

ADAM'S EVE

A COMEDY IN TWO ACTS

By Matthew Carlin

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SYNOPSIS: What would you do if you opened your closet door and out popped a woman who claimed to be your soulmate? When it happens to Adam, he assumes Eve is part of a prank being pulled on him by his best friend, Mark. Of course, Mark denies all knowledge of Eve, and Eve continues to insist she's been sent by God to help Adam change the world. Meanwhile, she's doing her best to learn how to be human – with a little help from the food channel on cable tv! Adam needs help. Professional help. His psychiatrist girlfriend, Marla, and her colleague might be just the answer – if he can survive the chaos until they arrive! An uplifting comedy, *Adam's Eve* will touch both your heart and your funny bone.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(4 MEN, 5 WOMEN)

ADAM MOSS (m).....He is a young man, probably in his early to mid-thirties, dressed casually, with jeans and sports jacket, with button-down shirt. *(369 lines)*

EVE (f).....*(266 lines)*

MARK MATTHEWS (m).....The same age as Adam and similarly dressed. Husband to Katie. *(185 lines)*

KATIE MATTHEWS (f).....*(110 lines)*

MARLA MADSEN (f).....*(47 lines)*

DR. THOMAS GRIFFIN (m).....*(99 lines)*

GRACE (f).....*(39 lines)*

AUNT LAURIE (f).....*(10 lines)*

DR. WAGNER (m).....(30 lines)

PROPERTIES

- Sofa
- Armchair
- Coffee Table
- Sports Magazines
- Bookshelf
- CD Player
- Sports Memorabilia
- Dallas Cowboy's Football Jersey (or another sport's team jersey)
- Bottle of Wine
- Several Wine Glasses (5)
- Tray of snacks ie: crackers, fruit, cheeses

AUTHOR'S NOTES

The key to a successful production of Adam's Eve is the character of Eve. You need to find yourself a young, uninhibited comedic actress who can have a lot of fun with the character. I won't go into a lot of details in these notes about her character; hopefully I've done that in the script. The show should be fast-paced and fun for the entire cast. Don't overlook the serious moments. I believe the show can be very powerful at times as well.

I would also like to make clear that although I am a Cowboys fan, (I hope that doesn't prevent some of you from choosing the show) I want you to feel free to localize the sports team you refer to in the show. I would insist that you keep it as a football team, however, since I think that plays a large part in the way some of the characters are played.

ADAM'S EVE

Adam's Eve was first produced by the United Players of Friendswood, Texas on February 11, 2010 with the following cast (in order of appearance):

ADAM MOSS	Jeremy Smith
MARK MATHEWS	John Clinkscales
EVE.....	Colette Currie
KATIE MATHEWS	Allyson Hazeltine
GRACE MOSS	Kim Griffith
LAURIE MOSS.....	Kym Wade
MARLA MADSEN	Shannon Price
THOMAS GRIFFIN	Larry Fletcher
DR. WAGNER	Bill Tarver
Director	Matthew Carlin

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ACT ONE, SCENE 1

The scene opens in the living room of the home of ADAM MOSS. It is nicely furnished, but we definitely know a man lives here. There is a sofa at center with an armchair on either side. There is a coffee table in front of the sofa and on it are strewn several magazines, mostly about sports. Stage right are some bookshelves with a CD player. The shelves are decorated mostly with sports memorabilia, baseballs, footballs, etc. It is not trashy but also not the neatest place you've ever seen. Also, stage right is the entrance to a hallway leading off to the bedrooms. Stage left is the open entrance to the kitchen area with an open bar area upstage of the entrance. From that opening we can see some of the kitchen. The front door is above that, up center. As one enters there is small alcove and past that, just left of center is a small walk-in closet. The stage at the moment is dark, but soon we hear a key in the door, and as it opens, ADAM enters. He is a young man, probably in his early to mid-thirties, dressed casually, with jeans and sports jacket, with button-down shirt. He is followed by his best friend, MARK MATHEWS, about the same age and similarly dressed. As they enter, ADAM flips on the lights.

ADAM: Hey Mark, thanks again for the ride home.

MARK: Not a problem.

ADAM: You're sure you don't mind me hitching a ride in the morning?

MARK: Dude! We carpool every other week anyway.

ADAM: But it's my week.

MARK: Not officially next week until Monday. Get over it, will you? I'm sure you'll never forget what a huge favor you'll owe me someday. *(Crosses into the room.)* and neither will I.

ADAM: That I believe. Hopefully the car will be out of the shop Monday morning.

MARK: I still for the life of me don't know why you go to an office anyway. If I was a sportswriter, my office would be one overstuffed, super-sized recliner with dual chrome cup-holders, surround sound speakers built into the back—one at each ear and push button remote access to adjust the desired comfort level with the touch of a finger before I then take my place thereupon. Oh! And two built-in, one-gallon containers on each side that will dispense my favorite beverage, again at the touch of a finger.

ADAM: And how about for those long double-headers? An optional catheter feature? You wouldn't have to get out of that chair for hours!

MARK: Good idea! *(Then considers.)* No, dude. *(Looks at him again.)* That's just wrong. *(Continues.)* Anyway, it would be placed ten-point-two feet, dead center in front of my big screen. Which is, by the way, the perfect viewing distance for a sixty-two inch, high-def man-a-vision. It's been scientifically proven.

ADAM: *(Sits in chair, right.)* You'd never get any work done and neither would I. Besides, you're lucky Katie hasn't already hauled that recliner of yours to the dump with the amount of time you spend in it during football season. Much less the ultimate man chair you just described.

MARK: Just let her try! I'd... Why, I'd... You're right! I'm a lucky man!

ADAM: That you are.

MARK: You're still sure you want to go through with this thing in the morning?

ADAM: Working out? Sure, why not?

MARK: Why not? Adam, we've been friends for ten years, and I have never known you to intentionally exercise. One of your strong points, I might add.

ADAM: I told you that you didn't have to go.

MARK: Joining a gym... Getting up early on a Saturday of all things to make yourself perspire on purpose! Something is going on with you, and it is my duty as your best friend to keep a close eye.

ADAM: *(Placing a hand against his ribs.)* Yeah. Well, I hope this pain in my chest lets up or I may not last long anyway.

MARK: Still bothering you?

ADAM: Yeah, just started today out of the blue. Probably just gas.

MARK: More likely your mind telling your body to stop the insanity before it starts! Maybe you should see someone about it.

ADAM: Already did. I went in to see Dr. Wagner this morning. They ran some tests but he had to run off to some meeting so I didn't get a chance to find out the results. They did say they'd call me if they found anything.

