

Script:

Key -

Arnav = T

Atharv Emerson = E

Atharv Simple = Si

Nichelle = N

Aashriya = Sp

Aashriya Narrator = Nr

Scene 1:

T and E enter scene and sit down to eat dinner, N and Sp watch on from offstage, ready to comment

E: Henry, my dearest twin, this food is absolutely confounding. Would you care for a morsel?

T: Nah Emerson, BEANS for life! I'm on that BEAN grind, I only eat BEANS. You know, I even grow them myself because I'm the BEAN MASTER fam.

*N and **SP** circle the table in black clothing and stand on opposite sides**weewooo omg ghosts***

N: A pathetic meal for an even more pathetic man. Fitting. Of course, why would you not be pathetic? You have failed everyone in your life.

Sp: There is so much happiness and natural beauty in the world? Why are you always so sad? Are you incapable of feeling joy at all of the great things in the world?

N: Shut up. Everyone I have loved is dead. I'm good at nothing. I have no marketable skills. I was fired from my job.

Sp: Brother what're you yapping about? Would you not like to live forever?

N: Does the sand in the hourglass make the passing hours more pleasant? I think not.

T: Yo, Emerson, you hear those voices?

E: Nah slime, I do not sense these voices you speak of. I fear for your health my friend. You seem to have been going insane for the last month.

T: I've heard these voices like 6-7 times today. Is it just me?

E: Henry, Are you okay? I'm worried about you. You know that you are one of my best friends
(*aside:* even though I could never like you)

N: You know, you will lose him too. Like all of the others, he will also die.

T: Shut up! I mean, I'm fine, I promise blud.

E: I think you should go to bed and get some rest. Maybe that will help with your predicament.

*both leave stage and **lights turn off***

***N** and **Sp** put blanket on table and leave stage*

***T** enters scene*

***T** gets on the mattress, but then he thinks its very uncomfortable, and goes to sleep on the ground*

Scene 2:

Nr: Later that night, in Thoreau's Dreams.

Thoreau starts tossing, turning, and screaming

*Thoreau wakes up to a **darkened stage***

T: Where am I? What's happening? What a dreamlike place this is!

*N, **Si**, and **Sp** all start whispering louder and louder. The voices get deafening.*

***Si:** less is more, live deliberately*

***N:** Sorrow will slowly consume you as all you love leaves you.*

***Sp:** Nature brings one closer to the spiritual essence of life*

T: STOP!

***Sp** enters stage*

Sp: Why do you struggle still, Henry? You need to live a more fulfilling and spiritual life. Return to nature, Henry. Love it! Its beauty and complexity...

T: Would that help me, truly?

Sp: Certainly. When you see the glory and splendor of nature unfold, that is when all of the inner troubles will leave you.

***Si** enters stage*

Si: Lies! The trick is living a simple life. Enjoy the simplicity in things. Live in a small house. Sleep on the floor. Eat some woodchucks!

Sp: I mean, you might as well become a homeless savage the way you are talking. And eating woodchucks? Are you right in the head?

Si: I've gone to live in the woods! Only you would think I live the life of a saint as you preach!
Are *you* right in the head?

Sp: What's wrong if I'm not? Sometimes spirituality transcends that which is seen by society and your simplistic view as "right"

Si: Ah! So we agree that society is bad, but you are just a hypocrite! How can you say society binds when you bind yourself to spirituality? Why is your weirdness fine, but that which I do is not?

Sp: You dare call *me* a hypocrite? Was it not you who shunned currency, then sold beans to acquire it? Was it not you who proclaimed such dislike for material possessions and societal company but sought them out nonetheless?

Si: I left society! It was you and your idiocy that made me reenter it!

Emotional walks on the stage, depressed

N: How selfish you are, the both of you! Abandoning those around you to retreat into nature. How pathetic! Dared you, when John died, simply run? I do not deserve such reprieve from my grief, such blatant repression! And what of Ellen? A broken heart when you continue to deny your emotions?

Si: Maybe it is your failures that are the reason we should completely seclude ourselves from humankind

N: My failures? And what of you? "Leave society, you said, ignore everything else, you said," at that point, you might as well be DEAD!

Sp: I have seen and experienced what human kind has not! I have tasted the crisp air of a sunny morning, found a peace worth more than your silly mourning!

