turned black and blue? He will



Ne-ver be-for-e has a boy want-ed more!  
O-li-ver! O-li-ver! Won't ask for more when he

**WIDOW CORNEY,  
MR. BUMBLE:**

32 ALL:  
O - li - ver! O - li - ver!

**MR. BUMBLE:**

36 O - li - ver! Ne - ver be - fore has a  
boy want - ed more! O - li - ver! O - li - ver!

**WIDOW CORNEY,  
MR. BUMBLE:**

38 O - li - ver! Ne - ver be - fore has a  
boy want - ed more! O - li - ver! O - li - ver!

**WIDOW CORNEY,  
MR. BUMBLE:**

41 WIDOW CORNEY:  
soo - ty chim - ney long o - ver - due for a

**WIDOW CORNEY,  
MR. BUMBLE:**

45 Won't ask for more when he knows what's in store. There's a  
scoundrel.

46 sweep - ing out — which well push him up, and

49 one day next year with the rats hell come creep - ing out

ALL:

51 O - li - ver! O - li - ver! Lock him in gaol and then

54 put him on sale, for the high - est bid  
glad to be rid of

*Foolish*

**MR. BUMBLE**

Well I best be off and see what I can get for this young scoundrel.

*Really*

**WIDOW CORNEY**

Make sure you get a good price for him Mr. Bumble.  
(*MR. BUMBLE leads OLIVER through the streets towards the undertaker's parlour.*)

**(WIDOW CORNEY)**

*(to the rest of the CHILDREN)*

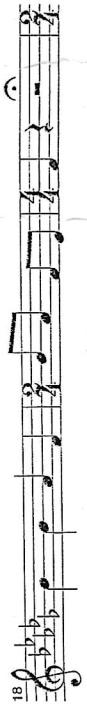
To bed, all of you!

(#6 - SCURRY MUSIC begins. CHILDREN are ushered off by PAUPER ASSISTANTS.)

*Smoke/Lights Down*

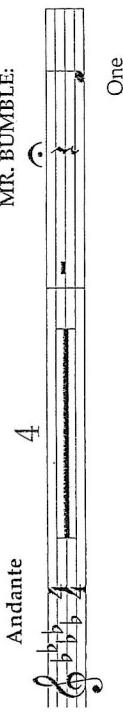
**SCENE TWO: STREETS**

*hi!* **BOY FOR SALE**



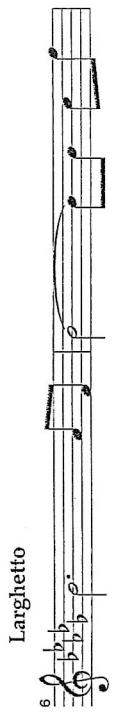
could not, I'd be tel - ling you a tale.

MR. BUMBLE:

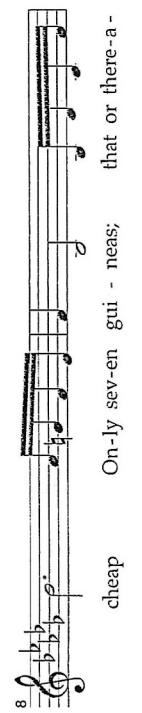


One

Larghetto

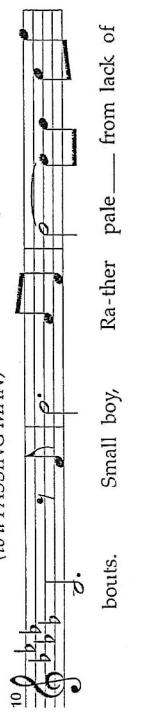


boy Boy for sale — He's go - ing

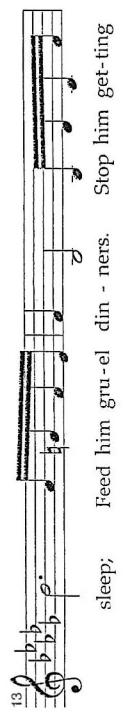


cheap On-ly sev-en gui - neas; that or there - a -

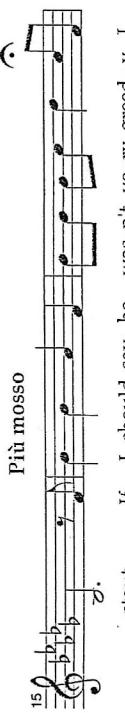
(to a PASSING MAN)



bouts. Small boy. Ra-ther pale — from lack of

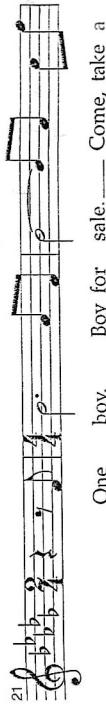


sleep; Feed him gru-el din - ners. Stop him get-ting stout.



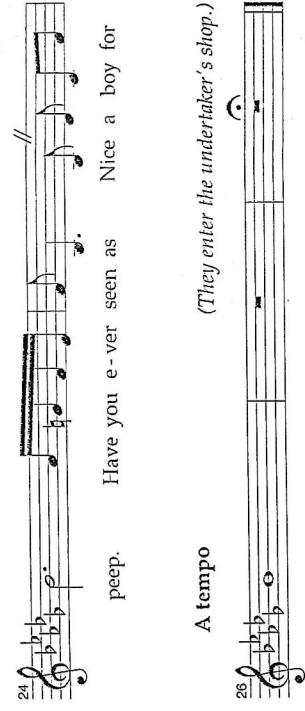
If I should say he was-n't ve-ry greed - y I

Tempo primo

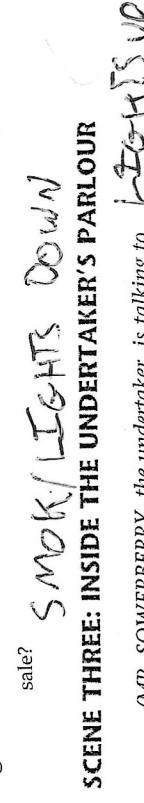


One boy. Boy for sale. — Come, take a

Rit.



(They enter the undertaker's shop.)



**SCENE THREE: INSIDE THE UNDERTAKER'S PARLOUR**

(MR. SOWERBERRY, the undertaker, is talking to ~~Mr. Bumble~~ up

MR. BUMBLE  
Liberal terms, Mr. Sowerberry. Three pounds!

**MR. SOWERBERRY**

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

**MR. BUMBLE**  
Good! Then it's settled. One apprentice. Three pounds please!

**MR. SOWERBERRY**  
If you don't mind! Cash upon hitting, Mr. Bumble! Cash upon  
liking!  
*(calls off to MRS. SOWERBERRY)*

Mrs. Sowerberry

*(MRS. SOWERBERRY enters.)*

**MRS. SOWERBERRY**

What is it you want? What is it? Oh, Mr. Bumble!  
My dear, I have told Mr. Bumble that we may consider taking  
in this boy to help in the shop.

**MRS. SOWERBERRY**

Dear me! He's very small.

*(OLIVER goes onto tip-toe.)*

**MR. BUMBLE**

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

*(MRS. SOWERBERRY examines OLIVER doubtfully.)*

**MRS. SOWERBERRY**

I dare say he will, on our vittles and our drink. They're a waste  
of time, these workhouse boys. They always cost more to keep  
than what they're worth. What's your name, boy?

**OLIVER**

Oliver. Oliver Twist, ma'am.

**MRS. SOWERBERRY**

An orphan then, Mr. Bumble?

**MR. BUMBLE**

Indeed Mrs. Sowerberry. The child'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**

Very well then, junior coffin-follower... that's your job... have  
you eaten yet?

**OLIVER**

No, ma'am, not since...

**MRS. SOWERBERRY**

*(shouting)*  
Charlotte! Charlotte!

**CHARLOTTE**

*(offstage)*  
(What?)

**MRS. SOWERBERRY**

Bring in some of them cold bits we put out for the dog. It  
hasn't been in all day, so it can go without em. I dare say the  
boy ain't too dainty to eat em - are you boy? Charlotte, this is  
the new boy... give them to him.  
*(CHARLOTTE enters with a plate of scraps. OLIVER*  
*devours the meager meat on the bones as the*  
*SOWERBERRY family looks on in silent horror. Once*  
*finished, OLIVER looks back at MRS. SOWERBERRY.)*

**OLIVER**

Yes, ma'am.

**MRS. SOWERBERRY**

Good, the dogs got to have it next. 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!

*(#8 - WHERE IS LOVE? begins.)*

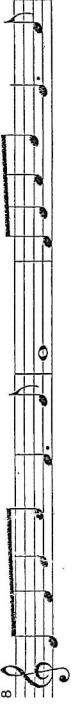
## WHERE IS LOVE?

*(They laugh hysterically as MR. BUMBLE exits,  
CHARLOTTE closes the blinds, and follows  
MR. SOWERBERRY and MRS. SOWERBERRY off.  
OLIVER peers apprehensively at his sinister surroundings.)*

**Lento**



Where \_\_\_\_\_ is love?



Does it fall from skies a - bove? Is it un - der -neath the

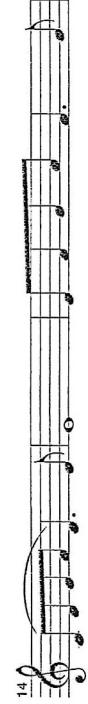
wil - low tree that I've been dream - ing off?

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

see? Will I ev - er know the sweet "hel - lo" \_\_\_\_\_ that's

meant for on - ly me? Who can say where... she may

mean for



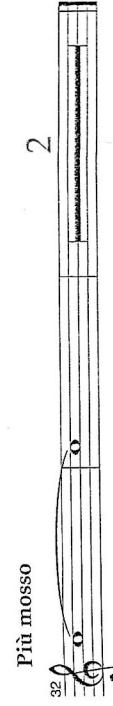
Rit. A tempo. Must I tra - vel... far and wide?

'Til I am be-side — the some-one who I can mean



some-thing to Where, \_\_\_\_\_ is

love? 2



Più mosso.

Love?

(#9 - NEXT MORNING begins.) *LIGHS UP*

#### SCENE FOUR: THE NEXT MORNING

(NOAH CLAYPOLE appears in the doorway.)

NOAH

Are you the new boy?

OLIVER

Yes sir.

NOAH

How old are you?

OLIVER

Eleven sir.

(NOAH begins whistling.)

Did you want a coffin sir?

NOAH

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

**MRS. SOWERBERRY**

Quick, put him in the coffin! Noah, go out and get Mr. Bumble. We could have all been murdered in our beds.

**MR. SOWERBERRY**

Three pounds he cost me!  
(*MR. BUMBLE enters.*)  
Oh, Mr. Bumble!

**MR. BUMBLE**

Where is he? Oliver?

**OLIVER**

You let me out!

**MR. BUMBLE**

Do you know this here voice, Oliver?

**OLIVER**

Yes!

**MRS. SOWERBERRY**

Of course he must be mad, Mr. Bumble.

**MR. BUMBLE**

It's not madness, madam.

(*He pauses.*)

It's meat! If you'd kept him on cruel this would never have happened. He comes of a bad family.

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

**OLIVER**

He called my mother names.

**MRS. SOWERBERRY**

She probably deserved what was said, and worse.

**OLIVER**

She didn't!

(NOAH kicks OLIVER's backside. OLIVER opens the blinds as CHARLOTTE enters with a tray of food.)