MARK: No calls?

ADAM: Not a one. So I guess you'll have to put up with me a while longer. You haven't lost the extra key I gave you, have you?

MARK: Never! When a friend entrusts me with a key to his home, I am honored and I handle it with the utmost care.

ADAM: Then you can go ahead and let yourself in, as usual.

MARK: Because you'll be scurrying to get ready at the last minute, as usual.

ADAM: What can I say? It takes time to get that look that turns the ladies' heads.

MARK: More like turns the ladies' stomachs.

ADAM: Funny man. (*Yawns, then goes to the front door.*) Well, see you bright and early.

MARK: You're not getting rid of me that easy, Adam.

ADAM: (*Still at the open door.*) I'm not trying to get rid of you.

MARK: Yeah, uh huh. Ever since I started talking about Marla and the "M" word, you suddenly started getting sleepy.

ADAM: It's been a long day.

MARK: Uh huh. Sure. (*Plops down on the sofa.*) Look, I'm not the one who started it. You brought it up.

ADAM: (*Closes the door and moves downstage by the chair.*) All I said was, "She mentioned it." She happened to start a sentence by saying, "Someday, if we get married." That was it.

MARK: Someday! Hah! You, my friend, have awakened the enemy, and unlike many of us, you are facing double jeopardy!

ADAM: What are you talking about?

MARK: What am I talking about?! First, she's a woman! Second, she's a psychiatrist! Every woman would like to manipulate what goes on up here in that vacuum-sealed container known as the mind of man!

ADAM: (*Shakes his head.*) Would you stop?!

MARK: She, my friend, has been equipped with a can opener!

ADAM: I don't doubt there is a big vacuum in that head of yours.

MARK: She's probably already got a list of the top two hundred people she'll invite to the wedding tucked away in that maniacal little mind of hers.

ADAM: Come on! Maniacal?

MARK: Aye! For when the "M" word is involved, the female brain becomes maniacal.

ADAM: You are full of it!

MARK: And right in there, next to the guest list, the name of the decorator she wants to come in to remove every hint of testosterone from this room; nay, from this house.

ADAM: Marla is not like that.

MARK: Between those two cute little ears of hers, she has already repainted, re-tiled, re-wallpapered and, in oh-so-many other ways, redesigned every inch of this place! She has most definitely removed every curtain on every window and replaced them with custom draperies that will most assuredly burn the proverbial hole in your wallet!

ADAM: I'm telling you, she is not that way.

MARK: She's a she! It's their way! They can't help it. It's in the genes!

ADAM: *(Stares at him and covers his ears.)* This is me not listening to you!

MARK: If you're lucky, when you're old she'll finally give in and let you have a room of your own. It'll be the garage, of course, that you'll remodel with the money you had socked away for that Harley you're never going to buy and it won't be until the last of the four kids have moved out, that goes without saying. Then you'll finally be able to pull everything out of the attic, dust it off, and call it your own again. You'll end up spending most of your time there trying to make up for all those years of manhood suppressed.

ADAM: *(Sits in the armchair.)* You are something else. The last time I checked you were married, happily, so it seems.

MARK: It's the hypnotist we saw on our honeymoon. It was Katie's idea to see that show, you know.

ADAM: *(Laughs.)* Shut up.

MARK: I'm not kidding. He did something to me, and all she has to do is say the magic phrase, and I start acting like the perfect husband.

ADAM: What magic phrase?

MARK: I don't know. They fix you so you don't remember.

ADAM: *(Laughs.)* Well, I've got a magic phrase for you: Get out!
(Stands.)

MARK: You're seriously giving me the boot?

ADAM: I seriously am.

MARK: *(Rises.)* All right. But I'm telling you, it's time to run. Run like a horde of roaring, rabid rottweilers were chomping at your heels.

ADAM: *(Laughs and starts for the door.)* Out!

MARK: I'm going! *(Moving to the door.)* Just remember, my man, you have become the hunted. The cat has been let out of the dreaded bag. The "M" word has been spoken, and one must now tread carefully, very carefully, to avoid the many traps of the predator.

ADAM: Good night! *(Opening the door.)*

MARK: They are clever, these beasts.

ADAM: *(Pushing him out the door.)* Drive carefully!

MARK: Dude, I'm three doors down!

ADAM: Most accidents occur close to home.

MARK: *(Grabs the door frame and pokes his head back in.)* And they will show you no mercy!

ADAM: Enough!

With a laugh and a big smile on his face, ADAM finally succeeds in getting MARK out the door. He closes it behind him and then for a moment turns his back and leans against the door. Shaking his head he crosses over to the closet as he removes his coat. He opens the door and inside we see a lovely young woman standing there. She is dressed rather oddly in an oversized "Dallas Cowboys" jersey. She hands him a hanger, which he uses, then hands the coat to the young woman. She takes it and hangs it up.

ADAM: Thanks!

He then closes the door and crosses right toward his bedroom. He gets a few steps and then stops, a curious look on his face. He looks back at the closet and we can see the question on his face.

ADAM: No. I didn't see... No. It's...it's just late!

He turns to go again but after a step or two stops. With a more concerned look on his face this time he turns and stares at the door.

ADAM: Can't be.

He crosses back to the closet door and reaches for the doorknob. He hesitates but finally opens it and sees, what we have already seen. Shocked, he slams the door again and backs away, talking to himself.

ADAM: Okay! Weird! I thought I saw a woman in the closet!

He begins to make a cautious move to the door again but this time it opens before he can get there, sending him backing away again. The door opens and its occupant somewhat timidly takes a step out of the closet.

EVE: Hello.

ADAM: Uhhh! Uhhh! I... *(He backs away and trips over the armchair at right but springs right up again.)* Wait a minute! Wait a minute! Who...who...who are you? What do you want? What are you doing in my closet? What are you doing in my house?!

EVE: Are you Adam?

ADAM: Who wants to know?

EVE: *(She rushes to hug him.)* My name is Eve.

ADAM: *(He pushes her away.)* Eve? Eve? As in Adam and...? You're kidding me right? *(Looking around the room.)* This is a joke, isn't it? *(Starts to look through the closet.)* Who put you up to this? It was Mark, wasn't it? It had to be Mark! Okay, Mark! Where's the hidden camera? You got me! *(Looks back at EVE.)* Is he still outside? He is, isn't he? He's still outside! *(He rushes to the door, flings it open.)* Mark! You can come in now. This is a good one! You got me! You definitely got me! *(He disappears from view for a moment.)* Mark! Mark? *(Pause.)* Mark?

