SCENE 1

OLIVER and the Orphans are pretending to eat and MR. BUMBLE is stirring the food. OLIVER stands up and walks towards BUMBLE slowly. All of the other Orphans who are eating stop and stare at OLIVER as he walks up to BUMBLE.

OLIVER: Mr. Bumble, sir, I want some more.

OLIVER holds out his bowl.

BUMBLE: (angrily) Did you just say "more"! (yelling) If I give you more, then all of the other orphans will want more, too. And that's a waste of money. I don't get a lot of money for you from the government, you know. You are getting out of here right now!

BUMBLE grabs Oliver and drags him off stage. The orphans exit stage left.

Enter MR. SOWERBERRY and NOAH in the undertaker's parlor, stage left. BUMBLE and OLIVER walk over to Sowerberry. NOAH is dressing a dead person and does it incorrectly

SOWERBERRY: No, no, Noah! You're doing it all wrong! Put his arms folded across his chest, like this! (SOWERBERRY shows NOAH how to do it correctly.)

BUMBLE: (politely) Sorry to interrupt, sir. You're the local undertaker, if I'm correct.

SOWERBERRY: Yes, that's right. I'm Mr. Sowerberry. What do you want from me?

BUMBLE: I have this ten year old boy--

SOWERBERRY: (eagerly) Is he dead?

BUMBLE: No, he's very much alive. His mother however--

SOWERBERRY: (still eagerly) Has died?

BUMBLE: Well, yes, but--

SOWERBERRY: Oh, good! (to NOAH) Noah, we've got business!

BUMBLE: It was ten years ago. She was a poor woman living on the streets. A stranger brought her in to the workhouse. She died in the workhouse giving birth to this boy, whom I named Oliver.

SOWERBERRY: (to NOAH) Noah, never mind. Make yourself useful and go get a coffin

NOAH: Alright, Mr. Sowerberry.

NOAH goes backstage left.

BUMBLE: Anyway, I cannot take care of this boy in the workhouse any longer. I was wondering if you can take him from me.

SOWERBERRY: But I already have an assistant.

BUMBLE: With times like these, you could use two.

SOWERBERRY: How much do you want for him?

BUMBLE: Nothing. I'll be saving money because I won't have to feed him.

SOWERBERRY: Can I do anything I want with him?

BUMBLE: Anything you want, Mr. Sowerberry.

SOWERBERRY: (hesitant and reluctantly) Well...oh...allright. I'll take the boy.
BUMBLE turns to OLIVER.

BUMBLE: And you will learn a good trade. Tell me if anything happens, Mr. Sowerberry.

Exit BUMBLE stage right and SOWERBERRY stage left. NOAH shows OLIVER the bodies.

NOAH: Anyway, now to show you what we do here. Alright, when you get the dead body, you put his arms around his chest like this. (NOAH does it wrong). Never mind. Then you put the body in coffins.

OLIVER: (disgusted) That's disgusting! I hate this job.

NOAH: Okay. Then your mother is disgusting, because she's dead, too!

OLIVER punches NOAH in the nose. NOAH screams. Enter SOWERBERRY, stage left. SOWERBERRY bends down to NOAH.

SOWERBERRY: (yelling) What happened, Noah?

NOAH: (trembling) He...he...punched me in the face.

SOWERBERRY: Who? Oliver?

NOAH: (sarcastically) No...the dead guy. Of course Oliver!

SOWERBERRY: Come with me to take care of your nose. (to OLIVER) You're going to be trouble, I can see. Tonight you'll get your first punishment!

SOWERBERRY and NOAH Exit stage left

OLIVER: (looking around uncomfortably and scared, then finding courage) I'm not waiting around for that punishment. I need to escape to some place where no one will ever find me. (thinking) I know! I'll go to London! (runs off stage.)
SCENE 2

Enter OLIVER, stage right, huffing.

OLIVER: (huffing) Sixty-five...miles. That was a lot!

OLIVER sits down, down center stage. Enter the ARTFUL DODGER stage right. He walks past OLIVER behind him. He notices him, is curious, walks back over to him.

DODGER: What's the problem?
OLIVER: I'm very hungry and tired! I've been walking for seven days.
DODGER: (amazed) Seven days?! On the run from the beak, eh?
OLIVER: The beak?
DODGER: The law. You been in the mill?
OLIVER: The mill?
DODGER: Jail! You're a green one. You've got to learn the ropes, and I'm the one to teach you.
OLIVER: I'd like it if you would.
DODGER: But first things first! Bet you wouldn't mind some eats, would you?
OLIVER: I...I wouldn't.
DODGER: Come on, then!

