

Olivia!
Junior Script
by
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SCENE ONE: MRS. MURDSTONE'S ORPHANAGE FOR GIRLS

(There could be a sign on the back wall reading Mrs. Murdstone's orphanage for girls. The setting is as drab and dismal as possible. There is a table set with bowls and spoons, a steaming cauldron full of goo, and a serving ladle.)

TRACK 1: ORPHANS

(The first group of Orphans marches on.)

GROUP 1: ORPHANS, ORPHANS, ORPHANS, ORPHANS,
SHUT UP IN AN ORPHANAGE DAY AND NIGHT.

(The second group marches on. The two groups sing simultaneously:)

GROUP 1:
ORPHANS, ORPHANS,
ORPHANS, ORPHANS,
AH.

GROUP 2:
ORPHANS, ORPHANS,
ORPHANS, ORPHANS,
WORKING HARD AS SLAVES,
DO YOU THINK THAT'S RIGHT?

(The third group marches on. The three groups sing simultaneously:)

GROUPS 1 & 2:
ORPHANS, ORPHANS,
ORPHANS, ORPHANS,
AH.
AH, AH.

GROUP 3:
ORPHANS, ORPHANS,
ORPHANS, ORPHANS,
NOBODY TO LISTEN
TO OUR PLIGHT.

ALL: MRS. MURDSTONE IS IN CHARGE.
GROUP 3: SHE'S ROUGH,
GROUP 2: SHE'S TOUGH,
GROUP 1: SHE'S EVER SO LARGE.
GROUP 3: SHE TREATS US LIKE WE WERE DIRT.
ALL: SHE'S LIKE A SERGEANT-MAJOR IN A SKIRT!
ORPHANS, ORPHANS, ORPHANS, ORPHANS,
SHUT UP IN AN ORPHANAGE DAY AND NIGHT.
ORPHANS, ORPHANS, ORPHANS, ORPHANS,
NO-ONE CARES ABOUT YOU WHEN YOU'RE OUT OF SIGHT!
(SHOUTED) IT'S NOT RIGHT!

(After applause, all the Orphans start girl-chatter. Enter Mrs. Murdstone, a fearsome, cruel, middle-aged female.)

ORPHAN 3: It's Mrs. Murdstone!

(The Orphans scream.)

MRS. M: Silence when you scream!

(All fall silent.)

MRS. M: You need discipline – rigid discipline, iron discipline; and I, Mrs. Murdstone will apply that discipline. So answer when I speak to you. Good morning, girls.

THE ORPHANS: **(Cowed)** Good morning, Mrs. Murdstone.

MRS. M: I trust you're all ready for another day's hard work?

(The Orphans groan.)

MRS. M: Silence when you groan! Let me repeat the rules of this establishment. You will not chatter, talk or gossip, except in the times stipulated in the regulations. Which are – to remind you - two minute's chatter every hour, and after your work is finished for the day, you may have half an hour's riotous and girlish behaviour – for which I will take great pleasure in punishing you.

I know it's breakfast time, but today, we have a new orphan joining us. **(She calls into the wings/offstage.)** Step this way, if you please, young lady.

(Enter OLIVIA.)

MRS. M: This is Olivia. I will delay breakfast by a few minutes while you get acquainted. You may talk with her till I return – but don't expect treats like this every day! **(She exits.)**

ORPHAN 1: Hello, Olivia.

OLIVIA: Hello.

ORPHAN 1: Come and sit down, and tell us all about yourself.

(The Orphans sit down and Olivia joins them.)

OLIVIA: Nothing much to tell, really. I've just come from the St. Francis Convent.

ORPHAN 2: What was it like?

OLIVIA: Terrible. The nuns were so strict, they never allowed us any fun.

ORPHAN 2: Well, I warn you, Olivia, you'll think of it as heaven compared to this place.

OLIVIA: Oh, I can't believe that. The Mother Superior ruled us with a rod of iron.

Talk about a tyrant.

- ORPHAN 3:** Your Mother Superior is a pussycat compared with Mrs. Murdstone.
ORPHAN 1: She's horrible.
ORPHAN 2: She's cruel.
ORPHAN 4: She has the foulest temper.
ORPHAN 1: Why, if we even so much as cough when we're supposed to be silent, we get punished.
ORPHAN 3: Where is your convent, Olivia?
OLIVIA: Just outside Stockport.
ORPHAN 1: Why did you leave it, and come here to Manchester?
OLIVIA: I didn't leave. The nuns threw me out. I kept misbehaving.
ORPHAN 2: What did you do?
OLIVIA: I flicked ink pellets at the Sisters when their backs were turned.

(The Orphans giggle.)

- OLIVIA:** I drew a moustache on a picture of the Order's founder.

(More giggles.)

- OLIVIA:** And I burped after meals.

(More giggles.)

- ORPHAN 4:** Well, you won't burp after meals here. You'll more likely throw up.
OLIVIA: Why, what are they like?
ORPHAN 1: They're the same every day.
ORPHAN 2: Breakfast, dinner and tea, it's the same revolting swill. It's...it's... **(She struggles to describe it.)**...yucky!
ORPHAN 3: It's garbage!
ALL ORPHANS: It's slop!
OLIVIA: Why do you put up with it?
ORPHAN 4: What else can we do? Nowhere else we can go. No parents.
ORPHAN 1: No relations.
ORPHAN 2: Some of us remember our parents.
ORPHAN 3: Most of us don't.
ORPHAN 2: Do you remember yours, Olivia?
OLIVIA: No. I think they died in an accident when I was a baby. But look... **(She takes a locket from around her neck.)** This might be my mother...

(The Orphans gather round to look, and express admiration, etc.)

- ORPHAN 4: She's very like you.
- ORPHAN 1: She must be your mother.
- OLIVIA: Perhaps she is – but I'll never know.
- ORPHAN 2: You mustn't let Mrs. Murdstone see that. She'll take it off you.
- OLIVIA: She wouldn't dare!
- ORPHAN 3: She would – and she does. She takes all our trinkets off us.
- ORPHAN 4: She says when we're old enough to leave she'll give us them back, unless we've misbehaved.
- ORPHAN 1: And of course, she always finds some way we've misbehaved, even when we haven't.
- ORPHAN 2: So no-one ever gets them back.
- ORPHAN 3: Then she sells them.
- OLIVIA: Well, she's not having mine. *(She puts the locket in her pocket.)*
- ORPHAN 4: We were just like you, Olivia, when we first arrived. We had spirit; we had hopes.
- ORPHAN 1: They soon get dashed.
- OLIVIA: Is it that bad?
- ORPHAN 2: You wouldn't believe it. You know what we do, for fourteen hours a day? We sew.
- ORPHAN 3: Every day, except Sunday, sew and sew.
- ALL ORPHANS: Sew and sew.
- OLIVIA: What do you sew?
- ORPHAN 4: Old clothes, which Mrs. Murdstone sells on for a profit.
- ORPHAN 1: And mailbags – they're the worst of all, they tear your fingers to shreds.
- OLIVIA: Sounds like Mrs. Murdstone is a right so-and so.

(The Orphans titter.)

- ORPHAN 2: Don't let her hear you say that, or she'll have you sewing double-time.
- OLIVIA: But I'm useless at sewing. The Nuns tried to teach me, but I kept making mistakes. I once sewed up the bottom of Mother Superior's habit so badly she couldn't get into it.

(The Orphans laugh.)

- ORPHAN 3: Well, you'd better learn fast, otherwise you're in big trouble.

(Enter Mrs. Murdstone, with Dicken, a middle-aged dogsbody, who is not blessed with the brightest of intellects. He has a West-Country accent.)

MRS. M: Did I hear someone mention trouble? I hope none of you are thinking of causing any, for, as you know, my punishment is swift and terrible. What do you say, Dicken?

DICKEN: Donkeys.

(The Orphans titter.)

MRS. M: Did I give you permission to snigger?

(The Orphans go silent, cowed.)

MRS. M: Dicken, explain yourself. What have donkeys got to do with discipline?

DICKEN: It's just that anyone would have to be a donkey to make trouble.

MRS. M: Not quite the way I'd express it, but I take your point, and so, I trust, do all of you young ladies. I also hope you girls have explained the strict standards I expect to Olivia.

ORPHAN 4: Yes, Mrs. Murdstone.

MRS. M: And, now, it's time for breakfast.

(All the Orphans groan.)

MRS. M: I thought you'd be pleased. Dicken, start serving your culinary masterpiece!

DICKEN: ***(Totally baffled)*** Duh... do what?

MRS. M: Dish out the gruel, man! Girls – line up – and enjoy!

