ARCHIBALD / DR. CRAVEN

ARCHIBALD. Will this rain never stop?

DR. CRAVEN. Archie, I'm so pleased. I've finally located a suitable school for young Mary.

ARCHIBALD. A school?

DR. CRAVEN. She needs the company of other children. Particularly after a tragedy such as this.

ARCHIBALD. But she's practically just arrived Neville. Does she want to leave?

DR. CRAVEN. This is no house for a child. What will she have to do here? Wander the halls?

ARCHIBALD. As I do, you mean? What a wretched house this is. Father should have given Misselthwaite to you, Neville, not me.

DR. CRAVEN. You are the elder brother, Archie. That would never have occurred to him. But if you continue to feel you cannot live here, then leave. You were happy once before. In Paris. You're still a young man. There is no reason …

ARCHIBALD. I can't leave, Neville.

DR. CRAVEN. But what good does it do to sit by the boy's bed, night after night, hoping for a miracle?

ARCHIBALD. They have been known to happen.

DR. CRAVEN. When Lily died, I gave up my practice to care for the …

ARCHIBALD. You've been completely faithful Neville. I am deeply grateful.

DR. CRAVEN. But I did not give up my responsibility to you, Archie. I cannot allow you to waste your life waiting for the inevitable end. I cannot.

ARCHIBALD. I am not wasting my life, Neville. This is my life now.