

WIRED FROM THE BEGINNING

by Ken Bradbury



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SYNOPSIS: What if Adam and Eve had cell phones, computers and other electronics?

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(1 female, 1 male)

ADAM (m)..... *(60 lines)*

EVE (f)..... *(61 lines)*

AT START: *EVE is reclining on the ground. ADAM sleeps behind her.*

EVE: *(Still lying down.)* Adam? *(No response.)* Adam, it's your cell phone.

ADAM: *(Groggy.)* Huh?

EVE: Your cell phone is ringing.

ADAM: *(Sitting up and patting himself.)* Where'd I put it?

EVE: It shouldn't be hard. You don't exactly have pockets.

ADAM: *(Seeing it.)* There it is. *(Grabs it.)* Hello? Garden of Eden.

EVE: I think He knows that.

ADAM: *(Covering the phone.)* It's the Boss.

EVE: Only three people in the world. Who else would it be?

ADAM: *(Into the phone.)* Yeh. Yeh, Boss. I know. Great day. I mean, they're all great when you're in charge.

EVE: What a schmoozer.

ADAM: *(Shushing EVE, then.)* All of 'em? You mean every one? Yeh ... yeh, boss, I'll get right on it. Yep. You have a nice day, too. *(Clicks off the phone.)* You won't believe this one.

EVE: He's coming for a visit?

ADAM: Later. But today he wants me to name all the animals.

EVE: All of them? In a day?

ADAM: He can make the day as long as he wants, Eve. It'll be a snap. *(Reaching for computer.)* I've got 'em all listed here on my laptop. *(Puts the laptop on his lap.)* Whoa! That is cold!

EVE: The Boss should have created pants before the laptop.

ADAM: *(Searching.)* Animals ... animals ... I think I filed 'em under "Things that creep and crawl and make funny noises."

EVE: Sounds like you in your sleep.

ADAM: Here they are. Wow. That's some list.

EVE: You named them already?

ADAM: No. But I've got their digital pictures.

EVE: You know, Adam, I think the thrill is gone.

ADAM: I'm not treating you well?

EVE: Oh, you're fine. It's all this ... this other stuff.

ADAM: Eve, we've been all through this.

EVE: But I still don't like it. The Boss gave us this beautiful Garden of Eden. I mean look. It's perfect! Food and scenery and a bed ...

ADAM: The bed's lumpy.

EVE: Okay, He could have improved on the grass and the dead leaves but just take a look at this place! It was so ... you know ... natural. It was paradise! Then you had to go and ...

ADAM: Eve, I need these things.

EVE: You mean you want them.

ADAM: I need them. Honest. You got any idea of what I do in a day?

EVE: Yeh. You spend the whole day staring at that laptop instead of enjoying Creation.

ADAM: Eve, it's my laptop that keeps Creation going. (*Showing her something on the screen.*) Look, I've got a digital map of the entire garden. You can take a virtual tour of ...

EVE: I don't want a virtual tour! Good grief, Adam! I've got the real thing right in front of me! Why would I want virtual?

ADAM: It's planning, Eve. Organization. Systems management.

EVE: I can't believe He let you have all this stuff.

ADAM: It wasn't His idea, believe me. It was a hard sell. Then one day I sat him down over by the hippos. (*Struck with an idea.*) Whoa! Hippos! Let me get that down! What a cool name! (*Tapping away on the laptop.*)

EVE: Would you stop that?

ADAM: You see! See what you're doing? If you get an idea it's gone by tomorrow but I've got it on CD disc. I told Him, I said, "Boss. This is a big place and big job. And you're gonna create all this technology anyway some day. How about skippin' over a few million years and wiring up the Garden of Eden early? Just bypass the printing press and the telegraph, the steam locomotive and the Spanish Inquisition and put your technology where it'll do some good ... right here at the Beginning."

EVE: He laughed.

ADAM: At first. Just at first. Then He saw my point.

EVE: You whined until you got it.

