

Oliver!

The play.

Name:

Character:

Mrs Sketchley's
COPY!

ACT 1 SCENE 1

(enter OLIVER)

OLIVER: *(to audience)* Hi. My name's Oliver Twist. I'm an orphan, and I live in a workhouse. It's awful. All they feed us is this disgusting gruel glop, so basically, I'm always hungry.

(enter ORPHANS and MR. BUMBLE who is scowling and holding a ladle; CHILDREN are holding empty bowls and look hungry and scared)

ORPHANS: *(nudging Oliver)* Go on, Oliver! Ask! He won't say no to you. Ask! Do it! *(Some start making chicken noises)*

OLIVER: *(to MR. BUMBLE)* Please, sir, I want some more.

BUMBLE: *(yelling and waving arms)* WHAT?!

OLIVER: I said "more!" More food! Um...dude, I'm hungry! *(rubbing his stomach)*

BUMBLE: *(to the others onstage)* Oliver Twist has asked for MORE.

ORPHANS: *(appalled)* For MORE??? Is he crazy or something?

(everyone laughs while pointing at OLIVER; the CHILDREN exit)

OLIVER: *(to audience)* Well, apparently that's the one thing you DON'T do in a workhouse; heaven forbid a kid gets some food! So they threw me out and gave me to Mr. Sowerberry, the undertaker. Yep, dead people. They told me that if I ever returned to the workhouse, they would send me *(using air quotes and imitating Mr. Bumble's voice)* "out to sea, there to be drowned, or knocked on the head." *(MR. BUMBLE drags OLIVER across the stage by ear)*

(enter MR. SOWERBERRY and MRS. SOWERBERRY)

BUMBLE: Here! I've brought the boy. He's your problem now, Sowerberry.

MRS. SOWERBERRY: Dear me! He's very small.

BUMBLE: He is small. We feed him gruel, what do you expect? But he'll grow, Mrs. Sowerberry, he'll grow. *(BUMBLE exits)*

MRS. SOWERBERRY: Well, he better grow!

MR. SOWERBERRY: Give him some of the old meat that the dog didn't eat.

MRS. SOWERBERRY: Good idea! *(throws food to OLIVER)*

OLIVER: Yum! Beats gruel any day! *(starts eating then spits it out because it's so gross)*

(ALL exit, except OLIVER who stays on)

29th

ACT 1 SCENE 2

(enter OLIVER)

OLIVER: *(to audience)* Guess what? Dog food is so gross. And so is sleeping in a room full of dead people! Bleh... *(shudders)* They could at least turn into zombies or something cool, but noooo. All they do is lie there. Lame. So, I've decided to ditch this place and run away to London. *(begins walking around the stage)*

(enter DODGER)

DODGER: Hello my covey, what's the row?

OLIVER: Huh?

DODGER: *(to audience)* Doesn't anybody speak 1830s London slang anymore? Sheesh. *(to OLIVER)* OK fine. What up, yo?

OLIVER: Oh. I am very hungry and tired.

DODGER: Whoa! Well, let's get you some food! Do you need a place to live too?

OLIVER: Um, wow, that'd be terrific!

DODGER: Sweet! Follow me. *(they start walking around stage as if they are heading somewhere)*

OLIVER: *(to audience)* This totally beats gloppy gruel and dead people. Score! *(to DODGER)* Gee, this is really awfully nice of...

(OLIVER and DODGER stay onstage)

ACT 1 SCENE 3

DODGER: *(calls offstage)* FAGIN!! We're here!! *(to OLIVER)* He's the boss!

(enter FAGIN and CHARLEY BATES followed by a number of PICKPOCKETS, all holding t-shirts)

DODGER: Fagin, this is my friend Oliver Twist.

FAGIN: Hey, dude, welcome! We are very glad to see you, Oliver! You're kind of a skinny, *(sniffs him)* and smelly, kid; we'll get you some food and a bath... Whew!

OLIVER: What's with all the shirts?

FAGIN: Oh! Well, we just got them out, ready for the wash, that's all. Ha ha ha!

PICKPOCKETS: Ha ha ha!

FAGIN: *(to audience)* We're laughing because all these t-shirts are stolen! We're thieves, ya know! Ha!

OLIVER: What did you say?

FAGIN: Oh, nothing. Welcome to the club, kid. Now you head out with Dodger, and he'll teach you all the tricks, I'm sure.

