

PIPPI LONGSTOCKING

The Family Musical

Music and Lyrics by
Sebastian

Adapted for the Stage by
Sebastian

and
Staffan Götestam

Based on the Novel by
Astrid Lindgren

Translated by
Philip Edmonds

A SAMUEL FRENCH ACTING EDITION



New York Hollywood London Toronto

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Sebastian, and Philip Edmonds

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Pippi Longstocking
The Family Musical

Music and Lyrics by
Sebastian

Adapted for the Stage by
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*World Premiere
February 26th, 1999*

at the
Danske Theater
Copenhagen, Denmark

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Cast *(in order of appearance)*

Pippi	<i>Lisbeth Wulff</i>
Pippi's Horse	<i>Martin Ingleby & Niels Søndergaard</i>
School Mistress	<i>Aske Fredskov</i>
Tommy Settergreen	<i>Casper Joel</i>
Annika Settergreen	<i>Mette Frank</i>
Mrs. Prysselius	<i>Anne Lorentzen</i>
Circus Ringmaster	<i>Ole Boisen</i>
Miss Carmencitia	<i>Heidi Búsak</i>
Pajazzo	<i>Martin Ingleby & Niels Søndergaard</i>
Mighty Adolf	<i>Albert Bendix</i>
Bloom	<i>Ole Boisen</i>
Thunder Karlson	<i>Finn Rye</i>
Captain Longstocking	<i>Finn Rye</i>
Constable Cling	<i>Sigurd Emil Roldborg</i>
Constable Clang	<i>Jacob Weble</i>
Mrs. Granberg	<i>Helle Jensen</i>
Marianne Settergreen	<i>Aske Fredskov</i>

Directed by Staffan Götestam

SONGS

Act I

Call Me Pippi!
The Goody Goodies' Song
The Strongest Girl in the World
Bloom and Thunder Karlson
Pippi's Lullaby
Winds of Love
Cling and Clang

Act II

Best Behavior
Pippi, Come Home with Me
The Stuff-Snuffer Song
The Pirate Song
Tommy's Goodbye Song
Finale: Call Me Pippi Reprise
Encore: The Strongest Girl in the World

CHARACTERS

PIPPI: A red-haired, magically strong, self-reliant, inventive and irreverent girl (age 9 - 10)

PIPPI'S HORSE

SCHOOL MISTRESS

TOMMY SETTERGREEN: The well-brought-up boy who lives next door (aged 10)

ANNIKA SETTERGREEN: His prettily dressed, timid and obedient sister (just turned 9 years old)

MRS. PRYSSELIUS: A welfare officer

CIRCUS RINGMASTER

MISS CARMENCITA: A circus princess

PAJAZZO: A circus horse

MIGHTY ADOLF: The strongest man in the world

BLOOM: A shabby, vagrant thief

THUNDER KARLSON: His partner in crime

CAPTAIN EPHRAIM LONGSTOCKING: Pippi's father

CONSTABLE CLING

CONSTABLE CLANG

MRS. GRANBERG: An affected and snobbish lady

MARIANNE SETTERGREEN: Tommy and Annika's mother

School children, circus hands, artists, clowns, spectators, a maid, a third tea party guest, pirates, landlubbers and an offstage choir

ACT 1

Scene 1: Outside Villekulla Cottage

Scene 2: At the Circus

Scene 3: Outside and Inside Villekulla Cottage, Later the Same Day

Scene 4: Outside Villekulla Cottage

ACT II

Scene 1: Pippi Starts School

Scene 2: Outside Villekulla Cottage, Later the Same Day

Scene 3: The Tea Party at the Settergreens'

Scene 4: Outside Villekulla Cottage

Scene 5: The Good Ship Hoptoad in the Harbor

Scene 6: Outside Villekulla Cottage

ACT I

Scene 1 *Outside Villekulla Cottage*

(A unit set depicting the front of PIPPI's suitably dilapidated cottage. Above the front door is a sign which reads "Villekulla Cottage." Large windows stage left and right of the door provide lookout posts for PIPPI's MONKEY and HORSE. There is easy access to the roof. Stage right of the front door is a barrel and stage left there is a corn bin under the window. Stage right, a swing hangs from an unseen tree. Downstage of the house is PIPPI's front garden. And old windup gramophone is lying on the ground downstage right.)

PIPPI enters singing. She has carrot-colored hair, with two stiff pigtailed standing straight out from her head. She has freckles, a pug nose and a large smile with healthy white teeth. Her dress is blue with little red patches and she wears long stockings, one brown and one black. Her black shoes are twice as long as her feet.)

SONG NO. 1: CALL ME PIPPI!

PIPPI.

MY FATHER HE'S A PIRATE KING
MY MOTHER SHE'S IN HEAVEN
THE MONKEY IN OUR FAMILY
HIS NAME IS MISTER NELSON

MY UNCLE HE'S A CIRCUS CLOWN
MY COUSIN'S JUST TOO LAZY
MY AUNTIE'S IN AMERICA
THEY CALL HER CRAZY DAISY
AND ME MYSELF AND ME
PIPPI LONGSTOCKING THAT'S ME

PIPPI-LOTTA
PANTRY-CLEANER
PEPPER-MINTA
GABER-DINA
PIRATE'S DAUGHTER
PIP-PI-LOTTA
LONG STOCK-ING

BUT THAT IS MUCH TOO
LONG A NAME FOR ME
THE ONLY NAME MY
FRIENDS THEY LIKE TO
CALL ME BY IS
PI-PIIII!

MY GRANDMA SHE'S AN INDIAN SQUAW
MY GRANDDAD HE'S A DRAPER
HIS SISTERS KEEP AN ELEPHANT
TO FETCH HER MORNING PAPER

I PAINT THE FRECKLES ON MY FACE
AND COUNT UP ALL MY MONEY
I LIKE TO SEE HOW FAST IT GOES
I THINK IT'S JUST SO FUNNY

ONE, TWO AND FIVE MAKES THREE
PIPPI LONGSTOCKING THAT'S ME.
PIPPI-LOTTA
PANTRY-CLEANER
PEPPER-MINTA
GABER-DINA
PIRATE'S DAUGHTER
PIP-PI-LOTTA
LONG STOCK-ING

BUT THAT IS MUCH TOO
LONG A NAME FOR ME
THE ONLY NAME MY
FRIENDS THEY LIKE TO
CALL ME BY IS
PI-PIIII!

MY PARTIES THEY ARE ALWAYS NICE
MY GUEST DECLINE THEM NEVER
FOR HORSE AND MONKEY, FLIES AND LICE
THEY'RE ALL MY FRIENDS FOREVER

ICE CREAM IS NICE WITH CASTOR OIL
AND CABBAGE WITH VANILLA
AND THEN WE JUMP FROM SHELF TO SHELF
TEN TIMES AROUND MY VILLA

THAT'S ME YOU ALL KNOW ME
PIPPY LONGSTOCKING THAT'S ME!
PIPPY-LOTTA
PANTRY-CLEANER
PEPPER-MINTA
GABER-DINA
PIRATE'S DAUGHTER
PIP-PI-LOTTA
LONG STOCK-ING

BUT THAT IS MUCH TOO
LONG A NAME FOR ME!
THE ONLY NAME MY
FRIENDS THEY LIKE TO
CALL ME BY IS
PI-PIIII!

(PIPPY dismounts from her HORSE — actually two actors in costume. Her monkey, MR. NELSON, looks at her from a downstairs window. The monkey is a glove puppet.)

PIPPY. *(Addressing her HORSE.)* So this is where you're going to live. *(With the help of wires or similar theatrical machinery, PIPPI lifts her HORSE up high over her shoulders and then puts it down on the verandah. It disappears into the house.)* But you must stay in the kitchen, because I want the bedroom all to myself. And Mr. Nelson, my little monkey, you've been so naughty that you must stay indoors all day as a punishment. *(She closes the window just as MR. NELSON is about to jump out.)* I wonder if anybody else lives in the neighborhood? I think I'll climb onto the roof and have a look.

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(She climbs onto the roof. SCHOOL CHILDREN enter running and playing. The SCHOOL MISTRESS tries to call them to order.)

SCHOOL MISTRESS. Children! We're on an outing. So be on your very best behavior today. *(The SCHOOL CHILDREN line up in front of her.)* Let's practice the song we're going to sing for our parents on Friday. *(She produces a tuning fork, which she strikes to get the right note.)* Hum hum humm

PIPPI. *(Imitating her, but only visible to the audience.)* Hum hum humm

SCHOOL MISTRESS. Be quiet, Maria!

FIRST SCHOOL CHILD. I didn't say anything.

SCHOOL MISTRESS. Just be quiet. Hum ... humm

PIPPI. Hum ... humm

SONG NO. 2: THE GOODY GOODIES' SONG

THE SCHOOL CHILDREN

A1

WE ARE ALL SO WELL BROUGHT UP
WELL DRESSED LADS AND LASSES
WELL WASHED HAIR AND NO MAKE-UP
NEVER LATE FOR CLASSES

B1

HAPPILY WE ALL MARCH OFF TO SCHOOL
BOM-MA-LOM
HEAT WAVE, RAIN OR DROUGHT WE STILL LOOK COOL
BOM-MA-LOM

CHORUS 1

FIRST SCHOOL CHILD. *(Lisping.)*

MISS! PLEASE MISS!

MISS! PLEASE MISS!

I CAN SPELL "INSIPIDNESS"

SECOND SCHOOL CHILD.

I CAN COUNT TO SIXTY-THREE

PLEASE MISS, COME AND SEE

A2

THE SCHOOL CHILDREN.

"MORNING, MISS," WE ALWAYS SAY
STANDING AT ATTENTION
NEVER WASTE OUR TIME ON PLAY
NEVER GET DETENTION

B2

ALWAYS WAIT OUR TURN AND ALWAYS
HOLD UP OUR HAND
NEVER TELL OUR TEACHER WHEN WE
DON'T UNDERSTAND

CHORUS 2

MISS! PLEASE MISS!

MISS! PLEASE MISS!

THIRD SCHOOL CHILD.

I CAN SPELL "OBSEQUIOUSNESS"!

FOURTH SCHOOL CHILD.

I CAN COUNT TO NINETY-THREE

ALL THE CHILDREN.

PLEASE MISS, COME AND SEE

SCHOOL MISTRESS.

A3

NOW WE'RE AT A DECENT SCHOOL
WHERE WE'RE PRIM AND PROPER
NEVER EVER BREAK A RULE
NEVER TELL A WHOPPER

A4

TEACHER KNOWS WHAT'S RIGHT AND WRONG
ALWAYS AND FOREVER
PLAY DEAD DONKEY ALL DAY LONG
THEN YOU'LL SOON BE CLEVER

B3

ALWAYS STAND UP STRAIGHT FOR WHAT IS RIGHT
BOM-MA-LOM!

SCHOOL CHILDREN.

MARCH IN STEP WITH CHEERFUL FACES BRIGHT

BOM-MA-LOM!

CHORUS 3

MISS! PLEASE MISS!

MISS! PLEASE MISS!

WE'VE ALL HAD ENOUGH OF THIS

CAN'T YOU HEAR THEY'VE RUNG THE BELL?

PLEASE, MISS, THERE'S THE BELL!

Hurrah!

(All exit except TOMMY and ANNIKA. PIPPI's HORSE peeps out of the cottage and whinnies happily.)

TOMMY. Wait Annika. I just saw a horse in that deserted cottage.

ANNIKA. A horse! How could it get in there?

PIPPI. *(From the roof.)* I carried it in there.

TOMMY. What did you say?

ANNIKA. I didn't say anything.

TOMMY. Yes, you did.

PIPPI. I heard it too.

ANNIKA. *(Catching sight of the sign above the door.)* What's this sign? "VILLEKULLA COTTAGE"?

TOMMY. Maybe somebody's moved in there.

ANNIKA. Maybe they've got children we can play with.

TOMMY. But why is there a horse in the kitchen?

PIPPI. Because the hall is very small and he doesn't like the living room.

(TOMMY and ANNIKA are amazed to see PIPPI on the roof.)

TOMMY. But horses normally live in stables.

PIPPI. Normally? Normally? And where do you "normally" live?

TOMMY. Normally ... we live right next door.

PIPPI. Who's "we"?

TOMMY. Annika and I.

PIPPI. "Annika and I." What's your name, then?

TOMMY. Tommy.

PIPPI. Tommy and Annika, oh, we're going to have such fun together.

ANNIKA. *(Fascinated.)* Yes, I think we are.

TOMMY. So what's your name?

(PIPPI does an acrobatic balancing act as she descends the ladder.)

PIPPI. Pippilotta ... Pantry-cleaner ... Pepperminta ... Gaberdina ... Ephraim's Daughter ... Longstocking.

ANNIKA. Wow! That's a very long name.

PIPPI. D'you think so? Well then, you can just call me Pippi.

(MR. NELSON opens the window and peeps out.)

TOMMY. Hey! What's that?

PIPPI. That's Mr. Nelson.

TOMMY. Mr. Nelson?

PIPPI. He's my little monkey. But he's been naughty, so he's got to stay in today.

ANNIKA. Oh, you're so lucky to have a monkey.

PIPPI. Yes, but you can never be sure where he is. In Shanghai he once ran away from me and ended up working as a cook for an old widow.

TOMMY. He did what?

PIPPI. The old widow really became so fond of him. Actually, Mr. Nelson's very good at making homemade meatballs.

ANNIKA. Now you're lying!

PIPPI. Am I? Alright, yes, I am!

ANNIKA. It's not nice to tell lies.

PIPPI. I know but I keep on forgetting that. I start to tell stories and they run away with me.

ANNIKA. Well, I don't think you should tell any more lies.

PIPPI. You're right. But did you know that in Brazil no one ever tells the truth? They tell lies all day long!

ANNIKA. Do they?

PIPPI. Yes! They start at seven o'clock in the morning and go on and on until the sun goes down.

TOMMY. That's not true.

PIPPI. Oh, yes it is. Can't we still be good friends even though I tell a fib once in a while?

TOMMY. Yes, sure we can.

ANNIKA. I'm so glad you moved here.

TOMMY. Shouldn't we go in and say hello to your father and mother?

PIPPI. Well, actually, that's not such a great idea.

TOMMY. Why not?

PIPPI. Well, because my mum's an angel up in heaven and my dad's a pirate or at least he was a pirate. I don't quite know what he's doing now.

TOMMY. But, but does that mean you're living here all by yourself?

PIPPI. Well, my horse and Mr. Nelson live here too.

ANNIKA. Yes, but isn't there anybody who looks after you?

PIPPI. I look after myself. Great, isn't it?

ANNIKA. Who tells you when to go to bed at night and that sort of thing?

PIPPI. I do. The first time I say it, I say it in a friendly sort of way. "Well, little Pippi, off you go to bed." And then, if I don't listen, I say it again more sharply, "Pippi, didn't you hear what I said? Off you go to bed." And then, if I still don't listen, I get really angry with myself, "You wretched little brat, will you go to bed at once!" Then I do! Afterwards I sleep like a pig. *(Pretending to fall asleep, she makes terrible snoring noises.)* Until I wake up again.

TOMMY. You're crazy, Pippi!

ANNIKA. But it must be really sad for you not having a mother or a father.

PIPPI. But I do have a mother and father! My mum's sitting up in heaven keeping an eye on me through a little hole in the sky. *(She waves "to her mum.")* Hi, Mum! don't worry. I can take care of everything down here.

TOMMY. And what did you say your father does?

PIPPI. He's a pirate.

TOMMY. Now you're lying again.

PIPPI. No I'm not! I grew up on the pirate ship Hoptoad. So, I should know if he's a pirate or not.

(PIPPI takes out a black patch and places it over her eye.)

TOMMY. Okay, but you don't know where he is now?

PIPPI. No, 'cause this terrible storm blew up in the Caribbean and I can tell you it really was quite a storm. Even the sharks around us in the sea got seasick and wanted to go ashore. And then there was this enormous wave. SLOSHHH! It washed my dad overboard. I haven't seen him since.

ANNIKA. Well, then he must have drowned.

PIPPI. I don't think so. A big, strong pirate like my dad doesn't drown that easily. He's probably stranded on some island somewhere.

TOMMY. Do you really believe that?

PIPPI. Yep!

TOMMY. But what if a shark ate your father?

PIPPI. Yeah, well what if my dad ate the shark? And now he's sitting on some beach burping and hiccupping and picking his teeth, and then ... and then, the good ship Hoptoad comes along and rescues him. Anyway, he's coming back to fetch me soon.

ANNIKA. I think he really drowned.

PIPPI. *(Suddenly very upset.)* Don't say that!

ANNIKA. I'm sorry. Do you miss him very much?

PIPPI. Yes, at night, when I go to bed.

TOMMY. Poor Pippi. I'm sorry.

PIPPI. Ah, come on. Don't worry about it too much. He'll be back sooner or later.

TOMMY. Let's hope so.

ANNIKA. *(Suddenly putting her hand up to her mouth.)* Tommy! We're late! We were supposed to go straight home for tea.

