

**ANNIE**

*(Scared, trying not to show it)*

Yes, Officer?

**WARD**

That dog there. Ain't I seen him runnin' around the neighborhood? Ain't he a stray?

**ANNIE**

*(Fibbing)*

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

**WARD**

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

**ANNIE**

*(Fibbing brilliantly)*

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

**WARD**

Sandy color. Okay, let's see him answer to his name.

**ANNIE**

*(Scared)*

Answer? You mean ... when I call him?

**WARD**

Right. When you call him. By his name. Sandy.

**ANNIE**

Well, you see, Officer...

I just got him and sometimes he just doesn't want to answer ...

**WARD**

Call him!

**ANNIE**

Okay. Here boy. Here, Sandy.

*(The DOG ignores HER)*

(ANNIE)

Sandy...here boy...

*(Then very loudly)*

SAAAANNNNDY!

*(SANDY crosses to ANNIE, stands and puts his front paws on her chest. Triumphantly, she say)*

Good Sandy. Good ol' Sandy.

WARD

Hmmm, well, maybe he is your dog. But the next time you take him out I wanna seem him on a leash and with a license. Or else he goes to the pound and they "put him to sleep." You understand?

ANNIE

Yes, sir, I understand. On a leash and with a license.

WARD

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

ANNIE

Oh, I don't mind the weather.

WHEN I'M STUCK WITH A DAY  
THAT'S GRAY AND LONELY  
I JUST STICK UP 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!

**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)*

**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.