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Oliver Twist

By Charles Dickens

For what we are about to receive
may the Lord make us thankful.

Amen.

It's all over,
Mrs. Thingummy.

The old story.

No wedding ring, I see.

Good night.

Pray come in, sir.

Thank you, ma'am.

- May I?

- Thank you, ma'am.

- Thank you, sir.

- Ahhh.

This is indeed a pleasure, sir.

Now, you mustn't be faint
at what I'm going to say.

You've had a long walk,
or I wouldn't mention it.

Will you take a little drop
of something, Mr. Bumble?

- Not a drop.

- Just a little drop...

with a little hot water
and a lump of sugar.

- What is it?

- I'll not deceive you, Mr. B.

It's gin.

I'm obliged to keep a little
in the 'ouse...

to put in the infants' daffy
when they ain't well.

You're a very humane woman,
Mrs. Corney.

I shall take an early opportunity of
mentioning it to the Board, Mrs. Corney.

Thank you, sir.

I drink to your health
with cheerfulness, Mrs. Corney.

We are forgetting
business, ma'am.

The child that was half baptized
Oliver Twist is nine year old today.

He's the worst disposed

boy I ever did see.

Small wonder. We've never been able to discover his parentage.

- How come that he has a name, then?

- I invented it.

- You, Mr. Bumble?

- I, Mrs. Corney.

I name all our foundlings in alphabetical order.

The last was an "S."

"Swabble" I named him.

This was a "T."

"Twist" I named him.

Why, you're quite a literary character, sir.

Well, well, perhaps

I may be, Mrs. Corney.

Perhaps I may be.

Now, let me see the boy.

Twist!

Come here!

Make a bow

to the gentleman.

You're to come along with me, boy.

You're to be presented to the Board.

Gentlemen, it is

my considered opinion...

that our charity

is being presumed upon.

- Here, here.

- Here, here.

This workhouse has become a place of entertainment for the poorer classes.

Gentlemen, it is our duty

to set this to rights.

- We'll stop it in no time.

- Here, here.

Come in.

Case number six.

Bow to the Board.

What's your name, boy?

Oliver.

Oliver Twist, sir.

Do you know

it's your birthday?

- No, sir.

- Boy's a fool.

Boy, listen to me.

You know you're an orphan.

What is that, sir?

- Boy's a fool. I thought he was.

- Hush.

You know you've got no father or mother
and were brought up by the parish.

- Don't you?

- Yes, sir.

I hope you say

your prayers every night.

Yes, sir.

And pray for the people who
feed you and take care of you.

Yes, sir.

Well, you're going to be educated
and taught a useful trade.

You'll begin to pick oakum

tomorrow morning at 6:00.

For this abounding provision,

O Lord, we thank thee.

Amen.

Please, sir,

I want some more.

- What?

- What?

- What?

- Asked for more?

- Ah, good morning, Mr. Bumble, sir.

- Good morning.

I've just taken the measure
of the two women that died last night.

Coffins are looking up,

Mr. Sowerberry.

Ah, thank you.

You'll make your fortune,

Mr. Sowerberry.

The prices allowed by the Board
are very small, Mr. Bumble.

So are the coffins.

Well, well, Mr. Bumble,

there's no denying that.

- But we must have some profit.

- Oh, is that so?

By the way, you don't know
of anybody who wants a boy, do you?

A parochial apprentice.

Liberal terms, Mr. Sowerberry.

Liberal terms.

I'll take him.

- Oliver.

- Yes, sir?

Pull that cap off your eye.

And hold your head up some.

Be good enough to tell Mr. Sowerberry
that the beadle is here.

Oh, please do come in, sir.

Is that you, Mr. Bumble?

No one else, Mr. Sowerberry.

Here, I brought the boy.

Ah.

- So this is the boy, is it?

- Yes, sir.

Who's that?

My dear, this is the boy
from the workhouse I told you of.

He's very small.

He is rather small, ma'am.

He is small,

there's no denying it.

But he'll grow,

Mrs. Sowerberry.

I dare say he will,

on our food and our drink.

There, get downstairs,

little bag of bones.

Charlotte!

Yes, ma'am?

Give the boy some of the cold bits
put by for Trip.

Yes, ma'am.

I suppose you're

the new boy, ain't ya?

Yes, sir.

- There you are.

