

FAGIN: (*imploringly*)

This is hardly fair, Bill - hardly fair, is it, Nancy?

SYKES:

Fair or not fair, hand it over you avaricious old skeleton. Give it 'ere!

*At which point he plucks the note from between FAGIN'S finger and thumb.*

SYKES:

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

*He takes the books from DODGER and gives them 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 silence as OLIVER'S words sink in.*

SYKES: (*advancing towards OLIVER menacingly.*)

So 'e'll be down here, will 'e?

NANCY:

Leave 'im alone, Bill! (*SYKES glares at NANCY*)

SYKES: (*to OLIVER*)

What did you tell him about us?

OLIVER:

Nothing.

*The BOYS, sensing impending violence, hide themselves in corners.*

SYKES:

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 BILL across the face.*

BILL: *SYKES*

Hit me would you?

*He pushes off OLIVER and makes for his cudgel. NANCY rushes forward and grabs BILL'S arms.*