

Acting Edition

The Secret Garden

Spring Version

Book and Lyrics by
Marsha Norman

Music by
Lucy Simon

Based on the novel by
Frances Hodgson Burnett

This sample is an excerpt of a Concord Theatricals title.

Samples of Concord Theatricals titles are for perusal
and cannot be used for performance or downloaded,
printed, and distributed in any way.

This sample may not reflect the version of the play
currently in print.

|| SAMUEL FRENCH ||

Book and Lyrics Copyright © 2010 by Marsha Norman
Cover art by Gene Sweeney
All Rights Reserved

THE SECRET GARDEN – SPRING VERSION is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America, the British Commonwealth, including Canada, and all member countries of the Berne Convention for the Protection of Literary and Artistic Works, the Universal Copyright Convention, and/or the World Trade Organization conforming to the Agreement on Trade Related Aspects of Intellectual Property Rights. All rights, including professional and amateur stage productions, recitation, lecturing, public reading, motion picture, radio broadcasting, television, online/digital production, and the rights of translation into foreign languages are strictly reserved.

ISBN 978-0-573-69759-3

www.concordtheatricals.com

www.concordtheatricals.co.uk

FOR PRODUCTION INQUIRIES

UNITED STATES AND CANADA

info@concordtheatricals.com

1-866-979-0447

UNITED KINGDOM AND EUROPE

licensing@concordtheatricals.co.uk

020-7054-7298

Each title is subject to availability from Concord Theatricals Corp., depending upon country of performance. Please be aware that *THE SECRET GARDEN – SPRING VERSION* may not be licensed by Concord Theatricals Corp. in your territory. Professional and amateur producers should contact the nearest Concord Theatricals Corp. office or licensing partner to verify availability.

CAUTION: Professional and amateur producers are hereby warned that *THE SECRET GARDEN – SPRING VERSION* is subject to a licensing fee. The purchase, renting, lending or use of this book does not constitute a license to perform this title(s), which license must be obtained from Concord Theatricals Corp. prior to any performance. Performance of this title(s) without a license is a violation of federal law and may subject the producer and/or presenter of such performances to civil penalties. Both amateurs and professionals considering a production are strongly advised to apply to the appropriate agent before starting rehearsals, advertising, or booking a theatre. A licensing fee must be paid whether the title(s) is presented for charity or gain and whether or not admission is charged. Professional/Stock licensing fees are quoted upon application to Concord Theatricals Corp.

This work is published by Concord Theatricals Corp.

No one shall make any changes in this title(s) for the purpose of production. No part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, scanned, uploaded, or transmitted in any form, by any means, now known or yet to be invented, including mechanical, electronic, digital, photocopying, recording, videotaping, or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the publisher. No one shall share this title(s), or any part of this title(s), through any social media or file hosting websites.

For all inquiries regarding motion picture, television, online/digital and other media rights, please contact Concord Theatricals Corp.

THIRD-PARTY MATERIALS USE NOTE

Licensees are solely responsible for obtaining formal written permission from copyright owners to use copyrighted third-party materials (e.g., incidental music not provided in connection with a performance license, artworks, logos) in the performance of this play and are strongly cautioned to do so. If no such permission is obtained by the licensee, then the licensee must use only original materials and materials that the licensee owns and controls. Licensees are solely responsible and liable for clearances of all third-party copyrighted materials, and shall indemnify the copyright owners of the play(s) and their licensing agent, Concord Theatricals Corp., against any costs, expenses, losses and liabilities arising from the use of such copyrighted third-party materials by licensees. For music, please contact the appropriate music licensing authority in your territory for the rights to any incidental music not provided in connection with a performance license.

IMPORTANT BILLING AND CREDIT REQUIREMENTS

If you have obtained performance rights to this title, please refer to your licensing agreement for important billing and credit requirements.

