

Characters (in order of appearance)

MOLLY
KATE
TESSIE
PEPPER
JULY
DUFFY
ANNIE
ORPHANS
MISS HANNIGAN
BUNDLES MCCLOSKEY (laundry man)
DOGCATCHER
APPLE SELLER
PASSERSBY
SANDY
OFFICER WARD
GRACE FARRELL (Warbucks' secretary)
DRAKE (English butler)
CECILLE (French maid)
ANNETTE (French maid)
MRS. GREER (housekeeper)
MRS. PUGH (cook)
OLIVER WARBUCKS
CHAUFFEUR
NEW YORKERS
STAR-TO-BE
USHERETTE
ANNOUNCER
ROOSTER
LILY
SOUND EFFECTS MAN
BERT HEALY (radio show host)
POLICEMAN

PERUSAL SCRIPT

(OVERTURE *begins***.)**

SCENE ONE

(The curtain rises on the New York City Municipal Orphanage - Girls' Annex. Shortly after 3:00am on a chilly morning in early December 1933.)
(The stage is nearly dark. Asleep in the dormitory are ORPHANS - MOLLY, the littlest who is 6; KATE, the next-to-littlest, who is 7; TESSIE, the crybaby, who is 10; PEPPER, the toughest, who is 12; JULY, the quietest, who is 13; and DUFFY, the biggest, who is also 13.) ***(*****MAYBE (UNDERSCORE***) begins.)*

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' nothin' 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 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.

MOLLY: Annie, read me your note.

ANNIE: Again?

MOLLY: Please?

ANNIE: Sure, Molly.

PEPPER: Here it comes again.

(ANNIE takes a crumb;ed note from her pocket, unfolds it and reads it to MOLLY.)

ANNIE: "Please take good care of our little darling. Her name is Annie."

KATE: *(mockingly; she has heard this note read a thousand times)* "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-"

PERUSAL SCRIPT

PEPPER, DUFFY, KATE: "-so that when we come back for her you will know that she's our baby."

TESSIE: Oh my goodness, oh my goodness, now they're laughing.

ANNIE: *(to the others)* All right. Do you wanna sleep with your teeth insida 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.

(**MAYBE** *begins.*)
ANNIE: *(holding her locket)* I know. *(ANNIE and MOLLY cuddle together on the floor.)*
Somewhere.
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
MOLLY: She's sittin' playin' piano
TESSIE: He's sittin' payin' a bill!
ANNIE: Betcha they're young. Betcha they're smart.
JULY: Bet they collect things
DUFFY: Like ashtrays and art!
KATE: Betcha they're good.
PEPPER: Why shouldn't they be?
ANNIE, ORPHANS: Their one mistake was givin' up me!
ANNIE: So, maybe now it's time, and maybe when I wake
ANNIE, ORPHANS: They'll be there, callin' me "baby", maybe.

(ANNIE carries MOLLY, who has fallen asleep, back to bed, and tucks her in as the ORPHANS, one by one, say goodnight. The music continues softly underneath. ANNIE is still thinking about her parents.)

ANNIE: 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, as long as they're mine! So, maybe now this prayer's the last one of its kind: won't you please come get your "baby", *(ANNIE climbs into bed and tucks herself in.)*
ANNIE, ORPHANS: Maybe?
*(**ANNIE'S ESCAPE** begins. A faraway church bell chimes 4:00am. ANNIE goes up to the window looking out into the street, then returns to her bed and starts putting some things into a small basket. The ORPHANS are dimly seen waking up as ANNIE turns on a flashlight.)*
PEPPER: Now what?

KATE: Annie, whattaya doin'?

ANNIE: Runnin' away.

TESSIE: Oh my goodness.

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.

TESSIE: And give you the paddle.

ANNIE: I don't care. I'm getting out of here. *(with a basket under her arm)* Okay. I'm ready. Wish me luck.

ALL EXCEPT PEPPER: Good luck, Annie.

PERUSAL SCRIPT

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. Suspenseful music plays underneath. As ANNIE reaches to open the door, MISS HANNIGAN, wearing a bathrobe, flings open her door and stands before ANNIE.)

MISS HANNIGAN: Aha! Caught you! *(MISS HANNIGAN flings ANNIE to the floor.)* Get up. Get up!

ANNIE: *(getting up, warily)* Yes, Miss Hannigan.

MISS HANNIGAN: Turn around. *(ANNIE doesn't move)*
I said turn around.

(ANNIE turns around and MISS HANNIGAN hits her on the backside with a paddle.)

There! Now, what do you say?
What...do...you...say?

ANNIE: *(reluctantly, 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.

(MISS HANNIGAN switches on the light in the dormitory, sticks her head through the door, and blows her whistle.)

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!

TESSIE: *(starting to cry)* But it's four o'clock in the morning.

MISS HANNIGAN: *(laughs cruelly)* Get to work.

ORPHANS: Yes, Miss Hannigan.

MISS HANNIGAN: Now!

(The ORPHANS run for pails and return to front.)

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

*(***IT'S THE HARD-KNOCK LIFE** *begins.)*

(As MISS HANNIGAN exits slamming the door behind her, 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: 'Stead-a treated
ORPHANS: We get tricked!
ANNIE: 'Stead-a kisses
ORPHANS: We get kicked! It's the hard-knock life! Got no folks to speak of, so, it's the hard-knock row we hoe!
ANNIE: Empty bellies
ORPHANS: 'Stead-a full! It's the hard-knock life!
ANNIE: Don't it feel like the wind is always howlin'?
KATE, TESSIE: Don't it seem like there's never any light?
DUFFY, JULY: Once a day, don't you wanna throw the towel in?

