Act One

The Ballad of Thoreau

Master Edit - 2020 Edit

WRITERS GUID REGISTRATION #1329254

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BEFORE ACT ONE
MC On Stage and reads:

“The following play is an imaginary presentation of the final two days Henry David Thoreau spent in his cabin before leaving Walden Pond. He lived in Concord Massachusetts in the mid1800’s. He lived while Mark Twain travelled the Mississippi in riverboats ... and he died before Vincent Van Gogh began painting in Europe.

Thoreau was, in fact, a pencil maker and surveyor by trade. He was a writer, an orator and a naturalist.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, his mentor and friend, was also a writer, an educator and a former minister. He employed Thoreau as a tutor for his children and a handyman for his estate. Emerson purchased the small plot of land along the shores of Walden Pond, where Thoreau built a tiny cabin and spent two years, two months and two days of his life.

There is no factual record of the events of this play, although much of the dialogue between Thoreau and Emerson are actual quotes or composite quotes culled from the body of their literary work.

An important historical fact referred to in the play happened in the early 1990’s as Walden Pond was being threatened by developers. Musician Don Henley of the rock group The Eagles helped establish the Walden Woods Project that purchased the property to protect Thoreau’s legacy.

We present this play as a celebration of the Earth, a celebration of nature ... and an acknowledgment America’s greatest literary giant.”
ACT ONE

STAGE TO BLACK
BEGIN AUDIO TRACK: ONE
or OFF STAGE ANNOUNCER

It is September, 1847.

A young man, 30 years old, has contemplated his life on this earth while living alone in a small cabin he built for $28.

The cabin sits on a small plot of land along the shores of Walden Pond near Concord, Massachusetts, provided for his use by a trusted and wise friend named Ralph Waldo Emerson.

The young man, a sincere but struggling author, would write in his journals every day, and imagined that, someday, his experience alone in the woods would have meaning and importance.

His name was Henry David Thoreau, and this is a play about the final two days he spent in his cabin before leaving Walden Pond.
ACT ONE
SETTING: INSIDE/MID MORNING IN SEPTEMBER

We are inside Henry David Thoreau’s simple, sparse cabin at Walden Pond.

The cabin is plain and functional, rustic and wooden. Inside we see a bed with a feather mattress, blanket and pillow. There are three wooden chairs around a small, plain wooden table. Immediately inside the doorway there is a small pile of oak logs. There’s a fireplace with a cook pot suspended over the fire. An axe leans against a wall, a hammer, a shovel and a saw.

On top of the bed we see five notebooks. On top of the table is the sixth open notebook next to the journal and several pencils alongside his flute and a candle.

HDT stands in front of the window. We sense the faintest autumn breeze, the song of birds far away and the sound of waves from a pond delicately lapping against the shore.

HDT
(sound of deep inhaling)
Ahhhhh. Such beauty. To be awake is to be alive.

He unlatches the shutters and lets them swing open, turns and sits back in his chair at the table. After a moment:

HDT
There. That’s better.

pauses and soaks in the sunlight

All creation awakes in the morning. Music and art are born at sunrise ...

... hmmm. I must write that down.
He reaches for his notebook across the bed and scribbles. Then,

Even better, I'll play my flute.

Henry picks up his flute and begins playing a soft, gentle melody. When done, he listens to the silent cabin. After several seconds of just sitting and staring at his journal, he leaves his bed and goes to his chair. He leans back, puts his hands behind his head and addresses no one in particular:

HDT

... I hunger for companionship.
I shall make some garden snap beans.

He picks up the notepad, journal and pencils on the table and tosses them to the bed. Then he goes to a box near his table and pulls out a fist full of green snap beans and begins to break and peel them.

HDT
Like my woodpile, peas and beans keep me company. It is a communing and conversation with nature.

He stops and looks up.

I must write that down ....

He gets up from the table and goes to the bed, fetching a notebook and pencil, repeating himself aloud while writing.

HDT
Like ... my .... woodpile peas ... keep ... me ... company.

He stares at his pad and the words he wrote, looks up and,

HDT
Dear god ... You are having a conversation with peas and finding it intellectual.
He gets up, puts the few logs laying by his doorway into the fireplace after stoking the coals. There is a knocking at the door. Henry answers the door. It’s his friend and mentor RALPH WALDO EMERSON. Ralph carries a small basket of corn and some bread loaves.

RWE
Henry, my good friend.

HDT
Mr. Emerson, my teacher and brother

Emerson looks at the beans on the table and the notebook. As he takes off his coat, he says matter-of-factly ... as though neither strange nor new:

RWE
Still talking to your vegetables, Henry?

HDT
I am finding a place in life with trees, the woods, even snap beans. We are all connected to the pulsing heartbeat of nature.

RWE
So ... you’re talking to peas again.

Here, I brought you a basket of sweet corn from my wife’s garden. Perhaps you can have a group meeting.

As he places the corn atop the table

My boy, you a need lady friend.

HDT
Nonsense. I find the solitude of this cabin stimulating.
Henry begins to quickly snap the beans with vigour and determination. RWE sits at the table with him.

   RWE  
   Why not venture into town and meet  
   a good woman. Let her snap your peas.  

