



OLIVER TWIST

From the original **Charles Dickens'** novel, a version by **Xavier Quero**

Playlife Arts & G3 Teatre

Oliver Twist for three actors/actresses

ACTOR/ACTRESS #0 OLIVER

ACTOR/ACTRESS #1 BOY #1, BUMBLE, NOAH, JACK, BROWNLOW, NANCY,
SIKES

ACTOR/ACTRESS #2 BOY #2, CORNEY, SOWERBERRY, OLD WOMAN, FAGIN,
MAID

01 At the orphanage

(Finishing their porridge dishes)

BOY 1: I'm hungry.
BOY 2: I'm very hungry.
OLIVER: I'm very, very hungry.
BOY 1: I could eat a cat.
BOY 2: I could eat a cat and a dog.
OLIVER: I could even eat a horse.
BOY 1: A horse?
OLIVER: Yes. A horse.
BOY 1: Oh my God, you're really hungry!
BOY 2: What if we ask for more food? I'm sick of eating porridge. Porridge for breakfast, porridge for lunch and porridge for dinner. Porridge, porridge and porridge. I'm sick of porridge.
BOY 1: What if we ask for more?
BOY 2: Do you want more porridge?
BOY 1: I want to eat more. I don't care if it's porridge or not. I just want to eat more. And what do you say, Oliver?
OLIVER: I want to eat more too.
BOY 1: What would you like to eat?
OLIVER: A sausage!
BOY 2: And no more porridge?
OLIVER: No. Just a sausage.

[SONG #1: PORRIDGE OR SAUSAGE]

BOY 2: Now I'm hungrier than ever and I don't want porridge anymore. I just want a sausage.
BOY 1: I don't think they'll give us a sausage. Maybe, if we ask... they can give us a little bit more porridge.
BOY 1: Let's play a game. Whoever gets the shortest cane will have to go ask Mr. Bumble for more food.

(They draw sticks and OLIVER draws the shortest one, so he loses. He hesitates, picks up his empty bowl of porridge and approaches Mr. Bumble, who is on the other side of the stage)

OLIVER: Mr. Bumble... Mr. Bumble.
BUMBLE: Who are you, boy?
OLIVER: I'm Oliver. I'm Oliver Twist.
BUMBLE: Oh, right. I gave you your name, little Oliver... And what do you want?! As you can see now it's time to eat my hamburger, a macaroni dish and half a chicken for dinner.
OLIVER: All that food...?
BUMBLE: Well. And then tea. I'm on a diet... And what do you want?!
OLIVER: I...

BUMBLE: Yeah... What do you want, boy?
OLIVER: Well...
BUMBLE: Yes...? What do you want...? What would you like...?
OLIVER: More...
BUMBLE: Yes...?
OLIVER: More...
BUMBLE: Speak, kid. I don't have all day.
OLIVER: More food.
BUMBLE: What?
OLIVER: More food.
BUMBLE: What the hell are you talking about, boy? Miss Corney, come here.
CORNEY: I'm coming!
BUMBLE: Come here right now.
CORNEY: Here I am.
BUMBLE: See that silly kid?
CORNEY: It's Oliver Twist.
BUMBLE: I know. I named him myself when he was born.
CORNEY: And I was the nurse who brought him into the world. Taking care of his mother. Poor thing, she died! After he was born, she died. How unlucky her mother was...
BUMBLE: And his son too.
CORNEY: Is he dead? Are you alive, Oliver?
OLIVER: I'm alive, Miss Corney. But I'm hungry. I want more food!
CORNEY: Are you kidding me, kid? More food? Where is your porridge?
OLIVER: I ate it. But I want more...
CORNEY: More food. Are you telling me you don't have enough porridge?
OLIVER: Yes.
CORNEY: And that's why I shouldn't eat a hamburger, a macaroni dish and half a chicken for dinner. What do you want from me? Do you want me to starve to death?
OLIVER: No. I just want some more food...
BUMBLE: Porridge? Do you want more porridge, kid?
OLIVER: I'd like a sausage...
CORNEY: Nonsense! I'll not stop myself from eating my hamburger, my macaroni dish and half a chicken for you, Oliver Twist. You're dangerous. Very dangerous.
(Leaves)
BUMBLE: You're dangerous... Twisted! Come with me!
OLIVER: Where are we going?
BUMBLE: Out on the street!