PERUSAL SCRIPT

MOLLY, PEPPER: It's easier than putin' up a fight.
ANNIE: No one's there when your dreams at night get creepy!
MOLLY: No one cares if you grow or if you shrink!
TESSIE: No one dries when your eyes get wet an' weepy!
ORPHANS: From the cryin', you would think this place'd sink! Ohhhh!! Empty belly life! Rotten, smelly life! Full of sorrow life! No tomorrow life!
MOLLY: Santa Claus, we never see.
PEPPER: "Santa Claus", what's that? Who's he?
ORPHANS: No one cares for you a smidge when you're in an orphanage! It's the hard-knock life!
MOLLY: *(making a whistling sound and imitating Miss Hannigan)* You'll stay up till this dump shines like the top of the Chrysler Building.
ALL: *(except MOLLY)* Yank the whiskers from her chin. Jab her with a safety pink. Make her drink a Mickey- Finn. *(spoken)* I love you, Miss Hannigan!
(ANNIE and the ORPHANS finish cleaning and strip the beds. MOLLY continues her imitation of MISS HANNIGAN.)
MOLLY: Get to work! Strip them beds! I said get to work! *(she 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)* Merry Christmas.
ALL: *(except MOLLY)* It's the hard-knock life for us!
MOLLY: Merry Christmas.
ALL: No one cares for you a smidge when you're in an orphanage!
MOLLY: Merry Christmas.
ALL: It's the hard knock-life, it's the hard-knock life, it's the hard-knock life!

(MOLLY falls into the laundry hamper and is covered with sheets the children have stripped from the beds.)
(MISS HANNIGAN, now dressed, enters and whistles. 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?

ORPHANS: I love you, Miss Hannigan.

MOLLY: *(from the hamper)* I love you, Miss Hannigan.

MISS HANNIGAN: You. What are you doing in there?

MOLLY: Nothin'.

MISS HANNIGAN: *(to JULY, who is nearest the hamper)* Get her out of there! *(to MOLLY)* Your days are numbered. *(whistle)* All right. Breakfast.

ORPHANS: *(dejected)* Hot mush? Yuck!

MISS HANNIGAN: No, not hot mush.

(The ORPHANS react happily to this news.)

Cold mush.

(The ORPHANS groan.)

PERUSAL SCRIPT

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

ORPHANS: Yes, Miss Hannigan.

MISS HANNIGAN: Now line up.

(The ORPHANS and ANNIE file past MISS HANNIGAN, who inspects them as the laundry man, BUNDLES McCLOSKEY, enters, carrying a load of clean sheets.)

BUNDLES: Laundry. Laundry man.

ANNIE, ORPHANS: Mornin', Bundles.

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

(ANNIE, hidden by the ORPHANS, gets into the laundry bag.)

Hey, hey, hey, Aggie. How's the prettiest gal south of 14th Street?

MISS HANNIGAN: Bundles, get out of here with that laundry!

BUNDLES: *(picking up the laundry bag with ANNIE in it)* So long, gorgeous - and Merry Christmas.

MISS HANNIGAN: *(checking floor)* Huh, you call this clean, Annie. This place is like a pigsty...Annie? Annie?

ORPHANS: Annie ain't here.

MISS HANNIGAN: What do you mean "Annie ain't here"?

TESSIE: She just went. With Mr. Bundles.

MOLLY: In the laundry bag.

MISS HANNIGAN: Bundles! *(runs out)* Police! Police!

JULY: No more hard-knock life for Annie!

(The ORPHANS cheer again. **IT'S THE HARD-KNOCK LIFE (REPRISE)** *begins.)*

JULY: Lucky duck, she got away

MOLLY: But we're gonna have to pay.

KATE, TESSIE: Gonna get our faces slapped.

DUFFY, PEPPER: Gonna get our knuckles rapped.

ORPHANS: It's the hard-knock life, it's the hard-knock life, it's the hard-knock life!

(Blackout. **SCENE CHANGE 1** *begins.)*

SCENE TWO

(Lights up. 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. A DOGCATCHER with a rope runs across the stage. An APPLE SELLER enters, appealing to the occasional PASSERBY.)

APPLE SELLER: Apples, apples. Two for a nickel.

ANNIE: *(runs from behind a tenement)* Excuse me, sir, but could you donate an apple to the orphan's picnic?

APPLE SELLER: *(giving ANNIE an apple)* Why not? Nobody's buying 'em anyway.

ANNIE: Gee thanks, Mister.

APPLE SELLER: Say kid, when is the orphan's picnic?

PERUSAL SCRIPT

ANNIE: *(smiling and taking a big bite of the apple)* Soon as I take a bite.

(The APPLE SELLER shakes his head at having been conned by a child and wanders offstage in search of customers.)

(The sound of barking dogs is heard from offstage and a DOGCATCHER enters, pushing a wheeled dog cage lettered 'N.Y.C DOG POUND'*. The DOGCATCHER crosses to centerstage, looking for stray dogs. He speaks to ANNIE.)*

DOGCATCHER: You seen any stray mutts around her?

ANNIE: No, sir.

DOGCATCHER: Good. Then they must all be runnin' wild over to Astor Place.

(The DOGCATCHER exits. ANNIE watches him go and then turns and notices a DOG.)

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

(ANNIE gets down on her hands and knees and signals for the DOG to come to her. SANDY enters and crosses to ANNIE.)

ANNIE: *(to SANDY)* 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. Everything's gonna be fine.

*(***TOMORROW** *begins.)*

ANNIE: For the both of us. If not today, well... The sun'll come out tomorrow. Bet your bottom dollar that tomorrow, there'll be sun! Just thinkin' about tomorrow clears away the cob webs and the sorrow, 'til there's none! When I'm stuck with a day that's gray and lonely, I just stick out 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!

(A policeman, OFFICER WARD, enters.)

WARD: Hey, you! Little girl. Come here.

ANNIE: Yes, officer?

WARD: That dog there. Ain't he a stray?

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

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

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

WARD: Okay, let's see him answer to his name.

ANNIE: Well, you see, Officer...I just got him and sometimes...

WARD: Call him!

ANNIE: Here, Sandy. Here, boy. Sandy *(SANDY crosses to ANNIE, stands and puts his front paws on her shoulders.)* Good Sandy. Good old Sandy.

WARD: Next time you take him out, I wanna see him on a leash and with a license, or else he goes to the pound.

ANNIE: Yes, sir. I understand.

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

ANNIE: Oh, I don't mind the weather.

ANNIE: *(cont)* When I'm stuck with a day that's gray, and lonely, I just stick out my chin and grin and say, "Oh, the sun'll come out tomorrow, so ya gotta hang out '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!

PERUSAL SCRIPT

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

(**SCENE CHANGE 2** *begins.*)

SCENE THREE

(The lights come up as MISS HANNIGAN goes into her office, which contains a desk, a rocking chair, and a rolling office chair. On the desk is a cathedral-style radio. TESSIE runs in and goes up to MISS HANNIGAN.

