that is, she taught him French. It was rough going at first, but he was eager. And soon they could make decent conversation. They became close. In their way. Made a go of it. Raised uh family. Thuh usual. He told his war stories en français. She opened up uh finishing academy and they prospered. And they lived that way. Lived happily ever after and stuff like that. Talking back and forth. This is Ms. Patty. At thuh Front.
The Roles

Act One:

THE FOUNDLING FATHER, AS ABRAHAM LINCOLN
A VARIETY OF VISITORS

Act Two:

LUCY
BRAZIL
THE FOUNDLING FATHER, AS ABRAHAM LINCOLN
2 ACTORS
The Visitors in Act One are played by the 2 Actors who assume the roles in the passages from Our American Cousin in Act Two.

Place
A great hole. In the middle of nowhere. The hole is an exact replica of The Great Hole of History.

Synopsis of Acts and Scenes

Act One: Lincoln Act

Act Two: The Hall of Wonders
A. Big Bang
B. Echo
C. Archeology
D. Echo
E. Spadework
F. Echo
G. The Great Beyond

Brackets in the text indicate optional cuts for production.

In the beginning, all the world was America.
— JOHN LOCKE

ACT ONE: LINCOLN ACT

A great hole. In the middle of nowhere. The hole is an exact replica of the Great Hole of History.

THE FOUNDLING FATHER AS ABRAHAM LINCOLN: “To stop too fearful and too faint to go.”
(Rest)
“He digged the hole and the whole held him.”
(Rest)
“I cannot dig, to beg I am ashamed.”
(Rest)
“He went to the theatre but home went she.”
(Rest)
Goatee. Goatee. What he sported when he died. It's not my favorite.
(Rest)
“He digged the hole and the whole held him.” Huh.
(Rest)
There was once a man who was told that he bore a strong resemblance to Abraham Lincoln. He was tall and thinly built just like the Great Man. His legs were the longer part just like the Great Man's legs. His hands and feet were large as the Great Man's were large. The Lesser Known had several beards which he carried around in a box. The beards were his although he himself had not grown them on his face but since he'd secretly bought the hairs from his barber and arranged their beard shapes and since the

procurement and upkeep of his beards took so much work he figured that the beards were completely his. Were as authentic as he was, so to speak. His beard box was of cherry wood and lined with purple velvet. He had the initials “A.L.” tooled in gold on the lid.

(Rest)

While the Great Man’s livelihood kept him in Big Town the Lesser Knowns work kept him in Small Town. The Great Man by trade was a President. The Lesser Known was a Digger by trade. From a family of Diggers. Dug graves. He was known in Small Town to dig his graves quickly and neatly. This brought him a steady business.

(Rest)

A wink to Mr. Lincoln’s pasteboard cutout. (Winks at Lincoln’s pasteboard cutout)

(Pre-1865)

A wink to Mr. Lincoln’s pasteboard cutout. (Winks at Lincoln’s pasteboard cutout)

(Pre-1865)

It would be helpful to our story if when the Great Man died in death he were to meet the Lesser Known. It would be helpful to our story if, say, the Lesser Known were summoned to Big Town by the Great Man’s wife: “Emergency oh, Emergency, please put the Great Man in the ground” (they say the Great Man’s wife was given to hysterics: one young son dead others sickly: even the Great Man couldn’t save them: a war on then off and surrendered to: “Play Dixie I always liked that song”: the brother against the brother: a new nation all conceived and ready to be hatched: the Great Man takes to guffawing guffawing at thin jokes in bad plays: “You sockdologizing old man-trap!” haw haw haw because he and one moment the Great Man is gunned down. In his rocker. “Useless Useless.” And there were bills to pay.) “Emergency, oh Emergency please put the Great Man in the ground.”

(Pre-1865)

It is said that the Great Man’s wife did call out and it is said that the Lesser Known would [sneak away from his digging and stand behind a tree where he couldn’t be seen or get up and] leave his wife and child after the blessing had been said and [the meat carved during the distribution of the vegetables it is said that he would leave his wife and his child and] standing in the kitchen or sometimes out in the yard [between the right angles of the house] stand out there where he couldn’t be seen standing with his ear cocked. “Emergency, oh Emergency, please put the Great Man in the ground.”

(Pre-1865)

It would help if she had called out and if he had been summoned been given a ticket all bought and paid for and boarded a train in his look-alike black frock coat bought on time and already exhausted. Ridiculous. If he had been summoned. [Been summoned between the meat and the vegetables and boarded a train to Big Town where he would line up and gawk at the Great Man corpse along with the rest of them.] But none of this was meant to be.

(Pre-1865)

A nod to the bust of Mr. Lincoln. (Nods to the bust of Lincoln) But none of this was meant to be. For the Great Man had been murdered long before the Lesser Known had been born. Huh huh huh huh huh. So that any calling that had been done he couldn’t hear, any summoning he had hoped for he couldn’t answer but somehow not even unheard and unanswered because he hadn’t even been there] although you should note that he talked about the murder and the mourning that followed as if he’d been called away on business at the time and because of the business had missed it. Living regretting he hadn’t arrived sooner. Being told from birth practically that he and the Great Man were dead ringers, more or less, and knowing that he, if he had been in the slightest vicinity back then, would have had at least a chance at the great honor of digging the Great Man’s grave.

(Pre-1865)

This beard I wear for the holidays. I got shoes to match. Rarely wear em together. Its a little much.
[His son named in a fit of meanness after the bad joke about fancy nuts and old mens toes his son looked like a nobody. Not Mr. Lincoln or the father or the mother either for that matter although the father had assumed the superiority of his own blood and hadnt really expected the mother to exert any influence.]

