

THE PROTECTORS OF THE WOOD

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The Protectors of the Wood Podcast

The destruction of our planet is becoming real life.

Remember that everyone can make a difference and every action counts!

This podcast tells the story of misfit teenagers, struggling to band together and help our world through this crisis.

Episode #67: Chaos as the Concert Ends

Band: Where we come from we don't know

Just join in and here we go

We're living, living,

Living! Living! Living! Living!

Narrator: The last word turned into a chant, and the crowd put all their energy into it. The pulsing noise set off a vibration that seemed ready to burst the coffee shop open. Phoebe seemed to flow into the song, and wished she were inside with her friends. She wanted to see Jeremy sing it. But before her eyes a different reality bore down upon her. The police were moving in. Clearly they were trying not to alarm anyone, but soon they stood at the edge of the pool of light, maybe fifty feet away. There were five of them, each holding a nightstick. And behind them, in the shadows, other men lurked. The outdoor crowd was facing the back door, drinking in the last drop of music. Even Terrence and Wyndaman were looking in the doorway. But as the music pounded to a stop, Terrence saw the advancing police. He spoke in Wyndaman's ear, and the two lawyers stood in front of the stairs and folded their arms, making a barrier.

A boy: (frantic) What's *that* about??

Several people yelling: Who *are* they?

Several screams: Ahhiiee...

The central officer: (raised voice, trying to be calm) Don't be afraid. You are free to go. We are here on an investigation.

Narrator: The officer was staring at the exiting audience and clicking something in his hand. As he moved forward people backed away, until he stood only a few feet from the two lawyers.

Terrence: What's your purpose here?

Central Officer: I'm counting the people leaving this place. We have reason to believe this crowd violates the permit.

Terrence: They send the State Police for this type of thing?

Central Officer: (staying calm) It's been known to happen. We're also here looking for a missing girl.

Narrator: People were streaming down the stairs, and began to move toward the hole in the fence near Stable Lane. Two policemen stood there, questioning young women as they went by.

Terrence: I'll take that spot.

Narrator: Terrence ran across the field, introduced himself to the officers, and began telling the young women they did not have to converse with the police. Wyndaman continued to block the stairs, and the central officer continued to count the crowd.

Wyndaman: That's supposed to be an accurate count?

Officer (with a smile): If I say it is.

Wyndaman: Two can play that game. I hope you don't think you're coming in.

Officer: Oh yes I am. When I'm good and ready I'll present a warrant to the man in charge.

Narrator: Phoebe stood near the door and waited for the exodus to finish. Then she darted inside. The band was standing off to the right, surrounded by a small group. Stephanie, Abby, and Ellie were talking with George in the corner. Ellie was in tears.

Ellie: (breaking out into an angry, frightened voice): I can't believe they did this! I can't believe it!

George: (trying to be calm, low key) Take it easy. It's going to be all right.

Ellie: How can you say that?? It's not all right! There's police at both doors!

Narrator: Abby joined the group.

Abby: Ellie, the police aren't after you. This whole thing is not about you.

Ellie: What other missing girls do you see around here??

Abby: (very calm, low voice) They're after me. I'm much more of a runaway than you are.

Ellie: Really?... (she's amazed) You are....?

Abby: That's right. But I'm not afraid. We've got friends around, even lawyers. And this night was over-the-top better than we even hoped!! Think about it. We've got more great things to do coming up. So let's help the boys pack up and get on with life.

Narrator: Ellie stared in disbelief, and then threw her arms around Abby.

Ellie: But what about you? What are *you* going to do?

Abby: Phoebe and I have a plan. We'll let you know later.

Narrator: George moved to Abby's side.

George: (pleading) I haven't forgotten you running off after Phoebe's party. Stay with us this time. Let's stick together.

Abby: This has been so wonderful! But now I've got to... do something...

Narrator: Stephanie had been cleaning off the incredible mess covering the tabletops, and suddenly joined the conversation.

Stephanie: (her domineering manner): You're *not* running out on us! We've got work to do. Where's Sammy?

Narrator: Jeremy had been scouting around, and now described the situation.

Jeremy: Sammy's over at the back door talking to Wyndaman and the police captain. Terrence is arguing with police in the backyard, saying they're harassing girls. Chief Santiago and Gilligan and Luis and Jim and Penny are all in front. The state police are there too, standing in the street, but they don't seem to be bothering anyone. If I were a girl, I'd take the front door.

Narrator: The voices at the back door grew louder. Clearly an argument was in progress.

Sammy: (furious) What makes you think I'm hiding anything? I think you're hiding something!! Paying that kid to bring liquor into my store, pretending to count my customers, looking for runaway girls who don't exist, harassing an old man who's within his rights. We had such good security we stopped your troublemaker from getting in!

Police Captain (Flat, monotone voice): That's enough. I don't have to listen to this.

Wyndaman (begging): Come on, Sammy. They've got a warrant.

Narrator: But Sammy wasn't listening. His pent-up anger could not be stopped.

Sammy: (shouting) You don't like hearing it, do you? A nice boy like you who just wanted to be a hero and do good! But somehow you've ended up abusing innocent people for greedy men! You think I don't know who's paying for this?