LITTLE GIRLS *begins.)*

TESSIE: Miss Hannigan, you know your souvenir pillow from Coney Island?

MISS HANNIGAN: Yeah.

TESSIE: Molly just threw up on it.

(MISS HANNIGAN threatens TESSIE. TESSIE runs off; MISS HANNIGAN sits in the office chair. She gets up, holding a broken doll on which she has just sat.)

MISS HANNIGAN: Little girls, little girls...ev'ry where I turn, I can see them. Little girls, little girls...night and day I eat, sleep and breathe them. 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! Someday 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!

(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. The other ORPHANS gather around, encouraging the fight. MISS HANNIGAN crosses the hall, opens the door and blows the whistle.)

MISS HANNIGAN: Shut up!

(MISS HANNIGAN returns to her office and collapses into her rocking chair. OFFICER WARD enters from the street, dragging ANNIE by the collar. ANNIE points out Miss Hannigan's door to OFFICER WARD, and he knocks. MISS HANNIGAN responds to the knock.)

Yeah. Come in.

(As OFFICER WARD enters Miss Hannigan's office, ANNIE crosses the hall to greet the ORPHANS.)

OFFICER WARD: Good afternoon. Miss Hannigan, is it?

MISS HANNIGAN: Yeah.

OFFICER WARD: I'm Lieutenant Ward of the 17th Precinct. We found your runaway.

MISS HANNIGAN: Oh, thank you, Officer.

OFFICER WARD: She was in one of them Hoovervilles over to the river. With a bunch of bums.

ANNIE: They weren't bums.

OFFICER WARD: 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 again, Officer.

OFFICER WARD: 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. *(to MISS HANNIGAN with a little salute)* Good afternoon.

PERUSAL SCRIPT

MISS HANNIGAN: Good afternoon, Officer. *(sees OFFICER WARD out, then reenters her office)* The next time you walk out that door, it'll be 1953. Well, are you glad to be back? Huh?

ANNIE: *(cowed; reluctantly)* Yes, Miss Hannigan.

MISS HANNIGAN: Liar! What's the one thing I always taught you: never tell a lie. *(She grabs ANNIE around the shoulders, tossing her from side to side. GRACE FARRELL enters, carrying an attaché case.)*

GRACE: Good afternoon. Miss Hannigan?

MISS HANNIGAN: Yes?

GRACE: I'm Grace Farrell, private secretary to Oliver Warbucks. *(She sits in the office chair, stage left of the desk.)*

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.

MISS HANNIGAN: You can have any orphan here, but not Annie.

GRACE: Perhaps I should call the Board of Orphans and...
(MISS HANNIGAN laughs.)
MISS HANNIGAN: If it's Annie you want, it's Annie you get.

GRACE: It's Annie I want.

ANNIE: Oh, boy!

PERUSAL SCRIPT

GRACE: If you'll get her coat, I'll take her along right now.

MISS HANNIGAN: She don't have no coat.

GRACE: Then we'll buy her one.

ANNIE: Oh, boy!

GRACE: Come along, Annie. Mr. Warbucks' limousine is outside.

ANNIE: Oh, boy! I can hardly believe it.

MISS HANNIGAN: *She* can hardly believe it?

(GRACE and ANNIE start to leave. The ORPHANS gather around ANNIE in the hallway.)

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

(**LITTLE GIRLS (REPRISE)** *begins.*)

(ANNIE and the ORPHANS say goodbye. As GRACE and ANNIE exit, the ORPHANS run past MISS HANNIGAN, screaming and cheering. The ORPHANS exit.)

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!

(*Blackout.)*

(**SCENE CHANGE 3** *begins.*)

SCENE FOUR

(Lights up. The living room of the Warbucks mansion a couple of hours later. DRAKE, the English butler, is supervising the SERVANTS of the house, who are bustling about at work: CECILLE and ANNETTE, a pair of French maids; MRS. GREER, the housekeeper; MRS. PUGH, the cook, standing with pad and pen writing out a menu; and four MANSERVANTS.)

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

DRAKE: Good afternoon, Miss Farrell.

GRACE: Good afternoon, Drake. Everyone.

SERVANTS: Good afternoon, Miss.

GRACE: Has Mr. Warbucks arrived yet?

DRAKE: No, Miss. We're expecting him any minute.

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

GRACE: We really live here. *(to SERVANTS)* Now, would you all come here for a moment, please?

DRAKE: Quickly everyone.

GRACE: This is Annie. She'll be with us for Christmas. *(to ANNIE)* Annie, this is everyone.

ANNIE: Hi, everyone.

DRAKE: May I take your coat, Miss?

ANNIE: Will I get it back?

GRACE: Of course, dear. Now, what do you want to do first?

PERUSAL SCRIPT

ANNIE: The floors. I'll scrub them first; then I'll get to the windows.

GRACE: Annie, you won't have to do any cleaning. You're our guest.

(**I THINK I'M GONNA LIKE IT HERE** *begins*.)

GRACE: And, for the next two weeks, you're going to have a swell time. Now...
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: Soap...no, bubble, I think.
GRACE: Anette 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, SERVANTS: When you wake, ring for Drake. Drake will bring your tray. When you're through, Missus Pugh comes to take it away. No need to pick up any toys.
ANNIE: That's okay, I haven't got any, anyway!
GRACE: No finger will you life, my dear.
GRACE, SERVANTS: We have but one request: please put us to the test.
ANNIE: I know I'm gonna like it here. Used to room in a tomb, where I'd sit and freeze. Get me now. Holy cow! Could someone pinch me, please?
(A SERVANT pinches ANNIE. ANNIE reacts.)
GRACE: She didn't mean it.
We've never had a little girl.
SERVANTS: We've never had a little girl.
ANNIE: I'm very glad to volunteer.
SERVANTS: We hope you understand.
GRACE, SERVANTS: Your wish is our command.
ANNIE: I know I'm gonna like it here.
GRACE, SERVANTS: We know you're gonna like it here. Welcome!

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

WARBUCKS: *(offstage)* Where is everybody?

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

Hello, everybody.

SERVANTS: Sir.

GRACE: Welcome home, Mr. Warbucks.

