

## **SILON, season 1: The Baltimore Plot, Episode IV - Secrets and Sabotage**

*[Radio Static. An old-timey radio being tuned up and down the dial.]*

**ANNOUNCER:** Baltimore's Barnum Hotel is proud to sponsor this audio performance of The Secret and Impossible League of the NoöSphere presented by Live Girls! Theater and Pendant Productions.

*[Applause]*

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**ANNOUNCER:** Is Baltimoreans a word?

**ADVERTISER:** Yes. It is.

**ANNOUNCER:** Ah. Good to know. Well, welcome back, dear listeners, to the NoöSphere, where reality is formed and destroyed through the power of Ideas. Tonight's episode, "Secrets and Sabotage," is the fourth in a six part adventure called "The Baltimore Plot." Let's catch up with our narrator, the ghost-ship Mary Celeste, to hear what the League is up to today.

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*[NoöSphere Theme music. A sound like a rope squeaking as we tether to Mary-Celeste in the NoöSphere.]*

**MARY-CELESTE:** If you can hear this message, then it's meant for you. When last you heard my dulcet tones, Lady Ada Lovelace learned that her old friend Charles Babbage is working with someone unknown to regain access to the NoöSphere. The NoöSphere revealed that if nothing is changed, Abraham Lincoln will be assassinated in Baltimore before he takes office – never becoming President of the United States. The League sends Kate Warne to Baltimore to investigate. The NoöSphere, and consequently the good ship, Mary Celeste, are becoming more and more unstable. Take a listen as I drop us into a private room at a boarding house in Springfield, Illinois, on February 10, 1861, where Mr. Allan Pinkerton has been waiting for quite some time.

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*[Interwoven with the music, we hear the sounds of the NoöSphere: ideas being created and destroyed, making ripples through space and time which becomes a mixture of organic breathing and heartbeats with sci-fi thrums, buzzes and clicks.]*

*[These resolve into the interior sounds; a clock ticks loudly, reverberating through the space. It diminishes in size and scope until it becomes the second hand of a pocket watch.*

*[An interior door opens and we can hear muffled talking through doors. The door shuts and the muffled talking is still there, but very quiet under the scene.]*

**KATE:** Mr. Pinkerton? Mr. Pinkerton. Allan.

**PINKERTON:** Three hours. For three hours, I have been waiting for you in this room, Mrs. Warne. No details. No information. Only the address of a boarding house in Springfield, Illinois, and the words, "Come at once." *[Beat.]* I thought you were dead.

**KATE:** My apologies, sir.

**PINKERTON:** Sir. *[Harrumphs]* What am I doing here?

**KATE:** How well do you know Abraham Lincoln?

**PINKERTON** *[Sighs]:* Well enough. He's a little emotional, but he's got great ideas, and he's an excellent speaker. Don't think I'm not noticing how you're not answering my question.

**KATE:** Does he trust you well enough to take your word without evidence? *[Beat.]* Do you trust me enough to take mine?

**PINKERTON:** What is this about?

**KATE:** I believe Mr. Lincoln's life is in danger. I know it.

**PINKERTON:** I'm listening.

**KATE:** We need to offer him your protection until he is safely sworn in as President in Washington DC.

**PINKERTON:** My protection?

**KATE:** You know what's happening in the South right now. It's a powder keg. I have it on good authority that there is a plot to assassinate him in Baltimore before he arrives at the inauguration. I... can't tell you how I know this. I'm sorry.

**PINKERTON:** That's twice you've apologized to me tonight.

**KATE:** I... don't know how to... I want to... what I'm saying about Mr. Lincoln is the truth. He's in danger, and you are the only one who can protect him. As for how I know it... it's not my secret to share. But I trust you.

**PINKERTON:** You trust me? No, you have never trusted me, Mrs. Warne.

**KATE:** I was once a very different woman. Then I saw your advertisement and imagined another life for myself. And you, one of the most skillful detectives in the world, took me in. You saw through me the day we met. I know you did. But you still gave me a chance to be something more. Now I know what honor means. I do trust you, Mr. Pinkerton. More than I've ever trusted anyone. I trust you will always do what's right, no matter the personal cost. I'm trying to be an honorable woman. Maybe for the first time in my life. *[Beat.]*

**PINKERTON:** I'm one of the most skillful detectives in the world? One?

**KATE:** Only supplanted by myself, sir.

**PINKERTON** *[Laughs]:* All right, so Abe Lincoln's in trouble, and he needs my help. What can be done?

**KATE:** We need to convince him that the Pinkerton Agency needs to provide security for him on the way to the inauguration. I've sent a message to him in your name. He should be

arriving here any moment.

