

ANNIE. I always wanted to live in a doll's house!

(She sets the suitcase out of the way, and continues; VINEY, at Left, appears to position a rod with drapes for a doorway, and the other SERVANT, at Center, pushes in a wheelbarrow loaded with a couple of boxes of HELEN'S toys and clothes. ANNIE helps lift them into the room, and the SERVANT pushes the wheelbarrow off. In none of this is any heed taken of the imaginary walls of the garden house, the furniture is moved in from every side and itself defines the walls. ANNIE now drags the box of toys into Center, props up the doll conspicuously on top; with the people melted away, except for JAMES, all is again still. The LIGHTS turn again without pause, rising warmer.)

JAMES. You don't let go of things easily, do you? How will you—win her hand now, in this place?

ANNIE. *(Curtly.)* Do I know? I lost my temper, and here we are!

JAMES. *(Lightly.)* No touching, no teaching. Of course, you are bigger—

ANNIE. I'm not counting on force, I'm counting on her. That little imp is dying to know.

JAMES. Know what?

ANNIE. Anything. Any and every crumb in God's creation. I'll have to use that appetite too. *(She gives the room a final survey, straightens the bed, arranges the curtains.)*

JAMES. (*A pause.*) Maybe she'll teach you.

ANNIE. Of course.

JAMES. That she isn't. That there's such a thing as—
dullness of heart. Acceptance. And letting go. Sooner or
later we all give up, don't we?

ANNIE. Maybe you all do. It's my idea of the original
sin.

JAMES. What is?

ANNIE. (*Witheringly.*) Giving up.

JAMES. (*Nettled.*) You won't open her. Why can't you
let her be? Have some—pity on her, for being what
she is—

ANNIE. If I'd ever once thought like that, I'd be dead!

JAMES. (*Pleasantly.*) You will be. Why trouble?
(*ANNIE turns to glare at him; he is mocking.*) Or will
you teach me? (*And with a bow, he drifts off.*)