**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 make haste, 'cos they'll want you to mind the shop. Do you hear?

**NOAH**

What are you staring at, Workhouse?

**CHARLOTTE**

Noah, let the boy alone.

**NOAH**

Let him alone? I'm giving the boy a change, you silly thing! Everyone's left him alone. His father left him alone, his mother... Workhouse, how's your mother?

**OLIVER**

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

**NOAH**

What did she die of, Workhouse? Shortage of breath?

**OLIVER**

(*fearfully*)

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

**NOAH**

Well tol-de-rol-lol-tight-fol-lary. And it's a good thing she died when she did or she'd have been transported to Australaylia, or hung from the gallows as like as not!

(#10 - THE FIGHT begins. OLIVER lunges at NOAH.)

(*A fight ensues.*)

**(NOAH)**

Help, Missus... this here new boy's a-murdering me!

(*MRS. SOWERBERRY and MR. SOWERBERRY enter.*)

**CHARLOTTE**

Oh, you ungrateful, murderous little villain.

(*More scuffling. MRS. SOWERBERRY opens a coffin.*)

**OLIVER**

**MRS. SOWERBERRY**

She did!

**OLIVER**

It's a lie!

(#11 - OLIVER'S ESCAPE begins.)

(MRS. SOWERBERRY shrieks as OLIVER pushes her into the coffin. AS CHARLOTTE and NOAH rush to help MRS. SOWERBERRY, OLIVER takes the opportunity to escape and runs off.)

**CHARLOTTE**

Oliver! He's run off!

**MR. SOWERBERRY**

Three pounds of mine? Run off? After him!

(They run off after OLIVER.)

**SCENE FIVE: PADDINGTON GREEN OUTSKIRTS OF LONDON ONE WEEK LATER** *DODGER: I WALK OLIVER LIGHTLY LATER.*

(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. ARTFUL DODGER appears from behind the monument.)

**DODGER**

What you statin' at? Ain't you never seen a toff?

**OLIVER**

No, never. I...

**DODGER**

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

**OLIVER**

Starving.

**DODGER**

Tired?

**OLIVER**

Yes, I've been walking seven days.

**DODGER**

Seven days?! Who are you running 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 have, have ya.

**OLIVER**

Yes.

**DODGER**

Got any lodgings?

**OLIVER**

No.

**DODGER**

Money?

Not a farthing. 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 young mate.

(He eyes OLIVER speculatively.)

There's a certain place and I know a respectable old gentleman as lives there, what'll give you lodgings for nothing. Mister Fagin. That's his name. Mister Fagin. By the way if I'm introducing 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 intimate friends as the Artful Dodger.

**OLIVER**  
Pleased to meet you, Mr. Dawkins.

**DODGER**

(pausing for second thoughts)

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

**OLIVER**

Are you sure Mr. Fagin won't mind?

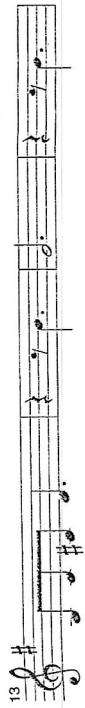
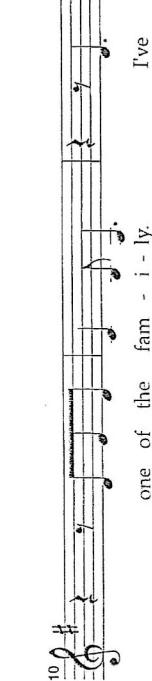
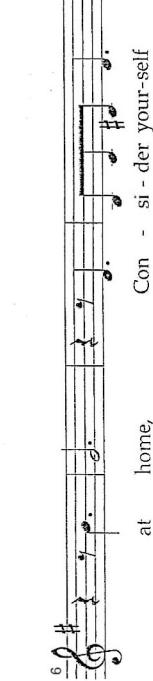
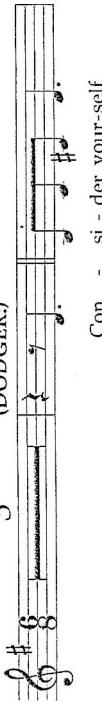
**DODGER**

Mind?

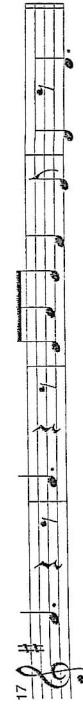
(#12 - CONSIDER YOURSELF begins) *LIGHT STAY.*

## CONSIDER YOURSELF

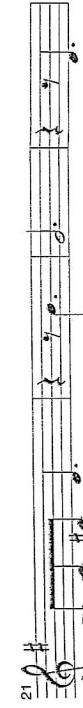
Allegro 3 (DODGER.)



ta-ken to you so strong. It's



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



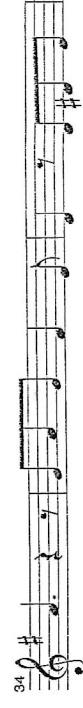
si-der your-self well in, Con -



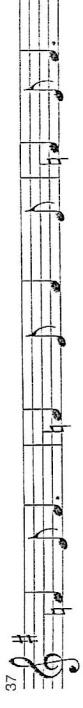
si-der your-self part of the fur-niture. There



is-not a lot to spare, Who cares?



What - e-ver we've got we share! If it should



chance to be we should see some hard-er days,

I've

(OLIVER and DODGER are joined by  
other members of PAGIN'S GANG.)

(DODGER)

40 Emp - ty - lar - der days,  
Why grouse?

44 Al -ways a chance we'll meet  
some - ho - dy to

47 foot the bill, Then the drinks are on the  
mate. Com - si - der your-self my  
house!

51 We don't want to have  
no fuss, For af - ter some con -

55 ta - ken to you  
long Con - si - der your-self Well in.

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

69 si - der your-self... At home? We've  
73 si - der your-self... One of the fam - i - ly? We've

77 si - der your-self... At home? We've  
80 ta - ken to you  
so strong.

84 It's clear we're go-ing to get a -  
long Con - si - der your-self Well in.

CHARLIE BATES:

## DODGER:

NIPPER:

Con - si-der your-self part of the fur-ni-ture.

## DODGER:

DODGER:

land - lord comes to call!

Con -

## OLIVER:

GANG:

There is - n't a lot to spare,

## GANG:

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

## DODGER:

share. No-bo-dy tries to be lah - di-dah and

## 103

up - pi-ty There's a cup o' tea for

(EAGIN'S GANG leads

OLIVER towards the town.)

## GANG:

all. On - ly it's wise to be

## 107

han - dy with a rol - ling pin When the

26

## DODGER:

DODGER:

si - der your-self our mate. We

## GANG:

GANG:

don't want to have no fuss, For

## 125

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

## GANG:

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

(The action develops into a bustling market.)

## COMPANY:

us! Con - si - der your-self

## 131

at home con - si - der your-self

27

one of the fam-i-ly      We've tak-en to you  
 chance to be      we should see some hard - er days  
 Emp - ty - lard - er days      Why grouse?  
 Always a chance well meet some-bod-y to  
 foot the bill,      Then the drinks are on the  
 house con - si - der your-self      our  
 mate we don't want to have no  
 male  
 part of the fur-ni-ture      There is -n't a lot  
 con - si - der your-self  
 well in  
 go-ing to get a - long Con - si - der your-self  
 so strong it's clear we're  
 one of the fam-i-ly      We've tak-en to you  
 chance to be      we should see some hard - er days  
 Emp - ty - lard - er days      Why grouse?  
 Always a chance well meet some-bod-y to  
 foot the bill,      Then the drinks are on the  
 house con - si - der your-self      our  
 mate we don't want to have no  
 male  
 part of the fur-ni-ture      There is -n't a lot  
 con - si - der your-self  
 well in  
 go-ing to get a - long Con - si - der your-self  
 so strong it's clear we're

**GANG**

Yes, of course! (*ad lib.*)

(*DODGER whispers in FAGIN's ear, FAGIN nods approvingly.*)

Mr. Twist has come to London to seek his fortune.

**DODGER**

189 si - de - ra - tion we can state con -

si - der your - self \_\_\_\_\_ one of us. \_\_\_\_\_

190 us. \_\_\_\_\_

**FAGIN**

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

**OLIVER**

Starving.

**FAGIN**

Would you like a sausage?

**DODGER**

Hey Fagin! These sausages are moldy!

(*OLIVER is looking at the handkerchiefs hung throughout the room.*)

**FAGIN**

Ah! You're a-staring at the pocket handkerchiefs! There are quite a few of 'em ain't there? We've just hung 'em out, ready for the wash. The wash, that's all, Oliver, that's all.

**OLIVER**

Is this a laundry then, sir?

(*The GANG roars with laughter.*)

**FAGIN**

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

**OLIVER**

(offering his hand to shake)

**GANG**

I'll say it does!

**FAGIN**

(*smiling, bowing low, and shaking OLIVER's hand*)

I hope I shall have the honour of your intimate acquaintance. We're very glad to see you, Oliver, very.

(to GANG)

Aren't we my dears?

30

31



FAGIN, GANG:

FAGIN: My merry men!

3 (FAGIN):

Take a tip From Bill Sikes

He can whip What he likes I — re - call he

start-ed small, He had to pick a poc- ket or two! You've

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

got to pick a poc- ket or two. We could be like

old Bill Sikes If we pick a poc- ket or two.—

When I see Some-one rich

poco rall. - - -

FAGIN:

Both my thumbs start to itch. On-ly to find some  
peace of mind I have to pick a poc- ket or two. You've

got to pick a poc- ket or two,

got to pick a poc- ket or two. Just to find some

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

GANG:

boys — You've

GANG:

got to pick a poc- ket or two.

got to pick a poc- ket or two.

Just to find some

FAGIN, Rall.

boys — You've

got to pick a poc- ket or two.

got to pick a poc- ket or two.

Just to find some

Allegro con moto

Musical score for Fagin's Allegro con moto. The score consists of two staves. The top staff is in G major, common time, with a tempo of 76 BPM. The bottom staff is in C major, common time. The vocal line is rhythmic, featuring eighth and sixteenth notes.

Hard?

FAGIN:  
As nails!

DODGER  
What have you got for me, Dodger?  
GANG  
Couple o' wallets.  
FAGIN  
Well lined, I hope.  
DODGER  
Only the best.

(GANG:  
FAGIN:  
Just to find some peace of mind We  
have to pick a poc-ket or... Just to find some  
peace of mind We have to pick a poc-ket or two Hey!  
(The GANG surrounds FAGIN to display their ill-gotten  
gains. OLIVER is amazed.)

Musical score for the Gang's Allegro con moto. The score consists of two staves. The top staff is in G major, common time, with a tempo of 78 BPM. The bottom staff is in C major, common time. The vocal line is rhythmic, featuring eighth and sixteenth notes.

(shouted)  
Put 'em all back in the box!  
(The GANG returns the articles they have stolen to the  
box with the exception of NIPPER, whom FAGIN sees out  
of the corner of his eye.)

FAGIN

Nipper! Come here!  
(NIPPER shamefully walks back with the handkerchief.  
FAGIN pats NIPPER on the head.)  
What a crook! I hope you've all been hard at work today, my  
dears.

CHARLIE  
Nose tags.  
(CHARLIE produces two large silk handkerchiefs, very  
elaborately patterned.)

FAGIN  
Well, they're very good ones, very! You haven't embroidered  
the initials too well though, Charlie, so they'll have to be  
picked out with a needle, won't they? You'll need to learn to  
do that too, Oliver my dear. Won't he boys?

