CALAMITY JANE

A Musical Western

adapted by

RONALD HANMER and PHIL PARK

from the stage play by

CHARLES K. FREEMAN

after

The WARNER BROS. Film

written by

JAMES O'HANLON

Lyrics by
PAUL FRANCIS WEBSTER

Music by
SAMMY FAIN

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CALAMITY JANE

CHARACTERS

CALAMITY JANE — *Low G (Opt. F) to D Flat (Opt. E. Flat)*

The hard-bitten, gun-totin' heroine, who tries to behave like a man but can't help loving like a woman. In order to hold her own in a man's world, she dresses, speaks, rides and shoots like a man ; groomed and dressed in proper feminine fashion, she is revealed as a beautiful girl—and the transformation is quite startling.

WILD BILL HICKOCK — *B Flat to E Natural*

Aged about 35, and a handsome figure of a man, he is an ex-peace-officer turned professional gambler. Good-natured, with a sense of humour. In love with Calamity Jane, but doesn't know it.

LIEUT. DANNY GILMARTIN — *B Flat to E Flat*

A young officer attached to the nearby fort. He is the man Calamity Jane dreams about, but he falls in love with somebody quite different.

KATIE BROWN — *Low F Sharp to C Sharp*

A stage-struck city-girl who poses as a famous actress, but has good looks and talents of her own.

HENRY MILLER — *Non-singing*

Proprietor of " The Golden Garter ", Deadwood City's saloon-hotel-theatre. Aged about 50, he is nervous and erratic—giving the impression that he is constantly only one jump ahead of a nervous breakdown.

SUSAN — *Non-singing*

Miller's young, friendly and pretty niece.

FRANCIS FRYER — *B Flat to D*

A song-and-dance man more at home in the vaudeville theatres of the Eastern States than in the Wild West.

ADELAIDE ADAMS — *Low F Sharp to B (Opt. D)*

A highly-paid vaudeville star and celebrated " beauty " of the period ; off-stage, a selfish and conceited woman.

RATTLESNAKE — *Non-singing*

A bewhiskered old fossil who drives the stage-coach.

" DOC " PIERCE — *Non-singing*

Deadwood City's doctor-undertaker, with doubtful qualifications but considerable experience. A poker-playing pal of Hickock's.

JOE — *Non-singing*

Bartender of " The Golden Garter ".

HANK and PETE

Two Scouts.

COLONEL of Fort Scully.

COWPUNCHERS, BULLWHACKERS, PROSPECTORS, TRAPPERS, INDIANS' WOMEN OF THE TOWN, CHORUS-GIRLS, OFFICERS, SOLDIERS and their WIVES, STAGE COACH PASSENGERS, Etc.

CALAMITY JANE

SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY

ACT ONE

SCENE 1. "THE GOLDEN GARTER",
Deadwood City, Dakota Territory.

SCENE 2. THE STAR DRESSING-ROOM,
Bijou Theatre, Chicago.

SCENE 3. "THE GOLDEN GARTER" again.

ACT TWO

SCENE 1. CALAMITY JANE'S CABIN.

SCENE 2. A TRAIL,
through a Pass in the Black Hills.

SCENE 3. FORT SCULLY.

SCENE 4. THE TRAIL again.

SCENE 5. "THE GOLDEN GARTER".

TIME : 1876.

CALAMITY JANE

MUSICAL NUMBERS

ACT ONE

No.	
	Overture.
1.	"The Deadwood Stage" (Calamity and Ensemble).
2.	"Careless with the Truth" (Calamity, Bill and Men).
3.	"Adelaide" (Bill and Men).
4.	"Ev'ryone Complains about the Weather" (Fryer).
5.	"Men!" (Calamity).
6.	Can-Can—Dancers.
7.	"Hive Full of Honey" (Fryer).
8.	"I Can Do Without You" (Calamity and Bill).
9.	Opening Scene 2—Orchestra.
10.	"It's Harry I'm Planning to Marry" (Adelaide and Stage-Door-Johnnies).
10a.	Reprise of "It's Harry I'm Planning to Marry" (Katie).
11.	Opening Scene 3—Reprise of "Adelaide" (Men).
12.	"Windy City" (Calamity and Chorus).
13.	"Keep It Under Your Hat" (Katie).
14.	Reprise of "Keep It Under Your Hat" (Katie and Chorus).
15.	Finale Act One: Reprise of "Careless with the Truth" (Ensemble and Chorus).
16.	Entr'acte.

ACT TWO

17.	Opening Act Two: "A Woman's Touch" (Calamity and Katie).
18.	"Higher Than a Hawk" (Bill).
19.	"The Black Hills of Dakota" (Chorus).
19a.	Opening Scene 3: Reprise of "Black Hills of Dakota" (Calamity, Katie, Bill, Danny and Chorus).
20.	"Love You Dearly" (Katie and Danny).
21.	Finaletto (Calamity and Bill).
22.	Opening Scene 4.
23.	"My Secret Love" (Calamity).
24.	Reprise of "Windy City" (Chorus).
25.	Finale.

CALAMITY JANE

OVERTURE, *followed by* MUSIC NO. 1. AT APPROPRIATE CUE, (*11th bar of music*) CURTAIN RISES ON :

ACT ONE

SCENE 1. : " THE GOLDEN GARTER "

" The Golden Garter " is a combined depot, hotel, bar, gambling-hall and theatre ; it is operated by HENRY MILLER, *and when the story opens* (1876) *it is the main rendezvous of the inhabitants of Deadwood City, Dakota Territory.*

JOE, *an aproned bartender, stands on a chair hanging up a banner which depicts a fetching dancing-girl of the period and announces :* " OPENING TONIGHT ! . . . STRAIGHT FROM NEW YORK ! LOVELY SINGING AND DANCING STAR . . . MISS FRANCES FRYER ! . . . BE HERE ! . . . COME EARLY ! "

A weather-beaten PROSPECTOR, *with sieves, pans and other trade-accessories hanging from his person, is standing admiring the painting—and occasionally guzzling from his heavy glass of beer.*

Seated at a table is WILD BILL HICKOCK, *a suave, long-coated, personable two-gun gentleman in his middle thirties—the redoubtable and respected former peace-officer and professional gambler. Opposite him, sits* DOC PIERCE, *the local undertaker-doctor. He is riffling playing cards with the skill of an expert before starting to deal for* BILL *and himself.*

SUSAN, *niece of the proprietor, a friendly and attractive girl, is busily dusting the metal reflectors of the footlights that fringe the raised stage on which* MILLER *presents his " shows ".*

MILLER *enters from the office, and pushes past a number of* COWBOYS *and* GIRLS *grouped about the bar. An erratic, fuss-pot of a man, he is, as usual, only one jump ahead of a nervous breakdown.*

MUSIC

MILLER : Susan ! No news of the stage yet ? It's due right now.

SUSAN : It'll be here Uncle. No need to worry.

MILLER : Who's worried ? Ever see me worried ?

(*A* COWBOY enters, excitedly.)

COWBOY : It's the stage ! The stage is here !

(OTHER MEN *enter from outside, and various* CHARACTERS *emerge from side-rooms.* CHARACTERS *address various ad-libs to* MILLER (" *Y'see, Millie* ! " " *No need to worry* ! " " *Dead on time agin* ! " " *Good old Calam* ! ") *but he brushes them aside and hurries out of doors.* BILL *and* DOC *pack up their card game, and move the table out of the way. As the* CHARACTERS *greet one another nosily and exhange ad-libs, the pulse of the music leads them into* :)

Music

"THE DEADWOOD STAGE"

Chorus: Oh, the Deadwood Stage is a-rollin' on over the plains
With the curtains flappin' and the driver slappin' the reins—
Beautiful sky—a wonderful day—
Whip-crack-away, whip-crack-away, whip-crack-away!
Oh, the Deadwood Stage is a-headin' on over the hills
Where the Injun arrows are a-thicker than porkerpine quills—
Dangerous land—no time to delay—
Whip-crack-away, whip-crack-away, whip-crack-away!

3 Men: They're headin' straight for town
Loaded down with a fancy cargo—

All: Cargo!

3 Men: —Care of Wells and Fargo, Illinois—

All: Boy!
Oh, the Deadwood Stage is a-coming on over the crest,
Like a homin' pigeon that's a-hankerin' after its nest—
Twenty-three miles they've covered today—
So whip-crack-away, whip-crack-away, whip-crack-away.!

(*As* Miller *re-enters, mopping his brow nervously, the music continues under dialogue.*)

Miller: Well, it's here all right. Calamity's done it again.

Doc: What'ja expect?

Miller: That she'd gotten herself into another Indian fight—*and* she did! That girl's never happy unless she's blasting away with a rifle in her hand.

Bill: Quit boilin' over, Millie! Calam's never failed to bring in the stage yet—Injuns or no Injuns!

Miller: Didn't want anything to happen to her this trip—she's got my actress aboard . . . I hope!

(He *goes to the bar to fortify himself with a drink—as the* Chorus *continues the number.*)

3 Men: The wheels go turnin' round, homeward bound—
Can't cha hear 'em hummin'?

All: Hummin'—

3 Men: Happy times a-comin' fer to stay—

All: Hey!
They'll be home tonight by the light of the silvery moon,
And their hearts a-thumpin' like a mandolin plunkin' a tune!
When they get home, they'll be fixin' to stay—
Whip-crack-away, whip-crack-away, whip-crack-away!
Here they be! Here they be! How's about a welcome?
A peaceful sort of welcome for the gang—bang!
Oh, the Deadwood stage is finally home again!

MUSIC

(Lots of friendly SHOUTING *as* CALAMITY JANE *enters. A bronzed and handsome young woman, she is attired in buckskin, and deceptively masculine in appearance.* RATTLESNAKE, *the bewhiskered old stage-coach driver enters behind* CALAMITY, *and is followed by various passengers from the stage-coach.)*

LOCAL CHARACTER : Well, excuse my stammer eff it ain't Calamity Jane !

SECOND LOCAL CHARACTER : Hi-yah, Calam ! Watcher bring us today ?

FIRST CHARACTER : New Rubber boots ?

SECOND CHARACTER : Ten dollar suits ?

WOMAN : Things to crochet ?

CALAMITY Beads that sparkle like a prism ;
Snake-oil fer yer rheumatism ;
Calico and gingham fer the girls ;
Gum-drops made up in Chicagee,
Gum-drops just a trifle soggy,
And a genuwine string of artificial pearls !

Here's a hat from Cincinatti,
Same as Adelina Patti
Wore in every famous concert hall ;
Cast yer eye on Doctor Borah's
Patent-pending hair-restorer,
Guaranteed to grow hair on a billiard ball . . .

Introducin' Henry Miller,
Just as busy as a fizzy sasparilla—
Ain't a showman any smarter—
Operates the Golden Garter,
Where the cream of Deadwood City comes to dine ;
And I'm glad to say he's a very good friend of mine !

Here is Charlie from Nantucket—
I been told he panned for gold but never struck it !
Frontier man and broncho buster—
Injun scout for Gen'ral Custer,
Back in Yellowstone in eighteen-sixty-nine—
But I'm glad to say he's a very good friend of mine !

Hi, Joe ! Say, where d'ja get them fancy clothes ?
I know : off some feller's laundry-line !
Hi, Flo ! Ain't you the prairie rose,
'n smellin' like a watermelon vine . . .

(BILL *moves towards her.*)

Here's a man the sheriff watches—
On his gun there's more'n twenty-seven notches !
On the draw there's no one faster, and you're flirtin'
With disaster when Bill Hickock's reputation you malign . . .
But I'm glad to say he's a very good friend of a friend of mine !

MUSIC

CHORUS } Ah . . .
CALAMITY } Oh, my throat is dry as a desert thistle in May ;
In the Golden Garter gonna wet my whistle today,
Last to the bar's a three-legged crow—
Set 'em up, Joe—set 'em up, Joe—set 'em up Joe !

ALL : Set 'em up, Joe !

MILLER : Drinks on the house ! Drinks on the house !

BILL : Name y'r poison !

(*General movement to the bar.*)

CALAMITY : Make mine sas'perilly !

ALL } Set 'em up, Joe—
CALAMITY } Set 'em up, Joe—
Set 'em up, Joe—
Set 'em up, Joe ! . . .

(*While* JOE *attends to the drinks,* CALAMITY *notices that* SUSAN *has unwrapped a parcel and revealed several yards of rather "loud" calico.*)

CALAMITY : That what you wanted, Susan ?

SUSAN (*draping the cloth in front of her, and regarding it doubtfully*) : Thanks, Calam—looks like it'll make a mighty fine dress.

CALAMITY : I figgered it'd sorta brighten things up around here. Came darn near pluggin' that feller in the store when he called me "buddy". Wanted to know what my wife's name was, 'n if I'd any kids !

SUSAN : There'll be plenty left to make another—you'd be welcome to it.

CALAMITY : Tarnation, Susan, now what would I be doin' with a dress ?

SUSAN : You'd look pretty in it, Calam.

(BILL *has brought a "sasperilly" from the bar, and hands it to* CALAMITY.)

BILL : Reckon a dress is what most women wear.

CALAMITY : Goshamighty, Bill ! Wouldn't know how to act with somethin' like that hangin' from me.

BILL : You should try it sometime. Reckon y'might be surprised.

SUSAN : Let me know if you change your mind . . .

(*Exit* SUSAN *to office, with the cloth.* MILLER *has been moving about looking at the newly-arrived* PASSENGERS. *He's worried that the lady he's expecting is not among them.*)

MILLER : Calam ! Where is she ? Where's my actress ?

CALAMITY : Your what ?

MILLER : My actress ! Hired her from a notice in the Chicago newspaper. Look—I'm advertising her ! (*Points to poster.*) Got a show here tonight—best ever ! Banners up all over town ! I tell you I hired me an actress—she's supposed to *be* here—

CALAMITY : I don't remember any actress . . . (*looks at poster*) Does she look like that ?

BILL : If she does she'll be a sure-fire draw in Deadwood—

DOC (*sudden thought*) : A figure like that could start some shootin'—and me clean out of formalin !

MILLER (*accusingly, to* CALAMITY) : What have you done with my actress ?

CALAMITY : I ain't done nothin' with no actress ! Maybe she's out there, fainted. Whyn't yer take a look ?

MILLER : Seems to me you ought to know if you had an actress aboard. (*Starts to exit. Turns back.*) Fainted . . . fainted . . . now why should she have done that ?

CALAMITY : Maybe she looked at some of Deadwood's choice citizens and jest keeled over.

(*With a wail,* MILLER *hurries out.* JOE *hands over to another bartender, and follows* MILLER *off.*)

COWBOY : Any excitement this trip, Calam ?

CALAMITY : Excitement ! Got more arrows in the back of that coach than a porker-pine's got stickers ! Seemed like the whole Sioux nation was after us ! And without no warnin' ! Down they came outa the hills, a-howlin' like souls in torment. Musta been a hundred of 'em.

(BILL *winces at this exaggeration, but the rest of the* MEN *are smiling as they gather round* CALAMITY. *Behind her back,* RATTLESNAKE *holds up five fingers to the* CROWD, *pantomiming the true number of Indians who attacked the stage-coach.* BILL *chuckles. The* CROWD *laugh good-naturedly, but try to resume straight faces as* CALAMITY, *lowering her glass of " sasperilly ", looks round at them, puzzled.*

CALAMITY : Weren't no laughin' matter . . .

BILL (*mock-serious*) : Sure wasn't, Calam. Hate t'have a war party that big on my tail.

CALAMITY (*reassured*) : Well, now, Bill . . . 'cepting me, y're about the only other galoot in the world coulda brought that coach in. Sun got so hot, hadda sit with m'legs stretched out, holdin' the muzzle 'tween m'feet t'keep it from curlin' up on me ! Killed at least thirty o' them painted varmits afore they got discouraged.

(CALAMITY *pauses to sip her drink. Behind her,* RATTLESNAKE *holds up two fingers indicating the actual score.* CROWD *laughs.* CALAMITY *reacts, in confusion. She turns suddenly to* RATTLESNAKE (*whose eyes are on his appreciative audience*) *and catches him with two fingers in the air. Her eyes blazing,* CALAMITY *thrusts her glass into the hands of the nearest member of the crowd.* RATTLESNAKE, *suddenly " taking " her menacing attitude, starts in alarm. He starts to back away, stumbling towards the door.*)

RATTLESNAKE : Gotta see to the hosses . . .

(CALAMITY *grabs a whip from a* BULLWACKER, *and cracks it at* RATTLESNAKE, *stopping him cold.*)

> (NOTE : *If the actress lacks skill with a whip, she can draw her gun and shoot at* RATTLESNAKE'S *hat. If he snatches it off and pushes his forefinger through a pre-set hole in the hat, the effect of the shot can be established.*)

CALAMITY : How many o' them Injuns d'you reckon I shot, Rattlesnake ?

RATTLESNAKE (*scared*) : Jest like you said—'bout thu'ty, I reckon, Calam !

CALAMITY : That's better . . . An' listen, yuh toothless ol' buffalo chip . . . Nex' time I tell a story, you keep yer hands in yer pockets !

(CROWD *laughs.* CALAMITY *tosses whip back to* BULLWHACKER *or replaces gun in holster.*)

DOC : Thirty's a lot of Injuns, Calam . . . Guess it must be the biggest kill you've had yet.

CALAMITY : Heck, no ! Didn't I tell you 'bout when I was a scout in the army ?

MEN (*Ad-libs*) : No—tell us about it, Calam ! What happened, Calam ? Go on, Calam—tell us !

CALAMITY (*embroidering as she goes along*) : Well, we was two days out of Leavenworth when down came a screamin', yellin' war-party . . . The soljers used up all their ammunition . . . Then the savages rode in for the kill—hurlin' tomahawks and circlin' round like they was plumb crazy . . . I knew what their game was, so I held fire till they got real close . . . Then I blazed away . . . Got most of 'em . . . A few lit out for the hills.

(*The* CROWD *murmurs its admiration.* BILL *raises his eyes to the ceiling in frank disbelief, strolls over to the bar.* CALAMITY, *carried away by her exploit, continues.*)

CALAMITY : Then I had to set about doctorin' up ev'ry one of them soljers. The major was hurt pretty bad, but I saved him. Took four arrows out of his hide. Poisoned ones.

MEN (*Ad-libs*) : Didya really, Calam ? You don't say ! (*Etc.*)

CALAMITY : Sure was a brave man, that major . . . He gave me m'name—Calamity . . . " You're a great one to have around in time of Calamity "—that's what he said . . .

MEN (*Ad-libs*) : He said that ? . . . Tell us some more, Calam . . . What else didya do ? . . . D'ja get a medal from the President for that ?

CALAMITY : I got some sort of medal . . . And they made sure I went along with the troops every time . . . You never knew when them Injuns 'd be lyin' in wait to send an arrow into yuh . . .

(*She pauses as she catches sight of* BILL'S *expression. He is gazing at her quizzically from the bar.*)

What'ya lookin' like that for, Bill ? . . . Don't yuh believe me ?

BILL : Sure . . . Only with you killin' off them redskins so fast, I wonder why the government bothered t'send the army out with you.

CALAMITY : You callin' me a liar again, Bill Hickock ?

AD-LIBS : 'Course she ain't lyin', Bill ! Tell us another, Calam ! Tell us another !

No. 2 . . ." CARELESS WITH THE TRUTH "

(CALAMITY, BILL *and* MEN)

MUSIC

CALAMITY (*spoken over intro*) : All right, fellers . . . If you want me to, I will . . .

(*Singing.*)

Did I tell ya 'bout the time
That I was
Captured by a score or more
Of Cherokee and Chickasaw
A-fixin' for to scalp me
Just fer play ?
Well, I just jumped upon
A buffalo—pulled off his horn
And blew it,
So a regiment from Idaho
Came on to save the day . . .
In honour of me
The President
Put a buffalo
On the nickel
And an Injun on the cent . . .

MEN : Ha, ha, ha, ha,
Ha, ha, ha, ha !

BILL : 'Tell us another one—
Tell us another one !
Oh, my aching tooth,
She's not exactly lyin'
But she's careless with the truth !

BILL } Careless ! Careless !
MEN } Careless with the truth !
She's not exactly lyin'
But she's careless with the truth !

CALAMITY : Did I tell you 'bout the time
Last week : I'm
Herdin' cows at Cripple Creek
When all at once I see
Two hungry-lookin' grizzles on each side of me . . .
Well, I just wasn't in the mood to trifle ;
Grabbin' up my huntin' rifle,
I let go with both the barrels—
Neatest shot you see !
One bullet went north—the other south—
Shot one of 'em through the tail
And shot the other through the mouth !

MEN : Ha, ha, ha, ha,
Ha, ha, ha, ha !

MUSIC

BILL : 'Tell us another one--
'Tell us another one !
Oh, my aching tooth,
She's not exactly lyin'
But she's careless with the truth !

BILL } Careless ! Careless !
MEN } Careless with the truth !
She's not exactly lyin'
But she's careless with the truth !

CALAMITY : Did I tell you 'bout the time last fall :
I'm loggin' trees at Lake St. Paul ;
And there I see an oak so tall
'Twould take a bird a day to reach the top !
Well, I start swingin' with my trusty axe,
And suddenly that oak tree cracks,
And up against another smacks
And down they come kerflop !
Believe it or not, I tell you, pards,
The rest of the forest folded up just like a deck of cards !

MEN : Ha, ha, ha, ha,
ha, ha, ha, ha !

