

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:
Me and... (*she stops*)
...and someone else.

MR BROWNLOW:
Where can I find him? Who is this other person you speak of? Tak 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 they 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.

NANCY:
And you've got to come alone. Promise you'll come on your own. I'll find a way of getting him to you.

MR BROWNLOW stares at her, doubtful and suspicious.

NANCY
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.

NANCY:
Thank God!

She turns to go.

MR BROWNLOW:
Wait. Has the boy been hurt? Ill treated? If so, I shall...

NANCY:
I can't say no more. Please. He'll kill me as it is if he finds out where I've been.

MR BROWNLOW: (*insistently*)
Who is this man? Perhaps we can...

NANCY:
No! We can't! Whatever else I do, I won't turn on him.

MRS BEDWIN:
I think I understand, my dear.

MR BROWNLOW:
But a man who might kill you?

NANCY:
Yes, but he's mine, and I'm his. I've got to go back. I want to go back..