(Rest)

Sunday. Always slow on Sunday. I'll get thuh shoes. Youll see. A wink to Mr. Lincolns pasteboard cutout. (Winks at Lincolns cutout)

(Rest)

Everyone who has ever walked the earth has a shape around which their entire lives and their posterity shapes itself. The Great Man had his log cabin into which he was born, the distance between the cabin and Big Town multiplied by the half-life, the staying power of his words and image, being the true measurement of the Great Mans stature. The Lesser Known had a favorite hole. A chasm, really. Not a hole he had digging but one he'd visited. Long before the son was born. When he and his Lucy were newly wedded. Lucy kept secrets for the dead. And they figured what with his digging and her Confidence work they could build a mourning business. The son would be a weeper. Such a long time ago. So long ago. When he and his Lucy were newly wedded and looking for some postnuptial excitement: A Big Hole. A theme park. With historical parades. The size of the hole itself was enough to impress any Digger but it was the Historicity of the place the order and beauty of the pageants which marched by them the Greats on parade in front of them. From the sidelines he'd be calling "Owayohwhyohwayoh" and "Hello" and waving and saluting. The Hole and its Historicity and the part he played in it all gave a shape to the life and posterity of the Lesser Known that he could never shake.

(Rest)

Here they are. I wont put them on. I'll just hold them up. See. Too much. Told ya. [Much much later when the Lesser Known had made a name for himself he began to record his own movements. He hoped he'd be of interest to posterity. As in the Great Mans footsteps.]
wart they pronounced the 2 men in virtual twinship.

(Replay)

(Replay)
“He digged the Hole and the Whole held him.”

(Replay)
“I cannot dig, to beg I am ashamed.”

The Lesser Known had under his belt a few of the Great Man’s words and after a day of digging, in the evenings, would stand in his hole reciting. But the Lesser Known was a curiosity at best. None of those who spoke of his virtual twinship with greatness would actually pay money to watch him be that greatness. One day he tacked up posters inviting them to come and throw old food at him while he spoke. This was a moderate success. People began to save their old food “for Mr. Lincoln” they said. He took to traveling, playing small towns. Made money. And when someone remarked that he played Lincoln so well that he ought to be shot, it was as if the Great Man’s footsteps had been suddenly revealed:

(Replay)
The Lesser Known returned to his hole and, instead of speaking, his act would now consist of a single chair, a rocker, in a dark “box.” The public was invited to pay a penny, choose from the selection of provided pistols, enter the darkened box and “Shoot Mr. Lincoln.” The Lesser Known became famous overnight.

(A Man, as John Wilkes Booth, enters. He takes a gun and “stands in position”: at the left side of the Foundling Father, as Abraham Lincoln, pointing the gun at the Foundling Father’s head)

A MAN: Ready.

THE FOUNDLING FATHER: Haw Haw Haw Haw

(Rest)

HAW HAW HAW HAW

(Booth shoots. Lincoln “slumps in his chair.” Booth jumps)

A MAN (Theatrically): “The South is avenged!”

(Rest)

Hhhh.

Thank you.

THE FOUNDLING FATHER: Pleasures mine.

A MAN: Till next week.

THE FOUNDLING FATHER: Till next week.

(A Man exits)

8 Or “Sic semper tyrannis.” Purportedly, Booth’s words after he slew Lincoln and leapt from the presidential box to the stage of Ford’s Theatre in Washington, D.C. on 14 April 1865, not only killing the President but also interrupting a performance of Our American Cousin, starring Miss Laura Keene.

9 Allegedly, Booth’s words.
THE FOUNDLING FATHER: Comes once a week that one. Always chooses the Derringer although we've got several styles he always chooses the Derringer. Always "The tyrants" and then "The South avenged." The ones who choose the Derringer are the ones for History. He's one for History. As it Used to Be. Never wavers. No frills. By the book. Nothing excessive.

(A Woman, as Booth, enters)

A WOMAN: Excuse me.

THE FOUNDLING FATHER: Not at all.

(A Woman, as Booth, "stands in position")
(Rest. Exits. Reenters. Steps downstage. Rest)

LIES!

(Lies. Rest. Exits)

THE FOUNDLING FATHER (Rest): I think I'll wear the yellow beard. Variety. Works like uh tonic.

(Rest)

Some inaccuracies are good for business. Take the stovepipe hat! Never really worn indoors but people dont like their Lincoln hatless.

(Rest)

Mr. Lincoln my apologies. (Nods to the bust and winks to the cutout)

(Rest)

[Blonde. Not bad if you like a stretch. Hmmm. Let us pretend for a moment that our beloved Mr. Lincoln was a blonde. "The sun on his fair hair looked like the sun itself." Now. What interested our Mr. Lesser Known most was those feet between where the Great Blond Man sat, in his rocker, the stage, the time it took the murderer to cross that expanse, and how the murderer crossed it. He jumped. Broke his leg in the jumping. It was said that the Great Mans wife then began to scream. (She was given to hysterics several years afterward in fact declared insane did you know she ran around Big Town poor desperate for money trying to sell her clothing? On that sad night she begged her servant: "Bring in Taddy, Father will speak to Taddy." But Father died instead unconscious. And she went mad from grief. Off her rocker. Mad Mary claims she hears her dead men. Summoning. The older son, Robert, he locked her up: "Emergency, oh, Emergency please put the Great Man in the ground.")

11 From "The Sun," a composition by The Foundling Father, unpublished.

12 Mary Todd Lincoln, wanting her dying husband to speak to their son Tad, might have said this that night.

(Enter B Man, as Booth. He "stands in position")

THE FOUNDLING FATHER: Haw Haw Haw Haw

(Rest)

HAW HAW HAW HAW

(Booth shoots. Lincoln "slumps in his chair." Booth jumps)

B MAN: "Now he belongs to the ages." [Blonde? (Rest)

THE FOUNDLING FATHER: (I only talk with the regulars.)

B MAN: He wasn't blonde. (Exits)

THE FOUNDLING FATHER: A slight deafness in this ear other than that there are no side effects.

