

## Audition Materials – Annie Oakley

### Part 1

Feller down the road a piece told me I might do some bizness here. I've got Quails, ducks, grouses- geese, squirrels, Possums –wild turkeys, rabbits.

Shore ya got all the game you need, but when folks eat the game you got, they keep spittin' out buckshot all over your floor. Their teeth, too, prob'ly. But mine's different.

Come on out kids, the man won't chase ya! Shake your tails – the man's awaiting. My kid sisters an' little brother ain't used to people yet. They ain't never been outta Darke County before. Look a little dusty, don't they?

We're in bizness together. I pop 'em, she plucks 'em and she pulls 'em. Little Jake? He's my bird dog. Got a great nose on 'im. 'cemptin' now that he's gone and ketched cold. Stop yer snufflin', Little Jake. Use yer sleeve like everybody else..

Jessie, show this gent one o' them birds. Look it over, mister – no buckshot in that bird. Jes' one clean little hole in its head.

Fer ev'ry one I give ya, ya gotta give me two nickles and a dime. Two dozen? How many's that? Who do we know kin count up to twenty-four?

### Part 2

Ain't you got eyes? Yeah, you got eyes...

Hey mister? Ya reckon it'd be safe to keep it fer a couple hours more? I jest have t' keep it long enough t' win a shootin' match off'n a big, swollen-headed stiff from the Wild West Show.

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

What's a cham-peen? That swollen-headed stiff was the best. He has to shoot against me, he ain't got no choice. He challenged anybody. And that's me all right – anybody. "Sides, I don't shoot like a girl, I shoot like a cham-peen. Pretty stuck on myself? 'Bout that I am. But as soon as I put ol' Betsy here (the gun) down an' try to shine up t' folks – I'm gawky as a scrub oak.

Ya seen worse'n me? That's the nicest thing I ever heerd! Say, you wouldn't care t' wait around an' bring me luck?

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

Where you goin'? Don't ya like me? I guess I ain't exactly your type. So, what exactly is yer type?