

• Scantic River Productions •

presents

# *Rocking Chair*

*or, Settlement*



• A Horror Musical Podcast •

Composed, Written, & Directed by  
*Colby J. Herchel*

Produced by  
*Nathanael Taylor*

Recorded, Sound Designed, & Mixed by  
*Kelly Oostman*



## CHAPTER THREE

### • DISTURBANCE •

SOMEBODY:  
Chapter Three: Disturbance.

- PHONE RINGS -

HARRIET:  
Hello, this is Harriet. Oh hi! Ugh, thanks for reaching out to your own personal Anne of Green Gables. It's Bedlam, Claire. I don't have a damn clue where I am, and no way to get around. Henry's in the city still, yep.

Go outside? And see what? Squirrels? I can see them from the windows. All the time. It's like they don't realize there's a house here at all, like it's a whole other tree. I

bang against the glass, and they think it's no hat.

I've been sketching again. I can't touch anything anymore, my hands are always covered in charcoal. Why did I demand cream colored furniture again? And I'll tell you one thing, Claire, I am sick of drawing apples and oranges.

- TAP ON THE GLASS -

Who's there?

Feh, probably that squirrel again. Hang tight, Claire, I'm just throwing on a record.

- FOOTSTEPS, RECORD SCRATCH -

- HARRIET BREATHES HEAVILY -

• SONG SEVEN •

- RECORD SCRATCHES AGAIN. MUSIC. -

*People Watching*

- ELECTRIC ZEET -

I just need music all the time. It's too quiet here otherwise. Remember when we'd walk together and we'd both cover our ears because an ambulance or a police car would drive by? And we'd wince and scrunch up our noses at each other? Oh, what I'd give for a great and mighty noise like that. Something to really pierce my eardrums.

- CHAIR STOPS ROCKING -

Nothing's... broken?

CLAIRE:

*(muffled)*

Harriet?

HARRIET:

Claire! Oh God, I-

- RECORD SCRATCH, MUSIC STOPS -

Now how did that old record stop? I wonder if this air warps them.

- LAUGHS -

- ROCKING CHAIR ROCKS -

I need a cigarette. You're right. I've got to get out of the house tomorrow. Probably something worth sketching in those squirrels.

- HARD BANG ON GLASS -

Okay. Bye bye, Claire.

Who's there?

- PHONE CLICK -

Hey kid, I'll call the police! Claire, are you still there? Claire?

- CLICK CLICK (KNITTING NEEDLES) -

- ELECTRIC ZEET -

- FIRE CRACKLE -

Okay, no power. Anne of Green Gables my ass.

- GLASS SHATTERS -

SOMEBODY:

The shaggy haired boy was still at it. I wondered why. And furthermore, I wondered why I hadn't gone up to bed with

the rest. I guess... I guess I was curious. At least this story was long enough that no one else got to share their personal Turn of the Screws. I was invested, I'll admit.

But I didn't believe it.

I was still in that cozy parlor with the fire roaring and the old lady knitting behind her engulfing spectacles. I realized I was in fact rocking, and I wondered at it. When does the mind wander to the point where you don't even recognize you're rocking in a rocking chair?

"Where did this chair come from?" I asked the shaggy haired boy, who stared balefully into the flames as he threw on another birch log.

Without looking back at me—

DUSTY:

Wrong question.

SOMEBODY:

Pfft. Dramatic. I pivoted and asked, "What is the right question?"

DUSTY:

Who had it first?

· SONG EIGHT ·

*I Saw Black Birds*

PATRICK:

I SAW BLACK BIRDS THIS MORNING.

I COUNTED EIGHT.

IT TOOK ME SOME TIME TO REMEMBER

JUST WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT EIGHT.

HOW IT CAN TELL YOU YOUR FATE.

MY FATHER TAUGHT ME A POEM

ONE DEWY MORN,

WE WATCHED AS

THE RAVENS WERE FEASTING

RAVAGING ALL OF OUR CORN,

I SAW HIS EYES GROW FORLORN:

“ONE BLACK BIRD’S GONNA

FIND YOU SAD,

AND TWO WILL BRING YOU MIRTH,

THREE’S GONNA BRING YOU

A WOMAN TO LOVE,

FOUR SHE’LL BE GIVING BIRTH.

“FIVE BLACK BIRDS, YOU’LL BE

DOUBLED LAUGHING,

SIX BLACK BIRDS, THEN YOU CRY.

SEVEN BLACK BIRDS

BRING THE BLIGHT,

BRING THE SICKNESS,

EIGHT BLACK BIRDS: THEN YOU DIE.

