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Dramatic Publishing

RAGGEDY ANN & ANDY

A full-length play
based on the
Bobbs-Merrill book.

By
PATRICIA THACKRAY

An adventure for the
child in all of us.



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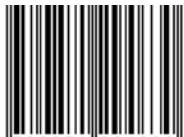


THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY



Raggedy Ann, America's most endearing and enduring folk doll, comes to life in a production that captures the imagination of young and old alike. This hilarious, free-wheeling romp combines simple inventive staging with an action packed plot and lively audience participation. And, through it all, shines the gentle, loving spirit of Raggedy Ann.

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(RAGGEDY ANN)

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RAGGEDY ANN

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**“Those who bring sunshine to the lives of others
cannot keep it from themselves.”**

Sir James Matthew Barrie

RAGGEDY ANN
A Full Length Children's Play
For A Large, Flexible Cast

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

RAGGEDY ANN
RAGGEDY ANDY
SUZY PINCUSHION
GRANDPA
BABETTE
TWIN BABY DOLLS (2)
MECHANICO
BRUIN
LESTER LOONEY
PRINCE LEONARD THE LOONEY-HEARTED
CAMEL WITH THE WRINKLED KNEES
WITCH WIGGLEWORT/LUCRETIA LOONEY
GREEDY BAG (4)
KING KOO-KOO
BALD-HEADED WHIZZER

*Extras include: Marcella (offstage voice only), Bag Trees, Taffy Mine Backdrop, Loonies – including Looney Page, Obese Looney Lady, four Looney Guards, Looney Pie Tester, two Looney Banana Peel Bearers

PRODUCTION NOTES

The Playroom. In order to maintain the illusion, all scenery and props — except those belonging to the doll world — are outsized. Upstage along the rear wall are toy shelves, practical or painted, containing books and toys. ULC hangs a needlepoint sampler reading: “Love One Another” in bold letters. R is a door — practical or imaginary. RC is a toy chest with a false bottom (large enough for a stuffed bear to crawl out of). In front of the door there is a throw rug with a tumbling mat concealed under it. DL there is a large canopied doll bed covered with a patchwork quilt. An outsized birthday card is tied with a big red bow to one of the bedposts. To the right of the bed stands an upright doll’s wardrobe theatrical-type trunk (or a large painted cardboard will do). The trunk is liberally plastered with travel stickers. A pair of stuffed black feet with striped socks protrude from under the trunk. (Note: These are prop replicas of Andy’s feet which can be manipulated by actor playing Andy. Otherwise, Andy can hide behind the trunk with only his feet showing.) DR a French window opens out. Crisp white curtains hang inside. Behind the windows are steps leading up to a cushioned window seat. The window flat is on a raised platform that can be wheeled on and off (or it could be nonpractical and simply be suspended in space). A variety of outsized props are strewn about the floor — an old sneaker, a baseball bat, blocks, jacks and ball — in short, a typical eight-year-old’s room.

Witch Wigglewort’s Shack. The shack is constructed of three painted cardboard panels with false-front cornices. Trees/performers prop up the panels and drop them when the magic spell is broken. On the front panel is a cut-out window just wide enough for the camel’s head and a non-practical or painted door.

Taffy Mine Backdrop. This is two older children or adults of about the same height, wearing quilted cotton bags soft-sculptured or painted to look like stalagmites. They carry a large banner (or small scrim) soft-sculptured or painted to look like stalactites. The banner is slung from a pole the bearers carry across their shoulders. (Perhaps the banner has some glitter on it, representing shiny candy studded in the taffy mine wall. The bearers stand very still behind the Greedy Bag throughout the scene. (Simpler productions can, of course, play the action without this backdrop.)

The Throne Room. Essentially, this is an empty stage soon to be filled with raving Loonies. Two Looney Pages stand behind the throne bearing a gold banner as in Act Two, Scene Three.

