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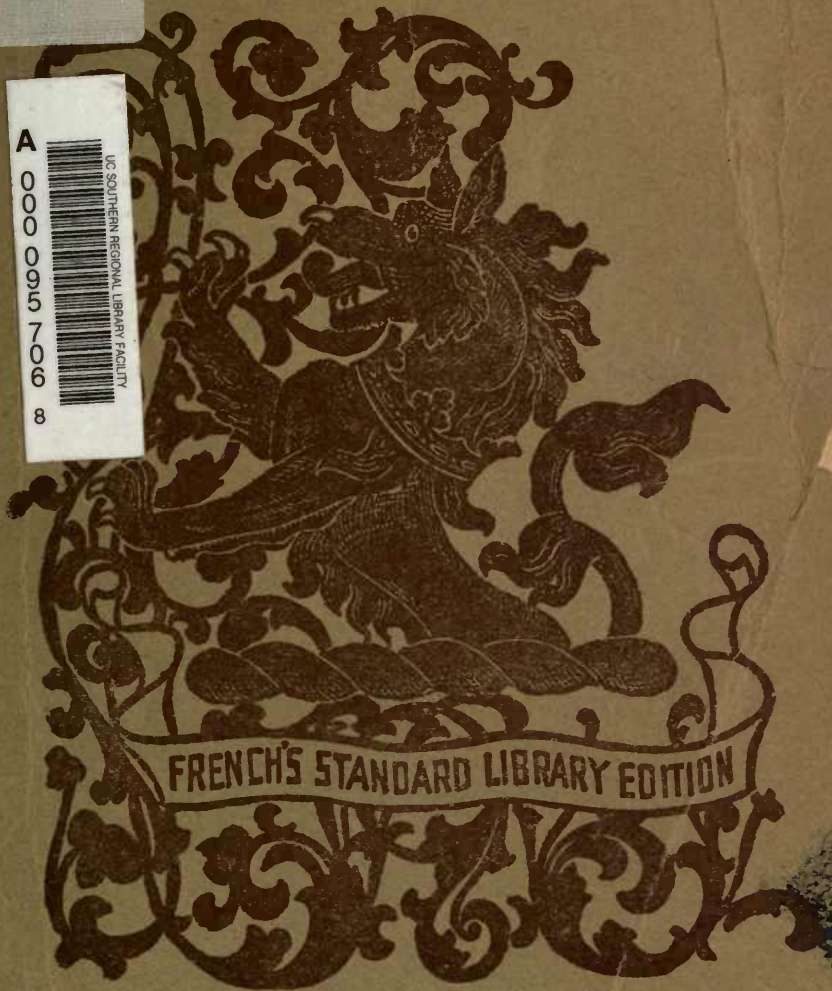
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ERINE CHISHOLM CUSHING

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POLLYANNA

A COMEDY IN FOUR ACTS

BY

CATHERINE CHISHOLM CUSHING

ADAPTED FROM THE STORY BY ELEANOR H. PORTER
BY ARRANGEMENT WITH KLAW & ERLANGER

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"Pollyanna"

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The following is a copy of the playbill of the first performance of "POLLYANNA" at the Hudson Theatre, New York, Monday evening, September 18th, 1916.

KLAW & ERLANGER AND GEORGE C. TYLER

Present

"POLLYANNA"

The Glad Girl

A Comedy in Four Acts

By

CATHERINE CHISHOLM CUSHING

Based on the novel by Eleanor H. Porter

(By arrangement with The Page Company)

The Play staged by Mr. Frederick Stanhope

ASSIGNMENT OF CHARACTERS

(In order of first entrance)

MRS. CARMODY, of "The Ladies' Aid" . . . Miss Maude Granger

MISS CARROLL, of "The Ladies' Aid" . . . Miss Helen Weathersby

MRS. GREGG, of "The Ladies' Aid" . . . Miss Maud Hosford

NANCY, MISS POLLY'S servant Miss Jessie Busley

MISS POLLY HARRINGTON, her aunt . . . Miss Effie Shannon

POLLYANNA WHITTIER, "The Glad Girl"—

Miss Patricia Collinge

SODOM

GOMMORAH

} By Themselves

JIMMY BEAN, an orphan (age 12 years)—

Master Bobby Tobin

JOHN PENDLETON, ESQ., a bachelor, called "the hermit"—

Mr. Philip Merivale

BLEECKER, PENDLETON'S man Mr. Harry Barfoot

DOCTOR CHILTON, PENDLETON'S friend . . . Mr. Herbert Kelcey

THE NURSE Miss Carolyn M'Lean

JIMMY BEAN (aged 17 years) Mr. Lorin Raker

PLACE AND TIME OF ACTION

SCENE: A New England village. PERIOD: Nowadays.

ACT I—MISS POLLY HARRINGTON'S parlor. A Summer afternoon.

(Eight minutes' intermission)

ACT II—JOHN PENDLETON'S library. Some weeks later.

(Five minutes' intermission)

ACT III—The library. An hour later than Act II.

(Eight minutes' intermission)

ACT IV—The library. Five years later than Act III.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

MRS. CARMODY
MRS. GREGG
MISS CARROLL
NANCY
POLLY HARRINGTON
JIMMY BEAN, JR.
JOHN PENDLETON
DR. CHILTON
BLEECKER
* JIMMY BEAN, SR.
POLLYANNA WHITTIER

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT I. MISS POLLY HARRINGTON'S *Parlor*.
ACT II. JOHN PENDLETON'S *Library*.
ACT III. *Same as Act II*.
ACT IV. *Same as Act II*.

* JIMMY BEAN, JR. and SR. are the same character played by two different boys.

POLLYANNA

ACT I

PLACE: MISS POLLY HARRINGTON'S *parlor*.

A summer afternoon. Lights "full up."

An attractive room so far as its good taste and its cleanliness and order are concerned, but typical of its haughty, cold mistress, MISS POLLY, who has not changed even the arrangement of a chair in the past twenty years.

Practical door left of centre in back flat leads into hallway showing staircase.

Practical double doors (opening off stage) in upper right flat lead into dining room. Two large windows in left flat. On the walls are two or three good steel engravings and framed photos of "departed" members of the family. Furniture is of old mahogany of Colonial design and upholstered in horsehair. Lace curtains and draperies on windows. Standing left on stage is an oval table on top of which are small stacks of children's clothing, also a large doll baby. Rocking chair left of table—chair left. Jet locket in left corner of chair.

Below left centre door against left flat is a cabinet with a collection of more or less valuable

knickknacks. In centre of stage is a barrel which the ladies are filling with clothing for a distant Mission. Large table right of stage with bundles, ball of twine, scissors, notebook and pencil. Easy chair left of right table—chair right of table. Back of table right is a couch with bundles on it. Fireplace centre of back flat.

The walls are papered in neat Colonial design. Brussels carpet on floor. Woodwork is white and room is immaculate.

DISCOVERED: *At rise of curtain, MRS. GREGG left of table left, MRS. CARMODY right of table left, arranging little old garments for the "Mission barrel."*

All chatter as they sew.

MRS. CARMODY. *(Biting thread and holding up little pair of boy's trousers)* There! Thank goodness, that's done! *(Turns them about, showing the huge patches of a very different color from the original garment.)*

MISS CARROLL. For the land's sake, Ruthie! *(Points to the garments.)* Whatever did you put that kind of patches on *them* kind of pants, will you tell me?

MRS. CARMODY. *(Looking over at them, instead of, more simply, turning them about)* What's the matter with 'em? Them's neat patching. I'd have you know—*too* neat for a Mission child!

MISS CARROLL. Neat—yes! But the color scheme!

MRS. GREGG. *(Holding up a little coat, likewise with ill-chosen patches at elbows)* Well—here's a Joseph-coat, to match up with 'em. Maybe the same little boy will get both of them, and then he'll have a whole crazy-patch suit.

MISS CARROLL. I'd laugh if he'd kick up a rum-

pus and not wear 'em! I daresay even *mission children* have self-respect.

MRS. CARMODY. Well—let him kick! Beggars can't be choosers, mind! (*Lays garment aside and takes up a velvet waist, clean but faded.*) Now for the next rag!

MRS. GREGG. Well, I'm no fashion plate, but I'd rather go about in a winding-sheet than wear clothes out of a Mission barrel. *Talk about Christianity*—here we are—church members an' church workers—sendin' missionaries off to benighted spots, and shipping them *canned* food to *starve* on, and packing barrels full of old rags to *dress* on. Oh! It makes me *mad*, it does—the way we treat our missionaries!

MRS. CARMODY. (*Staring at the woman*) *Why, Mrs. Gregg!* What are you advocatin' anyway? *Stylish* missionaries? 'Tain't within reason!

(*Ready DOOR Slam Off Stage.*)

MRS. GREGG. "Washed and patched"—yes! (*Snatches up a freakish hat—MISS CARROLL turns.*) What missionary could soul-save in *that* concoction! No wonder the salvation business is droppin' off! (*Drops it hatefully. MISS CARROLL goes back left for garments.*) Whoever heard of a *stylish* missionary? Lookin' dowdy an' gettin' themselves up like sin is a part of the missionary business.

(*NANCY speaks off stage, at door upper right.*)

(*DOOR Slam off Stage.*)

NANCY. Pull the bell-cord, somebody. Oi'm comin'! (*Kicks door open with foot and enters with tray containing lemonade in three glasses and a sugar bowl. Ladies are visibly pleased at the sight of a cool drink.*) It's leming-ade, it is. Miss Polly made it herself, she did, an' said you'd loike it better'n tay on a hot day. (*Comes center and holds tray to*

MRS. CARMODY.) There's no use lookin' for the biggest one—they're all the same size. (*Goes to MRS. GREGG at back of table left.*)

MRS. GREGG. Now, ain't that thoughtful of Miss Polly!

MRS. CARMODY. An' they're a luxury, too—lemons is, this time of year!

MISS CARROLL. In the best glasses, too.

NANCY. Yes, an' don't break 'em, or your goose is cooked without an oven! (*Explosively. Goes back of table right.*) Miss Polly'd drop dead of grief if you even so much as *nicked* 'em! (*Puts tray on table right.*)

MRS. CARMODY. Next time I'll bring my own tumbler! (*Clasps glass securely as if fearful of dropping same.*)

NANCY. (*Goes centre, encouraged by this*) They're a thousand years old, them glasses—

MRS. CARMODY. Oh!

NANCY. Yes, an' more! They was here when the world was made—just sittin' out in space waitin' for the great *Harrington Family* to be born!

MRS. GREGG. Oh, Nancy!

MRS. CARMODY. (*Clicking tongue*) } (*Together.*)
Did you ever!

NANCY. (*Crossing heart piously*) Cross my heart, it's true—ask Miss Polly! Oi'm as afraid as death to touch anything in this house, Oi am, for fear it'd crumble into dust, with *age*! See them candlesticks? (*Indicates candlesticks on mantel over fireplace*) The Lord had 'em in His hands when He came to create the world!

MRS. CARMODY. Now, Nancy! (*MRS. GREGG chuckles.*)

NANCY. Sure He did! To light the way! (*Crescendo. Points awkwardly off left.*) An' you know them sacr'd trees in the front yard? Well—they

was the ones Adam and Eve climbed up to get the forbidden fruit! (MRS. GREGG *laughs aloud.*)

(MISS CARROLL *rises.*)

MRS. GREGG. Really?

MRS. CARMODY. (*To MRS. GREGG*) No, there's not a word of truth in it.

NANCY. (*Crossing heart*) Honest to Gawd! *The very trees!* (*Then very loud*) An' the *silver spoons* . . .

MRS. CARMODY. Now, now, Nancy—you're hired to work with your hands—not your tongue. Here—put some more sugar in my glass! (*Holds glass toward her.*)

NANCY. Say *please* . . . (*Grins at MRS. CARMODY'S stern face.*)

MRS. CARMODY. (*Rising, turning an astounded, angry face toward the girl*) Certainly *not!* Please or *no please,* I want that sugar.

NANCY. (*Goes up to barrel*) If yez want it—*take it!* (*Frowns at woman.*)

MRS. CARMODY. (*Going over right. Angrily diving into sugar and stirring her lemonade viciously*) Oh! Such impudence! Polly Harrington must be hard up for help to put up with such as *you!* I never would!

NANCY. (*Discovers barrel—stoops and lifts up strange, old-fashioned garment. Laughs.*) Ha, ha! If it isn't Mrs. Flack's old basque! Heaven help the haythen! Nan can't and you devils won't.

OMNES. Nancy!

NANCY. And that's your idea of convertin' the haythen! It's Hell's own Christians you are!

MRS. GREGG and MRS. CARMODY. (*Together*) Oh! Gracious! Listen to that!

(MRS. CARMODY *goes left.* NANCY *drops basque into barrel as if it were a snake.* Enter MISS

POLLY *upper right. She has been in the dining room making lemonade. She is carrying pitcher of lemonade.*)

MISS POLLY. (*Going left*) Well, ladies——

(*Ladies speak more or less in unison.*)

MRS. CARMODY. It's fine, Polly.

MRS. GREGG. Delicious! We went right *on!*

MISS POLLY. That was right. Let me fill your glasses!

MRS. CARMODY. No, thanks!

MISS POLLY. No? You are abstemious! (*Goes to right table, places pitcher on tray and sits left of right table. Sees NANCY staring at her.*) Well, Nancy—remember you are to go to the station to meet my orphan niece at five!

LADIES. (*Quickly — together*) Niece—*orphan niece?* Why, Polly!

NANCY. Faith, an' I was that busy entertainin' the ladies, *Oi clean forgot*, I did.

MISS POLLY. *Indeed!* Well, now that I'm here, I will relieve you of that responsibility—so change your frock and—go.

NANCY. Sure, Miss Polly. (*Again about to go out upper right.*)

MISS POLLY. Er—you may air the hall bedroom—*first!*

NANCY. *Hall bedroom?* Miss Polly, why do you put the lady in the hall bedroom?

MISS POLLY. (*Testily*) That is my affair, Nancy, and *not yours*—and, besides, my niece is *not a lady*, but a *small child!*

NANCY. (*Aghast*) *A small child?* (*Peers into MISS POLLY'S immobile face.*) Comin' to *live wid you?*

MISS POLLY. Yes——

NANCY. (*Piously crossing self and glancing upwards*) Whist! Tabloo! Holy saints! Martyrs! The poor child is it! (*Goes up centre.*)

MISS POLLY. Nancy, you get ready at once and go to the station. (*NANCY starts up.*)

NANCY. (*Turning back*) But how will I know she's *her*, or *her* know I'm *me*, at all, at all?

MISS POLLY. (*Taking letter from her pocket in apron*) I think the child's description of her costume will identify her. (*Opens letter, turns pale.*)

NANCY. Ooh! Oi didn't know yez got a letter, I didn't! (*Impolitely peeks over at letter in MISS POLLY'S hand.*)

MISS POLLY. (*Reading, half to herself, till she finds what she wants*) Um—"I shall be alone" . . .

NANCY. (*Peering hard*) Ooh—but ain't she a grand writer, though, the little dear!

MISS POLLY. Don't read over my shoulder! Yes—here it is! (*Reads from letter*) "I will wear a red checked gingham dress, straw hat, light hair and freckles!" (*Then, replacing letter in envelope*) Now, do you think you can identify her?

NANCY. Sure, a strawberry mark would be easier. Lord help the poor darling! (*Mumbling over her words—then to herself as she starts upper right.*)

MISS POLLY. Nancy, will you stop that swearing!

NANCY. Swearing! Oh, God look down on you and forgive you, you poor hathen! I was praying.

MISS POLLY. Praying!

NANCY. Yes, praying—praying like the devil for a small child. (*Exits upper right.*)

MISS POLLY. (*Throwing up hands*) Oh, such a girl! (*Then apologetically*) I trust you won't mind her—she's absolutely undisciplined!

MRS. CARMODY. I wouldn't have one of her tribe in my house if the dirt piled sky high! However *do*

you put up with her, Polly? Why do you have her about?

MISS POLLY. Well, she's the least objectionable of six I've tried this summer.

MRS. CARMODY. But, Polly—your niece that you're expecting? You—you don't mean *Charity's* child?

MISS POLLY. What other niece have I? Yes—it is *Charity's* little daughter.

MRS. CARMODY. (*Rises and crosses to centre*) And is *she* an orphan? You don't mean—

MISS POLLY. Her mother died two years ago, as you know—and her father last week. (*Rises.*)

MRS. GREGG. Poor—little—thing! (*Shakes head sadly. Goes to work box on table by window.*)

MRS. CARMODY. (*Going to centre*) Well, well! So the Reverend Whittier is dead! I wonder who'll take his place at the Mission?

MISS POLLY. (*Crosses to left to table—coldly*) I don't know, I'm sure.

MRS. GREGG. (*Sits at table left—alert*) Mission? (*MRS. CARMODY tries hard to keep her from continuing the subject, but she rattles on.*) Why, Miss Harrington, you don't mean to say that you had a sister a missionary?

MISS POLLY. She *married* a missionary! (*Transition—back of table left*) Well, now, is everything ready to be put in the barrel?

MRS. CARMODY. (*Crosses to table right—handling list—picks it up from table right centre*) Everything—and here's the list. (*Crosses to right of table left.*)

MISS POLLY. (*Reading list*) Six little undershirts, seven pairs shoes—four night garments—twenty pairs of stockings—ten pinafores—two woollen dresses—four suits of clothes—one bonnet—one knitted hood—and one baby doll! (*Places list on table.*)

MRS. GREGG. (*Rises*) And the greatest of these is—— (*Takes up doll.*)

MRS. CARMODY. Greatest! What do you mean?

MRS. GREGG. The baby doll! Just what I say. And that one baby doll will bring more real joy into a human heart than all the boots and caps and under-shirts from here to Guinea!

(MISS POLLY *takes bundle, knitted hood and freakish hat to barrel.*)

MRS. CARMODY. Why, Mrs. Gregg—that's almost heresy, or blasphemy, or—something! (*Turns up to top of table left and examines garments.*)

MRS. GREGG. (*Sitting*) Well, it's the truth, anyway! And I know whereof I speak, when I place a baby doll—(*Smiles into the face of the doll*)—before warm clothing. One year I was sent by the Board to visit the Missions of the Church—that's how *I know!* I saw them all—the *Indian, Dakota—Ozark!* (*ALL listen attentively.*) *All of them!* I especially mind the *Ozark!* Oh! The poverty of *that* poor minister's family—they said his little girl had prayed five years for a doll and as yet it hadn't arrived. (*Addresses baby doll, which she holds to her heart.*)

MISS POLLY. (*Right centre*) Oh!

(*Ladies are startled. They rise.*)

MRS. CARMODY. Why, Miss Polly!

MISS GREGG. (*Rises left*) What is it?

MISS POLLY. *My locket!* (*Holds out her black chain from which the locket has disappeared. Crossing to centre.*) Don't stop, *please!* It's so fragile your feet would crush it. (*Searches for trinket at her feet. Ladies, too, look about.* MRS. GREGG *places doll in rocking chair.*)

MRS. CARMODY. (*Going up to left*) What was it like?

MISS POLLY. Black jet! My mother's. An heirloom—my dearest treasure! I just *must* have that clasp repaired.

MRS. GREGG. But you haven't had it on all afternoon. I wondered why you had left it off your chain.

POLLY. You're sure? (*Nervously.*)

MRS. GREGG. Positive!

MISS POLLY. Then I must have dropped it upstairs. Will you excuse me? (*Starts toward door upper left centre.*)

MRS. CARMODY. Go right ahead!

MRS. GREGG. To be sure.

MISS POLLY. Thank you. Go ahead with the packing. (*Opens door.*) Ladies—I—I'll be right back. I'll be right back.

(*Exit MISS POLLY upper left centre. She is seen to go upstairs through open door. MISS CARMODY softly closes door upper left centre.*)

MRS. GREGG. (*Left*) Well! What a lot of mystery about an old jet locket!

MRS. CARMODY. (*Right*) It's not the locket that startled her.

MRS. GREGG. What was it?

(*Ready Train Whistle off stage.*)

MRS. CARMODY. (*Coming down centre*) Her sister died, folks say, from lack of nourishment, *heart* as well as stomach, out there in that very *Ozark Mission* you visited!

MRS. GREGG. (*Astounded*) No!

MRS. CARMODY. Yes!

(*Enter NANCY right upper, dressed for the train.*)

NANCY. (*Coming centre*) Where's Miss Polly?

MRS. CARMODY. (*Right*) Upstairs, looking for her locket.

NANCY. Her locket! Not the black one on a link chain?

LADIES. Yes!

NANCY. (*Piously—excitedly*) God help her, is it that locket? Blessed Saint Anthony come down this minute and find the locket. (*Kneels and searches centre.*) It's part of her. She sleeps with it under her pillow, and many's the time when I've been peeking through the keyhole, I've seen her look inside of it, at a face!

MRS. GREGG (*left*), MRS. CARMODY (*right*) *At a face! (All close in.)*

NANCY. (*On knees*) Shure it's a face! What else would be inside a locket? *A wooden leg?* An' she shmiles at it, she does, an' sometimes she *wapes*, an' when she shuts it to—(*Pantomimes closing the locket*)—she heaves a—soigh! Oh, such a soigh! (*Train whistle off stage left. Pantomimes deep sigh.*) Me train! (*Rises. Darts to door upper left centre.*) Tell Miss Polly I've went, will yez—an' oi'll do me best to bring her the roight orphan! (*Then loudly*) Re-check—gingham hair—freckles—(*Repeat for exit upper left centre. Exits, banging door behind her.*)

MRS. GREGG. Why doesn't Miss Polly go to the station herself to meet the poor little motherless thing, I wonder?

