

POLLYANNA!

by
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POLLYANNA!

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POLLYANNA!

Pollyanna! is dedicated to the author of the original novel — which was published in 1913 — Eleanor H. Porter, who in writing of her time, provided a recipe for the future that we sorely need today.

Pollyannna provides a delicious recipe for pure positivity and how it affects all of us!

POLLYANNA!

CHARACTERS

The Principal Players, 5 M, 5 F

Aunt Polly - (40s) Jennie Harrington's younger sister, Pollyanna's aunt.

Nancy - (20s) The maid at the Harrington House.

Pollyanna Whittier - (11) Daughter of Rev. John Whittier and Jennie Harrington Whittier, now an orphan

Dr. Henry Chilton - (40s) New doctor in town, Aunt Polly's former beau

Mr. Pendleton - (40-50s) Gruff older gentleman, a former beau of Jennie's

Mrs. Snow - late (60s) A recluse neighbor with tons of ailments

Milly Snow - (40) Her dutiful daughter, takes care of her mother

Jimmy Bean - (12-13) Pollyanna's trusted friend

Dr. Warren - (60-70s) The Harrington family physician

Rev. Paul Ford - (50s) The downtrodden town minister

The Ensemble

Old Tom - (60s-70) Long time caretaker of the Harrington Estate

Timothy - (20s) Tom's son, also a caretaker, gardener

Minister's Wife - (50s)

Ladies of the Ladies Aid - (Various ages)

Store Clerk and Assistants - (Various ages)

Nora - (50s) Pendleton's Housekeeper

Little Girl on a bike

Neighborhood children

Mrs. Wagner - the music teacher

Townspeople - Non-speaking roles as desired

POLLYANNA!

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ACT I
SCENE 1

The Harrington Home
Early 1900s; mid-afternoon

Lights up on the kitchen. AUNT POLLY HARRINGTON wringing her hands, is worried about the arrival of her niece. NANCY is doing dishes, as instructed.

AUNT POLLY. Nancy! (*Enters the kitchen, NANCY cannot hear her because of the running water.*) Nancy, please! (*Louder.*) Nancy! Respond properly when I speak to you.

NANCY. Yes, Miss. (*Stops immediately.*) Sorry Miss. I was only trying to finish the chores before the big trip today. Don't want to be late for your...

AUNT POLLY. I don't need excuses, I need your undivided attention.

NANCY. Yes, Miss.

AUNT POLLY. Now then, you have cleared and cleaned the room in the back attic. Correct?

NANCY. Yes, Miss, but I'm afraid it's awful dusty and musty still... You said not to open the windows and I think with all the other rooms, the little girl might be more comfortable in the one next to yours.

AUNT POLLY. When on the job, Nancy, don't think, just do as I tell you, please. Thank you. Now then, when my eleven-year-old niece Pollyanna arrives on the train today, you are to bring her straight here.

NANCY. Well, isn't this exciting! A child in the house.

AUNT POLLY. I wouldn't say exciting, but I know my duty. As sure as the sun rises, my sister's child is my ward. And with her father gone, I can teach her how to be a proper Harrington.

POLLYANNA!

NANCY. I dare say it does put a smile on my face, just thinking about a little girl here.

AUNT POLLY. Enough said, Nancy. Old Tom will take you to the station to meet her now. The train arrives at 4 o'clock.

NANCY. Yes, Miss.

AUNT POLLY. Don't be late!

(NANCY grabs her coat and hat and exits. A steady rhythmic chugging of a train pulses under the following dialog. As the lights come up on the train where we meet POLLYANNA WHITTIER, seated and bouncing, jumping, lurching with the rhythm of the train at the excitement of each new sight along the way.)

CONDUCTOR. Harrington, New Hampshire. Next stop, Harrington! Have your tickets in hand.

POLLYANNA. Well, would you just look at all these beautiful things! The church steeple, now chiming and that tree, just meant to climb. I bet my Aunt Polly will bring me here one day. Almost there... The day is drawing nigh but tomorrow, will be my first day here. This will be my new home! I am so hopeful to make friends, and grateful to have family, real family. Look at that river! And that forest nearby.

CONDUCTOR. Tickets, tickets, please! Well, hello, young lady. It sounds like you are newly arriving!

POLLYANNA. Indeed I am.

CONDUCTOR. Well, may I be the first to welcome you. Visiting with relatives?

POLLYANNA. Harringtons. My mother's sister, Miss Polly Harrington.

CONDUCTOR. Well, then, you'll be well received, Miss. The town is named for your family. *(Exits down the aisle.)*

POLLYANNA. Harrington. Yes, I imagine it is. I hope Aunt Polly takes to me. Father always said, you never get a second chance to make a first impression. *(The train wheels screech as it comes to a halt. Pollyanna is jumping with excitement.)*

CONDUCTOR. Harrington, New Hampshire. This stop, Harrington! *(To Pollyanna.)* Have a great visit Miss. I am sure you will like it here.

POLLYANNA!

SCENE 2

At the train station. Lights and sound shift. A train whistle is blaring.

OLD TOM. I bet Pollyanna is quite a character. A very enthusiastic age.
NANCY. Yes. I find it a godsend to have a young heart bring joy to Aunt Polly's world.

OLD TOM. (*Laughing.*) Ha, ha! Give your job a few more months, Nancy, you'll see what Polly Harrington is made of! She's got a heart of stone... and that's a compliment, saying she even has one. Some say her heart was broken when her sister Jennie left. She was quite fond of her. Maybe that's why she's taking her daughter in... who knows what's in her head.

NANCY. Has Miss Polly ever had a beau?

OLD TOM. Well, once, I reckon. A fine man, too. No one knows what happens when a stubborn head get the best of people. No never mind to me.

NANCY. It's sad. I mean to not love anyone... ever.

OLD TOM. It is what it is. Polly Harrington is a good woman, just a hard woman. There she is! Look at the spunk in her.

NANCY. She is beautiful!

OLD TOM. Wouldn't you know it, Pollyanna is the spittin' image of her mother as a young girl.

NANCY. (*Calling to her.*) Pollyanna!

OLD TOM. Pollyanna!

POLLYANNA. Aunt Polly! Oh, Aunt Polly! And you must be Old Tom! So great to see you!

NANCY. Pollyanna, I'm not...

POLLYANNA. Funny thing... My journey seems to have ended, but yet it's just beginning. Like everything. My daddy used to say there's always going to be a new beginning. I miss him terribly. Still, I am truly so glad to meet you, Aunt Polly. My mother spoke so fondly of you! Of the whole Harrington family!

NANCY. Pollyanna, I'm not your Aunt Polly. I am her servant. I came to fetch you. My name is Nancy. And I am heartily glad to meet you! (*Gives*

POLLYANNA!

Pollyanna a big hug as they jump on the wagon.) Welcome to Harrington, Pollyanna.

POLLYANNA. Thank you, but...Where's Aunt Polly?

OLD TOM. You'll meet her soon enough... I've been the family grounds keeper since your mother was big as you. An' you look just like her!

NANCY. Pollyanna, one thing about your aunt... She's little reserved.

POLLYANNA. Reserved?

NANCY. She's not used to children...

POLLYANNA. I can fix that! I can't wait to meet her! Do you have any idea what it's like for an orphan to find family! A real family! I could burst I'm so excited.

NANCY. Oh no, for the love of blue mud, you mustn't do that!

OLD TOM. Why not tell us about your train trip?

NANCY. Yes, meet anyone exciting?

POLLYANNA. Yes! I did! I met several wonderful people. And they are all are in my autobiography! It's called "The Life of Pollyanna." You see, I'm writing it now, a bit at a time. It seems so silly to wait 'til I'm old and have to try to remember it. Besides I love to write, it makes me feel like I'm flying. You know, I admire the birds and the butterflies, even bugs and bees. I so wish I could fly— every time I see an open window. (*Taking in the beauty of the scene.*) Just look around here... there is so much fresh air. I could faint! (*The wagon arrives at Harrington House. Pollyanna jumps off and runs into the garden.*)

OLD TOM. Well, here we are! The Harrington Estate!

NANCY. Please, let's not keep Aunt Polly waiting. She is quite strict on that! Children should never keep the elders waiting; she says it shows disrespect!

POLLYANNA. (*Squealing with joy.*) Oh my goodness, would you look at God's glory! She is richer than I ever imagined. (*Lights shift to inside of the house.*)

AUNT POLLY. So, this is our little Pollyanna! (*Pollyanna rushes forward and hugs Aunt Polly fiercely without any warning.*)

NANCY. (Simultaneously) No! Pollyanna, wait!

OLD TOM. (Simultaneously)'Taint best Pollyanna, you'll upset your Aunt...

POLLYANNA!

POLLYANNA. Oh, Aunt Polly! It feels like years and years and years... I've been waiting to meet you and you are just as pretty as I pictured you. I hope you like my red gingham dress, not much to choose from in the missionary barrel. It's so lovely here. My father was right, he thought that everything was... Well, you know he's gone to heaven to be with Mother and the angels, and it was hard to be glad about that, but he taught me...

AUNT POLLY. Stop right there, young lady. I care not at all what your father thought, and I will not allow you to speak about him in my house. Now, come along, follow me silently to your room. *(Lights shift as they ascend the stairs to the attic. Pollyanna pauses to admire the carpets and beautiful home decor, then hurries to catch up with Aunt Polly.)*

POLLYANNA. Do you own all this?

AUNT POLLY. Hush, child. Come along.

POLLYANNA. Sorry, Aunt Polly. *(Beat.)* I do say you must be terribly rich.

AUNT POLLY. I dare say I am blessed. I have had good fortune, but wouldn't say terribly rich. *(They continue up, and Pollyanna's excitement is almost dampened by the fact that they turn on to a second flight of stairs, this one uncarpeted. They arrive in the attic. It's a warm, bare room, and Pollyanna instantly sees it as familiar—she shared very simple living quarters with her father in California.)*

POLLYANNA. It's lovely, and warm, and reminds me so of the room father and I shared. Umm, I...

AUNT POLLY. Settle yourself. Nonetheless Pollyanna, it's good to have a Harrington in my home again, even if you are only half Harrington. Dinner will be promptly at six. You will hear the bell. Do not be late. I realize it's a little musty up here, but please do not open the windows yet. There are no screens and the flies cannot be allowed to enter as they carry vicious germs, you know. But given the opportunity, they surely will, like most creatures. So, wait for the screens please.

(Aunt Polly exits. Pollyanna puts her things down, then looks about almost dancing. Nancy enters.)

POLLYANNA. Why Nancy! How lovely see you. I have my very own room. Do you believe it? Aunt Polly says I cannot open the windows yet,

POLLYANNA!

but it is awfully dusty. Don't you think? I think she has a bad side for the flies.