As all of this is going on, EVE wanders around, marvelling at everything she sees. She even notices her own hands and looks at them in wonder. She finally sits on a chair and starts bouncing up and down, amazed at how it feels and obviously enjoying it. EVE is childlike, exuberant. When she speaks, she does so as if everything is amazing to her and she is always smiling, happy, almost mischievous-looking.

ADAM: *(He enters, closing the door behind him.)* Where is he? Where's Mark?

EVE: I don't know. Who is Mark?

ADAM: Who is...? You're telling me you don't know Mark?

EVE: *(Smiles.)* I don't know Mark. I don't know anyone!

ADAM: You don't know anyone? Then who sent you?

EVE: God!

ADAM: *(Stops dead in his tracks.)* You want to run that one by me again?

EVE: God sent me!

ADAM: God. *(There is a pause as he takes the idea in.)* God? *(Slowly points upward.)* God sent you! I should have figured that out on my own! *(Tries several times to say something but nothing comes out until...)* Out of curiosity, w...w...why? Why?! Why would God send you...to my closet? And...and...and why are you wearing my Dallas Cowboys jersey? And...and... *(Again at a loss for words.)* Why?!

EVE: He told me you were a fan of the Cowboys, whoever they are. He thought it might put you a little more at ease.

ADAM: *(Laughing nervously.)* He did? *(Pointing up.)* God did?

EVE: Yes! *(She runs and jumps on her knees, on the sofa.)* And He also said to tell you that He absolutely does not think He is Tom Landry and that the joke was kind of funny the first time He heard it but it's gotten really old!

ADAM starts to laugh again nervously as he moves downstage, not really knowing what to do. He looks back at her several times and each time he does he gets that nervous laugh. Finally, he moves to the sofa.

ADAM: I'm going to sit down now. Would you care to sit down? Eve? You're sure it's Eve?

EVE: Uh huh!

ADAM: Then Eve, come and sit. We should talk.

EVE: *(She gives him a big girlish smile.)* Okay. *(She moves closer to him but does not sit, instead stays on her knees and just smiles at him.)*

ADAM: Comfy?

EVE: Yes. Thank you. *(Grabs a pillow from the sofa and hugs it.)* It's soft. *(She smells it and winces a little.)* It doesn't smell great, though.

ADAM: I've been meaning to get those cleaned. Sorry. Okay now. *(Pause.)* Who are you really?

She continues to feel the sofa, exploring its textures. In fact, during this scene, everything she comes in contact with she wants to touch, feel the texture, see how it smells, to the point that she almost crawls over some things.

EVE: He also said you wouldn't believe me at first.

ADAM: *(Laughs.)* Why would He think that? I'm sure this kind of thing happens all the time.

EVE: No. I'm pretty sure only once before.

ADAM: Once before?

EVE: You know. Adam *(Points to him and then with her other finger, to herself.)* and Eve. *(Smiles and brings the two fingers together.)*

ADAM: *(Rises and moves behind the sofa.)* Alrighty then. Let's take a different approach, shall we? Let's just assume, for the moment, that what you say is true, that God...sent you.

EVE: Let's, because He did!

ADAM: We'll assume...but if it's true then, where have you been all this time? I mean, you're a grown woman. Did He just whisk you away from home and teleport you over here?

EVE: Teleport?

ADAM: You know, like, "Beam me up, Scotty." Except it was "beam me into Adam's closet." Was it like that?

EVE: *(Totally confused, she stands.)* I don't know what you mean. I'm sorry.

ADAM: Come on! It's Star Trek! Everybody knows Star Trek!

EVE: *(Excitedly.)* Not me! I was just born!

ADAM: Just born?

EVE: Yes. God created me for you.

ADAM: *(Incredulous.)* Oh? For me?

EVE: Yes.

ADAM: God created you...for me?

EVE: Me for you. Yes!

ADAM: And you're a newborn?

EVE: *(With a huge smile.)* Yeeeeesss!

ADAM: You, uh, you speak pretty well for a newborn.

EVE: *(Excitedly rushes across the room.)* I know! I do, huh?! I don't know how, I just know words! I don't know all the words, but I know some words. Enough to talk!

ADAM: I noticed.

EVE: But I don't know that "teleport" word and I don't know what star track is. I know some things, too! Things like... *(Jumps to the sofa again.)* ...this is a sofa and you sit on it and...and... *(Grabs the jersey she's wearing.)* ...and these are clothes and you're supposed to wear them and...and... *(Stands and moves to the lamp.)* ...and this is a lamp and it gives us light, like the sun, only smaller, *(Moves to a painting on the wall.)* ...and this is a painting and...oh, *(She pauses a second looking closely at the painting.)* ...it's so beautiful! *(Moves over to the shelf and picks up football.)* ...and this is a... *(Looks at it strangely, sniffs it.)* What's this?

ADAM: *(Rolls his eyes.)* A football.

EVE: A foot...ball? *(He nods, she looks down at her feet, gives it a sniff, then disgustedly sets it down.)* No, don't like it. *(Crosses back to him with a sour expression on her face as she glances back at the football.)* Anyway, see, I know some things. *(Rushes up to him.)* Everything else, you can teach me.

ADAM: I can teach you?

EVE: Yes!

ADAM: Great! Great. Wonderful. *(Moves behind the sofa.)* Eve, please bear with me here. I'm just trying to wrap my head around all of this.

EVE: Wouldn't that hurt?

ADAM: Wouldn't what hurt?

EVE: Wrapping your head around something? *(She sits on the sofa and moves her head around, eventually laying it on the back of the sofa.)* That sounds like it would hurt.

ADAM: Okay! *(Looks at her like she's from another planet.)* I just...what I mean is, I'm just trying to understand this, trying to make some sense of it.

EVE: *(Joyfully.)* I knew you would!

ADAM: Incredible. *(Begins pacing behind the sofa.)* Let's review, shall we?

EVE: Let's!

ADAM: You're a grown woman, who was just born. *(Stops.)* Tonight?

EVE: *(Jumps up.)* Yes, tonight.

ADAM: *(Starts pacing again.)* You were born tonight. God placed you in my closet so I could find you because you were created for me.

EVE: Yes!

ADAM: You came out wearing my Dallas Cowboys jersey because that is supposed to help put me at ease.

EVE: *(Expectantly.)* Did it?

ADAM: No.

EVE: Sorry.

ADAM: Now, I have just one more question to ask.

EVE: *(Jumps to the sofa again.)* I doubt that...but go ahead!

