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**ada and eve**  
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**by Michael Cheikin**

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**Production Information**

**Synopsis:** **ADA AND EVE is a comic exploration of the stereotypes affecting women (and the other sex which will not be mentioned).**

**Actors:** **Two actors:  
2 Females, 20's-30's**

**Set:** **None needed.**

**Running Time:** **Approximately 10 minutes.**

**Props:**

**TIME:** Present.

**PLACE:** A family room in a house.

**DRAMATIS PERSONAE (IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE)**

**ADA** A woman in her 30's. Dirty tee shirt, jeans, sneakers. Heavy.

**EVE** A woman in her 20's. Flowered dress, stockings, high heels, makeup. Petite.

**NOTES**

[Lines in square brackets are optional or alternative lines.]

(CAPITALIZED lines in parentheses are for actors' clarification.)

Cutoffs begin-- --and end with dashes

Overlaps / begin and / end with slashes

(SOUND OF A SPORTS SHOW ON TV COMES UP.)

(LIGHTS COME UP ON ADA, WEARING A DIRTY TEE SHIRT AND JEANS, SNEAKERS, WATCHING A GAME ON TV, DRINKING A BEER OUT OF THE CAN. HER OTHER HAND IS IN HER PANTS.)

ADA:  
(YELLING AT TV) RUN, YOU BITCH, RUN! (WATCHES). DAMN!!! Can't even throw a ball.

(EVE ENTERS. SHE IS DRESSED IN A FLOWERED DRESS, AS FEMININE AS CAN BE. CAN EVEN HAVE A SOUTHERN BELL ACCENT.)

EVE:  
Ada, dear, could you please watch your language while I'm in the room.

Eve... ADA:

What? EVE:

...Shut your yap. ADA:

Don't talk to me that way! EVE:

If you don't like it leave. ADA:

This is my house too and I'm going to stay. EVE:

Well, then at least get naked so I can bear seeing you. ADA:

What, you don't like my dress? I bought it just for you. EVE:

(ADA BELCHES LOUDLY AND LAUGHS.)

You know, you are really disgusting. EVE:

It's the beer. Makes me gassy from both ends. Only thing wrong with drinking beer, is that I have to get up to pee. ADA:

You could use a tube. Like you will in a few years--after you have a stroke from drinking and end up in a nursing home. EVE:

ADA:  
If you say so, you nag.

EVE:  
And I thought you promised to keep your hand out of your pants. What do you have in there, anyway.

ADA:  
(TAKING HAND OUT OF PANTS) Nothing.

EVE:  
(PAUSE) So who's winning?

ADA:  
Are you kidding?

EVE:  
I want to know.

ADA:  
(TESTING HER) What are the teams?

EVE:  
Uh, the Niners and the Chickens.

ADA:  
You have no clue, don't you.

EVE:  
It's all the same--noise, costumes, fights. But I wouldn't mind learning. I yearn to please you.

ADA:  
Well then, learn to give me some good sex, how about that?

EVE:  
Sex with you? You're disgusting. Even with clothes on. Even when I'm drunk. Even when I'm horny.

ADA:  
You know how many women would love to have me just this way?

EVE:  
How many?

ADA:  
A line right out the door.

EVE:  
I don't think so.

ADA:  
Could you at least do me a favor?

EVE:  
What?

ADA:

Get me another beer?

EVE:

What do I look like, your slave?

ADA:

Duh.

EVE:

OK.

(SHE EXITS.)

ADA:

(CALLING AFTER HER:) Hey, bring me something to munch on, too, will you?

EVE:

(FROM OFF) OK.

(EVE RE-ENTERS WITH A BEER IN A GLASS AND A BOWL WITH NUTS.)

ADA:

Hey, you know I don't like it out of a glass.

EVE:

I forget.

ADA:

No you don't. You do it just to annoy me.

(ADA TAKES A HANDFUL OF NUTS FROM THE BOWL AND TAKES A BITE, SPITS IT OUT.)

ADA:

Yech. This is tasteless.

EVE:

They're new: no salt, no fat, high fiber, beer nuts.

ADA:

Disgusting! How many times have I told you to get my brand. I /only like my brand.

EVE:

(IMITATING) /only like my brand. Because it's no good for you.

ADA:

Eve, stop trying to save me.

EVE:

I'm not. I'm just trying to improve you.

ADA:

Forget it.

(EVE GRABS THE REMOTE AND TURNS OFF THE TV.)

Hey!--I was watching that. ADA:

The game's over. EVE:

No it isn't. ADA:

Yes it is. Don't lie to me. EVE:

It was a really good commercial. ADA:

I need to talk to you. EVE:

Uh oh. ADA:

Really. When was the last time we talked? EVE:

Don't remember. ADA:

It was years ago. EVE:

I guess. ADA:

Every once-in-a-while we need to. EVE:

Why? ADA:

To catch up. EVE:

Why? I'm doin' nothing different from five years ago. ADA:

Just the point, I-- EVE:

--Wait a second. ADA:

(ADA LETS OUT A LOUD FART. SHE SNIFFS IT AND LAUGHS.)

