1991

Legends of the shakeguts

Grydon Arthur Toms

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LEGENDS OF THE SHAKEGUTS

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A Project
Presented to the
Faculty of
California State University,
San Bernardino

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In Partial Fulfillment
of the Requirements for the Degree
Master of Arts
in
Interdisciplinary Studies

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by
Graydon Arthur Toms

June 1991
LEGENDS OF THE SHAKEGUTS

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Graydon Arthur Toms
June 1991
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LEGENDS OF THE SHAKEGUTS

Book and Lyrics
by
Priscilla Hall
and
Graydon Arthur Toms

Music
by
Graydon Arthur Toms
(ASCAP)

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ABSTRACT

This play traces the lives of some of the colorful characters of the Old West, including the notorious gentleman robber Black Bart, the great stagecoach driver Charley Parkhurst, and the founder of the California Stage Company, Jim Birch.

All characters and events are based on facts documented at the actual historical locations in which the play takes place.

Legends deals in a unique way with the issue of Women's Rights. One of the main characters, Charley Parkhurst, is a woman who has to pretend to be a man in order to be a stagecoach driver. This true tale poignantly illustrates the progress of women in society since the 1800's.

Other sub-plots deal with the life choices of Black Bart, who gives up his family to become a robber; Jim Birch, who uses his brains to form a successful stage company; and Hank Monk, who remains a driver until his death.

The theme of Legends is: "Life is full of opportunities, and the quality of life depends on what you make of them." The purpose of this play is to illustrate to people young and old through drama and music the important lesson described in this theme.
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SOURCES AND STYLES

For as long as she can remember, Priscilla Hall has been taking trips to Northern California to walk the trails where the Legends of the Shakeguts lived during the California Gold Rush. While retracing the steps of Black Bart, Charley Parkhurst, Hank Monk and the other colorful characters of the Old West, Ms. Hall began formulating the plot for a drama, based on the stories she heard during her travels.

In early 1987, after co-directing two musicals at the high school level, Ms. Hall and I decided to try our hand at writing an original musical drama using her ideas. After two years of collaboration, the script and score are now complete.

While Ms. Hall collected the material for the book of this play first-hand, going to the towns and sites where so much of the colorful action of the Old West took place, the music is inspired by many different sources.

There are "traditional" sections of music in Legends, with the influence of Rogers and Hammerstein evident in the opening song, "Opportunities". There are, however, a variety of influences in the other musical selections:

The poly-tonality of "Legends of the Shakeguts", vii
and the hemiola and poly-rhythms of "Charley's Dream" are advanced techniques utilized by composers such as Stravinsky and Bartok.

Elements of jazz enter the finale "California Roads", while the "pop" sounds of Neil Diamond and Elton John predominate in "Wonderful Life", "Madame's Reprise", and "Black Bart's Lament".

Honky-tonk piano is used in "Tobaccoee", and to accompany parts of "Justice", although the latter piece ends with a Beethoven-esque finale after featuring a section of counterpoint which is influenced by the music of Bach.

"Changes" is pure "Toms" with no direct musical influences that I am aware of. Instead, I listened to the sounds that a train makes and tried to capture this sound in music.

EDUCATIONAL VALUE

In keeping with California's emphasis on the integration of the disciplines in schools, Legends may be used as a vehicle for exploring several areas of study.

Legends helps the Old West come alive. Because it has been researched so painstakingly, directors of school age children need have no doubts about facts presented. When a location is given for a hideout or an ambush, that place is real, and can be visited to-
The geography of Northern California can come alive as students study maps, and figure how long it would take for Black Bart to walk home to San Francisco after a hold-up in Placerville. Or students can apply their mathematical knowledge as they are asked to figure out how much Jim Birch would charge a passenger at twenty-five cents a mile to travel by stage from Virginia City to Stockton.

Teachers can also discuss how the railroads and telegraphs helped to spell the end of the era of the Wild West, having students compare the transportation and communication revolution of the 1800's with the information and computer revolution of our own time.

The possibilities for other studies are endless, with the only limit being the imagination of teachers and students.

SOCIAL VALUE

Charley had to pretend she was a man in order to be able to drive a stage coach. Her only options as a widow were to get married again, or (since she had little formal education), to become a prostitute. Students should be encouraged to study women's rights, and to compare the status of women today with their status in the past.
The impact of the railroads also had social implications. Students should study the contributions of immigrants from China and Ireland in linking the East and West coasts by rail, and the importance of immigrants in other aspects American history.

In Legends, each character makes decisions which affect his or her life. Decisions made have long-term consequences in everyone's life. Teachers should discuss what students would have done if they were faced with the same decisions as Charley. They should also discuss what may have driven Black Bart to do what he did. How did the banking monopoly by Wells Fargo affect farmers and businessmen in the West? What was good about Wells Fargo? What was bad? What group would students most identify with if they lived 150 years ago? Would they be for law and order, like the detectives? Would they be highwaymen, robbing what they saw as evil big business? Or would they become vigilantes, get a rope and hang any highwaymen they came across?

INSTRUMENTATION AND CASTING

This musical drama is designed to be performed by school groups as well as professionals. To this end, the music is arranged for piano and voice. This will enable even the smallest high school or college to per-
form the play with limited problems, since the staging may also be as elaborate or as simple as the director chooses.

There are a minimum of twenty-one performers, including the pianist. Nine actors must be male, three female, and the remaining eight can be either. The chorus should include as many extra miners, drivers, saloon girls, vigilantes, and highwaymen as the director thinks are necessary. During scenes which call for highwaymen, vigilantes and detectives, females can play characters which are sympathetic to these groups' causes, even if they cannot play the parts directly.

During Act I Scene 3, four dancers and five instrumentalists are called for. These can be actors from the other scenes, or they can be extras. All vocal parts are written in treble clef, although the director is welcome to assign parts to men or women, depending on availability of talent.

Choreography can be employed for each song in the play, although it is mandatory for only Act I scene 3 (Charley's Dream). During Charley's Dream, five of the characters from the play can be used to play the percussion instruments. Complete liberty is to be taken with the choral parts during this scene, with the director changing timbre and ranges of the synthesizer at will, and using synthesized and live voices in any com-
bination to add to the dreamy quality of the scene.

STAGING AND COSTUMES

The staging for Legends should be as authentically Western as possible. In the scenes that call for stage coaches, a real live shakegut is recommended, although not required. The director should be aware that the 1850's in California were a hard time for most. Flashy costumes for all but the most well-to-do characters should be avoided.

For the dance sequence in Act I Scene 3, the choreographer should be given freedom to explore the intricacies of the polyrhythms in the musical score. There is no need for anything on stage at all. Instead, lighting, music and choreography should be the only elements involved. Five separate spotlights are recommended, one each for the four horses and Charley. If these are not available, the scene should begin with lights out, then gradually get brighter to the climax when all horses and Charley are synchronized in dance and music. As each horse leaves, the lights should be dimmed to black-out at the end of the scene.
CAST OF CHARACTERS

MALE:

CHARLES BOLTON (Lead): Alias Black Bart, the "Gentleman Robber." Bolton is a middle-aged man with grey hair, moustache and beard. He is refined and educated, and he has impeccable manners.

JIM BIRCH (Lead): The miner who founded the California Stage Company. A true Western man, Birch is less refined than Bolton, but intelligent in a down-to-earth sort of way.

HANK MONK (Lead): One of the best stagecoach drivers around, he is also a clown and a showoff. His favorite pastime is drinking large quantities of alcohol.

JOHN HUME (Lead): A poor boy from New York who comes West with his brother James to strike it rich. After limited success as a miner, he signs up with Wells Fargo as a detective and is assigned to the Black Bart case.

SHERIFF TOM THORN (Cameo): A no-nonsense lawman who will not compromise the law in any way. He eventually captures Black Bart.

REASON MC CONNELL (Lead): The driver who eventually helps capture Black Bart with the help of Jimmy Rolleri.
CHARLES DORSEY (Cameo): Highwayman. May be played by a female.

DOCTOR (Cameo): Charley's doctor, known as "Doc". May be played by a female.

JIMMY ROLLERI (Cameo): Young man who shoots Black Bart, leading to his capture. May be played by a female after changing name to Jennifer.

SAMUEL CLEMENS (Cameo): Alias Mark Twain. The famous white suited author as seen during his "Roughin' it" years.

VIGILANTE I (Cameo): Part may be covered by James Hume or a female actor.

VIGILANTE II (Cameo): Part may be covered by Cad Thompson or another female actor.

SHERIFF TOM CUNNINGHAM (Cameo): Sheriff who helps Tom Thorn collect clues leading to the capture of Black Bart. May be played by a female after changing name to Tammy.

JAMES HUME (Cameo): Young brother of John Hume, the Wells Fargo detective. May be played by a female after changing name to Jane.

DICK FELLOWS (Cameo): Highwayman. May be played by a female after changing name to Denise.

CHARLES DORSEY (Cameo): Highwayman. May be played by a female.

SAM SMITH (Cameo): Stagecoach driver.
BARTENDER (Cameo): May be played by a female.

FEMALE:

CHARLEY PARKHURST (Lead): Stagecoach driver who becomes known as the best driver in the West. Pretends to be a man so she can be a driver.

CAD THOMPSON (Lead): Madame with a "Cat House" in Virginia City. Likes Charley Parkhurst, not realizing that Charley is a woman in disguise.

ROSA MAY (Cameo): Young prostitute.

CHORUS:

Highwaypersons (sympathetic to highwaymen)
Vigilantes (want to hang highwaymen)
Detectives (want law to prevail)
Passersby
Stage passengers

CHARLEY'S DREAM (Act I Scene 4):

Charley
Chorus
Piano
Four Dancers (horses)
Five percussionists: Bongos (2)
Tom-Toms (2)
Bass Drum
Whip (or hand-claps)
High-hat
LEGENDS OF THE SHAKEGUTS

ACT I, SCENE 1:

(Curtain opens on a mining camp scene in the California gold fields, circa 1850. Miners are using various devices in their search for gold. There is a mine shaft stage left. Charles Bolton is down stage.)

(Suddenly there is a flash and loud explosion. Smoke issues from the mouth of the mine. Several miners, including Charles Bolton, dash to the mouth of the mine to offer assistance. Enter the Humes as Jim Birch staggers out of the mine, tattered and covered with soot. Birch moves down center, while others return to their "claims").

Birch (to the audience): There must be an easier way! (He moves to Bolton's claim and sits down near Bolton.)
Too much powder. (Bolton nods silently and offers Birch a cup of coffee. The Humes join Birch and Bolton.)

James Hume: Had a little excitement here today, heh gents?

James Hume: I'm James Hume, this here's my brother, John.

Bolton (standing and removing his derby): Charles Bolton at your service sirs. May I present Jim Birch?

Birch: Howdy, gentlemen. Where's home for you boys?

John Hume: We just arrived from New York. We're gonna strike it rich! We were wonderin' if the diggin's here 'bouts were provin' out?

Bolton: A man can scrape a living out of the soil here, and with fortune smiling on him, he can do a far sight bet-ter.

Birch: So, you boys are from New York. What would two such COS-MO-POL-Y-TAN gentlemen be doin' in this part of the world?

James Hume: Well, with eight brothers and sisters at home, our daddy kind of convinced us, in his own way, that farmin' wasn't for us. Minin's our true callin'!

John Hume: Yeah. Him bein' a strict Scots Presbyterian Fundamentalist, Daddy was real strong on chores around
the farm. In fact, the only break from work we ever got was church on Sundays. We figured anythin' was bound to be easier than farmin'.

James Hume: Or those pews!

Bolton: Did the two of you travel cross-country alone?

