

ACT ONE**# 1 – Overture****(Orchestra)****Scene 1****# 2 – Maybe****(Annie)**

(The OVERTURE ends and “Maybe” underscores the following scene. The CURTAIN rises on the New York City Municipal Orphanage – Girls’ Annex. At stage right is the front hallway and the dormitory covers the rest of downstage. Upstage, we can see a lamplit New York City street and, across the street, a row of tenements.

Shortly after three a.m. on a chilly morning in early December, 1933.

The stage is nearly dark. Asleep in the dormitory are six ORPHANS -- MOLLY, the littlest, who is 6; KATE, the next-to-littlest, who is 7; TESSIE, the cry baby, who is 10; PEPPER, the toughest, who is 12; JULY, the quietest, who is 13; and DUFFY, the biggest, who is also 13)

MOLLY

(Awaking from a dream and crying out)

Mama! Mama! Mommy!

PEPPER

(Sitting up)

Shut up!

DUFFY

Can’t anybody get any sleep around here?

MOLLY

Mama. Mommy.

PEPPER

I said, shut your trap, Molly.

(PEPPER shoves MOLLY to the floor, downstage center)

JULY

Ahh, stop shovin’ the poor kid. She ain’t doin’ nuthin’ to you.

PEPPER

She's keepin' me awake, ain't she?

JULY

No, you're keeping *us* awake —

PEPPER

I am not!

JULY

You are too!

(PEPPER and JULY fight)

JULY

Ah, ya think you're Jack Dempsey, do ya?

PEPPER

And you're lookin' for a knuckle sandwich.

TESSIE

(Whining)

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

(ANNIE, who is 11, runs in with a bucket. SHE has been up cleaning. She breaks up the fight)

ANNIE

Pipe down, all of ya. Go back to sleep.

MOLLY

(Rubbing her eyes...still half asleep)

Mama, mommy.

ANNIE

(To MOLLY)

It's all right, Molly. Annie's here.

MOLLY

It was my Mama, Annie. We was ridin' on the ferry boat. And she was holdin' me up to see all the big ships. And then she was walkin' away, wavin'. And I couldn't find her no more. Any place.

(ANNIE holds a hanky for MOLLY)

ANNIE

Blow.

(Molly blows her nose loudly)

It was only a dream, honey. Now, you gotta go back to sleep. It's after three o'clock.

MOLLY

Annie ... read me your note.

ANNIE

My note? Again?

MOLLY

PLEASE.

ANNIE

Sure, Molly.

PEPPER

Here it comes again. Aargh!

ANNIE

(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.."

DUFFY

(Mockingly; she has heard this note read a thousand times before)

"She was born on October 28th. We will be back to get her soon."

PEPPER

(Mockingly)

"We have left half of a silver locket around her neck and kept the other half ...

(KATE and DUFFY Join PEPPER)

PEPPER, DUFFY & KATE

... so that when we come back for her you will know that she's our baby."

(They all laugh)

TESSIE

Oh my goodness, now they're laughing.

ANNIE

(To the OTHERS)

All right. Do you wanna sleep with your teeth inside your mouth or out!

(ANNIE lovingly folds her note and puts it back in her pocket)

MOLLY

Gee, I dream about havin' a mother and father again. But you're lucky. You really got 'em.

ANNIE

I know.

(Fingering her locket)

(ANNIE and MOLLY cuddle together on the floor)

Somewhere. Somewhere.

(Sings)

MAYBE FAR AWAY,
OR MAYBE REAL NEARBY
HE MAY BE POURIN' HER COFFEE
SHE MAY BE STRAIGHT'NIN' HIS TIE!

MAYBE IN A HOUSE
ALL HIDDEN BY A HILL
SHE'S SITTIN' PLAYIN' PIANO,
HE'S SITTIN' PAYIN' A BILL!

BETCHA THEY'RE YOUNG
BETCHA THEY'RE SMART
BET THEY COLLECT THINGS LIKE
ASHTRAYS AND ART!

BETCHA THEY'RE GOOD —
(WHY SHOULDN'T THEY BE?)
THEIR ONE MISTAKE WAS GIVING UP ME!

SO MAYBE NOW IT'S TIME,
AND MAYBE WHEN I WAKE
THEY'LL BE THERE CALLING ME "BABY"
...MAYBE.

(The ORPHANS, one by one, say goodnight.)

KATE

Goodnight, Annie.

ANNIE

Goodnight , Kate.

JULY

Goodnight, Annie.

ANNIE

Goodnight , July

DUFFY

Goodnight, Annie.

ANNIE

Goodnight , Duffy

TESSIE

Goodnight, Annie.

ANNIE

Goodnight , Tessie

(The music continues underneath as ANNIE carries MOLLY, who has fallen asleep, back to bed, and tucks her in over the 2nd 8 bars of instrumental.)

(Sings)

BETCHA HE READS
BETCHA SHE SEWS
MAYBE SHE'S MADE ME
A CLOSET OF CLOTHES!

MAYBE THEY'RE STRICT
AS STRAIGHT AS A LINE...
DON'T REALLY CARE,

(ANNIE)

AS LONG AS THEY'RE MINE!
SO, MAYBE NOW THIS PRAYER'S
THE LAST ONE OF ITS KIND...

(At the foot of the bed)

WON'T YOU PLEASE COME GET YOUR "BABY"
*(SHE climbs into bed. Tucks herself in. The LIGHTS dim.
In the dark, we hear the song end)*

ANNIE & ORPHANS

MAYBE.

3 — Annie's Escape

(Orchestra)

(After the song, a far-away church bell chimes four a.m. Annie awakens, startled. She rubs her eyes and looks at her note, and then goes up to the window looking out into the street, then returns to her bed and starts putting some things into a small basket. We dimly see the ORPHANS again waking up and ANNIE turns on a flashlight)

PEPPER

NOW what?

DUFFY

Annie, whatta ya doin'?

ANNIE

Runnin' away.

TESSIE

Oh my goodness.

ANNIE

(ANNIE puts on her sweater)

My folks are never comin' for me. I gotta go find them.

JULY

Annie, you're crazy. Miss Hannigan'll catch you.

KATE

And lock you in the cellar again.

ANNIE

I don't care. I'm gettin' outta here.

(With her basket of belongings under her arm)

Okay. Goin' now. Wish me luck.

ALL EXCEPT PEPPER

Good luck, Annie.

PEPPER

So long, dumbbell. And good luck.

(With the basket under her arm and shining the flashlight in front of her, ANNIE sneaks on tiptoe across the stage, toward the front door. Music underneath. As ANNIE reaches to open the door, MISS HANNIGAN, wearing a bathrobe, flings open her door and, witch-like, stands bathed in white light before ANNIE)

MISS HANNIGAN

Aha! Caught you!

(MISS HANNIGAN flings ANNIE to the floor and switches on the hallway light. The ORPHANS hide under their covers)

I hear ya, brat. I ALWAYS hear ya. Get up. I said, get up!

ANNIE

(Getting warily up)

Yes, Miss Hannigan.

MISS HANNIGAN

There! Now, what do you say? WHAT ... DO ... YOU ... SAY?

ANNIE

(Tough; through her teeth)

I love you, Miss Hannigan.

MISS HANNIGAN

Rotten orphan.

ANNIE

(Angrily)

I'm NOT an orphan. My mother and father left a note saying they loved me and they were coming back for me.

MISS HANNIGAN

That was 1922, this is 1933.

(laughing)

They must've got stuck in traffic.

(MISS HANNIGAN switches on the LIGHT in the dormitory, sticks her head through the door and BLOWS her whistle loudly)

You in here. Get up. Get up!

(Blows whistle at Molly, who is still hidden under the covers.)

Get up!

(Molly gets up)

4 — Hard Knock Life

(Annie & Orphans)

(To ANNIE, motioning to her to put the basket and flashlight back in the dormitory)

Put them things away.

(MISS HANNIGAN takes a pint bottle out of her bathrobe pocket and takes a swig. Molly is standing at her side looking at her. After a beat she notices Molly)

It's medicine!

(SHE finishes the bottle)

MOLLY

(Tugging at MISS HANNIGAN to get her attention when she is done drinking)

You must be very sick!

MISS HANNIGAN

(Waits a beat. Turns and loudly tries to scare Molly)

Boo!

MOLLY

(MOLLY doesn't flinch, then—)

Boo!

MISS HANNIGAN

(MISS HANNIGAN flinches)

Now, for this one's shenanigans, you'll scrub this floor, and strip them beds for the laundry man.

TESSIE

(Whining)

But it's four o'clock in the morning.

MISS HANNIGAN

(Laughs cruelly)

I know. And you'll get down on your knobby little knees and clean this dump until it shines like the top of the Chrysler Building.

ORPHANS & ANNIE

Yes, Miss Hannigan.

MISS HANNIGAN

Get to work. Now!

(ORPHANS runs for pails and return to front of stage. Each bumps into MISS HANNIGAN, saying 'sorry', but not meaning it at all)

Why any kid would want to be an orphan, I'll never know.

(SHE slams the door behind her, and the ORPHANS throw down their scrub brushes)

ORPHANS

IT'S THE HARD-KNOCK LIFE FOR US!

IT'S THE HARD-KNOCK LIFE FOR US!

ANNIE

'STEADA TREATED,

ORPHANS

WE GET TRICKED!

ANNIE

'STEADA KISSES,

ORPHANS

WE GET KICKED!

ALL

IT'S THE HARD-KNOCK LIFE!
GOT NO FOLKS TO SPEAK OF, SO,
IT'S THE HARD-KNOCK ROW WE HOE!

ANNIE

COTTON BLANKETS -

ORPHANS

'STEADA WOOL!

ANNIE

EMPTY BELLIES -

ORPHANS

'STEADA FULL!

ALL

IT'S THE HARD-KNOCK LIFE!

ANNIE

DON'T IT FEEL LIKE THE WIND IS ALWAYS HOWLIN'?

JULY & KATE

DON'T IT SEEM LIKE THERE'S NEVER ANY LIGHT?

PEPPER & TESSIE

ONCE A DAY, DON'T YOU WANT TO THROW THE TOWEL IN?

DUFFY

IT'S EASIER THAN PUTTIN' UP A FIGHT.

ANNIE

NO ONE'S THERE WHEN YOUR
DREAMS AT NIGHT GET CREEPY!
NO ONE CARES IF YOU GROW ... OR IF YOU SHRINK!
NO ONE DRIES WHEN YOUR EYES GET RED AND WEEPY!