TOMMY. Oh gosh, yes. We'll come back again, if you like?

PIPPI. Of course you will. *(Shouting goodbyes, TOMMY and ANNIKA exit happily. But now PIPPI seems a bit sad. She sits down on the ground below the window where MR. NELSON is peeping out.)* I told them you make wonderful meatballs, Mr. Nelson, and they didn't believe me. And they think my dad's drowned. Silly boy, silly girl. What do you think, Mr. Nelson? Ah, Mr. Nelson, you're much to sentimental. Pull yourself together. Lots of children don't have a father but they don't sit around crying all day. No they don't. I think it's time for my daily dance!

(PIPPI crosses to the gramophone and kicks it.)

MUSIC UNDERSCORE: *PIPPI, COME ON HOME WITH ME!*
sounding like an old scratched gramophone record.

PIPPI starts to dance in a lively fashion. The HORSE comes out of the house and dances with her. In the middle of the dance, MRS. PRYSSELIUS suddenly makes her appearance.)

MRS. PRYSSELIUS. *(Speaking loudly above the music.)* Excuse me! I'd like to have a word with you.

PIPPI. *(Continuing her dance.)* I'm listening.

MRS. PRYSSELIUS. *(Louder.)* My name is Mrs. Pryss....

(MRS. PRYSSELIUS stops, distracted by the loud music and PIPPI's dancing.)

PIPPI. Hello, Mrs. Priss!

MRS. PRYSSELIUS. *(Shouting at the top of her lungs.)* MY NAMES IS MRS. PRYSSELIUS.

(PIPPI turns off the gramophone.)

PIPPI. *(Con conversationally, no longer shouting.)* You don't need to shout like that, Mrs. Prissy Prissy Prue.

MRS. PRYSSELIUS. Mrs. PryssELIUS.

PIPPI. Well, of course you can call yourself whatever you like. But, if you don't mind, I'm actually rather busy at the moment.

(PIPPI is about to start the gramophone again.)

MRS. PRYSSELIUS. You're not starting that again.

PIPPI. Why not?

MRS. PRYSSELIUS. I'm from the Social Welfare Office and

PIPPI. The Shhwelfer Office?

MRS. PRYSSELIUS. Yes.

PIPPI. That sounds ... boring. Well, poor you. Would you like a piece of candy?

(PIPPI takes out a bag of candy.)

MRS. PRYSSELIUS. No, thank you.

(PIPPI takes one for herself.)

PIPPI. Too bad. They've got delicious soft centers.

MRS. PRYSSELIUS. What is your name?

PIPPI. What is my name? Ah! Stand by! *(She starts to run very fast around MRS. PRYSSELIUS, who becomes quite dizzy as PIPPI recites her name.)* Pippilotta Pantry-cleaner Pepperminta Gaberdina Ephraim's Daughter Longstocking! But don't worry. My friends just call me Pippi.

MR. PRYSSELIUS. *(Trying to regain her composure and to be "nice.")* Well, that's very nice to know.

PIPPI. And what can I do for you?

MRS. PRYSSELIUS. Yes, well, you see, we've been hearing rumors that you're living in this house all by yourself?

PIPPI. Oh, no! Mr. Nelson lives here too.

MRS. PRYSSELIUS. And who, may I ask, is Mr. Nelson?

PIPPI. He's my monkey!

MRS. PRYSSELIUS. *(Thinking she's lying.)* Your monkey?

PIPPI. Yes. But today I've locked him in because he's been rather naughty. *(PIPPI quickly slips into the house, calling out to MR. NELSON.)* Mr. Nelson! Are you getting very bored in here yet?

MRS. PRYSSELIUS. Perhaps I could be allowed to introduce myself to this "Mr. Nelson"?

PIPPI. Please do. He'll be so pleased to meet you.

(Preparing herself to be polite, MRS. PRYSSELIUS makes a move toward the front door. She is met by PIPPI on her way out with MR. NELSON on her hand. MRS. PRYSSELIUS screams when she discovers that, after all, he really is a monkey.)

MRS. PRYSSELIUS. Aieeee! You know, you need a special permit to keep monkeys as pets.

PIPPI. Not for Mr. Nelson. He permits anything and everything.

MRS. PRYSSELIUS. I don't think you quite understand.

PIPPI. What don't I quite understand?

MRS. PRYSSELIUS. That children are not allowed to live alone with *(Backing away from the monkey as she speaks, she falls over the gramophone.)* ... monkeys! *(She kicks the lid of the gramophone shut in disgust.)* You'll have to be sent to an orphanage.

PIPPI. What's that?

MRS. PRYSSELIUS. Well, it's a sort of proper home for children.

PIPPI. A children's home?

MRS. PRYSSELIUS. Well, you could call it that, yes.

PIPPI. But I'm already in a children's home.

MRS. PRYSSELIUS. Are you? Which one?

PIPPI. Here. I'm a child and this is my home. So, I'm in a children's home. And I've got lots more room. Enough for the whole shhwelfer office, if you like.

(PIPPI slips back into the house to return MR. NELSON.)

MRS. PRYSSELIUS. I've never heard anything like this. I suppose you don't go to school either?

PIPPY. *(From inside the house.)* Nope. Aren't I lucky!

MRS. PRYSSELIUS. But you have to.

PIPPY. *(Still indoors.)* Why?

MRS. PRYSSELIUS. Because you have a lot of things to learn.

PIPPY. *(Still indoors.)* What sort of things?

MRS. PRYSSELIUS. All sorts of things which are good for you to know.

PIPPY. *(Still indoors.)* Like what for example?

MRS. PRYSSELIUS. Well, I don't know. *(She tries to enter the house looking for PIPPI, but is met at the doorway by PIPPI's HORSE. The HORSE pokes his nose out at MRS. PRYSSELIUS, whinnying loudly in a frightening way. She backs up hastily.)* Ahhh! A horse! In the house! *(She makes a quick note of it in her notebook, then resumes her conversation with PIPPI.)* Well, Pippi, multiplication tables for example.

PIPPY. *(Reappearing on the balcony above the door.)* D'you know what?

MRS. PRYSSELIUS. No?

PIPPY. I get by very well without any pluttification tables.

MRS. PRYSSELIUS. My dear little child, you can't grow up without learning anything at all. Just think what'll happen when you're a grown-up and people ask you lots of questions which you can't answer.

PIPPY. Yes, that would be terrible.

MRS. PRYSSELIUS. Let's just take one example. Suppose someone asked you what the capital of Portugal was. You wouldn't know the answer, would you?

PIPPY. *(Climbing down from the balcony.)* Of course I would. I'd just say, "If you really want to know what the capital of Portugal is, then just write a letter to Portugal and ask them." *(Once down on the ground, PIPPI begins to dance around again.)* Anyway, I've been to Lisbon with my dad.

MRS. PRYSSELIUS. I don't think there's any point in going on talking to you like this.

PIPPY. No, there doesn't seem to be much point in it, does there? So let's dance together instead!

(MUSIC UNDERSCORE: PIPPI, COME ON HOME WITH ME! sounding like an old scratched gramophone record.)

PIPPY manages to lure the confused MRS. PRYSSELIUS into a wild dance. PIPPI's HORSE exits the house and joins in, much to

MRS. PRYSSELIUS's even greater confusion and horror. At the end of the dance she collapses, exhausted, in a heap. PIPPI props her up again and brings her around with some "artificial respiration." No longer knowing where she is, MRS. PRYSSELIUS puts her hat on backwards, grabs her handbag and staggers off the stage.)

PIPPI. Bye, bye, Prissy Prissy Prue! It was nice of you to come and visit us! *(To her HORSE.)* Hey, you old thing. You seem to get by alright and you don't know anything at all about pluttification. But that shhwelfer office doesn't ever seem to be able to get it off their mind. Well, you'd better go back in again. I've got to get things cleaned up out here.

(PIPPI's HORSE goes back into the house. PIPPI picks up the gramophone as TOMMY and ANNIKA come rushing in.)

TOMMY. Hey, Pippi, there's a circus in town! All the kids from our class are going and we're going too. My mother just gave us the money.

PIPPI. A Sir-Kiss? What's that? Does it hurt?

(PIPPI moves to TOMMY, framing her lips to kiss him, but looking back at ANNIKA to see if she's doing it right.)

ANNIKA. *(Shaking her head and laughing.)* A circus! It's so much fun. With clowns and big, strong men who lift all sorts of heavy weights and girls who can walk on tightropes.

TOMMY. Have you got any money?

PIPPI. Yes, I think I do.

(PIPPI quickly fetches an old leather handbag from the house. TOMMY and ANNIKA peep into it over her shoulder.)

TOMMY. Gosh. Why do you have so much money?

PIPPI. If your dad's a pirate, you always have lots of money.

ANNIKA. These coins look like gold! Are they real?

PIPPI. Of course! Pirates never spend anything but real gold coins. *(She gives them each one.)* There's one for you and one for you.

TOMMY and ANNIKA. Wow! Thank you very much, Pippi.

PIPPI. I can buy a whole Sir-Kiss if I want to.

ANNIKA. No, you don't buy a circus. But it does cost money to go and see it.

PIPPY. Does it really cost money just to go and see things? That's funny, but I've been seeing everything for free. (*TOMMY and ANNIKA laugh.*) Oh well, whatever it costs let's go and see those clowns in the Sir-Kiss.

(MUSICAL UNDERSCORE: *THE GOODIES' SONG* starting with the chorus, sounding like a circus band.)

Scene 2 *At the Circus*

(*The scene changes to a circus ring. A backcloth conceals the façade of PIPPI's house, representing the entrance to the circus ring. Clowns and jugglers are entertaining the audience. A small band is playing on stage. Circus staff stand at the back of the ring. TOMMY, ANNIKA and PIPPI push their way to ringside. The RINGMASTER appears. He speaks with a stereotypical "foreign" circus accent.*)

RINGMASTER. Lyedies and chandlemen! I musd ask you to give me ze gerreat honour. Hahahaha! I mean DO me ze gerreat honour. To pay me ze gerreatest possible addention! It is a gerreat honour for me to presend to you, vurry honourable specdadors, ze rremarkable Miss Carmencida, who is now going to perform her world fyemous acrobadic trick on ze back of her vilde horse, Pajazzo!

(MUSIC UNDERSCORE: *THE STUFF-SNUFFER SONG*. Cheers and applause. MISS CARMENCITA makes her appearance on her white horse. She rides around elegantly doing balancing tricks on the back of the horse.)

RINGMASTER. Ze world fyemous Miss Carmencida wiz Pajazzo! And now, as ze only vun in the whole world, Miss Carmencida vill perform zis vurry, vurry, vurry difficult acrobadic trick!

PIPPY. Oh, that's nothing. My horse and I, we do that every day.

ANNIKA. I don't believe that.

PIPPY. Alright, I'll show you.

(Before TOMMY and ANNIKA can stop her, PIPPI has jumped up onto the horse behind MISS CARMENCITA, who soon tumbles off. The RINGMASTER immediately becomes very angry, but is unable to stop PIPPI from giving an impressive equestrian display.)

MUSIC UNDERSCORE: *THE STUFF-SNUFFER SONG*)

RINGMASTER. Gid away, you sjudid liddle girl! Gid down off Pajazzo!

PIPPY. Hold your horses. Why should Miss Carmencita have all the fun? I paid for my ticket.

MISS CARMENCITA. Get off that horse at once! Can't you see that this is my number?

PIPPY. Oh, can't we be the best of friends and share it?

MISS CARMENCITA. I'm no friend of yours.

PIPPY. *(Dismounting.)* Oh, you're so ungrateful. I was only trying to help.

MISS CARMENCITA. Get her away from me.

PIPPY. Why? I'm not going to charge extra if they want to look at me!

(MISS CARMENCITA remounts and struggles wildly to remain on the horse as PIPPI begins to play acrobatically with her and her horse. PIPPI swings the horse around by its tail and the audience roars with laughter. The RINGMASTER virtually collapses. Two of the CIRCUS STAFF try to catch PIPPI, but end up being chased around the ring, tumbling over each other. Finally, they end up holding PIPPI tightly.)

RINGMASTER. Pud her back in her seat!

PIPPY. Do you really want to put me in my seat? Right here is fine for me!

(PIPPY remains standing, resisting their attempts to move her out of the ring.)

RINGMASTER. Vill you go straitte bagk to your place at vunce!

PIPPY. Well, if I do it'll be for your sake. So you won't get even

more red in the face.

(The RINGMASTER regains his composure and introduces the next number.)

RINGMASTER. And now, lyedies and chandlemen.

PIPPY. And girls and boys and

ANNIKA. Pippi, shh!

PIPPY. Why shouldn't I say anything?

RINGMASTER. Ze highlite of ze evening! May I introduce to you ze zdrongest man in ze vorld, ze Mighdy Adolf!

(The MIGHTY ADOLF makes his entrance amid fanfare and drum rolls. He demonstrates examples of his strength. CIRCUS GIRLS roll an enormous dumbbell onto the stage behind the RINGMASTER and are unable to stop it as it knocks him flat and rolls him over. ADOLF stops it and, with considerable effort, finally manages to lift it up into the air above his head.)

RINGMASTER. And now, all you chandlemen! Zis iz ze chance uf your lifedimes! Is zere unnybody here who dares do dry zeir zdrenth aginest ze Mighdy Adolf? *(Some mumbling is heard.)* Chandlemen!

PIPPY. Why does he keep on talking about "chandlemen"? Can't girls do it too?

RINGMASTER. Ve havf alruddy zeen enuvph uv for to-dye!

PIPPY. Oh, can't I just have one try?

RINGMASTER. You staye vere you are, you brrat!

PIPPY. Oooh! I think he's upset.

RINGMASTER. No, chandlemen, vich of you dares to tike up zis challenge? Zere iz an enormuz prise for unnyone among you who can wrestle ze Mighdy Adolf to ze floor. Unnybody sdronger zan ze Mighdy Adolf vill vin VUN ZOUSAND POUNDS! Just come on down! *(Several MEN come onto the stage and are easily thrown to the ground by the MIGHTY ADOLF.)* Iz zere unnybody else who dares? Come! Come! *(PIPPY saunters coolly up to the MIGHTY ADOLF.)* You horrible brrat! Now you go

MIGHTY ADOLF. *(Winking at the RINGMASTER.)* Just let her have a try.

CIRCUS AUDIENCE. Bravo. Go on, show him who's the strongest!

(Audience ad libs continue. The MIGHTY ADOLF patronizingly laughs at PIPPI as the fight starts with drum rolls and cymbal clashes.)

PIPPI. Come on then, Adolf! *(The fight is an uncomfortable experience for ADOLF. His nose is tweaked, his ears are pulled and he's thrown around all over the place. Finally, PIPPI stands triumphantly on top of him.)* You've had enough, my little sweetie pie?

RINGMASTER. *(Trying to save face.)* Ha ha ha. Ze Mighdy Adolf iz juat playing gimes viz zis liddle girl!

PIPPI. Do you really think so? Then you haven't seen the real highlight of the evening yet, have you?

(PIPPI goes over to MIGHTY ADOLF, spits on her hands, claps them onto his body and lifts him — with the help of wires or some other theatrical machinery — up high in the air. Tumultuous applause ensues, but the RINGMASTER still tries to save the situation.)

RINGMASTER. No, no, no, lyedies and chandlemen, please! Ze Mighdy Adolf just loves to haf fun viz liddle girls! He

A MEMBER OF THE AUDIENCE. He's not playing games. She's the one who's had fun with him. Give her the money!

OTHER AUDIENCE MEMBERS. Yeah! Give her the money!

(Audience ad libs continue.)

RINGMASTER. Bod you most onderstand, no liddle girl can really beat ze Mighdy Adolf.

MEMBERS OF THE AUDIENCE. Yes she did! We saw her do it! Boo! Give her the money!

(Audience ad libs. BLOOM comes down onto the stage and stands beside PIPPI trying, very successfully, to whip up the audience's discontent.)

BLOOM. Yeah! Boo! Give 'er the money!

(Finally and very reluctantly, the RINGMASTER produces a large bank note and holds it out to PIPPI.)

RINGMASTER. Here. Take it.

(PIPPI refuses to take it, but takes some gold coins out of her pocket instead and offers them to him.)

PIPPI. Keep your piece of paper and give the Mighty Adolf some real money instead. He looks as though he might need a pick-me-up or something to help him get his strength back.

RINGMASTER. I don't want your toy money!

(The RINGMASTER exits with a few last remnants of dignity. He kicks the crawling ADOLF off in front of him.)

PIPPI. Toy money? Ha. That's what he thinks.

(PIPPI throws the handful of gold coins up into the air. BLOOM catches a coin and picks up a few more. He returns to his place in the audience, commenting loudly on the money.)

BLOOM. Yeah! It's real enough!

(TOMMY and ANNIKA have joined PIPPI on the stage.)

TOMMY. Pippi, I can't believe you really beat the Strongest Man in the World!

PIPPI. Well, it sure looks like I did, don't it?

