

THE SECRET GARDEN

Screenplay by

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Based on the book THE SECRET GARDEN by

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INT. WELL-TO-DO HOME IN INDIA. LATE AFTERNOON

A WOMAN screams in her bed while SERVANTS scurry around her. Sweat beads off of her forehead as her face contorts with each contraction of her pregnant belly. A MAN waits outside the room, cringing with each scream. A SERVANT - the Ayah - puts a cool washcloth to the woman's forehead. The woman puffs and puffs, waiting for the next contraction which ushers a louder scream and push. The Ayah holds the woman's hand as she brings a baby to light.

AYAH

Chitra, bring warm water and cloths.

(nods to the kitchen)

CHITRA scrambles out of the room at the order of the Ayah. She takes a couple of breaths and pushes again with a shriek. The MIDWIFE checks underneath the woman's sheet and in Tamil gives the Ayah instructions.

AYAH (CONT'D)

Midwife says you need to push one more time, Memsahib. The baby is almost here.

The Memsahib - Rose - looks at her and screams with effort. The MIDWIFE at the feet of the Memsahib nods and holds the baby just born in her hands. Chitra returns into the room with a basin of clean water and towels to hand to the midwife.

AYAH (CONT'D)

(Turns to the woman)

Tell Sahib the baby has come.

Chitra nods nervously and rushes to tell the Sahib - Major Lennox - the news. He wipes sweat off of his forehead, smiles, and adjusts his clothes, stands up straighter and relaxes.

MAJOR LENNOX

(coughs)

Well..

(British enthusiasm)

Good news!

Inside, the Ayah hands the newly born and cleaned baby to Memsahib who doesn't look at it, but waves it away to Ayah.

ROSE

(lays back down to rest)

Please take care of her. I'm sure you know what to do.

AYAH
 (concerned, looks at the
 Memsahib for a couple
 seconds, looks at the
 servants, then nods)

Yes, Memsahib.

She looks down at the baby and coos.

TRANSITION:

INT. HOUSE

MONTAGE In the first room, the baby is small and sitting up, playing with wooden toys as her Ayah plays with her. The Memsahib - Rose - walks out of the room with a swish of skirts. In the next room, the girl - Mary Lennox - is now older and running. She runs to her mother who bats her away and walks out of the room, into a party, and begins to laugh and dance with the partygoers. The girl watches her, looks down, looks up and begins to scream. Her Ayah runs up to her to comfort her. In the next room, Mary is still screaming, but now older and throwing things on the floor, including herself. SERVANTS run out of the room with their hands to their ears, while the Ayah comforts her. PARTY MUSIC continues, her mother dances with different men at a dinner party, and her father laughs with his friends while Mary is dragged away screaming by her Ayah. END MONTAGE.

TRANSITION

After the scream fades, Mary blinks as if she was in a daze and looks around. She's standing in the dark of a hallway while a SERVANT scurries past her and down the hall. She looks around in the semi-dark. A different wail is heard off in the distance outside. She looks around with a scowl on her face. Chitra approaches from the other end of the hall. The child stops her.

MARY
 Where is my Ayah?

CHITRA
 (stammers)
 Your Ayah cannot come, Missie
 Sahib.

She begins to kick and scream.

MARY
 Where is my Ayah??!!

Chitra backs up against the hall wall and screams in fear.

CHITRA

It is not possible for your Ayah to
come, Missie Sahib.

Chitra runs off as Mary watches her disappear down the hall.

CUT TO:

Mary stands in the kitchen watching TWO SERVANTS whispering
to each other and cooking food hurriedly.

MARY

(demands, holding arms
out)

I need my clothes changed. Dress
me.

They look at her, whisper and hurry food out of the kitchen.
She is left standing alone in the kitchen. She puts her arms
down.

CUT TO:

Mary is in a dark, small, bare room watching an ILL PERSON
writhing in bed and muttering in pain. Perspiration drips off
their face. Chitra comes up behind her and ushers her out of
the room with clucks and mutters.

CUT TO:

Mary is outside in the heat of the day playing in the garden
outside of the house. She sits under a tree, playing in the
earth of the garden, sticking flowers in the earth and
creating little piles and beds for the flowers to be stuck
into. In one hand she moves a pair of small, ivory elephants
across the dirt. She's muttering to herself '*Your Ayah cannot
come, Missie Sahib*'. She hears footsteps in the courtyard and
looks up to see her beautiful, mother exiting a room with
Major Lennox. She is enrobed in lace and silks. Mary watches
her.

ROSE

Is it very bad?

MAJOR LENNOX

Awfully, Rose. We should have gone
to the hills two weeks ago.

Rose wrings her hands.

ROSE

Oh I know! We should not have
thrown that silly dinner party!

A SCREAM and a WAIL breaks out from the servant's quarters. Rose grabs Major Lennox's arm.

ROSE (CONT'D)
What was that?

MAJOR LENNOX
(gravely)
The cholera.

Rose grabs his arm and runs to the other side of the bungalow. From the garden, Mary watches and mutters.

MARY
Mother. Father. Memsahib, Sahib.

She begins to play again.

INT: THE GIRL'S NURSERY - THE NEXT DAY

Another SCREAM and crying off in the distance. A quick INHALE is heard in the black. Mary is sleeping underneath a blanket. She throws the blanket off and listens to the crying in the distance. Her stomach growls. She decides to go to the kitchen.

CUT TO:

Her eyes move to a half-eaten bread roll in the kitchen. She stuffs it into her mouth. She then takes some of the fruit on the table and shoves it into her mouth. She smacks her lips together and eyes the glass of wine on the table. Lifting it to her nose, she scowls but decides to drink the glass anyway.

CUT TO:

Mary is passed out, head on the table. She wakes to the SOUND of SERVANTS in the hall carrying out Rose on a stretcher shrouded in linen. They shush each other, but Mary hears and watches them from the doorway. She sees Rose's hand fall out from under the linen shroud, but a servant quickly puts the hand back under the linen. Still in a drunken stupor, the girl stumbles to her room, and falls asleep on her bed.

NEXT SCENE: THE NEXT DAY. INT. ROSE'S ROOM

Mary is looking at knick knacks on her mother's dresser. A photo of her mother and her father, a photo of her mother and her aunt, ivory and jade elephants, jewelry. She picks up one of the ivory elephants and puts it in her pocket. She picks

up one photo frames, then another and looks at them.

CUT TO:

INT. THE NURSERY - A BIT LATER

A GARDEN SNAKE slithers on the floor of the Mary's room. She wakes in the quiet. In her hands she holds on the of the picture frames from her mother's room. The only SOUND is her breathing in the silence of the room. She sits up.

MARY

It's so quiet.

She notices the snake, it looks at her, she looks at it. It quietly slips under the door and out of the room.

MARY (CONT'D)

How strange and quiet it is. It sounds as if there was no one in the bungalow but me and the snake.

A half-dozen FOOTSTEPS ring out on the veranda. A FEW MEN FROM THE BRITISH ARMY enter the bungalow, opening doors and checking for life.

MAN 1

What desolation! That pretty, pretty woman! I suppose the child too

MAN 2

I heard there was a child, though no one ever saw her.

Mary gets out of bed and walks towards the door. The men open the nursery door and find her standing in the middle of the room. A very tired and large officer jumps back after seeing her, his face filled with shock.

MAN 1

(whispers)
Willis.

Pause.

MAN 1 (CONT'D)

(shouts)
Willis!

Willis comes running up.

WILLIS

Mercy on us!

MAN 1

There is a child here! A child alone! Who is she?

MARY

(stiffly)

I am Mary Lennox. I fell asleep when everyone had the cholera and I only just wakened up. Why does nobody come?

Another man runs up.

MAN 3

It is the child no one ever saw!

MAN 1

(sighs)

She has been forgotten.

MARY

Why was I forgotten?

(stamps foot)

Why does nobody come?

WILLIS

Poor girl. There is nobody left to come.

The girl struggles to understand. Off the compound somewhere in the far distance another WAIL rings out.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF A SHABBY BUNGALOW - DAY

Mary is holding hands with an OFFICER and walking up a small path to a bungalow. A MAN is slumped against a wall asking for change, SOMEONE on a bicycle bikes past. The SOUNDS of CHILDREN LAUGHING and SCREAMING inside the bungalow ring down the path. The officer lets go of her hand and pushes her lightly forward as an ENGLISH CLERGYMAN meets them at the door. Mary looks off into the home with no desire to know anything. The officer and the clergyman talk to each other.

OFFICER

Her mother and father came down with the cholera. She has nobody...

His VOICE MUFFLES to a buzz as Mary tunes out the conversation. The officer walks off, and the Clergyman bends down to speak to Mary.

CLERGYMAN

You will stay here for the week
until the boat for England departs.

The SOUND slowly comes back on '*You will stay...*'. He turns and walks into the bungalow. Mary continues to stand just inside the doorway. Inside the bungalow, the loud children play, snatching toys from one another and hitting each other. A BOY comes up to Mary.

BOY

(innocently)

What's your name?

\Mary shifts her eyes to look at him, but not her face. Finally she responds.

MARY

Mary.

The boy runs off singing '*Mary, Mary, quite contrary.*' All the kids join in, some stick their tongue out at her, some laugh, some come up to her and make a face, one of them pulls her hair.

MARY (CONT'D)

Stop!

She clutches her stuffed animal with a balled up fist. They all stop and look at her in a thick silence. Then they start singing again and dance away. A CHURCH BELL RINGS off in the distance. Down the path, a GROUP OF INDIAN CONGREGANTS are rehearsing a Lutheran church HYMN. The church bell's song turns into the SOUNDS of the city: BELLS, SHOUTS, YELLING, SOMEONE HITTING A POT, HORNS, AND BICYCLE BELLS.

EXT.A STEAMBOAT - A FOGGY DAY.

The boat's bell TOLLS in the fog. Mary, dressed in black, looks over the side of the boat. Her body bobs along with the waves, her white knuckles grip the railing. She stares down into the water, piercing the depths with a buckling stare. Waves of hair cascade around her face. In her hand she holds one of her mother's ivory elephants. She looks at the light reflecting off its white skin.

BEGIN FLASHBACK Back in Mary's home in India, her mother's beautiful dress swirls around her as she dances in a room.

A younger Mary watches her from behind the darkened door frame. Her Ayah comes and ushers her back to bed. END
FLASHBACK.

A WOMAN accompanied by a YOUNG BOY AND GIRL, calls to Mary. Mary's head turns towards him, and turns back to the water. She returns the elephant to her pocket and joins the group.

INT. DAY - A TRAIN STATION IN ENGLAND - AFTER THE NEW YEAR

The carriage carrying Mary, the woman and her children arrive at a train station. They walk in together, Mary a bit apart. She takes in the station. Her eyes catch the gilded ceiling and the Christmas decorations that are still up. She sees a worker taking down a couple pine decorations. She notices the shimmering gold of a few star decorations hanging here and there. Her musings are interrupted.

WOMAN

Wait here.

The woman turns and walks off with her children. The girl turns around to look at Mary, stares at her, sticks out her tongue, and turns back around. Mary slumps onto her luggage and sighs. TIME GOES BY. The woman and her children talk with a TRAIN STATION MASTER. Mary starts TAPPING her foot on the floor. The TAPPING SOUND becomes a rhythm as time passes. The rhythm call is met with a response.

A set of keys JANGLE against MRS. MEDLOCK'S skirts, bouncing along with her stride, announcing her arrival. The keys keep time with Mary's tapping foot. The woman walks into the train station and spots Mary. She makes her way over with the woman and her children.

MRS. MEDLOCK

My word! She's a plain little piece of goods! And we'd heard that her mother was such a beauty.

(chuckling)

She hasn't handed much of it down, has she ma'am?

WOMAN

Perhaps she will improve as she grows older. If she were not so sallow and had a nicer expression her features are rather good, and children alter so much.

MRS. MEDLOCK

She'll have to alter a good deal.

(MORE)

MRS. MEDLOCK (CONT'D)

(chuckles)

I'm Mrs. Medlock and I'm to take you to Misselthwaite manor. Well, come on now, let's go.

Mrs. Medlock nods to the woman and helps Mary with her luggage as they board the just-arrived train.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Mary sits nervously, picking at her gloves and dress. The train carriage bounces under the weight of the increasing luggage and shutting doors. Mrs. Medlock hoists herself into the carriage with a groan and sits across from Mary with a sigh and an '*Ah, that's better.*' She watches Mary for a bit while the train begins its journey.

MRS. MEDLOCK

(sincere)

Yer poor mum and dad got the cholera. I feel sorry for ya, child.

Mary looks ahead, not sure what to say.

MRS. MEDLOCK (CONT'D)

I suppose I may as well tell you something about where you are going to. Do you know anything about your uncle?

MARY

No.

MRS. MEDLOCK

Never heard your father and mother talk about him?

MARY

No.

MRS. MEDLOCK

Hmmmp.

(pause)

I suppose you might as well be told something - to prepare you. You are going to a strange place.

Looks to see what Mary will say, but still nothing.

MRS. MEDLOCK (CONT'D)

It is a grand big place...in a gloomy way...and Mr. Craven's proud of it in his way...and that's pretty gloomy as well.

(breath)

The house is six hundred years old, and it's on the edge of the moor, and there's near a hundred pictures and fine old furniture and things that's been there for ages. And there's a big park round it and gardens...

(breath, looks away)

...but nothing else.

Mary imagines what it would look like as Mrs. Medlock talks.

MRS. MEDLOCK (CONT'D)

Well, what do you think of it?

MARY

(scowling)

Nothing, I know nothing about such places.

MRS. MEDLOCK

(laughs)

Eh, but you are like an old woman. Don't you care where you are going? What it's going to be like?

MARY

It doesn't matter whether I care or not.

MRS. MEDLOCK

You are right enough there.

She adjusts the gloves sitting in her lap and looks out the window.

MRS. MEDLOCK (CONT'D)

You are right enough there. It doesn't.

(sighs)

But you're to be at Misselthwaite Manor, I suppose, because it's the easiest way. Mr. Craven isn't going to trouble himself about you, though. He doesn't trouble himself about anyone.

(sighs)

(MORE)

MRS. MEDLOCK (CONT'D)

He was a sour young man with a crooked back, and he didn't get no good of all his money and big place until he was married.

Mary turns her eyes to looks at Ms. Medlock.

MRS. MEDLOCK (CONT'D)

Marriage set him right. His wife, Missus Lilas, was a sweet, pretty thing, and he'd have walked the world over to get her a bade o' grass she wanted. People said she'd married him for his money, but she didn't.

(shakes her head)

She didn't.

IMAGINATION Over this there is a version of the Mr. Craven that Mary envisions in her head, which melts away to a shot of Mary in the garden back in India watching her mother, then the mother disappearing into a doorway while Mary shouts for her. END IMAGINATION.

MARY

(asks flatly, looking out the window)

Did she die?

Medlock looks at the child inquisitively and nods.

MRS. MEDLOCK

Yes, she died. And it made him stranger than ever. He cares about nobody. He won't see people. He shuts himself up in the West Wing. Won't let anyone near but Pitcher. Pitcher took care of him as a child, he knows his ways.

She looks out the window. Mary glances at her, then away.

MRS. MEDLOCK (CONT'D)

You needn't expect to see him, I doubt he'll want to see you. Also, you'll have to play about and look after yourself. There are rooms you can go in, and rooms you're to keep out of. There's plenty of gardens to take a look in. But make sure not to go poking about in the house, Mr. Craven won't have it.

Mary looks at Mrs. Medlock with a serious eye.

MARY

(looks back out the
window)

I shall *NOT* go poking about.

Mrs. Medlock smiles at the quizzical little old woman in front of her. The carriage continues on into the countryside.

CUT TO:

Mary blinks her eyes and wakes from a nap. Mrs. Medlock comes back to her seat with a basket she bought from the station they are stopped at. She lifts the cloth covering and smiles a wide, cheery smile.

MRS. MEDLOCK

Lunch!

She laughs and pulls out chicken and cold-beef, bread and butter, and some hot tea with a chuckle. A GUARD comes through the carriage, lighting the lamp to chase away the grey of the heavy weather. A rain had started and was pouring down the sides of the window in sheets while Mary had been sleeping. Mrs. Medlock hands Mary her lunch, then turns to enjoy her meat and bread, her smile widening with each bite. First the chicken with bread, then the beef with bread, then cups of tea. Mary wasn't surprised when she licked her fingers.

CUT TO:

The empty basket filled with a haphazardly thrown cloth and remnants of the lunch sits at the feet of a food-comatose Mrs. Medlock, her fine bonnet slipping to one side as her head leans against the cold window. Mary takes a bite of her lunch, then returns it to the basket. She blinks a few times, and falls asleep as well.

DREAM Mary dreams of the heat of India, and of her Aya. END DREAM.

MRS. MEDLOCK (CONT'D)

Wake up!

Mary blinks her eyes open to see a smiling Mrs. Medlock.

MRS. MEDLOCK (CONT'D)

You have had a sleep! We're at Thwaite Station, we have a long drive before us.

Mrs. Medlock collects Mary's parcels as Mary watches. They climb down the carriage steps and out the door to a small, bare station.

They seemed to be the only ones disembarking the train. A burly, old STATION MASTER with red cheeks approaches.

STATION MASTER

(in Yorkshire)

I see tha's got back, an tha's
browt th' young 'un with thee.

MRS. MEDLOCK

Aye, that's her.

(smiles, nods over her
shoulder to Mary)

How's thy missus, Mr. Grey?

STATION MASTER

(smiles and nods to carriage)

Well enow. Th' carriage is waitin'
outside for thee.

Mrs. Medlock nods and with Mary makes her way off the platform to the smart little horse-drawn carriage on the road just a few steps ahead. The rain soaks the roads and skies alike. A FOOTMAN robed in waterproofs approaches Mrs. Medlock, takes the luggage and helps her and Mary into the carriage. The coachman yells "Ha!" and the carriage takes off along the road, splashing in the droplets.

MRS. MEDLOCK

We've got to drive five miles
across Missel Moor before we get to
the Manor.

MARY

What is a moor?

MRS. MEDLOCK

Look out the window in about ten
minutes and you'll see.

