

Side 2- Annie, Grace, Hannigan

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.

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?

START



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!

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.

(#11 – LITTLE GIRLS (REPRISE) begins.)

END

