WARBUCKS – AUDITION

WARBUCKS

Hello, Annie. How are you today?

ANNIE

Fine, thank you. How are you, sir?

BOTH

(Back and forth)

Fine...fine...fine...

WARBUCKS

(Stops her)

Annie, the time has come for the two of us to have a very serious discussion.

ANNIE

(Not feeling sorry for herself) You're sending me back to the Orphanage, right?

WARBUCKS

(Doesn't quite know how to begin)

Annie, can we have a man-to-man talk?

ANNIE

Sure.

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.

N.Y.C





