

DUDE, IT'S BOULDER!

Ye Olde, Thoroughly Modern, Far Out & Totally Awesome History of a Town

by

Jane Shepard

DUDE
CAST of CHARACTERS

Actors will be playing multiple roles. That listing is on the last page.

NARRATOR		YOUNG SOLDIER	<i>At Sand Creek</i>
THOMAS AIKINS	<i>Gold prospector</i>	FLOOD WATERS / VICTIMS	<i>Movement required</i>
AIKIN'S SON	<i>Gold prospector</i>	FLOOD MOTHER/ FLOOD FATHER	<i>Describes flood of 1890</i>
A.A. BROOKFIELD	<i>GP & Town Father</i>	OFFICER ED KNAPP	<i>Local Constable</i>
CHIEF LEFT HAND	<i>Local Arapaho Chief</i>		
BEAR HEAD	<i>Prominent Brave</i>	RUTH FLOWERS	<i>Lived in 'The Little Recangle'</i>
MANY WHIPS	<i>Prominent Brave</i>	GEORGE MORRISON	<i>Jazz Composer, Little Rec.</i>
FRANCISCO	<i>Mexican Child</i>	BIGOT TOWNSPERSON	<i>Ice-Cream seller</i>
BAUTISTA (Prosp. 4)	<i>His Older Brother</i>	BIGOT TOWNSPERSON	<i>Movie Tickets seller</i>
		BIGOT TOWNSPERSON	<i>Housing Bigot</i>
PROSPECTR 1 (Fred)	<i>Becomes Merchant</i>	BIGOT TOWNSPERSON	<i>Principle of Boulder High</i>
PROSPECTR 2 (Marinus)	<i>Becomes Town father</i>		
PROSPECTOR 3 (Jake)	<i>Becomes Rancher</i>	1900 WALTZERS (3 Couples)	<i>Prob'ly Wives & T. Fathers</i>
WIFE 1	<i>Settler/Town oady</i>		
WIFE 2	<i>Settler/Town Lady</i>	DR. JOHN HARVEY KELLOGG	<i>Health Pioneer</i>
WIFE 3	<i>Settler/Town Lady</i>		
CHINESE SETTLER		ADRIANNA HUNGERFORD	<i>President WCTU</i>
SWISS SETTLER		WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION	<i>Anti-Drinking & Social Improvement Org.</i>
SETTLER AUGGIE	<i>An early merchant</i>	ETHEL FRENCH	<i>Society Columnist</i>
TEACHER ANNA	<i>1st Schoolteacher</i>	TONY (miner)	<i>Italian Miner</i>
TOWN DRUNK	<i>Action man, pro & con</i>	TOM (miner)	<i>Western Miner</i>
DAVID NICHOLS	<i>Town Father</i>	SHAMUS (miner)	<i>Irish Miner</i>
MARINUS SMITH	<i>Town Father</i>	MAC (miner)	<i>Southern Miner</i>
ANTHONY ARNETT		PEDRO (miner)	<i>Mexican Child Miner</i>
JOSEPH SEWELL	<i>1st Pres. of C.U. 1800's</i>		
FARMER	<i>Local</i>	SHEP	<i>The Tollbooth Dog</i>
		TOLLBOOTH TED	<i>Takes tolls</i>
MARY RIPPON	<i>C.U. Professor 1800's</i>		
		AUTO DRIVER 1, SELMA	<i>1940's</i>
GOSSIP 1	<i>Just that</i>	DRIVER, BUREAU OF STANDARDS	<i>1940's</i>
GOSSIP 2	<i>And they enjoy it</i>	DRIVER, NCAR	<i>1940's</i>
		DRIVER, BALL AEROSP.	<i>1940</i>
HANNAH BARKER	<i>Civic Leader</i>	DRIVER, ROCKY FLATS	<i>1950's</i>
CLARA SAVORY	<i>Created 1st Library</i>	DRIVER, IBM	<i>1960's</i>
		WW II GENERAL	
MADAM KINGSLEY	<i>Bordello Owner</i>		
MADAM DAY	<i>Bordello Owner</i>	BEATNIK	<i>1950</i>
MADAM GORDON	<i>Bordello Owner</i>	HIPPIES & ACTIVISTS	<i>1960'S</i>
EMMA BUGTOWN	<i>Actress E</i>	MO SIEGAL	<i>Hippie founder of Celestial Seasonings</i>
IZZIE / CHAMBERLAIN	<i>Street Person/ 1st publisher</i>	RUTH CORRELL	<i>Mayor, 1978</i>
ISABELLA BIRD	<i>English Author, 1800's</i>	PENFIELD TATE	<i>Mayor, 1974</i>
		TOMORROW'S MAYOR	<i>A little boy</i>
GOV. JOHN EVANS	<i>Colo. Governor, 1800's</i>		
COL. CHIVINGTON	<i>Lead Sand Creek</i>	CHÖGYAM TRUNGPA RINPOCHE	<i>Buddhist Leader</i>

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--- ACT 1 ---

Scene 1 - OPENING VOLLEY

(Bare stage but for a PODIUM to the side. A
NARRATOR, in suit & tie, comes to podium. Soft
BANJO MUSIC, wistful.)

NARRATOR: This is the story of a small town that grew into a city. Just an empty speck on the prairie then. Described to folks back home as uninhabitable.

(**7 or 8 CAST MEMBERS** file on. They're in their street clothes & carry their scripts, like it's going to be a reading.)

NARRATOR... Stand with me now, the Rocky Mountains to our backs, we stand looking out over the treeless plains. In the winter, it was...

ACTORS: A SEA OF MUD.

NARRATOR: It started small, like any town really, perhaps your own hometown, as all –

ACTRESS F: Um...

(NARRATOR glances at her, continues.)

NARRATOR: ...Well, of course every town has its distinctive qualities. But, no different than any place really, small-town U.S.A., in that—

ACTRESS F: Sorry, um... I don't think so.

NARRATOR: S'cuse me?

ACTOR 2: (*Scoffing*) 'Like any small town'?

ACTRESS I: If you live in Guacamora maybe.

ACTRESS E: Or Berkeley.

NARRATOR: I'm just trying to say, in the beginning, a typical town, in the—

ACTOR 2: 'Typical' now!

NARRATOR: No, in that—

F: Tell 'em.

NARRATOR: What?

F: Tell ‘em the town.

NARRATOR: Ah. The town. Well... It’s Boulder.

(Giggling, some of it derisive.)

What? ...Why is that funny?

(More semi-repressed laughter.)

E: It just is.

NARRATOR: Granted, it is a town that has a national reputation but—

F: Dude, it’s *Boulder!*

5: Granola-ville.

2: Hippie-town.

G: S’cuse me, Boulder hasn’t been hippie-town since 1975.

(Responses, some agreeing, some not.)

J: Well, since ‘85 anyway.

NARRATOR: S’cuse me, this is not germane to the stor –

2: But some people still think of it as hippietown.

NARRATOR: Are we done?!

2: Yeah.

G: Sorry. Go ahead..

(CAST try to suppress giddiness, pull themselves back into story-telling mode. NARRATOR tries again.)

NARRATOR: In our tale we will see the story of all Americana.

2: *(Hiding it under cough)* Yoga.

(More giggling in the ranks.)

F: *(Hiding it under cough)* Earth shoes!

E: Sandy, what color is your house?

I: My house *in Boulder*?

E: Yeah.

I: Periwinkle!

E: See?! That's funny!

NARRATOR: (*Good humored*) Alright, we cannot tell Boulder's story with all this insurrection going on.

5: But that *is* Boulder. Very *fashionable* insurrection.

G: C'mon, you guys.

N: Why does Boulder always have to be the butt of jokes?

J: I think it's a beautiful place to live.

I: The beautiful People's Republic of Boulder!

(More laughter, spontaneous enjoyment, friendly banter...)

E: 25 square miles surrounded by reality!

2: Hippietown!

G: *Not* hippietown!

5: She's right, now they're called 'transients'

G: They're not transient, they all live in Boulder.

E: How do you know, sittin' in your Subaru sipping Starbucks?

N: Alright, can we move on?

J: We're supposed to be telling the history, not making fun of it.

N: For instance, did you guys know that Boulder is rated the number one city in America for well-being?

(Modest impressed response.)

5: Men's Journal named it the best city to live in!

- I: *And* surveys said it has the HEALTHIEST SENIORS IN THE NATION!
- (CHEERS from all.)
- 2: Now, see, *this* what gives Boulder a bad name!
- I: What?
- 2: The superior attitude.
- 5: Like it *invented* healthy living.
- I: It did!
- (Mixed responses)
- Well it was in the forefront.
- 2: The point is, you don't see.. Durango boasting about itself.
- N: Nor could you.
- F: "Durango, number one in...dust!"
- E: Gee, no arrogance there.
- G: Oh, Boulder's always been laughed at.
- N: And it's always been different.
- (Taking the reins back.)
- NARRATOR: Every city has elements that contribute to its identity. For Boulder, Health Mecca, University Town, Tec –
- 2: (*Under breath*) Hippietown.
- N: Okay, certain... cultural evolutions. But the question is why? How did these themes arise? Why is it known for these things? And what role did they play in shaping us? And at its heart, what is it that makes a town? A little all-American town – possibly like other home towns – and grew into this extraordinary city?
- (Adds, to F)
- I do think you'll find it is the common elements that count.
- F: On the other hand, it could be all the weird stuff.
- NARRATOR: The gauntlet is thrown, let the history unfold!
- (**BANJO** again as **ACTORS EXIT.**)

Scene 2 - LEFT HAND - Action is always continuous unless noted....

NARRATOR: ...This is the story of a town that grew up into an American city. 600 miles into wilderness. It begins with a settlement—

LEFT HAND: Eh-heh.

(**CHIEF LEFT HAND** HAS APPEARED. **BANJO** dwindles, NARRATOR is again interrupted.)

NARRATOR: I should've taken a bit part.

(Tries to continue...)

I mean, yes, it was a, a *place* before that, but it wasn't –

(**LEFT HAND PLAYS HIS FLUTE**, bringing the NARRATOR to a halt. HE considers LEFT HAND.)

I stand corrected. It does not begin with a town. But with a land...

(**LEFT HAND** comes center, speaking to audience.)

LEFT HAND: “All stories begin with a land.

(*In Algonquin*)

“There have been people here since before the time of the horse. Cheyenne to the North. Comanche south. The Ute were a mountain people.”

(*In English*)

I am Ni'wot. In your language, Left Hand. I was a chief among the Southern Arapaho. Yes, I spoke English. I thought it would help with the white problem. “White like maggots,” my wife said when she first saw them. Sorry.

We were just people. Not angels or enlightened spirits. Everybody is foolish in their own language. We fought among tribes. And among ourselves. I had a family, like you.

This place was our wintering campground, where the mountains made the climate gentle. The Elk come down from the high ground. We lived everything from the land. Food. Clothes. Medicine. You understand the wisdom of this better now. But I don't know if it's too late for you. Sorry. We loved it for the same reason as everyone. It's beauty.

(HE turns out to audience, and beyond. Sound: **WIND, GRASSES, BIRDS.**)

Think of this land you live on now. But sees it as I saw it then. No road. Only the long-grass whispering. Prairie bird singing. All those spots on the land? Buffalo, antelope, thousands, stretching across the plain. Life is good. I guess you know, we thought your idea of owning the land was crazy. The land owns itself. We are

LEFT HAND... its guests. That's why we loved it so dearly.

Here's what I think. A land is like a blanket, laid over the spirit of the earth. It warms each people who come there. And when they die, their bones lie down beneath it. We are all colors in the fabric of this blanket. If you pay attention, you can still perceive bits of color and threads in this blanket, of all who came before.

(INDIAN FLUTE SEGUEING INTO WESTERN HARMONICA...)

Scene 3 - FIRST WHITES

(Sound of **CLANKING METAL** LEFT HAND watches as **CAPT THOMAS AIKINS ENTERS** with **HIS SON & BROOKFIELD**, all bearing Jangling Travel Gear.)

AIKINS: Captain Thomas Aikins.

SON: And son!

BROOKFIELD: Some of the first white immigrants to enter the territory.

SON: 1858.

BROOKFIELD: Territory, phh! I mean, we are in the middle of *nowhere!*

SON: We don't even know if we're in Kansas or Nebraska.

BROOKFIELD: But we heard the prospecting held promise.

(AIKINS looks through his spyglass.)

AIKINS: We traveled 30 days with a larger group, out of Missouri.

SON: They said, look for the tall mountain to the West. Pike Peak. Course, there's a lotta tall mountains...

BROOKFIELD: Cap'n Aikins?

SON: What d'ya see?

AIKINS: I see mountains, boys. And they look right for gold!

ACTRESS F: (*Popping onstage*) Sorry, s'cuse me, that is so corny. You didn't actually say, "They look right for gold"?

AIKINS: That is an actual quote.

ACTRESS F: Oh.

BROOKFIELD: (*Explaining to her*) People talked differently then. More innocent time.

ACTRESS F: Uh-huh.

(SHE EXITS.)

SON: Why is the past always ‘a more innocent time’? How do we know the future won’t be a—

AIKINS: Mr. Brookfield, we’re breaking off from the larger group and heading straight for those mountains. Because they most certainly look –

ALL 3: ‘Right for gold.’

BROOKFIELD: Yes, we heard.

(*THEY cross stage.*)

I suggest we camp ahead, at those red rocks.

(FLORISH OF HARMONICA: Ta-Da!)

AIKINS: What was that?

BROOKFIELD: Significant moment. I said ‘red rocks’.

(FLORISH again.)

See?

AIKINS: That bodes well, we’ll camp here!

(THEY put down their BAGS.)

BROOKFIELD: (*To audience*) Alfred A. Brookfield, prospector & future town father.

AIKENS: This will be our base for the winter.

BROOKFIELD: (*to audience*) We chose the spot because it was at the mouth of the canyon, water for the animals, easy access to the hills for prospecting. But we didn’t expect – Oh!

(LEFT HAND appears with BEAR HEAD and MANY WHIPS. THEY come to camp. WHITES uncomfortable, if not downright scared.)

AIKINS: Ah.

(The TWO GROUPS regard one another.)

SON: Indians.

BROOKFIELD: Natives.

AIKIN: Savages.

LEFT HAND: The pale ones.

BEAR HEAD: Niatha – the clever ones.

MANY WHIPS: They really are as white as maggots.

SON: (*Looking at Arapahoes*) What is that smell?

BROOKFIELD: It's them, act nice.

MANY WHIPS: Phew, do all white men stink like this?

