Mark Twain's

The Diary of Adam and Eve

Adapted by
Charles W. Whitman

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STORY OF THE PLAY

Here's a delightful adaptation of Mark Twain's witty stories about our beloved predecessors. We take Adam and Eve from the day she was "born" all the way through to her death with everything in between - including Gladys and Edwina. Easy to produce. A must for high school contests!

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(1 male, 1 female)

ADAM: The first man.

EVE: The first woman.

PLACE: The Garden of Eden. *(Niagara Falls Park)*

TIME: In the beginning.

LENGTH: 40 minutes.

THE DIARY OF ADAM AND EVE

EVE: *(Waking up.)* Sunlight, daffodils and ME! I am almost a whole day old now. I arrived yesterday, I think, for if there was a day before yesterday I was not there when it happened, or I should remember it.

ADAM: Monday – This new creature with the long hair is a good deal in the way. It is always hanging around and following me about. I don't like this; I am not used to company. I wish it would stay with the other animals … Cloudy today, wind in the east; think we shall have rain, We? Where did I get that word? I remember now – the new creature uses it.

EVE: The moon got loose last night, and slid down and fell out of the scheme – a very great lose; it breaks my heart to think of it. There isn't another thing among the ornaments and decorations that is comparable to it for beauty and finish. It should have been fastened better. If we can only get it back again … for I do love moons, they are so pretty and romantic. I wish I would never go to bed; I should never get tired of lying on the moss bank and looking up at them.

ADAM: Tuesday – Been examining the great waterfall. It is the finest thing on the estate, I think. The new creature calls it Niagara Falls – why I am sure I do not know. Says it looks like Niagara Falls. That's not a reason; it is mere waywardness and imbecility. I get no chance to name anything myself. The new creature names everything that comes along, before I get in a protest. And always the same pretext is offered; "It looks like the thing."

EVE: I followed the other experiment around, yesterday afternoon, at a distance to see what it might be for, if I could. But I was not able to make it out.

EVE: *(Cont'd.)* I think it is a "man." I have never seen a "man," but it looked like one. I realize that I feel more curiosity about it than any of the other reptiles. If it is a reptile, and I suppose it is; for it has frowsy hair and blue eyes and looks like a reptile. It has no hips, it tapers like a carrot; when it stands it spreads itself apart like a derrick, so I think it is a reptile, though it may be architecture. *(To Adam.)* Do you like stars? *(ADAM turns, Eve points.)* Stars. Do you like them? I do. Last night I tried to knock some down with a pole, but it didn't reach, which astonished me; then I tried clods 'til I was all tired out, but I never got one. It is because I am left-handed and cannot throw good.

ADAM: *(Laughing.)* The new creature cannot throw good. *(Continues laughing.)*

EVE: I know. But man can. Would you clod one of those stars for me? I want to put it in my hair.

ADAM: Go away and be quiet. You're always talking. *(EVE starts to cry.)* You're leaking water from your holes. *(Eve continues.)* Stop that! *(She doesn't.)* I'm going to climb a tree.

EVE: I thought I was afraid of the other creature. But now I know it's afraid of me and I'm not timid anymore. I tracked it awhile, but it was a good deal worried and climbed a tree. I waited awhile, then gave up and went home. *(ADAM starts to climb down. Eve approaches and Adam scurries back up.)* Today, the same thing over. I've got it up the tree again.

ADAM: <u>Wednesday</u>. Built me a shelter against the rain, but could not have it to myself for long. The new creature intruded. *(Adam tries to put Eve out of the shelter. EVE cries.)* They must have given you a bad set of holes. They're leaking again.
EVE: They're tears!

ADAM: *(Touching one.)* Tears, huh? *(He goes to his tree.)*

EVE: Sunday. Got it up the tree again. It is up there yet. Resting, apparently. It tires me just to sit around and watch the tree. I do wonder what man is for; I never see it do anything. *(ADAM yawns and snores.)* They returned the moon last night, and I was so happy! I think it is very honest of them. It slid down and fell off again, but there is no need to fear when one has that kind of neighbors; they will fetch it back. I wish I could do something to show my appreciation. I would like to send them some stars, for we have more than we can use … I mean, not we, for I can see that the reptile cares nothing for such things.

ADAM: Friday. The naming goes recklessly on, in spite of anything I can do. I had a very good name for the estate, and it was musical and pretty – The Garden of Eden. Privately, I continue to call it that, but not any longer publicly. The new creature says it's all woods and rocks and scenery and therefore no resemblance to a garden. Says it looks like a park, and it does not look like anything but a park. Consequently, without consulting me, it has been new-named – NIAGARA FALLS PARK. This is sufficiently high handed, it seems to me. And already there is a sign up; "KEEP OFF THE GRASS!" My life is not as happy as it was. *(Sees EVE picking an apple.)* Hey, get away from that tree -- it's forbidden. *(EVE moves away and smiles.)*

Saturday. The new creature eats too much fruit. We are going to run short most likely. "We" again – that is its word, mine, too, now, from hearing it so much. Good deal of fog this morning. I do not go out in the fog myself. The new creature does. It goes out in all weathers, and stumps right in with its muddy feet. And talks. It used to be so pleasant and quiet here.

EVE: If this reptile is a man, it isn't an "it" is it? That wouldn't be grammatical would it? I think it would be "he." I think so. In that case one would conjugate it thus: nominative, he; dative, him; possessive, his'n. Well, I will consider it a man and call it that until it turns out to be something else. This will be handier that having so many uncertainties. Good morning, He. You may call me Eve.

ADAM: Eve. All right. I have no objections, but you are superfluous.

EVE: *(Smiling.)* Superfluous. What a lovely word, where did you get it?

ADAM: Made it up. *(To audience.)* I was just looking at "it" *(Points to Eve.)* and thought "superfluous."

EVE: *(Smiles proudly.)* I am a she, not an it.

ADAM: Okay, she is superfluous!

(EVE looks curious and not to be outdone.)

EVE: I am a part of you. *(ADAM registers a "What?")* That's right. I was made from a rib taken from your body.

ADAM: *(Laughs as he feels his ribs.)* Don't be silly! I haven't been missing any ribs!

EVE: I love to talk; I talk, all day, and in my sleep too, and I am very interesting. *(Pointedly.)* But if I had another to talk to I would be twice as interesting!

(ADAM hides from her. He puts cotton in his ears as he whistles and smiles contentedly.)

EVE: <u>Wednesday</u>. We are getting along very well, indeed, now and getting better and better acquainted.

End of Freeview

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