



FUTURE DEMONS

From Tales by Shirley Jackson

words SHIRLEY JACKSON & RYAN SCOTT OLIVER
music RYAN SCOTT OLIVER



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FUTURE DEMONS is a collection of story songs based on tales by acclaimed gothic horror writer Shirley Jackson.

SHIRLEY JACKSON was born in 1916 in San Francisco and later moved to Burlingame. At university in Syracuse, she met her husband, the future literary critic Stanley Edgar Hyman, with whom she had four children. In 1948 she published her iconic short story 'The Lottery' in *The New Yorker*, sparking furious letters from readers to the magazine. Her novels — most of which involve elements of horror and the occult — include *The Road Through the Wall*, *Hangsaman*, *The Bird's Nest*, *The Sundial*, *We Have Always Lived in the Castle* and *The Haunting of Hill House*. Her short story collections include *The Lottery and Other Stories*, *Come Along with Me*, *Just an Ordinary Day* and *Let Me Tell You*. Shirley Jackson died in her sleep in 1965 at the age of 48.



MY LIFE
WITH R. H.
MACY

MY LIFE WITH R. H. MACY

Performed by KERSTIN ANDERSON
and the ensemble

13-3138: And the first thing they did was
separate me.

CHORUS OF MISS COOPERS:

... Startling, beautiful people ...
(... People ... startling ... beautiful ...)
... Startling, beautiful people ...
(... People ... startling ... beautiful ...)

13-3138:
We met on training day.
She asked if I was scared.

ANOTHER GIRL:

Hey, You scared?

13-3138:
I said yes. She said
She'd thought she was prepared.
I took her hand and on we marched,
Our thoughts unshared.
... I never saw her again.

Miss Cooper smiled and asked
Which floor was my purview?

CHORUS OF MISS COOPERS:

Just say 'books'

13-3138:
I said 'books'
I didn't know what else to do.

ONE MISS COOPER:

(*Ushering her to another woman.*)
13-3138 here belongs with you.

13-3138:
And so they'd take me again.

Then, they taught me,
A hundred hours or more,
Showed me what they got me
(A custom yellow pad,
As we descended to the floor.

ALL THE MISS COOPERS:

Startling, beautiful people
In tailored suits and short-clipped hair.
Miss Cooper tells Miss Cooper,
'Go to Miss Cooper in menswear.'

MISS COOPERS (Male voices):

(*Filling out their yellow pads.*)
Comp. keep for ref. cust. D.A. no. or

CT. no. salesbook no. salescheck no.
Clerk no. dept. date. M
Duplicate, triplicate, and throw it away.

13-3138:
I learned to punch the clock
And bow before its power.
Oh, that metal prophet,
Counting down the hour!
And when Miss Cooper came,
Id nod, or sometimes cower:
What was my real name again?

Oh, they got me.
A hundred days a week.
No, this is not me —
But I eat my yellow pad in case I ever dare to
speak.

ALL THE MISS COOPERS:

Startling, beautiful people
In tailored suits and short-clipped hair.
Miss Cooper tells Miss Cooper,
'Go to Miss Cooper in menswear.'

Comp. keep for ref. cust. D.A. no. or (etc.)

Startling, beautiful people
In tailored suits and short-clipped hair.
Miss Cooper tells Miss Cooper,
'Go to Miss Cooper —

ONE MISS COOPER:

'That one, there.'

13-3138:

Seventeen-seventy-three.

Seven-twelve.

Thirteen-thirty-six.

Two-fifty-three

K.

Eight-seventy-two.

Thirteen.
I wrote my numbers down.
That was my first day.

ALL MISS COOPERS:

Locker number?

Time-clock number?

Cash-box number?

Cash-register number?

Cash-register-drawer
number?

Cash-register-drawer
key number?

Department number?

EVERYONE:

Startling, beautiful people
In tailored suits and short-clipped hair.
Miss Cooper tells Miss Cooper,
'Go to Miss Cooper in menswear.'

Startling, beautiful people
In tailored suits and short-clipped hair.
Miss Cooper tells Miss Cooper,
'Go to Miss Cooper —
'That one, there.'

Startling, beautiful people
In tailored suits and short-clipped hair.
Miss Cooper tells Miss Cooper,
'Go to Miss Cooper —
I'm sure she's somewhere.'

13-3138:

Until the night I tripped
And tumbled down the stair.
I kicked an exit open —
Sirens, everywhere.
I stood and said aloud,
'I never saw you there.'

SOME MISS COOPERS:

(*Growing distant.*)
Comp. keep for ref. cust. D.A. no. or
CT. no. salesbook no. salescheck no.
No no no no ...

13-3138:

I didn't go back again.

I wrote Macy's a long letter, and I signed it with
all my numbers added together and divided it by
130,000, which is the number of employees at
Macy's.

... I wonder if they miss me.

JAMES
HARRIS



JAMES HARRIS

Performed by HEATH SAUNDERS
and the women's ensemble

BALLADEER:

Come sail with him a league, a league,
A league but barely three.
Yea, all you ladies come away
To the banks of Italy.

