

# Oliver!

## Audition Cuts

### Mr. Bumble and Widow Corney

Mr. Bumble:

Mark my words, Mrs. Corney. That boy was born to be hung. I've never been so shocked in all my days.

Widow Corney:

Hush, Mr. B, you've had quite a turn and I fancy you might enjoy a little drop of something special.

Mr. Bumble:

What is it?

Widow Corney:

Why it's what I'm obliged to keep a little of in the house to put into the blessed infant's medicine when they ain't well and I'll not deceive you Mr. B...it's gin.

Mr. Bumble:

Well, you are a humane woman Mrs. Corney. It's nice to be appreciated, Mrs. Corney. These paupers in this parish, they don't appreciate me. Anti-parochial they are, ma'am, anti-parochial. We have given away. Mrs. Corney, a matter of twenty loaves and cheese-and-a-half this very afternoon, and still them paupers is not contented.

Widow Corney:

Of course they're not. When would they be? [Mr. Bumble sneezes] Bless you.

Mr. Bumble:

Do you still keep a cat, ma'am?

Widow Corney:

Yes, and kittens too, I'm so fond of them you can't imagine Mr. Bumble. They are so happy, so cheerful, so happy, so cheerful, so frolicsome that they are quite companions for me.

Mr. Bumble:

Very nice animals indeed, ma'am, and so very domestic.

Widow Corney:

So very fond of their home too, that it's really quite a pleasure, I'm sure.

Mr. Bumble:

Mrs. Corney, Ma'am...I mean to say this...that any cat...or kitten...that could live with you ma'am...and not be fond of it's home...must be an idiot, ma'am, and don't deserve to live in it.

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### Mr. & Mrs. Sowerberry, Mr. Bumble

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, 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. Still, you men always think you know best.

Mr. Sowerberry:

But there’s an expression of melancholy on his face, which is very interesting. He would make a delightful coffin-follower.

I don’t mean a regular coffin-follower to attend the grown-ups, but only for the children’s practice. It would be very novel to have a follower in proportion my sweet...

Mrs. Sowerberry:

Yes, it’s a possibility. Very well, then boy – what’s your name?

Oliver [insert]:

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 foundlings in alphabetical order. The last was an “S” – Swubble, I named him. This was a “T” – Twist I named him.

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?

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Oliver: [insert]

Maybe. Perhaps if I had a tall hat...

Mr. 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 next to Mr. Sowerberry, boy.

Mr. Sowerberry: [looking at Oliver]

Delightful.

Mr. Bumble:

Very becoming.

Mrs. Sowerberry:

Yes...yes. For once, Henry, you might have had a decent idea. Can you keep that expression for a long time, boy, with a crowd watching you?

Oliver: [insert]

Yes, ma'am, I think so.

## Oliver!

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#### Noah, Oliver, Charlotte

Noah:

Yer don't know who I am, I suppose, Work'us?

Oliver:

No sir, I can't say as I do.

Noah:

I'm Mis-ter No-ah Clay-pole – and – you're – under – me! So open up the blind, you idle young scallywag!

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 then take them bits and go over in the corner and eat 'em. And make haste, 'cos they'll want you to mind the shop. D'you hear?

Noah:

D'you hear, Work 'us?

Charlotte:

'Ere's your bacon, Noah.

Noah:

Nice and greasy, just how I like it. [She feeds him]

What are you staring at work'us?

Charlotte:

Lor Noah let the boy alone.

Noah:

Let him alone? I'm giving the boy a change, you silly thing! Ev'ryone's left him alone. His father left him alone – his mother left him alone – they all left him alone – except dear old, kind old Noah.

Charlotte:

I better go downstairs. Something's burning. [She leaves]

Noah:

Work'us...How's yer mother?

Oliver:

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

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Noah:

What did she die of, work'us? Shortage of breath?

Oliver: [tearfully]

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

Noah:

Well tol-de-rol-lol-lol-right-fol-lairy, Work'us. What's set you sniveling now?

Oliver:

You'd better not say anything more see!

Noah:

Better not say anything more see! The cheek of it – the workhouse cheek of it!

You know, Work'us, it can't be helped now, and of course, yer couldn't help it then, and I'm very sorry for it, and I'm sure we all are, and pity yer very much. But yer must know work'us, your mother was a regular right down bad'un.

Oliver:

What did you say?

Noah:

And it's a good thing she died when she did or she'd have been transported to Australaylia, or hung from a gibbet as like as not! [Oliver attacks him]

HELP!! Charlotte, Missus...this here new boy's a murderin' of me! Char – LOTTE!!

# Oliver!

## Audition Cuts

### Oliver and Dodger

Dodger:

What yer starin' at? Ain't yer never seen a toff?

Oliver:

No – never – I...

Dodger:

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

Oliver:

Starving.

Dodger:

'Ere catch. [Throws him an apple]

Tired?

Oliver:

Yes. I've been walking seven days.

Dodger:

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

Oliver:

The what?

Dodger:

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

Oliver:

A beaks a birds mouth.

Dodger:

My eyes – how green! A beak – is a madg-strate, for your 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:

Oh you 'ave, 'ave ya.

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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 haccomodated?