(The GANG giggles and nudges each other.)

**(FAGIN)**

8  
rye-tye-tye, Tee rup pa-tup-pa-tum - tum. You've

(FAGIN) (incredulous)  
Is it gone?  
OLIVER; (slipping it in his hand) Yes sir, it's in my hand.

FAGIN:

Rit. Molto rit.

Certainly my boy, no fee! Just do everything you see Dodger and Charlie do. Make 'em your models, my dear, especially Dodger. He's going to be a right little Bill Sikes!

**OLIVER**

Who's Bill Sikes, Mr. Fagin?

**FAGIN**

All in good time Oliver, all in good time. Now then, tell me, can you see my silk handkerchief what is protruding from my pocket?

**OLIVER**

Yes sir.

(#15 – RUM-TUM-TUM begins.)

## RUM-TUM-TUM

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

2 (FAGIN:)



Rum-tum-tum.

Tum-tum-tum.

Where shall I sleep, sir?



Pom-pom-pom. Skid-dle-eye-eye, Tee -

Here, my dear. By the warm. Alright. Settle down!  
Dodger! Take your hat off in bed! Where's ya manners?  
(FAGIN comes over to OLIVER speaking softly.)

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 ties up prior to bed.)

**(FAGIN)**

(singing unaccompanied)

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

(#16 – INTERMEZZO begins.)

(Next morning. FAGIN is boiling coffee in a saucepan. Satisfied that the BOYS are still fast asleep, he tiptoes to the door to see if it is bolted, then removes a small box from a hidden spot and carefully places it on the table near the saucepan.)

(His eyes glisten as he raises the lid of the box and looks inside. He removes a magnificent gold watch. Swinging the watch to and fro, he looks out front, and begins speaking to his bird in a stand-cage.)

**(FAGIN)**

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

(FAGIN takes a sip of coffee from the saucepan, and has a quick count-up with a pile of coins in the lid of his treasure box. The count up is fast and the coins can be heard clinking in his treasure box. Next, FAGIN removes jewels from the box.)

**(FAGIN)**

(to the pearl)  
Pearl, my pretty, I have a special place for you with all my other special lady friends.  
(revealing a tiara from the box)  
And Pearl, you must meet my extra special lady friend Tiara. I mean... who's gonna look after me in me old age?  
(to the bird)

Will you?

(his eyes wander to OLIVER)

Will... you?

(OLIVER is sitting up in bed watching. FAGIN closes the box with a loud crash and jumps towards OLIVER.)  
Aagh! Why 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**

(asking OLIVER with rapid speed)  
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**

(convinced)  
All right then... if you're sure, I'm sure. Did you see any of those pretty things my dear?

**OLIVER**

Yes, sir—

**FAGIN**

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.

**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**

Well, today's your birthday... wash!

(OLIVER moves to the washbasin. Once his back is turned, FAGIN returns the box to its hiding place.)

(NANCY enters with BET.)

## NANCY

Plummy and slam!

## FAGIN

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

## DODGER

Ladies! Cor! Hark at them!

## NANCY

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

(NANCY shoves DODGER in a mock fight.)

## FAGIN

Fightin' can be a dangerous thing for a pure young girl.

## NANCY

And what's wrong with a bit of danger, then, Mister Fagin?

(#17 - IT'S A FINE LIFE begins.)

# IT'S A FINE LIFE

(NANCY) After all, that's the only bit of excitement we have. And who would deny us that small pleasure?

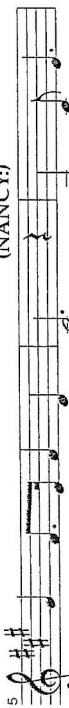
4x 2 (NANCY)



Small ple-a-sures, small plea-sures,

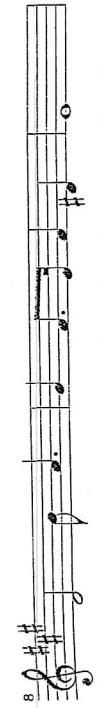
DODGER: Not me!

(NANCY:)



Who would de-ny us these? Hot tod-dies,

ain't all jol-ly old plea - sure out - ings, It's a



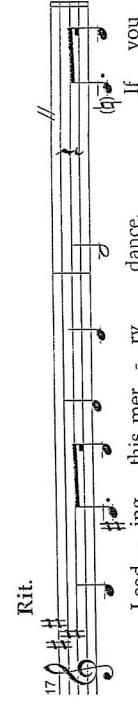
large mea-sures, No skimp-ing- if you please!



I rough it, I love it, Life is a game of chance.



I ne-ver tire of it.



Lead - ing this mer - ry dance. If you Rit.



A tempo don't mind hav-ing to go with-out things, It's a



NANCY: fine life! It's a fine life! Tho' it



ain't all jol-ly old plea - sure out - ings, It's a

ALL: fine life! It's a fine life! When you've  
 got some-one to love, You for-get your care and  
 strife. Let the prudes look down on us, Let the  
 wide world frown on us, It's a fine, fine life.  
 NANCY: Ain't that right, Bet?  
 BET: Yeah, that's right Nancy.  
 3 (BET): Who cares if straight la-ces  
 sneer at us in the street?  
 ALL: fine gra-ces Don't have to sin to eat.  
 BET: We wan-der through Lon-don,  
 NANCY: Who knows what we may find? There's poc-kets  
 Rit.  
 ALL: left un-done On ma-ny a be-  
 hind. If you don't mind hav-ing to deal with  
 Fa-gin, It's a fine life! It's a fine life! Tho' di-

44

45

58 ALL: rats threaten to bring the plague in It's a  
 59 NANCY: fine life! It's a fine life! It's a fine life! Tho' there's  
 60 ALL: no tea sipping an' eat - ing crum - pet, It's a  
 61 NANCY: (to FAGIN) fine life! It's a fine life! But the grass is green and  
 62 ALL: fine life! It's a fine life! And we  
 63 NANCY, BET: home, hap - py hus - band, hap - py wife. Tho' it  
 64 ALL: dense On the right side of the 'fence'  
 65 take good care of it That we get our share of it And we  
 66 ALL: some - times touch-es me, For the likes of such as me, Mine's a  
 67 NANCY: If you  
 68 don't mean pence!  
 69 Rit. A tempo  
 70 A bit slower  
 71 don't mind hav-ing to like or lump it It's a  
 72 NANCY  
 73 (looking at OLIVER)  
 74 Here, who's this then Fagin?

# I'D DO ANYTHING

**FAGIN**  
Oh ladies, I forgot, you must meet our new lodger, Master  
Oliver Twist Esquire.

(NANCY and BET curtsey. OLIVER bows solemnly.)

**NANCY**

Charmed!

**BET**

Pleased to meet you, I'm sure.

(OLIVER bows. The GANG laughs and cat calls. OLIVER looks at them, hurt and angry. NANCY, seeing this, immediately takes his part.)

**NANCY**

Don't you take no notice of em Oliver. Just 'cause you've got manners and they ain't.

(to GANG)

You wouldn't know quality if you saw it, none of you. Dodger!

**DODGER**

Yeah?

**NANCY**

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**

Definitely!

**NANCY**

So how's it go then Dodger?

(#18 - I'D DO ANYTHING begins.)

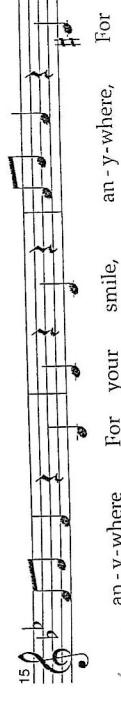
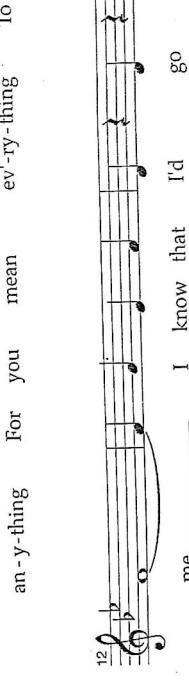
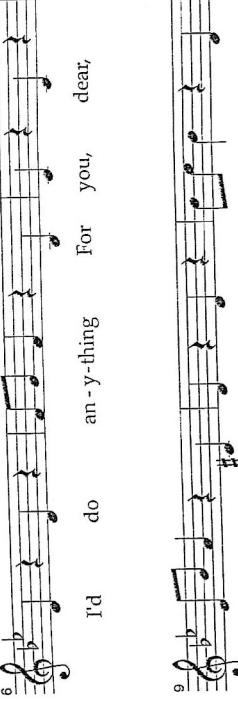
(NANCY) It's all bowing and hats off... and...  
DODGER: "Don't let your petticoats dangle in the mud my darling."  
NANCY: And I'll go last.  
DODGER: No, I'll go last.