   HDT  
   My log pile is like my woman.  

   RWE  
   And how is that possible.  

   HDT  
   Like a woman ... it keeps me warm  
   at night. Cooks my meals. Even engages  
   in conversation as it crackles in the evening.  

   pauses as Emerson stares at him  

   Look, every man gazes upon his woodpile with  
   affection. I love to stack my woodpile before my  
   window. The fire place fills my home with company ...  

   ... as if I have a cheerful house keeper.  

   My chimney tells the world that me and  
   my wood fire live here.  

Henry graps his notebook and scribbles.  

   RWE  
   I have a younger cousin, you know.  
   You would like her.  

   HDT  
   I am NOT crazy.  

   RWE  
   Of course not. How long have you lived  
   alone out here ... a year and a half now?
HDT
Two years, two months. And one day.

RWE stands up from the table and goes to the window. He opens the shutter wider to let the midmorning light in.

RWE
Two years alone in these woods. Living in your little twenty eight dollar cabin. Enjoying nature, communing with the woods, talking to vegetables ...
You need the embrace of a good woman.

RWE gazes out the window, and then leans forward. He sees something.

RWE
There's an attractive oak.
Maybe you can go hug that tree.

HDT
Make fun if you need to. Have a good laugh if it brings you fulfilment. There is a spiritual and intellectual reason for my time in these woods.

RWE
My apologies old friend. I am supportive of you. Truly. Although I find your life here odd and somewhat amusing.

HDT
There is nothing odd about it.

RWE
You hug trees and converse with vegetables. Seems completely sane and normal to me.

Henry picks up his journal from the bed
HDT
See? I’ve been writing. I have carefully recorded all my thoughts and musings. Every morsel of emotion and reason between my spirit and this small, brilliant patchwork of earth.

Emerson takes the journal and browses the pages, scanning the passages.

RWE
In a world covered with mountains, trees, ponds and peas ... this is SURELY what society needs. A book about mountains, trees, ponds and peas.

HDT
You sound like my father.

RWE
Does he still look for you at the pencil shoppe?

HDT
He does.

Emerson picks up several of the pencils on the bed.

RWE
Does he provide you with these pencils?
What a fine and practical writing instrument.

HDT
The finest.

RWE
You realize your family kills trees to make the pencils.

HDT
Mr. Emerson, is the purpose of your visit simply to mock me?
RWE
Don’t be so sensitive. I am one of the few who still care enough to check on you from time to time.

HDT
Well, I do appreciate your concern. Hopefully as a friend who will take me for what I am.

RWE
Henry, you have such intelligence and skill. And passion. As much as you love it, I fear that you will pass from this earth unnoticed. All you do is write about dirt and ponds.

HDT
I have also written of society and man’s attitudes and destruction of himself.

RWE
But it’s not poetry. It’s not a story. It’s not a novel. It’s barely an essay of social relevance.

Offended:

HDT
Every artist dips his brush into his soul and paints his own nature into the canvas. I write the Truth.

RWE
And will this Truth provide employment? Will it buy a home and sustain you? Will it bring honor?

HDT
Mr. Emerson, rather than honor, or money, or fame, give me Truth!

RWE
Here is your Truth, dear Henry: At this rate you will have achieved more recognition for helping your father market the lead pencil than for a single word you’ve written with it.
HDT
Then so be it. I can not be convinced I am irrelevant.
If that is to be my legacy from my work ... so be it.

RWE
You surrender to your fate too quickly.
I fear you have wallowed in your loneliness
amongst these bushes way too long.

HDT
To the contrary. I feel stronger in my loneliness.
I understand the meaning of quiet and solitude.
My isolation keeps me company.

RWE
My friend, hear me: You are talking to vegetables
and trees instead of women.

HDT
You make my efforts seem so ... without purpose.

RWE
I do not question your intentions or motives.
I'm only concerned about your eventuality.

HDT
And I'm concerned about the eventuality of society. I'm
concerned about the world's abandonment of God ...

RWE
whoever that is ...

HDT
... and of the nature that represents him. We head in
a direction far from the Creator's intent.

RWE
And when did you begin speaking on behalf
of this Creator? You would have us all living in
a cabin in the woods then?

HDT
In our hearts, Yes. In our spirits, Yes.
RWE
So we abandon progress. We abandon Art
and Science and Politics to hug trees instead?

HDT
Nonsense. I would remind men what the simple woods
mean to real life, what it means to live quietly and
away from the chaos of the cities.

RWE
I live in the city. So does your family.

HDT
And you have lost your sense of place in
nature. That is why they can not make sense
of this cabin or this pond ... or this journal.

Henry takes his beans and places them in a pot of water, placing the pot
over his fireplace to cook as he speaks

RWE
Compared to most people in this
world, you are indeed an oddity.

HDT
I beat my drum to those who ... drum to ...
different footsteps.

RWE
What?

HDT
My footsteps ... they are in rhythm to those
marching to their own drumbeat.

RWE
What on earth are you mumbling about.

HDT
What I am saying:
I walk to the beat of a different drummer.
RWE
Well, you certainly speak your own language.

HDT
Please hand me my journal. Quickly.