ADAM: *(Leans on the back of the sofa to EVE.)* Why? Why would God do that? Why would He create you for me?

EVE: I thought you already figured that part out.

ADAM: Humor me.

EVE: Because you're Adam, and I'm your Eve.

ADAM: My Eve?

EVE: *(She turns to him and they are face to face.)* Not like before.

ADAM: No?

EVE: No, silly. Before it started with just the two of them, now there are lots of people on the earth.

ADAM: *(Chuckles.)* A few billion, yes.

EVE: But that doesn't mean we can't start over.

ADAM: Start over?

EVE: You see, God hasn't been...overjoyed, let's say, with some of the things that are going on in the world today.

ADAM: *(Crosses left.)* That part I can believe.

EVE: It's not that He doesn't believe there aren't good people in the world. He knows there are a lot of good people in the world. You believe that, don't you?

ADAM: I do.

EVE: If that weren't true, I wouldn't be here. It's because there are a lot of good people out there that starting over can work.

ADAM: *(Sits in chair.)* You see, there you got me. I need you to explain this starting over part. Just, how are we supposed to...start over?

EVE: By doing a better job this time.

ADAM: A better job?

EVE: A better job of being what God wants us to be.

ADAM: That's all there is to it?

EVE: That and showing our children how important it is that...

ADAM: *(Jumps up.)* Okay! Time out! Time out! *(Holding his hands up in the air he crosses right.)* Eve. We...you and I...don't have any children, and I feel fairly confident in saying that we won't be having any children!

EVE: *(Again with big girlish grin.)* But we will! We have to!

ADAM: Okay, look. You seem like a very nice young woman. A bit psychotic, delusional, a little scary even, but nice. I think, however, that I have heard enough, and I really am going to have to ask you to leave.

EVE: *(Looking frightened, she stands.)* Leave?

ADAM: It's getting late, and I have to get up early in the morning.

EVE: *(Runs to ADAM.)* I can't leave!

ADAM: *(Crossing away.)* I'll call you...a cab.

EVE: *(Frantically.)* Why would you call me acab? *(Pronounces it as one word, like a name.)* I'm not acab, my name is Eve. Who's acab?

ADAM: Oh, come on!

EVE: *(She goes after him, following him as he tries to move away.)* Please! Please, don't make me leave. I don't have anywhere to go, Adam! I can't leave here! I'm supposed to be here! *(In a panic.)* You're my Adam! I'm your Eve!

ADAM: Look...

EVE: I would be alone out there!

ADAM: I'm sorry, but...

EVE: And scared!

ADAM: Eve, I...

EVE: *(She grabs his hands and holds on.)* I have no place to go, Adam! Please don't make me go. I have no place to go! *(He takes a deep breath and looks at her. EVE waits silently.)*

ADAM: You have no place to go?

EVE: No.

ADAM: No one out there that you could...

EVE: No one.

ADAM: You're sure?

EVE: Only you.

ADAM: You're telling me that if I make you leave, you'll be out on the street alone. *(EVE is looking like a little lost puppy. She nods as he looks around, bewildered, not knowing what to do.)* What am I supposed to do with you?

EVE: God says you're a good man, you'll figure it out.

ADAM: *(Looks up and then at her.)* He does, does He? *(She nods.)* All right. You can stay.

EVE: *(Gives him a huge hug, which he does not return but instead holds his arms out awkwardly.)* Thank you! Thank you, Adam! You'll see, everything will work out. It has to.

ADAM: *(Still in her embrace.)* Tomorrow we'll figure out where you really need to be. *(Pointing off right.)* I have a guest room. You can stay in there. I'll show you where everything is except for my room, you don't need to see that, and it will be locked. Nothing personal. *(Pause.)* You're not going to rob me blind or anything, are you?

EVE: *(Laughs and finally lets go of him.)* No! Thou shalt not steal! Besides, I don't even know what all this junk is!

ADAM: *(Looking around the room.)* Okay.

EVE: I didn't hurt your feelings, did I? It's not really junk. I'm sure it's really good...stuff.

ADAM: Forget it. I think I need to sleep. If I can... Maybe I'll wake up and find out this was all a dream.

EVE: *(Smiling.)* Nope! Not gonna happen.

ADAM: Maybe you should try to get some sleep, too. I'm sure tomorrow is going to be a big day for you.

EVE: It will be, but I can't sleep! I'm too excited to sleep! Can I just stay in here? I won't touch anything. I promise.

ADAM: In here? *(Shrugs, crosses to the coffee table and picks up a television remote.)* You could watch television, I guess.

EVE: *(In amazement.)* Watch...television? *(She perks up.)* I've never done that!

ADAM: Right, I forget. You're...you're new at all of this.

EVE: Yes!

ADAM: But you do know what a television is?

EVE: *(With a big smile.)* Nope! *(We don't see the television set. It is from ADAM and EVE's point of view, directly downstage. So when they look at the television screen they are actually looking directly toward the audience. Although we don't see it, we do hear the programs as he turns it on and then changes channels.)*

ADAM: *(Turns the television on.)* This should be quite an experience then!

EVE: *(Crossing down in amazement.)* Look, Adam! People in a box! What are they doing?

ADAM: *(Almost losing it for a second.)* It is not—*(Regaining his composure.)* It is not people in a box, you know that.

EVE: It looks like people in a box.

ADAM: You really want me to believe that you don't know what a television set is?

EVE: You know how I told you I know some things?

ADAM: Yes.

EVE: This is not one of them.

ADAM: *(Sighs.)* Then Eve, this is something I'll to have to explain some other time. *(Shaking his head, obviously still doubting.)* I suppose I should find something appropriate...Wouldn't want a newborn seeing anything unsuitable.

EVE: Okay!

ADAM: *(Still very much the skeptic.)* You are something else. *(Points the remote and changes the channel.)* How about the food channel? That should be safe. When you're ready to turn it off, just push this button here. *(Shows her.)*

EVE: *(Holding the remote.)* This button here. *(Pause.)* Thank you, Adam. *(She gives him another huge hug, to which he has the same reaction as before. Finally, she releases him. He then awkwardly shrugs it off and heads for the bedroom.)*

ADAM: If you get sleepy, your room is the first door on the right.

EVE: Thank you, Adam.

ADAM: *(At the entrance to the hallway.)* I'm going to sleep now. I hope.

EVE: *(Smiles at him.)* Good night, my Adam.

ADAM: Yeah. Good night. Eve. *(Goes into the hallway but after a moment pokes his head back in.)* You do know this is...weird, really, really weird.

EVE: *(Smiles.)* Good night.

ADAM: Yeah.