5



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

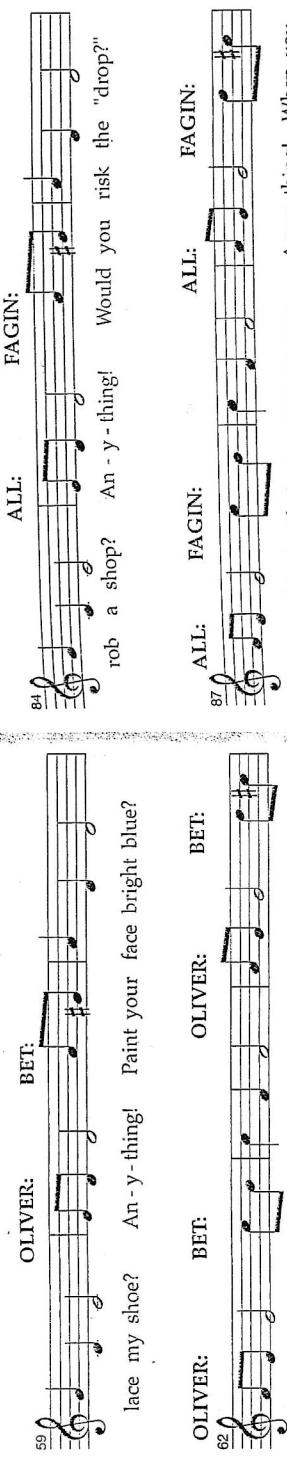
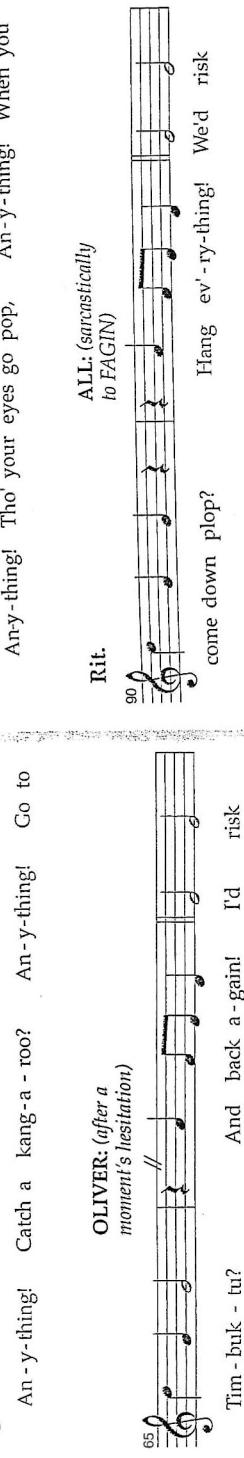
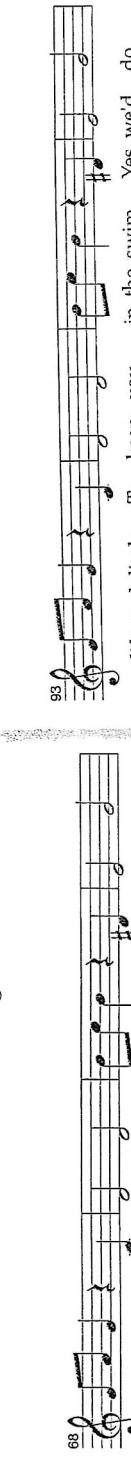
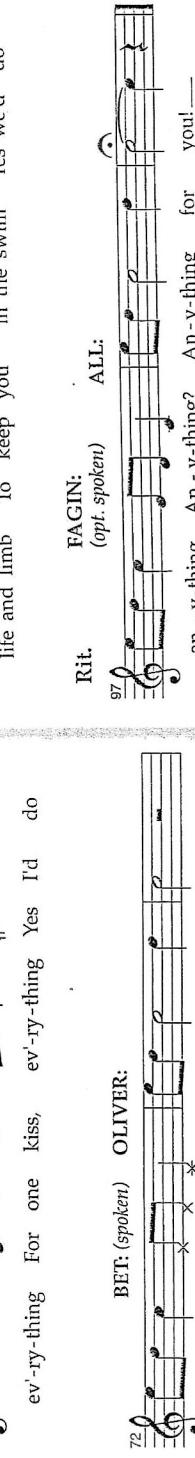
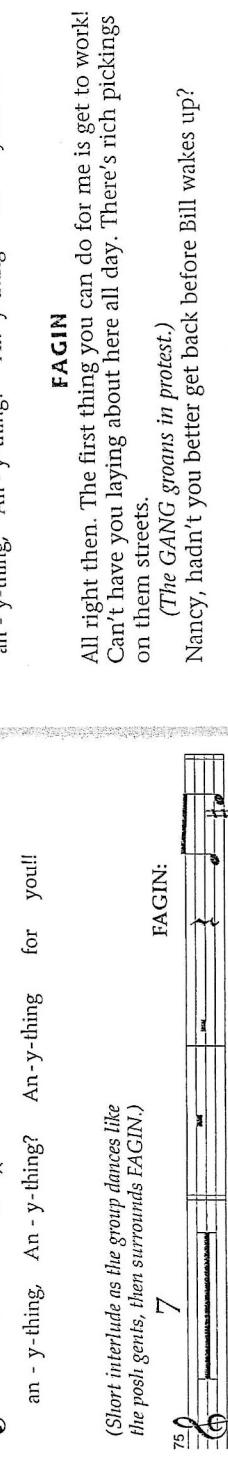
(DODGER:)



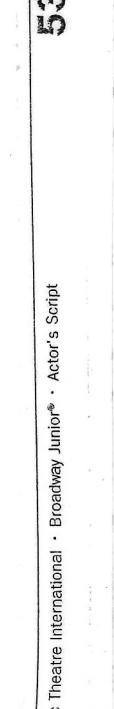
NANCY: DODGER: NANCY:  
 21 Would you climb a hill? An-y-thing! Wear a  
 daf - fo - dil? An - y - thing! Leave me all your will?  
 DODGER: NANCY: DODGER: (spoken)  
 26 An-y-thing! E-ven fight my Bill? What? Fist-i-cuffs?  
 DODGER: NANCY: DODGER: (spoken)  
 30 I'd risk ev'ry-thing For one kiss,  
 ev'ry-thing Yes I'd do an - y - thing, An - y - thing?  
 NANCY: (opt. spoken)  
 34 An - y - thing for you!  
 NANCY: Come on Nancy, give Oliver a go!  
 NANCY: Now you do everything you saw Dodger do and  
 I'll help you with the words.  
 5

(NANCY prompts him,  
 speaking the first two or  
 three words of every phrase.) NANCY: For you, dear...  
 OLIVER:  
 43 I'd do an - y - thing For you, dear,  
 NANCY: For you mean...  
 46 I'd do an - y - thing For you mean ev'ry - thing To  
 an - y - thing For you mean ev'ry - thing To  
 (NANCY has BET take over play acting with OLIVER.)  
 49 I know that I'd go an - y - where For  
 me. your smile, an - y - where, For your smile  
 53 ev'ry - where I'd see. Would you

50

**OLIVER:** BET:  

 lace my shoe? An - y - thing! Paint your face bright blue?  
**OLIVER:** BET: OLIVER: BET:  

 An - y - thing! Catch a kang-a - roo? An - y - thing! Go to  
**OLIVER:** (after a moment's hesitation)  

 Tim - bulk - tu? And back a - gain! I'd risk  
**ev'ry-thing** For one kiss, ev'ry-thing Yes I'd do  
**an - y - thing,** An - y - thing? An - y - thing for you!!  
**BET: (spoken)** OLIVER:  

 An - y - thing, An - y - thing? An - y - thing for you!!  
**FAGIN:**  
*(Short interlude as the group dances like the post, gents, then surrounds FAGIN.)*  

 Would you

**ALL:** FAGIN:  

 rob a shop? An - y - thing! Would you risk the "drop?"  
**ALL:** FAGIN:  

 Any - thing! Tho' your eyes go pop, An - y - thing! When you  
**Rit.**  

 come down plop? Hang ev' - ry-thing! We'd risk  
**life and limb** To keep you in the swim Yes we'd do  
**Rit.** **FAGIN:** (opt. spoken) **ALL:**  

 an - y - thing, An - y - thing? An - y - thing for you! —  
**FAGIN**  
 All right then. The first thing you can do for me is get to work!  
 Can't have you laying about here all day. There's rich pickings  
 on them streets.  
*(The GANG groans in protest.)*  
**NANCY**  
 Nancy, hadn't you better get back before Bill wakes up?  
**MARY**  
 Yeah, you're right. Now listen Oliver, you be careful. Ta-ta you  
 lot.

## BET

Ta-ta. Be safe.

## GANG

Ta-ta, Nancy. Bye Bet. (*ad lib*)

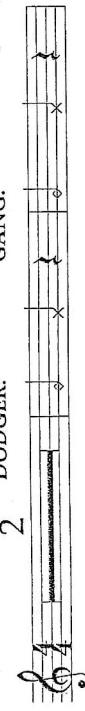
## FAGIN

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

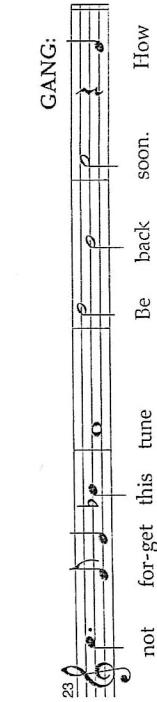
(#[19 - BE BACK SOON begins.)

**BE BACK SOON**

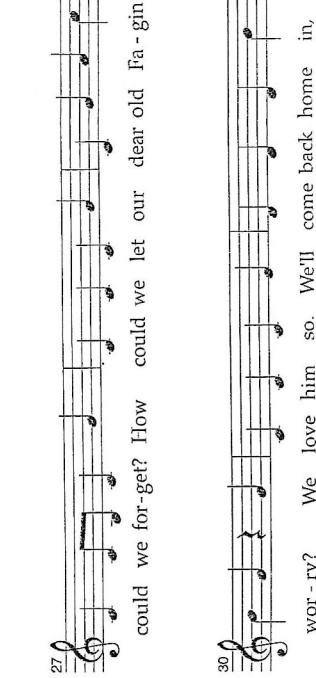
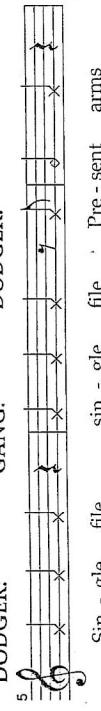
## 2 DODGER:



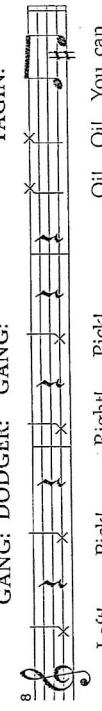
## GANG:



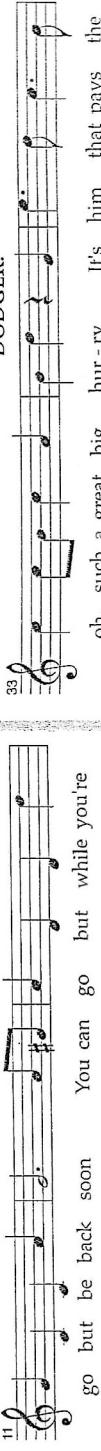
## DODGER:



## GANG: DODGER: GANG: FAGIN:



## DODGER:



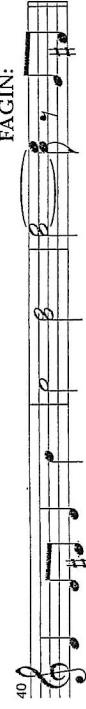
## GANG:



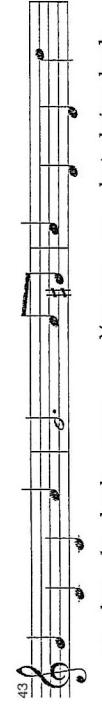
pi-per It's us that pipes his tune. So long, fare the well, Pip.

(Transition to the next scene.)

## FAGIN:



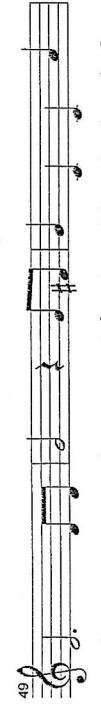
pip, cheer-i - o We'll be back soon. — You can



go but be back soon You can go but bring back



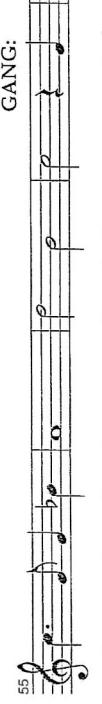
plen-ty Of pock - et hand - ker - chies And you should



be cle-ver thieves. Whip it quick and be back

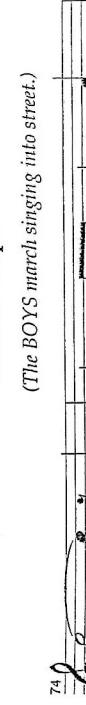


long, fare thee well, Pip, pip, cheer-i - o, We'll be back



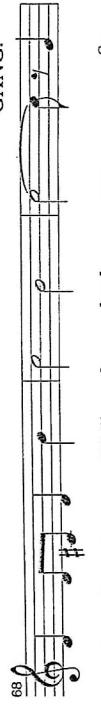
soon. — So long, fare thee well, Pip,  
pip, cheer-i - o, We'll be back  
soon. — So long, fare thee well, Pip,

## GANG:



tune So long, fare thee well, Pip, pip, cheer-i - o, We'll

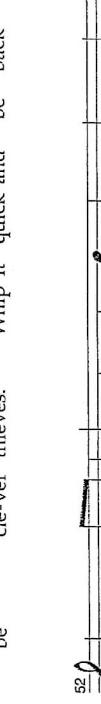
## OLIVER:



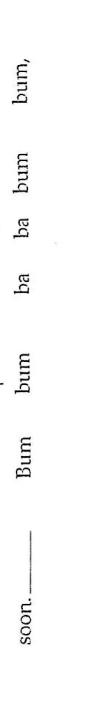
be back soon. — So long, fare thee well, Pip,



pip, cheer-i - o, We'll be back soon. — So



long, fare thee well, Pip, pip, cheer-i - o, We'll be back

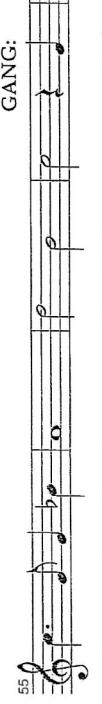


soon. — So long, fare thee well, Pip, pip, cheer-i - o, We'll be back

## Listesso tempo



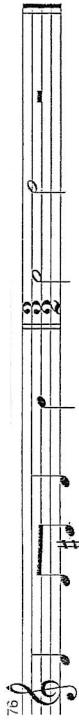
tune So long, fare thee well, Pip, pip, cheer-i - o, We'll be back



soon. — So long, fare thee well, Pip, pip, cheer-i - o, We'll be back

# OOM-PAH-PAH

Rall.