Enter WAITER with table and two chairs puts them down stage left. DODGER and OLIVER sit down on chairs.

WAITER: What do you want to order?
DODGER: Well, waiter, we would like some ham, cheese, bread and something to drink.

DODGER gives the WAITER a silver coin. Exit WAITER.

DODGER: Plenty more where that comes from. Now tell me, what's your name?
OLIVER: Oliver, sir. Oliver Twist.
DODGER: I'm Jack Dawkins, but them that knows me calls me the Artful Dodger. Dodger, for short.

Enter WAITER carrying a tray of food. WAITER puts down tray on table.

WAITER: Here's your food.

OLIVER and DODGER start eating. Exit WAITER.

OLIVER: Pleased to meet you, Dodger.
DODGER: You should be! You are going to London, right?
OLIVER: I am.
DODGER: Do you have somewhere to sleep?
OLIVER: I don't.
DODGER: Do you have a job?
OLIVER: No job.
DODGER: Just so happens I know a gentleman, a kind gentleman who loves to help out boys like you. And I am going to do you a great favor. I'm going to take you to that same gentleman. (burps) Look sharp now, Oliver. We're off to London town!
Enter DODGER and OLIVER stage right and FAGIN and boys stage right

DODGER: Oliver, welcome to London!
OLIVER: (denyingly) No, you're joking. This can't be London.
DODGER: Why do you think I'm joking? This is London.
OLIVER: (confused) You live in London. You said it was a great city.
DODGER: (Ignoring OLIVER'S last remark) Here we are. Home sweet home. I will show you the nice gentleman. His name is Fagin.
OLIVER: Okay.

FAGIN is talking to the lads and serving them dinner. Then DODGER and OLIVER start to walk towards them.

CHARLIE: (Hesitantly) Fagin, I want some more.
FAGIN: (pretending to be angry) What?! Did you just say "more"?! More? (laughing) Of course you can have some more! You're my special lads! (laughs sneakily)
CHARLIE: You're so evil, but you're so good to us!

DODGER and OLIVER stand behind FAGIN. The BOYS look intently at them.

DODGER: Hi, Fagin! (Whispering to OLIVER) That's the kind gentleman.
FAGIN: (surprisingly, turning his head towards OLIVER and DODGER) Dodger! What's this? You brought us a new one! (chuckles mysteriously)
DODGER: Yes I have. (turning to OLIVER) Oliver, meet Fagin.
FAGIN: Pleased to meet you, my dear.
OLIVER: (scared) Pleased to meet you, too, sir.
FAGIN: You must be hungry, my dear.
OLIVER: (innocently) Oh, yes, sir.

FAGIN gives OLIVER a sausage on a plate with a fork.

OLIVER: Thank you, sir.
FAGIN: A polite boy! (chuckles, aside) I could use him well....
DODGER: Fagin, can we start the game?
OLIVER: (Confused) What game?
FAGIN: (Boldly) We will show you, then you can join in.

FAGIN puts on fancy clothes: a brown old long jacket, a gold bracelet, a neckless, and some coins in his pockets. Three lads try to steal things from FAGIN’s pockets. The first one steals the bracelet in the wright pocket. The second one steals the neckless in the left pocket. The third one trying to steal coins in the left pocket, clumsy and gets caught. FAGIN playfully slaps him on the wrist.

FAGIN: (to the clumsy child) Clumsy, clumsy!
DODGER: Come on, Oliver! Join in!
OLIVER manages to pick a handkerchief out of FAGIN's wright pocket.

FAGIN: Great job, Oliver!

FAGIN gives OLIVER a silver coin.

OLIVER: (shocked) I can't believe it, thank you, sir!
FAGIN: You deserve that!! Time for bed. Tomorrow is a working day!!
OLIVER: (confused) Work? They work?!
FAGIN: Of course they work!
OLIVER: (curiously) What do they do?!
FAGIN: They fix wallets, watches and handkerchiefs. Okay, boys...Time for bed!!!
ALL: Goodnight!

Exit all.
SCENE 4

Enter FAGIN, OLIVER, LADS

FAGIN is serving lunch to the lads when NANCY and BILL enter stage left. Lads exit right.

FAGIN: Hi, Nancy! Hi, Bill.

