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Annie Oakley

By Joel Sayre

Who you voting for
this November, Sheriff?

- Me?

- Yes.

James G. Blaine.

- Yeah?

- Yeah.

Eph, here, is casting his ballot
for Grover Cleveland.

No.

You voting for that New York Copperhead?

You bet your life I be,
and he's gonna beat the britches
off of your Mr. Blaine.

Lem! Lookit.

Slapping stickem all over your walls.

Well, you've got a gall,
smearing up Darke County
with them consarned stickers.

Well, a man's gotta make a living.

Well, I can't help that.

You take that ding-busted thing
down off of my wall.

Why, even the side of a man's cow
ain't safe from you fellows nowadays.

Go on, take it down.

Go on, take it down.

Lem, let's see the top half of it.

All right, hitch up the rest of him.

If Annie Oakley likes him, he stays up.

If she don't, down he comes.

Gosh, ain't he pretty?

All right, leave him up.

Who is he, Annie?

Toby Walker.

He's the greatest shot in the whole world.

Maybe at trick shooting, Annie,
but I'll bet he ain't one-two-three
with you on quail.

Oh, Lem, I just point a gun at them.

Say, that big hotel in Cinci's
still begging for some of your birds.

- You got some for me today?

- Sure, six dozen.

All dressed and picked.
Bet at 50 yards, she can knock
the eye out of a bumblebee.
Yeah?
Yeah. Them quail she shoots
don't know what hits them.
Slab in the head every time.
Supported her folks pretty near five years
on that gun of hers.
Wish I could shoot that way.
Wish you could.
We'd have law and order in this county.
Sheriff.
Do you remember the time
you aimed at a chicken thief...
- Yeah.
...and killed a hog?
Killed...
Mr. And Mrs. Quail,
won't you walk into my broiler?
Yes, sir and ma'am,
a warm welcome sure do await you.
Oh, my!
I's gonna baptize you slow in hot butter.
Hot butter!
And put you to sleep in a bed of rice.
Sleep on, sweet quail
Say, boy, how many of those quails
you done already counted?
- Twenty-six.
- Well, forget to count about four of them.
Don't you think I like quail myself?
- I done already uncounted eight.
- That's right.
Boys.
Your bad arithmetic's gonna
get you in trouble one of these days.
Them quails ain't no good, Mr. Maclvor.
They full of buckshot.
Not these quail.
They cost me fancy prices.
The hunter always hits them in the head.
That's right, boss.
That hunter sure is a shooting fool.

I want you boys to out-cook yourselves
on these quail.

The Mayor is giving this banquet
for Toby Walker.

Yes, sir, and it'll be fit for a king, too.
It better be. Mr. Walker is very particular.
Well, Toby Walker, I hereby pronounce you
a member of Buffalo Bill's happy family.
Yep, you've done a good day's work, Jeff.
Yes, I think so.

I think my partner will think so, too.
Colonel Cody and I don't sign up
any second-raters, only champions.
So, you're a champion shooter, huh?
I don't believe it.

Take it easy. That's Toby Walker.

Never heard of him.

Bet I can beat him myself.

What are you laughing at?

Well, maybe he could.

We haven't seen you shoot yet.

Well, money talks, Cap.

Your shooting rate's
pretty high around here.

Why don't you take me on?

I'm only an amateur.

I don't want any contest with you, Walker.

I'll lay you 3-to-1, and you can name
your own targets and distance.

- Take him on, Cap. He may not be so good.

- Sure, Cap. You're a good shot.

Take him on, Cap.

Ain't there one sport in this burg?

I'll give you 4-to-1.

Could you make that 5-to-1, Mr. Walker?

Look, Mac, you better keep out of this.

We ain't betting marbles.

This is for money.

Oh, is that a fact?

Well, I believe I've got someone
that might make it interesting for you.

How about a little side bet of \$100

to make it more interesting?

\$100, eh? No, I don't think

that would interest me,
but \$200 should do it.
Mac, it's a bet.
But you'll have to see my new boss here
to arrange the details.
Well, would tomorrow morning
at the Gun Club suit you, gentlemen?
It's a go. Let's have a drink on it.
Oscar, set them up, on the house.
- On the house.
- On the house!
Well, Mac...
Beers all around.
And make mine a short one.
Make mine a champagne cocktail.
- I'll take champagne, too.
- Make mine champagne, too.
Make mine champagne.
All right, Oscar,
I'll have a champagne cocktail.
Mac, if I hadn't been here to see this,
I wouldn't have believed it.
Put it back. I've lost my thirst.
What's the matter, Mac?
Are you mourning?
Yeah, for his \$200.
- Oh, that's not for ladies.
- Oh, I'm no lady.
Pardon me, miss, this is a saloon.
Oh, how cozy.
I've lived for 60 years
and that's the first time
I ever saw a woman going into a saloon.
The next thing you know,
they will be smoking cigarettes.
Talk sense, man, talk sense.
- Here's to Toby Walker.
- Here's to Toby Walker!
Well, gentlemen, I hardly know what to...
Hello, honey. Getting your hair curled?
What's the matter? Don't I get introduced?
Allow me, gents.
The great Toby Walker and Company.
I nearly forgot what time it is.

They're probably yelling for me
at the theater. I...
Come on, get out of here.
Seems there's nothing sacred anymore.
In all my born days
I've never seen such gall.
What are you trying to do, make a jackass
out of me in front of my public?
- Honey.
- Don't honey me. You're too dang fresh.
Toby Walker, you're supposed to be
a sharpshooter,
and you can't even see a willing gal
right under your own nose.
- I can see anything I'm aiming at.
- Yeah, I know.
You only go high, wide and handsome
for the lady swells,
like you claim you was
with Sarah Bernhardt.
Let's leave Miss Bernhardt's name
out of this.
Bernhardt. You never knowed her
well enough to carry her trunks.
Listen, Vera, I think
you're a swell little trouper.
Now, let's leave it like that.
You've got your ticket back to New York
and two weeks extra pay.
I'd keep you in the act if I could,
but there just ain't no place
in the Buffalo Bill show for a gal.
Well, sharpshooter, I got to hand it to you.
You sure got the power
to resist a beautiful woman.
Well, don't take it too much to heart,
little girl.
Maybe I'm doing you a favor.
You know, Lily Langtry couldn't act
for sour apples till I turned her down.
Talk louder, will you, Lem?
I can't hear you.
Blast these newfangled
instruments of torture.

