



**Cambridge International Examinations**  
Cambridge International General Certificate of Secondary Education

**DRAMA**

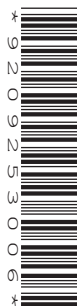
**0411/13/T/EX**

Paper 1

**May/June 2018**

COPY OF PRE-RELEASE MATERIAL

**2 hours 30 minutes**



**READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST**

The questions in Paper 1 will be based on the stimuli and on the extract from Neil Bartlett's stage adaptation of the novel *Oliver Twist* by Charles Dickens provided in this booklet.  
This clean copy of the material is for you to use in your responses.

This document consists of **23** printed pages and **1** blank page.

**STIMULI**

Choose **one** of the following three stimuli and devise a piece of drama based on it. You should work in groups of between two and six performers. Your piece should last approximately 15 minutes.

In the Written examination, you will be asked questions about your piece that will cover both practical and theoretical issues.

**Stimulus 1**

**Quotation:** 'A lie told often enough becomes the truth.'  
Vladimir Lenin

**Stimulus 2**

**Proverb:** Too many cooks spoil the broth.

## Stimulus 3

Photograph: *Hong Kong, Night Market Outdoor Restaurant*



**EXTRACT**

**Taken from *Oliver Twist*, by Charles Dickens, adapted for the stage by Neil Bartlett**

These notes are intended to help you understand the context of the drama.

The extract is taken from Charles Dickens's *Oliver Twist*, adapted for the stage by Neil Bartlett. Dickens provides social commentary on the desperate situation facing the destitute in the workhouses of Victorian England, places where the poor were virtually imprisoned and forced to work for their keep. The play also reveals the prevalence of petty crime on the streets of London, and the way it affects the life of one particular orphan, Oliver Twist.

The adaptation was originally performed in 2004 in London, by a company of twelve actors with some doubling of roles. The play is in two Acts, and the extract consists of Act One, Scenes 1–9.

**Characters in order of appearance.**

DODGER and COMPANY  
INMATE ONE  
INMATE TWO  
DOCTOR  
MRS CORNEY  
MR BUMBLE  
OLIVER and BOYS  
THE CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD  
BOARDMEMBER  
MR SOWERBERRY  
MRS SOWERBERRY  
CHARLOTTE  
NOAH CLAYPOLE  
MOURNERS  
CHARLEY  
TOM  
TOBY  
FAGIN  
NANCY  
MR BROWNLOW  
FOUR BYSTANDERS  
POLICEMAN  
MR FANG  
LAST-MINUTE WITNESS

## ACT ONE

## SCENE ONE

Treats of the place where Oliver Twist was born,  
and of the circumstances attending his birth

*Silence.*

*A single figure (the actor who will play the DODGER, though his costume does not yet declare as much) is there on the stage, intently reading a book. Really intently.*

*Another figure comes on and reads over his shoulder, and another and another, until there are eleven of them – the COMPANY.*

5

*They look at the audience. They have a story to tell. They have a challenge:*

DODGER:

It is a solemn thing to hear, in a darkened room, the voice of a child ... recounting a catalogue of the evils and calamities which hard men have brought upon him. Oh!, if we bestowed but one thought on that dark evidence of human error; if we heard for but one instant, in imagination, that deep testimony, which no power can stifle and no pride shut out – where would be injury, and injustice, and cruelty, and wrong ...? ... Two, three, four:

10

15

*Unexpectedly,*

*Ensemble chorus (may be sung or spoken)*

COMPANY:

There are some people, of so refined and delicate a nature,  
They would safely relegate to other centuries all images of vice, of hunger and of horror;  
Such may object, it being written in 1837, our tale is now not so much true as old;  
Well we are glad to have its moral doubted, for in that we find assurance that it needed to be told:  
To be sure, it is a work of fiction;  
An impossibility, an anomaly, an apparent contradiction;  
For it finds Hope, flourishing, where all hope was past;  
It shows, in little Oliver, the principle of Good surviving through every adverse circumstance, and triumphing at the last!!

20

25

## THE STORY BEGINS

DODGER:

On ... a day and date which we need not take upon ourselves to repeat, since it can be of no possible consequence – there was born ... the item of mortality whose name is prefixed to tonight's story.

30

He was born in a workhouse –

*As the DODGER turns the page, suddenly, very swiftly, rather alarmingly and without any command apparently being given, the COMPANY arrange themselves into a*

35

**TABLEAU**

*FEATURING OLIVER'S DYING MOTHER, A NEWBORN BABY, A DOCTOR, MRS CORNEY AND SEVERAL ELDERLY FEMALE WORKHOUSE INMATES.*

|             |                                                                                                                                       |    |
|-------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|
|             | For some time after he was ushered into this world –                                                                                  | 40 |
| INMATE ONE: | This world of sorrow and trouble ...                                                                                                  |    |
| DODGER:     | It remained a matter of considerable doubt whether the child would survive to bear any name at all ...                                |    |
| INMATE TWO: | In which case, this memoir need never have appeared –                                                                                 |    |
| DODGER:     | Or if it had, would possess the inestimable merit of being the most concise and faithful specimen of dramatic biography extant.       | 45 |
|             | However ...                                                                                                                           |    |
|             | After a few seconds ...                                                                                                               |    |
|             | After a few struggles ...                                                                                                             |    |
|             | The child breathed.                                                                                                                   | 50 |
|             | <i>The sound of a baby choking into life and starting to cry as it is passed carelessly from INMATE to INMATE.</i>                    |    |
|             | If he'd known he was an orphan, perhaps he would have cried even louder.                                                              |    |
| DOCTOR:     | It's all over, Mrs Corney.                                                                                                            | 55 |
| MRS CORNEY: | Ah, poor dear so it is. Poor dear.                                                                                                    |    |
| DOCTOR:     | A good looking girl, too.                                                                                                             |    |
| MRS CORNEY: | Found lying in the street.                                                                                                            |    |
| DODGER:     | Where she came from, or where she was going to, nobody knew.                                                                          |    |
| DOCTOR:     | The old story. No wedding ring, I see.                                                                                                | 60 |
| INMATES:    | Ah!                                                                                                                                   |    |
| DOCTOR:     | It's very likely the child will be troublesome. Give it gruel, if it is.                                                              |    |
| MRS CORNEY: | Yes Doctor.                                                                                                                           |    |
|             | <i>The INMATES are busy with the baby; MRS CORNEY is left alone with the body. She sees something around its neck, and steals it.</i> | 65 |
|             | <i>Suddenly, a terrible noise; workhouse bell or alarm or rattle.</i>                                                                 |    |

