

ANNIE Side 1: Annie, Molly, Pepper, Duffy, July, Tessie

MOLLY

(awaking from a dream and crying out) Mama! Mama! Mommy!

PEPPER

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.)

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

You wanna make somethin' out of it?

JULY

How 'bout I make a pancake outta you?

(PEPPER and JULY fight.)

TESSIE

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.)

ANNIE

Pipe down, all of ya. Go back to sleep. (to MOLLY) It's all right, Molly. Annie's here.

MOLLY

It was 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 holds a hanky for MOLLY.)

ANNIE

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

ANNIE Side 2: Hannigan, Grace, Annie

GRACE

Good afternoon. Miss Hannigan?

MISS HANNIGAN

Yes?

GRACE

I'm Grace Farrell, private secretary to Oliver Warbucks.

MISS HANNIGAN

The Oliver Warbucks? The millionaire?

GRACE

Mr. Warbucks has decided to invite an orphan to spend the Christmas holidays at his home.

MISS HANNIGAN

What sort of orphan did he have in mind?

GRACE

Well, she should be friendly.

(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.)

MISS HANNIGAN

(kicks ANNIE to quiet her) You shut up. And how old?

GRACE

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

(ANNIE gestures upward to indicate she wants GRACE to say a higher age.) Ten.

(ANNIE gestures still higher.) 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 redheaded children.

MISS HANNIGAN

Eleven? A redhead? Sorry, we don't have any orphans like that.

GRACE

What about this child right here?

(MISS HANNIGAN rushes in between GRACE and ANNIE and pins ANNIE behind her back.)

MISS HANNIGAN

Annie? Oh, no! You don't want her.

GRACE

Annie, would you like to spend the next two weeks at Mr. Warbucks' house?

ANNIE

I would love to.

ANNIE Side 3: Hannigan, Rooster, Lily

ROOSTER

Hi ya, Sis. Long time no see.

MISS HANNIGAN

Rooster? Geez, it never rains but it pours.

(ROOSTER crosses to HANNIGAN and kisses her on the cheek. She wipes it 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 a fact)

Because the Rooster swindled him outta eleven hundred bucks.

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

Rooster, do me a favor. 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. 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. (to LILY) Hand it over!

LILY

What?

ROOSTER

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

LILY

Lousy.

SIDE 4: Healy, Warbucks

HEALY

Now, Oliver Warbucks, I understand that you have something to tell the folks at home about wonderful little Annie here.

WARBUCKS

(Reading from script)

Yes, good evening Bert Healy. Annie is an eleven-year old foundling who was left by her parents on the steps of New York's Municipal Orphanage on the night of December 31st, 1922

HEALY

And aren't you now conducting a coast-to-coast nation-wide search for Annie's parents.

WARBUCKS

Yes, Bert Healy, I am now conducting a coast-to-coast nationwide search for Annie's parents.

(ALL on stage drop a page, but WARBUCKS reads the direction)

Drop Page. Furthermore, I'm offering a certified check for fifty-thousand dollars to any persons who can prove that they are Annie's parents.

HEALY So, Annie's parents, if you're listenin' in, write to Oliver Warbucks care of this station. Thank you, Oliver Warbucks. WARBUCKS Thank you, Bert Healy. HEALY Well, I see by the old clock on the wall that another of our Thursday-night get-togethers has gone by faster than you can say Oxydent. Yes, this is your old softy, Mrs. Healy's boy, Bert, saying, "until next week, same time, same station..." Good night.

ANNIE SIDE 5: Warbucks, Grace, Annie, Drake

WARBUCKS

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

GRACE

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

WARBUCKS

That's not a boy. Orphans are boys.

GRACE

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

WARBUCKS Well, I suppose she'll have to do. (frowning, he approaches ANNIE, assessing her) Annie, huh? Annie what?

ANNIE

(nervously) Oh, I'm just Annie, Mr. Warbucks, sir. I haven't got any last name. I'm sorry I'm not a boy.

WARBUCKS

Not at all. I couldn't be happier. Grace, we'll start with the figures on the iron-ore shipments from... Toledo to... (aside to GRACE) What are we supposed to do with this child?

GRACE

(aside to WARBUCKS) It is her first night here, sir.

WARBUCKS Well, Annie, I guess we ought to do something special on your first night. (has an idea) Would you like to go to a movie?

(ANNIE checks in with GRACE to see if this would be all right. GRACE nods "yes.")

ANNIE

Gosh, Mr. Warbucks, I've never been to one.

WARBUCKS

Then you'll go to the Roxy. And then an ice-cream soda at Rumpelmayer's and a hansom cab ride around Central Park.

ANNIE

Golly!

WARBUCKS

Grace, forget about the dictation for tonight. Instead, you take Annie to the movies.

GRACE

Yes, sir.

ANNIE

(disappointed) Aw, gee.

WARBUCKS

Something the matter, Annie?

ANNIE

It's just that... well... I thought you were going to take me.

WARBUCKS Oh, no, I'm afraid I'll be far too busy tonight.

ANNIE

Aw, gee.

WARBUCKS

Now, Annie... I've just been away for six weeks. And when a man is running a multi-billion-dollar corporation...

ANNIE

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

WARBUCKS

(regards ANNIE and is moved by her disappointment; calls offstage left) Drake.

DRAKE

Yes, sir?

WARBUCKS

Get our coats.

ANNIE

(smiling triumphantly; she's won) Aw, gee!

WARBUCKS

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

SIDE 6: President Roosevelt, Ickes, Hull, Perkins, Annie

HULL

Mr. President, if I may say so, unemployment is not our worst problem. The dispatches from Germany are becoming more disturbing each day. There could be war.

ICKES

Germany! People are starving in THIS country.

HULL

Harold, I know that, but in the long run...

ROOSEVELT

Cordell, for people who are starving there is no long run.

PERKINS

The trouble is it's happening all at once. The stock market has taken another nose dive...

ICKES

Sit-down strikes, riots...

PERKINS

Floods, dust storms...

ROOSEVELT

Well, at least we're all agreed on one thing. The situation is hopeless and getting worse.

(CABINET talks amongst themselves)

ANNIE

The sun'll come out tomorrow. Bet your bottom dollar that tomorrow there'll be...

ICKES

Shh, quiet little girl.

ROOSEVELT

Harold Ickes, stand up.

ICKES

What?

ROOSEVELT

You heard me, stand up.

(ICKES doesn't move)

Up, up, up!

(Reluctantly ICKES stands)

Now, Harold, sing.

ICKES

Sing?

ROOSEVELT

Yes, sing. Like Annie. I've just decided that if my administration's going to be anything, it's going to be optimistic about the future of this country. Now, sing!

ICKES

But really Franklin, you know that I...

ROOSEVELT

Sing!

ICKES

(Singing quietly and badly)

The sun'll come out

Tomorrow

ROOSEVELT

Louder Harold!

ICKES

Bet your bottom dollar

That tomorrow

There'll be Sun!