NANCY. Yes, best to listen to her. Listen to her to the letter. Still, it is hot up here. I will talk to Old Tom about the screens. Is that your book?

POLLYANNA. Yes, Nancy. (*Picks it up and a photograph drops out of it.*) Look! This is my father. Isn't he so very handsome? I enjoy looking at him every day. I can see why my mother left here and followed him. But I won't speak of him around Aunt Polly. I see that it is forbidden. I don't dare to ever make her cross about that again. I know she was angry because he took my mother away from her.

NANCY. Pollyanna, I just came up to give you this... (*Pulls an old rag doll from her pocket.*) It was mine, so it's a bit used but I wanted to give you a welcome gift.

POLLYANNA. Why Nancy, she's lovely. (*Hugs her*) What is her name?

NANCY. I called her Miss Dolly, but you can think of a better name, I am sure. I just want you to know that am here to help whenever you me, but for now I must get back to work. Don't be late for supper. And don't open the window. (*As Nancy exits, Pollyanna holds her father's photograph to her heart.*)

POLLYANNA. (*Calls after her.*) Thank you, Nancy! (*To the photograph.*) Father, oh father, I remember the day, I was four years old, I so longed for a doll from the mission barrel. I even told the women at the Ladies Aid, but I guess... Do you remember I got that broken crutch? You taught me to be glad and to think of glad things, like being glad I didn't have a broken leg. Then you smiled, and my tears soon stopped. But look now, Daddy. I have a doll. It's worn, torn and ragged... but it's mine. (*Lights fade on Pollyanna and come up on Aunt Polly.*)

AUNT POLLY. They say when a door closes, a window opens. But not for flies! It's funny how things come back to us when we least expect them. This is nothing more than duty! There's no time for silly thoughts! (*Blackout.*)

POLLYANNA!

SCENE 3

The dining room. Aunt Polly sits eating her dinner. Pollyanna is late and could be seen on a split-stage unpacking, then opening and climbing out of her window.

AUNT POLLY. *(To Nancy.)* No, YOU will not get Pollyanna! She is late and there are consequences!

NANCY. Yes, but it's...

AUNT POLLY. Enough Nancy! If she going to be known as a Harrington she must act like a Harrington.

NANCY. Yes, but it's only her first day here, Miss... *(Suffers this tirade until dismissed.)*

AUNT POLLY. We cannot let a child lead. There must be order and rules and when they are broken... We must be fair but firm, otherwise she'll never learn. That's the only way to improve. Look what happened with my sister, she was wild, acting like a child, never realized she was the older one. She set the stage for my discipline... No boys! No noise! And I am glad, because this is what it takes to be successful. Look at this estate, I am happy. Your job here makes you happy. Right? If I'd have been footloose and fancy free, I wouldn't have been here for my parents when they needed me. I tell you, like I always say, it's all about duty. Once we accept that, only then are we free to be happy. You may go now.

(Blackout.)

SCENE 4

Exterior grounds of Harrington House. Pollyanna, after we see her putting away her things, sneaks out the window and into the evening air. She is shimmying down the tree, enjoying herself immensely; and then she runs to lay down on the grass. Nancy runs up, out of breath, calling for her.

NANCY. Pollyanna!

POLLYANNA. Nancy! Glad you could join me in this beautiful evening air. Why look at the sunset! It is breathtaking.

POLLYANNA!

NANCY. Yes, but you missed supper.

POLLYANNA. Yes, Nancy.

NANCY. You missed the privilege of a hot supper.

POLLYANNA. Yes, I lost track of time. I must apologize to my aunt at once.

NANCY. Aunt Polly's rules. Now you can only have bread and milk.

POLLYANNA. Bread and milk! What a treat! I love bread and milk.

NANCY. Don't you care to know what you missed? You're not at all curious?

POLLYANNA. (*Shaking her head.*) Not really.

NANCY. But you are sorry?

POLLYANNA. Of course. But I was getting so sad. I decided to play a little game father taught me. When I looked out the window and saw all this, I had to be a part of it all. Father even made a song for the game, the Glad Rag; and we'd sing when our world went wrong. I know I can't help feeling how I'm feeling when I'm feeling it. Of course, I still miss my mother and father, but this is the game that turns it all, the game that can make you feel glad again. The glad game.

NANCY. The glad game?

POLLYANNA. Yes, the glad game! Bad times, sad feelings will fade away. You first have to think "Is there something I can be glad about?" Ask yourself. There must be something! Then when you find something, when you think about it... You start feeling glad again. Then you have to say aloud, "It's a glad rag day." It makes you feel good just to say it. I'm no longer sad, I'm glad. And soon you'll feel it, in your heart and then your whole body will chase away those blues, if you choose to be glad again.

NANCY. Why, Pollyanna, that sounds wonderful! I will have to try it!

POLLYANNA. Yes! Please do. (*Blackout.*)

SCENE 5

The next morning at breakfast, several flies are buzzing around. Aunt Polly is not pleased. Pollyanna, Nancy and Aunt Polly all sit in awkward silence as the lights come up.

POLLYANNA!

AUNT POLLY. Nancy, where did these flies come from?

POLLYANNA. Umm... Aunt Polly...

AUNT POLLY. Don't speak until spoken to, Pollyanna.

POLLYANNA. But Aunt Polly...

AUNT POLLY. Pollyanna!

NANCY. I don't know, ma'am.

POLLYANNA. I reckon they are my flies, Aunt Polly. When I woke up this morning, there were lots of them having a beautiful time upstairs in my room.

AUNT POLLY. Yours? What do you mean? Where did they come from?

POLLYANNA. They came in from the garden, of course, through the window. I saw them come in.

AUNT POLLY. You saw them! You mean you raised those windows without any screens?

POLLYANNA. Yes.

AUNT POLLY. *(To Nancy.)* Nancy, you may set the muffins down and go at once to Miss Pollyanna's room and shut the windows. Shut the doors also. Later when your morning work is done, go through every room with the swatter. See that you make a thorough search.

NANCY. Yes, Miss. *(Exits.)*

AUNT POLLY. Pollyanna, I have ordered screens for those windows. I knew, of course, that it was my duty to do that. But it seems that you have quite forgotten YOUR duty.

POLLYANNA. My duty?

AUNT POLLY. Certainly. I know it is warm, but I considered it your duty to keep your windows closed 'til the screens had come. You were told. Flies, Pollyanna, are not only unclean and annoying, but very dangerous to our health. I will give you a pamphlet to read on this matter.

POLLYANNA. To read? Oh, thank you, Aunt Polly. I love to read! And I'm sorry about the duty I forgot. I won't raise the windows again. *(Aunt Polly gets up from the table and goes to the library. Pollyanna follows her as she fetches the pamphlet. Aunt Polly turns to go and is startled by Pollyanna's presence there behind her. She hands her the pamphlet.)*

AUNT POLLY. This is the article. After a quiet breakfast, I desire for you to go to your room and read it. *(They return to the table momentarily.)*

POLLYANNA!

POLLYANNA. (*Delighted.*) Thank you for this pamphlet, Aunt Polly! May I be excused now?

AUNT POLLY. Yes. Read your pamphlet then we must sort through your things today and see what we can donate to the mission barrel.

POLLYANNA. Me? Donate? But whatever will I wear?

AUNT POLLY. We will go into the dress shop in town and find you a suitable wardrobe.

POLLYANNA. You mean “new clothes?”

AUNT POLLY. Yes, of course! You’re a Harrington now, and that means something to the people of this town. Pollyanna, you have to dress respectably. I know you may be fond of some the things you were given by The Ladies Aid, and we are both grateful but...

POLLYANNA. Oh, Aunt Polly, I am grateful because they kept me warm, but to tell you the truth, I’m really not fond of any of them. I know they are mostly too big for me. And I am truly grateful that you want to take me to get clothes. I imagine if I’m going to be your niece, I’d best dress the part.

AUNT POLLY. Why Pollyanna, whatever do you mean by that?

POLLYANNA. Aunt Polly, I am very grateful and glad to be here. And I think you are glad that I’m here. And that makes me glad to know that me being here makes you glad. But I realize that those dresses are shabby and that that makes you unhappy. So, I am glad to get new things so that you can get glad again.

AUNT POLLY. Oh, Pollyanna. The way you think! It’s extraordinary!

POLLYANNA. Why, thank you!

AUNT POLLY. Now run along, read your pamphlet. I will be up soon.

POLLYANNA. Yes, Aunt Polly. (*She skips out of the room as the lights fade.*)

SCENE 6

Later that morning in the attic, Aunt Polly goes through Pollyanna’s wardrobe.

POLLYANNA!

AUNT POLLY. Oh my, Pollyanna, these garments were made for anyone but you.

POLLYANNA. Umm... well... at least my undergarments are the right size! Imagine if I lost my bloomers in public!

AUNT POLLY. Is this really the best of them?

POLLYANNA. I'm wearing the best.

AUNT POLLY. We can donate everything. I'll have Nancy take it all to the mission barrel. Today we will go into town and have you fitted for some proper dresses. Then we will talk about your schedule.

POLLYANNA. Schedule? What schedule?

AUNT POLLY. (*Ignoring her question.*) Remember Pollyanna, you must be still, be modest, and be patient while they alter your dresses. A true Harrington would exhibit these qualities everywhere.

POLLYANNA. But I'm only half-Harrington.

AUNT POLLY. Half or whole, Pollyanna, you must learn how to live.

POLLYANNA. Learn how to live! Why isn't that what I am doing right now?

AUNT POLLY. You'll understand soon. There's more to life than just surviving. There's a right way to live and a wrong way.

POLLYANNA. How do you know which is which?

AUNT POLLY. You must learn! Nancy will give you cooking lessons on Monday mornings, and I will give you sewing lessons on Tuesday mornings. On Wednesday you will have piano, and on Thursday mornings you will read aloud to me—at least until you go to school in the Fall.

POLLYANNA. That sounds wonderful, Aunt Polly, but you haven't left me much time at all just to-- to live! To climb the hills and watch the clouds! To ride on a horse into the woods or dig in the dirt of the garden with Old Tom-- who promises to give me a green thumb. Do really think the grass will rub off on my fingers?

AUNT POLLY. (*Laughing.*) Oh Pollyanna, I am certain you will make time for all that as well.

POLLYANNA. And I must have time to meet people. To make new friends. That's my specialty. Once I make friends, then can help them be glad if they get sad... That's my favorite thing to do. My father taught me

...

POLLYANNA!

