

ERASMUS THEATRE

OLIVER TWIST

C. DICKENS



IN TOUR DA NOVEMBRE 2025

CHARACTERS

OLIVER TWIST

MR BUMBLE

COOKIE

MR SOWERBERRY

MRS SOWERBERRY

NOAH

CHARLOTTE

THE ARTFUL DODGER

FAGIN

NANCY

BILL SYKES

MR BROWNLOW

SCENE LIST

Chapter 1: Our Story Begins...

Chapter 2: The Workhouse.

Chapter 3: The Sale.

Chapter 4: A Short Lived Career.

Chapter 5: Oliver Makes a Friend...

Chapter 6: Fagin.

Chapter 7: Pickpocketing Gone Wrong.

Chapter 8: The Aftermath.

Chapter 9: The Robbery!

Chapter 10: Bill's Return.

Chapter 11: Back at the Brownlow's.

Chapter 12: Finale.

OLIVER TWIST

Adapted from the novel by Charles Dickens

CHAPTER 1: OUR STORY BEGINS...

We open on an average teenage boy's room, messy bed, posters on the walls and in the corner; a bookshelf with just a few books on display. Oliver enters.

MUM: (offstage) Now stay in there until I call you down for dinner!

OLIVER: But I've said I'm sorry a thousand times already!

MUM: (offstage) I don't care how many times you apologise; you're going to stay in there and think about what you've done!

OLIVER: At least give me my phone back!

MUM: (offstage) No!

OLIVER: Please?

MUM: (offstage) NO!!

OLIVER: What if I get bored?

MUM: (offstage) READ A BOOK!

Oliver slams the door and paces his room furiously until he slumps on the floor. He pulls an old radio out from under the bed and turns it on. As the music plays, he walks to the bookshelf and picks up a book and begins to read...

CHORUS: Among other public buildings in a certain town.

CHORUS: Which for many reasons it will be prudent to refrain from mentioning.

CHORUS: And to which we will assign no fictitious name,

CHORUS: There is one anciently common to most towns,

CHORUS: Great...

CHORUS: Or small!

CHORUS: To wit, a workhouse.

CHORUS: And in this workhouse was born, on a day and date which I need not trouble myself to repeat...

CHORUS: Oh for goodness...Shut UP!!!!!!

CHORUS: What's the matter with you?

CHORUS: Me? Me?? Nothing's the matter with me! It's you guys I have a problem with.

CHORUS: What's wrong with us?

CHORUS: Well, it's the way you're speaking...If you carry on like this, how is anyone supposed to understand what you're talking about?

CHORUS: But that's Dickens!

CHORUS: We're just reciting the story!

CHORUS: You see, that's my problem! We shouldn't just be reciting the story. We should be living it!

CHORUS: Well they've got to know some of the basic stuff!

CHORUS: Like who's our hero?

CHORUS: Well the book's called Oliver Twist, so I'm assuming...

CHORUS: Oliver Twist!

CHORUS: Oh ! That makes sense. But who is he?

CHORUS: Well that's just it. No one knows anything about him!

CHORUS: His story begins from the moment he's left on the steps of the workhouse. No name, no note.

CHORUS: Nothing but a single silver locket.

A member of the chorus gets the locket out of the dressing up box. Shines a light on it. Gives it to Oliver.

CHORUS: Oooooh!

CHORUS: But more on that later.

Oliver clicks a button on the radio. A song starts.

CHORUS: For now, we've got a story to tell.

All These Things that I've Done – The Killers

CHORUS: When there's nowhere else to run
Is there room for one more son?
One more son. If you can, hold on
If you can, hold on, hold on.

CHORUS: I wanna stand up, I wanna let go
You know, you know; no, you don't, you don't
I wanna shine on in the hearts of man
I want a meanin' from the back of my broken hand

CHORUS: Another head aches, another heart breaks
I'm so much older than I can take

CHORUS: And my affection, well, it comes and goes
I need direction to perfection, no, no, no, no

ALL: Help me out, yeah
You know you gotta help me out, yeah
Oh, don't you put me on the back burner
You know you gotta help me out, yeah

OLIVER: I got soul but I'm not a soldier,
I got soul but I'm not a soldier,

ALL: I got soul but I'm not a soldier,
I got soul but I'm not a soldier,
I got soul but I'm not a soldier,
I got soul but I'm not a soldier,
I got soul but I'm not a soldier,

I got soul but I'm not a soldier,
 I got soul but I'm not a soldier,
 I got soul but I'm not a soldier!

CHAPTER 2: THE WORKHOUSE.

CHORUS: Oliver lived and worked at the local workhouse.

CHORUS: A filthy, wretched place.

CHORUS: Where the boys laboured all day, with only a single break for lunch.

CHORUS: A lunch consisting of horrible, thin, gruel.

CHORUS: Gruel?

CHORUS: It tastes how it sounds. Imagine Porridge, but evil.

CHORUS: Blech!

We join Oliver at the table with two more of his fellow workhouse mates.

WORKHOUSE 1: Now, we all know the rules?

OLIVER: Whoever draws the shortest straw...

WORKHOUSE 2: Asks for more.

WORKHOUSE 1: Good, who wants to go first?

OLIVER: Are we sure this is a good idea?

WORKHOUSE 2: Oh come on Oliver, aren't you starving?

WORKHOUSE 1: We haven't had a proper meal in weeks!

OLIVER: I know that! But Old Mr Bumble's terrifying at the best of times...

WORKHOUSE 2: What's the worst that could happen? Look I'll go first...

WORKHOUSE 2: Yes! Thank goodness it's not me! Yes!!!

WORKHOUSE 2: See, nothing to worry about. Now your turn.

Oliver and Workhouse 1 pull the remaining straws. Oliver has the shortest.

WORKHOUSE 1: Oh Oliver...

WORKHOUSE 2: Oliver I'm so sorry...

WORKHOUSE 1: Maybe we should do best of three?

OLIVER: No. It's alright. I'll go. I can do this. Like you said...what's the worst that can happen??

OLIVER: Mr Bumble Sir...

WORKHOUSE 2: *(to the audience)* The whole workhouse stopped and stared.

WORKHOUSE 1: *(to the audience)* No workhouse boy had ever spoken to Mr Bumble directly.