BILL : 'Tell us another one-
'Tell us another one !
Oh, my achin' tooth,
She's not exactly lyin'
But she's careless with the truth !

BILL } Careless ! Careless !
MEN } Careless with the truth !
She's not exactly lyin'
But she's careless with the truth !

(*As the number ends,* JOE *enter, carrying a big box containing packets of cigarettes.*

JOE : Come and get 'em !

(*The* MEN *swing round to him eagerly, with a shout.*)

MEN : Cigareets !

(*They gather excitedly round* JOE, *who proceeds to dole out the packets of cigarettes in exchange for their dollar bills.*)

JOE : Here y'are--new batch--just come in on the stage—dollar a pack—ev'ry one with a pitcher-card !

(*As the* MEN *get their cigarettes, they tear open the packets excitedly.*)

CALAMITY (*in astonishment, to* BILL) : Jest look at 'em—snappin' for them cigareets like a bunch o' dudes ! They must be cigareet-crazy !

BILL : It's the picture-cards--there's one special one they're all hankerin' after--

(*As the* MEN *extract the picture-cards from the packets, they shout with disappointment when they see what they've drawn.*)

MEN : Abe Lincoln !
Danged Robert E. Lee !
Another General Grant !
Nuthin' but Queen Victoria !
That ole show-boat again !
Who needs George Washington ?

(*Etc.*)

(*Some of the* MEN *throw away their picture-cards angrily and go back to* JOE *clamouring to buy another packet. Suddenly a young* COWBOY *shrieks with delight as he pulls out of his packet the sought-after picture-card.*)

COWBOY : Yippee ! I got 'er ! It's her ! *I got 'er* !

(*The other* MEN *crowd round him excitedly, peering at the card.*)

MEN (*Ad-libs*) : Let's see, Buck ! Show us ! Come on, Buck—don't hog it ! Give yuh five dollars for it !

COWBOY : Wouldn't take fifty ! . . . Keepin' 'er right close to my heart !

(*Ecstatically, he kisses the picture-card and puts it in the breast-pocket of his shirt. The others sigh, yearningly.*)

CALAMITY : Goshamighty, Bill . . . What's gotten into 'em ?

BILL : It's Adelaide, Calam . . . (*sighs*) . . . Adelaide . . .

CALAMITY : What's Adelaide ?

BILL : What's Adelaide ? . . . (*To* MEN.) What's Adelaide, men ?

MEN (*gathering round him*) : Ah ! . . .

BILL : A hope . . . a vision . . . Y'see her carved on the prow of an ancient ship . . . in a gambler's cameo . . .

No. 3 . . "ADELAIDE"

(BILL *and* MEN)

MUSIC

BILL (*continuing to speak over intro*) : . . . In the dyin' embers of a camp-fire . . . In this case she just happens to be the loveliest singin' and dancin' star of them all . . . Adelaide Adams !

(*Singing.*)

If you gave a man a wish, ten to one
He would wish for that one perfect girl
Adelaide, Adelaide, Adelaide
Oh, how lovely you are !

MEN : Mm . . . lovely !

BILL } If you gave a man a dream, ten to one
MEN } In his dreams he would hold only you ;
Adelaide, Adelaide, Adelaide
You're his favourite star !

Music

BILL : You've heard of Helen of Troy ;
Of Aphrodite ; Venus, too—

MEN (*spoken ad-libs*) : Yeh—we heard o' them gals ! Some dolls ! They sure were classy dames !

BILL : —Beautiful dolls—but, oh boy,
They ain't just you . . .

MEN } Mm . . .
BILL } If you ever come to town, bustin' out
In that gown made of silk and brocade,
They would have to hire a hall
Just to hide the guys who'd fall
For Adelaide !

BILL } Adelaide ! Adelaide !
MEN } With the bustle that you wear, I declare
It's no wonder we're under your thumb !
Adelaide, Adelaide, Adelaide,
What a beauty you are !

With the way you fill your clothes, and your hose,
And that come-hither look in your eye,
It's of you that we think
With each whisky we drink at the bar !

BILL. The Queen of Sheba, and Cleopatra,
Just to name a few . . .
They wouldn't rate a second look
Compared to you . . .

BILL } If a man has any blood in his veins,
MEN } Then I reckon he's prayed, yes, he's prayed
That eventually he gets
In a pack of cigarettes,
His Adelaide !

(*As* BILL *has been singing the last few lines, he has taken out of his pocket a cigarette-card which he now hands to* CALAMITY. *The* CROWD *gradually disperses.*)

BILL : Beautiful, ain't she ?

CALAMITY (*hostile*) : Ain't got nuthin' on but her underwear !

BILL : Tights, Calam ! . . . She's a great actress, they tell me . . . Charmin' . . . Lovely figure . . . Ev'rything a woman ought to be . . .

CALAMITY : Looks like a fat, frilled-up side o' undressed beef t' me. (*Resentfully hands back the card.*) An' I could look the same ! . . . 'Cept I got certain ideas about modesty.

BILL : Ain't a man in town wouldn't ride a hundred miles for just one glimpse of Miss Adams !

CALAMITY : You, mebbe . . . and some o' the scum around here . . . A gentleman wouldn't look twice at such a picture !

BILL : A gentleman ? . . . Like—er—like Danny Gilmartin, f'instance ?

CALAMITY : None o' yer business.

BILL : Aw, c'mon, don't be bashful, Calam ! . . . I know you're kinda sweet on the lootenant ! . . . Now ain't you, Calam ?

CALAMITY : Ain't saying till he does . . . (*Suddenly concerned.*) Where *is* Danny ? Kinda thought he might be here to meet the stage . . .

BILL : On duty at the fort, I guess . . . Last time I saw him was a week ago . . . (*Gives her a mischievous look.*) He came in to buy a pack of cigareets . . . !

(CALAMITY *does a resentful " take ".* FRANCIS FRYER *enters. He is a timid, flashily-dressed actor-type from way-back-East, and visibly feeling miserable here-out-West. He carries a piece of luggage marked* FRANCIS FRYER. *He is being stalked by a " tame "* INDIAN, *who ominously watches his every move.* BILL *and* CALAMITY *eye him with amused speculation, as he moves, casting worried glances at the* INDIAN, *towards the hotel-desk. He taps on the desk-bell, and jumps nervously as it pings. He picks up a notice-card from the desk. His eyebrows shoot up as he glances at it. He looks appealingly at* BILL.)

FRYER : Is—Is this on the level ?

BILL *strolls over to him.*)

BILL : Means just what it says, sonny. (*Takes card and reads it.*) " Guests must leave their hair in the safe. The management cannot be responsible for lost scalps."

(BILL *hands him back the card and moves away. The* INDIAN *moves closer to* FRYER, *fascinated by his get-up. When they are almost nose-to-nose, the* INDIAN *slowly pulls a knife from his belt.* FRYER *gives a yelp, and lifts his arms protectingly up to his head.*)

FRYER : No ! Don't ! Don't ! PLEASE !

(*The* INDIAN *takes a plug of tobacco from his pocket, hacks off a chunk with his knife, puts the " chew " in his mouth, and impassively moves over to the bar.* FRYER *re-acts.* SUSAN *comes in from the office.*)

SUSAN : Can I help you ?

FRYER : I'm looking for Mister Miller, the proprietor—

SUSAN (*noticing Fryer's luggage*) : Is your name Fryer ?

FRYER : That's right—

CALAMITY (*approaching*) : Say—you an actress ?

FRYER : An actress ? Why, no . . . no, I'm not . . . I'm . . .

(MILLER *bursts in. He is hot and angry.*)

MILLER : Now look here, Calam ! I've been all over town, and nobody's seen my actress. Now where is she ? What've you done with her ?

CALAMITY Me ?

SUSAN : Uncle ! This gentleman here is—

MILLER : Not now, Susan—I've got a show tonight—

FRYER : Are you Mister Miller ?

MILLER : Later, young man. I'm expecting an actress—

FRYER : You're expecting *me* . . .

SUSAN : He's right, Uncle.

MILLER (*not unkindly*) : Keep out of this, Susan . . . (*To* FRYER.) If you'll excuse me—

FRYER : You're looking for me. I'm him.

MILLER : I don't care who you are. I'm not expecting anybody, except somebody who (*giving* FRYER *a quick look-over*) certainly isn't you ! (*Turns away*). So please don't bother me. (*Thinks, and turns back.*) Look—you came by the stage. Wasn't she a passenger ?

FRYER : Who ?

MILLER : Who ? Who ? The lady we're talking about ! Frances Fryer !

SUSAN : But's that's who it is, Uncle !

CALAMITY : Whyn't yuh listen, Millie ?

FRYER : He won't pay attention.

MILLER (*blankly*) : You're her ?

FRYER : No, I'm not *her*. I'm—(*Shows* MILLER *the name on his luggage.*) Look ! . . . Francis Fryer !

MILLER : You see ! She must be here ! (*Grabs the luggage and starts off with it.*) And I'm gonna search this town—

FRYER : Hey—*wait* ! It's not a " her "—(MILLER *halts.*) The name's " Fran*cis* "—with an " i " . . .

MILLER : The Frances I want's got *two* eyes—I hope—and I've gotta find her—

BILL : Haven't you got it yet, Millie ? . . . *He's* your actress—

CALAMITY : *Lovely* Francis Fryer . . .

MILLER (*aghast, to* FRYER) : You're Francis—? (*accusingly to the others.*) *He's* no lady !

FRYER : That's what I keep telling you—

SUSAN : There's been some mistake—

CALAMITY : He's no dame, but he *is* lovely . . . Smile, Francis ! Show 'em your dimples !

MILLER (*To* FRYER, *angrily*) : You deceived me ! You're fired ! (*Rescinds hastily.*) No ! You're not fired ! I've got a show tonight, haven't I ? I've got to have somebody ! Go to your room. What room ? Susan, do we have a room ?

SUSAN : I'll see, Uncle . . . (*Goes over to hotel-register to consult it.*)

FRYER : Mister Miller . . . I'm sorry about the mistake . . . Maybe I'm not what you wanted, but I *am* a good song-and-dance man, and if you've got a show tonight I'd like to help out—if you'll give me the chance.

BILL : You can at least give him a chance, Millie.

CALAMITY : Let him show you what he can do !

FRYER : Yes—let me show you—

MILLER : What's the use ? I'm ruined anyway—I advertised an actress—

FRYER : But you can at lest let me *show* you ! . . .

No. 4 . . "EV'RYONE COMPLAINS ABOUT THE WEATHER" MUSIC

(FRYER)

(*Sings.*)

Oh, ev'ryone complains about the weather,
But nobody ever does anything about it !
Why don't they simply tell the fellas who complain :
" How could you sell umbrellas if there wasn't any rain ? "
My friends, it all depends on Mother Nature ;
The laws of compensation still apply ;
The weather may be frightful
To 'most ev'ryone ; but, shucks,
It couldn't be more delightful
From the point of view of ducks !
So, if you still complain about the weather,
Then why the devil don't you do something about it ?

(*Dance—optional.*)

Oh, ev'ryone complains about the weather,
But nobody ever does anything about it !
Why don't they realise a very simple thing :
You've gotta have a winter if you wanna have a spring !
My friends, it all depends on Mother Nature ;
The laws of compensation still apply ;
Quit beefin' 'bout the showers
On a cloudy April day
And think of the fields of flowers
You'll be trippin' through in May !
So, if you still complain about the weather,
They why the devil don't you do something,
Then why the devil don't you do something,
Then why the devil don't you do something about it ?

(*As he finishes the number,* FRYER *strikes a pose and looks appealingly at* MILLER. CALAMITY *and* BILL *applaud.* SUSAN *who transferred her attention from the hotel-register to* FRYER *the moment he started to perform, is now very much on his side.*)

FRYER (*to* MILLER) : Well, what do you say ?

SUSAN (*eagerly*) : There's one room left, Uncle . . .

MILLER (*against his better judgment*) : Go up there and hide. Don't show your face. I'll have to think of something—

SUSAN (*pleased*) : This way, Francis Fryer . . .
— (*She leads* FRYER *off.*)

MILLER : With an " i " . . . ! I tell you I'm ruined ! (*Crosses towards office.*) When that crowd sees *him* tonight, instead of *her*—(*points to poster*)—they'll lynch me !

CALAMITY : You'll hafta do some tall explainin' sure 'nough. But he sure is good. (MILLER *groans and exits into office.*) Come on, Bill—yer kin buy me another sasperilly.

(*As* CALAMITY *and* BILL *start to move over to the bar (where* JOE *has remained in attendance wiping glasses) some of the* MEN *enter, helping on* TWO SCOUTS—HANK *and* PETE. *They are in poor shape—scarred and exhausted ; their buckskins are begrimed and torn.*)

CALAMITY (*in consternation*) : Hank ! . . . Pete ! . . .

(*She rushes over to them as more* TOWNSPEOPLE *enter.*)

CROWD (*Ad-libs*) : What happened to you ? Are you hurt bad ? Get chairs for 'em ! Take it easy now ! (*Etc.*)

(*Chairs are brought forward, and* HANK *and* PETE *flop into them.*)

CALAMITY : Who got yuh, fellas ?

HANK : Injuns . . . War party . . .

PETE : There were five of us . . . Two surveyors and a lootenant from the Fort . . . They jumped us at Eagle Pass . . .

CALAMITY : Lootenant ? What Lootenant ?

HANK : Name o' Gilmartin—

CALAMITY (*aghast*) : Gilmartin ? They got Danny Gilmartin ?

PETE : Darn near got him. His hoss went down—

CALAMITY : Where is he now ? (*In a sudden rage.*) Didja leave him ? To be tortured by them savages, mebby ? Why, y' slab-sided, yellow-bellied sons o' cowardly coyotes—! (*almost in tears.*) Y' left Danny like I wouldn't leave a hurt dog ?

HANK : Simmer down, Calam ! We didn't leave him. We got him on the wagon outside—

PETE : Aimin' to ride him to the Fort—

(CALAMITY *is already on her way to the door.*)

BILL : Calam—where y' goin' ?

CALAMITY : To bring him in ! D'ya think I'm gonna let him die out there ? . . . How 'bout somebody givin' me a hand ?

(*As she turns and hurries out, a* COWBOY *makes to follow her.*)

BILL (*to* COWBOY) : Better get Doc Pierce.

(BILL *and* COWBOY *go out after* CALAMITY. JOE *has brought down a bottle of whisky, from which the* SCOUTS *now take swigs.*)

PETE : He's wounded bad, that lootenant--

HANK : Them Injuns musta chased us for ten miles—

PETE : Showerin' us with arrows--

HANK : The surveyors got 'em thick and fast. Musta died where they fell.

JOE : Calam's mighty fond of Danny Gilmartin. She'd never 've got over it if you'd left him out there on the trail . . .

(CALAMITY *and* BILL *re-enter, between them supporting* LIEUT. DANNY GILMARTIN. *He is weak, dishevelled and bemudded ; his uniform is torn and dusty, and there is a blood-stain on the shoulder where he has been wounded. Some of the* MEN *move to help to get to a chair.* SUSAN *has re-entered and runs to join the group around* DANNY.)

CALAMITY : Easy, Danny, Easy . . . I'll fix y'up . . . You'll be okay . . . (*to* OTHERS.) . . . Stand off ! Let him be ! I can do this m' self, without no help from no one !

(*She loosens* DANNY'S *jacket and opens his shirt.*)

BILL : You'll need some bandages, Calam . . . Got a petticoat ?

CALAMITY : None o' yer business.

(*In spite of her sharp answer,* CALAMITY *is nonplussed.* SUSAN *quickly supplies a piece of her own petticoat, and* CALAMITY *grudgingly accepts it. Then she grabs the whisky-bottle from one of the* SCOUTS, *up-ends it to get some of the spirit on the cloth, and proceeds to dab* DANNY'S *wounded shoulder. He winces.*)

CALAMITY : Best durn use for whisky I can think of . . . There . . . Y're goin' to be all right once I get the wound cleaned . . . (*She works fast and efficiently, and the Crowd watches admiringly*) . . . Feelin' better already, ain't yuh ?

DANNY : Thanks, Calam . . . Now let me get on to the Fort. I've got to report to the Colonel.

CALAMITY : You ain't goin' to budge till I get you fixed up . . . Goshamighty, I'd like to get my hands on them savages . . .

DANNY : Sure feels better now, Calam—

CALAMITY (*applying bandage*) : Ain't the first time I've fixed something like this. I remember once't when I—(*she breaks off as she catches* BILL'S *eye.*)

BILL : Well, go on, Calam. Tell us.

CALAMITY : Aw, forgit it. (*To* DANNY.) Lucky it warn't a poison-arrow. Them kind'll keep yuh danglin' between heaven and hell. (*She finishes with the bandage.*) There . . . Y're goin' to be good as new.

JOE (*handing a packet of cigarettes to* DANNY) : Here's some smokes, Danny.

DANNY : Thanks, Joe.

(DOC PIERCE *enters, and hurries to* DANNY.)

CALAMITY : Now who sent for ole sawbones ? . . . Somehow I don't think we'll be needin' yuh, Doc.

DOC : Better just take a look . . . (*Examines* DANNY'S *shoulder*) . . . Very good job . . . You can take over for me anytime, Calam . . . (*To* DANNY.) Get 'em to keep an eye on it when you get back to the Fort.

BILL : She's a regular Florence Nightingale, ain't she, Doc ?

CALAMITY : Now who'd that be ? You makin' fun o' me agin, Bill Hickock ?

JOE : He paid y'a compliment, Calam. She was a great nurse.

BILL : And she wore petticoats.

(DANNY *has found a picture-card of* ADELAIDE ADAMS *in his packet of cigarettes.*)

DANNY : I got her ! Adelaide Adams ! I got her picture—look !

(*He holds out picture-card for inspection—but* CALAMITY *snatches it from him, tears it up, and flings the pieces over her shoulder, disdainfully.*)

CALAMITY : I ain't savin' you for no actress in long drawers.

(*General laughter.*)

(*The* CROWD *breaks up—some to the bar, some out to the street.* HANK *and* PETE *get to their feet.*)

HANK : We gotta get back to the Fort now, lootenant.

PETE : They'll be wanting to know what's happened.

DANNY : Sure thing—let's go.

CALAMITY : You don't think I'm trustin' yuh with them chicken-hearted scouts, do yuh ?

DANNY : Shame on you, Calam—they brought me in, didn't they ?

CALAMITH (*grudgingly*) : Yeh—I guess so . . . All the same I'd be worried to death. What if you run into another war-party ?

DANNY (*smiling*) : The Fort's not far away.

PETE : We got a wagon outside. He'll be mighty comfortable.

CALAMITY (*stubbornly*) : I'm takin' him there myself ! (*To* DANNY.) Here—put your good arm round me, Danny. Help him up, someone.

DANNY (*painfully pulling himself up*) : I tell you I'm all right, now. Thanks anyway, Calam.

CALAMITY (*placing his good arm round her*) : I don't want any argyment, I'm comin' with yuh. (*Keeping his arm tighly round her.*) Now ain't that kinda cozy-like . . . ?

DANNY (*pulling away*) : I'm making this on my own, Calam. Get the wagon ready, Pete.

(PETE *makes for door, but turns and waits.*)

CALAMITY : What if that wound starts beleedin' agin, you stubborn mule ? Who's goin' to take care of it ?

(*She makes to get* DANNY'S *arm round her again, but, at a quick sign from* DANNY, HANK *and* PETE *lift her bodily, carry her over to the bar, and sits her up on the counter. While this is being done, she protests vehemently.*)

CALAMITY : Why, yuh scummy no-good pole-cats ! . . . I'll skin the hide offen both o' yuh . . . !

DANNY (*firmly*) : Jumping Jupiter, Calam ! Stop it, will you ? You're acting like a touchy old woman ! I tell you I'm feeling fine now . . . (PETE *starts for the door again.* HANK *goes to* DANNY, *and supports him.* CALAMITY, *sitting on the bar, looks sullen.* DANNY'S *reproachful expression softens.*) You've done a great job, and I'm grateful . . . (*gives here a big grin.*) Next time I'm in, I'll buy you a sasp'rilly.

(PETE *goes out, and* DANNY *follows, helped by* HANK. *The remainder of the* CROWD *disperses. Only* BILL, *who has been watching the scene with interest, remains with* CALAMITY. *She jumps down from the bar.*)

BILL (*meditating mischievously*) : " Like a touchy old woman " the man said . . . H'm . . . Maybe he's got something there . . .

CALAMITY : Why, you . . . you . . . !

BILL : Whyn't you ever fix yer hair ?

(*She reaches for something to throw at him, but thinks better of it.* BILL *laughs.*)

CALAMITY : Men ! . . .

No. 5 . . . " MEN ! "

(CALAMITY)

MUSIC

CALAMITY : Men ! Men ! Horrible men !
I've said it before, and I'll say it again :
What I think of men you can't print in a book—
Lucky the girl who has never been took !

Men ! Men ! Give 'em a chance,
They'll string you along with a song and a dance ;
They'll slip you the wink with the pink lemonade
But leave you as soon as the moon starts to fade !

Oh, I do not choose to tarry,
In a bonnet of burberry blue ;
And I don't propose to marry—
You can call off the minister ;
I'll be a spinister !

Men ! Men ! Mischievous men !
Be on your guard when you stoll in the glen !
They'll ply you with trinkets and promise you pearls—
Regarding their promises,
Do just as Momma says :
Be Doubting Thomases, girls !

