

Walden Script

Setup- Pre-Scene:

- SC- "Alright, you're all set."
- N- "So you're telling me some lunatic ACTUALLY decided to give us funding for this project?"
- SC- "Look, do you want to get paid or not?"
- N- "...ugh, fine"
- SC- "The Wild Thoreau, Scene 1. Brought to you by Nat Geo and Hollywood. Begin!" *clap of movieboard"

Scene 1: Ants

- *Enter: Thoreau*
- **Narrator:** "Spring in the Walden Woods is full of life. And nothing reflects this more than observing the Henricus David-Thoreaus, known to the common man as the Henry David Thoreau– Thoreau, for short"
- *Thoreau walks around, creeping, animal-like*
- **Narrator:** The wild Thoreau is comfortable in its isolation, as it does not feel alone.
- **Thoreau:** BEANSS!!!!!!! (Hugs beans to body) I cherish them, I hoe them, early and late I have an eye to them; and this is my day's work.
- *Thoreau pulls out his bean bag (confetti) He begins to walk around, throwing around beans in a manic manner*
- **Thoreau:** Go forth, my bean children!! Seep into the Earth!!!
- *Animal sounds*
- **Narrator:** The Thoreau is not alone, however.
- **Thoreau:** "What beautiful sounds, I hear a loon and a duck, they do not eat my beans"
- **Narrator:** "The Thoreau blends in in the way it knows best."
- *Thoreau talks to the loons*
- **Narrator:** But suddenly, something piques the Thoreau's interest.
- **Thoreau:** "Ahh! ANT FIGHT" FIGHT FIGHT FIGHT FIGHT
- *Thoreau pulls out magnifying glass*
- *Enter ants - they fight*
- **Thoreau:** Time to take this fight home (takes a few ants)
- *Change scene as Thoreau walks back*

Scene 2: the woodchopper and woodchuck

- *Thoreau is wandering his woods again*
- **Narrator:** "A new day in the walden woods, the Thoreau is continuing his normal pattern"
- *Enter: Woodchopper*
- **Narrator:** A visitor!
- **Woodchopper:** "Good morning Henry, what are you doing this morning?"
- **Thoreau:** "I have been thinking about philosophy and ants and beans... You wouldn't understand."

- **Woodchopper:** "...Alright Henry. So how's life in the woods been for you? I can't believe you're actually doing this!"
- **Thoreau:** "Of course you wouldn't. I have spent my time photosynthesising and philopidating precariously, and tangilating the circumsene of which I connectivise."
- **Woodchopper:** "I'M SORRY WHAT!!"
- **Narrator:** "The woodchopper is confused"
- *Woodchuck runs across*
- **Thoreau:** WOODCHUCK!!! My enemies are worms, cool days, and most of all woodchucks. .
- *Thoreau starts running after woodchuck*
- *Woodchuck is faster than Thoreau*
- **Narrator:** "An unsuccessful hunt. Dejected, the Thoreau returns to its beans."
- *Change scene*

Scene 3: Thoreau in town

- **Narrator:** It is a new day, and the Thoreau approaches the town habitat. Otherwise despising this area, the Thoreau has no choice but to restore the quality of its shoes.
- **Thoreau:** "I would like to purchase some shoes"
- **Shoe seller:** "Sure, one moment. "
- *Shoe seller turns around, talks to someone else*
- **Shoe seller:** Oh my god, I had never seen a hand as bad as Mary's
- **Narrator:** As the shoe seller begins speaking, the Thoreau feels disgusted. Thoreaus don't participate in gossip.
- **Thoreau(emphasize):** "So... what ever happened to Mary?"
- **Narrator:** what?(quiet)... *flips through pages* (Loud) In a recent discovery, researchers have found that Thoreaus like to gossip.
- **Shoe seller:** "She hurt her hand in a machine in the factory"
- **Thoreau:** "Nothing good comes from technology. I am happy I live in the woods, away from your evil machines"
- *Thoreau leaves the shop.*
- **Narrator:** As it leaves, danger begins to strike. A predator approaches the unsuspecting Thoreau.
- **Cop:** "Is that you Thoreau? Stop right there!"
- *Cop catches Thoreau and brings him to jail*
- **Thoreau:** "I was seized and put into jail, because, as I have elsewhere related, I did not pay a tax to, or recognize the authority of, the state which buys and sells men, women, and children, like cattle at the door of its senate-house"
- *Close lights*
- **Narrator:** A gracious relative, feeling pity, decides to free the Thoreau from its captivity.
- **Thoreau:** "Thank you Aunt, whatever could I do without you!" Back to my solitude–without you!
- *Change scene*

Scene 4: The bean funeral

- *Thoreau sitting in front of his beans*
- **Narrator:** As the winter approaches, the Thoreau relies on its beans for sustenance and company. However, it decides to continue its act of “philosophizing”.
- *Enter Mom*
- **Mom:** “Honey, I’m here to do your laundry!” **Knocking**
- **Thoreau:** “GO AWAY! I’M BUSY **crying**”
- **Narrator:** “Thoreaus are not known for their fondness toward family”
- *Mom stomps away*
- *Thoreau stares intently at his beans*
- **Thoreau:** Isolation has been enlightening for me, maybe I may do my own laundry.....
- *Thoreau ponders, decides*
- **Thoreau:** Eh, I’d rather philosophize
- *Enter Emerson*
- *Emerson Knocks on the Door*
- **Thoreau:** “I SAID I’M BUSY MOM!”
- **Emerson:** “It’s me. The person whose land you are on!”
- **Thoreau:** “Oh, Emerson. What is your cupidity?”
- **Emerson:** “You need to prepare for winter store food and wood. Don’t you know that your plants will die?”
- **Thoreau:** “Not my beans!”
- **Emerson gives Thoreau a tool to fix the house**
- **Emerson:** “Goodbye Henry. I will see you after winter”
- **Narrator:** Honored by its new visitor, the wild Thoreau offers a gift.
- **Thoreau:** WAIT! Here, I want you to proofread this book. Filiopidating and phomangilating have brought me to this utter work of somaticism.
- *Emerson takes book and starts reading it*
- **Emerson:** Wow, this is practically unreadable! **Throws book**
- **Narrator:** Unfortunately, most don’t find its gifts to be fulfilling

Scene 5: Bean Rap

- *Thoreau wanders out to his bean field*
- **Thoreau:** My beans, my precious Beans!!!! What happened to you!!! My love, where hath thou fruit goneth.
- **Narrator:** Tragedy has struck. As the harsh winter approaches ever closer, the Thoreau has lost its only means of sustenance and comfort. In situations like these, Thoreaus tend to portray their sadness in a special way.
- **Thoreau:** “I have a poem in honor of my dearest beans, but I fear words are not enough”
- *Bean rap*

Beans, Beans,
I love you beans,
Brought up from the Earth, \ bean, ready for
birth

Beans, Beans, Beans, Beans, Beans Beans
Favorite remedy, it boosts my immunity,
Beans, Beans, Beans, Beans,
My godly possession, praise the bean,
praise my love!

BeaAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANNNNNNNNNNNNSS
SSSSSSSS

All i munch, all I savor, All I crunch, all I
favor,

Beans, Beans, Beans,
All these beans, all these beans, bouta burst
from the seams,
Beans, beans, beansssssssss

All these beans, all these beans, running
down my very jeans,
My Beans My beans my beans my beans
my beans

- *Thoreau begins to sob, repeating my beans, over and over again.*
- *Thoreau has a meltdown*
- *Close lights*
- **Narrator:** With that, the Henricus David-Thoreaus proves its inability to survive in modern society.
- YIPPEEEEE