

**Hard As Steel, or
Love, Labor, and Loss
The Ludlow Story**

Characters:

Real people: AP Reporter, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Lamont Bowers, Louis Tikas, Lamont Bowers, Father Papageordopoulos, Lt. Karl Linderfelt, Militiaman.

Fictional people: Cyril Kephalus, Doria Kephalus, William Phelps, Ruby Jones, Sam Jones, Joshua Jones, Cedilano Costa, Charlie Costa, Juan Hernandez, Anna, Niko, Little Dimitri, Emilio and his family, Herman and his family.

Church Choir, Mineral Palace Dancers, Miner/Striker Chorus, Militiaman Chorus, Children at the camp school.

Act I
Scene One
Ellis Island

Niko: I am so glad to be off that boat!

Cyril: Yeah, but getting off this island would be nice too.

Niko: I know. What are you going to do after that?

Cyril: I don't know. We don't have relatives in New York, but there's a Greek community in Detroit. I have a cousin who went there a couple of years ago. I guess if I can get in touch with him, I might try to go there.

Niko: You know, there's a free ride to Colorado. Train goes to Pueblo where there's a big steel mill and south of there's the mine where my cousin Anna's husband worked. Why don't you and little Doria come with me?

Cyril: I thought you said your cousin's husband got killed in that mine.

Enter Louis Tikas

Louis: Mining's tough work. Men get killed, but they can make money too. There's more opportunity in that than there is in Detroit or Chicago. And you're out of the cities. You don't want to try to raise your little girl in one of them cities. Tell us about the train. How can we get hooked up?

Niko: I don't think that'll be a problem. Soon as we get cleared here and have our papers in order, we head down to little Italy. They got the schedules for the trains, and we find the one we want and just go down to the tracks the day it leaves. They want workers out west, and they aren't going to turn anyone away. Italian, Greek, it don't make no difference to them.

Enter Doria, dragging a trunk

Doria

*America, America, is going to welcome me
I'm coming home to freedom
And I can't wait to be free*

*America is beautiful I can already see
I'm not sure what freedom is
But it's what I want to be*

*I cried and cried when my mama died
I left her deep in the ground*

*But now I'm here in America
Where freedom can be found*

*It took so long to get here across a big blue sea
But now I'm here and I'm happy
And soon I'll find I'm free*

*I'm happy to be in America, my very own country
I'm going to miss my mama
But I'm going to be free*

*Oh Papa I'm glad that you stopped being sad
We've left the old world behind
And now we're here in America
Where a new world will be kind*

*America is beautiful and America is free
I'm not really sure what freedom is
But I know where I want to be*

*I want to be with my Papa who's always good to me
I'm not really sure of anything else
But I'm here where I want to be*

Cyril: Yes, we're here, my daughter. We're in America, the land of opportunity. Freedom means we can make a living now. We don't have to be poor, and you can grow up to be whatever you want to be.

Doria: I want to be my mama. I want to get married and take care of you, Papa.

Cyril: You'll be just like your mama, but here in our new country your life will be even better than hers, my little sweetheart. Here you will be free to marry a perfect husband and live happily forever.

Doria: A husband just like my papa!

Louis: As long as he's a Greek husband, he will be just like your papa.

Cyril: Of course he'll be a Greek husband. There are other Greeks here in America. Wasn't your cousin Anna's husband Greek, Niko?

Niko: Of course he was Greek. Anna didn't come to America until he sent for a Greek bride, and she was the one he chose from her picture.

Louis: Come on, you two. The line is moving. I can almost breathe the mountain air in Colorado already!

Act I

Scene Two

Pueblo, the train depot

Enter AP reporter.

Reporter: Associated Press. January 4, 1900. Pueblo, Colorado. Today I am about to see a repeat of a common scene at this train depot, and a common scene in depots in industrial centers throughout the country. A train is pulling into this station right now carrying immigrants from across central and southern Europe. Most of these people don't speak a word of English. They have no money. They are here to pursue the American dream of success, and they will get their start in our mills and our mines, manufacturing the prosperity the rest of us can look forward to in a new century.

Exit reporter. Niko gets off the train first. Anna, with a baby in her arms, rushes forward to greet him.

Anna: Oh, Niko, you really came.

Niko: Of course I came, my little cousin. I've brought two friends I met on the journey from home. Cyril, Louis, over here, meet my cousin Anna.

Enter Louis, Cyril, and Doria, dragging her trunk.

Cyril: How do you do, ma'am. I'm Cyril Kephalus, and this here's my daughter Doria, age six tomorrow.

Louis: I'm Louis Tikas, ma'am. Your cousin talked me and Cyril here into following him to work in the mine. Do you think we did the right thing?

Anna: Well, the town is full of all kinds of people, not many of them Greek like us. They've been good to me and little Dimitri here since big Dimitri died.

Niko: So what do we do now, Anika? How do we get to Ludlow from here?

Anna: Oh, there's a wagon. See all the people? They're all going to Ludlow. You won't be able to talk to most of them, though, because they're from all over.

Enter two men and a woman.

Anna: Hello, Cecilia. Who is your new guest?

Cecilia: Hello, Anna. This is Emilio, my brother, just arriving from Italy. He doesn't speak any English yet, but then neither do half the people in Ludlow!

Anna: That's for sure! And here are Niko, Louis, Cyril, and little Doria. They don't speak English either.

As Cecilia and the men move off, another group of two men and one woman approach.

Anna: Hello, Irina. Meet my cousin Niko and his friends.

Irina: Hello, Anna. This is Herman, Ivan's nephew from back in Slovenia. The mines can't get enough new immigrants, can they?

Anna: There are a lot, aren't there? Too bad it's so hard for us all to talk to each other though.