Men ! Men ! Horrible word !
Show me the dove, and I'll give you the bird !
Just let a tenderfoot mention " l'amour "—
Quick, like a flash, (*twirls gun*) I will give him the cure !

MUSIC

Males ! Males ! Rip-roarin' males !
Frisky from whisky, and fillin' up jails !
A five-dollar wager will get you a ten—
No Deadwood coyote will hog-tie this hen !

Men are made to breed confusion ;
Love is wois'n a poisonous bite ;
So I've come to this conclusion :
I don't want any part of 'em—
Oh, the black heart of 'em !

Down ! Down ! Down with 'em all !
The cow-punchin' type, or the tenderfoot tall ;
Mule-headed men who are mentally ten ;
Pluggable, pinchable,
Huggable, clinchable,
Lovable, lynchable men !

Men have got a sort of nose fer
Any chicken who's kickin' around ;
And I reckon, ma'am, that goes fer
Ev'ry masculine resident,
Up to the President !

Hi-ho ! Song and a Dance ;
Trouble comes double in buckskin and pants !
When Adam begat, all the troubles began—
So now that we've finally hollered our heads off
And dished all the dirt that we can,
For Pete's sake—

(*Orchestral effect.*)

Send us a *man* ! ! !

(*During the latter part of the foregoing number, the stage has gradually filled with people—beginning with a few* COWBOYS *who enter on the line "Males ! Males ! Rip-roarin' males !"* CALAMITY *addresses the line that follow to them, and to* OTHERS *who enter soon after. On the line "Down ! Down ! Down with 'em all !" some* GIRLS *enter, followed by the* STAGE-COACH PASSENGERS, *then all remaining available* MEMBERS OF THE CHORUS, RATTLESNAKE, DOC PIERCE *and* SUSAN. CALAMITY *works the end of the number to the* CROWD, *addressing the words "and I reckon, ma'am" to a* LADY STAGE-COACH PASSENGER. *The* PEOPLE, *in gay mood, are highly amused by* CALAMITY'S *song, and re-act with smiles and laughter. At the end, they applaud good-humouredly.* BILL *takes* CALAMITY *to the bar for a drink. The* ORCHESTRA *plays a* CHORD (*the* CHORD *which opens Music No. 7 can be used*), *and* MILLER *appears on the stage, looking nervous and harassed.*)

(NOTE : *If practical, the "stage" should have an "oleo", or painted canvas drop-cloth which winds up on a roller from the bottom. Alternatively, but less authentically, some form of draw-tabs can be used. The "stage" sequence can, however, be presented perfectly well without any "curtain" at all. If a "curtain" is used, either* MILLER *speaks in front of it, and it rises for the appearance of the* CAN-CAN GIRLS, *or it can be raised now to reveal* MILLER *on the stage.*)

(MILLER *raises his arms to quieten the* CROWD *as he makes his announcement.*)

MILLER : Gentlemen ! . . . Gentlemen ! . . . Oh, and of course you ladies, too . . . (*The* CROWD *cheers and applauds.*) Quiet, now ! . . . Your attention, everybody, if you please ! . . . Presenting The Golden Garter Show !

(*More cheers and applause as the* ORCHESTRA *strikes up.*)

(NOTE : *If desired, the " Can-Can " may be omitted completely, in which case* MILLER, *instead of announcing " The Golden Garter Show ", as above, cuts straight to the build-up to " Miss Frances Fryer " which comes after the " Can-Can ".*)

No. 6 . . . THE CAN-CAN

(DANCERS)

MUSIC

(MILLER *exits rapidly as the* CAN-CAN DANCERS *enter and start their Routine. They appear on the " stage " singly, or in couples, or in threes ; but they can come down to a space cleared for them by the " audience " on real stage-level for the main part of the Dance, the end of which should be arranged so that they make their Exits via the " stage ". Presentation of this number must depend on and vary according to the size of the " stage " and the number of* DANCERS. *The performance of the " CAN-CAN " gets a big re-action from the* MEN *throughout, and as the* GIRLS *make their Exits there is cheering and whistling.*)

(MILLER *re-appears on the " stage ".*)

MILLER : And now . . . Quiet, please ! . . . *And now* . . . in keeping with the policy of The Golden Garter, which always strives to bring to Deadwood the best in entertainment, it is my great pleasure to present to you that lovely star—the toast of New York—*Miss Frances Fryer* !

No. 7 . . . " HIVE FULL OF HONEY "

(FRYER)

(CHORD—*and the* CROWD *cheers and applauds wildly. As the orchestra starts the* VAMP, FRYER, *dressed racily as a woman and wearing a braided wig, is propelled suddenly on to the stage by an offstage shove. He stars with frightened eyes at the audience, which quietens immediately—out of sheer shock. He starts the number somewhat unconvincingly, but gains confidence as he proceeds.*)

(*In a woman's voice*).

FRYER : I've got two wonderful arms,
I've got two wonderful lips,
I'm over twenty-one, and I'm free ;
Oh, I've got a hive full of honey
For the right kind of honey-bee !

I'm not the glamorous type,
But I'm the amorous type ;
You'll love the way I fit on your knee ;
Yes, I've got a hive full of honey
For the right kind of honey-bee !

MUSIC

(*At this point in the refrain, the* AUDIENCE, *having recovered from its initial shock, begins to murmur incredulously and resentfully.* CALAMITY *and* BILL *exchange meaningful looks.* MILLER *has joined* SUSAN, *and they are watched apprehensively as* FRYER *comes down from the "stage" and moves in "night-club-queen" fashion among the* MEN—"*teasing*" *them.*)

My daddy owns a railroad,
And my ma is a millionaire,
And, beside, I'm an only child—
Do you think you could learn to care ?

If I'm the one you adore,
Come on and get me before
Somebody shakes it down from the tree—
Oh, I've got a hive full of honey
For the right kind of honey-bee !

(*Warming to his work, and realising that as a female-impersonator he's pretty good,* FRYER *starts the second refrain with increased élan.*)

I've got two wonderful arms,
I've got two wonderful lips,
I'm over twenty-one and I'm free ;
Oh, I've got a hive full of honey
For the right kind of honey bee . . .

(*Continuing his "flirtations" with the customers,* FRYER *has made a pass at a* TOUGH PROSPECTOR *who has responded rather too amourously.* FRYER *now gives him a push which send him sprawling, but in doing so his wig becomes dislodged. Before he can sing any more, the* CROWD *starts yelling and booing—and* FRYER, *in a panic, retreats hastily to the "stage", where he is joined by* MILLER, *who attempts to quieten the howling audience.*)

MILLER : Please ! Everybody ! I can explain ! Quiet ! Quiet ! Please ! Now listen ! Listen !—

(*As the uproar momentarily subsides.*)

MILLER (*continues*) : He's a great actor . . . He's—

(*His voice is drowned by renewed shouting and booing, as the* MEN *in the* AUDIENCE *advance threateningly towards the "stage".*)

MEN (*Ad-libs*) : You're a fake, Miller ! Tricked us, that's what ! Palmin' us off with that critter ! Just a yappin' prairie dog ! Y'oughta be run outa town ! (*Etc.*)

(CALAMITY *fires her gun in the air and climbs on to a table.*)

CALAMITY (*yelling over the uproar*) : Quiet ! Quiet ! Listen to me, you mangy groundhogs ! (*She fires her gun into the air again, and silences the* CROWD.) That ain't no way to treat Millie ! Y'wouldn't have no theeayter nohow if it wasn't fer him ! Cain't a feller make a mistake in this town ?

MAN : We ain't suckers ! He promised us a New York actress—and look what we got ! (*Points to* FRYER, *who is standing frightened and despondent at the corner of the "stage".*)

CALAMITY : Yuh got what *he* got ! (CROWD *protests.*) He knows how disappointed y'are ! Give him a chance and he'll make it up t'yuh . . . Won't you, Millie ?

MILLER : Sure ! Anything !

MEN (*angry ad-libs*) : How'll he do that ? Fooled us once—he'll do it agin ! He's a fake ! (*Etc.*)

CALAMITY : He will, I tell ya ! He'll git yuh an actress prettier'n the one y'expected ! He's writ fer her already !

MEN (*Ad-libs*) : What actress ? Who's he gonna git ? Who is she ? (*Etc.*)

(*Trapped,* CALAMITY *has to stall—looking at* MILLER *who is surreptitiously but frantically trying to signal to her to desist.*)

CALAMITY : Waal . . . A big one . . . A plumb big one . . . the biggest there is . . .

MEN (*in chorus*) : *Who ?*

CALAMITY : Well . . . why . . . er . . .

MAN : Adams ? D'ya mean Adelaide Adams ?

(*As the* CROWD *responds to this suggestion with prompt and noisy enthusiasm* :)

CALAMITY (*carried away*) : Yeah ! That's who ! Adelaide Adams ! That's who he's sent fer !

(*As a delighted yell goes up.*)

MAN : Okay—we'll give y'a chance, Millie ! A chance to get Adelaide Adams ! . . . *But you'd better git her* !

(*Another excited shout goes up as the* CROWD *breaks up and disperses, talking and arguing noisily among themselves as they go.* BILL *helps* CALAMITY *down from the table, as* MILLER, *wild-eyed, bears down on them.*)

MILLER (*anguished*) : So I've got to get Adelaide Adams . . . You just signed my death warrant.

CALAMITY : Look, Millie—

MILLER : I think I'll take a long walk off a short precipice. (*Exit to office.*)

CALAMITY (*calling after him*) : Millie . . . !

BILL (*gently*) : Calam . . .

CALAMITY (*anxiously*) : Now don't *you* start, Bill ! I had to—

BILL : I know. You meant well . . . Better talk to him . . .

(*He bustles* CALAMITY *off after* MILLER, *leaving* FRYER *and* SUSAN.)

SUSAN : You mustn't blame yourself . . . It was Uncle's idea.

FRYER : I felt sure those men were going to lynch me ! I could see myself hanging out there—all alone—maybe scalped, too ! (*He shudders.*)

SUSAN : Anything might have happened—if it hadn't been for Calamity . . . The way those men *yelled* . . .

FRYER : Wait till they find out there'll be no Adelaide Adams ! She's in Chicago—a big star ! She wouldn't be seen dead in a town like this ! What on earth was Calamity thinking of—promising she'd come to Deadwood ?

SUSAN : She was trying to help Uncle . . .

FRYER : Help him ? . . . I don't know what I'm doing here anyway. I certainly don't want to be around when they find out there'll be no Adelaide Adams . . . Suppose those men come after me tonight—when I'm asleep ? *If* I *get* any sleep ? . . . I wouldn't even know where to find the Marshall.

SUSAN : We don't have a Marshall.

FRYER (*weakly*) : No Marshall . . . ?

SUSAN : He was shot last week.

FRYER : Huh . . . ?

SUSAN : They offered the job to Wild Bill Hickock, but he turned it down. I wish he'd take it. He's the one man they respect out here . . . (*sudden inspiration.*) Can you shoot ?

FRYER (" *take* ") : Me ? . . . I don't know one end of a gun from the other !

SUSAN : Too bad . . . It helps to know how to use a gun in this wild country. Take Wild Bill. He can shoot to kill two ways at one time—over either shoulder . . . If only Uncle had explained the mistake !—I mean about you being " Francis " with an " i "—

FRYER : I never did like the name anyway. My mother was hoping for a girl, and had " Frances " all picked out. It was a big blow to her when I arrived—but there was no changing her mind about the name.

SUSAN : I like it. At least it's different. For a man, I mean.

FRYER : I guess there's nothing to do now but leave town . . . D'you think they'd let me ? . . . I mean, alive ?

SUSAN : If I were you I'd stay right here and show them how good you really are. You're not a quitter . . . are you ?

FRYER : I don't know . . . I'd like to live . . .

(MILLER *comes out of the office—still in a flap.* CALAMITY *and* BILL, *still in the process of trying to calm him, follow him on-stage.*)

MILLER : Why does everything have to happen to *me* ? . . . (*Sees* FRYER *and winces.*) Would you mind getting out of my sight ?

FRYER : N—n—not at all ! G—g—glad to—(*exit*).

SUSAN (*chidingly*) It wasn't Mister Fryer's fault, Uncle ! He just didn't have a chance in that get-up. He'd have won them over if you'd let him do his own act ! I think you owe him an apology ! He's a very good performer ! (*Exit.*)

MILLER (*looking round, wildly*) : Do you think they'll break the place up *before* they lynch me, or *after* ? . . . Adelaide Adams ! . . . If you'd promised them any *other* actress—

CALAMITY : I don't know any other actresses.

BILL : Now you know why they call her " Calamity ".

CALAMITY (*turning on* BILL) : Listen, y' two-bit gambler ! I didn't see you breakin' no legs to come up with a suggestion when the chips were down ! This Adelaide was what the men called fer, wasn't she ?

MILLER : What do I *do* ?

CALAMITY : Y' got a theeayter, ain't yuh ? What's t' stop yuh from gittin' this Adelaide anyhow ? This joint's the biggest gold-mine in Deadwood ! Why don't yuh send fer 'er ?

MILLER : Sure ! Why don't I send for the Queen of Sheba ?

CALAMITY : Can we get her ? (*As* BILL *reacts.*) No good . . . They want Adelaide.

BILL (*smiling sweetly*) : Millie . . . Nuthin's impossible for Calamity. Didn't she save the stage from a hundred savage Injuns ? And didn't she save a squad of Government Troops from a war-party, like she said ?

CALAMITY (*doubtfully*) : Yuh believe me, don't yuh, Bill ?

BILL : Why, sure ! . . . And if you gave the boys your word Adelaide Adams would be here . . . well . . . (*turning to* MILLER.) Millie, Calam's word is her bond.

(*Taken in,* CALAMITY *mistakes* BILL'S *sarcasm for a compliment and glows.*)

CALAMITY : You . . . really got that much faith in me, Bill ?

BILL : Who knows you better'n me, Calam ?

CALAMITY : Y' mean y' truly believe I could to t' Chicagy an' bring Adelaide Adams back here ?

BILL : If you can't nobody else could. Besides, y' gave your word.

MILLER : Are you two crazy ? Talking about bringing Adelaide Adams back here ? You both out of your heads ?

CALAMITY : Bill says I can . . an' I gave my word . . . didn't I, Bill ?

BILL (*change of tone*) : Sure . . . and I can trust that 'bout as much as I do a blind rattlesnake with a brand-new button on his tail. (*Moves away.*)

CALAMITY (*furious at being taken in*) : Why, you no-good, mangy, four-flushin'—! (*Yells at him.*) I'll show yer, Bill Hickock ! I'll get that dame—I'll bring her here if I hafta drag 'er all the way with m' teeth ! (BILL *laughs.*) (*To* MILLER.) Go find Rattlesnake. Tell him to git the stage ready ! We're headin' for Chicagy !

MILLER : Now look . . . Well, I mean . . . See here, Calam . . .

CALAMITY : Don't just stand there ! . . . Do as I say !

(MILLER *looks helplessly at* BILL, *who is smiling knowingly.*)

MILLER : I don't know what I'm doing—but I'm doing it—

(MILLER *exits at a run.*)

BILL : While y're in Chicago, Calam, notice the women. How they act, and what they wear. Git y'self some female clothes and fixin's. Dresses, ribbons, combs, mebbe some perfume—

CALAMITY : If yuh don't like the way I smell—

BILL : This ain't personal. It's only . . . waal . . . If y'ever crawled out of that deer-hide and dolled up a little, I got a hunch y'd be a passable pretty gal . . .

CALAMITY : Save yer hunches fer females who get their pitchers took in long underwear—like Adelaide Adams ! I ain't one of 'em ! Ain't nuthun' you say means anythin' ter me !

No. 8 . . . "I CAN DO WITHOUT YOU"

(CALAMITY *and* BILL)

MUSIC

CALAMITY : In the summer, you're the winter—
In the finger, you're the splinter !
In the banquet you're the stew—say !—
I can do without you !

BILL : In the garden, you're the nettle—
And the mildew on the petal !
Like an overturned canoe—well !—
I can do without you !

CALAMITY : You can go to Philadelphia—
Take a hack to Hackensack—hey !
I'll never ring a bell fer ya,
Or yell fer ya
To come back !

In the question, you're the why—

BILL : —In the ointment you're the fly !

CALAMITY : Though I know some things are
Indispensable, like a buck or two,
If there's anything I can do without,
I can do without you !

BILL : In the barrel, you're the pickle—
In the gold mine you're the nickel !
You're the tack inside my shoe—yup !—
I can do without you !

CALAMITY : In my bosom, you're the dagger—
You're a mangy carpet-bagger !
In the theatre you're the boo !
I can do without you !

BILL : You have charms—they're not bewitchin' me—
You've a face no one would paint—

CALAMITY : I've got the darndest itch in me
To be wherever you ain't !

BILL : I'm the bullfrog—you're the croak—

CALAMITY : —In the forest, poison oak—

MUSIC

BILL : Though I know some things are necessary,
My half-pint buckaroo,
If there's one thing I can do without,
I can do without you !

(MUSIC *continues under dialogue ;* RATTLESNAKE *enters.*)

RATTLESNAKE (*as he enters*) : Stage is all ready, Calam !

CALAMITY : Then let's get the old schooner rollin' . . .

(*As she makes to go,* MILLER *enters after* RATTLESNAKE.)

MILLER : Salary's no object ! Promise her anything—only bring her here !

CALALMITY : I'll bring her . . . (*to* BILL) and I hope you like her when I've brung her !

(*Singing.*)

I shall hate 'er !

BILL : 'Cos she's pretty ?

CALAMITY (*in a rage*) : See you later !

BILL : More's the pity !

BOTH : I can do without you !

(*As* CALAMITY *slams angrily out of the door,* BLACK-OUT.)

END OF SCENE

FRONT TABS

(SEGUE : MUSIC NO. 9, *during which the backing of the next set is dropped in and the props moved on.*)

MUSIC

ACT ONE, SCENE 2.

ADELAIDE'S DRESSING-ROOM IN THE BIJOU THEATRE, CHICAGO.

LIGHTS *and* CURTAIN UP *at* FIGURE 3 *in the score—if practical; otherwise as soon after as may be.*

This is a small, down-stage set, with the backing representing the wall of a Star-Dressing-Room of the period. The amount of furniture and number of props will be dictated by the depth of stage available and the practicalities of setting quickly. The minimum requirements would seem to be a dressing-table and chair, a long mirror and a rack of ADELAIDE'S *stage-dresses. Optionally: hat-boxes, bouquets of flowers, etc.*

When the curtain rises, ADELAIDE *is seated at the dressing-table putting the finishing touches to her off-stage appearance.* KATIE *is hanging up the stage-dress which her employer has just taken off.*

The VOICES *of* FOUR STAGE-DOOR-JOHNNIES *can be heard off-stage. A couple of them are chanting "We want Adelaide"; another is giving an off-key rendering of the "Harry" song; another is chanting "Why are we waiting . . ." (This off-stage clamour is quite short, and completely ad-lib.) The* MUSIC *fades out when the dialogue and action start.*

ADELAIDE: All right, Katie. You can let them in now.

KATIE: Yes, Miss Adams.

(*She admit the* FOUR STAGE-DOOR-JOHNNIES. *They are in evening dress and very effusive. They gather round* ADELAIDE *excitedly.*)

JOHNNIES (*Ad-libs*): Adelaide, darling—you were stupendous! Superb—magnificent! Never better, my dear! There's no one to touch you!

ADELAIDE: You're very kind . . . It's been lovely . . . But all good things must come to an end, you know . . . (*Despondent protests from the* JOHNNIES.) . . . And I'm afraid I have to leave Chicago right away . . . (*More protests from the* JOHNNIES.) . . . So I'm sure you'll excuse me . . . Last Nights are always exhausting, and I'm very tired—

1ST JOHNNIES: Oh, but we've something to ask you—

2ND JOHNNIE: A special favour—

ADELAIDE: Now, boys: I can't make any supper-date for tonight. I'm practically on my way—to Europe—

3RD JOHNNIE: That's why we simply had to come—

4TH JOHNNIE: Before you vanished—maybe for ever—!

ADELAIDE: I'll be back—some day—

1ST JOHNNIE: That's just it—when? . . .

2ND JOHNNIE: How can we wait?

3RD JOHNNIE: We want you to sing us one last chorus of "Harry"—

4TH JOHNNIE: Just one more—specially for us—

JOHNNIES (*Ad-libs—togther*) : Please, Adelaide—Darling, you must—To remember you by—Just one more chorus—

ADELAIDE (*cutting them short*) : " Harry "—? But I've just sung it about five times—

JOHNNIES (*Ad-libs—together*) : Yes, we know, but—Just once more—Specially for us—Please, Adelaide—

(*Secretly,* ADELAIDE *is seething, but her " pro " instincts overcome her annoyance, and she smiles at them with sudden pseudo-sweetness.*)

ADELAIDE : Oh, very well . . . But this is definitely my farewell performance ! . . .

No. 10 . . . " IT'S HARRY I'M PLANNING TO MARRY "

(ADELAIDE *and the* JOHNNIES)

MUSIC

ADELAIDE : When you turn to the subject of Harry,
That's a horse of a diff'rent safari ;
He can box like a fox,
He's as dumb as an ox,
But it's Harry I'm planning to marry !

JOHNNIES : Yes, It's Harry she's planning to marry !

ADELAIDE : Though he's built like the bust of Apollo,
Just remember a statue is hollow.
Physic'lly, he's delish—
Mentally, superfish,
But it's Harry I'm planning to marry !

JOHNNIES : Yes, it's Harry she's planning to marry !