ANNIKA. Then you must be the Strongest Girl in the world!

PIPPI. You bet I am!

SONG NO. 3: THE STRONGEST GIRL IN THE WORLD

PIPPI.

A1

IF SOME CRAZY GUY
WANTS TO FIGHT WITH ME
LET HIM DARE
IF SOME SILLY BEE
WANTS TO MESS WITH ME
JUST TAKE CARE

B1

IF I WERE HE

I'D TURN AND FLEE
PRETTY FAR FROM HERE
FOR THOUGH I CAME
UP TO HIS KNEE
HE CAN'T BE HALF AS
STRONG AS ME

CHORUS 1 + 2 + 3
THERE IS NO ONE STRONGER, NO
NO ONE STRONGER THAN ME.

CHOIR.
SUPER-DUPER GIRL
SUPER-DUPER SUPER GIRL

PIPPY.
NO ONE STRONGER, NO
NO ONE STRONGER THAN ME

CHOIR.
NO, THERE'S
NO ONE STRONGER, NO
NO ONE STRONGER THAN SHE

SUPER-DUPER GIRL
SUPER-DUPER SUPER GIRL

NO ONE STRONGER THAN, NO
NO ONE STRONGER THAN SHE

A2

PIPPY.
I CAN CARRY A HORSE
I CAN TOSS A BULL
SO TAKE CARE
I CAN BEAT UP A GANG
TAKE ON CLING AND CLANG
SO TAKE CARE

B2
IF I WERE THEY

I WOULDN'T STAY
I JUST WOULDN'T DARE
THERE'S TWO OF THEM
AND I'M A SHE
BUT LET THEM TRY
AND CONQUER ME

YEAH, CLING AND CLANG
YEAH, CLING AND CLANG

B3 *(There is no A3.)*
IF I WERE YOU
YOU BET IT'S TRUE
I WOULD WET MY PANTS
"LET US GO FREE
JUST LET IT BE"
CAUSE ME, THERE'S NONE
AS STRONG AS ME
LOOK OUT, TAKE CARE
LOOK OUT, TAKE CARE

(PIPPY, TOMMY and ANNIKA are joined by the entire company of CIRCUS ARTISTS in a lively choreography. The song ends with a blackout.)

Scene 3
Outside and Inside Villekulla Cottage
Later the Same Night

(In the moonlight darkness we see a torch being flashed around as two thieves, BLOOM and THUNDER KARLSON, make their way onto the stage.)

SONG NO. 4: BLOOM AND THUNDER KARLSON

(The lyrics of this duet may be divided among the actors.)

BLOOM and THUNDER KARLSON.

A1

WHEN WE VISIT YOU AT MIDNIGHT
WE COME CREEPING THROUGH THE MOONLIGHT
LIKE A CAT? JUST LIKE THAT
WE WANT EV'RYTHING YOU'VE GOT TO STEAL IN YOUR
FLAT

WE ALWAYS GET IN
OH, GOD IN HEAV'N

AND THEN WE PINCH A THING OR TWO
AND SOMETIMES WHEN WE'RE UNUSUALLY BOLD
WE'LL TAKE A BEER, MISTER BLOOM?
AND HALF A SNAPS FOR THUNDER KARLSON

B1

WE ALWAYS TRY NOT TO WAKE A SOUL
YOU WOULDN'T NOTICE IT IF WE STOLE
WHILE YOU'RE SLEEPING
WE ALWAYS EXERCISE SELF-CONTROL
WHEN YOU'RE SNORING

A2

FOLKS ARE WILD ABOUT ALARM BELLS
OUR EARS THEY SOUND LIKE BOMBSHELLS
MAKE US SAD, ALMOST MAD
AND TOO OFTEN WE CAN END UP ON SOME PRISON PAD

TURN OUT THE LIGHT
AND IN THE NIGHT

WE FIND IT
DIFFICULT TO PINCH THINGS 'CAUSE WE'RE
SHAKING ALL OVER WITH FRIGHT
SO STRIKE A MATCH, MISTER BLOOM
AND BREW SOME TEA FOR THUNDER KARLSON

B2

WE ALWAYS TRY NOT TO SPOIL A DREAM
WHEN WE FALL OVER, WE DON'T BLASPHEME

WHILE YOU'RE SLEEPING
EVEN THOUGH SOMETIMES WE WANT TO SCREAM
WHEN YOU'RE SNORING

A3

FOLKS HAVE DOGS WHO NEVER DIET
BUT WHILE EATING US THEY'RE QUIET
OW, THAT HURT. DROP MY SHIRT
MUST YOU ALWAYS CHEW OUR BUMS LIKE THAT FOR
YOUR DESSERT?

WHY ALL THIS PAIN?
OVER AGAIN?

OH GOD THE R.S.P.C.A. ARE REALLY
SO VERY CLEARLY TO BLAME
SAFETY PIN? MISTER BLOOM?
THE RED CROSS FOR THUNDER KARLSON

B3

WHAT IF YOU CAME UPON ALL THAT GOLD
NUGGETS AND COINS AND WEALTH UNTOLD
WHILE SHE'S SLEEPING?
WOULDN'T IT MAKE YOU A LITTLE BOLD
WHEN SHE'S SNORING

(The two THIEVES with the torchlight in the moonlight are creeping around in PIPPI's garden. When they finally break into her house the lights are dimmed on the house and brought up down center on PIPPI's bed. At the foot of her bed is a little cot with MR. NELSON in it. The only other furniture on the stage is a freestanding doorframe stage left, which may be sufficient to suggest the door to PIPPI's bedroom.

As the lights come up we can see and hear that PIPPI is sitting up in bed with her bag, busily counting her gold coins. At the window behind her we can just make out the outline of the two THIEVES' heads peeping in at her. As she counts, they disappear and reappear out of the darkness to "knock" on her bedroom door.)

PIPPY. Seventy-six, seventy-seven, seventy-eight, seventy-ten,

seventy-eleven, seventy-twelve, seventy-fifteen, seventy-seventeen, ninety-four, ninety-four, ninety-four. (*She clears her throat.*) Oh, I'm so ninety-fours. I mean I'm so hoarse. All those numbers get stuck in my throat. (*Hearing the THIEVES knock.*) Come in or not, whatever you like.

BLOOM. Good evening.

THUNDER KARLSON. Good evening.

PIPPI. Good evening and good evening.

BLOOM. (*Looking around cautiously.*) Are your mum and dad at home?

PIPPI. No, they're not here now.

THUNDER KARLSON. Wonderful, wonderful! (*He gets a sharp nudge from BLOOM, who after all, is the smarter of the two.*) I mean, er ... there's really nothing so wonderful about that, is there?

PIPPI. No.

BLOOM. You er ... you're at home all by yourself, are you?

PIPPI. No, no. Mr. Nelson is home with me.

THUNDER KARLSON. And er ... Mrs. Nelson?

PIPPI. There isn't any Mrs. Nelson.

BLOOM. What a pity.

THUNDER KARLSON. Oh, yes, a shame.

PIPPI. Did you come here just to talk to me about Mr. Nelson.

BLOOM. No, er ... no. We ... we just wanted to know what your watch says.

PIPPI. I never listen to it.

BLOOM. Aha! No, I meant what time is it?

THUNDER KARLSON. It's a quarter past ten.

(*THUNDER KARLSON is violently nudged by BLOOM, who tries to save the situation.*)

BLOOM. His watch is always wrong. Mine are always right. (*We hear the sound effect of alarm clocks ringing as he opens his coat and we see that it is lined with innumerable stolen watches.*) All keep perfect time, they do!

PIPPI. Now that you know the time, isn't it time for you little fellows to be in bed. Actually, I was thinking about turning in myself.

THUNDER KARLSON. Good idea. Right. You'd better turn in then.

BLOOM. And maybe Mr. Nelson should turn in too.

PIPPI. Yes. He's always so sleepy at night.

THUNDER KARLSON. Lovely!

PIPPI. What's so lovely about it?

THUNDER KARLSON. Well, you know, people aren't so much in the way, like, when they're sleeping.

BLOOM. Thunder Karlson's mind is wandering. What he means is that it's good for old people to get a lot of sleep. In fact, I think it might be good for him too.

THUNDER KARLSON. I don't feel tired at all.

BLOOM. Yes, you do and we're going home to bed.

PIPPI. I'm off to bed, too.

BLOOM and THUNDER KARLSON. Right, well. Goodnight, goodnight.

(Casting longing glances in the direction of PIPPI's leather bag, they go out through the doorframe. When they are out of sight, PIPPI puts her bag with the money up on top of the doorframe. She calls out.)

PIPPI. Mr. Nelson! Where are you? *(Seeing that he is already lying in his little cot at the foot of her bed.)* Ah, there you are. You've already gone to bed. I've just had a visit from two funny fellows who wanted to know what time it was. And they thought you were an old man. But you're not, you're my very own sweetest little monkey pet. Shall I sing you a little lullaby, my sweetie pie. Like my dad always used to do when we were out to sea together?

SONG NO. 5: PIPPI'S LULLABY

PIPPI.

A1

GOODNIGHT MY LITTLE MONKEY DEAR

TODAY IS OVER SOON

GOODNIGHT NOW WE SHOULD CLOSE OUR EYES

AND SING A SLEEPING TUNE

IMAGINE THAT WE'RE SWINGING THROUGH SOME
JUNGLE FRESH AND PURE

FOR SOON IT'S TIME FOR LEAVING ON
A DREAMLAND TOUR

B1 + 2 + 3
SLEEPY BYES
SWEETY PIE
SWEETY BYE BYE

A2
GOODNIGHT MY LOVELY HEAV'NLY BED
MY SPACESHIP SUNG AND WARM
JUST FLY ME TO THE MILKY WAY WHERE
GOLDEN STARS THEY SWARM

I KNOW MY MUM IS WAITING THERE, OF
THAT I'M OH SO SURE
YES, NOW IT'S TIME FOR FLYING ON
A DREAMLAND TOUR

A3 (*First 4 bars purely instrumental.*)
GOODNIGHT, DEAR MISTER NELSON LOVE!
GOODNIGHT TO ALL ONCE MORE, FOR
NOW IT'S TIME FOR LEAVING ON
A DREAMLAND TOUR

(PIPPY goes to bed during the song, finally burying her head under the blankets with her feet on her pillow.)

PIPPY. I'd better go to sleep before I start snoring!

(PIPPY falls asleep and starts to snore dreadfully. BLOOM and THUNDER KARLSON come creeping back into the garden in the darkness. Their torch beam shines over the house and in through the window.)

BLOOM. Look, there she is. Why is she lying like that?

THUNDER KARLSON. With her head down and her feet up!

BLOOM. I can't really make heads or tails of children nowadays, can you?

THUNDER KARLSON. No, but the bottom line is that she's sleeping. *(PIPPY suddenly snores very loudly. BLOOM is startled.)*

And she's making a pretty good job of it, too!

BLOOM. So where d'you think Nelson's lying low, then, eh?

PIPPI. Mr. Nelson, if you please! He's "lying low" in his own little green bed.

(Startled, the THIEVES turn on the light in their confusion and panic. They creep over to the doll's cot where the glove-puppet is lying.)

BLOOM. Thunder Karlson, my old chum, d'you know what? Nelson's a monkey! Now what d'you say?

THUNDER KARLSON. Aaarrh! I'm so scared of monkeys!

PIPPI. But Mr. Nelson is a nice monkey.

BLOOM. Alright then, little darling, now you get up so we can have a little chat.

PIPPI. I'm sleeping! Can't you see that?

(PIPPI starts to snore very loudly.)

BLOOM. Yes, but there's something we want to ask you.

PIPPI. You want to know what time it is?

BLOOM. No, we want to know what you've done with all that lolly you had before.

PIPPI. Lolly? You mean my gold pieces?

BLOOM. Yes.

PIPPI. They're in the bag on top of the cupboard.

BLOOM. Well, they're not going to be there much longer!

THUNDER KARLSON. Nope, I'm afraid we're going to have to move them.

PIPPI. Why do they have to be moved?

THUNDER KARLSON. Because they'll be better off with us, my little friend!

(THUNDER KARLSON laughs.)

PIPPI. Oh, all right. Then you'd better take them, then.

BLOOM. *(Reaching up in amazement to get the bag from on top of the doorframe.)* Don't you care if we take this bag away?

PIPPI. No.

(THUNDER KARLSON and BLOOM throw the bag between each other, shouting happily.)

THUNDER KARLSON. What a kid! Every thief's best friend!

PIPPI. *(Taking the bag from them.)* And I suppose you don't mind if I take my bag back again?

THUNDER KARLSON. No! That's stealing from honest thieves!

BLOOM. Yeah, what a kid, then, eh? *(Grabbing the bag back.)* Give it 'ere! *(A wild fight ensues, during which the THIEVES run around in all directions trying to get hold of PIPPI and her bag. Finally, they are out maneuvered, tossed around by PIPPI and up in a heap on the floor.)* You ... you're very strong, aren't you, Pippi?

PIPPI. I suppose I'm quite strong, yes!

THUNDER KARLSON. And you're very rich, too, aren't you?

PIPPI. I get by. But how about you? Don't you have any money?

BLOOM. Haven't got a cent.

PIPPI. Well, then you'd better have a gold piece each. One for you and one for you. You can spend them on sweets to make you a bit sweeter.

THUNDER KARLSON. Oh, yes! I mean, eh, you're very sweet. So you must have eaten an awful lot of sweets.

BLOOM. *(Gingerly massaging his bruises.)* And very strong!

(BLOOM and THUNDER KARLSON exit.)

PIPPI. Oh, yes, you must be sweet if you're strong. That's what my dad always used to say. *(Sitting down on the edge of her bed.)* Oh, if only my dad was here now. *(A shooting star streaks across the sky.)* Oh, look! A shooting star! I wish, I wish my dad would come home to me. *(As if talking to the star.)* Can you manage that? What? No? Well, then I'll just have to wish that I'll have another dream about him. Surely you can make that wish come true.

SONG NO. 6: WINDS OF LOVE

(PIPPI mimes that she is at the helm of her father's ship.)

PIPPI.

A1

SOMETIMES IN MY DREAMS I AM SAILING
WITH WAVES FOAMING HIGH IN A STORM
THE WINDS THEY ARE HOWLING AND WAILING

BUT YOUR ARMS AROUND ME ARE WARM

AND YOU ARE MY FRIEND WHO HAS LEFT ME
THE ONE THAT I ALWAYS ADORED
NOW DREAMS ARE MAYBE ALL THAT'S LEFT ME
THEY TOLD ME YOU FELL OVERBOARD

CHORUS 1 + 2 +3
COME WINDS AND BLOW HIM
FILL UP HIS SAILS
AND BLOW HIM BACK HOME

COME WINDS AND BLOW HIM
BACK HOME TO HOLD ME AGAIN

A2
AND SOMETIMES I DREAM YOU'RE IN DANGER
WITH WILD CANNIBALS ALL AROUND
YOU GREET THEM AS THOUGH YOU'RE NO STRANGER
YOU SIT DOWN FOR TEA ON THE GROUND

THEY WANT YOU TO STAY THERE FOREVER
BUT SOON ALL THEIR CHARMS LEAVE YOU
BORED AND THEIR DREAMS LIKE MINE ARE ALL OVER
JUST LIKE WHEN YOU FELL OVERBOARD

(As music continues underneath, the following dialogue takes place between PIPPI and her father, CAPTAIN LONGSTOCKING. His amplified voice is heard from offstage. During the dialogue, PIPPI moves anxiously from side to side on stage with her eyes fixed on a point above and behind the audience. Finally, she sinks to her knees.)

PIPPI. Hi, Dad.

CAPTAIN LONGSTOCKING. Hi, Pippi!

PIPPI. Be careful, Dad! You shouldn't lean out so far overboard.

CAPTAIN LONGSTOCKING. I've got to tighten this rope.

PIPPI. Dad, you know it can be dangerous to lean so far out.

CAPTAIN LONGSTOCKING. Don't worry, I'll be all right!

(Then, as if falling overboard.) Aaah!

PIPPI. DAD!!!

A3

I KNOW, YES, I KNOW YOU'LL COME BACK SOON
YOU'LL GIVE ME A GRASS SKIRT AND CROWN
A HULA-HOOP DANCE WE'LL BE DANCING
UNTIL YOU AND I TUMBLE DOWN

AND THEN YOU WILL TELL ME YOU LOVE ME
AND GIVE ME A TRUE SAILOR'S WORD
THAT NEVER AGAIN WILL YOU LEAVE ME LIKE
THAT TIME YOU FELL OVERBOARD

CHORUS

COME WINDS AND BLOW HIM
FILL UP HIS SAILS
AND BLOW HIM BACK HOME

COME WINDS AND BLOW HIM
BACK HOME TO HOLD ME AGAIN

(The song ends with a fade to black.)

Scene 4
Outside Villekulla Cottage
The Next Morning

(CLING and CLANG, two police constables, come marching in, or perhaps cycling in on a tandem.)

SONG NO. 7: CLING AND CLANG

CONSTABLES CLING and CLANG.

