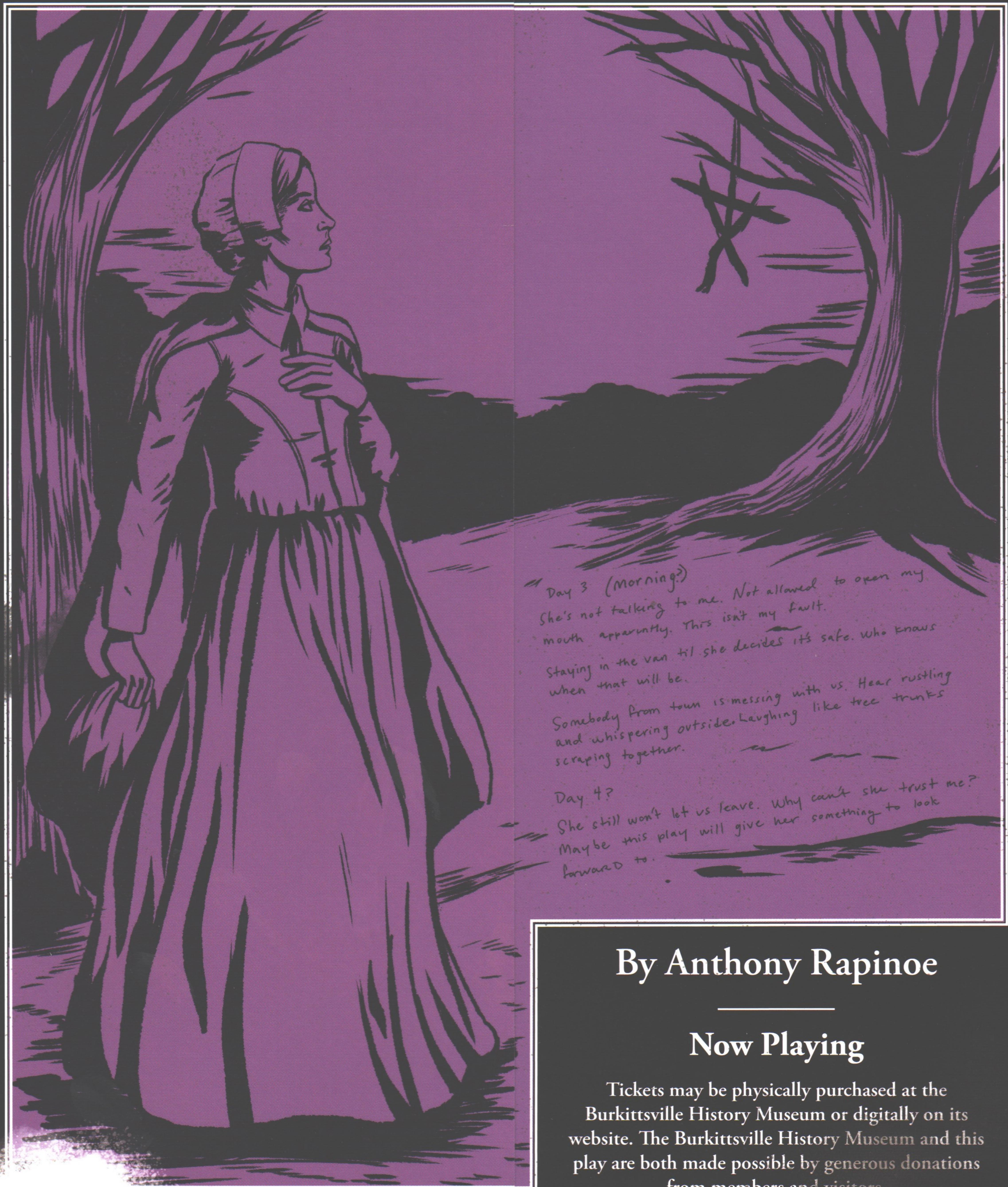


The Past Lives On

ANOTHER WARNING FROM OLD BLAIR



Day 3 (Morning?)
She's not talking to me. Not allowed to open my mouth apparently. This isn't my fault.
Staying in the van til she decides it's safe. Who knows when that will be.
Somebody from town is messing with us. Hear rustling and whispering outside. Laughing like tree trunks scraping together.

Day 4?
She still won't let us leave. Why can't she trust me? Maybe this play will give her something to look forward to.

By Anthony Rapinoe

Now Playing

Tickets may be physically purchased at the Burkittsville History Museum or digitally on its website. The Burkittsville History Museum and this play are both made possible by generous donations from members and visitors.



About

The Past Lives On is the spiritual successor to *The Past Never Dies: A First-Person Anthology of Tales from Old Blair*, both written and directed by Anthony Rapinoe, a local historian and folklorist. It is his second work for the stage. Both works are meant to serve as cautionary tales about the dangers of ignoring lessons of the past.

Day ??? A pile of rocks outside the van.
Heard enough of Ed's Blair Witch talk
to know what that means.

Praise for the previous production of *The Past Never Dies*:

"I had no idea about so many events that happened in Burkittsville over the years."

—Claire Hutchinson

I just want to go home. Please just let me
"Enlightening, but kind of scary to think this ^{go home} all happened so close."

