



*Calamity*  
by  
**Bryony Lavery**

This is a scanned copy of the script for Monstrous Regiment's 1983 production of *Calamity*, written for the company by Bryony Lavery. The script is now held in the company's archive at the V&A Theatre and Performance Archives. Further information about the production of the show is provided in the Production pages of this website.

The copy of the script that has been scanned is of 'the show as performed', including lighting cues and handwritten changes to the typescript. An earlier draft and additional material can be found in the V&A archive.

All requests for permission to perform or translate the play should be addressed to St John Donald at United Agents LLP, 12-26 Lexington Street, London W1F 0LE (s.donald@unitedagents.co.uk)

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PRESET + N/LS.

LX Q 1. → As they enter.

LX Q 2.

ONE.

THE BALLAD OF CALAMITY JANE, MADAME MOUSTACHE  
AND QUIET KATE.

IN THE WAGONS

~~A CELESTIAL HONKY-TONK CHOIR PERFORMS...~~

with music.  
(Big country)

MARY:

In a little place called 'History'

JANE:

About one hundred years ago

GILLY:

Three strangers arrived in town

ALL:

Auditioning for a show

LX Q 3.

Mary goes stage left\*

MADAME.

Where's the hotel?

Merci.

A room please.

~~I don't know...perhaps a week, perhaps...~~

Where can I eat?

Merci.

STUDIES THE MENU.

I'll have this, this, with this...

and a glass of vin rouge.

Merci.

SHE ROLLS A CIGARETTE

SIPS FROM HER WINE

No, I am perfectly happy alone, merci.

Did you hear what I said?

Good.\*

LX Q 5.

Gilly leaves piano.

ALL CUT

2

MADAME SIPS HER WINE WHILE...  
THE THIRD STRANGER ARRIVES.  
IT IS CALAMITY JANE, BUT AS SHE IS WEARING  
A HAT, SCARF ROUND HER FACE, WE DO NOT  
KNOW THIS AT FIRST, NOR DOES THE BAR-  
TENDER.

JANE.

COVERED UP.

Whiskey.

TAKES OFF HAT.

SCARF.

SHE REGISTERS THAT HE REGISTERS THAT SHE IS  
A WOMAN.

You got no whiskey?

That looks like whiskey!

It aint whiskey?

Well, well, I dont care what it is...

I'll have a drink of that.

You dont serve women?

Well now, that's alright by me cos I dont  
want a woman I want a whiskey hehehe!

I see.

Well, seems to me, if you dont serve  
women in here,

prinking and preening,

these real pretty big mirros

is just a nuisance

TAKES OUT GUN

I might as well just clear out all

these mirros so's you menfok

dont get troubled by prinking preening

women coming in to fix their hair

and powder their noses and,

well, look at that,

you did have a whiskey all the time!

KATE.

A cup of coffee.

Please.

\*

LX  
LX

LX  
LX

3

Calam.

There was a Notice in the Newsprint  
That kinda took my eye  
It said 'Do you want a place in History  
And be famous when you die?'  
It said 'Kohl and Middleton's celebrated  
theatrical worldwide entertainment  
management  
Will try and put you there  
We'll tidy you up and present you right  
And watch how they stand and stare!'

1

\* LX 09.

ON CALAMITY.

FOLLOW SPOT.

4 bars of music → \* LX 09.

4

She was known as 'Calamity Jane'  
Cos she'd turn a place into rubble  
For all 'Calamity' is  
Is a fancy name for 'Trouble'  
She could ride and drive and skin a mule  
Strike gold, dig it up and move it  
She could do any job that a man could do  
And she wore the trousers to prove it...

\* LX 010.

4 bars of music. \*

MADAME.

There was a notice in the Newsprint  
It said this, more or less  
We want a very bad person  
To play a villainess.  
She must be business-like, cold and evil,  
stone-like and ruth-less  
Wear far too much cheap make-up  
And wear a low-cut dress.  
MADAME RIPS OFF HER FICHU,  
AND TAKES OUT HER CARDS.

2

LX 011.

\* 4 bar of music.

5

She was known as 'Madame Moustache'  
For her top lip was covered with hair  
And she could have shaved it off  
But I guess she preferred it there  
She'd be where a game of chance was played  
Be it Poker, Red Dog, or Gin  
She was French, she was German, she was Spanish,  
Depending what town she was in...

LX 012.

\*

4

KATE.

There was a Notice in the Newsprint  
It attracted my eyes of blue  
It said 'Ladies wanted for Historical Tour,  
Could this be you?  
Are you quiet as a mouse, pretty as a picture  
As broody as a sitting hen?  
Are you Godfearing, gentle, womanly,  
And a helpmate to us men?'  
....well, I was all those things, so

3

LX Q 13 \*

THEY THEY ADDITION

\* LX Q 13

She was known as 'Quiet Kate'  
From her voice like a whispering stream  
Folks had never heard her raise ~~her~~ a note  
To curse, shriek, bellow or scream  
They said 'She's so content  
She's calm as a morning in June'  
So why is she here, drinking coffee?  
I guess we'll find out soon.....

6

GILLY:  
MARY:  
JANE:  
GILLY:  
MARY:  
JANE:

What? Who?  
Who me?  
Thank you kindly  
I have to work with who  
I have to do what?  
I get paid how much

O.K. I'll take it  
O.K. I'll take it  
O.K. I'll take it

Song: Having passed their first mighty test  
About 100 more to go  
They mounted their wagons  
And rode westward for the show \*

LX Q 14 A

~~Oh calamity  
Oh Calamity  
Oh Calamity  
Curse and drat!  
Oh history  
Oh History  
Oh History  
What the hell is that? X3.~~

LX Q 15 →

LX Q 16. As they have sat on wagons.

WATCH CILLY → GESTURE.  
CILLY: WAGONS ROLL!!

5

Prop.

EACH WAGON REPRESENTS THEM. INSIDE THE WAGONS IS THEIR SECRET HOPES, FEARS ETC. THEY DRIVE THEIR WAGONS, AS THEY DO, THEY ACQUAINT US WITH THE TERRAIN. THOSE WHO HAVE NEVER BEEN THERE BEFORE READ FROM GUIDE BOOKS, THOSE WHO KNOW IT, TELL.

KATE. Dakota, eighteen eighty-four.  
MADAME. Dakota, United States of America.  
JANE. Dakota, Latitude, forty-six. Longitude one hundred. Whoa, steady.  
KATE. Dakota. Summers....short.  
MADAME. Dakota. Winters....long.  
Summers hot.  
JANE. Winters....fucking freezing.  
MADAME. Nature has sculpted a spectacularly strange world in rock and grass.  
THEY RIDE INTO THIS WORLD  
JANE. WHISTLES IN AMAZEMENT.  
KATE. Oof! (GENTLER AMAZEMENT.)  
MADAME. At first sight...  
KATE. the starkness of these,  
MADAME. The Badlands,  
JANE. Steady boy...  
KATE. is almost grotesque, seemingly empty and barren  
But look....  
THEY LOOK  
here blooms the bright yellow clusters of rubber rabbit brush mixed in with the drooping white sprays of the chokecherry.  
MADAME. Silvery leaves of the buffalo berry mingle with the darker green skunkbrush.

~~W.~~

MADAME.

Both offer shade for the pink blossoms  
of the meadow rose.

KATE.

Pretty.

MADAME.

And everywhere is the sunwarmed scent  
of juniper and red cedar.

~~EVERYONE~~

Smell!

EVERYBODY DRAWS BREATH TO SMELL

KATE.

It smells so....clean.

MADAME.

WITH ILL-DISGUISED CONTEMPT. Outdoorsy.

JANE.

Home.

KATE.

The patient watcher may also find  
that this seemingly empty land  
has more wildlife than she would  
have dreamed at first sight.

See!

EVERYBODY SEES

Within the eroded canyons  
mule deer may suddenly appear,  
silent silhouettes,  
huge ears erect,  
staring in frozen curiosity  
at the patient watcher.

THIS HAPPENS

MADAME.

Merde!

He looks at me, I look at him...

A buff-coloured coyote slips along  
the canyone wall.

His movement startles a tiny chipmunk  
into furious circles of panic.

THE TINY CHIPMUNK PERFORMS HIS FURIOUS  
CIRCLES OF PANIC AS

Overhead...

7

~~THE~~  
MADAME.

EVERYBODY LOOKS OVERHEAD

the darting flight of white-throated  
swifts relieves the monotony of a  
cloudless sky.

EVERYONE SIGHS, RELIEVED FROM MONOTONY

KATE.

The black hulks of buffalo loom in  
the grasslands.

FROM THE BACK OF THE WOMEN'S THROATS,  
WE HEAR THE SOUNDS OF THESE BUFFALO

White dots, spotted against the prairie,  
mark a band of antelope.

Startled, they erect

the white hair of their rump patch,  
flashing a warning semaphore

across the plains.

Life is everywhere in the apparently  
dead land.

MADAME.

Oh good.

JANE.

My favourite neighbours...buffalo,  
snakes, coyotes.

KATE.

This is the land of The Cheyenne,  
The Arapaho, The Oglala Sioux...

MADAME.

Giddy-up, fat horse!

JANE.

Tatanka Yotanka

KATE.

Sitting Bull

JANE.

Tashunka Witko

KATE.

Crazy Horse

JANE.

Tatoke Inyanke

KATE.

Running Antelope.

JANE.

Shunka Witko.

KATE.

Fool Dog.

JANE.

Mato Gleska      Shunkaha Napin      Kangi  
Wiyaká

KATE.

Spotted Bear, Wolf Necklace, Crow Feather

JANE.

Najinyanuppi.

KATE.

Surrounded.



8

~~101.~~

MADAME.

This is good news. We are driving our wagons into the land of murdering savages.

KATE.

I hope I've done the right thing.

JANE.

Whoa..up! Pull on the right rein, pull on the right..let's make a nice tidy circle now, let's keep it tight as a coyote's arse! \*

COUNT 2 BEATS

LX Q 17.

THEY FORM A CIRCLE AS TIGHT AS A COYOTE'S ARSE.

LX Q 17A.

FIVE.

8 SECS

AS they have put wagon in position, and LIFE AS NORMAL IN THE COYOTE'S ARSE.

Kate bands over wash tub.

JANE DISMOUNTS AND HEADS OFF-STAGE.

MADAME DISAPPEARS INTO HER WAGON; FROM WHENCE SHE WILL EVENTUALLY REAPPEAR, BANDBOX FRESH, IN A CLEANLY CONTRASTING DRESS.

KATE BUSIES HERSELF SERVING EVERYONE ELSE, CARRYING WATER, TYING THINGS UP, HANGING THINGS OUT, CLEANING, ETC.

\* P

KATE.

SINGING QUIETLY

When I was young  
I used to wait  
on master and give  
him his plate  
and pass the bottle  
when he got dry  
and brush away the blue-tailed fly...

Jimmy Crack-horn  
and I dont care  
Jimmy Crackhorn  
and I dont care  
Jimmy crackhorn  
and I dont care

HEROSTACHE: my master's gone away!