ADELAIDE : My heart's twined about his suspenders ;
He's the one that I truly adore ;
I'm numb—I succumb—when he renders
" The Face On The Bar-Room Floor " . . .
When he flexes his muscles, I flutter
Like a butterfly caught in a shutter ;
When he calls me his mate,
I just disintegrate—
So it's Harry I'm planning to marry !
Since the world first began—

JOHNNIES : Since the world first began—

ADELAIDE : —Never been such a man—

JOHNNIES : —Never been such a man—

ADELAIDE —Who could love like he can,
So it's Harry I'm planning to marry !

JOHNNIES Harry ! Harry ! Harry !
—Planning to marry !

(*As the number ends, the* JOHNNIES *applaud* ADELAIDE *ecstatically.*)

JOHNNIES (*Ad-libs*) : Bravo—bravo—! That was great—! You're just wonderful—! Marvellous !

ADELAIDE : And now, boys, if you'll excuse me—

1ST JOHNNIE : Be sure and come back to us as soon as you can—

(ADELAIDE *is now gently but firmly ushering them out.*)

ADELAIDE : I certainly will—

2ND JOHNNIE : Chicago won't be the same—

3RD JOHNNIE : Don't you dare say " goodbye "—

4TH JOHNNIE : Just " au-revoir "—

ADELAIDE (*sweetly*) : All right—" au revoir " it is—thanks a million—be seeing you—" au-revoir "—" au-revoir "—

(*Now the* JOHNNIES *are off, and* ADELAIDE *stands for a moment, then turns.*)

ADELAIDE (*tetchily*) : . . . *Goodbye* ! (*Moves back to dressing-table to fix her make-up and put on her hat.*) Ninnies . . .

KATIE (*protesting gently*) : Oh, Miss Adams ! . . . They really admire you ! . . . Everybody does ! . . . Don't you like being admired ? I'd love it—

ADELAIDE : Its gets very boring. These last few weeks have been hell—

KATIE : Oh, how can you say that ? They've been wonderful ! The theatre packed every night—parties—they've worshipped you here—

ADELAIDE : Chicago's primitive—and so are the people. I can't wait to get away . . . Think of it, Katie : London . . . Paris . . . Vienna . . .

KATIE : How I envy you ! . . . Maybe some day I'll be on the stage . . . Oh, not a grand and beautiful star like you, Miss Adams, but just to sing a song, maybe . . . (*self-consciously.*) I can dance . . . and sing a little . . .

ADELAIDE : I know, darling. I've heard you. Very nice for choirs, and weddings . . . but I doubt if it would ever carry beyond the footlights. (*She admires herself in the mirror.*) There now . . . How do I look ?

KATIE : Beautiful, Miss Adams. Just beautiful ! (*She hands* ADELAIDE *her stole, handbag, etc.*) Even if I never sang by myself . . . If I could just be in the chorus . . . Couldn't you suggest it to somebody, sometime ?

ADELAIDE : Katie—you're not serious ? Not really ? It isn't only your voice . . . I mean, your . . . (*She surveys* KATIE'S *figure*) . . . Your other equipment's hardly adequate, is it ? (*Smiles sweetly.*) Never mind . . . Cheer up . . . I might send for you when I get to Paris . . . Goodnight, darling.

KATIES (*trying to conceal her hurt*) : Goodnight, Miss Adams . . .

ADELAIDE (*on way out*) : Oh, Katie . . . I'm buying a whole new wardrobe, so get rid of those tired old rags, will you ? (*Indicates her stage-costumes.*) Sell them, or something. I make you a present of them . . . (*gaily.*) 'Bye now ! (*Exit.*)

KATIE : 'Bye . . .

(*Pensively,* KATIE *moves over to the rack of stage-costumes, selects one, and drapes it against herself, examining the effect in the mirror. She is not displeased. In fact, she's quite intrigued. She strikes an Adelaide Adams pose, and tries to imitate her voice and manner as she starts to sing.*)

No. 10a . . . REPRISE : "IT'S HARRY I'M PLANNING TO MARRY"

(KATIE)

Music

KATIE : When you turn to the subject of Harry,
That's a horse of a diff'rent safari ;
He can box like a fox,
He's as dumb as an ox,
But it's Harry I'm planning to marry !

Though he's built like the bust of Apollo,
Just remember a statue is hollow.
Physic'lly, he's delish—
Mentally, superfish,
But it's Harry I'm planning to—

(CALAMITY *enters, and* KATE *catches sight of her reflection in the mirror. She breaks off and gives a scream of alarm.* CALAMITY *whips out a gun and swings round to face the way she has just come in—with her gun raking about menacingly.*)

CALAMITY : Where are they ? Where are the varmits ? (*Seeing nobody, she turns back to* KATIE.) You don't want ter do things like that, Marm . . . I thought there was a posse after me ! (*She puts her gun away.*)

KATIE : Wh—who are you ?

CALAMITY : Just call me Calamity—most folks do. Came all the way from Deadwood City t' see yuh.

KATIE : Wh—what do you want ?

CALAMITY : Gonna try and talk yuh into goin' back with me. (*Gazing at* KATIE *with admiration.*) Goshamighty, y're the purtiest thing I ever seen. Never knowed a women could look like that ! (*Notices the strapless dress that* KATIE *is holding, and is mystified.*) Say . . . How'd y'ever hold up a dress like that ?

(*She advances to examine the dress, and* KATIE *backs away in alarm.*)

KATIE : Please . . . Would you mind . . . I'm . . .

CALAMITY : Gonna climb into that thing ? Sure—I'll help ya !

(CALAMITY *makes to unhook* KATIE'S *dress. In a sudden panic,* KATIE *slaps* CALAMITY'S *face. Infuriated,* CALAMITY *gives* KATIE *a push.*)

CALAMITY (*fiercely*) : I've plugged men fer less than that !

KATIE : If you don't get out of here this instant, Mister Calamity, or whatever your name is—

CALAMITY : " *Mister* "—? (*Laughs.*) Yuh thought I was a man ? (*Sobers suddenly.*) Come t' think of it, that ain't funny. (*She glares at herself in the mirror, pulling off her hat.*)

KATIE : Those clothes . . . the guns . . . and everything . . .

CALAMITY (*now painfully self-conscious*) : Reckon I do look a mite strange to a lady like you . . . Even without the clothes, I ain't much to look at . . . (*Defensively.*) But there ain't a woman in the world I can't outride, or outshoot, or—

KATIE : I'm sorry I made a mistake—

CALAMITY : Think nuthin' of it . . . Maybe if I got me some pretty dresses, an' fixin's, an' . . . (*again looks at herself in the mirror, frustrated.*) Aw—what's the use ? Ev'ryone can't have a figger like Adelaide Adams.

KATIE (*resentfully, remembering* ADELAIDE'S *comment on her own figure*) : That's a matter of opinion.

CALAMITY : Well, in the opinion of Deadwood City, there ain't no other opinion . . . Now let's get down to business. I'd like to hire yuh—t' come and sing in Deadwood.

KATIE : Me ?

CALAMITY : I got a lot o' nerve askin', I know . . . Deadwood ain't no Chicago, and the Golden Garter ain't no grand theeayter like this one . . . But they want you mighty bad, and I gave m' word I'd persuade ya, so . . . guess y' can name yer own price.

KATIE : Why—er—the salary's not important—it's just—that is—you're sure you mean *me* ?

(*From her pocket,* CALAMITY *produces a cigarette-picture, and shows it to* KATIE.)

CALAMITY : Ev'ry bullwhacker and prospector in the Territory's chewin' hisself sick on that danged cigareet tobacco, just t' git a pitcher of yuh.

KATIE (*turning from the picture, disappointed*) : Oh . . . for a moment I thought . . .

CALAMITY : What ?

KATIE : Oh, nothing . . . I was just being stupid . . . You'd better go back and tell Deadwood that Miss Adams is sorry, but she's going to Europe.

CALAMITY : Couldn't ya sorta put that off—till after y' played Deadwood ?

(KATIE *gazes at* CALAMITY *as a wild idea strikes her. She looks at herself in the mirror again, with the Adelaide Adams dress held up against herself.*)

KATIE (*breathlessly, to herself*) : Maybe I could do it, at that . . .

CALAMITY : Y'could ?

KATIE : I mean . . . I was just thinking . . . Is that picture the only one they have of—of me, in Deadwood ?

CALAMITY : Reckon so, Marm.

KATIE : Where *is* Deadwood ?

CALAMITY : South Dakota . . . in the Black Hills.

KATIE : Indians ?

CALAMITY : Well . . . yeah . . . Sioux . . . But you needn't worry 'bout Injuns when y're travelling with Calamity Jane . . .

KATIE : Trains go there ?

CALAMITY : Not for a hundred miles or more . . . but the ole stage ain't too discomfortin', an'—

KATIE : No telegraph ?

CALAMITY : Not yet . . . But if y' wanted to send a letter or anythin'—

KATIE : Oh no—I wouldn't ! . . . In fact this place is out in the wilds—cut off—and nobody in—say—New York—or Europe would ever hear who went there—or what was going on ?

CALAMITY : 'Fraid that's right, marm, but y' see—

KATIE (*to herself*) : Sounds just right for me . . .

CALAMITY : Huh ?

KATIE : In any case, if I don't accept, you'll pull out those guns, and *force* me to go with you, won't you ?

CALAMITY : Now, Miss Adams . . . really, marm . . .

KATIE : If I refuse to leave with you right now, you'll just poke a gun in my back, and march me to the railroad station—isn't that right ?

CALAMITY : Now wait ! I never said—

KATIE : I'm completely at your mercy ! (*She rushes over to the rack, and starts collecting the stage-dresses.*) Come on ! Help me pack ! I'm going to Deadwood !

CALAMITY (*dazed*) : I got a strange feelin' somebody's bein' hustled . . .

BLACK-OUT

END OF SCENE

FRONT TABS

MUSIC

MUSIC NO. 11. (NOTE : *The music provided in the score for the scene-change (back to the first set) does not have to be played in its entirety. If the Dressing-Room set and props can be struck in less time than this amount of music takes to play, it would add to the pace of the show if a cut were made. The repeat of the first* 14 *bars can be omitted ; alternatively, the orchestra can start at Figure* 1, *or even at Figure* 2. *Figure* 3 *is the cue for the rise of the curtain on the next scene.*)

MUSIC

ACT ONE, SCENE 3.

"THE GOLDEN GARTER".

CURTAIN UP *at* FIGURE 3 *in the score.*

This is the same set as Scene 1, *except that the poster advertising* "MISS FRANCES FRYER" *has been replaced by an even more highly coloured one announcing* "ADELAIDE ADAMS—WELCOME TO DEADWOOD!" *Optionally, an additional banner can read* "HI-YA, ADELAIDE!" *or some similiar legend.*

The Curtain rises as the mood of the music changes—to match the glum expressions on the faces of the MEN (*including the* MALE PRINCIPALS) *who are grouped on the stage to make a still picture of communal depression.*

SOLO TENOR: If you gave a man a wish, ten to one
He would wish for that one perfect girl—

MEN: Mm . . . Mm . . .

SOLO TENOR: Adelaide, Adelaide, Adelaide,
Oh, how lovely you are!
If you gave a man a dream, ten to one
In his dreams he would hold only you;
Adelaide, Adelaide, Adelaide,
You're our favourite star!

(MUSIC *continues under dialogue.*)

DANNY: Tempting providence, Millie—that's what it was, putting up all that stuff—(*indicates poster and banner.*)

BILL: You must a'been plumb crazy to think Adelaide Adams would come to a one-eyed—

MILLER (*resentfully*): It's Joe that's plumb crazy—he talked me into it! Said I couldn't risk *not* billing her—

JOE: You know Calam! She said she'd bring this dame, and it wouldn't surprise me none if she walked in right this minute and said—

(MUSIC CUTS OFF *as* CALAMITY ENTERS.)

CALAMITY: Well, boys—I've brung 'er!

MEN: *What???*

(*With a smug grin,* CALAMITY *stands to one side and beckons—and* KATIE *appears, and stands looking into the* GOLDEN GARTER *somewhat nervously. She wears a stylish travelling coat and a fetching bonnet, and the touch of shyness in her manner adds to her charm. At the sight of her, the* MEN *gasp—and then "suddenly burst out singing".*)

MUSIC

MEN : If you gave a man a wish, ten to one
He would wish for that one perfect girl—
Adelaide, Adelaide, Adelaide,
Oh, how lovely you are !

Now that you have come to town
You can bet all the town
Will be out on parade—
We shall have to hire a hall
Just to hold the guys who'll fall
For Adelaide !

(*By now,* KATIE, *still looking dazed and nervous, has been brought downstage by* CALAMITY, *who is smiling proudly. In the excitement,* CALAMITY *has not yet noticed* DANNY, *on the fringe of the group of* MEN. *During the ensuing dialogue, some of the* GIRLS *enter—beckoning on their friends. Eventually, all the* LADIES OF THE CHORUS *are on stage, intrigued at the sight of* KATIE, *and commenting among themselves.* SUSAN *enters from the office—and joins* MILLER, *who can hardly contain his excitement.* RATTLESNAKE *enters with* KATIE'S *luggage (marked " A.A. ") He hovers upstage.*

CALAMITY (*beaming*) : Well, y' mangy pack o' dirt-scratchin' beetles, I kept m' promise ! (*To* BILL, *as he comes forward.*) " Calam's word is her bond " . . . Ain't that right, Bill ?

(*Like all the* MEN, BILL *has eyes only for* KATIE, *and he answers* CALAMITY *almost absently.*)

BILL : Yeah, Calamity . . . sure. (*To* KATIE.) Y'r servant, ma'am . . . Bill Hickock.

KATIE : *Wild* Bill Hickock ?

BILL : If I am . . . you could tame me . . .

(*There is a reaction from the* MEN. *Now* DANNY *approaches* KATIE, *and* CALAMITY *starts in surprise.*)

CALAMITY : Danny ! You feelin' okay now—?

(*But in the hubbub,* DANNY *has not heard.*)

DANNY (*to* KATIE) : Lootenant Daniel Gilmartin . . . Yours to command, Miss Adams . . .

KATIE : Well, thank you . . . thank you very much . . .

(MILLER *bubbles over.*)

MILLER : Miss Adams ! . . . I'm Henry Miller, proprietor of the Golden Garter, and I can't say how proud and happy . . . It's a great honour ! . . . My little theatre isn't exactly—well, it's not the kind you're—but you came ! A true artist ! You came ! You're here !

KATIE : Yes . . . I . . . I'm here . . .

(FRYER *has been standing by, looking at* KATIE *with a questioning look on his face. As* MILLER *notices him.*)

MILLER : Oh . . . allow me . . . (*Draws the reluctant* FRYER *forward.*) . . . Miss Adams, permit me to introduce a fellow thespian, also from back east . . . Mister Francis Fryer . . .

KATIE : How d'you do, Mister Fryer . . . (*looking at him with faint recollection.*) Fryer . . . Don't I know you from somewhere ?

FRYER : We . . . er . . . played St. Louis the same week last year.

KATIE (*startled*) : Oh ? . . . Oh ! . . .

FRYER : At different theatres.

KATIE (*relieved*) : Oh . . . Nice to see you again . . .

MILLER : Miss Adams—I know you've only just got here—but do you think it'd be rushing you too much after your journey if—er—?

KATIE : You mean—you'd like me to get to work—

MILLER : If you knew how long we've been waiting to see you up there on the stage—

KATIE : That's what scares me—wondering if I'm going to come up to expectations—

MILLER : You'll be a riot ! . . . Now if you'd care to see your room ? Had it specially decorated ! . . . Susan ! Show Miss Adams to her room . . . (*afterthought.*) Susan's my niece.

(KATIE *and* SUSAN *smile shyly at each other in acknowledgement of the introduction. By now,* CALAMITY *has relieved* RATTLESNAKE *of* KATIE'S *luggage, and has come downstage with it.* BILL *notices, and moves swiftly over to her.*)

BILL : I'll take Miss Adams' bags. (*He takes them from* CALAMITY.)

DANNY (*offering his arm to* KATIE) : Allow me, Miss Adams . . .

SUSAN : This way, Miss Adams . . .

(SUSAN *exits—leading the way.* KATIE, *clinging to* DANNY'S *arm, allows him to escort her off.* BILL *follows them with the luggage, and* FRYER, *puzzled and thoughtful, wanders off behind him.* CALAMITY, *chagrined, stands gazing after them.* MILLER, *with a yell of delight, swings her round and gives her a hug.*)

MILLER : Calam—you did it ! I could shoot myself for happiness !

(*He dashes off after the others.*)

CALAMITY : Maybe I should shoot m'self for bringin' 'er.

JOE : Nobody coulda done it but you, Calam !

CROWD (*Ad-libs, as they gather round her*) : Bet y'could bring back Sittin' Bull ! Did you see 'er on the stage, Calam ? How was the show ? What's it like in Chicagy, Calam ? Tell us about the Big City ! (*Etc.*)

(CALAMITY'S *spirits soar at their appreciation, and she beams round at the* CROWD.)

CALAMITY : Folks ! . . . Chicagy is the biggest noise in Illinoise !

No. 12 . . . "WINDY CITY"

(CALAMITY *and* CHORUS)

MUSIC

CALAMITY : Just blew in from the Windy City—
The Windy City is mighty pretty,
But they ain't got what we got,
No, sirree !

They got shacks up to seven storeys—
They never see any morning glories,
But a step from our doorway
We got 'em for free !

They got those
Minstrel shows—
Pretty ladies in their big chapeaux—
Private lawns,
Public Parks ;
For the sake of civic virtue,
They've got fountains there to squirt you !

Just blew in from the Windy City—
The Windy City is mighty pretty,
But they ain't got what we got—
I'm tellin' ya, boys !

We've got more life in Deadwood City
Than in all of Illinois !

CHORUS : Just blew in from the Windy City—
The Windy City is mighty pretty,
But they ain't got what we got,
No, sirree,

They got shacks up to seven storeys—
They never see any morning glories,
But a step from our doorway,
We got 'em for free !

MEN : They got those
Minstrel shows—

GIRLS : Pretty ladies in their big chapeaux—

MEN : Private lawns,
Public Parks ;

CHORUS } Ah . . . Ah . . .
CALAMITY } For the sake of civic virtue,
They've got fountains there to squirt you !

MUSIC

CHORUS : Just blew in from the Windy City—
The Windy City is mighty pretty,
But they ain't got what we got,
I'm tellin' ya, boys !
We've got more life in Deadwood City
Than in all of Illinois !

(NOTE : *If the* DANCE *is not required, leave out* CALAMITY'S *next four lines and the* 32 *bars of* DANCE MUSIC *and the* 2-*bar* VAMP, *and cut to* FIGURE 11 *in the Vocal Score.*)

CALAMITY : On the street was a dancin' feller
All dressed up in a suit of yeller,
And the dance he did there
Went something like this . . .

(DANCE—*soft-shoe style.* OPTIONAL.)

CHORUS } Windy City . . . Windy City . . .
CALAMITY } Should a-seen me a-winder-shoppin'—
A-winder-shoppin' with eyes a-poppin'
At the sights you see there—

CALAMITY : Yes, sirree !

CHORUS : Yes, sirree !

CHORUS } Winder shoppin' . . . Elevator . . .
CALAMITY } Press a bell and a moment later
Up you go in an elevator
Just as fast as a pole cat

CHORUS : (*whistle*)

CALAMITY : —A-climbin' a tree !

CHORUS : Look at 'er go !

CALAMITY : I heard claim—

CHORUS : Yeah ?

CALAMITY : —Hundreds came—

CHORUS : When ?

CALAMITY : —To a thing they call a baseball game !

CHORUS : No !

CALAMITY : Seegar stores,
Revolving doors—

CHORUS } Ah . . . Ah . . .
CALAMITY } They got new inventions comin'
'Stead of outdoor . . . indoor plumbin' !

MUSIC

CHORUS : Windy City . . . Windy City . . .

CALAMITY : Just blew in from the Windy City—
The Windy City is mighty pretty,
But they ain't got what we got—

ALL : I'm tellin' ya, boys !

I ain't a-swappin' half of Deadwood
For the whole of Illinois !

(*shout*) : YEOW !

(*As the song ends the* CROWD *breaks up, and the* MEN *get drinks at the bar.* FRYER *re-enters, and approaches* CALAMITY *worriedly.*)

FRYER : Calamity, where exactly did you find this—Adelaide Adams ?

CALAMITY : What're y'talking about ? In Chicagy, o'course, where I went to git her.

FRYER : But where in Chicago ? I've got to know.

CALAMITY : Like I told yuh—in the theatre. She just got through with the show.

FRYER : Did you actually see her do her act—on the stage ?

CALAMITY : Couldn't get in. The place was just bustin' at the seams—

FRYER : Then how did you meet her ?

CALAMITY : Went round the back—pushed m' way through a bunch of fancy-dressed galoots—found her dressing-room.

FRYER : How ?

CALAMITY : What's got into yuh ? I ain't no scholar, but I can read " Miss Adelaide Adams " on a dressing-room door !

FRYER : And this girl was in there ?

CALAMITY : 'Course she was—where else'd she be when she'd done her act ?

FRYER : Was she in stage clothes ?

CALAMITY : By the time I got there she'd just changed out of e'm. Say, what's eatin' you ?

(MILLER *re-enters, excitedly.*)

FRYER : Calamity . . . There's . . . there's something I've just got to tell you . . .

