

# The Skokie Park District Devonshire Playhouse & The Skokie Heritage Museum Present

Devonshire Family Theatre & The Skokie Heritage Museum present:

## THE SECRET GARDEN

Story By Frances Hodgson Burnett

Adapted for the Stage by Thomas W. Olson

Director Gayle Starr

Assistant Director Rebecca Goldberg

Produced through special arrangement with Plays for Young Audiences

SATURDAYS & SUNDAYS  
SEPTEMBER 8, 9, 15, & 16

Mary Lennox, a sullen and spoiled young orphan, is sent to live with her brooding uncle at gloomy Misselthwaite Manor. Discovering a hidden, neglected garden, Mary plants the seeds of new life for all those drawn into her secret refuge.

Tickets: \$8-\$10

### Auditions:

Sunday, July 22, 1-3 p.m. & Monday, July 23, 6-8 p.m.

Callbacks if needed: Tuesday, July 24, 6-8 p.m.

Devonshire Cultural Center Actors ages 9+ are encouraged to audition.



2:30 P.M.  
Log Cabin Tour &  
Refreshments.

3 P.M.  
Play takes place outside the  
Heritage Museum. Bleacher  
seating is available and audience  
may also bring lawn chairs for  
seating. In the event of rain, play  
will take place inside the  
museum with limited tickets  
available.

**Auditions at Devonshire Cultural Center  
4400 Greenwood St. Skokie, IL 60076**

**Sunday, July 22 / 1-3P & Monday, July 23 / 6-8P  
Callbacks if needed on Tuesday, July 24 / 6-8P**

**Actors 9+ are encouraged to audition. Production fee is \$46 if cast.**



**The Devonshire Playhouse**  
**Audition Notes**  
***The Secret Garden***

Welcome to the Skokie Park District Devonshire Playhouse auditions for *The Secret Garden*. This is a wonderful adaptation of the classic novel, which will be performed outside on the lawn next to the Museum. Auditions are for ages 9 & up and are open so appointments are not needed.

Please come as early as you can during the audition time period and plan to stay as long as you want. Most importantly, please do not hesitate to e-mail with any questions before the audition. We want everyone to feel comfortable with the process. Please email via the producer at [rhorwitz@skokieparks.org](mailto:rhorwitz@skokieparks.org)

Thank you and we can't wait to see you all during auditions.

Sincerely,

Gayle Starr, Director

Robin Horwitz, Producer

Rebecca Goldberg, Asst. Dir.

**Audition Preparation**

Audition material will be from sides provided within this packet. The directors will read you for multiple parts. You may come on both audition days, but please note that if you return for the second night of auditions, we will need to have all the people who have not yet auditioned, read first.

Although we are not doing the full musical version, there will be several songs added to the show. Please be prepared to sing, if you would like to be considered for a solo during the show. You can prepare 32 bars of a song, or we will teach you a part of a song. Please provide your own accompaniment, if you are singing a song that you have prepared.

**Callbacks**

There will be no callbacks.

**Rehearsal Schedule & Potential Conflicts**

Requirements are that you must be willing to work hard, memorize lines, attend rehearsals regularly and have fun.

The first read through will be Monday July 30<sup>th</sup> 6:30 PM at Devonshire Cultural Center. Rehearsals will be 2-3 evenings per week 6:30 to 8:30P and Saturdays from 1:30 to 4:30P through August 4 and then Saturday rehearsals will change to 11A-2P. The last two weeks of rehearsal will be on Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays. There will not be rehearsal on Labor Day weekend. Rehearsals during tech week might run until as late as 9:00 or 9:30. A more detailed schedule will be available during the first read through.

Please list all conflicts when you turn in audition forms and Be Honest!! We understand that people have summer plans and we are happy to work with you, as long as we know ahead of time.

#### Role Offers

Your role offer will be e-mailed to you on Tuesday July 24<sup>th</sup> after 4:00PM and you will have 24 hours to accept the role after it has been offered. All auditionees will hear either way by Friday July 27<sup>th</sup>.

