

**GRIMWIG**

Say aahhh...

*(Inserting a spatula into his mouth.)*

**OLIVER**

Aahhh

**DR GRIMWIG**

I think you may. And take a little fresh air. Don't keep him too warm Mrs Bedwin, but be careful that you don't let him be too cold.

*(rises and makes to leave the bedroom)*

Will you have the goodness?

**MRS BEDWIN**

Certainly, Doctor.

**BROWNLOW**

You'll be glad to be up again, Oliver.

**OLIVER**

*(To Mrs Bedwin seeing his new clothes)*

Do I wear these?

**MRS BEDWIN**

Well, you can't wear your old ones, they've gone into the furnace. Hurry now.

*BROWNLOW and GRIMWIG leave the room and go downstairs speaking as they go.  
OLIVER jumps up and gets dressed with the help of MRS BEDWIN.*

**BROWNLOW**

He's a fine looking boy, don't you think Grimwig?

**GRIMWIG**

Couldn't tell you. I only know two sorts of boys. Mealy boys and beef-faced boys.

**BROWNLOW**

And which is Oliver?

**GRIMWIG**

Mealy! Where does he come from?

**BROWNLOW**

You know I haven't the faintest idea. He was arrested for stealing my pocket handkerchief. And when the shopkeeper told us what really happened and he was released by the magistrate, I brought him here to make what amends I could. But I must confess I find myself strangely attached to the child.

**GRIMWIG**

He's deceiving you my good friend. He has had a fever. What of that? Fevers are not peculiar to good people are they? Bad people have fevers sometimes don't they? He stole your pocket handkerchief didn't he? Then he'll steal more sir. What do you know of him? Nothing.

**BROWNLOW**

Only that he's an orphan

*(suddenly thoughtful)*

And yet...

*(He ponders, puzzled).*

...It's strange. There's something in that boy's face...I can't explain it, but... somewhere I seem to have seen him before... somewhere a long time ago.

**GRIMWIG**

Stuff and nonsense. You're imagining things.

*A bell rings and a MAID appears.*

**BROWNLOW**

Yes, what is it?

**MAID**

There's someone to see you sir.

*A boy enters running.*

**BROWNLOW**

What does he want?

**BOY**

Books you ordered from the bookseller, sir.

*BOY exits.*

**BROWNLOW**

Ah yes, thank you...

*(he turns away)*

Now, I've got to give you some...

*(the BOY has fled)*

Hey! Wait a moment...