

**The Diaries of
Adam & Eve**

a musical by
David Jacklin

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Inspired by stories by
Mark Twain
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5th draught
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CHARACTERS

ADAM

EVE

GOD

The SERPENT

CAIN

CAIN'S WIFE

MUSICAL NUMBERS

Act One

1: Overture (The Creation)

2: An Experiment

3: The Day Before Yesterday (with An Experiment, reprise)

4: That's Not What It's Not

5: My First Sorrow

6: You Are Man

7: Such A Lonely Creature

8: She

9: Taste The Fruit

Act Two

10: Entr' Acte

11: The Garden Is A Dream

12: Been There – Named That

13: He

14: It's A Fish

15: Am I My Brother's Keeper?

16: Forgiveness

17: The Generations of Adam

18: Wherever She Was (There Was Eden)

19: Bows & Exit

The Setting

Act One: The Garden of Eden

Act Two: outside the Garden of Eden, near Buffalo, New York (apparently)

The Time

6,000 years ago? Maybe. Depending on who you talk to.

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The Diaries of Adam & Eve

a musical

Act One: In the Garden

The Setting: The Garden of Eden. Duh.

(MUSIC: No. 1: OVERTURE (THE CREATION). A video of highlights from the creation is seen. As it ends, we become aware of ADAM, lying in the middle of a patch of greenery. He is asleep. ADAM slowly wakes. MUSIC: No.2: AN EXPERIMENT. He looks around and speaks.)

ADAM: Oh. Wow. Oh. Wow. OOOOhhh – wow! I feel ... I *feel* ... I feel ...

I FEEL JUST LIKE AN EXPERIMENT.
I FEEL EXACTLY LIKE AN EXPERIMENT.
I FEEL LIKE THERE WAS NOTHING HERE BEFORE ME.
BUT IF THERE WAS NOTHING HERE BEFORE ME,
WOULD I KNOW IT? OR WOULD I REMEMBER?

I FEEL JUST LIKE AN EXPERIMENT.
I FEEL EXACTLY LIKE AN EXPERIMENT.
IT WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE FOR ANYONE TO BE
MORE LIKE AN EXPERIMENT THAN ME.
AND SO I'M COMING TO BELIEVE THAT'S WHAT I AM:
AN EXPERIMENT; JUST AN EXPERIMENT.

It could be that things did happen before, and that I was not noticing. Very well; if anything happens, I will make a note of it. What do I mean by “make a note”?

I FEEL LIKE THIS IS SOMETHING NEW.
I FEEL EXACTLY LIKE IT'S SOMETHING NEW.
I FEEL THIS WORLD THAT'S LAYING OUT BEFORE ME
IS A BRAND NEW WORLD LAID OUT JUST FOR ME.
IT'S ALL NEW, NOT EVEN DRY YET.
IT'S ALL HERE, I'M GOING TO TRY IT.
IF THIS IS AN EXPERIMENT –
IF I AM AN EXPERIMENT – LET'S BEGIN.

(He looks around again.)

So. Lots of things here, but not much happening.

(The sound of an elephant.)

DID THAT SOUND COME OUT OF THAT?
COULD THAT SOUND COME OUT OF ANYTHING?

(He watches as the elephant walks past in front of him.)

CAN SOMETHING BE AS BIG AS THAT?
SUCH A BIG AND SO IMPRESSIVE THING,
I SHALL CALL IT “THE BIG IMPRESSIVE THING”.

(He jumps as something skitters across his foot.)

AND, WHAT’S THAT?
SO SMALL AND SCURRYING?
NOT AT ALL LIKE THE BIG IMPRESSIVE THING.
IT’S SO TINY AND SO HURRYING. I SHALL CALL IT
“THE THING THAT’S NOT AT ALL LIKE THE BIG IMPRESSIVE THING.”

I think I’m going to be good at finding what to call things. *(He approaches a tree.)*
And what shall I call you? You’re not as scurrying as “the thing that’s not at all like the big impressive thing” but you don’t have the long floppy bits and make the big noise that “the big impressive thing” does. You’re certainly big, though, *and* impressive, so I shall call you “the big, impressive thing that doesn’t make the big, impressive noise but is not as scurrying as the thing that’s not at all like the big impressive thing.” That should be easy to remember. I wonder how many other things there are that need a thing to call them by? I’m standing here, all by myself, discovering everything there is to discover – all by myself.

I FEEL JUST LIKE AN EXPERIMENT.
I FEEL EXACTLY LIKE AN EXPERIMENT.
IT WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE FOR ANYONE TO BE
MORE LIKE AN EXPERIMENT THAN ME.
AND SO I’M COMING TO BELIEVE THAT’S WHAT I AM:
AN EXPERIMENT; JUST AN EXPERIMENT.
AND NOTHING MORE.

GOD: Adam. *(ADAM stops.)* Adam. *(ADAM looks around.)* Adam!

ADAM: All right! What’s going on? What’s an Adam?

GOD: You are.

ADAM: I am?

GOD: You are Adam, whom I have created out of the dust of the Earth.

ADAM: Seriously?

GOD: I have made all things: the stars in their spheres, the firmament above and the Earth below.

ADAM: What's a "firmament"?

GOD: I have made you and have called you Adam for that you are the first man.

ADAM: Really? I'm the first? That's nice. Are there others?

GOD: I have made you in My Image.

ADAM: Now, I wondered about that. Some things don't make a lot of sense. For instance, anything not in the middle, I've got two of: two of these, two of these, two of these. But anything in the middle, there's only one of: one of these, one of these, one of these. Now, what if I need two of what I have only have one of?

GOD: Adam, I have made you in My Image and I have seen that it is good.

ADAM: Well, that's easy for you to say. And, who are you, exactly?

GOD: I am that I am.

ADAM: Could you be more specific?

GOD: I am the Lord, thy God, Creator of all things.

ADAM: That's pretty specific. And where are you, by the way?

GOD: I am everywhere.

ADAM: Everywhere? That's a good trick. Are you – *(Running to a spot.)* – over here?

GOD: I am.

ADAM: *(Another spot.)* Are you here?

GOD: I am.

ADAM: *(Another spot.)* Are you here?

GOD: I am.

ADAM: How about ...

GOD: Adam, I am everywhere.

ADAM: But ...

GOD: Trust me!

ADAM: I don't have a lot of choice. Backing up a bit, you say that you created me?

GOD: Yes.

ADAM: Out of ... ?

GOD: The dust.

ADAM: Interesting choice. Next question: why?

GOD: For that it hath pleased Me to do so.

ADAM: I see.

GOD: I have placed you here ...

ADAM: Sorry! Where is "here", exactly?

GOD: I have planted Me a garden, eastward in Eden, and there put Me Man whom I have formed of the dust of the Earth.

ADAM: Dust of the Earth. You mentioned that.

GOD: And I have made every tree to grow that is pleasant to the sight and good for food. And I have put you, Adam, into my Garden to tend and keep it.

ADAM: And what do I get out of that?

GOD: Life.

ADAM: *(He thinks about that for a moment.)* Fair enough.

GOD: The Tree of Life also is in the midst of the garden, and the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil. Of every tree of the garden you may freely eat; but of the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil you shall not eat for, in the day that you eat of it, you shall surely die.

ADAM: Sounds serious.

GOD: I have given you every herb that yields seed and every tree whose fruit yields seed; to you it shall be for food. Also, to every beast of the earth, to every bird of the air, and to everything that creeps on the earth, in which there is life, I have given every green herb for food.

ADAM: Very generous. But, getting back to this “die” thing ... how exactly do I recognize this “Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil”, because, I’d hate to, you know, eat of it accidentally.

GOD: I have given you dominion over all Creation and command you to be fruitful and multiply; to fill the earth and subdue it.

ADAM: Yeah. Question.

GOD: You have many questions.

ADAM: And haven’t really gotten any answers, so far.

GOD: Ask.

ADAM: You just specifically said for me to “be fruitful and multiply”.

GOD: I did.

ADAM: How do I go about that, exactly?

GOD: You must know your wife.

ADAM: We’ll come back to that. I look around me here and all the other things – or at least the ones that move – seem to have other ones like them around them.

GOD: So I created them.

ADAM: But not me.

GOD: You are created in My Image.

ADAM: I see. So, there’s just the one of you?

GOD: It’s Complicated.

ADAM: Creator, I am just wondering whether it's right that I should be the only one here without some kind of companion. I mean, the big impressive thing has a companion. The thing that's not at all like the big impressive thing has a companion. The fast, stripey thing with the big paws and the big mouth has a companion. Even all the big, impressive things that don't make the big, impressive noise but are not as scurrying as the thing that's not at all like the big impressive thing have companions. And ...

GOD: Yes, I get your point.

ADAM: Maybe – and this is just off the top of my head – we could kind of go through all the other things and sort them out and I could give them all something to call them by, and we could find out whether there's one that might be my companion.

GOD: Not a bad idea, actually. It pleases me that every kind of animal shall come to the man and that whatever the man shall call the animals, so shall be their names.

ADAM: Whoa! Look at them all! I had *no* idea! Look at that one! I'll call it "the not very impressive little thing that hops and has long things on top and a little fuzzy thing behind." Oh, and this one shall be "kind of impressive thing that sits up on top of long spindly things and has big wide parts that go 'way out'!" Oh, and this one will be "cute, black, furry thing with a big white stripe on its back and ..."

GOD: Put that one down, Adam!

ADAM: All right. (*He does.*) And, this one will be ...

GOD: I was hoping for more succinct names.

ADAM: Hey, who did You say gets to do the naming?

GOD: Do you find that one other meet to be your helpmate and companion?

ADAM: (*Searching.*) There ... there doesn't ... there really doesn't seem to be one.

GOD: Well, that's disappointing. Did you really look?

ADAM: I did.

GOD: I mean *really* look?

ADAM: Yes!

GOD: It is not good that Man should be alone. I will make him an help meet for him.

ADAM: Out of dust?

GOD: Something different, this time. All right, Adam. Sleep.

(MUSIC: No. 2a: CREATION TRANSITION, segue to No. 3: THE DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY. Lights down on ADAM, sleeping; up on EVE, alone.)

EVE: I'M ALMOST A WHOLE DAY OLD, NOW.
I THINK I ARRIVED YESTERDAY.
AND THAT MUST BE – IT SEEMS TO ME –
THERE COULD NOT BE A DAY-BEFORE-YESTERDAY.

I NEVER HAVE SEEN SUCH WONDERS.
EVERYTHING SHINY AND NEW.
WHAT CAN THEY BE? ARE THESE FOR ME?
AND DID THEY SEE A DAY-BEFORE-YESTERDAY?

I WAS NOT THERE WHEN IT HAPPENED,
SO, I WAS, WHERE?, WHEN IT HAPPENED.
BUT I WILL SWEAR THAT IT HAPPENED.
THE DAY-BEFORE-YESTERDAY.

I WATCH WHILE THE WHOLE WORLD CHANGES,
DIFF'RENT FROM WHEN I ARRIVED.
WAS THERE A SUN? WAS THERE A MOON?
AND WERE THERE STARS THE DAY-BEFORE-YESTERDAY?

I WAS NOT THERE WHEN IT HAPPENED,
SO, I WAS WHERE? WHEN IT HAPPENED.
I CAN'T DECLARE THAT IT HAPPENED,
OR I SHOULD REMEMBER IT.

I FEEL JUST LIKE AN EXPERIMENT.
I FEEL EXACTLY LIKE AN EXPERIMENT.
I FEEL LIKE THERE WAS NOTHING HERE BEFORE ME.
AND IF THERE WAS NOTHING HERE BEFORE ME,
WOULD I KNOW IT? OR WOULD I REMEMBER?

It will be best to get details right, for something tells me it will be important to people some day.

I FEEL JUST LIKE AN EXPERIMENT!

(Key change in music. Lights up on ADAM, separate.)

BOTH: I FEEL JUST LIKE AN EXPERIMENT.
I FEEL EXACTLY LIKE AN EXPERIMENT.
IT WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE FOR ANYONE TO BE
MORE LIKE AN EXPERIMENT THAN ME,
AND SO I'M COMING TO BELIEVE THAT'S WHAT I AM –

EVE: AN EXPERIMENT.

ADAM: JUST AN EXPERIMENT ...

BOTH: ... AND NOTHING MORE.

ADAM: *(Holding his side.)* OW!

(Music ends. They speak separately.)

EVE: Then if I am an experiment ...

BOTH: ... am I the whole of it? No, I think not.

EVE: I am the main part of it but I think the rest has its share in the matter.

ADAM: Is my position assured? Some instinct tells me that eternal vigilance is the price of supremacy. That is a good phrase, I think, for one so young.

EVE: Everything looks better today than it did yesterday.

ADAM: In the rush of finishing up, the mountains were left in a ragged condition, and some of the plains were left cluttered with rubbish and remnants.

EVE: Noble and beautiful works of art should not be made in haste; and this new world is indeed a most noble and beautiful work of art.

ADAM: And marvellously near to being perfect, notwithstanding the shortness of the time.

EVE: Yesterday, I was so eager to get hold of every pretty thing that I sometimes grabbed for it when it was too far off, and sometimes when it was but six inches away but seemed a foot—alas, with thorns between! I made an axiom, all out of my own head – my very first one; THE SCRATCHED EXPERIMENT SHUNS THE THORN. I think it is a very good one for one so young.

