



## Audition Sides & Notes

Please prepare one (1) of the acting sides listed below. If your character is not listed, please choose any side and present it alongside your song.

You may be asked to read additional sides that you have not prepared, or to repeat your selection with adjustments. Please come prepared to be flexible, take direction, and explore different choices in the room.

**Accent Note:** Please do your best to use the appropriate accent. Oliver, Mr. Brownlow, Dr. Grimwig, and Mrs. Bedwin use a standard British (RP/Posh) accent. All other roles use a Cockney accent. Performers should be prepared to perform with one or both as required.

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### Oliver

You can't keep the books—they belong to Mr. Brownlow. If he finds out you've got them, he'll come after you! I won't go with you! She's not my sister! I've got no sister—no father, no mother, neither! Bet! Tell them to let me go!

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## **Nancy**

#1

Leave him alone, Bill! Or I'll put my mark on one of you, and I don't care if I hang for it! I wish I'd been struck dead before I helped bring him back here. After tonight, he'll be a liar and a thief—everything that's bad. I was out on the streets for you, half his age—I was a child! Leave him alone.

#2

I won't stand by and see it done, Bill! You've got him here—what more do you want? Let him be... I wish I'd been struck dead before I helped bring him here. After tonight, he's a thief and a liar—isn't that enough for you?

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## **Bill Sykes**

#1

Tell them all about us, would you? You? Do you even know who you are—what you are? A fine one for the boy to make a friend of, you are! Get away from me, woman, or I'll split your head open! You get what you deserve. There'll be murder. There'll be terror... such as you've never seen.

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## **Fagin**

#1

I hope I shall have the honor of your acquaintance. We are very glad to see you, Oliver—very glad indeed. Ah! You're staring at the pocket handkerchiefs, eh my dear? There are quite a few, aren't there? We've just hung them out, ready for the wash. No, this isn't exactly a laundry, my boy. A laundry would be a fine thing—but our line of business pays a bit better, doesn't it, boys? You see, Oliver... in this life, only one thing counts.

#2

I'm a real miser, you know... but can I help it? I just like to look at it! Who's going to look after me in my old age? ...Were you awake five minutes ago? Two minutes ago? Be sure! ...Ah, they're mine, Oliver—my little property. All I've got to live on in my old age.

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## **Artful Dodger**

There's a certain place, and I know a respectable old gentleman who lives there—he'll give you lodgings for nothing and never ask questions... that is, if you're introduced by someone he knows. And does he know me? I should say he does—very well indeed. I happen to be a particular favorite of Mr. Fagin. But if I'm introducing you, I'd better know who you are, my old china.

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## **Mr. Bumble**

Oliver—Oliver Twist. We name our charges in alphabetical order. The last was an "S"—Swubble. I named him. This one was a "T"—Twist. I named him. The child's mother came to us destitute, gave birth... took one look at him, and died without leaving so much as a name or address. Yes, he is rather small—there's no denying it. But he'll grow, Mrs. Sowerberry—he'll grow.

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## **Widow Corney**

Hush, Mr. Bumble. You've had quite a turn—I think you might enjoy a little something special. I keep a bit in the house for the infants when they're unwell... and I won't deceive you, Mr. Bumble—it's gin. I keep a cat—and kittens too. I'm so fond of them, you can't imagine. They're so happy... so cheerful... so frolicsome.

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## **Bet**

Wake up, boys—the ladies are here! Where's the gin? Nothing wrong with a bit of danger. After all, it's the only bit of excitement we have. And who would deny us that small pleasure?

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## **Mr. Sowerberry**

I was in need of a boy... cash upon liking. There's an expression of melancholy on his face—very interesting. He would make a delightful coffin follower. Not for grown-ups, of course—only for children's funerals. It would be quite novel to have a follower in proportion. Delightful.

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**Mrs. Sowerberry**

Dear me, he's very small. Well then, Oliver Twist, do you think you could look like that gentleman up there? Can you hold that expression for a long time, with a crowd watching you? Your bed's under the counter. You don't mind sleeping among coffins, I suppose? It doesn't matter whether you do or not—you can't sleep anywhere else.

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**Mr. Brownlow**

He's a fine-looking boy. He was arrested for stealing my handkerchief. When the truth came out and he was released, I brought him here to make amends. But I must confess... I find myself strangely attached to him. There's something in that boy's face... I can't explain it, but I feel I've seen him before... somewhere, long ago.