CONCORD THEATRICALS SAMPLE PERUSAL

This sample is an excerpt from a full Samuel French title.

This sample is just for you to try out, and it can't be used for performance, downloaded, printed or distributed in any way.

For more information about licensing this or other shows, or to browse thousands more plays and theatre books to buy please visit our website.

www.concordtheatricals.co.uk
or, in the US www.concordtheatricals.com

CONCORD
THEATRICALS

Oliver Twist

Charles Dickens

A Samuel French Acting Edition

SAMUEL FRENCH
FOUNDED 1830

SAMUELFRENCH-LONDON.CO.UK
SAMUELFRENCH.COM

ISBN 978-0-573-01851-0

www.samuelfrench-london.co.uk

www.samuelfrench.com

FOR AMATEUR PRODUCTION ENQUIRIES

UNITED KINGDOM AND WORLD
EXCLUDING NORTH AMERICA
plays@SamuelFrench-London.co.uk
020 7255 4302/01

Each title is subject to availability from Samuel French,
depending upon country of performance.

OLIVER TWIST

Commissioned and first performed by the Bristol Old Vic at the Theatre Royal on December 8th 1989 with the following cast:

Old Hag 1	Laura Cox
Old Hag 2	Sally Rogers
Young Woman	Jane Annesley
Doctor	Jon Strickland
Oliver Twist	Adrian Scarborough
Mr Bumble	Martyn Ellis
Mrs Corney	Elena Ferrari
Mr Limbkins	Bim Mason
Lady Stock-Jobber	Angela Bullock
Workhouse Assistant	Nigel Betts
Mr Sowerberry	Brett Fancy
Mrs Sowerberry	Laura Cox
Charlotte	Jane Annesley
Noah Claypole	Nigel Betts
Husband	Jon Strickland
Old Woman	Angela Bullock
Monks	Nigel Betts
Artful Dodger	Bim Mason
Fagin	Jon Strickland
Charley Bates	Angela Bullock
Lockup-Lottie	Jane Annesley
Barney-Buckshot	Elena Ferrari
Jilted-Joseph	Nigel Betts
Bill Sikes	Brett Fancy
Nancy	Sally Rogers
Toby-Crackit	Laura Cox
Mr Brownlow	Nigel Betts
Mr Fang, The Magistrate	Elena Ferrari
Mr Giles	Jon Strickland
Mrs Brittles	Sally Rogers
Mrs Maylie	Laura Cox
Rose Maylie	Jane Annesley
Mr Grimwig	Brett Fancy
Dr Losberne	Martyn Ellis

All other characters played by members of the company

Director	Phyllida Lloyd
Designer	Anthony Ward
Music	Gary Yershon
Lighting	Tim Mitchell
Artistic Director	Paul Unwin

CHARACTERS

Old Hag 1
Old Hag 2
Young Woman
Doctor
Oliver Twist
Mr Bumble
Mrs Corney
Mr Limbkins
Lady Stock-Jobber
Workhouse Assistant
Skinny
Sneak
Bird
Belly
Mr Sowerberry
Mrs Sowerberry
Charlotte
Noah Claypole
Husband
Old Woman
Monks
Artful Dodger
Fagin
Charley Bates
Lockup-Lottie
Barney-Buckshot
Jilted-Joseph
Bill Sikes
Nancy
Toby-Crackit
Mr Brownlow
Mr Fang, the Magistrate
Mr Giles
Mrs Brittles
Mrs Maylie
Rose Maylie
Mr Grimwig
Dr Losberne

Adaptor's Note

The stage directions apply to the first production and, while they worked wonderfully, they are only an indication. As far as casting is concerned, the parts of Fagin and Mr Giles must be played by the same actor for reasons that will become clear at the end. Otherwise, it's open house. The play was written to be performed by a cast of eleven, but could easily take more. The rapid scene changes were made possible by using a solid frontcloth for the short scenes while the main set was being changed behind.

Jeremy Brock

Music

Choice of interlinking music etc is left to the individual director's discretion.

The chant by the chorus in the Workhouse is original Victorian material found by the adaptor in a book on early Victorian workhouses.

Music for the final song was specially composed for the original production.

ACT I

SCENE 1

The Workhouse

As the audience are flicking through their programmes, the house-lights suddenly snap off into total darkness. In the same split-second, a Young Woman sits up into a thin spotlight and screams, loud and full of pain. She is hemmed in by two Old Hags and a filthy Doctor, all huddled over her

Old Hag 1 It's a boy!

