

Dicky Dot and Dotty Dick

By E. S. Brooks

From the book, St. Nicholas' Book of Plays and Operettas

CHARACTERS:

Dicky- boyish and buoyant.

Dotty Dick- matronly and maidenly

Arabella- the doll; non-committal.

Let the characters be taken by two as bright little children as can be selected for the parts; the younger the better; Dotty, a little girl of six or seven, and Dicky, a little boy of seven or eight. The only props necessary are the doll and doll-carriage, with afghan and small umbrella. Dress in taking costumes of today, with ulsters and large hats, if possible, for better effect. Dicky, at least, should have an ulster and hat. Caution the children to speak slowly and distinctly.

SCENE

(Dotty enters, right, wheeling Arabella in doll-carriage; stops at center.)

DOTTY: *(Disconsolately.)*

Oh, dear! Oh, dear! A mother's cares are really very wearing;

I did *so* want to rest--but, no; this child must have an airing.

(Convulsively.)

Why, Arabella Florence Dick, you'll catch your death o' danger!

How *dare* you throw that afghan off!

(leans down to adjust it, and sees Dicky outside.)

My goodness! There's a stranger.

Why, no!--why, yes! it's Dicky Dot, a-prancing and a-dancing.

He's got a brand-new ulster on--my! Doesn't he look entrancing?

And doesn't he *think* he just looks fine! In boys it's *too* distressing.

(Enter Dicky, at the left, lifting his hat.)

Good morning, Mr. Dicky Dot; I hope you're well and hearty.

DICKY: *(Taking his hat off politely.)*

Oh, thank you, Mrs. Dotty Dick; I'm quite a healthy party.

And how are you, and *(bending over carriage)* how's the child--Miss Arabella Florence?

DOTTY: *(Dolefully.)*

I'm well enough; but oh, that child! I just could weep in torrents!

She does enjoy *such* feeble health, I'm in a constant fever!

I hardly dare to take her out--I can't go off and leave her;

And so, you see, I'm tied at home; it's such a wear and bother!

Oh, Mr. Dicky Dot, be glad that *you* are not a mother.

DICKY: (*Thankfully.*) I'm sure I'm glad

DOTTY: Ah yes! Our lives are just a lot of worry;
While all you boys have easy times--all fun and play and hurry.

DICKY: Oh, no, we don't.

DOTTY: Oh, yes, you do.

DICKY: We have to work for *true*, though.

DOTTY: Well, so do we, and worry, too; that doesn't trouble you, though;
You walk around in pantaloons--

DICKY: (*With an injured air.*) Only one pocket, though, ma'am.

DOTTY: A brand-new ulster--

DICKY: (*Proudly.*) Ain't it nice? I'm really quite a show, ma'am.

DOTTY: And here *I* have to tend and mind a dreadful fretty baby.
I'm just a nurse-girl, I declare!

DICKY: (*Consolingly.*) She'll soon get better.

DOTTY: (*Dubiously.*) Maybe.

DICKY: (*Seriously.*) You're only play-mad; aren't you, now?

DOTTY: Of course; it's "nothings" worry;
But that's the way my mama acts when she's all in a flurry.

DICKY: (*Hopefully.*) Someday *we'll* both be big folks, too.

DOTTY: (*With satisfaction.*) I'll wear my dresses longer.

DICKY: And I'll wear boots, and big high hats, and be a great deal stronger.
And you won't care for dolls!

DOTTY: (*Expostulatingly.*) Oh, yes!

DICKY: (*Stoutly.*) Oh, no!

DOTTY: (*Decidedly.*) I'll *always* love them.

DICKY: (*Patronizingly.*) Oh, not when you're a lady, Dot;
'Cause then you'll feel above them.

DOTTY: (*Thoughtfully.*) And what will you be, Dicky Dot?
A--butcher--or--a--teacher?

DICKY: (*Considering.*) Oh, neither, Dot; I think--
I'll be--a--prince--or else--a preacher.