He exits. She remains fixated on the television set as we hear someone giving a recipe, and EVE is immediately engrossed in what they are saying. Her eyes brighten with excitement, for after all, this is a chance for her to begin her "education."

ACT ONE, SCENE 2

The next morning. The scene is the same. The stage is empty. There is no sign of ADAM or EVE as the lights come up. After a moment, we see ADAM come cautiously from the hallway and peek into the room. Not seeing EVE, he goes back to check and see if she may have gone to the guest room. After a moment, he returns. He goes over to the sofa and looks around the room, trying to decide if maybe the whole thing really was a dream. He goes to the closet and very cautiously opens the door. He picks up the television remote, stares at it for a second and then puts it down. Finally, he shrugs and starts to head for the kitchen, but before he can enter, MARK comes out of the kitchen, drinking a cup of coffee as he enters.

ADAM: Mark! You're here!

MARK: Yes, I am!

ADAM: Am I glad to see you. You are not going to believe what happened to me after you left last night!

MARK: *(Crossing to him.)* Oh, I don't know.

ADAM: I'm still not sure it wasn't all a dream. It was nuts! *(Sniffing.)* What's that smell?

MARK: *(Does the same.)* That? *(Looks toward the kitchen.)* That's breakfast...and lunch...and I think dinner, too.

ADAM: What are you talking about?

At that moment, EVE appears in the kitchen, poking her head through the open bar area. She wears two mittens and holds a hot pan of lasagna. She is a little dishevelled but still bubbling over with excitement. The apron she wears has several smears of assorted food on it and her hair and face appear to have a good smattering of flour.

EVE: Mark! *(Sees ADAM.)* Good morning, Adam! *(Comes through the doorway into the room carrying the pan.)* Breakfast is ready. *(Seeing the look on his face as he stares at the lasagna.)* Oh this? This isn't breakfast, this is for later. I watched the food channel like you told me to, and I got all kinds of great ideas!

She is very excited. As she names off the different foods, you can tell she is reciting the names as she heard them on television, even having a little difficulty with some of the pronunciation.

EVE: This is grilled vegetable lasagna with puttanesco sauce and pesto oil. For breakfast, we have a choice of country ham and cheddar omelettes or chocolate chip pancakes with cinnamon cream along with carrot coconut muffins with honey butter. *(He can't speak but only continues to stare at her.)* I hope you're hungry! Like, really hungry! *(She begins to head back to the kitchen and then remembers.)* Oh! Oh! Oh! I fixed dessert for later. Mini espresso cakes with peanut butter frosting or Mama Garibaldi's original key lime tarts! *(She starts for the kitchen but again comes back.)* Do you know the difference between a pie and a tart? That one's got me stumped! This one's a tart! It looks like a pie to me, but the lady on the food channel said it was a tart! I can't tell the difference! Do you know the difference? Mark didn't know the difference! *(Since he does not respond, she begins to deflate a little.)* You can tell me later. *(Again, he doesn't speak and she begins to feel a little uncomfortable.)* You...have a very well-stocked kitchen, Adam. According to the television, that is. The food channel, you know.

MARK: *(With a huge smile as he sips his coffee.)* She makes great coffee, too!

EVE: *(Her excitement returns as she speaks to ADAM.)* Oh! Would you like some coffee? I'll get you a cup! Wait there! *(She starts to rush in but pops right back out.)* And a muffin to start! Can I get you another muffin, Mark?

MARK: I would love another muffin, thank you, Eve.

EVE: *(She disappears into the kitchen but again, rushes right back.)* Don't come in the kitchen! It's a mess. I've been cleaning as I go, that's what the food channel said to do because...because...I don't remember, but I'm doing it anyway! But I'm not done, so stay out! I'll finish while you have your coffee. *(With a huge giggle she heads for the kitchen.)* Be right back! *(She exits.)*

MARK: My, my. She is quite the little homemaker.

MARK crosses to the sofa and sits, setting his coffee on the coffee table as he does. ADAM still has not moved from his spot and can only stare off into the direction of the kitchen. Finally, he looks over to MARK, back to the kitchen and back again to MARK who sits with a gigantic smile, waiting.

ADAM: *(Crossing to him.)* What did she say to you?

MARK: I must tell you, it was one of the most interesting introductions I've ever had.

ADAM: What did she say?

MARK: I came in this morning, as usual, used the spare key, as always, walked into the kitchen and wow!

ADAM: Wow? Wow? What's wow? Why wow?

MARK: What's wow? First, there's a strange woman in your kitchen, a woman I have never seen before, and I have to say that, on first glance, I noticed that she is hot!

ADAM: Mark!

MARK: Just saying.

ADAM: What did she say to you?

MARK: She said, "Hello, my name is Eve. What's yours?"

ADAM: And?

MARK: And I said, "My name's Mark, Adam's friend."

ADAM: Then what?

MARK: Then she hugged me and said she was so happy to meet a friend of Adam's... and did I say she's hot?

ADAM: Mark!

MARK: Well, she is.

ADAM: And then?

MARK: And then, I got a thirty minute recap of last night's food channel menu, and believe it or not, I listened, because she is smoking hot!

ADAM: That's it? That's all she said? *(Sits in the chair.)* She didn't say who she was? Why she was here?

MARK: She did not, but I can hardly wait to hear.

At that moment, EVE comes rushing in with a tray carrying two cups of coffee and a basket of muffins. ADAM stands, but MARK remains sitting. She is seemingly still as excited as the first minute we saw her but she has really reached that point of exhaustion where she's a little goofy.

EVE: Coffee is served! Let me know when you're ready for more breakfast. *(Sets the tray down on the coffee table and rushes back toward the kitchen but then turns back.)* Oh! Oh! The muffins are there, too! Carrot coconut and the honey butter is on the side! I tried them and they are yummy for your tummy, and I'm not saying that just because I made them. I never had carrot and coconut together. Of course, I've never really had anything together, have I? *(Giggles and starts off but turns back.)* And I fixed chocolate chip pancakes! *(Turns back.)* Did I say that already? I did, didn't I? I tried those, too! *(Pause.)* Chocolate...is good stuff! *(Pause.)* Really! Have you had chocolate? Of course, you have! *(Starts off but turns back, again.)* I fixed dessert for later. Said that, too, didn't I? Did I? I did! Enjoy! *(Starts off but turns back once more.)* I'm going to finish cleaning up now! Bye! Hope you like...everything! *(Waves and disappears into the kitchen.)*

MARK: *(Who has been watching, now turns back to ADAM.)*
Reiterating...!

