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Dramatic Publishing

POLLYANNA



**BOOK AND LYRICS BY TRISH LINDBERG
MUSIC BY WILL ÖGMUNDSON - ADDITIONAL MUSIC BY
CYNTHIA BIZZARRO AND KENNETH ROBERTS
ADAPTED FROM THE BOOK BY ELEANOR H. PORTER**

“BEST ORIGINAL PLAY” —*The Atlanta Journal-Constitution*

**THIS TIMELESS STORY REMINDS US TO BE GRATEFUL FOR
WHAT WE HAVE AND TO ALWAYS CHERISH THOSE AROUND US
DESPITE THE CHALLENGES LIFE BRINGS.**

POLLYANNA

Musical. Book and lyrics by Trish Lindberg. Music by Will Ögmundson with additional music by Cynthia Bizzarro and Kenneth Roberts. Adapted from the book by Eleanor H. Porter. Cast: 4 to 7m., 3 to 11w., plus essential townspeople (some with possible speaking roles). When Pollyanna Whittier finds herself orphaned after her father passes away, she goes to live with her aunt, Miss Polly Harrington, a lonely and bitter middle-aged spinster. Miss Polly’s maid, Nancy, befriends Pollyanna, who teaches Nancy her late father’s “Glad Game,” where there is always “something in everything to be glad about.” This positive message begins to take over the town, including Mrs. Snow, an elderly hypochondriac; Reverend Ford, a discouraged minister; and Mr. Pendleton, a wealthy, lonely bachelor. Pollyanna changes Mr. Pendleton’s life for the better forever when she convinces him to take in Jimmy, a young orphan boy looking for a home. Pollyanna’s inquisitive nature begins to uncover the story behind Miss Polly’s unhappiness when she befriends Dr. Chilton, Miss Polly’s suitor from the past who still loves her, despite the quarrel that broke off their engagement many years ago. Pollyanna is trying to bring the couple back together when an automobile accident threatens her life and ability to walk. Everyone in the town then realizes the impact Pollyanna has had on their lives, and even Miss Polly agrees to play the “Glad Game” to cheer her up. Pollyanna’s struggle to remain “glad” despite her injuries brings together the whole town in an effort to help the young orphan girl who brought so much light into their lives. *Area staging. Approximate running time: 2 hours. Code: PG9.*

*Cover photo: Educational Theatre Collaborative (ETC), Plymouth State University, Plymouth, N.H. Photo: John Anderson, On the Spot Photography.
Cover design: Susan Carle.*

ISBN-10 1-58342-732-5
ISBN-13 978-1-58342-732-3



9 781583 427323 >

www.dramaticpublishing.com



Dramatic Publishing

311 Washington Street,
Woodstock, IL 60098
Phone: 800-448-7469
815-338-7170



Printed on recycled paper

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(POLLYANNA)

ISBN: 978-1-58342-732-3

For Sara Jayne Steen, President,
Plymouth State University

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Pollyanna premiered January 23, 2008, performed by the Educational Theatre Collaborative (ETC) at Plymouth State University, Plymouth, N.H., and was dedicated to Kenneth H. Heuser, Professor of Education, Emeritus. *Pollyanna* was produced in collaboration with Pollyanna of Littleton New Hampshire, Inc.

THE CAST

Pollyanna Alyssa Dumas
Miss Polly Eva Nagorka
Nancy Natalie Roy
Mr. Pendleton Robb Dimmick
Jimmy Bean Sam Zuk
Dr. Chilton Bill Bolton
Reverend Ford Tim Keefe
Mrs. Ford Vicki Etchings
Conductor Alex Ray
Mrs. Snow Patricia Kelly
Dr. Warren Peter Ayer
Dr. Mead Robert Miller
Hattie Smith / Mr. Pendleton's Housekeeper . . . Cynthia Vascak
Nora Hunt / Ladies Aider Deb Zuk
Millie Snow / Ladies Aider Elizabeth Pierkosz
Beulah Tarbell / Ladies Aider Lisa Lovett
Widow Benton / Ladies Aider Barbara Ashley
Flora Payson / Ladies Aider Lyn Winter
More Ladies Aiders Suzanne Banister, Mandy Gennaro,
Kathleen Hill, Jennifer Hughes, Lynda Mower, Janet Reidy,
Barbara Webb
Townspople Brooke Banister, Christin Badylak-Reals,
Will Bolton, Daryl Browne, Xander Browne, Colton Cadarette,
Jessica Cardow, Reagan Colby, Chris Covill, Hailey Crowell,
Hannah Crowell, Jon Darrow, Kai de Mello-Folsom,
Laura Dwyer, Helen Ellsworth, Olivia Etchings,