AUNT POLLY. *(Clears her throat and cuts her off)* Come now, let's not keep Old Tom waiting. He's going to take us into town to the dress shop. It's not polite to keep grown-ups waiting. *(Lights crossfade to outside.)*

SCENE 7

Tom has driven Aunt Polly and Pollyanna into town, and has left them off at a crossroads. As they walk down the street towards the dress shop, Pollyanna sees a dignified gentleman and greets him. It is PENDLETON. He walks past them and grumbles. He does not even look at her.

POLLYANNA. Oh, hello there, sir.

AUNT POLLY. Pollyanna. Come along. Don't talk to strangers. You will meet the people I want you to meet soon enough.

POLLYANNA. Old Tom knows him. He says he used to be a close friend of the family. Says he's very sad and lonely now. I think he looks friendly enough. Oh, I hope I have chance to help him get glad again. It's very hard being sad. If you ask me, that's not living! Tell me, Aunt Polly, if he was friend of the family...

AUNT POLLY. Trust me. He's not. Soon you will learn there are two kinds of people in this world. Men and mice. Now, come. We have an appointment with the dressmakers. *(Pollyanna stops suddenly as she sees something in the window of the newspaper office. She is mesmerized by the rhythm of the printing press. Aunt Polly's first reaction is frustration because she is holding them up, but then melts when she sees the girl's genuine fascination. She agrees that the machine is very satisfying to watch.)*

POLLYANNA. Oh my! Is that a printing press?

AUNT POLLY. Yes. It is quite an invention. *(Enter DR. CHILTON. He has moved in behind them, and chimes in.)*

CHILTON. I agree, it is quite a fascinating invention. Are you a writer, Miss?

POLLYANNA. Oh yes, I am a writer. How did you know?

POLLYANNA!

CHILTON. You sound like a writer. Have you penned anything I may have read?

POLLYANNA. Well, no, I don't think so, but I've started on my autobiography already so that I don't forget all the exciting people, places, and things along my way.

CHILTON. Why what a clever idea! I'm Dr. Chilton, I'm an old friend of your Aunt Polly. How are you, Polly? Nice to see you. You look so well. Could this lovely young lady be your niece? The whole town is talking about her.

AUNT POLLY. (*Angered.*) Pollyanna, come along. We have an appointment!

POLLYANNA. But Aunt Polly this very handsome gentleman is complimenting you! And he's talking to me...

AUNT POLLY. I can hear that Pollyanna. We have an appointment. Let's go. (*She enters the dress shop with Pollyanna in tow.*)

POLLYANNA. (*To Aunt Polly.*) Why am I not permitted to speak to *that man*, Aunt Polly? He looks like the kind of man you would like. He's certainly not a mouse. He's a doctor, so I imagine he must be very smart. And he was so very friendly to us both. So familiar, I felt like I knew him. (*Pause. Aunt Polly is still and lost in her memories.*) Aunt Polly, why Aunt Polly! Why are you trembling. Your hands are shaking. Are you alright?

AUNT POLLY. What? No. No, I'm fine.

POLLYANNA. Are you afraid of that man?

AUNT POLLY. No, Pollyanna. I am not afraid. He's just not a very good doctor, that's why we have Dr. Warren. Now put your attention to the task at hand. We are here to get a new wardrobe for you. (*Sighs heavily.*) Don't speak about things that are not your concern.

POLLYANNA. Oh my, Aunt Polly these dresses are so lovely!

AUNT POLLY. Excuse me, Miss. This is my niece, Pollyanna. Can we try this one on?

STORE CLERK. Nice to see you, Miss Harrington, and a pleasure to meet you, Pollyanna. You know, your Aunt Polly keeps the Harrington in the name Harrington!

AUNT POLLY. Thank you. (*The STORE CLERK holds up dress after dress. POLLYANNA chooses a few two try on. AUNT POLLY approves*

POLLYANNA!

them.)

STORE CLERK. These ones are quite lovely.

POLLYANNA. Yes, they are all quite lovely. I do like your store.

STORE CLERK. Let me leave you two alone to decide. The fitting room is in the rear of the shop, I'll take these and wait for you to select the others if you like.

AUNT POLLY. Very well. Thank you, Miss. *(To Pollyanna)* Look at this dress, Pollyanna. If they don't have the bloomers to match, we can run to the dry goods store. These dressmakers know the Harrington family well and are always quite accommodating. They will make them for you. Let's try this one on too. Pollyanna? Pollyanna? *(Flabbergasted, Aunt Polly see that Pollyanna has run outside to talk with Chilton again. He just finished getting a shoeshine across the street, as Pendleton approaches him with a newspaper in hand. Aunt Polly rushes out after Pollyanna, catching her before anyone sees she has left the dress shop. Mortified, Aunt Polly quietly scolds her niece. We see a humbled, yet dismayed Pollyanna sheepishly comply as she marches her into the dressing room. Lights shift outside to the street where we see Chilton and Pendleton talking.)*

PENDLETON. Chilton, was that Polly Harrington? Who is that young girl with her?

CHILTON. I'm not sure, I tried to ask to them, but Polly pulled her away.

PENDLETON. I heard gossip about her adopting her niece.

CHILTON. I have no idea, Polly hasn't quite forgiven me and won't speak.

PENDLETON. Could it be Jenny's daughter?

CHILTON. Could be. She did resemble her a little.

PENDLETON. I think she resembles her a lot. I would like to find out. I heard the little girl is an orphan now. Her father recently passed away as well.

CHILTON. Yes, poor child. She seems very good-natured for all she's been through.

(Crossfade to back inside the store.)

AUNT POLLY. *(Ushering Pollyanna out from dressing room and to the store clerks at the counter.)* We'll take these three.

STORE CLERK. *(Taking the dresses.)* Pollyanna, these are the finest.

POLLYANNA!

Your Aunt Polly has impeccable taste in fashion.

AUNT POLLY. Why thank you. And thank you for all of your help today.

STORE CLERK. (*Wrapping up the parcels.*) Oh, it was our pleasure, Miss Harrington. Pollyanna — you're the perfect size — you won't even need any alterations.

POLLYANNA. Yes, thank you. This is truly a treat for me.

STORE CLERK. Miss Harrington, you must be proud, your Pollyanna is a model child.

AUNT POLLY. On the outside, but she still needs a little work on the inside.

STORE CLERK. Thank you again. And have a wonderful day.

AUNT POLLY. Yes, you too.

POLLYANNA. Aunt Polly, whatever did you mean by that? That I need work on the inside.

AUNT POLLY. We will speak about this at home!

POLLYANNA. Aunt Polly, please. I'm sorry to have run out like that but I feel like that man, the doctor, is someone that we... I need to know...

AUNT POLLY. I said, we will speak about this at home. (*Blackout.*)

SCENE 8

Later that night, Pollyanna's bedroom, getting into bed,

POLLYANNA. Oh, Aunt Polly, thank you for my clothes. You have no idea just how grateful I am. I have never owned anything new. Everything is lovely. I just don't know what to say...

AUNT POLLY. Well, you seem to be finding the words for something! As you always do.

POLLYANNA. You are a truly wonderful person. I am sorry about running out of the dress shop, but that man, well, he seemed to be awfully fond of you. I think he really wanted to talk to you. And there was something very warm and sincere about him. And the other man, there seemed to be something about him as well, although not the same.

POLLYANNA!

AUNT POLLY. Enough!

POLLYANNA. Please don't be angry with me, Aunt Polly.

AUNT POLLY. There's an old saying. *Children should be seen and not heard.* Although I don't believe in it fully, there could be truth in it.

POLLYANNA. Aunt Polly, whatever do you mean by that?

AUNT POLLY. I admit I knew my duty when they contacted me about you. It wasn't easy for me, but... When I got the letter about your fa... er... unfortunate circumstances, I must admit that I was, and still am, a bit uncertain about how to raise a little girl. I will do my best, Pollyanna. Adults have private affairs, and I cannot and will not share mine with you. It isn't healthy for you. So please, trust my judgment on people, places, and things. I've lived here my whole life.

POLLYANNA. Yes, ma'am. Oh, Aunt Polly, and I promise I won't be any trouble to you at all. Those women back home, the Ladies Aiders, all said they wished they could adopt me.

AUNT POLLY. I can just imagine... You remind me so much of your mother. To tell you my heart's truth, it is wonderful and warm to have family here with me again.

POLLYANNA. Good night, Aunt Polly. I love you.

(Aunt Polly exits without a word. Blackout.)

SCENE 9

Later that night, Pollyanna can't sleep, because it's too hot in her room. She finds her way outside, with a pillow to sleep on the lower roof, just outside Aunt Polly's window.

POLLYANNA. *(To herself.)* Thank you, stars, for shining down on me tonight. I'm so glad the screens didn't come. I wouldn't have had this chance to see you.

Crossfade as the scene shifts to Aunt Polly in her bedroom. She awakened by the noise Pollyanna is making on the roof outside of her window and worries that there is a burglar. She calls for Old Tom and Timothy on the intercom phone to come and have a look.

POLLYANNA!

AUNT POLLY. Timothy! Timothy! Get your father and come up quick! Bring lanterns! Somebody is on the roof of the side porch! (*Pacing, talking to herself.*)

They must have climbed up the rose trellis! He's certainly full of thorns and probably in a nasty state of mind. Oh, I hope he doesn't try to get in through the attic! I should lock the door down here! But Pollyanna... Oh no! I hope he hasn't harmed her.

OLD TOM. (*Enters, out of breath.*) Yes, Miss Polly. You alright? Gave us all a bit of a scare.

AUNT POLLY. Hurry, Tom. There's a burglar. He was on the roof there. He may have come in through the attic by now. Hurry! Pollyanna is alone up there. Should I call the police?

OLD TOM. Not just yet. Timothy is on the ladder. I'll go out the window here. I see something there. (*Comes back through the window with Pollyanna. Both are laughing.*) Here is your burglar!

AUNT POLLY. Why, Pollyanna! (*Too relieved to be angry.*) I thought you were a burglar!

POLLYANNA. Oh, Aunt Polly, it was too dreadfully hot to sleep in my room. So, I went out the window onto the roof...

AUNT POLLY. Of all the extraordinary children... (*To Old Tom.*) Thank you, Tom. Thank your son for me as well.

OLD TOM. Yes, Miss Polly. The screens should arrive tomorrow. I'll put them in at once.

POLLYANNA. You'll be glad to know I closed the window behind me so the flies can't carry germs into the house on their feet.

AUNT POLLY. Goodnight Tom.

TOM. (*Exiting.*) Goodnight.

POLLYANNA. (*Dashing off to the attic.*) So sorry, Aunt Polly. Good night!

AUNT POLLY. (*Calling after her.*) Pollyanna!

POLLYANNA. (*Returns expecting reprimand.*) Yes, Aunt Polly?

