

MRS LENNOX. I don't give a flea where he lives - it's a filthy animal. I thought we told you not to play outside.

MARY. But there's no-one to play with inside.

MRS LENNOX. Precisely, now why don't - (*realising*) wait... who exactly were you playing with outside?

MARY. Raman.

MRS LENNOX. Raman?

MARY. He's my friend. He lives in the yellow hut.

MRS LENNOX. A native?!

MARY. He's teaching me how to play Kichi Kichi Thambalam. It's where you bury a stick in the sand and the other person has to dig it up -

MRS LENNOX. Mary Lennox! What have I told you about playing with dirty natives in dirty sandpits? I really don't know why you feel the need to play at all. Good children don't play, they sit in silence. (*To AYAH*) Ayah, this is your doing. You let her out.

AYAH. Jo, ma'am.

MRS LENNOX. You must have done.

AYAH. On my life, I didn't.

MRS LENNOX. Mary, come here. Did you sneak out like a little devil or is Ayah lying to me? One of you is a liar. And you know what we do with liar, don't you?

MARY. We beat them.

MRS LENNOX. Yes, we beat them. Mary, you wouldn't let me down would you? Not after all the money we've spent on you. All your dresses... and shoes... and your expensive education. You know mummy won't love you if you've lied. Who's the liar, Mary? Mary?

MARY. (*Pause*) It was Ayah.

AYAH. Miss Mary!

MRS LENNOX. Good girl.

AYAH. Ma'am, please, I swear -

MRS LENNOX. You can't be trusted with anything. Get out.

AYAH. But Ma'am -

**MRS LENNOX.** You're done here. We'll find someone else.

**AYAH.** I'm not a liar.

*(MRS LENNOX slaps AYAH.)*

**MRS LENNOX.** Don't contradict me! You're nothing but a filthy native. What is she, Mary?

*(MARY won't answer.)*

Mary!!

**MARY.** A filthy native.

**MRS LENNOX.** And what do we when we're disobeyed?

*(MARY slaps AYAH.)*

**MRS LENNOX.** *(to AYAH)* You're done here.

**AYAH.** But my children! How will I keep them?

**MRS LENNOX.** You should have thought of that before.

**AYAH.** There's nowhere else to work.

**MRS LENNOX.** That's not my concern.

**AYAH.** How will we live?! My children!

*(She goes to exit, then rallies herself to speak to her Mistress.)*

Perhaps if you loved your own child, you'd understand what it means to be a mother.

**MRS LENNOX.** Get out! Out!

*(AYAH leaves.)*

Now, what do you think of my dress? I was going to wear the russet gown with the silk brocade, but I think I look thinner in this. Do you think your father will like it? Mary? What's wrong with you? Is this about Ayah?

*(Mary looks dawn.)*

*(Softening)* Mary, what have we told you? There are two types of people in the world. Proper people, like us, and serving people, like Ayah. And when they don't behave, it's our duty to punish them. Do you understand?

**MARY.** Yes Mama.

(*MARY suddenly hugs her mother. She comforts her rather awkwardly.*)

**MRS LENNOX.** Alright, alright. Now let me get ready.

**MARY.** (*Pause*) May I come to the party?

**MRS LENNOX.** No. Children should be seen and not heard.

**MARY.** So can I come if I'm quiet?

**MRS LENNOX.** What?

**MARY.** You said children should be seen.

**MRS LENNOX.** When did I say that?

**MARY.** You said children should be seen/ andnoheard.

**MRS LENNOX.** You're imagining things again! Now go to your room and sit in silence. Or... read the bible or something.

**MARY.** But-

**MRS LENNOX.** You are not to speak again. Not another single word 'til I say so -

**MARY.** But please -

**MRS LENNOX.** Mary! (*Pause*) That's better. Oh, Robert darling! Do I look fabulous?

(*I-fer husband has arrived, looking suave and ball - ready. She gives him a twirl.*)

**MR LENNOX.** You look radiant Like the jewel in the crown, don't you think, Mary? Mary?

**MRS LENNOX.** She's not allowed to speak. She's been lying.

**MR LENNOX.** Has she indeed? You know what we do with liars, Mary. We feed them to the crocodiles.

**MRS LENNOX.** Snap, snap, snap!

**MR LENNOX.** Now, we mustn't keep them waiting, darling.

**MRS LENNOX.** No, indeed. I want to make the most of my entrance. Mary, go to your room. And remember, not a word until I say.

(*MARY nods and moves away as loud Indian music signals the beginning of the party. It is a spectacular burst of exotic delights. MRS LENNOX gets a round of*

*applause as she sweeps into the scene with her elegant dress. MARY sneaks in and edges her way around, always making sure that she keeps out of her mother's eye line. When her mother sashays towards her in a dance with her father, MARY dives inside the laundry basket. Then a rumble, the music distorts and the whole scene is destroyed by a devastating earthquake. Everything is thrown about, broken, like dolls shattering against each other. Utter destruction, fading to silence. Time passes. Nothing moves. Two inspectors arrive to survey the wreckage as if several days later.)*

**INSPECTOR 1.** Lord above. Look at this place.

**INSPECTOR 2.** Three hundred feet West of the epicentre.  
I'm surprised there's anything left at all.

**INSPECTOR 1.** You know, it was one of the most beautiful buildings in Manipur. I came to a party here once.

**INSPECTOR 2.** You got an invite?!

**INSPECTOR 1.** Don't sound so surprised.

**INSPECTOR 2.** Well. Good job they never asked you back - you'd have ended up in the dust like the rest of them.

**INSPECTOR 1.** Such a waste.

**INSPECTOR 2.** Were there any survivors?

**INSPECTOR 1.** Only one - A servant. She'd been dismissed by the Lady of the house just hours before the quake - it broke her heart to be sent away, but it seems it saved her life. She was nursemaid to the little girl.

**INSPECTOR 2.** There was a girl?

**INSPECTOR 1.** Mary Lennox. An odd little thing by all accounts.

**INSPECTOR 2.** You met her?

**INSPECTOR 1.** Oh no, they kept her out of sight. Her parents were too steeped in gin to pay her much attention. Most people never even knew they had a child. She wouldn't have stood a chance.

