

# The Diaries of Adam and Eve



**Clint Snyder**

Inspired by "Eve's Diary" and "Extracts from Adam's Diary" by Mark Twain

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*To Mr. Surlak*

**The Diaries of Adam and Eve**

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**The Diaries of Adam and Eve** received its first staged reading at the University of Maine New Play Festival, March 17, 2012: Caleb Perry, director.

**ADAM:** Caleb Perry

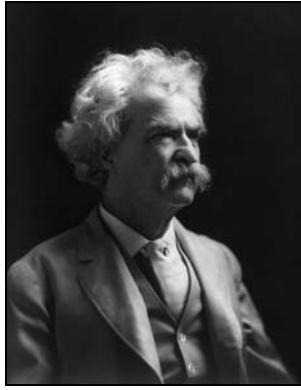
**EVE:** Goldie Irvine

**CAIN:** Garrett Rollins

## **The Diaries of Adam and Eve**

**CLASSIC/SATIRE.** Adapted from Mark Twain's comical short stories "Eve's Diary" and "Extracts from Adam's Diary." In this hilarious retelling of the story of Adam and Eve, the new couple finds that domestic life in Eden is less than idyllic. Adam thinks Eve is an annoying creature who talks too much, cries too much, and eats too many berries. Eve believes Adam may be related to chickens because his legs are so thin, and she thinks he's horrible at naming things in Eden. After all, Adam wanted to name Eve "Bimbo" and call dogs "tax returns" and lions "pickled eggs." Realizing he would rather kill himself than listen to Eve's endless prattle, Adam has taken up going over Niagara Falls in a barrel and repeatedly hitting himself in the head with signs only to discover to his dismay that he can't die. Then to make matters worse, Adam finds out there is a new person in Eden...a baby named Cain. Eve tells Adam he is the father, but Adam adamantly denies it and determines Cain to be some sort of fish or a parasite. Then Eve demands that the couple live together and that Adam build a bigger shelter and participate in family picnics. And to celebrate moving in together, Eve gives Adam a present...a baked apple pie!

**Performance Time:** Approximately 30 minutes.



Samuel Langhorne Clemens  
(1835-1910)

## **About the Story**

American author and humorist Samuel Langhorne Clemens (aka Mark Twain) was born in Florida, MO, in 1835, and grew up in Hannibal, MO. "Eve's Diary" (1905) and "Extracts from Adam's Diary" (1904) are comical short stories in which the character of Adam is thought to be based on Twain and the character of Eve on his wife Olivia Langdon Clemens. The stories are included as part of a series of stories Twain wrote about Adam and Eve including "That Day in Eden," "Eve Speaks," "Adam's Soliloquy," and the "Autobiography of Eve." Twain's wife died in 1904 right before "Eve's Diary" was written, leading some critics to believe that Twain may have been written it as a kind of humorous love letter to his wife. The story was published in book form in 1906 and included illustrations depicting Eve in the nude. As a result, the book was banned by libraries. In a letter to a friend, Twain remarked, "...the truth is, that when a library expels a book of mine and leaves an unexpurgated Bible lying around where unprotected youth and age can get hold of it, the deep unconscious irony of it delights me and doesn't anger me."

## **Characters**

**(2 M, 1 F)**

**(With doubling: 1 M, 1 F)**

**ADAM:** Thinks Eve is annoying because she talks too much, eats too much, and is too emotional; wears a swimsuit or shorts covered in leaves for a loin cloth.

**EVE:** Thinks she is better at naming things than Adam, loves to eat berries, and can bake a good apple pie; wears a swimsuit covered with leaves.

**BABY CAIN:** Can be played by an adult or child actor dressed as a baby; male. Note: A doll and sound effects may be used instead of an actor.

## **Setting**

The Garden of Eden before the Fall.

## **Set**

**Garden of Eden.** There are a few large tropical bushes and several signs that read “Keep off Grass,” “This Way to Goat Island,” and “Garden of Eden.”



## **Props**

Sign that reads, "Keep Off Grass"	Paper
Sign that reads, "This Way to Goat Island"	Leaf
Sign that reads, "Garden of Eden"	Small baby carriage
Stick	Baby doll (opt.)
Large tropical bushes	Apple pie
Pencil or pen	Knife
	2 Plates (opt.)
	2 Forks (opt.)

## **Special Effect**

Lightning  
Baby crying

“Oh, Adam,  
just think about it,  
every other relationship  
for the rest of eternity  
will be modeled after us.”

—Eve

## The Diaries of Adam and Eve

(AT RISE: *The Garden of Eden, before the Fall. There are a few large tropical bushes and signs that read, "Keep off Grass," "This Way to Goat Island," and "Garden of Eden."* Eve is crouched down behind a bush watching Adam, who is sharpening a stick. Eve writes some things down as if she is studying him. Eve coughs.)

ADAM: Hey! Hey, you! *(Eve tries to hide herself even more.)*  
Yeah, you! Creature! Don't think I don't see you creeping around there in the bushes. You keep following me, and I want it to stop now!

EVE: Me? I'm just watching you.

ADAM: Well, it's gotta stop. It's freaking me out.

EVE: I could watch you all day. You're so funny...the way you wrinkle your little nose. You look like a dodo. *(Imitates this by snapping her teeth and scrunching her nose at the same time.)*

ADAM: A what?

EVE: A dodo. I've been naming things all day. It's so much fun!

ADAM: Yeah, about that...

