**Sides**

**Polly**

**POLLY:** I don’t live in a house. I live all around. In the mist from the pond, in the song of the mockin’ bird. Sometimes I hitch my hammock to the Milky Way. What you say your name is?

**JACK:** Didn’t say.

**POLLY:** Right you are, boy. But I know it’s Jack.

**JACK:** How you know that?

**POLLY:** Could be a wild guess. Could be I’m a magic lady who knows every single thing on earth.

**JACK:** A magic lady? Can you do magic tricks?

**POLLY:** Sure can. Come here. *(She takes his chin by the hand and looks him*

*over. She spit shines his nose and uses skirt to wipe.)* Don’t you ever wash this face? Full of grease and grit. And look! Look what’s hiding in your ear!