#### Social Media Cast Announcements

Please refrain from posting any roles offered until the official cast list is released. The release will be emailed to the entire cast.

#### Performance Dates

Saturdays & Sundays, September 8, 9, 15 & 16  
The Skokie Log Cabin and Heritage Museum  
2:30 pm - In character tours of museum with audience members  
3P - Performance begins  
Show will run 1:15 minutes

#### Strike

Those who are cast should plan to assist with strike following the final performance.

#### Production Heads

Production Supervisor	Robin Horwitz
Artistic Director	Gayle Starr
Assistant Director	Rebecca Goldberg
Technical Director	Evans Poulos
Marketing	Jim Bottorff
Box Office	Kathy Day
House Management:	Amanda Hanson & Robin Horwitz

Staff can be contacted through message left with the Devonshire Cultural Center  
main Number: 847-674-1500 ext. 2400 or by reaching out to Production Supervisor,  
Robin Horwitz at 847-929-7420 or [rhorwitz@skokieparks.org](mailto:rhorwitz@skokieparks.org)

#### Crew Work

We might ask that cast attend a crew day. These will be scheduled within 2-3 weeks of the first performance. During this time we would work on areas such as set construction/painting, costumes, prop construction, etc. In addition, parents or family of cast members can volunteer in these areas or to work backstage or usher. For each "behind the scenes" production project that a friend or family member volunteers, they receive one complimentary ticket.

Production Fees

If cast, you should be prepared to pay a production fee of \$46. This fee helps to underwrite the total cost of costumes, sets, script/music purchase and/or rental, and props. You now have two options on your production fee payment package.

**Option 1-Standard Production Fee Package** - You register as a cast member at our front desk by the date of the first rehearsal. You would pay your \$46 dollars and receive two complimentary tickets, 1 show poster and a cast shirt.

**Option 2-Ticket Sale Production Fee Package** -You register as a cast member at our front desk by the date of the first rehearsal. You would pay your \$46 dollars and receive 5 tickets (a value of \$40-\$50). These tickets belong to you upon payment. You may gift or sell the 5 tickets at the recommended group rate of \$8 and this will provide a discount for friends and family and help reimburse you for your production fee while also encouraging others to see the show. The cast shirt and complimentary tickets are not included in this option but you would still receive a show poster.

Fees and Costs You Will/Might Incur

Production Fee		\$46
Replacement of Script		\$5
*Costumes		\$10-\$40
Tickets:	Adults(18+)	\$10
	Youth: (2-17)/Seniors(50+)	\$9
	Groups : 10+	\$8

\*We make every effort to use costumes that we have in stock, but at times, actors may be asked to bring something in from home or to purchase items that are natural for them to keep after the show has ended. (i.e. hose/tights, shoes, socks, some hair pieces, etc.) Our costumer works with cast to produce the best look for the production at the lowest possible cost to the actor.

***The Secret Garden***  
**Cast of Characters**

Mary Lennox (Female 9-13)	A sour, spoiled girl who undergoes a transformation during the show!
Archibald Craven (Adult Male)	Mary's uncle. A sad and distant man who is often away from home in order to flee from the memories of his beloved deceased wife.
Mrs. Medlock (Adult Female)	Mr. Craven's housekeeper. A stern, sour woman.
Pitcher (Male or Female 14 plus)	Mr. Craven's valet. Very protective of Mr. Craven.
Martha (Female 14-30)	Young housemaid and friend to Mary. Spunky and honest with a good sense of humor.
Dickon (Male identifying ages 10-15)	Martha's younger brother. Wise beyond his years and loves nature. Director may cast a girl in this role, but the character will be played as male.
Colin: (Male or Female 9-13)	Mary's cousin, bed ridden for the first part of the show and very spoiled! Undergoes a huge transformation by the end of the show. <u>Note:</u> This actor might also play an ensemble part at the beginning of the show)
Ben Weatherstaff: (16+ Male or Female)	The Gardner at the manor. Like a good pastry, he is crusty on the outside and soft on the inside. He is the one who teaches Mary to love nature.
Betty Butterworth (Female 13+)	Colin's nurse! Flighty and scatter brained. Very afraid of Mrs. Medlock and of getting in trouble.
Ensemble	There will be a small ensemble of various ages, who will have several parts each,

