

***Stewarton 8 -11 years Drama &***

***Musical Theatre***

***Oliver***

**STUDENT NAME: ………………………….**

**CHARACTER NAME: ………………………**

PLEASE KEEP ME IN A SAFE PLACE AT HOME, PRACTICE LINES REGULARLY AND BRING TO CLASS WEEKLY.

**SCENE 1 THE WORKHOUSE**

***LIGHTS UP: COLD WASH***

**PLAY TRACK 1 FOOD GLORIOUS FOOD**

**ALL:**

Is it worth the waiting for?

If we live 'til eighty-four

All we ever get is gru...el!

Ev'ry day we say our prayer --

Will they change the bill of fare?

Still we get the same old gru...el!

There's not a crust, not a crumb can we find,

Can we beg, can we borrow, or cadge?

But there's nothing to stop us from getting a thrill

When we all close our eyes and imag...ine

Food, glorious food!

Hot sausage and mustard!

While we're in the mood --

Cold jelly and custard!

Peas, pudding and saveloys!

What next is the question?

Rich gentlemen have it, boys --

In-di-gestion!

Food, glorious food!

We're anxious to try it.

Three banquets a day --

Our favourite diet!

Just picture a great big steak --

Fried, roasted or stewed.

Oh, food,

Wonderful food,

Marvellous food,

Glorious food.

Food, glorious food!

What is there more handsome?

Gulped, swallowed or chewed --

Still worth a king's ransom!

What is it we dream about?

What brings on a sigh?

Piled peaches and cream, about

Six feet high!

Food, glorious food!

Eat right through the menu.

Just loosen your belt

Two inches and then you

Work up a new appetite.

In this interlude --

The food,

Once again, food

Fabulous food,

Marvellous food,

Wonderful food,

**OLIVER:** Beautiful food,

**ALL:** Glorious food.

**OLIVER:** Please, sir, I want some more.

**MR BUMBLE (faintly):** What?

**OLIVER:** Please sir, I want some more.

**MR BUMBLE (roars):** More!

**WIDOW CORNEY:** CATCH HIM

**MR BUMBLE:** SNACH HIM

**WIDOW CORNEY:** HOLD HIM

**MR BUMBLE:** SCOLD HIM

**WIDOW CORNEY:** POUNCE HIM, TROUCE HIM, PICK HIM UP AND BOUNCE HIM

**MR BUMBLE:** Wait, may I be so curious as to ask his name?

**All:** Ol-i-ver!

**PLAY TRACK 2 OLIVER**

**WIDOW CORNEY AND MR. BUMBLE:**

Oliver! Oliver!

**MR. BUMBLE:**

Never before has a boy wanted more!

**MR. BUMBLE AND WIDOW CORNEY:**

Oliver! Oliver!

**WIDOW CORNEY:**

Won't ask for more when he knows what's in store.

**MR. BUMBLE:**

There a dark, thin, winding stairway

Without any banister

Whil we'll throw him down, and feed him on

Cockroaches served in a canister

**ALL:**

Oliver! Oliver!

**MR. BUMBLE:**

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

He will curse the day

Somebody named him

**ALL:**

O-li-ver!

**MR. BUMBLE:**

Oliver! Oliver!

Never before has a boy wanted more!

Oliver! Oliver!

**WIDOW CORNEY:**

Won't ask for more

When he knows what's in store.

**MR. BUMBLE:**

There's a sooty chimney

Long overdue for a sweeping out

Which we'll push him up,

And one day next year with the rats he'll be creeping out.

**ALL:**

Oliver! Oliver!

**MR. BUMBLE:**

What will he do?

In this terrible stew?

He will rue the day somebody name him...

