

THE SECRET GARDEN

By Miriam Raiken-Kolb
Based on the book by Frances Hodgson Burnett

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Cast of Characters

INDIAN SERVANT
MARY LENNOX
OFFICER
MRS. LENNOX
FLEEING VILLAGERS (Chorus)
SNAKE 1
SNAKE 2
SOLDIER 1
SOLDIER 2
MRS. MEDLOCK
PITCHER
MOOR CHILDREN (Chorus)
MISSELTHWAITE HOUSE SERVANTS
MARTHA
SOPHIE
BEN WEATHERSTAFF
THE ROBIN
"THE HALLWAY" (Chorus)
COLIN
MR. CRAVEN
DICKON
GARDEN SPRITES (Chorus)
NURSE
MR. CRAVEN'S FRIEND
LILIAS

Musical Numbers

- 01.) IS ANYONE HOME NOW?
- 02.) HOUSE WITH A HUNDRED ROOMS
- 03.) MISTRESS MARY SCENE CHANGE
- 04.) MISTRESS MARY LULLABY MUSIC
- 05.) THE MOOR
- 06.) HOUSE WITH A HUNDRED ROOMS REPRISE
- 07.) TWO OF A KIND
- 08.) TWO OF A KIND REPRISE
- 09.) SOMEONE IS CRYING
- 10.) FOUR GOOD THINGS
- 11.) THE SECRET GARDEN
- 12.) A BIT OF EARTH
- 13.) WE'LL PLANT A GARDEN
- 14.) I'LL DO IT!
- 15.) FINALE - IN THE GARDEN THAT SHE LOVED

ACT I

PROLOGUE

Pre-show MUSIC - drone of a sitar. As the lights come up, MARY is asleep in the nursery. An INDIAN SERVANT is shaking her, trying to wake her up. The MUSIC fades.

INDIAN SERVANT

Missee Lennox! Wake up! Wake up Missee Lennox!

MARY

You're not my Ayah! What are you doing here? Send my Ayah to me! Send her at once, I say!

INDIAN SERVANT

Missee Lennox! Ayah cannot come today. Ayah very sick. Ayah-

MARY

What do you mean my Ayah is sick? I don't believe you! You're lying to me. Go away! Go away!

The Servant runs off as Mary chases her out onto the veranda, where MRS. LENNOX stands talking to a young OFFICER in hushed tones. Mary sees them and hides behind a bush.

OFFICER

Mrs. Lennox, you ought to have gone to the hills two weeks ago. Now I'm afraid it may be too late. If anything happens to you, I'll never forgive myself.

Offstage, wails are heard coming from the servants' quarters. As the scene becomes more panicky and chaotic, sitar MUSIC resumes - this time with more intensity.

MRS. LENNOX

What is it? What are they screaming about?

OFFICER

Someone has died. The cholera's broken out among your servants.

MRS. LENNOX

Oh my God! What shall we do? I feel faint.

OFFICER

Come with me to the house. We must prepare to leave at once.

They go offstage into the house.
Mary runs after them, but they do
not hear her.

MARY

Mem Sahib! Don't forget me! Mem Sahib! Mama! Mama!

Several VILLAGERS run across the
stage with their belongings on
their backs. They are screaming.

VILLAGERS

Run to the hills! Run to the hills! The cholera's broke
loose! The cholera's broke loose!

The MUSIC rises to a feverish
pitch. A final screeching chord
and then blackout. Silence.
After a few moments, the lights
come back up, and a vamp begins.
Mary has been in her bed. She
gets up, goes out to the veranda
and sees no one. From behind a
tree she sings.

MARY

IS ANYONE HOME NOW?
WHY DOESN'T SOMEBODY COME?
WHY HAVE I BEEN LEFT ALONE?
I'VE NEVER FELT QUITE SO GLUM.
WHERE HAVE THEY ALL GONE TO?
I WONDER IF THEY'RE ALL DEAD.
IF THAT IS THE CASE, WHY THEN-
I'LL DIG IN MY FLOWER BED.

As Mary digs in her garden, two
SNAKES appear.

SNAKE 1

YOU CAN DIG AND DIG
ALL YOU WANT MY DEAR
BUT THE PLANTS AND FLOWERS
THEY WILL NOT GROW HERE.

SNAKE 2

BUT SHE DUG AND DUG
TILL THE DAY WAS DONE
AND HER HEAD WAS ACHING
FROM THE BURNING SUN.

The snakes make hissing sounds
and dance around Mary, mocking
her efforts.