ORPHANS

OOO,

OOO,
OOO.

ORPHANS

FROM THE CRYIN' YOU WOULD THINK
THIS PLACE'D SINK! OHHHH!!!!

EMPTY BELLY LIFE!
ROTTEN SMELLY LIFE!
FULL 'A SORROW LIFE!
NO TOMORROW LIFE!

MOLLY

SANTA CLAUS, WE NEVER SEE

ANNIE

SANTA CLAUS, WHAT'S THAT? WHO'S HE?

ALL

NO ONE CARES FOR YOU A SMIDGE
WHEN YOU'RE IN AN ORPHANAGE!
IT'S A HARD-KNOCK LIFE!

MOLLY

(Bleep! Bleep! Making a whistling sound and imitating MISS HANNIGAN)

You'll stay up till this dump shines like the top of the Chrysler Building.

ORPHANS

YANK THE WHISKERS FROM HER CHIN!
JAB HER WITH A SAFETY PIN!
MAKE HER DRINK A MICKEY FINN!
I LOVE YOU, MISS HANNIGAN!

(Orchestral interlude while ANNIE and the ORPHANS finish the cleaning and strip the beds. MOLLY continues her imitation of MISS HANNIGAN)

MOLLY

(Bleep! Bleep! - WHISTLE)

Get to work!

(WHISTLE)

Strip them beds!

(MOLLY)

(WHISTLE)

I said get to work!

(MOLLY mimes taking a flask out of a pocket and taking a drink)

ALL EXCEPT MOLLY

IT'S THE HARD KNOCK LIFE FOR US!

MOLLY

(Drunkenly)

It's medicine!

ALL EXCEPT MOLLY

IT'S THE HARD KNOCK LIFE FOR US!

MOLLY

(Drunkenly)

Merry Christmas.

ALL EXCEPT MOLLY

NO ONE CARES FOR YOU A SMIDGE,

MOLLY

(Drunkenly)

It's lots of medicine!

ALL EXCEPT MOLLY

WHEN YOU'RE IN AN ORPHANAGE!

*(MOLLY falls into the laundry hamper and is covered with sheets
the children have stripped from the beds)*

ALL EXCEPT MOLLY

IT'S THE HARD KNOCK LIFE!

IT'S THE HARD KNOCK LIFE!

IT'S THE HARD KNOCK LIFE!

*(The ORPHANS laugh as MISS HANNIGAN enters with a huge
hangover, now dressed, and she blows her whistle. ANNIE and the
ORPHANS run to their line-up in front of their beds, but ANNIE's
attention remains on the laundry. SHE is hatching an idea)*

MISS HANNIGAN

Good morning, Children.

ORPHANS

Good morning Miss Hannigan.

MISS HANNIGAN

Well?

*(One at a time, ANNIE and the ORPHANS say,
"I love you, Miss Hannigan," through clenched teeth)*

MOLLY

(From the hamper, but not visible)

I love you, Miss Hannigan.

MISS HANNIGAN

You. What are you doing in there?

MOLLY

(Pops her head up)

Nothin'.

MISS HANNIGAN

(To ANNIE, who is nearest the hamper)

Get her out of there! Get here out!

*(MOLLY imitates MISS HANNIGAN'S walk until HANNIGAN sees
here. Next line is directed to MOLLY)*

You, your days are numbered. All right. Breakfast.

ORPHANS

Hot mush?

MISS HANNIGAN

No. You don't get hot mush this morning.

(The ORPHANS jump up and down and loudly cheer)

You get cold mush.

(MISS HANNIGAN jumps up and down imitating the orphans' cheer)

And after your mush you'll go to your sewing machines. There's an order of dresses you'll finish today if you have to work straight through to midnight.

THE ORPHANS & ANNIE

Yes, Miss Hannigan.

MISS HANNIGAN

(A laundry truck has arrived outside the Orphanage)

Now line up.

(The ORPHANS and ANNIE file past MISS HANNIGAN, who inspects them as a laundry man, BUNDLES McCLOSKEY, comes in the front door carrying a load of clean sheets. BUNDLES comes into the dormitory)

BUNDLES

Laundry. Laundry man.

HANNIGAN

Move it!

THE ORPHANS & ANNIE

Mornin', Bundles.

BUNDLES

Mornin', kids. Clean sheets once a month whether you need 'em or not.

(During the following, ANNIE, hidden by the ORPHANS, sneaks into the laundry bag)

HANNIGAN

(Seductively)

Mornin', Bundles

BUNDLES

(Avoiding HER)

Oh yeah, Aggie, runnin' a little late. See ya in January.

MISS HANNIGAN

Aw, c'mere ya big handsome brute. Don't you wanna know what I'm gettin' you for Christmas?

BUNDLES

(Reluctantly crossing over to her)

What?

MISS HANNIGAN

Egg Foo Yung in Chinatown for two. On me.

BUNDLES

Egg Foo Yung? For Christmas?

MISS HANNIGAN

All ya can eat. So what are you getting me?

BUNDLES

What did I get you last year?

MISS HANNIGAN

Nothin'.

BUNDLES

Good. You're getting it again.

MISS HANNIGAN

Ahh, get out of here with that damn laundry.

BUNDLES

(Crossing and picking up the laundry bag with ANNIE in it)

Okay. So long Aggie, and, huh, Merry Christmas.

MISS HANNIGAN

Yeah, Merry Christmas.

BUNDLES

Merry Christmas, kids!

ORPHANS

Merry Christmas, Bundles.

BUNDLES

(Sings)

HARK THE HERALD ANGELS SING

YA DAH DAH...

(exits)

MISS HANNIGAN

(Inspecting the beds)

Huh, you call this clean, Annie. This place is like a pig sty. ... Annie? Annie?
Where is that Annie?

ORPHANS

Annie ain't here.

MISS HANNIGAN

What do you mean "Annie ain't here?"

TESSIE

She just went.

JULY

With Mr. Bundles. In the laundry bag.

MISS HANNIGAN

(Apoplectic)

Bundles.

(MISS HANNIGAN runs out)

Police! Police!

(The ORPHANS cheer at the fact that ANNIE has gotten away)

5 – Hard Knock Life – Reprise

(Orphans)

DUFFY

No more hard-knock life for Annie!

(The ORPHANS cheer again)

ORPHANS

LUCKY KID, SHE'S OUT THERE FREE

MOLLY

RUNNIN' FREE IN N.Y.C.

ORPHANS

BET SHE FINDS HER FOLKS LIKE THAT!

MOM AND DAD RIGHT OFF THE BAT!

LUCKY DUCK, SHE GOT AWAY.

MOLLY

BUT WE'RE GONNA HAVE TO PAY,

ALL

GONNA GET OUR FACES SLAPPED,
GONNA GET OUR KNUCKLES RAPPED.

ALL EXCEPT MOLLY

IT'S THE HARD-KNOCK LIFE.

MOLLY

(Sitting in a bucket. Sorrowfully)

YES, IT IS.

ALL EXCEPT MOLLY

IT'S THE HARD-KNOCK LIFE.

MOLLY

YES IT IS.

ALL EXCEPT MOLLY

IT'S THE HARD-KNOCK LIFE.

MOLLY

YES, IT IS.

ALL EXCEPT MOLLY

IT'S THE HARD-KNOCK LIFE.

MOLLY

YES IT IS.

ALL EXCEPT MOLLY

IT'S THE HARD-KNOCK LIFE.

MOLLY

Help, help. I'm stuck!

(Orphans carry Molly US)

Scene 2

(Two tenement fronts and a few garbage cans place us on a street corner at St. Mark's Place. It is a chilly December afternoon, a few hours later. An APPLE SELLER enters, appealing to the occasional passers-by. Another couple enters from SL)

APPLE SELLER

Apples, apples. Two for a dime. Apples anyone? Two for a nickel? Apples.

(A DOG CATCHER enters upstage, pushing a wheeled dog cart lettered "N.Y.C. Dog Pound." The DOG CATCHER crosses to stage center, looking for stray dogs. An ASSISTANT DOG CATCHER, carrying a dog in his arms, enters from upstage and crosses to the DOG CATCHER)

ASSISTANT DOG CATCHER

Nabbed this mutt back there in the alley.

(Putting the dog into the dog cart)

Fifty cents.

DOG CATCHER

Good. There's 'sposed to be a whole bunch of 'em runnin' wild over to 14th Street. C'mon.

(The DOG CATCHER and the ASSISTANT DOG CATCHER exit; ANNIE watches them go and then turns and notices another dog offstage)

ANNIE

Hey, there's one they didn't get.

(ANNIE gets a morsel of food from the garbage pail, and then gets down on her hands and knees and signals for the dog to come to her; SANDY, crawling on his belly, enters and crosses to ANNIE)

Oh, poor boy. Did they hurt you? They're after you, ain't they? Well, they're after me, too. But, don't worry, I ain't gonna let them get you or me. I'll take care of you. And everything's gonna be fine. For the both of us.

If not today, well ...

6 — *Tomorrow**(Annie)***(ANNIE)**

THE SUN'LL COME OUT
TOMORROW
BET YOUR BOTTOM DOLLAR
THAT TOMORROW
THERE'LL BE SUN!

JUST THINKIN' ABOUT
TOMORROW
CLEARS AWAY THE COBWEBS,
AND THE SORROW,
'TIL THERE'S NONE!

WHEN I'M STUCK WITH A DAY
THAT'S GRAY,
AND LONELY,
I JUST STICK UP MY CHIN
AND GRIN,
AND SAY,

"OH, THE SUN'LL COME OUT
TOMORROW"
SO YA GOTTA HANG ON
'TIL TOMORROW
COME WHAT MAY!

TOMORROW!
TOMORROW!
I LOVE YA TOMORROW!

(A Policeman, LT. WARD, enters)

YOU'RE ALWAYS A DAY AWAY!

WARD

Hey, you, little girl. Come here.

ANNIE

(Scared, trying not to show it)

Yes, Officer?

WARD

That dog there. Ain't I seen him runnin' around the neighborhood? Ain't he a stray?

ANNIE

(Fibbing)

A stray? Oh, no, Officer. He's ... he's my dog.

WARD

Your dog, huh? So, what's his name?

ANNIE

(Fibbing brilliantly)

His name? His name is... Sandy. Right, that's it, Sandy. I call him Sandy, you see, because of his nice sandy color.

