

• Scantic River Productions •

presents

# *Rocking Chair*

*or, Settlement*



• A Horror Musical Podcast •

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## CHAPTER TWO

• HOUSES INTO HOMES •

JOAN:

Hi, you've reached Joan. Thanks for calling, but not gonna lie, I ignore any and all voicemails. No promises about texts either. Bye!

- BEEP -

DR. JOHNSON:

Hi Joan, it's Dr. Johnson. I'm concerned about your status RE: your evaluation this morning—you're two hours late now. It's essential we meet. I understand things have been tough. Just... call me back, and we can talk about this.

I'm worried.

- HANGUP -

- FIRE CRACKLES -

SOMEBODY:

Chapter Two: Houses into Homes.

The woman in the expensive shawl now sat rigidly, eyeing the rocking chair. The atmosphere was relentless. I refused to feel guilty for speaking up before.

The old codger, who could have never guessed what his tall tales around the fire would incite, was still standing, suspicious of sitting in all forms. The host, a jolly man at first, had settled into such a severe



mein that I wondered how a face like that could have ever cracked a grin at all. And the old lady who was knitting continued doing so, never missing a stitch.

The shaggy haired boy set the guitar at his side.

- GUITAR PLUCKING -

DUSTY:

I won't be playing for a minute. But I will soon. If that's alright—

SOMEBODY:

He added. He was talking to me.

“I told you to go on.”

And so he began again, starting with the socialite couple from the City moving now to the woods.

DUSTY:

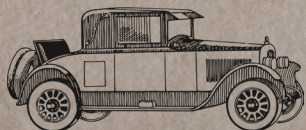
These woods, of course,

SOMEBODY:

he added.

DUSTY:

Henry and Harriet pulled into their new drive that was a road in itself away from the little town to the West. The finely pebbled way slithered up an Eastern ridge to barely roll over the



top, and spill into the tiny lip just beyond. The Architect would not ruin the ridge with any house, organic as it may be, so it lived in hiding to the world.

The house, then. It was a honeycomb, and a totem pole on its side, and Stonehenge, and an archway. Long, and flat, but tall at times, with a patio that might have been a roof at one point, then not, then a roof again. A pillar or three that could have been confused with ivy. And, most strikingly, a throng of long and stained windows, instilled with dripping triangles and the occasional slip of an oval. The sun itself seemed to look at it from across the world, shining through it like a prism.

The interior was made entirely of long halls reaching towards the horizon, long benches on either side, and stained glass everywhere. A dining room to the right with a square chandelier hovering above, a salon to the left with a Steinway grand piano and squarish furniture.

An exposed stairwell led down from the main hall and entered the master bedroom, which had great wide windows that looked onto the forested valley below. Back into the hill was a walk-in closet and a master bath with a claw-footed tub, crystal mirrors at the end of each.

Henry led Harriet in, his hands over her eyes. In the corner: a great towering object covered in heavy canvas.



HARRIET:

Alright, honey, this is getting to be a little much.

HENRY:

Hang on, this is going to be all worthwhile.

HARRIET:

Henry, your hands are clammy.

HENRY:

Alright. Presto!

HARRIET:

Where are we?

HENRY:

Home, of course. Do you love it?

HARRIET:

I'll have to see. Not much lighting, is there?

HENRY:

Not much... but God's light! See, there! Windows, everywhere! Pouring into every room like waterfalls!

HARRIET:

We're surrounded by nothing. Trees, then. I can't put my finger on what exactly is wrong...

HENRY:

And the architect is highly regarded. You know the new modern art museum along the park?

HARRIET:

Is that why we're in a honeycomb? Well, not quite a honeycomb. There's at least some activity in a hive.

HENRY:

And I have a present for you! Come here.

HARRIET:

What's under that canvas, Henry?

HENRY:

You're going to love this.

HARRIET:

Please just show me. It looks so austere with this— what do you call it?

HENRY:

Surprise!

HARRIET:

Ugh. Charcoal. Sketch paper? Henry, it's been so long.

HENRY:

It's like riding a bike.

HARRIET:

It is nothing like riding a bike.





HENRY:

So draw some still-lifes to get on the ball again. I remember a young woman—

HARRIET:

I don't.