**ALL AND WIDOW CORNEY:**

O-li-ver

**WIDOW CORNEY:** To bed, all of you. Not you. You’re not staying here one more minute.

**MR. BUMBLE:** Well I best be off and see what I can get for this young scoundrel.

**WIDOW CORNEY:** Make sure you get a good price for him Mr. Bumble!

**MR. BUMBLE:** Boy for sale, boy for sale, boy for sale…

***LIGHTS: FADE TO BLACKOUT***

**PLAY TRACK 3 SCENE CHANGE**

**SCENE 2 THE DEAL**

***LIGHTS UP: WARM WASH***

**MR. BUMBLE:** Liberal terms, Mr Sowerberry... Liberal terms? Three pounds!

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

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

**SOWERBERRY:** If you don't mind! Cash upon liking, Mr Bumble! Mrs Sowerberry!

**MRS. SOWERBERRY:** What is it?

**MR. BUMBLE:** Oliver! Stand over there boy and hold up your head, sir!

**MRS. SOWERBERRY:** Well! What do you want? What is it? Oh, Mr Bumble!

**SOWERBERRY:** 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.

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

**MRS**. **SOWERBERRY:** Ah, I dare say he will. They're a waste of time, these workhouse boys. They always cost more to keep than what they're worth.

**SOWERBERRY:** He would make a delightful coffin follower.

**MRS. SOWERBERRY:** Yes, it's a possibility. Very well, then, boy - what's your name?

**OLIVER:** Oliver - Oliver Twist, ma'am.

**MRS. SOWERBERRY:** A singular name.

**MR. BUMBLE:** Aye, ma'am, and one of my own choosing.

**MRS. SOWERBERRY:** Yours, Mr Bumble?

**MR. BUMBLE:** Mine, Mrs Sowerberry. We name our fondlings in alphabetical order.

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

**OLIVER:** Maybe. Perhaps if I had a tall hat...

**SOWERBERRY:** Never mind about tall hats...

**MRS. SOWERBERRY:** The boy is quite right. These things must be done proper and correct. Get the boy a tall hat. Stand underneath the picture, boy. Can you keep that expression for a long time, boy, with a crowd watching you?

**OLIVER:** Yes, ma'am, I think so.

**MRS. SOWERBERRY:** Now then, Oliver Twist, your beds 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!

**PLAY TRACK 4 WHERE IS LOVE?**

**OLIVER:**

Where is love?

Does it fall from skies above?

Is it underneath the willow tree

That I've been dreaming of?

Where is she?

Whom I close my eyes to see?

Will I ever know the sweet "hello"

That's meant for only me?

Who can say where she may hide?

Must I travel far and wide?

'Til I am beside the someone who

I can mean something to ...

Where...?

Where is love?

***LIGHTS: BLACKOUT***

**PLAY TRACK 5 SCENE CHANGE**

**SCENE 3 CONSIDER YOURSELF**

***LIGHTS UP: WARM WASH***

**DODGER:** What yer starin' at? Ain't yer never seen a toft?

**OLIVER:** No - never – I…

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

**OLIVER:** Starving.

**DODGER:** 'Ere catch. Tired?

**OLIVER:** Yes. I've been walking seven days.

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

**OLIVER:** The what?

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

**OLIVER:** A beaks a bird’s mouth.

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

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

**DODGER:** (suddenly very interested) Oh you 'ave, 'ave ya.

**OLIVER:** Yes.

**DODGER:** Got any lodgings?

**OLIVER:** No.

**DODGER:** Money?

**OLIVER:** Not a farthing. 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 haccommodated?

**OLIVER:** No - I don't think so ...

**DODGER:** Then h'accomoated you shall be me young mate. There's a certain place and I know a 'spectable old gentleman as lives there, wot'll give you lodgin's for nothink, and never ask for the change.

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

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

**OLIVER:** My name's Oliver. Oliver Twist.

**DODGER:** (with a flourish) And my name's Jack Dawkins - better known among me more hintimate friends as the Artful Dodger.

**OLIVER:** Pleased to meet you, Mister Dawkins.

**DODGER:** (pausing for second thoughts) Come to think of it - I ain't got no hintimate friends. Still, what's the difference, you're coming with me.

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

**DODGER:** Mind?

**PLAY TRACK 6 CONSIDER YOURSELF**

**ALL:**

Consider yourself at home

Consider yourself a one of the family

We've taken to you so strong

It's clear, we're going, to get along

Consider yourself, well in

Consider yourself a part of the furniture

There isn't a lot, to spare

Who cares? Whatever we've got, we share!

If it should chance to be

We should see

Some harder days

Empty larder days

Why grouse?

Always-a-chance we'll meet

Somebody

To foot the bill

Then the drinks are on the house!

