

It's A Doll's Life

Situation: A rag doll, who has been neglected by her owner Sally, reflects on her disappointing life in her nursery.

(a doll sits in the middle of a table, with her head down) Sure, everyone thinks being a doll is fun. (looks at the audience) All of the other toys say, "why wouldn't you want to be a rag doll? Little girls adore you. You would be their favorite toy." Right and what would the other toys at the store say now about my perfect life? All I do all day is sit up on this shelf, collecting dust.

It has been a long time since I have been to a tea party. (looks around the room) It has been such a long time since I have even left this spot. I used to be Sally's favorite toy. I remember the first day I arrived home from Eaton's department store. My box was wrapped in pretty gold paper, with a big green bow on the front. "Oh Mommy, oh Daddy, I love it. I am going to play with her forever and ever and ever and I am going to love her forever and ever and ever."

Where are you now Sally? Are you off with your collection of Barbies or are you watching television? She doesn't even realize how hard it is for me to watch her play with her other toys. I just sit here, hour after hour, day after day, watching. I'm not alone though. Numerous Care Bears have been stuffed in the closet, her Cabbage Patch Kids collection is over in that corner (points to right corner), and we can't forget the Disney Store in the left corner (looks to the other corner). At least I got a shelf.

Please, don't get me wrong, when I first arrived in this nursery, everything was wonderful. That month was the happiest month of my life. Sally would play with me every day. We would have tea parties, we would read books together. (sigh) We did everything together. Sally would take me everywhere. I once got to go to show and tell with her. (pause) I was always there for her. She could tell me anything, and I wouldn't tell the other toys. But, on that cold November day, her Daddy brought home her first Barbie, and our life together was over.

I never even got a name. All of her other dolls have names. I am just referred to as "her" or "dolly". Why didn't she give me a name? Naming a doll is not the hardest thing to do in the world. It only takes a few seconds of thought.

Sally will occasionally stop and talk to me. Just last week she picked me up and brushed my hair. (pause) But I soon returned to my spot. Is this my destiny? I want to have fun again. I want to play again with a person. I want someone to love me. I don't want to spend my life on a shelf, collecting dust. It doesn't look like I have a choice, does it?