MRS. CARMODY. (*Goes centre*) Because she ain't going to pretend any welcome she don't feel, I reckon.

MRS. GREGG. A welcome she don't feel—why, whatever do you mean?

MRS. CARMODY. Why, don't you know? These two sisters haven't spoken to each other for twenty years!

MRS. GREGG. (*Left*) Twenty years!

MRS. CARMODY. (*Centre*) Yes, and now along comes Charity's child dumped right into the lap of Miss Polly.

MRS. GREGG. Why, you're gettin' me all worked up! Quick! Tell me about it!

MRS. CARMODY. (*Sits right of table right*) Terrible doin's, Mrs. Gregg! They began twenty years ago. There were two sisters—— Polly and Charity. John Pendleton was in love with Charity.

MRS. GREGG. John Pendleton? *The Hermit*? I thought he was a woman-hater!

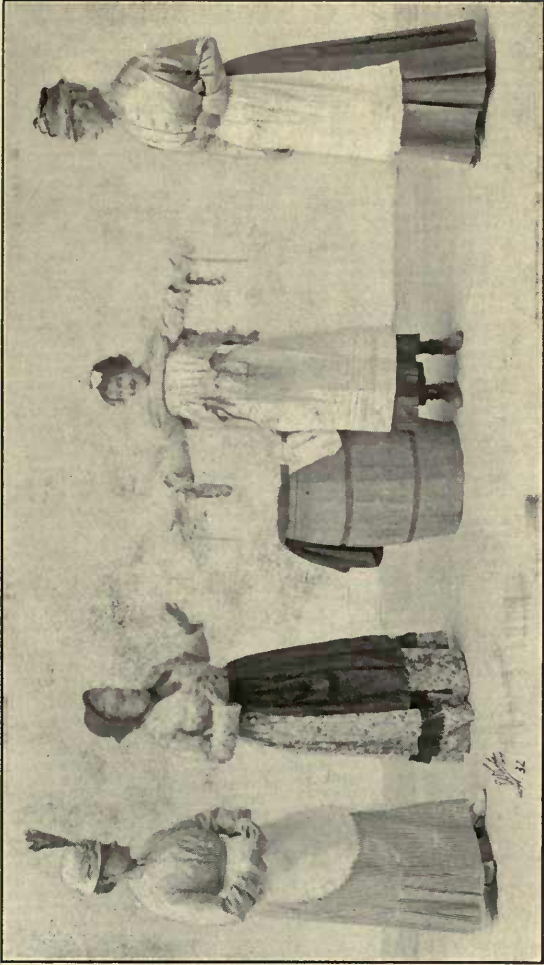
MRS. CARMODY. But he wasn't a woman-hater—*then!* He was crazy in love with Charity, just as his friend, Dr. Chilton, *was* in love with Miss Polly!

MRS. GREGG. Oh, tell me the story! Goodness *me*, but I'm glad I came to-day! Here—let's dump those things into the barrel, then down and *talk!*

(MRS. CARMODY *goes toward barrel.* MRS. GREGG *rushes to the table left and seizes parcel and tosses it to MISS CARROLL.*)

MRS. GREGG. Here—now, pinafores, Miss Carroll. Rubbers, Mrs. Carmody. (*Tosses another parcel to MISS CARROLL.*) Suits, Miss Carroll. The stockings, Mrs. Carmody! (*Tosses another parcel which MRS. CARMODY places in barrel.*) Under-shirts, anybody—dresses—and stockings—— (*Tosses things to MISS CARROLL, who tosses same to MRS. CARMODY, who places them in barrel.*) —and the bonnet—— (*Places bonnet in the barrel.*)

MRS. CARMODY. Well, twenty years ago, rich old Pendleton, Sr., came home from Europe with his son, and opened the big house opposite. (*Points right.*) And when young Pendleton caught sight of pretty Charity Harrington peeking through the big iron gate, it was love at first sight for both of them



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—if there *is* such a thing. Do *you* believe in love?

MISS CARROLL. I—do—not!

MRS. CARMODY. Well—it seems they did; so they became engaged, as did Miss Polly— (*Looks toward door upper left centre.*)—and Dr. Chilton, Pendleton's friend. So the gay young blades hied themselves hither——

MISS CARROLL. Hied *hither!* That's obsolete.

MRS. CARMODY. Well, obsolete or *no* obsolete—just the same, they *hied hither* to propose to old man Harrington for their sweethearts.

MRS. GREGG. Yes—and what did he say?

(MRS. GREGG *always transfers her attention from one to the other as she speaks.*)

MISS CARMODY. He said *No!*

MRS. GREGG. What for?

MRS. CARMODY. Because old Pendleton was an atheist and drove fast horses. So he told young Pendleton not only he couldn't *marry* Charity, but couldn't speak to her again, long as they live. Then *young* Chilton spoke up and the old man refused *Polly* to *him* because he was a friend of Pendleton's. Oh! They had an awful row and the old man put both young men out of the house, and Chilton called him—— An old devil! And Polly heard him call her father that and never spoke to him again!

MISS CARROLL. Yes—and Charity was put under lock and key! There the father hangs—— (*Indicates picture on right wall.*)

MRS. GREGG. (*Excited*) Hangs!

MRS. CARMODY. (*Impatiently*) His picture!

MRS. GREGG. Oh, shucks!

MRS. CARMODY. Well—then Pendleton slipped a note to Charity asking if she'd *elope!* She sent back word "*Yes,*" and, will you believe it, that imp of a boy went to work and hired a lot of Hungarians,

and, inside of a month, had a secret tunnel dug from his home to hers, from cellar to cellar——

MRS. GREGG. Good for him!

MRS. CARMODY. (*Pointing down*) Right under this room, *the door to the secret tunnel was!* Well, when all was in readiness, he sent her a signal—— Two candles in the window instead of *one!* So they waited and waited for an opportunity to escape.

(*Ready DOOR Slam Upstairs.*)

MISS CARROLL. (*Snappily, quickly, to get ahead of the story-teller*) It came——

MRS. CARMODY. On an awful night! How well I remember!

(*MISS CARROLL sighs. Both women sigh at the remembrance of the "awful" night. MRS. GREGG turns head from one to another, swiftly and comically, as they piece out the tale.*)

MRS. CARMODY. It was the night Beth Hargrave died.

MISS CARROLL. And the Post office burned down——

MRS. CARMODY. And the Bank was broke into——

MISS CARROLL. And poor Mrs. Snow, *a bride*, was run over by the fire engines and *hasn't walked a step since!*

MRS. GREGG. Gracious, what a night! (*Glancing swiftly from one to another at their speeches and hitching chair closer.*)

MRS. CARMODY. Yes, it was indeed a memorable night for this village, that hadn't had a thrill in fifty years. *Anyway*——old man Harrington got out of his sick bed to watch the fire, with Polly, and when they went to fetch the prisoner, little Charity, what do you think? She was gone!

MRS. GREGG. Gone?

MRS. CARMODY. All over the house they searched, but no Charity could they find——then suddenly a

light was seen to gleam from the cellar, and just as the lovers were about to make their escape through the tunnel—the girl's father snatched her from Pen-leton's arms!

(*Door SLAM upstairs left upper.*)

(*MRS. GREGG and MRS. CARMODY rise.*)

MRS. GREGG. Oh, of course! *Interrupted at the most thrilling moment!*

MRS. CARMODY. Sh! (*Then an idea strikes her.*) Look here! We want to stay and see this here Pollyanna, don't we?

MISS CARROLL. (*Seated*) Stay? A million dollars wouldn't bribe me to leave!

MRS. CARMODY. Then get busy and help *un-pack*, so we'll have it to do all over again! (*All rush to barrel and unpack.*) Here, here—— (*Crosses to table left. Gives bundles, they place them on right table; MRS. GREGG goes over to table left with bundle.*) Talk about—inspirations! (*Crosses to right of table right. Enter POLLY upper left. Goes right centre.*) Well, Polly, did you find your locket? (*Goes left.*)

MRS. GREGG. (*Left*) Yes—did you?

POLLY. Not yet. (*Goes to right table for bundle.*)

MISS CARROLL. I'm so sorry!

MRS. CARMODY. (*Crosses left*) Too bad. One hates to go and buy new *heirlooms!*

POLLY. (*Glancing at barrel*) Ladies! Haven't you finished packing? The expressman will be here any minute! It's after five! (*Crosses to barrel, puts bundle into it.*)

MRS. CARMODY. No—we got to talkin'——

MISS CARROLL. (*Crosses to barrel, giving MISS POLLY bundles. Too sweetly*) We were telling Mrs. Gregg about poor Charity's *romance*——

MISS POLLY. (*Freezingly*) Oh, indeed!

MRS. CARMODY. (*Too sweetly*) And yours!

POLLY. (*Annoyed*) Please—

MRS. CARMODY. I think your father did exactly right in sending Charity out to a mission-field to get away from a fast man!

(*Ready SLAM offstage left upper.*)

MISS POLLY. (*Coldly*) I've never discussed my sister's affairs—nor permitted them to be discussed in my presence!

MRS. CARMODY. And you're *right*! Now if it was *your own*—

MISS POLLY. (*Testily*) No, not my *own, either*!

MRS. CARMODY. (*Going right centre*) Good for you! I always uphold you in that, Polly! And when the busybodies get to gossiping . . . (*MISS POLLY goes to left table for bundle.*)—about you and Dr. Chilton, never speakin' for twenty years—I *just up and won't listen!* (*Crosses to right—sits behind table.*)

(*MISS CARROLL sits on couch. MISS CARROLL and MRS. GREGG exchange glances.*)

MISS POLLY. (*Wearily*) I hope you don't, I'm sure. (*Takes bundle from left to barrel. Sighs.*)

MISS CARROLL. Aren't you worried about this new responsibility?

MISS POLLY. (*Coming centre*) Well—frankly speaking, I am!

MISS CARROLL. I don't blame you!

MRS. GREGG. Nonsense—the loveliest thing in the world is a child in the home.

POLLY. I'm not so sure! *After* all—I question the wisdom of my sending for the child. I'm afraid I'll be a nervous wreck!

MRS. CARMODY. Nervous wreck! You'll be lucky if you ain't stark mad.

POLLY. (*Really worried*) Well—I've this refuge

left! If she's utterly undisciplined and beyond me—
I'll send her off to school! (*Goes right to table.*)

(*Door SLAM offstage upper left.*)

MISS CARROLL. Sh! Maybe that's her now!

(*Enter NANCY upper left smilingly.*)

NANCY. Sh! (*All look up.*) Your orphan's
come! (*Sonorously*) Miss Pollyanna Whittier!
(*Stands aside left.*)

(*Enter POLLYANNA in her red-check frock and wear-
ing a quaint hat and carrying a little valise and
small basket of flowers.*)

NANCY. Your aunt, Miss Polly Harrington.

POLLYANNA. (*Rapturously, dropping everything
and dashing to her aunt. Puts arms about POLLY'S
neck—others rise.*) Aunt Polly—dear Aunt Polly!
I'm so glad to be here—and so glad to see you—and
so glad you're beautiful!

(*NANCY places valise and basket left and exits upper
left, closing doors.*)

MISS POLLY. There, there, child—

POLLYANNA. You're just like what my mother
told me you were like. She said you were like a
beautiful painting, and you *are*!

MISS POLLY. That will do, Pollyanna— (*Gent-
ly unclasps childish arms.*)

POLLYANNA. (*Hurt*) Oh, Aunt Polly—you're
disappointed in me, aren't you? I expect maybe you
thought I'd be *pretty*, didn't you? (*Sighs.*) It's
hard when you're expecting a pretty little girl—to
have one like me walk in! Isn't it?

MRS. GREGG. Bless her heart!

POLLYANNA. But my freckles *may* fade, you

know, and a miracle *may* curl my hair. Oh, I'm crazy about miracles, aren't you?

MISS POLLY. (*Moves up right centre*) Where are your manners, Pollyanna? Speak to Mrs. Gregg, and Mrs. Carmody, and Miss Carroll of our Ladies' Aid!

POLLYANNA. *Ladies' Aiders?* Oh, how perfectly splendid! Why—the Ladies' Aiders are the only mother I have had since my own sweet mother died. Please, may I kiss you? (*Crosses right—first throws hat in chair left of table right. Goes to them right, kissing them each in turn. They sit, embarrassed. Goes left to MRS. GREGG, who takes her to her heart.*) Thank you, so much!

(MRS. CARMODY and MISS CARROLL exchange disapproving glances and wipe off the kiss. POLLYANNA spies barrel. Goes to it and kneels.)

POLLYANNA. And my dear friend, Barrel! Don't you know me, Barrel? I'm Pollyanna. This frock came out of your sister barrel, and that lovely hat and these shoes; and I thank you, dear Barrel, for I love every stitch you've ever given me, whether it fits or not. Dear—*dear Barrell!* (*Kisses barrel.*)

MRS. CARMODY. Ain't she the spittin' image of her mother?

MISS POLLY. (*Right centre*) Why aren't you in black, Pollyanna?

POLLYANNA. (*Quickly to left centre*) Oh, please don't think me disrespectful for not being in black, Aunt Polly—but you see there were so little black things in the last barrel—only the black lady's velvet basque—I mean the basque was black, *not the lady!* And, besides— (*Swallows hard.*) —besides—it would be a good deal harder to be glad in black! (*POLLYANNA lowers—blinks back the tears.*)

MISS POLLY. (*Shocked*) Glad!

LADIES. *Glad!*

POLLYANNA. Yes—glad that father's gone to Heaven!

(MRS. CARMODY and MISS CARROLL shocked.)

LADIES. (*Incredulously*) "*Glad*" your father—
POLLYANNA. He *told* me I must be glad.

MRS. CARMODY. Glad he *died*?

POLLYANNA. Why, he went straight to Heaven. He said that after being a Missionary in the Ozark Mountains for fifteen years, Heaven just had to be an improvement. (*Short pause—then, with pathos*) It's been *hard* to be glad; *I* wanted him to stay with me. But—but now I'm sure it will be easier—now that I've got you! Oh, I'm so glad I've got you, Aunt Polly! Are you glad you've got me? (*Embraces her aunt and beseeches encouraging word.*)

(MRS. GREGG goes left and sits in chair.)

MISS POLLY. (*Withdrawing POLLYANNA'S arms*) There—there, now. Compose yourself, Pollyanna. And sit down—there's a chair. (*Indicates chair left of table left.*)

POLLYANNA. (*Suddenly spies doll in chair right of table left*) Oh, Aunt Polly! How sweet of you to plan this surprise! (*Rushes to doll and lifts it with greatest care.*) Oh, at last—at last it is the answer to my prayer! Oh! Oh! (*Hugs doll to heart.*)

MISS POLLY. (*Gently taking doll—upward—from her arms*) You are mistaken, Pollyanna. The doll is not meant for you. (*Turns to barrel.*) It goes in the barrel—to a Mission—to another girl.

POLLYANNA. (*Dazed*) Another little girl? Oh, I—I see! (*Masters her emotion—continues*) Oh—oh, well! I'm glad—for that *other* little girl! Just

as I was glad when the crutches came in the barrel when I'd prayed for a doll! I was glad I didn't have to walk with crutches—I was glad——

MISS CARROLL. I never heard so much talk about being glad in my life! To hear you talk, one'd think *you'd* be glad if you had to wear false teeth—like Mrs. Carmody there!

(MISS POLLY *removes hat from chair and places it on chair left of fireplace, and then returns to right.*)

POLLYANNA. (*With a glance at MRS. CARMODY, who is angry*) I would if it made me look as nice as she does. (*MRS. CARMODY pleased.*) I'd be glad! (*Sits right.*)

MISS CARROLL. What the dickens is all this glad, glad, glad?

POLLYANNA. (*Delighted*) It's a game!

MRS. GREGG. A game?

POLLYANNA. (*Crosses left—sits*) Father invented it. He got the idea from the "Rejoicings." (*Crosses and sits right of left table.*)

LADIES. "Rejoicings?"

POLLYANNA. Yes, you know, the texts that begin, "Be glad in the Lord and rejoice!" or, "Rejoice greatly," or "Shout for joy!" Aren't they exciting? Father counted them one day when he felt *very* downhearted—and there's eight hundred of them. That made him feel better right away. He said if God took the trouble to tell us eight hundred times to be glad, He must want us to do it! *Some!*

MRS. GREGG. Think of it—eight hundred times.

POLLYANNA. Oh, it's *such* a jolly game.

MRS. CARMODY. What is the game?

POLLYANNA. Why—it's to find something in everything to be glad about. (*Rises.*) I'll tell you what. Come on and let's play it. Then you'll all

know. *First, you, Mrs. Gregg—what are you glad for?*

MRS. GREGG. (*Brightly*) *Me?* Oh, Lord! I'm glad for everything. Glad I wasn't born dead—glad I've only got one husband—

(MISS POLLY goes left to cabinet with notebook and places scissors in work basket. Places valise by window and flower basket on work table.)

POLLYANNA. (*Rises—popping up and down with delight that the ladies have taken to her "game" so quickly*) Now it's your turn, Mrs. Carmody!

MRS. CARMODY. (*Sourly*) What's the use? She's taken all the best things! I suppose I'll have to be satisfied with— (*Glances up and sees the frowning face of MISS CARROLL.*) I know! I'm glad I'm not an obsolete old maid! *That's* what I'm glad for!

MISS CARROLL. (*Gives her hateful little toss of head*) I'm glad I'm a good Christian, otherwise I might commit murder in a minute and hang for it!

(MISS POLLY goes over to right centre.)

POLLYANNA. Oh, what a lovely glad! Now you, Aunt Polly.

MISS POLLY. Now, now, child—that is quite enough talking for one day!

POLLYANNA. (*Resuming seat left*) Oh, it's such fun! (*Slips off chair.*) Gracious, but this chair's slippery!

MRS. CARMODY. Goodness me! What an active little proposition!

POLLYANNA. Oh, I forgot! (*Scrambles to feet.*) I've got a present for you, Aunt Polly! *Wait!* (*Rushes off, door upper left centre—skating the last yard.*)

LADIES. (*Aghast*) *Oh!!!*

MISS POLLY. (*Angrily*) Pollyanna! (*Goes to rocking chair left and sits.*)

MISS CARROLL. Thinks the house is a skating rink.

POLLYANNA. (*Enters with basket—places it on floor centre.*) Now, Aunt Polly, get ready to smile. (*Unhooks lids, kneeling on floor.*) To you—from me—with love! (*Lifts out a kitten—then a puppy.*) Sodom and Gomorrah!

(MISS CARROLL and MRS. CARMODY exchange shocked glances and repeat, "Sodom and Gomorrah." LADIES all rise, squeal, and draw back skirts. POLLYANNA puts puppy back in basket.)

AUNT POLLY. Sodom and Gomorrah!

POLLYANNA. (*Rises and crosses to MISS POLLY left centre—places tiny, half-starved, mewling kitten on AUNT POLLY'S lap.*) There!!!

MISS POLLY. (*Rises with little scream, drawing back, afraid of the mangey little things.*) Ow! Take it away! Take it away!

POLLYANNA. (*Looking at it closely*) What's the matter with it?

MISS POLLY. (*Sharp and excited*) Matter with it? Everything's the matter with it! Take it away, I tell you!

POLLYANNA. (*Surprised tone—though not excited, as is MISS POLLY*) Why, Aunt Polly! Don't you like kittens?

MISS POLLY. Like them? I loathe them! Take it away!

POLLYANNA. Oh, very well. (*Puts kitten back in basket. Takes puppy out of basket.*) Not puppies, either? (*Holds puppy to MISS POLLY.*)

MISS POLLY. No! I despise them! Ow! Call it off! (*Scrambles back out of its reach to left.*)

POLLYANNA. (*Kneeling on the floor, holding up the dog*) He wouldn't hurt you. Oh, Aunt Polly, it's only a baby puppy. (*Cuddles it in her arms and addresses it*) Aren't you only a baby puppy? (*Then resignedly*) See!!! He loves you. He's wagging his little taily—waily. (*She wriggles his tail—kisses him.*)

MISS POLLY. Pollyanna—stop hugging that man-gey brute! Heaven only knows what bacteria it carries in its filthy coat! Throw it out, I tell you—(*Calls aloud*) Nancy!

(*Enter NANCY immediately upper left centre.*)

NANCY. (*Suppressing a grin*) Yes, Miss Polly?

MISS POLLY. (*Goes around table to centre*) Take these animals out——

NANCY. Shure, Miss Polly—— (*Comes centre for basket.*)

POLLYANNA. Oh, Nancy, dear—please don't hurt them!

NANCY. (*Giving her sly nudge and wink*) The Saints bliss ye—Oi wouldn't harm a hair of their heads, or tails. (*Takes up basket—smiling at child.*)

POLLYANNA. Thank you, Nancy.

MISS POLLY. (*Testily, to NANCY*) Don't stop to talk—go! (*NANCY exits upper left centre.*) And as for you, Pollyanna—*get up in that chair and behave yourself*—— (*Business.*) Do you hear?

POLLYANNA. Oh, yes, indeed! (*Crosses left.*) My hearing is perfectly good, thank you, Aunt Polly. (*Resumes rocking chair quickly and pleasantly.*)

MRS. CARMODY. (*To MISS CARROLL, referring to child's last line*) Did—you—*ever*? I believe they've got 'em mixed and sent a *heathen* instead of a *missionary*.