Ashley Grace, Brittany Irish, Sydney Kahl,
Savannah G. Krol, Melissa Mattucci, Jeanne Puglisi,

Nick Raymond, Megan Reid, Tyler Reid, Eric St. Cyr,
Michael Vincent, Casey Wiggin
Prism Dancers . . . Reagan Colby, Hannah Crowell, Annie D'Elia,
Olivia Etchings, Ashley Grace, Brittany Irish, Casey Wiggin

PRODUCTION STAFF

Artistic Director/Co-Producer Trish Lindberg
Co-Producers Terri Dautcher, Robb Dimmick
Musical Director Kenneth Roberts
Composer Will Ogmundson
Additional Music Kenneth Roberts, Cynthia Bizzaro
Orchestrations. Kenneth Roberts
Choreographer. Michael David Stoddard
Guest Choreographer Amanda Whitworth
Scenic & Projection Designer Jason Ardizzone-West
Lighting Designer Jesse Riley
Costume Designer Terri Dautcher
Graphic Designer Sally Grand
Production Stage Manager Sarah Edmunds
Production Manager/Scenic Engineer Stuart Crowell
Technical Director Robert Bruemmer
Assistant Stage Manager Tania Saunders
Conductor, Keyboard Kenneth Roberts
 Violin Rodger Ellsworth
 Cello. Alexander Ellsworth
 Winds Errol Weiss Schlabach
 Bass Abe Hughes
 Guitar. Rick Lindberg
 Percussion David Saunders
 Keyboard Will Ogmundson

MUSICAL NUMBERS

ACT ONE

1. Pollyanna! Conductor, Townspeople
2. Hurry, Nancy! Hurry! Miss Polly, Nancy
3. With All Our Love Pollyanna
4. Look Out the Window Pollyanna, Nancy
5. Be Glad Pollyanna, Nancy
6. Chocolate Fudge and Fig Cake Miss Polly, Pollyanna
7. The Mysterious Bony Surprise. Nancy, Townspeople
8. Lost and Left Alone Jimmy
9. Did You Ever? Pollyanna, Ladies Aiders
10. Be Glad Reprise Pollyanna
11. What a Fine Day!/Be Glad. Pollyanna, Reverend Ford,
Townspeople
12. Rainbow Dance Pollyanna
13. A Rainbow in Your Eyes Mr. Pendleton
14. A Rainbow in Your Eyes Reprise Mr. Pendleton
15. Whatever Does that Mean? Miss Polly

ACT TWO

16. Did You Hear? . . . Nancy, Jimmy, Reverend Ford, Mrs. Ford,
Mr. Pendleton, Townspeople
17. I Wouldn'ta Believed It! Nancy
18. With All Our Love Reprise. Pollyanna
19. I Really Wanted You Pollyanna
20. Life or Death Dr. Chilton, Mr. Pendleton,
Chorus (Small Group of Townspeople)
21. Jimmy's Plea Jimmy
22. Shout for Joy and Be Glad! Reverend Ford, Mrs. Ford,
Townspeople
23. Our Moment in Time Miss Polly, Dr. Chilton
24. Hurry, Hurry! Hurry! Nancy, Miss Polly, Dr. Chilton
25. Pollyanna! Reprise Townspeople
26. Finale Ensemble
27. Curtain Calls Ensemble

Pollyanna arrives at Miss Polly's and is escorted upstairs to the attic room, where she is to sleep. After she is left, her loneliness becomes too much and she sings a song to her parents, asking for their help. Nancy, Miss Polly's servant, finds her there and Pollyanna rallies, reminding Nancy that there is beauty and goodness all around them. She also tells Nancy the story of "The Glad Game" that she used to play with her father always.

SCENE 4: Miss Polly's parlor. Soon after.

(MISS POLLY is seated in the parlor reading a book. She looks up as NANCY and POLLYANNA enter and coldly extends her hand, still seated.)

MISS POLLY. How do you do, Pollyanna? I...

POLLYANNA *(rushing across the room and flinging herself at MISS POLLY)*. Oh, Aunt Polly, Aunt Polly, you don't know how perfectly lovely it is to have you and Nancy and all this after you've had just the Ladies Aid!

