MOLLY
Mama! Mama! Mommy!

PEPPER
Be quiet!

DUFFY
Can’t anybody get any sleep around here?

MOLLY
Mama. Mommy.

PEPPER
I said shut your trap, Molly.

(shoves Molly)

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

PEPPER
She’s keepin’ me awake, ain’t she?

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, age 11, runs in.)

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.

ANNIE
It was only a dream, honey. Now you gotta go back to sleep.

MOLLY
Annie... read me your note.

ANNIE
Again?

MOLLY
Please?

(ANNIE takes a crumpled note from her pocket and reads it to MOLLY.)

ANNIE
“Please take good care of our little darling. Her name is Annie.”

KATE
(mockingly, they have 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...”

PEPPER, DUFFY, KATE

“...so that when we come back for her you will know that she’s our baby.”

(PEPPER, DUFFY, KATE and the ORPHANS start to laugh.)

TESSIE

Oh my goodness, oh my goodness, now they’re laughing.

ANNIE

(to the others)
All right. Do you want to sleep with your teeth insida your mouth or out!

MOLLY

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

(A faraway church bell chimes four A.M. ANNIE starts putting things into a small basket.)

KATE

Annie, whatta ya doin?

ANNIE

Runnin’ away.

TESSIE

Oh my goodness.

ANNIE

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

JULY

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

ANNIE

I don’t care. I’m getting’ outta here. Wish me luck.

ALL EXCEPT PEPPER

Good luck, Annie.

PEPPER

So long, dumbbell. And good luck.

(ANNIE sneaks across the stage. As she reaches to open the door, MISS HANNIGAN, flings open the door.)

MISS HANNIGAN

Aha! Caught you!

(ANNIE falls backward.)

Get up. Get up!
ANNIE

(standing up)
Yes, Miss Hannigan.

MISS HANNIGAN

Rotten orphan.

ANNIE

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.

(blows her whistle)
Get up! All of you. 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.

(The ORPHANS all get out of bed.)

TESSIE

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

MISS HANNIGAN

Get to work!!

ANNIE, ORPHANS

Yes, Miss Hannigan.

MISS HANNIGAN

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

(A policeman, LT. WARD, enters.)

LT. WARD

Hey you! Little girl. Come here.

ANNIE

Yes, officer?

LT. WARD

That dog there. Ain’t he a stray?

ANNIE

A stray? Oh, no, officer. He’s my dog.

LT. 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.

LT. WARD

Okay, let’s see him answer to his name.
ANNIE
Well, you see, officer... I just got him and sometimes...

LT. WARD
Call him!

ANNIE
Here, Sandy. Here, boy. Sandy.
(SANDY crosses to ANNIE.)
Good Sandy. Good old Sandy.

LT. 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.

LT. WARD
Now get along with you before you catch the death of cold in this weather.

APPLE SELLER
Apples, apples. Two for a nickel.

ANNIE
Excuse me, sir, but could you donate an apple to the orphan’s picnic?

APPLE SELLER

ANNIE
Gee thanks, Mister.

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

ANNIE
Soon as I take a bite.
(ANNIE takes a bite of the apple. The APPLE SELLER exits as SANDY enters from the other side.)

Hey there. The dogcatchers are 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. For the both of us. If not today, well...
(There is a knock at the door.)

(MISS HANNIGAN)
Yeah. Come in.

(LT. WARD enters with ANNIE.)

LT. WARD
Good afternoon. Miss Hannigan. We found your runaway.

MISS HANNIGAN
Oh, poor punkin’, out in the freezin’ cold with just that thin sweater. Thanks so much, officer.

LT. WARD
All in the line of duty. Good afternoon.

(LT. WARD exits. MISS HANNIGAN acts like her true self again.)

MISS HANNIGAN
Well are you glad to be back? Huh?

ANNIE
Yes, Miss Hannigan.

MISS HANNIGAN
Liar. What’s the one thing I always taught you: never tell a lie!

(GRACE FARRELL enters.)

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.

(ANNIE smiles really big.)

MISS HANNIGAN
What sort of orphan did he have in mind?

(ANNIE waves.)

GRACE
What about this child right here?

MISS HANNIGAN
Annie? Oh, no! You don’t want her.
GRACE
Annie, would you like to spend the next two weeks at Mr. Warbucks’s home?
ANNIE
I would love to.
GRACE
If you 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.
(to MISS HANNIGAN)
Merry Christmas.
(to ANNIE)
Come along Annie.