

Script:

-Sign introducing setting & time-

-Thoreau is walking down a path-

Thoreau: Hm. What a wondrous time, walking down the nature-filled path to Walden Pond. I am delighted to at last start my experiment, being self reliant and surviving off my own labor... as well as living on my friend's land.

-Thoreau stops-

Thoreau: (yawn) I should rest here.

-Lies down and falls asleep-

—Lights Out—

-Thoreau wakes up and sits upright-

Thoreau: Yawn (and stretches).

Thoreau: How long have I lied in slumber?

-Looks up at the sky-

Thoreau: Looks like noon; better get back to work.

-Grabs ax and goes to a nearby tree

-Chops the tree

[Some seconds later]

-Hiker approaches Thoreau from behind

Thoreau (talking over hiker): What a man thinks of himself, that it is which determines, or rather indicates, his fate.

Self-emancipation even in the West Indian provinces of the fancy and imagination,—what Wilberforce is there to bring that about?

Think, also, of the ladies of the land weaving toilet cushions against the last day, not to betray too green an interest in their fates!

As if you could kill time without injuring eternity. The mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation. What is called resignation is confirmed desperation.

From the desperate city you go into the desperate country, and have to console yourself with the bravery of minks and muskrats.

A stereotyped but unconscious despair is concealed even

under what are called the games and amusements of mankind. There is

no play in them, for this comes after work. But it is a characteristic of wisdom not to do desperate things.

-Police #1 arrives with hiker-

(*) Police #1: Is that him?

-Points at Thoreau-

Hiker: Yeah, the rambling guy with a giant ax, that's him.

-Both walk up to Thoreau-

Police #1: (walks up to Thoreau) Excuse me, sir, you can't be cutting trees here, or swinging an ax casually in public either, this is a protected park.

-Taps Thoreau on the shoulder

-Thoreau turns around slightly oblivious, ax is still raised-

Police #1: Whoa whoa whoa!

-Reactively pulls out his taser and tases Thoreau-

—Lights Out, Scene Change to Jail—

-Thoreau is in cell, police #1 and police #2 are talking-

Police #1: Ugh, who is this guy?? He's got no ID, no documents, like 5 dollars, is talking absolute nonsense, is-

-Thoreau finds and messes around with a rat-

-Police #2 turns and sees Thoreau-

Police #2: Ok, what are you doing??

Police #1: Is that a rat? Bro put the rat down before you get rabies or something.

-Thoreau does not cease his rat shenanigans and is completely unaware of anything the police say-

-Police #2 walks up to Thoreau-

Police #2: Hey. Can you tell me anything about yourself? Your name? Date of birth?

-T finally looks up from Rat Shenanigans™-

Thoreau: My name is Henry David Thoreau, born July 12th 1817.

Police #1: Real funny, so you're 200 years old? (Aside, to Police #2): Seriously, what is up with this guy?

Police #2: At least tell us where you live? Is there someone we can call? A mental ward administrator, perhaps?

Thoreau: 341 Virginia Road, Concord Massachusetts.

Police #1: Okay, now he has to be joking. Or crazy.

Police #2: (To Thoreau): Sir, this *is* 341 Virginia Road.

Thoreau: Well, then this must be my house.

Police #1: What? Alright this guy is completely crazy, he's gotta go.

Police #2: Fine by me. (To Thoreau): Alright, we're taking you out of here.

Thoreau: Gladly. it is in my interest to leave. I have things to attend to that I was so rudely interrupted from.

—Lights Out, Scene Change to Starbucks and Street—

-Thoreau stands to the side-

Thoreau: Time is but the stream I go a-fishing in. But the stream has traveled now traveled for 200 years. I won't question how this could have possibly happened, I suppose.

-Thoreau approaches cashier-

Cashier: Hi, welcome to Starbucks, what can I get you?

Thoreau: What does this establishment offer?