He writes in his notebook

I ... walk ... to ... the ... beat

RWE
Is this not the height of arrogance? To record your own words for the sole purpose of quoting yourself? I hate quotations.

HDT
Mr. Emerson. This is called *writing*. You have made a profession of this same arrogance.

RWE
This is all in the brazen assumption anyone anywhere would ever *dare* to quote Henry David Thoreau.

HDT
Again, you mock me.

RWE
I do nothing of the sort. But you are consumed with preserving your inanimate thought as though some kind of literary treasure. Your reams of pen to paper are a hard read at best. There is no structure. No poetry. No story. Just the gush of what you feel.

HDT
And isn’t that exactly how we all Think? You accuse my work of having no value ....

RWE
As regards the market place, yes I make such an accusation. How on earth will you live? Who will publish a book about walking in the woods when the woods surround us? Who, for that matter, will buy the damn thing?
Henry lays down his pencil and notebook.

RWE
Nothing.
You have written a book about ... Nothing.

HDT
Nothing, indeed. You offend me again, old friend. I am creating a pathway to our natural life for men trapped in the chaos of modern society. It’s a map for our return to Nature. Do not maps have a purpose in the market place?

RWE
You build pathways where no roads are needed. Where is the logic? Why put yourself through this?

HDT
Again, you imply I am an oddity. I would be more odd to sit down to write when I have not stood up to live.

RWE
You are talking to your beans, Henry.

HDT
My beans!

He rushes to his cook pot to retrieve his cooking snap beans

Care for a bowl?

RWE
I'm famished. Please!

They bring the pot to the table and dish the beans into bowls.

RWE
Wooden bowls.
I assume you carved these yourself.
And the spoons.
From poplar and maple.

Emerson reaches into his basket of corn and pulls out a loaf of bread

Here. Fresh bread. From my wife.

Wonderful.

The two friends sit at the table, enjoying the meal of beans and bread.

Seriously, Henry. You need a girlfriend.
You are wound up tighter than my grandfathers clock.

But ...

And I do NOT want to hear another word about your woodpile!

Henry goes silent.

You and your woodpile ... You realize
I wasn’t serious about hugging a tree ... I wouldn’t want to see you get overly attached.

Don’t be absurd. Or insulting at my own table.
RWE
Are you devoid of a sense of humor? I read that a sign of success is to laugh often and much.

HDT
Now I am without success.

RWE
You are without a woman.

HDT
I enjoy my solitude.

RWE
Why not be alone with a soft attentive woman? You needn't marry the poor girl.

HDT
Solitude without morality is chaos. I aim above morality. Be not simply good; be good for something.

RWE
My dear, misguided friend. You DO realize it takes TWO people to be immoral.

As HDT grabs a notebook and again writes in it:

HDT
Now you accuse me of being immoral.

RWE
Of course not. But I would like to see you have ... you know ... the potential.

HDT
Alright. Alright. Do you want me to admit to my loneliness? I will. It is even agony at times. Is that what you wish to hear?

RWE
I just want what is best for my friend.
The nights are the longest, you know. So difficult. At night, I look beyond the stars hoping to find God behind them ... and I find no one. Each hour, every moment ... it is excruciatingly quiet. The silence thunders to the point of actual pain.

Then why? Why are you doing this to yourself? Why this cabin and this woods. This Pond for two years?

Two years and two months.

And one day. You have planted your feet here a long time. If travelling is a fools paradise you are indeed a wise man. Yet I am at such a loss. You speak with such conviction regarding choices that cause you so much pain.

I want to understand.

I don't know how to answer that. For a certainty I am pulled here. There is something calling me. Something in the soil. In the earth.

But, my brother, the world is full of soil and ponds and trees. You are consumed with a small raindrop in the midst of the floodwaters.

And every flood begins with that single raindrop. Just as every drought begins with a single ray of the morning sun. I see the coming drought. Because someday, so much of this abundance shall be gone ... and by our own doing.

How could that even be possible?
HDT
Can you not see? Can you not sense the loss? With every rail, every road, every bucket of mortar we lose more and more of what we are as we search for what we will be. The horizon of society is changing, old friend. What was once a simple mountain and a sunrise is giving way to factories and roof tops.

Can you not see it?

RWE
I see this: You cut a tree, another grows in its place. You cut the field, the grass returns.

Is it not possible that you envision a battle where there is no war?

HDT
I see a battle where there is no victory ... For people. For nature. For commerce.

RWE
How utterly depressing and bleak. And on such a lovely afternoon at Walden Pond.

A long pause

So, then. Man can build a coach but you fear he has lost the will to use his feet. What do your beans say about this impending industrial Armageddon?

HDT
Men are becoming tools of their tools. You mock me yet again.

RWE
Then I apologise. I actually agree with you. That is why I purchased these acres along Walden Pond. To save them from the axemen.

I share your dream, young Henry.
HDT
Dreams. More like nightmares ... I do see a dream that
invades my sleep almost every night.

RWE
Tell me it breathes and has cherry lips,
whatever it is.

HDT
I see the woods.
I see this pond. But many years from now.

Emerson leans forward with interest

RWE
A dream of the future? Tell me.

HDT
People. A sea of people. They creep closer
to the woods. Stripping the land. Destroying it.
Ripping the solitude asunder. The noise is endless.