Consider yourself our mate

We don't want to have no fuss,

For after some consideration, we can state

Consider yourself

One of us!

**DODGER:**

Consider yourself...

**OLIVER:**

At home?

**DODGER:**

Consider yourself...

**OLIVER:**

One of the family

**CAPTAIN:**

We've taken to you

**OLIVER:**

So strong

**HAND WALKER:**

It's clear...we're...

**ALL:**

Going to get along

Consider yourself...

Well in!

Consider yourself...

Part of the furniture

There isn't a lot to spare

Who cares?

Whatever we got we share

Nobody tries to be lah-di-dah or uppity--

There a cup-o'-tea for all

Only it's wise to be handy with a rolling pin

When the landlord omes to call!

Consider yourself

Our mate.

We don't want to have no fuss

For after some consideration we can sate

**OLIVER:**

Consider yourself

**DODGER & ALL:**

Yes!

**ALL:**

One of us!

***LIGHTS: BLACKOUT***

**PLAY TRACK 7 SCENE CHANGE**

**SCENE 4 OLIVER MEETS FAGIN**

***LIGHTS UP: WARM WASH***

**DODGER:** Fagin. Fagin.

**FAGIN:** What!

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

**OLIVER:** Sir.

**FAGIN:** I hope I shall have the honour of your intimate acquaintance. We're very glad to see you, Oliver, very. (to boys) Aren't we my dears?

**DODGER:** Mr Twist has come to London to seek his fortune.

**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? Charley, take off the sausages. Dodger, draw up a chair near the fire for Oliver.

**CHARLEY:** 'Ere Fagin! These sausages are mouldy!

**FAGIN:** Shut up and drink yer Gin!

**FAGIN:** Ah! You're a-staring at the pocket handkerchiefs! 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?

**FAGIN:** Well, not exactly, my dear. I suppose a laundry would be a very nice thing indeed, but our line of business pays a little better - don't it boys?

**BOYS:** Not arf! I'll say it does!

**FAGIN:** You see, Oliver, you’ve got to pick a pocket or two to earn yer keep! What 'ave you got for me, Dodger

**DODGER:** (offhandedly) Couple o' wallets.

**FAGIN:** Well lined, I hope.

**DODGER:** Only the best.

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

**OLIVER:** Did he makes these himself?

**CHARLEY:** Yeah, with his own lily-white hands!

**FAGIN:** You be quiet, Charley. And what have you got, my dear?

**CHARLEY:** Nose Rags.

**FAGIN:** Well, they're very good ones, very! You haven't embroidered the initials too well tho', Charley, "HRH ... " - 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?

**OLIVER:** Yes, Mister Fagin, if you'll teach me.

**FAGIN:** Certainly, my boy, no fee! Just do everything you see Dodger and Charley do. Now then, tell me, can you see my silk handkerchief what is 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.

**OLIVER:** (Showing it in his hand) Yes sir, it's in my hand.

**FAGIN:** I don't believe it! You're a clever boy, my dear. Here's a shilling for you. Now, bedtime, all of you.

**OLIVER:** Where shall I sleep, Sir?

**FAGIN:** Here, my dear. By the warm. Alright, alright. Settle down! Dodger! Take yer hat off in bed! Where's ya manners? Yes, Oliver, you're quite the gentleman now. You've got a shilling on credit. You've gotta home, a profession. If you go on this way, you'll be the greatest man of all time.

***LIGHTS: FADE TO BLACKOUT***

**PLAY TRACK 8 SCENE CHANGE**

**SCENE 5 OOM PAH PAH**

***LIGHTS UP: WARM WASH***

**DODGER:** Ladies and Gentlemen, Brethren, sinners all! I call upon our friend to give us her well-known rendition of the old school song!

**BOYS:** Good old Nancy! Come on Nancy!

**NANCY:** All right! All right!

**DODGER:** Oom-pah-pah!

**PLAY TRACK 9 OOM PAH PAH**

**NANCY:**

There's a little ditty

They're singing in the city

Espeshly when they've been

On the gin

Or the beer

If you've got the patience,

Your own imaginations

Will tell you just exactly what you want to hear...

**ALL:**

Oom-pah-pah! Oom-pah-pah!