NOTES ON CHARACTERS

RAGGEDY ANN: She is a rag doll with sparkling eyes, bright orange yarn hair and a large painted grin. Her manner is straightforward and honest at all times. She smiles happily and continuously. She is loose-jointed, lippy, kindly, patient and lovable. She wears a flowered print dress of soft material, a petticoat, white drawers and red and white striped stockings. Her starched white apron displays a handkerchief with a blue border. She wears white mittens and round black slippers. Her make-up should emphasize her shoe-button eyes, red pyramid nose and broad grin.

RAGGEDY ANDY: He has the same face as his sister. His yarn hair is topped with a sailor's cap. He wears a checkered or plaid shirt, cotton trousers with two big buttons in front, striped socks, white mittens and round black shoes. His manner is extremely energetic and spirited — imagine Huck Finn as a rag doll.

SUZY PINCUSHION: She is a plump seamstress doll with knitting needles stuck in her beehive hairdo. She has a pin-cushion body — a wide hoopskirt studded with threaded needles and brightly-colored pins. Her skirts reach to the floor so that she appears to waft rather than walk. She wears a spool necklace, and has a pair of scissors on a ribbon around her neck as well.

GRANDPA: He is a craggy hand-crafted Arkansas mountain doll. He sports a long beard and square spectacle frames — no lenses. He wears a battered straw hat (or a floppy felt whiskey one). He wears faded, patched overalls with one strap dangling free, a checkered flannel shirt, and a red bandanna tied around his neck. He carries a stick and a whittling knife in his pocket.

BABETTE: She is the picture of elegance, from her elaborate coiffure to her dainty pompom slippers. She has long golden sausage curls. She wears a lavish peignoir, a lacy night-cap, and a ruffled satin sleep mask. She is obviously no ordinary play thing.

TWIN BABY DOLLS: They look, think and act alike. They have kewpie doll faces with fat rosy cheeks. They wear baby bonnets out of which emerge a single curl plastered smack in the middle of their foreheads.

MECHANICO: He is outfitted like your average robot — any additional gimcrackery, i.e., lights, bells, etc., is optional.

BRUIN BEAR: A life-sized teddy bear. Bruin's speech is limited to grunts and chest beatings. He wears a frayed second-hand bear suit.

LESTER: He is a fat buffoon dressed in striped underwear and large floppy clown shoes. He wears garish glasses with

a false nose, a cowboy hat with a musketeer feather, and a pack on his back.

PRINCE LEONARD: Wears similar attire as that of Lester: long johns, clown shoes, flashy glasses with a Cyrano nose attached, a cowboy hat topped with a paper crown. He also wears a satin prizefighter's robe with "Prince" emblazoned across the back. (Note: These Looney costumes are only suggestions. They're open to all kinds of improvisation — the loonier the better.)

THE BAG TREES: These are performers of various ages/sizes, wearing quilted cotton bags (something like tea cozies or toaster covers with cut-outs for faces). Arms and heads are branches, soft-sculptured or painted to look like trees. A few of the smaller children can be bag bushes, or bag mushrooms. You may prefer to have "trees" dressed in green and brown leotards and tights, carrying small branches. The trees are quite mobile, and glide on and off stage at scene changes. Essentially the scenery changes itself all through the play with choreographed movement. (Optional: If desired, trees can react to action on stage, cowering back, pointing directions, etc., depending on the miming ability of the cast.)

CAMEL WITH THE WRINKLED KNEES: He is a stuffed camel, made of blue flannel, and there are patches on his two humps. He has the courtly air of a venerable gentleman. He is sway-backed and has extremely baggy "wrinkled" knees. He moves rather erratically — the front end of his costume often doesn't know what his rear end is up to. A basket of posters is slung over one of his humps.

WITCH WIGGLEWORT: She is a beady-eyed, scraggle-toothed, old crone with a nose like a parsnip with a very large wart wiggling on its end.

GREEDY BAG: This is a huge, amorphous creature — actually a very large stretch fabric bag with lumps of stuffing sewn inside of it. The bag should be large enough to contain one adult or older child, and three smaller children. There should be ample room for the performers to move around inside, and stick up arms and legs and heads (for which there are face-sized cutouts). These movements give the illusion of ooziings and eruptions on the surface. The outside of the bag is either soft-sculptured or painted with candies, sodas, fruits, pies, cakes, cookies, etc.