HENRY:

—Who had just graduated from Mt. Holyoke and had such dreams. Exhibitions! Picasso!

HARRIET:

And you never liked him.

HENRY:

No! Never! But I liked you.

HARRIET:

At the Young Artist's Showcase.

HENRY:

Much prettier than Frida Kahlo.

HARRIET:

Henry!

HENRY:

Well it's true. We've been on so many adventures together. This is the next. And this time, I want you to do what you love. These tender fingers have so much more to say.

HARRIET:

I know what it is.

HENRY:

What what is?

HARRIET:

That makes this place so strange. It's quiet.

HENRY:

Yes it is. Isn't that great? Don't you love it here, Harry?

HARRIET:

Oh, Henry, honest?

HENRY:

Honest.

HARRIET:

It is nice. It's very nice. And I love the little road we drove up to get here, and the little town over the hill, and the way the sun shines through the windows. Frankly, Henry, I'm surprised how pleased I am that you're pleased. But this place scares me, some. Like everything's a little askew. And that quiet. I wonder why no one's ever lived here before.

HENRY:

There were those ghost stories, growing up. Witches, a demon boar, spontaneous combustion. A fire. But I've hiked all through those woods as a boy, and yes, they are quiet. But they are only peaceful.

I'll retire completely soon, and until then



I can get away with four day weeks at the press, and when I'm done you can show me around here. Sketch it for me. Figure out its secrets.

HARRIET:

You're very romantic.

HENRY:

I know.

HARRIET:

Not in a good way.

HENRY:

*(a little cooler)*

You know, I wouldn't shy away from this if I were you. It's an opportunity to make something new.

HARRIET:

Henry, Henry, Henry. It's work.

• SONG FOUR •

*Work*

FIGURE YOU'VE GOT TO MAKE THE BEST  
OF A DIFFICULT SITUATION.

FIGURE THAT BUILDING

HENRY'S "NEST"

IS AN EVERYDAY OCCUPATION.

FORGIVE ME, THEN, MY RETICENCE,

AND IF MY SMILE'S A SMIRK.  
IT'S ALL IN HOW I GET A SENSE  
OF THIS IMPENDING WORK.

IT STARTS WITH A PICTURE  
THAT DANCES IN YOUR BRAIN.

PIN DOWN THE PICTURE,  
ADVANCE THEN IN THAT VEIN.

THE WALLS ARE A CANVAS—  
WEAR PANTS THAT YOU CAN STAIN.

TO MAKE A HOUSE A HOME  
IT TAKES SOME WORK!

EACH CHOICE IS A PUZZLE,  
THE PIECES HAVE TO FIT—  
WHICH COLOR CURTAINS?

WHICH CREASES AND WHICH KNIT?

IT'S ALL A MOMENTUM  
THAT CEASES IF YOU SIT.

TO MAKE A HOUSE A HOME  
IT TAKES SOME WORK!

DON'T REMEMBER MEMORIES OF HOMES  
YOU DON'T HAVE NOW.

WAS IT HOME IF ALL YOU DID WAS



WORRY 'BOUT THE DOW?  
IF THIS HOME COULD BE A HOME THAT'S  
JUST FOR ME SOMEHOW,  
THEN MAYBE I WON'T  
HAVE TO GO BERSERK!

WHAT ONCE WERE JUST PICTURES,  
A PHANTOM IN MY HEAD,  
WERE SEEDS IN A GARDEN  
I PLANT 'EM IN A BED  
SO BRIGHT AND PRETTY FLOWERS  
YOU CAN'T IMAGINE SPREAD!  
TO MAKE A HOUSE A HOME  
IT TAKES SOME WORK!

DON'T REMEMBER MEMORIES OF HOMES  
YOU DON'T HAVE NOW.  
WAS IT HOME IF ALL YOU DID WAS WOR-  
RY 'BOUT THE DOW?  
IF THIS HOME COULD BE A HOME THAT'S  
JUST FOR ME SOMEHOW,  
THEN MAYBE I WON'T  
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WHAT ONCE WERE JUST PICTURES,  
A PHANTOM IN MY HEAD,  
WERE SEEDS IN A GARDEN  
I PLANT 'EM IN A BED  
SO BRIGHT AND PRETTY FLOWERS  
YOU CAN'T IMAGINE SPREAD!  
TO MAKE A HOUSE A HOME  
IT TAKES SOME WORK!  
TO MAKE A HOUSE A HOME  
IT TAKES SOME—

TOWNSFOLK:

WORK AND TOIL AND SWEAT  
AND STRAIN,

SOMEBODY:

At once, a century before...

