

(ALL)

TOMORROW,  
TOMORROW,  
I LOVE YA  
TOMORROW,  
YOU'RE ALWAYS A DAY AWAY!

ROOSEVELT

*(To ICKES, who is directly in front of HIM)*

Harold.

*(ICKES has gotten carried away and ends up on one knee ala Al Jolson. ICKES crosses upstage to sit at table. MARINE GUARD enters with telegram.)*

HOWE

Mr. President, a telegram.

ROOSEVELT

Ah, yes. Excuse me, everyone.

*(Reading the telegram)*

This isn't for me. It's for you, Oliver. From your secretary in New York.  
"Hundreds of couples jamming street outside house, all claiming to be Annie's parents."

ANNIE

Oh boy!

*(Crosses to ROOSEVELT)*

ROOSEVELT

"Have begun to screen them. Suggest you return New York at once." Signed Grace Farrell.

WARBUCKS

*(With a little regret; maybe HE will lose HER.)*

Well, it looks as though "The Hour of Smiles" has more listeners than we thought, huh, Annie?

ANNIE

Gee, hundreds of couples. One of them is bound to be my mother and father.

**ROOSEVELT**

Well, Oliver, I suspect you'd better get back to New York, immediately.

**WARBUCKS**

Yes, Mr. President, if you don't mind. Annie.

**ANNIE**

*(As WARBUCKS and ANNIE start to exit left)*

'Bye, everybody.

**ALL**

*(Ad lib)*

'Bye, Annie.

*(ANNIE stops and crosses back to Roosevelt)*

**ANNIE**

Good-bye, Mr. President. And thank you.

**ROOSEVELT**

No, thank YOU, Annie. You're the kind of person a President should have around him.

# 22 — *Cabinet End*

*(Roosevelt, Cabinet, Howe)*

*(CABINET MEMBERS shift in their seats, embarrassed, as THEY go.)*

**ICKES**

*(Music begins. This is a newly inspired cabinet)*

Mr. President, what if we set up a hundred-no, a *thousand* Federal projects?

**PERKINS**

Dams!

**ICKES**

Yes!

**HULL**

Highways!

**ICKES**

Yes!