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*Dramatic Publishing*

# THE SECRET GARDEN

*A Musical Play*

Based upon the novel by  
**Frances Hodgson Burnett**

Music, musical scores and lyrics by  
**Sharon Burgett**

Additional lyrics by **Diana Matterson,**  
**Sue Beckwith-Smith** and **Jim Crabtree**

Book by **Jim Crabtree**

Based in part on additional material by  
**Diana Matterson** and **Sue Beckwith-Smith**

Orchestrations and vocal arrangements by  
**Larry Wilcox**

Additional arrangements and orchestrations by  
**Ann Crabtree**



**Dramatic Publishing**

Woodstock, Illinois • London, England • Melbourne, Australia

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Additional lyrics ©MCMXCVII by  
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Based upon the novel by  
FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

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(THE SECRET GARDEN)

Cover design by Susan Carle

*THE SECRET GARDEN* was first produced on April 29, 1994 in Crossville, Tennessee, at the Cumberland County Playhouse under the supervision of Jim Crabtree, Producing Director. The production included the following artists:

MARY LENNOX . . . . . *Katherine Hill, Chelsea Patterson*  
MRS. MEDLOCK . . . . . *Carol Irvin*  
ARCHIBALD CRAVEN . . . . . *Terry Schwab*  
MARTHA SOWERBY . . . . . *Weslie Webster*  
BEN WEATHERSTAFF . . . . . *Ty Stover*  
DOCTOR CRAVEN . . . . . *Jack Irvin*  
DICKON SOWERBY . . . . . *Daniel Roberts*  
COLIN CRAVEN . . . . . *Nathaniel Flatt, Justin McCormic*

Director . . . . . *Abigail Crabtree*  
Musical Director . . . . . *Ann Crabtree*  
Choreographer . . . . . *Michele Franciosa*  
Set Design . . . . . *Joe Varga*  
Costume Design . . . . . *Renee Garrett Luttrell*  
Lighting Design . . . . . *Steve Woods*  
Sound Design . . . . . *Howard Rose*  
Technical Director . . . . . *John Partyka*  
Production Stage Manager . . . . . *Richard Blanton*  
Properties . . . . . *Tracy Simpson*

# THE SECRET GARDEN

A Musical Play in Two Acts  
For 3 Men, 3 Women, 1 Boy, 1 Girl, 3 Puppet Characters  
and Chorus

## CHARACTERS

MARY LENNOX ..... 10 years old  
MRS. MEDLOCK ..... the housekeeper, middle-aged  
ARCHIBALD CRAVEN ..... master of the Manor, Mary's  
guardian  
MARTHA SOWERBY ..... a housemaid, in her 20s  
BEN WEATHERSTAFF ..... gardener of Misselthwaite  
DOCTOR CRAVEN ..... Mr. Craven's cousin and Colin's  
doctor  
DICKON SOWERBY ..... Martha's brother, about 15  
COLIN CRAVEN ..... Mary's cousin, 10 years old

and...

Narrator, Priest, His Wife, Their Children (Basil & Angela),  
Altar Boys, Passengers, Crew, Other Ship Travelers,  
Mourners, Portrait People (including Lilian, Children),  
Gardeners, Servants, Robin, Fox, Crow, Squirrels

## Production Notes

If a smaller cast is required, all of the main characters (except Mary) can double as ensemble for the opening sequences (I,1) underdressing costumes for I,2. Though a strong choral sound is a plus, portrait people and portrait children can be reduced in number or eliminated, and Medlock, Dr. Craven, Martha and Ben can sing "servant" sections, possibly with Dickon doubling as a servant. It is nice if Lilian is a dancer, and her presence adds mystery and poignancy, but she could also be cut.

The puppet characters could also be played by children, though it is nice for them to be smaller and very different from Mary. In the original production a combination of hand puppets and rod puppets were used. Fox and Squirrel(s) were hand puppets, Crow and Robin were rod puppets. The Gazebo, garden walls and Colin's bed were designed to conceal puppet operators. The Crow, if he caws loudly and chases Medlock via a rod puppet operated from under the bed, can be very funny.

# ACT ONE

## SCENE ONE

### (MUSIC #1: "OVERTURE")

SETTING: *The front curtain is a scrim depicting a tangle of giant vines and branches around its border. They are still brown with winter's chill, and buds are just beginning to peek out in specks of color. Seen through the vines and branches are the looming walls of Misselthwaite Manor, and this scrim drop can therefore be used later as the setting for a location outside the Manor, on the grounds, near the Secret Garden. On the scrim is projected "The Secret Garden." When the overture concludes, the house lights fade, and we hear a mournful Indian melody, on solo oboe.*

*Behind the scrim, partway U, a large map of British colonial India is revealed, and a group of INDIAN SERVANTS is seen, plus two Anglican ALTAR BOYS appear and a CLERGYMAN in cassock and surplice. Two caskets are brought on, one from each side, to C, and the PRIEST and ALTAR BOYS move to C. BRITISH CITIZENS in mourning garb complete the picture. The music segues to an Anglican hymn of mourning.*

### (MUSIC #2: "OPENING")

PRIEST.