DOTTY: I'd be a prince, if I were you--all spangles, gold and rattle.

DICKY: I think I'll be a general, and lead my troops to battle.
What would you say to see, someday--a-galloping me and rearing--
Me--Major-General Richard Dot--and hear the people cheering?

DOTTY: (*Coolly.*) I s'pose I'd say, "Why, goodness me!
What is that Dicky trying?
I'm sure he'll fall and hurt himself!"
And then you'd tumble, crying.

DICKY: (*Indignantly.*) I guess I wouldn't, Dotty Dick; why--generals never tumble. I'll be a man then.

DOTTY: So you will.

DICKY: (*Contemptuously.*) And you'll be scared and humble.

DOTTY: (*Energetically.*) Oh, no, I won't; for then I'll be a queen so grand and glorious.

DICKY: (*Incredulously.*) You?--Dotty Dick?

DOTTY: (*Magnificently.*) Yes--me! I'll be Queen Dora, the victorious!

DICKY: (*Dumbfounded.*) Well--well!

DOTTY: And then the kings will crowd to beg my hand in marriage.
And I will say--
(*Haughtily.*)
"Ah--General Dot, just order up my carriage!"

DICKY: (*Taken all aback by this grandeur.*) Well, I must say--of all the girls that plague, and tease, and tickle us--
You are about the--Dotty Dick, I--really--am--

DOTTY: (*Sarcastically.*) Re-dick-alous!
Oh, Dicky Dot! Oh, Dicky Dot! Do you think only *you*, sir,
Can grow up big, and grand, and fine? What *you* do, *I* can do, sir!
So why can't we be partners then, the same as when we're playing?
You be the general--*I'll* be queen, whom all the world's obeying.
And you will be so brave and strong that none can ever humble me.

DICKY: (*Bombastically.*) Yes, *I'll* protect you!

DOTTY: (*Starting suddenly away from carriage.*) Oh! What's that?--a dreadful, horrid bumblebee!

DICKY: *(Running away.)* Look out! He'll sting you! *(Opens umbrella and holds it before him.)*

DOTTY: *(Piteously.)* Drive him off!

DICKY: *(Backing farther off.)* I can't! He'll sting a fellow.
Come under the umbrella--quick!
He's there by Arabella.

(Dotty runs under the umbrella, and they both sit on the ground, central, under cover of its protection. Then they cautiously put their heads out, at opposite sides, and afterward look at each other.)

DOTTY: *(Sarcastically.)* Well, Major-General Richard Dot, you *are* a brave defender!

DICKY: *(Apologetically.)* I'm 'fraid of bees.

DOTTY: *(Critically.)* But generals oughtn't to be *quite* so tender!

DICKY: *(Starting bravely to his feet.)* Queen Dora, shall I charge the foe?

DOTTY: *(Rising, but guarding herself with the open umbrella.)* Do, general, I implore you!
He's at my daughter! Oh, see there!
Save her, and I'll adore you!

DICKY: *(Pulling off his hat, and charging manfully toward the carriage, beating the air as if he were striking down a bee.)* Be off, you traitor! *(Dodging him.)* No, you don't! Ha, ha! I've killed him, Dotty!
(Clapping his hand to his mouth.) Oh, oh! He's stung me!

DOTTY: *(Dropping the umbrella, and rushing to Dicky's side, full of sympathy.)* Dicky! Where?

DICKY: *(Jumping in pain and showing his hand to Dotty.)* O-o-o! There!

DOTTY: *(Examining it critically.)* How white and spotty! Say, will it kill you?

DICKY: *(Dubiously.)* I don't know. I *s'pose* there's poison in it!

DOTTY: *(In tears.)* Oh, dear! Oh, dear! And all for me! Oh, why did I begin it?

DICKY: *(Consolingly.)* Now, Dotty, darling! Don't you fret! I'll--o-o-o-o!--I'll try to bear it.

