ANNIE


Più mosso
ANNIE: Somewhere. Somewhere.
Vamp—vocal last time
(ANNIE)
28
May - be far a - way, Or may - be real near - by,
He may be pour - ing her cof - fee, She may be straight - 'ning his tie.
36
May - be in a house All hid - den by a hill,
She's sit - ting play - ing pi - a - no, He's sit - ting pay - ing a bill.
44
Bet - cha they're young, Bet - cha they're smart, Bet they col - lect things like
ash - trays and art, Bet - cha they're good (Why should - n't they be?)
Their one mis - take was giv - ing up me. So
53
May - be now it's time, And may - be when I wake,
They'll be there call - ing me "Ba - by," May -
60
(Dialogue)
7
61-67
be.


23
(Dialogue)
7
24-30
way!
31
5
31-35
36
7
36-42
43
7
43-49
Vamp
50
ANNIE: Oh, I don't mind the weather.
(ANNIE)
When I'm stuck with a
(to 52)
51
day that's gray and lone - ly I just stick up my
52
53
chin and grin and
54
say:
55
Oh, "The
56
sun - 'll come out to - mor - row"
57
So ya got - ta hang on 'til to -
58
mor - row come what may!
59
To - mor - row,
60
to - mor - row, I
61
love ya to - mor - row, you're al - ways a day a - way!
62
63
To -
64
mor - row, to - mor - row, I love ya to - mor - row, you're al - ways a
65
66
Cue to stop:
ANNIE: Excuse me, folks, excuse me…
rall.
Vamp
67
68
69
70
71
72
day a - way!
Segue

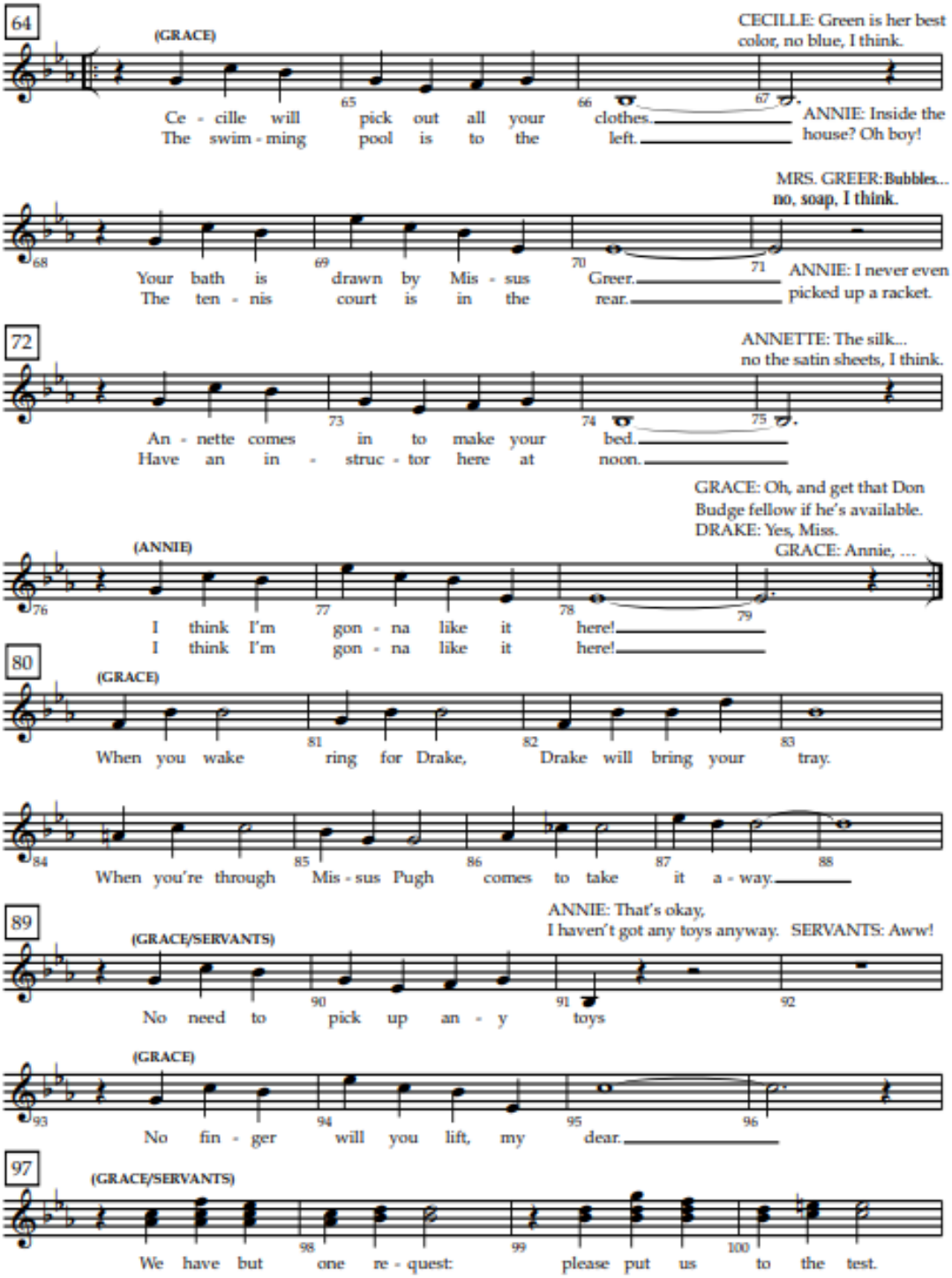
#14 – Why Should I Change a Thing?