**SCENE TWO**

Oliver Twist's growth, education and care

*Enter MR BUMBLE. The action of transforming from INMATES back into COMPANY indicates the workhouse routine, the preparations for daily feeding time of the workhouse boys; a table, bowls, gruel et cetera.*

*A sign has been put up, reading 10.* 70

*MR BUMBLE reads this to the audience as if giving a lesson to stupid illiterate children who he beats when they get it wrong.*

|             |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |     |
|-------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| MR BUMBLE:  | Ten – one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine ... ten!!! Ten years old already. Not that he knows he is.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |     |
| MRS CORNEY: | [ <i>Busy with preparations.</i> ] The boy's a fool.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               | 75  |
| MR BUMBLE:  | And sickly, Mrs Corney, obstinately sickly.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |     |
| MRS CORNEY: | Well Mr Bumble hard as it is for us has charge of them to see the little ones suffer before our very eyes, they will sicken ... they get themselves smothered, they fall into the fire, they get themselves scalded to death when there's a washing ... Still, I always say, they may have no father and no mother but they're neat, they're clean, they says prayers every night for the people who feeds them, and sevenpence halfpenny per head per week is a good round diet for any child ... | 80  |
| MR BUMBLE:  | And notwithstanding the most superlative, and, I may say, supernat'ral exertions on the part of this parish Mrs Corney, we have never been able to discover his mother's settlement, name, or condition.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           | 85  |
| MRS CORNEY: | How comes he to have any name at all, then?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |     |
| MR BUMBLE:  | I inwented it.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |     |
| MRS CORNEY: | You, Mr Bumble? What a literary character you are.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |     |
| MR BUMBLE:  | I, Mrs Corney. I name my fondlings in alphabetical order. The last was a Swubble, the next as came was a Unwin, the next Vilkins, but this was a T. Twist, Mrs Corney. Oliver Twist.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               | 90  |
| MRS CORNEY: | Hmph!                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |     |
|             | OLIVER <i>appears.</i>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |     |
| MR BUMBLE:  | Oliver Twist. A naughty orphan, which nobody can't love.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           | 95  |
|             | MR BUMBLE <i>raps on the floor with his staff.</i>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |     |
|             | <b>TABLEAU</b><br><i>THE BOYS SAY GRACE.</i>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |     |
| BOYS:       | Our Father<br>Which art in heaven –                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                | 100 |
| MRS CORNEY: | We humbly entreat you to be made good, virtuous, and obedient, and to be guarded from all the sins and vices of appetite. Amen.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |     |
| BOYS:       | [ <i>Sing.</i> ] Amen.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |     |
|             | <i>A second rap on the floor from MR BUMBLE; it is feeding time. A desperate scraping of bowls with spoons, followed by silence.</i>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               | 105 |
|             | <b>TABLEAU</b><br><i>OF THE BOYS 'DESPERATE WITH HUNGER AND RECKLESS WITH MISERY'.</i>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |     |
|             | <i>The boys elect OLIVER as their representative.</i>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |     |
| OLIVER:     | Please.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |     |
|             | Please, Sir, I want some more.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     | 110 |
|             | MR BUMBLE <i>gazes at him in stupefied astonishment; MRS CORNEY is paralysed with wonder; the BOYS with fear.</i>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |     |
| MR BUMBLE:  | What?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |     |
| OLIVER:     | Please, sir, I want some more.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |     |

MRS CORNEY *screams in horror. There is a general start. Horror is depicted on every countenance. Manic rearrangement into a new* 115

### **TABLEAU**

*OF THE WORKHOUSE BOARD.*

|               |                                                                |     |
|---------------|----------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| MR BUMBLE:    | I beg your pardon, gentlemen. Oliver Twist has asked for more! |     |
| THE CHAIRMAN  |                                                                | 120 |
| OF THE BOARD: | For <i>more</i> !!                                             |     |
| BOARDMEMBER:  | He does know he's an orphan, I suppose?                        |     |
| MR BUMBLE:    | He does.                                                       |     |
| BOARDMEMBER:  | Knows he's got no father or mother?                            |     |
| THE CHAIRMAN  |                                                                | 125 |
| OF THE BOARD: | That boy will be hung.                                         |     |
| BOARD:        | Hear hear!!                                                    |     |
| THE CHAIRMAN  |                                                                |     |
| OF THE BOARD: | I know that boy will be hung.                                  |     |
| BOARD:        | Hung!                                                          | 130 |
| THE CHAIRMAN  |                                                                |     |
| OF THE BOARD: | Mr Bumble!                                                     |     |
| MR BUMBLE:    | Sir!                                                           |     |