POLLYANNA. (*Rocking back and forth in her nice*

chair and singing rapidly) "Shall we gather at the river— The bee-you-tiful—the bee-you-tiful—riv——"

MISS POLLY. My best chair——

(LADIES *stop and gasp at this latest explosion. POLLYANNA jumps up from rocker and goes quickly to chair left of left table—spies locket, which she opens and holds up to view.*)

POLLYANNA. Oh! What—a—bee-you-tiful locket!

MISS POLLY. Locket? Then I *did* drop it here!

POLLYANNA. And what a pretty man *inside!*

(LADIES *all rise. MRS. CARMODY rises and comes forward.*)

MRS. CARMODY. Pretty man—— Oh, Polly, what's that?

MISS POLLY. (*Dashing toward the child*) That will do, Pollyanna! (*Snatches locket from her.*) Come! I will show you your room. (*Grabs her hand and starts rapidly and instantly upstage, POLLYANNA being dragged along.*) You will excuse me, ladies?

LADIES. Certainly—go right ahead—don't mind us.

POLLYANNA. (*Smiling brightly at them*) I'll be right back, Ladies' Aiders!!! (*But she is whirled out of the room and up the steps before she can say more. LADIES come to centre.*)

MRS. GREGG. (*Left centre*) Well!!! (*Laughs, but suppresses same.*)

MRS. CARMODY and MRS. GREGG. A pretty man inside! A pretty man inside!

MRS. GREGG. Yes, but what I want to know is how comes it this child's mother married a missionary when she was in love with *Pendleton?*

MISS CARROLL. Why—her father sent her to a mission-field to get away from Pendleton—*there to remain for life—to expiate her sin!*

MRS. GREGG. Expiate *what* sin?

MISS CARMODY. Why—tryin' to elope! Ain't that sinny enough?

MRS. GREGG. *Well*—what then?

MISS CARROLL. Well, then, she *expiated*—then she *died!* That's all!

MRS. GREGG. Expiated by marrying a missionary, did she?

MRS. CARMODY. Yes. *At least* she could have confidence in him, even if he wasn't such uproarious entertainment!

MRS. GREGG. But Pendleton hasn't died?

MRS. CARMODY. No, but he's as good as dead! For twenty years he's lived in that mansion—(*Points off left*)—alone. Only Dr. Chilton is ever admitted!

MRS. GREGG. *Nobody knows! Poor Miss Polly!* It's a terrible thing to be an aristocrat and not be able to show your feelings! (*Crosses to left. Enter POLLY wearily, upper left, goes right centre. MISS CARROLL goes right.*)

MRS. CARMODY. (*Goes left centre*) Well! Did you get her calmed down, Polly?

MISS POLLY. Calmed down? She's like a jack-in-the-box—she's *down* only so long as the *lid's down*—open the catch—(*Pantomimes "All over the place"*)—and she's all over the place.

MRS. CARMODY. Well, we're safe for a little while, anyway, now that you've got her locked up in her room.

MISS POLLY. Locked up. She was out of the window—on to the kitchen roof, swinging out on the apple tree, and hand-over-hand—(*Pantomimes*)—down the trunk into the garden before I could collect enough breath to shout, "Stop!"

MRS. GREGG. For the land's sake!

MRS. CARMODY. (*Crosses to POLLY.*) The little imp! First thing you know you'll have half a dozen broken legs to splinter up and take care of!

(MRS. GREGG *suppresses her laughter.*)

POLLY. And guess what she did when she landed!

LADIES. What? Yes? Do tell!

POLLY. She said—"Now I know where this is! At last I'm in the Garden of Eden!" (*Going to right centre.*)

(MRS. GREGG *bursts out laughing, but seeing that the others frown—suppresses her mirth.* MRS. CARMODY *goes over behind table right.* Enter POLLYANNA *upper left smilingly.*)

POLLYANNA. Get ready, Aunt Polly!

LADIES. Get ready?

MISS POLLY. Get ready for *what?*

POLLYANNA. For another surprise!

MISS POLLY. Another surprise! (*Throws up hands.*)

POLLYANNA. Oh, this one's a beauty! I know you will be pleased, Aunt Polly—now get ready to smile! (*Rushes in with JIMMY BEAN. NANCY follows on.*) Come along, Jimmy—there—

POLLY. (*Right centre*) Pollyanna! What does this mean?

POLLYANNA. (*Left centre*) This is Jimmy Bean, Aunt Polly. Make a bow, Jimmy. (*Bobs his head for him.*) Isn't he sweet? Don't you adore him? Isn't he a nice gift?

MISS POLLY. Gift!!!

POLLYANNA. Yes, aren't you glad?

(*The boy smiles centre, hoping to be received. POLLYANNA smooths his tousled hair.*)

MISS POLLY. (*Sarcastically*) Glad! (*Then sharply*) Pollyanna, where did you find this boy?

POLLYANNA. I found him in our yard trying to crawl through that big hedge into the yard next door. He's run away from the Orphanage where they don't have any mothers and things! And he wants a *regular* home! Isn't he a dear? *Smile, Jimmy*—— (*JIMMY smiles a broad, teathy smile, none too mirthful, however.*) See! Hasn't he pretty teeth? You *will* adopt him, won't you, Aunt Polly? You *will* let him stay?

MISS POLLY. (*Explosively*) Let him stay? Adopt him? Are you mad, Pollyanna? Isn't it enough that I have *one orphan* thrust upon me without adding to my troubles? No, I will not adopt him nor will I let him stay—— (*JIMMY'S teathy smile suddenly dies.*) The very idea! What do you mean by bringing into my house all the stray dogs and cats and dirty little beggars you find along the roadside?

JIMMY. (*Standing grandly forth in defiant attitude and clenching his fist as he retorts to the woman*) I'm not dirty and I'm not a beggar! I'm clean as anything—I can work, I can—and I wouldn't stay here if you said I could. I want a *mother*, I do! Not *your* kind, so there! (*Shakes his head defiantly. POLLYANNA pulls JIMMY up stage to NANCY, then goes to rocking chair.*)

MISS POLLY. Nancy—send that ragamuffin back where he belongs—then show *Miss Pollyanna to her room—there—to—remain!!*

NANCY. (*Unsmilingly*) Sure, Miss Polly. (*Makes face.*)

(*MRS. CARMODY and MISS CARROLL sit in chairs right and left of right table.*)

MISS POLLY. Well, ladies, don't let me detain you any longer!

(After an embarrassed pause the ladies start speaking in order indicated until they are all talking at once and bumping into each other in their hurry to exit.)

MRS. CARMODY. Yes, yes, we must go! Well, good-bye, Polly!

MISS CARROLL. Good-bye. Good afternoon!

MRS. GREGG. Good-bye, Pollyanna!

POLLY. *(Shaking hands)* Good afternoon, ladies. *(Goes upper left centre with her guests.)*

POLLYANNA. *(Crosses to chair right as ladies go up stage—pleasantly waving hand)* Good-bye, Ladies' Aiders! And don't forget to be glad!

(Exit Ladies, followed by MISS POLLY upper left centre.)

JIMMY. *(At left of barrel)* Gee! I've got something to be glad for—I'm glad I don't live here.

(NANCY, who has come to rocking chair, laughs loudly and rocks on arm of chair.)

POLLYANNA. Don't be discouraged, Jimmy! It's all my fault, not Aunt Polly's. I'll find a parent for you yet. Yes, two of them—who knows?

JIMMY. *(Wipes his eyes)* Honest?

POLLYANNA. There are a lot more houses, aren't there, Nancy?

NANCY. Shure they be. This is a terrible big village, Jimmie.

POLLYANNA. I'm sure that we can find him a mother, aren't you, Nancy?



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"POLLYANNA"

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NANCY. Sure, Oi'm sure! Oi'll get him a grand-mother, too, if he loikes.

POLLYANNA. There, do you hear that? Now, run back to the Orphanage.

JIMMY. No, not yet. First I'm going to explore.

POLLYANNA. Explore? Explore what?

JIMMY. Why——

POLLYANNA. (*Curiously*) Jimmy! What *were* you trying to get through that hedge for when I found you?

JIMMY. Tryin' to get through into the yard next door.

POLLYANNA. What for?

JIMMY. (*Mysteriously*) Never you mind! If I do get through, I'll come back and tell you.

NANCY. (*Taking JIMMY up left*) Come on, Jimmy! You get back to the orphanage before they miss you.

POLLYANNA. Jimmy, don't forget to tell me if you *do* get through.

JIMMY. (*Turns*) No, I won't. (*Both place fingers on lips, sharing a secret. NANCY looks back at POLLYANNA with finger to lips.*)

POLLYANNA. That's a promise. (*Fingers on lips as MISS POLLY enters.*)

(*As JIMMY turns, upper left centre door opens and MISS POLLY looks in doorway. She stops and stares at him, and draws back her dress so that she may not be contaminated by the "great unwashed." Likewise, he stops and stares—then edges flatly out so that he may not come in contact with her. He never takes his eyes from her—and as he gets safely past, he leaps out and dashes off, NANCY following. POLLYANNA by easy chair right, jumping with knees on seat.*)

AUNT POLLY. (*Facing child*) Pollyanna! I don't understand you at all. You are the most extraordinary child I have ever known.

POLLYANNA. (*Sweetly*) Oh, that's so nice of you to say that, Aunt Polly—I'm so glad!

MISS POLLY. *Nice? Glad?* I assure you, young lady, my remark was not intended as a compliment. *Once and for all*—I wish it clearly understood that you are to bring into my house no more zoological specimens or *orphan* exhibits! Do you understand?

POLLYANNA. Yes, Aunt Polly.

MISS POLLY. *And* another thing—I want no further reference to the picture in my locket—*ever!*

POLLYANNA. But I can feel sorry for you, can't I? Please let me.

MISS POLLY. No! I don't wish your sympathy, either! *Sympathy of all things!*

POLLYANNA. All right, Aunt Polly. But it would be such a pleasure to feel sorry for you.

MISS POLLY. Now remember, you must adopt yourself to *my* ways if you expect to remain with me—and to conform to my rules.

POLLYANNA. Oh, yes, indeed, Aunt Polly.

MISS POLLY. As to your daily routine—you will rise at seven; breakfast at eight; read aloud till nine; have a cooking lesson at ten; sew till eleven; lunch twelve. Practice your music till two; do your lessons till four; get ready for supper at five; and in bed by eight.

POLLYANNA. Oh, but Aunt Polly—you haven't left me any time to just *live!*

MISS POLLY. *Live?* Aren't you living when you're working?

POLLYANNA. Oh, yes, of course, I'll be breathing, but *breathing* isn't *really* living, you know. It's just *going on*.

MISS POLLY. What more do you want?

POLLYANNA. Why, can't I have a little time to play?

MISS POLLY. Certainly; you'll have two hours every Saturday afternoon.

POLLYANNA. (*Bleakly—in a low voice*) Thank you, Aunt Polly.

MISS POLLY. And remember, I shall expect something in return for all this care—don't forget that!

POLLYANNA. Oh, yes, indeed—Aunt Polly. Not money—of course, for I *have* no money. Ministers never *do* have, they say, but—

MISS POLLY. I am speaking, Pollyanna.

POLLYANNA. Oh, excuse me.

MISS POLLY. I shall expect implicit obedience. And another thing, you are not to speak of your parents.

POLLYANNA. (*Astounded—smile dies*) Not speak of my parents? (*Almost in tears.*) Why, Aunt Polly! I—just—worshipped—my darling—parents!

MISS POLLY. (*Interrupting*) This is a very gossipy place and I don't wish our family affairs discussed in the village. You are not to speak of your parents. Nor your *Mission*—nor your "*Ladies' Aiders*," as you call them, nor anything else that has to do with your *former life*. (*Turns away.*)

POLLYANNA. (*Aghast—beginning to feel hurt*) But it's the only life I've ever lived, Aunt Polly! Why! Why! I won't be able to talk!

MISS POLLY. That is as it *should* be, Pollyanna. Children should be seen and not heard. After this, you will kindly speak *only* when *spoken* to.

POLLYANNA. (*Humiliated and disillusioned*) Oh, Aunt Polly, have I displeased you? I'm *so* sorry! I do so want you to *love* me. (*Steps lightly toward her—her hands out pleadingly.*)

MISS POLLY. (*Evading a possible caress*) "Love" does not come in a moment, Pollyanna—love *grows*! I am not blaming you for being thrust on my hands.

It was neither *your* fault nor *mine*, but the fault of *circumstances!* But we must make the best of it—both of us! (*Goes back to table right for tray.*)

POLLYANNA. (*Aghast*) “Best of it?” Why, Aunt Polly, did—didn’t you send for me? Aren’t you glad to have me? D—do—don’t you want me? (*Holding out her lonely little arms pathetically.*)

MISS POLLY. No, Pollyanna, there is no reason for me to dissemble—a “lie” is never justifiable! And you might as well understand in the beginning that I have received you under my roof purely as a matter of duty—it rests entirely with *you* whether I shall be “glad” or regret my action. (*Goes with tray up right.*)

POLLYANNA. Oh, Aunt Polly! (*Tearfully*) If I’d known *that*— (*Blinks back the tears.*)

MISS POLLY. That will do, Pollyanna. I think you understand me. (*Exits right upper with tray.*)

POLLYANNA. She doesn’t want me—she doesn’t want me! (*Sits in rocking chair left.*) Oh, dear Daddy up in Heaven—they don’t want me here! How can I keep being glad? I can’t think of a *thing to be glad for!* Please tell me something—please—

(*Enter JIMMY door upper left centre.*)

JIMMY. Pollyanna!

POLLYANNA. Jimmy! (*Runs to door right upper, looks off and closes it. Comes down right.*) You never went back to the Orphanage!

JIMMY. (*Comes to centre mysteriously*) No, sir!

POLLYANNA. Jimmy, don’t you know that you’ll get a licking when you do go back?

JIMMY. Sure! So what’s the use of going till I get ready?

POLLYANNA. (*Excited*) You've been crawling through the hedge again! (*Sits down right.*)

JIMMY. (*Quickly*) Yes, sir.

POLLYANNA. You know what you promised me.

JIMMY. I came *back* to *keep* my promise!

POLLYANNA. (*Eager, hushed*) What's on the other side of the hedge?

JIMMY. A castle!

POLLYANNA. A castle? With a king in it?

JIMMY. Um, um. See the turret?

POLLYANNA. The turret. (*Crosses to left—looks out of window.*) Why, it *is* a castle! (*Sits left in rocking chair.*)

JIMMY. Um, um! Giants and everything! (*Goes to her.*) This king walks around in there, has his folks wait on him, everybody says, and never sticks his head out.

POLLYANNA. Oh, Jimmy! Wouldn't you like to see him?

JIMMY. Well, what'd you think I was *tryin'* to do? (*Turns to right.*)

POLLYANNA. What's he look like?

JIMMY. I dunno!

POLLYANNA. Dunno! Didn't you see him, after all?

JIMMY. No, I didn't see him, but I had a terrible adventure. (*Goes to her.*)

POLLYANNA. Tell me, Jimmy.

JIMMY. Well, there's a big man watchin' on the other side of the hedge, and soon as a person gets about halfway through, this big man comes runnin' and hits you with the flat of a great big spade just as you turn around to go back. That's why I didn't see the king. (*Goes right, rubbing his back.*)

POLLYANNA. How exciting!

JIMMY. So a fellow doesn't get much chance to see no King?

POLLYANNA. Jimmy, let *us* try it!

JIMMY. Ugh! *You can't get through.*

POLLYANNA. Jimmy, I just *haf* to see the King.

JIMMY. *You couldn't get through that hedge!*

POLLYANNA. (*Rising*) Can't I? Come on and I'll show you! (*Runs to door upper left centre.*)

JIMMY. (*Trying to frighten her*) But they say he's an ogre—that's no place for a girl——

POLLYANNA. (*Excitedly*) Ogre—I just love ogres!

(*WARNING.*)

JIMMY. But the man with the spade——

POLLYANNA. (*Comes back to him*) There'll be two of us there now. While he's hittin' one, the other can look at the king! (*Points to window and goes table right for hat.*)

JIMMY. Yes, but—which one'll that be?

(*Warn CURTAIN.*)

POLLYANNA. (*Going to him*) Jimmy! But I'm goin' to have such fun with you. I'm so glad.

JIMMY. Well, when the man's *hittin'* one of us, what'll you find *then* to be glad about?

POLLYANNA. I'll be glad he isn't hittin' both of us. Come on.

(*Both go up to door. Enter MISS POLLY right upper door.*)

MISS POLLY. Pollyanna, what does this mean? Oh, that dreadful boy! I thought I sent you home, you awful boy! Go away at once, and you, Pollyanna, come to your room this instant, and for this disobedience you shall study your catechism until supper. Come, Pollyanna, do you hear me?

POLLYANNA. Yes, Aunt Polly.

(*Exit MISS POLLY right upper, saying, "Then mind, come, come——"* JIMMY coming toward POLLYANNA, who had crossed to right.)

JIMMY. Aw, come on.

POLLYANNA. 'Sh! (*Claps hand to head.*)

JIMMY. What's the matter, Pollyanna?

POLLYANNA. 'Sh! I'm tryin' awful hard to think of something to be glad for.

JIMMY. I know something. Be glad your old aunt ain't twins!

POLLYANNA. (*Clapping hands over JIMMY'S mouth*) 'Sh!

QUICK CURTAIN

ACT II

PLACE: JOHN PENDLETON'S *Library*.

TIME: *Some weeks later.*

Footlights and first border lights half down. Back border (back of back flat) is full up. Fireplace is lighted.

Handsome old room with panelled walls, beamed ceiling, splendid rugs and fine old furniture. Practical door lower left flat leading to outer door. Practical door in upper right flat leading to dining room. Book cases against left flat up and down stage. Between the two book cases is a good-sized cabinet which is closed. POLLYANNA makes her entrance from this cabinet as if coming from the tunnel below. If cabinet is not available, a heavy screen can be used and she can appear from behind same. Two high French windows right and left centre in back flat. When these windows are opened we see a hedge row behind with wood drop. Between these windows on wall is the portrait of POLLYANNA'S mother, which is concealed by draw-curtains on a rod and worked with a cord. We advise that these curtains be the same color as the woodwork, or at least of a color that will not draw the attention of the audience until the portrait is revealed. Closed cabinet or book case against flat below right upper door. Old

brass candlesticks with prisms on book cases left and cabinet right. Cellarette left of left centre window. Pedestal right of left centre window.

Fireplace in lower right flat with settee drawn diagonally before same heaped with pillows. Large reading table with many drawers stands in centre of stage—armchair right of same—other chairs about the room. Books and magazines are on table—also cigars, matches, writing materials, etc. Plush centre cover.

The room is not well lighted, as the windows are of stained glass. The general atmosphere is that of the home of a gloomy recluse.

DISCOVERED: *At rise of curtain, JOHN PENDLETON sits reading magazine at right of table. He is evidently recovering from an illness, and is dressed in soft white shirt and dark trousers, dressing gown and slippers. He is a handsome, well-bred chap, but, judging from his manner of speech, none too sweet-tempered. A cane is at the side of his chair.*

Silence reigns.

PENDLETON. *(Calls)* Bleecker, Bleecker! Confound that man! Bleecker, I say— *(Goes up to cellarette right, gets cards, goes back and sits.)*

BLEECKER. *(Voice off right upper, frightened)* Oh, Master John—Master John— *(PENDLETON frowns—turns, and stares at right upper, in direction of this surprising confusion. Frenzied knock at door as cry continues.)* May I come in, sir, Master John—

PENDLETON. *(Astonished)* What the devil— *(Then calling loudly, as the knocking continues)* Come in—come in! Don't pound the house down!

(Enter BLEECKER, panting and frightened, right upper, carefully closing door behind him. He is badly frightened, as is evident from both voice and manner.)

PENDLETON. What the deuce is all this commotion about, Bleecker?

BLEECKER. (Going behind table) It's a ghost, sir!

(Ready Door-bell off stage lower left.)

PENDLETON. Ghost?

BLEECKER. (Nervously) It was the gardener who first saw her, sir, trying to scale the stone wall. And when he ordered her out, she said she was *glad*. for then she would be all the *gladder* when she *did* get in!

PENDLETON. Oh—she did, eh? Impudent baggage!

BLEECKER. Up to to-day, it's been only a voice and we thought it was only a resemblance, but just now he saw her, and it was—oh, forgive me, sir! I know you have not permitted her name to be spoken in *twenty* years, but—

PENDLETON. (Angrily, dropping cards, grasping arms of chair and half-rising in chair, and frowning and shouting at the man) *Twenty* years! What has that to do with it?

BLEECKER. (Goes right of him, realizing that PENDLETON must be careful of his injured leg) Oh, sir—do be careful of your leg, sir! Remember, your poor father died from just such an injury—
(Goes back behind table.)

PENDLETON. (Sitting back) Well, then, don't get me excited with your ghost-yarns! It's only some mischievous village imp, playing a joke on me! Close up the hole in the hedge—and send the minx away. I shall not permit even a "ghost" to enter

and break my rule of twenty years! (*Bell off left rings.*)

BLEECKER. Very good, sir.

PENDLETON. There's the doctor now. Let him in, and remember, Bleecker, no more ghosts! Do you hear, *no more ghosts!* (*Sweeps his cards up and shuffles them snappily.*)

BLEECKER. (*Trembling and disappointed that this ghost-business is not to be thoroughly sifted*) Very good, sir—— (*Hesitatingly, stepping left, but as if waiting for further words before receiving the doctor.*) But the——

PENDLETON. (*Out of patience with the man—fairly shouts at him*) Get out! Go! (*Dashes the whole pack of cards at the trembling fellow.*)

BLEECKER. I—I'm going, sir! (*Hurries to door lower left. Bell rings again off left.*) Oh—coming, Doctor, coming, Mr. Tom—coming! Coming! (*Exits, leaving door open into hall lower left.*)

(PENDLETON *mutters to himself. With groan, as if in pain, draws hand across head. Then, hearing the voice of his friend, the doctor, in the hall, pulls himself together.*)

CHILTON. (*Voice off*) Bleecker—— (*Enters, door lower left, speaks entering room*) Have my chauffeur drive down for Mrs. Ford's nurse, will you—and tell him to come back within an hour.