Hello. Oh, Lem, Lem. Just a minute.
Hello, Lem. Lem, I want you
to get a hold of that quail-shooter,
the one that sells you the birds
you send up here.
I've got a shooting match.
A shoot... A shooting match, Lem.
Aye. If he wins, there's \$50 in it for him.
Yes, I said \$30.
What did you say his name is?
Shake up the telephone, Lem.
I can't hear a word.
What? Oh, Oakley. Andy Oakley?
All right, Lem, all right.
Have him here in the morning.
Oh, Lem, Lem, Lem,
and make certain sure he's sober.
Aye, aye.
All ready, Joe?
Bend down, please. I want to see the sign.
Everybody ready?
Smile.
Smile bigger. That's fine.
That's fine. That's a beauty.
- Well, don't they know you're here?
- Come on, Ma.
- Who's shooting against you, Mr. Walker?
- A fellow by the name of Oakley.
A rube from the tall timber, by crackey!
Well, good luck to you.
Well, we'll have some fun, anyway.
If he ever gets here.
Hey, Mac, better get your man here.
I can't wait all day.
Oh, he'll be here all right.
He's had a long ways to come.
Well, I'll go down and warm up a bit.
I'm waiting to see that dark horse, Mac.
And the longer we wait,
the longer Mac keeps that \$200.
Anyone that can hit quail in the head
with a single ball can shoot for my money.
Are you looking for me?
My name is Oakley.

Oakley?

- Where is your father?

- Well, he's dead.

Dead?

- When did it happen?

- Oh, a long time ago.

- Then, where is your brother?

- This is my brother.

And this is my sister Susie and this is Ma.

Excuse me.

I am looking for an Andy Oakley
who's been supplying me with game.

Oh, I guess you made a mistake, mister.

Not Andy Oakley. Annie.

It's me you sent for.

You?

A joke's a joke,
but this one is just a little too practical.
But it's not a joke.

I want to bet my own money.

Show him what you've got, Ma.

Lem sent down \$10

and Sheriff Bixby sent down \$5,

and a lot of other people chipped in.

\$37 in all.

Yes, sirree.

Then forget about it.

There's not going to be any contest.

Maybe you can settle for half, Mac.

You mean just because I'm not a man,
you ain't gonna let me shoot?

That's perfectly all right, Miss Oakley.

You're going to get your chance.

The bet still stands.

But I'll discount it and pay off right away,
Mr. Hogarth.

Oh, no, you don't.

The whole hog or nothing at all.

And I'm speaking for Toby Walker, too.

Toby Walker?

You're in big company now, Miss Oakley.

Oh, I couldn't shoot against Toby Walker.

Oh, now, you mustn't be afraid.

You just do the best you can.

Just pretend you're shooting quail.
Oh, I ain't scared he could beat me.
It's just that it don't seem reasonable.
Of course it isn't.
But we're going through with it
just the same.
Ma, can I have the money?
Would... Would you bet the money for me?
Oh, yes, of course I'll bet it for you.
Here's yours, Annie.
Here. They don't belong to you.
Here's a seat for you, Mrs. Oakley.
Hey, don't meddle with those guns.
Oh, I'm sorry, mister,
but whenever I see a gun, I always...
What's a kid like you know about guns?
I got one here.
It was clean through the Civil War.
Well, gee... Well...
Well, gee whiz, don't tell me
you shoot with a thing like that?
Of course I do.
What do you shoot? Doodlebugs?
You hang around, kid, and you'll see
some shooting that is shooting.
I figured on seeing some tall shooting,
otherwise I wouldn't be here.
Up from the sticks to see me
make a monkey out of that Oakley?
The shootingest monkey you ever saw,
and we got \$37 says so.
No! About all the ready cash
in that county, I suppose.
Bring on that hickory-nut-knocker.
Mr. Walker,
meet Miss Hickory-nut-knocker.
- What?
- Your opponent, Miss Annie Oakley.
What do you mean?
Hey, Maclvor, is this your idea of a joke,
asking me to shoot against
a half-baked kid, and a girl at that?
Now, if you'd like to call off the bet...
He's right, Mr. Maclvor.

He'd look awful silly
if I beat him in front of all these folks.
Beat me! Why, you...
Get those targets ready. Beat me!
Make him earn his money, Annie.
I was wondering, Mr. MacIvor,
if you could help me find
some plain sewing?
Well, I don't know about needlework,
but I've got a cigar stand at the hotel...
Oh, I love a man who smokes a cigar.
Mind you,
the job only calls for selling cigars.
As the challenger, you shoot first.
Start with the end target.
Yes, sir.
Clear the range, boys.
All right.
You started at the wrong end.
- That's all right. Set it up again.
- Set them up.
First potshot I ever took.
All right, Mr. Walker.
This is too easy.
Give us something to shoot at.
Certainly. We'll use moving targets
if it's agreeable with Miss Oakley.
Well, I never shot a quail
while it was sitting down.
All right, miss.
Get in the pit, boys.
You'll shoot alternately.
The first one to miss will lose the contest.
- Is that all right with you?
- Yes.
- And you, Mr. Walker?
- Fine.
And you, Mr. MacIvor?
It's fine with me.
Just call "Ready."
- Ready.
- Throw!
A hit!
Good shot.

- That was well done, little lady.

- Thank you, sir.

- Ready.

- Throw!