**INSPECTOR 2.** Can we get out of here, I don't like it.

**INSPECTOR 1.** Let's take a look outside.

*(As they turn to go, behind them the laundry basket opens up and MARY emerges, shell shocked, covered in dust. She coughs. The inspectors turn round and can't believe their eyes.)*

**INSPECTOR 1.** Bloody Nora, what on earth?

**INSPECTOR 2.** It's her. The girl.

**INSPECTOR 1.** Mary? Are you Mary Lennox?

*(MARY can't speak. She just nods in a daze. The two men walk to her and lift her up. A musical sequence in which she is helped, mended, cleaned, redressed, packed off with a coat, hat and suitcase )*

**MAN.** Mary. Mary Lennox? You're to go to England.

*(MARY goes to England.)*

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## Scene Two

### Misselthwaite Manor

*(MARY is on a carriage with MRS MEDLOCK, Misselthwaite's housekeeper; travelling across the moor towards Misselthwaite Manor.)*

MRS MEDLOCK. Sandwich?

*(MARY shakes her head.)*

You sure? Corned beef and spring onions?

*(MARY looks away. MRS MEDLOCK begins to unwrap one for herself.)*

Well, you're going to be wondrous company, aren't you. I am glad we have six hours journeying together without another soul on the horizon. Well if you shan't talk, you'll have to listen, for you ought to know something of where we're going; it's a far cry from what you're used to, I'm sure. Misselthwaite Manor is six hundred years old and it belongs to your Uncle. There's near a hundred rooms in it though most of them's shut up and locked. And there's portraits and tapestries and dark old furniture, and chimneys that smoke and gardens which stretch to the moor's edge. But apart from that, there's nothing. othing at all. Why they're bringing you here I don't know, for it's no place for a child. Mr Craven won't want to be troubled by you, that's for sure.

*(The carriage arrives and the staff are assembled. They watch MARY as she approaches.)*

MARTHA. Is that her? Mary Lennox?

**MRS PHIPPS.** I've never seen such a marred looking young 'un in my life.

**MRS MEDLOCK.** (*Getting out of the carriage*) Ah, Mr Pitcher.

**MR PITCHER.** Mrs Medlock.

**MRS MEDLOCK.** What did his Lordship say?

**MR PITCHER.** He said you are to take her to her room. He doesn't want to see her. He's going to London in the mornmg.

**MRS MEDLOCK.** Very well. So long as I know what's expected ofme.

**MR PITCHER.** What's expected of you is to make sure he doesn't see what he doesn't want to see.

**MRS MEDLOCK.** Right. Well then, Mary. Say how do you do to Mr Pitcher.

(*MARY says nothing.*)

You're not going to be a rude little madam, are you? You ought to be grateful that you've anywhere to live at all.

**MR PITCHER.** Seems she doesn't deserve for him to see her anyhow.

(*MARY turns away sadly.*)

**MRS MEDLOCK.** There's nowt to be done with her. Martha take her to her room. See if you can make her talk. The rest of you, back to work.

(*The scene transforms into MARY'S bedroom. She stands silently with her suitcase, dressed in hat & coat, etc. It is late morning.*)

**MARTHA.** Miss. I'm Martha Sowerby. I'm to be tha maid. Good to meet you.

(*MARY says nothing.*)

I like tha shoes. And tha hat. And tha face.

(*MARY says nothing.*)

Why don't you speak? Can't you speak? You got no tongue in your mouth? Or do you just not want to speak? *(Pause)* Fair enough. Let us take your case.

*(She steps towards MARY. MARY steps away immediately. It's like a game of cat and mouse.)*

Or your coat?

*(She takes another step forward, MARY steps away.)*

Well, I say. Look, you don't have to talk to me. Maybe I'll just leave thee to be quiet by thyself. Tisa shame though, for... well I wasn't going to say anything, but I have a mighty big secret to tell, and I have no-one to tell it to. I did think tha looked just the sort that might like to know a big shiny secret, but if you don't want to know, I shall just have to keep it to meself. Keep it quiet and go to my grave with it. Tis such a waste, for it is the best secret I ever heard, but nay matter. I shall come back to turn the bed later. *(Going)* Eh what a big secret it is, but I shall just have to tell / Dickon instead-

**MARY.** What's the secret?! *(She immediately covers her mouth with her hands)*

**MARTHA.** Ha ha! I knew tha could talk, I knew it! They all said tha couldn't speak but I said that's hog swil-

**MARY.** What's the secret?

**MARTHA.** Well I can't. just tell thee.

**MARY.** Why not?

**MARTHA.** Not without our being proper friends first.

*(She juts her hand out for MARY to shake. MARY doesn't.)*

Won't you shake my hand?

**MARY.** O.

**MARTHA.** Why not?

**MARY.** We can't be friends.

**MARTHA.** We can.

**MARY.** We can't. You're a servant.

**MARTHA.** Strange how tha doesn't talk for hours then when tha does, tha says such a funny thing.

**MARY.** There are two types of people - proper people and serving people. Proper people only talk to serving people to give them their orders.

**MARTHA.** Oh. Well that is a shame, for serving people I most often know all the best secrets, and other things that are fascinating and curious, that proper people would love to know if only they took their noses out of the air.

**MARY.** You can't say that!

**MARTHA.** You just said I wasn't a proper person. What makes you more proper than me?

**MARY.** My father was the Viceroy of India. Who's yours?

**MARTHA.** He's a tanner. He lives on the scarp with me mam and my seven sisters. And my brother, Dickon, he can talk to animals.

**MARY.** No-one can talk to animals.

**MARTHA.** Dickon can. He tames them. They follow him around like he's dropping crumbs, but he an't. He's just got a way with 'em.

**MARY.** Is he a fakir?

**MARTHA.** A what?

**MARY.** A snake charmer.

**MARTHA.** Not just snakes. Badgers, lapwings, hares.

**MARY.** He can't tame hairs.

**MARTHA.** Why not?

**MARY.** He's not a hairbrush.

**MARTHA.** No! Hares what are like rabbits, but with longer ears and quicker legs. Ain't you never heard of a hare before?

**MARY.** Of course I've heard of a hare! Don't laugh at me, you filthy native.

**MARTHA.** I beg your pardon.

**MARY.** Your parents are no-one, they're nobody!

**MARTHA.** Course they are. Without 'em I'd just be afr on  
the moor.

**MARY.** They're nobodies!

**MARTHA.** You're only saying that cos yours are dead.

*(A stand off **MARY** might cry if she wasn't so stubborn.  
Instead, she runs for the door:)*

**MARTHA.** Mary! Mary! I didn't mean...

*(But she's gone.)*

{**MARTHA** helps **MARY** change. **MARY** gets the dress stuck over her head.)

**MARY.** I'm stuck!

**MARTHA.** Pull!

**MARY.** I can 'l.I

{**MARY** pops through.)