AUNT POLLY. For the rest of the night, you are to sleep in my bed with me. The screens for the attic windows will be here tomorrow, but until then I consider it my duty to keep you safe. (*Pollyanna's eyes light up as*

POLLYANNA!

she smiles. Blackout.)

SCENE 10

Lights up in the kitchen. Nancy and Pollyanna are discussing a basket of treats for Mrs. Snow, a disgruntled neighbor who has a variety of afflictions.

NANCY. Are you sure you want to go alone?

POLLYANNA. Yes, of course, Nancy.

NANCY. Mrs. Snow can be a handful.

POLLYANNA. Nancy, if Mrs. Snow is Aunt Polly's friend, then why doesn't she want to visit her?

NANCY. Oh heavens, they are not friends... your Aunt Polly simply considers this her duty. I'm not sure your Aunt Polly has or wants any friends.

POLLYANNA. Duty. Hmmm. I don't think I like that word. Friendship is a much nicer word.

NANCY. In any case, Mrs. Snow can be a lot. And then there's her daughter, Milly... I planned on going with you the first couple trips. Are you sure you don't need my help?

POLLYANNA. I don't, but thank you, Nancy. It seems such a wonderful challenge.

NANCY. Not especially wonderful when she smiles and pretends to be dissatisfied.

POLLYANNA. What a funny woman she seems; quite different from anyone I know... and I enjoy different folks.

NANCY. Well, I put Lamb's Broth in the basket, and I see you've added calf-foot's jelly.

POLLYANNA. Maybe this will give her a choice of what to be disgruntled about!

(They share a laugh as Pollyanna gathers the parcels and runs off with the basket. She greets the passersby spreading joy and glee. Her enthusiasm for life is contagious.)

POLLYANNA!

POLLYANNA. Good morning! I'm your new neighbor! Pollyanna! I'm Miss Harrington's niece! Have a wonderful day! I am off to Mrs. Snow to possibly cheer her.

NEIGHBOR 1. Where is Nancy? Did she quit?

POLLYANNA. Oh, heavens no! I'm running errands for her. And I'm glad to be of help! Good day!

NEIGHBOR 2. So you're a Harrington?

POLLYANNA. Yes, half Harrington. My mother was...

NEIGHBOR 2. I knew your mother. We played together as young girls. I really miss her. She was a very nice person. Surprised that she left her family though... We were all surprised.

POLLYANNA. Yes, well I best be off. Have a swell day!

NEIGHBOR 3. Why aren't you in school young lady!

POLLYANNA. I will be soon. I just arrived! My Aunt Polly is going to register me tomorrow. We had to get new clothes for me first. School starts next week, and I can't wait. I love school and I love to read. I'm writing a book, you know.

NEIGHBOR 3. Ah yes! A true Harrington. You'll probably be in school your whole life.

POLLYANNA. Whatever do you mean?

NEIGHBOR 3. You'll see soon enough. Those Harringtons are lifelong learners.

(A LITTLE GIRL rides by on a bike and circles Pollyanna.)

POLLYANNA. Well, hello! I'm Pollyanna. You look near my age! Do you live nearby?

LITTLE GIRL. Yes, I do. I'm Rebecca Westerly and I'm almost ten.

POLLYANNA. Almost my age! We can have lots of fun adventures—but first, I'm off to Mrs. Snow's house. I am going to teach her the Glad Game.

LITTLE GIRL. What's the Glad Game?

POLLYANNA. Too much to say for now, come by this way tomorrow and I'll explain the whole thing. Bye now, Rebecca!

LITTLE GIRL. Bye Pollyanna! *(Exiting)* See you soon! *(They all disperse as Pendleton passes.)*

POLLYANNA. Bye! *(Calling out.)* Hey there, Mr. Pendleton. Old Tom

POLLYANNA!

told me you were once a friend of my family before you became sad... I am Polly Harrington's niece! My name is Pollyanna. I'm off to visit Mrs. Snow. She's sick in bed. I could visit you too if you like! I can teach you a little game that can maybe help you with... *(Pendleton ignores her, and hurries away. The scene shifts to the small home of MRS. SNOW, a bedridden woman who tends to wallow in her misfortune. Pollyanna arrives, knocks and waits. Her daughter, MILLY answers the door, dour-faced, and reluctant, letting Pollyanna in.)*

POLLYANNA. Good morning, Milly. How is your mother today?

MILLY. Where is Nancy?

POLLYANNA. Oh, she's quite busy today! Yet, I am sure she misses her chat with you. Someday you must come visit us.

MILLY. *(Now somewhat cheerful)* Oh, yes, that would be nice... If only Mother weren't so difficult... *(Pollyanna starts in ahead, but Milly takes the lead and brings her into MRS. SNOW who is sitting in her bed moaning and groaning.)*

POLLYANNA. Good morning, Mrs. Snow! You look lovely today. Let's open these curtains and perhaps the window as well. Fresh air is so good for the spirit.

(Pollyanna opens the curtains, and Milly follows behind trying to close them, but Mrs. Snow shoos Milly out.)

MRS. SNOW. I don't think those windows open, or maybe they do not have screens... whatever it is, best not...

POLLYANNA. Wait till you see what Aunt Polly sent for you today! *(Reaches in her bag and pulls out a hand mirror and a brush.)* A wonderful boar's hair bristle brush and a looking glass.

MRS. SNOW. Whatever for?

POLLYANNA. Well, to brush your hair of course. Did you know that brushing the hair stimulates the scalp, and stimulating the scalp actually helps you think good thoughts... healthy thoughts! I think it can even make sad feelings go away. Whenever I brush my hair, I feel glad.

MRS. SNOW. Whatever for?

POLLYANNA. Well, I'm glad that I have hair to brush! That I'm not balding like some people... Why, they never get to feel the joy of brushing their hair. *(They share a short laugh.)*

POLLYANNA!

MRS. SNOW. And what's the looking glass for?

POLLYANNA. So, you can see just how pretty you are after I fix your hair. Your hair goes perfect with your eyes, you know. Oh, you really should put your hair up, Mrs. Snow. Maybe I can do it for you? (*Hums a song while she brushes Mrs. Snow's hair.*) Wow, I wish I had hair this lovely!

MRS. SNOW. I used to sing once. When I was younger, healthy and full of life.

POLLYANNA. Sing for us now please.

MRS. SNOW. I used to sing for my beau because he sang for me. I'd almost forgotten that.

POLLYANNA. Well then, sing for me now.

MRS. SNOW. No, no. (*Shakes her head.*) I'm afraid it's too much for me.

POLLYANNA. Then I shall sing for you. (*Starts singing "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree" (public domain) and Mrs. Snow starts to faintly hum along with her. The lights fade as they smile.*)

SCENE 11

Later that night, lights come back up on Harrington House. Pollyanna's bedroom. Aunt Polly is tucking her in.

POLLYANNA. Aunt Polly, I think Mrs. Snow would be really glad to see you.

AUNT POLLY. Yes, well. Mrs. Snow is a very bitter woman, and I don't think I can bear her bitterness just now.

POLLYANNA. Why do you think people become bitter? She wasn't always bitter, was she?

AUNT POLLY. No, Pollyanna. Not always. Sadness can cripple and change people. She has experienced more than her fair share of rough times... Like losing her husband, falling ill, and losing her husband's income-- he died at an early age, they hadn't had much time to save. She now depends on Milly for everything.

POLLYANNA. Well, she's just got to find something to be glad about

POLLYANNA!

now. I so love making others happy... Kinda like your duty you speak of, but I just like it. Maybe Mrs. Snow will get glad about my visits!

AUNT POLLY. (*Amused*) Maybe. Now you best get some rest. Tomorrow morning will come early.

POLLYANNA. Aunt Polly, what an odd thing to say! Tomorrow morning can't come early or late-- it simply comes.

AUNT POLLY. (*Laughs*) Yes, Pollyanna. Now sleep.

POLLYANNA. Goodnight, Aunt Polly.

AUNT POLLY. Goodnight Pollyanna. (*She leaves the room, but stops on the stairs, as if to return, but instead waits — listening, hears Pollyanna praying.*)

POLLY. (*Kneels and prays heartfully.*) Dear God, Thank you for all of these blessings. I mean, so many wonderful people here, and my Aunt Polly. I really do love her, and I even like her. I think in a small way I am like her. But maybe not. I can tell she loves me. She sees my mom in me. I understand why she's angry at my dad. I'd probably be angry too if someone took my sister away. Aunt Polly will get glad again. I just have to teach her how. I wish I knew why she's so sore with Dr. Chilton. I bet you that they'd make a great couple. Maybe they could kinda be like my parents. I wouldn't mind it. I wouldn't mind it at all. I think Aunt Polly will come around, especially with a little nudge from you. Anyhow, I'd better get to sleep. Busy schedule these days. Oh, one last thing. Bless whoever gets my stuff from the mission barrel, God. Please take care of all the little orphan children, and especially those that don't have a home and a warm bed. If I can ever help, God, let me know. Thanks again. Amen. (*Pollyanna climbs into bed. Aunt Polly is quite overcome with emotion as the lights fade to black.*)

SCENE 12

The next day. Lights up on Pollyanna coming out the door of her music teacher's house. She skips down the walkway, stops and turns seeing MRS. WAGNER waving, she smiles.

POLLYANNA!

POLLYANNA. Thank, you Mrs. Wagner. The lesson was wonderful today. I think I'm starting to understand how music is made.

MRS. WAGNER. Thank you, Pollyanna. You are a wonderful student with a song in your heart! *(Pollyanna skips a little further and sees Pendleton. He hurries off, but Pollyanna is not offended; she knows she will see him again and will eventually get to know him. She calls after him.)*

POLLYANNA. Hello there, Mr. Pendleton. I know you can hear me. I look forward to seeing you again. Maybe we can chat. Isn't it lovely weather today? Have a good day. *(To herself.)* Someday, some way... he'll come around. He does seem very lonely. But there's a soft spot in him... like a little lost kitten. What's that? *(She hears a cat meowing. Pollyanna bends down to look under a hedge, she holds up a kitten.)* Well speaking of it! Hi there, little kitty. Awww. Where's your momma? Let's see if we can find her. *(She hugs the cat as she skips toward home.)* Well. Looks like I'll just have to adopt you, little one! *(To the cat.)* I'll explain to Aunt Polly that it is my duty! *(Chuckles to herself.)* But we need to make a plan. Okay now, I will miss supper, just sufficiently late enough to warrant bread and milk. That shall make a fine dinner for you! When we get home, I will make a beautiful little room for you with my suitcase. It will look like a palace after living in the bushes. Ah, that's it! I will name you Victoria, after Queen Victoria. *(Sees TIMOTHY, tries to hide the kitten.)* Well hello, Timothy!

TIMOTHY. Pollyanna! Always good to see you!