John Hume: Naw, we was hooked up with six other yokels. We was all gonna form our own minin' company when we got to Californy. But after Bob and Davy got themselves scalped in the Territories, the Oliver brothers lit a shuck back to New York with their tails between their legs. John and me knew we didn't have anyplace to go back to--our daddy made it clear not to come back without enough gold to choke a mule. So here we are.

Birch: We all got stories to tell. Take Charles here. Who would've thought such a' educated dandy would end up on the workin' end of a single jack? Tell 'em your story, Charles!

Bolton: My story is common enough. I'm married, and I have two charming daughters back east. My loving wife and I decided that I should come to California, make a fortune and return a rich man. Of course, after fifteen months of hard mining, I've barely made enough to live on. But I'm bound to strike the Mother Lode soon. At that time I plan on being reunited with my loved ones!

Jim Birch (shaking his head at the story): Hey Bolton! I'm packin' it in for a while. I thought I'd head into camp. Did you need anything from Hangtown?

Bolton: As a matter of fact, I was expecting some correspondence from my wife. If you can see your way to pick up my mail, I'll pay you an ounce of dust for your trouble.

Birch (surprised): You been holdin' out on us Charles? That's more color than I've seen in a month of Tuesdays! You got yourself a deal! (Continues to look at Bolton suspiciously.)

Bolton (quickly changing the subject. To the Humes: ) Yes, gentlemen, it seems that everyone back East dreams of coming to California and striking it rich. And, in all honesty, I have known a few who have been able to return to their loved ones in style, after hitting the big one. But most of the Forty-niners around here have little to show for their efforts besides blisters and backaches, or worse.
Birch: And even them that make a strike have to get their gold back to town for it to do them any good; and there's plenty of highwaymen on the roads to Hangtown. (Broods for a moment.) There's got to be an easier way for a man to make a livin', and by Jimminy, I'm gonna' find it!

OPPORTUNITIES

(THE HUMES)
WE LEFT NEW YORK AND THE HOME WE LOVED
FULL OF BROTHERS AND SISTERS
A MAN'S JUST GOT TO STRIKE OUT ON HIS OWN.
YOU'VE GOT TO MAKE YOUR LIFE YOUR OWN
YOU'VE GOT TO MAKE YOUR FORTUNE
YOU CAN'T STAY HOME FOREVER---
BESIDES OUT DADDY KICKED US OUT!

(THE HUMES AND SEVERAL MEMBERS OF CHORUS)
WE WERE KICKED OUT OF THE NEST.
WE DECIDED IT WAS BEST.
WE WANTED TO BE RICHER THAN THE REST

(ALL CHORUS)
WE'RE HERE IN SEARCH OF GOLD
THERE ISN'T MUCH WE'VE FOUND
OPPORTUNITIES ARE NOT BENEATH THE GROUND.

(BOLTON)
I MISS MY WIFE FEROICIOUSLY
BUT IT WAS BEST WE BOTH AGREED
I'M HERE IN EL DORADO IN SEARCH OF GOLD.
AND AS SOON AS I HAVE LINED MY PURSE
I'LL LEAVE THESE DESOLATE GOLD FIELDS
AND GO WAY BACK EAST TO ILLINOIS
WAY BACK EAST TO MY FAMILY.

(CHAORUS)

(BIRCH)
I'VE COME TO FIND MY FORTUNE HERE
THAT'S EASY TO ADMIT
THERE'S BEEN A LOT OF WORK INVOLVED
IN DIGGING IN THIS PIT. (Indicates mine shaft.)

THERE MUST BE AN EASIER WAY
THAN DIGGING IN THE GROUND
THERE MUST BE AN EASIER WAY
I'LL HAVE TO LOOK AROUND!
(GRADUALLY SLOWING)
I'LL TAKE BOLTON'S GOLD
AND THAT OF OTHER FELLAS
THEY'LL SCRATCH IT FROM THE GROUND AND
I'LL EARN IT ON THE WAY TO TOWN
BY PICKING UP THEIR MAIL.
I'LL TAKE A TEAM OF HORSES,
BUY MYSELF A WAGON,
AND BRING THE THINGS THEY CANNOT DO WITHOUT.

OPPORTUNITIES AREN'T ALL BENEATH THE GROUND.

Birch (to Bolton): Yes sir, Charles, I'll fetch your mail
and any other supplies you need...just hand over
that dust. (Calls to others.) Any of you boys need
supplies from town? I'll make a run for you cheap!
Just an ounce of gold! (Others give Birch money and
gold dust for supplies. Birch winks at the audience.)
I just found an easier way!

(End of ACT I SCENE 1)
ACT I, SCENE 2:

(Saloon interior. Jim Birch and Charles Bolton are seated together.)

James Birch: I finally found my fortune!

Bolton: Struck it rich in the gold fields, did you Jim?

Birch: Yep, but not by diggin' or pannin' for it. I'm gettin' my gold by bringin' supplies and mail to the miners. Business is so good that I need more drivers!

Bolton: Drivers?

Birch: You see, I've turned this venture into a tidy little business. I'm calling it the "California Stage Company." I've sent for the finest reinsmen in the East!

(Enter a group of drivers: Charley Parkhurst, Hank Monk, Sam Smith, Reason McConnell and others.)

Bolton: Judging from the appearance of this group of strangers, I'm inclined to believe that your drivers have arrived.

Birch (standing and moving to the group): Welcome to California. I know all of you by reputation but I don't know your faces. I want to be able to put a handle on the mug, so to speak. Which of you is Sam Smith? (Sam steps out from the group.) Where is Hank Monk? (Hank clowns a curtsy.) And Charley Parkhurst? (Charley steps up and shakes hands with Birch.)

Hank Monk (sarcastically to Charley): So, you're the best driver in Rhode Island, huh? Well, Rhode Island's such a little state, maybe that accounts for them little hands.

Charley (menacingly--not intimidated at all): Anytime you want to see how small my hands are close-up-like Hank, you just name the time and place.

Birch: Now, boys, let's save that fightin' spirit for the job you all hired on to do. There's a herd of wild mustangs I've been scoutin' over in Box Canyon. For the next two weeks, we're gonna be breakin' horseflesh to add to the California Line's stock. I have a feeling that with you men in the boxes, the California Stage Company will be the best in the state.
Birch (to Bolton): Care to join in the fun, Charles?

Bolton: I've never been partial to horses, Jim. They are silly beasts given to foolish behavior. I never ride the brutes myself.

Birch: Well, with drivers like Hank Monk and Charley Parkhurst, you don't really have to worry none about gettin' from one place to the other. Just take the California Stage wherever you want to go!

Bolton: Curiosity prompts me to inquire: How do you plan to make wild horses pull those coaches of yours? And what exactly is "breaking" a horse? It seems senseless to "break" something you are planning to use! (Drivers laugh loudly, making fun of the "dandy".)

Birch: Let's tell him, boys!

(During the song, drivers mimic the capture and breaking of the wild mustangs, with other choreography as appropriate.)

LEGENDS OF THE SHAKEGUTS

IT TAKES A TEAM OF FOUR OR SIX,
WE CATCH THE WILD MUSTANGS,
THEY'RE TIED UP SHORT AND LEFT TO FIGHT--
THEY BREAK THEMSELVES THAT WAY.

SLAP THIRTY POUNDS OF HARNESS ON,
THEN HITCH THEM TO A WAGON,
POINT THEM IN THE SAME DIRECTION--
HELL-BENT FOR ELECTION!

IT'S A DIRTY, DUSTY TRAIL,
THERE'S DANGER ROUND EACH BEND,
THE DRIVERS KEEP THE TEAMS A-GOING
WELL PAST TWILIGHT'S END.

THE DRIVERS ARE THE VERY BEST,
LEGENDS IN EVERY WAY.
THEIR NAMES WILL SHINE IN HISTORY
FOREVER FROM THIS DAY!

RED BUNTING--KNOWN FOR SPEED,
THE PIKE BOYS--FOR THEIR NERVE,
FRANK STEVENS AND JARED CRANDALL,
HANK MONK OUT OF GENOA!
WARREN HALL, LOUIS MC LANE,
THEY DRIVE THE SHAKE GUTS THROUGH THE WEST
CHARLEY PARKHURST, BEST OF ALL
OUTLASTING ALL THE REST--

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A MILE--
MEALS NOT INCLUDED.
NINE PASSENGERS ARE JAMMED INSIDE
AND NINE MORE ON THE TOP.

HOT COFFEE, BEANS AND BACON
AWAIT THE TIRED INSIDE.
THESE COACHES RIDE ALL THROUGH THE WEST
CALIFORNIA'S PRIDE!

CHORUS

(At the end of the song, the drivers pat each other on the
back and Jim Birch buys a round of drinks.)

Birch (lifting a shot glass, proposes a toast): To the
California Stage Company--and the best drivers in the
West! (All cheer and raise their glasses, etc.)

Charley (to Birch): We have a practice back East of rolling
dice for a drink or a cigar. (Charley takes out a pair
of dice). What do you say? Are you game?

Birch: Sure. I'll give 'er a go.

Charley (rolls dice): Ten!

Birch (rolls): You win! (Pours another drink.)

Charley: Thank you, sir. (Sips drink.) How about rolling
for a cigar this time?

Birch: You can't be lucky all the time. I'll give 'er an-
other go!

(Charley rolls--Birch rolls--others laugh and cheer with de-
light as Charley wins again. Charley takes the cigar and
lights it.)

Birch: You are a lucky man.

Charley: Thanks for the cigar. (Charley joins the other
drivers at a table down stage).

Birch (joining them): Well, boys, we need to turn in so we
can get an early start in the morning. See you at sun-
up.

(Hank and Charley remain on stage while others exit. Char-
ley smokes cigar while Hank observes.)

Hank: You're a strange one, Charley.

Charley: You're pretty different yourself.

Hank (proudly): Yeah, I'm unique! But there's something
about you that doesn't quite fit.

Charley: Is that so?

Hank: Yeah. For one thing, your hands are too small. And
your voice is too high, and you are the smoothest
shavin' man I ever did see!

Charley: That's three things. What are you gettin' at?

Hank: Well, take the way you handle that cigar. Real ten-
der like. And the way you talk to the team. Far too
gentle. Why, I've never heard you cuss those dad-
blamed critters even when they deserved it. Shoot, you
never cuss at all!

Charley (getting nervous): What about it? It ain't like
horses understand cuss words anyhow!

Hank: You're just too polite. It ain't normal for a man to
be so polite. A real man's got to cuss ever' once in a
while. A real man... (Studies Charley carefully.)
That's it! Now I got it! You ain't a real man...
Why you ain't a man at all!

Charley: What are you talkin' about Hank Monk? Sounds like
the whiskey's got the best of you tonight.

Hank: No. It takes a heap of liquor to get me drunk. Be-
sides, the very idea of it is enough to sober me up no
matter how much I've had to drink!

Charley: If you can talk like this and think you're sober
then all I can figure is you've been at the locoweed.

Hank: I'm not loco, but I am amazed! A woman drivin' a
stagecoach! A female controlling the raw power of six
horses at a gallop! It's the most unbelievable thing
I've ever heard of.
Charley: You're absolutely right, Hank. No one in his right mind would even consider it possible. People would say you've been liquored up so long your mind has snapped.

Hank (scratching his chin and pondering Charley's words): Shoot, you're right. No one would ever believe a woman was drivin' for the California Stage Company. (Joking-ly.) Maybe for Wells Fargo, but not for us.

Charley: So what are you going to tell the other drivers?

Hank (giving Charley a long look): Well, I couldn't tell anybody that Charley Parkhurst is a woman stagecoach driver. There ain't no such thing. They'd take me for a drunk... or worse... a crazy man. This is one secret I wouldn't dare tell.

Charley: That makes good sense to me... Thanks, Hank!

Hank: Don't thank me. I'm not keepin' this a secret for you. I just don't want, folks to lock me up and throw away the key. That's what I hear they do when they figure you lost your mind.