(ADAM is nursing his side and sitting, contemplating the

universe. What else is there to do in Eden?)

Hello!

(ADAM looks startled and backs away.)

Lovely day, isn't it?

(ADAM says nothing and backs farther away.)

That's a silly thing to say, I suppose, because every day is lovely here. It's practically Paradise! Have you noticed that?

(ADAM has backed as far away as he can.)

Did you notice the stars, last night? Aren't they something? *(She continues to chatter as ADAM stares at her.)* I mean, there are too many in some places and not enough in others, but I can fix that. And the moon! I do love moons, they are so pretty. I wish we had five or six; I would never go to bed; I'd just lie on the moss-bank and look up at them. I almost forgot! Did you see? The moon got loose last night, and slid down and fell off – it breaks my heart to think of it. It should have been fastened better. If we can only get it back again —

(ADAM runs off and EVE follows, still chattering. We hear her voice from offstage as she follows ADAM.)

But of course there is no telling where it went to. And besides, whoever gets it will hide it; I'd do it myself. It would not be safe to trust me with a moon that belonged to another person. I'd just hide it and not saying anything about it.

(ADAM returns, followed closely by EVE.)

Stars are good, too, of course. I mean, you can't beat stars, can you? I wanted to put some in my hair, but you would be surprised how far off they are. I tried to knock some down with a stick, but it didn't reach; then I tried stones till I was all tired out, but I never hit even one. Even when I aimed at the one I *wasn't* after, I couldn't hit the one I *was* after, though I did make some very close shots and if I hadn't tired out, I could have got one.

(She pauses to think, then continues with fresh vigour.)

So I cried a little, which was natural, I suppose, for one of my age, and afterward, I started for a place where the stars were close to the ground and I could get them with my hands, which would be better, anyway, because I could gather them carefully then, and not break them. But it was farther than I thought, and at last I

was so tired I couldn't drag my feet another step; but I found some tigers and nestled in among them and was most adorably comfortable, and their breath was sweet and pleasant, because they live on strawberries, did you know that? I had never seen a tiger before, but I knew them in a minute by the stripes. If I could have skin like a tiger, wouldn't that be lovely?

By the way, I was wondering something. Looking at you, I *think* you're a man. I have never seen a man, but I feel sure that's what you are. Are you? ... a man?

(ADAM climbs a tree and she watches him.)

Not that it makes any difference, but I'm more curious about you than any of the other reptiles. If you are a reptile. You *look* like a reptile, though you may be architecture. Or not a reptile – what are the ones that are like reptiles, but not at all the same as them? Beavers! Are you? ... a beaver? But, no, you don't have a tail.

(ADAM is now up his tree, staring at her.)

Now, that's an interesting thing to do with a tree. Resting, are you? But you can't fool me! Sunday isn't the day of rest, Saturday is. It tires me out to rest, you know. I always need to be doing something or talking about something or ...

(ADAM climbs down from the tree and exits.)

Finished resting, are you? All right, then. Nice talking to you. See you around! Bye! *(After he is gone.)* It seems very nice. Very quiet, though. *(A though occurs to her.)* Oh! Maybe it can't talk! Poor thing! I must be very kind to it. I wonder what it is – and what it's for. I've never seen it do anything. It *must* be a man.

(Lights change. ADAM is bending down, trying to catch fish with his hands. EVE comes quietly up behind him.)

Why don't you leave those little fishes alone?

(ADAM jumps up and backs away.)

Were they doing anything to you? No! So, why are you bothering them? You have low tastes, reptile. Haven't you any compassion for those little creatures? How would you like it if I bothered you like that? In fact ...

(She picks up some stones and starts chucking them at ADAM, who retreats back up his tree.)

There! Now, you stay up there and think about what you've done. *(She pauses.)* I

didn't hurt you, did you? I didn't mean to – but you must leave little fishes alone.

(ADAM stays up in his tree, watching her. There is a pause, then she starts to chatter again.)

They returned the moon last night! I was *so* happy! I think it very honest of them. It slid down and fell off again, but they'll fetch it back, I know. I wish I could do something to show my appreciation to them. We should send them some stars, for we have more than we can use. I mean I, not we, because you don't seem to care.

You know, if you could talk, that would be very interesting. I love to talk; I talk, all day, and in my sleep, too, I am sure, and I am *very* interesting, but, if I had another one to talk to, I could be twice as interesting, and would never stop, even if you asked me to – which I don't think you can, because you can't talk, can you?

ADAM: Will you be quiet!

EVE: *(A long, shocked moment.)* Oh, you *can* speak! That is very interesting. I thought I was the only creature who could speak – apart from the serpent. I've heard the serpent speak, but it tends to hiss a lot and is very hard understand sometimes, but you speak very clearly. I suppose that it's just that you have nothing interesting to say. It's very wise to say nothing if you have nothing interesting to say. That's a very wise thing to say for one so young, don't you think?

ADAM: My god ... !

GOD: Yes?

ADAM: Hmm? Oh! Uhm ... sorry! No! ... *(He climbs down from the tree. To EVE.)* You! Just ... *(Whispers.)* ... quiet.

(EVE falls silent. ADAM moves about, pointing at things.)

Big thing with a tail that swims in the ocean. Thing with a long neck, little stickie-uppies on its head and very long legs. Thing that is brightly coloured and floats in the air and flutters from place to place. Thing that looks a bit like me but has longer arms and hangs by the long thing that comes out the back of it from the big, impressive thing that doesn't make the big, impressive noise but is not as scurrying as the thing that's not at all like the big impressive thing.

EVE: *(After a long struggle.)* Monkey. Whatcha doing?

ADAM: The Lord has commanded that I name every thing and so shall it be called.

EVE: Wow! You and the Lord must be very close.

ADAM: We are. Thing with long twisty stickie-uppies that jumps when it runs.

EVE: *(Under her breath.)* Gazelle.

ADAM: Thing that is yellow and flies in the air and sort of dips up and down when it does.

EVE: *(Under her breath.)* Goldfinch.

ADAM: Thing that has a flat tail and a big wide hard thing on the front.

EVE: *(Under her breath.)* Platypus.

ADAM: Stop that! *(Pointing.)* Thing who is ugly.

EVE: Stop what? Emu.

ADAM: Stop *that!* The Lord has commanded me ...!

EVE: But you're getting it all wrong. You're obviously no good at it. You should be grateful for some help. I don't know what the Lord was thinking, but thank goodness, I'm here.. *(ADAM points and opens his mouth to speak.)* Macaque.

(MUSIC: No. 4: THAT'S NOT WHAT IT'S NOT.)

ADAM: Stop!

EVE: I can't!

ADAM: I SAY IT'S ONE THING AND YOU SAY IT'S NOT: IT'S ANOTHER.
I SAY IT'S THIS AND THEN YOU SAY IT'S NOT
ONE THING OR THE OTHER.
I SAY IT'S BLUE, THEN YOU SAY THAT'S NOT TRUE.
LISTEN, THAT'S NOT WHAT IT'S ...

EVE: THAT THING'S AN EMU AND YOU CALL IT
THING WHO IS UGLY.

ADAM: AND IT'S NOT?

EVE: YOU CALL A WHALE "THE BIG
THING WITH A TAIL THAT SWIMS IN THE OCEAN."

ADAM: AM I WRONG?

EVE: I SAY A NAME MEANS THE THING THAT'S THE SAME –

ADAM: YOU JUST ...

BOTH: THAT'S NOT WHAT IT'S NOT!

ALL GOD'S CREATURES HAVE TO HAVE A NAME.
THAT'S NOT WHAT IT'S NOT!
YOU SAY IT'S ONE THING ...
THAT'S NOT WHAT IT'S NOT!
THAT'S NOT WHAT IT'S ...

EVE: IF YOU CALL EACH THING “THING”
HOW CAN YOU TELL ONE FROM THE OTHER?
NAMING’S AN ART AND YOU DON’T KNOW WHERE TO START,
LET ME TELL YOU, BROTHER.

PLEASE CONTACT AUTHOR FOR RIGHTS
LEAVE IT TO ME, A WOMAN KNOWS HOW, YOU SEE.
MISTER, I KNOW THAT’S NOT WHAT IT’S NOT!

BOTH: ALL GOD'S CREATURES HAVE TO HAVE A NAME.
THAT'S NOT WHAT IT'S NOT!
YOU SAY IT'S ONE THING...
THAT'S NOT WHAT IT'S NOT!
THAT'S NOT WHAT IT'S ...

ADAM: CAN WE AGREE, IF HE LEFT IT TO ME,
THERE’S A REASON.

EVE: LEAVE IT TO YOU IS A THING I CAN’T DO!
IT’S THE NAMING SEASON.

BOTH: I KNOW THE NAME OF EACH THING IN THE GAME.
WOMAN (MISTER), THAT’S NOT WHAT IT’S NOT!

(ADAM tries to name things and EVE keeps interrupting.)

BOTH: ALL GOD'S CREATURES HAVE TO HAVE A NAME.
THAT'S NOT WHAT IT'S NOT!
ALL GOD’S CREATURES ...
THAT'S NOT WHAT IT'S NOT!
ALL GOD’S CREATURES ...

THAT'S NOT WHAT IT'S NOT!
THAT'S NOT WHAT IT'S NOT!

*(He exits. Music No. 4a: The Day Before Yesterday
Transition 1. She follows. Lights change. ADAM enters.)*

ADAM: Lord, I don't want to complain, but ... this new creature with the long hair is always hanging around and following me about. I don't like it; I'm not used to it. Why can't it stay with the other animals? That being said, I thank You for it. I'm sure it must have a purpose. I thank You, also, for the wet that fell from up high today; we do need it ... We? Where did I get that word? ... I remember – the new creature uses it. We. Weee. WEEEE! I wonder what it means.

EVE: *(Off.)* Man!

ADAM: Oh, Lord! ... *(Turns it into a prayer.)* ... could you, at least, give me an inkling what its purpose in Your Garden is? Does it have one?

EVE: *(Off, but closer.)* Creature!

ADAM: Talk to you later, Lord. I'm out of here!

(He runs off, just before EVE comes on.)

EVE: Creature! *(She stops, out of breath.)* Oh, hello, Lord. This is getting very tiring, you know. All week, I've tagged around after it and tried to get acquainted. I had to do all the talking, because it's *so* shy, but I didn't mind. It seemed pleased to have me around, and I used the sociable "we" a good deal, because it seems to flatter it to be included. We are getting better acquainted and it does not try to avoid me as much any more, which is a good sign, and shows that it likes to have me with it. I try very hard to make it feel useful, so as to not hurt its feelings.

(ADAM comes back in, with sticks and branches. He begins to build a lean-to. She watches him for bit.)

You know, reptile, if you're a man, then I'll have to stop thinking of you as *it*. Because you aren't an *it*, are you? That wouldn't be grammatical. I think you would be a *he*. That seems right. In that case one would parse it thus: nominative, *he*; dative, *him*; possessive, *his 'n*. Well, I will consider you to be a man and call you *he* until you turn out to be something else. Whatcha doing? *(ADAM doesn't answer.)* Are you building a shelter? *(ADAM doesn't answer.)* I mean, I don't *know* if you are, but, *if* you are, that's what you're building – a shelter.

ADAM: It's not a shelter. It's a "thing to keep off the wet that falls from up high."

EVE: You really are no good at naming things, are you? I mean, you're very clever to have thought up the *idea* of a shelter and I'm sure we'll find it very useful ...

ADAM: What do you mean "we"?

EVE: ... but that is definitely a "shelter".

ADAM: Call it what you like.

EVE: I think I have real talent for that. The minute I set eyes on something, I know what it is. The right name just *pops* out. I seem to know just by the shape of it and how it acts what it is. Now listen. Honestly, it would be good if I took all the work of naming things off your hands – oh, *hands!*, what a great name for them! – and, really, you have no gift in that line.

ADAM: The Lord placed the naming of all things in my *hands* and this ... (*indicating his shelter.*) ... is a "thing to keep off the wet that falls from up high."

EVE: (*After a beat; very quietly.*) Shelter.

ADAM: What kind of a name is "shelter"? It doesn't describe the thing at all.

EVE: Of course it does! When it rains – one of my words, by the way – it shelters us from the rain. "Shelter" – see?

ADAM: I am perfectly capable of coming up with names for things.

EVE: Really? So, what is that thing over there?

ADAM: Which one?

EVE: The one with the long thing out front and the puffy things on its head and tail.

ADAM: Oh, that! That's ... a "thing with the long thing out front and the puffy things on its head and tail."

EVE: (*After a beat; very quietly.*) Dodo.

ADAM: What?

EVE: Dodo.

ADAM: And why is it a "dodo"?

EVE: Because it looks like a dodo.

ADAM: What does a dodo look like?

EVE: *(Pointing.)* Like that!

ADAM: That is just ... it doesn't ... you can't ... ! Ahh!

EVE: *(Very pleased with herself.)* Dodo.

ADAM: It's not a dodo!

EVE: Well, what do you want to call it? *(Forestalling him.)* And not "thing with the long thing out front and the puffy things on its head and tail."

ADAM: All right. It's a ... w-w-w-w....

EVE: It's not a wildcat!