MARY

THERE'S NOBODY HOME NOW.
IT SEEMS I'VE BEEN LEFT ALONE.
OR MAYBE THE WORLD HAS STOPPED
AND EVERYTHING'S TURNED TO STONE!
HOW DARE THEY NEGLECT ME
AND LEAVE ME TO CRY AND FRET?
WHAT'S WORSE IS THAT NO ONE CARES
I HAVEN'T HAD SUPPER YET!

Mary wanders over to the veranda.
She finds a jug of wine on the
table and takes several drinks
from it. She puts some bread
into her pocket and staggers back
to the nursery.

SNAKE 1

SO SHE SIPPED SOME WINE AND SHE ATE SOME
BREAD

SNAKE 2

BUT THE WINE MADE HER SLEEPY SO SHE WENT TO
BED.

SNAKE 1

THEN WE TUCKED HER IN EVER OH SO TIGHT

SNAKE 2

BUT A NOISE IN THE DARKNESS GAVE HER SUCH A
FRIGHT!

A horrifying scream from
offstage. Mary jumps up and puts
her hands over her ears.

MARY

I DON'T WANT TO HEAR THAT.
I'LL SLEEP TILL I HEAR NO MORE.
AND WHEN I AWAKE, PERHAPS
THINGS WILL BE JUST LIKE BEFORE.

SNAKES

(together)

YES, SLEEP AWHILE, MARY.
WE'LL SING YOU A QUIET SONG,
AND MAYBE A DREAM WILL COME
TILL SOMEBODY COMES ALONG.

The lights fade to dark as the snakes sing to the audience.

SNAKE 1

SHE HID IN THE NURSERY
FOR TWO DAYS OR MAYBE THREE.
IT SEEMED THEY'D FORGOTTEN HER
BUT WE KEPT HER COMPANY.

SNAKE 2

AND THEN IT GREW SILENT.
THE DANGER HAD COME AND PASSED.
WE SLITHERED AND SLIPPED AWAY,
FOR SOMEONE HAD COME AT LAST.

As the MUSIC fades, a cock CROWS.
The lights brighten. It is
morning. Two SOLDIERS enter.

SOLDIER 1

What a tragedy. That beautiful young woman. I suppose the child died as well.

SOLDIER 2

I heard she had a child. But no one ever saw her.

(He sees Mary.)

Good lord! There is a child here. A child alone - in a place like this!

SOLDIER 1

God have mercy on us. Who is she?

MARY

I am Mary Lennox. I fell asleep when everyone had the cholera. My mother ran away and left me here. Why has nobody come?

SOLDIER 1

(To the audience)

Poor little kid. There is no one left to come. No one. No one left at all.

The CHORUS enters. They are the ghosts of the people in the village who have died.

CHORUS

NO ONE LEFT TO COME.
NO ONE LEFT TO COME.
NO ONE LEFT, NO ONE LEFT,
NO ONE LEFT TO COME.

They sing this last verse as they recede into the background.

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CHORUS (CONT'D)

NO ONE LEFT TO COME.
NO ONE LEFT TO COME.
NO ONE LEFT, NO ONE LEFT,
NO ONE LEFT TO COME.

Snakes do a final hiss.

SCENE 2

Offstage: TRAIN WHISTLE.

CONDUCTOR'S VOICE (OFF)

All aboard!

The interior of a train car.
Mary sits with her hands stiffly
folded on her lap, looking out
the window.

MRS. MEDLOCK

I suppose I may as well tell you something about where you're going to. Do you know anything about your uncle?

MARY

No.

MRS. MEDLOCK

Hmph. Well, I'd better prepare you. You are going to a queer place.

Mary doesn't respond.

MRS. MEDLOCK (CONT'D)

But it's a grand old place - in a gloomy sort of way, and Mr. Craven's very proud of it.

MARY

Does anyone else live in the house besides Mr. Craven?

MRS. MEDLOCK

Well, I see I've finally piqued your interest. No one else but the servants. And there's plenty of them.

MARY

And the house? What sort of house is it? It must be rather small if only one person lives there.

MRS. MEDLOCK

IT'S A HOUSE
WITH A HUNDRED ROOMS,
NEARLY ALL SHUT UP
WITH THEIR DOORS LOCKED TIGHT,
AND A PARK
ROUND THE GREAT BIG HOUSE,
WITH GARDENS AND STONY PATHS
FULL OF SHADOWS FROM THE TREES,
WHOSE BRANCHES HEAVE AND SIGH TO THE
GROUND.
BUT THERE'S NOTHING ELSE AROUND.

MRS. MEDLOCK (CONT'D)

(Speaks)

Well, what do you think of it?