WARD

Sandy color. Okay, let's see him answer to his name.

ANNIE

(Scared)

Answer? You mean ... when I call him?

WARD

Right. When you call him. By his name. Sandy.

ANNIE

Well, you see, Officer...

I just got him and sometimes he just doesn't want to answer ...

WARD

Call him!

ANNIE

Okay. Here boy. Here, Sandy.

(The DOG ignores HER)

(ANNIE)

Sandy...here boy...

(Then very loudly)

SAAAAANNNNNDY!

(SANDY crosses to ANNIE, stands and puts his front paws on her chest. Triumphantly, she say)

Good Sandy. Good ol' Sandy.

WARD

Hmmm, well, maybe he is your dog. But the next time you take him out I wanna seem him on a leash and with a license. Or else he goes to the pound and they "put him to sleep." You understand?

ANNIE

Yes, sir, I understand. On a leash and with a license.

WARD

Now get along with you before you catch your death of cold in this weather.

ANNIE

Oh, I don't mind the weather.

WHEN I'M STUCK WITH A DAY
THAT'S GRAY AND LONELY
I JUST STICK UP MY CHIN AND GRIN
AND SAY,

OH, "THE SUN'LL COME OUT
TOMORROW"
SO YA GOTTA HANG ON
'TIL TOMORROW
COME WHAT MAY!

TOMORROW,
TOMORROW
I LOVE YA, TOMORROW
YOU'RE ALWAYS A DAY AWAY!
TOMORROW,
TOMORROW
I LOVE YA, TOMORROW
YOU'RE ALWAYS A DAY AWAY!

(ANNIE and SANDY walk behind a tenement and disappear from sight)

Scene 3

(Hooverville. A Depression-style shanty town of Jerry-built shacks at the edge of the East River, underneath the 59th Street Bridge. An American flag flies from each of the shacks. Dusk, the same day. One of the Hooverville-ites, MAN 1, is standing on a box in front of his shack, hammering away. An Apple Annie sort of woman, SOPHIE, is stirring a pot of stew that is hanging on a spit over a fire burning in an ash can)

MAN 1

(Sarcastically)

I need some more wood, for the penthouse.

WOMAN 1

Hey, Eddie, give me a hand.

EDDIE

Sure thing, Beautiful.

(A Siren sounds and a red light flashes as a police car passes.)

WOMAN 2

Cops! Cops!

WOMAN 1

Eddie, Eddie.

MAN 3

(The cops disappear)

Ah, leave us alone, ya lousy...

MAN 4

(goes to the stew-pot)

Sophie, this junk ready yet?

SOPHIE

Patience, patience.

APPLESELLER

Make way for John D Rockefeller

MAN 2

How'd it go today Al?

APPLESELLER

Seven million people in this city and you can't sell one lousy apple.

ANNIE

(ANNIE enters with Sandy)

Excuse me, folks, excuse me, did anybody here leave a red-headed kid at an orphanage eleven years ago?

(ALL say "No's" or "Uh-Uh's")

MAN 2

Not me kid.

SOPHIE

Ladies and Gents, dinner is served.

ALL

(Lots of chatter)

The soup is on.

WOMAN 3

Hey, kid, you hungry?

ANNIE

Nah.

WOMAN 3

Okay.

ANNIE

...but my dog is.

SOPHIE

Here kid, eat your fill.

(She gets food for SANDY and HERSELF)

ANNIE

Thanks, lady.

MAN 2

Hey kid, what're ya doing out alone this time of night?

ANNIE

I'm looking for my Mom and Dad. They're lost.

MAN 2

Lost? How long have you been looking for them?

ANNIE

Eleven years.

MAN 2

Now, *THAT'S* lost.

SOPHIE

Hey kid, it's time to give up.

ANNIE

No, I'm gonna find them.

MAN 2

Hey, there's something I haven't heard since 1928.

WOMAN 3

What?

MAN 2

Optimism.

SOPHIE

Optimism? Whatta we got to be optimistic about? Look at us. Life's a nightmare.

ANNIE

(Always the optimist. All of her following answers are delivered matter-of-factly)

Well, you gotta have a dream.

WOMAN 4

Traffic rattlin' overhead all night.

ANNIE

To wake you up from your nightmare.

WOMAN 3

Empty pockets.

ANNIE

At least you got pockets.

WOMAN 2

Freezing fingers.

ANNIE

Lucky you got them empty pockets.

SOPHIE

Newspapers for blankets?

ANNIE

(SHE pauses to think)

You can read in bed!

SOPHIE

Kid, you should been a politician.

APPLESELLER

Yeah, you shoulda run against Roosevelt

MAN 2

(Reading from newspaper)

Hey, listen to this...

(General crowd noise)

7 – Hooverville

(Company)

"Former President Herbert Hoover said today in an interview "Though I was in no way personally responsible for the 1929 stock-market crash...

(Crowd groan)

I have the deepest sympathy for the millions who are now ragged, hungry and homeless."

MAN 1

(Raising HIS hand)

Ragged!

WOMAN 3 & WOMAN 4

(Raising hands)

Hungry!

MAN 3 & ALL

(Raising hands)

Homeless!

ALL

TODAY WE'RE LIVING IN A SHANTY
TODAY WE'RE SCROUNGING FOR A MEAL

SOPHIE

TODAY I'M STEALING COAL FOR FIRES.
WHO KNEW I COULD STEAL?

MEN

I USED TO WINTER IN THE TROPICS

WOMEN

I SPENT MY SUMMERS AT THE SHORE.

MAN w/papers

I USED TO THROW AWAY THE PAPERS –

ALL

HE DON'T ANYMORE.

(MAN 2 stuffs newspapers under his coat. ALL sing sarcastically))

WE'D LIKE TO THANK YOU, HERBERT HOOVER
FOR REALLY SHOWING US THE WAY
WE'D LIKE TO THANK YOU, HERBERT HOOVER
HE MADE US WHAT WE ARE TODAY.
PROSPERITY WAS 'ROUND THE CORNER
THE COZY COTTAGE BUILT FOR TWO
IN THIS BLUE HEAVEN THAT YOU GAVE US
YES! WE'RE TURNING BLUE!

(ALL)

THEY OFFERED US AL SMITH AND HOOVER
WE PAID ATTENTION AND WE CHOSE
NOT ONLY DID WE PAY ATTENTION
WE PAID THROUGH THE NOSE.

SOPHIE

IN EV'RY POT HE SAID "A CHICKEN"

ALL

BUT HERBERT HOOVER HE FORGOT
NOT ONLY DON'T WE HAVE THE CHICKEN

ANNIE

YOU AIN'T GOT THE POT!

ALL

HEY HERBIE,

WOMEN

YOU LEFT BEHIND A
GRATEFUL NATION.

MEN GROUP 1

GRATEFUL NATION.

MEN GROUP 2

HERB, OUR HATS ARE OFF.

SO HERB, OUR HATS
ARE OFF TO YOU.

ALL

WE'RE UP TO HERE WITH ADMIRATION.

ANNIE

YOU THINK HE'D LIKE A LITTLE STEW?

WOMEN

COME DOWN AND SHARE SOME CHRISTMAS DINNER,

MEN

HO, HO, HO.

WOMEN

BE SURE TO BRING THE MISSUS TOO,

MEN

BRING THE MISSUS TOO.

ALL

WE GOT NO TURKEY FOR OUR STUFFIN'.
WHY DON'T WE STUFF YOU?

ALL

FOR REALLY SHOWING US THE WAY.
YOU DIRTY RAT,
YOU BUREAUCRAT,
YOU MADE US WHAT WE ARE TODAY!

COME AND GET IT HERB!

MAN 4

WE'D LIKE TO THANK YOU HERBERT HOOVER...
*(Sung quitely a cappella as they go back to their chores. Two
POLICEMEN enter. MAN 3 sees them.)*

MAN 3

Sshhh.

WOMAN 3

(Scared)

'Evening

LT. WARD

Yeah, evening. All right. Move along, all you bums outta here.

ANNIE

(Standing up to the COP)

They're not bums!

LT. WARD

We're tearing down this Junk pile, now.

8 — Hooverville Raid

(Orchestra)

*(General commotion and confusion as POLICE break up the Hooverville. Annie shoos
SANDY offstage. Cops end up cornering ANNIE down center before they run off Stage
Right. MUSIC segues into "Hard-Knock" vamp)*

Scene 4

(MISS HANNIGAN enters from upstage right, blowing her whistle and leading the ORPHANS in a line. SHE shoos them in the front door of the Orphanage ahead of her. The ORPHANS line up DSR.)

9 — Little Girls**(Miss Hannigan)****MISS HANNIGAN**

All right. That's all the fresh air you get for the month.

(The ORPHANS group together at the SL rocking chair, around KATE, who has something we can't see.)

DUFFY

Miss Hannigan, Miss Hannigan, Miss Hannigan, Miss Hannigan!!!

MISS HANNIGAN

What?

DUFFY

You know your favorite shiny satin souvenir pillow from Coney Island?

MISS HANNIGAN

Yeah.

DUFFY

Molly threw up on it before.

(Duffy joins other orphans, laughing. HANNIGAN notices the ORPHANS grouped around KATE. The ORPHANS ad-lib things like "wow," "gee," and "where'd you find it?")

MISS HANNIGAN

Whatta you got there?

ORPHANS

Nothing, Miss Hannigan.

MISS HANNIGAN

What have you got there?

*(KATE holds up a dead mouse directly in front of
MISS HANNIGAN's face)*

KATE

A dead mouse. Do ya wanna see it?

MISS HANNIGAN

(MISS HANNIGAN gives a startled scream)

Get to work, all of ya!

*(HANNIGAN, frustrated, sits in the office chair, and then gets up
holding a broken doll on which she has just sat.)*

MISS HANNIGAN

LITTLE GIRLS

LITTLE GIRLS

EV'RYWHERE I TURN

I CAN SEE THEM

LITTLE GIRLS

LITTLE GIRLS

NIGHT AND DAY

I EAT, SLEEP AND BREATHE THEM

I'M AN ORDINARY WOMAN

WITH FEELINGS

I'D LIKE A MAN TO NIBBLE ON MY EAR

BUT I'LL ADMIT

NO MAN HAS BIT.

SO HOW COME I'M THE MOTHER OF THE YEAR?

LITTLE CHEEKS,

LITTLE TEETH,

EV'RYTHING AROUND ME IS LITTLE.

