

ABE LINCOLN AND ELVIS

A Comedy Skit

by

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BROOKLYN PUBLISHERS, LLC

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**ED will play each radio voice as well as his own character. However, if you'd like to use additional actors, two or three actors can play radio voices.*

(Lights up on a cheap room at a Motel 6. We're a little unsure of time and place. ABRAHAM LINCOLN bursts in, slams and bolts the door, then peeks through the curtains to make sure HE has not been followed. His shirt is covered in blood [ketchup]. LINCOLN pulls a suitcase out from under a double bed and rummages through its contents. HE picks up the phone and punches a number)

LINCOLN: Mary? It's me. Did we pull it off? Good. Now listen, Booth is on his way, so skip town fast. No, go to Singapore first. You don't want the media following you. Right. I'll meet you in the Bahamas on the 20th. That's right, baby. We don't have to worry about this Civil War thing anymore. From now on it's gonna be pretty girls and sunshine. **(pause)** No, Mary. I didn't mean pretty girls. I meant girl...singular...er...woman...Nothing but pretty elderly first ladies and sunshine. I have to hang up now, Mary. And no, I won't buy you a thong bikini!

(There are three sharp knocks on the door. LINCOLN frantically hangs up, pulls a baseball bat from his suitcase, and leaps over the bed to the door. HE makes three sharp knocks in reply.)

BOOTH: **(outside)** Sockdolagizing all over the place!

LINCOLN: Sic semper tyrannous!

(Enter JOHN WILKES BOOTH, wearing sunglasses and a cheap polyester suit. BOOTH glances out the window as HE shuts and bolts the door.)

LINCOLN: Anybody outside, Booth?

BOOTH: We're cool.

LINCOLN: Help me get this off.

(They peel away the bloodstained shirt. LINCOLN wears a Hard Rock Cafe T-shirt, or something modern and cool.)

BOOTH: **(pointing to bat)** What's that?

LINCOLN: Protection.

BOOTH: Protection? A baseball bat?

LINCOLN: You want me to demonstrate?

BOOTH: Put it down before you hurt someone.

LINCOLN: Mind your own business, actor boy. Now how do we get outta here?

BOOTH: Will you calm down? I'm the man with the plan.

LINCOLN: Well the man with the plan better start planning my butt on the five o'clock to Tahiti.

BOOTH: You got the money?

LINCOLN: I got the money.

BOOTH: In small, unmarked bills?

LINCOLN: In Susan B. Anthony dollars. What do you think, you idiot?

BOOTH: Then relax. Soon as my brother Edwin gets here, we'll get this show on the road.

LINCOLN: Eddie? You said nobody else knew.

BOOTH: Chill, daddio. We got it all worked straight.

LINCOLN: Chill? What kind of rhetoric is that? **(mumbles)** Actors. Look, you got any quarters? I want a Dr. Pepper.

BOOTH: You can't get a Dr. Pepper, you moron! You're supposed to be dead. Now sit your presidential posterior down and relax. Here. How about some music?

(BOOTH turns on a radio. This should be a shoe box colored to look like a radio.)

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE: Flash! The President of the United States has been shot! President Abraham Lincoln was announced dead at 9:00 this morning after receiving a mortal wound to the head during a performance at Ford's Theater in Washington. Vice President Johnson has assumed the Presidency and promises the American people he will stand tall in Lincoln's place.

JOHNSON'S VOICE: **(Southern drawl)** Ladybird and I will do our best to serve in this nation's darkest hour. . .

(LINCOLN smashes the radio with his bat OR tosses the radio offstage)

BOOTH: What's wrong with you, man?

LINCOLN: I always hated that disgusting vice-president of mine. **(looks confused)** Did he change wives or something?

BOOTH: Chill, man! You're gonna get the cops on our tails! You want the pigs coming up here and blowing your dig?

LINCOLN: I haven't the slightest idea what you just said.

BOOTH: Look, why don't you lie down with Mr. Valium and take some Zs, comprende?

LINCOLN: I beg your pardon?

BOOTH: Sit your tail down, lanky boy, and button your fat lip! **(LINCOLN sits)** Now. We've got some planning to do. You sure Mrs. Lincoln knows where to go?

LINCOLN: She's going to Singapore first.

BOOTH: Good, we don't want nobody following her.

LINCOLN: Booth?

BOOTH: What?

LINCOLN: Do you really think we pulled it off?

BOOTH: What are you worried about? You heard it yourself on the radio.

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