INTO THY HANDS, OH LORD, WE COMMEND  
THY SPIRITS...

PEOPLE (*repeating*).

**INTO THY HANDS, OH LORD, WE COMMEND  
THY SPIRIT**

*(The chord sustains as a woman's voice is heard, and the music softens. THE NARRATOR's words are projected where the title was before. The projections have illustrated letters beginning them, as in a beautiful children's book.)*

SLIDE: When Mary Lennox...

NARRATOR. When Mary Lennox was ten years old, she was left alone.

*(MARY is seen, DRC, facing front. The caskets are U, behind her. She stands alone, in white with black accessories, and a suitcase, as if ready for a journey.)*

PEOPLE.

**THOU HAST REDEEMED US, OH LORD THOU  
GOD OF TRUTH, WE COMMEND THEIR  
SPIRIT...**

*(They continue humming the chant, under. Cue for Narration. The key phrases of the NARRATOR's text are projected in various places on the scrim.)*

SLIDE: Mary was orphaned...

NARRATOR. Mary was orphaned when the cholera swept India, taking her parents. But really, she had always been alone.



PEOPLE.

**GLORY BE TO THE FATHER, AND TO THE SON,  
AND TO THE HOLY GHOST...**

*(Humming continues under.)*

*(Father's casket moves in as there is a change of light D and "Father" is seen to MARY's right in conversation with men. She turns to him but he doesn't notice.)*

SLIDE: Mary's father...

NARRATOR. Mary's father was always busy with the English government...

*(Mother's casket in as "mother" appears to MARY's left with an admirer.)*

SLIDE: And her mother...

NARRATOR. And her mother was a great beauty who cared only to go to parties and amuse herself. She had not wanted a little girl at all, and handed Mary over to an ayah—an Indian nanny. *(MARY has approached "mother" and been shoo'd to the ayah, as "mother" exits. MARY walks away from ayah and back to C.)*

PRIEST & PEOPLE.

**GLORY BE TO THE FATHER,  
AND TO THE SON, AND TO THE HOLY GHOST...**

*(The voices fade away. The funeral ends, the scrim flies, MARY is left alone.)*

*(Another CLERGYMAN and his WIFE approach MARY.)*

NARRATOR. She was ignored by her parents and spoiled by her ayah, so by the time her parents died, Mary Lennox was as tyrannical and selfish a little pig as ever existed. (*MARY stomps, walks away from CLERGYMAN, who pursues, and is pursued by his WIFE and CHILDREN.*) And she knew that she was NOT going to stay at the clergyman's house where she was taken at first. (*She shakes her head, and the CLERGYMAN and his WIFE exit, leaving her with the CHILDREN.*)

MARY (*to the CHILDREN*). Go away! I don't want you. Go AWAY!

BASIL (*teasing her, the other CHILDREN joining, chanting*).

**MISTRESS MARY, QUITE CONTRARY**

**HOW DOES YOUR GARDEN GROW?**

**WITH SILVER BELLS, AND COCKLE SHELLS**

**AND MARIGOLDS ALL IN A ROW**

(*Repeat, perhaps with more melody. The other CHILDREN laugh, and MARY runs away in frustration.*)

You are going to be sent home! At the end of the week!

To live with your uncle! And we're glad of it!

MARY. I'm glad of it too! (*Turns and walks away. Stops. To herself.*) Where IS home?

ANGELA (*telling a spooky story*). I heard father and mother talking about him. He lives in England, where it rains all the time, and the sun never shines like here in India! He lives in a great, big, desolate old house in the country and no one goes near him! He's a hunchback, and he's horrid!

(*As the CHILDREN sing and taunt MARY again they chase her about, and are joined by the MINISTER and his WIFE, plus other TRAVELERS heading for England, as the stage transforms into dockside and then just as rapidly into a*

*masted sailing vessel with one or two large sails which drop from above. The sails are held in place by the PASSENGERS and CREW.)*

CHILDREN.

**MISTRESS MARY, QUITE CONTRARY  
HOW DOES YOUR GARDEN GROW  
WHERE THE HUNCHBACK DWELLS WITH HIS  
MAGIC SPELLS  
IN A HOUSE WHERE NONE WILL GO**

CHILDREN & ENSEMBLE.

