

GEORGE WASHINGTON: Things are getting exciting now. We're in Boston in 1773...

(HISTORY POLICE enter, interrupting, blowing on whistles)

POLICE A: Hold it, hold it right there.

GEORGE WASHINGTON: The history police again!

POLICE B: You're a troublemaker, aren't you, Mr. Washington?

POLICE A: Having a little fun with the French and Indian war, were we?

POLICE B: Well history is not about fun, Mr. Washington. No sirree.

POLICE A: No sirree. Where's the facts? The dates? The family trees?

POLICE B: You've got to explain things. Tell the audience that after the French were defeated in the war, the British and the colonists were left to struggle for control of the land.

POLICE A: Control of the land, Mr. Washington. We're not going to warn you again.  
(THEY exit)

GEORGE WASHINGTON (to audience): Yes, well, here we are—again—in Boston, on a cold night in December in 1773. The colonists are not happy with British rule.

Calvert class exits stage (SALESMAN enters with tray filled with paper cups slung around neck; Benedetto Enters it would be nice if he is played by same actor who played SEMINOLE)

SALESMAN: Coke, get your Cokes right here! Pepsi, Pepsi cola, ice cold Pepsi right here.



(THREE distinguished Bostonians—the Adamses—enter)

SAMUEL ADAMS: Wait a minute. I'll take one of those.

SALESMAN: Say, aren't you Samuel Adams?

SAMUEL ADAMS: Yes I am. And this is my cousin John Adams and his wife Abigail. She's holding little John Quincy Adams.

SALESMAN: So you're the Adams family.

JOHN ADAMS: Yes we are.

SALESMAN: Then where's Uncle Fester?

JOHN ADAMS: Excuse me?

SALESMAN: And since when did upper-crust colonists like yourselves start drinking sodas and stop drinking tea?

ABIGAIL ADAMS: Since the parliament back in England put a tax on all imported tea. We're going to show the British that they can't get away with it!

ADAMSES:

Bang on the drums  
Blow on the trumpets  
Get out the cups  
Bring out some crumpets.

Where is the tea  
We should be drinking?  
300 chests  
See them all sinking!

One lump or two?  
How do you take your tea?  
Just one way will do—  
At the bottom of the sea.  
Doo bee doo...

Song 7/18

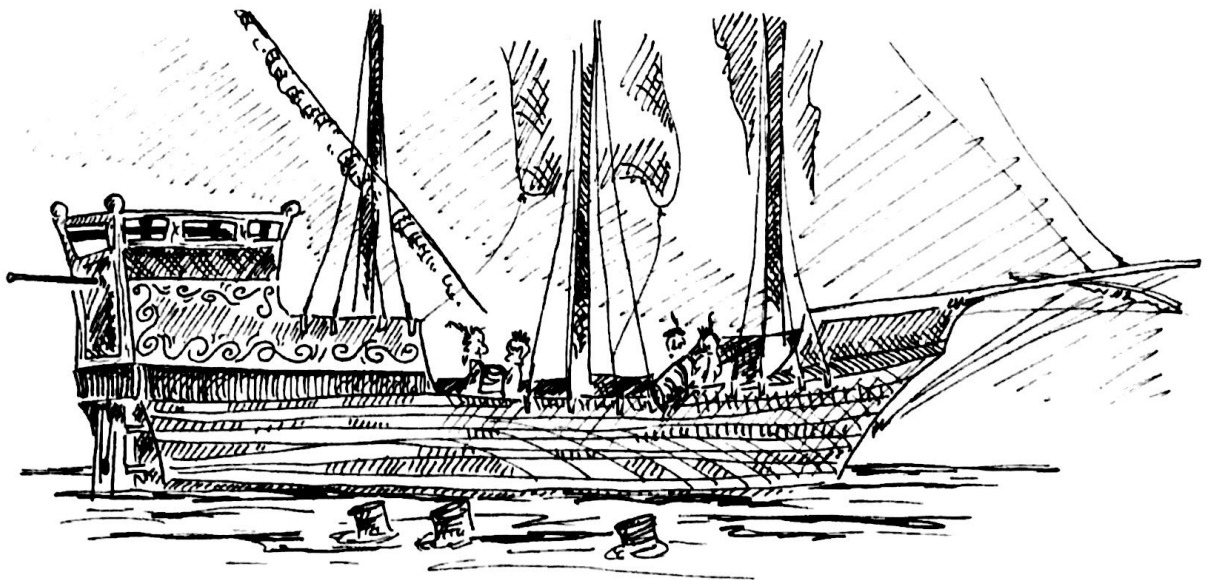
Tyranny's here  
With this taxation  
When we don't have  
Representation.