9

~~W.~~

\* S.

\* P.

THERE IS THE SOUND OF A GUNSHOT.  
 KATE STANDS STOCK STILL, LISTENING IN TERROR.  
 MADAME'S FACE APPEARS AT HER WAGON FLAP.  
 CALAMITY JANE APPEARS WITH A DEAD ANTELOPE.  
 SHE CARRIES IT ACROSS THE STAGE AND OFF  
 THE OTHER SIDE.  
 THE OTHER TWO WATCH.  
 BUT A MOMENT LATER SHE REAPPEARS WITH THE  
 ANIMAL SKINNED, DISMEMBERED AND COOKED  
 INTO SPARE RIBS.

~~OK~~ LX 18 JANE.  
 3 SECS.

Chow!!!\*  
 SHE TAKES A RIB AND GOES TO HER BUNCH OF  
 CRONIES BY HER WAGON.  
 KATE TAKES A RIB AND SITS WITH HER FRIENDS  
 BY HERS.

LX 18 A.

JANE.

MADAME, RESPLENDENT IN NEW FROCK, DESCENDS  
 FROM HER WAGON AND SITS DOWN TO EAT.

TO WAGON OFFSTAGE. Few miles under our  
 belts today huh Frank? JANE GETS FOOD.  
 Got a mouth like a Buffalo's Bumhole.  
 What you got there?

Well, if you dont mind it going down a  
 Buffalo's Bumhole heheh....SHE GOES OFF-  
 STAGE FOR A DRINK , COMES BACK WITH THE  
 BOTTLE TO POUR INTO A CUP ATTACHED TO HER  
 WAGON.

KATE GETS  
 FOOD.  
 MADAME  
 COMES OUT  
 AND SETTLE.  
 \*  
 LX 18 A.

KATE.

For what we are about to eat, ~~My~~ May the  
 Good Lord make us truly grateful.  
 Amen.

MADAME.

There are ants all over my plate.

JANE.

LOOKING AT BOTTLE. Once over to Coulson  
 I drank three bottles of this and then  
 threw up all over Preacher Aker's Missus!  
 Haw haw haw haw! Your glass is empty  
 Frank! GOES OFF TO FILL IT.

~~OK~~ \* P.

~~WMA~~  
KATE.

I think it's your turn to read to us all aloud from the Bible, Hannah-Mary.

MADAME.

CONTEMPLATING THE ANTS ON HER PLATE.

Which do you think could get off one of these hot plates fastest, an ant or a louse?

You think an ant?

Yes, me too.

Which do you think, Sam?

You think an ant.

And you, Mr. Rivers? Of course, it's bound to be an ant, an ant is a whirlwind compared to a stick-in-the-flesh louse!

JANE.

Some fellers and me was drinking this in Deadwood once and they said to me 'I bet you cant <sup>ride</sup> ~~mount~~ Clinton's Red Bull' and 'I said 'I can ride anything' and they said 'we heard that' and they wasn't meaning riding animals and I knew that so I said I can ride Clinton's Red Bull, bring him down outside the saloon here cos I figured they wouldn't get him down there cos boyo he was fierce but they did so I thought I gotta do it now but I dont want to feel it so I said 'five bottles this says I can' and they said 'Done' and I said 'Give me the first one on account' and I swallered the fucker right down!

KATE.

Golly Hannah-Mary, you've got such a sweet voice reading that Bible!

MADAME.

~~MAKAMEX~~ Oh, everybody is on the side of the ant! I think I must be the only one who says the louse will get off the hot plate fastest.

Any bets?

11  
JANE.

So I'm up to my tits in Whiskey, and the Red Bull's outside going 'Meeuuuhhh!' and 'Myeughhhh!' and I say where's the door? and they manouvrey me through and onto that old Red Bull's back and it's so wide I thought I was going to split my difference!

K P.  
KATE.

My, I find embroidering so relaxing, don't you, Hannah-Mary?

MADAME.

NOW HAS BACK TO US AND IS BURROWING DOWN THE FRONT OF HER DRESS...well, here's a little stick-in-the-flesh louse...I'm so frightened with everyone of you betting on the ant and only me on the louse...is the plate hot?

JANE.

So I rode that Old Red Bull up and down and up and down and I never got off and you know why I never got off? Because with that Bull rampaging up and down up and down on its fucking back was the fucking safest fucking place to be!!!! Haw haw haw haw haw!

KATE.

Hannah-Mary, you know that 'regard the liles-of-the field, they toil not, neither do they spin...I feel so sorry for those who haven't got the comfort of a needle and cotton!

MADAME.

Okay, put them both in the middle of the plate.

SILENCE.

THEN SHE STARTS COLLECTING THE BETS. Isn't it surprising how the ant goes round and round and round...and the louse just walks straight to the edge and falls off?

JANE.

Hey Frank, where you going?  
Hey, I'll take a walk down there too..I  
wouldn't mind a...oh, are you?..hey listen,  
when you come back, perhaps we could...  
okay, see you...Jeez, I only wanted company!  
~~Fuck-arse!~~

*Rets*

MADAME.

Perhaps we should have some coffee now,  
Mr.Rivers, Sam?  
Oh, okay, perhaps tomorrow night...

*LXQ 19\**

~~Au revoir. Dormez bien.\*~~

*OVER  
SPEECH.*

KATE.

May the Good Lord watch over us safe in  
our beds in this savage wilderness and  
wake us whole and sane to a fresh day.  
For the glory of the Father, the Sun  
and the Holy Ghost, Amen.

Goodnight, Hannah-Mary.  
God bless.

*MADAME: Au revoir. Dormez bien.*

A PROFOUND SILENCE FALLS.

*Cover*

KATE.

What a pretty dress.

MADAME.

Merci.

JANE.

~~Nexty.~~

~~MAMA~~

KATE.

I had once once in just that colour.

MADAME.

That is interesting. IT ISN'T. SHE  
PICKS UP A NEWSPAPER, WHICH SHE STARTS  
READING.

KATE.

If you ever want anything embroidering  
...I do good embroidering.

MADAME.

Very pretty. I will let you know.

KATE.

It wouldn't work out very expensive either.

MADAME.

Oh good. THE SUN WILL TURN TO ICE BEFORE  
MADAME PUTS EMBROIDERY ON HER DRESSES.

KATE.

And you too, Miz...Hickock.

JANE.

Well, if I want a whole bunch of roses  
across my buckskins, you'll be the first

*DP\**

13

~~M.~~

JANE. person I ~~contacts~~.. *got in touch with*..

KATE. Well, no...~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ I didn't intend...  
on pillow cases or...

JANE. Honey, if I want to wake up with a load of  
daisies printed on my cheeks, I'll sleep  
in a field.

MORE PROFOUND SILENCE.

KATE EMBROIDERS.

MADAME READS.

CALAMITY DRINKS.

MADAME. REFERRING TO PAPER. I see that someone  
called 'Alfred Nobel' has discovered  
dynamite.

KATE. Oh.

MADAME. And slavery has been abolished.

JANE. That's gonna come as a blow to all men  
with wives.

MADAME. And someone called 'Edison' has just  
patented an electronic vote-recording  
machine.

JANE. That's gonna come in real handy when we  
women get the ~~fix~~ vote...yessir, inventors  
is real thoughtful to us women!

MADAME. And a Mr.Charles Darwin has written a  
book in which he proves that men are  
descended from apes.

KATE. Good Lord!

JANE. I dont need no book to tell me what I've  
knowed since I was eleven!

MADAME. And listen to this... \*

SHE OPENS THE PAPER AT ANOTHER PAGE.

WE HEAR THE STRAINS OF 'THE BLUE DANUBE'

De de de de dee, de de, de de

De de de de dee, de de, de de,

De de de de de

De de de,

Dede de de de de de de de!

\* S.

FULL ORCHESTRA, NICE AND LOUD.

MADAME. It's called 'The Blue Danube'  
It's number one in Vienna.

JANE. You ever been to Vienna, Miz Dumont?

MADAME. I think I was there once...

JANE. Where exactly are you from, Miz Dumont?

MADAME. Oh, here and there.

KATE. Where exactly are you from, Miz Hickock?

JANE. Oh here and there. Where exactly are you  
from Miz Laurens?

KATE. Oh, I'm from here and there too, Miz  
Hickock. \*

LX Q 21.

Over JANE.

Blms Dumbs  
frinds.  
4 SECS.

Calamity Jane, and Madame Moustache  
And Quiet Kate kept shtsum  
For each of them, it was Peril to say  
Where any of them was frum.  
For each of them was on the run  
And it wasn't too easy to say  
They knew they was running, but couldn't tell  
If they was running Towards, or Away. \*

LX Q 22.

KATE.

The thing of it was, they'd all climbed aboard  
This Wagon-train of Time  
And you know about Time, it sometimes speeds past  
And on slow days it sets like lime.  
They were trying to reach a New Frontier  
With nothing but Faith in their Breasts  
But each time they urged on the Horses of Hope  
They felt the weight of the past on their Chests.

3 SECS.

MADAME. They were women together, yet women alone  
As different as chalk, cheese and soap  
One dressed like a man, one dressed like a Queen/Whore  
And one behaved like The Pope.

15.

~~REV.~~  
MADAME.

They had to get on, and they couldn't get on  
The Gulch of Understanding seemed too wide  
So they all went to bed and prayed for a bridge  
To span that Great Divide.

JANE.

Time to hit the sack.

MADAME.

Up the wooden stairs to Bedfordshire.

KATE.

Shadrach, Meshash and Abedwego. \*

THEY RISE TO GO TO BED. \*

SIX

HOUSEHOLD ACTS

KATE.

We should do our chores...

JANE.

Shit!

MADAME.

Merde!

KATE.

The Good Lord says 'never put off until  
tomorrow what you can do today'

JANE.

Okay!

MADAME.

Alright! \*SQ. LX

THIS IS THE KNIFE-THROWING ACT, THE  
THREE CUPS AND THE PEA ACT AND THE  
LASSOING THE TABLE ACT.

FIRST, MADAME TAKES THE THREE DRINKING  
VESSELS THEY HAVE BEEN USING, PUTS THEM  
UPSIDE DOWN ON THE TABLE.

KATE :

SEE, THAT DIDNT TAKE LONG \*

JANE.

Jim O'Neil, please give this album to  
my daughter ~~after~~, Janey Hickock...after  
my death...goddam ink's fading goddammit  
...I like to think of you reading this  
someday page by page in the years after  
I am gone...FLIPS...sent a tiny picture  
of you...You are the dead spit of Meself  
at your age...I visited your father's  
grave this ~~morning~~ morning...without either  
of you the years ahead ~~will~~ look like  
a lonely trail...TURNS TO END...CONTD.

LX Q 13,  
3 S6CS.

LX Q 24.  
F/S.

LX Q 25.  
↓ FOLLOW ON  
LX Q 26.



16.

~~122.~~

JANE.

arm~~is~~ would be enough for me if I  
were a man. Aw shoot, these eyeglasses  
is all misted up! I've been sick.  
TAKES THEM OFF. Goddamit GODDAMMIT!! \*

LX Q 27.