WARBUCKS: It's good to be home.

DRAKE: How was your flight from Chicago?

WARBUCKS: Not bad...only took eleven hours. Grace?

GRACE: *(eagerly)* Yes, sir?

WARBUCKS: Messages?

GRACE: *(consulting a notepad)* President Roosevelt wants you to call him at the White House.

WARBUCKS: I'll get back to him tomorrow.

GRACE: *(trying to introduce ANNIE)* Mr. Warbucks...

PERUSAL SCRIPT

WARBUCKS: All right, good to see you all again.

SERVANTS: Sir.

WARBUCKS: Drake, dismiss the staff.

DRAKE: Yes, sir.

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

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 Rumplemayer'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.

PERUSAL SCRIPT

DRAKE: *(from offstage left)* Yes, sir?

WARBUCKS: Get our coats.

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

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

(GRACE nods yes as DRAKE enters with three coats.)

DRAKE: Which car will you be wanting, sir?

WARBUCKS: The Duesenberg. No, wait. This child's been cooped up in an orphanage. We'll walk.

GRACE: Walk to the Roxy?

WARBUCKS: Why not? It's only 45 blocks.

GRACE: Yes, sir.

(As DRAKE helps WARBUCKS into his coat, the set begins to change to become upper Fifth Avenue. WARBUCKS strolls downstage while GRACE and ANNIE get into their coats behind him.)

WARBUCKS: Ah, smell those bus fumes! There's no air like the air of New York. Come on, you slowpokes! We gotta get to the Roxy before the prices change.

*(***N.Y.C** *begins. Scene Four blends into Scene Five.)*

SCENE FIVE

(GRACE, ANNIE, and WARBUCKS begin strolling as various NEW YORKERS enter.)

WARBUCKS, GRACE: N.Y.C The shimmer of Times Square,

WARBUCKS: The pulse,

GRACE: The beat,

WARBUCKS, GRACE: The drive!

WARBUCKS: N.Y.C - You might say that I'm square, but wow! I come alive.

ALL: 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: 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!

ALL: 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. Tomorrow a penhouse that's way up high...

STAR-TO-BE: Tonight? The "Y." Why not? It's N.Y.C.

(All march down to the front edge of the stage.)

ALL: N.Y.C., You're standing room only. You crowd, you cramp. You're still the champ! Amen for N.Y.-

MAN: *(slamming open a brownstone window)* Keep it quiet down there!

ALL: ...C.

(As the stage begins to slowly dim, an USHERETTE with a flashlight enters from stage left.)

USHERETTE: Immediate seating...there is immediate seating.

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

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

PERUSAL SCRIPT

(ANNIE yawns and leans against WARBUCKS' sleeve)

WARBUCKS: Give in. Don't fight. Good girl. Good night. Sleep tight in N.Y.C.

(WARBUCKS picks the sleepy ANNIE up in his arms and walks offstage right. GRACE follows. Two CHILDREN run across upstage. All that is left is the COP on the beat. He takes a final check of the Square and strolls off downstage left. From upstage right, SANDY comes wandering in all alone. He stops centerstage and sits, looks stage right, looks stage left, and trudges off, looking for ANNIE as the lights fade and the scene fades.)

SCENE SIX

(Lights up on Miss Hannigan's office in the orphanage, as in Scene Three. MISS HANNIGAN, seated by her desk, notices the time and turns on the cathedral-style, tablemodel Philco radio.)

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE: Once again we bring you the romance of Helen Trent... who sets out to prove that just because a woman is thirty-five or more, romance in life need not be over.

MISS HANNIGAN: God, I hope not.
(GRACE enters.)

GRACE: Good afternoon, Miss Hannigan.

MISS HANNIGAN: *(switching off the radio)* Whatsa matter, Warbucks fed up with Annie already?

GRACE: On the contrary... *(hands MISS HANNIGAN a legal document)* Miss Hannigan, this has to be signed and sent back to the Board of Orphans no later than 10 o'clock tomorrow.

MISS HANNIGAN: What for?

GRACE: Because Mr. Warbucks is so taken with Annie that he wants to adopt her.

MISS HANNIGAN: Annie? The daughter of a millionaire?

GRACE: The daughter of a billionaire.

MISS HANNIGAN: Would you excuse me for a moment, please?

(She goes out into the hallway, lets out a long, loud scream of fury and frustration, then returns to the office.)

Got any more wonderful news?

GRACE: Merry Christmas, Miss Hannigan.
(As GRACE exits, she bumps into ROOSTER.)

ROOSTER: Oops, pardon me, blondie.

(GRACE gives ROOSTER a disdainful look and exits.)

Hi ya, Sis. Long time no see.

MISS HANNIGAN: Rooster? They finally let you outta prison? What were you in for this time?

ROOSTER: Some old geezer said I swindled him outta eleven hundred bucks.

MISS HANNIGAN: Why'd he say that?

LILY: Because the Rooster swindled him outta eleven hundred bucks.

PERUSAL SCRIPT

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

LILY: Jersey City!

MISS HANNIGAN: Rooster, do me a favor. Get outta here.

ROOSTER: So 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?

MISS HANNIGAN: Annie, one of the orphans from here, is getting adopted by him.

LILY: Crummy orphan!

ROOSTER: Yeah, livin' in the lap of luxury while the two Hannigan kids ended up on the skids!

*(***EASY STREET** *begins.)*
ROOSTER: It ain't fair how we scrounge for three or four bucks while she gets Warbucks.
MISS HANNIGAN: The little brat! It ain't fair. This here life is drivin' me nuts! While we get peanuts, she's livin' fat!
LILY: Maybe she holds the key, that little lady...
MISS HANNIGAN: To gettin' more bucks
ROOSTER: Instead of less! Maybe we fix the game with something shady...
LILY: Where does that put us?
ROOSTER: Give you one guess!

ALL: Yes! Easy Street! Easy Street! Annie is the key, yes sir-ree, yes sir-ree, yes sir-ree, yeah! Easy Street! Easy Street! That's where we're gonna be!

(Blackout. **SCENE CHANGE 4** *begins.)*

SCENE SEVEN

(Lights up on Warbucks' office in his mansion. Late morning of the following day. WARBUCKS is seated at his desk, talking on the telephone. GRACE is nearby with a steno pad.)