EIGHT BLACK BIRDS: THEN YOU DIE.”

CONSTANCE:

Father, why won't you take me to see batty Old Rockadundee!

PATRICK:

Please go help your mother back at the house, Constance.

CONSTANCE:

She doesn't need my help. Not when she and Patrick-Barrows are rehearsing.

PATRICK:

All the more need.

CONSTANCE:

Which way are you going to go to Grama Pease's?

PATRICK:

The path.

CONSTANCE:

Oh, you won't be home till dark then.

PATRICK:

It's right over the brook.

CONSTANCE:

Yes it is, but the path is really slow. You should take a shortcut!

PATRICK:

What shortcut?



CONSTANCE:

Through the woods! I could go with you—

PATRICK:

I see now. Constance, I'll take you with me into town the day after tomorrow, how does that sound?

CONSTANCE:

I don't want to go to some fuddy duddy old town. I want to show you the parts of the woods I play in.

PATRICK:

When do you play in the woods?

CONSTANCE:

Oh all the time!

PATRICK:

Constance, return home. Don't let me catch you outside when I come back.

CONSTANCE:

Of course not, Father. I'll be in bed by then!

- CONSTANCE HUMS

"NEVER TRUST A FISHER CAT" -

PATRICK:

WE SAW BLACK BIRDS THAT MORNING.

HE COUNTED EIGHT.

AND SOON AS I STARTED FORGETTING

WHAT HE HAD SAID ABOUT EIGHT,

MY LIVING FATHER WAS LATE.

AND ALL AROUND HIS COFFIN:

ELEVEN CROWS.

INSTEAD OF A REGULAR SERMON,

WHAT DID THE PARSON DISCLOSE,

THIS WAS THE

PRAY'R THAT HE CHOSE:

"ONE BLACK BIRD'S GONNA

FIND YOU SAD,

AND TWO WILL BRING YOU MIRTH,

THREE'S GONNA BRING YOU A

WOMAN TO LOVE,

FOUR SHE'LL BE GIVING BIRTH.

"FIVE BLACK BIRDS, YOU'LL BE

DOUBLED LAUGHING,

SIX BLACK BIRDS, THEN YOU CRY.

SEVEN BLACK BIRDS

BRING THE BLIGHT,

BRING THE SICKNESS,

EIGHT BLACK BIRDS: THEN YOU DIE.

EIGHT BLACK BIRDS: THEN YOU DIE."

"NINE BLACK BIRDS GONNA B

RING YOU SILVER,

TEN BLACK BIRDS BRING YOU GOLD,

BUT ELEVEN'S THE SECRET,

ELEVEN'S THE SECRET,

ELEVEN'S THE SECRET

THAT NEVER IS TOLD."

I SEE BLACK BIRDS IN THE TREETOPS,

LIKE ANGELS IN HEAVEN.

I DON'T KNOW IF I BELIEVE IT,

I DON'T KNOW IF I BELIEVE IT,

I DON'T KNOW IF I BELIEVE IT

BUT MY COUNT IS ELEVEN.

- KNOCKING -

GRAMA PEASE:

Who is it?

PATRICK:

Mr. Brophy, Mrs—

GRAMA PEASE:

—Grama—

PATRICK:

Grama Pease.

SOMEBODY:

Grama Pease's Cottage.

- DOOR CREAKS -

GRAMA PEASE:

It's a long journey for this late in the afternoon. Please come in.

SOMEBODY:

And about as tall as her sternum, a pig.

- OINKS -

PATRICK:

Oh! I didn't know you had a —

- OINKING CONTINUES -

GRAMA PEASE:

Not a pig. A boar. Down, Rawhead! Down!

PATRICK:

That's alright...

GRAMA PEASE:

He's a curious animal, that's true enough. But he's my pride and joy. Helps feed me and keep my house. A more loyal pet you'd never find— or husband for that matter.

PATRICK:

Thank you for having me in your home.

GRAMA PEASE:

Quite happy to have visitors. You're hungry, I'm sure?

PATRICK:

I'm alright for now.

GRAMA PEASE:

Well, if you do get hungry, I have some hearty bone broth on the fire. Keep you strong.

PATRICK:

Thank you. Could you tell me where Mr. Rockadundee is, if he feels up for a visit?



SIR? *SIR?!'*

- ABIEL MUMBLES-

GRAMA PEASE:

You blind? He's right over there in the chair!

PATRICK:

Oh! I didn't catch sight of him.

