The Secret Garden

Adapted From the Novel by Frances Hodgson Burnett

Book by TIM KELLY

Music and lyrics by BILL FRANCOEUR

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### THE SECRET GARDEN
Adapted From the Novel by Frances Hodgson Burnett
Book by TIM KELLY
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(In Order of Appearance)

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THE SECRET GARDEN

SYNOPSIS

PLACE: Misselthwaite Manor, Yorkshire, England, a private residence.

TIME: Victorian era.

ACT ONE

Scene One       Main Hall of Misselthwaite Manor, afternoon
Scene Two       Mary’s sitting room, morning, the next day
Scene Three     A hallway, later that morning
Scene Four      The grounds, afternoon
Scene Five      A hallway, weeks later
Scene Six       Archibald Craven’s study, moments later
Scene Seven     Colin’s room, that night
Scene Eight     The grounds, the day of the fair

ACT TWO

Scene One       Colin’s room, months later
Scene Two       A hallway, a week later
Scene Three     The grounds, the same day
Scene Four      Hallway, moments later
Scene Five      The secret garden, moments later
Scene Six       Lobby of a fashionable London hotel, a few days later
Scene Seven     Hallway, the next day
Scene Eight     The secret garden, the same day
SEQUENCE OF MUSICAL NUMBERS

ACT ONE

Secret Garden [Prologue]                      Mary, Ensemble
Such A Difficult Child                      Mrs. Crawford, Kanchi,
                                             Mrs. Medlock, Mary
Such A Difficult Child                      Mrs. Medlock, Miss
[Reprise]                                   Wiggin, Cook, Betty, Jane
One Big Happy Family                        Mrs. Sowerby,
                                             Sowerby Children, Mary
Take A Flower To The Fair                   Fairgoers, Dickon
Enter The Garden                            Memory of Lilias

ACT TWO

Take A Flower To The Fair                   Instrumental
[Entracte]
Something's Happening                       Mrs. Medlock, Servants
With Master Colin
You Can Do It                               Dickon, Mary, Mrs. Sowerby,
                                             Colin
The Dream                                  Memory of Lilias
You Can Do It [Reprise]                     Cast
Secret Garden [Epilogue]                    Mary/Company
One Big Happy Family                       Instrumental/Company
[Curtain Call]
Secret Garden [Exit Music]                  Instrumental

ABOUT THE SETTING: The OPEN STAGE is used to suggest
Mistlethwaite Manor inside and out. The few necessary
stage properties are moved on and off by actors whenever
required.

UPSTAGE there might be some woody set pieces, leafy
trees in silhouette or maybe a section of a garden wall.
[Consult PRODUCTION NOTES.]

NOTE: The individual scenes are indicated as such for
rehearsal purposes. The play must flow; one scene blending
into the next as if it were a film, no stops and starts. If you
choose, you can lower the lights at the end of a scene and dim them up for the next, as indicated. Or you can perform the play without any special lighting at all.

ACT ONE
Scene One

SETTING: Main Hall of Misselthwaite Manor.

AT RISE: MUSIC: "Secret Garden" [Prologue]. MARY and ENSEMBLE sing OFFSTAGE.

MARY: (Sings.) There's a secret garden that's locked far away. It's a secret garden where I long to play. There are roses and daffodils, ever so fine, in this secret garden of mine.

ENSEMBLE ONE OR YOUTH CHOIR: (Sings.) There's a secret garden where wishes come true. It's a secret garden just waiting for you. There are snowdrops and marigolds, ever so fine, in this secret garden of mine.

ENSEMBLE ONE/ENSEMBLE TWO OR ADULT CHOIR: (Sings.) There's a secret garden that's always in bloom, It's a secret garden where there's always room. There are mem'ries and miracles, ever so fine, in this secret garden of mine.

MARY: (Sings.) There are mem'ries and miracles, ever so fine, in this secret garden of mine.

MARTHA: (At end of song, MARTHA ENTERS LEFT, running, excited.) Mrs. Medlock! Mrs. Medlock! It's the carriage pulling up!