Charley: No, Hank. You misunderstand me. Thank you for not making me shoot you. You know full well that I wouldn't be able to allow you to insult me by callin' me a woman. Thank you for helpin' me stay to my limit.

Hank: Your limit?

Charley: Yeah. I had to shoot a man a few weeks ago, just West of St. Louis. Shootin' you would have put me over my quota of one a month. Also, it would have been a shame to shoot one of Birch's boys so soon after his arrival, especially one with as good a reputation as you got!

Hank (as he gets up to leave): You goin' to bed, Charley?

Charley: Beds always give me nightmares. All that soft fluff ain't for me! I'll bed down right here. (Takes out a bed roll and puts it in the corner. Hank leaves as the lights dim and Charley lies down.)

(End of ACT I SCENE 2)
ACT I, SCENE 3:

CHARLEY'S DREAM

(Dance Scene)

(Charley is asleep on a bedroll as he begins to dream. A mirror ball, strobos and black lights can be used for the dream effect. Choreographers, musicians and dancers should feel free to ad lib as much as they would like during this scene.)

(The musical score calls for five percussionists, piano and chorus. Synthesizers may be used in addition to or in place of the chorus. If a chorus is used, it should be placed where it cannot be seen. If a synthesizer is used, the keyboardist should feel free to change timbre at will to build the tension in the chorus parts. Percussion parts may be played by any cast members [besides Charley] who have sufficient musical training.)

(Four dancers representing wild horses come onto stage one at a time dressed in unitards with haltars and tail optional. Each horse has its own rhythm which allows for individual routines. Charley leaves his bedroll and approaches the horses.)

(The dancers emulate horses running, jumping, kicking, etc. After a while, Charley begins to take control of the horses. The whip cracks, followed by Charley's shouts of "Git along my beauties!" "You Jake, git!" "Git aeoup!" "Git Mack!" and other appropriate exclamations. [If there is not a musical whip available, hand claps will work].)

(As Charley takes complete control of the team, the choreography should become completely synchronized between the four horses, just as the melodies, harmonies and rhythm in the music is synchronized.)

(After a time of synchronicity, Charley walks back to the bedroll. The horses leave one at a time, in the opposite order in which they came. As they leave, they revert only partially to their initial wild routines. As the final horse leaves, lights dim to blackout, coinciding with the final high hat rhythm.)

(End of ACT I SCENE 3)
ACT I, SCENE 4:

(Charley is seated in the box of a coach, down center. The lines are suspended above the audience creating the illusion that the stage is being driven toward the audience. Passengers concealed in the stage include Samuel Langhorn Clemens [alias Mark Twain], and Rosa May. Suddenly the stage is stopped by a highwayman who jumps out stage right.)

Highwayman: Pull 'em up there! Pull up now! (Charley reins in the team and pushes the brake on with his right foot.) Drop that treasure box over the side!

Charley: Now, don't get nervous there, son. I'm gettin' it! (Charley reaches down as if for the treasure box, but comes up with a rifle instead. Charley shoots the highwayman, who falls down dead on a flat. Charley picks up the reins and calls to his team): Giddaoup, my beauties! This road will be safer for honest folks now! (Turns to his passengers): And don't you be worryin' back there, either. Everythin's just fine!

(The flat with the body is pulled off upper stage right to give the appearance of the coach's forward motion. After short time of peaceful driving, the sun begins to rise as the introduction to WONDERFUL LIFE begins.)

WONDERFUL LIFE

IT'S A WONDERFUL TIME TO BE ALIVE,
WHAT A WONDERFUL LIFE FOR A MAN,
WITH THE REINS OF FOUR PONIES, IN CONTROL
AND A SHOTGUN IN THE OTHER HAND!

IN THIS WORLD I'M MAKIN' MY OWN WAY
WITH THE FREEDOM THAT WAS GIVEN TO ME,
IN THE WEST YOU CAN LIVE LIFE TO THE FULLEST,
IT IS THE LIFE OF THE STRONG AND THE FREE!

IN THIS WORLD I'M PAVING MY OWN WAY,
EARNING THE RESPECT I AM DUE.
IT'S A GREAT TIME TO BE ALIVE,
A TIME OF OPPORTUNITY--
AND DISCOVERY.

IT TAKES A MAN TO FACE THE DANGERS,
YOU'VE GOT TO BE RUGGED AND TOUGH.
WHEN YOU'RE SITTING IN THE DRIVER'S SEAT,
YOU ARE BOUND TO HAVE EXCITEMENT ENOUGH!

11
I'M LIVING THE LIFE THAT I CHOOSE TO,
FACING CHALLENGES FROM DAY TO DAY.
I'M LIVING MY LIFE TO THE FULLEST
IT IS THE LIFE OF THE STRONG AND THE FREE.

(REPEAT CHORUS TWICE)

IN THIS WORLD I'M PAVING MY OWN WAY,
EARNING THE RESPECT I AM DUE,
IN THE WEST, PEOPLE MAKE THEIR OWN WAY--
ANYTHING IS POSSIBLE FOR THIS MAN'S MAN.
ANYTHING IS POSSIBLE FOR THIS MAN'S MAN.

(As the lights come up, it can be seen that the stage is
coming into town. The depot manager enters stage left and
takes the lines from Charley. The coach is moved sideways
on stage and back center to allow passengers to off load.
Sets should give the appearance that the coach has entered
Virginia City, Nevada. There is a saloon entrance down
right--"The Bucket of Blood". Passersby enter and begin
to greet passengers who have been concealed in the coach
during the solo. Some townspeople have come to gawk at the
incoming passengers. Charley steps down from the coach and
begins helping passengers down. Cad Thompson, the local
madam, approaches.)

Cad: Mornin' Charley ... Did you take care of my precious
cargo?
Charley: Ma'am, I always take care of the cargo, no matter
what the value.

(A fifteen-year-old prostitute, Rosa May, steps out of the
coach. She is helped down from the coach by two young men
who have come to watch the stage's arrival. Cad motions
her over.)

Cad (cooing): Here she is. Here is my precious cargo now.
Rosa May, this here is Charley Parkhurst.
Rosa May: Glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. Parkhurst.

Charley: The pleasure is mine, Miss May.

Cad (flirting with Charley): Well Charley, now that you've
met Rosa May, why not come over to the house for a
"visit"? You know you're always welcome, (She snuggles
up to Charley.) and you still haven't taken advantage
of my "hospitality." I know a lot of my girls would
love to entertain the finest reinsman in the West--and
that goes for me too!
Charley (nervously): Well, uh, I appreciate the invite ma'am, but, uh, I've got to, ah, see to the team.

Cad: Well Charley, the girls and I will be glad to see you, whenever you get tired of the company of those fool horses.

(Cad and Rosa exit through the doors of a saloon. Sam Clemens, in white suit, descends from the coach. Charley looks up.)

Charley: Well, Mr. Clemens, how was your ride?

Clemens: Most tedious Mr. Parkhurst, most tedious. I don't believe that I have ever heard the same story told in so many ways so many times.

Charley: Which story is that, sir?

Clemens: It is the story of Hank Monk driving Horace Greely to speak here in Virginia City.

Charley: Yes sir, I reckon that is the best known story in these here parts.

Clemens: Every man, woman and child seems to know the story by heart and insists upon sharing it with me at every opportunity. I calculate that I've heard it 880 times since crossing the Mississippi. It certainly seemed to stretch out the miles on this journey.

Charley: Folks are proud of Hank around here. He's a fine reinsman, and a showman to boot. Why, Hank brings the team into town at a smart trot most every time. If the footing is good, he'll drive 'em in at a full gallop.

Clemens: That may well be, but I don't need a show-off putting my life in danger just to put on a spectacle for the locals. Over all, I believe I was much safer in your charge. The way you calmly shot that highwayman suggests a man who is in complete control of any situation.

Charley: Well, I thank you for your vote of confidence, Mr. Clemens! You have a good stay here in Virginia City! The best hotel in town is right down the street. It's called the Golden Spike.

Clemens: Thank you. It looks, however, as though I'll be roughin' it. (Clemens exits through saloon doors. Charley begins to tend to the harness as Bolton enters.)
Bolton: Pardon me; I'm Charles Bolton. I have been observing you for several minutes now.

Charley: Yes sir, Mr. Bolton, we've met. You're Jim's friend aren't you? You say you've been OBSERVING me? (Pause, then with a grin): Ya see anything interestin'?

Bolton: Perhaps. People are not always what they seem.

Charley (a little apprehensive this time): Is that so? You appear to be a gentleman. Are you trying to tell me that ain't so?

Bolton: I believe that I am more a gentleman than you.

Charley (stunned): Ain't nothing wrong with my manners.

Bolton: I was addressing your manners, my friend.

Charley: I don't believe I understand your meaning, FRIEND.

Bolton: You are too gentle with your horses and too polite to Cad Thompson and her lady friend. You are not a gentleman because you are not a man.

Charley: You must be loco! This is the second time in two months that someone has insulted me like this! You take back what you said, or go for your gun!

Bolton: As you can plainly see, I wear no gun. But I assure you, Charley, that I am not trying to insult you. In fact, if the truth be known, I admire you greatly. However, I am not so easily dissuaded from the truth as is your friend Hank Monk. (Charley looks alarmed.) Oh, yes. I overheard your conversation with our flamboyant--though somewhat inebriated--friend. But I assure you once again, your secret is safe with me. In fact, we both have secrets to protect, and since I know yours, it is only fair that you should know mine!

Charley: You sure are doin' a lot of assurin' today. But you needn't bother. I ain't protectin' nothin'.

Bolton: Not any longer. Not from me. I admire your determination to live the life you've chosen. Few men can handle a team the way you do, and far fewer women would even consider the idea!

Charley: You said we both have secrets. What's yours?

Bolton: I am sure you have already guessed.
-Charley (thoughtfully): You said people aren't always what they appear. Well, you appear to be a respectable, refined gentleman with fine breeding. My guess is you ain't none of them things. Why, you're probably a no-account, murderin' thief!

Bolton: I assure you, I am not a murderer.

Charley: A thief, then. (Realization strikes.) You are a thief!

Bolton: It seems an equitable trade. Your secret for mine. I am, as you guessed, a thief. We also have something in common—stagecoaching!

Charley: Why, you're a no-account highwayman! And here I stand talkin' to the likes of you. For all I know, you could be Black Bart himself! (Bolton is silent. Charley sits down to collect her thoughts.)

Bolton: Very perceptive. I must attribute this to your woman's intuition. (Sits next to Charley.)

Charley: If this don't beat all. I suppose you think you can find out from me when the next shipment of gold is goin out? Well, you're sorely mistaken, mister.

Bolton: No, Charley, I have no intention of using you badly. I merely wished to make your acquaintance. I have not been able to share the dark side of my life with anyone before. It feels better, somehow, to let someone else know.

Charley: What are we goin' to do about this? I should turn you in. Yeah, that's it, I could shoot you where you stand and bring in the body to Wells Fargo. I hear that John Hume's joined that bunch of detectives and that he's in charge of the Black Bart investigation. He's offerin' a re-ward for your capture, dead or alive!

Bolton: If you were inclined to turn me in for the reward, you would have been calling to those folks in the saloon to help capture me a long time ago. The only other alternative is to shoot me, and I know that your sense of honor would never allow you to shoot an unarmed man.

No, Charley. You won't turn me in any more than I will tell anyone about you. I admire what you've done. Just as you admire, in your own way, what I have done in my "profession".

15
Charley (chuckling): You have kept those Wells Fargo detectives chasin' their tails for a spell, I'll give you that. But what you do is wrong! Somebody should stop you.

