

PRODUCTION SCRIPT

Draft 2.2

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POLLYANNA!

A New Musical

Book by

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Music and Lyrics by

C. Michael Perry

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Pollyanna INK

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CHARACTER LIST: 5f, 6m

Miss Polly Harrington (early 40s, Jennie Harrington's younger sister)

Nancy — the maid (20s)

Pollyanna Whittier (age 11, Daughter of Rev. John Whittier and Jennie Harrington Whittier)

Conductor

Old Tom (60s-70s, caretaker)

Timothy (early 20s — Tom's son)

Dr. Henry Chilton (early 40s, new doctor in town, with a secret about Polly Harrington)

Mr. Pendleton (late 40s early 50s, gruff older appearing gentleman, a former beau of Jennie's)

Mrs. Snow (late 60s, a recluse)

Milly Snow (40s, her daughter)

Jimmy Bean (slightly older than Pollyanna 12-13)

Dr. Warren (60s-70s, Harrington family Physician)

Rev. Paul Ford — The Minister (50s)

The Minister's Wife —

Ladies of the Ladies Aid

Store Clerk (and Assistants)

Nora — Pendleton's Housekeeper

Ensemble

Synopsis of Scenes and Songs

ACT ONE:

MUSICAL #0 — OVERTURE

Scene One: *Split-Stage Harrington House and Train*

MUSICAL #1a&b — KEEP YOUR FEET ON THE GROUND/IS THIS WHAT IT'S LIKE TO FLY?—*Aunt Polly & Pollyanna*

Scene Two: *Train Station, then Harrington House*

MUSICAL #2 — IF ONLY — *Aunt Polly*

MUSICAL #3 — YOU TAUGHT ME GLAD — *Pollyanna*

Scene Three: *Harrington House, Parlor*

MUSICAL #4 — THAT'S WHAT IT TAKES! — *Aunt Polly*

Scene Four: *Harrington House, Pollyanna's Room and Exterior/yard of house*

MUSICAL #5 — THE GLAD RAG — *Pollyanna & Nancy*

Scene Five: *Harrington House, Dining Room*

MUSICAL #5a — SCENE CHANGE (*You Taught Me Glad*)

Scene Six: *Harrington House, Attic*

MUSICAL #5b — SCENE CHANGE (*That's What It Takes!*)

Scene Seven: *Harrington House, Parlor*

MUSICAL #6 — LIVING! — *Aunt Polly, Pollyanna*

Scene Eight: *Streets of Harrington — Printing Shop/Dress Shop*

MUSICAL #7 — YOU HAVE TO RAISE A LADY FROM A GIRL — Aunt Polly & Pollyanna

MUSICAL #7a — SCENE CHANGE (*You Have To Raise A Lady From A Girl*)

Scene Nine: Harrington House, POLLY's Bedroom

MUSICAL #7b — SCENE CHANGE (*Don't Put Out The Lamp*)

Scene Ten: Later that night, Harrington House, POLLYANNA's room and the roof and POLLY's room

MUSICAL #7c — SCENE CHANGE (*Something New*)

Scene Eleven: Harrington House, Kitchen

MUSICAL #8 — SOMETHING NEW — Pollyanna & Townsfolk

MUSICAL #8a — SCENE CHANGE (*In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree*)

Scene Twelve: Harrington House, POLLYANNA's Bedroom

MUSICAL #9 — PUT OUT THE LAMP — Aunt Polly & Pollyanna

MUSICAL #9a — SCENE CHANGE (*Put Out the Lamp into The Glad Rag*)

Scene Thirteen: Streets of Harrington

MUSICAL #10 — SOMEDAY I'LL MEET YOU/MYSTERY MAN — Pollyanna

MUSICAL #10a — SCENE CHANGE (*Something New*)

Scene Fourteen: Harrington House,

??NEW SONG — GROWING — Aunt Polly & Pollyanna

Scene Fifteen: Streets of Harrington & MRS. SNOW's home

MUSICAL #11 — MISSING — Pollyanna & Mrs. Snow (*Contrapuntal*)

Scene Sixteen: Streets of Harrington

Scene Seventeen: Harrington House

MUSICAL #12 — I'LL GET THERE — Jimmy Bean (*his I Am song*)

Scene Eighteen: Harrington House

Scene Nineteen: Harrington House, POLLY's bedroom

MUSICAL #13a — UNDERSCORE: (*Someday I'll Meet You*)

Scene Twenty: The Woods,

MUSICAL #13b — UNDERSCORE: (*The Glad Rag (slow)*)

Scene Twenty-One: Streets of Harrington

Scene Twenty-Two: Pendleton Manor

MUSICAL #14 — GLITTERING RAINBOWS — Pollyanna & Mr. Pendleton

MUSICAL #15 — MISS JENNIE — Mr. Pendleton

MUSICAL #15a — FINALE ACT ONE (*instrumental*)

MUSICAL #15B — ACT TWO PRELUDE

ACT TWO:

Scene One: Harrington House

Scene Two: Pendleton Manor

MUSICAL #16 — "YOU & ME" — Jimmy Bean & Pendleton

Scene Three: Harrington House, POLLYANNA's room

MUSICAL #17a — WHO SHOULD BE GLAD?! — Pollyanna (*reprise of "You Taught Me Glad" with new words*)

MUSICAL #17b — THE GLAD RAG (*Reprise*) — Pollyanna

Scene Four: Pendleton Manor

MUSICAL #18 — PLAN B — Pendleton, Chilton & Jimmy Bean

Scene Five: Harrington House Parlor

Scene Six: *Harrington House, POLLYANNA's room*

MUSICAL #19— THIS TIME — *Aunt Polly*

Scene Seven: *Harrington House, Parlor*

MUSICAL #20 —CHANCES MISSED — *Chilton & Polly & Pollyanna—*

Scene Eight: *Harrington House, POLLYANNA's room*

Scene Nine: *Harrington House, Parlor, Lawn and Train Station/Train*

MUSICAL #21a —IS THIS WHAT IT'S LIKE TO FLY? (reprise) *Aunt Polly & Pollyanna, Dr. Chilton*

MUSICAL #21b — THE GLAD RAG — *ENSEMBLE*

MUSICAL 22 — BOWS

MUSICAL 23 — EXIT MUSIC

POLLYANNA

ACT ONE

Scene ONE — *LIGHTS up on the Harrington home. POLLY HARRINGTON wringing her hands, worried about the arrival of her niece. NANCY is doing dishes, as instructed. MUSIC begins as underscore.*)

MUSICAL #1a — KEEP YOUR FEET ON THE GROUND

AUNT POLLY: Nancy!

(Enters the kitchen, NANCY cannot hear her because of the running water.)

(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 trip today.

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...

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

NANCY: Well, isn't this exciting!

AUNT POLLY: I wouldn't say exciting, but I know my duty.

AUNT POLLY:

THE SUN ALWAYS RISES.

NO SURPRISES!

THAT IS UNDERSTOOD!

FATHER FOUGHT ME. MOTHER TAUGHT ME:

KEEP YOUR FEET ON THE GROUND!

MY DUTY? TO TEACH HER,

THIS NEW CREATURE

FULL OF WILD CHILDHOOD!

WHAT I'M FEELING. LIFE IS REELING!

KEEP YOUR FEET FIRMLY ON THE GROUND.

FEAR IS SO SENSELESS!

LEAVES YOU DEFENSELESS

LIKE A GIRL ONCE MORE!

WHY DO I FEEL IT?

MUST CONCEAL IT!

I CAN'T LET IT OUT. WILL NOT OPEN THAT DOOR!

AUNT POLLY: Old Tom will take you to the station to meet her. The train arrives at 4 o'clock.

NANCY: Yes, Miss.

AUNT POLLY: Don't be late!

<SCENE SHIFT> TO:

MUSICAL#1b —IS THIS WHAT IT'S LIKE TO FLY?