That's how it goes,

Oom-pah-pah! Oom-pah-pah!

Ev'ryone knows.

They all suppose what they want to suppose

When they hear...oom-pah-pah!!

**NANCY:**

Mister Percy Snodgrass

Would often have the odd glass --

But never when he thought anybody could see.

Secretly he'd buy it,

And drink it on the quiet,

And dream he was an Earl

Wiv a girl on each knee!

**ALL:**

Oom-pah-pah! Oom-pah-pah!

That's how it goes.

Oom-pah-pah! Oom-pah-pah!

Ev'ryone knows...

What is the cause of his red shiny nose?

Could it be...oom-pah-pah!?

**NANCY:**

There's a little ditty

They're singing in the city

Espeshly when they've been

On the gin

Or the beer

If you've got the patience,

Your own imaginations

Will tell you just exactly what you want to hear...

**ALL:**

Oom-pah-pah! Oom-pah-pah!

That's how it goes,

Oom-pah-pah! Oom-pah-pah!

Ev'ryone knows.

They all suppose what they want to suppose

When they hear...oom-pah-pah!!

Oom-pah-pah! Oom-pah-pah!

That's how it goes,

Oom-pah-pah! Oom-pah-pah!

Ev'ryone knows.

**NANCY:**

They all suppose what they want to suppose

When they hear...oom-pah-pah!!

**ALL:**

Oom-pah-pah!

**A BOY:** ‘Ere comes Bill Sikes!

**NANCY:** Bill Sikes.

**DODGER:** Fagin! Fagin! Fagin!

**FAGIN:** Dodger! Where's Oliver? Where's the boy? What - has-become- of- Oliver?

**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. The old man we dipped, come out of the court with Oliver and took him off in a coach!

**FAGIN:** Where to? Quick? Speak!

**DODGER:** 19, Chepstowe Gardens...Bloomsbury.

**FAGIN:** We were supposed to bring him back with us. We were supposed to never let him out of OUR SIGHT!

**SIKES:** Who?

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

**SIKES:** That's very likely... You're blowed upon Fagin.

**FAGIN:** And I'm afraid... you see ... that if the game was up with us... it might be up with a good many more... and it would come out rather worse for you than it would for me, my dear.

**SIKES:** Why you old! Somebody must find out what's been done or said. We'll nab him the very moment he dares to step out of that house. Now who's gonna go?

**DODGER:** I suppose it'll have to be me.

**FAGIN:** You shut your trap, Dodger. You've caused enough trouble. It's got to be done quiet. Nancy my dear - you're so good with the boy.

**NANCY:** It's no good trying it on with me.

**SIKES:** And just what do you mean by that remark?

**NANCY:** What I say Bill. I'm not going ... Why can't you leave the boy alone? He won't do you no harm.

**SIKES:** You'll get him back 'ere my girl- that’s an order.

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

**SIKES:** She'll go Fagin.

**NANCY**: No, she won't Fagin!

**SIKES:** Yes, she will Fagin! She will.

**NANCY:** Alright boys, home to bed. God forgive me.

***LIGHTS: BLACKOUT***

**PLAY TRACK 10 SCENE CHANGE**

**SCENE 6 A TRAP**

***LIGHTS UP: WARM WASH***

**NANCY:** Oh! my dear brother!

**OLIVER:** Leggo! Leggo! who is it, leggo!

**NANCY:** I've found him! Oliver, oh Oliver! My dear little brother! Where have you been? We've been worried out of our heads! Thank goodness gracious heavens, I've found him.

**FIRST WOMAN:** What's the matter love?

**NANCY:** Oh, he ran away two weeks ago from his parents who are hard-working respectable people - almost broke his mother's heart.

**OLIVER:** It's not true!

**SECOND WOMAN**: The young wretch!

**FIRST 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.

**SIKES:** What the devil's all this?

**FIRST MAN:** Oh, 'e's only playing up.

**SIKES:** Young Oliver? Come home to your poor mother - your young dog! Come on home! What, books, too? You've been stealing, again have you?