ORIGINAL PRODUCTION CREDITS

ST. JAMES THEATRE

A JUJAMCYN THEATRE

JAMES H. BINGER
CHAIRMAN

ROCCO LANDESMAN
PRESIDENT

PAUL LIBIN
PRODUCING DIRECTOR

JACK VIERTEL
CREATIVE DIRECTOR

Heldi Landesman

Rick Steiner, Frederic H. Mayerson, Elizabeth Williams,
Jujamcyn Theaters / TV ASAII and Dodger Productions

present



Book and Lyrics by

Marsha Norman

Music by

Lucy Simon

based on the novel by Frances Hodgson Burnett

with

(in alphabetical order)

John Babcock **Daisy Eagan** **Alison Fraser**
Rebecca Luker **John Cameron Mitchell** **Mandy Patinkin**
Barbara Rosenblat **Tom Toner** **Robert Westenberg**

Michael De Vries **Paul Jackel** **Nancy Johnston**
Rebecca Judd **Kimberly Mahon** **Peter Marinos**
Patricia Phillips **Peter Samuel** **Drew Taylor** **Kay Walbye**

Teresa De Zarn **Frank Di Pasquale** **Betsy Friday** **Alec Timerman**

Scenery by

Heldi Landesman

Costumes by

Theoni V. Aldredge

Lighting by

Tharon Musser

Orchestrations by

William D. Bohn

Musical Direction and
Vocal Arrangements

Michael Kosarin

Dance

Arrangements

Jeanine Levenson

Sound by

Otto Munderloh

Choreography by

Michael Lichtefeld

Casting

Wendy Ettinger

Production Stage Manager

Perry Cline

Musical Coordinator

John Miller

Hair and Makeup Design by

Robert DiNiro

General Management

David Strong Warner, Inc.

Production Manager

Peter Fulbright

Press Representation

Adrian Bryan-Brown

Directed by

Susan H. Schulman

Senior Associate Producer

Greg C. Mosher

Associate Producers

Rhoda Mayerson **Dentsu Inc. New York** **Dorothy and Wendell Cherry**
Margo Lion **126 Second Ave. Corp.** **Playhouse Square Center**

Originally produced by Virginia Stage Company, Charles Towers, Artistic Director.

The Producers and Theatre Management are members of The League of American Theaters and Producers, Inc.
The Producers wish to express their appreciation to Theatre Development Fund for its support of this production.

ORIGINAL BROADWAY CAST

LILY Rebecca Luker
MARY LENNOX (Wed. Mats. and Thurs. Eves.) Kimberly Mahon
IN COLONIAL INDIA, 1906:
FAKIR Peter Marinos
AYAH Patricia Phillips
ROSE (MARY'S MOTHER) Kay Walbye
CAPTAIN ALBERT LENNOX Michael De Vries
LIEUTENANT PETER WRIGHT Drew Taylor
LIEUTENANT IAN SHAW Paul Jackel
MAJOR HOLMES Peter Samuel
CLAIRE (his wife) Rebecca Judd
ALICE (Rose's friend) Nancy Johnston
AT MISSELTHWAITE MANOR, NORTH YORKSHIRE, ENGLAND, 1906:
ARCHIBALD CRAVEN (Mary's uncle) Mandy Patinkin
DR. NEVILLE CRAVEN (his brother) Robert Westenberg
MRS. MEDLOCK (the housekeeper) Barbara Rosenblat
MARTHA (a chambermaid) Alison Fraser
DICKON (her brother) John Cameron Mitchell
BEN (the gardener) Tom Toner
COLIN John Babcock
JANE Teresa De Zarn
WILLIAM Frank DiPasquale
BETSY Betsy Friday
TIMOTHY Alec Timerman
MRS. WINTHROP (the headmistress) Nancy Johnston

ALL OTHER PARTS ARE PLAYED BY THE ENSEMBLE

UNDERSTUDIES

Understudies never substitute for listed players unless a specific announcement for the appearance is made at the time of the performance.