BEAR HEAD: Yes, try to ignore it.

LEFT HAND: (*To whites*) My people winter in this valley.

AIKIN: Uh, we just need a place for a little while.

BROOKFIELD: Yes, it's temporary! We won't be in your way.

SON: And then we're heading up. (*Signifying mountains*) Up?

(The GROUPS confer separately.)

LEFT HAND: I'm thinking we should let them stay. Bear Head?

BEAR HEAD: I'm thinking we should kill them all and take their animals.

LEFT HAND: (*Dryly*) Well, it's one approach. (*to other*) Many Whips?

MANY WHIPS: Every time we let them in, *we* get pushed out.

LEFT HAND: Look, you know my experience negotiating with them. The white Governor has guaranteed us this land.

BEAR HEAD: The white Governor speaks in two directions at once.

LEFT HAND: Let me put it this way. Better to let a wild dog pass through than get bit.

BEAR HEAD I hear you, Ni'wot. I think it is a big mistake, but I hear you.

(LEFT HAND addresses WHITE MEN.)

LEFT HAND: *(to Aikins.)* For the winter then.

AIKINS: Just the winter, Chief, then we'll be gone! Word of honor.

(LEFT HAND turns to audience.)

LEFT HAND: I was to learn many times over the years, a man who has to talk about his honor rarely has any.

(LEFT HAND and his COMPANIONS EXIT, as WHITES start gold panning. **BANJO starts building excitement.**)

BROOKFIELD: The first three months we didn't find much color.

SON: Meaning gold.

AIKINS: But in January...
(HE finds something in his pan.)
Gold.

SON: Did you find something?
(SON come to look.)
Gold!

BROOKFIELD: We had a bit of luck...

(BROOKFIELD looks.)

ALL THREE: GOLD!

(THEY celebrate! BROOKFIELD stops them.)

BROOKFIELD: Hey, sh, sh! *(To others)* We gotta keep this quiet! Word could get out.

(**LIGHT UP on FRANCISCO**, a Mexican boy, running on excitedly with a BATTERED PAPER POSTER.)

Scene 4 - PROSPECTORS

FRANCISCO: Oro! Bautista! Hay oro en Colorado! Bautista, venido rápido!

[There's gold in Colorado! Bautista, come quick!]

(BAUTISTA ENTERS.)

BAUTISTA: Sh! Hermano, dejan de gritar! ¿Que paso? [*Sh, brother, stop screaming. What's going on?*]

FRANCISCO: (*Showing him poster*) ¡Hay oro en Colorado! ¿Podemos ir? ¡Usted dijo que podríamos ir! ¿Vámanos! [*There's gold in Colorado! Can we go? You said we could go! Let's go!*]

(BAUTISTA looks down at his brother, considers, knowing how hard it will be.)

BAUTISTA: (*in English*) Oro, eh? En Ingles, 'gold'.

FRANCISCO: 'Gold.' GOLD!!

BAUTISTA: Hermano. No sera facil. Y es un largo camino.

(FRANCISCO nods enthusiastically.)

FRANCISCO: Pero, Baustista, *gold!*

BAUTISTA: Ahora que nuestro padre está muerto, necesitamos un Nuevo comienzo...
En Engles: Are you prepared to suffer?

(FRANCISCO nods again. BAUTISTA approves)

Iremos.

BAUTISTA: Ya-ha! Adios, Méjico!

FRANCISCO: Hola, Colorado! Gold!

ALL PIONEERS (OFF); GOLD!!

(EXCITED BANJO. PROSPECTORS come lumbering onstage pulling a STAIR UNIT like a wagon and ALL loaded with heavy, CLANKING bundles & objects. **THEY** include **3 PROSPECTORS**, all enthusiastic, and **3 AMERICAN WIVES** and **2 IMMIGRANT WOMEN**, one Swiss, one Chinese, and ALL tattered, dusty & exhausted. FRANCISCO and BAUTISTA run to join them.)

PROSPECTR 1: By horse!

PROSPECTR 2: By ox-cart!

WIFE 3: By foot!

PROSPECTR 3: 50,000 of us comin' across the plains!

WIFE 1: Hot, *dry* plains!

PROSPECTR 4: Called us '59'ers. – Cause it's 1859!

(THEY BEHOLD BOULDER MOUNTAINS.)

PROSPECTR 2: Holy moses.

(ALL COME TO A STOP LOOKING UP.)

PROSPECTR 1: The great Rockies.

PROSPECTR 2: I've never seen anything so big.

SWISS PIONEER: [They're pretty big. But nothing to the Swiss Alps.]

CHINESE SETTLER: [We're going up there? I'm not going up there!]

(SHE retreats behind the other women.)

PROSPECTOR 2: We'll camp here! Then we're *going up*!

(THE MEN stand excited, the WOMEN collapse on the steps, their "wagon".)

WIFE 2: (*Pregnant*) My feet hurt!

WIFE 3: Whoever thought walkin' 2,000 miles into the wilderness was a good idea oughtta be shot!

CHINESE SETTLER: (*Gesturing to W-2*) [I need a drink. Do you have water?]

(WIFE 2 copies her gesture.)

WIFE 2: I know, honey, same to you.

ALL MEN: We are off on our adventure!

FRANCISCO: (*Awed*) ¡Las Montañas son gigantes!

WIFE 3: (*Morose*) Why can't we just stay here?

PROSPECTR 1: They say all ya need is a spoon to rake the gold up off the ground!

WIFE 1: I do not know how it is Fred sprung this scheme.

PROSPECTR 2: We are in a settlement called Boulder City at the foot of the Rockies!

WIFE 2: I believe it is called *Boulder* due to all the rocks we hit along the way!

BAUTISTA: ¡Pronto seremos ricos! (*Soon we'll be rich.*)

FRANCISCO: ¡Muy Ricos!! (*Very rich.*)

WIFE 3: One child just walkin' and another on the way. I do not see how we will survive a year in this empty land.

SWISS IMMIGRANT: [Don't worry, I'll help you.]

WIFE 1: Fred is an accountant and does not know a thing! We are miles 600 from help.

PROSPECTR 3: Feel assured, I will send you a nugget of our good fortune!

WIFE 2: I feel assured we will not amount to a hill of dirt.

FRANCISCO: ¡Vamos!

(ALL EXIT. NARRATOR stands.)

NARRATOR: Thus it begins, my friends. A tent, a colony of tents, a settlement. Men drawn together in a common dream! Is this not what builds a town? A pioneering spirit th—

Scene 5 - MERCHANTS & FARMERS

(PROSPECTORS ENTER, wet & miserable.)

PROSPECTR 3: S'cuse me! Does it *ever* stop rainin' here?!

NARRATOR: The climate can be variable—

PROSPECTR 4: I *hate* the mountains!

BAUTISTA: Las montañas son terrible.

PROSPECTR 1: Nobody said the gold was *in* the rocks! Are you kidding? *Dig* the rock, *haul* 'em down, *crush* it to powder, *sift* the powder—

PROSPECTR 2: We got it, Fred!

(BROOKFIELD comes to greet them.)

BROOKFIELD: How did it go up there, fellas?

PROSPECTR 3: We have et nothin' but pancakes for 29 days.

PROSPECTR 4: I told you that's all I could make!

PROSPECTR 3: You didn't say you made 'em *bad*!

BROOKFIELD: Look, there's 10,000 prospectors up there and you know who's makin' the money? The people sellin' 'em supplies.

*(FRED uses STEPS to create a **MERCANTILE COUNTER**, putting on white mercantile APRON.)*

PROSPECTOR 1: *Yeah!* I quit, fellas, I'm settin' up a store! And when you need to stock up, you come see me at Salomon's Mercantile! *(to Audience)* And that was a real place!

PROSPECTR 3: Oh yeah? Then forget mining, I'm gonna raise cattle! Prospectors like meat.

PROSPECTR 4: I'm gonna raise flowers! *(P3 stops at this.)* But, masculine kinda cowboy flowers.

(THEY hurry OFF.)

PROSPECTR 2: And I may just plant some orchards.

CHINESE SETTLER: *(Holding a carrot)* [I want to plant some carrots. Carrots?]

PROSPECTOR 2: "Carrot"

CHINESE SETTLER: [Yes, I want to plant them.] *(She mimes planting.)*

PROSEPECTOR 2: Oh, you want to plant them Hm. Why would you grow carrots?

Scene 6 - TOWN BUILDING

(SOUND: NOISEY BUILDING, SAWING, HAMMERING, HORSES, CALLING. Throughout the following various TOWN SETTLERS cross the stage, carrying sacks of grain, lumber, etc.)

WIFE 3 ENTERS, herself in apron, no longer a tired pioneer but a bustling settler! She collects TRAVEL BUNDLES.)

WIFE 3: *(to audience)* Now *this* is what makes a town! Not dreams & fiddley-sticks. And it's so pretty with those *flat* mountains. They should call them The Flat Hills!

WIFE 1: I am so proud, Mae. Fred has established regular deliveries from Denver. Our kids can hold their heads up!

WIFE 3: Oh Essie, our ranch is going so well, Jake bought me fabric for a new dress! First time in two years! Hello, Vi!

WIFE 2: Marinus has planted orchards! And for some reason carrots.

SWISS SETTLER: Fraulein Smith, [would you like some strudel?]

WIFE 2 Mm, thank you, Mrs. Stauffacherin *(To Wife Three)* Mrs. Stauffacherin is Swiss. From Swiss land!

(BROOKFIELD PASSES THROUGH with **SETTLER AUGGIE**.)

BROOKFIELD: I'm tellin' you Auggie, this town's growing! We've got to incorporate!

AUGGIE: Hey, what's that Swiss gal's name?

(**PROSPECTORS 3 & 4**.)

PROSPECTOR 4: Jake, where ya goin' with that lumber?

PROSPECTOR 3: Built her a house, now she wants an upstairs!

(**THEY** hurry off industriously.)

WIFE 2: Marinus has dug an irrigation ditch and now everybody's doin' it! Makes things grow like weeds!

WIFE 1: Praise the lord, no more tent! Fred has built a real store! With a floor even!

(**MRS. STAUFACHERIN** passes through carrying STRUDEL, pursed by **AUGGIE**.)

MRS STAUFF: [Stop following me!]

AUGGIE: Heidi, come back, I love you! ... Or at least your strudel!

(**GOSSIPS 1 & 2 ENTER**.)

GOSSIP 2: ...And I said to her, I don't know where that woman's from!

GOSSIP 1: Well if she don't speak English, I don't have to talk to her!

(**CHINESE SETTLER** comes to them with TEA.)

SHERRY: *(Rough English, bows)* Hello. You like tea?

GOSSIP 2: Oh, tea!

GOSSIP 1: I love tea!

GOSSIP 2: *(to 1)* I thought you weren't talkin' to her.

(BROOKFIELD passes through, pursued by CHIEF LEFT HAND.)

LEFT HAND: You said one winter.

(LEFT HAND follows BROOKFIELD avoid him as FRANCISCO & BAUTISTA cross stage.)

FRANCISCO: No quiero ir a la escuela! *(I don't wanna go to school!)*

BAUTISTA: en Inglés, Francisco!

FRANCISCO: No school!

BAUTISTA: If they start one, you're going!

WIFE 3: Jake's doin' so good on the ranch, he even bought shoes for the kids! When my youngest seen 'em, he says, "Why Ma, what are they?!"

(THE PACE, PEOPLE & NOISE GROW TO A FRENZY.)

WIFE 2: Can't have a decent life without a house!

PROSPECTR 1: And where ya got a house, you need a street!

PROSPECTR 2: And where you have a street, you need stables!

DRUNK: And a saloon!

PROSPECTR 1: And a mill for lumber!

DRUNK: And a saloon!

MRS. STAUFF: And a café!

DRUNK: And a saloon!

**(Intimidated by that, DRUNK EXITS.
STAGE is empty, but for ANNA GARFIELD .)**

ANNA: And a school!

DRUNK: *(Popping back)* And also a –

(SHE smiles at him.)

ANNA: A saloon? Yes, as a matter of fact, you do.

(To AUDIENCE)

Anna Garfield. Boulder's first schoolteacher. I came out from New York at 17, alone, into what they had just named the Colorado Territory. We did things younger then. I wasn't afraid. I loved adventure. And I loved teaching. I held the first class of those pioneer children, every morning, in the saloon!

DRUNK: Can anyone attend?

ANNA: Yes, but there was no drinking.

DRUNK: Oh. S'cuse me.

(HE EXITS. SHE continues to audience...)

ANNA: It was worth those privations a young teacher suffered. Boarding with families, a primitive township. But I was warmed by *purpose!* One can have a town, but to have a *civilization*, one must know more than one's own world. Exposure to poetry, art, mathematics, science...

NARRATOR: History.

ANNA: Yes!

(To audience)

And you all receive an "A" for attending this show.

(Smiles, goes on.)

Practical knowledge was not my only aspiration. But an expansion of the mind by which all things become possible. Mr. Whitman gave us these words, "*A writer can do nothing for men more necessary, satisfying, than just simply to reveal to them the infinite possibilities of their own souls.*" Or perhaps it was better put by Jamie Cuthbert, age eight. Upon his first recitation of Mr. Whitman, he exclaimed, "*Miss Teacher, I do not understand these words, but it cottons to me.*" To lay the foundations of a town, one must plant souls.

(ENTER BROOKFIELD, now dressed fine, carrying DESIGN PAPERS.)

Scene 7 - CIVIL ENGINEERING

BROOKFIELD: I could not agree more!

(He shakes hands with Anna.)

One needs education. Thank you, Miss Anna.

ANNA: Thank *you*, Mr. Brookfield. I hear you are planning a schoolhouse!

BROOKFIELD 15 & Walnut!

(ANNA exits. HE continues to audience.)

And *planning* is what it's all about. Alfred Brookfield again. Three months after I arrived, I founded the Boulder City Town Company. Do you know what 'platting' is? It's the orderly planning of city. I know that sounds dry, but it is *what makes a city*. How can we get water from Boulder creek to the town center? Will the mill taint the water downstream?

(FRED pops on)

PROSPECTR 1: And how'll we get groceries!

BROOKFIELD: Yes, thank you Fred – Fred Salomon, over at the Mercantile. A town is like a plant, it needs water and light and access! So we map out future streets and blocks, where families will live and children will play.

(MARINUS SMITH, formerly PROSPECTOR 2, now in a fine town suit with walking stick, joins BROOKFIELD. EMMA BUGTOWN has entered and stands a distance away, eavesdropping & smoking her pipe.)