(They leave the orphanage)

BUMBLE: I sell this child for five pounds!
OLIVER: Are you selling me?
BUMBLE: Shut up! I sell this child for five pounds!
OLIVER: Help!
BUMBLE: I sell this child for five pounds! ... I sell this child for five pounds! ... I sell this child for five pounds.

02 At Mr. Sowerberry's funeral home

SOW.: Good morning, Bumble!

BUMBLE: Good morning, Mr. Sowerberry!

SOW.: What are you doing here?

BUMBLE: I kicked out this crook from my orphanage. I want to sell him. We can't maintain this kid. He eats too much.

SOW.: He doesn't seem to eat too much. What's your name, boy?

OLIVER: Oliver. Oliver Twist, sir.

SOW.: Do you eat as much as Bumble says?

OLIVER: Not that much...

BUMBLE: Shut up, you beast! Would you like to take this kid to your business, Mr. Sowerberry?

SOW.: No way! I don't have money, my friend. But if you paid me... I could keep him for a week as an assistant and later we would see...

BUMBLE: He's a glutton this Oliver Twist.

SOW.: Well. My dog has escaped and I have enough food for a kid. Can I keep him for three pounds?

BUMBLE: Three pounds?! That's a lot of money!

SOW.: Yes, but he bothers you and I need help.

BUMBLE: Okay. Let's see. *(Gives him three pounds)* Keep it. I hope I never have to see you again, Oliver Twist. *(Leaves)*

OLIVER: Thank you, Mr. Sowerberry.

SOW.: You're welcome, Oliver.

OLIVER: What is your business, Mr. Sowerberry?

SOW.: I own a funeral parlour and I have a kid who makes coffins. Have you ever been inside a coffin?

OLIVER: *(Frightened)* No, sir.

SOW.: Me neither. But they are scary. Yes... You'll have to sleep here. In the workshop. Where we make the coffins.

OLIVER: Couldn't I sleep at your house?

SOW.: No. The dog sleeps there and I hope he comes back.

OLIVER: That's scary...

SOW.: I can give the three pounds back to Bumble and you'll be headed again to the streets... or the orphanage. Do you want that, kid?

OLIVER: No. *(Doubts)* I like this place...

SOW.: Do you want to eat?

OLIVER: Yes, please. I'm hungry.

SOW.: I have the meat that the dog didn't want to eat. I don't know why. The dog escaped and now you are here... I hope you like it.

OLIVER: Thank you, Mr. Sowerberry.

SOW.: You don't have to thank me. *(Puts a metal bowl on the floor and leaves)*

OLIVER: Alone again. Without friends and sleeping among coffins that will end up filling up with dead people... Sometimes I wish I could go back to my past. I would do things very differently.

[SONG #2: ALONE]

(He falls asleep and wakes up when NOAH arrives)

NOAH: Wake up, you sleepyhead.
OLIVER: What time is it?
NOAH: Five in the morning.
OLIVER: So soon?
NOAH: People die all the time. We have to make a coffin. Have you ever made a coffin?
OLIVER: No...
NOAH: It doesn't matter. We will all end up in one... if you have enough money to pay for it. Help me!