RWE
And then?

HDT
I see houses. I see factories. And I see roads.
Closer and closer the noise of it all comes into
these woods. I see them plowing the hillsides
away and ripping these very woods apart.

RWE
And what? What happens?

HDT
The pond. These woods.
Suddenly saved.

RWE
Saved? How?
HDT
By the song of a great Eagle.

Pause

RWE
Have you gone mad?

HDT
Well. you asked and I told you.

RWE
You see the impending destruction of Walden Pond
saved at the hand of a singing Eagle ...
foretold by a man who speaks to his vegetables.

HDT
I should have known better.

RWE
All of a sudden it’s making perfect sense.

There is a knock at the door. It is JOSHUA BARNETT, a thin, slight man
with a beard, thinning hair and about 60 years old. He wears a frayed hat
and work boots, overalls and a coat. He is a man of humble passion, an
English accent, and a simple education.

HDT
Joshua, my friend.

The two shake hands.

JB
Evenin’ Mr. Henry. I didn’t realize you
had company.

HDT
This is my friend, Mr. Emerson.
Ralph Waldo Emerson.
Joshua and RWE greet each other with a hand shake.

RWE
Greetings to you, sir.

JB
Ahhh, the writer ... just like Mr. Henry

RWE (to Henry)
Not quite. I write books that people will eventually read.

JB
Oh, Mr. Henry is a fine writer, he is.
The whole world will one day read his book.
If he writes one, that is.

Henry, frustrated, moves to the fireplace, then toward the door.

HDT (annoyed)
I must tend to my fireplace.

HDT leaves the cabin. There is an uncomfortable pause between Joshua and Ralph. After a moment:

JB
He talks to his broccoli.

RWE
I'm fully aware

JB
I've heard him.
It's quite a conversation.
Mr. Joshua, do you live nearby?

Beyond the woods. I have a home outside Concord.

Family?

A lovely wife, I do. And three children.

And how did you come to know Henry.

I work for his father. In the pencil shoppe. I stack the lumber for the lathe. Sweep the floors. Look after Henry. Whatever needs to be done.

It seems Henry needs a lot of looking after.

Not really. He’s quite self-sufficient.

pauses, making a point:

Mr. Henry needs a lady friend.

(whispers)

other than his woodpile, of course.

RWE laughs, picks up the journal and begins browsing through the pages.

He writes in it all the time. Day and night, he does.
RWE
I would never admit it to his face, but really, it is fascinating. He writes so fluidly and prolifically about his love for the earth and nature.

JB
He doesn’t tolerate people all that much. Oh, but loves his vegetation.

RWE (reading)

“October is the month for painted leaves. We become more pensive in the twilight of the year...”

(flips some pages)

“Go confidently in the direction of your dreams! Live the life you’ve imagined. As you simplify your life, the laws of the universe will be simpler.”

and another page

“I once had a sparrow alight upon my shoulder while I was hoeing in a garden, and I felt more distinguished by that than by any crown I could have worn.”

JB
Isn’t that just lovely.

RWE
It is romantic, on many levels.

looks through more pages and reads:

“Every man looks at his woodpile with affection. I love to have mine before my window...”
pauses and sighs:

He really needs a girlfriend

JB
Or a good hobby, at the least.

HDT returns to the cabin with an armload of wood for the fireplace. JB helps stack the wood inside near the fireplace and starts a fire.

HDT
This should help me survive the evening.
You two getting acquainted?

RWE
Splendidly.

JB
We’ve been browsing through your journal.

RWE
Hope you don’t mind, Henry.
You truly are a gifted writer.

HDT picks up the journal and notebooks, stacking them back on the table.

HDT
I suppose not. It’s all simple notes.
Nothing is edited of course.

RWE
It reads well. Much better than I assumed.

JB
There. What a lovely fire.

RWE gets his coats and prepares to leave.

RWE
Mr. Joshua, I have enjoyed our visit.
Henry, I must be home to my wife.
HDT
Good of you to come by. Really.

RWE
As a friend, I do wish you well and you know I completely support you.

Places his hand on Henry’s shoulder:

Just don’t be disappointed if others who someday read you are unavailable to your intent.

HDT
My old friend, I appreciate your council. But not even I am completely sure of my intent.

Joshua picks up a water bucket and axe. RWE and HDT gather at the door.

RWE
Well, it is evening. I must be off. A wife and supper awaits. Perhaps, after a few years at this cabin, you will miss the sound of another heartbeat.

JB
Perhaps my sister? She loves broccoli and such. I can arrange an introduction.

HDT
I don’t believe there is a woman alive that can tolerate or even attempt to understand this.

RWE
And no doubt it would be unfair to even ask. So there it is, then. You are a man destined to live your life alone in these woods.

HDT
Not my life. Not even a week more.

JB
Mr. Henry?
HDT
All of this talk of the relevance of my work. I never intended on living out my days here, anyway.

RWE
I detect a change in the wind.

HDT
I have decided it is time. I shall prepare to gather my things and leave this cabin.

pauses, repeats as though making sure he hears himself speak:

Tomorrow, I am leaving Walden Pond.