A hit.

Good shot.

- Ready.

- Throw!

A hit.

- Ready.

- Throw!

- Ready.

- Throw!

- Ready.

- Throw!

- Ready.

- Throw!

Hey, Hogarth,

you signed up the wrong shooter.

You better look for another job, Toby.

There goes your championship.

- Ready.

- Throw!

Hogarth, you better get that contract
back, in case the girl beats Toby.

So, you're the champ!

Quiet, please, gentlemen.

Ready, Miss Oakley?

Honey, I hope

you ain't gonna be the cause
of that young man losing his position.

Don't worry, Ma. I ain't gonna be.

- Ready.

- Throw!

A miss!

- Ready.

- Throw!

A hit!

Sister, don't take it too much to heart.

You gave me about as good a match
as anybody does.

Thanks, Mr. Walker.

You know, you've got possibilities.

It's too bad I won't be around

to give you a few pointers.
Come on, Ma, let's go home.
Everybody! Everybody up to the bar!
The drinks are on me!
All right, Fritz, it's on me.
Beers for everybody.
- Make mine a champagne cocktail.
- I'll have champagne, too!
I don't see how she could have lost.
Newt said she tied him shot for shot
right up till the very last.
I never knew her to miss a shot before.
You'd better break the news
to them, Annie.
I'll keep an eye on the young'uns.
Hello, Annie.
- Howdy, Annie.
- Good evening.
I'm gonna pay you folks back
the money I lost
if it takes a whole winter's shooting.
Oh, forget it, Annie.
You done the best you could.
- Sure you did.
- You bet.
That's just it, I didn't.
Now, Annie,
you don't know what you're saying.
I know, all right, and I'm gonna fess up.
I missed that last shot a purpose.
You missed it a purpose!
Yes, I did.
I couldn't beat that fellow.
I didn't have the heart to.
He was...
He was just too pretty.
- Hello, Miss Oakley.
- Hello.
Mrs. Oakley. You know,
in all the excitement,
I completely forgot
to get that bet of yours covered.
When I remembered,
I had to chase all this way to find you.

- Honest, you didn't bet the money?

- No, I didn't.

Gee, now, I can pay back the boys.

Just a minute. There's something else

I wanted to see you about.

Mrs. Oakley, this daughter of yours
is one of the finest shots I've ever seen.

We're mighty proud of her.

And we'd be mighty proud

to have her with the Buffalo Bill show.

Buffalo Bill?

Yes, you see,

I'm a partner of Colonel Cody's.

Well, I hope you ain't suggesting that
Annie go gallivanting around the country
with a lot of cowboys and wild Injuns.

Well, you'd like that, wouldn't you, Annie?

But what would Ma and the kids
do without me?

We'd pay you good money.

Just think of it, Annie Oakley

in the greatest shooting act in the country,
billed right next to Toby Walker.

You don't mean he's going to be there.

Every day for the next two years,
rain or shine.

Mister, it's a deal.

Reckon the first thing

you'd better know about this outfit
is how I figure on running it.

This is a real Wild West show
with he-men doing the things
they did on the plains.

Now, if you're carrying
any sleight of hand up your sleeve,
you'd better forget it.

I want the real, genuine article or nothing.

That's what you're getting, Colonel.

And, naturally, I expect to get billed
right up there on top.

I don't suppose you'd mind, Walker,
if we put Buffalo Bill's name
on the posters, too.

Oh, I think that'd be all right.

No hard feelings, Colonel,
just a little friendly chat.

What?

Now, you wait here
until I break the news to the Colonel.

- I hope he likes me.

- How could he help it?

Well, you old horse-thief.

About time you turned up.

I'm sorry. I was a little delayed, Bill.

I should think you would be.

Probably ashamed to show your face
after sending me that New York buckaroo.

Who? Toby Walker?

Why, he's the greatest shot on earth.

With the exception, maybe,
of a gunslinger I've just signed up.

Another one? Well, what's his name?

- Annie.

- Annie?

What in tarnation do you think
we're running around here,
a danged burlesque?

Calm yourself, Bill. Annie Oakley's
as good a shot as any man I ever saw.

Did I hear someone call my name?

Colonel Cody, meet Miss Annie Oakley.

Well, dog my cats!

- How do, little missy?

- Howdy.

And, Bill,
she shoots as pretty as she looks.

Maybe so,
but I never knowed any woman could
shoot good enough to join this outfit.

They say you're a mighty fine shot
yourself, Mr. Buffalo Bill.

How much you got says I can't beat you?

Well, bust my buttons,
how much you got says you can?

Say, now, hold on, wait a minute.

With a woman
who can outshoot most men,
why, she'd soon be

the greatest attraction in our show.
Maybe you're right.
But how would it look on the billing?
"Buffalo Bill's blood-curdling
Wild West show
"with the dainty Annie Oakley."
You know, Bill, you're a downright
chicken-liver when it comes to women.
No, it ain't that, Jeff. It's...
Well, it's the boys.
To tell you the truth,
I ain't got the gumption
to go out there and tell them.
Well, you leave that to me.
Boys, now that we're all here...
What I mean is I've brought you
all together because...
Well, you see...
This is kind of in the nature
of an occasion and...
And I...
Well, boys, I want you to...
I really want you to...
You tell them, Jeff. It was your idea.
Well, I've got some good news
for you, boys.
The Colonel and I have decided
that what this outfit really needs
is an uplifting influence.
And what could be more uplifting
than the presence among us
of a fine, high-minded little woman?
Here she is, boys.
The newest member of our happy family,
Miss Annie Oakley.
That's all, boys.
- What could she do in a show like this?
- I don't like this, anyway.
Well, I can get a job with Pawnee Bill.
What could a woman do
in a show like this?
Come on, Annie.
I'll show you the papooses.
Yes, little missy,