MADAME.

THIS IS A LITTLE PUPPET SHOW, PUT ON MY  
MADAME. MADAME TELLS THE STORY WHILE  
THE PUPPETS ACT OUT THE STORY.

\* P

LX Q 27A.

There was once a Chinese woman, called  
Madame Mo - Ta and one April evening,  
she got into a poker game with some  
Indians. One of the Indians was Poker

As Jane  
begins to  
play.

Tom, who was a good player, except he  
liked to draw to an inside straight.

Chinese music.

But this night he was lucky.

MARY OPENS

And he quit the game two hundred dollars  
ahead.

CURTAINS.

And this is not good poker manners, and  
Madame Mo-Ta was mad, so she she challenged  
Poker Tom to a return game the very next  
night..

When Poker Tom's friends turned up, the  
doors of Me-Ta's house were locked, and  
the curtains drawn. One of them,  
looking through a gap in the curtains,  
saw Mo-Ta and Poker Tom grimly looking  
at their hand of cards. It is a private  
head to head affair, they thought, and  
left.

There were no witnesses to what happened  
next, but it seems that Poker Tom won  
still more of Mo-Ta's money, or otherwise  
hurt her feelings, for she drew a small  
gun and shot him dead.

Then Mo-Ta dismembered his body, putting

17  
18.

MADAME.

the arms and legs in a vat of brine and carefully chopping up the heart, liver and other plumbing into stew size pieces, which she tossed into the large cauldron along with some carrots and onions... As a good cook should, she added soy sauce.

Mo-Ta then took what remained of Poker Tom, mainly his torso and some other fragments, and stuffed them into a trunk and threw them in the river.

For the next few days, Mo-Ta sold Poker Tom as chops of goat meat, six cents a pound.

She also served Poker Tom in a stew to the Indians from the original poker game. My they enjoyed it.

Then someone discovered the trunk, and nearby it, Poker Tom's saddle and blanket and coat...the meat-eaters, feeling queezy, went looking for Mo-Ta.

But Mo-Ta had disappeared...because sometimes she was French, sometimes she was Spanish, sometimes she was Chinese, depending which town she was in. \*

LX Q 28.

KATE.

STEALS OUT OF HER WAGON TO WHERE MADAME'S PAPER IS LYING.

PICKS IT UP. BY THE LIGHT OF A CANDLE READS.

'Missing Persons'

'I, Henry Ramsey wish it to be known that my wife Mary Ramsey has eloped from my wed and board and therefore I am no longer responsible for ~~me~~

\* P.

LX Q 28A.

As she enters.

with hurricane lamp.

18.

☞.

KATE.

any debts she may incur...'

'I, James Arthur Teacher, wish to discover the whereabouts of my wife, Sarah-Louise Teacher. She may be living in some style on the ~~£~~ silver she took with her when she left. Large reward.'

'I, John Bigelow...Aagh!...I, John Bigelow, do charge my wife Katherine Laurens Bigelow...gulp...with robbing me of all her wearing apparel, a fine pair of English cotton curtains, two pillow cases, and a side saddle!'

STANDS TRANSFIXED, THEN PUTS PAPER BACK, GOES BACK IN WAGON.

WE SEE KATE CUTTING HER CURTAINS INTO BANDAGE STRIPS. ✓

~~Dear Lord, please keep my lawful husband  
off my trial forever, and make the  
woman who bought my saddle off me to  
finance this trip ride into a fire  
on her horse so she and the horse  
and especially the side saddle get  
burned beyond recognition\* and teach  
me Lord how to turn this fine pair  
of English cotton curtains into  
something the rest of creation  
wont recognise.!~~

Dear Lord, please keep my lawful husband off my trial forever, and make the woman who bought my saddle off me to finance this trip ride into a fire on her horse so she and the horse and especially the side saddle get burned beyond recognition\* and teach me Lord how to turn this fine pair of English cotton curtains into something the rest of creation wont recognise.!

LX @ 29.

LX @ 30.

42 SNORES

Handwritten scribbles and marks on the left side of the page, including a large looped scribble and some smaller marks.

ITS A LONG LONG WAY ACROSS THE MAP

AS DAWN BREAKS, CALAMITY EMERGES. SURVEYS  
THE ONCOMING TERRAIN.

JANE. It's a long long way across the map  
From East to West  
And on some days, when the going gets tough  
You gotta let the horses rest...

Hey Frank, its kinda steep out there...  
I think we're gonna have to lighten these  
wagons some...

GOES TO KATE'S WAGON, SHAKES IT VIGOROUSLY  
Hey, Mary Magdalen, got your butt out here!  
KNOCKS ON MADAME'S WAGON

Oh say, this is the maid...I got you a  
real nice breakfast of tea and crumpets  
out here!

KATE AND MADAME EMERGE.

KATE. You rise and shine at dawn each day  
And ask dear Jesus  
'What precious gifts ~~XXXXX~~ oh Lord  
Have you to greet us?'

JANE. Quit yapping, Virgin Mary, and git your  
wagon pulled round..you are gonna be  
eating trail dust all day I mean trail  
dust!

THEY MOVE KATE'S WAGON ROUND TO FACE  
UPSTAGE

MADAME. It's a long long way across the map  
from East to West *Yd Madam Mad*  
~~But any plucky woman~~  
~~Finds hardship just a pest!~~  
MADAME ADMINISTRATES THEM TURNING HER

STET

2.

WAGON, SO IT TOO IS FACING UPSTAGE.  
WE NOW HAVE THE WAGONS ON A LINE, BUT FACING  
BACKWARDS! AVANTE-GARDE, HUH?  
They were Frontier women, New World Women  
They'd fight the land and win  
They'd got grit and guts and greer and gree  
And amounts of yang and yin!

Like many folks before them  
They found the climate tough  
There was earth and sand and dust  
Goddam it, conditions were duff.  
But they walked through the earth  
They strode through the sand  
They danced with joy across the dust  
And when it rained and turned to mud  
They waded through or walked upon the crust.

(PRECEDING IS SUNG, WITH LOTS OF WAGON-  
PUSHING ACTING COUPLED WITH STUNNING  
CHOREOGRAPHY.!) KATE

JANE. Hey look, there's a buffalo! It's all  
on its own!

~~KATE. WXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~

MADAME. Lucky thing!

KATE. What a sweet face its got!

JANE. I dont understand it. Buffalos usually  
in great goddam herds...why, I used to  
come out here ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~  
~~XXXX~~ with my Winchester repeater and  
fire bom bom bom into the herd. <sup>where have they gone</sup> Sakes <sup>MADAME.</sup>  
it was sport! <sup>They just</sup>  
<sub>shooting them all,</sub>  
<sub>they just sat on</sub>

MADAME. It must have been great sport for the  
buffalo also.

JANE. Caint understand it...Pony Express  
usually passes about this time...

KATE. Oh look...telegraph wire! How exciting!  
Do you know you can send a message to  
someone clear across the country, <sup>in two minutes now</sup> now!  
That is...if ~~you know~~ <sup>someone</sup> anyone clear across  
the country ~~what~~ <sup>wants to find you -</sup>

MADAME. Oh good...all my old friends will be able  
to reach me.

*1. Folks* MADAME AND KATE *pisspalling* START PUSHING HARDER AND  
FASTER.

MADAME. Agh! What is ~~that~~ <sup>that</sup> spiky horrible wire  
that is ~~impeding my rapid progress?~~ <sup>stretching across the horizon?</sup>

JANE. Why, ~~that~~ <sup>is</sup> the new invention folks  
is talking so much about...its called  
Barbed Wire!

MADAME. All these wonderful new inventions for  
trapping people!

KATEY

JANE. Now what kind of barbed wire is ~~that?~~  
taint Glidden's winner...and taint  
Allis's Sawtooth..cos it aint sawtoothed!

KATE. *Were going to be*  
I'm ~~being~~ <sup>being</sup> wrapped around and parcelled  
up faster than presents at Christmas!

JANE. You know what I think? I think this  
is Brinkerhoff's riveted Splicer, cos  
see, it's riveted!

MADAME. I will not be prevented by these  
Gott-in-Himmel contraptions from going  
where I want!

KATE. O merciful Lord, you know I have to  
go West..wherefore art thou erecting  
fences in your servant's path?

JANE. *Just* Climb over it! I said Climb over it!  
Aint nothing going to stand in the way  
of the Wagon Train of Progress!

*SONG:*  
*DANCE*  
like many fell before them  
they found the climate tough  
there was earth + sand + dust,  
Goddamnit conditions were dull

LAST  
CHORUS:

They were frontier women, New World women  
They'd fight the land ruin  
they had got + guts + gear + gear  
And amounts of yang + yin

JANE: <sup>22</sup> WAGONS WHOA!!

JANE. And this here's Scutt's Arrowplate...they're  
passelling up this land faster'n presents  
at Christmas!

MADAME. Storm's threatening.

KATE. Night's falling.

JANE. Wagons whoa! \* LX 035 MADAME FAINTS

TEN. BOTTLE, BIBLE AND BEZIQUE

JANE: Don't nobody rest their  
back till all the wagons is circled +  
all the chaos is complete.

JANE: On these trails fies just  
dropped like flies, yessir!

JANE HEADS OFF-STAGE.

KATE REVIVES

MADAME DISSAPPEARS INTO HER WAGON, FROM MADAME  
WHENCE SHE WILLEVENTUALLY REAPPEAR, AND  
BANDBOX FRESH, IN A CLEANLY CONTRASTING  
DRESS.

KATE ~~REVISES~~ BUSIES HERSELF GETTING OUT  
ALL THE EQUIPMENT. MADAMES KIT: (LAST THING - HANDBAG  
ON TABLE)

KATE.

And when he'd ride in the arternoon  
I'd follow after with a hickory broom  
The pony being very shy,  
When bitten by the blue-tal fly

Jimmy Crack corn and I dont care

Jimmy crack corn and I dont care

Jimmy crack horn and I dont care - BANG -

MADAME. My master's gone away.

THERE IS THE SOUND OF A GUNSHOT.

KATE CONTINUES TO SING.

One day while riding round the farm  
The flies so numerous they did swarm  
One chanced to bite him on the thigh  
The devil take the blue-tail fly...

CALAMITY APPEARS WITH A DEAD RABBIT.

CARRIES IT ACROSS THE STAGE AND OFF THE  
OTHER SIDE. "Chaw"

A MOMENT LATER SHE REAPPEARS WITH WHAT

LX 035.

\* S.

\* P.

23

RM.

\* P.

LX Q 35 JANE.

LX Q 36

As Q Kats sits  
down.

LOOKS SUSPICIOUSLY LIKE KENTUCKY FR IED  
CHICKEN.

Chow! \*

A REPEAT OF THE COYOTE'S ARSE SCENE.

Frank! Frank!

Did I ever tell you bout the time I  
swam the Platte river at Fort Fetterman?  
I did?

You sure?

the time I had to ride ninety miles I  
mean ninety miles cold and wet carrying  
important dispatches?

