

Side 1: Quemblin/Timeon

QUEMBLIN

I do not remember before. I only recall serving the oak.

She speaks like all trees do, though her language is supreme. It is wisdom beyond the capacity of the human mind. She is a great writer. A storyteller to her roots, nesting kingdoms in her rings, with grave foresight and permanent presence. That means that she perceives time not as a line, but as a ring, growing in all directions from her core. She already knows how her rings will grow, because she has to plan them, send her nutrients to the right areas, as if she were recording a CD.

TIMION

What's a CD?

QUEMBLIN

Ahhh, it hasn't been invented yet. My apologies.

I am her pen. I make sure her stories are told the way she wants them to. I arrange for people to be helped or transported when she wants them to be. Just as she told me to help you when you knocked on her. She does not think all hope is lost for you. For you believed enough to remember my words.

I will tell you this: Enos will survive if you chose to live without him. He will find a way to create a life that brings him joy. He is a writer, like the oak. He can create. And in the end, he only needs you if you let him need you. It is in your hand to love him as he wants you to.

TIMION

For God's sake! What's life without respect?

QUEMBLIN

What's life without love? I would not have a life without it.

(He scratches the oak's bark tenderly.)

TIMION

We can't have a life here, Quemblin. We can't be here.

QUEMBLIN

You were both drawn to the oak's magic grove. She must have wanted you here.
I will set you on your path, free of the witch's magic. That will be the proper one,
whatever it may hold. And you will not feel this pain.

Come, Timion.

Let not the ruined finances of your heart weigh us down like a sub-prime
mortgage.