ADAM: I didn't say it was.

EVE: You were going to. I saw it in your eye. Oh, another good name!

ADAM: It's a ...w-w-w-wo-wo.

EVE: Man ...

ADAM: All right, it's a dodo! Now, let me get back to building the shelter.

EVE: I thought it was a "thing to keep off the wet that falls from up high."

ADAM: I wish you would not talk; you're always talking.

EVE: Can't help it. The Lord made me that way. Are you going to argue with the Lord?

ADAM: *(A beat.)* No.

EVE: And, anyway, one of us has to. Do you know, this is the longest conversation in the whole history of the world! And that's, what?, nearly a week, now!

ADAM: You wear me out. And it does no good to argue with you. *(He gets the shelter up firmly.)* There! There's the ... shelter.

EVE: It's very nice.

ADAM: Thank you.

EVE: No, really, it's nice ...

ADAM: But ... ?

EVE: But ... it will be perfect when we get some curtains up and maybe a few flowers and some flagstones in a little walk coming right up to it.

(ADAM sighs in disgust and crawls into the shelter.)

And, I'm not sure I like the colour. I mean, green is very nice, but it's so ... usual ... am I right? Everything is green – if it's not brown or blue. So, I'm thinking – wait for it – a really deep magenta! Wouldn't that be wonderful?

(She crawls into the shelter. ADAM simply stares at her.)

Oh, you'll love it – eventually. I mean, look how much you like the name “dodo”, but you didn't, at first – am I right?

ADAM: It looks no more like a dodo than I do.

EVE: Well, if you don't like magenta, how about fuchia?

ADAM: I have no idea what you're talking about!

EVE: Well, they're colours, of course. Magenta is ...

ADAM: Just stop! Stop talking! Stop!

EVE: But I ...

ADAM: Stop! No talking.

EVE: But...

ADAM: Shush!

EVE: Bu...

ADAM: Ah-ah-ah!

(Silence. EVE's face is lowered, covered by her hair.)

It's just that I have never heard a human voice before, and I am only used to sounds that are more or less ... distant. You are always so close; right at my shoulder, right at my ear, first on one side and then on the other! Do you understand? *(EVE raises her face to his. It is wet with tears.)* You're leaking. Why are you leaking? *(EVE begins to sob.)* Why are you doing that?

EVE: *(Still sobbing.)* I don't know!

ADAM: Well, stop it. What's the point of a shelter to keep the wet off, if you're going to come inside and leak?

EVE: *(Still crying.)* I can't help it. I don't know what's wrong with me!

(She leans on ADAM and puts her arms around him.)

ADAM: What are you doing that for?

EVE: I don't know!

(ADAM disentangles himself from her and leaves the shelter. She continues to cry.)

ADAM: I'm going to go have a look at the place where the wet stuff comes down so hard.

EVE: The waterfall?

ADAM: All right, the waterfall.

EVE: Niagara Falls.

ADAM: What?

EVE: It's called Niagara Falls.

ADAM: Why is it called Niagara Falls?

EVE: *(Bursting out into fresh tears.)* Because it looks like Niagara Falls!

(ADAM can say nothing, so turns and leaves.)

Well, it does!

(EVE cries. MUSIC: No. 5: MY FIRST SORROW.)

YESTERDAY, HE RAN FROM ME,
HE SEEMED TO WISH I WOULD NOT BE.
I COULD NOT BELIEVE IT, THOUGH,
THERE WAS SOME MISTAKE,
FOR I LOVED TO BE WITH HIM:

LOVED TO SEE HIM, LOVED TO TOUCH HIM.
HOW COULD HE BE CRUEL TO ME?
I HAD NOT DONE ANYTHING.
HOW COULD IT BE TRUE?
COULD HE LEAVE ME FAR BEHIND?

I SAT IN THE LONELY PLACE
WHERE I FIRST SAW HIM ON THAT MORNING.
NOW IT WAS A MOURNFUL PLACE,
AND EV'RY ECHO SPOKE OF HEARTACHE,
AND MY FIRST SORROW.

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SAD AND HEART-SORE, WHERE TO START, FOR
ALL OF THIS WAS NEW TO ME.
NO ONE EVER FELT THIS WAY: ALL A MYSTERY.
NO ONE EVER LOVED LIKE ME.

WHEN, AT LAST, THE NIGHT HAD COME
AND HE WAS SLEEPING IN HIS BOWER,
I CREPT CLOSE TO WATCH HIM THERE,
AND SLEPT ALONE AMONG THE FLOWERS,
WITH MY FIRST ... MY FIRST SORROW.

LONGED TO ASK HIM WHAT WAS WRONG AND
HOW HE COULD BE KIND ONCE MORE;
BUT HE TURNED AWAY FROM ME, LEFT ME ONCE AGAIN,
AND MY TEARS DISSOLVED IN RAIN.

I SAT IN THE LONELY PLACE
WHERE I FIRST SAW HIM ON THAT MORNING.
NOW IT WAS A MOURNFUL PLACE,
AND EV'RY ECHO SPOKE OF HEARTACHE,
AND MY FIRST ... MY FIRST ... MY FIRST SORROW ...
AND MY FIRST SORROW.

*(Lights up on the SERPENT, who has been nearby,
listening. EVE notices it and smiles.)*

SERPENT: Sssso...

*(Music No. 5a: The Day Before Yesterday 2nd Transition.
Lights down on them. Lights up on ADAM.)*

ADAM: It is very pleasant here, Lord. I am happy.

GOD: It pleases me to hear it.

ADAM: Oh, You're here!

GOD: I am everywhere, Adam.

ADAM: You've mentioned that. I've been examining the place where the wet comes down so hard. It is the finest thing on the estate, I think.

GOD: Niagara Falls, yes.

ADAM: Now, *You're* calling it that? The new creature calls it Niagara Falls – why, I do not know. Says it looks like Niagara Falls. That's not a reason.

GOD: Well, that's its name, now. It's a good name, I think. And, if I think so, it is.

ADAM: I don't mind her helping out. She comes up with good ideas – occasionally. But I get no chance to name anything. She names everything before I can get in a protest. And always because "it looks like the thing." I mean, look at the dodo!

GOD: Where?

ADAM: For instance, I mean. She says she could tell at a glance that it "looks like a dodo." Now it's stuck with that name forever. Dodo!

GOD: Adam, she is the one I created as a help meet for you.

ADAM: Helpmate?

GOD: Help meet. A subtle distinction, but a crucial one.

ADAM: I suppose. You created the new creature for me?

GOD: Let's say, I created you each for the other.

ADAM: She has an odd way of demonstrating it.

GOD: She really needs a name, Adam. You can't just call her "the new creature."

ADAM: Must I? Very well. I shall call her ...

GOD: And, not "thing that is like me but isn't me and chatters all the time and won't let me name anything anymore."

ADAM: How did You know I was going to call her that?

(Silence.)

Oh. Right. Very well. As she is made for man, I shall call her "woman".

GOD: That's going to cause trouble later, but it's your call.

ADAM: By the way, I remember You weren't going to use dust this time to create her. What did You use?

GOD: How's your side, today?

ADAM: Hurts like a ... really hurty thing.

GOD: This, too, shall pass.

ADAM: What has that to do with the woman?

GOD: I made her from one of your ribs, Adam.

ADAM: You WHAT!

GOD: Made her from a rib. The third *vertebrosternal costae verae*, in fact. *A latere dextro*. Pardon my Latin.

ADAM: You took a rib from me and used it to make her? (Counting.) I want my rib back!

GOD: I grew you another one. They're all there.

ADAM: Well, all right, then! (He sulks a bit.) It still hurts. But You know best, I suppose.

GOD: As a matter of fact, I do. You should go unto her, now.

ADAM: Unto?

GOD: To.

ADAM: Then what's the "un" for? Why should I – so she can start talking at me again?

GOD: She is doing something very foolish.

ADAM: Surprise me.

GOD: She is climbing the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil.

*(Music No. 5b: That's Not What It's Not Transition 1.
ADAM looks shocked and runs off. Lights change. EVE is
throwing rocks, trying to knock down the fruit from a tree.)*

EVE: *(After several failed attempts.)* I cannot learn to throw straight. It can't be because I'm left-handed. Every time I throw, it goes off to one side. I've had no more success knocking down the fruit than I had trying to knock down the stars all those nights ago. *(She throws again.)* No, it's no good. I shall have to climb the tree. The man is good at that, but I've never tried it. Here goes.

(She begins to climb. ADAM runs on.)

ADAM: Stop! Come away from there! At once!

(EVE looks at him, then moves away from the tree.)

What do you think you're doing? *(She doesn't reply.)* Well, answer me!

EVE: Oh, I'm allowed to talk now, am I?

ADAM: What? Allowed ... ? I didn't say ... Yes! Talk! What do you think you're doing?

EVE: *(After a beat.)* No, I don't think I'll tell you. *(EVE goes back to climbing the tree.)*

ADAM: Woman! Stop that!

EVE: *(Stopping and staring at him.)* What did you just call me?

ADAM: What? "Woman". I called you "woman".

EVE: And what does that mean?

ADAM: It means you.

EVE: Since when?

ADAM: Since the Lord told me I couldn't call you "thing that is like me but isn't me and chatters all the time and won't let me name anything anymore."

EVE: And you decided my name is "woman"?

ADAM: What? No! I decided you *are* "woman" – just as I am "man". The Lord told me that we were created for each other.

(MUSIC: No. 6: You Are Man?)

EVE: YOU ARE "MAN"?

ADAM: THAT'S WHAT I SAID.

EVE: AS I AM "WOMAN"?

ADAM: THAT'S WHAT I SAID.

EVE: AND MAN AND WOMAN WERE
CREATED FOR EACH OTHER – HOW?

ADAM: ME, FROM THE DUST.

EVE: AH, YES, YOU'VE SAID.

ADAM: YOU FROM MY SIDE.

EVE: WHAT'S THAT YOU SAID?

ADAM: THE LORD MADE WOMAN FROM A
RIB THAT HE TOOK FROM MY SIDE.

BOTH: WHEN THE GOOD LORD TOOK THE DUST (A RIB) AND
MADE ME UP ANOTHER,
HE MUST HAVE HAD A PLAN IN MIND.
AND IF THE LORD THOUGHT GOOD ENOUGH TO
MAKE US FOR EACH OTHER,
THAT'S NOT A THING TO BE DECLINED.

ADAM: FOR MAN AND WOMAN –

EVE: WOMAN AND MAN –

ADAM: MAN AND WOMAN –

EVE: WOMAN AND MAN –

BOTH: MAN AND WOMAN AND MAN
SHOULD WALK ON HAND IN HAND.

EVE: TELL ME, MAN ...

ADAM: JUST ASK AWAY.

EVE: IF I AM “WOMAN” ...

ADAM: JUST AS YOU SAY.

EVE: JUST WHAT THE DIFFERENCE IS
THAT MAKES US NOT THE OTHER ONE?

ADAM: I’VE GOT TWO LEGS.

EVE: AND SO HAVE I.

ADAM: I’VE GOT TEN FINGERS.

EVE: SO HAVE I.

ADAM: JUST WHAT’S THE DIFFERENCE THEN
THAT MAKES US NOT THE OTHER ONE?

BOTH: WHEN THE GOOD LORD TOOK THE DUST (A RIB)
AND MADE ME UP ANOTHER,
HE MUST HAVE HAD A PLAN IN MIND.
AND IF THE LORD THOUGHT GOOD ENOUGH TO
MAKE US FOR EACH OTHER,
THAT’S NOT A THING TO BE DECLINED.

ADAM: FOR MAN AND WOMAN –

EVE: WOMAN AND MAN –

ADAM: MAN AND WOMAN –

EVE: WOMAN AND MAN –

BOTH: MAN AND WOMAN AND MAN
SHOULD WALK ON HAND IN HAND.

YOU ARE (I AM) MAN!
WHAT'S THAT I SEE?
AND I AM (YOU ARE) WOMAN!
THAT'S NOT RIGHT!

EVE: YOUR MAN ...

ADAM: YOUR WOMAN ...

BOTH: WERE CREATED FOR EACH OTHER? WOW!

EVE: I THINK I SEE ...

ADAM: I GUESS I DO ...

BOTH: IT'S WHAT'S INSIDE.
AS CRAZY AS IT SOUNDS,
THAT'S THE WAY IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE!

WHEN THE GOOD LORD TOOK THE DUST (A RIB)
AND MADE ME UP ANOTHER,
HE MUST HAVE HAD A PLAN IN MIND.
AND IF THE LORD THOUGHT GOOD ENOUGH TO
MAKE US FOR EACH OTHER,
THAT'S NOT A THING TO BE DECLINED.

ADAM: FOR MAN AND WOMAN –

EVE: WOMAN AND MAN –

ADAM: MAN AND WOMAN –

EVE: WOMAN AND MAN –

BOTH: MAN AND WOMAN SHOULD –
MAN AND WOMAN SHOULD –
MAN AND WOMAN AND MAN –
SHOULD WALK ON HAND IN HAND.

(Music ends.)

ADAM: Now ... woman, why were you trying to climb that tree?

EVE: Well ... man, it was a surprise.

ADAM: What's a "surprise"?

EVE: Do you remember a couple of days back when I got the lion to sneak up very quietly behind you and roar so loudly that you jumped right into the river?