Cashier: Well, our current top seller is the pumpkin spice latte, but we've got tons of options depending on what you like!! As you can see on our menu, we've got coffees (*), teas, espressos, lattes, anything you want, we have!!!!!!

(*) Thoreau: Dispense coffee? Could this state be any more impure?

Cashier: Huh? I don't know about 'impure', but we do have a special offer just for today: 20% off on our standard coffees at just 5.99!

Thoreau (shocked): 599 dollars?! What is this absolutely obscene price-

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Thoreau (still shocked) Oh. 599 cents?! Still an obscene price - are the systems around material possession truly this dominant! Then bring me water, nature's purest drink.

Cashier (nervously): Uhh, yeah sure, that'll be just a dollar.

Thoreau: 100 cents for some water, and for an amount not even enough to sustain a life for a day's portion!? Fine, I have no choice.

Cashier: I do *not* get paid enough for this.

-Thoreau hands over money, cashier hands him a cup of water-

-Thoreau goes to sit in the Starbucks, overhears 2 people talking about their workload-

Person 1: Ugh. This assignment is killing me. I have no clue how to go about turning 1 over 253,829 into base 34! Nowadays I don't have time to do anything else.

Person 2: You're telling me. It doesn't get any better; I'm so busy trying to keep up with the work my boss keeps giving me that I haven't gone out in ages.

Person 1: This is seriously awful. I can't believe we're wasting away our days like this. Shouldn't we be having some time for fun, or at least getting time for ourselves?

Person 2: You're right...

-Person 1 gets back to work on laptop, person 2 looks at a paper-

Thoreau (to himself): Hm. Even after 200 years, it seems time has not at all aided in remedying the enslavement of man by labor - how disappointing!

—Lights Out, Scene Change to Street—

-On his walk back to the forest, he stumbles upon an environmental protest-

Protester 1 (shouting): SAVE THE TREES!

Protester 2 (shouting): PRESERVE OUR GREEN EARTH!

Protester 3 (shouting): THIRD THING ABOUT NATURE OR SOMETHING!

-Thoreau walks up to protesters-

Thoreau: Now what misery may be this commotion here...

Protester 1: Hey there! Are you interested in supporting our cause?

Thoreau: What is this cause being discussed so pronouncedly?

Protester 1: Well, we're mostly against the excessive logging that companies have recently been doing in the state. Have you heard, apparently someone was even trying to cut down trees in the nearby park recently!

Protester 2 (to protester 1): Hey we gotta get moving!

Protester 1 (to protester 2): Yeah, yeah, I got it.

Protester 1 (to Thoreau): Alright, I don't have time to explain, but here, take a handout. If you're ever interested in our cause, contact us!

-Protester 1 gives Thoreau a handout-

-Thoreau takes the handout and sits on a nearby bench to read the handout as protesters move off stage-

-Protesters leave-

Thoreau (reading handout, to himself and more quietly): Thousands of trees are being cut down, carbon is being released, please (looks closer) “eh-mail” us at MA dot climate at “guh-mail” dot com? What does this mean?

Thoreau (after reading handout): Well, it seems it is even worse than established prior; in these future times they desecrate the sacred nature that provides for us so much beauty and service to the mind, showing her no reverence nor love.

Thoreau (to himself but quite out loud): Myself, I love of Nature partly because she is not man, but a retreat from him. None of his institutions control or pervade her. There a different kind of right prevails. In her midst I can be glad with an entire gladness.

Thoreau (in a more and more drowsy/tired tone): I heartily accept the motto, — ‘preserve the earth’s green’; and I should like to see it acted up to more rapidly and systematically...”

-Thoreau falls asleep-

—Lights Out, Scene Change to Original Forest Setting—

-Thoreau wakes up in his time again-

-Thoreau sits up-

Thoreau: That must have been a glimpse of the future. Men will still be enslaved and destroy the nature which provides for him. I must sincerely commit to this experiment at Walden Pond, and may future generations learn from my experience. Maybe self reliance and solitude will free man.