(Rest)

Ilhh. Clean-shaven for a while. The face needs air. Clean-shaven as in his youth. When he met his Mary. —. Ilhh. Blonde. (Rest)

6 feet under is a long way to go. Imagine. When the Lesser Known left to find his way out West he figured he had dug over 7 hundred and 23 graves. 7 hundred and 23. Excluding his Big Hole. Excluding the hundreds of shallow holes he later digs the hundreds of shallow holes he'll use to bury his faux-historical knickknacks when he finally quits this business. Not including those. 7 hundred and 23 graves.

(C Man and C Woman enter)

C MAN: You allow 2 at once?

THE FOUNDLING FATHER (Rest)

C WOMAN: We're just married. You know: newlyweds. We hope you don't mind. Us both at once.

THE FOUNDLING FATHER (Rest)

13 The words of Secretary of War Edwin Stanton, as Lincoln died.
C MAN: We're just married.
C WOMAN: Newlyweds.

THE FOUNDLING FATHER

(Rest)
(Rest)

(They "stand in position." Both hold one gun)

C MAN AND C WOMAN: Shoot.

THE FOUNDLING FATHER: Haw Haw Haw Haw

(Rest)
HAW HAW HAW HAW

(Rest)
HAW HAW HAW HAW

(They shoot. Lincoln "slumps in his chair." They jump)

C MAN: Go on.
C WOMAN (Theatrically): "They've killed the president!" 14

(Rest. They exit)

THE FOUNDLING FATHER: They'll have children and they'll bring their children here. A slight deafness in this ear other than that there are no side effects. Little ringing in the ears. Slight deafness. I can't complain.

The passage of time. The crossing of space. [The Lesser Known recorded his every movement.] He'd hoped he'd be of interest in posterity. [Once again riding in the Great Man's footsteps.] A nod to the president's bust. (Nods)

(Rest)
The Great Man lived in the past that is was an inhabitant of time immemorial and the Lesser Known out West alive a resident of the present. And the Great Man's deeds had transpired during the life of the Great Man somewhere in past-land that is somewhere "back there" and all this while the Lesser Known digging his holes bearing the burden of his resemblance all the while trying somehow to equal the Great Man in stature, word and deed going forward with his lesser life trying somehow to follow in the Great Man's footsteps footsteps that were of course behind him. The Lesser Known trying somehow to catch up to the Great Man all this while and maybe running too fast in the wrong direction. Which is to say that maybe the Great Man had to catch him. Hhhh. Ridiculous.

(Rest)
Full fringe. The way he appears on the money.

(A Man, as John Wilkes Booth, enters. He takes a gun and "stands in position": at the left side of the Foundling Father, as Abraham Lincoln, pointing the gun at the Foundling Father's head)

THE FOUNDLING FATHER: Mmm. Like clockwork.
A MAN: Ready.

THE FOUNDLING FATHER: Haw Haw Haw Haw

(Rest)
HAW HAW HAW HAW

(Booth shoots. Lincoln "slumps in his chair." Booth jumps)

A MAN (Theatrically): "Thus to the tyrants!"

14 The words of Mary Todd, just after Lincoln was shot.
(Rest)
Hhhhh.
LINCOLN
BOOTH
LINCOLN
BOOTH
LINCOLN
BOOTH
LINCOLN
BOOTH
LINCOLN

(Booth jumps)

A MAN (Theatrically): “The South is avenged!”
(Rest)
Hhhhh.
(Rest)
Thank you.
THE FOUNDLING FATHER: Pleasures mine.
A MAN: Next week then. (Exits)
THE FOUNDLING FATHER: Little ringing in the ears. Slight deafness.
(Rest)
Little ringing in the ears.
(Rest)
A wink to the Great Man’s cutout. A nod to the Great Man’s bust.
Once again striding in the Great Man’s footsteps. Riding on in. Riding to the rescue the way they do. They both had such long legs. Such big feet. And the Greater Man had such a lead although of course somehow still “back there.” If the Lesser Known had slowed down stopped moving completely gone in reverse died maybe the Greater Man could have caught up. Woulda had a chance. Woulda sneaked up behind him the Greater Man would have sneaked up behind the Lesser Known unbeknownst and wrestled him to the ground. Stabbed him in the back. In revenge. “Thus to the tyrants!” Shot him maybe. The Lesser Known forgets

who he is and just crumples. His bones cannot be found. The Greater Man continues on.
(Rest)
“Emergency, oh Emergency, please put the Great Man in the ground.”
(Rest)
Only a little ringing in the ears. That’s all. Slight deafness.
(Rest)
(He puts on the blonde beard)
Huh. What do you say I wear the blonde.
(Rest)
(A gunshot echoes. Softly. And echoes)
ACT TWO: THE HALL OF WONDERS

A gunshot echoes. Loudly. And echoes. They are in a great hole. In the middle of nowhere. The hole is an exact replica of The Great Hole of History.

A gunshot echoes. Loudly. And echoes. Lucy with ear trumpet circulates. Brazil digs.

A. Big Bang

LUCY: Hear that?
BRAZIL: Zit him?
LUCY: No.
BRAZIL: Oh.

(A gunshot echoes. Loudly. And echoes)

LUCY: Hear?
BRAZIL: Zit him?!
LUCY: Nope. Ssuhecho.
BRAZIL: Ssuhecho.
BRAZIL: Thuh echoes.
(Rest)
LUCY: Youre stopped.
BRAZIL: Mmlistenin.
LUCY: Dig on, Brazil. Cant stop diggin till you dig up somethin. Your Daddy was uh Digger.
BRAZIL: Uh huhn
LUCY
BRAZIL

(The America Play / 175)

LUCY: Its always been important in my line to distinguish. Thuh know thuh difference. Not like your Fathuh. Your Fathuh became confused. His lonely death and lack of proper burial is our embarrassment. Go on: dig. Now me I need thuh know thuh real thing from thuh echo. Thuh truth from thuh hearsay.

