

Character Names/Performers:

- Henry David Thoreau ✓ - Vatsal
- Canadian Woodcutter ✓ - Vyshnavi
- Thoreau's mom ✓ (thick Texas accent) - Hannah
- Random townsperson who is farmer - Evan
- Narrator (only in act 3) - Vyshnavi, Evan, Hannah

Act I: The Beginning:

Setting: Walden Pond, near Thoreau's cabin

- General public comes to his house asking him questions
- He only has 3 chairs

Middle:

- Dinner- beans and woodchuck
- Talks about his ideologies and his judgy mentality

End:

- They all make random excuses to leave

Costumes/Props:

Cabin is only for act 1

Mom (hannah):

- Sunhat, Maxi dress, Shirt, apron.

Thoreau (vatsal):

- Beard, semiformal outfit, hat

Woodcutter(Vyshnavi):

- Jeans, red shirt, flannel jacket

Bob Smith (Evan):

- Tie, black pants, white shirt

Stage Props:

Woodchuck

Person Responsible

Need Help?

Woodchuck from Hum classroom

Cardboard axe

Hannah

no

Can of beans

From group Q1

Plants

Vyshnavi

no

ACT 1:

Setting: In the town

Cynthia walks across the street with some laundry

She meets Bob Smith

Bob Smith: You know that lunatic that lives in the forest? Let's pay him a visit!

Cynthia: Oh you mean my son? Sure, let's go

They walk together.

They approach Thoreau, who is talking to the Woodcutter

Thoreau: Oh, hello dearest mother! Did you put my clothes through the appropriate process of sanitization?

Cynthia: Of course, just like you wanted it, you're welcome! Now your kind neighbors came to visit!

Bob Smith: Never call me kind again, I would rather destroy this cabin and your transcendentalism.

Thoreau: Don't you dare-

Cynthia: -SHUT UR TRAP

Woodcutter: Mind if I come in?

[aside] Thoreau: I usually detest letting guests come in for dinner, but I guess I can make an exception today.

ACT 2: Dinner

Everyone takes a seat except for Woodcutter (who sits on the floor)

Thoreau: Welcome my not fellow Concordians! Dinner is unfortunately served

Bob Smith: Well well well, what do we have here 😬

Thoreau: fresh beans and woodchuck! All served in their raw form!

Bob Smith: Are you kidding me?!

Bob Smith: You are dishonoring our ancestors with this pitiful mess of wild food! You should be ashamed!

Thoreau: You should be ashamed of your ignorance! Our ancestors used to devour raw woodchuck.

Woodcutter: *already eating* So Henry, what urged you to live here?

Thoreau: I had the unfortunate trauma-filled life of a villain. My early life was wonderful and I never needed any companion of any sort. I had my brother. I graduated from the abysmal school of Harvard University. After graduating, I started a school and pursued wwwwwwwwwteaching to help the next generation.

Cynthia: Bless your heart! Things turned up in the end

Thoreau: No, they did not. My brother proposed to the one love of my life, and when I proposed to her she rejected me. Then my brother fell fatally ill with some disease called tetanus and passed away in my arms. I manifested Lockjaw for weeks afterwards, suffering deeply. Curse you Apollo, you punished me with the departure of my brother's wonderful soul from this world!

Woodcutter: ...

Bob Smith: ...

Cynthia: ... Alright Henry! Everyone! Let's eat in peace, shall we?

Bob Smith: Yea, please stop yapping, your mind is lost and may God help recover your soul from these deep trenches of the underworld.

Thoreau: NO. I must explain my grievances to this pessimistic man.

Bob Smith: WHO ARE YOU CALLING PESSIMISTIC YOU LUNATIC

Thoreau: Lunatic? You're the lunatic for all your stupid opinions. I see that technology has evolved enormously but your ludicrous brain is still that of a neanderthal.

Woodcutter: Let me cut some wood for y'all to eat for breakfast tomorrow morning. The bark will help cool your souls.

