

~~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.