Bolton (laughing): People have been trying to catch Black Bart for years. I am sure that sooner or later they will catch up with me, but in the meantime, I'm having a grand time leading those Wells Fargo detectives around by their pompous noses!

It is you, Charley, who I worry about. What eventually happens to me will be at least a form of justice—in the legal sense. But if YOUR secret ever got out...

Charley: But I'm a good driver. One of the best!

Bolton (with admiration): No, Charley. You are THE best! (Takes Charley's hand.)

Charley (pulling her hand gently away): Nobody can take that away from me.

Bolton: They can, and will, if they ever find out you are a woman. (Takes her hand again.) And you are a woman, Charley. An exceptional woman. (While admiring her hand): The finest hands in the West.

Charley (looking away): They won't find out. Will They?

Bolton: Not from my lips. I told you, your secret is safe with me.

Charley (turning away slightly): What do you want from me?

Bolton: Only your trust, and your friendship. People with secrets can get very lonely, don't you agree?

Charley (gazing at Bolton): That's true enough. I reckon we can be friends. I have no choice but to trust you. You can trust me, too. Nobody will hear your secret from me. I have no reason to love Wells Fargo any more than ninety percent of the farmers around. And I guess as long as you stick to Wells Fargo runs, you and I won't have to worry about runnin' into each other "professionally".

Bolton (kissing her hand tenderly): Thank you, Charley... Such a dainty hand for a stagecoach driver. May I escort you inside now? (They pause, gazing into each other's eyes.)
Charley (pulling her hand away and nervously wiping it on her pants): As long as we don't make too much show of it! (smiles) Wouldn't Hank Monk be mortified if he knew who I was keepin' company with tonight?

Bolton (smiling back): Don't make too much show of it.
(They enter saloon as scene ends.)

(End of ACT I SCENE 4)
Act I, SCENE 5:

(Interior saloon. Groups of patrons seated at tables or standing at the bar include the highwaymen, the vigilantes and the detectives. Samuel Clemens is seated, reading a newspaper.)

Clemens (calling to bartender): I see that the infamous Black Bart robbed a Wells Fargo Stage near here.

Hank: Just days ago as a matter of fact.

Clemens: An interesting character. What do you know about him?

Charley: The driver of that coach came through here just after the hold up. He said that devil jumped in front of the lead team, fired a sawed-off, double-barrel shotgun, spooked the horses, and brought the coach to a stop.

Clemens: What does Black Bart look like?

Charley (looking at Bolton): Nobody knows. He wears a flour sack mask over his head, with holes cut out for his eyes, nose and mouth.

Reason: And he wears heavy boot socks over his shoes to disguise his tracks.

Hank: He's crafty, all right. He's been robbing coaches all over Northern California for years.

Thorne: I'd like to capture that one.

Hank: I bet you would, Sheriff!

Reason: That driver was real spooked. He claimed that Black Bart was thirteen feet tall. 'Course, that can't be true.

Thorne: Black Bart wears a white linen duster that covers him from his shoulders to his boots. That, topped off with the flour-sack mask makes him look about six feet tall. My friend here (indicating John Hume) can tell you much more about Black Bart.

Hume: Well, after the Eureka robbery, I hired three Indian trackers. We were able to follow him inland to the Eel River where he stopped at the McCreary farm and had lunch and conversation with Mrs. McCreary. She described him as a white-haired gentleman with a bushy,
white moustache.

Hank (interrupting): Like yours, detective? (Everyone laughs.)

Hume (glaring at Hank): She also told me that her guest had cut slits in the sides of his boots to ease his bunions.

Thorne: That makes sense. The way we figure it, Black Bart has kept us stumped for so long partly because he travels on foot to do his jobs.

Hank Monk: On Foot! You mean to tell us that you fancy-pants lawmen can't catch an old man who robs stage-coaches all over California and escapes on foot?

Thorne: He happens to be an expert mountain man. Why, he has been known to travel sixty miles a day over rougher terrain than the best pony could ever cover!

Hume: It appears that Black Bart does not look at all like a highwayman. In fact Mrs. McCreary insisted that the gentleman she entertained was a traveling preacher.

Reason: I suppose the drivers and passengers of Wells Fargo are members of his congregation. (Laughs from other Vigilantes and a few customers.)

Hank: They sure have a funny way of sayin' their prayers! (He puts his hands up in the air, hold up fashion--more laughs.)

Bolton (chuckling): And they make the most generous donations!

Cad Thompson: Here now! You're making light of the most bloodthirsty villain in California. Scores of people have suffered at his hands.

Charley: Well, actually, he has never harmed a single soul.

Hume (to Charley): Excuse me sir, but I beg to differ. His crimes have been detrimental to hundreds of citizens. He steals the United States Mail. Need I remind you, that's a Federal offense?

Clemens (to Hume): You seem quite an expert on the subject of this villain. May I inquire as to your name, sir?

Hume: I am John Hume, special detective for Wells Fargo and Company. I have been on the trail of Black
Bart for quite some time.

Hank: "Quite some time", huh? What'cha been waitin' for?

Dick Fellows (highwayman): While you've been prancing around the countryside looking for that old man; fine, upstanding folks like us (indicates other highwaymen) have been losin' fortunes because of him.

Charles Dorsey (highwayman): Yeah! I reckon Black Bart has stolen millions in Wells Fargo gold. Not to mention the losses of the passengers.

Thorne: As a matter of fact, he does not rob the passengers. One lady at the Trinity robbery tossed her handbag out the window of the coach right at Black Bart's feet. He picked it up, dusted it off, handed it back to her with a bow, and declared: "Madame, I am not interested in your purse, only that which is Wells Fargo's."

Hume: Yes, and it is also true that Black Bart has not made off with much. Most of the treasure boxes he takes contain only a few hundred dollars at most. But he is still a thief, and I vow to bring him to justice.

Dick Fellows: Whoa now! You mean that Black Bart is an old man who steals a few dollars here and there, never harms anybody, and then makes off on foot?

Charles Dorsey (smiling): And this dangerous villain has been side-stepping Wells Fargo's finest for years.

Hume: I assure you, Wells Fargo always gets its man. Black Bart will be brought to justice and he will serve hard time for his criminal deeds.

Charles Dorsey: When?

Dick Fellows (sarcastically): Yeah! How long will the likes of Black Bart be terrorizing decent folks like us on California's roads?

Charles Dorsey: I know I'll not feel safe until that villain is behind bars.

Vigilante 1: Why waste jail space on such scoundrels? I say let's string 'em up.

Vigilante 2: Yeah! And bring along plenty of rope. Did ya hear what they did when they caught up with Curry, Al-
len and Hall in the Black Hills country?

Vigilante 1: Them no accounts took part in the Canyon Springs killing and robbery. The miners left a touching tribute on a board over their common grave. (He removes his hat, and places it over his heart in a sarcastic eulogy):

Here lies the body of Allen, Curry and Hall.
Like other thieves they had their rise decline and fall;
On yon pine tree they hung till dead,
And here they found a lonely bed.

We're bound to stop this business,
Or hang you to a man,
For we've hemp and hands enough in town
To hang the whole damn clan.

Reason McConnell: I hear Black Bart is quite a poet himself.

Hume: I'm not sure we should consider his messages poetry, but he has been known to leave a doggerel in a treasure box or two.

Dick Fellows: Give us an example.

Hume: When he stopped the Point Arena stagecoach on the Redwood Coast, he left behind this quatrain:

I've labored long and hard for bred
For honors and for riches,
But on my corns too long you've tred
You fine haired Sons of Bitches.

It was signed, "Black Bart, the PO 8." (Hume draws a figure eight in the air for clarity.) Nearly one year later, he left behind two more stanzas.

Here I lay me down to sleep
To await the coming morrow.
Perhaps success, perhaps defeat
And everlasting sorrow.

Let come what will, I'll try it on
My condition can't be worse,
And if there's money in that box,
'Tis money in my purse.

Clemens: Perhaps Black Bart will be hanged for his poetry, but he seems to be one of the country's more harmless
Bolton: Perhaps Black Bart believes Wells Fargo to be the villain.

Clemens: How So?

Bolton: Many people are irate about the monopoly Wells Fargo holds in transportation and mail service, not to mention the banking interest.

Cad Thompson: Sure! Maybe Wells Fargo foreclosed on Black Bart's homestead and left him destitute with a wife and family. That story is more and more common these days.

Dick Fellows: Wells Fargo has definitely become a monopoly. That sure ain't the American way.

Charles Dorsey: Yeah! Where's the justice in that?

Vigilante 1: I still say, the best way to deal with the problem is to lynch the scoundrels.

Charles Dorsey: Which scoundrels are you talking about? The Highwaymen or Wells Fargo?

(Argument heats up.)

Thorne: How can you put Wells Fargo in the same category as highwaymen?

Dick Fellows: Seems to us that robbery is robbery. What's the difference? Both are taking what belongs to honest, hardworking citizens.

Charley: There's one difference. The highwaymen use guns.

Thorne: Wells Fargo is a law abiding institution, whatever Black Bart or other highwaymen believe. They've taken nothing from honest folks.

Hank Monk: You mean a big banking firm like Wells Fargo has never foreclosed on a mortgage?

Charles Dorsey (sarcastically): And maybe it's not a monopoly keeping other people from competing with them in transporting passengers or mail?

(Music begins.)

Vigilante 1: O.K., I'm beginning to see the road agents' point of view. But the law's the law, and we have to
hang those who break it. That's justice.

Dick Fellows: But what of the man who has to feed his family? What if he has no way to pay the mortgage on his farm? Where's the justice in that situation? Sometimes a man's got no choice.

JUSTICE

HIGHWAYMEN:

STAND AND DELIVER,
THROW DOWN THE BOX,
THAT'S WHAT WE USUALLY SAY.
THE MORE WELLS FARGO TAKES FROM OUR KIN,
MAKES IT EASIER EVERYDAY.

STAND AND DELIVER,
UP WITH YOUR HANDS,
THAT'S WHAT WE DEMAND.
THESE BANK FIRMS OWE US PLENTY
FOR THE DIRTY DEEDS THEY'VE DONE.

(actors glower and appear to threaten each other)

(VIGILANTES)

LYNCH 'EM,
LET'S HANG 'EM,
SWIFT JUSTICE THAT'S OUR WAY.
A LENGTH OF ROPE AND OFF WE'LL LOPE
WILL CATCH THOSE DOGS OUR WAY.

PROTECTING LIVES AND PROPERTY
FROM SCOUNDRELS ON THE ROAD.
WE'LL MAKE THIS LAND A DECENT PLACE
FOR MAN AND FAMILY.

HANG 'EM, HANG 'EM,
HANG 'EM HIGH, HANG 'EM HIGH.

(actors are threatening each other and detectives are restraining the vigilantes)

(DETECTIVES)

JUSTICE -- JUSTICE
HOLD ON NOW! A MAN HAS LEGAL RIGHTS.
A TRIAL, A LAWYER, A JURY OF HIS PEERS
MUST DECIDE HIS FATE.
THIS GREAT LAND PROTECTS INNOCENTS
NOW THAT'S THE AMERICAN WAY.
PUNISHMENT MUST MATCH THE CRIME --
REST ASSURED HE'LL SERVE HIS TIME.

VIGILANTES (Struggling to get to the Highwaymen):

HANG 'EM, HANG 'EM, HANG 'EM HIGH
SWIFT JUSTICE THAT'S OUR WAY,
WE'LL MAKE THOSE VILLIANS PAY.

HANG 'EM, HANG 'EM, HANG 'EM HIGH
WE'LL TAKE A LENGTH OF ROPE
AND OFF WE'LL LOPE
WE'LL CATCH THOSE THIEVES TODAY.

GET A ROPE, STRING 'EM UP!
THEY'LL NOT GET AWAY
GET A ROPE, STRING 'EM UP!
WE GUARANTEE WE'LL MAKE THEM PAY.