(We hear the SFX: steady rhythmic chugging of a train under the above dialog. Then, LIGHTS come up on POLLYANNA WHITTIER, seated and bouncing, jumping, lurching with the rhythm of the train at the excitement of each new sight along the way.)

POLLYANNA:

THIS TRAIN IS SUCH PERFECTION.
SO FAR IN ONE DIRECTION!
THERE'S NO NEED FOR PROTECTION.
THE PEOPLE I'VE MET? AS NICE AS SOME SAY!

THAT TREE IS FIT FOR CLIMBING,
THAT STEEPLE'S LOVELY CHIMING
THAT TOWN LOOKS SO INVITING
AUNT POLLY AND I COULD VISIT ONE DAY!

WHEN WILL I EVER GET THERE?
THERE'S NO ONE I HAVE MET THERE!
WILL I LOVE EACH SUNSET THERE?
HOPEFUL IS WHAT I FEEL! BUT WHAT CAN I SAY
WHEN IT'S A NEW DAY!

I WONDER, IS THAT RIVER AS DEEP AS IT IS WIDE?
I WONDER, IS THAT FOREST SOMEPLACE I COULD HIDE?
IT'S FUNNY, I'VE NEVER BEEN WHERE I AM GOING!
DOES EVERYTHING I SAY BETRAY? MY IGNORANCE SHOWING?

I'M GLAD THIS TRAIN'S IN MOTION!
ON LAND, BUT FEELS LIKE OCEAN.
IT'S LIKE A MAGIC POTION!
IS THIS WHAT IT'S LIKE TO FLY?

I'M GLAD I HAVE AUNT POLLY.
LIKE MOTHER, POLLY'S JOLLY.
I FEEL I'M BEING CARRIED.
IS MY AUNT POLLY MARRIED?
I'VE ONLY ONE OBSESSION:
TO MAKE THE RIGHT IMPRESSION!

(LIGHTS on both POLLYANNA and AUNT POLLY.)

I'M GLAD THIS TRAIN'S IN MOTION!
ON LAND, BUT FEELS LIKE OCEAN.
IT'S LIKE A MAGIC POTION!
IS THIS WHAT IT'S LIKE TO FLY?

AUNT POLLY:
THE SUN ALWAYS RISES.
NO SURPRISES! THAT IS UNDERSTOOD.
FATHER FOUGHT ME. MOTHER TAUGHT ME
KEEP YOUR FEET ON THE GROUND!

CONDUCTOR: *(spoken)* Harrington, New Hampshire. Next stop, Harrington!

POLLYANNA:
NO SCENERY COULD BE VASTER,
THIS TRAIN, THERE'S NOTHING FASTER!

WILL IT END IN DISASTER?
IS THIS WHAT IT'S LIKE TO FLY?

AUNT POLLY:
MY DUTY? TO TEACH HER,
THIS NEW CREATURE FULL OF WILD
CHILDHOOD!
WHAT I'M FEELING! LIFE IS REELING!
KEEP YOUR FEET ON THE GROUND!

Scene TWO — *LIGHTS and sound shift. At the train station.*

OLD TOM: Almost there!

(SFX: Train whistle blares.)

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: Ha, ha!

(Laughing)

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, Pollyanna's mama, left. She was quite fond of her. Maybe that's why she's taking her daughter in... who knows what's in her head.

(SFX: The train is heard to stop.)

NANCY: Has Miss Polly ever been in love?

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

NANCY: It's sad.

OLD TOM: It is what it is. Polly Harrington is a good woman, but just a hard woman. Whoaaa! Here we are!

NANCY: And there she is!

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

NANCY: Pollyanna!

OLD TOM: Pollyanna!

POLLYANNA: 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. 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 a big, hearty hug.)

Welcome to your new home, Pollyanna.

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

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

NANCY: Pollyanna, one thing about your aunt...

POLLYANNA: Aunt Polly? I can't wait to meet her! Do you have any idea what it's like for an orphan to find family! Real family! I should 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 bees and bugs. I so wish I could fly— every time I see an open window. Just look around here... there is so much fresh air. I think I should faint!

(The wagon arrives at Harrington House.)

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 more rich than I ever imagined.

(LIGHTS shift to inside the house.)

AUNT POLLY: So, this is our little Pollyanna!

(POLLYANNA rushes forward and hugs Polly fiercely without any warning.)

NANCY: Oh no! Pollyanna wait!

OLD TOM: 'Taint best Pollyanna, you'll upset your Aunt ...

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. Pretty street, pretty house, and very pretty Aunt Polly. 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. 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 little musty up here, but please do not open the windows yet. There are no screens and the flies cannot be allowed to enter freely, which given the opportunity, they surely will, like most creatures.

(Exits as LIGHTS fade, and as AUNT POLLY descends the stairs, she sings.)

MUSICAL #2 — IF ONLY

AUNT POLLY:

AN OPEN WINDOW...

AN OPEN MIND.

THEY ARE SOMETHING TO BEWARE OF.

SOMETHING TO DESPAIR OF.

SOMETHING ONLY CHAOS BRINGS.

I MUST BE UNOPPOSED.

AN OPEN WINDOW,

AN OPEN DOOR

IS A CAUTION, IS A DANGER

LIKE TALKING TO A STRANGER.

THEY LET IN SUCH AWFUL THINGS.

IT'S BEST TO KEEP THEM CLOSED.

TIGHTLY SHUT, I CONCLUDE,

THEN THE WORLD INSIDE

IS SAFE, SERENE, AND SOLITARY.

NOTHING NEED INTRUDE.

WHAT AM I AFRAID OF?

IS IT FLIES?

I KNOW WHAT I'M MADE OF.

THERE'S NO SURPRISE.

BUT MY WORLD IS TURNED AROUND.

AND NOW THE FLIES ABOUND.
ORDER'S GONE, FLED OUT THE WINDOW.

WHAT WOULD MY LIFE CONTAIN
INSTEAD OF FLIES AND RAIN?
IF ONLY I COULD OPEN A WINDOW.

(LIGHTS up again on POLLYANNA looking about in her new room. 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, 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.

(Holds it open and a photograph drops out of it.)

Look! This is my father. Isn't he so very handsome. I enjoyed looking at him every day, I can see why my mother left here and followed him. But I won't speak of him around her. I see that it is forbidden. I don't dare to ever make her cross again about that.

NANCY: Pollyanna, 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 and sings.)

MUSICAL #3 — YOU TAUGHT ME GLAD

POLLYANNA:

I REMEMBER THE DAY.
I WAS SO VERY YOUNG.
MAYBE THREE OR FOUR, BUT MY LIFE JUST STUNG.
I AWAITED A BOX FROM THE LADIES' AID.
IN IT? A DOLL, I HOPED!
WHAT I GOT? NOT MUCH.
JUST A BROKEN CRUTCH.
NO TIRADE,
BUT I MOPED.

I WEPT. I CRIED.
SOMETHING DEEP INSIDE
SEEMED BROKEN, BEYOND REPAIR.
SO YOU TAUGHT ME A GAME THAT WOULD MAKE ME GLAD.
IT CHANGED MY LIFE TO THE LIFE I SHOULD HAVE HAD.

EVERY DAY, EVERY HOUR, WHEN A TEAR WOULD DROP
YOU WOULD SING ME A SONG THAT WOULD HELP ME STOP.
I WOULD LOOK IN YOUR EYES,

AND TO MY SURPRISE,
FOR A MOMENT I FELT IT;
YOU WERE MORE THAN MY DAD.
YOU TAUGHT ME GLAD.

LIFE WAS NOT ALWAYS HARD, STILL YOU EASED MY WAY.
I WOULD SING YOU A SONG, AND WITHOUT DELAY,
I WOULD LAUGH, YOU WOULD SING,
WE'D FORGET EACH STING.
FOR FOREVER I'VE FELT IT;
YOU WAS MORE THAN MY DAD.
YOU TAUGHT ME GLAD.

