

(With the basket under her arm and shining the flashlight in front of her, ANNIE sneaks on tiptoe across the stage, toward the front door. Suspenseful music plays underneath. As ANNIE reaches to open the door, MISS HANNIGAN, wearing a bathrobe, flings open her door and, witch-like, stands bathed in white light before ANNIE.)

MISS HANNIGAN

Aha! Caught you!

(MISS HANNIGAN flings ANNIE to the floor and switches on the hallway light.)

Get up. Get up!

ANNIE

(getting up, warily)

Yes, Miss Hannigan.

MISS HANNIGAN

Turn around.

(ANNIE doesn't move.)

I said turn around.

(ANNIE turns around and MISS HANNIGAN hits her on the backside with a paddle.)

There! Now, what do you say? What... do... you... say?

ANNIE

(reluctantly, through her teeth)

I love you, Miss Hannigan.

MISS HANNIGAN

Rotten orphan.

ANNIE

(angrily)

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.

(MISS HANNIGAN switches on the light in the dormitory, sticks her head through the door, and blows her whistle.)

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!

TESSIE

(starting to cry)

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

MISS HANNIGAN

(laughs cruelly)

Get to work.



ANNIE, ORPHANS

Yes, Miss Hannigan.

MISS HANNIGAN

Now!

(The ORPHANS run for pails and return to front.)

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

(#5 - IT'S THE HARD-KNOCK LIFE begins.)

IT'S THE HARD-KNOCK LIFE

(As MISS HANNIGAN exits slamming the door behind her, the ORPHANS throw down their scrub brushes.)

Moderato in 4

ALL ORPHANS:

It's the hard-knock life for us!

It's the hard - knock life for us!

ANNIE:

ALL ORPHANS:

'Stead - a treat - ed, we get tricked!

ANNIE:

ALL ORPHANS:

'Stead - a kiss - es, we get kicked!

It's the hard-knock life! Got no folks to