All come together

Irina: *Me veseli*
Kako ti je ime

Anna:
He'ro poli
Pos se le'ne

All:
Nice to meet you
What is your name?
Nice to meet you
Nice to greet you
Can't wait to get to know you, but...

How can we learn to communicate?

*With accents we can't eradicate
How can we learn to get along?*

*We come from far across the ocean
Spilling over with every emotion
Yet all of us singing a hopeful song*

*We all want opportunity
We live in the same community
We offer each other impunity
What we're doing can't be so wrong*

*But every group has its special ways
Its own traditions and holidays
And a list of rules for how to behave if you ever want to belong*

*We want to learn to live here together
So problems that come are problems we weather
And solutions can help us grow strong*

*But the company doesn't really care
The help we need just isn't there
So we'll have to work together and share
What we need to get along
What we need to make us strong
So our world will never again be wrong
And our lives will be filled with a hopeful song
With a hopeful and helpful and happy song
We'll try to learn to get along.*

Act I

Scene three

Jan. 5, 1913. Outside St. John's Church. A group of men is listening to a speaker at one end of the stage, but the audience can't hear the speaker. Instead, they hear the voice of Father Papageordopoulos and the song of the choir from inside the church.

Father: New Years is a time of renewal and a time to give thanks. Today, as we begin 1913, we are thankful for the jobs at CF&I that provide a livelihood for so many of us, and we want to do whatever it takes to keep them. We are especially thankful for the money the company donates to our church so that we can all have a spiritual home. As we come together here today, we need to realize that our spiritual needs are important now and our physical needs can wait. The Lord did not sugarcoat his promises to us. Our time will come when He wills. Our heaven may not be on this earth. We must be careful not to seem a threat to the company that provides so much for us. We must not take matters into our own hands, but rather we must show patience in this frightening time.

Choir:

*Weep not for me, weep not oh Mother
For me no sorrow, tears, or sighs
Come each sister, come each brother
Sing His praises to the skies*

*Shed no tear for my travail
Let the Lord in love arise
O'er earth you cast a heav'nly veil
As to our Lord we cast our eyes*

Weep not for me today, tomorrow

*Come sing His praises all on high
Cry not for days gone by in sorrow
Look ahead, where heav'n is nigh*

*Look to God and leave your sadness
Open up your heart to love
On earth all else gives rise to madness
Look toward God in heaven above*

*Weep not for me, weep not so loudly
Come sing of God one more refrain
Let us raise our voices proudly
To our Lord and end our pain*

*Weep not, weep not, weep not, God's chorus
Sing only praises day by day
Shed no more tears as God weeps for us
Sing his praises, come what may*

Doria and Cyril walk outside the church, as do other parishioners. They join the group around the union organizer.

Organizer: New Years is a time of renewal. This year, 1913, it presents a special challenge for us. This year it is a time for you to realize that your needs are as important as the needs of the C F & I. Your time has come. The threat to the livelihoods of so many workers threatens workers everywhere, so you must not wait to make your demands. You must take matters into your own hands. If management will not listen, you must walk out together.

Cheers ring out from the crowd, including Cyril. Doria pulls him away.

Doria: Papa, it's such a beautiful day, I'm going to walk to Mineral Palace Park. I'll meet you at Gus's later and we can go home together.

Cyril: Did you hear the trouble brewing back there? You be careful. You be back at Gus's by 3:00, no later. And don't go talking to strangers.

Doria: I'll be back by 3:00.

Exit Cyril one way, Doria the opposite way.

Act I

Scene four

A group of people are ice skating on Mineral Palace Park lake. One of them is William Phelps. Another is Lamont Bowers.

Doria enters and sits on a bench to watch the skaters.

The ice cracks under Lamont and he falls in. William reaches for him, but his skates keep him from getting a solid footing. Other skaters head over, but William waves them away.

William: No. Don't get too close. Too much weight and more of the ice will break off.

The other skaters back away, but Doria runs, slipping and sliding across the ice. She is wearing a long woolen scarf around her neck and she takes it off and, holding one end, she tosses the other end to Lamont.

Lamont grabs the scarf.

Doria (to William): Sir, back away from the water and help me pull your friend out. Put your arms around my waist. I'll hold the scarf, and we'll both pull. Come on.

They get Lamont out. Doria takes off her coat and throws it over him.

Doria (to some other skaters who are gathering around): Send someone to the hospital. Try to get a doctor and an ambulance. I'm afraid he is going to get pneumonia from the wet and the cold.

Several of them remove their skates and exit.

William: I'm worried about him too. His lips are blue. Lamont, can you hear me? Are you okay?

Doria: Let's try to slide your coat under him. The ground is as cold as the air, and he is wet all over. Oh look, here comes the help we need.

They slide the coat under Lamont as two men come with a stretcher. They load Lamont on it and carry him off the stage.

William puts his arm around Doria's waist, and she pulls away.

William: Thank you so much for rescuing Lamont. I don't know what I would have done without your help.

Doria: I'm glad I was here. Is he your father?

William: Oh, no. He's Lamont Bowers, the vice president of CF&I. I work for him.

Doria: You work for him? How?

William: At the mill. I'm his assistant. Well, one of many assistants. My name is William, by the way. William Phelps. I'm new to Pueblo, so I don't know many other people, just the ones I work with. But Mr. Bowers, Lamont, has taken me under his wing. He told me about the skating here at the park. I used to skate back in Pittsburgh.

Doria (backing away): It was nice to meet you, Mr. Phelps. I need to get back now.

William: Wait, I'll get a cab. Let me take you home.

Doria: No, no thank you. I can walk. I came for the walk. Goodbye. I hope your friend, I mean your boss, I hope he is all right.

She exits. William stares after her, bemused.