Scene THREE — Dining Room. AUNT POLLY is at dinner and POLLYANNA is late, but could be seen split-stage unpacking, then opening and climbing out her window.

AUNT POLLY: No YOU will not get Pollyanna! She is late and there are consequences!

NANCY: Yes, but it's only her first...

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

(NANCY suffers this tirade until dismissed.)

We can not let a child lead.

MUSICAL #4: THAT'S WHAT IT TAKES!

AUNT POLLY:

WHAT ABOUT ORDER?
WHAT ABOUT RULES?
I DO NOT MEAN THE CONDUCT THEY ACCEPT IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS!
FIRM BUT FAIR,
PEEL AND PARE
'TIL THE EXCESS IS REMOVED.
THAT'S THE WAY TO BE IMPROVED.

THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU LET A CHILD LEAD.
AND MY SISTER WAS CERTAINLY A CHILD.
YOU MUST ISOLATE CHILDREN, GIVE THEM ONLY WHAT THEY NEED.
ANY OTHER WAY IS ...WILD!
STATELY AND PROUD,
NEVER TOO LOUD.
I WAS NEVER ALLOWED TO MAKE MISTAKES.
FIRM BEDTIME!

PLAIN WARDROBE!
 NO NOISE!
 NO BOYS!
 IF THAT'S TOO RIGID... THAT'S WHAT IT TAKES!

THAT'S WHAT IT TAKES!
 LIFE'S NOT CANDIES AND CAKES.
 NOT WILLY-NILLY FRILLS.
 YES, THOSE A CHILD FORSAKES.
 DECORUM'S A FORUM THAT RAISES THE STAKES.
 A TEST OF WILLS.
 THAT'S WHAT IT TAKES!

THIS IS GOOD!
 IS HOW IT SHOULD BE!
 HOW I WAS TAUGHT.
 THIS IS THE STRONGEST ME!
 AND I'M HAPPY AREN'T I?
 I WON'T TOLERATE WHAT MY FATHER WOULDN'T TOLERATE!
 AND I'M HAPPY, AREN'T I?

THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS WHEN A CHILD GETS HER WAY.
 AND MY SISTER CERTAINLY HAD A CHILD.
 SIMPLY TOLERATE CHILDREN, AND THEN IF THEY DISOBEY
 HOW THEY MUST BE RECONCILED!
 NEVER A QUIRK.
 NOTHING LIKE WORK,
 EV'RY DUTY PERFORMED WITHOUT A SMIRK!
 STRICT DIET,
 HOT BREAKFAST,
 NO CLAIMS,
 NO GAMES!
 IF THAT'S TOO SHAMELESS... THAT'S WHAT IT TAKES!

Scene FOUR — Interior POLLYANNA's room and Exterior grounds of Harrington House. POLLYANNA, after we see her putting away her things, sneaks out the window and into the evening air; shimmying down the tree, enjoying herself immensely; and she runs to lay down on the grass. NANCY runs up, out of breath, calling for her.

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

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 her 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 shakes her head)

POLLYANNA: 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.

MUSICAL #5 — THE GLAD RAG *(Pollyanna & Nancy)*

MY LOVELY FATHER MADE UP A SONG.

WE'D SING IT TOGETHER **WHEN OUR WORLD WENT WRONG.**

WHEN TROUBLES GET TO YOU,

IF ALL YOU TRY TO DO

IS THROW A FIT AND GET ALL SAD AND GLOOMY— PRETENDING IS THE WAY
TO BRIGHTEN UP YOUR DAY.

YOUR HEART CAN SUDDENLY BE ROOMY.

SEE THOSE BAD TIMES, SAD TIMES DISAPPEAR WHEN THE

GLAD RAG GRAB BAG HIT'S YOUR EAR!

FOR YOUR HEART WILL CARTWHEEL. AND YOUR FEAR? IT WILL FADE, WHEN YOUR AID
COMES FROM THAT

GLAD RAG, GLAD RAG SINGING OUT TO YOU,

DON'T IGNORE IT, HEAR IT SHOUT TO YOU:

"BLUE SKIES COMING THROUGH!"

JUST FOR YOU!

YOU'LL BE FEELING HAPPIER,

LIFE IS SNAPPIER

WHEN YOU'RE ABLE TO SAY:

"IT'S A GLAD RAG, GLAD RAG DAY!"

BREAD AND MILK BECOME A TREAT.

EVERY GLAD RAG MAKES IT SWEET.

WHEN SADNESS LOOMS, GET ON YOUR FEET, DEFEAT IT!

BE POSITIVE AND SAY

"TODAY'S A GLADDER DAY!"

I CAN'T FEEL SAD WHEN I REPEAT IT!

ALL THOSE BAD TIMES, SAD TIMES DISAPPEAR WHEN THE
GLAD RAG GRAB BAG HIT'S YOUR EAR!
FOR YOUR HEART WILL CARTWHEEL. AND YOUR FEAR? IT WILL FADE, WHEN YOUR AID
COMES FROM THAT
GLAD RAG, GLAD RAG SINGING OUT TO YOU,
DON'T IGNORE IT, HEAR IT SHOUT TO YOU:

NANCY:

"BLUE SKIES COMING THROUGH!"

POLLYANNA:

JUST FOR YOU!

BOTH:

YOU'LL BE FEELING HAPPIER, LIFE IS SNAPPIER
WHEN YOU'RE ABLE TO SAY: "IT'S A GLAD RAG,

NANCY:

GLAD RAG,

BOTH:

GLAD RAG DAY!"

(DANCE)

BOTH:

YOU'LL BE FEELING HAPPIER, LIFE IS SNAPPIER
WHEN YOU'RE ABLE TO SAY: "IT'S A GLAD RAG,
GLAD RAG, GLAD RAG DAY!"

Scene FIVE — *The next morning at breakfast, SFX: several flies are buzzing around and AUNT POLLY is not pleased. POLLYANNA, NANCY and AUNT. POLLY sit in awkward silence as the LIGHTS come up.*

AUNT POLLY: Nancy, where did those flies come from?

POLLYANNA: Umm...

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 from out of doors of course, through the windows. I saw some 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.

(NANCY 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. Flies, Pollyanna, are not only unclean and annoying, but very dangerous to 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 as AUNT POLLY fetches the pamphlet on flies, turns to go, is startled by POLLYANNA's presence there, and hands her the pamphlet. POLLYANNA is delighted.)

AUNT POLLY: This is the article. After a quiet breakfast, I desire for you to go to your room and read it.

POLLYANNA: Oh thank you, Aunt Polly!

(POLLYANNA immediately skips out of the room as AUNT POLLY follows. LIGHTS fade.)

MUSICAL #5a — SCENE CHANGE (You Taught Me Glad)

Scene SIX — *Later that morning in the attic, AUNT POLLY goes through POLLYANNA's wardrobe.*

AUNT POLLY: 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: These clothes will never do for a Harrington. This is the best of them?

POLLYANNA: I'm wearing the best.

AUNT POLLY: Dreadful!

POLLYANNA: The Ladies Aid bought me these ones - second hand, but close to new.

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.

(Exits)

POLLYANNA: Schedule?

MUSICAL #5b — SCENE CHANGE (That's What It Takes!)

Scene SEVEN — *Harrington House Parlor — Later that afternoon, AUNT POLLY and POLLYANNA prepare to leave for the dress shop.*

AUNT POLLY: 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. 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...

MUSICAL #6 — LIVING!

POLLYANNA: That's wonderful, Aunt Polly, but you haven't left me anytime at all just to—to live!

AUNT POLLY:

TO LIVE, CHILD! WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

AS IF YOU WEREN'T LIVING ALL THE TIME?

POLLYANNA:

I'D BE BREATHING WHILE ALL DOING THOSE THINGS,

BUT NOT LIVING; AND THAT'S A CRIME.