(There is a boxing match in progress. The ruffish-looking CUSTOMERS are drinking and flirting.)

16



(#20 - THE ROBBERY/CHAOS/THE CHASE begins.)

(DODGER, CHARLIE, and OLIVER are together in the street which fills with VENDORS and GENTRY including MR. BROWNLOW. The other BOYS are working in pairs around the stage.)

(MR. BROWNLOW's pocket is picked. DODGER hands OLIVER the handkerchief and DODGER and CHARLIE run. MR. BROWNLOW turns to see OLIVER holding his handkerchief. OLIVER freezes.)

**MR. BROWNLOW**

Give that back. Come on, give it back.

(OLIVER panics and runs.)

Stop that boy! My pocket's been picked!

(OLIVER makes a run for it and is pursued by the CROWD. A frantic chase through the streets of London ensues until OLIVER unknowingly runs into a POLICEMAN and is knocked down.)

(MR. BROWNLOW identifies OLIVER with a nod.)

**(MR. BROWNLOW)**

That's the boy!

(#21 - BILL SIKES CROSS begins.)

(BILL SIKES menacingly crosses the stage.)

**SCENE EIGHT: THE THREE CRIPPLES PUBLIC HOUSE THAT EVENING**

(#22 - OOM-PAH-PAH begins.)

If you've got the pa - tiene, Your own i - ma-gin-

59

ALL:

46

a - tions Will tell you just ex - act - ly what Oom-pah - pah! Oom-pah - pah! That's how it goes.

(NANCY) Everybody!  
ALL:

68

you want to hear. Oom - pah - pah!

72

Oom - pah - pah! That's how it goes.

76

Oom-pah-pah! Oom-pah-pah! Ev -'ry - one knows.

NANCY:

81

They all sup - pose what they want to sup - pose

(SIKES enters.)

CHAIRMAN

(in a loud whisper)

Bill Sikes!

(#23 - MY NAME begins.)

(NANCY) One more time!

85

When they hear Oom - pah - pah!

60

61

# MY NAME

Moderato

4

STIKES:

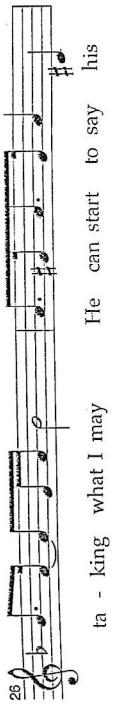


Strong men tremble when they hear it!

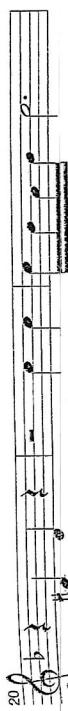
They've got cause e-nough to fear it!  
It's much



black - er than they smear it!  
No - bo - dy men - tions



Lem - me see the man who dares  
Stop me



my name!  
With me jim-my in me hand,

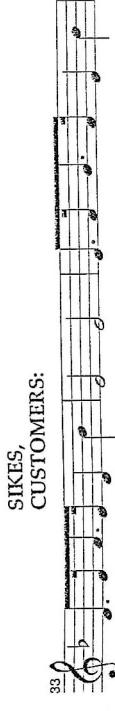
CUSTOMERS:



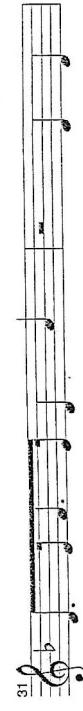
ta - king what I may  
He can start to say his



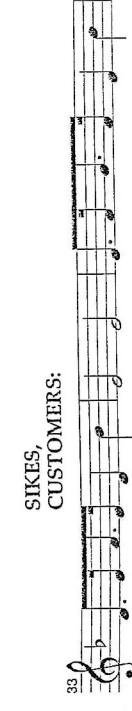
prayers!  
Bi - ceps



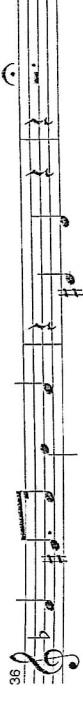
like an i - ron gir - der,  
Fit



for



do-ing of a mur - der If 1 just so much as heard a  
(He)



bloke e - ven whis - per  
my name.  
(his)

**FAGIN**

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; ) What is it? What is it?

What is it? What is it?

(SIKES starts towards FAGIN, who stares vacantly ahead.)

**SIKES**

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.)

**FAGIN**

(crossing to DODGER) Dodger! Where's Oliver? Where's the boy?

**DODGER**

Use labels!  
Use labels!

**DODGER**

Got took away in a coach!

**FAGIN**

Who coach? What coach? Where coach?

**DODGER**

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 away... in a coach!

**FAGIN**

Where to? Quick? Speak!

**DODGER**

To the posh side of town... Chepstow Gardens, Bloomsbury. I run all the way.

**FAGIN**

(fiercely) 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?

You'll get him back here my girl. Or else.

(SIKES stares threateningly at NANCY. FAGIN hurries across and speaks pleadingly at NANCY.)

**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?

**SIKES**

You'll get him back here my girl. Or else.

## 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 your Bill?

## SIXES

She'll go, Fagin. The rest of you clear out!

(SIXES gives NANCY one last threatening look and leaves. FAGIN looks at NANCY, who turns the other way. FAGIN and the CUSTOMERS leave. BET crosses to NANCY.)

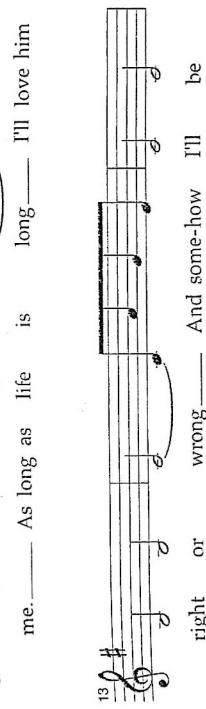
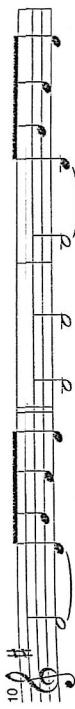
## NANCY

Go home, Bet. Go home. There's a good girl.

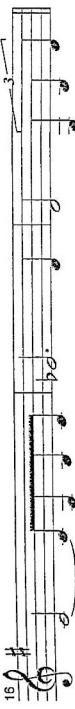
(#24 - AS LONG AS HE NEEDS ME begins.)

## AS LONG AS HE NEEDS ME

### Sostenuto



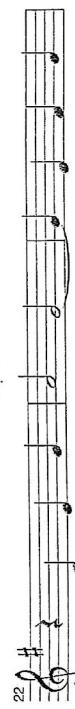
Rall.



In 2



Accel.



Rall.



A tempo



MRS. BEDWIN:

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# WHERE IS LOVE? (REPRISE)

## (#25 – WHERE IS LOVE? (REPRISE) begins.)

(OLIVER makes and entrances MRS. BEDWIN who exits.  
Outside in the square, STREET SELLERS enter, watched  
by OLIVER from the window in his bedroom.)

## (#26 - WHO WILL BUY? (PART 1) begins.)

(*In the bedroom, MRS. BEDWIN sits by Oliver's bed singing a lullaby.*)

(MR. BROWNLAW's house.)

sits by Oliver's bed si

Rall.

wer 6

S10

# WHO WILL BUY? (PART 1)

KNIFE GRINDER:

21 ROSE SELLER:  
Who will buy my sweet red ro - ses, two -  
blooms for a pen - ny? Who will buy my sweet red  
ro - ses, two - blooms for a pen - ny?

MILKMAID:  
Will you buy a - ny milk to-day?  
Mis - tress? A - ny milk to-day? Mis - tress?

STRAWBERRY SELLER:  
Who will buy? Who will buy?

ROSE SELLER:  
Who will buy? Who will buy?

(KNIFE GRINDER:) Who will buy? Who will buy?

OLIVER:  
Who will buy this won - der - ful morn - ing.  
Such a sky you ne - ver did see —

31 STRAWBERRY SELLER:  
Ripe straw - ber - ries, ripe! Ripe straw - ber - ries, ripe!

*Behind curtains*

(MR. BROWNLLOW and DR. GRIMWIG enter.) ✓.

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 some - one who will

MILKMAID: Who will buy? —

STRAWBERRY SELLER: Who will buy? —

ROSE SELLER: Who will buy? —

KNIFE GRINDER: Who will buy? —

(OLIVER): Who will buy? —

**DR. GRIMWIG**

That sir, is for me to decide.

**MR. BROWNLLOW**

How do you feel today, my boy?

**OLIVER**

Very happy, sir. May I stay here always, sir?

**MR. BROWNLLOW**

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

**DR. GRIMWIG**

Well, he's certainly looking better. Not thirsty are you? If that boy is thirsty, I'll eat my head! Are you?

**OLIVER**

Yes sir. I am rather thirsty.

**DR. GRIMWIG**

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

**MRS. BEDWIN**

Thank you, Doctor.

**OLIVER**

May I get up sir?

**DR. GRIMWIG**

I think you may. And take a little fresh air. Don't keep him too warm Mrs. Bedwin, but be careful that you don't let him be too cold.

(MR. BROWNLLOW and DR. GRIMWIG cross away from OLIVER speaking as they go. OLIVER gets fully dressed with the help of MRS. BEDWIN.)

**MR. BROWNLLOW**

He's a fine boy, don't you think Grinmwig?

(The DELIVERY PERSON has fled.)

**DR. GRIMWIG**

Couldn't tell you. Where does he come from?

**MR. BROWNLLOW**

I haven't the faintest idea. He was arrested for stealing my pocket handkerchief. 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.

**DR. GRIMWIG**

He's deceiving you my good friend. He stole your pocket handkerchief didn't he? Then he'll steal more, sir. What do you know of him? Nothing.

**MR. BROWNLLOW**

Only that he's an orphan.

(suddenly thoughtful)

And yet... it's strange. There's something in that boy's face... I can't explain it, but somewhere I seem to have seen him before... somewhere a long time ago.

**DR. GRIMWIG**

Stuff and nonsense. You're imagining things.

(A bell rings and a MAD appears.)

**MR. BROWNLLOW**

Yes, what is it?

**MAD**

There's someone to see you, sir.

(A DELIVERY PERSON enters running.)

**MR. BROWNLLOW**

What does he want?

**DELIVERY PERSON**

Books you ordered from the bookseller, sir.

(DELIVERY PERSON exits.)

**MR. BROWNLLOW**

Ah yes, thank you...

(he turns away)

Now, I've got to give you some...