(FAGIN and PICKPOCKETS exit)

OLIVER: *(to audience)* Uh-oh, I've got a bad feeling about this...

(enter BROWNLOW, casually walking across stage)

CHARLEY: *(to DODGER)* Look at that guy!

DODGER: He'll do.

CHARLEY: A prime plant. A perfect target!

(DODGER crosses the stage and sneaks up behind BROWNLOW; he reaches into his pockets and steals a watch and a wallet)

OLIVER: Uh oh, this is NOT good. *(DODGER exits sneakily)*

(BROWNLOW realizes he's been robbed and sees OLIVER; OLIVER runs)

BROWNLOW: Stop, thief!

(enter OFFICER who knocks OLIVER over and holds him down)

BROWNLOW: *(to audience)* Something about the boy looks so familiar to me - as if I've seen his face before. Oh well, take that rotten, and smelly, kid off to jail!

(enter BOOKSELLER)

BOOKSELLER: He's innocent. I saw the whole thing.

OFFICER: You weren't even onstage! But... okay, then. *(exit BOOKSELLER)*

(OFFICER releases OLIVER who struggles to stand on his own)

BROWNLOW: I believe in you, boy. You'll come and stay with me.

(OFFICER exits)

Dec 5th

ACT 1 SCENE 4

(enter MRS. BEDWIN, who is holding a stick figure portrait of a woman)

BROWNLOW: My housekeeper Mrs. Bedwin will care for you.

OLIVER: Thank you, sir. I'm so tired. *(immediately lays down on the ground and sleeps)*

(BROWNLOW and BEDWIN stand over OLIVER and stare at him; they stand and stare for an awkwardly long time, then OLIVER wakes up and stands)

BROWNLOW: Ahh! Awake finally?

OLIVER: How long was I asleep?

BEDWIN: Four days.

OLIVER: Right on. Hey, that painting *(gestures towards the portrait)* - it is so very pretty. It makes my heart beat as if it was alive, and wanted to speak to me, but couldn't.

BEDWIN: Creeeeepy. I'll just set this down right next to you... *(she takes the portrait and sets it next to OLIVER)*

BROWNLOW: *(to OLIVER)* Feeling better, mysterious child?

OLIVER: Who me? I'm not mysterious. My name is Oliver, sir.

BROWNLOW: Hi Oliver. Why! What's this? Bedwin, look there! *(he gestures to the stick figure portrait)* That woman looks just like you, Oliver! Almost like a living copy.

BEDWIN: Creeeeepy

(BEDWIN and BROWNLOW look from the portrait, back to OLIVER and back to the portrait)

BEDWIN & BROWNLOW: Whoa.

BEDWIN: Hungry, anyone?

OLIVER: I could eat. *(to audience)* That's all I've been trying to do since this play started!

BROWNLOW: Well, come on then!

(ALL exit)

ACT 2 SCENE 1

(enter FAGIN, SIKES, DODGER, and NANCY)

DODGER: So that Oliver kid got caught by the police.

FAGIN: He could tell them all our secrets and get us in trouble; we've got to find him. Like, in the next 30 seconds or so.

SIKES: Send Nancy. She's good at getting information quick.

NANCY: Nope. Don't wanna go, Sikes. I like the kid.

SIKES: She'll go, Fagin.

NANCY: No, she won't, Fagin.

SIKES: Yes, she will, Fagin.

NANCY: Fine! Grrrrr....

(NANCY sticks out her tongue at SIKES and storms offstage, then immediately returns)

NANCY: Okay, I checked with my sources and, some gentleman took him home to take care of him.

(NANCY, DODGER, and SIKES stare at FAGIN waiting for direction)

FAGIN: Where?

NANCY: I don't know.

FAGIN: WHAT!?!? *(waiting)* Well, don't just stand there, GO FIND HIM! *(to audience)* Can't find any good help these days!

(ALL run offstage, bumping into each other in their haste)

ACT 2 SCENE 2

(enter OLIVER)

OLIVER: *(to audience)* I'm out running an errand for Mr. Brownlow to prove that I'm a trustworthy boy. I can't keep hanging out with thieves, right?

(enter NANCY, who runs over to OLIVER and grabs him; SIKES, FAGIN, and DODGER enter shortly after and follow NANCY)

NANCY: Oh my dear brother! I've found him! Oh! Oliver! Oliver!

