

Audition Sides - Dodger, Oliver

DODGER

What you starin' at? Ain't you never seen a toff?

OLIVER

No, never. I...

DODGER

That's all right, don't worry about it. Hungry?

OLIVER

Starving.

DODGER

Tired?

OLIVER

Yes. I've been walking seven days.

DODGER

Seven days?! Who are you running away from then? Your old man?

OLIVER

No, I'm an orphan. I've come to London to make my fortune.

DODGER

(suddenly very interested)

Oh you have, have ya.

OLIVER

Yes.

DODGER

Got any lodgings?

OLIVER

No.

DODGER

Money?

OLIVER

Not a farthing. Do you live in London?

DODGER

When I'm at home. I suppose you want some place to sleep tonight, don't you?
Are you accommodated?

OLIVER

No, I don't think so...

DODGER

Then accommodated you shall be me young mate.

(He eyes OLIVER speculatively.)

There's a certain place and I know a respectable old gentleman as lives there,
what'll give you lodging's for nothing. Mister Fagin. That's his name. Mister
Fagin. By the way if I'm introducing you to Fagin, I better know who you are, me
old china.

OLIVER

My name's Oliver. Oliver Twist.

DODGER

(with flourish)

And my name's Jack Dawkins. Better known among me
more intimate friends at the Artful Dodger.

OLIVER

Pleased to meet you, Mr. Dawkins.

DODGER

(pausing for a second thought.)

Come to think of it, I ain't got no intimate friends.
Still, what's the difference? You're coming with me.

OLIVER

Are you sure Mr. Fagin won't mind?