

"Adam and Eve"

First Place

BY DAVEY MORRISON DILLARD

(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 and looks around, trying to find something to say next.)

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.)

ADAM: 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. Silence.)

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.)

ADAM: 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.)

ADAM: 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.)

EVE: 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.)
 EVE: 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. EVE notices their position and moves away.)
 EVE: 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: *(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.

ADAM: Okay, sure, "apple" is funny.

EVE: You don't have to agree with me.

ADAM: Okay.

EVE: Stop it.

ADAM: Stop what?

EVE: Have you just been agreeing with everything I've been saying?

ADAM: I don't know. Maybe.

EVE: Stop it!

ADAM: Maybe we just agree on a lot of things.

EVE: No.

ADAM: Maybe.

EVE: You're just agreeing with everything I say and it's ridiculous.

ADAM: All right, I'll stop it. *(Beat.)*

EVE: I'm sorry.

ADAM: Why?

EVE: Because I'm crazy.

ADAM: I don't think so.

EVE: I am.

ADAM: I don't think so.

EVE: You're just trying to be nice.

ADAM: Well if I can't agree with you and I can't be nice, what am I supposed to say? *(EVE thinks about this, then laughs.)*

ADAM: What?

EVE: That's funny.

ADAM: Apple!

(She laughs again.)

ADAM: Apple apple apple.

EVE: *(laughing)* Stop it!

ADAM: Apple!

EVE: I can't breathe!

ADAM: Aaaaapppppppllllle!

(EVE laughs till she cries. She finally calms down, and then she takes a look at ADAM's face and starts laughing again. He waits for it to end and it finally does. EVE takes a deep breath.)

EVE: Hey.

ADAM: What?

EVE: You know when you held my hand a little while ago?

ADAM: Yeah.

EVE: That was weird.

ADAM: Yeah. I know.

EVE: But I kinda liked it. *(ADAM looks at her. He holds her hand.)*

EVE: I wish God was here.

ADAM: You miss Him?

EVE: Yeah.

ADAM: Me too.

EVE: Well, a little. I don't know. I feel like I should. Maybe it's just so recent it hasn't really sunk in yet, you know?

ADAM: Yeah.

EVE: It doesn't feel like He's really. . . . It feels like He's still around.

ADAM: It does. *(They sit together. She leans her head against his shoulder.)*

EVE: Are you scared?

ADAM: A little.

EVE: Me too. *(They think about this.)*

ADAM: That's okay. *(And it is. Lights down.)* ■