*MR BUMBLE's cane has come out and is swishing in anticipation ...*

|               |                                                                                                                                      |     |
|---------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| THE CHAIRMAN  |                                                                                                                                      | 135 |
| OF THE BOARD: | Post the bill!!                                                                                                                      |     |
| MR BUMBLE:    | I will Sir!!                                                                                                                         |     |
|               | <i>The BOARD go off muttering as a sign in Roman capitals of a gigantic size is pasted up outside the workhouse gate, announcing</i> |     |

*[Reading.]* By Order of this Parish, For Sale, a Parochial Prentice-Boy 140

FIVE POUNDS

To anybody who will take  
Oliver Twist off the hands of this Parish

|            |                                                             |     |
|------------|-------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| MR BUMBLE: | <i>[Reading again.]</i> Five pounds; Oliver Twist; anybody. |     |
|            | Oliver!                                                     | 145 |

|            |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |     |
|------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| OLIVER:    | Sir.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |     |
| MR BUMBLE: | Oliver, the kind and bless-ed gentlemen which is so many parents to you, Oliver, you having not one of your own, being a naughty orphan which nobody can't love <i>[Swishing of the cane.]</i> are a going to prentice you and set you up in life, and make a man of you. <i>[Swish.]</i> | 150 |

*[Exhibiting the child to the audience, and attempting to raise a bid from the audience.]* Five Pounds. Five pounds a Parochial Prentice. Anybody ...

Come now, gentlemen – a critical moment of the boy's fate, gentlemen – bow to the gentlemen Oliver – Oliver ... Don't cry. That's a very foolish action, sir. Look happy. Happy! Well! Well! – Of all the ungratefulest – 155

*MR BUMBLE is drowned out by –*

SCENE THREE  
Oliver apprenticed

*MUSIC: THE FUNERAL MARCH.*

*A funeral procession enters, as if Death had come for the child.  
This procession is led by MR and MRS SOWERBERRY, with NOAH  
and CHARLOTTE. Black drapery, hatbands and plumes, mutes and  
band of MOURNERS providing the music.* 160

MR BUMBLE: Mr Sowerberry sir, you don't know anybody who wants a boy, do you? –  
a parochial prentice? [*Indicating the bill.*] Liberal terms, Mr Sowerberry,  
liberal terms. Five. Pounds.

MR SOWERBERRY: I should say three pounds ten was plenty. 165

MRS SOWERBERRY: I should say it was ten shillings too much –

MR BUMBLE: Four pounds –

MRS SOWERBERRY: Three pounds –

MR BUMBLE: Three pounds fifteen –

MRS SOWERBERRY: Three pounds – 170

MR BUMBLE: Sold. He's just the boy for you, ma'am. He wants the stick, now and  
then, but it does him good. Oliver!

OLIVER: Yes sir.

MR BUMBLE: Hold your head up. [*He doesn't.*] Well! Of all the ungratefulest, and  
worst-disposed boys as I ever saw, you is the worst, Oliver. [*The cane  
rises ...*] 175

OLIVER: No – no, sir. But I am ... I am so ...

MR BUMBLE: So what?

OLIVER: Lonely, sir.

MR BUMBLE: [*Disengaging himself with difficulty, coughs, hemms.*] Well then, you ... 180  
you be a good boy. Good.

OLIVER: Yes, sir.

*Exit MR BUMBLE, moved despite himself, shooping off the MOURNERS.*

MRS SOWERBERRY: He's very small.

MR SOWERBERRY: He'll grow, my dear, he'll grow. 185

MRS SOWERBERRY: I dare say he will, on our victuals and our drink.

*Charlotte! Give this boy some of the cold bits that were put by for the  
dog. I dare say the boy isn't too dainty to eat 'em – are you, boy?*

OLIVER: No ma'am.

*They watch in silent horror as they witness the terrible hunger with which  
OLIVER, eating on the floor like a dog, tears the bits apart.* 190

CHARLOTTE: How 'orrible.

MR SOWERBERRY: Horrible.

CHARLOTTE: Dreadful.

MRS SOWERBERRY: Dreadful. Well, have you done? 195

OLIVER: Yes.

MRS SOWERBERRY: Well get down stairs, little bag of bones. You don't mind sleeping under  
the counter, I suppose, not that it doesn't much matter whether you do  
or don't, you can't sleep anywhere else. Come on, don't keep me here  
all night. 200

OLIVER *is put to bed. Scrutinised by the SOWERBERRIES, he goes to sleep.*

MR SOWERBERRY: My dear.

MRS SOWERBERRY: Yes.

MR SOWERBERRY: Nothing, my dear, nothing. I was only going to say ... a very-good-looking boy, this, my dear. 205

MRS SOWERBERRY: He needs be, he eats enough.

MR SOWERBERRY: Such an expression of melancholy in his face ... In a black suit, and hatband, he would surely excite great emotion at funerals, my dear, great emotion. In the mothers. 210

MRS SOWERBERRY: Very novel I'm sure.

MR SOWERBERRY: Do boys dream, do you think, my dear?

MRS SOWERBERRY: Don't ask me. I don't want to intrude on anybody's secrets. What's he got to be dreaming of? [*Exiting.*]

MR SOWERBERRY: That he is in a coffin, perhaps; and being laid down to sleep for ever. 215

### **TABLEAU**

*OLIVER ASLEEP AMONGST THE COFFINS.*

*With MR SOWERBERRY like Death standing over him.*

*Jump cut; next morning.*

*Banging on a door.* 220

NOAH: Open the door, will you.

OLIVER *unlocks the door and lets NOAH in.*

You're the new boy, ain't you?

OLIVER: Yes sir.

NOAH: How old are you? 225

OLIVER: Ten.

NOAH: You don't know who I am, do you?

OLIVER: No, sir.