IF I WRING LITTLE NECKS

SURELY I WOULD GET AN ACQUITTAL!

SOME WOMEN ARE DRIPPING WITH DIAMONDS,

SOME WOMEN ARE DRIPPING WITH PEARLS.

LUCKY ME!

LUCKY ME!

LOOK AT WHAT I'M DRIPPING WITH –
LITTLE GIRLS.

(PEPPER and DUFFY have been playing cards and a fight erupts. We hear PEPPER saying "You cheated." DUFFY answers, "I did not," and PEPPER responds with, "You did too," over and over getting louder and louder. The other ORPHANS join in until MISS HANNIGAN crosses the hall, opens the door and blows the whistle)

Shut up!

HOW I HATE
LITTLE SHOES,
LITTLE SOCKS,
AND EACH LITTLE BLOOMER.
I'D HAVE CRACKED YEARS AGO,
IF IT WEREN'T FOR
MY SENSE OF HUMOR.

SOME DAY I'LL STEP ON THEIR FRECKLES,
SOME NIGHT I'LL STRAIGHTEN THEIR CURLS.
SEND A FLOOD,
SEND THE FLU,
ANYTHING THAT YOU CAN DO
TO LITTLE GIRLS.

(She checks her watch and goes up to the radio on her desk)

HANNIGAN

(Referring to the doll she has demolished during the song)

Pepper, pick up your kid!

(Turns on radio)

VOICES FROM RADIO

THE BIG RED LETTERS STAND FOR THE JELLO FAMILY
OH, THE BIG RED LETTERS STAND FOR THE JELLO FAMILY.
THAT'S JELLO, YUM, YUM, YUM.
JELLO PUDDINGS, YUM, YUM, YUM
JELLO TAPIOCA PUDDINGS, YES-SIREE.

ANNOUNCER

Once again we bring you the romance of Helen Trent. Who sets out to prove for herself what so many women long to prove. That because a woman is thirty-five or more, romance in life need not be over. That romance can live at thirty-five, ...and after.

(The "HELEN TRENT" theme is played)

MISS HANNIGAN

Oh, merciful God, I hope so.

(Lt. Ward knocks at the door. Hannigan responds to door knock then turns off radio)

Yeah.

OFFICER WARD

(Entering room from door)

Good afternoon, Miss Hannigan is it?

MISS HANNIGAN

Yeah.

OFFICER WARD

I'm Lt. Ward, 17th Precinct. We found your runaway.

(Calling out the door)

You!

OPRHANS

Annie! Annie!

MISS HANNIGAN

(Seductively)

Oh, thank you, so much Officer. Children, children, guess what?

ORPHANS

What?

MISS HANNIGAN

(Too nice to believe)

There's hot cocoa and ginger snaps for you in the Recreation room.

ORPHANS

What recreation room?

MISS HANNIGAN

Shoo-shoo-shoo! Shoo!

(ANNIE tries to run off with all the ORPHANS, but HANNIGAN grabs her)

MISS HANNIGAN

Thanks so much, Officer.

OFFICER WARD

She was in one of them Hoovervilles down by the docks. Had a mangy mutt with her, but he got away.

MISS HANNIGAN

Oh, poor punkin, out in the freezin' cold with just that thin sweater. I hope you didn't catch influenza. Thanks so much, Officer.

OFFICER WARD

(He can't wait to get out)

All in the line of duty.

(To ANNIE)

And you. Don't let me ever hear that you run away again. From this nice lady.

ANNIE

She's not...

(HANNIGAN closed ANNIE'S mouth with hand)

LT. WARD

Good Afternoon.

MISS HANNIGAN

Good afternoon, Officer.

(WARD exits. HANNIGAN hurls ANNIE down to the ground)

Now, I'm gonna have your head and the next time you walk out that door it'll be 1953. Well, are you glad to be back? Huh?

ANNIE

(tough)

Yes, Miss Hannigan.

MISS HANNIGAN

Liar! What's the one thing I always taught you: Never tell a lie.
Well, what's the one thing I always taught you?

ANNIE

(tough)

Never tell a lie, Miss Hannigan.

MISS HANNIGAN

(Pacing, crazily)

For what you done I could get fired. Have the Board of Orphans stickin' their nose in here. Well, you'll pay for it. I promise.

(There is a knock at the door. HANNIGAN crosses to door and turns back to ANNIE and talks to her as though she were a dog)

Stay!

(Opening door)

GRACE

(Entering)

Good afternoon, Miss Hannigan?

MISS HANNIGAN

Yeah?

GRACE

(Extends HER hand)

Oh, good. I'm Grace Farrell

MISS HANNIGAN

(looks at HER hand)

So?

GRACE

...and the New York City Board of Orphans suggested that...

MISS HANNIGAN

(Panics)

Wait! Hold it!! I can explain everything!!! It wasn't my fault. It was Annie, you see, who got into Bundles' laundry bag and ...

GRACE

Miss Hannigan, I...

MISS HANNIGAN

... and, sure, I know I should of called Mr. Donatelli instead of the cops, but I ...

GRACE

Miss Hannigan, I'm sorry, but I haven't the slightest idea what you're talking about.

MISS HANNIGAN

Wait a minute, hold it, sister, I get it.

(Referring to Grace's briefcase)

If it's beauty products you're peddling, I don't need any. Get out.

GRACE

Miss Hannigan, I am not "peddling" anything. I'm private secretary to Oliver Warbucks.

MISS HANNIGAN

(interrupting)

Oliver Warbucks? *THE* Oliver Warbucks?

GRACE

THE Oliver Warbucks.

MISS HANNIGAN

(Crosses upstage of GRACE and offers her a seat)

Love the hat!

(Sitting)

I read in Winchell's column that Oliver Warbucks is the world's richest unmarried man.

(ANNIE positions herself behind HANNIGAN, sitting on the floor, able to make eye-contact with GRACE)

GRACE

(All business)

I wouldn't know, I don't read Mr. Winchell. Miss Hannigan, Mr. Warbucks has decided to invite an orphan to spend the Christmas holidays at his home.

MISS HANNIGAN

An orphan?

GRACE

Yes, an orphan.

MISS HANNIGAN

You sure he wouldn't rather have a lady? I got two weeks comin'.

(A long look from GRACE)

It's a joke. What sort of orphan did you have in mind?

GRACE

Well, she should be friendly.

(Unseen by Hannigan, ANNIE waves to GRACE)

And intelligent.

ANNIE

Mississippi.

Capital M-I-double S-I-double S-I-double-P-I

Mississippi.

GRACE

And cheerful.

(ANNIE laughs a big laugh)

MISS HANNIGAN

(To ANNIE)

You shut up. And how old?

GRACE

Oh, age doesn't really matter. Say, eight or nine.

(ANNIE gestures upward to indicate that SHE wants GRACE to say a higher age)

Ten.

(ANNIE gestures still higher)

(GRACE)

Eleven.

(ANNIE gestures to GRACE to stop and then points to her own hair)

Yes, eleven would be perfect. And oh, I almost forgot, Mr. Warbucks prefers red-headed children.

(ANNIE stands up, directly behind HANNIGAN)

MISS HANNIGAN

Eleven. A red-head. No, I'm afraid we don't have any orphans like that around here.

GRACE

What about this child right here?

(BOTH looking at ANNIE)

MISS HANNIGAN

(Grabbing ANNIE)

Annie? Oh, no, you wouldn't want her...

(Struggling for an excuse)

She's ... she's a drunk ... and a liar! A drunk and a liar.

(ANNIE struggles to get out from behind HANNIGAN)

GRACE

Yes. I'm sure she's a drunk and a liar. Annie. Come here. Annie, would you like to spend the next two weeks at Mr. Warbucks' house?

ANNIE

I would love to. I would *REALLY* love to.

MISS HANNIGAN

Hold it.

(Blows whistle. ORPHANS run on and stand looking at GRACE)

Now you can have any orphan in the Orphanage, but not Annie.

GRACE

Why?

MISS HANNIGAN

I just told you.

GRACE

(Deadly)

I assume, Miss Hannigan, that it has something to do with all that business about the laundry bag and the police. Perhaps I should call Mr. Donatelli at the Board of Orphans and...

(MISS HANNIGAN laughs)

GRACE

(Holding out an official-looking document)

Sign it.

MISS HANNIGAN

I'll sign it. I'm an easy gal to get along with.
If it's Annie you want, it's Annie you get.

GRACE

(sing-songy)

It's Annie I want.

MISS HANNIGAN

(Sing-songy as SHE signs the paper)

It's Annie you get.

ANNIE

Oh, boy!

GRACE

So, if you'll get her coat, I'll take her along right now.

MISS HANNIGAN

(Almost like a bratty little kid)

Coat? She don't have no coat.

GRACE

All right. Then we'll buy her one.

ANNIE

Oh, boy!

GRACE

We'll go to Bergdorf's and get you a warm winter coat.

ANNIE

(sing-song-y)

I'm getting a coat.

ORPHANS

(together, bratty)

She's getting a coat!

GRACE

Come along, dear. Mr. Warbucks' limousine is waiting outside.

(Crosses to door)

ANNIE

Oh boy, I can hardly believe it.

MISS HANNIGAN

SHE can hardly believe it?

10 — *Little Girls Reprise*

(Miss Hannigan)

ANNIE

Hey kids, I'm getting out for Christmas. I'll write to ya.

ORPHANS

'bye, Annie!

ANNIE

'bye, kids.

MISS HANNIGAN

'bye, Annie.

GRACE

(Sincerely)

Good afternoon, Miss Hannigan.

(Meaning it)

And season's greetings.

MISS HANNIGAN

Yeah, season's greetings.

ORPHANS

Yeah!

(ORPHANS circle around HANNIGAN screaming "yay!")

MISS HANNIGAN

SOMEDAY I'LL LAND IN THE NUT HOUSE,
WITH ALL THE NUTS AND THE SQUIRRELS.
THERE I'LL STAY,
TUCKED AWAY
'TIL THE PROHIBITION OF
LITTLE GIRLS.

*(HANNIGAN finishes by lying down on table and being pulled off
Stage Right wing 2 with Scrim and Gallery coming in)*

11 — I Think I'm Gonna Like It Here**(Annie, Grace, Servants)****Scene 5**

(The living room of the WARBUCKS' mansion. There is a marble fireplace stage left, and, opposite it, a large doorway to the foyer and front entrance of the mansion. The furnishings are clearly expensive.)