**including: Mary's Aiyah, Missionary  
Children, Army Officers, and Dr. Craven.  
All of these parts are very important with  
lines and singing.**

*The Secret Garden*

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# SIDE 1

Act I, Scene 1-A

## Mrs. Medlock + Pitcher

Preset: Barren, late winter's night; exterior garden wall. Hollow wind. Distant rumbling of storm.

Preset fades to Blackout. Wind rises to a howl. Thunder. Lightning reveals walls have opened to dark corridor. Mrs. Medlock stands, impatiently shaking out a wet umbrella; Mary remains near the entrance to the corridor with a battered valise.

MRS. MEDLOCK I told you this was a queer old place, now didn't I? Still, it's grand enough for a homeless little orphan the likes of you, I shouldn't wonder. *(Mary gasps at the appearance of an old man, carrying a candle: Mr. Pitcher.)* Ah, Mr. Pitcher. Foul and nasty for an evening, eh?

PITCHER Indeed. And the girl?

MEDLOCK A plainer, more ill-tempered little parcel of goods I never did see.

PITCHER Her uncle does not want to meet her.

MEDLOCK *(Not surprised.)* Oh, doesn't he?

PITCHER You may take the girl straight to her room. Mr. Craven and I shall be leaving for London first train tomorrow morning.

MEDLOCK As long as I know what's expected of me, I can manage.

PITCHER What's "expected of you," Mrs. Medlock, is to make certain Mr. Craven is not disturbed, and that he does not see what he does not wish to see.

MEDLOCK *(After a slight, icy pause.)* Not to Worry, Mr. Pitcher. Her uncle shan't be disturbed -- not by the girl, at any rate. *(Starting off.)* This way, Mary. *(Mary hesitates. Mrs. Medlock impatiently taps the floor with her umbrella.)* Mary Lennox! *(Thunderclap.)* And don't touch anything, either!

Mary follows Mrs. Medlock off. Pitcher watches them exit as wind rises. He blows out the candle. Blackout.



# SIDE 2

## Mary + Children

Lights fade; sound of Children taunting, lights rise to reveal Boy and Girl at bed, which Mary stands upon.

CHILDREN      Mistress Mary, most contrary! Mistress Mary, most contrary!

MARY            Go away! Leave me alone! I hate you!

BOY             You're to be sent away to England, and we're glad of it!

MARY            I'm glad of it, too! Where's England?

BOY             Stupid girl -- it's where your uncle lives.

GIRL            He lives in a big, nasty old house, and no one goes near him!

BOY             Our Mama said that your uncle's a hunchback. He's a hunchback  
and he's wicked!

MARY            I don't believe you!

CHILDREN      Hunchback! Hunchback! Hunchback!

MARY            Stop it! Go away! I hate you! I want my Ayah! I want my Mama!

CHILDREN      (*Voice-over.*) They're all dead! Your Ayah's dead! Your Papa's dead!  
Your Mama's dead! All dead! Dead! Dead! Dead!

Lights fade as Mary buries her head in the pillow, screaming "No! No! No!" A thunderclap and Mary awakens from her dream.

MARY            No! (*The window is open and the child's cries can be heard over the wind  
and rain. She rises from the bed to close the window.*) Crying? (*She  
listens, the crying ceases. She closes the window.*) No. Naught but the  
wind.

She returns to the bed and pulls the covers up aroundher as lights fade to Blackout.