The carriage drives through a small village with whitewashed cottages, the lights of an open and busy pub pass by. Mary glimpses a church and a shop window filled with sweets and toys. Her eyes widen a little at the sight of such cute bears and ribbons. They make it past the village and onto the high road. The light from the carriage lamps cast rays of light ahead of them Mary looks out the window but can't see much. A land with scattered trees and hedges, rimmed with the figures of a few straggly oaks along the road. A pair of glowing yellow eyes pass by in the deepening cover of night - a nocturnal animal out for its meal. Mary watches Mrs. Medlock as she nods in and out of sleep. After a long while the rain stops and the carriage slows. Mary looks out the window and sees a rough road in the bouncing rays of the lamp-light. Mrs. Medlock wakes and looks out the window.

MRS. MEDLOCK (CONT'D)

We must be on the Moor.

Mary glances at her, then squints out the window to see if she can make anything out. Off in the distance there are pinpricks of light. She squints to see if she can make anything else out. A larger light looks to be lighting what looks like a small cottage. Are there children playing in the windows? She looks again and it's gone. Mary nods off and wakes with a jump of the carriage as they pass through the arches and towering trees of the manor. The giant trees over each side of the road cast shadows and fear into her mind. Finally, the small wood opens up to a long, circular stone courtyard lit with scattered lamps standing guard in front of a long, rambling mansion. One, single light shining in an upstairs window was the only clue that anyone lived there. Mary and Mrs. Medlock exit the carriage and walk through the main door.

INT. THE MANOR

The enormous entrance hall made of giant panels of oak, is lined with family paintings. Men in velvet and armour, women in silks and satins. A very large staircase stands at the end of the hall. Every step she took clacked on the stone floor. She felt like the space was as vast as the lands she passed by outside. Mary is transfixed. Mrs. Medlock comes up behind her with a bag, the other bags are brought in and set by the door. A sleepy BUTLER with a husky voice approaches them.

BUTLER

You are to take her to her room.
He doesn't want to see her. He's
going to London tomorrow.

Nodding, Mrs. Medlock acquiesces sternly.

MRS. MEDLOCK

Very well, Mr. Pitcher.

Mary passes by a very large painting of a man in armour, one hand leaning on a glossy staff.

BUTLER

Make sure that he's not disturbed
and that she doesn't see what he
doesn't want her to see.

Mrs. Medlock swiftly walks past Mary, a MANSERVANT carrying the baggage in tow. The massive nail-laden front door shuts behind them with a groan and a thud, sending Mary jumping and looking behind her.

MRS. MEDLOCK
Follow me, child.

Mary looks to see Mrs. Medlock and a the manservant waiting at the top of the stairs for her. She gathers herself and climbs the stairs.

INT. MARY'S ROOM

Mrs. Medlock swings the door open to a room with a fire and a supper waiting. The manservant rushes in and leaves the baggage on the floor. Mrs. Medlock enters and checks the fire and the supper.

MRS. MEDLOCK
Well, here you are! This room where
you'll live - you must keep to it,
don't forget!

Mrs. Medlock gives Mary a smile, and closes the door. Mary looks at the door, looks around, walks over to the beside table, takes out the ivory elephant, and then sits down to supper in front of the crackling fire.

INT. MARY'S ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Mary wakes to the sound of rustling and raking near the fire. Her eyes flit open to the morning light. She sits up. Looking around the room, she notices tapestries hanging over the walls. Woodland scenes of fantastically dressed people under trees, in the distance the turrets of a castle shining through the green. There were hunters and horses and ladies and animals. She gets up from the bed and watches a YOUNG WOMAN scrape the fireplace. She gets up and goes to a window in the room and stares out into the deep stretch of bare land beyond the a copse of trees.

MARY
What is that?

The young woman turns, startled with a hand on her heart.

MARTHA
Oh! You startled me.

She gets up to see where Mary is pointing.

MARTHA (CONT'D)
That there?

MARY
Yes.

MARTHA

That's the moor.
 (smiling)
 Does tha' like it?

MARY

No.

MARTHA

That's because tha'rt not used to
 it.
 (She walks back to the
 hearth)
 Tha' thinks it's too big an' bare
 now. But tha' will like it.

MARY

Do you?
 (pause)
 Who are you, what is your name?

MARTHA

My name is Martha, and aye, I do.
 (cheerfully, polishes the
 grate)
 I just love it. It's none bare,
 though it may look it. It's covered
 wi' growin' things as smells as
 sweet. It's fair lovely in spring
 an' summer when th' gorse an' broom
 an' heather's in flower. It smells
 o' honey an' there's such a lot o'
 fresh air - an' th' sky looks so
 high an' the bees an' skylarks
 makes such a nice noise hummin' an'
 singin'. Eh! I wouldn't live away
 from th' moor for anythin'.

IMAGINATION As Martha talks about the moor, Mary envisions what Spring may look like. The flowers blooming and animals running about. In her mind's eye she sees a rabbit on the moor, blooming bushes and birds peeping in nests on the coarse grass. END IMAGINATION.

Mary goes back to her bed.

MARY

(haughty)
 You are a strange servant.

MARTHA

(stoutly)
 I'm Mrs. Medlock's servant
 (MORE)

MARTHA (CONT'D)

An 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

(standing up haughtily,
arms out)

Who's going to dress me?

Martha stands up and stares at Mary completely amazed.

MARTHA

Canna' tha' dress thysen?

MARY

What do you mean? I don't understand your language.

MARTHA

Eh, I forgot, Mrs. Medlock told me you migh' not know what I was sayin'. I mean can't you put on your own clothes?

MARY

No.

(answers imperiously)

I never did in my life. My Ayah dressed me, of course.

MARTHA

Well, it's time tha' should learn. Tha' cannot begin any younger. It'll do the good to wait on thysen a bit.

MARY

(disdainfully)

It's different in India.

MARTHA

I can see it's different.

(squinting at Mary)

I thought you was gonna be different as well. When I heard you were coming from India I though' you was an Indian too.

MARY

What!

(getting closer to Mary)

(MORE)

MARY (CONT'D)

You thought I was a native! You daughter of a pig!

A white-hot anger started rising in Mary. All the sadness and rage from the journey and losing everything she knew started boiling in her stomach. Martha's face started to get red.

MARTHA

Who are you callin' names? You needn't be so vexed, that's not th' way for a young lady to talk. There is nothing wrong with being Indian. Plenty o' people are Indian. All sorts of people, I'm sure kings an' servants alike. When I read about them in books they're always very religious. I've never even seen one up close. When I came in here I pulled th' cover back careful to look at you, an' there you was...
(disappointed)
...no more Indian than me - you're more yellow than anything!

At that instant all the rage and anger came tumbling out of Mary in a scream. She screamed and stomped her feet and ran to the bed, throwing herself upon it and cried into the pillows. Martha's face grew shocked and concerned. She felt so sorry for the girl. She went over to the bed and bent over her.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

You musn't cry like that there.
(begging)
You musn't for sure. I didn't know you'd be vexed. I don't know anythin' about anythin' - just like you said. I beg your pardon, miss. Do stop crying.

Mary gradually ceased crying and became quiet. When she sat up Martha let out an exhale.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

It's time for thee to get up now. Mrs. Medlock said I was to carry tha' breakfast an' tea an' dinner into th' room next to this. I'll help thee on with thy clothes if tha'll get out of bed. It th' buttons are in the back tha' cannot buttoning them up tha' self.

CUT TO:

A COUPLE MINUTES LATER

Mary looks at herself in the mirror. She's wearing a grey set of clothes. She turns to face Martha.

MARY
 (examining herself
 stiffly)
 Those are not my clothes.

Martha looks at her, not knowing what to say.

MARY (CONT'D)
 These are nicer than mine.

MARTHA
 These are th' ones tha' must wear.
 Mr. Craven ordered them from
 London. He said '*I won't have a
 child dressed in black wanderin'
 around like a lost ghost, it'd make
 the place sadder,*' he said.

MARY
 I hate black things.
 (looking at the black
 dress she arrived in,
 hanging on the dresser)
 Reminds me of death.

Martha sets some shoes in front of her.

MARTHA
 Why doesn't tha' put on tha' own
 shoes?

MARY
 My Aya did it...it was the custom.

CUT TO:

Mary trying to put on her shoes, but Martha has to finish helping her, chatting while she arranges the shoes.

MARTHA
 You should see 'em. There's twelve
 of us an' my father only gets
 sixteen shillings a week. They
 tumble about on the moor an' play
 there all day, an' my mother says
 the' air of th' moor fatten 'em.
 She says she believes they eat th'
 grass same as th' wild ponies do.

(MORE)

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Our Dickon, he's twelve years old and he's got a young pony he calls his own.

MARY

Where did he get it? Dickon is your brother?

MARTHA

Aye, he's my little brother. He found the pony on th' moor with its mother when it was a little one, an' he began to make friends with it bits o' bread. And it got to like him so it follows him about an' it lets him get on it back. Dickon's a kind lad an' animals like him.

Mary sits down at the table in front of her porridge and stares at it.

MARY

I don't want it.

MARTHA

Tha' doesn't want they porridge?!

MARY

No.

MARTHA

Tha' doesn't know how good it is. Put a bit of sugar on it.

MARY

I don't want it.

She proceeds to put marmalade on her toast and serve herself some tea.

MARTHA

Tsk, tsk, tsk, I can't abide to see a good breakfast go to waste. If my brothers and sisters was at this table they'd clean it bare.

MARY

Why?

MARTHA

Why! Because they scarce ever had their stomachs full in their lives!

MARY
 (ignorance or
 indifference?)
 I don't know what it is to be
 hungry.

Martha looks incredulously at the child and holds up a sweater.

MARTHA
 You wrap up warm an' run out an
 play, you. It'll do you good and
 give you some stomach for your
 meat.

CUT TO:

Martha pushes Mary through the kitchen and out the door.

MARY
 Out! Why should I go out on a day
 like this!

MARTHA
 Well if tha' doesn't go out tha'lt
 have to stay in, an' what has tha'
 got to do?

The door slams behind Mary while Mary stares at it. She turns around to face the expanse of green in front of her and stomps her feet with a growl, and stomps off down the lane.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE CRAVEN MANOR - DAY

Mary walks to an entrance to the gardens. She passes through an opening in the shrubbery and finds herself in massive swaths of green and brown, wide lawns and winding walks with clipped borders. She's surrounded by trees and herb beds, evergreens clipped into strange shapes, and a large pool with an old grey fountain standing at its center. The flower beds were bare, and the fountain was not in order. She passes through many doors of shrubbery and wood until she comes to the end of the path and a long wall with ivy growing over it. She follows it for a bit until she comes to a door. It gives way easily. It was a garden filled with winter vegetables, which gave way to another garden with bare fruit trees, and onto another which had glass frames laid over the garden beds. As she walks about, an OLDER MAN with a spade slung over his shoulder comes walking through the lanes of vegetables. He starts to work on the garden, while Mary watches him from afar.

MARY
 (demands)
 What is this place?

The man is startled and grabs his chest. He studies her, grunts and goes back to his work.

BEN WEATHERSTAFF
 (grumpy)
 Why it's the kitchen gardens.

MARY
 What's that?

Mary asks, pointing to another archway.

BEN WEATHERSTAFF
 Another garden, and another beyond that.

MARY
 Can I go in them?

BEN WEATHERSTAFF
 Yes, but there's nowt to see.

Mary turns on her heels and goes through the door. She finds more walls and more vegetables and glass frames. She runs through more doors and more gardens. MONTAGE Mary runs through the gardens, passing Mr. Weatherstaff a couple times while he works. A couple times he turns around to watch her, but she's gone by the time he takes his slow turn. END MONTAGE. At one point she's tired and dragging her feet when she hears a bird call right above her on a branch. It's a REDBREAST ROBIN. It sings a bright, merry song. Mary smiles at it.

MARY
 Why, hello.

It looks at her inquisitively and alights onto another tree. She follows it. It flies to another and another and she follows it through an opening in the wall and around a corner until it lands on green ivy clinging to a wall. She goes over to it as it flies into the brambled ivy. Mary pulls the vines away and spots a small window in the wall, barely large enough to see through. She stops to examine it. Her eyes become large with wonder as she moves her face closer to it. Through the tiny opening she sees bare branches and trees. Just dead things.

MARY (CONT'D)
 What could that be?

She wonders. She searches the breadth of the wall to find a door, but instead finds tangles of leaves, vines, and thorns.

MARY (CONT'D)

Where could the door be?

She runs to Ben Weatherstaff in another part of the gardens.

MARY (CONT'D)

Where is the door to the other garden?

She stands behind him as he tills a garden bed. He stops for a second, his eyes registering what she is saying.

BEN WEATHERSTAFF

(prying)

What door?

MARY

The garden, the one beyond the little window. The robin led me to it.

The old man smiles, still back to Mary. He stands straight and whistles. Mary hears a quick, rustling sound and sees a streak of color as the robin flies past and lands on a clod of earth next to the old man.

BEN WEATHERSTAFF

Ah here he is! Where has tha' been tha' cheeky little bird?

The little bird cocked his head side to side listening to the old man. It began to peck at the ground looking for seeds. The gardener begins to work again.

BEN WEATHERSTAFF (CONT'D)

He's always coming around to see what I'm planting. He's tha' only friend I've got.

He begins to whistle a tune while he works.

MARY

(frowning)

I have no friends at all. I'm lonely.

She's crouches, looking at the bird.

MARY (CONT'D)

(standing up)

What is your name?

BEN WEATHERSTAFF

Ben Weatherstaff. I'm lonely mysel'
except when he's with me.

(chuckles, jerking his
head towards the bird)

Art tha' th' little girl from
India?

MARY

(nodding)

I never had friends. My mother and
father didn't like me and I didn't
play with anyone

BEN WEATHERSTAFF

We're a bit alike, you and I; we
was wove out of th' same cloth.
We're neither of us good-lookin'
an' we're both of us as sour as we
look. We've got the same nasty
tempers, I'll warrant.

Mary is shocked at the truth coming from Ben's mouth. Just
then the little bird flitted to a tree branch and broke out
into a little robin-song. Ben looks up and smiles.

MARY

What did he do that for?

BEN WEATHERSTAFF

He's made up his mind to make
friends with thee.

Mary creeps closer to the bird until her face is a few
breaths from the singing creature.

MARY

Would you make friends with me?
Would you?

The bird continues to sing, then suddenly takes off and flies
over the wall into the garden with no door.

MARY (CONT'D)

He has flown over the wall!
(turning to look at Ben,
who's gardening)
He has flown into the garden with
no door!

BEN WEATHERSTAFF

He came out th' egg there. He lives
there. In the rose trees.

MARY

Rose trees, are there rose trees?

Mr. Weatherstaff stops gardening.

BEN WEATHERSTAFF

(mumbles)

That was ten year' ago. There isn't now.

MARY

I should like to see them, where is the door? There must be a door somewhere?

Mr. Weatherstaff lets out a sharp exhale and drives his spade into the earth.

BEN WEATHERSTAFF

That was ten year' ago. He says more sternly. There isn't now.

Mary stares at him as he goes back to gardening.

MARY

No door! There must be!

BEN WEATHERSTAFF

Don't be a meddlesome wench an' poke your nose where it's no cause to go. I must go on with my work. Get you gone an' play, you. I've no more time.

Mr. Weatherstaff stops, throw his spade over his shoulder and walks away. Mary watches him with a frown and a sour face.

INT. CHURCH - MORNING, A FEW DAYS LATER

Mary has the same sour face in church a few days later. She's surrounded by LOCALS from the nearest village, and sitting next to Mrs. Medlock.

PRIEST

You may now turn to page 111 for the next hymn.

The CONGREGATION stands up and begins to sing.

CONGREGATION

Praise god from whom all blessings flow, praise him...

Mary stands with the sour look stamped on her face. She doesn't know the song.

EXT. CHURCH - AFTER CHURCH ENDS

A couple stands behind a tree. They canoodle and respectfully kiss. They don't get to see each other very often. Mary stands a little ways away and watches them. The man and woman notice her, they stop and turn their head in sync and look at Mary with barely covered annoyance. Mary continues to watch until Mrs. Medlock's hand comes into frame and pulls her away.

INT. MARY'S ROOM - A FEW HOURS LATER

Mary is back at the manor in her room, depressed, playing with a knick knack on the table. She gets up and looks out the window.

MARY

Stupid grass, stupid air, stupid green.

CUT TO:

MEMORY Mary is in India and staring at the hot desert before her. Sweating in the heat, looking at the sand while her mother and father dance somewhere behind her. END MEMORY. She's looking out the window at the manor. She sighs and decides to go out.

MONTAGE Mary wakes up, Martha builds her fire, Mary takes small bites of her breakfast, goes out and runs along the moors, fighting the wind, waking up again, eating small bites, going out, running and observing the plants and animals, waking up, taking bigger bites of her breakfast, running outside to the moor and the gardens, coming into the mansion, observing the wood grain on the walls, running the halls when no one is looking, looking at the paintings, she copies a pose or two from one of them, eats dinner, runs outside. She picks up the ivory elephant she brought from India that she put beside her bed (sits next the frame of her mother and father), and looks at it. In the next shot, Martha picks up an empty breakfast plate, looks at it with shock, and looks at Mary running out of the room. END MONTAGE.

EXT. GARDENS - DAY

In the garden outside, Mary walks along the outside wall that rims the greenery. She is enjoying the morning. The robin red-breast alights on the wall and sings to her.

MARY
Why hello, Robin.

The Robin sings back it's hello.

MARY (CONT'D)
Good morning! Isn't the wind nice?
Isn't the sun nice?

Robin twitters back in agreement. It begins to hop along the wall. Mary gives chase on the beautiful morning, trying to keep up with the pretty bird until it lands on a high tree branch on the other side of the wall. Mary stops and assesses the situation. The wall dips in a little and the ivy is darker on the wall in that area. She walks around the wall as the robin chirps her on. She sticks her hand into the ivy and feels the wall until she exclaims out loud. Her hand lands on something cool. Brushing the ivy aside she comes face to face with a large tile painted with the portrait of two people and their names: Archibald and Lilas. Above it a medium-sized window gives a look into the garden beyond.

MARY (CONT'D)
This must be Mr. Craven and his
wife.

She traces the brushstrokes on the tile with her finger and looks through the window. Still she sees nothing, just dead brambles and bushes covering the view.

INT. KITCHEN - EVENING

Mary eats by the hearth in the kitchen. Various SERVANTS mull about the kitchen, eating dinner, talking amongst themselves, nodding off. One man is playing a tune on a wooden pipe. The fire crackles. Mary takes a bite of her dinner.

MARY
(whispers to Martha)
Does Mr. Craven hate the garden?

Martha smiles at her, a knowing, mischievous smile.