WARBUCKS: *(into the phone)* Yes... Yes, Mister 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...

GRACE: Friday.

WARBUCKS: Friday. Listen, Mister President, why don't we bury the hatchet and you come here with Mrs. Roosevelt for supper Christmas Eve? *(disappointed)* You will? Wonderful. Goodbye, Mister President. (hangs up phone) Grace, find out what Democrats eat.

GRACE: Yes, sir.

WARBUCKS: The package from Tiffany's?

GRACE: Arrived this morning.

WARBUCKS: Fine. I'm going to give it to her and then tell her that I want to adopt her.

GRACE: She's going to be the happiest little girl in the world.

WARBUCKS: Get her down here.

PERUSAL SCRIPT

GRACE: Yes, sir.

(GRACE exits. ANNIE enters. She is now wearing a red dress and her hair is curled to look for the first time as she does in "Little Orphan Annie.")

ANNIE: Hello.

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

ANNIE: You're sending me back to the orphanage, right?

WARBUCKS: Of course not. *(pause)* 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.

ANNIE: That was a good idea.

WARBUCKS: 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. *(He takes the Tiffany package from his desk and hands it to ANNIE.)* I was in Tiffany's yesterday and picked this up for you.

ANNIE: For me? Gee, thanks, Mr. Warbucks. *(ANNIE opens up the package and looks at the gift. She is clearly unhappy with it, but pretends to like it.)* 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." *(starting to take off Annie's old locket)* Here, we'll just take this old one off and...

ANNIE: *(recoiling from WARBUCKS; yelling)* No! I don't want a new one.

WARBUCKS: *(following ANNIE as she cowers back from him)* Annie, what is it?

ANNIE: *(touching her locket)* 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.

(ANNIE goes into a hysterical crying fit. ANNIE runs to GRACE, who has returned at the sound of her hysterics. GRACE embraces and attempts to comfort her while WARBUCKS stands helpless, dazed, totally unable to cope with a crying child.)

WARBUCKS: It'll be all right... I'll find them... I'll find your parents for you.

GRACE: Shh, shh. Mr. Warbucks will find your mother and father. If he has to put everyone in his organization on the job. If he has to pull every political string there is to pull.

WARBUCKS: Up to and including the White House! Annie, give me your locket.

ANNIE: But, Mr. Warbucks...

WARBUCKS: I understand. But it could be our best clue. We'll have the F.B.I. trace it and find out who bought it.

PERUSAL SCRIPT

*(***YOU WON'T BE AN ORPHAN FOR LONG** *begins.)*

(Somewhat reluctantly, ANNIE takes off her locket and hands it to WARBUCKS, while also taking her crumpled note out of her pocket.)

ANNIE: Okay. And maybe they 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: Really?

WARBUCKS: Really.

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

(ANNIE runs to Warbucks' desk, sits down at it, and takes up a pen to write as the SERVANTS exit. GRACE starts to leave but lingers near the door.)

WARBUCKS: What a thing to occur: finding them, losing her. Oh, you won't be an orphan for long.

ANNIE: *(writing)* And pretty soon, everyone'll know I'm looking for my folks. 'Cuz we're gonna go on the radio and tell 'em. So make sure you listen, okay?

So, maybe now it's time, and maybe when I wake, they'll be there, callin' me "Baby," maybe.

*(***MAYBE (REPRISE)** *begins. The scene changes to an NBC radio studio live radio program called "The Oxydent Hour of Smiles, starring Bert Healy,"as a sign across the back of the studio indicates.) (There is a sound-effects table stage right, and behind it the SOUND EFFECTS MAN cues the audience when to applaud. ANNIE stands on a box to reach the microphone. At centerstage another microphone is currently vacant and will be used later by WARBUCKS, who is now seated in a folding chair upstage center. Next to him is Annie's empty chair. GRACE stands behind them.) (At stage left, in silhouette, we see the ORPHANS at Miss Hannigan's desk, listening to ANNIE on the radio.)*

ANNIE: So, maybe now this prayer's the last one of its kind: won't you please come get your "Baby," maybe?

(As ANNIE finishes her song, the SOUND EFFECTS MAN raises his 'APPLAUSE' sign to the audience. BERT HEALY reads from a script.)

HEALY: Thank you, Annie. And welcome to America's favorite radio program, The Oxydent Hour of Smiles, starring your old softy, Bert Healy. And good evening, Oliver Warbucks, it's nice of you to drop by.

WARBUCKS: *(reading)* Good evening, Bert Healy. It's nice to be here.

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

WARBUCKS: Yes, Bert Healy, I am now conducting a coast-to-coast nationwide search for Annie's parents. Furthermore, I'm offering a certified check for fifty thousand dollars to any persons who can prove that they are Annie's parents.

ANNIE: Wow!

PERUSAL SCRIPT

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.

(SOUND EFFECTS MAN raises his 'APPLAUSE' sign to the audience. Scene Eight blends into Scene Nine.)

SCENE NINE

(The scene has shifted to Miss Hannigan's office in the orphanage. A moment later. The ORPHANS have sneaked into the office and listened to The Oxydent Hour of Smiles on the radio. They are sitting on the desk, on the floor and in Miss Hannigan's chair. JULY is in the desk chair with MOLLY in her lap.)

DUFFY: Gee, Annie on the radio, coast-to-coast. She's famous.

MOLLY: Wish I was on the radio.

DUFFY: Me, too!

PEPPER: Who wants to be on the dumb old radio?

TESSIE: *(crossing in a strut downstage center, imitating BERT HEALY)* I do.

*(***YOU'RE NEVER FULLY DRESSED WITHOUT A SMILE** *begins.)*

TESSIE: So, for all of the "Hour of Smiles" Family, this is Bert Healy saying... Hey, hobo man, hey, Dapper Dan, you've both got your style
ALL: But, brother, you're never fully dressed without a smile! Your clothes may be Beau Brummely, they stand out a mile, but, brother, you're never fully dressed without a smile!
JULY: Who cares what they're wearing on Main Street or Saville Row? It's what you wear from ear to ear, and not from head to toe,
KATE: That matters.
ALL: So, Senator, so, janitor, so long for a while. Remember, you're never fully dressed, though you may wear your best. You're never full dressed without a smile- smile- smile! Smile, darn ya, smile!