N: Filthy hypocrites! Do not claim to have embarked on some noble quest to make yourself more hardy, more independent! It was *I* who sought out the woods, *I* who tried to find whatever solace I could. And I cannot think, cannot feel, because you treat me with some unknown fear that *I* will break you!

Si: Fool! You speak of hypocrisy, but here you stand, so full of contradictions! You criticize us first for abandoning life to live deliberately, then claim to have sought out the woods yourself?

T: Can you be quiet, FOR 5 SECONDS! You are nothing to me. I, as in ME, I am Thoreau. Not you **points at Si**, or you **points at N**, or even you **points at Sp**. I make the decisions. If and when I want to go into the woods again, I will.

N: It's all those two; they are the potency of the wine that lasts even at the altar. Clad in a guise of virtue, they are the ones who seek to tempt you and blind you to my voice.

Si: You, so flighty **to Sp**. You, so *emotional* **to N**, were the reason I left my simple life at Walden! You are the problem, not me. You are always trying to whisper poisonous wishes in our ear.

Sp: And what fault is there in enjoying oneself? Why do you insist on subjecting yourself to such pain? You would relish in our deaths! And don't forget that one — **points at N** always so fatalistic. Never willing to see the sun, always stuck mourning the darkness but refusing to open the blinds! What fools you are!

N: How could I see the sun when it was you who restrained me and drowned me in nature, doused me with labor and philosophy, never acknowledged me on paper! And yet I persist, though you refuse me, shun me! I am not useless! You simply fear the truth lest it forces you to reconsider who you think we are, lest it snuffs out your north star! I feel so *damn* viscerally the grief of this world, yet you claim you are some higher spiritual being?

Get louder through this section

T: Stop it! I was wrong. It is not just me who is Thoreau. We are Thoreau. We cannot be broken, because if we are broken as a group, then each one of us is. We cannot fight, because if we fight, we destroy nobody and nothing but ourselves. We must agree, and **we** must learn to share.

Maybe we are hypocrites. Maybe that means something... Maybe that means we are permanently broken. Maybe we can't be fixed. But what if we can. Yes, I am a hypocrite. But, you know, maybe, maybe sometimes... A hypocrite is just a man, or a group of men, in the process of changing.

N, Sp, and Si all look at Thoreau, dumbfounded for a moment

N: But... forgive me... I...I...First it was Ellen, and I, for once, felt so horribly out of place, so clumsily *odd*. But it's mere heartbreak, I can continue. But then there was John. Do you know — can you *fathom* — the feeling of someone being ripped so cruelly from your arms though their deadened shell remains there? What world could hold any kindness if it lowered the blade upon his neck so... so callously? And Waldo... oh Waldo, my poor, poor boy. As scarlet fever took the breath from his lungs, I felt a fever grip me, and, though it has broken, I still feel its toll on me. Perhaps it is this that causes me to fight... with myself? Ourselves?

Si: Maybe I was wrong. I thought that if I... we, cast off the chains of everything we own, we would be free from the pain. Maybe some connection is good? I think... Could it be that I am just afraid to think that I was wrong about us? I think the thing I fear is admitting that sometimes what **I** want is not what is best for **us**.

Sp: Perhaps there is a special beauty in loving simplicity. I fear that I am in agreement with you two. Maybe the reason I fear is because if I admit you are right, that means that I am useless. But I do not think that I am useless. There is some value to a spiritual life right?

T: Do not fret, for all of you have a fundamental importance to me.

Sp, Si, and N leave stage

T: Well with that resolved, hopefully I can go back to my restful sleep. I do feel much better now.

Stage goes black again, T goes to sleep on the ground

Scene 3:

Nr: That morning, at Emerson's house

T, still sleeping on the ground

E: Thoreau, wake up, it's already 8 in the morning

T: *(aside: Good lord, that was a fantastical dream)*. Was I asleep that long?

E: Yes, indeed, I felt it was best to let you sleep brochacho, so you could chill out. Do you still hear them voices?

T: I think so, but they seem more at peace.

E: Well, I guess that is some improvement. What would you like for breakfast, brotein shake?

Sp and N in their black robes again

Sp: You know, what if we had beans?

N: That isn't too bad of an idea, actually!

T: What about... BEANS!

E: Yes!