Pick up a bell  
It's time to ring it  
Pick up some tea  
It's time to fling it!

ADAMSES and CHORUS:

One lump or two?  
How do you take your tea?  
Just one way will do—  
At the bottom of the sea.  
One lump or two?  
How do you take your tea?  
Just one way will do—  
At the bottom of the sea.  
Doo bee doo...

(ADAMSES and SALESMAN exit, leaving GEORGE  
WASHINGTON on stage)



(SIBYL LUDINGTON and LONGFELLOW enter on side and sit down. HE is working on a poem. MARTHA WASHINGTON enters, sees them, and speaks to GEORGE)

MARTHA WASHINGTON: Look, George, it's Henry Wadsworth Longfellow and Sibyl Ludington. Looks like Longfellow is working on a poem.

GEORGE: This is a special moment, Martha. Longfellow's trying to write an epic poem about Sibyl.

(HISTORY POLICE enter, blowing whistles)

POLICE A: Okay, that's it. Cuff him.

GEORGE: What'd I do now?

POLICE B: What did you do? Why you skipped the whole beginning of the Revolutionary War!

POLICE A: Here we are in the middle of the colonists' fight for freedom from British rule. You can't just start in the middle.

POLICE B: Where's your narrative sense? The beginning, then the middle, then the end!

POLICE A: And now, in 1777, you've got a little known Revolutionary War heroine Sibyl Ludington talking to the great American poet Longfellow...

POLICE B: ...and he wasn't even born until 30 years later! Book him, Danno.

GEORGE (being led off by POLICE):  
But it's dramatic license!

POLICE A: We're revoking that license, mister.



MARTHA (following after them): But Longfellow's right there, talking to Sibyl Ludington...

(THEY exit)

LONGFELLOW (reading from his work in progress): "Listen, my children, and you shall learn-a-ton, of the midnight ride of Sibyl Ludington..." I don't know, Sibyl, it doesn't sound good.

SIBYL: But I deserve a little recognition, Hank. I did everything Paul Revere did!

LONGFELLOW: I know. But your name just doesn't flow. Besides, Paul Revere went on his famous ride first, in Massachusetts.

SIBYL: But I rode from Connecticut to New York—twice as far as Revere! Think how much more dangerous that was!

LONGFELLOW: Okay, how about: "Listen, my children, and you shall know-the-one, of the midnight ride of Sibyl Ludington." No, that's even worse.

SIBYL: But shouldn't people know about me too?

LONGFELLOW: Of course. But your name doesn't rhyme with anything. Think of Revere—there are so many possibilities: "year," "clear," "career," "hemisphere"...

SIBYL: But I was just sixteen years old! That's something, isn't it?

LONGFELLOW: ... "volunteer," "wood veneer"...

SIBYL: Oh, I'll never be famous!



SIBYL (NOTE: during the CHORUS sections of her song, SIBYL grabs a stick pony and rides around, delighting in the CHORUS's chant):

Forty long miles on a horse in the dark  
Isn't exactly a walk in the park.  
I stop at each house and I bang on the door  
I tell them "The British are coming—once more."

Song 8/19

CHORUS:

Sibyl Ludington! Sibyl, we cheer!  
Sibyl Ludington! Glad you came here.  
Too bad your name doesn't rhyme like "Revere"  
You'll miss the folk songs and textbooks, we fear.

SIBYL:

Sixteen years old and I ride through the night  
Warn the militia: get ready to fight!  
"The British are coming!" I yell at each door  
"Sibyl," they tell me, "we've heard it before."

CHORUS:

Sibyl Ludington! Sibyl, we cheer!  
Sibyl Ludington! Glad you came here.  
Too bad your name doesn't rhyme like "Revere"  
You'll miss the folk songs and textbooks, we fear.  
Too bad your name doesn't rhyme like "Revere"  
You'll miss the folk songs and textbooks, we fear.