Alternate for **MARY LENNOX** - Kimberly Mahon

Standby for **ARCHIBALD CRAVEN** - Greg Zirkle

For **LILY** - Teresa De Zarn, Nancy Johnston; For **MARY LENNOX** - Melody Kay; For **ARCHIBALD CRAVEN** - Michael De Vries, Peter Samuel; For **DR. NEVILLE CRAVEN** - Michael De Vries, Paul Jackel; For **MRS. MEDLOCK** - Rebecca Judd, Jane Seaman; For **MARTHA** - Betsy Friday, Jennifer Smith; For **DICKON** - Kevin Ligon, Alec Timerman; For **BEN** - Bill Nolte, Drew Taylor; For **COLIN** - Joel E. Chaiken; For **ROSE** - Teresa De Zarn, Betsy Friday; For **CAPTAIN ALBERT LENNOX** - Paul Jackel, Greg Zerkle; For **FAKIR** - Kevin Ligon, Alec Timerman; For **AYAH** - Rebecca Judd, Jennifer Smith; For **LIEUTENANT PETER WRIGHT** - Frank DiPasquale, Bill Nolte; For **LIEUTENANT IAN SHAW** - Kevin Ligon, Alec Timerman; For **MAJOR HOLMES** - Frank DiPasquale, Bill Nolte; For **CLAIRE** - Betsy Friday, Jane Seaman; For **ALICE** - Betsy Friday, Jennifer Smith; For **MRS. WINTHROP** - Rebecca Judd, Jennifer Smith.

Swings: Kevin Ugon, Bill Nolte, Jane Seaman, Jennifer Smith

CHARACTERS

MARY LENNOX – an orphan girl of about 10

COLIN CRAVEN – a sickly boy of about 10. Mary and Colin are cousins,
their mothers were sisters

SPIRITS:

ALBERT and **ROSE LENNOX** – Mary's Parents

LILY CRAVEN – Colin's Mother

AT MISSELTHWAITE:

ARCHIBALD CRAVEN – Mary's Uncle, Colin's Father

DR. NEVILLE CRAVEN – Archibald's brother

MRS. MEDLOCK – Archibald's housekeeper

BEN WEATHERSTAFF – The Head Gardener

MARTHA – a housemaid

DICKON – Martha's brother, a magical boy who talks to birds

MRS. WINTHROP – headmistress of the Aberdeen School for Girls

Two **MEN** and Two **WOMEN** – servants, passengers, Indian officers,
etc.

READERS: The chorus of the Spring version is comprised of any number of student singers of any age placed onstage at the discretion of the Director, not formally as if they were actually a chorus, but casually, as if they were reading the novel on the floor of their rooms. They are meant to observe and enjoy the scenes, sing as indicated, and watch the musical come to life before their eyes. They may also participate occasionally, as in the end of Act 1 and the Night Garden scene. The Director is free to make use of individuals who are gifted singers or dancers in scenes as appropriate. Our personal favorite idea is that the Readers are sometimes fellow travelers, sometimes garden sprites, and sometimes just readers. They need not always be reading, nor need they all appear in every scene. But we need at least one of them onstage in every scene to secure the convention. They are a chorus of choice for the Spring director. Our only request is that their presence never detract from the main action. The places where they must sing are indicated in the script and score. Some suggestions for their use will appear in the text.

PROLOGUE

(A brief prelude is heard.)

*(Far downstage, seated by a dollhouse, we see a small girl, **MARY LENNOX**. She wears a nightdress. A **READER** may sit on the floor at some distance, leaning against the wall. The **READER** opens her copy of The Secret Garden and **LILY** appears, as a spirit. **LILY** sings as the **READER** looks back down at her book.)*

LILY.

COME TO MY GARDEN,
NESTLED IN THE HILL.
THERE I'LL KEEP YOU SAFE BESIDE ME.

