

Cast

POLICE CHIEF: Cecilia

POLICE 2: Heidy

THOREAU: Tim

CANADIAN GUY: Heidy

JEFF BEZOS: Cecilia

SEWALL'S DAD: Armaan

EMERSON: Phia

WHILE CONCORD SLEEPS

The POLICE CHIEF sits at a table. SEWALL lies dead by the table. THOREAU bursts in, gains his composure, and begins to speak to the audience

THOREAU: September 4th. The Concord nights have turned me into a nocturnal animal. When you hired me, I knew this would be a tough bean to swath. But, I've done what nobody in this department could: I found the culprit. I know why Walden Bean Company has been failing, and it goes even deeper than Walden Pond.

POLICE CHIEF: Calm down. Start from the beginning.

THOREAU: It all started with that peculiar woodchopper.

THOREAU starts to look up as the scene changes.

THOREAU sits at the table. As he speaks, POLICE CHIEF exits and CANADIAN GUY takes his seat. EMERSON enters and stands behind Thoreau.

THOREAU *yelling and slamming the table*: WHAT DID YOU DO TO MY BEANS!!!!??

CANADIAN GUY: Henry, my old friend! It's nice to see you again! What brings you here?

THOREAU: Don't play games with me, you unspiritual Canadian. We both know what you did. You were always jealous of my intellect and bean-farming prowess!

CANADIAN GUY stares at THOREAU, confused.

EMERSON: Chill Thoreau, let's start with some questions. Woodchopper, it says here that you started up a bean business on Amazon just two months ago, a whole month after Henry did the

same, and your sales and reviews have already skyrocketed past his. How is it that there's such a big discrepancy between your businesses?

THOREAU: Spill the beans, young man! You bought reviews and you sabotaged my bean business!

CANADIAN GUY (nonchalantly): I think this might be a skill issue. I haven't been doing anything in the past month but selling beans and admiring the handwriting of *The Odyssey*.

Emerson is jotting notes and jots this down

THOREAU: Nonsense! Emerson, beans!

EMERSON hands THOREAU a bowl full of beans and THOREAU shoves it in front of CANADIAN GUY, spilling beans everywhere.

THOREAU (clearly deranged, pretending to be calm): Here, friend. Have a bean. I insist.

THOREAU (to audience): He will realize that my beans are so delectable that no one would possibly choose his beans over mine! Then he will have to face his crimes.

CANADIAN GUY carefully picks up a single bean then immediately doubles over and vomits as THOREAU speaks.

CANADIAN (wiping mouth): Henry your beans are...uhm...(gags)...delightful!

THOREAU: Then tell me...(Hands beans back to Emerson so forcefully that it pushes him back a few steps) Why. Aren't. They. SELLING!?

CANADIAN GUY looks frantically around the room, searching for the answer that will get him out of this situation.

CANADIAN (timidly): Well, Henry...do you remember what you were telling me about people who value money above spiritual and intellectual growth?

THOREAU: YES!!! Those stupid—

EMERSON puts his hand over THOREAU's mouth. THOREAU continues to produce muffled yelling noises.

EMERSON: ...and?

CANADIAN (excitedly): Well, Amazon is owned by Jeff Bezos, and all he cares about is money! I bet his spiritual infamy blinded him to the merits of your beans and HE sabotaged your sales!

THOREAU (violently shoves EMERSON's arm away from his face): That's it!!! Jeff Bezos sabotaged my sales!

THOREAU runs offstage. EMERSON and CANADIAN GUY shrug at each other, then CANADIAN GUY stands up and the two calmly exit.

THOREAU: So. Canadian Guy, you may be innocent, but what of this new suspect? (*Turning to the audience and gesture to JEFF BEZOS- walks on stage and freeze*) Perhaps he wasn't as useless back in the day, but now that he's made his fortune, he has nothing to live for. He goes by many names: hero, villain, Jeff Bezos... or, as I like to call him, dad.

JEFF BEZOS (*Sitting*): Why am I here?

THOREAU: You know why, you capitalist swine! (*Calmly*) Bean?

THOREAU offers JEFF BEZOS a bowl of beans.

EMERSON: Hello, Mr. Bezos. Lovely to see you again.

JEFF BEZOS: Oh, always a pleasure, Ralph.

JEFF BEZOS hesitantly eats a bean and starts coughing.

JEFF BEZOS: These are awful, it's no wonder they aren't selling.

THOREAU (sarcastic): No wonder, indeed. Now, tell me, how does a man so preoccupied with DESTROYING the American economy have time to pay attention to a simple man's bean sales? Unless, perhaps, this man is threatened by the success of a newer bean company. While you were watching the numbers from Whole Foods roll in, you realized what you had to do. You could see only one option. Now, of course, you would never do something like that, you think to yourself. You start brainstorming other solutions, but the idea of selling anything other than beans leaves a bad taste in your mouth. Tell me, Jeff, am I right so far?

JEFF BEZOS: David, the only thing that leaves a bad taste in my mouth are those wretched legumes of yours.

THOREAU: SILENCE! I am king of the bean field and look down upon any other vendor from the high perch of my vine. That is, I did. Until you took that from me (*turns back to JEFF BEZOS.*) Do you confess?

JEFF BEZOS: You got me, David. Get the chief in here, you've found your man.

THOREAU: Really?

JEFF BEZOS: No, obviously not. If you're looking for someone intent on destroying your life, you won't find it here. Goodbye.

(BEZOS leaves stage, then THOREAU and EMERSON re-enter)

THOREAU: Thoreau (*starting to question the possibilities as he paces back and forth*): It wasn't the woodchopper or Bezos. Who else could possibly want me to fail that miserably? There's only one reasonable answer. Which person couldn't comprehend my religious beliefs due to their spiritual slumber? Which person thought I couldn't be financially successful? Which person didn't want to marry their daughter? Excelsior! It was Edmund Quincy Sewall!