(Rest)
Bram Price for example. His dear ones and relations told me his dying words but Bram Price hisself of course told me something quite different.
BRAZIL: I wept forim.
LUCY: Whispered his true secrets to me and to me uh lone.
BRAZIL: Then he died.
LUCY: Then he died.
(Rest)
LUCY: Thuh things he told me I will never tell. Mr. Bram Price. Huh.
(Rest)
Dig on.
BRAZIL
LUCY
BRAZIL
LUCY: Little Bram Price Junior.
BRAZIL: Thuh fat one?
LUCY: Burned my eardrums. Just like his Dad did.
BRAZIL: I wailed forim.
LUCY: Ten days dead wept over and buried and that boy comes back. Not him though. His echo. Sits down tuh dinner and eats up everybodys food just like he did when he was livin.
(Rest)
(Little Bram Junior. Burned my eardrums. Miz Penny Price his mother. Thuh things she told me I will never tell.
(Rest)
You remember her.
BRAZIL: Wore red velvet in August.
LUCY: When her 2 Brams passed she sold herself, son.
BRAZIL: O.
LUCY: Also lost her mind. —. She finally went. Like your Fathuh went, perhaps. Foul play.
BRAZIL: I gnashed for her.
LUCY: You did.
BRAZIL: Couldn't choose between wailin or gnashin. Weepin sobbin or moanin. Went for gnashing. More to it. Gnashed for her and hers like I have never gnashed. I woulda tore at my coat but that's extra. Chipped uh tooth. One in thuh front.
LUCY: You did your job son.
BRAZIL: I did my job.
LUCY: Confidence. Huh. Thuh things she told me I will never tell.
(Rest)
You're stopped.
BRAZIL: Mmlistenin.
LUCY: Dig on, Brazil.
BRAZIL
LUCY
BRAZIL: We aren't from these parts.
LUCY: No. We're not.
BRAZIL: Daddy iduhnt either.
LUCY: Your Daddy iduhnt either.
(Rest)
Dig on, son. —. Cant stop diggin till you dig up somethin. You dig that something up you brush that something off you give that something uh designated place. Its own place. Along with thuh other discoveries. In thuh Hall of Wonders. Uh place in the Hall of Wonders right uhlong with thuh rest of thuh Wonders hear?
BRAZIL: Uh huhn.
(Rest)
LUCY: Bram Price Senior, son. Bram Price Senior was not thuh man he claimed tuh be. Huh. Nope. Was not thuh man he claimed tuh be atall. You ever see him in his stocking feet? Or barefoot? Course not. I guessed before he told me. He told me then he died. He told me and I havent told no one. I'm uh good

Confidence. As Confidences go. Huh. One of thuh best. As Confidence, nunnly contracted tuh keep quiet 12 years. After 12 years nobody cares. For 19 years I have kept his secret. In my bosom.
(Rest)
He wore lifts in his shoes, son.
BRAZIL: Lifts?
LUCY: Lifts. Made him seem taller than he was.
BRAZIL: Bram Price Senior?
LUCY: Bram Price Senior wore lifts in his shoes yes he did, Brazil. I tell you just as he told me with his last breaths on his dying bed: "Lifts." Thats all he said. Then he died. I put thuh puzzle pieces in place. I put thuh puzzle pieces in place. Couldn't tell no one though. Not even your Pa. "Lifts." I never told no one son. For 19 years I have kept Brarns secret in my bosom. Youre thuh first tuh know. Hhh! Dig on. Dig on.
BRAZIL: Dig on.
LUCY
BRAZIL
LUCY

(A gunshot echoes. Loudly. And echoes)

BRAZIL (Rest): If Pa was here we'd find his bones.
LUCY: Not always.
BRAZIL: There'd be his bones and there'd be thuh Wonders surrounding his bones.
LUCY: I've heard of different.
BRAZIL: There'd be thuh Wonders surrounding his bones and there'd be his Whispers.
LUCY: Maybe.
BRAZIL: Fifty spast like they say he'd of parlayed to uhh Confidence his last words and dying wishes. His secrets and his dreams.
LUCY: Thats how we pass back East. They could pass different out here.
BRAZIL: We got Daddys ways Daddys got ours. When theres no Confidence available we just dribble thuh words out. In uh whisper.
LUCY: Sometimes.
BRAZIL: Thuh Confidence gather up thuh whispers when she arrives.
LUCY: Youre uh prize, Brazil. Uh prize.]
BRAZIL
LUCY
BRAZIL
LUCY

BRAZIL: You hear him then? His whispers?
LUCY: Not exactly.
BRAZIL: He wuduhnt here then.
LUCY: He was here.
BRAZIL: Fflyou dont hear his whispers he wuduhnt here.
LUCY: Whispers dont always come up right away. Takes time sometimes. Whispers could travel different out West than they do back East. Maybe slower. Maybe. Whispers are secrets and often shy. We aint seen your Pa in 30 years. That could be part of it. We also could be experiencing some sort of interference. Or some sort of technical difficulty. Ssard tuh tell.

(REST)

So much to live for.
BRAZIL: So much to live for.
LUCY: Look on thuh bright side.
LUCY: DIIIIIIIIIIIIIG!
BRAZIL: Dig.
LUCY
BRAZIL
LUCY: Hellooo! —. Hellooooo!
BRAZIL
LUCY
BRAZIL: We're from out East. We’re not from these parts.

(REST)

My foe-father, her husband, my Daddy, her mate, her man, my Pa come out here. Out West.

(REST)

Come out here all uh lone. Cleared thuh path tamed thuh wilderness dug this whole Hole with his own 2 hands and et cetera.

(REST)

Left his family behind. Back East. His Lucy and his child. He waved “Goodbye.” Left us tuh carry on. I was only 5.

