

A Wayne Scott • LifeHouse Production



With Script, Music, and Lyrics by
A.J. HARBISON and
WAYNE ROBERT SCOTT

Based upon the 1913 Classic Novel "Pollyanna" by Eleanor Porter

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

(In Order of Appearance)

Aunt Polly	Wealthy Mistress of the Harrington Estate (40's +)
Pollyanna Whittier	Optimistic Orphan Niece (10 to 12)
Nancy	Aunt Polly's Maid (Late Teens to 20's +)
Old Tom	Aunt Polly's Gardener (50's +)
Mr. Pendleton	Wealthy Recluse (50's +)
Timothy	Old Tom's Grandson and Assistant (Teens)
Milly	Daughter of Mrs. Snow (20's to 30's)
Mrs. Snow	Bedridden Recluse (50's +)
Reverend Ford	Sincere Man of Faith (30's +)
Dr. Chilton	Doctor Beloved by Pollyanna (40's to 50's)
Mary	Mr. Pendleton's Housekeeper (20's +)
Mr. Gregory	Aide to Mr. Pendleton and Dr. Chilton (20's +)
Jimmy Bean	Local Homeless Orphan (10 to 12)
Dr. Warren	Aunt Polly's Doctor (40's +)
Miss Hunt	Kindly Nurse (20's +)
Dr. Mead	Sophisticated Specialist (40's +)
Mrs. Benton	Widow Befriended by Pollyanna
Mrs. Tarbell	Bereaved Woman Befriended by Pollyanna

Citizens of Beldingsville, Vermont (circa 1910)

“Pollyanna”

By A. J. Harbison and Wayne R. Scott

SYNOPSIS OF SONGS

ACT I

Overture

1. "Beldingsville, Vermont" Townfolk
2. "The Telegram" Nancy, Townfolk
3. "The Town is in a Dither" Nancy, Old Tom, Timothy, Rev. Ford, Townfolk
4. "Glad as Glad Can Be" Pollyanna, Nancy, Timothy, Townfolk
5. "Duty" Aunt Polly
6. "My Picture" Pollyanna
7. "The Glad Game" Pollyanna, Nancy, Father, Old Tom, Timothy
"Beldingsville, Vermont" (Reprise) Merchant Townfolk
8. "Mr. Pendleton" Nancy, Timothy, Townfolk
9. "The Sunday Service" Rev. Ford, Pollyanna, Old Tom, Nancy, Timothy,
Aunt Polly, Townfolk
"The Glad Game (Reprise) Pollyanna
"The Town is in a Dither" (Reprise) Dr. Chilton, Old Tom, Nancy, Mr. Gregory, Gossips
10. "Regrets" Aunt Polly, Dr. Chilton, Mr. Pendleton

ACT II

Entr'acte

11. "Two Prayers" Aunt Polly, Pollyanna
"Regrets" (Reprise) Mr. Pendleton
"Trifles" ("My Picture" Reprise) Pollyanna, Mary, Mr. Gregory, Mr. Pendleton
"The Glad Game" (Reprise) Pollyanna, Mary, Mr. Gregory, Mr. Pendleton
"Pastor's Lament" ("Sunday Service" Reprise) Rev. Ford
"Glad As Glad Can Be" (Reprise) Pollyanna, Rev. Ford
"The Sunday Service" (Reprise) Townfolk
"The Town Is In A Dither" (Reprise) Townfolk
"The Sunday Service" (Reprise) Rev. Ford, Pollyanna, Townfolk
"The Gathering" ("Telegram" Reprise) Rev. Ford, Townfolk
12. "The Fourth of July Rag" Townfolk
"Patriotic Medley" Pollyanna, Jimmy, Townfolk
"Let's Fly a Kite" ("Glad Game" Reprise) Pollyanna, Townfolk
"The Fourth of July Rag" (Reprise) Townfolk
Finale: "Beldingsville, Vermont" (Reprise) Cast Ensemble
"Glad As Glad Can Be" (Reprise) Cast Ensemble

"Pollyanna"

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ACT I

Overture

SCENE 1: BELDINGSVILLE TOWN SQUARE, VERMONT

(As overture ends, lights rise on the townfolk and vendors strolling through the square)

SONG: "BELDINGSVILLE, VERMONT"

Townfolk

Once upon a time, nineteen-hundred-nine,
Life was simply divine;
Teddy Roosevelt knew just how we felt,
America is just fine;
Walk a country mile and in just awhile
You'll be wearing a smile;
Here among the hills, you're in Beldingsville,
Beldingsville, Vermont.
Though our town is small, welcome one and all,
We're delighted you called;
Stop and spend some time at the five-and-dime,
Give your shoes a nice shine!
Ice cream cones for sale!
Nickel ginger ale!
Butter churned in the pale!
Bread comes from the mill here in Beldingsville,
Beldingsville, Vermont
(Coda) We proudly welcome you, welcome, welcome to
Beldingsville, Vermont!
(Music segues to)

Shoe Shine Boy
Ice Cream Man
Ale Vendor
Milk Maid
Baker
Townfolk

SONG: "THE TELEGRAM"

Townfolk

(Group A)
(Group B)
Townfolk
Nancy

It's time to meet and greet our friends and gossip,
Everybody knows when someone comes and goes;
We know it if you snore,
Or if you are a bore--
What else are all your friends and neighbors for?
Have you heard the news about Miss Polly?
Polly Harrington has got a telegram--
A telegram has come!

Mrs. Tarbell *(Grabs telegram)*
Nancy *and it passes around)*

I wonder who it's from?
Don't ask me 'cause I'm s'posed to keep it mum!

Townfolk

Nancy *(As Aunt Polly appears, unnoticed)*

Polly got a letter, Polly got a letter,
Polly Harrington has got some mail;
Not just any letter -- something even better
A special express, don't you know?

Townfolk Oh! It gets even better -- it's not just a letter;
Nancy *(Grabbing* A special express telegram!
Townfolk *letter)* Yes, ma'am!
A special express telegram!
(Musical interlude as underscore)

Aunt Polly *(Snatching letter disdainfully from behind Nancy)* Thank you, very much! *(Townfolk gasp in surprise and continue to react)*

Nancy Sorry, Miss Harrington! I -- uh -- I

Aunt Polly That will do, Nancy. Since you've managed to pique the interest of all of Beldingsville, I may as well inform one and all, here and now, that my niece, Miss Pollyanna Whittier, will be arriving soon. And that is undoubtedly the subject of the telegram you're all so interested in. She is eleven years old and she's coming to live with me. Come along, Nancy. . . *(They approach upstage home exterior).*

Townfolk *(Song Resumes)*
What amazing news about Miss Polly!
Polly Harrington will have a niece at home!
(Solo) Who would ever think?
(Solo) It's an inconvenient kink!
(Solo) I'll bet the girl will drive her aunt to drink!
(Music continues briefly, fading in next scene)

(Townfolk exit, cackling)
(Lighting transitions to)

SCENE 2: THE HARRINGTON HOME (FRONT PORCH EXTERIOR)

Nancy It will be so nice to have a little girl here, it will, it will!

Aunt Polly I would hardly call it nice. But I will do my duty and take care of her.

Nancy Oh, of course, Miss Harrington. I just thought that a little girl would --uh--brighten up the house.

Aunt Polly Humph! *(She begins opening telegram).*

Nancy But don't you want your sister's child?

Aunt Polly Well, really, Nancy-- I hardly look forward to taking care of a child that my sister was foolish enough to bring into a world that's already too full of children. But there's no more time for talk. My niece will soon be here. She'll sleep up in the attic so be sure to clean every corner of it. And you might as well tell Old Tom.

Nancy *(Bewildered)* Yes, ma'am. *(Exits into house).*
(Music begins; slower, reflective theme of "Beldingsville, Vermont")
(Lighting narrows focus to Aunt Polly)

Aunt Polly *(Reading telegram)* Dear Madam . . . As you know . . . *(She continues to mouth words as voice takes over).*

Voice *(Older Woman, fading in)* As you know, your brother-in-law, Reverend John Whittier died two weeks ago, leaving his daughter, Pollyanna. Since he was the husband of your late sister, we sincerely hope for your sister's sake you will take care of your little niece and bring her up. A couple from our church will travel with *Pollyanna* on the train to your town in Vermont. She will arrive this Friday at 300 PM. She will be wearing a red gingham dress, light hair, and a straw hat. You and the girl will most assuredly be the subject of our prayers. Very truly yours . . . *(Voice fades).*

Aunt Polly *(Reading)* Very truly yours, the Idaho Ladies Aid Society. *(To herself)* What an unbelievable turn of events! She'll bang doors, drop silverware, and undoubtedly make a mess of my home. And what a silly name "Pollyanna!" . . . *(Exits into house).*

(Music rises)
(Lighting transitions to the following)
(Nancy enters with Old Tom and Timothy)

SONG: "THE TOWN IS IN A DITHER"

Nancy Just wait until you hear it -- Miss Polly got the news,
And when she told the town I thought she'd blow her fuse!
And now I'm in a dither, I'm quite beside myself;
It's quite a shock, a big surprise that we've been dealt!

Old Tom Now calm down, Nancy, what on earth is brewin'?
You're in a lather makin' all this fuss
What is the matter? What has got you stewin'?

Nancy Miss Polly's niece will soon live here with us!
Old Tom With us?!

Timothy Good Lord!
Nancy She'll have her room and board!
Old Tom Miss Polly is a spinster who likes to be alone
Nancy I wonder what she'll do when there's a child at home?
(Music continues as underscore, "Beldingsville, Vermont" theme)

Old Tom *(Tending to a flower planter box with Timothy)* Next you'll be tellin' me the moon is
made of green cheese!

Nancy It may as well be for all the commotion.
Timothy Is it really true?
Nancy About the moon?
Timothy No! About the girl!
Nancy Miss Polly told me herself, she did, she did! And she's only eleven years old. And Miss
Polly had me clean the attic for the little girl to sleep in.

Old Tom The attic?!

Nancy Imagine havin' such a big house with so many rooms to choose from and stickin' that
poor child up there!

Old Tom You know, I'll bet it's Miss Jenny's little girl. Glory be! I never thought I'd live to see
this *(He dabs his eyes with a handkerchief)*.

Nancy Who was Miss Jenny?
Old Tom She was an angel! But my old master and missus sure didn't like that minister she
married. They wanted her to marry someone rich. But instead, she went away with him
and never came back.

Nancy That's sad, that is.
Old Tom We found out later that all her babies died except one. That must be the little girl who's
coming here. But I wonder what Miss Polly Harrington will do with the child?

Nancy I wonder what the child will do with Miss Polly!
Old Tom I guess you're not too fond of Miss Polly!
Timothy Who is?!

Old Tom *(Chuckles heavily, and then)* Some people were at one time. I guess you never heard
about Miss Polly's romance.

Nancy Romance?! Her? Maybe the moon is made of green cheese!
Old Tom It's true. And the man still lives here in Beldingsville, too.
Nancy No! Who is he?
Old Tom Well, now, I've been caretaker for the Harrington family twenty-nine years. My grandson
Timothy here will follow in my footsteps. We have our professional obligations--
and so--it wouldn't be proper for me to say.

Nancy Miss Polly and a sweetheart! No!
Old Tom Well, if you'd known Miss Polly Harrington like I did, maybe you'd believe it. She used
to be right pretty. And she still could be, too, if she'd just let her hair down loose and
wear a pretty dress. You know, Nancy, she's not very old.

Nancy Well, I sure wouldn't put up with her except that I need this job to help support my
family. *(Aunt Polly enters from house door, unseen by Nancy but seen by Tom and
Timothy, who subtly, but unsuccessfully attempt to signal Nancy)*. But one day, I'm a
gonna snap, I will, I will! And when I do, I'm a gonna tell--her--*(Bumps into Aunt Polly)*
Oh!

Aunt Polly *(Coldly)* Nancy, I found a fly in Miss Pollyanna's room. I ordered screens, but I expect

you to see that the windows remain closed until they are delivered. Now I want you and Timothy to pick up my niece at the train station. The telegram said she has light hair and will wear a red gingham dress and a straw hat. That should be enough for you to recognize her.

Nancy
Aunt Polly

But-

I know what you're thinking, Nancy. I shall not go to meet Pollyanna. I have made up my mind. That is all. *(Exits in house).*

Nancy

(To Old Tom and Timothy in frustration) Ooooh!.....Just you wait!.....

Nancy

(Song resumes)

Someday I will be tempted to quit and give it up,
There comes a time when folks like me have had enough!

Old Tom

Her ways are most peculiar and partic'lar
I guess that's how some wealthy people are

Nancy

But she is such a prude and such a stickler,
It's like working for a royal Russian czar!

Timothy

A czar?

Old Tom

I think you've gone too far!....

(Nancy leads Timothy off. Old Tom shrugs and exits opposite direction as Townfolk dash on)

Townfolk

Have you heard what's happened?!

Our heads are in a whirl!

Miss Polly has a niece and she's a little girl!

She's coming here to stay now--the most amazing news;

Nancy

(Exiting)

I cannot bear to think of being in her shoes!

Townfolk

Miss Harrington is always prim and proper

And now a little girl has come to stay

We wonder if Miss Polly dares to stop her,

And if the girl will ever get to stay!

She may, if only we pray!

Rev. Ford

Townfolk

The town is in a dither, so little happens here

That when we get some news, it travels far and near;

And this is really something, it is the talk of town

It took a little girl to turn it upside-down!

t's astounding and we have a little fear,

What will happen once the girl gets here---?

(Music ends).

(Black out)

(The sound of a train whistle is heard)

(Lights rise on)

SCENE 3: BELDINGSVILLE TRAIN STATION

(As lights rise, passersby with luggage are greeted by friends and loved ones; Nancy and Timothy emerge)

Timothy

Let's just hope the poor kid doesn't slam doors or drop silverware.

Nancy

That would drive Miss Polly crazy, it would, it would!

Timothy

(Spotting the emerging Pollyanna) Look, Nancy -

Nancy

(To Pollyanna) Are you Miss....Pollyanna?

(Pollyanna hugs Nancy tightly)

Pollyanna

Oh, I'm so glad, glad, glad to see you! Of course I'm Pollyanna, and I'm so glad you came to meet me. I knew you would! *(Looking Nancy over most thoroughly)* I just couldn't wait to see what you look like--and I'm so glad you look just like you do!

Nancy

(Overwhelmed) Uh--this is Timothy, our caretaker's grandson.

Timothy

Nice to meet you. May I take your trunk?

Pollyanna

Oh, I have a brand new trunk!