YOU CREATE ALL THE TIME YOU'RE ASLEEP,

BUT YOU AREN'T LIVING!

SO MANY THINGS I LOVE TO DO TO KEEP

LIVING! GIVING!

PLAYING OUTSIDE, READING, TO MYSELF, OF COURSE.

CLIMBING HILLS AND WATCHING CLOUDS,

LAUGHING WHILE RIDING A CHESTNUT HORSE.

THRIVING IN THE MIDST OF CROWDS.

GARDENING WITH OLD TOM,

TALKING WITH NANCY AND FEELING CALM.

WALKING THROUGH THE STREETS I SAW,

AND TALKING WITH YOU AND FEELING THE AWE;

THAT'S WHAT I'D CALL LIVING ALL THE TIME.

(LIGHTS DIM on a confused, yet complimented AUNT POLLY and a smiling, refreshed POLLYANNA.)

SCENE EIGHT — *OLD TOM drives AUNT POLLY and POLLYANNA into town and leaves them off at a crossroads at the corner stage. As they walk down the street towards to the dress shop, POLLYANNA sees PENDLETON walking by.*

POLLYANNA: Oh hello sir.

AUNT POLLY: Pollyanna. Come along. Don't talk to strangers.

(PENDLETON walks past them and grumbles.)

POLLYANNA: Oh he's not a stranger, I've seen him before.

AUNT POLLY: 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. He says he's very sad and lonely now. I think he looks friendly.

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. It's not polite to make grown-ups wait.

(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 that 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.

(DR. CHILTON, 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?

CHILTON: You just look 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 the way.

CHILTON: I'm Dr. Chilton, I'm an old friend of your Aunt Polly. How are you, Polly?

AUNT POLLY: *(Angered)* Pollyanna, come along.

POLLYANNA: But Aunt Polly this very handsome gentleman says he knows you.

AUNT POLLY: I know who he is. We have an appointment. Let's go.

(AUNT POLLY 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, why Aunt Polly! Why are you trembling. Your hands are shaking.

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

POLLYANNA: Are you afraid of him?

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. Don't speak about things that are not your concern.

(Sighs heavily.)

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

STORE CLERK: Nice to see you, Miss Harrington, and a pleasure to meet you, Pollyanna. You know, your Aunt Polly keeps Harrington in the name Harrington! Have you seen anything else you like?

(While in the dress shop, AUNT POLLY begins the hunt for dresses. The action shifts to CHILTON just finished getting a shoeshine across the street, and PENDLETON approaching with a newspaper in hand.)

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

CHILTON: I tried to ask, but Polly pulled her away.

PENDLETON: Could it be her niece? I heard gossip about her adopting her niece.

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

PENDLETON: Could it be her sister's child? Jenny's daughter?

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

PENDLETON: I would like to find out. I heard the little girl is an orphan.

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

(The MEN talk as they walk off to exit. Scene shifts back inside the dress shop AUNT POLLY is quite upset with POLLYANNA's disobedience but does not want to make a scene.)

is satisfied that she has found a suitable dress for her niece, but when she asks POLLYANNA to have a look she realizes that her niece is nowhere to be found.)

(AUNT POLLY sees that POLLYANNA is back out on the street by DR. CHILTON and silently charges out, ignoring all, and pulls POLLYANNA inside the dress shop.)

(As they hold up dress after dress, and try on a few that AUNT POLLY approves of.)

AUNT POLLY: Ladies, thank you for all of your help today. We'll take these three.

(ASSISTANTS wrapping up the parcels)

STORE CLERK: Oh, it was our pleasure. Pollyanna — you're a perfect size — you won't even need alterations.

POLLYANNA: Yes, thank you. This is beyond my wildest dreams.

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.

MUSICAL #7 — YOU HAVE TO RAISE A LADY FROM A GIRL

AUNT POLLY:

IT'S DISCIPLINE THAT STARTS HER OFF IN LIFE.
FOR THE EXCESS IS TRIMMED WITH SHARPEST KNIFE.
SHAPE AND MOLD THE THOUGHTS TO KEEP
IT HELPS HER MAKE THE MOST OF SLEEP.
AND OVER ALL—

POLLYANNA:

YOU LET HER STAY UP LATE?

AUNT POLLY:

THROUGH ETIQUETTE A GIRL IS LEAD TO GROW.
THERE ARE CERTAIN THINGS EVERY GIRL MUST KNOW.
HOW TO USE THE SILVERWARE
CAN GIVE HER SUCH A POLISHED AIR.

BUT MOST OF ALL —

POLLYANNA:

YOU LET HER LICK HER PLATE!

AUNT POLLY:

YOU HA-VE TO RAISE A LADY FROM A GIRL.

POLLYANNA:

BUT WITHOUT A LITTLE SAND, THE OYSTER GROWS NO PEARL!

AUNT POLLY:

YOU MUST CONTROL THE THOUGHTS YOU THINK.

LIFE CANNOT TEETER ON THE BRINK.

NO LADY COMES FROM SUCH A GIRL!

DECORUM IS THE TOOL THAT OPENS DOORS.

LEARN IT PROPERLY YOU'LL FIND THE WORLD IS YOURS

CALM AND COOL DEMEANOR HOLD

THE KEY TO BEING SELF-CONTROLLED.

AND MOST OF ALL—

POLLYANNA:

YOU LET HER CLIMB SOME TREES.

AUNT POLLY:

IN DRESSING UP, DISCOVER WHAT IS BEST.

FOR THE CLOTHING WORN WILL PUT HER TO THE TEST.

(indicating her own clothes)

THESE SIMPLE LINES AND MUTED TONES

UTILITY ITSELF CONDONES

THAT MOST OF ALL—

POLLYANNA:

YOU LET HER SCRAPE HER KNEES.

AUNT POLLY:

POLLYANNA, PLEASE!

MUSICAL #7a — SCENE CHANGE (You Have To Raise A Lady From A Girl)

Scene NINE — *Later that night, POLLY'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.

AUNT POLLY: I admit I knew my duty when they contacted me about you. 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.

POLLYANNA: Oh, Aunt Polly, I won't be any trouble to you at all. Those women back there, 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: Aunt Polly, I have to ask. Tell me more about that very handsome, Dr. Chilton, is that what the other man called him? He seemed like just the kind of man my father would befriend. In fact, he reminds me of a man...

AUNT POLLY: Enough chattering for now. You've had a very busy day, and it's getting late. Tomorrow we must rise early and start your lessons. It's my duty to see that you are properly cultured. Now off to sleep.

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

*(AUNT POLLY exits without a word. **Blackout.**)*

MUSICAL #7b — SCENE CHANGE (Don't Put Out The Lamp — Polly's verse)

Scene TEN — *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 the stars.

<SCENE SHIFT> *TO AUNT POLLY awakened by the noise outside her room, worries that there is a burglar. She calls for Old Tom and Timothy on the intercom phone to come and have a look.)*

AUNT POLLY: *(whispered)* 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 Polly...

Oh no! I hope he hasn't harmed her.

OLD TOM: *(Enters, out of breath)* Yes, Miss Polly. You're alright? Gave us all a fright.

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?

TOM: Not just yet. Timothy is on the ladder. I'll go out the window here. I see something there.

(OLD TOM 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 to the roof...

AUNT POLLY: Pollyanna hand me those things at once. Of all the extraordinary children...

(To Old Tom)

Thank you, Tom. Thank your son for me as well...

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.

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.

*(As POLLYANNA's eyes light up, she smiles and **Blackout.**)*

MUSICAL# 7c — SCENE CHANGE (Something New)

Scene ELEVEN — *LIGHTS up on Harrington House. NANCY and POLLYANNA are discussing a basket of treats for MRS. SNOW.*

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 Pollys'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.

POLLYANNA: Duty. Hmmm. I don't think I much like that word.

NANCY: Mrs. Snow can be a lot. And then there's her daughter, Milly...

