

ACT ONE
Scene 5

PADDINGTON GREEN - a week later.
It is morning. OLIVER comes walking along the road carrying a small bundle tied to a stick.

OLIVER

(Humming to himself)

FOOD, GLORIOUS FOOD!
HOT SAUSAGE AND MUSTARD!
WHILE WE'RE IN THE MOOD -
COLD JELLY AND CUSTARD!

(OLIVER sits on a milestone, unties the handkerchief from the stick, spreads the thing out on HIS lap, and eats the contents - a square crust which has already had its centre eaten.

A CHARACTER saunters across the stage while OLIVER is eating. OLIVER does not look up from HIS food. The CHARACTER, very dirty but very worldly is wearing a small top hat and a voluminous overcoat which has the cuffs turned back halfway up the arms, so that HE can keep HIS hands in HIS trouser pockets. HE whistles HIS way across and off.

OLIVER eats on undaunted.

The CHARACTER returns, and studies OLIVER from afar. OLIVER becomes conscious of being stared at, and looks up. The CHARACTER walks over to HIM - it is the ARTFUL DODGER)

DODGER

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

OLIVER

No - I haven't.

DODGER

Tired?

I've been running hard. OLIVER

Oh I see... You must be runnin' away from the Beak. DODGER

The what? OLIVER

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

Isn't a beak what a bird's got? OLIVER

My eyes - how green! A beak - is a madg'strate, for your hinformation. 'Ungry? DODGER

Starving. OLIVER

Got no mother? DODGER

No. OLIVER

Father? DODGER

No. OLIVER

Lovely bal...my weather we're having today, don't you think? DODGER
Er...staying in London?

Yes. OLIVER

Got any lodgings? DODGER

No. OLIVER

Money? DODGER

Not a farthing. OLIVER

(The ARTFUL DODGER whistles a snatch of "PICK A POCKET OR TWO", and puts HIS arms into HIS overcoat pockets as far as they will go)

OLIVER

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 accommodated?

OLIVER

No - I don't think so...

DODGER

Then accommodated you shall be, me old mate. There's a certain house - and I know a respectable old gentleman lives there, wot'll give you lodgin's for nothink, and never ask for the change - this is - and that is, if any other genelman wot he knows interduces yer. And does he know me? I should say he does! Not arf he don't - and some!

OLIVER

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

DODGER

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

OLIVER

My name's Oliver - Oliver Twist.

DODGER

And my name's Jack Dawkins - better known among me more hintimate friends as the Artful Dodger.

OLIVER

Pleased to meet you, Mister Dawkins.

DODGER

(Pausing for thought)

Come to think of it - I ain't got no hintimate friends. Still, what's the difference, me old pork sausage, you're coming with me.

OLIVER

Are you sure Mr. Fagin won't mind?

DODGER

Mind?

