

**MRS BEDWIN**

*Brownlow's house - bedroom, stairs, morning room and street outside.*

*In the bedroom MRS BEDWIN sits by Oliver's bed singing a lullaby.*

*MRS BEDWIN*

WHERE IS LOVE?

DOES IT FALL FROM SKIES ABOVE?

IS IT UNDERNEATH THE WILLOW TREE

THAT YOU'VE BEEN DREAMING OF?

WHERE IS SHE . . .

*OLIVER embraces MRS BEDWIN.*

**BROWNLOW**

Come along 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.

**MR BROWNLOW**

How do you feel today, my boy?

**GRIMWIG**

Well, he's certainly looking better. 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?

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.

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.