37
Dictated
Damn! What do I know a - bout chil - dren, ex - cept they us - 'al - ly come
small. They read, but not The Wall Street Jour - nal.
They write with cray - ons on the wall. Does one have break - fast with them
of - ten? Take them to mov - ies and to schools.
Why don't you get some clear in - struc - tions? Like when you buy a set of
tools. Damn! What do I know a - bout chil - dren?
Could they just pos - sib - ly be fun?
57
molto accel.
I think the thing that's most dis - turb - ing, I don't re - mem - ber be - ing one.
61
Sweeping 4
2
Why should I change a thing?
2
Got the world on that string.


69
Why dis - turb the peace? Why not let things be?
rall.
Why risk get - ting close, when close just is - n't me.
77
A tempo poco più mosso
2
Not a thing stays the same.
Now when I send Christ - mas cards, add a name.
It's a mis - take to take her un - der - neath my wing.
(OPEN)
Why change the mail - box? Re - do the bed - rooms,
Un - do va - ca - tions, Learn to love corn - flakes?
Maestoso
Why change a bles - sed thing?

GRACE & ENSEMBLE



MISS HANIGAN

#9 – LITTLE GIRLS



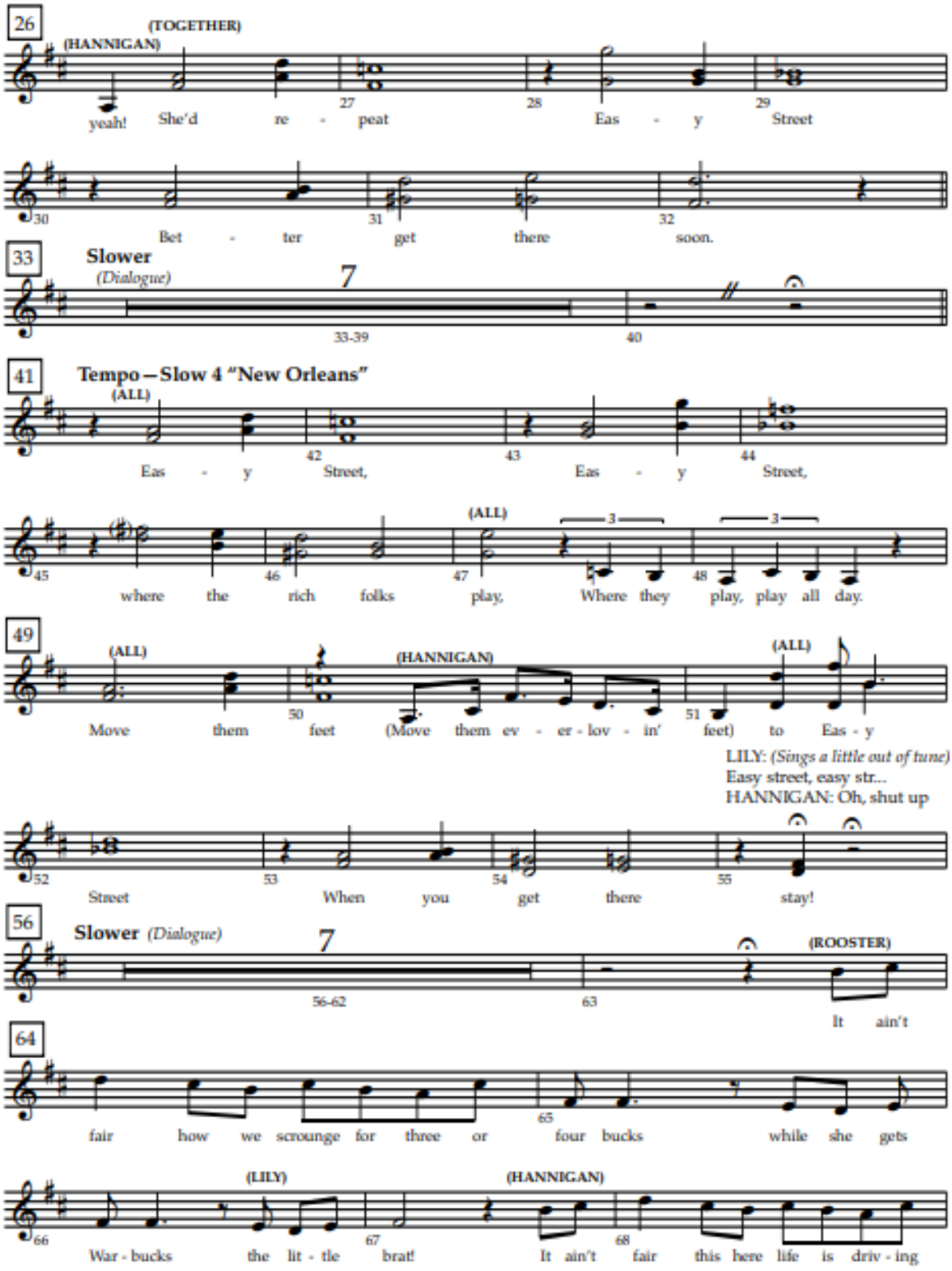

38
wo - man with feel - ings. I'd like a man to nib - ble on my
ear. But I'll ad - mit no man has bit, So
how come I'm the moth - er of the year?
46
Lit - tle cheeks, lit - tle teeth, ev - 'ry - thing a-round me is lit - tle.
If I wring lit - tle necks, Sure - ly I would get an ac - quit - tal!
54
3
Some wom - en are drip - ping with dia - monds,
3
Some wom - en are drip - ping with pearls. Luck - y me! Luck - y me!
Look at what I'm drip - ping with: Lit - tle girls.


62
8
62-69
MISS HANNIGAN: Shut up!
Safety
(MISS HANNIGAN)
70
How I hate lit - tle shoes, lit - tle socks and each lit - tle
71
72
bloom - er.
73
74
I'd have cracked years a - go
75
If it weren't for my sense of hu - mor.
76
77
78
Some day I'll step on their freck - les,
79
Some night I'll straight - en their
80
81
curls.
82
Send a flood, send the flu,
83
An - y - thing that you can do to
84
lit - tle
85
86
girls.
87
88
89