WORKHOUSE 2: No one had ever even looked him in the eye...

WORKHOUSE 1: But Oliver wasn't everyone...

MR BUMBLE: Yes...What is it?

OLIVER: I was wondering if it were at all possible...

MR BUMBLE: Yes?!?!?

OLIVER: If it were at all possible...

MR BUMBLE: Spit it out Boy!!

OLIVER: That I may have some...more??

WORKHOUSE 1: *(to the audience)* This could go one of two ways for Oliver...

WORKHOUSE 2: *(to the audience)* Mr Bumble could either calmly ask Cookie to spoon Oliver another bowl of Gruel or...

MR BUMBLE: MOOOOOORE?!?!?!?!?

WORKHOUSE 2: ...Or he could do that.

MR BUMBLE: You dare come to me, standing there as bold as brass and demand that I give you, MOOOOOORE?!?!?!?!?

COOKIE: It's a sorry sight Mr Bumble, a sorry, sorry sight!

MR BUMBLE: Cookie, lock this wretched urchin away before he spreads his toxic thoughts to the other children!

COOKIE: Yes Mr Bumble, certainly Mr Bumble. Come along you worthless Workhouse trash!

CHAPTER 3: THE SALE.

CHORUS: Now Mr Bumble was many things.

CHORUS: He was selfish.

CHORUS: He was cruel.

CHORUS: Proud.

CHORUS: Boastful certainly.

CHORUS: But the one thing he wasn't was...

ALL: Wasteful!

CHORUS: He knew Oliver had to go.

CHORUS: He couldn't let something as damning as the gruel incident slide.

CHORUS: But why throw him out?

CHORUS: When he could just sell him on!

CHORUS: Enter Mr Sowerberry...

ALL: The Undertaker.

CHORUS: Now you would expect the sale of another human soul to be something complex and tricky...

CHORUS: With much talk of quality of life and duties of care.

CHORUS: The reality of such a transaction was slightly simpler.

SOWERBERRY: How much do you want?

MR BUMBLE: 15 Guineas.

SOWERBERRY: I can give you 10.

MR BUMBLE: I can only go as low as 13.

SOWERBERRY: Can he read?

MR BUMBLE: No.

SOWERBERRY: Can he write?

MR BUMBLE: No.

SOWERBERRY: Can he speak?

MR BUMBLE: *(quickly covering Oliver's mouth)* No! Well...only when spoken to.

SOWERBERRY: I'll take him.

CHORUS: And that's it!!!

CHORUS: The shake of a hand.

CHORUS: The scribble of a signature.

CHORUS: And Oliver was the newest apprentice at Sowerberry's Funeral Parlour.

CHAPTER 4: A SHORTLIVED CAREER.

Oliver and Sowerberry enter the parlour. Mrs Sowerberry can be seen with their daughter Charlotte tidying up before their arrival.

SOWERBERRY: *(Shouts)*...My dear? We're back!

MRS. S: Wipe yer feet! *(To Oliver)* And who's this scrap of a child?

OLIVER: Oliver Twist ma'am.

SOWERBERRY: Our new Undertaker's Apprentice!

MRS. S: Filthy! And isn't he small? Skin and bones, he is!

SOWERBERRY: The fat ones cost more. Besides, we'll fatten him up!

MRS. S: I dare say we will - but on our food and our drink! I see no possible saving in Parish children – they always cost more than they're worth! *(To Oliver)* Well now, this is probably a stupid question, but are you hungry boy?

OLIVER: I am ma'am! Exceedingly!

MRS. S: *(To Sowerberry)* Told you so! Eat us out of house and home, he will. *(To Charlotte)* Charlotte! Give this boy some of the cold bits from the dog's dinner. I dare say he'll eat them. Won't you boy?

Oliver nods enthusiastically. Charlotte holds out the dish and Oliver sets about eating.

CHARLOTTE: The boy's half animal!

MRS. S: I have to agree...don't worry a bit of discipline will sort him out, Noah!

Noah enters, a cocky lad in his teens.

SOWERBERRY: Noah my boy! This is Oliver, our new apprentice!

MRS. S: *(To Oliver)* Noah here runs the shop. Whatever he tells you to do, you do it. Understand me?

NOAH: Or you'll get one of these!

Noah slaps Oliver round the back of the head.

OLIVER: But Mrs Sowerberry, Mr Noah Sir, what will I do?

NOAH: He really has no idea!

CHARLOTTE: *(Imitating Oliver)* "What will I do?"

NOAH: Why you'll dust down the coffins...

MRS. S: Wash the corpses...

SOWERBERRY: And prepare them for their eternal rest, that's what!

MRS. S: Well...You made quick work of that! Now, Mr Sowerberry we should be off to bed. Charlotte, Noah, show young Oliver here to his sleeping quarters, will you?

Mr and Mrs Sowerberry leave.

NOAH: Here Workhouse... is where you sleep!

Noah opens the nearest coffin.

NOAH: In you go then!

OLIVER: You can't mean it!

CHARLOTTE: Oh yes we do! Unless you want to sleep outside with the dogs!

OLIVER: I'll sleep anywhere! Just not in there!!!

NOAH: How dare you talk back to us Workhouse!

CHARLOTTE: The cheek of it! No wonder your mother dumped you the first chance she could get.

OLIVER: She didn't dump me! (*tearfully*) She died of a broken heart...

NOAH: *(Laughing)* Of a broken heart! Have you ever heard such rubbish?!

CHARLOTTE: *(Laughing)* Next thing you'll be saying she was an angel!

OLIVER: She was!

NOAH: Oh Workhouse! It's about time someone told you. Your mother was no angel.

OLIVER: *(Angrily)* You take that back!

CHARLOTTE: Oh Please! Don't let that that fancy pants locket fool you! I bet she was a right-down, good for nothing bad'un!

OLIVER: STOP IT!

NOAH: She probably stole it, you know the type. Better she died when she did! Most likely she would've ended up in prison or doing hard labour in the colonies or better yet, on the streets!!

Oliver hits Noah and pushes Charlotte to the floor.

NOAH: *(Running to Charlotte)* You're going to regret that Workhouse. You hear me. Just you wait till I get my hands on you -

As Noah gets up to strike Oliver we hear a voice from offstage.