(They start to assemble a coffin)

NOAH: Get in there.
OLIVER: Should I?
NOAH: Yes. Get in there. Where are you coming from...? What's your name?
OLIVER: Twist. Oliver Twist. I come from Mr. Bumble's orphanage.
NOAH: You pissed off your parents and they took you there. Well done. You will work here.
OLIVER: No. My mother died.
NOAH: She must have done something bad. Maybe I made her coffin.
OLIVER: She died after giving birth to me.
NOAH: Haha. How funny!
OLIVER: It's not funny! It's not funny! You are a monster! *(Hits NOAH, NOAH runs away)*
NOAH: Mr. Sowerberry, Mr. Sowerberry... that boy is a beast!
OLIVER: It's not funny! My mother was a good person!
SOW.: Why are you hitting Noah, Oliver?
OLIVER: He spoke bad of my mother!
SOW.: So what? Possibly he's right. I'll have to send you back to Mr. Bumble's.
OLIVER: No, not Mr. Bumble's.
SOW.: He'll be here in a minute. You'll go back to him. He'll get the money back.
BUMBLE: Mr. Sowerberry, my old friend!
SOW.: Take this beast away, Bumble. He's not made for the job. Although I even fed him, it didn't seem enough for him.
BUMBLE: He's a glutton.
SOW.: I gave him the dog's leftovers! Even some meat.
BUMBLE: Excuse me, Mr. Sowerberry. Did you say meat?
SOW.: Yes, my friend. If he has to work he needs to eat meat.
BUMBLE: No. It is completely intolerable. Unruly children like this can only eat porridge. It keeps them weak enough that they don't turn into a beast. It's for this reason that I must eat a hamburger, a dish of macaroni and half a chicken.
SOW.: And some tea! ... Remember, the diet... He's a beast!
BUMBLE: He's a savage.

SOW.: Take him away. I don't want to see him again.
 OLIVER: But I didn't do anything!
 BUMBLE: Shut up, Oliver! You are coming with me. Keep your three pounds and my apologies, Mr. Sowerberry. Oliver, let's go!
 OLIVER: But...
 BUMBLE: Let's go! I will lock you up in a room for a week where you will only eat cockroaches. If they don't eat you first!
 OLIVER: No!
 BUMBLE: It's what you deserve! You are an orphan for a reason!
 OLIVER: No! *(Hits him and runs away)*
 BUMBLE: Beast! You're a beast, Oliver!

03 On the way to London

OLIVER: And now where am I going? I can't go back to the orphanage. What should I do? Hey, what's that? London seventy miles away... I could go to London. It's a lot of miles... *(Walks)* I'm so hungry...
 OLD WOMAN: Where are you going, young man?
 OLIVER: To London.
 OLD WOMAN: It's a long way for a little boy like you. Take this apple.
 OLIVER: An apple...?
 OLD WOMAN: I have nothing more than this. If you don't eat anything, you will starve.
 OLIVER: Thank you... It's just an apple. But it's better than nothing... London... 35 miles. I'm already halfway there.
 OLD WOMAN: Where are you going, young man?
 OLIVER: To London.
 OLD WOMAN: It's a long way for a little boy like you. Take this apple.
 OLIVER: An apple...?
 OLD WOMAN: I have nothing more than this. If you don't eat anything, you will starve.
 OLIVER: Thank you... *(He walks until he reaches London, ends up exhausted)*

04 In London

OLIVER: I'm hungry. Very hungry and exhausted. I'm going to die...
 JACK: You look so bad, kid.
 OLIVER: I'm very hungry. Who are you?
 JACK: I'm Jack Dawkins, but my friends call me the artful Dodger. You say you're hungry?
 OLIVER: Yes. A lot
 JACK: Do you have somewhere to go?
 OLIVER: No.
 JACK: Stay with me, then. I know an old man who will give you a place to sleep and eat. A lot of food
 OLIVER: Really?
 JACK: Yes, old Fagin cares about everybody. Do you want us to go see him?
 OLIVER: Yes...
 JACK: Come on, I'll introduce you. *(He knocks on the wall a couple of times and Fagin appears from a hole in the wall)*

FAGIN: Who is it?
JACK: It's me, Mr. Fagin. Jack.
FAGIN: Anyone follow you?
JACK: Nobody. But I found a new kid.
FAGIN: *(Comes out of hiding)* A new boy? What's your name?
OLIVER: Oliver. Oliver Twist.
FAGIN: Welcome, young Oliver Twist. I am Mr. Fagin and I will be your new friend and father. Consider yourself part of this new family.