SMITH: *(to B)* Did you bring it? *(B holds up PAPERS. Now to Audience)* Marinus Smith. Prospector, farmer, town father. I adore being at the start of things. Figuring out a mail route. Getting irrigation where it's needed.

BROOKFIELD: Civil engineering gives a city its grace. And in that, your touch is in the town forever.

SMITH: It's not just like you're birthing a child, it's like, you're the God that picks its eye color!

EM: Can all of us be Gods or is this a private party?

(THEY pause, choose to ignore her.)

SMITH: Now when you platt, you take a chunk of land, and subdivide it into lots.

EM: And just who owns this land?

BROOKFIELD: Huh? Oh, well, we do.

EM: Can I name a street?

SMITH: Uh, we don't, make those decisions. So, when you've designed your lots, then you make them available to the public.

EM: How much?

SMITH: Good question. Alfred? They're giving out lots in Denver.

BROOKFIELD: \$1,000! It's Boulder!

(THEY laugh. EM watches them talk over DESIGN.)

EM: Well, ain't that tidy?

(To Audience)

Y'know, it's a funny thing. Both them town-father types givin' so much to Boulder. An' they did. Still, both them fella's ended up gettin' shipped to the funny farm up in Pueblo. And that's a fact. Kind'a gives ya a clue about Boulder's roots, don't it?

(EM EXITS.)

BROOKFIELD: *(Seeing off)* Uh-oh.

SMITH: What?

(LEFT HAND ENTERS. BOTH awkward.)

BROOKFIELD: Uh, chief –

LEFT HAND: Another treaty has been broken.—

SMITH I understand your frustration, Left Hand, but I don't have the power to stop the immigrants coming. Y'know, the Homesteading act, all that...

BROOKFIELD: *(Weak excuse)* It's a beautiful place.

**(BROOKFIELD & SMITH make a fast EXIT.
LEFT HAND LOOKS AFTER THEM.)**

LEFT HAND: They attribute a saying to me. "People seeing the beauty of this valley will want to stay, and their staying will be the undoing of its beauty."

Scene 8 - UNIVERSITY - 8.1 Town Fathers

(LEFT HAND EXITS AS

DAVID NICHOLS gallops in the opposite side,
whooping.)

NICHOLS: Outta the way, gotta get to Boulder!

(to Audience, galloping in place.)

David Nichols here! In the 1870's the Territorial Legislature began talking about financing a university! Hyah!

(HE gallops OFF as ANTHONY ARNETT joins TOWN FATHERS.)

SMITH: Anthony Arnett, join us! *(To audience)* Another town father.

ARNETT: Gentlmen, any word?

SMITH: No yet.

ARNETT: *(to Audience)* We thought Boulder a splendid place for a university, didn't we?

SMITH: We formulated a proposal.

BROOKFIELD: Now we're waiting to see if the legislature accepted our bid.

(NICHOLS gallops in again.)

NICHOLS: I road hell-for-leather from the Denver to Boulder City! Seven hours.

(Dismounts breathless.)

ARNETT: Well?

NICHOLS: We've done it! We've *got* the university!

(Excited response.)

But there's a catch. We've got to match their funding, and provide the land!

ARNETT: I'll arrange a donation.

SMITH: I will give a sizable piece of land.

BROOKFIELD: *(Weak contribution.)* I'll... call a meeting!

NICHOLS: Well done, gents. My horse!

(NICHOLS jumps on his horse.)

MACKY: Where are you off too, Mr. Nichols?

NICHOLS: Back to Denver to inform the legislature! We've got a university!

(TOWN FATHERS STROLL OFF, 2 GOSSIPS watching them.)

GOSSIP 1: Well that was an very exciting, wasn't it? That Mr. Nichols riding hell for leather!

GOSSIP 2 Oh, my yes, galloping all that way! History is so exciting!

GOSSIP 1: Of course, we don't know that he actually did it.

. We don't *know* if he rode hell for leather?

GOSSIP 1: Not exactly.

GOSSIP 2: No!

GOSSIP 1: Yes!

GOSSIP 2: Well then why are we telling it?

GOSSIP 1: I don't know, some stories just catch on. But y'know, it's all relative...

GOSSIP 2: To what?

GOSSIP 1: To what he did later.

GOSSIP 2: Well what did he do later?!

(GOSSIP 1 stands, picks up her chair.)

GOSSIP 1: You'll see. (*Becoming serious, to audience.*) But let me tell you this. History does not forgive our sins.

(GOSSIPS EXIT.)

8.2 Professor & Farmer

NARRATOR: The University of Colorado lays its first stone 1875. And with it, a defining stitch is added to the blanket that is Boulder. Such an institution changes forever a city, and its culture.

(A **FARMER** has wandered on, sorta herding.)

FARMER: There's a girl. C'mon, Mazie, you graze here.

(A breathless **YOUNG PROFESSOR** hurries in, enthusiastic.)

PROFESSOR: Good morning!

FARMER: Muh-huh.

PROFESSOR: Are you here to labor on the new building?

FARMER: *(Points)* My cow.

PROFESSOR: Ah. Well...
(Points)
...My building.

(HE chuckles, FARMER doesn't.)

...My family and I have come out from Illinois.

(Waits for a response.)

FARMER: I come up the hill.

PROFESSOR: Of course, it's a far cry Cambridge. Oh! Joseph Sewall, University President, Professor of Chemistry, honorary LL.D., Knox College.

FARMER: Hear ya cure that with good dose a Ipecac.

(FARMER chuckles, PROFESSOR doesn't.)

PROFESSOR: What a glorious year, eh? 1876, Colorado's become a state, now we build a university! And Old Main is just the start. See these little sapplings? Some day they will o'ersweep its roof!

FARMER: Where muh cow gonna to graze?

PROFESSOR: I don't think you understand. Our goal is to instill a grand intellectual perspicuity!

FARMER: I gotta groin pull.

PROFESSOR: This greater knowledge will alter the city's social, as well as physical, landscape.

FARMER: Kinda thought the flood done that.

PROFESSOR: Perhaps your son will go here. And his leadership will shape tomorrow. Through him, you & I shall walk into the future.

FARMER: ‘Fore ya walk into the future...ya might wanna take yer foot out that cowpie.

(**PROFESSOR** looks down at his foot. **THEY** freeze.
MARY RIPPON APPEARS.)

8.3 Mary Rippon

MARY: As our Narrator said, it changes the culture. I am Miss Mary Rippon, 3rd professor hired at the University.

(*SHE notes FARMER & PROFESSOR.*)

The challenge of education is, of course, that it introduces new ideas. And these can come into conflict with traditional belief.

(FARMER UNFREEZES.)

FARMER: (*to audience*) It’s better gals don’t do book-learnin’. Pulls all the blood up to the head. Now with a woman, ya want that circulation goin’ down, to the baby particulars, so as to be pregnable.

MARY: When old thought and new collide, it is what we might call, ‘cultural collision’.

(**PROFESSOR AND FARMER** come to life, bump into one another, **EXIT** opposite sides.)

All towns experience Culture Clash in their growth. Although Boulder seems to excel at it. And perhaps the University was the beginning of that clash. It bought so much of the new. In 1882 the first students graduated. We were like proud parents! I, the mother I suppose, being its first female professor. Well, the *only* female professor.

MERCHANT: (*to Audience*) The female mind is more changeable, due to the monthly cycle, and is therefore more vulnerable to new and insidious ideas

MARY: As a professional woman, so much was possible to me! Excursions to Europe, to study the latest art and philosophy! Literary groups, playwriting. But, it came with a trade. Certainly there was no lady’s outhouse on campus. One had no contemporaries. Nor could a woman be paid in parity with men.

WOMAN’S VOICE: (*offstage*) What, like we are now?

MARY: Men were supporting families. Women were only ‘waiting to get married.’ And, once she was wed, she was no longer permitted to teach. Certainly she could not marry a student. Well... he was nearly a graduate anyway.

- GOSSIP 1: When a woman enters the workplace, she weakens society. Not because she is incapable...
- GOSSIP 2: Because she abandons the moral fabric on which civilization rests. The family.
- MARY: Will and I were married in secret. I had the baby while I was away on sabbatical. The university could never know. And it didn't last long. I supported Will & the baby, even after the divorce. And I taught. All that it required was that my child think me her benevolent aunt, and I carry the secret to my grave.

(MARY retreats upstage and stands, as GOSSIPS comes to life.)

Scene 9 – GOSSIPS & SPINSTERS

- GOSSIP 1: Of course, back then none of us knew a thing about Mary Rippon's secrets.
- GOSSIP 2: No, no we didn't. In fact nobody had a clue 'till a man walked into the University years later and said, "*I want to donate my grandmother's archives.*"
- GOSSIP 1: And they said, "*Well who was your grandmother?*"
- GOSSIP 2: And he said, "*Mary Rippon*"!
- GOSSIP 1: And *they* said, "*Mary Rippon! She had no children!*"
- GOSSIP: And *he* said, "*Well if she didn't, I don't know how I got here! I'm her grandson!*"
- GOSSIP 1: Well... we don't really know what he said.
- GOSSIP 2: No, no we don't. But it wasn't like we weren't keeping an eye on her!
- GOSSIP 1: Well, we keep an eye on all those single women...
- GOSSIP 2: *Spinsters.*
- GOSSIP 1: *Maids.*
- GOSSIP 2: Why don't they get married?
- GOSSIP 1: You want to keep an eye on your husband.
- GOSSIP 2: What do they *do* with themselves?
- GOSSIP 2: Sh!— There's another one!

(THEY WATCH AS **HANNAH BARKER**
APPROACHES **MARY RIPPON**.)

MARY: Hannah Barker?

HANNAH: Miss Rippon, what a pleasure to meet you.

MARY: I wanted to discuss literacy for women. Perhaps a book club, to meet fortnightly.

HANNAH: “The Fortnightly Club.”

MARY: To exploring contemporary topics.

MARY: Women’s right to vote.

(**CLARA SAVORY** ENTERS.)

HANNAH: Public health and sanitation! – Oh there’s Clara Savory!

CLARA: Where do people gather to socialize?

H. & MARY: Saloons!

CLARA: Precisely! Because there’s nowhere else to find community. We haven’t a library yet, but we *can* start a reading room!

HANNAH: Oh, Clara, that’s brilliant!

CLARA: From Booze to Books!

HANNAH: (*To Audience*) That’s what she called it.

MARY: And don’t mess with Clara Savory, she *got* the first library, and ran it for 30 years!

HANNAH: Oh, we have so much to discuss! Do come to my house at Arapahoe & 9th!

CLARA: Thank goodness we have no children or we’d never get *any* of this done!

(The **GOSSIPS** watch after them.)

GOSSIP 2: Tsk tsk. So sad.

GOSSIP 1: What do they *do* with themselves?

(**GOSSIPS OFF**, **3 WIVES** enter, now fine
TOWNLADIES with parasols.)

Scene 10 - PROPER TOWN vs UNDERBELLY

(SMALL FANFARE. **WIVES** now present as proper Town Ladies, sporting parasols & hats, parading in a circle.)

WIFE 2: 1883, ladies and gentlemen, and has the town not progressed beautifully!

WIFE 1: Why do you know we have *five* railroad lines running through Boulder?

WIFE 3: And five train stations to match!

WIFE 2: A telephone exchange, 25 subscriptions thus far.

WIFE 3: And fashion.

WIFE 1: Oh! With feathers.

WIFE 2: And corsets!

WIFE 3: I heard Mary Lafayette lost her husband and she's going to donate her land for a new town and name it after him.

WIFE 2: Oh, that is ridiculous, nobody's going to call a town 'Lafayette.' Anyway, we've got the First Congregational Church.

WIFE 3: Sacred Heart of Jesus for the Catholics.

WIFE 1 : And a thriving Jewish community.

(WIVES 2 & 3 stop.)

WIFE 2: ...Jewish community?

WIFE 3: Oh. Yes.

(THEY look at her blankly. **WIFE 1** turns to audience.)

WIFE 1: Jewish people have been here since the first settlers arrived.. It only took until the 1960's to get a synagogue.

WIFE 2: (*Forging ahead*) But the *point* is, we're a real town now, with proper laws and moral decency!

(**MADAM KINGSLEY** ENTERS, **MADAMS GORDON & DAY** behind her.)

M^d KINGSLEY: S’cuse me! Man does not live by decency alone.

(To audience)

Marietta Kingsley, but you can call me Madam.

WIFE 2: Oh, ‘madam’, are you French?

M^d KINGSLEY: Only when I kiss.

(WIVES GASP. **MADAM DAY** STEPS UP.)

M^d DAY: Only after five.

(WIVES GASP. **MADAM GORDON** STEPS UP.)

M^d GORDON: Only when I say ‘boudoir’.

(WIVES GASP.)

WIFE 3: I avert my eyes!

M^d DAY: Mary Day, but my girls called me Ma.

M^d GORDON: Mollie Gordon, and *my* girls called me boss.

M^d DAY: Hard to say exactly when the Fancy Houses started up.

M^d GORDON: Soon as you got men I expect.

WIFE 1: This is not decent!

M^d KINGSLEY: If it was, it wouldn’t be a whorehouse. **I** ran two!

M^d DAY: Mine had a py-aner! *(piano.)*

M^d GORDON: Well **I** was black! Didn’t hurt business any, but those government boys took it bad. Brought me into court with a white man, regular customer he was, charged us with ‘fornication’. Oh, hoppin’ mad they were! Out-raged! I don’t see why, we offered to get married if that’d help. It didn’t!

(**MADAMS** LAUGH)

M^d KINGSLEY: You could visit any of us, right down on Water Street!

M^d DAY: That’s Canyon Boulevard today.

M^d GORDON: Right where you got your library!

WIFE 2: We don't need this kind of thing in Boulder!

M^d DAY: Well, you better ask your husband about that.

WIFE 1: (*Looks accusingly at husband.*) Fred!

(**FRED** appears, explains nervously.)

PROSPECTR 1: (*sweating it*) Well, it is simply *understood* that the male of the species have certain, well, animal instincts...

M^d GORDON: Say Fred, you look a little tense.

PROSPECTR 1: ...that instincts that men should not be bring into the home!

WIFE 1: Frederick! (*Hits him with parasol*)

(SHE hits him with a parasol, chases him off. **FRED & WIVES EXIT.**)

M^d KINGSLEY: Now you all talk about civilization like it was a pretty little sugar plumb. But a real town needs *all* the amenities.

M^d GORDON: And we paid tax. Don't think there wasn't a whore's dime in that first courthouse! We contributed.

M^d KINGSLEY Look, here's my observation. You're gonna have a real town, you gotta meet people's basic needs.

