

POLLYANNA

**A musical based on the novel by
Eleanor H. Porter**

**Book and lyrics by
Donald Loftus**

**Music by
Andrew Sussman**

Contact information:

Donald Loftus
233 East 70th Street,
NYC, NY 10021
646-752-4807
donaldjloftusnyc@gmail.com

Andrew Sussman
100 Wynnecrest Drive
Waynesboro, PA 17268
717-977-9419
andrewdsussman@gmail.com

**POLLYANNA
CHARACTERS
(In order of appearance)**

| | | |
|----------------------------|------------|--------------------------------------|
| REVEREND WHITE: | Age 50-70 | A small town preacher. |
| MRS. WHITE: | Age 50-70 | The preacher's wife. |
| POLLYANNA WHITIER: | Age 10-12 | An enthusiastic young girl. |
| OLD TOM O'DURGIN: | Age 60-70 | Aunt Polly's loyal Irish gardener. |
| TIMOTHY O'DURGIN: | Age 20-30 | Aunt Polly's Irish gardener. |
| NANCY EDWARDS: | Age 20-30 | Aunt Polly's feisty Irish maid/cook. |
| POLLY HARRINGTON | Age: 40-45 | Pollyanna's wealthy, unhappy aunt. |
| DR. ANDREW CHILTON: | Age: 40-45 | A small town doctor. |
| MRS. SNOW: | Age: 65-70 | A cantankerous hypochondriac. |
| BECKY SNOW: | Age: 40-45 | Mrs. Snow's unhappy daughter. |
| JOHN PENDLETON: | Age: 45-50 | A gruff and unhappy man. |
| JIMMY BEAN: | Age: 8-10 | A strong-willed orphan. |

CASTING NOTES:

OLD TOM, NANCY & TIMOTHY speak with thick Irish brogues.

THE MOURNERS in the opening scene can be played by the actors who are playing AUNT POLLY, NANCY, TIMOTHY, MR. PENDLETON, JIMMY BEAN, BECKY and DR. CHILTON as they are seen as a faceless crowd in the opening scene.

One actor can play both REV. WHITE and OLD TOM.

One actor can play both MRS. WHITE and MRS SNOW.

**POLLYANNA
MUSICAL NUMBERS**

ACT ONE

| | | |
|---|-------|-------|
| THE LETTER/TAKE YOUR SON REVEREND WHITE, MRS. WHITE & COMPANY | Pages | 1 - 2 |
| WHAT'S TO BE POLLYANNA, MRS WHITE & COMPANY | Pages | 3 - 4 |
| THE HOUSE OF HARRINGTON NANCY, TIMOTHY & OLD TOM | Pages | 5 - 6 |
| THE GIRL SHE ONCE WAS OLD TOM | Pages | 7 -8 |
| A BIG HOUSE ON A HILL POLLYANNA | Pages | 13-14 |
| FEELINGS AND DUTY AUNT POLLY | Page | 19 |
| THE GLAD GAME POLLYANNA, NANCY, TIMOTHY & OLD TOM | Pages | 23-24 |
| A PROPER EDUCATION AUNT POLLY | Pages | 28-29 |
| THIS CAN'T BE POLLYANNA, NANCY, TIMOTHY & OLD TOM | Pages | 31-33 |
| THE WOMAN IN THE MIRROR AUNT POLLY | Pages | 47-48 |
| JIMMY BEAN JIMMY BEAN | Page | 50 |
| WHAT'S TO BE (REPRISE) POLLYNNA | Page | 54 |