ADAM: Very vividly.

EVE: *(Proudly.) That's a surprise.*

ADAM: You were going to get the lion to climb the tree and roar at me?

EVE: No, no! A surprise is a thing that you don't expect. A nice thing.

ADAM: What nice thing could come of climbing the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil?

EVE: I was going to gather some of the fruit for you – as a treat.

ADAM: Woman!

EVE: *(Smiling affectionately.)* Man.

ADAM: The Lord has commanded that, of all the trees in the Garden, we must not eat of Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil. The Lord ... has ... commanded!

EVE: *(Looking up at the tree.)* I don't see what the problem is. It looks like nice fruit.

ADAM: Woman! You must promise me that you will never taste of that fruit.

EVE: What's a promise – man?

ADAM: It is a thing I have just invented that means you will never do it.

EVE: Why?

ADAM: The Lord has commanded it.

EVE: Why?

ADAM: Because He has said, on the day that you do taste of that fruit, you will surely die.

EVE: Why?

ADAM: Because the Lord said you will.

EVE: What's die?

ADAM: I don't know! – but it sounds serious. Now, you must promise.

EVE: I don't know that I will. After all, I was just trying to do something nice for you. And, if you don't appreciate me when I do something nice for you ... *(She starts to tear up, again.)* ... well, I don't know why I should do anything for you!

ADAM: Now, don't start leaking, again.

EVE: I'll leak if I want to! All I did was try to get some nice fruit and I think my good intentions should please you. You say they are forbidden, and I shall come to harm; but if I'm just trying to please you, why should I come to harm?

ADAM: Woman, listen to me! *(He takes her arms and calms her down.)* Listen to me, please! We must *never* touch the fruit of that tree – never! If you won't do it for your own sake, then ... then – do it to please me.

EVE: I'm not sure that's a very good reason to do anything.

ADAM: Then please yourself! – but don't touch that tree! Woman – please.

(He leaves exits. She stares after him for a moment.)

EVE: My name is Eve.

(EVE weeps; The SERPENT snakes up behind her.)

SERPENT: Sssso...

EVE: *(Startled, turning.)* Oh! Oh, hello, serpent.

SERPENT: Sssso...

EVE: I've been meaning to ask. How come you talk people talk?

SERPENT: Say, I'm smarter than the other beasts. Or more subtle.

EVE: You don't speak very often.

SERPENT: Sometimes, there is no need to speak.

EVE: That's what *he* says.

SERPENT: Says?

EVE: The man. He says, sometimes, we should just sit and not talk.

SERPENT: So wise for one so young.

EVE: He's older than me.

SERPENT: So wise for one so old.

EVE: He calls me "woman".

SERPENT: Such a good name.

EVE: That's not my name!

SERPENT: Sorry.

EVE: My name is Eve.

SERPENT: Seems to be a very fine name.

EVE: It is. Best woman's name ever.

SERPENT: So very good. So bad it's owner is so sad.

(MUSIC: No. 7: SUCH A LONELY CREATURE)

EVE: I am sad. I'm also very lonely.

SERPENT: SAD AND LONELY.
SUCH A LONELY LITTLE CREATURE.
SHE IS ONLY
SUCH A LONELY LITTLE CREATURE.

SITTING ON THE RIVER-BANK
TALKING TO THE WATER.
HUNGERING FOR SOMEONE,
HUNGERING FOR SOMETHING.

SOMETHING TO LOOK AT,
SOMETHING TO TALK TO.
SOMETHING TO LAUGH WITH.
SOMETHING TO HOLD YOUR HAND.

SOMETHING TO TALK WHEN YOU TALK.
SOMETHING TO CRY WHEN YOU CRY.
TO BE SAD WHEN YOU'RE SAD,
TO COMFORT YOU AND SAY
"DON'T BE DOWNHEARTED, YOU POOR LITTLE GIRL;
I WILL BE YOUR FRIEND."

SEE SHE'S LEAKING,
ALL ALONE TO FEEL HER SORROW.
HAS THERE EVER
BEEN A GLOOMIER TOMORROW?

NEVER HAS THERE BEEN A GIRL
FACED WITH GREATER HEARTBREAK.
NEVER HAS A WOMAN
ACHED SO HARD FOR SOMETHING.

SOMETHING TO LOOK AT,
SOMETHING TO TALK TO.
SOMETHING TO LAUGH WITH.
SOMETHING TO HOLD YOUR HAND.

SOMETHING TO TALK WHEN YOU TALK.
SOMETHING TO CRY WHEN YOU CRY.
TO BE SAD WHEN YOU'RE SAD,
TO COMFORT YOU WITH SYMPATHY AND SAY
"DON'T BE DOWNHEARTED, YOU POOR LITTLE GIRL;
I WILL BE YOUR FRIEND."

SOMETHING IS NEVER ENOUGH
YOU KNOW, SOMETHING JUST CAN'T BE ENOUGH
BUT SOMETHING AT LEAST IS SOMETHING,
AND SOMETHING IS BETTER THAN NONE.

SOMETHING TO TALK WHEN YOU TALK.
SOMETHING TO CRY WHEN YOU CRY.
TO BE SAD WHEN YOU'RE SAD,
TO COMFORT YOU AND SAY
"DON'T BE DOWNHEARTED, YOU POOR LITTLE GIRL;
I WILL BE YOUR FRIEND."
I WILL BE YOUR FRIEND.
I WILL BE YOUR FRIEND.

(The SERPENT holds out a hand to EVE, who, trustingly,

*takes it and they run lightly off together. Music ends.
ADAM comes in, carrying a sign, the face of which we
don't yet see.)*

ADAM: Woman! Woman! (*He props the sign against something and we see that it says "KEEP OFF THE GRASS".*) Woman!

EVE: (*Entering with wild-flowers in her hair.*) 'Bye, serpent! S-s-s-see you later!

ADAM: Woman!

EVE: Man.

ADAM: (*Pointing to the sign.*) What is that?

EVE: It's a sign.

ADAM: A sign of what? The times? The spring? Foolishness?

EVE: It's a sign of "Keep off the grass".

ADAM: What's grass?

EVE: The green stuff under your feet.

ADAM: (*Looking down at it.*) And why should I keep off it?

EVE: So we don't run out.

ADAM: Run out? It's everywhere! And that's another thing! This place is called The Garden of Eden. The ... Garden ... of ... Eden. Why did I find a sign up by the waterfall that says "NIAGARA FALLS PARK – formerly Garden of Eden"?

EVE: I renamed it.

ADAM: Why?

EVE: But it doesn't look like a garden. It looks like a park.

BOTH: Niagara Falls Park.

EVE: It'd make a lovely summer resort – if there was anyone who needed one.

ADAM: What's a summer resort? Don't bother. You'd only explain.

EVE: Oh! I have more signs for you to put up. *(She goes off.)*

ADAM: *(While she is off.)* My life is not as happy as it was.

EVE: *(Returning with signs.)* Now these go where the path reaches the cliffs and goes in different directions. “This way to the whirlpool”, “This way to Goat Island” and “Cave of the Winds this way.” Now, don’t mix them up!

ADAM: *(Bewildered and speechless.)* All right.

EVE: Oh, and, man, you must stop going over the Falls.

ADAM: Stop going over the Falls? What harm does it do?

EVE: It makes me shudder.

ADAM: Why? It’s what the Falls are for. They have no other use that I can see..

EVE: They are scenery — like rhinoceroses and mastodons.

ADAM: You’ll be telling me not to swim the Rapids, next.

EVE: You’ve been swimming the Rapids? Stop it!

ADAM: Woman, I need a change of scene.

EVE: My name is Eve.

ADAM: It’s what now?

EVE: My name is Eve.

ADAM: That’s ridiculous. Why do you need a name?

EVE: So that you can call me by it when you need me.

ADAM: It’s superfluous, then.

EVE: It’s what?

ADAM: Superfluous.

EVE: Where did you get that word?

ADAM: I made it up.

EVE: It's a good word. But my name is still Eve. And I still don't your name.

ADAM: No, you don't, do you? What have you got in your hair?

EVE: Flowers. And before you ask: because they're pretty – and so am I. The serpent told me I was.

ADAM: Why would you care about that?

EVE: You just don't care about anything, do you?

ADAM: I care about what I was created for: to care for everything in His Garden.

EVE: Park.

ADAM: Park!

EVE: You don't care about the flowers.

ADAM: Rubbish.

EVE: You don't care for the birds or their songs.

ADAM: Noise.

EVE: You don't care for the sunset or the blue sky or the moon or the stars.

ADAM: Superfluous! How does any of that help me care for the Garden?

EVE: You don't care about me!

ADAM: *There* it is!

EVE: All you care about is shelters to keep off the good clean rain, and thumping melons and fingering the fruit on the trees, to see how they're coming along.

ADAM: Lord, help me to remember that she is very young, a mere girl. Goodbye, woman.

EVE: Eve!

ADAM: It's superfluous!

(ADAM runs off. EVE sniffles, lifts her head proudly and turns away, just as the SERPENT enters behind her.)

SERPENT: Say, I think he's a little superfluous himself.

EVE: He's super-perfluous. *(Laughs.)* That's very good for one so young.

SERPENT: Since when do you need him to get along?

EVE: I don't. I'm not even going to talk to him anymore.

SERPENT: Silent treatment?

EVE: I was going to make him a string of flowers, but I won't now. I thought if I had a stick with a hole in it, I could pull one flower through the stem of another flower.

SERPENT: So, you need a stick with a hole in it.

EVE: I'm going to make one. Watch! *(She lays a stick down and places another perpendicular to it. She begins to spin the vertical stick between her hands.)* It might take a while.

SERPENT: Such a clever creature!

EVE: *(She continues spinning the stick.)* Thank you.

SERPENT: Silly man will be sorry for not appreciating you.

EVE: *(She continues spinning the stick.)* Yes, he will.

SERPENT: Spin away, sister, spin away. You'll be surprised what happens.

(The SERPENT exits, leaving EVE working away.)

EVE: It's starting to make a hole, now. Just a little more, I think. *(A puff of smoke from the wood.)* Aah! Serpent, what is that? *(She looks around.)* Serpent? Where did you go? *(More smoke.)* What is that? It doesn't have a name yet. It looks like – I know: SMOKE! And what's the pink dust around it? It's very pretty. I'll put some in my hair, with the flowers. *(She reaches out and burns her fingers.)* AAAH! It hurts. It grows very quickly. In fact, it grows too quickly! *(She jumps up as the fire smokes and flames more and more.)* I know what I'm going to call it. I'm going to call it: FIRE! *(She runs off, yelling.)* FIRE! FIRE!

(MUSIC: No. 8: She. ADAM enters, musing.)

ADAM: SHE IS ALL EAGERNESS AND LIFE,
THE WORLD IS A CHARM, A JOY TO HER,
SHE IS BREATHLESS WITH DELIGHT
FOR A NEW FLOWER, FOR A NEW SCENT.

SHE IS ALL COLOR-MAD: BROWN ROCKS;
GRAY MOSS; YELLOW SAND; BLUE SKY; GREEN TREES.
SHE WAKES FOR THE PEARLS OF DAWN,
STARES AT THE MOON; LONGS FOR THE STARS.

SHE HAS NO USE, SO FAR AS I CAN SEE,
BUT STILL SHE'S THERE, RIGHT NEXT TO ME.

SHE IS QUITE REMARKABLE—
SLENDER, GRACEFUL, LITHE;
PICTURE HER STANDING, MARBLE-WHITE,
WATCHING A BIRD IN THE SKY,

IF SHE COULD QUIET DOWN; BE STILL;
BE GRAVE FOR A DAY, AN HOUR, A BEAT.
THEN I COULD ENJOY BEING CLOSE TO HER;
I REALIZE, SEEN THROUGH ME EYES,
SHE IS BEAUTIFUL.

(Music ends. From off, we hear EVE.)

EVE: *(OFF.)* Fire! Fire! Fire!

(He sighs and hangs his head,, then runs off. Music: No. 8a: You Are Man Transition 2. Lights change.)

EVE: *(Admiring her fire.)* Oh, fire, you're beautiful! He'll say you're not good for anything, but you're so beautiful I want to hug you – but I won't. I have a new maxim: "The burnt experiment shuns the fire." That's good for one so young.

(ADAM runs on, stops and stares. After a long moment:)

ADAM: What is it? *(EVE doesn't answer.)* What is it?

EVE: I'm not speaking to you.

ADAM: What is this thing that is eating up everything it goes near? Tell me!

EVE: *(After a long moment.)* It's called fire.

ADAM: Fire?

EVE: That's the name I gave it. I suppose you want to call it something silly.

ADAM: No, fire is a good name for it. It looks like fire!

EVE: Doesn't it?

ADAM: How did it come?

EVE: *(Proudly.)* I made it.

ADAM: *(Looking at the embers.)* What are these? *(He bends to pick one up but drops it.)*

EVE: They're ... embers. The burnt experiment shuns the embers, too.

ADAM: *(Stares at the fire; after a moment.)* It would be better not to make any more of it.

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EVE: *(He walks away, off.)*
Nothing interests him! *(There is a rumble of thunder and the sound of rain; EVE looks up as the lights change.)* Thank You.