**MISTRESS MARY, BEST BE WARY  
WHERE YOU ARE BOUND TO GO  
TO ENGLAND'S SHORES AND YORKSHIRE  
MOORS  
WHERE THERE'S NAUGHT BUT RAIN AND  
SNOW!**

**MISTRESS MARY, DARK AND SCARY'S  
THE PLACE WHERE YOU'RE BOUND TO GO  
IT'S A GREAT UNKNOWN—  
YOU'LL BE ALL ALONE—  
IN A HOUSE WHERE NO 'NE WILL GO—**

*(A sail falls from above or is lifted up and the ship is underway.)*

**SAILING OFF TO ENGLAND GREEN,  
ENGLAND GREY  
SAYING OUR GOODBYES  
STARTING OUR NEW LIVES TODAY**

**AND WHEN WE CLOSE OUR EYES AND BOW  
OUR HEADS**

## SCENE TWO

**SETTING:** *The Great Hall, Misselthwaite Manor. A stormy night. The Great Hall suggests an Entry area and a Parlor and is used for arrivals and "at home" scenes. The Hall, like the rest of the Manor, is populated by figures in portraits, with frames of every size, plus suits of armor standing guard. The portraits include some actors behind frames which are part of the set, and some frames actually held by the person in the portrait. At first, in the spooky light, the fact that some "portraits" are alive should not be evident. This convention will continue during the show—black attired servants will "become" the portraits on the walls, by doffing an apron, donning an archaic hat, and stepping into or holding up a gilded frame. On this stormy night our first impression of the Manor lives up to its spooky reputation. It is clearly a house with ghosts. Perhaps during the transition a projection [with illustrated first letter] tells us where we are:*

## MISSELTHTWAITE MANOR, Yorkshire, England

*As the transition completes, two MAIDS are seen, and a loud crack of thunder and lightning starts them squealing and giggling. MRS. MEDLOCK enters briskly, the MAIDS instantly recover their composure, curtsy to her and exit. MEDLOCK leans to read something on the desk as a bent, shadowy figure enters on the stairs, then speaks.*

ARCHIE. Good evening, Mrs. Medlock.

MEDLOCK (*startled, polishing again*). Oh! Mr. Craven, I was—

ARCHIE (*moving into the light*). I've had a telegram from London. Miss Lennox has arrived from Bombay. She will be on the 10 p.m. train from Kings Cross tonight.

MEDLOCK. Tonight?

ARCHIE. You'll see that rooms are made ready for her, Mrs. Medlock.

MEDLOCK. I'll have the old nurseries in the West Tower opened up for her. Well away from...

ARCHIE (*quickly*). Yes. Quite. You must ensure Miss Mary is confined to her rooms when she is not downstairs. She must not wander about the house at random.

MEDLOCK (*ingratiating*). Understood, sir. It's not every orphan that's lucky enough to have an uncle willing to care for her.

ARCHIE. It's the least I can do for my dear Lilian. (*He turns toward one of the portraits, as it brightens.*) Now her only sister is gone, too.

MEDLOCK. God rest her soul.

ARCHIE. Make the girl as welcome as possible. Brighten up this dreary house if you can. (*Exits.*)

MEDLOCK (*claps hands, rings a bell, with a flourish*). Staff to the Great Hall, please—to the Great Hall of Misselthwaite Manor! (*As SERVANTS assemble...*)

(MUSIC #3: "ANY MINUTE NOW")

MEDLOCK (*sings*).

THE CARRIAGE WILL BE COMIN'

ANY MINUTE NOW!

IS EVERYBODY READY?

ANY MINUTE NOW!

ENSEMBLE.

WE'VE MADE THIS DREARY HOUSE  
A BRIGHTER HOUSE TODAY  
IT'S SUCH A GLOOMY HOUSE  
FOR ANY CHILD TO STA-AA-AA

BEN.

I'VE CLIPPED THE HEDGES  
NEATLY IN A ROW

SOLO MAN.

AND I'VE PRUNED THE ROSES  
SO THE BLOOMS WILL GROW

ALL.

AND WE HAVE MOWED AND HOED  
THE WHOLE DAY LONG FOR SOMEONE WHOM  
WE KNOW IS  
COMIN' ANY, COMIN' ANY, COMIN' ANY,  
COMIN' ANY,  
ANY MINUTE NOW

*(Waltz tempo now.)*

MAIDS.

WE'VE POLISHED MAHOGANY, RUBBED UP  
THE OAK  
AND WE'VE SCRUBBED EACH STONE ON THE  
FLOOR

MEN.

WITH ONE HUNDRED ROOMS WHO'S TO SAY  
IF WE'RE DONE

ALL.

AND BESIDES, IN ONE MINUTE MORE  
THERE'S A LITTLE GIRL COMIN'  
A LITTLE GIRL COMIN'  
A HOTHOUSE INDIAN PLANT  
IN A DAMP ENGLISH WINTER IN YORKSHIRE  
SHE'LL WISH SHE WERE ELSEWHERE  
UNTIL SPRING PUSHES THROUGH

WHEN THE MOOR IS IN BLOOM  
AND THE WORLD IS A ROOM  
FULL OF BLUE SKIES AND BUTTERFLIES  
IF SHE'LL CLOSE HER EYES  
SHE'LL SEE IT TOO  
SHE'LL SEE IT TOO

WOMEN.