# sid 2 3 Mary + Martha

## Act I, Scene 2

The storm segues to dull rain. The light of the coal stove illumines the face of a young chambermaid, Martha, preceding the grey morning light through the window which falls on the still-sleeping Mary. Martha stokes the stove from the coal bucket and begins to sweep the cinders, Mary stirs, moans, and slowly sits up in bed.

MARTHA (Without turning.) Mornin', Miss.  
Mary looks over at Martha, but makes no reply to her. She rises to her knees to look out her window.

MARY I hate it.

MARTHA (Turning to look.) "Hate?!" Hate what? The mornin'? (Mary sneers at her view out the window, then flops down into bed again.) Oh -- the moor.

MARY It's ugly.

MARTHA (Rising to open the window.) But tha' doesn't even know it yet. Might be tha' thinks the moor too big an' bare now, but give it time an' tha' will like it.

MARY I won't.

MARTHA Come spring an' summer, it's none bare, Hiss. Aye -- wi' the gorse an' broom an' heather all in flower, th' moor smells sweet as honey, an' there's then such a lot of fresh air! Not a sky more high, an' the bees, kites an' skylarks makin' rare, lovely noise: all hummin' an' singin'! Eh, I wouldn't stray from this my Yorkshire moor for anythin'!

MARY You're strange.

MARTHA (Coming out of her reverie.) Miss?

MARY You're a strange servant.

over

MARTHA *(A shrug and warm, jolly chuckle.)* P'raps I am, but then Misselthwaite Manor's a strange house. *(At stove, pouring warm water into a washbasin.)*

MARY How so?

MARTHA *(A grunt and roll of her eyes.)* Ha -- tha might ask instead "how not so?" Well, to begin with, Misselthwaite ain't got a Missus. A fine man like your Uncle, with no wife -- there's many what thinks that's strange enough.

MARY But he had a wife once. She died.

MARTHA Tha's right. I was but a bit of a girl then -- 'bout your age.

MARY You wouldn't know how my aunt Lily died; would you?

MARTHA Best you never mind how; Mister Craven, he don't like it to be talked of. Anyway with your Aunt Lily all dead and buried, ain't been neither Master nor Mistress here, 'nless you count old Mr. Pitcher an' Mrs. Medlock. Your Uncle - he's nearly always gone away on business, an' when he is here, he don't let no one but Pitcher see him, an' that's only because Pitcher's took care o' Mr. Craven ever since he was a boy.

MARY And who is to take care of me? You?

MARTHA I'm Mrs. Medlock's servant. An' she answers to Mr. Pitcher. I suppose, when I'm here, I can wait on thee a bit. Tha' shouldn't need too much o' that, though.

MARY *(Appalled.)* What? Do you mean to say that I'm not going to have an Ayah?!

MARTHA A what?

MARY An ayah! Don't you know anything? An ayah is a servant. In India!

MARTHA Oh. No, Miss -- I don't think tha's goin' to be havin' no Ayahs.

# side 4

## BEN + MARY

BEN  
**start**

But has tha' ever eaten 'em, though? I'll wager no, for all tha'rt the skinniest, yellereest, sick-lookin'est child as ever I seen.

---

MARY

*(A pause, somewhat taken aback. Haughtily.)* I've already been into the other gardens -- and the orchard too!

BEN

*(Utterly unimpressed.)* There weren't nothin' to stop thee.

MARY

*(Looking at the wall.)* I couldn't find a door into this garden, though.

BEN

*(Suddenly stopping his work; roughly.)* Which garden?

MARY

The garden behind this wall. Where is the door?

BEN

*(A pause; then resuming digging.)* Ain't one.

MARY

Oh, that's nonsense! There must be a door! *(Slight pause. A nicer tone.)* Mustn't there be?

BEN

There were ten year ago; there ain't one now.

MARY

There are trees in there; that much I could see. And I saw a bird, too. He was sitting high up in one of the trees and he had a red breast and he sang.

BEN

*(To himself.)* Sing, did he? Cheeky little beggar!

MARY

What sort of bird is he?