[SONG #3: CONSIDER YOURSELF]

(At the end of the song, OLIVER will end up eating a huge plate of food)

FAGIN: Looks like you were starving, boy...
OLIVER: A lot.
JACK: He comes from very far away.
OLIVER: Yes... very...
JACK: Escaped from an orphanage.
OLIVER: Yes. We only ate porridge there.
FAGIN: Oh, yes...? And are they looking for you? I mean... your family or people from the orphanage.
OLIVER: I don't have a family, Mr. Fagin.
FAGIN: Oh, really?
OLIVER: My mom died due to childbirth, so I lived my whole life at Mr. Bumble's orphanage. Mr. Bumble, who was in charge, used to call me a beast because I was always feeling hungry. He would never give us enough porridge. I asked for more food so then they sold me to a man who owned a funeral parlour, Mr. Sowerberry. Mr. Sowerberry told me I was not good for the job. Although I'm useful for this, and more.
FAGIN: Wow, what a story, young man. Welcome to Fagin's house. You will be like a son to me. Jack will be your brother.
OLIVER: A father and a brother? Wow!
FAGIN: You'll you have a sister too! Nancy!
OLIVER: A sister? Where?
FAGIN: She's not here now, but you'll meet her! Would you like to work for me, boy?
OLIVER: Yes!
FAGIN: Well, I have a job that might interest you.
OLIVER: Really?
FAGIN: Yes. You'll help us all live a little more comfortably.

[SONG #4: PICK A POCKET OR TWO]

05 On a street in London

JACK: Are you ready?
OLIVER: I think so...

JACK: It's easy. We've practised this so many times pretending to steal Mr. Fagin's watch. It's time to do it for real. *(He walks up to a man and steals a pocket watch from him)* See? It's very easy. This man will never miss his watch.

OLIVER: I've never stolen anything.

JACK: Me neither. I'm just borrowing it and giving it to Fagin. He already knows what to do with all the stuff we borrow.

OLIVER: I'm scared.

JACK: You want to keep sleeping at Mr. Fagin's house, right?

OLIVER: Yes...

JACK: Well, then you know what we must do. Let's go.

(JACK approaches a man and steals a pocket watch from him)

MAN: My watch, my watch...! Where's my watch?

(JACK leaves running. Sound of a whistle)

MAN: I've been robbed! I've been robbed! Chase the thief! The thief!

OLIVER: Oh, my...

MAN: *(Pointing at Oliver)* The thief, the thief!

POLICEMAN: *(Entering)* Where is the thief?

MAN: That kid, the thief is that kid...! *(Leaves)*

POLICE: So you're the thief, huh?

OLIVER: I haven't done anything.

POLICE: That's what all thieves say.

OLIVER: I didn't do anything!

POLICE: Tell it to the judge, kid.

BROWNLOW: *(Enters)* Stop! This kid is telling the truth. He is innocent.

POLICE: He should go to jail.

BROWNLOW: No. I observed this kid and he's telling the truth. He's innocent. The kid you are looking for is gone.

POLICE: Who are you?

BROWNLOW: I am Mr. Brownlow, officer.

POLICE: Oh, Mr. Brownlow! The writer! Sorry, I didn't recognize you.

BROWNLOW: This boy is innocent. The thief escaped in that direction. This boy is innocent. From now on I will take care of him.

POLICE: Understood, Mr. Brownlow. My apologies... *(Leaves blowing the whistle)*

06 At Mr. Brownlow's house

(Miss Bedwin, the MAID, observes both of them and helps Mr. BROWNLOW)

BROWNLOW: What's your name, boy?

OLIVER: Twist, Oliver Twist.

BROWNLOW: Glad to meet you, my dear Oliver. I am Mr. Brownlow.