NOAH: I'm Mister Noah Claypole, and you're under me. Which means I can whop you, whenever I wants to. 230

*Enter CHARLOTTE with a breakfast tray for NOAH; she lovingly feeds him bacon, as –*

CHARLOTTE: Oliver, shut that door at Mister Noah's back, take your tea away and drink it over there – [*As he does.*] and make haste; they'll be wanting you to mind the shop. 235

NOAH: [*Eating bacon.*] Workhouse.

CHARLOTTE: Lor, Noah, let the boy alone!

NOAH: How is your Mother, Workhouse?

OLIVER: She's dead.

CHARLOTTE: Oh! 240

NOAH: What she die of, Workhouse? – a broken heart!! – [*Sings. 'Tol lol de rol' et cetera to the tune of The Funeral March, while acting out dying of a broken heart, trying to make OLIVER cry – CHARLOTTE joins the game.*] Oh! – aaaah – is you a snivelling, Oliver?

OLIVER: No. 245

NOAH: Oh?  
 OLIVER: No.  
 NOAH: Cause you know, Workhouse, it can't be helped now, and I'm very sorry for it – and I'm sure we all are – and pity you very much, but you must know, Workhouse, your Mother was a regular right-down bad 'un. 250

CHARLOTTE: Oh!  
 NOAH: A regular right-down bad 'un, Workhouse, and it's a great deal better that she died when she did, or else she'd have been hard labouring by now, or transported, or which is more likely than either ... hung!!!

*OLIVER, being goaded by the Taunts of Noah, rouses into Action, and rather astonishes everyone; i.e. he wallops NOAH. CHARLOTTE and NOAH then proceed to beat him up, during which – 255*

Charlotte!

CHARLOTTE: O you little wretch!  
 NOAH: Help! 260  
 CHARLOTTE: You little un-grate-ful, mur-der-rous, horrid villain!  
 NOAH: Help! The new boy's a murdering of me! Oliver's gone mad! Help! Charlotte! Missis!

*Enter MRS SOWERBERRY.*

MRS SOWERBERRY: Aaaaaaargh! 265

*MRS SOWERBERRY holds OLIVER so that CHARLOTTE can punch him while she slaps him; once he is thus secured NOAH gets up and hits him from behind. They lock OLIVER up in a big box or a coffin. OLIVER continues to kick and scream inside it.*

*This being done, MRS SOWERBERRY sinks into a chair. 270*

Oh! –

CHARLOTTE: Bless her, she's fainting. A glass of water, Noah –

*Exit NOAH.*

MRS SOWERBERRY: Oh! Charlotte!  
 CHARLOTTE: Ma'am, that boy's a dreadful creature; send for the police officers! 275  
 NOAH: [Returning.] Send for the military!  
 MRS SOWERBERRY: And no man in the house –

*NOAH throws his glass of water in her face as enter MR SOWERBERRY –*

– Oh!!!

NOAH: Oh!!! 280  
 CHARLOTTE: Oh, sir – Oliver, sir, Oliver!  
 MR SOWERBERRY: Not run away; he hasn't run away!!  
 CHARLOTTE: Not run away sir; he's turned vicious.  
 NOAH: He tried to murder me, sir, and then he tried to murder Charlotte, and then Missis. Oh, what dreadful pain it is, please, sir, oh, the agony, the 285  
 agony sir, the pain et cetera.

*Suddenly enter:*

MR BUMBLE: Murder! I knew it! I felt a strange presentiment from the very first that that audacious young savage would come to be hung.  
MRS CORNEY: Bad blood Mr Bumble. That mother of his made her way here against difficulties and pain that would have killed any well-disposed woman, weeks before. 290

MR BUMBLE *kicks or thumps the box in which OLIVER is locked.*

MR BUMBLE: Oliver –  
OLIVER: Let me out!!! 295  
MR BUMBLE: – do you know this here voice, Oliver?  
OLIVER: Yes!!  
MR BUMBLE: Ain't you afraid of it, sir? Ain't you a-trembling?  
OLIVER: No!!  
ALL: Oh!!!! 300  
MRS CORNEY: Mr Bumble, he must be mad –  
MR BUMBLE: It's not Madness ma'am. It's Meat.  
MRS SOWERBERRY: Meat?  
MR BUMBLE: Meat. You've over-fed him ma'am. If you had kept the boy on gruel, this would never have happened. 305  
MRS SOWERBERRY: Dear, dear! – this is what comes of being liberal.

MR SOWERBERRY *loses his patience and thwacks the box.*

MR SOWERBERRY: Oliver, you're a nice boy, ain't you!  
OLIVER: He called my mother names!  
MR SOWERBERRY: Well she deserved it! 310  
OLIVER: She didn't!!  
ALL: OH YES SHE DID!! –  
MRS SOWERBERRY: [*Punctuating her remarks with a vicious thrashing of the box – she would clearly like to be thrashing the child in it.*] – you ill-conditioned! naughty! hardened! bad-disposed boy! born of a bad mother! born to go wrong at one time or another! born to the misery of an idle life! lazy! ungrateful! ... ungrateful! ... oh! 315

*A few more gratuitous thwacks, kicks and thrashes on the box, and they all exit. Silence.*

#### SCENE FOUR

Oliver walks to London. He encounters on the road a strange sort of young gentleman.

*When they've all gone DODGER comes back on. With the book.* 320

DODGER: It was not until he was left alone that Oliver gave way to his feelings. Hiding his face in his hands, he wept – wept such tears as, God send for the credit of our natures, few so young may ever have cause to pour out before him.  
  
And then, with no one there to see him or to hear him ... Oliver 325 decided ...

He had better try to live.