MARY

Nothing. I know nothing about such places.

MRS. MEDLOCK

You sound like an old woman. Don't you care where you're going to live?

MARY

It doesn't matter whether I care or not.

MRS. MEDLOCK

Aye, you're right there. What you're to be kept at Misselthwaite Manor for I don't know. He's not going to trouble himself about you, that's for certain. He never troubles himself about no one.

MARY

Why doesn't he?

MRS. MEDLOCK

He's got a crooked back. That set him wrong. He was a sour young man and got no good of all his money and big place till he was married.

MARY

He was married?

MRS. MEDLOCK

Aye, he was.

(Sings)

HE WAS MARRIED
TO A SWEET PRETTY THING--
NO ONE THOUGHT THAT SHE'D MARRY HIM
BUT SURE ENOUGH SHE DID.
NOT FOR MONEY--
NOT FOR ALL HIS WORTH IN GOLD,
BUT LOVE FOR THE LONELY MAN--
AND WHEN SHE DIED HIS HEART GREW COLD.

(Speaks)

You needn't expect to see him, because ten to one you won't. Only Pitcher sees him. He took care of him when he was a child and knows his ways. And you mustn't expect that there will be people to talk to you. You'll have to play about and look after yourself. You'll be told what rooms you can go into and what rooms you're to keep out of. There's gardens enough. But when you're in the house don't go wandering and poking about. Mr. Craven won't have it.

MARY

I shall not want to go poking about. I shall not want to go poking around at all.

The train screeches to a halt.
WHISTLE CUE.

CONDUCTOR'S VOICE (OFF)

Thwaite Station.

Mary and Mrs. Medlock get off the train. MR. PITCHER is there to meet them.

PITCHER

I see tha's got back. And tha's browt the young 'un with thee.

MRS. MEDLOCK

Aye. That's her. Not much to look at, is she? Stubborn, too. Mistress Mary, Quite Contrary, they call her. The name suits her.

MOCKING CHILDREN

MISTRESS MARY, QUITE CONTRARY
HOW DOES YOUR GARDEN GROW?
WITH SILVER BELLS AND COCKLE SHELLS
AND PRETTY MAIDS ALL IN A ROW

They laugh and go off.

PITCHER

The carriage is waitin'

Pitcher helps Mary and Mrs. Medlock into the carriage. Pitcher sings to the audience as they begin their journey across the moor.

PITCHER (CONT'D)

AND SOON
THEY WERE CROSSING THE MOOR
AND A WIND WAS RISING
WITH A LOW RUSHING SOUND.
LOOKING OUT,
YOU WOULD NEVER SEE A TREE-
JUST A BARE STRETCH OF LAND AHEAD
THAT WAS DARKER THAN THE SEA.

MRS. MEDLOCK

Eh! We're on the moor now, sure enough.

MARY

It's not the sea, is it?

MRS. MEDLOCK

No. Nor is it fields or mountains. It's just miles and miles of wild land that nothing grows on but heather and gorse and broom. And nothing lives there but wild ponies and sheep.

MARY

It feels as if it might be the sea – if there were water on it. It sounds like the sea just now.

MRS. MEDLOCK

That's the wind blowin' through the bushes.

MARY

I don't like it. I don't like it one bit.

From the house, a chorus of HOUSE SERVANTS sings. It is night, and they are holding lanterns and dressed in their bedclothes, awaiting the arrival of Medlock and Mary.

HOUSE SERVANTS

AND THEY DROVE
ON AND ON THROUGH THE RAIN,
AND THEY THOUGHT THAT THE RIDE
WOULDN'T COME TO AN END,
BUT AT LAST
THEY COULD SEE A BIT OF LIGHT,
AND THE HOUSE WITH A HUNDRED ROOMS
WAS COMING INTO SIGHT!

Pitcher helps Mary and Medlock out of the carriage. The chorus goes off.

PITCHER

You're to take her to her room. He doesn't want to see her. He's going to London in the morning.

MEDLOCK

Very well, Mr. Pitcher. So long as I know what's expected of me, I can manage. Good night.

PITCHER

Good night, Medlock

They exit.

SCENE 3

As the MUSIC continues, we segue into Mary Lennox's room. MARTHA enters, followed by another house servant, SOPHIE. It is late that night and they carry candles or lanterns. They speak in hushed tones because they are not supposed to be there.

MARTHA

This way, Sophie. You see, it's just as I said - Master Craven had the room done over, 'specially for her.

SOPHIE

Aye, thou was right. It sure looks different. More cheerful-like. More suitable for a young 'un.