(**MR. BROWNLLOW**)

Hey! Wait a moment.

(A fully dressed OLIVER and MRS. BEDWIN cross towards MR. BROWNLLOW, who tries to get the attention of the DELIVERY PERSON.)

Hey! Come back! Oh really, really and I particularly wished some books to be returned today.

**DR. GRIMWIG**

(cannily)  
Why not send Oliver with them?

**OLIVER**

Yes! Do let me take them for you please, sir.

**MR. BROWNLLOW**

Oh! Em, oh very well my boy, very well. If you wish, you shall. Now I'll tell you what I want you to do. You will give Mr. Jessop these books, it's just down the road, and say you've come to pay the four pounds ten that I owe him. Here's five pounds. No need to rush, but I shall expect you back in ten minutes.

(#27 - PORTRAIT MUSIC begins.)

(OLIVER notices a portrait on the wall.)

**OLIVER**

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

**MR. BROWNLLOW**

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

**OLIVER**

I'll take the books then sir.

**MR. BROWNLLOW**

(staring at the portrait)  
Yes... you take the books.

(OLIVER exits.)

**DR. GRIMWIG**

Hal! You don't really expect him to come back, do you? With a new suit of clothes on his back and a five pound note in his pocket? My dear Mr. Brownlow, if he does I'll eat my head.

tie it up with a rib - bon and



sky you nev - er did see. — Who will



won - der - ful morn - ing? Such a



Who will buy this



In 2 MARKET SELLERS:

2

## WHO WILL BUY? (PART 2)

(#28 - WHO WILL BUY? (PART 2) begins.)

Yes Mr. Brownlow, ten minutes.

**DR. GRIMWIG**

I think you will see.

Well, in ten minutes Dr. Grimwig, when the boy returns, I

**MR. BROWNLOW**

Can't say I do.

**DR. GRIMWIG**

Agnes?

Dr. Grimwig. Look at that portrait! Don't you see an extraordinary resemblance between Oliver and my daughter

**MR. BROWNLOW**

see an  
d my daughter

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put it in a box for me?

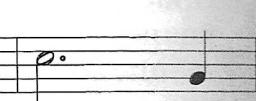
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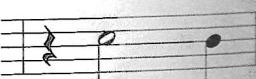
## ART 2)



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Where is the man with all the

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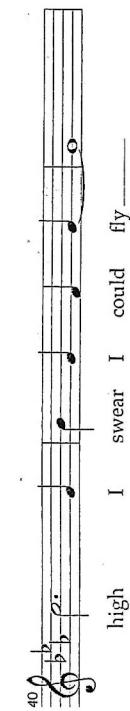
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price Who will buy this

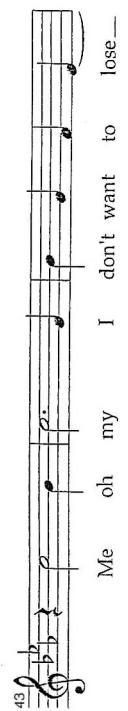
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won - der - ful feel - ing? I'm so

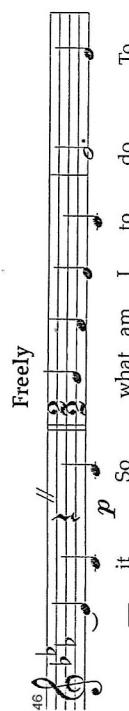
**SCENE TEN: THE TOWN SQUARE**

40 

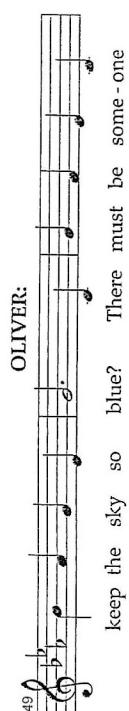
high I swear I could fly —

43 

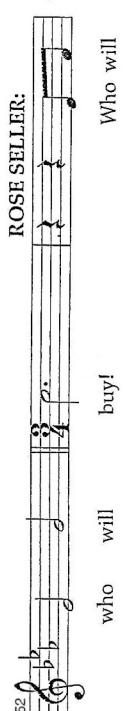
Me oh my I don't want to lose —

46 

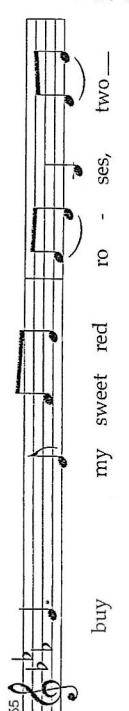
Freely  
— it p So what am I to do To  
keep the sky so blue? There must be some - one

49 

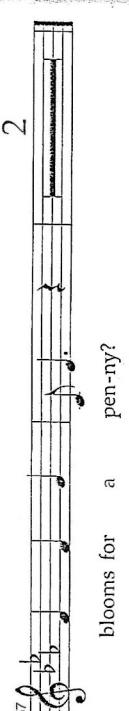
OLIVER:  
who will buy!

52 

ROSE SELLER:  
Who will  
buy my sweet red ro - ses, two —

55 

OLIVER:  
buy my sweet red ro - ses, two —

57 

OLIVER:  
blooms for a pen-ny?

(NANCY and BET enter.)

*Oh! My dear brother!*

NANCY

(NANCY throws her arms about OLIVER's neck.)

OLIVER

Leggo! Leggo! Nancy!

(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.

FIRST WOMAN

What's the matter dear?

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.

OLIVER

It's not true!

SECOND WOMAN

The young wretch!

THIRD WOMAN

Go home, you little brute.

OLIVER

I'm not! I haven't any mother or father! I'm an orphan!

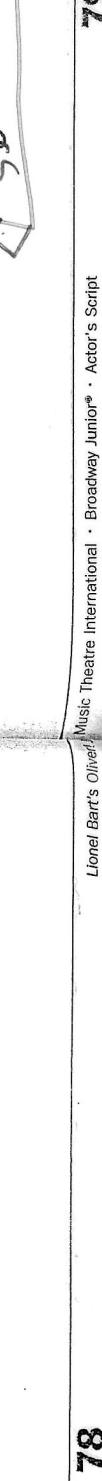
NANCY

Oh heavens. Just listen to him.

(OLIVER notices BET nearby.)

OLIVER

Bet! Tell them to let me go!



Lionel Bart's Oliver!

**NANCY**

See! He knows his sister. He can't hide that!

(SIKES appears in the group.)

What the devil's all this?

**FIRST MAN**

Oh, he's only playing up.

(FIRST MAN exits.)

**SIKES**

Oliver? Come home to your poor mother, you young dog!  
Come on home!

(sees books)

What, books, too? You've been stealing again have you? He's  
nothing but a thief and a vagabond.

**OLIVER**

Let go. I don't belong to them. Help! Help!

(#29 - RECAPTURE begins. SIKES, NANCY, and BET  
exit with OLIVER, who is still struggling as the CROWD  
watches them leave.)

**SCENE ELEVEN: THE THIEVES' KITCHEN**

(SIKES enters twisting OLIVER's arm, followed by  
NANCY and the GIRLS.)

**FAGIN**

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

**DODGER**

Look at his togs, Fagin!

(The GANG laughs and sneers.)

**CHARLIE**

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

(CHARLIE grabs the parcel of books from OLIVER.  
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! A five pound note!

(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**

That's mine, Fagin.

**FAGIN**

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

(The GANG laughs but SIKES glares at them and they stop.)

**SIKES**

If that ain't mine, I'll take the boy back again! Come on, hand over.

**FAGIN**

This is hardly fair, Bill.

**SIKES**

Fair or not, give it here!  
(SIKES takes the note from between FAGIN's finger and thumb.)

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

(SIKES takes the books from CHARLIE and gives them to  
FAGIN.)

You can have 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.)

So he'll be down here, will he?

**NANCY**

Leave him alone, Bill!

**SIKES**

(*glares at NANCY, then turns to OLIVER*)

What did you tell him about us?

**OLIVER**

Nothing.

**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.

(*SIKES grabs OLIVER. NANCY rushes forward and grabs SIKES's arm. The GANG hides.*)

**FAGIN**

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

**SIKES**

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

**NANCY**

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

**FAGIN**

Then keep quiet, will you?

**NANCY**

I wish I'd of been struck down dead before I lent a hand in bringing him back here. After tonight, he's a liar and a thief and all that's bad. Ain't that enough for you, without scaring him to death?!

**FAGIN**

Come, come Nancy, we must have civil words.

**NANCY**

Civil words?! Yes! You deserve them from me!

## IT'S A FINE LIFE (REPRISE)

Moderato

(NANCY:)

Musical score for NANCY's part in "It's a Fine Life (Reprise)". The score consists of two staves. The first staff starts with a treble clef, a common time signature, and a key signature of one sharp. The second staff starts with a bass clef, a common time signature, and a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are: "If you don't mind hav-ing to like or lump it, It's a fine life! My life, lump it". The vocal line includes several eighth-note chords and some eighth-note pairs.

(NANCY:)

FAGIN:

Musical score for FAGIN's part in "It's a Fine Life (Reprise)". The score consists of two staves. The first staff starts with a treble clef, a common time signature, and a key signature of one sharp. The second staff starts with a bass clef, a common time signature, and a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are: "Fine life! Fine life! Fine life!". The vocal line includes eighth-note chords and some eighth-note pairs.

(SIKES:)

FAGIN:

Musical score for SIKES's part in "It's a Fine Life (Reprise)". The score consists of two staves. The first staff starts with a treble clef, a common time signature, and a key signature of one sharp. The second staff starts with a bass clef, a common time signature, and a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are: "Fine life! Fine life! Fine life!". The vocal line includes eighth-note chords and some eighth-note pairs.

(SIKES:)

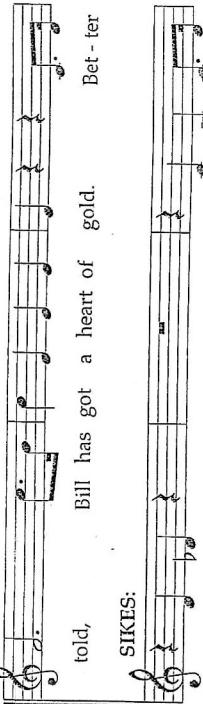
FAGIN:

Musical score for FAGIN's final part in "It's a Fine Life (Reprise)". The score consists of two staves. The first staff starts with a treble clef, a common time signature, and a key signature of one sharp. The second staff starts with a bass clef, a common time signature, and a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are: "Fine life! Fine life! Fine life!". The vocal line includes eighth-note chords and some eighth-note pairs.

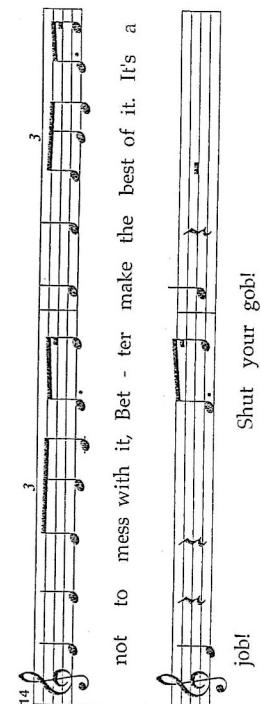
Lionel Bart's Oliver! JR.  
Music Theatre International • Broadway Junior® • Actor's Script

(NANCY exits.)