MARTHA
Mind, Mrs. Medlock said it's not to
be talked about.
(pause, looks around)
There's lots o' things in this
place that's not to be talked over.
That's Mr. Craven's orders that the
garden not be talked about.

((MORE))

MARTHA (CONT'D)

It was Mrs. Craven's garden that she made when they first were married, she just loved it, an' they used to tend the flowers themselves. Him an' her used to go in an' shut the' door an' stay there hours and hours readin' an' talkin'. There was a tree with a swing on it, an' one day she sat on it an' fell to the ground. Tsk tsk poor thing was hurt so bad that the next day she died. The doctors thought he'd go out of his mind an' die too. That's why he hates it. No one's never done in since, an' he won't let anyone talk about it.

MARY

(frowning, touch of sympathy)
How dreadful.

INT. MARY'S ROOM - NIGHT, EVERYONE IS ASLEEP

A scream wakes her up out of slumber. Mary sits up in the dark silence and waning glow of the fire and wonders if she actually heard anything. Then it happens again. The scream is somewhere in the depths of the house. She listens hard, but the wind covers any sound wailing through the house.

INT. KITCHEN - THE NEXT MORNING

Mary eats breakfast in her room as Martha cleans.

MARY

I heard screams last night.

Martha glances up at her from her knitting.

MARTHA

(looks up at Martha)
It sounded like someone in pain.

Martha looks back down at her knitting.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Was probably th' wind tha' heard.

Mary continues to eat.

MARY

It wasn't the wind. I know it
wasn't.

MARTHA

Sometimes the wind can sound like
howling, sometimes like crying,
sometimes wailing. It sounds like
all sorts of many things.

Mary looks at her.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Have you been to the library yet?
You should go take a look an' see
if you can find any books ta' read.

INT. THE MANOR AND ITS MANY ROOMS - AFTERNOON

Mary wanders the halls and rooms of the estate - up short flights of steps, into corridors filled with paintings of portraits of people dressed in heavy satins and furs. She passes through rooms hung with landscapes. She walks up the stairs to the second story and decides to open a door. Putting her hand on the door handle she pushes not expecting the door to give way, but it does. She walks into a room hung with a velvet painting of a little girl.

MONTAGE Mary opens door after door and comes across toys and knick knacks in various, strange rooms. She closes a cabinet door when she hears a rustling come from the corner of the room she's in. It's coming from the chair in the corner. As she approaches it she sees a velvet cushion covering the seat. Upon inspection she sees a hole in the cushion and in the hole a MOMMA MOUSE WITH FIVE BABY MICE have made their nest within its fabric walls. They looks up at her. Mary gives a half-smile of joy. END MONTAGE.

MARY

If they wouldn't be so frightened I
would take them back with me

She leaves the room and enters another. There is a table filled with JEWELRY and FRAMED PHOTOS littering the top in the middle of the room. She stops and picks up A FRAME. One was the same one her mother had in her room back in India: her mother and her aunt. ELEPHANTS of various sizes and shapes also litter the top. Mary picks up an IVORY ELEPHANT identical to her and feels the cold of the ivory in her hand like a shock.

FLASHBACK Mary plays her mother's white, ivory elephant back in her home in India. END FLASHBACK.

She takes the elephant out of her pocket and compares it to the one in her hand. They are identical. A child's wail down the hall startles her out of her reverie.

MARY (CONT'D)

(whisper)

What was that?

She puts the elephant and the framed photo of her mother and aunt in her pocket and follows the sound. Down the hall to the end a tapestry hovers just over the wall. She touches the tapestry and finds that it moves, she moves it aside and finds a door behind it. As she's about to touch the door handle she hears the clanking of keys behind her. Turning around swiftly she sees a very stern Mrs. Medlock barreling down the hall at her.

MRS. MEDLOCK

What are you doing here?

(grabs Mary by the arm)

What did I tell you?

MARY

I turned round the wrong corner, I didn't know which way to go and I heard someone crying.

MRS. MEDLOCK

You didn't hear anything of the sort. You come along to your room or I'll box your ears.

Mrs. Medlock drags her down the hall out of the area. As soon as they arrive to her room, she throws Mary in.

MRS. MEDLOCK (CONT'D)

You stay where you're told to stay or you'll find yourself locked up.

Mary looks up at her as she walks to the door.

MRS. MEDLOCK (CONT'D)

The master better get a governess to look after you. I've got enough to do.

Mrs. Medlock slams door leaving a red-faced Mary gritting her teeth on the floor.

MARY

There was someone crying - I know it.

She puts the elephants and the framed photo on her bed table and throws herself on her bed.

CUT TO:

During the night a storm blows through the moors. Mary watches the windows rattle and the rain stream down the glass, but by morning it's gone, leaving a sky as blue as sapphire. As she leaves the house in the morning her frown fades and she begins to smile and run off into the expansive moors. The green glitters under the sun in waves. She lies down on a rock in the earth and watches the clouds pass, until she falls into a light sleep. 'Mary' a woman's voice calls from far away. Mary's head twitches just slightly. 'Mary', the voice calls again. Mary smiles in her light sleep. 'Mary' the voice calls, Mary's eyes shoot open. A rabbit who'd been sniffing her starts and runs off. She sits up, confused.

EXT. THE KITCHEN GARDEN - DAY

Ben Weatherstaff and a couple other gardeners are in the kitchen garden. She walks over to him and watches.

BEN WEATHERSTAFF

Springtime's coming, cannot tha' smell it?

Mary sniffs the air.

MARY

I smell something nice and fresh and damp.

BEN WEATHERSTAFF

That's th' good, rich earth, it's in a good humor and makin' ready to grow things. In th' flower gardens out there things will be stirrin' down below th' dark. You'll see bits o' green spikes stickin' out o' th' black earth after a bit. It's the magic

MARY

Magic?

BEN WEATHERSTAFF

Yes, magic. It's everywhere. Can y'nt sense it?

MARY

No.

Mr. Weatherstaff grimaces and goes back to his work. Mary points to a couple rows.

MARY (CONT'D)

What'll they be?

BEN WEATHERSTAFF

Tulips an' lavender an'
daffodillys. Has tha' never seen
them?

MARY

No, everything is hot, and wet and
green after the rains in India.

BEN WEATHERSTAFF

It rightly has its own beauty new
to us.

A rustling of wings passes close to Mary's face and lands on the short fencing surrounding the garden. "Oh!" She gets closer to it; it's the red robin. She kneels down to get a closer look as it cocks its head to look at her.

MARY

Do you think he remembers me?

BEN WEATHERSTAFF

Remembers thee?? He remembers every
cabbage stump in th' gardens let
alone th' people.

MARY

Are things stirring down below in
that garden where he lives?

BEN WEATHERSTAFF

(grunts)
What garden?

MARY

The one where the old rose trees
are.

Ben thinks before answering.

BEN WEATHERSTAFF

Ask him. He's the only one that
knows. No one else has seen the
inside o' it for ten year.

Mary approaches the robin but it flies off to the far end of the garden. She follows it through garden doorways and into another area.

It lands on a soft pile of earth where a neighbor mole had been digging. Mary approaches quietly as it pecks the dirt.

MARY

Are you searching for food, little friend?

The robin cocks it's head to listen to her and pecks a little more. She bends down to get closer and sees something shining out of the corner of her eye. Moving closer she brushes the earth away and picks it up. It's a large, brass key. Her eyes widen and examine the dulled metal.

MARY (CONT'D)

It looks like it has been buried for ten years.

(whispers)

Perhaps it is the key to the garden...

A cold wind blows through the gardens and a light rain begins to shower down the gardens, sending a shiver through Mary. The robin flies home, Mary watches for a second but then turns back to the manor.

INT. THE MANOR - DAY

It rains for a couple days. Mary sits around the manor all day, watching the rain against the windows, and watching Martha do chores.

INT. THE MANOR - THE NEXT DAY

Martha comes back from visiting in her mother's (Mrs. Sowerby's) cottage. She walks through Mary's door with a smile on her face.

MARTHA

Good mornin' Miss Mary, I brought thee somethin', a present.

She holds out her hands to present Mary with a pretty, bright red jump-rope. Mary stares at the thing in her hands.

MARY

Oh!

(pause)

What is it?

MARTHA

What is it?! Has tha' mean tha' has never seen a skip rope? This is what it's for; just watch me.

Martha starts to skip around the room, and comes back out of breath to stand in front of an astounded Mary.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

I could skip longer than that. I've skipped as much as five hundred when I was twelve, but I'm not in practice anymore.

MARY

Where did you get it?

Mary holds the bright, red handles.

MARTHA

My mum bought it from a Mister selling pots and things across the Moor. She took tuppence from the wages I brought her and she bought thee a gift.

After a few moments of thinking, Mary replies.

MARY

Your mother is a very kind woman. So are you Martha. Do you think I could ever skip like you?

MARTHA

You just try it. You can't skip a hundred at first, but if you practice you can.

Mary tried skipping around the room but her arms and legs were too weak. But she kept skipping, she loved it so much. Martha laughs with delight.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Put on tha' things, Miss Mary, and run an' skip out of doors. Wrap up warm, it's still cold.

Martha wraps Mary in a scarf and coat at the kitchen door and sends her outside with the rope. Mary starts to head out the door, but stops and turns to face Martha.

MARY

Martha, thank you.

She sticks out her hand awkwardly. Martha gives her a clumsy handshake and laughs. But she then wraps her arms around Mary and gives her a hug. Mary stands stunned as Martha gives her a little push out the door.

EXT. THE GARDENS - MOMENTS LATER

Mary skips around to the gardens and orchards. She sings a little tune as she takes in plants of various sizes and shapes. A bird sings nearby, and as she looks up, she sees it's the Robin.

MARY

Why hello! How are you? Look at what Martha bought for me.

Mary holds up the jump rope.

MARY (CONT'D)

(smiles)

It's called a '*jump rope*'.

(whispers)

You showed me where the key was yesterday, you ought to show me the door.

The robin flies from his swinging sprig of ivy and onto the wall with a song. A gust of wind comes through the gardens, sending the robin flitting down the wall. Mary gives chase to the hopping creature. Through gardens she follows the bird until it stops above a large bunch of ivy in the wall. It lands on the ivy and sings as the wind rushes past them. Mary comes closer to the robin and sees something behind the swinging ivy. She brushes it aside and her hands fall upon a brass door knob. Her eyes light up like stars.

MARY (CONT'D)

Is this the door? Are you helping with the magic?

The robin sings in reply. Mary works and pushes and pulls the ivy aside until her hands land on the door. She feels a bit of iron and looks at a lock. She puts her eye to it and sees a garden beyond. She feels for the key in her pocket and slides it into the lock. It takes her both hands for the key to turn, and when it finally does, the door gives way with a groan. Mary gives a gasp and falls back. Getting up, she glances around to see if anyone is around watching her. She then pushes all the way past the ivy until she is standing inside the secret garden.

EXT. THE SECRET GARDEN - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

She walks through a silent maze of grey branches and brambles. Tendrils of grey leaves pull at her hair as she looks at the dead foliage, trailings of grass, and soft earth.

MARY
(whispers to the robin)
How still it is!

The robin flits onto a branch nearby. The remnants of a dead rose bush stands at her feet. She bends down to examine it.

MARY (CONT'D)
I wonder if they are all quite
dead? Is it a dead garden? I wish
it wasn't.

The robin watches her. She walks around the garden with her skipping rope hung over her arm. Out of the corner of her eye she spots something green and investigates. A little green shoot sticks out from the damp earth. She touches it tenderly, scoops the earth around.

MARY (CONT'D)
There are tiny things growing under
the earth!

She scoops up some earth and smells it.

MARY (CONT'D)
It smells wet like water and wild
like the wind.

She walks around the garden, spotting more green shoots.

MARY (CONT'D)
It isn't quite a dead garden, if
the roses are dead there are other
things alive.

Grabbing a piece of wood from the floor nearby, she starts to clear away the dead brush. She pulls up a bulb.

MARY (CONT'D)
I wonder what this is.
(studying)
Best to put it back.

She scoops earth over it and continues clearing dead brush as the robin watches her curiously from behind, he lifting a bit of dead brush away himself.

INT. MARY'S ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

A fork and a knife plop onto a cleaned plate. Two empty cups next to it lie like casualties as Mary leans back with a full belly.

MARTHA

Two pieces o' meat an' two helps o' rice puddin'! Eh, mother will be pleased when I tell her what th' skippin'-rope's done for thee.

MARY

Martha, what are those white roots in the ground that look like onions?

Mary holds up a baby onion on her fork.

MARTHA

They're bulbs. Lot's o' spring flowers grow from 'em. The' very little ones are snowdrops an' crocuses an' the' big ones are narcissuses an' jonquils an' daffydowndillys. They are so nice! Dickon's got a whole lot of 'em planted in our bitty garden.

MARY

Does your brother, Dickon, know all about them?

MARTHA

Our Dickon can make a flower grow out of a brick wall like magic.

MARY

Like magic?

MARTHA

Yes, like magic!

MARY

Do bulbs live a long time? Would they live years and years if no one helped them?

MARTHA

They're things as helps themselves. That's why poor folk can afford to have 'em.

DAYDREAM Mary thinks about the magic and the flower as Martha talks. The flowers in her mind grow as the magic swirls around them. END DAYDREAM.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

If you don't trouble 'em most of em'll work away underground for a lifetime an' spread out an' have little 'uns. They're the prettiest sight in Yorkshire when th' spring comes. No one know when they was first planted.

EXT. THE MANOR - THE NEXT DAY

Mary runs out of the manor early in the morning and skips like crazy down walks and saying hello to each plant creature along the way: cabbage patch, potatoes, cauliflower. She sneaks up behind Ben Weather staff and scares him.

BEN WEATHERSTAFF

Tha'art like th' robin, I never know knows when I shall see thee or which side tha'll come from.

MARY

(exclaims)

He's friends with me now!
(whistles)
Watch! Robin!

The Robin flies into the scene, landing on Ben's shovel handle.

BEN WEATHERSTAFF

Aye, there tha' art!

Ben's crusty frown spreads into a smile. He scarcely breathes lest he disturb the little bird. It twitters and dances on the Ben's shovel handle until it was all out of song.

BEN WEATHERSTAFF (CONT'D)

Well I'll be danged. Tha' does know how to get at a chap, tha' does!
Tha's fair unearthly, tha's so knowin'

The robin shakes it's wings and takes flight. Ben and Mary stand watching him for a couple breaths, then Ben returns to his digging.

MARY

Have you a garden of your own?

BEN WEATHERSTAFF

No, I'm a bachelder here at the manor.

MARY

If you had one what would you plant?

BEN WEATHERSTAFF

Cabbages an' taters an' onions.

MARY

But if you wanted to make a flower-garden, what would you plant?

BEN WEATHERSTAFF

Bulbs an' sweet-smellin' things - but mostly roses. I was learned 'bout roses by a young lady I was gardener to. She had a lot and was fond of 'em like they was robins.

(laughs, watery-eyed)

I seen her kiss the roses like they was her own children. That were as much as ten year ago.

MARY

Where is she now?

BEN WEATHERSTAFF

Heaven.

MARY

Are the roses also in heaven? Do they die when they're left to themselves?

BEN WEATHERSTAFF

Once or twice a year I'd go prune 'em a bit, but they run wild. They was in rich soil so some of 'em lived.

MARY

When they have no leaves and look grey and brown and dry, how can you tell whether they are dead or alive?

BEN WEATHERSTAFF

Wait till th' spring gets them.
 Wait till th' sunshine shines on
 them, and the rain falls on them
 and tha'll find out. Now I've got
 to get to work!

With a grunt Ben picks up his shovel and tromps off leaving Mary dissatisfied and curious. She watches him leave, looks down and notices a HAND SHOVEL ON A CORD, 'Mr. Weatherstaff!' She shouts, but he's gone. Picking it up, she takes it with her and skips away to the garden, robin by her side. Down a walk next to the garden wall she skips, through a short gate into a small copse of trees. As she leaves the gate she hears a WHISTLING TUNE. She stops and approaches the sound. Her breath catches in her throat as she discovers a BOY sitting against a tree whistling a tune on a rough, wooden pipe. RABBITS, SQUIRRELS, and BIRDS are circled around him, listening to his tune. When he sees Mary, he holds up his hand.

DICKON

Don't move, you'll scare them.

Mary gives a startled look, but the boy continues to play. Finally he slowly stands up, and the animals scamper away.

DICKON (CONT'D)

I'm Dickon, an' thou art Miss Mary.
 I got up slow because if tha' makes
 a quick move it startles 'em.

A startled squirrel chastises the boy from the tree. Mary looks at him.

MARY

Are you magic?

He laughs.

MARY (CONT'D)

You play a flute?

DICKON

I do, the animals like it...

He turns to point around at the animals observing them.

DICKON (CONT'D)

I dunno if I'm magic. There's magic
 everywhere, I 'spose.

The robin calls from atop the wall.

DICKON (CONT'D)
That Robin is callin' us.

MARY
Is it really calling us?

DICKON
Aye, it is, he's callin' to someone
he's friends with. That's the same
as sayin' '*Here I am, look at me, I
want a bit of a chat*'. Ah, there he
is, who's friend is he?

MARY
He's Ben Weatherstaff's, but he
knows me a little.

Dickon gets a better look at it.

DICKON
Aye, he knows thee, an' he likes
thee. He'll tell me all about thee
in a minute.

Dickon puts his hands to his mouth and whistles a bird tune.
The robin listens intently and then replies back.

MARY
Do you really understand everything
birds say?

DICKON
(laughs)
I think I do, and they think I do.
I've lived on th' moor with them so
long: I've watched them break shell
and come out and fledge and learn
to fly and sing till I think I'm
one of them. Sometimes I think
perhaps I'm a bird, or a fox, or a
rabbit, or a squirrel, or even a
beetle, and...
(sighs)
Oh...I don't know

The robin answers back. Dickon chuckles.

DICKON (CONT'D)
Aye, he's a friend of yours, says
he's been helping you

MARY

Do you really think he is?
 (cries excitedly)
 Do you really think he likes me?

DICKON

He wouldn't come near thee if he
 didn't. Birds is rare choosers and
 a robin can flout a body worse than
 a man. See, he's chatting with thee
 now.

The robin tweets and twitters on the wall, dancing and
 flapping his wings. Mary studies Dickon for a bit as he
 watches the Robin.

MARY

Could you keep a secret if I told
 you one? It's a great secret.

Dickon studies Mary.