we're all just one big, happy family.
Here we are.
This way, missy.
Perfume.
Dang it, you smell like Happy Minnie's
back in Omaha.
The Colonel's had me out there
sleeping with the horses.
Judging from the turnout,
I guess you boys see the light.
All right, fellows, what do you say?
Howdy, Miss Oakley.
Well, that sounds mighty good, boys.
Now, let me tell you something,
someday you're gonna be darn proud
to say you knew Annie Oakley.
That's right. Take it from one who knows.
Miss Oakley, I want you to meet
that old scallywag, Ned Buntline,
- my press agent.
- Howdy.
Howdy, little lady.
It's up to you to put her across, Ned.
You might even write her
into one of those dime novels
you write about the Colonel, there.
Well, sure thing,
if it's all right with the Colonel.
How's this?
When she was just a little tyke,
Bill, here, saved her
from Chief Sitting Bull's redskins.
Sitting Bull?
Why, sure thing, Colonel.
Sitting Bull's worth five cents
of any man's dime novel.
The papers say old Bull's in Washington,
calling on the great white father.
We've got to grab him, Jeff.
Great way to start our season
if we got him out the opening night.
Not to see the show, to join the show.
Well, that's tall thinking, Bill.
Why drag in a dirty Sioux

to mess up a good outfit?
He might forget himself
and saw off another massacre.
Surely Mr. Bull's learned some manners
since he chawed up General Custer.
Of course he has.
Besides, folks will pay good money
to see him.
Out in the woods, maybe,
but as long as you play
these eastern spots,
Toby Walker's the lad
who will pack your arena.
You can see for yourself, Annie, you're
in the safest possible neighborhood.
That's where Major Buntline lives,
that's my tent,
right next to Colonel Cody's quarters,
and that's where you live.
Oh, a chiffonier and flowers, too.
Oh, I do want to thank you for everything.
Don't thank me.
Mr. Hogarth, then.
Well, I thought a few flowers might help.
Oh, it's wonderful.
Good night, Annie. Sleep tight.
Good night. Good night, Colonel.
Good night, Annie.
Hey, what's this?
Hey, you. Razorback.
What's eating you, Jeff?
Listen...
What's the matter?
Oh, nothing an old bullwhacker like you
would understand. Come on.
The main thing for you boys to remember
is never get discouraged.
Why, when I think about
how I started in that shooting gallery,
nothing seems impossible.
Whenever the boss would go out,
I'd just keep popping away
until finally I was...
- The best there was.

- The best there was.
Nope. The best there is.
Whereabouts was this shooting gallery?
The Bowery.
- The Bowery!
- What do you know about that?
A Bowery cowboy.
Boys, I just had to make this jaunt
to show you western monkeys
how to shoot.
That bronc's begging to be busted.
Hello, cowboy.
Hey, what's going on, here?
A little change in the layout, Mr. Walker.
Mr. Hogarth's fixed you a place
all by yourself.
The other side of the buffalo corral.
Well, now, ain't that thoughtful of him?
Well, maybe I shouldn't let them
buckaroos sleep close to these firearms.
One of them might go off
and scare my little playmates.
Mr. Walker, I've been thinking,
I guess you thought I was sort of fresh
coming up to Cincinnati
to shoot against you.
Why, no, kid.
What put that idea in your noodle?
Well, I don't know.
You being Toby Walker
and famous and all that.
Say, there was the grandest picture of you
on the side of Lem Jordan's store.
- Yeah, was it really good?
- Move on, there.
- Who are you talking to?
- Mr. Hogarth's orders.
- Nobody's to annoy Miss Oakley.
- What do you mean "annoy"?
Nobody ever accused me of annoying a gal
when I was talking to her.
Them's the orders, Mr. Walker.
Oh, Mr. Walker,
you know that time up in Cincinnati?

- Yeah.
- I let you beat me.
That's it!
How do you like that, Colonel?
Not bad, Walker.
A little harder than potshotting
a herd of buffalo, eh, Colonel?
Yeah, and almost as dangerous.
Afraid she don't know how to sell it, Jeff.
Well, she hasn't had a chance yet.
Anyway, you don't see her missing,
do you?
No, but she's just a shooting machine.
No color to her work.
I'll be as sorry as you are,
but I don't think she'll make the grade.
Gosh, that looks just like him.
A little trick I was saving for next year,
but on account of the act
I'm doing is going so good,
I'm gonna pass it along to you.
That's mighty fine of you, Toby.
And I can do it, too.
Sure you can, and here's another one.
You take these and come on down here.
This one's a pippin.
When I say ready,
you throw them up high.
Both of them?
Throw them.
I'll bet I can do that, too.
Of course. You can shoot as good as I can.
All you need is color, showmanship.
Let me try it.
Oh, Colonel.
Get out of here,
you darned, sneaking coyotes.
Get out of here!
Close, Colonel, but no cigar.
Here you are, Bill.
Dad bob it, Jeff. Why can't I get a haircut?
Well, Bill, that mane of yours
is the biggest thing in the show.
You might as well have your head cut off.

What would the President
and the rest of the bigwigs say
if you came out like a shorn Samson?
And they're all here today, Bill.
Everybody that is anybody in Washington.
That's fine. What about Sitting Bull?
No cause for you to worry.
Ned Buntline's got him out there
as big as life in a front box.
Great, Jeff, that's great.
Go ahead now and comb out your curls.
Introducing Ogallala Slim
and his band of bronco-busting,
bull-dogging cowboys.
You'd like being with the show, Chief.
Travel all over.
Maybe you'll join, too, Rain-in-the-Face.
How old are you?
- Me?
- Yes.
- Ninety-four.
- A spring chicken.
Magnificent, huh?
Rain-in-the-Face, ask Chief Sitting Bull
how he likes the show.
What's his nibs saying?
Bull said, "All show no good like that,
he go home."
Thrilling feats of horsemanship
by Russian Cossacks.
What was that?
Bull say, "All show smell bad."
Do you know something?
The Colonel thinks
I'm not going to make good.
- Oh, I doubt...
- He really does.
I can tell the way
he's been looking at me, lately.
Listen, will you do like I showed you?
I've been practicing.
Introducing the world's greatest rifle shot,
Mr. Toby Walker.
Well, wait till you see this one.