MISS POLLY *(speaking stiffly and clearing her throat as she unclasps POLLYANNA from her waist)*. Pollyanna, be good enough, please, to stand erect in a proper manner. I can't even tell what you look like.

(NANCY exits, looking back at POLLYANNA who is now standing awkwardly before MISS POLLY.)

POLLYANNA *(laughing)*. No, I suppose you can't; but you see, I'm not very much to look at, anyway, on account of my freckles. I told Nancy how Father said—

MISS POLLY. Yes, well, never mind what your father said. You have a suitcase, I presume.

POLLYANNA. Oh, yes, indeed, Aunt Polly. I have a beautiful one that the Ladies Aid gave me. I haven't got so very much in it—of my own, I mean. You see, Father—

MISS POLLY *(interrupts her sharply)*. Pollyanna! There is one thing that might just as well be understood right away at once; and that is, I do not care to have you keep talking of your father to me.

POLLYANNA (*upset*). Why, Aunt Polly, you—you—
mean that—

MISS POLLY (*cuts her off in a stern voice*). Yes, I do.
Now come. We will go upstairs to your room.

(POLLYANNA picks up her suitcase and silently follows her aunt up the stairs. The walls going up the stairs are covered in pictures with beautiful gold frames.)

POLLYANNA (*overcome*). Oh, Aunt Polly, Aunt Polly,
what a perfectly lovely, lovely house! How awfully glad
you must be you're so rich!

MISS POLLY (*horrified*). What? Pollyanna! Where are
your manners? I'm surprised at you—making a speech
like that to me!

POLLYANNA. Why, Aunt Polly, aren't you rich?

MISS POLLY (*curtly and sharply*). Certainly not, Polly-
anna. I hope I could not so far forget myself as to be
sinfully proud of any gift the Lord has seen fit to bestow
upon me, certainly not of riches! (*She abruptly turns and
leads POLLYANNA the rest of the way up to her attic
room.*) Here is your room. Is there anything else you
need? (*POLLYANNA shakes her head.*) When I ask a
question, Pollyanna, I prefer that you should answer
aloud—not merely with your head.

POLLYANNA. Yes, Aunt Polly.

MISS POLLY. Thank you; that's better. (*She looks around
the room.*) I will send Nancy up to help you unpack.
Supper is at six o'clock.

*(MISS POLLY turns and abruptly leaves POLLYANNA
alone. POLLYANNA stands still for a moment, looking*

after her aunt. Then she turns and looks about the room at the bare walls, the bare floor, the small bed and simple bureau with the old washbasin on it. Lastly, she turns to look back at her old suitcase, which brings back memories of the past.)

SONG 3: "With All Our Love"

POLLYANNA.

BARE WALLS
SHADOWY SPACE
DARK CORNERS
AT NIGHT TO FACE
TRUNKS AND BOXES
EVERYWHERE
KEEP YOUR CHIN UP
DON'T DESPAIR FOR
LOOKING DOWN FROM ABOVE
FATHER AND MOTHER SEND THEIR LOVE
POLLYANNA, YOU DEAR LITTLE CHILD
LITTLEST ANGEL, MEEK AND MILD
WE ARE WATCHING FROM ABOVE
SHOWERING YOU WITH ALL OUR LOVE
SMALL AND DARK
ATTIC ROOM
ALL ALONE
TO FACE MY DOOM
SWALLOWING ME
WITHOUT A CARE
BUT POLLYANNA, DON'T DESPAIR, FOR
LOOKING DOWN FROM ABOVE
FATHER AND MOTHER SEND THEIR LOVE
POLLYANNA, YOU DEAR LITTLE CHILD
LITTLEST ANGEL, MEEK AND MILD

WE ARE WATCHING FROM ABOVE
SHOWERING YOU WITH ALL OUR LOVE

(Spoken.)

Love is gentle

Love is kind

Love is there to ease my mind

Dearest Father, you left so soon

How is Mother? The stars and the moon?

