

(SIKES)

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!

WHAT IS IT? WHAT IS IT? WHAT IS IT?...

NANCY

(Spoken)

Bill Sikes.

(End of song.)

NANCY kisses BILL. DODGER enters breathless and in a panic. Dialogue during underscore.

#30 - Underscore After "My Name"**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.

(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 blown upon Fagin.

FAGIN

(still to nobody in particular)

And I'm afraid..you see... that if the game was up with us...

(he now addresses SIKES specifically)

...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.

SIKES goes across to her menacingly.

BILL

And just what do you mean by that remark?

NANCY gets up and faces SIKES.

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!

SIKES 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?

SIKES

She'll go Fagin.

SIKES turns away. With sudden spirit, NANCY looks up at Fagin.

NANCY

No she won't Fagin!

SIKES

Yes, she will Fagin!

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

Bullseye!

SIKES & BULLSEYE exit.

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

#31 - As Long As He Needs Me

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.

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...

#44 - The Locket

By experience!

BUMBLE exits.

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

MRS BEDWIN enters, looking flustered.

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.

MRS BEDWIN

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.

MR BROWNLOW

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.

MR BROWNLOW

Who took him?

NANCY

Me and...

(she stops)

...and someone else.

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.

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.

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.