*(**LILY** leaves the stage as an Indian flute plays. **MARY LENNOX** looks up, aware that something is wrong. She looks around and sees a snake.)*

MARY. How strange and quiet it is. It sounds as if there is no one in this bungalow but me and that snake. Has everyone forgotten me?

*(As the **READER** watches, **MARY** approaches the snake, singing and performing snake-charming hand movements taught to her by her Ayah.)*

MARY.

(PRONUNCIATION)

A'O JADU KE, MAUSAM

AH O, ZHAHDU KAY, MAU
SUM

A'O GARMYO KE DIN.

AH O, GARMEE YO, KAY DIN

A'O MANTRA, TANTRA,
YANTRA

AH O MANTRA TANTRA
YANTRA

US KI BIMARI, HATA 'O

OOS KEE BEEMAREE, AHTA O

*(Then suddenly we hear sounds and see behind **MARY**.)*

(In India, the air is smoky from fires burning along the Ganges. Bodies wrapped in white muslin are carried by mourners. In the distance, ragas whine and drums pound, as the death bells proclaim the devastation of the cholera epidemic.)

(An OFFICER comes into MARY's room. He shouts back to someone.)

OFFICER. Major! There's a girl in here.

MAJOR'S VOICE OFFSTAGE. Do you mean alive?

MARY. *(fiercely)* My name is Mary Lennox? Where is my Ayah? Why has no one come for me?

OFFICER. I'm afraid the cholera's taken everyone in the house, Miss. All British subjects were told to leave the city weeks ago. I don't know why your parents stayed.

MARY. They stayed because they were giving a silly party last night. But it was boring so I went to bed.

OFFICER. That's likely what saved you, Miss. According to the doctor, all the water was contaminated.

MARY. But where are my Mother and Father?

(Two SPIRITS appear, MARY's parents, ALBERT and ROSE. Their costumes should indicate they are spirits. Further, we should always be able to tell which woman spirit is MARY's mother, Rose, and which is COLIN's mother, Lily, when she appears. LILY is the blond one.)

OFFICER. Your parents are dead, Miss. I'm so sorry.

MARY. But what will happen to me?

OFFICER. I'm told you have an Uncle, in England somewhere. He was married to your Mother's sister, Lily. She's dead, as well, I'm afraid.

MARY. I know that.

OFFICER. The Governor is trying to contact him now. Wait here.

(The OFFICER leaves. MARY turns around to get something from her dresser.)

(MARY's parents sing.)

ROSE AND ALBERT AND READERS.

THERE'S A GIRL WHOM NO ONE SEES
THERE'S A GIRL WHO PLAYS ALONE
THERE'S A GIRL WHO WAITS IN SILENCE FOR
THE LIFE SHE'S NEVER KNOWN...
FOR THE LIFE SHE'S NEVER KNOWN.

*(As the **OFFICER** comes back for **MARY**, a library at Misselthwaite appears on the other side of the stage. The **READER** does not leave. She watches the next scene as well. The **READERS** help connect the scenes in this way.)*

The Library at Misselthwaite Manor

*(MARY's uncle, ARCHIBALD CRAVEN, confers with her
UNCLE NEVILLE, a doctor, and MRS. MEDLOCK, the
housekeeper.)*

DR. CRAVEN. Sorry to disturb you, Archie, but I have a letter from the Governor's Office in Bombay.

(scanning a telegram)

We regret to inform you that Captain Albert Lennox and his wife Rose have died of the cholera. All in the compound perished save your niece, Mary.

(looking up)

They're asking if they can send the girl here.

ARCHIBALD. This is no house for a child.

DR. CRAVEN. I couldn't agree more. But they found a will naming you as the girl's guardian. So we shall simply have to find a boarding school that will take her mid-term.

MRS. MEDLOCK. There's a convent school not twenty mile away.

ARCHIBALD. And have my niece filling laundry tubs day and night? No. She will come here. It's what Lily would have wanted.

