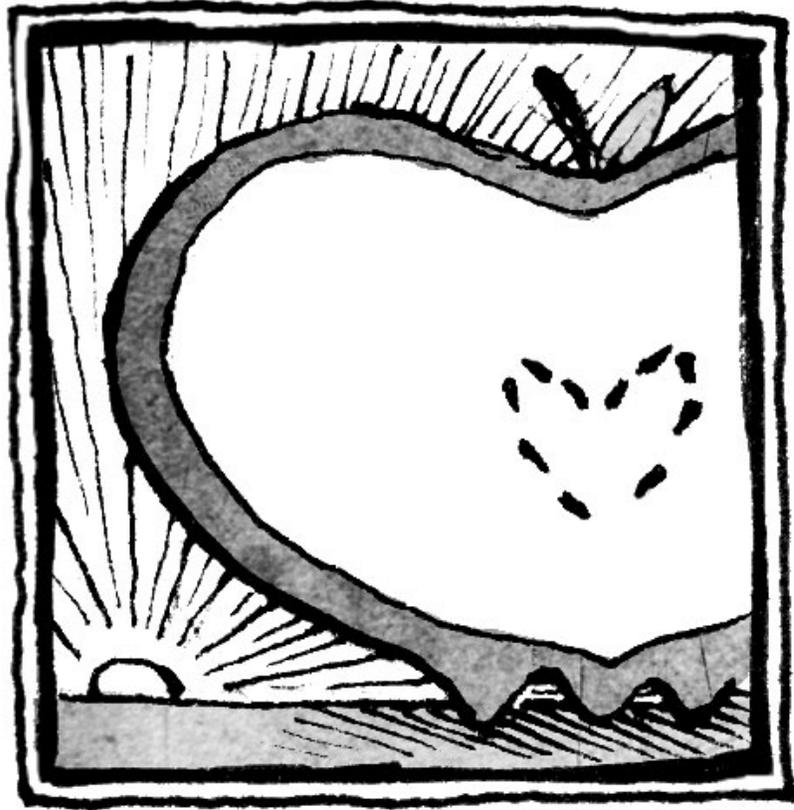


PERUSAL SCRIPT



ADAM & EVE

by Davey Morrison



Zion Theatricals
Newport, Maine

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ADAM AND EVE

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Order # 2104

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“Adam and Eve,” by Davey Morrison, was first performed in July 2008.

Director: David Liddell Thorpe
Assistant Director: Danica Anderson
Eve: Maggie Laurencell
Adam: Eric Johnson

It was again performed in November 2009. Director: Davey Morrison

Eve: Becca Ingram
Adam: Tyler Harris

“Adam and Eve” has been previously published in *Mormon Artist*, November 2009.

ADAM and EVE by Davey Morrison. 1m 1f. Simple Setting. Simple Costumes. After the expulsion from the garden, our first parents wonder what they left behind, what they face in front of them, and if it was all worth it. And all in 10 minutes. Premiered by The New Play Project in 2008. **ORDER #2104**

Davey Morrison — Davey was New Play Project’s Workshop Director, and has had over half a dozen short plays produced and performed through NPP over the past two years. His full-length play *Cycle* was workshopped and received a staged reading through BYU’s Writer Director Actor workshop, and won second place in the Vera Hinckley Mayhew Playwriting competition. In addition to playwriting, Davey is a published poet and journalist — with works published in *Sunstone*, *Mormon Artist*, and *The Provo-Orem Word*—and an award-winning filmmaker, actor, screen-writer, and visual artist. Davey is also the author of an ongoing film column for Examiner.com. He has roughly a million projects in the works.

ADAM and EVE

(The stage is empty—bathed in the yellow-blue warmth of sunrise—except for a single short tree stump Center Stage.)

(As the lights come up, EVE enters, holding a bright red apple, and sits.)

(A few moments later, ADAM enters from Stage Right scratching his rib. He looks at EVE, and then Doesn't Look At EVE. He saunters across the stage, checking every few seconds to see if she's noticed him yet—she hasn't—and then wanders over behind her tree stump.)