#13—Easy Street

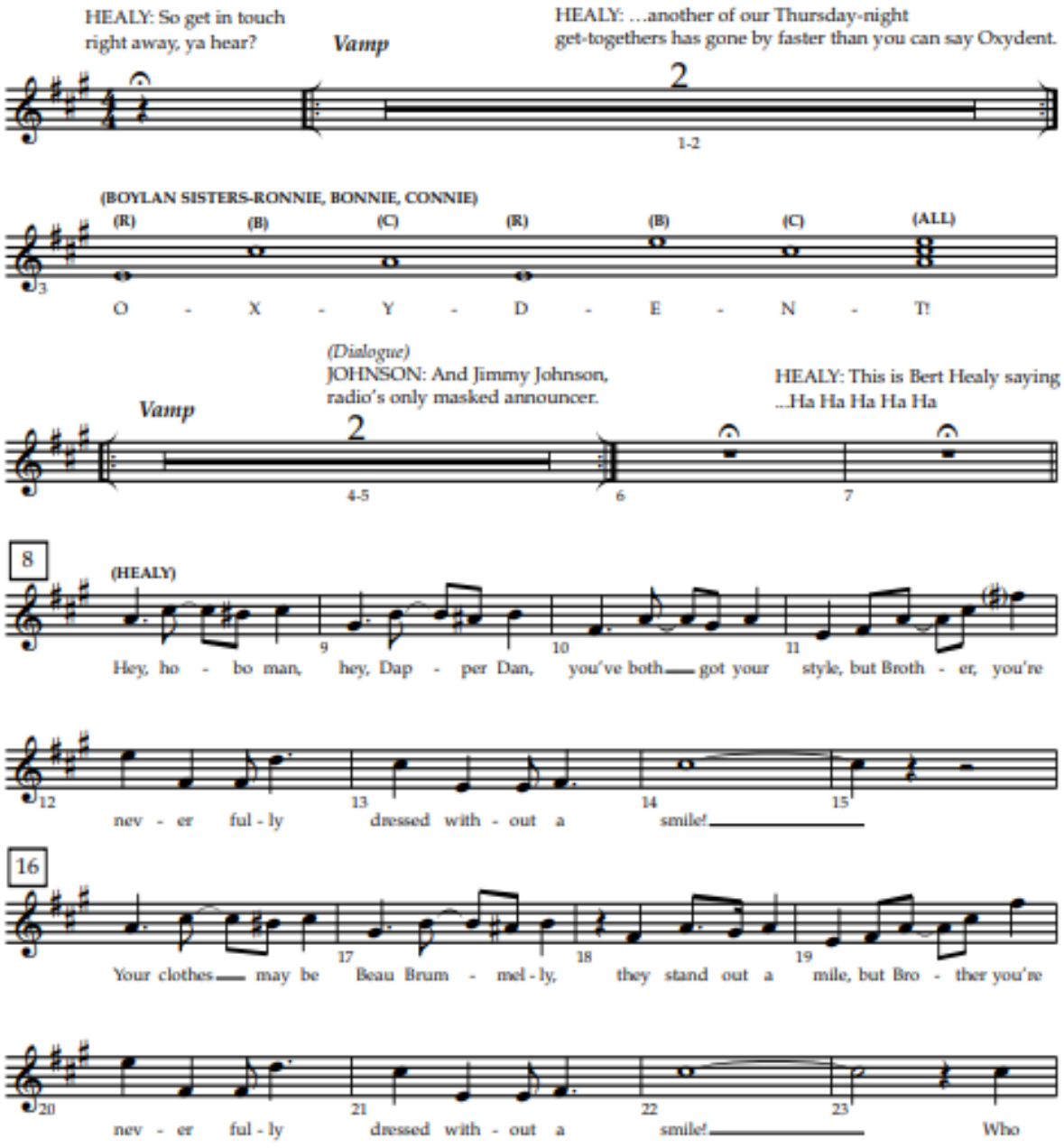
ROOSTER: Aw, Aggie, how'd the two
Hannigan kids ever end up like this?
On the skids.