MARTHA

Yes. He even ordered Medlock to buy new clothes for her. Said he wouldn't have a child dressed in black wanderin' about like a lost soul - 'twould make the place sadder than it is.

SOPHIE

Aye, that's for certain.

MARTHA

It's a shame Mr. Craven won't see her, though.

SOPHIE

I'm not surprised. He hardly ever goes near his own.

They hear a NOISE down the corridor.

MARTHA

We'd better go. I think they're coming! We'll be in big trouble if Medlock finds out we've been here!

They exit quickly through the back door. After a moment, Medlock appears with Mary. She motions Mary to enter the room, but she stays at the door.

MEDLOCK

Well, here you are! This room and the next are where you'll live - and you must keep to them. Don't you forget that. You must go to sleep now. Martha will attend to you in the morning. Good night.

Medlock leaves. Mary looks around the room for a moment and then discovers a set of ivory elephant figures from India.

MARY

My mother had some just like these. They were sisters. Mr. Craven's wife and my mother were sisters. Too bad she's dead. I might have liked her.

Rather exhausted from her journey, she falls on the bed and tries to sleep (MUSIC plays - lullaby music), but the eerie sound of WIND blowing on the moors makes her toss and turn for a bit. Finally, she falls asleep.

SCENE 4

The next morning. A cock CROWS. Martha is kneeling on the hearth-rug in Mary's room, raking the cinders. Mary awakens.

MARY (CONT'D)

Are you going to be my servant? You don't look like a servant.

MARTHA

Eh, I know that. If there was a grand missus at Misselthwaite it wouldn't be me. I'm too common an' I talk too much Yorkshire. I'm Mrs. Medlock's servant. An' she's Mr. Craven's. But I'm to do the housemaid's work up here an' wait on you a bit. But you won't need much waitin' on.

MARY

Who's going to dress me?

MARTHA

Cannot thou dress thyself? I mean - can't you put on your own clothes?

MARY

No. I never did in my life. My Ayah dressed me, of course.

MARTHA

Well, it's time you should learn. It'll do thee good to wait on thyself a bit. My mother always said she couldn't see why grand people's children didn't turn out to be fair fools - what with nurses an' being washed an' dressed an' took out to walk as if they was puppies!

MARY

It's different in India.

MARTHA

Eh, I can see it is.

MARY

No you can't. You know nothing about India. You know nothing about anything!

Mary throws the bed pillows on the floor, and then throws herself on the bed, crying.

MARTHA

There, now. You mustn't cry like that. You mustn't, for sure. I didn't know you'd be vexed. I don't know anythin' about anythin' - just like you said. Do stop cryin'!

After a moment, Mary quiets down
and walks over to the window.

MARY

What's that?

MARTHA

That there?

MARY

Yes.

MARTHA

Why that's the moor. Do you like it?

MARY

No. I hate it.

MARTHA

That's because you're not used to it. You think it's too big
and bare now. But you will like it. That's our cottage over
yonder. Eh! You should see us all. There's twelve of us an'
my father only gets sixteen shillings a week. I can tell you
my mother's hard put to get porridge for 'em all. They
tumble about on the moor an' play there all day, an' mother
says the air of the moor fattens 'em. She says she believes
they eat the grass same as the wild ponies do. Our Dickon,
he's twelve years old and he's got a young pony he calls his
own.

MARY

Where did he get it?

MARTHA

He found it on the moor with its mother when it was a little
one. He began to make friends with it an' give it bits of
bread and' pluck young grass for it. And it got to like him
so it follows him about an' lets him get on its back.
Dickon's a kind lad an' animals like him.

MARY

Does Dickon like the moor too?

MARTHA

Ay, that he does, Mary. That he does.

(Sings)

DICKON HAS A SONG
HE WHISTLES ALL DAY LONG,
WHEN HE'S PLAYING ON THE MOOR.
MOTHER SINGS IT TOO.
I KNOW IT THROUGH AND THROUGH.
IT HAS A VERY STRANGE ALLURE.
THE MOOR.
I LOVE THE MOOR.

I LOVE EVERY GROWING THING—
 SO FRESH IN THE EARLY SPRING,
 AND THEN IN THE SUMMER, WHEN THE HEATHER
 BLOOMS SO FREE,
 THOU'LT SEE HOW LOVELY
 THE MOOR CAN BE.

THE MOOR.

I LOVE THE MOOR—
 THE FEELING OF OPEN SPACE,
 THE WIND RUSHING ON MY FACE.
 I LOVE HOW THE PONIES ROAM
 THE MEADOWS WILD AND FREE.
 THOU'LT SEE.