William

*Who is she? Who is she? Who can she be?
An angel has sent her to take care of me
Why did she come here and why did she go?
Who is she? Who is she? I just have to know.*

*She's beautiful and sweet and she's smart and she's strong
I feel that I've known her my whole life long
She's the kind of woman no one would forget
I already love her although we've just met*

*She was ready to help me without even a thought
She knew what to do when I clearly did not
She's the kind of woman I don't want to let go
I want our acquaintance to blossom and grow*

*I can't give up now, she'll escape far away
I must search for her, I must find her today*

*She is the woman I always imagined I'd love
She herself is an angel sent to me from above*

*I know nothing about her, not even her name
She passed through my life like a moment of flame
That lit up my heart then flickered and died
But the beauty she left still lingers inside*

Act I

Scene five

At Gus's Tavern. Cyril, Niko, Louis and others at a table.

Cyril: I know the other Greeks support the strike. We were talking last week after church about the vote, and everyone is on our side.

Louis: I'm not sure Father Papageordopoulos supports the strike, but you're right, all the Greeks support us, even the steelworkers inside the mill in Pueblo. But it's hard to judge the Mexicans and Italians. I know they live in the colony with us, but I haven't come across one of them I can talk to.

Cyril: I can't either, but my daughter has had some sort of conversations when they're washing clothes and hanging them out to dry.

Louis: Conversations? How?

Niko: Anna's had those conversations too. They're more like sign language, she says. But she thinks the Mexicans and Italians are with us. The Bojohns too. They all think you're someone they can trust, Tikas.

Louis: It's been hard to organize such a mixed bunch. Of course, the company knew that. That's why we are a mixed bunch. John's been a big help, though. The UMWA has a lot of experience in these strikes.

Cyril: Yeah, Lawson's good, but without Louis Tikas, who's one of us, the men wouldn't listen, you know. And the women wouldn't either. I'm having enough trouble with my own Doria. She's gone up to the Mineral Palace again. I worry about her around those rich Americans who hang out there.

Niko: So do I. I thought you figured her and me to get married one day. She's nineteen now, and I'm ready for a wife. I can't live with my cousin all my life.

Cyril: You're right, Niko. You're thirty by now, aren't you? You and Louis both. Either of you would make a fine husband for my little girl.

Niko: Louis doesn't have time to be anyone's husband. He's got a strike to organize. But I'm the man for Doria and for you too, Cyril. When do you reckon we can make it official?

Cyril: Well, Doria has to agree. This isn't the old country. I want to know my Doria is happy.

Niko: You know she'll be happy with me. It don't take much for a woman to be happy, Cyril.

Cyril: I suppose you're right, Niko. What more could my little girl ask for here than a man just like her papa, a man who came with us from Greece and stayed with us through good times and bad for 13 years. Here, take this medal my great grandpa won fighting the Turks back in 1830. You hold on to it and pass it on to my first grandson. No matter if we strike, no matter what happens to me, you marry my Doria and give me a grandson to remember me.

Enter Doria.

Cyril: Doria, my sweetheart! Niko and your papa here were just talking about your future.

Act I

Scene Six

William and Doria are back at Mineral Palace Park. It is September 14.

William: I was hoping you'd come today. I thought of walking down to the church. I've missed you, my darling.

They embrace.

Doria: I've missed you too, William. But you shouldn't think of coming to Bessemer to find me. My Papa would not understand. Wait till the troubles are over. Maybe then my papa will listen to us, but not now.

They get to the door of the Mineral Palace and they run into little Joshua. Doria knows him because his is the only black family who lives in Ludlow.

Doria: Hi, Joshua. What are you doing here? Is your mama with you?

Joshua: My mama is inside practicing and my pop is still at the church. He's a deacon, you know.

Doria: No, I didn't know. What is your mama practicing?

Joshua: You know, singing. She's always practicing singing.

William: Is your mama Ruby? The blues singer I heard last Saturday night?

Joshua: My mama is Ruby, but she isn't blue. She's black just like me. And she'll cuff me upside the head if I hang around this here door. Negroes can't use front doors. We get to use back doors cuz they're better. I wonder why. And who is this man with you, Doria? I haven't seen you before, mister. Do you like back doors or front doors better?

William: I'm Doria's friend, little man. I like back doors better too. Shall we head back there?

Enter Ruby from one side of the stage and Sam, her husband, from the other side.

Doria: Hi, Ruby. Hi, Sam. I just came over after church while my papa has a few drinks over at Gus's.

Sam: Well, enjoy the day while you can. The men are talking strike, and the union is moving in to help us establish a camp. They think the Rockefeller thugs will boot us out of our houses, their houses really, if we vote to strike. And who is this stranger? I ain't seen him before.

William: Don't worry about me. I don't know anything about any of this. I'm pretty new in town.

Sam: Yeah, sure. Come on Ruby, rehearsal is over for today. Come on Joshua, we're heading back down to Ludlow. We've got a lot to do. And Doria, you'd better head back too. You hear, girl?

They leave. Doria starts to cry.

Doria: Oh William, we'll never be able to talk to Papa now. And I don't want to leave my home.

William: Don't cry, sweetheart. I'll talk to Lamont. He'll talk to Rockefeller. I know we can work this out.

Doria: I hope so, William. I really hope so. I need to go though, right now like Sam said. I need to find Papa, and we need to start preparing for the worst just in case. But, William, we won't forget each other.

They kiss.

*Goodbye for now, my darling
For now we'll part, my sweet
Although we say goodbye for now
It won't be long till next we meet*

*We have to part, my darling
The world won't let us stay
But though we part, my dearest one
Our love will find a way*

*Other people's troubles
Are intruding in our life
But these problems won't affect us
They are other people's strife*

*We've found what we were looking for
We've found a love so true
We won't let other people's fighting
Interfere between us two*

*Goodbye for now, my darling
For now we'll part, my sweet
Keep the token that I gave you
Near your heart till next we meet*

Exit opposite sides of the stage.