TRACK 2:**SLOP!**

(The Orphans, including Olivia, go up to the table, collect their bowls and spoons, then return to their places, sit cross-kneed and eat the slop, all during the course of the song.)

ORPHANS: SLOP! EVERY MEAL IS THIS SLOP!
EVERY DAY WITHOUT STOP
ALL WE GET IS THIS STICKY GOO,
SMELLS LIKE GLUE, AND TASTES LIKE IT TOO!

ORPHANS: SLOP!

MRS. M: IT'LL HELP YOU GROW UP

ORPHANS: BUCKETFULS OF THIS SLOP!

MRS. M: IF IT DOESN'T BLOW UP!

ORPHANS: SCUM THAT FLOATS TO THE TOP.

MRS. M: THOUGH IT MAKES YOU THROW UP,
AND YOUR TUMMIES MIGHT GET UPSET, DON'T FORGET,
IT'S ALL THAT YOU'LL GET!

ORPHANS: SHE CALLS IT GRUEL, IT'S MORE LIKE SLIME.
WAS THERE EVER MORE CRUEL A CRIME
THAN THIS DISGUSTING SLOP?
WITH ITS WIND WE GO POP!
WISH THAT WE COULD JUST DROP THE LOT
DOWN THE NEAREST DRAIN.
BUT TIME AND AGAIN.
NO MATTER HOW WE PLEAD,
THEY FEED US MORE AND MORE
OF THIS REVOLTING SLOP!

MRS. M: KEEPS YOU ON THE HOP!

ORPHANS: *(Shouted)* It's slop!

(Olivia is the only one who hasn't tasted her slop yet.)

OLIVIA: I can't believe it's that bad.

ORPHAN 1: Just you taste it.

(Olivia does so, and splutters.)

OLIVIA: Ugh! It's not fit for pigs. I'm not putting up with it. *(She gets up)*

ORPHAN 2: What are you going to do?

OLIVIA: You'll see. *(She walks up to Dicken, bowl & spoon in hand.)* Please, sir, I want less.

MRS. M: Less! Aaah! *(She swoons into Dicken's arms.)* Dicken, I've come over all funny.

DICKEN: You're not making me laugh.

(Mrs. M. recovers, with a glare at Dicken.)

MRS. M: I could have sworn I heard this child say she wanted less.

OLIVIA: You heard right. I want less slop – starving dogs wouldn't eat it. Besides, look, what's this fly doing in it? *(She holds it under Dickens' nose.)*

DICKEN: Looks like the breast-stroke. Don't shout too loud, or everyone will want one.

OLIVIA: *(To Mrs. M.)* I want less slop. And, while we're about it, less sewing. We all want less, don't we girls.

(The Orphans, cowed, keep silent.)

OLIVIA: I said, don't we, girls?

(Still an awkward silence.)

OLIVIA: What's the matter with you lot, afraid to stand up for your rights?

MRS. M: *(Fierce & formidable.)* Rights? Rights? Listen to me, young lady, in here you have no rights. You're here to work, and do as you're told. You want less, Miss – less you'll get. Less freedom, less light, less company, less everything. Dicken!, Put her in the Hole!

(The Orphans gasp.)

OLIVIA: What's the Hole?

ORPHAN 3: A windowless cell way underground.

ORPHAN 4: No mattress or pillow, just a concrete slab.

ORPHAN 1: The mildew runs down the walls.

ORPHAN 2: And so do the spiders.

MRS. M: *(Savagely, to the Orphans.)* Did I say you could speak? Do you want the hole too?

ORPHANS: No, Mrs. Murdstone.

MRS. M: *(To Olivia.)* Well, girl, you've been here two minutes, and already you're making trouble. Let's see if three days in the Hole dampens your rebellious nature. Dicken, take her down!

OLIVIA: You'll have to catch me first. *(She runs out.)*

MRS. M: I've grown to detest that Olivia! But she'll be back in two minutes.

DICKEN: No-one done ever escape from 'ere.

(The Orphans cluster round a “window” looking out – possibly a place close to the wings, with a light directed on them.)

ORPHAN 1: Look, she’s running across the yard.
ORPHAN 2: She’s trying to climb the gates.
ORPHAN 3: Can’t be done. They’re too high.
ORPHAN 4: No – look! She’s at the top!
ORPHAN 1: She’s over!
ORPHAN 2: She’s free!

(All the Orphans cheer.)

MRS. M: Silence when you cheer! Dicken, after her!
DICKEN: But I’ll never climb the gate – I’m too old.
MRS. M: ***(Quietly patient.)*** What’s that at your belt?
DICKEN: The keys to the gate.
MRS. M: Precisely. ***(She roars at him.)*** Get going and fetch her back.
DICKEN: Yes, Mrs. Murdstone. ***(He hurries out.)***
MRS. M: And as for you lot – in case you get any ideas of following Olivia’s example, it’s just water for you for the rest of the day – and you will all have an extra two hours’ sewing.

(Orphans groan.)

MRS. M: Groan as much as you like - blame it on Olivia! ***(She exits.)***
ORPHAN 1: I don’t blame Olivia. I wish I had her spirit.
ORPHAN 2: It’s going to be an awful day – but it was worth it!

TRACK 3:**ORPHANS (REPRISE)**

GROUP 1: ORPHANS, ORPHANS, ORPHANS, ORPHANS,
SHUT UP IN AN ORPHANAGE DAY AND NIGHT.

GROUP 1:
ORPHANS, ORPHANS,
ORPHANS, ORPHANS,
AH.

GROUP 2:
ORPHANS, ORPHANS,
ORPHANS, ORPHANS,
WORKING HARD AS SLAVES,
DO YOU THINK THAT'S RIGHT?

GROUPS 1 & 2:
ORPHANS, ORPHANS,
ORPHANS, ORPHANS,
AH.
AH, AH.

GROUP 3:
ORPHANS, ORPHANS,
ORPHANS, ORPHANS,
SHUT UP IN AN ORPHANAGE
DAY AND NIGHT.

ALL: ORPHANS, ORPHANS, ORPHANS, ORPHANS,
NO-ONE CARES ABOUT YOU WHEN YOU'RE OUT OF SIGHT!
(SHOUTED) IT'S NOT RIGHT!

(End of Scene One.)

SCENE TWO:**A COUNTRY LANE***(Enter Olivia.)*

OLIVIA: That horrible orphanage! It was worse than the Convent, if that's possible. Those poor girls – the grown-ups don't seem to care about them at all. All they do is bully them, and treat them horribly, and use them to make money. It's not fair.

If I were a grown-up, I'd rescue them, straight off, that's what I'd do, no messing. Or would I? Would I grow up cold and unfeeling, like the Mother Superior or Mrs. Murdstone? Is that what being grown-up does to you? Maybe it's because they've never had happiness in their lives – well, neither have I, but I'm certainly not going to let that get me down.

TRACK 4:**HAPPINESS SOMEWHERE**

OLIVIA: THERE HAS GOT TO BE SOME HAPPINESS SOMEWHERE,
CAN'T JUST VANISH WITHOUT TRACE.
SOMEWHERE IN THIS WORLD SOMEONE MUST CARE.
SOMEWHERE THERE'S A BETTER PLACE.
AND IF I COULD FIND SOME HAPPINESS SOMEWHERE,
I'D SPREAD THAT HAPPINESS AROUND.
BUT NO MATTER HOW I'VE TRIED,
NO MATTER HOW I'VE CRIED,
NO HAPPINESS HAVE I FOUND.

I'VE HEARD ABOUT IT, BEEN TOLD ABOUT IT,
I'VE READ ABOUT IT TOO.
BUT UNTIL I'VE KNOWN IT FOR MYSELF,
I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT IT'S TRUE.
THERE MUST BE SOMEBODY OUT THERE
WHO HAS HOPE AND LOVE TO SHARE.
FOR THERE HAS TO BE SOME HAPPINESS SOMEWHERE,
AND I WILL FIND IT, COME WHAT MAY.
YES, THAT'S WHAT I INTEND.
I'LL REACH MY JOURNEY'S END
WHEN HAPPINESS COMES MY WAY.
THERE MUST BE HAPPINESS SOMEWHERE.
SOMEWHERE.

(Enter Dicken.)

DICKEN: There you are, Misse.

OLIVIA: Dicken! Have you come to take me back?

DICKEN: Do you really think I'd take you back to that hell-hole?

OLIVIA: But you'll get into trouble with Mrs. Murdstone.

DICKEN: She'll never know. I'll tell her I couldn't find you.

OLIVIA: Dicken, you're not from these parts, are you?

DICKEN: No, Missee – oi be from Bristol.