THE MOOR IS THE PLACE TO BE.
 MOUNTAIN PEAKS ARE NICE.
 SOME WILL TELL YOU TWICE:
 HILLS ARE BETTER THAN A PLAIN.
 BUT THEY'VE NEVER SEEN
 THE KIND OF KELLY GREEN
 THAT GLISTENS IN THE SUMMER RAIN.
 THE MOOR.

WHAT IS THE MOOR?

A PLACE WHERE YOU LONG TO BE.
 IT SUMMONS THEE LIKE THE SEA.
 AND ONCE YOU HAVE LIVED THERE
 IT WILL ALWAYS FEEL LIKE HOME
 NO MATTER WHERE ELSE YOU ROAM.

(Speaks)

After thou hast finished thy breakfast, thou must run out an'
 play. It'll do you good and give you stomach for your meat.

MARY

I don't want any porridge.

MARTHA

Thou doesn't want thy porridge! If my brothers were at this
 table they'd clean it bare in five minutes.

MARY

Why?

MARTHA

Why? Because they scarce ever had their stomachs full in
 their lives. They're as hungry as young hawks an' foxes.

Mary goes to the window.

MARY

Why should I go out on a day like this?

MARTHA

Well, if thou doesn't got out thou will have to stay in, an'
 what has thou got to do?

MARY

Who will go with me?

MARTHA

You'll go by yourself. Our Dickon goes off on th' moor by himself an' plays for hours. If tha' goes round that way tha'll come to th' gardens. There's lots o' flowers in summertime, but there's nothin' bloomin' now. One of the gardens is locked up. No one has been in it for ten years.

MARY

Why?

MARTHA

Mr. Craven had it shut when his wife died so sudden. He won't let no one go inside. It was her garden. He locked th' door an' dug a hole an' buried the key.

A bell RINGS.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

There's Mrs. Medlock's bell ringing. I must run.

MARY

(Putting on her hat and coat)

Locked the door and buried the key. Mrs. Medlock was right. This is a strange place. So many secrets...

She sings as she goes outside.

MARY (CONT'D)

IT'S A HOUSE
WITH A HUNDRED ROOMS,
NEARLY ALL SHUT UP
WITH THEIR DOORS LOCKED TIGHT,
AND A PARK
ROUND THE GREAT BIG HOUSE,
AND A GARDEN WHERE NO ONE GOES,
THAT'S BEEN LEFT ALONE TO DIE.
I'M GOING TO FIND THE REASON WHY.

SCENE 5

The sound of birds CHIRPING. A robin appears. BEN WEATHERSTAFF is digging with his spade as Mary enters the kitchen garden.

MARY (CONT'D)

What is this place?

BEN

One of the kitchen gardens.

Mary points to the left.

MARY

What is that?

BEN

Another of 'em. There's another on the other side of the wall an' there's the orchard on the other side of that.

MARY

Can I go in them?

BEN

If thou likes. But there's nothing to see.

The Robin perches on a tree and begins to SING.

BEN (CONT'D)

Where has thou been, thou cheeky little beggar? I've not see thee before today. Has thou begun courtin' this early in th' season? Thou art too forward.

The Robin moves closer to Ben.

MARY

Will he always come when you call him?

BEN

Aye, he will. I've knowed him ever since he was a fledgling. He come out of the nest in the other garden, an' when he flew over th' wall he was too weak to fly back so we got friendly.

MARY

What kind of a bird is he?

BEN

Doesn't thou know? He's a robin redbreast, an' they're the friendliest, curiousest birds alive. They're almost as friendly as dogs - if you know how to get on with 'em.

MARY

Where did the rest of the brood fly to?

BEN

There's no knowin'. The old ones turn 'em out of their nest an' make 'em fly, an' they're scattered before you know it. This one knew he was lonely.

Mary takes a step toward the Robin and looks at him very hard.

MARY

I'm lonely.

BEN

Art thou the little wench from India? Then no wonder thou art lonely.

He starts digging with his spade.

MARY

What is your name?

BEN

Ben Weatherstaff. I'm lonely myself except when he's with me. He's the only friend I've got.

MARY

I've no friends at all. I never had. My Ayah didn't like me. And I never played with other children.

BEN

Thou an' me are a good bit alike.

MARY

I don't think so. I never planted a garden in my life. When I lived in India I used to pretend to plant things - especially when I felt angry. I hardly ever saw my mother, but when I did, she used to laugh at me and call me Mistress Mary, Quite Contrary.