OLIVER: Thank you for what you have done.

BROWNLOW: I didn't do anything, my friend. Only telling the truth. Do you like this place? It's my home. But it can be yours too, if you want to. Would you fancy living here?
OLIVER: Yes. Sure!
BROWNLOW: Right! I'll pay for your education to make a great man of you. You'll never go back to living on the streets.
OLIVER: Thank you, Mr. Brownlow. You are a very good person.
BROWNLOW: Thanks to you, Oliver. I think you're like the son that I never had.
OLIVER: So... you want to adopt me, sir?
BROWNLOW: Only if you want to.
OLIVER: For sure I want to. I always wanted to have a place to call it home and have a family.
BROWNLOW: Good! You will be my new son. But if you want to stay in this house, you should dress better. Don't you think so?

(OLIVER dresses in the clothes given to him by the MAID)

BROWNLOW: Besides, if you want to, you can read all the books you fancy. They are all yours.
OLIVER: All of them?
BROWNLOW: Absolutely, all of them. I love reading books. And you?
OLIVER: I've never had the opportunity to read a book, but I know I'll like it.
BROWNLOW: Great! But first you need to eat something. *(Rings a bell and the MAID brings a plate)* You look so pale, as if you're starving.
OLIVER: I've never been fed much.
BROWNLOW: You're going to go to a good school. Would you like to read a book of mine?
OLIVER: Are you a writer?
BROWNLOW: Haha. Yes, I am. Would you like to be a writer?
OLIVER: I would like to sell books.
BROWNLOW: Maybe someday. First, you have to study and eat more.
OLIVER: Yeah...
BROWNLOW: Oliver, can I ask a favour?
OLIVER: Yeah, sure. What do you want from me, Mr. Brownlow?
BROWNLOW: Would you please take these books to the bookstore. Hand out this five pound note too.
OLIVER: Five pounds?!
BROWNLOW: Yes. Do it, dear Oliver. Make me proud of you. *(Leaves)*
OLIVER: Yeah. I'll make you so proud of me, Mr. Brownlow. Thank you for trusting me.
MAID: Lord Brownlow has you in high esteem, Oliver. Stay out of trouble and behave like a good kid.
OLIVER: I will try, Miss Bedwin. *(Takes the books and leaves)* I finally feel at home, with someone who trusts me and I can live with. Nothing can go wrong. I'm finally home... But now... to the bookstore!

07 On a street in London

NANCY *(Embracing OLIVER, ambushing him)* Oh, little brother! My little and dumb brother!

OLIVER: Who are you?
NANCY: How well dressed you are! How handsome you are and how many books and money you have!
OLIVER: Help!
NANCY: You don't recognize me? I'm your sister, Nancy.
OLIVER: I don't know who you are! I have never seen you before.
NANCY: Come home with us, Oliver!
OLIVER: I don't want to! I don't know who you are...
NANCY: I'm your sister!
OLIVER: Help!
NANCY: Shut up and listen to me. If you don't want Fagin to kill us, we had better go see him as soon as possible. So... Let's go!
FAGIN: *(Enters)* How are you, Oliver?
OLIVER: Mr. Fagin!
FAGIN: Some books and a five pound note. Very nice clothes, boy. Who did you steal from?
OLIVER: From nobody!
FAGIN: Okay. Anyway now all of these are mine.
OLIVER: No. They're mine!
FAGIN: No, not anymore.
NANCY: I'll leave you two alone. If you don't need me anymore, I'll go. Bill is coming to see you now. *(Leaves)*
FAGIN: You will work for me again or I'll whip you thousands of times.
OLIVER: No!
FAGIN: Did you think you could get away? This is where you belong, Oliver.
OLIVER: No!
FAGIN: Don't resist and everything will be easier for you.
SIKES: *(Entering)* Hello, Fagin.
FAGIN: Bill Sikes! Glad to see you, mate. Nancy told me you were coming.
SIKES: I have a plan and I need you and your kid.
FAGIN: Then it's an interesting business. Tell me more.
SIKES: Okay. You know that big house outside the city...?
FAGIN: Yes.
SIKES: With a giant library...
FAGIN: Yes.
SIKES: It's the home of the writer, Mr. Brownlow's manor.
OLIVER: No!
FAGIN: Shut up, Oliver! I know the place... and the kid too...
SIKES: There's a hole in the back of the wall. Someone tiny can sneak in and open the door for me. I'll steal everything inside the place. Jack is gone and I'm too big to fit in the hole. I need somebody to help me.
FAGIN: This kid can help you.
OLIVER: Never! I'll never betray Mr. Brownlow.
FAGIN: The kid knows the place. He lived there.
SIKES: Really? Amazing. This kid would be so helpful.
OLIVER: I'll never betray him. Never ever.
SIKES: *(Points a gun at him)* You'll do whatever I say. Do you understand?