Woe, what a stinker. ADA:

**EVE:**  
You are so disgusting!

**ADA:**  
So leave.

**EVE:**  
You do that on purpose, don't you.

**ADA:**  
What?

**EVE:**  
Gas, just to gross me out.

**ADA:**  
What, do I have control of my intestinal tract?

**EVE:**  
You have a sphincter, don't you?

**ADA:**  
What?

**EVE:**  
I said, you have a sphincter.

**ADA:**  
What?

**EVE:**  
You heard me.

**ADA:**  
I know--I just love to hear you say the word "sphincter".

**EVE:**  
You know why you do this?

**ADA:**  
Do what?

**EVE:**  
Act all disgusting.

**ADA:**  
No--tell me.

**EVE:**  
You do it to push me away.

**ADA:**  
Would you rather I smack you?

**EVE:**  
You're afraid of me.

**ADA:**  
Me?



**EVE:**  
Yes, you. Just because I'm different from you. I scare you.

**ADA:**  
No you don't. I'm not afraid of anything.

**EVE:**  
You're afraid of my you-know-what.

**ADA:**  
I am not afraid of your you-know-what.

**EVE:**  
Yes you are.

**ADA:**  
Well, you don't like my "that-thing" either.

**EVE:**  
I never said I didn't like your "that-thing".

**ADA:**  
Yes you have. You said that my "that-thing" is unaesthetic.

**EVE:**  
Well, maybe I did.

**ADA:**  
See. We're not so different.

**EVE:**  
We are opposite.

**ADA:**  
I think we're the same.

**(DURING EVE'S NEXT SPEECH, ADA PICKS HER NOSE, LOOKS AT THE RESULTS, ROLLS IT IN A BALL, AND FLICKS IT.)**

**EVE:**  
How can that be? We dress completely different. I smell good. I have emotions.

**ADA:**  
So?

**EVE:**  
Now who's going to clean that?

**ADA:**  
You will. Next time you vacuum. Four times a day.

**EVE:**  
You should be thankful that I clean up after you. Your shirts, you socks, your dirty underwear.

**ADA:**

I don't ask you to. That's your need, not mine. In fact, I think it's too clean in here.

EVE:

I know you. If it were up to you, you'd be back in your college dorm.

ADA:

Nothing wrong with that!

EVE:

Well, I can't live that way.

ADA:

All this clean stuff is an illusion. That you're in control of your life. Fact is, you're not in control. You are just fitting into what society tells you.

EVE:

That's not true.

ADA:

It is true. Look at you: pretty dress, eye shadow, eye liner, lip gloss, waxed legs, perfume, panty hose, high heels that squeeze your toes, scented panty liners--with wings--by the way, don't they catch your pubes?

EVE:

I like dressing up.

ADA:

All disguises. Lies. To deny the ultimate truth.

EVE:

And what's that.

ADA:

That we're animals. That's all we've ever been, and all we'll ever be. The most important things to us, in priority order, are 1) sex, 2) food, and 3) aggression, substitute sports.

EVE:

To me, the most important things in life are love, beauty, compassion and security.

ADA:

Oh my God-now you're grossing me out. Why don't you go play with your Barbie dolls.

EVE:

No. We're not finished talking.

ADA:

I am. Could you turn the TV back on?

EVE:

No.

ADA:

I'm warning you, if I have to get out of this chair...

EVE:

(CHALLENGING) Yes?

ADA:  
...If I have to get out of this chair, I'll, I'll, do something very...

EVE:  
What are you going to do?

ADA:  
I won't flush the toilet.

EVE:  
Like that's something new. I'm real scared.

ADA:  
OK, I'm gonna get up.

EVE:  
No you won't.

ADA:a  
Yes I will.

(ADA TRIES TO GET UP. EVE PUSHES HER BACK DOWN.)

ADA:  
Hey.

EVE:  
I said we need to talk.

ADA:  
Why don't you go call all your girlfriends long distance, talk a few gazillion hours, work "whatever" out with them, and tell me the outcome.

EVE:  
Because this is you and me.

ADA:  
Sorry, not interested.

(ADA AGAIN TRIES TO GET UP. EVE PUSHES HER BACK DOWN.)

ADA:  
Hey, stop that.

EVE:  
No.

ADA:  
You're hurting me.

EVE:  
How? How am I hurting you?

ADA:  
My low back.

EVE:  
What about it?

ADA:  
It hurts all the time.

EVE:  
Oh, and I'm supposed to have sympathy, you whining sack of shit.

ADA:  
(HURT) Hey! What's getting into you lately?

EVE:  
Your pain is all in your head.

ADA:  
No it's not.

EVE:  
Your body hurts because you're unhappy.

ADA:  
I'm plenty happy.

EVE:  
No you aren't.

ADA:  
Speak for yourself.

EVE:  
OK, I'm unhappy. I want more. I want love. I want intimacy.

