

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

FAGIN: Well, Dodger, wot d'you think?

DODGER: I fink we're done for, Fagin, unless we can get another gang togevver, quick.

FAGIN: I'm inclined to agree, Dodger. Otherwise, I can see you and I having to get honest jobs.

(Dodger faints. Fagin hastily revives him.)

FAGIN: Dodger, Dodger, I didn't mean it. It just slipped art.

DODGER: Fagin, wash your marf art wiv soap. You know you an' me ain't cut art for honesty. No, we gotta fink. We gotta plan.

FAGIN: I'll tell you the truth, Dodger – I miss all the lads. Even that young Oliver wot did for us. Ah, well, that's over and done with, got to look to the future. We had some good times, though, didn't we, Dodger?

(Enter Olivia.)

FAGIN: Dodger, do you see what I see?

DODGER: Wot?

FAGIN: That girl? Don't she remind you of someone?

DODGER: Who?

FAGIN: Oliver Twist. Just as green-lookin' as he was when he came to London.

DODGER: Fagin, you ain't thinkin' of usin' A GIRL?

FAGIN: Desperate times demand desperate measures. Let's do it.

DODGER: You're on!

(Fagin & Dodger approach Olivia.)

FAGIN: Hello, child. You look lost.

OLIVIA: I am, sir. I've just come to London.

FAGIN: Then you're a lucky girl to have met us, 'cos wot we don't know about London ain't worth knowing. Poor child, you look cold and hungry.

OLIVIA: That I am, sir.

FAGIN: What's your name, dearie?

OLIVIA: Olivia.

FAGIN: Well, Olivia, how would you like to earn a penny?

OLIVIA: What do I have to do?
FAGIN: I'll give you a simple test. If you pass, there's lots more pennies to be earned.
OLIVIA: What is it? Reading? Arithmetic?
DODGER: Do us a favour. Do we look like teachers?
FAGIN: Look, there's a posh gentleman coming this way. I want you to go up to him and ask the way to Shoreditch.
OLIVIA: I thought you knew everywhere in London.
FAGIN: *(Momentarily flustered, to Olivia.)* Er...they've moved it... road works, you know.
OLIVIA: Well, it's a funny sort of test – but all right.

(Enter George Bernard Shaw and Eliza.)

GBS: Thank you, Eliza. I enjoyed our chat, and I have the plot of my new play in my mind. I'm going to call it Pygmalion.
ELIZA: 'Ere! You callin' me a pig?
GBS: *(With a laugh.)* No, it's the heroine of a classical legend.
ELIZA: You can't have a title like that. You need somethin' catchy, somethin' the public'll go for.
GBS: Any suggestions?
ELIZA: Somefink to do wiv London. London Bridge is Fallin' Darn – no, that ain't no good...wait, I got it! My Fair Lady!
GBS: My Fair Lady? No commercial value whatsoever...
FAGIN: *(To Olivia)* Go on. Now.

(Olivia approaches GBS.)

OLIVIA: Excuse me, sir.
GBS: Yes, what is it, child?
OLIVIA: Do you know the way to Shoreditch?
GBS: *(As Dodger sidles up to him.)* Shoreditch! I wouldn't want to know the way to Shoreditch. And nobody I know wants to either. I believe it's somewhere in that direction.

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

FAGIN: Let's scarpa.

(Fagin & Dodger run off.)

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

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

GBS: She must be their accomplice.

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

(She offers GBS the penny.)

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

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

OLIVIA: Olivia.

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

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

ELIZA: Nuffink else?

OLIVIA: No. I've just arrived here. I was going to find some work.

ELIZA: *(To GBS)* Don'tcha see? This little girl was offering you all she 'ad in the world. If it was the other way rahnd, would you offer 'er all your riches – 'cos I know you're well off, aintcha?

GBS: *(To Olivia)* Young lady, I owe you an apology. Here – *(He reaches in an inside pocket, and takes out a wallet.)* Here's a pound for you *(He gives Olivia a pound note)* ...and one for you, Eliza... *(He gives Eliza a pound note.)* I'm afraid I was a crusty old curmudgeon, who jumped to the wrong conclusion.

ELIZA: But your wallet – it was nicked. I saw it wiv my own two eyes.

GBS: A false one, my dear. I was warned by my friend Oscar Wilde about the danger of pick-pockets.

ELIZA: So there weren't a tenner in it?

GBS: Just something I couldn't use, which they're welcome to.

OLIVIA: What was that?

GBS: Two tickets to the Opera. It's Wagner, I believe, and five hours long. I bid you good evening. *(He doffs his hat and exits.)*

ELIZA: 'Ere, you hungry?

OLIVIA: I could eat a horse.

ELIZA: Don't tempt fate. There's many round these parts that do. Look love, I earnt this parnd easy – I'll buy us a slap-up meal.

OLIVIA: Oh, that would be lovely – but I'll pay, I've got a pound, too.

ELIZA: No, dearie, your need is greater than mine. You got anywhere to stay?

OLIVIA: No.

ELIZA: Then you can kip wiv me tonight. Ain't no room to swing a cat in my place, but if you don't mind squeezing in...

OLIVIA: That's very kind of you, ma'am.

ELIZA: Ma'am? Blimey, ain't you polite, girl? You call me Eliza, and I'll call you Olivia. Olivia what, by the way?

OLIVIA: St. Francis.

ELIZA: Olivia St. Francis? Never 'eard of a name like that before.

OLIVIA: I was named after the convent where they brought me when I was a baby.

ELIZA: You an orphan, then?

(Olivia nods.)

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

OLIVIA: Do you know what, Eliza?

ELIZA: What?

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

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

OLIVIA: I haven't.

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

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