DODGER *opens the box, and OLIVER looks out of it, during:*

It was a cold, dark night. The stars seemed, to a boy's eyes, farther from the earth than they had ever been before. There was no wind. 330

DODGER *is not so much narrating as egging him on.*

The first rays of light struggled through the shutters.

OLIVER *listens and looks carefully around.*

He got up, and he unbarred the door.

OLIVER *gets out of the box.* 335

One last look around – one moment's pause of hesitation – and he was in the open street.

DODGER *closes and clears the box. Now the sun begins to slowly rise on an open landscape.*

By eight o'clock he was nearly five miles away from the town. 340

MR BUMBLE *and MR SOWERBERRY cross as if in pursuit; OLIVER hides behind DODGER.*

MR SOWERBERRY: You won't spare him Mr Bumble –

MR BUMBLE: No, I will not, sir. I never do anything with a boy, without stripes and bruises. 345

*They exit.*

DODGER: He hid behind hedges.

Another four miles and he gained the high-road. At noon, he sat down for a rest by the side of a milestone.

[*He reads the stone to OLIVER.*] Seventy miles to London. 350

London.

London!!

Nobody could ever find him there! No lad of spirit need want in London; there are ways of living in that vast city which those who have been bred up in country parts have no idea of. It is the very place for a homeless boy ... who feels cold, and hungry, and has no-one to care for and no-one to take care of him ... a naughty boy, which nobody can't love ... a boy that everybody hates. 355

*The sun is now blazing.*

The first day, Oliver walked twenty miles. Then, being very tired, he slept. Then got up. And walked. Then slept. Then got up. And walked. For seven days. 360

On the seventh morning, he got to a place called Barnet; his feet were bleeding, and he was too tired even to beg.

People stared at him, but no one troubled themselves to inquire how the boy came to be there. Sat upon a cold door-step. Well you don't, do you? And then – [DODGER *starts to transform himself into THE DODGER.*] – he observed that another boy – a dirty, common-faced, strange boy – was surveying him. Most earnestly.  
*The DODGER pockets the book.* 370

Hello my covey. What's the row?

OLIVER: I am very hungry and tired. I have walked a long way.  
DODGER: Oh, I see. Going to London?  
OLIVER: Yes.  
DODGER: Got any lodgings? 375  
OLIVER: No.  
DODGER: Money?  
OLIVER: No.  
DODGER: [*Whistles.*] And I suppose you want some place to sleep in tonight, don't you? 380  
OLIVER: Yes.  
DODGER: Well ... don't you fret your eyelids on that score. I know a 'spectable old genelman as lives in London, what'll give you lodgings for nothink, and never ask for the change – that is, if it's a genelman he knows interduces you. And does he know me? Oh no. Not in the least. By no means. 385  
Certainly not. John – also known as Jack – Dawkins, Mister; and, to his mates, the Dodger, Artful.  
OLIVER: Twist. Oliver.  
DODGER: Twist Oliver; on your pins. There! Now ... off to London!

*The DODGER describes the route.* 390

From Barnet to Field Lane, via Whetstone, Finchley, Archway, Holloway ...

All the way down Upper Street, down to the Angel ...  
Down the passage by the side of the old workhouse (*spits*) ...  
Gets a bit narrow, gets a bit muddy, down to the bottom of the hill ...  
Field Lane. Just off Farringdon Road ... 395

Shops – all boarded up; dogs, children – at this time of night!; public houses – wrangling, screaming, wallowing, all a bit drunken, all a bit dirty; beer, fried fish: a bit ... wretched; dark; broken, greasy, a bit ... filthy –

OLIVER *makes a move to run away* – DODGER *grabs him by the collar.*

– ah, ah, ah ... through a door; down a passage; close the door ... 400

## SCENE FIVE

Oliver meets a pleasant old gentleman

*The DODGER whistles.*

CHARLEY: [*A voice behind a door.*] Now then!  
DODGER: Plummy and Slam!

*Six of FAGIN's BOYS emerge from the woodwork, all in strange lurid clothes, as the footlights begin to glow. Humming and whistling ...* 405

CHARLEY: There's two of you. Who's the other one?  
 DODGER: A new pal.  
 TOM: Where did he come from?  
 DODGER: Greenland. Where's Fagin?  
 TOBY: In the back, sortin' the wipes. 410

*OLIVER is surrounded by and trapped amidst these alarming creatures, who are smoking and drinking. They look as though they might do something dreadful to him – but then – there, suddenly, in the midst of them, as if he had come from nowhere, is FAGIN.*

*The DODGER whispers something to him. FAGIN turns round, and grins at OLIVER.* 415

**TABLEAU**

*THE MERRY OLD GENTLEMAN AND HIS BOYS*

*Then:*

DODGER: This is him, Fagin; my friend, Oliver Twist. 420

*FAGIN bows and takes his hand.*

FAGIN: I do hope I shall have the honour of your intimate acquaintance, my dear.

Boys ...

*The BOYS move in to be introduced ...* 425

Mr Toby Crackit ... Mr Charley Bates ...

TOM: Mr Tom Chitlin –

*The BOYS begin to rifle OLIVER's pockets, steal his cap et cetera, and FAGIN beats them off with his toasting fork.*

FAGIN: We are very glad to see you, Oliver, very. Charley, take off the sausages ... 430

CHARLEY: Yes, Fagin.

FAGIN: Thank you Charley. Suppertime, Oliver. Dodger, draw a tub near the fire for Oliver.

*The BOYS prepare to eat; an echo of the mealtime preparations in the Workhouse.* 435

*Under FAGIN's fierce parental eye, each boy in turn is served a sausage, and wolfs it.*

Are you hungry, Oliver?

OLIVER: Yes, sir. 440

*He is served with his sausage, and wolfs it ...*

FAGIN:

Well eat your share, and then I'll mix you a nice glass of hot gin and water.