POLLYANNA: It seems such a wonderful challenge.

NANCY: Not especially nice 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)

MUSICAL #8 — SOMETHING NEW

POLLYANNA:

I DO LIKE THE SOUND OF COOKING.
BUT ARITHMETIC'S A BORE.
HISTORY IS OLD AND NOTHING BUT A PUZZLE;
A TWISTERY OF NAMES, DATES AND PLACES AND MORE!

NANCY:

SOME THINGS AREN'T SO NEW AND NEED A MUZZLE, OR TWO!
I THOUGHT THAT BY COMING EAST
YOU'D FIND A LITTLE CHANGE.

POLLYANNA:

AT LEAST
I'M SEEKING, I'M WANTING SOMETHING NEW!

NANCY: Why, Pollyanna, think a minute...

POLLYANNA: That's all I've been doing.

NANCY: What are you glad for?

POLLYANNA: *(smiling)*

THERE'S BEDROOMS IN THE ATTIC,
SHEETS WITH LOVELY STATIC.
KEYS FOR EV'RY DOOR!
NOT THOUGHT OF THAT BEFORE.
LOTS OF THINGS TO DO.
CANDIES I CAN CHEW!
EVERY MINUTE, THERE'S SOMETHING NEW!

(LIGHTS shift to POLLYANNA scampering down the street. ENSEMBLE enters.)

THERE'S WALKING DOWN THE STREET HERE.
PEOPLE I CAN MEET HERE.

(to one of the crowd)

HELLO! HOW ARE YOU?

(to another of the crowd)

AND I'M PLEASED TO MEET YOU, TOO!

I'm Pollyanna! Pollyanna Whittier.

(variously)

Hello!

PERSON1:

A HARRINGTON YOU SAY?

PERSON 2:

NOT THOUGHT I'D SEE THE DAY.

PERSON 3:

POLLYANNA:

Hello!

Nice to meet you!

WITH COLOR IN HER FACE AND DRESS.

PERSON 4:

DESPITE THE GIRL'S UNIQUE ADDRESS! How are you today?

PERSON 5:

SOMETHING'S ABOUT TO CHANGE. FEELING NEW TODAY!

PERSON 6:

SOMETHING NEW, SOMETHING STRANGE!

PERSON 7:

WHATEVER'S COMING UP THE PIKE...

PERSON 8:

IS SOMETHING WE SHOULD LIKE!

ENSEMBLE: (*unison*)

SOMETHING NEW IN THIS TIRED TOWN.

A BREATH OF FRESH AIR,

AN ANSWER TO PRAYER.

SOMETHING NEW TURNS US UPSIDE-DOWN!

HER WAYS BEGUILE!

CAN'T HELP BUT SMILE.

SOMETHING NEW AND DIFFERENT IN THIS OLD TOWN!

(*DANCE SECTION.*)

THE SUN IS SOMEHOW BRIGHTER,

TROUBLES FEEL MUCH LIGHTER,

NOT LIKE BEFORE;

IT LETS YOUR SPIRIT SOAR!

IT'S LONG OVERDUE.

CAN'T BELIEVE IT'S TRUE!

I'M EXCITED FOR SOMETHING...

SOMETHING NEW IN THIS TIRED TOWN.

A BREATH OF FRESH AIR,

AN ANSWER TO PRAYER.

SOMETHING NEW TURNS US UPSIDE-DOWN!

HER WAYS BEGUILE!

CAN'T HELP BUT SMILE.

SOMETHING NEW AND DIFFERENT IN THIS OLD TOWN!

SOMETHING NEW!

(*THE ENSEMBLE disperses as PENDLETON passes by.*)

POLLYANNA: (*calling out*) Hey there, Mr. Pendleton. Old Tom told me you were once a friend of my family before you became sad and lonely. 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!

(PENDLETON ignores her, and hurries away.)

<**SCENE SHIFT**> — *the small home of MRS. SNOW, a bedridden woman who tends to wallow in her misfortune. POLLYANNA arrives, knocks and waits. 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)* Yes, that would be nice... If only Mother weren't so difficult...

(POLLYANNA starts in ahead, but MILLY takes the lead and brings POLLYANNA in to 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. MRS. SNOW shoos MILLY out.)

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

POLLYANNA: Wait till you see what Aunt Polly sent with me 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...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.)

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 portion of THE GLAD RAG a cappella while she brushes Mrs. Snow's hair.)

I wish I had hair this lovely!

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

POLLYANNA: Sing for us now please?

MRS. SNOW: Oh — I sang 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.

(POLLYANNA sings IN THE SHADE OF THE OLD APPLE TREE (public domain) and MRS.

SNOW starts to faintly hum along with her. The LIGHTS fade as she smiles.)

MUSICAL #8a — SCENE CHANGE (In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree)

Scene TWELVE — *LIGHTS come up on HARRINGTON HOUSE, later that night — POLLYANNA’S bedroom. AUNT POLLY tucks 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 — losing her husband, falling ill, and losing her husband’s income, because he died at an early age. They hadn’t had much chance to save. She now depends on Milly, for everything.

POLLYANNA: Well, she’s just got to find something to be glad about 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 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 leaves the room, but stops on the stairs, as if to return, but instead waits — listening. POLLYANNA kneels.)

MUSICAL #9 — PUT OUT THE LAMP

POLLYANNA: *(alone in her room)*

DEAR GOD, IT’S

ME AGAIN.

IT’S JUST THE SAME OLD

PLEA AGAIN.

YOU KNOW WHAT I ASK.

IT’S NO SMALL TASK.

PLEASE, BLESS AUNT POLLY.

(LIGHTS dim on POLLYANNA and come up on AUNT POLLY waiting on the stairs.)

AUNT POLLY:

EMPTY HOUSE

WITH A THOUSAND MEMORIES;

MANY ARE BURDENS TO BEAR.

NOT SO EMPTY,
STILL THERE ARE SHADOWS
LEFT BY A HAUNTING DESPAIR.

WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT THERE'D BE LAUGHTER AGAIN?
WHERE WAS IT ALL OF THOSE YEARS?
IT'S BANISHING GLOOM,
FROM EVERY ROOM;
BUT HOW CAN IT LAST WHEN MY FEARS LINGER?

*(AUNT POLLY returns to POLLYANNA'S room, reaching the door at POLLYANNA's last
"Please, Bless Aunt Polly.)*

AM I DESTINED TO
LOSE THIS LIGHTNING:
SPARK OF A SCAMP
WITH HER GLAD HEART?
HOW ENLIGHT'NING TO GET IT STARTED!
DON'T PUT OUT THE
LAMP.

POLLYANNA:
DEAR GOD, IT'S
ME AGAIN.
IT'S JUST THE SAME OLD
PLEA AGAIN.
YOU KNOW WHAT I ASK. IT'S
NO SMALL TASK. PLEASE,
BLESS AUNT POLLY.

(AUNT POLLY is almost stricken with emotion as the LIGHTS dim.)

MUSICAL #9a — SCENE CHANGE (Put Out the Lamp into The Glad Rag)

Scene THIRTEEN — *Next Day* — *LIGHTS up on POLLYANNA coming out the door of her Music Teacher, who stands in the doorway waving to her. POLLYANNA skips down the walk way, stops and turns.*

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.

MUSICAL #10 — SOMEDAY, SOMEHOW

POLLYANNA:
WHEN YOU'RE READY...
I'LL BE THERE.
ALL YOU DO IS
TELL ME WHERE.
I'VE BEEN TOLD THAT PATIENCE COMES SLOWLY.

I'M NOT SO SURE. IS PATIENCE HOLY?
BUT THERE WILL COME A DAY
WHEN I WILL HEAR YOU SAY,
"POLLYANNA? NICE TO MEET YOU."
AND I'LL GREET YOU THAT SAME WAY!