MUM: *(Offstage)* Oliver! Dinner!!

Our Oliver runs offstage, back to the real world. Chorus members enter.

CHORUS: What just happened?

CHORUS: He must have put the book down!

CHORUS: At such a crucial point too...

CHORUS: Well what do we do now? We have a whole audience looking at us!

CHORUS: Ciao!

CHORUS: Oh stop that! We can't just fall to pieces!

CHORUS: We'll just have to fill in the gaps as best we can!

CHORUS: Exactly! Now as you can imagine, after the incident with Noah, Oliver could not stay at the Sowerberry's.

CHORUS: And there was no way Oliver could or would return to the Workhouse!

CHORUS: This left Oliver with only one option.

ALL: He ran as far away as he could.

CHORUS: He travelled over hills and across fields.

CHORUS: Down riverbanks and through streams.

CHORUS: Until he finally arrived...

Real world Oliver enters once again, book in hand.

CHORUS: *(Noticing Oliver)* Amazing!! He's back!

CHORUS: What perfect timing, we can pick up the story from here!

CHORUS: Where's here?

CHORUS: London!

LONDON CALLING – THE CLASH

CHORUS: London calling to the faraway towns,
Now war is declared and battle come down!
London calling to the underworld,
Come out of the cupboard, ya boys and girls.

CHORUS: London calling, now don't look to us
Phony Beatlemania has bitten the dust
London calling, see we ain't got no swing
Except for the ring of that truncheon thing

CHORUS: The ice age is comin', the sun's zoomin' in
Meltdown expected, the wheat is growin' thin

CHORUS: Engines stop runnin', but I have no fear
'Cause London is drownin' and I live by the river!

OLIVER: London calling to the imitation zone
Forget it, brother, you can go it alone
London calling to the zombies of death
Quit holdin' out and draw another breath

ALL: London calling and I don't wanna shout
But while we were talking, I saw you noddin'
out London calling, see we ain't got no Hyde
'Cept for that one with the yellowy eyes

The ice age is comin', the sun's zoomin' in
Engines stop runnin', the wheat is growin' thin,
A nuclear error, but I have no fear
'Cause London is drownin' and I, I live by the river!

CHAPTER 5: OLIVER MAKES A FRIEND...

- CHORUS:** London in 1836 was not a city for the faint-hearted.
- CHORUS:** Among the dirty streets and soot-covered chimneys.
- CHORUS:** Criminals, cut-throats and thieves roamed the back alleys unchallenged.
- CHORUS:** And if you should cross them...
- CHORUS:** Aaaargghhh!!
- CHORUS:** Well let's just say you wouldn't be enjoying the scenery for very long...
- CHORUS:** Because you'd be dead!
- CHORUS:** I think that was implied mate.
- CHORUS:** Sorry! But not all of them were completely bad!
- CHORUS:** Just not completely good either.
- CHORUS:** And luckily for Oliver, he managed to find just such a person.

Oliver enters tired and alone.

DODGER: Hullo my covey! what's the row?

OLIVER: I'm sorry, are you talking to me?

DODGER: Well who d'ya think I was? Just you and me 'ere innit? What's the row?

OLIVER: Listen, I haven't got time for this, I'm very hungry and tired! I've been walking for the past seven days so if you know of anywhere -

DODGER: Sivin day! You been a-walkin' sivin days! Oh I see. Beak's order, eh?

DODGER: A beak! A magistrate! My eyes, how green! Was you never on the mill?

OLIVER: Mill? What Mill?

DODGER: THE Mill! The mill as takes up so little room that it'll work inside a Stone Jug and always goes better when the wind's low with people, than when it's high; cos then they can't get workmen. But come you want grub and you shall have it. I'm at low-watermark myself, only one bob and a magpie; but as far as it goes, I'll fork out and stump. Up with you on your pins. Now then! Morrice!

CHORUS: *(Storming on stage)* Stop!!!

The remaining two chorus members come on stage. Whilst Oliver and Dodger freeze.

CHORUS: What's the matter?

CHORUS: How on earth are we supposed to understand that?

CHORUS: I agree! What was Dickens thinking?

CHORUS: I can't believe you two! This is the second time you've complained about the language. This is one of the greatest writers of all time! It's not his fault if Dodger's way of talking is a bit confusing.

CHORUS: Yes it is!

CHORUS: He wrote it!

CHORUS: We're keeping it the same!

CHORUS: You're gatekeeping Dickens!

They lunge for the book. In the chaos, it is dropped.

CHORUS: Oh no.

CHORUS: Guys! We've lost our place.

CHORUS: (picking up the book) It's FINE! We'll just pick a point, they'll catch up soon enough.

CHORUS: We're just going to have to start from the beginning.

CHORUS: What?!

CHORUS: No chance. We don't have the time.

CHORUS: We'll have to run over.

CHORUS: WHAT?! But what about our mid-show break?

CHORUS: Yeah, I need to smoke!

CHORUS: Give me strength...

CHORUS: Let's just do it very quickly and find our place.

CHORUS: We're here! Dodger and Oliver! Let's keep it going. In *normal* English please...

CHORUS: Alright, fine! For your sake -

CHORUS: *(pointing at the audience)* And theirs...

CHORUS: We'll do this one more time. From the top!

The Chorus depart and Oliver enters again.

DODGER: Hello my old mate! What's the fuss?

OLIVER: I'm sorry, are you talking to me?

DODGER: Well there ain't anyone else here is there? What's up?

OLIVER: Listen, I haven't got time for this, I'm very hungry and tired! I've been walking for the past seven days so if you know of anywhere -

DODGER: Seven days? You've been walking for seven days? The Beak's after you then?

OLIVER: The what?

DODGER: *(sighs)* The Beak. The Bobbies! The Police!!!

OLIVER: Oh! No they're not.

DODGER: Don't tell me you've never been to prison?! Well, you live in a happier world than me then my friend. Listen, I'm a bit low on cash myself but I've got a couple of coins on me, how about I grab us some grub and we can talk about finding you lodgings for the night?

OLIVER: That's incredibly kind of you.

DODGER: People call me the Artful Dodger. What's your name my old son?