I di d?

Well, fuck you buddy, I'll drink my  
own hootch!

MADAME.

Anyone fancy a leetl game of poker?  
Mr.Rivers?

Anyone fancy a game of Montana Red  
Dog?

Sam?

Anyone fancy a bet on how many ants  
I got on my plate tonight?

Well, fuck you, gentlemen, I will  
play with myself!

KATE.

I never said Episcopalians were better  
than Presbyterians, Hannah-Mary...I  
never said it! I might have said  
they were more god-fearing, and  
higher-standarded, and more bible-  
reading but I never...well fuck you  
Hannah-Mary go and read your own  
fucking bible!

JANE:

well fuck you buddy, I'll drink  
my hootch on my own.



24

BR.

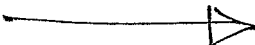
41031

MADAME. When you've made every bet and won  
 It all belongs to you  
 But the losers tend to vamoose  
 And you need something else to do.  
 TO JANE.

You want to ~~see~~ see a trick?

JANE. How much?

MADAME. ~~There~~ A slug from your bottle.

JANE. THINKS . Okay. 

GOES AND SITS WITH MADAME

*If a woman's gonna get  
 anywhere  
 A woman's gotta trade  
 for every piece of  
 company  
 A price is paid ...*

MADAME. Okay. There are four women who go to  
 spend the night at a fancy hotel.

SHE SHOWS JANE FOUR QUEENS.

One of them takes a room on the ground floor.

Put one low in the pack please.

JANE DOES SO

The second takes a room on the second floor.

JANE PUTS ONE HIGHER IN PACK

The third goes into a nice room on the third floor.

JANE REPEATS.

And the fourth goes into the penthouse suite.

JANE REPEATS

So they are all in the hotel.

JANE. Its one of these fancy Chigagee hotels with lotsa floors.

MADAME. Right. But in the night, a fire breaks out on the ground floor. The woman on thr ground floor runs up to the woman on the second floor. SHE FLIPS THE PACK UPWARDS. The fire spreads, up, so the two women run up to join ~~the~~ the woman on the third floor. FLIPS PACK

25.

MADAME.

AGAIN. But the fire spreads again, so the three women rush up to join the woman in the penthouse & suite. FLIPS AGAIN. But the fire spreads even to there..so all four women rush up onto the roof and there they jump off, one, two, three, four SHE DEALS OUT THE FOUR QUEENS OFF THE TOP OF THE PACK and instead of perishing in the fire, they break their skulls from the jump.

JANE.  
MADAME.

Haw haw haw haw, how D'you do that then?  
Magic.

JANE.

If a woman's gonna get anywhere  
Then a woman's got to trade  
For every piece of company  
A price is paid.

You want a slug?

MADAME.

Merci.

JANE.

You fancy a game of ~~sump~~? five draw

~~KATE~~

MADAME.

Why not?

JANE.

Hey, Pope Joan, you want to come and join us?

KATE.

If a woman's got nothing to give  
She cant be like dogs in their mangers  
She has to swallow her pride  
And accept the kindness of strangers

LX @ 37

JANE.

Why, I don't mind if I do.  
JOINS THEM.

What shall we play?

\* AFTER JANE HAS MOVED ROCKING CHAIR TO JOIN OTHERS AT TABLE SR.

26.

~~PA.~~

MADAME. I play all games. What do you play?

JANE. I play most. PAUSE. Poker...pontoon,  
bezique, canasta, gin SHE GOES THROUGH  
THEM ALL, WATCHING OUT FOR ONE THAT KATE  
RECOGNISES...vingt-et-un, chemmy de fer,  
chase the ace, Montana Red Dog, <sup>Seven-up, forty-five, Euchre,</sup>  
Card bluff, two card bluff, one card <sup>Three</sup>  
bluff...~~snap~~...~~snap~~...

KATE. Ah!

JANE. TO MADAME. You know how to play snap?

MADAME. Snap.

THEY DEAL FOR SNAP

JANE. Sn...sorry.

KATE. Snap!

MADAME. eh..

KATE. Snap!

JANE. Goddammit!

KATE. Snap!

MADAME. Merde!

KATE. Snap! I've always had a quick mind for party  
games. A quick mind and a sharp eye.

MADAME. You should go into business with it. Frontier  
towns must be crying out for professional  
snap players.

KATE. Oh no, why gambling is sinful, no offence.

MADAME. Miz Laurens, let me tell you a little story. \*

LX @ 38. As Kate starts to play piano.

ELEVEN. THE PACK OF CARDS.

LITTLE

MADAME. \*

A DRAMATIC CHANGE. PERHAPS HEAVENLY MUSIC.

That dark, stormy night, the deck of the  
river-boat Natchez was empty except for  
me and ~~THE~~ The Preacher.

He sat at one table, the light from ~~THE~~  
the oil lamp glinting on his gold-rimmed

27  
S.H.

MADAME.

MEDIUM FLASH

spectacles, areading of his Bible.  
And I sat at another table, the light  
from the oil lamp glinting on the  
curls of my hair, a-playing solitaire.  
And the river water was swollen from  
storms, and the fuel was low, and we  
heard the bosun cry  
'She's running loose'  
and the river-boat was racing free  
with the flood.

And The Preacher said  
'I guess we'd better pray'.  
And his lips moved silently.  
And I played solitaire.

Bici

FLASH

And the River-boat careered from  
shore to shore, from whirlpool to  
whirlpool, a-jerking and a-crashing  
and he read his Bible  
and I plied my cards.

Bici

FLASH

And the Preacher said 'Madam, we  
may be killed, let us take comfort  
from the Lord.'

And I played my cards.

And The Preacher said 'Madam, the  
boat is in the rapids, lay down  
your cards and read the Bible!'

\*PLENTY STERH.

- LX-Q:38A

And I said 'Sir, this pack of cards  
is my Bible. \*

Because when I look at these cards  
I see that the top card is an Ace  
and that stands for God, and God's  
a He which means that he's a Man  
which means he aint a God and so

28

MADAME.

MADAME.

when this river boat goes down he's not gonna be yelling 'Women and Children First!'

And then I see the Kings and Queens and no matter what game you play, The King's always higher than the Queen.

*And when I see*

And I see the cards are in four suits. Hearts, diamonds, clubs and spades.

And that tells me that any game I play with a man, he wants to take your heart so he says he'll give you diamonds and the next thing you know, you're in the club with a spade in your hand.

And the lowest hand is a pair, which is how come I dont bet on Holy Wedlock.

And when I see a full House, I know who's doing all the cleaning and cooking and caring in that Full House.

I said 'Sir, this pack of cards <sup>is</sup> ~~is~~ *crapshooter* my Bible' *you cheap Christian ~~cardsharp~~.* Now ~~crawl on back to your corner you~~ *creepy-crawly cleric!*

JANE LAUGHS

KATE.

I think that's enough snap for tonight.

SHE GETS UP AND GOES IN HER WAGON.

JANE.

~~I knew a Preacher over to Coulson, and he said to me 'Calamity, I've asked all these folks for money to raise a church and all they does is say we're a-busy gambling' and I said 'Well, you gotta play it their way and he said 'There will be a wailing and a gnashing of~~

\* LX 388.  
End of song.

AFTER ! - THE DECK OF CARDS

KATE. I think that's enough snap for tonight!  
EXIT.

JANE. Honey...I think you gotta be careful, specialy  
with the guys with the collars turned round  
the wrong way - I mean - <sup>+</sup> oncet cleaned  
out a Preacher in a Poker game. I took his  
money, I took his gold spectacles and I  
took his leather book of sermons. And  
then I got to getting peculiar feelings...  
so I gave him back his book of sermons.

MADAME. I was once very friendly with a Preacher.  
He said to me - 'Madame, I need money to  
raise a church here - but everyone here  
says - 'I cant give you money, I'm too  
busy playing Poker'. And I said  
'Reverend, you must find another way of  
raising the money'...so he sat down at  
the Poker table and said 'There will be  
a wailing and a gnashing of teeth! I  
open for ten dollars.!'

JANE. You dont care a whole heck of a lot about  
life, do you....

ETC.

29.

~~W.M.~~

JANE. teeth. I open for ten dollars!'

MADAME SMILES

I oncet cleaned out a Preacher in a  
Poker game. I took his money, his  
gold spectacles, and his leather book  
of sermons. Then I got to getting  
funny feelings, so I gave him back  
his sermons.

MADAME. When you can, bet each way.

JANE. You're telling true.

PAUSE

You dont care a whole heck of a lot  
bout life, do you?

MADAME. It's a game.

Only a game.

Who but a gambler could care much about  
a game?

JANE. PAUSE.

Yeah.

MADAME. What do you want out of this ..game,  
Calamity?

JANE. Fun. Adventure. Excitement.

PAUSE.

And more time to play my hand.

PAUSE

Guess I'll hit the sack.

SHE STANDS

THERE IS A SOUND FROM QUIET KATE'S  
WAGON, A SOUND OF MUFFLED SCREAMING  
AND GASPING.

MADAME AND CALAMITY FREEZE

JANE. ~~TAK~~ MOUTHING ALL THIS. Take this...

GUN...wait here..I'll go round the

back and...GESTURES 'ILL GO IN AND

GRAB WHATEVER'S IN THERE' SHE TAKES

30  
10.

OUT HER KNIFE, GOES ROUND THE BACK.

FROM INSIDE WAGON

LOUD. Okay, you mealy-mouthed ornary  
sidewinding this and that...git your hands  
reaching for the lord!!!!

LIGHT FROM WITHIN.

COMPLETE SILENCE.

Gee..sorry.

SHE EMERGES FROM FRONT OF WAGON.

TAKES GUN FROM MADAME, GOES TO HER WAGON  
SINGING...

'Mine eyes have seen the glory of the  
                        coming of The Lord  
He is trampling out the vintage where  
                        the grapes of wrath are stored  
He has loosed the fatal lightning of his  
                        terrible sweet sword

His truth is marching on.

Glory glory alleluyah...ETC.

WHILE SHE SINGS, MADAME SITS AND LIGHTS  
A CIGAR.

KATE COMES OUT OF THE WAGON.

SITS WITH MADAME.

MADAME. Mr.Rivers?

KATE. Yes.

MADAME. He pays the best.

KATE. Yes.

DOUBLE TAKE, SLOW?, AS KATE REALISES  
THEY BOTH DO MR.RIVERS

MADAME. But takes...such a long time.

KATE. I need the money.

MADAME. It pays better than embroidery.

KATE. Look. SHE HANDS MADAME A PIECE OF PAPER



PAGE 31.

MADAME. READS...three hundred and twenty acres of land at one dollar twenty-five an acre, to any woman prepared to travel West...Homestead Act of 1860. ~~NEW~~

KATE, I want a farm.

MADAME. How much do you charge Mr.Rivers?

KATE. a dollar twenty five... so I've...

MADAME. ..so you've got to go through this wagon wobbling three hundred and twenty times.

I hope Mr.Rivers and the Wagon also can take it.