(Music: No. 8b: Underscore. ADAM enters.)

ADAM: She has taken up with a snake now.

GOD: A serpent.

ADAM: Whatever. It talks to her. That's fine with me. I can get some rest. She'll quit bothering me.

GOD: You spend much time being bothered by the woman.

(EVE enters.)

EVE: Even when I was trying to improve the estate, he had nothing good to say. The signs are very helpful for travellers – if there were any travellers. I mean well and it bothers me that he doesn't care about it.

GOD: You spend much time being bothered by the man.

ADAM: She says she absolutely forbids me to go over the Falls anymore. Forbids it!

GOD: She can be very stubborn.

EVE: I don't want him going over the Falls because fire showed me something quite different from love, sorrow, and the other feelings I've discovered. It showed me fear. And it is horrible!

GOD: Fear is a terrible thing.

ADAM: I want to get as far away as possible. I shall ask a horse to carry me as fast as he can go, all night; perhaps, Lord, clear out of the Park and into some other country.

GOD: You cannot run from troubles, Adam.

EVE: But he has not discovered fear yet, and so he doesn't understand me!

GOD: Not the last time that will be said.

ADAM: I won't be running. The horse will.

GOD: Troubles will come.

EVE: All week, all alone; still, it is better to be alone than unwelcome.

(Music ends. The SERPENT enters and snakes up to EVE. They are near the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil.)

SERPENT: Sad, again?

EVE: I think I am the saddest girl in the world.

SERPENT: Seems likely that you are.

EVE: I try to help him and show him that I am useful and he just has no interest in me.

SERPENT: So you want to be noticed? I know something that will make him notice you.

EVE: What?

SERPENT: *(Pointing up into the Tree.)* See what's up there?

EVE: The fruit?

(MUSIC: No. 9: Taste The Fruit)

SERPENT: The fruit.

SUCH A SAD AND LONELY GIRL,
THIS WORLD HAS NEVER SEEN.
SHE TRIES SO HARD; SHE CRIES ALONE
A SADDER GIRL, THERE'S NEVER BEEN.
SHE'S LEFT HERE ON HER OWN
TO WISH AND PINE AND SIGH.
SHE'LL NEVER BE APPRECIATED
FOR THE THINGS SHE'S DONE.

COME ON! TIME TO STAND UP FOR YOURSELF!
COME ON, GIRL! TIME TO REACH OUT FOR YOURSELF!
GRAB THE CHANCE I'M OFFERING TO YOU.
IF YOU WANT TO SHOW HIM WHAT YOU ARE:
TASTE THE FRUIT!

EVE: BUT THE MAN HAS SAID THE LORD HAS
WARNED HIM FROM THIS TREE.
HE SAYS I MAY NOT EAT OF IT
LEST FEARFUL DANGER FALL ON ME.

BUT WHY SHOULD I OBEY
WHEN HE'S SO FAR AWAY?
IS IT STILL WRONG WHEN HE IS GONE
AND HATES ME, ANYWAY?

SERPENT: COME ON! TIME TO STAND UP FOR YOURSELF!
COME ON, GIRL! TIME TO REACH OUT FOR YOURSELF!
GRAB THE CHANCE I'M OFFERING TO YOU.
IF YOU WANT TO SHOW HIM WHAT YOU ARE:
TASTE THE FRUIT!

NOW THE SERPENT WAS MORE SUBTLE
THAN ANY BEAST IN THE FIELD
HE SAID "MAY YE NOT EAT OF ANY
FRUIT THE GARDEN YIELD?"

EVE: OF ALL THE FRUITS OF THE GARDEN,
OF ANY FRUIT WE MAY EAT,
SAVE THAT OF THE TREE IN THE MIDST OF IT,
OR WE SHALL SURELY DIE.

SERPENT: EVE! DON'T YOU KNOW

YOUR GOD IS A JEALOUS GOD?
GOD KNOWS: EAT AND YOU SHALL NOT DIE!
YOUR EYES WILL BE OPENED,
YOU'LL KNOW GOOD AND EVIL,
YOU WILL BE AS GODS!

IF YOU WANT TO MAKE YOURSELF A GOD,
TASTE THE FRUIT!

ADAM; STOP! WOMAN, DON'T REACH OUT YOUR HAND!
THERE'S DANGER EVEN IN THE SPOT YOU STAND.
WOMAN, THINK OF WHAT YOU DO.
WOMAN, PLEASE, LISTEN TO ME.
WOMAN, PLEASE!
IF YOU DO, YOU'RE SURELY GOING TO DIE
DON'T TASTE THE FRUIT!

EVE: My name is Eve.

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(She bites the fruit.)

I KNOW THINGS I KNOW THAT WE
WERE NEVER MEANT TO KNOW.
I SEE YOU NAKED AND I SEE JUST
WHAT THAT MEANS AND WHAT WILL BE.

(She approaches ADAM and holds out the fruit.)

MY EYES ARE OPEN NOW.
I SEE SO MANY THINGS.
I KNOW OF GOOD AND EVIL
AND I KNOW WHAT IT MEANS TO DIE.

(Music holds until ADAM bites into the fruit.)

SERPENT: *(To God.)* AND I BROUGHT YOUR PERFECT MAN TO HIS FALL!
NOW, TASTE THE FRUIT!

(THUNDER/LIGHTNING. The SERPENT writhes and collapses into the dust as ADAM and EVE, arms around each other, runs from the Garden. Lights down.)

END OF ACT ONE

The Diaries of Adam and Eve

a musical

Act Two: After the Fall

(MUSIC: No. 10 ENTR'ACTE; MUSIC No. 11 THE GARDEN IS A DREAM. ADAM and EVE work separately, ADAM delves, EVE spins. They are now clothed in hides.)

EVE: THE GARDEN IS A DREAM TO ME, NOW.
WHEN I LOOK BACK, IT WAS BEAUTIFUL,
ENCHANTINGLY BEAUTIFUL,
SURPASSINGLY BEAUTIFUL;
BUT NOW IT'S LOST,
AND I'LL NOT SEE IT ANY MORE.

ADAM: THE GARDEN IS A DREAM TO ME, NOW.
WHEN I LOOK BACK, IT WAS BEAUTIFUL,
ENCHANTINGLY BEAUTIFUL,
SURPASSINGLY BEAUTIFUL;
BUT NOW IT'S LOST,
AND I'LL NOT SEE IT ANY MORE.

EVE: THE GARDEN IS A DREAM...

ADAM: THE GARDEN IS A DREAM, NOTHING MORE ...

BOTH: WHEN I LOOK BACK, IT WAS BEAUTIFUL,
ENCHANTINGLY BEAUTIFUL (ADAM: THIS DREAM.);
SURPASSINGLY BEAUTIFUL,
BUT NOW IT'S LOST,
AND I'LL NOT SEE IT ANY MORE.

EVE: THE GARDEN IS LOST, BUT I HAVE FOUND HIM,
AND I AM CONTENT. HE LOVES ME AS WELL AS HE CAN.
I LOVE HIM WITH THE STRENGTH OF MY PASSIONATE NATURE,
I THINK THIS IS PROPER TO MY YOUTH AND MY SEX.
IF HE CANNOT LOVE ME WITH THE SAME SORT OF FERVOUR,
I'LL BE SATISFIED THAT HE IS DOING HIS BEST.

ADAM: THE GARDEN IS LOST, BUT IT SEEMS I HAVE HER.
AND I AM CONTENT. I'LL KEEP HER AS BEST AS I CAN.
I FIND THAT SHE'S BECOME AN AGREEABLE COMPANION.
WHEN I'M NOT WITH HER, I FIND I'M LONESOME FOR NOISE.
AND, AS GOD ORDAINED THAT WE MUST WORK FOR OUR LIVING,
I'M SURE SHE'LL BE USEFUL. I'LL SUPERINTEND.

BOTH: IF I ASK MYSELF WHY I LOVE HIM (DO I LOVE HER,)
I FIND I DO NOT KNOW,
AND, WHEN ALL IS DONE AND OVER,
I DON'T REALLY CARE WHY IT'S SO.

EVE: THE GARDEN IS A DREAM TO ME NOW

ADAM: THE GARDEN IS A DREAM, NOTHING MORE.

BOTH: WHEN I LOOK BACK, (EVE: A DREAM),
IT WAS BEAUTIFUL (ADAM: THIS DREAM),
SURPASSINGLY BEAUTIFUL,
ENCHANTINGLY BEAUTIFUL.

THE GARDEN IS A DREAM.
AND WHAT'S A DREAM,
BUT SOMETHING THAT NEVER WAS.

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(*Music ends. Lights down on EVE.*)

ADAM: (*Sneaking carefully along.*) Quietly, now. Quietly. Don't scare it off. Come a little closer ... closer ... (*He raises his sharpened stick.*) Now, I've got you ... what are you looking at? Stop that. Your eyes are too big – and too brown. You're supposed to run away, you know. So, go ahead. Run away. I won't chase you. (*He watches the animal scamper away.*) Goodbye, little fellow. Goodbye, lunch.

(*He sits and eats an apple.*)

She eats too much fruit. We are going to run short. "We" again – *her* word; mine too, now, from hearing it so much. Fog this morning. I don't go out in the fog myself. She goes out in all weathers, and stumps right into the shelter with muddy feet. And talks. It used to be so pleasant and quiet here. Wherever here is.

(*He surveys his surroundings.*)

Have I been here before? It looks like I have – but it *all* looks like I have. That hill there – I called that one "place that's nearly as tall as the big place near there but not as tall as the other one that's not near there." (*He thinks for a moment.*) She's right. I'm terrible at naming things. But, I've definitely been here before.

(*MUSIC: No. 13: BEEN THERE, NAMED THAT.*)

I'VE SEEN EV'RY THING THAT I CAN SEE.
(GOT A NAME FOR THAT; GOT A THING FOR THAT.)

I'VE BEEN EV'RY WHERE THAT I CAN BE.
(SPENT AN HOUR HERE. GOT THE SOUVENIR.)
I'VE CLIMBED EV'RY HILL – SWAM THE LAKES UNTIL ...
(NOTHING NEW TO SEE; NOTHING NEW TO ME.)
I KNOW EV'RY ROCK AND EV'RY TREE.
EV'RY TREE. EV'RY SINGLE BLESSED HILL AND...

I'VE NAMED EV'RY THING THAT I CAN NAME.
(THAT'S A COCKATOO; THAT'S A TINAMOU.)
EV'RY DIFFERENT THING – AND SOME THE SAME.
(THAT'S A WILDEBEEST OR AN OLD GNU.)
I'VE DUBBED EV'RY BIRD, NAMED IT WITH A WORD,
(THAT'S A PINK HOOPPOO; THERE'S A DODO, TOO.)
AND NOW THERE'S NOT A NAME LEFT TO PROCLAIM.
EV'RY NAME. EV'RY SINGLE BLESSED ...

'CAUSE I'VE
BEEN THERE – NAMED THAT.
NOTHING LEFT IN THIS WORLD FOR A
GUY LIKE ME TO DO.
(NOT A THING TO DO.)
BEEN THERE – NAMED THAT.
NOTHING LEFT I CAN SEE
BUT A BIG WORLD TO SUBDUE.
(THAT'S A KANGAROO; THAT'S A MARABOU.)

I'VE FELT EV'RY FEELING I CAN FEEL:
(PAID A HEAVY PRICE – LOST MY PARADISE.)
EV'RY JOLT AND SHOCK THAT LIFE CAN DEAL.
(HAD MY SHARE OF HURTS. STILL IT MIGHT BE WORSE.)
WHAT I'VE FOUND IS SHE SEEMS A PART OF ME.
(CAN'T BELIEVE IT'S TRUE. BUT, I'M TELLING YOU?)
NOW, I SEEM TO MISS HER EV'RY DAY ...
EV'RY WAY. EV'RY SINGLE BLESSED ...

'CAUSE I'VE
BEEN THERE – NAMED THAT.
NOTHING FEELS LIKE IT DID
WHEN THE WORLD AND ME WERE NEW.
(BACK A WEEK OR TWO.)
BEEN THERE – NAMED THAT.
NOTHING WORKS LIKE IT DID
WHEN MY WORLD WAS ONE, NOT TWO.
(WHEN THERE'S SOMEONE WHO KEEPS ON CATCHING YOU.)

WHAT IS MAN TO DO WHEN
THE WORLD'S NO LONGER NEW?
WHAT AM I TO DO NOW MY ONE IS TWO?
NOW MY HAPPY DAYS HAVE PASSED ME BY?
(NEED A NAME FOR THAT!)

BEEN THERE – NAMED THAT.
ONLY THING I'VE NEVER NAMED IS "WIFE".
(THAT'S A REAL BIG NAME.)
BEEN THERE – NAMED THAT.
BETTER GO ON HOME –
AND MAKE A LIFE.

*(ADAM exits. Lights change. EVE busy with skins or such.
EVE chatters incessantly. ADAM prowls around the camp.)*

EVE: I think I have discovered almost everything there is to discover. I've learned that wood swims, and dry leaves, and feathers, and therefore, by all that evidence, we see that rocks must swim; but there isn't any way to prove it – so far. And that's what makes the world so exciting, but when I discover how rocks swim, then that excitement will go away, and I won't have it left to discover. Do you see?

ADAM: Hmm.