OLIVER: What!?!? I don't have a sister!

NANCY: You do now, kid. Let's go. *(she drags OLIVER to FAGIN)*

FAGIN: Dodger, take Oliver and lock him up.

DODGER: *(to OLIVER)* Sorry, dude. *(DODGER and OLIVER start to exit)*

OLIVER: Aw, man! Seriously? I just found a good home...

NANCY: Don't be too mean to him, Fagin.

OLIVER: *(as he's exiting)* Yeah, don't be too mean to me, Fagin!

SIKES: *(mimicking NANCY)* Don't be mean, Fagin. Wah, wah, wah. Look, I need Oliver to help me rob a house, okay? He is just the size I want to fit through the window. All sneaky ninja like.

FAGIN: Um, sure. He's all yours.

(ALL exit but NANCY and OLIVER)

ACT 2 SCENE 3

NANCY: *(to OLIVER)* Listen, I have promised for your being quiet and silent; if you are not, you will only do harm to yourself and me too, and perhaps be my death.

OLIVER: Well, that's dramatic. No pressure, right?

NANCY: Yeah, well, you don't know Sikes. He's super, duper dangerous. And like, a really, really bad guy. *(to audience)* For some reason, I don't have the best taste in men.

(enter SIKES)

SIKES: Oliver, we are going to rob a house. If you don't do exactly what I tell you...*(SIKES draws his finger across his throat and makes a threatening noise)*

OLIVER: Huh?

(SIKES repeats the "I'll kill you" gesture in an even more exaggerated way)

OLIVER: Ooooooooooh! Got it. *(enter TOBY dressed like a ninja)*

SIKES: Hey Toby, we ready to do this robbery thing?
(SIKES strikes a ninja pose)

TOBY: I was born ready. *(mimics ninja pose)*

NANCY: *(sarcastically)* Wow. It's almost like I can't see you. *(sighs and shakes head)* Let's go, ninja boys.

(TOBY and SIKES grab OLIVER)

OLIVER: Pray, have mercy on me, and do not make me steal! I don't wanna be a ninja!

NANCY: Now who's being dramatic?

SIKES: Hush! Here we are. Oliver, go in through the window and let us in. Quiet...like—

OLIVER: I know, I know, like NINJA. Got it. Ugh.

(OLIVER tiptoes offstage)

OLIVER: *(from offstage)* Ah, come on! You guys! He has a gun! I didn't sign up for this!

(there is a loud BANG! Shouts are heard from offstage; OLIVER staggers back onstage, falls down and doesn't move; the others drag him offstage)

TOBY: Let's get outta here!

(ALL exit)

ACT 3 SCENE 1

(enter MR. BUMBLE, MRS. CORNEY and ORPHANS: ORPHANS are running around being annoying)

BUMBLE: You know, Mrs. Corney, I'm really tired of poor people. They're so needy. It's always, "I'm hungry, I don't have anyplace to sleep, waa waa waa."

CORNEY: I know, right? And I'm tired of orphans. They're so clingy. *(she shoves a random ORPHAN who falls down and starts crying)*

BUMBLE: I agree completely! *(with sudden realization)* Oh my gosh! I think I love you.

CORNEY: *(suddenly realizing the same thing)* And I think I... - *(she is interrupted by OLD SALLY's entrance)*

OLD SALLY: Ahem!

CORNEY: Sally, we're kind of busy here. What do you want?

OLD SALLY: I'm dying and I need to confess something.

CORNEY: REALLY bad timing, but fine, confess away, Old Sally.

OLD SALLY: About nine years ago I helped a poor, sick woman give birth to a baby boy.

CORNEY: *(sarcastically to BUMBLE)* Another orphan.

OLD SALLY: After she died, I robbed her, so I did! She wasn't cold!—I tell you, she wasn't cold when I stole it!

CORNEY: Stole what?

OLD SALLY: A gold locket! *(starts dying)* It could have helped the boy find his true family. *(continues dying)* But I stole it. I'm a terrible, awful person. *(more dying)* And now I must die. *(falls to the ground and dies melodramatically)*

CORNEY: Wait! Who was the boy child?

OLD SALLY: *(gets up)* What? Oh, Oliver Twist! *(she melodramatically dies again)*

BUMBLE: *(to OLD SALLY)* Are you done?

