

ANNIE GET YOUR GUN - ANNIE

ANNIE: Feller down the road a piece told me this here's what ye call a boardin' hotel.

WILSON: What if it is?

ANNIE: Maybe you and me kin do some tradin'.

WILSON: Tradin' - what you got to trade?

ANNIE: Quails, wild ducks, grouses .

WILSON: Nah, I can get all the game I want.

ANNIE: Sure, but when folks eat the game you git, they keep spittin' buckshot all over yer kitchen floor. Teeth sometimes too. Mine's different. (She blows a whistle)

Come on out now, the man won't chase ye. Kid sisters and little brother ain't used to people yit. They never bin outa Darke County before. (She calls again.) Shake y'er tails—the man's waitin' on ye! (they enter timidly) This is them. Look a little dusty, don't they. We're in business together. I pop.'em, she plucks 'em, she packs 'em and she pulls 'em.

WILSON: (Amused) What's the little boy do?

ANNIE: Little Jake? He's my bird dog. (LITTLE JAKE sniffs.) Jessie, show the gent one of them quails. Look it over, Mister- look it over keerful. Lift up his wings. See? No buckshot in that bird. Jest one little hole in his head.

WILSON: Mighty pretty shootin'

ANNIE: Mighty pretty eatin' too. Fer ev'ry one I git ye, you gotta give me two nickels and a dime.

WILSON: Can't hurt to try them. I'll take two dozen.

ANNIE: How many is that?

WILSON: Twenty-four.

ANNIE: Who do you know kin count up to twenty-four? (KIDS look at each other.)

NELLIE: I kin count up to twenty.

ANNIE: (To WILSON.) I kin only give you twenty.

WILSON: Al right. Leave the bill with them.

ANNIE: What's a bill?

WILSON: A bill's a voucher. Don't you keep books? Don't any of you read and write?

JESSIE We don't read as good as everybody.

ANNIE We don't read as good as anybody!