SIMPLIFIED GREEDY BAG: This is for only one person, made of stretch fabric with openings for the Greedy's face, legs and arms. The bag is shaped like a giant bean bag. The outside of the bag is covered with "goodies," which are either soft-sculptured, painted or plastered on candies, sodas, fruits, pies, cakes, cookies and the like.

KING KOO-KOO: He wears regal robes, a cardboard crown hung with jester's bells, novelty glasses (with optical swirls that make his eyes appear to spin in their sockets) and big floppy clown shoes.

BALD-HEADED WHIZZER: He is instantly recognizable as a dastardly villain. He is dressed all in black, with a long cape embroidered with strange signs. He has menacing eyebrows, a stiletto mustache, and wears a peaked wizard's hat.

WHAT PEOPLE ARE SAYING about *Raggedy Ann and Andy*.

“The second night was S.R.O., with children sitting in the pit—many children had come back to see *Raggedy Ann and Andy* again! Children were screaming with laughter. If you’re looking for a children’s play, *this is it!* Vivid characters—fun to do—impossible to overact—no slow spots.”
Alan Sawyer,
Brandywine Heights High School,
Topton, Pa.

“Fine children’s theater. The show allows for colorful costumes and simple scenery.”
Robert Dean,
Theatre Bristol,
Bristol, Tenn.

“A great show for younger audiences, with plenty of action and adventure.”
Tracey Vaughn,
Lake City Playhouse,
Coeur d’Alene, Idaho

“A fun, bright show...full of imagination and possibilities. *Raggedy Ann and Andy* is a joy to costume! The characters are written full of personality. I have produced many children’s theatre productions, and this is one of my favorites! A fantastic audience-participation show!”
Julie McCreight,
Flinthills High School,
Rosalia, Kan.

ACT ONE
SCENE ONE

THE HOUSELIGHTS DIM. The light comes up in front of a patchwork curtain. RAGGEDY ANN pokes her head out and looks L and R, grinning broadly.

ANN. Hi . . .

ANDY (anxiously, from behind curtain). Hey, Raggedy Ann, is anybody out there yet?

ANN (nodding happily). *Lots*, Andy!

(ANN bends down so that Andy's head pops out directly above her's. ANDY sticks his head out of curtain over Ann's. His sailor's hat is set rakishly over one eye.)

ANDY. Wow! (ANN and ANDY both pop their heads behind the curtain. They then reappear in front, ANN leading ANDY by the hand. She is perfectly at ease, but Andy's knees are knocking. He nervously straightens his cap.) Gosh. I never saw so many real-for-sure people in one place! What'll we do *now*, Ann? (ANN thinks hard, scratches her head, then pushes her forehead into a wrinkled frown with her hands.)

ANN. Ummmmm . . . why don't you *bow*, Andy? And I'll make a nice curtsy! (ANDY removes his cap and bows low, ANN curtsies, then throws out her floppy arms.)

Welcome one and all! I hope you're all ready for the adventures of Raggedy Ann — that's me, o'course, and my brother — (She nudges ANDY, who is still bowing.) 'S okay. You can come up now. (ANDY does so.) Raggedy Andy! (She laughs.) That's him, o'course. (ANDY clasps his hands over his head like a championship fighter.)

ANDY. You bet!

ANN. Just in case you don't know already, we're a couple of rag dolls who . . . (Pause. She notices ANDY striking "Mr. America" poses.) Goodness, Andy, what are you doing?

ANDY. Pumping cotton. (He flexes an arm under her nose.) Just feel this stuffed muscle, come on . . .

ANN (doing so, gingerly). It's very nice, Andy. (To audience with motherly pride.) We belong to Marcella. She's the most wonderful little girl. We love her a whole lot. Don't we, Andy? (Pause.) Andy? (ANDY is now busy doing pushups, handstands, cartwheels — whatever the actor wants to do.)