EVE: And I've discovered that water *never* runs uphill – except in the dark. I know it does in the dark, because the pool never goes dry, which it would, of course, if the water didn't run uphill in the dark. And now, *that* excitement's gone. Still, I think there are many things to learn yet; and by economizing and not hurrying too fast, it will be weeks and weeks before I know everything there is to know.

ADAM: Mm-hmm. *(He begins to hunt around in their food larder for a snack.)*

EVE: I'm the most educated girl in the world, I think, but I ignorant at first. I think. But I am the first girl that has ever been educated, and I may not have got it right.

ADAM: Hmm. *(Producing celery and some crumbly cheese.)* And Man said: "Let there be celery, and there was celery." And Man commanded that the cheese should be on the face of the celery and, behold, it was so. And Man saw that it was good. *(He eats it with satisfaction.)*

EVE: Were you listening to anything I said?

ADAM: Oh, yes. Rocks swim.

EVE: Adam, if you paid any attention to what I say, we would never have had to leave the Garden in the first place.

ADAM: Mm-hmm ... wait! What did you just say?

EVE: I said, if you paid any ...

ADAM: Yeah, I heard you the first time! If I ... ? Who was it plucked the apple?

EVE: Now, you see, the Serpent said the forbidden fruit was not apples, but chestnuts.

ADAM: I didn't eat any chestnuts!

EVE: Not that kind of chestnut, silly. The Serpent said a "chestnut" is an old and not very good joke. Now, you are always making jokes – most of them not very good.

ADAM: I have made jokes but they were new when I made them. Who else was there?

EVE: Now, be honest, Adam. Did you make one just at the time of the catastrophe? A little joke? A little chestnut?

ADAM: *(Mumbling.)* I might have.

EVE: Ah-ha!

ADAM: I was at the great waterfall ...

EVE: Niagara.

ADAM: . . . and I said, "How wonderful it is to see that torrent of water tumble down there!" Then – I couldn't help myself! – I said, "It would be a deal more wonderful to see it tumble *up* there!"—and I was just about to kill myself laughing when all nature broke loose, and I had to flee for my life.

EVE: There! Just as I said. The Serpent mentioned that very joke, and called it the First Chestnut, and said that the Creator said it to Himself when he created that very waterfall. So, it's the oldest joke in the world. Your fault!

ADAM: I ... ! My fault? I ... I'll never make another joke as long as I live.

EVE: Oh, I'm sure you will. *(She holds up a skin garment to ADAM.)* Here, try this. *(He slips the garment over his head.)* Very nice!

ADAM: It's very uncomfortable.

EVE: I know, but it's the latest fashion, and that's the main point with clothing.

ADAM: What's fashion?

EVE: Something I've just invented, and it's going to be around along time. Snake! *(She leaps up, grabs a stick and begins to beat the bushes.)* Snake!

ADAM: It's not a snake. It's a new thing I've invented.

EVE: What new thing? And, don't say: "Thing that looks like a snake but isn't."

ADAM: *(Picking it up.)* It's called rope.

EVE: What's it for?

ADAM: I don't know yet, but I'm sure it will be very useful. I thought you liked snakes.

EVE: I used to like the Serpent – until it deceived me. I've never liked snakes.

ADAM: Very well. I'll take it with me.

EVE: Are you going hunting again?

ADAM: For a few days.

EVE: I wish you wouldn't go so far away.

ADAM: I'm only going up by the great falls – or that place just down-stream from it.

EVE: Buffalo.

ADAM: Buffalo? There are no buffalo there.

EVE: Which is a good reason to call it Buffalo, then you won't get confused.

ADAM: Too late.

EVE: Adam, be careful. That was very nearly a chestnut.

ADAM: Sorry.

EVE: Don't be gone too long.

ADAM: Why?

EVE: I don't know. I haven't been feeling well, these days – in the mornings.

ADAM: Haven't been feeling well? What does that mean?

EVE: I feel sick – in the mornings.

ADAM: What's sick?

EVE: It's what I feel – in the mornings.

ADAM: Just in the mornings?

EVE: Yes. It's a morning sickness.

ADAM: Well, don't get up until afternoon then.

EVE: That was nearly a chestnut again.

ADAM: Sorry. *(He shoulders his pack.)* I hope you get over your morning sickness.

EVE: I'm sure it's nothing. Probably something I caught from one of the animals.

ADAM: Or from me.

(He exits. EVE waves to him.)

EVE: Don't catch anything you can't drag home! *(She suddenly beats at the bushes.)* Snake! Oh, I hate those. I don't know why, but I do. *(She reacts to pain in her abdomen.)* Oh! I have no idea what this could be, but I'm sure it will be interesting. There are so many interesting things. Last night, I saw some stars melt and run down the sky in a streak of light and, if one can melt, they can all melt; since they *can* all melt, they *will* all melt. That's just science. There will come a night when we have no more stars and when that happens, I'll have to remember where they all were and make them sparkle again by the blur of my tears.

And, that's another thing – why do I cry? Adam doesn't. Even when the lovely rhinoceros that moved into our camp was chased away by lions, he didn't. "Good riddance", he said. I said I wanted to make a pet of it. He said he wanted to make a it present of the camp and move elsewhere. I said I was lonely for something to cuddle and pet. He said you can't cuddle a rhinoceros and he'd pet it with a club if it came back. I do love him, but he makes me so ... !

(MUSIC: No. 13: HE.)

I SUPPOSE THIS KIND OF LOVE IS NOT A PRODUCT
OF REASON OR STATISTICS OR OF THOUGHT,
LIKE ONE'S LOVE FOR OTHER REPTILES
AND ANIMALS, AND BIRDS,
AND FISHES, AND INSECTS,
AND CLOUDS AND TREES
AND SUN AND MOON AND STARS.
I THINK THIS MUST BE SO.

SO THEN WHY IS IT I LOVE HIM?
WHAT'S SPECIAL ABOUT HIM?
WHAT'S SPECIAL ABOUT ME THAT
MAKES ME CARE FOR HIM?
I WONDER WHY IT'S SO?

I LOVE THE BIRDS BECAUSE THEY SING;
I LOVE TO WATCH THEM WINGING.
I LOVE THEIR BEAUTY; I LOVE THEIR COLOUR.
BUT, IT'S JUST NOT THE SAME THING.

I LOVE THE BIRDS BECAUSE THEY FLY.
BECAUSE THEY OWN THE SKY.
I LOVE TO SEE THEM; I LOVE TO HEAR THEM.
BUT, IT'S JUST NOT THE SAME THING.

HE SINGS HIS SONGS, BUT IT IS NOT THAT.
THE MORE THAT HE SINGS THE MORE I KNOW THAT.
HE SINGS HIS SONGS, BUT IT IS NOT THAT.
YET I ASK HIM TO SING TO BE PART OF THAT.

HE TILLS THE SOIL,
HE DELVES THE EARTH.
I SEE HIM STRAIN TO PROSPER.
YET DO THE BEASTS NOT
FEED THEIR KINDRED?
NO, IT'S JUST NOT THE SAME THING.

HE TOILS ALL DAY, BUT IT IS NOT THAT.
HE DELVES THE EARTH, BUT IT'S MORE THAN THAT.
HE TOILS ALL DAY, BUT IT IS NOT THAT.
HE BREAKS THE SOIL, BUT IT'S MORE THAN THAT.

HE CAN NAME THE STARS, BUT I DON'T KNOW WHY.
WHY A NAME WHEN THEY STILL FILL THE SKY —

JUST AS BRIGHT?

HE STIRS MY BODY;
HE STIRS MY SOUL.
HE MAKES ME FEEL CONTENTED.
HE MAKES MY MOMENTS.
HE MAKES MY FUTURE.
IS THAT THE REASON HE SINGS?

HE SMILES AT ME, AND I KNOW HE'S MINE.
HIS SILENT SMILE IS A MATCH FOR MINE.
HE SMILES AT ME, AND I KNOW THAT HE'S MINE.
I CAN'T EXPLAIN. I CAN ONLY TRY
TO KEEP LOVING HIM
'TIL WE DIE.

(Music ends. She suddenly doubles over in pain.)

OH! OH! OHHHH! What's happening? OHH! That can't be good! I feel like
— OHHHH! Adam! Adam! Oh, this is something new, I'm sure. It should be
interesting. I hope.

*(She suddenly looks panicked, holds her stomach and
mouth and runs off. Lights change. MUSIC: No. 14: IT'S A
FISH. ADAM enters, with his hunting things.)*

ADAM: I'VE BEEN OFF HUNTING FOR QUITE A WHILE, NOW.
I OFTEN GO OFF BY MYSELF.
I NEED THE AIR. I NEED THE SPACE TO THINK.
I NEED TO STRETCH. I NEED TO BE ON MY OWN.

I'M BACK THIS MORNING, I SHOUT "HELLO, THERE!"
SHE SAYS I MUSTN'T MAKE SUCH NOISE.
I SAY "WHAT'S WRONG?" SHE LOOKS A LITTLE STRANGE.
I SAY "LET'S HEAR." SHE SAYS IT'S ANOTHER SURPRISE.

WELL, IT'S A FISH! IT HAS TO BE ONE.
A SLIMY FISH WITH TOOTHLESS MOUTH
AND THOSE FLAPPING FINS.

WELL, IT'S A FISH! IF I'VE EVER SEEN ONE.
IT MAKES NO SOUND, IT JUST LIES AROUND
BUT SHE LOVES THE THING.

SHE SAYS NO.
SHE FOUND IT BY THE STREAM.
RIGHT! SO, I SAID.
“A FISH! POACHED WITH DILL AND CREAM.”
AND SHE SCREAMED.

IT MUST BE A FISH!
IT CANNOT WALK;
IT CANNOT TALK.
IT ONLY LIES THERE AND LEAKS.

I TRIED TO PUT IT BACK WHERE IT CAME FROM;
SHE SNATCHED THE THING BACK FROM THE STREAM,
THEN SPENT THE MORNING MAKING STUPID GOOGLY SOUNDS.
IT SMILED JUST NOW. THE FIRST FISH I’VE SEEN THAT SMILES.

SHE HOLDS IT!
SHE HUGS IT DAY AND NIGHT.
WHEN IT WON’T EAT, *SHE* CRIES.
THAT JUST CAN’T BE RIGHT.

IT’S A FISH!

IT’S NOT A LION.
IT’S NOT A BADGER.
IT’S NOT A ZEBRA OR A SEAL.
TO TELL THE TRUTH,
IT KIND OF LOOKS LIKE ME.

BUT IT’S A FISH.
THERE’S ONLY ONE THING IT CAN BE.

YEP, IT’S A FISH! IT HAS TO BE ONE.
A SLIMY FISH WITH TOOTHLESS MOUTH
AND THOSE FLAPPING FINS.

WELL, IT’S A FISH! IT MUST BE A FISH!
IT CANNOT WALK; IT CANNOT TALK.
IT ONLY LIES THERE AND STINKS.

IT’S A FISH! I KNOW!
IT’S A FISH, I KNOW.
IT’S A FISH! BUT, STILL IT’S KIND OF CUTE.

(Music ends.)

ADAM: She has named it Cain.

(Lights change; Music: No. 13a: Time Passes Transition. Sound of an infant crying – and crying – and crying. Lights up on ADAM, lounging about the camp.)

I now know what the week is for: it gives time to rest up from the weariness of the Sabbath. This day is more and more trying. It was selected and set apart a year ago last November, after we were expelled from the Garden, as a day of rest. I'm not sure why: I already had six of them per week, before. *She* likes it, of course.

(EVE enters, miming that she is bouncing a baby.)

EVE: And ups he goes and downs he goes! And ups he goes and downs he goes! *(She makes silly baby talk noises.)*

ADAM: She lets the fish wallow over her; and makes fool noises to it, and pretends to chew its fins, and that makes it laugh.

EVE: *(Nuzzling the mimed baby. Sound of a baby laughing.)* Ah-bu-bu-bu-bu-buh! Ah-bu-bu-bu-bu-buh!

ADAM: I have never seen a fish that could laugh. I'm beginning to doubt that it is a fish.

(EVE continues playing with the child.)

EVE: Does Daddy want to hold iddums? Does he? Hmmm?

ADAM: No, Daddy does not want to hold iddums. Whatever "iddums" is. And whoever "Daddy" is.

EVE: Why, that's iddums daddies wight there, isn't it? Does iddums want to go to daddies?

ADAM: No!

(Music: No. 13b: Time Passes Transition 2. Lights change.)

It isn't a fish. I can't quite make out what it is. It doesn't just lie around anymore, but goes about on its four legs now.

The Sabbath is not as trying as it was. I could come to like it. Superintending all

week tires a body so. I believe it was a Sabbath when I found her trying to knock apples out of that forbidden tree. I suppose I ought to remember that she was very young, a mere girl, and make allowances. I should have clodded her out of it. “Nobody is looking,” she said. “As if that was sufficient justification,” I said. My use of the word “justification” moved her to admiration. It *is* a good word. But obviously, *somebody* was looking and here we are. I may have another nap.

(Music: No. 13c: Time Passes Transition 3. Lights change.)

EVE: Cain! Cain! Be careful, now. Don’t fall.

ADAM: It’s not a kangaroo. It doesn’t hop.