STAGE TO BLACK
END ACT I

Intermission Option: 15 minutes

Play music provided on MP3
at www.WaldenPlay.com
ACT II

BEGIN AUDIO TRACK: TWO LIGHTS UP

It is morning. HDT sleeps on his bed. We hear the sounds of sunrise, birds, the pond in the distance, a touch of an autumn breeze. On the table all of his journals are stacked high. His pencils. His flute. The simple cabin looks sparse and bare. He moves about and slowly sits up on his bed.

He rises, finally, and moves to the window, pushing the shutter open. The sound of morning rises in volume. He lingers at the sight, and then looks toward his journal.

Moving toward his fireplace, Henry pours water from the pot into a tea cup and stokes the coals in his fireplace. He moves back to his table making his tea and sits in front of his pile of notebooks. He opens one at random and reads OUT LOUD:

"All poets and heroes emit their music at sunrise. To him whose elastic and vigorous thought keeps pace with the sun. The day is perpetual morning."

He picks up his flute and THINKS OF PLAYING, LOOKS AROUND THE CABIN AND LAYS IT BACK DOWN. HE STARTS FOLDING HIS BED SHEETS. There is a knock at the door. It is Joshua:

JB
Good morning, Mr. Henry.

HDT (somewhat annoyed)
Joshua, drinking the wine at nature’s morning table, I see.
JB
Sorry, Mr. Henry. I don’t drink. Not this early. Perhaps later at the pub.

HDT (facetiously)
Never mind. So ... why the visit so early in the day?

JB
I love the way you play the flute

HDT
Music ... it the true gauge which measures the current of our thoughts, the very undertow of our life’s stream. You cannot hear music and noise at the same time.

Speaking of noise ... why are you here?

JB
You said you would be leaving the woods. I’m here to help shutter the cabin.

HDT
So, then. You came to fetch the splendor of my life at Walden Pond and carry me back to the city.

JB
Your father sends his regards. Work has been busy at the pencil shoppe. I think he misses you.

HDT
I’m sure he misses my work.

JB
A father’s pride and all. Haven’t you missed your family? Living all the way out here and alone?

HDT
At times. My days here are lived by the same tick of the clock as anywhere else. I rise in the morning and rest under the same sunset as any man ... or any king.

JB
I suppose it’s what you do with the in-between time that sets a man apart. Or who you spend it with ... or not.
HDT
And yet I am no different, I share the same spirit. I have the same connection to natural earth as anyone else.

JB
For someone who prides himself on being the same you certainly go out of your way to be different.

HDT
My contradiction to human nature is my balance with human nature.

JB
Well, you're the only one I know who speaks to broccoli.

There is a knocking at the door, firm and loud. It's a lovely young woman named RACHEL STUERS who carries a mop and a pail.

JB
Miss Rachel, you've come.

HDT looks uncomfortable. He turns aside, fidgets with his hair and brushes off his shirt.

RACHEL
I've come as asked by Mr. Thoreau.

HDT
My father sent you?

JB
Actually, it was my doing. I thought we could help prepare your return to the city.

Joshua gathers the notebooks, journal, pencils and axe. Rachel picks up the pillow, blanket and flute. The cabin is now essentially bare. They look at Henry who picks up his tea cup and pot.
JB
There you go.
That was easy.

HDT
This is nonsense. Put my things back down,
I'm not ready to up and leave just yet anyway.

JB
What shall I tell your father?

HDT picks takes a notebook from Joshua's arms and:

HDT
I have more studying and thought.
I must use my time to consider more of
this Earth and these woods.

He takes his flute from Rachel:

Stay if you wish. I must ... be off for a walk.
It is pleasant to walk over the beds of these
fresh, crisp, and rustling leaves.
How beautifully they go to their graves!

Henry leaves the cabin. Rachel and Joshua watch the door close and then
stand there. They look at each other and Joshua shrugs.

RACHEL
What a completely peculiar man.

JB
He is rather odd at times.

RACHEL
I've never met a man so thoroughly ... rude.

JB
Oh, Mr. Henry isn't rude. He's just a drummer
who beats a drum he doesn't have differently
than anyone else.
RACHEL
And what of this place ... This is his home?

JB
It is.

RACHEL
It is rudimentary and plain.

JB
*Simple* may be a word.

Rachel picks up the journal and reads a passage:

“All intelligence awakes with the morning. Poetry and art, and the fairest and most memorable actions of all men come from such an hour.”

That is lovely.

She turns a page and again reads:

“We are for the most part more lonely when among men than when we stay in our chambers. A man thinking or working is always alone”

Hmphh.

She turns more pages:

“I love to be alone. I never found the companion that was so companionable as solitude.”

RACHEL
Such rubbish. And what of life? Of Family? Is this man devoid of love?
J B
Only for people.
He loves trees and birds and such.

RACHEL
A man can not have a family by loving only trees.

J B
Oh, I wouldn’t underestimate Mr. Henry.

RACHEL
And what of this???

She reads another page from the journal:

“I derive no pleasure from talking with a young woman simply because she has regular features.”

Has his living alone is these woods made him go daft, or was he in such a state to begin with?

J B
Miss Rachel, he is actually a very kind man.
He has a deep heart, a deep spirit he does.