(Timothy takes trunk as he and Nancy regard Pollyanna with wonder)

Timothy It's a very nice one.
Pollyanna The Ladies' Aid Society from the church bought it for me. Wasn't that nice of them?
(She speaks rapidly during this scene).
(music begins)
Pollyanna *(Looking about)* Oh, what a lovely town! I knew it would be pretty. Father always said it was and now I know it's true....

SONG: "GLAD AS GLAD CAN BE"

Pollyanna *(From top of her trunk)* Beldingsville is lovely as I thought,
And I'm so very glad that I've been brought;
And the longer we talk the more I know how glad I am
Yes, gladder than a kind word,
(Jumping like a bird from trunk) Gladder than a song bird;
Glad is good to be, don't you agree?
(Comforting a distraught child) Whenever you're glad there's no time to frown,
No time to be sad nor for feelin' down;
(Greeting others; retrieving a dropped package) Whenever I'm lonesome, I think for awhile,
And then I remember a reason to smile;
It takes a little practice, yes, I know,
But then you quickly find that it is so;
(To N. and T.) For example, just now, I'm awfully glad that I've met you;
I never look behind me,
Happiness will find me,
As long as I am glad as glad can be!
(Musical interlude as underscore)

Pollyanna Oh, and I should have explained about this red gingham dress and why I'm not wearing black since Father died. The Ladies' Aid Society wanted me to buy a black dress and hat, but some people said the money should go for the church's carpet instead. Anyhow, I guess it's true that children don't look good in black.

Nancy *(Perplexed)* I'm sure it's all right.
Pollyanna Oh, I'm glad you feel that way. Besides, it would be much harder to feel good in black!
Nancy But--but--how can you be so glad?
Pollyanna Father told me to be glad. He's gone to heaven to be with Mother and the rest of the family. He said I must try to be glad. But it's been hard because they all have each other and I'm all alone. That's why I'm so glad I have you now, Aunt Polly!

Nancy *(Horried)* Aunt Polly?!
Timothy Oh, you've made a mistake.
Nancy I'm not your Aunt Polly, dear. I'm just Nancy and I'm not anything like her at all.
Pollyanna Then--who are you? You don't look like a Ladies' Aid person. Is there an Aunt Polly?
Nancy I'm just the hired girl for Miss Polly.
Pollyanna So she is alive! I'm really glad! In fact, I'm glad she didn't come to meet me 'cause now I have you and her too.

Nancy *(Amazed at her optimism)* Yes, miss.
Pollyanna Is my Aunt Polly rich?
Timothy Yes, miss
Pollyanna Oh, I'm so glad! It must be lovely having lots of money. The only rich people I knew were the Jones family. They have carpets in every room and ice cream sundaes. Does Aunt Polly have ice cream sundaes?
Nancy No miss. I reckon she doesn't like ice cream because I've never found any in her kitchen.
Pollyanna Really? Well, does Aunt Polly have carpets?
Timothy Oh, yes. Lots of carpets.
Pollyanna Oh! In every room?
Nancy Uh--almost every room. *(Sheepishly)* Except the attic.
Pollyanna Oh, I'm so glad! I just love carpets! Well, Father was right! There's just so very much to

be glad about, isn't there?

Pollyanna *(Linking arms with N. & T.)* *(Song resumes)*
My father once told me to try to be glad
No matter how lonely, no matter how sad,
He said to be glad is a wonderful goal,
You'll see every donut, instead of the hole!

P., N. & T. And if we're glad and face life unafraid,
Even a lemon can be lemonade!
And the longer that we attempt to see how glad we'll be,
We're gladder than a kind word,
Gladder than a song bird;
We agree we're glad as glad can be!

All *(As Pollyanna's cheer spreads among townfolk)*
Whenever you're glad, there's no time to frown,
No time to be sad nor for feelin' down;
Whenever you're lonesome, just think for awhile,
And then you'll remember a reason to smile!
It takes a little practice, yes, we know,
But then you quickly find that it is so;
For example, just now, I'm awfully glad that I've met you;
So, never look behind us,
Happiness will find us,
As long as we're as glad as glad can be!
(Musical interlude as underscore)

(Passersby and townfolk exit as dialogue continues and as Pollyanna, Nancy, and Timothy walk toward house)
(Lighting transition to)

SCENE 4: THE HARRINGTON HOME (FRONT PORCH EXTERIOR)

Timothy *(With trunk in hand)* Well, here it is, miss. The Harrington estate.

Pollyanna *(Running ahead)* Oh my! It's beautiful! *(she thoroughly scrutinizes the front facade).*

Nancy *(Aside to Timothy)* I'll never think of leaving again. That poor little child will need someone to protect her from Miss Polly and it's a gonna be me, it will, it will. . . .

Pollyanna *(Looking about)* *(Song resumes)*
I'm gladder than a kind word, gladder than a song bird,
Glad as I can be and that suits me;
Glad as I can be and that --
(Music ends).

(Aunt Polly has emerged from the house and Pollyanna freezes in her tracks for a moment as the two regard each other)

Aunt Polly *(Stiffly holding out her hand)* How do you do, Pollyanna? I -- *(Pollyanna rushes forward and throws her arms around Aunt Polly)*

Pollyanna Aunt Polly!! Oh, Aunt Polly, I can't tell you how glad I am that you let me come to live with you! You don't know how perfectly lovely it is to have you and Timothy and Nancy, after all I've had is the Ladies Aid!

Aunt Polly *(Regaining control of herself;)* Polly-anna! Please be so good as to stand still in a proper manner I don't know yet what you look like.

Pollyanna *(Standing up straight)* I'm afraid I don't look like much, Aunt Polly. On account of the freckles.
But I'm so glad to be here, and I hope you're glad to have me!

Aunt Polly Glad? Well, I should hope I know my duty!

Pollyanna Your duty?

SONG: "DUTY"

Aunt Polly

There comes a time when one must follow one's duty,
There comes a time when one must dutifully do what's right;
And to fulfill an obligation is beauty,
A beautiful deed, meeting a need, shines a light.

SCENE 5: THE HARRINGTON HOME (INTERIOR) AND ATTIC

(Aunt Polly leads Pollyanna into her home; Pollyanna gawks in wonder)

You are a girl who has been faced with disaster,
And now the time has come to dutifully take you in;
And so the sooner we get started, the faster
You will be raised here in my home with discipline.
(Musical interlude continues as underscore)

Aunt Polly

Your trunk, I presume?

Pollyanna

Oh yes! It's a brand new one the Ladies' Aid Society bought for me. I haven't got very many things of my own in it. The missionary barrels that come to the church haven't had too many things for little girls lately. But there were all of Father's books, and he said - -

many

Aunt Polly

Yes, well, never mind what your father said. Your trunk should be in your room.

Timothy

We'll see to it, ma'am.

(Timothy and Nancy take trunk upstairs to attic, reacting to sparseness of the room. Timothy returns downstairs and exits. Nancy follows and anxiously tries to eavesdrop in the

parlor area)

Pollyanna

Oh, Aunt Polly, I almost forgot to tell you about this red gingham dress and why I don't have a black one and what Father said I should do about - -

Aunt Polly

Pollyanna, you may as well know that I do not care to have you keep talking of your father to me.

Pollyanna

(Horrified) But, Aunt Polly - - you - - you mean - -

Aunt Polly

(Taking advantage of the pause) We shall go up to your room now. *(Aunt Polly climbs stairs as Pollyanna follows, looking about;)*

Pollyanna

Oh, Aunt Polly, Aunt Polly! What a perfectly lovely house! How awfully glad you must be, you're so rich!

Aunt Polly

(Shocked) Polly-anna!

Pollyanna

(Puzzled) Well, aren't you?

Aunt Polly

Certainly not! I hope I should not so far forget myself as to be sinfully proud for any gifts the Lord has chosen to bestow upon me; certainly not of riches! *(They reach the door of Pollyanna's room.)* Do you have the key to your trunk? *(Pollyanna nods.)* Pollyanna, when I ask a question, I wish you to answer aloud - not merely with your head.

Pollyanna

Yes, Aunt Polly. Father gave - *(She stops as Aunt Polly gives her a stern look and she realizes her use of the word.)* Yes, I have the key.

Aunt Polly

That is better. *(Opening the door and looking around)* I believe you have everything you need here. I will send Nancy up shortly to help you unpack. Supper is at six o'clock.

(Song resumes)

There comes a time when one must follow one's duty,
I'm doing mine, now you must dutifully follow yours
Please be on time, follow the rules, be punctual,
Never be late, don't make a mess, never slam doors!
(Music ends.)

Aunt Polly

Supper at six! . . .

(She descends stairs and exits. Nancy "hides" to avoid Aunt Polly, then emerges and ascends stairs as Pollyanna looks about her room)

Pollyanna

After all, I -- reckon I'm glad she doesn't want me to talk about Father... It'll be easier, maybe -- if I don't talk about him. Probably, anyhow, that's why she told me not to talk about him.

(Lost in

thought, sorrowfully) Father. . . . *(She falls toward the trunk onto her knees crying.*

Nancy comes

up and rushes to her side.)

Nancy

Oh, I was a fearin' I'd find you like this.

Pollyanna *(Sobbing)* Oh Nancy! I just can't understand why God and all the angels needed Father more than I did.

Nancy *(Comforting)* Well, I'm sure it'll be all right. *(Brightening)* come on, let's have your key and we'll get your dresses unpacked in no time -- no time at all.

Pollyanna *(Handing Nancy the key to her trunk)* There -- there aren't many to unpack.

Nancy Well, then, we'll be done all the sooner!

Pollyanna *(Brightening)* Yes, that's so! I can be glad of that, can't I?

Nancy *(Puzzled)* Why, of -- of course. . . . *(She begins unpacking Pollyanna's things and putting them away. Pollyanna looks around the room again. Nancy puts her head in the trunk just as Pollyanna speaks)*

Pollyanna Well, I -- think it will be a very nice room, don't you, Nancy? *(Nancy starts to cry, hidden from Pollyanna by the open trunk)* And I can be glad that there's no looking glass, too, because where there *isn't* a looking-glass I can't see my freckles! *(Nancy tries to conceal a sob behind the lid of the trunk, but is seen by audience as Pollyanna looks out through "window", and gasps "ohhh!")*

(Music begins)

Pollyanna Nancy, look! I hadn't seen this before! Way off there, with those trees and the houses and that anybody need lovely church spire, and the river shining just like silver. Why, Nancy, there doesn't room! *(Nancy openly bursts into tears, and Pollyanna rushes over to her.)* wall-pictures with that to look at. Oh, I'm so glad now she let me have this what's wrong? This wasn't -- your room, was it?

Nancy *(Sobbing)* My room! As if you weren't jus' a little angel straight from heaven, and if she don't -- *(A bell tinkles in the distance)* Oh, land, there's her bell! *(Nancy leaps up and runs out of the room and off the stage. Pollyanna stares after her)*

Pollyanna I wonder what that was about? *(She shrugs, then wanders back over to her window)* This is such a perfectly lovely view! I shall call it my 'picture.'

SONG: "MY PICTURE"

Pollyanna

I don't need to hang up a picture
 Since a beautiful painting is here;
 It's been painted with love
 By a Hand from above, and so dear!
 The colors are brighter and richer
 Than most any that I ever saw,
 And the Artist, I'll say, with a brush has a way -
 He can draw!
 Best of all, it's not on a wall;
 It is alive and I hear it call;
 Yes, I see, it's real as can be,
 And it is calling me!
 My beautiful painting is calling,
 It is almost as if it can talk;
 As I look all about, it is calling me out for a walk!
 The tree next to me is my passport,
 As I climb down, I'm entering in;
 What a wonderful world for a wandering girl
 Like me - - - !
 It's a picture of love from the Artist above
 For me - - - - !
(Music continues briefly, then trails to conclusion).

(Leaning out window to tree)
(Climbing down tree)
(Perching on "rock")
(Coda)

Pollyanna *(Pollyanna continues gawking at the sky and all around herself)*
 What a beautiful view from this rock! I'll call it my "rock of refuge." My rock of refuge in my very own painting in my very own room! *(Lighting transitions to)*

SCENE 6: THE HARRINGTON HOME (PARLOR INTERIOR) AND JUST OUTSIDE

(Aunt Polly is seen walking into the parlor with Nancy)
Nancy (Carrying tray of milk and bread) But I'm sure she'll be along any minute, ma'am.
Aunt Polly Well, my niece is not only late for dinner, she's missed it entirely! When she comes downstairs, she shall have this bread and milk and nothing more.

Nancy But ma'am -
Aunt Polly Nancy, in this house we follow a strict schedule. If my niece will not follow that schedule, she will pay the consequences. It is my duty to see that she is brought up to respect rules. (Aunt Polly exits.)

Nancy Yes, ma'am - (Notices Pollyanna out the "window") My stars and stockings! (Goes through "door" and joins her "outside") Pollyanna!

Pollyanna Hello, Nancy! Isn't it all beautiful?
Nancy What on earth are you doing out here?
Pollyanna Looking at the sky. The view from my picture window is -
Nancy But how did you get here?
Pollyanna (Pointing) I just climbed down the tree outside my window.
Nancy You - - what?! Goodness me - - what would your aunt say to that?!
Pollyanna (Laughs) Let's go ask her!
Nancy Mercy! No, no!
Pollyanna Why, you don't think she'd care!
Nancy I'm afraid you're late for dinner. And yer aunt says you have ter have this bread n' milk instead o' yer supper. I'm sorry, Miss Pollyanna, I am, I am!

Pollyanna Oh, don't be sorry, Nancy. I'm glad of it! (Eats).
Nancy Glad! But - - why?
Pollyanna I like bread and milk, and I'd like to eat with you! I don't see anything wrong with being glad about that.

Nancy You don't seem ter see anything wrong with bein' glad about anything!
Pollyanna (Laughing) Well, that's the game, you know.
(Music begins)
Nancy (Surprised) The game?
Pollyanna Yes. the game. Father told it to me, and it's lovely. We've played it together always, since I was a little girl. Some of the Ladies' Aiders played it too.

Nancy What is it?
Pollyanna The glad game.
Nancy The glad game?!
Pollyanna Yes. . .

SONG: "THE GLAD GAME"

Pollyanna Whenever I'm feeling discouraged or blue,
I think of what Father once told me to do
No matter the problem, the ache, or the pain,
The best thing to do is to play the Glad Game;
Play the Glad Game, play the Glad Game;
Once you get started, you won't be the same;
You won't be bothered and you won't complain
Once you have learned how to play the Glad Game.
(Music continues as underscore interlude)

Pollyanna Father and I began the game because of some crutches that came in a barrel once from some missionaries.
Nancy Crutches?!
Pollyanna Yes. you see, I had been wanting a doll, and Father wrote them so. But the lady wrote back that there hadn't been any dolls in the last missionary barrel, just a pair of children's crutches, and they glad
Pollyanna decided to send them along in case a child might need them sometime, So we started the game.
Pollyanna Well, I can't see anything ter be glad 'bout that - - gettin' crutches when you was wantin' a doll!