ADAM: She's hot! I got it!

MARK: You noticed?

ADAM: *(Shaking his head he sits at the sofa.)* Oh, man!

MARK: *(Waits expectantly for a moment and then finally speaks.)* I'm sure there's a really good explanation. *(ADAM looks at him but doesn't speak.)* So let's have it, and don't try to tell me she's some long-lost sister that you haven't seen since you were separated at birth. Nothing personal, but the gene pool she came from probably makes yours look like the abode of the swamp thing.

ADAM: *(Stands.)* Thanks for that!

MARK: So who is she?

ADAM: That's just it. I don't know who she is!

MARK: What?

ADAM: I mean... *(Pacing.)* I know who she says she is!

MARK: And who is that?

ADAM: *(Sits.)* This is going to sound strange, but it's the truth.

MARK: I'm all ears.

ADAM: Last night, after you left, I open my closet door *(Points.)* to hang up my coat and she...she's in there.

MARK: She? *(Hits him.)* Oh. She!

ADAM: I didn't know what to do! I didn't know what to say! She comes out of the closet, like it's the most natural thing in the world for her to be in there! At first, I thought it was a joke! I thought you were setting me up for America's Funniest Home Videos or something!

MARK: *(Hands up in denial.)* It wasn't me.

ADAM: Yeah, I believe you. *(Stands and looks toward the kitchen.)* She tells me her name is Eve. She says that she was just born in my closet. She says that God sent her and that she is my Eve.

MARK: Your Eve? *(A moment.)* Your Eve? *(Points to ADAM and then to the kitchen.)* Adam. Eve. *(It really dawns on him.)* Adam and Eve!

ADAM: Yes! She says that God has not been overjoyed with the way things have been going here on Earth and He's decided to, in a way, start over.

MARK: With a new Adam and Eve?

ADAM: Exactly! *(Facing.)* She says that she and I and...our...children...can change the world.

MARK: Change the world?

ADAM: Change the world a little at a time. She and...me...and...our children.

MARK: Sounds like a pretty solid plan.

ADAM: *(Double takes.)* Say again?!

MARK: You have to admit, if things are going to change, people in general are going to have to change.

ADAM: You sound like her!

MARK: I'm just saying that it makes sense.

ADAM: The idea might make sense, but nothing else does! Since when have you cared about anything making sense? *(MARK shrugs.)* The question is what am I going to do about her?

MARK: Why didn't you just kick her out last night?

ADAM: I don't know. I started to, but then she got all teary and desperate sounding, saying she had no place to go. I mean what if she really needs help or something? I didn't want her roaming the streets...

MARK: Quite the predicament. *(Taking a bite of muffin.)* Maybe you could find her a shrink?

ADAM: *(Pause.)* Yeah, but what am I going to... Wait a minute, that's it! You're a genius! *(ADAM takes a cell phone from his pocket and begins to dial.)*

MARK: Tell me something I don't know. *(Looks at ADAM.)* What are you... What are you doing? No, no. Wait a minute. *(Grabbing the phone from ADAM's hands.)* You can't be thinking about doing what I think you're thinking about doing?

ADAM: Why not? I have to tell Marla about this anyway.

MARK: No. You don't.

ADAM: Yes. I do. She's coming here tonight, remember?

MARK: No.

ADAM: Yeah, you do. You and Katie are joining Marla and me for drinks here and then we're going out to dinner. Remember? She's bringing her new guru over to meet us, the psych professor who wrote that book she keeps going on and on about. He's supposedly some kind of genius.

MARK: *(Facetiously.)* Oh yeah, of course! How could I forget?

ADAM: So I call her, tell her what happened, ask her to come over this afternoon and see what she thinks. *(He reaches for the phone but MARK pulls it away.)*

MARK: You can't do that!

ADAM: Why not?

MARK: Duh! There is a hotness quotient to consider here!

ADAM: A what?

MARK: *(Points to the kitchen.)* She is, as I have tried to point out to you, hot! Katie would have my head if she even knew I spent thirty minutes in the same room listening to her food channel recap, for crying out loud, and you're going to tell Marla that this girl thinks she was sent here to be your Eve!

ADAM: I'm not going to lie about it. Besides, you said maybe she needs a shrink. Maybe she really does.

MARK: You honest men make it so hard for the rest of us.
(*Ponders.*) Then again...

ADAM: What?

MARK: It could work. Play the needy card. Put the ball in her court.
Risky, but it could work.

ADAM: It's going to have to work. (*Pacing he looks toward the kitchen.*) What is she doing in there? Go and look.

MARK: Me?

ADAM: It's safer. She's not your Eve!

MARK: (*Stands and walks to the kitchen door.*) Coward! (*Looks through the kitchen door.*) Uh, I think she's asleep.

ADAM: What?

MARK: I think she's asleep. (*Goes into the kitchen and then pokes his head back out.*) Yeah! She's sprawled out on the kitchen counter fast asleep.

ADAM: (*Crossing to the kitchen door.*) You've got to be kidding me.

MARK: See for yourself.

ADAM: (*Looks.*) She can't stay there. Go wake her up and get her to come in here.

MARK: Why me?

ADAM: Just do it!

MARK: (*Mimics.*) Just do it! (*MARK throws up his hands and goes into the kitchen as ADAM resumes his pacing.*)

MARK: (*From offstage.*) Eve. Eve, time to wake up. Come on, sweetheart, you've got to get up. (*He exits the kitchen almost carrying EVE.*) Come on, sweetie, help me out here.

EVE: (*Leaning heavily on him and very groggy.*) Adam? (*She throws her arms around MARK.*)

MARK: No, no, sweetheart, not Adam. Mark.

EVE: (*Stares up at him for a moment.*) Adam's friend Mark! (*With a big goofy smile.*) Hi, Mark! (*She literally collapses in his arms and he has no choice but to scoop her up.*)

MARK: (*As he takes her in his arms.*) I think she's tired.

ADAM: You think?

MARK: Newborns sleep a lot, you know.

ADAM: Shut up and bring her over to the couch.

MARK: (*As he brings her to the sofa.*) And she was up all night cooking for you, let's not forget that.

ADAM: Just put her down. *(MARK places her on the sofa and she immediately curls up into a ball and is fast asleep. ADAM sits in the chair and shakes his head.)*

MARK: So, we still on for the gym?

ADAM: Are you nuts? I can't just leave her here.

MARK: I knew something good was going to happen today! I just had that feeling when I woke up! *(ADAM stares at him.)* I meant the not working out thing, not the Eve thing.

ADAM: Thanks for clearing that up.