—Ida Barnes

Please please please please
"Everyone should see this play. Especially tourists."

—Devon Marcato

"Informative, but scary. Makes me look at the town in a totally new way."

—Josh Stamford

PLEASE





Anthony Rapinoe

she says she has a place, it's now or never.
she says she has a place, it's now or never.
she says she has a place, it's now or never.



**Thom Woodhouse
as Jonathan Goodneighbor**

~~Branches~~

Day 5

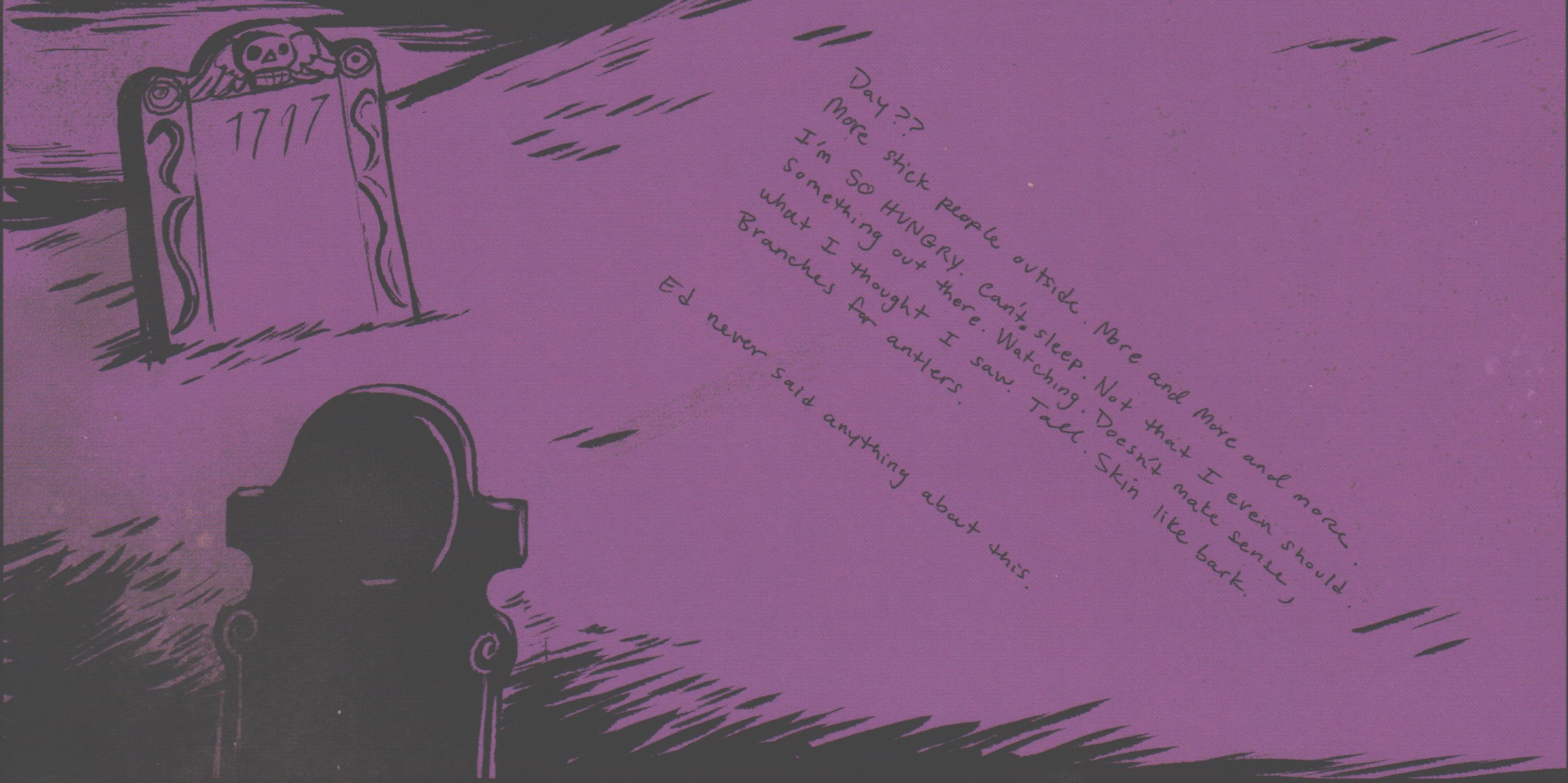
No food left. Someone attacked the van last night.
Only saw Branches slamming against the windows.
Told her I would protect her. Can I?
Stupid stick things everywhere outside.
I know they're real cuz she saw them too.
Don't think it's people from town anymore.

Day ??

Gave her ideas but she didn't care. All within an hour's walk.
Dead Man's Rock, Jones Camp Falls, or Dutch Hill.
All great but she shut down every one.
We need to go somewhere. Anywhere.

Screaming and screaming and more screaming outside
the van all night. Then that laughing again.

But the screaming sounded like me.



Day ??
More stick people outside. More and more and more.
Not that I even should.
I'm SO HUNGRY. Can't sleep. Not that I even should.
Something out there. Watching. Doesn't make sense.
Branches for antlers.
what I thought I saw. Taek. Skin like bark.

Ed never said anything about this.