

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.

start

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)

End

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.

WARBUCKS

(Reading from script)

start

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.

16a – Timpani Cue

(Orchestra)

(Producer cues Timpani)

HEALY

(Low and ominously)

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

WARBUCKS

(Looks at HEALY; thinks HE should imitate HEALY's low and ominous line , reading)

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.

ANNIE

Wow!

HEALY

Wow! So, Annie's parents, if you're listenin' in, write to Oliver Warbucks care of this station, WAAF, New York, or directly to him at ...

WARBUCKS

(In a normal voice)

At my home, Bert Healy.

(HEALY signals HIM to speak up. He talks directly into the microphone.)

AT MY HOME.

(SFX: Feedback)

At my home, Bert Healy; 987 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York.

WACKY

That's 987 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York.

(The PRODUCER hands WARBUCKS a page of script and indicates that WARBUCKS should read it. ALL focus on WARBUCKS)

WARBUCKS

(Reading awkwardly)

And I would also like to take this opportunity to thank the makers of all-new Oxydent Toothpaste, with miracle L-64 to fight bad breath, for letting me appear here this evening – and I just did a damn commercial.

(Crumples paper and stalks off, yelling)

Grace, I've never endorsed a product in my life! This the most...

(Exits stage right with ANNIE and GRACE)

end

HEALY

(Trying to cover up the commition)

Good night, Oliver Warbucks.

(Applause sign)

Thanks for dropping by, Oliver Warbucks. So, Annie's parents, if you're listenin' in, there's fifty thousand dollars and a wonderful daughter waiting for you. So get in touch right away, ya hear?

WACKY

Hey Mr. Healy, isn't it time once again for the lovely Boylan Sisters?

HEALY

It most certainly is, Wacky.

(Applause sign. ALL drop a page of script. BOYLANS go to micro-phones)

17 – *Fully Dressed*

(Boylan Sisters, 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.

RONNIE BOYLAN

(SHE puts a wad of gum on the mike before SHE sings)

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