KATE. I dont care...if I get...I get a vñew from the door...I look out as I'm heading for my chores...and first I think..gosh it's pretty, then, gosh, its mine.

That's what I want. My farm.

PAUSE

MADAME. For this great dream, I donate you a wagon-wobbling monopoly on Mr.Rivers.

KATE. Thank you.

MADAME. In return, you will never play snap with him for money.

KATE. Okay.

PAUSE

MADAME...

MADAME. Yes.

KATE. What do you want?

PAUSE.

MADAME. I want to be dead.

ONE OF THE CARDS HAS BECOME A TAROT CARD SIGNIFYING 'DEATH'

CONTD. \*

OVER

After death card has been turned. 5 books

LX 0 39.

song:

~~O calamity  
O calamity  
O calamity~~

~~Curse & drat~~

~~O history. O history  
what the hell is that~~

O history (3 times)

~~EX 5  
Barney  
today~~

~~W.F.~~

~~MADAME. READS...three hundred and twenty acres of land at one dollar twenty-five an acre, to any woman prepared to travel West...Homestead Act of 1860.'~~

~~KATE. I want a farm. I want a view from the door. I look out as I'm heading for my chores...and first I think...gosh it's pretty, then, gosh, it's mine.~~

~~PAUSE.  
Madame.~~

~~MADAME. Yes.~~

~~KATE. What do you want?~~

~~MADAME. I want to be dead.~~

PAUSE

~~KATE, JANE:~~ One wanted excitement and fun

~~KATE~~ One wanted a home in the West

~~MUD~~ And one simply wanted to have  
A spell of eternal bedrest.

~~JANE~~ Well, it's hard work being a myth

~~MUD~~ So we're gonna set a spell

~~JANE~~ Come back in fifteen minutes

~~MUD~~ We're got some more to tell.

THEY START BREWING UP COFFEE, SETTING  
PROPS ETC.

SONG: Oh Calamity  
oh calamity  
oh calamity  
curse and drat....

LX @ HOA -> As they go off.

~~END OF PART ONE.~~

o history

o history

o history

what the hell is that

o yeah

what the hell is that

Ma's on

what the hell is that

Yessir

LX ① 41. → As they sit into wagon.

PRESET. Before end of interval.

B.O. GILLY: WAGONS ROLL

33

OPENING - ACT TWO

~~ST~~

KATE. This land is..so...magnificent!

MADAME. This wagon-seat ■ is so...hard!

JANE. This ole butt o mine ■■ is so..sore!

KATE. Every day, when we start off, the sun is over there behind us...and as the day wears on, it's right over our heads...and by evening its in front of us and we're riding into its sunset!\*

MADAME. It sounds as if we are going backwards.

JANE. There's sump'n here don't feel right. Don't feel right at all! \*SQ

INTO SONG OF 'THE BUFFALO ARE COMING'

INDIAN DRUMS.

~~ST~~

OLX ① 41. →

34

W.C.

PART TWO

TWELVE MEETING WITH GHOSTS

SONG. THE BUFFALO ARE COMING

~~Ha ti wa-ka  
 i ta-ra-ha  
 ha re ra  
 ku-ra ra wa  
 ku e ra  
 ta ra  
 re ra ta ra ha  
 re ra ta ra ha  
 re ra ta ra ha  
 a re ra ra  
 ura we-i-ku  
 sa ta ra  
 ha ha  
 re ra ta ra ha  
 re ra ta ra ha  
 re ra ta ra ha  
 a re ra.~~

NON SECTION

Listen, he said, yonder  
 The buffalo are coming  
 Those are his sayings  
 yonder the buffalo are coming  
~~They walk, they stand,~~  
~~they are coming~~  
~~Yonder the buffalo are coming.~~

MADAME. You know...I have the prickles in the back of my neck...I do not understand it...I only get them when someone is about to search my bodice for high cards...

KATE. Yes! I've got little raised bumps

35

~~Wm.~~  
KATE.

on the insides of my arms...I only get them when I'm about to be caught out in a grievous sin...

JANE. Its Injuns.

BOTH. Injuns!

JANE. Yup. Been ghosting us since we hit The Badlands.

KATE. Where?

JANE. Ya caint see em. Injuns is like prairie dogs. They's quicker'n your eyeball speed.

MADAME. How can you tell they are ghosting?

JANE. M'armpits is like two swimming pools.

KATE. What do we do?

JANE. Just act normal or is it. They'll come calling when it's time.



This, the badlands, is their homeland  
Promised to them in a treaty  
This is your land, said the White Man  
You can have it, we don't want it  
Such the kindness of the White Man  
To the native, to the Indian

You can keep what isn't ours  
Generosity, I should cocoa! \*

Think I'll take a reccy round see where these Injuns is gonna come from!

SHE GOES OFF RIGHT.

I think I will take a long cold bathe in the creek! \*

SHE GOES OFF LEFT

I think I'll just do all the chores on my own then!

NOT PLEASED

SINGS.

One day while riding round the farm

LX Q 43.  
Scenes ~~9/11~~  
change  
LX Q 43A  
When drum  
snapped  
off.

MADAME.

KATE.

36

1824

KATE.

The flies so numerous they did swarm  
One chanced to bite him on the thigh.  
The devil take the blue-tail fly.

The pony ran, he jump and kick  
he throwed ole massa in the ditch  
He died and the jury wondered why  
The verdick was the blue-tailed fly.

Jimmy Crack-corn and I don't care  
Jimmy Crack corn and I dont care  
ETC.

LX @ 45

THERE IS THE SOUND OF A GUNSHOT FROM  
JANE.\*

JANE.

Gee, sorry, Mister, didn't see you  
there!

FROM LEFT.

MADAME.

Who is that in the bushes watching  
me nakedly bathing?

JANE.

Who the hell are you anyways?

MADAME.

You will come out with your hands  
held high or I will scream that  
you have raped me many times!

JANE.

What are you doing here, mister?

MADAME.

Who are you? What do you want?

JANE.

Is that right? Are you really?

Yeah!...Yup...yeah..yup!

MADAME.

Oh, is that so? Are you? Yes.

Yes I think so. Yes. Yes.

JANE.

You wait right here mister, and  
I'll find her.

MADAME.

You just stay right by this pool  
and I will get her.

BOTH RE-ENTER.

CINNY COMES ON AS QUIET. KATE  
ADD O.W. FEET - FAST

37

~~MADAME~~

JANE. Okay Moustache, you're in big trouble. I've got a guy pinned down in the clearing says he's a bounty hunter after one Madame Moustache wanted for murder of a poker-player over in Nebraska.

MADAME. Merde!  
Okay, Kate, you're in big trouble. I have a man waiting by the creek says he's your lawful husband and he wants you and the curtains back!

KATE. Mercy!!!

MADAME. What am I goint to do?

KATE. What am I going to do?

MADAME. Tell him there is no-one of that name here!

KATE. Tell him there is no one of that name here!

JANE. ~~MYRIVERS~~ He's talked with Mr.Rivers. Mr.Rivers said yes, sure, there was a Madame Moustache here.

MADAME. He's talked with Sam. Sam said yes, suree Bob, there was a Miz Laurens Bigelow here!

BOTH. Shit!

JANE. I've got an idea.  
Looke...you be her and you be her... and we'll bring the bounty-hunter to you and the lawful husband to you!

BOTH. Yes!

MADAME. No! Because the lawful husband has already met me, so you must play her while I bring him to you pretending to be her!

JANE. Dang, we're gonna have to move fast cos soon as I've been her, I've gotta be me, fetching in the bounty hunter to meet her playing you!

~~WAV.~~

MADAME.

Good!

I go for the lawful husband!

And I'm Quiet Kate...gimme a bible or sump'n!

JANE DISGUISED AS QUIET KATE.

KATE HIDES IN HER WAGON BUT COMES OUT THE BACK AND WILL HAVE TO COME BACK ON IN A SECOND AS HER LAWFUL HUSBAND.

MADAME RETURNS WITH KATE AS HUSBAND.

MADAME.

She should be around here somewhere...

why here she is! Kate...here is a wonderful surprise for you!

JANE.

Oh praise the lord..who is it?

MADAME.

It's your husband!

JANE.

Who? What? But my dear husband is dead! Who are you that is cruelly pree-tending to be my sadly-deeparted beloved?

KATE.

Madam, there has been some mistake... are you...Katherine Laurens Bigelow?

JANE.

Yes....(TO MADAME) Honey, you ought to go i n your wagon and dry up, else you'll get a awful chill and have to go to your maker!

MADAME.

Oh, yes! Mr.Bigelow...I am so sorry that you have come all this way after a wild goose! GOES IN HER WAGON, TO BECOME THE BOUNTY-HUNTER

KATE.

I can't understand it, Miz...

JANE.

Laurens-Bigelow. Had your wife exactly the same name?

KATE.

Exactly. I thought, when I talked to Mr.Kohl and Middleton, and they showed me the contracts...

JANE.

Was your wife very unhappy?

KATE.

Pardon ma'am?



MAG.

JANE. Why did she leave you? Were you real cruel to her? Did you use the strap too hard?

KATE. No maa'M, I never laid a finger on her, on God's honour !

JANE. Except for wifely duties, Mr. Bigelow..

KATE. Except for...she was an ungrateful woman, Miz...

JANE. Call me Kate.

KATE. Kate.

JANE. And you want to find her and...forgive her...

KATE. Yes I want to forgive g her for a real long time.

JANE. Mr. Bigelow, it's ~~w~~ way past the time of day when I always converse with the Lord...

KATE. Ah yes...

JANE. Your wife isn't...(DESCRIPTION OF KATE) is she?

KATE. Yes, that's her!

JANE. Why I've met her!

KATE. She's here!

JANE. No, I'm sorry...she's in a town fifty miles back that way...when we stopped over there one night, she fell to talking with me...and I wondered then why she kept asking me all about my name, and which Bigelow was my husband... she was sewing some real nice English cotton curtains...

KATE. That's the miserable thief!!!

JANE. You could be there in a day's hard riding...STANDS AND POINTS...Rapid City..straight on!

KATE VANISHES OFF ONE SIDE.

JANE FLINGS OFF HER DISGUISE..KATE

HO  
MS.

RETURNS IN BACK OF WAGON, OUT FRONT

KATE. Has he gone?

JANE. Yup. Heading for Rapid City. Okay now,  
you're Moustache.

DRESS HER UP AS MOUSTACHE.

INTO MADAME'S WAGON SHE WHISPERS

Okay Moustache, you lie real low...

we're bringing in the bounty hunter!

VENTRILOQUISES MADAME...Be speedy,

I am stifling!

GOES OFF AND COMES BACK WITH BOUNTY  
HUNTER.

THEY ARE BOTH TOTING GUNS.

JANE. Okay, Madame Moustache, the game's up!

This here's Ned Dead-Eyes, Bounty

Hunter, and he's tracked ya down!

NED DEAD-EYES LOOKS AT HER, THEN

SPITS.

MADAME. This aint her.

JANE. What d'you mean, this ain't her? This  
is Madame Moustache!