TOWNSFOLK:

SUN AND MOON AND WIND AND RAIN.

SOMEBODY:

Houses, families.

TOWNSFOLK:

COME THE WINTER, COME THE SNOW,

SOMEBODY:

A township, singing in harmony.



TOWNSFOLK:

COME THE SPRING AND  
COME THE CHANCE TO GROW...

ICHABOD, GENERAL & MRS. SWIFT:

TO BUILD THE CATHEDRAL  
ONE MUST START FROM THE GROUND!

TO BUILD THE CATHEDRAL  
ONE MUST START FROM THE GROUND!

THE GROUND,  
THE GROUND,  
THE GROUND!

TOWNSFOLK:

LIGHT THE FURNACE, FLINT AND STEEL,  
WATER WHOOSH AND WHIRL THE  
WHEEL.

ALL YOU'VE SOWN IS ALL YOU OWN,  
ALL THE WORLD'S FOUNDATION  
IS THE STONE!

ICHABOD, GENERAL & MRS. SWIFT:

THE PEOPLE WILL BIND THE WORLD,  
THE PEOPLE WILL BIND THE WORLD.

LISTEN AS THEIR HEARTS BEAT

EVERMORE AS ONE.

EVERMORE AS ONE,

EVER,

EVER,

EVER...

EVERMORE AS ONE!

TOWNSFOLK:

LIGHT THE FURNACE, FLINT AND STEEL,  
WATER WHOOSH AND WHIRL THE  
WHEEL.

ALL YOU'VE SOWN IS ALL YOU OWN,  
ALL THE WORLD'S FOUNDATION IS THE  
STONE!

FOUNDATION IS THE STONE,

FOUNDATION IS THE STONE!

ICHABOD:

That wasn't quite right, was it?

SOMEBODY:

A choir house in the middle of the woods,  
which was at this point still a town.

MRS. SWIFT:

The Altos were flat.



KATRINA:

*(quiet)*

As if Mrs. Swift could hear us from over there, the deaf toad.

ICHABOD:

Once more, then, the pickup to eighty-five.

*(singing)*

LAAA

One, two...

TOWNSFOLK:

FOUNDATION IS THE STONE!

ICHABOD:

One at a time, then. Basses? One, two...

BASSES:

FOUNDATION IS THE STONE!

ICHABOD:

That's fine, Trebles? Don't strain yourself now, Mrs. Brophy. One, two...

TREBLES:

FOUNDATION IS THE STONE!

ICHABOD:

Lovely, as always, Mrs. Swift.

MRS. SWIFT:

Thank you.

MARY:

I think you cut off too late.

MRS. SWIFT:

Please don't mutter at me, Mary Brophy. I'm likely to catch whatever you have.

ICHABOD:

Alright, Tenors, together? One, two...

TENORS & ICHABOD:

FOUNDATION IS THE STONE!

ICHABOD:

You know, I can never really tell when it's me that's singing.

GENERAL SWIFT:

Heavenly as a eunuch!

- LAUGHTER -

ICHABOD:

Enough! The Altos, then. One, two...

ALTOS:

*(flat)*

FOUNDATION IS THE STONE!

ICHABOD:

Ah ah ah. Rooted out, Altos.

KATRINA:

Oh, Ichabod Crane, you know it's Grama Pease's fault.

GRAMA PEASE:

Excuse me, missy?



ABIGAIL:  
Don't be cruel, Katrina.

CONSTANCE:  
What do you suggest we do?

MRS. SWIFT:  
Everyone ought to stand up. The pitch sags when we're at ease in the pews.

GRAMA PEASE:  
I'll ease her pew.

ICHABOD:  
Nice idea, Mrs. Swift. Altos? Would you please stand? Thank you. Your starting pitch?

ALTOS:  
LAAAA

ICHABOD:  
One, two...

ALTOS:  
FOUNDATION IS THE STONE!