(MISS HANNIGAN enters as the ORPHANS break their final pose.)

MISS HANNIGAN: What are you doin' up?

MOLLY: Annie was on the radio.

MISS HANNIGAN: Yeah, I heard it. Next thing, she'll be in the movies. Now, get to bed.

(The ORPHANS run offstage.)

A fifty-thousand-dollar reward. Fifty thousand! What I couldn't do with fifty thousand dollars.

(ROOSTER and LILY, in disguise as Ralph and Shirley Mudge, enter the orphanage hallway.)

ROOSTER: *(humbly, as Ralph Mudge)* Excuse us, ma'am, are you the lady that runs this here orphanage?

MISS HANNIGAN: Yeah, whatta ya want?

LILY: *(as Shirley)* Ma'am, was you workin' here eleven years ago?

PERUSAL SCRIPT

MISS HANNIGAN: Yeah.

ROOSTER (as Ralph): Well, we had terrible troubles back then and had to leave a baby here. On the front stoop.

LILY (as Shirley): Our little girl. Our Annie.

MISS HANNIGAN: You're Annie's parents? I can't believe it. Where'd you say you come from again?

ROOSTER (as Ralph): A little farm up in Canada where they've got lots of chickens and ducks and geese and roosters.

(He crows and removes his glasses and hat, and LILY pulls off her hat to reveal, in part, their disguise devices. ROOSTER and LILY, laughing and enjoying the success of their disguises, follow MISS HANNIGAN into her office.) Gotcha, Sis!

MISS HANNIGAN: Rooster! I never woulda knowed it was you in a hundred years.

ROOSTER: Fooled ya, Aggie. And we're gonna fool Warbucks, too. *(ROOSTER sits in chair stage left of desk.)*

LILY: Get ourselves fifty thousand big ones.

ROOSTER: We need your help, Sis, for details about Annie that can help us pull this thing off.

MISS HANNIGAN: What's in it for me?

ROOSTER: Three-way split.

MISS HANNIGAN: Half.

LILY: Half?

MISS HANNIGAN: Half.

ROOSTER: Ok. Twenty-five grand each. But we gotta do it fast. Get the money, get the kid and get outta town.

MISS HANNIGAN: The kid's the problem. What would we do with her afterward?

ROOSTER: No problem. *(flips open a long switchblade knife)* When I want something to disappear, it disappears. *(with sleight of hand, makes the knife disappear)* For good. We get the fifty grand, we blow this crummy town, and then Lil and me'll meetcha...

MISS HANNIGAN: Where?...Oh, yeah.

*(***EASY STREET (REPRISE)** *begins.)*

ROOSTER, LILY, HANNIGAN: Easy Street! Easy Street! Annie is the key. Easy Street! Yes, sir-ree, yes sir-ree, yes sir-ree, yeah! Easy Street! Easy Street! That's where we're gonna be!

(ROOSTER, LILY, and MISS HANNIGAN exit. Blackout.)

SCENE TEN

(The lights come up on the Warbucks mansion, which is decorated with a lighted Christmas tree. GRACE, who sits on a settee stage left, looking frazzled and exhausted, is looking over a clipboard containing a stack of questionnaires. WARBUCKS and ANNIE enter.)

GRACE: I'm sorry, Annie, I've spoken to more than a thousand people claiming to be your parents, but they were all liars and fakes.

PERUSAL SCRIPT

ANNIE: Aw, gee.

WARBUCKS: Are you certain?

GRACE: Yes, sir. None of them knew about the locket. I'm so sorry.

ANNIE: I was sure somebody was gonna be my mother and father. *(DRAKE enters from stage right with an envelope.)*

DRAKE: Mr. Warbucks, this has just come by special messenger from the F.B.I. *(DRAKE hands WARBUCKS the envelope.)*

WARBUCKS: Ah finally. *(opening the envelope, taking out a letter, and reading it)* Agent Gunderson located the manufacturer of Annie's locket. In Utica, New York.

ANNIE: Oh, boy! *(ANNIE crosses to WARBUCKS, excited.)*

WARBUCKS: Over ninety thousand were made and sold.

ANNIE: Aw, gee.

WARBUCKS: Annie, I'm afraid the F.B.I. doesn't think that there's a chance in a million of tracing your parents through the locket. I'm sorry. *(WARBUCKS takes the locket from the envelope and puts it on ANNIE.)*

ANNIE: *(crossing to the settee and sitting down dejectedly)* That's okay. You did your best. Anyway, I guess a kid can get along without folks. You didn't turn out so bad.

WARBUCKS: Grace?

GRACE: Yes, sir?

WARBUCKS: Do you have those legal papers I gave you the other day?

GRACE: Right here!

WARBUCKS: *(crosses to the settee with ANNIE and sits)* Annie. I want to adopt you.

ANNIE: Adopt me?

WARBUCKS: Yes or no?

ANNIE: If I can't have my real mother and father, there's no one in the world I'd rather have for a father than you, Mr. Warbucks! *(They hug. As ANNIE and WARBUCKS embrace, GRACE starts to join them, but then catches herself, realizing that it is their moment, and steps back in embarrassment.)*

WARBUCKS: *(picking up ANNIE and swinging her around)* Annie, this isn't just going to be an adoption, it's going to be a celebration! And you can have anyone in the world you want to come to it. Who would you like?

ANNIE: Well, I guess I'd like Miss Farrell here. And Mr. Drake. And Mrs. Pugh. And, well, everybody here.

WARBUCKS: Drake?

DRAKE: *(entering)* Yes, sir.

WARBUCKS: Tell the staff to get spiffed up. They're going to be the guests at Annie's adoption party.

DRAKE: Yes, sir! *(DRAKE skips off for joy.)*

PERUSAL SCRIPT

ANNIE Oh, and the kids.

WARBUCKS: It'll be way past their bedtime now. But I'll tell you what, we'll have everyone from the orphanage here tomorrow for a big Christmas party.

ANNIE: Miss Hannigan, too?

WARBUCKS: *(generous)* Why not?