The Young Woman cries out again. The admonishments come fast

Shush, my darling, shush. Lie back. There now.
Young Woman Let me see the child and die.
Old Hag 1 She talks of dying at such a time!
Old Hag 2 Only think what it is to be a mother, my dear.
Young Woman The child!
Doctor Give her the child.

One of the Old Hags picks up a tiny baby, wrapped in a dirty cloth. She hands it to the Young Woman who kisses it passionately and then falls back. The Doctor tries to revive her while the Old Hags fuss frantically

Doctor She's going!
Old Hag 1 There's hope still, sure.
Doctor Some spirits, quick!

Old Hag 2 hands the Doctor a small bottle

Old Hag 2 There.
Old Hag 1 Poor duck.
Doctor (*pulling back*) It's all over, Mrs Thingummy.

The Old Hags cross themselves and the Doctor immediately prepares to leave. As his back is turned, one of them takes a slurp from the bottle

(*Pausing by the body*) She was a good-looking girl, too. Where did she come from?
Old Hag 1 I don't know, sir. She was found lying in the street. Her shoes were worn to pieces! Where she came from, or where she was going to nobody knows.
Doctor No wedding ring, I see. Did she have a name for the child?
Old Hag 2 No, sir.
Doctor Let me see now. The last was Swubble, so now we must find a "T". What do you say to . . . Twist?

Old Hag 1 Twist is a very good name, sir.
Doctor Then Twist it is. Oliver Twist. Inform the Parish Beadle. Good night!

The Doctor exits

Old Hag 1 Take little Oliver in. I'll be along. Go on! Be off with you!

Reluctantly Old Hag 2 picks up the baby and exits

Old Hag 1 begins tidying the body then pauses, her attention caught by something around the neck. She looks about her to check that she is alone, then slowly pulls a huge, shimmering gold locket from the body. As she does this, a strange music fills the theatre. She stares at the locket, entranced

Gold.

Old Hag 1 exits

Music

Black-out

Scene 2

The Workhouse

Darkness, noise and confusion. Voices singing

Oliver Ye gods above, send down your love
All With swords as sharp as scythes!
Oliver To cut the throats of gentlefolks
All Who rob us of our lives!

Lights come up on a group of male Paupers (boys and men of all ages) including Oliver and his gang, Skinny, Sneak, Bird and Belly. They are crushing bones for manure in huge wooden boxes, using metal crushers. The boys have to perch, like birds, on the edge of the boxes to get a proper grip on the crushers. The sound of crushing and pounding fills the theatre. There is bone-dust everywhere. A grossly fat Assistant waddles between the boxes pushing a barrow of bones, some of which he deposits in each box, then exits

From the back of the auditorium come Mr Limbkins and Lady Stock-Jobber. She tweaks the cheeks of children in the audience as she glides towards the workhouse. Meanwhile, the Paupers sing

Oliver Ye gods above, send down your love.
All With swords as sharp as scythes!
Oliver To cut the throats of gentlefolks.
All Who rob us of our lives!

Mrs Corney, the workhouse matron, enters, wielding a nasty little whip

Mr Bumble, the parish beadle, follows in full regalia. He checks his appearance in a tiny mirror before puffing himself up and turning to the Paupers

Mr Bumble Silence in the workhouse!

Mr Bumble glares at the Paupers, then smiles with oily charm at Mrs Corney, who beams at him lasciviously

Mrs Corney Whatever would I do without you, Mr Bumble? You're so very forceful.
Mr Bumble It is, ma'am, the priwilege of my office to command.

Mr Limbkins and Lady Stock-Jobber reach the stage

Mr Limbkins Welcome, Lady Stock-Jobber, to Beggerdown Parish Workhouse! Allow me to introduce Mrs Corney, the workhouse matron.
Mrs Corney (*curtsying*) My lady.
Mr Limbkins And Mr Bumble, the Parish Beadle. An officer of sound judgement and high morals.
Mr Bumble (*bowing low*) It is, ma'am, a honour and a crime to be within your orbit!
Lady Stock-Jobber How quaint. (*She sniffs*) What is that smell?
Mr Bumble Bones, my lady!
Lady Stock-Jobber Bones, Mr Bumble?
Mr Limbkins The paupers crush the bones for the farmer's manure. 'Tis a useful trade and teaches them the value of the harvest.
Lady Stock-Jobber Indeed. How thoughtful. I should like to talk to one of the boys.