(The lyrics of this duet may be divided among the actors.)

A1

BACK ON THE JOB, PUT OUT YOUR FINGER
BACK ON THE JOB, NO LONGER LINGER
WE HAVE GOT TO CATCH A CRIMINAL

BACK ON THE JOB AND ROLL YOUR SLEEVES UP
BACK ON THE JOB AND CALL THEM THIEVES UP
UP 'TIL NOW WE AIN'T SEEN NONE AT ALL

CHORUS 1

I AM CLING AN'
I AM CLANG AN'
EV'RY DAY WE'RE LOOKING FOR A
THIEF OR TWO TO HAND
I AM CLING AN'
I AM CLANG AN'
IF IT GETS TOO DANGEROUS WE SAY
ONE, TWO, THREE
BANG!

A2

BACK ON THE JOB, LET'S GET THAT ORPHAN
BACK ON THE JOB, THEY SAY SHE'S OFTEN
DOING THINGS SHE REALLY SHOULDN'T DO

BACK ON THE JOB, FOR LAW AN' ORDER
BACK ON THE JOB, WITH HER COURT ORDER
CHILDREN'S HOME FOR HER IS OVERDUE!

CHORUS 2

I AM CLING AN'
I AM CLANG AN'
WE'RE YOUR FRIENDLY CONSTABLES, SO
'APPY THAT YOU RANG!
I AM CLING AN'
I AM CLANG AN'
IF IT GETS TOO DANGEROUS WE SAY
BANG!

CONSTABLE CLANG. Can you imagine anyone wanting to
live in a hovel like this?

CONSTABLE CLING. Awful mess, isn't it?

CONSTABLE CLANG. Well, I just hope the little girl is still
here.

CONSTABLE CLING. Prysselius from the welfare office didn't
believe she really lives here.

CONSTABLE CLANG. You know how it is, Cling. There are lots of children who don't have proper homes nowadays.

CONSTABLE CLING. Oh, yes. But they have parents, don't they?

CONSTABLE CLANG. Yeah, well, some of them do.

(CONSTABLES CLING and CLANG knock on the front door. PIPPI appears on the balcony above the porch.)

PIPPY. Hey! This must be my lucky day. I like policemen almost as much as I like ice cream and rhubarb tart.

CONSTABLE CLANG. Nice to hear that.

(The CONSTABLES smile at each other indulgently.)

PIPPY. Are you the one who ... what was her name again?

CONSTABLE CLING. Eh ... are you Pippi Longstocking?

PIPPY. Well, who did you think I was? The Empress of Abyssinia?

CONSTABLE CLANG. Eh, now you're making a joke?

PIPPY. Just doing what I can, as I always say.

CONSTABLE CLING. Now listen, Pippi, or whatever your name is. I hope you understand why we're here.

PIPPY. I suppose you've come to play with us. There were a couple boys here last night who didn't think it was much fun playing with me.

CONSTABLE CLING. One doesn't play in uniform.

PIPPY. So what do you play in? Shorts?

CONSTABLE CLANG. Your parents, where are they?

PIPPY. See if you can guess. Anyway, where are yours?

CONSTABLE CLANG. Now just you remember that it's the police you're talking to!

PIPPY. I'll try to remember it as best I can.

CONSTABLE CLANG. Right, now where are your parents?

PIPPY. If you really want to know, my dad is away at sea and my mum is sitting up there, on a cloud, waving to us. Come on, be good little boys and wave back at her!

(The CONSTABLES look up at the cloud.)

CONSTABLE CLING. I don't think very much of this

behavior, do you?

CONSTABLE CLANG. In the name of the law and statues concerning juveniles and young people, we shall have to take you along with us if you don't tell us where your parents are.

PIPPY. But I've just told you.

CONSTABLE CLANG. Very well then. We have to take you in our charge.

PIPPY. Oh, no, you just take yourselves in charge; I'll take charge of myself. (*TOMMY and ANNIKA come running in.*) Hey, it's good you came! Now you can be in the game, too.

TOMMY. What's going on?

ANNIKA. Why are the police here?

PIPPY. Oh, they're just a couple of busybodies who want to know all about me.

CONSTABLE CLANG. Do you know this girl?

ANNIKA. Yes, and she's really nice!

CONSTABLE CLING. Do you happen to know where her parents are?

TOMMY. She has no mother ...

PIPPY. Of course I have a mother!

TOMMY. ... and her father is on an island somewhere in the South Pacific.

CONSTABLE CLANG. Well, that won't do at all.

PIPPY. I really can't understand why you're so worried.

CONSTABLE CLANG. Okay! You come along with us.

PIPPY. Where?

CONSTABLE CLING. First we'll take you down to the station. And afterwards, the authorities will put you in eh ... eh ... in a sort of children's home.

ANNIKA. No!

TOMMY. Pippi can easily manage by herself here.

PIPPY. Hmm ... are you allowed to have horses in your children's home?

CONSTABLE CLANG. Horses? Oh yeah!

PIPPY. Fine. What about monkeys?

CONSTABLE CLING. You're not allowed to have monkeys or horses.

PIPPY. No? Well, then you'd better find some children for your children's home somewhere else. That is if you can find any.

CONSTABLE CLANG. Alright, that's enough of that, come over here!

ANNIKA. You can't take Pippi away with you!

TOMMY. We want her to stay here.

CONSTABLE CLANG. But surely you can understand that a child can't live here all alone.

ANNIKA. Well, that's just what we want.

CONSTABLE CLING. Just what we want? The authorities decide what children want. If they don't have any parents, that is.

PIPPY. Oh, what a lot of nonsense. I've got two parents. I told you that.

CONSTABLE CLANG. I'm afraid we'll have to check on whether you're telling us the truth or not.

PIPPY. It must keep you terribly busy checking up on everything all the time like that.

CONSTABLE CLING. The welfare office has determined that little Pippi is to come along with us.

PIPPY. And little Pippi has determined that she's going to stay right here.

CONSTABLE CLANG. Now you wouldn't want us to have to use force to get you to come along with us, would you?

PIPPY. No, I'd really rather you didn't.

CONSTABLE CLANG. Well, I'll be

PIPPY. Look!

CONSTABLE CLING. Look at what?

PIPPY. (*Pointing at CONSTABLE CLANG.*) Look at him!

CONSTABLE CLING. Why?

PIPPY. He looks like my granddad.

TOMMY. How's that?

PIPPY. He looks so funny when he gets angry. Believe it or not, there was actually a time he got so terribly angry that he bit himself on the nose.

ANNIKA. Bit himself on the nose?

PIPPY. Yes. Even though he was so tall that he had to climb up on a chair to reach it.

CONSTABLE CLING. I don't believe that.

PIPPY. And there was a lot for him to bite because my granddad has the longest nose in the world. Five fat pigeons could sit on it side by side.

CONSTABLE CLANG. Your imagination is unbounded.

PIPPY. And when he ate his liverwurst sandwiches, the pigeons had every other bite. Because my granddad was actually a very nice man. Even when he was very angry.

CONSTABLE CLANG. Normally, I'm a very nice man too, but when people start telling me fibs straight to my face, then

PIPPI. Then, what?

CONSTABLE CLANG. Well, you can ask Cling, what then.

PIPPI. What is he like then?

CONSTABLE CLING. I don't think we need to go into any of the really horrifying details on that. The best thing would be for you to stop telling fibs.

PIPPI. Don't you believe me at all?

CONSTABLE CLANG. No!

PIPPI. Oh, you're terrible, you are. Anybody could make you believe anything! *(Pulling her own plaits as though to scold herself.)* NAUGHTY Pippi! You're telling such awful fibs again. Five fat pigeons couldn't sit on my granddad's nose. The fifth one had to stand up on one leg so as not to fall off.

(CONSTABLE CLANG is about to explode.)

CONSTABLE CLING. Easy now, Clang. We'll just take her along with us.

CONSTABLE CLANG. Right.

PIPPI. Great! Come on then. Let's see if you can catch me!

SONG NO. 7 (Continued): CLING AND CLANG

CONSTABLES CLING and CLANG.

A3

BACK ON THE JOB, SHE'S ONLY LITTLE
BACK ON THE JOB, I DON'T THINK IT'LL
BE SO EASY CATCHING THIS GIRAFFE

BACK ON THE JOB, YEAH, NOTHING VENTURE
BACK ON THE JOB, WE WANT TO LYNCH 'ER
SHE'S A REAL 'ANDFUL AND A 'ALF

BACK ON THE JOB, I THINK WE'VE GOT HER
BACK ON THE JOB, THE DIRTY ROTTER
ONCE AGAIN SHE'S MADE US LOOK A LAUGH!

I AM CLING AN'

I AM CLANG AN'
IF IT GETS TOO DANGEROUS WE SAY
BANG!

(Accompanied by a music underscore of the song, a wild chase takes place in front and behind of the house. Finally PIPPI hides in a barrel stage right. It is open at both ends, so she can move it wherever she wants just by standing up and walking with it around her.)

CONSTABLE CLANG. Where is she now?

(TOMMY and ANNIKA have seen where PIPPI is hiding, but TOMMY, of course, reveals nothing.)

TOMMY. Yes, wherever is she?

CONSTABLE CLING. In the corn bin, perhaps. *(They look in it, but find nothing. Accompanied by resolute drum beats throughout the following, CONSTABLE CLING tramps over to ANNIKA, while carefully stepping around the barrel on the way.)* Where is she? Answer me.

(PIPPY, moving upstage, makes a sign to ANNIKA to keep her mouth shut.)

ANNIKA. *(To PIPPI, even though CONSTABLE CLING thinks it is to him.)* I won't say a word.

(CONSTABLE CLING is about to return stage left when he notices that the barrel is gone. He returns to ANNIKA, pointing behind him while questioning her. PIPPI sneaks back downstage to her original place.)

CONSTABLE CLING. Wasn't there a barrel there before?

ANNIKA. Yes, and it's still there now.

CONSTABLE CLING. Oh, really, it's still there now? *(Skeptically, he walks backwards to where he just saw the barrel but is stopped in his tracks when he sees that it's now back in its place. He returns to ANNIKA.)* Isn't the barrel usually next to the front door?

(PIPPY moves back upstage behind his back.)

ANNIKA. Yes, that's where it is now.

CONSTABLE CLING. Oh, really, that's where it is now?
(Skeptical again, he walks backwards to where the barrel was before. He breaks off in surprise, falls flat on his face when he sees that it's no longer there. He returns to ANNIKA. In disbelief, CONSTABLE CLING is half furious and half frightened out of his wits. Behind his back, PIPPI once again moves the barrel downstage. In a high-pitched voice:) That barrel keeps on moving. Why doesn't it just stay where it is?

ANNIKA. Well, it's not moving now.

(Resigned, blindly almost, but briefly acknowledging the truth of what she says, CONSTABLE CLING crosses the stage back to his colleague to make a report. As he does so, PIPPI returns upstage to stand beside the front door again.)

CONSTABLE CLING. I regret to report, Sir, that I'm having trouble with a barrel. A barrel which normally stands beside the front door of this house, Sir!

CONSTABLE CLANG. Ah, you mean that one over there?

(CONSTABLE CLING follows his pointing finger and can hardly believe his eyes when he sees it in its "right" place again. Once again he tramps back across the stage to ANNIKA. And once again PIPPI moves downstage behind his back to block his return.)

CONSTABLE CLING. *(In falsetto tones betraying a man who has reached his breaking point.)* I'll ask you just one more time. Where is the barrel?

ANNIKA. It's not moving about. It's standing still right behind you.

CONSTABLE CLING. *(Tearfully now.)* It's right behind me? *(He turns when he reaches the barrel and sees that ANNIKA has spoken the truth. He falls to the floor and crawls past the barrel towards the other side of the stage. He stops to turn back and look at it when he reaches center stage. PIPPI draws herself up so we can see her feet below the barrel doing a little step dance with percussion accompaniment. In vexed, but still triumphant, tones:)* Ohh! *(Resolutely, he gets to his feet and tramps over to TOMMY, not noticing that ANNIKA helps PIPPI to get out of the barrel, put a lid*

on top of it and run away.) Well now, young man, this might have some very serious consequences for you — “harboring a runaway.”

CONSTABLE CLANG. (*Deeply impressed.*) Harboring a runaway?

CONSTABLE CLING. Yes, harboring a runaway. (*He and CONSTABLE CLANG tramp over to the barrel.*) And here’s our runaway.

CONSTABLE CLANG. Gosh, that’s lucky, isn’t it!

CONSTABLE CLING. Yes, that’s very lucky!

CONSTABLE CLANG. She seems to be very quiet in there. I hope she hasn’t fainted or anything.

CONSTABLE CLING. Well, we can always take the lid off and have a look. (*He looks inside the barrel.*) Ahh! She got away!

PIPPI. (*From above on the roof of the house.*) Hello! If you’re looking for me, here’s your “runaway”!

CONSTABLE CLANG. (*Raising his eyes to the roof, together with CONSTABLE CLING, on hearing her voice.*) You slippery young thing!

CONSTABLE CLING. Now you come down here, or else!

PIPPI. Oh, no, I think it would be better if you came up here. Then we could sit together, the three of us, and I could tell you a bit more about my granddad.

CONSTABLE CLANG. Alright, Cling, get on with it.

CONSTABLE CLING. (*Pointing up at the roof.*) Oh, do I have to?

CONSTABLE CLANG. Yes, you have to.

CONSTABLE CLING. Oh, alright, alright

(*They get the ladder and CONSTABLE CLING is pushed up it by CONSTABLE CLANG, who carefully, using CONSTABLE CLING as cover, climbs up after him.*)

PIPPI. What’s taking so long! Hurry up, then I can teach you how to keep your balance up here on the roof. Like this! (*She is now standing on the top of the roof with outstretched arms. As he looks up at her, CONSTABLE CLING falls down the ladder, pushing CONSTABLE CLANG down with him.*) Oh, you poor policemen. Come on, let me give you a hand. (*PIPPI grabs hold of them one after the other and throws them onto the roof. The two stumble about and, after a somersault or two, end up clinging perilously to the gutter.*) Oh, you don’t know how to do anything at all, do you? Now I’ll just have to sit

down and wait up here until you two can pull yourselves together.

(CONSTABLES CLING and CLANG, who are really angry by now, once again embark on the difficult climb upwards.)

CONSTABLE CLANG. Now you just stay sitting where you are so we can take care of you.

PIPPI. I won't move an inch.

CONSTABLE CLING. Eh, Clang, don't you think we ought to get some reinforcements?

CONSTABLE CLANG. Reinforcements?! Clang and Cling made a fool out of by a little kid? That'd be good, wouldn't it?

ANNIKA. Yes, *that* would be good!

(After losing their balance several times, they finally get up to where PIPPI is. She quickly jumps up onto the chimney and from there she makes a sudden great jump down behind the house.)

CONSTABLE CLING. Well, I'll be! That can't be right? She jumped?

CONSTABLE CLANG. She must have killed herself!

PIPPI. *(Coming around the corner of the house.)* Oh, no, she didn't, 'cause she's just like her granddad. I forgot to tell you, but he could jump from one roof to another, up and down. Church steeples, too. He could easily jump up onto them.

CONSTABLE CLANG. Now you shut your mouth about your granddad!

CONSTABLE CLING. That's right, we don't want to hear another word about him.

PIPPI. Oh, you're so ungrateful, aren't you? Here I am trying to bring a bit of excitement into your lives by teaching you a little roof climbing, and you just go on behaving like stupid, stubborn donkeys. *(Just as the CONSTABLES reach the ladder in order to come down again, she removes it.)* So now you can just stay up there until you cheer up a bit and get into a better mood.

(They haven't noticed that the ladder has been moved, so they dangle from the gutters for a little while. Finally, with great difficulty, they manage to scramble up onto the roof again.)

CONSTABLE CLANG. Put that ladder back!

PIPPI. Why should I? It doesn't seem like you're in a better mood to me.

CONSTABLE CLING. Put that ladder back, you nasty little brat!

PIPPI. I don't think that sounded very nice.

CONSTABLE CLANG. If you don't put that ladder back at once, then

ANNIKA. Then what?

CONSTABLE CLANG. Then she'll get a spanking she'll never forget.

PIPPI. Oh, are you the kind of man who hits little children?

CONSTABLE CLANG. Alright, I won't if you put that ladder back. What kind of a child are you anyway?

PIPPI. Why are you so angry? We're just playing a game.

CONSTABLE CLANG. Game? You don't play games with the police.

PIPPI. Why not? You're so much fun to play with.

CONSTABLE CLING. Now you put that ladder back, you stupid little girl!

PIPPI. If you want me to do that, you've got to be much much nicer. Now, repeat after me: "Dear, sweet Pippi, please, please put the ladder back." If you say that then I'll do it right away.

CONSTABLE CLANG. Never in all my life.

PIPPI. Alright, you can just go on sitting up there, then.

CONSTABLE CLING. Clang, I want to go home ... today!

CONSTABLE CLANG. (*Sighing.*) Alright, but don't you think I'm saying this because I want to.