BEN

Doesn' tha' know nothin'?! T'were a robin redbreast you saw, an' they're the friendliest birds alive, they are. All the time he's comin' by to see what I'm about plantin'. Why, sure 'tis robin's who's the head gard'ner here, 'stead or me.

MARY

You know him, then.

BEN

Don't I just! Why, he come out o' th' egg in that very garden! But when he first flew out over the wall, he were too weak a little chap to fly back again, for a while. So him an'me, well -- we got friendly.

over

Then come the time he were strong enough to get back to home,  
why, his family was all flown away.

MARY (To herself.) I haven't a family either.

BEN Guess robin were lonely, poor thing, so he come back to me.

MARY (To herself, after a pause.) I'm lonely. (Ben stares at her a moment.)

BEN (The first tone of compassion.) Thou art th' little wench from India.  
Thy folks all gone dead from the cholera.

MARY It doesn't matter. I hardly ever saw my parents anyway.

BEN No wonder tha'art lonely. (He resumes digging.) Tha'll be lonelier  
still, before tha's done.

MARY Why?

BEN Lonely's the way of Misselthwaite, that's all.

MARY What is your name?

BEN Ben Weatherstaff.

MARY (Holding forth her hand.) I am Mary Lennox. (Ben grunts, not accepting  
the gesture. Mary lets her hand drop with a sigh as she turns away. A  
gust of cold wind; she pulls her coat up snug against her neck.) There  
must be a door!

BEN What?

MARY Nothing.

**STOP**

BEN Let me tell thee somethin', Miss Mary Lennox. I'm lonely too --  
most times -- 'ceptin' when robin's with me. Robin's th' only friend I  
got.

MARY I haven't any friends at all. I never had.

# SIDE 5

## MARY + ARCHIBALD

Medlock is to see that you have whatever you may need or desire. She suggested today a governess or nanny...

MARY Oh, Uncle, I...

ARCHIBALD What is it, Mary. Don't be afraid. What do you wish to tell me?

MARY I...I am too big for a nanny, I think. And please, please don't make me to have a governess. Not yet.

ARCHIBALD Very well. Not yet. But is there anything you do want? Toys, books, dolls ... ?

MARY Might I...please...be allowed to keep playing out-of-doors? For I do like it out here and I'll improve at my skipping-rope - Martha says it only takes time -- and I won't cause any more harm; truly I won't.

ARCHIBALD *(To himself.)* What more harm could come to Misselthwaite that hasn't come already? *(A breath; he looks at his pocketwatch.)* Mary Lennox -- you play as much as you like, I must go now. Goodbye. *(He starts off. Mary suddenly leaps to her feet.)*

MARY Uncle Craven! *(He halts without turning.)* Please, might I also have... might I have a bit of earth?

ARCHIBALD *(Slowly turning.)* Pardon?

MARY A garden. To plant seeds in. To make things grow. To see them come alive.

ARCHIBALD *(Voice trembles; eyes fill with tears.)* I am reminded of someone else... one who loved a garden, who loved... *(He clears his throat and starts off again.)* Take what you will, Mary. When you find your bit of earth then take it, child, and make it come alive!

MARY *(A call after him.)* May I take it from anywhere - if it's not wanted?

ARCHIBALD *(Offstage.)* Yes, Mary! Anywhere!

Mary smiles in joy as lights fade to Blackout.

# DICKON <sup>SIDE 6</sup> & MARY

*simple beauty of crocuses in bloom. Music.) Flowers! I wonder what you are? What to call you? It doesn't matter. You're lovely. And you're alive. Yes. Quite alive!*

*She sits back and looks about, smiling, as a golden beam of sunlight warms her face. Lights fade to Blackout.*

## Act I, Scene 9

*Continuous with the preceding. Mary exits the garden door stealthily; general lights slowly rise to reveal a boy, sitting some distance away, with a rabbit in his arms. Mary halts and gasps upon noticing him. Dickon, in turn, sees her and raises a finger to his lips.*

DICKON                      Easy there, Mistress Mary ... easy. A body needs move gentle an' speak low when the wild things is about.