- Oh, thank you, ma'am.
On the box, Workhouse.
On the box.
Workhouse,
do you know who I am?
No, sir.
I'm Mr. Noah Claypole.
And you're under me,
so don't you forget it.
No, sir.
- Are you done?
- Yes, ma'am.
Then come with me.
Come on. Get up.
Your bed's under the counter.
- You don't mind, I suppose?
- No, ma'am.
Doesn't much matter
whether you do or you don't,
for you can't sleep
anywhere else.
Here. Take this.
Get in here.
A very good-looking boy,
that, my dear.
He need be.
He eats enough.
There's an expression of melancholy
in his face, my dear,
which is very interesting.
- Well?
- He'd make a delightful mute, my love.
I don't mean a regular mute
to attend grown-up people, my dear,
but only for children's
practice.
Depend upon it. It would
have a most superb effect.
Do you want a coffin?
I'll fetch the missus.
No. No, no.
I want to see the boy.
Who? Workhouse?
He's on the job.

Who are you?
I knew his mother.
Nursed her when she died.
Died in the workhouse, eh?
I haven't got much time.
I've got to see him.
Missus! Charlotte!
Missus!
Come in.
How is she
this evening?
She hasn't much
strength left in her.
She's troubled in her mind.
And when the fits aren't on...
and that's not often...
she keeps saying
she's got something to tell.
She wants to see the matron.
You'd better fetch her.
Come in.
Yes?
If you please, mistress,
old Sally's a-going fast.
Well, what's that to me?
I can't keep her alive, can I?
She says she's got something
to tell that you must hear.
She'll never die quiet
until you come, mistress.
- Did she say any more, Martha dear?
- Not a word.
- Cold night, Mrs. Corney.
- Very cold indeed, sir.
If you have to wait long,
I shall be surprised.
Put the light on the floor.
She won't see it there.
- Good night, sir.
- Good night.
It won't be long, mistress.
None of us have to wait long.
It'll come soon enough
for us all.

- Who's that?
- Hush, hush.
- Who's that?
- Lie down, dear. Lie down.
Come here.
Come here.
- Listen.
- Yes?
In this very room,
in this very bed...
I once nursed a pretty,
young creature.
She gave birth
to a boy and died.
Go on. Yes?
They would have treated
him better if they'd have known it all.
Known what?
Let me think.
It was the year...
Never mind about the year.
What about him?
Aye, what about him?
What about...
I know. Uh...
- Turn them away.
- Mrs. Annie, dear.
- Make haste. Make haste.
- Get out! Go on! Get out! Hurry!
Get out!
Right. Go on.
What?
- Stone dead.
- What was it, mistress?
Nothing. Nothing to tell
after all. Nothing.
Come up and sit
by the fire, Noah dear.
Oliver, shut that door
behind Mr. Noah's back.
I saved a nice bit of bacon from the
master's breakfast for you, Noah dear.
Oliver, here's your tea,
and take them bits.

And make haste, 'cause
they want you to mind shop.
- D'you hear?
- D'you hear, Workhouse?
Workhouse,
how's your mother?
- She's dead.
- What'd she die of, Workhouse?
They said she died of a broken heart.
What set you a-sniveling?
- Not you.
- Oh, not me, eh?
No, not you. You'd better
stop saying things about my mother.
"Better stop." Workhouse,
don't be impudent.
You know, Workhouse,
your mother must have been
a regular, right-down bad 'un.
What did you say?
A regular, right-down
bad 'un, Workhouse.
And it's a great deal better,
Workhouse, that she died when she did,
or else she'd have been doing
hard labor in Bridewell.
Or transported or hung, which is
more likely than either, isn't it?
Stop it!
Sorry! Help!
Help me!
- Noah!
- Charlotte! Help! Charlotte!
No, no! Help!
Oliver!
Help! Aaah!
- The coal hole!
- No!
Yes! Get him in!
You little villain, you.
I'll kill you!
So long!
Oh! Noah!
Yes, ma'am?

Fetch the beadle.

Well, ma'am!

Where is this audacious
young savage?

Let me out! Let me out!

Let me out! Let me out!

- Oliver.

- Yes?

Do you know

this here voice, sir?

Yes!

Ain't you afraid of it, sir?

Ain't you a-trembling
while I speak, sir?

No!

Let me out!

Let me out! Let...

The boy must be mad!

It's not madness, ma'am.

It's meat.

- Let me out! Let me out!

- What?

Meat, ma'am. If you'd kept the boy on
gruel, this would never have happened.

What's the meaning of this?

Young Twist has turned
vicious, sir.

- Tried to murder me, sir.

- He nearly killed the missus!

- You're a nice young fellow, ain't ya?

- He said things about my mother.

- By all accounts, she deserved them!

- That's a lie!

Don't spare him, now.

Don't spare him.

Get up to bed.

He comes from a bad
family, sir.

Excitable natures,

Mrs. Sowerberry.

