

Fanny

Story by Holly Hobbie

Adapted Script by Beth Moore

Cast of Characters

Narrator

Fanny

Mother

Coco

Tiffany

Narrator: Annabelle had been dreaming of a Connie (the very popular celebrity glamour doll) since her last birthday, then Christmas, but no was her mother's firm answer.

Mother: I'm not going to get you one of those Connie dolls, so please stop asking.

Fanny: MOM, everyone has one!

Mother: The answer is no.

Fanny: Why?

Mother: I don't like the way....they're just too much!

Narrator: This made Fanny so mad she thought she might POP!

Fanny: I'll just make my own Connie!

Narrator: So Fanny went to work cutting out pink pajamas and made a body. She stuffed and sewed and drew a face and used bright yarn for hair. She worked very hard all afternoon on her doll.

Fanny: There's my Connie! Hmmmmm...maybe Connie isn't the right name for you. How about...Annabelle?

Narrator: The doll seemed to say, I like that name. Call me Annabelle.

Mother: (coming into the room) What a wonderful doll!

Fanny: Really? She's not funny looking?

Mother: I think she is marvelous!

Narrator: That night Fanny slept with Annabelle right by her and gazed at her.

Fanny: I made you. I can hardly believe it. Maybe you are marvelous.

Narrator: The next day, Fanny's best friends came over to play for her birthday and they brought their Connie dolls with them. They dressed them as gorgeous models and sassy celebrities.

Fanny: (proudly showing them Annabelle) Guess what, this is Annabelle.

Coco and Tiffany: (complete silence and strange looks)

Narrator: Fanny tried to include Annabelle in their play, but her friends acted like Annabelle wasn't even there. She took Annabelle and stuffed her into a dresser drawer. It was time to open presents and eat cake. Fanny received a real sewing machine and materials from her mother.

Fanny: (kind of sadly) Thanks Mom.

Tiffany: I am glad I never got a present like that! I can't even sew.

Coco: I like store-bought anyway. It looks more professional.

Narrator: That night Fanny couldn't fall asleep because she was worrying about Annabelle. What if she was afraid of the dark? What if she was lonely?

Fanny: (creeping to the drawer) I must admit, you ARE different.

Narrator: Annabelle seemed to say, you made me, don't you love me?

Fanny: Of course I love you! And I think you are beautiful! Let's go to bed! You are so soft and cuddly too!

Narrator: The next morning, her friends called to come and play with them.

Fanny: I'll see if Annabelle wants to come.

Tiffany: Oh, you can play with our Connies, we have extra.

Fanny: I am positive Annabelle wants to come.

Narrator: At her friend's house, they decided to play veterinary hospital.

Tiffany and Coco: The Connie dolls can be nurses!

Fanny: I think I know a wonderful doctor!

Narrator: All afternoon, Dr. Annabelle performed countless operations on stuffed animals in need of dire help. Later that evening, Fanny's mother popped in her room.

Mother: What are you up to? You've been so busy.

Fanny: I am making some clothes for Annabelle.

Narrator: Continuing to work on clothes for Annabelle, Fanny thought of one more thing every little girl needed...

Fanny: This is your very own doll Annabelle! What shall we name her? Dolly? Sally?

Narrator: A little voice seemed to pipe up... Connie, call me Connie.