ACT TWO

SCENE ONE

The "Three Cripples" a Public House that evening.

Curtain slowly rises to disclose the smoky saloon of the public house - There is a boxing match in progress. The raffish looking CUSTOMERS are drinking and flirting. They sing over the general hubbub.

At one end of the room is the CHAIRMAN with a hammer. He bangs his hammer.

CHAIRMAN
Ladies and Gentlemen, Brethren, sinners all! I call upon our Goddess of the Virtues to give us her well known rendition of the old school song -

CUSTOMERS
Good old Nancy! Come on Nancy!

All right! All right!

NANCY
Oom-pah-pah!

CHAIRMAN

NANCY
THERE'S A LITTLE DITTY
THEY'RE SINGING IN THE CITY-
ESPESHLY WHEN THEY'VE BIN
ON THE GIN
OR THE BEER.
IF YOU'VE GOT THE PATIENCE,
YOUR OWN IMAGINATIONS
WILL TELL YOU JUST EXACTLY
WHAT YOU WANT TO HEAR . . .

ALL
OOM-PAH-PAH! OOM PAH-PAH!
THAT'S HOW IT GOES,
OOM-PAH-PAH! OOM-PAH-PAH!
EV'RYONE KNOWS.

NANCY
THEY ALL SUPPOSE WHAT THEY WANT TO SUPPOSE WHEN THEY HEAR . . . OOM-PAH-PAH!!

MISTER PERCY SNODGRASS
WOULD OFTEN HAVE THE ODD GLASS -
BUT NEVER WHEN HE THOUGHT ANYBODY COULD SEE.
SECRETLY HE'D BUY IT,
AND DRINK IT ON THE QUIET,
AND DREAM HE WAS AN EARL
WIV A GIRL ON EACH KNEE!

CUSTOMERS and NANCY
OOM-PAH-PAH! OOM-PAH-PAH!
THAT'S HOW IT GOES.
OOM-PAH-PAH! OOM-PAH-PAH!
EV'RYONE KNOWS...

NANCY
WHAT IS THE CAUSE OF HIS RED SHINY NOSE?
CAN IT BE... OOM-PAH-PAH?

NANCY
PRETTY LITTLE SALLY
GOES WALKING DOWN THE ALLEY,
DISPLAYS HER PRETTY ANKLES TO ALL OF THE MEN.
THEY COULD SEE HER GARTERS,
BUT NOT FOR FREE-AND-GRATIS-
AN INCH OR TWO, AND THEN SHE KNOWS
WHEN TO SAY WHEN!

ALL
OOM-PAH-PAH! OOM-PAH-PAH!
THAT'S HOW IT GOES.
OOM-PAH-PAH! OOM-PAH-PAH!
EV'RYONE KNOWS...

NANCY
WHETHER IT'S HIDDEN, OR WHETHER IT SHOWS -
IT'S THE SAME... OOM-PAH-PAH!!
Hilarious laughter.

NANCY
SHE WAS FROM THE COUNTRY,
BUT NOW SHE'S UP A GUM-TREE -
SHE LET A FELLER FEED 'ER, THEN LEAD 'ER ALONG,
WHAT'S THE GOOD O' CRYIN'?
SHE'S MADE A BED TO LIE IN -
SHE'S GLAD TO BRING THE COIN IN,
AND JOIN IN THIS SONG!

ALL
OOM-PAH-PAH! OOM-PAH-PAH!
THAT'S HOW IT GOES,
OOM-PAH-PAH! OOM-PAH-PAH!
EV'RYONE KNOWS.
NANCY
SHE IS NO LONGER THE SAME BLUSHING ROSE -
EVER SINCE . . . OOM-PAH-PAH!

Lewd laughter.

NANCY

(shouts)

Altogether now!

NANCY
THERE'S A LITTLE DITTY
THEY'RE SINGING IN THE
CITY -
ESPESHLY WHEN THEY'VE BIN
ON THE GIN OR THE BEER.
IF YOU'VE GOT THE
PATIENCE,
YOUR OWN IMAGINATIONS
WILL TELL YOU JUST
EXACTLY
WHAT YOU WANT
TO HEAR

COMPANY
OOM-PAH-PAH! OOM PAH-
PAH!
THAT'S HOW IT GOES,
OOM-PAH-PAH! OOM-PAH-
PAH!
EV'RYONE KNOWS.
THEY ALL SUPPOSE WHAT
THEY WANT TO SUPPOSE
WHEN THEY HEAR . .
OOM-PAH-PAH!!

ALL
OOM-PAH-PAH! OOM PAH-PAH!
THAT'S HOW IT GOES,
OOM-PAH-PAH! OOM-PAH-PAH!
EV'RYONE KNOWS.

ALL
THEY ALL SUPPOSE WHAT THEY WANT TO SUPPOSE
WHEN THEY HEAR . .
OOM-PAH-PAH!!

End of song - wild applause. Three loud bangs.

Enter SIKES.

VOICE
(In a loud whisper)

Bill Sikes!

SIKES

MUSIC begins and he sings.

STRONG MEN TREMBLE WHEN THEY HEAR IT!
THEY'VE GOT CAUSE ENOUGH TO FEAR IT!

IT'S MUCH BLACKER THAN THEY SMEAR IT!
NOBODY MENTIONS . .
MY NAME!

RICH MEN HOLD THEIR FIVE-POUND NOTES OUT-

64
SAVES ME EMPTYING THEIR COATS OUT -
THEY KNOW I COULD TEAR THEIR THROATS OUT
JUST TO LIVE UP TO... MY NAME!

WIV ME
JEMMY IN ME HAND,
LEMME SEE THE MAN WHO DARES
STOP ME
TAKING WHAT I MAY -
HE CAN START TO SAY HIS PRAYERS!

BICEPS LIKE AN IRON GIRDER,
FIT FOR DOING OF A MURDER,
IF I JUST SO MUCH AS HEARD A
BLOKE EVEN WHISPER... MY NAME!

WHISPERS: 'BILL SIKES'

SOME TOFF, SLUMMING WIV HIS VALET,
BUMPED INTO ME IN THE ALLEY -
NOW HIS EYES'LL NEVER TALLY -
HE'D NEVER HEARD OF... MY NAME!

ONE BLOKE
USED TO BOAST THE CLAIM
HE COULD TAKE MY NAME IN VAIN... POOR BLOKE... SHAME 'E WAS SO GREEN -
NEVER WAS 'E SEEN AGAIN!

ONCE BAD - WHAT'S THE GOOD OF TURNING?
IN HELL - I'LL BE THERE A-BURNING -
MEANWHILE, THINK OF WHAT I'M EARNING
ALL ON ACCOUNT OF... MY NAME!

SIKES
WHAT IS IT? WHAT IS IT? WHAT IS IT?... NANCY

(Spoken)

Bill Sikes.