M^d DAY: Or just their **base** needs.

M^d GORDON: Call 'em the base amenities.

M^d DAY: Gambling, drink & sex. The titillating triumvirate!

M^d GORDON: Oh honey. If I say *anything* about that, it'll be the wrong thing.

M^d DAY: That's alright. Trouble just comes with the territory.

M^d KINGSLEY: (*Featuring her body*) Yeah, my territory.

(*THEY LAUGH*)

It's just what people do, down through time.

M^d GORDON: And don't think you don't, Boulder!

M^d KINGSLEY: Look, you don't have amenities, you won't be a town for long.

EMMA: I know a story about amenities!

(EMMA BUGTOWN ENTERS, dragging an OLD BOX behind her [the pioneer equivalent of shopping bags] and eating a BUN.)

M^d DAY: Oh, here come the nuts.

EMMA: Hey us nuts lived on Water Street too!

(MADAMS KINGSLEY & DAY EXIT.)

Scene 11 – JUNGLETOWN TELLS THE NEWS

11.1 Jungletown

M^d GORDON: Ladies & gentlemen, Emma Bugtown.

(Calling)

How's your day, hon?

EM: *(pleased, holding up buns)* Bakery gimmie the stale ones!

M^d GORDON: Bon appetite, sugar!

(MADAM GORDON EXITS.)

Chewing, **EM** looks around, realizes no one else is coming out onstage, and takes pleasure in owning the spotlight. She is pocketing half the BUN.

EM: *(To Audience)* Save half for muh dogs. How you all today?...

[IF AUDIENCE DOESN'T RESPOND]: Aw, that's okay, folks don't like talkin' to the crazies, in any era...

[IF AUDIENCE DOES RESPOND]: Well yer nice. You like dogs?...

(Spontaneous interaction with AUDIENCE.)

EM... [Yeah, me too. How many you got?... I got nine.] This a nice play, ain't it? *I'm* part'a Boulder his'try. Who'da thought? Wish that name hadn't stuck on me though.

(Mildly chagrined)

'Emma Bugtown.' Ain't my real name.

(To audience member)

Want some bun? Day old.

(Shares some, whether handing or tossing.)

EM... Know how I got that name “Emma Bugtown?” *Valmont!* Settlement out yonder, East. Got honkin’ bedbugs out there, so many they called it “Bugtown”! I stayed *one* night in Valmont, the name folla me forever!

(**IZZIE**, also ‘eccentric’, SHUFFLES ON wrapped in seedy BLANKET.)

IZZIE: You shouldnt’a stayed there. Buggy town.

EM: It ain’t a town atall, Izzie! (*Introducing audience.*) Izzie. My compatriot.

IZZIE: (*Slaps & scratches*) Gol-durn it, Emma! Ya gimme me fleas!

EM: Well you keep ‘em, I got plenty.

(THEY sit on STEPS, share the BUN.)

IZZIE: It’s like that down in The Jungle. Flea-bit.

EM: The jungle: that’s all them tin-shacks down by Boulder crick.

IZZIE: Poor folk & crazies.

EM: Which are we, poor or crazy?

IZZIE: Both.
(THEY are amused.)

EM: Same block as the bordellos.

IZZIE: They got the girls, we got the fleas.

EM: Y’know what’s got flea’s? (*To Izzie*) Valmont.

IZZIE: Yeah, it & Boulder were just settlements & they were kinda competin’ to see who would become the town.

EM: Whoever became the town first, they’d prob’ly become the county seat. Lotta perks in that, y’know (*signifies money*). But it ain’t gonna be bug-ville Valmont!

IZZIE: Well ya know what Isabella Bird said about *Boulder*?
(*to audience*)
English book-writer Isabella Bird come through Boulder in 1871.

(**ISABELLA BIRD** POPS ONSTAGE, English.)

ISABELLA: Yes, quite so, thank you, en route to your Esteez Park.

IZZIE: Tell ‘em what *you* called Boulder!

ISABELLA: “A hideous collection of frame houses on the burning plain.”

IZZIE: Thank you!

(ISABELLA EXITS.)

EM: Well, it was a contest to see whether who’d become a town first. And you know what decides it?

IZZIE: What?

EM: You gotta have...

(EM gets distracted.)

Em?

EM: *(to audience member)* Say, that’s a nice jacket, you need that?

IZZIE: Em, what decides the town!

EM: Oh! It all depends on who’s got...

**(PLAYER PIANO FLOURISH: CHAMBERLAIN
APPEARS, derby & shiny vest, the patter of a snake-oil
salesman...)**

11.2 Newspaper - *Play-within-a-play...*

11.2 Newspaper

CHAMBERLAIN: A NEWSPAPER! Ya got a town, you got news; You got news, you wanna tell; but how ya gonna get it told?! A double-fold daily gazette! Nickel a sheet, front side and back! Dubya C. Chamberlain, publisher!

EM: Whichever settlement got the first newspaper, they would become the town.

CHAMBERLAIN: Now a newspaper establishes the business character of a town! Tells folks, “*Here’s where you wanna live, it’s got fine stores!*” But how they gonna *find* place to live? Advertisements! As the village grows, so does yer business! It’s the engine that keeps the wheels of enterprise in motion!

(to Audience)

Yessir, You don’t have a real town without a newspaper. May I present...

*(Holds up **NEWSPAPER.**)*

...”The Valley News of Valmont!”

EM: *Valmont?! (To Audience)* Did you folks wanna be called Valmont!? Well we almost was. Here's how we was saved from that horrible fate.

(MUSIC! NEWSPAPER PANTOMIME:

As EM speaks, **CURTAINS** appear around CHAMBERLAIN to define a playing area. **PLAYER PIANO** silent movie accompaniment for the whole story:

3 MADAMS waft in representationally to set the scene, as **CHAMBERLAIN** comes front, EM narrating...)

IZZIE: ...Y'see, Mr. Chamberlain *printed* in Valmont, but when he wanted fun, he'd come over to Boulder for – (*calling to Madam*) What was it you called it?!

M^d KINGSLEY: Base amenities.

IZZIE: Oh he was fond a those!

(THE MADAMS mime with CHAMBERLAIN, favoring him flirtatiously.)

M^d KINGSLEY: Drink, Mr. Chamberlain?

(HE drinks.)

M^d DAY: Girl, Mr. Chamberlain?

(HE accepts their attentions.)

M^d GORDON: Phew, bath, Mr. Chamberlain?

(HE scowls, but then THEY laugh (mime) at the joke.)

EM: Now it seems them Boulder folk..

(TOWNSMEN leap out, joining the pantomime.)

TOWNSMEN: Ha!

EM: ...Noticed W.C.'s frequent visits.

(CHAMBERLAIN receives more drinks.)

IZZIE: And they says to themselves, 'We got to get us that paper!' So, one night, as the story goes, they assure to keep Mr. Chamberlain's cup happy. Till he happies right over.

(CHAMBERLAIN passes out.)

EM: An' while ol' W.C. Chamberlain's enjoyin' his sudsy snooze, some'a them boys get holt a pony-cart...

(TOWNSMEN ACTING IT OUT...)

IZZIE: And take them a walk over to Bugtown. Now it's a fur stretch over t'Valmont totin' a pony cart, mud stickin' & sand slippin'. But you can bet when they come back, that cart's a-ridin' even deeper, cause it's totin' 500 pound of Washington Printing Press & all the clabber; Plates, print & paper! Set it all up. When that man woke up in the mornin', Boulder's got.:

(CHAMBERLAIN wakes.)

CHAMBERLAIN: A NEWSPAPER! (*Shows it*) "The Valley News of... *Boulder?!?*"

(ALL BUT CHAMBERLAIN CHEER.)

EM: And so, Boulder had the first newspaper and became the town. And Valmont's just another part of town.

PANTOMIME & MUSIC ENDS. EM, who goes to collect the box she drags around.

GOSSIP 1 has been watching.)

M^d DAY: That story seems a bit far-fetched to me. Is that true?

EM: (*shrugs*) Depends which paper ya read.

(**ALL EXIT**, waving her story off, except **EM**, who goes to collect her box.)

GOSSIP 1: Well, I must say, I find this all a bit fishy! First we don't know if that fella Nichols rode hell-for-leather to Denver or not, and now *you* say it depends which paper you read!

EM: Yeah, history's a raggedy business.

GOSSIP 1: Well, I don't like to gossip when I don't if it's fact or fiction.

EM: Call it a scandal, that's covers everything. What was it you said before?

GOSSIP 1: "History does not forgive our sins."

(**EM EXITS**, pulling her box behind her. *GOSSIP 1 glances at the FIGURES onstage.*)

EM: I suppose it's time we followed up on that Mr. Nichols. But I warn you, it is fact, and it does none of us credit. 1864...

(DRUM. GOSSIP 1 EXITS as SIX MEN emerge on their lines. Each has a CHAIR and slams it down to accentuate his line.)

Scene 12 - SAND CREEK

BEAR HEAD: The whites are like an endless river.

CHIVINGTON: The problem is not solvable.

GOVERNOR: Governor John Evans. The Indian uprisings are unacceptable.

LEFT HAND: You promised us, one winter, then you would leave.

BROOKFIELD: *(to Governor)* Can't we just keep one agreement with them?

GOVERNOR: Do you know the mineral resources in this territory?

(EACH stands behind his chair like a witness stand.)

BEAR HEAD: You took over the valley.

GOVERNOR: I'm running for the Senate next year!

LEFT HAND: Let us have a convergence of thought on this problem. As friends we can—

CHIVINGTON: It is not solvable.

BEAR HEAD: You gave us a treaty, and broke it!

GOVERNOR: We need a major victory here.

NICHOLS: You killed two whites!

BEAR HEAD: You killed three braves!

BROOKFIELD: You have to learn to farm!

BEAR HEAD: *(Knocking his chair over)* NO more treaties!

CHIVINGTON: It was not solv—

LEFT HAND: Let us act as friends!

GOVERNOR: They have to assimilate!

NICHOLS: A good Indian is a dead—

BROOKFIELD: You cannot—

LEFT HAND: They're killing the buffalo.

BROOKFIELD: You can't attack settlements!

BEAR HEAD: The young men are angry. I can't forbid a war party!

LEFT HAND: They're making us all look hostile!

BEAR HEAD & CHIVINGTON: It is not solvable!

(**DRUM STOPS**, ALL SLAM their CHAIRS on the floor. BEAR HEAD knocks over his CHAIR in disgust and EXITS.)

GOV. EVANS: "All tribes who wish to be friendly to the white man should repair to the nearest military bases. There they will be properly protected from our militia. Any tribe who does not report, will not be safe."

BROOKFIELD: I will not watch this!

(BROOKFIELD knocks over his chair and EXITS.
ALL WHITES sit, A YOUNG SOLDIER ENTERS as if testifying..)

YNG SOLDIER: Private Milas Coy. I was a 100-day soldier. Just hired us for a while to help with the Indian uprisings. Company D, outta Boulder & Longmont most of us. Didn't hardly get training, just gave us guns & ammo...

LEFT HAND: (*To Audience*) We could not keep some of our warriors from going out. There were too many treaties broken—

CHIVINGTON: Colonel John Chivington. As a decorated officer, I was assigned to lead a 2-week foray to quell Indian uprisings in the area.

NICHOLS: David Nichols, Captain. We been out a week, but we hadn't been able to find any war parties, they just kept *slippin'* through our fingers!

LEFT HAND: They told us to go to the creek area. The hunting was not good there, but I wanted the Government Fathers to know we would keep working with them. I could not

convince everyone to go. But we sent many of our wives & children because we knew they'd be safe at Sand Creek.

CHIVINGTON: We come upon an expansive encampment by the creek, and ascertained they were hostiles.

NICHOLS: 500 hostiles by our information.

YNG SOLDIER: You gotta understand, we been out for days, no sleep, half rations, and, and they'd told us so much about what they'd do, the scalping & they'd mutilate yer body.

LEFT HAND: I thought they had come to negotiate. Until we saw the canons.

CHIVINGTON: At 11 a.m. we commenced the charge.

YNG SOLDIER: We expected the fighting, but not.. hundreds of women & children... dropping on their knees for mercy...

(YOUNG SOLDIER pulls his CHAIR OVER, EXITS.)

CHIVINGTON: No, I gave no orders for taking prisoners.

(LONG SILENCE. ALL are still.)

LEFT HAND: This is the silence for which there are no words.

CHIVINGTON: The skirmish was a total victory.

(CHIVINGTON knocks his chair over, EXITS.)

LEFT HAND: None of us can know what it is to lose your wife, and children, and friends. Until it happens.

**(CHIVINGTON, GOVERNOR & SOLDIERS gone.
VOICEOVERS:)**

VO 1: The State of Colorado requests an investigation into the nature of the Sand Creek battle.

VO 2: President Lincoln orders an official enquiry into the slaughter at Sand Creek

(BROOKFIELD knocks over his chair and exits.)

VO 3: The New York Herald reports the conclusion of Sand Creek as a massacre.

NICHOLS: I was sheriff of Boulder! I helped *get* the university! And they were gonna name a

building for me in 1961. But they didn't. Now I'm nothin' but a name on a list of shame.

(NICHOLS knocks over his chair.)

EVANS: It wasn't us! It was the values of those times.

VO 1: "In serving a flawed and poorly implemented federal Indian policy, Governor John Evans helped create a situation that made the Sand Creek Massacre possible. The most critical of his errors, his failure as superintendent of Indian Affairs to represent the best interests of Native people in Colorado.

EVANS: *(Defeated)* History does not forgive our sins.

(GOVERNOR EVANS knocks over his chair, HE and NICHOLS EXIT.

LEFT HAND is left alone, the legs of the chairs poking up like corpses.)

LEFT HAND: I was wounded and died shortly after. I receive tribute in your names & places. Left Hand Canyon, Arapahoe Street, a statue at the courthouse. Maybe it's because I was a Chief of the Arapaho here. I like to think it was because I believed in friendship. To the end. The Arapaho spirit is still here. In the [present Arapaho organizations.] In your language and your culture. And you seem to be developing an interest in our values. To live in harmony with the earth. I don't know if it's too late for you. But I like to see that. And we live in the love of this land. When you look at the hills and see their color, or smell the grass in a spring rain, it's me.

(HE turns and walks upstage, and exits.)

Scene 13 - 100-YEAR FLOOD

NARRATOR: All towns face their disasters. Ours came in spring, 1894. In the form of...

(FLOODFATHER APPEARS and comes DOWNSTAGE.)

FLOODFATHER: Rain.