GET A ROPE, STRING 'EM UP!
JUSTICE WILL BE DONE.
WE'LL HAVE A LITTLE SHOOT 'EM UP
AND THEN WE'LL STRING 'EM UP.

(HIGHWAYMEN)

STAND AND DELIVER
THROW DOWN THE BOX
THAT'S HOW IT USUALLY STARTS

TAKE A COLLECTION
FROM PASSENGERS
THEY EXPECT IT ANYWAY.

WITH A FULL TREASURE BOX AND FAT MAIL SACKS
WE'VE PLANNED OUR ESCAPE AND WE'LL SHOW THEM OUR BACKS
THE FORCES OF LAW AND ORDER
WILL NOT STOP THESE HIGHWAYMEN.
WILL NOT STOP THESE HIGHWAYMEN.

(Vigilantes I):

GET A ROPE, STRING EM' UP, THEY'LL NOT GET AWAY
GET A ROPE, STRING EM' UP, WE GUARANTEE THEY'LL PAY!

GET A ROPE, STRING EM' UP, JUSTICE WILL BE DONE
GET A ROPE, STRING EM' UP, HANG EM EVERY ONE!
(Finale.)

(Vigilantes II):
HANG EM', HANG EM', HANG EM' HIGH!

(Detectives):
JUSTICE, JUSTICE, HOLD ON NOW,
MEN HAVE LEGAL RIGHTS.
JUSTICE, JUSTICE, JUSTICE WILL BE DONE.
JUSTICE, JUSTICE, MEN HAVE LEGAL RIGHTS!

(Highwaymen):
STAND AND DELIVER, THROW DOWN THE BOX.
STAND AND DELIVER, JUSTICE WILL BE DONE!

(All)
JUSTICE!

(Scene ends with all three groups fighting and yelling at each other. Finale has four distinct groups all singing different parts in counterpoint. They end on the consensus of JUSTICE, although all have reached their own opinion of what that entails. For the final shout "JUSTICE!" everyone stops fighting and lifts their fists to yell, with immediate black out and curtain.)

(End of ACT I SCENE 5)

CURTAIN
INTERMISSION
ACT II, SCENE 1:
(Doctor's office. Doctor is giving Charley an examination. Charley does not remove her shirt for the exam.)

Doc: Charley, you are the most modest man I have ever seen. It's not easy to examine a fella's back without removing his shirt. (Pause.) Well, Charley, those years of driving stage have caught up with you. That pain in your lower back is due to sciatic rheumatism.

Charley: What about my sore mouth? (Doc looks at Charley's mouth.)

Doc: That, my friend, you can blame on chewing tobacco.

Charley: Looks like it's time to retire and give up one of life's little pleasures as well. My tobbaccee has always been a pleasant vice. Why, most of the time I can tell how rough a road is 'cause of my tobbaccee!

Doc: How's that?

Charley: When the road's a real rough one, I chew more than usual.

(Doc and Charley move out of the office to the street. Other men are in the area.)

Doc: Well, you pay for that habit now, Charley.

Charley: Yep. Time to seriously consider givin' up my chewin' tobbaccee, and take up... smokin' cigars! (Charley crosses stage.)

Hank: Hey Charley! How're you doin'?

Charley: I'm facin' some changes in my lifestyle, Hank!

Hank: Whatcha mean?

Charley: Well, I'll be retirin' from drivin' and givin' up my chew!

Reason (along with others—in wonder): Naw! You're kid-din'! How come?

Charley: All those years settin' in the box took their toll on my back, boys. It's time I gave it up.

Hank: I wouldn't feel too bad about it, Charley. Stage-
coaching is almost done in anyway.

Reason: Yeah. The railroad will soon put us drivers out of business altogether.

Cad: If the tracks don't come through town I'll be out of business too. My girls and I won't have any guests!

Hank (to Charley): Just as well to quit drivin' before drivin' - quits you.

Charley: I reckon so. I'll miss takin' control of a team, but I believe I'll miss tobbaccee even more.

Reason: I hear you, Charley. There sure is somethin' special about that weed.

Cad: I've always admired folks that chew, but I'd never dare indulge myself.

Hank (looking at Charley): Yes, ma'am. It sure ain't somethin' ladies are allowed to do.

(Song centers around spittoons and cuspidors. Actors dance with cuspidors and swing them as in a square dance. One possibility is to uses a cigar store Indian, or an actor dressed as one, as a centerpiece for this number. The stage could be "smoked" from the base of the Indian.)

TOBBACCEE

CHEWIN' TOBBACCEE MAKES YOU FEEL SO FIT,
CHEWIN' TOBBACCEE, OF COURSE YOU HAVE TO SPIT.
CHEWIN' TOBBACCEE TASTES SO FINE,
CHEWIN' TOBBACCEE, I DO IT ALL THE TIME.

CHEWIN' TOBBACCEE, CHEW IT WHEN YOU'RE BORED.
CHEWIN' TOBBACCEE, OF COURSE YOU'LL WANT SOME MORE,
CHEWIN' TOBBACCEE, SMELLS SO FINE,
CHEWIN' TOBBACCEE, I DO IT ALL THE TIME.

BULL DURHAM AND RED MAN SURE TASTE SWEET,
TRY A TWIST OR A PLUG--CAN'T BE BEAT!
WHEN I FEEL NERVOUS, I CHEW MORE AND QUICK,
CHEWIN' TOBBACCEE, CAN'T BEAT IT WITH A STICK.

(Chorus)
SING TOBBACCEE, TOBBACCEE,
JUST AIM FOR THE SHINY SPITTOON!
TOBBACCEE, TOBBACCEE,
HIT THE CUSPIDOR BUT DO NOT HIT THE FLOOR!

THE INJUN'S WERE FIRST TO USE THAT SPECIAL WEED,
BUT ALONG COME THE WHITE MAN WHO FELT THAT SAME NEED.
SOON THOSE IN EUROPE AND AMERICA TOO, &
AGREED THAT TOBBACCEE WAS THE THING TO DO!

BULL DURHAM AND RED MAN SURE TASTE SWEET,
TRY A CHEW OR A PLUG--CAN'T BE BEAT!
WHEN I FEEL NERVOUS, I CHEW MORE AND QUICK,
CHEWIN' TOBBACCEE, CAN'T BE BEAT IT WITH A STICK.

(CHORUS)
SING TOBBACCEE, TOBBACCEE,
JUST AIM FOR A SHINY SPITTOON!
TOBBACCEE, TOBBACCEE,
HIT THE CUSPIDOR BUT DO NOT HIT THE FLOOR!
TOBBACCEE, TOBBACCEE,
IT'S AMERICA'S FAVORITE PASTIME.
TOBBACCEE, TOBBACCEE,
IT'S THE THING THAT EVERYBODY HAS BEEN WAITING FOR!

Hank: Charley, what do you 'tend to do when you hang up
those lines?

Charley: Well, folks still need a friendly stagestop or
saloon no matter where they travel to. I believe I'll
try to accomodate 'em. I saw a place for sale near
Watsonville that would do right well.

Cad: I can't let you run off to Watsonville all alone. You
know, I believe I'll just pack up and go with you,
Charley Parkhurst!

Charley: How can you leave Virginia City, Cad? You bein' a
property owner and all.

Cad: The property ain't so much anymore. Last Sunday
mornin' the volunteer firemen brought their hoses into
my place and fired up their hoses. Pretty near put me
out of business. Most of those boys had just visited us
the night before, but that didn't stop 'em' none.

Hank: Since you're all washed up in Virginia City, maybe
you SHOULD just up and follow Charley to Watsonville.
(Hank grins and nudges Charley.)

Reason: Well, good luck to you, Charley. Maybe one of my
runs will take me to your saloon.

Charley: Hope so, Reason. I'll keep a glass of whiskey ready for any driver I know.

Hank (wipes at his watering mouth): Does that offer stand good for me too, Charley?

Charley: Well, in your case, Hank, I'll keep a bucket on hand.

Hank (smiling broadly): You always knew how to treat a friend, Charley. Excuse me, I got to find my boss. (Gets ready to leave.)

Reason: What's the hurry?

Hank: I've got to get my run changed so I drive through Watsonville! (Hank runs out.)

(Laughs from others—Charley walks over to "Indian" and takes a cigar to "light up.")

(End of ACT II SCENE 1)
Act II, SCENE 2:

(Interior of Charley's saloon. Charley tosses dice for drinks with a few driver friends. A few customers are playing cards, reading newspapers, drinking, etc. Highwaymen and drivers are present.)

Dick Fellows (reading news): Says here Black Bart robbed a Wells Fargo coach near Cloverdale last week.

Charles Dorsey: Good ol' Black Bart. That must make about twenty hold-ups in eight years.

Charley: Actually, he's been at it for seven years now.

Dick Fellows: You have to admire a man who can keep Wells Fargo's finest guessing for that long!

Reason: Black Bart is fortunate he never tried to rob Charley's coach.

Dick Fellows: Did you ever get robbed, Charley?

Charley: Never successfully.

Reason: Charley is being modest. I know of at least two times road agents tried to stop Charley's stage. They were both shot dead in their tracks.

Charley: We won't have to worry about stagecoach robberies much longer.

Dick Fellows: What do you mean?

Charley: Can't have stage hold-ups without stagecoaches. The railroad is going to put all of us out of business. That means road agents as well as drivers.

Reason: They've been layin' rail from one coast to the other for months. Who knows where those tracks will meet?

Cad: I don't know, but when they do...

Hank: You mean IF they do.

Cad: Have it your way, Hank. The railroad will definitely change stagecoaching.

Dick Fellows: I believe stagecoaching is safe for decades to come.
Cad: I'd like to believe that too, but I heard that the Chinese laid seven miles of track in twenty-four hours.

Charley: That's right! And not to be outdone, them Irish gandy dancers stretched their end a full TEN miles in twenty-four hours!

Charles Dorsey: They can't keep that pace. And besides, it will take a heap more than seventeen miles of track to connect the Pacific with the Atlantic!

Cad: Just the same, things are changing. Our lives will never be the same.

PROGRESS

CHANGES ARE A COMIN',
LIFE WON'T BE THE SAME,
THE HORSE WILL BE REPLACED -- BY STEAM.

LOCOMOTIVES WILL TAKE US,
TO THE NEXT CENTURY,
OUR WORLD WILL ALL BE CHANGED -- BY STEAM.
LISTEN CLOSE YOU'LL HEAR THEM!

(SPOKEN)
LAYIN' RAIL! DRIVIN' SPIKES!
BLASTIN' TUNNELS! BUILDIN' TRESTLES!

WE'LL BE RIDIN' IN PULLMANS,
NOT ON HORSES' BACKS,
THE MAIL WILL BE DELIVERED -- BY STEAM.

HIGHWAYMEN WON'T STOP THAT TEAM
OF CYLINDERS AND STEEL,
PASSENGERS WILL TRAVEL IN STYLE -- THAT APPEALS.

PROGRESS IS A COMIN'
ON A PAIR OF STEEL RAILS.
THERE'S NOTHIN' THAT CAN STOP IT,
YOU HAD BETTER STAND AWAY.
PROGRESS IS A COMIN'
WITH A FULL HEAD OF STEAM.
NONE OF US CAN STOP IT,
OR THE CHANGES IT WILL BRING.

(End of ACT II SCENE 2)
ACT II; SCENE 3

(Sheriff Ben K. Thorn's office in Copperopolis, California. Thorn is seated, cleaning a rifle and conversing with Sheriff Tom Cunningham. Reason McConnell and Jimmy Rolleri enter.)

Reason: Sheriff, I'm Reason McConnell, and this here is Jimmy Rolleri. I drive for Wells Fargo. We was just robbed over near Funk's Hill.