RACHEL
I’m not one to gossip. Nor do I listen to such nonsense, but I have heard your Mr. Thoreau refuses the company of suitors. Women suitors.

J B
Mr. Henry doesn’t tolerate people is all.
Of all persuasions.

Rachel walks to Emerson’s box of corn and pulls out a handful of broccoli, which she gestures with to Joshua as she says:
RACHEL
What does this man of solitude do for companionship, then? Who does this man with such deep feelings express himself to?

Joshua reaches for the broccoli and takes the bunch from Rachel:

JB
Here now, Mr. Henry is very particular in how his vegetables are handled.

There is a knock at the cabin door. It is RWE:

RWE
I've come to speak with Henry.

JB
He left, Mr. Emerson. He's off in the woods with his flute and his notebook.

RWE
And who is this?

JB
Rachel Stuers. Miss Rachel Stuers. From Mr. Thoreau's shoppe.

RWE
Do I dare ask if you are a friend of Henry's?

JB
Not yet.

RACHEL
We just met this morning and then he left.

RWE
You speak as though that disturbs you.
RACHEL
I came all the way into these woods to assist and the man barely greeted me.

JB
He was just normal. Just being Henry.

RWE
Are you not under Mr. Thoreau’s employ? You have no valid complaint.

RWE takes a coin from his pocket and hands it to Rachel:

Here. For your mood.

RACHEL (returns the coin)
Excuse me, sir.
I do not sell my offense so easily.

Rachel storms out of the cabin, taking her bucket with her.

RWE
My goodness. Such spirit.

JB
She has a high priced mood. Obviously.

RWE
And what was Henry’s reaction to the young woman?

JB
He left.

RWE
Splendid. He likes her.
That would make Miss Rachel the first breathing thing he has liked in years.

Perhaps so. I must speak to Henry. Which direction did he go?

They walk to the cabin doorway:

To the pond, I think. Follow the sound of the flute and the non-banging drum.

Joshua reenters the silent cabin. Looks around. Picks up the journal and reads aloud:

“Do not think that you have companions: know instead that you are alone in the world.”

Poor Mr. Henry ....

Rachel returns with her pail full of water

I thought you left for town.

I have a job to do. So I’ll do exactly as instructed by my employer. I certainly don’t need any man’s coin to fulfill my obligation.

Oh, he didn’t mean anything by it. Really

Rachel dips her mop and begins to scrub angrily
RACHEL
Why do men assume their thoughts transcend other people’s feelings?

JB
A man works differently, my dear. He executes his thoughts unencumbered by emotions.

RACHEL
And a woman will express her feelings freely.

JB
Often without thinking.

RACHEL
So I’m wrong for being angry?

JB
No. Being angry was your honest reaction. You were only wrong for thinking you had reason too.

A loud commotion rises from outside the cabin. HDT and RWE are arguing.

HDT (VO)
I completely disagree.

RWE (VO)
What do you honestly find disagreement with?

They enter the cabin:

HDT
And why do you put me to the test? There is no way you can convince me that the spread of cities does not matter.
RWE
Why object to progress as though it is a bad thing?

HDT
Progress without balance IS a bad thing.

RWE
But progress by its very nature causes imbalance. To deny imbalance denies progress.

HDT
And only man struggles with this imbalance. It is against nature. When a beaver builds a dam, it does not harm the stream. When a bird builds a nest, it causes no injury to the forest.

RWE
Because birds and beavers "exist," within the boundaries created for them ... they do not cause progress ... only man has the intellect by nature to cause progress.

HDT
How can you possibly deny man's destructive role in nature ... his lack of love for this earth. To leave it unchecked will eventually lead to the destruction of man.

RWE
And how can you deny that destruction is an essential part of creation?

HDT (slams table top)
Nonsense!

RACHEL (to JB)
Is this emotion or expressive male thought?

RWE (calming)
Look at your own life, Henry.

HDT
Me? I destroy nothing. And do not even begin to imply the natural gleaning of the earth as destruction.

Emerson picks up a notebook
RWE
Did you, or did you not, come to these woods and this pond to study the value of nature and your place in it.

HDT
I did.

RWE
And did you not destroy a small plot of these very woods to build this cabin so you could have a place to reside while in nature?

HDT
It is not the same.

RWE
It is exactly the same.

HDT
My cabin is not comparable to the spread of a city.

RWE
It is merely the first building. There is no difference.

HDT
Read my work. I document the difference clearly.

RWE
Your father cuts down the trees to make the pencils that you use to write about how much you love the trees.

HDT
Again, my redundant friend, it’s part of the natural gleaning of the earth.

RWE
That is called progress. A few short years ago we wrote with charcoal and a quill pen ... and not a single oak would fall. Now we cut down trees to make pencils and employ your family ... Progress.
HDT
So I shall use the tools of progress to expose the sin of progress.

RACHEL
Then you, sir, are a hypocrite.

The room falls abruptly silent

HDT (insulted)
I beg your pardon?

JB
Mr. Henry. She is expressing her emotions. There are no thoughts involved.

HDT
That sounded very thoughtful to me. Explain yourself.

RACHEL
You sir, are a blind hypocrite.

RWE
What a delightful woman.