(**I DON'T NEED ANYTHING BUT YOU** *begins.)*

WARBUCKS: Annie, I'm the luckiest man in the world!
ANNIE: And I'm the luckiest kid.
ANNIE, WARBUCKS: Together, at last! Together, forever! We're tying a knot they never can sever!
WARBUCKS: I don't need sunshine, now, to turn my skies to blue:
ANNIE, WARBUCKS: I don't need anything but you!
ANNIE: Yesterday was plain awful.
WARBUCKS: You can say that again.
ANNIE: Yesterday was plain awful.
WARBUCKS: But that's
ANNIE: Not now
ANNIE, WARBUCKS: That's then!
ANNIE: I'm poor as a mouse,
WARBUCKS: I'm richer than Midas,
ANNIE, WARBUCKS: But nothin' on earth could ever divide us! And if tomorrow, I'm an apple seller, too,
WARBUCKS: I don't need anything
ANNIE: Anything
ANNIE, WARBUCKS: Anything! I don't need anything but you!

(DRAKE leads in ROOSTER and LILY, in their disguises as Ralph and Shirley Mudge.)

ROOSTER (as Ralph): Excuse us, folks... Shirley, look. There's our Annie.

ANNIE: Who are you?

LILY (as Shirley) Honey, we're your mom and dad.

ROOSTER (as Ralph): Mudge is the name. Ralph Mudge. And this here is the wife, Shirley.

LILY (as Shirley): And you're Annie Mudge.

WARBUCKS: Annie Mudge?

LILY (as Shirley): We loved you, Annie, but we had to leave you behind.

GRACE: We've seen a great number of people who've...

ROOSTER (as Ralph): I expect you'll be wantin' proof of who we are. Here's our driver's licenses and Annie's birth certificate.
(ROOSTER takes them out and offers them to GRACE.)

GRACE: *(takes the birth certificate and reads)* "Baby girl, Name, Ann Elizabeth Mudge, born to Ralph and Shirley Mudge. New York, New York, October 28th, 1922."

ANNIE: October 28th, that's my birthday.

LILY (as Shirley): Ralph, look! Annie's wearin' the locket!

PERUSAL SCRIPT

ROOSTER (as Ralph): *(to WARBUCKS and GRACE, taking out a piece of locket)* When we left Annie at the orphanage, we left half of a silver locket with her and kept the other half. *(fits it quickly to Annie's locket and then puts it back in his pocket)* Yes. It fits perfectly.

LILY (as Shirley): Oh, thank God, Ralph, she's our Annie.

WARBUCKS: Mr. Mudge, what about the money?

ROOSTER (as Ralph): Well, we ain't got much, but we'd be glad to give you whatever...

WARBUCKS: You haven't heard that I've offered a certified check for fifty thousand dollars to anyone who can prove they are Annie's parents?

ROOSTER (as Ralph): No, sir. Anyway, we don't want no money.

LILY (as Shirley): On the other hand, Ralph, remember that little pig farm out in New Jersey? With fifty thousand dollars, we could afford to bring Annie up right. In the country.
WARBUCKS: Would you mind if Annie stayed here until tomorrow morning, Christmas? Then you could come back to pick up Annie and the check.

ROOSTER (as Ralph): Whatever you prefer, sir.

LILY (as Shirley): Bye, Annie, love.

ROOSTER (as Ralph): Until tomorrow morning, honey. And then you'll be spendin' the rest of your life with us.

(As ROOSTER and LILY step back toward the door, ROOSTER bumps into GRACE, as in Scene Six.)

Oops, pardon me, blondie. Merry Christmas.

(Suspicious, GRACE watches as ROOSTER and LILY exit. All, especially ANNIE, are deeply steeped in gloom.)

WARBUCKS Well,.. this is...

GRACE: Wonderful news.

WARBUCKS: Drake. Champagne.

DRAKE: Yes, sir.

WARBUCKS: We must celebrate. Because we've just had the most wonderful news in the world. Annie has found her mother and father. I propose a toast. *(all raise glasses)* To Annie Mudge.

GRACE: To Annie Mudge.

(ANNIE looks at the glasses, extended in toast, and bolts upstairs and exits. GRACE follows ANNIE halfway upstairs.)

GRACE: Annie!

WARBUCKS: I've lost her. I've lost Annie.

GRACE: Sir, I have the strangest feeling that I've seen that Mr. Mudge before, that he's not who he says he is.

WARBUCKS: Then I won't give her up 'til we're certain.

PERUSAL SCRIPT

GRACE: But how... ?

WARBUCKS: I'll find a way! I'll go straight to the top - to the President of the United States. Even if he is a Democrat!

*(***MAYBE (SECOND REPRISE)** *begins.)*

(WARBUCKS and GRACE exit. The lights slowly fade. DRAKE is left alone onstage. He clasps his hands in despair and walks toward the door. He stops. The Christmas tree lights are still on. DRAKE crosses back to the tree and pulls out the plug. DRAKE exits and the night sky turns to morning.)

SCENE ELEVEN

(The room lightens. The following morning, Christmas. As the lights come up, the stage is empty, and then ANNIE appears coming forlornly down the stairs. She is wearing a coat and is lugging a suitcase.)

ANNIE: Silly to cry. Nothin' to fear. Betcha where they live's as nice as right here. Betcha my life is gonna be swell. Lookin' at them, it's easy to tell. And maybe I'll forget how nice he was to me, and how I was almost his baby...maybe.

(ANNIE sits down glumly on her suitcase as WARBUCKS and GRÄCE enter stage left.)

ANNIE: Merry Christmas, Mr. Warbucks, Miss Farrell.

WARBUCKS: You're up early.

ANNIE: *(brightly)* You're up early, too.

WARBUCKS: We've been up all night, dear. F.B.I. men coming and going. And Annie, did you know that President Roosevelt is here?

ANNIE: Really!

WARBUCKS: *(gestures to offstage)* Mr. President. *(ROOSEVELT enters in his wheelchair, pushed by LOUIS HOWE.)*

ANNIE: Merry Christmas, President Roosevelt.

ROOSEVELT: 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: Yes. Mr. and Mrs. Mudge.

WARBUCKS: No, dear. David and Margaret Bennett.

ANNIE: But-

WARBUCKS: Annie...*(WARBUCKS looks to ROOSEVELT for help.)*

ROOSEVELT: Annie, your mother and father passed away. A long time ago.

ANNIE: You mean I'm an orphan, after all. *(ANNIE crosses downstage.)*

WARBUCKS: Are you all right, Annie?