(REST)

My Daddy was uh Digger. Shes whatcha call uh Confidence. I did thuh weepin and thuh moanin.

(REST)

His lonely death and lack of proper burial is our embarrassment.

(REST)

Diggin was his livelihood but fakin was his callin. Ssonly natural heud come out here and combine thuh 2. Back East he was always diggin. He was uh natural. Could dig uh hole for uh body that passed like no one else. Digged em quick and they looked good too. This Hole here — this large one — ssshis biggest venture to date. So says hearsay.

(REST)

Uh exact replica of thuh Great Hole of History!
LUCY: Shhhhhhhh.
BRAZIL: (REST): Thuh original ssback East. He and Lucy they hon­­cymooned there. At thuh original Great Hole. Its uh popular spot. He and Her would sit on thuh lip and watch everybody who was ever anybody parade on by. Daily parades! Just like thuh 'lee Vee. Mr. George Washington, for example, thuh Fathuh of our Country himself, would rise up from thuh dead and walk uhround and cross thuh Delaware and say stuff!! Right before their very eyes!!

LUCY: Son?
BRAZIL: Huh?
LUCY: That itdunht how it went.
BRAZIL: Oh.
LUCY: Thuh Mr. Washington me and your Daddy seen was uh lookuhlike of thuh Mr. Washington of history-fame, son.
BRAZIL: Oh.
LUCY: Thuh original Mr. Washingtonssbeen long dead.
BRAZIL: O.
LUCY: That Hole back East was uh theme park son. Keep your story to scale.

BRAZIL: K.

(Rest)

Him and Her would sit by thuh lip ulong with thuh others all in uh row cameras clickin and theyud look down into that Hole and see—ooooo—you name it. Every-day you could look down that Hole and see—ooooo you name it. Amerigo Vespucci hisself made regular appearances. Marcus Garvey. Ferdinand and Isabella. Mary Queen of thuh Scots! Tarzan King of thuh Ape! Washington Jefferson Harding and Millard Fillmore. Mistufer Columbus even. Oh they saw all thuh greats. Parading daily in thuh Great Hole of History.

(Rest)

My Fathuh did thuh living and thuh dead. Small-town and big-time. Mr. Lincoln was of course his favorite.

(Rest)

Not only Mr. Lincoln but Mr. Lincolns last show. His last deeds. His last laughs.

(Rest)

Being uh Digger of some renown Daddy comes out here tuh build uh like attraction. So says hearsay. Figures there people out here who’ll enjoy amusements such as them amusements He and Her enjoyed. We’re all citizens of one country afterall.

(Rest)

Mmrestin.

(A gunshot echoes. Loudly. And echoes

BRAZIL: Woooo! (Drops dead)
LUCY: Youre fakin Mr. Brazil.
BRAZIL: Uh uhmm.
LUCY: Tryin tuh get you some benefits.
BRAZIL: Uh uhmmmm.
LUCY: I know me uh faker when I see one. Your Father was uh faker. Huh. One of thuh best. There wuduhnt nobody your Fathuh couldnt do. Did thuh living and thuh dead. Small-town and big-time. Made-up and historical. Fakin was your Daddys callin but diggin was his livelihood. Oh, back East he was always diggin. Was uh natural. Could dig uh hole for uh body that passed like no one else. Digged em quick and they looked good too. You dont remember of course you dont.

BRAZIL: I was only 5.


BRAZIL: I was only 5—

LUCY: —only 5. Mr. Lincoln was of course your Fathuhs favorite. Wuz. Huh. Wuz. Huh. Heresay says he’s past. Your Daddy. Digged this hole then he died. So says hearsay.

(Rest)

Dig, Brazil.

BRAZIL: My paw—

LUCY: Soony natural that heud come out here tuh dig out one of his own. He loved that Great Hole so. He’d stand at thuh lip of that Great Hole: “OHWAYOHWHYOHWAYOH!”

BRAZIL: “OHWAYOHWHYOHWAYOH!”

LUCY: “OHWAYOHWHYOHWAYOH!” You know: hole talk. Ohwayohwhyoheyoh, just tuh get their attention, then: “Hellooo!” He’d shout down to em. Theyed call back “Helllooooo!” and wave. He loved that Great Hole so. Came out here. Digged this lookuhlike.

BRAZIL: Then he died?

LUCY: Then he died. Your Daddy died right here. Hub. Oh, he was uh faker. Uh greaaaat biiiiig faker too. He was your Fathuh. Thats thuh connection. You take after him.

BRAZIL: I do?


(Rest)

DIG!

BRAZIL: 
LUCY
BRAZIL
LUCY: Woah! Woah!
BRAZIL: Whatchaheard?!
LUCY: No tellin, son. Cant say.

(Brazzdigs. Lucycirculates)

BRAZIL. (Rest. Rest): On thuh day he claimed to be the 100th anniversary of the founding of our country the Father took the Son out into the yard. The Father threw himself down in front of the Son and bit into the dirt with his teeth. His eyes leaked. “This is how youll make your mark, Son” the Father said. The Son was only 2 then. “This is the Wail,” the Father said. “There’s money init,” the Father said. The Son was only 2 then. Quiet. On what he claimed was the 101st anniversary the Father showed the Son “the Weep” “the Sob” and “the Moan.” How to stand just so what to do with the hands and feet (to capitalize on what we in the business call “the Mourning Moment”). Formal stances the Father picked up at the History Hole. The Son studied night and day. By candlelight. No one could best him. The money came pouring in. On the 102nd anniversary15 the Son was 5 and the Father taught him “the Gnash.” The day after that the Father left for out West. To seek his fortune. In the middle of dinnertime. The Son was eating his peas.

LUCY
BRAZIL
LUCY
BRAZIL
LUCY: Hellooooo! Hellooooo!
(Rest)
BRAZIL
LUCY
BRAZIL: HO! (Unearths something)
LUCY: Whatcha got?
BRAZIL: Uh Wonder!

15 Hearsay.

LUCY: Uh Wonder!
BRAZIL: Uh Wonder! Ho!
LUCY: Dust it off and put it over with thuh rest of thuh Wonders.
BRAZIL: Uh bust.
LUCY: Whose?
BRAZIL: Says “A. Lincoln.” A. Lincolns bust. — Abraham Lincolns bust!!!
LUCY: Howuhbouthat!
(Rest)
(Woah! Woah!
BRAZIL: Whatchaheard?
LUCY: Uh—. Cant say.
BRAZIL: Whatchaheard?!!
LUCY: SSSshhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!
(Rest)
dig!

B. Echo

THE FOUNDLING FATHER: Ladies and Gentlemen: Our American Cousin, Act III, scene 5:
MR. TRENCHARD: Have you found it?
MISS KEENE: I find no trace of it. (Discovering) What is this?!
MR. TRENCHARD: This is the place where father kept all the old deeds.
MISS KEENE: Oh my poor muddled brain! What can this mean?!
MR. TRENCHARD (With difficulty): I cannot survive the downfall of my house but choose instead to end my life with a pistol to my head!

(Appplause)

THE FOUNDLING FATHER: OHWAYOHWHYOHWAYOH!
(Rest)
(Rest)
Hellooooooo!
(Rest)
Hellooooooo!
(Rest. Waves)

C. Archeology

BRAZIL: You hear im?
LUCY: Echo of thuh first sort: thuh sound. (E.g. thuh gunplay.)
(Rest)
Echo of thuh 2nd sort: thuh words. Type A: thuh words from thuh dead. Category: Unrelated.
(Rest)
Echo of thuh 2nd sort. Type B: words less fortunate: thuh Disem-bodied Voice. Also known as “Thuh Whispers.” Category: Related. Like your Fathuh.
(Rest)
Echo of thuh 3rd sort: thuh body itself.
(Rest)
BRAZIL: You hear im.
LUCY: Cant say. Cant say, son.
BRAZIL: My faux-father. Thuh one who comed out here before us. Thuh one who left us behind. Tuh come out here all alone. Tuh do his bit. All them who comed before us—my Daddy. Hes one of them.
LUCY
(Rest)
BRAZIL: He's one of them. All of them who comed before us—my Daddy.
(Rest)
I'd say thuh creation of thuh world must uh been just like thuh clearing off of this plot. Just like him diggin his Hole. I'd say. Must uh been just as dug up. And unfair.
(Rest)
Peoples (or thuh what-was), just had tuh hit thuh road. In thuh beginning there was one of those voids here and then “bang” and then voilà! And here we is.

LUCY
(Rest)
But where did those voids that was here before we was here go off to? Hmm. In thuh beginning there were some of them voids here and then: KERBANG-KERBLAMMO! And now it all belongs tuh us.
LUCY
(Rest)
(Lucy)
BRAZIL: This Hole is our inheritance of sorts. My Daddy died and left it to me and Her. And when She goes, She's gonna give it all to me!!
LUCY: Dig, son.
BRAZIL: I'd rather dust and polish. (Puts something on)
LUCY: Dust and polish then. —. You dont got tuh put on that tuh do it.
BRAZIL: It helps. Uh Hehm. Uh Hehm. WELCOME WELCOME WELCOME TUH THUH HALL OF —
LUCY: Sssht.
BRAZIL.
LUCY
BRAZIL: (welcome welcome welcome to thuh hall. of. woonnder-

LUCY
(Rest)
LUCY: Keep it tuh scale.
BRAZIL: (Over here our newest Wonder: uh bust of Mr. Lincoln carved of marble lookin like he looked in life. Right heres thuh bit from thuh mouth of thuh mount on which some great Some-one rode thuh rescue. This is all thats left. Uh glass tradin bead—one of thuh first. Here are thuh lick-ed boots. Here, uh dried scrap of whales blubber. Uh petrified scrap of uh great blurber, servin to remind us that once this land was covered with sea. And blubbers were Kings. In this area here are several
...documents, receipts, bills of sale, treaties, notices, handbooks, receipts, wills, jewelry, lists of dyes, and Thru medals of bravery: for honesty, for trustworthiness, for standing tall, for standing still, for advancing and retreating, for standing and moving, for standing and sitting, for standing and thinking. Community cards, for swimming, croquet, and badminton. Community cards and for climbing, for bowling and scrapin'. Thru mail, this could all been his Zwieback. This is his...

LUCY: Keep it.
RIOU: Safe, Brazil.
LUCY: Safe, Brazil.
LUCY: May we...

RIOU: Rest.
LUCY: What's the plan?
RIOU: This will be his.
LUCY: Could we...

RIOU: Rest.
LUCY: What's the plan?
RIOU: This will be his.
LUCY: Could we...

RIOU: Rest.
LUCY: What's the plan?
RIOU: This will be his.
LUCY: Could we...

D. Echo


MR. TRENCHARD: You crave affection, you do. Now I've no fortune, but I'm biding over with affections, which I'm ready to pour out to all of you, like apple sauce over roast pork.

AGUSTA: Sir, your American talk do woo me.

THE FOUNDERLING FATHER (As Mrs. Mount): Mr. Trenchard, you will please recollect you are addressing my daughter and in my presence.

MR. TRENCHARD: Yes, I'm offering her my heart and hand just as she wants them, with nothing in 'em.

THE FOUNDERLING FATHER (As Mrs. Mount): Augusta dear, to your room.

AGUSTA: Yes, Ma, the nasty beast.

THE FOUNDERLING FATHER (As Mrs. Mount): Embarrass. Mr. Trenchard, that you are not used to the manners of good society, and that, alone, will excise the impertinence of which you have been guilty.
MR. TRENCHARD: Don't know the manners of good society, eh?
Wal, I guess I know enough to turn you inside out, old gal—you
sockdologizing old man-trap.

