

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 obvious 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 UNDER YOUR HAT"

(KATIE)

(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!

SCENE 3.3

(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 Adams! (*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 KATIE, 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 antry 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 cote 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.)

(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, note, 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.)

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Supposin' you love a laddie
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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!