GRAMA PEASE:

I'll leave you two to chat. Come on Raw-head, let's go foraging for some moldy old mushrooms!

- DOOR CREAKS-

SOMEBODY:

The shaggy haired storyteller lifted a finger to his lips, picked up the guitar again, and began to tune.

- GUITAR TUNES -

- MUMBLING -

- ROCKING CHAIR ROCKS -

PATRICK:

Sir? Erm... Mr. Rockadundee?

PATRICK:

I'm sorry to have woken you.

ABIEL:

I was asleep?

PATRICK:

I'm sorry. I was wondering if I could ask you a few questions.

ABIEL:

Oh, I see what's going on here.

*(shouting elsewhere)*

I'm not telling him a damn thing!

PATRICK:

Mr. Rockadundee, I don't mean to trouble you—

ABIEL:

You don't, huh?

PATRICK:

No. I simply wanted to ask you about my house.

ABIEL:

Don't know anything about it.

- GUITAR STRUMS -



Stop that, will you?

PATRICK:

Again, I'm sorry. It's not just my house. It was your house too.

ABIEL:

*(laughs)*

The old farm?

PATRICK:

The old Rockadundee farm, if I heard right.

ABIEL:

I know why you're here.

PATRICK:

I don't quite know how to ask this. I'm not sure it'll do any good but— say, we have a chair just like that at home.

ABIEL:

Yes you do.

PATRICK:

It's strange to see a chair like that has a brother, with the skull and all those intricacies.

ABIEL:

Well it doesn't have a brother. This is the same chair.

PATRICK:

*(disbelieving)*

Oh. I suppose I don't get what you mean. A copy?

ABIEL:

No, I mean the chair at your house is the chair right here and there is only this chair. Dummy.

PATRICK:

Okay, then.

ABIEL:

Yes, okay then. I'm not surprised you're coming to me about the ghosts, but I'm surprised it took you so long.

PATRICK:

Ghosts?

ABIEL:

What did you come here for?

PATRICK:

I— I never saw any ghosts. I don't believe in ghosts.

ABIEL:

Sure you don't, me either. Leave me alone.

PATRICK:

Did you say "ghosts?" As in more than one?

ABIEL:

Yes I did. But we don't believe in ghosts, so more than one shouldn't matter, should it?

PATRICK:

Well. My wife does. And my children do.

ABIEL:

Must be nuts.

PATRICK:

Sir!

ABIEL:

Your reasoning.

PATRICK:

What do you know? This isn't funny.

ABIEL:

Yes it is.

- "LAUGHING BROOK" INTRO BEGINS -

Stop that!

PATRICK:

I didn't do anything!

ABIEL:

*(mocking)*

"I didn't do anything!" That's what you sound like. Yellow-belly. If you could hear yourself through my ears...

PATRICK:

Mr. Rockadundee—

ABIEL:

Abiel, then, if you're not gonna leave.

PATRICK:

Abiel, then. What do you know about my house?

ABIEL:

Alright. Since you like a story with blood so much, I might as well tell it. You'd better play it slow.



• SONG NINE •

*Laughing Brooks*

ABIEL:

AND SO MY BROTHERS DID

BUILD A HOME

ALONG A LAUGHING BROOK.

NO MORE TO WANDER,

NO MORE TO ROAM,

OUR LITTLE LAUGHING NOOK.

THE FLOOR WAS SAWDUST,

THE WALLS WERE PINE,

THE ROCKING CHAIR ROCKED ON.

WE DRANK NOUGHT ELSE THERE

BUT APPLE WINE,

OUR INHIBITIONS GONE.

MY BROTHER RAILED ON

THE BIBLE'S VERSE,

AND FOUND US FALSE AND FLAWED.

ALL NIGHT HE'D BELLOW A HOLY CURSE,

"YER DAMNED WITHOUT YOUR GOD."

MY SECOND BROTHER COULD NOT ABIDE

THE RAVINGS OF OUR KIN.

SO LIKE A TANNER A'HUSKING HIDE,

HE STRIPPED OUR BROTHER'S SKIN.

MY EYES SAW CRIMSON,

MY MIND WENT BLANK,

I THREW MY BROTHER DOWN,

AND DRAGGED HIM ONTO

THE RIVERBANK,

AND MADE MY BROTHER DROWN.

EACH NIGHT FALLS HARD ON MY

BROTHERS' HOME,

WHERE ALL I LOVED WAS KILLED,

THEIR SPIRITS DOOMED

NOW TO NEVER ROAM,

THE LAUGHING BROOK IS STILLED.