(At the mention of her name, LILY, the ghost from the first moment, appears again.)

DR. CRAVEN. But what will the girl have to do here, Archie? Do you want her wandering the halls?

MRS. MEDLOCK. We could engage a governess, sir, someone to watch her day and night.

ARCHIBALD. No. Let our young Mary come here to mourn her loss. And when she has recovered, then we will decide what is best for her.

(turning around)

And Mrs. Medlock, order the child some clothes. I won't have her dressed in black wandering around like

a lost soul. That would make the house even sadder than it is.

MRS. MEDLOCK. Yes sir.

(ARCHIE and DR. CRAVEN exit.)

(A train platform appears, with MARY and the OFFICER from India standing beside a huge stack of luggage. MARY is wearing all black. Several READERS may sit on train platforms.)

MARY. I don't like it here. It's too cold.

(MRS. MEDLOCK approaches the OFFICER.)

MRS. MEDLOCK. Good evening, Major. I'm Mrs. Medlock, Mr. Craven's housekeeper. Is this the girl?

MAJOR. Yes ma'am. And here's her papers and the death certificates.

(MRS. MEDLOCK accepts the girl and the papers, with little enthusiasm.)

MRS. MEDLOCK. Thank you, Major.

(A train sound is heard. MRS. MEDLOCK and MARY take their seats on something that indicates their compartment on a train. Music begins.)

MRS. MEDLOCK. Well, now. I suppose you'd like to know something about where you're going.

MARY. Would I?

MRS. MEDLOCK. But don't you care about your new home?

MARY. It doesn't matter whether I care or not.

MRS. MEDLOCK. Well you're right not to care. Why you're being brought to Misselthwaite I'll never know.

MARY. That's an ugly name.

(MARY's mother and father, as SPIRITS, travel with them. They sing, with the READERS who are dressed as passengers, or are looking up from their books.)

ROSE, ALBERT, AND READERS.

HIGH ON A HILL SITS A BIG OLD HOUSE
WITH SOMETHING WRONG INSIDE IT.
SPIRITS HAUNT THE HALLS AND
MAKE NO EFFORT NOW, TO HIDE IT.

WHAT WILL PUT THEIR SOULS TO REST
AND STOP THEIR CEASELESS SIGHING.
WHY DO THEY CALL OUT CHILDREN'S NAMES
AND SPEAK OF ONE WHO'S DYING.

MRS. MEDLOCK. Misselthwaite is your Uncle Archie's estate.
But he isn't going to trouble himself about you, that's
sure and certain. He never troubles himself about
anyone.

(MARY isn't listening.)

ROSE, ALBERT AND READERS.

AND THE MASTER HEARS THE WHISPERS
ON THE STAIRWAYS DARK AND STILL.
AND THE SPIRITS KNOW THE SECRETS
OF THE HOUSE UPON THE HILL.

MRS. MEDLOCK. He's a hunchback, you see. And a sour
young man he was, and got no good of all his money
and big place 'til he were married.

(a moment)

To your mother's sister, Lily. She was a sweet, pretty
thing and he'd have walked the world over to get her a
blade of grass that she wanted. Nobody thought she'd
marry him, but marry him she did, and it wasn't for his
money either. But then when she died...

MARY. How did she die?

MRS. MEDLOCK. It made him worse than ever. He hardly
speaks at all now, and when he does it's only to talk to
ghosts and wander the hallways.

(a moment)

He travels most of the time now. It's his brother, Dr.
Craven, who makes all the decisions these days.

ROSE, ALBERT AND READERS.

HIGH ON A HILL
SITS A BIG OLD HOUSE
WITH SOMETHING WRONG INSIDE IT.
SOMEONE'S DIED AND SOMEONE'S LEFT
ALONE AND CAN'T ABIDE IT.

THERE IN THE HOUSE LIVES A LONELY MAN
STILL HAUNTED BY HER BEAUTY,
ASKING WHAT A LIFE CAN BE
WHERE NAUGHT REMAINS BUT DUTY.

