**Olivia!**

Junior Script

by

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SCENE 1 – ORPHANGE

Song 1:

Food Glorious Food:

***(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! So answer when I speak to you. Good morning, girls.

**The Orphans:** ***(Cowed)*** Good morning, Mrs. Murdstone.

**Mrs. M:** Ready for another day’s hard work?

(The Orphans groan.)

**Mrs. M:** Silence! Let me repeat the rules: No talk, no gossip and NO FUN!

Before breakfast I want to introduce someone ***(She calls into the wings/offstage.)*** Step this way!

***(Enter OLIVIA.)***

**MRS. M:** This is Olivia. I will delay breakfast by a few minutes while you get acquainted. ***(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. It was so strict, they never allowed us any fun.

**orphan 2:** You’ll wish you were back there compared to this place.

**Olivia:** I can’t believe that.

**orphan 3:** Well wait till you see Mrs. Murdstone.

**orphan 1:** She’s horrible.

**orphan 2:** She’s cruel.

**orphan 4:** She has the foulest temper.

**orphan 5:** If we so much as cough we get punished.

**orphan 6:** Why did you come here?

**Olivia:** The nuns threw me out. I kept misbehaving.

**orphan 7:** What did you do?

**OLIVIA:** I burped after meals.

**orphan 5:** Well, you won’t burp after meals here. You’ll more likely throw up.

**Olivia:** Why, what are they like?

**orphan 6:** They’re the same every day.

**orphan 2:** Breakfast, dinner and tea, it’s the same revolting swill.

**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?

**Orphan 7:** We were just like you, Olivia, when we first arrived. We had hopes.

**orphan 1:** They soon get dashed.

**Olivia:** Is it that bad?

**orphan 2:** You know what we do, for fourteen hours a day? We sew.

**orphan 3:** Every day - 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.

**orphan 5:** Don’t let her hear you say that, or she’ll have you sewing double-time.

**Olivia:** But I’m useless at sewing.

**orphan 3:** Well, you’d better learn fast, otherwise you’re in big trouble.

***(Enter Mrs. Murdstone, with Cook, a middle-aged dogsbody)***

**Mrs. M:** Did I hear someone mention trouble?

***(The Orphans titter.)***

**Mrs. M:** Did I give you permission to snigger?

***(The Orphans go silent, cowed).***

**Mrs. M:** It’s time for breakfast.

***(All the Orphans groan.)***

**MRS. M:** I thought you’d be pleased. Cook, start serving your culinary masterpiece!

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

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

Song 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.)***

(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 Cook, bowl & spoon in hand.)*** Please, sir, I want less.

**Mrs. M:** Less! 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 Cooks’ nose.)***

**Cook:** Looks like the breast-stroke.

**Olivia:** 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. Cook!, 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:** ***(To Olivia.)*** Well, girl, you’ve been here two minutes, and already you’re making trouble. Let’s….

**Olivia:** You’ll have to catch me first. ***(She runs out.)***

**Mrs. M:** She’ll be back

**Cook:** 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 5:** She’s over!

**orphan 6:** She’s free!

***(All the Orphans cheer.)***

**SONG 3**

ORPHANS REPRISE

(End of Scene One.)

## Scene Two:

## A Country Lane

(Enter Olivia.)

**Olivia:** Those poor girls – the grown-ups don’t seem to care about them at all. And what will I do? All alone? No Food? I just wish I had someone…

Song 4

Where is love? (OLIVIA ONLY)

**Cook:** There you are, Missee.

**Olivia:** Have you come to take me back?

**Cook:** Of course not

**Olivia:** But you’ll get into trouble with Mrs. Murdstone.

**Cook:** She’ll never know

**Olivia:** Cook, you’re not from these parts, are you?

**Cook:** No, Missee

**Olivia:** Why don’t you go home instead of putting up with Mrs. Murdstone?

**COOK:** Anyways, where you going?

**Olivia:** London.

**Cook:** London? Well good luck to you my lady

**Olivia:** Goodbye, Cook.

**Cook:** Goodbye – and happy travels!

***(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.)

SONG 5

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

**Gentleman:** If I buy a bunch will you leave me alone?

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

**Doris:** Eliza Doolittle, how do you do it?

**Eliza:** Well, you got to make a living, ain’t ya?

**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 a Londoner like wot we are.

**Queenie:** That don’t make her a bad person.

**Eliza:** Did I say it did?

**Annie:** Here comes a gent now. I’ll try my luck.

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

**Annie:** Excuse me, sir ….

**Scrooge:** Flowers? Humbug!

**Doris:** Do you know who that was?

**Annie:** Who?

**Doris:** Ebenezer Scrooge!

**Flo:** The meanest, most miserable skinflint in all of London!

***(They all gasp)***

(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:** 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. .