MRS. MEDLOCK: (ENTERS RIGHT. A no-nonsense, somewhat nervous, woman dressed in black with a belt of keys around her waist.) Martha, Martha. How many times have I told you not to run? Running inside a house is never attractive.

MARTHA: But it's the carriage!

MRS. MEDLOCK: I heard you the first time. (She takes a small whistle from some pocket and gives it a tweet. On cue COOK, JOHN, PHIL, BETTY and JANE ENTER RIGHT and stand at attention in a straight line. If desired, EXTRA SERVANTS can be added. For example, a BUTLER, ANOTHER MAID, a GARDENER, etc.)
MARTHA: Imagine, Mrs. Medlock... she's come all the way from India!
MRS. MEDLOCK: You talk too much, Martha.
MARTHA: Sorry, Mrs. Medlock. That's what my mum says. I talk too much.
MRS. MEDLOCK: Staff, I don't wish to repeat myself. Pay strict attention.
STAFF: Yes, Mrs. Medlock.
MRS. MEDLOCK: As you know, a young lady is coming to stay here at Misselthwaite Manor. Mary Lennox.
COOK: The master's young niece.
MRS. MEDLOCK: She has no one else in the world.
COOK: Poor child. Her parents took with the cholera in a far-off land. Tsk, tsk.
PHIL: What is cholera?
COOK: You don't want to know, lad.
PHIL: Yes, I do.
COOK: It's like a terrible fever. Only worse...
MRS. MEDLOCK: Never mind that. She's to be left to herself, more or less. I understand she's a moody child. Above all, there is to be no mention of... well, you know who. Mr. Craven's orders. Do you all understand?
STAFF: Yes, Mrs. Medlock.
MRS. MEDLOCK: Good. (SOUND: BANGING AT FRONT DOOR or DOOR CHIME.)
MARTHA: She's here! She's here! I'll answer the door!
MRS. MEDLOCK: You'll do no such thing. You forget yourself, Martha.
MARTHA: Sorry, Mrs. Medlock.
MRS. MEDLOCK: (Indicates JOHN.) John?
JOHN: (Steps forward.) Yes, Mrs. Medlock?
MRS. MEDLOCK: The door.
JOHN: Right you are, Mrs. Medlock. The door. (Crosses LEFT.)
MRS. MEDLOCK: Mind your manners. Chin up. (JOHN stops, lifts his chin, EXITS LEFT.) The rest of you can go back to your duties. There's more than enough work to keep you busy, I'm sure. (Gives the whistle another tweet. STAFF EXITS RIGHT. MRS. MEDLOCK prepares to greet the new arrival. Fingers to hair, wave of hand over her dress to banish any imagined lint or dirt. She folds her hands and looks LEFT. In a moment, JOHN ENTERS LEFT and gestures to MRS. MEDLOCK.)
MRS. CRAWFORD: (ENTERS LEFT dressed in travelling
clothes. She is followed by an Indian servant wearing a sari. As soon as MRS. CRAWFORD and KANCHI ENTER, JOHN EXITS LEFT.) Ah, Mrs. Medlock. You are Mrs. Medlock?

MRS. MEDLOCK: I am. You are Mrs. Crawford?
MRS. CRAWFORD: Quite so. You have no idea how happy I am to be back in England.
MRS. MEDLOCK: There's no place like England.
MRS. CRAWFORD: My husband is in the Lancers. He's been reassigned.
MRS. MEDLOCK: It was most kind of you to escort Miss Lennox from India.
MRS. CRAWFORD: What choice did I have? The outbreak of cholera was devastating. People have no idea. She couldn't return by herself. I should like to speak with Mr. Craven.
MRS. MEDLOCK: I'm afraid that's not possible. He's in poor health. Never receives.
MRS. CRAWFORD: How inconvenient. (Indifferently.) In any case, my duty is done. She's your worry now. This is Mary Lennox. (Gestures behind her.)
MRS. MEDLOCK: (Looking to KANCHI.) What? Her?
MRS. CRAWFORD: This is my servant.
KANCHI: (Slight nod of the head.) Kanchi.
MRS. CRAWFORD: I never travel anywhere without Kanchi. I find her indispensable. I thought Mary was with you, Kanchi.
KANCHI: She must have slipped away.
MRS. MEDLOCK: Gracious! You haven't lost the child?
MRS. CRAWFORD: Don't be absurd. She was with us when we came into the house. I don't wish to speak out of turn, Mrs. Medlock, but the girl has proven a trial. She's stubborn.
KANCHI: Obstinate.
MRS. CRAWFORD: Contrary.
KANCHI: Willful.
MRS. MEDLOCK: All your letter said was moody.
MRS. CRAWFORD: She's that, too. I've never seen the creature smile. The girl is spoiled beyond all reason.
MRS. MEDLOCK: I hope she won't prove troublesome. I have no time for tantrums and such. Every ounce of energy I have goes to managing this large house. It's no easy task.
MRS. CRAWFORD: I'm sure. Better see if you can find her, Kanchi. She couldn't have gotten far.