Act II
Scene 1

Act II
Scene 1

Dawn at the Ludlow Tent Colony.

Reporter: Associated Press. September 23, 1913. Coal miners in Colorado have called a strike against the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company. The miners have been evicted from their company-owned homes and have established this tent colony at Ludlow, south of Pueblo. The still autumn dawn makes the camp seem peaceful, but the single plume of smoke from the guard tower betrays the fire burning within.

Exit Reporter.

On one side of the stage, inside of Ruby's tent, Joshua sleeps while Ruby, who has just woken up, sits on the side of her cot.

Ruby: It was so cold last night, and this cot is so uncomfortable. I hardly slept at all. I'm glad Joshua is still sleeping so soundly this morning, he looks so serene.

Ruby goes to him.

Ruby:
Sleep tight, my love, sleep tight till dawn
Life has been sweet till now
And so we, Æoll rest till this night is gone
And life will get better somehow
Close your eyes and dream your dreams
My love will keep you warm

Nothing is ever as bad as it seems
We can weather any storm
Sleep, sleep my darling child
Stay asleep and try to forget
Dream of the days when together we smiled
And the good times that will come to us yet

Joshua stretches: Good morning, mama.

Ruby: Oh you're awake. (pause) I guess you better get up soon. Doria would be dissapointed if you were late for the first day of class at her new school.

He sits up.

Joshua: OK, but I'm hungry. Can I have breakfast today?

Ruby: I have told you: provisions in the camp are running low. Our daily food ration will not include breakfast until the union can deliver our next supply. I'm sorry, Joshua. You better get ready for school now.

Joshua: Its okay, mama. (he gets up, and she help s him puts on a jacket) Goodbye.

Joshua goes to the other side of the stage, to Doria's outdoor school. Several children and Doria enter there. The children including Joshua sit.

Doria: Good morning, class.

All: Good morning Ms Kephalus.

Doria: Welcome to the first day of class . Lets begin by introducing ourselves to one another. Can you all say "Nice to meet you, what is your name"?

All:
Nice to meet you
What is your name?
Dimitri
He,Ãro poli
Pos se le,Ãone?
Slovak Child
Tesi ma
Ako sa volas?

Italian Child
Lieto di vederla
Come ti chiami?
Gusto en conocerio
Colo te llamas?
Slovenian Child
Me vesali
Kako ti je ime?
All
Nice to meet you
Nice to greet you
So glad I got to know you, cause,
Every day we play together
We have learned how to be friends
Our parents came from different places
But with us the difference ends

We,Ãll be the ones who get along

Doria: You have all done such a good job. Everyone tell someone else goodbye in English, then you can go find your mamas and tell them how much you have learned.

Children: Goodbye... goodbye, etc.

Cyril enters as they leave. Doria puts her head in her hands.

Cyril: School's out, I see. You are so good with the children. But why does my little girl look so sad?

Doria: The children are so innocent. I hope nothing terrible happens to them in this wretched camp.

Cyril: Well, I have some news that will cheer you up. When you and Niko get married, everything will be just how you would want it. Then you can think about children of your own.

Doria: When what happens, Papa? What did you say? I can,Ãt marry Niko. I don,Ãt love him. And besides, he has disappeared. Anna said he hasn,Ãt been home for three days.

Cyril: Oh, no. I wonder where he has been. We need to help Anna find him. I hope this doesn't mean trouble.

Doria: I will help you find him, papa, but I won,Ãt marry him. I can't! (she storms off)

Cyril calls after her: I love you, but can't you see that I still know what is best for you?

Cyril

Papa's little girl

For her I toil in the mine

Papa's little princess

Midst the coal, a diamond's shine

Papa's little girl

She is the reason that I fight

Papa's little princess

Who fills my life with glowing light

I know she's grown into a woman

She's a little girl no more

But she'll always be my princess

The tot I brought to freedom's shore

Papa's little angel

A lovely woman now

Papa's special princess

Before her, suitors all must bow

My beautiful grown daughter

For her only the best

The men from our Greek homeland

Who are far above the rest

She's her papa's special princess

She's still her papa's little girl

Does she know how much I love her?

She's my diamond, she's my pearl.

Act II
Scene 3

Another part of the camp. Louis, Cyril with Doria, Charlie Costa, Emilio, Herman, and several other men.

Charlie: You see, it is the Mexicans' food they are taking, always the Mexicans who lose in this camp.

Louis: I don't think that is why the food is gone, Charlie. I think it might be someone who is hungry and who simply took the easiest food they could take. We are all on short rations right now, you know.

Charlie: You see, even you, Louis, you don't care about the Mexicans. You say you are fighting for all the miners, but I'm not so sure. I think maybe you fight only for your kind, your friends from the old country.

Emilio: That can't be true, man. We aren't from the same old country.

Cyril: Emilio's right, Charlie. You know Louis cares about all of us. He is a leader for all the miners.

Charlie: You and Louis and Emilio too, you're just alike. And that Niko. He's no good, you know.

Doria: Niko is missing, Charlie. Do you have any idea where he is?

Charlie: Sure, you care about Niko. I hear you're going to marry him. You Greeks are all alike. You only care about yourselves.

Doria: I'm not going to marry Niko, Charlie, but I am worried about him. His cousin Anna is worried about him. If you know where he is, tell us please.

Charlie: I know that Niko is still working in the mines. That's what I know. I know Niko is a scab.

Enter Juan Hernandez pushing a wheel barrow filled with food.

