

Oliver!

Standing is FAGIN

DODGER:
Fagin. Fagin.

FAGIN:
What!

DODGER:
I've brought a new friend to see you. Oliver Twist.

OLIVER: (*offering his hand to shake*)
Sir.

FAGIN: (*smiling, bowing low and shaking OLIVER'S hand*)
I hope I shall have the honour of your intimate acquaintance. We're very glad to see you, Oliver, very.
(*to BOYS*)
Aren't we my dears?

DODGER whispers in FAGIN'S ear, FAGIN nods approvingly.

DODGER:
Mr Twist has come to London to seek his fortune.

FAGIN:
You've come to London to seek you fortune. We must see what we can do to help you. Are you hungry?

OLIVER:
Starving.

FAGIN:
Would you like a sausage? Charley.

CHARLEY:
What?

FAGIN:
Take off the sausages. Dodger.

Oliver!

DODGER:
Yeah?

FAGIN:
Draw up a chair near the fire for Oliver.

CHARLEY:
'Ere! These saugsages are mouldy!

FAGIN:
Shut up and drink yer gin!

OLIVER is looking at the handkerchiefs

FAGIN:
Ah! You're a-staring at the pocket handkerchiefs! There are quite a few of 'em, ain't there? We've just hung 'em out, ready for the wash, the wash, that's all, Oliver, that's all.

OLIVER:
Is this a laundry then, sir?

The BOYS roar with laughter.

18. Pick A Pocket Or Two

FAGIN: Well, not exactly, my boy. I suppose
a laundry would be a very nice thing indeed,
but our line of business pays a little better -
don't it boys?

BOYS: Not arf! I'll say it does!

FAGIN: You see, Oliver. . .

FAGIN

In this life One thing counts In the bank large a-mounts I'm a-fraid these don't

6 grow on trees You've got to pick a poc-ket or two. You've got to pick a poc-ket or

10 two, boys. You've got to pick a poc-ket or two. Large a-mounts don't

BOYS (whispered)