*(A **FIGURE with a long swatch of cloth**, waving it like gentle rain.)*

FLOODFATHER... And more rain. 60 straight hours of warm rain. Fortified by snowmelt.

*(A **SECOND FIGURE** appears, this **SWATCH** larger and moved with more force.)*

It came down the canyon as a 20-foot wall of water.

*(A **THIRD FIGURE** with a large **SWATCH**, sprawling, swirling and whipping.)*

Growling black water, mud churning with rocks, tree-trunks & debris. Spilling out and spreading everywhere! Spreading and ripping through downtown, taking houses like they were sticks. Bridges, telegraph wires, train tracks, devastated. After it was gone, all of downtown stood in four feet of water.

(THE **FIGURES** slowly drop their **SWATCHES** to become **FLOOD SURVIVORS**, staring stunned and cold.

FLOODMOTHER comes DOWNSTAGE.)

FLOODMOTHER: We beheld the devastation, wet & muddy, from the hills. This is when community matters. When the chips are down, when you're hit hard and left with nothing, you *do* have something. You have your community. *That* is a town.

(A SINGLE VOICE, intones a hymn as the **FLOODMOTHER** continues...)

No matter the devastation, the trials, the loss, we do pick up, and we go on. This alone may define a community. We survived together.

(**WIFE 1** enters with **WARM BLANKET** for **FLOOD SURVIVOR**.)

WIFE 1: What you need is a warm meal. The Jewish community's set up a kitchen.

(**WIFE 1** joins the hymn, putting words to it, as **WIFE 2** enters, **BLANKET** for **SURVIVOR**.)

WIFE 2: We heard you lost your house. The Fortnightly Club open their doors to you.

(**WIFE 2** joins the hymn as **WIFE 3**, same.)

WIFE 3: These quilts are from the ladies of the First Congregational Church.

(**PIANO NOW** as **ALL VOICES JOIN THE HYMN**. Full harmony & accompaniment.)

ALL: *(singing)*

Lo, how a rose e'er blooming
From tender stem hath sprung

It came, a blossom bright,
Amid the cold of winter

Of Jesse's lineage coming
As seers of old have sung

When half-spent
Was the night.

(When it ends, ALL remain standing in the wreckage of
the stage, displaced chairs and long dark swatches
covering it.)

NARRATOR: Community is created from common need. And there is not a town in America
that does not know its comfort. When the floodwaters cleared—

(MARINUS SMITH ranting, chased by men.)

MARINUS: Chicken coop! Red feather, feather devil Chickens sledge! Flood water is God!

MAN: Marinus!

MARINUS: God is chicken now, Chicken man! I'm a chicken! Yaaa!

(THEY drag him off. NARRATOR looks over at EM,
horribly embarrassed.)

NARRATOR: That was Marinus Smith?

EM: I told ya he got sent up to Pueblo.

NARRATOR: I'm not sure that was necessary.

EM: Sorry.

NARRATOR: When the floodwaters cleared –

M^d KINGSLEY: Hold on a minute!

(NARRATOR sighs. **OFFICER ED KNAPP**, a local policeman,
ENTERS, wading with **MADAM KINGSLEY**. NARRATOR,
again interrupted, is beginning to fray.)

NARRATOR: What are you doing?!

M^d KINGSLEY: We're still back in the flood! Both my whorehouses went under! But that nice
officer Ed Knapp carried me through the water with my pug dogs under each arm.

ED: This really did happen. I just can't believe I had to carry a madam.

NARRATOR: (*Trying to ignore them*) After the flood, Boulder was devastated! But we would
rebuild! In a new, *more orderly* way!

M^d KINGSLEY: Here, move up, Ed...

(ED carries her to front of stage.)

...I must tell you, it was the end of a great era. Boulder would *never* be quite the same.

NARRATOR: In a... good way?

M^d KINGSLEY: Whadda you think?

(MARINUS runs back in, chased by MAN.)

MARINUS: Chicken! Chicken God! Man is a feather hen, roosters!

NARRATOR: I think we best pause for intermission. The second part will be more dignified. And, and, and strictly informational. I'm pretty sure. Thank you!

(BLACKOUT. INTERMISSION MUSIC.)

--- ACT 2 ---

(NARRATOR at PODUM. STAGE remains as we left it, chairs & floodwater mess.)

NARRATOR: A new century! A new decade.

(WIFE 1 enters in her finery.)

WIFE 1: A new ear for Boulder! Oh no no, this will never do. Let us start afresh! Everyone!...

(PIANO MUSIC as WIVES in their gowns and GENTS in tie & tails clear the stage.)

WIFE 1: That's better! (*MUSIC pause*) Mr. Narrator...

NARRATOR: Thank you! What a lovely beginning.

ALL: The 1900's!

Scene 14 - NEW CENTURY, 1900's

(PIANO; A WALTZ. Couples pair up and begin to dance beautifully, speaking lines over music.)

NARRATOR: The Boulder Valley moves into the modern age!

WIFE 2: What a fresh, clean era!

WIFE 3: Hoops are *out*, bustles are *in*!

WIFE 1: Did you see? Andrew Carnegie is the first one in town to get one of those auto-mobiles!

WIFE 2 : Oh I've never seen one!

ACTOR 6: "It is hereby unlawful for any citizen to drive in excess of 6 miles an hour."

ACTOR 5: Carnegie deserves a medal, he built us that library too.

CARNEGIE: Well, I didn't build it, I just financed it.

WIFE 3: And to think that one day it will become the Carnegie Library, saving the historical archives of all our lives!

WIFE 1: A show like this wouldn't be possible without it!

ACTOR 5: 1906, the Curran Opera House!

WIFE 2: That's the Boulder Theater today!

ACTOR 5: And did you see, the Harbecks have completed their mansion up on Euclid!

WIFE 3: *That* became the Boulder History Museum!

WIFE 1: But they just moved to the old Masonic Lodge on Broadway!

WIFE 2: But we don't know that yet, it's the 1900's!

(Gay laughter. **CARNEGIE** pauses to lift a glass.)

CARNEGIE: Ladies and Gentlemen, may I propose a toast! To—

(The dance is interrupted by DRUM AND PROTEST
CHANTING: **THE WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN
TEMPERANCE UNION** MARCHES ONSTAGE!)

WCTU MEMBERS: (*Chanting*) NO MORE SALOONS! NO MORE SALOONS!...

ACTRESS L: Down with liquor!

ACTRESS K: Alcohol is the devil's due!

ACTRESS J: It leads to the decline of the family!

ACTRESS F: And violence!

ACTOR 6: And fun.

CARNEGIE: What's going on here?

ACTRESS L: The Prohibition Movement!

WALTZERS: (*Dreadful*) Ohh!

ACTRESS N: Here comes Miss Hungerford!

ACTRESS F: Make way for Adrianna!

(**ADRIANNA HUNGERFORD** marches in!)

ADRIANNA: Adriana Hungerford, president of the Women's Christian Temperance Union!

ACTRESS K: A thousand chapters strong. Right, Adrianna?

ADRIANNA: *(To wives & gents)* And that's just *local!*

WALTZERS: *(Appalled)* Eeeehh!

(ADRIANNA marches right up to **CARNEGIE.)**

CARNEGIE: Madam, what is this?

ADRIANNA: *(Taking his glass)* This is the end of *that!*

(SHE takes his GLASS& pours out his liquor.)

CARNEGIE You can't do that!

ADRIANNA We are the Women's Christian Temperance Union and we can do a lot more than that! Right, sisters?!

(CHEERS from the **WCTU MEMBERS.)**

ACTRESS L: We fought for federal prohibition in 1933!

ACTRESS H: The whole country went dry!

ADRIANNA: *(To Waltzers, then Carnegie)* I ask you sir, wherehere was the moral leadership of high society when a man came home a drunkard to his starving wife and child?

CARNEGIE: *(Uncomfortable.)* Em...

ADRIANNA: She had no rights. She had no vote. But she had a voice. And it was us!

(WCTU cheers.)

CARNEGIE: Well... hm. Anyway, Prohibition is 30 years away!

(Cheers from *WALTZERS*.)

It's only 1907 now. What're you gonna do about that?

ADRIANNA: *(Facing off with him)* The Anti-Saloon Ordinance.

(WALTZERS scream. A WIFE faints.)

ACTRESS J: And we had a song!

ACTRESS F: An anthem!

ACTRESS H: And this is the actual song!

(PIANO WITH DRUM: WCTU SING:.)

“MARCHING ALONG”

Then sing aloud, then sing aloud!	Marching along to victory
Jehovah Lord of Hosts	We raise our battle cry
He is our King, He is our God	Fighting for Jesus we're resolved
Our strength and song is He	To conquer or to die!
Shout we his fame, tell it abroad!	

ADRIANNA: Ladies, we have more work to do! Keep your nose clean or we'll be back!

(WCTU marches out to the DRUM, leaving the
WALTZERS bummed, silent. But then, ACTOR 5 saves
the party.)

CARNEGIE: 1908, the electric train!

(WALTZERS come to life again, CHEERS.)

ALL: Ahhh!

ACTOR 5: It ran all the way to Denver!

(WALTZ MUSIC & DANCE RESUME.)

ACTRESS C: 1909, The Hotel Boulderado!

ACTOR 6: Chautauqua!

RUTH FLOWERS: The Little Rectangle!

(DANCERS peter to a stop.

RUTH FLOWERS has appeared.)

WIFE 2: The Little Rectangle?

CARNEGIE: Oh. Yes. Well...

(MUSIC DRAINS AWAY. NARRATOR pipes in nervously.)

Scene 15 – THE LITTLE RECTANGLE

NARRATOR: Now, this is a part of history that is.. of an era, and, common to many towns...

RUTH: Particularly my town.

WIFE 2: What was your town?

RUTH: Oh, it was Boulder. But not the Boulder that was...

(Referring to Waltzing)

..all of that. This one existed only between 19th and 23rd Streets, in a five-block area known as The Little Rectangle.

(THE WALTZERS have begun to creep guiltily offstage.)

Now where are all of you going? You might want to stay and help tell this part.

*(SOME do come back on. **BOB, CLAIRE, DAVID** form a line of **TOWNSPEOPLE**. RUTH speaks to audience...)*

RUTH... Ruth Cave Flowers. My grandmother and sister and I moved here in 1917. We had been living in Cripple Creek, which was small, but there was always something to do. When we got here, I was all of age 15, and it was a little different...

*(SHE passes along row of **TOWNSPEOPLE**.)*

May I have a strawberry ice cream please?

ACTOR 7: We don't serve your kind.

(TOWNSPERSON 2 – Actress M.)

RUTH: One ticket please.

ACTRESS M: Ruth, you know I can't sell you a ticket. You come back on Thursday night, when the coloreds see the movie. But *only* from the balcony.

RUTH: When we went to build our house – and I do mean *build* our house, me & Dorothy & my grandmother Minnesota – we were told...

*(Another **TOWNSPERSON – ACTOR 4**.)*

DAVID: You are welcome to homestead anywhere in the Little Rectangle.

RUTH: Were thinking of a spot over at—

DAVID: In The Little Rectangle.

RUTH: That is where the colored people were permitted to live in 1917. And others.

(LUIS ENTERS.)

LUIS: My grandfather pioneered this valley! Now I'm supposed to live in this little tiny area?!

RUTH: There were no services available to colored people here. None at all. But make no mistake, it did not stop us from living. We had to make our own community. Built our own church, Second Baptist – till going out there on Baseline. Had to get our own services, our own doctor. And when the black students would arrive, it was a serious challenge to find them all rooms in those five blocks. For myself, I washed & pressed my way through high school. Do laundry all day, then come home & do my own.

(GEORGE enters, joining RUTH.)

GEORGE:

Now my family come to Boulder 'bout the same time as Ruth, 'round 1900. If you were a colored man in Boulder then, you 'bout had your choice of two jobs. You could work the elevator at a hotel, or shine shoes. If you were *humble* about it.

(Accepting tip, bowing & scraping.)

“Oh, thank you, suh, very kind, suh.”

(Straightens up. Flips the coin.)

Yes, I did it. But I saved every nickel. Cause I had intent. See back when I was a little tad in Missoura, I heard some music on the radio. Sent me soarin'! I was borne to play that! It was classical music. Even built me a little fiddle out of cornstalk, wood & some string. Hard to keep that thing in tune.

Took my nickels to Denver and studied violin with two fine teachers. But, you see, white folk couldn't see havin' my kind to render Mr. Vivaldi. And 'bout that time we started hearin' a new kinda music. Like classical, if you let a brother set the feel & the rhythm. Me & my little brother Lee put together a little band. Listen here...

*(GEORGE MORRISON ORCHESTERA playing “I Know Why”.
GEORGE conducts or moves unconsciously, out of habit...)*

Oh yeah! That's us! Don't that make your bones wanna jump out your skin & make their own shape! The George Morrison Jazz Orchestra! Played the mining camps first. Gold Hill. And back then, we would do a double day: play a white party in the afternoon, Boulder Country Club, then head over to Five Points to play a black engagement party at 10. Maybe head up to Lincoln Hills for the weekend. Colored folk like to take a vacation too.

We were invited to record with Columbia, Miss Hattie McDaniel, vocalist. First jazz band to play the Imperial in London, and oh, we were *the thing*! I mean, smooth, polished sound, always black tie & tails. Had the honor of meeting their royal highness, the king & queen of England. Now that's not somethin' every man

gets to do. And we toured the states. But make no mistake, we still come in those concert halls at the back door. Never did get to play Vivaldi. Guess I forgot to *say* “Thank you, suh. Very kind, suh.”

RUTH: But there was one thing that was free in Boulder. And that was the mountains.

GEORGE: Of an evening, we would take a guitar, maybe a ukulele... And head for the hills. Take along a meat sandwich, what we called beefsteak pie, a thermos of coffee, and sing until the moon rose high.

RUTH: At the end of four years I knew every nook and cranny, every valley and rock of these mountains. And that was how we had our fun. When I graduate ^ 41-B
Boulder High School, I was the first colored person to do so.

ACTOR 2: Congratulations, Miss Flowers, you are a graduate. I regret that we cannot present you with a diploma. It’s enough we let a colored graduate.

NARRATOR: Now this was not a proud part of the town’s histo –

RUTH: On July 26, 1921 there was a parade in Boulder. 200 Ku Klux Klan members marched down Pearl Street in their robes. They included a state legislator, and many of Boulder’s prominent businessmen.

(SHE looks at NARRATOR, giving him a chance to add anything, but HE has nothing, only looks regretful. SHE starts to exit, but stops.)