End of song.
DODGER
Fagin! Fagin! Fagin!  
(He pounds the wall)

FAGIN

(Entering)
Dodger! Where's Oliver? Where's the boy?  
FAGIN takes hold of DODGER's ear.

FAGIN

(to DODGER)
What has become of Oliver?

DODGER (in between being shaken)
Got took away in a coach!

FAGIN (pulling Dodger up by his coat)
Who coach? What coach? Where coach?

Dodger slithers out of coat and shirt and he is naked from the waist up

DODGER

(breathlessly)
He got nabbed on the job!... They took him to court.
We waited outside... The old man we dipped, come out of the court with Oliver
and took him off in a coach!

FAGIN

Where to? Quick? Speak!

DODGER

19, Chepstowe Gardens... Bloomsbury... I run all the way.

FAGIN

(Fretfully)
We were supposed to look after him. We were supposed to bring him back with us.
We were supposed to never let him out of OUR SIGHT!

SIKES

(aloud)
Who?

FAGIN

(to nobody in particular)
One of us, Bill. A new boy - went out on his first job today with Dodger. I'm afraid...... that he may say something which will get us into trouble.

SIKES

(grinning)
That's very likely... You're blewed upon Fagin.

FAGIN

(still to nobody in particular)
And I'm afraid... you see... that if the game was up with us...
... it might be up with a good many more... and it would come out rather worse for you than it would for me, my dear.

SIKES starts towards FAGIN, who merely stares vacantly ahead.

SIKES
Why you old!.. Somebody must find out what's been done, or said. If he hasn't talked yet, there's still a chance we might get him back - without suspicion. We'll nab him the very moment he dares to step out of that house. Now who's gonna go?

They all look around at each other.

DODGER
I suppose it'll have to be me.

FAGIN
You shut your trap, Dodger. You've caused enough trouble.

(He looks at Nancy)

It's got to be done quiet. We don't want any fuss.

(Smirking at Nancy)

The very thing! Nancy my dear - you're so good with the boy.

NANCY
It's no good trying it on with me.

BILL goes across to her menacingly

BILL
And just what do you mean by that remark?

NANCY gets up and faces BILL

NANCY
What I say Bill. I'm not going... Why can't you leave the boy alone? He won't do you no harm. Why can't you leave him where he is - where he'll get the chance of a decent life?

BILL
You'll get him back 'ere my girl - unless you want to feel my hands on your throat!

He throws Nancy onto a stool. FAGIN hurries across and speaks pleadingly at NANCY, trying to prevent more violence, which he hates.

FAGIN
Nancy, my dear - if he talked, think what would happen to us. Think what would happen to Bill. It'd be the gallows for him, Nancy - the gallows! You wouldn't let that happen would you, my dear? Not to Bill? Not to your Bill?

BILL
She'll go Fagin.

He turns away. With sudden spirit, Nancy looks up at Fagin.
NANCY
No she won’t Fagin!

BILL
Yes, she will Fagin!

He hits Nancy viciously across the face, knocking her off the chair onto the floor. He turns and strides towards the door.

BILL
Bullseye!

They exit (bill & Bullseye).
There’s silence. FAGIN goes to help NANCY. She looks at him with scorn and disgust. FAGIN and the boys turn and leave.

NANCY
Alright Bet. Go home. There’s a good girl.

Visual cue: as Bet gets halfway upstage

AS LONG AS HE NEEDS ME . . .
OH, YES, HE DOES NEED ME . . .
IN SPITE OF WHAT YOU SEE . . .
. . . I’M SURE THAT HE NEEDS ME.

WHO ELSE WOULD LOVE HIM STILL
WHEN THEY’VE BEEN USED SO ILL?
HE KNOWS I ALWAYS WILL . . .
AS LONG AS HE NEEDS ME.

I MISS HIM SO MUCH WHEN HE IS GONE,
BUT WHEN HE’S NEAR ME
I DON’T LET ON . . .

The TAVERN KEEPER is in the background putting chairs on tables and clearing up tankards.

. . . THE WAY I FEEL INSIDE.
THE LOVE, I HAVE TO HIDE . . .
THE HELL! I’VE GOT MY PRIDE
AS LONG AS HE NEEDS ME.

HE DOESN’T SAY THE THINGS HE SHOULD.
HE ACTS THE WAY HE THINKS HE SHOULD.
BUT ALL THE SAME,
I’LL PLAY
THIS GAME
HIS WAY.

AS LONG AS HE NEEDS ME . . .
I KNOW WHERE I MUST BE.
I’LL CLING ON STEADFASTLY . . .
AS LONG AS HE NEEDS ME.

AS LONG AS LIFE IS LONG . . .
I'LL LOVE HIM RIGHT OR WRONG .
AND SOMEHOW, I'LL BE STRONG . . .
AS LONG AS HE NEEDS ME.

IF YOU ARE LONELY
THEN YOU WILL KNOW . . .

WHEN SOMEONE NEEDS YOU,
YOU LOVE THEM SO.

I WON'T BETRAY HIS TRUST . . .
THOUGH PEOPLE SAY I MUST.

I'VE GOT TO STAY TRUE, JUST
AS LONG AS HE NEEDS ME.

End of song.

END OF ACT TWO - Scene One
ACT TWO

SCENE TWO

Brownlow's house - bedroom, stairs, morning room and street outside.

In the bedroom MRS BEDWIN sits by Oliver's bed singing a lullaby.

MRS BEDWIN
WHERE IS LOVE?
DOES IT FALL FROM SKIES ABOVE?
IS IT UNDERNEATH THE WILLOW TREE
THAT YOU'VE BEEN DREAMING OF?
WHERE IS SHE ...

OLIVER embraces Mrs Bedwin
They look out of window as street criers appear

ROSE SELLER
WHO WILL BUY MY SWEET RED ROSES?
TWO BLOOMS FOR A PENNY.

WHO WILL BY MY SWEET RED ROSES?
TWO BLOOMS FOR A PENNY.

WHO WILL BY MY SWEET RED ROSES?
TWO BLOOMS FOR A PENNY.

MILKMAID
WILL YOU BUY ANY MILK TODAY, MISTRESS?
ANY MILK TODAY, MISTRESS?

ROSE SELLER
WILL YOU BUY MY SWEET RED ROSES?

MILKMAID
ANY MILK TODAY? MISTRESS?

ROSE SELLER
TWO BLOOMS FOR A PENNY

MILKMAID
ANY MILK TODAY?
MISTRESS?

STRAWBERRY-SELLER
RIPE STRAWBERRIES, RIPE!

STRAWBERRY-SELLER
RIPE STRAWBERRIES, RIPE!

STRAWBERRY-SELLER
RIPE STRAWBERRIES RIPE
**MILKMAID**

ANY MILK TODAY? MISTRESS?

**KNIFE-GRINDER**

KNIVES, KNIVES TO GRIND!

ANY KNIVES TO GRIND?

KNIVES, KNIVES TO GRIND!