ADAM: Oh, hey! I didn't know you were here. I hope I'm not interrupting or anything.

EVE: You are.

ADAM: Oh.

(Silence. He fidgets.)

So...How you doing?

EVE: Considering we just got kicked out of Paradise? Not bad. Been better. It was almost worth it. The apple's good.

ADAM: You bring any more of those?

EVE: Yep.

(He waits for her to offer him one. She doesn't.)

ADAM: Mind if I have a seat?

EVE: Go ahead.

(ADAM sits on the ground. Silence.)

ADAM: Yeah, so about that whole be fruitful and multiply thing—

EVE: Adam!

ADAM: Hey, I'm just saying—

EVE: We fell from innocence a half hour ago.

ADAM: Okay, I was just trying to make conversation. Forget it.

(Silence.)

You want to talk?

EVE: No, I don't want to talk.

ADAM: You okay?

EVE: I'm fine.

ADAM: You don't sound fine.

EVE: Then why did you ask me if I was fine? If you're not going to believe what I tell you then why are you asking?

ADAM: I don't know, I'm sorry.

EVE: I'm just upset.

ADAM: Yeah.

(He reaches over and holds her hand. She looks at it, baffled.)

EVE: What are you doing?

ADAM: I'm holding your hand.

EVE: Why?

ADAM: I don't know. It seemed like a good thing to do.

EVE: It's weird. Stop it.

ADAM: Okay.

(He does.)

EVE: How would you like it if I held your kneecap or something? Would that make you feel better?

(He thinks about it.)

ADAM: It might.

(She doesn't look at him. Another silence.)

What's wrong?

EVE: Nothing's wrong.

ADAM: Something's wrong, what is it?

EVE: I told you, I'm just upset. I don't know why. Sometimes this happens to me, I don't really get it.

ADAM: You get upset and you don't know why?

EVE: Yeah.

ADAM: That's messed up.

EVE: Thanks.

ADAM: No, I mean, you have to know why, you're just not telling me.

EVE: I told you. I don't know why.

ADAM: That doesn't make sense.

EVE: Sue me!

ADAM: Is it the whole apple thing?

EVE: I don't know, all right? Maybe. Probably. I don't know.

ADAM: Maybe it comes with mortality. Emotional instability, I mean.

EVE: I just need some alone time right now. Okay?

ADAM: Okay.

(He gets up and starts leaving, then stops.)

Is there anything I can do?

EVE: Just leave me alone for one minute!

ADAM: Okay.

(ADAM exits.)

(EVE sits down on the ground. In spite of her best attempts to stifle it, a single, ugly sob escapes. She holds the rest of her tears back, sniffs, clears her throat, wipes the moisture from her eyes, and pauses to collect herself.)

(ADAM enters.)

Hey.

EVE: Go away.

ADAM: You know, I don't feel good about leaving you alone like this.

EVE: Adam. You don't know anything about women.

(ADAM thinks about that.)

ADAM: You're right.

(He doesn't move.)

EVE: Are you going to go?

ADAM: I don't know. Should I?

EVE: I don't know.

ADAM *(Nervously)*. I like you a lot, Eve. You know that?

EVE: Yeah.

ADAM: I don't know if that helps any.

EVE: Yeah. Me neither.

(ADAM goes to hold her hand, then stops himself. She doesn't notice.)

I mean, I like you a lot, too, but...

ADAM: But what?

EVE: But...I don't know.

ADAM: I'm not your type?

EVE: No, that's not it. I don't know.

ADAM: What's wrong?

EVE: I just...If I wasn't the only woman on Earth, would you still want me?

(He thinks.)

ADAM: That's a good question.

EVE *(Standing up)*. I'm going.

ADAM: I mean, yes.

EVE: You're awful, you know that?

ADAM: Really, I would!

EVE: Goodbye!

ADAM: I would! I just had to think about it for a second.

EVE: Yeah you did.

ADAM: Yeah!

EVE: Yeah.

ADAM: Hey. Out of the billions and billions of other women who might have been here, you're not even allowing me a second to even consider any one of them?

EVE: Nope.