Love will bear me up this day

Keep me safe

Chase the dark away

Love is patient

Love is kind

Love will still my wayward mind

AND REMIND ME THAT

LOOKING DOWN FROM ABOVE

FATHER AND MOTHER HAVE SENT THEIR LOVE

TO COMFORT ME, THEIR DEAR LITTLE CHILD

THEIR LITTLEST ANGEL, MEEK AND MILD

I FEEL THEM WATCHING FROM ABOVE

SHOWERING ME, SHOWERING ME,

SHOWERING ME WITH THEIR FOREVER LOVE

(After the song, NANCY comes in the room to find POLLYANNA sobbing. She goes to POLLYANNA and comforts her.)

NANCY. There, there, you poor lamb. I was just a-fearin' I'd find you like this, like this.

POLLYANNA *(shakes her head)*. I must be bad and wicked, Nancy—awfully wicked. *(She sobs.)* I just can't make myself understand how God and the angels needed my father more than I did.

NANCY. There, there, child. *(They hug.)* Come, let's open your suitcase and take out your things in no time, no time.

POLLYANNA *(tearfully)*. There aren't very many things to take out, anyway.

NANCY. Then they're all the sooner unpacked, aren't they?

POLLYANNA *(with a radiant smile)*. That's so, isn't it, Nancy? I can be glad of that, can't I?

NANCY *(uncertainly)*. Why, of—course.

(NANCY sets about unpacking the suitcase. POLLYANNA, smiling bravely now, helps to put clothes in the bureau drawers.)

POLLYANNA. I'm sure it—it's going to be a very nice room. Don't you think so? *(There is no answer from NANCY, who is busy with the suitcase. POLLYANNA continues prattling.)* And I can be glad there isn't any looking glass here, too, 'cause if there isn't any I can't see my freckles. *(Suddenly, POLLYANNA, spying the window, excitedly claps her hands joyously.)* Oh, Nancy. *(She runs to the window.)* How beautiful! Look! *(Sings.)*

SONG 4: "Look Out the Window"

LOOK OUT THE WINDOW
CAN'T YOU SEE?
A WHOLE NEW WORLD IS WAITING FOR ME!
LOOK OUT THE WINDOW
WHAT A SIGHT!
SHINING RIVER
SPARKLING BRIGHT

TALL TREES
THAT REACH THE SKY
WHITE CHURCH STEEPLE
CLIMBING HIGH
LOOK, NANCY, LOOK!
LOOK OUT THE WINDOW
CAN'T YOU SEE?
A WHOLE NEW WORLD IS WAITING FOR ME!

NANCY.

AIN'T YOU A LITTLE ANGEL?
STRAIGHT DOWN FROM HEAVEN ABOVE
BEING GLAD FOR NOTHING
EXCEPT A CAST-OFF ROOM

POLLYANNA.

BUT, IT'S ALL HOW YOU SEE THINGS
A ROOM IS JUST A ROOM
BUT COME AND LOOK OUT MY WINDOW
THE WORLD AS IT'S MEANT TO BE
SO BEAUTIFUL AND FREE
WAITING THERE FOR YOU AND ME

(POLLYANNA grabs NANCY and they look out the window. They then dance together joyously.)

POLLYANNA *(cont'd)*.

JUST LOOK OUT THE WINDOW

NANCY.

THE WORLD AS ITS MEANT TO BE

POLLYANNA.

LOOK OUT THE WINDOW

NANCY.

SO BEAUTIFUL AND FREE

POLLYANNA.

LOOK OUT THE WINDOW

NANCY.

JUST THINK OF WHAT YOU'LL SEE

POLLYANNA.

LOOK OUT THE WINDOW

NANCY.

LOOK OUT THE WINDOW

POLLYANNA & NANCY.

LOOK OUT THE WINDOW

ALL THERE FOR YOU AND ME!

POLLYANNA (*hugs NANCY*). Oh, Nancy, I'm so glad to be here, really I am. I'm glad for Aunt Polly, even if she doesn't know she's glad to have me here yet, I'm glad to know you, and I'm even glad for this bare little attic room.

NANCY. You don't seem ter see any trouble. You're bein' glad about everythin'.

POLLYANNA. Well, that's the game, you know.

NANCY. The game?

POLLYANNA. Yes—the “just being glad” game.

NANCY. Whatever in the world are you talkin' about?

