

THE BROKEN DOLL

A Dramatic Monolog

by
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A little girl speaks:

My goodness, Eroica, you are cross. Did Daddy wake you up early again this morning? (Sighs, shakes her head) Tch, tch, it's just a shame you have to sleep in the piano! I guess we can't help it though; 'til you get your own bed. It's funny though, Daddy and Mummie write such nice letters to Santy Claus asking him for a doll bed but for some reason it always seems to slip his mind or something. (Thoughtfully) Maybe--maybe it was because I didn't have a dolly when they wrote to him last. I bet that was it; still he might have known that some day I'd be a mother.

Let me see, baby, it was one, two, four days ago I found you. I've got to remember 'cause you'll be having birthdays. Not that you'll be getting big presents; I never do--not unless Daddy sells his music. But mother always makes something special and I wouldn't be surprised if she'd let me make something special for you.

Goodness, child, are you chilly? Here, let mother wrap you up. (Covers doll) There! (Lays it down beside her) Now you can take a nice, long nap and then you'll feel lots better.--Don't cry, Eroica, (Sighs) I s'pose you are hungry; you'll get used to it. Mummie says one can get used to 'most anything. Thank goodness, she's fast asleep. (Rises, stretches, yawns, notices another little girl sitting on a bench near by and walks over to her) Hello. What's your name?--Mary Richards? Mine's Norma Duncan. Want to play?--You will--'till your nursemaid comes back. (Leans over) My! What a bee-oo-tiful doll. It is the most bee-oo-tiful doll I've ever seen.--Oh, you've lots of dolls at your house? That must keep you awful busy taking care of them all. (Amazed) You let your nurse take care of them for you? Gracious! I'd never trust my dolly with a nurse. Of course, I've only got one. But she's a care. You see, she's sort of crippled and can't get around like other dollies. Guess that's why I love her so much.

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