ANDY (preoccupied). Yeah . . . she's okay.

ANN. An' we live in a nice cozy playroom with . . .

ANDY (breaking in). When we're not out having terrific *adventures!*

ANN. With, um, let's see now . . . (She counts on her non-existent fingers.) . . . There's Suzy Pincushion, and the Twin Baby Dolls, and Bruin Bear, and Grandpa, and Mechanico the Robot, and . . .

ANDY (on a rush). Rescuing dolls in distress, chasing wicked witches, wrestling hairy scary monsters . . . (He hugs himself fiercely.) . . . Mmmmmmmph! (Now shadow boxing.) Take this and some of that. (He executes a karate kick, then grabs hold of ANN and starts to pull her off R.) Hey, come on, Ann. It's time to start our adventures. (He waves to the audience.) Be seeing you! (He runs

off, pulling ANN after him.)
ANN (waving). 'Bye!

SCENE TWO

SCENE: Marcella's playroom.

AT RISE OF CURTAIN: SUZY PINCUSHION sits on the floor LC. In one hand she holds a darning needle, in the other one of Marcella's socks with a conspicuously large hole in the heel. GRANDPA is sprawled across SUZY PINCUSHION, where he has been unceremoniously dropped. BABETTE lies asleep, feet DC, on the canopy bed. The TWIN BABY DOLLS sit side by side at the foot of the bed, staring out at the audience in wide-eyed innocence. MECHANICO, the robot, stands guard at the door R. Offstage footsteps. The playroom door opens and RAGGEDY ANN is tossed into the room. She tumbles across the rug, landing with her head between her legs.

MARCELLA (offstage). Take care of everybody, Raggedy Ann. (Her voice trails off.) No time to play today, children. I'll bring you some birthday cake in the morning . . . (The footsteps fade. ANN blinks her shoe-button eyes.)

ANN (soft stage whisper). How about it, Mechanico? Is Marcella gone for sure?

MECHANICO (in a flat monotone, every word deliberate and measured). No . . . humans . . . in immediate . . . area. Repeat . . . No . . . humans . . . in immediate . . . area.

(At this, all the dolls spring to life. GRANDPA gets up off SUZY PINCUSHION very stiffly. He points to a big pin stuck in his derriere. SUZY looks dismayed, and exaggeratedly pulls the pin out, sticks it back in her skirt. The lid on the toy chest opens and BRUIN, the stuffed bear, climbs out. He stretches, grunts, then lumbers over to the bedpost and scratches his back up against it. The TWIN BABY DOLLS jump up, hug one another, and twirl around. Then all gather around RAGGEDY ANN, who sits up, shakes out her yarn hair, and smoothes her apron.)

ANN. Hi, everybody!

ALL (ad lib). "Hi." "Hello!" (Etc.)

TWINS. Come see! Come see!

ANN. Just a minute while I collect myself. It's been quite a day!

TWINS. Marcella's birthday!

ANN. She's been so excited she carried me upside down by my foot all day. (SUZY holds up Marcella's sock and checks for holes.)

SUZY. Our little Marcella, eight years old – imagine!

TWINS. Imagine! (Each twin grabs one of Ann's arms and they pull her over to the bed.) Come see what came! Come see! Come see! (All the dolls crowd around BABETTE on the bed.)

SUZY (a finger to her lips). Hush now, don't wake her.

ANN. I can't believe my shoe-button eyes! She's sooo pretty.

TWINS. Real hair! Real eyelashes!

ANN. Oooooooh . . . did the fairies bring her?

GRANDPA. Nope. . . Marcella's mom set her down here while you was off to the schoolhouse. (He points to a card tied to the bedpost.) We'd be much obliged if you'd read this here card for us, Annie. I'd read it myself, but my spectacles is dirty. (He waggles his fingers through the empty lenses.)

SUZY (scolding gently). Now, Grandpa, you know Raggedy

Ann's the only one of us who can read writing.