PIPPI. Well, why are you saying it, then?

CONSTABLE CLANG. Cause I don't want to sit here until my dying day!

PIPPI. Alright, let me hear what you have to say.

CONSTABLE CLANG. "Dear, sweet Pippi, please put that ladder back!"

PIPPI. That's it! Now you've got it right! And what about the other little sweetie pie?

CONSTABLE CLING. "Dear, sweet Pippi! Please put the ladder back!"

PIPPI. Ooh, you're so sweet, you are! Alright then, come on down so we can play tag, with the boys after the girls, or something else fun like that.

(The POLICEMEN climb down and immediately throw themselves

onto PIPPI.)

CONSTABLE CLANG. I'll give you some fun

(PIPPi easily outwits the CONSTABLES, throwing them aside one by one so they end up in a pile on the ground.)

PIPPi. You really don't know how to have fun, do you?

(The CONSTABLES try to grab hold of her once again, but end up flying through the air in opposite directions.)

CONSTABLE CLING. You know what, Clang? I'm out of here.

CONSTABLE CLANG. You're just chicken, aren't you?

CONSTABLE CLING. Sure, alright. What about you? What are you going to do?

CONSTABLE CLANG. I ... am going straight down to the police station and I'm going to write a report about this really nasty child!

PIPPi. Right, you do that! but don't forget to put in at least two pages about my granddad.

SONG NO. 7 (Continued): *Cling and Clang*

CONSTABLES CLING AND CLANG.

A4

BACK ON THE JOB, HERE'S MUCH TOO RISKY
BACK ON THE JOB, WE NEED SOME WHISKEY
WE DON'T REALLY NEED TO CATCH THIS WHELP

BACK ON THE JOB, WE NEED SOME BACKUP
BACK ON THE JOB, THIS AIN'T NO PICK-UP
CALL MY BLEEDING ARMY IN TO HELP

I AM CLING, YEAH
CLING 'N' CLANG!
AN' IF IT GETS TOO DANGEROUS WE SAY
SCRAM!

(The CONSTABLES exit.)

PIPPI. Not really what I call the best kind of policemen, were they? Just imagine getting so angry because people want to play games with them!

ANNIKA. I hope they don't come back

TOMMY. Well, if they do, Pippi'll just give them another go, won't she?

ANNIKA. So will you go on living here, Pippi?

PIPPI. Of course I will. Otherwise my dad won't be able to find me when he comes back

ANNIKA. If he comes back.

PIPPI. *When* he comes back!

TOMMY. Oh, no, Annika, recess was over a long time ago. Come on, we've got to get back to class.

ANNIKA. Pippi, wouldn't it be nice if you could come to school with us, too? It would be so much fun.

PIPPI. Well ... then I suppose I could learn pluttification and all that sort of stuff. Yes, that could be fun.

TOMMY. Our teacher's really nice. She can be a bit strict, but I suppose she has to be sometimes.

PIPPI. With you two in her class I bet she does.

ANNIKA. And we get off quite early in the afternoons, and we get Christmas holidays and Easter holidays and summer holidays, too.

PIPPI. That's not fair!

TOMMY. Why not?

PIPPI. You have Christmas holidays and lots of other holidays and I don't get any at all.

TOMMY. No ... but that's 'cause you don't go to school.

PIPPI. Does one have to do that just to get Christmas holidays?

ANNIKA. Yes, you do.

PIPPI. So I'll just have to go to school if I want some Christmas holidays?

ANNIKA. That's right, yes! So you can come with us.

PIPPI. But it doesn't have to be right now, does it? I mean, I'll come ... when I come.... I suppose the most important thing is that I ... that I come when you start doing pluttification.

ANNIKA. Yes. Well, goodbye for now.

TOMMY. Bye Pippi!

PIPPI. Bye bye. *(They exit. She puts her arm around her HORSE's muzzle and scratches it thoughtfully.)* Well, here you are, my little horse, and you don't know anything at all about pluttification. Do you think we should go to school and see what they

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PIPPI LONGSTOCKING: THE FAMILY MUSICAL

do?

(PIPPI jumps up onto the HORSE's back and rides off.

MUSIC UNDERSCORE: *THE GOODY GODDIES' SONG.*)

END OF ACT I

ACT II

Scene 1 *Pippi at School*

(The scene changes to a classroom with lots of SCHOOL CHILDREN running around and throwing paper darts. The SCHOOL MISTRESS enters and commands silence. The SCHOOL CHILDREN, including TOMMY and ANNIKA, go to their desks.)

SCHOOL MISTRESS. Hello everybody. Hello. Quiet, please! *(TOMMY puts his hand up.)* And what do you want, Tommy?

TOMMY. I just wanted to say there's a new girl coming today.

SCHOOL MISTRESS. A new girl?

TOMMY. Yes, I mean, er ... a new girl in our class.

SCHOOL MISTRESS. Really? I haven't heard anything about that.

TOMMY. No, but we thought she ought to just come and have a little look at what goes on at school.

SCHOOL MISTRESS. Things don't just "go on" at school.

ANNIKA. Well, what stops them then?

SCHOOL MISTRESS. I mean, one can't just come breezing in when one feels like it. *(The sound of HORSE's hooves can be heard from the hallway.)* What's that trotting sound?

(PIPPi enters on her HORSE.)

PIPPi. Hello, here I am! I hope I'm not too late for pluttification.

(Everybody except TOMMY and ANNIKA looks at PIPPI and her HORSE open-mouthed. PIPPI jumps down from the HORSE and it runs off.)

SCHOOL MISTRESS. Tommy, is this ...?

TOMMY. Yes, it is!

SCHOOL MISTRESS. Well, then. So you've come to visit us?

PIPPI. Looks like it, doesn't it.

SCHOOL MISTRESS. And what's your name, if I may ask?

PIPPI. My name is Pippilotta Pantry-cleaner Pepperminta Gaberdina Ephraim's-daughter Longstocking. I am the daughter of Captain Ephraim Longstocking, formerly the terror of the South Seas, now Cannibal King. Pippi is really just my nickname, 'cause my father thought Pippilotta was too long to say.

(PIPPI concludes this breathless introduction by shaking hands with the SCHOOL MISTRESS, who is forced to jump up out of her chair by the strength of PIPPI's handshake.)

SCHOOL MISTRESS. I see. Well, then, we'll call you Pippi, too. Now, if you'd like to sit down at the empty desk over there.

PIPPI. Thank you very much.

(Lifting the lid of the desk, PIPPI sits down in it with her back to the SCHOOL MISTRESS, much to the amusement of the other CHILDREN.)

SCHOOL MISTRESS. You're supposed to sit on the chair. *(PIPPI sits down on the chair, planting her feet up on the desk.)* And we don't put our feet up on the desk.

PIPPI. Where do you want me to put them? Inside the desk?

SCHOOL MISTRESS. Under the desk, thank you. That's right.

PIPPI. I never thought that little things like that would mean so much at school.

SCHOOL MISTRESS. *(Ignoring this.)* Now, little Pippi, let's see how much you know.

PIPPI. I know an awful lot of things.

SCHOOL MISTRESS. Do you know how to do arithmetic, for example?

PIPPI. I know how to count all my golden coins.

SCHOOL MISTRESS. Well, you *do* have a sense of humor, don't you. Now, Pippi, let's start with something easy: how much do seven and five make?

PIPPI. Seven and five? If you don't know that yourself, I'm not going to tell you what they make.

SCHOOL MISTRESS. That's not how you talk to a teacher.

PIPPY. Well, how do you talk to a teacher, then? Like this? *(She puts on a funny voice and says, as though reciting poetry:)*
 "Before you know what's what
 Seven and five make a lot!"

(Everybody is falling about laughing.)

SCHOOL MISTRESS. SEVEN AND FIVE MAKE TWELVE!

(Silence.)

PIPPY. So you knew that all this time. Why ever did you ask me then?

SCHOOL MISTRESS. Because you are the one who's supposed to learn it.

PIPPY. Why do I have to learn what seven and five make? As far as I'm concerned, they can do what they like. I don't care.

SCHOOL MISTRESS. You get one more chance. What do eight and four make?

PIPPY. You're always asking so many questions! Around sixty-seven, maybe?

SCHOOL MISTRESS. Eight and four make twelve!

PIPPY. Hey, wait a minute. You just said that seven and five make twelve. And now eight and four make twelve. So what do you want me to say?

SCHOOL MISTRESS. I'm afraid you don't seem to be very good at arithmetic, Pippi.

PIPPY. No, but you seem to be really good at it. Why don't you just go away and sit in the corner over there and go on doing all that silly stuff so everybody else can do something much more fun.

A PUPIL. Like what?

PIPPY. We could play tag, with the boys after the girls!

(The class exclaims in jubilation.)

SCHOOL MISTRESS. QUIET, EVERYBODY, PLEASE!

PIPPY. Oh! Now she's really angry, isn't she?

SCHOOL MISTRESS. And that goes for you, too, Pippi! Now, let's hear what your new classmates can do. A good old challenge like this. Johnny has nine apples and he gives them to Elizabeth who has twelve apples. Now, what have they got together?

PIPPY. A tummy ache.

(Everybody laughs.)

SCHOOL MISTRESS. I think perhaps that's enough arithmetic for today.

PIPPY. That's the smartest thing you've said all day. Even though you are quite strict, you're actually kind of sweet and kind. Come on everybody, let's play tag with the boys after the girls!

(The SCHOOL CHILDREN are on the point of dashing off.)

SCHOOL MISTRESS. SIT DOWN, EVERYBODY! PIPPI!
SIT DOWN! PII-PIII!

PIPPY. Alright, if that's what you really want!

SCHOOL MISTRESS. Thank you. Now, Pippi, can you read?

PIPPY. How can I know that if I've never tried it?

SCHOOL MISTRESS. First you have to learn the alphabet.

PIPPY. Do you? Right, well, let's do that then.

SCHOOL MISTRESS. We'll start with something easy. In your exercise book I'm going to write an "i." An "i" as in "i-sland."

PIPPY. Is that an eye? *(Turning the paper upside down.)* To me it looks more like a flea that's dropped a pea.

(Tumultuous laughter from the rest of the class.)

SCHOOL MISTRESS. Pippi, I'm getting very tired of you.

PIPPY. And I'm getting very tired of all this. I just sit here waiting and waiting for some pluttification and I haven't seen the slightest sign of it yet.

SCHOOL MISTRESS. First of all, it's called multiplication, and secondly

PIPPY. Yes, that's what I said. And pluttification, you're supposed to be able to do that, otherwise it's so embarrassing. Isn't that right?

TOMMY. Well, I don't really know about that

PIPPY. No, but I do. My freckles are always pluttifying, I think ... but it takes ages to count them all one by one.

SCHOOL MISTRESS. Multiplying doesn't have anything to do with freckles.

PIPPY. You don't think so? I wouldn't be so sure about that if I

were you.

SCHOOL MISTRESS. Pippi, that's enough now.... I can't take it.... I ... I suggest that you go home and come back again some other day.

PIPPI. That sounds like a good idea, 'cause I get completely mixed up in my head with all those apples and eyes and fleas and flies and peas.

SCHOOL MISTRESS. Yes, and what about me!

PIPPI. Do you get all mixed up in your head, too?

SCHOOL MISTRESS. Yes, the way you behave, I do!

PIPPI. Why? Haven't I behaved properly?

SCHOOL MISTRESS. Well, I don't think we could really say that you have.

PIPPI. Oh ... 'cause I thought

SCHOOL MISTRESS. Yes, you thought

PIPPI. Yes, because when you've got an angel in heaven for a mother and a pirate for a father and you've been sailing on the high seas all your life, then you don't really know how people behave at school with all those apples and eyes and fleas and flies and peas

SCHOOL MISTRESS. (*Has now more or less regained her composure.*) Yes, I can understand that, Pippi.

PIPPI. I think I'd better stop going to school. You'd better have your Christmas holiday without me.

SCHOOL MISTRESS. Yes, I think perhaps that would be best. You can come back and say hello to us again when you're a bit older.

PIPPI. Right, and then we can do some real pluttification next time!

Scene 2

Outside Villekulla Cottage Later that Same Day

(*TOMMY and ANNIKA come to visit PIPPI on their way home from school.*)

ANNIKA. Pippi, Pippi! It was such fun being at school today. I think it was because you were there.

PIPPI. Well, maybe it was. But your school is nothing compared

to the schools in Argentina.

ANNIKA. Why, what are they like?

PIPPI. Well, there are no fleas at all and ... and ... they only have lessons on Thursdays.

TOMMY. That's not true!

PIPPI. On Thursdays, yes. They have a pipeline which goes directly from a candy factory next door into the school, and sweets shoot out of it all day so all you have to do is to open your mouth and fill it with sweets.

ANNIKA. What does the teacher do?

PIPPI. She peels the paper off the sweets, of course. Did you really think the children do that themselves? Actually, they don't even bother to go to school, they just send their brothers.

TOMMY. Oh, of course!

PIPPI. Don't you believe me?

TOMMY. No, actually I don't.

PIPPI. Hmm ... I'll have to stop all this fibbing. Tell me to stop it, Annika.

ANNIKA. You mustn't tell any more fibs.

PIPPI. I never tell any fibs.

ANNIKA. There, you see?

TOMMY. Hey, Pippi! Our mum's invited some people over for tea today.

PIPPI. Oh, who's she invited?

TOMMY. Mrs. Prysselius and Mrs. Granberg.

PIPPI. Mrs. Granberg?

ANNIKA. She hates children!

PIPPI. Right, then I'm coming. We can probably have a lot of fun with her.

TOMMY. Great! And we'll probably get cake if we behave ourselves properly.

PIPPI. But you know I can't do that.

ANNIKA. Well, you can try.

PIPPI. Yes, one should always give things a try. Alright, I'll come too!

TOMMY and ANNIKA. YES!!!

Scene 3

A Tea Party at the Settergreens' House

(Plush velvet curtains descend to conceal PIPPI's house. A chandelier, which PIPPI can swing on, hangs from the invisible ceiling.)

SONG NO. 8: *BEST BEHAVIOR*

(MRS. PRYSSELIUS, MRS. GRANBERG and a THIRD GUEST sing.)

A1

FIRST LADY.

ACTUALLY I THINK A CHILD SHOULD BE
SILENT WHEN IT'S WITH ITS ELDERS
AM I RIGHT? IS IT TRUE?

ALL.

YOU ARE RIGHT SO RIGHT TOO

FIRST LADY.

I THINK CHILDREN NOWADAYS
THEY REALLY OUGHT TO BE TABOO

A2

SECOND LADY.

ACTUALLY I THINK THAT CHILDREN SHOULD
LEARN GOOD MANNERS IN THE CRADLE
AM I RIGHT? IS IT TRUE?

ALL.

YOU ARE RIGHT SO RIGHT TOO

SECOND LADY.

I THINK CHILDREN NOWADAYS
SO UNCIVILIZED, DON'T YOU?

CHORUS 1 + 2

ALL.

AH, YES CHILDREN NEED DISCIPLINE
SUCH TIMES WE'RE LIVING IN
LEARN FROM THEIR ELDERS AND
BETTERS GOOD FORM

SAY "YES PLEASE" WHEN THEY
WANT SOME TEA
YES, AND "THANK YOU FOR
HAVING ME"

FOR WE LADIES WE KNOW
BEST WHAT'S GOOD
MA-A-ANNERS TODAY

B1
THEY MUST HAVE RULES THAT ARE
STRICT, NOT MILD
ALL THOSE WHO WOULD SPARE THE ROD
THEY SPOIL THE CHILD

A1
THIRD LADY.
ACTUALLY I THINK THAT CHILDREN SHOULD
NEVER USE A GROWN-UP'S FIRST NAME
AM I RIGHT? IS IT TRUE?

ALL.
NO FIRST NAMES VERY TRUE

THIRD LADY.
I THINK CHILDREN NOWADAYS SHOULD
ALL BE LOCKED UP IN A ZOO.

A4
ALL.
ACTUALLY WE THINK THAT CHILDREN SHOULD
NEVER SPIT OR PICK THEIR NOSES
ARE WE RIGHT? IS IT TRUE?

OH LORD YES SO RIGHT TOO
WE THINK CHILDREN NOWADAYS LACK
ALL RESPECT FOR ME AND YOU!

B2
THEY MUST BE KEPT ON A REIN SO TIGHT
TOO MUCH MOLLY-CODDLING IS NEVER RIGHT!

(After the song, MARIANNE SETTERGREEN's guests — MRS.

PRYSSELIUS, MRS. GRANBERG and ANOTHER GUEST — sit at a tea table with a white table cloth, C.L., with their tea cups, chattering away. On a sideboard with a white cloth, D.R., there are silver plates piled high with cakes, which they gaze at longingly. TOMMY and ANNIKA enter and shake hands with them, bowing and curtsying, before sitting down on a sofa, S.R.)

MRS. PRYSSELIUS. Your children do have perfect manners, don't they, Marianne?