OLIVIA: Why don't you go home instead of putting up with Mrs. Murdstone?

DICKEN: It's the only life I know.

OLIVIA: And why do you make the same awful slop every meal?

DICKEN: It's what Mrs. M. showed me to do.

OLIVIA: But there's all kinds of things... soup would make a nice change. You could grow your own vegetables, and then Mrs. Murdstone couldn't grumble about the cost.

DICKEN: Aye. Hadn't thought on that. Darned if I don't give it a go! Thank 'ee, Missee, it'll give me something enjoyable to do. Anyways, where be you going?

OLIVIA: London.

DICKEN: London? Donkeys!

OLIVIA: What?

DICKEN: Donkeys! There be a farm with donkeys just down the road. You could always ride one down to London.

OLIVIA: But that would be stealing.

DICKEN: Nay, Missee, just borrowing. Mind 'ee, if they caught 'ee at it, they'd hang 'ee for sure. Best not take old Dicken's advice, it'll only get 'ee in trouble.

OLIVIA: Oh, Dicken, I thought you were as mean and nasty as all the grown-ups I've met, but you're really very nice. **(She kisses his cheek.)**

DICKEN: **(Going all bashful.)** I'll never wash that cheek again. Not that I ever do.

OLIVIA: Goodbye, Dicken.

DICKEN: Goodbye, Missee...nay, Olivia.

(They exit opposite ways.)

(End of Scene Two.)

SCENE THREE: COVENT GARDEN, LONDON

(Five Flower-Sellers (in the middle is Eliza Doolittle) are seated with their baskets of flowers. All around them are a chorus of Londoners, including street traders, two or three “ladies of the streets”, two or three men wearing a green flower in their buttonholes. Other characters at Director’s discretion.)

TRACK 5: LONDON

ALL: COME TO LONDON, FOR IT’S THE PLACE TO BE.
IT’S A GREAT CITY, IS LONDON.
ONCE YOU GET HERE, THERE’S LOTS TO DO AND SEE
IN THIS GREAT CITY OF LONDON.
MAYFAIR THROUGH TO CHINATOWN,
GO TO LEICESTER SQUARE,
THERE IS NOT A FINER TOWN ANYWHERE.
FOR IT’S LONDON THAT CASTS A MAGIC SPELL
UNDER WHICH YOU WILL FALL.
KEEP YOUR PARIS OR NEW YORK,
LONDON’S THE BEST CITY OF ALL, OF ALL, OF ALL,
THAT’S LONDON!

(Most of the crowd disperse, leaving the Flower-Sellers, and three gentlemen, one of whom is Ebenezer Scrooge (wearing mittens and with a stick) and another of whom is George Bernard Shaw (bushy beard.) Alternatively all can stay on, as in a busy London street scene, provided they don’t distract from the action. Eliza Doolittle is in the middle of the Flower-Sellers. The others are Doris, Flo, Queenie, (all Cockneys) and Annie (who speaks posh). The first Gentleman walks by.)

ELIZA: *(Calling out to him.)* Come on, sir. Buy a nice bunch of flowers for your girlfriend. Only tuppence!

GENTLEMAN: I’m married.

ELIZA: Then buy a sixpenny bunch for your girlfriend.

GENTLEMAN: Done.

(He hands over a sixpence, Eliza gives him a bunch of flowers, and he exits.)

DORIS: Eliza Doolittle, how do you do it?

QUEENIE: Eliza could sell ice to an Eskimo.

ELIZA: Well, you got to make a living, ain’t yer?

ANNIE: I never sell a quarter as much as Eliza! What am I doing wrong?

FLO: You know your trouble, Annie? You talk too posh.

ELIZA: Let’s face it, dearie, you ain’t Cockney, like wot we are.

QUEENIE: That don't make her a bad person.
ELIZA: Did I say it did, Queenie?
ANNIE: Here comes a gent now. I'll try my luck.

(Ebenezer Scrooge, with a stick, starts to pass by.)

ANNIE: Excuse me, sir – would you be so kind as to purchase a small posy of flowers?
SCROOGE: Flowers? Humbug! The only flowers I want are on my grave – 'cos I won't have to pay for them. Humbug! *(He waves his stick furiously at Annie & exits.)*
DORIS: You picked the wrong one there, dearie. Do you know who that was?
ANNIE: Who?
DORIS: Ebenezer Scrooge!
FLO: The meanest, most miserable skinflint in all of London!
QUEENIE: He's even meaner than my old man!

(They all laugh.)

ELIZA: Annie, I'm curious about you. Where you from? Wiv your la-di-da accent, you could pass for a proper lady.
DORIS: More than can be said of you, Eliza.
ELIZA: I could be a lady, Doris, if I set my mind to it.
DORIS: Ga'arn!
ELIZA: I could, too.
QUEENIE: Then why did we hear you singin' that song the uvver day?
ELIZA: What song?
FLO: You know, about all your wantin' was a warm room and comfortable chair?
ELIZA: Oh, that! Just a song I heard somewhere. No, Flo, I envy Annie and the way she talks. What I want to be most in the world is a lady.

TRACK 6:**I WANT TO BE A LADY**

(N.B. if not already on as passers-by, etc., the Chorus can enter.)

ELIZA: I DON'T WANT A ROOM SOMEWHERE,
I DON'T WANT A FIRE AND A COSY CHAIR.
THERE'S JUST ONE THING I WANT TO BE,
AND THAT'S A TOFF WOT HITS IT OFF
WIV THE ARISTOCRACY!

I WANT TO BE A LADY.
THAT'S WHAT I LONG TO BE.
HOLD MY LITTLE PINKIE UP,
WHEN I DRINK A CUP OF TEA WITH DIGNITY.
I WANT TO BE A LADY,
EVER SO SMART AND POSH.
WHERE I USED TO CURSE AND SWEAR, I WILL JUST DECLARE
"OH, GOSH! HOW TERRIBLE!"

NEVER COMING BACK TO COVENT GARDEN
UNLESS I'M TAKEN DOWN THE OPERA.
WON'T SAY "WATCH IT, JACK!", I'LL SAY "BEG YOUR PARDON"
IT'S MUCH MORE LADYLIKE AND PROPERER.
YES I WANT TO BE A PROPER LADY,
DRIPPING WITH DIAMONDS AND PEARLS.
I'LL BE GOING PLACES, JUST SEE ME AT THE RACES
WITH DUKES, AND BARONS AND EARLS.
YES, I'M GONNA BE A LADY,
JUST WATCH ME, GIRLS!

(She dances like a "lady", mockingly. Then the Chorus and Flower-Sellers sing together:)

CHORUS:
SHE WANTS TO BE A LADY.

EVER SO SMART, AND POSH.

WHERE BEFORE SHE'D CURSE AND
SWEAR,
NOW SHE'LL JUST DECLARE
"OH GOSH!
HOW TERRIBLE!"

FLOWER-SELLERS (optional):
GET HER!
WHO DOES SHE THINK SHE IS?
GET HER!
WHO DOES SHE THINK SHE'S KIDDING?
SO LADIDA,

WANTS TO BE A STAR.
BUT SHE'LL NEVER BE A LADY!

ELIZA: NEVER GONNA SELL ANOTHER FLOWER,
BOUQUETS FROM FELLERS WON'T BE HARD TO FIND.
FOR IT WILL BE WELL WITHIN MY POWER
TO LEAVE A TRAIL OF BROKEN HEARTS BEHIND.

ELIZA:
 YES, I WANT TO BE A PROPER LADY,
 DRIPPING WITH DIAMONDS AND
 PEARLS.
 I'LL BE GOING PLACES.
 JUST SEE ME AT THE RACES
 WITH DUKES, AND BARONS AND
 EARLS.
 YES, I'M GONNA BE A LADY:
 JUST WATCH ME,
 GIRLS!

FLOWER-SELLERS (optional):
 GET HER, GET HER!
 WELL, JUST YOU GET
 HER, GET HER!
 OUR ELIZA,
 NOTHING CAN SURPRISE HER.
 DUKES AND EARLS.
 SHE WANTS TO BE A LADY!
 GET HER!

DORIS: You'll never be a lady, Eliza. You're too common.
ELIZA: Don't you be too sure. I 'ad a lovely dream last night.
QUEENIE: I 'ad a nightmare. It's called my husband.

(The Flower-Sellers laugh or cackle, according to characters.)

ELIZA: I dreamt this old Professor geezer took me up, and learnt me how to talk posh. He showed me how to behave in society circles, and in less than a year, I ended up a proper lady, mixing wiv all the toffs.

