

EVE

A Palindrome Play

By Nathan Christopher

Nathan Christopher (www.thenathanchristopher.com) writes plays about the universal truths of everyday life. Through the exploration of familiar moments—falling in (and out of) love, the death of a loved one, an act of violence, the slow decline of age—his work offers new perspectives, questions the conventional, provides comfort, allows us to laugh and, most of all, ask us to look inward rather than outward because that’s how we start changing the world.

Christopher is the author of six plays: PICKING UP, TO REMAIN SILENT, A MAN WALKS INTO A BAR, SORRY (NOT SORRY), CLAIREVOYANT, and EVE: A PALINDROME PLAY.

[PICKING UP](#) was a winner in the “Script” category of the 86th annual *Writer’s Digest* Writing Competition. A musical version of the show, created with lauded singer-songwriter [Gregory Douglass](#), made its off-off-Broadway workshop debut to a sold-out house as part of the Emerging Artists Theatre’s Fall 2019 New Work Series. It was also featured in Undiscovered Works at Dixon Place’s Monthly Storytelling Series (NYC) in April 2020, and celebrated in a special broadcast on [Musical Theatre Radio](#) in October 2020 to mark the one-year anniversary of the show’s creation.

Christopher is a member of the Dramatists Guild, and has supported the Atlantic Theater Company, founded by David Mamet and William H. Macy, since 1999. Follow him on [Instagram](#), [Twitter](#) and [Facebook](#), and read his work on [National New Play Exchange \(NPX\)](#).

30 Provost Street
Unit B4
Jersey City, NJ 07302
(973) 650-8792
Arcadianj007@gmail.com
www.thenathanchristopher.com

EVE

A Palindrome Play

By Nathan Christopher

Eve damned Eden. Mad Eve!
-- Arthur Cyril Pearson, Twentieth Century Standard

PALINDROME

(noun)

pal·in·drome | \ 'pa-lən-, drōm \

A word, verse, or sentence (such as “Able was I ere I saw Elba”) or a number (such as 1881) that reads the same backward or forward.

Credit: [Merriam-Webster](#)

EVE
A Palindrome Play
By Nathan Christopher

CAST OF CHARACTERS

BUB: Short for Beelzebub. One of Hell's Fallen Angels. Works for Satan.
MAM: Short for Mammon. Another of Hell's Fallen Angels who also works for Satan.
EVE: The fallen female.
ADAM: The man.

THE PLACE

A hotel room.

THE TIME

Late in the evening.

A NOTE ABOUT *EVE: A Palindrome Play*

This short play in two scenes about the fall of humankind is palindromic, meaning that the spoken lines are the exact same in both scenes but reversed. That is, Scene Two begins with the lines with which Scene One ended and ends with the lines with which Scene One began (and vice versa). It is essential to the continuity of the play that no dialogue is altered in the performance of this piece.

SCENE 1

AT RISE: BUB is in a dark hotel room. Most of the light comes through the windows and from a small lamp on the desk. He is dressed in a dark suit and has a pair of binoculars around his neck, which he is using to peer out one of the windows. A second dark suitcoat is draped casually on the bed or on the back of the desk chair. There are takeout containers from a place called Luci's on the dresser and a briefcase on the desk. It is completely quiet until the sound of a toilet flushing breaks the silence. There's a blinding light as the bathroom door opens but it is quickly turned off. MAM, in a dark suit minus the jacket, enters the room.

BUB

Get over here.

MAM

What?

BUB

(Re-focuses the binoculars.)

Come over here.

MAM

(Sits on the bed or on the desk chair.)

I'm good.

BUB

It's your turn.

MAM

Aw, come on.

BUB

This is going to take a while.

MAM

(Bounces a bit on the bed or on the chair.)

It's pretty comfortable.

(Gets up and picks at food from a takeout container.)

Luci's really is the best place in town.

BUB

I could stay there all day and all night and just *drink*. It's really hard for people – well, *me* – to do anything in moderation these days.

MAM

No self control when it comes to the apple martinis at Luci's. Wow.

BUB

Tell me about it.

MAM

Man, those martinis go down way too easy.

(BUB puts the binoculars down and walks to the desk. He takes a file folder out of the briefcase and rifles through the pages, reading a bit here and there. MAM watches him, glancing occasionally out the windows.)

MAM (Cont'd)

(Through a mouthful of food.)

The anticipation is killing me.

BUB

(Walks back to the windows and picks up the binoculars. Stiffens.)

Here we go.

MAM

(Puts down the takeout container and moves to the windows.)

Really?

(BUB hands the binoculars to MAM and goes back to the desk. He checks his watch and starts writing on one of the papers in the file.)

MAM (Cont'd)

(Reacts to something he sees through the binoculars.)

Well then.

(BUB walks back to the windows. MAM hands him the binoculars and moves to the desk.)

BUB

(Peers through the binoculars.)

What did *you* see?

MAM

(Shakes his head as he pulls a paper from the file. Consults the paper then dials the phone.)

It doesn't get much more perfect than this.

(Into the phone.)

Adam has fallen.

(MAM hangs up the phone and gives a thumbs-up to BUB, who nods in affirmation.)

BUB

What now?

MAM

(Replaces the paper in the file.)

Gotta do it by the Book.

BUB

(Looks through the binoculars.)

Whoa, now!

(BUB motions MAM over and hands him the binoculars. MAM does a doubletake and makes an “I can’t believe what I’m seeing!” face.)

MAM

Wow, is it getting *hot*!

BUB

You think?

(Goes back to the desk and starts writing on a page.)

Privacy doesn’t matter to anyone anymore.

MAM

I, for one, am glad.

BUB

You know, I didn’t think I wanted to do this.

MAM

(Closes the curtains or blinds. Hands the binoculars to BUB.)

But?

BUB

(Puts the binoculars in the briefcase.)

I’m glad this is working out.

MAM

(Turns on the lights.)

It’s great.

(BUB gathers the files and puts them into the briefcase. He takes some money from his wallet and leaves it on the desk. MAM puts on his suitcoat and takes another takeout container off the dresser. He moves toward the door, looking around the room one last time.)