BLEECKER. (*Off stage, lower left*) Certainly, sir.

PENDLETON. Nurse? You're not bringing me a nurse, I hope?

CHILTON. Certainly not, old crosspatch! You've passed that stage. This nurse is for old Mrs. Ford. Well, and how's the cripple? (*Going behind table.*)

PENDLETON. Worse, much worse! (*Thinking BLEECKER has entered room*) Bleecker? (*Turns*

and sees no BLEECKER, then angrily calls, pounding with cane—once rises) *Bleecker!* Confound that man—never about when I want him, and under my feet when I don't! (*Raises voice*) *I say—Bleecker!*

(*Enter BLEECKER hastily lower left.*)

BLEECKER. Yes, sir! Here I am, sir! (*Leaves door open.*)

PENDLETON. Where the devil have you been—to the North Pole? Close that door—— (*BLEECKER closes door.*) Two whiskies and sodas as fast as you can pour 'em!

BLEECKER. Yes, sir! Right away, sir! (*Goes to cellarette upper left, takes out seltzer and whiskey and two glasses, pours out drink for CHILTON.*)

PENDLETON. (*To CHILTON, who has sauntered around table to left*) Sit down, Tom. Don't fidget! How's the weather? Cold as Blitzen—indoors! B—r—r——! (*Shivers.*)

CHILTON. And as hot as blazes—*out!* If you'd only open that window and let in the flood of sunshine, outside, you wouldn't need a wood fire in September! But oh, oh! Because it happens to wash the house on the other side of the hedge before it reaches you, you're afraid you'll be contaminated! (*Throws up hands, sits left in front of table, somewhat diagonally across from PENDLETON.*)

PENDLETON. Now—now—now—we'll leave the house on the other side of the hedge out of it, if you don't mind. (*BLEECKER puts tray on table.*) Here's the panacea for all ailments—— (*Sits. Servant places glass for CHILTON—and whiskey bottle for PENDLETON.*)

CHILTON. Thanks—nothing for me!

PENDLETON. (*Pours out whiskey—BLEECKER holds glass.*) Well—upon my soul, what's the matter with you, old chap?

(BLEECKER pours seltzer, places glasses, then goes and exits lower left.)

CHILTON. I just passed somebody as I came in and it brought back old memories—and——

PENDLETON. Old memories? You mean?

CHILTON. Polly Harrington! Met her face to face, and she looked straight through me as if I didn't exist.

PENDLETON. Well, is that anything new? She's looked that way in passing you for many years, hasn't she? You should be used to it by *this* time.

CHILTON. Yes, but by Heaven, I *can't get* used to it! That's the trouble.

PENDLETON. (*Interrupting*) Forget her, old man! (*Pause. CHILTON looks at him, then turns away, sayin, "No, no, no!"*) Ah, Tom, what damned old fools we've been, you and I—haven't we—wasting our lives over two girls who—who—— (*Voice breaks. Now loud and angrily*) Damn it! Who didn't care whether we lived or died!

CHILTON. (*Arguing*) But they *did* care—you *know* they cared. Polly loved me with all her heart and soul, and little Charity worshipped you!

PENDLETON. (*Interrupting*) Yes—and *proved* it, by marrying a third-rate, soul-saving itinerant missionary. (*Bitterly and sarcastically*) Humph! She *must* have worshipped me! But, let's drop the subject and go back to where we left off. (*Holds up glass—Doctor takes seltzer.*) Here's to the ill-health of the village, that your practice may be benefitted and your exchequer correspondingly enriched! May the inhabitants fall victim to an epidemic of tedious duration and slow recovery—Go! (*Men drink.*)

CHILTON. Cheerful toast! (*Rises.*) Well—— (*Setting down glass, leans on back of chair L. of table.*) It's about time some malady broke loose in

the hamlet, for a rival practitioner has come to town and, like the piper and his rats, is charming all my sick folk *well!*

PENDLETON. (*Setting glass on table*) *What? Another M.D.? Heaven help the inhabitants! Who is he? What is he? And just how dangerous is he?*

CHILTON. She *isn't* a "he"—he's a "*she*"!

PENDLETON. A *she*?

CHILTON. Yes, and a *child* at that! (*Appears self-conscious as he is about to broach a very particular subject.*)

PENDLETON. A *child*!

CHILTON. Yes—everywhere I go, I find she's preceded me, teaching my patients what she calls "The Glad Game," with the frightful results that they're all convalescing until I'm in danger of losing my practice, altogether!

PENDLETON. Heavens! What a catastrophe!

CHILTON. (*Affecting annoyance*) When I tell you that old Jerry Blake has quit his coughing, and Mrs. Winters her groaning, and Betty Ray her complaining—my three best *customers*, mind you—(*Laughs.*) You can imagine the havoc she has wrought! (*Crosses to bookcase above door lower left.*)

PENDLETON. Hypochondriacs, all three of them—you know well enough that nothing was the matter with any of 'em. That it was all their imagination!

CHILTON. Yes, but man alive, the "imagination" is ten times harder to treat than the body! Didn't you know that? And she's turned the trick with all of 'em, the little minx! (*Goes to table centre, back of table during speech.*) Old Blackie, the cobbler, now sings at his work when formerly every peg was a pain. Mary Malone hasn't had an ache in her head since this wizzard came to town. (*Puts bottle*

on salver on table centre.) And Mrs. Snow—
(*Moves left to bookcase.*)

PENDLETON. Now, now, now— (*Holding up
detaining hand.*) Don't try me *too* far with this
faith-healer! You know well enough she hasn't
cured Mrs. Snow—a woman who hasn't walked in
twenty years—never *will* walk again!

CHILTON. (*Takes book from case left*) No, but
she might have done. (*Turns.*) If some good
Samaritan had come forward years ago with the
money to send her abroad to a *famous surgeon*—I've
always contended she had a chance!

PENDLETON. *Maybe!* But this child-wizard is
hardly to be classed with a "famous surgeon," is
she?

CHILTON. In *her* way—yes!

PENDLETON. She *must* be a wonder! Has she a
license? (*Doctor laughs.*) How does she class her-
self? Among the *Saints* or the M.D.'s?

CHILTON. M.W.'s—Miracle Workers! (*Places
book back. PENDLETON laughs.*)

PENDLETON. Humph! Modest—isn't she! *Well,*
all—I—ask—is—keep her out of my sight, please!
If there is anything on this earth I loathe more than
another, it's to be told— (*Then saccharinely*)
Things might be worse! (*Doctor laughs.*) *Bah!*
These idiots who go around with an everlasting grin
on their faces, carolling forth that they are thankful
they can *breathe* or *eat* or *drink* or *lie down*, I want
to shoot! (*CHILTON laughs. Savagely, stamping
cane, then concluding*) Oh—you can't fool me!
I'm on to their tricks! It's a money-game, pure and
simple! What does she charge?

CHILTON. (*Comes to table centre at back*)
Charge! Good Lord! I don't suppose this baby
ever had five cents to spend all at once in her life—
or even *saw* a whole dollar since she was born.
(*Then sweetly, leaning forward toward his friend*

and speaking in an entirely different tone) Why, Jack, old boy, she's only a little whiff of gladness—a breath of the *past*, old pal—*innocence—youth—love—* (*Pointedly and watching* PENDLETON) “*Hope—Faith—Charity—all—*” (PENDLETON *starts curiously at those three words*)—rolled into one! She's an inspiration! *A joy!* (*Goes around table to left.*)

PENDLETON. Ah! Ah! (*Doctor goes around table to left chair.*)

CHILTON. And now that she's cured all the hypochondriacs in the village and those with bodily ills, she has started on the *cripples—* (*Wickedly*) *So I've invited her up to see you!* (*Sits left of table centre.*)

PENDLETON. The devil you have! *Well—*she'll have to unlock three padlocked gates—climb over a six-foot hedge—mow down a bodyguard of able-bodied men, and bowl over a couple of bloodhounds to get into the presence of this cripple. (*Rises and goes around chair up to cigar-box.*)

CHILTON. Exactly! That's what I told her, but your bodyguards and padlocks and bloodhounds only delighted her. “I'm glad he's so hard to reach,” she chirped, “for I'll be all the *gladder* when I do meet Old King Grouch!” (*Chuckles.*)

PENDLETON. (*Explosively*) “Old King Grouch!” (*CHILTON dodges an imaginary fist.*) The impudent little minx! That's your work, Chilton. I see your nefarious hand in that! You'll be compounding poison in my medicine *next!* (*Hands him a cigar, bringing them down back to table centre.*) You don't deserve it, but—have a cigar!

CHILTON. (*Taking the cigar—laughing*) Well—yes, maybe I'm *not altogether* guiltless! But when she asked me the name of the *King* who lived in this *castle—* (*Waves hand indicating this particular castle—lighting cigar, puffing*) I—told her—

(*Tosses match to receiver.*) "Old King Grouch," who hadn't smiled in twenty years!

PENDLETON. Oh, you did? Well, now, that's what I call a nice, kind reference to your best friend. (*Pointing finger at CHILTON*) You bring her here on pain of death! *Do you hear?* (*Slams lid of cigar-box. Disgustedly going right, to back of chair.*) Humph! What does she think I am, anyway? An infant in arms? An imbecile? Classing me with headachy Mary, is she? And coughing Sam? I'll put on a double squad of bodyguards to-night!

CHILTON. (*Still back, laughing*) Oh, very well, but *mind!* If she does worm her way into your Royal Presence, don't—blame—me. (*Flicks ashes from cigar, smiles and nods head knowingly.*)

(*Ready KNOCKS.*)

PENDLETON. (*At right end of table, wondering what he can be driving at. Leans forward and peers into his friend's face*) I say—what the deuce are you trying to do; what's your game? Why are you so anxious that this village pest should enter the quietude of my domain and upset my life generally? (*CHILTON laughs. Violently*) And, mind, *if you do—bring her here—* (*Shakes warning finger at him.*)

CHILTON. Never fear! I'll not bring her! She'll bring *herself!* (*PENDLETON takes cigar.*) She's afraid of *nobody! nothing!* And needs no assistance to reach *anybody, anything, anywhere!* (*Seriously, leaning again toward PENDLETON*) I—*tell you, Jack, she's got me "going."* And when a soured old bachelor like Tom Chilton is *lost*, there's not much hope for even *you!*

PENDLETON. (*Lighting a cigar*) Oh, I think I could withstand her blandishments! There never was a woman *yet* I couldn't resist—

CHILTON. (*Interpolating*) Not *one?* (*Stares at*

PENDLETON. *Pauses. Watches PENDLETON narrowly.)*

PENDLETON. *(Sadly, after a pause) Yes—one! But only one! (Putting cigar on receiver. Sits right of table.)*

CHILTON. *And this one's like her—*

PENDLETON. *Like her? (Peers at CHILTON.)* What do you mean? I say, old man, who is the weird creature whom you are so bent on bringing here?

CHILTON. You really wish to know?

PENDLETON. Yes. You've roused my curiosity.

CHILTON. Well, then—she's *Charity's daughter!*

PENDLETON. *Charity's daughter! (Knocking is heard in cabinet left.)*

(KNOCK.)

CHILTON. *(Turning ear in direction of knock)* What's that?

PENDLETON. *(Glancing back at door lower left)* Come in! *(Then, resuming)* *Charity's daughter!*

CHILTON. Yes—and what is more—the living, breathing image of Charity! *(Knock.)*

PENDLETON. *(Half-rising and shouting at door lower left, pounding with cane)* Come in! I tell you! *Bleecker! Bleecker!*

CHILTON. That's not Bleecker! *(Knock.)* *That's the tunnel!*

PENDLETON. *(Also staring at cabinet left)* *The tunnel? (BLEECKER enters lower left.)* Nonsense! The tunnel hasn't been opened since—

CHILTON. *(To PENDLETON)* Nevertheless—*(Crosses to cabinet and calls gently)* Pollyanna! Here I am! Doctor Chilton!

(POLLYANNA simply, slowly opens cabinet door. She smiles brightly. CHILTON steps forward and assists her out of cabinet. CHILTON closes door. This door should open up stage.)

PENDLETON. (*Leaping to his feet and staring at the child*) *Charity's daughter! (Crosses right.)*

CHILTON. (*Finger on lips—she must not give it away that he has aided her to come. Indicating PENDLETON, whom she has not yet seen*) *His Majesty! The King! (Doctor goes to lower left—motions BLEECKER to follow him. They exit lower left.)*

POLLYANNA. (*Curtseying low*) *How-do-you-do, Your Majesty? (The voice delights him. He smiles. Makes a deep curtsey. PENDLETON rubs his hand across his eyes and seems to "come to" with half a smile on his face. Rapturously)* You smiled! You smiled! I'm so glad I came! (*In ecstasy of delight, she goes to him. Light as thistle-down, laughing in a childish manner.*)

PENDLETON. (*Stares at her*) *Stop!*

(*Immediately she stops short on one foot, quite like an ostrich, trying to keep her balance, and trying to bow, at the same time.*)

POLLYANNA. Oh—please forgive me, King Grouch— (*Bows and draws feet up again.*)

PENDLETON. (*Testily*) Don't call me that—

(*She continues to curtsey, drawing one foot up in characteristic manner constantly.*)

PENDLETON. And stop that bowing and scraping. I'm not a King, and I'm not a Grouch, and I want you to quit standing on one foot like an ostrich. (*Her foot shoots down to earth, and she flits and whirls to door lower left.*) And not flit about like a will-o'-the-wisp— (*She comes centre, throws bonnet on chair, also bunch of flowers left of table centre.*) But humanize into a child, and let me look at you! (*Comes forward and peers at her.*)

POLLYANNA. How's this? (*Stiffens her legs—*

clasps her hands stiffly down at her sides as if she were being photographed.)

PENDLETON. (*Eager to trace each and every resemblance to his beloved*) Now, your side face— (*POLLYANNA turns about as if made of wood, and permits him to gaze at her profile.*) Now the other side— (*POLLYANNA again turns woodenly.*)

POLLYANNA. (*No reply—he doesn't even hear her*) Maybe a back view would be nice! (*Turns back, gives side-face.*) Then the freckles won't show. (*Turns the side.*) I hate freckles! Still, I'm glad they're not warts! Dimples are nice. Deep ones like this. (*Fingers face.*) Do you know what makes dimples? It's where the angels kissed you before you were born. (*PENDLETON brushes hand across eyes as if pained, and turns away.*) Please forgive me, sir! Have I pained you? (*Curtsey.*)

PENDLETON. It's nothing—I—I'm not well. You see—I—I've broken my leg— (*Sits on settee.*)

POLLYANNA. Oh, how lovely—

PENDLETON. Lovely?

POLLYANNA. Why, yes. It gives you something so easy to be glad about! (*Smilingly*) Aren't you glad it isn't your neck?

PENDLETON. My neck—good heavens!

POLLYANNA. Why, yes—for then you'd be dead instead of just "shrivelled up"! Then you wouldn't be *alive* to be glad.

PENDLETON. Humph! If you'd been through the sorrow I've been through, you'd know there was nothing in life to be glad about. (*He speaks mournfully, and rubs his leg as if in pain.*) Only things to make me miserable.

POLLYANNA. (*Thinking him a "grunter"*) Well—since you seem to *love* being miserable so well! You can be glad you've got so many things to *make* you miserable.

PENDLETON. (*Testily*) Who said I loved being

miserable? I'm miserable because my life's been wrecked. I'd have you know!

POLLYANNA. (*Thinking him fussy*) But "broken leggers" aren't wrecks, sir! I'd rather be a *broken legger like you* than sleepy leggers like Mrs. Snow! *Broken leggers will get well, but sleepy leggers never wake up!*

PENDLETON. (*Snappily*) I wasn't referring to my *leg*, if you please, Miss *Jump-at-Conclusions!* Sit down!

POLLYANNA. (*Right of table, slipping into seat, and as she does so her eyes sweep the room*) *My!* What a perfectly elegant castle! You *must* be rich—even more richer than the kind that just have carpets in every room and ice-cream on Sunday. *Of course*, I haven't *been* in all your rooms yet—(*Bashfully hoping it*) Nor eaten ice cream here, either—yet! (*Laughs self-consciously.*) Oh, dear! Children are *so* quaint, aren't they? I mind when I was a child I thought being *rich* meant when you had diamond rings and hired-girls and sealskin sacques and silk skirts that swish—swished when you walked, and an automobile. Have you all those, Mr.—I mean, sire?

PENDLETON. (*Dazedly, as if he hardly heard this running fire*) Why, yes—I—I—suppose I have.

POLLYANNA. Then you *are* rich. That settles it. (*Gets on knees on chair.*) My Aunt Polly has them, too, only *her* automobile is a horse. She says she would like to have a car if she could have the only one in the world, so there wouldn't be any to run into her. But, of course, it wouldn't be fair to *ask* anybody to give up theirs just to please Aunt Polly, would it? (PENDLETON *motions her to sit on chair opposite.*) Dr. Chilton has an automobile—a new one. And so have all the other five doctors in town new ones! (*Shakes head over prospective smash-*

ups.) Well, anyway, it's a good thing *time heals all wounds*, isn't it?

(Ready LIGHTS.)

PENDLETON. (*Not referring to the automobiles, but to his own heart-injury, speaks sadly*) Yes—only “*time*” doesn't heal “*all wounds*”—not all!

POLLYANNA. (*Rises, goes to him, alarmed at his seriousness and sad tones*) Why, your Majesty! You—you look ill! Have I hurt you?

PENDLETON. No—it's—it's an *old hurt!* One that *time hasn't healed!* (*Presses hand to head and rubs it across his eyes as if a mist or a tear blinded him.*) Come closer, little one—there's a mist before my eyes, I—I—I can't see you!

(*Bunch and Spotlights on off left upper.*)

POLLYANNA. No wonder, sir—it's so *dark* in here. Wait—I will open the window and let in the golden sunshine. There! (*Skips to window left centre and throws it open, letting in a flood of light.*)

(*First border and footlights up, also spotlight in fireplace. Amber spotlight from door lower left which has been left open.*)

POLLYANNA. Is it not beautiful—and look—— (*Looks up at sky at window left centre*) A rainbow! Do you know what a rainbow means? It is God's promise to his beloved that we shall have whatever we want. My father told me, and we can always have a rainbow of our own if we'll only take the trouble to hold up our prism to the sunshine. That's what's the matter with the world, he used to say—folks only see their own shadows in the sunlight, while if they held up their hands—happiness and hope—laughter and peace—contentment and joy—untold would be theirs! That's what it means when they say “*happiness*” is within! For it *is!* Because you keep the shutters closed doesn't mean

that the sun isn't shining! And because you don't hold the prism up doesn't mean that the doors aren't *there!* See. (*Getting candlestick and placing the candle in the window on pedestal.*) I shall set your prism in the window, so that you will not have the heart to close the shutters and forget God's Promise. There—your Majesty! (*Curtseys low.*)

PENDLETON. (*Not curtly, yet unsmilingly*) I'm not "your Majesty"—I'm only a man!

POLLYANNA. Please don't be only a man, sir! (*Coming toward him down right from window.*) Make believe you're a King, for then I can make believe you are my king—the king that I pray for every night, the King *my* mother told me of—the King of her fairy tales.

PENDLETON. (*Dreamily, leaning forward*) The story—your *mother* told you of——

POLLYANNA. Yes! Would you like to hear it? It's a beautiful story about a princess—and a King—and *love!* Shall I tell it to you?

PENDLETON. (*Softly nodding head and looks away from her*) If—if you wish!

POLLYANNA. Oh, I'm so glad I came over. (*Jumps and sits on settee. PENDLETON starts.*) And I'm so glad we are to be friends—and so glad I like you—*why*—we're beginning to play the game *already*, aren't we?

PENDLETON. Never mind about the "game"! The fairy-tale! The fairy-tale! (*Places hassock. She flops at his feet on hassock facing audience.*)

POLLYANNA. Well—— (*Swallows hard—and starts off impressively*) Once—upon—a—time——

PENDLETON. (*Putting out a detaining hand*) Wait! Is this a *true* story?

POLLYANNA. Well, it's *mostly* true, sire—at least, that's always what my mother said when I asked her. Well, anyway, once upon a time there was a princess who loved a king and he loved her! (*Fac-*

ing audience through tale except at the explaining of words.) Their castles were not far apart—only a stone wall and prickly hedge between. *You—you—* Like Aunt Polly's house and *your* castle. Well, anyway! The Princess' father didn't approve of the King as a suitor for his daughter's hand. ("Suitor" means when you want to marry a girl, you know.) And when the King came a-wooing, he shut the door in the poor King's face—and—that his daughter might not see the King when she went abroad—— ("Abroad" means "about," in fairy-tales—you know, about *anywhere*—to church, or the post-office, or the grocery store—or anywhere.)

PENDLETON. (*Quoting her*) Yes, yes, go on! When the Princess went *about*——

POLLYANNA. No, when the Princess went abroad, a witch went with her—to guard her and make sure the beautiful King might not approach. (Do you know what "approach" means?) (*Looks up at him.*) It means to "come near" . . .

PENDLETON. Yes, *I* know! Go on!

