

Annie: (complex little girl: tough, street-wise urchin; aggressive, crafty, friendly, caring) Pipe down, all of ya. Go back to sleep. (to Molly) It's all right, Molly. Annie's here...It was only a dream, honey. Now, you gotta go back to sleep. It's after three o'clock. (Annie takes a crumpled note from her pocket, unfolds it and reads it to Molly.) "Please take good care of our little darling. Her name is Annie." (to the others) All right. Do you wanna sleep with your teeth insida your mouth or out!

OR

Annie: (complex little girl: tough, street-wise urchin; aggressive, crafty, friendly, caring) (Talking with Mr. Warbucks) This locket, my mom and dad left it...when they left me at the orphanage. And a note, too. They're coming back for me. I know I'm real lucky, being here with you for Christmas. But... the one thing I want in all the world... (crying)...is to find my mother and father. And to be like other kids, with folks of my own.

Warbucks: (appears middle-aged, self-assured, confident, focused) (into the phone) Yes...Yes, Mr. President. No, I am not asking for your help, but I'm telling you that you've got to do something. All right, we'll talk about it on...Friday...Listen, Mister President, why don't we bury the hatchet and you come here with Mrs. Roosevelt for supper Christmas Eve?

OR

Warbucks: (appears middle-aged, self-assured, confident, focused) (to Annie) Annie, I was born into a very poor family and both of my parents died before I was ten. So I made a promise to myself - someday, one way or another, I was going to be rich. Very rich...But, I've lately realized something. No matter how much money you've got, if you have no one to share your life with, if you're alone, then you might as well be broke. (takes a package from his desk and hands it to Annie) I was in Tiffany's yesterday and picked this up for you.

Miss Hannigan: (a has-been, dislikes her job and the children, animated) (to Annie) Aha! Caught you! Get up. Get up!...Turn around. I said turn around. There! Now what do you say? What...do...you...say?...Rotten orphan...(to all orphans) Get up! 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!...Get to work.

OR

Miss Hannigan: (a has-been, dislikes her job and the children, animated) (in response to Officer Ward returning Annie) 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...(sees Officer Ward out then reenters her office) (says to Annie) The next time you walk out that door, it'll be 1953. Well, are you glad to be back? Huh?...Liar! What's the one thing I always taught you: never tell a lie!

Grace: (mature, calm, cool, “together,” classy, businesslike- but motherly toward Annie) Good afternoon, Miss Hannigan?...I’m Grace Farrell, private secretary to Oliver Warbucks...Mr. Warbucks has decided to invite an orphan to spend the Christmas holidays at his home...And oh, I almost forgot: Mr. Warbucks prefers redheaded children...What about this child right here?...(to Annie) Would you like to spend the next two weeks at Mr. Warbucks’ house?