That mother of his made her way
here against difficulties and pain...
that would have killed
any well-disposed woman weeks before.

My parochial apologies, sir.
Twenty guineas, sir!
Twenty guineas. Did I hear
twenty-two. Twenty-two guineas, sir.
And it stands at 22!
Time is running out, gentlemen!
- Stayin' in London?
- Yes.
- Got any lodgings?
- No.
- Money?
- No.
- Hungry?
- Yes.
Follow me.
Come here!
- Who's travelin'?
- A new pal.
Come in.
Wait 'ere.
Do you want 'im?
Come on in.
'Ere he is, Fagin.
My friend Oliver Twist.
Very glad to see you, Oliver.
Very. Aren't we, my dears?
- Yes!
- How far have you come?
I've been walking
for seven days.
- Walking for seven days?
- Beak's order, eh?
Do you know what
the beak is, my dear?
A bird's mouth, sir.
Sit down, all of you!
A beak is a magistrate,
my dear.
Dodger, take out
the sausages.
Sit down, Oliver.
There're a great many of them,
ain't there, my dear?
- Yes, sir.

- We just looked them out for the wash.

I hope you've

been at work, Dodger.

I 'ave.

Good boy.

Good boy.

And free wipes.

Ingenious worker,

ain't he, Oliver?

Very indeed, sir.

You'd like to make

pocket handkerchiefs...

as easily as the Artful Dodger,

wouldn't you, my dear?

- Yes, if you teach me, sir.

- We will, my dear, we will.

To work.

Terry, Fred.

Sit down.

Charlie, Dodger.

Oliver.

Oliver.

Clever dogs.

Clever dogs.

Never blowed on old Fagin.

Why are you awake?

Speak up, boy, quick!

I couldn't sleep

any longer, sir.

- What have you seen?

- Nothing, sir.

You were not awake

an hour ago?

No, no indeed, sir.

- Are you sure?

- Yes, sir.

Tsk, tsk, my dear.

I only tried to frighten you.

Did you see any of those

pretty things, dear?

Yes, sir.

They're, uh, they're

mine, Oliver...

all I have to live on

in my old age.
They call me a miser.
May I get up now, sir?
Certainly, dear.
Certainly.
They've gone to work, Oliver.
Make 'em your models.
Do everything they bid you do.
Take their advice in all things.
Especially
the Artful Dodger's.
He'll be a great man himself one day
and will make you one too.
Is my handkerchief hanging
out of my pocket, dear?
Yes, sir.
See if you can take it
without my feeling it.
- Is it gone?
- Yes, here it is.
Ah, you clever boy.
Here's a shilling for you.
Oh, thank you, sir.
If you go on this way, you'll be
the greatest man of the time.
He'll do.
Stop, thief!
Stop, thief!
Stop, thief! Stop, thief!
Stop, thief!
Stop, thief! Stop!
Stop, thief!
Stop, thief!
- Stop, thief!
- Thief! Thief!
Give him some air.
He don't deserve it.
- Is this the boy, sir?
- Yes, I'm afraid it is.
Afraid?
That's a good 'un.
Poor little fellow.
He's hurt himself.
I did that, sir.

I stopped him.
I cut my knuckles
against his mouth.
Come on, get up!
Make way there!
Make way!
- Come on!
- Don't hurt him, officer.
Oh, no, I won't. Come on, you devil.
Hold the noise!
Do you wanna get grabbed?
I can't help it.
I can't help it.
What'll Fagin say?
Where's Oliver?
Where's the boy?
What's become of the boy?
Speak or I'll throttle you!
Let go of me!
The traps have got him,
and that's all about it.
What's it all about, Fagin?
It's lucky the pot didn't hit me,
or I might have settled someone.
Come in, Mr. Sikes.
Come in.
None of your mister-ing.
You know my name.
Come in, you sneakin' cur.
What're you hangin' about there for?
Go on, get in, will ya?
Will you take
a drink, Bill?
See ya don't
poison it, neither.
Here.
What's he been up to?
Ill-treatin' the boys again, eh?
You avaricious offense.
- You seem out of humor, Bill.
- Yeah, maybe I am.
And you seem kind of out of sorts too.
What's in the wind, Fagin?
It's the new boy.

The traps have got him.

What of it?

He may say something
that'll get us into trouble.

That's very likely.

You're blowed upon, Fagin.

I'm afraid, you see,
if the game was up with us,
it might be up
with a good many more.

It would come out rather worse for you
than it would for me.

Wouldn't it, my dear?

Oh, dear.

Somebody ought to go and find out
what's going on at the police court.

Somebody ought
to go there, Fagin!

