MARTHA: Miss Mary!
JANE: She’s not still sleeping, is she?
MARTHA: How should I know?
MARY: (Enters, fussing with her dress) Which one of you is Sowerby?
JANE: We’re all Sowerby, Miss Mary.
MARTHA: (Curtsies) I’m Martha Sowerby, Miss Mary, and this be Jane.
JANE: (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, my servants dressed me.
JANE: That would be the foreign servants in the strange dresses, the ones who came with you in the carriage?
MARY: They’re not strange dresses, they are Saris. It’s what Hindu women wear in India. You’re very ignorant.
MARTHA: It’s true I am to look after you, Miss Mary. But I’m not really your servant.
MARY: Then whose servant are you?
JANE: She’s Mrs. Medlock’s servant, and Mrs. Medlock is Mr. Craven’s servant.

NURSE: You know you’re not supposed to excite yourself.
COLIN: Then stop giving me medicine I don’t want. You’re supposed to humor me.
NURSE: Get back in bed, Master Colin.
COLIN: I wish to be left alone.
NURSE: At once!
COLIN: No! No! No! Get out! Get out!
NURSE: Please, Master Colin.
COLIN: I’ll scream until I wake the whole household! You know I’m capable of that. (Temper tantrum) Auuuugh! Auuuuugh!
COLIN: Good. (He shuts his eyes and breathes heavily. A moment later he open his eyes and sees Mary.) Who are you? (He speaks in almost a whisper) Are you a ghost?
MARY: No, I am not.
COLIN: I am Colin Craven.
MARY: I am Mary Lennox. Mr. Craven is my uncle.
NURSE: If you ask me, he doesn’t wish to get well.
MRS. MEDLOCK: How perceptive.
NURSE: To brood on one’s ailments only magnifies the situation.
MRS. MEDLOCK: If you say so, Nurse.
NURSE: I have my orders. I do as I’m told.
MRS. MEDLOCK: You know your place, as I do. Ours is not to question.
NURSE: From time to time I have made suggestions about treatment to young Dr. Craven, but they fall on deaf ears. I’ve learned to hold my tongue.
MRS. MEDLOCK: Wise.
NURSE: If only the boy wouldn’t cry so much. And that temper!
MRS. MEDLOCK: I believe that’s because he is unhappy.

COLIN: I want to show you something. I haven’t looked at it in a long, long time. I didn’t want to. (He unwraps a cameo brooch from a handkerchief and hands it to Mary)
MARY: A cameo brooch. I’ve never seen one so lovely. Look, Dickon. (she passes it to Dickon)
DICKON: Aye, it’s lovely, for sure. Who’s the beautiful lady painted on it?
COLIN: My mother. For a long time I didn’t want to be reminded of her. I was angry with her because she died and left me alone.
DICKON: Are you still angry with her?
COLIN: No, but I wish I could have known her. I wish she could have known me. I like to think she’s looking down from heaven and seeing her son here in the secret garden.
MARY: I imagine she is.
DICKON: (returns cameo to Colin) Smiling because every day you’re getting stronger and stronger.
MARY: You’ve got to believe in things real hard, Colin. If you believe hard enough, sometimes they come true.
COLIN: Like taking flowers to the county fair for good luck. But you’ve got to believe. Otherwise, it doesn’t work.
MARY: It’s a kind of magic.
DICKON: Aye, magic it is!

DICKON: Are you sure it was the house carriage?
MARY: I am. And it was my uncle who got out.
DICKON: This will be a surprise for Colin
MARY: It was your mother who wrote.
DICKON: Out of the goodness of her heart, you can be sure.
MRS. SOWERBY: I hope it won’t anger Colin.
DICKON: We’ll have to wait and see.
DR. CRAVEN: What’s wrong with you, Cousin Archie? You seem possessed.
ARCHIBALD: (To Dr. Craven) Call it what you will. (Then noticing the others) What are you doing in here!? Who opened the garden? Who found the key? Who dared?
MARY: I did, Uncle. You said I might have a piece of earth and make it come alive.
ARCHIBALD: I never dreamed you would pick this place.
DR. CRAVEN: How did you find the key?
MARY: A robin showed me the key.
MRS. SOWERBY: A robin?
DR. CRAVEN: Fanciful, I’d say.
DICKON: Oh, no, sir. There’s genuine magic here. I feel it all the time.
ARCHIBALD: (thoughtful) I’m going back to the house. I wish...I wish...I wish to see my son.
MARY: There’s no need to go back to the house for that, sir.
ARCHIBALD: How’s that?
MRS. SOWERBY: See for yourself.
ARCHIBALD: Who? What? Is this more of a dream?
MRS. SOWERBY: It’s him, sir. It’s your son. It’s why I wanted you to come home. A boy needs his father.
DR. CRAVEN: It’s Master Colin. No doubt about it.
ARCHIBALD: Can it be? You look so different out of the wheelchair.
DICKON: It was the garden that did it.
MRS. SOWERBY: Where you tend a rose, sir, a thistle cannot grow.