James Harris is a talker:
The graceful party guest.
In his suit of blue,
He possesses you,
Unnoticed by the rest.

WOMEN:

The rest . . . the rest . . . the rest . . .

BALLADEER:

James Harris is a writer,
And anxious to be wed.
Hear him weave a tale,
And he'll never fail
To bring you to his bed.

WOMEN:

His bed . . . his bed . . . his bed . . .

BALLADEER:

Come sail with him a league, a league,
A league but barely four:
Don't mind his diurnal countenance
Or that shiver in your core.

James Harris is a liar,
No truth attends his breath.
Catch him on a train,
And he'll yank your chain
With tales of pain and death.

WOMEN:

And death . . . and death . . . and death . . .

BALLADEER:

James Harris is a salesman,
But he trades in more than books.
What appears a deal
Is your fate to seal.
He's bought you by his hooks.

WOMEN:

His hooks . . . his hooks . . . his hooks . . .

BALLADEER:

Come sail with him a league, a league,
A league but barely five,
That's Heaven over yon, but yet
Tis to Hell this ship will drive.

BALLADEER:

James Harris is a player,
Each town a fiancé.
Ah, they wait so dumb-
'Cause he'll never come
Upon their wedding day.

WOMEN:

The day . . . the day . . . the day . . .

BALLADEER:

James Harris is a devil,
A legend and a song.
He takes the life
Of the faithless wife,
To warn women from wrong.

WOMEN:

From wrong . . . from wrong —
Ahh!

BALLADEER:

Come sail with him a league, a league,
A league but barely six.
When breaks his gallant ship in twain
And he drowns you just for lucks.

WOMEN:

James!

BALLADEER:

James Harris is your father:
He's your brother. He's all men
Who may think they're wise
And who sermonize
Downwind to woman's ken.

WOMEN, VARIOUSLY:

James Harris is a problem.
James Harris must be killed.
Hear the women say
'Now, comes the day
That James's blood is spilled'

Come sail with James a league, a league,
A league but once it's three,
You alash him 'cross the throat and shout:
'James Harris, now I'm free.
I'm free,
I'm free.
No man, no more, shall trouble me.
Die, James'



THE STORY WE
USED TO TELL



WHAT A
THOUGHT

WHAT A THOUGHT

Performed by JAY ARMSTRONG JOHNSON
with Ryan Scott Oliver

HUSBAND: Wanna watch a movie?

MARK: No, that's okay.

HUSBAND: We could watch *Noises Off*, I know you love that one.

MARK: Hehe, do I look bored?

HUSBAND: Nope. Cute, just like always.

MARK: Love you.

HUSBAND: I love you.

(Beat.)

MARK:

Kill him.

With the vase.

Smash on the head, or pow, right in the face.

...

Wow, the thought never occurred once before,

But now the thought feels like I've opened a door.

...

No, I've never imagined my husband in peril – Except for that one time outside Crate and

Barrel –

Or when she *detested* Cate Blanchett in *Carol*.

...

Wakes up! Forget this grim notion you've got. What a morbid idea. Must have smoked too much pot.

And god knows I haven't been sleeping a lot. Ha!

... What a thought.

HUSBAND: What's funny?

MARK: What? Oh. Nothing. Just looking at Twitter.

(Beat.)

Kill him.

With the plug.

Sure, you still love him, but boy can he bug ... NO!

Have to stand up and go grab a Le Croix. And don't draft how to drown someone you still enjoy.

...

It's a terrible time, and we're all going mental. It's getting to me, and it's not coincidental.

– But seventeen Valium would surely be gentle.

...

My god! He's perfect, and don't forget hot.

It's been weeks since he icked me and months since we fought.

I'm crazy! I'm cuckoo! With me, I cannot.

Dummy.

What a ludicrous –

Laughable –

Int'resting –

(Gasp) Blender!

No.

This whole thing's insane.

A grown-ass man afraid of this – It's insane.

Nothing will happen.

Not to you, not to him.

Everyone's perfectly safe.

HUSBAND: Mark?

MARK: YEAH?!

HUSBAND: ... Ya okay ... ?

MARK: For suuuuuure. Just – makin' a drink. Heh. A drinky-drinky-drink ... drink.

Do it.

Spike his drink.

Poison is quickest and cleanest, I think.

HUSBAND: You're being weird!

MARK: Ya know, I'm feelin' kinda weird. I should probably take a sleeping pill and go to bed early. ... How many sleeping pills do you think we have?

UNH-UNGHH! Life's too short to live this distraught.

Have a drink or three – oh! Eat those Cheetos he bought.

And please, just stop planning this murderous plot!

What a thought!

What a thought!

It's a thought.

HUSBAND: You look really scared.

MARK: No, no, it's just everything that's happening in the world. You know? And it's like I get these things in my head, and I can't get them out, no matter how hard I try!

HUSBAND: I get that. I've had this stupid tune stuck in my head all day! *(Whistles.)*

MARK: HA! EXACTLY LIKE THAT.

HUSBAND: How 'bout let's play a game to get your mind off of it? Like – Twenty Questions.