Go on.

Charlie.

- And about time too.

- Ah, Nancy.

- The very thing. She's a clever girl.

- Here's to her.

- Nancy will go, won't you, my dear?

- Wheres?

Only just to the police court, my dear.

What do you say?

That it won't do, Fagin,
so it's no use you tryin' it on.

- What do you mean by that?

- Well, what'd I say, Bill?

You're the only one for it. No one
around here knows anything about you.

And as I don't want 'em to neither, it's
rather more no than yes with me, Bill.

She'll go, Fagin.

Oh, no, she won't, Fagin.

Oh, yes, she will, Fagin.

Yes?

Is there a little boy here?

- Who are you?

- His sister

You'll have to wait.

The case is on now.

Now, what is the charge
against this boy?

Stealing a handkerchief,
Your Worship.

- I'd rather not press the case.

- Hold your tongue, sir!

- Are there any witnesses?

- None, Your Worship.

What is your name?

What is your name?

He's been hurt, and I fear...

I really fear he's very ill.

Oh, yes, I dare say.

Come now. None of your tricks here,
you young vagabond.

What is your name?

What's your name?

Hmm?

He says his name's

Tom White, Your Worship.

Very well.

Where does he live?

Where do you live?

Where he can,

Your Worship.

Please, sir,

could I have some water?

Stop the nonsense!

Don't try to make a fool of me!

I'm afraid he really

is ill, Your Worship.

I know better.

Take care. He's going to fall.

Stand away!

Let him if he likes.

How do you propose

to deal with the case, sir?

Quiet! What's this?

Who is this?

I keep the bookstore.

I saw it all. It was another boy.

Why didn't you come before?

Couldn't get a soul

to mind the shop.
Swear the man.
They bring him
out of the court fainted.
He gets in a carriage with
this gentleman, and they drive off.
He'll blow on us, Fagin, for certain!
That's the boy,
is it?
That's the boy.
Nice-looking boy,
isn't he?
I don't know.
I only know two sorts of boys:
mealy boys
and beef-faced boys.
And which is he?
Mealy.
Shhh.
Good night, Mrs. Bedwin.
Good night, sir.
Is Bedwin in the habit
of counting the plate at night?
Because if she doesn't find a tablespoon
or two missing one sunny morning,
I'll be content
to eat my head, sir.
Your move.
Where does he come from?
Who is he? What is he?
If that boy doesn't
deceive you, my good friend,
I'll eat my head
and yours too.
- We shall see.
- We will. We will.
- Where am I?
- Hush, my dear.
You must be very quiet,
or you'll be ill again.
You've been very bad.
Lie down again. That's it.
There.
Don't mind me, my dear.

It's all over now.
I'm rather hoarse this morning, Bedwin.
I'm afraid
I've got a cold.
- Now, how do you feel, my dear?
- Very happy, sir.
Good. Have you given him
any nourishment, Bedwin?
He's going to have a basin
of beautiful, strong broth, sir.
Mm-hmm. A couple of glasses
of port wine would do him far more good.
- Wouldn't they, Tom White?
- My name's Oliver, sir.
Oliver?
Oliver White, hmm?
No, sir. Twist.
Oliver Twist.
Hmm, that's
a queer name.
What made you tell the magistrate
your name was White?
I never told him, sir.
Some mistake.
Some mistake, hmm?
Ah, have your broth,
young man.
We must get you
strong again.
As soon as you're well enough,
we must have a little chat.
Oh, thank you
very much, sir.
Fool, bungler, liar.
I paid you good money
to make an end to the business.
One sniveling boy...
and you have to lose him!
I'm worse off now than
if I'd never set eyes on you...
and farther still
from what should be mine.
What do I get?
My money back?

No, no, my dear, not that.
I'll give you hope.
Do you know the workhouse
where the boy was born?
Of course.
I traced him from there.
Then you must go back, my dear.
You must go back. Listen.
Tomorrow, two months it was done.
It seems a age.
Are you gonna sit there
snoring all day?
I shall sit here as long
as I think proper, ma'am.
And though
I was not snoring,
I shall snore, gape,
sneeze, laugh or cry...
as the humor strikes me,
such being my prerogative.
- Your prerogative.
- I said the word, ma'am.
The prerogative of a man
is to command.
And what's the prerogative of a woman,
in the name of goodness?
- To obey, ma'am,
- Huh!
as your late, unfortunate
husband should have taught you.
And then, perhaps, he might
have been alive now.
I wish he were, poor man.
You brute!
Cry your hardest, ma'am.
It opens the lungs,
washes the countenance,
exercises the eyes
and softens down the temper.
So cry away.
Brute!
You blasphemmer!
Talk about your prerogative
again, if you dare!