**Dodger:** Fagin, wash your marf art wiv soap. You know your not suited to an honest life!

**Fagin:** I’ll tell you the truth, Dodger – I miss all the lads. Even that young Oliver Ah, well, that’s over and done with, got to look to the future.

SONG 5

Good Times

(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 lucky 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’ Down? – 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. 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.)***

**SONG 6**

**PICK A POCKET OR TWO**

**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

**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.

**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…

(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.

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

**Fagin:** Yes, but no money.

**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.)***

**SONG:**

**I’d Do Anything**

(All dance into the Opera House, except the Lamplighter.)

***(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. 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’ll be my agent

**FAGIN:** Now we’re talkin!

(End of Scene Three.)

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## Scene FOUR

## 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 fing!

**Doris:** She says she’ll be along as soon as her headache wears off.

**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. He goes by the name of Mr. Sherlock Holmes

SONG 7

Who Am I? (ANNIE)

## Scene SEVEN

## Covent Garden

(Flo, Queenie, Doris & Annie are discovered.)

**Annie:** Hello, where’s Eliza?

**Doris:** At Mrs. Dilber’s.

**Flo:** Gone to give the girls anuvver lesson.

**Queenie:** Elocution and English Language?

**The other 3:** Like wot is spoke by our own dear Queen

***(All laugh)***

**Flo:** ‘Ave you ‘eard anyfink from that Shylock Holmes, Annie?

**Queenie:** Sherlock!

**Annie:** No, not yet.

**Doris:** It’s been free weeks nar.

***(Enter Holmes & Watson.)***

**Holmes:** Ah, there you are, Annie.

**Annie:** Mr. Holmes, Doctor Watson. Any news?

**Watson:** We have indeed.

**Holmes:** Annie, it seems that ten years ago you were a passenger in a train crash

**Annie:** Oh, no! So that’s what my flashback was!

**Watson:** We also found a clue in a handbag in a police station in the area. A birth certificate of a baby…

(Before Holmes can finish enter Dodger, Fagin, Olivia enter – applause breaks out – a commotion)

**Dodger:** Thank you, thank you. I deserve it.

(Enter George Bernard Shaw.)

**GBS:** A triumph, an absolute triumph. I haven’t enjoyed an evening so much in ages. Why, hello, Eliza. I see your little companion has become a star.

**Eliza:** Always knew she would. Olivia, give us a song.

**Olivia:** Oh, I couldn’t.

**Queenie:** Go on, dearie.

***(The Flower-Sellers encourage her.)***

**Olivia:** All right.

**Olivia:** ***(Sings, unaccompanied.)*** If there’s a star to wish upon

**Annie:** ***(Getting up, sings, unaccompanied.)*** I wish the best for you.

(Olivia stops, puzzled.)

**Olivia:** How did you know that?

**Annie:** How did you know it?

**Olivia:** It’s something I’ve known all my life, but no-one else does.

**Annie:** Except the one who sang it to her little child.

***(She takes the locket from her neck and holds it out towards Olivia.)***

**ANNIE:** Olivia?

(Olivia takes the locket from her neck and holds it out towards Annie.)

**Olivia:** Mother?

(They rush into each others arms, and embrace. The Flower-Sellers blub.)