SOMEDAY, SOMEHOW,
ON THE STREET, IN THE PARK,
SOMEDAY, SOMEHOW
I WILL HEAR YOUR REMARK.
WHEN WILL IT HAPPEN? I'LL NEVER KNOW.
SOMEDAY, SOMEHOW IT WILL FLOW!

PLEASE, SURPRISE ME!
IT'S SO FUN!
AND SO PLEASANT
WHEN IT'S DONE.
I'VE BEEN TOLD THAT WAITING IS GLORY.
BUT I'M NOT SURE THAT'S ALL OF THE STORY.

SOMEDAY, SOMEHOW,
ON THE STREET, IN THE PARK,
SOMEDAY, SOMEHOW
I WILL HEAR YOUR REMARK.
WHEN WILL IT HAPPEN? I CAN'T FORETELL.
SOMEDAY, SOMEHOW I WILL YELL:
SOMEHOW
SOMEDAY WILL BE NOW!

POLLYANNA: What's that? I hear something!

(SFX: Cat mewing. POLLYANNA bends down to look under a hedge. Holds up a kitten.)

Awww. Where's your momma? Let's see if we can find her.

(POLLYANNA 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! Hello! Always good to see you!

POLLYANNA: Yes. You as well.

(Still trying to hide the kitten, she distracts TIMOTHY.)

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

TIMOTHY: Why no!

(Laughs)

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'd be right glad to do that!

POLLYANNA: I think she would be glad as well.

(LIGHTS cross-fade to 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 her 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 then...

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 is out of the bag.)

NANCY: Why Pollyanna, 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... 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)

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! 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 new coat in the slop sink! I'll help you give him a bath, and then we can give him some warm milk.

(NANCY 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 new little charge.

POLLYANNA: Yes, Aunt Polly — you really are amazing.

AUNT POLLY: Off with you ...

(LIGHTS slowly fade as AUNT POLLY shoos POLLYANNA off to the kitchen. She smiles to herself and sighs heavily.)

MUSICAL #10a — SCENE CHANGE (Something New)

Scene FOURTEEN — *Next Morning at breakfast — POLLYANNA joins AUNT POLLY as NANCY is fixing a basket again for Mrs. Snow.*

AUNT POLLY: A minute early today!

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

(They all share a laugh.)

AUNT POLLY: Well, yes, 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. 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! And you can tuck me in every night!

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

#10b — GROWING

POLLYANNA:

IS IT WRONG TO LOVE THE LITTLE THINGS WE DID?
 IS IT WRONG TO CHANGE THE WAY YOU THINK?
 IS IT RIGHT TO BE RID
 WHEN YOU'RE ON THE BRINK
 OF GROWING UP?
 'LITTLE'S' GONE WITH A WINK;
 AND 'BIG' IS THERE IN A BLINK.

AUNT POLLY: *(counterpoint)*

FROM TINY GOWNS TO JUMPERS, AND THEN PRETTY DRESSES.
 FROM WILD AND CURLY TO SILKEN TRESSES.
 IT STARTS OUT SO SIMPLE,
 A BABY'S DIMPLE

GROWS DEEPER AS WE DO.
ALMOST A RE-DO.

(As THEY sink deep into their own thoughts, a physical separation onstage occurs.)

AUNT POLLY:
GROWING OLDER...
WHAT DO YOU LEAVE BEHIND?
WHAT DID I MISS
IN THIS RUSH OF MIND?
WAS MY CHOICE TO BE COLDER
NOT KINDER?
WAS I DETERMINED TO GROW OLDER,
AND EVER BLINDER
TO THE SWEET THINGS THAT DUTY
ERASES FROM BEAUTY?

AUNT POLLY:
HOW FUNNY THAT WATCHING A CHILD START TO GROW
SHOULD CAUSE REGRET THAT YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU DID KNOW.

POLLYANNA:
GROWING UP
WHAT SHOULD YOU LEAVE BEHIND?
WHAT WOULD I MISS
FROM MY FORMER MIND?
MAMA, THEN PAPA?
MORE CHORES, LESS PLAY?
MORE 'SHOULD-DOS', LESS "SHOULD'S"?
ARE "COULD-DOS" TO BE LEFT IN THE WOODS?
I CAN'T IMAGINE SUCH A THING
ALL WINTER, NO SPRING.

BOTH: *(still separated)*

GROWING UP, OR GROWING OLDER
WHICH IS BETTER, EVEN BOLDER?
WITH THE TIME GOING PAST,
IT HAPPENS SO FAST,

POLLYANNA:
GROWING UP,

AUNT POLLY:
NOT GROWING OLDER.

(Maybe AUNT POLLY fearful it will never happen, POLLYANNA excited that it will!)

BOTH:
MAYBE JUST... GROWING!

Scene FIFTEEN— *A little while later, on the street, POLLYANNA with a basket, carrying Victor, 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.

(PENDLETON stares)

Did you see my kitten, his name is Sir Victor! He was going to be Queen Victoria...

(PENDLETON says nothing, turns away and walks off. POLLYANNA turns with a smile and walks up to the home of MRS. SNOW. The LIGHTS shift to the inside of the home where MRS.

SNOW is in bed, MILLY is standing by and POLLYANNA is excited.)

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

MILLY: As ever, Miss Pollyanna. Nancy stayed home again today?

(POLLYANNA follows MILLY into her mother's room.)

POLLYANNA: She's 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 Milly was a very young girl. Her father brought it to her. He named it Sam, but it turned out to be a Samantha!

POLLYANNA: I knew you'd love her! Milly? How do... Oh.

(notices MILLY 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 to-day?

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. 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's ears — being deaf, so.

MRS. SNOW: Sister's ears! What do you mean?

POLLYANNA: *(laughing)* Well, I reckon I didn't tell it all, and I forgot you didn't know Mrs. White. You see, her husband's sister came to visit them and to help take care of Mrs. White and the house. Well, they had such an awful time making her understand *anything*, that after that, every time the piano would play across the street, Mrs. White, so glad that she *could* hear it, that she didn't mind so that she *did* hear it,

‘cause she couldn’t help thinking how awful it would be if she was deaf and couldn’t hear anything, like her husband’s sister. 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. 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 anymore than I was.

POLLYANNA: Oh, yes I was. And I found it too. But it was hard. It’s all the more fun, though, always, when it’s hard. 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*) Humpf! Really!

POLLYANNA: And now I’ll tell you how to play the game. It will just be lovely for you to play. You see it’s like this, since we were quite without means, I used to get my clothing and things from the missionary barrel, and when I had hoped very hard for doll, I got crutches. My father saw me crying and tried to cheer me by saying, ‘just be glad you don’t need those crutches. 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. And the next thing, father and I were laughing 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 for Milly. 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: 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 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 him home to us?

MRS. SNOW: I certainly do.

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

MILLY: That's what this house is missing! Oh mother, perhaps we could find a kitten too! Wouldn't that be lovely?

(MILLY plays with the kitten and the ball of yarn in the corner.)

POLLYANNA: I miss my father too. More than anything.

(Slight pause.)

MUSICAL #11 — MISSING

MRS. SNOW:

THERE IS THAT BRUISE
DEEP DOWN INSIDE.
IT'S NOTHING THAT YOU CHOOSE,
BUT SOMETHING YOU MUST HIDE.
LOST, IT BECKONS TO YOU
WHILE IT THREATENS TO EXPOSE WHAT SADNESS SHOWS IN YOU.

MRS. SNOW:

WHEN I WAS YOUNG, LOVE WAS WHAT MATTERED.
BUT LIFE WITH HIM GREW UNTIL IT SHATTERED.
HE WOULD OFTEN FLY INTO A FRENZY, SOMEHOW.
TELL ME, WHY AM I MISSING HIM NOW?

POLLYANNA:

MY FATHER SAID,
"ALWAYS SHOW KINDNESS, BE HELPFUL. NO PREJUDICE."
BUT FATHER'S DEAD!
WHY AM I DOWN IN THE ABYSS?
WELL, IT'S MY FATHER I AM MISSING.

