

## Our Friend Milk

### CHARACTERS:

*Unhappy Children*

-A

-B

-C

-D

-E

-F

*Happy Children*

*Milk*

### Scene

*(Happy Children enter, dancing and romping. They stop suddenly as A speaks. Group of Unhappy Children sit in despondent attitudes.)*

A: My mother says I can't use my roller skates anymore. She is tired of me breaking my bones when I fall down. *(Sits, arm bandaged, and in a sling.)*

MILK: Won't you let me help you, dear. I have lime to build your bones so strong that they will never snap again. *(Stands in the back of the group. She extends her entreating arm.)*

A: Are you speaking to me, Milk? If so, do not waste your breath. I don't like the way you taste.

*(Milk looks rebuffed.)*

B: *(A small boy, sits moodily with hands in pockets, looking disconsolate.)* Oh, who cares for roller skates anyway? That is nothing to my troubles; the boys won't have me on the team. They say I am too small and can't throw the ball far enough.

MILK: Too small! Oh, now I can help! Let me help you to grow and, if you will take me with plenty of brown bread, my cream and sugar will give you all the strength you want to throw balls. *(Milk looks eager and hopeful.)*

B: No baby foods for me. I am 13 years old. Will be a man in a few years.

C: A man! I don't like you boys anyway. You call me "Paleface" and I don't like it.

MILK: Paleface! Please let me be your friend. Take me with plenty of green vegetables and we will paint your cheeks red.

C: White and green make red. Tell me another.

D: I think this whole world aches with this old tooth. *(Sits with face tied up.)*

MILK: *(Each time looks eagerly at a new chance to help and then is disappointed.)* Dear child, your bones are so eager to grow; they are stealing mineral from your teeth. Take my mineral.

D: Bones stealing from teeth. Baby talk. Why don't you say "Rock-a-bye Baby on the tree top?"

E: *(Sneezes.)* I have had influenza and bronchitis and—*(sneezes.)*—Oh, my! Now I am getting something else.

MILK: Milk and colds are enemies.

E: Yes, but both are my enemies.

F: Oh, can't everybody stop talking. I am so sleepy. Every time I went to sleep last night, I dreamt a bull was chasing me or that I was falling down a deep well.

MILK: But I could build your nerves so strong that your sleep would be a beautiful trip to fairyland. Give up that dreadful tea and coffee and take me.

F: Give up tea and coffee? Why the only time I feel like doing anything is just after taking a good strong cup of tea or coffee.

*(Milk looks hopeless.)*

1<sup>ST</sup> HAPPY CHILD: I heard a grown-up say, "Some people won't believe a stone wall is hard until they bump their head against it." Now I know what they mean.

2<sup>ND</sup> HAPPY CHILD: Don't you unhappy children want to know why we are happy children? Why we are jumping and laughing and running all the time while you sit there and say what you like and don't like and what you cannot do?

ALL HAPPY CHILDREN: We found there were fairies in Milk. Yes, called Vitamins.

3<sup>RD</sup> HAPPY CHILD: And these fairies have made us grow, and our teeth sound, and our cheeks red, and we are so strong; we never are tired.

ALL HAPPY CHILDREN: But it makes us sad that you won't play with us.

B: *(Reluctantly.)* Well...I don't know. It is not much fun sitting here looking at you play. I am going to see if what Milk says is true.

ALL UNHAPPY CHILDREN: Are you? *(Strenuously.)*

A: *(Slowly.)* I wonder if Mother has put my skates away already?

C: (*Looks in looking glass, rubs cheeks.*) I know I would be pretty if my cheeks were red.

D: (*Determinedly.*) Me for the dentist and milk, too.

E: Tea and coffee taste horrid anyway.

F: I do know enough to wear a warm coat on a cold day and surely I ought to know enough to drink Milk if it will keep me from catching these horrid colds.

MILK: (*Stands very happily as group forms around her looking eagerly up at her.*) Trust me, a pint at least a day.

ALL UNHAPPY CHILDREN: Trust us.

ALL HAPPY CHILDREN: Won't it be fun when we have them to play with us?

**The End**