(*Before he can say any more,* MILLER *interrupts him.*)

MILLER : Mister Fryer—come and give a hand backstage ! Get a wiggle on—Miss Adams is ready ! (*Makes to exit.*)

FRYER : Wait—Mister Miller—

MILLER (*turning back to him*) : And listen : nothing must go wrong—Tonight's no ordinary night ! It's *my* night—I mean Adelaide Adams' night ! (*Glares round at the* CROWD.) I should've got extra chairs from the undertaker—

FRYER (*sudden panic*) : The undertaker ! . . . (*grabs at* MILLER.) Mister Miller You've got to know ! I've got to tell you ! That girl . . .

(*As he sees* MILLER *staring at him in astonishment, he finds he can't do it, and drops his hands.*) Oh, never mind . . . (*Helplessly, as if to himself.*) They'll tear the place apart . . . We'll be ridden out of town on a rail . . . scalped . . . (*He grabs* MILLER *again.*) Look, Mister Miller . . . that Adelaide Adams . . . She's . . . I mean she isn't . . . (*drops his hands again helplessly.*)

MILLER (*to* CALAMITY) : What's the matter with him ?

CALAMITY : Don't ask me.

FRYER : What's the use ? . . . If she isn't, she got to be, because *if* she isn't, we'll all be . . . (*He pats* MILLER's *hand, sympathetically.*) I'll have two fast horses waitin' at the back door—

MILLER (*bewildered*) : What for ? I ain't going nowhere !

FRYER (*mournfully*) : Not standin' up, you ain't . . . Oh, why'd I never learn to handle a gun ? (*Exit.*)

(MILLER *stares after him, and gives up.*)

MILLER : Actors are crazy people . . . (*Exit.*)

(*During the foregoing dialogue,* BILL *and* DANNY *have re-entered, and moved together to the bar. They are discussing something with ovious appreciation, and we guess it is the charm of " Adelaide Adams ". So does* CALAMITY, *as she sees them. She turns to* RATTLESNAKE, *who has approached in time to hear* MILLER's *last line.*)

CALAMITY : They're not the only ones . . . Look at them two simperin' fools . . . (*indicates* BILL *and* DANNY.)

RATTLESNAKE : She's sure knocked every man in this town sideways, ain't she . . . ?

CALAMITY : Never thought Danny would turn himself inside out fer an actress—

RATTLESNAKE : Y' gotta admit she's real elegant—

(*During the above, the Background Chatter has gradually increased in volume, and now the* MEN *start to chant " We want Adelaide ! We want Adelaide ! " and they group themselves facing the " stage " in readiness for the show.* MILLER, *mopping his brow, appears hastily on the " stage ".*)

MILLER : Ladies and gentlemen—(*Cheers and applause from the* CROWD, *with some shouts of " Bring on Adelaide ! " " We want Adelaide ! ", etc., from various* MEN.) Your attention, Please ! The great moment has finally arrived ! (*More cheers and shouts.*) Quiet ! . . . There are no words to describe the charm of the actress you're about to meet—no melody as sweet as the voice you are about to hear—(*More cheers and shouts of " Bring her on ! ", etc.*) I give you that scintillating toast of two continents, the lady whose very presence here is a delightful miracle—the one and only . . . *Adelaide Adams* !

(*He gestures to usher on* KATIE *as he leaves the stage.*)

No. 13 . . . "KEEP IT INDER YOUR HAT"

(KATIE)

MUSIC

(*During the fanfare-intro,* KATIE *appears on the stage—to wild applause and cheers from the audience. She is wearing the Adelaide Adams stage-dress which she fancied in the dressing-room scene. She is very nervous and unsure of herself, and her brave effort at a fetching smile is not altogether successful. The applause and cheering die down during the last long-held chord of the fanfare-intro, fading into a somewhat puzzled silence as she begins to do a few small steps to the beat of the rhythmic intro which now starts. Her self-consciousness makes her dance-movements seem a little naive and tentative; the eager smiles with which the audience welcomed her appearance are replaced, now, by baffled stares. Fear has constricted* KATIE'S *throat, and although she is obviously trying very hard to "get over", her voice is thin and wavering as she starts to sing.*)

KATIE : Well, now if you've got a cutie
Who's a real sweet patootie,
Better keep it under your hat ;
Just remember curiosity in fables of old
Killed the curious cat . . .

(*The audience starts to murmur—disappointed, dismayed, incredulous. As* KATIE, *in a growing panic, struggles gallantly to complete the chorus of the song, the reaction of the crowd gradually develops into open resentment.*)

Supposin' you love a laddie
Who's a real sugar daddy,
Better take in the welcoming mat ;
Remember there's a dozen dolls for ev'ry Dan—
You're not the only sweet pea in the can ;
So if you wanna know the way to keep your man,
Keep it under your hat, Hattie,
Keep it under your hat, Hattie,
Keep it under your hat !

(*As the song peters out, a number of shouts from various* MEN *can be heard above the hubbub.*)

MEN : You the great Adelaide ? Where's y'r voice ? That how you sing in Chicago ? You supposed to be a star ? 'Re you Adelaide Adams ?

(MILLER, *in a state, appears on the stage.*)

MILLER : Now listen, men, please—

(*An outburst of booing stops him as* KATIE, *frightened, makes to run off the stage;* FRYER *and* SUSAN *appear on the corner and hold her protectively. Suddenly* CALAMITY'S *voice rings out, and the booing stops.*)

CALAMITY : *Quiet* ! . . . Listen, Adelaide, why don't you sing out—like you do in Chicago ?

KATIE (*fighting back tears*) : I can't . . . I can't . . .

CALAMITY : *Why not ?*

KATIE : Because I'm not Adelaide Adams !

(*There is a grasp from the* CROWD, *and then a dumbfounded silence, as everybody turns and stares at* CALAMITY.)

CALAMITY : You're not . . . ? (*Realises* CROWD *is staring at her, and tries to laugh it off.*) Aw, she's jokin' . . . 'Course she's Adelaide Aadams ! . . . (*Towards* KATIE, *uncertainly.*) Say, Adelaide, you shouldn't oughta joke like that . . . These galoots ain't got much sense o' humour . . .

KATIE : It's not a joke . . . I wish it were . . . (*To* CROWD, *as they look back to her.*) Please don't be angry with me—I know I shouldn't have done it—

MILLER (*distracted*) : Let's get this straight . . . You say you're *not* Adelaide Adams . . . ?

KATIE : No—I'm sorry—I'm not—

MILLER : Then who in tarnation are you ?

KATIE (*miserably*) : Katie Brown !

CROWD (*echoing her with angry incredulity.*) : *Katie Brown . . . ? ?*

(*As a hubbub of angry resentment breaks out.*)

VOICE 1 : Another fake !

VOICE 2 : Double-crossed again !

VOICE 3 : Bit twicet by the same snakes !

(*During the above,* CALAMITY *has leapt up on to the " stage " to confront* KATIES, *pushing* MILLER *aside.*)

CALAMITY : How come you're Katie Brown ? You were Adelaide Adams in Chicagy—in her dressin' room—

KATIE : I was her maid—she gave me this costume—she was going to Europe—and I wanted so badly to be on the stage—

(*The booing and shouting becomes tumultuous.* KATIE *shrinks back to the protection of* FRYER *and* SUSAN. CALAMITY, *in a state of confusion, turns to the angry* CROWD. *A number of* MEN *are shaking their fists at her.*)

VOICES : Played us for suckers agin ! You framed it ! Adelaide's maid—! You lied to us, Calam—Oughta be run outa town—

CALAMITY (*suddenly fierce and angry*) : *Quiet* ! . . . (*She draws gun and shoots into the air, producing a sudden surprised silence.*) Now listen t' me . . . I didn't know . . . I'm as surprised as you are . . .

BILL : That true, Calam ? . . . or just some more o' your fantasticatin' ?

CALAMITY (*vehemently*) : It's true, Bill—s'help me ! I tell ya, honest, I just cain't understand—

KATIE (*coming forward to edge of stage*) : Please . . . please don't blame Calamity ! It's true she didn't know . . . She didn't . . . I fooled her, just as I tried to fool you ! It's all my fault—I thought I could make you like me—

(*The booing and yelling drown her out. There is an ominous surge forward towards the " stage ", and some tables are knocked over. A number of* MEN *are on the point of climbing on to the " stage "—in spite of* MILLER'S *and* FRYER'S *frantic pleadings for order.* CALAMITY *again fires her gun into the air, stopping everybody dead. For a moment she reigns over a sullen silence. Then.*)

CALAMITY : Thar, now . . . that's better. Now ain't yuh ashamed of y'rselves, treatin' a lady this way ? All right, so she ain't Adelaide Adams . . . She made out she was 'cause she wanted a chance t'be an actress, an' she thought mebbe we'd give 'er that chance. What's wrong with that ? W're all here on the same ticket, ain't we ?

PROSPECTOR : Ain't the same thing. We ain't makin' a sucker out of no one.

CALAMITY : But all o' you hollerin' hyenas came here t' Deadwood lookin' fer something y' couldn't find anywhere else, did'nt yuh ? Y're all after y'r pot of gold—and Katie Brown here ain't no different ! (*The* MEN *are cowed and quiet now.*) Wa-al, what d'ya say ? D'ya wanna go on grouchin' about an ole cigareet pitcher . . . or are y'gonna give this real . . . live . . . (*brings* KATIE *to her side*) . . . an' I might say right purty young lady the chance t' prove she belongs here ? It's up t' you.

PROSPECTOR : As long as she's up there, let 'er sing.

MEN (*Ad-libs*) : Okay—give 'er a chance ! What've we got to lose ? She looks all right—let's see what she can do ! Let 'er sing ! Go on, Katie—sing !

(*The shouts build up to a general vote of confidence. Hopefully,* MILLER, FRYER *and* SUSAN *clear quickly off the " stage ".*)

CALAMITY (*grinning at the crowd*) : That's all we wanna hear ! (*To* KATIE.) Let 'er rip, Katie Brown ! (*Slaps* KATIE *on the back.*) Give 'em all yuh got—and to hell with Adelaide Adams ! Do it your *own* way !

(*Heartened by* CALAMITY'S *friendly grin, and an encouraging cheer from the* CROWD, KATIE *is smiling cheerfully and naturally now ; her relief that the imposture is over brings with it a determination to prove herself a performer in her own right.*)

KATIE : My own way ? . . . Okay—I will !

No. 14 . . . " KEEP IT UNDER YOUR HAT "

(*Reprise.*)

(KATIE *and* CHORUS.)

MUSIC

(*From the instant she does a slick and stylish movement to the opening rhythm, we realise that this is a different* KATIE ; *she puts the number over, now, with nerve and confidence, displaying an attractive stage-personality that is all her own. The* CROWD *gapes delightedly and as the refrain proceeds, the reaction is one of growing approval and excitement ; at the end of it, everybody joins in a repeat of the number out of sheer enthusiasm.*)

KATIE : Well, now if you've got a cutie
Who's a real sweet patootie,
Better keep it under your hat ;
Just remember curiosity in fables of old
Killed the curious cat . . .

Supposin' you love a laddie
Who's a real sugar daddy,
Better take in the welcoming mat ;
Remember there's a dozen dolls for ev'ry Dan—
You're not the only sweet pea in the can ;
So if you wanna know the way to keep your man,
Keep it under your hat, Hattie,
Keep it under your hat, Hattie,
Keep it under your hat !

MUSIC

KATIE } Well, now if you've got a cutie
CHORUS } Who's a real sweet patootie,
Better keep it under your hat ;
Just remember curiosity in fables of old
Killed the curious cat . . .

Supposin' you love a laddie
Who's a real sugar daddy,
Better take in the welcoming mat ;
Remember there's a dozen dolls for ev'ry Dan—
You're not the only sweet pea in the can ;
So if you wanna know the way to keep your man,
Keep it under your hat, Hattie,
Keep it under your hat, Hattie,
Keep it under your hat, hat, hat, hat, hat !

CHORUS : Keep it under your hat !

(*During the number*, CALAMITY *has been leaning up against the corner of the "stage"—watching delightedly. When* KATIE *finishes taking her bow and blowing kisses to her deliriously happy* AUDIENCE, *she runs over to* CALAMITY *to give her a big hug—and then runs off.* CALAMITY, *grinning triumphantly, saunters to the centre of the "stage".*)

CALAMITY : Great—ain't she ? (MEN *whistle and hoot.*) Like I told yuh . . . Deadwood don't need no imported actress . . . We roll our own ! Say, I coulda got that Adelaide Adams easy as skinnin' a possum . . . Why, she trailed me all over Chicagy, beggin' me to take 'er ! Beggin', I tell yuh—

BILL : That's right, Calam—tell us ! Tell us how it wasn't !

CALAMITY : You keep outa this, Bill Hickock ! . . . Fellers, I could see that Adelaide Adams warnt what wuz wanted in Deadwood—so, I jest wouldn't have 'er ! *I knew* that the only girl for the Golden Garter was—*Katie Brown* !

(*Big laugh from* EVERYBODY.)

No. 15 . . . FINALE ACT ONE : "CARELESS WITH THE TRUTH"

(*Reprise.*)

(ENSEMBLE *and* CHORUS.)

FULL COMPANY (*except* CALAMITY) :

Tell us another one,
Tell us another one,
Oh, my aching tooth !
She's not exactly lyin',
But she's careless with the truth !

Music

Careless ! careless !
Careless with the truth !
She's not exactly lyin'
But she's careless, careless,
Careless, careless,
With the truth !

(*During the Fianle,* BILL *and* DANNY *lift* CALAMITY *down from the " stage " and bring her down centre.* JOE *hands a glass of " sas'perilly " with which she busies herself while the* CROWD *sings around her.* MILLER *enters with* KATE *on his arm, and proudly escorts her to the bar—followed by* FRYER *with* SUSAN *on his arm. As the* CHORUS *ends, they raise glasses to one another, and* CALAMITY *cheerfully drains her " sas'perilly ".*)

THE CURTAIN FALLS.

END OF ACT ONE

MUSIC

(No. 16 : ENTR'ACTE.)

(SEGUE :)

No. 17 . . . OPENING ACT TWO

ACT TWO SCENE 1.

CALAMITY'S CABIN.

The interior of a cabin of rough-hewn logs with home-made table, chair, stool, two bunks set apart (see note on scenery plan), a lamp, an ancient bear-rug, a shotgun hanging on the wall, shelves with cooking utensils, etc., a fireplace, and bucket for wood at the side of it.

The CURTAIN RISES *at the 21st bar of the opening music. The impression conveyed by the scene should be that the occupants—*CALAMITY *and* KATIE*—who are discovered looking very attractive in pretty dresses—have just finished spring-cleaning it and brightening it up with fresh paint, new curtains and frills, flowers, etc.*

The fact that CALAMITY *is in feminine attire doesn't mean tha as yet she stands or walks any less like a cowboy. She is " supervising ", while* KATIE*, on her knees, is hammering the last tack into the new covering on the seat of the stool. Her six final hammer-knocks coincide with the six staccato fortissimo chords played by the orchestra (bars* 25-28*). As the music breaks off,* KATIE *speaks.*

KATIE : Well, I guess that does it—

(*As the* MUSIC RE-STARTS, KATIE *rises.* CALAMITY *gazes round appreciatively. As* MUSIC PAUSES *again.*)

CALAMITY : Katie : this cabin o' mine was an ole rats' nest—till you got workin' on it ! Now it's real purty—it sure is.

(*As* MUSIC RE-STARTS, KATIE, *smiling, puts the stool in its place. During the third pause in the music, she answers.*)

KATIE : Nothing to it—just a can of paint, a few frills, and a woman's touch !

(MUSIC RE-STARTS, *and leads the two girls into their duet.*)

No. 17 (continued) . . . " A WOMAN'S TOUCH "

(CALAMITY *and* KATIE)

KATIE : A woman's touch !

CALAMITY : A woman's touch !

KATIE : The magic of Aladdin couldn't do as much !
She's a wizard—she's a champ—

CALAMITY : —And she doesn't need a lamp !

MUSIC

KATIE : A woman's touch
Can weave a spell—
The kind of hocus-pocus that she does so well ;

CALAMITY : With the magic of a broom,
She can mesmerize a room !

KATIE : With a whisk-whisk here,
And a whisk-whisk-there,
And a dustpan for the cinders—

CALAMITY : With a rub-rub here,
And a rub-rub there
She can polish up the winders !
Then presto, change-o, suddenly
The sun comes peeping through—

KATIE : And what does Mister Sunshine say to you ?

CALAMITY : " How-di-do ! "

KATIE : It makes you blink
To stop and think
A woman and a whisk-broom can accomplish so darn much—

BOTH : So never underestimate a woman's touch !

CALAMITY : A woman's touch
Can quickly fill
The empty flower-boxes on a winder-sill—

KATIE : One smile from her, and " zoom ! "
Little buds begin to bloom !
A touch of paint—

CALAMITY : —A magic nail—

BOTH : —Can turn a kitchen chair into a Chippendale—

CALAMITY : —Even make a lamp appear
Like a crystal chandelier !

KATIE : With a tack-tack here,
And a tack-tack there,
And a hand around a hammer,
With a mop-mop here,
And a mop-mop there,
You can give a cabin glammer !

(*DANCE.*)

(*At the pause in the music* (*4th bar before Fig.* 12) CALAMITY *notices something in* KATIE'S *bag, which is lying open on the table.*)

CALAMITY (*spoken*) : Hey—what's this ?

MUSIC

(*As* MUSIC *re-starts, she takes a small framed photograph out of the bag, and looks at it delightedly. She speaks as music pauses again at the bar before Fig.* 12.)

CALAMITY : Why—it's a pitcher of you !

(MUSIC *again—and* KATIE *takes the photograph and glances at it. She speaks as music pauses again at 3rd bar after Fig.* 12.

KATIE : Not a very good one . . . (*hopefully*) . . . is it ?

(*Music again as* CALAMITY *grins at* KATIE, *takes the photograph and places it on the shelf over the fireplace.*)

CALAMITY (*singing*) : With a photograph—

KATIE (*surprised*) : On the mantelpiece ?

CALAMITY : —Any room looks kinda homey !

KATIE (*touched*) : You're a real good pal—

CALAMITY : You're a real nice gal—

KATIE : Better wait intil you know me !

CALAMITY : Since you bin diggin' in with me,
This cabin that I knew
Has become an elegant mansion made for two—

(*From the shelf,* KATIE *lifts down a tray of goodies, appraises them, and re-places them.*)

KATIE : The pies and cakes
A woman bakes
Can make a feller tell her
That he loves her very much—

BOTH : So never underestimate a woman's touch—
No, never underestimate a woman's touch !

CALAMITY (*sudden thought*) : Goshamighty—I forgot ! (KATIE *looks at her enquiringly.*) Poor ole Herb Potter's up thar alone in his cabin with tick fever. He needs some doin' fer. (*She starts removing her shoes.*)

KATIE : You're not going without shoes ?

CALAMITY (*crossing to door*) : Cain't wear 'em crossin' the crick. Be back soon. (*Exit.*)

KATIE : I've got to get a bucket of water—(*Exit after* CALAMITY.)

(OFF-STAGE. *Approaching hoofbeats.* BILL'S *voice is heard shouting "Whoa !" and the hoofbeats, increasing in volume, slacken in speed and finally sotp. A moment later* BILL, *dusting himself down with his hat, appears in the open doorway.*)

BILL : Anybody home ? (*He steps inside the cabin. and re-acts to what he sees, he is obviously amazed to find the interior newly painted and frilled up.*) Hey . . . Am I in the right cabin ?

(*He steps momentarily outside again, to give the exterior a quick once-over, as if he really believed he could have made a mistake.*)

BILL (*calling*) : Calam . . . ? Katie . . . ? (*He re-enters, and stands gazing around.*) (*To himself.*) Well, I'll be . . .

(*He moves around a little, inspecting various items, fingering the curtain material, examining the paint-work. Finally he comes to the mantel-shelf, re-acts to see the picture of* KATIE, *picks it it up, and looks at it admiringly. Then he glances quickly round the room again, grins, and looks back at the picture appreciatively—in his mind giving* KATIE *the credit for the improvements to the cabin.*)

BILL (*softly, to himself*) : What a gal . . .

No. 18 . . . "HIGHER THAN A HAWK"

(BILL)

MUSIC

BILL (*singing*) : My heart is higher than a hawk—
My love is deeper than a well—
I'm thinkin' in a little while
My love and I'll be doin' very well . . . .

Her picture givin' me the eye—
Her perfume blowin' me a kiss—
I wouldn't be at all surprised
If I were only dreaming all of this . . .

And when I strut about like a Sunny Jim
Dressed in yeller and red,

(*He replaces the picture, and starts to move about a little—head in the clouds.*)

Folks will shout : "Take a look at him—
He's teched in the head !"

I said that I would never fall—
I laughed at others when they fell—
And here I'm fallin'
Higher than a hawk,
And deeper than a well !

And when we're all rigged out
Like a birthday cake,
Eyes will pop ev'rywhere—
Folks will shout :
"Dont you think they make
A wonderful pair ?"

I said that I would never fall—
But if you promise not to tell,
My love, my love is higher than a hawk,
And deeper than a well . . . !
My love, my love is higher than a hawk,
And deeper than a well . . . !