DICKON

I'm keeping secrets all the time.
 If I couldn't keep secrets from the
 other lads about foxes' cubs and
 birds nests and wild thing's hiding
 places, there's be nothin' safe on
 the moor.

Mary puts her hand on his sleeve and pinches it, feeling the
 rough fabric. She looks at it in curiosity, but continues
 with her secret matter-of-factly.

MARY

I've stolen a garden. It isn't mine
 it isn't anybody's. Nobody ever
 goes into it. Everything is
 probably dead already, I don't
 know.

(tearing up)

Oh I don't care! Nobody has any
 right to take it from me when I
 care for it and they don't. They're
 letting it die, all shut in by
 itself.

Breath. Space.

DICKON

(listening)

Miss Mary, where is the garden?

Mary leads him around the path to the gate. When they arrive at the garden door, Mary looks around. Dickon copies her. She opens the door and they step in. They look at the quiet garden in awe together. After a while, Mary chimes.

MARY

It's this, it's a secret garden and I'm the only one in the world who wants it to be alive.

Dickon takes in the bushes and brambles.

DICKON

Eh, it's a strange, pretty place.
It's like as if you was in a dream.
(pause)
I'd never thought I'd see this place.

MARY

Did you know about it?

DICKON

Martha told me there was one as no one ever went inside. I always wondered what it looked like.

He runs to a grey tangle just above them in a tree.

DICKON (CONT'D)

Eh! The nests all' be here come springtime!

MARY

(intently)
Will there be roses? Can you tell?
I thought maybe they were all dead.

DICKON

No! Not them - look here.

Dickon steps over to a grey, slumbering tree, and with a pocket blade from his pocket cuts a bit off a branch to reveal the green inside. Mary touches it.

MARY

Is that one quite alive?

DICKON

It's as alive as you or me. When it's green on the inside, it's wick - it's alive.

MARY
Why does that tree look so dead?

DICKON
Which tree?

MARY
(pointing)
That one.

She points to a large, old, grey tree. Dickon walks up to it. There is carving in the bark. A heart encircles an A.C. and L.C. He looks up at the branches. A couple of them are broken, but a large one in particular. Below the large branch is a small wooden rope swing. One rope on the branch, the other dangling. The remainder of the branch still rests on the floor. They both look at it.

DICKON
I suppose this is th' tree the
Missus Craven died from.

Mary traces her finger over the carved letters.

MARY
Martha told me about her.

Pulling out a little BAG OF SEEDS, Dickon opens it for her.

DICKON
I've a few seeds 'ere, let's plant
'em.

CUT TO:

Earth is being cleared, and little holes are made for seeds to be placed inside them - little hopes and dreams. Dickon and Mary are both clearing and cleaning the garden, even the robin was helping out.

MARY
Dickon, you are as nice as Martha
said you were. I like you, and you
make the fifth person. I never
thought I should like five people.

DICKON
Only five folks tha' likes?
(half-shouts, unbelieving)
Who is th' other four?

MARY

Your mother - Mrs Susan Sowerby,
Martha, and the Robin and Ben
Weatherstaff.

Dickon laughs heartily, but covers his mouth. Mary shushes him and looks around to make sure no one outside the garden heard.

MARY (CONT'D)

(looking down)

Do you like my company, Dickon?

DICKON

(smiling)

That I does! I like thee wonderful,
an' so does the Robin, I do
believe!

MARY

(smiling back)

That's two, then. Two for me.

Mary begins to HUM '*Mary, Mary quite contrary*' as they continue digging and planting until they are tired.

INT. CARRIAGE - DAYS LATER

ARCHIBALD CRAVEN rides in a well-to-do carriage. He is lost in thought, but eager as he keeps looking out the window at his approaching estate. He takes a LOCKET out of his pocket containing a picture of a WOMAN AND A BOY, sighs heavily, and shuts it. He looks forward. Back at the estate, while Mary is calmly eating her lunch, maids and butlers are cleaning, straightening up, bringing out clean linens and curtains. The butler and footman greet the carriage as it arrives. Archibald steps out, nods to the men and walks into the manor. He passes Mrs. Medlock who curtsies, Mr. Pitcher who bows, and the servants.

MRS. MEDLOCK

So good to see you, Master.

ARCHIBALD CRAVEN

(nods)

Mrs. Medlock. Mr. Pitcher.

He heads towards the interior of the manor and disappears. Mrs. Medlock looks around at everyone, and takes a breath.

MRS. MEDLOCK

Well!? Get back to work!

INT. MARY'S ROOM - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Martha is helping Mary with her outfit for the day when a panicked Mrs. Medlock runs into the room. She looks at Mary for a second, while Mary and Martha look back at her.

MRS. MEDLOCK

Your hair's rough. Go and brush it.
Martha, help her slip on her best
dress. Mr. Craven sent me to bring
her to him in his study.

Mrs. Medlock runs out of the room.

MARTHA

Master Craven is back today, he may
want to see ya.

MARY

Oh!

(turns around, with a
pause)

Why? He didn't want to see me when
I came.

MARTHA

Well, Mrs. Medlock said it was
because of mother. She was walkin'
in Thwaite village an' she met him.
He'd forgot that Mrs. Craven -
bless her soul - had been to our
cottage two or three times. Momma
made bold to stop him and she said
somethin' to his as to put you in
his mind-

Mrs. Medlock returns to the room with a brush and ribbon. She begins to brush Mary's hair, but it makes Mary so uncomfortable she begins to holler.

MRS. MEDLOCK

Oh you do it

She hands the brush to Martha.

CUT TO:

Mrs. Medlock, Mary and Martha are rushing down the hall. When they arrive at Mr. Craven's receiving room door, Mrs. Medlock catches her breath and wipes her sweat, smooths the hair back, and licks her finger to smooth Mary's hair before entering. Mary looks back at Martha who gives her a little push and a smile. A high-backed chair hides the man sitting in front of a fire.

MRS. MEDLOCK (CONT'D)
 (gathering her courage)
 This is Miss Mary, Sir.

MR. CRAVEN
 You can go and leave her here, I
 will ring for you when I want you
 to take her away.

Mrs. Medlock exhales and nods, leaving the room. Mary stands in the large room, hands clasped in front of her. The fire crackles, and dogs at Mr. Craven's feet pant and let out a whine.

MR. CRAVEN (CONT'D)
 (tired, low voice)
 Come here, child

Mary slowly walks towards him. As she gets closer to the chair, he begins to lift himself out of it startling her. He is a tall, handsome man with a melancholy disposition and a hunch, as if he wore each year of his life on his shoulders. He walks towards her and studies her. Finally he speaks.

MR. CRAVEN (CONT'D)
 Are you well?

MARY
 Yes.

MR. CRAVEN
 Do they take good care of you?

MARY
 Yes.

He looks at her, then turns away.

MR. CRAVEN
 You are very thin.

MARY
 I am getting stronger!

Quiet.

MR. ARCHIBALD
 I forgot - I intended to send you a
 governess or nurse or someone of
 that sort, but I forgot.

Mary gathers her courage.

MARY
 (quietly)
 Please...

Mr. Craven turns around to look at her.

MR. CRAVEN
 Yes?

MARY
 I am too big for a nurse...And
 please - please don't make me have
 a governess yet.

MR. CRAVEN
 Hmm, that is what the Sowerby woman
 said.

MARY
 Is that Martha's mother?

MR. CRAVEN
 Yes, I think so.

MARY
 I want to play out of doors.
 I never had any friends in India. I
 have friends here, and I am hungry
 here.

MR. CRAVEN
 Mrs. Sowerby said it would do you
 good - getting out of doors.
 Perhaps it will. She thought you
 had better get stronger before you
 had a governess.
 (exhales)
 Where do you play?

MARY
 Everywhere, Martha's mother sent me
 a skip-rope, I watch the animals.
 (pause, then quickly)
 I don't do any harm.

MR. CRAVEN
 Don't look so frightened, you may
 do what you like.

Mary takes a step forward.

MARY
 May I?

MR. CRAVEN

Of course, child. I am your guardian.

(bends down)

Do you want toys, books, any dolls?

MARY

(slowly)

Might I have a bit of earth?

MR. CRAVEN

Earth!?

MARY

To plant seeds in, to make things grow, to see them come alive.

Craven turns towards the mantle where he looks at a photo of his late wife in a frame.

MR. CRAVEN

(far off, somewhere else)

Do you care about gardens so much?

MARY

I didn't know about them in India. I was always ill and tired. I sometimes made little hills in the sand and stuck flowers in them. But here I can plant things.

MR. CRAVEN

You can have as much earth as you want.

MARY

May I take it from anywhere?

MR. CRAVEN

Anywhere

Suddenly tired and with a headache, he clasps his head.

MR. CRAVEN (CONT'D)

You must go now. I am tired.

He touches a BELL to call Mrs. Medlock, who appears with a sudden ruffle of skirts and the SOUND of the door opening.

MR. CRAVEN (CONT'D)

Good-bye, I shall be away until next winter.

Mrs. Medlock escorts Mary away and out the door. Everything goes black as the door slams behind them.

INT. MARY'S ROOM - MINUTES LATER

The door to Mary's room opens, she's pushed inside and it shuts. Mary rushes to Martha and hugs her.

MARY

I can have my garden! I may have it where I like!

MARTHA

Eh, that was nice of him, wasn't it?

MARY

(sincere)

Martha, he really is a nice man, only his face is so sad and his forehead is so worried.

Martha can't help but laugh at Mary's boldness.

EXT. GARDENS - A WHILE LATER

Mary runs to the garden, going through the door, yelling "*Dickon, Dickon!*", but he isn't there to answer. The robin flits onto a branch and looks at Mary.

MARY

(sad)

He's gone.

She looks around the garden and sees something out of the corner of her eye. A piece of paper fastened to a rose-bush with red yarn. She reads it: '*I will come bak*' in rough letters below a rough-drawn picture of a bird sitting in a nest. Mary smiles, puts the letter in her pocket, and walks out of the hibernating garden.

INT. ARCHIBALD CRAVEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Archibald Craven is asleep in his chair, and begins to dream

DREAM Archibald Craven and his wife, Lilas are holding hands, dancing, hugging. Before the dream ends, she calls to him in a soft, far-away voice.

LILAS

Archibald. Archibald.

She caresses his face with her hand. He grasps it and enjoys her touch. DREAM END. A female hand caresses Mr. Craven's face in present-moment as he sleeps in his chair. He grabs it, enjoying it.

MR. CRAVEN

(murmurs)

Lilas.

His eyes open, the hand goes away and he's in front of the fire. He sits in his chair watching the flames lick and crackle, thinking. After a few seconds he gets up and grabs a candle. He goes over to a tapestry at the far end of the darkened room, and moves it aside to expose a door. He walks through a darkened passageway until he comes up to a door he knows, and opens it slowly. Walking in, he approaches a BLONDE BOY sleeping in a bed. He caresses the boys head and face very lightly.

MR. CRAVEN (CONT'D)

My son. My beautiful son.

The boy moves in his sleep, Mr. Craven pulls his hand back and leaves.

NEXT SCENE: THE MANOR - A RAINY NIGHT, A FEW DAYS LATER

It's night, the rain is falling hard on the windows. The wind makes wuthering sounds in the manor, around the corners and in the chimneys. Mary wakes, sits up, looks at the rain on the window panes and falls back down dramatically. She lets out a big sigh and covers her head with a pillow, shutting out the noise. A few seconds later she throws the pillow off and sighs again.

MARY

It sounds just like a person lost
on the moor and wandering on and
crying.

She rolls over fitfully a few times, sighing, and ends up on her stomach lying on one cheek. The wuthering grows a little more intense until it sounds just like someone crying off in the distance. Mary catches her breath and listens. The crying starts again. She pushes herself up and listens more intently.

MARY (CONT'D)

That isn't the wind now.

Mary listens. The crying sounds were coming through the wall. They seemed far-off and fretful, almost annoyed.

She grabs a CANDLE and pushes the tapestry away, putting her head to the wall. The screams become louder. She looks at the panel and sees a small knob and tries it. A slender door pushes in. She looks frightened. Wonders if she should stop, but becomes resolute.

MARY (CONT'D)

I don't care what Mrs. Medlock says, I'm going to find out what it is!

She goes through the door. She creeps down corridors and around corners, until she faces a door. The crying is just behind it. A faint light is coming from under it. She turns the knob slowly, pulls the door open and goes in. She pushes a tapestry away. Her face is in awe as she stands in a massive, ornate room filled with paintings, tapestries and decorations. A cry breaks her out of the reverie. She sees a figure on the bed in the middle of the room, sniffing. She looks back at the door one last time before deciding to approach the figure. A young blonde boy is crying in a large four-poster bed dripping with brocade and satin. The bed seems to swallow him whole. A fire on the other side of the room crackles and creaks. She creeps towards the boy until the light from the candle catches the boy's attention. He turns his head to face her.

COLIN

(sniffing)

Are - are you a ghost?

MARY

No. Are you?

COLIN CRAVEN

No. I am Colin.

MARY

(pause)

Who is that?

COLIN

Colin Craven. I am Colin Craven.
Who are you?

MARY

I am Mary Lennox. Mr. Craven is my uncle

COLIN

(demands)

He is my father. Come here.

Mary walks towards the bed. Colin puts his hand out to touch her.

COLIN (CONT'D)

You are real, aren't you? I have such real dreams very often, you might be one of them.

Mary pinches Colin.

COLIN (CONT'D)

Ow!

She giggles.

COLIN (CONT'D)

(suddenly serious and angry)

Where did you come from?

MARY

My room. I couldn't sleep and I heard someone crying so I came to see who it was. What were you crying for?

Colin looks at her and pauses, calm again.

COLIN

Because I couldn't go to sleep either.

MARY

Did no one ever tell you I had come to live here?

COLIN

(shakes his head)

Why? I would not have wanted you to see me, anyways.

MARY

Why?

COLIN

Because I am like this, always ill and in bed. My father won't let people talk to me, either. The servants are not allowed to speak about me. If I live, I may be a hunchback, but I won't. I shall die soon.

MARY
 (inspecting him)
 You don't look like a hunchback.

COLIN
 I am a hunchback.

He pulls down the back of his robe.

COLIN (CONT'D)
 See?

MARY
 There isn't a hunch there. Do you
 want to live?

COLIN
 No....but I also don't want to die.
 Dr. Craven, my uncle, says I'll
 die. If I do, he inherits
 Misselwaith.
 (pause)
 I wish my father would come see me.

There was a pause as they both looked at each other.

COLIN (CONT'D)
 You looks so much like my mother!
 There is a gold cord over there on
 the wall. Pull it.

Mary goes over to the cord and pulls it. The curtain pulls
 back revealing the portrait of a blonde woman on a swing
 surrounded by roses.

COLIN (CONT'D)
 That's my mother, Lilas Craven,
 just before she died. She loved
 roses.

MARY
 You look just like her!

COLIN
 You look just like her too!

They both giggle.

MARY
 Shall I tell you a secret?

COLIN
 A secret!?

MARY

I've stolen a garden.

COLIN

A garden!? What garden?

MARY

A secret garden. It's filled with daffodils lilies and snowdrops and roses. No one has been allowed to go into it for ten years.

COLIN

I would like to go into the secret garden!

MARY

Oh but we can't! Dickon says it's been locked for ten years.

COLIN

Who's Dickon?

MARY

He's a boy who can charm rabbits and snakes and birds. He knows about the garden too.

COLIN

I'll make them open it and let me in!

MARY

We can't. You must keep it a secret.

(puts finger to lips)

It's more fun as a secret, besides we could help it grow once we find it. You might even go outside.

COLIN

(nodding off)

Oh, I'll never get to go outside. They keep me locked in here. I am going to die anyway. But I want to see the secret garden.

Colins settles back into the blankets and yawns, and falls back to sleep.

MARY

(whispers)

We shall see it together.

She moves away from Colin, grabs her candle and exits.

INT. THE MANOR - RAINY DAY

It's raining on the moor. Mary looks out the window, opening it to smell the rain. She puts her hand out to touch the rain. She finishes her breakfast and watches the rain from the kitchen door. DAYDREAM She's dancing in the rain with just a dress and no shoes. END DAYDREAM. She wanders the manor halls, looks at eerie paintings, passes by gossiping maids and butlers, then finally sneaks into Colin's room.

COLIN

Tell me about India.

Mary is looking around the room, picking up knick knacks and books.

MARY

It's very hot. There is sand everywhere and dust.

CUT TO:

IMAGINATION Mary is suddenly speaking to him from India.

MARY (CONT'D)

There are elephants everywhere. I never left the house, only when my Ayah took me out. There is a very rich rajah who lives in a very big palace.

Mary suddenly become the Rajah in the palace.

COLIN

What is a Rajah?

Colin suddenly becomes one of the ladies in the palace.

MARY

A Rajah is a king.

COLIN

(puts a grape in his mouth)

Oh.

MARY

There are swamis everywhere, and ladies that smell like flowers.

Colin becomes a swami, and Mary becomes a perfumed lady.

MARY (CONT'D)

There are snake charmers.

COLIN

Like Dickon?

Suddenly a confused Dickon appears as a snake charmer with a flute surrounded by squirrels, birds, snakes and rabbits.

MARY

(laughs)

Yes, like Dickon.

END IMAGINATION

Colin's questions drone and blend into the sound of the rain and crackling fire. Mary dreams about India, her mother and father.

INT. MARY'S ROOM - MORNING, DAYS LATER

Mary wakes up. The week's rain has stopped. She goes to the window and pushes it open, sticks her hand and nose outside and inhales. "Ahhhhh," she lets out a satisfied breath. The moor glistens with rain in the sun. Tiny shoots of green poke through the grass. Grouse and birds, deer and rabbits all convene on the moor for their breakfast. Mary throws on her dress, flies past a couple maids, Mrs. Medlock and Mrs. Martha (Mrs. Medlock shouts, '*Don't run, child!*'), and out a side door into the moor outside. She runs along the path a little ways and arrives at the front gate of the garden. She looks around, and goes into the secret garden. A large CROW caws at her from atop a nearby wall. She stops and looks at it. It caws again. She walks past slowly, slightly afraid. She sticks her tongue out at it, but it caws back at her with alarm. Scared, she rushes to the garden door but the crow meets her there. It watches her as she takes out her key. She keeps looking at it out of the corner of her eye as she struggles to open the door, but the crow lands on a branch near her and caws. She backs up and starts to run into the garden, when whistle rings out from beyond the brush. The crow flies towards it and lands on the whistler's shoulder.

MARY

Oh, it's Dickon!