Get up!
Get away from here...
or I might
do something desperate!
Certainly, my dear.
Certainly.
You were the beadle here
once, were you not?
I was.
Parochial beadle.
What are you now?
Master of the workhouse.
Good.
Now listen to me.
I want some information.
Carry your memory back
ten years last winter.

The scene:

And the time:

The place:

the lying-in room.
- A boy was born.
- A good many boys.
He was apprentice down here
to a coffin maker.
You mean young Twist?
There wasn't a obstinate...
It's not of him
I want to hear.
It's of a woman.
The hand that nursed his mother.
Where is she?
She died last winter.
One moment.
Yes?
There was a woman with her
when she died.
Can I find her?
Only through me.
It will be worth her while.
What if I've paid

you for nothing?
You can take it away again.
I'm a woman here alone and unprotected.
Not alone, my dear,
nor unprotected, neither.
You're a fool.
You better hold your tongue.
He'd better have it cut out
if he can't speak in a lower tone.
Now, let's hear
your story.
You were with this hand
the night she died?
- Yes.
- There was no one by?
No. She asked that
we should be alone.
- Get out!
- Go on.
- She spoke of a young mother...
- Aye.
whom she'd nursed
in that same bed.
Yes. What of her?
I robbed her.
She wasn't cold
when I stole it.
Stole what?
It. The only thing
she had. Gold.
Gold? Go on.
What of it?
She chose me
to keep it safe.
Yes. The boy's name?
They called him Oliver.
- Yes.
- I haven't told you all, have I?
No, no. Be quick.
She'd run away.
Her father...
Yes?
I was to tell him that...
What were you to tell him?

What?

What?

She said more.

You're lying.

She never uttered
another word.

- But it was then that it happened.

- What?

A scrap of paper?

What was it?

- A pawnbroker's ticket.

- Yes.

The time was out in two days,
so I redeemed the pledge.

Where is it now?

There.

- And this is all?

- All.

Is that what you expected
to get from us?

It is.

Bless us and save us.

- Come in and wash your hands.

- Why? What's the matter?

Mr. Brownlow wants to see you,
and we must make you smart as sixpence.

Come in.

Oh, come in, Oliver.

Come in.

Yes, there are a good many books,
are there not, my boy?

I never saw
so many, sir.

How would you like to grow up
a clever man and write books, eh?

I think I'd rather
read them, sir.

What? Don't you want
to be a book writer?

I think I'd rather be
a bookseller, sir.

Well said, my boy.

Very well said.

Now, now, Oliver,

I want you to pay great attention
to what I'm going to say.
You're not going
to send me away, sir?
No, my dear, I'm not going to send you
away unless you give me cause.
I'll never do that,
sir. Never.
Good.
Somehow I feel...
that you and I are going
to be good friends.
Oh, thank you, sir.
I trust you, Oliver,
and I find myself more interested on
your behalf than I can well account for,
even to myself.
Are you fond
of pictures, Oliver?
I don't quite know, sir.
Now, that is a portrait,
a likeness.
She's very pretty, sir.
Yes, she was very pretty.
Any muffins for tea?
Hello. What's that?
The young Oliver Twist.
You don't mean to say that's the boy
who had the fever, I hope?
That's all over now.
Come and speak to my young friend.
How are you, boy?
A great deal better,
thank you, sir.
Hmm. And when are we
going to hear an account...
of his history,
eh, my friend?
I think we'll have our
tea first, eh, Oliver?
- Is that the bookseller?
- Yes, sir.
- There are some to go back.
- He's gone, sir.

Oh, I wanted to return
some tonight.

Send Oliver with them. He'll be sure
to deliver them safely, you know.

Yes, do let me go, sir.

I'll run all the way.

You shall go, my boy.

The books are on a chair by my table.

Fetch them down.

Let me see. He'll be back
in 20 minutes at the longest.

So you really expect him
to come back, do you?

- Well, don't you?

- No, I do not.

The boy has a new suit
of clothes on his back,
a set of valuable
books under his arm...
and a five-pound note
in his pocket.

If ever that boy returns to this house,
sir, I'll eat my head.

There.

Good night, dear.

Oliver!

- Oliver, Oliver, you naughty boy!

- Help!

Oh, my dear little brother.

I've found him.

- Thank heavens I've found him.

- Let go of me!

- You cruel boy. Come home directly.

- What's the matter, ma'am?

He ran away near a month ago
from his parents.

- Hardworking, respectable people.

- I didn't!

He joined a set of thieves and
nearly broke his mother's heart.