MADAME. Taint her. Lookee...TAKES OUT WANTED  
NOTICE.

JANE. LOOKS. You're right, it aint. This  
one here's gotta moustache. This one  
here, aint.

KATE. What is all this about?

JANE. Cording to Ned here, you're wanted for  
murder in Nebraska...but seems it aint  
you, less you were wearing a false  
moustache!

MADAME. You're also wanted for murder in  
Colorado Springs, Boulder, San Fransisco  
and Medecine Springs, Nevada. But it  
aint you..you aint...(DESCRIPTION OF  
MADAME)

~~41~~

KATE. I wish you would catch this woman who is besmirching my good name!

TO JANE You remember how I was telling you about this terrible thing...

JANE. Oh yeah...this woman's been taking Moustache's here name and been committing crimes and murders all over and poor Moustache here keeps getting hauled up and t'aint her.

MADAME. Ma'am, I'm real sorry to have troubled you.

KATE. That's alright, Mr. Dead-Eyes.

MADAME. Hunting folks is a mess of trouble, Ma'am. I'd rather hunt buffalo...but near all the buffaloes been wiped out!

JANE. Aint that the truth!  
Listen, Dead-Eyes...if you're looking for work, there's a range-war over in Peaceful County, cattle versus sheep, cattle folk is paying quite well for killing sheep and sheep folks is paying quite well for killing cattle.

MADAME. That a fact?

JANE. Yup. Fifty miles that direction. You could be there in a day's hard ride! Peaceful County..that way!

NED DEADEYES LEAVES... NIPS IN BACK OF MADAME'S WAGON

(THERE MIGHT BE SOME THEME MUSIC FOR THE ENTRANCE AND EXITS OF THESE TWO-THEME FROM 'THE GOOD, THE BAD AND THE UGLY' FOR DEADEYES, SOMETHING BIBLICAL FOR THE LAWFUL HUSBAND)

JANE. Jeez..that was close!

MADAME RETURNS AS DEADEYES.

MADAME. Say, scuse me Ma'am.

42

~~43~~

KATE.

Yes?

MADAME.

How come you're called Madame Moustache if you aint got no moustache?

KATE.

Well...

JANE.

Well see, I knew a gal called Lydia Lovesitt. But she didn't.

KATE.

And I knew a gentleman by the name of Harry Sidebottom, but he hadn't. It was square ~~SIXTEEN~~ in the middle.

JANE.

And I knew a old man up near Coulson called Brewster Mason Cockburn... and it...

KATE.

I'm known as Madame Moustache because I used to trim gentlemen's facial hair back East!

JANE: WELL, AINT THAT AN UNUSUAL HOBBY!

MADAME.

Well, maams, glad that's cleared up. See y'all!

MADAME: COMPLIMENT MA, AM

EXIT.

JANE: YOU, MA, AM. + YOU MA, AM

BOTH.

See you now!

\* 2 vs. both.

send

~~AS DEADEYES EXITS, JANE FALLS TO HER KNEES PRAYING AND KATE GOES AND GETS A SLUG OR HOOTCH.~~

from your previous part.

JANE.

~~Oh Lord, I never knowed you to ride with my posse afore but its real nice havin you along to hornswoggle the varmints and bring them to their knees!~~

BOTH.

What in dangnation am I doing? TO EACH OTHER!

JANE.

AT MADAME'S WAGON. Okay, Moustache, you ain't ~~ix~~ turkey hen shoot no more!

MADAME: HAS HE GONE

JANE: well goshdarnit.. I never realized ma closest neighbours at this here train was a multi murderer + a cotton curtain thief

LX Q 47A  
STRIKE  
POSE  
2 boards.

PRAYING

MAD: For both your helps you will be very richly rewarded ..

JANE: Why, I just can't wait, can you

43

MAD.

KATE. ~~Calamity...~~

JANE. ~~Yup,~~ Mrs. Bigelow?

KATE. Thank you.

JANE. S'okay. It was real fun.

KATE. If ever I can repay you...

JANE. Aint nobody follering me.

~~XXXXXX~~

KATE. You're most fortunate.

JANE. See, I've been too busy being a Living Legend of The Wild West to keep folks longer'n a bottle of bourbon.

THIRTEEN. A TUSSLE WITH A WILD BEAST.

MUSIC UNDER FIGHT

FROM INSIDE MADAME'S WAGON, COMES THE SOUND VERY LIKE KATE'S WITH MR. RIVERS.

KATE. Listen!

JANE. It's Moustache with ole Rivers.

KATE. LISTENING INTENTLY. Its not Mr. Rivers.

JANE. GOING ROUND THE BACK. Well, I just hope I aint gonna be embarassed like last time!

ENTERS WAGON

Okay you mealy-mouthed ornary side-winding this n'that..git your hands...

Aagh!!!!

JANE ERUPTS FROM THE WAGON TUSSLING WITH A LARGE GRIZZLY. (VICTOR MATURE FIGHTING WITH THE LION IS A HELPFUL EXAMPLE TO COPY HERE)

SHE FIGHTS IT OFF INTO THE WINGS.

WE HEAR A SHOT.

SHE RETURNS HOLDING GUN.

JANE. Missed it!

LX Q 47B.

As Jones comes out of wagon.

LX Q 47C.

GUNSHOT.

44  
50.

JANE. Moustache, you alright?

MADAME EMERGES *THIR*

MADAME. I am so sorry to be so long, but with the fear of the attack I shit myself.

JANE. It's likely what saved you.

I knew a ole prospector up to Belle Fourche kept a grizzly for a pet, and anybody visited him he'd make em ~~sit~~right squat right down next the grizzly and shit...that way the grizzly knew you was a animal just like him.

MADAME. What an unusual way to start a social visit.

JANE. Broke the ice real quick.

KATE. What if you couldn't....

JANE. Honey, setting next to three hundred pounds of grizzly, ya allways could! \*  
Speakin of shitting...SHE TURNS TO STAND LISTENING... DRUMS.

MADAME. They will be here tonight.

KATE. ~~The Indians?~~

JANE. Yup.

KATE. How do you know?

JANE. I know Injuns.

MADAME. I know gamblers.

This is for you..and this is for you.

SHE GIVES EACH OF THEM A GIFT.

JANE. Why thanky-kinfly, Moustache, ya needn't a...

KATE. SAME TIME. Oh, Madame, this is so...

It's a pack of cards!

JANE. It's a tobaccy-pouch!

MADAME. TO KATE...look at the suits....

KATE. swords, coins, cudgels and cups...

MADAME. Pueblo..taken from an idea by the Spanish..

JANE. This is a real unusual leather tobaccy pouch, Moustache...where D&you pick this

LX Q 48

As

Drums

happen

~~BY.~~

JANE. up?

KATE. What are these made of?...they seem to be...skin of some kind...what animal are these from?

MADAME. ~~THEY ARE MADE OF SKIN OF AN ANIMAL~~  
~~XXX~~ Can't you tell?

JANE. Ya know what this shape puts me in mind of?...it's like a man's...

KATE. It's too fine for pig or sheep...it's some animal with a real soft...

JANE. Jeez - us!

KATE. SAME TIME..Merciful God!

MADAME. This ~~xxxxxx~~ an Indian made from a white man...this a white man made from an Indian...observe how, in the interchange of two cultures...Art flourishes.

KATE. Madame..did you kill all those men you're wanted for?

MADAME. Yes.

KATE. Why?

MADAME. PAUSE. Why not?

KATE. THINKS. Killing's. ~~xxxxxx~~..wrong.

MADAME. PAUSE. Is it?

KATE. THINKS. I don't know!  
And you want to be dead.

MADAME. Yes.

KATE. Why didn't you go with the Bounty Hunter ...you'd've hung for sure...or let the Grizzly tear your throat out...

MADAME. A woman has to do what a woman has to do.  
+ do not want a kingering prison death.  
+ do not want a ridiculous accident death.  
I do not want a common neck stretching deatj.

I do not want a quiet giving-up and lying in bed death.

+ do not want a work-out body death.

Too many of us die quietly.

No complaining. No fuss.

It is no examply to those who follow.

A woman should die well..

Qua

JANE. I'm a setting here with a dead man's whangdoodle in ma hand listening to a pheelosophical deebate on death..yeesir I'm gettin real educated here!

MADAME. Have you no interesting reflections on death, Miss Living Legend of the Wild and Wooly West?

JANE. Yeah...I got reflections. I knew a man...name of...Bill... August seond, eighteen seventy six... he's sitting playing poker with 'arl Mann, Captain Massie and Charlie Rich...and just for a change...he sits with his back to the door. And in comes this...drifter, nane of Jack McCall... and he wants to be a real famous gunfighter...so he shoots ...Bill ...right through the head...right through the head...

MADAME. and he falls to the floor...and his hand is...the ace of spades, the ace of clubs, two black eights and the jack of diamonds, from then on known as 'the deadman's hand', after the death of Wild Bill Hickock.

JANE. Yep. so my ~~fix~~ reflection on death is this. Ya wanna die...get real piss-elegant famous...and then get real careless and dumb and sit with your back to a saloon door...and some ornery crittur'll be real obliging and blow your brains clear across two tables!

KATE. Fancy you knowing Wild Bill Hickock!

JANE. Fancy.

KATE. I guess you knew him..longer than a bottle of bourbon?



LX Q 50,  
As Gilly  
Goes To  
Piano

JANE. He gave me something I shoulda kept.

KATE. What?

JANE. A pain in the gut. \*

SHE GOES TO PIANO. PLAYS CHOPIN.

KATE. I never loved my husband,. Never.  
Ever.

MADAME. That's most interesting.

KATE. Have you ever been in love, Madame?

MADAME. Many many times. But never with men.

SHE SINGS HER LATE NIGHT SONG.

KATE SITS, THEN SINGS HERS.

53.

MADAME. SINGS. I'm always chasing rainbows  
watching clouds drifting by

KATE I never loved my husband, never, ever.

MADAME: That's most interesting  
A recitation

it's the sad tale of a poor married woman,  
by Kate Bigel...by Kate Laurens. \*

CHORUS.

She had fourteen children with her  
At the table of the Lord

1. At twenty-one, Martha was married  
The sun shone, the sky was blue;  
She was happy, humble, hopeful  
And she had little else to do.

2. Her father held up his punch cup  
And before he took a pull  
Proposed this toast 'Our land free, our men good  
And our women fruitful.

LX Q 50 Q

**KATE.**

3. Her husband turned raspberry red  
And Martha blushed carnation pink  
And they left for their ranch and their life  
together  
Before they had time to think.

CHORUS.

4. Martha kept house, and sewed and cooked  
Her husband tilled the earth  
In the evenings he kept a journal  
In her spare time, Martha gave birth.

5. The little graves, some new some old  
Bear flowers year in, year out  
Her husband writes in his pages white  
'Poor Martha, she is not stout'

6. 'It has been a year of sorrows  
Another child laid in her grave  
And Martha so tired, so ill  
This next one, please God, we'll save.