OLD SALLY: *(lifts her head up)* Yep! *(to audience)* How's that for a TWIST to the story! *(quickly dies one more time)*

BUMBLE: Finally. Where was I... oh right. *(he steps over OLD SALLY to MRS. CORNEY)* Will you marry me?

CORNEY: Yes!

(ALL exit)

ACT 3 SCENE 2

(enter OLIVER)

OLIVER: *(to audience)* So, I was shot and then left for dead, which is NOT cool. Luckily, Mrs. Maylie, who owns the house we were going to rob, saved me. *(enter MRS. MAYLIE, who waves at the audience),* and she takes care of Rose *(enter ROSE, who also waves at the audience).*

ROSE: *(to audience)* We know he's a thief, but he's just so cute! Even if he has been wicked.

(OLIVER makes puppy face again as DR. LOSBERNE enters)

LOSBERNE: Now ladies, crime, like death, is not confined to the old and withered alone. The youngest and fairest are too often its chosen victims.

MAYLIE: That may be, Doctor Losberne, but we just couldn't turn him in! Look at him!

OLIVER: Yeah, look at me!

(OLIVER once again makes his innocent puppy face)

ROSE & MAYLIE: Awww. *(they giggle)*

OLIVER: Wow, I'm one lucky orphan to have found you guys.

MAYLIE: Oliver, you'll come with us to our cottage in the country.

OLIVER: Super!

LOSBERNE: Well, my work is done here!

(LOSBERNE exits)

ACT 3 SCENE 3

ROSE: Hang on. I'm not feeling that well. *(ROSE lays on ground and moans)*

MAYLIE: Oh, poor Rose is so sick, I think she's going to die! It must be this lousy country air!

OLIVER: What should we do?

MAYLIE: We need Doctor Losberne. Run after him. *(she kneels by ROSE and silently weeps; OLIVER runs to where LOSBERNE has exited; enter MONKS from same, wearing a cape)*

MONKS: *(scarily to OLIVER)* Hah! Death! Grind him to ashes!

OLIVER: Are you for real? I mean, seriously, do I even know you?

MONKS: Rot you! Curses on your head, and black death on your heart, you imp!

OLIVER: Sure dude, whatever. *(to audience)* Do you know who this guy is? Isn't it kinda late in the story for a new character? Don't we have enough bad guys? Anyway, he's creepy, so I'm leaving. *(OLIVER slowly tiptoes away from MONKS and runs back to MAYLIE and ROSE; MONKS exits, creepily)*

ROSE: *(sits up)* I'm cured!

OLIVER: Well that was easy...

MAYLIE: She won't die after all!

OLIVER: This is almost too much happiness to bear! *(they all squeal with joy, annoyingly)*

(enter HARRY and LOSBERNE)

HARRY: Rose!! I'm so glad you're not dead! I love you so much! *(makes kissy faces at ROSE)*

ROSE: Harry! *(makes kissy faces back at HARRY)*

MAYLIE: Son!!

HARRY: *(to ROSE)* I love you so much! *(to Mrs. Maylie)* Mom, I want to marry Rose.

MAYLIE: Harry, my boy. You can't marry her; she's an orphan. It wouldn't be good for your career.

HARRY: Career, shameer. I don't care. On Rose, my heart is set, as firmly as ever heart of man set on woman. *(while HARRY speaks, FAGIN and creepy MONKS sneak onstage and point menacingly to OLIVER; no one notices them except OLIVER, who screams once HARRY is done with his line; FAGIN and MONKS scamper offstage)*

OLIVER: Ahh! Fagin and that creepy, random cape guy were spying on me! Ahhh!

LOSBERNE: Let's go chase after them!

(ALL exit)

ACT 3 SCENE 4

(enter MR. BUMBLE and MONKS from opposite sides of the stage)

MONKS: Hey...hey you. I have seen you before, I think? Who are you, again?

BUMBLE: Master of the workhouse and keeper of those horrible orphans.

MONKS: Right! So, do you remember an orphan named Oliver? And do you know if anyone knew his mother?

BUMBLE: *(to audience)* Well, this is random. *(to MONKS)* Um, yeah. Old Sally was there when Oliver was born, but she just died a couple scenes ago. My wife could give you some information. *(calls out)* Mrs. Bumble!! *(enter MRS. BUMBLE, previously MRS. CORNEY)*

MONKS: *(acting creepy again, to MRS. BUMBLE)* Tell me everything you know about Oliver Twist and his mother.

