

2-2-11
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OLIVER
SO I COULD SEE IT AT MY LEISURE
WHENEVER THINGS GO WRONG, W
AND I WOULD KEEP IT AS A TREASURE
TO LAST MY WHOLE LIFE LONG.

MILKMAID
ANY MILK TODAY?

OLIVER
WHO WILL BUY THIS WONDERFUL FEELING? W
I'M SO HIGH I SWEAR I COULD FLY.

KNIFE GRINDER
KNIVES, KNIVES TO GRIND.

STRAWBERRY SELLER
RIPE STRAWBERRIES, RIPE!

OLIVER
ME, OH MY! I DON'T WANT TO LOSE IT
SO WHAT AM I TO DO.
TO KEEP THE SKY SO BLUE?
THERE MUST BE SOMEONE WHO WILL BUY?

LONG SONG SELLER: WHO WILL BUY?
KNIFE GRINDER: WHO WILL BUY?
MILKMAID: WHO WILL BUY?
ROSE SELLER: WHO WILL BUY?

(Downstairs MR. BROWNLOW opens the
door to MR. GRIMWIG the doctor, and
THEY climb the stairs together to
the accompaniment of the melody)

BROWNLOW
Come in, doctor, I think you'll find a great improvement in the
boy.

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

(Music pause for dialogue)

BROWNLOW
Thank you, Mrs. Bedwin. How do you feel today, my boy?

OLIVER
Much better, thank you. May I stay here always, sir?

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

GRIMWIG

You are a great deal better, are you not?

OLIVER

Yes thank you, sir.

GRIMWIG

Yes I know you are. You're hungry too, aren't you?

OLIVER

No sir.

GRIMWIG

Hmm. No, I know you're not. He is not hungry, Mrs. Bedwin.

MRS. BEDWIN

No, doctor.

GRIMWIG

You feel sleepy, don't you?

OLIVER

No sir.

GRIMWIG

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

OLIVER

Yes sir. Rather thirsty.

GRIMWIG

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

OLIVER

May I get up sir?

GRIMWIG

I think you may. And take a little fresh air.

(Cough)

Don't keep him too warm Mrs. Bedwin, but be careful that you don't let him be too cold. Will you have the goodness?

MRS. BEDWIN

Certainly doctor.

BROWNLOW

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

(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 (Continued)

Doctor, do you notice the most extraordinary likeness between that boys face and the portrait of my daughter Agnes?

GRIMWIG

Can't say I do. I only know two sorts of boys. Mealy faced boys and beef-faced boys.

BROWNLOW

And which is Olivier?

GRIMWIG

Mealy. Where does he come from?

BROWNLOW

Didn't I tell you? He was arrested for stealing my pocket handkerchief.

GRIMWIG

What, sir?

BROWNLOW

It was all my mistake 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, haven't they? He stole your pocket handkerchief, didn't he? Then he'll steal more, sir.

BROWNLOW

He didn't - yes what is it?

(A BOY has appeared at the front door)

BOY

Books you ordered from the bookseller, sir.

BROWNLOW

Ah yes, thank you.

(HE turns away)

Now I've got some other books here.

(The BOYS goes)

Hey wait a moment -

(OLIVER and MRS. BEDWIN have appeared at the top the the stairs)