ANY KNIVES TO GRIND?

WHO WILL BUY?

**STRAWBERRY SELLER**

WHO WILL BUY?

**MILKMAID**

WHO WILL BUY?

**ROSE SELLER**

WHO WILL BUY?

**OLIVER**

WHO WILL BUY
THIS WONDERFUL MORNING?

SUCH A SKY
YOU NEVER DID SEE!

**ROSE SELLER**

WHO WILL BUY MY SWEET RED ROSES?

**OLIVER**

WHO WILL TIE
IT UP WITH A RIBBON,
AND PUT IT IN A BOX FOR ME?

**STRAWBERRY SELLER**

RIPE STRAWBERRIES, RIPE!

**OLIVER**

SO I COULD SEE IT AT MY LEISURE -
WHenever THINGS GO WRONG,
AND I WOULD KEEP IT AS A TREASURE -
TO LAST MY WHOLE LIFE LONG!

**MILKSELLER**

ANY MILK TODAY?

**OLIVER**

WHO WILL BUY
THIS WONDERFUL FEELING?

I'M SO HIGH
I SWEAR I COULD FLY.

**KNIFE GRINDER**

KNIVES!  KNIVES TO GRIND!
STRAWBERRY SELLER
RIPE STRAWBERRIES, RIPE!

OLIVER
ME, OH MY!
I DON'T WANT TO LOSE IT -
SO WHAT AM I TO DO.
TO KEEP THE SKY SO BLUE?
THERE MUST BE SOMEONE WHO WILL BUY?

WHO WILL BUY?

KNIFE GRINDER

WHO WILL BUY?

STRAWBERRY SELLER

WHO WILL BUY?

MILKMAID

WHO WILL BUY?

ROSE SELLER

WHO WILL BUY?

BROWNLOW
Come along Dr Grimwig, I think you'll find a great improvement in the boy.

DR GRIMWIG
That sir, is for me to decide.

BROWNLOW
Thank you, Mrs Bedwin.

MRS BEDWIN
Mr Brownlow.

MR BROWNLOW
How do you feel today, my boy?

OLIVER
Very happy, sir. May I stay here always, sir?

BROWNLOW
If you wish, dear boy, if you wish. Here's the doctor come to see you.

GRIMWIG
Well, he's certainly looking better. But you're still not sleeping well, are you?

OLIVER
Oh yes, I sleep very well sir.

GRIMWIG
Ah. Bad dreams, though, I've no doubt. Nightmares eh?
OLIVER

No sir, I don’t have dreams.

GRIMWIG

Thought so! But you’re hungry aren’t you?

OLIVER

No, doctor.

GRIMWIG

No. You’re not hungry. Not thirsty are you? If that boy is thirsty, I’ll eat my head! Are you?

OLIVER

Yes sir. I am rather thirsty.

GRIMWIG

Just as I expected. It’s very natural he should be thirsty. You may give him a little tea.

MRS BEDWIN

Thank you doctor.

OLIVER

May I get up sir?

GRIMWIG

Say aahhh...

Inserting a spatula into his mouth.

OLIVER

Aahhh

DR GRIMWIG

I think you may. And take a little fresh air. Don’t keep him too warm Mrs Bedwin, but be careful that you don’t let him be too cold.

[GRIMWIG rises and makes to leave the bedroom]

Will you have the goodness?

MRS BEDWIN

Certainly, Doctor.

BROWNLOW

You’ll be glad to be up again, Oliver.

OLIVER

(To Mrs Bedwin seeing his new clothes)

Do I wear these?
MRS BEDWIN
Well, you can’t wear your old ones, they’ve gone into the furnace. Hurry now.

BROWNLOW and GRIMWIG leave the room and go downstairs speaking as they go. OLIVER jumps up and gets dressed with the help of MRS BEDWIN.

BROWNLOW
He’s a fine looking boy, don’t you think Grimwig?

GRIMWIG
Couldn’t tell you. I only know two sorts of boys. Mealy boys and beef-faced boys.

And which is Oliver?

BROWNLOW
Mealy! Where does he come from?

BROWNLOW
You know I haven’t the faintest idea. He was arrested for stealing my pocket handkerchief. And when the shopkeeper told us what really happened and he was released by the magistrate, I brought him here to make what amends I could. But I must confess I find myself strangely attached to the child.

GRIMWIG
He’s deceiving you my good friend. He has had a fever. What of that? Fevers are not peculiar to good people are they? Bad people have fevers sometimes don’t they? He stole your pocket handkerchief didn’t he? Then he’ll steal more sir. What do you know of him? Nothing.

BROWNLOW
Only that he’s an orphan. (suddenly thoughtful)

And yet... (He ponders, puzzled).

...It’s strange. There’s something in that boy’s face.....I can’t explain it, but...somewhere I seem to have seen him before...somewhere a long time ago.

GRIMWIG
Stuff and nonsense. You’re imagining things.

A bell rings and a maid appears.

BROWNLOW
Yes, what is it?

MAID
There’s someone to see you sir.

BROWNLOW
What does he want?
BOY

Books you ordered from the bookseller, sir.

BOY exits

BROWNLOW

Ah yes, thank you...

(he turns away)

Now, I've got to give you some...

(the BOY has fled)

Hey! Wait a moment

OLIVER and MRS BEDWIN have appeared at the top of the stairs.
BROWNLOW shouts after the MESSENGER BOY.

Hey! Come back! Oh really, really, really and I particularly wished some books to be returned today.

GRIMWIG

(cannily)

Why not send Oliver with them.

OLIVER

Yes! Do let me take them for you please, sir.

BROWNLOW

Oh! Em - oh very well my boy very well if you wish, you shall. Now I'll tell you what I want you to do. You will give Mr Jessop these books and say you've come to pay the four pounds ten that I owe him - here's five pounds. No need to rush but I shall expect you back in ten minutes - it's just down the road.

OLIVER is about to go but BROWNLOW holds his hand,
then his eyes move to a portrait on the wall. OLIVER looks.

OLIVER

She's a very pretty lady, isn't she, Sir?

BROWNLOW

(Watching Oliver)

Yes it's a portrait of my daughter Agnes....

OLIVER

I'll take the books then sir...

BROWNLOW

(absently)

Yes...you take the books

[OLIVER exits]

GRIMWIG

Ha! You don't really expect him to come back, do you? With a new suit of clothes on his back and a five pound note in his pocket? My dear Mr Brownlow, if he does I'll eat my head.
BROWNLOW  
(who has been staring at the portrait)  
Dr Grimwig. Look at that portrait. Don’t you see an extraordinary resemblance between Oliver and my daughter Agnes?

GRIWMWIG  
Can’t say I do.

BROWNLOW  
Well in ten minutes Dr Grimwig, when the boy returns, I think you will see.

GRIMWIG  
Yes Mr Brownlow, ten minutes.
WHO WILL BUY?