MRS. GRANBERG. Yes, such a rare delight.

MARIANNE SETTERGREEN. How do you mean?

MRS. GRANBERG. I mean that nowadays children just don't have the proper respect for their elders anymore. But your little angels so clearly seem to be the exception to the rule.

MARIANNE SETTERGREEN. They're just children, like any others. What do you think, Tommy? Annika?

TOMMY and ANNIKA. Oh, yes. Just like any others.

MRS. PRYSSELIUS. Well, then you should have seen the girl I visited the other day. She claimed she didn't have any parents and that she moved herself into a deserted house! And what's more, she was absolutely shameless. We're investigating her case at the moment.

MRS. GRANBERG. I just can't stand insolent children.

(PIPPY can be heard outside. She enters riding her HORSE. The GUESTS can't believe their eyes.)

MRS. PRYSSELIUS. Oh, my goodness, it's her!

PIPPY. *(Behaving like a soldier.)* Squad, forward march! Present arms! *(Stretching out her hand to MRS. GRANBERG.)* Are you Tommy and Annika's mum?

MRS. GRANBERG. No. I'm nobody's "mum."

PIPPY. Well, what are you then? An upside down potted plant-lover?

(She points at MRS. GRANBERG's hat, which looks like an inverted flower pot.)

MRS. GRANBERG. Well, I never.

MRS. PRYSSELIUS. There, now you can see for yourself.

MARIANNE SETTERGREEN. Hmm! No, Pippi, I'm Tommy and Annika's mother.

PIPPI. (*Hugging her very tightly.*) I thought you were, you look so nice. I'm so happy I could come. I've never been to a tea party before. It's going to be such fun!

(*MRS. PRYSSELIUS and MRS. GRANBERG don't seem to be fully convinced.*)

MARIANNE SETTERGREEN. Well, I hope it will be.

PIPPI. Oh, yes, I'll do everything I can to make sure we all have a wonderful time.

MRS. GRANBERG. (*Quietly to MRS. PRYSSELIUS.*) Wherever does she come from?

MRS. PRYSSELIUS. Nobody knows.

MARIANNE SETTERGREEN. Right, well, if you'd like to go over there and sit down together with Tommy and Annika, I'll make sure you get cake and juice.

PIPPI. Alright, but I just have to say hello properly to your guests. (*She goes up to MRS. PRYSSELIUS and violently shakes her by the hand.*) Hi! Don't you recognize me?

MRS. PRYSSELIUS. How could I ever forget.

PIPPI. No! We had such fun together, didn't we?

MRS. PRYSSELIUS. (*Tartly.*) Such fun.

(*MRS. GRANBERG is clutching onto her handbag as though she's afraid that PIPPI will steal it.*)

PIPPI. What a lovely handbag. What do you have in it? Gold coins?

(*PIPPI seizes the handbag and empties its contents out onto the table.*)

MARIANNE SETTERGREEN. My dear Pippi, whatever are you doing?

MRS. GRANBERG. There, did you see that? Thieves, the lot of them. Give them half a chance and they'll steal anything from you.

PIPPI. How dare you?

MRS. GRANBERG. How dare I? (*Suddenly friendly.*) I suggest, little girl, that you just sit down over there so we don't have to listen to any more of your

PIPPI. You don't want to listen? Well, what do you have ears

for? For shaking? Or wagging? *(She is wagging MRS. GRANBERG's ears.)* I suppose you're from the welfare office, too?

MRS. GRANBERG. From the welfare ...? No, I certainly am not.

PIPPI. Well, that's a good thing, at least. 'Cause all they do is sit there and waggle their ears all day, so they don't have to listen to all the children wailing and moaning.

ANNIKA. Pippi, won't you come over here now?

MARIANNE SETTERGREEN. Yes, why don't you go over there and sit down?

PIPPI. Alright, I'll do that but I just wanted to say hello properly to everyone, to be polite.

MRS. GRANBERG. Polite? She's frightful.

MRS. PRYSSELIUS. What did I tell you?

MARIANNE SETTERGREEN. Well, let's all just have a nice cup of tea and cakes and then everything'll be alright. Please, just help yourselves.

PIPPI. Dibs, I'm first.

(PIPPI dodges between the ladies, who are trying to look as though they are not in a hurry to get to the cakes.)

MARIANNE SETTERGREEN. Yes, Pippi, but we're not at sea now.

PIPPI. 'Course not. But don't you see how hungry those two ladies look. There probably won't be the least little crumb left by the time they've finished grabbing all they can. I for one am not going to put up with that.

(PIPPI starts to grab cakes and buns, loading herself up with them.)

ANNIKA. Pippi!

PIPPI. You should grab all you can before it's all gone.

MARIANNE SETTERGREEN. That's all very well, Pippi, but Tommy and Annika have learned to wait till it's their turn.

PIPPI. But it's their turn now.

MARIANNE SETTERGREEN. Oh, no, it isn't. They're waiting until the guests have served themselves.

PIPPI. Really? Then they may as well wait until they die of hunger, the poor things.

MARIANNE SETTERGREEN. *(To her guests.)* There, please

help yourselves.

MRS. GRANBERG. Thank you. What a horrible child!

MRS. PRYSSELIUS. *(In a low voice.)* Yes, I'll make sure that something's done about her.

MRS. GRANBERG. *(Whispering back in shocked tones.)* She's completely uncivilized.

PIPPY. Why on earth are you looking so upset? There's lots of cakes left over for you.

(PIPPY snatches another plate of cakes away from the ladies and walks over to TOMMY and ANNIKA, trying to balance it on her head.)

MARIANNE SETTERGREEN. Pippi, dear, if you really want to stay here with us you must try and help me by setting a good example and behaving properly.

PIPPY. Oh, yes, I suppose you've got lots of other things to do yourself. Annika!

ANNIKA. Yes, Pippi!

PIPPY. You're not picking your nose, are you?

(PIPPY demonstrates what one is not supposed to do.)

MRS. GRANBERG. I think I'm going to have one of my fits!

PIPPY. Good, Annika. You must remember that well brought up ladies only pick their noses when they're all by themselves.

(PIPPY points at MRS. GRANBERG and MRS. PRYSSELIUS.)

MARIANNE SETTERGREEN. Pippi!

MRS. PRYSSELIUS. Shocking!

PIPPY. And I have something to ask you too, Tommy. You *never* spit on the floor, do you?

TOMMY. No, I don't.

PIPPY. Good! But have you ever tried to spit on the ceiling?

(PIPPY tries to spit on the ceiling.)

MRS. GRANBERG. I never want to set eyes on this little monster ever again!

MARIANNE SETTERGREEN. That's enough, Pippi.

MRS. PRYSSELIUS. She's absolutely lethal!

(PIPPI produces a whoopee cushion out of nowhere and puts it on MRS. PRYSSELIUS' chair, without her noticing it. When she sits down, she stiffens at the sound, thinking it is her own stomach which is playing her up. She tries to make nothing of it.)

PIPPI. Whoops!

(MRS. PRYSSELIUS settles back on the cushion, which then produces an even louder sound.)

MRS. PRYSSELIUS. Excuse me!

PIPPI. *(Imitating her.)* "Excuse me!" — We never said that at sea!

(MRS. PRYSSELIUS collapses on her chair, producing a long, protracted sound. She takes out her handkerchief and buries her face in it in embarrassment.)

MRS. PRYSSELIUS. Oh! You really must excuse me!

PIPPI. It's quite alright by me!

(TOMMY and ANNIKA are bursting with laughter. MRS. PRYSSELIUS gets up to powder her nose and discovers the infamous cushion.)

MRS. PRYSSELIUS. I knew it! You should be locked up, you, you horrible child!

PIPPI. Ah, can't you take a bit of fun?

MRS. PRYSSELIUS. Fun?

MARIANNE SETTERGREEN. *(Can hardly keep a straight face.)* Just calm down now, Pippi, and I'll fetch the cream cake.

PIPPI. Ooh, cream cake! There's nothing I like better, besides policemen and rhubarb tart, of course.

(PIPPI rushes around happily and starts to swing on the chandelier.)

MRS. GRANBERG. I don't want to see any more of this.

ANNIKA. Pippi, stop!

PIPPI. Why? I've only just started! *(She jumps down from the*

chandelier and TOMMY stops it swinging. A MAID enters with the cream cake. PIPPI is beside her in a blink.) Wow! What a lovely cream cake. And look at that little red cherry in the middle. I bet you I can get it out with my mouth without touching the cream.

(PIPPI's face ducks down and reemerges covered in cream. This is too much for MRS. GRANBERG. She collapses with her hand on her heart.)

MRS. GRANBERG. Take her away, take her away!

ANNIKA. Pippi, what have you done?

PIPPI. I'm afraid I was a bit too quick. I didn't do it on purpose.

MARIANNE SETTERGREEN. What are you doing?

PIPPI. I'm afraid I made a little mistake.

MRS. PRYSSELIUS. A *little* mistake? You are quite simply the biggest mistake I've ever seen!

TOMMY. You shouldn't say things like that!

MARIANNE SETTERGREEN. Oh, I'm so sorry. I'm afraid you can't have any cream cake now.

MRS. GRANBERG. Quite frankly, I don't care at all. I couldn't eat as much as a single slice after this.

PIPPI. Why not? It's *marvelous*! *(PIPPI digs out a handful of cream cake, swallows a lot of it and then offers the rest of it around on her hand.)* Just have a taste.

MRS. GRANBERG. Ohh, stay away from me.

MARIANNE SETTERGREEN. Pippi, there seems to be rather a lot you've got to learn about how to behave.

PIPPI. I might have known. I should have stayed at sea.

MRS. GRANBERG and MRS. PRYSSELIUS. *(In perfect union.)* Yes! You should have!

MARIANNE SETTERGREEN. I think perhaps you would be more at home there.

ANNIKA. Oh, Mummy, you mustn't say that!

PIPPI. *(Holding out her cream-covered fingers.)* Doesn't anybody want to have a taste?

(Everybody draws back hastily. PIPPI seems to be really upset now.)

ANNIKA. You mustn't be upset about it, Pippi.

TOMMY. No, cause you've never been at a tea party before. You'll soon learn the ropes.

PIPPI. Do you think so?

TOMMY. Yes, I do think so!

PIPPI. If I just get up an hour earlier every morning and practice?

(PIPPI sighs deeply.)

ANNIKA. What's the matter, Pippi?

PIPPI. I miss my dad.

MARIANNE SETTERGREEN. You'd better go home now, Pippi.

PIPPI. Yes, I think I'd better. Goodbye ... and thank you! *(She holds out her creamy hand, which MARIANNE takes, drying her own hand afterwards on her apron.)* And I sorry I can't behave properly. *(On her way over to the ladies, she grabs another handful of cake.)* And goodbye to you, too.

MRS. GRANBERG. Keep away from me!

PIPPI. A pity, the cream's really really good. And as for you, Prissy Prissy Prue, why don't you take a little cake down to the welfare office?

(PIPPI rubs a little cake onto MRS. PRYSSELIUS' cheeks so they become really messy. MRS. GRANBERG faints.)

MRS. PRYSSELIUS. I'll make sure somebody takes very good care of that child!

SONG NO. 8 (Reprise): *BEST BEHAVIOR*

CHORUS 1 + 2

MRS. PRYSSELIUS, MRS. GRANBERG and a THIRD GUEST.
 AH, YES CHILDREN NEED DISCIPLINE
 SUCH TIMES WE'RE LIVING IN!
 LEARN FROM THEIR ELDERS AND
 BETTERS GOOD FORM

SAY "YES PLEASE" WHEN THEY
 WANT SOME TEA
 YES, AND "THANK YOU FOR
 HAVING ME"!

FOR WE LADIES WE KNOW
BEST WHAT'S GOOD
MA-A-ANNERS TODAY!

Scene 4
Outside Villekulla Cottage

*(TOMMY is lazing on the verandah and ANNIKA is on the swing.
PIPPI enters, lying down relaxing on her HORSE's back.
MUSIC UNDERSCORE: CALL ME PIPPI!)*

TOMMY. Just think, Pippi, you've been living here for almost half a year now.

PIPPI. Just think of that.

ANNIKA. I feel like you've always been living here.

TOMMY. Everything was so boring here before *you* came.

ANNIKA. We want you to stay here forever. You will do that, won't you?

PIPPI. Yes, but not if my dad comes and fetches me.

ANNIKA. Your dad? Do you really think he'll come back?

(PIPPI doesn't answer, but looks at TOMMY and ANNIKA unhappily.)

TOMMY. Do you miss him a lot?

ANNIKA. Of course she does.

PIPPI. Especially at bedtime *(MRS. PRYSSELIUS enters.)*
But look what the cat's brought in, it's Prissy Prissy Prue. Now we can have some fun. Hi! How's everything going down at the welfare office? I suppose you're just wagging your ears as usual?

MRS. PRYSSELIUS. And you are just as badly behaved as usual, I hear.

PIPPI. Yes, cause there's nobody to bring me up properly anymore. I suppose you've given up on me?

MRS. PRYSSELIUS. Do you really think that we could forget you?

PIPPI. Well, I actually hoped you would, cause it's so nice and peaceful at the moment.

MRS. PRYSSELIUS. I can assure you we haven't forgotten about you. And this time we mean business.

PIPPI. Business?

MRS. PRYSSELIUS. You are to leave this place. As of right now.

ANNIKA. Oh, can't she be allowed to stay here?

MRS. PRYSSELIUS. I'm sure you can understand that she can't go on staying here when she doesn't have any parents. How many times do I have to tell you that?

PIPPI. And how many times do I have to tell you that I have parents. Cause my mum ...

MRS. PRYSSELIUS. "... is an angel in heaven and my father is a pirate." Yes, thank you very much, we've heard all those tall tales before, but now we've had enough of them.

PIPPI. You don't really think I want to move into a children's home, do you?

MRS. PRYSSELIUS. No, but my heart bleeds for little children like you, and I want you to listen to what I'm going to say to you now.

SONG NO. 9: PIPPI, COME HOME WITH ME

MRS. PRYSSELIUS.

A1

PIPPI, WON'T YOU TRY AND LISTEN
THERE ARE MAY OTHER CHILDREN
WHO WOULD DEARLY LOVE TO COME
AND LIVE WITH ME

YOU SHOULD GET A GOOD UPBRINGING
AND YOUR LIFE WOULD SOON BE SWINGING
IN YOUR OWN ROOM YOU'D BE SINGING
IF YOU'D JUST COME HOME WITH ME

WE WOULD BOTH BE OH SO HAPPY
AND IT'S REALLY VERY LUCKY
I'VE GOT SO MANY THINGS THAT YOU CAN
USE YOUR TALENTS FOR

B1

YES LET ME SAY SOME MORE

JUST OPEN UP YOUR DOOR
FOR I SHALL REALLY SPOIL YOU AND
MAKE A REAL FUSS OF YOU AND
BE A MUM AND DAD FOR YOU AND
NEVER SCOLD OR PUNISH YOU IF
YOU'LL COME HOME WITH ME!

CHOIR.

CHORUS 1 + 2

PIPPI, DEAR, AT LAST YOU'LL HAVE A FAM'LY
DAY AND NIGHT FOR YOU THERE'LL BE A
WATCHDOG ALWAYS THERE

MRS. PRYSSELIUS.

I FOR YOU WILL BE YOUR HAPPY FAM'LY
AND YOU CAN BE MY DARLING LITTLE
PET AND DOLL AND TEENY WEENIE DEAR

PIPPI.

UGH!

MRS. PRYSSELIUS.

PIPPI COME ON HOME

PIPPI.

NOPE!

MRS. PRYSSELIUS.

PIPPI, COME ON HOME WITH ME!

A2

FOR MY GARDEN'S VERY CRAVING
I'VE GOT LAWNS THAT ALL NEED SHAVING
THERE'S ENOUGH TO DO FOR THREE
COME HOME WITH ME

I'VE GOT TREES THAT ALL NEED LOPPING
I'VE GOT LOGS THAT ALL NEED CHOPPING
YOU'LL NEED ALL THE STRENGTH WITHIN YOU IF
YOU COME BACK HOME WITH ME

I'VE GOT LOTS OF FLOORS FOR SCRUBBING
SILVER CANDLESTICKS FOR RUBBING

I'VE GOT SHELVES NEEDING DUSTING
AND I'VE LOTS OF WASHING UP

B2

SO PIPPI, COME ON HOME

PIPPI.

NO!

MRS. PRYSSELIUS.

YES, PIPPI DO COME HOME

PIPPI.

NO!

MRS. PRYSSELIUS.

I'LL TRY TO DO A LOT FOR YOU,
I PROMISE I WON'T THROTTLE YOU
I'LL REALLY MOLLYCODDLE YOU, AND
NEVER SCOLD OR PUNISH YOU IF
YOU'LL COME HOME WITH ME!

PIPPI. Thank you for the dance, Prissy Prissy Prue.

MRS. PRYSSELIUS. Yes, well ... as you can see, Pippi, I've decided you should move in with me.