**MARTHA.** See! Was that too hard? Here you are. Look!

(She takes some clothes out.)

**MARY.** They're not mine. Mine are black.

**MARTHA.** The Master's orders. He won't have thee moping around in mourning making the place even sadder. Mrs Medlock bought 'em 'specially.

**MARY.** But they're not mine. My mother always chooses mine!

(Suddenly **MARY** gets upset, though she's desperate for **MARTHA** not to see.)

**MARTHA.** Mary?

{**MARY** is upset and moves away.)

Mary? (Pause) You must miss em. I can't imagine it, not having me Mam. Here.

{**MARTHA** hands her a handkerchief and **MARY** takes it.

**MARTHA** tries to cheer her up with a new dress.)

Eh, look at this one. Fancy having a dress all to thaself, and not having to share it.

(She helps **MARY** into the dress.)

Look at you. Th'art white as a goose and tha's eaten nothing since tha got here.

**MARY.** I'm not hungry.

**MARTHA.** You'll never get hungry whilst you mope around. You need to run and breathe and lark about, like Dickon does. Then you'll have an appetite.

(Elsewhere, **DICKON** emerges on the rrwor. He takes out a pipe whistle and starts to play.)

MARY. What's the secret? (*Pause*) You promised!

MARTHA. You swear you won't breathe a word.

MARY. I swear.

MARTHA. Swear on tha heart. On tha life.

MARY. I swear.

MARTHA. Once, years ago, your Uncle was married, to the most sweet natured creature. They loved each other like swans do, I swear he'd have chased half way round the earth to pick her a blade of grass if she'd asked. She loved the open air, and the moor, and one Summer she built a garden. From a patch of mud she raised the most wondrous place; cowslips and lilacs, fox gloves and blue bells. It was like Eden, so they said. And they'd go inside and read together, talk and sing and caper about. For her birthday, he built her a swing, with honeysuckle wound round the ropes of it. But then, in the Autumn, when a chill was in the air ... one day the ropes snapped, and she fell. And though the doctor came straightways, no-one could save her. And since that day the house has been cold. He had the garden locked up and he buried the key. That was ten years hence, and now there's not a soul, save the Master himself, who knows where the garden is or where the key is buried.

MARY. But there must be a door?

MARTHA. None has ever seen it.

MARY. I want to go there.

MARTHA. You can't! You must forget I ever told you. It's not to be spoken of. Not the garden, nor the lady.

MARY. What was her name?

MARTHA. Liliias Craven.

MARY. She was my aunt. My mother's twin. I didn't know.

(*MARY and MARTHA look at each other. DICKON begins to sing. As he does, a fox appears and sits by him, followed by a squirrel. DICKON sings for the entranced animals. During the song MARY goes out into the garden and comes across DICKON. She hides and listens.*)

**SONG 1: SONG OF THE MOOR**

TO GUE TIED IS THE SKYLARK  
 BUT HIS SO G, TIED TO THE BRIGHT ARC  
 OF THE WIND,  
 WHICH WHISTLES PAST THE BRISTLE CUP  
 AND WHICH WHISTLES, UP AND DOWN.

NO WORDS HAS THE MOOR HEN,  
 OR NIGHT OWL ON A ROCKY FEN  
 BUT HIS SONG,  
 HOW HE SPEAKS UPON THE AIR,  
 AND NEAR SA TAWNY CROWN.

THE MOORLAND OF THE MINSTRELS,  
 WHICH WHISTLE THRUSH AND KESTREL,  
 SONG OF HAWK AND HONEYBEE,  
 WHICH MELODY, HARMONY.

THE VOICES OF THE MOORLAND,  
 FEET AND FEATHER WHISTLE BAND,  
 UNDER VALE AND OVER TOR,  
 SONG OF THE MOOR.

## Scene Five

### Dickon

*(As the song draws to a close, DICKON turns around and spots MARY. She's mortified that she's been caught.)*

DICKON. Were ya spying on me?

MARY. o. I was watching the animals.

*(fie whistles again and the robin ajJjJears and Jiies down to sit on his shoulder.)*

DICKON. Look. Magic.

MARY. You're Dickon?!

DICKON. **And** you're **Miss Mary**.

MARY. How do you know?

DICKON. I know all about you.

MARY. 'What have they told you? That I don't like to speak and I haven't any friends, I suppose?

DICKON. You do have a friend, look. *(He indicates the robin)*

MARY. He doesn't like me.

DICKON. He does! He told me.

MARY. I don't believe you.

DICKON. Don't then.

*(MARY moves and DICKON puts his arm out to slofJ her.)*

DICKON. Eh! Don't tha move! Look.

*(MARY slowly turns back round, and sees there is a squirrel, standing cautiously nearby. DICKON begins to play on his pipe and the squirrel stands, watching him and might take a couple of steps towards DICKON. MARY takes a step towards it, which spooks it. The squirrel runs off)*

MARY. None of them like me!

DICK.ON. Hey, you gotta move slow, that's all. Tha must be gentle and speak low when wild things are about. It's only cos you don't know 'em yet. Do you like it, playing out here? Belter than being inside.

MARY. I'm not playing.

DICKON. You are.

MARY. I'm not. Good children don't play. Especially outside. Especially with boys.

DICKON. What's wrong with boys?

MARY. They're dirty. Molher said.

DICKON. Girls and boys are just the same, no real difference, 'cept boys have dangly bits.

MARY. Dickon!

DICK.ON. What? It's what we're made of, isn't it?

MARY. It's rude!

DICK.ON. You're rude.

MARY. How am I rude?

DICKON. Rude to God.

MARY. What?

DICKON. Yep. God made us, all of us, including lhe bits that stick out and the bits that speak and the bits that dangle. So if you say them dangly bits are rude, you're saying God's rude, and that's rude to God.

*(The robin chirps.)*

Eh, he does like you. You should be chuffed, for he's a choosy little blighter.

MARY. Where does he live?

DICKON. Yonder.

MARY. Yonder where?

DICKON. Beyond the trees.

MARY. Beyond the trees where? *(Taking a risk)* In the secret garden?

DICKON. Eh, how dost thou know about that?!

**MARY.** Do you know where it is, or how to get in?

**DICKON.** Io. But I should like to. More than anything.

**MARY.** Why 'more than anything'?

**DICKON.** When a garden's kept proper, like these, all weeded and neat, that chases the wild away. But when it's left alone, for nature, who knows what secret things 'ud grow there. Imagine what cubs and nippers might be born amongst them roots.