(FAGIN:)

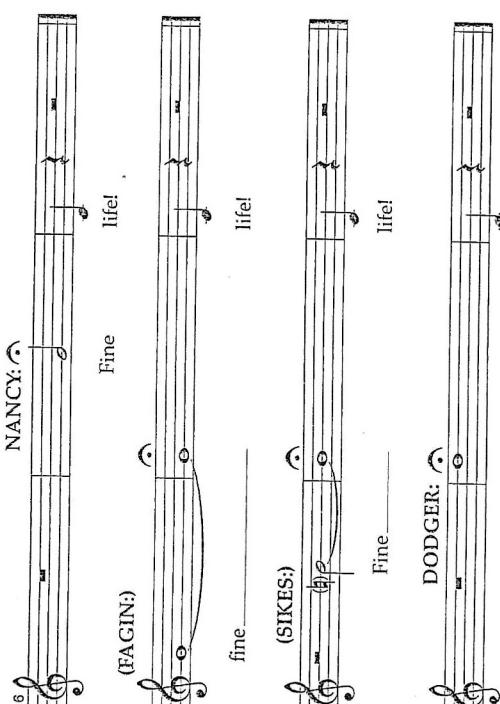


told, Bill has got a heart of gold. Bet - ter  
SIKES: Get out on the  
Watch out!



not to mess with it. Bet - ter make the best of it. It's a  
job!  
Shut your gob!

NANCY: 



Fine life! fine life!  
DODGER: Fine life!

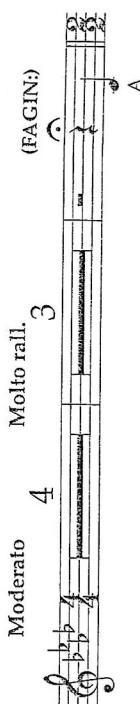
(FAGIN:)

Take care of her, Bill.  
(SIKES takes off after NANCY.)  
Take care of him, Dodger.  
(DODGER exits with OLIVER, followed by the GANG.)  
.and I'll take care of myself.

(#31 - REVIEWING THE SITUATION begins.)

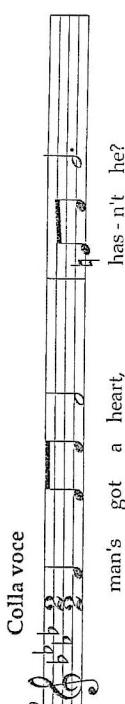
## REVIEWING THE SITUATION

(FAGIN:)

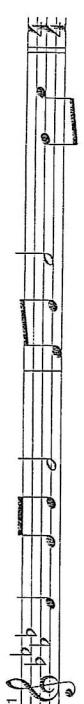


Molto rall. 3  
A

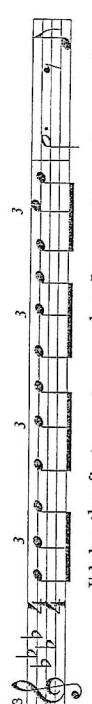
(FAGIN:)



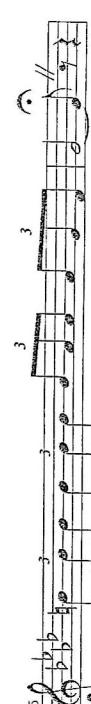
man's got a heart, has - n't he?



Jok - ing a - part, has - n't he? And tho'



I'd be the first one to say that I was - n't a saint I'm



find - ing it hard to be real - ly as black as they paint. —

**Allegro**

17 I'm re - view - ing the sit - u -  
a - tion Can a fel - low be a  
vil - lain all his life? All the  
tri - als and tri - bu - la - tions

38 go for me) and nag at me, The fin - gers she will  
wag at me, The mon - ey she will take from me, A

20 mis - e - ry shell make from me— I think I'd bet - ter

23 think it out a - gain. So  
All the  
Bet - ter set - the down and get my - self a

26 where shall I go? Some - bo - dy?

41 Slower, accel, poco a poco  
wife. And a wife would cook and

44 Who do I know? No - bo - dy! All my  
dear - est com - pa - nions have al - ways been vil - lains and

47 sew for me, And come for me and go for me, (And

Slower accel. poco a poco

55 thieves

56 So at my time of life I should start turn-ing o-ver new

Allegro

57 leaves — I'm re-view-ing — the sit-u-

58 a-tion — I'm a bad'un and a bad'un I shall stay! — You'll be

59 see-ing — no trans-form-a-tion —

60 But it's wrong to be a rogue in ev-ry

61 I don't want no-bo-dy

62 hurt for me, Or made to do the dirt for me. This rot-ten life is not for me. It's get-ting 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-be-tween for me. But who will change the scene for-me?

A tempo

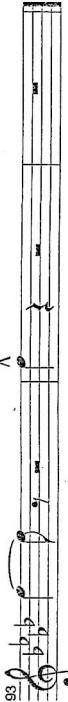
63 Slower

64 I think I'll have to think it out a-

65 Lionel Bart's Oliver! JR.

**MR. BUMBLE**

Never mind the year, what about her?



gain — Hey!

(#32 – BACK TO THE WORKHOUSE begins.)

**SCENE TWELVE: THE WORKHOUSE AFTER THE CHILDREN HAVE BEEN FED**

**MR. BUMBLE**

Married! Two weeks to the Widow Corney. I sold myself cheap!  
Dirt cheap!

**WIDOW CORNEY**

Cheap?!

(*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!

(*The MATRON enters with OLD SALLY.*)

**MATRON**

Pardon me Mr. Bumble, Widow Corney—

**WIDOW CORNEY**

What's the matter?

**MATRON**

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

**WIDOW CORNEY**

Well what is it?

(#33 – OLD SALLY begins. *The MATRON brings OLD SALLY forward.*)

**OLD SALLY**

In this very workhouse I once nursed a pretty young creature that I brought in from the cold. She gave birth to a boy and... died. Let me think, what was the year again?

**WIDOW CORNEY**

Gold? What of it?

**OLD SALLY**

This is it. The locket. It's my belief she came from a rich family.  
(*WIDOW CORNEY grabs the locket from OLD SALLY's neck.*)

**WIDOW CORNEY**

The boy's name?

**OLD SALLY**

He's called... he's called...  
(*Speaking as she dies.*)  
Oliver.

**WIDOW CORNEY**

Oliver?

**WIDOW CORNEY**

We must retrieve that boy, Mr. Bumble.

**MR. BUMBLE**

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

(#34 – OLIVER (REPRISE) begins.)

**OLIVER (REPRISE)**

**WIDOW CORNEY,**  
2 MR. BUMBLE:



O - li - ver! O - li - ver!

WIDOW CORNEY,

MR. BUMBLE:

MR. BUMBLE: WIDOW CORNEY:

5 That was the mite with the large ap-pe-tite

(Ushering the MATRON and OLD SALLY *offstage*.)

WIDOW CORNEY,

MR. BUMBLE: MR. BUMBLE:

10 O - li-ver! O - li-ver! Ap - pa-rent - ly he's from a  
rich fam - i - ly and to think we near - ly  
stu - pid - ly went and lost track of him. If the  
truth were known we both were de-light-ed at

MR. BUMBLE:

WIDOW CORNEY: I understand you bring information regarding the boy, Oliver Twist?

MR. BROWNLOW

SCENE THIRTEEN: MR. BROWNLOW'S HOUSE  
WIDOW CORNEY  
We come in answer to your advertisement.

MR. BUMBLE: I understand you bring information regarding the boy, Oliver Twist?

15 see - ing the back of him O - li-ver! O - li-ver!

MR. BUMBLE: 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

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

WIDOW CORNEY

(producing the locket with great moment) This locket was given to me by the lad's dying mother just before she passed away.

(WIDOW CORNEY hands MR. BROWNLOW the locket.)

**MR. BROWNLLOW**

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

**MR. BUMBLE**  
Yes, Mr. Sowerberry, the undertaker took Oliver from us for three pounds—

**MR. BROWNLLOW**

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

**MR. BUMBLE**  
Well, sir, it was Widow Corney who actually authorised the sale—

**MR. BROWNLLOW**

Really? Then I will see that neither of you is employed in a position of trust again. Leave my house.

**WIDOW CORNEY**

How dare you speak so to me, sir! I came here to help you.

**MR. BROWNLLOW**  
You came here in the hope of profiting from your own greed and dishonesty.

**MR. BUMBLE**

(*trying to save the situation*) Sir, if you consider the trinket don't properly belong to us...

(*MR. BROWNLLOW takes out his wallet. NANCY appears in the background.*)

**MR. BROWNLLOW**

(*taking out some notes*) Here, ten pounds. Take it, and consider yourself fortunate that you don't find yourselves in the hands of the law. Mrs. Bedwin, show these ghastly people out.

**MRS. BEDWIN**

Yes, sir.

**WIDOW CORNEY**

We know the way out, thank you very much.

**MR. BUMBLE**

It was all Mrs. Bumble.

**MR. BROWNLLOW**  
You?

**MR. BROWNLLOW**  
The law supposes that your wife acts under your direction.

**MR. BUMBLE**  
If the law supposes that, then the law is an idiot.  
(#35—THE LOCKET begins.)

(They sweep past MRS. BEDWIN out of the room.  
MRS. BEDWIN follows them out.)

(*MR. BROWNLLOW is left alone looking at the locket in his hand. MRS. BEDWIN re-enters, looking flustered.*)

**MRS. BEDWIN**

There is a young woman enquiring for you, sir—

**MR. BROWNLLOW**

Mrs. Bedwin, take a look at this miniature. Can you see who it is?

(He hands her the locket.)

**MRS. BEDWIN**

Why, it's Miss Agnes, sir.  
(NANCY appears in the doorway.)

**MR. BROWNLLOW**

Yes. My daughter Agnes. She must have found her way to the workhouse and had the child there.

**MRS. BEDWIN**

If only she had told us.

**MR. BROWNLLOW**

(NANCY appears in the doorway.) Pardon me sir, but I've news of Oliver.

**MR. BROWNLLOW**

Oliver's in danger. In bad company. I'm the girl who dragged him back to old Fagin on the morning he went missing from this house and I wish I'd never have been part of it.

**MR. BROWNLLOW**

You?

# AS LONG AS HE NEEDS ME (REPRISE)

**NANCY**  
Me and... and someone else.

**MR. BROWNLOW**

Where is this Fagin's and who is this other person you speak of? Take me to him.

**NANCY**

I can't tell you. But I'll bring Oliver to you. Not here. It's far too dangerous.

**MR. BROWNLOW**

Where then?

**NANCY**

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.

**MR. BROWNLOW**

Very well.

(NANCY exits.)

**MRS. BEDWIN**

Do you think we can trust her Mr. Brownlow?

**MR. BROWNLOW**

I'm afraid we have no choice Mrs. Bedwin.

(#36 - AS LONG AS HE NEEDS ME (REPRISE)  
begins.)

(They exit. NANCY enters walking alone on the bridge.)

must — My heart will stay true just — as long as

20 Bill needs me. \_\_\_\_\_

4 NANCY:  
A child with no one —  
— to take his part — I'll take his part, Bill —  
but, cross my heart! — I won't be —  
A tempo

SIKES appears and follows NANCY as she exits.)

## SCENE FOURTEEN: LONDON BRIDGE AT NIGHT

(#37 - LONDON BRIDGE begins.)

# LONDON BRIDGE

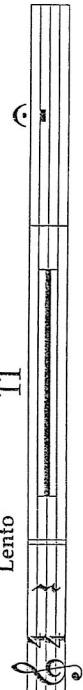
(A COUPLE and a LAMPLIGHTER cross past each other on the bridge.)

