

~~OLIVER: (singing unaccompanied to keep his spirits up)~~
Food, glorious food!
Hot sausage and mustard!
While we're in the mood,
Cold jelly and custard!

~~OLIVER sits down on a monument. It is early morning, the city is waking up.~~

~~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 beak's a bird's mouth.

DODGER:
My eyes - how green! A beak - is a madg-strate, for your
hinformation. Who are you runnin' 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 '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 TWO". and puts his arms into his overcoat pockets as far as they go.

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 haccommodated?

OLIVER:
No - I don't think so...

DOGER:
Then h'accomodated you shall be me young mate.

(He eyes OLIVER speculatively)

There's a certain place and I know a 'spectable 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 yer. And does he know me? I should say he does, not 'arf he don't, and some!

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

DODGER:
Well, I wouldn't eggzackly say that - not eggzackly. 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 hintimate 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 hintimate friends. Still, what's the difference, you're coming with me.

OLIVER:
Are you sure Mr Fagin won't mind?

DODGER:
Mind?

He bangs his dusty old top hat and sings: