

WILL ANDERSON

THE ENDING EVERYONE WANTED

An Original Radio Drama

*Produced by Illinois Public Radio hub-station WUIS/WIPA,
NPR Member and PRI Affiliate*

Production Engineers: Bob Meyer and Sinta Seiber-Lane

Available on CD in Quiddity 1.2

Cast List

Major Characters

Abraham Lincoln
Professor Faraday
Narrator

*Minor Characters**

Mary Todd Lincoln/Woman (in ad interstitial)
John Wilkes Booth
Silas (Lincoln's Servant)/Guard 2
Sergeant/Copper/Guard 1/Soldier 1
Boy (in ad interstitial)

* suggested talent pairings

SFX: REGAL ORCHESTRAL THEME MUSIC UP AND UNDER
NARRATOR: (*loud and excitedly, slightly off mic*) Showcase Theater, brought to you by Foster Foods, maker of Nutty-os! Tonight, Showcase Theater brings you the story of one man's race against time and space to correct one of history's greatest tragedies in *The Ending Everyone Wanted*.

SFX: REGAL ORCHESTRAL THEME MUSIC OUT
NARRATOR: But first a word from our sponsor, Foster Foods. Mothers across America agree that getting the kids to eat a healthy breakfast is their most important job.

WOMAN: Yes, we do! And Nutty-os makes our job easier. Each nutty morsel of Nutty-os is packed chock full of nutritional goodness

so scrumptious it will leave your children begging for more!
(*sung*) Nutty-os, the treat your kids will love to eat! Treat them to
some today!

NARRATOR: And now we move on to the first act of tonight's exciting adventure, *The Ending Everyone Wanted*.

ACT I: SCENE ONE

MUSIC: SOMBER STRINGS UP AND UNDER
SFX: SOUNDS OF MEN MARCHING IN THE DISTANCE AND
"BATTLE HYMN OF REPUBLIC" UP AND UNDER
FAINT OFF MIC

SERGEANT: (*off mic, distant*) Hold up! Company halt! Present arms! Fire!
SFX: DISTANT VOLLEY OF GUNSHOTS

NARRATOR: The warm days of April fall upon the nation's capital. With the Civil War ended and the nation preserved, two men watch the city as it slowly wakes to a dawn of peace.

LINCOLN: And, as all things, the sun rises, oblivious to us mortals.
SILAS: It's a beautiful sight, sir. I have brought your meal as requested. But have you had any sleep at all?

LINCOLN: (*yawning*) No, again, the peaceful touch of the muse has passed me by as I have spent the night with the book. But, worry not, my loyal servant. Soon, I shall sleep. Soon enough.

SILAS: Sir, is that the dream you speak of? Pray, speak not of it again. With the war over, there will now be time for rest. Rest for all of us.

LINCOLN: Silas, Silas. There is so much that I wish I could tell you. Someday you shall know—but not now. The tray is set. Now go, my friend. Perhaps sleep shall not escape you as it has me.

SILAS: But, Mister Lincoln.

LINCOLN: Go now and leave me with my book. The nation shall need us all more when she awakes.

SILAS: But, sir!

LINCOLN: Go—I wish to await what comes . . . alone.

SILAS: As you wish, sir.

SFX: SOUNDS OF FOOTSTEPS WALKING OFF MIC THEN
SOUND OF DOOR OPENING AND SHUTTING

LINCOLN: And now to sit and wait. Half past five. The time of his coming is now.

SFX: OSCILLATING WHIRRING SOUND UP HIGH THEN
ABRUPT STOP SEGUE TO HISSING SOUND AND
SOUND OF HATCH OPENING

FARADAY: (*excitedly*) Mr. Lincoln! Mister Lincoln! I have a matter of utmost

importance!

LINCOLN: (*calmly*) Certainly, sir. How may I be of service to you?

FARADAY: Sir, no. I know you will not believe me but . . .

LINCOLN: I know. You have come to assist me.

FARADAY: But, sir—Mister Lincoln—perhaps you do not understand . . . I come from . . .

LINCOLN: I know. You come from the future. To this place. To this date. As you have before.

FARADAY: (*taken aback*) What? How can you know?