CHORUS

7. Mr.Parker, her fond husband  
writes 'Poor Martha, she suffers sore'  
And continues to give her children  
and when they died, he'd give her more.

8. God took her for her last deep sleep  
At the age of thirty-eight  
She died bearing a girl, who was fit and well  
But for Martha, it was too late.

9. They laid her to rest with her children  
Fifteen at the table of God  
And her husband held her baby girl  
And their tears watered the sod.

CHORUS.

49

V9V

KATE. 10. As the grass grew tall on Martha's grave  
Her daughter prepared to wed  
And a year went by, as years do  
And in a year Martha's daughter was dead.

11. What needle sharp, what shiny scissors  
What blade, what wicked knife  
Cut the cord that kept this girl  
Tied to earthly life?

12. No weapon such as that my dears  
It comes as no surprise  
She died in childbirth at twenty years  
And lives now in Paradise.\*

CHORUS.

LX Q 51. After  
Q 51 chorus (Kato)

~~Madame I am always chasing rainbows.~~

LX Q 52

FIFTEEN.

As Kato  
Kato goes into wagon  
Jane.

INDIAN PRESENCE song.

CELESTIAL GAMBLING.

CUT

In the legends of the Indian  
The Twins were offspring of The Sun  
East lived one and West the other  
One ruled days and warmth of summer  
The other the night and winter-time.

These Twins in Heav'n divine men's chances  
Play celestial games of hazard  
Waging the fate of mighty nations  
Their games the mortals learned to play.\*

LX Q 54

\* KATE'S PRAYER TO THE LORD.

fans. So the Indian, merely human  
gambles all upon a dice game. \*  
MADAME'S WAGON INTERIOR REVEALED  
THE INDIAN - JANE OR KATE - WHO  
HAS APPEARED DURING THE SONG,  
ENTERS HER WAGON

MADAME REMEMBERS CHASING RAINBOWS

There was once a strange toy.

This toy was a beautiful box, with a lid on the top and on the lid was a catch.

And people would play with this toy.

If they touched the catch in just the right way, out would leap...a large red heart on the end of a strong spring.

They would enjoy the heart, then they would put the heart back in the box, press down the lid and fasten the catch.

This toy was called Jill-in-the-box.

One day a girl touched the catch in just the right way and out sprang the heart.

This girl enjoyed the heart and then she wanted the heart for herself...so she tore the heart from its spring and she ran off, leaving the box open and empty.

But a box is made to put things in.

Things of value.

SHE STARTS PUTTING NUGGETS, GOLD MONEY ETC INTO HER CORSAGE.

Jewels. Gold. Coins.

And so the emptiness of the box filled up.

It was no longer a Jill-in-the-box.

It was now - a chest full of treasure.

50

KATE. Oh Lord, (PRAYING) can you spare a moment or two to mull over a little problem of your handmaiden... I have now, through my carnal sinning with Mr. Rivers, which as you know I cleared with you, stored up.... (FIGURING) three hundred and forty dollars...with...WORKS OUT...one hundred more occasions of carnal sinning with Mr. Rivers I will have enough to buy myself this farm. Now, what I want to know is this.

PAGE 57.

KATE. Can I do it on my own with just you to help of course.

I am not the stuff of which legends are made.

I am an ordinary woman of the late nineteenth century.

All I can do is sweep, scrub, launder, polish, make my own brooms ~~xxxxxx~~ and soap, and candles, carry water, build fires, chop and carry firewood, ~~make~~ sew sheets, clothing and diapers, do the family bookkeeping, order provisions, pay bills, balance books, cook on an open hearth which has to be tended constantly, carry a forty pound kettle, preserve my own meat, which of course I have shot myself, keep my own garden, run my own bakery, dairy, do my own milking, make butter, keep the hen yard and spin and weave. God, I think I can do it on my own

I know I am unworthy of a place in the history books, but please God, teach me how to run my own farm!!

The thing is - do I need you? \*57

LX055\*

JANE'S GHOST DANCE.

JANE.           You're all here, aint you?  
                  Oglala. Arapaho. Hunkpapa. Sioux.  
                  You're here dancing around me in a  
                  great big goddam circle, aint you?  
                  Why this whole damn area is just a  
                  great big old Indian dance floor, aint it?  
                  Hey, chief of the Hunkpapas, why'nt  
                  you ask me to dance?  
                  But you dont do this dance with no  
                  white folk, do you?  
                  Aint nobody who aint an Indian gets  
                  to do your Ghost dance, aint that right?  
                  I seen you outside Forts, with that  
                  white paint on your faces, all in a  
                  line, dancing for all those fancy  
                  Eastern ladies and gentlemen.  
                  They think they're seeing your Ghost  
                  Dance. But they aint...they're getting  
                  what they apy for...twenty-five cents  
                  of excitement...'I saw some real  
                  Indians...they dance this ghost dance  
                  so's they get to meet their dead  
                  ancestors...'  
                  and now, you're all over the other  
                  side of the dance floor...and there  
                  aint no live Hunkpapas to ask you  
                  over to dance....  
                  I'd dance with you...  
                  but you dont dance with white folk.  
                  And I dont blame you.

58. 54

From the clearances in Scotland  
And the valleys of coalmine Wales  
Wherever folk scraped a living  
And lived their hardship tales.

From Italy, Greece and Portugal  
And the harbours of southern France  
From the steppes of icy Russia  
You'd see their spirits dance  
As they cried 'There is a New land \*  
Where everyone is free  
They believe that folk are equal  
And drink coffee instead of tea.'

There are no lords and ladies here  
No, the dogs of rank dont bite  
Everyone is equal here

As long as they're men, and white  
So up on the wagon of progress  
And on with the tale of the Three  
History keeps on happening  
Here in the land of The Free! \*

~~LXQ. 59. COWY~~  
SEVENTEEN.

WAGONS ROLLS.

A HANDY BLIZZARD

WIND SOUND EFFECT

THEY ARE ALL DRIVING THEIR WAGONS  
THE WEATHER IS GETTING WORSE AND  
WORSE.

MADAME.

A pile of merde on this inclement  
weather!

SOUND OF HOWLING WIND

A TUMBLEWEED CROSSES THE STAGE

KATE.

I can't see a hand in front of my  
face!

JANE.

Dang...sights going again!

KATE.

Where are you?

*The Terrible Storm* — they are pulling them away.

55

MADAME. Where are you?  
JANE. Where are you?  
KATE. I can't see the wagons..where are you?  
MADAME. Are you behind me or in front of me?...  
I cannot see for this Gottverdante sleet!  
JANE. Y'all follow me, I'm a follering Mr.Rivers  
backside, you get up my backside and Kate  
get up Madame's backside..keep your  
noses stuck right up each other's  
crack and we won't git lost!!!  
MADAME. Okay okay I am right up your backside  
I think!  
KATE. Will you keep talking please so I  
can hear to keep my nose up your crack?  
JANE. What in tarnation can I talk about???  
MADAME. Anything, anything...just keep talking  
out of your arse so we can follow it!  
JANE. Okay okay...what in hell...alright...  
this here's a recipiee for twenty year  
cake!  
MADAME. We are in a storming blizzard being  
given a recipe for twent year cake.  
KATE. Deep talking!  
JANE. Ya take twenty five eggs, beaten separate.  
KATE. Beaten separate!  
JANE. two and a half pounds sugar, two and  
a half pounds flour two and a half  
pounds flour, seven and a half pounds  
seeded raisins.  
KATE. How many seeded raisins?  
JANE. Seven and a half pounds!  
a pound and a half citron cut very fine  
five pounds currants, a pint of brandy...  
MADAME. Hurray!



56

JANE. a quarter ounce cloves, a half ounce cinnamon,  
two ounces mace, two ounces nutmet...

KATE. It's very spiced, isn't it?

MADAME. And fattening!

JANE. two teaspoons yeast powder or two teaspoons  
soda and three of cream tartar...mix the  
whole bunch of stuff together...

KATE. With a wooden spoon?

MADAME. Always with a wooden spoon!

JANE. While the cakes is still warm, pour the  
pint of brandy over and seal in a tight  
crock. This recipe will make three cakes  
eight pound each!

Y'all still with me?

MADAME. Yes.

KATE. + got a bit lost just after the cinnamon!

JANE. Winds dropping!

~~THE WIND DROPS~~

MADAME. Rains easing off. \* SQ

~~RAIN EASES OFF~~

KATE. Sky's clearing. \* SQ

~~SKY CLEARS.~~

~~THEY STOP.~~

~~MADAME AND KATE DISMOUNT.~~

KATE. Where are the other wagons?

JANE. Right there. POINTS. THERE IS NOTHING  
THERE

THEY GO TO HER, MADAME PUTS HER HAND  
IN FRONT OF HER EYES. JANE SEES NOTHING.

KATE. Jane, come down from the wagon.

SHE HELPS HER DOWN FROM THE WAGON.

SITS HER DOWN.

JANE TAKES OUT HER EYEGASSES

JANE. We'll have a good ~~smirk~~ now.

SHE PUTS THEM ON. SHE STILL CANT SEE.

JANE I'm as blind as a old bat

LX Q60\*

Q60

Stop  
flashing  
\* SQ

no. 57

KATE SITS AND HOLDS HER HAND.

MADAME. Well, we are now totally on our own in this cruel country.

KATE. We need water and we need food.

MADAME. The recipe for twenty year cake has made us hungry, yes? I will find something wonderful.

TAKES PAN DIPPER AND GOES.

JANE. I'm blind as a ole bat, yessir

KATE. Yes.

JANE. Might as well get outta these trousers. There aint no jobs I can do in these trousers no more.

Caint see to skin a mule, caint see to scout, caint see to prospect, caint see to lay straight racks on a rail-road.

Yessir, it's time this ole Legend hung up her trousers.

KATE. There's other things you can do.

JANE. There's cooking and there's hooking. Dont need no trousers for those. Dont need no gun.

Just spoons and wide-open legs.

KATE. isn't there anyone who you can turn to?

JANE. Nope. I'm just a lonesome, tired cowpoke.

KATE. A recitation on friendship and loneliness from Miss Calamity Jane Hickock Burke. \*

LX Q 61.

EIGHTEEN. THE LONESOME TIRED COWPOKE'S LAMENT

JANE. I'm sitting by my campfire tonight. My horse Satan is picketed nearby. You should see him in the light

RAY

RAY

JANE.

from the campfire playing about his sleek neck and satiny shoulders of muscle, white feet and diamond of white between his eyes. He looks an object of all beauty. I am so proud of him...

SONG.

Men'll try and get you drunk  
And say you did what you didn't do  
And believe every truth is a lie  
And every lie is true  
And you've got to whup em  
To live how you care  
But a horse'll get ~~x~~ you there.

Wild Bill gave me ~~SIX~~ Satan.  
And then he went and hitched up  
with a ~~high~~ performer on the slack  
wire, ~~name of Mrs. Thatcher.~~  
~~And then he got himself killed.~~  
And then I went a bit wild and the  
women in Deadwood tried to cut my hair  
like a fancy Paris Woman but I jumped  
in the middle of the hens and scalped  
em...

