

*(A door flies open and KATE HARONEY, swearing toward offstage in Hungarian, half-dressed, enters the saloon.)*

KATE

*(In Hungarian)* Nyavajas patkany! Add ide aruha'mat! Fene egye meg! [*Translation: You dirty lousy rotten son of a bitch!*]

*(Kate picks up her things and starts to stuff them into the suitcases.)*

That scoundrel! That bastard! How dare he do this to me!

*(YOUNG JOSIE eyes her warily.)*

Well....what are you staring at, princess????

YOUNG JOSIE

Nothing...I....uh...

KATE

Gimme a drink.

*(Young Josie goes to the bar, pours a shot of whisky; Kate downs it in one gulp.)*

Another.

*(Young Josie hands Kate another shot, which Kate downs again. From offstage comes a flying stream of clothes--gown, shoes, shawl. Kate is suddenly furious again.)*

KATE

*(Toward the door, in Hungarian.)* Istem basszon meg, balfas! [*Translation: Fuck you, too, left-prick.*]

*(Kate turns and glares at Young Josie.)*

You think your man is better? Ha! They are all piskosh disno!

YOUNG JOSIE

What's that?

KATE

Svine.

YOUNG JOSIE

*(Not comprehending.)* Svine?

KATE

Pigs. Yours in particular.

YOUNG JOSIE

I beg your pardon. Do you know me?

KATE

Everyone knows "The Belle of Tombstone"... Johnny Behan's woman. Well, I am Doc Holliday's woman... now and then. Not right now.

**(Beat. Kate offers Josie her hand.)**

Kate Haroney. You work here, I work here, too. I'm a "professional".

YOUNG JOSIE

You mean a...

KATE

No. A gambler. Here, the Alhambra, the Crystal Palace. What's the difference? I go where the games are.

**(Kate's suitcase is thrown onstage.)**

Idiot! I'll get you! **(To Young Josie.)** You have to excuse the little "argument" with Doc... He is sick, Doc is. If he's not coughing up blood, he is spitting on me. When he is not hitting me. **(Screaming toward the door.)** You will know you cannot do this to me!

YOUNG JOSIE

What kind of a man would treat you like that?

KATE

A son of bitch. I love de son of bitch, but he's still son of bitch.

YOUNG JOSIE

I-- I don't understand.

KATE

**(Sings.)** I CAN SEE THAT YOU'RE A CITY GIRL  
BY THE KIND OF CLOTHES YOU WEAR...  
YOU'VE THE CULTURE AND THE BREEDING  
OF A WELL-HEELED MILLIONAIRE.  
YOU'VE PROBABLY MET  
MORE THAN YOUR SHARE OF CATS.  
BUT DAH-LINK, I WOULD BET THAT YOU  
HAVE NEVER SEEN SUCH RATS...  
SO, TOOTSIE--

**(Kate gathers up her clothes and gets dressed.)**

LIFE OUT IN THE DESERT  
IS LOADED WITH SURPRISE  
AT EVERY TURN THERE'S SOMETHING  
ON WHICH TO FEAST YOUR EYES.  
THE HILLS ARE FULL OF JASMINE  
AND LOTS OF WHITE-TAILED DEER.  
BUT DON'T FORGET ONE SECOND--  
THEY GOT SNAKES OUT HERE.