Juan: Look, I found our rations. The rations for our part of the camp were hidden on the other side behind the latrines. And look what I found next to them. (Holds up the Cyril's war medal) Anybody know who this belongs to? I think it will lead us to whoever took the food.

Doria: Oh no, Papa. That's your medal. Oh, Papa, what is going on?

Cyril: That's my medal all right. I don't know how that could be. Here, give it back to me.

Juan: I'll give it back to you, but I don't want you around here anymore. What do the rest of you think? How do you think Cyril's medal found our missing food rations?

Charlie: Juan is right. You need to leave the camp. We can't work with a thief and a Mexican hater.

Herman: What's this Mexican hater? Sometimes I think every one of you is a bojohn hater, but I don't go around making trouble. Why did you take their food, Cyril? We would have given you food if you didn't have enough.

Cyril: What is happening? Help me, Doria, explain to them.

Charlie: What's she going to explain to us? How she's going to marry Niko but she's carrying on with a company man?

Cyril: A company man? What are they talking about, Doria?

Juan: Sam saw her with him in the park. Is that right, Doria? Tell your Papa the truth, girl.

Doria: Oh Papa, I wanted to tell you. Really, I was going to tell you.

Charlie: And you told my wife you know someone high up in the company. What is going on with you and your daughter, Cyril? Why don't you ask her company boyfriend for more food? Why would you steal from us?

Enter Anna.

Anna: What is going on here? You can't be fighting among yourselves now. I need your help. Please, please stop fighting and help me.

She sits down and begins to sob.

Doria: What is it, Anna? What is wrong?

Anna: They found Niko. They found him... Dead.

Cyril: And he was the one who stole the rations too. Don't you see? I gave him my medal because he wanted to marry my Doria, and I wanted him to. I thought he would be a good son-in-law. But I was wrong. Oh Doria, can you forgive me?

Doria: You didn't know, Papa. How could you have known? But how could Niko be dead? Charlie, Juan, did you kill him?

Juan: We didn't kill him, but I'm not surprised somebody did. Everyone knew he was working for the company.

Louis: We have to get better organized. We have to make sure no one else sells out to the company. I know more trouble is coming.

The men talk to each other in the background as Anna sobs in the foreground on one side of the stage and Doria goes to her.

The men come forward and begin their song, marching off stage as it ends.

*We work our shift beneath the earth
We breathe the dust so black
We get our pay when the week is done
And then we give it back.*

*No one knows what the scales say
No one knows what our coal should weigh
They pay whatever they want to pay
And they laugh at the things we lack.*

*And our wives go to shop at the company store
Where the prices are always high
It doesn't matter if we need more
We take what they let us buy*

*But we know what we need
And we're all now agreed
We have men who are not afraid to lead
And men who are willing to fight.*

*We bring the coal to the steel mill
We bring it up from the ground
Without our labor, our sweat, and tears
No profit will be found.*

*We want to know what the scales say
The money we earn is how much they must pay
And our wives will shop wherever they may
By our contracts they'll be bound.*

*For we know what we need
And we're all now agreed
We'll shout our demands where we used to plead
And the world will hear of our plight.*

Exit miners.

Act II
Scene 4

Inside the Mineral Palace. Ruby sings in the background as the dancers dance. Enter William and Lamont Bowers.

Ruby
*Songs of love will never cease
As lovers laugh, forgetting sadness
Love is the perfect path to peace
To happiness, to joy, and gladness*

*Lovers twirl in love's ballet
Remember every day in song
Remember every word they say
Remember through their whole life long*

*Lovers waltz the night away
They kiss and lock in fast embrace
Arms intertwined they slowly sway
Gazing on each other's face*

(the music continues softly in the background)

Bowers: The statue of King Coal couldn't be a more appropriate decoration for tonight's dinner since all anyone can talk about is the striking miners over at Ludlow. We can't let those miners get away with a strike and we can't let the union in. If they get away with this, the mill workers will demand a union too. That can't happen, my boy.

William: It's going to happen, I think. We can't stop the strike. The miners have already stopped working, and one of our replacement workers has been killed too.

Bowers: Yeah, but I heard the one they killed was one of their own, that Niko who sold himself to us anyway. He's the fellow who stole the food rations, remember? And that seems to have worked too. Those fools can't organize when they are busy fighting among themselves. And the governor has called in the militia too. Just don't let your little dalliance with that silly girl cloud your judgment. You're part of a great team here at the mill. You have a great future. Leave little miss Greece alone, William.

Ruby
*Love brings pain that will not cease
When lovers give each other sadness
Love should be the path to peace
To happiness, to joy, and gladness*

Lovers dance a grim ballet

*When one does to the other wrong
Awful is the price you pay
In memories your whole life long*

*Lovers, to yourselves be true
You can't be cruel, must be kind
Never give your heart away
Unless you also give your mind*

*Lovers, waltz the night away
Kiss as you move in sweet embrace
Together now you slowly sway
And gaze upon each other's face*

William: I wish Doria were here with me. I wish I were gazing right now upon her lovely face.

Bowers: I meant what I said, Phelps, forget about that girl. She is not for you.

William
*How could love feel so right
Yet be wrong?
How can the dark of the night
Last so long?*

*The love that I feel
Is so true
Is so real
How could something this right
Be so wrong?*

*The moment I gazed on her face
My mind held her fast
And my heart made it last
As its beat synchronized to her pace
As it slowed to a stop
As it sped in a race
As it beat with her heart
In a secret embrace.*

*How could love feel so right
Yet be wrong?
How can the dark of the night
Last so long?*

*The love that I feel
Is so true
Is so real
How could something this right
Be so wrong?*

Act II
Scene 5

Doria is alone in the area where she holds her classes.