One more thing before I go. I did get that diploma from Boulder High School. And I was the first African American woman to graduate from the University of Colorado. We protested on The Hill until everyone could get service there. I went on to teach French and Latin and to win Harvard University’s award for Teacher of the year. Everyone in this room, at some point, will or has found that the system is against them. Your job is to stand up. No matter who you are, what your color, your age, who you love, how much you weigh, or know, or which place you come from, it is your responsibility to stand up, for yourself and those around you, and walk forward.

And if my colors remain in the quilt that is Boulder, where I owned that house all my life, I hope it is that.

(RUTH EXITS. NARRATOR stands looking after her, quite downcast. Tries to think of something to say to audience. Has nothing. HE is saved by...)

Scene 16 - DR. KELLOGG

(A HACKING COUGH coming onstage. BUG-TOWN EM & IZZIE ENTER.)

EM: Stop it!

IZZIE I'm Tubercular!

EM: Stop coughing on me, Izzie!

IZZIE: I can't help it, I got consumption!

EM: What makes ya think so?

IZZIE: It hurts when I do this. *(Coughs grossly.)*

EM: Well don't do that. *(Encouraging Narrator)* Can't mention Colorado without ya talk about T.B., right, Narrator?

(NARRATOR looks up, taking heart at her idea.)

NARRATOR: Yes... That's right, Tuberculosis brought thousands to our state.

EM: By the 1900's, one in three Coloradoans had it!

IZZIE: Includin' me!

EM: You don't have T.B., you have a incurable case of weirdness.

NARRATOR: The state was inundated with those who came to take the Colorado cure!

IZZIE: Worse than *bedbugs*, right, Em?

NARRATOR: It was felt that the dry climate and pure air of our state was the consumptive's only hope!

EM: Some lived, most died.

NARRATOR: A treatment center in Denver. In Colorado Springs, the Jewish Consumptive Relief Society. In Boulder, the sanitarium.

IZZIE: Yeah, where the Mapleton Center is today.

EM: You think Boulder's healthy now, you should'a seen that place! *Way* ahead of its time!

IZZIE: Mount Sanitas Sanitarium!

(DR. JOHN HARVEY KELLOGG ENTERS:
white coat & stethasope.)

KELLOGG: From the Latin *Sanitas* meaning Health. John Harvey Kellogg, yes, of the cornflakes, I invented them, “*The Best to you each morning!*” Are you all feeling well? How about you?

(Allow audience response.)

NARRATOR: Our approach to healing the system must be *holistic!*
Well now, that *was* progressive!

IZZIE: Very Boulder.

KELLOGG: Exactly! I helped found the Sanitarium on the belief that the body is a living temple. Plenty of exercise and a vegetarian diet. No tobacco, coffee or meat!

NARRATOR: Is it possible, doctor, that you laid the foundations for Boulder’s alternative healing?

KELLOGG: Oh, yes! Thousands benefited from my regimen! Amelia Earhart, Henry Ford, President Taft. Do you know what English traveler Isabella Bird said about us?

IZZIE: Oh, here comes Isabella again!

(ISABELLA BIRD POPS IN AGAIN.)

ISABELLA: “Colorado is the most remarkable sanatorium in the world!... Consumptives, asthmatics, dyspeptics, are here in the hundreds of thousands! The climate is considered the finest in North America!”

KELLOGG: Thank you, Isabella. I also invented granola. Would you care for some?

ISABELLA: Thank you, I am not consumptive.

(ISABELLA EXITS.)

NARRATOR: *(with pride now)* And tell us Dr. Kellogg, how did you treat your patients?

KELLOGG: Enemas!

NARRATOR: What?

KELLOGG: Yogurt enemas! And a good dose of electric-shock therapy—

NARRATOR: Oh, no, never mind—

KELLOGG: You want a flourishing intestinal flora in the bowel—

NARRATOR: Thank you, Dr. Kellogg—

KELLOGG: And personal cages for children—

NARRATOR: Thank you SO MUCH for coming by—

KELLOGG: --so they don't touch themselves!—

NARRATOR: : (*Showing him the exit*) WE APPRECIATE YOUR TIME!

(*KELLOGG STOPS.*)

Thank you. Bye-bye.

KELLOGG: Look here. Boulder today is considered a health mecca. That trend didn't come out of thin air! My legacy is deep in this town's fabric!

IZZIE: And its colons.

KELLOGG: New methods of health are always considered unorthodox.

IZZIE: Or just downright flaky.

(*Kellogg scowls at him.*)

No pun intended, Mr. Kellogg.

(**KELLOGG EXITS** displeased. NARRATOR, thoroughly embarrassed, stares at his podium. A moment of silence. Em cannot resist teasing him.)

EM: ...Now, was that an example of Boulder's health trends, or the nutcakes that were part of—

NARRATOR: I'm sure it's not necessary to draw conclusions at this moment.

IZZIE: Well if—

NARRATOR: (*loudly, prompting*) Oh listen, I hear music!

EM: What music?

(**MUSICIANS** look up, startled. HE prompts **MUSICIANS.**)

NARRATOR: Music! *Music!*

(**PAINO & BANJO** launch into a JAUNTY 1918 DANCE TUNE.

A DANCE COUPLE come in doing The Shimmy (or something). NARRATOR pleased.)

NARRATOR... How lovely! And could that be a new dance?!

Scene 17 - INFLUENZA

MAN D: It is!

WOMAN D: It's The Shimmy Shake! Everyone is doing it!

MAN D: All across the country!

(THEY DANCE THE SHIMMY.

ADRIANNA HUNGERFORD rushes in.)

ADRIANNA: Stop that! Stop that! Quit it!

(MUSIC HALTS.)

What's the matter with you two? The Shimmy is prohibited in Boulder!

WOMAN D: What?

MAN D: Why?

(**ADRIANNA** separates the **DANCERS**.)

ADRIANNA: It's 1918!

WOMAN D: So?

ADRIANNA: You were touching!

MAN: And?

ADRIANNA: The Spanish Flu! It's the Influenza epidemic!

(**DANCERS** separate immediately begin to look sick.)

40 dead in Nederland, Boulder's under quarantine!

(Closing in on Dancers)

500 million have it world-wide, and contact dancing can spread it! Now you two get out of here! And *stop touching!*

(2 DANCERS FLEE OFF.

Now ADRIANNA turns her attention to the AUDIENCE, eyeing them suspiciously.)

ADRIANNA... And don't think I'm not watching *you*! This state is still *dry*. So nix on the nipping.

(SHE picks GUY IN AUDIENCE.)

And don't you look so innocent, buster. Shame on you, enticing these young ladies with jukebox gin. You've had that bottle in & out of your pockets so much, iot should have a revolving door. I took a hatchet to Gil Bennaducci's still, don't think I won't come after you.

(Picks out A COUPLE in audience.)

And you two. All the touchy-wutchy hand-holding. Romance is no excuse for spreading germs. Do you want the Flu to come back? Stop it!

(To NARRATOR)

Now, you!

NARRATOR: What?

Scene 17 - MINER'S STRIKE

ADRIANNA: We're into the 30's, I bet these people don't even know about the mines. Tell 'em!

NARRATOR: Ah, yes, the mines! As the gold diminished, other precious stone was discovered out on our plains. Coal, tungsten--

ADRIANNA: Lafayette, Louseville, the Monarch Mine right over in Marshall. Go ahead.

NARRATOR: Boulder was a leading producer of Tungsten ore.

ADRIANNA: And you think beets made a mess, train tracks, coal cars, slag piles!

NARRATOR: Miners came from all over the world.

ADRIANNA: Course the work was no picnic.

(MINERS ENTER in different area of the stage.)

SHAMUS: Jefferson County, 10 die in the Leyden Mine.

ADRIANNA: 14-hour shifts.

LUIGI: 79 killed in Las Animas.

NARRATOR: Black lung, dust pneumonia. ..

MINER TOM: 18 crushed at the Oakdale.

MINER AUGGIE: At The Hastings a safety lamp was left open.. 121 .

ADRIANNA: There were no laws pertaining to –

(Sound: **SOUND: A DISTANT MUFFLED EXPLOSION**, the lights shudder and go dim. **A SIREN** starts to wail. Shouts offstage.)

What... what is that?

(A MAN runs across stage with a PICK.)

What's happening?

MAN: It's the Monarch!

ADRIANNA: Oh my God...

(MORE PEOPLE, crossing stage, running toward the mine shouting, asking, a scream, etc.)

WIFE 1: Vi, come quick!

WIFE 2: Essie!

WIFE 1; It's a cave in, honey!

MRS. S. : My son is in there!

(THEY run toward the mine.

IN THE MINE: The **5 MINERS** are squeezed into a small area. MAC's leg is injured and PEDRO is just a small boy. Ominous echoing CREAKSS and GROANS above them, bits of falling rock. **ALL** are staring upward.)

LUIGI: They dig us out soon.

SHAMUS: Aye, sure they will. I come too fair a mile to die under American dirt.

LUIGI: Hey, we no going to die!

PEDRO: (*Trembling*) Estoy asustado.

LUIGI: (*Comforting him.*) Sh, va tutto bene, ragazzo.

(**THEY** give up listening. A moment of silence.)

MAC: I tell you what, when I seen them ads for miners in Colorada, posted the length of Harlan County, I thought those wages was my ticket.

SHAMUS: Aye sure I thought I'd come home a rich man. "Hard rock miners, make yer fortune!"

LUIGI: They come for men also in Abruzzi.

SHAMUS: They knew nothin' of crackin' rock 'till the boys from Ballingarry got here.

TOM: Without you, Shamus, I'dve blown myself up three times over.

LUIGI: 'You come work here,' they say, "You bring your family." They no say 'We don't care you die in this mine!'

PEDRO: Luigi, estas bien? [Is it gonna be okay?]

LUIGI: You no worry. They gonna get us out of here.

TOM: Our first mistake was believing company men. The big boys sitting up there in New York City, they don't care what happens to us.

MAC: Wages sure warn't what they offered.

TOM: And then they make you buy at the company store & rent their houses. Some weeks I owe more'n I make!

SHAMUS: And no mistake they wanted men spoke no English. That way ya can't organize a union, uh?

TOM: Well we're doing it anyway, aren't we?

LUIGI: That's right. We got men up there, they gonna *vote*!

TOM: I hope they're up there votin' right now!

SHAMUS: Aye, and they'll vote *strike*!
(THEY think about it a moment, feeling better. Except MAC.)

MAC: Ah, fellers. Fact is, I was opposed goin' on strike. I got six little ones t'feed.
(*A glum silence.*)
Guess I'd give 'em my vote now.

LUIGI: If I was there, I vote *two time* for strike!

TOM: You bet, Luigi. You bet. Once for yourself, and once for the men we lost.

(THEY are quiet a minute, none wanting to say they might end up among the lost men. MAC winces with pain. OTHERS shift to let SHAMUS come to him.)

SHAMUS: How's the leg then, Mac?

(Examining MAC's painful leg.)

Tis a dram of Irish whiskey you need, eh?

MAC: Sell my soul for a drink a water.

(A depressed silence again. LUIGI sees this, determines to cheer them up again.)

LUIGI: Ey, you know, they dig us out, we make good food! I'ma make you a nice penne pollo, just like I show you, eh?

SHAMUS: Boil in the pot for 8 minutes.

LUIGI: Si, and you no gonna burn the sausage this time, you gonna make nice sauté, why you always gotta burn?! And you season. Little salt & little bit pepper and...

SHAMUS: Basil.

LUIGI: Ey, that's right, you learn pretty good, lotsa basil, put—

MAC: Ssh, you hear somethin'?!

(ALL look up. **SOUND: A DISTANT RUMBLE** that indicates more cave-in above them. THEY look at one another, no one wanting to say their fate has just been sealed. LUIGI summons bravado.)

LUIGI: I'ma tell you something. A hundred years from now, they gonna say, "You know what? Lafayette got the best basil. How come they got such good basil in Lafayette?!" 'Cause Luigi Conamente carry seeds all the way from Bena Lara! Mm, *molto bene*, just for you! (HE looks up longingly) Every year they gonna eat a big feast in Lafayette in my name!

SHAMUS: And then, by God, they'll clear that floor & strike up the pipes! Good Irish reel, eh Liam? Little will ya know, ya dogs, yer jiggin' County Cork! Courtesy of yer old swag, Shamus O'Dell, long forgot but yet movin' yer feet.

MAC: Yer boy & my boy, they'll dance them gals dizzy!

(THEY laugh, cheered.)

SHAMUS: And that'll us, boys. That's where we'll live on. In the sound of the pipes, and the savor of the food. Dancin' & fillin' their bellies. And won't the joke be on them, with our bones lyin' but 100 hundred feet below the revels?

(THEY sit in the glow of that thought.)

LUIGI: Soon we gonna hear 'em diggin', eh?

(THEY LOOK UP AGAIN.)

MAC: I had my druthers... I'd hear 'em shoutin' Strike.

(THEY remain looking up as the SCENE FADES.)

NARRATOR: The miners did strike. They went on strike all across Northern Colorado. And in 1928 the United Mine Workers won their first contract. It brought a 40% reduction in fatalities.

(BUGTOWN EM is peeling a BEET while SHE listens.)

EM: 'Course that wasn't the end of the fight for human rights. Really kinda just the start.

NARRATOR: (Annoyed.) Thank you.

Scene 18 - DEVELOPMENT CONTEST

NARRATOR: As the country moved into the '30's, the country was changing. There was the Depression and Roosevelt's New Deal. And in Boulder, the landscape of the prairie had changed forever.

EM: Beet slag.

NARRATOR: What? What are you –

EM: Beets. Beet farms, beet factories, picture it! What're ya gonna do with all them peels? Huge honkin' piles a beet slag, beside all the railroad tracks, big mess!

NARRATOR: The "Star Spangled Banner" became our national anthem.

EM: And don't forget the arrest.

NARRATOR: What arrest?

EM: Adrianna Hungerford, president of the temperance union?

(**2 POLICEMEN** drag **ADRIANNA** across stage.)

ADRIANNA: Get your hands off me! They must have *found* those bottles, I was *not* selling liquor to the students!

(**NARRATOR & EM** LOOK AT ONE ANOTHER.)

NARRATOR: You have got to be kidding.

EM: Ol' Adrianna, caught sellin' homemade hooch. 1933. Check the records.

NARRATOR: I doubt it's highly featured.

EM: It's footnotes have the real gems.

NARRATOR: Look, I understand that Boulder had its idiosyncrasies, but what merits our attention are the things that made it *great*.