MARK: Okay, I'll start. Do you have any enemies?

HUSBAND: *(Very amused, touched.)*

I think I've never loved you more.

MARK:

Burglar.

Set the scene.

Put things just so – oh, you're one fucked-up queen.

Weird, though I've never considered the act. It's appeared like an incontrovertible fact.

Don't you worry about ev'ry minor detail.

'Cuz thinking too hard is how amnesia fail.

And girl, they don't have your hair color in jail.

Ha ha! The vase just might be my best shot.

And who cares anymore if he's dead or I'm caught?

The world has turned into a bloody black blot – And sooner or later we're all gonna rot!

What a thought!

HUSBAND: I think I'll put on the movie.

MARK:

What a thought!

HUSBAND: Wouldn't you like that?

MARK:

What a thought!

HUSBAND: Here I go ...

MARK: I DON'T WANT TO!!

(The sound of a vase crashing, a body falling to the floor.)

FAMILY TREASURES



FAMILY TREASURES

Performed by
CATTILIN DOAK (Sally)
ALINA FONTANILLA (Barbra)
JESSIE HOOKER-BAILEY (Helena)
KIM ONAH (Tina)
GERIANNE PEREZ (Cheryl)
CATHERINE RICAFORT (Maggie)
NICOLE ZELKA (Angie)

CLASSMATES:

Anne White
Anne was the baddest bitch in the ladies' dorma.
Her mom had died.
And she was feeling shitty.
Anne hardly ever spoke,
Never made a friend.
But wait one sec
Before you give her pity,

CHERYL:

'Cuz -

Anne was the baddest bitch in the ladies'
dorma.
She was a thief,
And nobody suspected.

HELENA:

She snuck into our rooms,
Shopped like at a store.

MAGGIE:

And oh my god!
The stuff she soon collected - !

(The chorus.)

CLASSMATES:

A pack o' cigarettes,
A yellow blouse,

SALLY:

My monogrammed
compact,

Silver signet ring,

ANGIE:

My small leather-covered
notebook,

And a carbon copy of
a sonnet,

TINA:

A black satin slip,

MAGGIE:

My stuffed gray bear,

HELENA:

My white pen and pencil
set,

CHERYL:

And my gold ankle
bracelet

In the trunk with her
mother's fur cape.

CHERYL:

Ooh-yeah!

Anne was the maddest bitch in the ladies'
dorma.
She even fooled
Our dormitory mother.

HELENA:

Our mama called a meet,
Said, "Someone, confess"

MAGGIE:

And there we were,
Condemning one another

CHERYL & HELENA

(Except Anne/
Quiet, friendless Anne!)

CLASSMATES:

You did it! No, you did it!

(Repeat chorus.)

BARBRA:

Gotta catch the thief,
Turnin' ev'ry leaf,
Ev'ry girl in grief like

Ev'ry little beef,
Ev'ry scandalous belief
Paraded to the chief, but

CLASSMATES:

'Ain't me! Ain't me!

'Ain't me! Ain't me!

Till we got to Anne's
room o' gloom,
Everyone said
Her mama's dead,
Don't lose your head,
Look on instead,
But under her bed
Was the whole -
Dang -
Spread!

CLASSMATES:

AHHH!!

BARBRA

Each other's privacies and secrets we're learnin',
Ev'ry girl took her shit and took to rippin' and
burnin' While Anne was leavin' a boot,
And lookin' cute with our loot,
That girl was makin' her escape route.
Anne White, shoot -

CLASSMATES:

OH!

(Repeat chorus two times.)

CLASSMATES (CONT):

In the trunk with her mother's fur -
Trunk with her mother's fur -
trunk with her mother's fur cape!

CHERYL:

Anne was the baddest bitch in the ladies'
dorma!

THE STORIES

"My Life with R.H. Macy" is based on the story of the same name included in the collection *The Lottery and Other Stories*, copyright. © 1948, 1949 by Shirley Jackson, copyright renewed © 1976, 1977 by Laurence Hyman, Barry Hyman, Mrs. Sarah Webster, and Mrs. Joanne Schnurer.

"James Harris" is inspired by the Scottish folk song (sometimes referred to as "The Daemon Lover" or "The House Carpenter") and the several appearances of the titular character in many of Shirley Jackson's stories, including "The Intoxicated," "The Daemon Lover," "Like Mother Used to Make," "The Villager," "The Witch," "Elizabeth," "Seven Types of Ambiguity," "Of Course," "The Tooth," and "Got a Letter from Jimmy."

"The Story We Used to Tell" and "What a Thought" are based on the stories of the same names which first appeared in the collection *Just an Ordinary Day*, © 1996 by Laurence Jackson Hyman, J. S. Holly, Sarah Hyman DeWitt, and Barry Hyman.

"Family Treasures" is based on the story of the same name which first appeared in the collection *Let Me Tell You* by Shirley Jackson, copyright. © 2015 by Laurence Jackson Hyman, J. S. Holly, Sarah Hyman DeWitt, and Barry Hyman.

THE TEAM

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