(George Bernard Shaw (GBS) has been standing close to Eliza, listening to what she's saying, and now addresses her (with a hint of an Irish accent).)

GBS: Excuse me, madam.
ELIZA: *(Spotting a potential customer.)* 'Ere you are, sir, tuppence a bunch... Hey, don't I know you, mister? Ain't you that cricketer fellow wiv the beard, W.G. Grace?
GBS: I'm afraid not. I'm George Bernard Shaw.
ELIZA: Never 'eard of you. 'Ave you, girls?

(Annie shakes her head, the rest say "Nar!".)

GBS: But I'm a famous theatre critic and playwright.
FLO: We never go to the theatre.
DORIS: The Music Hall's what we like.
QUEENIE: *(Sings)* My old man said follow the van

(Eliza, Flo & Doris join her in the second line.)

THE FOUR: And don't dilly-dally on the way.

(All laugh/cackle.)

GBS: I couldn't help overhearing what you were saying about your dream.

ELIZA: So?

GBS: Most interesting. It's given me an idea for a play. Would you care to take tea with me at the Ritz?

ELIZA: The Ritz! Ga'an! You're kidding me.

GBS: No, I am in earnest, I assure you. We can discuss your dream in greater detail.

ELIZA: Blimey! All right, Mr. George Bernard Shaw, you're on. What did I tell you, girls? It may be for only half an hour, but I'm going to be a real ritzy lady!

(Exit Eliza & GBS.)

DORIS: Eliza will never be a lady in a month of Sundays.

FLO: You're the only one wot could make a lady, Annie. You got the posh accent.

ANNIE: Must have been how I was brought up.

DORIS: How was you brung up, Annie?

QUEENIE: Yeah – you never let on about your past.

ANNIE: I wish I had a past to talk about. All I can recall is waking up in a hospital up North. Must have been – oh, ten years ago. I remember everything after that – coming to London, and everything – but before that, nothing.

QUEENIE: You poor fing!

FLO: I've heard about that – it's called alopecia.

DORIS: You mean amnesia. Alopecia is when you go bald.

QUEENIE: Like my old man. Clinically bald and clinically lazy.

FLO: Doris is right. Annie's got antimacassar.

QUEENIE & DORIS: Amnesia!

FLO: Well, anyway, I heard about a docker once got hit on the head wiv a crate he was loading. Lost his memory for five years. Then someone hit him over the head in a pub fight, and it all came back.

QUEENIE: Maybe we should hit you over the head, Annie. *(All laugh)*

DORIS: Don't you know nuffink at all? Not even a little clue?

ANNIE: All I've got is this.

(She takes a locket from round her neck and passes it to Doris.)

DORIS: Oh, isn't that lovely? Look, Queenie.
QUEENIE: You were a bonnie baby, Annie. Look, Flo.
FLO: You've grown up as pretty as your picture, dearie.

(She hands the locket back to Annie.)

ANNIE: Oh, it's not me.
FLO: Who is it, then?
ANNIE: I don't know – but I wouldn't part with it for all the world.
QUEENIE: Ain't you ever got married, then?
ANNIE: No. I've had offers. But I couldn't. It just didn't seem right, I don't know why...
DORIS: Maybe you was married, dearie, and your husband is wandering all rahnd England lookin' fer yer.
FLO: Stop it, Doris, you're makin' me cry. *(She sniffles into a handkerchief.)*
DORIS: You always was a romantic, Flo.
QUEENIE: I was a romantic once. Then I married my old man. Well, you're a mystery all right, Annie. Oh, well, let's not dwell on it – let's all cheer up and 'ave a cup o' char at Sid's Caff.

(The Flower-Sellers pick up their baskets and exit. Enter Fagin and the Artful Dodger.)

FAGIN: Well, Dodger, wot d'you think?
DODGER: I fink we're done for, Fagin, unless we can get another gang togevvver, quick.
FAGIN: I'm inclined to agree, Dodger. Otherwise, I can see you and I having to get honest jobs.

(Dodger faints. Fagin hastily revives him.)

FAGIN: Dodger, Dodger, I didn't mean it. It just slipped art.
DODGER: Fagin, wash your marf art wiv soap. You know you an' me ain't cut art for honesty. No, we gotta fink. We gotta plan.
FAGIN: I'll tell you the truth, Dodger – I miss all the lads. Even that young Oliver wot did for us. Ah, well, that's over and done with, got to look to the future. We had some good times, though, didn't we, Dodger?

TRACK 7:**GOOD TIMES**

FAGIN & DODGER: WE HAD SOME GOOD TIMES, DIDN'T WE?
WE HAD A GREAT TEAM THAT WON'T BE FORGOTTEN.

FAGIN: EVERYONE PULLED THEIR WEIGHT,
AND I'D JUST LIKE TO STATE
I MISS THEM SOMETHING ROTTEN.

DODGER: WE HAD A GOOD THING GOING FOR US,
FAGIN: BUT THEN IT ALL WENT DOWN THE DRAIN.
BOTH: BUT WHAT THE HECK! LET'S START ALL OVER
AND THE GOOD TIMES WILL COME AGAIN.

(Fagin's old gang of boys appear at the back in spooky lighting, making them almost seem ghosts. As their names are called, they acknowledge by gesture – not too big to distract!)

FAGIN: THERE WAS ME, FAGIN,
DODGER: AND ME, THE ARTFUL DODGER,
FAGIN: THERE WAS JACK THE LAD,
DODGER: AND LITTLE JIM.
FAGIN: THERE WAS BOB, THERE WAS BILL,
DODGER: THERE WAS WALTER, THERE WAS WILL,
BOTH: AND THE GREAT BIG LAD WE CALLED TINY TIM.
FAGIN: THEN YOUNG OLIVER TWIST CAME ALONG,
AND SOMEHOW IT ALL CAME UNSTUCK.
DODGER: IT WEREN'T HIS FAULT THAT THINGS WENT WRONG.
FAGIN: THAT IT WEREN'T,
BOTH: BUT WHEREVER HE IS, WE WISH HIM THE BEST OF LUCK.

WHAT A TEAM WE HAD!
GANG (+ CHOIR): WHAT A TEAM WE HAD!
FAGIN & DODGER: WHAT A DREAM WE HAD...
GANG (+ CHOIR): WHAT A DREAM WE HAD...
DODGER: WE THOUGHT IT WOULD LAST AND LAST
FAGIN: BUT NOW IT'S ALL IN THE PAST.

ALL: WE HAD SOME GOOD TIMES, DIDN'T WE?
WE HAD A GREAT TEAM THAT ALL PULLED TOGETHER.
WE GOT RICHER EACH DAY, WE WERE WELL ON THE WAY
TO BEING THE GREATEST EVER!

DODGER: WE HAD A GOOD THING GOING FOR US,
FAGIN: BUT THEN IT ALL WENT DOWN THE DRAIN.
ALL: BUT WHAT THE HECK! LET'S START ALL OVER
AND THE GOOD TIMES WILL COME AGAIN.
YES, THE GOOD TIMES WILL COME AGAIN.
THE GOOD TIMES WILL COME AGAIN.

(The Gang Exit. Enter Olivia.)

FAGIN: Dodger, do you see what I see?
DODGER: Wot?
FAGIN: That girl? Don't she remind you of someone?
DODGER: Who?
FAGIN: Oliver Twist. Just as green-lookin' as he was when he came to London.
DODGER: Fagin, you ain't thinkin' of usin' A GIRL?
FAGIN: Desperate times demand desperate measures. Let's do it.
DODGER: You're on!

(Fagin & Dodger approach Olivia.)

FAGIN: Hello, child. You look lost.
OLIVIA: I am, sir. I've just come to London.
FAGIN: Then you're a lucky girl to have met us, 'cos wot we don't know about London ain't worth knowing. Poor child, you look cold and hungry.
OLIVIA: That I am, sir.
FAGIN: What's your name, dearie?
OLIVIA: Olivia.
FAGIN: Well, Olivia, how would you like to earn a penny?
OLIVIA: What do I have to do?
FAGIN: I'll give you a simple test. If you pass, there's lots more pennies to be earned.
OLIVIA: What is it? Reading? Arithmetic?
DODGER: Do us a favour. Do we look like teachers?
FAGIN: Look, there's a posh gentleman coming this way. I want you to go up to him and ask the way to Shoreditch.
OLIVIA: I thought you knew everywhere in London.
FAGIN: ***(Momentarily flustered, to Olivia.)*** Er...they've moved it... road works, you know.
OLIVIA: Well, it's a funny sort of test – but all right.

(Enter George Bernard Shaw and Eliza.)