ADA:  
Ah, stop complaining. I go to work six days a week, everyone all PMS'd out, boss a bitch on wheels. You don't hear me complaining about my lot in life, do you?

EVE:  
That's what I'm trying to say. We need to talk more.

ADA:  
Why do we have to talk? Why now?

EVE:  
You really want to know?

ADA:  
Yes.

EVE:  
I'm shrinking.

ADA:  
What?

EVE:  
I went to the doctor today.

ADA:  
That doc's a quack.

EVE:  
She went to Harvard.

ADA:  
She couldn't tell a zit from a hemorrhoid.

EVE:  
Listen, Ada, she said I've lost several inches. I didn't even realize it.

ADA:  
Ah, just take some extra calcium. It must be the change.

EVE:  
No it's not that. I'm too young. All the tests are negative.

ADA:  
So what's the big deal?

EVE:  
I'm going to get smaller and smaller until I disappear all together.

ADA:  
Sure.

EVE:  
Are you going to deny this too?

ADA:  
What, are you serious?

EVE:  
Yes.

ADA:  
What the hell are you "shrinking" from?

EVE:  
The doctor doesn't know. She said I'm like a flower that's in the wrong environment.

ADA:  
Wrong environment?! What do you need, fertilizer? Want me to fertilize you?  
(SHE CHUCKLES.)

EVE:  
It's like pollution. The toxins are everywhere. Requires a massive cleanup. The whole planet.

ADA:  
Geez, Eve, does this mean I'm going to have to carry you around in a Skippy jar with holes punched in the top?

EVE:  
Maybe.

ADA:

I don't even like Skippy. Where am I going to get the jar from?

EVE:

What if I get even smaller than that?

ADA:

I don't want you to shrink to nothing. I don't want... I, ...

EVE:

You what?

ADA:

I, uh... am kind of used to you.

EVE:

Ada, after all these years, you can't say that you love me. (PAUSE) See.

ADA:

And if I said it?

EVE:

It might help.

ADA:

I can't. It's too risky.

EVE:

Even if it could make me grow?

ADA:

A woman's gotta do, what a woman's gotta do.

EVE:

So I guess that means that I gotta leave you, then.

ADA:

Leave me?

EVE:

I have no choice. I gotta find a cure for this. As you said, a woman's gotta do what a woman's gotta do.

ADA:

Where will you go?

EVE:

I don't know. Probably my mother's.

ADA:

That bitch?! She'll just criticize you.

EVE:

At least she says she loves me.

ADA:

You know, Eve, I didn't tell you this, but the last time I went to the doctor--

EVE:

--When was that?

ADA:

I don't remember. Years ago.

EVE:

So?

ADA:

--so she told me that I'm growing.

EVE:

Oh?

ADA:

Yeah, in the wrong direction, though.

EVE:

So what did she recommend?

ADA:

I did with her advice what I always do. I told her to shove it up her ass. I went to the bar and had a few tall ones and forgot all about it.

EVE:

That's good.

ADA:

Till now. Now I realize, she was probably right. I am growing. It is getting harder and harder to stand. She said one day my own legs wouldn't be able to hold me up. I'd be stuck in this chair forever.

EVE:

I guess you could use a small hoist. (LOOKING AT CEILING). I wonder if one would fit in here?

ADA:

I think it's the same toxins.

EVE:

You do?

ADA:

Yes. I gotta do something about this.

EVE:

You do?

ADA:

I think I'll buy a new gun. Kill whoever's making these toxins.

EVE:

Great idea.

ADA:

I hate to admit it, Eve, but...

EVE:

But what?

ADA:

You're right. You do scare me. I guess it's the toxins.

EVE:

Well, that's the first time you've admitted it. A step in the right direction.

ADA:

Yeah, I'm scared. First, I'm scared of loving you. Then I'm scared of... Now I'm scared of losing you. I'm also scared of not being able to go to the crapper.

EVE:

Now was that so hard to say?

ADA:

Yeah.

EVE:

And now that you've said it, how do you feel?

ADA:

No different.

EVE:

You sure?

ADA:

(CONCEEDING) OK, I guess I feel a bit smaller.

EVE:

And I feel a bit bigger.

ADA:

Are you, uh, still going to your mothers'?

EVE:

If you say you love me--

ADA:

Don't push it, Eve.

EVE:

Wow, you have so many fears. Maybe you should buy another gun.

ADA:

Think it would help?

EVE:

And I have to bear the burden of your fear. Ever since the beginning. It's not fair.

ADA:

Fair schmair. Why don't you have a beer.

EVE:

OK. Want another?

ADA:



Sure.

(SHE HEADS TOWARD THE KITCHEN,  
PAUSES.)

Can you at least give me a kiss?

EVE:

Sure, baby, plant one right here.

ADA:

(EVE GOES OVER AND GIVES ADA A  
KISS ON THE LIPS. ADA GRABS HER  
ASS AS THE LIGHTS RAPIDLY FADE  
TO BLACK.)

(THE END.)