BILL: (growling) Nobody mentions my name!
NANCY: Hi, Fagin.
FAGIN: Oliver this girl here named Nancy grew up with me.
NANCY: Yes, I did!
BILL: (Growling) Come on, let’s get started here. Stop with all this JibberJabber!
FAGIN: But I have a limit of money.
BILL: Tell me, how much is your limit?
FAGIN: About five pounds. But tell me, what do you have?
BILL: Give me more, for a few gold plates and cups that I can sell anywhere for much more money than this.
FAGIN: What if I refuse?
BILL: Well.... (He pulls a gun out)
FAGIN: Oh.... fine. (He hands BILL few more coins) But, no more.

BILL slams his hand on the table.

NANCY: Bill... stop it.
BILL: Shut up Nancy!!

BILL grabs NANCY

FAGIN: Please Bill not in front of the kids. (turn to the kids) Charlie, Dodger, why don’t you bring Oliver out to work? (He winks.)

Enter Gentleman. OLIVER walks with the boys towards a gentleman at a bookstall.

DODGER: Come on, Oliver. Let’s try on him.
CHARLIE: 1, 2, 3, GO!!

They steal a wallet. DODGER and CHARLIE run away, but OLIVER is left behind. He turns to run. But he gets punched by a citizen.
Enter BROWNLOW and BEDWIN on right stage. BROWNLOW drags OLIVER to the center of the stage by the feet.

MRS. BEDWIN: The doctor said the boy would get better.
BROWNLOW: (relieved) Huh well that's strange because he's been asleep for so long and... (looks at OLIVER rubbing his eyes) Mrs. Bedwin! The boy's awake.
OLIVER: (confused) Who are you? Where am I?
BROWNLOW: I'm Mr. Brownlow and this is Mrs. Bedwin, my maid. You're at my house. So, what's the last thing you remember?
OLIVER: (remembering) Only running.
BROWNLOW: You've been sleeping for ten days. Sleeping and almost worse. I guess the memory would be painful. You were sent to a Judge being accused of stealing my handkerchief. The bookseller came in the nick of time and told the judge another boy stole my handkerchief.
MRS. BEDWIN: With good food inside you, you'll be better.
BROWNLOW: And with good clothes to wear, good books to read, and a good school to go to, you'll become a fine young man.
OLIVER: But all of that costs money, and I have none.
BROWNLOW: I've got more than enough money. Room, too. I live alone.
OLIVER: What about her? (pointing at a portrait on the wall) I feel like I know her.
BROWNLOW: That portrait was given to me by an old friend. But he never told me who the woman in the portrait was.

Enter GRIMWIG stage right.

BROWNLOW: By the way, have you met Mr. Grimwig, my lawyer?
GRIMWIG: My dear Brownlow, could I have a word with you?

GRIMWIG leads BROWNLOW away from OLIVER and MRS. BEDWIN. She continues wiping OLIVER's forehead and caring for him while miming talking.

GRIMWIG: You can't be serious that you want to keep this boy in your house!
BROWNLOW: Why not?
GRIMWIG: Why? Because he is a street child. A thief. He's from the trash, and that's where he belongs, it's just like keeping an apple core.
MRS. BEDWIN continues talking to OLIVER.
BEDWIN: You know, you look a bit like that woman and from the other angle you look like --- Never mind
BROWNLOW looks fondly at OLIVER while GRIMWIG keeps talking.
GRIMWIG: He came from the underworld, and he'll wind up back there some day.
BROWNLOW walks back over to OLIVER's bedside.
BROWNLOW: My dear boy, I was just looking at you, and I couldn't help but notice that you really look a lot like...
OLIVER: (eagerly) Like whom, sir?
**4W's Oliver Twist**

BROWNLOW: Oh, never mind. It's a small world. I guess we're all related in some way. It's enough that you are you, who ever you are! You can live here with me and I'll be like a father to you.

GRIMWIG: (aside) Oh, brother. Haven't you been paying attention to anything I said?

MRS. BEDWIN: Excuse me, Mr. Brownlow. I really need to go. I have to go take the these books back to the bookstall and I have to pay some bills.

BROWNLOW: I have a great idea. (to OLIVER) Oliver, would you like to bring this books back and pay these bills?

OLIVER: (excited) I would love to! You've done so much for me, I owe you something for all of this.

GRIMWIG: Are you sure this is a good idea?

BROWNLOW: Of course, Oliver's no thief.

MRS. BEDWIN: Come, Oliver. Let's get you dressed.

*MRS. BEDWIN brings OLIVER stage left. GRIMWIG and BROWNLOW step aside to talk.*

GRIMWIG: You know the boy is a thief. I bet you he's going to keep the money, and he's not going to come back.

BROWNLOW: (leading him back near OLIVER) I accept your bet!