MRS. SNOW:

PAIN COMES TO ALL,
QUITE UNEXPECTED.
DOUBT CASTS ITS PALL;
IT LEAVES YOU UNPROTECTED.
(MILLY stands and hands the kitten to POLLYANNA, tearfully.)

SOON, THEY SAY,
THE ACHE GROWS DULL AND FARAWAY!

POLLYANNA:

SO WHEN YOUR FATHER CAN'T HOLD YOU,

MRS. SNOW:

OR LOVE'S NOT CONSOLED YOU;

BOTH:

THAT'S WHY I'M MISSING HIM NOW.

(As the LIGHTS dim, MILLY hugs POLLYANNA to her tightly. POLLYANNA gently places the kitten in MILLY's hands, and pats it to say goodbye.)

Scene SIXTEEN — *On the Streets of Harrington* — **JIMMY BEAN** is propped up against a tree when **POLLYANNA** sees him.

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

JIMMY: Well, I don't — 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 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 ter live at the Orphan's Home, but they got so many kids there ain't much room for me, and I wa'n't never wanted anyhow, I don't believe. So I've quit. I'm goin' ter live somewhere else - but I hain't found the place, yet. I'd *like* a home, jest a common one, ye know, with a mother in it, instead of a Matron. If ye has a home, ye has folks; an' I hain'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 ter work, 'course. There! Is that all you wanted ter know?

POLLYANNA: Why, what a shame! Oh dear, 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'll take you! 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, ye 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 SHIFT**> *LIGHTS up in the drawing room where AUNT POLLY sits practicing piano.*

AUNT POLLY: Pollyanna? I was waiting for you. 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. 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 started toward the door, but POLLYANNA pauses then laughs and takes his hand to present him properly.)

POLLYANNA: There! Forgive my lack of proper introduction. Aunt Polly, this is 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 little Victor to her... And I think Mrs. Snow even smiled. Jimmy after you get cleaned up, I can 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...

JIMMY: Excuse me, marm. I ain't no beggar. I don't want nothin' o' you. I was cal'latin' ter work, of course, fer my room and board. I wouldn't come, if this here girl hadn't a 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 exits swiftly)

POLLYANNA: Oh! Aunt Polly! I thought sure that you'd be *glad* to have him here.

AUNT POLLY: *(snapping)* Pollyanna! Will you please stop with that everlasting word! Glad! Glad! Glad from morning till 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 her eyes to hold back tears, then runs blindly out after JIMMY BEAN. LIGHTS crossfade to outside.)

Scene SEVENTEEN — *On the street — POLLYANNA catches up with JIMMY BEAN, stops him by the big oak tree. 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)

... 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 auntie. Probably I didn't do the introducing right... 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? Say, 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 — educating the heathens, or needing a new carpet...

JIMMY: *(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 and present your case to them at the meeting. They almost all have families and perhaps they will want to take in one more...

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: 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 ter 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 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—planted a nice garden out front of his office. He said so himself. I think his name was Hilton or Chilton... I did a lot of deliveries for him too.

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

(POLLYANNA sees PENDLETON across the street.)

Mr. Pendleton, you-hoo, Mr. Pendleton! I want you to meet my friend Jimmy Bean.

(PENDLETON ignores them both.)

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 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.)

Jimmy, 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.

MUSICAL #12 — I'LL GET THERE

JIMMY BEAN:

I WANT A LIFE OF SIMPLE THINGS.
DON'T NEED NO GOLD OR DIAMOND RINGS!
JUST ALL THE LOVE A FAMILY BRINGS!
I'LL GET THERE!

TO DO THE ODD-JOBS NO ONE DOES;
TO HELP A WIDOW JUST BECAUSE...
TO NEVER BE THE WAY IT WAS—
NO WAY!
I'LL GET THERE!

EARLY IN THE MORNIN' SMELL THE COFFEE IN THE POT.
EARLY IN THE EVENIN' HAVE A BED AND NOT A COT!
I CAN'T GO ON THE WAY I LIVE.
I NEED A LITTLE SOMETHING — THAT'S NEW.
A FAMILY OF SIX... OR FIVE.. OR THREE, OR TWO!

SOMEONE WHO **KNOWS** IF I AM THERE.
SOMEONE WHO SHOWS ME HOW TO CARE.
WITH ALL THE LOVE AND HOPE; MY PRAYER?
I'LL GET THERE!

I WANT MORE THAN COMPANIONSHIP.
THAT SOMEONE JOINED FROM HIP-TO-HIP!
TO HAVE A SHOULDER WITHOUT A CHIP
ON IT!
I'LL GET THERE!

(LIGHTS blackout.)

Scene EIGHTEEN — *The next day at the LADIES' AID meeting, which is already in progress.*

POLLYANNA slips in quietly and sits in the back until she is noticed. They chatter on about this and that until one of them 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 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 run away?

(The LADIES grumble and scoff.)

POLLYANNA: No, Miss. He just left. He's really good. He's been doing odd jobs and says that he will work for his room and board. He works for Dr. Chilton and Mrs. Snow and...

MINISTER'S WIFE: Well, perhaps we can look into this... maybe find 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.)

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 funding from the faraway fund for the street urchins in India. Perhaps we, as a society, could offer some support and education for this boy.

POLLYANNA: That would be wonderful! And you would certainly be doing your duty, as Aunt Polly would say.

(The LADIES all grumble loudly amongst themselves until one sharp voice snaps up.)

LADIES' AIDER: Miss Pollyanna. This is not only preposterous, it is 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 under the stares of the LADIES AIDERS. LIGHTS shift.)

<**SCENE SHIFT**> *Back on the street, POLLYANNA returns to the 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 wouldn't say no!

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

(POLLYANNA runs off as the LIGHTS fade.)

Scene NINETEEN — *In the Harrington kitchen — POLLYANNA enters just as the dinner bell rings.*

NANCY: Saved by the bell!

POLLYANNA: Oh Aunt Polly,

(Breathless)

May I please invite Jimmy to dinner tonight? He is terribly hungry and truly needs food.

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, and if Dr. Chilton had the room I bet he'd let him stay with him.

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

POLLYANNA: *(running 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: Why I went to the meeting today. I can't wait to tell you all about it.

AUNT POLLY: Indeed!

(POLLYANNA rushes out as the LIGHTS dim.)

MUSICAL #13a — UNDERSCORE: Someday I'll Meet You.

Scene TWENTY — *Running through the woods POLLYANNA and JIMMY BEAN are enjoying the sound of the wind in the branches.*

POLLYANNA: Wait 'til Aunt Polly gets to know you.

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 a SFX: groan coming from just ahead.)

POLLYANNA: What's that?

(THEY stop to listen,)

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?

JIMMY BEAN: I'm Jimmy Bean, sir. I bring you your medicine. I work for the Doctor Chilton sometimes.
(*PENDLETON nods and groans 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. PENDLETON hands him keys from his pocket.*)

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 now. 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 with names and numbers on the desk. Find one 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 exits.*)

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 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.

(*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 the 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: *(reflectively sincere)* Sometimes life just gives you lemons.

(POLLYANNA smiles as JIMMY returns with DR. CHILTON, carrying a stretcher.)

CHILTON: And that's the time to make lemonade.

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 children here! You are saved! Jimmy, help me put him on the stretcher.

(THEY lift PENDLETON on to a 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 gonna need a cast.

PENDLETON: Yes, yes, Henry.

CHILTON: You're lucky these kids were near by.

PENDLETON: *(hesitantly)* Thank you, Jimmy, and thank you, Pollyanna. I am 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: Crutches? I have crutches you can use!

CHILTON: Let's get him up to the house, so I can take you home, Pollyanna.

(They carry PENDLETON off on the stretcher as the LIGHTS dim.)

