



Audition Packet – Youth

Children Ages 6-17

Saturday, August 20th and/or

Sunday, August 21st 2:00-4:00 p.m.

Come to auditions prepared to play some theatre games, read some lines from the script, learn a short dance, and sing a song from the show. You can come Saturday or Sunday (or both). Wear comfortable clothes and shoes, and be prepared to stay for the whole time. See you soon!

Youth Roles	Description		Vocal Part
Oliver Twist	Male, 8-13	A workhouse boy.	Soprano
Artful Dodger	Male, 12-16	Fagin's brightest pupil - an undersized 16.	Soprano
Bet	Female, 14-18	A 15 year old lass in Fagin's establishment - idolizes Nancy.	Alto
Charley Bates	Male, 10-18	A boy in Fagin's establishment.	
Charlotte	Female, 16-20	The Sowerberry's "mean girl" daughter.	Spoken
Noah Claypole	Male, 16-20	Mr. Sowerberry's pimply apprentice.	Spoken
Youth Ensemble			

Character	Script Reading	Show Song to Sing
Oliver	#1 and #2	"Where Is Love"
Artful Dodger	#1	"I'd Do Anything"
Bet		"It's a Fine Life"
Noah and Charlotte	#2	
Ensemble -		"Consider Yourself"

Audition Reading #1: Oliver and Artful Dodger

A CHARACTER appears from behind the monument. He is very dirty but very worldly, is wearing a top hat and a voluminous overcoat which has the cuffs turned back halfway up the arms, so that he can keep his hands in his trouser pockets, He whistles the tune of "YOU'VE GOT TO PICK A POCKET OR TWO"

The CHARACTER is now becoming conscious of being stared at, and walks over to him it is the ARTFUL DODGER. Dodger hums "PICK A POCKET OR TWO".

DODGER

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

OLIVER

No - never— I...

DODGER

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

OLIVER

Starving.

DODGER

'Ere catch.

(He throws him an apple.)

Tired?

OLIVER

Yes. I've been walking seven days.

DODGER

Seven days! Runnin' away from the Beak, yer must be?

OLIVER

The what?

DODGER

Now don't say yer don't know what a beak is, me flash mate? OLIVER A beaks a birds mouth.

DODGER

My eyes — how green! A beak - is a madg-strate, for your h'information. Who are you runnin' away from then — your old man?

OLIVER

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

DODGER

(suddenly very interested) Oh you l ave, 'ave ya.

OLIVER

Yes.

DODGER

Got any lodgings?

OLIVER!

No.

DODGER

Money?

OLIVER

Not a farthing.

The ARTFUL DODGER whistles a snatch of "PICK A POCKET OR MO", and puts his arms into his overcoat pockets as far as they go.

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 h'accommodated?

OLIVER

No - I don't think so...

DODGER

Then h'accommodated you shall be me young mate,

(He eyes Oliver speculatively)

There's a certain place and I know a 'spectable old gentleman as lives there, wot'll give you -lodgin's for nothink, and never ask for the change - that is - if any other gentleman he knows interduces yen And does he know me? I should say he does, not arf he don'ti and some!

OLIVER

Who is the respectable old gentleman, then? Is he a charity gentleman?

DODGER

Well, I wouldn't eggzackly say that not eggzgckly. But if I interduces someone it's all right, on account of I happen ter be a pertickler favourite of Mister Fagin. That's his name - Mister Fagin. By the way... if I'm interducing you to Fagin, I better know who you are, me old china.

OLIVER My name's Oliver. Oliver Twist.

DODGER

(with a flourish) And my name's Jack Dawkins — better known among me more h'intimate friends as the Artful Dodger-

OLIVER Pleased to meet you; Mister Dawkins.

DODGER

(pausing for second thoughts)

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

OLIVER Are you sure Mr Fagin won't mind?

DODGER Mind?

Audition Reading #2: Oliver, Noah, and Charlotte

NOAH

(off)

Charlotte, open the door, will yer? Charlotte open the door...

OLIVER

(undoing the chain and turning the key)

I will directly sir.

NOAH

(through the keyhole)

Are you the new boy?

OLIVER

Yes sir.

NOAH

(still outside)

How old are yer?

OLIVER

Eleven sir.

NOAH

Then I'll whop you one when I get in, you just see if I don't you little work'us brat!

NOAH

begins whistling. OLIVER draws back the bolts and opens the door. NOAH CLAYPOLE is framed in the doorway.

OLIVER

Did you knock sir?

NOAH

I kicked.

OLIVER Did you want a coffin sir?

NOAH

No! But you'll be wanting one before very long if you start cheeking your superiors.

(He enters majestically)

Yer don't know who I amt I suppose, work'us?

OLIVER

No sir, I can't say as I do.

NOAH

(punctuating)

I'm Mis-ter — No-ah — Clay-pole — and — you're — under — me! So open up the blind, you idle young scallywag.

NOAH kicks OLIVER's backside. OLIVER taking down the shutter, and CHARLOTTE enters with a tray offood, All the time she is ogling NOAH lasciviously.

CHARLOTTE

Noah, I saved a nice little bit of bacon for you from master's breakfast. Oliver, pull up a chair for Mr NOAH and then take them bits and go over in the corner and eat 'em. And make haste, 'cos the'll want you to mind the shop. D'you hear?

NOAH and **CHARLOTTE** are groping each other surreptitiously whilst **OLIVER** is turned away. *THEY* all begin eating.

NOAH

D'you hear? Work'us?

CHARLOTTE

Here's your bacon Noah.

NOAH

Nice and greasy, just how I like it.

CHARLOTTE feeds him.

What are you staring at work'us?

CHARLOTTE

Lor **NOAH** let the boy alone.

NOAH

Let him alone? I'm giving the boy a change, you silly thing!! Ev'ryone's left him alone. His father left him alone—his mother left him alone—they all left him alone— except dear old, kind old Noah. **NOAH**

CHARLOTTE

I better go downstairs. Something's burning.

CHARLOTTE exits.

NOAH

(addressing OLIVER conversationally)

Work'us.. How's yer mother?

OLIVER

You leave my mother out of it —She's dead.

NOAH

What did she die of, work'us? Shortage of breath?

OLIVER

(tearfully)

She's just dead! She died of a broken heart.

NOAH

Well tol-de-rol-lol-lol-right-fol-lairy, Work'us. What's set you a snivelling now?

OLIVER

You'd better not say anything more see!

NOAH

Better not say anything more see! The cheek of it—the workhouse cheek of it!