*It is immediately provided.*

Drink it off directly, there's another gentleman wanting the tumbler.

445

Would you like some more, Oliver?

*But having drunk the gin, OLIVER immediately falls asleep.*

Put him to bed, Dodger.

And the rest of you. Bed!

*Swiftly, blankets et cetera ...*

450

Now go to sleep.

Go to sleep.

*FAGIN dims the lights, and looks round at his little sleeping team, huddled in corners with their sleeping bags ...*

– Good dogs. Clever dogs ... And you, Dodger!

455

*He checks on OLIVER, who is already asleep. He locks the door. He looks at OLIVER again.*

Face like an angel.

*FAGIN looks at the audience ...*

*Now that he is sure they are all asleep, he locks the door, then he opens a trap in the floor and takes out a small box. It is full of his treasures.*

460

... Good dogs ... staunch to the last. Never tell where the loot is, would you?

[*To the audience.*] And why would they, eh? It wouldn't loosen the knot, wouldn't keep the drop up a moment longer. No, no, no! What a fine thing capital punishment is ... dead men never repent ... dead boys neither; never talk, never bring any awkward stories to light ...

465

Beautiful ... beau-ti-ful things.

*He fingers his treasures ...*

*Suddenly FAGIN realises that OLIVER is awake and spying on him. He pulls a knife.*

470

FAGIN:

Why are you awake?

OLIVER:

I couldn't sleep.

FAGIN:

What did you see?

OLIVER: Nothing – 475  
 FAGIN: Are you sure?  
 OLIVER: Yes.  
 FAGIN: Of course you are. Tush tush. I only tried to frighten you. You're a brave boy. Ha! ha! you're a brave boy, Oliver! Did you see any of those pretty things, just then? 480  
 OLIVER: Yes, sir.  
 FAGIN: Ah! They – they're mine, Oliver. My little property. All I have to live on in my old age. It's a poor trade, you see, and everybody has to be careful for himself, Oliver! ... Some conjurors say that number three is the magic number, and some say number seven, but it's neither, Oliver, neither. It's number one. 485  
 OLIVER: Number one?  
 FAGIN: And in a little community like ours, my dear, we have a general number one; that is, you can't consider yourself as number one, without considering me as the same. You see we are all so mixed up together, and identified in our interests. Remember that, Oliver. Now go back to sleep ... Good boy. Good boy. Sweet dreams. 490  
 OLIVER *is asleep.*  
 Sweet dreams.  
 FAGIN *looks at the boy; then looks at the audience watching him do it; then blows out the candle. The night passes. OLIVER tosses and turns in his sleep.* 495

# SCENE SIX

Which is short, but a key to one that will follow  
 when its time arrives

MR BUMBLE *and MRS CORNEY walk in through one of the walls and cross the scene like sharks drifting through a tank.*

MR BUMBLE: Stole it, my fascinator? 500  
 MRS CORNEY: When she was stone dead I stole it – and yes, it is gold, I tell you. Gold that might have saved her life, had she not hid it. That child, Mr Bumble, that child was the offspring of a guilty union.  
 MR BUMBLE: Yes, my love.  
 FAGIN *closes the door behind them as they leave.* 505

# SCENE SEVEN

Oliver becomes better acquainted with the merry old  
 gentleman and his hopeful pupils

FAGIN: Oliver. Oliver, wake up.  
 OLIVER *wakes up with a start from his nightmare.*  
 It's breakfast time. Are you hungry, Oliver?

OLIVER: Yes, sir.

*FAGIN whistles and we jump cut to a cold bright morning. At top speed the BOYS pack their bedding away and produce hot rolls and ham from their hats; hot coffee appears; this is all done like a conjuring trick. The family has its breakfast together as –* 510

FAGIN: Well boys I hope you've been at work when out this morning.  
DODGER: Hard – 515  
CHARLEY: – As nails.  
FAGIN: Good boys, good boys. And what have you got, Dodger?

*DODGER – again like a magician – dazzling OLIVER – produces a watch and snuff box and spectacles ...*

DODGER: ... and ... a couple of wallets. 520  
FAGIN: Lined?  
DODGER: Pretty well.  
FAGIN: Not so heavy as they might be, but very neat and nicely made. Ingenious workman, ain't he, Oliver, eh?

OLIVER: Very. 525  
CHARLEY: Ha! Ha! Ha!  
FAGIN: And what have you got Charley?  
CHARLEY: Wipes.  
FAGIN: And very good ones, very – you'd like to be able to make pocket-handkerchiefs as easy as Charley Bates, wouldn't you, Oliver? 530

OLIVER: Very much if you'll teach me.  
CHARLEY: Ain't he green, Fagin!!

*CHARLEY laughs his laugh again and FAGIN shuts him up.*

DODGER: He'll know better, bye-and-bye, won't you, Oliver?  
FAGIN: Shall we play our game, boys? 535

*FAGIN loads up his pockets with all the morning's loot and pretends to be an old gentleman walking up and down the street looking in shop windows, humming a little tune and constantly checking that there are no thieves about and checking his pockets. He invites TOM to have a go at picking his pockets. Every time he feels a hand in his pocket, he cries out. TOM fails once too often, and FAGIN chastises him.* 540

No! No! You ill-conditioned, naughty, miserable! idle! lazy! ungrateful!

*As FAGIN continues NANCY enters.*

NANCY: Ill-treating the boys again I see, Fagin.  
FAGIN: Nancy, good morning. 545  
NANCY: And what's this?  
FAGIN: The new boy. Oliver, Miss Nancy.  
NANCY: How old are you?  
OLIVER: Ten.  
NANCY: God help you. 550  
FAGIN: We were just showing Oliver our game, Nancy. Charley, Dodger – Nancy ...  
NANCY: Conjure up a drink – and I might.