**MARY.** Spose.

**DICKON.** Spose? That all you gotta say? That was my big speech.

(**MARY** *nods.*)

ot got many words, have ya. You're quiet, like a plover. Martha said you wouldn't say owt when you got here. Were you scared to speak?

**MARY.** o.

**DICKON.** So why didn't you?

**MARY.** Why should I tell you?

**DICKON.** Cos I like thee. (*Indicating the robin*) So does she.

**MARY.** My Mother told me not to peak. She said I wasn't to speak until she told me I could. And then she... that was before...

**DICKON.** I don't suppose she meant forever. Eh, listen, I'll make a bargain with thee. If I find the garden, I'll take thee. If you don't tell.

**MARY.** I wouldn't tell.

**DICKON.** And you must take me, if you find it.

**MARY.** (*Pause*) Alright.

**DICKON.** We must shake on it.

(*He puts his hand out. She doesn't want to take it.*)

Go on. Eh, don't embarrass me in front of him (*the robin*) or I'll never hear the end of it.

(*This makes MARY smile. They shake hands, albeit reluctantly on her part.*)

MARY. Some people call them elephant's feet cos they're big and rough looking -

BEN. Now you watch it -

MARY. But inside they are delicious. They're a bit like you, Mr Weatherstaff.

BEN. What, 'cause I'm hardy on the outside but soft underneath?

MARY. No. 'Cause they're bumpy and muddy and have funny stumpy hairy bits.

BEN. You!

MARY. Come on, you have to choose. What would you be?

BEN. A potato.

MARY. Why?

BEN. Cos then I could sit in the dark on me own and not be bothered by the likes of you. Eh, look, it's your friend.

*(The robin flutters around.)*

MARY. Hello Mr Robin.

*(The robin flies off.)*

Where's he going?

BEN. He's got a life of his own, Lord only knows.

MARY. I'm going to follow him.

*(She follows the robin off)*

BEN. You mind where you go. Hey! What have I told you, stick to the paths! *(Exits)*

*(She chases after the robin, who loops around and lands behind her. She keeps turning round to see him and, each time she does, he flies over her head to land behind her again. They are both enjoying the game. It turns into grandmother's footsteps, whereby each time MARY has her back to him, he hops towards her, then she whips round to catch him moving, and he freezes and starts pecking as if he's innocent.)*

You! I was supposed to be following you, now you're following me!

*([The robin tweets in response, then starts pecking the ground at one particular place.]*

What are you doing? Digging for food?

*(He carries on pecking then starts dancing around on the spot.)*

What have you found?

*(The robin pulls a worm out of the soil and brandishes it proudly, before depositing it on **MARY**'s lap.)*

Urgh!

*(She throws it away. The robin cocks his head sarcastically at her then goes off to eat the worm on his own, at a distance.)*

Oh. Sorry Mr Bird.

*(The robin hops back over; then goes back to pecking at a new spot.)*

What is that? What is it?

*(She digs it up with her hands, and when she pulls it out, it's a key!)*

A key! [sit the key to the secret garden? You knew, you knew all along!

*(The robin twitters and bounces about, then flies off)*

Mr Robin!

## Scene Ten

### Colin

*(MARY arrives in COLIN CRAVEN 's bedroom. A boy with a face the colour of ivory is lying in a bed. He is wearing odd dark glasses and various mechanical accoutrements to keep him from moving. He is weak, and more sour than a crab apple.)*

COLIN. Who are you? Are you a ghost?

MARY. No. Are you?

COLIN. Oh. I'm Colin Craven.

MARY. And I'm Mary Lennox. What are you doing here?

COLIN. What do you mean, what am I doing here? What are you doing here? I've always been here.

MARY. What are all those metal things? Are you a prisoner? Or a criminal?

COLIN. Don't be stupid.

MARY. And why are you wearing sunglasses? Are you on holiday?

COLIN. Don't laugh at me!

MARY. I'm not.

COLIN. They're smoked glass. I have to wear them so the sunlight doesn't hurt my eyes. And these are my calipers. They keep me still because I'm sick. Really sick. And if I move, I might die. So don't touch me.

MARY. Why would I want to touch you?

COLIN. What are you doing here?

MARY. I live here. Mr Craven is my Uncle.

COLIN. Your Uncle? He's my father.

MARY. Your father? But... so you're my cousin. And you're here. Why did no-one say?

COLIN. The servants are forbidden from mentioning me. Father can't look at me. He only visits when I'm asleep. I don't think he likes me. I think maybe he hates me.

MARY. Why?

COLIN. I remind him of my mother. And she died and it broke his heart. So now he doesn't want to see me. That's why they shut me away. If I live they say I'll be a hunchback, like he is, and he can't bear it, but I shan't live.

MARY. How do you know?

COLIN. Everybody knows. Ever since I remember, people have said it. They used to think I was too young to understand. And now they think I don't hear, but I do.

MARY. But a doctor could help you.

COLIN. My doctor's my father's cousin. He's quite poor and if I die, he'll inherit Misselthwaite when father dies. I'm sure he'd be glad if I was dead. So would Mrs Medlock - and father, I'm sure - 'cause I only make them sad. I bet they'd all rather I'd just hurry up and die.

MARY. But don't you want to live?

COLIN. I don't know. Why would I? It's so lonely here. Sometimes, when I think of it, it makes me cry.

MARY. I heard you.

COLIN. No you didn't. I don't cry out loud.

MARY. It's alright to cry. I cried when I got here.

COLIN. But you're a girl.

MARY. So? We're just the same, it's just boys have dangly bits.

*(I-le looks at her taken aback, then starts to laugh. She joins in.)*

COLIN. Why did you come here?

MARY. My parents died, in India.

COLIN. You're Indian?

MARY. Don't be stupid, I'm not a native. I'm the daughter of the Viscount.

COLIN. Did you ever meet a fakir?

MARY. How do you know about fakirs?

COLIN. I've read about them in my books. I've read all four volumes of Magic and Enchantment, the Complete History of Sorcery. I'm an expert.

MARY. I bet you don't know everything.

COLIN. I bet I do. I know all about the mystic clock, and Mephistopheles' hat, and the Hindu cup trick.

MARY. But you've never seen it happen. In front of your eyes.

COLIN. Have you? You have, haven't you? You have to tell me.

MARY. I don't have to do anything.

COLIN. You do. You do if I want you to. I'm the Master of this house.

MARY. Your dad is.

*(MARY gets up to wave.)*

COLIN. Stop! Wait! You can't just leave!

MARY. So get up and stop me.