A couple of hours later.

The SERVANTS of the house are bustling about at work. DRAKE, the English butler, is supervising the work of CECILLE and ANNETTE, a pair of French maids; MRS. GREER, the housekeeper; MRS. PUGH, the cook, are standing with pad and pen writing out a menu, and four man-servants.

GRACE FARRELL and ANNIE enter through the door. ANNIE is wearing a new hat and a new fur-collared coat)

DRAKE

Ah, good afternoon, Miss Farrell.

GRACE

Good afternoon Drake, everyone.

SERVANTS

(Bowing or courtseying)

Miss.

GRACE

Has Mr. Warbucks arrived yet?

DRAKE

No, Miss. His plane from Chicago landed at three thirty. So, we're expecting him any minute.

ANNIE

Do you really live here or is this a train station?

GRACE

We really live here.

ANNIE

Oh boy!

GRACE

Mrs. Greer,

MRS. GREER

Yes, Miss.

GRACE

Has the carpet been put down in the dining room, Mrs. Greer?

MRS. GREER

Yes, Miss.

GRACE

And has the Steinway been tuned?

MRS. GREER

Yes, Miss.

DRAKE

Everything is in order, Miss. Mrs. Pugh has prepared his favorite dinner.

MRS. PUGH

(Reading off a menu)

New England Clam Chowder...

GRACE

Wonderful.

MRS. PUGH

Kentucky fried chicken...

GRACE

Wonderful.

MRS. PUGH

Idaho potatoes...

GRACE

And?

MRS. PUGH

(In triumph)

...Baked Alaska.

GRACE

Fine.

MRS. PUGH

(Knowingly, as to how Grace feels about Warbucks)

It will be good to see Mr. Warbucks again.

GRACE

(Avoiding her eyes)

Yes, six weeks is a long time.

MRS. PUGH

Yes, Miss.

GRACE

Now, would you all come here for a moment, please?

DRAKE

Quickly everyone. Everyone, quickly.

(ALL assemble)

GRACE

Everyone, this is Annie. She'll be with us for the next two weeks. For Christmas.

SERVANTS

(MEN bow and WOMEN courtsey)

Miss.

GRACE

Annie, this is everyone.

ANNIE

Hi, everyone.

DRAKE

(As he would to a foreign dignitary)

May I take your coat, Miss?

ANNIE

(Making a fist)

Will I get it back?

GRACE

Of course, dear.

ANNIE

Gee, I really love my new coat, Miss Farrell.

GRACE

I'm glad, dear. Now, Annie, what do you want to do first?

ANNIE

(Looking around. She rolls up her sleeves)

Ummm, the floors. I'll scrub them, then I'll get to the windows...

GRACE

Annie, you won't have to do any cleaning while you're here.

ANNIE

I won't?

GRACE

No, of course not. You're our guest. And, for the next two weeks, you're going to have a swell time. Now ...

(Sings)

CECILLE WILL PICK OUT ALL YOUR CLOTHES

CECILLE

Green is her best color, no blue, I think.

GRACE

YOUR BATH IS DRAWN BY MISSUS GREER.

MRS. GREER

Bubbles... no, soap, I think.

GRACE

ANNETTE COMES IN TO MAKE YOUR BED.

ANNETTE

The silk... no the satin sheets, I think.

ANNIE

I THINK I'M GONNA LIKE IT HERE!

GRACE

Annie,

THE SWIMMING POOL IS TO... THE LEFT.

ANNIE

Inside the house? Oh boy!

GRACE

THE TENNIS COURT IS IN THE REAR.

ANNIE

I never even picked up a racket.

GRACE

HAVE AN INSTRUCTOR HERE AT NOON.

Oh, and get that Don Budge fellow if he's available.

DRAKE

Yes, Miss.

ANNIE

I THINK I'M GONNA LIKE IT HERE!

GRACE

WHEN YOU WAKE
RING FOR DRAKE,
DRAKE WILL BRING YOUR TRAY.
WHEN YOU'RE THROUGH
MISSUS PUGH
COMES TO TAKE IT AWAY.

GRACE & SERVANTS

NO NEED TO PICK UP ANY TOYS

ANNIE

That's okay, I haven't got any toys anyway.

SERVANTS

(A small sound – in the tempo of the song)

Aww!

GRACE

NO FINGER WILL YOU LIFT, MY DEAR.

GRACE & SERVANTS

WE HAVE BUT ONE REQUEST:
PLEASE PUT US TO THE TEST.

ANNIE

I KNOW I'M GONNA LIKE IT HERE.

(She wanders around, looking at the room)

USED TO ROOM IN A TOMB
WHERE I'D SIT AND FREEZE.
GET ME NOW, HOLY COW,
COULD SOMEONE PINCH ME PLEASE?

(DRAKE, taking her literally, pinches ANNIE)

ANNIE

Owww!

GRACE

(Remanding Drake)

She didn't mean it.

(Apologizing for the pinch)

WE'VE NEVER HAD A LITTLE GIRL.

SERVANTS

WE'VE NEVER HAD A LITTLE GIRL,

WE'VE NEVER HAD A LITTLE GIRL.

ANNIE

(Rubbing her arm)

I'M VERY GLAD TO VOLUNTEER.

GRACE & SERVANTS

WE HOPE YOU UNDERSTAND

YOUR WISH IS OUR COMMAND

ANNIE

I KNOW I'M GONNA
LIKE IT HERE.

GRACE & SERVANTS

WE KNOW YOU'RE GONNA
LIKE IT HERE.

ALL

(Spoken)

WELCOME!

(As the applause dies, a voice is heard from offstage)

WARBUCKS

Been away six weeks... Where the hell is everybody?

(OLIVER WARBUCKS, trailed by a uniformed CHAUFFEUR, comes bustling in. WARBUCKS is carrying a briefcase and the CHAUFFEUR is carrying two suitcases WARBUCKS takes off his overcoat and hands it to DRAKE)

Hello!

SERVANTS

(Bowing and courtseying)

Sir.

GRACE

Welcome home Mr. Warbucks.

DRAKE

Welcome home Mr. Warbucks.

WARBUCKS

It's good to be home.

DRAKE

How was your flight from Chicago?

WARBUCKS

Not bad. ... took seventeen hours. And we only had to land eight times.
Now, first things first. Has the painting arrived from Paris?

GRACE

Yes sir. They're just about to hang it now, sir.

(The SERVANTS take off the velvet cloth, revealing to all that the painting is the Mona Lisa. WARBUCKS appraises it)

WARBUCKS

Ah, yes... Hmm... No, I don't think so.

(The SERVANTS recover the painting)

Grace?

GRACE

(Eagerly)

Yes sir?

WARBUCKS

Messages.

GRACE

Yes, sir.

(Consulting a notepad)

President Roosevelt. He wants you to call him at the White House.

WARBUCKS

I'll get back to him tomorrow. Anyone else?

GRACE

John D. Rockefeller, Mahatma Gandhi and Harpo Marx.

WARBUCKS

Nothing urgent. What did Harpo want?

GRACE

He didn't say.

WARBUCKS

(As the TWO SERVANTS, led by MRS. GREER, begin to exit carrying the covered Mona Lisa, HE stops THEM)

Wait a minute.

(THEY flip back the velvet cover from the painting and WARBUCKS looks it over again)

WARBUCKS

Hmm. Maybe I could learn to live with this thing. Hang it someplace.

TWO SERVANTS

Yes, sir.

(The SERVANTS and MRS. GREER exit with the painting left)

GRACE

(Trying to introduce ANNIE to WARBUCKS)

Mr. Warbucks, I'd like you to meet the orphan ...

WARBUCKS

Oh, and Mrs. Pugh.

MRS. PUGH

(Eagerly)

New England Clam Chowder...

WARBUCKS

Wonderful.

MRS. PUGH

Kentucky fried chicken...

WARBUCKS

Wonderful.

MRS. PUGH

AND, Baked...

WARBUCKS

(Nicely. He doesn't want to get on HER bad side)

I won't be having dinner tonight. I've got hours of paperwork to get through.

MRS. PUGH

(Crumpling the menu)

Wonderful.

WARBUCKS

And, Grace, I'll need you for dictation.

GRACE

Yes, sir.

WARBUCKS

All right, good to see you all again.

SERVANTS

(Bowing or courtseying)

Sir.

WARBUCKS

Drake, dismiss the staff.

DRAKE

Yes, sir.

WARBUCKS

(The SERVANTS, not including GRACE, exit. WARBUCKS turns to speak to GRACE and for the first time notices ANNIE)

Grace, if you'll get your notebook and ... Who is that?

GRACE

This is Annie, Mr. Warbucks. The orphan who will be with us for the Christmas holidays.

WARBUCKS

The orphan? But that's not a boy. Orphans are boys.

GRACE

(The feminist in her answering gingerly.)

I'm sorry, sir, you just said, "orphan." So, I chose a girl.

WARBUCKS

(Cowed)

Oh. Well, I suppose she'll have to do.

(To ANNIE, assessing her)

Annie, huh? Annie what?

ANNIE

(Frightened, confused)

Sir?

WARBUCKS

What's your last name, child?

ANNIE

(Nervously)

Oh, I'm just Annie, sir. Mr. Warbucks. I haven't got any last name. That I know of.

WARBUCKS

So, you're just Annie, huh?

ANNIE

Just Annie.

(GRACE sends ANNIE over to WARBUCKS. SHE lands at HIS belly button)

I'm sorry that I'm not a boy.

WARBUCKS

(Not knowing what exactly to say)

I don't suppose you'd like to meet Babe Ruth?

ANNIE

(Eagerly, trying to please)

Oh, boy. Sure.

(ANNIE thinks about it for a second)

Who's Babe Ruth?

WARBUCKS

(Leaving HER, as SHE walks dejectedly downstage)

I couldn't be happier that you'll be spending Christmas with us. Grace, we'll start with the figures on the iron-ore shipments from ... Toledo to ...

(Made uncomfortable by the presence of ANNIE, whispers to GRACE)

What are we supposed to do with this child?

GRACE

(Whispers to WARBUCKS)

It is her first night here, sir.

WARBUCKS

It is? Oh. Hmm.

(To ANNIE)

Well, Annie, your first night here, I guess we ought to do something special for you.

(Ponders)

Why don't you sit down.