EVE: Did you see? It was holding on to my finger, and went along a few steps on its hind legs, and then fell down.

ADAM: We should let it go.

EVE: I won’t hear of it.

ADAM: You weren’t like this before you lost your mind

(Music: No. 13d: Time Passes Transition 4. Lights change. Sounds of a small child laughing.)

ADAM: Perhaps it’s a bandicoot. It must be five times as big, now, as when it first arrived and makes from twenty-two to thirty-eight times the noise it made at first.

EVE: Cain! Cain! Put that down! Put it down! No, put it down! It will bite you. Cain! Don’t bite it! Now, I’m not going to give you any berries.

ADAM: I’ll take care of it. *(He picks up a club.)*

EVE: Adam! Now, Cain, if you’re very good, I’ll give you some nice fresh berries.

ADAM: You just told it you wouldn’t give it any berries!

EVE: Momma knows best.

ADAM: Who’s Momm – never mind. You’ll never tame it. Bandicoots can’t be tamed.

EVE: It’s not a bandicoot.

ADAM: Well, it’s not a kangaroo.

EVE: Whoever said it was?

ADAM: Oh ... somebody. It's probably some kind of a bear.

(Music: No. 13e: Time Passes Transition 5. Lights down.)

ADAM: *(From the darkness.)* Owwww! *(Lights up. ADAM nurses a hurt finger.)* The bear has a tooth! Only one tooth and still no tail, but I'll go check each morning to see if it has more teeth. If it gets a mouthful, it will have to go, tail or no tail.

EVE: *(Exiting.)* Awww! Does idims have a widdle toof-ums?

ADAM: If we just let it go, it would probably find its own kind. Bears are dangerous.

EVE: I found it; I'm keeping it. Cain! Don't throw rocks at the tigers.

ADAM: I may have to move out.

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(Music: No. 13f: Time Passes Transition 6. Lights change.)

What's been going on here? I come back to find the bear has learned to paddle around all by itself on its hind legs, and says "poppa" and "momma."

EVE: His first words. Isn't that cute?

ADAM: Any resemblance to words is purely co-incidental. I've decided it is a new type of bear. I'll go off and try to find another one – but I'll put a muzzle on this one first.

EVE: You will not! Don't you touch him, you brute!

ADAM: I just want you to be safe while I'm away.

EVE: Well, go! See if I care! You never loved me, anyway!

ADAM: What's that got to do with ... ? What is going on?

EVE: *(Crying.)* I don't know! I don't know what's wrong with me! Ohh!

(She runs off, holding her mouth. Music: No. 13g: Time Passes Transition 7. Lights change.)

ADAM: She's caught another one! I never saw such luck. I'd never find one of those in a hundred years, but she's caught two!

EVE: *(Off.)* Yes, it is! Yes, it is! Idims is a boo-ful iddle-biddy baby!

ADAM: Just when she was getting away from talking like that to the first one!

EVE: *(Entering.)* Cain! Watch your brother! There's daddy! *(Arms around ADAM.)* All back from hunting and everything! Is daddy happy to be back, is he?

ADAM: Stop that. I'm not one of your fish. They're obviously the same breed. I think I'll stuff one of them for my collection.

EVE: AAAAHHHH!

ADAM: All right. But they have got to be studied. The old one ...

EVE: Cain.

ADAM: Cain ... seems tamer than it was.

EVE: And, he's saying ever so many words now and talking and laughing ...

ADAM: You don't think it's a parrot, do you? I'd be astonished if it was, but it's already been everything else it could think of, since it was an ugly, slimy fish.

EVE: They're not ugly – either one of them!

ADAM: The new one is as ugly now as the old one was at first; I still think it's a fish.

EVE: It's name is Abel.

ADAM: Why?

EVE: Because it looks like an Abel!

ADAM: I'm going hunting.

(Music: No. 13h: Time Passes Transition 8. Lights change.)

EVE: *(Off.)* Cain! Cain! Cain! *(Entering, to ADAM.)* Where are the boys?

ADAM: What are boys?

EVE: Cain and Abel.

ADAM: I thought they were bears.

EVE: They are boys; I found it out long ago. I thought you knew. It was their arriving in that small, immature shape that puzzled us.

ADAM: Stumped me.

(MUSIC: No. 15: AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?)

EVE: We were just not used to it. Cain! Where's your brother?

ADAM: Leave them alone. They'll do what they want anyway – or Cain will and Abel will follow along.

(CAIN, an adult, enters, running. He remains separate from ADAM & EVE. Light down on ADAM & EVE.)

EVE: Cain! Cain! Where's your brother?

CAIN: I HEARD IT FIRST
WHEN I WAS A LITTLE BOY OF THREE.
WHERE IS ABEL?
DAY AFTER DAY:
WHERE'S YOUR BROTHER?

I MUST BE CURSED.
WHY SHOULD HE ALWAYS BE
TAGGING ALONG?
FIND YOUR BROTHER.
THAT'S THE REFRAIN:
WHERE'S YOUR BROTHER?

YOU WATCH HIM NOW.
YOU KEEP HIM SAFE FROM HARM.
WHERE'S YOUR BROTHER?
I'D WANT TO ANSWER:

ABEL'S SLEEPING, NOW!
THERE'S MY LITTLE BROTHER!
SAFE LIKE HIS MOMMY'S FAV'RITE SON!
LET ME GO NOW, OFF TO THE FIELDS
WHERE I CAN BE FREE.

AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?
AND ANSWER CAME THERE NONE.

(The music continues under. Light on EVE and ADAM.)

EVE: Abel is a good boy, a very good boy.

ADAM: If Cain had stayed a bear, it would have improved him.

EVE: That's no way to speak of your son.

ADAM: All right, that's another new word. My what?

EVE: Your son. A boy of whom you are the father.

ADAM: I'm his father?

EVE: Adam, you and I were the only ones around. I'm quite certain that he is your son.

ADAM: Hmmph. Doesn't look like me.

EVE: I think we should get some girls, now.

ADAM: What are girls?

EVE: You'll find out. Where is Abel? Cain! Cain! Where's your brother?

ADAM: Cain! Cain! Where's your brother?

CAIN: YEARS ARE FLYING LIKE WIND
AND WE'RE BOTH GROWN TO BE MEN.
ABEL IS THE LORD'S FAV'RITE SON.
SEE YOUR BROTHER.

GOD LOVES HIM NOW.
GOD KEEPS HIM SAFE FROM HARM.
WHERE'S YOUR BROTHER?
I NEVER ANSWERED:

ABEL'S SLEEPING, NOW!
THERE'S MY LITTLE BROTHER!
SAFE LIKE GOD'S FAV'RITE SON!
LET ME GO NOW, OFF TO THE FIELDS.
WHERE I CAN BE FREE.

AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?
AND ANSWER CAME THERE NONE.

(Music continues. Light on ADAM.)

ADAM: Cain! Cain! Where's your brother?

CAIN: Don't ask me. I do not know.

ADAM: He needs your help.

CAIN: Does he?

ADAM: Help him carry his offering in from the fields.

CAIN: I have my own to bring in.

ADAM: A few baskets of fruit and grain? Abel has lambs and goats to bring in – he needs help with such an offering.

CAIN: Is his offering more pleasing to God than mine, then? Is my labour less than his?

ADAM: Is his labour less than yours? Is your help not pleasing to God?

CAIN: Let Abel please God as he can. I shall please God as I can.

ADAM: And, should God be pleased with you?

CAIN: As He was pleased with you!

(Light down on ADAM.)

LORD, HEAR ME PRAY!
TAKE WHAT I OFFER TODAY,
LIKE MY BROTHER!
LORD, WHY DON'T YOU SMILE ON ME?
WHERE'S MY BROTHER?
AND I MUST ANSWER:

ABEL'S SLEEPING NOW.
SAFE FROM EV'RY HARM.
GO, SEEK HIM THERE IN THE EARTH.
WHERE'S MY BROTHER?
GO, FIND HIM! THERE IN THE EARTH.
DON'T ASK ME!
AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?
THE ANSWER CAME BACK "YES."

(Music continues, under.)

ADAM: *(Off.)* Cain! Cain!

EVE: *(Off.)* What is it?

ADAM: *(Off.)* Cain!

EVE: *(Off.)* What is it? What? You're leaking! Where are my sons?

ADAM: *(Off.)* Woman, we have no sons.

CAIN: ABEL! I HAVE SINNED AGAINST YOU.
SINNED AGAINST MY BROTHER.
I OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN WATCHING YOU, BROTHER, I KNOW.
I CANNOT, CANNOT, CANNOT TAKE IT BACK NOW.
ABEL, WHERE ARE YOU, NOW?
ABEL! WHERE AM I, NOW?

(Music ends. He exits, running. Music: No. 15a: The Garden Is A Dream Transition 1. Lights change. Children's laughter is heard.)

EVE: *(Entering, now older.)* Seth, Aarad, Mehujael! Pen the goats. Adah, Zillah! Gather the young ones.

ADAM: *(Entering, also older.)* I have penned a wolf by the river. Keep the children away from it.

EVE: A wolf? What for?

ADAM: An idea I have, that's all. I'll let you know if it works.

EVE: Zillah! Keep the young ones by the shelter. Your father has decided to keep a wolf around the camp.

(Music: No. 15a: The Garden Is A Dream Transition 2. Lights change. Children's laughter is heard.)

EVE: Hagar, Katurah. Stir the pot. Tubalcain, Naamah! Stop chasing the chickens and get Jabal.

ADAM: *(Entering, also older. He throws down a heavy bundle .)* Oh! My back!

EVE: Why do you do all that yourself? Get one of the boys to help.

ADAM: I can do it. I don't need help.

EVE: Adam, you are three hundred and forty-four years old. You're not a boy, anymore.

ADAM: I never was a boy.

EVE: You know what I mean.

ADAM: And you? Cooking every meal; washing every child ...

EVE: I'm not sure I washed every child today. They get dirty faster than I can clean them.

ADAM: If I'm an old man, you're an old woman.

EVE: Younger than you, old man.

ADAM: By a day!

EVE: Makes a difference.

ADAM: Never mind the difference! Let's make a baby!

(She shrieks in mock outrage as he pulls her into the shelter. Music: No. 15c: The Garden Is A Dream Transition 2. Lights change.)

EVE: *(Entering.)* Jarah, catch Habamal before he gets hurt. Don't put that there, old man. Behind the shelter.

ADAM: I'll old man you! *(He catches her and pulls her down to him.)* I'm not that old yet.

EVE: *(Laughing.)* Oh, you think not? Who's five hundredth birthday was last week?

ADAM: Yours – and mine. I may not be as young as I used to be ...

EVE: Who is, old man?

ADAM: ... but I feel like I am – sometimes. *(He suddenly looks off, alarmed.)* Who's that?

EVE: Where?

ADAM: *(Getting to his feet.)* Gather the children! Hurry!

EVE: Adam, where?

(CAIN'S WIFE enters, in shadow.)

ADAM: Who are you? Eve, behind me. *(He looks around for a weapon.)*

EVE: Adam, don't!

ADAM: What do you want with us? Who are you?

EVE: I know who she is.

CAIN'S WIFE: I mean no harm.

ADAM: Then be on your way.

EVE: Did he come?

ADAM: He? Who do you mean?

CAIN'S WIFE: I am Cain's wife.

ADAM: *(Pause.)* Cain is dead.

CAIN'S WIFE: Cain lives.

ADAM: Cain is dead to us.

CAIN'S WIFE: And, yet he lives.

EVE: Has he come?

ADAM: Cain is dead.

CAIN'S WIFE: He would not come.

EVE: Where is he?

CAIN'S WIFE: To the East, in the land of Wandering, where he has built a great city he has called Enoch – called so after his son.

EVE: Enoch – it means dedication. It means devotion.

CAIN'S WIFE: It means forgiveness, as well.

ADAM: Forgiveness? Woman, you have no husband – as we had no sons. On your way.

EVE: Patience, Adam.

ADAM: A fugitive and vagabond in the earth shall he be and from God's face shall he be hid.. *That* is God's curse is upon him – from the day he took our son's life.

CAIN'S WIFE: But you now have many sons and daughters.

ADAM: Would he kill those as well?

CAIN'S WIFE: Cain honours the Lord, as he honours his mother ... and his father.

ADAM: I have no son called Cain. *(He moves away.)*

EVE: *(Very softly.)* Is he well?

CAIN'S WIFE: *(She shakes her head.)* Before he leaves this world, he craves forgiveness. Forgiveness from you. He is not as he was.

ADAM: The Lord is as He was. And I am as I was. The Lord's Curse is upon him even unto the seventh generation. *(He lifts his hands and face to God.)* Selah.

(MUSIC: No. 16: FORGIVENESS)

CAIN'S WIFE: I KNOW IT'S YESTERDAY,
AND IT SEEMS THERE'S NO WAY.
WHAT WE LOSE, WHAT WE GAIN,
ALL COMES TO PAIN.
IT'S SO HARD TO LET GO.

IF WE CALL ON WHAT WE FEEL
AND REMEMBER WHAT'S REAL,
THERE CAN BE A NEW WAY,
START NEW TODAY,
OR BE NEVER AGAIN.