KNIFE GRINDER

WHO WILL BUY?

STRAWBERRY SELLER

WHO WILL BUY?

MILKMAID

WHO WILL BUY?

ROSESELLER

WHO WILL BUY?

COMPANY

WHO WILL BUY THIS WONDERFUL MORNING?
SUCH A SKY
YOU NEVER DID SEE!

WHO WILL TIE
IT UP WITH A RIBBON,
AND PUT IT IN A BOX FOR ME?

THERE'LL NEVER BE A DAY SO SUNNY,
IT COULD NOT HAPPEN TWICE.
WHERE IS THE MAN WITH ALL THE MONEY?
IT'S CHEAP AT HALF THE PRICE!

WHO WILL BUY
THIS WONDERFUL FEELING?
I'M SO HIGH
I SWEAR I COULD FLY
ME, OH MY!
I DON'T WANT TO LOSE IT -
SO WHAT AM I TO DO
TO KEEP THE SKY SO BLUE?
THERE MUST BE SOMEONE WHO WILL...BUY!

THERE'LL NEVER BE A DAY SO SUNNY
IT COULD NOT HAPPEN TWICE
WHERE IS THE MAN WITH ALL THE MONEY
IT'S CHEAP AT HALF THE PRICE

The side-show enters.

COMPANY

WHO WILL BUY THIS WONDERFUL FEELING
I'M SO HIGH I SWEAR I COULD FLY
ME, OH MY! I DON'T WANT TO LOSE IT
SO WHAT AM I TO DO
TO KEEP THE SKY SO BLUE
THERE MUST BE SOMEONE
WHO WILL BUY

Instrumental as the side-show perform.

COMPANY
WHO WILL BUY THIS WONDERFUL MORNING
SUCH A SKY YOU NEVER DID SEE
WHO WILL TIE IT UP WITH A RIBBON
AND PUT IT IN A BOX FOR ME

THERE’LL NEVER BE A DAY SO SUNNY
IT COULD NOT HAPPEN TWICE
WHERE IS THE MAN WITH ALL THE MONEY
IT’S CHEAP AT HALF THE PRICE

WHO WILL BUY, WHO WILL BUY, WHO WILL BUY,
WHO WILL BUY, WHO WILL BUY, WHO WILL BUY,
WHO WILL BUY, WHO WILL BUY

WHO WILL BUY THIS WONDERFUL FEELING
I’M SO HIGH I SWEAR I COULD FLY
ME OH MY I DON’T WANT TO loose IT
SO WHAT AM I TO DO
TO KEEP THE SKY SO BLUE

OLIVER
THERE MUST BE SOMEONE

MUST BE SOMEONE

STRAWBERRY SELLER

MUST BE SOMEONE

MILK MAID

MUST BE SOMEONE

KNIFE-GRINDER

WHO WILL BUY

COMPANY

NANCY
Who has been lying in wait with BET.
She throws her arms about his neck.

OLIVER

Leggo! Leggo! who is it, leggo!
A CROWD gathers round.
NANCY
I've found him! Oliver, oh Oliver! My dear little brother! Where have you been? We've been worried out of our heads! Thank goodness gracious heavens, I've found him.

FIRST WOMAN
What's the matter love?

NANCY
Oh, he ran away two weeks ago from his parents who are hard-working respectable people, and went and joined a set of thieves and bad characters - almost broke his mother's heart.

OLIVER
It's not true!

SECOND WOMAN
The young wretch!

FIRST WOMAN
Go home, you little brute.

OLIVER
I'm not! I haven't any mother - or father! I'm an orphan!

NANCY
Oh heavens. Just listen to him.

OLIVER notices BET nearby.

OLIVER
Bet! Tell them to let me go!

NANCY
See - he knows his little sister. He can't hide that! Make him come home - or he'll kill us.

SIKES appears in the group.

SIKES
What the devil's all this?

FIRST MAN
Oh, 'e's only playing up.

exits

SIKES
Young Oliver? Come home to your poor mother - you young dog! Come on home!

He grabs OLIVER's shoulders.
SIKES

(sees books)
What, books, too? You've been stealing again have you? He's nothing but a thief
and a vagabond.

Hits OLIVER

SECOND MAN
That's right, that's what he needs.

Exits

OLIVER
Let go. I don’t belong to them. Help! Help!

SIKES
(Putting his hand over OLIVER'S mouth)
Now you little bleeder, you’re coming with us.

NANCY
All right Bill. Leave him alone.

SIKES
Say goodbye to your fancy living.

NANCY
Leave him Bill, we’re here now.

END OF ACT TWO - Scene 2
ACT TWO

SCENE THREE

THIEVES KITCHEN

Enter SIKES twisting OLIVER's arm, followed by NANCY and BET.

NANCY hangs respectable shawls, hats etc around the fireplace.

FAGIN

Aaah! So you've come home again, have you Oliver my dear?

DODGER

Look at his togs, Fagin!

CHARLEY

E's got books too. Quite the little gent, ain't he?

He grabs the parcel of books from OLIVER. The other boys are pulling OLIVER about. One pulls his cap off, puts it on himself at a rakish angle and struts around the room. The other boys roar with laughter. Meanwhile, DODGER is systematically going through OLIVER'S pockets.

FAGIN

(with an ironical bow)

Delighted to see you looking so well, my dear. The Artful Dodger shall give you another suit, for fear you should spoil that Sunday one. Why didn't you write, my dear, and say you were coming? We'd have got something warm for supper.

DODGER

Cor! Look at this!

DODGER draws forth the five-pound note from one of OLIVER's pockets. BILL SIKES steps forward, but before he can get there, FAGIN grabs the note.

SIKES

Hullo, what's that? That's mine, Fagin.

FAGIN

No, no my dear. Mine, Bill, mine. You can have the books.

BOYS laugh but SIKES glares at them and they stop as one.

He gives Sikes the books but he throws them to the ground in disgust. Dodger picks them up.

SIKES

If that ain't mine - mine and Nancy's, that is, I'll take the boy back again!
FAGIN stops in his tracks.

SIKES

Come on, 'and over

FAGIN

(imploringly)
This is hardly fair, Bill - hardly fair, is it, Nancy?

SIKES
Fair or not fair, 'and it over you avaricious old skeleton, Give it 'ere!

At which he plucks the note from between FAGIN's finger and thumb.

That's for our share of the trouble and not half enough neither.

He takes the books from Dodger and gives then to Fagin.

Here. You can 'ave the books. Start a library.

He laughs and makes to exit.

OLIVER
You can't keep the books or the money! They belong to Mr Brownlow and if he finds out you've got them he'll be down here after you.

There is a silence as OLIVER's words sink in.

SIKES
(Advancing towards OLIVER menacingly.)
So 'e'll be down here, will 'e?

NANCY
Leave 'im alone, Bill!

SIKES
(glares at NANCY, then turns to OLIVER)
What did you tell him about us?