OLIVER: Understood.
SIKES: Okay, then. Take this sack and let's go. I'm following you. You know the way.

08 At Mr. Brownlow's manor again

SIKES: Come on, kid. This is the hole from where you can get into Brownlow's manor. Enter while I watch you from here.
OLIVER: I'm scared.
SIKES: You don't have to be afraid. You used to live here. Come on, kid!
(Oliver enters through a hole and into the house)
SIKES: *(Watching from the window)* Go open the door for me and keep everything on the way.
OLIVER: *(Frightened, whispering)* Okay, okay...
SIKES: Do it now!
OLIVER: Okay... *(He sees the bell and has a thought. He takes it and shakes it)*
Thieves, thieves...! There are thieves in Mr. Brownlow's house!
SIKES: Traitor!

(The MAID enters with a gun)

MAID: Oliver, what are you doing here?
OLIVER: There are thieves! Thieves!
MAID: Thieves! *(Shoots at the ceiling)* Oh, no! Oliver! What are you doing here? Are you a thief too?
OLIVER: Never!
MAID: Oh, Oliver is a thief! *(Shoots at the ceiling)* There's another thief at the window! *(SIKES run away)* Run, Oliver! I don't want anyone to catch you! Run away!
OLIVER: I'm innocent!
MAID: Run!

(Frightened OLIVER cover her with the sack and the MAID screams and screams. Police whistles are heard. OLIVER runs away)

09 On a street

NANCY: You messed it up, Oliver. Sikes wants to kill you. You betrayed him.
OLIVER: He wanted to steal at Mr. Brownlow's manor.
NANCY: So what? It's not your home anymore.
OLIVER: Yes, it's my home. Mr. Brownlow adopted me.
NANCY: It's not your home, little brother.
OLIVER: I'm not your brother.
NANCY: Nor Mr. Brownlow's house is your home, Oliver. The streets are your place. Once you steal for the first time, you'll never come back to the normal life that you are looking for.

[SONG #5: THE STREETS ARE YOUR PLACE]

OLIVER: Really? Am I really part of the street?
NANCY: Well, the truth is, I don't know. I don't think you believe that.
OLIVER: I just wanted to have a quiet life and live in that house.
NANCY: Really?
OLIVER: Yes.
NANCY: I'll help you, Oliver. I've done a lot of bad things in my life and it's time to change. I have stolen many times and kidnapped you.
OLIVER: They forced you to do it.
NANCY: But I did it. That's why it's time to change. If you really want to go back to Mr. Brownlow, I will do everything I can to help get you back to him and clear your name. You're not a thief like us, Oliver. That's the truth. Maybe I'm trying to persuade you because I need someone good by my side, but I can't force you to be with me. I have an idea: Hide in this abandoned house and wait for me. People are afraid of this place and even thieves don't enter, but no one lives there.
OLIVER: You sure, Nancy?
NANCY: Absolutely sure. Sikes and Fagin will never find you and I will go to Mr. Brownlow's and explain to him that you are innocent.
OLIVER: Thank you.
NANCY: Hide, come on. I don't want anything to happen to you.