(*As the song ends, approaching hoofbeats are heard again—and this time it is* DANNY'S *voice we hear shouting "Whoa!". Bill reacts with annoyance.*)

BILL: Oh—darn it!—

(DANNY *appears in the open doorway, dusting himself down with his hat, as* BILL *did. In his other hand he carries a posy of flowers. As he glances into the cabin, and sees* BILL, *he reacts with surprise. Embarrassed, he tries to hide the flowers in his hat, which he holds behind his back.*)

BILL (*grimly*): Hello, Lootenant.

DANNY: Bill! (*Stepping inside.*) What are you doing here—?

(*He is suddenly aware of the transformed appearance of the cabin, and looks about in astonishment. During this*:)

BILL: Nothin'—yet. Seems there's nobody home.

DANNY: Say—what's happened here?

BILL: Looks as though Katie's been fixin' it up a little. Ain't you a long way from the fort?

DANNY: Why—er—the Colonel had some business for me to attend to up this way, so—er—I—(*places his hat on table, concealing the posy.*)

BILL: So you figgered you'd drop by and see how the girls were makin' out.

DANNY: That's about it . . . (*Pause.*) . . . Quite a surprise—seeing *you* . . . Isn't there a poker game going?

BILL. There's always a poker game going . . . (*Pause.*) . . . With them Cheyennes on the warpath, folks'd feel a heap safer if you soldiers stayed on the job instead of gallivantin' aroun' so much . . . wastin' taxpayers' money.

DANNY: Nice of you to think of the taxpayers . . . after all the money you've cost them in funerals.

(KATIE *staggers in carrying a pail of water.*)

KATIE: Well! . . . Hello! . . .

(BILL *and* DANNY *swing round, and both rush to relieve* KATIE *of the pail.*)

BILL } Here—let me—
DANNY } I'll take that—

(DANNY *proves the faster, takes the pail from* KATIE, *and smiles sweetly at* BILL. *As he moves to put it down out of the way.*)

BILL (*gazing at* KATIE *appreciatively*): Right smart harness y're wearin', Katie . . .

DANNY: You just keep on getting prettier and—(*He remembers the flowers, and take them from under his hat—in a somewhat crushed condition.*) Oh—here—

KATIE (*taking the proffered posy*): Oh, how nice! Calamity loves flowers–

BILL: The Leuitenant never calls without 'em—

DANNY: Wait—I brought them for . . . Where *is* Calamity?

KATIE : Up the hill—visiting a sick prospector.

BILL : That's Calam for ya ! Gal just cain't resist a distress signal.

DANNY : Say—I wouldn't have dared bring those (*indicates flowers*) if I'd known—well—(*glances swiftly round the cabin*)—about all this—

BILL : You've done a great job, Katie. Hardly recognise the old bug-hatch—

KATIE : We fixed it up a little—between us. (*Moves over to fireplace.*)

BILL : Sure did . . . (*Another try.*) Won't they be need'in you back at the fort, Lootenant ?

DANNY : I expect they'll manage for a while.

(*While the two men eye one another,* KATIE, *contemplating the woodbox by the side of the fireplace, gets an idea. Glancing furtively over her shoulder at the two men, who are not looking at her, she swiftly takes a cape from a nearby hook and drops it over the woodbox.*)

KATIE (*in feigned dismay*) : Oh dear . . . (BILL *and* DANNY *turn at her exclamation.*) I'm right out of wood . . . I'll have to go out and chop some—

DANNY (*quickly*) : I'll do it—

BILL (*firmly*) : No—*I'll* do it . . . You got the water-bucket.

KATIE : Bill's right—it's only fair. (*Sweetly to* BILL.) Sorry to trouble you, Bill—

BILL : No trouble at all.

(*He grins at* DANNY, *and exits.* KATIE *smiles mischievously at* DANNY, *and he reacts.*)

DANNY (*softly-excitedly*) : Katie ! . . . You fixed that ! . . . So that you and I could be . . . !

(*Quickly, he closes the door, and then moves to embrace* KATIE—*but she eludes him, demurely. He pursues her. The sound of* BILL'S *chopping wood can be heard off.*)

KATIE : Very thoughtful of you and Mister Hickock to look in on us, Lootenant . . . But Deadwood's that kind of town, isn't it ? Everyody's so friendly, and . . . well . . . I mean, after the fool I made of myself the other night . . . the way they forgave me, and were so nice to me . . .

DANNY (*again attempting an embrace*) : Anyone could forgive you anything, Katie . . .

KATIE (*pointedly removing his arm from her waist*) : There's one thing Calamity wouldn't . . .

DANNY : Now look, Katie . . . I don't know what sort of an idea you have about Calamity and me, but—

KATIE : It's not my idea—it's hers. She's in love with you.

DANNY : That's ridiculous ! We're just—buddies . . . . You can't really believe—

KATIE (*squarely*) : Lootenant : I like Calamity. She's been very good to me. I would no more dream of coming between her and the man she loves, than—

DANNY : The man she loves ! . . . Katie, I swear I've given her no reason whatever—I mean, she's got no right at all to think . . . (*This time he resolutely takes her in his arms, and, momentarily, she submits.*) It's you I love, Katie . . .

KATIE (*unhappily*) : But . . . but . . it's no good . . . it wouldn't be fair . . .

DANNY : Do you love me, Katie ?

KATIE : Oh, Danny . . . I . . . I . . .

(*The sound of* BILL's *boot on the door is heard.*)

BILL (off) : Open the door—I got both hands full—

(*Hastily,* DANNY *kisses* KATIE, *releases her, and opens the door to* BILL, *who enters carrying a load of chopped wood, which he takes over to the wood-box.*)

BILL : Here we are—reckon that'll hold y' for a while . . .

(*He drops the wood by the fireplace, and lifts the cape out of the woodbox in order to refill it. He stares at the wood already in the box.*)

KATIE (*flustered*) : Well . . . what do you know . . . How stupid can you get ? . . . I'm sorry, Bill . . . The cape must have fallen over the . . .

DANNY (*trying to rescue* KATIE) : Oh, by the way, Bill, I've been meaning to tell you : we've got a new Commander at the fort. Colonel Stark. Says he knows you.

BILL (*looking from* DANNY *to* KATIE *and back to* DANNY, *with suspicion*) : Served under him in Virginia, during the war.

DANNY : They're having a Ball in his honour Saturday night . . . (*looks at* KATIE) . . . I thought maybe you'd . . .

KATIE : Lots of people have been invited. Mister Fryer's taking Susan, and—

BILL : Matter of fact, I've been invited myself. Kinda hoped you'd go with me, Katie.

DANNY (*coolly*) : She's going with me.

BILL (*gentle-voiced, but potentially belligerent*) : It's customary t' let the lady choose for herself, Lootenant.

DANNY : She's going with me.

(*The two men move slowly—almost imperceptibly—to confront one another, challengingly.*)

KATIE (*apprehensive*) : Couldn't the four of us go together ?

DANNY : The *four* of us ?

KATIE : Well . . . you, Bill, me . . . and Calamity . . . ?

DANNY
BILL } Calamity . . . !

KATIE : She's been invited, too . . . and if she doesn't go, I don't either . . . (*To* DANNY, *mischievously.*) She's been expecting you to ask her, Lootenant.

DANNY : Me ? . . . Why me ? . . . I told you . . .

BILL : I reckon that's a right smart arrangement ! Settles everything ! (*To* KATIE.) Calamity goes with the Lootentnant—(*To* DANNY)—and Katie goes with me !

DANNY : Over my dead body.

BILL (*angrily*) : Listen, soldier : it might *be* that way, if you can't talk about Calam with a little more respect . . . She's a mighty fine girl.

DANNY : Girl !

BILL : Y'oughta be dang proud t' take 'er !

KATIE (*with admiration*) : You would be, wouldn't you, Bill ?

BILL : I certainly would ! . . . (*startled.*) Me ? Now wait—I ain't gonna be stampeded inta no fast shuffle here—

KATIE (*crossly*) : Oh, I know what you're thinking—both of you ! Calamity's fine on top of a stagecoach, or behind an ox-team . . . but she isn't lady enough to make a social appearance with either of you distinguished gentlemen !

DANNY : Well . . . she's not exactly . . .

BILL : Doesn't even dress female . . .

KATIE : The trouble with both you boys is that you haven't looked hard enough at Calamity ! If you wait until she gets back, you'll get quite a surprise !

(*She goes to the door, and looks out for* CALAMITY. BILL *moves over to the fireplace, and pulls two straws from a broom. Clutching them in his fist, with the two ends protruding, he returns to* DANNY.)

BILL : Only one way t' settle this . . . (*Thrusts his fist towards* DANNY.) Draw a straw, Lootenant ! . . . Long straw takes KATIE . . . loser takes Calam . . . (*Looking over to the door.*) That okay by you, Katie ?

(KATIE, *having seen no sign of* CALAMITY, *is turning back into the room. She nods absently to* BILL.)

BILL : Draw, Lootenant.

(*Reluctantly,* DANNY *draws a straw and holds it up. Grimly,* BILL *shows the one left in his hand.* DANNY'S *straw is the longer one.*)

DANNY (*delighted*) : I won ! I won ! Yippee ! . . . I'll have the prettiest girl at the Ball !

(*He clutches* KATIE *and dances her around.* BILL *throws away his losing straw, disgustedly.* KATIE *disentangles herself from* DANNY.)

KATIE : Lootenant ! . . . I wouldn't bet on that, if I were you. When you see—a certain other party—you might change your mind !

(*Enter* CALAMITY. *She is soaked ; covered with mud and weeds ; hair matted ; clothes clinging to her body : a " drowned rat ".*

CALAMITY (*as she enters*) : Went and fell in the dang-blasted crick !

KATIE (*horrified*) : Calamity !

(BILL *and* DANNY *are staring at* CALAMITY *blankly. As she realises they are present, she explodes with delight.*)

CALAMITY : Goshamighty—look who's here ! Say, what brought you two out t' this neck of the woods ?

KATIE : They—they came to ask you—to go to the Ball—

CALAMITY (*To* KATIE) : Both of 'em ? . . . (*To the* MEN.) Waal, that's plumb flatterin' ! Only . . . cain't go with both of yuh . . .

DANNY (*brightly*) : It's all right . . . we . . . we drew straws . . .

CALAMITY (*looking at him adoringly*) : Yuh did ? . . . (*hesitates*) . . . who won ?

(DANNY *opens his mouth to answer—but* BILL, *fearing he may tell the truth, nips in before he can speak.*)

BILL (*forcing a smile*) : I did, Calam.

CALAMITY (*momentarily disappointed*) : Oh . . . (*She catches herself, and brightens.*) Yuh did ? . . . Waal, that's fine, Bill ! Mighty fine ! . . . (*Glancing wistfully at* DANNY.) Don't know which of you I'd rather tag along with . . .

KATIE (*sensing* CALAMITY's *disappointment*) : Bill's a lucky man . . . Say, you're soaked—you'll catch cold . . . I've got a wrap in my trunk . . . .

(KATIE *exits, and, as* DANNY's *eyes follow her,* CALAMITY *grabs him and draws him aside.*)

CALAMITY : Danny . . . (*over her shoulder*) 'Scuse me, Bill . . . (*To* DANNY.) Ask Katie to with you, Danny . . . I know y' wanted to take me, but . . . waal, g'wan . . . ask her ! Do it fer me, Danny . . . Will yuh ? . . . Please ? . . . (DANNY *looks at her, feels like a heel, and turns away.*) Aw, c'mon, Danny . . . Katie's a real purty gal, an' I'd hate her to miss a plumb fancy affair like a Ball . . . Me, I'll probably bust m' corset-strings with pride at just being asked ! . . . What dy'a say, Danny ? . . . Will you take Katie ? . . . fer me ?

DANNY : Calamity . . . You're quite a lady.

(*Impulsively, he kisses her on the forehead, looks at her for a moment, then turns and exits after* KATIE. CALAMITY *is held breathless. Slowly, she lifts her hand, and, with her fingertips, tenderly touches the spot on her forehead where* DANNY *kissed her. She gives a small sigh of contentment, and sways . . . Sensing what is going to happen,* BILL *moves swiftly to her, and catches her as she swoons. As he holds her in his arms* :)

MUSIC

BLACK-OUT

END OF SCENE

TABS

(ORCHESTRA *starts.*)

No. 19 . . . "THE BLACK HILLS OF DAKOTA"

(*First part : music for scene-change.*)

MUSIC

ACT TWO, SCENE 2.

A TRAIL THROUGH A PASS IN THE BLACK HILLS (NIGHT).

This is a front-cloth, to be dropped in as quickly as possible when the TABS *are drawn following the* BLACK-OUT *that ends the previous scene.*

The cloth can depict trees with mountains behind them, but need only be "impressionistic"—for this is a NIGHT SCENE *throughout, with only* NIGHT-EFFECT LIGHTING. *In view of this, a sky-cloth or a neutral backing would serve—and might even be preferred.*

There are TWENTY BARS OF MUSIC *in which to effect the change; the* TABS RE-OPEN EIGHT BARS AFTER FIGURE 1 *in the score. The* CHARACTERS *are already entering and continue to do so, in procession, during the* FOUR BARS *of establishing rhythm music. They start to sing at* FIGURE 2 *in the score—continuing the processional movement, if necessary, until all the* CHARACTERS *are on stage. They are the citizens of Deadwood and* GIRLS *with* MILITARY ESCORTS *on their way to the Dance at the Fort; some of the* MEN *carry lanterns; all are in their party-clothes with overcoats or cloaks, as required. Among them are* SUSAN, FRYER, MILLER, JOE, DOC, RATTLESNAKE.

No. 19 (continued) . . . "THE BLACK HILLS OF DAKOTA"

(CHORUS)

CHORUS: Take me back to the Black Hills,
The Black Hills of Dakota,
To the beautiful Indian country that I love!

Lost my heart in the Black Hills,
The Black Hills of Dakota,
Where the pines are so high that they kiss
The sky above!

And when I get that lonesome feeling,
And I'm miles away from home,
I hear the voice of the mystic mountains
Calling me back home . . .

Take me back to the Black Hills,
The Black Hills of Dakota,
To the beautiful Indian country that I love!

MUSIC

SOPRANOS, ALTOS, TENORS: Mm . . . Mm . . .

BASSES: Black Hills . . . Black Hills . . .
Though I've wandered far away,
Black Hills . . . Black Hills . . .
I'll come back to you some day !

MEN : Where the deer and the buffalo roam,
And the redwing feathers her nest,
That's the place that I'll call my home—
The land I love the best.

CHORUS : Take me back . . . Take me back . . .
Take me back to the Black Hills,
The Black Hills of Dakota—
Take me back . . . Take me back . . .
To the beautiful Indian country that I love—
(That I love . . .)

Lost my heart . . . Lost my heart . . .
Lost my heart in the Black Hills,
The Black Hills of Dakota,
Where the pines are so high
That they kiss the sky above !

And when I get that lonesome feeling,
And I'm miles away from home,
I hear the voice of the mystic mountains
Calling me back home . . .

Take me back to the Black Hills,
Take me back . . .
The Black Hills of Dakota,
To the beautiful Indian country that I love !

So take me,
Take me back to the Black Hills,
The Black Hills of Dakota,
To the beautiful Indian country that I love !
So take me,
Take me back to the Black Hills,
The Black Hills of Dakota,
To the beautiful Indian country that I love !
Black Hills I love . . . love . . . love !

(*After applause*, SEGUE :)

No. 19a . . . "THE BLACK HILLS OF DAKOTA"

(Reprise)

(CHORUS, *and later* CALAMITY, KATIE, BILL *and* DANNY. *After this, the* MUSIC CONTINUES *for the start of the next scene, and becomes* OPENING SCENE 3. *As the* CHORUS *start to sing the* REPRISE, *they proceed on their way to the Fort, their voices dying away as they move out of sight.*)

MUSIC

CHORUS : So take me,
Take me back to the Black Hills,
The Black Hills of Dakota,
To the beautiful Indian country that I love !
Because I
Lost my heart in the Black Hills,
The Black Hills of Dakota,
Where the pines are so high
That they kiss the sky above . . . .

(*By now,* (*Fig.* 2 *in the score*) *all the* GUESTS *are off, and as the* MUSIC CONTINUES, CALAMITY *enters with* BILL, *followed by* KATIE *with* DANNY.

CALAMITY *is bundled up in an oversized military overcoat—very old and shabby. Her head is wrapped in a scarf or shawl tied under her chin.* BILL *carries a lantern.* KATIE *wears a smart coat over her evening dress.* DANNY *wears his uniform overcoat.*)

(*Dialogue over music.*)

BILL : Didja hafta wear that ol' coat ?

CALAMITY : It wuz Custer's, Bill. Gave it t'me hiself. What's good enough fer Custer oughta be good enough for Fort Scully.

BILL : This ain't no scouting expedition against Sittin' Bull ! We're going to a Ball !

CALAMITY : I know. . . An' we sure got a night fer it, ain't we, Bill ? Don't it thrill yuh, jest to look at them hills ? No wonder them Injuns fight so fierce—t'hang onto this country ! . . .

(CALAMITY, KATIE, BILL *and* DANNY *now sing the rest of the Refrain as they proceed on their way to the Fort.*)

CALAMITY, BILL } Take me back to the Black Hills,

KATIE, DANNY } Take me back . . .

ENSEMBLE : The Black Hills of Dakota,
To the beautiful Indian country that I love !

MUSIC

(*The* VOICES OF THE CHORUS *are now heard joining in. They are, of course, the voices of the* GUESTS *who have just made their exits from the scene. The majority of them are by now ready in position behind the front-cloth, ready to be revealed, when the next scene opens, as having just arrived at Fort Scully. The remaining* GUESTS *who are waiting off-stage (in readiness to make their entrances in the opening moments of the next scene and so complete the arrival of the* GUESTS) *can also join in.*)

CHORUS . . . That I love !
Ah ! . . . Ah ! . . .
Ah ! . . . Ah ! . . .
. . . Country that I love !

ENSEMBLE Take me back to the Black Hills,
The Black Hills of Dakota,
To the beautiful Indian country that I love !

END OF SCENE

(*As the* LIGHTS FADE, *and the* PRINCIPALS *move off out of sight, and the* VOICES *die away, there is a* CRESCENDO *in the* ORCHESTRA, *and they strike up a loud and lively* POLKA (*which is a continuation of music of* 19*a—Fig.* 6 *in the score.*) *After* 2 *bars, the* CLOTH *is taken away, and it is* LIGHTS UP *on the next scene.*)

MUSIC

ACT TWO, SCENE 3.

FORT SCULLY.

This is the RECEPTION ROOM *of the Fort, decorated with flags and buntings for the occasion of the Ball. There is an entrance from the outside, and doors leading into the ballroom.*

As the scene opens, the GUESTS *from the previous scenes are arriving and being welcomed by the* COLONEL—*who is attended by a number of* OFFICERS. *The* COLONEL *shakes hands with the* MEN GUESTS *and bows to the* LADIES, *then gestures them to a* SOLDIER *who takes their outdoor clothes and hands them to* ANOTHER SOLDIER *who takes them off-stage and returns for more. This action is covered by the* 10 *bars of loud and lively* POLKA (*which is still a continuation of music* 19*a*) *before the music quietens down at Fig.* 8 *in the score, and out of the general hubbub of ad-libs we hear the* COLONEL *speaking.*)

COLONEL : Nice to see you all—very good of you to come ! I hope you all have a most enjoyable evening !

(*The* GUESTS *respond to this with ad-libs* (" *We will* ! " " *Thanks, Colonel* ! " " *Nice to be here* ! ", *etc.*) *as they continue the action of handing over their outdoor clothes.* KATIE *and* DANNY *enter, followed by* CALAMITY *and* BILL. *They are dressed, of course, as in the previous scene.* DANNY *escorts* KATIE *straight over to the* COLONEL.)

DANNY : Colonel—may I present Miss Katie Brown ?

COLONEL : You're very welcome, Miss Brown ! I've got a hunch you're gonna cause quite a stir here at Fort Scully—

(KATIE *smiles her acknowledgements, and* DANNY *takes her coat. During this,* BILL *has brought* CALAMITY *downstage. He seems quite content to skip the formalities—embarrassed, as he is, by* CALAMITY'S *appearance, which has not escaped the notice of some of the* OFFICERS.)

BILL (*aside to* CALAMITY, *as he takes her coat*) : You're causin' quite a stir yourself, Calam—you and General Custer.

(CALAMITY *takes off her scarf and overcoat, and* BILL, *looking over at the* OFFICERS *in some embarrassment, takes them from her hands them to a* SOLDIER. CALAMITY *is now seen to be wearing a beautiful evening gown ; her hair-style and make-up are most becoming ; she is suddenly revealed as a dazzling debutante. Everybody stares at her in startled disbelief.* BILL, *having disposed of the scarf and coat, glances at her—and does a tremendous* " *take* ".)

(*The* OFFICERS *who have been hovering round* KATIE, *and putting their initials on her dance-card, are now heard ad-libing :* " *Can that be Calamity* ? " . . . " *It is Calamity* ! " " *She's beautiful* ! " . . . " *What a gal* ! ", *etc.* KATIE *enjoys this sudden transference of attention from herself to* CALAMITY—*and slyly watches a dazed expression come into* DANNY'S *face as he, too, takes in the transformation.* DANNY *and* BILL *stand by, staring blankly, as the* MEN *suddenly converge on* CALAMITY, *and swarm round her. An* OFFICER *quickly scribbles his initials on a dance-card and hands it to her.*)

OFFICER : Your dance-card, Miss Calamity—I've put myself down for the first waltz—

(ANOTHER OFFICER *promptly seizes the card, and scribbles on it—and the card is then grabbed from him and passed rapidly from hand to hand as the* MEN *ad-lib* : " *May I have a dance ?* " . . . " *Me, too ?* " . . . " *Save one for me !* " " *May I have the pleasure ?* " " *How about me ?* ", *etc. During this.*)

CALAMITY : Hey ! . . . Steady on, now, fellers ! . . . Cain't take on more partners than there are dances ! . . . Landsakes ! I'm gonna be all booked up before I've had a chance t' get m'bearings—!