GBS: Thank you, Eliza. I enjoyed our chat, and I have the plot of my new play in my mind. I'm going to call it Pygmalion.
ELIZA: 'Ere! You callin' me a pig?
GBS: ***(With a laugh.)*** No, it's the heroine of a classical legend.
ELIZA: You can't have a title like that. You need somethin' catchy, somethin' the public'll go for.
GBS: Any suggestions?

ELIZA: Somefink to do wiv London. London Bridge is Fallin' Darn – no, that ain't no good...wait, I got it! My Fair Lady!

GBS: My Fair Lady? No commercial value whatsoever...

FAGIN: *(To Olivia)* Go on. Now.

(Olivia approaches GBS.)

OLIVIA: Excuse me, sir.

GBS: Yes, what is it, child?

OLIVIA: Do you know the way to Shoreditch?

GBS: *(As Dodger sidles up to him.)* Shoreditch! I wouldn't want to know the way to Shoreditch. And nobody I know wants to either. I believe it's somewhere in that direction.

(GBS waves his arm vaguely. Dodger, meanwhile has been "picking his pocket". He waves a wallet at Fagin.)

FAGIN: Let's scarpa.

(Fagin & Dodger run off.)

GBS: What the... *(He feels his inside pocket.)* Help! I've been robbed! My wallet's been stolen. *(To Olivia.)* You, child, you're responsible. I shall summon the police.

ELIZA: No, it weren't 'er fault. I saw who did it – it was an old geezer and a young lad.

GBS: She must be their accomplice.

OLIVIA: They gave me a penny to ask you the way. I didn't know they were going to rob you. *(She starts to cry.)* Here, you can have their penny...

(She offers GBS the penny.)

GBS: A penny! There was ten pounds in that wallet. No, this is a case for the police.

ELIZA: 'Old on, Mr. George Bernard High-and-Mighty Shaw. What's your name, girl?

OLIVIA: Olivia.

ELIZA: And 'ow much money you got, Olivia?

OLIVIA: *(Holding up the penny.)* This penny.

ELIZA: Nuffink else?

- OLIVIA:** No. I've just arrived here. I was going to find some work.
- ELIZA:** *(To GBS)* Don'tcha see? This little girl was offering you all she 'ad in the world. If it was the other way rahnd, would you offer 'er all your riches – 'cos I know you're well off, aintcha?
- GBS:** *(To Olivia)* Young lady, I owe you an apology. Here – *(He reaches in an inside pocket, and takes out a wallet.)* Here's a pound for you *(He gives Olivia a pound note)* ...and one for you, Eliza... *(He gives Eliza a pound note.)* I'm afraid I was a crusty old curmudgeon, who jumped to the wrong conclusion.
- ELIZA:** But your wallet – it was nicked. I saw it wiv my own two eyes.
- GBS:** A false one, my dear. I was warned by my friend Oscar Wilde about the danger of pick-pockets.
- ELIZA:** So there weren't a tenner in it?
- GBS:** Just something I couldn't use, which they're welcome to.
- OLIVIA:** What was that?
- GBS:** Two tickets to the Opera. It's Wagner, I believe, and five hours long. I bid you good evening. *(He doffs his hat and exits.)*
- ELIZA:** 'Ere, you hungry?
- OLIVIA:** I could eat a horse.
- ELIZA:** Don't tempt fate. There's many round these parts that do. Look love, I earnt this parnd easy – I'll buy us a slap-up meal.
- OLIVIA:** Oh, that would be lovely – but I'll pay, I've got a pound, too.
- ELIZA:** No, dearie, your need is greater then mine. You got anywhere to stay?
- OLIVIA:** No.
- ELIZA:** Then you can kip wiv me tonight. Ain't no room to swing a cat in my place, but if you don't mind squeezing in...
- OLIVIA:** That's very kind of you, ma'am.
- ELIZA:** Ma'am? Blimey, ain't you polite, girl? You call me Eliza, and I'll call you Olivia. Olivia what, by the way?
- OLIVIA:** St. Francis.
- ELIZA:** Olivia St. Francis? Never 'eard of a name like that before.
- OLIVIA:** I was named after the convent where they brought me when I was a baby.
- ELIZA:** You an orphan, then?

(Olivia nods.)

- ELIZA:** Shame. Even more reason to see you're treated proper. Tomorrow, I'll set you up with Mrs. Dilber. She runs what she calls a Poor School for Girls. She's a kindly old soul, and she sails a bit close to the wind at times, but we all got to make a living, ain't we? Anyway she treats the kids good, don't you worry abart that. Come on, then. Let's go to my place and get changed. I can maybe borrow some clothes for you from

Mrs. Peabody downstairs. Then, Olivia, you and I will ‘ave the best fish an’ chip supper money can buy.

OLIVIA: Do you know what, Eliza?

ELIZA: What?

OLIVIA: I’ve never been this happy in my life before.

ELIZA: Sounds as if you ain’t had much fun, girl.

OLIVIA: I haven’t.

ELIZA: Well, it’s about time you did. Tell you wot – after we’ve had the grub, I’ll take yer to the Music Hall. Let’s go, Olivia – you and I are going to take the tarn by storm tonight.

(They exit. Enter Lamplighter, Fagin & Dodger.)

LAMPLIGHTER: Evenin’, Fagin. Wotcher, Dodger.

DODGER: Hello, Charley. Nights are drawing in.

LAMPLIGHTER: So they are. Same number of lamps to light, though.

FAGIN: It’s a hard life. *(To Dodger.)* Hard for us, too, Dodger. An empty wallet. Never had that happen before. It’s an embarrassment to a man of my professional stature, that’s what it is.

DODGER: Not quite empty, Fagin. *(He holds up two tickets.)* Look, two tickets to the opera.

FAGIN: Yes, but no money. Bloke must be skint.

DODGER: Can’t be skint if he can afford these. May as well use them.

FAGIN: You mean flog them? Now you’re talking.

DODGER: No, not flog ‘em. Use ‘em properly.

FAGIN: You don’t mean...?

(Dodger nods and points to the Opera House.)

FAGIN: But you don’t like opera. I don’t like opera. Nobody likes opera.

DODGER: Some people must, uvverwise it wouldn’t be full every night. Come on, Fagin, it won’t cost us. Who knows, it might be fun – and how do you know you don’t like it if you ain’t tried it?

FAGIN: I met an opera singer once.

DODGER: Oh, yeah? Wot was he like? Did he throw tantrums and spit his dummy out, like I’ve heard they do?

FAGIN: How should I know? He was Italian. Couldn’t understand a bloomin’ word he said. Seemed a nice enough bloke, though. But I did hear he had a tragic accident on stage.

DODGER: Go on! Serious, was it?

**ALL EXCEPT
LAMPLIGHTER:** WE'VE BEEN TO THE OPERA.
FOUR HOURS AND A HALF!
URGHHH
DURING ALL THE OPERA
THERE WAS NOT A SINGLE LAUGH.
EXCEPT WHEN DURING THE ARIA
THE TENOR TRIPPED AND FELL.
AND HE LANDED ON TOP OF THE FAT LADY,
WHICH WAS PROBABLY JUST AS WELL!

(Enter FAGIN & DODGER. Fagin is bored stiff; Dodger is enthusiastically transported.)

(Dialogue over music)

FAGIN: Dodger, I've lost the will to live.
DODGER: I loved it. Best fing I've ever seen. I've made me mind up – I want to be a singer.
FAGIN: Yeah – and I want to be a ballet dancer.
DODGER: I'm serious, Fagin. I'm going to be a famous singer. From now on it's goodbye to a life of dishonesty.
FAGIN: But, Dodger, I can only do dishonest. I ain't suited to anything else.
DODGER: You can be my agent.
FAGIN: Now you're talkin'!

ALL: *(Sung)* AND THE OPERA WASN'T OVER
'TIL THE FAT LADY SANG.
AND HERE SHE IS!

(Enter THE FAT LADY (padded). She can be dressed very Wagnerian – breast plate, spear, helmet with horns, etc.)

FAT LADY: LA, LA, LA, LA, LA , LA
LA, LA, LA, LA, L-AAAAA
LA, LA, LA, LA, LA , LA
L-AAAAA

ALL: AND THE EVENING IS FINALLY OVER NOW THE
FAT LADY'S SUNG!

(End of Scene Three.)

(N.B. There can now be an interval.)

SCENE FOUR: MRS. DILBER'S POOR SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

(Mrs. Dilber is discovered with her girls.)

MRS. D: Good morning, girls.

THE GIRLS: Good morning, Mrs. Dilber.

MRS. D: Are you ready for today's lesson in life, and how to cope with it?