Narrator: Abby looked at Phoebe and nodded her head.

Abby: Here we go! It's time!

Police Captain: (lost all patience) Out of the way or you're under arrest! Move!!!

Sammy: You hate doing this job, don't you? You're as disgusted as I am.

Narrator: In a few quick steps Abby and Phoebe were at the back door. Sammy was standing above the steps with his arms folded, looking down at three officers on the ground, nightsticks in hand. Wyndaman put his hand on Sammy's shoulder, trying to coax him into backing up. But Sammy ignored him.

Police Captain: All right, old man. I didn't want to have to do this. You're...

Abby: (cheerful, pleasant) Coming through! Sorry to bother you folks.

Narrator: Sammy turned around in surprise. As Abby and Phoebe came down the steps, he stood aside and the officers stepped back. On reaching the ground Abby stopped and took off her hat.

Abby: (polite) Anything I can do for you gentlemen?

Police Captain: (in surprise and confusion) Well, thank you, Miss, uh, thank you...

Narrator: Phoebe stood by Abby's side. She could see the police exchanging glances.

Police Captain: We're here looking for a runaway girl. Can I have your name. (He makes it a statement, not a question)

Wyndaman (almost interrupting): You don't have to reply. They have no right to question you.

Abby: That's all right. I'm Abby Chapman.

Narrator: The Captain turned to Phoebe.

Police Captain: And yours?

Phoebe: Phoebe Hood.

Narrator: Stephanie appeared behind Sammy and wedged her way onto the stairs.

Stephanie (bold): I'd like to introduce my uncle, the managing editor of the Evansville Record. He'd like to interview you all for a story.

Narrator: A balding middle-aged man in a suit and tie followed Stephanie down the stairs.

Freddy Baez: Freddy Baez of the Evansville Record. Captain Bloward, good to see you again. I'm trying to understand the events here tonight. Maybe you can help me.

Narrator: The policemen looked at each other. The captain nodded.

Police Captain: Sorry, Freddy, we were just leaving. I think we've finished our investigation.

Freddy Baez: Can I ask the object of this investigation? I gather you have a search warrant.

Police Captain: Just checking for Department of Health violations. But we've already established serious overcrowding. I think that's enough for tonight.

Narrator: As the conversation was going on Abby began to walk quietly down into the shadows away from the spotlight. Phoebe followed. In a moment they were at the back door of the toy store, sheltered in the darkness. Phoebe understood Abby's intention and took out her keys.

Phoebe: (muttering in a soft whisper): Oh... if only Gilligan remembered to leave the bolt open!

Narrator: The key turned with a click. Phoebe opened the door. They stepped into complete darkness, closing the door quietly behind them. The air was stifling. Phoebe slid the bolt and snapped the padlock shut. They found their way to a couple of tiny chairs in the children's corner, and sat down to rest.

Phoebe: (whispering) What's next?

Abby: We wait.

All in Tonight

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(KixMiller/Morgan/Bazemore/Guzman)

DM x16

Step! Step! Step! Step!

I'd like to introduce

The Protectors of the Wood Band

My name is Boulevard

Get out your seat, right now! Step to this, Yeah!

Coast to Coast, here we go!

Dm X8

Step in the street tonight, with all my friends

Ain't been this (?) I don't know when

Bb. C

We're going to take a stand tonight

Bb. C

It's going to be a beautiful sight

Bb. C

All in tonight my folks, from coast to

Dm

coast

Dm

All in tonight my folks

Bb. C

All in tonight my folks, from coast to

Dm

coast

Dm

All in tonight my folks

Bb. C

All in tonight my folks from coast to

Dm

coast

Dm

All in tonight my folks

Bb. C

All in tonight my folks from coast to

Dm

coast

Dm

All in tonight my folks

Dm X8

No need to be alone, on a night like this, no!

It's something real you just can't miss, no, no, no no!

Bb. C

This only comes round, once in a lifetime

Bb. C

The time is right, the moon is bright

All in tonight my folks, from coast to coast

All in tonight my folks

All in tonight my folks, from coast to coast

All in tonight my folks

All in tonight my folks, from coast to coast

All in tonight my folks

All in tonight my folks, from coast to coast

All in tonight my folks

They don't understand, I've been living in fear

They don't understand, when I'm being sincere

They don't understand, it's mistaken identity

I'll say it right now, it's a matter of being free

They don't understand, it's the way I roll

Why I gotta worry about the way I stroll

Don't you know I'm innocent, until proven guilty

I'm going to say it again, it's a matter of being free

All in tonight my folks, from coast to coast
All in tonight my folks
All in tonight my folks, from coast to coast
All in tonight my folks
All in tonight my folks, from coast to coast
All in tonight my folks
All in tonight my folks, from coast to coast
All in tonight my folks

Dm X16

Step! Step! Step! Step!
The Protectors of the Wood Band!
Everybody, let's go!
Yeah, yeah,
Step! Step! Step! Step!
I want to see you out your seat, right now!
Step! Step! Step! Step!