LAMPLIGHTER: (to the couple) Good night.

(NANCY, OLIVER, and BET enter.)

NANCY: Alright, Oliver, now you stay here with Bet and I'll look for Mr. Brownlow. There's a good boy.

Lento 1

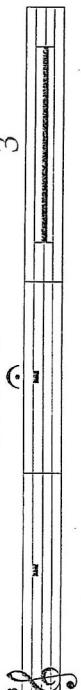


(BILL SIKES enters.)

OLIVER: Nancy!

NANCY: Bill!

3



(NANCY) Don't take him back. Let him go for pity's sake, let him go. Why do you look at me like that Bill?

(SIKES scratches OLIVER from NANCY.)

SIKES: Give me away would you?

NANCY: No, not you Bill, never you. (protecting OLIVER from BILL) Why are you looking at me like that Bill? Let him go for pity's sake, I wasn't going to say nothing, let him go.

(NANCY desperately tries to get OLIVER free from SIKES. SIKES reaches his arm out to strike NANCY as OLIVER breaks free from him.)

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



(A church bell chimes. SIKES chases off after OLIVER. BET exits in the opposite direction. MR. BROWNLOW enters just in time to see SIKES running away.)

29 4x 3x 2



FIRST RUNNER: Did you know this woman?  
MR. BROWNLOW: I came here to meet this poor creature, and as I crossed the bridge I saw someone running in the other direction. (The POLICE enter.)  
FIRST WOMAN: It's Nancy! Somebody's murdered Nancy!  
POLICE 1: What did he look like?  
MR. BROWNLOW: He wore a black coat and he carried a heavy cudgel.  
LAMPLIGHTER: Bill Sikes!

29 4x 2



FIRST RUNNER: (Thunder sounds.) Did you know this woman?  
POLICE 2: After him!

7



BET: Fagin! Fagin! The game's up! Bill's murdered Nancy!  
FAGIN: Not Nancy, it can't be! Out boys, out!

4 Rall. 2

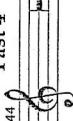


(Suddenly, like rats from out of the sewers pour the GANG. FAGIN has his strongbox. The GANG stands frozen, staring at FAGIN.)

FAGIN: Now run!

2

*Fast 4*



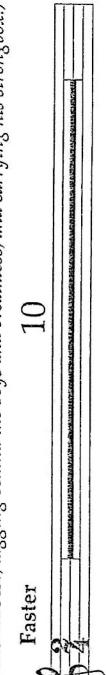
DODGER: Fagin! Fagin! What do I do?

FAGIN: Live up to your name. Dodge about.

(The GANG and BET are making a run for it, noisily, over the bridge. They exit and there is a pause. Then, out of the darkness, across the upper bridge runs FAGIN, lagging behind the boys and breathless, and carrying his strongbox.)

Faster

10



(As FAGIN reaches halfway he trips, the strongbox flies open, and the money and jewels are scattered into the darkness. He stands transfixed, and frozen with horror, the open box in his hands.)

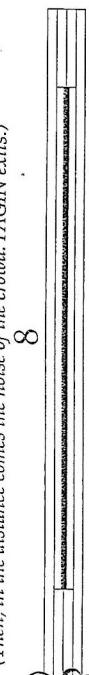
10



(FAGIN) Pearl!! Ah, my pretty things! My money! Pearl, tiara... No!

(Then, in the distance comes the noise of the crowd. FAGIN exits.)

8



CROWD: (chanting angrily) Sikes!

Sikes! Sikes! Sikes! Sikes!

MAN: There he is!

6



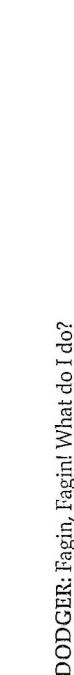
SIKES: Ahhh! Those eyes, I knew they'd get me. Those eyes!

*4*



(The CROWD watches as SIKES realizes he's trapped and tries to climb the bridge, but can't while holding OLIVER. SIKES releases OLIVER and climbs, reaching the uppermost level where he stands silhouetted against the moon.)

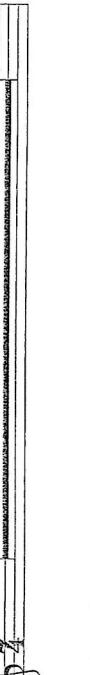
81 *f*



(Lightning flashes. SIKES loses his footing and falls backwards off the bridge, to his death.)

(MR. BROWNLOW and MRS. BEDWIN appear.)  
MRS. BEDWIN: There he is!  
There's the boy!

6

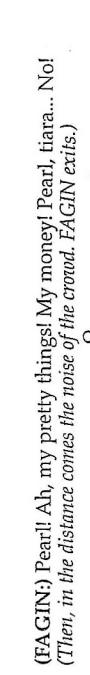


(Lightning flashes. SIKES loses his footing and falls backwards off the bridge, to his death.)

MR. BROWNLOW: Come Oliver,

we'll take you home now.

*4*



(OLIVER runs to MRS. BEDWIN throwing his arms around her.)

FAGIN:

PAGIN:

Can

*4*



(They exit.)

(FAGIN, who has been hiding in a dark corner appears.)

PAGIN:

Can

95 *f*



some - bo - dy change?

It's pos - si - ble.

100

Lionel Bart's Oliver! JR.

Music Theatre International • Broadway Junior® • Actor's Script

101

# BOWS

101 May - be it's strange but it's pos-si-ble All my  
dear-est com-pa-nions and trea-sures, I've left them be -

103 hind. I'll turn a leaf o-ver and who can tell what I may  
(DODGER enters and  
loses FAGIN an apple.)  
DODGER: Ain't you  
never seen a toff?  
106 find? \_\_\_\_\_

(DODGER and FAGIN laugh and exit.)

107 3

(#38—BOWS begins.)

109

ALL:  
4 4 19  
Con -

29 si - der your-self at home, Con -

33 si - der your-self one of the fam-i-ly. We've  
37 ta - ken to you so strong. It's

41 clear we're go-ing to get a - long. Con -

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



# Words To Know From *Lionel Bart's Oliver! JR.*

<b>Basin</b> – a bowl	<b>Posh</b> – elegant or stylish
<b>Beadle</b> – a ceremonial officer of church, college, or similar institution	<b>Raffish</b> – disreputable; vulgar; crude
<b>Bill of fare</b> – a menu	<b>Rogue</b> – a dishonest man; a rascal
<b>Cadge</b> – to ask for	<b>Saveloys</b> – highly seasoned sausages
<b>Cheeking</b> – being cheeky to; being disrespectful	<b>Shilling</b> – a former British coin and monetary unit
<b>Crumpet</b> – a small griddle cake	<b>Timbuktu</b> – an ancient city in the African country of Mali
<b>Cudgel</b> – a short, thick stick used as a weapon	<b>Toff</b> – a rich or upper class individual
<b>Farthing</b> – a former monetary unit of Great Britain	<b>Togs</b> – clothes
<b>Fisticuffs</b> – fighting with fists	<b>Vagabond</b> – a wanderer with no home or job
<b>Foot the bill</b> – pay for something	<b>Vittles</b> – food
<b>Gentry</b> – people of good social standing; the next class under nobility	<b>Workhouse</b> – a place where those unable to support themselves were offered employment and a place to live
<b>Girder</b> – an iron or steel beam used for building bridges or as the framework in buildings	
<b>Grouse</b> – complain	
<b>Gruel</b> – liquid food consisting of cereal boiled in water or milk	
<b>Guineas</b> – the major unit of currency in Great Britain prior to the pound	
<b>Hot toddies</b> – alcoholic drinks mixed with honey, herbs, and spices and served hot	
<b>Incredulous</b> – unable to believe something	
<b>Larder</b> – a room or large cupboard where food is stored	
<b>Mace</b> – a type of club	
<b>Magistrate</b> – a civil officer or judge who administers the law	
<b>We old china</b> – Cockney rhyming slang referring to a friend or "mate"	
<b>Mite</b> – a small child or animal	
<b>Pease pudding</b> – a savory pudding typically made with yellow split peas	
<b>Pence</b> – plural form of penny	
<b>Plummy and slam</b> – British underworld slang that was often used as a password	

106

*Lionel Bart's Oliver! JR.*

107

Music Theatre International • Broadway Junior® • Actor's Script

# Glossary

- monologue:** A dramatic speech by one actor.
- music director:** A person who is in charge of teaching the songs to the cast and orchestra and maintaining the quality of the performed score.
- musical:** A play with songs that are used to tell a story.
- off-book:** The actor's ability to perform his or her memorized lines without holding the script.
- offstage:** Any area out of view of the audience. Also called backstage.
- onstage:** Anything on the stage and within view of the audience is said to be onstage.
- opening night:** The first official performance of a production, after which the show is frozen, meaning no further changes are made, and reviews may be published.
- play:** A type of dramatic writing meant to be performed live on a stage. A musical is one kind of play.
- protagonist:** The main character in a musical. The action centers around this character.
- raked stage:** A stage which is raised slightly upstage so that it slants towards the audience.
- rehearsal:** A meeting during which the cast learns and practices the show.
- script:** 1) The written words that make up a show, including spoken words, stage directions and lyrics. 2) The book that contains those words.
- speed-through:** To speak through the dialogue of a scene as quickly as possible. A speed-through rehearsal helps actors memorize their lines, and it infuses energy into the pacing of a scene.
- stage directions:** Words in the script that describe the actions of the characters.
- stage left:** The left side of the stage, from the actor's perspective. The same side of the theatre as house right.
- stage manager:** A person who is responsible for keeping all rehearsals and performances on schedule.
- stage right:** The right side of the stage, from the actor's perspective. The same side of the theatre as house left.
- upstage:** The part of the stage farthest from the audience. The opposite of downstage.
- warm-ups:** Exercises at the beginning of a rehearsal or before a performance that prepare actors' voices and bodies.
- actor:** A person who performs as a character in a play or musical.
- author:** A writer of a play or musical, also known as a playwright. A musical's authors include the book writer, a composer and a lyricist.
- blocking:** The actors' movement in a play or musical, not including the choreography. The director usually assigns blocking during rehearsals.
- book writer:** One of the authors of a musical. The book writer writes the lines (dialogue) and the stage directions. Also called the librettist.
- cast:** The performers in a show.
- cheating out:** Turning oneself slightly toward the house when performing so the audience may better see one's face and hear one's lines.
- choreographer:** A person who creates and teaches the dance numbers in a musical.
- composer:** A person who writes music for a musical.
- creative team:** The author(s), director, choreographer, music director and designers for a play or musical.
- cross:** When an actor onstage moves toward or away from another actor or object.
- dialogue:** A conversation between two or more characters.
- director:** A person who provides the artistic vision, coordinates the creative elements and stages the play.
- downstage:** The portion of the stage closest to the audience. The opposite of upstage.
- house:** The area of the theatre where the audience sits to watch the show.
- house left:** The left side of the theatre from the audience's perspective. If something is located "house left," it is to the left side of the audience as they are seated in the theatre.
- house right:** The right side of the theatre from the audience's perspective. If something is located "house right," it is to the right side of the audience as they are seated in the theatre.
- lines:** The dialogue spoken by the actors.
- lyricist:** A person who writes the lyrics of a musical. The lyricist works with a composer to create songs.
- lyrics:** The words of a song.