(smiles, running to him)

You are in the garden so early. Are these your animals?

DICKON

They are my friends.

A fox watches Mary from a few paces away, a squirrel chatters at them from a branch, a few birds twitter loudly from the surrounding trees. He pats the little fox cub's head.

DICKON (CONT'D)

This is Captain.

(then looks at the crow)

An' this here's soot. Soot flew across th' moor with me, an' Captain he run same as if th' hounds had been after him."

MARY

You're magic, Dickon.

Dickon smiles. The robin lands nearby and sings a little song for them.

MARY (CONT'D)

Oh, there's the Robin!

The fox takes off running, Soot takes off flying, Dickon takes off with them.

MARY (CONT'D)

Wait! Dickon, where are you going?

Mary decides to run after them. They run out the door and onto the moors, laughing. They collapse in a heap on the moor with the crow and fox nearby. A squirrel runs right over them.

MARY (CONT'D)

I can keep up with you, I'm getting stronger!

DICKON

I do reckon you are, Miss Mary.

He pinches her cheek sending Mary into a laugh.

MARY

Dickon, may I ask you something?

DICKON

I reckon.

MARY

Do you know about Colin Craven?

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. COLIN'S ROOM - LATER

A scream beams from Colin Craven's mouth. It echoes in the halls and rooms. Mary hears it from her room while eating dinner. She is highly annoyed and decides to sneak into Colin's room. As Mary enters his room from the tunnel, nurses are leaving through the main door. She storms over to Colin and yells.

MARY

What is the matter!?

Colin doesn't even look at her. He screams louder into his pillow. Mary picks up a pillow and hits him on the head.

MARY (CONT'D)

What is the matter with you?

COLIN

(whines)

I thought you were coming to see me, but you didn't.

MARY

I was working outside with Dickon.

Colin turns around and sits up.

COLIN

I won't let that boy near the manor if you stay with him instead of coming to talk to me.

MARY

I'll never come into this room again and you'll be all alone.

COLIN

You'll have to if I want you to.

MARY

If you make me, Mr. Rajah, I won't talk. I'll sit and clench my teeth and never tell you one thing. I won't even look at you, I'll stare at the floor.

A long pause between them: two rivals in a wild west shoot-out.

COLIN

(throwing himself
dramatically)

You are selfish!

MARY

I'm selfish? Selfish people always say that. You're more selfish than I am. You're the most selfish boy I ever saw!

COLIN

I am not! I'm not as selfish as you. I'm always ill and I have a lump on my back! And besides, I'm going to die!

Colin throws himself onto the pillows again and cries.

MARY

You don't have a lump on your back and you're not going to die!

Colin turns around and weakly throws a pillow at Mary, it lands on the floor at her feet.

COLIN

Get out of my room!

MARY

I am! And I'm not coming back!

She marches out the main door, past a shocked NURSE coming in, and back to her room.

INT. MARY'S ROOM - MINUTES LATER

As Mary enters her room, Martha is waiting for her.

MARTHA

Mary, Mr. Craven got thee something.

She points to the table in the middle of the room. A large box sat in the middle of the table. Mary's face changes from anger to wonder as Martha help her remove the lid. As Mary looks inside, Martha gasps as they see a variety of beautiful books, some with pictures of gardens and flowers, a monogrammed gold pen and ink set, and a few games.

MARY

(under her breath)
I'd share this with Colin, but we're not friends.

CUT TO:

INT. MARY'S ROOM - DINNER TIME

Mary sits at the table, she's finally finished her dinner. She takes out the pen and ink and starts to write a letter. "*Dear Dickon, I'm so happy the garden is growing, there are sure to be many flowers very soon. Signed, Mary.*" She folds the letter and puts it aside. She sighs looking out the window. Flashbacks of her mother's smile appear in her mind. She picks up her pen once again. "*Dear Mother...*" She doesn't know what to write, she just looks at the paper.

CUT TO:

MARY'S DREAM Mary is in the house in India, she screams "*Mother, where are you?*" An ivory elephant in her hand splits in two. Her voice echoes throughout the house. "*I'm here, Mary,*" says her mother's soft voice. Her mother walks along the sun-drenched moors in a soft dress. Mary runs after her. Her mother's laugh sounds across the grassy knolls. Just as Mary catches her dress with her hand, they transition to the rose-shrouded garden gate. "*I'm here,*" The voice says again. Distraught, Mary watches her mother disappear into the garden. She's about to cry but the red robin appears before her. She puts her finger out and it lands on her finger. It watches her. END MARY'S DREAM

INT. MARY'S ROOM - MORNING

Mary wakes up the next morning and stares out the window until Martha brings her breakfast.

MARTHA

(whispers)

Miss Mary, do you know about Master Colin?

MARY

Yes.

MARTHA

(gasps)

Oh goodness! It's forbidden! If Mrs. Medlock hears about this...

MARY

...Colin would probably order her to order me to sit with him.

Martha looks at Mary who just eats. Martha sits.

MARTHA

He says he wishes tha' would please go and see him as soon as tha' can.

(MORE)

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Eh! Poor lad! He's been spoiled till salt won't save him. Mother says th' two worst things as can happen to a child is never to have his own way - or always to have it.
(shakes her head)

But Master Colin says to me when I went into his room, '*Please ask Miss Mary if she'll please come an' talk to me*'. Will you go, Miss Mary?

MARY

Yes.

MARTHA

But ya must go when Mrs. Medlock is not there. If she sees you, you'll be in trouble. She'll tell Master Craven.

Mary looks up with worry.

CUT TO:

INT. A DIFFERENT ROOM IN THE MANOR

Mary waits in a nearby room for Mrs. Medlock and a couple maids to exit Colin's room. She cracks the door and watches them walk down the hall. As soon as they're gone, she makes a run for Colin's room and enters. Mary looks at Colin from the door. She gets closer to the bed and just looks at him. She has an idea. Colin wakes and just looks at her. There is an awkward silence as they look at each other. Colin finally speaks.

COLIN

I'm glad you came. My head aches and I ache all over because I'm so tired. Are you going somewhere? I want to go too. I don't want to be in this room anymore.

MARY

Yes, I'm going outside but I won't be long. I have a plan to get you out of here, but you must keep it a secret.

COLIN

Oh! A secret?! I promise! You really will get me out of this room?

(MORE)

COLIN (CONT'D)

(sighs)

I dreamt about the secret garden
all night! All the grey turning
green and all the colors! Don't be
long, I'll be cross again if you
are long.

MARY

Don't worry.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE MANOR - MOMENTS LATER

A crow follows Mary as she runs from the manor to the garden.
She pushes through branches and leaves, but doesn't find
Dickon.

MARY

Dickon! Dickon!

All she hears are the twitters of birds and squirrels. A fox
and a mouse look up at her from their holes. She runs out of
the garden and into the other gardens, past a curious Ben
Weatherstaff. The fox follows her. She goes through each one
until she ends up at the edge of the gardens near the moors.
Exasperated she gives a cry and frowns, and starts to head
back to the manor but sees a FIGURE off in the distance
coming towards her. It's on a small brownish/reddish PONY and
rider coming in from the moors. She puts up her hand to
shield her eyes. It's Dickon riding in on his moor pony. They
smile as he approaches.

DICKON

Good mornin' Miss Mary.

MARY

Dickon!

DICKON

(pats pony)

This is Jump.

Two SQUIRRELS emerge from his bag and climb up to his
shoulders. Mary laughs.

DICKON (CONT'D)

These fellows are Walnut and Shell.

He feeds them a bit of nuts from his pocket.

MARY

I looked for you in the garden, but
you weren't there.

DICKON

Jump was eager to ride out to the moors today.

He slides off the pony and whispers in Jump's ear, Jump whinnies back and puts his head on Dickon's shoulder.

MARY

Why do you talk to him, Dickon?

DICKON

He can understand what I say, I s'ppose.

MARY

Can he really?

COLIN

Anything will understand if you're friends with it, but you have to be friends for sure.

(pause)

Miss Mary, would you like to ride Jump?

MARY

(smiles)

Yes!

Dickon helps her on and leads them on. After a while, Mary speaks.

MARY (CONT'D)

Dickon, I have to go back and visit with Colin, but I have an idea to get Colin out of his room.

(smiles)

Do you think you could help me?

CUT TO:

INT. DR. CRAVEN'S HOME AND OFFICE - DAY

DR. CRAVEN opens his door receives an OLDER MAN into his small, front receiving room. He lives in a simple country home which is a little worn around the edges. The wallpaper is peeling in a few places, and a worn footrest hold residence. Though there are touches of elegance here and there: a gold picture frame, an ornate art object.

DR. CRAVEN

Well, Mr. Smith, looks like you'll be fine in a few days.

(MORE)

DR. CRAVEN (CONT'D)

Have the missus give you herbal tea, rest well and let me know how you feel on Saturday.

The doctor smiles a world of warmth. The older man he is attending nods, gives him a few pounds from his pocket and leaves. The doctor looks out the window and the country town and watches the man walk away. The doctor turns and goes over to a mirror, fixes his hair, straightens his shirt buttons and puts on his coat with a clinical air completely different from the minutes prior. His smile fades and looks completely serious at this point. He grabs his doctor's bag and leaves for the Craven estate.

EXT. A CARRIAGE - A BIT LATER

Dr. Craven arrives to Misselthwaite Manor by simple carriage. His covetous eyes survey the manor as the carriage approaches the Craven estate. The reflection of the manor gleams off his irises. He steps out of the carriage and up the steps with clean but worn shoes. The butler opens the door for Dr. Craven, who pastes a smile onto his face just before he gets to the top step. Dustily, the butler announces '*Dr. Craven*' as the doctor steps through the door and is received by Mrs. Medlock. '*Oh Doctor, I'm so glad that you're here,*' the doctor smiles even wider. They walk upstairs, down halls, and to Colin's door (quick walk, wicked witch of the west vibe). A scream is heard through the halls, and both the doctor and Mrs. Medlock raise their heads towards it.

DR. CRAVEN

How is he?

(irritated)

He will break a blood vessel in one of those fits someday. The boy is half-insane with hysteria and self-indulgence.

INT. THE MANOR - MARY GETS BACK TO COLIN'S ROOM**COLIN**

Oh! I did not think you were coming back.

(sniffles and smiles)

You smell like flowers and fresh things...and something else, it's like the earth but not.

MARY

It's th' wind from th' moor. Dickon came in on a pony today. His name is Jump.

(MORE)

MARY (CONT'D)

He and Dickon are good friends.
Jump let me ride him for a little
bit.

COLIN

(flops into the bed and
screams)

I wish I was friends with things,
but I'm not I never had anything to
be friends with. And I can't bear
people

MARY

Shhh!!! Can't you bear me?

Colin sits up, stops screaming and studies Mary seriously.

COLIN

Yes, I can. It's very funny but...I
even like you.

MARY

(looks down)

Ben Weatherstaff said I was like
him. Same nasty tempers, he said. I
think you are like him too. As sour
as we looked. But I don't feel as
sour as I used to before I knew
Robin and Dickon.

COLIN

Do you feel as If you hated people?

MARY

Yes.

COLIN

I want to meet Dickon and Robin.

MARY

Really? I'm glad you said that
because...

COLIN

Because what?

MARY

(seriously)

Can I trust you? Can I trust you
for sure?

COLIN

Yes. Yes!

MARY

Dickon and I have been in the
secret garden.

COLIN

What!

MARY

And I want you to come too.

COLIN

I so want to go! I do!

MARY

We must get you out of doors.
Promise me you will keep this
secret.

COLIN

I promise, I promise.

Mary leans in and begins telling the secret of his escape to
a shocked Colin who's eyes open wide with excitement.

COLIN (CONT'D)

Do you think it will work?

Mary nods, but her nod is broken off by the door opening.
Mary and Colin look up. Mary scrambles under the bed as Mrs.
Medlock, a maid, and Dr. Craven enter Colin's room.

MRS. MEDLOCK

...Of course, Dr. Craven, you'll see
how ill he looks, simply white.

Dr. Craven approaches a sweet-looking Colin.

DR. CRAVEN

I'm sorry to hear you were ill last
night, my boy. You seem to be
getting worse.

COLIN

You always say that.

DR. CRAVEN

Say what?

Dr. Craven puts his hand to Colin's forehead, then tests his
pulse.

COLIN

'I'm sorry to hear you were ill,
you are getting worse.' I am not
getting worse.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE Various other times in which Dr. Craven visited Colin
and tells him that 'He's *much worse, he's sick, he needs
rest, and he looks ill*'. END MONTAGE

COLIN (CONT'D)

I want to go out of doors. I'm
better now. *MUCH* better. I want to
leave this room.

Dr Craven looks at him nervously, turns his head slowly
towards Mrs. Medlock to see her reaction. She looks back at
the two. He turns back to Colin, clears his throat and
continues to check on him, and sits in the chair.

DR. CRAVEN

You *MUST* be very careful not to
tire yourself. Bed rest is needed.
Remember to-

COLIN

I don't want to remember. When I
lie by myself and remember, I begin
to have pains everywhere, and then
I begin to think of things that
make me scream because I hate them
so. If there was a doctor who could
make you forget you were ill
instead of remembering it, I would
have brought him here.

(waves his hand towards
the door)

I am feeling better today, I wish
to be left alone.

Dr. Craven's jaw tightens, the fire crackles in the silence.
Everything is so quiet, you could hear a mouse sing a song.
The young maid looks at Dr. Craven then at Colin.

DR. CRAVEN

Well, young man, I suppose that
concludes our visit.

(tight smile, gets up)

Mrs. Medlock, a word.

MRS. MEDLOCK

Yes, Doctor.

Outside the room, Dr. Craven speaks in hushed tones.

DR. CRAVEN

You must be careful to not let him
tire himself out so much. Do not
let him outside.

MRS. MEDLOCK

Yes, Dr. Craven.

DR. CRAVEN

We can't take a chance and let
Colin fall ill again. He is to stay
indoors. You must keep him from
getting sick again.

With a huff and a frown, the Doctor exits the manor.

CUT TO:

INT. COLIN'S ROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Colin is having a fit.

COLIN

I want to go out of doors. I will
not get sick.

Mrs. Medlock and a couple maids surround him and fret about,
adjusting his covers, bringing tea, etc.

MRS. MEDLOCK

But Master Colin, Doctor Craven
said that you were to stay indoors.
You might fall ill. We cannot have
you fall ill.

COLIN

I will not fall ill. In fact, I
want to breathe fresh air. Mary,
open that window, perhaps we may
hear golden trumpets.

Mary crawls out from under the bed. Mrs. Medlock and the
maids gasp. Colin points to a window.

MRS. MEDLOCK AND MAIDS

No! Not the window!

They gasp as Mary opens the window and lets in the spring
air. A couple squirrels and birds are startled from their
perches and scuttle away.

COLIN
 (imperiously)
 Nonsense. I would like my
 breakfast.

A maid curtsies.

MAID
 Right away, Master Colin.

Soot the crow lands on the windowsill. Mary looks at it with a sly smile.

COLIN
 Also, a boy, a fox, and two
 squirrels will be visiting me this
 morning. They are to come to my
 room straight away. Do not stop
 them.

MRS. MEDLOCK
 (bewildered)
 But Master Colin, I you get -

COLIN
 Nonsense, I say.
 (waves his hand)
 I want to go outside with my
 friends and their...animals. Let
 them in.

MRS. MEDLOCK
 Y-yes, Master Colin
 (stammering)

Mrs. Medlock looks at Mary, and closes the door. Mary lets out a small laugh along with Colin. A few seconds later there is a knock at the door. 'Enter,' he decrees. A squirrel bounds into the room along with a young maid with breakfast. She gives out a little scream as another squirrel bounces between her feet and also into the room. She sets the food down on the table and runs out, comes back to do a small curtsy before closing the door. She rushes past Dickon who has just arrived to Colin's door with the fox. He gives a knock at the door. Mary answers 'If you please sir.' Turns back to Colin.

MARY
 If you please sir, a sir Dickon has
 just arrived, if you please.

Dickon enters with a beaming smile and a fox at his feet.

DICKON
 (high society accent)
 Hello, young Master. How do you do,
 If you please?

The squirrels bound around the room and onto the bed.

DICKON (CONT'D)
 Might I present Sirs Walnut and
 Shell. Sir Captain is right there.
 (points to the fox)
 And Soot arrived just a few minutes
 before...If you please.

The crow on the windowsill caws a hello and hops into the
 room and onto Dickon's shoulder.

MARY
 (nods)
 Sir Soot, if you please.

COLIN
 (nods)
 Sirs Walnut and Shell, if you
 please.

INT. KITCHEN - SAME TIME

The maids and butlers and servants chatter amongst themselves
 about the occurrences upstairs in Master Colin's room. Looks
 of surprise, shock, and laughter flash on their faces as they
 chat away.

INT./EXT. - MOMENTS LATER

Colin is carried downstairs and out the door on his fancy,
 silk-lined chair and fur blanket by Mary, Dickon, and JOHN
 THE OLD BUTLER. A fretting Mrs. Medlock and a couple maids
 follow closely behind. The butler, and a couple other
 servants gather round to watch the commotion.

MRS. MEDLOCK
 Master Colin, are you sure you
 aren't chilly?

She holds out a heavy coat, scarf, mittens, hat, and socks.

COLIN
 (resolute)
 No! I am not chilly. I am perfectly
 fine.

The children help Colin down the stairs and out into the fresh just barely spring air. The butlers, servants, maids and Mrs. Medlock look on.

MRS. MEDLOCK

But Doctor Craven said -

COLIN

Nonsense. I don't care what Doctor Craven said. I will be going out of doors.

An old maid turns to Mrs. Medlock and with a nod says "*Good for 'im,*" and laughs. Mrs. Medlock shoots her a look, and she turns back to face front, the smile disappearing. Colin turns around and in an imperious voice, states a last decree to the staff.

COLIN (CONT'D)

I am going out in my chair this afternoon. If the fresh air agrees with me, I may go out every day. When I go, no one is to be anywhere near me.

The staff look at each other.

COLIN (CONT'D)

You have my permission to go, get back to work.

He waves everyone off as Dickon and Mary take him out into the world. One of the staff whispers to the other: "*My word he's got a lordly way with him, hasn't he? You'd think he was a whole Royal Family rolled into one.*" Mrs. Medlock watches for a second, turns around, notices the maids looking at her, and shouts while shoving the clothes at a maid.

MRS. MEDLOCK

(huffs off)

Get back to work!

