

Oliver!
FAGIN

13

got to pick a poc - ket or two.

FAGIN (*patting OLIVER'S head*)

I don't believe it! You're a clever boy, my dear. I never saw a sharper lad. Here's a shilling for you.

The BOYS mob FAGIN for their shilling. FAGIN puts his hand in his pocket and withdraws it empty.

I have to go to the bank.

The BOYS protest again in a noisy fashion and FAGIN quietens them all suddenly, as a policeman walks above.

Now, bedtime, all of you; there's a hard day's work ahead!

The BOYS protest.

OLIVER
Where shall I sleep, Sir?

FAGIN
Here, my dear. By the warm. Would you like a night cap?

OLIVER climbs onto the sofa

OLIVER
Yes please.

FAGIN
We're out of Cocoa. 'Ave a drop of gin.

OLIVER drinks the gin and spits it out.. The BOYS all laugh at him..
Alright, alright. Settle down! Dodger! Take yer hat off in bed! Where's ya manners?

He comes over to OLIVER and secretly gives him a shilling, and speaking sotto voce...

Yes, Oliver, you're quite the gentleman now. You've got a shilling on credit. You've gotta home and a profession. If you go on this way, you'll be the greatest man of all time.

Tucking OLIVER's arms under the blanket he sings as if in a gentle lullaby.

You've got to pick a pocket or two . . .
You've got to pick a pocket or two . . .