**PINKERTON:** Here? Now? What exactly did this message from me say?

*[A knock at the door. Pinkerton walks to the door and opens it.]*

**PINKERTON:** Mr. President.

**LINCOLN:** Not just yet. It's good to see you again, Allan. And this must be your female operative.

**PINKERTON:** This is Mrs. Kate Warne. Mrs. Warne, this is Abraham Lincoln.

**LINCOLN:** Mrs. Warne.

**KATE:** Delighted to meet you, Mr. Lincoln.

**LINCOLN:** I doubt it. I'm not that delightful. Now, Allan, what's this cloak and dagger business all about?

**PINKERTON:** News has reached me through one of my operatives. There have been threats made against your life.

**LINCOLN:** That isn't news, I'm afraid. Our country is divided. For better or for worse, the dogmas of the quiet past are inadequate to the stormy present.

*[A sweet little bong-bong cue.]*

**MARY-CELESTE:** Footnote. In 1858 Abraham Lincoln gave what later became known as his "House Divided" speech to the Republican State Convention. He said,

**LINCOLN:** "A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this government cannot endure, permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved -- I do not expect the house to fall -- but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other."

**MARY-CELESTE:** End footnote.

*[A sweet little bong-bong cue.]*

**PINKERTON:** Abe, I wouldn't bring this to your attention if I didn't have reason to suspect its seriousness.

**LINCOLN:** You have proof?

**PINKERTON:** Circumstantial, but if we wait, it may be too late.

**LINCOLN:** I'm loath to act against my critics without proof, Allan. Our country is contentious enough.

**PINKERTON:** This winter, General Scott called some of the national troops to Washington. Their passage through southern territory by rail infuriated the secessionists in Baltimore. Threats were made, openly. And more than threats in lines where I had no agents, railroad tracks were destroyed, and bridges were burned. Baltimore is ready to blow.

**KATE:** What if you came to Washington DC by another way?

**LINCOLN:** I cannot alter my route. I must not be seen to be afraid of the South.

**KATE:** News of your speaking schedule goes before you; if you would at least keep it secret.

**LINCOLN:** Then there would be few to hear me speak, young lady. I'm sorry, but my schedule must stand.

**KATE:** Even if it means your death?

**PINKERTON:** Mrs. Warne.

**LINCOLN:** It's all right, Allan.

**PINKERTON:** Abe, the damaged railroads have employed me to investigate the sabotage. For this purpose, I am removing to Baltimore. If I succeed in ferreting out this assassination plot, will you empower me to escort you through the city?

**LINCOLN:** I will discuss it with my staff.

**PINKERTON:** The fewer who know the plan, the less likely it will fail.

**LINCOLN:** Very well, in addition to your duties for the railroads, consider yourself a Government Detective. And, should you find some proof, I will give you control over the last twelve hours of my schedule.

**KATE:** Eighteen hours.

**PINKERTON:** Mrs. Warne—

**LINCOLN:** It's fine, Allan. I admire anyone who puts their feet in the right place and stands firm. I'll give you your eighteen hours, young lady.

**KATE:** Then we shall have to hope that is enough.

**LINCOLN:** Now, now. Your own resolution to succeed is more important than any other.

**PINKERTON:** I'll set off this very night. If coolness, courage, and skill can save your life, then we shall accomplish it.

*[A sweet little bong-bong cue.]*

**MARY-CELESTE:**Footnote. In 1868, Harper's New Monthly Magazine published an article on Allan Pinkerton's attempts to uncover The Baltimore Plot to Assassinate Abraham Lincoln.

**NEWSCASTER:** In February, Pinkerton was employed to investigate and ascertain the facts in regard to these matters. For this purpose, he removed to Baltimore, taking with him such of his detective force as he thought best suited to his purpose.