SLOW MOTION: The three children barrel down the lane while LA CHONA by LOS TUCANES DE TIJUANA plays. The wheelchair and blanket tossed aside, the three children leap into the air with the joy of young deer. In each of their faces is the exuberance of discovering a cloudless, perfect moment of freedom. Colin is on his feet and is leaping along with them. All three wear brightly colored clothes and scarves. Streamers, balloons, and confetti join them in the leap and fill the air. END SLOW MOTION.

The three children are back on the ground, laughing and pushing the wheelchair and laughing all the way to the gardens. When they reach a tree near the entrance to the gardens, they stop and catch their breath. A SQUIRREL sees a piece of confetti on the ground, has a sniff, and takes it with him. The three children enter the gardens.

COLIN

Everything is so bright and fresh!
 (looks around)
 And kind of dead.

MARY

Everything is getting ready to bloom, Colin!

A rabbit and a skunk come out to meet the trio.

MARY (CONT'D)

This is Colin. He's come to see the secret garden.

An badger chatters back.

COLIN

Hello, there.

The animals tilt their heads curiously. The kids continue on their journey, the animals either going back to their burrows or following.

COLIN (CONT'D)

Oh, I'm so happy I could scream!
 Ahhhh!

SONG BREAK The kids dress up in different era costumes and run through the gardens. At one point they are in clothing from the French revolution, another Russian, another British, another as dinosaurs. They dance, have a runway walk, and sing songs. Colin is walking as well. END SONG BREAK. As they get to the garden door, Dickon moves the ivy out of the way for Mary as she slips the key into the keyhole. They are still in costumes. Mary turns and puts her finger to her mouth.

MARY

(to Colin)

Shhh - close your eyes.

She opens the door. As they walk in, they are back to normal. Mary goes in first, followed by Colin pushed by Dickon. Mary's and Dickon's eyes wonder at the Spring blooms. Dickon pushes Colin farther into the garden. Mary leans down and whispers.

MARY (CONT'D)
Open your eyes, Colin.

His eyes flutter open, and his mouth drops and gasps. Mary tags Dickon and runs through the garden, Dickon gives chase. Soot alights on a branch near the sitting Colin and caws. 'Mary,' Colin calls out. And pushes his wheelchair into the garden a bit. 'Dickon,' Colin begins to panic. Laughing voices can be heard in the garden.

COLIN
Mary, I'm serious, Mary, come back.

Colin struggles with the chair. The crow keeps cawing.

COLIN (CONT'D)
Dickon!

He starts to lift himself out of the chair and takes a shaky step and falls. Mary and Dickon run back to Colin just to see him in time take his step. He cries while Dickon and Mary pick him up.

MARY
Colin, you took a step!

COLIN
Yes, but I fell. And you left me!

MARY
We were right here in the garden, Colin. And you just need to try again. Maybe when you're stronger.

Colin cries harder.

MARY (CONT'D)
It's okay to fall.

DICKON
It will just take some time.

COLIN
(calms down)
I did take a step, didn't I?

Mary nods.

COLIN (CONT'D)
I shall get well!

He cries out and gets back into his chair again with their help.

COLIN (CONT'D)
 Mary, Dickon! I shall get well! And
 I shall live forever and ever!

Dickon pushes him around the garden chasing Mary. They run under branches and through vines. They are all laughing when they come to a clearing in the garden.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE SECRET GARDEN - AN HOUR LATER

Colin sits still, uncomfortable in his chair, covered in animals: squirrels, foxes, birds, the crow, a rabbit. The only thing moving are his eyes.

COLIN
 D-dickon, what do I do?'

Mary and Dickon laugh.

DICKON
 (laughs)
 Nothin', Master Colin. The animals
 are curious about the'.

COLIN
 C-can they be curious....a little
 farther away?

DICKON
 They'll get their fill of the soon
 enough.

Dickon goes back to making something out of twigs and stems. Mary goes over to Colin, a bird hops onto her hand and she pets it. Colin sneezes sending the animals scurrying. Mary laughs and the bird takes flight. Colin looks around: he observes the plants around him. His eyes land on the dead grey tree, missing a couple branches, and with a rope swing with a rope untied.

COLIN
 That tree is dead, isn't it? The
 branches are quite grey. There
 isn't a single leaf anywhere.'
 (looking at tree, then
 Dickon and Mary)
 It's quite dead, isn't it?

DICKON

Aye. But in the Springtime the
Magic will come and them roses will
climb and near hide every bit o'
dead wood when they're full o'
leaves an' flowers.

(Pause)

It won't look dead then. It'll be
th' prettiest of all.

COLIN

I want to get a closer look.

Mary's eyes widen as she tries to get Dickon to do something to distract Colin, but Dickon is also dumbfounded. Mary is about to say something but the robin alights on a nearby branch and starts singing.

MARY

Oh look, Mr. Robin is here!

COLIN

Where?

MARY

(pointing)

Right there

The robin sings a song of joy and the spring to come.

COLIN

He's so happy. I wish to be as
happy as that robin.

Mary walks over to Dickon who is working on a crown of twigs and stems. Mary exclaims, Dickon looks at her and smiles. He places it on her head.

DICKON

I crown thee Princess of the Secret
Garden.

Mary smiles back and lightly caresses the crown in awe.

MARY

I'm a real princess! I shall make
one as well!

Dickon begins to help Mary with her own crown, which she puts on Dickon's head.

MARY (CONT'D)

I crown thee royal prince of the
garden.

Both laugh.

COLIN
 Hey! I want a crown!
 (pause)
 But I want to be king!

Dickon and Mary look back at Colin, Mary rolls her eyes.

CUT TO:

Mary and Dickon putting a crown on Colin.

MARY AND DICKON
 We now crown you King of the Secret
 Garden.

Colin bows majestically and holds out his hand 'Scepter,' he demands. Mary places a branch in his hand.

COLIN
 Thank you, my loyal subject. For my
 first decree, I name this place the
 SECRET GARDEN OF-

Mary shushes Colin.

COLIN (CONT'D)
 Oh!
 (whispers)
 I name this place the secret garden
 of Misselwaith Moor.
 (waves scepter)
 And for my second decree, we shall
 live forever and ever, shan't we
 Mary?

Mary nods. A light wind takes us over to the dead tree, through the garden, out to moors and to the cloudless sky above, but storm clouds loom in the far distance.

NEXT SCENE: SOMEWHERE IN EUROPE - DAY

Archibald Craven travels through a European town via a carriage. He arrives at his hotel where the staff get him set up in a stunning hotel room filled with flowers, tea, gilded mirrors and a lakeside view. He roams the streets and the nearby natural sites until twilight, and takes a meal in his room. He approaches the balcony and sees groups of happy, singing people go into a bar/inn. The revelry makes him smile. He decides to follow. At the bar, he asks for a drink. He sits in a seat by the fire and stares at the fire, watching the people and the couples.

He sets his drink down decidedly when he finishes it. TIME LAPSE Archibald arrives to a new country, a new city, and a new hotel, and goes to a different inn to people watch. He does this a couple times, until the third time he arrives to a lavish hotel room slightly drunk and throws himself on the bed. END TIME LAPSE.

INT. COLIN'S ROOM, DAY

Colin sneezes. A maid puts a warm cloth on his forehead and pats his head. He sneezes again. Dr. Craven and Mrs. Medlock conferring at the end of the bed

DR. CRAVEN

He's sick.

COLIN

I am *NOT* sick.

DR. CRAVEN

(warning)

You must control him. Bed rest and low light. No one should be entering this room except for help and the nurses.

Mrs. Medlock nods. She sees him out and goes back inside when he drives away. As the carriage drives away, Dr. Craven stares at Colin's window with eyes filled with malice.

INT. DR. CRAVEN'S HOME AND OFFICE

When he arrives at his house, Dr. Craven writes a letter to his cousin, Archibald.

DR. CRAVEN (V.O.)

'I regret to inform you that Colin is not following the guidelines to ensure his safety and health. He is leaving his room and following that child, Mary. He has fallen ill. If he is to recover, he should follow my orders and stay in his room until his health allows for him to go outside.'

The letter folds and flies off to across the seas.

INT. MARY'S ROOM

Mary watches the rain on the window. She sighs. She's finished eating breakfast. She's bored, she can't go out. She decides to sneak into Colin's room.

INT. COLIN'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

COLIN

Now that I'm a real boy, my legs and arms and all my body are so full of Magic that I can't keep them still. They want to be doing things all the time. Do you know that when I waken in the morning, when it's quite early and the birds are just shouting outside and everything seems just shouting for joy - even the trees and things we can't really hear - I feel as if I must jump out of bed and shout myself. And if I did that, just think what would happen!

MARY

(giggling)

The nurse would come running and Mrs. Medlock would come running and they would be sure you had gone crazy and they'd send for the doctor.

Colin giggles, then turns sad.

COLIN

I wish my father would come home. I want to tell him I'm getting better. I'm always thinking about it.

MARY

Colin, do you know how many rooms there are in this house?

COLIN

About ten thousand, I suppose.

MARY

(laughing)

There's about a hundred no one ever goes into.

(MORE)

MARY (CONT'D)

There are galleries and a little Indian room with a cabinet full of ivory elephants. There are all sorts of rooms.

COLIN

(sitting up)

A hundred room no one goes into? It sounds almost like a secret garden. Suppose we go and look at them. You could wheel me in my chair and nobody would know where we went. Ring the bell.

The old butler, John, helps wheel Colin out the room.

COLIN (CONT'D)

Onward, John, onward!

As soon as they arrive to another room filled with paintings, Colin extends his arm.

COLIN (CONT'D)

You may go, John. And remember: Mrs. Medlock is not to know.

John bows slightly and leaves. Mary pushes Colin from one side of the room to the other. They giggle and laugh. They look at paintings, busts, sculptures, statues. Mary jumps out from behind a BUST making the same face and scaring Colin. They mimic the poses in the paintings. They arrive at a painting and look up. The painting is of a plain little girl dressed in green brocade and holding a parrot on her finger.

COLIN (CONT'D)

All these must be my relations. They lived a long time ago. This one, I believe, is one of my great, great, great, great-aunts. She looks rather like you, Mary-not as you look now but as you looked when you came here. Now you are a great deal stronger and healthier.

MARY

So are you.

They both giggle. They go through the different rooms. The room with the Indian elephants. They found the brocade chair with the hole, but the mice had grown up and left. They find rooms with different items that catch their interest. They walk back to Colin's room after they've had their fill - John helping wheel the chair.

COLIN

I'm glad we came. I never knew I lived in such a big, interesting old place. I like it. Every rainy day we shall ramble. We shall always be finding new interesting corners and things.

The rain stops, the sun returns, the grass grows, the little animals play.

EXT. THE SECRET GARDEN - DAYS LATER

Dickon and Mary are HUMMING while pruning rose bushes, Colin watches them. They lift up their heads to look at him scooting/wheeling himself up to a nearby bush to also prune. At first he can't prune very well, but he learns. Mary and Dickon smile at him and then to each other. They start HUMMING again. The robins, the rabbits, and the birds and squirrels and the beetles do their animals things while the HUMMING is happening. *'Praise God from whom all blessings flow.'* Mary starts to sing softly. *'Praise Him all creatures here below,'* adds Dickon. *'Praise Him above ye heavenly host,'* sings Colin. *'Praise Father, son and holy ghost,'* They all sing together.

MONTAGE of the children going to the garden more often. Dickon brings his flute and plays, Colin claps, Mary gathers the courage to dance. Dickon puts down the flute and dances while Colin gets jealous and yells. Dickon grabs the wheelchair and dances with him. Suddenly a band of animals start playing and dancing to classical Indian music - Sikh Bhangra martial music. They even have a mouse as lead singer. In one outing Colin watches Mary and Dickon digging, and decides to dig too. Dickon helps him to the ground, Colin picks up a spade, holds it precariously and tries to dig. Mary looks at him and mouths *'You can do it, you can do it,'* and eventually he is able to dig. Mary looks at him and says *'It's the magic.'* The robin lands on Colin's shoulder, with a worm in his beak, then takes off to his lady robin. END MONTAGE

Robin: *'The human-boy is learning to look for food,'* and gives the lady robin the worm.

Lady-robin: *'The eggs will be doing the same in no time,'* she pats the eggs she's sitting on. They hug and he feeds her.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE of Colin doing strengthening exercises in the chair. He starts pumping branch iron, and does leg lifts as a squirrel copies him.

A sparrow bobs up and down with him in encouragement. Next, Colin tries to push himself up from the chair. Mary and Dickon cheer him on, and he finally stands up. END MONTAGE.

COLIN

Well, one was enough, maybe I'll try two tomorrow.

CUT TO:

The robin feeds his lady and their kids.

Lady-robin: *'Looks like the human boy is learning to fly.*

Colin tries to do a push-up.

Robin: *His technique is very bad, but he will improve.*

Colin pushes himself up very slowly and gets in his chair. Suddenly, Colin whispers.

COLIN (CONT'D)

Who is that man?

MARY

What man?

DICKON

Man?

COLIN

(pointing)

That man right there.

All three turn to see Ben Weatherstaff's scowling face sticking up over the garden wall.

BEN WEATHERSTAFF

(shaking his fist)

If I wasn't a bachelder, an' tha' was a wench o' mine, I'd give thee a hidin'.

He steps higher onto the ladder.

BEN WEATHERSTAFF (CONT'D)

I never thowt much o'thee! I couldna' abide thee th' first time I set eyes on thee. A scrawny buttermilk-faced child, allus askin' questions an' pokin' tha' nose where it wasna' wanted. If it hadna' been for the th' robin - ohhh drat that robin -

The Robin who heard his name and looked around and points his wing at himself asking 'Me???'

MARY

(shaky but strong voice)
Ben Weatherstaff, it was the robin
who showed me the way to the
garden!

Colin points to Dickon to wheel him forward.

BEN WEATHERSTAFF

Tha' young bad'un! Layin' tha'
badness on a robin. How showin'
thee th'way! Him! The robin!
(pause) However i' this world did
tha' get in?

MARY

It was the robin who showed me the
way.
(stomps)
He didn't know he was doing it, but
he did. And I can't tell you from
here, while you're shaking your
fist at me.

Ben suddenly stops shaking his fist and looks past Mary.
Dickon is wheeling Colin over with his fur blanket and fancy-
upholstered wheelchair to get closer to Ben.

COLIN

(demands in haughty voice)
Do you know who I am?

Ben looks down at Colin and passes his hand over his eyes and
then shakes his head. He blinks a couple times.

BEN WEATHERSTAFF

Who thou art? Aye, that I do - you
look exactly like your mother. I'da
thought it wa' her staring back at
me. Lord knows how tha' come here.
But tha'rt th' poor crippled boy.

COLIN

(redfaced)
I'm not a cripple, I'm not!

MARY

He's not! Shouted Mary, 'He's not
got a lump as big as a pin! There
is none!

Ben passes his hand over his eyes again.

BEN WEATHERSTAFF
Tha' hasn't got a crooked back?

COLIN
(shouts)
No!

BEN WEATHERSTAFF
Tha' hasn't got crooked legs?

Colin can't stand it anymore, and with hurt pride he begins to push himself up off the wheelchair.

COLIN
(shouting)
Come here! Come here this minute!

He stands up with shaking legs. Ben's eyes widen as he watches Colin stand. Dickon reaches out in case Colin should fall.

MARY
(under her breath)
He can do it, he can do it! It's
the magic.

Ben watches from the ladder. Colin takes a step, and looks up at a surprised Ben.

COLIN
Look at me! Just look at me - you!

Colin took a couple more wobbly steps and collapses into Dickon's arms. Ben who chokes, gulps, and starts crying.

BEN WEATHERSTAFF
The lies folk tells! Though art as
thin as a lath an' as white as a
wraith, but there's not a knob on
thee. Tha'lt make a man yet. God
bless thee!

Ben cries wiping his face. Dickon helps Colin into his chair.

COLIN
I am your master, when my father is
away. And you are to obey me. This
is my garden. Don't' dare to say a
word about it! You get down from
that ladder and go out to the Long
Walk. Miss Mary will meet you and
bring you here.

((MORE))

COLIN (CONT'D)

I want to talk to you. We did not mean to meet anyone out there, but now you will have to be in the secret. Be quick!

BEN WEATHERSTAFF

(crying)
The lad. Oh poor lad!
(touches his hat)
Yes sir!

Mary meets Ben and brings him into the garden. Off in the garden, a woman's hand caresses a flower bud and helps it grow - Mary's mother.

TRANSITION:

Day melts into night. Out in the gardens and on the moors, the creatures are getting ready for bed. Deer, rabbits, birds, badgers. The children, back in their rooms are also getting ready for bed. Close-up on the portrait of Colin's mother behind the curtain as the scene closes. Her light, joyful laugh rings out.

INT. COLIN'S ROOM - NIGHTTIME, THE SAME NIGHT

Colin sleeps fitfully. He wakes up yelling out '*Mummy!*' and sits up in the candlelight. There is the most beautiful moonlight streaming through the window. Everything in the room seems to glow. He shakily walks towards the window, holding himself up with tables and chairs, and opens the window, letting in the cold air. He stares at the moon and the moors beyond. He looks at his hands, they seem to glow. The moonlight trails into the room and a ray lands on the enshrouded picture of his mother. He closes the window and shakily stumbles to the portrait, takes a moment and pulls the curtain back revealing his smiling mother underneath. He looks at her and decides to leave the curtain open. He goes back to bed and falls asleep staring at the portrait. A woman's hand brushes aside his bangs as he sleeps.

INT. ARCHIBALD CRAVEN'S HOTEL ROOM, MORNING

Archibald eats a leisurely breakfast. A HOTEL STAFF knocks on his room door. His butler opens it and closes it a few seconds later.

BUTLER

(bowing)
Sir.

He places the letter Dr. Craven wrote on a silver platter in front of him. Archibald takes it and reads it. His face looks concerned. He begins to write a letter in response. Flowers off the balcony of Archibald's room rustle in the wind. A few petals peel off. One goes flying into the air across a lake, hills, cities, and the English Channel. The petal blows past Colin's window and lands on the sill. Colin is still in his room, asleep and ill.

INT. THE MANOR - DR CRAVEN ARRIVES

Dr. Craven arrives and walks through the halls to Colin's room and opens the door. Resentment and hate boil on his face. As he opens the door to Colin's room, he composes himself and breaks into a smile.

DR. CRAVEN

Colin, how are you feeling today?

Dr. Craven checks Colin's pulse while Mrs. Medlock and another maid look on.