ADAM: Okay, I whined. But it was good whining, Eve. I whined for both of us.

EVE: You're still a little boy, Adam. Little boys like to touch things and keep their hands busy and when they grow up they just get bigger toys.

ADAM: Eve! How can you say that? This is Creation! This is the Garden of Eden! This is important!

EVE: Your cell phone again.

ADAM: (*Searches a bit in the leaves.*) Where'd it go this time?

EVE: I'm telling you, pockets would have been a good idea.

ADAM: (*Into the phone.*) Hello? Garden of Eden.

EVE: Where else would He call?

ADAM: Uh ... Yeh, I'm ... no, I haven't got any named yet. Wait! The hippo! I named that big fat thing the hippo! (*Listening, then.*) No, I didn't ask the hippo about it. I don't think it's such a bad name. Yes, Boss, I know they are very sensitive. I'm slow with the naming project? Well, Eve and I have been arguing a little about the technology that You ... sorry ... that I wanted. I know you told me it would just be trouble but I can make this work, Boss. Trust me. Yeh. Have a nice day.

EVE: He still doesn't like it, does He?

ADAM: (*Scurrying around, preparing his digital camera.*) I've got to get to work, Eve. Hey listen, I've got to take a few more shots. Would you go stand next to that thing? I need some perspective.

EVE: What thing?

ADAM: The thing with eight hairy legs.

EVE: Are you crazy? That's a spider!

ADAM: How do you know it's a spider?

EVE: Because it looks like a spider! Good grief! Does it look like a hummingbird?

ADAM: What's a hummingbird?

EVE: Do you realize I could have everything in the Garden named by the time you got your files opened?

ADAM: You're really good at this.

EVE: Good? I'm great! Watch this! (*And she begins to move quickly around the area, pointing out this creature and that.*) Ostrich! Badger! Koala Bear! Pygmy Sloth!

ADAM: (*Trying desperately to catch up with her, carrying his laptop and typing madly.*) Slow down! Slow down!

EVE: Saber Toothed Tiger! Mastodon! Put those two down quick. I don't think they're gonna last. Ocelot! Emu! Long-necked-spotted-leafgrabber!

ADAM: How do you spell that?

EVE: Oh, just call it a giraffe. Adam, this isn't hard. We can name these creatures just by looking at them! By enjoying them! Stop analyzing and cataloging everything!

ADAM: Okay, maybe you're right. Look, I promise to ease up on all this technology stuff.

EVE: You promise?

ADAM: I promise. (*Hearing something.*) Hold on. That's my pager!

EVE: Adam!

ADAM: Just this once, Eve. It might be important. (*Checking his message.*) It's the Hippo. I'll bet she doesn't like her name.

EVE: I can't believe you.

ADAM: Eve, just let me get things started here in the Garden. Just a few more days, then I promise I'll take my computer and go cold turkey. Turkey! What a great name! (*Looking around.*) See one anywhere?

EVE: (*Smiles and slowly turns to look at ADAM.*)

ADAM: Very funny.

EVE: Throw away the computer, Adam.

ADAM: Eve!

EVE: And the pager and the cell phone and ...

ADAM: The cell phone! What if the Boss wants to get in touch with me?

EVE: Do you really think He needs a phone to do that? Remember when He used to stop by every evening, Adam? We'd sit under that tree down by the lake. The swans would be ...

ADAM: Swans! (*Reaching for his computer.*) Great name!

EVE: Don't touch that computer! (*He doesn't.*) We used to talk, Adam! Just talk! We looked at each other's face, we held each other's hand, and we just talked. You didn't have to fax Him or send Him email. It was personal, Adam! It was real and it was human and it was ... it was beautiful.

ADAM: (*A long pause ... ADAM is thinking. Then.*) Does Swan have one "n" or two?

EVE: Adam!

ADAM: Kidding! I'm kidding, Eve! Look, I'm so used to all this stuff ... I don't know if I can get along without it.

EVE: You think the Boss would give you a job you couldn't do without batteries?



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