MRS. BEDWIN: The boy is ready, sir.

OLIVER: Thank you, Mr. Brownlow! I'll come right back!

*Exit OLIVER, stage right. Exit others, stage left.*
SCENE 6

Enter FAGIN and the boys, stage right. NANCY brings OLIVER to Fagin.

FAGIN: Did he give you any trouble?
NANCY: He tried to. A crowd gathered. I said that he had run away from home. They believed me.
FAGIN: (fond of himself) Good girl. I trained you well!
NANCY: (sadly) You trained me to lie and steal and worse I was no older than him.
FAGIN: (trying to make her feel better) And here's your reward. (FAGIN gives NANCY a coin)
NANCY: (squeezing FAGIN's hand) Don't harm the boy.
FAGIN: Of course I won't, you think I'm a two headed man eating monster? I'm ri-- I mean I'm poor. You women. ...so tender when it comes to children.
NANCY: The last piece of tenderness I have left.
FAGIN: What about your feelings for...B--for you-know-who?
NANCY: That ain't tenderness. That's weakness.
FAGIN: Well, I have a special weakness for Oliver.
NANCY: Why him?
FAGIN: That's for me to know, and no one else to find out.
NANCY: Does it have to go with the stranger who came to see you? After his visit, you promised gold for the boy. For anything else, you always pay in silver.
FAGIN: (hard voice) Curiosity can kill more than the cat, Nancy (softer) My dear, I just didn't want the brat to spill the beans on all of us.
OLIVER: Sir, I never said a word. Honestly, I didn't! Please let me go back!
FAGIN: Very touching, my dear. But you know too much.
OLIVER: But Mr. Brownlow sent me to pay some bills. At least let me send him back this money. If not, he'll think I'm a thief!
FAGIN: (taking the money from OLIVER) Well, my dear...you are a thief!
OLIVER: No, I'm not! Mr. Brownlow trusted me!
FAGIN: I'm sure he doesn't anymore. Thanks for the money and the nice, new clothes. Now, since everyone now thinks you're a thief, you might as well be a good one. You're going to need a better teacher than the Dodger. I've found the best teach there is: Bill Sikes!

(Everyone freezes and is silent.)

BILL: (roaring from offstage) Did I hear my name? (enter BILL right stage, stomping across stage) I don't like to hear my name! (to OLIVER) Never ever say me name. You do, and I'll rip your head off!
NANCY: (pleading) Go easy on the boy!
BILL: Stay out of this, Nancy! (to FAGIN) Is this the boy you told me about?
FAGIN: This is him. He's the perfect one for the job. Now where's the money you promised me for him?
BILL: You'll get your cut after the job! (to OLIVER) Come on, boy. It's our time to work...nighttime!

Exit all stage right
SCENE 7

Enter BILL with OLIVER. They are planning on breaking into ROSE's house.

BILL: Here's a lesson for you. (pressing a gun to OLIVER's head) Obey me or else. You're going in through the window of that house and straight ahead. Then open the front door and let me in. You understand?
OLIVER: Yes, Bill.
BILL: (grabbing OLIVER) I told you: never say my name!! Now go!

Exit both.

Enter OLIVER, stage left, sneaking into ROSE's house He tiptoes across stage. Enter SERVANT stage left. He sneaks up behind OLIVER.

SERVANT: THIEF! STOP!

SERVANT hits OLIVER across the head. OLIVER faints. Enter ROSE and MRS. MAYLIE stage left.

ROSE: What happened?
SERVANT: I found this thief in the house.
MAYLIE: He's only a boy!
ROSE: He's so young.
SERVANT: He was trying to steal something. I knocked him out.
ROSE: Servant, get this poor boy to a bed!

(SERVANT drags OLIVER off stage left)

MAYLIE: Let's go get a doctor!

Exit both.

Enter OLIVER. He walks around the room confused.

OLIVER: (to himself) Where am I?

Enter ROSE.

ROSE: You're awake!
OLIVER: Hello. Who are you?
ROSE: Who am I? Who are you?
OLIVER: Why am I here?
ROSE: (confused) Why are you here?
OLIVER: I'm Oliver and I'm an orphan.
ROSE: My name is Rose. I've been taking care of you after our servant hit you when she caught you breaking into the house.
OLIVER: I'm very sorry!
ROSE: You shouldn't rob anymore. I must show you a better way to live by using love and kindness. I will get you a book to read so you can calm down.