MARY                        Who ... who are you? How do you know my name?

DICKON                      Sister Martha -- she told me.

MARY                        Martha? Your sister? Then you must be -- you're Dickon!

DICKON                      Dickon Sowerby, aye -- tha's me. An' this here's "Captain." Come, Mary -- does tha' care to pet him? Don't fear; he'll not bite thee. (Mary hesitantly holds forth her hand to pet it.) 'Tis but a poor wee orphan I found on the moor. There was a great storm, 'bout two week ago, an' his home was all flooded out. His mother an' the rest o' the family was all drowned. All dead, save him -- so I took him home 'til he growed up enough to fend for hisself.

MARY                        All dead... like in India.

DICKON                      India?

MARY                        Never mind- It doesn't matter anymore. Poor little Captain.

DICKON                      Aye, Anyway him an' me -- well, we come by to give you a bit of a welcomin' gift, we have

OVER

Handwritten scribbles at the top of the page, possibly including the name "MISTRESS MARY" and some illegible characters.

MARY A gift?

DICKON Mind you, it ain't much -- only some gardnin' toola an' seeds...  
MARY Gardening tools? Really? But Dickon, that's just today what I've been wishing I had. *(She stops herself.)* Well, it's like magic .

DICKON *(A chuckle.)* Magic. *(Holding forth the bunny.)* Come now, Mary -- hold on to Captain for me whilst I show thee thy things. *(Mary awkwardly accepts the rabbit as he digs into his leather shoulderbag.)* Tha's got a little spade, an' a rake, an' a trowel. An' as for seeds, I brought thee columbine an' snapdragon an' carnation an'--aye: here's a lot or mignonette. Now, mignonette's about the sweetest-smellin' thing as grows, an' it'll spring up wherever tha' cares to cast it, same as poppies will. Aye -- them flowers as'll come up an' bloom if you just whistle to 'em -- them's the nicest of all. *(The song of Robin suddenly pierces the air. Dickon cocks an ear.)*

STOP

MARY I don't know how to... Oh, they're wonderful! Thank you, Dickon! *(Noticing his curious expression.)* Dickon? What is it?

DICKON Canna' tha hear the robin as is callin' thee?

MARY Calling me?

DICKON Don't he know thee? An' like thee, too?

MARY Well ... he knows me. A little. But you can't really understanding what a bird is saying, can you? Not really and truly.

DICKON I thinks I can. An' they thinks I can. Why, I've lived out on the moor with 'em for so long, Mary, sometimes I think I'm a bird too. An' then other times I think p'raps I'm a fox, or a rabbit, or a squirrel -- even a little beetle bug, and I don't even knows it! *(Mary laughs at the notion. Dickon chuckles with her, then suddenly leaps to his feet.)* Now see here, Mistress Mary, why don't I show thee how to plant thy seeds? Where's thy garden? *(Mary smile suddenly fades as she bows her head.)* Tha' has got a bit o' garden, hasn't tha? *(No response.)* Well, no matter -- us'll just go ask old Ben ...



# side 7

Act II, Scene 1

## Mrs. M, BETTY, COLIN

Music. Wind and thunder. Mary tumbling backwards through a panel in the wall of a dark, heavily-draped bedroom. Mary turns and sees a boy, Colin, lying on his stomach in bed, writhing and wailing, with his night-shirt opened enough to reveal his bare back. Mary stand frozen for a moment, then quickly ducks behind a dressing screen at the sound of keys and Mrs. Medlock and Betty, a nurse, entering through the door.

MRS. MEDLOCK (Entering.) No sleep for any of us this night, I suppose!

BETTY Sorry, mum. I can't bear it, mum. I don't know what to do, mum.

MRS. MEDLOCK To begin with, you can close that door before his screams awaken the girl! (To Colin.) Colin? Now what is it this time, Colin? The storm? (Colin wails.) A nightmare?

COLIN My back! My back!