SOMEBODY:

The boy put down his guitar.

PATRICK:

You're... a monster.

ABIEL:

You'll regret you said that.

PATRICK:

What you've confessed to— how could live with yourself?

ABIEL:

I didn't do anything wrong. Scratch that, I didn't do anything lasting. Haven't you heard? No one ever leaves you. You've

learned that firsthand, if you can admit it.

PATRICK:

I ought to take you to the Judge over in the next county.

ABIEL:

Yes, a twenty mile walk in the middle of the night is good for the old constitution.

PATRICK:

The middle of the—

ABIEL:

I told a very long story.

PATRICK:

I've got to go. My wife—

ABIEL:

I was about to say. Get going!

- PULLS KNIFE -

- OINKS -

- DOOR CREAKS -

GRAMA PEASE:

We're back— Oh! Oh. I see you boys have been having fun. Mr. Brophy, looks like you've worn your welcome with Mr. Rockadundee. Take some mushrooms with you. Rawhead was quite successful today, smartest nose I've ever seen. There now. That should make a good tea for Mrs.

Brophy. For her pain.

PATRICK:

Thank you Grama Pease. And... Thank you, Abiel.

ABIEL:

Your secret's safe with me.

DUSTY:

Have you seen this painting?

SOMEBODY:

I jumped.

- NEEDLES CLICK -

- FIRE CRACKLES -

“What— which painting?”

DUSTY:

Here.

SOMEBODY:

His shaggy hair cast a shadow over his eyes as he held up a hand that pointed to a painting on the wall. The light was dim, but I could make out a bright valley with a winding river, and a mountain laden with morose clouds and lightning.

DUSTY:

It's called “The Oxbow.”

SOMEBODY:

The old lady who was knitting nodded, also preoccupied with her hobby. Our storyteller went on to describe, in his uniquely visual way,

DUSTY:

...A great, vaulted museum that overlooked the park in the big city. French suits of armor bowed to Egyptian goddesses and avant-garde ironwork angled away from renaissance portraiture, almost like a young tree grows towards the light. And in one wing, Henry Greely looked on at

the same painting.

A woman, tall, sure, stopped pacing the hall when she saw him there. She laughed, and saw to the museum patron like a teacher to a student.

- FRANNY LAUGHS -

FRANNY:

It's so beautiful, isn't it?

HENRY:

I like it.



'Thomas Cole "The Oxbow; or, View from Mount Holyoke, Northampton, Massachusetts, after a Thunderstorm"  
(The Connecticut River near Northampton 1836)'

FRANNY:

It seems so regular, so natural. But the more you sit with it, you see these different portions.

HENRY:

The passing storm.

FRANNY:

The passing storm, yes. But the river, the hills beyond, the curling dark green on the trees of the Seven Sisters Mountains, and of course the artist himself, hidden away and as clear as day with easel and umbrella in tow.

HENRY:

Hmm. Yes.

FRANNY:

And see those logging trails in the hills beyond? Flip your head over, and you can see it.

HENRY:

Forgive me, it's been a few years between me and the Torah, but is that "el Shaddai?"

FRANNY:

Yes. Upside down, as the words are not for us to read, but God.

HENRY:

Well, have I got a factoid for you.

FRANNY:

What's that?

HENRY:

"el Shaddai" does not only mean God. It is specifically ambiguous.

FRANNY:

What else could it mean?

HENRY:

*(proud)*

Why, "Mountain," of course.

FRANNY:

Oh, how gorgeous. I love it even more now.

HENRY:

Kiss me, Franny.

- KISS -

FRANNY:

You ham. You know you don't have to meet me at work. It just gives me a chance to show off.

HENRY:

That is exactly why I come to see you here. I love watching you show off.

FRANNY:

And you get to show off, too.

HENRY:

Kiss me again.

- KISS -

Dinner?

FRANNY:

Let me finish.

HENRY:

Oh, I intend to.

FRANNY:

I mean, the Cole. Have you ever been to the spot where Thomas Cole is in this painting?

HENRY:

No, I haven't.

FRANNY:

That meander in the river... it's gone. It's been cut off and removed, the river runs around it, cleanly. It's just a crescent shaped lake now. The oxbow.

HENRY:

Interesting. I'm sorry, why is that interesting?

FRANNY:

Because. Like Cole's facsimile, it's a ghost in plain sight.

SOMEBODY:

I could swear as I looked closer at that very same painting, I could hear the characters, real or constructed, come to life in those same woods. I could almost see the General.