POLLYANNA. Well—one day he passed by his loved one's side, *up close* and thrust a note in her hand in which he begged her to elope and *if willing*, to give him a secret signal——

PENDLETON. Two candles in the window instead of one——

POLLYANNA. (*Disappointedly*) *Why*, your Majesty—*do* you know this story, too?

PENDLETON. I—I have heard it somewhere, I think, but—er—go—on! He begged her to run away——

POLLYANNA. Yes, and the Princess loved the King so much that she was willing to run, so she placed the candles in the window and the next time the King passed up close, he thrust another note in her hand, saying he had had a secret passage dug from his castle to hers, and for her to signal the first good

opportunity to escape! So she waited and waited, and one night, a great fire broke out in the village—

PENDLETON. The post-office burned down.

POLLYANNA. (*Very disappointedly*) Why, it is the same story, after all!

PENDLETON. Yes—it—it is—the same story—*after* all! And then?

POLLYANNA. Well—and then—just as the Princess was ready to be whisked off to happiness, they were discovered, and she was snatched from her dear King's arms just as they were disappearing in the tunnel.

(PENDLETON *groans, and, for a brief second, puts his hands over his eyes, as if trying to put out of his sight even the mental picture of his experience that night. POLLYANNA hears groans and looks up as he places hand over his eyes.*)

POLLYANNA. It is a sad story, isn't it, your Majesty? (*Sweetly*) Why—there are tears in your eyes! That was just where my angel-mother used to weep when she told me the story!

PENDLETON. (*Quickly, almost savagely*) You mean that? She *wept*?

POLLYANNA. *Always!* Sometimes she could hardly go on, it hurt her so.

PENDLETON. Go on! After *that*, what happened? That's what I've always wanted to know—what happened to the princess afterward? *My* story ended there—when she was torn from her King!

POLLYANNA. Well—after that the cruel father sent the heartbroken princess far away where she could never see her beautiful King any more—then her father died, leaving her a message that she had killed him by her conduct, and that she must expiate her crime—“*Expiate*” means “wash away,” “re-

deem"—she must expiate her crime by going into the church and bringing souls to Christ!

PENDLETON. And she obeyed!

POLLYANNA. Yes, though she never ceased to love her beautiful King——

(*Amber spotlight from lower left door gradually dies off.*)

PENDLETON. (*Savagely*) You mean that? You're sure?

POLLYANNA. Oh, indeed, I am, for she prayed for him every night of her life.

PENDLETON. (*Aghast*) Prayed for him? *Afterward?* Even after she'd married another man?

POLLYANNA. (*Aghast*) Why, your Majesty! Did the Princess in *your* story marry another man, too?

PENDLETON. (*Nervously*) Yes, yes, tell me. *Did she? Did she pray for her King?*

POLLYANNA. Every night and morning and through the day—and when her little child was born, it had blue eyes—did *your* princess's little baby have blue eyes, too?

PENDLETON. My Princess *had* no little baby. She died and the *King* died the night after the cruel father tore them apart.

POLLYANNA. (*Quickly, happily*) Oh—*mine didn't!* So it couldn't have been the same story, after all. Well, years and years afterward, my Princess's little baby came into the world with blue eyes, and nobody knew where they could have come from, for there were no blue eyes on either side of the family! But the Princess knew! And she called them "*memory-eyes,*" for they were the eyes of her beautiful King—whom she had never ceased to love. The end.

PENDLETON. (*Eagerly, nervously, smilingly*) Really?

POLLYANNA. Yes—and my eyes are blue too, and my mother always called them “*memory-eyes*,” after the little baby in the fairy tale. Look! (*Puts her hand to her eyes and leans up to him that he may see her eyes.*)

PENDLETON. (*Placing his hands on either side of her eager little face, and peeping into her eyes*) Let me see! (*Happily*) They are! They are blue—like mine! Oh, you’re sure the Princess never forgot her King?

POLLYANNA. “Not till her dying day,” my mother told me. Nor did my mother forget him, either, even though he was only a King in a fairy tale. Why, the last thing she said to me before she died was—to pray for him. And I do, every night, and ask God to make him glad! (*The last words are spoken rapturously.*)

PENDLETON. (*Sweetly, with note of ecstasy in voice*) And he has heard your prayer, *at last*. For now he’s glad—glad that the bitterness, caused by what he believed the fickleness of his princess, has been washed away! He’s glad that his darling loved him to the end, when he had suffered, thinking she had ceased to care. But he knows now, little *memory eyes—my little memory eyes!*

POLLYANNA. (*Drawing back, timidly—Rises*) Why—I don’t understand, your Majesty. I am not the real Memory-Eyes!

PENDLETON. Oh, yes, you are—— (*Softly.*) More than you know or dream. (*Points to wall centre of back flat.*) Go to the wall there, if you will—little one—— (*Rises.*)

POLLYANNA. Yes, dear King. (*Goes up left centre.*)

PENDLETON. (*Goes up right centre—still pointing*) And place your hand on that cord.

POLLYANNA. (*Pointing to the cord*) This one, sire?

PENDLETON. Yes—pull slowly.

(*She pulls cord and curtains part, revealing an oil portrait of a beautiful girl of perhaps eighteen or twenty, whose face is the exact replica of POLLYANNA'S. Curtains remain apart to end of act. In case it is impossible to get a satisfactory picture of POLLYANNA'S mother, a picture may be placed on an easel at such an angle that it will not be plainly seen by the audience when POLLYANNA removes the curtain. For a moment POLLYANNA stands, mute with astonishment, then, when the wonderment of the miracle has passed, she recognizes her own beautiful mother.*)

POLLYANNA. Mother! Mother! My own darling mother! (*Holds out appealing arms to the picture as she cries out in sorrow and loneliness of her starved little heart.*) Come back to me—nobody loves me—nobody wants me—I try to be glad, but oh, mother dear, I want to be wanted—I want to be loved— Please . . . come . . . back! Please! (*Sinks on cushion on couch—sobs.*)

(*PENDLETON forgets his lameness, strides, limping, toward the sobbing little girl. He lifts her with fatherly gentleness and holds the motherless, heart-hungry, loveless, brave, little, "unwanted" creature close to his own lonely heart—and a wave of sympathy surges over him as he realizes the pathos of the situation. His heart, that had steeled itself against all sentiment and tenderness for twenty years, now gives its pent-up store to a child he has known less than a quarter of an hour.*)

PENDLETON. (*Crosses to her—takes her to couch. Sits with his arms about her and peering down into the tear-stained face.*) Now, do you understand, little girl? The fairy tale you have told me is a true story. I am that “king” and your beautiful mother was the “princess” I loved; and you, you, dear heart, are little *Memory Eyes*, who have prayed for my happiness all these years! (*Holds her head against his heart.*) My little *Memory Eyes*—*Mine! Mine!*

POLLYANNA. (*Astounded*) Then—then you’re glad?

PENDLETON. (*Going right to chair*) Glad? I’m the gladdest man in all—the—world! And I didn’t think it possible in my loneliness! (*Sits at table.*)

POLLYANNA. (*Going left of him*) Loneliness! Then you’re lonely, too?

PENDLETON. Desperately! Hungrily! I have needed a woman’s hand and a child’s presence all these years!

POLLYANNA. (*Repeating his words to herself*) A woman’s hand—— (*Gazes down at her own outspread little hand and realizes that it is too small to answer.*) A child’s presence—— (*Her eyes brighten—goes left a little.*) Why—I am a child! Would I do? (*Then realizing how splendid it would be to stay somewhere where she would be “wanted,” runs to him.*) Oh, beautiful King, beautiful King, let me be your “child’s presence”! Please let me stay!

PENDLETON. (*Tenderly*) You would like to stay in my castle and be my little girl?

POLLYANNA. (*Excitedly*) Oh, I would, I would! I would be glad! And you would be glad! And everybody would be glad—most of all, Aunt Polly!

PENDLETON. No—I’m afraid she would never permit it.

POLLYANNA. Oh, but she would! She doesn’t want me, she told me so.

PENDLETON. (*Appalled at the cruelty*) Told you so? Told you she didn't want you?

POLLYANNA. Yes—it was best that we understand each other, she said, but some way she doesn't need a child's presence, so she will be glad to have you have me. (*Kneels.*) Oh, beautiful King! it's terrible hard to feel glad when you're not wanted—you can do it—but—*it's hard!*

PENDLETON. (*Caressing her*) Oh, you poor, motherless thing—with your beautiful face and lovely soul—think of anybody not wanting you!

POLLYANNA. (*Eagerly*) Then you do want me?

PENDLETON. Want you? Oh, if you only knew how much!

POLLYANNA. You mean it? Really? Really?

PENDLETON. (*With feeling*) From the bottom of my lonely heart—from the very depths of my soul! Oh, as sure as there is a God in Heaven, He has sent you to me—to piece out the rest of my wasted life! *You will stay!* (*Rises with her.*) Promise! Promise!

POLLYANNA. (*Rises—eagerly*) Oh, I will, I will! Not only do I want to, but, even if I didn't, it would be my duty! Oh, I'm so glad it was a true story—— (*Puts arms around his neck.*)—and that you are *my beautiful King*—and that I'm coming to live with you. No, wait—I'll go and tell Aunt Polly and fetch my things.

PENDLETON. But I'm afraid you won't come back.

POLLYANNA. Oh, yes, I will!

PENDLETON. You promise?

POLLYANNA. (*Going to door lower left*) I promise.

PENDLETON. (*Following eagerly, arms out*) But what if your Aunt won't let you?

POLLYANNA. (*Not too fast*) Oh, but she will. She doesn't like *dogs* or *cats* or *children*. So she'll

be glad! So, wait! Beautiful King, you just wait!
(Exits door lower left.)

PENDLETON. (Joyfully striding about) I'll wait—
—I'll wait—gladly, happily, joyfully! (Sees bonnet
on chair left of table—picks it up. Sees Doctor.
Hides bonnet in pocket, then under chair.)

(Enter DR. CHILTON lower left.)

CHILTON. Well? Did she play her "game"?

PENDLETON. Yes—she played—and won!

CHILTON. (Laughingly) Played and won, eh?
Then I'm to take from that, am I, that Pollyanna,
M.W., has robbed *me*, M.D., of another high-priced
patient!

PENDLETON. Yes—she has *indeed* robbed you of
your patient, and, what is *more*, she effected a *per-*
manent cure—a cure beyond mere medical skill, for
my ailment was a sickness of the soul. (Goes right.)
No wonder the town has gone wild about her. And
she's a miracle worker. Why didn't you tell me
that before? See! Has she made a different man
of me? In twenty seconds she upset the traditions
of twenty years! Look at *me*! Would you have
known me?

CHILTON. No!

PENDLETON. Am I not a different man?

CHILTON. You are! (Sits left of table centre.)

PENDLETON. Think of it, Tom, she *loved* me!
Charity *loved* me—to the end. My God! If I had
only known—if—I'd—only—known! (Covers face
with hands, transition.) And now *she* comes. Her
little girl—*my* little girl! Oh, Tom, I must have
her! I must! I must!

CHILTON. (Astounded at this—rises) You—
want—Pollyanna?

PENDLETON. *Want her?* How can you ask it

with her mother's face and golden voice? I will adopt her—make her my heiress.

CHILTON. (*Shakes head solemnly*) It's an impossible thing to hope. (*Rises.*) Impossible! Impossible! (*Turns left.*)

PENDLETON. *No!* It's not impossible! Why, it means *life* to me, Tom—old man! That child about my house—that little face—Charity's own little face—looking up into mine, will make a man of me! And with the help of God—I'll amount to something! (*Almost pleadingly.*) Help me, old chap! Help me fight for her! I can count on you?

CHILTON. You're crazy! Do you think for a moment that Polly Harrington would give up her own flesh and blood, least of all to a man whom she has not spoken to for twenty years?

PENDLETON. But she doesn't want her. The child told me so herself! Think of the cruelty of that—telling the lonely little heart she wasn't wanted! The grouch! But I want her—and I'm going to have her if I have to kidnap her—

CHILTON. Be sensible! You will never be able to get her away from her aunt. Why, I doubt if she will even permit her to come to see you, once she is aware of this visit.

PENDLETON. Oh, yes, she will! I'll see to that, and she'll be here *to-day!*

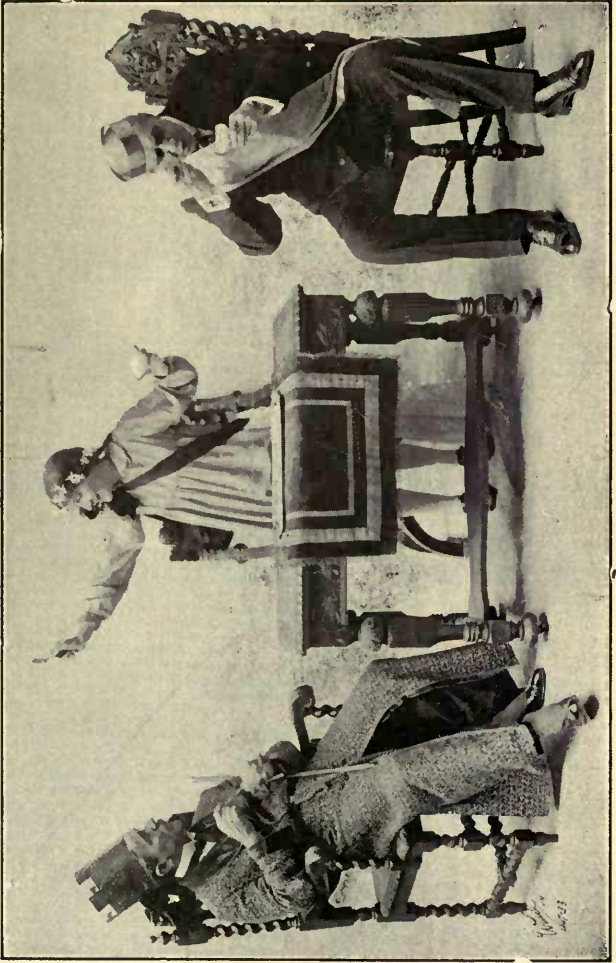
CHILTON. With her aunt after her like a hungry wolf! By Jove! Here's where I beat a hasty retreat! Good day. (*Offers hand.*)

(*Warn CURTAIN.*)

PENDLETON. (*Catching his hand*) Coward! You would leave me, a poor cripple, alone and undefended, to face the enemy? *Not on your life! You'll stick!*

CHILTON. No! I aided and abetted you in one escapade. *This time I steer clear!* (*Goes left.*)

PENDLETON. But you have nothing to lose and



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everything to gain by remaining, haven't you? She hasn't spoken to you for twenty years—*now's your chance* to make her speak. Why, you don't know what might happen!

CHILTON. That's what you said the first time I stuck by you.

PENDLETON. You may never have another chance to make her speak to you this side of the grave.

CHILTON. You are a cheerful talker—just a natural born optimist.

PENDLETON. (*Impressively*) Suppose she *did* speak to you. Aren't you game to take a chance?

CHILTON. You got the right word! It's a chance and a *fine* chance. But I'll take it—if it kills me! I'll stick! (*Goes to him.*)

PENDLETON. Brave boy! (*Shakes his hand.*)

(*Enter POLLYANNA door lower left with suitcase, hat, two bundles and a flower basket.*)

POLLYANNA. (*Men stare at her, astonished—brightly*) Well, I've moved!

QUICK CURTAIN

1st PICTURE—POLLYANNA *has dropped things.*
PENDLETON *has arms around her.*

2nd PICTURE—POLLYANNA *centre.* PENDLETON *at left.* CHILTON *right.*

ACT III

PLACE: *Same as Act II. Fire log out.*

TIME: *An hour later. Lights full up.*

DISCOVERED: *At rise of curtain POLLYANNA and PENDLETON and CHILTON are discovered eating ice cream together at large table centre. The chair in which PENDLETON sat in Act II, at right of table, has been drawn back of table centre. PENDLETON sits right of table, and POLLYANNA centre, both laughing and chatting and having a merry time. PENDLETON wears a crown made of gilt paper, and POLLYANNA wears a gay red sash tied diagonally across her breast in royal fashion and a "lace curtain" for a "court train." CHILTON, too, sitting at left of table, wears a royal blue sash and a gilt circlet, and is enjoying himself hugely.*

Before and at rise of curtain the three are heard to laugh merrily.

POLLYANNA. Well? And *then*, your Majesty?

PENDLETON. And *then*? Well, and *then*——

CHILTON. (*Taking up the tale*) And *then*——they got married and lived happily ever after. That's the end of all fables, isn't it?

PENDLETON. *Fables!* You choose your words with such nicety, Friend Thomas! How come you

to know so well the moods of the marriage-state and you so limited in experience?

CHILTON. Who knows? By intuition, perhaps! Or divination, maybe! Or perchance I have been a jolly benedict in some previous existence!

POLLYANNA. *Some previous existence?* Why—maybe that's where I have seen your face before, Dr. Chilton. In some previous existence!

CHILTON. Very likely——

PENDLETON. Yes, or the *Rogues' Gallery!*

CHILTON. Or the Hall of Fame!

POLLYANNA. (*Dreamily, as if trying to recall time and place*) N—o, I've never been to either of those places! (*CHILTON and PENDLETON laugh.*) It—must have been in some previous existence!

CHILTON. (*Gaily*) Do you hear, Victorious Rival! You have cut me out in this world with "Her Little Highness," but don't forget she and I were friends in another world *you* didn't even *inhabit!*

PENDLETON. It's not true, is it, Pollyanna? I've been in *all* your world, haven't I, dear?

POLLYANNA. No, I never saw you, Beautiful King, before to-day! But Dr. Chilton—why, the first time I met him, at Mrs. Snow's, I knew I had seen his face before. It—it bothered me.

PENDLETON. Ha! I don't wonder! That face would bother most anybody!

CHILTON. Isn't that a nice way to speak to your physician after saving your life?

PENDLETON. *You* saved my life? Don't flatter yourself! It was a little child that threw me the life-line, God bless her! (*Leans over and caresses her hand.*)

(*Enter BLEECKER lower left hastily.*)

BLEECKER. Beg pardon, sir, but there's a very persistent female at the door who insists she has

business with the "King." I think she's crazy, sir. I've ordered her off, but she——

POLLYANNA. Oh, it's Nancy!

PENDLETON. Nancy! Nancy who?

POLLYANNA. Nancy nobody—she's bringing the rest of my things. (*Crosses to left.*) Please let her in, Mr. Bleecker. She's my most intimate freind.

(*CHILTON rises and goes up centre to PENDLETON, who rises. Both up right of table. Enter NANCY, pushing past the disgusted BLEECKER, turning and scowling at him as she comes in, muttering her indignation over his trying to keep her out.*)

NANCY. (*Entering with basket and scowling at the servant as she speaks*) Shure Oi'll come in, Oi will! Oi will! It would take more than the loikes of a British blighter to kape me out! Shame on you! Oi'll tell the King on ye, Oi will, and ye'll lose your job! (*Draws hand back as if to strike him.*)

(*PENDLETON places chair right and sits at table.*)

POLLYANNA. Oh, Nancy! Nancy!

(*NANCY turns about, and sees the royal-appearing trio for the first time, and backs away with awe. POLLYANNA brings NANCY forward, indicating the "crowned" king, in his royal-appearing dressing gown.*)

POLLYANNA. This is his Majesty, the King!

CHILTON. The King! (*Salaams.*)

PENDLETON. (*Seated in chair right*) How do you do?

NANCY. (*Quite flabbergasted, salaams awkward-*

ly) Och, an' it's just the same as bein' praysinted at Court, isn't it, Pollyanna? (*Observes the servant. PENDLETON rises, puts back chair, goes to CHILTON.*) Well, and what are ye after waitin' for, ye're not one o' the Royal Family. Out wid ye! (*Raises hand thrcateningly, then turns to PENDLETON. BLEECKER exits lower left. Door closes securely.*)

POLLYANNA. (*Trying to calm her down*) Nancy, you brought my things?

NANCY. Shure, darlin' lassie, pride o' me heart! (*Gives basket. POLLYANNA puts it back of chair left of table.*) Fresh ironed, your little things, an' as pure an' white as your angel heart is white and pure! Mr. King?

CHILTON. (*Crosses to back of chair back of table, pulls it out*) The lady desires an audience——

(PENDLETON *approaches the throne-chair, with a wave of his cane. NANCY draws back.*)

PENDLETON. Approach the throne! (*Sits. CHILTON moves a little to window left centre.*)

NANCY. (*Then to PENDLETON—a few steps to chair left of table*) Oh, Mr. King, be koind to the lammie. Niver give her a cross wurrud or an angry look! Just love and smiles! If ye *do* sir, may the saints love ye an' bless ye, an' if ye *don't*—may the Divil get ye! (*Then cuddling POLLYANNA.*) She's an angel, sir, shure as loife an' death, an' she's cured me of me cuss-words—it shure will be loike a funeral in that awful house! Good-bye, darlin', queen—of me—soul!

(PENDLETON *knocks on table with stick. NANCY salaams. NANCY crosses to left.*)

NANCY. Oi must run home now, an' see the hap-

piness of Miss Polly when she knows ye're gone! Good-bye, Pollyanna! (*Weeps. PENDLETON knocks. Wiping away her tears.*) Oi wape—(*Weeps*)—for mesilf, tho' oi'm glad for you—— (*Weeps aloud.*)

CHILTON. (*Down to PENDLETON on his left, behind table*) Good Lord, Jack! Here comes Polly Harrington! What did I tell you! (*Looking off through window.*)

NANCY. *Miss Polly!* Let me out—let me out! Let me out! (*Rushes to door right upper, followed by POLLYANNA. PENDLETON rises and places chair by table. To POLLYANNA*) Don't tell her Oi helped yez, or I'll be fired! (*Exits swiftly right upper, muttering, "Oh," etc.*)

(*POLLYANNA hides behind chair right of table. Enter BLEECKER lower left.*)

BLEECKER. *Miss Polly Harrington——*

PENDLETON. Show her in!

