



Oliver! Audition Material

Firstly, please allow me to thank you for placing an interest in auditioning for STS for our next major musical, 'Oliver!'. Before continuing, please ensure you read all of the information on this page, and should you have any questions, please do not hesitate to contact Richard Hillier on 07791 359939. Finally, on behalf of everyone at STS, we wish you all the very best for your audition. Good luck!

Auditions will be held on Sunday, 1st March at Rainham School for Girls (Derwent Way, Rainham, Kent. ME8 0BX) for those with a 'playing age' of 12 and under wishing to audition for the roles of 'Oliver', 'Dodger', 'Workhouse Gang' and 'Fagin's Gang'. Registration opens at 8.30am, with the auditions beginning at 9am. All wishing to audition for the child ensemble roles of 'Workhouse and Fagin's Gang' will not need to prepare anything as all material will be taught to you on the day. For those wishing to audition for 'Oliver' and/or 'Dodger', you will need to remain until 1pm, and learn the material listed below.

Auditions will be held on Sunday, 8th March at Rainham School for Girls (Derwent Way, Rainham, Kent. ME8 0BX) for those with a 'playing age' of 13 and over. For older cast wishing to audition for the Ensemble, Principal Dancer or any of the following lead roles (Mr. Bumble, Widow Corney, Mr. Sowerberry, Fagin, Bill Sykes, Nancy, and Bet), you will need to attend on Sunday, 8th March. Auditions for ALL will begin at 9.00am with registration opening at 8.30am. Ensemble auditionees will finish at 10.00am, Principal Dancer auditions will end at 11.00am, and Principal Auditions will end at 1.00pm. For those that audition for Ensemble and / or Principal Dancer ONLY, you do not need to prepare anything, simply turn-up and all material will be taught to you on the day. For those wishing to remain and audition for one of the Principal parts listed above, you will need to learn the set material below.



There is no fee to audition, but successful "auditionees" will be required to pay a nominal production fee of £110. This fee will include all rehearsals, costumes, relevant insurances, and tickets to the production. The production will be held at The Hazlitt Theatre from **19th – 25th July 2020**. You will need to be available for Sunday afternoon rehearsals from 2.00pm – 7.30pm. Depending on numbers at auditions, we may consider a split cast for those 12 and under. If this were to occur, the production fee would be reduced for these members. The first rehearsal will be held on the 29th March.

ABOUT 'OLIVER!' Bringing Charles Dickens' beloved novel to life, Lionel Bart's Oliver! takes audiences on a wild adventure through Victorian England. Join young, orphaned Oliver Twist as he navigates the London's underworld of theft and violence, searching for a home, a family, and – most importantly – for love. When Oliver is picked up on the street by a boy named the Artful Dodger, he is welcomed into a gang of child pickpockets led by the conniving, but charismatic, Fagin. When Oliver is falsely accused of a theft he didn't commit, he is rescued by a kind and wealthy gentleman, to the dismay of Fagin's violent sidekick, Bill Sikes. Caught in the middle is the warm-hearted Nancy, who is trapped under Bill's thumb, but desperate to help Oliver, with tragic results. With spirited, timeless songs like "As Long as He Needs Me," "Food, Glorious Food," and "Where is Love," Oliver! is a musical classic.

CAST BREAKDOWN

PRINCIPAL ROLES

OLIVER TWIST
FAGIN
THE ARTFUL DODGER
BILL SIKES
NANCY
BET
MR. BUMBLE
MRS. CORNEY

SUPPORTING ROLES

MR. BROWNLOW
MR. SOWERBERRY
MRS. SOWERBERRY
CHARLOTTE
NOAH CLAYPOLE
MR. GRIMWIG
MRS. BEDWIN
OLD SALLY
CHARLEY BATES

ENSEMBLE ROLES

WORKHOUSE BOYS
WORKHOUSE ASSISTANTS
BOW STREET RUNNERS
STREET VENDORS
CROWDS

OLIVER – SONG – ‘WHERE IS LOVE?’