Pollyanna I couldn't either, at first. Father had to help me.

(Father and a young Pollyanna are seen with a barrel in tableau)
Pollyanna I started to cry because there was no doll,
But that was no reason for crying at all;
My father said,
Father *(To girl as he holds crutches from a barrel)* There must be something that's good
About getting two little crutches of wood;
Make it a game, make it a game,
Find something good about crutches that came!
Pollyanna 'I think that I've got it,' I said happily -
'I can be glad they're not needed on me!'
Father *(Father hugs girl)* Oh, yes indeed!

(They happily exit) (Music continues as underscore interlude)
Pollyanna I could be glad because I didn't need the crutches! You see?
Nancy Well, I suppose you're right.
Pollyanna And I've played the game ever since. The harder it is to find something to be glad about, the more
heaven and fun it is, although - - sometimes it's almost too hard - - like when your father goes to
Nancy there isn't anybody left for you but the Ladies Aid Society.
Pollyanna *(Ruefully)* Or when you're stuck up in a hot li'l room way at the top of the house with nothin' in it.
That was a hard one, at first. But then I happened to think about how much I hated seeing my
Nancy freckles in the looking-glass, and how beautiful the view out my window was.
(Under her breath) My stars and stockin's! *(To Pollyanna)* Well - - see, Miss Pollyanna, I ain't
I can - I much on games, and I ain't sayin' that I'll play it very well; but I'll play it with ye the best
Pollyanna will, I will!
(Hugs Nancy) Oh, thank you, Nancy! That'll be splendid! Won't we have fun? *(Hug)*
Old Tom Land sakes, child. You sure have plenty of vim and vigor - - even if it is the end of the day.
Pollyanna Are you one of the gardeners, Mr. - - uh - - Man?
Old Tom Yes, miss. You can call me Tom.
Timothy This is my grandfather, Pollyanna.
Pollyanna *(Shaking his hand)* Oh - - hello!
Old Tom I've been working here for your aunt's family most of me life. That's why me back's so bent.
Pollyanna Hmm. That would be hard to be glad about, wouldn't it?
Old Tom Glad?
Nancy It's a game of Pollyanna's.

(Song resumes)
Pollyanna My father once taught me to look first for the best
In all situations and then you'll be blessed
Old Tom Then what would you say to a poor older gent
Whose gardening made his back crooked and bent?
P. and N. Make it a game, play the Glad Game.
There must be something to gain from the strain;
We may not like it and we may complain.
Like it or not, we should just play the game!

(Music continues as underscore)
Pollyanna *(Suddenly)* I've got it! You can be glad about your back being bent - - because then when you
bend down to work, you don't have so far to bend!
Old Tom *(Comprehending, chuckling)* Well now, that's true, ain't it? Dear li'ul girl. You're just like yer
mother.
Pollyanna You knew my mother?
Old Tom Oh, yes. I knew her when she was just yer age. And she was cheerful, just like you. Lord knows
we can use some cheer around here, eh? I think your game is just grand.
Pollyanna *(Suddenly seeing Aunt Polly)* Aunt Polly! *(She leaps into Aunt Polly's arms, surprising her)* Oh,
Aunt Polly, I reckon I'm glad just to be alive!
Aunt Polly *(Freeing herself)* Polly-anna! Is this how you always greet people?

Pollyanna (*Breathlessly*) No -- only when I love people so much I can't help it! I saw you and remembered you weren't a Ladies' Aider and that you belonged to me and you were my really true aunt and I just had to hug you!

Aunt Polly Well - you -- I -- uh - (*Looking at astonished others*) Go about your business, everyone. (*They exit*). (*To Pollyanna*) And what are you doing out here?

Pollyanna Well, I -- uh -

Aunt Polly Oh, never mind. Come along. It's getting late and I want to see your dresses before you go to bed. (*They ascend stairs to attic*) Anything unsuitable for you, we shall give away, of course.

Pollyanna (*Opening drawer*) I'm afraid my dresses aren't much, Aunt Polly. I've got the best one on. I would have had a black dress except they wanted red carpet at church.

Aunt Polly (*Examining dresses, dismayed*) Hmm. I see. Have you ever gone to school, Pollyanna?

Pollyanna Oh, yes, Aunt Polly. Besides, Father -- I mean. I was taught some at home, too.

Aunt Polly Very good. In the fall you will enter school here, of course. The principal, will no doubt settle what grade you belong. Meanwhile, I have decided on your schedule for the summer. (*Referring to her piece of paper*) At nine o'clock every morning you will read aloud to me for one half-hour. Before that you will use the time to put this room in order. Wednesday and Saturday morning, after half-past nine, you will spend with Nancy in the kitchen, learning to cook. Other mornings you will sew with me. That will leave the afternoons for your instruction in music.

Pollyanna (*Dismayed*) Oh, but Aunt Polly, you haven't left me any time just to live!

Aunt Polly To live, child! What do you mean? As if you weren't living all the time!

Pollyanna Oh, of course I'd be *breathing* all the time I was doing those things, Aunt Polly, but I wouldn't be living. You breath all the time you're asleep, but you aren't living. I mean *living* -- doing the things you want to do; playing outdoors, reading (to myself, of course), climbing hills, Mr. Tom in the garden, and Nancy, and finding out all about the houses and people and everywhere all through the perfectly lovely streets I came through today. That's what I call living.

Aunt Polly Aunt Polly. Just breathing isn't living!

Pollyanna Pollyanna, you *are* the most extraordinary child! You will be allowed a proper amount of playtime, of course. But surely it seems to me if I am willing to do my duty by providing for your care and instruction, you ought to be willing to do yours by seeing that that care and instruction are not ungratefully wasted.

Pollyanna (*Aunt Polly slams door behind her; stopping on stair landing, listening*) But, Aunt Polly! As if I could ever be ungrateful -- to you! Why I love you -- and you're not even a Ladies' Aider. You're an aunt!

Aunt Polly (*Clearly touched, opening door and looking in*) Very well, then. See that you don't act ungratefully. (*Awkwardly softening*) Tomorrow you shall help Nancy and Timothy run errands for me, not the least of which will be to outfit you with a new wardrobe.

Pollyanna (*Awestruck*) A new wardrobe?! (*Her mouth hangs open in shock*).

Aunt Polly None of your garments are fit for a niece of mine to wear. It's my duty to replace them. (*Pollyanna hugs Aunt Polly tightly and adoringly*)

Aunt Polly (*Prying Pollyanna off*) Yes, well -- It's too bad I had to make you eat bread and milk your very first day here.

Pollyanna Oh, I was really glad about it, Aunt Polly. I love bread and milk. And I've had such a lovely time here so far. Your house is beautiful! And I know I'm going to like living with you. Good night, Aunt Polly! . . .

(*Music begins*)

(*Aunt Polly nods with wonder; closes the door; rolls her eyes, and shakes her head; Pollyanna dances with a dress as if a person*)

Aunt Polly What a bizarre child! (*Descending stairs*) She's glad I punished her and she's going to love living with me! (*Flabbergasted and throwing her hands in the air, she exits through the parlor*).

(*Song resumes*)

Pollyanna Say, but I'm glad! Oh, how I'm glad!
I'm in the attic but that isn't bad;
I am so glad because who could want more
I get new dresses that come from a store!

(Music rises; segues to)

(Lighting transitions to)

SCENE 7: BELDINGSVILLE TRAIN STATION

(Townfolk passersby are greeted by other townfolk merchant types wearing sandwich boards advertising merchandise such as old fashioned shoes, hats, coats, etc. Other signs may say "big

say "big

(Music slowly builds to reprise)

Merchants

(Calling out over music) Sale! Big sale today! The latest fashions! New shipment! Value and style at the mercantile! Sale! . . . Etc.

SONG: "BELDINGSVILLE" (Reprise)

You can shop in style at the mercantile
Here in Beldingsville Square
All the latest ads sport the greatest fads,
You can be debonair!
There's so much to choose,
Hats and coats and shoes,
Anything you can use;
Bargains by the score, merchandise galore,
Here in Beldingsville;
Stop and shop awhile at the mercantile
Here in Beldingsville!
(Music continues festively as underscore)

(Pollyanna, dressed stylishly, emerges from the townfolk passing by with Nancy, who carries a basket, and Timothy, who carries a stack of wrapped boxes)

Pollyanna

(Gushing and babbling) Oh my! This is so exciting! I've never gone shopping for new clothes before. I haven't had anybody but Ladies' Aiders and missionary barrels to give me now I have my own! Band new and from a store, no less! Oh, I'm glad!

clothes. But

Timothy

We nearly bought out the mercantile!

Nancy

Miss Harrington told us to replace every single dress you owned. And I'm so happy for you, I am, I am! Just look at you!

Timothy

Downright purty, I must say!

Jimmy

(Holding out hat) Spare a penny for orphans, please?

Pollyanna

Oh, can we, Nancy?

Nancy

Orphans? (Handing Jimmy a coin) Why, of course! (Handing her a jar from her basket) And here's some lamb's broth to take back with you.

Jimmy

(Overwhelmed) Oh, thank you! Thank you ever so much! (He runs off).

Pollyanna

The poor lad. Thank you, Nancy.

Nancy

I'm glad I had an extra jar.

Pollyanna

Father used to say that when we give unto the least of us, we're giving unto the Lord.

Timothy

Amen to that.

(Music becomes ominous, introducing next song)

Pollyanna

(Spotting Mr. Pendleton) Like that poor man. He doesn't look as if he has a friend in the world. (To Pendleton) Hello! Hello, there! . . .

Mr. Pendleton

(Startled) Eh? (Seeing Pollyanna) Hmmph! Never you mind! . . .

(Pendleton buys a newspaper from a terrified newsboy and sits alone on a bench)

Timothy

Better stay well away from him!

Pollyanna

That poor fellow?

Nancy

He's not poor. That's Mr. Pendleton. Rich, but miserable . . .

SONG: "MISTER PENDLETON"

Nancy You'll meet his wrath if you dare cross his path,
He is crotchety and what is worse

Timothy He grunts and he groans in cantankerous tones,
It is almost as if he's been cursed;

Townfolk (N. & T.) Mister Pendleton, has a dreadful, icy stare;
Mister Pendleton - - - We'd better beware!
He lives all alone in his musty old home.
He is rich, but he's odd through and through;
They say there's a skeleton deep in his closet,
We don't doubt the rumor is true
Mister Pendleton - - - He's the phantom of the square
Mister Pendleton - - - We'd better beware . . .
Better beware Better beware

(Townfolk exit) (Music fades out).

Pollyanna Fiddlesticks. There must be something good about him.

Nancy Lord knows what. But we'd better be running along. Your aunt wants us to deliver these jars to every shut-in.

Timothy Yup. She says it's her duty.

Nancy *(Holding up jar)* And we got one left to go.

Pollyanna You go on ahead. I'll be happy to deliver it.

Nancy Oh, I'd be grateful, I would, I would. It's for Mrs. Snow and I'd just as soon not see her.

Timothy And you won't like it her either.

Pollyanna Why not?

Nancy Because nobody does. If folks wa'n't sorry for her there wouldn't a soul go near her from mornin' till night, she's that cantankerous. Nothin' whatever *has* happened, has happened right in Snow's eyes. And if you take her jelly she'll be sure to want chicken - - but if you *did* bring her chicken, she'd be jest hankerin' for lamb's broth!

Pollyanna What a funny woman. I think I shall like to go see her. She must be so surprising and - - different. I love different folks.

Nancy Well, Mrs. Snow's different all right - -

Timothy *(Exiting with Nancy)* See you later, Pollyanna. . . .
(On her way to Mrs. Snow's, Pollyanna gingerly approaches Pendleton)

Pollyanna *(Stopping)* Hello! It's a nice day today, isn't it?

Mr. Pendleton *(Startled again)* Eh! *(Recognizing Pollyanna)* Oh, it's you! See here, why don't you find someone your own age to talk to?

Pollyanna Oh, I'd love to, but there aren't any around here, Nancy says. But it's all right - - I like old folks just as well!

Mr. Pendleton Old, eh? Humph! *(He abruptly exits).*
(Lighting transitions to)

SCENE 8: MRS. SNOW'S HOME

(Milly is seen sweeping just beyond Mrs. Snow's home area)

Milly *(Seeing Pollyanna approach)* Yes?

Pollyanna Hello, I'm Pollyanna Whittier and I'd like to see Mrs. Snow.

Milly You'd like to see my mother? Well, if you would, you're the first one who ever "liked" to see her.
(Points) She's in there . . .

(Pollyanna approaches Mrs. Snow, who was listening, but now pretends to doze in her rocker)

Pollyanna Hello? . . . Mrs. Snow? . . . Mrs. Snow?

Mrs. Snow *(Opening her eyes, irritated)* Oh, what is it?

Pollyanna How are you?

Mrs. Snow Chills, pills, and bills! That's my lot in life and it's a pretty rotten life. What do you want?

Pollyanna I came to bring you some calf's foot jelly. It's from my Aunt Polly.

Mrs. Snow Dear me! Jelly? Of course I'm very much obliged, but I was hoping 'twould be lamb broth today.

Pollyanna Don't you mean chicken?

Mrs. Snow What?

Pollyanna Well, Nancy told me that when folks brought you jelly, it was chicken you wanted, and when they brought chicken, you wanted lamb broth; but maybe she had it mixed up.

Mrs. Snow *(Taken aback)* Well! Miss Impertinence!

Pollyanna *(Chuckling)* Oh, that's not my name, Mrs. Snow. I'm Pollyanna Whittier, Miss Polly Harrington's niece, and I've come to live with her. That's why I'm here with the jelly this morning.

Mrs. Snow Very well; your aunt's very kind, but I don't have much of an appetite this morning, and I was wanting lamb broth.

Pollyanna Oh! Your hair is black! I do love black hair - - it's so beautiful! I wish I had it, instead of this yellow hair.

Mrs. Snow Well, I never thought much of black - - shows gray too soon.

Pollyanna But your hair is beautiful! And you are so pretty!

Mrs. Snow Me! - - Pretty!

Pollyanna Why yes. Didn't you know it?

Mrs. Snow *(Cantankerously)* Well, no, I didn't!