Thorn: I'm Ben Thorn, and this is Sheriff Tom Cunningham, from San Joaquin. Have a seat and tell me what happened. (to Cunningham): Why don't you ride over to Funk's Hill, Tom, and see if you can pick up the trail. (Reason and Jimmy sit. Reason is agitated.)

Reason: You won't find much of a trail. The robber was Black Bart. But we have the things he dropped when Jimmy here shot him!

Cunningham: Are these clues on your stage?

Reason: Yes they are, just outside the door.

Thorn: Go ahead, Tom, I'll talk to Reason and Jimmy here. (Tom exits). All right, Mr. McConnell, start at the beginning.

Reason: Well, Jimmy here asked to ride along from Reynold's Ferry to hunt deer near Copperopolis.

Thorn (recognizing Jimmy): Of course! You're Grandma Rolleri's Jimmy!

Jimmy: Yes, sir.

Reason: If I may continue... When we got to the bottom of Funk's Hill, Jimmy jumped down from the box with his Henry rifle to track the herd of deer he had been told about. I started up the hill alone.

Thorn: How much were you carrying?

Reason: About $4200 in amalgam from the Patterson mine was bolted down inside the coach. Under the seat I had $550 in gold coin, $65 in dust and of course, the mail.

Thorn: Are you sure it was Black Bart? He's never pulled a job over five hundred dollars before. This seems out of character.
Reason: He jumped out from between some boulders and manzanita bushes wearing a white linen duster, a flour sack mask pulled over his head and heavy boot socks over his boots. He was also carrying a sawed-off double-barreled shotgun. It was Black Bart all right! (Reason gets up and paces across the office.)

Thorn: Did he say anything?

Reason: First he asked, "Who got off down below?" His voice was so deep it seemed to come from the bunghole of a barrel.

Thorn: What did you tell him?

Reason: I told him Jimmy was just a friend hunting some stray cattle. He ordered me down from the seat. Said he had to unfasten that box of mine. I can't figure how he knew that box was bolted down in the coach.

Thorn: Did you get down from the coach?

Reason: I fooled him by saying the brakes were weak and I couldn't leave the seat. He got annoyed and said, "The stage can't roll if you put rocks behind the wheels." But when he told me to get down and do it, I told him to do it himself.

Thorn: That was either mighty bold of you or mighty foolish. Didn't you say he had a sawed-off shotgun?

Reason: That's right! I don't rightly know what got into me, but it worked. Next thing, Black Bart is chocking the wheels with rocks from the side of the road. Then he orders me to get down and unhitch the horses. Tells me to run 'em up the road a ways so he can get busy getting that box loose. I was unarmed, and in no position to argue, so I did just what I was told. I could hear him hammerin' at the box when Jimmy comes along with his Henry. I signaled to Jimmy and we circled the stage and met up with each other on the other side, out of sight.

Thorn (to Jimmy): So you saw the bandit, too?

Jimmy: Yes, sir. (Looks to Reason for a signal to continue.) When we got around behind the coach, Mac grabbed my rifle. When the robber spotted us, Mac took a shot at him. He missed (Reason is visibly embarrassed) and fired again. I said, "Here, let me shoot. I'll get him and I won't kill him either."
Reason: Jimmy here took one shot and Black Bart stumbled. He was hit I tell you. He dropped some papers and some other odds and ends. But he held fast to the loot and dove into the brush. When we went to look for him, he'd disappeared. He truly is one fine mountain man!

(Tom returns from the stage. He carries a collection of clues: A black derby hat, two paper bags filled with crackers and sugar, field glasses in a leather case, a belt, a razor, a knotted kerchief full of buckshot, three soiled shirt cuffs and two empty flour sacks.)

Tom: I had your deputy wire James Hume at the Wells Fargo office. There's bound to be a sizable reward if we catch this robber. I also ran into Mrs. Crawford, the storekeeper. She described the fella who bought these as a gray-haired, moustachioed gentleman who was in her store about a week ago.

Jimmy: We had a gray-haired man stayin' at Grandma's hotel just over a week ago. He was mighty peculiar. He insisted on having a key to lock his room.

Thorn: That is peculiar. Roomers don't generally lock their doors. That is unless they have something to hide.

Jimmy: The more I think about it the more certain I am that Grandma's roomer and the bandit were one-in-the-same.

(Sheriff Thorn inspects the clues. He empties the shot out of the soiled handkerchief and catches his breath.)

Thorn: Look here, a laundry mark! F.X.0.7. Hume will be pleased with this. After nine years, we've finally got the evidence that'll put Black Bart behind bars.

(End of ACT II SCENE 3)
ACT II SCENE 4

(Charles Bolton's boarding house in San Francisco. John Hume and Sheriff Thorn are carefully searching the room.)

Hume: The laundry mark on that kerchief sure panned out! It took us eight days to check out the 91 laundries here in San Francisco, but now I believe that Black Bart has come to the end of the trail!

Thorn: Bolton had everyone believing he was a wealthy mine owner. (Picks up a flour-sack mask): I'd say he made his money in other ways.

Hume (Picking up a kerchief): Here's another kerchief with that F.X.0.7. laundry mark! Now we're getting somewhere!

Thorn (Picking up a sawed-off shotgun): I'd say we got our man! (Puts down shotgun and picks up a well-read Bible): "This precious Bible is presented to Charles E. Boles, First Seargent, Company B, 116th Illinois Voluntary Infantry, by his wife as a New Years gift--God gives us hearts to which his...(something)...faith to believe. Decatur, Illinois, 1845.

Hume: It seems that our Mr. Boles has at least a few aliases. Bolton, Black Bart, who knows how many others?

Bolton (hand wrapped in a bandage, steps onto stage): What is the meaning of this intrusion?

Thorn: I am Sheriff Thorn, and this is Detective John Hume of Wells Fargo. Are you Charles Boles?

Bolton: I am.

Hume: I see you've injured your hand. What happened?

Bolton: I injured myself getting off the train at Truckee, not that it's any of your business, sir!

Hume: I believe it is our business, Mr. Boles--or is it Bolton? Perhaps you would like to be called Black Bart? In any case, based on the mounting evidence--which is growing stronger every minute--we are arresting you on suspicion of armed robbery.

(Bolton is handcuffed and refuses to speak as the lawmen gather evidence from his room. While they are occupied, Bolton steps down stage and sings.)
BLACK BART'S LAMENT

THOUGHT I WAS CLEVER,
THOUGHT I WAS BETTER,
BETTER THAN ANYONE ELSE.

FACING A PRISON,
IT'S EASY TO SEE
THE PRISON I'VE BUILT AROUND ME.

ALL THAT I'VE GOTTEN
OVER THE YEARS
IS A LONESOMENESS THAT WILL NOT LEAVE.

IT'S DEEPER AND DARKER
THAN ANY COULD KNOW,
KEEPING ME AWAY FROM ALL I LOVE.

SO I'VE SACRIFICED MY FREEDOM FOR GOLD.
SO I THOUGHT THIS COULDN'T HAPPEN TO ME.
THIS IS ALMOST TOO MUCH TO BEAR.
BUT I WILL NOT LOSE MY DIGNITY.

(chorus)
ILLINOIS, MY HOMELAND,
YOU'RE OUT OF MY REACH.
YOU'RE OUT OF MY TOUCH,
AND OUT OF MY LIFE.

A WIFE AND TWO DAUGHTERS,
NEVER TO SEE,
NEVER TO HOLD CLOSE AGAIN,
LOST TO ME.

TWENTY-EIGHT COACHES
OVER NINE YEARS,
AND WHAT DO I HAVE NOW TO SHOW?

MY REPUTATION'S KNOWN
ALL OVER THE WEST
AS A MAN WHO CAN TAKE WHAT HE WANTS.

SO I'VE SACRIFICED MY FREEDOM FOR GOLD.
SO I THOUGHT THIS COULDN'T HAPPEN TO ME.
THIS IS ALMOST TOO MUCH TO BEAR,
BUT I WILL NOT LOSE MY DIGNITY.

(chorus)

Bolton (to Hume): Sir, I have an acquaintance in Watson—
ville whom I must see before I am taken in.

Hume: Mr. Boles, I've spent nine years of my life tracking you down. I'm not taking a chance of losing you by allowing side excursions on the way to prison.

Bolton: That sir, is where you are mistaken. I shall see my friend. Oh, by the way, here are your manacles! (He hands the handcuffs to Hume, who looks surprised.) I will be waiting for you in Watsonville! (Bolton winks to audience. Immediate blackout.)

(End of ACT II SCENE 4)
ACT II, SCENE 5:

(Outside Charley's Saloon. Charley is putting harnesses away for the night. Bolton is standing in the shadows watching. Bolton lights a cigar and attracts Charley's attention.)

Charley: Who's there? (A pause. Bolton moves in the shadows. Charley picks up a rifle.) I know someone is there. Come on out before I shoot!

Bolton (stepping into the light): Forgive me for startling you, Charley. I had to be certain you were alone.

Charley: Is that you, Bolton? (Charley lowers the rifle.)

Bolton: Yes. I had to see you once more.

Charley: What do you mean 'once more'?

Bolton: The game is over Charley. I've been caught.

Charley: What are you talking about? You don't look very 'caught' to me. Who caught you?

Bolton: I was compelled to slip away from Detective Hume. It was imperative that I see you again before I am taken away.

Charley: I really don't understand. Where are you bein' taken?

Bolton: I fully expect to spend the next several years in San Quentin. I had to speak to you one last time. You are the only person who could understand.

Charley: I am trying to understand, but you need to start at the beginning.

Bolton: A few days ago, I returned to my room in San Francisco to find intruders searching my lodgings. Two detectives, John Hume and Ben Thorn, found my shotgun and a flour sack mask. They had the evidence necessary to convict me of the Funk Hill robbery. I took a chance and asked to speak to my dearest friend before being taken in. It is only natural that the gentlemen would decline to trust me. It became obvious that the only way for me to see you once more would be to evade capture, temporarily that is.

Charley: You escaped? Are they followin' you?
Bolton: They cannot be more that a few days behind me. I intend to go with them quietly when they arrive.

Charley: San Quentin is no place for a refined gent such as you. You should keep runnin'! You'll never be able to tolerate prison.

Bolton: I've come to realize that I've created my own prison. For more than fifteen years I've locked myself away from my family back East. I could never face them now, not with this shame descending upon me. I could never face the humiliation. Only one person has ever known my secret. Only one person can understand some of what I am going through now.

Charley: Me?

Bolton: That's right Charley. You know my secret life. We share a special bond because of the secrets we share. Come here, let's sit down. (They sit.) Charley, I haven't made up my mind about this situation. I cannot return to Illinois. They know my name and will undoubtedly contact my family. I cannot face that shame.

Charley: So, you are going to give yourself up?

Bolton: That is one alternative, although not a pleasant one. (He takes Charley's hands.) Another alternative is to leave California, forever. I would prefer to have company in this venture. I would prefer your company, Charley.

Charley (pulling her hands away): Whoa, now! What are you talking about?

Bolton: Charley, You have been forced to live your life as a man. I promise you, if you will join me, I will see to it that you are treated like the fine lady you are.

(Charley rises and walks down stage)

Charley: That's very generous of you Charles, but I haven't lived my entire life as a man. Once, a long time ago, I was a wife and mother. I loved my little ones a great deal. It was a good life, Charles, but it didn't last. There was an epidemic in the little town in Georgia where we had settled. It took the babies first then my husband. When I found myself alone again, I figured the only thing I could do was go back to drivin' horses, like I did when I was growing up. But
a woman ain't allowed to do such a thing. Livin' my life as a man has served its purpose. I have friends here now, and I have respect. And I'm not alone, even if I have to be a man.