The Paupers freeze and look up as Mr Bumble and Mrs Corney exchange a look of horror

Mrs Corney One of the boys?
Mr Bumble One of the boys, ma'am?
Lady Stock-Jobber Are they deaf?
Mr Limbkins (*clicking his finger*) Mr Bumble. A boy, if you please.

Mr Bumble makes for one of the largest, best-fed boys, but Lady Stock-Jobber is already approaching Oliver

Mr Bumble Uh . . . Twist!

Oliver walks forward, watched by the silent Paupers

Lady Stock-Jobber What is your name, child?
Oliver Oliver Twist, ma'am.
Lady Stock-Jobber And how long have you been in the workhouse?
Oliver Since I can remember, ma'am.
Mrs Corney (*clutching Oliver to her bosom*) The child's an orphan since birth, my lady. But I hope I may offer him a little of that motherly love for which his young heart yearns.
Lady Stock-Jobber Fortunate child.

Mr Bumble (*pointedly*) Fortunate indeed, ma'am!
Lady Stock-Jobber (*holding out a tiny plum*) Here. I've brought a plum from my orchard. Shall I give it to you?
Mrs Corney What do you say, Oliver?
Oliver Thank you, ma'am.

Oliver takes the tiny plum, watched by every Pauper face

Lady Stock-Jobber Aren't you going to eat it?
Oliver May I save it for later, ma'am?
Lady Stock-Jobber Of course, my child. Do you say your prayers at night?
Oliver Yes, ma'am.
Lady Stock-Jobber If you pray hard enough, God in his infinite wisdom may show you mercy.
Oliver Yes, ma'am.

Lady Stock-Jobber looks up and Mrs Corney gestures Oliver back to the others

Mr Limbkins Tea, my lady?
Lady Stock-Jobber Thank you, Mr Limbkins.

The Assistant is hurried in by Mrs Corney. He holds a tray of tea and cakes with total blankness, as if he is trying to be inanimate

They start taking tea when suddenly one of the Paupers collapses behind them. Panic. Mr Bumble moves to cut off the view of Lady Stock-Jobber and Mr Limbkins, while Mrs Corney tries vainly to revive the dead Pauper. The feeling should be very much: "It's behind you!"

Lady Stock-Jobber Why do they not smile? Do you not feed and clothe them? Offer them shelter?
Mr Limbkins Indeed, my lady, but your pauper is a strange animal. Like ivy, he clings, rootless and dependent. Thus will he suck the very life from a stone!
Lady Stock-Jobber Tst tst tst.
Mr Bumble (*nervously*) Indeed!
Mr Limbkins It falls upon those of us blessed with strength and independence of mind, to lead these feeble creatures from sloth and degradation, to useful labour. We may yet turn this clinging ivy once more into English oak!

Lady Stock-Jobber applauds the metaphor. Mr Bumble applauds, then signals to the Paupers to applaud. Mrs Corney gives up reviving the body and looks up

Mrs Corney (*aside*) Stone dead. (*To the body*) Ungrateful wretch!

Mrs Corney heaves the body on to her back and marches out

Meanwhile Mr Bumble tries desperately to cover the noise

Mr Bumble Your pauper, ma'am, is not in the workhouse to be happy. No no! The workhouse, ma'am, should be a place of misery and drudgery!
Mr Limbkins (*trying to stop him*) Quite so.

Mr Bumble Indeed yes! For your pauper, ma'am, is a insolent and dangerous willain! He will learn nothing, ma'am, except with stripes and bruises!
Mr Limbkins (*cutting in*) Thank you, Mr Bumble.
Mr Bumble (*smiling warmly*) Thank you, your Worship.
Lady Stock-Jobber (*bored*) I should like to see the rose garden.
Mr Limbkins Very good, my lady.

Mr Limbkins and Lady Stock-Jobber exit

Mrs Corney enters. She is puffing hard

Mr Bumble Formidable dispatch, ma'am, formidable!
Mrs Corney How can I ever thank you enough, Mr Bumble?
Mr Bumble One little smile, ma'am, is *ample* thanks.