OLIVER: Oh I'm Oliver, Oliver Twist.

DODGER: Pleasure to make your acquaintance. Now, food!

CHAPTER 6: FAGIN.

CHORUS: And so, Oliver Twist

CHORUS: And Dodger

CHORUS: Travelled through the dodgy-er... parts of London...

CHORUS: Get it?

CHORUS: (*Groans*) Come over here.

CHORUS: What are you playing at?

CHORUS: I'm sorry I thought it was a good joke...

CHORUS: Look at them. (*pointing at the audience*) Are they laughing?

CHORUS: (*mumbling*) they look ha-

CHORUS: Are they laughing?

CHORUS: No they're not...

CHORUS: No they're not! (They're laughing now, but that's because of me!) So take a long hard look at yourself and focus on telling the story rather than telling jokes. Alright?

CHORUS: Sorry...

CHORUS: That's ok.

CHORUS: Can we get back to the story now please?

CHORUS: Sure...I'm sorry for yelling.

OLIVER: Is it always this dirty?

DODGER: Ha! You're not from round 'ere are ya?

OLIVER: No Sir.

DODGER: Sir! Ooh! Sir!

DODGER: Listen, mate. You're in London now. It's crowded. It's dark. It's damp. Get used to it. We're nearly there. These are good guys, okay? But rough yourself up a bit? You're too polite.

OLIVER: Wait a moment. What are you doing? You've taken me down some horrible back alley - where's the food in all this?

DODGER: Calm down, Oliver, you can trust me.

OLIVER: I don't even know who you are.

DODGER: I told you - I'm –

OLIVER: Dodger - yes I know. Sounds a bit dodgy to me.

OLIVER: I don't really know who you are. I don't even know your real name.

JUMPING JACK FLASH - THE ROLLING STONES

DODGER: You really want to know who I am?

OLIVER: I do.

DODGER: Well...

I was born in a crossfire hurricane
 And I howled at the morning drivin' rain
 But it's all right now, in fact it's a gas
 But it's all right, I'm jumpin' jack flash
 It's a gas, gas, gas

Got the picture yet?

OLIVER: Not quite.

DODGER: I could use a bit of help...

Dodger does a secret bird call. We hear rapturous applause.

DODGER: We're home boys, take it away!

We open up to see the whole of Fagin's gang.

DODGER: I was raised by a toothless, bearded hag
 I was schooled with a strap right across my back
 But it's all right now, in fact it's a gas
 But it's all right, I'm jumpin' jack flash
 It's a gas, gas, gas (oh)

FAGIN: Who's this?!

Fagin has appeared from out of nowhere.

DODGER: New recruit Fagin! His name is Oliver. Found him on Harley Street.
 He walked nearly 70 miles all the way to London Town.

FAGIN: 70 Miles?!

FAGIN: Long walk, eh Oliver?

OLIVER: Oh, awfully long sir –

OLIVER: Uh.. oh... uhh, I mean. Yeah, fam. Baaaare long, innit.

FAGIN: Hm... What are we going to do with you... I know... How about we... GET THIS HUNGRY LAD SOMETHING TO EAT EH BOYS?

Fagin's gang break into a rapturous fit of laughter and JUMPING JACK FLASH begins again.

FAGIN: Sorry my lad, we had to test your mettle a bit didn't we? Make sure you're worthy of becoming one of us!?

OLIVER: Yes, of course!

DODGER: Well done, Oliver!

ALL: I was drowned, I was washed up and left for dead
I fell down to my feet and I saw they bled
Yeah, yeah
I frowned at the crumbs of a crust of bread
Yeah, yeah, yeah
I was crowned with a spike right through my head
My, my, yeah

But it's all right now, in fact it's a gas
But it's all right, I'm jumpin' jack flash
It's a gas, gas, gas

Jumpin' jack flash, it's a gas
Jumpin' jack flash, it's a gas
Jumpin' jack flash, it's a gas
Jumpin' jack flash, it's a gas
Jumpin' jack flash, it's a gas
Jumpin' jack flash, it's a gas

The song finishes. Dodger holds out his hand to Oliver.

DODGER: So, in answer to your question. I'm Jack. Jack Dawkins. But call me Dodger.

OLIVER: Okay, Dodger.

Nancy enters.

NANCY: Well hello my boys!

ALL: (over each other) Nancy! Oh, look - Nancy! The *lady* is here!

NANCY: Very ladylike, thank you very much!

NANCY: Oi, Fagin, who's the new lad?

FAGIN:: This strapping new recruit? Our very own Oliver. Go on son, don't be shy.

OLIVER: (nervously) Oliver Twist, miss.

NANCY: Miss! Ooh I like this one, Fagin, he's a right charmer!

FAGIN: Best be careful, Oliver, she's a married woman you know? To a very dangerous man indeed.

DODGER: Bill Sikes! (*Sipping a cup of coffee*) By the way Fagin, this coffee tastes like dirt!

- FAGIN:** It is dirt Dodger.
- OLIVER:** Oh, I didn't mean to overstep...
- NANCY:** *(laughing)* Oh my goodness he's actually shaking! Don't mind this old hag Oliver. He's just jealous!
- FAGIN:** As always Nancy my dear, you light up the room!
- NANCY:** Leave the smooth talking to Mister Twist, Fagin. From someone your age it's just desperate!
- FAGIN:** Nancy my dear, is that how you treat an old friend?
- NANCY:** Yes, a very old friend! Ancient, even!
- DODGER:** *(Laughing)* Oh she's got you there Fagin!
- FAGIN:** You see Oliver, normally I wouldn't allow such crass behaviour. But Nancy here was one of my first and, may I say, finest students.
- NANCY:** Give it a rest Fagin!
- FAGIN:** It's true! I swear she could skip past Bow Street Police Station and walk away with every watch, hankie and wallet without even breaking a sweat.
- NANCY:** Well I had a very good teacher, by the way here's your's *(she hands Fagin his wallet)* It may be a bit lighter than when you last had it...
- DODGER:** I should probably give you this back as well *(Dodger hands Fagin his pocketwatch)*.

FAGIN: Why you little...Beauties! I can honestly say I've never been prouder. But what can I say? You learnt from the best!