(*All are breathless with suspense. Enter MISS POLLY excitedly, dressed for the street. Her cheeks are flaming with anger, and she loses no time in speaking her mind. PENDLETON stands at right centre. CHILTON goes behind armchair centre and hides. This is done as NANCY exits. POLLY does not see POLLYANNA on her entrance.*)

PENDLETON. How do you do, Miss Harrington—

MISS POLLY. (*Left centre*) Where is my niece, Mr. Pendleton? I have just been informed——

POLLYANNA. (*Brightly, comes to MISS POLLY*) Here I am, Aunt Polly!

PENDLETON. Will you be seated? (*CHILTON places chair for her politely.*)

MISS POLLY. (*Inclining her head coldly toward*

CHILTON *left. He places chair by bookcase down stage left.*) No, I thank you! Pollyanna, what does this mean? How comes it that I cannot leave home even to attend to Ladies' Aid without finding you up to some mad escapade during my absence? *Come home at once!*

POLLYANNA. (*Centre*) But I *am* home, Aunt Polly. I've *moved* here!

MISS POLLY. (*Aghast*) *Moved* here? Are you mad? (*Suddenly noticing the weird costuming of men.*) Are you *all* mad? Am I in a lunatic asylum or home for the feeble-minded?

(*Instantly the two men sheepishly relieve themselves of their silly crown and sash and drop them behind them, trying not to be "caught in the act."*
 PENDLETON *puts cane and crown up stage right. Comes down right.* CHILTON *puts sash and circlet on bookcase up stage left. CHILTON comes down left.*)

POLLYANNA. (*Sorry to see the crown and sash disappear*) But you don't understand, Aunt Polly. You're in a *castle*—and here is his Majesty, the King—and Dr. Chilton—is a Fairy Prince, and I'm a *Princess!* And I live here!

MISS POLLY. Don't be silly, You do nothing of the kind. Come home.

POLLYANNA. But it's true. Ask the Prince! (*Points to DR. CHILTON, who goes up stage, disgusted with himself.*) He'll tell you! (*Crosses to him right. Then indicating PENDLETON and going to him and leaning against him innocently.*) He wants me—the beautiful King! And he needs a woman's hand and a child's presence! And *you don't want me*, so it'll be perfectly splendid all 'round!

MISS POLLY. (*Humiliated and angry at her*

words) What are you talking about? Stop this argument and come with me—— (*Steps forward and, taking child's hand, endeavors to lead her away from PENDLETON.*) I'm sorry if she's annoyed you, Mr. Pendleton——

PENDLETON. (*She is in his arms*) On the contrary—she has given me great joy! And it's *my* fault, Miss Harrington, about her remaining here. I asked her to come! I want her! *You* know why—because she's Charity's little girl and so like her! *Please* let me keep her! Let me adopt her! I will—— (*He is about to say make her his heiress, etc., but is interrupted.*)

MISS POLLY. (*Aghast*) *Adopt her? Adopt my niece? My own flesh and blood? Good Heavens! (Frigidly drawing the unwilling child away from him.)* Certainly not, Mr. Pendleton! Come, Pollyanna!

PENDLETON. But she's like a flower—a sensitive plant—and needs warmth and love if she's to thrive—and *you* don't want her—she told me, herself——

MISS POLLY. (*Infuriated*) *She told you that I—didn't want her? (Astonished—drawing POLLYANNA'S hand roughly and peering into the child's face.)* Pollyanna, what do you mean by telling such an untruth?

(PENDLETON *sits right of table.*)

POLLYANNA. (*Astonished, because MISS POLLY had told her that the first day; that she hadn't wanted her, but had merely taken her into her home, out of duty.*) *Untruth!* Then—then you've changed? And you do want me? (*Eagerly.*) *You mean it? Really?*

MISS POLLY. Certainly I want you—what a question!

POLLYANNA. (*To her aunt and hugging her with*

all her might in her ecstasy) Oh, Aunt Polly! I'm so glad! So glad! At last you want me!

(This violence causes MISS POLLY'S locket to become detached—it drops to the floor. MISS POLLY throws open the door left. CHILTON around to back of table.)

MISS POLLY. Come, Pollyanna! *(Crosses to left.)*

POLLYANNA. Aunt Polly, your locket! *(POLLYANNA stoops and picks up the opened locket—as it lies open in her hand, she smiles over at CHILTON.)* Dr. Chilton, that's where I seen your face before. *(Holds it out to him. He takes it just as the gasping MISS POLLY is alive to the situation. The next three speeches are spoken almost simultaneously.)*

CHILTON. What's that? *(Gets locket.)*

MISS POLLY. Pollyanna!

CHILTON. *(Crosses to MISS POLLY, taking locket)* You mean it?

MISS POLLY. It's not true! Give it to me!

(POLLYANNA crosses to back of table.)

CHILTON. *(Holding it tight)* But I have a right to see if—

MISS POLLY. *(Holding out hand toward him and demanding it)* There are no ifs—a child's imagination can find resemblances *anywhere—everywhere!*

CHILTON. *(Keeping the locket from her)* But if it's only a child's imagination, why do you refuse to let me see it?

MISS POLLY. Because I am not accustomed to having my word doubted or my assertions put to a proof. I insist upon your giving it to me.

CHILTON. Just *one* look is all I ask!

MISS POLLY. No!

CHILTON. Then it *must* be my picture or you would not object.

MISS POLLY. Don't flatter yourself!

CHILTON. Flatter myself? You speak mildly. Why, if I thought you had worn my picture next your heart for twenty years——

MISS POLLY. Please!!! You have no right, and I am in no mood to listen. Be good enough to return my locket, Dr. Chilton.

CHILTON. (*Then in coaxing tone*) Just—one—look?

MISS POLLY. (*Angrily*) No!!!

CHILTON. (*Opens hand and permits her to take locket*) I'm sorry——

MISS POLLY. (*Coolly*) I thank you. Come, Pollyanna! (*Turns left toward door.*)

POLLYANNA. (*CHILTON up to window—rushes to PENDLETON and throws arms around his neck*) Good-bye, my beautiful King——

PENDLETON. (*Rises*) You will come again, and often?

POLLYANNA. Every day and many times a day! (*Kisses him. Then crosses to POLLY.*)

MISS POLLY. (*Coldly at door lower left*) You must make no rash promises, child. If you knew everything you would not wish to come! And as for *you*, Mr. Pendleton, I think you have caused enough misery in the Harrington household without asking further recognition. . . .

PENDLETON. (*Going forward to centre*) No, I caused no misery intentionally. What I did I did for the greatest thing in the world—love.

MISS POLLY. We will not discuss it. Twenty years is too long a time to review in as many minutes—I have no more time to waste! Come, Pollyanna. (*POLLYANNA crosses to her.*) Good after-

noon, gentlemen. (*Bows coldly.* CHILTON bows. *Exit MISS POLLY.*)

(*Spotlight from door lower left.*)

POLLYANNA. (*At door, curtseying*) Good-bye, your Majesty. (*Kisses hand after her to both men.*) I'll be back! I'll be back! (*Exits smiling lower left.* CHILTON waves hand.)

CHILTON. (*Peering off left through window after POLLY*) Think of it, old man! She's worn my picture twenty years over her heart!

PENDLETON. (*Goes right*) Bah! She has no heart!

CHILTON. Oh, why didn't I know it before? I never suspected, I never dreamed——

PENDLETON. Get out of my rainbow, idiot! (*Goes up right.*)

CHILTON. Ruffian!!! (*Goes to cellarette left upper and pours drink.*)

PENDLETON. You dare cast a shadow on my happiness, contentment and joy! God! I wonder if that woman could be mean enough, contemptible enough—to keep that child from me? (*To fire, goes right.*)

CHILTON. Stop! (*Crosses to back of table with drink on salver. Drink in hand, assuming dramatic manner, good naturedly*) Do you realize you are speaking of the loveliest woman in all New England? (*Holds up glass.*) Here's to the jet locket—long may it hang! (*Drinks. Places glass on salver on table centre.*)

PENDLETON. Good Lord, Tom—have you completely lost your head?

CHILTON. My head, my feet—my heart—my soul!

(*Enter NANCY quickly door right upper.*)

NANCY. 'St! Has she went, you know! (*Comes*

down right centre. Men whirl about instantly, astonished at her presence. Points in a jabbing way)
Her!!!

CHILTON. (*Behind table*) You mean an angel with wings? (*Pantomimes flying.*)

NANCY. Oi do not!

(CHILTON *loses smile, drops "wings."*)

PENDLETON. You mean a devil—(*Indicates horns*)
 —with horns?

NANCY. *That's her!*

PENDLETON. Yes—she's—(*Then quoting NANCY*)
 —"went"!

NANCY. The saints are *with me!* The saints are with me! (*Crosses in front of table, going to door lower left to exit.*)

CHILTON. (*Gaily*) Yes, and the saints are with me—and Heaven is for me— Let—the whole—big—beautiful—world—rejoice! (*Waves arms.*)

NANCY. (*Stopping short and staring at CHILTON*) What ails this man? Is he looney?

CHILTON. You're right! *Looney with happiness! Wild with ecstasy! Crazy with love!*

NANCY. *Love, is it?* (*Crosses to door.*) Oi think I'll be goin'! (*Exits lower left.*)

PENDLETON. Ah ha! *Now you've done it!* She'll tell the whole town what an ass you are!

CHILTON. (*Crazily*) *Let her! Let her!* I say! I want the town to know it. (*Crescendo.*) *Polly wears my picture right over her heart . . . in a locket . . . right over her heart!* (*Dances left. Sings the last "heart" crescendo. Goes down left corner.*)

PENDLETON. (*Clapping hands to ears*) Oh, *Lord!*

(Enter POLLYANNA through window, left centre, with a basket.)

POLLYANNA. I'm back!

PENDLETON. (Starts toward her, right centre)
You're back? To stay? She's given in?

POLLYANNA. No, beautiful King . . . she hasn't given in, but I didn't want you to be lonesome, so—
(She goes behind table)—I brought you company.
(Carries a basket with two hinged lids, one on either side.)

PENDLETON. Company?

POLLYANNA. (CHILTON sits on table, and draws salver out of her way. POLLYANNA sitting on table)
Yes. . . . (Taking something from one side of the basket.) To you from me with love. . . . (Hands over the kitten of Act I, now wearing a gay red ribbon on her neck, and not so starved looking.)
Sodom! and—— (Lifts her beribboned puppy from other side, ribbons on neck)—Gomorrhah!!!

PENDLETON. (Turning away) Help!

POLLYANNA. Why . . . didn't you like them?

PENDLETON. (Going to table) Like them? Why, yes . . . yes! Of course! I should say I do like 'em . . . the little beasts!!! (Places one on each shoulder. Smiles. His beatific smile as he gazes down at the infants in his arms is equal to a "yes.")

POLLYANNA. Then why didn't you say so?

PENDLETON. Say so? Be—because I was dumb-founded with joy!

POLLYANNA. (Rapturously) At last they have a father to love them!

(PENDLETON looks over at CHILTON, who grins and winks at him.)

CHILTON. (Points at him) Father!

POLLYANNA. (Suppressed laughter) And they'll

not have to be hidden away in a dark cellar? Any more? (*Then to PENDLETON*) *That's* how I discovered the secret passage— (*Points to door*)—hiding Sodom and Gomorrah out of Aunt Polly's sight!

PENDLETON. (*Loving the animals now that he learns they were hidden*) Think of it—Tom, I was led into Paradise through Sodom and Gomorrah. (*CHILTON goes left.*)

POLLYANNA. (*Getting off table. Happy that PENDLETON and the animals are all benefitted. Then to PENDLETON, looking at him*) Now, beautiful King—you must prepare for an even greater happiness!

PENDLETON. *What!* Greater than Sodom and Gomorrah? Impossible!

POLLYANNA. Oh, yes, it is possible! (*Up left to window through which she entered—beckons, and JIMMY BEAN enters triumphantly through window, beaming and important.*) Look!

PENDLETON. Great Scott! And who is this claimant to the throne, may I ask?

POLLYANNA. This is Jimmie Bean. *Prince Jimmie*, after you adopt him!

PENDLETON. (*Right of table*) Adopt him? (*Crosses to basket on table, the animals slip and he almost drops them. Places them in basket.*)

POLLYANNA. (*Down at his knees*) Yes—instead of me! Please adopt him, your Majesty—he's so tired of being an orphan, aren't you, Jimmy?

JIMMY. (*Right of POLLYANNA*) Huh—orphants ain't no fun, orphants ain't!

POLLYANNA. (*Rises*) No, indeed! We know, don't we, Jimmy? Jimmy wanted a *pair* of parents, if possible, but *one* will do—won't it, Jimmy?

JIMMY. (*Gazing about at ceiling, furniture, etc.*) Yes. I'd rather have a *mother*, of course.

POLLYANNA. (*Shutting him up*) Oh, of course!

Anybody would rather have a mother! But when it comes to *parents*, we've got to take what we can get in this world! (*Smoothing JIMMY'S hair, motherly fashion.*)

PENDLETON. (*Sitting on right of table*) I see. So you're looking for a parent. Is that right?

JIMMY. (*Quickly*) Yes, but I'm no beggar, sir. (*Steps forth defiantly.*) I can work, I can—*feel my muscle!* (*Offers arm for examination.*)

PENDLETON. I think my medical adviser would probably be the proper person to investigate your muscular development, Master James! Here, Doctor!

(*JIMMY turns arm and DR. CHILTON feels his biceps.*)

CHILTON. Wonderful!

JIMMY. (*Excitedly*) And I—got brains—feel my head! (*POLLY sits on table.*)

CHILTON. (*Feeling the boy's head*) Wonderful to relate!

JIMMY. (*Excitedly*) And I don't eat much—feel my stomach! (*Offers hungry organ for examination.*)

CHILTON. (*Examining same*) Empty as a drum.

JIMMY. (*To PENDLETON, crosses to him*) Didn't I tell you? Oh, sir, please take me? All I want is *not to be frowned at all the time . . . to be smiled at like she smiles at me—* Smile, Pollyanna— (*Points to POLLYANNA, whose ready smile greets him.*) Like that— (*Points to her excitedly.*) See! As if she meant it!

POLLYANNA. (*Hugging the boy*) Oh, I do mean it, Jimmy, dear! I do! I do! (*Crosses to PENDLETON*) You will adopt him, won't you? You will be such a happy family . . . you and Jimmy and Sodom and Gomorrah! (*PENDLETON crosses to*

right.) Besides, he'll be so lonesome when I go away to school——

JIMMY. *You're going away?* Oh, Pollyanna! Then—then—— *(Turns pleadingly towards her.)* I can't never be glad!

POLLYANNA. Oh, yes, you can, Jimmy dear. You have everything to be glad for. Be glad that we love each other and that we are going to be married when we grow up. Be glad you're going to live in a castle—and have my King for a father——

JIMMY. *(Mournfully)* Yes, but he hasn't said he'd take me yet!

POLLYANNA. But he's going to—arent you, beautiful King?

PENDLETON. Oh, well, as you and Jimmy are going to be married—I promise to look into the matter, at any rate. As a trustee of the Orphanage, I am at liberty to have Jimmy remain with me till I find out exactly whether or not he and I may be congenial—eh, Jimmy? How's that, my little Samaritan?

POLLYANNA. Oh, that's splendid! And I'm so glad for Jimmy's sake—and your sake—and—and—*(JIMMY crosses to left of table—Glances over at the neglected doctor, goes to him left)* Oh, Dr. Chilton—I've never done anything to make you glad, have I?

CHILTON. Why, my dear, you have made me the gladdest man on earth! I can't explain—but ask your Aunt Polly—maybe she will tell you!

POLLYANNA. *(Astounded)* Aunt Polly? Oh, I understand!

NANCY. *(Enters, excited, window left centre)* 'St!!!

POLLYANNA. *(Everybody turns and stares at the girl)* Why, Nancy!

NANCY. *(Comes right of POLLYANNA)* She sent

me for you, she did! Ye're goin' away, ye are—to school *to-night!*

PENDLETON, POLLYANNA, JIMMY. *To-night!!!*

NANCY. (*Up to window, peers to left*) Be quick with your farewellin', darlin'. Miss Polly's on the portico now. (*Exits window left.*)

POLLYANNA. (*JIMMY turns face up stage—crys*) Oh—then I must hurry—good-bye, Dr. Chilton—(*Shakes hands with him.*) What shall I bring you for a gift? When I come back?

(*Get ready to lower ALL LIGHTS.*)

CHILTON. A message of love—from a beautiful lady. (*POLLYANNA looks quizzically at him.*) Good-bye! (*Kisses her hand.*)

POLLYANNA. I don't know any beautiful ladies except my aunt, but I—shall try. Good-bye! (*CHILTON crosses up right of window left centre. Goes to JIMMY*) Now, Jimmy, be a man and don't cry!

JIMMY. Who's crying?

POLLYANNA. What shall I bring you for a gift, Jimmy dear? When I come back?

JIMMY. (*Clinging to her*) Bring me just you, Pollyanna—just—you! Don't you forget your promise!

POLLYANNA. And don't you forget yours, you dear! Good-bye! (*Kisses him. Goes to PENDLETON right.*) Good-bye, beautiful King! And what shall I bring you?

(*LIGHTS down.*)

PENDLETON. (*Right*) Bring me—— (*Gazes deep into her eyes.*) A little face that I worship—a little voice that I adore—and two blue eyes that are a proof of a woman's love! (*Very tenderly.*) Good-bye, little Memory-Eyes! (*Kisses her and lets her go reluctantly. POLLYANNA crosses toward window.*)

(*Left Bunch and spot amber spotlight from fire on.*)

POLLYANNA. Good-bye—— (*Steps backward somewhat toward window.*) My beautiful King! (*She is bathed in a sudden burst of sunlight. Slowly and rapturously*) Why, look! The clouds are breaking! The sun shines in upon you! (*Reaches spot near window.*) Like the benediction at the end of the service—wishing you joy! Peace! Happiness! Gladness! Love! Good-bye! (*Remains in the light, waving. The men return the wave, laughing.*)

(CHILTON crosses up left of JIMMY.)

PENDLETON, CHILTON and JIMMY. Good-bye! Good-bye! Pollyanna! (*All wave as she waves to them, and exits through window left centre.*)
(*Spot Amber off.*)

(*At this juncture poor little JIMMY bursts into tears, tears he has striven manfully to restrain until POLLYANNA goes; but he is unable to be a man longer. He sobs—handkerchief business. PENDLETON and CHILTON look sorrowfully, sympathetically, at the child, but they themselves feel so grieved at her going that they are wordless for the moment.*)

PENDLETON. (*Looking about for a convenient space to deposit the animals*) Here, Tom, take the menagerie to Bleecker, while Jimmy and I mingle our tears.

CHILTON. Come on, ye sinners, come on! (*Relieves his host of the animals, takes them off door lower left.*)

PENDLETON. Now, Jimmy, brace up and be a man! (*Puts arms about the lad. Brings him down right.*)

JIMMY. (*Left of PENDLETON*) Y—yes. I know.

But it seems like the light of the whole world's went out with Pollyanna— (*Whirls about and sees that the light, too, has disappeared, owing to the fact that the sun has for the moment gone behind a cloud—work this by hooding bunch light off left upper and lowering back border.*) See! Even our sunshine's went!

PENDLETON. (*Right with meaning and with feeling*) Yes—even our sunshine “went.” (*Caresses boy a little.*)

JIMMY. I didn't have a thing to be glad for, and she made me glad for everything I *didn't* have. All the other *orphants* are glad, too.

PENDLETON. Yes?

JIMMY. Yes—and I—Jamey Munn's glad—he hasn't got any teeth so they can't ache him—and the station man's glad he got his legs cut off 'cause now he's got a *sittin' job for life!* (*Several cries in distance—those of chauffeur, NANCY, POLLYANNA, and the others, not too near house.*) 'Sh! Sumpen's happened! I'll go see! (*About to rush off.*)

PENDLETON. (*Detaining him*) Nonsense! There's nothing wrong! Go on with your story! *Who else* has our little rainbow girl made glad?

JIMMY. Oh—everybody! *And Mrs. Snow who hasn't walked a step in twenty years—she's glad it wasn't her eyes gouged out—or water on the brains—* (*Cries off left, more confusion off as of weeping, wailing, anxiety, etc.* PENDLETON and JIMMY look up, astonished.)

PENDLETON and JIMMY. 'Sh! (*Listen—murmurings heard left.*)

JIMMY. Yes, sir—somepin' *has* happened!

PENDLETON. I believe you're right!

JIMMY. (*Dashes to window left centre—PENDLETON follows, craning neck.*) I can't see— (*Then grabbing a chair.*) Wait! (*Gets upon chair.*) *Why, it's here!*

PENDLETON. (*Craning neck, peering hard*) Here!

JIMMY. *On our drive!*

PENDLETON. *Our drive!*

JIMMY. Yes, sir. *Somebody's hurt!*

PENDLETON. Are you sure? How do you make that out? (*Hand on JIMMY's shoulder.*)

JIMMY. (*Craning neck*) 'Cause they're carrying whoever it is—up—slow. (*Then trying to wriggle loose from PENDLETON, who unconsciously has his hand on the boy.*) Oh, sir, please let me go! I got to go! You stay here—I'll come back and tell you what's happened. . . . Wait! (*Exits swiftly left centre window.*)

PENDLETON. (*Peering hard. Enter DR. CHILTON lower left, his face very serious.*) What is it, Tom? What's the matter?

