The Velveteen Rabbit adapted by Janet Allard
from the book by Margery Williams

(The Nursery. The other toys settle in and fall fast asleep. Time ticks on. The VELVETEEN RABBIT tries to sleep but can’t. The SKIN HORSE speaks to him.)

SKIN HORSE: Psst. Over here. Still awake?
VELVETEEN: I can’t sleep.
SKIN HORSE: Let me guess. They make you feel insignificant.
VELVETEEN: Yes.
SKIN HORSE: Commonplace?
VELVETEEN: I guess you could say that.
SKIN HORSE: Don’t listen to them. I’ve lived here in the nursery longer than any of them. So many seasons I can’t count. I’m the Skin Horse.
VELVETEEN: Nice to meet you.
SKIN HORSE: I may be old, and bald in patches, and my seams show, and most of the hairs in my tail have been pulled off to string bead necklaces, but I’ve seen a lot of things. I’ve seen a lot of toys come and go.
VELVETEEN: Come and go?
SKIN HORSE: I’ve seen them all arrive to boast and swagger—a long succession of mechanical toys—one after the other. Maybe they last a season or two or three if they’re lucky.
VELVETEEN: What happens to them?
SKIN HORSE: Their mainsprings break, or their shine wears off—they get thrown away. They’re only toys, they’ll never be anything else.
VELVETEEN: What else is there to be, but a toy?
SKIN HORSE: Real. You see, nursery magic is very strange and wonderful, and only those playthings that are old and wise and experienced like a Skin Horse understand all about it.
VELVETEEN: What is REAL? Does it mean having things that buzz inside you and a stick-out handle?
SKIN HORSE: Real isn’t how you’re made. It’s a thing that happens to you. When a child loves you for a long, long time, not just to play with, but REALLY loves you, then you become Real.
VELVETEEN: Does it hurt?
SKIN HORSE: Sometimes.
VELVETEEN: I wouldn’t want it to hurt.
SKIN HORSE: When you are Real you don’t mind being hurt.
VELVETEEN: Does it happen all at once, like being wound up? Or bit by bit?
SKIN HORSE: You become. It takes a long time. That’s why it doesn’t happen to people who break easily, or have sharp edges, or who have to be carefully kept. Generally, by the time you are Real, most of your hair has been loved off, and your eyes drop out and you get loose in the joints and very shabby.
VELVETEEN: I suppose you are Real then?
SKIN HORSE: I suppose I am.
VELVETEEN: Oops, sorry, I didn’t mean to say that you were—
SKIN HORSE: Shabby? Loose in the joints? These things don’t matter at all, because once you are Real you can’t be ugly, except to people who don’t understand.
VELVETEEN: How did you get to be Real?
SKIN HORSE: The Boy’s Uncle made me Real. That was a great many years ago.
VELVETEEN: How long does it last?
SKIN HORSE: Once you are Real you can’t become unreal again. It lasts for always.
VELVETEEN: Will it happen to me?
SKIN HORSE: If you want it with all your heart.
VELVETEEN: How do I make it happen? Will I know when it’s happened? How? Will I feel it? Will it be a long time before it happens to me?
SKIN HORSE: So full of questions.
VELVETEEN: I want to be real! To know what it feels like!
SKIN HORSE: All in good time.
(Morning breaks.)
End of Scene.