ANNIE: Yes. Because I know they loved me. And they would have come for me... if they weren't...

PERUSAL SCRIPT

WARBUCKS: *(crossing to ANNIE)* I love you. Annie Bennett.

ANNIE: *(hugging him)* And I love you, too. *(They embrace and then ANNIE breaks away; toughly.)* Now, who the heck are Ralph and Shirley Mudge?

GRACE: The birth certificate could easily have been forged. But nobody knew about the locket except us.

WARBUCKS: And the F.B.I., of course.

ANNIE: And Miss Hannigan.

WARBUCKS, GRACE, ROOSEVELT: *(finally understanding)* And Miss Hannigan.

(DRAKE appears in the doorway.)

DRAKE: Miss Hannigan, sir, and the children from the orphanage.

(MISS HANNIGAN and the ORPHANS enter.)

ANNIE: Hi, kids.

ORPHANS: Annie! Annie! Hi, Annie!

WARBUCKS: Ah, Miss Hannigan. I'm delighted to meet you.

MISS HANNIGAN: Same here, and I'd know you anywheres.

WARBUCKS: Miss Hannigan, let me introduce you to everyone. You know my secretary, Miss Farrell. And this is the President of the United States. And this is my butler, Drake.

(MISS HANNIGAN does a take on being introduced to ROOSEVELT and stands staring fixedly at him. DRAKE exits.)

ANNIE: Look, kids, there's presents here for all of us.

(MOLLY, who has been given a Christmas present by ANNIE, runs downstage to open it. WARBUCKS guides MISS HANNIGAN, who is still frozen, to a chair and seats her. DRAKE enters, crossing to WARBUCKS and stepping over MOLLY as he does so. He has an envelope, which he hands to WARBUCKS.)

DRAKE: Mr. Warbucks, this has just come from the F.B.I. *(DRAKE exits, again stepping over MOLLY as he goes.)*

WARBUCKS: *(opens the envelope, takes out a paper, and reads)* Now it all fits together. *(WARBUCKS hands the paper to GRACE, who reads it, smiles, and shakes her head.)*

DRAKE: Sir, Mr. and Mrs. Mudge.

(ROOSTER and LILY enter in their disguises as Ralph and Shirley Mudge.)

ROOSTER (as Ralph): Good morning.

LILY (as Shirley): Merry Christmas, one and all.

WARBUCKS, GRACE: Merry Christmas.

ROOSTER (as Ralph): Well, we don't want to bother you. On Christmas and all. We just come to pick up Annie - and the check.

PERUSAL SCRIPT

WARBUCKS: Ah, yes, of course, the check. *(taking check from GRACE)* Here it is, Mr. Mudge. Fifty thousand dollars. Certified.

ROOSTER (as Ralph): *(taking the check)* Certified. Pay to the order of... "The jig is up"?

WARBUCKS: Yes, the jig is up, Daniel Francis Hannigan. Also known as...

GRACE: *(reading from the letter that has come from the F.B.I.)* Rooster Hannigan. Also known as Ralph Mudge. Also known as Danny the Dip.

(WARBUCKS takes the check from ROOSTER and hands it to GRACE.)

ROOSEVELT: Louis, turn them over.

HOWE: Yes, sir.

(HOWE motions to ROOSTER and LILY. MISS HANNIGAN is revealed. She has gathered the ORPHANS around her, leading them in the singing of "Deck the Halls.")

WARBUCKS: *(to HOWE, indicating MISS HANNIGAN)* And I believe you'll find that this woman is their accomplice.

MISS HANNIGAN: I never seen these people till yesterday!

LILY: Ahh, come off it, Aggie.

MISS HANNIGAN: *(going to ANNIE)* Annie. Annie. Tell 'em how good and nice I always was to you.

ANNIE: Gee, I'm sorry, Miss Hannigan, but remember the one thing you always taught me: never tell a lie.

MISS HANNIGAN: Brat!

(HOWE takes ROOSTER, LILY, and MISS HANNIGAN offstage.)

ANNIE: Miss Hannigan is gone for good.

ORPHANS: Hooray!

WARBUCKS: And you won't have to work anymore.

ORPHANS: Hooray!

ROOSEVELT: Yes, girls, for you, and perhaps for all of us, this Christmas is going to be the beginning of a wonderful new life. A new deal! Hey, I rather like that: "A New Deal"!

WARBUCKS: So do I, Franklin. *(plugs in the Christmas tree)* A New Deal.

*(***TOMORROW (REPRISE)** *begins.)*

WARBUCKS: The sun'll come out tomorrow.

WARBUCKS, ANNIE: Bet your bottom dollar that tomorrow, there'll be sun!

ALL: 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 out 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!

(During the above, a POLICEMAN comes in the door, crosses to

PERUSAL SCRIPT

WARBUCKS, and briefly confers with him. WARBUCKS motions for two of the liveried SERVANTS to follow the POLICEMAN out. They reenter, carrying a huge green Christmas package, done up with red ribbon and a big red bow, and set it on the floor. ANNIE goes to it and opens it. In the box is SANDY.) (Blackout. **EXIT MUSIC** *begins.)*

Songs

1. Maybe (Underscore) - Annie, Orphans
2. Maybe - Annie, Orphans
3. Annie's Escape - Annie, Orphans, Miss Hanigann
4. It's The Hard-Knock Life - Annie, Orphans
5. It's The Hard-Knock Life - Orphans, Annie
6. Tomorrow - Annie
7. Little Girls - Miss Hannigan
8. Little Girls (Reprise) - Miss Hannigan
9. I Think I'm Gonna Like It Here - Grace, Servants, Annie
10. N.Y.C - Warbucks, Grace, Annie. Ensemble
11. Easy Street - Rooster, Miss Hannigan, Lily
12. You Won't Be An Orphan For Long - Warbucks, Annie
13. Maybe (Reprise) - Annie
14. You're Never Fully Dressed Without A Smile - Orphans
15. Easy Street (Reprise) - Rooster, Lily, Miss Hannigan
16. I Don't Need Anything But You - Annie, Warbucks
17. Maybe (Second Reprise) - Annie
18. Tomorrow (Reprise) - Warbucks, Annie, Ensemble

PERUSAL SCRIPT