



Cast



Narrator 1



Jack



Oliver



Mr. Brownlow



Narrator 2



Master



Fagin



Mrs. Bedwin
(non-speaking)

Work with the children to allocate characters and prepare a short performance. Discuss the stage directions in advance and make sure the children understand how to follow the script.

Narrator 1:

One night, in a town about seventy miles from London, a beautiful young woman was found on the street. She was taken to a workhouse, but she died giving birth to a boy. No one knew who his mother was, so her son was given the name Oliver Twist.

Narrator 2:

At first, Oliver had a foster mother. She was given money to feed him, but she kept most of it for herself. When Oliver was nine years old, he was sent back to the workhouse to learn to do a job. Life was very hard, and the children there were always hungry. The only food they were given was porridge.

Narrator 1:

One evening, Oliver finished his porridge, but he was still very hungry. So, he picked up his bowl, and went to the master of the workhouse.

Oliver:

Please, sir, may I have some more?

Master:
(furious)

MORE?

Narrator 2:

He immediately took Oliver away, and locked him in a small room. Oliver was alone in the room for three weeks. When he was finally allowed out, he escaped from the workhouse, and ran away to London.

Narrator 1: A week later, a young boy found Oliver sitting on some steps. Oliver was shaking with cold, and he was very hungry.

Jack: Hello. What are you doing here?

Oliver: I've been on the streets for a week, and I haven't eaten or slept.

Jack: A week! Don't worry, I'll buy you some food. Do you need somewhere to stay?

Narrator 2: Oliver nodded sadly.

Jack: Good. I know a nice old man who will look after you. Come with me and you'll be fine! My name's Jack, but people call me the Artful Dodger.

Oliver: That is not the name of an honest person.
(to himself)

Narrator 1: Then, the Dodger gave Oliver a piece of bread. Oliver didn't trust the Dodger, but he followed him. He was hungry and tired, and he needed a bed and some hot food.

Narrator 2: The Dodger and Oliver walked through lots of dark, narrow streets, until they came to an old house. There, the Dodger introduced Oliver to Mr. Fagin, who was an old man with a thin face and lots of red hair.

Fagin: Come in, my boy!

Narrator 1: Oliver didn't trust him, but the old man spoke kindly, and offered him a bed to sleep in.

Narrator 2: The next day, Oliver was taken out by the Dodger. He watched with shock as the Dodger walked into a shop, stole a handkerchief from an old man's pocket, and then ran away!

Narrator 1: Oliver turned to run away, too, but a policeman came and hit him so hard that he fell.

Narrator 2: The policeman took Oliver to the police station. He didn't know it, but the old man who owned the handkerchief—Mr. Brownlow—was following them.

Mr. Brownlow: A different boy stole my handkerchief. Also, I think this boy is ill.

Narrator 1: At that moment, Oliver fell to the ground, so the policeman carried him outside, and left him on the street.

Narrator 2: Mr. Brownlow took Oliver home with him. When the boy woke up, he was in a soft bed in a nice room. Mr. Brownlow and Mrs. Bedwin, his servant, were there.

Mr. Brownlow: How are you, child?

Narrator 1: Oliver saw that Mr. Brownlow was looking at a picture of a young woman, which hung on the wall above Oliver's head.

Mr. Brownlow: Look, Mrs. Bedwin. Their faces are the same!