**POLLYANNA
MUSICAL NUMBERS**

ACT TWO

| | |
|---|---------------|
| EACH NEW DAY POLLYANNA | Pages 55-56 |
| LOUSY AT LOVE NANCY, TIMOTHY & OLD TOM | Pages 60-61 |
| MEMORY BOX MR. PENDLETON | Pages 64-65 |
| GROWNUPS POLLYANNA & JIMMY BEAN | Pages 70-71 |
| MAKING RAINBOWS MR. PENDLETON | Pages 74-75 |
| BETTER ON MY OWN MR. PENDLETON & JIMMY BEAN | Pages 88-89 |
| IF YOU ONLY KNEW DR. CHILTON, | Page 94 |
| A PRAYER THE COMPANY | Page 97 |
| REPRISE: THE WOMAN IN THE MIRROR AUNT POLLY | Page 107 |
| A CHRISTMAS TO REMEMBER NANCY, TIMOTHY & OLD TOM | Pages 108-109 |
| WHAT'S TO BE (REPRISE) & FINALE POLLYANNA & THE COMPANY | Pages 113-114 |

POLLYANNA

ACT ONE

Scene 1

SETTING: DOWNSTAGE RIGHT: A RUSTIC CHURCH OFFICE

A bible and a candle and candlestick sit on a tall writing desk. A rustic wooden cross hangs overhead.

CENTER STAGE: A GRAVESITE: A bare tree limb hangs overhead.

DOWNSTAGE LEFT: A SITTING ROOM AT AUNT POLLY'S: A Victorian lamp sits on a writing desk. A large gold Baroque-framed portrait hangs overhead.

AT RISE: *MRS. WHITE sits at the desk (DSR) writing to AUNT POLLY who stands reading the letter (DSL) while REV. WHITE (CTR) presides over the funeral of POLLYANNA'S father. THE MOURNERS, in black coats and hats hold black umbrellas and stand with their backs to the audience. THEY gaze down at the grave, humming a hymn. THEY block our view of POLLYANNA who stands upstage of them.*

TIME: A dark and raining morning in late May of 1910.

THE LETTER/TAKE YOUR SON.....THE COMPANY

MRS. WHITE

(Spoken)

To Miss Polly Harrington, Harrington House, Harrington, Vermont.

MRS. WHITE

DEAR MADAM, I'M SAD TO INFORM YOU,
THIS IS ALWAYS A DIFFICULT TASK,
BUT WE DO KNOW THAT IT IS OUR DUTY,
TO TELL YOU A LOVED ONE HAS PASSED.

REVEREND WHITE & MOURNERS

TAKE YOUR SON TO HEAVEN JESUS,
TO THE PROMISED LAND.

THE MOURNERS

PROMISED LAND

REVEREND WHITE

I'M SPEAKING ABOUT REVEREND WHITTIER,

MRS. WHITE

YOUR ANNA WAS HIS DEVOUT WIFE,
YEARS AGO HE HAD LOST YOUR SWEET SISTER,

REVEREND & MRS WHITE

AND NOW HE HAS LOST HIS OWN LIFE.

REVEREND WHITE & MOURNERS

TAKE YOUR SON TO HEAVEN JESUS,
LEAD HIM BY THE HAND,
TAKE YOUR SON TO HEAVEN JESUS,
TO THE PROMISED LAND

REVEREND WHITE

WE WILL ALL MISS THE KIND AND RIGHT PASTOR,
AND WE PRAY THAT HIS SOUL FINDS ITS PEACE,

THE MOURNERS

AMEN

REVEREND WHITE

HE HAS GONE ON TO MEET GOD, HIS MASTER,

MRS. WHITE

AND HAS LEFT YOU A GIFT OF YOUR NIECE.

(MOURNERS split revealing POLLYANNA with her back to the audience)

ALL (EXCEPT POLLYANNA)

SHE IS KNOWN BY THE NAME POLLYANNA,
AND A PRETTIER LASS THERE CAN'T BE.
SHE'S AS FRESH AS THE AIR IN MONTANA,
AND AS BRIGHT AS A LIT CHRISTMAS TREE.

TAKE YOUR SON TO HEAVEN JESUS,
WHERE THE ANGELS SING,
TAKE YOUR SON TO HEAVEN JESUS,
UNDER ANGEL'S WINGS.

