

“Annie Jr.” Audition Monologues

Please choose a few characters you would like to audition for, and then familiarize yourself with the monologues for those characters. Monologues do not have to be memorized.

Annie: (*complex little girl: tough, street-wise urchin; aggressive, crafty, friendly, caring*)
Pipe down, all of ya. Go back to sleep. (*to Molly*) It’s all right, Molly. Annie’s here...It was only a dream, honey. Now, you gotta go back to sleep. It’s after three o’clock. (*Annie takes a crumpled note from her pocket, unfolds it and reads it to Molly.*) “Please take good care of our little darling. Her name is Annie.” (*to the others*) All right. Do you wanna sleep with your teeth insida your mouth or out!

OR

Annie: (*complex little girl: tough, street-wise urchin; aggressive, crafty, friendly, caring*)
(*Talking with Mr. Warbucks*) This locket, my mom and dad left it...when they left me at the orphanage. And a note, too. They’re coming back for me. I know I’m real lucky, being here with you for Christmas. But... the one thing I want in all the world... (*crying*)...is to find my mother and father. And to be like other kids, with folks of my own.

Warbucks: (*appears middle-aged, self-assured, confident, focused*)
(*into the phone*) Yes...Yes, Mr. President. No, I am not asking for your help, but I’m telling you that you’ve got to do something. All right, we’ll talk about it on...Friday...Listen, Mister President, why don’t we bury the hatchet and you come here with Mrs. Roosevelt for supper Christmas Eve?

OR

Warbucks: (*appears middle-aged, self-assured, confident, focused*)
(*to Annie*) Annie, I was born into a very poor family and both of my parents died before I was ten. So I made a promise to myself - someday, one way or another, I was going to be rich. Very rich...But, I’ve lately realized something. No matter how much money you’ve got, if you have no one to share your life with, if you’re alone, then you might as well be broke. (*takes a package from his desk and hands it to Annie*) I was in Tiffany’s yesterday and picked this up for you.

Miss Hannigan: (*a has-been, dislikes her job and the children, animated*)
(*to Annie*) Aha! Caught you! Get up. Get up!...Turn around. I said turn around. There! Now what do you say? What...do...you...say?...Rotten orphan...(*to all orphans*) Get up! Now for this one’s shenanigans, you’ll all get down on your knobby little knees and clean this dump until it shines like the top of the Chrysler Building!...Get to work.

OR

Miss Hannigan: *(a has-been, dislikes her job and the children, animated)*

(in response to Officer Ward returning Annie) Oh, poor punkin', out in the freezin' cold with just that thin sweater. I hope you didn't catch influenza. Thanks so much again, Officer...*(sees Officer Ward out then reenters her office)* *(says to Annie)* The next time you walk out that door, it'll be 1953. Well, are you glad to be back? Huh?...Liar! What's the one thing I always taught you: never tell a lie!

Grace: *(mature, calm, cool, "together," classy, businesslike - but motherly toward Annie)*

Good afternoon, Miss Hannigan?...I'm Grace Farrell, private secretary to Oliver Warbucks...Mr. Warbucks has decided to invite an orphan to spend the Christmas holidays at his home...And oh, I almost forgot: Mr. Warbucks prefers redheaded children...What about this child right here?...*(to Annie)* Would you like to spend the next two weeks at Mr. Warbucks' house?

Rooster: *(flashy, self-assured, sly, not to be taken too seriously, "team" with Lily)*

(in disguise as Ralph Mudge) *(to Miss Hannigan)* Excuse us, ma'am, are you the lady that runs this here orphanage? ...Ma'am was you workin' here eleven years ago? Well, we had terrible troubles back then and had to leave a baby here. On the front stoop.... *(Crows like a Rooster and removes the disguise)* Gotcha, Sis! Fooled ya, Aggie. And we're gonna fool Warbucks, too.

Lily: *(airhead, distracted, never the leader, "team" with Rooster, disguises as Shirley)*

Why did the old geezer from Yonkers say that the Rooster swindled him outta 11 hundred bucks? Because he swindled Him outta 11 hundred bucks. I'm Lily St. Regis from Jersey City. You know, like the hotel. I'm named after it! So you live in this dump? The city may foot your bill but this ain't exactly Buckingham Palace. Your pearls aint even real. Rooster, I thought you said your big sis was livin' in Clover? She's livin' in the skids.

Molly: *(youngest orphan, vulnerable, neglected, lovable)*

Mama! Mama! Mommy!...I was dreamin' 'bout my Mama, Annie. We was ridin' on the ferryboat. And she was holdin' me up to see all the big ships. And then I couldn't find her no more...Annie, read me your note.

Pepper: *(the toughest, next to oldest)*

Shut up!...I said shut your trap, Molly!...She's keepin' me awake, ain't she?...You wanna make somethin' out of it? *(mocks Annie as she is reading her note)* "We have left half of a silver locket around her neck and kept the other half--"

Tessie: *(crybaby, younger than Pepper and Annie, older than Molly and Kate)*

Oh my goodness, oh my goodness, they're fightin' and I won't get no sleep all night. Oh my goodness, oh my goodness...Oh my goodness, oh my goodness, now they're laughing.

Duffy: *(the biggest and one of the two oldest)* Can't anybody get any sleep around here?

July: *(the quietest, defends the younger orphans, one of the two oldest)*

(After Pepper shoves Molly to the floor) Ahh, stop shovin' the poor kid. She ain't doin' nuthin' to you...*(to Pepper)* No, you're keeping us awake...How 'bout I make a pancake outta you?

Bert Healy: *(radio announcer, kind, big-hearted)*

Thank you, Annie. And welcome to America's favorite radio program, The Oxydent Hour of Smiles, starring your old softy, Bert Healy. *(to Oliver Warbucks)* And good evening, Oliver Warbucks; it's nice of you to drop by. Oliver Warbucks, I understand you have something to tell the folks at home about little Annie here...So, Annie's parents, if you're listenin' in, write to Oliver Warbucks - care of this station...Until next week, same time, same station...Good night.

President Roosevelt: *(dignified, honest, confident, caring, in a wheelchair)*

Merry Christmas, Annie. Annie early this morning, F.B.I. Director Hoover telephoned me with some very sad news. He succeeded in tracing the identity of your parents...Annie, your mother and father passed away. A long time ago.

Officer Ward: *(lieutenant)*

Good afternoon. Miss Hannigan, is it?...I'm Lieutenant Ward of the 17th Precinct. We found your runaway...She was in one of them Hoovervilles over to the river. With a bunch of bums...had a mangy mutt with her, but he got away. *(to Annie)* And you. Don't let me ever hear that you run away again. From this nice lady *(referring to Miss Hannigan)*.

There are additional roles, but if you will audition for at least one of the characters above, we will consider you for other roles, too.