Doria
How could love feel so right

*Yet be wrong?
How can the dark of the night
Last so long?*

*The love that I feel
Is so true
Is so real
How could something this right
Be so wrong?*

*I've never been in love before
And yet I know I love him
Nothing in my life means more
Than when I'm dreaming of him.*

*My first love will be my last
No other mine will ever be
Within my heart I hold him fast
And hope he too will hold to me.*

*How could love feel so right
Yet be wrong?
How can the dark of the night
Last so long?
The love that I feel
Is so true
Is so real
How could something this right
Be so wrong?*

Enter children from both sides of the stage.

Joshua: Doria, are we going to have lessons today?

Doria: Of course we are, Joshua. Why wouldn't we?

Joshua: Because the camp is surrounded. Bad things are happening, my pa said. He's got a gun too.

Dimitri: Joshua is right, Doria. I came to see if you needed anything, but I can't stay. I'm going to fight.

Doria: No, Dimitri. You can't do that, you're not even 14 years old yet.

Dimitri: No, Doria, I have to go. You take care of the children. Keep them safe.

Enter Ruby.

Ruby: Oh no, Doria, my Sam's been shot by the snipers in the death special that's been circling the camp.

Doria: What can we do to help him, Ruby? What can we do to help you?

Ruby: There's nothing we can do for him. The men are taking care of him, and they sent me away. They said it was too dangerous there.

Ruby sits down and begins to sob. Doria puts her arm around her. Joshua runs to sit in her lap.

Joshua: Don't cry, Mama. Papa will be okay. He's so strong, my papa. Nothing can ever happen to him.

Ruby: Of course not, baby, your papa will be fine, but there was so much blood. Oh, my poor baby.

Joshua

*Don't cry, Mama, oh please don't cry
Though today you are sad and afraid
Things will improve by and by
This can't be a bad life we've made*

*No more tears, Mama, please no more tears
Though today the world seems so sad
You have had to face so many fears
But your life will not always be bad*

*You'll learn to face hardship, Mama dear
And your Joshua will see you through
After the trouble will come the fun
And the love we're entitled to*

*Weep no more, my sweet Mama, no more
You have a boy who loves only you
That, Mama, is what your Joshua is for
And to you I will always be true*

*No more crying or sadness, Mama dear
No more weeping or sighing or tears
Let your little son make your life complete
And put an end to all your fears*

Doria: What a lot of responsibility we are giving to children. This is all so hard for them.

Ruby: It is hard for them, Doria, but it is hard for all of us. I am so worried about my Sam, and look at you, you've lost Niko to all the trouble. What will happen to you?

Doria: I didn't love Niko, Ruby. I'm sad that he is dead, especially for Anna because she depended on him. But I'm even sadder that he didn't support the rest of us. I could never love a man like that.

Ruby: Then what about the man I saw you with in the park? I saw him at the Mineral Palace at the company party too. He certainly doesn't support us. He couldn't. He's one of them.

Doria: No Ruby, you're wrong about him. He works for them, but he's not one of them. He understands us and our problems, Ruby.

Ruby: Why, you're in love with him, aren't you?

Doria: Oh Ruby, what am I going to do?

*I've never been in love before
And yet I know I love him
Nothing in my life means more
Than when I'm dreaming of him.*

*My first love will be my last
No other mine will ever be
Within my heart I hold him fast
And hope he too will hold to me.*

Enter Cyril, who stands to the side as she sings. Ruby hugs Doria and leaves with Joshua.

Cyril: Stay away from the edge of the camp, daughter. You know, some of the Mexicans are digging pits under their tents so they'll have a place to hide if they ever need it.

Doria: I know, Papa. I wonder if we shouldn't be doing the same.

Cyril: I'm going to go talk to Louis about it. You take care of the children, and stay here where it's safe. And forget about that man. He's not for you, daughter.

Exit Cyril

Doria: Oh, Papa, I love you, but I love William too. Why can't you understand?

*I love him, I really love him
You might not know
I love him so
But I'll tell you this: I love him*

*He's good for me
I'm sure you see
That I'm as happy
As I can be
Just knowing that I love him*

*My days go by as in a trance
I dream we meet
I dream we dance
I see his eyes fill with romance
And I'll tell you this: I love him*

*I love him I really love him
And you'll agree
Love's good for me
Oh, I'm so glad I love him*

Act II

Scene 6

William and Father Papageordopoulos in front of St. John the Baptist Church.

William: I haven't met you Father, but I was in one of the back pews last Sunday. You must be worried about a strike.

Father: I am. We wouldn't have this beautiful church without the money from the CF&I. The miners and the steelworkers too ought to appreciate the gifts we've been given. But what were you doing here in our church anyway?

William: I'm part of the management here at the mill, not at the mine. I haven't been in Pueblo long. I came here from Pittsburgh, and I know what can happen when a strike turns ugly.

Father: So what do you want? There's nothing I can do to change anything. I've already talked to your management people. I told them I wouldn't encourage a strike, and I haven't.

William: I know that, Father. I came on my own. Because I know a girl here, Doria Kephalus. She and I have fallen in love.

Father: That girl is not for you. Cyril, her father, is tight with Louis Tikas and Tikas is probably the main leader of the striking miners.

William: I know all that, but what can I do to make them see that I'm not against them? I want them to get what they want.

Father: As long as John D. Rockefeller, Jr. signs your paycheck, you are against them, and you want your paycheck I think. You'd better stay away from Doria and her father and especially from Tikas.

William: I thought you could help me, Father. Now I don't know where to turn, but I won't give up. I think the love that Doria and I feel for each other can make a difference for everyone. I think we can change the future.

Exit William.

Father Papageordopolous

What have I done?

What did I say?

What do I really believe?

I don't turn down the money

They're willing to pay

But what do I really believe?