LINCOLN: Please, sit, old friend. I have something to show you. (*pause*) Does this book look familiar?

FARADAY: My logbook? But how can you have . . .

LINCOLN: Indeed, sir, you are as a diligent record-keeper as you are a strategist. But, here, I suggest that you take a minute to refresh your memory of your accomplishments. As you can see, it is written by your own hand.

FARADAY: (*reading*) Journey twenty-four: usurp rebel morale at the second battle of Bull Run via placement of sniper to eliminate Stonewall Jackson.

SFX: FLIPPING OF PAGES

FARADAY: (*reading*) Journey twenty-five: quell public outrage about Grant's drinking. Tell press "find out what brand of whiskey he drinks and I'll send a case of it to the rest of my generals."

SFX: FLIPPING OF PAGES

LINCOLN: Go on.

FARADAY: Journey forty-nine: at Gettysburg deliver the following address "four score and seven . . ." But, sir . . . I . . .

LINCOLN: Indeed you see, sir, I am indebted to you. All of my successes have been by your hand. The work has been yours. From the Douglas debates to Appomattox. I have been merely the agent of delivery.

FARADAY: But how could this be? I do not remember being here before!

LINCOLN: My good professor, please do not ask of me to answer the questions of time travel. I know only of your arrival, not the means of your methods. I have planned, however, for your arrival. You are no doubt hungry?

FARADAY: Indeed, sir, I am famished, but . . .

LINCOLN: Yes, I know of your dietary requirements. Finding citrus at this time of the year no doubt proved a challenge for Silas, but here.

FARADAY: (*to himself*) Orange juice, poached eggs, oatmeal with brown sugar? This is just what . . .

LINCOLN: A strange meal, indeed, but I believe you call it "the usual." So it does not raise suspicion, Silas has been bringing it to me for the

past two weeks.

FARADAY: My logbook, my usual breakfast—I guess I must have been here before.

LINCOLN: While you eat, I shall steel my nerves with a portion of Grant's elixir.

SFX: SOUND OF BOTTLE POURING

FARADAY: Sir, don't you think it's a little early in the morning for that?

SFX: SWALLOWING SOUND THEN GLASS BEING PLACED ON TABLE

LINCOLN: Ahh. Ordinarily I do not partake. However, I have found that on the days of your coming, it is for the best. Now, eat, my friend, and then tell me what is in store for us this time. Our time here is short.

FARADAY: I do not remember the other times you say that I have been here. However, I know that this time I have come to prevent your assassination.

LINCOLN: Assassination? Of this I have not heard. How? When?

FARADAY: At this moment, a group of rebels led by . . .

SFX: LOUD POUNDING AT OFF MIC DOOR

MARY: (*shouting off mic*) Abraham? Abraham! Are you in there? This is your wife! Open this door this instant!

LINCOLN: (*whispering*) What? Mary Todd? Of all the times for that woman . . .

SFX: LOUD POUNDING AT OFF MIC DOOR

MARY: Abraham? Is someone in there with you? You open this door this instant!

LINCOLN: (*whispering*) You've got to get your time contraption out of here!

FARADAY: (*whispering*) But, Mister Lincoln, the assassination . . .

LINCOLN: (*whispering fiercely*) If you don't get that thing out of here, she's going to save them the trouble. Now go!

FARADAY: (*whispering*) But when? I mean, where?

LINCOLN: Go to the smaller livery stable west of here. I shall meet you as soon as I placate her.

FARADAY: But . . .

SFX: LOUD POUNDING AT OFF MIC DOOR

MARY: (*yelling off mic*) Sergeant! Open this door this instant!

SERGEANT: But, Mrs. Lincoln . . .

MARY: Do it, or I'll give you what I have coming for him!

LINCOLN: Please, sir, to the stable! She has such a terrible temper!

FARADAY: All right.

SFX: SOUND OF HATCH OPENING THEN OSCILLATING WHIRRING SOUND UP HIGH THEN ABRUPT STOP

MUSIC: FAST-PACED STRINGS UP AND UNDER

END OF SCENE ONE

SCENE TWO

SFX: CRICKETS AND HORSES IN BACKGROUND THEN
SOUND OF DOOR CREAKING OPEN

FARADAY: Mister Lincoln, I was so worried.

LINCOLN: Mary Todd's a good woman. She just worries a bit too much. I see you arrived safely.

FARADAY: Well, the horses were a bit spooked when I appeared, but they seem to be better now.

LINCOLN: Come here, Dimetrius. Come, Alexander.

SFX: HORSES NEIGHING

LINCOLN: (*calmly to horses*) That's good. It's all right now. (*to Faraday*) Now as you were saying before we were interrupted, of whose assassination do you speak?

FARADAY: Yours, sir.

LINCOLN: Mine. (*pause*) Indeed. For all of these times we have changed the fates of others.

FARADAY: Yes, and in doing so, you have preserved the Union.

LINCOLN: Of all, the Union must prevail. I, however, am just a servant of the people.

FARADAY: Sir, it goes beyond that. Your guidance has transcended beyond the ages. Would that your life had not been cut short . . .

LINCOLN: Wait. In your time, I did fall victim to this plot?

FARADAY: Up until now, I would have said so. But the fact that you know I have been here before seems to put it all in question.

LINCOLN: Surely you know how history has played out.

FARADAY: Well, I thought I did. Every school child knows that you preserved the Union . . .

LINCOLN: I did only as you directed me, as it was to be written.

FARADAY: I guess so. However, as it seems that we have been correcting history . . .

LINCOLN: If I understand you correctly, one of the results of your history was that I fell prey to this plot.

FARADAY: But the log—all the records. We have proved that this not need be the case. At the time of your shooting . . .

LINCOLN: (*taken aback*) Shot? I suppose that would be the most effective method in this new age of carnage we have entered.

FARADAY: Sorry, sir.

LINCOLN: And who is my assassin to be?

FARADAY: An actor by the name of Booth. John Wilkes Booth.

LINCOLN: Booth, eh? I am aware of that thespianic malcontent. And when does this happen?

FARADAY: Tonight at Ford's Theatre.

LINCOLN: And how are we to prevent this from happening?

FARADAY: I'm sorry, sir, I do not know. I was so consumed with building this time machine and warning you that I never took the time to think of a plan.

LINCOLN: Well, that is a change. Do you remember the first time you came to me?

FARADAY: No, sir.

LINCOLN: Well, according to the book, the war was going badly. The English had become involved by sending troops. New York and Boston had been burned to the ground, and what was left of our troops had been caught in a pincer between the English to the North and the Rebels to the South.

FARADAY: *(taken aback)* But that never happened!

LINCOLN: And indeed it never did once we intercepted communications between the Rebels and the English. That idea was yours.

FARADAY: In that case, let us just remove Booth from the equation.

LINCOLN: And how do you propose to do that? I cannot just go traipsing about the town.

FARADAY: I think we can take care of that. Listen carefully—I have a plan.

MUSIC: FAST-PACED STRINGS UP AND UNDER

END OF SCENE TWO

SCENE THREE

SFX: BUSY STREET SOUNDS—HORSES, PEOPLE UP AND UNDER

FARADAY: Although I wouldn't have believed it, that ragged trench coat aptly hides your tall frame, sir.

LINCOLN: *(with a loud Cockney accent)* Eh, wot's that ye say?

FARADAY: *(to Lincoln)* Another fine touch, Mister President. No one would ever guess it was you.

LINCOLN: Right then. My ship's in town so as you better lock up yer daughters, ladies!

FARADAY: Sir, it's best you not go too over the top.

LINCOLN: *(to Faraday)* Sorry. I didn't mean to get lost in the part. However, given the stakes, it appears I have little to lose. Now where are we to find Booth?

FARADAY: If memory serves me correctly, I believe he is staying at a boarding house just around the corner. *(pause)* Ahh, there it is. Do you

have the package?
 LINCOLN: Yes. Dimetrius and Alexander proved to be quite capable of the task at hand.
 FARADAY: All right. Now do you remember what to do?
 LINCOLN: Indeed, I do. (*back to Cockney accent*) Right, now. I gots a package to deliver. Off I go, laddie.
 SFX: KNOCKING AT DOOR
 LINCOLN: (*yelling in Cockney accent*) Hey! In there! I's gots a package for Mister Booth! Open up!
 FARADAY: (*off mic*) Sir, the matches!
 LINCOLN: (*softly*) Indeed. I almost forgot.
 SFX: MATCHES BEING STRUCK THEN FOOTSTEPS RUNNING OFF PORCH THEN SOUND OF DOOR OPENING OFF MIC
 FARADAY: Here he comes.
 BOOTH: (*off mic in Southern accent*) Hello? Who dares disturb my slumber? And what's this about a package?
 LINCOLN: Hee hee hee!
 FARADAY: Quiet, sir. Remember the plan! We need to split up now.
 BOOTH: By the eyes of Lucifer—there's a burning bag on the porch. I must act quickly to extinguish it!
 SFX: STOMPING NOISE THEN SQUISHING SOUND
 BOOTH: (*enraged*) Why it's filled with horse dung! And it has soiled my leather loafers! Who is responsible for this?
 FARADAY: (*shouting*) Encore! Encore! Give it another stomp for me, you big blowhard!
 BOOTH: (*shouting off mic*) You, sir, are no gentleman! I shall teach you respect for your betters!
 FARADAY: You'll have to catch me first!
 SFX: FAST-PACED FOOTSTEPS AND PANTING
 BOOTH: (*coming on mic*) Just your luck, sir. This blind alley shall prove to be your undoing. Now before I box your ears, let me take a look at you!
 FARADAY: That's right. Come closer. (*pause*) Pee-yew! Your breath is terrible!
 BOOTH: How dare you!
 FARADAY: Ready, sir?
 LINCOLN: Ready!
 BOOTH: Wait. (*pause*) Who is that behind me? (*pause*) What are you doing back there on your hands and knees?
 FARADAY: Never mind that—here's a “push” into the future!
 BOOTH: Ungh!
 SFX: SOUND OF BODY FALLING

FARADAY: That takes care of him. Let me give you a hand up, sir.
 BOOTH: Lincoln! I should have known you'd be behind this!
 LINCOLN: The only thing you're going to know is the fury of my fists!
 SFX: PUNCHING SOUNDS
 BOOTH: Ungh! Ow!
 FARADAY: Paste him good, sir!
 LINCOLN: Shoot me, will you?
 SFX: PUNCHING SOUNDS
 BOOTH: Ungh! Ow! Not the face!
 LINCOLN: Take that! And that! And that!
 SFX: PUNCHING SOUNDS
 FARADAY: I think he's had enough, sir!
 SFX: SOUND OF POLICE WHISTLE OFF MIC
 FARADAY: Sir—sir! That's enough! Put him down! The police are coming!
 LINCOLN: Just about. Just let me put this piece of human trash into the ash heap!
 SFX: SOUND OF BODY HITTING A BUNCH OF NOISEY RUBBISH SOMEWHAT OFF MIC, THEN SOUND OF BRUSHING HANDS TOGETHER TO SIGNIFY THE COMPLETION OF THE JOB
 LINCOLN: There—that should take care of the problem.
 FARADAY: Well done, sir. But now we must get out of here!
 LINCOLN: Indeed we must!
 SFX: SOUND OF RAPID FOOTSTEPS WITH POLICE WHISTLES FADING IN
 FARADAY: Too late—we're penned in here!
 COPPER: (*with Southern accent*) Hold it right there, gentlemen and put your hands where I can see them. What is the meaning of all of this?
 FARADAY: (*to Lincoln*) Let me do the talking, sir. (*nervously to officer*) Well, that's a funny thing. You see, we were just kinda going through here and . . .
 BOOTH: Ungh. (*pause*) Help me, officer.
 COPPER: By the spirit of Dixie! Mister Booth! Are you all right?
 BOOTH: Ah, faithful constable Clarence! I thought it was your voice I recognized.
 COPPER: That's correct, sir. I was making my rounds when I came upon these rascallions.
 BOOTH: Look closely, my good man, and you shall see that the fates have acted well for you today.
 COPPER: By what do you mean, sir?
 BOOTH: These are but not any ordinary criminals you have cuffed. In deed, remove the frock from the tall one and see what you see.
 COPPER: You, the tall one—reveal yourself!