WE'VE BRUSHED AWAY THE COBWEBS  
AND CHASED AWAY THE GLOOM  
LET'S HOPE OUR GIRL IS GIVEN  
A CHEERFUL LITTLE ROOM

SHE'S GOING TO NEED SOMEONE  
TO HUG HER WHEN SHE'S SAD  
SOMEONE WHO'LL BE HER MUM  
AND SPANK HER WHEN SHE'S BAD-BADD-BAD!

SEE THE CARRIAGE COMIN' (SEE IT COMIN'  
NOW)  
SHE'LL BE HERE AT LAST (SHE'LL BE HERE  
AT LAST)  
TO BRIGHTEN UP OUR FUTURE  
AND SWEEP AWAY THE PAST

**AND AFTER ALL THESE YEARS  
IMAGINE HEARING LAUGHTER ONCE AGAIN  
SHE'S GOING TO NEED A FAMILY  
GOING TO NEED A FAMILY  
ANY MINUTE  
THE CARRIAGE WILL BE COMIN', COMIN',  
    COMIN', COMIN', COMIN', COMIN'  
ANY MINUTE NOW!**

*(During the number, the faces in the portraits participate. At the end of the song, MEDLOCK claps her hands, and moves to the door. The SERVANTS line up. MARY LENNOX enters, and she and MEDLOCK come face to face.)*

MARY. Who are you?

MEDLOCK. I am Mrs. Medlock, the housekeeper. Your rooms are ready for you, Miss Mary, if you'd care to accompany me upstairs—

MARY. I would not care to—yet. Take my luggage up first. It's outside. I want to see my guardian.

MEDLOCK. Your uncle will no doubt send for you—when he wishes to see you.

MARY. If by my uncle you mean Mr. Archibald Craven, your employer, then kindly say so. My luggage, please! NOW! *(She exits, SERVANTS ushering her.)*

**(MUSIC #3A: "ANY MINUTE NOW"—Reprise)**

ENSEMBLE.

**SHE'S GOING TO NEED A FAMILY  
GOING TO NEED A FAMILY  
ANY MINUTE**



**THE CARRIAGE WILL BE COMIN', COMIN',  
COMING COMIN', COMIN', COMIN'  
ANY MINUTE NOW!** (*Direct segue.*)

**(MUSIC #3B: "PERCUSSION/SOUND CUE")**

*(Transition, more thunder and lightning and darkness. Crying and wailing is heard, but it is indistinct, almost as if caused by the wind, at first. EIGHT CHILDREN with picture frames enter across D, in one, in a corridor of light. These are the PORTRAIT CHILDREN, and they will appear from time to time. They take places as if hanging on a corridor wall, across the stage. They are dressed in costumes of various archaic periods, the younger generation of the manor's adult portrait residents. MARY walks in, looks around, is very frightened, and runs offstage.)*

**(MUSIC #3C: "ANY MINUTE NOW"—Playoff)**

### SCENE THREE

**SETTING:** *Mary's Room, Misselthwaite Manor. The next morning. The walls are covered with tapestry with a forest scene embroidered on it.*

*MARY is in bed, fretful, hugging a pillow when the lights come up. There is a knock, and she turns over, pretending to be asleep. MARTHA enters quietly then goes to the "window" on the fourth wall to open the drapes—and light streams in. MARY sits up.*

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

MARTHA. That's the moor. Does tha' like it?

MARY (*determinedly contrary*). No. I hate it.

MARTHA. That's because tha'rt not used to it. But tha' will like it.

MARY. Do you?

MARTHA. Aye, that I do. I just love it. It's covered wi' growin' things. Eh! I wouldn't live away from th' moor for anythin'.

MARY. Are you going to be my servant?

MARTHA. I'm Mrs. Medlock's servant. And 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 is going to dress me?

MARTHA. Canna' tha' dress thyself?

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

MARTHA. Your what?

MARY. My ayah. My servant.

MARTHA. Well, it's time tha' should learn. It'll do thee good to wait on thyself a bit.

MARY (*with a maharajah's majesty*). It is different in India.

MARTHA. Eh! I can see it's different! I dare say it's because they all sit out in the hot sun too long. (*Pause.*) When I heard you was comin' from India I thought you'd have a red spot and bedclothes on your head!

MARY (*furiously*). What! What? You thought I was a native. You—you daughter of a pig! (*Throws a pillow to the floor.*)

**(MUSIC #4: "I WILL DO NOTHING")**

MARTHA. Who are you callin' names!?! You needn't be so vexed. That's not the way for a young lady to talk!

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