DOTTY: Poor Dicky! Let me wrap it up. *(Stripping the afghan off the carriage and surveying it critically.)* Oh, dear! I'll have to tear it.

DICKY: *(Putting it back.)* No, no; your handkerchief will do.

DOTTY: *(Sweetly.)* I'll kiss it!

DICKY: That'll cure it!

(Dotty kisses the stung hand.)

DICKY: It don't pain half so badly now; I think I can endure it.

DOTTY: (*Wrapping Dicky's hand up in her handkerchief.*)
Oh, what a brave boy, Dicky Dot! You're general no longer.
If I'm the queen, then you be king: you're nobler, sir, and stronger.
And Arabella--she shall be the fairy who shall lead us
To where our golden palace stands, with lords to serve and feed us.

DICKY: But we've not got our king-clothes on-- 't will set the folks a-staring.

DOTTY: I think I'd rather see *my* king his brand new ulster wearing.

DICKY: (*Utterly captivated.*) Oh, aren't you nice!

DOTTY: (*Sweetly.*) And so are you.

DICKY: (*Thoughtfully.*) My papa said, this morning,
'T was manlier to rule yourself than be a throne adorning.

DOTTY: (*Puzzled.*) What did he mean?

DICKY: (*Still thoughtful.*) I s'pose he meant a coward's mean--and--sniffy!

DOTTY: *You're* not.

DICKY: (*Accusingly.*) I ran.

DOTTY: (*Emphatically.*) But then you killed that buzzer...in a jiffy!

DICKY: (*Confidingly.*) Well, Dotty, something said--right here (*putting his hand on his heart*):
"H'm! You're a *pretty* fellow,
A-hiding from a bumblebee behind a big umbrella!
A general that's 'fraid to fight will fail unless he's bolder.
If you're a 'fraid-cat now, you'll be a 'fraid-cat when you're older."
And so I up and killed him dead.

DOTTY: (*Shaking her head.*) He's stung you badly, maybe.

DICKY: (*Stoutly.*) I'd rather be hurt *awful* bad than be a coward-baby. How's Arabella?

DOTTY: (*Examining Arabella carefully.*) She's all right.

DICKY: No stings on hand or footy?

DOTTY: Oh, no; she's just mussed up a bit; I'll fix her nice and pretty. (*Shakes Arabella out, and rearranges her in the carriage.*)

DICKY: Let's play the bee was monstrous big and had a dragon's head on,

And you two be the princesses, such as they're always fed on.
I'll be the prince who's galloped up, at just the lucky minute,
And killed the dragon dead, and left my sword a-sticking in it.

DOTTY: (*Enthusiastically.*) Oh, yes. Well, I'm the princess, then--just like the fairy story;
And we'll live happy all our days, with lots of gold and glory.

DICKY: All right. And as the dragon's dead, let's play there'd come to meet us
A big procession, with the king and all his court, to greet us.

DOTTY: (*Grasping the doll-carriage.*) Then let Prince Dicky lead the way.

DICKY: (*Shouldering the umbrella.*) Let Princess Dotty follow,
With Arabella, off of whom the dragon took a swallow.

DOTTY: She's in the chariot--oh, so ill!

DICKY: Move on now to the palace.
Guns boom, flags wave, because we've all escaped the dragon's malice.

DOTTY: (*Stopping him and taking his hand.*) But, 'fore we go, we ought to thank these friends who've
listened to us.

(*Both face the audience.*)

DICKY: If *you* are pleased, then *we* are glad; such good your smiles can do us.
And if, sometime, you come to court, just ask--

DOTTY: We'll come out quick--

(*Both join hands.*)

DICKY: For Prince and General Dicky Dot.

DOTTY: And Princess Dotty Dick.

(*Both bow majestically.*)

CURTAIN

(*NOTE: If no curtain is used the children can then march off--Dicky, with umbrella, in front, and Dotty, rolling doll-carriage, following.*)