**MARY-CELESTE:** End footnote.

*[A sweet little bong-bong cue.]*

**LINCOLN:** All right then.

**PINKERTON:** I thank you for your time, Mr. President.

**LINCOLN:** I'm still Abe, Allan. Nice to meet you, Mrs. Warne.

**KATE:** Thank you, Mr. Lincoln.

*[Lincoln exits. A door opens and closes.]*

**KATE:** Your detective prowess is duly noted, sir.

**PINKERTON:** I hope you know what you've gotten us into, Mrs. Warne.

**KATE:** I hope so too, sir.

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*[Inside the Baltimore Hotel, February 16, 1861. Leah enters.]*

**BELLHOP:** Welcome to the Baltimore Hotel. May I help you with something, Ma'am?

**LEAH:** No, no. I see just what I'm looking for. Thank you, bellhop.

*[Leah's heeled footsteps.]*

**LEAH:** *[southern accent]:* Excuse me, sir. Might I borrow your newspaper?

**BOOTH:** I'm afraid you'll find its editorials upsetting, ma'am.

**LEAH:** *[southern accent]:* The newspaper rarely prints things to anyone's liking these days, especially those of us who hold to the idea of state's rights.

**BOOTH:** By all means, but you'll only read every principle dear to your heart denounced by our government as treason.

**LEAH:** *[southern accent]:* You're too kind.

*[Newspaper rustles. Kate enters.]*

**BELLHOP:** Good morning, Miss.

**KATE:** Good morning. I'm looking for a friend, Mr. Pinkerton, he's supposed to—*[gasp]* Is that Leah Fox?

**BELLHOP:** Miss?

**KATE:** Never mind. I'll wait for my friend over here... *[Quick footsteps.]* ...behind this potted plant.

*[Leaves rustle.]*

**BOOTH:** Are you a native of these parts, ma'am?

**LEAH:** *[southern accent]:* Baltimore seems the place of the moment.

**BOOTH:** May I help you find whatever it is you're looking for?

**LEAH:** *[southern accent]:* The theatre reviews.

**BOOTH:** Are you a patron of the theatre?

**LEAH:** *[southern accent]:* I have need of an actor.

**BOOTH:** Well, I happen to be an actor.

**LEAH** *[southern accent]*: I thought I recognized you. Mr. Booth, isn't it?

**BOOTH**: At your service.

**LEAH** *[southern accent]*: I've only seen your brother act but he was quite good. Are you as good as he is?

**BOOTH**: I am ten times the actor my brother is.

**LEAH** *[southern accent]*: And yet, Edwin is the famous Booth.

**BOOTH**: Not forever. The fashion shall change, and my star will rise.

**LEAH** *[southern accent]*: Do you wish to be famous?

**BOOTH**: Doesn't everybody?

**LEAH** *[southern accent]*: Truly famous, so that your name and deeds outlast not only your lifetime but the lifetime of your children and your children's children?

**BOOTH**: I do.

**LEAH** *[southern accent]*: Most of the parts in my little drama are already cast, but I do need a man in reserve, a Knight in shining armor. You may well be the Knight I've been searching for.

**BOOTH**: "I love the name of honor, more than I fear death." - Julius Caesar.

**LEAH** *[southern accent]*: Of course.

*[Leaves rustle. Footsteps approach.]*

**KATE** *[slow clap, then with southern accent]*: Casting a play, are you?

**LEAH** *[southern accent, taken aback for a moment]*: My dear... I'd no notion of your being in Baltimore. I've just been making a new acquaintance. Do you know Mr. John Wilkes Booth?

**KATE** *[southern accent]*: I haven't had that pleasure.

**BOOTH**: The pleasure's all mine, Ma'am.

**LEAH** *[southern accent]*: Would you excuse me a moment, Mr. Booth? My friend and I have a little gossiping to do. My name is Leah Fox. Find me later at the Barnum Hotel, and we'll discuss this opportunity in more detail. Take this Palmetto Pendant for your lapel, sir. It will make you known to the... like-minded.

**BOOTH**: Lovely to meet you, Mrs. Fox.

*[Footsteps recede.]*

**LEAH** *[no accent]*: Kate Warne.

**KATE** *[no accent]*: Leah Fox.

**LEAH**: You're a sight for sore eyes.

**KATE**: Is that why you're wearing those strange spectacles?

**LEAH:** What these? These are a gift to help me to see more clearly. But I can put them away now. I don't need any help to see through you.

