

Thoreau walks in from left, sits on chair

Thoreau (soliloquy): All right, let's do this one last time. My name is Henry David Thoreau. I was drawn to the forest by a higher being, and for the last 2 years I have been the one and only resident at Walden Pond. I'm pretty sure you know the rest. (stands up) I went to Harvard.

Thomas hands him a diploma, loops around Kyle

Thoreau (kneeling): I fell in love.

Shreya rejects him, looping back stage left

Thoreau: My brother died.

Nevin dies in his arms

Thoreau (sitting down again, has book in hand): And I talked about nature, again...and again...yadda yadda yadda, so on and so forth. But while you know all about the beginning, you don't know about the end of my stay here. Let me tell you about the day I left Walden Pond.

Thoreau walks behind his hut and walks out through the door. Bird noises play.

Thoreau: God, I hate society. This is a delicious morning, when the whole body is one sense, and imbibes delight through every pore. 'Tis truly the perfect morning to measure the depth of the pond.

He climbs on to his canoe (cardboard box) and pretends to paddle.

Thoreau: I've been indulging myself in surveying this deep pond. Who knows, maybe it goes all the way down to Australia, like the idiots in Concord say. Welp, time to get to it. Go rope!

Puts a rope in the pond, rope continually falls (this is portrayed with the other members of the group pulling the rope). He still has it in his hands.

Thoreau: Well, according to my prior calculations the rope should have stopped around... now?

Leans over to look, and Shreya pulls the rope and him into the pond.

Thoreau: (screams in agony)

Kyle falls out of "boat" into blue cloth and rolls around

Thomas brings a pair of streamers to Nevin. The rest of us carry blue streamers and run around, a falling sound effect is heard

After around 5 seconds, Thoreau is in stage middle and is lying down

Thoreau (sitting up): Good heavens. At least I'm alone. With my thoughts. And these 4 huts of mystery. I do believe that people are generally still a little afraid of the dark.

Kyle continues to drone on while Shreya enters from left and starts to speak

Thoreau (quieter): And I am "people". Well, it is indeed a curious thing. How are we, those who have created the lighthouse that can illuminate our path for miles, frightened of the simple darkness that we find within our own cellar. Why do we fear the lighted, but unknown waters of the sea less than a man would fear the darkened woods outside of his own home?...

Teacher (walking to Thoreau while he still talks): Good heavens my child, what are you doing rolling around in the dirt? That is very unhygienic. I should know, I deal with children every day.

Kyle sees Shreya and stops rambling

Thoreau: Ah, a visitor. By chance, what is your name, and why should I listen to a dweller in these parts?

Teacher: Henry, young one.

Thoreau: What gives you the authority to have the *same name* as me?

Teacher: Well, all right, class, let's start at the beginning one last time. My name is Henry D. Thoreau—

Kyle outbursts in the middle of Shreya's monologue

Thoreau: WHAT?!?!?!?!?!?

Teacher:—I was drawn to the teacher’s desk at an impressionable age, and for the last 8 years I’ve been a teacher at Concord Academy with my brother. I’m pretty sure you all know the rest. I went to Dartmouth.

Nevin hands him a diploma from the right

I founded a school with my brother.

Thomas come in from the right and Shreya shake hands, he leaves left

I couldn’t save my best friend, Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Nevin dies again in Shreya's arms

Teacher (throws Nevin off): So now, I live and teach the small world of Concord. And I don’t do transcendentalism now. Just to avoid any distractions. Rational thought is necessary to keep me alive.

Nevin leaves stage left with diploma

Thoreau: Come again? That’s a good joke. Henry Thoreau? I’m not sure if you are aware, but identity theft is a harsh crime.

Nevin walks in from left.

Thoreau: And who may you be? *Another* Thoreau mayhaps?

Married: *(to Shreya)* Greetings my fellow Thoraean compatriot. *(Gesturing to Kyle)* And what might this stranger be doing within these depths?

Teacher: Oh child, it seems like you need to give him a bit of an introduction.

Married:

Well, all right, let’s do this one last time. My name is David Henry Thoreau. I was drawn to the forest at a young age, and for 40-and-some-odd years I thought I was the only Thoreau in the universe. I’m pretty sure you know the rest. You see, I went to Yale.

Thomas walks in from left, punches him (its a fake punch, pretend to be hit) in lieu of a diploma, leaves right

I got married.

Nevin shows off the ring on his finger.

I made some pencils, maybe too many.

Nevin pulls out like 16 pencils from pockets and throws them

I had some kids, and I bought a giant factory in Lowell. Then like 15 years passed, blah blah blah super boring, I got rich, every child in Massachusetts has a pencil, I hired a cheap workforce, and now I am miserable. But I handle it like a champion.

Nevin cries. Thomas walks in from right, pats him on his back, leaves right.

Thoreau: Oh, no. Poor little you. *You* are the dream that all men aspire to be. And even *then* you are unhappy? (*aside*) Talk about society being a group of spoiled brats, am I right?

