

ANNIE GET YOUR GUN - DOLLY and ANNIE

DOLLY: Frank Butler! He's got her head turned clear around.

ANNIE: (Turns head to R.) Clear around!

DOLLY: Who's going to pay the damages I'd like to know?

CHARLIE: I'll pay them for you, Annie.

ANNIE: Thank ye kindly.

DOLLY: Sure, you'll pay them for that little snip... If it was me you'd let me rot in jail.

ANNIE: (Starting an innocent burn) Yes, I bet he would. (To CHARLEY)
You're kinda ornery to pore Miz Tate.

DOLLY: I don't need you to take up for me.

And you, Charlie Davenport. When you made her Frank's assistant you promised me a better part. What am I doin'? Actin' in the stage coach hold-up!

ANNIE: And twice a day she gits dragged around by the hair and an Native scalps her. . .

DOLLY: You're doing everything you can to make me quit! You Hate Me.

ANNIE: He shore does. (Steps to DOLLY) Why do you hate Pore Miz Tate? (X to DOLLY) Why does everybody hate pore Miz Tate?

DOLLY: (X to CHARLIE) Are you going to get me a better part?

CHARLIE: I don't know what to do with you. I had you selling lemonade and you drank it. I had you taking cash and you took it.

ANNIE: Couldn't pore Miz Tate be the ole woman gets trampled in the Buffalo stampede?

DOLLY: What?

ANNIE: Or the one gets tied to the wild bull? That would give her a chance to scream and yell - and get paid for it.

DOLLY: That's the finish, either that woman goes or I STAY. (SHE exits)