**SECOND MAN:** That's right, that's what he needs.

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

**SIKES:** Now you little animal, you're coming with us.

**NANCY:** All right Bill. Leave him alone.

**SIKES:** Say goodbye to your fancy living. And you, get out of here, I’ve no use for you now.

***LIGHTS: BLACKOUT***

**PLAY TRACK 11 SCENE CHANGE**

**SCENE 7 A BARGAIN**

***LIGHTS UP: WARM WASH***

**MRS BEDWIN:** Sir, It's about the boy sir. She brings news.

**MR BROWNLOW:** Have you any news of Oliver?

**NANCY:** He's in danger - in bad company. He was dragged off the day you sent him out with them books.

**MR BROWNLOW:** Who took him?

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

**MR BROWNLOW:** Where can I find him? Who is this other person you speak of? Take me to him.

**NANCY:** No! No, I can't! I shouldn't have said that!

**MR BROWNLOW:** Now come, sit down. You want to help the boy, don't you? Why else are you here?

**NANCY:** I do want to help - but...

**MR BROWNLOW:** Then at least tell me where I can find him.

**NANCY:** I can't. But I'll bring him to you. Not here. It's too far.

**MR BROWLOW:** Where then?

**NANCY:** The Bridge, London Bridge. Tonight. At midnight. And you've got to come alone. Promise me you'll come on your own - I'll find a way of getting him to you. You don't believe me, do you? But if you want Oliver back, then you've got to believe me.

**MR BROWNLOW:** Very well – I’ll be there.

**NANCY:** Thank God!

**MR BROWLOW:** Wait. Has the boy been hurt! Ill-treated? If so, I shall...

**NANCY:** I can't say no more. Please. He'll kill me as it is if he finds out where I've been.

**MR BROWNLOW:** Who is this man? Perhaps we can ...

**NANCY:** No! We can't! Whatever else I do, I won't tum on him.

**MRS BEDWIN:** I understand, my dear.

**MR BROWNLOW:** But a man who might kill you?

**NANCY:** Yes, but he's mine, and I'm his. I've got to go back. I want to go back. London Bridge. At midnight. Alone. Now I must go.

***LIGHTS: BLACKOUT***

**PLAY TRACK 12 SCENE CHANGE**

**SCENE 8 LONDON BRIDGE**

***LIGHTS UP: COLD WASH***

**NANCY:** Alright Oliver, now you stay here and, I'll look for Mr Brownlow. There's a good boy. Bill! Don't take him back there Bill. Let him go for pity's sake, let him go.

**SIKES:** Get away from me woman.

**NANCY:** No, I won't let go Bill, look at me, look at me! I've been true to you upon my soul I have.

**SIKES:** Get away from me!

**MR BROWNLOW:** I say you there! Oh No. Help! Help! Help!

**FIRST RUNNER:** What happened 'ere?

**MR BROWNLOW:** There's been a murder

**SECOND 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.

**FIRST WOMAN:** It's Nancy, somebody's murdered Nancy!

**FIRST RUNNER:** What did he look like?

**MR BROWNLOW:** He was a broad shouldered heavily built man

**SECOND RUNNER:** Anything else?

**MR BROWNLOW:** He wore a black coat and he carried a heavy cudgel.

**LAMP-LIGHTER:** Bill Sikes!

**SECOND WOMAN:** Bill Sikes has killed Nancy.

**MR BROWNLOW**: Where will he be?

**FIRST RUNNER:** He'll be at Fagin's

**CROWD:** (ad lib) Let's follow him etc.

**SECOND RUNNER:** There he is, there's the boy!

**SIKES:** Stay back, or I’ll kill him!

**FIRST RUNNER:** Oliver, quick.

Gunshot.

**MR BROWNLOW:** Come Oliver, you’re alright! We'll take you home now.

***LIGHTS: SLOW FADE TO BLACKOUT***

**PLAY TRACK 13 FINALE BOWS**

***LIGHTS UP: WARM WASH***

**ALL:**

If it should chance to be

We should see some harder days,

Empty larder days,

Why grouse?

Always a chance we'll meet

Somebody to foot the bill.

Then the drinks are on the house.

Consider yourself our mate.

We don't want to have no fuss

For after some consideration we can state

Consider yourself...

One of us!

**Company Bows x 2**

**Principals Bow**

**Company Bow**

***LIGHTS: BLACKOUT***