KANCHI: Yes, Mem Sahib. (Turns LEFT and sees MARY approaching.) Here she is now. (Pause. MARY ENTERS LEFT. She's a glum sort of child about ten or eleven. Wears a heavy coat or long travelling cape.)

MRS. CRAWFORD: Where were you, Mary?

MARY: I wanted a look about. It's a gloomy sort of house, isn't it? I doubt if I shall be happy here. Best not to get my hopes up.

MRS. MEDLOCK: She talks like a little old lady. Give yourself time, child. You'll soon make some friends.

MARY: I don't think so. People never like me, and I never like people. I never have any friends.

MRS. CRAWFORD: (To MRS. MEDLOCK.) See what I mean?

MRS. MEDLOCK: (Gives MARY a hard look. Doesn't think much of her.) Yes, I do. I do, indeed. My word! She is a plain piece of goods. And we heard her mother was a great beauty. She didn't hand much of it down. Seems thin to me. Too pale.

KANCHI: Perhaps she will improve as she grows older. Like a late blooming flower.

MRS. MEDLOCK: There's nothing likely to improve children here at Missethwaite Manor. She could do with a nicer expression.

MARY: (Stamps her foot.) Go on. Talk about me as if I weren't here. Why should I care? After all, I'm only Mary Lennox who (Mimicking KANCHI'S voice.) "might improve as she grows older." Then again, she might not.

MRS. MEDLOCK: Dear me. She doesn't hold her tongue, does she? (MUSIC: "Such A Difficult Child.")

MRS. CRAWFORD: (Spoken.) It's as I told you, Mrs. Medlock. (Spoken in rhythm.) Stubborn.

KANCHI: (Spoken in rhythm.) Obstinate.

MRS. CRAWFORD: (Spoken in rhythm.) Contrary.

KANCHI: (Spoken in rhythm.) Willful.

TRIO: (Spoken in rhythm.) Spoiled!

MRS. MEDLOCK: (Sings.) Such a rude and difficult child,
What's she doing now?
Such a rude and difficult child,
What's she up to now?

KANCHI: (Sings.) She's outspoken, she's oppressive.

MRS. MEDLOCK: (Sings.) A common little sprat.
MRS. CRAWFORD: (Sings.) She's defiant, she's aggressive.
MRS. MEDLOCK/MRS. CRAWFORD/KANCHI: (Spoken.)
And such a brat!
MARY: (Sarcastic, feigning innocence. Sings.)
I'm just a young and innocent child,
What's the problem now?
Just a small and innocent child,
(Coldly shrugging them off.) Can't be bothered now.

(To MRS. MEDLOCK.) Please understand me, Mother,
I live to disobey.
One way or the other,
I get my way!
MRS. MEDLOCK/MRS. CRAWFORD/KANCHI: (Sing.)
Such a bold and difficult child,
Where's she going now?
Such a cold and difficult child,
What's she thinking now?

She's unruly, she's rambunctious,
A pesky little bug.
She's distempered, she's obnoxious,
(Spoken.) And oh, so smug!
MARY: (Sings.) I'll never change, be reformed,
Understand me now.
Won't comply, won't conform,
Do you hear me now?