He unravels a long string of handkerchiefs out from his sleeve.

FAGIN: You can help us teach young Oliver how we do things around here.

NANCY: Training up your boys for you Fagin? I hope I'll be getting a raise.

FAGIN:: No. Come on my dears, let's show Oliver how it's done.

OLIVER: How what's done?

FAGIN: Our work! Come on Oliver, you didn't think you'd be staying in this luxurious place for free did ya? You've got to earn your keep! Can you do that for us my lad?

OLIVER: Of course, Fagin!

FAGIN: Good man! Nancy?

NANCY: Yes?

FAGIN: Cue the orchestra!

MR BLUE SKY: THE ELECTRIC LIGHT ORCHESTRA

During MR BLUE SKY, Fagin and the gang teach Oliver how to pickpocket.

FAGIN: Sun is shinin' in the sky
There ain't a cloud in sight
It's stopped rainin'
Everybody's in a play
And don't you know
It's a beautiful new day
Hey-ey-hey

DODGER: Runnin' down the avenue
See how the sun shines brightly
In the city
On the streets where once was pity
Mr. Blue Sky is living here today
Hey-ey-hey

NANCY: Mr. Blue Sky

D AND F: Please tell us why

NANCY: You had to hide away for so long?

D AND F: (So long)
Where did we go wrong?

NANCY: Mr. Blue Sky

OLIVER: Please tell us why

NANCY: You had to hide away for so long (So long)
Where did we go wrong?

DODGER: Come on Oliver, give it a go!

Oliver creeps behind Nancy and grabs a handkerchief from her pocket.

DODGER: Perfect form!

NANCY: He's a natural!

FAGIN: Now get out there and get to work!

The gang leave Fagin's dwellings.

CHAPTER 7: PICKPOCKETING GONE WRONG.

CHORUS: Oliver, Dodger and Nancy set off to put Oliver's new found skills to the test.

CHORUS: Skipping along the cobbled streets of London Town Oliver felt something he had not felt in a long time...

CHORUS: With two new friends and an adventure at hand.

CHORUS: Something we all take for granted.

CHORUS: Oliver felt happy!

CHORUS: And on a sunny, summer's day. How could he possibly feel anything different?

Oliver, Dodger and Nancy begin their pickpocketing spree of London. Dancing along the streets as they pinch wallets, scarves and watches from every unsuspecting Londoner.

MR BLUE SKY: THE ELECTRIC LIGHT ORCHESTRA - REPRISE

NANCY: Hey, you, with the pretty face!
Welcome to the human race,

DODGER: A celebration
Mr. Blue Sky's up there waitin'
And today

ALL: Is the day we've waited for
Ah-ah-ah

Oh, Mr. Blue Sky
Please tell us why
You had to hide away for so long? (So long)
Where did we go wrong?

NANCY: Hey there, Mr. Blue
We're so pleased to be with you
Look around, see what you do
Everybody smiles at you

DODGER: Hey there, Mr. Blue
We're so pleased to be with you
Look around, see what you do
Everybody smiles at you

ALL: Mr. Blue Sky
Mr. Blue Sky
Mr. Blue Sky-y

OLIVER: Mr. Blue, you did it right
But soon comes Mr. Night

NANCY: Creepin' over, now his hand is on your shoulder

DODGER: Never mind, I'll remember you this
I'll remember you this way

*At this point Oliver tries to steal a wallet from the back pocket of an unsuspecting Gentleman.
The man turns around at just the wrong time and catches Oliver in the act.*

GENTLEMAN: What on Earth do you think you're doing???

OLIVER: *(stammering)* I'm terribly sorry Sir...I wasn't thinking of!

GENTLEMAN: You'll hang for this my boy! You hear me?

DODGER: I don't think so, my old son! *(pointing over the gentleman's shoulder)* Look over there!

GENTLEMAN: *(Turning to look)* Where?

DODGER: At the waving Italian audience!

GENTLEMAN: Oh yeah!

Whilst he's distracted, Dodger punches the gentleman, knocking him to the floor.

DODGER: *(To Oliver and Nancy)* Leg it!!!!

All three run off with the gentleman in pursuit.

CHAPTER 8: THE AFTERMATH.

We're back at Fagin's. Oliver, Nancy and Dodger stumble in.

FAGIN: My dears! My dears! How it fills me with joy to see you returned safely home. Any trouble?

NANCY: Nothing we couldn't handle Fagin! He's a diamond that boy Dodger found and no mistake.

FAGIN: Really?

DODGER: Oh yeah! Lifted 3 wallets, two hankies and a watch before a gentleman caught wise.

FAGIN: Caught wise?

OLIVER: I'm afraid so, Sir.

FAGIN: Were you followed?

OLIVER: No.

FAGIN: Are you sure?

OLIVER: Yes.

FAGIN: And you've got the cash?

OLIVER: Oh yes, Sir!

FAGIN: Then my dears I am overjoyed at your return! Now hand it over to me and I'll make sure everyone gets their fair share!

NANCY: Not so fast old man, I know you well enough to know not to hand you all our loot. Besides, I quite fancy a pint of something after today's adventures. Coming Dodger?

DODGER: If you're paying!

FAGIN: A capital idea my dears! Gives me and young Master Twist here a chance to get better acquainted, doesn't it my boy? We'll be along shortly after!

NANCY: If you say so! See you in a mo then Oliver my love! Come along Dodger!

Dodger and Nancy leave.

FAGIN: So...Did you enjoy yourself today my sweet?

OLIVER: Oh yes Mr Fagin Sir, certainly I did! Though it was a tad scary towards the end...

FAGIN: *(Laughing)* A tad scary...Oh I love the way you talk my boy, all prim and proper! I'm not surprised you were scared, it's no easy thing to do what we do...proper exciting though, hmm?

OLIVER: Oh yes Sir, it was a great adventure!

FAGIN: I'm glad to hear you say that my dear. As it happens an old friend of mine is coming by in a bit to talk about a job, don't suppose you'd be interested?

OLIVER: You mean it Sir?

FAGIN: Oh yes...*(Fagin notices the locket round Oliver's neck)* I say, that's a pretty trinket you've got there my boy...pick that up today did ya?