(Laughter. Applause)

THE FOUNDLING FATHER: Thanks. Thanks so much. Snyder
has always been a very special very favorite town uh mine. Thank
you thank you so very much. Loverly loverly evening loverly tuh
be here loverly tuh be here with you with all of you thank you very
much.
(Rest)
Uh Hehm. I only do thuh greats.
(Rest)
A crowd pleaser: 4score and 7 years ago our fathers brought forth
upon this continent a new nation conceived in Liberty and
dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal!
(Applause)
Nebraska. Ha! Lickety split!
(Applause)
And now, the centerpiece of the evening!!
(Rest)
Uh Hehm. The Death of Lincoln!: —. The watching of the play,
the laughter, the smiles of Lincoln and Mary Todd, the slipping of
Booth into the presidential box unseen, the freeing of the slaves,
the pulling of the trigger, the bullets piercing above the left ear,
the bullets entrance into the great head, the bullets lodging
behind the great right eye, the slumping of Lincoln, the leaping
onto the stage of Booth, the screaming of Todd, the screaming of
Todd, the screaming of Keene, the leaping onto the stage of Booth;
the screaming of Todd, the screaming of Keene, the shouting of
Booth "Thus to the tyrants!" the death of Lincoln! —And the
silence of the nation.
(Rest)
BR: Huh, Nebraska.
L: Nebraska, Lincoln.

(Rest)
Thuh year was way back when. Thuh place: our nations capitol.

(Rest)
Your Fathuh couldn't get that story out of his head: Mr. Lincoln's
great head. And thuh hole thuh fatal bullet bored. How that great
head was bleedin. Thuh body stretched crossways across thuh
bed. Thuh last words. Thuh last breaths. And how thuh nation

(Rest)
Couldn't get that story out of his head. Whuduhmnt my favorite page
from thuh book of Mr. Lincoln's life, me myself now I prefer thuh
part where he gets married to Mary Todd and she begins to lose her
mind (and then of course where he frees all thuh slaves) but shoot,
he couldn't get that story out of his head. Huh. Changed his life.

BR: (wahhhhhhh—)
L: There there, Brazil.

BR: (wahhhhhh—)
L: Don't weep. Got somethin for ya.

BR: (o)?
L: Spade. —. Don't scrunch up your face like that, son. Go on.
Take it.

BR: Spade?
L: Spade. He woudla wanted you tuh have it.

BR: Daddys diggin spade? Ssmuch.

L: I swannee you look more and more and more and more like
him every day.

BR: His chin?

L: You got his chin.

BR: His lips?

L: You got his lips.

BR: His teeths?

L: Top and bottom. In his youth. He had some. Just like yours.

BR: His frock coat. Was just like that. He had hisself uh stovpipe hat
which you lack. His medals—yours are for weepin his of course
were for diggin.

BR: And I got his spade.
L: And now you got his spade.

BR: We could say I'm his spittin image.

L: We could say that.

BR: We could say I just may follow in thuh footsteps of my foe-
father.

L: We could say that.

BR: Look on thuh bright side!

L: Look on thuh bright side!

BR: So much tuh live for!

L: So much tuh live for! Sweet land of—! Sweet land of—?

BR: Of liberty!

L: Of liberty! Thats it thats it and “Woah!” Lets say I hear his
words!

BR: And you could say?

L: And I could say.

BR: Lets say you hear his words!

L: Woah!

BR: What would he say?

L: He'd say, “Hello.” He'd say. —. “Hope you like your spade.”

BR: Tell him I do.

L: He'd say: “My how youve grown!” He'd say: “Hows your
weepin?” He'd say: —Ha! He's running through his states and cap-
itals! Licketysplit!

BR: Howshboutthat!

L: He'd say: “Uh house divided cannot stand!” He'd say: “4score
and 7 years ulsho.” Say: “Of thuh people by thuh people and for
thuh people.” Say: “Malice toward none and charity toward all.”
Say: “Cheat some of thuh people some of thuh time.” He'd say:
(and this is only to be spoken between you and me and him—)

K.

L: Lean in. Ssfor our ears and our ears uhlone.

BR.

L.

BR.

BR: O.

L: Howshboutthat. And here he comes. Striding on in striding
on in and he surveys thuh situation. And he nods thuh what we
found cause he knows his Wonders. And he smiles. And he tells
us of his doins all these years. And he does his Mr. Lincoln for
us. Uh great page from thuh great mans great life! And you n me
ll smile, cause then we’ll know, more or less, exactly where he is.

(Rest)

BRAZIL: Lucy? Where is he?

LUCY: Lincoln?

BRAZIL: Papa.

LUCY: Close by, I guess. Huh. Dig.

(Brazil digs. Times passes)

Youre uh Digger. Your Daddy was uh Digger
and so are you.

BRAZIL: Ho!

LUCY: I couldnt never deny him nothin.

BRAZIL: Wonder: Ho! Wonder: Ho!

LUCY: I gived intuh him on everything.

BRAZIL: Soothrumpet.

LUCY: Gived intuh him on everything.

BRAZIL: Soothrumpet, Lucy.

LUCY: Howboutthat.

BRAZIL: Try it out.

LUCY: How uh-bout that.

BRAZIL: Anythin?

LUCY: Cant say, son. Cant say.

(Rest)

I couldnt never deny him nothin.
I gived intuh him on everything.
Thuh moon. Thuh stars.

BRAZIL: Ho!

LUCY: Thuh bees knees. Thuh cats pyjamas.

BRAZIL: Wonder: Ho! Wonder: Ho!

(Rest)

Howuhboutthat: Uh bag of pennies. Money, Lucy.