And there's something else... You remember when I had to hang up my reins? When I had to quit stagecoachin'? Well, that was because of my health, Charles. I'm not long for this world, in fact the doctor gives me less than a year to live. So you see, whatever we had wouldn't last anyway.

(Bolton joins Charley down stage, putting an arm around her.)

Bolton: Charley, I'm sorry. I didn't know. But no matter how much time we are talking about, I want to spend that time with you. I don't want to be alone, and I don't want you to be alone either, especially if these are indeed your last days.

Charley: What about your wife? There's a lady in Illinois who has been alone for a whole lot of years, Charles. You should be talkin' to her right now, not me.

Bolton (stepping back from Charley): Charley, my wife remarried a few months after I came West. She could not stand being alone for so long, although she has never declined my gifts of cash these last nine years. No, Charley, I am free to do as I please, with no moral or legal obstacles in my way. But seeing you there in the moonlight, your back ramrod straight, you remind me that we come from two different worlds. I see now that we could never be more than friends. The best of friends, surely, but friends never the less.

Charley: It is an honor to count you as such, Mr. Charles Bolton! (They embrace.) What will you do now?

Bolton: I could backtrack and turn myself in. Of course, a mere day or two, and the detectives will have caught up with me anyway... I could stay here and await their arrival... Yes! I believe that is what I will do! I shall wait here for detectives Hume and Thorn. Walking all over California has lost its charm for me recently.

Charley: Too bad you never could tolerate horses. I have a few mustangs around back that could take you so far so fast that those detectives would never catch you.

Bolton: That's all right, Charley, the game is up. And who
knows? I may get the wanderlust again later on and leave my deluxe accommodations at the San Quentin. No, Charlie, the West has definitely not heard the last of Black Bart! (They embrace as lights dim.)

(End of ACT I SCENE 5)
ACT II, SCENE 6:

(Charley's saloon in Watsonville: Cad Thompson and others are sitting around, playing cards, talking, etc. Charley is conspicuously absent, although Charles Bolton may be seen quietly reading a paper in the corner.)

Hank Monk (finishing a shot of whiskey): Sure has been DRY around here since Charley sold out.

Cad: Hank, if you was served whiskey out of a water trough, you'd still feel thirsty.

Hank: True enough, ma'am. It seems to take more whiskey each year to settle the dust in my throat.

(Reason McConnell enters)

Reason: Did you folks hear? Black Bart has been captured!

Hank: 'Bout time that villain got caught.

Reason: I got robbed by him on Funk's Hill and because of me Black Bart is sittin' in San Quentin right now.

Hank: What do you mean, because of you?

Reason: Well, here's 105 dollars in reward to prove I helped catch Black Bart. Drinks are on me, boys.

Hank: Now you're talking! Now I'm REALLY glad they caught Black Bart!

Cad: Charley will be pleased by this news. He's a real expert on Black Bart and his robberies. Where is Charley, anyway?

Hank: I haven't seen him around for a couple of days.

Cad: I hope he ain't sick. Maybe a couple of us ought to go get him. Come on Hank, let's go. He wouldn't want to miss this celebration.

Hank: Excuse me ma'am, but I don't want to miss this celebration either!

Doc: I'll go along with you Miss Thompson.

Cad: Thanks, Doc.

(Cad and Doc exit. Celebrating continues.)
Hank (raising glass in a toast): To Black Bart—for makin' California roads safer—by gettin' caught! (Others join him.)

Driver 1: Now, if Black Bart's capture could make California's roads ride smoother, that would be somethin'!

Driver 2: Ain't nothin' goin' to make these roads ride easier.

Hank: I've always found a touch of whiskey eases the ride.

Driver 1: A touch! Hank, you've been known to ease the ride so much that you could barely walk!

Driver 2: Hank, everyone knows about the time you were so drunk that you gave whiskey to your team and watered yourself.

Driver 1: That water was the only reason you were sober enough to handle that inebriated team.

Hank: I've done right well drivin' a team. Why did I ever tell you about the time

(Everyone joins him in chorus): That I drove Horace Greeley to Virginia City on time!

(Everyone laughs, while Hank squirms.)

Hank: I guess I did.

(Enter Cad and Doc, looking stunned. Everyone's attention turns to Cad.)

Cad: Charley's dead.

(Silence)

Doc: We thought it would be best to prepare the body for funeral. When we . . .

Reason: When we got Charley's clothes off to wash the body, we . . . . What we found out was . . . .

Cad: Charley was a woman! (She moves downstage to sing her solo.)

(During MADAME'S REPRISE, actors should take off their hats, bow, etc. to show their respect for Charley.)
MADAME'S REPRISE

CHARLEY LIVED HER LIFE AS A MAN,
WHY WOULD SHE LIVE SUCH A LIE?
(PAUSE FOR INSTRUMENTAL)

(SPOKEN DURING INSTRUMENTAL)
I THINK I'M BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND.
WHAT OPPORTUNITIES ARE OPEN TO A WOMAN?

(SUNG)
A WOMAN IS GOOD FOR WASHING CLOTHES,
OR FOR COOKING IN A BOARDING HOUSE.
SHE CAN TEACH THE YOUNG'UNS OF OTHER FOLKS,
BUT WITHOUT A MAN SHE'S JUST A BLOUSE.

A WOMAN SHOULD BE MARRIED WITH A FAMILY,
WHEN SHE'S MARRIED WITH KIDS OF HER OWN,
THEN A WOMAN HAS RESPECTABILITY,
SHE HAS RESPECT SHE CAN'T GET ON HER OWN.

THERE AIN'T MANY JOBS FOR A WOMAN,
DRIVING IS NOT FOR A LADY.
THE ONLY WAY A WOMAN CAN MAKE LOTS OF CASH
IS IF SHE KEEPS THE MEN COMPANY.

IN THIS WORLD CHARLEY MADE HER OWN WAY,
SHE MADE THE BEST OF OPPORTUNITY
CHARLEY LIVED HER LIFE TO THE FULLEST,
ANYTHING WAS POSSIBLE FOR THAT MAN'S MAN.

ANYTHING WAS POSSIBLE FOR THAT MAN'S...

(SPOKEN)
WOMAN.

(At the end of Cad's solo, the music immediately starts for
the finale, CALIFORNIA ROADS. Director should repeat chorus
of CALIFORNIA ROADS as many times as needed for curtain
call.)
CHARLEY LIVED A LIFE
THAT SURPRISED US ONE AND ALL.
WHO'D HAVE EVER THOUGHT,
WHAT IF WE HAD KNOWN?

WE WOULD NEVER HAVE APPROVED.
WE WOULD HAVE ROBBED HER OF HER DREAMS.
A WOMAN CAN'T DRIVE A TEAM
OVER ROUGH TERRAIN!

CHARLEY LIVED A LIFE
THAT WAS BOUNDED BY SOCIETY.
BUT SHE FOOLED US EVERY ONE
AND DID JUST WHAT SHE PLEASED.

SHE WOULDN'T TOLERATE THE RULES
THAT PUT LIMITS ON HER DREAMS.
CHARLEY PROVED THAT WOMEN
CAN DO MOST ANYTHING!

(CHORUS)
The CALIFORNIA ROADS ARE NEVER TAME,
THEY'RE NEVER KIND OR GENTLE.
CHARLEY DROVE WITH SKILL,
SHE WAS THE FINEST REINSMAN.

SHE DROVE THE TOUGHEST ROADS,
SHE MANAGED THEM WITH SKILL,
The LEGEND OF CHARLEY PARKHURST
IS LIVING STILL!

(REPEAT SONG, THEN REPEAT CHORUS AS MANY TIMES AS
NEEDED FOR CURTAIN CALL.)

(THE END)
OPPORTUNITIES

\[ \text{Rest of the text is not legible due to the image quality.} \]

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OPPORTUNITIES 2.

Full of brothers and sisters, A man's just got to strike out on his own.

You've got to make your life your own, You've got to make your fortune. You can't stay home forever. Be sides, our daddy kicked us out!
We were kicked out of the nest, we des-

cided it was best, we wanted to be richer than the

rest! We're here in search of golds. There

isn't much we've found, opportunities are not be-

neath the
opportunities 4

Music notation shown in the image.
Opportunities 5

Soon as I have lined my purse, I'll leave these desolate gold fields, and go

way back East to Ill-in-ols, back East

to my fa-mi-ly.

We were

tempo (d=130)
kicked out of the nest, we decided it was best, we

wanted to be richer than the rest.

here in search of gold, there isn't much we've found, appar-

troubles are not beneath the ground!
OPPORTUNITIES 7

101

E♭ |
D♭ |
E♭ |
D♭ |

Come to find my fortune here, it's easy to admit. They

101

E♭ |
D♭ |
E♭ |
D♭ |

been a lot of work in mind, in digging in this pit. There
Opportunities 8

must be an easier way, than digging in the ground.

must be an easier way, I'll have to look around.

take Jim Boote's gold, and that of other fellows, They'll
OPPORTUNITIES

I'll scratch it from the ground, and I'll carry it on my way to town by

picking up their mail. I'll take a team of horses, I'll

buy my self a wagon and bring the things they can't do with-

out.
OPPORTUNITIES 10

145

Db/F

(smoothly) Oppor- tunity ties aren't

with pedal

149

Db/F

all be need — the

a tempo

153

Gb

ground!

E

a tempo

160

Gb

Yeal

Gb
LEGENDS OF THE SHAKEOUTS

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5

9

13

G
E
G
A
G/F
f/Eb
G/F

D+B/C
B/E
E

D/E
C/A+B
D/E
E/A

D/A
C/A+B
D/E
E
G
E

G
E
G
A
G/F
f/Eb
G/F
LEGENDS - 4

49  dm  am  dm  am

53  dm  Am  dm  dm  B  dm  dm

takes a team of four or six, we catch the wild mustangs, They

57  A  dm  C  dm  C  dm

break them selves that way!

61  D♭/Eb
LEGENDS -5

65 dm am dm

Star thirty pounds of horse on, then hitch 'em to a

69 am dm am dm dm ebm

wag-in. Point 'em in the same direction!

73 dm C dm C dm

Half-bent for el-

77 dm C dm C dm

Smoothly
LEGENDS - 7

97 E7

well past two lights end

The

101 gm dm

draw are the very best

8 g

105 gm dm

legends in every way, Their

8 g

109 gm dm g♯9

names will shine in his story, For

8 g
LEGENDS - II

161  F#  E  F#  Gb

Parkhurst  best  of  all,
Out,

8ba

165  Ab  Gb  Ab  Bb

(last-ing  all  the  rest)

(Same Note)

8ba

169  Cb  Db/Eb

8ba

773  NC

8va  ff  marc.

8ba
Jammed in side, with nine more on the

top!

bacon I wait the tired in

These coaches ride all
LEGENDS - 16

em D em D em / F# / G / B

It's a
dirt - y dust - y trail.

There's

danger round each bend.

The

driver keep the team a - join' -
LEGENDS -17

257  F#7

well past twilight's end! The

261  am  em
drivers are the very best,

265  am  em

legends in every way. Their

269  am  em  a#7

names will shine in his way. For

8ba
LEGENDS -18

273 e m B

277 e m D e m D e m / D

281 E b / C D b E b D b E b E b / C / D / E b

285 E b / E D b / E E b / F E b A / G G / F A / G C / B b
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**Charley's Dream**

©1991 by P. Hall and G. Tom

**Chorus (Synthesizer)**

Ad lib. Continually growing and changing time.

**Piano (Gentle)**

**Boogie**

(except + = closed)-High Hat

(Low) Tom Toms

Whip

Bass Drum
C DREAM -6

(Repeat each section as many times as desired)

(C (Synchronized))
C. DREAM I

Repeat as many times as desired, getting simpler each time and ending on high-hat rhythm only, after other parts dropping out one by one, stopping in order indicated (I, II, ETC.)
WONDERFUL LIFE

© 1991 By G. A. Toms and P. Hall

Published by Gray Dawn Music ASCAP
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Wonderful L. 2

It's a wonderful time to be alive, what a wonderful life for a man.