(Exit ROSE. OLIVER sits down and looks stage left out of a "window." FAGIN and MONKS appear at the "window," sneaking a glance at OLIVER. OLIVER screams. They run off. Enter ROSE.)

ROSE: (worried) What's wrong? You look like you saw a ghost.
OLIVER: I wish it had been a ghost. I wish my past were dead. But now I know that it has caught up with me.
ROSE: I haven't asked you anything about your past. I wanted to forget it. But now I must know what frightened you so.
OLIVER: (shivering and stammering) I saw Fagin here, the man who tried to make me into a thief. But I do not know the man he was with, but his face seemed familiar. (sighing) I know why Fagin was here. He came to get me back, like he did before. Except that time, he had help from someone else.
ROSE: Who?
OLIVER: A girl. A young lady about your age. Her name is Nancy.
ROSE: (gasping) Oh, my!
OLIVER: What's wrong?
ROSE: When I went to get you a book, someone knocked on the door. The servant said it was a young woman who said her name was (louder voice for the name) Nancy. (softer voice) The servant is bringing her in now.
Enter SERVANT with NANCY.

SERVANT: My lady, here is Miss Nancy.

NANCY: Oliver!

OLIVER: (hiding behind ROSE anxiously begging) Don't believe Nancy! She will tell you lies. Anything to take me back to Fagin.

ROSE: (kindly) I promise you, it's you I believe. We'll face her together. We'll make short work of her lies. (angrily, to NANCY) What do you want?

NANCY: (worried) Listen to what I say. I risk my life to say it! But better my life than the boy's. He has some hope of a better life. I have none.

ROSE: (shocked) But you're so young!

NANCY: (sad) Young in years, but old in every other way. Too old to change. (confident) But enough about me. I must tell you about Oliver while there is still time to save him!

ROSE: Go on!

NANCY: (hesitantly) I was at Fagin's house when a well-dressed young man came in. I had seen him before when Oliver was gone the first time. This time I wanted to find out who the man was and what he wanted.

ROSE: (curious) Did you?

NANCY: I pretended to be sound asleep. They thought I had had too much to drink. And what I heard made me come here.

OLIVER: (interested) Please, what did you hear? Why would a well-dressed man visit Fagin? What could he visit have to do with me?

NANCY: Fagin called him Monks. Monks said it was his good luck to spot Oliver with Dodger. It was that day at the book stall. He guessed who Oliver was right away. And he could tell that the Dodger was a thief. Then the police grabbed Oliver. (sighs) Monks paid the Dodger to lead him to Fagin. He wanted Fagin to keep trying to turn the boy into a thief—a thief who would end his life in jail. Monks paid Fagin to get Oliver back. (ashamed) And Fagin paid me to kidnap Oliver. I'm still so sorry. Next, Monks went to Mr. Bumble. Monks wanted to make sure he was right about Oliver.

OLIVER: (eagerly) He knew who I was? Tell me, who am I?

NANCY: (gently) Monks called you...his "little brother."

ROSE: What on earth could he mean by that?

NANCY: I have no idea, miss. But he said something else that was strange.

ROSE: What did he say?

NANCY: That you, miss, would give the world to know who Oliver is.

ROSE: (surprised) Me?

NANCY: That's right. Monks thought it was a big joke that Oliver was with you, that it was your house where he was staying.

ROSE: A joke? That's horrible!

NANCY: Worse is to come!

OLIVER: Worse?
NANCY: Monks bought a locket from Mr. Bumble. That locket was the last hope of anyone saving Oliver. Monks dumped it in the river. Then Fagin could feel safe doing whatever he wanted with Oliver, since no one would ever know who he was. (sobbing) Monks stood by the offer he had made. He wanted Fagin to turn Oliver into a thief. Monks wanted the pleasure of seeing Oliver in jail, or on the gallows.
ROSE: Fagin agreed? I can't believe anyone could be so evil.
OLIVER: You don't know Fagin!
NANCY: He'll do anything for money.
OLIVER: Did you find out anything more about the locket?
NANCY: (sadly) Nothing.
OLIVER: (sobbing) Nothing?
NANCY: But there is someone who may be able to tell you more.
OLIVER: Who?
NANCY: I don't know his name. And he doesn't know mine. But that was the agreement between us. When I answered the poster offering a reward for information about you.
OLIVER: Do you know where to find him?
NANCY: Yes. And I could take you to him.
OLIVER: Please, do!
ROSE: Let's hurry! There's no time to lose!

Exit all.
SCENE 9

Enter GRIMWIG and BROWNLOW, stage left.