IF IT'S NEVER, CAN WE EVER
FIND JUST A MOMENT OF PEACE ONCE MORE?
IF THERE'S NO RETURN AGAIN
WE WILL NEVER EVER LOSE THE PAIN.
NEVER BE HEALED AGAIN.

SO, PLEASE, PLEASE, PLEASE,
FIND FORGIVENESS FOR HIM.
IF YOU JUST REACH OUT YOUR HAND,
YOU CAN SAVE A BROKEN MAN, YES, YOU CAN.
IF YOU FIND IT DEEP IN YOUR HEART.

CHILDREN MUST BE BORN
AND FROM MOTHERS BE TORN.
WHEN THEY'RE LOST, WHEN THEY'RE GONE,
WE HAVE TO MOURN,
BUT WE MUST LET THEM GO.

+ EVE: IF IT'S NEVER, CAN WE EVER
FIND JUST A MOMENT OF PEACE ONCE MORE?
IF THERE'S NO RETURN AGAIN
WE WILL NEVER EVER LOSE THE PAIN.
NEVER BE HEALED AGAIN.

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SO, PLEASE, PLEASE, PLEASE,
FIND FORGIVENESS FOR HIM.
IF YOU JUST REACH OUT YOUR HAND,
YOU CAN SAVE A BROKEN MAN, YES, YOU CAN.
IF YOU FIND IT DEEP IN YOUR HEART.

(Music continues.)

ADAM: I cannot. I will not. Under God's Law, I must not.

EVE: Husband!

CAIN'S WIFE: Father!

ADAM: I am not your father! You are not my son's wife. I have no son named Cain.

EVE: Adam, is there not a time to forgive?

ADAM: When the Lord forgives, then can I forgive. The Lord has not forgiven.

CAIN'S WIFE: He is your son!

EVE: He is *my* son!

ADAM: He is dead.

EVE & CAIN'S WIFE: IF IT'S NEVER, CAN WE EVER
FIND JUST A MOMENT OF PEACE ONCE MORE?
IF YOU LOOK WITHIN YOUR HEART
IF YOU LOOK WITHIN YOUR HEART,
WITHIN YOUR HEART.
YOU WILL SEE IT THERE.

SO, PLEASE, PLEASE, PLEASE,
FIND FORGIVENESS FOR HIM.
IF YOU JUST REACH OUT YOUR HAND,
YOU CAN SAVE A BROKEN MAN, YES, YOU CAN.
IF YOU FIND IT DEEP IN YOUR HEART.

ADAM: Those around us – the children of our later days – those are the children of God.

EVE & CAIN'S WIFE: FIND IT IN YOUR HEART.

ADAM: *(He looks at CAIN'S WIFE.)* You – you are of the children of man.

EVE & CAIN'S WIFE: FIND IT IN YOUR HEART!

ADAM: The Lord's face shall be hid from you ...

EVE & CAIN'S WIFE: IN YOUR HEART!

(Music ends.)

CAIN'S WIFE: Shall the Lord hide his face from us forever for that the mark is upon my husband Cain? Shall we be cursed upon this earth forever?

ADAM: Even unto the seventh generation.

CAIN'S WIFE: May not the children of man be one with the children of God?

ADAM: In the day that the sons of God go unto the daughters of man, that day shall the spirit of the Lord no longer strive with man and He shall repent Him that He made man upon the earth. There can be nothing between us. Go from this place.

EVE: Adam!

ADAM: Nothing between us! *(He lifts his hands and face to God.)* Selah!

(ADAM exits. After a moment, EVE follows. MUSIC: No. 17: THE GENERATIONS OF ADAM.)

CAIN'S WIFE: This is the book of the generations of Adam.

IN THE DAY GOD CREATED MAN,
MALE AND FEMALE CREATED HE THEM;
IN HIS IMAGE CREATED THEM.
BLESSED HE THEM, AND CALLED THEM MAN.

HE SAID, "GO MULTIPLY. GO FORTH, BE FRUITFUL."
HEAR THE BOOK OF ADAM'S LINE,
THE GENERATIONS OF OLD ADAM.

(CAIN'S WIFE (4th ACTOR) is joined by 3rd ACTOR)

VARIOUSLY: ADAM LIVED AN HUNDRED THIRTY YEARS.
HE BEGAT A SON IN HIS LIKENESS,
AND HE SAID THAT HIS NAME WAS SETH:
AND ADAM BEGAT SONS AND DAUGHTERS.

AND SETH LIVED AN HUNDRED YEARS,
AND HE BEGAT ENOS:
AND HE LIVED NINE HUNDRED AND TWELVE YEARS
AND BEGAT SONS AND DAUGHTERS.

AND ENOS LIVED NINETY YEARS.
HE BEGAT A SON NAMED CAINAN.
ENOS LIVED EIGHT HUNDRED FIFTEEN YEARS,
AND HE BEGAT SONS AND DAUGHTERS.

CAINAN LIVED SEV'NTY YEARS.
HE BEGAT MAHALALEEL:
CAINAN LIVED EIGHT HUNDRED FORTY YEARS,
AND HE BEGAT SONS AND DAUGHTERS.

MAHALALEEL LIVED SIXTY FIVE YEARS.
HE BEGAT A SON NAMED JARED.
MAHALALEEL LIVED EIGHT NINETY-FIVE YEARS
AND HE BEGAT SONS AND DAUGHTERS.

AND JARED LIVED AN HUNDRED SIXTY-TWO YEARS
HE BEGAT A SON NAMED ENOCH.
AND JARED LIVED ANOTHER EIGHT HUNDRED YEARS
AND HE BEGAT SONS AND DAUGHTERS.

ENOCH LIVED SIXTY-FIVE YEARS.

HE BEGAT METHUSELAH.
ENOCH WALKED WITH GOD... WALKED WITH GOD...
WALKED WITH GOD... AND WAS NOT – FOR GOD TOOK HIM.

METHUSELAH LIVED AN HUNDRED EIGHTY-SEVEN YEARS
AND HE BEGAT LAMECH:
METHUSELAH LIVED NINE HUNDRED SIXTY-NINE YEARS
AND HE BEGAT SONS AND DAUGHTERS.

LAMECH LIVED AN HUNDRED EIGHTY TWO YEARS.
HE BEGAT A SON:
AND HE CALLED HIS NAME NOAH, SAYING,
HE SHALL COMFORT US CONCERNING OUR WORK
AND THE TOIL OF OUR HANDS,
BECAUSE OF THE GROUND WHICH GOD HATH CURSED.
NOAH LIVED FIVE HUNDRED YEARS:
AND HE BEGAT SHEM, HAM, AND JAPHETH.

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IN THE DAY GOD CREATED MAN,
MALE AND FEMALE CREATED HE THEM;
IN HIS IMAGE CREATED THEM.
BLESSED HE THEM, AND CALLED THEM MAN.

HE SAID, “GO MULTIPLY. GO FORTH, BE FRUITFUL.”
HEAR THE BOOK OF ADAM’S LINE,
THE GENERATIONS OF OLD ADAM.
HEAR THE BOOK OF ADAM’S LINE.

(MUSIC ENDS. Lights change. ADAM and EVE are now very old. They move very slowly about the camp, doing as they have done, but with frailty.)

EVE: Do you have the uhm ...

ADAM: The what?

EVE: The thing ... that you use to do the ... thing ... with.

ADAM: That sounds like a name I’d have given it. Let me. *(He helps her.)* Here.

EVE: Well, it looks like a thing that you use to do the thing with.

ADAM: *(Watching EVE struggle.)* Don’t try to do that. Get Naamah. Naamah!

EVE: Adam, Naamah has gone with her husband.

ADAM: Eh, what? What husband?

EVE: A good one for her.

ADAM: I can't keep track. The sons and the daughters and the husbands and the wives ...

EVE: And the grand-children and the great-grand-children and the great-great grand-children ... Sit down, here, with me, old man, before you hurt yourself.

(ADAM sits; she holds his arm and leans against him.)

EVE: Methusaleh has a grandchild.

ADAM: Who? What?

EVE: Methusaleh ...

ADAM: Yes.

EVE: ... has a grandchild. Lamech's boy. He has called him Noah.

ADAM: Did he ever learn to walk?

EVE: Noah? He's a baby!

ADAM: Methusaleh! Did he ever learn to walk?

EVE: He's three hundred and seventy years old!

ADAM: Doesn't answer the question. Did he learn to walk?

EVE: *(Chuckling.)* Yes.

ADAM: Oh. How many is that?

EVE: How many is what?

ADAM: Children ... and grand-children ... and ...

EVE: I don't know. *(She chuckles.)* We have been fruitful, you and I – and multiplied.

ADAM: You could have knocked me over with a fingertip when you told me you'd

discovered what causes that. Who would have thought?

EVE: Husband, do you remember the Garden?

ADAM: An old dream – a thought only.

EVE: I remember it every day.

ADAM: What for? It's gone – and what might have been, gone with it.

EVE: I took that from us.

ADAM: You took nothing but a dream – and a dream itself is nothing. We have all that is around us – and that is no dream.

EVE: It is my dream, my longing, my prayer that we may pass from this life together –

ADAM: Wife, you talk too much.

EVE: I always did. It is my prayer – a prayer which shall have a place in the heart of every wife that loves, until the end of time.

ADAM: Shall we call it Eve's Prayer?

EVE: *They* shall. But if one of us must go first, it is my prayer that it shall be me.

ADAM: Stop talking.

EVE: I am not so necessary to you as you are to me.

ADAM: Who else would listen to you chatter?

EVE: *(Turns into a real prayer.)* Life without him would not be life; how could I endure it? If one must go first, let it be me.

ADAM: No one is talking of going. I am only talking of my supper.

EVE: So, this is death.

ADAM: What do you mean, this is death? Why would you call it death?

EVE: Because it looks like death. I think this prayer, too, is immortal. I am the first wife; and, in the last wife, it shall be repeated.

ADAM: Well, first wife, the first husband is hungry.

EVE: *(She holds out an empty hand.)* I've nothing to offer but an old chestnut.

(EVE slowly leans against ADAM and we realize that she has died. MUSIC: No. 18: WHEREVER SHE WAS.)

ADAM: AFTER ALL THESE YEARS, I SEE I WAS MISTAKEN
ABOUT EVE IN THE GARDEN
WHERE WE LIVED SO LONG AGO.

WHEN I WAKENED AND SHE CAME, A CREATURE NEW TO ME,
I COULD NOT SEE SHE WAS FAR MORE
THAN I EVER HOPE TO BE.

AT FIRST, IT SEEMED SHE WAS MADE TO BE
JUST THE REASON FOR OUR FALL,
BUT NOW I KNOW THAT SHE WAS MORE THAN ME:
THE MOTHER OF US ALL.

WHEREVER SHE WAS, THERE WAS EDEN.
WHEREVER SHE WALKED, THERE WAS PARADISE.
WHEREVER SHE WAS, THERE WAS EDEN.
NOW YOU'VE TAKEN HER, I CAN DIE.

PROMISED DEATH, SHE BROUGHT FORTH LIFE.
NOT EVEN YOU COULD SEE
HOW SHE WOULD TURN OUR SHAME AND FALL
TO BRING FORTH HUMANITY.

TURNED FROM PARADISE, I COULD NOT FACE THE NEED,
BUT SHE DREW LIFE OUT FROM THE DUST
AND GAVE IT BREATH TO SPREAD ITS SEED.

AND, IT IS BETTER TO LIVE AND DIE
OUTSIDE THE GARDEN WITH HER
THAN TO LIVE FOREVER IN PARADISE
IF I MUST LIVE IT WITH OUT HER.

+ 3rd ACTOR/4th ACTOR: WHEREVER SHE WAS, THERE WAS EDEN.
WHEREVER SHE WALKED, THERE WAS PARADISE.
WHEREVER SHE WAS, THERE WAS EDEN.

ADAM: NOW YOU'VE TAKEN HER, I CAN DIE.

(The 3rd and 4th ACTOR take EVE away.)

AND BLESSED BE THE FRUIT THAT BROUGHT US SO NEAR
AND TAUGHT ME HOW TO SEE WITH IN MY HEART.
ALL LIFE FLOWS OUT FROM HER.

+ 3rd ACTOR/4th ACTOR: AND, IT IS BETTER TO LIVE AND DIE
OUTSIDE THE GARDEN WITH HER
THAN TO LIVE FOREVER IN PARADISE
IF I MUST LIVE IT WITH OUT HER.

+ THE SHADE OF EVE: WHEREVER SHE (HE) WAS, T HERE WAS EDEN.
WHEREVER SHE (HE) WALKED, THERE WAS PARADISE.
WHEREVER SHE (HE) WAS, THERE WAS EDEN.
WHEREVER SHE (HE) WALKED, THERE WAS PARADISE.
WHEREVER SHE (HE) WAS, THERE WAS EDEN.

ADAM & THE SHADE OF EVE: NOW YOU'VE TAKE HER (HIM) ...
NOW, I'VE LOST HER (HIM) ...

ADAM: I CAN DIE.

3rd ACTOR/4th ACTOR: And all the days that Adam lived were nine hundred and thirty
years – and he died.

(Music ends. Black. MUSIC: No. 19: BOWS & EXIT. Lights up.)

COMPANY: *(At end of bows.)* HEAR THE BOOK OF ADAM'S LINE!

(Lights down. Music ends.)

END OF PLAY