(MARY looks out the window.)

MARY. Is it always so ugly here?

MRS. MEDLOCK. It's the moor, it is. Miles and miles of wild land that nothing grows on but heather and gorse and broom, and nothing lives on but wild ponies and sheep.

MARY. What is that awful howling sound?

MRS. MEDLOCK. That's the wind, blowing through the bushes. They call it wuthering, that sound. But look there, that tiny light far across there. That'll be the gate it will.

ROSE, ALBERT, AND READERS.

AND THE MASTER HEARS THE WHISPERS
ON THE STAIRWAY DARK AND STILL.
AND THE SPIRITS KNOW THE SECRETS
OF THE HOUSE UPON THE HILL.

At Misselthwaite

(MARY and MRS. MEDLOCK are met by DR. CRAVEN.)

(Off to one side, the spirits of ALBERT and ROSE, come to stand by the spirit of LILY. They greet each other. The bond between these three will be important to us here.)

MRS. MEDLOCK. Mary Lennox, this is Dr. Craven, your Uncle's brother.

DR. CRAVEN. You're to take her to her room. Her Uncle Archibald doesn't want to see her.

MRS. MEDLOCK. Very good, Doctor.

(MRS. MEDLOCK takes MARY upstairs.)

ROSE, ALBERT, AND LILY.

THERE'S A GIRL WHOM NO ONE SEES.

THERE'S A GIRL WHO LIVES ALONE.

THERE'S A GIRL WHO PRAYS IN SILENCE FOR

THE LIFE SHE'S NEVER KNOWN.

READERS.

FOR THE LIFE SHE'S NEVER KNOWN

FOR THE LIFE SHE'S NEVER KNOWN

In Mary's Room

(MRS. MEDLOCK shows MARY into her room.)

MRS. MEDLOCK. Well, here you are. This room and the next are where you'll live. But you mustn't expect there to be people to play with you. You'll have to look after yourself. But when you're in the house, don't go wandering about. Your uncle won't have it.

(MARY walks across to the window.)

MARY. Won't have it.

(Finally, MRS. MEDLOCK turns out the light and shuts MARY's door hard. The sound echoes through the halls.)

MRS. MEDLOCK. Good night, then.

(MARY gets in her bed, and pulls up the covers. The spirits are seen in dim light. Quietly, they sing the song MARY sang to the snake. She sits up sometime during the song, and sings the last part with them.)

ALBERT, ROSE, AND LILY.

A'O JADU KE, MAUSAM

A'O GARMYO KE DIN.

A'O MANTRA TANTRA YANTRA

US KI BIMARI, *(MARY joins in the chant)* HATA 'O

(MARY settles back down to sleep, but then she hears a cry from somewhere in the house. It startles the READERS too.)

MARY. What was that?

(She hears the crying again.)

MARY. It's someone crying.

(In her exhaustion, she falls back on the bed at last. Piano transition to next scene.)

Scene One
Mary's Sitting Room – Morning

(MARTHA, a sturdy, curious Yorkshire girl, enters MARY's sitting room humming a melody to herself. READERS should be very still during this scene.)

MARTHA.

SKIP, SKIPPED THE LADIES
TO THE MASTER'S GATE.
SIP, SIPPED THE LADIES
WHILE THE MASTER ATE.
TIP-TOED THE CHAMBERMAID
AND STOLE THEIR PEARLS.
SNIP, SNIP THE GARDENER
AND CUT OFF THEIR CURLS...

(MARY wakes with a start. She is frightened and furious.)

MARY. Who are you? Are you my servant?

MARTHA. Me name is Martha. And now tha'rt up, I'll make tha' bed.

MARY. Aren't you going to dress me first? In India, my Ayah dressed me.

MARTHA. Well then, it'll do tha' good to wait on thysel' a bit. Tis fair a wonder grand folks children...