MRS. MEDLOCK Again?! But I've told you, it's nothing, boy! Nothing; do you hear? (Colin shrieks)

BETTY Oh, mum! He's got the hysterics! Hysterics!

MRS. MEDLOCK Grab his other arm, Betty. Hoid him, I say!

COLIN (As they turn him on to his back.) I'm dying! I'm dying!

MRS. MEDLOCK (A firm hand over his mouth.) Quiet! Quiet, boy! You're not about to die. Not tonight, at any rate. Now are you going to be still or do we have to tie you up? (She removed her hand. Colin does not answer.)

COLIN (An angry beller.) Leave me!

MRS. MEDLOCK Mind you, I don't want to hear another. . .

COLIN I said, leave!

MRS. MEDLOCK With the greatest of pleasure! (She turns toward the door with a disgusted grunt.) Hysterics!

# SIDE 8

## MARY + COLIN

BETTY

(Timidly) Would you... would you be wanting... ?

COLIN

No! Go! (Betty exits, locking the door behind her.)

Colin pauses a moment, then heaves a satisfied sigh, plumps up his pillow and takes a book from his bedstand. Mary slowly peeks around the dressing screen before cautiously stepping into the room. Colin sees her from over his book and gasps in terror.

COLIN

Are you ... are you a ghost?

MARY

No. I'm a girl.

COLIN

A girl?

MARY

My name is Mary Lennox. Archibald Craven is my uncle. But who are you?

COLIN

I'm Colin. Colin Craven. Archibald Craven is my father.

MARY

Your father?! But no one ever told me I had a cousin! Oh, what a queer house this is! Rooms and gardens all locked up - and now you! Has your father locked you up too?

COLIN

I choose to stay here. I keep to this room because I don't wish to leave it. I don't like people. I don't like them seeing me and talking about me.

MARY

Why?

COLIN

I am very, very ill. When people see me, they stare at me as if they're waiting for me to die.

MARY

Do they? You haven't got the cholera, have you?

COLIM

"Cholera?"

MARY

My parents died of it.

COLIN

Really? (A slight pause to consider.) Well, yes -- I suppose I might have the cholera; I don't know for certain. But I am sure of one

over

thing: I shan't live much longer. And even if I did, I'd only become a hunchback like Father.

MARY No, you wouldn't.

COLIN *(Taken aback.)* No?

MARY No, because your father isn't a hunchback. He's only just bent over a little, and that's only from ... well, from being so very sad, I suppose.

COLIN I ...I don't believe you! He ... he is a hunchback, and so shall I be too! Already I've got lumps -- lumps on my back! I can feel them!

MARY Oh nonsense! I've seen your back, Colin -- and there's not the slightest hunch on it! Not a hunch as big as a pin!

COLIN You're lying! You can't have seen my back!

MARY But I did. I was hiding right there and I saw it. All you've got are plain, ordinary backbone lumps just like everyone else! There's not a thing the matter with your back, so you may as well stop crying. I believe you only do it to gain attention anyway.

COLIN *(Turning red with rage.)* How dare you...?!

MARY The only thing you're about to die of is screaming. Well, go ahead. Perhaps I'll scream too -- and I'll wager I can scream ever so much louder than you! *(Colin screams. Mary screams louder. Colin ducks under the covers and writhes about in another tantrum.)* Stop it, Colin! Stop it, do you hear? All that ails you is temper and hysterics! Hysterics, hysterics, hysterics! You'll not ever become a hunchback and if you say as much again, I shall laugh!

COLIN *(Poking his head out.)* No! I'll not have people laugh at me!

MARY Then stop being such a baby!

COLIN I can't! I can't stop! I can't!




Please state any conflicts that you may have with the rehearsal schedule:

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Are you interested in being on the production team? \_\_\_\_\_

If yes, please check the area in which you would like to work.

Props	
Costuming	
Crew	
Lighting	
Publicity	
Set Design & Construction	
Ad Book Sales	
Other _____	