FAGIN *indicates someone to pour NANCY a gin as requested. The game continues, with NANCY, after she's had her drink, joining in, and CHARLEY and DODGER proving themselves expert, taking from FAGIN, with extraordinary rapidity, snuff-box, note-case, watch and chain and handkerchief. Applause; which we see OLIVER join in. This is noted by FAGIN.* 555

FAGIN: [To the audience.] Good boys. See what a pride they take in their profession! See what a pride they take in their profession, Oliver. Beautiful, ain't it? Right; pad the hoof the lot of you. [As the boys exit.] 560

NANCY: Bill says where's the cash?

FAGIN: My dear, I haven't so much as would –

NANCY: He don't want to know how much you've got, he just needs it this morning. 565

FAGIN: [Handing over money.] Tell Bill, I know he'll do me a good turn another time, eh?

NANCY: That's all, is it?

FAGIN: All. Good morning, Nancy.

*She goes, and FAGIN locks the door behind her.* 570

There now, what a pleasant life, isn't it? Make 'em your models, my dear, make 'em your models, do everything they bid you, and take their advice in all matters; – 'specially the Dodger's – he'll be a great man, that boy, and could make you one too.

Is my handkerchief hanging out of my pocket, Oliver? 575

OLIVER: Yes sir.

FAGIN: See if you can take it out, without my feeling it, as you saw the other boys do when we played our game ... Is it gone?

OLIVER: Here it is, sir.

FAGIN: No! You are a clever boy. I never saw a sharper lad. Here's a shilling for you. Now remember; if you go on, in this way, you'll be a great man – the greatest man of the time. 580

*FAGIN goes to leave him alone and locked up.*

OLIVER: I should like to go out, sir. With the others.

FAGIN: Should you, Oliver, should you? 585

OLIVER: Yes sir.

FAGIN: Already?

OLIVER: Yes, sir.

FAGIN: ... well.

*He whistles.* 590

*CHARLEY and DODGER, using a streetname sign, take us to a street in Clerkenwell, a slightly wealthier area of London.*

## SCENE EIGHT

Oliver becomes better acquainted with the characters  
of his new associates, and purchases experience  
at a high price

*As if the game of learning how to be a pickpocket were continuing, FAGIN brings on MR BROWNLOW, a well-dressed gentleman browsing at a bookshop stall. DODGER hands him the book, in which he buries his nose.* 595

FAGIN, *once everything is set up to his satisfaction, leaves them to it.*

CHARLEY and DODGER *show OLIVER how to pretend to be sauntering along: TOM and TOBY keep watch.*

DODGER *suddenly stops and lays his finger on his lips.*

|          |                                                                       |     |
|----------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| OLIVER:  | What's the matter?                                                    | 600 |
| DODGER:  | Sssh! The old cove with the book. Standing by the bookstall. See him? |     |
| OLIVER:  | Yes.                                                                  |     |
| DODGER:  | He'll do.                                                             |     |
| CHARLEY: | Prime.                                                                |     |
| DODGER:  | 'Ere, Twist; watch this.                                              | 605 |

OLIVER *watches with horror and alarm, eyes wide open as DODGER and CHARLEY give a running commentary on the execution of the theft.*

One very respectable old personage, wearing ... velvet, nice ... and –

|          |                                                                         |     |
|----------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| CHARLEY: | Gold spectacles.                                                        |     |
| DODGER:  | Reading away, as hard as if he was at home in his very own chair. Which | 610 |
|          | he very possibly fancies he is; can't see anything but his book –       |     |
| CHARLEY: | – can't see the street, can't see any boys –                            |     |
| DODGER:  | – can't see Charley, can't see me ... plunging the hand                 |     |
|          | Into the pocket ...                                                     |     |

And drawing from thence ... 615

The wipe;

Handing the same to my assistant Mr Charley Bates – I thank you –

And then ...

Scarpering round the corner!!

OLIVER *is rooted to the spot.* 620

MR BROWNLOW *puts his hand to his pocket, misses his handkerchief, turns sharply round. He sees the boy.*

MR BROWNLOW: Stop – Thief!!

*With OLIVER still frozen to the spot, a CROWD OF BYSTANDERS emerge to deliver the following joyously violent chorus, during which OLIVER attempts to run away.* 625

|             |                               |     |
|-------------|-------------------------------|-----|
| BYSTANDERS: | Stop Thief!                   |     |
|             | Soon as they heard it, they – |     |
|             | Stop Thief!                   |     |
|             | Up go the windows, and –      | 630 |
|             | Stop Thief!                   |     |
|             | Out run the people, and –     |     |
|             | Stop Thief!                   |     |
|             | The butcher the baker and     |     |
|             | Stop Thief!                   | 635 |

The milkman the schoolboys and –  
 Stop Thief!  
 Stop Thief!  
 Stop Thief!