I don't know what to think

I am here on the brink

I want the best for the people I serve

I must do something now

I must help them somehow

I must speak while I still have the nerve

I offer them God and I offer them hope

I want to help them to live

And to learn how to cope

I can give what they need

If I really believe

And I do and I will

So I'll give all I can

To the people I came here to serve

Act II

Scene 7

Louis Tikas and Lt. Karl Linderfelt in a deserted area outside the camp.

Tikas: We didn't kill any of the scabs, and we aren't holding anyone in the camp. We can't return a man to you if we don't have one.

Linderfelt: You don't think Rockefeller took the train all the way to Colorado to kill one of his own replacement workers, do you? Ain't nobody but one of your men could a done it. And we've got another one missing, and ain't nobody could a took him but you. So give him up. Give him up now.

Machine gun fire is heard from off stage. The commander turns and leaves on one side of the stage and Tikas runs off the other side.

Tikas comes back on stage, out of breath, from the opposite side, with Cyril.

Cyril: What happened in your meeting? Did you get anywhere with them?

Tikas: I got nowhere. The militia is supporting the management, just as we've said all along. But I heard the guns, and I thought I'd better be back here with my own people.

Cyril: Yes, we need you with us. We don't need our families with us though. Is there a way to get them out of here?

Tikas: There's a freight train out there now, right in front of the Guards' guns. Gather up as many of the people who can't fight or won't fight, and get them on it.

Exit Tikas. Enter Doria with the children.

Doria: Oh, here you are, Papa. The gunfire was getting so close the children were afraid. They want their mamas.

Cyril: It is getting close. We have to get them out of here. Gather up the women. Get everyone you can on that freight train out of here.

Doria: Okay, Papa. I'll do it. But I'll be back. I'm going to stay and fight with you.

Cyril: But your boyfriend is management. He's one of them you know. They're grooming him to move up in the company. So how can you say you're going to fight with us? How can I trust you?

Doria:

*I've never been in love before
And yet I know I love him
Nothing in my life means more
Than when I'm dreaming of him.*

*My first love will be my last
No other mine will ever be
Within my heart I hold him fast
And hope he too will hold to me.*

Doria: I know what I'm doing, Papa. I have to do what's right, and I know our cause is right. So please don't talk about my lover any more. Just let me be your daughter, your daughter who loves you and believes in what you believe in: the miners.

Cyril: Go then. Get the women. Take the children. Load up that train!

They exit in opposite directions.

Act II

Scene 8

In the camp. The men are gathered together.

Strikers

*They want a fight
And a fight they'll get
They have the might
But we're not through yet*

*We have courage because we care
We'll fight till we die
To get what's fair*

*They have machine guns
But we have a cause
And we'll fight without ceasing*

*We'll fight without pause
We have courage because we care
We'll fight till we die
To get what's fair*

*They think they can kill us
And replace every one
They think we're afraid
They think we will run*

*But we have courage because we care
We'll fight till we die
To get what's fair*

Exit miners.

Enter Cyril and Doria.

Cyril: I wish you had gotten on that train with the others. You need to get away now though. Once the militia get in here, it won't be safe for any women, especially young ones like you.

Doria: I know where Patria and Cedilano are hiding with their children. The pit the Mexicans dug is under the Costa's tent. I know they'll let me down there. Their children have all come to my little school. They'll know I would be a big help keeping the children quiet.

Cyril: Then go find that tent. And pray for me and the men. This could be the end for us.

Doria: I'll pray for you, Papa. I love you so much. But you're fighting for right, so I know God will be on your side. I'll see you soon, Papa. Remember I love you!

Exit both from opposite sides of stage.

Act II

Scene 9

William is walking at the lake.

William

*I love her, I really love her
You might not know
I love her so
But I'll tell you this: I love her*

*She's good for me
I'm sure you see
That I'm as happy
As I can be
Just knowing that I love her*

*My days go by as in a trance
I dream we meet
I dream we dance
I see her eyes and feel romance
And I'll tell you this: I love her*

*I love her, I really love her
And you'll agree
Love's good for me
Oh, I'm so glad I love her*

Enter Bowers.

Bowers: William, what are you doing here? We need you at the office.

William: Why? I just came here on my lunch break. I'm not due back for another half hour.

Bowers: There's a fight going on at the tent colony at Ludlow. A big fight. We've called out the militia, and there's already trouble. We need to formulate a plan. Come back with me now.

William: Oh no. This is what I dreaded. I'll be back at the office, but there is one thing I need to do first.

Exit William, enter AP Reporter.

Reporter: Mr. Bowers? Aren't you Mr. Lamont Bowers?

Bowers: Yes, I am. What do you want? There's a strike and trouble in Ludlow. I don't have time for conversation.

Reporter: Of course not, Mr. Bowers. But the world needs to know what's going on or they can't support you. What's happening in Ludlow right now?

Bowers: I understand the entire camp is in flames. The militia is there to put an end to the problems, but it's going to be a fight.

Act II

Scene 10

At the camp.

Militia

*The strikers all deserve to die
We'll burn their hovels to the ground
We'll obliterate their memories
Till no trace of them is found*

*The union should have left them
In peace with where they stood
They never should have listened
It didn't do them any good*

*We'll send death to every striker
And destroy their families too
We'll get the union out of here
Start over with a whole new crew*

*Laborers get off every ship
Without a cent or plan
They're happy to head west to us
Where there's work for every man*

*So let the strikers die
Watch their village burn
Kill the women and children too
And a lesson is what they'll learn*

*Coming to America is fine for Europe's poor
As long as they understand the truth*

They can land on our Eastern shore

*Coming to America is what they want to do
And here they can build a better world
But they need to know for who*

Militia marches off. Enter Tikas dragged between Linderfelt and another militiaman.