MARY. What is this language you speak?

MARTHA. Well of course you've not heard any Yorkshire, livin' in India, have ye. But you'll get used to it. Why I didn't know what to expect from you either, lassie. When I heard you was comin', I thought you'd be a solid brown, I did.

MARY. Stop looking at me!

(MARTHA tries to comfort her.)

MARTHA. Don't cry now, lassie, I didn't know you'd be so easy vexed. You're not brown at all. More yellow, I'd say.

MARY. *(furious)* I'm not crying! Leave me alone!

MARTHA. I beg your pardon, miss. I'll help you on with your clothes if you like –

MARY. These are not my clothes!

MARTHA. Aye, Miss. Your Uncle ordered them for you from London. Now let's get these new things on and wrap you up warm so you can run out and play. That'll give you stomach for your porridge.

MARY. I don't want to go out! Mrs. Medlock said there's nothing out there but a big old park.

(MARTHA begins helping MARY with the clothes, but it is a struggle.)

MARY. Maybe you'll run into my brother Dickon out there.

MARY. Does he work here too?

MARTHA. If somethin' is sick, he takes a look at it, sure he does. And finds the ponies that run off, and the eggs that roll out of the nests.

MARY. *(pointing out the window)* What is that?

MARTHA. That's the moor it is, like a dull purple sea this morning. Do you like it?

MARY. I hate it.

MARTHA. Well, of course you do because now it looks so big and bare. But in the spring, the moor is fair covered in gorse and heather, and there's such a lot of fresh air. My brother Dickon –

(MARTHA holds up a dress out for MARY to put on.)

MARY. Stop talking about Dickon. I don't like boys.

MARTHA. I don't like him sometimes myself, but he's got a pony that wakes him up, and birds and sheep and such as eats right out of his hand. Now don't tell me you don't like ponies.

MARY. *(still very put out)* Very well then. When I am dressed, you may take me out to meet your brother.

MARTHA. Oh I can't do that, Miss. I work inside, not outside.

MARY. You are my servant! You'll do as I say!

(**MARTHA** hears **MRS. MEDLOCK**'s bell.)

MARTHA. I can't, Miss. That's Mrs. Medlock's bell. You'll have to find your way out yourself. It's down the stairs, past the ballroom.....

MARY. I'll find it.

MARTHA. Once you're outside, ye'll stay to the left and come to the gardens. But be wary of Ben, the gardener, he's none too friendly. And there's one garden that's locked up. So you'll stay away from that as well.

MARY. Why would you lock up a garden?

MARTHA. (*hearing the bell*) I must run. And I brought you a skipping rope.

(*giving her the skip rope*)

Goodbye, Mary.

MARY. Goodbye.

(**MARY** tries a few jumps of the rope, and tries to remember the words to the song.)

SKIP SKIPPED THE LADIES TO THE...TO THE MONSTER'S
GATE...

SLIP SLIPPED THE LADIES WHILE THE MONSTER ATE....

(*She throws the rope down in despair, walks away, then walks back and picks it up.*)

TRIP TRIPPED THE FRAIDIES TO THE...

I can't do it. I can't.

(*But she takes the rope with her as she runs out of the house.*)

Outside the House

(**MARY** walks toward the gardens.)

MARY. (She calls out.) Dickon? Is anybody here?

(Music begins and the bushes and walls of the garden turn, revealing **BEN WEATHERSTAFF**, the stooped but spry Head Gardener. **MARY** wanders the gardens as **BEN** sings. **READERS** may sit on garden walls.)

BEN.

PLANT A HEDGE, CUT IT BACK
DIG A HOLE, TRY TO FILL IT,
PLANT A ROSE, TIE IT BACK
FIND A MOLE, TRY TO KILL IT.

IT'S A MAZE THIS MORNING,
IT'S A MAZE OF WAYS,
ANY MAN CAN SPEND HIS DAY.
IT'S A MAZE THIS GARDEN,
IT'S A MAZE OF PATHS,
BUT A SOUL CAN FIND THE WAY.