SFX: SOUND OF CLOAK BEING REMOVED
COPP: Great Dixie! It's Lincoln! Governor Jackson will be pleased.
FARADAY: Governor Jackson?
COPPER: Indeed! After you escaped the fire at the White House, Old Stonewall has had a pretty price on your head. And with your capture we will bring closure to this awful war!
FARADAY: *(to Lincoln)* But Jackson is dead. He died at the second battle of Bull Run.
COPPER: Speak not evil of the provisional governor! All of your wishing that he did not lead our glorious troops to victory will not make it so.
SFX: GUN COCKING
COPPER: Now come along, you two, lest I be forced to shoot you down like the cur you are.
FARADAY: *(to Lincoln)* The South won the war? How could this be happening?
LINCOLN: It appears that our past is not as we remember it.
SFX: SUSPENSEFUL MUSIC STING UP AND UNDER

END OF SCENE THREE

NARRATOR: We will return to the exciting conclusion of our adventure after these brief words from our sponsor, Foster Foods.
BOY: Gosh, mister. Are Mister Lincoln and the professor going to be okay?
NARRATOR: Well, here's to keeping our fingers crossed that they have their Nutty-os. Made from a scientific blend of wheat, corn, and rice Nutty-os give you the energy you need to run fast, play hard, and lift heavy things.
BOY: Wow, that's neat! Hey, mister, can I sing the Nutty-os song?
NARRATOR: You bet, Jimmy.
BOY: *(sings)* Nutty-os, the treat we kids will love to eat! Treat us to some today!
NARRATOR: That was some really good remembering, Jimmy! And another thing you'll always want to remember is the yummy feeling of satisfaction that's jam-packed into each and every spoonful of Nutty-os. And you'll want to stay tuned to the end of our story to hear about a special offer that's available to you Nutty-os' kids. Now let's get back to our adventure. When we last left the president and the professor they were being taken off to jail.

ACT II: SCENE FOUR

SFX: SUSPENSEFUL MUSIC STING UP AND UNDER THEN
SEGUE TO SOUND OF JAIL CELL DOOR SLAMMING
SHUT

GUARD 1: (*sarcastically with Southern accent*) Welcome to your new home,
gentlemen!

FARADAY: (*panicked*) There's been a mistake! You can't . . .

GUARD 1: Quiet, you! You won't be going anywhere—at least until Gover-
nor Jackson gets here.

GUARD 2: (*off mic*) Well, for as dangerous criminals as they are, they sure
didn't have much on them. Just this notebook.

FARADAY: (*to Lincoln*) Oh no—the logbook!

GUARD 1: (*off mic*) A notebook, eh? Take a look at it. Perhaps this will lead
us to the rest of the traitors.

GUARD 2: Hmm. It appears to be blank. (*to Faraday and Lincoln*) What is the
meaning of this?

FARADAY: (*to Lincoln*) Blank? But all of the records . . . how can that be?

LINCOLN: (*to Faraday*) Never mind that. I have been briefed on a plan
designed for such a situation. (*to Guard*) Of course it appears
blank, sir. Certainly there is no way that I could write without
having it appear, is there?

GUARD 2: You confess far too freely. Methinks that you must be using some
sort of ink invisible to the eye. Julius, take this book upstairs.

GUARD 1: Right away, sir!

SFX: SOUND OF RUNNING FOOTSTEPS FADING OFF MIC

GUARD 2: Our codebreakers will make short work that. And now we wait.

LINCOLN: (*stammering*) Why . . . I . . . um . . . oh!

SFX: SOUND OF BODY HITTING THE FLOOR

FARADAY: Mister Lincoln? Mister Lincoln! Are you all right? He's collapsed!
Guard! Help!

GUARD 2: All right. But you—step away.

FARADAY: Certainly. But please help him.

GUARD: That's far enough. Now don't move, or I'll shoot!

SFX: SOUND OF KEYS UNLOCKING DOOR THEN SOUND
OF CELL DOOR OPENING

GUARD: You there. Get up!