OLIVER
Nothing.

THE BOYS, sensing impending violence, hide themselves in corners.

SIKES
That remains to be seen - but if we found out you said anything - anything out of place... Fagin, I'll wager that young scoundrel's told him everything.

OLIVER
(as he tries to escape)
Help! Help!

BILL grabs him, OLIVER hits BIL across the face.

BILL
Hit me would you?
He pushes off OLIVER and makes for his cudgel. NANCY rushes forward and grabs BILL'S arm.

NANCY

No leave him alone Bill!

BILL

Stand off me, or I'll split yer head open!

NANCY

Go on, then kill me! You'll have to before I'll let you lay a hand on that boy!

BILL

Keep out o'this - I'm warnin' you.

He flings her across the room

FAGIN

All right, all right! We've got him back! What's the matter with you?

NANCY rises to her feet.

SIKES

The girl's gone mad, I think, Fagin.

NANCY

No she hasn't Fagin, don't think it.

FAGIN

Then keep quiet, will yer. All this violence.

SIKES

Tell 'em all about us would you?

NANCY

I won't stand by and see it done, Bill.

FAGIN

Why Nancy, you're wonderful tonight. Such talent! What an actress!

NANCY

Am I? Take care I don't overdo it. 'Cos if I do, I'm goin' to put my mark on some of you, and I don't care if I hang for it!

SIKES

You? Do you know who you are, and what you are?

NANCY

(hysterically)

Ah, yes, I know all about it. You don't have to tell me!
SIKES
A fine one for the boy to make a friend of, you are!

NANCY
Lord help me, I am, and I wish I'd of been struck down dead before I lent a hand in bringing him back here. After, tonight, 'e's a liar and a thief and all that's bad. Ain't that enough for you, without beating him to death!

FAGIN
Come, come Nancy, we must have civil words. Civil words, Bill.

NANCY
Civil words! Yes! You deserve them from me! I was out on the streets for you when I was a child half his age, and I've been in the same trade, the same service for fifteen years since and don't you forget it!

SIKES
Well, what if you have? It's your living ain't it?.

Reprise "IT'S A FINE LIFE."

NANCY
(NANCY sings) SOME LIVING! SOME LIVING!

SIKES
WHAT YOU DESERVE YOU GET.

NANCY
NO GETTING! ALL GIVING!

FAGIN
MUST WE HAVE MURDERS YET?

SIKES
THERE'LL BE MURDERS! THERE'LL BE TERROR - ... SUCH AS YOU'VE NEVER SEEN!

NANCY
LORD HELP ME!

FAGIN
NO VIOLENCE... PLEASE NO VIOLENCE... PLEASE NO SCENES

SIKES
WATCH IT, NANCY! MAKE NO ERROR! THERE AIN'T NO IN-BETWEEN...

NANCY
LORD HELP ME!

FAGIN
NO VIOLENCE...
... IN LIFE!

SIKES

NANCY

IF YOU DON'T MIND MAKING A MATE OF SATAN
IT'S A FINE LIFE!

SIKES

FINE LIFE!

FAGIN

MY LIFE! SATAN!

SIKES

NO, WE DON'T MIND KEEPING THE ANGELS WAITING.
IT'S A FINE LIFE!

DODGER

FINE LIFE!

SIKES

FINE LIFE!

NANCY

COME...

FAGIN

... BETTER DO AS YOU ARE TOLD.

SIKES

WATCH OUT!

FAGIN

BILL HAS GOT A HEART OF GOLD!

SIKES

GET OUT...

FAGIN

BETTER NOT TO MESS WITH IT...

SIKES

ON THE JOB!

FAGIN

BETTER MAKE THE BEST OF IT...

SIKES

SHUT YOUR GOB!

FAGIN

IT'S A FINE...

SIKES

FINE...
FINE . . .

FINE . . .

... LIFE!

NANCY exits, followed by SIKES

FAGIN

Take care of her, Bill.

Take care of him, Dodger.

(DODGER takes OLIVER off)

... and I'll take care of myself!

FAGIN

(sings)

A MAN'S GOT A HEART, HASN'T HE?
JOKING APART - HASN'T HE?
AND THO' I'D BE THE FIRST ONE TO SAY THAT I WASN'T A SAINT.

I'M FINDING IT HARD TO BE REALLY AS BLACK AS THEY PAINT.

I'M REVIEWING THE SITUATION
CAN A FELLOW BE A VILLAIN ALL HIS LIFE?
ALL THE TRIALS AND TRIBULATION!
BETTER SETTLE DOWN AND GET MYSELF A WIFE.
AND A WIFE WOULD COOK AND SEW FOR ME,
AND COME FOR ME, AND GO FOR ME,
(AND GO FOR ME), AND NAG AT ME,
THE FINGERS, SHE WILL WAG AT ME.
THE MONEY SHE WILL TAKE FROM ME.
A MISERY, SHE'LL MAKE FROM ME . . .

... I THINK I'D BETTER THINK IT OUT AGAIN!

A WIFE YOU CAN KEEP, ANYWAY,
I'D RATHER SLEEP, ANYWAY.
LEFT WITHOUT ANYONE IN THE WORLD,
AND I'M STARTING FROM NOW
SO "HOW TO WIN FRIENDS AND TO INFLUENCE PEOPLE"
- SO HOW?

I'M REVIEWING THE SITUATION,
I MUST QUICKLY LOOK UP EV'RYONE I KNOW.
TITLED PEOPLE - WITH A STATION -
WHO CAN HELP ME MAKE A REAL IMPRESSIVE SHOW!
I WILL OWN A SUITE AT CLARIDGES,
AND RUN A FLEET OF CARRIAGES,
AND WAVE AT ALL THE DUCHESSES
WITH FRIENDLINESS, AS MUCH AS IS
BETTING OF MY NEW ESTATE...  

He waves graciously.

"GOOD MORROW TO YOU, MAGISTRATE!"

... I THINK I'D BETTER THINK IT OUT AGAIN.

SO WHERE SHALL I GO - SOMEBODY?
WHO DO I KNOW? NOBODY!
ALL MY DEAREST COMPANIONS
HAVE ALWAYS BEEN VILLAINS AND THIEVES...
SO AT MY TIME OF LIFE
I SHOULD START TURNING OVER NEW LEAVES... ?

I'M REVIEWING THE SITUATION.
IF YOU WANT TO EAT - YOU'VE GOT TO EARN A BOB!
IS IT SUCH A HUMILIATION
FOR A ROBBER TO PERFORM AN HONEST JOB?
SO A JOB I'M GETTING, POSSIBLY,
I WONDER WHO THE BOSS'LL BE?
I WONDER IF HE'LL TAKE TO ME... ?
WHAT BONUSES HE'LL MAKE TO ME... ?
I'LL START AT EIGHT, AND FINISH LATE,
AT NORMAL RATE, AND ALL... BUT WAIT!