OLIVER: What? This? *(Oliver takes off the locket and shows it to Fagin)* It was my mother's, I've had it all my life...

FAGIN: Well, it's a very fine thing indeed! Too fine a thing to be wearing on these filthy streets. I could look after it for you my dear? If you'd like that of course.

OLIVER: I don't know about that sir...

FAGIN: I promise I'll take very good care of it!

Oliver reluctantly hands the locket over to Fagin.

FAGIN: I shall guard it with my life.

At this point there's a knock at the door.

FAGIN: Ah! That'll be Bill...It's open!

Bill enters.

BILL: Evening Fagin!

FAGIN: Bill my dear, you're looking well! Heard you made a bit of a name for yourself the other night. Got anything for me worth selling?

BILL: Keep your nose out of it old boy. Anything worth selling has already been sold. Now, is this the boy I've heard so much about?

FAGIN: Yes, yes! Bill Sykes, meet Mr Oliver Twist esquire!

OLIVER: A pleasure to make your acquaintance Sir!

BILL: Blimey Fagin, where'd you find this one? The Palace? Still, should be just right for the job I've got planned. He up for it?

FAGIN: Oh yes keen as mustard this one aren't you boy?

Nancy enters.

FAGIN: Nancy my dear I wasn't expecting you back tonight! Pub run out of beer?

NANCY: Heard Bill had come up here and wanted to check on the boy. What are you three talking about?

BILL: Nancy my love! Why've you always got to be so suspicious? I'm just here to meet young Oliver Twist here...

NANCY: What for?

BILL: Never you mind what for. Now why don't you get back down the pub and get us a round in? I'll be along in a bit.

NANCY: Don't even try it! He's only been out on one job and a small one at that! I'm not having you get him into any trouble he ain't ready for.

BILL: Nancy -

BILL: Fagin. Nancy and I are going for a chat, I'll send someone later with the details.

NANCY: I don't want to go home -

BILL: Not. Another. Word. Night Fagin!

FAGIN: Night Bill! Be good to each other!

Bill and Nancy leave.

FAGIN: Right young master Twist. We should be getting to bed too. Let's go fix yourself up with some blankets in the next room, then we can get some sleep.

Fagin exit, Oliver gets ready for bed and sings.

PLEASE, PLEASE, PLEASE LET ME GET WHAT I WANT - THE SMITHS

OLIVER: Good times for a change
 See, the luck I've had
 Can make a good man turn bad
 So, please, please, please
 Let me, let me, let me
 Let me get what I want this time

NANCY: Haven't had a dream in a long time
 See, the life I've had
 Can make a good man bad
 So, for once in my life
 Let me get what I want
 Lord knows, it would be the first time
 Lord knows, it would be the first time

CHAPTER 9: THE ROBBERY!

Late at night in Fagin's rooms we see Oliver asleep in his bed only to be woken by Nancy entering the room.

OLIVER: Hello? Who's there?

NANCY: *(Covering her eyes)* It's me Nancy! Put that light out will you? It hurts my eyes.

OLIVER: Nancy...who did this to you?

NANCY: *(Ignoring the question)* May God forgive me. I never wanted you to have any part in this.

OLIVER: Has anything happened? Is it Bill? Let me help you Nancy, please!

NANCY: It's always Bill Oliver...Always Bill...

NANCY: Oh what am I like? *(ruffling Oliver's hair)* I don't know what comes over me sometimes.

OLIVER: Nancy, what is this?

NANCY: I'll explain later. But right now you need to get up. Bill told me you were helping him with a job. Well, it's time.

OLIVER: I see. Nancy, I'm a little nervous.

NANCY: *(struggling to hide the truth)* You'll be fine. You're strong, aren't ya? Look at how well you did earlier! You're a natural, remember.

OLIVER: I don't feel like a natural.

NANCY: Don't worry, just follow me, I'll look after you! I'll tell you what. I've got something that'll cheer you up.

OLIVER: What's that?

Nancy pulls out Oliver's locket and gives it to him.

NANCY: Don't let Fagin take any more of your things. A beautiful locket like this belongs with its owner. Now come on!

CHORUS: Oliver felt helpless as Nancy stole him away.

CHORUS: He didn't know where he was going.

CHORUS: What he was doing.

CHORUS: Or why it caused such a look of worry in Nancy's face!

CHORUS: But clutching the locket tightly to his chest gave him the strength to keep going.

CHORUS: But as they finally came to rest outside the garden wall of a large, detached house on the quiet side of town, he felt an overwhelming sense that something was about to go horribly, horribly wrong...

Oliver and Nancy enter.

NANCY: Bill? Bill you there?

Bill appears from the shadows.

BILL: I am my sweet, glad to see you made it in one piece and you brought Fagin's new toy! Glad our little misunderstanding brought about a happy ending.

BILL: What you staring daggers at me for my dear? I think someone's getting a bit jealous, don't you Nancy?

NANCY: Leave the boy alone Bill. Remember we've got a job to do.

BILL: There's no WE about it. You're heading back to Fagin's. The lad and I can handle this.

NANCY: Not on your life you are! If you think I'm leaving him alone with you-

BILL: Now, now my dearest. Last thing we want is a repeat of yesterday now do we? If you know what's good for you...and the boy, you'll hurry on home.

Nancy leaves.

BILL: And then there were two! Ready to get your hands dirty my dear?

OLIVER: What exactly is it that we're doing Mr Sikes Sir?

BILL: The less you know the better. But first thing's first...

BILL: You need to get something into that pretty little head of yours my boy. If you put a toe out of line. If you speak a word on this job without my speaking first. I swear I'll make sure you're in a world of pain. And don't think I won't either! Do you understand me?

OLIVER: Yes Sir, of course Sir, I'll do whatever you say Sir.

BILL: Good lad! Now, let's go house-breaking.

Bill grabs Oliver round the scruff of the neck and marches him offstage.

CHORUS: Oliver and Bill quickly climbed up the garden wall and crept silently towards the sleeping mansion's back door.

CHORUS: And by the time Oliver reached the house the reason for Bill dragging him along became all too clear.

CHORUS: Just to the side of the locked door there was a window left open slightly ajar, clearly stuck that way after years of rust and misuse had taken their toll.