Pollyanna But you are. I should think you could see it if you looked in a mirror. *(She looks around for one.)*

Mrs. Snow Well, I hain't spent much time in front of the mirror lately - - and neither would you, if you were sick like I am! - - But if you want one, it's over on the dresser there. *(Pollyanna goes and gets the hand mirror, comes back to the chair, and hesitates.)*

Pollyanna I reckon maybe, if you don't mind, I'd like to fix your hair just a little before I let you see it. May I fix your hair, please?

Mrs. Snow *(Somewhat surprised)* Why, I - - I suppose so, if you want to. But it won't stay, you know.

Pollyanna *(Happily)* Oh, thank you. I love fixing people's hair. *(She lays down the mirror, takes a comb from the dresser and begins to work.)* I shan't do much today, of course, since I'm in such a hurry for you to see how pretty you are--

Mrs. Snow It won't stay, with me tossing and turning on the bed as I do.

Pollyanna Oh, but I'm glad about that, because I can come back another day and do it again! *(She finishes her work, takes a flower from a vase by the chair and places it in Mrs. Snow's hair.)*

Mrs. Snow *(Hands Mrs. Snow the mirror.)* See?

Pollyanna Well, I like red flowers better than pink, and it will fade eventually - - but -- you certainly do seem to have a knack with hair . . . *(She starts to smile, despite herself.)*

Mrs. Snow *(Sighing)* Oh, I do love black hair -- I should be so glad if only I had it.

Pollyanna No, you wouldn't! Not if you were me. You wouldn't be glad of anything if you had to sit here all day like I do. I can't even get to church tomorrow.

Mrs. Snow Not even church?

Pollyanna Not even church. Of course, I'm not missing much, what with the choir a-wailin' and the organ a-screechin' and the Reverend a-bellowin'. Gives everybody indigestion all week anyway.

Mrs. Snow But I like church.

Pollyanna You won't after you go tomorrow. You'll see. But I do wish I could at least go out. Chills, pills, and bills! That's all I have to look forward to.

Mrs. Snow *(Thoughtfully)* Why, yes, it would be kind of hard--to do it then, wouldn't it?

Pollyanna Do what?

Mrs. Snow Be glad about things.

Pollyanna Be glad about things?! When you're sick all your days? Well, I should say it would! If you don't think so, just tell me something to be glad about!

Mrs. Snow *(Jumping up happily)* Oh, goody! That'll be a hard one-- won't it? I've got to go now, but I'll think and think all the way home and maybe the next time I come I can tell it to you.

Pollyanna Ohh, don't bother. I'm not even sure I like you. No, I don't believe I like you at all!....When are you coming back?

Mrs. Snow Soon, I hope! Perhaps right after church. I've had a lovely time. Goodbye! *(Exits.)*

Pollyanna Hmmpfh! Church! I can hear the organ screechin' now!....

Mrs. Snow *(Music begins--the sound of an organ playing)*

Pollyanna And they'll all assemble in their Sunday best. And they won't even miss me. And why would they? They don't have to worry about chills, pills, and bills!

Mrs. Snow *(Black out.)*
(Lights up on)

SCENE 9: THE CHURCH

(The townfolk and "choir", in choir robes, assemble as they sing. Lighting areas distinguish Rev. Ford from others assembled as each sing)

SONG: THE SUNDAY SERVICE"

Townfolk	<i>(& choir)</i>	Reckon it's time to go to church, It's our duty to enter in; Reckon it's time to sing and pray That God will forgive our sin; First the choir will sing Hallelujah!
Choir		Then the soloist sings
Townfolk		Praise to God!
Soloist		Then without delay we bow to pray
Townfolk	<i>(& choir)</i>	Sincerely and reverently....
	<i>(bowing heads)</i>	
	<i>(Pause a beat or so)</i>	
	<i>(Passing plate)</i>	Then we pass a plate for tithing, then we sing a hymn or two;
Choir		Yes, we do!
All	<i>(As Ford enters)</i>	Then Reverend Ford walks to his stand And preaches to every woman, child, and man!.... <i>(Climactic musical build up)</i>
Rev. Ford	<i>(Dramatically)</i>	Death comes unexpectedly! Death will come to you and me, Death comes like a thief to thee, oh yes, Death comes unexpectedly! Oh--you just never know when it's your time to go, It could be while you knit or sew; Or it might be in your car or just sitting where you are, Do not sin because we know not when! Therefore, since we all agree Death comes unexpectedly, Repent, or face calamity!
Townfolk	<i>(& choir)</i>	There he goes with flowery prose--a verbal twinkletoes; Every week he wails and shrieks his oratorios--oh Just another sermon, just another sermon, Just another week of gloom and doom; Just another sermon, and we're all a-squirmin', It's more of the same and it's sad, Oh, I wish Reverend Ford could be glad, <i>(Amen!)</i>
Pollyanna (O.T., T., N.)		I wish Reverend Ford could be glad.
Pollyanna	<i>(To Pollyanna)</i>	Shush!
Aunt Polly	<i>(Opening Bible)</i>	As I turn to God's Word, what is there should be heard,
Rev. Ford	<i>(Reading)</i>	Woe to all who remain impure,
	<i>(Pointing to Bible)</i>	For the scriptures do foretell such a soul is bound for hell Where the fire rages endlessly-- Therefore, since it's plain to see Death comes unexpectedly, Repent, or face catastrophe! Let every head bow! Better repent now! Death comes unexpectedly!
Townfolk		When we die we sure don't want to go down you-know-where
Old Tom		If it's like this sermon maybe we're already there!
Townfolk	<i>(As Polly jabs Tom)</i>	Just another sermon, just another sermon Just another week of gloom and doom; Just another sermon, and we're all a-squirmin' It's more of the same and it's sad,

Pollyanna Oh, I wish Reverend Ford--could be glad.
All A---men!

(Music continues as transition to next scene, then fades)
(Black out)
(Lights rise on)

SCENE 10: MRS. SNOW'S HOUSE

(Milly is again seen sweeping just beyond Mrs. Snow's home area)
Pollyanna *(Approaching with basket)* Hello again!
Milly *(Brightening)* Oh, it's you. It's nice to see you again. Do come see mother, won't you?
Pollyanna *(Following Milly)* Thank you!
Mrs. Snow Oh, it's you is it? I remember you. Anybody'd remember you! *(Sourly)* And how was church? Got indigestion yet?
Pollyanna Well -- uh -- it was -- uh, different. Not quite like the services my father used to lead.
Mrs. Snow Oh?
Pollyanna But I was glad to meet some neighbors all the same.
Mrs. Snow Glad, eh? Hmmphf! There you go again.
Pollyanna I wanted to see if you've kept your hair as I fixed it -- oh, you haven't; but I'm glad of it, because then I can fix it again, later. But now I want you to see what I brought.
Mrs. Snow Well, what is it?
Pollyanna *(Grinning broadly)* Guess! What do you want?
Mrs. Snow *(Frowning)* Why, I don't *want* anything as far as I know of -- they all taste the same anyway!
Pollyanna This won't! Guess what it is! If you really wanted something, what would it be?
Mrs. Snow *(Hesitating, not able to think of something)* Well -- er -- um -- well, there's lamb broth . . .
Pollyanna I've got that!
Mrs. Snow *(Sighing)* No, lamb broth was what I *didn't* want. It was chicken I wanted.
Pollyanna *(Triumphantly)* I've got that too!
Mrs. Snow *(Startled)* What?!
Pollyanna I've got lamb broth and chicken, and jelly too! Nancy and I decided that you should have what you wanted for once, so we fixed all three for you. Of course, there's only a little of each there's *some* of all of 'em. *(She takes out three bowls from her basket and lays them all Snow's bedside table)* There! I'm to leave them all. *(Mrs. Snow is stunned.)* And how today?
-- but
on Mrs.
do you do
Mrs. Snow *(Recovering herself)* Very poorly, thank you. Didn't sleep a wink all night. And I don't suppose you would be well, if you were me, either!
Pollyanna *(Snapping her fingers)* Oh! I almost forgot but I've thought it up, Mrs. Snow -- what you can be glad about.
Mrs. Snow *(Sarcastically)* Oh, really? Well, now, what can I be glad about?
Pollyanna Well, I thought how glad you can be -- that other folks aren't like you -- sick and sitting around all day!
Mrs. Snow *(Angrily)* Well, really!
Pollyanna *(Oblivious)* Oh, yes. Hmm. I wonder if you shouldn't like to play the game, too--
Mrs. Snow The game?! What game? *(She reacts indignantly to the lyrics)*

SONG: "THE GLAD GAME" (Reprise)

Pollyanna *(Slyly)* Whenever you're feeling quite down-in-the-dumps
(Milly appears and chuckles) And if you just happen to be a big grump,
No matter how glum or how sour you are,
Just play the Glad Game, you'll be better by far
Try to be glad, make it a game,
Father once told me you won't be the same;
(Pointedly) Perhaps you're a crotchety, grouchy old crab,
(Happily) Think happy thoughts and then soon you'll be glad!
(Music continues as underscore)

Mrs. Snow *(Flabbergasted)* Well, I never!
Pollyanna *(Sweetly)* Oh, but you should! It'll be just lovely for you to play. And more fun when it's hard!
(She looks out the window.) Oh, it's getting late! Aunt Polly told me I have to be home before dark. I have to go now. Goodbye, Mrs. Snow! *(There is no answer. Pollyanna goes and back)* Goodbye! I'm awfully sorry about the hair -- I wanted to do it. But maybe I can
calls
next
Mrs. Snow Did she just call me a - a --
Milly Crotchety crab? Who'd say a thing like that about you?!...
(Lighting Transitions to)

SCENE 11: PENDLETON WOODS

Pollyanna Hmm. I think I'll take a shortcut through these woods...
(Music becomes tense in tone)
Mr. Pendleton *(Lying on ground in obvious pain, holding his leg;)* Ahhh....
Pollyanna Oh, dear! Oh, it's you...Mr. Pendleton. Are you hurt?
Mr. Pendleton *(Crossly, with sarcasm)* Hurt? Oh no. I just thought I'd lie down in the middle of the woods for a nap. Of course I'm hurt! Now see here, young lady, how much do you know? That is, what are you capable of? Have you got any sense?
Pollyanna Well, Mr. Pendleton. I don't know all there is to know and I can't do a great many things, but some of the Ladies' Aiders said that I had good sense. I heard Mrs. Jones say it once, but she didn't know I heard.
Mr. Pendleton There now, I -- I beg your pardon. Of course you've got sense. It's just this confounded leg of mine, that's all. Now listen, do you know who Dr. Chilton is?
Pollyanna Oh, yes. I was introduced to him at church this morning. *(Cheerfully, sweetly)* You know, if you'd been there, you might not have been stuck here.
Mr. Pendleton *(Irritated)* Why, you -- *(Catching himself)* Er -- well, anyway -- do you know how to use a telephone?
Pollyanna Oh, yes. Aunt Polly has one and I've seen her use it.
Mr. Pendleton Never mind your aunt. Look up Dr. Chilton's number in my home over there and call him right up. Tell him John Pendleton is lying at the foot of Little Eagle Ledge in Pendleton Woods -- with a broken leg. He'll know what to do.
Pollyanna Oh, Mr. Pendleton -- a broken leg? How perfectly awful! Can't I do something to -
Mr. Pendleton Yes, you can -- but evidently you won't! Will you please go and call him?
Pollyanna *(Exiting)* Yes sir! Right away....
(Music rises)
(Lighting shifts to)

SCENE 12: BELDINGSVILLE TOWN SQUARE (SIDE STREET)

(Old Tom and Dr. Chilton cross in opposite directions among other passing townfolk; Dr. Chilton is accompanied by Mr. Gregory and they are in a hurry)

SONG: "THE TOWN IS IN A DITHER" (Reprise)

Old Tom Hello there, Doctor Chilton, I see you're in a rush;
Dr. Chilton I've just been called to help a man and it's hush-hush.
Old Tom Is it someone familiar?
Mr. Gregory It's Mister Pendleton!
Dr. Chilton *(Pulling Mrs. G. off)* But I must go, don't say a word to anyone!
Old Tom *(Calling after him)* Don't worry, Doc, your secret's safe with me!
Nancy What secret are you keeping, dear Old Tom?
Old Tom Mister Pendleton needs Doctor Chilton!
(Nancy) *(Spoken)* *(He does?!)*
Old Tom *(As others approach)* But keep it quiet, Nancy, just stay calm!
Nancy Stay calm? Stay calm?! You really dropped a bomb!
(To others) Have you heard what's happened? It's Mister Pendleton!
 He needs a doctor, not a word to anyone!

All Gathered Oh, dear, what is the matter with Mister Pendleton?
(*Exiting*) It must be bad if Doctor Chilton's on the run!
(*Music continues briefly as underscore, then fades.*)

(*Lighting shifts to*)

SCENE 13: PENDLETON WOODS

(*Pollyanna runs back to Mrs. Pendleton*)
Mr. Pendleton That certainly was fast.
Pollyanna After I called Dr. Chilton, I hurried back because I wanted to be with you.
Mr. Pendleton Did you? Well, I can't say I admire your taste. You certainly could have found a more pleasant companion.
Pollyanna You mean because you're so cross?
Mr. Pendleton (*Shocked at first, then softening*) Thank you for your frankness -- yes.
Pollyanna Oh, but you're only cross on the outside! You're not cross at all on the inside!
Mrs. Pendleton Oh no?
Pollyanna Say -- I'm going to hold your head. (*She goes behind Mr. Pendleton and lifts his head gently. He grimaces with pain. She sits down, and puts his head in her lap. He sighs. Dr. Chilton and Mr. Gregory rush in*)
Dr. Chilton Playing nurse, little lady?
Pollyanna Oh no. I've just been holding his head -- I haven't given him a mite of medicine. But I'm glad I was here.
Dr. Chilton So am I, miss, so am I
Mr. Gregory (*Beginning to lift Mr. Pendleton up*) Allow me to help you, sir
Mr. Pendleton (*Aghast*) Now see here, Chilton. Who's this whippersnapper?
Dr. Chilton Calm down, John. This is my new assistant, Mr. Gregory. You're in good hands.
Mr. Pendleton Hmmph! Looks awful young. (*To Mr. Gregory*) Have you started shaving?
Dr. Chilton (*Good naturedly*) Now John. He's extremely capable. He'll get you inside and settled. I'll be right with you.
Mr. Pendleton (*As Mr. Gregory helps him hobble away*) Well, all right. But hurry... (*They exit*).
Dr. Chilton As for you, little lady, thank you. You've been a great help in keeping our patient calm. Now -- uh -- how are you getting home?
Pollyanna Oh, I'm walking. I was walking home when I found Mr. Pendleton. It's such a nice day and I love to walk.
Dr. Chilton Do you? From what I've heard, it seems there are a great many things you "love" to do.
Pollyanna Why, I don't know. I reckon perhaps there are. I like to do most everything that's *living*. Of course I don't like the other things very well -- sewing and reading out loud, and all that. But *they* aren't *living*.
Dr. Chilton No? What are they, then?
Pollyanna (*Ruefully*) Aunt Polly says they're "learning to live."
Dr. Chilton Does she? I should think she might say -- just that.
Pollyanna Yes. But I don't see it that way at all. I don't think you have to *learn* how to live. I didn't anyhow.
Dr. Chilton (*Sighing*) I'm afraid some of us do -- have to learn to live, little lady. (*He looks sad and thoughtful. Pollyanna tries to change the subject*)
Pollyanna You know, Dr. Chilton, I should think that being a doctor would be the very gladdest kind of business there is.
Dr. Chilton (*Surprised*) Gladdest?! When I see so much suffering everywhere I go?
Pollyanna I know; but you're *helping* it -- don't you see? -- and of course you're glad to help it! And so that makes you the gladdest of any of us, all the time.
(*Dr. Chilton pauses; his eyes fill with tears*)
(*Music begins; slow and reflective at first, then quickly brightening to the theme of "Glad As Glad Can Be"*)
Dr. Chilton God bless you, little lady. (*Then, with a sudden bright smile*) And I'm thinking, after all, that it was the doctor, as much as his patients, that needed a dose of your tonic!
Pollyanna Good bye, Dr. Chilton. I hope to see you again soon!
Dr. Chilton So do I. (*She walks away*). So do I...(*Exits*).