I've never had a chaperone
Tell me what to do,
I need some time to be alone,
(Waving her hand, spoken.) So be gone! Shoo!
MRS. MEDLOCK/MRS. CRAWFORD/KANCHI: (Spoken ad-libs.)
Well, I never! The nerve! Who does she think she is?
MRS. MEDLOCK/MRS. CRAWFORD/KANCHI: (Sing.)
Such a rude and difficult child,
What's she doing now?
Such a crude and difficult child,
What's she up to now?
MARY: (Spoken in rhythm with growing intensity.)
I won't be bossed. Pay attention!
Won't be tossed. Did I mention?
Won't be shoved, won't be loved,
Won't be throttled, won't be bumped,
Won't be thrashed, won't be bashed,
Won't be coddled, won't be dumped,
Won't be bridled, won't be broken,
Yes, indeed, ladies... I have spoken!
(At end of song, MARY EXITS in a huff. The THREE WOMEN stand aghast. LIGHTS FADE.)

End Of Scene One

ACT ONE
Scene Two

SETTING: MARY'S sitting room, morning.

As LIGHTS COME UP: MARTHA ENTERS RIGHT. She carries a small table and places it UP CENTER.

MARTHA: Miss Mary, are you up?
JANE: (ENTERES RIGHT with a breakfast tray that has a covered dish and a cup and saucer.) Cook is so proud of herself. She found a recipe for making porridge the way they do in India.
BETTY: (ENTERES RIGHT with a pot of hot cocoa.) And she sprinkled cinnamon in the hot cocoa. Seems in India they like more flavor than we do in England.

MARTHA: Miss Mary!
JANE: She's not still sleeping, is she?
MARTHA: How should I know? I'll take that. (Takes the tray and puts it on the small table.)
MARY: (ENTERES LEFT, fussing with her dress. Tries to button the back or tie a waist ribbon. She's in a foul mood.)
Which one of you is Sowerby?
BETTY: We're all Sowerby, Miss Mary.
MARY: Martha Sowerby?
MARTHA: (Curtsies.) I'm Martha, Miss Mary. (Introductions.) And this be Jane.
JANE: (Curtsies.) Miss Mary.
MARTHA: And this be Betty.
BETTY: (Curtsies.) Miss Mary.
MARY: (To MARTHA.) Mrs. Medlock said you were to look after me. You should have been here earlier. I had to dress myself.
MARTHA: Can't you put on your own clothes?
MARY: You're a strange sort of servant. I never had to dress
myself in India. It's the custom. When I was in India, Kanchi dressed me.

JANE: That would be the foreign lady in the strange dress, the one who came with you in the carriage?
MARY: It's not a strange dress. It's called a sari. It's what Hindu women wear in India. You're very ignorant.
MARTHA: It's true I'm to look after you, Miss Mary. But I'm really not your servant.
MARY: Then whose servant are you?
JANE: She's Mrs. Medlock's servant.
BETTY: And Mrs. Medlock is Mr. Craven's servant.
MARY: Does my uncle know I'm here?
MARTHA: That he does, miss. But you needn't expect to see him, because ten-to-one you won't.
JANE: He comes and goes as the mood strikes.
MARY: (Lifts cover from the porridge and sniffs, frowning.) But I want to see him.
JANE: He rarely sees anyone.
MARY: But I'm his niece!
BETTY: That's not likely to make any difference to the master.
JANE: Very set in his ways, he is.
MARY: What is this stuff? Looks horrid.
JANE: It's Indian porridge. Cook made it special for you.
MARY: (Slams back cover.) I never eat porridge. Throw it out.
     (MAIDS are horrified.)
TRIO: Throw it out!? 
MARTHA: Oh, miss, you don't mean that.
MARY: I always mean what I say.
JANE: Put a spoon of sweet syrup on it or a bit of sugar.
BETTY: That'll make it tasty.
MARY: Didn't you hear what I said? (Emphatic.) I don't want it. I don't want any breakfast.
MARTHA: I hate to see good food go to waste.
JANE: If some children saw this tray, they'd lick it clean.
MARY: Why?
JANE: Why?!
BETTY: Because they're as hungry as young hawks and foxes.
MARY: I don't know what it is to be hungry. Take it away.
BETTY: The cocoa, too?
MARY: I don't like cocoa.
BETTY: But Cook put in cinnamon.
MARY: Cinnamon only makes it worse. I hate cinnamon.
     (MARTHA nods to JANE and BETTY. They shrug. JANE
picks up the breakfast tray and EXITS RIGHT. BETTY follows, EXITS RIGHT.) Now, help me with my dress.