(ANNIE races to chair and sits. GRACE and WARBUCKS whisper behind chair about what to do with ANNIE. GRACE pantomimes a movie. WARBUCKS doesn't get it)

ANNIE

A movie!

WARBUCKS

Would you like to go to a movie?

ANNIE

Gosh, sure, Mr. Warbucks, I'd love to. I mean, I heard a lot about them, but I've never been to one.

WARBUCKS

Never?

ANNIE

No, sir.

WARBUCKS

Well, then we've got to do something about that right away. And nothing but the best for you, Annie.

(Remembering)

You'll go to the Roxy. Then an ice-cream soda at Rumplemeyer's and a hansom cab ride around Central Park.

ANNIE

Golly.

WARBUCKS

Grace, forget about the dictation for tonight. We'll do it first thing in the morning.

GRACE

Yes, sir.

WARBUCKS

Instead, you take Annie to the movies.

GRACE

Yes, sir.

ANNIE

(Obviously disappointed about something)

Aw, gee.

WARBUCKS

Something the matter, Annie?

ANNIE

Nothing, sir. It's just ... aw, gee.

WARBUCKS

No, what is it, child? You don't want to go to the Roxy?

ANNIE

No, I want to. It's just that, well ... I thought *you* were going to take me.

WARBUCKS

(Put off)

Me? Oh, no, I'm afraid that I'll be far too busy tonight to ...

ANNIE

(Turning on the charm)

Aw, gee.

WARBUCKS

You see, Annie, I've just been away for six weeks. Making an inspection tour of my factories. Or what's left of my factories with this damned Depression.

(Phone rings. GRACE picks it up)

And when a man is running a multi-billion-dollar corporation that has ...

ANNIE

Oh, sure. I know. That's okay, Mr. Warbucks. I understand.

GRACE

(To WARBUCKS, holding out the phone)

Excuse me, sir. Bernard Baruch calling.

WARBUCKS

Good.

(WARBUCKS crosses and talks into the phone while ANNIE wanders down center glancing over her shoulder at HIM from time to time, imploringly, with cocker-spaniel-like eyes, giving him the look that every father who has ever had a daughter who wanted something from him, knows all too well)

Hello, Barney. Yes, I got in an hour ago. No, Detroit and Chicago. Barney, I didn't like what I saw out there. Factories shut down. MY factories shut down ... You're damn...

(WARBUCKS realizes ANNIE is standing next to him and changes his 'damn' to 'darn')

(WARBUCKS)

You're darned tootin', when I'm not making money, nobody is. And gosh darn it, Barney, your pal Roosevelt has got to do something drastic. He's got to come up with a new approach, a new plan, a new ... something ... Yes, I know he's a Democrat but he's a human being, too. ... Yes, I'll talk to you about it. Come over here tonight ... Good, we'll be able to ... I can show you the ... Barney, make it tomorrow. Tonight ... tonight I've got a date to go to the movies. With a ten-year-old girl.

ANNIE

(Smiling triumphantly, she's won)

Eleven.

WARBUCKS

I was mistaken, she's eleven. 'Bye, Barney.

(HE hangs up. Glares at ANNIE, giving her a fake smile right back)

Drake?

DRAKE

(From off-stage left)

Yes, sir?

WARBUCKS

Coats.

12 — N.Y.C.

(Warbucks, Grace, Annie, Company)

DRAKE

(From off-stage left)

Yes, sir.

WARBUCKS

Grace, you'll come, too, of course.

GRACE

Yes, sir.

(DRAKE enters with three coats)

DRAKE

Will you be wanting the Bentley, sir, or the Dussenberg?

WARBUCKS

The Dussenberg.

DRAKE

Excellent choice, sir.

WARBUCKS

No, wait. This child's been cooped up in an Orphanage. No Dusenbergs.
We'll walk.

GRACE

Walk to the Roxy?

WARBUCKS

Sure. Why not? It's only 45 blocks.

GRACE

(My hero)

Yes, sir

*(Drake enters from stage right with WARBUCKS' coat, hat and scarf.
As he is putting them on, WARBUCKS crosses down right, the lights
change and scrim comes in behind HIM.)*

WARBUCKS

Ah, smell that. Marvelous. Fifth Avenue bus fumes. There's no air like the air of New York. And you don't realize how much you miss it — the whole damn city — until you've been away from it for a while. Like the man says, "After New York, every place else is Bridgeport."

*(As WARBUCKS sings "NYC" scene changes to the streets of
New York)*

Scene 6

WARBUCKS

N.Y.C.

WHAT IS IT ABOUT YOU?

YOU'RE BIG,

YOU'RE LOUD,

YOU'RE TOUGH.

(WARBUCKS)

N.Y.C.

I GO YEARS WITHOUT YOU,

THEN I

CAN'T GET

ENOUGH,

ENOUGH OF THE CAB DRIVERS ANSWERING BACK

IN LANGUAGE FAR FROM PURE,

ENOUGH OF FRANKFURTERS ANSWERING BACK.

BROTHER, YOU KNOW YOU'RE IN

N.Y.C.

TOO BUSY,

TOO CRAZY,

TOO HOT,

TOO COLD,

TOO LATE,

I'M SOLD

AGAIN

ON N.Y.C.

Come on you slowpokes, we gotta get to the Roxy before the prices change.

(The scrim goes out to reveal NYC street scene. GRACE and ANNIE and WARBUCKS begin strolling downstage. New York skyscrapers and buildings also glide by in a pink sunset.)

ALL

N.Y.C.

GRACE

THE SHADOWS AT SUNDOWN,

THE ROOFS THAT SCRAPE THE SKY.

ALL

N.Y.C.

WARBUCKS & GRACE

THE RICH AND THE RUNDOWN,

THE BIG PARADE GOES BY.

WARBUCKS

WHAT OTHER TOWN HAS
THE EMPIRE STATE,
AND A MAYOR FIVE FOOT TWO?

NO OTHER TOWN IN
THE WHOLE FORTY-EIGHT
CAN HALF COMPARE
TO YOU

ALL

OH, N.Y.C.

WARBUCKS

YOU MAKE 'EM ALL POSTCARDS.

WARBUCKS & GRACE

YOU CROWD,
YOU CRAMP,
YOU'RE STILL THE CHAMP,
AMEN FOR N.Y.C.

*(It is now night and we have arrived at Times Square which lights up
in the background)*

ALL

THE SHIMMER OF TIMES SQUARE,
THE PULSE, THE BEAT, THE DRIVE!

WARBUCKS

YOU MIGHT SAY THAT I'M SQUARE,
BUT DAMN, I COME ALIVE.

WARBUCKS & GRACE

THE CITY'S BRIGHT
AS A PENNY ARCADE
IT BLINKS, IT TILTS, IT RINGS

ANNIE

TO THINK THAT I'VE LIVED HERE ALL OF MY LIFE
AND NEVER SEEN THESE THINGS.

ALL

N.Y.C.
THE WHOLE WORLD KEEPS COMING,
BY BUS, BY TRAIN,
YOU CAN'T EXPLAIN THEIR YEN FOR...

STAR TO BE

(A would-be Ethel Merman-type girl arrive stage center)

N.Y.C.
JUST GOT HERE THIS MORNING
THREE BUCKS, TWO BAGS,
ONE ME.
N.Y.C.
I GIVE YOU FAIR WARNING,
UP THERE IN LIGHTS I'LL BE.

STAR-TO-BE

GO ASK THE GERSHWINS OR KAUFMAN AND HART,
THE PLACE THEY LOVE THE BEST.
THOUGH CALIFORNIA PAYS BIG FOR THEIR ART,
THEIR FAN MAIL COMES ADDRESSED TO
N.Y.C.

OTHERS
OOO

TOMORROW A PENTHOUSE
THAT'S WAY UP HIGH,
TONIGHT THE "Y,"
WHY NOT?
IT'S N.Y.C.

ALL

N.Y.C.
YOU'RE STANDING ROOM ONLY,

GROUP1

YOU CROWD,
YOU CRAMP,
YOU'RE STILL
THE CHAMP.

GROUP2

NOT CHICAGO, KANSAS CITY,
SAN FRANCISCO, CINCINNATI,
NOT CHICAGO, KANSAS CITY,
SAN FRANCISCO, CINCINNATI,

ALL

AMEN FOR N. Y. C!

ALL

N. Y. C.

COP

(Yelling)

Keep it quiet down there!

(COP shuts them up. As the stage begins to slowly dim, an USHERETTE with a flashlight enters from down left.)

ALL

(Quietly)

C

USHERETTE

Immediate seating ... there is immediate seating.

(The line of people breaks up, some wander off up to the Roxy, the others exit left and right, going about their own business)

WARBUCKS

Popcorn, what do you say to some popcorn? I haven't had popcorn since ...

ANNIE

(Half asleep)

Okay.

(SHE closes her eyes and rests her head on WARBUCK's chest)

WARBUCKS

GIVE IN,
DON'T FIGHT,
GOOD GIRL,

ANNIE

GOODNIGHT,

WARBUCKS

SLEEP TIGHT
IN N.Y.C.

(WARBUCKS picks the sleepy ANNIE up in his arms and walks off right. GRACE follows. Two CHILDREN run across stage. GRACE is crossing upstage center and dodges kids running across the stage.

KID

Come on! Ma will kill us!

(All that is left is the COP on the beat. HE takes a final check of the Square and strolls off down left. SANDY comes wandering in all alone. HE stops center and sits, looks, and trudges off looking for ANNIE as the marquees, the neons and billboards of Time Square fade in the background)

Scene 7

(The orphanage sewing room. MISS HANNIGAN is seated near the cathedral-style table-model Philco radio pulling nits out of MOLLY'S hair.)

MOLLY

Ouch!

ANNOUNCER

"And now CBS Radio brings you Ma Perkins. Ma's daughter, Fay, is going to marry Carl Michaels. On Friday, Carl went back to Chicago."

MISS HANNIGAN

(The way people talk to the radio)

Oh Carl, don't go back to Chicago.

ANNOUNCER

(Continues under until radio is switched off)

"But no sooner had Carl left town, then Dr. Andrew ..."

(The door opens and GRACE FARRELL comes in)

GRACE

Good afternoon, Miss Hannigan.

MISS HANNIGAN

(Switching off the radio)

Oh, yeah, Farrell. You're early. Only one week.

(Loving this idea)

Whatsa matter, Warbucks fed up with Annie already?