EVE: I just named the little thing with a wagging tail a "dog." Isn't that just lovely? A "dog."

*(Eve giggles. Pause.)*

ADAM: *(Offended.)* I already named that thing.

EVE: Oh? I'm sorry. I didn't know that.

ADAM: Yep, I called it a "tax return."

EVE: Oh...see that's no good. You should probably just leave the naming up to me.

ADAM: Up to you? Who do you think you are...running around with your stupid leaf outfit naming things. God put me in charge here, and all the other creatures are here to

serve me. That includes you, and that includes the tax return.

EVE: No, I'm pretty sure you're wrong. You see, I just have this feeling. I think we're all just part of this giant experiment, me and you. We just got plopped down here in the middle of this place, and we're being tested or something. I certainly feel like an experiment, anyway. Whether or not you feel like an experiment is, I suppose, up to you ultimately. *(Adam picks up one of the signs and starts hitting himself with it.)* But, then again, how would I even know what an experiment was, as we were both just created. *(Suddenly excited.)* Maybe we're the first experiment! That's it! God put me and you here to test us—the ultimate species, the ultimate experiment for the first experiment. I should start naming more things! I can't wait to name everything so we do well on God's test! Why are you hitting yourself? I think I'll call that "self-loathing."

*(Adam stops hitting himself. Pause.)*

ADAM: Well, God is certainly testing me. *(Puts the sign down.)*

EVE: Oh, good. Now you see it, too!

ADAM: No! No! No! I don't see anything.

EVE: Maybe we're not related, then. Have you seen the mole or the bat? Maybe you're related to them. They can't see either, but I have this theory—

ADAM: Of course, you do.

EVE: I think the bat just screeches, and that's how it can see. When the sound waves bounce off things, it can tell how far away those things are. *(Slight pause.)* But I was sure we were related. Maybe I'm related to the bat, too. Maybe I can hear things by screaming at them! *(Starts walking around screaming at various objects and blinking to see if she can see them better.)* Ahhhhhh! Ahhhhhh! Ahhhhhh!

ADAM: *(Shouts.)* For the love of God, stop!

EVE: Oh, I do love God, and this is how I'm showing him...by passing His heavenly test and seeing if we're related. I don't think I can see any better, but, then again, I can't see any worse either. (*Screams.*) Ahhhhhh! Ahhhh! Ahhhhhh!

ADAM: (*Shouts.*) Stop it!

EVE: (*Screams.*) Ahhhhhh! Ahhhh! (*Directly at Adam's face.*) Ahhhhhh! Ahhhh!

ADAM: There is no way that we're related.

EVE: Oh, yes, there is. I can see you perfectly thanks to our bat vision. We look exactly alike. I'm just a much better-looking version of you.

ADAM: I'm telling you, we're not related!

EVE: Yes, we are. See, I've been watching you.

ADAM: I know.

EVE: And I've developed this theory that God stabbed through your stomach, grabbed hold of one of your ribs, and made me out of the bloody goo—

ADAM: You're loony, how about that? This is my place, and I make my own rules.

EVE: This isn't your place. It's *our* place. We live here. And I thought we decided I was better at naming things.

ADAM: We didn't decide anything. There is no "we." What makes you think you're better at naming things?

EVE: Well, whenever I see something, I name it because it looks like that thing. You don't really have any sense for these things, but that's all right. I'll take the burden off your tiny legs. Do you think you might be related to the chicken? (*Looks closer at Adam's legs.*) Goodness, your legs are scrawny.

ADAM: The what?

EVE: Never mind. It's just another creature I named. I predict one day people might create buildings where chickens are processed by the millions into tiny nugget-shaped food.

(*Pause.*)

ADAM: (*Speechless.*) Uhhh...

EVE: It's just another theory I came up with.

ADAM: You have a lot of those, don't you? See, that's your problem.

EVE: What?

ADAM: This creature, that creature...creature, creature, creature! You never stop talking about other creatures and when you do stop for a second, you just think about how you look.

(*Pause.*)

EVE: I do not.

ADAM: You do, too. I saw you staring into the lake the other day. You kept staring and staring with those big, weird eyes. Then you leaned in so close to the lake that you fell in and started fussing because you hoped you didn't fall on any fish and hurt them.

EVE: I don't think it's a sin to care too much. Is that so wrong of me?

ADAM: What was wrong was when you took the fish out of the water and put them in my shelter in my bed because you thought they might be more comfortable. Well, let me tell you...they were a lot less comfortable and a whole lot quieter.

EVE: It's my shelter, too!

ADAM: Oh, no, no, no, no, it's not! I built it; I live in it. End of story.

EVE: Well, I stay there.

ADAM: No, you may think you stay there in whatever fantasy world you live in, but you don't. The only reason I let you stay there occasionally is because you make that awful moaning noise and your face drips water anytime I throw you out and spit on you.

EVE: I don't hide from my feelings...I embrace them.

ADAM: Well, I wish you would embrace a diet.

*(Pause.)*

EVE: Excuse me?

ADAM: You eat up all the berries, and there's not going to be anything left for me or the rest of the animals.

EVE: I have an abnormally high metabolism and...and...I do not eat all the berries! I feed them to the other creatures. They love the berries, too, except the lion and the vulture. I keep feeding them strawberries, but they don't seem very happy about it, so I had to pry their mouths open and shove them down their faces with a rock. They seemed even less excited about that. This may sound strange, but I think they're meant to eat dead things.

**[END OF FREEVIEW]**