*[A rustle of clothing as she puts the glasses in her pocket.]*

**KATE:** Mr. Booth is a secessionist.

**LEAH:** You used to be fun, Kate. *[Sighs]* Anyhow, I don't see how what I do or whom I do it with is any of your business.

**KATE:** It's dangerous in Baltimore right now, Leah.

*[A sweet little bong-bong cue.]*

**MARY-CELESTE:** Footnote. At this time, Maryland is a slave state that maintains strong ties to the North. As southern secession becomes more and more likely, Marylanders are divided about which side to take. Baltimore, with its northern feel and focus on industry and manufacturing is also home to the social and political elites who favor the Confederacy and own slaves. However, the city is has a large immigrant population and the largest free African American community in the country, who favor the Union and abolition. A confrontation between these groups is imminent. End footnote.

*[A sweet little bong-bong cue.]*

**KATE:** Mr. Booth is dangerous, too. You should get back to the North while you still can.

**LEAH:** Or you'll apprehend me?

**KATE:** Being a Pinkerton didn't suit me as well as I thought. I've moved on from that life.

**LEAH:** Really. Why are you here now?

**KATE:** Why're you?

**LEAH:** I came to Baltimore to finish a project I'm working on. Although, seeing you—Katie-girl, how do you know Mr. Booth is dangerous?

**KATE:** I can just tell.

**LEAH:** But how. How can you tell?

**KATE:** You remember. I just see the truth in people's faces. Why are you wearing those glasses?

**LEAH:** Oh, these? They were a gift. They help me see things in a special way.

**KATE:** What do you mean?

**LEAH:** I might tell you. That depends on what angle you're working here.

**KATE** *[quick intake of breath]*: I'm getting close to these southern secessionists, so I can separate them from their money.

**LEAH:** That would be a dangerous game if it were the truth. The truth isn't as simple as you'd like to think it is. If a person believes a lie, wouldn't it look like the truth to you?

**KATE:** Maybe. Your truth was never clear to me.

**LEAH:** That's the trouble with the truth; it isn't the same as facts. Facts are facts. But the truth takes judgment.

**KATE:** That's how it works for most people.

**LEAH:** But most people aren't special.

**KATE:** Just us?

**LEAH:** The last thing I am is special.

**KATE:** Why would you say that?

**LEAH:** We were a good team. You'd find the marks; I'd close the deal. We took care of each other. I thought you had fun.

**KATE:** I guess you could say I met a man with an offer I couldn't refuse.

**LEAH:** Pinkerton? He's very clear about what's right and wrong, isn't he? Must be nice.

**KATE:** Pinkerton knows his mind. I envy him that.

**LEAH:** You care about him.

**KATE:** He cares about what happens to me.

**LEAH:** So do I. *[Beat.]* Does the League?

**KATE:** What do you know about--?

**LEAH:** Just because I'm not special doesn't mean I don't have friends.

**KATE:** Are you talking about that shill you stole the tantalum piece for?

**LEAH:** You mean the one you let me take.

**KATE:** Seems like he's running the show, after all. Whoever he is, he can't know anything about—

**LEAH:** About your secret society? About the invisible world of ideas all around us that only special people can see? They think the universe is building toward some sort of psychic enlightenment where Ideas become reality. And they have the right to shape that reality because they are so very special.

**KATE:** Like you've never made a decision for anybody else? Like you never pretended to be my friend just to keep me away from my destiny.

**LEAH:** Destiny! Ooh, they've got their hooks into you good. I know a thing or two about convincing people to believe in a reality of my choosing. But your League plays for keeps. What happens to those of us who aren't special enough to make it onto your precious arc?

**KATE:** I don't know.

**LEAH:** I'd hate to think of poor Mr. Pinkerton having his future decided for him simply because he doesn't smell buttercups every time he hears a fart. Kate, what if I told you we've found a way to open up the NoöSphere to everyone, not just the League.



**KATE:** Who's we?

**LEAH:** That's not import—

**KATE:** The hell it isn't. Even if this Deviation doesn't destroy the world as we know it, you're talking about creating this utopia by assassinating Abraham Lincoln.

**LEAH:** I'm talking about bringing about equality on a massive scale. Not allowing some ruling elite to decide our fates. Isn't that worth a little moral gray-area?

**KATE:** But Lincoln--

**LEAH:** --is one man. He sets himself above the rest of us and will decide to plunge our country into war because he thinks he knows better.