EMERSON: Are you sure about this? What would Sewall have to do with your beans?

THOREAU: He's always been too narrow-minded to understand me. He's scared that if my bean business rightfully becomes a monopoly, his daughter won't be able to help but fall in love with me. Bring in the suspect!

Sewall enters blindfolded and gagged

Emerson takes off the blindfold and gag

SEWALL: Huh? Where am I? How did I get here? *Henry?*

THOREAU: Why is everybody acting so clueless? This is the biggest news in Concord since Mary Minot dropped her watermelon. Don't play coy with me Sewall. All the evidence points to you.

SEWALL: You? The idiot who thinks that believers don't need the Church is questioning *me* about morality? What evidence could you possibly have? Let me guess. Nature?

THOREAU (*faces audience, raises hands, and speaks with grandiosity. SEWALL freezes*): I believe that there is a subtle magnetism in Nature, which, if we unconsciously yield to it, will direct us aright. What were we talking about again?

EMERSON: Thoreau believes it was you, Edmund Quincy Sewall, because you couldn't handle the thought of a financially capable Thoreau.

THOREAU: He didn't just want his daughter not to marry me. He has always been jealous of my intellect. There's no other explanation!

Sewall bursts out laughing

SEWALL: Henry, if you keep this up, I won't even have to convince my daughter not to marry you! (*keeps laughing*) Ignoring the fact that this was a complete waste of my time, I'd encourage you to continue pursuing this case!

EMERSON: Thoreau, I hate to say it, but I think this case might be a dead end. Maybe no one sabotaged your beans

THOREAU: Et tu Emerson? I thought you were the one person I could trust to believe me!

EMERSON: Now, now, Thoreau, I'm not saying I don't believe you or that this isn't a serious matter, but maybe it would help to look at your situation from a new perspective.

SEWALL (*sarcastically*): To me, it seems an awful lot like Emerson doesn't take you seriously. How do you know it wasn't him who poisoned or squatted in or did whatever happened to your beans?

EMERSON: Oh come on...

THOREAU (*interrupting Emerson*): You might be onto something here. *Thoreau starts pondering deeply and Sewall decides to try some of the leftover beans from the floor.*

The beans taste so revolting that Sewall starts having a heart attack

SEWALL: Someone get some help! Please! Those beans...

THOREAU (*interrupting again*): Aha! It has to have been Emerson. Of course! He was only helping me with the case to throw me off his scent!

EMERSON: Alright. I was trying to be supportive of you when nobody else was, but I guess you really are just a crackpot. I'm done.

Emerson leaves the stage, Thoreau continues to think, Sewall continues to die of a heart attack

THOREAU (talking to himself): It must have been Emerson. IT MUST HAVE! There is only one way to be sure though...

Thoreau drags Emerson back on stage

THOREAU: Since you don't believe me, there is only one explanation for why you have been my side-kick for this long. YOU SABOTAGED MY BEANS

EMERSON: THOREAU LISTEN TO YOURSELF. You started a farming business on the soil of Walden pond. Soil that is infamously not conducive for farming. There is no one to blame but yourself.

Emerson leaves again and Sewall is lifeless

THOREAU: Of course... the culprit was under my nose this whole time: Henry David Thoreau!

Thoreau sits down in the interrogation chair

THOREAU: All the signs point to you, Thoreau. You sabotaged my beans! Every day, you were out in my bean field tampering with them. All this time, you've been jealous of my success. Admit it, Thoreau, this is your doing.

Thoreau runs to the other side of the table

THOREAU: Says who? Clearly, the only reason you suspect me is because you're jealous of me. Walden pond is unfit for growing beans! Look at yourself, Thoreau, you did this through your negligence toward proper farming practices.

THOREAU (pauses): Of course. I grew beans in the sandy soil of Walden Pond. I couldn't fertilize my beans because my house was too isolated. Thoreau... YOU sabotaged my beans!

Lights turn off and on to change scenes. Circle back to the opening scene.

THOREAU: SO NOW YOU CAN SEE I HAVE SOLVED THE CASE!

POLICE: You solved nothing. In fact, there was never a case! You couldn't even make up your mind for more than a minute. You cycled through 5 suspects, including yourself!

THOREAU: Or was it me? Perhaps-

POLICE 2: You admitted it yourself. Stop waffling!

THOREAU: You say I'm waffling, but I'm not.

POLICE 2: Yes you are.

THOREAU: No, I'm not! Waffles are very complex. A patterned pancake if you will. I went to the woods to live deliberately, and beyond that, simply. Waffles are a crime against nature. Pancakes are better because they are more simple. Obviously.

POLICE: Thoreau, stop. You came in here, claiming you solved the case, but we never gave you a case. You went rogue, impersonating a detective and breaking and entering into the police interrogation room. No one sabotaged your beans, no one even cares about your beans. You foolishly picked soil that is infamous for its infertility. You are a fool Thoreau, and you are under arrest.

THOREAU: Why?! I have done nothing wrong.

POLICE 2: Besides the fact that you investigated a case without permission, you have been evading taxes for years. It has finally caught up with you, and you are not walking out of here unless you are in cuffs.

THOREAU: AHA, I understand now. YOU SABOTAGED MY BEANS! THIS WAS ALL JUST A PLOT TO DRAW ME OUT OF THE WOODS AND ARREST ME! YOU WILL NEVER GET AWAY WITH THIS!

POLICE: Hands behind your back. You have the right to remain silent...