(ALL except POLLYANNA exits. The church set and Aunt Polly's sitting room sets move off-stage. POLLYANNA, now alone on the darkened empty stage, moves downstage center)

WHAT'S TO BE?.....POLLYANNA, MRS SNOW & COMPANY

(THE COMPANY is heard as a chorus faintly in the background)

POLLYANNA

HERE I STAND WORLD'S APART,
FROM THE ONES
THAT ARE CLOSE TO MY HEART.
NOW I'M HERE,
WHAT'S TO BE?
WITHOUT THEM
WHAT'S TO HAPPEN TO ME?

IN THE COLD
I'VE BEEN CAST.
I'VE BEEN TOLD
THAT THE SADNESS WON'T LAST.
JOY'S POSTPONED
SILENTLY,
ALL ALONE,
WHAT'S TO HAPPEN TO ME?

BUT I MUST BE COURAGEOUS,
I MUST NOW BE BRAVE.
I MUST THINK OF GLAD THINGS,
AS I STAND AT THEIR GRAVE.

ON MY MARK,
ON MY OWN,
IN THE DARK AND ALL ALONE.
I WILL NOT BE SELFISH,
I WILL NOW STAND STRONG.
I WILL THINK OF GLAD THINGS,
I WILL CARRY ON,

(Silent sigh as piano plays this measure)

FACING FEARS,
FIGHTING TEARS,
TRACING BACK
THROUGH THE WONDERFUL YEARS.
WHAT'S AHEAD?
WHO CAN SEE?
WITHOUT THEM,
WHAT'S TO HAPPEN TO ME?

POLLYANNA

PAPA SAID NOT TO CRY.
IF SADNESS COMES,
JUST LOOK TO THE SKY.
BEYOND THE CLOUDS,
THERE THEY'LL BE,
LOOKING DOWN JUST TO WATCH OVER ME.

MRS. WHITE

YOU MUST BE COURAGEOUS.
YOU MUST NOW BE BRAVE.

POLLYANNA

TRY TO THINK OF GLAD THINGS,
AS I WALK FROM THEIR GRAVE.

ON MY MARK,
ON MY OWN,
IN THE DARK AND ALL ALONE.
I WILL NOT BE SELFISH.
I WILL NOW STAND STRONG.
I WILL THINK OF GLAD THINGS.
I WILL CARRY ON.
I WILL CARRY ON

ON MY MARK,
ON MY OWN,
IN THE DARK,
(Looking up to heaven)
BUT NOT ALONE.

(Confidently)
I WILL NOT BE SELFISH.
I WILL NOW STAND STRONG.
I WILL THINK OF GLAD THINGS.
I WILL CARRY ON.
I WILL CARRY ON

(BLACKOUT)

END OF ACT ONE
Scene 1

ACT ONE

Scene 2

SETTING: THE ATTIC ROOM: There is a small bed, a washstand, a wooden chair and stacks of storage crates and boxes.

AT RISE: *NANCY, OLD TOM & TIMOTHY are frozen. As the music begins they break their freeze and begin to prepare the room. THEY sweep, dust off the furniture, stack crates, etc.*

TIME: One week later.

THE HOUSE OF HARRINGTON..... NANCY, TIMOTHY, OLD TOM

(Meant to sound like a Medieval fugue)

NANCY, TIMOTHY & OLD TOM

THE HOUSE OF HARRINGTON IS A DESPAIRING ONE
THE MISTRESS OF THE HOUSE IS AN UNCARING ONE
THE WORK IS NEVER DONE, THERE'S NEVER TIME FOR FUN
WE WORK FROM EARLY MORNING TILL THE SETTING SUN

TIMOTHY

PLEASING MISS NUMBER ONE, THAT'S HOW EACH DAY'S BEGUN

OLD TOM

THIS IS A BATTLE SON THAT JUST CANNOT BE WON

NANCY

WATCH US CHASE AND RUN, I WISH I HAD A GUN
THE TEMPER OF THE MISTRESS IS A FLARING ONE

NANCY, TIMOTHY & OLD TOM

OUR TASKS ARE CERTAINLY ACCOMPLISHED
COMPLETED ONE BY ONE
BECAUSE THE MADAME'S WRATH
IS BEYOND COMPARISON

THE HOUSE OF HARRINGTON IS A DESPAIRING ONE
THE MISTRESS OF THE HOUSE IS AN UNCARING ONE
THE WORK IS NEVER DONE, THERE'S NEVER TIME FOR FUN
WE WORK FROM EARLY MORNING TILL THE SETTING SUN