-(reflects on what happens, reinvigorated in doing his Walden experiment-

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Thoreau: (yawn) I should rest here.

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Thoreau: Yawn (and stretches).

Thoreau: How long have I lied in slumber?

-Looks up at the sky-

Thoreau: Looks like noon; better get back to work.

-Grabs ax and goes to a nearby tree

-Chops the tree

[Some seconds later]

-Hiker approaches Thoreau from behind

Thoreau (talking over hiker): What a man thinks of himself, that it is which determines, or rather indicates, his fate.

Self-emancipation even in the West Indian provinces of the fancy and imagination,—what Wilberforce is there to bring that about?

Think, also, (*) of the ladies of the land weaving toilet cushions against the last day, not to betray too green an interest in their fates!

As if you could kill time without injuring eternity. The mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation. (**) What is called resignation is confirmed desperation.

From the desperate city you go into the desperate country (***) and have to console yourself with the bravery of minks and muskrats.

(*) Hiker: (while walking up) What the heck is that noise?? (sees Thoreau) what the... um excuse me?? Excuse me? Is that an ax?? Hey, I don't think this is legal.

() Hiker: What'd you just say?? Are you speaking english?**

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—Quick Lights Out (to show time passing)—

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-Thoreau finds and messes around with a rat-

-Police #2 turns and sees Thoreau-

Police #2: Ok, what are you doing??

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-Thoreau does not cease his rat shenanigans and is completely unaware of anything the police say-

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Police #2: Hey. Can you tell me anything about yourself? Your name? Date of birth?

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Thoreau: My name is Henry David Thoreau, born July 12th 1817.

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Thoreau: 341 Virginia Road, Concord Massachusetts.

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Thoreau: Gladly. it is in my interest to leave. I have things to attend to that I was so rudely interrupted from.

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Thoreau: Time is but the stream I go a-fishing in. But the stream has traveled now traveled for 200 years. I won't question how this could have possibly happened, I suppose.

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Cashier: Hi, welcome to Starbucks, what can I get you?

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Thoreau (to himself): Hm. Even after 200 years, it seems time has not at all aided in remedying the enslavement of man by labor - how disappointing!

—Lights Out, Scene Change to Street—

-On his walk back to the forest, he stumbles upon an environmental protest-

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[Some seconds later]

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Police #2: Ok, what are you doing??

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Police #1: Is that a rat? Bro put the rat down before you get rabies or something.

-Thoreau does not cease his rat shenanigans and is completely unaware of anything the police say-

-Police #2 walks up to Thoreau-

Police #2: Hey. Can you tell me anything about yourself? Your name? Date of birth?

-T finally looks up from Rat Shenanigans™-

Thoreau: My name is Henry David Thoreau, born July 12th 1817.

Police #1: Real funny, so you're 200 years old? (Aside, to Police #2): Seriously, what is up with this guy?

Police #2: At least tell us where you live? Is there someone we can call? A mental ward administrator, perhaps?

Thoreau: 341 Virginia Road, Concord Massachusetts.

Police #1: Okay, now he has to be joking. Or crazy.

Police #2: (To Thoreau): Sir, this *is* 341 Virginia Road.

Thoreau: Well, then this must be my house.

Police #1: What? Alright this guy is completely crazy, he's gotta go.

Police #2: Fine by me. (To Thoreau): Alright, we're taking you out of here.

Thoreau: Gladly. it is in my interest to leave. I have things to attend to that I was so rudely interrupted from.

—Lights Out, Scene Change to Starbucks and Street—

-Thoreau stands to the side-

Thoreau: Time is but the stream I go a-fishing in. But the stream has traveled now traveled for 200 years. I won't question how this could have possibly happened, I suppose.

-Thoreau approaches cashier-

Cashier: Hi, welcome to Starbucks, what can I get you?

Thoreau: What does this establishment offer?

Cashier: Well, our current top seller is the pumpkin spice latte, but we've got tons of options depending on what you like!! As you can see on our menu, we've got coffees (*), teas, espressos, lattes, anything you want, we have!!!!!!