GIRL 1: I think we know it off by heart now, Mrs. Dilber.

MRS. D: Good. Then you won't have any trouble repeating it. Are you all ready?

THE GIRLS: Yes, Mrs. Dilber.

(Enter Eliza.)

ALL GIRLS: Eliza!

(They all rush up to her and give her a cuddle, like old friends.)

MRS. D: Girls, let Eliza breathe.

(The Girls retreat.)

MRS. D: What can I do for you, Eliza? It's not the day for your lesson.

ELIZA: *(Calls out.)* Olivia!

(Enter Olivia.)

ELIZA: Olivia is a particular friend of mine, Mrs. Dilber, and I'd like you to take 'er in.

MRS. D: For you, Eliza, anything. Hello Olivia, and welcome to Mrs. Dilber's Poor School for Girls. I, of course, am Mrs. Dilber, and these are my girls. Say hello to Olivia, girls.

ALL GIRLS: Hello, Olivia.

OLIVIA: I think I'm going to like it here.

ELIZA: Of course you will, otherwise I wouldn't 'ave brung you. Nar, you will come and see me, won't you?

OLIVIA: You know I will.

ELIZA: And I'll see you wiv the other girls when I come to teach my weekly lesson.

OLIVIA: What is it you teach, Eliza?

ELIZA: Elocution and English Language, like wot is spoke by our own dear

Queen. Must be off. Got a living to make. 'Bye, Olivia.

OLIVIA: Goodbye, Eliza.

ELIZA: 'Bye, Mrs. D.

MRS. D: 'Bye, Eliza.

ELIZA: 'Bye, girls.

GIRLS: 'Bye, Eliza.

(Eliza exits.)

MRS. D: Well, girls, let's make our latest arrival feel at home. Make friends with her, and tell her what we do here.

(The Girls cluster round Olivia.)

GIRL 2: We get up about seven. Those of us who sleep here.

GIRL 3: We have milk and bread and jam for breakfast.

GIRL 4: Then we have a couple of hours of lessons.

GIRL 1: Reading, writing, arithmetic.

GIRL 2: History, geography.

OLIVIA: And elocution and English Language?

GIRL 1: Like wot is spoke by our own dear Queen.

(All laugh.)

GIRL 3: Then there are useful skills, like housework.

GIRL 4: And cooking.

GIRL 1: And knitting and sewing.

OLIVIA: Oh, not sewing – I'm useless at it.

GIRL 2: What are you good at, Olivia?

OLIVIA: Singing.

GIRL 3: Well, that's a new one. We don't learn that here.

GIRL 4: Perhaps you could teach us.

OLIVIA: I'd love to.

MRS. D: Alright, girls, stop your chattering, while I have a few words with our new pupil. Well, Olivia, what do you think?

OLIVIA: It's lovely. I'm going to enjoy it here. But how do you do it? It must cost a bit to run.

MRS. D: I was coming to that. We ain't a charitable institution, and we have to earn our own keep. There's lessons in the morning, and the rest of the day you earn the dosh. We got a laundry, which brings in a fair income,

and some of the girls muck in.

GIRL 1:

Some of us do mending and darning.

GIRL 2:

Some of us make clothes and ladies' hats for sale.

MRS. D:

Some are in part-time service with the gentry, or work in shops. Others go out collecting for charity.

OLIVIA:

What charity?

MRS. D:

The charity that begins at home, dearie. Everyone hands over what they earn, be it a penny or a pound. Half goes to the upkeep of this place, I takes my cut, and the rest is for the girls. Are you happy with that?

OLIVIA:

That sounds more than fair.

MRS. D:

Seems that Olivia wants to join us, girls. *(The girls cheer.)* Now, we'll have to decide what work she's suited for.

GIRL 3:

She says she's good at singing.

MRS. D:

Is she now? Alright, then, Olivia, let's hear you.

OLIVIA:

You mean sing? Now?

ALL GIRLS:

(Starting a chant.) Sing...sing...sing ...sing...sing...sing.

OLIVIA:

Very well. Just a simple little tune. I only know a few of the words, but I can "La" the bits I don't know.

TRACK 9:

IF THERE'S A STAR

OLIVIA:

IF THERE'S A STAR TO WISH UPON,
LA, LA, LA, LA....., LA, LA.....
LA, LA, LA, LA.....
LA, LA, LA, LA.....
LA, LA....., LA....., LA, LA.....

IF THERE'S A STAR TO DREAM UPON,
LA, LA, LA, LA....., LA, LA.....
LA, LA, LA, LA....., LA
LA....., LA, LA.....,
I HOPE ALL YOUR DREAMS COME TRUE.

MRS. D:

That's lovely. Olivia. Wasn't that nice, girls?

(The Girls agree.)

MRS. D:

I ain't never had to place a singer before, but I'll ask around. In the meantime, why don't you join our charity team.

(Some Girls cheer.)

MRS. D: Belle, Belinda, Little Dorrit, step forward.

(Girls 1-3 step forward.)

MRS. D: These are the girls that work the East End, and very well they do, too.

GIRL 2: Loadsamoney!

(All laugh.)

MRS. D: But you're such a good team I don't want to split you up.

(Girls 1-3 return to where they came from.)

MRS. D: Olivia, you'd better join Emily and Charlotte.

(Emily and Charlotte come forward.)

MRS. D: They work the West End.

EMILY: People are richer in the West End.

CHARLOTTE: And meaner. It's really tough getting money out of them.

OLIVIA: We'll have to be even tougher, then.

(All cheer.)

MRS. D: I think you're going to do well here, Olivia. Emily, Charlotte, where's your pitch today?

EMILY: Covent Garden.

MRS. D: Good. You can take Olivia with you, and teach her the business.

OLIVIA: Covent Garden? That means I'll see Eliza again.

MRS. D: Don't spend too long chatting with her. She's a terrible gossip, is Eliza. Come on, everyone, to work. No, darn it, it's Sunday tomorrow, let's all have a holiday!

(All cheer.)

MRS. D: I don't know – you've only been here ten minutes, Olivia, and already you've got me to give us a holiday. But what the heck - we've had a good week, so we can afford a little break. We'll start again on Monday - but first, as Olivia wasn't here for it, let's repeat today's lesson.

TRACK 10:**THAT'S LIFE!**

MRS. D: TODAY'S LESSON ISN'T READING OR WRITING OR ARITHMETIC.
TODAY'S LESSON IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN THAT.
IT'S HOW TO GET BY IN LIFE, AND I THINK YOU'LL AGREE WITH ME,
YOU'VE GOT TO BE PREPARED OR LIFE WILL KNOCK YOU FLAT!

LIFE IS A SHAM, IT'S A SCAM,
IT'S A SCRAMBLE TO SURVIVE.

GIRLS: THAT'S LIFE!

MRS. D: LIFE IS A TRICK, IF YOU'RE SLICK
AND YOU'RE QUICK YOU'LL STAY ALIVE.

GIRLS: THAT'S LIFE!

MRS. D: YOU NEED SOME LUCK, IF YOU'RE STUCK.
YOU MUST DUCK AND YOU MUST DIVE.

GIRLS: THAT'S LIFE!

MRS. D: LIVING ON THE EDGE OF A KNIFE,

ALL: THAT'S LIFE!

GIRLS: THAT'S LIFE! THAT'S LIFE!
YOU'VE GOT TO HAVE A PLAN.
FOR LIFE. YES, LIFE
WILL DO YOU DOWN IF IT CAN.
IN LIFE, IN LIFE, THE WINNER TAKES ALL.
GRAB IT, OR YOU'RE HEADING FOR A FALL.
THAT'S LIFE!

MRS. D:
LIFE IS A SHAM, IT'S A SCAM,
IT'S A SCRAMBLE TO SURVIVE.
THAT'S LIFE!
LIFE IS A TRICK, IF YOU'RE SLICK
AND YOU'RE QUICK
YOU'LL STAY ALIVE.
THAT'S LIFE!
YOU NEED SOME LUCK,
IF YOU'RE STUCK,
YOU MUST DUCK
AND YOU MUST DIVE.
THAT'S LIFE!
LIVING ON THE EDGE OF A KNIFE,

THAT'S LIFE! THAT'S LIFE!

GIRLS:
THAT'S LIFE! THAT'S LIFE!

YOU'VE GOT TO HAVE A PLAN.
FOR LIFE. YES, LIFE

WILL DO YOU DOWN IF IT CAN.

IN LIFE, IN LIFE,

THE WINNER TAKES ALL.
GRAB IT, OR YOU'RE
HEADING FOR A FALL.
THAT'S LIFE! THAT'S LIFE!