MARTHA: If you say so, miss. (MARY holds out her arms as if she were being fitted for a new frock. MARTHA buttons up the back or ties the waist bow.)

MARY: What am I to do with myself all day?

MARTHA: Mrs. Medlock says you're not to make a nuisance of yourself. If you're in the house, try to stay out of her way.

MARY: It's such a large house. I'll go exploring.

MARTHA: Mrs. Medlock wouldn't like that. Mustn't go poking about, miss.

MARY: How many rooms?

MARTHA: No one knows for certain. Over six hundred, they say. Most of them is locked up, though. Dickon is working in the gardens. He likes company.

MARY: Who is Dickon?

MARTHA: My brother. You'll like him. He knows all about making gardens bloom. And when it comes to the animals, he's the best friend they've got. Birds come and eat out of his hand. However little there is to eat, he always saves a bit of his bread to coax his pets.

MARY: I doubt if I'll like him. I'm sure he won't like me.

MARTHA: (Finished with the dress.) I can't stand and chatter, Miss Mary. I got my duties. Take a walk outside the house. Get to know the place. That's my advice. If you get hungry, Cook will fix you something. (MARTHA starts to EXIT RIGHT.)

MARY: Martha?

MARTHA: ( Stops, turns.) Yes, miss?

MARY: I heard someone crying last night. I'm sure of it. Did you hear someone crying?

MARTHA: (Uncomfortable.) Goodness, miss, I never hear anything at night. I'm tucked away in the attic.

MARY: I'm certain I heard someone crying.

MARTHA: If you say so, miss.

MARY: I know what I'll do. I'll get my skipping rope. (EXITS LEFT.)

MARTHA: That's a good idea, miss. Have yourself a little holiday. (As the LIGHTS FADE, MARTHA picks up the small table and EXITS RIGHT with it.)

End Of Scene Two
ACT ONE
Scene Three

SETTING: A hallway [FORESTAGE], later that morning.

As LIGHTS COME UP: MRS. MEDLOCK ENTERS DOWN RIGHT, followed by MISS WIGGIN, an applicant for the position of governess. She’s a proper young woman, wearing a hat and gloves.

