

## Audition Materials – Foster Wilson

### Part 1

You're pretty good with that gun, ain't you? Do you do any fancy shootin'? Holy Jumpin' Gee Jehosephat! Damnedest think I ever saw! Say, how'd you like to make ten – make that five dollars? There's this big, swollen-headed stiff from the Wild West Show and he's challenged anybody in the county to a shootin' match.

But I gotta warn you – you won't get nuthin' if you lose. You wait right there. By the way, What's your name? Don't go 'way, Annie Oakley.

### Part 2

What the hell's goin' on out here?

What're all you people doin' cluttering up my lawn? And what the Sam Hill are all those guns for? You expectin' an armed uprising or something? What shootin' match are you talking about?

Look here, mister – this is my hotel. See that sign up there? It says, Wilson. I'm Wilson! This is also my lawn and you ain't holding no damn shooting match on it!

Are you out of your head? I just had Pawnee Bill and his Far East Show stayin' here and all they did was chase women up and down my front stairs – on horseback. What have I got to lose? Spoons, towels, soap, bath mats, salt shakers - whatever's not nailed down. For the last time mister – get offa my lawn!