With the reins of four ponies, in control, and a shotgun in the other hand.
Wonderful L. 3

In this world I'm making my own way

With the freedom that was given to me

In the West you can live life to the fullest

It is the life of the strong and the free
WONDERFUL C 4

(Chorus)

49. Asus

In this world I'm passing my own...

53. A/cB

Earning the respect I am due...

57. f/min

It's a great time to be a live...

61. b/min

(D/A) A (cresc) A time of opportunity...
Wonderful L. G

Verse 1:

81 A

face the danger, you've got to be ruggedy and tough

85 G

When you're sitting in the driver's seat,

89 A/C# A

you are bound to have excitement enough

93 G A

I'm living the life that I choose
WONDERFUL L. 7

97. Fosn

G. D/A

to facing challenges from day to day

101. D/A A E/B/A# b b/A# D/A

I am living my life to the fui—

105. D/A E/G# G G/A

lost, it is the life of the strong and the free—

107. G/A A G/A A

In this D.S. ad (Chorus to Coda)
Wonderful L. 9

144  G   G/A   F#7/A#   bm

Possible  this means mean.

144  bm  D/A  G-

not Anything is

150  G   G/A   A

Possible  for this means man.

157  D   bm  Gm7
JUSTICE -3

37 A Tempo ($d=130$) C

41 F f.m. f.m C

45 G/A G/B C

"Stand and de—li-ver,—— throw down the box. That's what we usually say."

"The more walls Far—go, takes from our"
JUSTICE -6

G

C

C

Scoundrels on the road. We'll make this land a decent place for

E

am

man and fam-i-ly Hang em' Hang em'

am

Hang em' high! Hang em' high! Hang em' high!

E

G-7

(fade)

(fade)
JUSTICE 7

G-7

J = 130

accel...

Rit

marc. ff

(ped cant.)

C

(deteces) Justice, Jus - tice

accel.

G

held on, now - a, man's got legal

C

rights! A trial, a lawyer, a
Justice - 8

113

C

Jury of his peers, These must decide his fate!

G

This great land pro-

121

C

tests innocents, now that's the American way!

F

Punishment must

125

E

D/F#
justice - 9

129  c/G  A  D  G

match the crime, rest as sure he'll serve his

133  c  E  am

(Vigilantes) Hang em', Hang em'

137  am  dm  am

Hang em', high, Sweet justice, that's our way - We'll

141  dm  E  am

make those villains pay. Hang em' Hang em'
hang 'em high!
We'll take a length of rope, and

off we'll rope,
We'll catch those thieves to-

Get a rope, String em' up!

They'll not get a way!
Get a rope, String em' up, we.
Justice

161

am

dm

guarantee we'll make them pay!
Get a rope, string em' up,

165

am

dm

am

Justice will be done. We'll have a little shoot em' up, and

169

1. E D/F# E/G# am

then we'll string em' up!

2. E dm/F C/G + E/G#

then rit., we'll string em

187

am

G7

up

(Greeny)

(ped)
J U S T I C E - 1 3

207 a.m. \ D \ G

...They desp...t...in an...y...w ay...

211 \ C \ F

With a full treasure box, and a fast mar...l

215 \ F \ C/E \ D \ G

sacks, we've planned our escape, and we'll show them our

219 \ C \ E7 \ A

backs; the forces of law and or...der...
JUSTICE -14

\[ \text{Vigilantes:} \quad \text{(FINALE) } 2 \times 130 \]

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Vigilantes} & \quad \text{Get a rope, string em' up!} \\
\text{Detectives} & \quad \text{men!} \\
\text{Highwaymen} & \quad \text{accol. a fine}
\end{align*}
\]
JUSTICE -15

233

VI

VII

D

H

men!

237

VI

VII

D

H

 guar-an-tee they'll pay!

Get a rope, string 'em up, we

Hang 'em, (2nd time only)

Just - ice, Just - ice

107
Justice will be done.

Get a rope, string em' up

Hang em' high!

Hang em' — Hang em' —

Hold on — now.

Men have le — gal

Hang em' every one

Get a rope, String em' Up,

Hang em' high!

Hang em' — Hang em' —

rights!

Justice — Justice

Stand and de — li — ver,
1. Chew it, Spic — eat it, Spic —
   Make you feel when you're tired.

2. Chew it, Spic — eat it, Spic —
   Make you feel when you're tired.

Chew it, Spic — eat it, Spic —
   You'll want some more!
TOBACCEE - 2

17 F Bk.

21 F C

48 (C minor) (Repeat Second time only)

52 F C C7 F /E

Chew'in the ace of dice
Time to chew

I don't care for the ace's
Thin skin

Time

Tobacco - 3

Hit the cos- pi- der, but keep it off the other.

In-juns were first to use that speci-al weed. But a long came the white-man, who felt that same.
**TOBBACCEE-4**

72. C  F  Bb  F

Nord. Some those in Euro-ope and A- men-i- ca

76. Bb  F  C7

too A—greed that Tor—acc—ee was the thing to

80. F  Bb  F  C

doo Bull Dur-ham and Red Man sure taste

84. F  Bb  F  G7

sweet, try a twist or a plug can't be
TOBACCOE - S

88  C  Bb  F  C

best!  When I feel nervous, I chew more and

92  F  F  Bb  F  C  C/7

quick,  Chewin' toll—acc—ee, can't beat it with a

97  F

D.S. al C (To Chorus)
Repeat Chorus—Go to
Coda 2nd time only

Coda

126  gm  am  Bb  am  Bb  Bb  C7

thing that ever—body has been look—ing

8ba———
Changes are a-coming,
Life won't be the same.

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ASCAP
CHANGES - 2

25  dm  C  dm  Gb
horse will be re-pleased by

29  dm/A  A

33  dm  F  em
steam!

37  d  F  em
CHANGES - 3

41  dm    f    em
  Locomotives will take us

45  dm    F    em
  to the next century.

59  dm    c    dm    Bb
  world will all be changed,

53  dm/h    A
  by
CHANGES - 4
51

61 dm c dm C Bb am

65 Bb am Bb am gm7

69 g#9\(^7\)

A

(Shouted) Laying rails!
CHANCES - 5

Driving Spikes!

Blasting tunnels!

Building tress-salls!

We'll be riding in Pull-mance,
CHANGES - 6

89 dm F em

not on horses' backs,

93 dm C dm B♭

mail will be delivered

97 dm/A A

by

101 dm F em
CHANGES -7

105 dm F e

109 dm F em

High-way men won't stop that team of

113 dm F em

cylin-ders and steel and the

117 dm C dm Bb

passengers will travel in
CHANGES - B

121 dm/A

style

125 dm F em

fuss!

129 dm c dm

133 (Chorus) dm

Progress is a'-comin'-

Blah... (2nd time)
CHANGES — 9

137 dm

pair of
full —
head of
rais-
steal.

There's

141 dm

nothing in
that
us
can
step in,
you had
or the

145 g m

better
stand a-
way!

(Seconil
Chorus)

161 A

changes
it
will

(Chorus)
CHANGES -10

105 dm F em

169 dm F em

173 dm F em C

177 dm
BLACK BART'S LAMENT

\[ d = 90 \]

Eb Abc Bb Eb Abc Bb

Smoothly w/pedal

9

\[ \text{Thought I was clever, thought I was better, better} \]

Ab Bb Dm Cm Gm/Bb Ab

13

\[ \text{Than an} \quad \text{one else.} \]

Ab Bb Eb Ab Bb

17

\[ \text{Facing a spin, Son, His enemy to see. The} \]

Eb Bb Dm Cm Gm/Bb
BLAK BART 2.

21. Ab Bb Eb Ab Bb

prison I've built a round me.

25. Eb BbEb Cm Gm/Bb

All that I've got ten over the years is a

29. Ab Bb Eb Ab Bb

It's lone-somaness that will not leave.

33. Eb BbEb Cm Gm/Bb

deeper and deeper than any could know, keeping
BLACK BART - 3

37  Ab  Bb  Eb  Bb/D
me a way from all love. So I've

41  Cm  Bb  Ab  Bb
Sacrificed my freedom for gold.

45  Cm  Bb  Ab  Bb
thought that couldn't happen to me.
This is

49  Cm  Bb  Ab  Bb
only not too much to bear.
BLACK BART - 4

53

will not lose my dignity!

Chorus

211-11-nell, my homelands you're out of my reach;

61

out of my touch and out of my life,

65

wife and two daughters, never to see.
BLACK BART-S

69. Ab

Bb

never to hold—

close a—gain,

(2nd time TD—)

lost to

73. Eb

Bsus

me.

77. Ab

Ab/B

Bb

Twenty-eight cres—

ches—

over the years—

and
BLACK BART -6

85 Ab Bb Eb F# Ab/Ab Ab Bb
what do I have new to show?

89 Eb Bb/D Bm gm/bb
re-pu-ta-tion's known all over the West,
I'm a

93 Ab Bb Eb
man who takes what he wants.
But I've

CODA 128 Bm gm Ab Eb
Illinois, my home land you're out of my reach,
MADAME'S REPRISE ©1991 by P. HALL and GATOMS

Smoothly w/ ped.
M. REPRISE - 2

Charlie lied - her

life as a man, why would she live - Such a lie?
M. REPRIZE - 3

33

(SPOKEN): I THINK I'M BEGINNING TO

41

UNDERSTAND.

WHAT OPPORTUNITIES ARE OPEN TO A

45

Woman?
M. REPRISE - 4

53  D              A/C#              A
woman is good for washing clothes, or for

57  bm              D/A              G              A
cooking in a boarding house, she can

61  D              A/C#              A
teach the young heirs of other folks, but with
M. REPRISE - 5

65. bm  D/A  G  A
not a man she's just a bluse.

69. bm  bm
woman should be married with a family
when she's

73. G  D/A  A  F#A#
marrried with kids of her own.
Then a

77. bm  bm/Bb  D/A  g6/7
woman has respected ability. She has res-
M. REPRISE - G

91 G
[Music notation]

Post she can't get on her own.

A

There

85 D
[Music notation]

Ain't many jobs for a woman.

A

89 bm
[Music notation]

Driving is not for a lady.

Film

The

93 G
[Music notation]

Only way a woman can make lots of cash is if she

D G F#
**Reprise - 7**

1. Keeps the men company!

2. world Charlie made her own way she made the

3. best of opportunities, Charlie

4. lived her life to the fullest
M. REPRISE-I

113 G  G/A  F#7

Anything was possible for that man's man.

117 bm  D/A  D

121 G  G/A  A

Anything was possible for that man's man.

125 NC

(A TEMPO) (spoken) woman.
M. REPRISE - 9

129

133

137

D
CROADS - 3

1. Charlie lived a life that seemed so
prised us,
and she - we

2. Charlie lived a life that was
prised us,

37 dm

Bb C

37 dm

Bb C

41 dm

Bb C

45 dm

Bb C

Would have e-ver
interpreted as

what did we -

What did -

We would
She wouldn't
C. Roads - 4

No - No - We have expanded the rules - We would have

rook - her - mist - on her dreams -

women - can't - drive - a - men - do - rough - per - son - ship -

Asus - A - A -

The
C. ROADS - 6

91 B♭ C dm

drove the roughest roads

was the roughest road
deaver she was

86 B♭ am B♭ C dm

man-aged them with skill

spotted them with skill

The The

89 B♭ F♯ Gm

legend of Charlie Parkhurst is living

legend of Charlie Parkhurst is living

93 Asus D♭

still! still!

D.S. al C