ICHABOD:  
Excellent! All together, everyone! One, two...

TOWNSFOLK:  
FOUNDATION IS THE STONE!

ICHABOD:  
Alright, that'll do it! Let's take a short

break before we continue on with singing. As you rest, Mrs. Swift has asked if she might say a few words about the upcoming Harvest celebration.

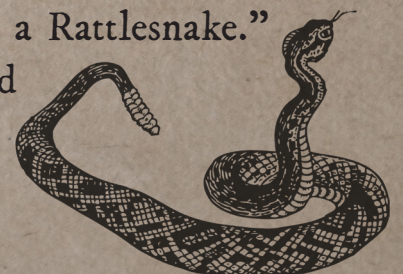
MRS. SWIFT:  
Thank you, Mr. Crane. As you know, our town Harvest is going to be outdoors on the General's front yard on the twenty-first of October, beginning midday and lasting until sunset. Though the General and I have been asked if we will hire musicians for a contra-dance after dusk, we have decided that it is not entirely respectable for this town to engage in such lewd behavior.

TOM:  
Aww, come on! Some of us still feel active below their belt buckles, Mrs. Swift!

MRS. SWIFT:  
No dancing, Tom Dunn! And fie on you. There are children here.

Be that as it may, there will be opportunities for group sings throughout, and of course, we are blessed this year with a pageant, written by our own Poet Laureate Patrick-Barrows Brophy: "Elegy for a Man Bitten by a Rattlesnake."

Please stand up, young Patrick-Barrows.





- APPLAUSE -

For the which, we are seeking volunteers to take the lead roles. My husband the General will be playing Lieutenant Mirrick, as he has real-life experience on the field of battle, and Patrick-Barrows will play the Narrator, but we need three volunteers to be the young lovers and the rattlesnake himself. Any takers?

KATRINA:

Ooh, I shall play a lover!

MRS. SWIFT:

Thank you, Katrina.

ICHABOD:

*(very quickly)*

I the other!

MRS. SWIFT:

Excellent, Ichabod! And the villainous rattlesnake?

MARY:

I have to play the rattler. I helped him write the role.

- CONSTANCE CHEERS -

ICHABOD:

Mrs. Brophy...

MRS. SWIFT:

Mary, if I uh... if I may be frank, the rattlesnake is a... physical part, and you may not be able to afford the energy necessary.

PATRICK-BARROWS:

Please, Mrs. Swift? Only she can play the harmonica.

MARY:

It's true.

MRS SWIFT:

Very well. I of course shall lead the rehearsals. Now, there is one more thing to mention— In order for this Harvest feast to truly be a feast, we must all contribute to the table. I understand crops have not been quite satisfactory this year for some, but we must do our best. The Harvest is not some silly old party the General and I host every year. It is a benchmark for our little settlement. Though we are simple folk, we are growing every year, and perhaps one day we shall earn the name of Township. To reach such a day, we must build our community up together, encouraging competition, and rewarding progress. Thank you all.

- BABBLE CONTINUOUS -

ICHABOD:

I'm very excited to act with you in the pag-eant, Miss Van Toverheks. If you are half as good of a player as you are a singer, I'm



sure it will be quite a spectacle.

KATRINA:

*(dry)*

Yes, I think it'll be a spectacle indeed.

CONSTANCE:

You were red as rhubarb when she made you stand up!

PATRICK-BARROWS:

Enough, Constance!

CONSTANCE:

Did you and Mother write it in secret to keep it from me? Or from Father?

PATRICK-BARROWS:

Leave me alone!

CONSTANCE:

I think Father— He looks so very angry!

TOM:

Abigail, were you planning on going to the celebration with anyone?

ABIGAIL:

My sister and I usually arrive together.

TOM:

Well, that's true enough. But now that Katrina's in the pageant, she might be occupied with Ichabod.

ABIGAIL:

I hadn't realized that.

TOM:

You might think about going with me?

ABIGAIL:

Well, alright Tom. I think it'll be fun, so long as you keep your hands to yourself.

TOM:

I am always a gentleman!

ABIGAIL:

Hah!

MARY:

Mrs. Swift, would we be able to rehearse at our farmhouse? I need to keep an eye on Constance during rehearsals, and I wouldn't want her to be in the way at yours.