BEN

(Reciting)

'Mistress Mary, Quite Contrary
How does your garden grow?
With silver bells and cockle shells
And pretty maids all in a row.'
Well, Mistress Mary, Quite Contrary, what did I tell thee?
You and I were wove out of the same cloth.

(Sings)

TWO OF A KIND ARE WE.
NOW WOULDN'T YOU AGREE?
WE'VE BOTH GOT NASTY TEMPERS.
WE'RE AS SOUR AS CAN BE...

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NOW WOULDN'T YOU SAY IT'S TRUE-
 THAT I'M A LOT LIKE YOU?
 YOU'RE A LONESOME LITTLE SEED.
 I'M A CRUSTY KIND OF WEED.
 YES, INDEED,
 WE ARE JUST TWO OF A KIND.
 NOW WOULDN'T YOU SAY, BE FAIR.
 TAKE NOTE AND THEN COMPARE.
 WE'RE NONE OF US GOOD LOOKIN'
 WE'RE A MIGHTY UGLY PAIR.
 WELL WHEN YOU'VE BEEN LEFT ALONE
 YOU DRY UP LIKE A BONE.
 IT'S THE HONEST TRUTH I FEAR,
 WE ARE BOTH A LITTLE QUEER.
 YES, MY DEAR,
 WE ARE JUST TWO OF A KIND.
 BUT WHEN THE ROBIN SINGS TO YOU
 HIS BRIGHT AND CHEERFUL MELODY,
 YOUR HEART BEGINS TO SING ALONG
 AND SOON YOU'RE SINGING UP A TREE.
 TWO OF A KIND, ARE WE.
 LOOK OVER THERE AND SEE.
 THE ROBIN REALLY LIKES YOU
 JUST AS MUCH AS HE LIKES ME.
 WELL, WHAT DO YOU THINK THAT MEANS-
 IN TERMS OF CORN AND BEANS?
 I WOULD VENTURE TO REMARK
 THAT WE'RE CUT FROM THE SAME BARK.
 IT'S NO LARK WE ARE JUST TWO OF A KIND.

The Robin flies to a branch
 closer to Mary and begins to
 SING.

MARY

What did he do that for?

BEN

He's made up his mind to make friends with thee. Dang me if
 he hasn't took a fancy to thee.

MARY

To me? Would you make friends with me? Would you?

BEN

Why thou said that as nice an' human as if you was a real
 child instead of a sharp old woman. Thou said it almost like
 Dickon talks to his wild things on the moor.

MARY

Do you know Dickon?

BEN

Everybody knows him. Dickon's wanderin' about everywhere. I warrant th' foxes shows him where their cubs lie and the skylarks don't hide their nests from him.

The Robin flies off.

MARY

He's flown over the wall! He's flown into the orchard! He's flown across the other wall - into the garden where there's no door!

BEN

He lives there. He came out o' th' egg there. If he's courtin', he's makin' up to some young maiden of a robin that lives among the old rose trees there.

MARY

Rose trees. Are there rose trees?

Ben starts to dig again.

BEN

That was ten year' ago.

MARY

I should like to see them. Where is the garden door? There must be a door somewhere.

BEN

There was ten year' ago, but there isn't one now.

MARY

But there must be a door.

BEN

None as anyone can find, and it's no one's business. Don't you be a meddlesome wench an' poke your nose where it's no cause to go. Get you gone an' play, you. I've no more time.

Ben throws his spade over he shoulder and stalks off.

MARY

But there must be a door. There must be. How can I go play when there's no one to play with. I hate this place! I hate it! I hate it!

The Robin flies back and starts singing to Mary.

MARY (CONT'D)

Why it's you again. What is it you want? I believe you're trying to tell me something.

MARY (CONT'D)

Perhaps it's about the secret garden. Perhaps you want to show me where it is. I feel sure that's what you're trying to say.

(Sings)

FOR WHEN THE ROBIN SINGS TO YOU
 HIS BRIGHT AND CHEERFUL MELODY,
 YOUR HEART BEGINS TO SING ALONG
 AND SOON YOU'RE SINGING UP A TREE!
 TWO OF A KIND, ARE WE.
 YOU REALLY DO LIKE ME.
 YOU WANT TO LEAD ME TO THE DOOR
 AND HELP ME FIND THE KEY.
 OH, ROBIN I DO BELIEVE
 THAT YOU WOULD NOT DECEIVE-
 YOU'RE A FRIENDLY LITTLE BIRD.
 YOU HAVE GIVEN ME YOUR WORD.
 AND I TRUST
 WE ARE JUST
 TWO OF A KIND!

The bird digs up a key. Mary takes it and holds it up in her hand.

MARY (CONT'D)

It's the key!