... I THINK I'D BETTER THINK IT OUT AGAIN.

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN I'M SEVENTY?
MUST COME A TIME... SEVENTY.
WHEN YOU'RE OLD, AND IT'S COLD,
AND WHO CARES IF YOU LIVE OR YOU DIE,
YOUR ONE CONSOLATION'S THE MONEY
YOU MAY HAVE PUT BY...

I'M REVIEWING THE SITUATION.
I'M A BAD 'UN, AND A BAD 'UN I SHALL STAY!
YOU'LL BE SEEING NO TRANSFORMATION,
BUT IT'S WRONG TO BE A ROGUE IN EV'RY WAY.
I DON'T WANT NOBODY HURT FOR ME, OR MADE TO DO THE DIRT FOR ME. THIS ROTTEN LIFE IS NOT FOR ME. IT'S GETTING FAR TOO HOT FOR ME. DON'T WANT NO ONE TO ROB FOR ME. BUT WHO WILL FIND A JOB FOR ME, DON'T WANT NO IN BETWEEN FOR ME BUT WHO WILL CHANGE THE SCENE FOR ME?

... I THINK I'LL HAVE TO THINK IT OUT AGAIN!

HEY!

Blackout..

END OF ACT TWO - Scene Three
ACT TWO

SCENE FOUR

WIDOW CORNEY's parlour.

*MR BUMBLE* sits, looking out into thin air with a most melancholy expression on his face. He has a tankard and takes a swig. He thinks he is alone and so he thinks aloud.

MR BUMBLE

Married! And two weeks ago tomorrow it was done. It seems an age!

*(he heaves a sigh)*

WIDOW CORNEY enters.

MR BUMBLE

I sold myself for six teaspoons, a pair of sugar-tongs and a milk-pot with a small quantity of second hand furniture and twenty pounds cash. I went very reasonable! Cheap! Dirt cheap!

*(shrieking)*

WIDOW CORNEY, (Mrs Bumble) has been locking doors in the background.

WIDOW CORNEY

Cheap! You would have been dear at any price; and dear enough I paid for you, Lord above knows that!

MR BUMBLE belches.

Are you going to sit there snoring, all day?

MR BUMBLE

I am going to sit here as long as I think proper, madam... and, although I was not snoring, I shall snore, gape, sneeze, laugh or cry, as the humour strikes me - such being my prerogative.

WIDOW CORNEY

*(contemptuously)*

Your prerogative!

MR BUMBLE

I said the word ma’am. The prerogative of a man...is to command.

WIDOW CORNEY

And what's the prerogative of a woman, in the name of Goodness?

MR BUMBLE

To obey, madam! To obey. Your late unfortunate husband should have taught you that, and then, perhaps, he might have been alive today, and I wish he was - poor man!
MR BUMBLE
Oh 'ere we go. Cry away, madam! It opens the lungs, exercises the eyes, softens the temper, and washes the face - so cry away!

WIDOW CORNEY rushes up behind MR BUMBLE and hits' him on the back with his hat several times. He jumps up screaming and shouting.

WIDOW CORNEY
Now talk about your prerogative, if you dare!

MR BUMBLE attempts to argue.

WIDOW CORNEY
Shut up! And take yourself away from here, unless you want me to do something desperate.

WIDOW CORNEY
Well, are you going?

MR BUMBLE
(backing away)
Certainly my dear, certainly. I had no intention of staying. It's just that you are so very violent.

MR BUMBLE exits.

Eerie MUSIC pulse continues under scene.

There is a knock on the Workhouse door. WIDOW CORNEY rises and opens it. THE MATRON is standing there with OLD SALLY.

What's the matter?

MATRON
It's old Sally, ma'am. She says she's got something to tell you that must be heard. She's not got long and she'll never die quiet till you listen, ma'am.

WIDOW CORNEY
You better come in.

They enter.

Well what is it?
SALLY

(indicating MATRON)

Turn her away.

MATRON

But Sal . . . it’s your old friend.

WIDOW CORNEY

(to MATRON)

Go on, get out of it!

MATRON tries to protest but WIDOW CORNEY pushes her off into the shadows.

SALLY

Now listen to me. In this very workhouse . . . I once nursed a pretty young creature that I brought in from the cold with her feet cut and bruised with walking . . . she gave birth to a boy . . . and died. Let me think - what was the year again!

WIDOW CORNEY

Never mind the year, what about her?

SALLY

(sitting up fiercely with wild eyes)

I robbed her! I robbed her so I did! The only thing she had of any worth, it was round her neck and it was gold.

WIDOW CORNEY

(drawing closer)

Gold? Go on, go on - yes. What of it?

SALLY

This is it! The locket! She charged me to keep it safe, and trusted me. It's my belief she came from a rich family.

WIDOW CORNEY bends over to inspect the locket taking it in her hand.

WIDOW CORNEY

The boy’s name?

SALLY

They called him -

WIDOW CORNEY

(shaking OLD SALLY)

Yes?

SALLY

Oliver.

The gold I stole was...
WIDOW CORNEY

Yes, yes - what?

SALLY dies. WIDOW CORNEY drops her back onto the floor, tugs off the locket and steps over her body.

WIDOW CORNEY

We must retrieve that boy, Mr Bumble.

MR BUMBLE

We must indeed, ma’am. We must indeed.

OLIVER! OLIVER!

WIDOW CORNEY

THAT WAS THE MITE WITH THE LARGE APPETITE.

OLIVER! OLIVER!

MR BUMBLE

APPARENTLY HE’S FROM A RICH FAMILY!

AND TO THINK WE NEARLY STUPIDLY WENT AND LOST TRACK OF HIM...

WIDOW CORNEY

IF THE TRUTH WERE KNOWN, WE BOTH WERE DELIGHTED AT SEEING THE BACK OF HIM.

OLIVER! OLIVER!

MR BUMBLE

WHAT’LL WE DO . . .?

WIDOW CORNEY

WE MUST GIVE HIM HIS DUE . . .

. . . AND WE’LL PRAISE THE DAY SOMEBODY GAVE US

RAISE THE FLAGS
WIDOW CORNEY

COMING TO SAVE US

CASH REWARDS

PLUS A PROMOTION

WIDOW CORNEY

WHO'D HAVE THOUGHT?

BUMBLE

HADN'T A NOTION

WIDOW CORNEY

BUMBLE

PRaise THE LORD, SOMEBODY BROUGHT US O-LI-VER!

MUSIC ends.

END OF ACT TWO - Scene Four
ACT TWO

SCENE FIVE

The Brownlow’s Drawing Room.

MR BROWNLOW
I understand you bring information regarding the boy Oliver Twist.

MR BUMBLE
(pre-prepared)
We decided to come in answer to your advertisement?

WIDOW CORNEY
I decided.

MR BUMBLE
(deflated)
Yes. Thats right. My dear wife decided. Bumble is my name, sir. Beadle of the workhouse where this boy was cared for - from where he was apprenticed to an undertaker - where he ran away from . . .