**Olivia:** Mother! What happened? I thought you were… why did you leave me with those horrible nuns?

**Annie:** I didn’t know a thing about it, darling. We were in a train crash, and I lost my memory.

**Olivia:** That song you made up. How does it go? The bits I don’t know.

SONG 8

If There’s a Star (Reprise)

**Doris:** Oh, ain’t it lovely?

**Queenie:** I’m going to go right home, and give my old man a big kiss.

**Flo:** I’m so glad Annie’s recovered from her Indonesia.

**Doris & Queenie:** Amnesia!

**Eliza:** Well. Who’d have thought it? My two favourite people – mother and daughter.

**Olivia:** It’s thanks to you, Eliza.

**Annie:** Yes, you’ve been a good friend...

**Holmes:** Well, Annie, Eliza, it seems the case solved itself of its own accord.

**Watson:** Don’t be too modest, Holmes. You’d just arrived at the solution.

**Holmes:** Yes, but I couldn’t have told it in a happier fashion. Oh, and Eliza – I’ve just had a word with my good friend Shaw, here. He told us of your dream. Now Watson knows a Professor Henry Higgins, and he’s willing to take you on.

**Eliza:** Wotcha mean, take me on?

**Watson:** Make you into a lady.

***(Enter Mrs. Dilber.)***

**Mrs. D:** Olivia! There you are! Congratulations – I’m so pleased for you – and so are all the girls. I’ve given them the day off specially.

(Mrs. Dilber’s Girls run on, and hug and cuddle Eliza & Olivia.)

**Olivia:** Mrs. Dilber, Girls – I’ve got some wonderful news. I’m not an orphan any more. This is my mother.

(Reaction of surprise and delight, as they all crowd round Olivia and Annie.)

**Annie:** Well, Olivia – it looks like you’ve had an eventful life. Any more surprises for me?

(Enter Cook.)

**Cook:** Missee Olivia! If it ain’t Missee Olivia!

**Olivia:** Cook! What are you doing here?

**Cook:** Donkeys.

**Olivia:** I beg your pardon.

**Cook:** I own a string of donkeys now, and give chillen rides on ‘em at seaside.

**Olivia:** Everyone, this is on old friend, and a very kind man.

***(Various handshakes with Cook.)***

**OLIVIA:** So you left the orphanage, then?

**Cook:** Aye, missee. Not afore it were closed down, though, and Mrs. Murdstone dismissed, thanks to you.

**Fagin:** It seems as if everyone’s happier when Olivia comes into their life. Not necessarily richer, but happier.

**GBS:** I’ll drink to that.

**Fagin:** Let’s all drink to that.

***(Enter Scrooge.)***

**Scrooge:** And I’m paying!

**SONG 9**

**CONSIDER YOURSELF**

###### Photocopiable Lyrics

SONG 1

**Food Glorious Food (ALL)**

Is it worth the waiting for

If we live 'till eighty-four

All we ever get is

Gruel

Everyday we say our prayer  
Will they change the bill of fare  
Still we get the same old  
Gruel

Theres not a crust  
Not a crumb  
Can we find  
Can we beg  
Can we borrow or cadge

But there's nothing to stop us from getting a thrill  
When we all close our eyes and imagine

Food, glorious food  
Hot sausage and mustard  
While we're in the mood  
Cold jelly and custard

Peas, pudding and saveloys  
What next is the question  
Rich gentlemen have it, boys  
In-die-gestion!  
(Uggh)

Food, glorious food  
We're anxious to try it  
Three banquets a day  
Our favorite diet

Just picture a great big steak  
Fried, roasted or stewed  
But food  
Wonderful food  
Marvelous food  
Glorious

Food!

Food, glorious food  
What is there more handsome  
Gulped, swallowed, or chewed  
Still worth a king's ransom

What is it we dream about  
What brings on a sigh  
Piled peaches and cream about  
Six  
Feet  
High!

Food, glorious food  
Eat right through the menu  
Just loosen your belt  
Two inches and then you

Work up a new appetite  
In this interlude  
Then food  
Once again  
Fabulous food  
Glorious food

Food, glorious food  
Don't care what it looks like  
Burned, underdone, crude  
Don't care what the cooks like

Just thinking of growing fat  
Our senses go reeling  
One moment of knowing that  
Full  
Up  
Feeling

Food, glorious food (Food, glorious food)  
What wouldn't we give for (What wouldn't we give for)  
That extra bit more (That extra bit more)  
That's all that we live for (That's all that we live for)  
Why should we be fated to  
Do nothing but brood  
On food  
Magical food  
Wonderful food  
Marvelous food  
Fabulous food  
Beautiful food  
Glorious  
Food

SONG 2

Orphans (Reprise – ALL)

**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!

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.