CHORUS: The gap it left was much too small for a man of Bill's size to get through. But for Oliver...

CHORUS:: It was perfect! And before they knew it Oliver had slipped through the window.

CHORUS: Unlocked the back door.

CHORUS: And he and Bill were creeping their way through the depths of the house...

Oliver and Bill enter. They keep low and speak in hushed tones.

BILL: This is perfect! No one to be found except us and the old fart who owns the place.

OLIVER: But Mr Sikes, how can you be so sure?

BILL: I've been watching the joint for a couple of days now, it's just him who lives here and the maid clocks off at midnight.

OLIVER: But what if he wakes up?

BILL: Enough with the bleedin' questions! All we've got to do is find the old sod's bedroom.

OLIVER: Why are we looking for his bedroom?

BILL: *(rounding on Oliver)* Have you got cloth ears or something? Stop. Bleedin'. Talking! We're going to his bedroom because we are going to wake him up aren't we? He's going to then take us to his safe. He's then going to open that safe. Then we're gonna get out of here with as much cash as we can carry! See? Simple!

OLIVER: But how are we going to get him to open the safe?

BILL: *(Showing Oliver his gun)* Is that enough of an answer for you?

Oliver looks at Bill stunned.

BILL: Well? Got any more questions for me my dear?

OLIVER: *(shouting)* Help! Thieves! Burglars! Help!!

BILL: You little...Shut Up!

OLIVER: Wake Up! Police! Police!!

BILL: You're a dead man now. You hear me? A dead man!

Bill brings his gun out and points it at Oliver. Seeing this Oliver flees but not before Bill fires off a shot after him. Police Bells can be heard ringing in the distance and the sound of men

approaching. On hearing this Bill runs for it as well. At this point police officers enter and Mr Brownlow, the owner of the house, comes down stairs.

BROWNLOW: What in the blazes is going on?

POLICE 1: There appears to have been an intruder Sir!

BROWNLOW: An intruder? I heard a gunshot!

POLICE 1: We're investigating that now, Mr Brownlow.

POLICE 2: *(offstage)* Found a body over here Sir! It's a child Sir!

I PREDICT A RIOT - KAISER CHIEFS

BILL:

Watching the people get lairy,
 It's not very pretty I tell thee.
 Walking through town is quite scary,
 It's not very sensible either.
 A friend of a friend he got beaten,
 He looked the wrong way at a policeman.
 Would never have happened to Smeaton,
 An Old Leodensian.

CHORUS:

La... la, la, la, la, la
 Ah... la, la, la, la, la

ALL: I predict a riot,

I predict a riot,

I predict a riot,

I predict a riot!

BILL: And if there's anybody left in here,
That doesn't want to be out there, oh
Watching the people get lairy.
It's not very pretty I tell thee,
Walking through town is quite scary.
Not very sensible.

CHORUS: La... la, la, la, la, la
Ah... la, la, la, la, la

ALL: I predict a riot,
I predict a riot,
I predict a riot,
I predict a riot!

CHAPTER 10: BILL'S RETURN.

Nancy and Fagin in Fagin's quarters, alone.

FAGIN:: You spoke to the Police?!

NANCY: I had to, Fagin. That boy is not meant to be here. To live a life of crime.
That locket. Do you know where it came from?

FAGIN: That is besides the point, my dear.

NANCY: You *do* know, don't you? You know who he is.

FAGIN: Who he *is*, is one of us now. You said yourself he excelled out there today. No amount of upper class blood will change that. He's part of the furniture.

NANCY: Part of the furniture?! He was as good as caught, Dodger had to sweep in and save him!

FAGIN: You, on the other hand! Called the police on your own flesh and blood, your own husband! For what? A boy!

NANCY: It's not right.

FAGIN: Right and wrong! What does it matter my dear? There is no right and wrong. We're all just trying to live. Was it *right* to take away our subsidies? Is it *right* to send men in debt to jail, along with their families? What *right* do Mr Twist's class have to rule *ours*? We all end up in the same ground.

We hear the sound of Bill shouting from offstage.

FAGIN: Do not say a word. I can only protect you so much.

Bill enters.

BILL: Fagin!

FAGIN: Bill?! What happened? Where's Oliver?

- BILL:** That scoundrel? I'll tell you where he'll *be*, Fagin - 6 feet under - dead! - when I catch him.
- NANCY:** Bill!
- FAGIN:** Now, Bill, calm yourself.
- BILL:** Someone spoke to the Police. We get in there, the kid starts screaming, completely blows our cover. I tried to end him there and then but he managed to slip away. You need to be more careful with who you pick up Fagin. He's a coward.
- NANCY:** Maybe he's scared of you Bill, you weren't exactly kind to him!
- BILL:** Look who's decided to turn high and mighty all of a sudden. I don't know what's got into you, Nance.
- FAGIN:** Bill –
- NANCY:** He's just a boy, Bill.
- BILL:** They're all *boys*, Nancy! You helped bring half of them in. Why does this one matter so much?
- FAGIN:** ***BILL -***
- BILL:** (exploding) Listen to me you worthless old man. I don't think this conversation is yours to be a part of anymore. Get out.
- FAGIN:** (conceding) Right you are, Bill. I'm on my way.

Fagin exits. Bill goes to leave

NANCY: Where are you going?

BILL: Where do you think I'm going? I'm going to find that little rat, get him to talk, and make sure he never betrays us again.

He goes to the door. Nancy stands in his way.

NANCY: Why can't you just leave him alone? Let's just get out of here, come on let's just leave all this and start fresh. Please Bill!

BILL: Get out of the way Nancy.

NANCY: No Bill - I can't - I won't!

BILL: I'm warning you, Nancy - don't try anything stupid.

NANCY: Or what, Bill? I've already stopped you hurting that boy once tonight, I'm not afraid to do it again!

BILL: Again? It was you that told the coppers? I thought they got there too quickly...

NANCY: Bill, you've got to understand -

BILL: You're right you know, I might not be able to get the boy. But I can still fix you!

NANCY: No, Bill, please!

Bill and Nancy begin to fight. As they struggle, the gun is fired and Nancy collapses to the floor, dead.