Tikas: There is nothing you can do to me that will change the truth. Whether I am dead or alive won't matter because the men all know the truth and they will continue to fight. This fight will never end until Rockefeller and his management goons agree to treat the workers like the human beings they are.

Linderfelt: Human beings? Did he say the foreign trash are human beings? Who's he trying to kid? Hold him steady for me now.

Other militiaman: Yes Sir, Lt. Linderfelt, I'll hold 'im fer ya. I'll watch 'im die.

The other militiaman holds Tikas as Linderfelt hits him repeatedly with the butt of his rifle. Finally Tikas falls to the ground. Linderfelt shoots him several times.

Exit Linderfelt and militiaman, dragging Tikas' body

Military/Industrial music from opening. Chaos. People running across stage, off, back on, moaning, crying, gunfire.

Enter Cyril, walking around stage, looking at the remains of burned down tents.

Cyril: Wait, here it is. Doria, are you down there? Doria? Doria? Oh my God... There's bodies down there. Oh my daughter! Why did I send you down in that pit

Cyril
*Papa's little girl
For her I toiled in the mine
Papa's little princess
Midst the coal, a diamond's shine*

*Papa's little girl
She was the reason that I fought
Papa's little princess
Whose love was all I sought*

*Papa's little angel
A real angel now
Papa's special princess
She's still her papa's little girl
Did she know how much I loved her?
She was my diamond, my lovely pearl.*

Cyril sinks to his knees and buries his face in his hands.

Enter William.

William: What happened? Where is Doria?

Cyril, jumps up: Doria is in the pit under that tent. There's only women and children down there, and I fear they are all dead.

William: Wait! Maybe she isn't dead. Let's pull up the bodies and see what we can do.

Cyril: Don't touch my daughter's body! (Draws his gun) Don't ever touch my daughter! This is all your fault.

William: No, I loved her. I really loved her.

Cyril shoots him.

Enter Doria, in white. Cyril can't see her.

Doria

*My first love will be my last
No other mine will ever be
Within my heart I hold him fast
And hope he too will hold to me.*

William gets up and takes her hand. They begin walking off stage.

William and Doria

*My heart must be strong
Though love couldn't last long
Nothing that wonderful
Heart-stopping, beautiful
Nothing that good could be wrong.*

Enter AP Reporter

Reporter: Associated Press. April 23, 1914. Louis Tikas and two other captured miners were found dead today. Their bodies lay along the Colorado and Southern tracks for three days in full view of passing trains, but the militia officers refused to allow them to be moved until the Railway Union demanded they be taken away for burial. Four women and eleven children were trapped in a pit under a tent when fire broke out in the Ludlow Camp three days ago. Two of the women and all of the children died.

Enter Rockefeller

Reporter: Mr. Rockefeller, how do you feel about the strike and the violence?

Rockefeller: The violence is over now. We will find a way to mend our fences.

Reporter: What do you mean?

Rockefeller: We are all partners in a way. Capital can't get along without the men, and the men can't get along without capital. When anybody comes along and tells you that capital and labor can't get along together, that man is your worst enemy. We are getting along friendly enough here in this mine now, and there is no reason why the men cannot get along with the manager of my company when I am back in New York.

Reporter: Associated Press. April 23, 1914. John D. Rockefeller, Jr. sees hope for the future of his industry. Only time will tell.

Stage goes dark. All exit.

Enter Presbyterian Minister, Lamont Bowers, other mourners on one side of the stage.

Enter Father Papageordopoulos and mourners on other side of stage.

Enter choir behind ministers, half from either side, to form one group in the center.

Lights only on Presbyterian side, slide of First Presbyterian Church.

Minister: We are gathered here today to mourn a man whose future here in Pueblo was promising indeed.

William Phelps lost his life needlessly in strife we wish had not come into our world. Let us pray for his soul.

The Presbyterian half of the stage fades to darkness and the other side is lit. The slide changes to St. John the Baptist Greek Orthodox Church.

Father Papageordopoulos: We are gathered here today to mourn a young woman much loved among us. Doria Kephalus was not the only loss our Greek Orthodox Community suffered in the recent tragedy. We lost a man with much potential when we lost Louis Tikas, and we lost Doria's father as well when he felt he had no choice but to return to his homeland. But Doria represented the future of our community here in America. Let us pray for her soul.

Light up the whole stage.

Choir

*Weep for them, weep now oh Mother
Weep for our sorrow, hear our sighs
We mourn our sister and our brother
Sing their praises to the skies*

*Yet as we pray their souls ascend
We beg the Lord in love arise
We ask his blessing have no end
As to our Lord we cast our eyes*

*Bring us a better world tomorrow
We sing His praises all on high
We cry for days gone by in sorrow
Yet look ahead, where heav'n is nigh*

Exit all.

Finale

Enter dancers and Ruby. At the Mineral Palace.

Ruby

*Only the passage of time
Can put our fears to rest
Only the years going by
Can give new ideas their test*

*Only the passage of time
Can bring friendship from hatred and strife
Only the years going by
Can put happiness back in each life*

*So we'll wait through the months and the years
As Americans make our land free
We'll wait and let go of our fears
As Americans learn to agree*

Enter William and Doria in white. They join the dance.

*And finally the passage of time
Will bring ideas we all can embrace
And finally the years will go by
Until finally the past is erased*

William and Doria move toward chairs beneath King Coal and Silver Queen.

*But the memories will always live on
In our minds they will never die
The people who fought so we could live
Near our hearts will always lie.*

William sits under King Coal. Doria sits under the Silver Queen.

*The King of Coal we'll always need
But give him a softer side
Let the Silver Queen glow beside him
As through eternity together they ride*

*Yes the memories will always live on
And the truth will never die
The people who fought so we could live
Near our hearts will always lie.*