NANCY, TIMOTHY & OLD TOM
 OUTSIDE THE WORLD SEEMS CAREFREE
 AND WE'LL ALL PLACE ODDS STRAIGHT ON
 THEY'LL STILL BE HAVING FUN
 WHILE OUR WORK GOES ON AND ON

AT THE OVER-BEARING, TEMPER FLARING,
 EVER-WEARING, SO UNSPARING,
 HOUSE OF POLLY HARRINGTON

NANCY

“The attic room will be good enough for her!” Imagine that! Her own niece! It is just a wicked thing what with her owning the second biggest house in town! It is a disgrace! I’m tellin’ you’s...she is a bitter, nasty old woman!

OLD TOM

Miss Polly ain’t so old Nancy...

NANCY

Oh no? Well she does a mighty good impression of it.

TIMOTHY

You know...listening to you go on...one might “tink” you are not so fond of Miss Polly.

NANCY

Ha! As if ever anybody could be fond of *her*!

TIMOTHY

Ah, but someone *was* fond of her all right...once upon a time...long, long ago.

OLD TOM

(As a warning)

Timothy...!

NANCY

Pishaw! It never was so!

TIMOTHY

Once upon a time... Oh yes indeed!

OLD TOM

Hold your tongue boy!

TIMOTHY

Miss Polly Harrington was once engaged be married. She was, she was!

NANCY

Oh, I've heard the gossip. I've heard the bits and pieces of the whole tawdry story since I was a child. But now that I know her...I ain't believing a word of it!

(Pause)

Of course if it were true, he must have been mad as a hatter to have fell for her. She, who wouldn't smile to save her soul...that is... if she had one.

TIMOTHY

Now imagine her with a child in the house!

OLD TOM

I must admit I am a-wonderin' what Miss Harrington will do with a child in the house.

NANCY

And I'm a-wonderin' what a child will do with Miss Harrington in the house! Well, it's done, my part, anyhow. There ain't no more dirt in here no more... and there's mighty little else. Poor little soul! A pretty place this is to put a grievin', lonesome child into!

(NANCY rises, collects her cleaning supplies, and exits)

TIMOTHY

So what do you think this little girl will be like Pa?

OLD TOM

She'll probably be like her dear, sweet Mother...Miss Anna...may she rest in peace.

(THEY cross themselves)

TIMOTHY

I never heard much about Miss Anna. Even Old Man Harrington...when he was alive....may he rest in peace...*(They cross themselves)*...never talked of her...

OLD TOM

The family was so fumin' furious when Anna ran off and married that missionary man, they never spoke *to* her or *of* her again. They was feelin' as if they were cast off, I guess.

TIMOTHY

And from what I've heard...that's when Miss Polly Harrington turned into the Miss Polly we know today. Pa, you knew her before. What do you suppose caused her to sour so?

THE GIRL SHE ONCE WAS.....OLD TOM

OLD TOM

SOMETIMES LIFE AIN'T QUITE SO SIMPLE SON,
HEARTBREAK SOME TIMES TAKES ITS TOLL.
CAUSING A BRIGHT AND A BLISSFUL ONE,
TO CHANGE TO A SORROWFUL SOUL.

OLD TOM

LIFE DOESN'T COME WITH A GURANTEEE
 ITS COURSE YOU CAN'T CONTROL
 WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST WARNING SON
 LIFE'S TROUBLE CAN SWALLOW YOU WHOLE

SHE WAS THE GIRL WITH THE PRETTY FACE,
 THE LOVELIEST LASSIE IN TOWN.
 RIBBONS AND FLOWERS AND FRAGILE LACE,
 HER HOPES AND DREAMS WERE UNBOUND.