POLLYANNA. Why, it's a game that Father told to me, and it's lovely. We've played it always, ever since I was a little, little girl. (*Sings.*)

SONG 5: "Be Glad"

IT ALL BEGAN IN A MISSIONARY BARREL
WITH SOME LITTLE CRUTCHES INSIDE
I HAD WANTED A DOLL
A PRETTY LITTLE DOLL
ONE I COULD PLAY WITH OUTSIDE
BUT NO DOLL CAME IN
THERE WAS NONE TO BE HAD
THE LADIES AIDERS SAID
INSTEAD THEY SENT THE CRUTCHES
IN THE BARREL WENT THE CRUTCHES
NO DOLL WAS WAITING INSIDE
SO WE BEGAN TO PLAY THE GLAD GAME
AND FOUND SOMETHING ABOUT EVERYTHING
TO BE GLAD ABOUT
SOMETHING ABOUT EVERYTHING TO SING
ABOUT AND SHOUT
THE GLAD GAME IS NEVER PLAYED THE SAME
JUST BE GLAD
FOR EVERY DAY, IN EVERY WAY
THERE'S ALWAYS SOMETHING
YOU CAN TURN THE OTHER WAY
AND BE GLAD

NANCY. Well, goodness, I can't see anythin' ter be glad about—gettin' a pair of crutches when you wanted a doll.

POLLYANNA.

BUT THERE IS, THERE IS, FATHER TAUGHT ME TO
SEE
THAT YOU NEED TO BE GLAD
TO WALK PROUD AND FREE
AND I DON'T NEED CRUTCHES
IT MAKES SENSE, DON'T YOU SEE
SO BE GLAD FOR EVERY DAY
IN EVERY WAY
THERE'S ALWAYS SOMETHING
YOU CAN TURN THE OTHER WAY
AND BE GLAD

NANCY. Well, of all the silly doin's.

POLLYANNA. Oh, but it isn't silly—it's lovely. And I've played it ever since. And the harder 'tis, the more fun 'tis to think of glad things only—only—sometimes it's almost too hard—like when your parents go to heaven, and there isn't anybody but the Ladies Aiders left.

NANCY. Or when you're put in a horrid little room, way up at the top of the stairs.

POLLYANNA.

BUT THINK OF THAT WINDOW
THE BEAUTY OUT THAT WINDOW
IT MAKES THE ARRANGEMENT QUITE FAIR
SO BE GLAD FOR EVERY DAY
IN EVERY WAY
THERE'S ALWAYS SOMETHING
YOU CAN TURN THE OTHER WAY
AND BE GLAD

(Spoken.) You see, when you're hunting for the glad things you sort of forget the other kind—like the doll you wanted, you know,

IF IT'S RAINING
THE FLOWERS WILL GROW
IF YOU SINK YOUR BOAT
YOU'LL LEARN HOW TO ROW
IF YOU HURT YOUR FRIEND
YOU'LL SEEK HUMILITY
IF YOU'RE LOCKED UP TIGHT
YOU'LL LIVE TO BE FREE
AND BE GLAD
FOR EVERY DAY, IN EVERY WAY
THERE'S ALWAYS SOMETHING
YOU CAN TURN THE OTHER WAY
AND BE GLAD.

(Spoken.) It's a lovely game. F-Father and I used to play it so much. I suppose, though, it—it'll be a little harder now, as long as I haven't got anybody to play it with. Maybe I can convince Aunt Polly to play it—

NANCY. My stars and stockings! See here, Miss Pollyanna, I ain't sayin' that I'll be very good at it; but I'll play it with ye, after a fashion—I just will, I will!

POLLYANNA. Oh, Nancy! How splendid! Won't we have fun?

IF IT'S RAINING

NANCY.

THE FLOWERS WILL GROW

POLLYANNA.

IF YOU SINK YOUR BOAT

NANCY.

YOU'LL LEARN HOW TO ROW

POLLYANNA.

IF YOU HURT YOUR FRIEND

NANCY.

YOU'LL SEEK HUMILITY

POLLYANNA.

IF YOU'RE LOCKED UP TIGHT

NANCY.

YOU'LL LIVE TO BE FREE.

POLLYANNA & NANCY.

AND BE GLAD FOR EVERY DAY, IN EVERY WAY

THERE'S ALWAYS SOMETHING

YOU CAN TURN THE OTHER WAY AND BE GLAD

FOR EVERY DAY, IN EVERY WAY

THERE'S ALWAYS SOMETHING

YOU CAN TURN THE OTHER WAY AND BE GLAD

FOR EVERY DAY, IN EVERY WAY

THERE'S ALWAYS SOMETHING

YOU CAN TURN THE OTHER WAY AND BE GLAD

(They hug each other laughing. Blackout.)