TWINS. Read it! Read it! (ANN draws herself up and takes a deep breath.)

ANN. I'll do my very best. (Reads laboriously.) "Happy Birthday, Marcella." (Comments.) Isn't that nice?

GRANDPA. You could've skipped that part, Annie.

ANN (trying to read). Uh . . . (Pause.) This next word is awfully big . . .

SUZY. Sound it out, dear.

ANN (syllable by syllable). Mad—dem—moise—elly . . .
(Tries the whole word.) . . . Mademoiselly?

SUZY (it's beyond her). Hmmmmm?

TWINS. What's *that*?

GRANDPA (casually). It's French. Means young lady. Is there a name with it, Annie?

ANN. Uh-huh. (She reads.) Babette. (But she pronounces it Babetty.)

SUZY. Why, Grandpa, aren't you the clever one! (Everyone looks at GRANDPA in admiration.)

GRANDPA. That's right. I know a thing or two — I wasn't whittled yesterday, you know. Go on, Annie.

ANN (reading). "She comes all the way from Paris, France."
(Comments.) Oh, my!

TWINS. Where's *that*?

GRANDPA. Paris, France? (Pause.) Why, it's just due east of here. Anything else written there, Annie?

ANN (reading). "Love and kisses, your Aunt Sophie." (She comments.) My, my, this is sooo exciting! (BRUIN, who has been scratching his back on the bedpost during the preceding action, suddenly spots the feet sticking out from under the trunk. [See Production Notes.] He tries to get Grandpa's attention, grunting and pointing to the feet.)

GRANDPA. Simmer down there, Bruin. What in tarnation are you trying to . . . (He spots the feet and jumps back.) Stand back, everybody — this here trunk's sprouted *feet*!

(All look at the feet, which are wiggling.)

TWINS. Eeek! They're alive!

GRANDPA. Darnest things I ever saw.

ANN (kneeling down next to the feet). Just a minute.

(Pause.) These feet look very familiar . . . (Pause.) . . .

matter of fact . . . (Pause.) . . . they look just like . . .

(Pause.) . . . *mine*.

GRANDPA. Do they now?

ANN. So they must belong to . . . to . . .

TWINS. Who? Who?

ANN (the light dawns). Raggedy Andy!

GRANDPA. Well, I'll be horn-swoggled! That's fast thinking, Annie.

ANN. Poor Andy! He's stuck under there. C'mon, everybody — help push! (They all pitch in, but don't have much success until BRUIN, with his brute strength, lifts the trunk. [Note: The dolls huddle around the trunk so that we can't see Raggedy Andy remove the prop feet, if used, and step out from behind.])

ANDY (behind the trunk). Whew, what a relief!

GRANDPA. You're flat enough to fry on a griddle, sonny.

(Everyone parts to reveal an extremely disheveled ANDY. He hangs limply from Bruin's arms. ANN fusses and plumps up ANDY like a cushion.)

ANN. Tsk, tsk. How'd this happen, Andy? (ANDY breaks Bruin's bear hug. He's fully recovered and somewhat miffed.)

ANDY. Search me. I was lying on the floor, minding my own business, when *wham*, I was flattened! (Confronting the trunk.) Say, what's in this thing anyway? (He opens the trunk wide.)

ANN. Andy, don't . . . (Too late. Everyone "oohs" and "ahs" at the opulent array of glittering gowns and ensembles — one for every occasion — all arranged on hangers. There are shelves [or drawers] spilling over with costume

jewelry and all manner of accessories. ANN tries to make herself heard over the commotion.) I don't think we should . . . it belongs to the Mademoiselle. . . Oh, dear! (No one pays any attention. The TWINS wraps themselves in a long feather boa. BRUIN puts on a frilly hat. GRANDPA opens a silk parasol. MECHANICO holds up a pink tutu.)

TWINS. Let's play dress up!

ANDY. Who's this Mademoiselle? Say, what's going on here anyway?

SUZY (gushing over a beautiful frock). Look at this workmanship! Why, you can't see a single seam. Ruffles and gussets, well, I never . . . ! (Suddenly BABETTE sits bolt upright in the bed and whips off her sleep mask.)