BUT AN OLD MAN KNOWS HOW A YEAR IT GOES.
HOW THE COLD HARD GROUND
IN THE SPRING COMES ROUND.
HOW THE SEEDS TAKE HOLD,
HOW THE FERNS UNFOLD,
HOW AN ENGLISH GARDEN GROWS.)

(**MARY** is very frustrated. She calls out.)

MARY. Dickon, where are you?

(She comes round a hedge and is startled to see **BEN** talking to a Robin.)

BEN. Aye now, Robin. That'll be the little wench from India.

MARY. Are you talking to a bird?

BEN. This Robin is no ordinary bird. He's the only friend I've got.

MARY. Well I have no friends at all. People don't like me and I've never played with anyone.

BEN. Tha' and me are a good bit alike. We're neither of us good looking, and we're both of us as sour as we look.

(She stomps off and BEN goes back to work, singing.)

MISS A STEP, TRIP AND FALL.

MISS THE PATH, MEET THE WALL.

MISS THE WAY, MISS A TURN.

GETTING LOST IS HOW YOU LEARN.

IT'S A MAZE, THIS GARDEN,

IT'S A MAZE OF PATHS

MEANT TO LEAD A MAN ASTRAY.

TURNING LEFT AND THEN

TURNING LEFT AGAIN'S

HOW A SOUL CAN FIND THE WAY.

BUT AN OLD MAN KNOWS HOW A YEAR IT GOES.

HOW THE COLD HARD GROUND

IN THE SPRING COMES ROUND.

HOW THE ROSES BLOOM,

IF THEY HAVE THE ROOM,

HOW AN ENGLISH GARDEN GROWS.

READERS.

TURNING LEFT TURNING LEFT

TURNING LEFT AGAIN.

TURNING LEFT TURNING LEFT

TURNING LEFT AND THEN

ROUND, ROUND THE OLD SUN GOES

AND AN ENGLISH GARDEN GROWS

A Few Days Later

(MARY skips into sight. She's getting better at skipping rope. She follows the sound of the Robin. BEN sees her.)

BEN. Back again today, are ye?

(BEN continues working as MARY looks around. LILY enters when she is mentioned.)

MARY. I know where the Robin lives. It's that locked up garden. Am I right? What's in that garden?

BEN. That was Miss Lily's garden. When she died, Mr. Archibald said nobody was to go in there ever again. And he locked the door and buried the key.

MARY. But where is the door?

BEN. Can't say, Missy. Over the years, the ivy's grown up so thick, even I don't know where it is anymore.

MARY. But aren't you worried that Aunt Lily's garden is all dead with nobody taking care of it? Maybe the real reason the Robin is chirping at you is he wants you to climb over his garden wall and work on it.

BEN. Maybe he is, but I can't go losin' my job on the advice of a bird, now can I. Now you go off and play with Dickon. I have work to do.

(MARY hears the sound of the Robin. The READERS hear it too and turn toward the sound.)

MARY. I haven't found Dickon yet, and I've been looking everywhere!

(MARTHA appears suddenly, and takes MARY's hand.)

MARTHA. Well now, Mary. Ye've spent another whole day in the garden ye didn't want to go to. It's time for your dinner.

MARY. I don't want any dinner. I can't sleep in that house. There's someone crying every night. Is there a ghost here?

MARTHA. You're not afraid of ghosts, are ye?

WAIT, THERE'S MORE!

Please visit our website to buy the full script, apply for a license to perform this show (if it's available), or to explore hundreds of similar titles.

www.concordtheatricals.com

www.concordtheatricals.co.uk

To be the first to know about new books, licensing releases, and anything theater-related, follow us on our social media channels.

@ConcordShows and **@ConcordUKShows** on Facebook, Twitter and Instagram.

concord
theatricals