LUCY: Howuhboutthat.
BRAZIL
LUCY
BRAZIL
LUCY: My re-members— you know— thuh stuff out of my head.

(The TV comes on. The Foundling Father's face appears)

BRAZIL: (ho! ho! wonder: ho!)
LUCY:
My spare buttons in their envelopes.
Thuh leftovers from all my unmade meals.
Thuh letter R.
Thuh key of G.
BRAZIL: (ho! ho! wonder: ho!)
LUCY:
All my good jokes. All my jokes that fell flat.
Thuh way I walked, cause you liked it so much.
All my winnin dance steps.
My teeth when yoms runned out.
My smile.
BRAZIL: (ho! ho! wonder: ho!)
LUCY: Sssshh.
(Rest)
Well. Its him.

F. Echo

A gunshot echoes. Loudly. And echoes.

G. The Great Beyond

Lucy and Brazil watch the TV: a replay of "The Lincoln Act." The Foundling Father has returned. His coffin awaits him.

LUCY: Howuhboutthat!
BRAZIL: They just gunned him down uhgain.
LUCY: Howuhboutthat.

BRAZIL: He's dead but not really.
LUCY: Howuhboutthat.
LUCY: What-izzysayin?
BRAZIL: Sound duhnt work.
LUCY: Zat right.

(The Foundling Father: I believe this is the place where I do the Gettysburg Address, I believe.

BRAZIL
THE FOUNDLING FATHER
LUCY
BRAZIL: Woah!
LUCY: Howuhboutthat.
BRAZIL: Huh. Well.

(Rest)

Huh. Zit him?
LUCY: Its him.
BRAZIL: He's dead?
LUCY: He's dead.
BRAZIL: Howuhboutthat.

(Rest)

Shit.

LUCY
BRAZIL

BRAZIL: Mail the in-vites?
LUCY: I did.
BRAZIL: Think they'll come?
LUCY: I do. There are hundreds upon thousands who knew of your Daddy, glorified his reputation, and would like to pay their respects.

THE FOUNDLING FATHER: Howuhboutthat.
BRAZIL: Howuhboutthat!
LUCY: Turn that off, son.

(Rest)
You gonna get in yr coffin now or later?
THE FOUNDLING FATHER: I'd like tuh wait uhwhile.
LUCY: Youd like tuh wait uhwhile.
BRAZIL: Mgonna gnash for you. You know: teeth in thuh dirt, hands like this, then jump up rip my clothes up, you know, you know go all out.
THE FOUNDLING FATHER: Howuhbout that. Open casket or closed?
LUCY: —. Closed.
(Rest)
Turn that off, son.
BRAZIL: K.
THE FOUNDLING FATHER: Hug me.
BRAZIL: Not yet.
THE FOUNDLING FATHER: Howuhbout that. Open casket or closed?
LUCY: Not yet.
BRAZIL: Gimmieuhminute.

(A gunshot echoes. Loudly. And echoes)

LUCY: That gunplay. Wierdiduhntit. Comes. And goze. (They ready his coffin. He inspects it)

At thuh Great Hole where we honeymooned—son, at thuh Original Great Hole, you could see thuh whole world without goin too far. You could look intuh that Hole and see your entire life pass before you. Not your own life but someones life from history, you know, [someone who'd done somethin of note, got theirselves known somehow, uh President or] somebody who killed somebody important, uh face on uh postal stamp, you know, someone from History. Like you, but not you. You know: Known.

THE FOUNDLING FATHER: "Emergency, oh, Emergency, please put the Great Man in the ground."
LUCY: Go on. Get in. Try it out. Snot so bad. See? Sstight, but private. Bought on time but we'll manage. And you got enough height for your hat.
(Rest)
THE FOUNDLING FATHER: Hug me.
(A gunshot echoes. Loudly. And echoes. The Foundling Father "slumps in his chair")

THE FOUNDLING FATHER

LUCY

BRAZIL

LUCY

THE FOUNDLING FATHER

BRAZIL: [Izzy dead?

LUCY: Mmlistening.

BRAZIL: Anything?

LUCY: Nothin.

BRAZIL (Rest): As a child it was her luck tuh be in thuh same room with her Uncle when he died. Her family wanted to know what he had said. What his last words had been. Theyre hadnt been any. Only screaming. Or, you know, breath. Didnt have uh shape to it. Her family thought she was holding on to thuh words. For safekeeping. And they proclaimed thuh girl uh Confidence. At the age of 8. Sworn tuh secrecy. She picked up thuh tricks of thuh trade as she went uhlong.

(Rest)

Should I gnash now?

LUCY: Better save it for thuh guests. I guess.

(Rest)

Well. Dust and polish, son. I'll circulate.

BRAZIL: Welcome Welcome Welcome to thuh hall. Of. Wonders.

(Rest)

To our right A Jewel Box of cherry wood, lined in velvet, letters "A.L." carved in gold on thuh lid. Over here one of Mr. Washingtons bones and here: his wooden teeth. Over here: uh bust of Mr. Lincoln carved of marble lookin like he looked in life. —More or less. And thuh medals: for bravery and honesty; for trustworthiness and for standing straight; for standing tall; for standing still. For advancing and retreating. For makin do. For skills in whittlin, for skills in painting and drawing, for uh knowledge of sewin, of handicrafts and building things, for leather tannin, blacksmithery, lacemakin, horseback riding, swimmin, croquet and badminton. Community Service. For cookin and for cleanin. For bowin and scrapin. Uh medal for fakin.

(Rest)

To my right: our newest Wonder: One of thuh greats Hissell! Note: thuh body sitting propped upright in our great Hole. Note the large mouth opened wide. Note the top hat and frock coat, just like the greats. Note the death wound: thuh great black hole—thuh great black hole in thuh great head. —And how this great head is bleedin. —Note: thuh last words. —And thuh last breaths.

—And how thuh nation mourns—

(Takes his leave)