GRIMWIG: I wonder what ever happened to Oliver.
BROWNLOW: I hope some other people read my poster and will answer back with information about Oliver.

Enter OLIVER, ROSE and NANCY.

OLIVER: Mr. Brownlow!

OLIVER and BROWNLOW meet center stage and hug.

OLIVER: I'm so happy to see you!
BROWNLOW: I'm so happy to see you, too! Where have you been?
ROSE: Actually, he's been at my country house for a few weeks. My name is Rose.
BROWNLOW: Pleased to meet you, Rose. My name is Mr. Brownlow. (They shake hands. BROWNLOW indicates GRIMWIG) And this is Mr. Grimwig, my friend and lawyer. (ROSE and GRIMWIG shake hands.)
GRIMWIG: I almost thought you were a thief when you didn't come back.
ROSE: Anyone can see that Oliver is no thief.
BROWNLOW: Of course. When I looked at Oliver (gives OLIVER a kind look), I saw the face of a man who was my friend years ago. His name was Leeford. I also saw the face of the woman he loved, whom he made a painting of.
OLIVER: The painting of that lady in my room, sir?
BROWNLOW: The very same.
OLIVER: What is her name?
BROWNLOW: My friend would not tell me. It was a very long story. My friend's father forced him to marry a girl he didn't love.

Enter FATHER, LEEFORD.

FATHER: You must marry a girl from London.
LEEFOORD: But I don't love her!
FATHER: You're going to marry her the same!
LEEFOORD: You can't decide what I do!
FATHER: That's enough! You have to marry.

Exit FATHER. Enter WIFE

BROWNLOW: They got married.
WIFE: (enthusiastically) I do!
LEEFOORD: (unenthusiastically, bored) So do I.
BROWNLOW: They had a baby. (WIFE takes out baby doll from behind her back). They named the baby Edward.
WIFE: I have decided to name him Edward. And I don't care if you disagree or not!
BROWNLOW: His wife left for Europe with their son.
WIFE: I'm leaving for Europe with our son!

Exit WIFE.

BROWNLOW: Leeford stayed in England.
LEEFORD: I'm staying in England.
BROWNLOW: He met a girl he really loved...

Enter AGNES.

LEEFORD: I really love you.
BROWNLOW: He kept his first marriage a secret.

LEEFORD slips off wedding ring

LEEFORD: I've never been married before.
BROWNLOW: ...and married her.

LEEFORD offers ring to AGNES.

LEEFORD: I do!
AGNES: Me, too!
BROWNLOW: The girl got pregnant.
AGNES: I'm pregnant!
BROWNLOW: Leeford went to Europe to end his first marriage.
LEEFORD: I'm going to Europe...
AGNES: Why?
LEEFORD: I'll...tell you later! See ya!

LEEFORD steps upstage.

AGNES: Okay. I'll wait for you to return, my love.

AGNES steps upstage.

OLIVER: Boy, they really loved each other.
BROWNLOW: Yes. Before Leeford left for Europe (LEEFORD steps forward), he made out a will saying...
LEEFORD: (miming writing) "I give half of my fortune--(exaggerated) my very big fortune of lots and lots of money--to my first wife--the girl I do not love and was (loudly) forced to marry by my misunderstanding father--and her child named Edward--which I think not a nice name for a baby! And the other half of my very big fortune of lots and lots of money, I leave to the girl whom I actually do love, unlike the other one, and her child whom I have never seen because she is still pregnant. Signed, Leeford."
BROWNLOW: Then he left for Europe.
LEEFORD: Now, I'm really leaving for Europe.
LEEFORD steps upstage.

BROWNLOW: A month later, he died.

LEEFORD steps upstage.

LEEFORD: I died. (LEEFORD falls.)
BROWNLOW: Grimwig and I went to find Leeford's first wife and son, but his wife had died.

Enter WIFE.

WIFE: I died too!

WIFE 1 exits stage dragging LEEFORD

BROWNLOW: His son now calls himself Monks.

Enter MONKS, EXTRA 1 and EXTRA 2 stage left. EXTRA 1 and EXTRA 2 walk towards center stage.

MONKS: Hey, you two! (PERSON 1 and PERSON 2 turn to stare at MONKS) Call me Monks!
EXTRA 1: Ok.... Monks.
MONKS: Good. And what about you? (steps towards EXTRA 2 looking suspicious)
EXTRA 2: Sorry....Monks.
MONKS: Perfect!

Exit MONKS, EXTRA 1 and EXTRA 2.

