

SCENE 1

The Garden of Eden. Lights up.

There are STARS in the sky, hanging by string. Bushes, and two or more TREES are scattered.

Eve, a woman in a dress that matches her skin-tone, is asleep just before dawn. The sound of a rooster wakes her up. She yawns, stands up and looks around curiously. She sees a RABBIT, and picks it up.

EVE

Look at *you*! Oh, if this isn't a... a... bunny! No, rabbit! Hm. I suppose both are good names. I'll call you both.

She holds the rabbit under her arm.

What's your name, Bunny Rabbit? ... Bernard... That's a good one. I'm Eve. I like my name. Or I think I do. It's hard to decide what you like and don't like when you're so young... I think you're older than I am by some margin of the day.

She gasps, and drops her rabbit.

Oh, look! It's a... star! Or a bunch of them, rather. See? Oh, the beauty of it all! I bet I could catch one.

She jumps a few times to no avail.

If I got higher, I could definitely catch one.

She notices one tree, and begins to attempt to climb it excitedly.

Hush, Bunny Rabbit, you're paranoid. I haven't fallen before, why should I start now?

She reaches for the stars, nearly falling.

Don't give me that look. Oh!

She climbs down and picks up a clod of DIRT. She throws it at the stars, missing.

I know, I know, it's too high.

She grabs another clod of dirt to try again. She misses the stars, but hits ADAM who was behind a tree.

ADAM (O.S.)

Ow!

Eve gasps. Adam, still unseen, throws dirt back. Eve hides as Adam enters. He is a man wearing a suit that matches his skin-tone.

What kind of fiendish creature throws dirt?

He looks down.

And on my birthday suit, too!

As he looks around she follows him. Eventually he goes to pick up the rabbit.

EVE

Hey! Don't touch the rabbit!

ADAM

What do you mean, 'rabbit'?

EVE

This. Right here. It's a rabbit.

ADAM

Why?

EVE

It seemed to be a good fit.

ADAM

That's silly. You can't just say a word and suddenly have it refer to this specific creature.

EVE

What would you rather me call it?

ADAM

There's no need to call it, it won't come.

EVE

I bet it will.

ADAM

Then call it.

She places the rabbit down and steps back.

EVE

Hey! Over here, Bunny Rabbit!

It is a stuffed rabbit.

ADAM

Now you've gone and changed its name.

EVE

It has two.

ADAM

Two names?

EVE

It's polyonymous.

ADAM

Sounds ominous.

EVE

Only if you let it get to you. It's really rather simple: Bunny is more funny, while rabbit is more sophisticated.

ADAM

And bunny rabbit?

EVE

Relatively neutral.

ADAM

I'm going back to resting.

EVE

How can you rest with so many things to name?

ADAM

I've been here a day already, dear, I'm tired.

EVE

That's hardly any time at all.

ADAM

I've got plenty more time ahead of me.

He exits

EVE

What a creature.

She looks at the rabbit.

How come you don't talk like it talks? What do you mean it's not an it? Oh. It's a *he*? *He's* a *he*. How do you know? ... ew ... Surely that can't be the only determining factor. ... now you're overwhelming me. I'll stick to your simple explanation. Maybe I'll call him... a 'man.'

(To Adam)

Man! Man!

Adam enters

ADAM

Why are you making all this noise?

EVE

You're back!

ADAM

To quiet you down. Why don't you whistle like the flying creatures?

EVE

Birds.

ADAM

Birds?

EVE

That's what they're called. And you can't say you don't refer to birds because you just did.

ADAM

I wouldn't have to if you would stop talking.

EVE

I like talking.

ADAM

I know.

EVE

Do you have a name?

ADAM

Aren't you to decide it?

EVE

I've decided what you are, a man, but I'm in no place to name you.

ADAM

So I should have two names too?

EVE

Well, yes! One for what you are and one for who you are.

ADAM

That seems unnecessary.

EVE

I have a feeling it may become useful. That's why this is a Bunny Rabbit, but its name is Bernard.

ADAM

So it gets three.

EVE

For now! I might want to give it a fourth later on.

ADAM

You're a nuisance.

EVE

No, I'm Eve.

ADAM

Is that your name or your *name*?

EVE

It's who I am.

ADAM

Then what is your name for what you are?

EVE
Well, if you're a man, can I be a man?

ADAM
Whoa. Man? I think that bill stops with me.

EVE
Whoa-man. I like it. I'm a wo-man.

ADAM
That's not what I meant, I--

EVE
So I'm Eve; A woman. Then you are...

ADAM
I don't know. Adam?

EVE
Adam, a man. Sounds good to me. How are you, Adam?

ADAM
Tired.

EVE
Maybe I can cheer you up!

She walks over to a BUSH, where she grabs a ROSE.
Ow!

ADAM
Are you alright?

EVE
I've been cut.

ADAM
By what?

EVE
This... flower. A rose.

ADAM
Oh. Why did you grab it?

EVE
It looks rather lovely.

ADAM
It seems not to feel very lovely.

EVE
Not particularly. Oh, but it smells divine! Smell it.

ADAM

I do like that.

EVE

Here, hold it. Be gentle, avoid the thorns.

ADAM

Thorns?

EVE

The spikes coming from the flower's stem.

ADAM

Ah. So the thorns cut you, then.

EVE

Indeed. I think that should make a very good axiom: The Scratched Experiment Shuns the Thorn.

ADAM

Are you an Experiment?

EVE

It seems that way. In the same way that I have been trying to knock the stars down -- they must be farther away than they appear -- I feel that you and I have been placed here to see what we may do.

ADAM

I don't feel like an experiment.

EVE

That's simply my hypothesis.

ADAM

Large word for one so young.

EVE

It's easy to use long words when you're the one to invent them all.

ADAM

So what if I say... "befuddle."

EVE

That's preposterous.

ADAM

What you've just said... befuddles me.

EVE

There you go. You're getting it.

ADAM

I'm not enjoying this.

EVE
The grin above your chin tells me otherwise.

ADAM
(blushing)
Look away.

EVE
Why?

ADAM
I don't want you to look at me.

EVE
Oh, but we were having fun!

ADAM
Now my face is hot and I can feel my soul leaping out of my chest.

EVE
You may need to lie down. You may have an ailment.

ADAM
I think my ailment is you.

He runs off. She watches him, then lays on the grown.

EVE
I've got him up the tree again.

The sun begins to rise.
The stars are disappearing!

She leaps to her feet.
And the moon is falling down! The experiment must be over, then, and I have yet to catch a star. Oh, Bernard, don't look so down. I am not sad.

(crying)
No, I'm not crying. I suppose a little bit. That should be a reasonable reaction of a one-day-old: to cry. Do Bunny Rabbits cry? I suppose not. If they did, it'd be terribly tedious to get the tears out of the fur.

She uses the rabbit to wipe her tears. The sun is out.
Oh, but look! I suppose the moon has been polished. It has quite a shine on it, and it hangs in the sky. It's lit the whole world up! I'll have so much fun exploring, now. Of that I am very sure. Have a good day, Bernard. Go! Explore!

It remains a stuffed rabbit. She runs off. The rabbit follows.

- END OF EXCERPT -

To finish reading the play contact the playwright:

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