

SCENE FIVE

Paddington Green on the outskirts of London - a week later.

OLIVER

*(singing unaccompanied to keep his spirits up)*

Food, glorious food!  
Hot sausage and mustard!  
While we're in the mood -  
Cold jelly and custard!

*OLIVER sits down on a monument. It is early morning, the city is waking up.*

*A CHARACTER appears from behind the monument. He is very dirty but very worldly, is wearing a 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 the tune of "YOU'VE GOT TO PICK A POCKET OR TWO"*

*The CHARACTER is now becoming conscious of being stared at, and walks over to him - it is the ARTFUL DODGER. Dodger hums "PICK A POCKET OR TWO".*

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.

*He 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

*(suddenly very interested)*

Oh you 'ave, 'ave ya.

OLIVER

Yes.

DODGER

Got any lodgings?

OLIVER!

No.

DODGER

Money?

OLIVER

Not a farthing.

*The ARTFUL DODGER whistles a snatch of "PICK A POCKET OR TWO", and puts his arms into his overcoat pockets as far as they 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 haccommodated?

OLIVER

No - I don't think so. . .

DODGER

Then h'accomoated you shall be me young mate.

*(He eyes Oliver speculatively)*

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 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 all right, 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.

OLIVER

My name's Oliver. Oliver Twist.

DODGER

*(with a flourish)*

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 second thoughts)*

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

OLIVER

Are you sure Mr Fagin won't mind?

DODGER

Mind?

*He bangs his dusty old top hat and sings*

**CONSIDER YOURSELF AT HOME.  
CONSIDER YOURSELF ONE OF THE FAMILY.  
WE'VE TAKE TO YOU SO STRONG.  
IT'S CLEAR WE'RE GOING TO GET ALONG.  
CONSIDER YOURSELF WELL IN.  
CONSIDER YOURSELF PART OF THE FURNITURE.  
THERE ISN'T A LOT TO SPARE.  
WHO CARES? WHAT EVER WE'VE GOT WE SHARE!**