COLIN. I can't stand up! You know that, you're doing it on purpose.

MARY. Then stop being so utterly rotten and ask me nicely. "Mary, please will you tell me about the Indian cup trick?" Well?

*(COLIN is stubborn. Will he or won't he?)*

*(Cut to... In another part of the house, MR CRAVEN is looking for MRS MEDLOCK.)*

MR CRAVEN. Mrs Medlock? Mrs Medlock!

MRS MEDLOCK. Gracious, are you quite alright?

MR CRAVEN. I can't be here. I have to leave. I hadn't realised. The girl...

**MRS MEDLOCK.** Sir?

**MR CRAVEN.** She looks just like her.

**MRS MEDLOCK.** I should have thought to warn you. I can move her to the East Wing, you'll be sure not to run into her-

**MR CRAVEN.** No, don't punish her. It's not her doing. Listen, I've been talking to a doctor in Switzerland. She thinks she may be able to do something for my back.

**MRS MEDLOCK.** She?

**MR CRAVEN.** Yes, a Doctor Bres. She's something of a pioneer.

**MRS MEDLOCK.** Sir, I've never heard of a lady doctor before.

**MR CRAVEN.** Nor I, but she's French, so anything's possible. I shall go to London to make the arrangements on Monday.

**MRS MEDLOCK.** If you're sure, Sir.

**MR CRAVEN.** It's my only hope.

**MRS MEDLOCK.** In any case, it will do you good to get away. Mountain air, it might be curative. For more than just your back.

**MR CRAVEN.** You are right. You will look after Colin? And the girl.

**MRS MEDLOCK.** Of course. Sir.

## ACT TWO

### Scene One

#### Treatment

*(COLIN is lying in his invalid chair. MARY has just arrived. COLIN is furious with her.)*

COLIN. You said you'd come this morning.

MARY. I said I'd come today, I didn't say when.

COLIN. I've been on my own ail day.

MARY. Don't be sour. I've been in the garden with Dickon.

COLIN. You're always with Dickon.

MARY. That's because he's kind and gentle and he does magic with animals.

COLIN. Weil I hate him.

MARY. That is a shame.

COLIN. v\Thy?

*(DICKON enters.)*

DICKON. Hello, Colin.

MARY. Colin, meet Dickon.

COLIN. What are you doing here?

DICKON. I came to see thee.

COLIN. But you're from the outside; you'll bring germs in and make me ill! Go away, go away!

MARY. Dickon won't make you ill, that's ridiculous.

COLIN. Out there there are spores that'll fill my lungs and make me choke - they'll be on his clothes.

DICKON. No more than on hers.

COLIN. But you're a cottager, the moor's full of disease.

**DICKON.** Eh, it's not the moor that'll make thee ill. It's being shut up indoors. owt can grow in the dark.

**COLIN.** The doctor said the spores would infect me and the light would blind me and that going outside would kill me for sure. You wouldn't understand.

*(DICKON is unwrap-ping a small bundle.)*

\That's that?

**DICKON.** I'll show you if you mend your manners.

*(DICKON unwraps a newborn lamb from'inside the blankets.)*

**COLIN.** Oh! Oh!

**DICKON.** He's a newborn, only few days old so he don 'l yet knowhow to stand. Would you like to hold him?

**COLIN.** I don't know how.

**DICKON.** Keep him wrapped. Cradle him like tha woulda babe. Here. He's fragile, for he's lost his Mother.

*(He hands him over. COLIN is entranced.)*

**COLIN.** v\Tho'll take care of him?

**DICKON.** I'll have to be Ma to 'im. I mightn't look much likeher, butI'll feed him and help him stand. Then, when he's strong I'll show him t'other creatures on the moor and they can be his family.

**COLIN.** He licked my hand!

**DICKON.** He thinks tha hand's a teat! He likes thee.

*(There's a commotion outside.)*

**MARY.** Who's that?!

**COLIN.** It's Medlock and the Doctor. They're here formy treatment. They mustn't catch you here.

**MARY.** We have to hide.

**DICKON.** Where?

**COLIN.** They're coming!

**MARY.** Quick - behind here!

*(DICKON and MARY dive out of sight. A beat, then COLIN realises he's still holding the lamb, and covers it up with his bedclothes, tucking it out of sight just as MRS MEDLOCK enters with DR CRAVEN and MARTHA (and possibly other staff). MRS MEDLOCK is holding a shiny metal tray with some medical paraphernalia on it. All are wearing linen facemasks to cover their mouths.)*

DR CRAVEN. Afternoon, boy.

MRS MEDLOCK. Good gracious, why are your blankets loose?

DR CRAVEN. Did you loosen them?

MRS MEDLOCK. Of course not. I only do as you instruct.

DR CRAVEN. I've told you before - he must stay covered up at all times. You must do better.

MRS MEDLOCK. I've kept him still, and quiet and in the dark as you told me!

DR CRAVEN. Something's different about him. Master Colin, you are quite sure you're alright?

COLIN. I'm perfectly alright.

DR CRAVEN. You haven't been getting excited have you? You know excitement is dangerous for weaklings.

COLIN. No Sir.

DR CRAVEN. Good, good. Skin is pale, hair is thin. No signs of improvement at all. You are a sickly child, Colin. Let us commence your exercises.

COLIN. No, please!

MRS MEDLOCK. You mustn't be ungrateful. You're such a lucky child, to have a doctor make you a special machine to fix your bones. No other child's got that.

COLIN. They can have it.

MRS MEDLOCK. Master Colin!

DR CRAVEN. Without it your muscles will waste away and you will die.

COLIN. But I hate being stretched!

MRS MEDLOCK. We will try to be gentle.

**DR CRAVEN.** Mrs Medlock! We are not in the business of patting and stroking - if he's to survive he must bear the pain. Now, put him into position.

*(Just at this moment COLIN takes the opportunity to pass the lamb in the bundle to DICKON, who out momentarily before disappearing again in the nick of time.)*

**MARTHA.** Dickon!

**MRS MEDLOCK.** What did you say?

**MARTHA.** I said... I said...

*(MARTHA spies MARY in her hiding place. MARY puts her finger to her mouth to silence MARTHA.)*

I said Di... dn't you want me to help thee?