GRACE

Oh, no, on the contrary, MR. Warbucks is delighted with Annie. And Annie is having the time of her life.

MISS HANNIGAN

(Choking on these words)

How nice.

GRACE

Yes, she and Mr. Warbucks are practically inseparable. They go everywhere together. To the Roxy, to the Stock Exchange. And, oh, guess where they had lunch yesterday?

MISS HANNIGAN

The Waldorf?

GRACE

The Automat.

MISS HANNIGAN

The Automat?

GRACE

And she just loves her new coat. She never takes it off.

MISS HANNIGAN

Never?

GRACE

Never. Miss Hannigan, I know you're busy, but this has to be signed and...

(Miss Hannigan hits a nit on desk with a magazine then flicks it off the desk.)

MOLLY

(Pointing at the nit, to GRACE)

That's mine.

GRACE

...sent back to Mr. Donatelli at the Board of Orphans by no later than 10 o'clock tomorrow morning.

MISS HANNIGAN

What for?

GRACE

Because Mr. Warbucks is so taken with Annie that, guess what?

MISS HANNIGAN

What?

GRACE

He wants to adopt her.

(ORPHANS react noisily to this good news. HANNIGAN blows whistle and ORPHANS run off stage right.)

MISS HANNIGAN

(Really burning now, but still hiding it)

How nice. How wonderful. Now let me get this wonderful news straight. Annie is going to be Warbucks' kid? The daughter of a millionaire?

GRACE

Oh, no, no, no. The daughter of a billionaire.

MISS HANNIGAN

A billionaire?

GRACE

And Mr. Warbucks asked me to drop by in person to tell you Annie won't be coming back here, ever.

MISS HANNIGAN

(Controlling it.)

Ever? My, my, my, my. Would you excuse me for a moment, please?

(MISS HANNIGAN crosses to door and out, let's out a blood-curdling scream. We can see HER hands scraping down the windows in door. SHE reenters the room and crosses to desk.)

You got any more wonderful news?

GRACE

I told you about the coat, didn't I?

MISS HANNIGAN

Oh, you told me about the coat.

GRACE

Well then, good day. Miss Hannigan

MISS HANNIGAN

Yah, good day.

GRACE

(Meaning it)

And Merry Christmas.

MISS HANNIGAN

Yah, Merry Christmas.

(During final exchange, we see ROOSTER enter in stage left door. As GRACE exits SHE bumps into ROOSTER)

ROOSTER

Oops, pardon me, blondie.

(HE makes a clucking rooster noise. GRACE hurries out, just casually glancing at ROOSTER's face)

Hi ya, Sis. Long time no see.

MISS HANNIGAN

Rooster? Oh God, it never rains but it pours.

(ROOSTER crosses to HANNIGAN and kisses HER on the cheek. SHE wipes the kiss off)

They finally let you outta Sing-sing?

ROOSTER

I got six months off for good behavior.

MISS HANNIGAN

I'll bet. What was it this time?

ROOSTER

Ahh, some old geezer from Yonkers said I swindled him outta eleven hundred bucks.

MISS HANNIGAN

Oh, yeah. Why'd he say that?

LILY

(Entering from the door. Dumb and Matter-of-factly.)

Because the Rooster swindled him outta eleven hundred bucks.

ROOSTER

Ah, Lil.

LILY

It's true.

ROOSTER

Sis, I'd like you to meet a friend of mine from...

LILY

(Offended that Rooster has forgotten where he picked her up)

Jersey City!

ROOSTER

Jersey City. Miss Lily St. Regis.

LILY

(Proudly)

I'm named after the hotel.

MISS HANNIGAN

Which floor?

(LILY doesn't get the insult)

ROOSTER

Don't you just love Lily, Sis?

MISS HANNIGAN

Yeah, I'm nuts about her. Rooster, do me a favor.

ROOSTER

Anything.

MISS HANNIGAN

Get outta here and take the St. Regis with you.

ROOSTER

Aw, c'mon, Sis.

MISS HANNIGAN

Can it. Lookin' for another handout, huh?

ROOSTER

Nah, I got eighty bucks comin' in the mail. Thursday.

(LILY hand-signals ten fingers)

So's all I need is ten to tide me over.

MISS HANNIGAN

Uh-uh. Not even a nickel for the subway, Rooster.

ROOSTER

(LILY holds up one hand)

A fiver, Aggie?

MISS HANNIGAN

Ha, I gotta laugh. Five bucks, oh God. You with all your big talk. Gonna be livin' in clover.

ROOSTER

This ain't exactly Buckingham Palace.

MISS HANNIGAN

Oh, yeah, I'm on the City. Steady salary, free food, free gas and electric. I'm doin' all right.

ROOSTER

Sis, you're doin' like I'm doin'.

LILY

Lousy.

ROOSTER

Aw, Aggie, how'd the two Hannigan kids ever end up like this?

13 – Easy Street

(Rooster, Miss Hannigan, Lily)

On the skids.

I REMEMBER THE WAY
OUR SAINTED MOTHER
WOULD SIT AND CROON US
HER LULLABY

MISS HANNIGAN

SHE'D SAY, "KIDS, THERE'S A PLACE
THAT'S LIKE NO OTHER.
YOU GOTTA GET THERE BEFORE YOU DIE.

ROOSTER

YOU DON'T GET THERE BY PLAYING FROM THE RULE BOOK,

HANNIGAN

YOU STACK THE ACES,

ROOSTER

YOU LOAD THE DICE!"

HANNIGAN & ROOSTER

MOTHER DEAR,
OH, WE KNOW YOU'RE... *DOWN THERE* LISTENING –
HOW CAN WE FOLLOW YOUR SWEET ADVICE
TO

ROOSTER

EASY STREET,
EASY STREET,
WHERE YOU SLEEP 'TIL NOON.

MISS HANNIGAN

(Joining in, lustily)

YEAH, YEAH, YEAH!
YEAH, YEAH, YEAH!
YEAH, YEAH, YEAH!

ROOSTER & MISS HANNIGAN

SHE'D REPEAT,
EASY STREET,
BETTER GET THERE SOON.

ROOSTER

Aggie, who was the blondie I bumped into when I come in? Looked like she had a couple of dollars.

MISS HANNIGAN

She works for Oliver Warbucks.

LILY

THE Oliver Warbucks? The millionaire?

MISS HANNIGAN

No. The Billionaire, ya dumb ho... tel. She works for him up in his mansion on Fifth Avenue.

ROOSTER

Fifth Avenue? He don't live on Fifth Avenue.

MISS HANNIGAN

He don't? Where does he live?

ROOSTER, MISS HANNIGAN & LILY

EASY STREET,
EASY STREET,
WHERE THE RICH FOLKS PLAY.
WHERE THEY PLAY, PLAY ALL DAY!
MOVE THEM FEET

HANNIGAN

(MOVE THEM EVER-LOVIN' FEET!)

ROOSTER, LILY & HANNIGAN

TO EASY STREET,
WHEN YOU GET THERE, STAY!

LILY

(Singing a cappella)

EASY STREET, EASY STR...

HANNIGAN

Oh, shut up

ROOSTER

Aggie, what'd that dame want?

MISS HANNIGAN

Brought me the wonderful news that Annie, one of the orphans from here, Annie, God I hate that kid, is gettin' adopted by Warbucks. Gonna have everything. That rotten kid is gonna have everything.

LILY

Crummy orphan livin' in the lap of luxury. It ain't fair.

MISS HANNIGAN

Nah, it ain't fair.

ROOSTER

IT AIN'T FAIR
HOW WE SCROUNGE
FOR THREE OR FOUR BUCKS
WHILE SHE GETS WARBUCKS

LILY

THE LITTLE BRAT!

HANNIGAN

IT AIN'T FAIR THIS HERE LIFE
IS DRIVING ME NUTS!
WHILE WE GET PEANUTS,
SHE'S LIVIN' FAT!

ROOSTER

(Gets an idea)

MAYBE SHE HOLDS THE KEY,
THAT LITTLE LADY,

MISS HANNIGAN

TO GETTING MORE BUCKS

ROOSTER

INSTEAD OF LESS.
MAYBE WE FIX THE GAME
WITH SOMETHING SHADY...

LILY

WHERE DOES THAT PUT US?

MISS HANNIGAN

Oh, tell her.

ROOSTER

GIVE YOU ONE GUESS!

ROOSTER, MISS HANNIGAN & LILY

(Spoken)

Yes!

EASY STREET,
EASY STREET,
ANNIE IS THE KEY.
YES SIRREE,
YES SIRREE,
YES SIRREE,

(spoken)

Yeah!

(Dance section)

EASY STREET, EASY STREET,
THAT'S WHERE WE'RE GONNA – !
BE!
EASY STREET, EASY STREET,
THAT'S WHERE WE'RE GONNA – !
BE!

#13a – Into Warbucks Mansion

(Orchestra)

Scene 8

*(WARBUCKS' office. HE is speaking to the President on the phone.
GRACE stands by with her steno pad.)*

WARBUCKS

(Into the phone)

Yes ... yes ... yes ... Mister President, I'll grant you that Barney Baruch and I are not exactly standing on breadlines, yet... No, I am not asking for your help. I've never asked for any man's help and I never will ... but ... but I'm telling you that you've got to do something and do it damn fast. All right, we'll talk about it on ...

GRACE

(Consulting her pad)

Friday.

WARBUCKS

All right, Friday, at the White House. Goodbye, Mr...

(GRACE indicates that HE should ease up on the President)

Listen, Mister President, why don't we bury the hatchet and you come here with Mrs. Roosevelt for supper Christmas Eve on your way to Hyde Park. Good, I'm delighted. Goodbye Mister President.

(Hangs up phone)

If I thought he was going to say "yes" I never would have asked him. Grace, call Al Smith and find out what Democrats eat.

GRACE

(With a smile)

Yes sir.

WARBUCKS

(Casually)

The package from Tiffany's?

GRACE

Yes, sir. Arrived this morning.

(SHE takes out a little blue Tiffany box tied with a white ribbon)

WARBUCKS

(Nervously)

Fine. I'm going to give this thing to her and then tell her that I want to adopt her. Where is Annie?

GRACE

She's upstairs in her room, sir. Writing another letter to her friends at the Orphanage. I'll have Drake call her.

(SHE hands HIM the box.)

WARBUCKS

Fine.

(A beat)

Damn.

GRACE

You don't have to be nervous, sir. She's going to be the happiest little girl in the world.