MRS. SWIFT:

Heman? Heman it's late.

GENERAL:

I see that, my darling wife.

MRS. SWIFT:

I'm sorry I was late from rehearsing, but you know that Katrina loves to distract. I don't wish age on anyone, but that being said, we're all deserving one way or another, some more than most.

GENERAL:

Mm.

MRS. SWIFT:

And the Brophy's house, Heman. It's a shambles. I thought the floor was dirt. No one sweeps there. I wonder, I wonder if they could use a feminine touch. That Constance is a brat, she came in covered in grass stains from head to toe.

GENERAL:

I think I like her best of all of them. She's got personality.

MRS. SWIFT:

Personality's all well and good, but that's not what strikes a good marriage. But you're right, the rest of them are a sorry sort. It doesn't matter for that

Patrick, he's got such a nice face. Those Toverheks sisters are well aware he'll be a widower soon...

GENERAL:

You have an eye on him yourself?

MRS. SWIFT:

Heman! Don't even joke.

GENERAL:

You've got a lot to say about him.

MRS. SWIFT:

Oh, you're always like this in the evening when you smoke.

GENERAL:

Honest?

MRS. SWIFT:

Not honest, necessarily. Amiable. Punchy.

GENERAL:

Content.

MRS. SWIFT:

That's it! And it makes me so mad. How is it that you get to stand in the grass and be so wonderfully content when everything

else just tightens me up?

GENERAL:

It's not fair, is it?

MRS. SWIFT:

No it's not. I should start smoking too.

GENERAL:

You hate tobacco.

MRS. SWIFT:

It smells. And so do you.



GENERAL:

To answer your question, then: I'm happier for looking around. Things are never complete, and I never want them to be.



I love watching things grow. You know we could have lived anywhere, could have stayed up in Boston. But we moved here, gave this land stature together, and look how in tandem we are. We're builders, Mrs. Swift. To make a house a home it takes some work. The work makes me happy.

MRS. SWIFT:  
Better than social affairs, I'll grant you. But maybe, once in a while, you could get angry like I do? Not be so contented with the toil, but truly labor under it? It would comfort me to feel angry together.

GENERAL:  
For you my love, anything.

· SONG TEN ·

*Whistle Song*

HARRIET:  
Oh, hello there sir! Come to watch me sketch?

SOMEBODY:  
Sunset in the woods, two hundred years ago.

PATRICK:  
I— You scared me.

SOMEBODY:  
Ish.

HARRIET:  
I could say the same to you! You look filthy. And anyways, this is my property.

PATRICK:  
These woods are? I thought they were the town's.

HARRIET:  
Well, check your map, kiddo. You don't know where you are at all.

- SHE COUGHS -

Meanwhile, my name's Harriet, call me Harry.

PATRICK:  
Brophy. Pleased to make your acquaintance.

HARRIET:  
Enchanté, s'il vous plait.

PATRICK:  
*(quickly)*  
Patrick Brophy, then.

HARRIET:  
Well, Patrick, what do you think of my drawing?

PATRICK:  
It seems... spare.

HARRIET:  
Spare?

PATRICK:  
Well, empty. You're leaving a lot of the  
view out.

HARRIET:  
Aha! Purposely omitting. Like Monet.  
Stand still, will you?

PATRICK:  
Me?

HARRIET:  
Who else? I'm sick of  
drawing landscapes.  
Nice to come upon  
a good model.

PATRICK:  
I'm spoken for.

HARRIET:  
I have no ill in-  
tentions. Merely an  
artist's eye at work.

PATRICK:  
Where do you come from?

HARRIET:  
The City. I came from the City. But I  
guess I'm here now.

PATRICK:  
I'm glad you're here. It's nice to be around  
someone so cheerful.

HARRIET:  
Life so bad around here? I'm new.

PATRICK:  
Well, it hasn't been grand as of late. For  
me.

HARRIET:  
Poor baby. Penny for your thoughts?

PATRICK:  
It wouldn't do much  
good.

HARRIET:  
I'm being self-  
ish. I need to  
really capture  
what's behind  
those eyes to  
make my work...  
work... you know.

PATRICK:  
My wife is very sick. And my children are—  
well I'm facing a lot, it's not worth going  
into further than that.

HARRIET:  
I'm sure. One sec.



PATRICK:  
Sec?

HARRIET:  
—ond. One second. My, my, how the  
country lags behind on things. Look how  
your portrait came out.

PATRICK:  
It's very fine, Harry.