I PREDICT A RIOT - ACOUSTIC REPRISE

BILL: Watching the people get lairy
 It's not very pretty I tell thee
 Walking through town is quite scary
 Not very sensible
 La... la, la, la, la, la
 Ah... la, la, la, la, la

 And if there's anybody left in here
 That doesn't want to be out there
 I predict a riot
 I predict a riot
 I predict a riot
 I predict a –

A bang! And Bill is shot, dead.

CHAPTER 11 - BACK AT THE BROWNLOW'S.

We open with Oliver lying in bed. The owner of the house, Mr Brownlow, is by his bedside.

OLIVER: Where am I?

BROWNLOW: Don't try to speak. You've lost a lot of blood.

OLIVER: But who are you? Where's Bill?

BROWNLOW: My name is Brownlow and you're in my house. The house you tried to rob as it happens! You've been here for several days. As for Bill Sikes... I'm surprised you're so concerned about the man who shot you.

OLIVER: Shot me?

BROWNLOW: You really don't remember a thing do you?

OLIVER: No sir.

BROWNLOW: Two nights ago, you and a notorious criminal - your *friend* Bill Sikes - entered this house and tried to rob me! Luckily we'd been tipped off and the Police were waiting nearby. He shot you as he escaped.

OLIVER: I'm sorry, sir - I didn't want to - I was scared.

BROWNLOW: Of Sikes? You needn't be worried about him anymore - he's dead.

OLIVER: Oh, thank heavens!

BROWNLOW: However, young man, you are not out of the woods yet. You are a thief, and thieves must be held to account. You see, there is another reason for me keeping you here.

OLIVER: What is that Sir?

BROWNLOW: (*Brownlow produces Oliver's locket*) This.

- OLIVER:** Give it back!
- BROWNLOW:** Not until you tell me how you came by it!
- OLIVER:** I've had it all my life.
- BROWNLOW:** Please! It's just another precious piece of jewelry to you. No doubt stolen from some poor soul!
- OLIVER:** It isn't.
- BROWNLOW:** Boy. This is serious. Who did you take this from?
- OLIVER:** I didn't take it, sir.
- BROWNLOW:** Don't lie to me son. You may be young but you're old enough for the gallows.
- OLIVER:** It was my mother's, sir! I promise!
- BROWNLOW:** What did you say?
- OLIVER:** Please sir, it's the only thing I have left of my mother. She died when I was a baby. I never even knew her. Please don't take her away from me!
- BROWNLOW:** It was your mother's...
- OLIVER:** Is everything alright Sir?
- BROWNLOW:** The last time I saw this locket was the day she left home.

OLIVER: Who Sir?

BROWNLOW: My daughter.

OLIVER: I don't understand, sir?

BROWNLOW: My dear Oliver... I believe you are my grandson.

At this point Brownlow turns to Oliver with tears in his eyes. They both realise they're talking about the same person. Oliver has found his home. They embrace.

CHAPTER 12 - FINALE.

CHORUS: And so, Oliver Twist found his home with the Grandfather he never knew he had.

CHORUS: Mr Brownlow adopted Oliver, and gave him the life he'd always longed for.

CHORUS: He went to school,

CHORUS: He made friends!

CHORUS: Friends that didn't try to rob each other.

CHORUS: Boring!

CHORUS: A warrant was sent out for Dodger's arrest - the Police wanted to send him to Australia...

DODGER: (as chorus) But they never caught me. I reinvented myself, gave myself a new haircut, new profession, even a new name!

CHORUS: Oh, what name?

DODGER: Uhh...

CHORUS: You can't remember Dodger's new name? You're supposed to be a storyteller, Brian!

DODGER: (As Brian, Chorus) Um.. Dack Jawkins?

CHORUS: It'll do.

CHORUS: Sometimes he passed Oliver in the street, and they'd give each other a knowing wink.

CHORUS: After all, they both knew that they were in a better place than Fagin's —

MUM: OLIVER !!!!! Dinner's ready !!!!

Oliver drops the book. Runs offstage.

OLIVER: I'm sorry about earlier.

MUM: It's okay, love.

OLIVER:: I read the most amazing story, mum! It had adventure and crime, and pickpockets! It was a great exploration of proletarian ideals...

CHORUS: WHAT?! We've not even finished the epilogue yet?

CHORUS: Can anyone remember what happens?

CHORUS: I don't know without the book open.

CHORUS: Me neither.

CHORUS: Who wants to do the ending?

The chorus look at each other. And then at the book. Back to each other. Back to the book. And they sprint, clamboring over one another, fighting to get to the book first.

CHORUS: Yes! Got it!

CHORUS: Ugh, fine! Go on, then, what happens to Fagin?

CHORUS: Oh.

CHORUS: Oh no.

CHORUS: Ewww, what!?

CHORUS: (together) No!!!!

CHORUS: OKAY, so the book says one thing. But this isn't the book. This is our story. (indicating the audience) OUR story. And we get to tell it the way we want to. And so...

CHORUS: After the riots, Fagin disappeared. As did his box of trinkets.

CHORUS: Some say he died.

CHORUS: Some that he got on the first boat out of Portsmouth and spent the rest of his days living in Italy.

CHORUS: I guess we'll never know.

CHORUS: But I like to think he's out there.

THAT'S LIFE - FRANK SINATRA - BEGINS. A silhouette of Fagin at the back. He enters.

CHORUS: Somewhere.

FAGIN: That's life (That's life), that's what all the people say
You're riding high in April, shot down in May
But I know I'm gonna change that tune
When I'm back on top, back on top in June

I said, that's life (That's life), and as funny as it may seem
Some people get their kicks stompin' on a dream
But I don't let it, let it get me down
'Cause this fine old world, it keeps spinning around

I've been a puppet, a pauper, a pirate, a poet, a pawn and a king
I've been up and down and over and out, and I know one thing
Each time I find myself flat on my face
I pick myself up and get back in the race

That's life (That's life), I tell ya, I can't deny it
I thought of quitting, baby
But my heart just ain't gonna buy it
And if I didn't think it was worth one single try
I'd jump right on a big bird and then I'd fly

That's life (That's life), that's life and I can't deny it
Many times I thought of cutting out but my heart won't buy it
But if there's nothing shaking come this here July
I'm gonna roll myself up in a big ball and die
My, my

THE END