Mr Bumble follows the others out

Mrs Corney beams to herself then rings a huge bell and the Paupers heave off the boxes

She follows them out

Oliver, Skinny, Sneak, Bird and Belly remain on stage. Oliver shares out the plum: one bite each. Belly tries to take two, but Oliver grabs it back. They finish it in silence, at the speed of lightning

Pause

Skinny They starved him to death!
Belly He wasn't old neither.
Bird I seen him with no clothes. He was so thin you could see his beatin' heart!
Sneak That's a lie!
Skinny They starved him to death.
Oliver We have to do it!

Silence. They stare at each other, fearfully

We have to!
Sneak They'll whip us.
Oliver They whip us now!
Sneak You seen what they did to Paully when he wet his bed!
Bird What?
Sneak They had him with the pigs for ten days. He died of cold!
Belly He never!
Bird I'm scared.
Skinny You're always scared!
Bird I'm not!
Skinny You are!
Bird I'm not!
Skinny You are!
Bird I'm not!

Bird and Skinny start fighting. Oliver breaks them up

Oliver Stop it! We have to choose.
Belly Blind pick.
Oliver Birdy's too young to do it. He should choose.

Quickly they tie a handkerchief around Birdy's eyes. Oliver spins him round. The others scatter, then freeze. Once they've frozen, they're not allowed to move. Slowly, Birdy moves about, his arms in front. The tension should be tangible. Finally, he touches Oliver and the others all stare. Birdy takes off the blindfold and looks into Oliver's eyes

Birdy Oliver?
Sneak You're picked.

The sudden clattering of a metal spoon on a big saucepan is heard. The boys break and form a long row. Each holds a bowl—mime

Other Paupers enter and take their places in the line

The Assistant enters and doles out the gruel—mime

Two Paupers form a long table by stretching a white sheet between them. The boys take their places behind it. In silence they await the command to eat

Assistant Bened-d-d-d-d-dicus. Bened-d-d-d-d-diccat. Per Jesum Christum. D-d-d-d-d-d-d-dominum nostrum. Am-ma-ma-ma-ma-ma-ma-amen.
All Amen!

They thunder into their food. Within seconds they have finished. Silence. Very, very slowly Oliver stands. Like one body, all the other heads flick towards him. He steps forward. The sound of the other actors breathing, in out, in out, can be heard. He creeps towards the Assistant, who slowly turns his head. He comes up to him and looks up. The other actors, like one body, hold their breath

Oliver Please, sir, I'm hungry. I want some more.

The Assistant sucks himself up and back, as if in slow motion. The Paupers shrink visibly

Assistant (*in a whisper*) What?
Oliver There's more. Please sir, I want some more.
Assistant More? More?

The sound of "more" is picked up by a terrible, crashing echo that fills the theatre. As if by the sheer force of the Assistant's anger, Oliver is thrown against the cloth-table, and promptly catapulted back into his loveless arms

(*Grabbing Oliver's jacket*) Call for the Beadle!

Mr Bumble appears, as from nowhere, his staff-club raised like a trident

Mr Bumble More? Of all the upstart impertinences in all my life I have never heard of anything so mathematically owdacious! More? The boy's a manufactory of the Devil himself. More? Damn me if he don't hang for it! Mr Limbkins!

On the word "Limbkins", the Paupers behind the cloth-table suddenly transform themselves and the table into a huge chair

Mr Limbkins enters and promptly sits himself down

Mr Limbkins Yes?

Mr Bumble Mr Limbkins, your Honour, I beg your pardon, sir! Oliver Twist has asked for more.

Mr Limbkins For more! Compose yourself, Bumble, and answer me directly. Am I to understand that he asked for more after he had eaten the supper allotted to him by the dietry.

Mr Bumble He did, sir.

Mr Limbkins Good God!

Mr Bumble I'm reckless and flabbergasted, your Worship!

Mr Limbkins He is a dangerous influence. He must be got rid of immediately.

Mr Bumble I'll set about it right away, your Magnificence.

Mr Limbkins exits with the Assistant

Mr Bumble turns to the audience, pointing to the empty chair

Mr Bumble A very sage, deep and philosophical man. The sign!

The Assistant waddles in with a chipped and much-used sandwich-board sign which reads, "Five pounds to anybody who will take . . . as apprentice to any trade, business or calling"

Mr Bumble pulls out a piece of chalk and writes the name "Oliver Twist" in the space provided

Mr Bumble Fetch me the owdacious willain!

The Assistant waddles away and returns a second later, holding Oliver by the ear

Oliver Let me go!

Assistant We'll let you go soon enough.