SCENE 14: BELDINGSVILLE TOWN SQUARE (SIDE STREET)

(Pollyanna is whistling part of the "Glad As Glad Can Be" theme as she walks and discovers

Jimmy Bean sitting on a barrel chewing a blade of grass)

(Music progresses to an end in a few seconds)

Pollyanna

Hello!

Jimmy

Hello, yourself.

Pollyanna

I remember seeing you yesterday when I was getting new clothes. I've been wanting to meet someone my own age. It's been lonesome lately with no children my age to talk to or do with. My name is Pollyanna Whittier. What's yours?

things

Jimmy

Jimmy Bean.

Pollyanna

There! Now we're introduced. I live at Miss Polly Harrington's house -- I'm her niece. Where do you live?

Jimmy

Nowheres.

Pollyanna

Nowhere? Why, you can't do that -- everybody lives somewhere!

Jimmy

Well, I don't. I'm huntin' up a new place.

Pollyanna

Oh, I see! Where is it?

Jimmy

(Gives her another strange look) Ya think I'd be a-huntin' for it - if I knew!

Pollyanna

Where did you live before?

Jimmy

Well, if you ain't the worst for askin' questions!

Pollyanna

Well, I have to be, else I wouldn't find out anything about you. If you'd talk more, I wouldn't talk so much.

Jimmy

All right, then! Here goes. I'm Jimmy Bean, and I'm ten years old, goin' on eleven. I came last year ter live at the orphan house, after Dad died. It's all right, I guess they give me food, place to sleep. But there's so many kids there ain't no room for me know -- and they

an' a

never liked

gone. So now I'm

fur me keep, of course, and

me.

me, neither, far as I can tell. So, I up and left. They never even noticed I was

huntin' up a new place to live, but I can't find none. I'm willin' to work

I'm plenty strong -- *(he makes a muscle)* -- but nobody seems ter want

Pollyanna

What a shame! I know just how you feel, because after -- after my father died, too, there wasn't anybody but the Ladies' Aid for me, until Aunt Polly said she'd take -- *(She stops*

abruptly, as an

I know she will!

good and kind she is!

idea dawns on her) Oh, I know just the place for you! Aunt Polly'll take you --

Didn't she take me? Come on, I know she'll take you -- you don't know how

Jimmy

(Brightening) Really? Would she, now?

Pollyanna

(Helping Jimmy to his feet, and starting to tug him along as she babbles) Of course she would!

heaven

sleep in

so you

any wall-

Why my Aunt Polly is the nicest lady in the world -- now that my mother has gone to be a

angel. And there's heaps of rooms. It's an awful big house. Of course, you might have to

some part of the attic like I do. And it's kind of cramped but I see you have freckles too,

can be glad there isn't a looking-glass. And the picture window is more beautiful than

picture could be and -

Jimmy

Gosh! Anybody who talks as much as you do sure don't need to ask a fella questions to fill up the time!

Pollyanna

(Laughing) Well, anyhow, you can be glad of that, 'cause when I'm talking, you don't need to!

(Pulls him into next scene) Here, Jimmy! ...

(Lighting transitions to)

SCENE 15: THE HARRINGTON HOME (FRONT PORCH EXTERIOR) and special lit areas

(Aunt Polly emerges from exterior porch door as Pollyanna gushes)

Pollyanna

Oh, Aunt Polly, Aunt Polly, look here! I found a real live boy for you to bring up! He says he won't mind a bit sleeping in the attic, and he expects to work, but of course I shall need of the time to play with, and --

him most

Aunt Polly

(Amazed) Pollyanna, what do you mean by this? Who is this? Where did you find this dirty little boy? *(Jimmy steps back).*

Pollyanna There, now I forgot to introduce him! His name is Jimmy Bean. He's an orphan from the orphan house, but they don't have room for him so he's looking for a new place to live.

Aunt Polly What is he doing here?!

Pollyanna Why, Aunt Polly -- I told you! So you can take him in, just like me, and bring him up. He wants a home and folks so I told him how good you were to me -

Aunt Polly (*Holding up her hand to silence Pollyanna, trying to regain control of herself*) That -- will do, Pollyanna. This is the most absurd thing you've done yet. Whatever possessed you to bring in a dirty beggar boy off the street?

Jimmy (*Defiantly*) I don't want nothing of you. I was plannin' on workin' fur me board and keep. I wouldn't have come to yer old house, anyhow, 'cept this girl made me, tellin' me how you good and kind and ye'd be jest dyin' to take me in. So there! (*He stomps out in a huff.*)

Pollyanna (*Pausing a moment, looking from Aunt Polly, starting to cry*) But -- Aunt Polly -- I thought you'd be glad to have him! I should think, for sure, you'd be glad -

Aunt Polly (*Music begins; somber introduction to "Regrets" theme*) Pollyanna, will you stop using that everlasting word *glad*! It's always "glad -- glad -- GLAD", from morning till night, until I think I shall go insane!

Pollyanna (*Horried*) But Aunt Polly, I should think you'd be glad to have me gl-- (*Realizing her use of the word, she claps her hands to her mouth and runs into the house.*)

Aunt Polly Pollyanna -- I --

(Aunt Polly gives a look of resignation and paces momentarily in despair. She is now framed in special lighting at center as everything else is black. Two additional special lights rise simultaneously, with Mr. Pendleton at stage left -- in wheelchair -- and Dr. Chilton at stage right. The lighting emphasis is on faces as this "netherworld" scene is nowhere in particular -- merely the characters lost in their thoughts)

SONG "REGRETS"

The Trio (*Reflectively*) I'm keenly aware that I'm filled with despair
As I look at decisions I've made;
It only took one simple choice to become
Entangled with debts to be paid.

The past is haunting me and taunting me,
It vexes and perplexes me;
My heart is filled with ache
For one mistake (One sad mistake);
How can I find relief from endless grief,
When misery came like a thief,
And filled me with dismay that fateful day?

If I could forget this one painful regret,
I gladly would pack it away;
If I could retract this one sorrowful act,
I would relieve that one fateful;

The past is haunting me and taunting me,
It vexes and perplexes me,
My heart is filled with ache
For one mistake (One sad mistake);
How can I find relief from endless grief,
When misery came like a thief,
And filled me with dismay that fateful day?

(*Coda*) My life was cast away
that fateful day ----- !

(*Black out.*)
(*Music Crescendos to finish.*)

End of ACT I

ACT II

Entr'acte

(Music then segues through)

SCENE 1: THE HARRINGTON HOME (INTERIOR AND EXTERIOR)

(As lights rise, Jimmy Bean is throwing tiny pebbles up at Pollyanna's attic window; Pollyanna is on her bed, crying; Aunt Polly is rocking on her parlor chair)

Jimmy

Pollyanna! Pssst! Pollyanna!

Pollyanna

(At her window) Jimmy . . .

Jimmy

I just came back to thank you. Thank you for tryin' to talk to yer aunt.

Pollyanna

I'm so sorry you can't live with us, Jimmy.

Jimmy

Awww, that's all right. It ain't yer fault. I'll find a place . . . somehow.

Pollyanna

Maybe I can still help you.

Jimmy

But how?

Pollyanna

I -- uh -- I don't rightly know.

Jimmy

Well, just remember -- I'm willin' to work . . . *(Awkward pause)* Well, anyway. Thanks fer tryin' to help me . . . Guess I'll be seein' ya . . . *(Exits dejectedly)*

(Pollyanna wipes tears from her eyes)

SONG: "TWO PRAYERS"

Pollyanna

Father said that gladness is worth more than gold
But where is the sunshine when all is so cold?

Father cannot tell me what I should do now
So I'll trust in You, Lord, to guide me somehow.

Aunt Polly

(Rising)

Dear God, you have brought me a nettlesome niece
So what can I do to have patience and peace?
It's all so new to me, what should I do?
I've no other choice Lord, I'm trusting in You.

Both *(Pointing at each other)* What did You have in mind, oh Lord?
 She is driving me out of my gourd
 This strange *(Aunt Polly/Pollyanna)* is far beyond me
 Help me, help me to see -- and I ask
 If it's true that gladness is good for the heart
 Then what, Heavenly Father, is my special part?
 Dear God, won't you tell me what I should do now?
 I'm trusting in You, Lord, to guide me somehow.
(Music continues briefly, then concludes).

(Aunt Polly, flustered, begins walking upstairs to attic room, then changes her mind three times descending, ascending, then descending, stopping to straighten a picture on staircase wall. Pollyanna seems to hear her on the stairs and pops through the attic bedroom door, delighted to see Aunt Polly)

Pollyanna Oh, Aunt Polly, how perfectly lovely! You were coming up to see me! Oh, I love having visitors. Come right in! *(She takes Aunt Polly by the arm and leads her into her room. Aunt Polly is speechless. Pollyanna sits her down in one of the small chairs, and starts flitting around the room, straightening up things, etc.)*

Aunt Polly Pollyanna, I was not --

Pollyanna *(Not hearing)* I just love company! Especially since I've had this room, of my very own. Of course, I had a room before but 'twas always a rented one, and rented ones aren't half as nice as owned ones, are they? And I do own this room, don't I?

Aunt Polly Wh-why, yes, Pollyanna

Pollyanna And of course now I love this room, even though it didn't have the carpets and pictures I'd been want -- *(She stops abruptly in mid-sentence as she realizes her mistake, plunges into next sentence trying to change the subject)* Anyway, this is a perfectly lovely--

Aunt Polly *(Very sternly)* What did you say, Pollyanna?

Pollyanna N-nothing, Aunt Polly I didn't mean to say it.

Aunt Polly Probably not. But since you did say it, let's have the rest of it.

Pollyanna But it wasn't anything, only that I'd been kind of planning on nice carpets and lace curtains and things, but --

Aunt Polly Planning on them?

Pollyanna *(Even more ashamed)* I ought not to, of course, Aunt Polly. It was only because we never had them and I always wanted them, I suppose. So when I came to live with you, and I saw your house was, and heard how rich you were, and I saw the carpets and pictures in the rooms, I --

how big
other
Aunt Polly *(Severely)* That is sufficient, Pollyanna. I am sure you've said quite enough. *(She gets up and leaves the room, while Pollyanna sits down on one of the chairs and covers her face in her hands. Aunt Polly descends to the first floor, where she starts walking off the stage, then pauses suddenly down in a chair, head bowed. Nancy walks by, apparently busy. Aunt Polly looks up just after Nancy passes her.)*

Aunt Polly Nancy?

Nancy *(Turning)* Yes, ma'am?

Aunt Polly Nancy, you may move Pollyanna's things to the room directly below. I have decided that my niece shall sleep there for the present. *(Sits in rocker and reads Bible).*

Nancy *(Trying to contain her excitement)* Yes, ma'am. *(Aunt Polly nods, and exits.)* Oh glory! *(She runs upstairs to Pollyanna's room and eagerly knocks on the door. Pollyanna looks up, to the door and opens it.)* Won't ye jest be listenin' ter this, Miss Pollyanna. I'm to move things ter the room below this one -- you're to sleep there, you are, you are!

goes over
all your
Pollyanna *(Stunned)* Nancy, you mean -- not really -- really and truly?

Nancy I'm to move all yer things down to that room.

Pollyanna Why, that room's got everything -- carpets, and curtains, and three wall-pictures, besides the outside one since the rooms face the same way. Oh, I must thank Aunt Polly! . . .
(As Nancy transfers Pollyanna's belongings to room below attic, next to parlor and stairs, Pollyanna rushes down stairs to Aunt Polly and throws herself on Aunt Polly with a big hug)

Pollyanna Thank you, dear Aunt Polly.

Aunt Polly (*Completely flustered and stiffening*) Yes, well . . . why don't you take the extra jelly I've had made out to the shut ins, won't you?

Pollyanna Oh, I'd be glad to!

Aunt Polly Very well.

Pollyanna Aunt Polly, would you mind very much if I took Mrs. Snow's jelly to someone else?

Aunt Polly (*Sighing*) What *are* you up to now, Pollyanna? You are the most extraordinary child!

Pollyanna (*Frowning*) Please, Aunt Polly - - if you're extraordinary, you can't be ordinary, can you?

Aunt Polly You most certainly cannot.

Pollyanna Oh, that's all right then, I'm glad I'm extraordinary.

Aunt Polly Yes, yes. Now, what is it about this jelly?

Pollyanna Nothing much that you would mind, truly, Aunt Polly, I'm sure. It's just that Mrs. Snow has had so many things, for so long, and people will always be sorry for her; but broken legs don't last, so he won't always have things, and it would be nice to take the jelly to him this time.

Aunt Polly Him? He? Broken leg? Pollyanna, what are you talking about?

Pollyanna Oh, I reckon you didn't know. It happened yesterday, you see, when I was out late. I was walking home from Mrs. Snow's house, and I wanted to take a shortcut through the woods, so I went that way and I found a man there, with a broken leg, and I had to telephone the doctor and tell him to come, and hold the man's head, and everything. Nancy was just making the jelly for Mrs. Snow, Aunt and I thought how nice it would be to take it to him just this once, instead of her. May I, Aunt Polly?

Aunt Polly Yes, yes, I suppose so. Who did you say he was?

