

## **TEDDY, ABBY, MARTHA, MORTIMER, JONATHAN, EINSTEIN**

TEDDY, *in a frock coat, and wearing pince-nez attached to a black Ribbon.*

TEDDY *is in his forties and has a large mustache.*

ABBY: Living here all our lives, we've seen so many ministers come and go.—But your sermons are not so much sermons as friendly talks.

TEDDY: Personally, I've always enjoyed my talks with Cardinal Gibbons—or have I met him yet?

ABBY: No, dear, not yet. *[Changing the subject]* Are the biscuits good?

TEDDY: Bully!

KLEIN: This one is fine—it'll make a lot of kids happy. *[Holding up a toy soldier]* That O'Malley boy is nuts about soldiers.

TEDDY: That's General Miles. I've retired him, and **you can't have that ship! It's the Oregon!** *[He takes the ship from KLEIN]*

MARTHA: Put it back, dear.

TEDDY: But the *Oregon* goes to Australia.

ABBY: Now, Teddy. . . .

TEDDY: No, I've given my word to Fighting Bob Evans.

MARTHA: But, Teddy . . .

KLEIN: What's the difference what kid gets it? We'll run along, ma'am, and thank you very much.

### **START**

ABBY: Teddy! *[He stops halfway downstairs]* Good news for you! You're going to Panama and dig another lock for the canal.

TEDDY: Dee-lighted! Bully! Bully, bully! I shall prepare at once for the journey. *[He turns to go back upstairs and cries]* charge!

*[TEDDY enters from above and comes down the stairs carrying his bugle and dressed in tropical clothes and a pith helmet. He sees MORTIMER]*

TEDDY: Hello, Mortimer! *[He goes to MORTIMER and they shake hands]*

MORTIMER: [*Gravely*] How are you, Mr. President?

TEDDY: Bully, thank you. Just bully. What news have you brought me?

MORTIMER: Just this, Mr. President—the country is squarely behind you.

TEDDY: [*Beaming*] Yes, I know. Isn't it wonderful? [*He shakes MORTIMER'S hand again*] Well, good-by

MORTIMER: Where are you off to, Teddy?

TEDDY: Panama. [*He exits through the cellar door, ]*  
[TEDDY *at the head of the stairs*]

**STOP**  
**START**

TEDDY: I found it! I found it!

JONATHAN: What did you find, Teddy?

TEDDY: The story of my life—my biography. [*He goes to EINSTEIN*] Here's the picture I was telling you about, General. Here we are, both of us. [*He shows the open book to EINSTEIN*] "President Roosevelt and General Goethals at Culebra Cut." That's me, General, and that's you.

EINSTEIN: [*He looks at the picture*] My, how I've changed!

TEDDY: [*TEDDY looks at EINSTEIN, a little puzzled*] Well, you see that picture hasn't been taken yet. We haven't even started work on Culebra Cut. We're still digging locks. And now, General, we will go to Panama and inspect the new lock.

EINSTEIN: We go some other time. Panama's a long way off.

TEDDY: Nonsense, it's just down in the cellar.

MARTHA: We let him dig the Panama Canal in the cellar.

TEDDY: General Goethals, as President of the United States, Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, and the man who gave you this job, I demand that you accompany me on the inspection of the new lock.

JONATHAN: Teddy! I think it's time for you to go to bed.

TEDDY: I beg your pardon. Who are you?

JONATHAN: I'm Woodrow Wilson. [*to EINSTEIN*] General Goethals, go. Inspect the Canal.

TEDDY: No—you're not Wilson. But your face is familiar. Let me see. You're not anyone I know now. Perhaps later—on my hunting trip to Africa—yes, you look like someone I might meet in the jungle.

EINSTEIN: All right, Mr. President. We go to Panama.

TEDDY: Bully! Bully! [EINSTEIN *follows him*. TEDDY *opens the cellar door*]  
Follow, me, General. It's down south, you know.

EINSTEIN: Well—bon voyage.

[TEDDY *enters from the cellar*]

**STOP**  
**START**

TEDDY: General Goethals was very pleased. He said the Canal was just the right size.

ABBY: Teddy, there's been another yellow fever victim.

TEDDY: Dear me—that will be a shock to the General.

MARTHA: Then we mustn't tell him about it.

TEDDY: But it's his department.

ABBY: No, we mustn't tell him about it. It would just spoil his visit, Teddy.

TEDDY: I'm sorry, Aunt Abby. It's out of my hands—he'll have to be told. Army regulations, you know.

ABBY: No, Teddy, we'll have to keep it a secret.

MARTHA: Yes!

TEDDY: A state secret?

ABBY: Yes, a state secret.

MARTHA: Promise?

TEDDY: You have the word of the President of the United States. Cross my heart and hope to die. [*Following the childish formula, he crosses his heart and spits*] Now let's see—how are we going to keep it a secret?

ABBY: Well, Teddy, you go back down in the cellar and when I turn out the lights you come up and take the poor man down to the Canal.

TEDDY: You may announce the President will say a few words. [*He starts to the cellar door, then stops*] Where is the poor devil?

MARTHA: In the window seat.

TEDDY: It seems to be spreading. We've never had yellow fever *there* before. [*He exits into the cellar*]