

Audition Materials
Frank Butler

Part 1

(Condescending...)

What's that you got there, girl?

Beats hell out of me. Could be anything. Don't suppose it's a rifle, is it?

Let me see it a minute. You shouldn't be foolin' around with an old piece of junk like this, you know that, don't you? You wouldn't like it if the damned thing exploded and blew your ears off, would you?

So just give it back to your pappy and get yourself a couple of knitting needles, you hear me?

So long, honey.

Part 2

Sure I like you fine. I just have to go now, that's all.

Look honey, you aren't exactly my type.

Well – if you must know – I like the kinda girl who's- well – who's sort of dainty. You know – the kind that faints when she sees a mouse. You don't mind if we drop the subject, do you?

Part 3

All right, I hear you. What'd ya say we compromise? We'll do it my way. Annie, I'd like to give you something – sort of a pre-wedding present. You see these metals? I want you to have them. Go on, honey – a little jewelry'd go good with that rig. Here, put this on.

There is a single place to put it. How come you got this vacant spot here? Yours are too fancy...mine are too plain. The only thing on my medals is some writin' on the back.

"To Frank Butler – the cham-peen sharp-shooter of the world? Why you askin' " The old world or the new world". I'm the cham-peen of the whole world. Your medals don't prove nothin'.

There's no love in a shootin' woman! What a wife she'd make! Buckshot and cream for breakfast, clay pigeons for lunch, and gun butts and cabbage for supper.