LINCOLN: (*weakly*) Help. Please, give me your hand . . . and (*forcefully*) Hi-yah!

SFX: SOUND OF CRASHING

GUARD: Ungh.

LINCOLN: That appears to have taken care of him. I shall have to let my
security staff know that their emergency escape plan worked
flawlessly.

FARADAY: (*incredulously*) Pretending to faint? That was your plan?

LINCOLN: (*smugly*) Indeed. Now grab his gun and let's get out of here!

FARADAY: But what about the notebook?
LINCOLN: It is of little use to us in its current state. We must move quickly!
SFX: SUSPENSEFUL MUSIC STING UP AND UNDER

END OF SCENE FOUR

SCENE FIVE

SFX: CRICKETS IN BACKGROUND
FARADAY: I believe it is dark enough that we can come out of these woods now.
LINCOLN: Oh look at it! My poor White House! I cannot believe that they burned it to the ground!
FARADAY: At least they left the horse stable. Just keep your fingers crossed that the time pod is still there.
SFX: SOUND OF DOOR CREAKING OPEN THEN HORSES NEIGHING UP AND UNDER
LINCOLN: (*solemnly*) Your machine appears to still be here. I think it best that you make use of it.
FARADAY: But, sir, what about you?
LINCOLN: Me? I am alive, sir, thanks to you. However, my country is in shambles, and I am on the run from the law. But I am alive, nonetheless. And now it is best that you be going.
FARADAY: Sir . . .
SFX: SOUND OF GUN BEING COCKED
FARADAY: I'm so sorry, Mister President.
LINCOLN: How dare you point that gun at me! Haven't you done enough already?
FARADAY: This situation is all my fault. By trying to save you, I have destroyed what was. However, I think I know how to make it all right again.
SFX: SOUND OF BUGLE BLARING FAR OFF MIC
SOLDIER 1: (*yelling off mic*) The fugitives—they are in the old stable!
FARADAY: Quick, sir, get in the time pod!
LINCOLN: But there is only room for one! What about you?
SOLDIER 1: (*yelling off mic, but closer than before*) Quick, men! Break the door down!
SFX: SOUND OF BASHING AT DOOR
FARADAY: There's no time to argue! Get in!
LINCOLN: But where will it take me?
FARADAY: The machine will automatically go back to this morning in the Oval Office!
LINCOLN: But what of you?
FARADAY: By seeing you thrash John Wilkes Booth this morning I, sir, was

able to witness slight reparation for one of history's greatest crimes. To have been part of the ending everyone wished had happened is enough, regardless of the consequences.

LINCOLN: Is there no other way?
FARADAY: If you get back there, none of this will have happened and we can try another way of foiling Booth! Now go!
SFX: SOUND OF BASHING AT DOOR
SOLDIER 1: (*yelling off mic*) That's it, men! It's starting to give way!
FARADAY: You must go now, sir, or my life will indeed have been in vain.
LINCOLN: I, sir, am in your debt. Until we meet again.
SFX: SOUND OF HATCH CLOSING THEN OSCILLATING WHIRRING SOUND UP HIGH THEN ABRUPT STOP
FARADAY: (*to himself*) The ending everyone wanted. Godspeed, Mister Lincoln.
SFX: SOUND OF DOOR BURSTING OPEN
SFX: SUSPENSEFUL MUSIC STING UP AND UNDER

END OF SCENE FIVE

SCENE SIX

MUSIC: SOMBER STRINGS UP AND UNDER
SFX: SOUNDS OF MEN MARCHING IN THE DISTANCE AND "BATTLE HYMN OF REPUBLIC" UP AND UNDER
SERGEANT: (*off mic, distant*) Hold up! Company halt! Present arms! Fire!
SFX: DISTANT VOLLEY OF GUNSHOTS
LINCOLN: And, as all things, the sun rises, oblivious to us mortals.
SILAS: It's a beautiful sight, sir. I have brought your meal as requested. But have you had any sleep at all?
LINCOLN: (*yawning*) Worry not, my loyal servant. My house being in order, soon, I shall sleep. Soon enough. Go now and leave me with my book. The nation shall need us all more when she awakes.
SILAS: But, sir!
LINCOLN: Go—I wish to await what comes . . . alone.
SILAS: As you wish, sir.
SFX: SOUNDS OF FOOTSTEPS WALKING OFF MIC THEN SOUND OF DOOR OPENING AND SHUTTING
LINCOLN: Come, old friend. I await you.
SFX: OSCILLATING WHIRRING SOUND UP HIGH THEN ABRUPT STOP SEGUE TO HISSING SOUND AND SOUND OF HATCH OPENING
FARADAY: (*excitedly*) Mr. Lincoln! Mister Lincoln! I have a matter of utmost importance!
LINCOLN: (*calmly*) Certainly, sir. How may I be of service to you?