BABETTE. *Qu'est-ce que c'est?* Where am I? Ooh la la, now I remember. I am in *America!*

GRANDPA (twirling the parasol). That's right, Mademoiselle — 14 Maple Street. (BABETTE sees what is happening to her wardrobe and leaps out of the bed shrieking.)

BABETTE. Eeeeeee! Villains! What are you doing to my precious things! (She storms over to the group.) Unhand them! (She snatches her hat off Bruin's head, croons to her hat.) My beautiful chapeau! (To BRUIN.) Beast! (She checks through her wardrobe rack.) Where's my ruffled tennis shirt . . . my pink tutu . . . my polka dot bikini . . . my riding habit . . . my silver-buckled evening slippers . . . ? *Mon dieu!* (During this outrage, everyone shamefacedly removes the items, returning them to the trunk, ad libbing "We're sorry" . . . "We were just looking" . . . "Only admiring" etc. ANN places a soothing hand on Babette's shoulder.)

ANN. There, there, Babetty . . .

BABETTE (correcting her sharply). Babette! (She brushes Ann's hand away. Haughtily:) 'Oo are *you?*

ANN. I'm Raggedy Ann.

BABETTE (looking ANN up and down icily). You certainly are! 'Oo did your hair? . . . Pierre of ze Jungle?

ANN (brushing some yarn from her eyes). My hair?

BABETTE. Eet look like a *mop*!

ANN (thinking it's a compliment). Why, thank you, Babette. (She pronounces the name correctly from now on.) Welcome to our little family.

OTHER DOLLS (ad lib). "Welcome!" "Hi, there!" "Good to have you aboard."

MECHANICO. Welcome to . . . our . . . sector . . .

ANN. We hope you'll be as happy here as we are!

BABETTE. Happy! Here? In this . . . (She surveys the scene.) . . . dump?

ANN. Dump?

ANDY. Hey, that's our home she's talking about!

ANN (placating ANDY). Oh, it's okay, Andy. She's still a little upset, that's all. (BABETTE, the great tragedienne, paces back and forth, wringing her hands, etc.)

BABETTE. To think that I, Babette, from ze front window of ze most exclusive toy shop in all of Paree, should end up here, surrounded by zis riff-raff! (She picks up a perfume atomizer and sprays the surrounding air.)

ANDY (sniffing, then grimacing). Phew, what's that awful smell?

ANN. French perfume, I think, Andy. (ANDY takes off his cap and fans himself.)

ANDY. Wowie! Hope it comes off! I'm sure glad *you* don't wear any of that stuff, Ann.

BABETTE (continuing her histrionics). *Quelle désastre!* (She takes a lace handkerchief from her bosom.) I am surrounded by . . . peasants! (She dabs her eyes, then tosses the handkerchief aside. ANN bends down to retrieve it.)

GRANDPA (aside, to SUZY). I get the feeling we're not her sorta folks. (ANN follows in Babette's tracks and offers

her the handkerchief.)

ANN. 'Scuse me, Babette, but you dropped your pretty lace hankie . . . (BABETTE ignores Ann's outstretched hand and points at her.)

BABETTE. And zis one! She eezze worst of all! . . . Zat goofy grin! Zose beeg fat feet . . . ooh la la. What a poor excuse for a doll!

ANDY. Now just a minute here . . . You can't talk about my sister that way!

SUZY. Our Raggedy's wise and good. Why, she's the best-loved doll in the whole family.

OTHER DOLLS (ad lib). "That's right!" "We love you, Raggedy Ann"!

TWINS. Love you! Love you! (ANN shyly looks down and shuffles her feet.)

ANN. Oh, don't take on so, everybody. I'm nothing special.

ANDY. What do you mean, nothing special? What about your candy heart that's got "I love you" written on it?

ANN (dismissingly). Oh, *that* . . .

GRANDPA. And she can play Peter Peter Pumpkin Eater on the piano with *one* hand.