(SHE exits)

GEORGE WASHINGTON (rushing on stage, handcuffs still on):  
Sibyl was just one of thousands of colonial heroes in the war. I like to think that I, George Washington, General, First President, Father of the Country, et cetera, had some small part in it all. But the Colonists were ready to fight for freedom.

(Whistle blows from off stage; GEORGE looks off stage in direction of whistle, and then races off)

COLONISTS:

Song 9/20

It's our revolutionary war  
It's independence we're fighting for.  
We got tired of mad King George's reign  
We got "Common Sense" from Thomas Paine.

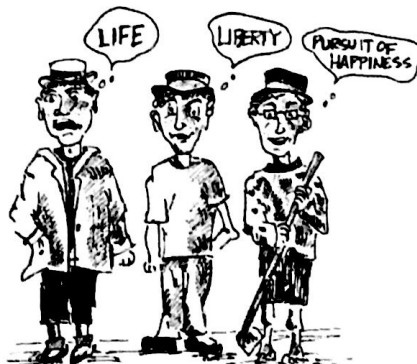
It's our revolutionary war  
It's Washington camped at Valley Forge.  
It's a boat across the Delaware  
It's a Nathan Hale of gunfight there.

Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness  
That's why we want to throw out the Crown  
Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness  
Thomas Jefferson wrote it all down.

It's our revolutionary war  
When Benedict Arnold falsely swore  
We have Betsy Ross and Lafayette  
And a French blockade we won't forget.

Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness  
That's why we want to throw out the Crown  
Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness  
Thomas Jefferson wrote it all down.

It's our revolutionary war  
It's independence we're fighting for.  
We got tired of mad King George's reign  
We got "Common Sense" from Thomas Paine.  
(THEY exit)



(GEORGE and MARTHA WASHINGTON enter, leading the HISTORY POLICE who are now wearing the handcuffs)

GEORGE WASHINGTON (to audience): Well, it's all over and the Colonists have sent the British packing. I've been elected the country's first president, and my first act was to arrest these two History Police for being a public nuisance.

POLICE A: I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country.

POLICE B: The president isn't going to execute us.

POLICE A: He isn't?

POLICE B: No.

POLICE A: I knew that.

MARTHA WASHINGTON: With a solid constitution, this new country will get off to a flying start. Let's end our review of the 13 colonies with a chat with James Madison, the man behind the Constitution.

JAMES MADISON (entering): You know, I thought the Constitution was perfect. But I've got to admit this Bill of Rights adds just the right touch. So come on, George, Martha. Let's do it.

GEORGE WASHINGTON: Do what?

JAMES MADISON: Let's boogie with the Bill of Rights!

(During the song, members of the class spread around the room and finish the song surrounding the audience)





ENTIRE CLASS:

Song 10/21

We've got freedom of religion  
We can choose how we pray  
We've got freedom of assembly  
So assemble away.  
Got a trial by a jury, got to do it in a hurry.  
Come on, come on, boogie with the Bill of Rights.

It's the Bill of Rights  
So it can't be wrong  
We will amend to ten  
And then dance along.  
Come on, come on, boogie with the Bill of Rights.

Got a right to an attorney  
He'll work on your behalf  
There's no quartering of soldiers  
So just cut them in half.  
It's the perfect resolution to our living Constitution  
Come on, come on, boogie with the Bill of Rights.

It's the Bill of Rights  
So it can't be wrong  
We will amend to ten  
And then dance along.  
Come on, come on, boogie with the Bill of Rights.

(CLASS does the Bill of Rights Boogie)

It's the perfect resolution to our living Constitution  
Come on, come on, boogie with the Bill of Rights.

It's the Bill of Rights  
So it can't be wrong  
We will amend to ten  
And then dance along.  
Come on, come on, boogie with the Bill of Rights.  
Come on, come on, boogie with the Bill of Rights.

THE END

Did we say "boogie"?  
Yes we did, but we  
didn't necessarily  
mean it. Please see  
our comments on  
page 36 of the  
*Teacher's Guide*.