Where is love?
Does it come from skies above
Is it underneath
The willow tree
That I've been dreaming of
Where is she
Whom I close my eyes to see
Will I ever know
The sweet hello
That meant for only me
Who can say where she may hide
Must I travel far and wide
Till I am beside
The someone who
I can mean
Something to
Where
Where is love
Who can say where she may hide
Must I travel far and wide
Till I am beside
Someone who
I can mean
Something to
Where
Where is love

OLIVER – DIALOGUE

Dodger: What yer starin' at? Ain't yer never seen a gent?

Oliver: No – I haven't.

Dodger: Tired?

Oliver: I've been running hard.

Dodger: Oh I see... You must be runnin' away from the Beak.

Oliver: The what?

Dodger: Now don't tell me yer don't know what a beak is, me flash mate?

Oliver: Isn't a beak what a bird's got?

Dodger: My eyes – how green! A beak – is a madg'strate, for your hinformation.

Oliver: 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 old mate. There's a certain house – and I know a respectable old gentleman lives there, wot'll give you lodgin's for nothink, and never ask for the change – this is – and that is id any other gentleman wot he knows interduces yer. If I'm interducing you, I better know who you are – me old china plate.

Oliver: My name's Oliver – Oliver Twist.

Dodger: And my name's Jack Dawkins – better known among me more hintimate friends as the Artful Dodger.

DODGER – SONG – ‘CONSIDER YOURSELF’

Consider yourself at home.
Consider yourself one of the family.
We've taken to you so strong.
It's clear we're going to get along.
Consider yourself well in
Consider yourself part of the furniture.
There isn't a lot to spare.
Who cares?.What ever we've got we share!

If it should chance to be
We should see
Some harder days
Empty larder days
Why grouse?
Always a chance we'll meet
Somebody
To foot the bill
Then the drinks are on the house!
Consider yourself our mate.
We don't want to have no fuss,
For after some consideration, we can state...
Consider yourself
One of us!

DODGER – DIALOGUE

Dodger: What yer starin' at? Ain't yer never seen a gent?
Oliver: No – I haven't.
Dodger: Tired?
Oliver: I've been running hard.
Dodger: Oh I see... You must be runnin' away from the Beak.
Oliver: The what?
Dodger: Now don't tell me yer don't know what a beak is, me flash mate?
Oliver: Isn't a beak what a bird's got?
Dodger: My eyes – how green! A beak – is a madg'strate, for your hinformation.
Oliver: 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 old mate. There's a certain house – and I know a respectable old gentleman lives there, wot'll give you lodgin's for nothink, and never ask for the change – this is – and that is id any other gentleman wot he knows interduces yer. If I'm interducing you, I better know who you are – me old china plate.
Oliver: My name's Oliver – Oliver Twist.
Dodger: And my name's Jack Dawkins – better known among me more hintimate friends as the Artful Dodger.

FAGIN – SONG – 'REVIEWING THE SITUATION'

A man's got a heart, hasn't he?
Joking apart, hasn't he?
And though I'd be the first one to say that I wasn't a saint
I'm finding it hard to be really as black as they paint

I'm reviewing the situation
Can a fellow be a villain all his life?
All the trials and tribulation
Better settle down and get myself a wife

And a wife would cook and sew for me
And come for me, and go for me
And go for me and nag at me
The fingers she will wag at me
The money she will take from me
A misery, she'll make from me
I think I'd better think it out again!

A wife you can keep, anyway
I'd rather sleep, anyway
Left without anyone in the world
And I'm starting from now
So how to win friends and to influence people?
So how?

I'm reviewing the situation
I must quickly look up ev'ryone I know
Titled people, with a station
Who can help me make a real impressive show!

I will own a suite at Claridges
And run a fleet of carriages
And wave at all the duchesses
With friendliness, as much as is
Befitting of my new estate
"Good morning to you, Magistrate!"
I think I'd better think it out again

So where shall I go, somebody?
Who do I know? Nobody!
All my dearest companions
Have always been villains and thieves
So at my time of life I should start
Turning over new leaves?

I'm reviewing the situation
If you want to eat, you've got to earn a bob!
Is it such a humiliation
For a robber to perform an honest job?