MRS. SWIFT:

I'd rather not, Mary. My grounds are where the performance is taking place, and I want my staging to be quite accurate.

MARY:

Not only that, but... Frankly, it's a great deal for me to travel down the brook so far—

MRS. SWIFT:

Oh very well. I see I'm already making compromises.



MARY:  
I appreciate it.

MRS. SWIFT:  
I'm sure you do.

BENJAMIN:  
Don't worry, sir, I'll get you a great big turkey or hog for your table! Men can't eat a meal of just corn and rotten apples, can they, Brophy?

PATRICK:  
Well I—

GENERAL:  
Lands, Benjamin, you know there's no real game in the woods. Maybe a deer, but venison never digests well for me.

PATRICK:  
General Swift, I—

BENJAMIN:  
Not to a skilled hunter, sir. No siree. Where I come from, I shot the prize bird, caught the prize trout, and even skinned a few bears in my time.

ELISABETH:  
Benjamin, you can't shoot anything outside twenty feet with your eyes. You should have seen him last Christmas boys, very nearly shot my mother on accident! Thought she was a Turkey-Vulture!

BENJAMIN:  
Accident, sure.

ELISABETH:  
Hmph!

BENJAMIN:  
Elisabeth! Honey-bunny?

- PURSUIT -

PATRICK:  
General Swift, I wanted to ask you something about my house.

GENERAL:  
Not too drafty is it? When we did the repairs, we had thought the windows were—

PATRICK:  
Nothing to do with the repairs, we're very comfortable.

GENERAL:  
That's good!

PATRICK:  
Did you ever notice anything... odd about the house?

GENERAL:  
Odd?

PATRICK:  
Objects moving, doors closing of their own accord. That kind of thing?



GENERAL:

Sounds strange. You might want to ask old Rockadundee if you're really curious. The house was his family's, after all. But I would say, the last time I spoke to him was when I bought the property off of him. Kind of fella you'd rather avoid.

PATRICK:

Where does he live now?

GRAMA PEASE:

I tend to him.

GENERAL & PATRICK:

Ah!

GENERAL:

Oh! Didn't see you there, Grama Pease.

GRAMA PEASE:

He's not long for this world, but I give him room and board and give him soothing concoctions to ease his pains. Why don't you come by tomorrow, Mr. Brophy? I'll enjoy seeing a handsome face like yours at my door.

PATRICK:

*(nervous)*

Thank you. I'll see you tomorrow afternoon. Thank you Mrs. Pease.

GRAMA PEASE:

Grama Pease.

PATRICK:

If you'll excuse me.

GRAMA PEASE:

Now General, about that Benjamin Palmiter hunting around in my woods. You know Rawhead and I—

ICHABOD:

Alright, alright, everyone back to their places! We'll finish rehearsal with one more hymn!

- BABBLE DIES -

GENERAL:

*(blurting)*

Is it the hymn you've written?

ICHABOD:

You flatter me, General, no. It is not yet ready. Belchertown, L. M. D. everyone! Page one hundred and ten in your shape-note books!

Here is Fa:

FAAAAAAAAA!

TOWNSFOLK:

FAAAAAA OR LAAAAAAAAA

· SONG FIVE ·

*Belchertown L.M.D.*



ICHABOD:

One, two...

TOWNSFOLK:

WHY AM I BORN IN SIN?

WHO BLAMES ME FOR OUR FALL?

I LET NO TEMPTER IN,

I GIVE TO ONE AND ALL.

YET STILL I BEAR THIS CURSE,

AND STILL I SWIM UPSTREAM.

FOR BIRTH IS JUST THE VERSE,

AND LIFE IS BUT THE DREAM.

SO LET THIS BURDEN BE

A SHINING ORNAMENT,

FOR WHEN—

- FIRE CRACKLES -

DUSTY:

So, I come into the story now. I'm sorry if I don't live up to the other characters— I'm usually a teller, and not an actor. There's a difference.

SOMEBODY:

The fire that burned behind the shaggy haired boy seemed to abstract itself into the autumn wood he was describing. He was— supposedly— walking alone through the woods on the hiking trail, humming some

banal song to himself. And Joan— lost, lost Joan— was walking beside him.