EM: Ain't that what we're doin'? Ol' Left Hand said we're all colors in the blanket.

NARRATOR: What distinguished Boulder came from initiative and courage, and patriotism. Did you know, in WW I, a *third* of the C.U. faculty left the University to fight? That is heroic. C.U. was one of the first universities to have an R.O.T.C. And *that* is part of Boulder's fabric too.

EM: In '31 they killed off our streetcars.

(Aggravated, they compete.)

NARRATOR: Well but we got our first traffic light.

EM: But the courthouse burned down!

NARRATOR: And built Flagstaff amphitheater!

EM: And built the biggest still in North Colorado, right out at Gunbarrel Hill!

NARRATOR: They also built Boulder High School in 1937 featuring two art deco sculptures over the door representing Wisdom and *Strength*!

EM: Oh and everybody threw a big snit because Minnie & Jake were *naked*!

NARRATOR: Just when did you die anyway?!

(This stops the argument. EM mutters.)

EM: 'Bout 1930.

NARRATOR: (*Delighted*) Oh! I'm sorry, we're past your time, I'm afraid you're dead!

EM: Yeah but—

(HE pulls a CAKE out of the podium.)

NARRATOR: And here's a lovely cake for being part of our show!

EM: Oo, cake.

NARRATOR: Let's give her a hand, shall we?

(SHE walks away ogling CAKE.)

NARRATOR: Now! Let us proceed from here with an orderly, *respectful* chronicle –

EM: By the way...

NARRATOR: Huh?

EM: Have you met my friend Ethel?

(EM EXITS as **ETHEL FRENCH** whizzes on, propped up on a ROLLING COUCH, a 1930's TYPEWRITER suspended in front of her.)

Scene 19 - ETHEL FRENCH

ETHEL: Wooooooo! Hello Emma, goodbye Emma! (*Stretching her arms out*)
Hello, denizens of Boulder County!

NARRATOR: Oh my God...

(HE just stares open-mouthed as SHE addresses audience.)

ETHEL: Ethel French, Society Columnist, Boulder Daily Camera, 1930-40! Of course it was a little challenging as I could not rise from my bed. Back condition, life long. But! Boulderites are rarely blocked by mountains or by malady! (*to Nar.*) So *how* did I get all the latest social news?

(NARRATOR still stunned. ETHEL holds up big black 40's PHONE.)
Telephone! Isn't it the most modern thing?

NARRATOR: Uh...

ETHEL: *(Reporting or typing)* Our neighbors in Boulder Canyon tell me we must beware this autumn, as the apples in the orchards are fermenting and the bears may ingest them, leading to intoxication!

NARRATOR: What?

ETHEL: Prohibition is still in place, even for our furry friends.

NARRATOR: Drunken bears? Is your news?

ETHEL: *(to Audience)* Who among us has not seen a dainty deer in their yard, staggering around in a state of inebriation! Hands?

NARRATOR: I'm, sorry, Miss...

ETHEL: French.

NARRATOR: Is there some way in which you actually shaped Boulder's history?

ETHEL: Oh, my dear semi-nefarious Narrator. Do you still think that it is only major events that shape a city's soul?

NARRATOR: You – I cannot address the soul. This is history!

ETHEL: Yes, but whose history?

NARRATOR: Important history!

ETHEL: Important to whom?

NARRATOR: To, the, writers of facts! Probably not someone rolling around reporting drunken bears!

ETHEL: *(Sinister)* The Disability Rights Act is 3 decades away. But I will advise you not to cross a women with chronic pain & the power of the press.
(HE backs off.)

NARRATOR: Right, very well, you're a reporter, I'm sure. Look...

(He comes out from behind his podium)

I seem to be regarded as the bad guy here, and I am *not*. I am a friend to history, I am its champion!

ETHEL: You are, sir. Of one perspective.

NARRATOR: I have been very patient with – Okay. Look. Everyone’s view is important. Alight? I value that too.

ETHEL: Very good. (*Reporting or typing*) I see where our favorite senior Miss Mary Rippon is off to Europe again this year! Let us hope she brings postcards of the latest art trends. And maybe she will tell us just *who* that woman is that she’s been visiting for 30 years! I mean for 30 years! Surely she must be a very *intimate* friend, but just *how intimate*—

NARRATOR: What, stop, thank you, take her off now, that is not germane!

(*ETHEL is swept offstage. He wipes his sweating face.*)

I should have said *factual* points of view! That is what counts. So. Now. But perhaps that was good. Yes. She had a point. It is good to be reminded, and, learn as we go, isn’t it? *Everyone’s* point of view is important, as long as it...really happened.

(**SHEP THE DOG** is standing looking up.)

SHEP: 1951!

Scene 20 - SHEP

NARRATOR: What?

SHEP: 1951! The toll-road!

NARRATOR: Yes, the toll-road, running between Boulder and Denver. Thank you.

SHEP: A toll road, so the highway pays for itself! With two booths, and fair collectors, and the *dog*! Gotta biscuit?

NARRATOR: What *dog*?!

SHEP: The tollbooth dog!

(*SHEP sees something, freezes, pointing.*)

Rabbit!

NARRATOR (*Leaving*) Oh, for God sakes, you are just making that up!

(**NARRATOR EXITS. SHEP** addresses audience...)

SHEP: Aw, went in a hole. Dontcha love rabbits?! All cute, & furry, & crunchy.

(*Shrugs, jogs back & forth ontage.*)

Hi, I’m Shep! Y’see a lotta those rabbits jogging between tollbooths.

(Comes OFFSTAGE, trots up & down aisles.)

SHEP: But, they're my booths, outside Broom field & Denver. I gotta keep an eye on 'em, make sure traffic's runnin'. – *Meat!*

(SHEP stops, sniffs AUDIENCE MEMBER_k.)

Did you eat a deer? Was it good?... Oo, I smell cookies. Anybody got a snack? Y'know, they didn't have dogfood then. Everybody had to pitch in to feed me. Everybody. Even innocent bystanders...

(If SHE can scadge a snack from audience, great!)

If so: Thanks. Keeps my incisors clean. I love it out here on the prairie...

If not: That's okay. I'll eat a vole. There's a lot on the prairie.

(Goes back ONSTAGE, jogs in place...)

Course there's a lot of farms now too. Can you picture 'em? All up & down the valley. *(Smells)* Smell that? Wheat. *(Smells)* And there, Alfalfa. *(Smells)* And beets. I'm not big on beets. But there's ranches too, out east, and they have cows! Cows are meat. Oh, and trees!

(SHEP stops to sit under tree.)

Whew, thank goodness, a dog needs some shade. Yep, Boulder's not a sea of mud anymore. Everybody planted trees! Know why? Cause we made Irrigation! Yeah, our trees didn't just happen. Everybody planted trees! 200 Maples on Mapleton Hill!

SHEP: And the campus, oh, Lindens, Honey Locust, even a some'a the original Cottonwoods planted by Mary Rippon. I love Mary Rippon. – Course I didn't know her. But her grave smells good. – Oo, I better get movin'.

(Trots in place, pointing out sights.)

And automobiles, gettin' to be quite a few. And houses.

(Points to mountains.)

Not up there though. Our mountains never change. Oh, not that people didn't *wanna* build up there. But that'd wreck the Boulder view, would't it? Know what stopped 'em? Anybody?

(Invite response from AUDIENCE. Feel free to interact.)

The Bluuuuue Liiiiine. Know what the Blue Line is? Anybody?

(Can let audience member answer or not.)

1959 folks voted to protect the mountains. Said anybody who built up there couldn't get city water. Ha ha, problem solved! – Hey, there's Tollbooth Ted!

(TOLLBOOTH TED has rolled on the steps as a TOLLBOOTH.)

TED: Hey! There ya are, Shep. Glad to see ya! Brought ya a piece of bacon.

SHEP: *Bacon!*

(Throws SHEP a treat, SHE catches in mouth.
[Good luck.] Or, with hands, then put in mouth.)

TED: Good catch!

(Beeping of a **CAR HORN**. **DRIVER SELMA**
comes on, making car sound & weilding
STEERLING WHEEL.)

TED: Howdy, Selma. That's a nickel to Broomfield.

DRIVER SELMA: Here y'go. Where's Shep?

SHEP: Here I am!

DRIVER SELMA: (*Gives Ted biscuit.*) This for her.

SHEP: Is that a biscuit?!

TED: Oh, she'll like that.

DRIVER SELMA: You take care'a that dog now!

(SELMA DRIVES OFF.)

SHEP: (*Panting for it*) Biscuit, mm, homemade with little taste of butter butter butter!

(TED & SHEP sit on steps, feeds SHEP biscuit.)

TED: That's all it takes to make a town nice: good folks. Huh, Shep?

SHEP: I'll say. Lotta people wasn't so different than me. War was over. Some was just ust mutts, wanderin' stray. But somebody says hi, maybe puts out a plate a gravy, and suddenly you belong. That's how come I help out at the tollbooth. I was here when Ike came through, huh Ted?

TED: Ike? Oh, President Eisenhower, yep, and you were here for the drought of '59.

SHEP: And when they made the big reservoir. That was good, I was thirsty!

TED: You were everybody's favorite.

SHEP: (*Bashful.*) Nah.

TED: Sure. You stood for somethin' good. In fact, when you died, we buried you up the hill above the toll road.

SHEP: Aw, where I could see my booth.

TED: Guess what? We gotcha a tombstone too.

SHEP: Me?

TED: Yep. Boulder folks pitched in to buy it. *(To Audience)* You can still see it, at the Depot Museum in Broomfield. It said,
 "Shep. 1950-1964. Part Shepherd. Mostly affection."

SHEP: Aw.hanks, Ted. Gotta go. There's a rabbit. *(Runs)* I love rabbits!

(SHEP RUNS OFF.)

Scene 21 - SCIENTISTS

TED: That little guy. If Boulder's got a good spirit about it, it's cause Shep is in there. We saw so many changes after that. When the mines started dyin' out, we didn't know what'd come next. But there's always somethin' comin' down the turnpike...

(CAR HONK, NBS DRIVER pulls up to tollbooth, wielding STEERING WHEEL...)

TED: Comin' into Boulder?

NBS DRIVER: Yep, me & 85 scientists!

TED: Huh?

NBS DRIVER: 1959, National Bureau of Standards.

TED: Well, that's a lotta scientists. We're farmers here.

NBS DRIVER: Hey, what time is it?

(Tollbooth guy looks at watch)

Just kiddin', we got the Atomic Clock!

(NBS pulls away and CONTINUES DRIVING LOUDLY AROUND STAGE.

HONK, NCAR DRIVER ENTERS.)

NCAR DRIVER: Is this Boulder? National Center for Atmospheric Research! 300 more scientists arriving in 1960!

TED: Look, we already got—

NCAR DRIVER: Service, research & education on atmospheric & related scientists.

TED: Hear ya cure that with dose a Pepto Bismol.

NCAR DRIVER: Huh?

TED: What?

NCAR DRIVER: Gotta go!

(HE joins NBS DRIVER ZOOMING AROUND STAGE
with STEERING WHEELS.)

**CAR HONK. BA DRIVER SWOOPS IN & AROUND
TOLLBOOTH WITHOUT STOPPING.)**

BALL DRIVER: Make way! Ball Aerospace! Scientists, technicians, engineers, we'll find our way!

**ROCKEY FLATS DRIVER doesn't stop either,
comes in steering and SPRINKLING POWDER.)**

RF DRIVER: And don't forget the Rocky Flats Plant! We're makin' nuclear triggers!

BALL DRIVER: Hey, what's that you're sprinkling!?

RF DRIVER: Just a little plutonium dust!

TED: Plutonium?! Help, Narrator! We don't need that here!

NARRATOR: World War II had just ended, the country's defense was —

(WW II GENERAL POPS OUT.)

GENERAL: West coast, vulnerable to attack from Japan! East Coast, vulnerable to the Germans! Boulder, PERFECT!!

TED: (*Packing up Tollbooth.*) This is too much! We're agricultural!

NARRATOR: Now now, you have nothing to fear from progress.

TED: But they move so fast! (*to Drivers*) Watch out for that cow!

NARRATOR: The scientists will settle here with their families and enrich the culture.

(**BA and NCAR SOUND: BREAKS, a MOO, THEY COLLIDE.**)

BA DRIVER: Whoa!

NCAR DRIVER: Talk about a cultural collision!

(They laugh. **TOLLBOOTH TED EXITS IN DISGUST.**)

CARN HORN: IBM DRIVER.)

IBM DRIVER: Hey-yo! 1964! IBM here, executives, secretaries, *business machines for all!*

NARRATOR: The town grows now at a mighty speed! Boulder zooms into toward the age of Technology! Now we—

(**SOUND: A 1960's PHONE RINGING. DRIVERS EXIT.**)

S'cuse me.

(*HE is handed a 60's PHONE.*)

Hello?

(IBM across stage on another old **PHONE.**)

IBM: Yeah, IBM here. Look, we're moving a major plant and we have minority employees. It's 1964, man, you still have *segregated housing?*!

NARRATOR: Yes but –No I mean, no, not for your employees! We'll change it!

(*Hanging up, calling to offstage.*)

Call the Mayor!

IBM: (*to Aud.*) Yep, we desegregated Boulder. You can thank us later.

(**SOUND: PHONE RINGS AGAIN, HE answers.**)

NARRATOR: Yes?

IBM: IBM. Look, we're having our grand opening celebration, your town is still *dry?*

NARRATOR: (*Hanging up*) Call the city council, we need to legalize liquor!

ACTRESS F: (*sarcastic*) What, after only 60 years?

IBM: (*To Aud.*) You people should be payin' us!

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS again.)

NARRATOR: *(Muttering)* Alright, progress is making itself obnoxious now. *(Answers)* Hello, IBM.

IBM: Look, you recommended we have our family picnics at Coot Lake.

NARRATOR: Yes...

IBM: Did you know it's a *nude beach*!

NARRATOR: Call the City Manager, we'll get rid of the nude b—

(MADAM KINGSLEY appears.)

M^d KINGSLEY: Now just a moment! You can take public decency too far.

NARRATOR: Look, we have a more sophisticated population index now—

M^d KINGSLEY: Everybody likes to swim naked.

NARRATOR: The culture is changing!

M^d KINGSLEY: *(removing her hat)* You better believe it! Did somebody mention 'culture clash'?

(MUSIC: BEATNICK JAZZ.

MADAM KINGSLEY exchanges her Madam hat for beatnik beret and sunglasses.

TOLLBOOTH TED wanders through lost.)