ADAM: Come on, Eve.

EVE: This isn't going to work. Sorry, God, but this isn't going to work.

ADAM: You're beautiful.

EVE: Ha!

ADAM: And wonderful.

EVE: Shut up.

ADAM: Really. You are.

EVE: Shut *up!*

(She exits.)

ADAM: Fine. Okay!

(Pause.)

You know, I'm glad you had the apple. Maybe I shouldn't be. Maybe I'm not supposed to be. But I am. You really are beautiful. I never really saw how beautiful you are till...after.

(EVE re-enters. She stands there, looking at ADAM sitting on the other side of the stage.)

EVE: I don't know if you're just making all that up or if you really mean it. I want to think you really meant it.

ADAM: I did. I do.

(Silence.)

EVE: Who does that? "Don't eat from the tree," "go forth and be fruitful." Who does that?

ADAM: Yeah, I don't get it either.

EVE: It doesn't make sense at all. At all. You've got more sense than that.

ADAM: Thanks.

EVE: I didn't mean—okay, I've got more sense than that. Better?

ADAM: Better.

EVE: I just feel guilty...I don't know.

ADAM: Sex?

EVE: Yeah.

ADAM: Yeah.

EVE....Yeah.

(A pause—then they both start talking at the same time.)

ADAM: I was wondering—

EVE: What would you—

(They stop.)

You go first.

ADAM: No you.

EVE: Talk.

(ADAM struggles for a moment to work up the nerve to speak again.)

ADAM: Do you think I'm...attractive?

EVE: I guess so.

ADAM: Ouch.

EVE: I mean, yeah. Yes. I do.

ADAM: Okay.

EVE *(Putting her hand on his knee).* Really, I do.

ADAM: I believe you.

EVE: Okay, good.

(A moment. Then EVE notices their somewhat compromising position, and moves away.)

It just feels so...base, you know? I mean, you are the only guy on Earth. It makes me feel, I don't know —cheap maybe? Does that make sense?

ADAM: Yeah...

(He thinks about it.)

No, not really.

EVE: I mean, it's so animalistic. I'm a girl and you're a guy and we're stuck here together, so we make babies.

ADAM: Right.

EVE: No romance. Purely physiological. Isn't that gross? Ew. That's gross. We're gross.

ADAM: Well, when you put it that way . . .

EVE: We're gross.

ADAM: Okay, we're gross.

(Pause.)

But I'd like to.

EVE: I know.

ADAM: You would too?

EVE: I didn't say that. I just said I know.

(Beat.)

It's weird. This whole wanting thing. I can't decide how I feel about it.

ADAM: So you would?

EVE: Do what?

ADAM: Want to...you know, be the mother of all nations. That.

EVE: I didn't say that. Stop putting words in my mouth.

ADAM: I'm not trying to put words in your mouth, I was just...curious.

(Beat.)

God told us to.

(Silence.)

EVE: You want a pet?

ADAM *(Somewhat taken aback).* What?

EVE: Yeah. You know, a pet. A little animal. We could keep it around. Be nice to it. Play fetch.

ADAM: Oh. Why?

EVE: Just because.

ADAM: Okaay . . .

EVE: We don't have to, I was just asking.

ADAM: Like, what kind of a pet— animal?

EVE: I don't know.

ADAM: The big guys are off limits you know.

EVE: Right.

ADAM: Right. You saw that. We have our apples, a couple seconds later a lion is tearing off a gazelle's leg.
I don't know about you, but I'm pretty fond of my legs.

EVE (*Musing*). Isn't that a funny word?

ADAM: What? Leg?

EVE: Well, that too.

ADAM: Which word?

EVE: Apple.

ADAM: Funny? I don't see how it's funny. How is "apple" funny?

EVE: I don't know. Just listen to it. "Apple." Apple apple apple apple.

ADAM (*Getting annoyed*). Hey.

EVE: Apple.

ADAM: It's a perfectly decent word.

EVE: Apple!

ADAM: Why is it all my words are stupid?

EVE: I didn't say it was stupid, I just said it was funny.

THREE MORE PAGES TO THE END