HARRIET:  
You're sweet. Patrick, it was a pleasure  
meeting you today. I know you're a bit  
turned around. Need dinner? I have wine  
too, come to think of it.

PATRICK:  
Thank you, but I can't, I just remembered  
I'm very lost.

HARRIET:  
How about that? Don't take my word for  
it, but I think town is West over that ridge  
right there.

PATRICK:  
Thank you.

HARRIET:  
Thank you for being a good sport. And  
give your wife my best! Don't let those kids  
get you down for a minute!

PATRICK:  
Not even for a "min!" Oh.

- HARRIET DISAPPEARS -

SOMEBODY:  
She was gone. He looked around for her  
for a moment, confused. He took to the  
unfamiliar trail in the hopes of finding his  
way home, and fast.

Elsewhere in that same wood, early in the  
afternoon and two hundred years in the  
future, Joan was walking with our shag-  
gy-haired storyteller.

I felt embarrassed as I realized I had never  
learned his name.

JOAN:  
Dusty is a terrible name!

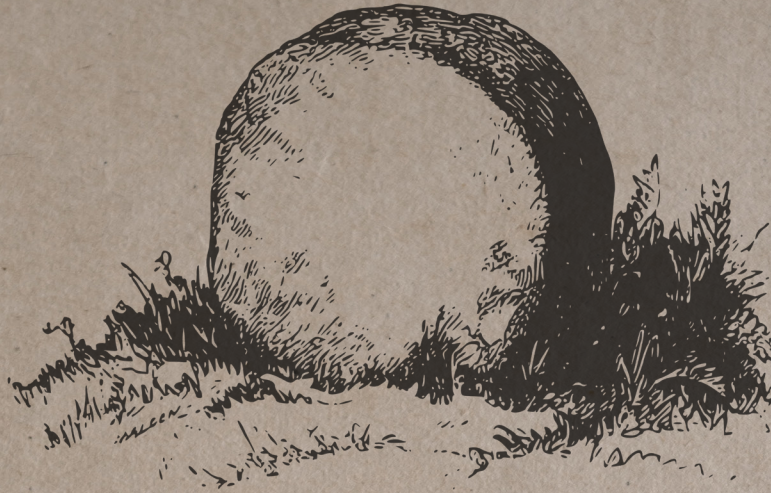
DUSTY:  
Well it's my legal name! I can't change it.

JOAN:  
No one likes anything that's dusty. There's  
a whole industry based on removing you.

DUSTY:  
Well, my parents were stoners.

JOAN:  
No doubt.

- SHE COUGHS -



DUSTY:  
And so am I.

JOAN:  
No doubt.

DUSTY:  
Do you—?

JOAN:  
Smoke? No. Edibles, yes.

DUSTY:  
Crap. I have a joint, here, if you want—

JOAN:  
Go ahead. I don't mind.

DUSTY:  
You sure?

JOAN:  
Yeah, we're still strangers. You came here  
all alone to smoke a j, I'm not stopping  
you.

DUSTY:  
You think that's why I came here?

JOAN:  
Well, yeah. And that  
song you're working  
on!

DUSTY:  
More of a concept album at this point.

JOAN:  
Neat.

DUSTY:  
But why do you think I come here to write?

JOAN:  
Solitude? Nature?

DUSTY:  
Ghosts.

JOAN:  
Like, boo ghosts?

DUSTY:  
Yeah. Boo ghosts. These woods are haunt-  
ed, you know.

JOAN:  
Oh, are they?

DUSTY:

Well not these woods. Those woods.

JOAN:

I don't see a difference. More trees.

DUSTY:

The difference is people lived there.

JOAN:

But not anymore?

DUSTY:

No, they still do. Boo. Ghost.

JOAN:

And your album is about that.

DUSTY:

Among other things. I really fell in love with this artist who did her final sketches around here. She really captured something. I dunno, my life was kind of... weird? Displaced? I had a lot of trouble with my parents. Her art resonated with me in a way that I really thought I needed. And now... you see me here.

Hey, do you believe in ghosts?

- JOAN SNORTS -

DUSTY:

Okay, you don't, that's fair.

JOAN:

No, no, no. I'm just giving you shit. I believe in ghosts when I have to.

DUSTY:

Uh... wanna build on that?

JOAN:

Well... I guess I don't, really. I mean I've never seen a ghost. But I've felt what people think are presences?

DUSTY:

What kind of presences?

JOAN:

Um, coincidences? Things happening on my Mom's birthday that make me think she's with me, like there's somebody there. I let myself think it's her.