Pollyanna Mr. John Pendleton.

Aunt Polly (*Shocked*) *John - - Pendleton!*

Pollyanna Yes. Nancy told me his name. Maybe you know him.

Aunt Polly Do -- *you* know him?

Pollyanna Oh yes. He speaks to me sometimes, now, and I found him in the woods yesterday. He's only when I cross on the outside, you know. I'll go and get the jelly. Nancy almost had it finished came in. (*She turns to go.*)

Aunt Polly (*Sternly*) Pollyanna, wait! I've changed my mind. I would prefer that Mrs. Snow had the jelly -- as usual. That is all.

Pollyanna But, Aunt Polly! Mrs. Snow has always had things, and she always will - - *hers* will last; but his leg won't last - - the broken one, I mean.

Aunt Polly Yes, I remember hearing that John Pendleton had met with an accident. But - - I do not care to be sending jelly to John Pendleton, Pollyanna.

Pollyanna I know, he is cross -- outside; so I suppose you don't like him. But I wouldn't say 'twas you that sent it. I'd say it 'twas me. I like him -- I'd be glad to send him jelly. (*Aunt Polly starts shaking her head, but suddenly stops and asks in a quiet voice*)

Aunt Polly Does he know who you -- are, Pollyanna?

Pollyanna I reckon not. I told him my name, once, but he never calls me it - - never.

Aunt Polly Does he know where you -- live?

Pollyanna Oh, no. I never told him that.

Aunt Polly So he doesn't know you're my -- niece?

Pollyanna I don't think so. (*Aunt Polly hesitates for a moment.*)

Aunt Polly (*Still in a quiet voice*) Very well, Pollyanna. You may take the jelly to John Pendleton. But understand, I am not sending it. Be very sure that he does not think I do!

Pollyanna Yes, I mean no, Aunt Polly. Thank you!
(*Aunt Polly throws her hands in the air and exits as Pollyanna joins Nancy in her "new" room*)
(*Music begins, leading to "Mr. Pendleton" reprise*)

Pollyanna (*Gushing*) Oh, Nancy - - isn't it wonderful? I'm so glad!

Nancy About your new room?

Pollyanna Oh, that. Yes, I'm glad about that, too. But I meant I'm glad because I get to take some jelly to Mr. Pendleton.

Nancy (*Shocked*) Mr. Pendleton?! . . . I didn't think he spoke to anyone!

Pollyanna He speaks to me now.

Nancy But he's so mysterious - - living all alone in that big old house. And they say there's a skeleton or two in his closet. And he's so odd. Eats his meals at the hotel and the lady who serves him told me he orders the cheapest food on the menu.

Pollyanna Well, take it from me. It's hard to buy food when you're poor.

Nancy Poor?! He's the richest man in town! He could eat dollar bills if he wanted. And he travels all over the world.

Pollyanna Maybe he's giving his money to the poor and the heathen - - like a missionary.

Nancy I doubt it. But I guess if anyone can bring a smile to his sour puss, you can, that's for sure . . .

Pollyanna Well, I'll try. See you later, Nancy . . . *(Exits)*.
(Music rises)
(Lighting transitions to)

SCENE 2: MR. PENDLETON'S HOUSE (AND JUST OUTSIDE)

(Mr. Pendleton, in a wheelchair, has his back to audience. Dr. Chilton confers with him in pantomime. Mary is "just outside," picking up a bundled newspaper and spots the Pollyanna)

approaching
Mary Yes?

Pollyanna If you please, I've brought some calf's-foot jelly for Mr. Pendleton.

Mary Thank you. *(She reaches for the bowl in Pollyanna's hand)* Who shall I say sent it? And it's calf's-foot? *(Pollyanna nods, but looks obviously disappointed. Dr. Chilton suddenly appears)*

Dr. Chilton Ah! Calf's-foot jelly? Splendid! *(He smiles at Pollyanna)* Maybe you'd like to see our patient, eh? *(Pollyanna grins and nods.)* Mary . . . *(Mary looks surprised, but exits, taking out. Meanwhile, Mr. Gregory comes to Dr. Chilton, also surprised.)*

Pollyanna
Mr. Gregory But - - didn't Mr. Pendleton give orders not to admit anyone?

Dr. Chilton Yes, but I'm giving the orders now - - I'll take the risk. If there's anything that can take the grouch out of Pendleton this afternoon, it's her.

Mr. Gregory Who is she?

Dr. Chilton Her name is Pollyanna Whittier. She's the niece of - - *(he hesitates)* - - one of our best-known residents. I don't happen to enjoy an extensive personal acquaintance with the little lady but many of my patients do, I'm happy to say!

as yet,
Mr. Gregory Indeed

Dr. Chilton *(Frowning)* At any rate, her extraordinary speeches are constantly being repeated to me, and "just being glad" seems to be the theme of most of them. I wish I could prescribe her as I would a box of pills . . . *(They exit)*

(Mary nervously approaches Pendleton with Pollyanna)
Mary *(A little frightened)* There's a little girl here to see you, sir. The doctor said I was to - -

Mr. Pendleton *(Irritably, turning around)* See here, didn't I say -- *(Mary exits)*.

Pollyanna I'm so glad the doctor let me see you! At first the housekeeper came to the door, and she was going to take the jelly, so I wouldn't be able to see you, but the doctor --

Mr. Pendleton Jelly? What Jelly?

Pollyanna Oh! I almost forgot. *(She sets the bowl of jelly on a table).* I brought you some calf's-foot jelly. Do you like it?

Mr. Pendleton Never ate it.

Pollyanna Didn't you? Well, if you didn't, I can be glad that you never ate it, because then you can't know that you don't like it!

Mr. Pendleton *(Scowling)* Yes, yes, well, there's one thing I know all right - - I have a broken leg and I'm stuck in this chair.

Pollyanna *(Smiling)* But broken legs don't last. You can be glad of that.

Mr. Pendleton *(Sarcastically)* Oh, I am.

Pollyanna And you can be glad that you didn't break both legs!

Mr. Pendleton Of course, so fortunate. And I suppose I might be glad I wasn't a centipede and didn't break fifty!

Pollyanna Oh, that's the best yet! I know what centipedes are - - they've got lots of legs.

Mr. Pendleton And I suppose I should be glad for that nurse, and the doctor, and that confounded housekeeper, too!

Pollyanna Why, of course! Just think of how it would be if you *didn't* have them - - and you here like this!

Mr. Pendleton As if that wasn't the whole problem - - because I *am* here like this. And the whole bunch of them expecting me to pay them, and pay them well, too!

Pollyanna Yes, I know; *that* part is too bad - - about the money - - when you've been saving it, too, all this time for the heathen.

Mr. Pendleton What?

Pollyanna You know, denying yourself and saving the money for the heathen. That's another way I knew you weren't cross on the inside. Nancy told me.

Mr. Pendleton Nancy told you I was saving money for the - - Well, who, may I inquire, is Nancy?

Pollyanna Our Nancy, the maid. She works for Aunt Polly.

Mr. Pendleton And who is Aunt Polly?

Pollyanna Miss Polly Harrington. I live with her.

Mr. Pendleton *(Sitting up suddenly)* Miss -- Polly -- Harrington?! You -- live with her?

Pollyanna Yes. I'm her niece. She's taken me to bring me up -- on account of my mother, you know. She was her sister. And after Father went to be with her in heaven, there wasn't anyone left down here by the Ladies' Aid; so Aunt Polly took me. *(Mr. Pendleton falls back, looking shocked.)* Er -- maybe I should go now. I hope you like -- the jelly. *(She turns to go, but Mr. Pendleton sits up again.)*

Mr. Pendleton So, you are -- Miss Polly Harrington's niece.

Pollyanna Do you know her?

Mr. Pendleton Oh yes, I know her. But -- you -- you can't mean -- Miss Polly Harrington sent jelly to me?

Pollyanna N-no, she didn't. She told me I must be very sure not to let you think that she did send it, but I --

Mr. Pendleton *(With finality)* I thought as much. *(He turns away from Pollyanna.)*

Pollyanna *(Sadly)* Well . . . Goodbye, Mr. Pendleton . . .
(Music begins)
(Pendleton has no further response; Pollyanna slowly exits, dejected)

SONG: "REGRETS" (Reprise)

Pendleton *(Turning to audience and musing to self)* This innocent child has me lost and beguiled
And I think back to years long gone by;
If I could now change and somehow rearrange
What has passed, I would certainly try;
The past is haunting me and taunting me,
It vexes and perplexes me,
My heart is filled with ache for one mistake;
How can I find relief from endless grief,
When loneliness came like a thief,
And filled me with dismay one fateful day?
(Music continues briefly, transitioning to next scene)
(Black out)
(Lights up on)

SCENE 3: THE HARRINGTON HOME (INTERIOR AND EXTERIOR)

(As lights rise, Aunt Polly walks in from "outside" and enters the house. Her hair has been blown out of its usual formal arrangement and falls in loose curls. Nancy greets her and takes her hat)

Nancy My stars and stockin's! 'Tis an awfully windy day out, Miss Polly!

Aunt Polly Yes, it's terrible. But of course it is my duty to attend the Ladies' Aid meeting.
(Nancy rolls her eyes and exits. Pollyanna comes to greet her aunt.)

Pollyanna You're home, Aunt Polly -- Oh, oh, oh, Aunt Polly, you've got 'em too! *(She starts dancing in a circle around Aunt Polly.)*

Aunt Polly Got what, you impossible child?

Pollyanna And I didn't even know you had 'em! Can folks have 'em when you don't know they've got 'em?

Aunt Polly *(Trying to smooth out her hair)* Pollyanna, what are you talking about?

Pollyanna *(Pleading)* No, no -- please, Aunt Polly! It's those I'm talking about -- those darling little black curls. They're so pretty! Oh, mayn't I do your hair like Mrs. Snows? And of course it would be so much better -- you've got so much more hair than she has. O, may I, Aunt Polly?
(Aunt Polly is stunned and speechless.)

Aunt Polly Well, Pollyanna, I -- you --

Pollyanna *(Triumphantly)* You didn't! You didn't say I couldn't do your hair! -- and I'm sure it means just the other way around sort of. Come right over here! *(She leads her aunt, who is still*

speechless, *over to a dressing table in the parlor room near a window and seats her there, facing away from the mirror. Then she takes a comb from the table and starts to work on Aunt Polly's hair.*) Oh, you have such pretty hair! I reckon folks'll be glad when they see it -- and surprised, too, since everybody'll just love to look at you've hid it for so long. Why, Aunt Polly, I'll make you so pretty you!

Aunt Polly But, but -- Pollyanna -- I'm sure I don't know why I'm letting you do this -- silly thing.

Pollyanna Why, Aunt Polly, wouldn't you be glad to have folks look at you? Don't you like looking at pretty things? I love to look at pretty folks -- when I look at the other kind, I feel so sorry for them.

Aunt Polly But --

Pollyanna And I just love to do people's hair. I did quite a lot of the Ladies' Aiders, but none of them who were as pretty as you. *(She grins broadly as an idea dawns on her)* Oh, Aunt Polly, I've just thought of the most wonderful idea! But it's a secret and I shan't tell you. Your hair is almost done now, and I'm going to leave for just a minute, and you must promise to stay right here and not stir nor peek, even, till I get back. Remember! *(She rushes upstairs and starts burrowing in a closet.)*

Aunt Polly *(To herself)* This is absurd! I shall undo this at once. As if I cared -- *(She turns around to face the mirror, and is shocked by how pretty she looks; she forgets about undoing her hair at her reflection. Then Pollyanna returns, carrying a bundle of things. She takes a handkerchief and ties it around her aunt, blindfolding her.)*

Aunt Polly Pollyanna! What are you doing?

Pollyanna *(Chuckling)* That's just what I don't want you to know, Aunt Polly, and I was afraid you might peek, so I tied on the handkerchief. Now sit still. It won't take but a minute, then I'll let you see. *(She takes a lace shawl from her bundle.)*

Aunt Polly Pollyanna! You must take this off! You -- *(Pollyanna drapes the shawl over her aunt's shoulders, trembling with excitement.)* Child, child, what are you doing?! *(Pollyanna steps back to survey her work. Then she sees a bunch of roses in a vase on the table, and takes one.)*

Pollyanna I'm almost done -- there! *(She puts the rose in Aunt Polly's hair above her ear, then unties the blindfold.)* Oh, Aunt Polly, you look beautiful! *(Aunt Polly looks at herself in the mirror, eyed with amazement, then looks out the window [which she is standing by], lets out a wide-short cry and runs to Pollyanna's room. Pollyanna looks out the window, and Dr. Chilton is there.)*

Pollyanna *(Smiling)* Hello, Dr. Chilton! Did you want to see me?

Dr. Chilton I did indeed, little lady. *(As Pollyanna meets him "outside")* I've prescribed you for a patient and he's sent me to get the prescription filled. Will you go?

Pollyanna *(Uncertainly)* You mean -- an errand -- to the drugstore? I used to go some for the Ladies' Aiders.

Dr. Chilton *(Shaking his head and smiling)* Not exactly. It's Mr. John Pendleton. He would like to see you today, if you'll be so good as to come.

Pollyanna I'd love to! I'll go ask Aunt Polly. *(She runs back into the house and finds Aunt Polly furiously undoing the curls in her hair and taking off the shawl.)*

Aunt Polly Pollyanna, how could you? To think of your rigging me up and then letting me -- be seen!

Pollyanna But -- Aunt Polly, you looked perfectly lovely!

Aunt Polly Lovely!

Pollyanna *(Pleading)* Oh, Aunt Polly, please let the hair stay!

Aunt Polly Stay! Like this -- as if I would!

Pollyanna *(Half-sobbing)* Dr. Chilton came, and -- he wants me to go with him to see Mr. Pendleton. M -- may I go?

Aunt Polly *(Still pulling out curls)* Yes, yes, run along child -- do! I only wish you'd gone before! *(Pollyanna nods sorrowfully and walks back out to Dr. Chilton.)*

Dr. Chilton What's the matter? Didn't she say you could go?

Pollyanna *(sighing)* Yes, -- I think she wanted me to go too much *(Music begins; theme from "regrets")* *(Chilton and Pollyanna begin to walk slowly and after a pause, the doctor says)*

Dr. Chilton Wasn't that -- your aunt I saw a moment ago -- in the window?

Pollyanna Yes. That's the whole trouble, I suppose. You see, I had dressed her up in a perfectly lovely lace shawl I found upstairs, and did her hair, and put a rose in it, but she didn't like it and said something about being seen. But I thought she looked just lovely. Didn't you, Dr. Chilton?