POLLYANNA. Yes. You as well. *(Still trying to hide the kitten, she distracts him.)*

Say Timothy, do you have a partner for the Founder's Day Dance at the Town Hall?

TIMOTHY. Why no! I wish I did. *(Laughs.)* Now, wait... Are you asking me to be your date, Pollyanna?

POLLYANNA. Heavens, no! I was thinking you might ask Nancy. I know that she would love to go!

TIMOTHY. Why that's splendid idea, young lady! I'll be right glad to do that!

POLLYANNA. I think she would be glad as well. *(Lights crossfade to the*

POLLYANNA!

Harrington House, where Pollyanna, holding the kitty in her sweater pocket, sneaks in the front door and tries to make a mad dash upstairs, but is met by Aunt Polly, who intercepts her at the staircase.)

AUNT POLLY. Pollyanna! Just where are you off too so fast? You missed supper again. Now go into the kitchen at once before Nancy cleans up the dishes. Go on, get your bread and milk...

POLLYANNA. Yes, Miss. By the way, I think I should prefer to sleep in the attic room. *(Dashing into the kitchen.)* Would that be alright Aunt Polly? *(In the kitchen, she tries to hide the kitten from Nancy, but the cat squirms and is out of the bag.)*

NANCY. Why would you want to go back to sleeping in that dusty, musty old attic room? You may be hurting your Aunt Polly's feelings by saying such... What is that squirming in your pocket? Oh no! Not a kitten. Your aunt does not allow pets in her house! *(Nancy tries to grab the kitten. Pollyanna evades her and runs into the drawing room where Aunt Polly has resumed her knitting. Nancy follows after in after them.)*

AUNT POLLY. Pollyanna! What's in your pocket? *(Amused, smiles watching the kitten emerge.)* Pollyanna! What is the meaning of this? Why is this filthy, dirty little creature in my sitting room?

POLLYANNA. *(Presents the kitten with a royal air.)* Aunt Polly! Please meet Victoria! *(Bows.)* May I please keep her? It's my duty! She is like me. She has no one to care for her.

AUNT POLLY. Next time, you would do well to ask permission first! But now that she's here—you best get her cleaned up.

POLLYANNA. Oh, thank you, Aunt Polly! I knew you'd understand. *(They both play gently with the kitten on the parlor rug. Nancy watches them with great joy.)*

AUNT POLLY. Pollyanna, may I make one suggestion?

POLLYANNA. Of course.

AUNT POLLY. *(Smiling.)* Your Victoria maybe a Victor... It's a boy kitten!

(They all share a warm laugh.)

NANCY. Come along, Pollyanna. Let's get Victor a fresh, new coat in the slop sink! I'll help you give him a bath, and then we can give him some warm milk.

POLLYANNA!

(Exits.)

POLLYANNA. Thank you, Nancy!

AUNT POLLY. So, are you still thinking about going back up to the attic tonight?

POLLYANNA. Heavens no, Aunt Polly. I was only...

AUNT POLLY. I know, Pollyanna. Now run along with Nancy so she can help you with your duties to your new little charge.

POLLYANNA. Yes. Aunt Polly, you really are wonderful.

AUNT POLLY. Off with you ...

(Lights slowly fade as Aunt Polly shoos Pollyanna off to the kitchen. She smiles to herself and sighs heavily.)

SCENE 13

Next morning at breakfast. Pollyanna joins Aunt Polly as Nancy is fixing a basket again for Mrs. Snow.

AUNT POLLY. Well then, Pollyanna. A minute early today!

POLLYANNA. Yes, I heard Old Tom putting the screens in. It will be nice to sleep with the breeze from big elm tree. Aunt Polly, did you know that when I was a little girl, I used to think that the trees moving made the wind blow?

NANCY. You mean it doesn't? I'm kidding. Pollyanna, I just love how you think. It brings the joy out in me. *(They all share a laugh.)*

AUNT POLLY. I suppose a little girl could think that. And I imagine the breeze up there will help with the circulation of the whole house, but this is something that you need no longer concern yourself with, Pollyanna.

POLLYANNA. No?

AUNT POLLY. I am having a room prepared for you at the end of the hall. A room of your own. It is just down the hall from mine.

POLLYANNA. Aunt Polly this is wonderful!

AUNT POLLY. Yes. I thought you'd like that.

POLLYANNA. And you can tuck me in every night!

AUNT POLLY. I'm sure you will outgrow that soon enough.

POLLYANNA!

POLLYANNA. Never! (*Jumps up and gives Aunt Polly a big hug.*)

AUNT POLLY. Now-now. Save your energy for the duties of the day!

SCENE 14

A little while later, on the street, Pollyanna is off to see Mrs. Snow again. She carries Victor and a basket. She sees Pendleton and tries to catch up.

POLLYANNA. Hey, hello there Mr. Pendleton! I'm off to take this basket to Mrs. Snow, she likes it when I come visit with her. I perhaps could stop at your home to visit on the way back... Should you perhaps offer me the other half of our proper introduction. I called you by name. Aren't you curious how I knew it?

(Pendleton stares at her.) Did you see my kitten? His name is Sir Victor! He was going to be Queen Victoria... But she's a he! Aunt Polly discovered it! *(Pendleton says nothing, turns away and walks off. Pollyanna turns with a smile and walks up to the home of Mrs. Snow. The lights dim and shift to the inside of the home.)*

POLLYANNA. Howdy do, Milly? How is your mother today?

MILLY. As ever, Miss Pollyanna. So, Nancy stayed home again today? *(Pollyanna follows Milly into her mother's room.)*

POLLYANNA. Nancy is making a dress for the dance. But she made me promise to say hello to you for her.

MRS. SNOW. Come, come in Pollyanna!

POLLYANNA. I have a special surprise for you today.

MRS. SNOW. Well, what is it? *(Milly swiftly exits, having not seen the kitten.)*

POLLYANNA. Something you could never imagine! And it's not a what... it's a who?

MRS. SNOW. Who?!

POLLYANNA. *(Flops the kitten out onto her bed.)* Mrs. Snow, may I present to you, His Royal Highness, Victor the kitten. I was going to name him Queen Victoria, but 'she' turned out to be a 'he'.

MRS. SNOW. Oh, my heavens! Oh Pollyanna! We had a kitten when

POLLYANNA!

Milly was a very young girl. Her father brought it to her. The very same thing happened. We named it Sam, but it turned out to be a Samantha!

POLLYANNA. I knew you'd love her! Milly? How do... Oh. (*Notices Milly has gone.*) Mrs. Snow, may I fix your hair while you play with the kitty?

MRS. SNOW. I suppose so. (*Enthralled with the kitten, pulls out some yarn, plays with the kitten on her bed.*) I bet you'd like this, huh?

POLLYANNA. And so how do you do today?

MRS. SNOW. Very poorly, thank you.

POLLYANNA. More than usual?

MRS. SNOW. Yes, Nellie Higgins next door has begun music lessons, and her practicing nearly drives me wild. She was at it all morning, every minute! I'm sure I don't know what I shall do!

POLLYANNA. I know. It *is* awful! Mrs. White had the same problem once — one of my Ladies' Aiders, you know. She had rheumatic fever, so she couldn't thrash 'round. She said it would have been easier if she could have. Can you?

MRS. SNOW. Can I what?

POLLYANNA. Thrash 'round - move, you know, so as to change your position when the music gets too hard to stand.

MRS. SNOW. Why, of course I can move — anywhere — in this bed.

POLLYANNA. Well, you can be glad of that, then, anyhow, can't you?

Mrs. White couldn't move at all. You can't thrash when you have rheumatic fever — though you would want to something awful. Mrs. White told me afterwards she reckoned she'd have gone raving crazy if it hadn't been for Mr. White's sister-in-law being deaf.

MRS. SNOW. What do you mean?

POLLYANNA. (*Laughing.*) I forgot you didn't know Mrs. White. You see, her husband's sister came to visit them and to help take care of things. Well, they had such an awful time making her understand *anything*. Every time the piano would play across the street, Mrs. White, so glad that she *could* hear it, couldn't help thinking how awful it would be if she was deaf. You see, she was playing the glad game too. I'd told her about it.

MRS. SNOW. The — Glad Game?

POLLYANNA. (*Clapping her hands.*) I must tell you— The Glad Game.

POLLYANNA!

I thought it up, well, with my father. Mrs. Snow, what can you be glad about?

MRS. SNOW. *Glad* about! What do you mean?

POLLYANNA. Why, I told you. Don't you remember? You asked me to tell you something to be glad about the other day. Even though you have to lie here in bed all day.

MRS. SNOW. Oh! Yes. *That!* Yes, I remember, but I didn't suppose you were in earnest any more than I was.

POLLYANNA. Oh, yes, I was. And I found it too. But it was difficult. It's all the more fun, though, always, when it's difficult. And I will own up, honest to true, that I couldn't think of anything for a while. Then I got it!

MRS. SNOW. You did, really? Well, what was it?

POLLYANNA. I thought — how glad you could be — that other folks weren't like you — all sick in bed like this, you know.

MRS. SNOW. (*Suddenly angered.*) Humph! Really!

POLLYANNA. And now I'll show you how to play the game. It will just be lovely for you to play. For me, you see it was like this, since we were quite without means, I used to get my clothing and things from the missionary barrel. Once when I had hoped *very hard* for doll to call my own, I got crutches. My father saw me crying and tried to cheer me by saying, 'Pollyanna, just be glad you don't need to use those crutches to walk. You never know, someday you might.' And I recalled a girl in school, Rosemarie, who had fallen and broken her leg. She was on crutches. I was it wasn't me. And the next thing, father and I were glad again. That's how the game started. Nancy plays it now too.

MRS. SNOW. Sometimes life is hard, very hard. Especially with several things at once.

POLLYANNA. I know.

MRS. SNOW. I am glad I have Milly here. Imagine my life without her.

POLLYANNA. I have a special treat for you and Milly. I have cooking lessons with Nancy now, and she taught me to make rock candy! I brought some. It's hard too, but it's sweet.

MRS. SNOW. I do like sweets now and then.

MILLY. (*Enters.*) Miss Pollyanna, your aunt is waiting. She telephoned the Harlow's house across the street. She says you have practicing to do.

POLLYANNA!

POLLYANNA. Now, see Mrs. Snow — You can be glad that I don't live nearby! You'd have to listen to me practice too! *(They share a laugh.)*

MRS. SNOW. And don't forget your kitten!

POLLYANNA. Yes, thank you.

MILLY. *(Fawning.)* Awww. A kitten. How cute!

POLLYANNA. His name is His Royal Highness Victor the kitten extraordinaire. And he's very glad to be here with me today!