So a job I'm getting, possibly
I wonder who the boss'll be?
I wonder if he'll take to me?
What bonuses he'll make to me?
I'll start at eight and finish late
At normal rate, and all, but wait!
I think I'd better think it out again

What happens when I'm seventy?
Must come a time, seventy
When you're old, and it's cold
And who cares if you live or you die?
The one consolation's the money
You may have put by

I'm reviewing the situation
I'm a bad 'un and a bad 'un I shall stay!
You'll be seeing no transformation
But it's wrong to be a rogue in ev'ry way

I don't want nobody hurt for me
Or made to do the dirt for me
This rotten life is not for me
It's getting far too hot for me
Don't want no one to rob for me
But who will find a job for me
There is no in between for me
But who will change the scene for me?
I think I'd better think it out again!

FAGIN – DIALOGUE

READING 1:

Dodger: Fagin this is my new friend – Oliver Twist!

Fagin: I hope I shall have the honour of your intimate acquaintance. We are very glad to see you, Oliver, very! Charley! Draw a tub near the fire for Oliver. Dodger, take off the sausages!

Boy: They're stale

Fagin: Shut up and drink your gin. Ah! You're staring at the pocket-hankerchiefs! Eh, my dear there are quite a few of 'em, ain't there? We've just hung 'em out, ready for the the wash, the wash. That's all, Oliver, that's all. Ha! Ha! Ha!

Oliver: Is this a laundry then, sir?

Fagin: Well, not exactly, my boy. I suppose a laundry would be a very nice thing indeed, but our line of business pays a little better – don't it boys? Now Oliver, just do everything that Dodger and Charley do. Make 'em your models, my dear – especially Dodger – he's going to be a right little Bill Sikes!

READING 2:

Fagin: I'm a real mister, y'know. But can I help it? I JUST LIKE TO LOOK AT IT! This is my little pleasure – a cup of coffee – and a quick count-up. I mean... who's gonner look after me in me old age? (To Bird) Will you, birdie? Will (Sees Oliver) YOU!! You! Why are you awake? What have you seen? Quick – quick! Speak! I want to hear every detail you saw!

Oliver: I'm very sorry if I disturbed you, sir.

Fagin: Were you awake five minutes ago?

Oliver: No, sir.

Fagin: Two minutes ago?

Oliver: Not that I know of, sir.

Fagin: Be sure – be sure!!!

Oliver: Alright then, I'm sure.

Fagin: Alright then... if you're sure, I'm sure. Of course, I knew all along, my dear. I was only trying to frighten you. You're a brave boy, Oliver. A brave boy. Did you see any of the pretty things, my dear?

Oliver: Yes, sir.

Fagin: Ah! – they're mine, Oliver, my little property. All I've got ta live on in me old age. It's a terrible thing – old age

NANCY – SONG – ‘AS LONG AS HE NEEDS ME’

As long as he needs me...
Oh, yes, he does need me...
In spite of what you see...
...I'm sure that he needs me.

Who else would love him still
When they've been used so ill?
He knows I always will...
As long as he needs me.

I miss him so much when he is gone,
But when he's near me
I don't let on...

...The way I feel inside.
The love, I have to hide...
The hell! I've got my pride
As long as he needs me.

He doesn't say the things he should.
He acts the way he thinks he should.
But all the same,
I'll play
This game
His way.

As long as he needs me...
I know where I must be.
I'll cling on steadfastly...
As long as he needs me.

As long as life is long...
I'll love him right or wrong,
And somehow, I'll be strong...
As long as he needs me.

If you are lonely
Then you will know...

When someone needs you,
You love them so.

I won't betray his trust...
Though people say I must.

I've got to stay true, just
As long as he needs me.

NANCY – DIALOGUE

READING 1:

Nancy: Where's the gin Fagin?

Fagin: All in moderation. Too much Gin can be a dangerous thing for a pure young girl

Nancy: And what's wrong with a bit of danger, then, Mr Fagin? After all, it's the only bit of excitement we have around here. And who would deny us that small pleasure. Would you?

Dodger: Oh yes, we're all ladies and gentlemen 'ere. We're all quality...