MRS. MEDLOCK: I do wish young Dr. Craven had spoken to me. You come as a complete surprise, Miss Wiggin.
MISS WIGGIN: It must have slipped his mind.
MRS. MEDLOCK: I'm not complaining. I think a governess for Miss Mary is an excellent idea. I can't tend to my duties and watch her, as well. She's not an easy child to deal with. She's the sort of girl who gets on one's nerves.
MISS WIGGIN: I understand.
MRS. MEDLOCK: Books and lessons would do her some good. The girl needs discipline.
MISS WIGGIN: I know how to deal with problem children.
MRS. MEDLOCK: I hope you do. However, the decision rests with the master.
MISS WIGGIN: Naturally.
MRS. MEDLOCK: I shall bring up the matter when the moment seems right.
MISS WIGGIN: Splendid.
MARY'S VOICE: *(From OFFSTAGE, DOWN LEFT. Sings.)*
  "Mistress Mary, quite contrary,
  How does your garden grow?
  With silver bells and cockle shells,
  And marigolds all in a row."
MRS. MEDLOCK: That's Miss Mary now.
MARY: *(ENTERS DOWN LEFT, attempting to skip rope.)*
  "Mistress Mary, quite contrary,
  How does your garden grow -- "
MRS. MEDLOCK: We don't skip rope inside the house, Miss Mary. It's unattractive.
MARY: *(Stops skipping.)* I don't see what difference it makes. I'm no good at it, inside or out. Mrs. Crawford gave the skipping rope to me on shipboard. She said exercise would do me good. No one skips rope in India. It just isn't done.
MISS WIGGIN: Fresh air and proper exercise are essential to the learning process.
MARY: Who are you?
MRS. MEDLOCK: This is Miss Wiggin. Young Dr. Craven suggested her for the position of governess.
MARY: Who's Dr. Craven?
MRS. MEDLOCK: Bless me. You seem to know very little, Miss Mary. He's your uncle's cousin.
MARY: (Fiercely.) You don't mean a governess for me?
MRS. MEDLOCK: Who else, I should like to know?
MARY: I don't need a governess. I don't want a governess. I'm quite intelligent for my age.
MISS WIGGIN: Allow me to be the judge of that, Miss Mary.
MARY: (Stamps her foot.) No, no, no. No governess. I won't have one.
MISS WIGGIN: (Shocked.) Really!
MARY: (Attempts to skip rope again, moves in front of MRS. MEDLOCK and MISS WIGGIN, who step back.) "Mistress Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow? (EXITS LEFT, then continues from OFFSTAGE.)
With silver bells, and cockle shells,
And marigolds all in a row."
MRS. MEDLOCK: There. What did I tell you?
MISS WIGGIN: I'll say this for her, she has a mind of her own.
MRS. MEDLOCK: More's the pity.
COOK: (ENTERS LEFT.) Mrs. Medlock!
MRS. MEDLOCK: Now what? (JANE and BETTY ENTER LEFT.)
COOK: The child didn't eat a thing for breakfast. I made everything special, too. Whoever heard of a young English lady not having a proper breakfast?
JANE: She said she hates porridge.
BETTY: Hates cocoa, too.
COOK: She can't abide cinnamon. I won't be held responsible if the lassie goes to skin and bones. (MUSIC: "Such A Difficult Child" [Reprise].)
MISS WIGGIN: (Spoken.) A governess is definitely called for.
MRS. MEDLOCK: (Spoken.) Quite.
MISS WIGGIN: (Spoken in rhythm.) Stubborn!
COOK: (Spoken in rhythm.) Obstinate!
JANE: (Spoken in rhythm.) Contrary!
BETTY: (Spoken in rhythm.) Willful!
MRS. MEDLOCK:  *(Spoken in rhythm.)* Spoiled!
ALL:  *(Sing.)* Such a rude and difficult child,
    What's she doing now?
    Such a rude and difficult child,
    What's she up to now?

    She's unruly, she's rambunctious,
    A pesky little bug.
    She's distempered, she's obnoxious,
    *(Spoken.)* And oh, so smug!

    *(Sing.)* Such a bold and difficult child,
    What's she doing now?
    Such a cold and difficult child,
    What's she thinking now?

    She's outspoken, she's oppressive,
    A common little sprat.
    She's defiant, she's aggressive,
    *(Spoken.)* And such a brat!
    *(At end of song, LIGHTS OUT.)*

End Of Scene Three

ACT ONE
Scene Four

SETTING: The grounds, afternoon.

As LIGHTS COME UP: STAGE is flooded with BRIGHT SUNLIGHT.

SOUND:  A BIRD TWITTERING. DICKON, a few years older than MARY, ENTERS UP LEFT pushing a wheelbarrow. In the wheelbarrow are some gardening tools and some flowers for planting. DICKON pushes the wheelbarrow DOWN CENTER. He takes off his cap and wipes his forehead with the back of his hand. Listens to the BIRD'S SONG.

Dickon:  Aye, I know it's you, Mr. Robin. I know your chirping. Like to follow me about, you do. Does your feathers good to watch a lad work, eh? *(More CHIRPING.)* Well, I won't disappoint you. *(Busy with wheelbarrow contents.)* Let's see. How about I plant some Johnny jump-ups and some

End of script sample.
PRODUCTION NOTES

BROUGHT ON, ACT ONE, Scene One: Keys on belt, whistle (MRS. MEDLOCK); heavy coat/cape (MARY).

BROUGHT ON, ACT ONE, Scene Two: Small table (MARTHA); tray with covered dish, cup, saucer (JANE); cocoa pot (BETTY).