DUSTY:

It wasn't intentional!

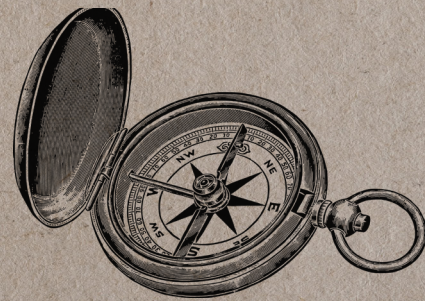
SOMEBODY:

He was already getting defensive. But they kept catching up to each other on accident. I've gone on a few late afternoon hikes (in search of some especially spooky graveyard), and I remember the dance that you have with other hikers.

“Nice day for a walk!”

“Nothing like it.”

Smile, smile. But these two weren't like this. One person wasn't faster or slower than the other. They were... compelled.



• SONG SIX •

*Hiking Scene*

JOAN:

IS HE WALKING BESIDE ME ON PURPOSE?



DUSTY:

I HOPE SHE DOESN'T THINK I'M  
FOLLOWING HER.

JOAN:

MAYBE...

BOTH:

...I SHOULD SAY SOMETHING.  
BUT WHAT WOULD I REALLY SAY?  
I'LL JUST GO MY OWN WAY.  
WHAT COULD I SAY?  
SO I'LL TRY TO PICK UP MY PACE.

JOAN:

IT'S LIKE I'M RUNNING A RACE.

DUSTY:

I'LL JUST SLOW DOWN.

JOAN:

I'LL SLOW DOWN.

DUSTY:

AND WE'RE NECK AND NECK.

WE MIGHT AS WELL TALK ABOUT IT.

JOAN:

WE MIGHT AS WELL TALK ABOUT IT.

YOU'RE FOLLOWING ME.

DUSTY:

HMM? WHAT?

NO! HONESTLY, NO. I'M JUST HIKING.

JOAN:

So am I... I guess... Let's hike together?

DUSTY:

IF THAT'S ALRIGHT.

JOAN:

IT'S ALRIGHT.

BOTH:

IT'S ALRIGHT. JUST LOOK AT HER/HIM.

LUCK LIKE THIS DOESN'T COME WHEN

YOU WANT IT TO.

DO I WANT IT TO?



JOAN:

WHAT DO YOU DO?

DUSTY:

Um...

I'M THE KIND OF GUY

WHO STUMBLES ON A VOCATION.

DEPENDS ON MY LOCATION.

NO USE ASKING WHY

THE STARS ARE GIVEN THEIR STATION,

IT'S ALL A CONSTELLATION.

I FILL IN THE GAPS,

AND TAKE SOME NAPS,

MAKE SURE I TAKE MY TIME.

I LIVE IN WRECKS,

CASH MY CHECKS,

YEAH, I DON'T SAVE A DIME.

I NEED TO TAKE MY TIME!

JOAN:

To do what?

DUSTY:

CUZ' THERE'S A SONG I HAVEN'T

WRITTEN,

SO I'M A DOG AFTER A SCENT.

CAN'T BEAT THE BUG AFTER YOU'RE

BITTEN,

GOTTA SPEND UNTIL YOU'RE SPENT.

LIKE A DOG, LIKE A DOG, LIKE A DOG,

LIKE A DOG

I'M HUNGRY FOR TOMORROW,

I'M CRAVING GOOD TOMORROW,

TOMORROW AIN'T TOO FAR— OH—

LIKE A DOG, LIKE A DOG, LIKE A DOG,

LIKE A DOG,

LIKE A HUNGRY DOG.

SO MANY PEOPLE LIVE FORGETFUL,

GAVE UP THEIR GOLDEN DREAMS

FOR DROSS.

SAY "EXPECTATIONS CAN'T BE MET"—

BULL!

CHALK THEIR LIVES UP TO A LOSS.

BE A DOG, BE A DOG, BE A DOG,

BE A DOG,

BE HUNGRY FOR TOMORROW,

GO CRAVE SOME RARE TOMORROW,

TOMORROW AIN'T TOO FAR— OH—



LIKE A DOG, LIKE A DOG, LIKE A DOG,

LIKE A DOG,

LIKE A HUNGRY DOG!