MARK: So, what are you going to do?

ADAM: You're going to give me my phone and I'm going to call Marla. Then I'm going to sit here and hope she doesn't wake up before Marla arrives.

MARK: Well, I'd say your chances are pretty good. She looks zonked.

ADAM: Let's hope so. *(Reaching.)* Phone!

MARK: *(Hands him the phone but can't take his eyes off EVE.)* If you insist.

ADAM: I do. *(There is an uncomfortable silence until MARK finally notices ADAM staring at him.)*

MARK: *(Starts for the door.)* Well, I'd better, uh... *(Stops.)* Hey, you don't suppose there's any chance that she really is, you know? *(Points heavenward.)*

ADAM: *(Looks at EVE and then at MARK.)* In my Cowboys jersey?

MARK: You're right. Probably would have been an Eagles jersey, huh?

ADAM: *(Throws a pillow from the chair at him.)* Get out! *(MARK laughs and makes hasty exit as ADAM stands and mumbles to himself.)* Eagles jersey! Not in this house. *(Takes a cell phone and dials and after a big deep breath.)* Here we go. *(Standing behind the sofa, staring at EVE.)* Marla? Hi, it's me, Adam! Listen, I need to ask a little favor. Yes, and this may sound...odd at first. As a matter of fact, this may sound...crazy. *(Remembering MARK's advice.)* But I really need your help.

BLACKOUT.

ACT ONE, SCENE THREE

It is a few hours later, and at rise we now see ADAM slouched down in the same chair but now asleep. EVE is up and sitting at the edge of the sofa staring at him. She holds a glass of ice water that she has apparently gotten from the kitchen after she woke up. We don't know how long she has been awake, only that she looks quite impatient, waiting for ADAM to awaken.

EVE: *(Whispers.) Adam! (When he doesn't respond, she shuffles around and sighs and then tries again.) Adam? Oh, Adam? (She frowns when he again, does not respond. She reaches into the glass of water, wets her fingers and flicks a few drops of water at ADAM. This does not wake him up, but he does groan and shift a little in the chair. She sighs again and takes a drink from her glass of water, and then she looks at it and gets an idea. She stands and reaches into the glass for an ice cube. She looks at ADAM again and once more tries a whisper.)*

EVE: *Adam! It's time to wake up! Last chance! (When he does not respond, she moves around behind him and very quietly and with a look of complete mischief, she drops the ice down the back of his shirt. She steps back as for a moment, nothing happens. Then, ADAM startles awake, jumps up and does what most of us would do when they feel ice down their back, he frantically jumps and reaches around trying to get it out.)*

ADAM: *What the.... What is that? What... who did that? (He finally pulls the shirt tail from the back of his pants and after some effort the ice finally falls to the floor. He finally turns and sees EVE who has been enjoying watching his histrionics.)*

ADAM: *(He bends over and picks up the ice from the floor.) Ice? You put ice down my back? Why?*

EVE: *It wasn't me.*

ADAM: *You're the only one here!*

EVE: *(Smiling.) I wanted you to wake up.*

ADAM: *You wanted me to... (He feels the ice in his hand.) Don't move. Stay right there. (He goes to the kitchen to throw out the ice. EVE tries to remain still but can't stand it. She rushes to the kitchen door and calls.)*

ADAM'S EVE

EVE: You're it! *(She runs down and left and looks around for a place to hide. Not seeing any better place, she drops down on all fours and hides behind down left side of the armchair. After a moment, ADAM comes from the kitchen, wiping his hands with a dish cloth.)*

ADAM: You're it? What do you mean, you're it? *(He looks around the room.)* Eve? Where are you? Eve? You didn't... *(He crosses to the front door, opens it.)* No, I'm not that lucky. *(He then starts right toward his bedroom.)* Eve!

EVE: *(Before he can exit, she runs and jumps up on the sofa.)* Safe! I'm safe! Your turn!

ADAM: *(Turns and sees her standing on the sofa.)* What are you doing?

EVE: This is base. I'm safe!

ADAM: You're standing on my sofa! Don't stand on my sofa!

EVE: I have to stand on base.

ADAM: You have to touch base, not stand on it. I know the rules of hide and seek.

EVE: *(Quizzically.)* What's hide and seek?

ADAM: *(Takes a step toward her.)* What's hide and seek? Give me a break!

EVE: *(As soon as he moves, she moves down to the other end of the sofa.)* No, no! You can't touch me when I'm on base! I'm safe!

ADAM: Now you're walking on my sofa? Come on! *(She smiles mischievously and starts threatening to do more by bouncing one foot up and down.)* Stop! Don't move! Look, we're going to take a break, okay? I call time out, because you really shouldn't be walking on my sofa!

EVE: *(Taking another step on the sofa.)* Are you trying to trick me?

ADAM: No.

EVE: Because it won't count if you call time out and then I step off base and you call time in again. That would be cheating!

ADAM: I'm not trying to cheat. I just want you to stop walking on my sofa!

EVE: Why?

ADAM: Because!

EVE: *(And another step.)* Because, why?

ADAM: Because I said so!

EVE: *(Having a great time.)* Why?!!!

ADAM: Because, I said... *(He catches himself before he says "so.")*
...because sofas are made to sit on, not stand or walk on.

EVE: *(Now she really goes at it, stepping back and forth.)* But it's fun!
Watch!

ADAM: Will you stop that, please?!

EVE: *(Still going.)* It's all bouncy and stuff. Watch!

She jumps up and plops down on the sofa in a sitting position. She then quickly jumps up and stands back on the sofa.

EVE: Safe again!

ADAM: *(Losing it.)* **Will you just sit down, please?!**

EVE: *(She immediately plops down looking a little hurt.)* I'm sorry!

ADAM: You should be! *(Sees her hurt expression.)* I'm sorry I raised my voice a little.

EVE: You yelled at me.

ADAM: I didn't yell.

EVE: You yelled.

ADAM: I just wanted to...! *(Trying to calm himself even more, he sits.)* We don't walk on sofas.

EVE: We didn't, it was just me.

ADAM: Then you shouldn't walk on sofas, especially not my sofa.

EVE: It was fun.

ADAM: I thought you were sleeping.

EVE: I was, but then I woke up.

ADAM: How long have you been up?

EVE: Just a little while. I woke up, and I was thirsty, so I went to get some water, and then I came back and I wanted you to wake up but you wouldn't.

ADAM: So you put the ice down my back to wake me up? *(She just nods. He gives a huge sigh and shakes his head, not quite knowing where to go with this next.)*

The following dialogue is pretty rapid fire:

ADAM: Again, I'm sorry I raised my voice.