- You little wretch!

- I'm not!

- I haven't got a mother.

- Go home, you little brute.

- I live in Pentonville.
- Oh, listen how he braves it out.
- Come home to your mother, will you?
- I don't belong to them!

What's this?

He's been stealing again.

Oh, no, Bill.

Come on!

That's the only way
to bring him to his senses.

Do him good too.

Yeah, and he'll get it too.

come on, you young villain.

Fagin! Dodger! Look!

Aye, let's have a glimpse.

Delighted to see you
looking so well, my dear.

Why didn't you write
and say you was coming?

We'd have got something
hot for supper.

What's that?

That's mine, Fagin.

No, no, my dear.

Mine, Bill, mine.

You shall have
the books.

If that ain't mine and Nancy's,
I'll take the boy back again.

Now, come on, hand over, will you?

Where is it?

This is hardly fair,
is it, Nancy?

Fair or not fair, give it here,
you avaricious old skeleton.

Give it.

Take the books
if you're fond of readin'.

If you ain't, sell 'em.

- Help! Help! Help!

- Bull's-eye!

He'll tear the boy
to pieces!

- Serve him right.

- No, you don't!
You stand off of me,
or I'll push your head in.
I don't care!
I don't care!
Get out!
- What's the matter here?
- The girl's gone mad.
No, she ain't, Fagin.
No, she ain't. Don't think it.
Then keep quiet,
will you?
No, I won't do that neither.
What do you think of that?
So you wanted to get away,
my dear, did you, eh?
Wanted to get assistance?
Called for the police,
did you?
We'll soon cure you of that,
my young master!
No you don't, Fagin! You've got
the boy. What more do you want?
Let him be, or I'll put that mark on you
that'll send me to the gallows!
Why Nancy, you're more
clever than ever tonight.
You're acting beautiful, dear.
Am I? Then take care
I don't overdo it.
- You'll be the worse for it if I do.
- What do you mean by this?
You're a nice, pretty subject
for the boy to make a friend of.
So help me I am!
I wish I'd been struck dead
before lending hand to bring him here.
He's a thief, a devil, a liar
and all that's bad from this night on.
Isn't that enough
of the old wretch without blows?
Come, come, Sikes, we must have
civil words. Civil words, Bill.
Civil words!

Civil words, you villain!
Yes, you deserve them
from me!
I thieved for you
when I was a child not 'alf his age,
and I've thieved
for you ever since!
If you have,
it is your living.
Aye, it is.
It is my living,
and the cold, wet, dirty
streets are my home,
and you're the wretch that
drove me to them long ago...
and that'll keep me there
day and night...
I'll do you mischief,
a mischief worse than that...
if you say much more.
No! No!
Oh, Bill.
That's the worst of having
to deal with women, my dears.
But they're clever,
and we can't get on without 'em.
Dodger,
show Oliver to bed.
- He hadn't better wear his best suit.
- Certainly not.
The Dodger shall give you
another suit, my dear,
for fear that Sunday one
should get stolen.
Well, Mrs. Bedwin?
I'm afraid he's
lost his way, sir.
You mean he never
went there, eh?
There you are.
The boy's an impostor.
It can't be. It can't be.
What do you mean,
it can't be?

You old women never believe anything
but quack doctors and lying story books.

He was a dear, grateful,
gentle child, sir.

I know what children are
and have done these 40 years.

People who can't say the same
shouldn't say anything.

That's my opinion.

That'll be all, Bedwin.

Well?

I'll take the liberty,
if you'll allow me,
of helping us both
to a glass of sherry.

Now in the dark
a shorter maid...

Why don't you join us,
Mr. Fagin?

Delighted, I'm sure.

What can I do for you? Monks?

I expected him
here before now.

Lay it on, will you,
you stupid brute.

Don't you know the devil
when he's got a greatcoat on?

- Ah, Nancy.

- Well?

Well, my dear, it's about
the crib at Chertsey.

- Well, what about it?

- Oh, you know what I mean, my dear.

- He knows what I mean, don't he?

- No, he don't.

And don't stand there
talking to me in hints,
as though you weren't the first
what thought about the robbery.

Shhh!

Somebody will hear us.

Let 'em hear.

I don't care.

There, there, my dear.

