

BROWNLOW:

Come upstairs Dr. Grimwig, I think you'll find a great improvement in the boy.

DR. GRIMWIG:

That, sir, is for me to decide...

BROWNLOW:

Thank you, Mrs Bedwin.

MRS BEDWIN:

Mr Brownlow.

BROWNLOW:

How do you feel today, my boy?

OLIVER:

Very happy, sir. May I stay here always, sir?

BROWNLOW:

If you wish, dear boy, if you wish. Here's the doctor come to see you.

GRIMWIG:

Well, he's certainly looking better. But you're still not sleeping well, are you?

OLIVER:

Oh yes, I sleep very well, sir.

GRIMWIG:

Ah... Bad dreams, though, I've no doubt. Nightmares, eh?

OLIVER:

No sir, I don't have dreams.

GRIMWIG:

Thought so! But you're hungry aren't you?

OLIVER:

No, doctor.

GRIMWIG:

No. You're not hungry. Not thirsty are you? If that boy is thirsty, I'll eat my head! Are you?

OLIVER:

Yes sir. I am rather thirsty.

GRIMWIG:

Just as I expected. It's very natural he should be thirsty. You may give him a little tea.

---

MRS BEDWIN:

Thank you Doctor.

OLIVER:

May I get up, sir?

GRIMWIG:

Say aaahhh...

*Inserting a spatula into his mouth.*

OLIVER:

Aaahhh

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.

*GRIMWIG 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, that's for certain. 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 boy. Mealy boys and beef-faced boys.