He's gonna shoot a two-bit piece
right out of that fellow's fingers.

- What's that?

- He said, "Not bad for paleface.

"Bull can hit dime."

Introducing one of the country's
greatest woman rifle shots,
Miss Annie Oakley.

Boys, throw up five.

Five? You want to ruin
the only chance you've got?

I can hit them.

Tell Bull I'll bet he hasn't any squaws
that can shoot.

He don't want the squaw shoot,
he want the squaw cook.

All right.

Wait a minute. Wait a minute, Chief.

Wait a minute.

Will you wait a minute?

Don't be scared, Annie.

Bull is just trying to tell you
how scrumptious he thinks you are.

Goodness, I thought I was a goner
until you grabbed him.

What's the matter, Chief?

Annie, Chief Sitting Bull
has just rechristened you lpawa,
that means "little sure shot."

And now, a thrilling battle
between the Indians and the cowboys
during an attack on the immigrant train.

He says if you'll do this every day,
he'll join the show.

I certainly will if he won't do that again.

Chief, it's a bargain.

Hey, pal, take it easy. This is all in fun.

"Buffalo Bill's trusty rifle barked
and another redskin bit the dust.

"Riding like the wind, he swept
from the ground the beautiful girl,

"last survivor of the ill-fated wagon train.

"He spurred his mustang to greater speed,
"sending leaden messages of death

into the ranks of the foe,
"but the redskins, with fiendish screams,
still pursued him.
"Little did the doughty plainsman realize
that this tiny prairie primrose
"was one day to burgeon
into womanhood's fairest flower,
"Annie Oakley."
Ned, you're a genius.
Fifty thousand people will be wanting
to see her after reading that.
You know what I'm gonna do?
I'm gonna bill her right up,
name for name, with Toby Walker.
Oh, Colonel.
So, I'm gonna be aced
out of my own act, huh?
Now, listen, Walker.
Colonel Cody and I
are still running this outfit.
Since you're asking for it,
I may as well tell you something.
When it comes to draw,
you're not quite the biggest thing out.
No wonder, with everybody else
getting all the razzle-dazzle.
Taking a green kid
and billing her up even with me.
Oh, now, please.
Mr. Walker knows I wouldn't do anything
to hurt his chances.
You? Hurt my chances?
Not you or anybody else with this troupe.
I'll still be headlining when the rest of you
are working in livery barns.
- Just one big...
...happy family.
Just a minute! Just a minute, Colonel!
There's gold in this domestic crisis.
I can see it on the billboards.
"Toby Walker versus Annie Oakley.
"Male against female.
"A titanic battle of the sexes
for the rifle championship of the world."

Ned, you're the thinkin'gest horse thief
in history.

Forty years in the business
and never lost a spangle.

Darned if this don't call for a drink.

Everybody back to my car.

I'm going to break out
a bottle of Old Crow.

I'm sorry, Toby.

If it wasn't for you,

I wouldn't be with the show.

I don't take it personal, kid.

Business is business.

Besides, I enjoy a brush with them
hairy-pantsers, once in a while.

Don't you worry. You're aces with me.

- Mad, Toby?

- No.

You're looking kind of mad.

Got on a new rig, ain't you?

Sure looks pretty.

- Gosh, it's funny how things turn out.

- Ain't it, though?

It seems like only yesterday

I saw your picture on the billboard
and Lem Jordan wanted to tear it down.

Why, the fellow must have been crazy.

He wanted to but I wouldn't let him.

Well, it's a funny world.

You looking at my picture on the billboard
and thinking I was so gosh-darn grand,
and now you...

Now you really got me.

- I got you?

- You sure have, Annie.

No other girl's got a chance.

But look we...

Look, we can't let anybody know
we're stuck on each other.

It's good show business if we even
let the company think we're unfriendly,

- pretty near enemies.

- Oh.

You think so?

I know the ins and outs, kid.
People will pay to see us
battle each other.
I don't care no more
who wins those matches.
- You don't?
- No.
I know you can beat me
and I'm proud of you.
Never thought I'd see the day
when I could stand that, but now...
Toby, I'm gonna tell everybody
how wonderful you really are.
Honey, we've got to give the folks
who think we hate each other
a run for their money.
Now, remember, you hate me.
Mister, I hate you to pieces.
- Hello, Lem.
- I got no time for you today.
Just leaving.
Looks like the whole township's leaving.
- What's going on? Immigrating west?
- Immigrating nothing.
We're going to Cincinnati to see the gal
that's making this county famous.
Now I know why they call him Sitting Bull.
I guess he wants us to share the sofa.
Thank you, Chief.
Positively, Chief.
He says you'd make a fine squaw.
You may know pretty near everything,
Toby Walker, but not Indian talk.
Anything nice about you, honey,
I'd understand in any lingo.
Toby, your tepee.
Annie, your tepee.
I savvy.
Two can live in tepee cheap as one.
Look.
Papooses good, too.
Hey, hey, hey, Bull. Take it easy.
That's the best I've heard in two weeks.
Mr. MacIvor, how are you?

Well, well, how fine you're looking, Annie.

She hasn't changed much, has she, Mac?

Considering the fact that she's become
a very famous young lady.

- And didn't I invent her?

- Sure you did.

If it wasn't for you, I'd still be
quail-shooting down on the farm.

And now, Mac, I want you to meet
a new member of our family,
the one and only Sitting Bull.

Well, you won't need that tent, Mr. Bull,
not while you're in Cincinnati.

Yes, Mac's invited us all to stay
at his hotel while we're here.

Oh, how nice.

We're advertising for the MacIvor House.

There'll be customers sleeping
on the billiard tables.