BROWNLOW: Well....there. I've finished my story.
NANCY: This is a very interesting story and everything. I can't believe you know so much.... But...I need to go. Bye! Good luck, Oliver!
SCENE 10

BROWNLOW:  
(chuckles) That was the end of story part 1, but the start of story part 2. I went to Mr. Bumble's orphanage and questioned him. He told me about the locket. It had belonged to a young woman who had died in the workhouse giving birth to a baby boy.

OLIVER:  
A baby boy?!

BROWNLOW:  
Yes! Have you never heard of a baby boy?

OLIVER:  
What was his name?

BROWNLOW:  
(puts hand on OLIVER's shoulder) I think you know.

OLIVER:  
Hmmm..... no, I don't know.

BROWNLOW:  
Yes, you do. I think you do know.

OLIVER:  
No, I really don't know! Could you help me?

ROSE:  
(exchanges exasperated looks with GRIMWIG and BROWNLOW.) O...L...I...V ...E...-

OLIVER:  
Olive? Didn't you say it was a baby boy?

ROSE:  
(yelling) OLIVER, NOT OLIVE!!!!

OLIVER:  
(gasps) The lady with the locket was my mother!

GRIMWIG:  
Yes! How long did it take you to find out?!

ROSE starts pacing back and forth across the stage

ROSE:  
Did Bumble tell you anything else about the locket?

BROWNLOW:  
Yes. It was gold and it had the name Agnes on it.

ROSE:  
My only sister was named Agnes and she had such a locket! She also married a man named Leeford!

BROWNLOW:  
The man that was my friend. Monks' father.

OLIVER:  
(looking confused and counting on his fingers) So that means......

ROSE:  
(impatiently) I'm your aunt!

ROSE and BROWNLOW walk right stage and mime talking. GRIMWIG walks closer to OLIVER.

GRIMWIG:  
Monks owes you a lot of money, you know, Oliver. What will you do with it?

OLIVER:  
I'll give most of it to Nancy. She only has mean Bill Sikes and evil Fagin.

BROWNLOW:  
(turning to OLIVER) Not really. She has another friend, too. His eyes lit up when he saw Nancy.

OLIVER:  
(looking scared) What did he look like?

BROWNLOW:  
Don't worry. He was only a boy all dressed in grown-up clothes.

OLIVER:  
Oh, no. The Dodger. He'll tell Bill, and Bill gets angry pretty quickly. We must save Nancy! Let's go!

Exit all, stage right.
SCENE 11

Enter running right stage BROWNLOW, ROSE, GRIMWIG, OLIVER. CROWD, chanting, enters stage left.

BROWNLOW:  (panting) Hurry!
GRIMWIG:  (panting) I haven't run like this in such a long time!

Enter left stage OFFICERS 1 and 2 (hold crowd back)

OLIVER:  I'll talk to the policeman.
ROSE:  No! Let Mr. Brownlow talk.
OLIVER:  No! I want to talk.

ROSE holds OLIVER back.

BROWNLOW:  What happened, officer?
OFFICER 1:  (matter-of-factly, unemotionally) A murder.
ROSE:  Who was murdered?!
OFFICER 2:  Some girl. Somebody named Nancy something...
OLIVER:  Oh, no! Not Nancy! Not her! (begins to cry)
BROWNLOW:  (to OFFICER 2) How did it happen?
OFFICER 2:  Seems the killer was waiting for her and then beat her to death.
ROSE:  That poor girl!
GRIMWIG:  (to OFFICER 1) Have you caught the killer?
OFFICER 1:  He got clean away.
GRIMWIG:  Well, find out where he is! Ask around here!
OFFICER 2:  These people never rat on their own kind.
OFFICER 1:  Not for free, at least.
GRIMWIG:  (crosses stage left to where a crowd is gathered, calling to the crowd) A reward for finding the killer!
BROWNLOW:  (calling out) I'll add something to it!
SPOKESPERSON:  We'll do it for nothing.

The poor people begin talking and shouting. The officers try to quiet them down to organize the search, but they won't listen. The SPOKESPERSON looks at the officers failing, shakes his head and politely moves the officers aside. He begins a call-and-response "mic check."

SPOKES:  (calling to crowd) Mic check!
CROWD:  (a few people at first, while the others keep talking) Mic check!
SPOKES:  Mic check!
CROWD:  (more people join in the response) Mic check!

The crowd becomes completely silent. The officers look impressed. The SPOKESPERSON gives them a smug look, then begins to address the crowd. They repeat the words he says after each pause.
SPOKES: Nancy was...a good sort.... We all loved her...very much.... People think...we are animals.... We will show them...we're people, too!... (giving them the words to chant) WE'RE PEOPLE, TOO!