**MRS MEDLOCK.** That's exactly what I said. What's wrong with you, foolish girl?

**DR CRAVEN.** Ready to begin?

**COLIN.** Please, please don't use the electricals! I'm stretched enough already.

**DR CRAVEN.** Don't you want to get better?

*(DR CRAVEN and MRS MEDLOCK fix electrical nodes to COLIN's legs. When they turn the machine on, it forces*

*his legs to shoot forwards, thereby stretching them out.)*

**DR CRAVEN.** Three, two, one!

**COLIN.** Ow!

**DR CRAVEN.** And again, three, two, one!

**COLIN.** Argh! Stop, stop!

**DR CRAVEN.** One more round, turn it up.

**COLIN.** But I'm all stretched.

**MRS MEDLOCK.** Listen to the doctor, Colin.

**DR CRAVEN.** One more round, I say!

*(From under the bed there's a baaing sound.)*

What was that?

*(There's another baa.)*

It sounds like -

**MARTHA.** It was me! It's the electricals - it made me go funny. Look, do it again.

*(The Doctor presses the button and MARTHA presents to vibrate and makes a 'baa' sound. He tries it again she does it again.)*

Baaa! See. I can't help it, tis the vibrations.

**MRS MEDLOCK.** Maybe it's Martha you should be treating. I think her brain's gone soft.

**DR CRAVEN.** That will do for today. Tomorrow we'll double the dosage.

**COLIN.** No. I'll scream even louder.

**MRS MEDLOCK.** Master Colin, we are only trying to make you better. And what about his supper, Sir?

**DR CRAVEN.** Only feed him a little, a quarter portion at most. And nothing rich, in case it disturbs his digestion. I prescribe a light water-based broth with a little salt and lemon juice. No meat, no starch and definitely no fruit or vegetables.

**MRS MEDLOCK.** Are you sure?

**DR CRAVEN.** Fruit and vegetables would be a terrible mistake.

**MRS MEDLOCK.** As you wish, Sir.

**DR CRAVEN.** Master Colin, until tomorrow.

**MRS MEDLOCK.** Martha, you turn down the bed while I fetch the broth.

**COLIN.** Is my father going to visit?

**MRS MEDLOCK.** I'm afraid not. He's gone to Switzerland, to improve his spine. He shan't be back for several months.

**COLIN.** Why can't I go to Switzerland to make me better?

**DR CRAVEN.** Master Colin, you are gravely ill. You are weak, your body does not support you. Your body does not like you. Any disturbance and it might reject you completely and leave you like a shriveled shell. You are not going anywhere. Mrs Medlock, you must keep him

tied down and out of the light. It is the only path to recovery.

**MRS MEDLOCK.** Yes, Sir. Let me show you out.

*(They both leave. A beat.)*

**MARY.** What were they doing to you?

**MARTHA.** You two! What are you doing here? And where are your masks? You'll make him ill.

**MARY.** We won't. It's all lies! You can't get better being tied down like that.

**MARTHA.** If Mrs Medlock finds you here, she'll have my guts and she'll have thee sent away. She's afeared he'll die and she'll get the blame.

**COLIN.** I am here, you know!

**MARTHA.** Sorry.

*(DICKON investigates the machine and accidentally gives himself a shock.)*

**DICKON.** Ow! What is this?

**COLIN.** It's the stretching machine. It sends electricals in me, like spikes that make me feel like my bones are exploding. But it keeps me alive.

**DICKON.** Keeps thee alive, giving thee jolts like that?! What would keep thee alive is stretching tha legs in the grass and standing upon them as they're meant for.

**COLIN.** But I'm too weak.

**MARTHA.** And the doctor said it makes him better.

**MARY.** What if the doctor doesn't want to make him better?! Colin, you said that if you die, the doctor will inherit the house.

**MARTHA.** Master Colin, is that true?!

**MARY.** What if he's trying to kill you?!

**COLIN.** He's not trying to kill me - he's a doctor!

**MARY.** But you said he didn't want you to live.

**COLIN.** No-one wants to me to live. Everyone says I'll die.

me. He likes me! Do you really me or do you really, really/ like me?

**COLIN.** (*Quickly*) Go away, Martha.

**MARTHA.** Yes Sir.

(*And she's gone.*)

**COLIN.** How much of it is lies?

**MARY.** I don't know.

**COLIN.** Do you think it's possible that I'm not ill?

**DICKON.** Sir, last spring I found a fox cub that was so thin and spindly, I thought he'd never survive. But I took him on t' moor and met him with the hare and the badger pup, and every day he got a bit stronger. He just wanted for company, and fresh air. And now he capers all about, like nowt was ever wrong with 'im. You could do it.

**COLIN.** Do you think, if I practice sitting up, one day I might go outside and see the moor? Might I see the Secret Garden?

**MARY.** (*Indicating the lamb*) What does he think?

**LAMB.** Baaaa!

## ACT TWO

### Scene Two

#### An Announcement

*(The staff are assembled to listen to an announcement.*

**COLIN** appears in his wicker wheelchair, pushed by **MARY** and **DICKON**. He has the lamb in a bundle on his knee.)

**MRS PHIPPS.** Blow me down, it's never Master Colin! What's happened to him? Did you know about this?

**MARTHA.** Definitely not.

**MRS PHIPPS.** Bless my soul, there's colour in his face.

**COLIN.** I have called you all together to make a very important announcement. This morning I will be going outside.

*(There is a stir around the group.)*

I am to go out in my chair into the gardens and I will be accompanied by Miss Mary and Master Dickon. I may be back for luncheon. I may be back for tea. I may go out every day if I choose.

**MRS MEDLOCK.** Maybe not every day -

**COLIN.** And when I am outside, none of you are to follow me. No-one. I must be left to do as I please. Most importantly of all, none of you are to breathe a word to my father. He is not to know. Is that clear?

*(Mutters of concern pass between the staff)*

You know the rules! When Father is absent, I am Master of the house, and I say he is not to know. That is all. You may go.

*spring. The garden springs to life and seems to fill the air with music.)*

*(As the music plays, MARY and DICKON wheel COLIN round the garden, showing him their work. COLIN is delighted.)*

**COLIN.** It's like magic. Like pictures in books.

**MARY.** It's glorious.

**COLIN.** No wonder mother loved it here.

**DICKON.** And your father.

**COLIN.** I dreamt he came to see me, before he went away. I dreamt it, but I don't know if it was real.

**MARY.** What happened, in the dream?

**COLIN.** He was afraid to look at me. I think his heart might actually be broken, like a glass animal that can't be mended. I think he doesn't want to love me, in case I die like mother did.

**MARY.** Then you'll just have to stay alive. Look at you. The pale's already begun to creep away.

**DICKON.** You're like a winter root, we just need to thaw you out and water you and make you grow. Like Bud. Look, he's almost up on his hinds.