MRS. D: GOT TO GET A GRIP ON IT,
OR YOU'LL TRIP AND SLIP ON IT.

ALL: THAT'S LIFE! THAT'S LIFE!

SCENE FIVE:**COVENT GARDEN**

(The Flower-Sellers are in their usual places, except Annie, who is absent.)

ELIZA: Where's Annie?
DORIS: I live in the next room to her, and I heard a terrible crash early this morning.
FLO: What happened?
DORIS: She fell downstairs, and bumped her head.
FLO: Poor fmg!
DORIS: She says she'll be along as soon as her headache wears off.
QUEENIE: Wish my headache would wear off – but he was snoring when I left him this morning!

(All cackle/laugh.)

FLO: Oh look, here comes Annie now.

(Annie joins them, with her basket of flowers.)

ELIZA: How are you feeling, love? Heard you had a little accident.
ANNIE: Oh. I'm alright – just a little fuzzy.
QUEENIE: Was you knocked out, dearie?
ANNIE: Yes – and the funny thing was, when I came round, it was as if I wasn't in my own home. I was lying in a field somewhere, and there was fire, and lots of smoke, and people shouting... and a baby crying.
DORIS: You must 'ave bin dreaming.
ANNIE: No – it was too real for a dream.
ELIZA: You know what you've had – a flashback.
ANNIE: What?
ELIZA: You got a bump on the head – and it's started bringing back memories.
FLO: Maybe it's cured your ambrosia.
QUEENIE: Amnesia.
ELIZA: Who knows, dearie. And if you do start getting more flashbacks, I know just the person to take you to - a detective who can find out who you really are.
ANNIE: Won't that cost a lot of money?
ELIZA: Nar. He owes me a favour. Anything else come back to you?
ANNIE: Just a little tune. *(She "La"s the first 8 bars of Song 9: If There's A Star.)*

DORIS: That's nice, dearie.
QUEENIE: Ain't you got a luvverly voice?
ELIZA: I ain't never heard that song before? What is it?
ANNIE: I don't know. Just kind of came into my head. I know there are some words to it, too, but I can't remember them.
FLO: They'll maybe come back to you when you start getting over your aspidistra.
ELIZA, QU. & DORIS: Amnesia!
ELIZA: Come on, Annie, I'll take you to him now. It's a bit of a trek to Baker Street, so we'll get a cab.
ANNIE: That'll cost a fortune.
ELIZA: No, dearie, I'll get Billy Archer the cabbie to take us. He owes me a favour.
QUEENIE: Strikes me half of London owes you a favour, Eliza.
ELIZA: Three-quarters, Queenie, three-quarters.

(Eliza & Annie exit.)

(Enter Olivia, Emily & Charlotte, with collecting tins.)

FLO: Hello, girls, what are you up to?
EMILY: Collecting for charity.
CHARLOTTE: But we don't want any money from you.
OLIVIA: It wouldn't be fair – the charity we're collecting for is ourselves.
QUEENIE: Good luck to yer – you'll need it.
FLO: You'll have a tough time getting money off the rich folks round here.
DORIS: They're as tight as a duck's...bottom.
OLIVIA: We'll see. Here comes a crowd now. Emily, Charlotte, show me how it's done.

(Enter a Crowd. Emily & Charlotte rattle their tins, calling out "Charity", to no effect. In the Crowd, un-noticed by Olivia, are Fagin & The Artful Dodger.)

OLIVIA: You'll have to do better than that, girls. Let me show you.

TRACK 11:**THE CHARITY RAG**

(As Olivia starts singing, the Crowd, who'd previously ignored Emily & Charlotte, immediately start paying attention.)

OLIVIA: IF YOU'VE GOT CASH, WHY GO AND HOARD IT?
GIVE US A COIN, YOU CAN AFFORD IT.
THERE IS NOTHING QUITE LIKE THE CHARITY RAG.

EMILY: BURNING AN 'OLE, THERE IN YOUR POCKET,
THINK OF THE GOOD IF YOU UNLOCK IT.
THEN YOU CAN BE PART OF THE CHARITY RAG.

CHARLOTTE: DRAGGED FROM RELUCTANT WALLETS,
YOU MAY THINK IT'S LIKE STEALING.
BUT THERE IS NOTHING LIKE
THAT VERY SPECIAL WARM-HEARTED FEELING

OLIVIA: WHEN YOU HAVE HELPED SOMEONE WHO'S NEEDY.
YOU'LL FEEL SO GOOD.

EMILY: O, YES, INDEED-Y!
THEN YOU CAN ENJOY THE CHARITY RAG!

ALL 3: IF YOU'VE GOT CASH, WHY GO AND HOARD IT?
GIVE US A COIN, YOU CAN AFFORD IT.
THERE IS NOTHING QUITE LIKE THE CHARITY RAG.
BURNING A HOLE, THERE IN YOUR POCKET,
THINK OF THE GOOD IF YOU UNLOCK IT.
THEN YOU CAN BE PART OF THE CHARITY RAG.

EMILY & CHARLOTTE: DRAGGED FROM RELUCTANT WALLETS,
YOU MAY THINK IT'S LIKE STEALING.
BUT THERE IS NOTHING LIKE
THAT VERY SPECIAL WARM-HEARTED FEELING

ALL 3: WHEN YOU HAVE HELPED SOMEONE WHO'S NEEDY.
YOU'LL FEEL SO GOOD. O, YES, INDEED-Y!
THEN YOU CAN ENJOY THE CHARITY RAG,
THE CHARITY RAG!

OLIVIA: DON'T YOU FEEL MUCH BETTER
GIVING SOMEONE A CHANCE.
AND NOW YOU'RE IN THE MOOD,
EVERYONE COME ON AND DANCE.

(Emily, Charlotte & Olivia, dance round the Crowd, collecting. The Crowd is so swept up by their sheer bravado that they put lots of money in the tins – coins, even notes.)

ALL 3: DRAGGED FROM RELUCTANT WALLETS,
YOU MAY THINK IT'S LIKE STEALING.
BUT THERE IS NOTHING LIKE
THAT VERY SPECIAL WARM-HEARTED FEELING

CROWD: WHEN WE HAVE HELPED SOMEONE WHO'S NEEDY.
WE FEEL SO GOOD. O, YES, INDEED-Y!
AND WE CAN ENJOY THE CHARITY RAG.

THE 3 GIRLS: THE CHARITY RAG!

ALL: YEAH!

EMILY: Golly, Olivia, we've never collected so much before.

CHARLOTTE: We've taken more in three minutes than we usually take in a week.

OLIVIA: We're not finished yet. Here comes somebody else.

(Enter Scrooge. Olivia goes up to him, shaking her tin.)

QUEENIE: No use trying him, dearie. He's Ebenezer Scrooge.

(The Crowd gasps.)

OLIVIA: I don't care if he's the Frankenstein monster – he can still cough up. **(To Scrooge)** Mr. Scrooge, I'm sure you want to join all these good people in giving to charity.

SCROOGE: Charity! Humbug!

OLIVIA: You can't mean that, I'm sure. Think of all the poor and destitute, who suffer so greatly.

SCROOGE: Are there no prisons? Are there no workhouses?

OLIVIA: There are, indeed sir. But many would rather die than go there.

SCROOGE: Then they had better do so, and decrease the surplus population.

(Another gasp from all.)

OLIVIA: You, sir, are a disgrace, and you need to be taught a lesson, and I'm sure you will be one day. You may be determined to hang on to your money, but I'm just as determined to relieve you of it.

SCROOGE: Young lady, no-one has ever had the effrontery to talk to me like that. I like you, and I admire your nerve. You remind me of myself when young. Therefore, I'm about to do something I have never done before, and don't intend to do in the future. Here's a penny.

(He puts a penny in her tin. The Crowd reacts in disbelief.)

OLIVIA: Just a penny?

(She rattles the tin under his nose.)

SCROOGE: Very well. Another sixpence.

(He puts a sixpence in her tin. Again the Crowd reacts.)

OLIVIA: Sixpence? Someone as rich as yourself – a mere sixpence!

SCROOGE: Young lady, your persistence is commendable – but beginning to annoy me. Let this be the last, do you hear –

(He puts another coin in her tin.)

SCROOGE: Here's a florin.

(The Crowd cheers. Scrooge addresses them.)

SCROOGE: And if any of you lot let on about this to my business associates, I'll... I'll... I'll cancel Christmas!

(All laugh and then, except Olivia, Fagin, and the Artful Dodger, exit.)

DODGER: Well, if it ain't little Olivia.

OLIVIA: You! You nearly got me into big trouble.

