

**ANNIE GET YOUR GUN - ANNIE & FRANK**

FRANK: Holy be-jeepers, how you look!

ANNIE: Do I dazzle you?

FRANK: Yeah!

ANNIE: Am I drivin' ye crazy?

FRANK: Plumb! I loves you, Annie . . .

ANNIE: I loves ye back!

FRANK: (Crossing a few steps toward her.) I didn't like living without you

ANNIE: (Completely happy.) Keep talkin'

FRANK: You're everybody in the world.

ANNIE: (With a happy sigh.) Keep talkin' .

FRANK: I'm gonna marry ya. Annie, I wanna give you something. See these medals? They're all for you.

ANNIE: Oh, gosh Frank! I cain't take 'em. Honest I cain't!

FRANK: Go on, honey. A little jewelry go good with that rig. Here, put them on.

(She opens her wrap showing her collection of medals)

ANNIE: Now let's see . . . where shall I put 'em? You put 'em on!

FRANK: (Sarcastically) Where?

ANNIE: Here's a little piece of space between Italy and Switzerland!

FRANK: (With a touch of bitterness.) How come you got that vacant lot there?

ANNIE: Oh, I didn't wear 'em all! What ye waitin' for, Frank?

FRANK: (Shaking his head as he turns away.) Uh-uh — there ain't enough room for these.

Mine haven't got any stones in them.

ANNIE: Shucks! I got enough stones! Give em' here ...

FRANK: These are too plain. They just got writing on the back.

(He reads with emphasis.) "To Frank Butler, the champion sharpshooter of the world!"

ANNIE: What world? The old one or the new world?

FRANK: (Testily) The whole world!

ANNIE: I got all this that says you ain't!

FRANK: (Getting angry.) They don't prove anything!

ANNIE: I ain't been beat yet!

FRANK: If you're referring to that time in Cincinnati, that was just beginner's luck!

ANNIE: (Furiously) What?!

FRANK: Yeah. Just a fluke! Couldn't happen again in a million years!

ANNIE: (Pacing) No? Well, it's gonna happen tomorra!