*(Bud is trying to stand up.)*

**MARY.** He's trying to stand. He's learning to stand up!

*(They watch the lamb. Slowly Bud manages to stand on four wobbly legs and take a step or too before overbalancing and collapsing back onto the rug. They all cheer - and as they do a head appears over the fence. It is BEN WEATHERSTAFIK and he has a grim expression on his face. He hasn't seen COLIN, as MARY is in front of him.)*

**BEN.** You! What are you doing in here! You know it's not allowed, you meddlesome wench!

**MARY.** But we've been making the garden grow.

**BEN.** What're you trying to do, lose me my job? You knows no-one's allowed inside. Get out - get thee out of there -

**MARY.** But the garden was dying!

**BEN.** Don't make me get me pitch fork out -

*(Just then a voice comes from behind MARY.)*

**COLIN.** You most certainly will not get your pitch fork out.

**BEN.** What? Who are - oh Lord.

*(MARY moves out of the way and BEN sees COLIN sitting on the blanket.)*

**COLIN.** Don't you talk to my friend like that. Do you know who I am?

**BEN.** You're... Sir, you're Master Craven, the little cripple.

**COLIN.** I'm not a little cripple.

**BEN.** You're the hunchback.

**MARY.** He's not.

**COLIN.** I'm not a hunchback!

**BEN.** But you've got a crooked back.

**COLIN.** Who said I have a crooked back?

**BEN.** And crooked legs.

**COLIN.** I haven't. I haven't!! I'm not sick and I'm not a hunchback and I don't have crooked legs - I'll prove it!

*(I-Ie tries to launch himself to his feet defiantly but he falls, crumpled.)*

**MARY.** Colin!

*(For a moment we think he's injured. But COLIN won't give up. He is determined.)*

**COLIN.** Mary, take my hand.

**MARY.** But-

**COLIN.** Take it. And you, Dickon.

## ACT TWO

### Scene Four

#### Diagnosis

*(In Switzerland, DOCTOR MADELEINE BRES holds a sheaf of x-rays. MR CRAVEN waits nervously.)*

MR CRAVEN. So, Doctor?

DR BRES. Well. You are certainly an unusual case. Your spine is twisted, severely, and I am afraid, without care, the hunch that so concerns you will only become more pronounced. In the worst case, you may no longer be able to walk.

MR CRAVEN. Well... Right.

DR BRES. But - there is good news. There is hope, je pense.

MR CRAVEN. How so?

DR BRES. Mr Craven, when I looked at your x-rays I ran every test I know to find the bone defect, the skeletal abnormality which has, in recent years, made your condition worse.

MR CRAVEN. And what did you find?

DR BRES. Rien. Nothing. Nothing at all.

MR CRAVEN. I don't understand.

DR BRES. Mr Craven, there has always been a bend in your spine, but there is nothing wrong with your bones. Your skeleton is as it always has been. Your hunch is an acute case of muscular atrophy. The grief, the torment you have suffered has quite literally bent you, crushed you under its weight and forced your body to contort into this miserable state.

MR CRAVEN. You mean I've done this to myself?

DR BRES. Circumstances are responsible, not you. You are not to blame. But I am convinced that together we might at least improve you. It will take time and patience - and hard work - but I believe it is possible.

MR CRAVEN. Thank you, Doctor Bres. You are a remarkable woman.

DR BRES. I am a remarkable Doctor, Sir. The rest, you will understand, is simply anatomy.

*(A frisson of tension...or is it chemistry?)*

## ACT TWO

### Scene Five

#### The Quest

*(The children and BEN are in the garden.)*

**COLIN.** vWhat do you think he will say, when he sees me standing?

**DICKON.** And walking!

**BEN.** He'd be right proud of you, son. And so would your mother.

**COLIN.** Did you know my mother?

**BEN.** Did I know her? Aye, I knew her all right. I like to think she had a soft spot for old Ben. She'd allus bring me a biscuit when she came down from the house, and no other soul but me was allowed to tend to her roses. They were her very favourites, see. So when the garden was shut up - sometimes I came back, to tend to 'em.

**DICKON.** I said someone had been in!

**MARY.** But how did you get in? The key was buried and the door was locked.

**BEN.** Eh, I'm a Yorkshire man born and bred. And there ain't no proper fellah in Yorkshire who don't own a step ladder. I came in over the wall, didn't I! If only she could see thee now.

**COLIN.** I can't wait to show Father. But he won't be home for weeks.

**MARY.** Then we must bring him back.

**COLIN.** How?

**DICKON.** You could write to him.

## ACT TWO

### Scene Seven

#### Magic

*(Night time. BEN, COLIN (on crutches) and DICKON are putting the final touches to the totem pole, which they've fashioned out of stichs, lanterns and garden paraphernalia. MARY arrives with the painting.)*

MARY. I've got it.

DICKON. You did it!

COLIN. Hang it here, on the totem pole.

MARY. Hey, that's good!

COLIN. Mr Weatherstaff helped us make it.

MARY. It's magnificent.

BEN. Eh, you'll make me blush.

*(MARY hangs the painting on the pole. They stand back and admire their work.)*

DICKON. I think we're ready.

MARY. Not quite. I brought something else too. A special charm.

DICKON. What's that then?

*(MARTHA emerges from the bushes.)*

BEN. Eh, you can't go bringing everyone in here.

MARY. She's not everyone, she's Martha. And she's my friend.

MARTHA. Master Colin, you're standing up.

COLIN. Not only that. Look at my legs! *(He shows her some moves)*

**MARTHA.** It's magic!

**MARY.** It is magic.

*(A clock starts to strike twelve.)*

**COLIN.** It's time. We have to do it now, while it's the witching hour.

**MARY.** *(To MARTHA)* Do you know what to do?

**MARTHA.** I'm from the moor. We know all about magic on the moor.

*(DICKON begins to play his pipe. MARY begins singing her Indian song, then the other join in. They dance around the pole and evoke the spirit of MR CRAVEN.)*

**SONG 3: CHAN'**

CHANDAA .MAAMA DOOR KE, PUYE PAKAAYEN BOOR KE,  
 AAP KHMEN THMLI MEIN, MU E KO DEN PYAALI MEFN.  
 SEND OUR SONG O RAVE V\I G, SPIRIT OF THE RAVEN  
 KING,  
 CATCH A SPIRIT IN THE RING, TO THE MOOR A CRAVEN  
 BRJ G.  
 OVER DALE AND OVER SCARP, NIGHT OWL HOWL TO  
 MOORISH HARP,  
 'CROSS THE OCEAN'J, PIPE OUR SONG AS DAY IS SHORT AND  
 NIGHT IS LONG.