Married: But you don't understand—

Thoreau: —I don't! You have physically *everything*, and you don't have enough. I've been living in the woods with practically nothing, and you don't see me complaining.

Thomas enters the scene stage right

Farmer: That's what I've been trying to tell 'im. Ya don't know what it like to go through poverty 'til ya ain't able to wrench yerself out no more.

Thoreau (exasperated): Another one? How many of you are here? Let me guess...you are the plantation Thoreau?

Farmer: All right, y'all, let's do this one last time. My name is Henry "Woodchuck" Thoreau. I was born an' raised 'n nature. I went to Harvard, then to Walden Pond. In the last 2 years 'fore I got here, I was the one and only bean-farmer on Walden Pond. I'm pretty sure y'all know the rest. I fell in love with beans, I grew beans, I ate beans, I sold beans—

Thoreau: I get it. You love beans, though I doubt as much as me. If you really wanted to get yourself out of the hole, all it takes is a little initiative and work—

Farmer: Yee don't get to lecture me as well. But I've dealt with enough of Mr. Millionaire over dere fo' the rest of ma life.

Teacher: Calm down, my dear boy, I'm sure Mr. Hermit over here didn't mean to talk badly of your hard work on the farm, now did he?

Thoreau: I mean, beans are great. But they're *beans*—

Married: Ok children, listen to your elders over here. I'm sure we can settle this all later. But for now, welcome to the Depths of the Pond. 'Tis where us Thoreaus have found solace in each other's company. For now.

Teacher: Our lives have been progressing somewhat smoothly, however this new land provided us with content that we never met in our past lives.

Thoreau: But what if, hypothetically, someone, not me of course...*liked* living *alone* (*The other Thoreaus scoff*) in the woods?

Married: (*aside*) This one's definitely a hermit...the man can't even live with himself (posh laugh)

Thoreau: So in this completely hypothetical situation, how would one leave this place?

Teacher: Well, it's never been tried before, but I could only speculate that we go back where we came from.

Farmer: I've been 'ere fer (*ad lib numbers*)3.1415...now .1416 days. That's mo' than the amount o' beans I've ever grown!

He counts his fingers

Farmer: No. Wait a minute. I've grown way mo' beans than that. (*chuckles*)

Married: Silence, you jack of all beanstalks, none of this is helping. Perhaps if you had studied for a useful degree—instead of a PhD in *beans*—you would have half a clue as for what to do. Personally, I believe that if Thoreau truly hates us as much as we do himself, then we may be able to help him out here. All in favor? Good-

Farmer: -Now wait just a minute! I didn' advocate for bean-scendentalism in all of the United States just to be rid-ic-uled by some dollar store Jeff Bezos—

Thomas walks off stage, Nevin following after a delay

Married: You watch your mouth. Even though I don't know who Jeff Bezos is, you are so dead—

Teacher: Now, you all are just acting like schoolchildren. I know I gave up beating up children physically but I certainly did not give up doing it verbally—

Thoreau: Stop arguing for just a second! Does anyone feel a slight disturbance?

Teacher: Oh, that's another Thoreau! I think it's coming from over there...

Shreya points towards the audience, but the skeleton is tossed on stage from behind the huts with cause of death sign, and silence imbels the group

Thomas enters stage right

Farmer: Oh my... it says 'ere that this Thoreau died of (looks towards audience) *death*.

Married: (*Slightly hysterical*) So we're all going to *die* here???

Teacher: No, no, no... Obviously, this Thoreau made some sort of poor decision to end up in this place. It is only a question of *what* that was to make this happen.

Thoreau: I would bet quite a bit that it's due to you lot.

Married: US??? I have only done the right thing: become successful! I bet it is due to that stupid farmer's obsession with beans!

Farmer: Well I'll bet it's getting married. I've had to reject several woodchucks in my life to keep myself the best I can.

Teacher: Well I think it's because you all act like measly little brats.

Ad lib argument in background, ignoring Shreya, Kyle starts to edge backwards

Shreya notices Kyle and he reaches the boat

Teacher (points at Kyle): DON'T YOU DARE, LONER! THE BELL DOESN'T DISMISS YOU...I. DO.

Kyle trips on the canoe and "falls" backwards into the Pond with a yelp

Shreya, Nevin, and Thomas retrieve their streamers once more and start running around. The same falling sfx can play again. After like 5 seconds Thoreau wakes up back at Walden Pond.

Thoreau (soliloquy, waking up): Thank god! It was all a dream! To think that there could be different versions of me: one that got married to Ellen, one that teaches, one that grows... beans? Still a bit hazy on that connection. I would never touch or eat one of those devil's organs even if God himself told me to. Well, I've done a lot at Walden Pond. Perhaps it's simply my choice to leave this place. What else could I possibly see here? But I can't just end my book with my nightmare. Hmmmm... I'll make something up with my mom. MOM!!!

He walks away off stage, yelling MOM!!!