(FRYER *and* MILLER *have come downstage—and are looking on incredulously.*)

FRYER : Looks like Calamity's been holding out on us—

MILLER : I don't believe it and I'm looking at it . . .

CALAMITY (*to her admirers*) : How come this sudden popularity ? Las' month, at that shindig down at Hogan's stable, I got such a cold reception I spent most o' the night wrapped in a hoss-blanket, chattin' with the mules ! . . .

(*By this time she has grabbed back her filled-up dance-card, and is staring at it in delighted amazement. The* CROWD, *chattering excitedly, now drifts off into the* DANCE-ROOM—*while* BILL, DANNY *and* KATIE *approach* CALAMITY.)

BILL (*admiring her*) : It's what I always been tellin' yuh . . . yuh look better in a dress.

CALAMITY (*pleased*) : That so ? . . . (*To* DANNY, *wistfully.*) Do I, Danny ?

DANNY : You're an absolute vision . . .

CALAMITY : Then . . . then how come you haven't asked me for a dance . . . ?

KATIE : He didn't get much chance, the way those wolves set on you—

CALAMITY (*To* DANNY) : I'll ditch any one of 'em for yuh—two if yuh like—

BILL : *After* you've ditched the guy who got the first waltz—that's *mine* ! And I need a drink before we take the floor ! C'mon, Calam . . .

(*And he whisks* CALAMITY *off before* DANNY *can reply to her. He and* KATIE *are left alone on the stage.*)

KATIE (*gently*) : Well, Danny . . . I did try to warn you what you were missing, didn't I ? . . . If you . . . feel like taking back anything you've said to me . . .

DANNY (*squarely*) : I don't . . . Not a thing . . . Thanks to you, Calamity looks great—and I admit I didn't know she could . . . But so what ? . . . It doesn't make any difference to me . . . Why should it ? . . . You're the girl I'm in love with . . .

KATIE : Oh, Danny—I don't know—

(*Gently, he draws her into his arms.*)

DANNY (*softly*) : When are you going to quit worrying ?

KATIE : I—I can't help it—

DANNY : Give me a kiss—

KATIE (*resisting only half heartedly*) : We ought to go in—the others might—

(*He kisses her.*)

DANNY : Oh, Katie . . . Katie darling . . .

KATIE : How am I going to explain . . . to Calamity ?

(*He caresses her, and whispers.*)

DANNY : Calamity can be your bridesmaid . . .

No. 20 . . . "LOVE YOU DEARLY"

(KATIE & DANNY)

MUSIC

DANNY : Love you dearly,
More than just sincerely,
More than I could ever hope to say ;

KATIE : Love you dearly,
Words can't express it clearly,
You seem to take my very breath away.

DANNY : Looks like I like your looks,
Like the way you're fashioned ;
If I sound impassioned, darling,
May I say I

BOTH : Love you dearly,
More than just sincerely,

DANNY : More than there are rosebuds in a spring bouquet !

BOTH : Need I say I need you more and more each day ?

(DIALOGUE *under continuing music.*)

KATIE : Are you . . . *sure*, Danny . . . ?

DANNY : Couldn't be more sure, Katie . . . Ever since you got here—ever since that first moment I saw you, I've known you're the only one for me . . .

(*They* SING *again.*)

BOTH Love you dearly,
More than just sincerely,

DANNY : More than there are rosebuds in a spring bouquet !

BOTH : Need I say I need you more and more each day ?

(*As the song ends,* DANNY *draws* KATIE *into his arms, and they are in a fervent kiss as* CALAMITY *re-enters—and re-acts with sudden, shocked fury at what she sees. She stands and glares.*)

CALAMITY (*erupting*) : Why, you mis'rable—two-timin'—claim-jumper ! !

(*As the lovers separate in surprise,* CALAMITY, *suddenly galvanised into action, tears past them and disappears off—in the direction in which the* COATS *were taken off earlier in the scene.* BILL *re-enters and looks about. He is surprised not to see* CALAMITY.)

BILL : What happened to Calam—?

DANNY : She just exploded like a stick of dynamite—

BILL : Exploded ?

DANNY (*defiantly*) : I was kissing Katie.

(BILL'S *face sets grimly.*)

BILL : Where'd she go ?

DANNY (*indicating*) : In there.

(*As he speaks, and as* BILL *makes a move in the direction indicated,* CALAMITY *re-appears with a gun in her hand—which she levels at* KATIE. *Her eyes are blazing.*)

CALAMITY : Yeh—to get this—

(BILL *re-acts with alarm—and anger.*)

BILL : Calam ! . . . You gone loco ?

CALAMITY : Stay outa this, Bill Hickock !

BILL : Yuh crazy—! (*Sudden move towards her*). Gimme that gun—

CALAMITY (*fiercely*) : I said stay clear ! (BILL *halts.* CALAMITY *glares at* KATIE *and keeps the gun levelled at her as she speaks with cold fury.*) Listen t' me, Katie Brown . . . I'm leavin' . . . Yuh'll find all that belongs to yuh pitched outa my cabin . . . When the next stage pulls outa Deadwood, be on it !

KATIE (*to* DANNY) : Bridesmaid, eh ? . . . (*Turns to go.*)

(DANNY *pauses only long enough to throw a withering glance at* CALAMITY, *and then escorts* KATIE *into the* DANCE-ROOM. CALAMITY, *with levelled gun, stands like a statue.* BILL *moves swiftly to her, and impatiently snatches the gun from her hand. Snapping on the safety-catch, he sticks the gun in his belt.*)

BILL : You *sure* gone loco . . . That was a right smart thing to do.

(CALAMITY *suddenly erupts again.*)

CALAMITY : I tell yuh Deadwood ain't big enough—not fer me and that frilled-up, flirtin', man-rustling petticoat, it ain't—s'help me !

(*She suddenly starts to peel off her long white gloves.*)

CALAMITY : I brung 'er here ! *Me* ! All the way from Chicagy . . . t'make love to Danny ! Goshamighty, was I *dumb* . . .

(*She begins to struggle out of the gown she is wearing—fuming as she undresses.*)

Even took 'er into m' cabin—because I thought she needed protection ! (*Pulls dress over her head.*)

BILL (*appalled and embarrassed*) : Hey, Calam ! What in tarnation y'doin' ?

CALAMITY : Bet it wasn't the first time she got 'im to kiss 'er ! Bet it's been goin' on right along ! (*Throws dress on floor and starts to peel off petticoat.*)

BILL (*getting frantic*) : Now Calam—get a hold o' yourself ! It ain't that serious ! Lots o' people act plumb silly at these sociables—

CALAMITY : I saw 'em ! They wasn't actin' ! (*Throws petticoat down.*) She can take that with the rest of her man-traps ! (*Kicks off shoe.*) And that ! (*Kicks off other shoe.*) And that ! (*She starts to sniffle, fighting back tears.*)

BILL : Why're you blamin' it all on Katie ? Seems to me the Lootenant musta been on the other end o' that kissin' business !

CALAMITY (*ripping off stockings*) : She charmed him hog-eyed ! (*Holds up stockings.*) Look at these ! Pure silk ! Bet 'er mother spun 'em !

BILL : For gosh sakes, Calam ! The soljers might come in ! . . . I'm gonna get that ol' coat o' yours—you'll disrupt the whole Fort if they see ya like that—! (*Exit.*)

No. 21 . . . FINALETTO

(CALAMITY *and* BILL)

Music

(*Over the intro,* CALAMITY *yells after* BILL.)

CALAMITY : Let 'em see me ! What do I care ?

(*Sings.*)

Men ! Men ! Two-timin' men !
I've said it before an' I'll say it agen !
T'yer face the mean critters behave nice as pie,
But jest turn y'r back—they'll spit right in y'r eye !

(BILL *re-enters, with coat.*)

BILL (*spoken*) : C'mon now—get this coat on . . .

(*As he helps her on with the coat.*)

(*Sings.*)

Girls ! Girls ! Feminyne girls !
They act so plumb crazy, your brain simply whirls !
The things they get up to don't make any sense . . .
They just don't begin to use intelligence
In their bonnets bees keep buzz'n'—
An' they don't heed a word that you say—

MUSIC

CALAMITY : If I'd follo'wers by the doz'n,
Wouldn't give you a dime for 'em—
Jest got no time for 'em—

BOTH : {Men ! Men !
Girls ! Girls !} How can you win ?
With dice that are loaded, your chances are thin !
You might as well talk to a solid brick wall—
You don't get much farther,
So, me, I'd much rather
Just simply not bother at all !

(DIALOGUE *over continuing music.*)

BILL : I take back everything I said about that ol' coat . . . You're sure gonna need it . . .

(*As he makes to escort her off.*)

CALAMITY : Hey—you ain't comin' wih me ! I know the way—

BILL : I'm takin' ya home whether you like it or not—

CALMITY : Now, see here, Bill Hickock—

BILL : For pete's sake let's get goin' . . . If anyone catches you and me this way, Deadwood City'll never be the same again !

(*Firmly, he escorts her* OFF.)

CURTAIN

END OF SCENE

Music

ACT TWO, SCENE 4.

THE TRAIL AGAIN.

No. 22 . . . OPENING SCENE 4

(*This covers the dropping-in of the* CLOTH *used for* SCENE 2, *and if all the music provided is not required, the first repeat may be omitted or a start made at* FIGURE 1.)

It is still NIGHT. CALAMITY *and* BILL *enter, as from the previous scene.* CALAMITY, *tearful, angry and rebellious, is pulling away from* BILL.)

CALAMITY : I wish yuh'd let me be, Bill Hickock, and mind yer business !

BILL : This is my business ! (*Grabs her by the arm.*)

CALAMITY : Let go o' me, y' danged polecat !

(BILL *spins her about and holds her firmly.*)

BILL : Y're gonna listen to me if I have to tie you down ! Why don't you cool off ? I oughta knock yuh senseless . . . as if y'had any sense !

CALAMITY : I tell yuh I'm pullin' outa Deadwood just as fast's I can—

BILL : Y're doin' nuthin' of the kind ! . . . I've seen you do lots of crazy things, Calam, but it's the first time I ever saw yuh make a blasted fool o' yerself !

(CALAMITY, *fighting temper and emotions, tries to tear herself away from him.*)

CALAMITY : Lemmy off—!

BILL (*holding her*) : You stay still and listen ! Y're a fake, Calamity Jane, d'ya hear ? A fake ! Y'dress, talk, ride and shoot like a man, but y'think like a female ! A green-eyed, snarlin', spittin' female ! Who are you t'tell people who to love ? Suppose y'do scare that kid outa town—will that git yuh back yer Lootenant ? Will it stop Katie from lovin' him ? Or him her ? That's female thinkin' ! He'll bring 'er back, an' they'll both hate yuh ! Yuh'll have lost your man, your friend, and the respect everybody had for yuh !

(*Laying her head on his shoulder, she begins to sob.*)

BILL : G'wan . . . bawl ! Admit y're a female ! Have y'r hysterics and git 'em over with ! Y'll feel better !

CALAMITY : Oh Bill . . . I'm so plumb crazy about him . . .

(*She buries her face against him, and weeps bitterly.* BILL *holds her close, and comforts her—his anger melting away.*)

BILL (*gently*) : I know . . . I know just how it is . . . I feel the same way about her . . .

(CALAMITY *fights her tears, lifts her head, and looks at* BILL *questioningly.*)

CALAMITY : Bill . . . ! You . . . in love with . . . Katie . . . ?

BILL (*ruefully*) : Funny . . . ain't it ?

CALAMITY : No, it ain't . . . I'm sorry, Bill . . . I didn't know . . .

BILL (*smiles, and puts his arm round her*) : 'S all right. It might take a little time, but I'll git over it. You'll get over Danny, too.

No. 23 . . . "MY SECRET LOVE"

(CALAMITY)

MUSIC

(*Dialogue over opening music.*)

CALAMITY : No I won't . . . not Danny . . . All I've done fer months is dream about 'im . . . about gittin' married an' building a little cabin, an' havin' kids, an' . . . Silly, but I really wanted all them things . . .

BILL : I was kinda hankerin' fer 'em myself.

CALAMITY : There'll never be another man like him, Bill . . . not fer me . . . not ever . . .

BILL : It ain't gonna be easy gittin' her outa my system, either . . . (*His lips descending towards hers, staring at* CALMITY.) She was so beautiful . . . and . . . so beautiful . . . and . . . (*Their lips meet in a passionate kiss, and he goes on kissing her, on her hair, and cheek, and whispering.* So beautiful . . . and female . . . and . . .

CALAMITY (*her cheek against his*) : Bill . . . Bill . . .

(*Sings.*)

Once I had a secret love
That lived within the heart of me ;
All too soon my secret love
Became impatient to be free.

So I told a friendly star,
The way that dreamers often do,
Just how wonderful you are,
And why I'm so in love with you.

Now I shout it from the highest hills–
Even told the golden daffodils !
At last my heart's an open door,
And my secret love's no secret any more.

(*They kiss again. Dialogue over continuing music.*)

BILL : Who was that Lootenant you were tellin' me about a while back ?

CALAMITY : Never heard of 'im . . .

BILL : What you say to us takin' a ride –just the two of us ? We could watch the moon hangin' high over the mountain . . .

MUSIC

CALAMITY : The way it'll look, I shan't ever have seen it before . . .

(*Sings.*)

Now I shout it from the highest hills—
Even told the golden daffodils !
At last my heart's an open door,
And my secret love's no secret any more !

(*They hold a close embrace during the applause. Then, as they make to move off together,* DANNY *enters. Seeing them, he halts.*)

DANNY : Calamity !

CALAMITY (*turning*) : Danny ! . . . Oh, I'm glad to see you, Danny ! . . . I wanna explain—

DANNY : There's nothing to explain. You warned Katie to clear out—and that's what she's done.

CALAMITY : Done . . . ? How d'ya mean ?

DANNY : She went to the Colonel and asked his help. Right now she's being escorted to Valley Falls. She's catching the stage from there at dawn.

CALAMITY : What . . . ? But I don't want her to go ! I didn't mean what I said ! I musta been loco—

DANNY : Bit late for that sort of talk—

CALAMITY (*anguished*) : But, Danny—! I never thought she'd leave just like that ! Why'd she do it ?

DANNY (*suppressed anger*) : Because she's a lady . . . Because she's not mean, and selfish . . . She never learned to hurt people, and wreck their lives, like—like—

CALAMITY (*choking back a sob*) : Like me ? Go on—say it !

DANNY : I don't have to say it. (*Produces paper.*) This note she left me says everything. Listen . . .

No. 23a . . . " MY SECRET LOVE "

(*Melos and Reprise*)

DANNY (*reading note*) : " Dear Danny : Calamity's in love with you . . . "

CALAMITY : But I'm not ! Maybe I was, but I'm not—not any more—

DANNY : Shut up and listen ! (*Resumes reading.*) " Calamity's in love with you, and I expect you're in love with her, too, if truth be told . . . I've no right to come between you two ; I want you to be happy . . . Pretend it *was* Adelaide Adams who came to Deadwood . . . Katie Brown never existed . . . She doesn't now . . . Goodbye, Danny . . . " (*He crumples the note.*)

BILL : " Never existed " . . . She was the most *real* person in Deadwood.

CALAMITY (*with sudden resolution*) : I've gotta bring her back . . . There's nothin' else for it—I've gotta bring her back !

DANNY : But she's on her way to Valley Falls—

CALAMITY : But she ain't gonna catch no stage—not while I can ride faster'n any woman alive ! I'm gittin' back to the cabin, quick ! Bill you can saddle up fer me, while I git m'deerskins on . . . While I'm gone, find a preacher to do the splicin' ! Danny, you git back to the Fort an' invite the folks to a weddin'—a *double* weddin'—you and Katie, 'n me and Bill.

DANNY (*after a stunned pause*) : Did—did you say you—and—Bill ?

CALAMITY : That's right !

BILL : Sure is !

MUSIC

DANNY : Well I'll be—! (*Tympanum roll begins.*) Bill, I don't know what kind of a life you'll have with this catamount, but it ain't gonna be dull ! (*Exit.*)

(MUSIC BUILDS *as* BILL *puts his arm round* CALAMITY *and they go into a* DUET REPRISE *of the end part of* " *My Secret Love* ".)

CALAMITY } Now we shout if from the highest hills—
BILL } Even told the golden daffodils !
At last my heart's an open door,
And our secret love's no secret—any more !

FADE-OUT

TABS

(SEGUE :)

No. 24 . . . " WINDY CITY "

(*Reprise*)

(*The* ORCHESTRAL INTRO *is to cover the scene-change. If there is more music than required, the first repeat can be omitted ; or a start can be made at* FIGURE 1, *or even at* FIGURE 2.)

Music

ACT TWO, SCENE 5.

"THE GOLDEN GARTER" AGAIN.

The CURTAIN RISES *at* FIGURE 3 *in the score.* (*No.* 24 *continued*). *"The Golden Garter" is festively decorated for a happy occasion. A gay poster reads "Welcome Back Katie!" The* CITIZENS *of Deadwood are in their Sunday-best, and a sprinkling of the* MILITARY *from the Fort are in dress uniforms.* MILLER *is fussing about putting finishing touches to the decorations, and* JOE *is officiating at the bar.*

No. 24 . . . "WINDY CITY"

(*Reprise*)

(CHORUS)

CHORUS : Just blew in from the Windy City—
The Windy City is might pretty,
But they ain't got what we got,
No, sirree !

They got shacks up to seven storeys—
They never see any morning glories,
But a step from our doorway
We got 'em for free !

MEN : They got those
Minstrel shows—

GIRLS : Pretty ladies in their big chapeaux—

MEN : Private Lawns,
Public Parks—

GIRLS { Ah . . . Ah . . .
For the sake of civic virtue,

They've got fountains there to squirt you !

CHORUS : Just blew in from the Windy City—
The Windy City is might pretty,
But they ain't got what we got—
I'm tellin' you, boys !
We've got more life in Deadwood City
Than in all of Illinois !

(*SHOUT.*)

YEOW !

(*As the* CHORUS ENDS, *the* CROWD *breaks-up, some of the* MEN *grouping to talk with the* LADIES, *others moving to the bar. Enter* DOC PIERCE. *He is dressed in a seedy black suit with a big white flower in the buttonhole. He gazes round at the* CROWD, *and sniffs.*)

DOC : H'm . . . Nice, healthy smell of naphthalene around here . . . I diagnose moth-balls . . . Hiya, Millie !

MILLER : No good asking if there's a poker game going. For once, there isn't.

DOC : I was afraid o' that . . . My, the ol' place looks real fancy—

MILLER : More'n I can say of you—in your funeral suit.

DOC : Can't you see there's a flower in m' buttonhole ? That makes it m' weddin'-suit ! . . . Anyway, only gladrags I got . . . When do we clap eyes on the lovin' couples ?

MILLER : They'll be down when Rattlesnake gets here with the stage—

DOC : Two hitchin's in one day—well, why not ? 'Spec' they get a cut rate . . . Say, Millie, (*indicates poster*) does that just mean Katie's welcome back to Deadwood, or to The Golden Garter ?

MILLER : I'd like to think it meant both. But I'm not kidding myself.

DOC : Seems a pity, jest as soon's y'get y'rself an attraction hot as a potato—

MILLER : Don't I know it ? . . . But can you see Lootenant Daniel Gilmartin letting his wife do a song-and-dance for the likes o' you ?

(*The* SOLDIERS *laugh.*)

DOC (*stubbornly*) : To do a song-and-dance for the likes o' me wuz what Calam brung her from Chicago for—

MILLER : But not what she rode like crazy to stop her *going back* for !

DOC (*ruefully*) : S'pose not . . . Say, that was really sump'n wasn't it ? . . . I hear tell by the time them two gals'd sorted out which was in love with who, Calam was cryin' 's loud as Katie ! . . . Can y'imagine—Calam acting like an ornery female ? . . 'Mazin' . . .

(FRYER, *very dapper in a smart morning-suit with a flower in his lapel, has entered, and is edging towards* MILLER *somewhat timorously.*)

JOE (*from bar, to* DOC, *proffering drink*) : Come'n get it, Doc ! Everybody has one on the house . . . *One* . . . to drink the health o' *both* couples . . .

DOC (*appreciatively, moving to bar*) : Well . . . gee . . . thanks . . .

MILLER : It'll probably ruin me—if I'm not ruined already. (*Sees* FRYER, *and moves to him purposefully.*) Mister Fryer . . . About this double-act you and Susan been working on . . . Could you go on tonight—that is, if anybody shows up ? . . . D'you think anybody *will* show up tonight ? Why should they ? Why should they show up any night ?

FRYER : Mister Miller, I've been wanting to talk to you—

MILLER (*suddenly taking in his clothes*) : Say, you've really gone the whole hog, haven't you ? You could be a bridegroom yourself—

FRYER : That's what I've been wanting to—

MILLER : Don't worry—you look fine—just fine. Now about this act. I thought if you and Susan—

FRYER : We—we sorta had other ideas—about tonight—

MILLER : Other ideas ? . . . For a show ?

