

Nevermore: The Imaginary Life and Mysterious Death of Edgar Allan Poe

A Musical by Jonathan Christenson

PLAYER 1/2/3

One morning young Edgar awoke to a sound—
A sound full of dreadful foreboding—
And that sound grew louder and louder until
His head seemed on the brink of exploding. (beat)

Silently, slowly he pulled back the sheets—
Set his feet down on the cold slate floor—
Silently, slowly stood up, took six steps—

Reached out, placed his hand on the knob of the door.

The room was dark and quiet and still
Except, of course, for that sickening sound,
That sickening sound, that sickening sound,
Except for that sickening sound. (beat)

Here, he knew, his mother lay,
As she'd done on those days when there weren't any shows
But today he dared not look at her—
Instead, he just stared at his toes. (beat)

For as long as he could he looked down at his feet—
Then, after a while, he looked up at the wall.
Anywhere but at his mother's breast,
Which now laboured to rise and to fall. (beat)

For a long time, indeed, Edgar stood and he listened
To the sound of his mother's breath: (beat)

In . . .

And then out . . .

In . . . (beat)

And then out . . . (beat)

In . . . (beat)

And then out . . . (beat, beat, beat)