Woodcutter leaves

Thoreau: Thank God that imbecile is gone. He single-handedly brought down the intelligence of the entire world. It is because of people like him that Constantinople was subjugated and the Egyptian library was incinerated.

Bob Smith: Do you not think that you care far too much for such remote places and intelligence is useless anyway? The only intelligence I need is how to plant corn and take out the weeds.

Thoreau: Useless!?!?!? I feel sorry for you. You'll spend your entire life a slave to your commercial garden, just give up already.

***Only Thoreau hears a knock on the door.*

Thoreau: Oh! That must be Plato, he has traveled all the way from Ancient Greece just to meet us!

Thoreau goes and opens the door, and he makes welcoming gestures into the room. But no one is actually there.

*Everyone looks around confused. ** TBD*

Bob Smith: I am leaving and calling the doctor to fix this man's insanity.

Cynthia: Oh, Henry has always been more of an opinionated person.

Woodcutter comes back in

Woodcutter: Oh, I am back. I heard you guys say something about my intelligence. It is truly great to be praised by men of your level.

Thoreau: Yes, beloved woodcutter, take a piece of this steak, for your intelligence is almost as high as that of a baby Neanderthal.

Woodcutter takes a seat on the ground

Woodcutter: Oh this steak is wonderful, it's nice and tender.

Thoreau: Pessimistic man, take a bite of this woodchuck, too.

Woodcutter: Oh this tastes so good.

Bob Smith: I don't trust you, this is raw woodchuck.

Woodcutter: Oh how delicious this steak is.

Cynthia: I'm a little concerned about your health, son. Eating raw woodchuck can lead to infections like the one that took your brother's life.

Thoreau: GET OUT! YOU KNEW NOTHING ABOUT JOHN!!!

Cynthia: Henry?! What is this behavior?! Never ask for anything from me again since I 'don't know anything about my children'!!!

Cynthia storms out

Bob Smith: Alright, alright, to cool down that argument I will take a bite of this woodchuck, or what you (the woodcutter) call steak.

Woodcutter: Best steak I ever had.

Thoreau: My cooking is superior is it not? You have not even tried the beans yet. They are also raw and in fact I pulled out all the plants for you to eat. This way I will never harvest them again.

Woodcutter: Thoreau, I love this property, how about I trade 5 barrels of maple syrup for it. Maple syrup is like liquid gold. It is heavenly food.

Thoreau: You small man, the value of this house transcends any materialistic currency

Woodcutter: Oh so only 3 barrels of maple syrup? You got yourself a deal. I'll take the house too.

Thoreau: The wooden barrels are worth more than the maple syrup. Forget about the house, woodcutter, 3 barrels of maple syrup is not going to suffice.

Woodcutter: Oh, so you will give all of it for free, you really are generous.

Thoreau: Bob, may we please teach this man common sense.

Bob Smith: First off you need some of that sense, eating a woodchuck raw does not entail any sort of common sense.

Cynthia comes back inside

Cynthia: Thoreau, Bob, Woodcutter, we are all people of Lord and fighting amongst ourselves is not good in God's eyes.

Thoreau: I concur with this, God is within my soul. BUT WHY DID YOU COME BACK?

Cynthia: I am your mother.

Thoreau: Whatever.

Bob Smith: Yeah I need to go to church to repent this sin.

Woodcutter: OOO, I feel repentant about this house, I did not take my free deal for this land.

Bob Smith: Another comment about this land, and you will be on your way back to Canada.

Cynthia: Hey let's all allow the woodcutter to express his feelings, for the Lord says all men are equal.

Thoreau: All right, enough of this, just finish up your food.

Bob Smith: How about we start with those beans and not with this inedible meat.

Thoreau: Oh I am planning on selling them.

Bob Smith: I thought you were isolated from society and trade.

Thoreau: Well a little could not hurt. I also happen to do my laundry at my mother's house.