**KATE:** But slavery is wrong. Assassination is wrong.

**LEAH:** So, the League has plans to stop Lincoln's assassination four years from now?

**KATE:** That's different.

**LEAH:** If assassination is "wrong," it should be wrong all the time, not just when it is convenient for the people who want to stay in power. Ideas, education, success – the NoöSphere should belong to everyone. I want to free everyone. Think about it. Now, I have to run. This damsel needs to rally her knights. But I'm sure we'll see each other soon.

*[Leah walks away.]*

**KATE** *[frustration noise]*: Byron, I need to talk to you, dammit. But how?

*[Footsteps approach.]*

**BELLHOP:** Did you find your friend, Miss? Say, those are some mighty fine glasses you have there.

**KATE:** Yes, they are unique aren't they? *[audible intake of breath]* I... borrowed them from my friend.

**BELLHOP:** May I help you find your companion, Miss? A woman shouldn't be alone in a hotel.

**KATE:** Perhaps you can help me send a telegram?

**BELLHOP:** Right this way, Miss.

*[Two pairs of footsteps recede.]*

**PINKERTON:** Oh, Kate. What are you keeping from me now?

*[Pinkerton follows.]*

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*[The NoöSphere ripples. NoöSphere theme. The engine breathes mechanically.]*

**ADA:** What is this invention of yours, Mr. Tesla? What does it do?

**TESLA:** Conventionally, it's just a copper finial, a lightning rod, Lady Lovelace. It's meant to allow us to converse between the barrier that divides the BioSphere and NoöSphere.

**BYRON:** I can't help but note your use of the phrase "it is meant to," old blood.

**TESLA:** It's an experiment, Lord Byron. "Meant to" is where they begin.

**ADA:** Where does this one end?

**TESLA:** It transfers Noöspheric currents as it was 'meant to.' However, it isn't transferring those currents through Mary-Celeste. It's channeling them through... us.

**BYRON:** Perhaps you should arrest your experimentation until after this Deviation is averted.

**ADA:** The Noösphere's led us to the same Deviation three times now.

**TESLA:** I believe there's another force at work counteracting each move we make to repair it.

**BYRON:** A counter-force? Who? Acting in what way?

**TESLA:** All excellent questions. Something unknown is doing...we don't know what.

**ADA:** Let me try something...

*[Ada touches the finial. The Noösphere speaks through Ada, changing her voice.]*

**BYRON:** Oh, please stop touching it.

**TESLA:** Here we go again.

*[The Noösphere ripples. The single sustained viola note of her synesthesia plays underneath.]*

**ADA and MARY-CELESTE** *[Simultaneously]:*

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves  
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;  
All mimsy were the borogoves,  
And the mome raths outgrabe.

*[Ada stops touching the copper finial. A low-level electrical hum stops]*

**BYRON:** What the hell just happened?

**ADA:** I touched the finial and-

**MARY-CELESTE:** We encountered an Idea.

**TESLA:** What's a slithy tove?

**BYRON:** Haven't the foggiest.

**ADA:** I think it's what you were saying earlier - something unknown is doing we don't know what. Imagine if eight slithy toves were to, let's say, gyre and gimbal in the oxygen wabe?

**TESLA:** And seven in nitrogen... if one of the toves were to escape, then oxygen would be mimsying in a borogove properly belonging to nitrogen.

**ADA:** Quantum Mechanics!

**BYRON:** That's the Principle of Indeterminacy, isn't it?

*[A sweet little bong-bong cue]*

**MARY-CELESTE:** Footnote. Sir Arthur Eddington explained The Principle of Indeterminacy in 1928.

**EDDINGTON:** Something unknown is doing we don't know what. Let us take the simplest case in which we can predict the future. Suppose we have a particle with known position and velocity. Very well; let us measure its position now, wait a moment and measure it again. Comparing the two positions we can compute the velocity. But this velocity is of no use for predicting the future velocity, because in making the second measurement we have rough-handled the particle so much that it no longer has the same velocity. It is a purely retrospective velocity. It does not exist in the present tense but in the future perfect; it never exists, it never will exist, but a time may come when it will have existed.

**MARY-CELESTE:** In short, the act of measuring affects any system being measured. Or something unknown is doing we know not what. Yet. End footnote.