FRYER : No—for us.

MILLER : What are you talking about ?

FRYER : Me and Susan . . . We thought . . . if it's such a good idea having a double wedding, then surely it'd be an even better idea to have a *triple* . . . ?

MILLIE (*not with him*) : Mister Fryer, I'm a very busy man right now. I've a got a great deal to think about, and I just wanted a simple answer to a simple—(*He does a tremendous " take ", and then stares at* FRYER.) What was that you said ?

(*By now the* CROWD *chatter has subsided, and everybody is listening.*)

FRYER (*gulping*) : Please can I marry Susan ? . . . Today—while we're all set up ? Two weddings—three weddings—what's the difference ? Wouldn't be any trouble at all—(*For a few moments* MILLER, *staggered, opens and closes his mouth soundlessly—unable to get any words out.* FRYER *looks apprehensive.*) Please don't be angry, Mister Miller . . . We love each other very much . . . We'd have asked you earlier, only . . . well . . . Susan thought this way we'd have the best chance . . . (MILLER *still can't get his vocal chords working.* FRYER *rushes on, while he has the chance.*)

I know you think actors are crazy . . . Well, maybe I am . . . but only about Susan. I'm honest, and healthy, and single, and hard-working, and—and—well, anyway, Susan wants to marry me, and so do I. I mean—

MILLER (*swallowing, and finding his voice at last*) : Where is she . . . ?

FRYER (*pointing vaguely up and off*) : Getting dressed . . .

MILLER (*nodding*) : Getting dressed . . . (" *Take* ") . . . Like a bridesmaid ?

FRYER : Like a bride . . . Just in case . . .

(MILLER *reacts. Dazed, and groping a little, he brushes* FRYER *out of his way, and exits.* FRYER *raises his eyes prayerfully. Deliberately he crosses the first two fingers of both hands, and then dives off after* MILLER. *The* CROWD *laughs. A* MAN *who has been on the look-out by the door lets out a shout.*)

MAN : The stage ! Here it comes—all frilled up—!

(*There is a general movement to concentrate interest on the door. The* CROWD *raises a* CHEER *as we hear* RATTLESNAKE'S *voice (off) shouting " Whoa there—Woa ! " and the sound of the Deadwood Stage being reined-in to a standstill. There is general laughter as* RATTLESNAKE *appears—beaming. He is got up in an ill-fitting tail-suit, with a battered top hat.*)

RATTLESNAKE : The Deadwood Stage—all ready fer the weddin' party !

No. 25 . . . FINALE

(FULL COMPANY)

MUSIC

CHORUS : Oh, the Deadwood Stage is a-rollin' on over the plains
With the curtains flappin' and the driver a-slappin' the reins—
Beautiful sky—a wonderful day—
Whip-crack-away, whip-crack-away, whip-crack-away !
Oh, the Deadwood Stage is a-headin' on over the hills,
Where the Injun arrows are a-thicker than porkerpine quills—
Dangerous land—no time to delay—
Whip-crack-away, whip-crack-away, whip-crack-away !

(*As the music changes,* SUSAN *enters—wearing a charming bridal gown, and attended by* BRIDESMAIDS. *As the* GIRLS *sing,* FRYER *re-enters with* MILLER—*and they solemnly shake hands.*)

GIRLS : A woman's touch !
A woman's touch !
The magic of Aladdin couldn't do as much !
She's a wizard—she's a champ—
And she doesn't need a lamp !

MEN : A woman's touch
Can weave a spell—
The kind of hocus-pocus that she does so well
In a charming wedding gown
She can captivate the town !

FRYER : Hey presto, change-o, suddenly
The sun comes peeping through—
What what does Mister Sunshine say to you ?

CHORUS : Tell us—do !

(FRYER *sings to* SUSAN.)

FRYER : I've got two wonderful arms—
You've got two wonderful lips—
I'm over twenty-one, and I'm free ;
You're sweet as a hive full of honey,
So let me be your honey-bee !

As you're the one I adore,
I had to get you before
Somebody shook you down from the tree ;
Your sweet as a hive full of honey,
So let me be your honey-bee !

(*During* CHANGE OF MUSIC. *Enter* KATIE *and* DANNY—*arm in arm.* KATIE, *too, wears a charming bridal gown, and* DANNY *is resplendent in his full-dress uniform. As the* ASSEMBLED COMPANY *make way for them to come downstage.*)

KATIE } Love you, dearly
DANNY } More than just sincerely,

MUSIC

DANNY : More than there are rosebuds in a spring bouquet !

KATIE / DANNY } Need I say I need you more and more each day ?

(*During the next* CHANGE OF MUSIC, *the* CROWD *turns to look at* BILL, *who enters wearing his smartest "Gaylord Ravenal" clothes, and singing.*)

BILL : I said that I would never fall—
But now I'm not afraid to tell :
My love, my love is higher than a hawk,
And deeper than a well !

(BILL *joins the* CHORUS *now, as, singing, they turn to greet* CALAMITY, *who enters to make the most dazzling bride of all.*)

CHORUS : Now we shout it from the highest hills—
Even told the golden daffodils—

CALAMITY : At last my heart's an open door—

CHORUS : Her heart's an open door—

CALAMITY / CHORUS } And { my / her secret love's no secret any more !

(*As the* THREE COUPLES *embrace.*)

ALL : Oh, the Deadwood Stage is a-rollin' on over the plains,
With the curtains flappin' and the driver a-slappin' the reins—
Beautiful sky—a wonderful day—
Whip-crack-away, whip-crack-away, whip-crack-away !

Oh, the Deadoowd Stage is a headin' on over the hills,
Where the Injun arrows are a-thicker than porkerpine quills—
Dangerous land—no time to delay—
Whip-crack-away, whip-crack-away, whip-crack-away,!
Whip-crack-away !

CURTAIN

END OF PLAY

FOR CURTAIN CALL THE FULL COMPANY SINGS

"THE BLACK HILLS OF DAKOTA"

CALAMITY JANE

DRESS PLOT

CALAMITY JANE

ACT ONE A much-worn masculine-cut suit of deerskins, with shoulder-tassellings, ankle-riding-boots, etc.

ACT TWO

SCENE 1. A simple, spring-gay dress.

SCENE 2. An elegant ball-dress, with a white pettitcoat, silk stockings, smart shoes, long white gloves—all concealed beneath an incongruous man's overcoat, very big and heavy looking.

SCENE 5. Bridal gown.

BILL HICKOCK

ACT ONE Riding-slacks, with gun-belt, patterned shirt, jacket with decorative facings.

ACT TWO

SCENE 1. As Act One, but with riding jacket and ten-gallon hat.

SCENE 2. Dark trousers, shirt and cravat, Gaylord Ravenal jacket, hat.

SCENE 5. Dark trousers, shirt with collar and tie, more formal jacket with silk facings.

LIEUT. DANNY GILMARTIN

ACT ONE

SCENE 1. American military post-Civil-War duty-uniform, torn in places, mudded as from a fall, blood-marked on front of one shoulder.

SCENE 3. A clean, untorn version of the same duty-uniform.

ACT TWO

SCENE 1. As Act One Scene 3, with cap and gauntlets.

SCENE 2. (Onwards) : Full dress uniform.

KATIE BROWN

ACT ONE

SCENE 2. Well-fitting dress—smart, but simple.

SCENE 3. (*a*) Same, with travelling coat and bonnet.
(*b*) Stage-dress of the period.

ACT TWO

SCENE 1. Simple, spring-gay dress.

SCENE 2 and 3. Ball-gown, cloak.

SCENE 5. Bridal gown.

HENRY MILLER

ACT ONE Sober, middle-aged suit of the period.

ACT TWO

SCENE 2 and 3. Evening suit, overcoat.

SCENE 5. Morning suit of the period.

SUSAN

ACT ONE Pretty teenage dress.

ACT TWO

SCENE 2 and 3. Young-style ball-dress with simple cloak and head-scarf.

SCENE 5. Bridal gown.

FRANCIS FRYER

ACT ONE

SCENE 1. (*a*) Slick city-suit of the period, slightly theatrical.
(*b*) Woman's vamp-style stage-dress with all accessories (female impersonation).

SCENE 3. As Scene 1 (*a*).

ACT TWO

SCENE 2 and 3. Smart evening suit of the period, overcoat.

SCENE 5. Bridegroom's morning suit.

ADELAIDE ADAMS

ACT ONE

SCENE 2. Over-stylish dress of the period, with stole, striking hat, etc., to give successful-actress-off-stage impression.

RATTLESNAKE.

ACT ONE Seedy "Western old-timer" outfit.

ACT TWO

SCENE 2 and 3. Smartened-up version of same character, with seen-better-days overcoat.

SCENE 5. Ill-fitting tail-suit, battered top-hat.

DOC PIERCE

ACT ONE Darkish slacks, belt, white shirt.

ACT TWO

SCENE 2 and 3. Oldish black-suit, collar and tie, overcoat.

SCENE 5. Same suit, flower in buttonhole.

MALE CHORUS

Optional variations on the "cowboy" and "prospector" outfits of the period (riding slacks, chaps, gun-belts, coloured/patterned open-neck shirts, some with neckerchiefs, leather jerkins, etc.)
Some more decorative jackets, cravats, etc., for the party scene.
Military duty- and dress-uniforms of the period.

FEMALE CHORUS

Period dresses of "Dodge-City" style. Some "lady-like" dresses of the period. Party-dresses, with cloaks.

DANCERS

Period chorus-girl dresses for the Can-Can.

JOSEF WEINBERGER LIMITED

CALAMITY JANE

ADAPTERS' NOTE ON SCENERY

The play requires three main sets, and our basic suggestion is that the largest ("THE GOLDEN GARTER") should remain more or less permanently set.

ACT ONE

This Act would seem to present no problem, since THE GOLDEN GARTER set, used for the first and third of the three scenes, would not be affected by the intermediary Scene 2, which is a small downstage set for which the backing can be either a front-cloth or a hinged flat.

ACT TWO

(see plans)

It is suggested that during the interval the FORT SCULLY set (middle-sized) should be pre-set within THE GOLDEN GARTER set, and that the CABIN set should be pre-set within the FORT SCULLY set. (To facilitate this, all movable props would obviously be cleared from THE GOLDEN GARTER set, and the "stage" and bar-counter shifted upstage if practical and if necessary.)

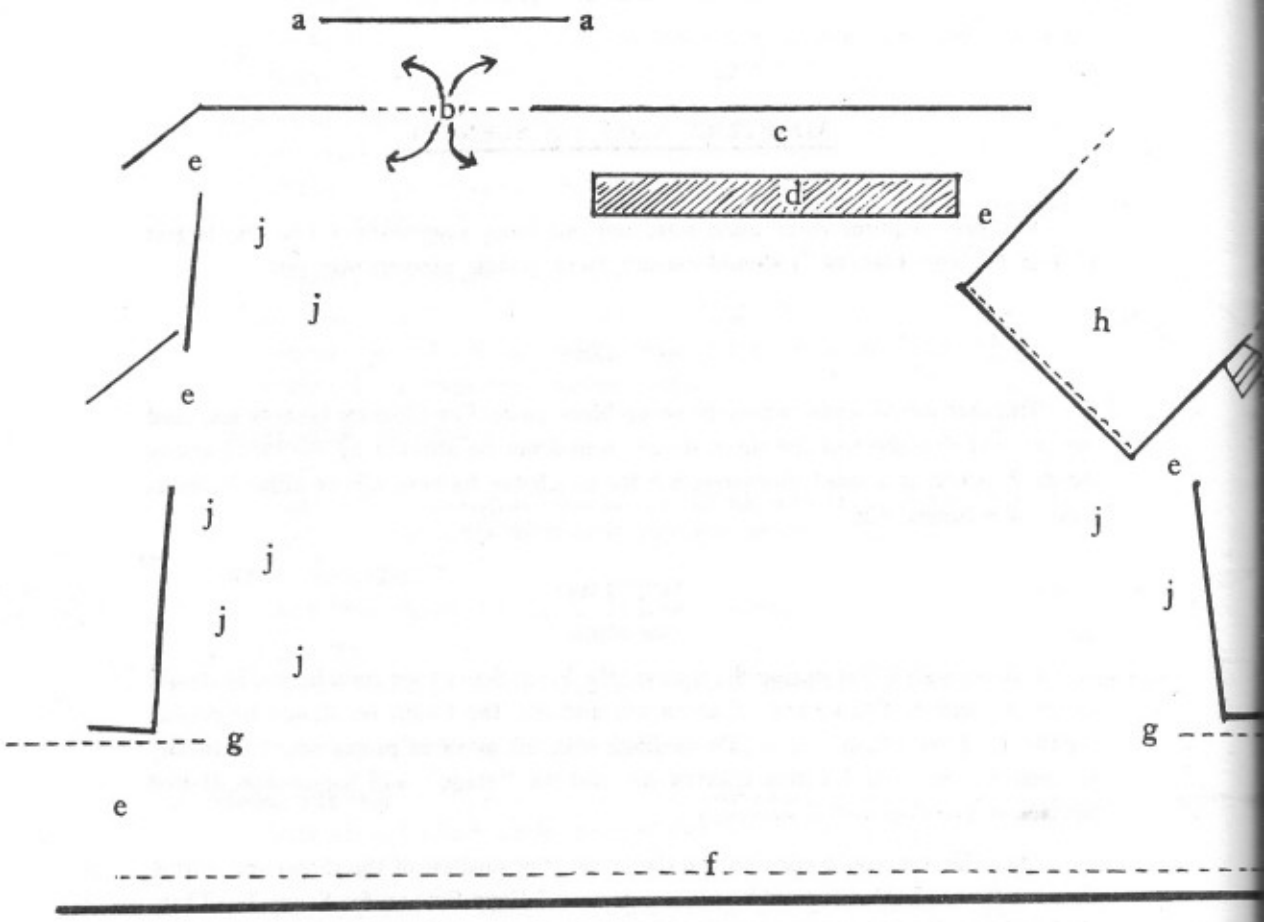
Thus the Act would open on the CABIN set (the smallest of the three) and during Scene 2 (front-cloth) this would be struck to reveal FORT SCULLY for Scene 3. Then, during Scene 4 (front-cloth again) the FORT SCULLY set would be struck to reveal THE GOLDEN GARTER again, for the final scene.

An alternative plan would be to set only the CABIN within THE GOLDEN GARTER for the opening of this Act, in which case it would have to be practical to strike the CABIN and replace it with FORT SCULLY, still within THE GOLDEN GARTER, during the front-cloth Scene 2.

The above suggestions are made with all due deference to the ingenuity of the Producer and/or the Stage Director who will have in mind the practicalities of the stage and the style and scale of the scenery it is desired to use.

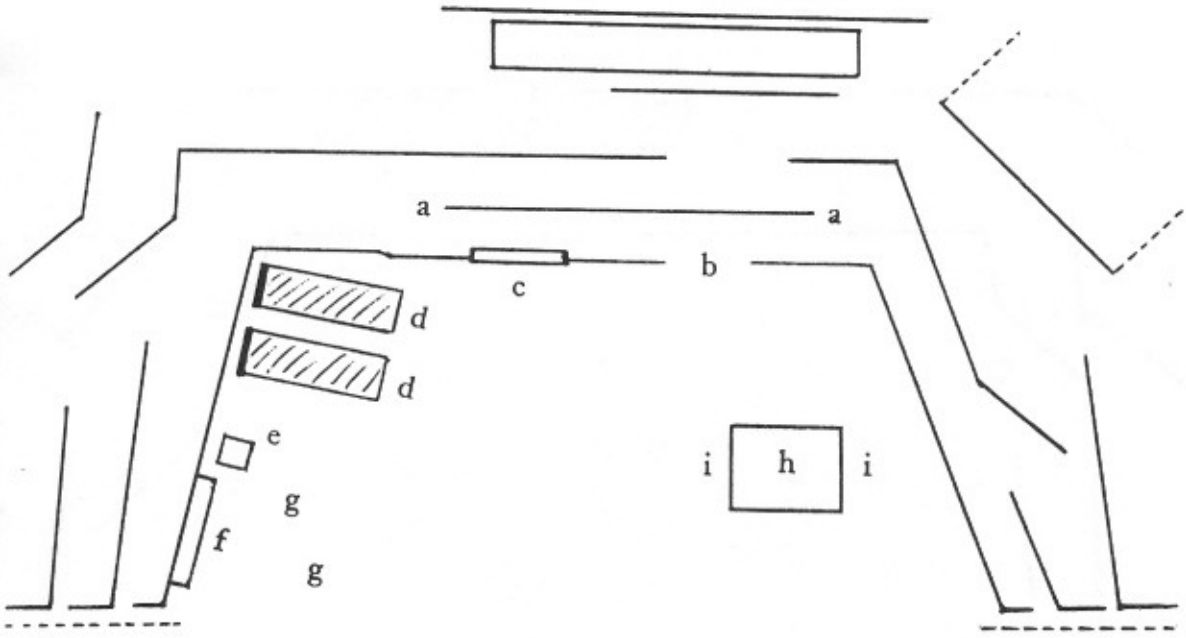
PHIL PARK
RONALD HANMER

"THE GOLDEN GARTER"—Act I. Scenes 1 and 3.



a. Backing.
b. Push-open saloon-bar doors.
c. Flat representing behind-the-bar.
d. Bar counter.
e. Exits.
f. Front tabs.
g. Draw-tabs or position of drop-in cloth.
h. "Stage".
i. Steps to "stage".
j. Tables with stools (number and placing as desired).

"CALAMITY'S CABIN"—Act II, Scene 1.

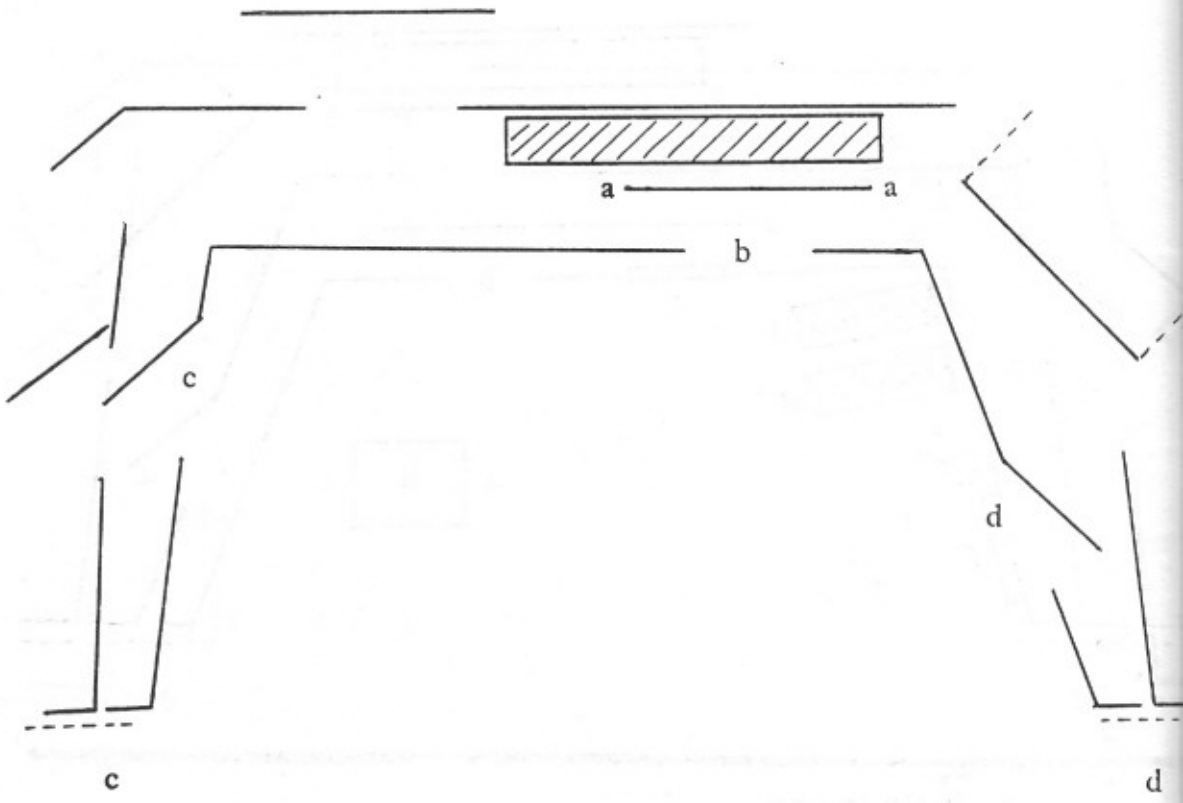


a. Backing (exterior).
b. Door.
c. Window.
d. Bunks.
e. Wood-bucket.
f. Fireplace.
g. Chairs.
h. Table.
i. Stools.

Note: If preferred, the bunks can be dispensed with and a small door or curtain (which need not be practical) inserted upstage in the fire-place-wall to suggest that the Cabin consists of two rooms, the bedroom being on the other side of the door or curtain.
If the bunks are dispensed with, the wood-bucket (e) can be downstage of the fireplace—which the Producer may prefer anyway, in view of the "business".

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"FORT SCULLY"—ACT II, Scene 3.



a. Backing.
b. Main entrance
c. Exit to dance-room.
d. Exit to cloak-room.

NOTE: Exits c and d are not essential; if preferred, the downstage exits can be used instead—(c) and (d).
Furniture and decor is optional; the impression should be of barracks-plainness which has been decked out for the reception of guests on a happy occasion.