

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 some more sir. What do you know of him? Nothing.

BROWNLOW:
No, 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.

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.

*OLIVER and MRS BEDWIN have appeared at the top of the the stairs.
BROWNLOW shouts after the MESSENGER BOY.*