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!

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!

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.

Track 8: Let’s Go To The Opera

**Dodger:** Let’s go to the opera.

Let’s go see the show.

Let’s go to the opera.

We might enjoy it,

You never know.

**Fagin:** The tenors may be corseted,

**Dodger:** And the sopranos rather stout.

**Both:** But let’s go to the opera,

And we’ll have a great night out!

(The Opera-Goers enter (waltzing on).

**All Except** Let’s go to the opera.

**Lamplighter:** Let’s go see the show.

Let’s go to the opera.

It’s the in place,

Don’t you know.

Everyone wants to be seen there,

Mixing with queens and kings.

And the opera isn’t over

‘Til the Fat Lady sings!

(All dance into the Opera House, except the Lamplighter.)

**Lamplighter:** ***(Spoken)* One hour! Two hours! Three hours! Four hours!**

(The Opera-Goers, except for Fagin & Dodger, stagger out.)

**All Except** We’ve been to the opera.

**Lamplighter:** Four hours and a half!

Urghhhh

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.)

**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!

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, la……,

I hope all your dreams come true.

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!

Track 11: The Charity Rag

**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.)

DANCE

**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!

Track 12: Who Am I?

**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.

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.

For the Judge will find him guilty,

**Chorus:** Whether guilty or not!

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!

Track 15: The Convict’s Child

**Daughter:** Oh, please don’t imprison my father.

For he has been wicked and wild.

For if you imprison my father,

They’ll call me “the convict’s child”.

You may have good reason to doubt him,

But he has been cruelly reviled.

I don’t know what we’ll do without him,

So pity the convict’s child.

My life will be over for ever,

And so will my poor mother’s too.

But I know that my father can be good,

If you will be good to him too.

**Chorus:**

Oh,

Please don’t imprison her father.

Although he’s been wicked and wild.

For if you imprison her father,

They’ll call her

“The convict’s child”.

**Daughter:**

Please don’t imprison my

Father.

So wicked and wild.

If your imprison him

“The convict’s child”.

**Daughter:** So pity the convict’s child.

Track 16: The Criminal’s Song (Reprise)

**Criminal:** It takes a man of vision to use fraudulent paternity

To get out of imprisonment which could be for eternity.

And now I can assert,

With an assertion that’s a certainty

That I will make a comeback to the criminal fraternity!

**Chorus:** Yes, he will make a comeback to the criminal…

**Criminal:** Criminal…

**Daughter:** Criminal…

**All:** Fraternity!

Track 17: If There’s A Star (Reprise)

**Olivia:** If there’s a star to wish upon,

**Annie:** I wish the best for you.

Always be glad, never be sad,

All your whole life through.

**Both:** If there’s a star to dream upon.

**Olivia:** Dreaming is what I’ll do.

And if there’s a star to hope upon

I hope all your dreams come true.

**Both:** I hope all your dreams come true.

Track 18: Olivia (Finale)

**All the Men:** Olivia! Olivia!

Is there anyone as smart

As Olivia? Olivia!

You will surely lose your heart

To such a pretty little girl,

Sets your senses in a whirl.

Olivia, we’ve loved you from the start.

All the Girls

except Olivia: All our lives have been made better by Olivia. Ah.

We will always be indebted to Olivia. Ah.

You’ll be in our thoughts, whether near or far,

To us, Olivia, you’ll always be a star!

**All the men:**

Olivia! Olivia!

Is there anyone as smart

As Olivia? Olivia!

You will surely lose your heart, to

Such a pretty little girl,

Sets your senses in a whirl.

Olivia,

We’ve loved you from the start.

All the Girls, except Olivia:

All our lives have been

Made better by Olivia.

Ah.

We will always be indebted to

Olivia.

Ah.

You’ll be in our thoughts,

Whether near or far,

To us, Olivia,

You’ll always be a star

**Fat lady:** Well, I’m the biggest star, la la la la la.

I’m singing, tra-la-la. La la la la la,

Which means the show is over, so tarra!

**Men:** Olivia!

**Women:** Olivia!

**Olivia:** Olivia!

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