

*The Secret Garden*  
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COLIN: (*Resenting it.*) I couldn't go out on the moor.  
MARY: (*Pause.*) You might sometime.  
COLIN: Go on the moor? How could I? I am going to die.  
MARY: (*Unsympathetically.*) How do you know?  
COLIN: Oh, I've heard it ever since I remember. They are always whispering about it and thinking I don't notice. They wish I would die, too.  
MARY: If they wished I would, I wouldn't. Who wishes you would?  
COLIN: The servants. And my uncle, Dr. Craven. I think my father wishes it too.  
MARY: (*Obstinately.*) I don't believe he does.  
COLIN: Well, I do.  
MARY: Well, I don't.  
COLIN: Well, I do.  
MARY: And I don't!!! I think you're just imagining things.  
COLIN: I am not.  
MARY: Yes you are.  
COLIN: I am not.  
MARY: Yes you are. You are. I'm sick of all this talk about dying. (*SHE gets up and heads for the door.*) I'm going out to work in the garden with Dickon.  
COLIN: I won't let that boy come here if you go and stay with him instead of coming to talk to me.  
MARY: (*Crosses to the bed and confronts HIM fiercely.*) If you send Dickon away, I'll never come into this room again.  
COLIN: You'll have to if I want you.  
MARY: I won't.  
COLIN: I'll make you. They shall drag you in.  
MARY: (*Fiercely.*) Shall they, Mr. Rajah! They may drag me in but they can't make me talk when they get me here. (*Sitting on the floor.*) 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.  
COLIN: You are a selfish thing!