DR. CRAVEN (CONT'D)

You should not have stayed so long.
You must not over-exert yourself.

COLIN

I am not tired at all. In fact I shall go out again today.

DR. CRAVEN

I'm afraid I can't allow that. It would not be wise. You must be careful of your countenance.

MRS. MEDLOCK

Master Colin, you must listen to -

COLIN

It would not be wise to try and stop me. I will be going out today.

Dr. Craven turns his back on Colin and packs up his medical bag. There is a look of resentment and anger on his face. Mrs. Medlock walks out of the room with him.

MRS. MEDLOCK

Dr Craven, do you think Colin will fall ill if he continues to go outside?

DR. CRAVEN

He needs to stay inside and take care of his health, otherwise he could fall gravely ill.

(smiles to himself)

It might be wise to send someone outside with him to watch him.

Dr. Craven exits the manor, slams the carriage door and grimaces at Colin's window.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE - A WHILE LATER

Mary and Colin walk away from the manor towards the gardens. They are chatting, but hear a noise behind them. They look back and discover a MAID following them.

COLIN

What are you doing here?

The maid comes forward a couple steps.

MAID

Beggin' your pardon, Master Colin and Mistress Mary, but I was told by Mrs. Medlock that I would be accompanying you out to the gardens today.

COLIN

What! No one is to follow us!

MAID

Beggin' your pardon, Master Colin, but I was told to do so.

The maid gives a little curtsy. Colin turns to Mary.

COLIN

What do you think Mrs. Medlock is up to?

MARY

I don't know.
(little smile)
I have an idea.

The two wheel down to the gardens with quickness, but the maid keeps up. They start running. They pass through gardens, doubling back, and making u-turns. At one point Mary and Colin hide behind a large bush, the maid is still after them.

Mary catches her breath. Dickon appears and takes the wheelchair from Mary and tells her to run. She runs, the maid sees her and goes towards her but realizes Colin isn't with her. She stops to see Dickon disappear with Colin behind a corner. She takes a second to decide what to do, and goes after Colin. When she turns the corner, the wheelchair is strewn aside, empty. She doubles over with her hands on her knees and turns back to the manor. Mary arrives to the secret garden to meet a smiling Colin and Dickon. Colin thrusts his hands into the air and yells, but Mary quiets him.

COLIN

Oh, that's right.

He does a fist in the air and quietly says '*Whoo hoo*'.

INT. THE SECRET GARDEN - SOMETIME LATER, LUNCH

A fabric cloth spread under the three of the kids as they enjoy warm tea with biscuits, jam and cream. The weather is cold. Mary looks at Colin for longer than usual. Dickon gets up and gives some biscuit to the robin and crow.

COLIN

This was a great idea. I shall ask the maids to set out lunch at the entrance to the gardens more often. What are you looking at me for?

MARY

I am thinking that I am rather sorry for Dr. Craven.

COLIN

So am I. He won't get Misselthwaite at all now that I'm not going to die.

MARY

I'm not sorry for him because of that, of course, but I was thinking just then that it must have been very horrid to have had to be polite for ten years to a boy who was always rude. I would never have done it.

Colin looks up absolutely astounded.

COLIN

(sincere)

Am I...rude?

Mary starts to laugh.

MARY

If you had been his own boy and he had been a spanking sort of man, he would have spanked you.

COLIN

But he daren't.

MARY

No, he daren't. Nobody ever dared to do anything you didn't like because you were going to die, and things like that. You were a poor thing.

COLIN

But, I am not a poor thing anymore, and I'm not going to die. I stood on my feet today and ran a ways with Dickon without dying. I won't let people think I'm a poor thing.

MARY

It is always having your own way that has made you so odd.

COLIN

Am I odd???

MARY

(pauses)

Yes, very odd. But don't worry because I am also odd, as is Ben Weatherstaff. But I am not as odd as I was before I began to like people and before I found the garden.

COLIN

I don't want to be odd. I am not going to be.

(nodding decidedly)

I shall stop being rude and odd if I come to the garden every day. There is Magic here - good Magic, you know, Mary, I am sure of it.

MARY

So am I.

Mary looks around. An animal twitters as Mary chuckles, Dickon brings back bracelets made of plant material and puts it on Mary. Colin grabs one and puts it on himself. The children leave a small bundle of biscuits and jam for Ben Weatherstaff in one of the gardens.

CUT TO:

Ben is walking from the manor to the garden with a hoe slung over his shoulder.

CUT TO:

He gardens and bends down to pick something up out of the earth. It's just a rock, he scowls. After gardening for a while he walks one of the paths. He sees something out of the corner of his eye near the garden door. He gets closer to inspect it. It's a little bundle of biscuits and jam. There is a paper tag with his name written on it in a child's script. *'To Ben, from Colin, Mary, and Dickon.'* He smiles.

COLIN'S ROOM, NIGHTTIME - MARY AND COLIN EAT DINNER TOGETHER

As the scene focuses, Colin and Mary are chatting over their dinner plates. Mary looks at the painting of Lilas.

COLIN

You are wondering why the curtain is drawn back. I am going to keep it like that.

MARY

Why?

COLIN

Because it doesn't make me angry any more to see her laughing. I want to see her laughing like that all the time. I think she must have been a sort of Magic person perhaps.

MARY

You are so like her now, that sometimes I think perhaps you are her ghost made into a boy.

Colin looks at Mary, then down.

COLIN

If I were her ghost - my father would be fond of me.

(pause)

(MORE)

COLIN (CONT'D)

I used to hate it because he was not fond of me. If he grew fond of me, I think I should tell him about the Magic. It might make him more cheerful.

One side of Mary's face breaks into a minuscule smile.

DR. CRAVEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Dr. Craven reads the letter he's received from Archibald in front of a cozy fireplace. After reading it, he smiles devilishly. He grabs a bottle of pills that reads '*Poison*' from his cabinet and a small empty pill bottle from his medicine bag.

CUT TO:

INT. MARY'S ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Mary plays with the two small, white, ceramic elephants while she eats breakfast. Suddenly a scream rings out down the hallways. It's Colin. Mary's head straightens as she listens to it. She frowns, and leaves to Colin's room. Her room is quiet. On the table, one of the white elephants moves closer to the other as if by magic - or not?

CUT TO:

Mary stomps down the tunnel towards Colin's room, ready to tell him off. She enters quietly through the secret entrance as she hears Mrs. Medlock and the Doctor inside. She stops to listen, turns the knob quietly and slips into the room. Mary crawls on hands and knees and hides behind a piece of furniture.

DR. CRAVEN

I'm afraid I can't allow that.
(responding to Colin)
I can't let you go outside and get hurt. You are very weak.

COLIN

I am NOT weak, I am perfectly fine, I have been going out and I WILL go out again today.

DR. CRAVEN

Your father has sent a letter asking me to make sure that you are safe in your room. No going out, no leaving your room.

COLIN

But...

DR. CRAVEN

(Interrupting)

Your father has written to ask that you continue to rest and not leave your room. Mrs. Medlock will make sure that you do not leave your room.

MRS. MEDLOCK

(jangles her keys)

You will have breakfast in bed and then rest for the remainder of the day. We can't have you catch cold.

Dr. Craven turns to Mrs. Medlock.

DR. CRAVEN

And we can't have that girl influence him. She must be kept away from him.

COLIN

I WILL NOT CATCH COLD! I AM PERFECTLY WELL A WANT TO GO OUTSIDE, YOU CAN'T KEEP ME IN HERE!

A maid brings him breakfast and sets it on the table. Colin starts to yell and have a fit. Dr. Craven stands up with Mrs. Medlock and they exit the room along with the maid. Outside the door, Mrs. Medlock locks it, hangs the key from a ribbon on her waistband, as Dr. Craven nods.

DR. CRAVEN

We can't have him getting hurt. I'm glad Mr. Craven has the sense to keep him safe.

He and Mrs. Medlock walk down the hall together. Back in his room, Colin is screaming and crying. Mary pops out from behind the furniture. She crawls army-style on hands and knees (in case the adults appear) towards a screaming a crying, bed-ridden Colin.

MARY

Colin!

A red-faced Colin turns to Mary.

COLIN

They won't let me out Mary, they won't let me leave! I want to go outside!

MARY

I know Colin, I heard everything. They are horrible. We must come up with a plan. We have to get you out of here.

As Mary finishes her sentence, Mrs. Medlock opens the door to see Mary in the room.

MRS. MEDLOCK

That child!

Mrs. Medlock grabs a surprised Mary by her arm and drags her back to her room and locks her in.

MRS. MEDLOCK (CONT'D)

I told you, child, to stay out of that room!

Mary pounds on the door, stomps her feet, and throws herself on the bed.

INT. DAY MELTS INTO SUNSET THROUGH MARY'S WINDOW

CUT TO:

Martha knocks on Mary's door.

MARTHA

Miss Mary? Are ya' in there?

No response.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Miss Mary? I brought ya yer dinner.

Martha unlocks the door quietly and enters. She sets a warm dinner down on Mary's table. She turns to look for Mary and gives a little scream. Mary is sitting on the bed, red-eyed, bedraggled hair with a look of complete revenge on her face.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Miss Mary...are you alright?

Quiet.

MARY

Martha, I need to get out of this room.

Martha looks at her in shock.

CUT TO:

EXT. GARDENS - SUNSET SAME DAY

Mary holds up a wobbly Colin as they make their way to the secret garden. As they approach the secret garden, Dickon puts his arm under Colin's other shoulder. Ben Weatherstaff opens the gate for them and hands them lit CANDLES to hold. Colin regally thanks Ben for his service. Candles and LANTERNS are strewn about the garden, lighting up corners and sprouts, and shoots, and branches. It's all magical, otherworldly and cozy. As Mary walks farther into the garden, she does an unconscious twirl about.

MARY

It's beautiful! I'm so glad Martha helped us get out.

BEN WEATHERSTAFF

(whispers)

I had to borrow the lot of candles from the storage rooms. I told Becky the maid ne're to tell a soul.

Colin nods back in wonder and Dickon smiles. They move to an open space in the garden. The air in the garden becomes quiet save for the SOUND of CRICKETS. GLOW WORMS and MOTHS dance in the twilight air. The sound of silence stretches on as Ben and the children enjoy the peaceful moment. A LAMPWING lands on Mary's outstretched finger.

BEN WEATHERSTAFF (CONT'D)

It's the magic.

MARY

Tell us about magic, Ben Weatherstaff.

BEN WEATHERSTAFF

There must be lots of Magic in the world, but people don't know what it is like or how to make it. Perhaps the beginning is just to say nice things are going to happen until you make them happen.

MARY

Is it like believing in good things?

BEN WEATHERSTAFF

Yes, I suppose it is.

MARY

Like believing that things will grow in the garden, even when you can't see them just yet?

BEN WEATHERSTAFF

Yes, I suppose like that.

DICKON

It's like me mum says '*Faith is stronger than any man*'.

COLIN

Is that what Magic is? Faith?

BEN WEATHERSTAFF

Yes, I suppose so.

Colin begins to stand up.

BEN WEATHERSTAFF (CONT'D)

Oh, little master, be careful.

Dickon tries to help him, but Colin waves him away.

COLIN

I want to stand up on my own. I am going to try a scientific experiment. I wish to experiment with magic.

(shakily grabs a lantern from the ground)

Magic is always pushing and drawing and making things out of nothing. Everything is made out of Magic, leaves and trees, flowers and birds, badgers and foxes and squirrels and people.

MONTAGE of the things he mentions. END MONTAGE.

So it must be all around us. In this garden - in all the places. When I was going to stand that first time, Mary kept saying to herself '*You can do it!*'

(MORE)

COLIN (CONT'D)

You can do it!' Her Magic helped me
- and so did Dickon's. I think it
can bring my father back.

Mary looks at Dickon and smiles, he smiles back.

COLIN (CONT'D)

Every morning and evening and as
often in the daytime as I can
remember I am going to say *'Magic
is in me! Magic is making me well!*

Colin stops as his speech crescendos. He looks at Ben Weatherstaff.

COLIN (CONT'D)

Will you help, Ben Weathesstaff?

BEN WEATHERSTAFF

Aye, aye, sir!

(stands, clicks his heels)

I've Heard Jem Fettleworth's wife
say th' same thing over thousands
o' times - callin' Jen a drunken
brute. Summat allus comes o' that,
sure enough. He gave her a good
hidin' an' wesnt to th' Blue Lion
an' got as drunk as a lord. Well,
you see something id come of it.
She used the wrong Magic until he
made him beat her. If she'd used
the right Magic and had said
something nice, perhaps he wouldn't
have got as drunk as a lord and
perhaps

(pauses, laughs)

-perhaps he might have bought her a
new bonnet.

The children are in shock. A skunk opens it's eyes and
shushes the group before going back to sleep. Dickon stands
up with Nut and Shell on his shoulders and strokes the long
ears of a rabbit in his arms as he listens to Ben speak with
wide eyes and a smile on his face.

BEN WEATHERSTAFF (CONT'D)

Tha'rt a clever lad as well as a
straight-legged one, Mester Colin.
Next time I see Bess Fettleworth
I'll give her a bit of a hint o'
what Magic will do for her. She'd
be rare an' pleased if th'
sinetifik 'speriment work - an' so
'ud Jem.'

They being to pick up candles and lanterns to hold. Animals began to creep around them and to sit between them.

MARY

Oh look, the animals have come to help.

DICKON

They are part of the Magic.

COLIN

(swaying)

Shall we sway backwards and forwards, Mary, as if we were dervishes?

BEN WEATHERSTAFF

(deadpan)

I canna do no swayin back'ard and fo'ard, I've got the rheumatics.

Colin stops swaying.

COLIN

(high priest tone)

The Magic will take them away your rheumatics, but we won't sway until it has done it. We will only chant.

Colin opens his mouth to chant.

BEN WEATHERSTAFF

I canna' do no chanting. They turned me out o' the church choir the only time I ever tried it.

The children and some of the animals just look at Ben. Crickets.

COLIN

Then I will chant.

(churchly tone, gets up and begins to sway his arms and body)

The sun is setting - that is the magic, the roots are stirring - that is the magic.

The candles begin to flicker. A slight wind starts. Everyone is surprised. Mary and Dickon stand up and join the dance.

COLIN (CONT'D)

The Magic is in Us, We are the Magic.

(MORE)

COLIN (CONT'D)

Being alive is the Magic, We are
 the Magic. The Magic is in Me the
 Magic is in We, the Magic is in Us.
 It's in Ben Weatherstaff' back,
 it's in my father. Magic, Magic,
 everywhere, Magic, Magic Come and
 help!

A wind gathers strength and blows through the garden sending all the candles and lanterns flickering. The sun sets completely as the candles blow out, leaving just the lanterns lit. The animals scamper off, some hide in the children's clothes. Then the wind calms.

COLIN (CONT'D)

It worked!

Colin begins to chant Latin-sounding words as the night begins. The animals come out again, the lampwings flicker and the moths dance around the lanterns. Mary, Dickon and Ben all stand and do a dance-procession around the garden as Colin chants. The chanting crescendoes into the moon-filled night.

EXT. EUROPE, HILLS OUTSIDE - DAY

Archibald is hiking the picturesque hills surrounding the town he is staying at. They are green and on fire with wildflowers. Local cows graze along their slopes. His troubled face takes in the sites and sounds, the bees buzzing, the birds chirping. He takes a moment to experience the incredible view of the lake below him. The sight releases a smile onto his face, but he quickly gets tired and morose. He decides to lay down, and falls into a light slumber.

DREAM Lilas comes to him on that very spot on the hill. She holds his hands. He pulls her close to hug her and dance. He's so happy. As she pulls away she's holding a baby. They both look down at it lovingly. It's baby Colin. Lilas kisses Archibald with happiness. As she pulls away, she caresses his face. 'Archie', she says lovingly. 'Archie, Archie, Archie.' She disappears leaving him standing in the field. Archibald looks around calling her name, but only hears the echo of his name around him. 'Where are you, Lilas?' he shouts. 'In the garden.' She calls back. 'The secret garden.' END DREAM. Archibald wakes up. When he returns to his room, he turns to his butler.

ARCHIBALD CRAVEN

Prepare my things. I will be
 returning to England.

CUT TO:

INT. MARY'S ROOM - THE MORNING AFTER THE MAGIC

MRS. MEDLOCK

Wake up, child wake up. It is time
for you to wake up.

She opens the curtains to find an exhausted Mary.

MRS. MEDLOCK (CONT'D)

Martha will be in with your
breakfast. You are allowed out of
your room now. But make sure to
stay away from Master Colin. Dr.
Craven will be coming today to do
one last check up for the week.

Martha comes in right after with scones and honey oats as
Mrs. Medlock exits.

MARTHA

Miss Mary, how are ye' doin'?

Martha sets down the food and closes the door and whispers.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

How was your visit to the gardens
last night?

Martha begins to clean the fireplace. Mary watches her.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

I heard Mrs. Medlock say she was
goin' ta let ya' out today, that's
great news. What were you children
up to in the gardens? What did you
see?

Martha's questions melt away as Mary continues to watch her
clean the fireplace soot and gets an idea.

CUT TO:

INT. COLIN'S ROOM - A BIT LATER

After sneaking into his room and sneaking up to him, Mary
holds up a piece of soot to a confused Colin.

INT. THE MANOR AND ITS MANY ROOMS

Mrs. Medlock walks through the kitchen and spots the kitchen
maids chatting.

MRS. MEDLOCK
Get to work!

She grabs a muffin from the counter and tries it.

MRS. MEDLOCK (CONT'D)
I need to make sure you made it
well enough.
(tastes it)
Very good.

The kitchen maids look at her with daggers and grimaces. She catches two young maids gossiping in a corner down the hall whom she shushes with a '*No gossiping*'. She sees a footman asleep in a chair.

MRS. MEDLOCK (CONT'D)
Mr. Weevils, wake up.

She continues walking to a smallish room where a few MAIDS are dusting and polishing, then down a hall. A MAID and a BUTLER are kissing behind a door, but quickly disappear when Mrs. Medlock comes into view.

INT. COLIN'S ROOM - LUNCHTIME

MAID
Mester Colin, your lunch is here.

A MAID enters the room with a tray.

COLIN
Ohhhhhhh.

Colin groans and looks over at her. His under eyes are darkened. The maid screams a little as she drops the food. The other maid rushes in and also screams.

COLIN (CONT'D)
I'm not hungry. My head hurts. My
body hurts.

The maid rush out yelling and screaming.