She is about to look around for the door when Martha's bell rings for dinner. She hides the key in her apron.

MARY (CONT'D)

I'm coming! I'm coming.

SCENE 6

Later that night. Mary's room. Martha begins to clear away Mary's dinner and notices that she has finished everything on her plate.

MARTHA

You got on well enough with that, didn't thee?

MARY

It tastes good tonight.

MARTHA

It's the air of the moor that's givin' thee stomach for thy victuals. You go on playin' out o' doors every day an' you'll get some flesh on your bones an' you won't be so yeller.

MARY

Martha, why did Mr. Craven hate the garden?

MARTHA

Art thou thinkin' about that garden yet? I knew you would. That was just the way with me when I first heard about it.

MARY

Why did he hate it?

MARTHA

Listen to the wind wutherin' round the house. You could bare stand up on the moor if you was out on it tonight.

MARY

But why did he hate it so?

MARTHA

Mind, Mrs. Medlock said it's not to be talked about. That's Mr. Craven's orders. His troubles are none of his servants' business, he says. But for the garden he wouldn't be like he is.

MARY

Go on, Martha. Go on.

MARTHA

It was Mrs. Craven's garden when first they were married. She was just a bit of a girl an' she just loved it so. None of the gardeners was ever let to go in. They used to tend the flowers themselves. Mr. Craven and her used to go in an' shut the door an' stay there hours an' hours, readin' and talkin'. An' there was an old tree with a branch bent like a seat on it.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

An' she made roses grow over it, an' used to sit there. But one day when she was sittin' there the branch broke. She fell on the ground an' was hurt so bad that the next day she died. The doctors thought he'd go out of' his mind an' die, too. That's why he hates it. No one's never gone in since, an' he won't let anyone talk about it.

A child's CRYING is heard faintly, resembling the sound of the wind.

MARY

Did you hear that? It sounded like someone crying.

MARTHA

No, it's the wind. Sometimes it sounds like that. As if someone was lost on the moor an' wailin'. It's got all sorts of sounds.

MARY

But listen. It's in the house - down one of those long corridors.

A gush of WIND blows the door open and the CRYING becomes louder.

MARY (CONT'D)

There! I told you so! It *is* someone crying. And it isn't a grown-up person, either.

Martha runs to shut the door. Suddenly everything grows quiet.

MARTHA

It was the wind. Now get thyself ready for bed while I tend Mrs. Medlock's fire.

Martha goes out. Mary waits a moment or two, then begins a dreamlike journey through the corridors as she sings.

MARY

SOMEONE IS CRYING.
WHO CAN IT BE?
COULD IT BE THE WIND
THROUGH THE WILLOW TREE?
SOMEONE IS CRYING
ALL NIGHT LONG
HAVE YOU EVER HEARD
SUCH A MOURNFUL SONG?

The Chorus becomes "the hallway" by hiding their bodies behind a dark fabric which winds its way around the stage - moving Mary in the direction of COLIN's room.

HALLWAY CHORUS

SOMEONE IS CRYING.
WHO CAN IT BE?
COULD IT BE THE WIND
THROUGH THE WILLOW TREE?
SOMEONE IS CRYING
ALL NIGHT LONG.
HAVE YOU EVER HEARD
SUCH A MOURNFUL SONG?

Another idea would be to have Mary exploring the rooms in the house and the curious objects which inhabit them as the boys sing the song. For example, she might come upon portraits (Chorus members) which come to life, etc. As the song comes to an end, she finds herself at the entrance way of COLIN's room.

COLIN

Who are you? Are you a ghost?

MARY

No. Are you?

COLIN

No. I'm Colin. Who are you?

MARY

Mary Lennox. Mr. Craven is my uncle.

COLIN

He's my father.

MARY

Your father! Then we're cousins. Were you the one who was making all that noise?

COLIN

What noise?

MARY

The other night. When Mr. Craven was leaving for London.

COLIN

Oh. That noise. Yes. It was me. I was having a tantrum.

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MARY

A tantrum? That's ridiculous. I've had hundreds of tantrums and I never made that much noise.

COLIN

That's because my tantrums are the worst. You can hear them all the way to Paris. That's what the servants and doctors say.

MARY

Why didn't anyone tell me my uncle had a boy?

COLIN

Because they're not allowed to talk about me.

MARY

Why not?

COLIN

Because I'm a cripple. If I live to grow up, I may have a hump on my back like my father. It's awful, isn't it?

No response from Mary.

COLIN (CONT'D)

It's all right. I won't live to grow up anyway. Everyone says so.

Mary looks at him for a moment, very intently.

