

# Adelaide / Katie

36

CALAMITY JANE

ACT I

(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.

KATIE (*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, something. I make you a present of them . . . (*gaily.*) 'Bye now! (*Exit.*)