MANAGER: Please meet the orphans on dock number three.

(Poorly-dressed woman scans children, then crosses to little girl who is standing next to MARY. MARY is clearly trying to keep from being too close to any of the children. BASIL notices and deliberately stands closer to MARY making her keep having to adjust to maintain a space around her. As the poorly-dressed woman passes MARY with the little girl, MARY speaks. The poorly-dressed woman looks upset by the comments, pulls the girl close to her and comforts her as they cross to exit.)

MARY: I bet she is going to a very poor house in a dreadful London slum. I shall be going to a very great manor house in Yorkshire called Misselthwaite. It's over 600 years old, has 100 rooms, and lies on a very large estate. I shall have servants to wait on me hand and foot and I shall live in the very best of style.

BOY: Sounds like a haunted house to me, Mistress Mary.

(The ORPHANS all break into laughter.)

MARY: It is not haunted. There are pictures and fine old furniture and things that have been there for ages. I shall be living there with my uncle, Archibald Craven.

BASIL: Well, I've heard of him, Mistress Mary. He's a big old hunchback.

ORPHAN 2: Ugly and horrid.

MARY: (In his tace.) He is not a hunchback.

BASIL: A hunchback.

ORPHAN 3: Ugly and horrid with warts all over.

(The ORPHANS laugh at MARY.)

MARY: He isn't. He's handsome and rich. BASIL: And he'll keep you locked in your room.

MARY: He won't.
BASIL: He will.
MARY: He won't.
BASIL: He will.
MARY: He won't.
BASIL: Will.
MARY: Won't.

(MARY attacks BASIL and drives him back into the other CHILDREN. The OFFICER'S WIFE pulls her out and makes her stand apart.)

WIFE: Children. Children. Children. Stand apart. Mary you stand there. Basil there. And keep a tight lip.

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