FAGIN: Them disreputable days are behind us, dearie, and indirectly, it's darn to you. Much to the disgust and despair of the criminal underworld, we've retired and gone straight. And as luck would 'ave it, it turns out Dodger 'ere has been blessed wiv this natural gift for the thespian arts.

DODGER: Do what?

FAGIN: The stage, Dodger, the stage. He's also got this great singin' voice, too. Gilbert & Sullivan heard him at it, and straightway they cast him in a new little piece they're tryin' art.

OLIVIA: Well, I'm very glad to hear it.

FAGIN: We couldn't 'elp hear you singin' just now, and you're just the person we need.

DODGER: You see, Gilbert & Sullivan are lookin' for a girl just like you for the show. It's called "Trial By Judge" and they're looking for someone to play The Daughter.

OLIVIA: I don't know. I love singing, but I'd have to ask Mrs. Dilber...

FAGIN: Mrs. Dilber? I know the old bag – pardon me, the dear lady.

DODGER: We can swing it with her – besides there's money in it for you.
FAGIN: I only take ten percent for discovering you, dearie. I take ten percent of Dodger here, too.
DODGER:* Pity you can't take ten percent of yourself, too.
FAGIN:* Seems I'm perfect for the part of the Judge. Who'd have thought it – Fagin being a Judge!

(N.B. These two lines* cut if someone else plays the Judge.)

DODGER: Well, Olivia, what do you say?
OLIVIA: If it's all right with Mrs. Dilber, yes. I'd love to do it.
FAGIN: Attagirl! Come on, then, let's have a chat with her.
DODGER: Then we'll introduce you to Gilbert and Sullivan.

(They exit.)

(End of Scene Five.)

HOLMES: Hmmm. Interesting. Not the usual kind of case I take on, but a challenge, none the less. Tell me, Annie, is there anything at all you can remember?

ANNIE: This morning I got this flashback of me, lying in a field, with smoke and noise, a baby crying, and bits of metal everywhere.

ELIZA: You never told me about the metal, Annie.

ANNIE: It's just come back to me.

HOLMES: And how long have you had this memory loss, Annie?

ANNIE: For ten years, near enough. The first thing I can remember is waking up in hospital. Before that that everything's a blank.

WATSON: Post traumatic shock syndrome.

ELIZA: 'Ere – watch your language, Doctor. Ladies present.

HOLMES: *(Laughs)* A purely medical term, my dear. The good doctor is probably correct in his diagnosis. And where was this hospital, Annie?

ANNIE: In Stockport.

HOLMES: *(Decisively)* Come, Watson.

WATSON: Where are we going?

HOLMES: To the offices of "The Times". There we shall look up all the back pages of ten years ago, and see if there are any clues in those esteemed pages. Eliza, Annie, stay as long as you like. I'm sure Mrs. Hudson will be only too pleased to offer you some tea and cakes.

(He exits. Watson follows, but pauses at the exit.)

WATSON: Mrs. Hudson's Victoria sponges are superb. *(He exits.)*

ELIZA: Well, Annie, we have the best detective in the world on your case. If he can't find out who you are, no-one can.

ANNIE: Oh, I hope he can, Eliza.

ELIZA: Come on, let's have some tea and Victoria sponge.

ANNIE: I'll join you in a minute.

(Eliza exits.)

TRACK 12:

WHO AM I?

(N.B. If cloths are used, bring them in now to help facilitate scene change.)

ANNIE: WHO AM I? I WISH I KNEW.
WHO AM I? WHAT CAN I DO
TO FIND THE PERSON YOU SEE,
TO FIND THE SOMEONE WHO'S ME?
WHO AM I! WHAT WAS MY PAST?
DID GOOD THINGS EVER COME MY WAY?
THE YEARS MAY HAVE GONE, BUT STILL I'LL CARRY ON
'TIL I FIND OUT WHO AM I SOME DAY.

(Blackout. Exit Annie.)

(L/X spot on downstage corner into which a Girl enters carrying a placard which reads The Savoy Theatre.)

PLACARD GIRL: And now over to the Savoy Theatre for the final scene of "Trial By Judge" ***(She exits.)***

(End of Scene Six.)

SCENE SEVEN: THE SAVOY THEATRE (ON STAGE)

(The Chorus are discovered – (not the Flower-Sellers, Holmes, Watson, etc.))

TRACK 13: HERE COMES THE JUDGE

USHER: HERE COMES THE JUDGE.
 ALL BE UPSTANDING.

(All rise as the Judge makes a stately entrance and takes his seat.)

(USHER): AND THOUGH THE JUDGE HAS NO UNDERSTANDING
 OF THE WRONG-DOER'S MENTALITY,
 IT MATTERS NOT A JOT.

CHORUS: FOR THE JUDGE WILL FIND HIM GUILTY,
 WHETHER GUILTY OR NOT!

JUDGE: *(Fagin or other.)* Bring in the defendant.

USHER: Bring in the defendant!

(Enter a Police Constable with the Criminal (Dodger.))

JUDGE: Constable, what is the defendant charged with?

CONSTABLE: Before I speak, I'd like to say something.

JUDGE: Proceed.

CONSTABLE: The defendant has asked for three hundred and forty seven other offences to be taken into consideration. They include burglary, fraud, pick-pocketing, breaking and entering, safe-cracking and highway robbery.

JUDGE: Minor misdemeanours. Fined, one penny. Constable, what is the offence for which he was arrested?

CONSTABLE: Last night I was proceeding in a south-easterly direction when I observed the defendant under a lamp, eating an apple. When he had finished consuming the said fruit, he dropped the core on the ground!

(Gasps of horror all round.)

JUDGE: You mean to say he littered the streets of our fair city?

CONSTABLE: Yes, M'Lud.

JUDGE: This is definitely a hanging offence. Prisoner in the dock, how do you plead?

CRIMINAL: In a grovelling manner.

JUDGE: Before I sentence you for such a heinous crime, have you anything to say in your defence?

CRIMINAL: Not 'alf!

TRACK 14: **THE CRIMINAL'S SONG**

CRIMINAL: I WAS A CRACKING CREDIT TO THE CRIMINAL COMMUNITY,
WHERE POCKETS COULD BE PICKED,
I PICKED AT EVERY OPPORTUNITY.
THOUGH YOU MAY BE INCLINED TO INCREMENTAL INCREDULITY,
I WAS A CRACKING CREDIT TO THE CRIMINAL COMMUNITY!

CHORUS: HE WAS A CRACKING CREDIT TO THE CRIMINAL COMMUNITY!

CRIMINAL: MY OCCUPATION KEPT ME FIT, AS IT WAS FAR FROM SEDENT'RY.
ALTHOUGH IT MAY BE MUCH DESPISED
BY PERSONS PRONE TO PEDANTRY.
I WENT ABOUT MY BUSINESS
WITH A JOKE AND WITH A PLEASANTRY.
MY VICTIMS NEVER ASKED ME TO
RETURN THE GIFTS THEY LENT TO ME!

CHORUS: HIS VICTIMS NEVER ASKED HIM TO
RETURN THE GIFTS THEY LENT TO HE!

CRIMINAL: *(Slower)* IF I COULD FIND A WAY TO GIVE MY FAMILY SECURITY,
UNDOUBTEDLY I WOULD BECOME A PARAGON OF PURITY.
ALTHOUGH I MAY HAVE LED A LIFE THAT'S
BEEN ALLIED TO LAWLESSNESS...

(Spoken, searching for the rhyme.) Lawlessness...lawlessness...ah, yes!

(Sings) I PROMISE TO BECOME A MODEL CITIZEN,
WELL, MORE OR LESS!

CHORUS: *(Gradually speeding up to original tempo)*
HE PROMISES TO BE A MODEL CITIZEN, WELL MORE OR LESS,
HE PROMISES TO BE A MODEL CITIZEN, WELL MORE OR LESS,
HE PROMISES TO BE A MODEL CITIZEN, WELL MORE OR LESS,
WELL MORE OR LESS, WELL MORE OR LESS,
WELL MORE OR MORE OR MORE OR LESS!

CRIMINAL: *(Original tempo)*
I KNOW I COULD BECOME A USEFUL MEMBER OF SOCIETY, AND
LEAD A BLAMELESS LIFE, WITHOUT A MOMENT'S IMPROPRIETY.
FOR ONCE AND ALL I SWEAR THAT I COULD GIVE UP CRIMINALITY,
AND MY CAREER WILL BE CONCLUDED WITH COMPLETE FINALITY!

CHORUS: YES, HIS CAREER WILL BE CONCLUDED
WITH COMPLETE FINALITY!
WITH COMPLETE FINALITY, FINALITY, FINALITY!