COMPANY CHORUS: *[may be spoken or sung]*

640

There is a passion for hunting something deeply implanted in the human breast;  
 Even when that something is but one wretched breathless boy;  
 As he pants with exhaustion, they chase him without rest;  
 And as his strength decreases, and the crowd gains upon him, they whoop and scream with joy. 645

OLIVER *is knocked down.*

### **TABLEAU**

*OF BYSTANDERS GATHERED ROUND AND JOSTLING FOR A GLIMPSE OF THE FALLEN CHILD.*

650

*Then, in Punch and Judy (puppet show) voices:*

BYSTANDER ONE: Oh, what a clever blow!  
 BYSTANDER TWO: Down upon the pavement!!  
 BYSTANDER THREE: Give him a little air –  
 BYSTANDER FOUR: Air? he don't deserve it. 655  
 ALL: Oh no he doesn't!!  
 BYSTANDER ONE: Where's the gentleman –  
 BYSTANDER TWO: Here's the gentleman –

MR BROWNLOW *pushes through the crowd.*

POLICEMAN: Is this the boy sir? 660  
 MR BROWNLOW: Yes – Yes I'm afraid it is the boy.  
 BYSTANDERS: Afraid! – that's a good'un ... *[Et cetera muttering and murmuring.]*  
 MR BROWNLOW: I think he's hurt himself –  
 BYSTANDER THREE: I did that, sir. Cut my knuckles on his mouth I did. I stopped him.  
 MR BROWNLOW: Can you get up – 665  
 OLIVER: It wasn't me. It was two other boys.  
 ALL: Oh no it wasn't!!

*They grab him.*

MR BROWNLOW: Don't hurt him!  
 ALL: Oh no, we won't!! Two, three, four: 670

A SHORT VIOLENT SONG (may be spoken)

For when a crime's suspected  
 The Law most clearly states  
 The job of dispensing Justice  
 Is the Magistrate's. 675

*During the above the BYSTANDERS, with indecent haste, set up a bench, dock etc, and create the next*

**TABLEAU**

*MR FANG THE POLICE MAGISTRATE.*

SCENE NINE

Introduces Mr Fang, the police magistrate, and furnishes a slight specimen of his mode of administering justice

*The Renowned Mr FANG is drunk.*

680

*BANG!! [Gavel.]*

*Jump cut into:*

MR BROWNLOW: I am the party that was robbed; but I am not at all sure this boy actually took the handkerchief, and I – I would rather not press charges –

MR FANG: Who are you?

685

MR BROWNLOW: [*Offering his card.*] My name, sir, – my name, sir, is Mr Brownlow –

MR FANG: Officer, what's this fellow charged with?

POLICEMAN: He's –

MR BROWNLOW: Sir, I must –

MR FANG: [*Bang.*] Silence in Court!

690

MR BROWNLOW: I was standing at a bookstall –

MR FANG: [*Bang. Bang.*] Are there any witnesses?

POLICEMAN: None, your worship.

MR BROWNLOW: I did, sir, see this boy running away – but I fear that he is very ill –

MR FANG: Boy? What boy? Officer, what's his name? What, what?

695

*OLIVER tries to speak but can't.*

POLICEMAN: Says his name's Tom White, your worship.

MR FANG: Has he any parents?

*OLIVER tries to speak but can't.*

POLICEMAN: Died in his infancy, he says, your honour.

700

MR FANG: Stuff and Nonsense! [*Bang.*]

MR BROWNLOW: The boy really is ill your worship –

MR FANG: Three months!! [*Bang.*] Hard labour ... [*Bang.*]

*Mixed dismay and approval from the crowd as OLIVER faints. A LAST-MINUTE WITNESS enters.*

705

LAST-MINUTE  
WITNESS:

Stop! Stop! For heaven's sake stop a moment!!

MR FANG: What is this! Clear the Court!!

LAST-MINUTE  
WITNESS:

I demand to speak! Mr Fang, your worship sir, you must hear me!!

710

MR FANG: Well, what have you got to say?

LAST-MINUTE  
WITNESS:

I swear –

COURT: He swears!!

LAST-MINUTE  
WITNESS:

[*Sing.*] By Almighty God, that the evidence I shall give, shall be the Truth – the whole Truth – and nothing but the Truth – so help me God.

715

*Applause.*

I saw it done sir; the robbery ...

MR FANG: Yes! 720

LAST-MINUTE

WITNESS: ... was committed ...

MR FANG: Yes!

LAST-MINUTE

WITNESS: By two other boys!! 725

THE ENTIRE

COURTROOM: Oh!

*They all turn and stare at MR BROWNLOW.*

MR FANG: ... Sir, that book –

MR BROWNLOW: Sir. 730

MR FANG: The book you were reading when the incident took place –

MR BROWNLOW: Yes.

MR FANG: The very book you have now in your hand –

MR BROWNLOW: Sir?

MR FANG: ... Is it paid for? 735

MR BROWNLOW: Dear me, I forgot all about that.

MR FANG: [Bang.] A nice class of person to prefer a charge against a poor innocent boy!! You may think yourself very fortunate, sir, having obtained possession of that book under very suspicious and unfortunate circumstances, that the Law declines to prosecute. The boy ... is ... discharged. [Bang. Bang.] Clear the Court!! Clear the Court!! Officer!! 740

*The COURT melts away leaving MR BROWNLOW alone with the perplexing problem of a collapsed and seriously ill boy. MR BROWNLOW takes OLIVER in his arms. As he does, the COMPANY just pause on their exits and see this happen.*

*Then, MR BROWNLOW takes OLIVER away ...* 745

CHARLEY: [Because he thinks this is the end of the story.] ... Aaaaah! Altogether now, aaaaah ...

DODGER: Hold your noise.

CHARLEY: Ha ha ha. 750

DODGER: Do you want to get grabbed, stupid? What'll Fagin say?

CHARLEY: What?

DODGER: Yes, what?

CHARLEY: What d'you mean ...

*Enter FAGIN.* 755

FAGIN: Why's there only two of you? Where's the third? Where's Oliver? Where's the boy!!! Speak, or I'll throttle you. The boy.

DODGER: The traps got him – and that's about all of it.

FAGIN: So where is he now?

DODGER: Some house in Pentonville. I heard the instructions to the coachman. 760

FAGIN: Pentonville, my dear?

*A sign goes up – PENTONVILLE.*

END OF EXTRACT

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