EVE: Yelled.

ADAM'S EVE

ADAM: I did not...! *(Collects himself.)* You just caught me by surprise. I've never had anyone walk all over my sofa before.

EVE: It was fun.

ADAM: It doesn't matter if it was fun.

EVE: Why?

ADAM: It might get broken if we walk on it.

EVE: *(Emphasizing.)* We didn't walk on it, just me.

ADAM: *(Irritated.)* I heard you the first time. *(Suddenly we see a bit of the woman EVE will be. She gives him a bit of the cold shoulder.)*

EVE: You don't have to be rude.

ADAM: I'm not being rude.

EVE: Yes, you are. Maybe if you walk on it one at time it's alright.

ADAM: I don't think so.

EVE: I thought maybe you didn't know if it was okay to do it one at a time 'cause you kept saying 'we.'

ADAM: I meant you.

EVE: Oh.

ADAM: We clear now?

EVE: I guess. *(With some attitude.)* We would have been a lot clearer to start with if you had said 'you' instead of 'we.'

ADAM: Can we move on?

EVE: Okay. *(And she's back to her happy self.)* It's fun, though. You should try it.

ADAM: Not today!

EVE: Maybe tomorrow?

ADAM: Maybe. Just forget about the sofa for now. Look, Eve, I have to tell you something.

EVE: Okay, but don't yell.

ADAM: I wasn't...! *(Catches himself.)* I won't yell. *(Looks at his watch.)* I wanted to tell you that I've asked someone to come over this afternoon. Someone I want you to meet. They should be here any minute. *(At that moment we hear the doorbell ring.)*

EVE: *(Jumps up and runs for the door.)* I'll get it!

ADAM: No, Eve! I'll get it! *(He starts for the door but she is quicker.)*
Eve!

EVE runs to the door and flings it open. A woman of around thirty years of age stands there. This is not MARLA, this is KATIE, MARK's wife. KATIE is a strong-minded woman, the kind you would expect she needs to be to handle a husband like MARK. She is an attractive woman, dressed casually but at the moment she does not look happy.

EVE: Come in!

ADAM: *(Arriving a moment after EVE.)* Eve, I told you not to...
(Recognizing KATIE.) Katie? What are you doing here?

EVE: *(Throwing herself at KATIE and hugging her.)* Hi, Katie! I'm Eve!

KATIE: *(Breaking the embrace.)* Hello, Eve, sweetheart.

ADAM: Eve, sweetheart? Do you know her? Please tell me you know her.

KATIE: No, I don't know her, but it's not going to stop me from saving the poor girl from the likes of you and that conniving husband of mine! *(Calls offstage.)* Mark! Get in here! *(When EVE hears his name, she smiles and when he comes in, she excitedly gives him a big hug which he gladly accepts. KATIE does not see this as she enters the room.)*

ADAM: Saving her? Saving her from what?

KATIE: *(Stepping into the room.)* He told me what you were planning to do. Having Marla over here to question her like some kind of mental patient.

MARK: Sorry, dude. I tried to stop her from coming over here.

EVE: *(Runs over to KATIE.)* I'll talk to Marla. It's okay. *(Pause.)* Who's Marla?

KATIE: *(Leads EVE to center.)* Marla is Adam's girlfriend, but more than that, she's a psychiatrist, and these two geniuses have decided it would be a good idea to have her pay a house call.

EVE: House call?

KATIE: Yes, dear. They want her to question you to see if you need to be committed, sent to the funny farm. *(EVE just looks confused.)* They want her to find out if you're crazy!

EVE: I'm not crazy.

KATIE: I know that, sweetie! The point is, and you must remember this for all time, you cannot trust a psychiatrist. They'll turn your head inside out and upside down! They'll have you believing your mother never hugged you as a child, that your father was a mean, loveless, hollow shell of a man who fed you cold mush three times a day! Then for good measure, throw in the fact that you were madly jealous of your older sister even though you never had one! *(MARK starts to open his mouth and say something but KATIE hushes him. Shakes a finger at him.)* Don't you say a word!

ADAM: Katie!

KATIE: Don't you 'Katie' me! Adam, I love you like a brother, you know that.

ADAM: I know.

KATIE: *(MARK looks like he is about to say something. KATIE just motions with her hand and he immediately stops.)* But I have told you from the start that Marla is just not right for you. She seems to be a perfectly charming woman, and I'm sure she'll make someone a very good wife someday, but she is not the woman for you!

EVE: That's true.

ADAM: *(Glares at her.)* What?!

EVE: I'm just saying...

ADAM: Saying what?

EVE: ...Saying that you can't marry Marla. Were you going to marry Marla?

ADAM: I don't know! But if I want to marry Marla, I will marry Marla!

EVE: *(ADAM glares as she gives him a sympathetic but negative nod.)* You can't.

ADAM: *(To KATIE.)* See? Do you see what I'm talking about?

KATIE: I see. I see that even Eve knows, and she hasn't even met the woman.

ADAM: Katie...

KATIE: *(MARK begins to speak again and this time she places a hand to his face until he finally gives up and moves away.)* And on top of that, you were going to let her come here and interrogate this poor girl like she was some sort of criminal!

ADAM: That is not what I want and you know that! (*Sighs.*) I asked her to come and talk to Eve, not interrogate her. I don't know what to do about Eve. I thought a professional opinion might help.

KATIE: A professional? A professional quack!

ADAM: Katie, I know you don't like psychiatrists. You've told me that many times, even though you've never told me why, but Marla is not a quack!

KATIE: You're right. I'm sorry I said that. But Adam, you can't let her use all of her psycho-babble to confuse this girl into saying things she doesn't really mean.

ADAM: Come on, Katie. You don't really think that Marla—(*The doorbell rings and EVE again makes a move to answer it.*) Eve! (*Stopping her.*) I'll get it!

KATIE: (*Placing a protective arm around her.*) It's alright, sweetie. You stay right here with me.

Shaking his head, ADAM goes and opens the door. It is still not MARLA. Instead, standing in the doorway is ADAM's mother, GRACE. She is probably in her early to mid-sixties but has aged well. She is spry and as good-natured as can be, but at the moment, she also doesn't appear to be very happy.

GRACE: Adam Moss! I cannot believe that a son of mine would do such a thing!

ADAM: (*At a total loss.*) I didn't do anything! What did I do?

GRACE: (*Enters.*) Katie told me what you were planning to do to that dear girl. Where is she?

ADAM: (*Still at the door he looks at KATIE.*) You called my mother?

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