26
(HANNIGAN)
(TOGETHER)
yeah! She'd re - peat Eas - y Street
27 28 29
30 31 32
Bet - ter get there soon.
33
Slower
(Dialogue)
7
33-39
40
41
Tempo—Slow 4 "New Orleans"
(ALL)
Eas - y Street, Eas - y Street,
42 43 44
45 46 47 48
(ALL)
3
3
where the rich folks play, Where they play, play all day.
49
(ALL)
(HANNIGAN)
(ALL)
Move them feet (Move them ev - er - lov - in' feet) to Eas - y
50 51
LILY: (Sings a little out of tune)
Easy street, easy str...
HANNIGAN: Oh, shut up
52 53 54 55
Street When you get there stay!
56
Slower (Dialogue)
7
56-62
63
(ROOSTER)
It ain't
64
fair how we scrounge for three or four bucks while she gets
65
66 67 68
(LILY)
(HANNIGAN)
War - bucks the lit - tle brat! It ain't fair this here life is driv - ing


(HANNIGAN)
(ROOSTER)
me nuts! While we get pea - nuts, she's liv - ing fat! May - be
72
(HANNIGAN)
(ROOSTER)
she holds the key, that lit - tle la - dy, to get - tin' more bucks in - stead of
(LILY)
less. May - be we fix the game with some - thing shad - y... Where does that
MISS HANNIGAN:
Oh, tell her
(ROOSTER)
(ALL)
put us? Give you one guess. Yes!
80
New Orleans 4
Eas - y Street, Eas - y Street,
An - nie is the key, yes sir - ee, yes sir - ee, yes sir - ee, yeah!
(to 96)
88
6
88-93
94
(ALL)
Eas - y Street, Eas - y Street, That's where we're
gon - na be.
Applause Segue
[Playoff]
(Drum kick in)
2
105-106
That's where we're gon - na
be.

#17 – FULLY DRESSED




24
(HEALY)
3
cares what they're wear - ing on Main Street or Sa - ville Row? It's what you
wear from ear to ear and not from head to toe (that mat - ters).
32
(HEALY)
So, Sen - a - tor, so, jan - i - tor, so long for a
(BOYLAN SISTERS)
So, So, So,
while, re - mem - ber you're nev - er ful - ly dressed with - out a
So,
smile.
Read - y or not, here he goes. Lis - ten to Bert, tap his smil - ing toes!
HEALY: Ah, the lovely Boylan Sisters.
42
6
42-47
2
48-49
(BOYLAN SISTERS)
Doo doo - dle - oo doo doo doo - dle - oo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo


52
(BOYLAN SISTERS)
Your clothes may be Beau Brum - mel ly, they stand out a
mile, but broth - er you're nev - er ful - ly dressed, you're nev - er dressed with - out an
(CONNIE) (RONNIE) (BONNIE) (CONNIE) (ALL)
S - M - I - L - E. Smile, darn ya.
(ALL) (HEALY dialogue)
3
(Hum) (Hum)
That mat - ters...
Segue

ROOSEVELT


20
On cue
(ICKES)
ROOSEVELT:
Louder Harold!
sun - 'll come out to - mor - row, bet your bot - tom dol - lar that to -
ROOSEVELT:
Perkins… (PERKINS/ICKES)
mor - row there'll be sun! Just
(ANNIE/PERKINS/ICKES)
think - in' a - bout to - mor - row clears a - way the cob - webs and the
ROOSEVELT:
Solo for the President … (ROOSEVELT)
sor - row 'til there's none. When I'm stuck with a
28
day that's grey and lone - ly, I just stick out my
ANNIE:
Excuse me, it's "up" my chin...
ROOSEVELT: Everyone …
Republicans too, Oliver … sing!
(ALL)
chin and grin and say: The
33
sun - 'll come out to - mor - row, so ya got - ta hang on 'til to -
mor - row come what may! To - mor - row, to - mor - row, I
love ya' to - mor - row, you're al - ways a day a - way! To -
41
mor - row, to - mor - row, I love ya to - mor - row, you're al - ways a
day a - way!

Orphans

ACT ONE

 # 1 — *Overture* **(Orchestra)**

Scene1

 # 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!

MISS HAANIGAN / ANNIE / ORPHANS

(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!

GRACE / HANNIGAN / ANNIE

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.

WARBUCKS / GRACE / ANNIE

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 Dusenberg. 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 dehind 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.

ROOSTER / LILY / HANNIGAN

(MISS HANNIGAN crosses to door and out, let's out a blood-curldling 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!