

PITCHER: Very good, sir. Thank you, sir.

(PITCHER exits. MARY and COLIN cover their mouths and giggle. DICKON crosses over to them.)

DICKON: Just listen to them birds ... th' world seems full of
'em ... all whislin' an pipin'.

COLIN: You must be Dickon.

DICKON: Aye. That I am. Let me give thee a push.

(DICKON begins to push the wheelchair slowly along with MARY walking beside it. COLIN lifts his thin chest to draw in the air and looks all around with his big eyes.)

COLIN: What is that wonderful scent?

DICKON: It's the gorse on the moor that's opening out. Eh!
Th' bees are at it wonderful today.

MARY: This is it. *(THEY stop.)* This is where I used to walk
up and down and wonder and wonder.

COLIN: But I can see nothing. There is no door.

MARY: That's what I thought. *(Pointing.)* That is the garden
where Ben Weatherstaff works.

COLIN: Is it?

MARY: *(Walking ahead.)* And just ahead is where the robin
flew over the wall.

(DICKON pushes the wheelchair along a little further, then stops again.)

COLIN: Is it? I wish he'd come again!

MARY: *(Pointing under a lilac.)* And that is where he
perched on the little heap of earth and showed me the key.

COLIN: Where? Where? There?

MARY: *(Stepping close to the ivy.)* And this is where I went
to talk to him when he chirped at me from the top of the
wall. *(Takes a hold of the hanging green ivy.)* And this is
the ivy.

COLIN: Oh! Is it - is it!