Oliver:  
No – I don't think so...

Dodger:  
Then h'accomodated 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 – that is – if any other gentleman he knowsnterduces yer. And does he know me? I should say he does, not arf he don't, and some!

# Oliver!

## Audition Cuts

### Fagin, Dodger, Oliver, and Charley

Fagin:

What 'ave you got for me, Dodger?

Dodger:

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. [To Charley] And what have you got, my dear?

Charley:

Nose Rags.

Fagin:

Well they're very good ones, very! – yellow and greent! 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?



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#### Fagin

Bill? [looks at Fob watch] at this time? A bit late isn't it? I mean, people are trying to sleep around 'ere. I dunno, where's the consideration these days...? Where's the common decency. I'll have to give him a piece of my mind I will.

Bill! What a pleasure to see you! Can I 'elp you? [Bill shows him a candlestick]

Oh, I say! That is lovely, Bill. Shames there's only one of them, 'cause if you'd had a nice matching...[Bill shows him a matching candlestick]

...pair! But, you knew that, didn't you Bill? You're a professional, you are. Always have been. [Bill shows him a silver teapot]

Oh, Bill! That is a beautiful Tea pot. Pity everyone's drinking coffee these days, but as soon as I put a hallmark on it, there's a bob or two in that alright! [Bill produces a large silver tray]

Blimey Bill! 'ow d'you do it 'eh? What else have you got in here – a 'Grand Piano'? So, that's the lot, eh? [Bill holds out a fist; Fagin recoils. Bill opens the fist to reveal a large diamond ring]

Oh, Bill, A Ring, for me? You shouldn't 'ave. Oh this is all very sudden – I shall 'ave to shave! [Bill signals he wants to be paid]

Cash, Bill? What me? Keep cash around 'ere, with all these young thieves about? I wouldn't dare! I got to price the stuff first – proper and correct. Tomorrow, Bill, usual place, Three Cripples. That's a promise. That's a promise, Bill.

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### Fagin and Oliver

[Fagin has just noticed Oliver watching him play with his treasures]

Fagin:

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

Oliver:

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

Fagin:

Were you awake a quarter of an hour ago?

Oliver:

NO.

Fagin:

Ten minutes ago?

Oliver:

Not that I know of.

Fagin:

Be sure – be sure!!

Oliver: [now frightened]

I'm sure!

Fagin: [resuming old manner]

All right then...If you're sure, I'm sure.

Of course, I knew all along, my dear. I only tried to frighten you. 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?

## **Oliver!**

### **Audition Cuts**

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 yer birthday – wash!

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#### Nancy and Fagin

Nancy:

Where's the gin, Fagin?

Fagin:

All in moderation, my dear. All in moderation. Too much gin can be a dangerous thing for a pure young girl.

Nancy:

And what's wrong with a bit of danger, then, Mis-ter Fagin? After all, that's the only bit of excitement we have. And who would deny us that small pleasure.

[sees Oliver]

'Ere, who's this then Fagin?

Fagin:

Oh ladies, I forgot, you must meet our new lodger – Master Oliver Twist Esquire. [Oliver bows]

Nancy:

Charmed!

Fagin:

Oh yes, we're all ladies and gentlemen 'ere.

Nancy:

Don't you take no notice of 'em Oliver. Just cos you've got manners and they ain't. You wouldn't know quality if you saw it – none of yer!

Have you seen the way them quality men treats their ladies? Shall we show them how it's done?

Fagin:

Go on, Nancy, give us a FREE SHOW!

# Oliver!

## Audition Cuts

### Brownlow and Grimwig

Brownlow:

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

Grimwig:

Couldn't tell you. I only know two sorts of boys. Mealy boys and beef-faced boys.

Brownlow:

And which is Oliver:

Grimwig:

Mealy! Where does he come from?

Brownlow:

You know 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.

Grimwig:

He's deceiving you my good friend. He has had a fever. What of that? Fevers are not peculiar to good people are they? Bad people have fevers sometimes don't they? He stole your pocket handkerchief didn't he? Then he'll steal more sir. What do you know of him? Nothing.

Brownlow:

Only that he's an orphan...

...and yet...

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

Grimwig:

Stuff and nonsense. You're imagining things.

# Oliver!

## Audition Cuts

### Nancy and Brownlow

Brownlow:

Have you news of Oliver?

Nancy:

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

Brownlow:

Who took him?

Nancy:

Me and....and someone else.

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 'ave said that!

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...

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.

Brownlow:

Where then?

Nancy:

The Bridge. London Bridge. Tonight. At midnight. [Brownlow is dubious]

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!

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Brownlow:  
Very well – I'll be there.

Nancy:  
Thank God!

## Oliver! Audition Cuts

### Nancy and Bill

Nancy:

Bill! Don't take him back there Bill. Let him go for pity's sake, let him go.

Why do you look at me like that Bill?

Bill:

Give me away would yer?

Nancy:

No, not you Bill, never you.

Bill:

Get away from me woman.

Nancy:

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

Bill:

Get away from me! [Moves to strike her with his cudgel]

Nancy:

God! God help me!

Bill:

Stop staring at me woman! Close your damn eyes! [strikes her]