

Annie Get Your Gun
Herbert and Dorothy Fields

ANNIE
FRANK

A fictionalized story of the life of Annie Oakley, a sharpshooter who starred in Buffalo Bill's Wild West, and her romance with sharpshooter Frank Butler.

ANNIE. (ANNIE sits on the bench and starts polishing her rifle with the hem of her skirt.) Here ya go, Betsy — I gotta clean ya up. How'd ya git yer nose so dirty? (FRANK enters; he sees her and is attracted by the old rifle she is polishing.)

FRANK. What that you got there, girl?

ANNIE. (Not looking up.) What's it look like?

FRANK. Beats me. Could be anything. Don't suppose it's a rifle, is it?

ANNIE. Ain't you got eyes? (She looks up for the first time. She likes what she sees. A lot.) Yeah. You got eyes. (She can only stare at him adoringly.)

FRANK. Let me see it a minute. (He takes it from her limp hands.) You shouldn't be foolin' around with an old piece of junk like this, you know that, don't you? (She dumbly nods in agreement.) You wouldn't like it if he thing exploded and blew your ears off, would you? (She mechanically shakes her head.) So you just give it back to your pappy and get yourself a couple knitting needles, you hear me? (He hands it back to her as she nods again.) So long, honey. (He turns to go.)

ANNIE. (She recovers and rises.) Hey, mister — Ya reckon it'd be safe to keep it fer a couple hours more?

FRANK. Makes no difference to me. I wouldn't want you to hurt yourself, that's all.

ANNIE. I jes' have t' keep it long enough t' win a shootin' contest off'n a big, swollen-headed stiff from the Wild Wild West Show.

FRANK. (Surprised) You talkin' about Frank Butler?

ANNIE. They didn't tell me his name. All they said was this big, swollen-headed stiff.

FRANK. Yeah, I heard that part. Didn't they also mention he's a champ-een.

ANNIE. What's that?

FRANK. "Champ-een" means he's the best.

ANNIE. He was!

FRANK. Yeah. Well. Anyway, Frank Butler wouldn't shoot against no girl.

ANNIE. He ain't go no choice. He challenged anybody. And that's me, all right. Anybody. 'Sides, I don't shoot like a girl.

FRANK. Yeah? What is it you shoot like?

ANNIE. (Proud of her new word.) A champ-een!

FRANK. (Squinting at her.) Pretty stuck on yourself, ain't you?

ANNIE. 'Bout that I am. But soon's I put ol' Betsy here down an' try to shine up t' folks — (She wilts again as she looks at him.) — I'm gawky as a scrub oak. (Fishing) Ain't I?

FRANK. Oh, I dunno. I seen worse'n you.

ANNIE. (Beaming) That's the nicest thing I ever heerd! Say, you wouldn't care't wait around an' bring me luck.

FRANK. The way you tell it, it's that big, swollen-headed stiff who's gonna need all the luck.

ANNIE. Long as you stay t' see it. 'Cuz when I'm standin' up there with all them folks look' at me, I'll be lookin' fer you.

FRANK. Don't worry, darlin', you'll find me. (Starts off.) See ya later.

ANNIE. Where ya goin'? Don't ya like me?

FRANK. Sure, I like you fine. I just have to go now, that's all.

ANNIE. I guess I ain't exactly yer type.

FRANK. Look, honey, let's not —

ANNIE. So what exactly is yer type?

FRANK. Well — if you must know — I like the kinda girl who's — well— who's sort of dainty. You know — the kind that faints when she sees a mouse.

ANNIE. And I s'pose I'm the kind who sees a mouse an' the mouse faints.