

FAGIN

(Weighing the wallets)

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

OLIVER

(Examining the wallets)

Very ingenious, sir.

(CHARLEY roars with laughter)

FAGIN

(To CHARLEY)

And what have you got, my dear?

CHARLEY

Nose-rags.

(HE Produces two large silk handkerchiefs - one red, one purple)

FAGIN

Well, they're very good ones, very! - yellow and green! You haven't embroidered 'em too well tho' Charley - so we'll have to pick the initials out with a needle. You'll need to learn how to do this too, Oliver my dear. Won't he boys?

(BOYS shriek with laughter)

BOYS

Yeah, but not 'alf.

FAGIN

But in the meantime, you'll have to learn how to make wallets like Dodger and Charley here. You'd like that, wouldn't you, my dear?

OLIVER

Ooh yes, Mister Fagin, if you'll teach me.

FAGIN

Certainly my boy, no fee! Just do everything that Dodger and Charley do. Make 'em your models, my dear - especially Dodger - he's going to be a regular little Bill Sykes! Now then, is my handkerchief protruding from my pocket?

OLIVER

Yes sir, I can just see the corner.

FAGIN

See if you can take it out without my feelin' it - like you saw the others do.

(Music starts again.)

During the next verse and chorus,  
OLIVER makes an unsuccessful attempt  
to win the handkerchief)

FAGIN

(Sings)

RUM-TUM-TUM. TUM-TUM-TUM.  
POM-POM-POM. POM-POM-POM.  
SKIDDLE-EYE-TYE, TEE-RYE-TYE-TYE,  
TEE-RUPPA TUPPA RUPPA-TUM-TUM.  
YOU'VE GOT TO PICK A POCKET OR TWO, BOYS,  
YOU'RE GOT TO PICK A POCKET OR TWO!

(Music again pauses for dialogue.  
OLIVER finally, picks up the  
bottom of FAGIN's pocket with one  
hand, and draws the handkerchief  
lightly out with the other)

FAGIN

(Incredulous)

Is it gone?

OLIVER

(Showing it in HIS hand)

Yes, sir, it's in my hand.

FAGIN

(Patting OLIVER's head)

Is it? What a clever boy. I never saw a sharper lad. Here's  
sixpence for you. I have to go to the bank.

(HE gives OLIVER a shilling)

If you go on in this way, you'll be the greatest man of all time.

(The BOYS chuckle quietly)

FAGIN

Yes, you're quite the gentleman now. You've got sixpence on  
credit. You've got a home - and a profession, eh boys? Now,  
bedtime, all of you. There's a hard day's work ahead of you.  
You can sleep down there, Oliver. Settle down, Dodger, take your  
hat off in bed. Have a nightcap, Oliver. I'm afraid the  
wedgewood's in the safe.

(HE laughs - sings. No orchestra)

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

(FAGIN quietens the BOYS and THEY settle down for the night)

/12/ INTERMEZZO - (Orchestra)

NEXT MORNING

(FAGIN is boiling some coffee in a saucepan. HE is whistling "PICK A POCKET OR TWO" softly to himself as HE stirs the coffee round and round with a wooden spoon.

Every now and then, HE stops whistling to hear if there is anybody about upstairs, until the coffee is done and HE places the saucepan on the table. HE turns round and looks at OLIVER lying in bed. When FAGIN is satisfied that the boy is fast asleep HE tiptoes up the steps to see if the door is bolted; HE takes a small box from a trap-door in the floor, and carefully places the box on the table near the saucepan. HIS eyes glisten as HE raises the lid and looks in. HE takes from the box a magnificent gold watch. Swinging the watch to and fro, HE looks out front, and speaks to the bird in the stand-cage)

FAGIN

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

(HE takes a sip of coffee from the saucepan, and has a quick count-up.

I mean...who's gonner look after me in me old age?

(To the bird)

Will you, birdie?

(HIS eyes wander over to where OLIVER is:)

Will...YOU!! . You!

(To find OLIVER sitting up in bed watching HIS every move.

HE closes the lid of the box with a loud crash, and, lying HIS hand on the toasting-fork which was on the table, HE jumps towards OLIVER)