It was only my caution. Nothing more.
Now, Bill,
I've got the boy. You can...
What's the matter?
I don't know whether she might
be out of sorts as she was before.
Go on, Fagin,
tell him it's Oliver.
You're a clever one, my dear.
The sharpest girl I ever saw.
It was about Oliver
I was going to speak.
- Him!
- It's time he began to earn his bread.
Besides, the others
are all too big.
He's about
the size I want...
And will do everything you want
if you frighten him enough.
When is it to be done?
Ah, to be sure.
When is it to be done, eh?
Tomorrow night.
Good. It's all arranged
about bringing off the swag?
It's all planned. Now you hold your
tongue and keep your melting pot ready.
That's all you have to do.
Now leave us alone, will you?
- What's the news?
- Great.
- And now, may I introduce to you...
- So is mine.
a charming young singer who's
never appeared in public before.
Miss Lucy Willow.
This morning early
My melody was such
I in my tea took brandy
And I took a drop too much
This is the only proof
of the boy's identity,
so I've got the young

devil's money at last.
Now you can do
what you like with him.
Get him hauled up for some felony,
drag him through every jail in town.
It's not easy to train him
to the business.
That's your affair.
If... it's not likely, mind... but
if the worst should come to the worst...
It's no fault of mine.
Mind that, Fagin.
I had no hand in this.
Get out!
My old pal and me
go to fighting
Like all
the neighborhood souls
I has one with him
then he has one with me
Then we come to blows
Look at the drunkards
of London
Lying all over the place
There isn't a doubt
It's lovely, look out
For the human race
Artful, are you awake?
- What's the matter?
- Listen carefully, my dear.
I want you to do
a piece of work for me...
that needs
great care and caution.
- What is it?
- I want you to dodge a woman.
I'll do that...
What do you want me
to dodge her for? Not to...
Not to anything but
to tell me where she goes,
who she sees
and what she says...
and to bring back

all the information you can.

Who is she?

One of us.

What'll you give me?

If you do it well,

my dear, a guinea.

One guinea, and that's

what I never gave yet...

for such a pleasant

piece of work.

- Barkers for me, Bill.

- Here.

- The persuader?

- I've got it.

Scrape, keys, center bits, darkies.

Nothing forgotten.

You take the crowbar.

Take heed.

He's a rough man. Mind.

- What's that?

- The boy.

Oh, one of

Mr. Fagin's lads?

Yes.

It's cold, Nancy dear.

It seems to go right through one.

It must be a piercer to find

its way through your heart.

Come 'ere, young 'un.

Come here!

- Do you know what this is?

- Yes, sir.

Well, if you speak a word

when we're outside,

you'll get a bullet through

your head without warning.

So if you do make up

your mind to talk,

you'd better

say your prayers first.

Now then, look sharp.

We're late as it is.

Come on.

Sir.

You've come in consequence
of having seen my advertisement?
Not here, sir. I'm afraid to speak.
Down the steps.
Why do you bring me
to this dark and dismal place?
Because there are those who would surely
murder me if they knew I was here.
Young woman, if you have
any intelligence of this poor child,
in heaven's name
put me in possession of it.
Do you know a man
named Monks?
Monks? What do you
know of this man?
Before I tell you, sir,
have I your promise...
that my secret
will be strictly kept?
I'll not turn on the others because, bad
as they are, they never turned on me.
Have I your promise
for that?
You have.
And nobody will ever learn
how you know what you do?
Never.
Some time ago, soon after Oliver was
taken from your house in Pentonville,
I saw this man Monks
for the first time...
and the other day
I saw him again.
He came to a place
I know called...
There. Take care of that,
and do the most you can with it.
It's been trouble enough to get.
What are you lookin'
at me like that for?
He's gone mad.
I've got that to tell you
will make you worse than me.

Eh? Well, look sharp,
or Nance will think I'm lost.
Lost? She's pretty well settled that
in her own mind already.
Open your mouth and say what
you've got to say in plain words.
- Suppose that lad that's lying there...
- Well?
Suppose that lad was to
peach, to blow upon us all,
first stealing out at nights
to find the right folks for the purpose,
then having a meeting
with them in the streets...
not grabbed, trapped, tried
and brought to it on bread and water,
but of his own fancy.
- Suppose he did this? What then?
- I'd smash his head in.
What if I did it?
I that knows so much...
and could hang so many
besides myself?
I'd beat your brains out.
- You would?
- Try me.
If it was Charlie
or the Dodger or...
No matter who,
I'd do the same.
Dodger. Dodger.
Poor lad. He's tired.
Tired with watching
for her so long.
Yes, watching
for her, Bill.
What do you mean?
Dodger. Dodger.
Tell me that again,
once again
just for him to hear.
- Tell you what?
- That about Nancy.
What about her?

- You followed her?

- Yes.

- To London Bridge?

- Yes.

- Where she met a gentleman?

- So she did.

A gentleman she'd gone to
of her own accord...

who asked her to give up
her pals, which she did?