MARION
Mrs. Medlock! Mrs. Medlock!

CUT TO:

MRS. MEDLOCK
(running in)
What's the matter?

Colin as he turns to look towards her.

MRS. MEDLOCK (CONT'D)
Sweet Lord, what has happened to
you, Master?

She stays a little ways away unsure about what to do.

COLIN
I feel ill, Mrs. Medlock. When will
Dr. Craven come?

MRS. MEDLOCK
(stammers)
Soon, Master, very soon. Marion,
um, make sure that Master Colin has
his food and um, um, make sure he's
comfortable.

Marion curtsies.

COLIN
Mrs. Medlock, could you close the
window curtains, the light hurts my
eyes.

MRS. MEDLOCK
Yes, Master Colin. And draw the
curtains, Marion.

Medlock exits. As Marion adjusts the table and draws the
curtains closed, Colin turns his head and can barely hold in
a laugh.

INT. COLIN'S ROOM - DR. CRAVEN ARRIVES

DR. CRAVEN
Good morning, Colin.

The room is dark save for a lit candle near Colin's bed.

COLIN
I've heard you've not been feeling
well.

Colin turns his face towards Dr. Craven as he comes closer.
Dr. Craven jumps and his smile falters into horror.

DR. CRAVEN
What on earth?

COLIN

Don't come any closer. I don't feel well and don't wish to see anyone.

Dr. Craven's smile slowly returns after Colin turns his head back to the window.

DR. CRAVEN

Have you been out in the garden?

COLIN

No. Medlock has me locked up. She won't even let me see Mary.

Dr. Craven smiles slyly as he rummages in his bag.

DR. CRAVEN

Well, that's a shame.

He turns back around after adjusting his face back into a frown.

DR. CRAVEN (CONT'D)

I am going to leave some health pills with Mrs. Medlock for you. Your father has still given strict instructions not to let you out until you get better.

(pause, holds breath)

I'm afraid you'll have to stay indoors a little longer until we can see progress.

COLIN

Thank you, cousin.

Dr. Craven's jaw drops.

DR. CRAVEN

My, you must not be feeling well at all.

COLIN

No, I feel so close to death. I feel it's waiting for me outside.

(coughs, scoots down,
closes eyes)

Let me rest, thank you.

Dr. Craven pauses, unsure of what to do or say. He closes his bag with a smile and exits the room. He finds Mrs. Medlock outside the room waiting for him.

MRS. MEDLOCK

How is he, Dr. Craven? Will he die?
Is he terribly unwell?

DR. CRAVEN

I dare not speak about what I see
until my cousin returns from
abroad. When did he say he would
return?

MRS. MEDLOCK

(wrings her hands)

Soon, he sent word that he may come
back soon. Oh, I do wish he'd
return now. I don't know what to do
with that boy.

DR. CRAVEN

Make sure to give him two tablets a
day.

(Hands her the bottle he
put the poison pills in)

All we can do is wait until Cousin
Craven arrives. Stay away if you
can, we are unsure as to how sick
Colin may be.

Mr. Medlock snuffles, puts her handkerchief to her nose.

MRS. MEDLOCK

(looks sadly to Colin's
room)

That poor boy.

Dr. Craven leaves, leaving a distraught Mrs. Medlock at the
door, unsure of what to do.

INT. COLIN'S ROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Mary looks around and crawls up Colin's bed.

MARY

Colin.

(no answer)

Colin!

(no answer, concerned)

Colin!

Mary shakes him.

COLIN

Raaa!!!

He wakes up and scares Mary. Mary tilts her head back and laughs.

MARY

I thought you might have died.

COLIN

I am not dying. I shall live forever.

Colin picks up a mirror from his bedside table and puts it to his face.

COLIN (CONT'D)

That soot worked really well, Mary! Medlock and Dr. Craven were so frightened! You should have seen their faces! Next time we shall put more on! It has kept everyone out of here.

MARY

But we still need to get you out this room. Let's keep to the plan. I'll go speak with Dickon today.

COLIN

(nodding)

Thank you, Mary.

CUT TO:

EXT. GARDENS - A SHORT WHILE LATER.

Mary walks out to the gardens. She gets to the secret garden door, and moves foliage out of the way to get to the door. As she enters, a slight breeze sways the trees and bushes.

MARY

Dickon?

(she calls out)

Dickon?

She sees a new green shoot. She bends down to look at it.

MARY (CONT'D)

I've never seen you before.

She touches it gently. She stands up again and looks for Dickon. The robin couple watch her from their nest. She looks around not sure what to do. She leaves the garden and spots Ben gardening a bit away.

MARY (CONT'D)
 (running over to him)
 Ben!

BEN WEATHERSTAFF
 (grunts, focused on work)
 Miss Mary.

MARY
 Have you seen Dickon today? I can't
 find him.

BEN WEATHERSTAFF
 No.

Mary sighs and turns away.

BEN WEATHERSTAFF (CONT'D)
 But I reckon he may be at 'ome.

MARY
 Home? Where is his home?

Ben stops and looks at her.

CUT TO:

INT. THE SOWERBY HOME, MISSEL MOOR - DAY

Dickon drops a basket of vegetables on the kitchen table and goes back to gardening outside the Sowerby home. His mother, MRS. SOWERBY, picks it up with a '*That's my wonderful boy*', and starts preparing the veggies for a stew. Dickon's small brothers and sisters play around him, some helping, some playing games. His mother calls to them to help with cleaning the vegetables. They live between the village and Missel Moor. They are poor, but thrive. Mrs. Sowerby is a plump, kind woman. As Dickon gardens, the family donkey watches from the other side of the property wall. Soot hangs around, helping scrape the earth, then flies onto his shoulder. Dickon pets him for a second, then goes back to work. Suddenly, he hears a small voice far away on the moor. He stops to listen, but sees nothing and goes back to gardening. Soot caws and flies off to the gate of the garden. Dickon looks at him but goes back to his work. He hears the voice again and stops, puts his hand to his forehead and looks around. He sees nothing, goes back to his work once more. He hears the voice again, stops and looks around. He spots a figure running towards him from far away. He wonders who it is until he hears the voice again. It's Mary.

MARY
 Dickon!

She stops to catch her breath. She shuffles towards him with a tired walk. Dickon runs to her, and grabs her hands as she doubles over trying to catch her breath.

DICKON

Miss Mary, why've ya come this far out on the moor? What're ya doin' 'ere?

MARY

(standing up)
It's Colin. He needs our help to escape.

Dickon looks at her confused.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE MOORS - LATE AFTERNOON

Dickon takes Mary back to the manor on pony. She clutches his waist and falls asleep on his back. They make it back by late afternoon as the sun is slowly setting. After leaving her at the manor, Dickon makes his way back home. Back in his room, Colin is wiping the soot off, and a concerned Mary crawls into bed holding her ivory elephant.

INT. THE MANOR - THE MORNING

Colin's room key dangles from Mrs. Medlock's belt as she sleeps in a chair outside Colin's room.

MRS. MEDLOCK

(snoring, sleeping)
I'd like the roast beef, please.

A MAID comes up the hall with a breakfast tray.

MAID

Mrs. Medlock.
(bows)
Mrs. Medlock

Mrs. Medlock snorts awake confused, looks at the girl.

MRS. MEDLOCK

What is it, girl?

VIOLET

Master Colin's breakfast is ready to serve.

MRS. MEDLOCK
Oh yes, that poor boy.

She stands up, and unlocks the door.

MRS. MEDLOCK (CONT'D)
(calling into the room)
Master Colin, Violet is approaching
with your breakfast. Dr. Craven is
visiting soon.

A few seconds go by, Medlock looks behind her quickly, then back into the room, then back at Violet when she realizes she's been waiting this whole time with the tray.

MRS. MEDLOCK (CONT'D)
Well go on, girl!

MAID
Oh!

Violet takes a step, but Mrs. Medlock calls her back.

MRS. MEDLOCK
(taking out the pill
bottle)
Wait! Dr. Craven said he is to take
two a day.

She shakes out two of the pills onto the tray. Violet goes in, then exits after leaving the tray. Medlock locks the door and snuffles.

MRS. MEDLOCK (CONT'D)
That poor boy.

Violet returns to the kitchen while Mrs. Medlock looks around and decides to sit again and sleep. Inside the room, Colin takes a look at the tray. He starts to eat his breakfast.

CUT TO:

INT. MANOR - MINUTES LATER

A pair of hands release Shell the squirrel into the back door of the manor. Shell waits at the door until someone opens it to come out. The squirrel slips in just before it shuts. It starts to make its way through the halls and rooms, until it spots a sleeping Mrs. Medlock. It runs down the hall till its little hands reach for the keys. It slowly unties the keys, leaving a sleeping Mrs. Medlock snorting in her sleep.

Shell carefully unties the key and starts to turn around to run back to a watchful Mary around the corner, when Mrs. Medlock wakes up and looks at Shell. They both scream, sending Shell running off down the hall away from Mary. Mrs. Medlock sees Shell, then Mary, and screams again. A MAID and a BUTLER run up to her.

MAID

Mrs. Medlock, what is the -

MRS. MEDLOCK

They've stolen the key! Get that squirrel![]

The maid chases Mary, the butler chases Shell. Soot comes up behind the running butler and Shell and grabs the keys from Shell and flies off through the halls. Soot sees Captain the fox and drops the keys to him. As the maid chases Mary, Mary hides in a room and waiting for her to pass. When she does, Mary doubles back to Colin's room, waits around a corner until Mrs. Medlock leaves in chase, and goes to the door. Captain comes running down the hall, and drops the keys at Mary's feet. She gives him a pet before he runs off. She opens the door to Colin's room, Dickon joins her at the last second.

MARY

We are getting you out of here.

COLIN

(mouth full of breakfast)
Thank goodness!

MARY

Let's go!

They get him up and out of the room. As they hobble out the room and down the hall, Mrs. Medlock, the butler and the maid spot them at the far end.

MRS. MEDLOCK

(concerned)
What on earth! Master Colin, you are unwell! Where is your chair?

COLIN

I'm feeling better now! I'll be back soon, don't worry!

They pass a confused Dr. Craven who had just arrived for his visit. The three run down the hall, through other halls until they are outside whooping with joy. Shell, Soot and Captain catch up to them. Shell hops onto Dickon's shoulder, Dickon smiles.

COLIN (CONT'D)
 Thank you for your service, Sir
 Shell, Captain-

The children are breathless.

COLIN (CONT'D)
 And Soot! That was fantastic!

DICKON
 We almost got caught!

MARY
 You are finally free!

COLIN
 I am finally free!

CUT TO:

EXT. THE FRONT OF THE MANOR - MINUTES LATER

Archibald arrives to the manor in his carriage. He walks up the entrance steps and into the front hall. He walks into a scene of chaos. The MAIDS and BUTLERS are chattering about what just happened, one of the maids turns and screams when she sees him.

MAID
 (curtsies)
 Master Craven

The other maids follow suit, and a couple butlers bow.

ARCHIBALD CRAVEN
 Where is Mrs. Medlock?

MRS. MEDLOCK
 (Coming down the stairs,
 nervous, with Dr. Craven)
 I'm here, Master Craven. So good to
 see you.

ARCHIBALD CRAVEN
 What exactly is happening?

Mrs. Medlock has a series of emotions wash over her face. She finally lets out a groan and faints. Dr. Craven steps forward and speaks with a smile.

DR. CRAVEN
Cousin, welcome back. It appears as if your son has gone...out of doors.

ARCHIBALD CRAVEN
Out of doors?!

Dr. Craven gives a shaky smile.

DR. CRAVEN
Yes, cousin, out of doors. It appears that the girl...and the squirrel...have helped him escape.

Archibald looks at them incredulously.

ARCHIBALD CRAVEN
Escaped?
(pause)
Where are they now?

MRS. MEDLOCK
(crying, sobs, faints again)
In the gardens.

Archibald grabs his head in pain. His face flushes red with rage. He clears his throat and recovers.

ARCHIBALD CRAVEN
Cousin, I want you out of my sight. I cannot trust you with the simple task of keeping my son safe.

DR. CRAVEN
But-

ARCHIBALD CRAVEN
You were told to keep him inside. He is now outside. How can I trust that you will care for him? Leave.

Dr. Craven looks around at the staff, straightens his coat and leaves.

ARCHIBALD CRAVEN (CONT'D)
As for you, Mrs. Medlock, I'll deal with you later.

He turns and walks out leaving a worried staff in his wake.

EXT. GARDENS - MOMENTS LATER

Archibald walks the gardens, past cabbages, turnips, and leeks. He passes the main fountain. The robin flies by him and sings a song as he glances at it with a curious half-smile.

ARCHIBALD CRAVEN

I'd forgotten how charming the gardens were.

He keeps walking until he hears children laughing over the wall. He stops and follows the wall until he's at the door of the secret garden. It's open. He gasps, feels faint, and puts his hand to his head. He looks back wanting to go back to the manor, but decides to keep going. *'Come on, Archibald, you can do it,'* he thinks to himself. He goes through the door and follows the laughter. Upon entering the secret garden, everything is in bloom: roses, daffodils, daisies, tulips, ivy. His eyes open in splendor and wonder. Butterflies and dragonflies gather among the blossoms and the leaves. Birds chirps in a spring conversation. Archibald is in awe as he takes in the beauty, touches a flower or two, and smells a rose. He hears children's laughter just ahead. He walks towards it and sees Mary, then Dickon who run out of the bushes and see him. Their eyes get wide as they see him.

COLIN

I'll get you Mary

Colin shouts from behind a tree. He crashes through the trees and into Archibald. Pause as he realizes who it is.

COLIN (CONT'D)

(whispers)

Father.

Archibald looks into Colin's eyes, and down at his legs.

COLIN (CONT'D)

It's me, father, Colin.

Time stops as Archibald takes in his son.

ARCHIBALD CRAVEN

You are walking. And you have grown so, I scarcely know you. And you, Mary, how much you've grown. You are much stronger, I dare say.

Mary blushes. He smooths his son's hair. Colin stands straighter.

COLIN

I scarcely recognize myself as well!

Archibald puts his hands on Colin's arms and turns him.

COLIN (CONT'D)

I am walking, father. It's magic. It was the garden that did it, and Mary and Dickon and the creatures. It's all Magic.

Archibald looks at Mary and Dickon, then back at Colin.

COLIN (CONT'D)

Aren't you glad, father? Aren't you glad? I am going to live forever and ever!

Archibald looks at his son with a smile, and wipes away tears. He looks around.

ARCHIBALD CRAVEN

I thought it would be dead. I'm so sorry, my boy. I let my grief overtake me for so long. I've missed out on so many of your years.

(pauses, exhales)

But no longer. I shall try my best to be the father you and Mary need. Take me into the garden, my boy, and tell me all about it.

Colin murmurs to his father as Mary and Dickon trail behind the two, arm in arm.

COLIN

I am never going to get into the chair again. I shall walk back with you, father.

EXT. THE GARDENS - THE SAME DAY

Ben Weatherstaff smiles and wipes away tears. He'd snuck into the secret garden and watched the magic unfold. He hoists a tool over his shoulder and walks towards the manor.

INT. THE MANOR

Ben enters the kitchen and sits at the table. A MAID sets a beer down in front of him at a table near the window.

MAID
Did you see either of them,
Weatherstaff?

BEN WEATHERSTAFF
Aye, that I did.

Mrs. Medlock enters.

MRS. MEDLOCK
Both of them?

She comes into the kitchen to join them. Ben wipes his mouth and sets down his mug.

BEN WEATHERSTAFF
Both of 'em. Thank ye kindly, ma'am
I could sup up another mug of it.

MAID
Together?

Mrs. Medlock shocked serves him more beer, but over pours out of shock.

BEN WEATHERSTAFF
Together, ma'am.

MRS. MEDLOCK
Where was Master Colin? How did he
look? What did they say to each
other?

BEN WEATHERSTAFF
I didn'a hear that. But I'll tell
thee this, there's been things
goin' on outside as you house
people knows nowt about. But you'll
find out soon.
(looking out the window)
Look outside the window. Look who's
coming across the grass.

A shriek. Mrs. Medlock and the gathering help look out the window. Archibald and Colin, Mary and Dickon walk across the lawn towards the manor, arm over shoulder. Mary on one side of Archibald, Colin on the other. Mrs. Medlock and the maids cry and look at each other.

MRS. MEDLOCK

Oh, goodness!

Outside, Soot flies to Dickon and lands on his shoulder. The robin trails behind.

FADE OUT.

EXT. OUTSIDE IN THE GARDENS - YEARS LATER

GROWN MARY (V.O.)

How do we end this story? With happily ever after? Or with alls well that ends well?

We trail the kitchen gardens, and comes up to the secret garden. The door opens. We trail through blossoms and branches until it comes up to a pregnant, adult Mary weeding in the garden. A grown Dickon with a squirrel on his shoulder is fixing the tree swing. He finished, comes up behind Mary, crouches, lifts her up, gives her a kiss, takes her hand and they walk off. We EXIT the garden and fly out of the door to follow the couple ride off across the moors in a horse-driven cart filled with flowers.

ADULT MARY (V.O.)

Or simply the truth? That a crippled boy grew up to stand as tall as his father; an ugly, leftover girl grew up to be a kind, intelligent, healthy, and loved woman; and a boy with a heart of gold who could speak to animals, well, still speaks to animals.

WE SEE the vastness of the English country-side. We hear soft MUSIC playing and the laughter of WOMEN. LILAS AND ROSE (Mary's mother) come into view, holding hands and dancing in the garden among the animals. They smile at the camera and laugh in joy. Rose gets on the newly-repaired swing and Lilas pushes her. The MUSIC STOPS and WE SEE still shots of the garden. WE SEE a plant, a bee, a branch dancing in the wind. We hear the SOUND of TRICKLING WATER and the RUSTLING WIND, and the LAUGHTER of the sisters. The last shot we see is of a small water fountain in the garden next to a brook. In the center stands a BRONZE STATUE of a ROBIN. It watches over the water. A RED ROBIN alights on the statue for a few seconds.

ADULT MARY (V.O.)

And what happened to our dear friend, Dr. Craven?

WE SEE the two pills left on Colin's tray being thrown out by a MAID as she cleans the tray in the kitchen. WE CUT TO Dr. Craven leaving the manor in a hurry, arriving at his home, and deciding it is time to leave his village. WE SEE him packing and leaving by carriage, his face filled with fear and embarrassment.

GROWN MARY (V.O.)
Let's just say he's found other
employment.

Blackout

THE END.