MRS. BUMBLE: Old Sally stole this gold locket from Oliver's mom right after she croaked. *(pulls out necklace)* There's a lock of hair and a wedding ring in there that says 'Agnes.' You want it?

MONKS: Oh yeah! Woooooo hoooooo! *(to audience)* I'm going to go throw it in the river! Muahahahaha! *(after the evil laugh, he tosses his cape dramatically and runs offstage)*

BUMBLE: *(to audience)* Confused yet? I am. Who in the world was that creepy guy anyway? I'm hoping this will all make sense later.

(ALL exit)

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(OLIVER once again makes his innocent puppy face)

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ROSE: Harry! *(makes kissy faces back at HARRY)*

MAYLIE: Son!!

HARRY: *(to ROSE)* I love you so much! *(to Mrs. Maylie)* Mom, I want to marry Rose.

MAYLIE: Harry, my boy. You can't marry her; she's an orphan. It wouldn't be good for your career.

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(ALL exit)

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(enter MR. BUMBLE and MONKS from opposite sides of the stage)

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BUMBLE: Master of the workhouse and keeper of those horrible orphans.

MONKS: Right! So, do you remember an orphan named Oliver? And do you know if anyone knew his mother?

BUMBLE: *(to audience)* Well, this is random. *(to MONKS)* Um, yeah. Old Sally was there when Oliver was born, but she just died a couple scenes ago. My wife could give you some information. *(calls out)* Mrs. Bumble!! *(enter MRS. BUMBLE, previously MRS. CORNEY)*

MONKS: *(acting creepy again, to MRS. BUMBLE)* Tell me everything you know about Oliver Twist and his mother.

MRS. BUMBLE: Old Sally stole this gold locket from Oliver's mom right after she croaked. *(pulls out necklace)* There's a lock of hair and a wedding ring in there that says 'Agnes.' You want it?

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BUMBLE: *(to audience)* Confused yet? I am. Who in the world was that creepy guy anyway? I'm hoping this will all make sense later.

(ALL exit)

ACT 4 SCENE 1

(enter SIKES, FAGIN, and NANCY)

FAGIN: Come on Monks. Tell me your big secret about Oliver Twist!

MONKS: Well, ok, but only behind the Cape of Secrecy! *(FAGIN and MONKS begin walking across the stage whispering to each other; MONKS wraps the cape around them so they are hidden; NANCY follows them, and listens to them through the cape; MONKS and FAGIN exit)*

NANCY: *(to self)* Oh my gosh! I've got to find Oliver and tell him what I just heard from this strange Monks guy! *(to audience)* Don't worry, you'll know soon enough!

(NANCY exits)

ACT 4 SCENE 2

(enter NANCY and ROSE)

NANCY: *(to audience)* Are you ready? Pay attention, cause this is complicated. *(to ROSE)* I've got some stuff to tell you about Oliver. That creepy guy with the cape, Monks, is his half-brother!

ROSE: What?

NANCY: Yeah! And there's a locket that has the proof of his identity in the bottom of the river!

ROSE: Seriously?

NANCY: And Monks wanted to get rid of all the evidence, so he could keep their father's inheritance all to himself!

ROSE: No way!

NANCY: Way! *(strikes a dramatic pose)* The truth, lady, though it comes from my lips. *(drops pose)* Okay, well, I've tried to help. Gotta get back to my murderous ninja boyfriend, Sikes. Later! *(NANCY exits)*

(enter OLIVER and MRS. MAYLIE)

OLIVER: What'd we miss?

ROSE: Er—umm. *(enter MR. BROWNLOW, opposite side of stage)*

OLIVER: Rose, look! It's kind Mr. Brownlow!

ROSE: *(to OLIVER)* Stay here. *(she grabs MRS. MAYLIE and runs across to MR. BROWNLOW; the three of them start whispering and pointing at OLIVER)*

OLIVER: *(to audience)* All right. I'm so over all these secrets!

(enter MRS. BEDWIN and LOSBERNE, from opposite sides of the stage, who both ignore OLIVER and join the circle of others; they gasp, stare and point at OLIVER).

OLIVER: This is SO uncomfortable. *(to the group)* You all do realize I can SEE you! *(the group rushes over to OLIVER, smiling and patting his back, and laughing; they begin ushering him offstage)*

OLIVER: Bunch of weirdos...