MILLY. I had a kitten once. Remember, mother, when Father brought her home to us? Samantha.

MRS. SNOW. I certainly do.

POLLYANNA. I know you and Milly must miss them both.

MILLY. *(Playing with the kitten and the ball of yarn in the corner.)* That's what this house is missing! Oh mother, perhaps we could find a kitten too! Wouldn't that be lovely? Wouldn't it?

POLLYANNA. I miss my father too. More than anything. *(Slight pause as the lights dim slowly, Pollyanna gently picks up the kitten and places it into Milly's hands. She then pats it to say goodbye.)* Victor welcome to your new home!

SCENE 15

On the Streets of Harrington — JIMMY BEAN is propped up against a tree. Pollyanna sees him and stops suddenly.

POLLYANNA. Well now... Hello there!

JIMMY BEAN. Hi.

POLLYANNA. May I? *(Sits as Jimmy nods to her.)* My name is Pollyanna Whittier, what's yours?

JIMMY. Jimmy Bean.

POLLYANNA. Good! Now we are properly introduced. I'm glad you did your part— Some folks don't, you know. I only have a few minutes before I must get home, but I was so hoping for a friend my own age and well, here you are! I live at Polly Harrington's house. Where do you live?

JIMMY. Nowhere.

POLLYANNA!

POLLYANNA. Nowhere! Why, you can't do that! Everybody lives somewhere!

JIMMY. Well, I don't — not just now. I'm hunting up a new place.

POLLYANNA. Oh! Where is it?

JIMMY. Silly! As if I'd be a-huntin for it— if I knew!

POLLYANNA. Well, where did you live— before?

JIMMY. Well, if you ain't the beat'em-all for askin' questions!

POLLYANNA. I have to be, else I couldn't find out a thing about you. If you'd talk more, I wouldn't talk so much!

JIMMY. (*Chuckles.*) All right then, here goes! I'm Jimmy Bean, and I'm twelve years old going on thirteen. I came last year ta live at the orphan's home, but they got so many kids, there ain't much room for me, and I wasn't never wanted anyhow, I don't believe. So, I've quit. I'm goin' ta live somewhere else -- but I ain't found the place, yet. I'd *like* a home, jest a common one, ya know, with a mother in it, instead of a matron. If ya has a home, ya has folks; an' I ain't had folks since dad died. So I'm a-huntin' now. I've tried four houses, but— they didn't want me — (*Slight pause as his voice chokes up a little.*) — though I said I expected ta work, 'course. There! Is that all you wanted ta know?

POLLYANNA. I know the feeling because after my father died, there wasn't anybody but the Ladies Aid for me, until Aunt Polly said she'd take— (*Sudden stop.*) Oh, I know just the place for you! Aunt Polly will take you in! I know she will. Come, let's go. You don't know how good and kind she is!

JIMMY. Honest? Would she, now? I'd work, ya know. I'm real strong!

POLLYANNA. Oh, course she would! Aunt Polly is the nicest lady in the world! And there's rooms— heaps of them. (*Pollyanna springs to her feet, tugging Jimmy along. Scene shifts as the lights go up in the drawing room of the Harrington House where Aunt Polly sits practicing piano.*)

AUNT POLLY. Pollyanna? I've been waiting for you. You know we are practicing Beethoven today. Remember it's not polite to keep adults waiting!

POLLYANNA. I know I'm supposed to ask permission rather than forgiveness, but maybe that's only for cats. (*Enters slowly with Jimmy Bean.*) Aunt Polly, look! He's much nicer than a cat or a dog, he's a boy.

POLLYANNA!

And you can bring him up. He won't mind a bit, sleeping in the attic, and he says he'll work, but I may need him most of the time to play with, I reckon.

AUNT POLLY. Pollyanna! Who is this dirty little boy? Where did you find him?

(Jimmy Bean is starting toward the door, but Pollyanna pulls him back, pauses then laughs and takes his hand to present him properly.)

POLLYANNA. There! Forgive my lack of proper introduction. Aunt Polly, this is my new friend, Jimmy Bean, and Jimmy Bean, this is my Aunt Polly—the most wonderful, caring person in the world.

AUNT POLLY. Well, what is he doing here?

POLLYANNA. He's for you, I brought him home, so he can live here. He wants a home and folks. I told him how good you were to me and to my cat... Which by the way I gave to Milly and Mrs. Snow. They were most grateful, you should have seen Milly's face when I gave Victor to her... I think Mrs. Snow even smiled. Jimmy after you get cleaned up, I'll take you with me to Mrs. Snow's place. *(Pollyanna smiles to Jimmy while Aunt Polly goes from the piano bench to her soft chair and falls back in a most disturbed silence.)*

AUNT POLLY. That will do, Pollyanna! This is the most absurd thing you've done yet! As if tramp cats weren't bad enough! Now you bring home a ragged little beggar from the street who expects me to...

JIMMY. Excuse me, ma'am. I ain't no beggar. I don't want nothin' o' you. I was planning ta work, of course, fer my room and board. I wouldn'ta come, if this here girl hadn'ta made me, a-telling me how you was so good an' kind— Yes good and kind and you'd be dyin' to take me in. So, there. I'm off. *(Jimmy runs out of house.)*

POLLYANNA. Oh! Aunt Polly! I thought sure that you'd be *glad* to have him here. He just lost his father, like me. That's all he had.

AUNT POLLY. *(Snapping.)* Pollyanna! Will you please stop with that everlasting word! Glad! Glad! Glad! Glad from morning 'til night! Not everybody needs to be glad all the time!

POLLYANNA. Aunt Polly, I thought you would be glad... to see me ... happy.

(Aunt Polly crosses slowly and stands by the piano as Pollyanna covers

POLLYANNA!

her eyes to hold back tears, then runs blindly out after Jimmy Bean. Lights crossfade to the streets outside.)

SCENE 16

On the street, Pollyanna catches up with Jimmy Bean by the big oak tree. Almost in tears, Pollyanna is at a loss for words. She pulls an apple from her bag and offers it to him. They sit in silence.

POLLYANNA. Jimmy, I want you to know how... *(Catching her breath.)*
How very sorry I am!

JIMMY. Sorry nuthin'. I ain't blaming you. But I ain't no beggar!

POLLYANNA. Of course you aren't! But you mustn't blame Aunt Polly. Probably I didn't do the introducing right... I didn't explain it right to tell her who you are. I do wish I could find some place for you.

JIMMY. It's okay. *(Turning away.)* Never mind. I can find one myself, I suppose.

POLLYANNA. But if I know people, it's always easier when you come with a proper introduction. Right? I'll tell you what I *will* do! The Ladies' Aid meets tomorrow afternoon, I heard Aunt Polly say so. I'll lay your case before them. That's what my father always did when he wanted anything. Like educating the heathens, or needing a new carpet for...

JIMMY. *(Interrupting, insulted.)* Pollyanna, I ain't no heathen or a new carpet. What's a Ladies' Aid?

POLLYANNA. Wherever have you been brought up, Jimmy Bean? Not to know what a Ladies' Aid is!

JIMMY. *(Stands quickly and starts to walk off.)* Hmmmph!

POLLYANNA. *(Jumps up and grabs his sleeve.)* Jimmy, wait. I'm sorry. The Ladies' Aid is just a lot of ladies that meet and sew and give suppers and raise money for things. They do good things and help people. I want to tell them about you at the meeting. They almost all have families and perhaps they will want to take in one more child...

JIMMY BEAN. *(Sharply.)* If you think I gonna stand 'round and hear a whole *lot o'* women call me beggar instead of jest one! Well, think again!

POLLYANNA!

POLLYANNA. But you wouldn't even be there! I'd go alone, of course, and tell them all about you! And I am sure one of them would be glad to give you a home.

JIMMY. I'd work! Don't forget to say that! I've done all sorts of odd jobs around this little town.

POLLYANNA. Yes! And that will build your case. Now, tell me who you have worked for around here—that could really help.

JIMMY. Well, that lady you mentioned, Mrs. Snow, I never met her personally, but her daughter had me run errands to the drug store one or twice. That's how I met the doctor. He was looking for a yard boy and I cleaned and pulled weeds for him— And then I planted a nice garden out front of his office. I think his name was Hilton or Chilton... I did a lot of deliveries for him too. He likes me. He's a nice man.

POLLYANNA. Well, Jimmy that's wonderful. These people are quite respectable.

(Pollyanna sees Pendleton across the street and calls to him.) Mr. Pendleton, yoo-hoo, Mr. Pendleton! I want you to meet my friend, Jimmy Bean. *(Pendleton ignores them both.)* Mr. Pendleton!

JIMMY. I know that guy, too. He didn't even utter a word when I took him his medicine. I just figured he was not talking because he was sick.

POLLYANNA. *(Laughs.)* No, Mr. Pendleton doesn't need an excuse to be grumpy... he just is. Old Tom says he used to be very nice, but something happened to him and it made him sad.

JIMMY. Well, a lot has happened to make me sad too, but I don't see the use in staying that way. No use in being mad or sad, better to be glad I say!

POLLYANNA. Did you say glad? *(Jimmy nods.)* Oh, Jimmy Bean, we are going to be great friends!

JIMMY. I say so too, Pollyanna! You know I do like you speakin' for me because I know I'll get a home soon. *(Blackout.)*

SCENE 17

The next day, several LADIES' AIDERS gather for the meeting, which is already in progress. Pollyanna slips in quietly and sits in the back until

POLLYANNA!

she is noticed. They chatter on about this and that until the MINISTER'S WIFE sees her.

MINISTER'S WIFE. Well, look, it's Polly Harrington's niece. Her new charge. Pollyanna is your name, yes? She called to tell me that she had a headache and wouldn't be attending, but she said nothing of you coming.

POLLYANNA. Yes, Miss. She doesn't know. I came on my own accord. I have my own business.

(The LADIES share a gentle laugh.)

MINISTER'S WIFE. Well then, Pollyanna, tell us. What then is your business?

POLLYANNA. I came to present the case of my friend, Jimmy Bean.

MINISTER'S WIFE. And who is Jimmy Bean?

POLLYANNA. He is a boy that, when his father died, was put in the orphanage.

MINISTER'S WIFE. Well, then, is he not happy there?

POLLYANNA. No, he's not happy. There's no room for him. He did not get a bed. He's almost thirteen and has decided he would find a family on his own. They don't even know that he is missing. He's been sleeping under the old oak tree.

MINISTER'S WIFE. He's a runaway? *(The Ladies grumble and scoff at this.)*

POLLYANNA. No, Miss. He just left. He's really a good boy. He's been doing odd jobs here in town and says that he will work for his room and board. He has worked for Dr. Chilton and Mrs. Snow and Mr. Pendleton. He's very handy.