The Assistant hands Oliver to Mr Bumble. Mr Bumble plonks the sign over Oliver's shoulders, dismisses the Assistant and takes up a suitably pompous pose with Oliver kneeling in front of him

Mr Sowerberry enters

Mr Sowerberry Ah, Mr Bumble! I've come to take the measure of the pauper who so unfortunately . . .

Mr Bumble (*cutting in*) Indeed! You'll make your fortune, Mr Sowerberry.

Mr Sowerberry You think so? The prices allowed by the workhouse are very small, Mr Bumble.

Mr Bumble (*aside*) So are the coffins, Mr Sowerberry.

Mr Sowerberry takes a second to get the joke then chuckles heartily

Mr Sowerberry Well, there's no denying that since the new system of feeding has come in, the workhouse coffins are something narrower and

more shallow than they used to be. But we must make some profit, Mr Bumble, and well-seasoned timber is an expensive article.

Mr Bumble A fair profit is, of course allowable.

Silence. Mr Sowerberry eyes the sign, then Oliver

Mr Sowerberry I see you have another boy.

Mr Bumble A parochial 'prentice, Mr Sowerberry, who is at present, a millstone, as I may say, round the parochial throat. (*He indicates Oliver's sign*) Liberal terms, Mr Sowerberry, liberal terms!

Mr Sowerberry Well I was thinking that since my profits are so little, I've a right to get as much out of the workhouse as I can and so . . . and so . . . I think I'll take the boy myself.

Mr Bumble What a fortunate lad he is!

Mr Bumble, Mr Sowerberry and Oliver exit

Scene 3

The Undertaker's

There are ghoulish hangings and weird pots. There is one large coffin, apparently closed and another, open, in which Mrs Sowerberry takes a nap. She looks, at this stage, like a dead body

Oliver, Mr Sowerberry and Mr Bumble enter

Mr Sowerberry (*tentatively*) Rose, my dear?

Mrs Sowerberry sits up with a jolt

Mrs Sowerberry Oh! You're enough to scare a women to death! What do you mean, barging in like that?

Mr Sowerberry I'm very sorry, my dear. I've brought a boy from the workhouse to be my new apprentice. Oliver Twist's his name.

Mrs Sowerberry Dear me, he's very small.

Mr Bumble Why he is rather small, he is small. There's no denying it. But he'll grow, Mrs Sowerberry, he'll grow.

Mrs Sowerberry Ah, I dare say he will, on our victuals and our drink. But men always think they know best. (*She yells*) Charlotte!

Charlotte and Noah Claypole enter, looking as if they have just been in a rather steamy clinch

Charlotte Yes, ma'am?

Mrs Sowerberry Charlotte, give him the dog's dinner. I dare say he's not too dainty to eat it.

Mr Bumble Upon that kind note, ma'am, I bid you good night. (*Aside to Oliver*) And if you return to me unwanted, I'll have you drowned. Do you understand?

Mr Bumble exits

Oliver lays into the dog food with relish

Mrs Sowerberry Husband!

Mrs Sowerberry holds out her hand for the five pound note and Mr Sowerberry meekly offers it up

Mr and Mrs Sowerberry exit

Charlotte and Noah Claypole close in on Oliver as he eats

Noah So you're the new boy are you, Workhouse? You don't know who I am, I suppose?
Oliver No, sir.
Noah I'm Mister Noah Claypole and you're under me. And this here is Charlotte, but you needn't think you'll get any sympathy from her, 'coz she's under me too. Geddit?!

He laughs with frantic suggestiveness and Charlotte who's as thick as two planks, grins inanely

Charlotte Lor' Noah! Let him alone!
Noah Let him alone? Why everybody lets him alone. Neither his father nor his mother is ever going to interfere with him. Nor any other relations neither! Eh, Charlotte?
Charlotte Oh, you queer soul!
Noah You finished, Workhouse?
Oliver Yes, sir.
Noah You're not afraid of the coffins are you, Workhouse?
Oliver No.
Noah Sir.
Oliver No, sir.
Noah Good, 'coz there's your bed.

Noah heaves Oliver unceremoniously into the largest coffin

Noah Night night, Workhouse.

Charlotte and Noah exit

The Lights dim to a small square of light as the other actors make the noises of the night: creaks, whistles and wind. Oliver huddles into himself and stares around in the darkness

Black-out

Scene 4

The Poor Quarter

Oliver and Mr Sowerberry enter

Mr Sowerberry Remember, Oliver, to be a worthy undertaker, you must not smile. However happy I may have made you, you must not smile. Do you understand?
Oliver Yes, sir.