Nancy: You wouldn't know quality if you saw it – none of yer! 'cept Dodge. Have you seen the way them quality gentlemen treat their ladies? Shall we show them how it's done? Shut up, you lot. How does it go now, Dodge? It's all "bowin" and "hats off" and "Don't let your petticoats dangle in the mud my darling"

READING 2:

Nancy: I won't stand by and see it done, Bill. You've got him here – what more would you have? Let'im be, or I shall put my mark on someone, and not care for the consequence.

Fagin: Why Nancy, you're wonderful tonight. Such talent. What an actress.

Nancy: Am I? Take care I don't overdo it. 'cause I'm warning you I'll put my finger on some of you and I don't care if I hang with yer. I wish I'd been struck dead in the street before I lent a hand in bringing him here. After tonight. 'e's a thief, a liar, and all that's bad from this day forth, isn't that enough for yer, without beating him to death!

Fagin: Come, come Sikes, we must have civil words, civil words, Bill.

Nancy: Civil words, yes, you deserve them from me. I thieved for you when I was a child, half his age for twelve years since. Don't you forget it.

MR. BUMBLE – SONG – ‘BOY FOR SALE’

One boy,
Boy for sale.
He's going cheap.
Only seven guineas.
That -- or thereabouts.
Small boy...
Rather pale...
From lack of sleep.
Feed him gruel dinners.
Stop him getting stout.
If I should say he wasn't very greedy...
I could not, I'd be telling you a tale.
One boy,
Boy for sale.
Come take a peep.
Have you ever seen as
Nice
A boy
For sale.

MR. BUMBLE – DIALOGUE

READING 1:

Bumble: You have a cat ma'am, I see... and kittens too, I declare!

Corney: I'm so fond of them you can't imagine, Mr Bumble. And they're fond of their home too.

Bumble: Mrs Corney, ma'am. I must say... that any cat... er kitten... that could live with you ma'am... and not be fond of its home... must be an idiot, ma'am, and don't deserve to live in it.

Corney: Oh, Mr Bumble!

Bumble: It's no use discussing facts ma'am. An idiot! I would drown it myself – with pleasure!

Corney: Then you're a cruel man... a very hard-hearted man and all.

Bumble: Hard-hearted, Mrs Corney? Hard? Hard-hearted, ma'am? Are you hard-hearted, Mrs Corney?

Corney: Dear me! What a very curious question coming from a single man. What can you want to know for?

READING 2:

Oliver: Please Sir, I want some more

Bumble: What?

Oliver: Please Sir, I want some more

Bumble: More?!

MR. CORNEY – SONG – ‘I SHALL SCREAM’

I shall scream! I shall scream!
For the safety of my virtue I shall scream
Tho' your knee is rather cosy
See my cheeks are getting rosy
You would have me in your power
If I sat here for an hour...

MR. BUMBLE

I shall scream, scream, scream!

WIDOW CORNEY

You're a naughty bad man
If you think I can't be proper
Prim and haughty -- I can
And you'll pardon if I mention
You must state your true intention

MRS. CORNEY – DIALOGUE

Bumble: You have a cat ma'am, I see... and kittens too, I declare!

Corney: I'm so fond of them you can't imagine, Mr Bumble. And they're fond of their home too.

Bumble: Mrs Corney, ma'am. I must say... that any cat... er kitten... that could live with you ma'am... and not be fond of its home... must be an idiot, ma'am, and don't deserve to live in it.

Corney: Oh, Mr Bumble!

Bumble: It's no use discussing facts ma'am. An idiot! I would drown it myself – with pleasure!

Corney: Then you're a cruel man... a very hard-hearted man and all.

Bumble: Hard-hearted, Mrs Corney? Hard? Hard-hearted, ma'am? Are you hard-hearted, Mrs Corney?

Corney: Dear me! What a very curious question coming from a single man. What can you want to know for?

BET – SONG – ‘IT’S A FINE LIFE’

Small pleasures, small pleasures
Who would deny us these?
Not me
Gin toddies -- large measure --
No skimpin' if you please!
I rough it,
I love it
Life is a game of chance.
I never tire of it --
Leading this merry dance.
If you don't mind having to go without things
It's a fine life.
It's a fine life.

Tho' it ain't all jolly old pleasure outings...
It's a fine life
It's a fine life.