Well, virtuous godly women  
will come with a whip and shears  
and say 'we'll trim your hiar'  
and you've got to whup em  
to live how you care  
but a horse'll get you there...

~~Well, Satan's dead. I had him buried  
in the hills. He was so old too.  
Nothing ailed him except old age.~~

1913. 59

JANE.

He did so many cute things. ~~He~~  
~~used to kneel for me to dismount,~~  
~~would shake hands, and understood~~  
~~everything I said to him.~~ I had a  
sack of oats - he came to my door  
for a basin of them every day.  
I would empty them before him  
from the sack. One day he came,  
I showed him the empty sack and  
told him there was no more. He  
started for the hills and never  
came back again after more.  
He knew. He understood.  
Well...

Men'll try to get you drunk  
And say you did what you didn't do  
And virtuous Godly women'll try and cut your  
hair

And you've got to whup em  
To live how you care  
But a horse...well, here I am  
wetting this old...with tears  
over my faithful pal  
but you've got to ...  
live how you care  
but a horse'll get you there  
yes, a horse'll get you there.

EX Q 63 3 beats

End of song

COUNTRY MUSIC.

\* 8Q

NINETEEN.

A GOLDEN DAWN.

To  
B/O  
↓  
LEAD IN  
WITH  
DAWN.

MADAME.

MADAME RETURNS WITH THE PAN DIPPER.  
What is this glittery stone in the  
bottom of the pandipper?  
It looks like gold.  
It feels like gold.  
Does it smell like gold?

KATE.

JANE.

MADAME.

60

JANE. Yeap, smells like gold.

MADAME. I think it's gold.

Now, keep very calm. It may not be gold, but if it is...we stake our claim here, we each take three hundred and twenty acres from this point out, just in case the seam of gold stretches this way or this way or this way...GRADUALLY MOUNTING EXCITEMENT AND LACK OF CALM... and then we dig and dig and dig and we get big handfuls of gold and we turn it into money and be very very very rich ladies indeed!!!

KATE:

All you need is gold and land  
To build that world of dreams  
A steady hand and a steadfast heart  
And raindrops and sunbeams  
If every woman just had those  
She'd have a handy start  
But the world is cruel, fate unkind  
Take a look at Madame's heart!

KATE.

Madame, look at your bodice...it's all ripped!

MADAME. Agh, I caught it on the brambles down by the river.

A SUDDEN THOUGHT.

SHE BENDS DOWN AND GOLD NUGGETS,  
MONEY, DOLLAR BILLS ETC FALL OUT

KATE. Did you rip it before you bent over to get water in the pan dipper?

MADAME. Yes.

THEY TURN AWAY DESPONDENT.

MADAME. Puta!  
Basta!  
Merde und Scheiss!

JANE. Triple Goddam!

MADAME. That which pours from between the  
titties is Fool's Gold always!

JANE. I sometimes feel like Jesus Christ  
hisself. Ever time I git somep'n  
, it falls through the holes in  
ma hands.

KATE. This land's real pretty.

MADAME. I discover gold in my own hills.  
Some prospector!

KATE. Real lush too.

JANE. ~~I never learned to get rich quick,  
but I could write a whole shelf of  
encyclopedies on getting poor  
quick!~~

KATE. There's a stream...a mighty forest  
there...and a real impressive river...

MADAME. ~~I once had sixty thousand dollars.  
And I spent it in six days on a  
shopping spree in New York.~~

JANE. I once won twenty thousand dollars  
in a craps game...and I hands it  
straight over to pay for two Injun  
kids schoolin!

KATE. If I built...here...the view from  
my door..would be...

MADAME. Money has always been like eating  
prunes for me. it just goes straight  
through me.

~~MADAME.~~ KATE. What's that in the distance?

PAGE ~~61B~~ 62

*You askin me?*  
JANE. ~~I can be real helpful here.~~  
MADAME. It's a huge pillar of rock, rising out of the landscape..it is like a very very big upright piece of Edinburgh rock..  
MADAME. It has fluted sides...and a flat top.. and thick green forests round its base...  
JANE. ...and a real deep river...  
BOTH. Yes.  
JANE. ~~It's Devil's Tower. Also called Mateo Tepee, which is Injun for Grizzly Bear Lodge...its a kinda landmark round heres. Cordin to the Kiowas... those fluted sides, ya see em..~~ *why that?*  
BOTH. Yes...  
JANE. those is the reesult of ~~the~~ bears scratching away trying to catch seven little Kiowa girls.  
BOTH. Oh.  
JANE. They stood on that rock there... and the Great Spirit pushed that ole rock way up out of the ground way up high so's the Bears couldn't catch em.  
BOTH. Ah.  
JANE. Anyway so finally the bears died from exhaustion.. and the seven little Kiowa girls was made the seven stars in the Pleiades... and when it gets dark, you can see em up there somewheres.  
MADAME. That's most interesting.  
KATE. I'm going to file my claim right here.

KATE. And my window here is going to look over, to where those seven little girls got saved.  
And you folks are welcome to be my neighbours...it would be a real pleasure to me...if that's what you'd like.

LX Q 65A

THE FINAL CAMPFIRE

On Jan 7?

KATE SETS UP TABLE, FOOD ETC. IN A COSY CIRCLE.

MADAME. Madame Moustache...Farmer. Madame Moustache...Share-cropper. Madame Moustache...Redneck Settler.  
IT IS CLEAR THAT THESE DESCRIPTIONS DO NOT PLEASE MADAME.

JANE. This used ter be Injun land. When I was a scout fer Custer... we cleared em out. Like rats frum a barn.

MADAME. What kind of death would there be here?...crushed by falling timber... eaten by voracious ~~me~~ prairie dog... bored to death...

JANE. We chased American Horse up here... finally cornered him and his bunch in a little cave in back of a canyon. Finally...General Crook..that's Three Stars Crook..says..'If you give yourselves up, I wont kill you'...and American Horse, two warriors, five women and several childrun crawl out of the cave. Everbody else in there was dead or mortal wounded. American Horse's



PAGE 650 64

JANE.

I couldn't put roots down here, it'd be drinkin'  
groin was all ripped open by buckshot. blood  
He was holding his entrails in his hand  
...and he came out and held out his  
bloodstained hand...and he shook  
hands with General Cook.  
He held out his bloodstained hand and  
shook hands. *h? mally Tex?*

LX Q 66 \*  
MADAME.

It's late.

KATE.

It's just biscuits. But the coffee's  
real strong.

JANE FINDS HER WAGON. BRINGS OUT HER  
ALBUM.

JANE.

I caint write no more.

KATE.

MADAME.

Give it to me.

JANE.

I am sick and haven't long to live.  
I am taking many secrets with me  
Janey. What I am and what I might  
have been.

I'm not as black as I have been  
painted. I want you to believe  
that.

My eyes have cheated me out of  
the pleasure I could get from  
looking at your photo.

Cant see to write any more.

There is something I should confess  
to you but I just cant.

I shall take it tom my grave -  
forgive me and consider I was  
lonely.

KATE. Wh08s Janey.  
 JANE. She was ma daughter.  
 KATE. Was...is she...  
 JANE. She aint mine no more. I gave her  
 away.

CONTINUE 'VICTORIAN DEATH SCENES.

MADAME : Just think all over the world there  
 are places like these ... where we  
 ripened women are sitting deserted  
 places and on them are these farms  
 where little girls with supple fingers  
 and sharp eyes grow up. But they  
 soon is not enough and on a dark  
 night they ~~sneak~~<sup>creep</sup> away off down  
 a road to the nearest city. These  
 are little country girls who do not  
 expect there to be gin traps in cities  
 until they are firmly caught in one +  
 the gin trap bites hard if you try  
 to escape, so they stay still in the  
 gin trap + then they stay in the city.

This was in →

Inmate in  
 gin traps  
 Muscys die  
 in the country

TWENTY-ONE.

VICTORIAN DEATH SCENES

MUSIC - THROUGH DEATH SCENES -

JANE. I really died a real stupid, pointless  
 drunken-mouthed sad disappointed  
 death. It was nineteen o three.  
 The railway was there, right across  
 the country. The stage and pony  
 express went. I was fifty-one,  
 wore out and blind. I'd been  
 working a home-laundry in Belle  
 Fourche. I drank a whole bunch  
 of bad whiskey with some fellers  
 had heard of me then I took a

\* They know that animals from gin traps always  
 die in the country.

66.

JANE.

round trip on the train. When I got off I was real sick. And I died.

Didn't leave nothing but my album, ~~xxxx~~ full of letters to my daughter. Folks didn't know I had a daughter and didn't know I could read. ~~X~~

LX Q 68.

MADAME.

I died a magnificent death. In California, where my career began. I was running a small gambling house in the gold-mining town of Bodie. In 1879, a group of professional gamblers broke my bank. Without a word, I walked out of town and shot myself through the heart. The Sacramento Union of September 9, 1879 said 'A woman named Eleanor Dumont was found dead today, a suicide, about a mile out of town. She was well-known throughout the mining camps. I was fifty.

~~In my bodice was an ace of hearts on which I had written:~~

~~Life is only a game of poker  
played well or ill~~

~~Some hold four aces; some draw and fill  
Some make a bluff and oft get there~~

~~While others ante and never hold a pair. ~~X~~~~

LX Q 70.

KATE.

I died on my farm.

I realise that temperament has much to do with success in any undertaking, and persons afraid of coyotes and work and loneliness had better let ranching

67.

KATE.

alone. At the same time, any woman  
~~growing~~ who can stand the beauty of the  
sunset, loves growing things, and is  
willing to put in as much time at  
careful labour as she does standing  
over the washtub, will certainly  
succeed; will have independence,  
plenty to eat all the time, and a home  
of her own in the end.

Oh calamity  
Oh calamity....

THE END.

A FINANCIAL DISCUSSION WITH THE LORD

KATE. Oh Lord, (PRAYING) can you spare a moment or two to mull over a little problem of your handmaiden... I have now, through my carnal sinning with Mr. Rivers, which as you know I cleared with you, stored up.... (FIGURING) three hundred and forty dollars...with...WORKS OUT...one hundred more occasions of carnal sinning with Mr. Rivers I will have enough to buy myself this farm. Now, what I want to know is this.

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KATE. Can I do it on my own with just you to help of course. I am not the stuff of which legends are made.

I am an ordinary woman of the late nineteenth century.

All I can do is sweep, scrub, launder, polish, make my own brooms~~xxxxxx~~ and soap, and candles, carry water, build fires, chop and carry firewood, ~~make~~ sew sheets, clothing and diapers, do the family bookkeeping, order provisions, pay bills, balance books, cook on an open hearth which has to be tended constantly, carry a forty pound kettle, preserve my own meat, which of course I have shot myself, keep my own garden, run my own bakery, dairy, do my own milking, make butter, keep the hen yard and spin and weave. God, I think I can do it on my own

I know I am unworthy of a place in the history books, ~~but please God,~~ ~~teach me how to run my own farm!~~

The thing is - do I need you?