CHILTON. There's been an accident!

PENDLETON. Who's hurt?

CHILTON. It's Pollyanna, Jack—

PENDLETON. Pollyanna? Good God! How did it happen?

CHILTON. Knocked down by an automobile.

PENDLETON. How badly hurt is she? (*Takes hold of CHILTON.*)

CHILTON. I'm afraid quite badly. I made only a brief examination. Let me go, Jack! I must telephone for the hospital.

(*NANCY enters lower left, and goes to couch. Enter CHAUFFEUR with POLLYANNA, BLEECKER precedes him.*)

CHILTON. On the settee, Bleecker.

BLEECKER. (*Crosses to right*) Yes, sir. (*To CHAUFFEUR, who follows BLEECKER to settee*) Straight ahead to the settee.

POLLYANNA. I don't want to lie down; I want to

sit up. I'm not hurt. Put me in a chair. I want to sit in a chair! (BLEECKER *moves small chair.*)

CHILTON. (*With JIMMY moves armchair right of table*) All right, all right! You may sit in a chair. You don't have to lie down unless you want to. (CHAUFFEUR *places her in chair.*) There, how's that, your Royal Highness? (PENDLETON *down to left of chair.*)

POLLYANNA. That's splendid, thank you.

CHILTON. (*To PENDLETON quickly*) Keep as calm as you can while I go to the telephone. (*Exits right upper.*)

POLLYANNA. Oh, Nancy! Th—thank you, Bleecker— (Then to CHAUFFEUR, *glances about*) And everybody!

(CHAUFFEUR *exits through window left centre.*)

JIMMY *puts hand on her arm. Rubs eyes in a queer manner.*)

POLLYANNA. Oh, Jimmy—why, I feel so queer! As—as—if I'd been all drawn up in a knot—and couldn't untie myself! (*Sees NANCY and JIMMY weeping. PENDLETON left of her. And others turning away as if unable to bear hearing the story of her accident. BLEECKER back of table.*) Oh—please don't look so sad, beautiful King! And don't cry, Nancy, Jimmy! I'm not a bit hurt! (*Sits erect, moves arms about. MISS POLLY'S voice off door lower left.*)

POLLY. Oh, where is she? Where's my poor child?

PENDLETON. (*Indicating to BLEECKER to greet MISS POLLY*) Bleecker . . . (*Then gets back of armchair.*)

BLEECKER. Yes, sir. . . . (*Starts left. Enter POLLY excitedly.*)

MISS POLLY. Oh, where is she, Bleecker? Tell me! *Where is she?*

(BLEECKER *points to POLLYANNA and exits lower left, leaving door open.*)

POLLYANNA. Here I am, Aunt Polly!

POLLY. (*Rushing toward her*) Oh, my poor child—how did it happen? Are you suffering much? (*Drops behind her chair, burying her head in her arms on arm of chair.*) Oh, my dear—my dear—my dear!

POLLYANNA. (*With radiant face, stronger now*) Oh, Aunt Polly. You called me “*dear*” for the first time! Maybe if I got really sick you would kiss me!

POLLY. (*Raising her arms and drawing child toward her*) Oh, my child—my—poor—poor—child! (*Kisses her.*)

POLLYANNA. (*As MISS POLLY again drops back, her shamed, weeping face hidden beneath her arms on chair arm*) Thank you, Aunt Polly. (*Caresses POLLY’S hand.*) Oh, it’s so good to have people care! Wouldn’t it have been lovely if I’d been run over when I first came? Then I wouldn’t have been so lonely.

MISS POLLY. Oh, don’t—don’t—*don’t!* I can’t bear it! (*Others are affected by the pathos of the speech.*)

POLLYANNA. Please don’t cry, Aunt Polly! I’m not hurt! I’m not even scratched. (*Looks at her hands and arms.*) Or bruised— (*Feels waist, and moves back and forth.*) Or bent! (*Then joyfully*) I’m well! (*MISS POLLY says, “I’m afraid.” Pause, looks about, all are sad*) Why—don’t you believe me? (*No encouragement.*) Watch—I’ll prove it! I’ll stand up—I’ll walk! (*Begins to pull herself together now.*) Then maybe you’ll believe!

Look—everybody—— (They turn, they peer a little closer, all draw a bit closer, watch very intently. She places hands on arms of chair, lifts herself up gradually.) Here I go! (When she feels sure of herself she lets go, and collapses, reaching out hand and breaking her fall. Enter DR. CHILTON. JIMMY steps back a little.) Oh!

PENDLETON. Pollyanna!

POLLYANNA. (Astounded, also frightened, though not admitting it) Why, I can't stand—I can't walk! What's the matter? Why can't I get up? (Assumes frightened expression, and feels her knees and her legs down to her feet.) My feet are asleep—like Mrs. Snow's!

(JIMMY stands back right. POLLY calls to Doctor centre.)

POLLY. Doctor, Doctor Chilton! (Turns to him.) Oh, Doctor, don't tell me she's injured that way—Promise me she'll get well. That she'll walk again!

(Doctor shakes head and turns face away—a step towards couch, POLLY weeps.)

POLLYANNA. (Horrified for a moment) Get well? Walk again? Why, Aunt Polly—what do you mean? If I can't walk, how can I ever be glad for anything? (Then determined that it shall not be so.) Why—of course I'll get well. Of course I'll walk. Why do you ask? Why do you doubt? (Then defiantly) I shall get well—and I—shall—walk! Shan't I? (To NANCY—appealingly) Nancy? (NANCY turns away—sobbing.) Aunt Polly? (MISS POLLY doesn't give an immediate answer and POLLYANNA continues rapidly) Beautiful King? (PENDLETON to right of her. CHILTON left. POLLYANNA holds out her arms from one to another as she cries

out their names rapidly, not pausing when no "yes" seems imminent.)

(Bunch light up slowly off left upper—also spotlight up slowly from lower left door.)

PENDLETON. *(Who has come to right of chair—with much feeling, taking her hands)* Why, of course, my darling! God wouldn't destroy those little feet when *He* needed them to run *His* errands. *Of course you'll get well, of course you'll walk!*

POLLYANNA. Oh, you understand! You understand, and look—— *(Pointing to lower left door.)* The rainbow! *My promise!* That means God has only borrowed my feet for a little while—and some day *He* will give them back to me! *(A prayer. Hands uplifted.)* Oh, I thank thee, dear God—for Thy beautiful promise! *I shall get well—I know—and I shall walk. (Curtain begins to fall.) I'm so glad—I'm—so—glad!!! (Medium curtain.)*

CURTAIN

(Pictures same positions as the end of act.)

ACT IV

SCENE: *Fire log out. Prism brackets lighted. Blue medium light at back. Same as Acts II and III, except that the gloomy look has disappeared. Gay flowers decorate table and mantel. The French windows left centre stand open, and outside are seen two lamps (lights) leading down the drive to the entrance gates.*

Flowers on settee in front. Stuffed armchair back.

Armchair at right of table away from table. Foot and first border, "white light" full up.

PLACE: *Same as Act II and Act III.*

TIME: *Five years later. A summer evening.*

DISCOVERED: *At rise of curtain PENDLETON left. BLEECKER discovered on stage centre, back of table. PENDLETON is dressed for dinner and stands down left, evidently viewing the effect of the decorations. BLEECKER with vase of flowers. PENDLETON has three vases of flowers.*

PENDLETON. Here! Bleecker, you had better take this one. (*Gives vase. Crosses right and sets two vases on mantelpiece and turns to view them.*) How's that, Bleecker?

BLEECKER. Splendid, sir—beautiful!

PENDLETON. (*Smiling, rubbing his hands together and looking about for further "chores"*) Well—is everything all right?

BLEECKER. I think so, sir.

PENDLETON. Gate-lights on? (*Peers up left as he crosses to window left centre.*)

BLEECKER. An hour ago, sir!

PENDLETON. Good! (*Turns about, satisfied*)

BLEECKER. Everything's lookin' wonderful, sir! (*Places vase right on table and pedestal.*)

PENDLETON. Well—it can't be too wonderful to welcome home our little Glad Girl after five long years!

BLEECKER. No, sir! You're right, sir!

PENDLETON. (*At window, left centre*) Good Heavens! Look at the crowd in front of Harrington's, will you?

BLEECKER. Yes, sir—it's the villagers—waiting for a glimpse of Miss Pollyanna, when she comes from the train! (*With feeling*) Oh, I do hope she'll come back *cured*, sir, for *their* sakes!

PENDLETON. (*Coming down left, thinking he must not have heard the right word*) *Cured?* (*Explosively, almost savagely*) *Of course she'll be cured!* Five years under the care of the finest specialists in *Europe* without results? *I—should—say—not!*

(*Ready door slam off lower left.*)

BLEECKER. (*Taking flowers off table and placing them on cellarette*) That's what I tell them, sir, but the villagers won't have it that way! The butcher says as how she'll come back on crutches—and the baker-boy says she'll come back in a wheel-chair—and the lamplighter thinks she'll come back exactly as she went away—*flat on her back!*

PENDLETON. O—h, they *do*, do they? Humph! The old grouches! (*Crosses to right—then angrily*) If there's anything on this earth I *loathe*—it's a *grouch!* (*Starts swiftly toward door right upper—*

turns to door.) Bleecker! Has Master James returned from his ride?

BLEECKER. No, sir.

PENDLETON. Send him to me as soon as he does.
(Slam.)

BLEECKER. Yes, sir. (Outer door is heard to close.) Wait! Maybe that's he now! (Crosses down to left.)

(Enter JIMMY in riding togs lower left.)

JIMMY. Hel-lo, Dad! (Hands gloves and crop to BLEECKER, who exits right upper. Delightedly) I—say—but the place looks great! From the top of the hill, it looks like a prairie fire! And the mob out there—— (Goes to window up left centre.) I nearly had to trample them under the filly's feet to clear the way!

PENDLETON. (Coming toward table leisurely—evidently pleased with his son) No—r—really?

JIMMY. Yes—and look at the conservatory—— (Indicates the flower-decorated room.) I—tell—you—some—night, isn't it?

PENDLETON. It is, indeed, son—— (Pats his shoulder, and smilingly repeats his slang) Some night!!!

JIMMY. I say—won't it be fine—seeing Pollyanna walk in, on her feet!

(Door-bell.)

PENDLETON. The finest thing in the world!
(Door-bell rings off lower left.)

JIMMY. Who's that, I wonder? (Going left.)

PENDLETON. (Follows JIMMY over a little) Oh, don't be so nervous—Pollyanna's train isn't due for an hour yet. (Calls) Bleecker, the bell!

BLEECKER. (Off stage, right upper) Coming, sir. Coming!

JIMMY. (*Embarrassedly*) Oh—I—I wasn't *thinking* of Pollyanna——

PENDLETON. No, I suppose not—you're blushing because it's a full moon, I daresay—or is the rosy glow merely to carry out the color scheme of the decorations? (*Throws back his head and laughs. Goes left. Enter BLEECKER right upper.*) Come along, son—let's take a survey of this electrical display of Bleecker's! (*Puts arm about JIMMY—strolls upper left. Laugh and exit through window left centre.*)

(*Door slam.*)

(*NANCY'S voice heard off lower left.*)

NANCY. Is there nobody here to open this door?

BLEECKER. (*Arranges flowers on table and is going left. Enter NANCY fussily.*) My word!

NANCY. Murder and turf! Are you still alive?

BLEECKER. (*Crosses down right centre*) Yes, and would you kindly remain in the vestibule, please?

NANCY. (*Crosses to centre of table*) Oi will not! Wait in it, if you loike it so well. Oi want to see the King, Oi do. Where is he?

BLEECKER. Mr. Pendleton is engaged, Miss.

NANCY. Engaged! What th' divil do Oi care if he's *married*? Oi'm not here to make love to him. What do yez think Oi am? An' affinity? Now, go 'long with yez an' tell his Majesty Oi've a missage for him. G'wan!

BLEECKER. I'll take your message!

NANCY. Ye *will* not!

BLEECKER. Then you'll have to wait—— (*Indicates that she is to wait off lower left.*)

NANCY. Shure Oi'll wait! (*Drops upon chair languidly right of table.*)

BLEECKER. (*Quickly*) Er—ah—do you mind standing, Miss?

NANCY. Shure I moind standing. It's tired Oi am. And it ain't *Miss*, if you plaze—but *Missis!* (BLEECKER *grins and opens eyes in amazement.*) Stop making eyes at me, ye ould buzzard!

(BLEECKER *goes left. Enter PENDLETON through window left centre. He does not see NANCY on chair.*)

PENDLETON. What is it, Bleecker? Didn't I hear someone talking? (*Going to left.*)

NANCY. (*Jumping up*) It's *me*, sir! (*Recalling POLLYANNA'S courtsey, bows awkwardly.*) I mean—*Mr. King!*

PENDLETON. (*Astounded*) Why, Nancy, you!

NANCY. Shure, King! (*Another bob.*)

PENDLETON. Where did you drop from, the sky?

NANCY. Oi didn't *drop!* Oi've been livin' next door for a week, Oi have, gettin' the house ready for the folks!

PENDLETON. You astonish me! I didn't know the house had been opened!

NANCY. (*Catches sight of the interested BLEECKER*) Get rid of the flunkey, Mr. King, an' Oi'll tell ye my missage.

PENDLETON. (*Crosses to BLEECKER at left*) You may go, Bleecker!

(BLEECKER *bows and exits lower left as JIMMY enters left centre window.*)

JIMMY. I say, Dad—it looks great—and I think if you were to have Bleecker—

NANCY. May I drop dead this minnit, if it ain't *Jimmy Bean* o' the orphanage!

JIMMY. Nancy! (*Goes and embraces her.*)

NANCY. Me soul—the stoyle! (*Peers at him from top to toe.*) An' the grand looks! Ye can't

tell me that clothes don't make the gintlemin! *There's proof!* (JIMMY laughs.) Why, you're a man!

JIMMY. (*Pompously*) Well, I'm seventeen! (*Rubs face each side unconsciously as if shaving same.*)

NANCY. (*Imitating him*) Be careful you don't cut yourself, Jimmy! (*Smilingly*) My, won't Miss Pollyanna's eyes shoine when she sees you!

JIMMY. Oh—if she ever gets here! (*Goes right.*) It'll just be like that old Boston Limited to be late when Pollyanna's coming home.

NANCY. Oh! I forgot! She won't be on the Limited—that's what I came over to tell you—that's me missage!

JIMMY and PENDLETON. (*Disappointedly*) Oh!

NANCY. (*Mischievously*) She's—here—now!

JIMMY and PENDLETON. *Now!*

NANCY. Yis—they came in an ottymobile, they did, from Boston, and they want to know can they come right over?

JIMMY. Oh, yes! Yes—*certainly*—right away!

PENDLETON. (*Crosses to NANCY*) Certainly, Nancy, and how is the little *Glad Girl*? Walking about, I suppose?

NANCY. (*Claps hand on mouth*) Oi wasn't to tell! Oi wasn't to tell!

(PENDLETON and JIMMY speak simultaneously.)

PENDLETON. *Wasn't to tell!*

JIMMY. (*Crosses to NANCY*) You don't mean—

NANCY. (*Starts left, hand to her mouth. PENDLETON stops her.*) Oi wasn't to tell! Oi wasn't to tell!

PENDLETON. But, Nancy!

NANCY. Don't ask me, Oi tell ye! Oi wasn't to tell!

PENDLETON. Well, Nancy, if you won't, you won't! (NANCY crosses to door.) Here's something for your trouble. (Takes money from pocket.)

NANCY. (Looking at it) Foive dollars, glory to be! Well, but all the same, I wasn't to tell! (Exits lower left.)

PENDLETON. (More or less to himself, thoughtfully) Wasn't to tell, eh, Jimmy? She said she wasn't to tell!

JIMMY. (To right end of table) Well, she didn't!

PENDLETON. (Crosses to JIMMY. To the boy) Jimmy, my boy—tell me—will you be fearfully upset if Pollyanna isn't absolutely cured?

JIMMY. Only for *her* sake, Dad! Not for my own!

PENDLETON. (Nervous, worried manner) Yes, but it's a terrible thing to build up, year after year, then have your hopes come tumbling down! (Up left and around table to window left centre. Explosively) Confound Tom Chilton! Why the devil didn't he write and let me know the *truth* after my sending him all the way to Europe for that purpose? It's outrageous! It's criminal! *Nothing short of criminal!*

JIMMY. Still, Dad, it would be all right if—

PENDLETON. (Coming down left) *All right!*

JIMMY. I mean that—er—she—she'll *need* me more *now* than if she were cured, you know—to—to—protect her—and—and—take care of her! So *after all*, I'd be—*almost glad!*

PENDLETON. *Glad? Good Lord! How can you say such a thing?*

JIMMY. But think, Dad, how *splendid* it would be taking care of her—always before she was taking care of me.

PENDLETON. That's a fine, manly way of speak-

ing. (*Hand on his shoulder.*) I'm proud of you, my boy, proud of you!

(*Enter BLEECKER lower left.*)

BLEECKER. Dr. Chilton and Miss Harrington are coming up the drive.

PENDLETON. Who!

BLEECKER. Dr. Chilton and Miss Harrington, sir.

PENDLETON. Together?

BLEECKER. Close together, sir!

PENDLETON. Extraordinary! Show them in, Bleecker! (*BLEECKER exits lower left. Turning to JIMMY*) Quick, Jimmy, into your purple and fine linen—and, Jimmy, your chin, boy. Take the microscope and see if there isn't a heavy beard on the northeast ridge.

(*Exit JIMMY right upper. PENDLETON crosses right centre.*)

(*Door slam.*)

BLEECKER. (*Speaks off—at door*) Glad to see you back, Doctor, and you, Miss Harrington! Go right in, please. (*He holds door open.*)

(*Enter CHILTON and MISS HARRINGTON lower left.*)

MISS POLLY goes toward PENDLETON, hands extended, smilingly.)

PENDLETON. Welcome home, Polly—— (*Then, recalling the feud of twenty-five years*) Er—ah—I may call you "Polly"?

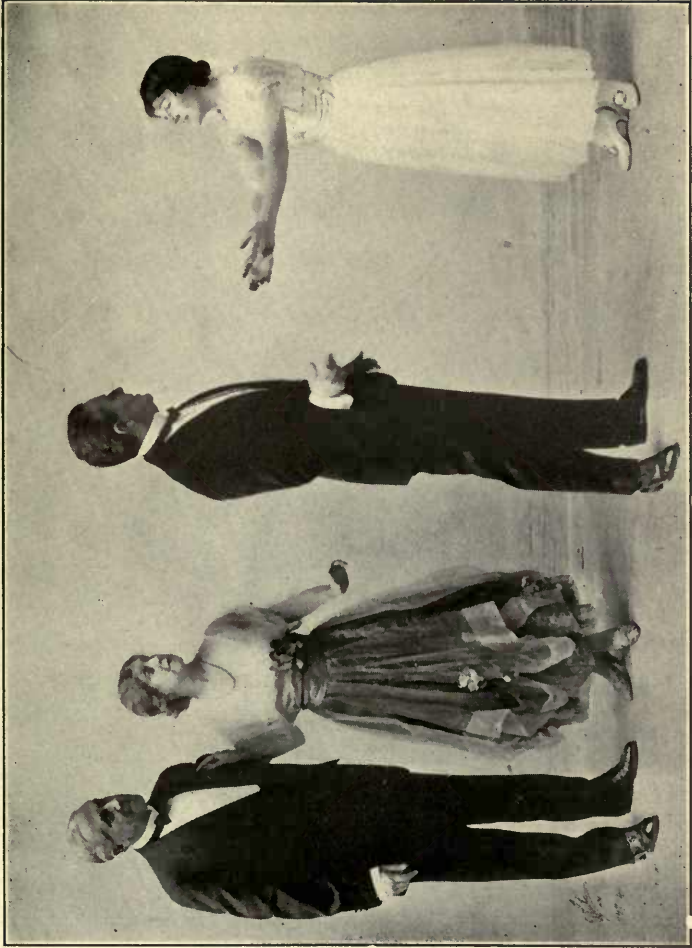
MISS POLLY. You certainly may—Jack!

CHILTON. Mrs. Chilton, if you please!

PENDLETON. Mrs. *Who!*

CHILTON. Mrs. Chilton, Chilton, Chilton!

PENDLETON. What do you mean?



"POLLYANNA"

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MISS POLLY. It means we're married!

PENDLETON. *Married!* Where?

MISS POLLY. In Paris!

PENDLETON. *Paris?*

CHILTON. Certainly! It's quite possible!

PENDLETON. *Well!* This is a surprise! (*Grips hand.*) My best wishes, Polly! (*Crosses to Doctor, and shakes hand.*) Congratulations, Tom! (*Taking hand of each.*) May you have a lifetime of happiness and an extra quarter-century to boot that's owing you! (*Laughs.*) *But where is the little Glad Girl?*

POLLY. Nancy's bringing her right over.

PENDLETON. And how is she—that's the important thing! *How is she?*

POLLY. The dear child insists upon telling you about everything herself!

PENDLETON. Oh, but I say, Polly, I simply can't wait! *I must know!*

POLLY. I'm sorry, Jack, but she made me promise I would say nothing, and I must keep my faith!