<**SCENE SHIFT**> — *Front Door — Harrington House — AUNT POLLY sees CHILTON escorting POLLYANNA in. 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. Pend...

AUNT POLLY: And I think you know 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. I just...

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

POLLYANNA: I thought we could invite Dr. Chilton in for dinner.

AUNT POLLY: There you go thinking again Polly...

CHILTON: In Pollyanna's defense, it was my idea to bring her home. I would love to talk...

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 him.)* Now I said *good day!* That will be all.

MUSICAL #13b — UNDERSCORE: The Glad Rag (slow)

Scene TWENTY-ONE — *POLLYANNA is skipping down the street on her way to Pendleton Manor with a basket of treats for him. She sees JIMMY BEAN in a nearby yard, 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: Why Dr. Chilton! I am so glad to see you. I'm afraid my Aunt Polly doesn't like surprises. She was dismayed to see that you brought me home. 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 know her like I do.

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

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

CHILTON: That's good advice.

POLLYANNA: (*shyly*) I suggested that maybe she should marry you.

CHILTON: (*laughing*) And what did your Aunt Polly say to that?

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

CHILTON: Well, I think that you think just the right amount. And thank you for the kind words, you've made my day! 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 check up.

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: I bet. 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 way to be.

(LIGHTS crossfade to Pendleton Manor.)

Scene TWENTY-TWO

POLLYANNA and DR. CHILTON arrive at Pendleton Manor. PENDLETON balks when DR. CHILTON says he's brought 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. I was going to bring you my crutches, but Dr. Chilton said they were too small. You're looking much better than you did on that rock.

CHILTON: Yes. You're biggest fear, my friend. You looked flat broke.

PENDLETON: Not funny, Chilton! But seriously, there have to instructions somewhere... I am not sure using crutches comes naturally.

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

PENDLETON: For fun!

POLLYANNA: Yes, well now 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 I could help you now!

CHILTON: Why Pollyanna that's brilliant! I'll be on my way, let the lessons begin! Pendleton, think about 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: Yes, yes.

(To Pollyanna)

I hope he's paying you to be my nurse.

POLLYANNA: Actually, Mr. Pendleton. Aunt Polly had me come with a basket of cheer.

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 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: Yes, well, I felt that way about a lady friend once. I was about to propose when announced that she'd 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.

PENDLETON: *(laughs big)* Polly Harrington!

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

PENDLETON: I wasn't talking about 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 help you 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 light in — 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.

POLLYANNA: Well, my goodness. Will you look at that? It's a baby rainbow! A real baby rainbow came in to pay you a visit! I've never scene a rainbow come into a room.

(Clapping her hands.)

Rainbows are lucky! However 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 my room and bring me me one of those big brass candlesticks from the mantle in the front drawing room.

(NORA enters with a large ornate, crystal candlestick.)

NORA: 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.)

Now Pollyanna, bring me that candlestick... you get that string. We are going to tie these crystal pendants onto to the string and hang them in the sunlight.

MUSICAL #14: GLITTERING RAINBOWS

(Together they fashion a room full of rainbows. POLLYANNA dances within as the room transforms.)

POLLYANNA:

SEE THE COLORS?

SEE THE SPARKLES?

LITTLE STARS THAT BLINK LIKE RAINBOWS.

SPECIAL SUNSHINE FOR THOSE GLOOMY DAYS.

PENDLETON:

IT'S A SIMPLE TRICK OF LIGHT.

I ADMIT, I'VE NEVER SEEN IT QUITE

LIKE YOU DO.

SCIENCE.

Just beveled edges of glass refracting.

(POLLYANNA shakes her head, or says, "NO." PENDLETON raises his eyebrows at that.)

POLLYANNA:

GLITTERING RAINBOWS!

FLITTERING SUNLIGHT!

DANCING ALL AROUND THE ROOM,

WATCH THE SPARKLES AS THEY ZOOM.

THEY MAKE YOU HAPPY!

GLITTERING RAINBOWS!

FLITTERING PRISMS!

FAIRIES ON WALL!

IT'S LIKE A GRAND FAIRYLAND BALL!

WHY DO PEOPLE ONLY SEE THE WORLD THROUGH WEARY EYES?

WHY NOT USE THEIR HEARTS INSTEAD? A LOVELY EXERCISE!

GLITTERING FRESH AND NEW AND BRIGHT.

FILLING THE ROOM WITH SHEER DELIGHT!

THEY CAN'T NOT SEE THE LIGHT!

GLITTERING RAINBOWS!

FLITTERING SUNLIGHT!

BOTH:

DANCING ALL AROUND THE ROOM,

WATCH THE SPARKLES AS THEY ZOOM

THROUGH MAGIC WINDOWS!

PENDLETON:

TRIPPING ON DAYLIGHT, FLIPPING ON BEAMS,

SO DELICATE THEY THEY REIGN!

BOTH:

YOU CAN'T EXPLAIN GLITTERING RAIN!

(DANCE)

BOTH:

GLITTERING RAINBOWS!
 FLITTERING SUNLIGHT!
 DANCING ALL AROUND THE ROOM,
 WATCH THE SPARKLES AS THEY ZOOM
 THROUGH MAGIC WINDOWS!
 TRIPPING ON DAYLIGHT, FLIPPING ON DEAMS,
 SO DELICATE THEY THEY REIGN!
 LITTLE POTENTATES,

POLLYANNA:

LEAPING,

PENDLETON:

FLASHING

POLLYANNA:

SPARKLING,

PENDLETON:

DASHING!

BOTH:

HOW COULD WE COMPLAIN!
 GLITTERING RAINBOWS!

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

PENDLETON: Why not you, 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'll adopt Jimmy Bean?

PENDLETON: I'm considering...

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?

MUSICAL #15 — MISS JENNIE

PENDLETON:

PRETTY, YET SIMPLE.

SMILED WITH A DIMPLE.
 GAVE WITH ALL HER HEART.
 BUT FOR PRACTICAL THINGS,
 SHE DIDN'T HAVE WINGS.
 GROUNDED **RIGHT FROM THE START.**

SHE NEVER COULD FLY
 LIKE YOU AND I.
 JUST A LITTLE OFF; JUST A TOUCH.
 BUT FOR THE PEOPLE AROUND HER
 SHE'D NEVER FLOUNDER.
 JENNIE LOVED SO MUCH.

TALENT? NOT ANY.
 CLEVER? NOT MISS JENNIE.
 STILL SHE'D TOUCH YOUR SOUL.
 SHE WAS EASY TO LOVE,
 NOW WITH GOD UP ABOVE
 SHE IS FINE, AND WELL, AND WHOLE.

POLLYANNA: Why 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. 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 you happy.

PENDLETON: Well it does sound ideal.

POLLYANNA: I know it would make Jimmy Bean very happy...

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

POLLYANNA: Jimmy could do that! Jimmy could do that!

(Sitting on the edge of her seat.)

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.

(POLLYANNA runs out of PENDLETON's house, breathlessly searches for JIMMY. She finds him and is ecstatic, and distracted.)

POLLYANNA: Jimmy! Jimmy Bean! This is your lucky day.

JIMMY BEAN: What? Why?

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

JIMMY BEAN: What?

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

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

POLLYANNA: Mr. Pendleton... He wishes to see you 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— POLLYANNA runs out into the street and is struck by an automobile. SFX: screeching of tires and a thud.)

MUSICAL #15a — FINALE ACT ONE (instrumental) [GLAD RAG in a minor key?]

JIMMY BEAN: Pollyanna! Oh no!

VOICE 1: There's been an accident. Some one is hurt. A little girl.

VOICE 2: Hurry, call the police. There's a phone in that store.

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

MRS. SNOW: This just can't happen to her!

JIMMY BEAN: *(with POLLYANNA.)* Please be okay, Pollyanna!

*(MUSIC crescendos as **Blackout.**)*

INTERMISSION (if needed)