CROWD: (chanting) We're people, too! We're people, too!

SPOKES: (calling to crowd) Mic check!

CROWD: (a few people at first) Mic check!

SPOKES: Mic check!

CROWD: Mic check!

SPOKES: We all know...who killed Nancy.... We all know...he hides real well.... We have lived...in fear of him...far too long.... We will look...everywhere... We won't rest...until we...FIND BILL SIKES!

CROWD: (chanting) FIND BILL SIKES! FIND BILL SIKES!

Enter BILL SIKES from behind stage left where Fagin's house is set up

BILL: (screaming with annoyance and fury, almost whining) How many times do I have to say this? Nobody mentions my name!

SPOKES: CATCH BILL SIKES!

CROWD: (chanting) CATCH BILL SIKES! CATCH BILL SIKES!

Everyone chases BILL. After some chasing, BILL manages to distance himself from the crowd.

OFFICER 1: Give yourself up, Bill!

OFFICER 2: Yeah, Bill!

BILL: (whining) Stop mentioning my name! Nobody mentions my-- (stops abruptly, waits a beat. BILL's eyes are fixed on something no one else can see) Nancy!

PERSON 1: What is he staring at?

BILL: (afraid) Nancy! Stop! Take your eyes off of me!

PERSON 2: It looks as if he's seeing a ghost!

BILL: (shouting) Nancy! Stop! Your eyes! Leave me alone! Stop staring at me!

BILL walks back from the vision he is seeing and falls, screaming, off of the stage.

OFFICER 1: That was easy.

OLIVER: Now let's go get Fagin!
SCENE 12

OFFICER 2: Open up in the name of the law.
BROWNLOW: You're wanted for hiding a killer.
GRIMWIG: (prim) Give yourself up, I say!

OFFICERS, BROWNLOW and GRIMWIG: (chanting primly) GIVE YOURSELF UP! GIVE YOURSELF UP!

Crowd groans.

FAGIN: I'll never give myself up...unless we can make a deal.
OFFICER 1: (confused) A deal? What kind of a deal?
FAGIN: I'll hand over a gang of thieves to you. It's a good trade. You get a bunch of evil kids, and you just have to let one poor, harmless old man go....
OFFICER 2: Forget it! You're coming with us!
FAGIN: (shaking his fist) I'll nev--
DODGER: (shouting to the other kids) Get him, lads!

The boys jump on FAGIN and tackle him. DODGER sits on his back.

FAGIN: No! No! No! After all I've done for you!
DODGER: No! What we did for you! (to Officers) Give us a break for helping nab old Fagin! How about it?
OFFICER 1: Tell it to the judge!
OFFICER 2: You're all coming with us!
FAGIN: (charmingly) Oliver! Tell them I meant no harm, my dear. I was like a father to you. To all the boys!

OLIVER stares at FAGIN defiantly.

FAGIN: (losing temper) Why you little--
OFFICER 1: Take them away, fellas.

Exit FAGIN and OFFICERS.

BROWNLOW: So this is where I find you, Edward Leeford....
ROSE: Or should I call you...Monks?!
MONKS: I can explain everything!
BROWNLOW: We already know everything!
GRIMWIG: Except one thing: Where is the will?
MONKS: What will?
GRIMWIG: Your father's will. The will that left half his fortune to your half-brother...Oliver!
MONKS: There is no such will!
BROWNLOW: There is such a will! Your father told me about it. I will swear to that in court if I have to.
MONKS:  *(broken)* I was afraid someone knew about it. But it said that if Oliver ever broke the law, he'd get nothing. Then I'd be safe.

GRIMWIG:  *(impatiently)* Talk! Talk! Answer my question: Where is the will?

MONKS:  My mother destroyed it. Then she wrote to Oliver's mother--Agnes. She told her that the man she loved was already married.

ROSE:  How hurt poor Agnes must have been! How ashamed! No wonder she ran away.

BROWNLOW:  Well, it seems you are a wealthy young man. You have half of Leeford's fortune.

MONKS:  But that's all that is left! I have had bad luck in business, and even worse luck in gambling! I will be left without a penny!

GRIMWIG:  Then lean from Oliver. He did not have a penny, and he has come far in life!

OLIVER:  A fortune! What will I do with it?

ROSE:  I'll watch over it until you're older. And I will take care of you while you grow up. *(holding OLIVER close)* I will be your second mother.

OLIVER:  It all seems too good to be true!

ROSE:  But it is true!