MINISTER'S WIFE. Well, perhaps we can look into this... Maybe we can secure him a bed at the orphanage.

POLLYANNA. He doesn't want to go back there. It's very dirty and there's rats.

(The Ladies scoff even louder.) He just wants a home.

MINISTER'S WIFE. Can anyone here afford to take in a boy? Perhaps if he came with an allowance. We might be able to move some money from the faraway fund for the street urchins in India. Perhaps we, as a society, could offer some support and education for this boy here in our own town.

POLLYANNA!

POLLYANNA. That would be wonderful! And you would certainly be doing your duty, as Aunt Polly would say. *(The Ladies all grumble very loudly amongst themselves until one sharp voice snaps up.)*

LADIES' AIDER. Miss Pollyanna. This is not only preposterous, but also impossible. Our society is famous for its offering to the Hindu mission, and many of us would die of mortification if the sum total of our funding was any less this year. These figures go on a national report, and we have to account for them. It does matter who gets the money and how it helps. It means a lot to us on paper if the National Chapter of the Ladies Aid can see exactly *where* the money is going.

(Pollyanna, totally dejected, quietly leaves the meeting as the women stare at her reprovngly. Light dim then shift back to the street, Pollyanna returns to the big tree to meet Jimmy Bean.)

JIMMY BEAN. Well?

POLLYANNA. *(Disheartened.)* No takers there.

JIMMY BEAN. I told you so, Pollyanna.

POLLYANNA. But they gave me an idea.

JIMMY BEAN. Shoot!

POLLYANNA. They have a fund for the street urchins in far-away India. So, I'm thinking I can write a letter to the Ladies' Aiders at my old house in California and since they are far away from us — maybe they can adopt you.

JIMMY. Pollyanna, you have a million ideas!

POLLYANNA. Right now, it's almost dinner time. Come with me, I want to ask Aunt Polly if you can at least stay in the attic 'til we find you a place. She couldn't say no!

JIMMY. Oh no! I'm not going back *there* unless *she* says so. *(Blackout.)*

SCENE 18

In the Harrington kitchen, lights up on Pollyanna who runs in just as the dinner bell rings.

NANCY. Saved by the bell!

POLLYANNA!

POLLYANNA. Oh, Aunt Polly! (*Breathless.*) May I please invite Jimmy Bean to dinner tonight? He is terribly hungry and truly needs food to live.

AUNT POLLY. I imagine that to be our duty.

POLLYANNA. I was also thinking he might stay here, you don't have to adopt him, just until he finds a home of his own. He has worked for Dr. Chilton, he made a garden for him. And I bet if Dr. Chilton had the room, he'd let him stay with him.

AUNT POLLY. Go and fetch him, we can talk over dinner.

POLLYANNA. (*Running back out.*) I will take a short cut through the woods, we will be back in no time flat. Oh, and thank you, Aunt Polly, you are much nicer than any those Ladies' Aiders.

AUNT POLLY. What?

POLLYANNA. I went to their meeting today. I can't wait to tell you all about it. (*Pollyanna rushes out as the lights dim.*)

AUNT POLLY. Indeed! (*Blackout.*)

SCENE 19

Running through the woods on their shortcut, Pollyanna and Jimmy Bean are enjoying the sound of the wind in the branches.

POLLYANNA. Wait 'til Aunt Polly gets to know you. She loves hard workers.

JIMMY BEAN. I reckon she'll know me when I walk through the door.

POLLYANNA. Jimmy Bean, you are too smart for your own good!

JIMMY BEAN. She didn't exactly put out the welcome mat the last time.

POLLYANNA. (*Hears someone groaning.*) What is that sound? (*They stop to listen.*) Someone is calling out for help.

JIMMY BEAN. Sounds like someone in pain. (*They follow the sound to find Pendleton, who has fallen and hurt himself.*)

POLLYANNA. Oh my! Is that you, Mr. Pendleton?

PENDLETON. Yes. I am John Pendleton. Pleased to meet you Pollyanna.

POLLYANNA. Finally.

PENDLETON. Who's your friend?

POLLYANNA!

JIMMY BEAN. It's Jimmy Bean, sir. I bring you your medicine. I work for the Doctor Chilton sometimes. (*Pendleton nods and groans even louder.*)

POLLYANNA. Are you hurt?

PENDLETON. Oh no! I'm just taking a siesta in the sunshine. No sense at all — young people these days.

POLLYANNA. Why, Mr. Pendleton, I-I don't know so very much, and I can't do a great many things, but I've heard the Ladies' Aiders say I have a great deal of good sense, and it looks to me like you're in pain.

PENDLETON. There, there, child, I beg your pardon, I'm sure. It's only this confounded leg of mine. Now listen. Jimmy Bean, is it? (*Jimmy nods as Pendleton hands him keys from his pocket.*) Go into my house. This key will admit you to the side door under the porte-cochere. When you get into the house, go straight through the vestibule to the door at the end of the hall. Understand?

JIMMY BEAN. Yes sir! Side door. Vestibule. Door at end of the hall.

PENDLETON. Very good. On my desk in the middle of the room is a telephone. Do you know how to use one?

JIMMY BEAN. Indeed, I do, sir. I always answered the phone at the orphanage.

PENDLETON. There are cards in a holder with names and numbers on the desk. Find the one for the doctor and call Dr. Chilton.

JIMMY BEAN. Yes sir.

PENDLETON. Tell him that John Pendleton is at the foot of Little Eagle Ledge in Pendleton Woods with a broken leg. Tell him to use the path from my house.

JIMMY BEAN. Yes sir. (*He exits.*)

PENDLETON. Well, now, Pollyanna, you have my undivided attention!
(*Pause.*)

That was a wisecrack Pollyanna!

POLLYANNA. Yes, I know, Mr. Pendleton. I think you are just not used to making friends or letting others help you.

PENDLETON. You are correct about that.

POLLYANNA. I think you're afraid of being hurt. A lot of people are.

My mother went to be with the angels when I was very young and that hurt

POLLYANNA!

pretty bad. But my father taught me to be glad again.

PENDLETON. Smart man.

POLLYANNA. Yes, he was.

PENDLETON. Was?

POLLYANNA. He went to be with my mother. That's why I came to live with Aunt Polly. She is mother's sister.

PENDLETON. Yes. I know. (*Awkward pause.*) I knew your mother.

POLLYANNA. Yes. Old Tom told me.

PENDLETON. Oh? What else did Old Tom tell you?

POLLYANNA. That you used to be a really good friend of my family.

PENDLETON. Anything else?

POLLYANNA. Yes, that you used to be a barrel of laughs and the life of the party. Everyone in the town really likes you.

PENDLETON. That was a long time ago.

POLLYANNA. Yes, but time marches on.

PENDLETON. I imagine it does. (*Reflectively sincere.*) Sometimes life just gives you lemons. (*Pollyanna smiles. She sees Jimmy returning with Dr Chilton, who is carrying a stretcher.*)

CHILTON. And that's the time to make lemonade, Pendleton!

PENDLETON. Chilton! What took you so long?

CHILTON. God must approve of the way you live, Pendleton. You seem to be showered with blessings today! Thanks to these little angels here!

You are saved! Jimmy, help me put him on the stretcher. (*They lift Pendleton onto the stretcher. Chilton treats his wounds and wraps the leg.*)

Looks like a pretty bad break. Jimmy and I will carry you up to the house where we'll call an ambulance. You're going to need a cast.

PENDLETON. Yes, yes, Henry.

CHILTON. You're lucky these kids were nearby.

PENDLETON. (*Hesitantly.*) Thank you, Jimmy, and thank you, Pollyanna. I am truly grateful.

POLLYANNA. Jimmy and I cut through the woods so we wouldn't be late for dinner. By the way Jimmy, Aunt Polly says she can't adopt you, but you can stay in her attic until you find a home.

CHILTON. Maybe he could stay with you, Pendleton. You will need someone to help you while you're on crutches.

POLLYANNA!

POLLYANNA. Crutches! I don't like crutches!

CHILTON. Let's get him up to the house, then I can take you home, Pollyanna. *(They carry Pendleton off on the stretcher as the lights dim, then come up to full on the front door of Harrington House. Aunt Polly sees Chilton escorting Pollyanna. She stands back from the door and calls out.)*

AUNT POLLY. *(Standing at the door.)* Pollyanna, come in here at once!

POLLYANNA. Aunt Polly. I think you know Dr. Chilton. He just saved Mr. Pendleton's life. We helped too, me and Jimmy Bean. We were cutting through the woods and we heard...

AUNT POLLY. And I think you hear too much for a little girl. In, in, in.

POLLYANNA. But Dr. Chilton...

CHILTON. Hello, Polly. Good to see...

AUNT POLLY. *(Cuts him off.)* Did this man drive you home, Pollyanna? You should know better than to take rides from strangers.

POLLYANNA. But he's not a stranger, Aunt Polly. You know him. And he knows you. And he knew my mother. We just saved...

AUNT POLLY. Go in and get washed up, Pollyanna.

POLLYANNA. After all this, I thought we could invite Dr. Chilton in for dinner.

AUNT POLLY. There you go thinking again, Pollya...

CHILTON. *(Interrupting)* In Pollyanna's defense, it was my idea to bring her home. We need to talk, Polly...It's been far too long. I'm here now. May I take you to dinner?

AUNT POLLY. Good day to you, doctor. I don't take to unexpected guests.

CHILTON. *(Trying to speak.)* Polly, please...

AUNT POLLY. *(Closes the door on his face.)* Now I said *good day!* That will be all. *(Blackout.)*

SCENE 20

The next day, bright and sunny. A cheerful Pollyanna is skipping down the street on her way to Pendleton Manor with a basket of treats for him. She

POLLYANNA!

sees Jimmy Bean in a nearby yard; he is mending a fence. She waves to him but doesn't want to disturb his work. Dr. Chilton sees her from offstage and calls out to her, she turns back and waits for him.

CHILTON. Pollyanna! Pollyanna!

POLLYANNA. Dr. Chilton! I am so glad to see you. I'm afraid my Aunt Polly doesn't like surprises. What she doesn't realize is that you are my friend. And I would never treat a friend like that. I don't understand her. People in town say that Aunt Polly is stiffer than new laundry, but they don't see her like I do.

CHILTON. (*Laughing.*) I must tell you, Pollyanna, you certainly have a way with bringing a smile to people's faces—and they do say laughter is the best medicine. That's a fact.

POLLYANNA. Whatever Aunt Polly is still mad about, she should forgive you and be glad again.

CHILTON. That's good advice.

POLLYANNA. (*Shyly.*) I suggested that maybe she should marry you, that you are very nice and very handsome.

CHILTON. (*Laughing even louder.*) And what did your Aunt Polly say to that?