PIPPI. Do you really want to share a house with a horse on the verandah, a monkey in my hair and cream cake all over me?

MRS. PRYSSELIUS. I hadn't really thought about the monkey ... or the horse.

PIPPI. So what had you thought about?

MRS. PRYSSELIUS. I would just look after you, little Pippi. I could be a mother to you.

PIPPI. A mother ... to me? Why?

MRS. PRYSSELIUS. Well, you can't just go on wandering around here becoming more and more uncivilized. You'll have to get used to living a normal life and learning how to behave in this world.

PIPPI. Why?

MRS. PRYSSELIUS. Because I want to bring you up and I want to do it entirely for free.

PIPPI. Why?

MRS. PRYSSELIUS. Because I regard it as my duty.

PIPPI. Well, well.

MRS. PRYSSELIUS. And you'll have your own room and everything.

PIPPI. Well, well, well!

MRS. PRYSSELIUS. And we'll do lots of exciting things together.

PIPPI. What sort of things?

MRS. PRYSSELIUS. We'll ... beat carpets and ... scrub floors and ... things like that. You're so strong. I'm not as strong as you and not too good at doing those kind of things.

PIPPI. Thank you very much.

MRS. PRYSSELIUS. (*Exultantly.*) Do you think ...?

PIPPI. I think I prefer to stay in my own house.

MRS. PRYSSELIUS. Why?

PIPPI. I've got my own carpets to beat.

MRS. PRYSSELIUS. Do you really mean to say you're turning down such a wonderful offer?

PIPPI. Ask those constables of yours, Cling and Clang, if they want to come and scrub your floors for you once in a while.

MRS. PRYSSELIUS. What a nerve! We're coming to fetch you no matter what you say.

PIPPI. We?

MRS. PRYSSELIUS. Yes. Constable Cling, Constable Clang and I will come and get you if you don't come with me of your own free will.

(*MRS. PRYSSELIUS exits.*)

MUSIC UNDERSCORE: *PIPPI, COME HOME WITH ME.*)

ANNIKA. (*Despairingly.*) Whatever shall we do?

TOMMY. Yes?

PIPPI. I don't know what you're going to do, but *I'm* going to be quite alright, 'cause now I'm a stuff-snuffer.

TOMMY. A what?

PIPPI. A stuff-snuffer!

ANNIKA. What's that?

PIPPI. Somebody who snuffs up stuff. At least as far as I know.

TOMMY. What sort of stuff?

PIPPI. All sorts of things. Gold nuggets and ostrich feathers and dead mice and screws and nails and ... all sorts of things!

ANNIKA. I want to be a stuff-snuffer too!

TOMMY. Yes, but I'd rather snuff up gold nuggets than screws and things.

PIPPI. You never know your luck!

SONG NO. 10: *THE STUFF-SNUFFER SONG*

PIPPI.

A1

I SNUFF UP
ALL KINDS OF STUFF
SNUFF UP FLUFFY SNUFFY
STUFF OFF-THE-CUFF AND
SNUFF AND FLUFF
ENOUGH STUFF!

I SNUFF UP
NAILS AND SCREWS AND
SNAILS AND SHOES AND
TAR AND SEAWEED
TINS AND BIRDSEED
SO MUCH LOVELY
STUFF AND THERE'LL BE
MORE OF IT YOU'LL SEE

THERE'S JUST SO MUCH LOVELY STUFF!

B1

TOMMY.

SOMETIMES WHEN WE ARE FEELING BLUE

ANNIKA.

SOMETIMES WHEN LIFE JUST GETS TO YOU

TOMMY.

THEN PIPPI THINKS UP THINGS TO DO

ANNIKA.

SUCH REALLY FUNNY THINGS TO DO

TOMMY and ANNIKA.

JUST LOOK HOW COOLLY SHE CAN TREAD

PIPPI.

WITH A CAKE TIN ON HER HEAD

CHORUS 1 + 2 + 3

PIPPI.

HOW MUCH WOULD A WOODCHUCK CHUCK IF
WOODCHUCKS COULD CHUCK WOOD?

WOULD A WOODCHUCK CHUCK SOME WOOD
IF A WOODCHUCK COULD?

HOW MUCH WOULD A WOODCHUCK CHUCK IF
WOODCHUCKS COULD CHUCK WOOD?
WOULD A WOODCHUCK CHUCK SOME WOOD
IF A WOODCHUCK COULD?

AHH! IT FEELS SO GOOD
WE FIND SO MANY LITTLE
SPLINTERS OF WOOD

A2
I SNUFF UP
ALL KINDS OF STUFF
SNUFF UP PUFFY SNUFFY
STUFF OFF-THE-CUFF AND
SNUFF, AND FLUFF
ENOUGH STUFF

PIPPY, TOMMY and ANNIKA.
WE SNUFF UP
RUSTY SABERS
SLEEPING NEIGHBORS
REELS OF COTTON
RATS GONE ROTTEN
OSTRICH FEATHER
NECKLACES AND
GOLD JUST WAIT AND SEE!

AND MUCH MORE STUFF-SNUFFER STUFF

B2
TOMMY.
SOMETIMES WHEN OUR POOR HEADS ARE ACHING
ANNIKA.
PIPPY STANDS ON HERS FOR BAKING
TOMMY.
TWENTY THOUSAND GINGER SNAPS AND
ANNIKA.
CREAM CAKES AND CHOC-LATE BARS, SHE

TOMMY and ANNIKA.
WALKS ON WATER ON THE FLOOR
PIPPI. (*Demonstrating this.*)
NEVER SINKS TILL SHE'S ASHORE!

PIPPI, TOMMY and ANNIKA.
HOW MUCH WOULD A WOODCHUCK CHUCK IF
WOODCHUCKS COULD CHUCK WOOD?
WOULD A WOODCHUCK CHUCK SOME WOOD
IF A WOODCHUCK COULD?

HOW MUCH WOULD A WOODCHUCK CHUCK IF
WOODCHUCKS COULD CHUCK WOOD?
WOULD A WOODCHUCK CHUCK SOME WOOD
IF A WOODCHUCK COULD?

AHH! IT FEELS SO GOOD
WE FIND SO MANY LITTLE
SPLINTERS OF WOOD!

A3
WE SNUFF UP
ALL KINDS OF STUFF
SNUFF UP PUFFY SNUFFY
STUFF OFF-THE-CUFF AND
SNUFF AND FLUFF
ENOUGH STUFF

SUCH LOVELY
SNUFF-STUFF!

(PIPPI drums on her cake tin.)

PIPPI. Look! This is a typical stuff-snuffer thing.

ANNIKA. Yes, but what are you *really* going to use it for?

PIPPI. If ... if I put it on my head I can play "things that go bump in the night."

(PIPPI puts the tin over her head and rushes around bumping into things and beating her head with a stick to make a nice sound. Somehow, her movements are transmuted into a kind of

pirates' dance — a jug or hornpipe. At the same time, we hear somebody blowing a horn. PIPPI's father, CAPTAIN LONGSTOCKING, enters. It is he who is blowing the horn. Immediately, ANNIKA and TOMMY pick themselves up and retreat to the verandah, trying to smooth their clothes and hair. PIPPI is still dancing with the tin over her head. Then she stops. She recognizes the sound. CAPTAIN LONGSTOCKING catches sight of his daughter. PIPPI hastily takes the tin off her head and throws herself into her father's arms.)

CAPTAIN LONGSTOCKING. PIPPI!
PIPPY. DAD!

(After a long and loving embrace, CAPTAIN LONGSTOCKING lets out a howl of jubilation worthy of a pirate and whirls PIPPI around, finally throwing her up in the air.)

CAPTAIN LONGSTOCKING. Ah, Pippi, me own little lass!
PIPPY. Dad, is it you? It is really you?

CAPTAIN LONGSTOCKING. Yes, lass, it's really me.

PIPPY. I knew you weren't drowned.

CAPTAIN LONGSTOCKING. Me? Drowned? Can't be done, old girl. I just floated along on the crests of the waves, as I usually do, until I reached the nearest island.

PIPPY. Just what I thought! And then the good ship Hoptoad came and rescued you, right?

CAPTAIN LONGSTOCKING. You're absolutely right. Otherwise I wouldn't be here now.

PIPPY. Oh, Dad! Now you must say hello to Tommy and Annika. They're my best, best, best friends.

CAPTAIN LONGSTOCKING. Well, what nice friends you've got, Pippi. Hello, there. My name's Captain Longstocking.

(He sounds his horn again and PIRATES come rushing in from all directions, shouting and cheering. They perform an acrobatic dance number to the sound of drums and cymbal clashes. TOMMY and ANNIKA have never seen anything like it. PIPPI throws herself into the dance among the PIRATES, who are all extremely happy to see her again. The dance ends with the PIRATES forming a "pyramid" with PIPPI on top of it.)

CAPTAIN LONGSTOCKING. Pippi Longstocking! The best helmsmen on the seven seas! *(The PIRATES shout exclamations of approval, applause, etc. Ad libs.)* Pippi! The good ship Hoptoad is anchored down at the harbor and we're only waiting for you. As soon as we've loaded all our cargo, we'll be setting sail again.

(It is only now that TOMMY and ANNKA realize that PIPPI is about to leave them.)

PIPPY. When will that be?

CAPTAIN LONGSTOCKING. Tomorrow morning early.

TOMMY. Already?

CAPTAIN LONGSTOCKING. Pippi's been longing for the sea, so we'd better get a move on. It'll be good to have you onboard again, Pippi. By the way, are you still as strong as you used to be?

PIPPY. Stronger! You're not the strongest anymore, Dad.

CAPTAIN LONGSTOCKING. Ah, I'll have to see that before I believe it.

PIPPY. Just try me, Dad.

(PIPPY and CAPTAIN LONGSTOCKING have a tug of war with a long rope, which PIPPI wins. Then CAPTAIN LONGSTOCKING gets all the other PIRATES to help him at his end of the rope. After a tough struggle, which favors one way then the other, PIPPI finally wins. She falls over backwards.)

CAPTAIN LONGSTOCKING. Well, I never! You *are* the strongest girl in the whole world.

PIPPY. That's what I said.

TOMMY. Pippi, they're coming!

CAPTAIN LONGSTOCKING. Who's coming.

TOMMY. The police ... and Prissy Prissy Prue!

CAPTAIN LONGSTOCKING. You what?

PIPPY. It's that rattlesnake and those two constables. Quick, you can hide in the corn bin.

CAPTAIN LONGSTOCKING. Hide? Do you think I'm afraid of rattlesnakes?

PIPPY. No, of course not, but do as I say. And all you other tough guys, find somewhere to hide. Get out of here! *(They hesitate.)* Quick!

(They scamper in all directions. CAPTAIN LONGSTOCKING hides in

the corn bin. TOMMY and ANNKA just manage to put the lid down over him and move away from it when MRS. PRYSSELIUS enters with the CONSTABLES in tow.)

MRS. PRYSSELIUS. Alright. Get on with your work!

CONSTABLE CLING. Yes, right! Er ... Pippi Longstocking, er ... listen 'ere! This time there'll be no beating around the bush. If you don't come with us of your own free will, we'll have to put you in handcuffs.

PIPPI. Well, what are you waiting for? Bring out the handcuffs.

(PIPPI holds her hands out obediently. But when the CONSTABLES take hold of her wrist to put the handcuffs on, they find themselves flying through the air to the accompaniment of drum rolls and cymbal clashes. Once again they try to attack her, but they're like feathers in PIPPI's hands. In the end they are both lying on the floor, completely exhausted.)

CONSTABLE CLANG. It's ... it's er ... very embarrassing, Mrs. Prysselius, but we'll have to ask for reinforcement.

MRS. PRYSSELIUS. Reinforcements! In order to arrest a little child? Whatever are the police coming to these days?

PIPPI. That really is a very good question.

CONSTABLE CLING. Alright then, have a try yourself.

MRS. PRYSSELIUS. Pippi, you have to try to understand that, as a child who doesn't have any parents, you can't live all by yourself and

PIPPI. I *have* got parents! Can't you get that into your thick head.

MRS. PRYSSELIUS. Now she's off again. She claims she has a father who is a pirate on an island in the South Pacific.

CONSTABLE CLANG. Now, that we'd better get written down. Make a note of it, Cling.

CONSTABLE CLING. Right!

CONSTABLE CLANG. So you claim that you have a father on an island in the South Pacific.

PIPPI. No, I haven't got a father on an island in the South Pacific.

CONSTABLE CLING. *(Writing it down.)* ... "haven't got a father on an island."

MRS. PRYSSELIUS. Yes, but that's what you said yourself.

That you have a father

PIPPI. Oh, yes, I have a father.

CONSTABLE CLING. ... "have a father."

MRS. PRYSSELIUS. How have you got a father?

CONSTABLE CLING. "How have you got a father?"

PIPPI. But not on an island.

CONSTABLE CLING. ... "not on an island."

MRS. PRYSSELIUS. Lies, all lies.

CONSTABLE CLING. "Lies, all" Do I have to write that?

MRS. PRYSSELIUS. Be quiet, Cling!

CONSTABLE CLING. "Be quiet, Cling."

CONSTABLE CLING. You don't have to write *that*!

CONSTABLE CLING. "You don't have to write ..."

MRS. PRYSSELIUS. You're driving me mad!

CONSTABLE CLING. "You're driving me ..."

MRS. PRYSSELIUS. If you don't have a father in the South Pacific, then where do you have a father?

CONSTABLE CLING. You're going too fast!

MRS. PRYSSELIUS. In heaven, perhaps?

CONSTABLE CLING. "In heaven, perhaps."

PIPPI. No, but he might be in the corn bin.

CONSTABLE CLING. ... "might be in the corn bin."

CONSTABLES CLANG and CLING and MRS. PRYSSELIUS.

In the corn bin?

MRS. PRYSSELIUS. There, you can see for yourselves. She's a born liar.

PIPPI. Well, why don't you take a look?

CONSTABLE CLANG. No, thank you! You're not going to make a fool out of me again. You go and have a look, Cling.

CONSTABLE CLING. Must I?

CONSTABLE CLANG. *(Harshly.)* YES!

CONSTABLE CLING. Alright ... I will

(CONSTABLE CLING goes over to the corn bin and opens it. CAPTAIN LONGSTOCKING draws himself to his full height inside the bin.)

CAPTAIN LONGSTOCKING. Captain Longstocking at your service!

(MRS. PRYSSELIUS faints into CONSTABLE CLANG's arms. The

PIRATES emerge from hiding all over the stage, shouting and roaring and performing their acrobatic dance to drum and cymbal accompaniment, which MRS. PRYSSELIUS and the CONSTABLES are involuntarily drawn into. It is as though the PIRATES are "repelling boarders," and when the dance is over, MRS. PRYSSELIUS and the CONSTABLES hurriedly retreat from the stage.)

CAPTAIN LONGSTOCKING. I've never in me life met such funny rattlesnakes! Well, lads. We'd better get underway. We weigh anchor tomorrow morning at ten. Off you go. Back to the Hoptoad.

PIRATES. Ay, ay, Cap'n!

(Like a ragged and undisciplined army, the PIRATES exit, saluting CAPTAIN LONGSTOCKING and PIPPI on the way out. A quick march is played on the drums. PIPPI looks at CAPTAIN LONGSTOCKING and suddenly bites him hard on the arm.)

CAPTAIN LONGSTOCKING. Ow! What is it, me own lass?

PIPPI. I just wanted to feel if it's real or if I'm just still dreaming like I always do.

(CAPTAIN LONGSTOCKING rubs noses with PIPPI.)

CAPTAIN LONGSTOCKING. You're not dreaming. And now we're never going to be apart anymore.

(CAPTAIN LONGSTOCKING exits, stopping to salute TOMMY and ANNIKA, who are more frightened than honored. After he has gone, PIPPI becomes aware that TOMMY and ANNIKA are upset. TOMMY leans against the door post with his hands in his pockets and ANNIKA goes over to sit unhappily on the corn bin. TOMMY soon joins her.)

PIPPI. What's the matter? Why didn't you say anything? Listen, it's dangerous not to say anything for too long, your tongue can fall out. I once met a fellow in Calcutta, he didn't say anything at all and he lost his tongue in the end. And then, when he finally did want to say something, it sounded like this.... *(She makes incomprehensible talking noises.)* Well, I never.... I think you've both lost your tongues! Oh, come on, try to say something. Try to say: "Bon voyage,

dear Pippi, and thank you so much for all the fun we've had together."

TOMMY and ANNIKA. *(On the verge of tears.)* "Bon voyage, dear Pippi, and thank you so much for all the fun we've had together."

PIPPI. That's it! I thought I'd only hear *(She repeats her incomprehensible talking sounds. It doesn't cheer up her friends. There is a long pause. Her HORSE suddenly sticks its nose out of the window furthest stage left, joining the row of friends to be left behind. MUSIC UNDERSCORE: TOMMY'S GOODBYE.)* Why are you so unhappy? Now I'm getting unhappy, too. You can easily think up some good games to play, even though I'm not here.

TOMMY. No.

ANNIKA. Never.