Gosh, it'll be great
sleeping under a ceiling again.

Ever since I joined
this hairy-pants outfit, I...

Walker, if you can't say something
pleasant, just don't say nothing at all.

I just told this little squirt a thing or two.

I'm getting sick and tired of pulling
my shots just to make her look good.

Pulling your shots?

Walker, one of these days
somebody's gonna bust that gas bag
you call your head.

Better cowboys than you
have tried it, Colonel.

Why, you lowdown,
yapping Bowery puppy.

What this happy family needs
is a good spanking. Come on.

Come on, Bull,
we'll get your stuff together.

Now, just a minute, gentlemen.

- Where do you keep them Indians?

- Well, the Indian village is right over there.

In fact, if you'll hurry,

you'll find Sitting Bull right at home.
They'll dig him a new home
when I get through with him.
Forget it, Dan.
Them Indian wars are all over.
Let me alone.
I ain't forgetting that I had a brother
with Custer at Little Big Horn.
Now, you Sioux snake, I'm gonna pay you
for one of Custer's boys.
Call them off.
You all right, partner?
A little scrap now and then
means nothing to you, eh, Bull?
Gosh, I wouldn't have wanted that blast
much closer to my peepers.
Well, come on, kid, I'll flag a hansom and
ship you off to a bulletproof hotel room.
Well, young man, it's not as bad
as it might have been.
Come on, come on, Doc. How about it?
You're suffering
from a form of corneal opacity.
You don't say.
A compressed condition
of the optic membrane, but don't worry.
- You'll be able to see reasonably well.
- Oh, sure, I can see.
Come in and see me again tomorrow.
In the meantime, go easy with those eyes.
What business are you in?
- Me? I'm Toby Walker.
- That doesn't answer my question.
I can see you're not
a patron of the theater, Doc.
- I'm an actor.
- Oh, an actor.
Well, you'll be able to go on
with your work all right.
- It's lucky you're not a bookkeeper.
- Yeah.
- Toby, darling.
- Well, well, Vera.
You sure look elegant back there

with all them explosive stogies.
You don't look pekid yourself.
Oh, I'm all right, I guess.
It was nice of Mac
to give you the job here.
Oh, he didn't lose nothing by it.
The smoke business has perked up some
since I took over.
Say, tonight's my night off.
How about a little supper after the show,
just for old times' sake?
Well, I'd like to, Vera, but I've got
a little business to attend to this evening.
Is that the little business over there?
Tell me, Annie,
is it true them Injuns eat D-O-G?
Oh, I know what that spells.
That spells "dog."
Hey, I'll see you later.
Do they, Annie?
Well, I don't think so.
Mr. Sitting Bull just loves hash.
He likes it with molasses.
Oh, here's Toby.
Mr. Walker,
I want you to meet my mother
and all the folks from down home.
Mrs. Oakley, folks,
I'm delighted to meet you.
Mac, have you seen the Colonel?
The last I saw of him, he and Mr. Hogarth
were busy sending telegrams.
- Try and locate him for me, will you?
- Aye.
Well, Mr. Walker, I reckon
you ain't gonna win so easy tonight
as you did the last time you shot here.
That's right.
Annie's had a chance
to get used to his good looks.
I'm sure you'll see her at her best tonight.
And how about you, Mr. Walker?
You know, Annie is a show all by herself.
She don't need me at all.

- You see, folks what I mean...
- You ain't getting cold feet, are you?
You mustn't mind the folks, Toby.
They're up here
from down home to see me,
just like if we were playing New York,
all the people from the Bowery
would come to see you.
And we aren't going to disappoint them,
are we?
Well, Walker, what's on your mind?
I'm sorry I bothered you, Colonel.
I guess what I wanted to say
just sort of slipped my mind.
Fresh buttered popcorn?
A bag of popcorn, sir?
It's very bad for you.
Step lively, folks.
Count your change before leaving.
Thank you, neighbor.
Step lively, please,
and see the big performance,
the big show, Wild West show,
a congress of rough riders.
- Get tickets. How many, neighbor?
- How much are they?
One dollar and a half, sir.
- Have you any dollars?
- We have dollar tickets. Yes, sir.
How many?
You're keeping 11,000 people
from seeing the show.
Aye.
You know, Vera,
the more I think about this...
Now, it isn't the money,
it's poor Colonel Cody's feelings
I'm thinking about.
Why, he'd be all broken up
if I paid for the tickets.
Yeah, the shock would probably floor him.
- Well, make up your mind.
- Step lively, please. Step lively, folks.
- How many, neighbor?

- Well...

Give me...

Wait a minute. Wait a minute.

Your money's bogus around here, Mac.

Don't you know that?

- I didn't know it was you.

- Give me a couple of blues.

Here we are, my friends.

A couple of Annie Oakleys.

Step lively, folks.

Annie Oakleys.

Oh, that's a bonny name for them.

Two holes, and clean

as Annie might have shot them herself.

Just a minute. This is hardly right.

- Oh, go on, go on.

- Well, if you insist.

Miss Annie Oakley, the winner.

I am sure Miss Oakley

will favor us with an encore.

Is there any brave gentleman

in the audience

who would like to have Miss Oakley shoot

a cigarette from his mouth at 30 paces?

I'll do it.

Ladies and gentlemen,

proving chivalry is not dead,

Mr. Toby Walker will show his faith

in the marksmanship

of his fair opponent.

I wish I was making that shot.

Give me a coin. I'll hold it for Toby.

Ladies and gentlemen,

the courage of the fair sex

is a match to that of the male.

The little lady will now permit

Mr. Toby Walker to shoot a 25-cent piece

out of her hand at the same distance,

Since when did you take over

setting my routines?

- Why I only thought...

- You're paid to jabber, not to think.

My contract don't call for carrying out

your half-wit brainstorm.