POLLYANNA. She sent me to my room saying that I think too much.

CHILTON. I think that you think just the right amount. And thank you for the kind words, you've made my day! So where are you off to now?

POLLYANNA. To see Mr. Pendleton. To cheer him up. We made up this basket for him.

CHILTON. I was just going to suggest that! Great minds think alike! I'll walk with you. I'm headed there as well. It's time for his checkup.

POLLYANNA. Did you know that Mr. Pendleton knew my mother?

CHILTON. Indeed, I did.

POLLYANNA. She was very well-liked here, I suppose.

CHILTON. Yes, she was. And she was missed when she left to marry your father.

POLLYANNA. So I'm told. My mother and my father were very much in love. They taught me to always see the best possible in every situation.

CHILTON. That's a great philosophy. (*Lights crossfade to Pendleton*

POLLYANNA!

Manor.)

SCENE 21

Pollyanna and Dr. Chilton arrive at Pendleton Manor. Pendleton, in a wheelchair, balks when Dr. Chilton says he's brought him some company, until he sees that it's Pollyanna.

CHILTON. Well, Pendleton. Looks like you *are* going to live.

PENDLETON. Indeed. If I don't kill myself on those crutches you ordered for me! The boy delivered them without instructions!

CHILTON. So, look who I brought with me!

POLLYANNA. Hello, Mr. Pendleton. You're looking much better than you did on that rock.

CHILTON. Yes. Your biggest fear, my friend. (*Laughing.*) You looked flat broke.

PENDLETON. Not funny, Chilton! But seriously, there has to be instructions somewhere... I am sure using crutches does not come naturally.

POLLYANNA. I can teach you, Mr. Pendleton. I never had a broken leg, but I used to practice with crutches just for fun.

PENDLETON. For fun!

POLLYANNA. Yes, the Ladies Aiders back home gave them to me. I see why I learned how to use them! It all makes sense now.

PENDLETON. Why, prey tell, did you learn to play with crutches? Illuminate us.

POLLYANNA. So that I could help you now!

CHILTON. Why Pollyanna that's brilliant! (*To Pendleton.*) A very bright little mind here. (*To Pollyanna.*) I'll be on my way, let the lessons begin! Pendleton, think over what we talked about on the phone... about Jimmy Bean.

PENDLETON. Oh, I'm considering it.

CHILTON. That's great. Well, I'm off. Duty calls. (*Exits.*)

PENDLETON. (*To Pollyanna*) I hope he's paying you to be my nurse.

POLLYANNA!

POLLYANNA. Actually, Mr. Pendleton, Aunt Polly had me come with this basket of cheer for you.

PENDLETON. Yes, I see that.

POLLYANNA. What did Dr. Chilton and you talk about? I mean about Jimmy Bean...

PENDLETON. Well, he's always butting into my business. And I certainly do not like people telling me what to do. I am not sure I trust people. When you have money, like I do, people often take your money then turn on you.

POLLYANNA. Well, I can tell you that Jimmy Bean is trustworthy.

PENDLETON. And how do you know that?

POLLYANNA. Well, his eyes, of course.

PENDLETON. What?

POLLYANNA. Father used say, "Eyes are windows of the soul." The first time Jimmy Bean looked at me, I knew we were going to great friends.

PENDLETON. (*Hesitantly.*) I once felt that way about a lady friend. I was about to propose when she announced that she had found someone else. I was heartbroken.

POLLYANNA. I'm sorry about that, Mr. Pendleton. I think Aunt Polly is trying to make up for that now. I think she's afraid to get married to you.

PENDLETON. (*Laughs heartily.*) Polly Harrington!

POLLYANNA. Yes, I know she never really meant to hurt you.

PENDLETON. I wasn't talking about you Aunt Polly! I'm talking about her sister, Jennie.

POLLYANNA. (*Shocked.*) My mother!

PENDLETON. Yes, your mother.

POLLYANNA. I had no idea.

PENDLETON. There's rarely a day that passes that I don't think about her.

POLLYANNA. What happened?

PENDLETON. Your father happened! She took one look in his eyes and fluttered away like a butterfly.

POLLYANNA. Oh, I am so sorry, Mr. Pendleton. I think of my mother everyday as well. But like Father said, "The past is past and the future's not here yet, so let us do what we can today." and I can certainly help you

POLLYANNA!

with your crutches.

PENDLETON. Are you sure you know what you are doing?

POLLYANNA. Yes, of course. Would you mind if I opened the drapes to let a little more sunlight in the room, perhaps even open the window a crack. There's a beautiful breeze outside.

PENDLETON. Yes, yes, let in the fresh air.

POLLYANNA. Will you tell me what you're thinking about Jimmy Bean?

PENDLETON. In due time, my dear, in due time.

POLLYANNA. Will you look at that? It's a baby rainbow! A baby rainbow came in to pay you a visit! I've never seen a rainbow come into a room. *(Clapping her hands.)* Rainbows are lucky! How did it get in?

PENDLETON. *(Laughing.)* I suppose it 'got in' through the beveled edge of that glass thermometer hanging in the window. *(Watching Pollyanna's face light up.)*

I see you like rainbows.

POLLYANNA. *(Overjoyed.)* I love rainbows! They are magical and lucky and so beautiful! I'd live in a rainbow if I could.

PENDLETON. Well, let's just see what we can do. *(Calling to his housekeeper.)*

Nora! Could you come into this room and bring me one of those big crystal candlesticks from the mantle in the front drawing room. *(NORA enters with a large ornate, crystal candlestick as Pollyanna excitedly stares at the rainbow.)*

NORA. *(Enters.)* Here, you go Mr. Pendleton.

PENDLETON. Thank you, Nora. Just set it on my table there. Now get a string, please, and fashion it to the sash-curtain fixtures of that window there.

NORA. *(Exits)* Yes sir.

POLLYANNA. What are you doing with that, Mr. Pendleton?

PENDLETON. We are going to make more rainbows.

NORA. *(Returns and ties the string to the fixture.)* Anything else, Mr. Pendleton?

PENDLETON. No thank you, Nora. *(Nora exits as Pendleton moves closer to the table.)* Now Pollyanna, bring me that candlestick... And then

POLLYANNA!

get that string. We are going to tie these crystal pendants onto to the string and hang them in the sunlight. *(Together they fashion a room full of rainbows. Pollyanna dances about as the room transforms.)*

POLLYANNA. *(Clapping.)* Mr. Pendleton, with all these rainbows you're going to be the luckiest person alive!

PENDLETON. Why not you too, Pollyanna? Don't you feel lucky?

POLLYANNA. The rainbows are here with you — They're in *your* house.

PENDLETON. Well, I guess they are.

POLLYANNA. And Jimmy Bean would be very lucky to come into your house, as well. Then you can share your rainbows with him.

PENDLETON. Yes, I've been thinking about this for quite a while. I do want to share my good fortune with someone. I certainly won't live forever.

POLLYANNA. Nobody does. *(They share a moment of silence.)* So, you mean that you'll adopt Jimmy Bean?

PENDLETON. I'm considering it...

POLLYANNA. You know it isn't easy for him without a family. I understand Jimmy because, like me, he just lost his dad, and he never really knew his mom. *(Ponders.)* Mr. Pendleton. What was my mother like as a young girl?

PENDLETON. She was like a piece of that beveled glass and filled the room with light wherever she went. She made me feel like I was walking on air... That everything, everywhere was going to be all right for everyone. Not many people can do that, you know. And everyone loved her. Not just me. She made everyone feel special and she meant it. But she, and I, I mean...

POLLYANNA. I know exactly what you mean... Mr. Pendleton, it would seem that you were sweet on my mother.

PENDLETON. Yes, we were sweethearts. Before she met your dad.

POLLYANNA. Well, I am a little sad for you, because you're still alone, but I'm glad she met my dad, because I wouldn't be here talking to you today.

PENDLETON. *(Laughs.)* Very true.

POLLYANNA. *(In a serious tone.)* But you can get glad again. Just look at the rainbows! If you found someone to share them with, it would make

POLLYANNA!

you happy.

PENDLETON. Well, it does sound ideal.

POLLYANNA. I know it would make Jimmy Bean very happy. He wants a family.

PENDLETON. I think you may be right. And I would like to train someone to inherit my business.

POLLYANNA. Jimmy could do that! *(Sitting on the edge of her seat.)*
Jimmy could do that! I know it!

PENDLETON. I reckon I always wanted to raise a child.

POLLYANNA. You are a very smart man. And this is too good of an idea to let go. Jimmy Bean is the perfect match for you!

PENDLETON. Well then, let's see if he's willing to have me adopt him. To be his father.

POLLYANNA. Wowie-zowie Mr. Pendleton! That's wonderful. I will go and get him right now. I know exactly where he is. *(Blackout.)*

SCENE 22

As Pollyanna dashes out of Pendleton's house, she is drenched in the bright light of a sunny afternoon. She runs through the busy streets as she breathlessly searches for Jimmy. She finds him and rushes to him, ecstatic and distracted.

POLLYANNA. Jimmy! Jimmy Bean!

JIMMY BEAN. Pollyanna! What's wrong?

POLLYANNA. Jimmy Bean. This is your lucky day.

JIMMY BEAN. What? What?

POLLYANNA. Jimmy Bean, it's the most wonderful news.

JIMMY BEAN. What?

POLLYANNA. Jimmy Bean, this is the biggest day of your life and I am so glad to be the one that can give you the news.

JIMMY BEAN. What is it? Come on, Pollyanna, what?

POLLYANNA. You're going to have a home! I found you a home. A family! With a real father!

POLLYANNA!

JIMMY BEAN. Pollyanna, slow down. What are you talking about...

POLLYANNA. Mr. Pendleton... He wishes to see you. Right now! Come Jimmy, just follow me, before he changes his mind. Right now! Please. Follow me. *(She tries to get him to hurry and follow her as she runs out into the street, where she is struck down by a speeding automobile. The sounds of screeching of tires and a thud fill the streets with terror as the car speeds away.)*

JIMMY BEAN. Pollyanna! Oh no!

VOICE 1. There's been an accident. Someone is hurt. A little girl.

VOICE 2. Hurry, call the police.

VOICE 1. That car hit Pollyanna.

VOICE 2. There's a phone in that store.

MILLY. *(Pushing her mother in a chair)* Oh no! It's Pollyanna.

MRS. SNOW. Heaven help us! This just can't happen to her! Not to Pollyanna!

JIMMY BEAN. *(Holding her frail, limp body in his arms.)* Please be okay, Pollyanna! Oh, please, please be okay. *(Blackout.)*

INTERMISSION

***THE PLAY IS NOT OVER!! TO FIND OUT HOW IT ENDS—
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