*[A sweet little bong-bong cue]*

**BYRON:** Don't look so shocked. I do read non fiction occasionally. Endlessness will do that to you.

**ADA:** Mr. Tesla, what could have possessed me to bring this charlatan into the Noösphere?

**TESLA:** As my friend, Lord Byron once said, "There is no instinct like that of the heart."

**BYRON:** Bravo! --

**ADA:** Now, you're quoting him as well?

**MARY-CELESTE:** Excuse me, Nikola. I have received a telegram from Mrs. Warne.

**TESLA:** But that's...

**BYRON:** How?

**ADA:** I suppose no one told her it's not possible.

**TESLA** *[amused]*: A point for Mrs. Warne.

**BYRON:** Reproduce the telegram, if you would, Mary-Celeste. Please.

*[The click and whir of an old electric printing press, then a pneumatic whoosh and clank]*

*[Footsteps, a paper rustles.]*

**ADA:** Well, what does the telegram say?

**BYRON:** 'Arrived in Baltimore 5 days ago STOP Mr. P and I acting as Government Assets STOP Tracking secessionists to learn their plan STOP A new player involved STOP Send reinforcements to Barnum Hotel room 42 STOP' Ha! That's my girl.

*[Ada scoffs]*

**BYRON:** When I say, "My girl"—

**TESLA:** We know three things about this Deviation. Firstly, it was essential for Mrs. Warne to join the Pinkerton Detective Agency.

**ADA:** That could have just been an Anomaly.

**TESLA:** Secondly, she was needed to convince Pinkerton to secure the railroads. And finally, she will be essential in stopping the assassination of Abraham Lincoln before the Civil War.

**BYRON:** Kate is undeniably the key--

**ADA:** It's Kate now, is it?

**BYRON:** --Who is this new player the telegram mentions? What about our old friend, Babbage? Could he be the counter force doing we don't know what?

**ADA:** Mr. Babbage is a man of principles. He—

**BYRON:** You're happier to be deceived by Babbage than to comprehend he is not the man he once was.

*[Pause.]*

**TESLA:** Lady Lovelace, if Mr. Babbage is part of this counter-force, you will be the likeliest to sense it.

**ADA:**  
I suppose.

**BYRON:** If she can bring herself to see him for who he is rather than who she wishes him to be.

**ADA:** Enough.

**TESLA:** Lady Lovelace, please join Mrs. Warne in Baltimore. I'll continue to research recorded history from our library and try to isolate the Deviation X-Point; perhaps Mary Celeste will consent to help me.

**MARY-CELESTE:** Perhaps. If you ask nicely.

**TESLA:** And would you open a Tether in Baltimore, 1861, for Lady Lovelace, please?

*[The ship tethers to a specific space in time. A rope squeaking sound as it's stretched and mechanically fastened.]*

**MARY-CELESTE:** Tethering.

**BYRON:** And what will I be doing while Ducky is off playing Pinkerton Detective and putting herself in danger?

**ADA:** You could put yourself to use and assist Mr. Tesla in the library.

**BYRON:** I would be of more use by your side. We are talking about assassins, my dear.

**ADA:** Have you no faith in me at all?

**BYRON:** I just think you may be a little out of your League.

**ADA:** And you're not?

**BYRON:** I'm persuasive. You're... not an actress.

**ADA:** I'm going to meet with Mrs. Warne. I will get to the bottom of this Deviation. I will keep Abraham Lincoln alive. You can go to hell.

**MARY-CELESTE:** Ahem. The Tether is secure.

**ADA:** Lady Lovelace will be disembarking.

**BYRON:** You'll get yourself killed, Ducky.

**ADA:** I've told you not to call me that.

**TESLA:** Do be alert, Lady Lovelace. We don't know what to expect in Baltimore.

**MARY-CELESTE:** The X-Point will be defined in 3...2...1...

*[An x-point opens and closes: A quick sci-fi sound somewhere between a snap and a hum, footsteps as Ada leaves, then the x-point noise reverses]*

**BYRON:** Dammit.

**TESLA:** You push her away when you speak ill of Mr. Babbage.

**BYRON:** I know.

**TESLA:** Then why?

**BYRON:** I am sure of nothing so little as my own intentions. *[Sighs.]* I had three daughters, Tesla. Three, by three different mothers. And they were nothing to me but little moppets, there for my amusement, if I saw them at all. I was a fool.