LIFE'S AN AUDITION TO PROVE

THAT YOU'RE HERE.

HIGHER AMBITION, THE HIGHER

THE TIER.

AS A MUSICIAN, I VIE FOR THE EAR,

MAKE IT MY MISSION TO NOT

DISAPPEAR.

SO THERE'S A SONG I'M CLOSE

TO WRITING,

AND IT'S THE BEST SONG WRITTEN YET.

AND I'LL BE CHASING, I'LL BE BITING,

SO LET'S GO, I'M READY, SET.

I'M A DOG, I'M A DOG, I'M A DOG,

I'M A DOG,

I'M HUNGRY FOR TOMORROW,

I'M CRAVING PRIME TOMORROW,

TOMORROW AIN'T TOO FAR— OH—

LIKE A DOG, LIKE A DOG, LIKE A DOG,

LIKE A DOG,

LIKE A HUNGRY DOG,

A RAVENOUS DOG,

A HUNGRY...

LIKE A DOG, LIKE A DOG, LIKE A DOG,

LIKE A DOG,

I'M CHASING FOR TOMORROW,

CAN'T SIT INSIDE YOUR SORROW,

TOMORROW AIN'T TOO FAR— OH—

LIKE A DOG, LIKE A DOG, LIKE A DOG,

LIKE A DOG,

LIKE A HUNGRY DOG!

So...

JOAN:

So...

DUSTY:

What do you do?

JOAN:

SO WHEN I GET A MINUTE, I GO

SOMEWHERE ALONE,



SOME SOMEWHERE NO ONE KNOWS  
MY NAME,  
AND SLYLY START TO PEOPLE WATCH,  
TO SEE HOW WE'RE ALL THE SAME.  
IF SOMEONE LOOKS UNHAPPY IT CUTS  
ME TO THE BONE,  
BUT I FEEL KINDA GLAD THEY'RE SAD.  
YOU SEE THAT WHEN YOU PEOPLE WATCH  
YOU SEE EV'RY SAD YOU'VE HAD.  
IN MY CAREER I ACT AS NURSE IN HOW  
SOMEONE MIGHT THINK.  
WITHOUT PERSPECTIVES, SYSTEMS  
WORSEN, HURTLE TO THE BRINK.  
A COUNCILOR MUST KNOW THE VERSE  
IN EACH COMPLEX OR KINK,  
BUT IN THE END, JUST BE A PERSON,  
PEOPLE ARE THE LINK.  
SO WHEN YOU LOSE YOUR BEARINGS  
AND FALL IN THE UNKNOWN,  
GO FIND SOME OVERCROWDED VIEW,  
AND SLYLY START TO PEOPLE WATCH,  
AND SEE SOMEONE JUST LIKE YOU...

AND SEE SOMEONE JUST LIKE YOU!  
DUSTY: JOAN:  
IN YOUR CAREER LIFE'S AN  
YOU ACT AS AUDITION TO  
NURSE IN HOW PROVE THAT  
SOMEONE MIGHT YOU'RE HERE.  
IN YOUR CAREER  
YOU ACT AS  
NURSE IN HOW  
SOMEONE MIGHT  
THINK.  
WITHOUT  
PERSPECTIVES, HIGHER  
SYSTEMS AMBITION, THE  
WORSEN, HIGHER THE  
HURTLE TO THE TIER.  
BRINK.  
A COUNCILOR  
MUST KNOW THE AS A MUSICIAN,  
VERSE IN EACH YOU VIE FOR THE  
COMPLEX OR EAR,  
KINK,  
BUT IN THE END,  
JUST BE A MAKE IT YOUR



PERSON, PEOPLE MISSION TO NOT

ALL ALONG.

ARE THE LINK. DISAPPEAR.

BOTH:

I'D CAST THE DAYS

ALL ASUNDER

IN THE WONDER

THAT ONCE IN MY LIFETIME

MY PRIVATE LIFETIME

I'D FEEL THESE THOUSAND WAYS.

DEEP IN THE STRANGE

ALL IN THE NEW

PASSIVE IN CHANGE

WAKING TO YOU.