*(As the song builds, we see MR CRAVEN nearing the peak of the mountain with DR Bruts.)*

**DR BRES.** Mon Dieu! Never have I seen the stars as clear as this.

*(AU of a sudden, he stops. A strange thing happens, the oddest feeling comes over him. She notices.)*

Monsieur, you alright?

**MR CRAVEN.** I'm sorry, I feel...

**DR BRES.** You unwell? You look pale. The air here is thin -

**MR CRAVEN.** I'm not ill. I just... I have to get back.

**DR BRES.** Back? To the lodge?

**MR CRAVEN.** To England.

**DR BRES.** England? But we're almost at the summit! You can see it.

**MR CRAVEN.** I'm sorry. I can't explain it. I just have to go. Thank you- really. You have done me more good than you'll ever know. *(He starts to leave, shouting back as he goes)* I will write to you! Thank you - thank you!

**DR BRES.** *(To herself)* Merde. Ces homes Anglais; ils n'ont pas l'endurance. Pahl *(Damn - these English men, they have no stamina.)*

*(She considers following him, but then turns and heads up the mountain alone.)*

Allez.

*(In the garden, the final verse of the song builds the spell to a crescendo. By now the fox, the mouse and any other animals of the garden world join in too.)*

## ACT TWO

### Scene Eight

#### Summer

*(Several days later, MRS MEDLOCK and MRS PHIPPS are doing household jobs in a room, when MARTHA bursts in.)*

MARTHA. Mrs Medlock, Mrs Medlock, he's back!

MRS PHIPPS. Lord above, keep tha voice down.

MRS MEDLOCK. Who's back?

MARTHA. Mr Craven.

MRS MEDLOCK. It's not possible.

MRS PHIPPS. But we're not ready for him!

MRS MEDLOCK. He can't be back. He's gone for a month.

MARTHA. But I saw a carriage.

MRS MEDLOCK. You saw the Doctor.

MARTHA. It's not the doctor.

MRS MEDLOCK. Martha Sowerby, Mr Craven is not back and will not be back for weeks. And praise the Lord for if he only knew -

MR CRAVEN. *(Bursting in)* Where's my son?

*(Panic. A sudden wave of stumbling into curtseys.)*

MRS MEDLOCK. Mr Craven! Sir -

MR CRAVEN. Where's my son? I went to his room and he's not there!

MRS MEDLOCK. But he must be, the doctor's to come to see him.

MR CRAVEN. He's not there. And his calipers were on the floor and his chair was empty. What have you done with him, woman?

MRS MEDLOCK. Sir, I've done my best. It's that meddlesome girl.

MR CRAVEN. What?!!

MRS MEDLOCK. (*Tearfully*) I did all I could but she's unstoppable.

MARTHA. I know where he is, Sir.

MR CRAVEN. You? Do you, child?

MRS MEDLOCK. I'm sure she doesn't.

MARTHA. He's in the garden. The Secret Garden.

MR CRAVEN. What? !

(*MR CRAVEN is off The others follow.*)

(*Cut to the garden. BEN is trimming the hedges. The lamb and fox are gamboling about, the robin is flitting and Mr Wildeebeast is following MARY as usual. The children are playing an Indian game. COLIN S crutches lie to one side. He's now walking normally.*)

COLIN. My turn, my turn to seek.

(*DICKON strid,es over to him with the blindfold.*)

Wait! I want Mary to put my blindfold on.

MARY. What do you say?

COLIN. Please.

(*MARY blind folds him. He raises his arms to start the game.*)

COLIN. 'Ubho ubho nai chhe!'

(*Then they take his hands and they walk in a ring together chanting. (This is a rhyme about an elephant and the sound it makes)*)

(**MARY** holds back. She doesn't know if she's in trouble or not.)

You broke into the garden, when you knew it was forbidden. You stole your way in, and came in here, all by yourself. And did this? You are a very, very... precious little girl. (*He hugs **MARY***) Your parents would be so proud of you. And you Dicken, thank you. Though - what on earth have you done to my dog?

(*The dog enters, happy and giddy with friendliness. He runs straight up to **MRS MEDLOCK** and gives her a swbbery kiss, alrrwst knocking her over. She finds him revolting.*)

You have thawed his ice. And mine. And my little boy, my little broken boy- (*to **COLIN***) look at you now.

**MRS MEDLOCK.** But the doctor said! And we believed him. He told us to keep him out of the light, strapped to his bed.

**MR CRAVEN.** Mrs Medlock...

**MRS MEDLOCK.** (*Almost weeping*) I always wanted what was best for him, Sir, I really did, I just did what I was told.

◆-**MR CRAVEN.** I know you did. You are a good woman. There's only one person to blame in this and by God, we will hold him to account.

(*Doctor Craven enters. He doesn't realise that **MR CRAVEN** is there.*)

**DR CRAVEN.** Mrs Medlock, I couldn't find you anywhere, but - (*seeing **COLIN***) v\That on earth? Are you mad?! Why is he outside! Colin, get back inside! Cover him up. Quickly! This fresh air will be the death of him.

**MR CRAVEN.** I don't think that's true, is it cousin?

(*Archibald's dog begins to growl.*)

**DR CRAVEN.** Archie. I didn't know you were here.

**MR CRAVEN.** You kept my boy weak and sickly... for what? The house? The land? The money?

**DR CRAVEN.** I can explain -

MR CRAVEN. Get out.

DR CRAVEN. If you'll just let me -

MR CRAVEN. I'll see you spend the rest of your years in prison, if it's the last thing I do. Now get out. Out! And never come back! *(To the dog)* Get him!

*(The dog lurches at him. The Doctor high tails it out at speed. Everyone is overjoyed, except MARY.)*

MR CRAVEN. Mary, what's wrong?

MARY. What about the garden? What will happen to it now?

Will you lock it up again?

MR CRAVEN. Never. Never ever. Mary, you brought it back to life. You brought us all back to life. We'll keep the garden open, and everyone will be free to walk here and play here, and we'll keep it wild, so birds can nest here, and everything can grow. And whenever a child is sick, or someone is sad, the gate will always be open, and we will bring them here and make them well agam.

MARY. Like magic?

MR CRAVEN. Like magic.

*(DICKON takes up his pipe and begins to play. Charmed by the song, the animals begin to dance, as if under his spell. A dance. A happy ending.)*

*(Curtain)*