RACHEL
You write so eloquently about the emotion of your place in nature ... but you refuse to express the emotions you need to understand what nature is for.

Henry sits in his chair at the table.

You write of the value of nature when all the while you disobey your natural needs, rendering your place on earth as no value at all. It is as though you were never here.

HDT
What?
RWE
Mr. Thoreau, I would like to introduce you to a living, breathing woman with a point of view.

JB
Don’t be frightened, Mr. Henry.

HDT
You read my essay on Civil Disobedience.

RACHEL
I did. At your father’s pencil shoppe.

HDT
And you read through my notebooks?

RACHEL
I have.

RWE
Good god. A customer.

(to Rachel)
And yet you conclude he is a hypocrite? When skating over thin ice, my dear, your safety is in your speed. I would quickly clarify your self.

RACHEL
You are a hypocrite. But not a fool.

HDT
Not a fool?
Am I to suddenly feel complimented?

RACHEL
I didn’t find your hypocrisy without wisdom. Although you’re blind to your role in destruction, you are not wrong about man’s imbalance.

HDT (to RWE)
Well, there you have it. My life’s work has been validated by my father’s cleaning woman.
RWE
Maybe the idea of balance is not altogether inappropriate. Perhaps the idea of balance could bring perspective to this argument.

HDT
In what way?

JB
Maybe it means that man destroys a little as part of his nature ... he just shouldn’t destroy too much.

RWE
Exactly. Well said.

HDT
And cities, therefore, are the “too much” that causes the imbalance.

Heated again:

RWE
Cities are part the natural progress of man, like an ocean wave. The wave moves onward, but the water of which it is composed does not. Again, natural. The greater the destruction, the greater the progress.

HDT
There is nothing natural about it. Why do you equate destruction with progress?

RWE
(looking at broccoli in a dish)
Here

(hands the vegetable to Henry)
You garden these?

HDT
Yes.

RWE
You harvest them

HDT
Yes
RWE
You destroy them by pulling them.
You destroy them by cooking them.
Is not a farm nothing more than a small city?

HDT
A farm, in itself, does not decimate the land

RWE
No more so than a city.

HDT
Factories ...

RWE
Plows ...

HDT
Smoke stacks ...

RWE
(pointing to the cabin wall)
Fireplaces and chimneys ...

HDT
Garbage ...

RWE
Manure and left overs ...

HDT
Noise!

RWE
Children!

HDT
Confusion!

RWE
Marriage!

RACHEL (offended)
I beg your pardon?!!!
JB
Oh dear, I sense imbalance ...

RWE
That wasn't meant ...

RACHEL
That was meant exactly as spoken.
All this talk of imbalance as though it was balanced men speaking.

HDT
Now we are not balanced?

RACHEL
Love for the earth without loving the life this earth provides is unbalanced.

Silence in the room

... and it renders you irrelevant.

a long pause. Joshua, almost embarrassed

JB
Not bad for a cleaning woman

RACHEL
My employ does not alter my thoughts, sir.

HDT
And your thoughts do not alter my experience.

RACHEL
Your experience has been to isolate yourself in a cabin so far from real life that you can only write the reflection of what true life has to offer.
HDT
True life is no more reflected by society than
your image on the waters of Walden Pond.

RACHEL
Are not the stars reflecting on the pond at night
actually the stars?

HDT
You are so lost in the image of the stars you do not
see society creeping up to take the pond away. Where
are your stars, then? Where is your reflection of real
life once the pond is gone? Your life is no more real
than a dying fish left behind on the dry water bed.

RACHEL
At least the fish didn’t die alone in a cabin
talking to his vegetables.

pause

HDT (to Rachel)
Many go fishing all their lives without knowing it’s
not fish they’re after. What exactly, madam, irritates
you so about me?

RACHEL
Because. I can not for the life of me understand why
you bothered to come to this cabin and write about a
life you are not living.

HDT
To the contrary. I have found the essence of life
in the simplicity of it.

RACHEL
You confuse isolation with simplicity.

HDT
And you, my dear woman, confuse isolation
with simply not wanting to be with you.

Ouch ...
The room is uncomfortably silent.
JB
Well, the temperature in this cabin has
certainly dropped on this autumn evening

Evening is coming. Let me light a candle ...

Joshua lights the candle on the table:

RACHEL
I apologise if my honesty left an
inappropriate or dishonorable impression

Each one becomes more visibly calm and tender.

Henry turns to the fireplace and, after a moment of reflection, back to his friends:

HDT
I did not come to these woods just to squall in my
solitude as if it is some lonely crown. And I didn’t want
to waste two years and two months of a fleeting life in
some empty fog with no purpose.

He picks up his journal:

... and I didn’t come here just to write.

HDT
I came to these woods because I wished to live
deliberately, to strip life down to the barest of
essentials, and see if I couldn’t learn what Life had to
teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I
had not lived at all.
He looks at all in the room

I came to Walden Pond to discover my life, not abandon it.

after a pause

and only then to write about what I truly, passionately believed. To write about what I truly lived. To write so that people ... my friends ... would also live simply and honestly.

RWE
My friend, the world is yet simple. Your cries of simplicity fall on deaf ears.