ANN. With Marcella's help, of course.

ANDY. And she always knows *just* what to say —

BABETTE. Zis silly creature? (She laughs.) Ooh, la la!

ANDY. Go on, Ann, say something.

ANN (embarrassed). Oh, Andy, not now . . .

TWINS. Please say something. Please!

BABETTE. Say it and get it over with — I am a busy doll.

ANN. Well . . . (Pause.) . . . as I always say — (A hush falls over the dolls, a delicate chime, offstage, sounds one note.) — There are no strangers here, Babette, only friends you haven't met! (The chime sounds again.)

ANDY. Atta girl!

SUZY (overcome). Sooo inspiring!

TWINS. Oooooooh!

GRANDPA. Pearls o' wisdom.

BABETTE (stifling a yawn). Are you quite finished? (ANN nods.) Good. Zen I see about catching zee next plane back to Paree.

ANN (aghast). But you can't go back to Paris!

BABETTE. And why *not*?

ANN. Because . . . because you're Marcella's birthday surprise!

BABETTE. I am?

ANN. Yes!

BABETTE. Well, zis is the first I hear of it. Hmmm. To be a birthday present is quite an honor, no?

ANN. Yes!

BABETTE. And a responsibility, no?

ANN. Yes!

BABETTE. Tell me about zis Marcella person.

ANN. Oh, you'll *love* her. (GRANDPA takes a framed photograph from the shelf and hands it to BABETTE.)

GRANDPA. Here's her fotygraff.

BABETTE. Hmmm, not bad — she has possibilities. Perhaps if she got rid of zose peegtails and zose freckles. So! I've decided. I stay! (She folds her arms.)

ANN. Oh, goodie!

BABETTE (drawing herself up grandly). Never let it be said zat Babette does not know her duty as a French doll. I will stay and make ze best of it!

ANN. Why . . . that's just what *I* always say. Make the best of it! (BABETTE dismisses ANN with a wave of her hand.)

BABETTE. Tell me, what do you do for excitement around here?

ANN (eager to please). Excitement? Well, let's see — we have tea parties . . .

BABETTE. Tea parties! *Trés* boring.

ANDY. And pillow fights! (He throws his arm around BRUIN.) Bruin here and I like to wrassle. (BRUIN grunts.)

BABETTE. Barbaric!

TWINS. We play hop-scotch, and jump rope . . .

BABETTE. Zut! I do not play zose childish games — (She pats her coiffure.) — I might crack my china bisque head.

GRANDPA. I generally like to pass the time whittling, and Susan Pincushion here . . . sews a lot.

SUZY (nodding). That's right, dear, any little mending you need done . . .

MECHANICO. I . . . guard . . . the . . . door. (The light begins to fade.)

BABETTE. Zat's eet? But . . . but . . . what about zee night-life?

ANN. You mean . . . (Pause.) . . . what do we do at night? (BABETTE nods impatiently.) Well, I always tuck everybody into bed nice and early, and sometimes tell a story.

GRANDPA. Matter of fact, it's our bedtime right now . . .

SUZY. Oh, dear, yes. Let's all jump under the covers. (They all pile into bed, except MECHANICO, who stands guard at the door. ANN pulls the quilt over them.)

BABETTE. *Mon dieu!* What are you all doing in *my* bed?

ANN. Your bed? But we all share the same bed. It's much cozier that way. Coming, Babette?

BABETTE. Don't be ridiculous. I never go to bed before zee midnight hour. (She picks up a mirror and silver hairbrush and crosses to the window.) I will sit by zee window and brush my curls five thousand and trois times. (She mounts the steps to the window seat.) In Paris zere are so many exciting and romantic things to watch from zee window. (She sits in the window, facing out, and brushes her curls. The "moonlight" shines on BABETTE through the closed window as light in the playroom fades to black.)

GRANDPA (calling from the bed). Nothin' outta that window 'cept'n the deep deep woods . . . (ANN draws up a little chair or stool beside the bed.)

ANN. Okay. Everybody comfy?