10 At Mr. Brownlow's house/A street

NANCY: Mr. Brownlow! Mr. Brownlow!
BROWNLOW: Who are you?
NANCY: I'm Nancy, Oliver's sister.
BROWNLOW: Oliver has no sister, he's an orphan.
NANCY: All of us who live on the streets are brothers and sisters. But Oliver is different and has to stop living on the streets. He's a good kid and I don't want anything bad to happen to him.
BROWNLOW: But where is he?
NANCY: Hidden. Sikes and Fagin want to kill him. To them, Oliver is a traitor.
BROWNLOW: But they wanted to rob me!
NANCY: For that very reason. They are thieves and other people can be victims. They will stop at nothing ... that's why they want to kill Oliver.
BROWNLOW: My God... What can we do to save Oliver?
NANCY: I don't know... that's why I told him to hide... I have an idea... let's meet tonight at midnight. Close to the river... On London Bridge. I will bring Oliver and he can leave with you. Don't tell anyone. Right?
BROWNLOW: Nor to Miss Bedwin, the maid.
NANCY: If you trust her, you can.
BROWNLOW: Right. Thank you, Nancy. (*Leaves*)
NANCY: And now I must do my best to keep Sikes and Fagin from finding me and Oliver. Only then can Oliver return to Mr. Brownlow's house. I'm going to fetch him before it's too late. I have to be there by midnight. (*Leaves*)
FAGIN: (*Enters*) So this girl wants to turn Oliver in. So good! She is ready to betray her entire family just to save this ungrateful child. Sikes is on the run, Jack is in jail. If Oliver tells the police everything he knows, I can say goodbye to my way of life. I have to be

quick and catch him before it's too late... *(Distant bells toll)* It's almost midnight. I have to hurry. *(Leaves)*

11 At London's Bridge

OLIVER: *(Enters)* There's nobody here... Nancy told me to come here if I wanted to see Mr. Brownlow. I can't go back to his house if I don't know if he has forgiven me. Mr. Brownlow? Nancy? There's no one here... Hey!

FAGIN: Good night, Oliver.

OLIVER: Yes... Mr. Fagin.

FAGIN: You want to meet Mr. Brownlow and tell him all you know about us, don't you?

OLIVER: I just want to live quietly and study.

FAGIN: *"I just want to live peacefully"*. Yes, I could just kill you and end this whole thing now. Throw yourself in the river and let everyone forget about you, little Oliver. *(Pulls out a gun)* You're about to meet your real parents, Oliver Twist. Prepare to die.

NANCY: *(Enters and stops FAGIN)* No! *(NANCY hits him and knocks him off London Bridge)*

OLIVER: You saved me, Nancy.

NANCY: I told you I'd help you get home. To Mr. Brownlow's house. That's his carriage... and he's waiting for you. On the other side of the river.

OLIVER: What about you?

NANCY: Me? I'll look after myself. As I always have done.

OLIVER: No. I want you to come with me, sister...

NANCY: I can't live with you, Oliver. I'm a street person.

OLIVER: Look, it's Miss Bedwin. She got out of the carriage and is coming this way.

MAID: Hi Oliver. Nancy... *(Greeting to each other)* Mr. Brownlow is waiting for you in the carriage to take you home. The police are looking for Bill Sikes and Fagin. They will surely catch them and put them in jail.

OLIVER: And Jack?

MAID: If he tells everything Sikes and Fagin have done, the police will set him free and he can come live with us if he wants to

OLIVER: Good! Jack will live with us!

MAID: Shall we go?

OLIVER: What about Nancy?

MAID: Nancy can come live with us too, if she wants to. *(Leaves)*

OLIVER: Did you hear that, Nancy? You can live with us. Do you want to?

NANCY: Yes. I want to.

OLIVER: Then it's time to go home.

[SONG #6: THE STREETS ARE YOUR PLACE (REPRISE)]

THE END