Dr. Chilton Yes, Pollyanna, I thought - - she did look - - just lovely.
Pollyanna *(Sighing)* Yes. . . . *(Dr. Chilton sees how gloomy she looks, and tries to cheer her up)*
Dr. Chilton That's quite a grand home you and your aunt have there
Pollyanna *(Brightening)* Oh yes, I love it. It has so many rooms, and carpets and pictures and lace and and everything. Where do you live, Dr. Chilton?
Dr. Chilton I live in my office, beyond the woods there. It only has two rooms, but I manage.
Pollyanna I should like to see your home sometime.
Dr. Chilton It's a pretty poor excuse for a house - - and it certainly isn't a home. It takes a woman's hand and heart, or a child's presence to make a home.
Pollyanna Well, why don't you get a woman's hand and heart, Dr. Chilton?
Dr. Chilton *(Gravely)* They're not always to be had - - for the asking, little lady.
Pollyanna *(Frowning)* But I should think *you* could get one!
Dr. Chilton *(Laughing)* Thank you. But I'm afraid some people might not agree with you, Pollyanna. At least, they haven't shown themselves to be so - - obliging.
Pollyanna Why Dr. Chilton, you don't mean that you tried to get a woman's hand and heart and - - couldn't, did you?
Dr. Chilton *(Smiling)* There, there, Pollyanna, never mind about that now. Don't let other people's troubles worry your head. Here we are, at Mr. Pendleton's! See you later.
(Exits).
(Music rises)
(Lighting transitions to)

SCENE 4: MR. PENDLETON'S HOME

(Mary approaches)
(Music trails off)
Mary Oh, Mr. Pendleton is expecting you. Come in.
Pollyanna Thank you! *(Mary leads her to the bedroom and gestures her in. Mr. Pendleton is smiling.)*
Mr. Pendleton Well, Miss Pollyanna, I'm thinking that you must be a very forgiving little girl; otherwise, you wouldn't have come to see me today.
Pollyanna Oh, but Mr. Pendleton, I was glad to come. I don't see why I shouldn't be.
Mr. Pendleton Well, you know, I was pretty cross with you the other day, when you first found me with the broken leg in the woods. I don't think I've ever thanked you for that. So you see, you must be very forgiving to come and see me again after such ungrateful treatment.
Pollyanna But I was glad to find you - - *(hastily correcting herself)* not to say I was glad that your leg was broken, of course.
Mr. Pendleton *(Smiling)* I understand. Your tongue does get away with you once in awhile, doesn't it, Pollyanna? But I do thank you for helping me that day. I consider you a very brave girl for doing what you did. And thank you for the jelly.
Pollyanna Did you like it?
Mr. Pendleton Yes, very much.
(Pollyanna notices the light and color coming from a prism hanging on a lampshade or wind chime)
Pollyanna Oh, Mr. Pendleton! How beautiful! Look - - it's a baby rainbow. A real rainbow has come to pay you a visit.
Mr. Pendleton I never noticed before. I guess the sun shouldn't strike it at all, but it does around this time of the afternoon.
Pollyanna *(Fascinated)* Look how pretty it is!
Mr. Pendleton Indeed it is. Funny how I overlooked it. Guess I thought of it as a trifle.
Pollyanna A trifle? What's a trifle?
Mr. Pendleton A small thing that seems unimportant, I guess.
Pollyanna Isn't it amazing how such a small thing can be so beautiful?
Mr. Pendleton *(Brightening)* By golly, it is at that.
Pollyanna If these little prisms were mine, I'd hang them in the sun all day! It would be like living in a rainbow all the time!
(Music begins; for next song reprise)
Mr. Pendleton *(Struck by the idea)* I've got it! *(Calling out)* Mary! Mr. Gregory! will you please come here?
Mary *(Entering with Gregory)* Yes, sir?

Mr. Pendleton Will you take the string from that table here, and hang it across the room with the prisms from that lamp? *(Or wind chime, etc)* I'm sure Pollyanna will help.

Pollyanna *(Excited)* Oh, I'd be glad to!

Mr. Gregory *(Amazed)* Are you sure, sir?

Mr. Pendleton Of course, of course! If Pollyanna wants to try living in a rainbow, then I don't see why we can't have a rainbow to live in! I'll be doggone if we don't get a kick out of such a trifle! . . .
(Pollyanna, Mary, and Mr. Gregory gleefully hang prisms during the following song. As they do, the lighting emits a variety of "floating" color spots)

SONG: "TRIFLES" ("My Picture" Reprise)

Pollyanna A prism may just be a trifle,
 But some trifles are just what we need
 When we're down in the dumps,
 And we're taking our lumps,
 We're agreed!

Mr. Pendleton And that's why I'm glad we have trifles
Pollyanna For a trifle can brighten the gloom;
 And a trifle like this can be heavenly bliss in this room!
 What a sight! So dazzling bright!

All So many rainbows dancing in light!
 As we stare and look here and there
 Oooooo! What a view to share!
 A trifle like this may seem silly,
 But a prism can make us all glad;
 And we ask, 'what's so bad
 About not feeling sad, but just glad?!

Pollyanna And the colors are made by the Artist
 Whose canvass is second to none;
All And His artwork of light
 Is so wondrously bright for us --
 It is painted with love
 By a Hand from above for us!
(Music continues; segue to next song)

(They clap and shake each other's hands over their triumph)

Pollyanna I reckon the sun itself is trying to play the game now, don't you? I wish I had lots of these prisms -
 folks. I I would so like to give them to people -- Aunt Polly, and Mrs. Snow and all kinds of
 reckon *then* they'd be glad all right!

Mr. Pendleton Perhaps so. But come now, Pollyanna, what are you talking about? What do you mean, "the sun is
 trying to play the game?"

Pollyanna Oh, I forgot you don't know about the game. I never told you

SONG: "THE GLAD GAME" (Reprise)

Pollyanna My father once taught me to look for the best
 In all situations and then you'll be blessed;

Mr. Pendleton *(Pointing to leg)* So if an old coot has been clumsy indeed,
 He ought to be glad he's not a centipede!

Pollyanna *(Delighted)* Yes, that is right! That's how it goes,
 We can be glad about hardship and woes;

All Make it a game! Play the Glad Game!
 Then there's no time to be cross or complain!
(Music continues as transition interlude)

Pollyanna So, you see, that's what I meant when I said the sun was trying to play the game. What it does with
 a prism makes us all so glad.

Mr. Pendleton *(Tenderly)* Yes, but I'm thinking that the very finest prism is yourself, Pollyanna.

Pollyanna Oh, but I don't show beautiful red and green and purple when the sun shines through me, Mr. Pendleton!

Mr. Pendleton Don't you? When the light of God's love shines through you, Pollyanna, you're the most beautiful of all - - you've brought an old, lonely man some happiness. Thank you.

Pollyanna You're welcome, Mr. Pendleton. *(She hugs him)*
(Music rises)
(Black out)
(Lights rise on)

SCENE 5: PENDLETON WOODS

(As lights rise, Rev. Ford is seen pacing with papers - - notes - - and his Bible)
(Finally frustrated, looking upward) **Rev. Ford** God! Where are You? I thought if I walked out here into the beauty of Your outdoors, You'd help still the tumult in my heart that your children have caused. Oh What's the use?

SONG: "PASTOR'S LAMENT" ("Sunday Service" Reprise)

Reverend Ford Lord, I'm confused, dismayed, and stumped,
 I'm thoroughly at a loss;
 Folks in the congregation are
 Forgetting about the cross;
 They bicker, they're bored, and oh, dear Lord,
 There's nothing but sad discord;
 Whenever I teach or preach Your Word,
 I doubt that I'm even heard;
 I have pleaded, prayed, and pandered,
 I've cajoled and shouted too,
 And most of all I've led the call
 To fear and to honor You;
 Yes, I'm angry in my sermons,
 I have spoken of Your wrath;
(Kneeling in defeat) But all I get from all my sweat
 Is silence and scorn and laughs.
(Music trails off)

(Rev. Ford bows his head in exhaustion as Pollyanna enters scene and rushes to him out of concern)

Pollyanna Oh, Reverend Ford! You haven't broken your leg or anything, have you?

Reverend Ford *(Looking up)* Oh, no, dear - - no, I haven't. I'm just - - resting.

Pollyanna Well, that's all right then. You see, I found Mr. Pendleton here in the woods the other day, and he had broken his leg - - but he was lying down, though, and you're sitting up.

Reverend Ford Yes, I'm sitting up; and I haven't broken anything - - *(softly)* that doctors can mend.

Pollyanna *(Nodding sympathetically)* I know what you mean - - something's troubling you. Father used to feel like that, lots of times. I reckon ministers do - - most generally. You see, there's such a lot that depends on 'em, somehow.

Reverend Ford Yes, I suppose so *(He sighs and stares at the ground. Pollyanna sees how sad he is and tries to start another conversation)*

Pollyanna It's a nice day, isn't it?

Reverend Ford What? Oh - - yes, it's a very nice day.

Pollyanna And there's hardly a cloud in the sky. *(There is no answer. After a pause)* Do you like being a minister, Reverend Ford?

Reverend Ford *(Looking up)* Do I like being a - - why, what an odd question! Why do you ask that?

Pollyanna It was just the way you looked. Father used to look like that sometimes.

Reverend Ford Did he?
Pollyanna Yes. And when he looked especially sad once, I asked him the same question.
Reverend Ford *(A little interested)* Well, what did he say?
Pollyanna He said he was glad to be a minister, most generally; but he also said that he wouldn't stay a minister for a minute if it weren't for the "glad texts."
Reverend Ford The what?!
(Music begins; "Glad as Glad Can Be" Reprise)
Pollyanna That's what Father used to call them. Of course, the Bible never named 'em that; but it's all those that begin "be glad in the Lord", or "rejoice greatly, " or "shout for joy, " and all that, you know - - there are such a great many of them. Once, when he was feeling very sad, he counted them all. And you know how many there were?
Reverend Ford How many?
Pollyanna There were eight hundred of them!
Reverend Ford Eight hundred!
Pollyanna Yes - - that said to rejoice and be glad. That's why Father called them the glad texts. He said he felt better right away, that first day he thought to count 'em. He said that if God took the trouble to tell us eight hundred times to rejoice and be glad, He must have really meant it. And Father felt of the ashamed that he hadn't done it more. Why, it was the glad texts, too, that made him think game.
Reverend Ford Game? What game?
Pollyanna He made a game of finding something in everything to be glad about. He called it the Glad Game.

SONG: "GLAD AS GLAD CAN BE" (Reprise)

Pollyanna Whenever I'm in the doldrums or I'm down,
 Father once taught me how to cure the frown
 He said if we pray we'll find a way to be quite glad,
 Yes, gladder than a rainbow, gladder than a banjo,
 Glad is good to be!
Reverend Ford Yes, I agree --

*(They exit, happily linked arm in arm).
 (Black out).
 (Lights rise on)*

SCENE 6: THE CHURCH

(The "congregation" of townsfolk" is seen assembling)

SONG: "THE SUNDAY SERVICE (Reprise)

Townfolk *(In monotony)* Once again we're trudging in
 For church this Sunday morn;
 That's what we've been doing
 Every week since we've been born,
 Just another Sunday, just another Sunday
 Just another sermon to be heard
 Just another sermon, and we'll be a-squirmin',
 A hallmark of Reverend Ford --
 Oh! No doubt we're about to be bored!
(Music continues with brief whimsical interlude)

(The townsfolk look about in comically synchronized movements, as if at a tennis match, realizing there is no Reverend Ford forthcoming)

SONG: "THE TOWN IS IN A DITHER" (Reprise)

Townfolk What - - has - - happened to the Reverend?
 He's never, ever late!
 What has become of Pastor Ford?
 What is his fate?
 It seems as if he's vanished, completely disappeared!

Individual A It's scandalous!
Individual B Irregular!
Individual C And really weird!
(A suspenseful drum roll; music segues to)

(Reverend Ford enters through the theater audience and stands at podium; he pauses, opens Bible, and reads)

Reverend Ford *(Slowly)* Psalm 32, verse 11 "Be glad in the Lord, and rejoice, ye righteous; and shout for joy, all ye that are upright in heart." *(There is a stirring in the congregation, but Pollyanna looks excited and happy)*

SONG: "THE SUNDAY SERVICE" (Reprise)

Reverend Ford *(Humbly and markedly different)* As you know, every week,
 I've been shrill when I speak
 On the wrath of our Mighty God;
 But I stand here now today
 With some different things to say
 And I trust you'll listen carefully
 He's not an angry bureaucrat,
 There is more to God than that,
 Let me tell you, if I may --
(Music is reflective for a time, then trails out).

Reverend Ford Just yesterday, as I was preparing my sermon and feeling discouraged about the general - - er - - state of things, a little girl passed by and stopped to talk to me. And as I talked with this girl, I came to realize how foolish I've been over the past few months. I have preached on biblical passages of judgment and God's wrath, and the punishment that will come upon sinners. But this little girl called my attention to what she called the - - "glad texts" of the Bible all the passages that tell us to rejoice, and be glad. She told me that there were eight hundred of these glad texts in the Bible. But she was wrong. *(He pauses, and the congregation waits expectantly.)* There are exactly eight hundred and twenty-six "glad texts" in the Bible. I know because I stayed up most of last night counting them. And when you think about it - - if God took the trouble of telling us eight hundred and twenty-six times that we are to rejoice, then - - He must really mean it and there must be something to rejoice about. *(He winks at Pollyanna and she winks back).* All of us have sinned and fallen short of the glory of God. But that's not the whole story. God loved us so much that He sent His Son, Jesus Christ, to die for us and take God's punishment, that should have come on us, upon Himself. So, if we believe in Him, then there is no longer any condemnation for us through God's grace. And that's something to rejoice and be glad about.

(Music begins, slowly building to cheerful rendition of "Glad As Glad Can Be" theme as underscore)

(Rev. Ford pauses briefly, bowing his head; then lifting his head, he says)

Reverend Ford There have been divisions and discord in the church for so long, that it seems to me we've forgotten how to be glad about anything. I've let you down, too. I've emphasized all the wrong things as I've taken out my own anger on you. But I mean to make amends and to do better, my dear brothers and sisters. Therefore, I propose that we all have an evening to relax, mend old quarrels, and have fun together. As you know, this Friday evening is the Fourth of July. And there will be - - a church picnic! There will be food, songs, and games. If you have any handicrafts to sell, bring them! All proceeds will go to the orphanage. Perhaps in serving others, we'll regain our joy and gladness. I hope to see every one of you there. *(In humorous)*

mock anger, thundering)
(Smiling and closing Bible)
one think we should all go outside and
joyous townfolk during song)

And you know what kind of a sermon you'll get if you're not there!
Now, it's a beautiful day outside in God's creation, and I for
enjoy it! *(He shakes hands among the now smiling,*

Townfolk *(Song resumes - - "The Sunday Service Reprise)*
What a message! We're impressed with
How he preached the Word!
We're excited and delighted
By what we have heard - - and we're - -
Gonna have a picnic, gonna have a picnic!
Gonna have a social Friday night,
Independence Day we're gonna have a picnic
The first happy social in years!
Oh! The Reverend Ford is a dear!