MARY

Well, I don't believe it.

COLIN

What do you mean, you don't believe it?

MARY

I don't believe you're going to die. And I don't believe you're going to get a hump on your back either.

COLIN

How dare you talk to me like that? No one ever talks to me like that. Go away! I hate you! I hate you!

MARY

All right, I shall!

She starts for the door.

COLIN

No. Come back!

Mary returns.

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COLIN (CONT'D)

I don't want to die, you know.

MARY

You're the strangest boy I ever met. And this is the strangest house I've ever been in. Everything's a secret. Rooms are locked up. Gardens are locked up. Have you been locked up too?

COLIN

No. I stay in this room because I don't want to go out. It tires me too much.

MARY

Doesn't your father ever come to see you?

COLIN

He does sometimes. Mostly when I'm asleep. My mother died when I was born and it makes him wretched to look at me. I think - he almost hates me.

MARY

He hates the garden too.

COLIN

What garden?

MARY

(Covering up)

Oh, just a garden she liked. What was your mother like? Was she very pretty?

COLIN

(Points to the wall)

That's her picture over there on the wall. If you want to see her, pull the curtain. Go on, pull the curtain.

Mary draws the curtain.

COLIN (CONT'D)

She's beautiful, isn't she?

MARY

Yes. Her eyes are just like yours - the same shape and color.

COLIN

If she had lived - maybe I wouldn't be the way I am now.

(He averts his eyes.)

That's enough! Pull the curtain.

Mary continues to stare at the picture.

COLIN (CONT'D)

You have to do as I say. Pull the curtain!

MARY

Don't you want to look at her?

COLIN

No. I hate her! Why did she have to die? You're shocked, aren't you? Because I said I hate my mother.

MARY

No. I-

COLIN

Why not? You love your mother, don't you?

MARY

I don't have a mother. She died in India. And when she was alive, she never paid any attention to me.

COLIN

Hmm. Very interesting. You must tell me more about yourself sometime. I don't talk to other children much. What did you say your name was?

MARY

Mary. Mary Lennox.

COLIN

How old are you?

MARY

I am ten. And so are you.

COLIN

How did you know that?

MARY

Because when you were born, the garden door was locked and the key was buried. And it has been locked for ten years. No one will talk about it. I think they have been told not to answer questions.

COLIN

I could make them. Everyone is obliged to please me. Do you want to see it?

MARY

Yes.

COLIN

I do too. I don't think I ever really wanted to see anything before, but I want to see that garden. I want the key dug up. I want the door unlocked.

MARY

Colin, what would Mrs. Medlock do if she found out I had been here?

COLIN

She would do as I told her to do. And I should tell her that I wanted you to come here and talk to me every day. I am glad you came.

MARY

So am I. I will come as often as I can, but - I shall have to look for the garden door.

COLIN

Yes, you must. And you can tell me about it afterward. I think you shall be a secret too. I will not tell them until they find out. I can always send the nurse out of the room and say that I want to be by myself. Do you know Martha?

MARY

Yes, I know her very well. She waits on me.

COLIN

She is the one who is asleep in the other room. Martha shall tell you when to come here.

MARY

Do you mean to say that Martha knew about you all the time?

COLIN

Of course. She often attends to me when the nurse is away.

He leans his head back on the pillow.

COLIN (CONT'D)

I feel tired. Will you sing me to sleep?

MARY

All right. Shut your eyes, and I will do what my Ayah used to do in India. I will pat your hand and stroke it and sing something quite low.

COLIN

I should like that perhaps.

MARY

Do you know what you remind me of? Hmm?

He is getting sleepy.

MARY (CONT'D)

A young rajah.

COLIN
A rajah?

MARY
A rajah is a king in India.

COLIN
A rajah. I like that.

Mary begins to sing him a lullaby
in Hindustani. Colin falls
asleep. Mary gets up softly and
creeps away.

SCENE 7

Two days later. Mary's room.
Mary gets out of bed and looks
out the window.

MARY

Martha! Look at the moor!

MARTHA

Aye. The storm's over for a bit. It goes off in a night
like it was pretendin' it had never been here an' never meant
to come again. That's because springtime's on its way.

MARY

I thought perhaps it always rained or looked dark in England.

MARTHA

I told thee tha'd like the moor after a bit. Soon you'll be
wantin' to get out at sunrise an' spend all day there like
Dickon does.

MARY

I like Dickon. And I've never even seen him.

MARTHA

I wonder - I wonder what Dickon would think of thee.

MARY

He wouldn't like me. No one does.

MARTHA

How does thou like thyself?

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