Sorry, friends, but Mr. Walker seems
indisposed to accept the challenge.
Oh, he's scared he'll miss.
Indisposed nothing. He's afraid.
Yeah, he's afraid she'll beat him.
I always did say he didn't have any nerve.
He's trying to queer Annie's act.
What's the matter with you,
trying to start a stampede?
Oh, just having a little fun with him,
Mr. Hogarth.
He's got it coming to him.
Any fellow that chicken-livered...
Shut up.
I ought to fire the whole lot of you.
He could do it easy.
He's just trying to queer the show.
He's got a yellow streak
down his back a yard wide.
He aimed to hit her.
- Annie!
- Walker, I ought to kill you right here.
There, now, honey. We'll have a doctor
for you in just a second.
Oh, I'm all right.
Bring on the next act!
Honest, Colonel, I tried...
Walker, I'm giving you 10 minutes
to pack up and get off the grounds.
That suits me fine,
but first I'm gonna see Annie.
She don't want no part of you.
This is my fault. I should have
thrown him out a long time ago.
He didn't mean to do it. I know he didn't.
Oh, yes, he did. He deliberately hit you
in the shooting hand.
Oh, he wouldn't try to hurt anybody.
You don't understand him.
Rustle him out of here, boys.
- I've got to see him.
- Come on, Annie, we'll see the doctor.
Presenting riders of all nations in review.
- Well, Doctor, what's the verdict?

- No tendons severed. She'll be all right.

- To shoot?

- Oh, yes, it's not really serious
if she takes care of her hand
for a few weeks.

Better let Annie rest now, folks.

Please stop fussing over me
and tell me where Toby is.

- Now, now, now, now.

- You children, run out in the hall and play.

But I want him. Why isn't he here?

You mustn't upset yourself, Miss Oakley.

Please try to rest.

But I can't rest

until I find what's become of him.

It doesn't hurt a bit anymore.

You're all keeping him away from me.

Now, honey, you mustn't have any
more truck with that...

He didn't mean to do it.

He's sweet and kind.

You don't understand him.

- None of you do.

- Annie, please.

You never gave him a chance
from the first day you saw him.

Well, I'll tell you something,
he's better than the whole bunch of you
put together.

There, there, precious,
everything will be all right.

Now, don't you worry, little missy.

We're going to have you right as rain
in just a few days.

- Good night, Annie.

- Boys, if you don't mind.

Bye.

- You're gonna be fit as a fiddle, Annie.

- Good night, Annie.

- Goodbye, doctor.

- Good night.

There, there, baby.

Try to get some sleep.

I'll be along in a minute, Mrs. Oakley.

It wasn't his fault. I know it wasn't.
If I could only talk to him.
Annie, dear, you're just a kid.
You've got to believe in the people
who really love you,
and the sooner you forget about him,
the better.
But I'm not going to forget about him.
Try to get some sleep.
Toby!
Honey, your hand, honest, I...
It's nothing.
Nothing, now that you're here.
They're saying I done it on purpose.
There's something
I've got to tell you, Annie.
- You've said enough already, Walker.
- Please, Jeff.
I'm sorry, Annie. You may hate me for this
but tonight he'll do his talking to me.
I've got nothing to say to you, Hogarth.
What did you want to tell me, Toby?
The less you say, the better, Walker.
But I've got something to tell you,
you're going to clear out of this kid's life.
I see, trying to fix it up for yourself, huh?
You know that isn't so.
I think Annie knows that her happiness
is all that matters to me,
to everybody in this show, except you.
What have you got to offer?
A selfish, swelled head
and a future that's behind you.
Maybe you're right.
Toby, you know I don't believe that.
- Goodbye.
- Toby!
Now, now, now.
I'm going to run along
and let you get some rest.
You mustn't be too hurt about this.
You'll find that a fellow like that
is pretty easy to forget.
Well, I guess

I'll let you get a little sleep, Chief.

Good night.

Good night.

Come in.

Hello.

I thought you might need
a little cheering up.

You're wasting your time, kid.

The great Toby Walker is on the skids.

Don't let them sell you that, Toby.

Why, we could put
the old vaudeville act together again
and play to standing room only.

I'm all played out, Vera.

You've got a good job. Hang on to it.

Oh, that. Listen, Toby,
what you need is a little romping.

I'm gonna take you out
and show you the town.

Toby.

Well, well, if it ain't little dead-eye.

Maybe you'd like to join us.

We're just going out and paint the town.

Toby, I've got to talk to you.

Your friend Hogarth was right.

There's been enough said already.

- But...

- Listen, dead-eye,
why don't you quit pounding this man?

You ain't done him
a nickel's worth of good.

Ever since he first seen you, he's had
one piece of rotten luck after the other.

- Vera!

- Ain't you satisfied
with the way you got him messed up now?

Just busting with the juices
of human kindness, ain't you?

Well, I guess you helped me
do her a favor, at that.

Well, so long, my little sugar plum.

So long?

I thought we was gonna paint the town.

The Bill show's celebrating

with the rip-snortingest blowout
this old town's ever had.

Bill, don't bother Annie tonight.
Wait and tell her in the morning.

Why, this will do her more good
than a barrel of medicine.

Don't be such a bluenose, Jeff.

You'd have the poor kid thinking
there wasn't no Santa Claus.

Annie! Annie!

Well, missy, we've got great news
and you're gonna be the first to hear it.

Buffalo Bill's Wild West show
with the one and only Annie Oakley
is breaking camp for a tour of Europe.

- Europe?

- That's right.

Why, Annie, you'll have kings and queens
throwing their crowns in the air.

But right now,
you're gonna help us celebrate.

Champagne for the boys,
but for Annie Oakley,
a big bottle of sarsaparilla.

- Come on, Annie.

- Would...

Would you mind very much
if I didn't come to your party?

Why, no, no. Of course we wouldn't mind.

Come on, Bill.

I guess I'm just an old blundering fool.

- Your little hand. You must...