DUSTY:

Oh—I'm sorry.

JOAN:

It's fine. So. What sort of ghost stories happened here? I'll bet I've heard some of them, they're all the same.

DUSTY:

*(too cute)*

Right on, they are.

· SONG ELEVEN ·

*Joan Annotates*

DUSTY: WANDER DOWN WHERE THE BLACK BROOK RUN, THEY SAY THERE WAS A HOLLOW, TREES SO DENSE YOU FORGET THE SUN, AND YOU CAN'T HEAR A SWALLOW. ON YOUR MAMA'S KNEE DID SHE TELL YOU SO, NEVER GO, NO NEVER FOLLOW, AND YOU KNEW, NO NEVER FOLLOW, BUT THE BROOK SHE CALLS TO FOLLOW. (whistle) MANY FOOLS THOUGHT

JOAN: OH WE'RE SINGING AGAIN. THERE'S SOMETHING PURE, BUT ALMOST BRASH IN IT. IT'S KIND OF NICE TO HEAR HIM SPEAK—SING WELL AT LEAST HE'S PASSIONATE. BUT OH, I WONDER WHEN HE'LL STOP, I NEVER GET THE LYRICS ONE TIME THROUGH. I DIDN'T LISTEN AT THE TOP—I'LL SMILE LIKE I'M SUPPOSED TO DO AND NOW HE'S WHISTLING. I LIKE HIM CUZ

THEY'D HAVE SOME FUN, OR SOUGHT TO QUENCH A YEARNING. WHEN YOU WALK WHERE THE BLACK BROOK RUN, THEY SAY THERE'S NO RETURNING. SOMEWHERE IN THE TREES DID WE LOSE THEM, OH, ONE BY ONE THE WICKS A'BURNING, JOURNEY'S END IN NO SO-  
HE'S FOLKSY! AND WE'RE BACK TO THE VERSE. OF COURSE HE KNOWS THAT I'M JUST PLEASING HIM. BUT THEN AGAIN I'VE BEEN WITH MEN—BOYS—WHO MIGHT THINK I'M TEASING HIM. IT'S NOT FOR NOTHING THAT I'M HERE, ADRIPT AND PASSIVE, ALRIGHT HORNYY TOO. IT COSTS ME SHIT TO LEND AN EAR. AND WATCH WHAT THOSE LONG

EVERY TALE CAN BEGIN WITH ONE, RIGHT WHERE THE BROOK WENT WENDING, SOMEONE BUILT WHERE THE BLACK BROOK RUN, THE WHEEL OF ROT IMPENDING. SOME MAY LOOK THE SAME, SOME MAY ACT APART, BUT AT HEART THEY SHARE AN ENDING, AND BETWEEN IS JUST JOURNING, BUT THE WHEEL OF ROT KEEPS TURNING. (whistle) AND IT BEGS THE QUESTION, JUST WHAT EXACTLY AM I DOING HERE? I'VE BEEN AVOIDING SOMETHING, RIGHT? WRONG! NOTHING BAD'S ACCRUING HERE. BUT IF I'M BEING HONEST, I MIGHT NOT REMEMBER WHY I LEFT MY LIFE FORGONE ESTABLISHING SOME LIE. I NEVER PAUSED HANDS CAN DO! IT'S PURELY NATURAL. AND WHO CAN DOUBT HIS TALENT? AND WHO CAN DOUBT HIS TALENT? AND WHO CAN DOUBT HIS TALENT?



TO WONDER WHY. I WON'T PAUSE TO WONDER WHY. I'VE GIVEN UP WONDERING WHY!  
PRETENDING, ALL THE WORLD IS JUST AN ENDING.

DUSTY:  
What do you think?

DUSTY:  
The hollow?

JOAN:  
What?

JOAN:  
Oh!

DUSTY:  
The song!

DUSTY:  
Right down that ridge there. We can go  
all the way to the black brook, and then  
you'll see an old town.

JOAN:  
Oh, yeah, very interesting.

JOAN:  
It's still there?

DUSTY:  
You wanna see it?

DUSTY:  
Just the chimneys and the graves. And— An  
island in the brook. Of course the ghosts—

JOAN:  
See what?

JOAN:  
Boo. I'm game if you are, Dustbunny.

DUSTY:  
Not cute.

JOAN:  
Not a name.

DUSTY:  
Let's actually be careful. It's technically trespassing.

JOAN:  
Are you calling me squeamish? Or are you actually excusing yourself?