SHE'D DANCE WITH THE SUNLIGHT,
 SHE'D WARM THE MOON,
 SHE'D SET THE STARS ABLAZE.
 THE PLANETS ALL SANG A HAPPIER TUNE,
 IN THOSE ONCE HAPPIER DAYS.

SHE MET A BOY AND THEY FELL IN LOVE,
 NOTHING COULD STAND IN THEIR WAY.
 SUDDENLY CLOUDS DARKENED SKIES ABOVE
 WASHING THEIR PASSION AWAY

NOW IT'S HARD FOR ONE TO SEE
 THE JOYFUL GIRL SHE WAS
 HAPPINESS LONG AGO DROWNED

SOMETIMES LIFE AIN'T QUITE SO SIMPLE SON.
 HEARTBREAK SOMETIMES TAKES ITS TOLL
 CAUSING A BRIGHT AND A BLISSFUL ONE,
 TO CHANGE TO A SORROWFUL SOUL.

LOOKING BACK NOW
 I CAN SEE HER THERE
 THE GIRL SHE WAS BEFORE
 A SMILE ON HER FACE WITHOUT A CARE
 BUT SHE'S NOT THERE ANYMORE
 BECAUSE THE GIRL THAT SHE ONCE WAS
 HAS LOCKED LIFE'S DOOR.

(BLACKOUT)
END OF ACT ONE
Scene 2

ACT ONE

Scene 3

SETTING: **THE HARRINGTON VERMONT TRAIN STATION:**
Light fixtures hang overhead. Wooden benches and a board with the train schedule are also seen.

AT RISE: *NANCY & TIMOTHY nervously wait for POLLYANNA.*

TIME: The next day.

TIMOTHY

Nancy, calm down!

NANCY

I AM CALM!!! Light hair and a red-checked dress.

TIMOTHY

No, you're as jittery as a long tailed cat in a room full of rockin' chairs.

NANCY

Light hair and a red-checked dress. I'm just exited about this child comin' to live with us. I just hope we can find her. Maybe we should split up and look for her. Light hair and a ...

TIMOTHY

Nope. Miss Polly was very specific... hold on...is that her?

NANCY

(Smacking him on the arm with agitation)

Light hair and a red-checked dress! Now I ask you, does that woman have light hair? Does that woman look eleven to you?

TIMOTHY

I dunno. Maybe all that movin' from one missionary mission to the next had ripened her.

NANCY

Timothy, that woman's got raven black hair, a huge frock with "yeller" sunflowers from collar to hem and she is fifty, if she's a day! I can see you're gonna be of no help to me.

TIMOTHY

Aw, sure I am. I'm a great help! Do we know what color her hair is?

NANCY

Oh Timothy, don't be goading me now! I'm as jumpy as a bug in a rainstorm as it is. I can't believe she wouldn't come to meet her own kin! Red hair and light checked...

TIMOTHY

Checked hair and a light red dress.

NANCY

“Light hair, red-checked dress, and a straw hat. That’s all I know”, she says. All she knows about her dead sister's child!

TIMOTHY

Straw hat!?! You didn't say nothing about no straw hat! Now's a fine time to...

NANCY

Please Timothy! I wonder what the poor child is like? She’s probably a shy and quiet thing. Pitifully shy. Oh, I think it was just plain mean for her to send me...

TIMOTHY

You mean *us*. She sent *us*.

NANCY

Yes, I mean us. Glory! There’s the whistle again! People should be comin' now.

(A train whistle blows and a train is heard arriving. POLLYANNA enters stage left. SHE carries one old suitcase and a bible)

TIMOTHY

There! There she is Nancy! There's your girl!

NANCY

Yes, that's her all right. Oh, she’s darling, poor thing.

(NANCY and TIMOTHY rise and move towards POLLYANNA)

Are you Miss Pollyanna?

(POLLYANNA drops her bag and wraps her arms around NANCY)

POLLYANNA

Yes, I am! I'm so glad you came to meet me! I hoped you would.

NANCY

Well, of course we came!

POLLYANNA

I've been wondering all the way what you looked like.

NANCY

You were? But how did you . . .?