

~~OLIVER~~

OLIVER

DODGER

OLIVER:

No - I don't think so...

DODGER:

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:*