

Dollies and Girls
From the book, "Recitations, Drills and Plays for Children"
By Bertha Irene Tobin (1921)

LENGTH: Four minutes
A Christmas Dialogue for two small girls

(One girl is dressed in a dainty dress, fine slippers and socks, large hair-ribbon on curls. She is sitting on a low rocking chair. In front of her, arranged in a sedate row on two chairs, are several nice dolls. She holds in her hand a book; she is playing school.)

1ST GIRL: Now, Mabel, Isabelle, and Gwendolyn, you may take your turns at the blackboard. *(Waits.)* Did you hear me? –You will not do it? Why, Isabelle, you will have to be punished for such talk! You may sit here on the table by me where every one of the pupils can see what a bad girl you are. *(Picks doll up and places her on the table.)* Oh, you needn't cry. It will not do you a single bit of good. Maybe you can remember to be good next time.

Now, Mabel and Gwendolyn, you must do as I said. *(Lifts them and places them on other chair.)* There, now, you are at the board, you may do your sums.

(2nd Girl has slipped in as 1st Girl puts doll on table. She stands at back of stage and gazes wistfully at dolls. She is dressed in ragged clothes, her hair is not combed, her shoes are ragged and there are great holes in her stockings. She carries in her arms an old rag doll.)

1ST GIRL: *(Continuing.)* Oh, I am tired and sleepy. *(Yawns.)* I guess I'll dismiss my school for today. Oh, I forgot to tell you, dollies, tomorrow is Christmas, and I'll have the most beautiful new dolly that you ever saw.

(2nd Girl opens her eyes very wide and gradually draws closer to the other girl as she talks.)

1ST GIRL: She will have beautiful blue eyes and real hair and she is to be dressed like a fairy. She will be able to walk and talk and cry when you wind her up and squeeze her, and—*(jumps up.)* Oh, who are you? How did you get in my playroom?

2ND GIRL: My maw's doin' your maw's cleanin' for Christmas, and she let me come here with her. She told me to stay in the kitchen. Don't you tell her I came in here, or she'll skin me alive. I saw you through the door and I sneaked in to see your dolls. Say, how'd you know you are goin' to git such a fine new doll for Christmas? Who's goin' to give it to you?

1ST GIRL: My father told me to write my letter to Santa, and I might have anything I wanted. So I wrote for the doll. *(Goes up to 2nd Girl.)* Is that all the doll you've got? Why don't you write to Santa for a new one, too? That doll is not a bit nice.

2ND GIRL: I know she's not as nice as one of yours, but she is all I have, and I love her just the same. Say, I'd like to hold one of them of yours. You hold mine and let me hold yours.

1ST GIRL: (*Drawing back.*) Ugh! No! She's too dirty. Don't you ever wash her clothes?

2ND GIRL: Naw, I can't, and maw, she don't have no time. (*Wistfully.*) I wish I had a Santa like yours. Maw, she said 'twouldn't do no good for me to want anything this year, 'cause these were hard times with us and my Santa Clause is poor. What'd you reckon she meant? Wish I had a doll like one of yours. (*Begins to cry.*) Wish I had, I do.

1ST GIRL: Say, do you really suppose Santa will not bring you a doll? Do you really suppose he will not?

2ND GIRL: I know he won't, 'cause my maw she said so. (*Cries very loudly.*)

1ST GIRL: (*Shaking her head sadly.*) There, don't cry. I wish I could help you, but I do not see how I can. (*2nd Girl still cries.*) Oh, maybe I can help you, too. (*Picks up one of her nicest dolls, studies a moment, then laughs happily.*) Look here, little girl, you can have this dolly of mine, for your very own. You won't even have to wait till tonight for Santa to bring it to you.

2ND GIRL: (*Stops crying, starts to take doll, then draws back and shakes head.*) I'd like to have it, but your maw would never let you give it to me. She'd never 'low you do that.

1ST GIRL: My mother will be glad to let me; I just know she will. She's the darlinest mother ever was, I know.

2ND GIRL: No—she wouldn't. Wouldn't no maw ever 'low you do that. And then my maw, she'd whale me if I took it without your maw said I could have it. I don't want no whalin', I don't.

1ST GIRL: You wait and I'll ask my mother. You just stay here. (*Runs from stage, calling*) "Mother, Mother!"

(*While she is gone, 2nd Girl looks about, then walks around touching things lightly and whistling softly as if she had never seen such nice things. She goes over to the dolls and looks from them to her own doll, but does not attempt to pick one up. 1st Girl enters.*)

1ST GIRL: Oh, little girl, Mother says you can have her, and that you are to have some candy, too, before you go home. Isn't that fun! But you'll be good to the dolly, won't you? Here she is, take her.

2ND GIRL: Oh, how I will love her, and I'm going to learn to wash so I can keep her clean my own self. Thanks, I hope you'll get your new dolly.

1ST GIRL: Oh, I will, I know. You come and see her after Christmas, won't you?

2ND GIRL: (*Nods her head, she hugs her new doll close to her*) Goodbye. (*Kisses her new doll, then goes off carrying a doll under each arm.*)

1ST GIRL: Merry Christmas. Goodbye. Now I know I'll love my new dolly all the more to know that that little girl has a nice dolly, too. –Yes, Mother, I'm coming.