Cynthia: I would do anything for my little baby.

Woodcutter: NO MY BABY HOUSE!

Bob Smith: I thought you wanted to be isolated from society.

Thoreau: A little bit of connection is fine, in fact it's necessary. I also go to gossip in town quite often.

Bob Smith: So you are not a man of your word. This is blatant hypocrisy, you are completely sewn into society. You are a liar.

Cynthia: My little Thoreau is not a liar!

Bob Smith: Your Thoreau is not little, he is a grown man who does his laundry at his mom's house.

Thoreau: How are you even speaking at the moment? Chances are you are not even literate.

Bob Smith: Well at least I eat my beans and not sell all of them to feed into the same economy I say I hate.

Thoreau: Enough, people of the modern day who have settled into the useless innovations which destroy the natural world.

Cynthia: Thoreau, let's just have some dinner peacefully.

[They finish eating]

Woodcutter: The beans were very nice. I like the "steak" more though. Very nicely cooked

Bob Smith: This woodcutter and his steak, its a raw woodchuck. Use some of your brain that you have up there.

Thoreau: He doesn't have one, remember?

Woodcutter: Wait I thought you said that I have the brain of a neanderthal.

Thoreau: Oh yes, most definitely almost as intelligent as one.

Woodcutter: *[beaming]* See?

Thoreau: Yes you are even more intelligent than the rest of the people here.

Cynthia: I've had enough of your nonsense! You can do your own laundry! I will only come back once you're well behaved

She storms out

Woodcutter: Cynthia, why would you walk out on my dearest friend Thoreau.

Thoreau: Yes, I am DEFINITELY your dearest friend.

Thoreau: In fact, I am so dear to you that if you asked I would expel Bobby right out of this house with my feet!

Bob Smith: What?!? Kick me out? I'd like to see a Harvard University nerd do that.

Thoreau: Excuse me?!? I am very much capable, I can even partake in something as simple as your job! Simply look at my beans!

Bob Smith: And how much money has that yielded you?

Thoreau: Again, you and everyone elses' obsession with money

Bob Smith takes some deep breathes

Bob Smith: I promised my wife that I would stop being so argumentative and judgemental of other... *takes another breath..*

Bob Smith: anyway... have you read any books recently? I've recently gotten into the three little pigs!

Woodcutter: Oh! Oh! I love pigs. So delicious!

Thoreau: Oh what an unsophisticated read. Then again, you are an unsophisticated person

Thoreau: You should try the exquisitely wonderful and anciently blessed works of Plato, who happens to be here *points to the wall*. My personal favorite happens to be *The Republic*, of course in Latin. Translation loses half of that emotion and meaning stored in the natural thought of the author.

Bob Smith: PLATO is not here!! Stop playing with your imaginary friends. I am out of here before this lunatic infects me with his condition.

Bob Smith storms out

Thoreau: Ahh at last some peace and quiet

Woodcutter: ... I'm not feeling so good... I think it's the steak...

Thoreau: Hey how about we play the quiet game.

Woodcutter: Oh, oh what is that.

Thoreau: its a game where everyone has to stay quiet. The first person to make a sound loses

Woodcutter: What about the birds? Who's gonna tell them to be silent? I don't speak bird

Thoreau: No one can speak bird you dummy. Just be quiet and go back to cutting wood in Canada. That way we can maximize our potential.

Woodcutter: Oh, okay I will stay quiet all the way to Canada, but I will be back for my house and land.

Woodcutter leaves

Act 3: Everyone is gone but Thoreau

Thoreau is sitting alone, frantically writing something down in a book

Narrator: Thus, after the dinner, Thoreau is left to contemplate his recent actions. He compiles his thoughts into a chapter of *Walden*. However, this chapter never makes it into the final copy. Instead, Thoreau forges the identity of a man named Shakespeare and shakes all of the writing world up, hence *Macbeth*.

The End