(ALL exit)

ACT 4 SCENE 3

(enter NANCY, MR. BROWNLOW and ROSE; FAGIN also enters, hiding where he can hear, but not be seen)

BROWNLOW: *(to NANCY)* Rose has communicated to me, and to some other friends who can be safely trusted, what you told her about Oliver. You need to tell us how to find Monks so we can get to the bottom of all this.

NANCY: Promise I won't get in trouble?

ROSE: We promise!

NANCY: I have been a liar, and among liars from a little child. But I will take your words. *(she sighs)* Monks always hangs out at that pub over there *(she points offstage)* He is tall; he has a lurking walk and his eyes are sunk in his head. And he always wears this silly cape...

BROWNLOW: Ah-ha!

NANCY: You know him!

BROWNLOW: I think I do. Come on, Rose, let's go find him. Thanks a bunch, Nancy!

NANCY: Anytime. *(BROWNLOW, ROSE, and NANCY exit; FAGIN remains)*

FAGIN: *(to audience)* I must tell Sikes that Nancy has betrayed us! He's not going to be happy about this, not that he's ever really happy about anything.

(FAGIN exits)

ACT 4 SCENE 4

(enter NANCY)

NANCY: *(to audience)* My number is totally up. Sikes got super mad at me. I'll spare you the details. But you're crazy if you think I'm not going to milk this death scene to, um, death. *(NANCY swoons and gasps; she stumbles all over the stage before falling, dramatically, and dying; she waits a moment, gets up and bows)*

NANCY: And that's how it's done.

(NANCY exits)

ACT 4 SCENE 5

(enter BROWNLOW and MONKS; BROWNLOW has MONKS tied up with rope)

MONKS: This is pretty treatment, sir, from my father's oldest friend!

BROWNLOW: That's right, Edward Leeford, for THAT is your real name. Your father would be ashamed of you! I was his friend, and I know all about your brother.

MONKS: I have no brother.

BROWNLOW: Look, tough guy, this play has gone on long enough, so spill!

MONKS: FINE.

BROWNLOW: Come on, everybody, he's going spill the beans! *(enter OLIVER, ROSE, HARRY, LOSBERNE, MRS. MAYLIE, and MRS. BEDWIN who is once again holding the stick figure portrait of a woman)*

OLIVER: Beans, beans, the magical fruit, the more you eat the more *(everyone starts looking at OLIVER with a "seriously?" look on their faces)*—no? Okay. Go ahead, Monks, spill your beans.

MONKS: My dad never loved my mom. *(he points at OLIVER)* He loved your beautiful mom, Agnes. *(points to the stick figure painting)* He left a will so that his money would go to you. My mom found it and burned it. *(everyone gasps)* Then I bought your mom's locket and threw it in the river so that no one would ever know that my dad had a child with that Agnes woman. *(he points again to the stick figure portrait)* Looks like the jig is up.

BROWNLOW: But wait, there's more! What about Rose?

ROSE: What about me?

MONKS: Oliver's mom had a younger sister. You are her sister! You didn't know about her because you were so young when your parents died...

MAYLIE: ...and then I took her in and raised her.

ROSE: The only friend I ever had! *(she hugs MRS. MAYLIE)*

ROSE: So, Oliver, I'm your aunt!

OLIVER: I'll never call you aunt—sister, my own dear sister.

MONKS: Ugh. So sappy. *(he hides under his cape)*

ROSE: And I'm going to marry Harry! *(to audience)*

Score! **BROWNLOW:** *(to OLIVER)* And I'm going to be your adopted dad! *(OLIVER giggles; enter CHARLEY, FAGIN, SIKES, and DODGER)*

CHARLEY: And I'm going to become a good person!

FAGIN: And I'm going to be sentenced to death by a jury! *(suddenly dies onstage melodramatically)*

SIKES: And I'm going to be chased by an angry mob, and fall off a roof to my death! Not very ninja like... *(suddenly dies onstage melodramatically)*

DODGER: And I end up in prison, but I'm so charming, I'll be okay.

OLIVER: *(hugging ROSE and MR. BROWNLOW)* And I really want this play to end now so I can get some food!

MAYLIE: I think we can do that.

ALL: The End.

OLIVER: Indeed.