(*) Thoreau: Dispense coffee? Could this state be any more impure?

Cashier: Huh? I don't know about 'impure', but we do have a special offer just for today: 20% off on our standard coffees at just 5.99!

Thoreau (shocked): 599 dollars?! What is this absolutely obscene price-

Cashier: No no no, 5 dollars and 99 cents

Thoreau (still shocked): Oh. 599 cents?! Still an obscene price - are the systems around material possession truly this dominant! Then bring me water, nature's purest drink.

Cashier (nervously): Uhh, yeah sure, that'll be just a dollar.

Thoreau: 100 cents for some water, and for an amount not even enough to sustain a life for a day's portion!? Fine, I have no choice.

Cashier: I do *not* get paid enough for this.

-Thoreau hands over money, cashier hands him a cup of water-

-Thoreau goes to sit in the Starbucks, overhears 2 people talking about their workload-

Person 1: Ugh. This assignment is killing me. I have no clue how to go about turning 1 over 253,829 into base 34! Nowadays I don't have time to do anything else.

Person 2: You're telling me. It doesn't get any better; I'm so busy trying to keep up with the work my boss keeps giving me that I haven't gone out in ages.

Person 1: This is seriously awful. I can't believe we're wasting away our days like this. Shouldn't we be having some time for fun, or at least getting time for ourselves?

Person 2: You're right...

-Person 1 gets back to work on laptop, person 2 looks at a paper-

Thoreau (to himself): Hm. Even after 200 years, it seems time has not at all aided in remedying the enslavement of man by labor - how disappointing!

—Lights Out, Scene Change to Street—

-On his walk back to the forest, he stumbles upon an environmental protest-

Protester 1 (shouting): SAVE THE TREES!

Protester 2 (shouting): PRESERVE OUR GREEN EARTH!

Protester 3 (shouting): THIRD THING ABOUT NATURE OR SOMETHING!

-Thoreau walks up to protesters-

Thoreau: Now what misery may be this commotion here...

Protester 1: Hey there! Are you interested in supporting our cause?

Thoreau: What is this cause being discussed so pronouncedly?

Protester 1: Well, we're mostly against the excessive logging that companies have recently been doing in the state. Have you heard, apparently someone was even trying to cut down trees in the nearby park recently!

Protester 2 (to protester 1): Hey we gotta get moving!

Protester 1 (to protester 2): Yeah, yeah, I got it.

Protester 1 (to Thoreau): Alright, I don't have time to explain, but here, take a handout. If you're ever interested in our cause, contact us!

-Protester 1 gives Thoreau a handout-

-Thoreau takes the handout and sits on a nearby bench to read the handout as protesters move off stage-

-Protesters leave-

Thoreau (reading handout, to himself and more quietly): Thousands of trees are being cut down, carbon is being released, please (looks closer) "eh-mail" us at MA dot climate at "guh-mail" dot com? What does this mean?

Thoreau (after reading handout): Well, it seems it is even worse than established prior; in these future times they desecrate the sacred nature that provides for us so much beauty and service to the mind, showing her no reverence nor love.

Thoreau (to himself but quite out loud): Myself, I love of Nature partly because she is not man, but a retreat from him. None of his institutions control or pervade her. There a different kind of right prevails. In her midst I can be glad with an entire gladness

Thoreau (in a more and more drowsy/tired tone): I heartily accept the motto, — 'preserve the earth's green'; and I should like to see it acted up to more rapidly and systematically..."

-Thoreau falls asleep-

—Lights Out, Scene Change to Original Forest Setting—

-Thoreau wakes up in his time again-

-Thoreau sits up-

Thoreau: That must have been a glimpse of the future. Men will still be enslaved and destroy the nature which provides for him. I must sincerely commit to this experiment at Walden Pond, and may future generations learn from my experience. Maybe self reliance and solitude will free man.

-(reflects on what happens, reinvigorated in doing his Walden experiment-