PATRICK-BARROWS:  
*In those moments when a boy  
Has earned a jot of honest praise  
No plea for any bootless toy  
Will I to my Mother raise;  
Instead I smile and accept  
Her simple words, and work again,  
Each deed of good intention kept  
To fin'ly earn a Fountain Pen.  
Though I will never skim the sky  
And I have never seen a sea*

*The smoothest quill would satisfy  
My wanderlust through poetry.  
Just in my writing's all the worth  
Of all the heavens and the earth.*

- MARY & CONSTANCE CLAP -

SOMEBODY:  
The haunted house on the farm, where the Brophys lived.

MARY:  
Wonderful, Patrick-Barrows!

CONSTANCE:  
I even say you're getting better. Not good yet, but better!

PATRICK-BARROWS:  
Thank you Mother! So...?

MARY:  
No fountain pen. I see no problem with the pencils we have.

CONSTANCE:  
Yes, and we're awfully poor. At least that's what Katrina Van Toverheks tells us.

MARY:  
Oh she does?

CONSTANCE:  
She told me so while you were rehearsing with Ichabod Crane. She said that this is already a poor town, but we are the poor-

est, and I ought to marry a rich husband.

PATRICK-BARROWS:

It isn't true, Constance. She was just playing with you.

CONSTANCE:

I know when someone is or isn't playing with me.

PATRICK-BARROWS:

It's still not a very nice thing to say.

MARY:

Well children, don't forget that it's alright to be poor.

CONSTANCE:

I don't think so.

MARY:

It is. So long as you make the best of things.

PATRICK-BARROWS:

It's rotten. Why do we have to make the best of everything? The Swifts can do whatever they like, travel to town, have farmhands, buy books—

MARY:

What those two do is fine for them. They have all those nice things to hide that they don't have an original thought in all of their being.

CONSTANCE:

You don't like them, do you?

MARY:

No. But that's not what I mean to say. You children have the ability to make anything you want to. You're like me. You can make stories

PATRICK-BARROWS:

Constance doesn't make stories!

MARY:

She doesn't write them down, but she certainly tells stories.

CONSTANCE:

That's right! I write what the people want, Patrick-Barrows. Not silly verse.

PATRICK-BARROWS:

She means you're a liar.

MARY:

Liars are the best storytellers, Patrick-Barrows. Meet them and celebrate them. So long as we can make things out of nothing, we can be happy, poor as we are. It's not in the receiving, it's in the earning.

- OLDEST & MIDDLE LAUGH -

Come close to me, children.

PATRICK-BARROWS:

Is everything alright? Are you feeling

okay?

MARY:

Yes, yes. Thank you both. I don't know what I'd do without you. Now let me practice my part again, Patrick-Barrows. Take it from the top.

- HARMONICA -

PATRICK-BARROWS:

ON SPRINGFIELD MOUNTAIN

THERE DID DWELL

A LIKELY YOUTH

WASE KNOWN FULL WELL—

PATRICK:

Patrick-Barrows!

CONSTANCE:

Father!

PATRICK:

Constance, I told you to be in bed when I returned.

CONSTANCE:

No you didn't, you told me to be home.

PATRICK:

Bed!

MARY:

We were rehearsing, Patrick. They'll both

go to bed now.

PATRICK:

I'm tired of this! Patrick-Barrows, you don't understand, do you?

PATRICK-BARROWS:

I'll be up on time! I promise!

PATRICK:

It's not about this goddamned farm! Your mother is dying! Every act you make her do is killing her. You should be old enough that I shouldn't have to explain this to you!

PATRICK-BARROWS:

Maybe if you weren't such a goddamned terrible farmer we could afford to get her decent medicine and you could stop blaming me for everything!

- SLAP -

PATRICK:

This insolence cannot stand. Give me the notebook.

Now.

- PAPER SHUFFLE -

I'll make sure you forget about these.

- FIRE CRACKLES -

MARY:

Patrick!!

PATRICK:

No! I've had it! No more pageants Mary!  
No more poems! We have to face reality.  
You are sick, and the only way to get better  
is to rest! And Patrick-Barrows, you have  
to learn your place and fast. Get out of my  
sight.

PATRICK-BARROWS:

Yes, Father.

- STOMPS AWAY -

PATRICK:

What? What, Mary? Stop staring at me  
that way! What do you have to say?

*(break down)*

I can't bear this anymore, Mary! I have  
to let you in! Please, speak to me, speak  
to me! What do you know that I don't?  
What's happening? Just give me an an-  
swer, please! Please! Please.

- SCREAM -

END OF EPISODE