IF WE'RE STRANGERS

ON THE STREET

LET'S MEET

AND GO WALKING

AS WE'RE TALKING

THIS ONCE IN MY LIFETIME

I'LL LOSE MY LIFETIME

I'LL GIVE MY DAYS UP FOR A SONG.

YOU ARE MY LIFETIME,

HAVE BEEN MY LIFETIME,

WILL BE MY LIFETIME

SOMEBODY:

I could almost see them go on together down the trail until they were a twinkle in the golden afternoon— And I felt the sting of tragedy. I wondered why I felt this as the autumn light dimmed into a pale orange, to a foreboding red, and then— darkness.

- FIRE CRACKLES -

For a moment, I was bathed in a confusion until my senses caught up to me and I smelt the burning cigar and heard the click of the needles cease. The fire at the inn had gone out.

- CRACKLES CEASE -

“Can someone light a lamp?” I asked. My voice sank into the soft room around it and found no one in it. “Anybody?” The drizzle giggled at me against the window panes. My eyes ached to see, useless. I clumsily traced the edges of the soft chair I was sitting in, and I felt my way around to the back of it, clutching the edge like it were the last rung on the ladder to the abyss. The air, once warm and drowsy, was drafty and raw. It reminded of jumping into a swimming pool, goosebumps on an evening in June, my ankles still bony and careless. A cold, small hand fell on mine, and, yelping, I released my grip on



the chair.

I found myself standing alone in the middle of the floor, discombobulated and centerless. And I heard a creak. I called out louder for my host, for the shaggy-haired boy.

A creak answered.

And another.

Was that a third? I could not tell from the rapping windows and the blood in my eardrums.

My stomach dropped as a great weight wrenched my lapel to the floor. On my back, looking up at the emptiness, I felt two small knees pressing against my side. The wind was knocked out of me. A mouth pressed itself against my ear, and began to mutter.

PATRICK-BARROWS:

*(whisper)*

*On the land my Father owns  
The ground is stubborn, cold, and harsh,  
Where roots are not are heavy stones,  
Wherever flat is soggy marsh.  
My Father has a task for me  
With all these rocks he has to dredge.  
Surrounding all his property  
I build for him a stony edge.  
I watch him shovel, pick, then hoe,  
Though harvest, still, is wan and small.  
The only thing that seems to grow*

*Is my own work, my cobbled wall.*

*Is this forever, then, our fate:*

*A Father toil, a Son create?*

SOMEBODY:

I felt my strength return, and I called out to the paralyzing imp "Get! Off!"

Grabbing a limb I threw it from my body with all I could muster, and was met by starry pain as my knees slammed into the floor.

DUSTY:

Did you have a nice nap?

- FIRE CRACKLES -

SOMEBODY:

Like a splash of water I felt the warmth of the fire again, and found myself surrounded by my ogling companions once more. I had— I realized— thrown myself from my chair where I had been caught in a dream. But my heart had dreamed no dream, it thumped as if it were all true.

"I swear I just saw— or heard, at least— the boy again." The old codger laughed a big, cruel laugh.

- LAUGHTER -

SOMEBODY & THE OLD CODGER:

Shame on you for riling everyone up!

SOMEBODY:

The woman in the expensive shawl point-



ed at the grandfather clock.

SOMEBODY & WOMAN-IN-THE-EXPENSIVE-SHAWL:

Alright, kids. It's my bedtime. Who's with me? Heavens, I'm not sleeping a wink...

SOMEBODY:

She said. I almost argued, but her sneer indicated I didn't have the grounds. It was evident my shout had shaken everyone. They filed away into the dark, the host clutching my shoulder with some paternal affection. I ought to rest, he meant. The knitting lady waved a hand—

SOMEBODY & KNITTING WOMAN:

I'm staying up.

SOMEBODY:

And so the host, the codger, and the woman in the expensive shawl ascended the dark passage, and I eyed the rocking chair again.

I've never taken much to imagination trying to tell you anything. I imagine, as everyone else does, but I have always been proud of understanding that dreams are nothing but dreams. But there's a word that came to mind as I watched the shadows dance on the spindles of this chair that I could not ignore: poised.

My spine shot together as I felt a grip on my arm. The shaggy-haired boy cajoled

me around and sat me down in the very Rocking Chair.

DUSTY:

We don't have to stop if you don't want to.

END OF EPISODE