PIPPI. You can have my horse, if you like. *(The HORSE whinnies unhappily.)* I can't take him with me on the ship. He'd only get seasick. *(Pause.)* Don't you ... don't you want my horse at all?

TOMMY. Well, yes, perhaps, but

PIPPI. But what?

(TOMMY looks at ANNIKA.)

ANNIKA. It doesn't help having a horse if you're not here!

PIPPI. You can have everything else in the house too! All the things in the cupboard and in my bag and all my gold coins and

(PIPPI rushes into the house and fetches her leather bag, taking out two gold coins to give them.)

TOMMY. I think we have to go home now. Come on, Annika.

(ANNIKA goes off crying. TOMMY gently puts the gold coins back in PIPPI's hands. He then turns and follows ANNIKA off. After looking helplessly after them, PIPPI goes back into the house.)

Scene 5

The Pirate Ship Hoptoad

(We are now aboard CAPTAIN LONGSTOCKING's ship in the harbor. Two dark cloths conceal the front of PIPPI's house and a large white sail is flown in, together with rigging which the

PIRATES anchor to the floor. There is a wheel for steering the ship center stage. The PIRATES are busy loading the ship, passing items to each other. Barrels, sacks of provisions, coils of rope and various other items are being stowed away on board. The PIRATES exchange shouts, curious LANDLUBBERS watch them, including some CHILDREN, and the stage is filled with activity. At the sound of his horn, CAPTAIN LONGSTOCKING enters with PIPPI.

MUSICAL UNDERSCORE: *THE PIRATE SONG.*)

SOME CHILDREN. She's coming. There she is. There's Pippi!

(Their ad libs continue.)

CONSTABLE CLANG. Move along there.

CONSTABLE CLING. Out of the way. Here's Pippi.

(The CREW welcomes PIPPI, who is now wearing a cocked hat and her father's much too large blue sailor's jacket with gold buttons and braid over her normal dress. A salute is fired from the ship's cannon. In the midst of the CREW's applause, PIPPI inspects the ship and seems to be very moved to see it again.)

PIPPY. The good old Hoptoad.

(TOMMY and ANNIKA are watching, but from a distance.)

CAPTAIN LONGSTOCKING. Well, who do we have here?
Tommy and Annika. What are you looking so upset about?

(PIPPY sees them and immediately becomes upset too, but MRS. PRYSSELIUS comes up to her with outstretched hand, taking her mind off her friends.)

MRS. PRYSSELIUS. Pippi, we're all so happy to see you. And we've come to say goodbye.

PIPPY. Yes, now I'm afraid I'll never be as well-behaved as you wanted me to be.

MRS. PRYSSELIUS. I've had to acknowledge that doing the impossible is impossible. But I do wonder. I wonder what will become of you, when you're grown up, I mean?

PIPPY. *(Borrowing a cutlass, which she brandishes wildly.)* I'm going to be a pirate like my dad. The terror of the seas!

(MRS. PRYSSELIUS withdraws, weak at the knees.)

CONSTABLE CLANG. Well, goodbye, then, Pippi. The town'll be a bit quieter now.

CONSTABLE CLING. Yes, er A little less exciting. Almost boring in fact.

PIPPY. We can always send for my granddad's dad with his wooden leg and his black patch over his eye. Blind Old Lee, they used to call him, and he was always good for some fun.

CONSTABLE CLANG. I don't think that'll be necessary.

CONSTABLE CLING. *(Almost simultaneously.)* Yes, please!

PIPPY. Yes, cause then you'll never get bored while we're away. Do you really want to know what he's like? We can sing you a song about him, if you want.

(Everyone shouts "YES!" except MRS. PRYSSELIUS and the CONSTABLES, who cry out "NO!" PIPPI is already rhythmically shouting "YOU HO HO!" The PIRATES gather round her as the music starts. MRS. PRYSSELIUS and the two CONSTABLES are drawn into the choreography against their wills, being thrown around by the PIRATES and danced with until they drop.)

SONG NO. 11: THE PIRATE SONG

CAPTAIN LONGSTOCKING and PIRATES.

A1

THERE WAS ONE, THERE WAS TWO
THERE WAS THREE THAT CAME
THERE WAS ONE, TWO, THREE THAT CAME

THERE WAS FOUR, AN' THERE WAS FIVE, AN'
THERE WAS SIX THAT CAME
FOUR, FIVE, SIX THAT CAME

THERE WAS SEV'N AN' TWENTY PIRATES BOLD
ALL OVER THE PLACE WHEN THEY CAME ASHORE

TEN, TWENTY PIRATES BOLD
WHOSE THIRST WAS ALL AFLAME.

AND THEY SANG
AND THEY SANG
AND THEY SANG
YEAH, THEY SANG TILL THE BUTT THEY SPRANG
YEAH, THEY SANG TILL THEIR TANKARDS THEY RANG

B1 + B2

HEY HO, ME OLE MATE ARE YER DONE?
CAUSE WE'RE SAILING NOW IF YER WANT A RIDE
HEY HO, ME OLD MATE ARE YER DONE?
GOTTA CATCH THE MORNING TIDE

CHORUS 1

YO HO HO 'N' A BOTTLE O' RUM
IS JUST WHAT WE NEED FOR A BIT O' FUN
WITH OLD LEE WITH 'IS WOODEN LEG
'N' BLACK EYE PATCH!

SINGING

JUB JUB JUB
GRUB GRUB GRUB
DUB DUB DUB
SCRUB SCRUB SCRUB
WILL YER SAIL WITH ME?
WILL YER SAIL WITH ME?
WILL YER SAIL WITH ME IN ME OLD TUB?

SINGING

JUB JUB JUB
SCRUB SCRUB SCRUB
WILL YER SAIL WITH ME IN ME OLD TUB?

A2

THERE WAS JIM, THERE WAS TIM
THERE WAS BLIND OLD LEE
THERE WAS JIM, TIM, BLIND OLD LEE

THERE WAS JOHNNY, THERE WAS TOMMY
THERE WAS LITTLE ME
E-PHRAIM, RIGHT THAT'S ME!

SO COME ON ME MATES, LET'S HAVE A BALL
AS SOON AS WE CAN WHEN WE GET ASHORE.
CLAP ME IN IRONS, LADS OR
COME AND DANCE WITH ME

AND THEY SANG
AND THEY SANG
AND THEY SANG
YEAH THEY SANG TILL THEIR TANKARDS THEY RANG
TILL THEIR HEARTS AN' THEIR BUTTONS THEY SPRANG

CHORUS 2

YO HO HO 'N' A BOTTLE O' RUM
IS JUST WHAT WE NEED FOR A BIT O' FUN
WITH OLD LEE WITH 'IS WOODEN LEG
'N' BLACK EYE PATCH!

SINGING

JUB JUB JUB
GRUB GRUB GRUB
DUB DUB DUB
SCRUB SCRUB SCRUB
WILL YER SAIL WITH ME?
WILL YER SAIL WITH ME?
WILL YER DROWN WITH ME IN ME OLD TUB?

SINGING

JUB JUB JUB
SCRUB SCRUB SCRUB
WILL YER DROWN WITH ME IN ME OLD TUB?

*(After the song, CAPTAIN LONGSTOCKING gives a signal for the
PIRATES to prepare to sail. The PIRATES all exit. Only
CAPTAIN LONGSTOCKING remains beside the ship's wheel.
PIPPI goes over to TOMMY and ANNIKA.*

MUSICAL UNDERSCORE: *TOMMY'S GOODBYE SONG.*)

PIPPY. Well, now I suppose we'd better say goodbye, then. It's awfully sad though, isn't it?

TOMMY. I ... I've written a poem for you.

PIPPY. Really? No! May I hear it?

SONG NO. 12: *TOMMY'S GOODBYE SONG*

TOMMY.

A1

WHAT SHALL WE DO NOW
IT'S ALL SO SAD
NOW THAT YOU'RE LEAVING TODAY
WHEN WILL WE EVER AGAIN BE GLAD?
WHY MUST YOU SO SOON GO AWAY?

ANNIKA.

A2

WHAT SHALL WE PLAY NOW
THAT YOU'RE NOT HERE?
WE'RE FEELING LONESOME AND SMALL
THAT YOU SHOULD LEAVE US IS HARD TO BEAR
WE CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT AT ALL

TOMMY and ANNIKA.

B1

WE SAY GOODBYE
TO OUR DEAREST FRIEND
AND HOPE THAT WE'LL SEE YOU AGAIN

WE SAY GOODBYE
TO OUR DEAREST FRIEND
AND HOPE THAT WE'LL SEE YOU AGAIN.

PIPPY. (*Moved.*) Oh, it's so lovely. And it rhymes!

CAPTAIN LONGSTOCKING. We're ready to sail, Pippy.

PIPPY. I'm coming. (*To TOMMY and ANNIKA.*) You mustn't cry. I'll never forget you.

ANNIKA. (*Sniffing.*) And we'll never forget you.

(PIPPI can't bear it and goes over to her father. The music is still playing gently with TOMMY and ANNIKA humming softly in the background.)

PIPPI. This is no good, Dad.

CAPTAIN LONGSTOCKING. What do you mean?

PIPPI. I can't just leave Tommy and Annika.

CAPTAIN LONGSTOCKING. But ... you've got to.

PIPPI. It's no good, I can't. Look how unhappy they are.

CAPTAIN LONGSTOCKING. They'll get over it.

(TOMMY and ANNIKA exit tearfully.)

PIPPI. That's easy for you to say. But I can't just sail away leaving them crying here.

CAPTAIN LONGSTOCKING. No, but

PIPPI. It's no good. I ... I just have to ... to go back to the house and wait until you come back again.

CAPTAIN LONGSTOCKING. You ... you really want that? Well, Pippi. You do what you want. You always have and you always will.

PIPPI. Yes, I have, haven't I? And do you know what, Dad? It's probably the best thing for a child, instead of drifting around on the South Seas. Things are probably a bit more stable at home. Especially when I'm the one who's looking after me. *(He gives her an enormous hug.)* Oh, Dad, I'm going to miss you so much.

CAPTAIN LONGSTOCKING. And I'm going to miss you too. But you'd better have a few more of those gold coins. Come on, let's go down to the cabin and see if we can find another sack for you.

(CAPTAIN LONGSTOCKING opens a hatch and PIPPI disappears down it.)

MUSIC UNDERSCORE: THE PIRATE SONG.

The PIRATES come rushing in and actually strike the set, preparing to sail. A big white sail is hoisted aloft until it disappears from our view. All the while, CAPTAIN LONGSTOCKING gesticulates and curses and swears and peers out over the audience as through a telescope. The cannon is fired several times and the stage is filled with smoke as the lights fade.)

Scene 6
Back at Villekulla Cottage

(During the blackout the ship has sailed. With lights up we see the garden in front of PIPPI's house. TOMMY and ANNIKA are sitting sadly on the verandah steps on either side of PIPPI's front door.)

SONG NO. 12 (Reprise): TOMMY'S GOODBYE SONG

TOMMY and ANNIKA.

A3

WHAT SHALL WE DO NOW?
IT BREAKS OUR HEARTS
WHEN O'ER THE OCEANS YOU RIDE

WILL WE FIND YOU ON
SOME OLD SEA CHART
AND DREAM THAT WE'RE STILL BY YOUR SIDE?

B2

WE SAY GOODBYE TO
OUR DEAREST FRIEND
GOOD LUCK BE YOURS RIGHT TO THE END

(The door to the cottage opens and PIPPI appears. She doesn't reveal her presence.)

TOMMY and ANNIKA.

WE SAY GOODBYE TO
OUR DEAREST FRIEND
AND HOPE THAT WE'LL SEE YOU AGAIN

(PIPPI give a happy little whistle. The sight of PIPPI brings TOMMY and ANNIKA to their feet.)

TOMMY. But ...?

ANNIKA. What ...?

TOMMY. Yes, but you ...?

ANNIKA. The ship ...?

PIPPI. The good ship Hoptoad will manage perfectly alright without me. I'm staying here.

TOMMY. Is that right?

ANNIKA. Is that really true?

PIPPI. I never tell lies. Haven't you noticed?

(All three friends join hands joyfully. The three fit in PIPPI's hula hoop and swing each other around inside it.)

SONG NO. 1 (Finale): CALL ME PIPPI

PIPPI with TOMMY and ANNIKA.

MY FATHER HE'S A PIRATE KING
MY MOTHER SHE'S IN HEAVEN
THE MONKEY IN OUR FAMILY
HIS NAME IS MR. NELSON

MY UNCLE HE'S A CIRCUS CLOWN
MY COUSIN'S JUST TOO LAZY
MY AUNTIE'S IN AMERICA
THEY CALL HER CRAZY DAISY

AND ME MYSELF AND ME
PIPPI LONGSTOCKING THAT'S ME

PIPPI-LOTTA
PANTRY-CLEANER
PEPPER-MINTA
GABER-DINA
PIRATE'S DAUGHTER
PIP-PI-LOTTA
LONG-STOCKING

BUT THAT IS MUCH TOO
LONG A NAME FOR ME
THE ONLY NAME MY FRIENDS THEY LIKE TO
CALL ME BY IS PI-PIIII!

(The song ends with a blackout, but continues instrumentally during the subsequent curtain calls.)

*After cast members have taken their bows, they sing an encore,
encouraging the audience to sing and clap along.)*

SONG NO. 3 (Encore): *THE STRONGEST GIRL IN THE WORLD*

ALL.

IF SOME CRAZY GUY
WANTS TO FIGHT WITH ME
LET HIM DARE
IF SOME SILLY BEE
WANTS TO MESS WITH ME
JUST TAKE CARE

IF I WERE HE
I'D TURN AND FLEE
PRETTY FAR FROM HERE
FOR THOUGH I CAME
UP TO HIS KNEE
HE CAN'T BE HALF AS
STRONG AS ME

ALL. *(With audience joining in.)*
THERE IS NO ONE STRONGER, NO
NO ONE STRONGER THAN ME

SUPER-DUPER GIRL
SUPER-DUPER SUPER GIRL
NO ONE STRONGER, NO
NO ONE STRONGER THAN ME

NO, THERE'S NO ONE STRONGER, NO
NO ONE STRONGER THAN SHE

SUPER-DUPER GIRL
SUPER-DUPER SUPER GIRL

NO ONE STRONGER THAN, NO
NO ONE STRONGER THAN SHE!
(Etc.)

CURTAIN

OTHER TITLES AVAILABLE FROM SAMUEL FRENCH

RUTHLESS! THE MUSICAL

Book and Lyrics by Joal Paley

Music by Marvin Laird

Musical spoof / 1m, 5f or 6f / Unit set

Eight year old Tina Denmark knows she was born to play Pippi Longstocking, and she will do anything to win the part in her school musical. Anything includes murdering the leading lady! This aggressively outrageous musical hit garnered rave reviews during its long Off Broadway run.

"A spoof that has enough absurd plot twists and multiple identities to fill several old movies.... The fun comes from the sheer brazenness."

— *New York Times*

"Wild amusement."

— *New York Post*

"A wonderfully smart and funny send up of every Broadway brat from *Gypsy* to *The Bad Seed*... loaded with campy wit and charm."

— *Variety*

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OTHER TITLES AVAILABLE FROM SAMUEL FRENCH

THE SPITFIRE GRILL

Music and Book by James Valcq

Lyrics and Book by Fred Alley

Based on the film by Lee David Zlotoff

Musical Drama / 3m, 4f / Unit Set

A feisty parolee follows her dreams, based on a page from an old travel book, to a small town in Wisconsin and finds a place for herself working at Hannah's Spitfire Grill. It is for sale but there are no takers for the only eatery in the depressed town, so newcomer Percy suggests to Hannah that she raffle it off. Entry fees are one hundred dollars and the best essay on why you want the grill wins. Soon, mail is arriving by the wheelbarrow full and things are definitely cookin' at the Spitfire Grill.

"An abundance of warmth, spirit and goodwill!...Some of the most engaging and instantly infectious melodies I've heard in an original musical in some time."

— *USA Today*

"A soul satisfying...work of theatrical resourcefulness. A compelling story that flows with grace and carries the rush of anticipation. The story moves, the characters have many dimensions and their transformations are plausible and moving. The musical is freeing. It is penetrated by honesty and it glows."

— *The New York Times*

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OTHER TITLES AVAILABLE FROM SAMUEL FRENCH

SULLIVAN & GILBERT

Ken Ludwig

Musical Play / 8m, 4f / Various interiors or unit set

This clever show takes place at the Savoy Theatre in 1890. Gilbert and Sullivan, who have been feuding for years, are forced to work together one more time: Queen Victoria commands a performance of their most popular songs. Part docu-drama, part period comedy, and part "Gilbert and Sullivan's Greatest Hits," this is a delightful revue from the author of *Lend Me a Tenor*, *Leading Ladies*, and *Moon Over Buffalo*.

"A charming show."

— *Boston Globe*

"A warm, and affectionate behind the scenes look at this tempestuous, hilarious relationship."

— *Middlesex News*

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