BROUGHT ON, ACT ONE, Scene Three: Skip rope (MARY); hat and gloves (MISS WIGGIN).

BROUGHT ON, ACT ONE, Scene Four: Wheelbarrow, garden tools, potted plants and flowers, cap (DICKON); medical bag (DR. CRAVEN); skip rope (MARY); basket with cinnamon buns, apple (MRS. SOWERBY).

BROUGHT ON, ACT ONE, Scene Five: Tray with small medicine bottles (NURSE); comfortable chair (JOHN).

BROUGHT ON, ACT ONE, Scene Six: Cane, book (ARCHIBALD); feather duster, dust cap (MARTHA).

BROUGHT ON, ACT ONE, Scene Seven: Wheelchair, nightshirt, blanket (COLIN).

BROUGHT ON, ACT ONE, Scene Eight: Wheelbarrow, plants, flowers (DICKON); ribbons, bonnet (JANE and BETTY); shawl (MRS. SOWERBY, MRS. MEDLOCK, COOK); walking stick (JOHN, PHIL); key (MARY).

BROUGHT ON, ACT TWO, Scene One: Wheelchair (COLIN); pocketwatch (DR. CRAVEN).

BROUGHT ON, ACT TWO, Scene Two: Vase with roses (MRS. MEDLOCK).

BROUGHT ON, ACT TWO, Scene Three: Wheelchair, cameo brooch in handkerchief (COLIN); blanket (BETTY); gardening apron (MARY); packets of seeds (MARY).

BROUGHT ON, ACT TWO, Scene Five: Wheelchair (already on stage).

BROUGHT ON, ACT TWO, Scene Six: Chair, tray with
envelope containing letter (BELLHOP/MAID); coin (ARCHIBALD); wide-brimmed sun hat (LILIAS).

BROUGHT ON, ACT TWO, Scene Eight: Wheelbarrow (DICKON).

SOUND EFFECTS: Banging at front door or chimes, bird chirping, tray of medicine smashing to the floor.

LIGHTING EFFECTS: Naturally, if you have the resources, shifts in mood will prove effective, suggesting new locations. The secret garden is sometimes green and sometimes warmly lighted.

COSTUMES: Victorian era, as mentioned in the script. Nurse should wear a white apron and nurse’s cap, KANCHI wears an Indian sari. If possible, MRS. CRAWFORD should have a different costume for Act Two. With the ribbons and brightly-colored shawls and scarves, try to make the “going to the fair” scene as vivid as possible.

LARGER CAST: If desired, you can add EXTRA SERVANTS or FAIRGOERS. Some YOUNG CHILDREN can be included when MRS. SOWERBY makes her first appearance. In the hotel lobby scene, a few GUESTS might stroll in and off. Make BELLBOY/MAID a new character.

SMALLER CAST: Combine PHIL and JOHN, BETTY and JANE. MISS WIGGIN might double in role of LILIAS, etc.

ABOUT THE WHEELCHAIR: If you can’t locate something old, then use a modern wheelchair; just make sure to disguise it with pillows, blanket. A wooden one, naturally, looks better.

PACING: Remember to keep the show moving. No pauses, one scene blends into the next. This is important.

"TAKE A FLOWER TO THE FAIR": This scene must be bright, colorful, festive. The more EXTRAS, the better, even possibly MISS WIGGIN and LILIAS. DR. CRAVEN will have a fast costume change to appear as GENTLEMAN
FAIRGOER, but it can easily be done by simply adding a bright vest; perhaps a tophat and cane to change character even more. Same costuming with ARCHIBALD. MRS. CRAWFORD and KANCHI should wear bonnets with bright ribbons, maybe carry parasols. During this musical number some SOWERBYS might leave the stage and pass out flowers to some of the audience.

DRESSING UP THE SET: The play is written to be performed effectively on an open set with only minimal set requirements. Of course, any additions that can be added to elaborate the set and suggest Misselthwarte Manor and/or the secret garden will only add to the richness of the production.
We hope you’ve enjoyed this script sample.

We encourage you to read the entire script before making your final decision.

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