- Well, she...

- She did all this.

She told it all, every word,
without a threat, without a murmur.

She did, did she not?

All right, that's
just about what it was.

- What did she say about the boy?

- I told you that before.

Again. Tell it again.

Well, he asked her why she
hadn't brought Ollie with her.

Why? Why?

Tell him that.

Because he'd gone out
on a job with him.

What more of him?

Tell him that. Tell him that.

Well, that she'd bring him
to London Bridge...

tomorrow, midday.

Yes? Why?

'Cause he'd be asleep.

She made me laugh when she said it.

Said what?

That she was gonna give him
a drink with rotenone.

Get me out of here!

Bill. Bill!

- Bill.

- Don't speak to me. It's not safe.

- You won't...

- Let me out!

You won't be

too violent, Bill.
I mean, not too violent
for safety!
Get up!
Oh, it's you, Bill.
It is. Get up!
There's light enough
for what I've got to do.
Why are you looking
at me like that?
Oh, no! No!
Bill! Bill! Bill!
Speak to me!
What have I done?
You were watched tonight.
Every single word
you said was heard.
Oh, I've been true to you!
By my soul I have!
Give me time!
A little time!
Good boy. Good boy.
Bill. Fagin lied, Bill.
I didn't tell.
He deceived you.
He deceived you.
He deceived you.
She told all her pals.
Not brought to it
on bread and water,
but of her own fancy.
She did. She did.
She did.
Murder.
Brutal murder.
Murder.
Brutal murder.
In the early hours
of this morning,
a young woman was brutally
beaten to death...
by one William Sikes.
If any person or persons...
"I first met this girl

at London Bridge.

I went there in response
to an anonymous letter.

I promised not to reveal
the names of her associates,
but in face of this terrible crime, I no
longer consider that promise binding."

Lock the door on the outside
and come when I ring.

Yes, sir.

- Where is my grandson?

- Grandson?

I warn you that every word
that passed between you...
and your criminal associates
is known to me.

Is this a trick to deprive me
of my inheritance?

You have no inheritance, for,
as you know, my daughter had a child,
and it was you who,
for your own gain,
suppressed the only proofs
of his birth and parentage.

You can prove nothing. Your daughter
ran away and was never heard of again.

Coward! Liar!

Where is Oliver Twist?

I know nothing of him.

We shall see.

Sit down.

How do you do, sir?

I hope you are well.

- Take him away!

- Idiot!

It only remains for me to tell you
that neither of you...
will ever be employed
in a position of trust again.

You may go.

Fool!

I hope, sir, that this unfortunate
little circumstance...
will not deprive me

of my parochial office.
Indeed it will, and think
yourself well off besides.
It was all Mrs. Bumble.
She would do it.
That is no excuse. You were present
at the sale of the locket,
and indeed are the more guilty
of the two in the eye of the law,
for the law supposes that your wife
acts under your direction.
If the law supposes that,
then the law is a ass, a idiot.
If that's the eye of the law,
then the law is a bachelor,
and the worst I wish the law is that
his eye may be opened by experience.
My experience!
It's Charlie.
- It's all up!
- What's the matter?
They've got scouts
out everywhere!
Now, what's the news?
They've nabbed Monks.
And Sikes?
What about him?
They say he'll be took tonight.
They're looking for his dog.
Fool.
Come here, will ya?
There.
Take him away.
The dog!
Follow the dog!
Follow the dog!
It's the dog!
They've got his dog!
Don't leave us in the dark.
Who is it?
What are you gonna do? Sell me or
let me lie here till the hunt's over?
We're in this together,
Fagin. Lock up.

Get me a drink.
Get me a drink, will ya?
Young 'un!
Blast you!
Can't you say something?
Don't you know me, Dodger?
Don't come near me.
I'm not afraid of 'im!
If they come here,
I'll give him up, I will!
You'll what?
- Come here!
- Get back.
- What?
- They're here.
Get that table here.
Help! Help! Help!
He's here! Help!
In the king's name!
I'm going out over the roof.
I'll cheat you yet!
Young 'un,
you're coming with me.
Get me a rope.
Come here!
Heave!
Heave!
Heave!
Heave!
Don't go without me, Bill!
Heave!
Heave!
Strike them all dead.
What right have you
to butcher me?
Keep close to me, young 'un.
Fagin! Fagin!
They've got Fagin!
Round the stack!
Get on.
Sikes!
Give me the rope!
Get that rope round!
Fifty pounds for the man

who rescues the boy.

Get it round there!

Help!

Help!

We've got the boy, sir.

They've got the boy!

He's come back, sir.

I knew he would.