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OLIVER TWISTED

Oliver Twisted

A two-act spoof of Dickens' classic story



by Craig Sodaro and Tim Kelly



Meriwether Publishing Ltd.

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

CHARLES "CHUCK" DICKENS, private eye
NANCY, his secretary

AGATHA LOW, a very wealthy society matron

ART DODGER, a young thief

BRAINS, another

GIGGLES, another

TINY, another

SWIFTY, another

OLIVER TWIST, an orphan

MAVIS, a saleslady

DARLA, an orphan

CARLA. another

MARLA, another

MRS. BUMBLE, head of the orphanage

MRS. PEPPERCORN, a lady

FAY GUNN, a beautician and thief

MONK, a young man of mystery

BILL SIKES, a thief

SETTING

Dickens Detective Agency is permanently set Down Right against proscenium or stage wall. Entrance Up Right or across stage to left. Office consists of desk facing the audience with chair behind it and client chair to the left of desk. Coat rack stands Up Right. Light switch on wall. On the desk is a phone.

Orphanage scene consists of a long bench and a small table set with bowls and a large cereal box.

Beauty Box salon needs a door frame center, but no door is needed. Two chairs as in a waiting room sit left with a small table between them set with magazines. At right is client chair facing the audience. Small table right holds usual beauty shop items such as combs, brushes, mirror, and so on.

ACTI

SETTING: The office of private detective CHUCK DICKENS. The office is permanently set at Stage Right and consists of a desk, a chair behind desk, and a client chair to left of desk chair. Telephone on desk and a coat rack Up Right. There can be a suggestion of a wall behind the "office" to create the illusion of a separate room.

AT RISE: CHUCK DICKENS, that famous private eye, enters Down Left, crossing slowly to office. He wears a hat pulled almost to his eyebrows and a belted raincoat. He surveys the audience, talks out of the side of his mouth.

CHUCK: You're looking at Dickens. Charles Dickens. That's me. But everybody calls me Chuck. In certain unsavory quarters I'm known as "The Dickens." I know criminals and I know wisecracks. I'm always cracking wise. (He makes fist and slams it into palm of his other hand.) I'm a private investigator, a private eye, a private person. I'm tough. T-U-F-F. (He takes cigarette from his pocket, pops it into his mouth, and immediately goes into a terrible coughing fit. It's so bad he walks off left. We hear him almost strangling. He returns left without cigarette.)

Funny thing about that. I don't smoke. Never have. Never will. Once in a while I catch fire. When I'm working on a case, I mean. Tobacco is filthy stuff. Like booze. Myself, I never touch the sauce. (He takes flask or bottle from inside pocket.) But clients get edgy when they don't see a private detective guzzle the grape. (He holds up flask.) So I oblige the image. I keep this filled with Dr. Pepper. I never get drunk, but I burp a lot. (He pats flask.) Sometimes I fill it with Bubble-Up or Diet Pepsi. Once in a blue moon, it's cream soda. That's something I'd like to see ... not the cream soda, no. I've seen that. I meant the blue moon. (He puts flask away, takes out revolver.)

But this ain't no fantasy. I got a license to carry it. I'm a real pro. (Phone rings. Instinctively, CHUCK spins around and

takes aim at phone.) Freeze or you'll look like Swiss cheese! (Telephone rings a second time and he realizes he's being silly. He pockets revolver and smiles sheepishly at the audience.) Sorry about that. But it proves I'm on my toes ... or I would be if I was wearing ballet shoes.

(Telephone rings a third time as NANCY enters right. She carries a steno pad, has pencils stuck in her puffed-out hairstyle. She wears heels and a short skirt that gives her a mincing walk.) That's my secretary. My Girl Friday. Or she would be if this wasn't Wednesday. Name's Nancy. (Macho) Like most dames, she's in love with me. (Shrugs.) What can I tell you? (Phone rings again. NANCY sits on desk, crosses her legs, and picks up receiver.)

- NANCY: The Dickens Detective Agency. (She listens to caller as CHUCK finishes his cross to office.)
- CHUCK: I got a seedy office located in a seedy two-story building above seedy Hollywood Boulevard in a seedy section of Los Angeles. I like it that way. No frills. I like the climate in LA, too. It's tough, like me. Never rains. Just drips perspiration. (He takes his hat off and attempts to hang it on proscenium arch or stage wall. It falls to the floor. He takes out piece of chalk and draws a large hook. He puts chalk away, picks up hat, and places it on the "hook." NOTE: There is actually a nail already in the wall, which the audience can't see, so when the "hook" is drawn, the effect will be that the hat is hanging from CHUCK's sketch.)
 - NANCY: (Kicking one leg nonchalantly and writing on notepad) You can't miss it. It's a seedy office located in a seedy two-story building above seedy Hollywood Boulevard in a seedy section of Los Angeles.
 - CHUCK: (Moves to her as she hangs up.) Client? (NANCY is delighted to see him. She gets off the desk and giddily begins to mouth baby talk, running in place like a nervous racehorse.)
- NANCY: Chuckie-Chuckie, kiss-kiss-kiss! (He grabs her and bends her so far back her hair is practically dusting the floor.
 Like a romantic lead in some ancient film on late-night TV, he plants a kiss on her waiting lips.)

- 1 CHUCK: (To audience) Skirts. Can't live with 'em. Can't live
 2 without 'em. (He lets go of his grip, and NANCY hits the floor with
 3 a thud. At the same time, CHUCK takes off his coat and walks to
 4 coatrack. Without looking, he "hangs up" his coat. However, he
 5 misses and it falls to the floor. He doesn't notice. CHUCK sits, props
 6 his feet on desk. NANCY stands.) Who was on the longhorn?
- 7 NANCY: I wrote it down.
- 8 CHUCK: That don't tell me much.
- 9 NANCY: (Checking steno pad) Mrs. Low. Agatha Low.
- 10 CHUCK: *The* Agatha Low? The society dame from Beverly 11 Hills?
- 12 NANCY: Yeah. I hear her husband was in oil.
- 13 CHUCK: (Gives a low whistle, impressed.) She's so rich the bags 14 under her eyes are genuine alligator. What'd she want?
- 15 NANCY: Said she'd tell you in person.
- 16 CHUCK: When's she coming in?
- 17 NANCY: Said she'd drive here as soon as she could. (AGATHA
- 18 LOW, an expensively dressed matron, enters right. She wears 19 plenty of jewelry and carries a large purse.)
- 20 AGATHA: I'm Mrs. Low.
- 21 CHUCK: (To NANCY) What's she drive? A jet?
- 22 AGATHA: You can call me Agatha.
- 23 CHUCK: If I do, what's in it for me?
- 24 AGATHA: You're hard. You're realistic. The sort of man I need.
- 25 (Suddenly emotional) You've got to help me, Mr. Dickens!
- Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo!
- 27 CHUCK: Easy with the waterworks. I ain't got flood insurance.
- 28 (Indicates client chair.) Park it, Agatha. (AGATHA sits, dabs 29 eyes with hanky.)
- 30 AGATHA: Thank you.
- 31 NANCY: I'll take notes.
- 32 CHUCK: Sounds reasonable. (NANCY sits behind desk. Instead of
- picking up pencil, she takes out file from her hairstyle and begins
- 34 to work on her nails.)
- 35 AGATHA: You must find him, Mr. Dickens! You're my only hope!
- 36 CHUCK: Find who?
- 37 AGATHA: Oliver.

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