PENDLETON. (*Disappointedly*) But, confound it! (*Whirling about and facing TOM.*) Then you tell me, Tom! You haven't a New England conscience!

(*CHILTON peeps over at his wife, who holds up warning finger and stares at him. POLLY wig-wags with fan and frowns at TOM.*)

CHILTON. No, but I've a New England wife!

PENDLETON. But I *must* know! Why do you keep me in suspense? If she isn't cured, can't you prepare me? And if she is—won't you relieve my anxiety? Surely—*surely* you can say *at least* "yes" or "no."

CHILTON. Not while my wife's hypnotic gaze holds me under its sway!

(POLLY smiles and fans—still staring TOM “in the eye.”)

PENDLETON. But in your last cable you said she was coming on splendidly. Now all I ask is, *has she had a set back since then? Can you tell me that?* (Turns and sees POLLY “eying TOM”—so steps squarely between them, and holds out his arms as if trying to shield TOM from the “hypnotic eye” facing POLLY.)

CHILTON. Yes—

POLLY. (Stepping forward and dodging under JACK’S arm) Now, Tom—

CHILTON. No—regardless of— (Shields his eyes from POLLY) —consequences, I’ll have to tell you *that much—she’s had no set back!* (Drops arm, now that he has performed his friend the “services.”)

(POLLY smiles comfortably and fans—he didn’t spoil the surprise.)

PENDLETON. (To CHILTON, facing him, quickly, side-stepping so that POLLY is behind him) *Then she’s well? She’s—cured?*

POLLY. (Laying restraining hand on PENDLETON’S arm and going right) Now, no more, Jack! Please don’t have us break our word to the poor child! You’ll know *all* from her own lips soon.

PENDLETON. Just one word!

POLLY. Now, no more catechism!

PENDLETON. *Why* didn’t she come over with you? If she’s—

POLLY. Because I wanted to speak with you alone *first*—if I may—

PENDLETON. *Alone!* Certainly! Be seated!

(POLLY sits right of table. PENDLETON sees Doc-

tor practicing steps. He works behind chair to POLLY'S right.)

PENDLETON. That's very good, Tom. I think you might practice that in the next room. The door to your left, Tom.

CHILTON. *Hang* the door to your left! I wouldn't trust you with anybody's wife, let alone *mine*, you irresistible devil! (*Crosses and sits on arm of POLLY'S chair.*) Pat my hand, Love.

POLLY. Silly boy!

PENDLETON. Yes—for the love of Heaven, Tom, control yourself! (*Bending toward POLLY*) Now, Polly, what is it?

POLLY. It's this, Jack. I want to ask your forgiveness for the part I played in separating you and Charity so many years ago!

PENDLETON. Please——

POLLY. *Please* let me get it off my conscience and my heart.

PENDLETON. (*Unwilling to listen longer to the painful subject*) I understand, Polly, dear—and I do forgive you—freely—gladly.

POLLY. But I have so much I wish to say. I insist.

PENDLETON. And I insist I forgave you long ago. Let's say no more about it.

POLLY. Thank you, Jack—you are the best man in the world!

(PENDLETON *kisses her hand and goes up to window left centre. POLLY goes back of table.*)

CHILTON. Why, *darling*, I thought *I* was the best!

POLLY. So you are!

CHILTON. Then what do you mean by—— (*Kissing her hand.*) By the way, old man, where's Jim? Isn't that paragon home from college?

PENDLETON. (*Coming down left*) Bless you—yes! He's shaving! (*All laugh.*)

POLLY. Tom tells me he's turned out splendidly!

PENDLETON. I should say he—has—turned out splendidly! Why—he's the joy of my life! The finest specimen of *boy*—and he's still head over heels in love with Pollyanna—

POLLY. (*Rises*) Oh, but Jack—

PENDLETON. What do you mean? Surely you don't intend to put any stumbling block in the way of their marriage?

POLLY. Marriage! But, Jack! They're only babies! The idea! Speaking of marriage at *seventeen*! Absurd!

CHILTON. I should say preposterous!

PENDLETON. Is it?

POLLY. It certainly is. See how long we waited?

PENDLETON. Oh, to be sure—the "*happy day*" is years off, but if they *should*—

POLLY. But Jack! His people! Think of who his parents may have been. Think what may have been the circumstances of his birth!

PENDLETON. I have looked into that—just for this occasion!

POLLY. (*Eagerly*) Yes? You found out—

PENDLETON. His mother was a— (*Smiles wisely at CHILTON, who stands silent, waiting POLLY'S surprise. He is "in the know."*) *Weatherby of Boston!*

CHILTON. *Weatherby of Boston!!!*

POLLY. (*Whirling about, staring at the two men*) *Weatherby of Boston!* Not the Back Bay Weatherbys?

PENDLETON and CHILTON. (*Together*) *Yes—the Back Bay Weatherbys!*

(*Ready mob.*)

POLLY. (*Radiant—aghast*) Not the *Quincy Weatherbys?*

PENDLETON *and* CHILTON. Yes—the Quincy Weatherbys! Judge Quincy Weatherby was his—

CHILTON. Grandmother—no, grandfather!

POLLY. *Think of it—the Quincy Weatherbys!* And you—— (*Crosses to him, facing CHILTON*)—knew it! Why didn't you tell me, Tom?

CHILTON. Sworn to secrecy!

POLLY. *Tell me about it, Jack!*

PENDLETON. Oh—the same old story! Beautiful girl married man against the wishes of her parents. She dies when her child was born—and the husband, at her death, hating the family—hides the boy in the orphanage under an assumed name lest the Weatherbys recover him!

POLLY. (*To CHILTON*) *Think—of—being related—to—the—Quincy Weatherbys!*

CHILTON. (*Rapturously, hands out*) Ah——

POLLY. (*To PENDLETON*) We should be related—shouldn't we? You and I?

PENDLETON. No, we are not related.

POLLY. Not to the Weatherbys?

PENDLETON. Oh, yes, of course, to the Weatherbys, only remotely, to be sure.

POLL. (*With bombast*) *To be sure—but still—related!*

(*Cheers off left.*)

PENDLETON *and* CHILTON. Yes—still related!

(*Cheering of "Mob" quite some distance off, distant cheers. All listen.*)

PENDLETON. What's that? (*Goes up toward window left centre. POLLY and TOM exchange knowing glances.*) I know—it's the villagers cheering Pollyanna! She's coming! She's on her way! (*Turns to TOM and POLLY back of table.*) Tell me the truth! Don't let her be brought here on a chair or crutches—without preparing me! I couldn't

stand it! It's a brutal thing to do! It's inhuman!

CHILTON. I'm sorry——

(*Spotlight on POLLYANNA.*)

POLLY. Please——

PENDLETON. If she's still crippled I want to know——

(*Enter POLLYANNA, stepping lightly in the frame of the open window, smiling and ready to flutter down to her "King."*)

PENDLETON. It's seeing her suddenly, not cured!

POLLYANNA. *Beautiful King!* (*Holds out arms toward him at window.* PENDLETON turns and stares at the vision.)

PENDLETON. *Pollyanna!* (*Extends arms.*) *Why—* (*Comes down left.*)—*you—you're well! You're cured! You can walk!*

POLLYANNA. Yes!

PENDLETON. (*Stepping forward and throwing his arms about her*) Oh, Pollyanna—and I was so afraid—you would never walk again!

POLLYANNA. No—there was never a doubt of my walking again! Don't you remember God's promise to me that day I was hurt—*my rainbow?*

PENDLETON. You beautiful, exquisite, spiritual, trusting child! But why didn't you write me you were *well?* Or you, Tom, when I sent you over?

CHILTON. Polly wouldn't let me.

PENDLETON. Polly wouldn't let me! Oh, you talk like a parrot! Didn't you know I suffered? And there you were—*cured all the while!*

POLLY. Ah, but that's just it. (*Crosses to front of chair right of table.*) It wasn't "all the while." So many times we thought she was cured she would slip back and start all over again. So I said to her, "If you write you are cured, and your feet go back to sleep, your *beautiful King* will feel sad; but if

you write nothing and he fears the worst, he will be all the *gladder* to find you cured!

PENDLETON. You are right, Polly—quite, quite right!

CHILTON. (*To right of chair*) Polly's always right—aren't you, my little polly-woggy?

(*POLLY sits right of table.*)

POLLYANNA. But, oh—after all, I'm glad it happened!

PENDLETON. *Glad it happened?* With all your suffering—and waiting, and disappointments through five—long—years——

POLLYANNA. Even so—— (*Sweetly, but not with comedy*) For you have to *lose* your legs to *really love* them! (*Wistfully*) And then—it's so sweet to have people care! (*He draws her to him*) If you could only have seen all those dear ones at the gate to welcome me and smile their joy at my recovery—— (*Crosses to centre.*) Mrs. Snow in her wheeled chair—the cobbler on his crutches—— They were *all* there, bless their dear hearts—so it was worth the suffering—and so I'm glad!

PENDLETON. You—blessed—child! (*Kisses her hair.*) The same beautiful Pollyanna! She hasn't changed a wink!

POLLYANNA. Oh, but I have.

PENDLETON. No, you haven't!

POLLYANNA. Oh, but I have! Haven't you noticed that my freckles have all *gone*? (*Gives him a chance to examine.*) *I prayed them off!*

PENDLETON. I'm sorry! I loved every freckle of them! *I prayed for them to stay!*

CHILTON. Oh—that explains why you had such a time getting rid of them, my darling niece—the *wires got crossed!* (*They laugh.*)

POLLYANNA. And now tell me—Jimmy! Does he like freckles, too?

PENDLETON. *Jim?* He doesn't know what he likes—he's too young!

POLLYANNA. *Young!* Why, he's seventeen! I hope you don't call that *young!*

CHILTON. I should—hope *not!* The idea! He's in his prime! (*All laugh except POLLYANNA.*)

PENDLETON. Wait—I'll call him. Then he can decide the weighty freckle-problem, himself! (*Then an idea—crosses to door, right upper.*) Oh, *Jim! Jim!* (*POLLY rises goes down right. Calling through open door right upper.*)

JIMMY. (*Off stage*) Coming, Dad! (*Excitedly—almost hysterically.*)

PENDLETON. Watch his face when he sees you standing on *your feet!* (*A better idea.*) No! *We'll fool him! You fooled me! Now it's his turn!* Come—— (*Gently urges her centre and places her, wonderingly, in chair right of table.*) Some cushions—Tom——

CHILTON. Right here! (*Takes two cushions from settee and hands them to PENDLETON, who adjusts them properly.*)

POLLY. (*Gets cushion*) And one at your feet— (*Hands another over which PENDLETON places on floor beneath her feet, then crosses up back of table centre. POLLY to back of table.*)

PENDLETON. There! (*POLLYANNA giggling. Standing off a bit and gazing at the result.*) Splendid! Fine! He'll never *dream you're well!* You couldn't look a little paler, could you, dear? (*Glances right nervously.*)

POLLY. (*Behind table centre*) Here he comes!

PENDLETON. There, run along. *We young folks* must let these *old folks* of seventeen reminiscence alone. Shoo! Shoo! (*Shoos TOM and POLLY lower left, while POLLYANNA turns and watches*

them, laughingly. *As the trio exit the door closes silently.*)

(POLLYANNA faces about, glances shyly at door right upper, then preens a bit—watches door from corner of eye and awaits JIMMY. Enter JIMMY right upper.)

JIMMY. *(Going swiftly toward her—hands out)*
Pollyanna!

POLLYANNA. Jimmy!

JIMMY. *(Awkwardly—embarrassedly)* How—are you?

POLLYANNA. Oh, I'm fine! How are you?
(Makes move to rise.)

JIMMY. I'm—I'm all right! D—d—don't try to rise!

POLLYANNA. Why! You're grown up!

JIMMY. *I—should—say. (Then to impress her with his strength.)* And strong—feel! *(Offers biceps to be examined.)*

POLLYANNA. *(Feeling)* Why—Jimmy Bean Pendleton—you're a regular Samson!

JIMMY. *(Cockily—swelling to great height and breadth)* Well—rather! I can carry anything! *Why—you—you would be only a feather in my arms!*

POLLYANNA. *In your arms!* I beg your pardon, Mr. Pendleton—but *I'm* not in the habit of being carried about in gentlemen's arms! *(JIMMY turns away left. POLLYANNA rises—goes right—laughs softly.)* Jimmy!

JIMMY. *(Turns and sees her)* Why—why—why, Pollyanna Whittier—you're standing on your feet! You're cured! *You—can—walk!!!*

POLLYANNA. Certainly I can walk—and hop and skip—and run—and dance! *(Whirls smilingly.)*

Stops, still smiling, and sees his sober face.) Well? Aren't you glad?

JIMMY. Why, I—I don't know whether I'm glad or not! *(Goes left.)*

POLLYANNA. *(Going centre)* Glad or not? Why, Jimmy Bean Pendleton, you're horrid!

JIMMY. *(Going right)* Yes, but you don't understand. You see, you're not what I expected. I—wanted you to need me—and—and lean on me—and everything.

POLLYANNA. Why, Jimmy!

JIMMY. But *now* you won't do *any* of those things!

POLLYANNA. Oh, yes, I will, Jimmy! I promise! I'll be just as leany and weak—as a kitten! Look at me—see? *(Sways a bit.)* I'm beginning to wobble *already!*

JIMMY. *(Clasping her in his arms)* Oh, Pollyanna, *always* wobble. Promise me!

POLLYANNA. *(Clasping his arms)* I promise!

JIMMY. Then, Pollyanna, I'm going to kiss you!

POLLYANNA. *Are you?*

JIMMY. *May I?*

POLLYANNA. Why, *certainly*, if we're engaged—that's part of it! *(JIMMY is about to kiss her, but she stops the performance.)* Wait! *Are we engaged?*

JIMMY. Certainly we're engaged! Didn't we promise each other when we were *twelve*, and haven't I been true to you all these years?

POLLYANNA. Really, Jimmy—how happy I am that I've *found* a man I can trust! *(Offers her lips to be kissed—he kisses her.)*

(PENDLETON, DOCTOR and POLLY appear in door lower left, then close it—they on the outside.)

JIMMY. Thank you, Pollyanna.

POLLYANNA. Thank you, Jimmy. Jimmy, we *are engaged!* How glad I am I picked you up under the hedge.

JIMMY. Not *half* as glad as I am I was "picked."

(POLLYANNA *giggles and says "Really."* Holds up hands and rolls eyes as if the daily tirade had wearied her.)

JIMMY. (*Goes to her. Sits.*) But—but wouldn't you feel more comfortable if you knew my grandfather was a—Senator or—or a Governor—or something, instead of, say—a burglar?

POLLYANNA. Not a bit! I'd feel worse if anything! Anyway, I'm marrying you—Jimmy—not your grandfather!

JIMMY. Yes, but, Pollyanna—think of marrying a nameless waif out of an orphanage! Oh! (*Goes left.*)

POLLYANNA. (*Rises, goes centre, whirling him about and grabs him, inquiring sharply*) See here, Jimmy Pendleton—are you trying to back out of your proposal?

JIMMY. No, Pollyanna—I'm trying to make you say something, and you—you won't say it! (*Turns away.*)

POLLYANNA. No, and I never will say it if it's kow-towing to ancestors! We are what we *are*—and that's the end of it! And, *besides*, please bear this in mind—if you *were* found in an orphanage, I was reared in a *mission!*

JIMMY. Why didn't you write me you felt that way about it? Then I wouldn't have had father look me up!

POLLYANNA. (*Astonished*) Look—you—up? (*JIMMY looks sheepish.*) Jimmy Bean—you don't mean to tell me you've gone and turned out an aristocrat?

JIMMY. (*Very sheepishly*) I—I'm sorry, Pollyanna—

(*Warn.*)

POLLYANNA. You mean that, Jimmy?

JIMMY. Every word, Pollyanna!

POLLYANNA. Then *kiss* me, dear—for *that* is true love! (*Offers cheek—he kisses it.*) Thank you, Jimmy!

JIMMY. Thank you, Pollyanna! And now—I'll tell you what! If you'll forgive me for being well-born, I'll forgive you for getting well! Is it a bargain?

POLLYANNA. (*Solemnly*) Yes—if you will solemnly promise never to brag about it, or that *your old grandfather danced with Lafayette!*

JIMMY. (*Raising hand*) I promise! (*Proceeds to break same.*) She did, though— (*Laughs.*) But I promise! (*Crosses left centre.*)

POLLYANNA. You—bad—boy! (*Catches him—he grabs and kisses her.*)

(*Door right upper quickly opens and PENDLETON, POLLY and CHILTON enter and come down smiling at the children. POLLYANNA and JIMMY see the trio instantly.*)

POLLYANNA and JIMMY. Oh!!! (*Separate.*)

POLLY. (*Coming down right to couch. Raising hands and eyes upward*) Sweet!!! Seventeen!!!

CHILTON. (*Coming down right to couch. Ditto business*) Serious seventeen! (*All laugh.*)

PENDLETON. (*Comes down right and front of table. Ditto business*) Innocent—exquisite seventeen!!!

JIMMY. (*Left, eager to get away from the "teasers"*) Come, Pollyanna!

POLLYANNA. Wait— (*Starts to dash off with him.*)

PENDLETON. No, no, no—— (*Stops and holds her.*) *Wait yourself—wait yourself—* Now that you've gladdened the hearts of Jimmy and me—two other old friends are waiting to greet you——

POLLYANNA. (*Quizzically*) *Two other old friends?*

(POLLYANNA *crosses right to MISS POLLY. JIMMY goes over right also.*)

PENDLETON. Yes—— (*Strides to door left, then turns and announces formally*) "*To you—from me—with love——*" (*Calls*) *Bleecker—the menagerie!*

BLEECKER'S VOICE. Yes, sir—right here, sir!

(*Enter BLEECKER lower left with huge SODOM on pillow and GOMORRAH stalking at his side. Laughter.*)

PENDLETON. (*Announcing. Faces POLLY and CHILTON.*) *Sodom and Gomorrah!* (*Goes to table.*)

POLLYANNA. (*Crosses to centre*) Why, they're elephants! Are you sure these *are* Sodom and Gomorrah, Bleecker?

BLEECKER. Yes, Miss—quite sure!

CHILTON. Sure they weren't mixed in their cradles, Bleecker?

BLEECKER. (*Solemnly*) Oh—positive, sir—positive!

POLLYANNA. (*Addressing cat*) Look at me, you self-satisfied, pompous old thing. Do you know me? *I'm Pollyanna.* The girl who picked you up from the ash-dump that day? Don't you remember? (*Then addressing dog*) Gomorrah? Do you remember me?

PENDLETON. For shame, ungrateful beast! Why, this is the young lady who risked her life to save your worthless neck!

POLLYANNA. (*Explosively. Stretching his mouth a bit to show his teeth, if possible*) Yes! He remembers—see! *He smiles!* He's glad!

CHILTON. (*Pointing to cat*) And the cat smiles—he's glad!

(*Warn curtain.*)

POLLY. (*Pointing to TOM's grinning face*) And you smile—you're glad!

(BLEECKER goes up left centre with dog and cat.)

CHILTON. And Polly smiles—— (*Points to POLLY'S smiling face*) *She's glad!*

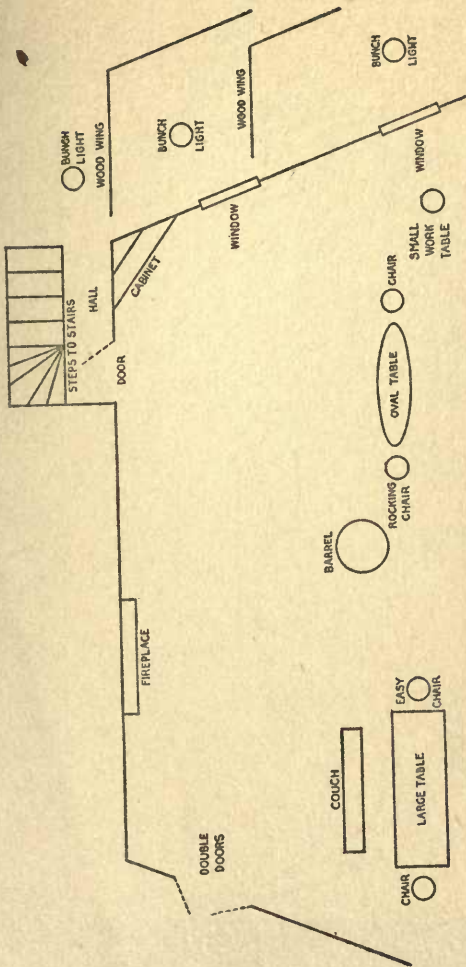
PENDLETON. *Good!* (*Indicates all smiling faces*) *We all smile—we're all glad!* (*Then louder*) *On—the game! The game! The game!* Let's play it!

POLLYANNA. *Good!* You first, beautiful King—what are you glad for?

PENDLETON. *Me?* I'm glad that a little child threw open the window of my heart, letting in the light, and changed a wilderness of hatred into a Garden of Love! What are you most glad for, Pollyanna!

POLLYANNA. (*Stepping forward*) I'm glad for a chance to *tell* about the glad game, for it can be played not only up here, but out there on the street and in the home. Anywhere—everywhere! Tomorrow, to-night, right here, now! (*Rapturously*) Oh's it's so worth while! (*Steps forward, hands out invitingly*) Won't you? Won't everybody?

CURTAIN



"POLLYANNA" ACT I

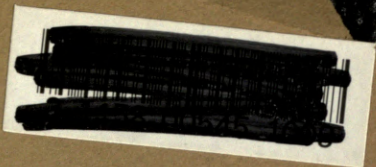
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