Mr Sowerberry Today we must take the measure of a pauper who died last night. Keep close, boy, and do not be afraid.

Mr Sowerberry knocks on a door

An Old Woman enters

Old Woman (*calling off*) It's the undertaker.
Mr Sowerberry Show me the body.

The Husband enters carrying the body of his dead wife in his arms. He looks absolutely pitiful. He kneels, cradling the body

Husband My love. (*He looks up*) Leave her! Don't touch her!
Mr Sowerberry Nonsense, my good man, nonsense.
Husband I won't have her put into the ground. The worms will only worry her. Look. She's so worn away.

Mr Sowerberry sighs, brings out a tape measure and kneels by the body. The Husband cries and the Old Woman grins madly

Old Woman So, so, so.
Husband I begged for her in the streets and they sent me to prison! When they let me out she was dead. She was dead! They starved her! Look at her! She died in the dark.

He stops. He's crying too much to talk. Oliver stares, bug-eyed, at the cruelty of it all

Mr Sowerberry Come, man, pull yourself together.
Old Woman (*aside to Oliver*) She's my daughter. Ah, the fates are cruel!
Mr Sowerberry Come. Bring the body to another room.

Mr Sowerberry, the Husband and the Old Woman carry off the dead wife

The Lights change. Music, growing in volume, is heard as actors enter and cross the stage in a moving tableau of a funeral march

Oliver reappears US, *now dressed as a funeral mute*

The other actors exit

Noah Claypole enters and stops Oliver with his hand. He throws him a rag and points to his boots

Music fades

Black-out

Scene 5

The Undertaker's

Noah is eating a cream cake while Oliver cleans his boots

Noah You're a proper little assistant now. How do you like the funerals, Workhouse?

Oliver looks away

Shall I tell Mr Sowerberry what an ungrateful boy you are?

Oliver I don't care what you do.

Noah Wooh! You'll hang for that, Workhouse. D'you hear me? What a delightful day that'll be, when I see you a-hanging. (*He grabs Oliver's ear*) D'you hear me?

Oliver Yes.

Noah Sir.

Oliver Yes, sir.

Silence. Noah eats

Noah How's your mother, Workhouse?

Oliver Don't talk about my mother. She's dead.

Noah (*grinning*) What did she die of, Workhouse?

Oliver I don't know.

Noah Don't know? I think you do.

Oliver You'd better not say anymore.

Noah Don't be impudent, Workhouse! (*Pause*) Your mother was a nice one she was. Can't be helped now, and I'm sure we all pity you very much, but you must know, Workhouse, your mother was a right-down regular whore.

Oliver What did you say?

Noah A right-down regular whore. And it's a great deal better, Workhouse, that she died when she did or else she'd be transported or hung which is——

Noah gets no further as Oliver flings himself forward, sending them both flying to the ground

Oliver Take that back!

Noah Help! He'll murder me! Charlotte! Missus! Oliver's gone mad! Charlotte!

Charlotte and Mrs Sowerberry thunder in, fists flying, lungs bursting

Mrs Sowerberry Murder! Murder!

Charlotte Oh, you little wretch! You ungrateful, murderous, horrid villain!

They finally pull Oliver off and dump him into a convenient coal-cellar (trap-door) whereupon Mrs Sowerberry falls into a melodramatic swoon. The sound of Oliver thumping to be let out can be heard

Charlotte Bless her, she's going off! A glass of water, Noah, quick!

Mrs Sowerberry (*struggling to speak*) Oh, Charlotte . . .

Noah hurls a glass of water over her face. She doesn't flinch

Mr Sowerberry Oh, Charlotte, what a mercy we have not all been murdered in our coffins!

Charlotte Mercy indeed, ma'am. Poor Noah was half-dead when I came in.

Mrs Sowerberry (*glancing piteously at Noah*) Poor little boy! What's to be done? Your master's not home, there's not a man in the house and he'll

WAIT, THERE'S MORE!

Please visit our website to buy the full script, apply for a licence to perform this show (if it's available), or to explore hundreds of similar titles.

www.concordtheatricals.co.uk or, in the US www.concordtheatricals.com

To be the first to know about new books, licensing releases, and anything theatre-related do follow us on our social media channels.

@ConcordUKShows and @ConcordShows on Facebook, Twitter and Instagram.

CONCORD
THEATRICALS