He stops to catch his breath.

MR BROWNLOW
Yes, yes it’s very good of you to come. Now what have you got to tell me?

MR BUMBLE
(producing the locket with great moment)
This locket was given by the lad’s dying mother to my dear wife just before she passed away . . . The lad’s dying mother that is, not my wife.

WIDOW CORNEY scornfully laughs. BUMBLE hands MR BROWNLOW the locket.

MR BROWNLOW
You say when he left your work house he went to an undertaker’s?

MR BUMBLE
Yes, Mr Sowerberry, the undertaker took Oliver from us for three pounds

MR BROWNLOW
You mean to say that you sold him......like an animal?
MR BUMBLE
Well, sir, it was Mrs Bumble who actually authorised the sale.

MR BROWNLOW
Really! Then I will see that neither of you is employed in a position of trust again. And your behaviour madam was shameful! Leave my house!

WIDOW CORNEY
(outraged)
Oh! How dare you speak so to me, sir! I came here to help you...

MR BROWNLOW
You came here in the hope of profiting from your own greed and dishonesty!

MR BUMBLE
(trying to save the situation)
As to that, sir - if you consider the trinket don't properly belong to my dear wife...

Shut up, you old fool!

WIDOW CORNEY
BUMBLE subsides, BROWNLOW takes out his wallet. Nancy appears in the background.

MR BROWNLOW
(taking out some notes)
Here - ten pounds

He thrusts the money into WIDOW CORNEY's hands.

Take it, and consider yourself fortunate that you don't find yourselves in the hands of the law. Mrs Bedwin - show these ghastly people out.

MRS BEDWIN
Yes, sir.

WIDOW CORNEY
We know the way out thank you very much.

She sweeps past MRS BEDWIN out of the room.

MR BUMBLE
I hope Sir that this unfortunate little circumstance will not deprive me of my parochial office?

MR BROWNLOW
Indeed it will. And you may think yourself well off besides.

Well it was all Mrs Bumble. She would do it.

MR BROWNLOW
That is no excuse. You were present on the occasion when the boy was sold, and indeed, are the more guilty of the two - in the eye of the Law. For the Law supposes that your wife acts under your direction.
MR BUMBLE

(heatedly)
If the Law supposes that, then the Law is a ass! If that's the eye of the Law, then the Law is a bachelor! And the worst I wish the Law is... that His eye may be opened by experience...

By experience!

BUMBLE exits.

BROWNLOW is left alone looking at the locket in his hand.

MRS BEDWIN enters, looking flushed.

MRS BEDWIN
There is a young woman enquiring for you, sir.

MR BROWNLOW
Mrs Bedwin... take a look at this miniature. Can you see who it is? [he hands her the locket.]

MRS BEDWIN

(amazed)
Why it's, Miss Agnes, sir!

MR BROWNLOW
Yes. My daughter Agnes.
She must have found her way to the workhouse and had the child there.

If only she had told us.

NANCY appears in the doorway.

MR BROWNLOW
(Seeing her).
Mrs Bedwin, who is this?

MRS BEDWIN
(Turning to MR BROWNLOW)
It’s about the boy sir.

Have you news of Oliver?

NANCY
He’s in danger - in bad company. He was dragged off the day you sent him out with them books.

Who took him?
NANCY

Me and...
...and someone else.

she stops.

MR BROWNLOW

Where can I find him? Who is this other person you speak of? Take me to him.

NANCY

No! No, I can’t! I shouldn’t have said that!

MR BROWNLOW

Now come, sit down. You want to help the boy, don’t you? Why else are you here?

NANCY

I do want to help - but...

MR BROWNLOW

Then at least tell me where I can find him.

NANCY

I can’t. But I’ll bring him to you. Not here. It’s too far.

MR BROWNLOW

Where then?

NANCY

The Bridge, London Bridge. Tonight. At midnight.

MRS BEDWIN looks at MR BROWNLOW, alarmed for his safety.

NANCY

And you’ve got to come alone. Promise me you’ll come on your own - I’ll find a way of getting him to you.

MR BROWNLOW stares at her, doubtful and suspicious.

NANCY

You don’t believe me, do you? But if you want Oliver back, then you’ve got to believe me.

MR BROWNLOW

(making up his mind)
Very well - I’ll be there.

NANCY

Thank God!
She turns to go.

MR BROWNLOW

Wait. Has the boy been hurt! Ill-treated? If so, I shall...
NANCY
I can’t say no more. Please. He’ll kill me as it is if he finds out where I’ve been.

MR BROWNLOW
(insistently)
Who is this man? Perhaps we can...

NANCY
No! We can’t! Whatever else I do, I won’t turn on him.

MRS BEDWIN
I understand, my dear.

MR BROWNLOW
But a man who might kill you?

NANCY
Yes, but he’s mine, and I’m his. I’ve got to go back. I want to go back.

NANCY
HE DOESN'T ACT AS THO' HE CARES.
BUT DEEP INSIDE I KNOW HE CARES.
AND THAT IS WHY I'M TIED
RIGHT BY HIS SIDE.

AS LONG AS HE NEEDS ME...
I KNOW WHERE I MUST BE.
BUT, WILL HE NEVER SEE
THAT SOMEONE ELSE NEEDS ME?

AS LONG AS LIFE IS LONG...
I'LL LOVE HIM... RIGHT OR WRONG...
BUT, SOMETHING JUST AS STRONG,
SAYS
SOMEONE ELSE NEEDS ME...

A CHILD
WITH NO-ONE TO TAKE HIS PART.
I'LL TAKE HIS PART, BILL...
...BUT, CROSS MY HEART!

I WON'T BETRAY YOUR TRUST.
THO' PEOPLE SAY I MUST.
MY HEART WILL STAY TRUE... JUST...
...AS LONG AS BILL NEEDS ME.

End of song. NANCY walks towards the bridge. BILL appears and follows her.

END OF ACT TWO - Scene Five
ACT TWO

SCENE SIX

London Bridge at night.

*MUSIC begins and continues under all ensuing action.*

*Out of the mists, London Bridge rises up, and with the distant striking of the clock, figures become discernible. A NIGHTWATCHMAN, and a HUSSAR with his GIRL.*

Goodnight Sir.

Goodnight.

Goodnight.

*MUSIC begins and continues under all ensuing action.*

LAMPLIGHTER

HUSSAR

GIRL

Goodnight.

Goodnight.

*NANCY and OLIVER appear nervous of being spotted. They pace back and forth across the bridge waiting for Brownlow to appear. Suddenly a huge shadow falls across the scene – they turn to see Sikes looming out of the darkness, crazed with drink and jealousy. He moves closer.*

NANCY

Alright Oliver, now you stay here and, I’ll look for Mr Brownlow. There’s a good boy.