Pollyanna
Townfolk *(All exit)* A - - men!
(Music continues; "Glad As Glad Can Be" theme)
(Lighting transitions to)

SCENE 7: MRS. SNOW'S HOME

Milly *(Milly eagerly ushers Pollyanna, who carries blankets to Mrs. Snow's chair)*
Hello Pollyanna! It's so good to see you again. I think you're doing wonders for Mother. Do come
see her, won't you? *(Milly leads her to Mrs. Snow and stays to react to what follows).*

Pollyanna *(Excitedly)* Oh, Mrs. Snow, did you hear, did you hear? The church is having a picnic on Friday,
and there'll be games, food - - everything!

Mrs. Snow Yes, well, that's wonderful, but what has that got to do with me - - stuck in this chair as I
am?

Pollyanna I brought you these blankets. Do you think you could sew them into quilts and get them ready to
sell on Friday? The proceeds will benefit the orphanage.

Mrs. Snow *(Taken aback)* What?!

Pollyanna Well, you told me once that you could sew. Aunt Polly hasn't taught me how to make quilts, yet,
and I was hoping that you might want to help out for the picnic, since you wouldn't be
able to

Mrs. Snow Oh, you did, did you?

Pollyanna Yes. And I was thinking how glad you could be that you could still use your arms, while you sit
around, and I thought you might be glad to have something to use them for. I can't stay
now - - I
Snow! *(She runs out, leaving the pile of blankets on the bed. Mrs. Snow looks after her, then down to
the
bedside
table, takes a blanket and starts sewing. Milly hugs her)*

Mrs. Snow Well why not?
(Music rises)
(Lighting transition to)

SCENE 8: MR. PENDLETON'S HOME

(As lights rise, Mary greets Pollyanna)

Mary Oh, hello! Do come in.

Pollyanna Thank you! *(She goes to Mr. Pendleton's room, where he is sitting with a pair of crutches resting
against his chair. When he sees Pollyanna, he takes the crutches and stands up.)*

Mr. Pendleton Good afternoon, Pollyanna!

Pollyanna Good afternoon, Mr. Pendleton! Is your leg feeling better?

Mr. Pendleton Oh yes, much better. To what do I owe this visit?

Pollyanna Well, the church is having a picnic this Friday, and Reverend Ford wanted me to recruit some
people to sell things. I came to ask you if you would bring some of your prisms and sell
them. The proceeds go to the orphanage.

Mr. Pendleton Prisms?
Pollyanna Yes. You've got so very many of them, and they would make people so glad if you sold them. I'm sure you would sell lots of them.

(Music concludes)

Mr. Pendleton Well, perhaps so, yes. But, Pollyanna, I had something to ask you as well. I'm terribly lonely in this great big house. You have brought so much light and happiness into my life. Would you - - uh - - that is, could you consider - - uh - - living here.

Pollyanna *(Surprised)* Oh my. It's a lovely idea - - truly. But, I belong to Aunt Polly.

Mr. Pendleton Before you were hers, Pollyanna, you were - - your mother's. And, at one time many years ago, it was your mother's heart I wanted. I loved her so.

Pollyanna My mother?

Mr. Pendleton Yes. I truly loved her, but she didn't love me. She rightfully saw I was too caught up in my pursuit of wealth. After awhile she met and went away with your father. How I have regretted the lost her forever. My world just fell apart. But you've come into my life with your cheer - - gladness. At first I didn't want to see you again because you reminded me of your mother. But now I want to see you every day.

Pollyanna Oh - - but I can't just leave Aunt Polly.

Mr. Pendleton But if I could adopt you as my own, I could be glad all the time. We could play your Glad Game together.

Pollyanna But Aunt Polly has been so good to me. She's glad to have me.

(Lightning flashes. The sound of thunder is heard)

Mr. Pendleton Hmmph! your aunt doesn't know how to be glad. She always does her duty, but she isn't the glad type. And she's always resented me for not winning your mother's hand in marriage.

Pollyanna I'm sorry, Mr. Pendleton.

Mr. Pendleton No, dear - - I'm the one who's sorry. And I haven't meant to burden you. Will you at least come and see me often?

Pollyanna Oh, I'd love to, Mr. Pendleton! I'll come lots! *(Darkening)* But I'll be going to school in the fall, and I'll be busy and I won't have much time. Of course I'll still come as much as I can,

but . . . *(An idea dawns)* Jimmy!

Mr. Pendleton What?

Pollyanna Jimmy Bean! He'd make a lovely child's presence!

Mr. Pendleton Child's presence? Pollyanna, what on earth do you mean?

Pollyanna Well, Dr. Chilton says it takes a woman's hand and heart, or a child's presence, to make a home. Jimmy Bean could be your child's presence!

Mr. Pendleton Who is he?

Pollyanna He's a nice little boy I found by the road one day, and he's looking for a home. The orphan house was full, so they couldn't take him, and he's looking for a real home with real parents. And I thought of how you were so good and kind, and how you save all that money for the heathen -

Mr. Pendleton Pollyanna, once for all let us end that nonsense. There is no money for the heathen, I never sent a penny to them in all my life.

Pollyanna Oh, then I'm glad! *(Correcting herself)* Of course, I don't mean I'm not sorry for the heathen, but I'm so glad that you would rather take Jimmy instead of a little Indian boy. Now I know

you'll take him!

Mr. Pendleton Pollyanna, this is absurd! You don't think I would just take in a boy off the street!

(There is a second flash of lightning and crash of thunder)

Pollyanna Do you mean - - that you won't take him?

Mr. Pendleton I do mean exactly that. Pollyanna, this is sheer nonsense.

Pollyanna *(Almost starting to cry)* But - - but - - well - - maybe you don't think that a nice live little boy would be better than that old dead skeleton you keep somewhere!

Mr. Pendleton *Skeleton?*

Pollyanna Yes. Nancy said you had one in your closet, somewhere. *(Mr. Pendleton starts to object, then understands and laughs. Pollyanna looks nervous. Mr. Pendleton notices and becomes serious.)*

Mr. Pendleton Pollyanna, I suspect that you are right - -more right than you know. We are apt to still cling to our old skeletons of the past, Pollyanna. However, suppose you introduce me to this nice little boy Jimmy sometime. I'd be delighted to talk to him.

Pollyanna Oh, I'm so glad! And I know Jimmy will be glad too. *(She turns to go.)* And you will come to the picnic, won't you?

Mr. Pendleton Yes - - yes, I think I shall. *(He smiles at Pollyanna, and she hugs him).*

Pollyanna Thank you, sir.

Mr. Pendleton Bless you child.
(She leaves and immediately encounters Nancy "just beyond" Mr. Pendleton)
(A third and final flash of lightning is followed by the boom of thunder)
(Nancy opens an umbrella and both get under it)

Nancy Miss Polly wanted me ter come with this. It's gettin' mighty dark out and looks like it's goin' ter rain soon. She was *worried* about ye!

Pollyanna Oh, Nancy, I'm sorry - - I didn't mean to stay out late.

Nancy You don't seem ter notice what I said. I said yer aunt was *worried* about ye!

Pollyanna Oh? But - -

Nancy It means she's doing more than her duty now. She really cares about you! Let's get home where it's warmer . . . *(They exit).*
(Music begins; introduction to following festive musical sequence)
(Black out).
(Lights rise on)

SCENE 9: BELDINGSVILLE TOWN SQUARE

(The townfolk assemble in various groupings with picnic blankets, baskets, etc)

SONG: "THE GATHERING" ("Telegram" reprise)

Townfolk It's time for us to gather for the picnic
Independence Day means that it's time to play
There's hearty shish-kabob,
And there's corn right on the cobb,
There's sandwiches and cake that we just baked!

Reverend Ford Time for us to meet and greet our neighbors.
Gather one and all, it's time to have a ball!

Townfolk (All) There's food and fun galore,
Patriotic songs and more,
That's what July the Fourth is really for!
Time to have a picnic, time to have a picnic
Time for us to meet and greet and eat,
Time to have a picnic, time to have a picnic
The social event of the year -
Oh - - The Fourth of July is so dear!
(Segue to)

SONG: "THE FOURTH OF JULY RAG"

Townfolk (All) The Fourth of July, the Fourth of July,
It's time for old glory to fly
The Fourth of July, the Fourth of July,
When we hold our heads up high!
The Fourth of July, the Fourth of July,
We're true to the red, white, and blue;
Land of the brave, the free,
Land of our liberty,
We will forever be true!*

This is our country, what a great country!
Land that is second-to-none;

Our motto, "E plur'bus unum, E plur'bus unum"
"Though we are many, we're one;"
We are united and we're excited this Independence Day!
In every way, we're all proud to say
We love the U.S.A.!

(Repeat to asterisk)*

(Segue to)

SONG: "PATRIOTIC MEDLEY"

("Yankee Doodle," G. Cohan)

Pollyanna & Jimmy

I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy,
A Yankee Doodle do or die;
A real live nephew of my Uncle Sam's
Born on the Fourth of July.

All

I've got a Yankee Doodle sweetheart,
She's my Yankee Doodle joy.
Yankee Doodle came to London,
Just to ride the ponies
I am a Yankee Doodle boy (gal).
(Optional May be repeated once).
(Segue to)

("You're A Grand Old Flag," G. Cohan)

You're a grand old flag,
You're a high flying flag;
And forever, in peace, may you wave.
You're the emblem of the land I love,
The home of the free and the brave.
Ev'ry heart beats true,
Under red, white, and blue;
Where there's never a boast or brag;
But, should auld acquaintance be forgot,
Keep your eye on The Grand Old Flag!
(Segue to)

("Battle Hymn if the Republic" underscore)

Reverend Ford My dear friends, it is so good to be with you all this glorious Independence evening. A great man once said, "If you search for the evil in man, expecting to find it, you certainly will." That great man was Abraham Lincoln. As we look around at old friends and neighbors, I believe we are seeing each other in a new and better light. May it ever be so. And to paraphrase Lincoln, it is fitting to remember the great sacrifices of those who have fought for this country One-hundred and thirty-three years ago, "our fathers brought forth proposition that all men are created equal. That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that the government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth."

(All applaud)

(Music transitions to "Glad Game" reprise introduction; fanfare "build-up")

Reverend Ford And now, as we continue celebrating our nation, let us commence with our first annual kite flying contest!

(All cheer and applaud as Pollyanna, Jimmy and select others bring on and fly their kites amidst fanfare)

SONG: "LET'S FLY A KITE" ("Glad Game" Reprise)

Kite Flyers *(With patriotic kites)* A penny for paper, a penny for strings
(As judges inspect) Can send soaring kites on their flights with new wings
What can be gladder than kites that can fly?
And now they are flying up higher than high!
Let's fly a kite! Let's fly a kite!
Red, white and blue are a wonderful sight!

Townfolk (All)
(As Pollyanna & Jimmy win kite award ribbon) See how they fly, up in the sky,
Red, white, and blue for the Fourth of July!
(Segue to)
("The Fourth of July Rag" theme as underscore)

(The mood is festive as various groupings dance; others hawk crafts)
(Lighting highlights dialogue tableaux)

Mr. Pendleton Prisms! Prisms for sale!

Pollyanna Oh, Mr. Pendleton, I'm so glad you came! I told Jimmy about the picnic, too. I'll introduce him to you.

Mr. Pendleton *(Smiling)* I'll be glad to meet him. *(Pollyanna smiles and runs around, looking at all the different booths. Reverend Ford enters.)*

Pollyanna Hello, Reverend Ford! The picnic was a perfectly lovely idea.

Reverend Ford Yes, people certainly seem to be enjoying it. Where's your aunt? Didn't she want to come?

Pollyanna *(Frowning)* no, she didn't come. She said something about not wanting to take part in such frivolity.

Reverend Ford I thought as much.

Pollyanna But I'm having a grand time. I don't know when I've been so glad!

Reverend Ford Atta girl!
(Reverend Ford makes his rounds among others; Jimmy approaches Pollyanna, gobbling a sandwich)

Pollyanna Jimmy, come on, I want to introduce you to Mr. Pendleton!
(Pollyanna takes him over to Mr. Pendleton, and he continues to eat on the way. When they get there, Pollyanna introduces them and they shake hands.)

Pollyanna Mr. Pendleton, this is Jimmy Bean. Jimmy, this is Mr. Pendleton.

Mr. Pendleton Delighted to meet you!

Jimmy It's nice to meet you too, sir.

Mr. Pendleton So, Miss Pollyanna tells me you're looking for a home?

Jimmy *(Swallowing)* Yes sir. I'm huntin' up a home with real folks, but I hain't been able to find one. Nobody wants to take me. But I'm awful strong, and I'll work fur me keep.

Mr. Pendleton Well, why don't you tell me a little more about yourself, and we'll see what we can do.
(Pollyanna looks delighted, and then suddenly notices Mrs. Snow and Milly entering on the other side of the stage. She runs over to them.)

Pollyanna Oh, Mrs. Snow! You're up out of your bed! You came!

Mrs. Snow *(Trying to sound cranky, but smiling)* Well, you didn't expect me to stay in bed forever, did you? Besides, I had to bring over the blankets. *(Calling out, shrilly)*
Blankets! Beautiful blankets! Proceeds for the orphanage! *(As Pollyanna hugs Blankets! Buy 'em or catch your death of cold! (Jimmy breathlessly rushes Pollyanna)*

Blankets!
her)
up to

Jimmy Pollyanna! Pollyanna! He's gonna take me! Mr. Pendleton said I could live with him!

Pollyanna *(Hugging him)* Oh, Jimmy! I'm so very glad for you!

Nancy *(Passing by)* Oh, dear - - I hate to tell you this, Pollyanna, but you told your aunt you'd be in your bed by now! *(Walks away).*

Pollyanna Oh! I almost forgot. I've got to get in that bed without Aunt Polly knowing how late I've been.

Jimmy How ya goin' to do that?

Pollyanna Hmm. Well, I could go up the trellis like I used to, then through my old attic room, down the stairs, and straight to bed. She'll never know. *(She runs off)*

Jimmy *(Chasing off after her)* I dunno about that, Pollyanna. Hey, wait fer me

(Song/Singing Resumes "Fouth of July Rag" Reprise)