**IN THE GARDEN**

**DR. CRAVEN.** Archie, why didn’t you cable us you were coming.

**ARCHIBALD.** I didn’t know, myself, Neville.

(*DR. CRAVEN hears the sounds from inside the garden: the CHILDREN shrieking with delight.*)

**DR. CRAVEN.** What on earth is all that noise?

**COLIN.** (Unseen.) Oh no you don’t. I’m lots faster than you. Here we come!

(*COLIN pushes MARY, who is now in the chair, into the garden.*)

**MARY.** Colin Craven, not so fast!

**DR. CRAVEN.** Mary Lennox!

(*COLIN stops as he sees his father and DR. CRAVEN.*)

**COLIN.** Father!

(*ARCHIBALD can’t believe what he sees.*)

**COLIN.** Look at me! (*Crosses slowly to his father.*) I’m well!

**ARCHIBALD.** (Clasps the boy to him.) Oh, Colin, my fine brave boy. Can you ever forgive me?

**COLIN.** It was the garden that did it, Father, and Mary and Dickon, and some kind of … charm that came right out of the ground.

**ARCHIBALD.** Neville, were you hoping to surprise me with this news?

**DR. CRAVEN.** I knew they were looking better, but I had no idea they were …

**COLIN.** We didn’t want you to know. We were afraid you wouldn’t let us come to the garden if you knew.

**DR. CRAVEN.** But how did you--

**COLIN.** William carried me down the stairs until--

**DR. CRAVEN.** But what have you eaten? You haven’t touched the food we’ve sent to your rooms for weeks.

**COLIN.** Martha sent us food, we ate in the garden. We ate enough for ten children.
ARCHIBALD. You did, did you.

COLIN. Oatcakes and roasted eggs and fresh milk and--

DR. CRAVEN. It was all terribly confusing. After all these years, to--

ARCHIBALD. It was confusing, Neville. Why don’t you take my flat in Paris and stay as long as you like. And when you return, perhaps you will allow me to help you re-establish your practice, in town if you like, so you can resume your own life, free of the enormous burden you have carried on our behalf.

DR. CRAVEN. Thank you, Archie.

MARY. (To ARCHIBALD.) And will you stay home with us?

ARCHIBALD. Colin, Colin. Look at you.

COLIN. It was Ben that kept the garden, alive, Father, until we could get here.

BEN. I knew it was against your orders, sir, but--

ARCHIBALD. As I remember, it was Lily who ordered you to take care of this garden, Ben. Well done.

BEN. Thank you, sir.

COLIN. And it was Dickon who--

ARCHIBALD. Yes. I can imagine. Dickon if there is ever anything we can--

MARTHA. (Interrupts him.) Sir. What is to become of our Mary?

ARCHIBALD. Why, Mary.

MARY. Here’s your key, if you want it back, sir. You didn’t bury it after all. I’d have never found it if you …

ARCHIBALD. I had nearly forgotten you in all this.

MARY. (Bravely.) It’s hard to remember everybody, sir.

ARCHIBALD. No it isn’t. Three isn’t very many people at all. I should be able to remember three people quite easily.

MARY. (Carefully.) Would I be one of them?

ARCHIBALD. Mary Lennox, for as long as you will have us, we are yours, Colin and I. And this is your home. And this, my lovely child … (He opens his arms.) is your garden.