- My hand's all right.

- Come on. Good night, Annie.

- Good night.

Good night, missy.

What's this?

- Here.

- Gas.

- Chief!

- He's been shooting out the lights.

- Of all the unmitigated nerve...

- What happened to you?

All right, all right, all right.

Never mind, never mind.
Don't you worry. Don't you worry, Mac.
I'll pay all the damage.
The Chief can shoot up all the hotels
he wants tonight.
We're celebrating, Mac. We're celebrating!
Annie, you're to be presented
to the Czar and the Czarina.
Your Majesty,
may I present to you Miss Oakley.
Annie, I'm afraid you just never
will learn about crowned heads.
You're supposed to always take
the gentleman's hand first,
and kiss it, not shake it.
And I shook hands first with the Czarina.
Gosh, I suppose that was terrible.
No, no, you were just yourself.
That's why we all love you.
I love you all, too.
Colonel Cody and Mr. Buntline
and Buck, Jim and Sam...
Hey, now, wait a minute.
What about a fellow named Hogarth?
You're first on the list, Jeff.
I thought you knew that.
First in the show or first everywhere?
Annie, I know I'm not your idea
of something romantic,
but I can't help it if I love you,
if that counts for anything.
Wait a minute, wait a minute.
I see it all in the crystal ball.
Madam, I see a blonde villain
hovering about you.
He seems to have designs on your future.
I see him pursuing you to Germany.
Annie, His Highness Crown Prince Wilhelm
wants to ask you something.
Is it true, Frulein Oakley,
that you are able to shoot a cigarette
from a person's mouth?
- Yes.
- Very well. You will shoot one from mine.

But kindly do not muss the Schnurrbart.
For heaven's sake, be careful, Annie.
This fellow has to be Kaiser some day.
Gosh, an inch the wrong way
might change the history books.
Oh, gosh,
that spring breeze smells wonderful.
Madam, do you realize that at this
moment it's spring in New York, too?
- I was thinking of that.
- Yeah.
Just about this time a man
named Anson's come on from Chicago
and hit at least four home runs,
the organ grinders
are tuning up their hurdy-gurdies,
the little girls are maypole dancing
in Central Park,
and the new bock beer
is foaming at Luchow's.
Every time they broach a keg, Annie,
they ring a gong.
That, my darling,
is when you know it is spring.
Gosh. And down home in Ohio,
the buds are coming out on the trees,
and the bluebirds are wondering
why they ever went away.
I guess spring is the time to make
you think of far away and long ago.
It was spring the first time I went up
to Cincinnati to shoot against...
Cheer up, Annie,
you're not the only one who's homesick.
Why, dog my cats,
in exactly two weeks and four days,
the Buffalo Bill Wild West show will be
putting on the dad-bustedest parade
up Fifth Avenue that was ever gawked at
by man or critter.
I'm leaving the show
when we get to New York.
Annie.
Oh, I'm not happy, Jeff.

It's still Toby, isn't it?
I guess it's human nature to fight for
anything we love, isn't it, Annie?
I guess so.
But we don't always win.
No, we don't always win.
Here's something I should have given you
a long time ago.
Oh, I know
what you must be thinking of me.
Oh, I'm only thinking of one thing, Jeff.
We've got to find him.
We will.
Step right up, ladies and gents,
and take a lesson from the champ shot.
Never beat in any contest anywhere
by any living man.
Say, Charlie, if the champ
is such a razzmatazz,
how come he don't never do no shooting?
It's the lamps, the lamps.
Holy gee! Annie Oakley.
Gosh, and the Buffalo Bill show
is coming here next Monday.
Hey, mister, do you know Annie Oakley?
Son, I knew her way back when.
Sure, he knew them all.
Annie Oakley, Sarah Bernhardt,
Mrs. Astor's horse, Bessie...
Yeah, you...
Introducing a congress
of the world's roughest riders.
First, a group of Sioux Indians.
Next, Crow Indians, Cherokees,
Cheyenne, Blackfeet and Arapaho.
Cowboys from Montana, from Wyoming,
from Oklahoma Territory,
from Colorado, from Dakota.
Mexicans from old Mexico,
Russian Cossacks
from the steppes of Russia
and the South American gauchos.
And a troop of the United States Cavalry.
And now, introducing Colonel W. F. Cody,

Buffalo Bill.

Well, dog my cats.

Annie, did you see that crowd?

Why, half of New York's out there tonight.

Do you think Toby might be out there?

Do you think he'd come?

Now, don't you worry
about finding him, honey.

Today, your Uncle Jeff took it on himself
to engage the Pinkertons to locate him.

Jeff, you're real.

Ladies and gentlemen, it is my pleasure
personally to introduce that little lady
who has played

before all the crowned heads of Europe,
the greatest shooting star
the world has ever known,
Annie Oakley.

Can I borrow your glasses?

Wild West, are you ready?

Poor Little Sure Shot. She's always so sad.

We present that world-famous,
thrilling spectacle,
the Indian attack on the Deadwood stage,
featuring the one and only
Chief Sitting Bull.

Toby! Toby!

What's the matter? Couldn't you get in?

I saw all I wanted to see.

Well, that's fine.

Then you can help handle the trade,
of which there ain't none.

Introducing an aggregation
of the outstanding horsemen of the world,
brought for your entertainment
from the four corners of the earth.

Military riders,
representative of all nations.

And last, the United States Cavalry.

Annie, I found Toby.

- Chief, where is he?

- Come quick.

I will take you.

Gee, Toby, did you honestly

know Annie Oakley?

Did I know her?

Did he know her?

Six shots for a dime, ten cents.

Step up and try your luck over here.

Here, over here.

But, Toby, we ain't got no dime.

All right.

Here you are.

You kids can have three apiece.

But hurry up before the boss gets back.

Let's see you hit something for a change.

Annie!

Toby!

Gosh, it's her!

Did I know Annie Oakley?

English