WARBUCKS

Damn right she is and I'm not nervous and get her down here.

GRACE

Yes, sir.

– OPTIONAL CUT TO PAGE 72 –

(GRACE exits. HE looks at the box and the music begins)

14 — Why Should I Change a Thing?**(Warbucks)****WARBUCKS**

LIFE'S OVERFLOWING,
WHY SHOULD I CHANGE A THING?
LOVE HOW IT'S GOING,
GOT THE WORLD ON THAT STRING.
WHY DISTURB THE PEACE?
WHY NOT LET THINGS BE?
WHY RISK GETTING CLOSE?
CLOSE JUST ISN'T ME.
I'D SAY I'M HAPPY.
WHY AM I TEMPTING FATE?
WHO NEEDS MORE HAPPY?
ANYWAY, IT'S TOO LATE.
WHO NEEDS THE CLATTER THAT
A LITTLE GIRL WOULD BRING?
WHY CHANGE A BLESSED...

(WARBUCKS)

DAMN! WHAT DO I KNOW ABOUT CHILDREN,
EXCEPT THEY US'ALLY COME SMALL.
THEY READ, BUT NOT THE WALL STREET JOURNAL.
THEY WRITE WITH CRAYONS ON THE WALL.
DOES ONE HAVE BREAKFAST WITH THEM OFTEN?
TAKE THEM TO MOVIES AND TO SCHOOLS.
WHY DON'T YOU GET SOME CLEAR INSTRUCTIONS?
LIKE WHEN YOU BUY A SET OF TOOLS.
DAMN! WHAT DO I KNOW ABOUT CHILDREN?
COULD THEY JUST POSSIBLY BE FUN?
I THINK THE THING THAT'S MOST DISTURBING,
I DON'T REMEMBER BEING ONE.

WHY SHOULD I CHANGE A THING?
GOT THE WORLD ON THAT STRING.
WHY DISTURB THE PEACE?
WHY NOT LET THINGS BE?
WHY RISK GETTING CLOSE,
WHEN CLOSE JUST ISN'T ME.

NOT A THING STAYS THE SAME.
NOW WHEN I SEND CHRISTMAS CARDS, ADD A NAME.
IT'S A MISTAKE TO TAKE HER UNDERNEATH MY WING.
WHY CHANGE THE MAILBOX?
REDO THE BEDROOMS,
UNDO VACATIONS,
LEARN TO LOVE CORNFLAKES?
WHY CHANGE A BLESSED THING?

– OPTIONAL CUT FROM PAGE 71 : use the dialogue as follows.
*If performing the song "Why Change A Thing",
go to stage direction marked * found at the top of page 73.*

(GRACE crosses to the door, Stage right, and calls off)
Drake. Mr. Warbucks will see ANNIE now.

DRAKE

(Off-stage right)

Miss Annie, Mr. Warbucks will see you now.

ANNIE

(Off-stage right)

Thank you, Mr. Drake.

** (ANNIE enters and goes directly behind HIM.)*

ANNIE

Hello.

WARBUCKS

Hello, Annie. How are you today?

ANNIE

Fine, thank you. How are you, sir?

BOTH

(Back and forth)

Fine...fine...fine...

WARBUCKS

(Stops her)

Annie, the time has come for the two of us to have a very serious discussion.

ANNIE

(Not feeling sorry for herself)

You're sending me back to the Orphanage, right?

WARBUCKS

(Doesn't quite know how to begin)

Annie, can we have a man-to-man talk?

ANNIE

Sure.

WARBUCKS

(Indicates that SHE should sit. SHE hops on HIS desk.)

I was born into a very poor family in what they call Hell's Kitchen, right here in New York. Both of my parents died before I was ten. And I made a promise to myself — some day, one way or another, I was going to be rich. Very rich.

ANNIE

(Matter-of-factly)

That was a good idea.

WARBUCKS

By the time I was twenty-three I'd made my first million. Then, in ten years, I turned that into a hundred million.

(Nostalgically)

(WARBUCKS)

Boy, in those days that was a lot of money.

(Back to business)

Anyway, making money is all I've ever given a damn about. And I might as well tell you, Annie, I was ruthless to those I had to climb over to get to the top. Because I've always believed one thing: You don't have to be nice to the people you meet on the way up if you're not coming back down again.

(WARBUCKS)

(Softening just a bit)

But, I've lately realized something. No matter how many Rembrandts or Duessenbergs you've got, if you have no one to share your life with, if you're alone, then you might as well be broke and back in Hell's Kitchen. You understand what I'm trying to say?

ANNIE

Sure.

WARBUCKS

Good.

ANNIE

Kind of.

WARBUCKS

Kind of?

ANNIE

I guess not.

WARBUCKS

Damn!

(WARBUCKS crosses to desk, finally deciding to get the Tiffany box.)

I was in Tiffany's yesterday and picked up this thing for you.

ANNIE

For me? Gee, thanks, Mr. Warbucks. You're so nice to me.

WARBUCKS

I had it engraved.

ANNIE

(ANNIE opens the box. Very quietly)

Oh. Gee.

WARBUCKS

It's a silver locket, Annie. I noticed that old, broken one you always wear, and I said to myself: I'm going to get that kid a nice new locket.

ANNIE

(Politely)

Gosh, thanks, Mr. Warbucks. Thank you very much.

WARBUCKS

(Starting to take off ANNIE's old locket)

Here, we'll just take this old one off and ...

ANNIE

(ANNIE runs from WARBUCKS. SHE crosses downstage to end of desk. SHE approaches hysteria.)

No! No please don't make me take my locket off. I don't want a new one.

WARBUCKS

Annie, what is it?

ANNIE

(Fingering her locket)

This locket, my Mom and Dad left it with me when ... when they left me at the Orphanage. And there was a note, too.

(Loudly)

They're coming back for me. And, I know, being here with you for Christmas, I'm real lucky. But ... I don't know how to say it...

(SHE begins to cry)

The one thing I want in all the world ... more than anything else is to find my mother and father.

(More tears)

And to be like other kids, with folks of my own.

(As ANNIE is crying and telling her story, GRANCE and SERVANTS enter from left and right to see what is wrong. ANNIE runs to GRACE'S arms.)

WARBUCKS

(non-plussed)

Annie ... it'll be all right ... I'll find them for you ... I'll find your parents for you.

GRACE

Shh, shh, baby.

WARBUCKS

(Not knowing what to say or do)

I'll ... I'll get her a brandy.

(WARBUCKS exits left)

GRACE

(Trying to calm ANNIE, who is continuing to cry)

Shh, shh. It 's going to be all right.

DRAKE

Miss Annie, you just see. If there's anyone who can find your parents, Warbucks is the man.

GRACE

(Overstating this to cheer her up)

Mr. Warbucks will find your mother and father. If he has to pull every political string there is to pull – up to and including the White House.

DRAKE

(Going a bit too far)

The League of Nations!

(GRACE shoots HIM a look.)

15 — You Won't Be an Orphan for Long

*(Grace, Warbucks,
Annie, Servants)*

GRACE

IF HE SHOULD NEED THE F.B.I.

(Encouraging OTHERS to sing with HER)

THEN HE WILL HAVE THE F.B.I.

ALL

WITH ALL THE FAVORS THAT HE'S DONE

DRAKE

(DONE)

ALL

J. EDGAR HOOVER OWES HIM ONE.

AND THEN THE MIDNIGHT OIL GETS BURNED

'TILL NOT A STONE IS LEFT UNTURNED

HE WILL SEARCH EV'RYWHERE

AND HE'LL FIND THEM, I SWEAR.

OH, YOU WON'T BE AN ORPHAN FOR LONG!

ALL

WHERE OTHER MEN WOULD CALL IT QUILTS

MEN

(AND DISAPPEAR)

ALL

HE'LL USE HIS FORTUNE AND HIS WITS.

MEN

(SO NEVER FEAR)

ALL

'CROSS THE STREET
OR 'CROSS THE SEA
ANNIE, SWEET,
WE GUARANTEE
THAT YOU WON'T BE AN ORPHAN,
NO, YOU WON'T BE AN ORPHAN FOR LONG!

(WARBUCKS enters with a brandy, but HE drinks it and sits at HIS desk and makes a telephone call.)

WARBUCKS

J. Edgar? Warbucks. I want fifty of your best G-men. A day, a week, months. For however long it takes. Put them on vacation and I'll pay for it. I'll pay all costs. Fine. When can I have them? Tomorrow morning. Oh and J., I want Elliot Ness ...? Well, just take him off the Capone case.

DRAKE

(As WARBUCKS hangs up)

Hip, hip ...

ALL EXCEPT WARBUCKS & ANNIE

Hurray!

GRACE & THE SERVANTS

TOMORROW MORNING IT BEGINS,
YOU'RE WITH A MAN WHO ALWAYS WINS.
TRUST IN HIM AND HE'LL PROVE MOUNTAINS EASILY MOVE.
OH, YOU WON'T BE AN ORPHAN
— NO, YOU WON'T BE AN ORPHAN FOR LONG!

WARBUCKS

Annie, give me your locket.

ANNIE

But, Mr. Warbucks, I just told you that ...

WARBUCKS

I understand. But it could be our best clue. We'll have the F.B.I. trace where it was bought. And then find out who bought it.

ANNIE

(Reluctantly)

Oh, okay. And maybe the F.B.I. should have my note, too!

WARBUCKS

(Taking the note from ANNIE)

You watch Annie, you may be meeting your mother and father within a couple of days.

ANNIE

(Joyfully)

Really?

WARBUCKS

(Not-joyfully)

Really.

ANNIE

Oh, boy, I gotta write a letter to the kids about this!

(ANNIE crosses to desk, SERVANTS cross off and exit stage left and stage right. WARBUCKS and GRACE end up in specials at center and stage left.)

WARBUCKS

(Not feeling sorry for himself)

WHAT A THING

TO OCCUR

FIND THEM

LOSING HER ...

OH, YOU WON'T BE AN ORPHAN FOR LONG.

ANNIE

(Writing as GRACE and WARBUCKS, both frozen in their places, watch HER)

And Mr. Warbucks says that I'm gonna be meeting my mother and father within a couple of days.

(ANNIE)

SO... MAYBE NOW IT'S TIME,
AND MAYBE WHEN I WAKE,
THEY'LL BE THERE CALLING ME "BABY,"
MAYBE.

(The CURTAIN slowly falls)

END OF ACT ONE