Sikes jumps down

NANCY

Bill! Don’t take him back there Bill. Let him go for pity’s sake, let him go.

SIKES hits OLIVER

NANCY

Why do you look at me like that Bill?

BILL

Give me away would yer?

NANCY

No, not you Bill, never you.

BILL

Get away from me woman.
NANCY
No, I won’t let go Bill, look at me, look at me! I’ve been true to you upon my soul I have.

BILL
Get away from me!

NANCY
God! God help me.

SIKES hits her with the cudgel. She screams.

SIKES
Stop staring at me woman. Close your damn eyes

Damn you! Your eyes.

SIKES hits her again. She dies. A clock strikes twelve. SIKES runs off with OLIVER. Brownlow appears in time to see Sikes running away. He sees Nancy’s body.

MR BROWNLOW
I say you there! Oh my God! Help! Help! Help!

BOW STREET RUNNERS arrive.

What happened ‘ere?

MR BROWNLOW
There’s been a murder

Did you know this woman.

MR BROWNLOW
I came here to meet this poor creature, and as I crossed the bridge I saw someone running in the other direction.

FIRST WOMAN
It’s Nancy, somebody’s murdered Nancy!

FIRST RUNNER
What did he look like?

MR BROWNLOW
He was a broad shouldered heavily built man

Anything else?
MR BROWNLOW
He wore a black coat and he carried a heavy cudgel.

Bill Sikes!

LAMP-LIGHTER

Upper bridge descends.

FIRST MAN
On bridge

What’s going on?

FIRST WOMAN
It’s Nancy! Bill Sikes has killed Nancy.

Where will he be?

SECOND RUNNER

FIRST MAN
He’ll be at Fagin’s

(ad lib)

CROWD
Let’s follow him etc.

They exit

SIKES with OLIVER bangs on FAGIN’s trapdoor with his cudgel

SIKES

Fagin, Fagin.

FAGIN appears in the trapdoor

FAGIN
What is it Bill? What have you done?

SIKES
The game’s up Fagin

FAGIN
Oh no Bill you haven’t. Not Nancy, it can’t be.

FAGIN
(Fagin shouts down into the trap) OUT, Boys, OUT!!!

Suddenly, like rats from out of the sewers pour the BOYS. FAGIN has his money.

DODGER

To FAGIN
Fagin, Fagin! What do I do?
FAGIN

Live up to your name. Dodge about.

FAGIN runs away. DODGER is about to leave and then remembers something.

DODGER

As he runs to the trap, BOW STREET RUNNERS enters and grab him.

SECOND RUNNER

Where’s Fagin?

DODGER

I don’t know.

DODGER is grabbed by BOW STREET RUNNERS

Who do you think you are a-laying your hands on? Assault and battery, that’s what it is! Wakin’ a respeckable man up in the early hours of the morning! Shame on you!

He is carried off bodily.

Simultaneous with DODGER’S lines, the boys are making a run for it, noisily, over an upper bridge. They exit at the same time as Dodger, there is a pause. Then, out of the darkness, across the upper bridge runs Fagin, lagging behind the boys and breathless, and carrying his strongbox.

CHARLEY BATES

Fagin!

As FAGIN reaches half way he trips, the box flies open, and the money and jewels are scattered into the darkness. He stands transfixed, and frozen with horror, the open box in his hands. Then, in the distance comes the noise of the crowd, and he runs. The upper bridge flies out.

Down on stage, the crowd enter, led by Bullseye. It has swelled and become more menacing. Some of the men hold torches.

CH (chanting low)

Sikes, Sikes, Sikes... (etc.)

(over this)

He’s on the roof!

MAN

SIKES

Stand back or I’ll kill the boy.
Give me the rope boy. The rope.

SIKES

SIKES reaches the uppermost rooftop, and stands silhouetted against the moon. He imagines he sees NANCY's face.

SIKES

Nancy! Your eyes! Your eyes!

Down on the ground a Hussar lifts a gun to his shoulder, takes aim and fires. The storm reaches a climax. There is a flash of lightening. SIKES topples backwards off the roof to his death. The crowd lets out a huge cheer. OLIVER appears at ground level. They raise him to their shoulder as Mr Brownlow and Mrs Bedwin appear. Oliver sees them and runs to Mrs Bedwin throwing his arms around her.
The crowd begins to disperse leaving Oliver with Mr Brownlow and Mrs Bedwin.

RUNNER

There he is, there's the boy!

BROWNLOW

Come Oliver! we'll take you home now.

FAGIN

( he sings)
CAN SOMEBODY CHANGE?
S'POSSIBLE.
MAYBE IT'S STRANGE . . .
BUT IT'S POSSIBLE.

ALL MY BOSOM COMPANIONS AND TREASURES -
I'VE LEFT 'EM BEHIND...
I'LL TURN A LEAF OVER, AND WHO CAN TELL WHAT I MAY FIND?

END OF ACT TWO - Scene Six
ACT TWO

FINALE (bows 1)

CHILDREN

IF IT'S A CHANCE TO BE
WE SHOULD SEE SOME HARDER DAYS
EMPTY LARDER DAYS WHY GROUSE
ALWAYS A CHANCE TO MEET SOMEBODY TO FOOT THE BILL
THEN THE DRINKS ARE ON THE HOUSE

COMPANY

CONSIDER YOURSELF AT HOME.
CONSIDER YOURSELF ONE OF THE FAMILY.
WE'VE TAKEN TO YOU SO STRONG.
IT'S CLEAR WE'RE GOING TO GET ALONG.
CONSIDER YOURSELF WELL IN.
CONSIDER YOURSELF PART OF THE FURNITURE.
THERE ISN'T A LOT TO SPARE.
WHO CARES? WHAT EVER WE'VE GOT WE SHARE!

IF IT SHOULD CHANCE TO BE
WE SHOULD SEE
SOME HARDER DAYS
EMPTY-LARDER DAYS-
WHY GROUSE?
ALWAYS A CHANCE WE'LL MEET
SOMEBODY
TO FOOT THE BILL-
THEN THE DRINKS ARE ON THE HOUSE!
CONSIDER YOURSELF OUR MATE.
WE DON'T WANT TO HAVE NO FUSS,
FOR AFTER SOME CONSIDERATION, WE CAN STATE... 
CONSIDER YOURSELF
ONE OF US!

FINALE (bows 2)

COMPANY

WE'D RISK LIFE AND LIMB
TO KEEP YOU IN THE SWING
YES WE'D DO ANYTHING

EAGIN

ANYTHING?

COMPANY

ANYTHING FOR YOU!
FINALE (BOWS 3)

COMPANY
CONSIDER YOURSELF OUR MATE
WE DON'T WANT TO HAVE NO FUSS
FOR AFTER SOME CONSIDERATION WE CAN STATE
CONSIDER YOURSELF... ONE OF US.

THE END

Directors Note
**.** Fagin's dialogue in ACT 1 SC6, shown in italics, is optional.