TED: A bunch of kids are coming into town and one just told me I was a 'hep cat'. What is that, like a tabby?

M^d KINGSLEY: *(to Narrator)* If I were you, baby, I'd restore the nude beach.

Scene 22 - COUNTER-CULTURE

(A BEATNIK ENTERS.)

ACTOR 6: Hey, have you read Kerouac? I'm 'on the road' like him. Nice town. I'll just camp in the public park.

NARRATOR Now, wait a minute —

(HIPPIES begin to enter. Eventually the stage will

be full of them. Except for one guy in back with a sign that says “Repent, Sinners!”
MUSIC into ROCK.)

YOGURT HP: ...So you grow it on your radiator and the cultures stay alive! And then when you eat it, all that living bacteria makes your system, like, *freak out* with health!

ACTRESS A: Wow, man, whaddya call it?

(**DAVID** looks at AUDIENCE, gives them a chance to say “yogurt.”)

DAVID:

If Audience doesn't respond: I call it far out!

If the audience responds: Oh wow, you are so far out!

(**MORE HIPPIES** coming onstage.)

NARRATOR: Now we move into an era they called the “counter-culture”. Around 1968 –

(Several **FREE LOVE HIPPIES** come around him, futz with him flirtaciously, pulling off his COAT.)

ACTRESS A: Free love, baby!

ACTRESS B: Yeah, tune in, turn on, drop out!

NARRATOR: Now this period was largely the result of – Stop that!

ACTRESS A: Wow man, you need to get more laid back.

ACTRESS B: Or just get laid!

NARRATOR: Do you mind, I have some narration here!

MD. KINGSLEY: Don't be uptight, baby, here smoke some a this.

NARRATOR: *That* will not be legal until 2013. So if you—

(**BONG HIPPIE** & **NATURE HIPPIE** enter, and right behind them a **REPENTANCE LADY**, protesting against the hippies with a sign that says, “REPENT, SINNERS!”)

BONG HIPPIE: Hey man, who stole my bong?!

REPENTANCE: Bongs are the devil's work!

(3 WIVES ARE CROSSING, 60's boufont.)

HIPPIE 10: Hey lady, you got a dime?

WIFE 1: What is happening to our town?

WIFE 2: Look at their long hair!

WIFE 3: And why don't they wash?!

NATURE HIPPIE: We should all go back to the land!

(SHE starts to take off her clothes, WIVES shocked,
NARRATOR hurries to stop her.)

WIFE 1: Oh my heavens!

NARRATOR: Young lady, please don't take that off.

ACTRESS A: Stop trying to control us with your capitalist narrative!

ACTRESS B: Yeah!

(THEY steals his **SCRIPT**.)

NARRATOR: That's my script!

(HE chases THEM, ACTIVIST 1 stops him.)

ACTIVIST 1: Hey man, I'm not going to Vietnam!

NARRATOR: *(To audience)* As the 60's intensified, activism became – Hey!

(HIPPIES with script appear, NARRATOR chases them
offstage. DRIVER IBM has entered.)

ACTIVIST: I will not fight your immoral war!

DRIVER IBM: Hey, I'm a vet, show some respect!

ACTIVIST 1: You're over 30, why should I trust you? Make love not war!

WIFE 2: My husband fought for your freedom in world war II, and he survived and we moved here for a beautiful *peaceful* life!

BP ACTIVIST: No peace without civil rights!

WIFE 2: Well who doesn't have civil rights?

CH-A ACTIVIST: Me for one! I am so tired of people asking me about Vietnam! Has Boulder never seen a Chinese person?! Fight for human rights!

BP ACTIVITS: Hey, *we* had to fight to get a cuppa coffee on The Hill! Well, we caffeinated now! Black Power!

RAZA ACTIVIST: I got expelled from C.U. just for recruiting more Chicano students! La Raza!

(THEY DEBATE)

WIFE 2: Oh oh, this is terrible!

WIFE 3: Well, I understand it.

WIFE 1: Mae!

WIFE: I'm tired of not getting paid as much as the men in my office. "Baby" this and "Sweetheart" that. I'm sick of serving coffee!

(WIFE 1 goes to join the HIPPIES.)

WIFE 3: Run, Vi, it's an invasion!

(THEY run off.)

WIFE1: (TO Hippies) I want equals right too!

LA RAZA: What *don't* you have, lady!

(THEY ARGUE. **LESBIAN ACTIVIST**)

L ACTIVIST: HEY HEY! You people haven't even *spoken* the word 'lesbian'!

WIFE 1: Well, here: 'Lesbian'.

L ACTIVIST: (*Starting to hug her*) My sister!

WIFE 1: Get away! You'll hold the women's movement back!

L ACTIVIST: Homosexual rights!

(THEY **ALL ARGUE**. NARRATOR enters without his script or jacket.)

NARRATOR: What's going on here!

(**ALL STOP.**

HRA: It's *The Man!* SIT-IN ON CAMPUS!! Down with the man! Down with the man!

(**MUSIC UP.** *THEY descend on him, CHANTING.*)

ALL: Down with the man! Down with the Man!...

THE NARRATOR pushes through onto the steps with a BULLHORN. HE speaks over hippies.)

NARRATOR: Stop this now! We will have order in this play!...

ACTRESS B: It's *our* play now!

BRADLEY We will not leave this stage until our demands are heard!

NARRATOR: I will hear your demands, but you have to respect the narrative flow –

(THEY SHOUT him down. HE continues over them on BULLHORN.)

You're clogging the playing area!... Please proceed in an orderly fashion—

(THEY steal his BULLHORN.)

People! Listen to me!!

(His BULLHORN is grabbed away. CHAOS, HE is drown out. A cacophony of ROCK MUSIC.

Overwhelmed and beaten, the NARRATOR sinks onto the steps, head in hands.)

Scene 23 - THE 70's

(**MO** ENTERS, carrying a CUP.)

MO: Hey, hey, Everybody! Cool your jets.

(HIPPIES fall to silence, MUSIC STOPS.)

MO... It's the 70's now, so let's mellow out. The Captain & Tenille aren't far off.

(HIPPIES settle down, sit. MO walks among them.)

And cinnamon sticks, remember those?

HIPPIES: Mmm.

MO: Yeah. Everything's copacetic. Did you know McGuckin's just moved into its new building on Folsom? It's awesome.

HIPPIES: Oooo.

MO: And Elton John's up at Caribou Ranch recording hits.

HIPPIES: Aaaah.

MO: Yeah. It's a pretty righteous decade. Counter culture kinda folds into the new age, y'know? And for the hippies that don't like it, you can always move up to Nederland and name your first child Leaf.

(He sees bedraggled NARRATOR, sitting on steps, head in hands.)

Hey dude, you look really stressed. Have some tea.

NARRATOR: *(accepting cup)* Thanks.

MO: It's totally natural, made from herbs. Hibiscus and Rosehips. I gathered 'em myself.

NARRATOR: It's good.

MO: Yeah. I'm gonna make a business of it. I'm Mo.

NARRATOR: Mo. I'm not sure I'd count on Rosehips to make you millions.

MO: Either way, it's cool. *(Gets up to go.)* Well, check ya later.

(MO starts to go.)

NARRATOR: Say, whadda ya call this tea anyway?

MO: I call it...

[He can let Audience answer or not.]

[That's right] Celestial Seasonings. Keep on truckin'.

(MO EXITS. NARRATOR addresses audience, sipping his tea, not quite recovered.)

NARRATOR: The 60's were exhausting. But I'm sure it... shaped the city somehow.

(RUTH CORRELL APPEARS.)

RUTH: Oh, wonderful things came out of that time! They say a community is only as strong as its debate, and we should never lose that. I'm Ruth Correll, Boulder's first woman mayor. In the late '60s we were inundated with counter-culture, but they had some good ideas. Residents sat down with street people and had rap sessions.

(PENFIELD TATE ENTERS.)

PENFIELD: I'm Penfield Tate, Boulder's first black mayor.

(Aside, to audience)

And feel free to have another one, Boulder.

(to Narrator)

Out of that era came increased social services. Human resources, the homeless shelter. I pushed till we got San Juan Del Centro for low income families.

(ACTOR 10 comes running on.)

ACTOR 10: ¡Adivina a quién soy! Guess who I am!

NARRATOR: Who?

ACTOR 10: I'm the Mayor in 20 years!

NARRATOR: Well, nice to meet you.

(THEY shake hands. IKER joins RUTH & PENFIELD as THEY EXIT...)

PENFIELD: Hang tough. You gotta work the system.

Scene 24 - A CITY

(NARRATOR looks at audience, heartened.)

NARRATOR: Well. I dunnow if I can work the system, but, that was encouraging. ... I think we're back on track. Sorry I kinda lost control there for a bit.

(CHOGYAM TRUNGPA RINPOCHE ENTERS in '70's suit, tie & glasses, helped by an ASSISTANT, hip but also well-dressed.)

RINPOCHE: The concept of control is, of course, illusion.

NARRATOR: Oh.... Thanks. So, we were just getting into the '70's with the—

RINPOCHE: Lord Buddha tells us, “peace is an inward journey.”

NARRATOR: Well he probably wasn’t a Narrator.

(**RINPOCHE**, sits, addressing AUDIENCE as well as Narrator.)

RINPOCHE: By sitting, we learn to release our illusion of control, and our most important obstacle, our mind.

NARRATOR: Uh, sir—

RINPOCHE: (*Leading meditation.*) We follow our breath...

NARRATOR: I wonder if we could do this another time—

RINPOCHE: With the in-breath, one visualizes taking into oneself the suffering of others...

(RINPOCHE encourages AUDIENCE to INHALE.
MARY RIPPON appears beside NARRATOR.)

MARY: I see you’ve met Mr. Rinpoche.

NARRATOR: Hello, Mary Rippon. Who?

MARY: Chogyam Trungpa, Rinpoche.

RINPOCHE: And on the out-breath...

(*Deep EXHALE*)

...Giving happiness and success to all sentient beings.

MARY: Mr. Rinpoche brought Tibetan Buddhist meditation to Boulder in 1972. And with him came hundreds of students, as well as artists, writers, a whole new wave of cultural revolution.

NARRATOR: (*Discouraged*) Oh, more revolution.

RINPOCHE: Taking on suffering does not particularly mean to burden oneself with the misery of the world, but rather to acknowledge its existence and to accept this state of being. Sitting, and breathing...

(HE again INHALES and EXHALES...)

MARY: The arrival of the Buddhists influenced the culture here deeply. Meditation. Yoga. The school of disembodied poets.

NARRATOR: I don't know how you start a school if you're disembodied.

(HE chuckles, SHE doesn't.)

MARY: They even founded a college.

NARRATOR: A Buddhist college?

MARY: Well, Buddhist-inspired. Chautauqua was founded in the Christian view, why not all perspectives?

RINPOCHE: Meditation in Buddhism is very simple, very extremely down to earth, even irritatingly down to earth, so that you can see the colors of your own existence.

MARY: Today Naropa is a fully accredited University.

RINPOCHE: Meditation makes it possible to increase one's own particular peace of mind at the same time as accepting the suffering or dis-harmony inside your own particular body.

MARY: He brought rich colors to the blanket that is Boulder.

(**RINPOCHE** nods to the audience, turns to **NARRATOR**, who goes to shake his hand.)

NARRATOR: Thank you, sir. I believe we can proceed now in a more peaceful way to our final 40 years of history.

(**RINPOCHE** looks at him.)

RINPOCHE: Unhappiness is not caused by our circumstance, but by attachment to our own expectations.

NARRATOR: (*Considers.*)...I get that. On the other hand, we do have worldly responsibilities.

RINPOCHE: Yes?

NARRATOR: (*of audience*) They came for the whole story. It's my job to make sure they know about it. And there's so much we haven't covered, there's, there's Open Space, and the Danish Plan for growth control, and the height limits. And all the things: the Red Zinger bicycle race, and the Bolder Boulder, and and and the Dushanbe Tea House, gay rights, and the Boulder International Film Festival and the Conference on World Affairs and the— Scuse me, I'm hyperventilating...

(HE has to bend over. **EM BUGTOWN** enters, **SHE** & **RINPOCHE** study him.)

EM: He's kind of a slow learner, ain't he?

RINPOCHE: There is no arrival, only the journey.

NARRATOR: Well that's what I'm talking about! The journey! How we came to be, and what we value, and I don't mean just *our* town, but Erie and Longmont – *every* city! I mean they all started out as specks on the prairie! And then we start growing & expanding and somehow you have to find your way to a bigger self, but without losing our roots!

EM: And ain't that what ya showed?

NARRATOR: This?! This was a *mess*! People just coming & going, and veering off in all directions and constantly contradicting each other, and just one big *struggle*!

(A NOTE OF MUSIC. BAUTISTA APPEARS.)

BAUTISTA: Are you prepared to struggle?

(And then WIFE 3.)

YOUNG WIFE 3: I believe it is called Boulder due to all the rocks we hit along the way.

NARRATOR: It's not what I thought it would be.

(YOUNG PROSPECTOR 1 appears, followed by
EACH PERSON IN THE CAST, one by one, all over
the stage.

MUSIC starting soft and beginning to BUILD...)

YNG PROSP 1: They didn't say the gold was *in* the rocks!

NARRATOR: Because in our roots, are the roots of *who we are*. Our ...

YNG PROSP 2: Pioneering spirit!

NARRATOR: And what it took...

YOUNG WIFE 1: Good industrious enterprise.

ANNA: To reveal the infinite possibilities of our souls.

BROOKFIELD: A vision, both artistic and mathematical.

WIFE 2: Basic decency.

M^{dm} KINGSLEY: And base amenities.

ETHEL FRENCH: Imperfection makes the pearl.

FLOOD-WIFE: We survive together.

RUTH FLOWERS: Your responsibility is to stand up [for yourself and those around you], and walk forward.

SHAMUS: And that'll be us.

RUTH CORRELL : If you're willing to listen.

HIPPIE (*Miriam*): And protest.

RINPOCHE: And breathe.

MARY: (*to Narrator*) Then do you know what you have?

SHEP: A place to belong, that belongs to you!

LEFT HAND: A color in the blanket..

NARRATOR: You have... a town.

(EM turns HIM around to see all the history that is standing behind him, the characters that have told us their stories, the journey he has brought us on. THEY open their arms to him.)

ALL: Dude, it's Boulder!

(The NARRATOR smiles, and opens his arms to them. LIGHTS FADE on THEM, their journey told.)

"Dude, It's Boulder!" by Jane Shepard ©2019

This script was compiled and written with the help of VIVA's original 2013 cast,
and research team, among them:

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