HDT
Even so, the rumbling of the coming industrial storm grows louder. The thunder of the coming change will not be felt along the shores of Walden Pond alone. It will be global. England, France, Germany and beyond. The forests will be replaced by factories. The woods will be plowed under and covered over by warehouses.

RWE
Perhaps the clouds beyond the distant lightning are not clouds at all ... but oceans of smoke from the cities.

JB
It's just hard to see when, you know, everything around us looks just fine. The woods along Walden Pond in September are so lovely, after all.

Looks out the window

I don't hear no thunder, I don't see no lightening ... and the only rumblin sounds are from my tummy with no supper.
RACHEL
I didn’t mean to be rude or accuse.
But to speak honestly, as you say.

HDT
It takes two to speak truth - One to speak,
and another to listen. I have listened.

RACHEL
Then so shall I.

JB
And we are all friends here.

pause

JB (with outstretched arms)
Let’s hug.

HDT
I don’t need a hug,
I need relief from this incessant arguing.

RWE
It is not arguing, Henry. But a test of your
convictions. A test of your passions.

HDT
A test. And why?

RWE
Because to be great is to be misunderstood. And I
believe you have done a great thing. Of course I agree
with you. That is why I bought these acres of land
along Walden Pond. That is why I gladly offered this
spot in the woods to you. But do you believe this
yourself? Do you believe in your heart the value of
what you have done?

Hear me, my friend ... Once you leave this place,
everything you believe in will be ripped apart and
judged by men of smaller minds.
RACHEL
Or held in their highest esteem.

HDT
I don’t need their approval.

RWE
Whatever you do, you need courage. Whatever course you decide upon, there is always someone of lesser will to tell you that you are wrong.

RACHEL
Or fools that tempt you to believe your critics are right.

JB
And no one ever erected a statue in honor of a critic.

RWE
And I would argue your degree of greatness will be measured to the extent you are rejected.

He places his hand on Henry’s shoulder:

Remember: Socrates, Luther, Galileo ... every pure and wise spirit that ever walked this earth confused everyone around them.

HDT
So my hypocrisy has turned into confusion. In turn my future and my work will be understood by no one. And of my time in this cabin, at this pond? Have I in fact wasted two years, two months and two days of my life?

RWE
To be great is to be misunderstood. Hitch your wagon to a star, my boy. What you write, what you believe, the road your passions have travelled will be understood ... someday.
HDT
Then you can see it? You can feel it, too?

RWE
I can. Some can. Most will not. The majority will ignore it in favour of their material comforts.

But if we pause for a moment. If we bend down on a humble knee and truely gaze upon the brilliance of the tinest life in our hands, we can use what you have written as a magnifying glass to peer deep into the simplest of life’s beauty.

I believe, in all my heart Henry, the world will one day recognize this of you.

HDT
But not now?

RWE
Not now, my friend. That’s why I say “someday” ... your writing will have impact and purpose. Someday.

HDT
And if that “someday” arrives at a moment well beyond my lifetime, what of my words? What of my writing and journals?

Ralph picks up Henry’s notebooks

RWE
Rest your words regarding your love and respect for this Earth in the care of those who love and respect you. Let your work rest in the protection of your friends who believe in you.

The two friends shake hands

RWE
The most striking part of any day is to encounter a mind that has startled us. What you have done, what you are writing, will startle many for generations to come.
Much is published but so little printed. An honest book is the noblest work of Man.

(to Rachel)

Unfortunately I am imprisoned by the narrowness of my experience.

So be it. It is done, then.

Joshua, Rachel and RWE pick up the few belongings in the house. All look around at the now empty cabin.

RWE
To my house, all.
For supper and celebration!

HDT
Here, leave me my flute and notebook. One last moment for reflection and I will follow.

RWE
My dear Henry.
In the end, always the last and always alone.

The three friends leave the cabin. Henry is alone inside the silence. He takes his flute and THINKS OF PLAYING ... LOOKS OUT THE WINDOW INSTEAD.

Ahhhh, the beauty of the last hour of the day ...
I do believe this earth is the mother of all creatures.

He takes his notebook and turns a page and then reads aloud:
“As surely as the sunset ... 
shall translate me to the ethereal world,

As surely as the last strain of music which falls 
on my ear shall make age be forgotten,

So surely my Friend shall forever be my Friend, 
and reflect a ray of God to me”

Henry walks to the door, looks around one last time, goes to blow out the 
candle and then decides to leave it burning, and finally, closing the door 
behind him, leaves the cabin forever.

Lights come down

BEGIN AUDIO TRACK: FIVE
or OFF STAGE ANNOUNCER:

Henry David Thoreau left the beauty of the woods after 
spending two years, two months and two days of his life 
alone in his cabin at Walden Pond.

Eventually, his notes were published, but his book, “Walden” 
sold only a few copies.

Thoreau was buried 14 years later on a quiet, wooded hillside 
near Walden Pond. His friend and mentor Ralph Waldo 
Emerson took it upon himself to collect Henry’s writings and 
preserve the reputation of Thoreau and his mostly unread 
and unpublished works.

Today, Henry David Thoreau is the forefather of the global 
green movement and most quoted writer in American history.

Stage goes to black

THE END