FARADAY: Sir, no. I know you will not believe me but . . .

LINCOLN: I know. You have come to save me.

FARADAY: But, sir—Mister Lincoln—perhaps you do not understand . . . I come from . . .

LINCOLN: I know. You come from the future. To this place. To this date. As you have before.

FARADAY: *(taken aback)* What? How can you know?

LINCOLN: Please, sit, old friend. I have something to show you. Does this look familiar?

FARADAY: My logbook? But how can you have . . .

LINCOLN: Indeed, sir, you are as a diligent record-keeper as you are a strategist. But, here, I suggest that take a minute to refresh your memory of your accomplishments. As you can see, it is written by your own hand.

SFX: FLIPPING PAGES

FARADAY: I don't understand—how can this be?

LINCOLN: Indeed—examine it carefully while I . . .

SFX: CRASH OF VASE THEN BODY SLUMPING TO FLOOR

LINCOLN: I am sorry, old friend. You deserve far better than the treachery of being struck from behind. But this time fate must wend its course. Now . . .

SFX: SOUND OF HATCH OPENING

LINCOLN: . . . to put you back in the time pod.

SFX: SOUND OF BODY BEING PLACED IN TIME POD AND HISSING SOUND OF HATCH CLOSING

LINCOLN: And send you back to where you belong.

SFX: BEEPING THEN OSCILLATING WHIRRING SOUND UP HIGH THEN ABRUPT STOP FOLLOWED BY LOUD KNOCKING AT OFF MIC DOOR

MARY: *(shouting off mic)* Abraham? Abraham! Are you in there? This is your wife! Open this door this instant!

SFX: FOOTSTEPS THEN SOUND OF DOOR OPENING

LINCOLN: My dear wife. My sleeplessness has again troubled you. I promise you it will not happen again. I tire – will you see me upstairs?

MARY: *(sharply)* Well, it's about time! I am glad to see that you have finally come to your senses.

LINCOLN: Indeed, my dear, I have. Now let us rest up for what promises to be a very busy day.

SFX: SOUND OF DOOR CLOSING THEN MAJESTIC MUSIC UP AND UNDER FOR FIVE SECONDS

END ACT II

WOMAN: (*sung*) Nutty-os! The treat the kids just love to eat! Buy a box today!

NARRATOR: Hey, kids! Would you like to grow up to be such a brave man as Abraham Lincoln? Get a start on that today with your own free Nutty-os time machine! Made from solid duraboard with a space-age clear plastic viewport, the Nutty-os time machine is your ticket to adventure after adventure after adventure. And with the Nutty-os time machine, you're not limited to going back to save Mister Lincoln. You can pretend to go to any place in time you want. Imagine the hours of fun you'll have when you join Christopher Columbus as he sails to discover America! Or help King Arthur pull the sword from the stone. Or maybe even go into (*with reverb*) the future! The kind folks at Foster Foods spent hours designing this special time machine, and it's yours free when you send in five box tops of delicious Nutty-os cereal to Nutty-os Time Machine Offer, Box thirty four, Union Station, New York City. That's Nutty-os Time Machine Offer, Box thirty four, Union Station, New York, New York. Don't forget to include thirty five cents for postage and handling. This is a limited time offer, so send for yours today!

WOMAN: (*sung*) Nutty-os! The treat the kids just love to eat! Buy a box today!

SFX: MAJESTIC THEME MUSIC UP AND UNDER FOR TEN SECONDS