

Abby, Martha, Harper, Brophy, Klein, Teddy

MARTHA. [*At door.*] Well, now, isn't this nice? [*Closes door.*]

BROPHY. [*Crosses to MARTHA.*] Good afternoon, Miss Brewster.

MARTHA. How do you do, Mr. Brophy? Dr. Harper. Mr. Klein.

KLEIN. How are you, Miss Brewster? We dropped in to get the Christmas toys.

MARTHA. Oh, yes, Teddy's Army and Navy. They wear out. They're all packed. [*She turns to stairs. BROPHY stops her.*]

BROPHY. The Colonel's upstairs after them—it seems the Cabinet has to O.K. it.

MARTHA. Yes, of course. I hope Mrs. Brophy's better?

BROPHY. She's doin' fine, ma'am. Your sister's getting some soup for me to take to her.

MARTHA. [*Crossing below BROPHY to C.*] Oh, yes, we made it this morning. I just took some to a poor man who broke ever so many bones.

[*ABBY enters from kitchen carrying a covered pail.*]

ABBY. Oh, you're back, Martha. How was Mr. Benitzky?

MARTHA. Well, dear, it's pretty serious, I'm afraid. The doctor was there. He's going to amputate in the morning.

ABBY. [*Hopefully.*] Can we be present?

MARTHA. [*Disappointment.*] No. I asked him but he says it's against the rules of the hospital. [*MARTHA crosses to sideboard— puts pail down. Then puts cape and hat on small table U. L.*]

[*TEDDY enters on balcony with large cardboard box and comes downstairs to desk, putting box on stool. KLEIN crosses to toy box HARPER speaks through this.*]

HARPER. You couldn't be of any service—and you must spare yourselves something.

ABBY. [*To BROPHY.*] Here's the broth, Mr. Brophy. Be sure it's good and hot.

BROPHY. Yes, ma'am. [*Drops U. S.*]

KLEIN. This is fine—it'll make a lot of kids happy. [*Lifts out toy soldier.*] That O'Malley boy is nuts about soldiers.

TEDDY. That's General Miles. I've retired him. [*KLEIN removes ship.*] What's this! The Oregon!

MARTHA. [*Crosses to U. L.*] Teddy, dear, put it back.

TEDDY. But the Oregon goes to Australia.

ABBY. Now, Teddy ———

TEDDY. No, I've given my word to Fighting Bob Evans.

MARTHA. But, Teddy —

KLEIN. What's the difference what kid gets it—Bobby Evans, Izzy Cohen? [*Crosses to R. door with box, opens door. BROPHY follows.*] We'll run along, ma'am, and thank you very much.

ABBY. Not at all. [*The COPS stop in doorway, salute TEDDY and exit. ABBY crosses and shuts door as she speaks. TEDDY starts upstairs.*] Good-bye.

HARPER. [*Crosses to sofa, gets hat.*] I must be getting home.

ABBY. Before you go, Dr. Harper —

[*TEDDY has reached stair landing.*]

TEDDY. CHARGE! [*He dashes upstairs. At top he stops and with a sweeping gesture over the balcony rail, invites all to follow him as he speaks.*] Charge the blockhouse! [*He dashes through door, closing it after him.*]

[*HARPER looks after him. MARTHA, to L. of HARPER, is fooling with a pin on her dress. ABBY R. of HARPER.*]

HARPER. The blockhouse?

MARTHA. The stairs are always San Juan Hill.

HARPER. Have you ever tried to persuade him that he wasn't Teddy Roosevelt?

ABBY. Oh, no!

MARTHA. He's so happy being Teddy Roosevelt.

ABBY. Once, a long time ago—[*She crosses below to MARTHA.*] remember, Martha? We thought if he would be George Washington it might be a change for him —

MARTHA. But he stayed under his bed for days and just wouldn't be anybody.

ABBY. And we'd so much rather he'd be Mr. Roosevelt than nobody.

HARPER. Well, if he's happy—and what's more important you're happy—[*He takes blue-backed legal paper from inside pocket.*] you'll see that he signs these.

MARTHA. What are they?

ABBY. Dr. Harper has made all arrangements for Teddy to go to Happy Dale Sanitarium after we pass on.

MARTHA. But why should Teddy sign any papers now?

HARPER. It's better to have it all settled. If the Lord should take