

OLIVER! AUDITION & CALLBACK LINES

BOYS

OLIVER 1

Oliver – Oliver Twist, ma'am. *(Oliver looks closer at the picture)* Maybe. Perhaps if I had a tall hat...

OLIVER 2

(picks up a broom) You leave my mother out of it. She died of a broken heart. *(points the broom at him with anger)* You'd better not say anything more, see!

OLIVER 3

(DCS in a spotlight on his knees praying with palms together with head bowed) Please Heaven spare me from becoming a thief. *(He breathes deep)* I beg You. Might I somehow be rescued? *(Looking up, clasping his hands)* Lord, if You please, help me now! I'm all alone in this wicked place. *(Bows again and crouches low)* I'm so afraid. *(He gasps back tears)*

FAGIN 1

Dodger! What's on? *(Notices that OLIVER is missing)* Where's Oliver? *(Beat)* Where's the boy? *(FAGIN takes hold of DODGER's collar)* What has become of Oliver?

FAGIN 2

'Oo do we 'ave 'ere then? Ah! Meet the Duchess *(he pulls out a tiara and places it on his head. Speaks in a woman's voice)* "Air Hellair! Ow do you do?" *(looking at the ring on his finger. In a man's voice)* I'm doing very well indeed thank you very much.

MR. BUMBLE 1

(shocked) Hardhearted, Mrs. Corney? Hard? *(pause)* *(flirting)* Are you hardhearted, Mrs. Corney?

MR. BUMBLE 2

(Sternly) The prerogative of a woman is to obey, madam! *(Matter of fact)* Your late unfortunate 'usband should have taught you that! *(Obviously)* And then, perhaps, 'e might still be alive today. *(Woe is me)* And I wish 'e was – poor man.

DODGER 1

What ya starin' at? Ain't ya never seen a gent? Are ya runnin' away from the Beak? Now don't say ya don't know what a beak is, me flash mate?

DODGER 2

Fagin! Oliver got nabbed on the job! The old man we dipped come out of the court with Oliver and took 'im off in a coach! I run all the way.

SIKES 1

Ha! You're blowed upon Fagin. *(Serious)* Somebody's gotta find out what's been done or said. Then, we'll nab 'im. Now who's gonna go?

SIKES 2

(*Advancing towards OLIVER menacingly*) So 'e'll be down here, will 'e? What did you tell 'im about us? I'll wager that young scoundrel's gone and told 'im everything.

MR. SOWERBERRY

I was looking for a boy. Oh no, Mr. Bumble. Cash upon *liking*. There is an expression of melancholy on his face.

MR. BROWNLOW

It's strange. There's something in that boy's face... I can't explain it, but...*somewhere* I seem to have *seen* him before... somewhere, a long time ago.

NOAH

Are you the new boy? (*Shoving his way in*) Then I'll whop you one, you just see if I don't you little work'us brat!

GRIMWIG

You're not hungry? He's not hungry Mrs. Bedwin. Ah, just as I expected. He's thirsty. You may give him a little tea.

GIRLS

NANCY 1

And what's wrong with a drop o' danger, then, Mister Fagin? After all, that's the only bit of excitement we 'ave around 'ere.

NANCY 2

Lord 'elp me, I am. And I wish I'd been struck down before I lent a hand in bringing 'im back 'ere. After, tonight, 'e's a liar and a thief and all that's bad.

NANCY 3

I can't say no more. Please. 'e'll kill me as it is if he finds out where I've been. Whatever else I do, I won't turn on 'im. I've got to go back. I want to go back.

WIDOW CORNEY 1

Of course they're not. When would they be? *(she sighs)* I fancy you might enjoy a nice cup - *(with a sly aside)* with a little drop of something - *special?*

WIDOW CORNEY 2

(smacks Mr. B with a broom in anger) Now talk about your prerogative, if you dare! *(She points the broom handle at him)* Don't say another word unless you want me to do something desperate.

MRS. SOWERBERRY

(Screaming from off stage) What do you want? *(enters)* Well? What is it? *(Surprised)* Oh! *(Flirting)* 'ello, Mr. Bumble. *(Disgusted)* Dear me! 'e's very small.

BET (FINE LIFE @1:16)

WHO CARES IF STRAIGHT LACES SNEER AT US IN THE STREET
FINE AIRS AND FINE GRACES DON'T HAVE TO SIN TO EAT
WE WANDER THROUGH LONDON WHO KNOWS WHAT WE MAY FIND
THERE'S POCKET LEFT UNDONE ON MANY A BEHIND

MRS. BEDWIN (LOVE @ :40)

WHERE IS LOVE?
DOES IT FALL FROM SKIES ABOVE?
IS IT UNDERNEATH THE WILLOW TREE
THAT YOU'VE BEEN DREAMING OF?

CHARLOTTE

(flirting) 'ello Noah. I saved a nice little bit o' bacon for you from master's breakfast. *(commanding)* Oliver, take them bits and eat 'em over there. *(sardonic)* And make 'aste, 'cuz they'll be wanting you to mind the shop!

OLD SALLY

This is it! *(She opens her hand to reveal the gold)* A golden locket!
(Defensive) She charged me to keep it safe. *(Despondent)* And she trusted me. *(Gossipy)* It's my belief she came from a rich family.
(with her dying breath) Oliver - Twist.