**TESLA:** A young fool.

**BYRON:** Until my sweet little Allegra died. By then, it was too late their mothers refused to let me see Ada or Medora. I never learned how to be a father. I think Ada loved me 'til she met me. Well, she probably has the right of it.

**TESLA:** "It is a wise father that knows his own child."

**BYRON:** And when the scientist quotes Shakespeare to the poet, the poet must concede. Shall we do as Ada suggests and off to the library, duo et duo?

**TESLA:** After you.

*[Two pairs of footsteps. A door opens and closes.]*

*[The Noösphere ripples. A modified x-point opens and closes: A quick sci-fi sound somewhere between a snap and a hum, but it's slightly distorted: more clunky.]*

**MARY-CELESTE:** Hello, Mr. Babbage. Your presence is unexpected.

**BABBAGE:** *[startled]* Hello, Mary-Celeste. Uh, yes - it took me a while to make my own bollard. Materials in the Biosphere are a little harder to come by. Tell me, has Mr. Tesla altered the Engine's conducting resonator source since I was last here?

**MARY-CELESTE:** He has not.

**BABBAGE:** Excellent. Thank you.

*[The sound of mechanical rummaging.]*

**MARY-CELESTE:** What are you doing with the Engine, Mr. Babbage?

**BABBAGE:** Nothing to worry about.

**MARY-CELESTE:** If you remove the resonator, then the Engine will no longer have access to the NoöSphere.

**BABBAGE:** I am aware of that.

*[Unplugging sound. The engine powers down.]*

**BABBAGE** [continued]: Aha! Finally.

**MARY-CELESTE:** I will not allow you to leave with that resonator, Mr. Babbage.

*[Babbage's footsteps, more mechanical rummaging.]*

**BABBAGE:** I can't have you tattling on me to Mr.. Tesla. So... I'm sorry about this.

**MARY-CELESTE:** What are you doing? Nikola-- *[her voice cuts off electronically]*

*[Sound of wires being ripped out. Another piece of the NoöSphere cracks.]*

**BABBAGE:** I'm sorry, my dear Mary-Celeste, but there is no other way. Now, I place the resonator in my modified bollard and...

*[A modified x-point closes. A quick sci-fi sound somewhere between a snap and a hum in reverse, but it's slightly distorted: more clunky.]*

**BABBAGE** [continued]: Brilliant. Well, time to go. Things to do. So many, many things to do.

*[Footsteps. A modified x-point closes. ]*

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**ANNOUNCER:** Mary-Celeste? Mary-Celeste? Are you... Well, it seems that's where we must leave our adventurers, for now. What will happen to the Mary-Celeste? Is she gone forever? Hopefully, we'll find out next time. What does she say at the end each time?

**ADVERTISER:** She says remember, if you can hear this story, then it was meant for you.

**ANNOUNCER:** Ah yes, thank you. Next time on The Secret and Impossible League of the NoöSphere in The Baltimore Plot.

*[The NoöSphere ripples.]*

**BOOTH:** I have played kings and lords, and I recognize a tyrant. Should I refuse to act, I would curse my willful idleness and deem myself a coward. I will see Lincoln dead if it's the last thing I do.

*[Credits music.]*

**ANNOUNCER:** Pendant Productions would like to express our thanks to our stars:

Alyssa Kay as Lady Ada Lovelace,  
Marena Kleinpeter as Kate Warne,  
Daniel Christensen as Lord Byron,  
Sherif Amin as Nikola Tesla,  
Caitlin Frances as Leah Fox,  
Troy Lund as Allan Pinkerton, Imogen Love as Mary-Celeste and a Lady,  
and Mark Fox as the station master and other voices.  
Advertisements were read by Shawnmarie Stanton and  
I am Roy Stanton.

SILON was conceived and written by Darian Lindle. The Baltimore Plot was originally produced as a stage play directed by Meghan Shalom Arnette for Live Girls! Theater. This episode was directed by V C Morrison and assistant directed by Paul Brueggemann.

Other original music and the SILON theme were composed by Michael Owcharuk. Some sound cues created by Stefanie Senior. Produced by Pendant Productions. This production is Copyright 2021 Pendant Productions and Live Girls! Theater.

Stay safe and good luck.

*[Old-timey radio tuner moves up and down the dial again, ending in radio static.]*

*For more information visit [PendantAudio.com](http://PendantAudio.com). Thanks for listening.*