When you got someone to love
You forget your cares and strife
Let the prudes look down on us
Let the wide world frown on us
It's a fine, fine life

BET – DIALOGUE

*N.B – Bet doesn't have any spoken lines; this is purely to see stage presence –
please learn Nancy's dialogue below*

Nancy: Where's the gin Fagin?

Fagin: All in moderation. Too much Gin can be a dangerous thing for a pure young girl

Nancy: And what's wrong with a bit of danger, then, Mr Fagin? After all, it's the only bit of excitement we have around here. And who would deny us that small pleasure. Would you?

Dodger: Oh yes, we're all ladies and gentlemen 'ere. We're all quality...

Nancy: You wouldn't know quality if you saw it – none of yer! 'cept Dodge. Have you seen the way them quality gentlemen treat their ladies? Shall we show them how it's done? Shut up, you lot. How does it go now, Dodge? It's all “bowin” and “hats off” and “Don't let your petticoats dangle in the mud my darling”

MR. SOWERBERRY – SONG – ‘THAT’S YOUR FUNERAL’

He's a born undertaker's mute.
I can see him in his black silk suit.
Following behind the funeral procession...
With his features fixed in a suitable expression.
There'll be horses with tall black plumes
To escort us to the family tombs,
With mourners
In all corners
Who've been taught to weep in tune.
Then the coffin lined with satin.
That's your funeral!
That's your funeral!
Large enough to wear your hat in.
That's your funeral!
That's your funeral!
We're just here to glamourize you for that
Endless sleep.
You might just as well look fetching
When you're six feet deep!
At the wake we'll drink a toddy
To the body beautiful.
That's your funeral!
Not our funeral.
That's your funeral!
If you're fond of overeating
That's your funeral.
That's your funeral!
Starve yourself by undereating
That's your funeral.
That's your funeral!
Visualize the earth descending on you clod by clod.
You can't come back when you're buried
Underneath the ...sod!
We will not reduce our prices.
Keep your vices usual.
That's your funeral
Not our funeral.
That's your funeral.

MR. SOWERBERRY – DIALOGUE

Mr Sowerberry: Mrs Sowerberry!

Mrs Sowerberry: (Shrieks off) What is it?

Mr Sowerberry: Would you have the goodness to come here a moment, my dear?

Mrs Sowerberry: What do you want? Well! What is it?

Mr Sowerberry: My dear, I have told Mr Bumble that we may consider taking this boy in to help in the shop.

Mrs Sowerberry: Dear me! He's very small. They're a waste of time, these workhouse boys – they always cost more to keep than what they're worth. Still, you men always think you know best. What're you going to do with him?

Mr Sowerberry: There's an expression of melancholy on his face, my dear, which is very interesting. He could make a delightful coffin-follower, only for the children's practice. It would be very nice to have a follower in proportion, my sweet.

Mrs Sowerberry: For once – just for once – you might have a decent idea.

BILL SIKES – SONG – ‘MY NAME’

Strong men tremble when they hear it
They've got cause enough to fear it
It's much blacker than they smear it
Nobody mentions
My name
Rich men hold their five pound notes out
Saves me emptyin' their coats out
They know I could tear their throats out
Just to live up to
My name
With me Jemmy in me hand
Lemme see the man who dares
Stop me taking what I may
He can start to say his prayers
Biceps like an iron girder
Fit for doin' of a murder
If I just so much as heard a
Bloke even whisper
My name
Bill Sikes!
Strong men tremble when they hear it
They've got cause enough to fear it
It's much blacker than they smear it
Nobody mentions
my name
Some Toff slummin' with his valet
Bumped into me in an alley
Now his eyes'll never tally
He'd never heard of
My name
One bloke
He used to boast a claim
He could take my name in vain
Ha!
Poor bloke
Shame he was so green
Never was he seen again
Once bad, what's the good of turnin'?
In Hell, I'll a be there burnin'
Meanwhile
Think of what I'm earnin'
All on account of
My name
What is it?
What is it?
What is it?
My name!

BILL SIKES – DIALOGUE

Sykes: What did you tell him about us?

Oliver: Nothing

Sykes: That remains to be seen – but if we found out you said anything – anything out of place... I'll wager that young scoundrel's told him everything (To Nancy) Stand off o' me or I'll split your head against the wall.