

Arch Obler's Plays  
Rocket From Manhattan  
By Arch Obler

Originally broadcast: September 20, 1945

CAST

ARCH OBLER  
DOCTOR  
CHAMBERLAIN  
RUSSELL  
REYNOLDS

OBLER: Prophecy is an easy thing, for rarely is the prophet brought to judgement. Tonight I bring you a false prophecy. The place of our story is a great rocket speeding away from the moon. Yes, away! - for the first trip to the moon has finally taken place, and the triumphant airship is now rapidly returning to the mother earth. Here then, is a story about a tomorrow fifty-five years hence. September twentieth in the year of our Lord, two thousand. On board a rocket ship, a play that is - I sincerely hope - a very FALSE prophecy.

MUSIC

(MEN SINGING)

We're havin' lots of fun  
The sky's sure the limit, a new century's begun.  
We're floating on our plastic boats  
We're flying through the air.  
The world is all our playground, we haven't got a care.  
Oh, I'm glad to be alive, boys, I'm glad to be alive.  
I'm ridin' on a rugged train  
And soon I will arrive.  
Oh, I'm glad to be alive, boys, I'm glad to be alive.  
I'm ridin' on a rugged train  
And soon I will arrive.

RUSSELL: Hey doc, how 'bout joining us?

REYNOLDS: Yes, doctor, don't you think it's about time we had a little celebration?

DOCTOR: There's a great deal of work to be done.

RUSSELL: Work's over, doctor! Twenty-four hours more and we're back!

REYNOLDS: Yes, doctor! We'll be back! We've done it! Completed it!

DOCTOR: In twenty-four hours.

RUSSELL: If you're worried about our landing, I'm not. You worried, Reynolds?