

# OLIVER! CALLBACK SIDES

## SIDE 1 — Oliver & The Artful Dodger

**Dodger:** What're you starin' at? Ain't you never seen a gent?

**Oliver:** No—I haven't.

**Dodger:** Tired?

**Oliver:** I've been running hard.

**Dodger:** Oh, I see... You must be runnin' away from the beak.

**Oliver:** The what?

**Dodger:** Don't tell me you don't know what a beak is, me flash mate?

**Oliver:** Isn't a beak what a bird's got?

**Dodger:** My eyes—how green! A beak is a magistrate, for your information.

**Oliver:** Do you live in the city?

**Dodger:** When I'm at home. You want a 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 place and I know a respectable old gentleman as lives there, what'll give you lodgings for nothing. Mister Fagin. That's his name. Mister Fagin. By the way, if I'm introducing you to Fagin, I better know who you are, me old china.

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## SIDE 2 — Nancy & Fagin

**Nancy:** I won't stand by and see it done, Bill. You've got him here — what more would you have? Let him be, or I shall put my mark on someone and not care for the consequence.

**Fagin:** Why Nancy, you were wonderful tonight. Such talent. What an actress.

**Nancy:** Am I? Take care I don't overdo it... 'cause I'm warning you I'll put my finger on some of you and I don't care if I hang with yer. I wish I'd been struck dead in the street before I lent a hand in bringing him here. After tonight he's a thief, a liar, and all that's bad from this day forth — isn't that enough for yer, without beating him to death?

**Fagin:** Come, come Sykes, we must have civil words... civil words, Bill.

**Nancy:** Civil words, yes — you deserve them from me. I thieved for you when I was a child, half his age, for twelve years since. Don't you forget it.

## SIDE 3 — Fagin

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

Pearl, my pretty, I have a special place for you with all my other special lady friends.

And Pearl, you must meet my extra special lady friend Tiara. I mean... who's gonna look after me in me old age?

Will you?

Will... you?!

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## SIDE 4 — Sikes, Dodger, Fagin & Nancy

**Sikes:** Somebody must find out what's been done, or said. If he hasn't talked yet, there's still a chance we might get him back without suspicion. We'll nab him the very moment he dares step out of that house. Now who's gonna go?

**Dodger:** I suppose it'll have to be me—

**Fagin:** You shut your trap, Dodger. You've caused enough trouble. It's got to be done quiet. We don't want any fuss. The very thing! Nancy my dear, you're so good with the boy.

**Nancy:** It's no good trying it on with me.

**Sikes:** And just what do you mean by that remark?

**Nancy:** What I say, Bill. I'm not going. Why can't you leave the boy alone? He won't do you no harm. Why can't you leave him where he is, where he'll get the chance of a decent life?

**Sikes:** You'll get him back here, my girl. Or else.

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## SIDE 5 — Bumble & Widow Corney

**Bumble:** You have a cat, ma'am, I see... and kittens too, I declare!

**Corney:** I'm so fond of them you can't imagine, Mr. Bumble. And they're fond of their home too.

**Bumble:** Mrs. Corney, ma'am... I must say any cat... or kitten... that could live with you, ma'am, and not be fond of its home... must be an idiot, ma'am, and don't deserve to live in it.

**Corney:** Oh, Mr. Bumble!

**Bumble:** It's no use discussing facts, ma'am. An idiot! I would drown it myself — with pleasure!

**Corney:** Then you're a cruel man. A very hard-hearted man and all.

**Bumble:** Hard-hearted, Mrs. Corney? Hard? Are you hard-hearted, Mrs. Corney?

**Corney:** Dear me! What a curious question coming from a single man. What can you want to know for?

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## SIDE 6 — Mr. & Mrs. Sowerberry

**Mr. Sowerberry:** Mrs. Sowerberry!

**Mrs. Sowerberry:** What is it?

**Mr. Sowerberry:** Would you have the goodness to come here a moment, my dear?

**Mrs. Sowerberry:** What do you want? Well? What is it?

**Mr. Sowerberry:** My dear, I have told Mr. Bumble we may consider taking this boy in to help in the shop.

**Mrs. Sowerberry:** Dear me! He's very small. These workhouse boys always cost more to keep than what they're worth. Still, you men always think you know best. What're you going to do with him?

**Mr. Sowerberry:** There's an expression of melancholy on his face... very interesting. He could make a delightful coffin-follower. It would be very nice to have a follower in proportion, my sweet.

**Mrs. Sowerberry:** For once — just for once — you might have a decent idea.

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## SIDE 7 — Noah, Oliver & Charlotte

**Charlotte:** Noah, I saved a nice little bit of bacon for you from master's breakfast. Oliver, pull up a chair for Mr. Noah and make haste, 'cos they'll want you to mind the shop. Do you hear?

**Noah:** What are you staring at, Workhouse?

**Charlotte:** Noah, let the boy alone.

**Noah:** Let him alone? I'm giving the boy a change, you silly thing! Everyone's left him alone. His father left him alone, his mother... Workhouse, how's your mother?

**Oliver:** You leave my mother out of it. She's dead.

**Noah:** What did she die of, Workhouse? Shortage of breath?

**Oliver:** She's just dead! She died of a broken heart.

**Noah:** Well tol-de-rol-lol-lol-right-fo-l-lairy... and it's a good thing she died when she did or she'd have been transported to Australaylia, or hung from the gallows as like as not!

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## SIDE 8 — Mr. Brownlow

**Brownlow:** Doctor... do you notice the most extraordinary likeness between that boy's face and the portrait of my daughter Agnes? Didn't I tell you? He was arrested for stealing my pocket handkerchief. It was all my mistake... and when the shopkeeper told us what really happened, and he was released by the magistrate, I brought him here to make what amends I could.

But I must confess... I find myself strangely attached to the child.

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## SIDE 9 — Brownlow, Mrs. Bedwin & Nancy

**Mrs. Bedwin:** There is a young woman enquiring for you, sir—

**Brownlow:** Mrs. Bedwin, take a look at this miniature. Can you see who it is?

**Mrs. Bedwin:** Why, it's Miss Agnes, sir.

**Brownlow:** Yes. My daughter Agnes. She must have found her way to the workhouse and had the child there.

**Mrs. Bedwin:** If only she had told us.

**Nancy:** Pardon me sir, but I've news of Oliver.

**Brownlow:** What is it?

**Nancy:** Oliver's in danger. In bad company. I'm the girl who dragged him back to old Fagin on the morning he went missing from this house and I wish I'd never have been part of it.

**Brownlow:** You?

**Nancy:** Me and... and someone else.

**Brownlow:** Where is this Fagin's and who is this other person you speak of? Take me to him.

**Nancy:** I can't tell you. But I'll bring Oliver to you. Not here. It's far too dangerous.

**Brownlow:** Where then?

**Nancy:** Will you promise that I won't be watched or followed?

**Brownlow:** I promise you solemnly.

**Nancy:** Then tonight, between eleven and the time the clock strikes twelve, I will walk on London Bridge and I will bring Oliver.

**Brownlow:** Very well.

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## SIDE 10 — Old Sally

**Old Sally:** Now listen to me... Once in this very room, in this very bed, I nursed a pretty young cretur' brought into this house with her feet cut and bruised from walking.

She gave birth to a boy... and died.

I robbed her. I robbed her, so I did. All she had were round her neck... and it were gold.